

ROUGH SHOT

by

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Registered

WgaWest

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INT. TAYLOR HOME - EVENING

Small but comfortable house, outside Nashville, Tennessee, filled with friends for a house warming party. The party is winding down as people leave.

JESSICA TAYLOR, 38, an attractive red head, is playing the perfect hostess.

AARON, Jessica's brother, 35, is a maturing and very attractive, short man with a well defined physique and very handy around the kitchen and house.

Jessica and Aaron are saying good night to leaving guests.

FRANK

Thank you for the cold beer and fun.

JESSICA

Anytime Frank.

FRANK'S WIFE

Missed seeing Alan. Maybe next time.

JESSICA

Yes. Maybe next time.

AARON

Good night.

JESSICA

Told you he wouldn't show.

AARON

You watch. He'll show.

INT. MATTHEW'S BEDROOM - AFTER PARTY

MATTHEW, 3 years old, is wired.

JESSICA

Oh Matthew. It's way past your sleep time. It's past both of our sleep times.

Jessica thoughtfully strokes the hair from Matthews face as he lay on the pillow.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

What are we gonna do with your daddy? You love your daddy?

Matthew nods.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Yes you do. Oops, you forgot your deeny.

Jessica picks up a small stuffed dinosaur and gives it to Matthew.

Aaron appears in the doorway.

AARON

Jessica? You okay?

JESSICA

Oh heavens yes. I'm the proverbial pillar of stone.

AARON

You know it doesn't get easier. This is his second album and he'll have to push this one harder than the first.

JESSICA

Oh I know. I was just hoping for a little time in between. To just...

AARON

Just what?

JESSICA

It's alright. I've known for a long time. His singing and Matthew. Maybe he'll come around. Maybe not.

AARON

You know how much he loves you.

JESSICA

He hides it well these days.

AARON

It's not intentional.

JESSICA

No I suppose not. Just as hurtful.

AARON

Maybe you'll feel better once you start work on your new album.

JESSICA

Maybe.

Jessica crosses to the door and pauses, looking back at Matthew.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

As much as I love him I wonder if having him was a good idea or not.

AARON

You don't mean that.

JESSICA

Don't I?

Jessica pulls the door closed behind them.

INT. ALAN'S RECORDING STUDIO - NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

ALAN TAYLOR, 38 and sexy, is at the piano with his RECORDING MANAGER, BILL, his TOUR GROUP: BAND and BACKUP SINGERS, busily putting the final touches on a song.

Alan is referring to the sheet music.

ALAN

I think we should slow this part here and round it out with this.

BILL

I'll take your word for it.

Bill talks to J R in the sound booth behind a glass wall through the microphone.

BILL (CONT'D)

J R can you play back the end of that last track but bring up the bass a bit.

J R

Sure enough.

J R plays part of the track back.

BILL

I see what you mean. Okay, let's run it through with everyone. Put in the changes and please follow the lead.

Jokingly Bill points at Alan.

ALAN

I don't want to be the lead.

BILL

You don't?

ALAN

Remember, you said I couldn't read music.

BILL

I didn't say you can't read music.
I said you don't appreciate it.
There is a difference.

ALAN

And this is something you can teach me?

BILL

I'm not delusional enough to even conceive trying.

J R

Tape's ready Alan. I mean Mr lead.

ALAN

Not you too? Bill, check into changing studios. We have to find a better sound tech.

J R

Sorry pal. I go with the contract.

ALAN

Shit. I was afraid of that. Ready guys? Oh, Jimmy, on the final chorus bring in the drum a little harder.

J R

Tapes rolling.

ALAN

Five, six, seven, eight.

The music begins and they perform a ballad of love family and betrayal.

When the song ends there is a silent pause.

J R

That's one for the can.

ALAN

Are you actually saying we'll get out of here before dawn?

J R

Sorry Alan. Check your watch. It's now seven forty two...A M.

ALAN

Oh god.

BILL

You have exactly one hour and eighteen minutes to get to the photo studio.

ALAN

(exhausted)

What?

BILL

You got it big boy. Today you do the shoot for the cover of this here little ditty you just finished recording.

ALAN

Not today. I haven't been home to see Matthew in two days. He'll think I've run away from home.

BILL

This has been scheduled for two months and can not be changed.

ALAN

All right. What time is the Opry set tomorrow?

BILL

You'll be there most of the day. You'll need to work up the lead cut from this album and work out the sound kinks. The label decided to push it out next month. They also want it all ready for your new tour.

J R

Yah. So don't piss off the sound tech or you'll sound funny.

ALAN

Are you sure we can't get out of his contract?

J R

Not a chance sweet cakes and don't even try. This one is gonna give me a grammy.

ALAN

He makes it sound like I have nothing to do with it.

J R

Piss me off and find out. I'll put in subliminal messages and make every one think they're a smurf.

BILL

J R needs to stop watching so many cartoons.

Alan taps his watch.

ALAN

That's all that's ever on when we get out of the studio.

BILL

You have three weeks of locals and then you hit the national.

ALAN

Three weeks? It was suppose to be three months, minimum.

BILL

They've also added lots of dates.

ALAN

Maybe I can bring Matthew with on tour.

Bill crosses to the door to leave.

BILL

Maybe you need to remember you have a wife too.

ALAN

I know that.

BILL

Yeah? But does she?

There is a dead pause between them.

BILL (CONT'D)
Start packing.

Bill exits.

Alan turns, frustrated, to the piano and bangs the keys then kicks the stool.

INT. PHOTO STUDIO RECEPTION

KELLY, 30, female receptionist, is at a small desk doing paperwork.

Aaron enters with Matthew who is carrying a TOY PLANE.

KELLY
Good morning Matthew. Boy, are you growing up fast.

AARON
In no time he'll be flying his own plane.

Matthew holds up the toy plane.

AARON (CONT'D)
Have they started yet?

KELLY
Not yet. The photographer is going to be about an hour late. Car died. Mr Taylor is cleaning up in the rear studio. Guess they were up all night again.

AARON
Okay if we go back?

KELLY
Oh sure.

Aaron takes Matthew through a door leading into a hallway towards the back studio.

INT. STUDIO HALLWAY

The hallway walls are decorated with large photos of their clients.

Matthew stops about halfway down the hall, pointing at a photo.

MATTHEW

Daddy.

Aaron stops and looks at the photo.

AARON

That sure is. See, you remember
your daddy.

MATTHEW

Daddy.

Aaron takes Matthew through a door into the rear studio.

INT. PHOTO STUDIO - REAR STUDIO

The studio is elaborately decorated for Alan's shoot as a
mountain ranch.

Alan is no where to be seen but there is a shower running in
a dressing room to one side.

INT. DRESSING ROOM

Aaron and Matthew enter the dressing room.

Alan is in a large glass shower, fully steamed. The steamed
glass only allows Alan's body outline and flesh to be seen as
his nude body leans against the glass.

The shower finally shuts off and Alan reaches out the door,
grabbing a towel, drying off in the shower.

As Alan steps out of the shower, beginning to wrap the towel
around his waist he is startled by Aaron, dropping the towel
as he backs into the shower door.

ALAN

Jesus boy, yah scared the daylights
out of me.

AARON

Sorry. Thought you'd like a
visitor.

Alan wraps a towel around his waist.

ALAN

Of course I would.

Alan swings Matthew into a big hug.

ALAN (CONT'D)

How is my big boy? Did you miss your daddy.

Alan shakes his head, spraying water in all directions on both Matthew and Aaron.

Aaron crosses to a small coffee bar and pours two cups.

AARON

Coffee?

ALAN

I would love some. I think I'm more tired than a fish on the end of a hook.

AARON

Was it worth being up all night?

ALAN

Hell yes. We finished with the last cut about seven thirty this morning and I think it's a good one. I'd like to make it the first single but you know how Bill and the label are. They are insisting on "Crying At Home Over You," as the first single.

AARON

They're usually right.

ALAN

I know and that's what pisses me off. I would love Bill to be wrong just once about something so I can rub it in his face for a hundred years. I wish he was wrong about starting the tour in two weeks.

Alan hands Matthew to Aaron and puts on his JOCKEY BRIEFS.

AARON

That soon?

ALAN

Yep. The label also added almost two months worth of dates.

AARON

Well, you sure are getting popular. Garth Brooks look out. Here comes Alan Taylor.

ALAN
Garth retired remember?

AARON
I do. And look how young he got to
retire.

ALAN
I don't ever want to retire.
Singing's my thing.

AARON
It was Garth's too. He just got
caught up in the drama of his own
mistakes in life.

ALAN
Divorce is a bit more than drama.

AARON
That depends who it's happening
too.

Aaron puts Matthew down.

AARON (CONT'D)
Stay close big boy.

Matthew goes into the main photo studio returning with a
WATER PISTOL.

ALAN
Is there something I should know?

AARON
Not really. But you got some making
up to do.

Matthew squirts Alan.

Alan runs into the main photo room, laughing.

INT. PHOTO STUDIO - REAR STUDIO

Alan runs in, grabbing a WATER RIFLE FROM THE PROP TABLE.

Alan squirts Aaron in the face.

Aaron picks up Matthew, using him as a shield, running behind
the MOUNTAIN SET.

Aaron places Matthew into a small coral area, picking up a small pail of water. A playful, rambunctious water fight ensues.

AFTER MUCH FLYING WATER, AARON TURNS, FLINGING ANOTHER PAIL OF WATER AT ALAN BUT ENDS UP COVERING JESSICA, WHO HAS JUST ENTERED THE ROOM.

MATTHEW

Mommy wet.

Aaron quickly picks up Matthew then stops, staring at a drenched Jessica, trying to keep from bursting out in laughter.

AARON

Jessica...I meant to...I mean...

JESSICA

I would have expected this from Alan but not from you.

AARON

I didn't mean to...

Alan steps out from behind the set in his wet briefs with the water rifle.

ALAN

We were just playing with Matthew.
It was meant for me.

Jessica is stunned by what Alan is not wearing.

JESSICA

Isn't this cute.

WARREN, 50ish, JESSICA'S MANAGER, enters.

WARREN

Jessica, we're gonna have to move it if we don't want to be late for...oh my.

JESSICA

Warren, I think you know them all.

WARREN

Ah yes, I believe so. Alan. Aaron.

JESSICA

I thought I would surprise you by stopping by on the way to my rehearsal but I guess the surprise was on me. Aaron get Matthew home.

(to Alan)

You I'll see later under dryer circumstances. Let's go Warren.

Jessica turns and leaves the room.

WARREN

I do hope the water was warm.

Warren follows Jessica out.

AARON

I don't think this would be a good time to bring up your new tour schedule.

ALAN

Nope, not a chance.

Alan puts his arm around Aaron's shoulder and they both begin uncontrollable laughter while walking back to the dressing room.

EXT. FRONT OF PHOTO STUDIO

Jessica, dripping wet, exits studio followed by Warren.

They both climb into Warren's car, Jessica in the passenger seat.

INT. WARREN'S CAR

WARREN

Must you sit there? You'll get everything all wet.

JESSICA

Warren, what would you like me to do? Run along side the god damned car?

WARREN

You'd dry faster.

JESSICA
Don't even!!

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT OF PHOTO STUDIO

The car pulls away from the curb, heading down the street.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. WARREN'S CAR

Jessica is fiddling with her make-up case, trying to pull it from the back seat.

JESSICA
I did not need this today. If one more god damned thing goes wrong. You did put gas in this thing didn't you?

WARREN
Yes, relax.

JESSICA
Easier said than done. I keep sliding every time you turn.

Jessica pulls out a HAIR DRYER from her bag, then removes the car's cigarette lighter.

WARREN
What the hell...

JESSICA
The least I can do is dry my hair on the way over. I can change at the studio. I knew this thing would come in handy one day.

Jessica PLUGS THE ADAPTER INTO THE CIGARETTE LIGHTER, turns it on and immediately shorts out the entire dash board.

CUT TO:

EXT. WARREN'S CAR

The car slowly rolls to the side of the road with smoke coming out of the cracked windows.

JESSICA (O.S.)
SHIT!! GOD DAMN IT!!

INT. JESSICA'S RECORDING STUDIO

A wet, very irritated, Jessica enters the studio which is filled with people; BAND, BACK-UP SINGERS, ETC.

Warren follows Jessica in.

JESSICA
The first one to say anything dies.

BOBBY is in the sound booth.

BOBBY
Ah, Jessica?

JESSICA
What Bobby?

BOBBY
Everything is set up. Your music is in the booth to the left.

JESSICA
(irritated further)
Bobby can we slow down so I can at least get a hot cup of coffee and dry clothes from my locker?

BOBBY
(hesitantly)
Coffee we got.

JESSICA
Out with it. What are you getting at?

BOBBY
Well, your locker's already been shipped.

JESSICA
Shipped? Shipped where?

BOBBY
Remember? We change studios tomorrow. This is our last session here.

JESSICA

Damn. I forgot. What am I gonna do now? I'm all wet. My clothes are wet. My shoes are wet.

Jessica begins pulling off her shoes.

BOBBY

Your hair is wet.

Jessica flings a wet shoe at the control booth window hitting in line with Bobby's face.

WARREN

Not to mention the front seat of my....

Jessica holds up the other shoe.

JESSICA

I got one left.

Warren backs off. JIMMY, 25, the studio's P A walks up with A LARGE MUG OF COFFEE AND A LARGE TOWEL.

Jessica unfolds the towel only to discover A LARGE PHOTO OF ALAN TAYLOR'S LAST ALBUM AND LAST TOUR SCHEDULE printed on it.

Jessica holds it up.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Perfect.

Jessica throws the towel at Warren.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

All we need now is for the sprinklers to go off.

Lifting the coffee mug, saluting Bobby, going into her recording booth.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

If we must, we must.

Jessica goes through her music with a sour face as everyone takes their places.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Oh Bobby. Do we have to do this one first?

BOBBY

It's the only one we haven't done a run through on yet.

JESSICA

Sure. Go ahead. Rub it in. Let's get to it then.

BOBBY

Okay everyone. Mark tape. This will be a run through on "Rain Winds" Jessica Taylor. Take one and....

The music director does a count down and Jessica sings a ballad of DESSERT RAINS, WIND AND THE NEW LIFE FROM THE RAIN.

After the song, Jimmy enters the booth, handing Jessica a DIFFERENT TOWEL AND A HAIR DRYER.

JESSICA

Oh Jimmy you're a true heart soul.

BOBBY

Take five while we check the tape.

Jessica dries her hair with the towel then plugs the hair dryer into the FLOOR PLUG to finish the job.

THE FLOOR PLUG SHORTS OUT WITH A POPPING BANG AND A PUFF OF SMOKE.

THE LIGHTS IN THE STUDIO GO OFF TRIGGERING THE EMERGENCY LIGHTS.

JESSICA

GOD DAMN IT!!

THE SPRINKLERS ARE TRIGGERED BY THE PUFF OF SMOKE, SPRAYING THE STUDIO WITH WATER.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Shit!!

(whining)

Warren!!!

INT. TAYLOR KITCHEN

Aaron enters with Matthew, placing him into a high chair at the table with his toys, then begins preparing dinner.

AARON

What shall I make for your mommy and daddy for dinner?

Aaron pulls A CHICKEN AND A POT ROAST out of the refrigerator, holding them up for Matthew to see.

AARON (CONT'D)

Well Matthew, I'll let you decide.
Should it be barbecued chicken or
pot roast?

Matthew laughs, pointing at the pot roast.

AARON (CONT'D)

Pot roast it is. You have excellent
taste young man.

Aaron pulls out potatoes and vegetables from the refrigerator and starts preparing dinner.

AARON (CONT'D)

I hope your daddy has some carrots
and okra for us from the garden. We
got mashed tators and because the
pot roast will take a couple of
hours, rice pudding with cinnamon.

He pours Matthew a cup of juice.

AARON (CONT'D)

Here you go big boy.

Aaron turns on a stereo CD player on the counter, putting in
ALAN TAYLOR'S FIRST CD.

Alan's voice sings an upbeat song about home made cookies and
campfires, the stars and fresh air.

Aaron sings along while he cooks, almost better than Alan.

As the song ends Matthew is pointing at the pot on the stove
that is boiling over.

Aaron grabs the lid without a pot holder, dropping the lid on
the floor.

Matthew laughs and claps.

Alan enters from outside CARRYING A BASKET OF FRESH VEGGIES
FROM THE GARDEN.

ALAN

Here's what we got. Okra, green
beans, a few big ole' cucumbers and
some strawberries.

AARON

I thought we burned through all the strawberry plants?

ALAN

Gotta look under the plant. Lot's more hidden there.

AARON

Well, what do yah know. Got our own farmer, right here. Farmer Alan.

ALAN

That's what my daddy taught me as a kid. Plantin' and growin' and pickin' and eatin'.

AARON

Where'd you pick up drinkin'?

ALAN

That comes naturally after a couple years of marriage. It ain't a bad thing.

AARON

That depends on who and how much.

Alan stops what he is doing, looking at Aaron.

ALAN

You know me. It's what I do. Drink and sing.

AARON

Doesn't make it right. Doesn't make it easy on Jess.

ALAN

Marriage ain't all about Jess. There's others involved. Me, Matthew. You.

Aaron holds hands up in a "stop" motion.

AARON

Whoa. I ain't married to either of you.

ALAN

But you are. Kinda. You're here all the time. What would Matt do without you?

(MORE)

ALAN (CONT'D)

He needs you here cookin' his
dinner, pickin' up his toys.
Playin' with him and makin' him
laugh.

AARON

That's what YOU should do. He needs
his daddy around too.

MATTHEW

Daddy.

ALAN

See, you know me. I never had my
folks around. I turned out okay.

AARON

I thought your daddy taught you
about farmin' and pickin'?

Alan becomes a little embarrassed.

ALAN

Most of it I learned myself.

Alan sits, fiddling with Matthew.

ALAN (CONT'D)

By the time I was fourteen I was
doing most of the work around this
farm. It was the speed method of
learning. When daddy got hit with
the cancer it was already too late.
It was slow coming but had spread.
Mama drank a bit. To soothe his
pain. He apparently didn't feel any
pain the whole time. He lasted
about a year before we buried him.
Mama didn't make it to the
services. She was overwhelmed by
his pain for some three years till
I buried her next to daddy.

AARON

That's rough.

ALAN

Didn't have much of a choice.

AARON

Jess never mentioned any of that.

ALAN
Oh, we've never really talked about
it.

AARON
How come?

ALAN
Just never got around to it I
guess. Never seemed important.

Matthew gets playful and squirmy.

Alan picks up Matthew.

AARON
Give him his deeny.

ALAN
His what?

AARON
Deeny. On the floor. The little
stuffed dinosaur. It's his
favorite.

Alan picks up "Deeny" and gives it to Matthew getting him to
smile.

ALAN
Well I'll be. You're good. How do
you know these things?

AARON
Old hat. Give the baby what he
wants and he'll be happy.

ALAN
Wish that worked with Jess.

AARON
Never happen.

INT. GRAND OLE OPRY - NEXT AFTERNOON.

Alan and Jessica enter the rear stage door.

Activity is frantic with STAGE HANDS preparing for that
nights show.

Bill greets them.

BILL

Jessica, I'm so glad your schedule
let you come.

JESSICA

My schedule's fine. It's his I have
trouble keeping up with sometimes.

BILL

He does keep things moving fast.

Alan pulls Bill to one side.

ALAN

She doesn't know.

BILL

You haven't told her yet? When will
you? You only have...

ALAN

I will. I will.

JESSICA

Can anyone get in on this
conversation?

BILL

Sure. Just going over the press
conference details.

JESSICA

Press conference?

BILL

Yep. On Alan's new album. In fact
they should be all set up and ready
for you. Jessica, why don't you
join us? It would be great to have
the two of you together.

ALAN

I don't think you'll...

JESSICA

I wouldn't miss this for the world.

ALAN

But what about Warren?

JESSICA

Warren? No problem. He'll love the
free publicity. Remember?

(MORE)

JESSICA (CONT'D)

I have an album being released too.
Let's go boys.

Jessica walks toward the press room.

Alan punches Bill in the shoulder.

ALAN

Good move.

BILL

What?

INT. OPRY PRESS ROOM

Jessica, Alan and Bill enter a ROOM FILLED WITH REPORTERS,
taking seats at a LONG TABLE, while CAMERAS FLASH.

BILL

I think you all know why we are
here but we have an added surprise.
Alan Taylor was kind enough to ask
his lovely wife, Jessica, to join
us in spite of her own recording
schedule.

MALE REPORTER

Ms Taylor, don't you feel odd about
using your last name in your
career?

JESSICA

Why should I? It's my name.

MALE REPORTER

What I mean is...

JESSICA

Yes, tell us what you mean.

MALE REPORTER

With Alan's second album dropping
soon, don't you feel that you might
get lost in the shuffle?

JESSICA

Well, I always say if you can't
keep up with the dance, whether it
be a two step or a shuffle, get off
the floor. And to tell you the
truth, I'm a ballerina dancing on
the clouds.

(MORE)

JESSICA (CONT'D)

So you, Mr reporter who ever you are, if you lose me in the shuffle, just look up and that's where you'll find me.

The FEMALE REPORTERS applaud.

REPORTER 2

When the Country Music Awards are handed out in three weeks how many are you hoping to take home for your first album?

ALAN

Well, I feel being nominated is recognition enough but if they happen to have one or two extra, why I'll be glad to take them off of their hands.

REPORTER 3

Have you decided on a title for your new album yet?

ALAN

As soon as the cover photo is decided on we'll go with the title. You know, to sort of catch the mood of the photos.

JESSICA

How about naked and wet?

FEMALE REPORTER 1

What if the photo is blurred?

ALAN

Then we'll have to call it "Blurry Nights."

FEMALE REPORTER 2

Jessica, how has the rescheduling of Alan's tour affected your home and family life?

Jessica is clearly taken back by the question.

JESSICA

Excuse me?

FEMALE REPORTER 2

Well now that the tour is kicking off in three weeks how will it affect family life?

JESSICA

Well...I'm sure...um...we'll miss
him a great deal.

Bill looks at Alan with a "YOU'RE THE ONE WHO DIDN'T TELL
HER" look.

Jessica is pissed.

BILL

There'll be time for more questions
after the rehearsal in about two
hours. Thank you all for coming.

Jessica bounds out of the press room.

Alan follows her.

INT. BACKSTAGE LADIES ROOM

Jessica bursts through the door, furious.

UNSEEN BY JESSICA IS JAIMIE, 21, COUNTRY SINGER HOPEFULL, IN
ONE OFF THE STALLS.

Jessica is looking in the mirror, talking to herself.

JESSICA

How could I have been so stupid. To
think he would mention a small
thing like leaving six weeks early
on tour.

She wants to cry with anger.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

I put my career on a two year hold
to stay home and baby sit and this
is what I get? DAMN I'M STUPID!

Jessica starts reapplying her make-up.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

God, will you please tell me what
the hell I did wrong?

JAIMIE (O.C.)

Well maybe he didn't want you to
stop your career.

Jessica freezes with lipstick in hand streaking one cheek,
not knowing where the voice came from.

The toilet flushes and Jamie walks out of the stall to the mirror, LAYING HER FLOWERED HAT ON THE COUNTER BY THE SINK, doing her make-up.

JAIMIE (CONT'D)

Yah know, some men like a woman who works. I don't mean any woman who works, not like a hooker or anything, but a real working woman. They feel it's respectful. Well, sometimes not all men, mind you, but there are some that like it. Like my Waylon. He really respects me for working so many years and takings care of the house while still working on my singing career.

Jessica remains frozen, stunned.

JESSICA

Who the hell are you?

JAIMIE

I'm Jamie. Jamie Lee Curtis.

Jessica looks puzzled.

JAIMIE (CONT'D)

Oh, not the Jamie Lee Curtis just Jamie Lee Curtis. It was my daddy's little pun on names. You see his name was Jimmy Lee but it would not have sounded good if he named a girl Jimmy Lee. So it was Jaimie Lee. I really think he liked the actress though. Mostly cause she is so pretty. But she can't sing, unlike me who is truly a singer. That's why I'm here. To audition for the Opry. Did you know that I hear the one and only Alan Taylor is gonna be here tonight. God he's so cute. The one and only Alan Taylor and I may get to sing with him right there on the Opry stage next to me.

Jessica is still stunned.

JESSICA

So what's your point?

JAIMIE

My point is that he's gorgeous. God would I like to see him in one of those underwear commercials.

The door swings open, pushing Jamie back into the open stall behind the door.

Alan enters.

ALAN

Jessica. Please. We have to talk. I meant to tell you but I didn't know how and didn't want to hurt you.

Alan tries hugging Jessica.

As the door slowly closes, Jaimie is revealed sitting on a wet toilet.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Besides, I just found out yesterday. You know I wouldn't hold anything back from you. I was just trying to get the label to change the dates.

Jessica smiles and, with one finger, points to Jaimie in the stall.

ALAN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry ma'am. I didn't know anyone else was here. I was just having a little talk with my wife.

Jaimie goes into over ride realizing her fantasy stands before her.

JAIMIE

Oh my god. Oh my god. I know who you are. You're Alan Taylor. Oh my god. And you're his wife.

JESSICA

Bingo kiddo.

JAIMIE

And I said all those things about him in underwear. Oh my god, I'm sorry.

JESSICA

That's okay kid. You'll be glad to hear he doesn't always wear any.

ALAN

Jessica!

JESSICA

It's true. You said to always be truthful with your fans.

JAIMIE

Oh my god. Can I have you autograph?

Jaimie hands him a strip of toilet paper she has just unrolled.

ALAN

Well, okay.

Alan helps Jaimie off the commode, the back of her dress dripping wet.

Jessica hands Alan her OPEN LIPSTICK which he uses to autograph the toilet paper.

JAIMIE

Oh my god. Thank you.
(to Jessica)
Don't you sing too?

JESSICA

Yes, I do.

JAIMIE

Can I get your autograph too? Just in case you became famous too.

JESSICA

Sure. Why not.

Jessica signs the toilet paper then hands Jaimie a FULL ROLL OF TOILET PAPER.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

You may need this. I think you're running out of room on that piece.

JAIMIE

Oh my god. You are so kind. It was so nice meeting you both.

Jaimie backs out of the restroom, giggling.

ALAN

You didn't let me explain.

JESSICA

What was there to explain? My husband is leaving in three weeks on tour and didn't bother to mention it to his wife. What was there to explain?

Alan cannot get a word in edgewise.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

It's bad enough that you spend all your time with Aaron and Matthew clowning around in your underwear. I get a little tired of being ignored. What do I have to do to get a little attention from you?

Jessica changes her view on the subject.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Why should I have to do something?

Jessica's getting madder and punches the feminine napkin dispenser causing it to pop open and spew it's contents on to the floor and sink.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Now see what you've made me do? And don't even try to use the excuse that I've been too busy or you've been too busy or Matthew's been too busy.

Alan looks confused at her about the last statement.

Jessica throws a hand full of feminine napkins at him.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

You know what I mean.

ALAN

But we have been busy.

JESSICA

I knew that. But don't use it as an excuse.

Alan attempts to hug her.

ALAN

Can you tell me a good way to tell you I'll be away from my super beautiful, lovely wife for six weeks longer than we thought?

(MORE)

ALAN (CONT'D)

Six weeks longer of not holding her
at night?

Jessica pushes him a little but Alan comes back.

JESSICA

You've been in the studio every
night all night for over a week.

ALAN

And I thought of you every minute
of each night. There was a couple
of times I thought I would need a
cold shower just to keep rising
feelings under control.

JESSICA

Alan, stop it. You know what your
dirty talk does to me.

Alan backs Jessica up against the sink, sliding his hand up
the inside of her dress.

Jessica barely protests.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Alan...quit. Not here. What if miss
Jaimie comes back in?

ALAN

Let them. They wouldn't believe it
anyway. Rumor has it that country
stars don't fuck.

JESSICA

Alan!!

Alan kisses down the front of Jessica to her breasts.

They make love in every corner of the rest room ending up in
a stall partially clothed and sweaty.

The rest room door swings open as Jaimie enters looking for
her flowered hat.

Jaimie bends over to pick up some of the feminine napkins
from the floor and notice two pair of feet under the stall
door. Jaimie's eyes follow the legs up to discover Alan and
Jessica in heated embrace.

JAIMIE

Oh my god.

JESSICA

It figures.

Jessica and Alan burst into laughter as Jaimie rushes out of the rest room.

ALAN

How about we take next Saturday for a day with Matthew for a secluded little picnic at the river? We'll leave Aaron at home.

JESSICA

But you have rehearsal.

ALAN

Consider it cancelled till we get back.

JESSICA

I would love it. I hope Aaron won't mind too much.

ALAN

He'll be too busy cleaning the kitchen after he makes our picnic lunch.

JESSICA

Mr Taylor, you have a date.

Jessica and Alan kiss.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

I do love you.

ALAN

I can remember a time we were always on a date.

EXT. TAYLOR BACK PORCH - 6 YEARS PRIOR - EARLY AFTERNOON

IT HAS JUST STARTED TO POUR RAIN.

Alan runs up onto the porch carrying a basket of vegetables from his garden, shaking the water off of his cowboy hat.

Jessica comes out of the back door carrying a tray with refreshments, placing it onto the table.

JESSICA

Will yah look at that. News never said it was gonna rain.

ALAN

Oohh eeee. Seems they never get it right.

Alan holds up the basket proudly.

ALAN (CONT'D)

But I got what was ready. All fresh and ready for dinner.

Jessica takes the basket, placing it on a small table next to a large porch swing.

JESSICA

Well I suppose we need the rain.

Alan sits on the swing.

ALAN

It sure does smell good.

Jessica takes in a deep breath.

JESSICA

Clean in the air. You can taste it.

Jessica sits next to Alan, cuddling.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

All this rain. What will we do all afternoon?

ALAN

Oh I think we'll come up with something.

Alan kisses her.

LIGHTENING FLASHES ABOVE WITH A CRACK OF THUNDER.

They both jump and laugh then kissing again.

EXT. TAYLOR BACK PORCH - LATER

Jessica and Alan are wrapped in a blanket on the porch swing after having made love in the rain.

The rain has begun to taper off.

JESSICA

So now what?

ALAN

We can always do it again.

Jessica slaps his shoulder playfully.

JESSICA

No silly. I mean what about...you know...

ALAN

(smiling)

No I don't know.

JESSICA

About us. You really just want to live together and fool around?

ALAN

What's wrong with that? I kinda like foolin' around.

Jessica slaps his shoulder again.

JESSICA

Alan.

ALAN

Don't you like foolin' around?

JESSICA

Of course I do. Alot. But....

Alan takes her face in his hand, kissing her.

ALAN

I want to fool around with you for the rest of my life.

Alan kisses her again.

ALAN (CONT'D)

I want to pick my garden and give it to you. I want you to have my babies.

JESSICA

How many are you planning on?

ALAN

Oh nine or ten should do fine.

JESSICA

Nine or ten? Are you planning on carrying a few of them?

ALAN
Hadn't thought about it.

JESSICA
Figures. If you don't mind we'll
take one at a time.

ALAN
Fine with me.

THE CLOUDS HAVE BROKEN SLIGHTLY ALLOWING A SMALL RAINBOW TO
FORM.

JESSICA
Look. A rainbow.

ALAN
Well I'll be. It's a sign.

JESSICA
Of what?

ALAN
That all will be well. We'll have
lots a babies and I'll be a big
star.

JESSICA
What about me?

ALAN
Why, you got me. How lucky can you
get?

JESSICA
Pretty lucky.

Alan reaches down, picking up a small guitar, playing an
UPBEAT fast set of chords for "OVER THE RAINBOW," and begins
singing to Jessica.

ALAN
(singing)
SOMEWHERE OVER THE RAINBOW WAY UP HIGH,

And the dreams that you dare to dream really do come true.

Jessica laughs.

JESSICA
(spoken)
It would help to know the words.

ALAN

(spoken)

I know the words. It's all about
the mood and who the words are
being sung to.

(sung)

THERE'S A LAND THAT YOU HEARD OF ONCE IN A LULLABY,
SOMEWHERE OVER THE RAINBOW SKIES ARE BLUE,
AND THE DREAMS THAT YOU DARE TO DREAM REALLY DO
COME TRUE.

AND NOW'S THE DAY I WISH UPON A STAR
AND WAKE UP WHERE THE CLOUDS ARE FAR BEHIND ME,
SOMEWHERE OVER THE RAINBOW BLUEBIRDS FLY.
BIRDS FLY OVER THE RAINBOW, WHY THEN, OH WHY CAN'T
I ?

JESSICA JOINS WITH THE LYRICS TO "WHAT A WONDERFUL WORLD."

JESSICA

(SUNG)

I SEE TREES OF GREEN, RED ROSES TOO
I SEE THEM BLOOM FOR ME AND YOU
AND I THINK TO MYSELF
WHAT A WONDERFUL WORLD
THE BRIGHT BLESSED DAY, THE DARK SACRED NIGHT
AND I THINK TO MYSELF
WHAT A WONDERFUL WORLD
THE COLORS OF THE RAINBOW, SO PRETTY IN THE SKY
I HEAR BABIES CRY, I CAN WATCH THEM GROW
AND I THINK TO MYSELF
WHAT A WONDERFUL WORLD
I SEE SKIES OF BLUE AND CLOUDS OF WHITE
YES, I THINK TO MYSELF
WHAT A WONDERFUL WORLD

ALAN

SOMEWHERE OVER THE RAINBOW SKIES ARE BLUE,
AND THE DREAMS THAT YOU DARE TO DREAM REALLY DO
COME TRUE.

JESSICA

THE COLORS OF THE RAINBOW, SO PRETTY IN THE SKY
AND I THINK TO MYSELF
WHAT A WONDERFUL WORLD

JESSICA & ALAN

AND I THINK TO MYSELF
WHAT A WONDERFUL WORLD
AND THE DREAMS THAT YOU DARE TO DREAM REALLY DO
COME TRUE.

They kiss.

INT. CHURCH - TWO MONTHS LATER

The church is decked out for Alan and Jessica's wedding.

Jessica enters the rear of the church as the "Wedding March" signals her arrival.

POV: A MONTAGE OF SHOTS DURING THE WEDDING CEREMONY.

MINISTER

Ladies and gentlemen, I give you
Alan and Jessica Taylor.

Alan and Jessica walk out the rear of the church as their guests applaud.

INT. RECEPTION HALL

Alan and Jessica are dancing.

Aaron taps Alan on the shoulder.

AARON

Mind if I cut in brother-in-law?

ALAN

Not at all brother-in-law.

Aaron takes Alan's hands and begins to dance with him.

JESSICA

Boys?

Laughing, Alan and Aaron turn.

AARON

Oh, you want to dance too?

All three of them begin to dance together.

JESSICA

What am I going to do with you two?

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL MATERNITY WARD - TEN MONTHS LATER

Jessica is in full labor and pain.

JESSICA

AAAHHHH! JESUS CHRIST!

ALAN

Breathe Jess. Deep breaths.

JESSICA

AAAAHHH! Who's doing this?

GYNOCOLOGIST

We're almost there Jessica. I can see the head. Now you'll need to push.

Jessica lets out another scream and delivers Matthew.

The Gynecologist holds up Matthew as the NURSE begins to wipe him off, then lying him on Jessica's stomach.

ALAN

Well look at that. It's a boy.

JESSICA

Matthew. Welcome to the real world.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

Jessica is resting with Matthew in a bassinet next to her bed.

Aaron enters loaded down with baby toys and flowers, attempting to see Matthew but dropping things, waking Jessica.

AARON

Sorry. Didn't want to wake you.

JESSICA

It's okay. It's almost time for him to be fed.

AARON

Told you it would be a boy. You wouldn't believe me.

JESSICA

I hate it when little brother is right.

AARON

(smiling)

Get used to it. I always am. Brought a couple of things for the baby.

Aaron tries to put things on a small table.

JESSICA
Over do it much?

AARON
Well you have to spoil them young
or it won't take hold. Besides, the
first one is special. It will even
out on the next one.

JESSICA
Only if you carry it. One is gonna
be my limit.

AARON
Have you mentioned that to Alan?

JESSICA
No.

Aaron is uncomfortable with this subject so changes it.

AARON
I wish mom could see this.

JESSICA
She would have been so drunk she'd
be passed out in the chair.

AARON
You don't know that.

JESSICA
Don't we? Pull your head out of
your ass and look around.

AARON
What should I look at? She's been
gone for fifteen years. At some
point we have to move on. We have
to get on with our lives.

JESSICA
Don't worry little brother, I've
moved on.

AARON
Are you sure?

Alan enters with baby toys in arms, several duplicates of the
ones Aaron brought, including a stuffed dinosaur. He leans
into Matthew's bassinet.

ALAN
Hey little man. He sleeps a lot.

AARON

He's only nineteen hours old. Let him build up a little strength.

ALAN

He will. He will.

JESSICA

What on earth is all of this stuff.

AARON

It's boy stuff.

ALAN

Yep, boy stuff. Matthew needs stuff to get him ready.

JESSICA

(giggling)

Ready for what? Playpen duty?

ALAN

Ready for all his brothers...or sisters if we have to.

JESSICA

Can we take a breath here? He's less than a day old.

AARON

Never too young.

ALAN

I almost forgot.

Alan darts out of the room, returning with a brand new guitar.

JESSICA

Oh my god.

ALAN

It's perfect. And before long we'll be singin' duets.

JESSICA

You better get a record deal first.

ALAN

Oh, didn't I mention?

Alan pulls out contracts from his coat.

AARON
You got it?

ALAN
We signed an hour ago.

JESSICA
What's the terms? What's the deal?

ALAN
I get to do a debut album and if that flies there's room for five more including a tour for the debut album. Also, all the talk shows along the way.

AARON
Please, not Oprah.

JESSICA
You could be so lucky. Get on Oprah and own the world overnight.

ALAN
Then we'll get on Oprah.

JESSICA
(to Aaron)
And you get to baby sit.

AARON
I don't get on Oprah?

JESSICA
You get to baby sit.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. TAYLOR KITCHEN - SATURDAY MORNING - PRESENT

Aaron is busy packing a large picnic basket.

Alan enters in a bad mood, going to a cabinet, pulls out A WHISKEY BOTTLE, pours a shot and downs it. The whiskey catches in Alan's throat causing him to cough.

AARON
Rough shot. Little early isn't big boy?

ALAN
God, how did I get into this?

Alan takes another shot.

ALAN (CONT'D)

The entire day with her. Don't know
if I'll survive.

Aaron walks up behind Alan, placing his hands on Alan's
shoulders.

AARON

You walk out in front of thousands
of people yet you're afraid to
spend time with your wife.

ALAN

Maybe I don't want to.

Alan takes a third shot.

AARON

Look, in less than two weeks you'll
be on tour and have nine months to
think. Put on a happy face and
enjoy the time with Matthew.

ALAN

You'll bring Matthew out when you
can won't you? It'll be fun seeing
him.

AARON

Sure will. What else will I have to
do?

Alan takes another shot.

Aaron gently removes the bottle from Alan's hand and stows it
underneath things in the basket.

Matthew toddles in followed by Jessica.

Alan swings Matthew up in the air.

ALAN

Is my boy ready to go on the river
with daddy? Then let's get mommy
and the basket and get going.

JESSICA

How about I take him and you carry
the basket?

Jessica takes Matthew with Alan taking the basket as they
leave.

EXT. TAYLOR HOUSE REAR

Alan, Jessica, carrying Matthew followed by Aaron come out of the house and cross to the truck.

JESSICA

If Warren needs me you can tell him
to get me on my cell.

Aaron waves from the porch.

Once the truck is loaded with everyone, Alan drives off.

Aaron sits in a chair on the porch holding Jessica's cell phone, smiling.

AARON

Not if I can help it.

EXT. DIRT ROAD IN THE WOODS BY THE RIVER

Alan's truck is kicking up dust coming down the road. The truck pulls up to the side near a large set of trees and stops.

Alan exits the truck.

Jessica exits the other side.

JESSICA

Are you sure this is a good spot?

ALAN

Just look at it. It's great. We can
put the blanket over there by the
trees. That way we can see the
river and all.

JESSICA

If you say so.

Alan throws up his hands then reaches into the truck retrieving Matthew from his car seat.

Jessica is struggling with the large basket.

Alan walks with Matthew down to the rivers edge.

Jessica is not happy being left alone to spread out the picnic, grumbling.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Are you two ready to give me a hand? If you don't help you don't eat.

Alan walks back with Matthew toddling next to him.

Just as Alan gets to Jessica she discovers his whisky stash, holding up the bottle.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

You couldn't leave this shit at home for one day?

ALAN

It's only a...

JESSICA

I know what it is. I thought I smelled it in the car.

ALAN

It must have leaked. I haven't had anything today.

JESSICA

(disgusted)

Don't even. God, for an adult you sure act like a two year old brat. You can't be trusted for five minutes.

ALAN

Better than a spoiled bitch.

JESSICA

Isn't that precious.

ALAN

If you knew from precious maybe, just maybe, you'd understand.

JESSICA

Understand what? That you are a number one ass? That you haven't paid attention to anyone else in your life for two years. It's all about your career.

ALAN

That's what this is all about? You're jealous I'm on my second album and your not even done with your first.

JESSICA

Bullshit.

ALAN

You can't stand that my career took off before yours.

JESSICA

Oh Alan, you don't get it. It ain't about your career taking off. I'm the first to salute you. It's about you taking off and leaving me to handle our life alone. I put my singing on hold because you were on a run. My being a bitch is the only way to get your attention.

ALAN

Your being a bitch is pushing everyone away. I needed this just to be around you.

Jessica begins packing up the picnic basket.

JESSICA

Well don't put yourself out. You won't have to pressure yourself anymore. You can take me back home then take Matthew out. Matthew? Where's Matthew.

ALAN

Matthew? Baby? Matthew?

Alan and Jessica begin searching frantically for Matthew getting more terrified the more they look.

ALAN (CONT'D)

MATTHEW!! MATTHEW!!

EXT. DIRT ROAD IN THE WOODS BY THE RIVER - LATER THAT EVENING

RESCUE CREWS ARE FINISHING UP AS THE CORONER IS STANDING BY THE DOOR OF HIS VAN.

AN OFFICER IS WALKING UP FROM THE RIVER CARRYING THE SHROUDED BODY OF MATTHEW. ONCE AT THE VAN HE PLACES THE BODY INTO THE VAN, CLOSING THE DOOR.

Alan is sitting on the hood of his truck with the sun going down behind him as he drinks from an almost empty bottle.

EXT. MORTUARY - MORNING

POV: AERIAL SHOT OF THE MORTUARY AS A SMALL FLOWERED DRAPED CASKET IS BEING CARRIED OUT AND LOADED INTO THE WAITING HEARSE.

THE MOURNERS FILL THE WAITING LIMOS AND CARS.

The hearse pulls out with all of the mourners in procession to the cemetery.

EXT. HIGHWAY TO CEMETERY

The procession moves slowly as they approach the front of Alan's farm.

THERE IS A MASSIVE CONTINGENCY OF POLICE CARS, LOCAL FIRE VEHICLES AND HUNDREDS OF OTHER VEHICLES LINING THE ROAD.

AS THE HEARSE PULLS EVEN WITH THEM, ALL OF THE EMERGENCY VEHICLES TURN ON THERE EMERGENCY LIGHTS IN SALUTE.

EXT. CEMETERY GRAVE SIGHT

A SERIES OF SHOTS OF THE CASKET BEING UNLOADED FROM THE HEARSE AND MOURNERS WALKING TO THE GRAVE SIGHT.

ALAN AND JESSICA ARE CLEARLY NOT WALKING TOGETHER.

AARON IS WALKING WITH ALAN.

INT. MATTHEW'S BEDROOM - DAYS LATER

ALTERNATING TIME LAPSE SHOTS OF JESSICA IN DIFFERENT SPOTS OF THE ROOM, MOURNING AND CRYING.

A VOICE OVER IS PLAYING OF ONE OF JESSICA'S NEW DARK BALLADS FROM HER ALBUM.

BY THE END OF THE SONG JESSICA IS HOLDING ON TO MATTHEW'S STUFFED DINOSAUR, CRADLED ON THE FLOOR OF HIS CLOSET.

EXT. BACK ENTRANCE TO LARGE OUTDOOR ARENA - EARLY EVENING

Alan's limo pulls up as Bill runs to greet him.

Alan exits the limo, drawn and exhausted and he walks with Bill to the stage.

BILL

Are you sure you really want to go on tonight? The fans will understand.

ALAN

I'm sure.

BILL

Where's Jessica? I thought she would be with you?

ALAN

I would reckon' to guess she's still in Matthew's room.

BILL

You mean to tell me she's still locked in his room?

He stops Alan in his tracks.

BILL (CONT'D)

She needs help. You just can't leave her like that.

ALAN

Why not? She left me like that a long time ago. I don't have the energy to go back.

BILL

You're not serious?

ALAN

Serious as a heart attack. Don't we have a sound check waiting?

Alan pulls away from Bill and heads to the stage.

CAMERA STAYS ON BILL'S STUNNED REACTION AS ALAN DOES SOUND CHECK ON STAGE.

ALAN (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Okay boys, let's get this show on the road.

SOUND TECH (O.C.)

Alan?

ALAN (O.C.)

I'm here. What's ya need?

SOUND TECH (O.C.)
We got everyone but you.

ALAN (O.C.)
Boys, you make me feel left out.

SOUND TECH (O.C.)
In two hours you got a sold out arena.

ALAN (O.C.)
Well fancy that. One, two, three and four....

Alan and the band break into a fast paced, upbeat song.

EXT. ARENA STAGE - THAT EVENING

FADE IN HALFWAY THROUGH THE SAME SONG BUT DURING THE LIVE CONCERT.

Alan completes the song and the audience goes nuts.

ALAN
Thank you. Thank you and good night.

Alan runs off stage. Sudden silence overcomes the arena.

BILL
Alan, you better look at this.

ALAN
What?

Bill points out to the arena.

Alan peers around the side of the stage.

EVERYONE IN THE ARENA IS QUIETLY HOLDING A LIT CIGARETTE LIGHTER ABOVE THEIR HEAD.

Alan, tearing up, slowly, painfully walks back to the microphone and is handed his guitar.

ALAN (CONT'D)
This is a song I wrote earlier this year. It's gonna be the title of my new album "Blurry Nights."

Alan sings the song trying to keep his own composure.

The audience gives him a standing ovation.

INT. TAYLOR KITCHEN - TWO WEEKS LATER

Aaron is cleaning but stops at Matthew's high chair.

AARON

I think it's time we put you away.

Aaron looks around to see if anyone is around.

AARON (CONT'D)

No time like the present.

Aaron wipes the chair down and folds it up, carrying it towards the back porch.

EXT. TAYLOR HOUSE REAR

Aaron comes out of the house, carrying the chair, and goes into the garage. He returns without the chair, going back into the kitchen.

INT. TAYLOR KITCHEN

Aaron re-enters the kitchen and re-arranges the kitchen chairs.

Jessica enters the kitchen obviously having just gotten up and looking dishevelled.

AARON

Morning Jess.

JESSICA

Oh shut up.

Jessica pours herself a large mug of coffee and sits at the table.

AARON

Okay, fine. Breakfast is ready.

Aaron has filled two plates with hotcakes, ham fruit, etc, placing one in front of Jessica.

JESSICA

What the hell is this stuff?

AARON

It's called food.

JESSICA

Yuck.

Jessica pushes the plate away.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
I ain't hungry.

AARON
It's been weeks since you ate
anything.

Aaron pushes the plate back in front of Jessica.

AARON (CONT'D)
Now eat and shut up.

JESSICA
Yah know, I don't remember you
being so pushy while we were
growing up.

AARON
You never needed it then. You were
too busy being a star.

JESSICA
I was not.

AARON
You were. You insisted Loretta Lynn
was nothing next to you.

JESSICA
Did not.

AARON
That and ugly Jimmy Landers that
you used to date.

JESSICA
Now that was ugly.

AARON
A stray dog wouldn't even sniff his
butt.

Jessica throws a piece of toast at Aaron.

JESSICA
Stop.

AARON
It's the truth. And you could use
his nose as a bottle opener.
Nostrils on that boy.

JESSICA

He could suck up an entire bed of flowers.

Aaron and Jessica begin to laugh uncontrollably.

AARON

He gave butt ugly a new meaning.

JESSICA

You didn't do much better.

They point at each other.

JESSICA & AARON

Roseanne "Copperhead" Fanns.

JESSICA

That was one scary girl. Even the football players wouldn't go near her. She could arm wrestle them all and win.

AARON

She was such a tomboy.

JESSICA

Tomboy my ass. She was a man in drag.

AARON

Aahh, that she wasn't.

Surprised pause.

JESSICA

You didn't?

AARON

(embarrassed)
No, but she tried.

JESSICA

What do you mean "she tried?"

AARON

I'm not all together unattractive.

JESSICA

Now I'm confused.

AARON

Thanks.

JESSICA

No. I mean, I thought she married that council woman and created a stir.

AARON

She did. And now the council woman is a senator.

JESSICA

Lordie it's all too confusing to me.

AARON

You confuse easily. If you remember, I had to explain to you that a penis could be used for more than just peeing.

JESSICA

(blushing)

Well I'm sorry. I never got that in Sunday school. I wasn't given one at birth.

AARON

You made up for lost time once you discovered what you could do with one.

JESSICA

I'm only human, okay.

AARON

That you are. I wish you realized that.

Jessica looks at him, pain showing.

AARON (CONT'D)

You are my one and only big sister.

JESSICA

(nervously)

What's your point?

AARON

Welcome home.

JESSICA

How come ya quit playing your guitar? You was so good.

AARON

Oh, I don't know. Got sorta side tracked with you and Alan and Matthew

Long silence as Jessica begins to tear up.

JESSICA

I miss him so much. He was my only baby. Everything is so empty and blank without him.

AARON

There's a whole world out there Jess.

JESSICA

(crying)

You just don't get it do you? He was my reason for getting up in the morning. He was my reason for smiling. He was my reason for holidays. He was life itself.

AARON

You still have Alan. It hurts him too.

JESSICA

Obviously not. Two weeks after I put my baby into the ground he went on tour leaving me alone.

AARON

Jess, you are not alone.

JESSICA

Without Matthew I am.

Aaron gets up and crosses to the back door.

AARON

It's clear that I don't exist in your world.

JESSICA

Damn it Aaron. You know what I'm saying.

AARON

No I don't. Why don't you fill me in on your little world.

JESSICA

For three years the two of you acted like I wasn't around. You spent more time with my husband than I did. The only thing you didn't do was sleep in the same bed.

Frozen pause.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Or maybe you did.

AARON

You spoiled bitch. Don't dump your broken marriage in my corner. You did that one all on your own.

JESSICA

Aaron...oh god. I didn't mean that.

AARON

Yes you did. Every word of it.

Aaron punches the screen door open and bounds out the door.

Jessica, frustrated and crying, grabs at anything within her reach, throwing dishes and food in all directions.

INT. TAYLOR LIVING ROOM - THAT EVENING

Jessica enters, crossing to the television, PICKING UP A VIDEO TAPE, PLACING IT INTO THE VCR.

THE VIDEO PLAYS OF MATTHEW PLAYING AT THE BEACH WITH JESSICA HOLDING THE CAMERA.

AFTER WATCHING THE VIDEO AND WEEPING, JESSICA OPENS A SMALL DRAWER REVEALING A HAND GUN.

INT. WORKOUT ROOM IN GARAGE

Aaron is heatedly working out to let out his pain, frustration and anger. Sweat pours off of his shirtless body.

INT. TAYLOR LIVING ROOM

Jessica sits watching the video.

POV: TELEVISION SCREEN LEVEL WITH GUN IN VIEW.

THE GUN IS LIFTED OUT OF VIEW.

INT. WORKOUT ROOM IN GARAGE

Aaron jumps up from lying on the bench press WHEN HE HEARS THE SHOT.

EXT. TAYLOR HOUSE REAR

Aaron bolts out of the workroom in a frantic run towards the back door of the house.

INT. TAYLOR LIVING ROOM

Aaron flies into the room but freezes.

The video is still playing.

EXT. CEMETERY GRAVE SIGHT - FOUR DAYS LATER

It is a cloudy afternoon as people are leaving the grave sight after services. Alan is clinging to Aaron as they remain standing at the grave.

POV: CAMERA MOVES TO THE DUAL HEADSTONES READING "MATTHEW AND JESSICA."

INT. TAYLOR LIVING ROOM - LATER THAT EVENING

Aaron enters front door, looking around.

Alan is seated in a darkened living room in the SAME SUIT HE WORE TO THE FUNERAL.

AN ALMOST EMPTY WHISKY BOTTLE AND A HALF FULL BOTTLE OF TEQUILA ARE ON THE TABLE.

ALAN

Well brother-in-law come join the party. Refreshments are plentiful.

Aaron examines the two bottles on the table.

AARON

You're not gonna feel good in the morning. Especially mixing the two.

ALAN

I don't feel much now. It's odd how
a little brew and a couple of shots
and you just don't give a fuck.

Alan forces a laugh.

Aaron sits next to Alan.

ALAN (CONT'D)

You look dry boy.

Alan pours himself and Aaron a large shot. They clink glasses
and drink.

AARON

So what are your plans for the
tour?

ALAN

I thought I might rename it to the
"Black and Blue Tour."

Alan forces another laugh, holding up one of the bottles.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Or how about "The Whiskey River
Run?"

They both do another shot.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Or the "Tequila Sunset Tour."

AARON

You'll have to call it the "Toilet
Bowl Tour" if you keep doing the
rough shot mix.

ALAN

At least I'll have an echo.

AARON

That you will.

Alan pours more drinks for both.

AARON (CONT'D)

On that note I think it's time to
retire.

ALAN

Why should I retire? I have a tour
to finish.

Aaron stands on uneasy legs.

AARON
I meant me. Good night.

ALAN
Aaron.

AARON
Yeah?

ALAN
My home is yours. Forever.

AARON
Thanks. Go to bed.

Aaron turns and leaves.

INT. AARON'S ROOM

Aaron enters pulling off his shirt, closing the door. Sitting on the side of the bed he pulls off his boots.

On the BEDSTAND IS A WEDDING PICTURE OF ALAN AND JESSICA NEXT TO A PHOTO OF MATTHEW.

IT HAS BEGUN TO RAIN ON THE WINDOW.

Aaron stands, removing his levis leaving him in only tight white jockey briefs.

Aaron turns on a radio on the dresser then walks into the bathroom to begin brushing his teeth as the announcer on the station speaks.

FEMALE ANNOUNCER
And now we're going to play a song that has yet to be released. It is on a demo CD which is destined to become as immortal as Patsy Cline. Sung by an artist that we all said goodbye to, Jessica Taylor.

POV: FROM THE BEDROOM INTO THE BATHROOM DOORWAY.

Aaron is frozen in the mirror, tears falling from his eyes.

As JESSICA'S SONG PLAYS the RAIN AND THUNDER CONTINUE OUTSIDE.

Aaron, wiping the tears from his face, crosses to the rain splattered window trying to retain composure but losing.

Aaron speaks to himself.

AARON

God damn it. What do I do now? I can't hold him up too. I want you back. You're my big sister. You can't go.

Aaron loses control, his back against the window, sliding down to huddle himself in tears on the floor below the window.

INT. TAYLOR KITCHEN - MONTHS LATER

Alan is seated at the table in a tuxedo less the coat, having a drink.

Aaron enters in a tuxedo.

AARON

Okay big boy. The limo is waiting out front.

ALAN

I don't think this is a good idea.

AARON

Why not? You're a shoe in to win in every category. Best Song, Best Album, Best Video, Best Single and definitely Entertainer of the Year. Besides, I've already ordered the new shelves to put them on.

ALAN

You what? You are a certified fool.

AARON

I know. That's why you keep me around.

ALAN

No actually I keep you around to cook. And clean. Do my laundry...

AARON

And after tonight, to polish your awards.

Aaron helps Alan put on his coat.

AARON (CONT'D)

There we go.

Alan turns, placing both hands on Aaron's shoulder, staring at him.

AARON (CONT'D)

What?

ALAN

You really are like my own big brother.

Alan hugs the unsuspecting Aaron.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Thanks for being there. Thanks for wanting to be there.

Alan releases Aaron.

ALAN (CONT'D)

I'll be in the limo.

Aaron stands, dumb founded, with a hint of a tear in his eye.

INT. COUNTRY MUSIC AWARDS - THAT NIGHT

TWO NEWSCASTERS are talking on air.

NEWSCASTER 1

I think you're right. There will be a few surprises but the odds on favorite is Alan Taylor.

NEWSCASTER 2

He's more than the favorite. Rumor has it that many artists aren't even going to show up tonight because of the shoe-in vote.

NEWSCASTER 1

His single, "Tennessee Rough Shot" has been one of the most played songs in decades. His entire album has gone triple platinum and rings of down home drinking and lovin'.

NEWSCASTER 2

Oddly enough, we have less than five minutes to show time and have yet to see him arrive. There was rumors that he too would be a no show due to the horrible tragedies that have occurred in his family.

NEWSCASTER 1

Terrible. Just terrible. Loosing his wife and baby so close together must have been devastating to say the least. I would not be surprised if he has chosen to avoid the crowds that have formed in front of this evenings event.

The CROWD OFF-CAMERA goes wild in the distance.

NEWSCASTER 1 (CONT'D)

Well make me a liar.

NEWSCASTER 2

I believe that is quite easy to do at this point. If I'm not mistaken that is Alan Taylor stepping out of the limo that just pulled up.

Alan and Aaron walk the red carpet quickly, towards the auditorium.

NEWSCASTER 1

Mr Taylor. May we interrupt for a moment? We are still live.

ALAN

Why sure. But only for a moment. This things getting ready to start.

NEWSCASTER 1

Is it true that "Tennessee Rough Shot" was written about a place you used to frequent in your early years?

NEWSCASTER 2

A place that involved some heavy drinking?

ALAN

Well, I believe the best music is written about what you know. If a little shanty house is what you know best, write about it. If driving a rig cross country is what you know, write about it. But if hard nights of drinking in a local honky tonk is what you know about, don't admit to it. Enjoy the show and thank you.

Alan and Aaron turn and walk into the auditorium.

AARON
Ooohh, did you get out of that one.
I'm proud of you big boy.

ALAN
As I said, write about but don't
admit it.

They throw an arm around each other and march, laughing, into the auditorium.

INT. COUNTRY MUSIC AWARDS - BACKSTAGE

Alan and Aaron enter and are greeted by Bill.

BILL
I'm glad you decided to show up.

ALAN
Well I had to make a proper
entrance didn't I?

AARON
That you did.

BILL
Don't encourage him.

Aaron raises his hands in surrender.

AARON
Far be it for me.

BILL
Yeah right.

Bill leads them towards the auditorium.

BILL (CONT'D)
So, you two are seated on the
aisle, row six to the left. And
remember, keep your acceptance
speeches to a bare minimum or
you'll look like a fool trying to
talk over the cut off music.

ALAN
You two are acting like I could win
or something.

Bill stops walking.

BILL

Alan, you've had three singles go number one this year from your first CD going triple platinum and your second CD is dropping this week already number two in pre-sales.

AARON

I told you we need a second garage.

BILL

Excuse me?

ALAN

A second garage. We ran out of room on the first CD.

BILL

Excuse me?

AARON

Oh, Alan. He doesn't understand.

Alan and Aaron exchange looks.

ALAN

Do you want to?

AARON

No I think you should.

ALAN

But it was your idea.

AARON

But I could not have done it without you.

ALAN

You're so kind.

BILL

(aggravated)
Tell me what?

ALAN

You see, I make the CD and Aaron buys them. From all over the state.

BILL

Excuse me?

AARON

Sure. That's what's in the first garage. Cases of CDs.

Pause as Aaron and Alan smile wryly at each other.

Bill finally gets the joke.

BILL

You two are both certifiable. Why do I put up with this. Fucking nuts.

Bill walks away from them.

AARON

I told you he would lose it.

Alan and Aaron laugh then walk into the main auditorium.

INT. COUNTRY MUSIC AWARDS - DURING AWARDS PROGRAM

Alan and Aaron are seated sixth row on the aisle.

Country Music Awards program is in full swing with a presenter on stage.

GUEST PRESENTER 1

And the Country Music Award for Single of the Year goes to...Alan Taylor for Honky Tonk Player.

CUT TO:

INT. WINNERS CIRCLE

POV: SINGLE PHOTOS OF ALAN HOLDING HIS AWARD.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. COUNTRY MUSIC AWARDS - DURING AWARDS PROGRAM

Alan and Aaron are seated sixth row on the aisle.

Country Music Awards program is in full swing with a presenter on stage.

GUEST PRESENTER 2
And the Country Music Award for
Song of the Year goes to...Alan
Taylor for Honky Tonk Player.

CUT TO:

INT. WINNERS CIRCLE

POV: SINGLE PHOTOS OF ALAN HOLDING HIS TWO AWARDS.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. COUNTRY MUSIC AWARDS - DURING AWARDS PROGRAM

Alan and Aaron are seated sixth row on the aisle.

Country Music Awards program is in full swing with a
presenter on stage.

GUEST PRESENTER 3
And the Country Music Award for
Album of the Year goes to...Alan
Taylor for Tennessee Rough Shot.

CUT TO:

INT. WINNERS CIRCLE

POV: SINGLE PHOTOS OF ALAN HOLDING HIS THREE AWARDS.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. COUNTRY MUSIC AWARDS - DURING AWARDS PROGRAM

Alan and Aaron are seated sixth row on the aisle.

Country Music Awards program is in full swing with a
presenter on stage.

GUEST PRESENTER 4
And the Country Music Award for
Male Vocalist of the Year ... Alan
Taylor.

CUT TO:

INT. WINNERS CIRCLE

POV: SINGLE PHOTOS OF ALAN HOLDING HIS FOUR AWARDS.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. COUNTRY MUSIC AWARDS - DURING AWARDS PROGRAM

Alan and Aaron are seated sixth row on the aisle.

Country Music Awards program is in full swing with a presenter on stage.

GUEST PRESENTER 5

And the Country Music Award for
Music Video of the Year goes
to...Alan Taylor for Tennessee
Rough Shot.

CUT TO:

INT. WINNERS CIRCLE

POV: SINGLE PHOTOS OF ALAN HOLDING HIS FIVE AWARDS.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. COUNTRY MUSIC AWARDS - DURING AWARDS PROGRAM

Alan and Aaron are seated sixth row on the aisle.

Country Music Awards program is in full swing with a presenter on stage.

GUEST PRESENTER 6

And the Country Music Award for
Entertainer of the Year goes
to...Alan Taylor.

CUT TO:

INT. WINNERS CIRCLE

POV: SINGLE PHOTOS OF ALAN HOLDING HIS SIX AWARDS.

INT. COUNTRY MUSIC AWARDS - DURING AWARDS PROGRAM

Alan and Aaron are seated sixth row on the aisle.

Country Music Awards program is in full swing with a presenter on stage.

GUEST PRESENTER FEMALE 7

The Horizon Award is given to the new comer of the year. It goes to that fresh entertainer that is crossing that horizon of their career and this year all three nominees are woman. There is a god and she is watching tonight. This years nominees are Tina Hunt, Naomi Jefferson and Jessica Taylor. And the winner is...

She fumbles with the envelope, opens it then places both hands together in prayer leans into the microphone.

GUEST PRESENTER FEMALE 7 (CONT'D)

Jessica Taylor.

The audience goes ballistic.

Alan and Aaron sit in shock in their seats, then hug in tears.

Alan goes onto the stage with tears in his eyes and is handed the award.

ALAN

I thought I was prepared for anything tonight. I was wrong. You've given me something from your hearts. All of you. Jessica's here next to me. I feel it. She gave her all while she was with us and her love and music will live on in all of our hearts. Especially mine. Each and every one of you, thank you.

Alan steps back, holding up the award, acknowledging the standing ovation.

INT. BACKSTAGE MEN'S ROOM

Alan enters, haggard, crossing to the sink and large mirror. After washing his face he pulls out a flask and take several swigs.

Saluting the mirror with the flask, he grins.

ALAN

Well, darling, we did it. We did it big.

Aaron enters the room, giving Alan a serious hug.

AARON
You okay?

ALAN
Better then okay.

AARON
Ready to meet the press?

ALAN
No but, we'll never get out without
doing it.

AARON
Let's go.

ALAN
Look. Do me a favor. I really need
some down time. Get Bill to give
you a ride?

AARON
(puzzled)
Sure. Anything. Are you sure...

ALAN
I'm sure. I'm cool.

Alan exits room leaving Aaron confused and just a bit
worried.

INT. LIMO

The limo is driving through rural Nashville.

Alan is drunk talking to the driver.

ALAN
We need to celebrate. I actually
won.

LIMO DRIVER
You sure did Mr. Taylor. You appear
to have already been celebrating.

ALAN
Aww shit. I'm just getting started.
I need a few party girls.

LIMO DRIVER
I don't know if that's....

ALAN

Even one will do. Let's go. Let's find a party place.

LIMO DRIVER

I don't think that's a good idea.

Alan is looking out the window.

ALAN

Here's a fun looking place.

LIMO DRIVER

Are you sure you wanna go in there?

ALAN

Stop. Just stop. Time to party.

EXT. BLUE RENDEZVOUS PARKING LOT

The limo pulls into the lot in front of the bar that HAS A SMALL HOTEL BEHIND IT.

Alan gets out of the rear of the limo.

ALAN

Wait here. I won't be long.

Alan walks into the bar.

The Limo Driver PICKS UP A CELL PHONE, PLACING A CALL, WHILE LOOKING AROUND AT THE BLUE RENDEZVOUS.

INT. BLUE RENDEZVOUS

A typical sleazy country western style bar with a jukebox playing a selection of country western hits.

An OLDER FEMALE BARTENDER is behind the bar with A SPATTER OF CUSTOMERS IN THE BAR.

TANYA, 40ish looking to have had a hard life trying to be attractive, is being served by the bartender.

Alan sits several stools down, acknowledging Tanya.

BARTENDER

How yah doing?
(recognizing Alan)
Aren't you...

Alan holds up his hand to stop her.

ALAN

You don't tell anyone and I won't.
Deal?

BARTENDER

Deal. What can I get you?

It's on the house tonight.

ALAN

Johnny red with a chase.

BARTENDER

You got it.

The Bartender POURS THE FIRST SHOT AND OPENS A BEER.

Alan downs the shot pointing to the empty glass and the
Bartender refills the shot glass.

TANYA

Ooh cowboy. Either you've been on
the range too long or you're
drinking to forget something.

ALAN

And here I thought I was drinkin'
just to be drinkin'.

TANYA

I guess that makes two of us.

Alan and Tanya smile at each other, raising their glasses in
salute.

INT. BLUE RENDEZVOUS - ONE HOUR LATER

Alan and Tanya are now seated near the jukebox in a small
booth.

The bartender brings over another round of drinks.

TANYA

I don't find it too different. I
mean most people out here are okay.
Nothing like Kansas or Nebraska,
but okay. What about you?

ALAN

What about me?

TANYA

Exactly. What about you?

ALAN

What about me? What about me and you?

Alan leans into Tanya wanting to kiss her.

ALAN (CONT'D)

What about me and you?

TANYA

What about me and you?

ALAN

I think it would be a much better topic, me on you.

TANYA

Now that sounds intriguing. What did you have in mind?

ALAN

How 'bout we improvise?

TANYA

Look. I have a room next door and if you're a good boy I just might tuck you in.

Alan kisses Tanya.

ALAN

You got a deal.

TANYA

Last drink is on me.

Tanya gets up from the booth then, catches the bartender's eye.

The bartender pours another round of drinks THEN DROPS A POWDERED DRUG INTO ALAN'S DRINK.

The Bartender slips a small packet to Tanya who slips it into her pocket.

Tanya takes the drinks to the table.

TANYA (CONT'D)

Bottoms up.

Alan and Tanya both down their drink.

EXT. BLUE RENDEZVOUS REAR EXIT

POV: FROM A DISTANCE

Alan and Tanya clammer out of the bar arm in arm CARRYING SEVERAL BOTTLES OF BEER. Walking down the walkway of the motel they get to room six, stopping to kiss and grope at the door.

POV: FROM THE FRONT OF THE LIMO AS THE DRIVER WATCHES.

The limo driver picks up a cell phone, dialing.

Alan and Tanya stumble into room six.

INT. BLUE RENDEZVOUS ROOM SIX

Tanya and Alan enter the room.

Tanya removes her blouse.

TANYA

Is this a little more comfortable
for you?

ALAN

I didn't think comfort had anything
to do with those.

Alan grabs her breasts and begins sucking on one, then Tanya pulls his head up.

TANYA

I think you need to lose these.

Tanya pulls at his belt.

ALAN

Yes ma'am.

Alan gets naked.

ALAN (CONT'D)

I need to water the horses.

TANYA

The trough is in there.

Tanya points to the bathroom.

ALAN

Thank you ma'am.

Alan goes into the bathroom and closes the door.

Tanya removes her clothes and THE PACKET FROM HER POCKET, opens the two beers, POURING THE PACKET INTO ONE OF THEM.

TANYA THEN LIFTS ALAN'S PANTS REMOVING HIS WALLET AND CASH, STICKING THEM INTO HER PURSE ON THE TABLE.

Tanya turns and hands the beer to Alan as he comes out of the bathroom.

TANYA

Now that the horse has been watered, how bout you?

ALAN

Whew, ain't that a sight for sore eyes.

Alan takes a long swig on the beer.

Tanya leads Alan to the bed, sitting him down, she kneels in front of him.

TANYA

Now how about a little southern hospitality guaranteed to raise any confederate flag.

Tanya smiles and slides her head down into his lap.

Alan finishes his beer and falls backward.

ALAN

Oh my god.

EXT. BLUE RENDEZVOUS ROOM SIX

Two police cars and ambulance, lights flashing, are parked outside room six along with the limo.

TWO PARAMEDICS come out of the room pushing a stretcher with Alan on it, hooked to I V's and oxygen.

The limo driver is talking to POLICE OFFICERS.

When the ambulance pulls away the limo follows.

INT. INTENSIVE CARE UNIT - DAYS LATER

CAMERA IS FOCUSED ON THE HEART MONITOR THEN SLOWLY PANS DOWN THE LINE REVEALING ALL OF THE I V LINES IN ALAN'S ARMS THEN TO THE RESPIRATOR MOVING UP AND DOWN.

CAMERA PANS TO AARON, DOSING UNCOMFORTABLY IN THE HOSPITAL CHAIR NEXT TO ALAN'S BED.

Aaron is disheveled, unshaven, looking exhausted.

DR WILLIAM POWERS, 35 and very masculine, enters, gently shaking Aaron.

Aaron startles awake.

DR POWERS
Whoa! It's only the doctor.

AARON
Sorry doc. I guess I dozed off.

DR POWERS
I should say so.

Dr Powers looks through Alan's chart.

DR POWERS (CONT'D)
You've been here three days
straight with no break. The nurses
tell me you walk the halls all
night like a zombie.

Dr Powers LOOKS OVER HIS GLASSES to see if Aaron is listening.

DR POWERS (CONT'D)
Before long we're gonna have to
make room for you on this floor.
You can't hold up much longer.

AARON
I'm fine. Someone has to be here
when he wakes up.

DR POWERS
Aaron, as I told you, the stroke
may have done damage. The drug
cocktail he was given was quite
sufficient to do brain damage by
itself let alone adding a stroke.

AARON
I know what you said, but he'll
come out of this.
(teary eyed)
He's gotta. I'm selfish. I'm not
letting go. He's my family.

DR POWERS

Well, we'll see. In the mean time
you get some rest and something to
eat or you're out of here. Doctor's
orders.

Dr Powers pats Aaron on the shoulder then leaves the room.

Aaron turns and takes Alan's hand, holding it to his face,
tears running across Alan's hand.

AARON

(whispering)

I'm not letting go big fella and
don't you forget it.

POV: CAMERA MOVES TO A CLOSE-UP OF ALAN'S FACE.

INT. INTENSIVE CARE UNIT - LATER

Aaron sits quietly strumming a melody on a guitar, quietly
singing, sitting in the chair with the room darkened.

Alan starts to stir but is restricted by the ventilator.

AARON STARTS AWAKE AS ALAN THRASHES HIS ONE HAND THAT IS NOT
RESTRAINED, SETTING OFF ALARMS.

AARON

ALAN! STOP!

AARON SLAMS THE PANIC BUTTON WITH HIS OPEN FIST.

AARON (CONT'D)

ALAN! IT'S OKAY! RELAX. IT'S AARON.
I'M HERE BUDDY!

TWO ICU NURSES dart into the room.

NURSE ONE, LIZZIE, begins cutting alarms off.

NURSE TWO prepares an injection, putting it into Alan's I V
line.

Alan begins to calm as the drug take effect. His eyes weak
but looking at Aaron, who has tears in his eyes.

AARON (CONT'D)

It's okay buddy. I'm here to stay.
As long as it takes.

Alan drifts off.

Dr Powers enters.

DR POWERS

(to Alan)

Well. Seems like you want to go jogging. Relax Aaron. This is a good sign. Very good.

AARON

Why did he go nuts like that?

DR POWERS

He's fighting the breathing tube. We gave him a sedative to relax his gag reflex and to calm him down. He'll sleep for a bit so get something to eat.

Aaron looks painfully at Alan then leaves the room.

INT. HOSPITAL CAFETERIA

Aaron passes through the line selecting food items onto his tray, paying at the cashier, then moves to a table in the corner.

As Aaron starts to eat he begins to sob.

INT. INTENSIVE CARE UNIT - ONE WEEK LATER

Lizzie is checking Alan's vitals.

Alan's breathing tubes have been removed but he is groggy.

Aaron enters room carrying A CD PLAYER AND HEADPHONES.

LIZZIE

Hey sunshine.

AARON

How's our boy doing?

LIZZIE

Stable and strong.

Dr. Powers enters.

Lizzie exits.

DR POWERS

Looks like he's returned to us.

AARON
Sure hope so.

Alan stirs with eyes closed.

ALAN
Don't talk like I'm not here.

DR POWERS
For a while you almost weren't.
How's the leg?

ALAN
Still pretty numb with a little
tingling in the toes.

AARON
Great. That's great. Right?

ALAN
Get me outa here.

DR POWERS
Soon enough.

ALAN
You got less than a week.

Aaron looks frustrated at Dr Powers.

Alan turns his head and closes his eyes.

INT. WORKOUT ROOM IN GARAGE - TWO WEEKS LATER

Aaron is re-arranging weights, etc.

TWO DELIVERY MEN ENTER HEFTING A SECOND PHYSICAL THERAPY
PULLEY SYSTEM BENCH WITH LEG AND CALF ATTACHMENTS.

AARON
That goes against the far wall. No.
Put it right next to the other one
facing the mirrors.

The delivery men place the unit and exit.

A THIRD, VERY HANDSOME DELIVERY MAN enters CARRYING TWO LARGE
GREEN EXERCISE BALLS.

DELIVERY MAN 3
Where do you want your balls?

AARON
Preferably left attached.

DELIVERY MAN 3
Sweet pea, if they are this big and
this color you have a major medical
problem.

AARON
They're more blue than green.

DELIVERY MAN 3
Ah, that's a personal problem and
can be dealt with.

Delivery Man 3 winks then exits.

Aaron is a little thrown by the delivery mans acknowledgement
of Aaron's hidden thoughts.

Delivery Man 3 re-enters, surprising Aaron, then lip locks
Aaron. Sexual heat explodes around them.

INT. ALAN'S BEDROOM - THAT EVENING

Alan stirs in his bed HEARING A GUITAR BEING PLAYED.
Struggling he pulls himself out of the bed into a wheel chair
then wheels himself to the window, peering out seeing Aaron
in the porch swing, smiling and going to town on the guitar.

Alan is amazed and amused.

INT. WORKOUT ROOM IN GARAGE - NEXT AFTERNOON.

Alan is on one of the physical therapy benches with Aaron
DIRECTING the physical therapy and doing the same exercises
as Alan on the second unit.

AARON
Two, three, four.

Alan winces in pain.

ALAN
Wait. Wait.

AARON
No waiting big guy. You gotta push
through it.

ALAN
NO! Wait!

Alan drops the weights, stopping their workout.

Aaron is worried but his mind is working hard on how to get Alan motivated.

INT. WORKOUT ROOM IN GARAGE - NEXT MORNING

AARON IS RIGGING EACH OF THE LEG MACHINES TO A ROPE AND PULLEY THAT EXTENDS OVER THE TOP OF THE MACHINE, UP TO THE CEILING, ACROSS TO THE MIRRORED WALL AND DOWN TO TWO FRAMED BOXES HE HAS MOUNTED TO THE GLASS WITH SLIDING DOORS THAT WILL MOVE UP AND DOWN VIA THE ROPES.

INT. WORKOUT ROOM IN GARAGE - THAT AFTERNOON

Aaron positions Alan in the leg lift machine.

AARON

Okay. Today is something new.

ALAN

About time.

AARON

Exercises are the same but with a little payoff.

ALAN

(sarcastically)

What? Do I get a dog biscuit each time I do one?

AARON

No, but that will be next.

Aaron sits in the second unit, demonstrating his new reward system.

AARON (CONT'D)

Now watch. Each time you do the leg lifts the pulley will move the rope which is attached to the door on the box.

Aaron lifts his legs, pulling the rope, lifting the door REVEALING A PHOTO OF JESSICA.

ALAN

Whoa.

AARON

The key is that you have to be able
to do a complete lift or the door
will not open.

Alan tries several times but does not complete a full lift.
His door does not open.

ALAN

Shit.

AARON

Come on. Push it. You know you got
it.

Alan is sweating but pushes harder.

AARON (CONT'D)

Come on! Push it!

Alan struggles but gets the lift right and the door finally
slides open, REVEALING A PHOTO OF MATTHEW.

Alan starts to tear, looking at Aaron.

ALAN

Matty.

Alan reaches over, grabbing Aaron around the neck in a teary,
loving hug.

INT. WORKOUT ROOM IN GARAGE

MONTAGE OF SCENES OF ALAN AND AARON DOING INTENSE PHYSICAL
THERAPY TOGETHER.

INT. TAYLOR KITCHEN - FOUR WEEKS LATER

Alan is seated at the table in an unseen wheel chair.

Aaron is doing dishes.

POV: THROUGH THE KITCHEN WINDOW AN SUV PULLS UP DRIVEN BY
KARIN FROM THE MARKET/BAKERY.

AARON

And here it is now. Perfect timing.

EXT. TAYLOR BACK PORCH

Aaron comes out the back screen door.

KARIN

The cake is in the back. You're gonna love it.

Karin opens rear of SUV revealing a GUITAR SHAPED CAKE with "HAPPY BIRTHDAY ALAN" written on it.

AARON

Fantastic. You really are the best for delivering this. He'll flip.

KARIN

He better. Chocolate mint and no problem.

Karin begins to unload bags of groceries.

Aaron grabs hold of the cake.

AARON

I'll slip this in the pantry while he's not looking.

INT. TAYLOR KITCHEN

Karin enters, keeping Alan's attention on her, not Aaron coming in with the cake.

KARIN

Good morning sunshine.

Alan looks up FROM THE MAGAZINE HE IS READING, only partially connecting to her conversation due to depression.

ALAN

Oh, hey.

KARIN

What no smiles?

Aaron enters from pantry and starts to help Karin put away groceries.

AARON

You ain't gonna get him away from his new magazines. Keeps him up on industry info you know.

KARIN

That's good.

ALAN

I wish you wouldn't talk like I'm
not in the room.

Alan wheels himself out of the room.

KARIN

I didn't mean...

AARON

It's okay. He's been real touchy
ever since he came home. Least
little thing can set him off.

Aaron leans over the sink.

AARON (CONT'D)

I can't even get him to do his
physical therapy some times. He
gets pissed off if I even suggest
it.

KARIN

I'm sorry. I don't know what to
say.

AARON

No. I'm sorry. Thanks for bringing
this stuff out. It'll be great.

Aaron and Karin exit to the porch.

EXT. TAYLOR BACK PORCH

Aaron and Karin step onto the porch.

Aaron reaches into his pocket.

KARIN

Don't worry. It's all on your tab
including a big tip.

Aaron hands her a HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL.

AARON

That's for the gas and mileage.

Karin begins to step off the porch but stops, turning back
to Aaron.

KARIN

I don't know how you do it.

AARON
It's what family does.

Aaron watches Karin drive off then goes back into the house.

INT. TAYLOR LIVING ROOM

Alan is trying to get the TV remote control to work.

AARON
Try hitting it with the base of
your hand. It jiggles the batteries
or something.

Alan tosses the remote onto the sofa.

ALAN
You should warn a person before you
sneak up on them.

AARON
Sorry. Didn't mean to sneak up on
you.

Aaron picks up the remote, hitting it on the palm of his
hand, points it at the tv and the tv comes on.

AARON (CONT'D)
Told you.

ALAN
Ain't nothing on worth watching.

AARON
No and there won't be as long as
you...

ALAN
As long as I what? Huh? It's been a
bad year. Sorry if tv don't cut it.

AARON
Stop it Alan. I would do anything
for you but I haven't had such a
good year either. Remember?

ALAN
Maybe you'd like to trade places?
No? Thought not.

AARON
I'd trade places in a heart beat if
I could.

(MORE)

AARON (CONT'D)

I'd trade places if I could bring back Matthew. I'd trade places if I could bring back Jess. But I can't. And seeing you in that chair just hurts even more. It rips out my soul. But you're alive and breathing.

ALAN

You really think this is alive?

AARON

Yes. Very alive. And I'll be damned if I stand by and watch you shrivel up and die. I can't bury another one. I won't.

ALAN

Maybe you need to look at it from my view. Down here.

AARON

That's your choice now. All the doctors said you could regain full use of your leg with therapy. You won't even try.

ALAN

I'm not the same person I was.

AARON

No, you sure aren't. You seem to forget this thing didn't happen to just you. Jess was my only sister. Matthew was my only nephew. And you. You are all that's left for me. So think about something other than Alan for once! Life's not fair. For anyone!

Aaron storms from the room heading out to the workout room.

INT. WORKOUT ROOM IN GARAGE

Aaron bursts into the room with tears in his eyes, his resolve collapsing around him. Yanking off his shirt he vigorously wipes his head with it, attempting to rid himself of his feelings.

Aaron grabs two small hand weights and begins to exercise, again trying to rid himself of painful thoughts.

Pain and frustration overwhelms Aaron. He slams the weights into the wall mirrors to erase his image in the glass, shattering several of them.

His soul on fire Aaron ransacks whatever he can then slips into a corner in tears.

INT. TAYLOR LIVING ROOM

Close-up of Alan's tearful face. He has begun to crack.

ALAN HAS A VIDEO ON THE TELEVISION OF ONE YEAR AGO.

POV: VIDEO ON TELEVISION.

Alan and Matthew are seated around the kitchen table wearing party hats and streamers. The lights go out.

JESSICA ENTERS WITH A LARGE SHEET CAKE WITH "HAPPY BIRTHDAY MATTHEW" ON ONE SIDE AND FOUR BURNING CANDLES AND "HAPPY BIRTHDAY ALAN" AND MANY BURNING CANDLES ON THE OTHER SIDE.

Jessica and Aaron, who is holding the camera, start singing "HAPPY BIRTHDAY."

AARON

Okay Matthew you can make a wish
and blow real hard. You too Alan.

Alan and Matthew are laughing as they blow out the candles.

MATTHEW

Did you make a wish daddy?

ALAN

Sure did cowboy. But don't tell
anyone your wish. Then it might
come true.

MATTHEW

I want a guitar like yours daddy.

JESSICA

Well let's see.

Jessica hands Matthew a large wrapped box.

Matthew tears at the paper revealing a guitar.

MATTHEW

It works. I got what I wished for.

JESSICA
You did? Well fancy that.

MATTHEW
What'd you wish for daddy?

JESSICA
Yah daddy. What did you wish for?

Jessica sits on Alan's lap.

ALAN
Maybe a little brother or sister
for Matthew to play with.

Jessica gets up uncomfortably and starts serving the cake.

JESSICA
(to Matthew)
How 'bout some cake?

INT. WORKOUT ROOM IN GARAGE - PRESENT

Aaron is still slumped in the corner, weeping quietly.

Bill enters, surveying Aaron's wrath of broken mirrors, etc.

Bill gives him a look.

AARON
I'm done. When did you get here?

BILL
I saw you bolt from the house.
Didn't think you wanted to be
bothered so I waited in the car.

AARON
Thanks.

BILL
Maybe it's time to cut your loses.
It's only gonna get harder.
Especially for Alan. Let go of the
noose around his neck. Don't hold
him back.

Aaron looks up confused.

AARON
Hold him back?

BILL

Eventually he's gonna jump back into the saddle. It might take a while but he's got to be riding the right horse.

Aaron gets up, grabbing a towel to wipe his face.

AARON

What the fuck are you gettin' at Bill? It's been a rough day. I ain't got the energy.

BILL

Exactly. When Alan comes back on the circuit he's gotta look, well, unscathed.

AARON

Unscathed. Hasn't he gone through a enough public issues to make unscathed a little ridiculous?

BILL

Not when it comes to your living here with him.

Aaron freezes. Knowing.

AARON

I've lived here for over five years.

BILL

While your sister was here. People saw it different.

AARON

Saw what different, Bill? Get to it.

BILL

Look, lifestyles aren't my concern. Unless they affect Alan.

Aaron is awe stricken. Nervously laughing.

AARON

I forgot. His drinking, drugs and, oh and the hookers slipping him a mickey and rolling him, are not scathing. They're his badge of honor.

BILL

We're talking Nashville Tennessee here. Not Hollywood or New York. It ain't the same. The slightest perception.....

AARON

Of what? Carnal impropriety? Of the wrong type?

BILL

Aaron your treading on dangerous ground. This is bible country. His fans go to church every Sunday. They can't accept certain ways of living or even the appearance of it.

AARON

We can't step on that can we.

BILL

Most people don't live like you.

Aaron is becoming almost nauseous with the conversation.

AARON

That's right. These are people that are told to, no, taught to judge. Taught to hate in the name of their personal one and only god. And only they can say who is allowed to exist on earth. I got news for you. From all of the requirements that are handed down, in such detail, it appears to me this god of theirs has some major obsessive compulsive issues of his own to deal with.

BILL

You can't change what his fans think. This is about what is gonna be best for Alan. Not about your issues. Take a breath. If the country music industry even thinks there is anything going on between you and Alan, he's through. He won't be able to sing karaoke on open mike night anywhere. Rumors alone have caused more panic in artists than you can imagine. I personally have had to arrange more than one marriage to appease a situation.

(MORE)

BILL (CONT'D)

And don't hit me with K D Lang.
She's not country and never was.
She's just...well...K D Lang.

Aaron's resolve is breaking down.

BILL (CONT'D)

This is about Alan, not fighting
your fight.

Aaron lets out a deep breath with tearing eyes. One more blow
to handle.

AARON

I know. I know.

BILL

You gotta move on. Let him come
back without any chance of taking
another hit.

AARON

Yeah. I get it.

Aaron pulls A BOTTLE OF WATER OUT OF A SMALL REFRIGERATOR,
TAKING A LARGE SWALLOW.

AARON (CONT'D)

Let's get through the birthday
thing first.

BILL

Make it smooth and quick.

AARON

I get you!

Bill exits, leaving Aaron to vent his anger and frustration
on his water bottle.

INT. TAYLOR KITCHEN

Bill, Aaron and Alan are eating dinner at the table.

BILL

Look, Alan, the label is fine with
you taking as much time as you
needed.

ALAN

I don't think they have much of a
choice.

BILL

True. They could cancel your contract.

AARON

That would be stupid.

BILL

Again, true. If they did every other label would scramble to sign you. How's the therapy going?

AARON

Not at all.

BILL

Maybe it's time to get you some real help. We need to get you out of that chair and into the studio.

ALAN

I can go to a studio in this chair if I wanted to go.

BILL

Then let's do it. It's time to clean things up and....

Bill side eyes Aaron.

BILL (CONT'D)

Get you back into the market. Hell, if we do it right we can use your recovery for a few more awards.

AARON

Maybe Bill is right. You need someone better trained to help you.

ALAN

(to Bill)

I got what I need. I just don't need what you want.

Aaron gets up, starting to clear the table.

BILL

Well it's time you look at your needs from another angle. It's hard enough to make a comeback in Nashville. You have an advantage. So far, what you've been through has been out of your control. For the most part.

AARON

You could do a whole album on what you've been through.

BILL

Exactly. We need to get you by yourself, working on new tracks.

AARON

Yah, so you can focus. No distractions.

Alan looks at Bill and Aaron, confused.

ALAN

Are you two in cahoots or something?

Aaron exits into the pantry.

ALAN (CONT'D)

What are you up to Bill?

BILL

Just getting you back in the saddle on the right horse. Oh, and I've recently signed this new gal. Fantastic singer and what a looker. She recently separated from her husband. Her name's Jamie Lee. She'd be perfect for you.

Aaron enters with THE CAKE AND A BOX OF BIRTHDAY CANDLES, setting the cake in front of Alan and starting to PUT CANDLES IN THE LARGE PART OF THE GUITAR ON THE LEFT SIDE OF THE STRINGS.

ALAN

Will you look at that.

AARON

I don't think I have enough candles.

ALAN

Wait.

ALAN TAKES THE BOX OF CANDLES, REMOVES FIVE OF THEM, PLACING THEM ON THE RIGHT SIDE OF THE STINGS BY THEMSELVES, THEN LIGHTS THEM.

ALAN (CONT'D)

There. That's better.

ALAN LOOKS UP AND SUDDENLY SEE'S MATTHEW SITTING ACROSS FROM HIM WEARING A PARTY HAT, SMILING.

MATTHEW

What are you going to wish for daddy?

AARON (V.O.)

Alan? What are you going to wish for?

ALAN

Nothing.

AARON

You okay Alan?

ALAN

Couldn't be better.

BILL

Then you better blow out those candles before they melt the cake.

Alan BLOWS OUT HIS CANDLES then smiles, BLOWING OUT MATTHEW'S FIVE CANDLES.

ALAN

Happy birthday little man.

Aaron and Bill sing "HAPPY BIRTHDAY" to Alan.

Alan starts to pull out the candles, dropping one on the floor.

AARON

Let me get that.

ALAN

No. Let me.

Alan forces himself forward on his wheelchair, struggling to lean down and pick up the candle. Alan gets hold of the candle, then hands it to Aaron.

As Aaron takes the candle he has a tear in his eye.

INT. AARON'S ROOM - AFTER PARTY

Aaron is putting some PERSONAL ITEMS FROM HIS BATHROOM AND DRESSER INTO A SMALL SUITCASE AND CLOTHING INTO A LARGER SUITCASE.

AARON'S EMOTIONS ARE GUARDED AND PAINED.

CROSSING TO A SMALL CD PLAYER ON TOP OF HIS DRESSER HE INSERTS JESSICA'S CD, attempting to lift his spirits.

Aaron finally picks up ALAN AND JESSICA'S WEDDING PICTURE AND MATTHEW'S PICTURE from his night stand.

AARON

Jess, this one's for the big guy.
Time to get out of his way.

Aaron places the photos into the large suitcase. Closing both suitcases Aaron takes them, leaving the room.

INT. TAYLOR LIVING ROOM

Aaron comes from the hallway, looking into the living room. The tv is on.

Alan is sound asleep on the couch.

Aaron silently salutes Alan then slips out the front door.

INT. TAYLOR LIVING ROOM - NEXT MORNING

Alan stirs, waking up in the same position on the couch he fell asleep in last night. Painfully he tries to move, slowly.

ALAN

Aw, Jesus.

Alan pushes his way over to his wheelchair.

Sensing something different Alan wheels himself into a barren kitchen.

INT. TAYLOR KITCHEN

The kitchen is quiet. No coffee brewing. No breakfast cooking and most of all, NO AARON.

Alan wheels himself to Aaron's room only to find Aaron has left.

After an emotional confused moment Alan wheels back to the kitchen.

INT. TAYLOR KITCHEN

Alan tries to do things around the kitchen, make coffee, get breakfast out of the refrigerator, etc, with poor luck. The chair inhibits his movements and his mood.

Knock at back door.

ALAN

Damn thing's open.

Bill enters, looking around at the mild destruction.

BILL

Thought I'd come by. Take you for a little ride.

ALAN

I'm a little busy here if you hadn't noticed.

BILL

Don't worry. I'll have a new housekeeper come in tomorrow.

ALAN

You knew Aaron was leaving?

A light dawns on Alan.

ALAN (CONT'D)

You son-of-a-bitch. You'll do anything for a buck, won't you?

BILL

What did you want me to do? Aaron told me yesterday he couldn't do it anymore. He's on burn out. And so are you. You both need a change. Some fresh air too. Come on.

Bill pushes Alan's chair out the back door.

EXT. TAYLOR BACK PORCH

Bill wheels Alan out the back door, down the porch ramp to Bill's SUV.

ALAN

Can I at least put some clothes on?

BILL

What are you wearing?

ALAN
I slept in these.

BILL
Don't matter.

ALAN
Ain't had no breakfast either.

BILL
We'll get donuts on the way.

Bill helps Alan into the passenger side of the SUV, putting the wheelchair in the rear.

POV: IN THE BACKGROUND IS THE OPEN WINDOW OF THE GARAGE WORKOUT ROOM. THE WIND APPEARS TO STIR THE CURTAIN TO ONE SIDE AND BACK.

Bill enters the SUV and drives off.

INT. BILL'S SUV

ALAN
Where are we headed? Better be a beer involved.

BILL
Not unless you're buying.

EXT. RECORDING STUDIO

The SUV finally pulls up outside a Nashville Studio.

Bill exits SUV, crosses to rear retrieving Alan's wheelchair, then open's passenger door.

Alan is finishing a powdered donut.

ALAN
You're up to shit. I can smell it.

BILL
Very good. Come on.

INT. RECORDING STUDIO

Bill wheels Alan into the fully equipped studio.

BILL
Well? What do yah think?

ALAN
About what?

BILL
This is your new home.

ALAN
I ain't ready.

J R (O.C.)
(from sound booth)
I told you he wasn't the lead.

ALAN
Not like you could ever tell the
difference.

J R
Never had to before.

ALAN
Well things are different.

J R
I have some friends who want to say
hi.

Alan's band members enter through a side door, each crossing
to their respective instrument.

ALAN
Well, I'll be.

J R
That you will, my friend. I still
have a contract to complete.

ALAN
Bill, I thought we cancelled that
contract?

J R
Never happen sweet cheeks.

JR flips switches.

J R (CONT'D)
Tape's rollin'.

Bill pushes Alan to the piano.

Alan look to Bill.

ALAN

Told you you were up to shit.

BILL

There's nothin' sweeter.

The band starts with a lazy violin intro.

Alan doesn't respond.

Bill leans into Alan, whispering into Alan's ear.

BILL (CONT'D)

Get your ass in gear, Alan. We got
the Opry in four weeks whether
you're ready or not.

The band plays the intro again.

Alan begins the song slowly, cautiously, but as the song
progresses it picks up tempo and confidence.

They end the song, all laughing, except Alan.

Alan is not as pleased.

J R

Okay big guy. Let's try it again
with a little excitement.

Alan wheels himself out of the studio.

EXT. RECORDING STUDIO - FRONT ENTRANCE

Alan is in his chair holding his emotions in wanting to
scream.

Bill approaches.

BILL

You can't just walk out.

Alan gestures to his chair.

ALAN

Didn't walk.

BILL

We gotta rebuild your whole image
and we gotta start now before your
fans forget you or see something
different.

ALAN

What's wrong with my image? Drink too much? Whore too much? What?

BILL

It ain't that. You know fans. They're funny.

ALAN

Does Aaron leaving have anything to do with your rebuilding my image?

BILL

It was his choice. It didn't look good.

ALAN

That's right. It's all about looks. Isn't it more about how Bill looks at it? Isn't it about how Bill wants it to look? You don't care about how things look for me. You're worried about how they will affect you. I fall in Nashville and you lose.

BILL

When Nashville turns on you you'll know what it feels like.

A CAB VAN pulls up and Alan wheels towards it.

Alan pushes himself up by the handles of the wheelchair and STANDS, turning back to Bill.

ALAN

You see this? This was because of Aaron. I sure didn't see your ass at the hospital or working out with me. Not even once. If that tarnishes my image, by how it looks, then so be it. I'll take my fucking chances with Nashville. And what's left of my family.

Alan, with the help of the CAB VAN DRIVER, gets his chair and himself into the cab van.

The cab van drives off.

Bill is pissed.

INT. TAYLOR KITCHEN - THAT EVENING

Alan is again attempting to make himself dinner with a little more luck than breakfast but not much.

ALAN TURNS IN HIS CHAIR AND THE HANDLE KNOCKS A PLATE OFF OF THE TABLE ONTO THE FLOOR.

ALAN
God damn it!

AARON (O.C.)
Looks like you could use a good meal.

Alan is startled.

Aaron is leaning against the back door jam.

ALAN
I thought you split? Something about image rebuilding.

AARON
Got as far as the workout room and realized I didn't know where to go. I slept out there the last couple of nights. Saw the two of you leave earlier and you coming back in a cab. What happened?

ALAN
It seems I have, we have, an image problem in Nashville.

AARON
Is that what you think?

ALAN
Fuck em. Look. I don't know much about your....well, you being....

AARON
Queer? Faggot? Homo?

ALAN
My step brother with a different outlook on life and love. A man with hidden talents. We're a team.
(a pause)
I heard you out there last night around three this morning on your guitar.

AARON

I thought you'd be asleep.

ALAN

Hadn't slept since you left. Look, if Bill don't like it we can always piss him off even more and go out as a brother act. Tour the country. Make a fortune, leaving out his fifteen percent of course. I get to sing lead though.

AARON

That's only cause I'll be outa breath from pushing your ass out on stage.

ALAN

That's cause I'll be malnourished from not eatin' properly.

Aaron smiles.

AARON

Time for dinner.

Aaron starts cleaning up.

INT. TAYLOR LIVING ROOM - AFTER DINNER

Aaron walks up to Alan, handing him a beer, then sits on the sofa.

Alan keeps strumming for a minute then stops.

ALAN

Thanks.

AARON

You have to open it yourself.

ALAN

No. I mean for being there.

AARON

Oh.

ALAN

But. With all that we've been through, I can't give you what you want.

AARON
What are you...

Alan holds up his hand.

ALAN
I'm cool. I just can't give you
what you need.

Aaron realizes Alan is aware.

AARON
You already do. I really don't want
or need anything else.

ALAN
Not true. We all need more.

AARON
Maybe you do. I have it all.
Although it would be nice to have
Jess and Matt here.

ALAN
That I'll give you. But you need
more.

Alan reaches down and hands Aaron one of his prize guitars.

AARON
That's your first. You've had that
for....

ALAN
Years. I was saving it for Matthew
when he got older. Time to move on.
It's yours.

AARON
But....

ALAN
Suddenly you don't play?

Alan starts strumming again. Aaron joins in.

INT. GRAND OLE OPRY

Aaron is seated, show in process.

SHOW HOST

Here at the Opry we have had many years of some of the greatest country down home entertainment and tonight is no different. We have a special man here that is not on your programs. Our hearts have been with him for a speedy recovery and, sure enough, we want to welcome back to the Opry Mr. Alan Taylor.

Alan enters the stage from the side walking on metal arm crutches. He moves slowly but surely, stopping to sit on a stool that has been placed at center stage in front of the microphone.

The audience is going crazy with a standing ovation.

ALAN

Thank you. Thank you. You people are very kind. I wish I could stand that long. Thank you. I've had some rough shots recently.

Aaron is in his seat, tearing.

ALAN (CONT'D)

This one's for family. They stick with you when you need them. I want you all to thank my brother Aaron.

Alan gestures to Aaron to stand as the Opry audience goes nuts.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Well don't just sit there big brother. It's your turn to shine.

One of the band members has come out on stage next to Alan holding Aaron's guitar.

Aaron embarrassingly gets up on stage. The band member gives Aaron a BIG hug, whispering something into Aaron's ear.

The audience is still responding.

Alan sings "ROUGH SHOT" with Aaron accompanying him standing next to Alan. The lyrics talk of family and recovery.

POV: WHEN THEY FINISH THE SONG THE CAMERA FREEZES ON HIS SMILING FACE WITH AARON IN THE FRAME WITH HIM.

FADE TO BLACK.