

Underneath The Sky
(1st Draft)

By
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EXT. ABILENE TEXAS, COUNTRY ROAD - LATE AFTERNOON

A school bus slows to a stop at a road cut through miles of wind thrashed corn fields.

A little girl, JUBILEE BRIGHT, 6 or 7, steps off the bus, waves at the passengers as it pulls away.

She walks down the dirt road between tall rows of waving corn.

A robin clings to a telephone line that follows the road.

Jubilee stops, watches the bird, whistles the birds tune in perfect pitch.

INT. FARM HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

It's dark, sparsely furnished. PATSY CLINE Music plays O.S.

Black and white entertainment posters fill the walls. One reads- The Continental Club presents DAISY PICKET AND THE SIDE SHOW July 14, 1971.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

A small transistor radio sits in the open window.

A woman laughs.

Jubilee climbs onto a swivel bar stool that turns, she looks out the window to-

EXT./INT. BACKYARD THROUGH THE WINDOW - CONTINUOUS

Long shadows fill the yard. Beer cans litter the ground. A joint burns in an ashtray.

DAISY PICKETT, late 20's, an old Hollywood kind of beauty who dresses the part sits in an Adirondack, strums a mint condition Gibson six string guitar casually.

BUD MAIN, mid 30's, a rough, rugged, sexy man in blue jeans and cowboy boots brushes Daisy's hair in long strokes.

Bud takes a drag from the joint, blows smoke rings, puts the joint to Daisy's lips.

She takes a deep, hard drag. He leans over her.

(CONTINUED)

They kiss in a golden spotlight that comes through the tree branches.

INT. HALL - DAY

Jubilee steps through a door way, closes it.

INT. JUBILEE'S BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

Silent. A large, bright moon shines through a curtain-less window.

Jubilee sleeps above the covers, in her clothes, moonlight on her face.

She wakes.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jubilee opens the refrigerator.

A crash of glass breaking in a another room.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Daisy, in bra and undies, on the floor in a puddle of bodily fluids. Vomit in her hair, make-up and sweat smeared across her face.

On the floor-a rubber tube and hypodermic needle. Over the sink, the shattered mirror.

Jubilee opens the door, starts in.

JUBILEE

Momma?

Daisy waves her arms violently. Her eyes are wild. She tries to get up, slips in the mess on the floor.

DAISY

(hatefully)

Get out, Jubilee. I don't want you here. Get out!

Jubilee covers her face.

Bud swoops Jubilee up. Her foot hits the guitar leaning against the wall, it crashes to the floor.

We stay on the fallen guitar, the reverberation fades to-

13 YEARS LATER

INT. DINGY BAR BATHROOM, SANTA CRUZ, CA - NIGHT

The guitar leans against the dirty tile wall.

Someone retches behind the closed stall door. The toilet flushes. Stall door opens.

Doc Martin boots thud across the filthy floor.

At the dirty sink, water runs into cupped hands.

In the mirror we see green finger nail polish and on overly ringed fingers splash water into the face of-

JUBILEE BRIGHT, 20, beautiful, punk-rock with short, bright red and black streaked hair stands at the sink.

She leans into the mirror, wipes away mascara under her eyes, grabs the guitar, heads out the door.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Small tables sit empty around an elevated stage.

One large, loud celebratory group of 20 something preppies own the place.

ROSEANNE BRIGHT, late 20's surfer chick, sits alone near the back of the room.

Jubilee takes a seat beside her.

ROSEANNE

Awesome crowd. You chill?

Jubilee stretches her neck, closes her eyes, imagines-

The club are filled with a cool crowd.

A middle aged hippy steps to the microphone on the stage.

HIPPY

Yeah, so this babe rocks. Enjoy, dudes.

Jubilee's strides up the steps to the stage.

At the microphone, she straps on the guitar.

(CONTINUED)

JUBILEE

(sotto)

Hi. I'm Jubilee.

Nimble fingers dance over the strings of a guitar expertly to an original rock a billy tune.

Blue and red lights shine on Jubilee's face.

The audience swells, they goes crazy for her.

She smiles into the bright stage lights.

Jubilee's eyes pop open.

ROSEANNE

Hey, you okay?

At the table, Jubilee glances around the semi-empty bar.

Glasses clash together in a toast by the preppies.

The group erupts in laughter. A guy jumps up from the table, knocks a chair over, it crashes to the floor.

JUBILEE

Yeah. Let's get outta here.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

ROSEANNE

You are great, ya know?

Jubilee shrugs her shoulder's.

ROSEANNE (CONT'D)

That crowd would have sucked.

JUBILEE

Everybody wants to hear songs from the radio.

ROSEANNE

Still, you got to go for it one of these days. Right?

Jubilee shrugs.

JUBILEE

Not...there.

(CONTINUED)

ROSEANNE

To me, you sound so much like how I
remember your mom.

An ambulance zooms past, lights flashing, siren shrieking.

Jubilee instinctively covers her ears.

JUBILEE

Thanks. I guess. I don't know.

ROSEANNE

I mean, dude, I'm not comparing
you. Hey, maybe you could play
something for Mom and Dad at the
barbecue Saturday? Dad would love
it. He could sing too.

They look at each other. Both chuckle.

JUBILEE

Yeah, and Vivian would too, right?

ROSEANNE

Alan has an intern that might
come...He's really nice.

JUBILEE

Ok, partner, let's pull back a
little now huh?

ROSEANNE

He's got a really good job...Bright
future. He's cute.

Jubilee rolls her eyes.

They stop walking at Roseanne's car and hug, Roseanne much
warmer than Jubilee.

JUBILEE

Thanks for coming, Sis.

Roseanne pulls off. Jubilee looks back up the street toward
the bar. She turns, walks in the other direction.

INT. JUBILEE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Guitar music plays over a tour of a room filled with music
magazines, instruments and concert posters.

Jubilee sits in bed, strums the guitar, writes lyrics in a
large JOURNAL.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Every corner of the home filled with books, art, stacks of papers.

The kitchen is bright but cluttered.

HANK BRIGHT, late 50's, a handsome hippy, sits at the counter immersed in a stack of term papers.

At the table nearby, VIVIAN BRIGHT, late 50's, attractive but uptight looking in a crisp white shirt and perfectly pressed khakis finishes a cup of coffee and stands.

Jubilee, her guitar over her shoulder, comes in.

HANK
You're up early.

Jubilee kisses Hank on the cheek. She opens the refrigerator and stands looking in.

JUBILEE
(Notes the stack of
papers)
Finals?

Jubilee takes a half eaten birthday cake from the fridge. She puts a piece on a plate and pours a glass of milk.

HANK
Term papers.

VIVIAN
Really, for breakfast? Does that
door need to remain open?

Jubilee forces a smile, closes the fridge. She takes the cake over to her father and faces him.

He winks at Jubilee. They smile conspiratorially.

She takes a huge bite of cake. A beat of silence as she chews. Hank watches her with a smile.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)
(notes the guitar coolly)
Going out?

JUBILEE
Yep.

An uncomfortable silence between them, a stand off.

(CONTINUED)

Vivian hands Jubilee a large envelope and some mail.

VIVIAN
Here, this came for you.

INSERT: Envelope- BARBAZON SCHOOL OF MEDICAL AND DENTAL
ASSISTING

Jubilee takes the envelope, looks at the front and back. A
look of confusion crosses her face.

JUBILEE
What is this?

VIVIAN
A choice!

JUBILEE
Really? Now you want me to what,
become a dental hygienist?

Jubilee hands the envelope back to Vivian.

VIVIAN
No. I want you to take advantage of
getting accepted into UCLA. But if
that's not going to happen, this is
another option.

JUBILEE
Oh my God! Let it go, Vivian.

VIVIAN
Not everyone gets those kinds of
opportunities.

JUBILEE
Okay.

VIVIAN
I mean it, Jubilee. It's time to
get serious.
(to Hank)
Tell her.

Jubilee narrows her eyes at Hank.

HANK
Listen babe. Well, we've been
talking...

Jubilee stops chewing and straightens up.

(CONTINUED)

JUBILEE

About me?

Her tone and gaze turn icy.

HANK

We think it...

JUBILEE

(becoming agitated)

So, now you're thinking for me?

VIVIAN

No, actually, we are thinking for ourselves.

HANK

No. Hang on. We just think it's time for you to...You're 20 now, you should start...Being responsible for where your life is going.

JUBILEE

So, Vivian is just going fill out another college application for me?

VIVIAN

I always seem to end up the bad guy.

HANK

(to Vivian)

You're the evil step mother, it's your job.

VIVIAN

Ha, ha.

HANK

(to Jubilee)

We'd love to see you go to UCLA. You're an intelligent girl. We're professors, what else should we hope for you?

JUBILEE

You know, you didn't put all this pressure on Roseanne. Oh, but she isn't your bastard child is she?

VIVIAN

Right on cue.

(CONTINUED)

HANK
Jubilee! That's not fair.

JUBILEE
Well, this isn't fair. Why can't I just...shouldn't I decide what I'm going to do with my life?

HANK
Absolutely. You should.

VIVIAN
But you're not.

Jubilee shoots a glare at Vivian.

JUBILEE
According to you! And God forbid I turn out like my mother right, Vivian?

VIVIAN
Here we go.

HANK
That thought never crosses our minds.

JUBILEE
Oh, please, Daddy. That's all she ever thinks about me, that I'm going to turn out like my mother.

VIVIAN
I'm not going to listen to this. I raised you, Jubilee.
(to Hank)
I'll see you tonight.

Vivian leaves the room.

His face turns sympathetic.

HANK
That's not fair, Jubilee. Listen. You've pushed us against the wall. You have to do something that we can support. Or...

JUBILEE
Or what, Daddy?

She looks him square in the face.

(CONTINUED)

He looks away.

JUBILEE (CONT'D)

Or what?

HANK

We...think it's time...

JUBILEE

For what?

HANK

You're going to have to move out on
your own.

She picks up her plate, turns, leaves the room.

JUBILEE(O.S.)

Well, I'm not going to nursing
school. I can tell you that.

O.S a door slams.

EXT. SANTA CRUZ, CA - DAY

A SERIES OF SHOTS OF SANTA CRUZ, CA FROM THE MOUNTAINS TO THE
BAY ENDING AT THE BOARDWALK

EXT. SANTA CRUZ BOARDWALK - LATE AFTERNOON

On the sidewalk in front of the COCONUT GROVE an all acoustic
Rockabilly band plays. This is Southern Storm. All the guys
are in their early 20's, have pompadours, leather jackets and
swagger.

FINN CALLAHAN, lead guitar, he's the eye candy in the group.
A couple of girls in bikini's ogle him.

WES BIGBY plays the mandolin with sweaty exuberance.

Wes's twin brother, PETE on standing bass. An abundance of
alcohol induced tatoos cover his arms, he has the look of
someone that likes a little trouble with his fun.

Off to the side, PEDRO CAMERON on fiddle, eyes closed and
lost in revery.

While playing music, these guys are smooth, cool, hell of
sexy and full of talent.

On the ground in front of the band an open guitar case fills
with cash from bystanders.

(CONTINUED)

A crowd of misfits watch- bikers, hippies, homeless, children with their parents, teenagers on their way to the beach.

A sexy girl in cut off shorts and a bikini top, writes on a dollar bill, kisses it and stuffs it into Finn's shirt pocket while he plays. They share a look of mutual appreciation.

EXT. BEACH STREET - DAY

Jubilee walks alone, guitar slung over her shoulder.

She joins the crowd and watches the band.

EXT. BEACH - SUNSET

Jubilee and the band sit on the beach.

The wild rides and flashing lights of the Boardwalk in the distance behind them.

Jubilee counts cash quick and methodically.

JUBILEE

So, now, I guess the threat is
either go to school. And I know
they want me to re-apply to UCLA.
Or, I guess, move out.

FINN

So, what are you going to do? You
can come with us.

JUBILEE

Right!

FINN

I'm serious.

WES

I think we need to be a little
tighter in the middle on Nashville.
(To Pedro)
Hey, you're bringing the 45's
right?

Pedro shrugs his shoulders.

JUBILEE

No way.

(CONTINUED)

PETE

That's gonna be lame. To stand
around selling them. We're gonna
look like total dicks.

Jubilee puts the bundled cash into a BLUE PLASTIC ENVELOPE
and then into her large black leather purse.

JUBILEE

You are a dick. Thirty two, eighty.
Selling the 45's will pay for a lot
of the tour, dip shit.

FINN

You can come and sell the shit so
we don't loose our cool.

JUBILEE

You dorks aren't cool.

Pedro hand feeds a little bird the crumbs from a burger.

PETE

She's too chicken!

FINN

Don't be a dick.

Jubilee flips Pete off. He blows her a kiss.

PETE

Chicken.

WES

Man, those cords come up so pretty.
Makes me want to cry. I love that
song.

PETE

Do I get any of that?
(gestures to the cash)
I could use a little?

Jubilee hands Pete a ten dollar bill.

PETE(CONT'D)

We're the talent, you hold the
purse, that ain't right.

She shrugs, as if to say "tough".

JUBILEE

Why would I want to go on tour with
you nerds anyway?

(CONTINUED)

FINN

Do you have something better to do?.

JUBILEE

I could go to community college, that would make them happy.

WES

Why?

PETE

Why would a little mouse want to come on the road with us tom cats?

Two girls in bikini's walk by close to Finn.

BIKINI GIRLS

(they wave coyly)

Hi Finn.

FINN

Hi honey's.

Jubilee shakes her head.

WES

Hey, if you come, I'll teach you to play the mandolin. And you can help me write some songs.

Jubilee looks affectionately at Wes.

JUBILEE

Okay, okay. God. Get off my back. I feel like I'm at home. Geez. Okay. I'll...think about it.

PETE

(to Pedro)

Dude, wanna go on the Big Dipper?

JUBILEE

We've gotta be in San Jose by 8:30.

PEDRO

Let's go make one of those old fashioned vinyl records on the Boardwalk too, yeah?

Everybody stands. The guys begin to walk off towards the Boardwalk. Jubilee picks up all the trash.

(CONTINUED)

JUBILEE
You guys are pigs.

She runs to catch up with them. Pedro wraps his arm around her shoulder like a big brother.

JUBILEE (CONT'D)
(teasing)
Maybe I'll fuck ya all up and make my own cheesy little record.

PETE
Right, like you could ever compete against us? Please.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Jubilee and Finn walk across the parking lot.
He intentionally bumps into her as they walk.

JUBILEE
God, you are so annoying.
He smiles a broad, dimpled smile.
They stop at a beat up 76 SAAB.

JUBILEE (CONT'D)
Can we swing by Tower?

FINN
(flirting)
Hum? A beautiful, smart chick wants to go to a record store? Do I mind? Duh?

JUBILEE
God! Gross. You know, I have actually heard ALL your cheesy lines, right?

INT. JUBILEE'S CAR - DAY

Inside the car they smile at each other, eyes locked.

FINN
(sarcastically)
Such a nice ride.

(CONTINUED)

JUBILEE

It gets me where I need to go. And it beats your ride. Oh, wait, you don't have one.

FINN

Come with us, Jubilee. It's better than cleaning teeth.

JUBILEE

No doubt! Seriously? I can't.

FINN

Why? What's holding you back?

JUBILEE

I don't know. Going on the road? That would freak them both. Then Vivian would really think I was turning out like my mom.

FINN

So what? Who cares what she thinks? Maybe you should decide if you're gonna turn out like your ma. I mean shit, you've got her talent, that's for sure. Maybe if we get you up on a stage you'll show everyone who you really are.

She looks at him sideways.

JUBILEE

Thanks.

FINN

Can I kiss you now? I want to kiss you.

JUBILEE

Here?

FINN

Everywhere.

JUBILEE

(with a fake southern
accent)

Oh my gawd! Stop with the corny lines. It's grossing me out.

FINN

Please? Just one?

(CONTINUED)

JUBILEE
Corny line?

FINN
Kiss!

JUBILEE
Why didn't you flirt with me like
this in high school? I could've
used a boost then ya know?

FINN
You weren't as cool in high school?

JUBILEE
You weren't as cool.

Jubilee leans in close, takes his face in her hands. She
kisses him, pulls away quickly .

Finn's eyes stay closed, his lips puckered, the kiss lingers.

Jubilee revs the car engine and it "whizzes". They laugh.

INT. SPARTAN PUB, SAN JOSE - NIGHT

A full house of college kids dance.

On the stage the band plays rock-a-billy and country rock
covers.

Girls migrate to a spot beneath the stage in front of Finn
and Wes. Flirting ensues both ways.

Jubilee stands just off the dance floor. She moves with the
music.

A college-jock approaches her.

GUY
(loudly)
Dance?

She fake limps.

JUBILEE
No thanks,
(gesturing to her leg)
Bad leg.

INT. SPARTAN PUB - LATER

Cram packed with kids bumping into one another.

Behind a card table piled with cassettes and 45's, Jubilee takes money from a girl and hands her a 45 in a paper sleeve.

The girl whirls around, rushes over to the boys at the bar. She gives Finn a pen.

He nods his head. She raises her shirt.

He writes on her tummy, signals to the bartender for a drink.

Jubilee looks in the other direction.

CHRIS JACOBS, late 20's, in a blue lame' suit, full of confidence and swagger approaches the table.

CHRIS
That your band?

JUBILEE
Yep. Nice outfit.

CHRIS
Thanks. You're Daisy Picket's kid,
right?

Jubilee shrugs nonchalantly.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
I saw her play at the county fair
when I was little.

JUBILEE
(sarcastically)
WOW! Good for you.

CHRIS
Names Chris.

He reaches out his hand to her.

She leaves him hanging.

JUBILEE
Did you want a record, Chris?

CHRIS
Anything original?

JUBILEE
Na. Stray Cats covers.

(CONTINUED)

The guys are at the bar. Finn and Pete are slamming shots.

CHRIS

Any body buy a records from a cover band?

JUBILEE

What's your claim to fame?

CHRIS

Won the Austin Music Festival once.

Jubilee looks him up and down.

JUBILEE

Wow! Really? I guess that explains the fancy suit.

Chris shakes his head, at her sarcasm.

CHRIS

Geez. Ouch. Are you always so irritable?

JUBILEE

It's probably the suit, giving me a headache.

She smiles at him sweetly.

CHRIS

Hope you catch my show, might be fun for you to see original music is played.

Jubilee watches Chris disappear into the crowd.

LATER

Over the heads of the crowd, Jubilee watches from the back of the room, mesmerized.

On the stage Chris and his band play. Chris is elegant and engaged with the audience. He has style and class.

EXT. PARKING LOT - LATE NIGHT

Everyone's at a tricked-out custom 70's van.

Wes and Pedro pack up instruments.

The guys are on fire, ready to party.

(CONTINUED)

PEDRO
I'm starving.

EVERYONE
Really!

FINN
(into Jubilee's ear)
Can I come in your car?

She turns her face up to him.

JUBILEE
No...I'm tired. Going home while I
have one. And I guess I need to
pack.

FINN
Pack?

WES
You're coming with us?

Jubilee nods.

JUBILEE
I guess I might as well try to keep
you guys out of trouble.

PETE
No thanks. But you can get into
some with us.

Pedro picks Jubilee up off the ground, spins with her.

PEDRO
Want a hand?

He sets her down.

JUBILEE
Na. I'll see you guys in the
morning.

INT. JUBILEE'S BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

Jubilee sits down on the bed.

She checks the clock, it reads 2:30. She picks up the phone
and dials.

EXT. FARM HOUSE, TEXAS - NIGHT

Telephone rings.

INT. FARM KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Clean, comfortable, old fashioned farm kitchen.

MOLLY PICKET, early 50's, wipes dirty hands on her coveralls, picks up the receiver of a wall phone.

MOLLY

Hello.

Pictures of Jubilee at different ages from childhood to present cover the refrigerator.

INT. JUBILEE'S BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

JUBILEE

Aunt Molly? Did I wake you up?

INT. FARM KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Molly sits on a stool by the phone.

MOLLY

Well, hell no, baby I've got a mare foaling, I've been up all night. Oh I'm so glad to hear from you. How are you, Angel?

INT. JUBILEE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jubilee holds the phone affectionately to her ear.

JUBILEE

Aunt Molly, have you ever heard of the Austin Music Festival?

LATER

Jubilee sleeps with her lyric book and guitar in her lap, light on beside her.

We hear persistent tapping on glass.

Jubilee goes to the window, pulls back the sheer curtain.

Finn smiles broadly.

(CONTINUED)

JUBILE
What are you doing?

He's drunk.

FINN
We were partying at Tom's and I
couldn't stop thinking...I am... a
little...Can I come in?

He climbs through the open window.

JUBILEE
Sure, I guess. Okay, hold on, let
me help you down.

He stumbles onto his feet inside the room.

She gets a whiff of his breath.

JUBILEE (CONT'D)
Oh, boy, lordy, lordy. Whew. How
did you get here?

FINN
Walked. Four miles. They were all
hanging out. And all I could think
about was that kiss, so I walked
over here from Tommy's. Sarah's
preggie.

He looks clumsily around the room, touches things like he's
the bull in the china shop.

He picks up a black and white photograph of young Jubilee and
Daisy.

FINN (CONT'D)
Oh, your mom? She's so pretty.

Jubilee nods. She takes the photo out of his hand, carefully
replaces it on the dresser.

JUBILEE
She's what?

FINN
Pretty.

JUBILEE
Sarah?

He flops down on her bed. He abruptly flips pages in her
journal.

(CONTINUED)

FINN

Sarah is pretty. What is this? Are these your songs? Pete had Coke. I did Cocaine.

She snatches the journal away.

JUBILEE

How original. Is Sarah pregnant?

She buries the book deep inside a large black duffle bag.

He lays on her pillow, kicks off his shoes, they sail across the room, he's staying awhile.

FINN

See, you are so talented. You are going to help us make it big time, Jubilee.

JUBILEE

I'm going to get you some water. Be quiet in here, don't get me in trouble, lame ass.

LATER

Jubilee comes into the room with a piece of cake and a glass of milk.

Finn snores.

She pulls a pillow and blanket out from under him and leaves the room.

INT. JUBILEE'S BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

Two large, over-filled black leather duffle bags sit on the bed.

Finn stands outside the window.

JUBILEE

You look like crap.

FINN

I feel great.

He smiles weakly.

(CONTINUED)

JUBILEE

Be quiet, I don't want to wake'em
up.

Jubilee passes her guitar through the window, it clangs
loudly against the window frame.

They stifle laughter.

JUBILEE (CONT'D)

Shh. Quiet!

She passes a bag through. It's heavy on his end.

FINN

Fuck! That it?

JUBILEE

Nope, one more.

She grabs that one, passes it through.

Finn exaggerates the difficulty.

JUBILEE (CONT'D)

Here, help me out.

She pulls herself up and through the window.

FINN

Can't believe you're not gonna tell
them.

JUBILEE

Too much drama. They'll get the
note.

The music from the song Nashville Waves Goodbye comes up and
plays over the remaining scene.

The window sheer blows in the breeze of the open window.

EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT

Jubilee and the guys sit around the fire, their faces lit by
the campfire.

Excitement and optimism of a new journey tangible.

Everyone strums instruments to an unknown tune.

(CONTINUED)

JUBILEE
(sings softly)
Underneath the sky at
night...hmm...hmm...when the stars
are shinning...

WES
That's pretty. What is it?

JUBILEE
Something my mom sung to me.

Pedro joins in on his fiddle to her tune. Pete plucks at the
banjo.

PETE
If you could play like that, in
front of an audience, you'd be
amazing.

Wes hands Jubilee his mandolin.

WES
Here. First lesson. It's four sets
of double strings. Smaller Scale.
Tune using the 7th fret.

Music echo's through the night sky filled with a million
sparkling stars.

INT. BAKERSFIELD VENUE - NIGHT

An old, filthy, run down auditorium of a former high school.

Wes leads the gang down a narrow, cluttered hall. Off the
hall are small, dingy rooms.

A rowdy crowd rumbles.

ANNOUNCER(O.S.)
-Ladies and Gentlemen, The Stains.

The muffled boom of the audience, followed by a terrible
screech of guitar and female voices growl something that
sounds like it might be a song.

JUBILEE
Great. Crappy Punk.

Wes stops. Everybody piles into him.

(CONTINUED)

Bringing up the rear, Jubilee faces into a room with several people and a mirror of cocaine.

An older rocker looking dude holds the mirror up to Jubilee. She shakes her head, turns away.

On the wall covered with overlapping band posters, something catches Jubilee's eye.

Jubilee lifts the corner of one of the posters to reveal a poster for Bud Main and The Posse. She stares for a beat.

FLASH IMAGE: DAISY AND BUD ON STAGE, DAISY AT THE MICROPHONE SINGING, PLAYING THE GUITAR, BUD BEHIND HER, ALSO PLAYING GUITAR, GAZING AT HER.

BUD TURNS HIS GAZE TO LITTLE JUBILEE OFF STAGE, HE WINKS.

SHE SMILES FROM EAR TO EAR.

INT. BACKSTAGE VENUE - NIGHT

Other acts wait their turn to go on stage.

PETE
Great gig, Jube.

JUBILEE
Seventy five bucks, Baby.

The guys tune their instruments.

PETE
Got to wonder, why bother, huh?

O.S. A crowd erupts in laughter and cheers.

Three girls with platinum blonde and black Mohawks burst through the door, lead by CORRINE BURNS, early 20's, with bright red eye shadow shooting like flames over her eyes.

CORRINE
Bullshit, mother, fuckers!

All three girls wear cheap lingerie, black fishnets and leg warmers. They are splattered with tomatoes.

They are The Stains.

Corrine kicks over a chair and picks a tomato off herself, throws it across the room.

(CONTINUED)

CORRINE (CONT'D)
Shit hole, ass wipes pigs!

Jubilee and the boys look on wide-eyed. Jubilee looks the girls up and down.

CORRINE (CONT'D)
What are you ass holes looking at?
You look like morons, mother
fuckers.

Jubilee chuckles.

PETE
(sarcastic)
I have never fucked my mother.

Corrine glares in their direction, flips Pete off.

PETE (CONT'D)
She's cute.

Pete laughs and blows the girl a kiss.

A little man holding a folder calls for the next act.

HALL MANAGER
Southern Storm.

Everybody hesitates.

JUBILEE
Right...here...coming.

The band heads out the door.

Corrine thrusts her shoulders and body combatively at Jubilee.

Jubilee steps back and side steps her.

INT. STAGE WINGS - NIGHT

They stand nervously off stage, just behind the giant curtains.

The audience- a rowdy wild bunch of hard core punk rock kids.

Jubilee looks at the stage manager.

JUBILEE
Are they gonna throw shit?

(CONTINUED)

He shrugs.

STAGE MANAGER
This is the gig.

JUBILEE
FUCK THAT!

She grabs the giant sheer curtain, runs with all her might, pulling it across the stage. Midway, she slips on smashed tomatoes and falls hard.

The crowd explodes with laughter and cheers.

JUBILEE (CONT'D)
Assholes!

She gets up, slips again. Grasping the curtain, she pulls herself up, then finishes closing the sheer.

The guys come onto the stage.

AUDIENCE MEMEBER O.C.
No country, pussies!

JUBILEE
Crank up the amps, get into the mic's, play with hard metal. Just punk the shit out of it.

Jubilee takes a spot near the back of the stage.

The guys play their version of Punk Rock. They sound pretty good.

The audience jives with the music. It's the most original the guys have ever sounded.

Jubilee watches the crowd from the back of the stage, watches the reaction to the new sound.

No one throws anything at the band.

EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT

Jubilee, the guys, and the three girls from THE STAINS sit at the fire.

Jubilee practices on the mandolin.

Pete and Corrine are on their way to hooking up, their legs entangled, obvious sexual energy building between them.

(CONTINUED)

Pedro and Wes have their stings out and play lightly.

JUBILEE

You actually sounded really good.

Corrine glares at Jubilee.

CORRINE

You guys do LSD?

PETE

I would.

Jubilee looks at Pete disapprovingly. Corrine notices.

CORRINE

(to Jubilee)

What's your deal?

JUBILEE

What do you mean?

CORRINE

Why are you here? I mean, are you
their fuck'in groupie, or what? You
sucking someone's dick?

JUBILEE

What? No. I...

CORRINE

You're someone's precious little
girl right? Every thing's always
been perfect for you. I bet you
want to be just like me.

JUBILEE

Ah, someone that plays crappy fake
Punk? Not so much.

WES

Actually, Jubilee is a really
talented musician.

CORRINE

Yes you do. You want to be just
like me. You want everybody
watching you.

JUBILEE

Trust me, Skank, they're watching
for the wrong reasons?

(CONTINUED)

PETE

Play nice now, kittens.

Jubilee flashes a glance at Pete, he shrinks.

CORRINE

But you don't have the balls, do you? You wouldn't be able to do what it takes to make it. To be in front of a crowd. You're waiting for someone to notice you.

CORRINE (CONT'D)

You're going to be standing behind some asshole guy forever, making him look good. Chicks like you make me want to puke.

Jubilee stands up, dusts her pants off.

JUBILEE

Fuck you.

She motions to Pedro to give up his fiddle.

JUBILEE (CONT'D)

May I?

Jubilee plays the fiddle expertly.

They all watch her, except for Corrine, whose face remains stoic and unimpressed.

JUBILEE (CONT'D)

Yeah, I guess real music wouldn't interest you.

Corrine flips Jubilee off.

In a flash, Jubilee tosses aside the fiddle, pounces Corrine. It's a cat fight.

Pedro peels Jubilee off Corrine.

Corrine is stunned, she has a scratch across her face and her Mohawk is smashed.

Jubilee storms off into the dark.

JUBILEE (CONT'D)

You don't know me. And news flash, your cheesy little peep show isn't revolutionary. And it's not Punk Rock either. Just trash.

(CONTINUED)

Finn jumps up and follows Jubilee.

CORRINE
Oh, look, she got the boy to chase
her. Ain't that romantic?

INT. JUBILEE'S CAR - LATER

Jubilee and Finn lay in the back. Finn snores loudly.

Jubilee clutches her pillow, stares up into the night sky.

INT. PAY PHONE - DAY

Jubilee leans against the wall. A pay phone receiver at her ear, note pad in her hand.

JUBILEE
Hi, I'm calling about the
contest...Thank you.

She flips through the note pad.

JUBILEE (CONT'D)
I'm holding for Wayne
Nagel...Jubilee Bright. Um, no I
don't have a manager.

She listens to the phone.

JUBILEE (CONT'D)
No. No demo.

She listens, her shoulders begin to droop. She stretches her neck.

JUBILEE (CONT'D)
Thank you.

She hangs up, dejected.

INT. DENNY'S RESTAURANT - DAY

The restaurant is empty. A muzak version of New York, New York scratches faintly through the restaurant's old sound system.

WAITRESS
More of this lousy coffee for ya?

JUBILEE
Yes, thank you.

(CONTINUED)

Outside the window the guys bounce through the parking lot, they laugh and talk like childhood friends.

The quiet of the restaurant is broken when they burst through the door.

Pedro sits next to Jubilee. Finn motions for him to move.

FINN
(To Jubilee)
So, where we heading today, my lovely?

She shakes her head.

JUBILEE
You know, maybe...since you try to screw every skank you meet, just out of respect, you could knock that off, okay douche bag?

Finn looks genuinely hurt.

PEDRO
Ouch!

PETE
Sa-mack!

He smiles and shrugs.

JUBILEE
Palm Springs.

WES
Sweet.

JUBILEE
Listen, I want to talk to you guys about this contest. You need original music.

The waitress returns.

WAITRESS
What can I get for you boys?

They start ordering at the same time.

PEDRO
Coffee, black.

(CONTINUED)

JUBILEE
There's live auditions in three weeks...

FINN
I'll have a Coke and...Contest?

PETE
Large stack, bacon on the side.
(to Jubilee)
What are we playing?

JUBILEE
A skating rink. It's a big deal.
Record producers go.

PETE
To a skating rink?

WES,
Bro, to the contest, duh? Can I get some pie now? Where is it?

JUBILEE
Austin. It's big money, \$10,000.
What do you think? You've got to audition. It's the only way...

Pedro nods looking over his menu.

FINN
I'll have... a BLT. I don't know.

PETE
Sounds lame to me.

The guys are distracted by food and each other.

EXT. DENNY'S RESTAURANT PARKING LOT - DAY

Pedro sits shotgun in Jubilee's car.

Pete leans against the van smoking a cigarette.

Jubilee gets an envelope full of cash out of her black duffle bag. She counts out bills, hands them to Finn.

FINN
(noting Pedro)
It's not fair.

L

(CONTINUED)

JUBILEE
Quit smoking. Gas and lunch. No
funny money for you three.

PETE
(to Finn)
Leash tight enough for ya?

JUBILEE
Pedro, you drive?

She tosses the keys to him.

JUBILEE (CONT'D)
(to Wes)
Hey, can I take your mandolin with
me?

Wes hands it to her.

INT. SKATE LAND - NIGHT

Various shots of the lobby and snack bar, packed with
teenagers.

The rink is covered in disco ball sparkle.

Jubilee flashes by on skates. She moves to the music of the
band.

In the far corner of the huge room, the boys play on a tiny
stage.

Everybody's having fun.

Jubilee passes the guys and does a dorky little dance move,
bucks out her teeth and pumps her arms.

Finn and Pedro chuckle.

She skates around the rink, sings out loud along with the
song. She skates mechanically, but has a blast.

LATER

Jubilee spins to an awkward stop at the boys. They are
between songs.

JUBILEE
Drinks?

PETE
I'll take a Coke.

(CONTINUED)

WES
Yeah, me too.

PEDRO
Me too.

Finn tunes his guitar, winks, nods.

She forces her skates awkwardly backward.

WES
Give it up.

She laughs and mouths "Thank you" and blows Wes a seductive, flirty kiss.

A pleased look crosses his face. He looks around at the other guys. No one else has noticed.

INT. SNACK BAR - NIGHT

Jubilee thuds clumsily to the snack bar.

A cute guy, MATT, mid 20's, checks her out as she passes, likes what he see's.

CLERK
What can I get for you?

JUBILEE
Four Cokes and...oh, a cherry
Slurpee and...a hot dog.

Jubilee has just enough perspiration to glisten. She waits for her order.

Matt approaches from behind her.

She turns quickly with the tray of drinks, right into Matt, nearly spills everything.

MATT
Sorry about that?

Their eyes meet.

JUBILEE
No problem.

She looks down at the drinks, then back up into his face. Their eyes meet again.

(CONTINUED)

MATT

Can I help? You don't exactly look cool on skates.

Jubilee laughs disarmingly.

JUBILEE

What are you talking about? I'm totally cool.

Across the rink the guys have a small group of girls huddled around them.

JUBILEE (CONT'D)

Yeah. Okay, Thanks. That would be great.

Jubilee and Matt roll up to the guys at the stage mid song.

She puts all the drinks out for the guys and skates off with Matt.

Finn watches Jubilee skate away, sullen.

LATER

Various shots of Jubilee and Matt on the rink. They skate past the band, talk and laugh in a familiar way.

With each pass, Finn grows more annoyed

PETE

Ha, ha. That's funny dude.

Finn flips Pete off.

LATER

Matt takes Jubilee's hand. They look into each others eyes. She smiles up at him.

FINN (O.S.)

Jubilee.

Slowly, Jubilee recognizes her name being called.

At the mic, Finn brusquely calls for her again.

FINN (CONT'D)

JUBILEE!

She turns to Finn.

She shrugs, "WHAT?"

(CONTINUED)

FINN (CONT'D)
Give me a break?

She shakes her head.

FINN (CONT'D)
Come on, I gotta take a piss.

Jubilee skates over to the band.

Finn steps off the small stage, waves her into his position at the mic.

WES
You might as well give it a go.

Jubilee hesitates.

JUBILEE
You sure? I don't think I...

FINN
Make me proud.

She steps up onto the tiny stage, takes his guitar. She looks uneasy, anxious.

Finn shoves past Matt, the two guys exchange contentious glances.

LATER

Finn stands at the rail of the rink, across from the band. Jubilee plays the guitar effortlessly.

INT. RINK LOBBY - LATER

The lights are up, the people are gone. The night in the rink is over. A couple of kids clean up.

Jubilee talks with an older man in a short sleeved buttoned up shirt with a skinny black tie and trousers. He counts money into Jubilee's hand.

Jubilee turns to Matt, who stands near by.

MATT
You were really great. It's totally farout that you play in the band and manage it.

JUBILEE
No..I don't..I just...

EXT. SKATE LAND - CONTINUOUS

MATT

Can I see you again? Can I call you?

FINN

You can't call her. We're on the road, dick head.

JUBILEE

Finn!

MATT

What's your problem, douche bag?

Finn tosses his guitar case into the van and moves aggressively toward Matt.

FINN

You're my fucking problem.

In a flash, the two guys are in each others face.

JUBILEE

Stop it. What the fuck?

Jubilee pushes Finn away from Matt, toward the van.

Finn spits out over her shoulder.

FINN

That's my girl, punk.

JUBILEE

Get in the van, Finn! Get in the van!

She pulls Matt away.

JUBILEE (CONT'D)

Oh my God. I'm so sorry.

MATT

Nah. I get it.

JUBILEE

That was just...weird. But, you know, anyway, we're on the road, so. But thanks for skating with me. It was super fun.

She stretches up to Matt, he leans down, wraps his arms around her waist, picks her off the ground and kisses her.

(CONTINUED)

It lasts too long.

Finn jumps out of the van. He starts toward them.

Jubilee turns and walks to the van.

FINN

I hope you had fun tonight.

JUBILEE

Yeah. All in all, pretty good,
loser.

EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT

TWO GIRLS, early 20's from the rink are with Pete and Pedro.
Jubilee sits between Finn and Wes.

Wes plays his mandolin.

A joint is passed to Jubilee, she waves it off casually.

GIRL #1

(to Jubilee)

You were awesome.

JUBILEE

Really? Thanks.

Finn stands up from the fire, reaches his hand out to
Jubilee.

FINN

Let's take a walk.

JUBILEE

Sure.

Finn leads her out of the campfire light into the dark.

They stop on a small, stone footbridge. The trickling of a
creek beneath them.

FINN

I didn't like that guy having his
hands on you.

JUBILEE

You're awfully possessive for
someone as slutty as you.

Finn puts his hand over her mouth lightly.

(CONTINUED)

FINN

Shh. Haven't you noticed, you're
the only one I see?

He brings her hand to his lips, kisses it tenderly. He leans
into her.

She resists, briefly. Her eyes close, head drops back.

He kisses her arched neck. Their mouths meet and they kiss
passionately.

He lifts her blouse.

She pulls his shirt over his head.

He lifts her up, sets her on the stone wall.

She wraps her legs around his waist.

Moonlight shines on the creek below.

LATER

Jubilee and Finn walk through the woods, he leads her by the
hand.

JUBILEE

Finn, can we...slow down.

FINN

Am I walking to fast?

She stops.

JUBILEE

No. I mean, can we slow.

Finn turns to face her.

FINN

What are you talking about?

JUBILEE

I...don't want to get...carried
away. You know?

FINN

No. I mean, sure. We're not.

Finn turns and starts walking again, Jubilee follows.

(CONTINUED)

JUBILEE

It's just.

FINN

It's okay. Don't worry about it.
It's fine. We're cool.

Jubilee stops.

He leaves.

Jubilee stands alone in the dark.

INT. JUBILEE'S CAR - NIGHT

Jubilee is asleep alone in the backseat of the car. Pedro wakes her.

PEDRO

Hey, Jube. Wake up, babe. I need
your car.

JUBILEE

What? Huh?

PEDRO

I gotta take the girls home. Can
you go in the van?

INT. VAN - NIGHT

The van door opens. Finn and Wes are asleep on the bunk. Wes lifts his head to see Jubilee climb in with her pillow.

She climbs on the bed between them.

JUBILEE

(whispering)
Sorry. Pedro needed my car.

WES

It's okay, I wasn't sleeping.

They lay facing each other, their faces washed in the light of the full moon.

JUBILEE

Why not?

WES

I have a song going through my
head. Something I'm thinking about
trying to put some music to.

(CONTINUED)

JUBILEE
I want to hear it.

WES
Later. Get some sleep. You were
awesome tonight, Jube.

Jubilee closes her eyes.

JUBILEE
Thanks. Las Vegas is on the way.

She yawns.

JUBILEE (CONT'D)
Should we go?

INT. LAS VEGAS CASINO RESTAURANT - DAY

Remnants of a large meal fills the table top.

JUBILEE
I'm just saying. You guys need
original stuff. And I've got songs.

PETE
I'm ready to go party.

FINN
Me too.

INT. CASINO GAME FLOOR - NIGHT

Jubilee plays a nickel slot machine. She's got a row of
cocktail glasses beside her.

Pete comes up behind her.

PETE
Man. Vegas is amazing.

JUBILEE
I hit three jack pots.

She holds up a bucket of nickles.

Pete looks at her pathetically.

PETE
Dude, nickels? Where's everybody
at?

(CONTINUED)

JUBILEE

Finn's playing Blackjack and Pedro and Wes were doing the roulette thingy.

PETE

You know, it wouldn't hurt you to take a chance, try something a little more thrilling?

LATER

Jubilee walks through the casino.

She stops. From her POV we see-

Finn at the end of a poker table. A nearly naked girl has her arms draped around him.

Jubilee peers around a slot machine, watches Finn.

FINN

Woo hoo. Yeah baby!

The girl cheers.

Finn and the girl kiss, casually at first, but it lasts and turns quite passionate.

They down shots together as another hand of cards is dealt.

Jubilee slinks back behind the slot machines. She walks aimlessly through the casino.

Someone sings a Frank Sinatra song.

INT. CASINO LOUNGE - NIGHT

An old, weary piano player/singer performs.

Jubilee leans heavily over the bar.

Empty shot glasses line the bar in front of her.

A group of frivolous debutante WANNA BE'S, 20's, burst into the lounge. Loudly they obnoxiously take seats near the piano-begging to be noticed.

WANNA BE 1

Hey, mister. Can you play something from this century?

They snicker to each other.

(CONTINUED)

WANNA BE 2

Can we get a waitress over here?

Jubilee turns her attention to them.

WANNA BE 3

Oh my god, this music is so lame.
Like, play something by like some
one cool.

The piano player is unfazed, he's heard it all.

WANNA BE 2

Hello. Is there a waitress? We need
more drinks.

WANNA BE 4

Come on, let's get this party
going. Play something up beat old
man, something we can dance to.

FLASH IMAGE: A SEEDY BAR. DAISY ALONE ON THE STAGE, HECKLED
BY A YOUNGER AGED AUDIENCE.

YOUNG JUBILEE SITS OFF STAGE, LOOKS FROM HER MOTHER, TO THE
AUDIENCE, BACK TO HER MOTHER.

A TEAR ROLLS DOWN DAISY'S CHEEK.

INT. CASINO LOUNGE - NIGHT

Jubilee rises. She slaps cash on the bar. She saunters
crookedly over to the table of wanna be's.

They haughtily look her up and down.

JUBILEE

Yeah. Wow. Don't you cheese balls
all look like the same lame prom
queen from a bad B movie? God,
you're just so pathetic and
desperate looking I want to feel
sorry for you.

The Wanna Be's faces drop, they sit stunned.

JUBILEE (CONT'D)

But I don't/

In a flash, Jubilee lifts the corner of the table, turns it
over, drinks slide into their laps.

The Wanna Be's scramble and squeal.

(CONTINUED)

Jubilee drops a tip in the singer's jar.

He smiles.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The light flips on. Jubilee flops face down on the bed.

FADE TO BLACK:

Soft thuds merge to hard pounding

FADE IN:

LATER

Jubilee eyes flutter in a battle to open.

She looks at the door for a long moment, it registers- hard knocks on the door.

She opens it. The guys spill in like a wave with a few sexy girls.

They take over the room, a swirling, roaring party ensues.

Cocaine lines are cut on the dresser top.

Jubilee quietly slips out the door unnoticed.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Jubilee lays on the bunk, looks out the window to-

EXT/INT MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Through the window, the boys are seen-Wes plays his mandolin, Pete slow dances with a girl, Finn stands smoking a cigarette, Pedro listens to a chatty girl.

FLASH IMAGE: DAISY ON THE FLOOR IN THE BATHROOM, WASTED.

DAISY

I don't want you here.

BACK TO PRESENT:

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Jubilee buries her face in the pillow.

INT. PHONE BOOTH - MORNING

Jubilee drops coins into the slot.

INT. BRIGHT KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Vivian sits at the counter with a giant piece of cake in front of her-contemplating it.

The phone rings, she answers quickly.

VIVIAN

Hello.

INT. PHONE BOOTH - MORNING

JUBILEE

Hi Viv. It's me.

INT. BRIGHT KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

VIVIAN

Oh thank God. Where are you?

INT. PHONE BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

JUBILEE

You don't want to know. Is dad home? I just wanted to check in with you guys.

INT. BRIGHT KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

VIVIAN

He's surfing. Have you...found what you went looking for?

INT. PHONE BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

Hold on Jubilee's face for a long pause.

JUBILEE

Not...yet.

INT. BRIGHT KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

VIVIAN
You will.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

People lay everywhere.

Jubilee steps over a body sleeping near the door.

She makes a quick visual sweep of the room. Grabs her guitar and bag.

EXT. LAS VEGAS STRIP - DAY

Jubilee carries her guitar case.

She sits at a bus stop, looks out across the wasteland of Vegas.

She plays her guitar. She strums softly, passion builds.

A twenty dollar bill floats into her guitar case. Jubilee looks up to see a handsome cowboy, JAKE, mid 30's. He smiles.

She smiles back at him.

A small crowd gathers around her while she plays.

When the song ends, the crowd applauds. Jubilee is awash in the glow. More dollar bills are tossed in to her case.

Cash piles up.

As she begins to play another song, O.S. a tambourine is heard.

A few feet away a homeless guy has set up shop. He has a box out with a sign for donations.

He bangs a tambourine and dances about.

The small crowd dissipates.

Jubilee watches the tambourine player while she packs up her guitar.

JUBILEE
Dude, what are you doing?

She walks over to him.

(CONTINUED)

He looks at her- he is wasted.

JUBILEE (CONT'D)
You scared off my audience.

He sticks his tongue out.

She chuckles.

JUBILEE (CONT'D)
Crazy huh? You're pretty good with
that.

She drops cash into his empty box.

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - DAY

Jubilee crosses the parking lot.

Inside the glass phone booth, the handsome cowboy from the street hangs up the phone, rushes out and trots to catch up to Jubilee.

JAKE
Hey there, you are some guitar
player, little lady.

JUBILEE
Thanks.

JAKE
I'm Jake.

He reaches out his hand.

JUBILEE
Hi Jake. Jubilee.

She is flattered.

JAKE
Been in Vegas long, Jubilee?

They walk together.

JUBILEE
No. We're, my friends and me, we're
just passing through. How about
you? You staying here?

She gestures to the motel.

(CONTINUED)

JAKE

No, no. I'm a local boy. Just here
to collect a debt from some
tourist.

They reach the door to Jubilee's room.

JAKE (CONT'D)

But I sure would like to hear you
play again.

He starts to knock on the door as she puts the key in the
lock. They pause, look at each other, confused.

JAKE (CONT'D)

This your room?

She opens the door.

JUBILEE

Yeah.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Jubilee comes in. The guys are uptight.

JUBILEE

What's going on?

FINN

We're in deep shit.

JUBILEE

What do you mean?

Jake steps into the room.

JAKE

They mean me, darlin.

JUBILEE

How...

JAKE

Your friends here kept company with
my girls last night.

PETE

They were actually...working. So...

(CONTINUED)

PEDRO

We didn't know. We didn't have
enough money to pay them?

Jubilee looks from guy to guy, not understanding.

JUBILEE

For what?

PETE

Hanging out with us.

Wes is uncomfortable, puts his hand up to stop Pete from
speaking.

JUBILEE

Huh? Why would you have to pay them
for hanging out?

JAKE

You have to pay me for them to hang
out, see?

JUBILEE

Not really. Why...

It dawns on her.

JUBILEE (CONT'D)

What the fuck, Pete?

PETE

Don't blame me. I didn't know.

JUBILEE

How much do you...oh god,
gross...owe them?

JAKE

Okay now, let's not get excited.
Your friends here partied with my
girls and there's a fee for that.
It's not gross, it's business. I'm
sorry ya'll didn't understand the
terms of the agreement, but my
girls assure me they informed you.

WES

Okay, but we didn't even...do
anything with them.

Jake walks over to Wes, slugs hard him in the gut.

Wes folds over.

(CONTINUED)

Pedro jumps up.

Jake pulls a pistol out of his jacket like an old western gun fighter.

JUBILEE

Hey!

Jake walks around the room.

JAKE

Okay now, everybody calm down. I do not like doing business like this.

He directs them all to the bed with the gun.

JUBILEE

Oh my God!

JAKE

Everybody sit over there.

They follow the direction.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Let me explain how these transactions usually go. You, the client, party, if you will, with one of my girls. In this case you partied with three of my girls. I don't care what you do while you're with them, that's between y'all. You boys kept my girls occupied for the entire night. For that there, I need three hundred dollars from y'all. Plus, you owe me for the cocaine. That's another one hundred and fifty.

JUBILEE

Oh my god.

Jubilee looks like she's going to faint.

JAKE

Relax, Jubilee. I ain't the kind a pimp to beat and kill nobody.

The guys all look at Jubilee.

JUBILEE

We don't have that much cash.

Jake sets the gun down on the table.

(CONTINUED)

JAKE

I understand you have a dilemma.
Hum...So I guess y'all are going to
have do some creative thinking. Do
any of y'all have anything valuable
you can sell real quick like?
There's lots of pawn shops round
here. Maybe some of them
instruments?

FINN

No, man. We're a band. We can't
sell our instruments.

JAKE

Can you play any of them without
all your fingers?

She looks like she's going to cry.

JUBILEE

Shit. Shit. Shit. I can't breathe.

JAKE

Let's put our heads together, shall
we?

JUBILEE

Great. So, yeah. I mean, please
don't hurt us?

JAKE

Jubilee, I promise you, I am in no
way going to hurt a talented little
thing like you.

JUBILEE

Oh my god, I feel sick. Can I stand
up.

Jake nods.

Jubilee stands. She sits back down.

JUBILEE (CONT'D)

I can't think. I can't think. Okay.
Okay. Okay.

JAKE

You said that.

JUBILEE

Can I count how much cash we have?

(CONTINUED)

JAKE

Please do. That would an excellent.

Jubilee motions for all the guys to hand over whatever they have.

The guys pull bills out of their pockets. They put them on the bed.

Jubilee gets the money from her purse and opens her guitar case and dumps it out on the bed.

Jubilee collects, straightens and counts what they have.

While Jubilee scurries to count the cash, Jake points the gun at each of the guys while he lectures them on the etiquette of prostitution.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Y'all should have listened better to the girls. It is a sure sign of being a man when you listen to what a lady has to say. I suspect y'all are just little boys who are not worthy of having a lady in your presence.

Jubilee finishes. She looks up, hopefully.

JUBILEE

Can you take three hundred and...twenty two seventy three?

He smiles at her pathetically.

JAKE

No, baby. My prices are non-negotiable after services have been rendered.

PETE

But we didn't...

Jubilee shoots a look at Pete that says "shut up."

JAKE

Listen here now. My momma's got a little club over other side a town. She's always lookin for some good music to fill the place with ambiance.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JAKE (CONT'D)

If she'd be willing to have y'all entertain her crowd there tonight, maybe y'all could work off the debt and make a little something extra. How does that sound to y'all?

JUBILEE

Great. Perfect. They'll do it.

JAKE

Well, let me talk to my momma. But, I'll need some collateral. Something to hold onto to make sure y'all show up on time.

He eyes Jubilee.

JUBILEE

No way. Sorry. But no way. I'm not.

JAKE

I'll take that pretty little thing there.

Jake motions to Jubilee's guitar.

JUBILEE

My guitar?

JAKE

I think y'all show up for that. If you don't, I reckon it'd sell for enough to pay your friends debt.

She grasps her guitar.

JUBILEE

I...can't. I...

WES

Here.

Wes hands his mandolin toward Jake.

WES (CONT'D)

Take this.

JAKE

No thank you, son. Somehow, I just don't think it has the same...value.

(CONTINUED)

JUBILEE

Jake. This guitar was my mother's.
It is the only connection I have to
her.

JAKE

I'll take good care of it till we
meet again. As I mentioned, my
terms are non-negotiable.

Jake reaches over Jubilee to the guitar case, closes it,
slowly takes it.

JAKE (CONT'D)

I'll let y'all know when and where
to be tonight. Just put on a nice
show and everything will be fine
and Jubilee will get her guitar
back.

INT. STRIP CLUB/THE MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

It's early in the night, but the place is hopping. The club
is dimly lit by candles on lounge tables.

Several topless waitresses linger at the bar. Others deliver
drinks to patrons.

Jubilee and the boys come into the cocktail lounge.

The boys look upbeat.

Wes walks over to the bar.

A topless waitress walks by. All the boys follow her with
their heads.

Jubilee awkwardly looks the other way.

PETE

This is not going to be that bad.

At the bar, the bartender directs Wes to a small area behind
the stage.

Wes comes back to the group.

WES

Bartender said set up over there,
by the piano.

They pick up their instruments, move toward the stage.

(CONTINUED)

Colored lights shine on a stage in the center of the room surrounded by tables. The boys set up near an old piano.

An attractive looking man with a handlebar mustache tips his ten gallon hat at Jubilee. She is frozen.

JUBILEE

Wait!

Wes and Finn look back to her.

JUBILEE (CONT'D)

(quietly)

We can't stay here.

FINN

Babe, we have to.

Jubilee is at a loss. She follows them to set up.

Jubilee looks anxiously around. There's no place for her near the stage.

A topless waitress comes over to the group. She has beers on a tray she holds breast level.

TERESA

Hi boys, I'm Teresa. This is to start you off. Hattie asked me to take good care of you boys.

WES

Hattie?

TERESA

She's the boss.

The boys slowly take the beer off the tray in turn.

They are mesmerized, as if they've never seen naked boobs before.

TERESA (CONT'D)

(to Jubilee)

Can I get you something too, honey?

Jubilee is shocked into the moment.

JUBILEE

Me. Um, no. No thank you, uh, Teresa?

Jubilee looks around the room at the the clientele- business men, construction workers, truckers all types of men.

(CONTINUED)

JUBILEE (CONT'D)
No. No no no. God no...It smells
like...pee. Uh. Disgusting

PEDRO
That's not pee?

JUBILEE
What is it?

Pedro gives her a look that says "think about it".

JUBILEE (CONT'D)
Gross. This place is totally gross.

PEDRO
Just relax. I'm not going to let
anyone bother you, I promise.

At the small stage, the guys set up.

JUBILEE
You know what. I'm out of here.
I'll be back when this is over for
my guitar.

INT/EXT. JUBILEE'S CAR - NIGHT

We see the streets and nightlife of Vegas go by.

INT. RECORD STORE-LATER

The store is bright. Loud 80's music plays.

A few people peruse the record aisles.

Jubilee looks through popular albums of 1984.

She holds up the LOVERBOY album, Keep It Up, looks at both
sides.

JUBILEE (CONT'D)
Ick!

She puts it back in it's spot and continues. After a beat she
pulls another album from the rack. As she examines the album
cover, a look of tenderness fills her eyes.

LATER

Jubilee places a few albums onto the check out counter.

A big haired stylized music nerd guy is at the register.

(CONTINUED)

CLERK

Hey.

Jubilee pushes her pile of records toward him.

JUBILEE

Hi.

He comments on each record as he rings it up.

CLERK

This one rocks. There is a killer track on this. Oh, these dudes are cool, they play around here a lot.

Jubilee looks at the album. It is Bud Main and the Posse.

JUBILEE

Really? Hum.

CLERK

Yeah, hold on a sec.

He leaves the register, returns with a newspaper. He flips through the pages.

CLERK (CONT'D)

Yeah, I thought so. They're playing the Copa Room tonight, man.

Jubilee takes a beat to process this news.

JUBILEE

Seriously?

CLERK

Have you ever seen them. Yeah, man they are totally bad. \$22.85.

Jubilee fumbles through her bag for her wallet at the bottom of her purse.

JUBILEE

So, where are they playing?

He hands her the paper.

CLERK

Here take this. So, it's in the Sands. It's a cool old place.

INT. THE COPA ROOM - LATER

(CONTINUED)

The place is packed with a cool, hip crowd. The tables and bar are filled. People stand shoulder to shoulder against the walls. It's a relaxed, easy vibe.

Everyone in the place is into the music - old school Honky Tonk.

Jubilee steps into the doorway and looks over the crowd.

Glimpses of the band are seen through the crowd.

BUD MAIN, hard looking mid 40's, sits on a stool on the stage, his guitar in his lap. In a plaid shirt with perfectly folded sleeves and blue jeans, he is older, but still sexy and charismatic.

FLASH BACK TO:

INT. FARM HOUSE KITCHEN - DAY

Young Jubilee sits on the counter.

Bud cooks and sings at the stove.

BUD
(singing)
I knew a little girl, just as sweet
as she could be...Her name was
Jubilee.

He takes a plate from the cabinet, fills it with food. Brings it over to Jubilee.

BUD (CONT'D)
Bud Main special. Eat up, little
angel.

He smiles with his eyes.

She takes the fork, lays the plate on her lap.

He grasps her nose and squeezes.

BUD (CONT'D)
I'll take that.

He turns and goes to the sink with the pan. She watches his back for a long beat.

BUD (CONT'D)
Oh no, I washed it down the drain.

She laughs.

(CONTINUED)

YOUNG JUBILEE

Bud!

BACK TO PRESENT:

INT. THE COPA ROOM - NIGHT

Bud plays the guitar. Behind Bud, his band stands and plays. They have the place rockin'.

Jubilee makes her way through the crowd to the bar.

She watches Bud and the Posse play the rest of the set.

From Jubilee's POV, we see the crowd and the band on stage.

The set ends.

BUD

Whew! That was a good one boys.
Okay now, you folks sit tight, me
and the boys will be back in a bit.

Bud and the guys look through sheet music.

They stream off the stage single file through the adoring crowd.

As Bud wades through the crowd, people touch his arms, shoulders, give him high fives. The band makes their way to the bar.

Bud nods to the bartender, and sits. He looks tired and tired of talking to people.

The bar tender places a steaming cup of coffee in front of Bud.

Jubilee watches Bud. He turns to her and she looks away quickly.

He recognizes something in her. Looks away, then back at her.

BUD (CONT'D)

Excuse me, young lady. Have we met?

Jubilee speaks fast.

JUBILEE

(nervous)
Yes sir. You were, um, you knew my
mother.

(CONTINUED)

BUD
Oh, honey, I'm sorry for that.
Who's your momma?

She hesitates.

JUBILEE
Daisy...

He turns pale, puts a hand on the bar.

BUD
Jubilee?

JUBILEE
...Picket. Yes sir.

Tears fill his eyes, his face knots into sad smile.

She rushes to him.

BUD
(warmly)
Jubilee? My goodness! Look at you.

He holds his hand against his lips, fights a deep heaving sigh.

BUD (CONT'D)
You are all grown up.

He starts to stand, but she sits quickly beside him.

BUD (CONT'D)
Let me look at you. My golly, you
are the image of your momma, child.

JUBILEE
Thank you.

He takes a folded handkerchief from his pocket, wipes his eyes.

BUD
I'm sorry Just I spose' I never
expected to run into you. Why, I
think you musta' just been bout
eight or nine when I saw you last.
Who have you become? So beautiful.

JUBILEE
Yeah, no, it's okay.

(CONTINUED)

BUD
I'm blubber'n like a baby, darlin.

His head drops, he puts his hanky to his eyes, his hand to his chest.

He reaches out to Jubilee and takes her hand in his, holds it like an old friend.

BUD (CONT'D)
Oh my goodness. What are you doing in Vegas, child?

JUBILEE
Oh. Um. I saw an ad...in the paper...so I just.

BUD
Here you are.

Bud looks at Jubilee with something like pride. He gazes at Jubilee with tenderness.

BUD (CONT'D)
Yeah, I guess, the last time I saw you was...

He gets choked up again.

BUD (CONT'D)
At your mama's service I suppose. I remember when she brought you on tour? You would hide cause she was always trying to get you to sing for the boys in the band. Do you remember that?

JUBILEE
She did..really?

BUD
Hell yeah. You was her star.

He turns away from Jubilee, his eyes squeeze shut.

JUBILEE
I'm sorry...I didn't mean to...

He smiles sadly at her, slides his hand to her across the bar.

BUD
It makes me sad as hell to think you never really knew her.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BUD (CONT'D)

Your momma was the love of my life,
Jubilee. Those months with you and
her, those were some of the
happiest times in my life.

He squeezes her hand.

BUD (CONT'D)

I always felt like...I was kind of
like a daddy to you. We weren't
together when she passed. Truth is,
we weren't together more than we
was. I got this one year after we
buried her.

He gives Jubilee an old AA 1 year sobriety chip.

BUD (CONT'D)

(choking back emotion)
She had demons, darlin. She sold
her soul to make it in this
business. But she was a good woman.
She loved you. I just think she'd
want me to tell you that.

Jubilee is filled with emotion, her face and eyes filled with
pain.

BUD (CONT'D)

I've been sober since that day.
This business eats people like her
up. She was broken in a way,
that... I want you to know, I am
sorry, deeply sorry for any part I
played in you losing her.

He holds her hand, she drops her head, tears drop to the
table top.

All around them the crowd is happy and lively and full of
life.

EXT. STRIP CLUB PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Jubilee is alone in her car, her hands and forehead on the
steering wheel.

HATTIE, late 50's, a southern belle in a conservative pants
suit and extra low cut sheer blouse gets out of a brand new,
bright red Cadillac El Dorado convertible.

She clacks over to Jubilee's car and taps on the window with
her overly long bright pink finger nail.

(CONTINUED)

Jubilee slowly raises her head, rolls down the window.

Hattie speaks with a thick Oklahoman accent.

HATTIE

Excuse me.

JUBILEE

Hi.

Hattie holds up Jubilee's guitar case.

HATTIE

Does this belong to you?

Jubilee sits up straight.

JUBILEE

My guitar! Yes. It's mine.

Jubilee reaches out for the guitar.

Hattie pulls it back, out of Jubilee's reach.

HATTIE

What is keeping you out here in the dark?

JUBILEE

(annoyed)

What?

HATTIE

Scared you're gonna catch what my girls got? It ain't contagious, honey. You got a choice in who you become. Now, Jakey told me the deal was you play some, and you'd get this here back. So come on in play me a song or two.

Hattie starts opening the car door. Jubilee is flustered.

JUBILEE

No..I'm..not..Hold on...

Hattie does not wait for anything. She pulls Jubilee by the arm.

HATTIE

Come on. Club is closed now, all the boogie men are long gone. You can sing for me.

(CONTINUED)

INT. STRIP CLUB - MOMENTS LATER

The guys are at the bar, surrounded by half dressed young women.

Jubilee and Hattie come in unnoticed.

A small mirror is passed between the guys. Each takes a turn snorting a line from it.

James Brown's IT'S A MAN'S WORLD plays on the sound system.

Jubilee holds her jacket tight around her neck and body. Her guitar strapped over her shoulder.

Hattie points Jubilee over to the stage and the instruments.

HATTIE (CONT'D)
(to the bartender)
Billy, turn off that noise.
(to Jubilee)
Go on, little girl, show me what
you got in you.

Jubilee walks through the darkened section of the club to the stage.

Hattie goes to the bar.

HATTIE (CONT'D)
Well hi, y'all.

She walks over to the man with the mustache and 10 gallon hat. This is MAC HOWARD. She kisses his cheek seductively, wraps her arm around his neck.

HATTIE(CONT'D)
Didn't know you were back in town.

She wiggles her fingers at the bartender.

HATTIE(CONT'D)
(to bartender)
Gimme.

The bartender hands Hattie a stack of receipts and cash.

Jubilee watches the group at the bar.

A sexy girl stands close to Finn. She runs her finger's through his hair.

(CONTINUED)

Jubilee pulls up a wood stool and sits down with her guitar in her arms. She begins to strum gently, idly for a few beats.

Pete swats Pedro and points over to Jubilee.

Wes turns in his seat and watches her.

Finn turns slightly away from the girl.

A spotlight turns on over Jubilee's head, the room goes black.

Now Jubilee is "on stage". As she begins to play, everyone else in the room, the room itself, disappear. It's only Jubilee, her guitar and the music.

Her finger's move effortlessly over the strings of her guitar. She plays clear, loud and strong, an accomplished musician.

EXT. STRIP CLUB - LATER

Everyone at the cars, packing up instruments. Some of the girls from the club linger around the guys.

Jubilee walks in the direction of her car.

HATTIE
(to Jubilee)
Little girl. Hold up.

Jubilee stops.

Hattie clacks up to her.

HATTIE (CONT'D)
Here you go.

She hands Jubilee a HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL.

Jubilee looks at the bill with confusion.

HATTIE (CONT'D)
For your time. If ya don't mind a bit of my two cents? You got some magic in you...Use it wisely.

Wes approaches from behind Hattie.

JUBILEE
That's really...wow. Thank you, Hattie.

(CONTINUED)

WES

Hey.

HATTIE

My friend Mac was impressed by
y'all tonight. He sure could help
you boys. Good night now.

Jubilee stuffs the bill into her pocket.

WES

What'd she say?

Jubilee shrugs it off.

JUBILEE

(coldly)

You looked like you were having fun
when I got here.

WES

Listen, this guy Mac, he's a music
manager, he wants to talk to us
about maybe managing us.

Jubilee looks over Wes's shoulder. Finn and the guys, Mac and
some girls stand by the van.

JUBILEE

Great.

WES

One of the girls invited us...all
of us over. And Mac said...

JUBILEE

Go!

She looks into his handsome face against the dark night. He
is beautiful.

JUBILEE (CONT'D)

(softer)

I'm not here to hold you back. From
anything. That's not what I came to
do.

He kisses her forehead, turns to go. She watches him walk
toward the van.

JUBILEE (CONT'D)

Wes.

(CONTINUED)

He turns back to her as he passes Finn who walks toward Jubilee.

JUBILEE (CONT'D)
Be careful. Make sure nobody gets
into trouble.

WES
You sounded amazing tonight.

FINN
Really amazing.

INT./EXT. CLEAN START LAUNDROMAT-BEFORE DAWN

OPEN 24 HOURS is painted across the large plate glass window.
Jubilee and Finn are inside.

INT. LAUNDROMAT-CONTINUOUS

Finn's guitar is in his lap, his head is bent over it as he plays.

Jubilee sits across from him on one of the washing machines.
She's writes furiously in her book of lyrics.

JUBILEE
That sounds pretty.

He looks up at her, his strumming speeds up to an obnoxious
hillbilly tune.

She sticks her tongue out at him, they laugh.

JUBILEE (CONT'D)
You guys could be so much better if
you actually rehearsed once in
awhile.

FINN
We don't need practice, we're
naturally talented.

She shakes her head.

JUBILEE
Naturally stupid. So, if he's your
manager, will you still do the gigs
I lined up.

Finn
I don't know.

(CONTINUED)

JUBILEE
I mean, I guess it's great, for you
guys.

She looks uneasy.

Finn points to her lyrics.

Finn
So, what do you have?

JUBILEE
Okay. Just a couple lines. You
inspired me, what can I say.

FINN
Let me hear it.

JUBILEE
This is just the rough..I
mean..don't think...Okay.
(sings)
Miles and miles she roamed...then
Pedro comes up here. Right?

FINN
Yeah, that's amazing.

JUBILEE
(sings)
She can't get away...shadow's in
the sun, and it's behind...you.

Finn plays along with the lyrics.

JUBILEE (CONT'D)
(sings)
On your own to your own dismay, too
late to bite the bullet and
run...the other way...

INT./EXT. LAUNDROMAT - CONTINUOUS

Jubilee and Finn sit side by side, both playing their
instruments, singing. Jubilee writes lyrics in the book.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - MORNING

There's two beds. Finn is crashed out on one.

Jubilee's hair is wrapped in a towel. She's fresh and clean.

(CONTINUED)

Wes, Pedro and Pete burst into the room.

Wes's hair is now jet black, Pete's is pink.

Finn wakes, rubs his eyes, sits up on his elbows.

Jubilee shakes her head.

JUBILEE

What did you do?

FINN

Dudes, what happened to your hair?

Wes and Pete look at each other with shit eating grins.

Pedro shrugs.

JUBILEE

Tell me we don't owe anybody money.

PEDRO

We're cool.

Pete flops down on the bed. The piles of laundry fall to the floor.

WES

It was all business.

Pedro looks at Wes with a look that says "as if".

PETE

So, dude, this guy Mac wants to manage us, for real. No more shit hole gigs.

JUBILEE

Hey!

WES

He's gonna meet us here in an hour.

Finn

Seriously? Then you guys need to hurry up and take showers, cuz dudes, you smell stanky.

Pedro lays face down, not moving.

Finn smells his own arm pits with a good amount of pride.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - MORNING

(CONTINUED)

Mac Howard and the boys sit on the beds. The Southern Storm tape plays a cover song on a boom box.

The tape ends.

MAC

Whoa doggie. That's real good boys.
You boys are making the right
decision here.

Jubilee rolls her eyes.

MAC (CONT'D)

That's just the kind of thing they
like at the county fairs. I see a
bright future for y'all.

Mac gestures to a hardcover book on the night stand. Finn hands it to him.

MAC (CONT'D)

Let's do a little celebrating.

He pulls a plastic baggy out of his brief case, pours white powder onto the books slick cover.

He cuts the powder into think lines.

Mac snorts a line, passes the book over to Pete.

PETE

WeeeeHeeee! Let the fun begin.

MAC

Here now, pass that around.

Mac glances at Jubilee standing quietly by the bathroom door.

MAC (CONT'D)

Now, young lady. I am mightily
impressed by all you've done.

JUBILEE

You are?

MAC

Do you think I can trust you to get
these here boys where I need em to
be?

JUBILEE

Oh.

(CONTINUED)

MAC

Be a little somethin' in it for ya?

JUBILEE

I mean, yeah. I guess. I just...

MAC

At this point, I've got just these
three little ol'e gigs lined up.
But I'll work on getting ya'll into
the fairs and that will give you a
good run for the rest of the
summer. Sound Good?

JUBILEE

We have some gigs lined up already?

He looks through his brief case again, takes out some papers
and holds them in Jubilee's direction.

MAC

You got everything you need there.
Ya'll take a few days, have some
fun, And I'll see you in Kansas
City.

Wes snorts a line.

He crosses the room to Jubilee, stands in front of her
holding the book in one hand, the straw in the other.

Jubilee looks at Wes, at the COKE.

She takes the straw, pauses a beat, and snorts a line.

JUBILEE

Okay.

We stay on Jubilee's face. She bats her eyes opened and
closed several times.

INT. JUBILEE'S CAR, ON THE ROAD - DAY

Pedro drives. Jubilee is shotgun, her eyes closed, head back.
They look like they've been driving for a while.

EXT/INT. JUBILEE'S CAR, NEW MEXICO HIGHWAY - DAY

Signs and terrain of the southwest pass by.

INT. JUBILEE'S CAR, ON THE ROAD - DAY

Jubilee drives. Pedro looks through a box of cassettes. The radio plays over the wind swirling from the open windows.

Jubilee yells over the noise.

JUBILEE
I just think, if you guys tried to
play...

PEDRO
They won't.

JUBILEE
But original music makes you a
stand out.

PEDRO
They don't want to stand out, they
just want to make money and pick up
on girls.

JUBILEE
But what about you? You're so...

EXT. SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO DINER - DAY

It's a dismal joint.

PEDRO
Any of you been here before?

FINN
I've never been anywhere near New
Mexico.

JUBILEE
I've been here.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Young Jubilee is alone.

The Doris Day Show is on the television.

JUBILEE
(sings)
When I was just a little girl-
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JUBILEE (CONT'D)

I asked my mother what will I be-
Will I be pretty will I be rich-
Here's what she said to me-
Que Sera' Sera'.

Junk food wrappers lay all around her.

BACK TO PRESENT:

EXT. SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO DINER - DAY

Jubilee stares out the window.

Remains of the meal all over the table. The group is unusually quiet.

PEDRO

So Jube. You know anyplace to stay here?

She's taken out of her thoughts.

JUBILEE

What? Me? No.

PEDRO

When were you here?

She looks out the window again, away from the boys.

JUBILEE

When I was little, with my mom. On tour.

The guys look at each other.

JUBILEE (CONT'D)

I want to get the fuck out of this town.

MONTAGE OF LAME GIGS-

INT. UPSCALE RETIREMENT HOME - NIGHT

The band plays on a stage set up in a cafeteria. Elderly people sit in folding chairs all around them. Some clap their hands to the music, some tap feet. Three couples swing dance while everyone else watches.

Jubilee sells records and tapes. An elderly man hands Jubilee a bill. She hands him a 45.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

It's a crowded new wave club with a young crowd. Everyone is doing shots.

The guys are mobbed by adoring girls.

Finn and Jubilee stumble around the dance floor and hang on each other.

The room, the crowd spin around them.

A slow song begins to play. They look into each other's eyes for a beat. They come close together. They kiss.

Jubilee's head drops back drunkenly.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

They all stumble to the car and van.

Jubilee drops her keys.

Pete stumbles into her, they fall to the ground laughing.

INT. JUBILEE'S CAR - NIGHT

Jubilee is in the drivers seat, her head bobs loosely. Finn is shotgun. Punk rock music blares.

JUBILEE

Let's burn some rubber.

She revs the car's engine.

From a birds eye view the car does donuts to the pounding of punk rock.

Smoke rises from the spinning wheels.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Jubilee is crashed out on a sofa.

The guys tune their instruments.

Pete passes around a mirror.

Jubilee lays on her side, her head in her hands.

The guys snort lines.

FADE TO BLACK:

(CONTINUED)

A LOUD BUZZING SOUND COMES UP

FADE IN:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - MORNING

The room is dark except for a sliver of bright light slicing through the closed curtains.

The room is full of sleeping, snoring people.

INT. MOTEL BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jubilee looks in the mirror.

FLASHBACK TO:

Daisy wasted, passed out in filth.

Young Jubilee takes a burning cigarette from Daisy's hand, puts it out, pushes Daisy's head up onto the sofa.

BACK TO:

INT. MOTEL BATHROOM - DAY

Jubilee darts from the mirror. We hear retching O.S.

Jubilee sits on the toilet, holds her head in her hands.

INT. HOTEL PHILLIPS, KANSAS CITY - NIGHT

Jubilee crosses the elegant lobby to the reservation desk. She's soaked.

INT. HOTEL PHILLIPS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jubilee stands outside room 1026. Mac opens the door. His eyes go straight to her wet t-shirt.

MAC

Well hello, honey. Come on in.

He waves her into his room. He's drunk.

INT. ROOM 1026 - CONTINUOUS

Mac goes to the counter and pours two glasses of Jim Beam into short glasses with ice.

MAC

Drink?

(CONTINUED)

JUBILEE

No...thanks...I don't.

He hands her a glass, taps it with his own, which he downs.

MAC

Drink up little girl, so we can get
right down to the business at hand.

He pours himself another drink, watches Jubilee.

She downs her drink.

He pours more bourbon into her glass and sits in the only
chair in the room.

Jubilee stands in front of him.

MAC (CONT'D)

So tell me now, to what do I owe
the pleasure of you.

She sets the glass down without drinking and fumbles through
her bag. She pulls out an envelope.

JUBILEE

Yeah, I guess. Mac, you heard me
play in Vegas, right?

MAC

Yes darlin. I heard you.

JUBILEE

Well, I was wondering, well hoping
really. I mean, I really want to do
this contest in Austin, and I was
hoping you could put in a good word
for me.

MAC

You'd like me to help you, let's
say, get your big break?

JUBILEE

Well, I mean, I just think if a
real manager called, that might
help me get an audition.

MAC

I understand. And what would I get
outta that there deal, little girl?
You understand, I'm sure, what I
have to offer you is valuable. What
do you have to offer me?

(CONTINUED)

JUBILEE

Well, I mean...

MAC

You understand that sacrifices,
choices have to be made in this
business, don't you?

JUBILEE

Of course. Yes.

MAC

I got me a whole lotta talented
clients. Like those boys.
How you gonna stand out for me?

Mac shifts in his chair, flexes his groin upward.

JUBILEE

Oh. Hum. I...don't...know. I guess.

MAC

In this business, you got to
scratch some backs. I have
personally always enjoyed a little
you scratch mine and I'll scratch
yours. You that kind of girl?

He places his hand on his belt buckle.

MAC(CONT'D)

I don't like ya hovering over me
like that. Why don't you come right
down here, sit on my lap while we
chat?

He looks smug, self gratified.

Jubilee's face goes white. She gets it. A glint of rage comes
into her eyes.

MAC(CONT'D)

You got to pay your dues, you
understand? You ain't going to make
it in this business without paying
your dues.

JUBILEE

Oh yeah, of course. My "dues". If I
suck your dick, you'll make me a
big star? Right?

MAC

Somethin' like that.

(CONTINUED)

JUBILEE

And I should be willing to do anything?

MAC

You should be. That's right.

Jubilee lowers herself down to the position at Mac's feet.

JUBILEE

If I want to make it bad enough, I guess I'm just gonna have...

At the sound of a zipper being swiftly unzipped Mac's look of smug satisfaction turns grotesque. He screams out in pain.

Jubilee jumps up.

Mac's hairy ball sack pops through the closed zipper of his pants.

JUBILEE (CONT'D)

Oh shoot. Sorry.

Mac wails, tries to undo his pants.

Jubilee takes the glass of whiskey, dumps it over his head.

JUBILEE (CONT'D)

I think you need another.

She pours another Jim Beam, downs it, heads for the door.

JUBILEE (CONT'D)

Dues paid. Good luck getting that itch scratched mother fucker.

He screams.

MAC

Get out of here, you little bitch.
You best forget about Austin or any
thing in this business you little
cunt.

Mac wails, fights to get his balls out of his zipper.

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - MORNING

Jubilee packs her car.

Pedro comes out of a motel room, comes over to her.

(CONTINUED)

PEDRO
What's going on?

JUBILEE
The last gig I set up is in Little
Rock. I'm going there.

PEDRO
Shall I grab my stuff, come with?

JUBILEE
I don't think your manager wants
you playing my little gigs anymore.

PEDRO
Dude. You set it up, we're playing
it.

JUBILEE
You might want to check with Mac
about that.

PEDRO
I don't have to check with anybody.
We'll see you there.

JUBILEE
Okay. I'll see you there. By eight,
okay?

PEDRO
I'll do my best.

INT. PUB - NIGHT

A small, dark, old establishment, with a few patrons. In the
corner, a tiny stage. In front of the stage, a few small
tables.

A couple of guys play pool. Others play darts.

Jubilee paces anxiously.

The bar manager taps on his watch.

BAR MANAGER
I 'm not paying y'all for wait'in.

EXT. PUB - NIGHT

Jubilee paces back and forth in the parking lot.

The van whizzes by.

(CONTINUED)

She runs to the street.

JUBILEE

STOP!

In the street, she waves her arms wildly.

A suped up Camaro slows down.

The passenger, a rough looking guy, leans out the window. He whistles and whoops as the car slowly rolls by.

CAMARO GUY #1

Hey foxy, we'll give you a ride.

Jubilee rolls her eyes.

CAMARO GUY #1 (CONT'D)

Come on, sweetheart, we'll take you anywhere you wanna go.

JUBILEE

Fuck you!

The cars brake lights brighten.

Jubilee turns, scurries back to the pub.

The Camaro backs up on the street, makes a hard right into the parking lot.

INT. PUB - CONTINUOUS

The bar manager walks toward Jubilee.

She darts into the bathroom.

INT. PUB BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jubilee looks in the mirror.

JUBILEE (CONT'D)

Shit! Shit! Shit! Shit!

She abruptly goes into the only stall.

Graffiti covers the walls.

Jubilee stares for a beat and reads-

BOYS SUCK.

There's a commotion out in the bar.

(CONTINUED)

At the sink Jubilee looks into the mirror, into her eyes, as she washes her hands.

FLASH BACK:

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Young Jubilee sits off stage.

On stage, Daisy plays her guitar at the mic. She sings.

Her black hair glistens under the stage lights and her eyes sparkle.

She turns toward Jubilee, puckers her bright red lips, winks and blows a kiss.

BACK TO PRESENT:

INT. PUB BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

She bites her lip and slowly nods.

INT. PUB - CONTINUOUS

Jubilee walks toward the stage.

The Camaro guys are at the bar. One of them, a massive mountain of a man, blocks her way.

CAMARO GUY #1

Say now, what did ya say out there?

Jubilee's head comes to the bottom of his chest.

She looks him in the eyes.

JUBILEE

You took it the wrong way. Now move. Please?

CAMARO GUY #1

Why don't you move me?

JUBILEE

(sweetly sarcastic)

Look...If you don't want girls to think you're a giant dick, don't talk out of your ass, and don't try to bully them.

(beat)

Now, get-the-fuck-out-of my way.

(CONTINUED)

The giant man looks at his friend at the bar. He points at Jubilee with a smirk.

CAMARO GUY #2

Damn girl, you have got a mouth on you. We weren't trying to scare you, just messin' around.

Another group, college kids, come into the bar behind Jubilee.

Around the giant man, Jubilee can see that the bar has filled up.

JUBILEE

I'm not scared of you. And I'm not amused. I'm annoyed and busy, so if you don't mind.

She pushes past the giant.

JUBILEE (CONT'D)

Enjoy the show.

Jubilee goes over to the stage. The manager comes over to her.

BAR MANAGER

Y'all were supposed to start an hour and a half ago. You about to get goin'?

JUBILEE

Yes. I am.

Jubilee grabs her guitar and steps up onto the small stage. She swallows hard, straightens her shoulders, adjusts the guitar strap, steps up to the microphone.

JUBILEE (CONT'D)

Hi everybody.

Jubilee hands shake, her voice quivers.

JUBILEE (CONT'D)

Thanks so much for coming out to tonight. This is...

She avoids eye contact with the crowd, who are all watching straight at her.

JUBILEE (CONT'D)

...a big crowd.

(CONTINUED)

The Camaro guys watch Jubilee.

CAMARO GUY #1
(yelling out)
Just imagine we're all naked.

Jubilee looks up from the floor and smiles.

CAMARO GUY #2
Well, imagine me naked, I'm better
lookin'.

Slowly she starts to come alive playing the song.

Another group, more college kids, come into the bar. They
take tables near the stage.

A couple sits head to head at one of the small tables.

The college kids dance in their seats.

The Camaro guys drink beers.

The crowd focuses on the stage, on Jubilee.

Jubilee plays through a set with ease. She's into it.

LATER

Wes, Finn and Pedro burst into the pub.

They stop in their tracks, pile onto each other like a Three
Stooges stunt.

The song ends, the crowd applauds enthusiastically.

Jubilee looks triumphant.

The crowd claps, woots and whistles.

JUBILEE
Thank you very much. WOW! That's
really nice. Thank you. I'm gonna
take off now and bring on the big
guns for ya.

Jubilee steps off the stage, glowing.

The guys rush her.

FINN
Something's wrong with Pete.

(CONTINUED)

JUBILEE
What...

WES
He started throwing up in the
van...

JUBILEE
Where is he?

WES
Outside.

Jubilee and the guys rush out to-

EXT. PUB - CONTINUOUS

Pete's crumpled on the ground next to the van, pale. He's
been vomiting.

Jubilee rushes up, stops abruptly.

JUBILEE
What did he take?

FINN
What do you mean?

JUBILEE
He's ODing. What did he take?

She's all action now.

JUBILEE (CONT'D)
Get him in my car.

She storms back into the pub.

INT. PUB - CONTINUOUS

Jubilee grabs her guitar.

On her way back out she slows by the Camero guys.

JUBILEE
Where's the nearest hospital?

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

The gang sit waiting.

(CONTINUED)

A doctor approaches Wes.

DOCTOR
Are you with Mr. Bigpy?

WES
Yeah. I'm his brother. Is he okay?

DOCTOR
Your brother has suffered a mild
heart attack brought on by an over
dose of Heroine.

JUBILEE
What!

WES
Oh shit. Is he going to make it?

DOCTOR
He'll recover. We'll keep him here
a few days. However you should know
that the police have been notified
and in all likeliness he may go
from our care into theirs.

WES
I gotta call my mom and dad.

FINN
Can we see him?

DOCTOR
I'll take you in. But keep it
brief, he is sedated now.

The doctor turns and all the guys start to follow him.

Jubilee remains standing.

FINN
Jube, you coming?

She shakes her head.

JUBILEE
No. No...I'm...no.

INT. PHONE BOOTH - DAWN

Jubilee stands with her forehead against the phone. She looks
broken.

(CONTINUED)

She picks up the receiver, dials.

The phone rings on the other end.

ROSEANNE

Hello.

JUBILEE

Hey. It's me.

Jubilee's hand trembles holding the phone's receiver.

ROSEANNE

What's wrong?

JUBILEE

It's just. I can't. I don't want...

ROSEANNE

Honey. Are you okay?

Mascara streaks Jubilee's face.

EXT. PHONE BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

Jubilee thumps her head against the glass wall.

INT. JUBILEE'S CAR - MORNING

Jubilee sits with her hands on the wheel, staring straight ahead.

The car engine idles.

She puts the car in gear, puts her arm over the seat and turns to watch as she backs out.

Her guitar and bags are in the backseat.

Out the back window we see the van in the hospital parking lot.

The car turns out the drive way, the van disappears.

EXT. INTERSTATE - MORNING

Jubilee's car goes east on the interstate.

EXT. REST STOP - MIDDAY

Jubilee walks out into the parking lot with a bag full of snacks and a giant soda.

INT. JUBILEE'S CAR-CONTINUOUS

Jubilee unfolds a map over the steering wheel. She looks it over, refolds it so that the route's exposed.

She turns the key, the ignition clicks, but the car doesn't start.

She turns the key again, it still only clicks.

JUBILEE

FUCK!

She tries again, the same.

JUBILEE (CONT'D)

Fuck, son of a fucking...FUCK!

She's alone in the parking lot.

Cars and trucks fly by on the interstate.

Panic washes over her face. She puts her hand to her chest and starts rocking, she hyperventilates.

She tries the ignition again, click.

She holds her temples, presses her hands to her eyes and screams.

She looks into the rear view mirror, into her own eyes.

She takes a deep breath, calms down.

She lays her forehead on the steering wheel.

JUBILEE

Come on baby.

She tries the ignition again, nothing.

EXT. MEMPHIS GARAGE - DAY

It's a dismal joint with dusty, broken down cars all around.

The tow-truck pulls Jubilee's car into the parking lot.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

MECHANIC

It's your starter.

He hands her the estimate to look over.

JUBILEE

Eighty nine dollars. I don't...oh
god. Okay, I guess, I have to call
someone. How soon can you have it
fixed?

MECHANIC

After I get started, I reckon you
can be back on the road by tomorrow
morning.

JUBILEE

Okay.

EXT. BEALE STREET, MEMPHIS - EVENING

Jubilee walks down the street with her guitar and lyrics.

INT. BEALE STREET TAP ROOM - NIGHT

A band plays in the small, crowded bar.

EXT. BEALE STREET TAP ROOM - NIGHT

Jubilee stands near the window, she watches the audience.

The crowd is a mix of people, all types, but all equally into
the music. It's a very cool vibe.

Jubilee crosses the busy street.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. NIGHTCLUB - DAY

Young Jubilee sits on a bar stool, on the stage. Daisy stands
behind Jubilee with her arms around her and her hands over
Jubilee's.

(CONTINUED)

DAISY

Okay, good. Keep on your
fingertips, not on that soft spot
and see if you can move on to that
next fret and strum some.

Young Jubilee plays.

Daisy hugs Jubilee and kisses her neck.

DAISY (CONT'D)

You will be a big star, darlin'.

BACK TO PRESENT:

Jubilee sits at a bus stop, opens her lyrics.

Stuck in the fold of the book, the HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL that
Hattie had given her.

She smiles a sigh of relief.

She starts strumming her guitar, playing hard, strong and
clear.

INT. SAAB - LATE AFTERNOON

The front seat and dash board are littered with candy
wrappers and soda cans.

The car rolls slowly to a stop at a dirt road cut through a
dense wheat field.

Outside the car, in the fading sunlight, stands a big tin
mail box with the word PICKET in yellow letters..

The car turns onto the road. Dust billows up behind the car.

The car emerges into a wide open pasture.

The farm house, washed in the colors of sunset.

Two dogs charge out to the front door of the house.

The door of the house swings open.

Molly comes out onto the porch.

Jubilee turns off the ignition.

The dogs jump and bark at the driver's window. She quickly
rolls the window up.

(CONTINUED)

Molly whistles.

The dogs run back onto the porch and sit at her feet.

Jubilee holds on tight to the steering wheel for a beat.

The car door opens, Jubilee slowly gets out. The sun sets into her eyes, she shields them with her hand.

JUBILEE

Aunt Molly?

Suddenly, Molly wrapss Jubilee up in her arms.

MOLLY

Oh my gawd! JUBILEE! Oh my gawd.

Molly stands back from Jubilee. Tears stream down her face. She looks Jubilee up and down. She pulls Jubilee in again tight, steps back, and in again.

MOLLY(CONT'D)

Turn around. Let me look at ya. I
so hoped you'd come.

Jubilee turns reluctantly.

Molly grasps Jubilee's face in her hands lovingly. She pulls Jubilee close again, squeezing her with a dancing hug.

INT. FARM HOUSE KITCHEN - EVENING

It's an old, well kept farm house.

Molly fills a tea kettle with water. She cannot take her eyes off Jubilee.

Jubilee sits at the small kitchen table, nervously looks around the room.

MOLLY

Oh darlin'. I cannot believe I am
look'in at you sitting here. What
do ya think of this old place?

Jubilee shakes her head.

JUBILEE

Sorry I didn't call first.

MOLLY

This is your home, you don't have
to call.

(CONTINUED)

Molly takes food out of the fridge, everything she has in it seems, and puts it on the counter top.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
Let's see. You must be starving.
I've got a fresh chicken. I can
make up some biscuits and
potatoes...

JUBILEE
No. Really, Aunt Molly. I'm not.
Hum. Please don't.

Molly stops. She closes the fridge and turns to face Jubilee.

MOLLY
What brings you here, sweetheart?

Jubilee stares at Molly for a beat.

JUBILEE
I don't know. I just. I didn't know
where else to go.

Molly crosses the kitchen with open arms to Jubilee and wraps her up in a big momma hug. She holds Jubilee to her tummy.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Old photographs and the possessions of Daisy fill the room like.

The black duffle bags and guitar sit on the bed.

Molly comes in with a stack of towels and sheets. She sets them on the dresser, takes the bags and guitar off the bed. She begins stripping the bed.

MOLLY
This is your momma's old room.
Lord, I can't believe you still
have this old guitar. You take real
good care of it. That would make
your momma proud.

Jubilee looks at the old posters of her mother around the room.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
I did your mama's hair and make up,
on the road. Your's too when you
came along.

(CONTINUED)

JUBILEE

Really?

MOLLY

Well, you were just real little,
but she wanted you right there with
her, right up on that stage.

JUBILEE

She did?

Molly sits on the half made bed, pats it.

Jubilee sits beside her.

MOLLY

She did.

Molly puts her arm around Jubilee's shoulder and takes
Jubilee's hands.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

You were her angel.

Molly pulls Jubilee into her. They sit in silence for a beat.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Mine too. Here now, help me make
this bed.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

A gentle in the breeze comes through the open window, lifts
the sheer, dappled sunlight falls in spots across the floor,
over the bed.

Jubilee wakes up, stretches, goes to the open window.

Molly's in the yard.

MOLLY (O.S.)

Stop chasing them chickens you,
little heathens. God damn mutts.

EXT. YARD - MORNING

Inside a large, fenced vegetable garden, Molly picks and
prunes.

The wood door of the farm house squeaks open and slaps shut.

(CONTINUED)

MOLLY

Good morning, sweet pea. How'd you sleep?

Jubilee crosses the yard to the garden.

JUBILEE

Great, actually.

MOLLY

Coffee in on the stove if you're inclined.

Jubilee sits on a stool beside the fence. She looks rested.

JUBILEE

I forgot to tell you. Bud Main says hello.

Molly stands.

MOLLY

Oh, my gosh. Buddy? I have not thought of that rascal in a long time.

A look of fond memories wash over Molly's face.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

We had a lot of good times. Some pretty rough ones too of course. But he was real decent to your momma though. He believed in her right up until...

JUBILEE

She died.

MOLLY

Yep. Until she died. Now, listen I fished out some of Daisy's things...some of her letters and things, in on the kitchen table. I'll be in to make you some breakfast in just a minute.

EXT. YARD - LATE AFTERNOON

Jubilee sits in the old Adirondack at the edge of the yard.

Beside her a large box of letters, pictures and memorabilia.

She reads a journal.

(CONTINUED)

Molly brings a tray with tea and cookies. She sets the tray between them and sits in the other chair.

MOLLY

Thought you might be getting hungry
for a little something.

She looks into Jubilee's red, puffy eyes.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Oh, child.

JUBILEE

I thought...she didn't love me.

Molly pours a cup of tea, places it into Jubilee hands.

MOLLY

She loved you more than anything.
It was herself she had no love for.
She was an addict, as plain and
simple as that. That had nothing to
do with you. She didn't want you
around who she was becoming. So
much like our momma that she begun
hating what she saw in the mirror.

Jubilee holds the delicate tea cup in both hands.

Molly hands her a cookie.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

She wanted a good life for you. She
wanted you to have ballet lessons
and pony rides and such. I think,
more than anything, she didn't want
you to think of her...like we
thought of our momma. Afraid and
ashamed of her.

JUBILEE

Am I like her Aunt Molly?

Molly pauses for a beat before she answers.

MOLLY

Some, yes. In wonderful ways you
are. You've got her talent. That's
why you drag that dang guitar all
over kingdom come as she did.
You've got that spark a meanness in
your eye. I was always fond of that
in her. She just did not take well
to stupidity or cruelty.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MOLLY (CONT'D)

She got herself into a few pickles
with men too and I suppose you
might resemble her there a bit too,
huh?

Molly leans in to Jubilee, squeezes her chin, smiles.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

And her pretty looks, you sure got
them.

A beautiful, fully pregnant mare comes near them in the wheat
field.

Molly goes over to the horse and strokes her full belly.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

But you're tough in way she was
not. You got...I guess, self worth,
that's what it is. Daisy didn't
have much of that. She would'a done
anything to get to be up on stage,
to get to be famous. She'd a gone
ahead an given that jackass Mac
Howard what he wanted. And after,
well she would'a hated herself
after. But you...you care more
about you. You need to let that
thing go now, child. You are you.

The golden wheat field waves before them.

EXT. CHICKEN COOP - EARLY MORNING

Molly holds a basket.

Jubilee on her knees, in the coop, her arm deep in the roost.

MOLLY

Just go on, get your hand in there.
Take a chance and grab for it.

Jubilee pulls her arm out.

JUBILEE

(very nervous)

No. Are you sure nothing's gonna...
bite me?

MOLLY

Nothin's gonna hurt you. Go on.

(CONTINUED)

Jubilee turns her head away, squeezes her eyes shut, reaches deep into to roost.

JUBILEE

Oh, I got one.

MOLLY

You know your momma played that club?

She pulls the egg out and holds it up like a prize.

JUBILEE

(elated)

Oh my god, I got one.

They walk back toward the house.

Jubilee has a skip in her step.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jubilee sits at the table, reads one of the journals.

Molly rolls out dough at the counter.

Jubilee looks up from the journal.

JUBILEE

Aunt Molly. Thanks for letting me be here.

Molly stops and turns to face Jubilee.

MOLLY

Honey, thank you for being here.

A sheet of paper falls out of the journal into Jubilee's lap. She picks it up, reads it.

JUBILEE

Do you know what this is?

Molly looks at it.

MOLLY

Lyrics I suppose.

JUBILEE

I remember her singing this to me.

Jubilee leaves the room and returns with her guitar.

(CONTINUED)

MOLLY
I've not heard that old guitar
played in so long. It might break
my heart.

Jubilee strums the cords that she had played with the Wes and Pedro by the campfire. Reading the sheet.

JUBILEE
(sings softly)
Underneath the sky at night...hum
hum...underneath the stars at
night...

Jubilee goes to one of her bags, pulls out her lyrics. She flips through the pages, begins strumming again.

Molly looks on, clutching her heart.

THE INSTRUMENTALS FOR UNDERNEATH THE SKY PLAYS OVER THE NEXT THREE SEQUENCES

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jubilee sits on the bed, strums her guitar, writes in her journal, strums her guitar.

EXT. FARM - AFTERNOON

Jubilee plays the guitar near the wheat field.

Molly tenderly feeds the mare.

INT. KITCHEN - DAWN

Golden light of the rising sun fills the room. Jubilee sits at the table.

FLASH BACK TO:

INT. KITCHEN - EVENING

A Patsy Cline record plays.

Daisy, in a bright pink sweater and tight pink capris stands at the stove. A cigarette hangs from her mouth.

She stirs the crackling contents of the pan on the stove. Her hips move with the music

(CONTINUED)

Young Jubilee stands at her hip, she struggles to see in the pan.

DAISY

Go get me that ashtray, baby.

Steam mixes with the cigarette smoke rising above the pan.

Jubilee brings the ashtray, sets it on the stove.

DAISY (CONT'D)

Step back honey, I don't want this
hot grease to catch you.

Jubilee climbs onto a swivel stool near the sink. She pushes off from the counter and spins around.

She stops spinning, looks at-

-her shiny black patent leather shoes.

Daisy scoops food onto plates.

DAISY (CONT'D)

That enough, Bug?

JUBILEE

More please.

Daisy takes two fancy glasses out of the cabinet, puts them next to the plates on the table.

DAISY

You got to have some milk.

Jubilee looks at the plate, a steaming, greasy pile of fried potatoes.

Daisy snubs out her cigarette, pops a can of beer open, pours her beer into one of the glasses.

DAISY (CONT'D)

Sure you don't want nothing else?

Jubilee shakes her head.

They raise their glasses, toast.

DAISY (CONT'D)

Happy birthday, pumpkin.

BACK TO PRESENT:

EXT. FARM - MORNING

(CONTINUED)

A rooster crows.

Jubilee sprinkles seed for the chickens.

The guitar and black duffle bag are on the porch steps.

Molly comes out onto the porch carrying an old fashioned standing mic and amplifier. She sets them down next to Jubilee.

MOLLY

Here you go. Still work, I plugged
em' in.

They walk arm in arm to Jubilee's car. Molly stands by while Jubilee packs the mic and amp in the back seat.

They hug, Jubilee much tighter than Molly.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

You know I'd come with ya, but I
can't leave that mare so close to
foaling?

JUBILEE

I know. It's okay.

Jubilee gets in the car.

MOLLY

Just remember, life is just like
collecting them eggs...You just got
to reach in there and grab for it.

Jubilee starts the car. It does not start.

JUBILEE

Shit!

MOLLY

(calmly)
Try again.

She does, and the car starts. They both breathe.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

You could use your mama's name.
People will know it.

JUBILEE

Thanks. That would feel weird
though.

(CONTINUED)

MOLLY

Okay. Either way. You just be you,
honey. You got a good head on your
shoulders. Trust your gut. Call me
if you need anything at all.

Jubilee pulls off.

In the rear view mirror, Molly waves until she disappears
into the dust raised by the car.

EXT. 6TH STREET, AUSTIN - NIGHT

Clubs and bars with great live music line the busy street.
People are everywhere.

Jubilee drives slowly down the crowded street.

She looks wide eyed at all the lights and marquee's.

She drives slowly beneath a huge banner crossing the street-
Austin Music Festival 1984.

She slows down in front of The Continental Club.

A large crowd waits to get in.

EXT. SLEAZY MOTEL PARKING LOT - DAY

Empty except for Jubilee's car and dotted with puddles.

INT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY

JUBILEE

I'm on my way now. It's at three,
so I have an hour. I'll call you
when I'm done.

EXT. SLEAZY MOTEL PARKING LOT- DAY

Jubilee comes out of a phone booth, her guitar under her
coat.

She crosses the parking lot to her car.

INT. SAAB - CONTINUOUS

She pulls the visor over the steering wheel down, checks her
make up.

(CONTINUED)

The clock on the dash reads 2:00.

Jubilee turns the ignition key. Click. Click, click. The car doesn't start.

Panic washes over her face. She tries it again. Still doesn't start. She begins rocking, puts her forehead to the steering wheel.

JUBILEE
God damn it!

She tries again. The same.

Clock now reads 2:05

JUBILEE (CONT'D)
FUCK! Come on.

She tries again, the same.

Rain pummels the windshield.

2:10

Jubilee runs across the parking lot to the motel office. She goes inside.

Rain pounds on the closed door. Small puddles grow.

Jubilee reemerges. She runs back to the car, slips in the rain and hits the ground hard. She's soaked.

INT. JUBILEE'S CAR - DAY

Jubilee's drenched.

Clock reads 2:20. She tries the ignition again. The same.

JUBILEE (CONT'D)
(almost crying)
Come on.

A passing bus splashes a wave over the sidewalk.

She tries to start the car again. It still only clicks.

The clock reads 2:25

INT. BUS - LATER

Jubilee faces the aisle towards the front of the nearly empty bus.

(CONTINUED)

It bumps and inches through every bus stop in Austin. She looks like a wet mess.

INT. THE CONTINENTAL CLUB - DUSK

This place has got a hopping vibe. On the stage, a cool as hell band plays Red Hot Mama.

The dance floor's packed.

Jubilee makes her way through the crowd. She tugs on the arm of one of the bouncers.

JUBILEE

Hi, excuse me. Can you tell me
where I can find Wayne Nagel?

The bouncer points over to the hall on the other side of the lobby.

People fill the hallway. Jubilee knocks on a door with the name Wayne Nagel on it. No answer.

In the bar area Jubilee sees a man, WAYNE NAGEL, mid 40's. behind the bar talking to the bartender.

JUBILEE (CONT'D)

Excuse me, I'm looking for Wayne
Nagel.

Wayne turns away and continues talking with the bartender.

Jubilee stands waiting.

JUBILEE (CONT'D)

Excuse me. I need to talk to him
about the contest tomorrow. I have
an audition.

Wayne looks at her annoyed.

WAYNE

Give me your tape and I'll have him
call you.

He turns his back on her completely, dismisses her.

After a beat, she pulls on his sleeve.

JUBILEE

Sure, yeah, no...I don't have a
tape... or a phone number. I really
need to speak with him.

(CONTINUED)

Wayne turns back to Jubilee very agitated.

WAYNE

Young lady, auditions are over.

JUBILEE

I'm really sorry. I'm not from
Austin and my car... If you could
just let me talk to Wayne?

At this, he walks out from behind the bar and towards the
stage area.

WAYNE

Like I said, auditions are over.

Jubilee's eyes glisten.

Wayne disappears into the crowd.

CORRINE(O.S.)

What happened to all your little
Princelings? They finally dump your
pathetic ass?

JUBILEE

Heh! What are you doing here skank?
Trying to get some class?

CORRINE

Everybody's in Austin right now
idiot. I know, why don't you go
tell Wayne what a good girl you are
and that he should be nice to you?

JUBILEE

Was that Wayne Nagel?

CORRINE

Course it was, loser.

Jubilee turns her back on Corrine and looks for Wayne in the
crowd.

CORRINE(CONT'D)

Still waiting for someone to notice
you.

Jubilee walks away.

JUBILEE

(loudly)

HELL NO. I'm gonna make HIM notice
me.

EXT. 6TH STREET, AUSTIN - EVENING

The sky has cleared.

Beyond the line of people waiting to go into the Continental Club, Jubilee has microphone and amp set up, she's plays a great Patsy Cline tune.

Crowd swells around her. Her guitar case fills with bills.

Time passes with various shots of her playing and the crowd enjoying her music.

People come out of the Continental Club to listen.

Corrine stands hidden in the back of the crowd.

LATER

A limo pulls up. BOBBIE ROBERTS, Mid 50's, gets out.

He makes his way through the crowd, stops and watches Jubilee play, before continuing to the club.

LATER

Wayne Nagel watches from the crowd.

Jubilee finishes the song and takes a long drink from a soda can.

Wayne steps through the crowd to her.

WAYNE

I told you, no auditions, young lady.

JUBILEE

I'm not auditioning, I'm just playing, WAYNE.

He stares at her for a beat, shakes his head, hands her a card.

WAYNE

Little girls don't belong in this here business. I'll squeeze you into the show somewhere. Hope you know you don't got a chance in hell?

Jubilee leaps, overjoyed.

(CONTINUED)

JUBILEE
Thank you. I know... Thank you.

INT. 6TH STREET DINER - MORNING

Jubilee walks past empty tables, takes a seat by the window.

A waitress comes to the table with a note pad in hand.

LATER

The coffee shop bustles. Outside the window, the street's filled with vendors and activity.

EXT. CONTINENTAL CLUB - AFTERNOON

The club's jammed with people. Jubilee finds a bouncer.

JUBILEE
Excuse me. I'm here for the contest.

BOUNCER
Yeah? Everybody's here for the contest.

JUBILEE
I mean...I'm in the contest.

The bouncer motions with his chin to the front door.

BOUNCER
You have to go around back, check in at the VIP door.

Jubilee rushes out the door and runs around the building. She comes to a closed door with no door knob, only a key hole.

She knocks. No answer. She pounds. No answer.

JUBILEE
(screaming)
Come on!

She pounds again. The door opens. A man with a security jacket blocks the door.

SECURITY
Hold on.

JUBILEE
I'm in the show.

(CONTINUED)

Jubilee takes a deep breath.

SECURITY

Name?

JUBILEE

Jubilee Bright.

He reviews a clip board.

SECURITY

Not on the list.

Jubilee is about to freak out, it's all over her.

He looks her up and down for a beat. He checks the list again.

SECURITY (CONT'D)

Okay. Calm down. I gotcha right here.

He steps aside and motions her in.

SECURITY (CONT'D)

Dressing room is over there.

He hands Jubilee a piece of paper as she rushes by him.

JUBILEE

Thank you, thank you.

INT. THE CONTINENTAL CLUB - AFTERNOON

The crowd's exuberant.

INT. BACKSTAGE DRESSING ROOM - LATER

Jubilee stands at a mirror. She lines her eye with black eyeliner. She looks beautiful.

Over Jubilee's shoulder, Daisy appears in the mirror.

Their eyes meet.

Daisy lays her chin on Jubilee's shoulder, their cheeks touch. Daisy smiles warmly for a long beat, winks and squeezes Jubilee's shoulder.

FINN O.C.

You look beautiful, I knew you'd make it.

(CONTINUED)

Finn's image steps into Daisy's.

JUBILEE

Hi.

FINN

You have to stop taking off with
out letting people know where
you're going.

JUBILEE

What are you doing here?

Their eyes meet in the mirror.

FINN

First, I thought you went home.
Then I remembered you kept kinda
mentioning this contest, so.

She looks down for a beat, then up again.

JUBILEE

How's Pete?

FINN

He's okay. His parents flew out.
Wes is with them. He's in trouble.

She turns to face him.

FINN (CONT'D)

We didn't know where you went. We
called your Dad.

JUBILEE

What? Oh Shit! He must be freakin'
out now.

FINN

We were...I mean I totally freaked.
But, I knew, I mean, you're the one
that takes care of business. I
mean, wow, what you did to Mac.
Damn. Oh, he was pissed.

JUBILEE

I can't be around that stuff. I
won't be.

FINN

That's totally cool. I mean, I
know.

(CONTINUED)

Finn looks away.

Other musician's prepare all around them, tuning instruments, preparing vocals.

Pedro approaches with a plate food.

Jubilee puts her hand to his cheek tenderly.

JUBILEE

Hey. Sorry if you worried about me.
So, anyway, are you playing?

FINN

Only with you. I mean, Pedro and
me, we want to...be your band.

JUBILEE

What...do you mean?

FINN

You lead, we play your songs.
That's kinda what I mean.

JUBILEE

Really? I mean, wow. What about
Pete and Wes?

PEDRO

Wes is going to head home with his
parents for now, until they calm
down. Then I think, if you are okay
with it, he'd like to be in the
band too. I don't know about Pete.

She grabs Pedro around the neck and hugs him. She kisses his
cheek.

She places her hand tenderly on Finn's cheek.

JUBILEE

I love you, both. I do. But...but I
think I want to do this...alone, on
my own.

FINN

Oh.

Pedro looks at them both, at a loss for words between them.

PEDRO

Yeah. You should. It's cool. Right?

(CONTINUED)

FINN
Yeah, totally?

JUBILEE
Totally. Always. Dorks.

Their eyes meet.

FINN
We'll be here if you need us.

Finn kisses her hand and leaves.

She smiles.

She opens her hand, looks at the AA chip Bud had given her.
She slips it into her boot.

LATER

The contest's in full swing.

Jubilee stands in the wings, watches the other performers.

The crowd goes wild for the local talent.

Great bands play great, diverse music.

Jubilee takes it all in.

The boys come up beside her.

MANAGER
You're next, young lady.

Jubilee stands, straightens her shoulders and grabs her guitar.

She looks over to the boys. They give her a thumbs up.

INT. STAGE WINGS - CONTINUOUS

The band on stage finishes and sweep by Jubilee. They nearly knock her over.

ANNOUNCER(O.S.)
Well that was just great. This next
young lady comes all the way from
Santa Cruz, California. This is,
Jubilee Bright.

The audience applauds.

(CONTINUED)

Jubilee's boots thud across the wood floor.

At the microphone, bright blue and red lights shine on Jubilee's face.

She straps on her guitar.

The huge crowd pulsates and throbs.

In the audience Mac Howard stands beside Corrine.

JUBILEE

Hi. This is Underneath the Sky.

Jubilee closes her eyes.

She strums her guitar.

JUBILEE

(sings)

Underneath the sky at night-when
the moon is shinning bright-I'll be
there with myself for company-
Underneath the sky at night-when
the stars are shinning bright-I'll
be there and I'll be free-Sound of
the night hangs in the air-Cool
wind and breeze blow through my
hair-Stars cast their light down on
me-take me to the place I wanna be-

Jubilee plays through the song beautifully.

When the song ends, the crowd erupts in cheers and applause.

Jubilee looks back to Finn and Pedro, bows to them

JUBILEE (CONT'D)

Thank you.

She bows to the audience.

SEVERAL MONTHS LATER

EXT. - AUNT MOLLY'S FARM - EVENING

Jubilee and Molly sit in chairs and watch a beautiful yearling frolic.

The radio plays a country western channel.

(CONTINUED)

JUBILEE

I'd never seen lighting bugs before
I came here. I talked to Finn.

Molly jumps up abruptly, runs to the house.

JUBILEE (CONT'D)

They're playing Nashville next
month.

MOLLY

You hear that?

The screen door slams shut behind her.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Molly opens the kitchen window all the way and puts the radio
on the ledge. She turns the volume all the way up.

EXT. YARD - CONTINUOUS

MOLLY

Your song's coming on.

A soft breeze blows through Jubilee's hair.

Underneath the Sky comes on the radio with the music of a
fiddle and mandolin.

Molly wraps Jubilee up in a big mama hug.

ANGLE UP INTO A BEAUTIFUL, CLEAR STARRY NIGHT.

FADE OUT.