

"25 TO LIFE"

written by  
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FADE IN:

INT. ALL STATE ARENA - NIGHT

The sold out CROWD roars.

The lights dim.

Fists pump skyward.

The stage curtains part, lights pulsates along with the beat.

The bass heavy, the building vibrates.

A chant grows in the crowd.

CROWD  
Kasper. Kasper. Kasper.

A flood light shines on JASON "KASPER" KASPERSON (30s) - his clean-shaven, baby face hidden slightly by a baseball cap.

He stands with his arms crossed.

The cheers grow louder.

He holds his index finger to his lips - the crowd noise slows, then comes to dead silence.

He smiles and brings the microphone to his mouth as --

DJ CHEESE spins the record, fireworks and M80's go off, the music blares and the crowd goes nuts.

OVER THE MUSIC we follow the TOUR.

EXT. INTERSTATE 90 - NIGHT

Green highway signs whiz by as the tour bus barrels down the highway.

INT. SKY WEST ARENA - NIGHT

A flood-light shines on Jason.

He spits a rapid verse a capella. Sporadically DJ Cheese accentuates the rhyme with a snare/hi hat hit.

The faster he goes, the louder the CROWD cheers.

EVAN "EVIDENCE" WHEELER stands next to him in baggy khakis and a football jersey. He's Jason's hype man.

After Jason finishes the verse, he and Evidence slap hands and walk off stage together.

## BACKSTAGE

Jason and Evidence share a joint as they rumble down a flight of stairs.

Jason stands at his dressing room door.

EVAN

I got a surprise for you.

KASPER

I hope that surprise is a fuckin' nap man. I'm so tired I can barely keep my eyes open.

EVAN

Ain't no nap.

KASPER

Whatever.

Jason pushes the door open.

On the couch, A SEXY BLONDE and SULTRY BRUNETTE.

The Brunette pats the center of the couch. The Blonde points her finger at him.

Jason turns to Evan.

Evan smiles wide.

Jason points his index finger at his chest, then draws a heart with both hands in the air, and then points to Evan.

EVAN

Love you too kid.

Jason walks inside and slams the door shut.

## EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY/NIGHT

The tour bus roars down the highway through night, which then gives way to dawn, then morning.

## INT. TOUR BUS - DAY

Jason lays flat on his stomach, one eye open, looking up at Evan.

Evan folds a twenty dollar bill into an airplane and let's it fly.

EVAN

One more day baby.

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - NIGHT

Jason and Evidence stand on stage next to each other. Both exhausted, full of sweat.

The CROWD yells and screams.

A GUY IN A SUIT crosses the stage.

He shakes Jason and Evan's hands.

GUY IN A SUIT  
Please join me in congratulating  
Kasper on earning Diamond status for  
"The Jason Kasperience". For those  
of you who don't know, that's ten  
million records sold!

The Crowd roars.

CROWD  
Kasper. Kasper. Kasper.

KASPER  
Thank you so much. Thank you. Give  
a big shout out to the man who spins  
it -- DJ CHEESE!

Cheese waves, and pumps his fist.

KASPER (CONT'D)  
I wanna give a special shout out to  
my boy Ev - Give it up for Evidence  
ya'll.

Evan waves to the crowd, the flood light shines on him.

KASPER (CONT'D)  
Without him, nothing for me is  
possible. Thank you all again, we  
love you!

EVAN  
Peace ya'll!

DJ Cheese brings the show to a close with a slow, distortion  
laced scratch.

BACKSTAGE - DRESSING ROOM - SHOWERS

Jason leans against the wall, eyes closed, water pouring  
down his body.

If he's not asleep while standing, he's pretty fuckin close.

EVAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Yo J, wake up!

KASPER  
Five minutes.

EVAN (O.S.)  
After hours party baby, you in?

KASPER  
Fuck no. I'm on a fuckin' plane and  
goin the fuck home.

TWO PRETTY GIRLS jump on Evan and drag him away.

EVAN  
Hit you up when I get home!

Jason turns the shower off and wraps a towel around him.

INT. PLANE - FIRST CLASS - NIGHT

Jason sips a glass of ice water. Headphones cover his ears.

He scribbles in a notebook.

A FLIGHT ATTENDANT, (40s), attractive with short black hair,  
walks by.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT  
Excuse me. My daughter is a huge  
fan, can you spare an autograph?

He keeps his head down writing.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT (CONT'D)  
Excuse me?

Jason sees her and removes his headphones.

KASPER  
What?

FLIGHT ATTENDANT  
Can I get an autograph for my  
daughter? She's a really big fan.

He rips a piece of paper from the notebook, writes on it and  
hands it to her.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT (CONT'D)  
Thank you. Thank you so much.

She pockets it and walks away.

Moments later she comes back.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry to bother you again.

KASPER  
What the fuck lady.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT  
Well, I'm a fan too.

She smiles.

LATER

The Bathroom door - Occupied. The faint sound of moaning, and body parts hitting the wall and door heard.

EXT. MANSION - NIGHT

A White Escalade pulls into a circular drive way.

Jason gets out and heads inside.

INT. MANSION - NIGHT

He kicks his Nikes off and hangs his keys.

The keys line up in the Escalade slot, other slots named Lexus, Maserati, BMW, Mercedes.

He walks through the foyer, past a marble fountain.

He flips the lights on and walks into his --

KITCHEN

He grabs a bottle of water from one of two large refrigerators.

He walks from the kitchen into a --

GAME ROOM

Old arcade games - Dragons Lair, Pac Man, Virtua Fighter.

Five pool tables. A foosball table. A bar with neon-colored beer signs.

The walls lined with plasma televisions - turned off.

He strolls from the game room into the --

LIVING ROOM

A one-hundred inch plasma, black leather couches, laptops on the coffee table.

Shot glasses, wine glasses.

He walks through the living room, down a long corridor.

The walls decorated with grammy awards, platinum and gold certifications.

A "True Romance" poster on one side, "The Matrix" on another.

He reaches an elevator, and hits down.

The elevator doors slide open, he gets in.

ELEVATOR

He hits S and the elevator descends.

SportsCenter plays on a small plasma.

The elevator door opens and he walks into the --

STUDIO

He flips the lights.

A large mixing board, white boards with lyrics on them, notebooks, lots of pens and pencils.

He flips another light and the recording booth lights up, the headphones wrapped around the microphone.

He strolls over to a couch and collapses, his eyes closed as he falls face first onto the couch.

The Title sequence to "BEHIND THE MUSIC" dances across the screen.

NARRATOR(V.O)

You've heard the record-breaking,  
award-winning songs. You've seen  
the shocking videos - but you've  
never seen the man like this.  
Tonight, we have, for the full hour.  
Jason Kasperson.

The credits roll, the title sequence ends.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Jason sits at a table with the INTERVIEWER, 40s, black t-shirt and jeans.

The lights low, CREW scatter around like roaches with the lights on.

Jason lights a cigarette.

INTERVIEWER

We're rolling. You sure you want to smoke? You'll hear it.

KASPER

You serious?

The Interviewer laughs.

INTERVIEWER

So tell me... Tell us something that no one knows about you.

KASPER

Check my Wikipedia page. They pretty much got everything.

INTERVIEWER

What got you started?

KASPER

Bring the Noise - the Public Enemy, Anthrax joint.

INTERVIEWER

Really?

KASPER

I heard that shit and...I can only speculate, but I'm guessing it's how Michaelangelo felt when he held a paint brush for the first time.

INTERVIEWER

What scares you?

KASPER

Spiders.

The room laughs.

KASPER (CONT'D)

I'm fuckin' serious. They scare the shit outta me. Can't stand those fuckers.

The Interviewer brings his hands and slides it across his throat - cut.



INTERVIEWER

Look, I know we're on cable but we're on basic cable. We're going to have to bleep every time you swear.

KASPER

I know. You really think you're gonna use some shit about me and spiders? Come on man, ask some real shit.

INTERVIEWER

Okay lets start again.

PRODUCER(O.S)

Rolling...go.

INTERVIEWER

So, seriously, what are you afraid of? What keeps you up at night?

KASPER

That one day, fine people like you won't care to ask me what I'm afraid of anymore.

INT. MANSION - NIGHT

Jason stands in the recording booth, headphones on.

A song blares through the speakers.

The RECORDING ENGINEER bounces his head up and down.

Evan turns knobs, slides the equalizer.

Jason scribbles in his notebook.

KASPER

Birthday...earth quake.

EVAN

No.

KASPER

Blast. Class. Crass. You're an ass.

Jason smiles.

EVAN

Come on, give me one more for tonight and we can call it.

The clock reads 3:30 A.M.

KASPER

I poured coke in her crack and said  
damn you got a dope ass.

Evan laughs.

EVAN

There you go! From the top.

Jason cracks his neck.

STUDIO ENGINEER

Okay we're good, three, two, one...

INT. MANSION - BASKETBALL COURT - DAY

Jason bounces a basketball in the corner of the room. A  
CAMERAMAN shoots B-roll footage.

The Interviewer stands off to the side as Jason shoots the  
ball - hits some, misses most.

OUTSIDE - GARAGE

The multi-car garage door slides open.

A row of black and silver luxury imports, waxed, washed and  
decked out.

INTERVIEWER

Nice.

The Interviewer walks over to a black Pontiac Grand AM.

INTERVIEWER (CONT'D)

I wasn't expecting this.

Jason rubs his hand along it.

KASPER

The first check I got from my debut  
was thirty seven thousand four hundred  
bucks. I cashed it, drove my clunker  
ass piece of shit to the dealership  
and bought this.

Jason stands over it.

INTERVIEWER

Why not wait for something...nicer?

KASPER

I didn't think I'd sell anything  
more than that.

(MORE)

KASPER (CONT'D)  
I figure take the shit while the  
getting was good cuz I needed new  
wheels.

The Interviewer laughs.

INTERVIEWER  
Nice.

Jason checks his watch and shakes the Interviewer's hand.

KASPER  
Gotta jet. Pick this up later.

Jason jumps in a black Mercedes Benz S class and drives off.

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

PEYTON KASPERSON, ten years old, long dark brown hair in  
tails. A pink backpack over her right shoulder.

A GROUP OF TWEENS stand near her.

PHOTOGRAPHERS snap pictures of her.

The Benz pulls into the lot - Jason spots the photographers.

He parks his car and jumps out.

Immediately a CROWD of people rush him, they snap pictures  
with their phones. They push papers at him.

Jason pushes through and reaches Peyton. Jason pushes a  
photographer.

KASPER  
What the hell did I tell you bout  
photos man?

They point a camera in his face and snap photos. His face  
erupts in flash bulbs.

KASPER (CONT'D)  
Not at her fuckin' school man!

PHOTOGRAPHER  
Nice language!

They snap away.

PHOTOGRAPHER (CONT'D)  
Peyton -- you're old enough now to  
understand your dad's lyrics, what  
do you think?

PEYTON

Go away.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Brat.

Jason leans toward him. Peyton tugs at her Dad's hoodie.

PEYTON

Dad...don't.

INT. MERCEDES BENZ - DAY

Peyton plays with the navigation system. Jason leans back, and drives one-handed.

KASPER

You want anything, ice cream,  
Mcdonald's?

PEYTON

No.

KASPER

Well I do. Come on, no ice cream?

PEYTON

When did you get back?

KASPER

Day before last...why?

PEYTON

Whatever Dad.

Jason shakes his head, Peyton flips the volume up.

EXT. MANSION - DAY

The Benz parks in the circular drive way.

Peyton darts out and runs inside.

Jason watches her, and leans on the hood of the car.

SOMEONE (O.S.)

Yo J.

A FRIENDLY NEIGHBOR, 40s, walks over and extends his hand.

KASPER

How goes it?

FRIENDLY NEIGHBOR

That show at the garden was amazing.  
Seriously, I was moved.

KASPER

Thanks. I'm glad it's over. I think  
I aged five years in six months.

FRIENDLY NEIGHBOR

I know the feeling.

KASPER

Trust me, you don't.

They laugh.

KASPER (CONT'D)

Trying to get back into the swing of  
shit here, but it takes longer each  
time.

FRIENDLY NEIGHBOR

I know what you need.

The Neighbor reaches into his coat pocket and pulls out a  
prescription bottle.

FRIENDLY NEIGHBOR (CONT'D)

Xanax. Ambien.

KASPER

You carry that shit around with you  
all the time?

FRIENDLY NEIGHBOR

Don't leave home without it.

He smiles.

KASPER

No thanks, I prefer my shit grown,  
not manufactured.

FRIENDLY NEIGHBOR

Take a couple ambien. Pop one of  
them full ones, you'll be out for  
fifteen hours. Best sleep you'll  
ever have.

Jason takes one.

INT. MANSION - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jason lays Peyton down in her bed and covers her up.

PEYTON

Dad...do you really need an elevator?

Jason laughs.

KASPER

No. I don't need all those cars  
either, or this house. Should I  
give em away?

PEYTON

No.

KASPER

Don't worry, I don't ever plan on  
it.

PEYTON

I appreciate it.

KASPER

I would hope so. If you never know  
what a link card is, I'll have done  
my job.

She rolls over on her side.

PEYTON

I love you dad. Good night.

KASPER

Night baby girl.

He kisses her cheek.

He flips the lights off -- his silhouette stands in the door  
way for a moment, then leaves.

LIVING ROOM

He walks down a large spiral stair case.

He lays on the couch. He reaches out, pushes aside a notebook  
and grabs the remote control and flips on the television.

The clock turns from 11, to 12:30, to 2:30.

Jason, same position.

He grabs his notebook, and holds his pen.

He stares at the blank white page.

Nothing.

White page.

Pen.

Nothing.

He tosses the notebook aside.

SHOWER

Water douses his tattooed body.

MASTER BEDROOM

A pill stumbles out of his pants pocket as they hit the floor.

He leans down, grabs the pill and swallows it as the clock reads 4:07 AM.

EXT. MANSION - NIGHT

The final light turns out, and the house sits dark and quiet.

INT. MANSION - BEDROOM - DAY

Peyton shakes Jason repeatedly.

PEYTON  
Dad!! Get up Dad!! Dad!!

One of Jason's eyes opens.

PEYTON (CONT'D)  
Dad?

KASPER  
I'm up.

PEYTON  
No you aren't.

KASPER  
What time is it?

PEYTON  
Five.

KASPER  
Why are you waking me up at --

PEYTON  
PM!

KASPER  
Holy shit.

KITCHEN

Jason and Peyton share a sandwich. Peyton leans over a textbook and writes in a notebook.

Jason struggles to keep his eyes open.

PEYTON  
You look drugged.

KASPER  
I'm fine. You done?

He grabs her plate and tosses it in the dishwasher.

PEYTON  
What's a simile?

Jason hangs his head in shame.

KASPER  
You're trying to break my hear aren't you?

PEYTON  
No...

KASPER  
It's like Bill Gates' kid asking him what a computer is.

PEYTON  
Bill Gates?

Jason sits next to her.

KASPER  
A simile is when you use the word like, or as, to compare something.

Peyton blankly stares.

KASPER (CONT'D)  
So..Peyton is as beautiful as the sunset.

PEYTON  
Lame.

KASPER  
Or...Peyton K -- like a stick of dynamite, push her once, push her twice, she might ignite tonight...

Peyton laughs.



PETON  
How bout a metaphor?

KASPER  
Same thing, you just don't use like  
or as. So when I say your mother is  
a royal pain in my --

PEYTON  
Dad!

Jason smiles and stands up.

KASPER  
Don't use that. I don't need your  
teachers calling again.

She laughs.

KASPER (CONT'D)  
Stay busy, Uncle Ev is stopping by  
later, laying down some tracks.

PEYTON  
Can I watch?

KASPER  
No.

PEYTON  
Why not? You used to let me.

KASPER  
You used to not know what the hell I  
was saying. No.

PEYTON  
You suck.

KASPER  
I'm the worst father ever, I know.

STUDIO - LATER

Evan bobs his head to the beat.

EVAN  
You cool with that snare, kick snare  
combo?

Jason nods.

EVAN (CONT'D)  
How many tracks we got?

KASPER  
Finished?

EVAN  
Recorded.

KASPER  
Like twenty.

EVAN  
Finished?

KASPER  
Like two.

EVAN  
Two?!

KASPER  
Fuck you, you know my ass is thorough.

EVAN  
Slow.

KASPER  
Motherfucker - look!

Jason points to the wall, awards, magazine covers etc..

EVAN  
I produced everyone of them joints.

KASPER  
Yeah, I had nothing to do with their  
success at all.

Evan laughs.

EVAN  
Come on man, we gotta lay some vocals.

KASPER  
I ain't got nothing mic ready.

EVAN  
Freestyle it, it's simple four time,  
just get in there.

KASPER  
Shit ain't ready.

EVAN  
Let me see the book.

KASPER

Fuck no.

EVAN

Come on let me see what you got.

KASPER

I'll show you when it's ready, they aren't ready yet.

EVAN

You ain't got shit written yet do you?

KASPER

Fuck you, I got pages down.

EVAN

Then let me see.

KASPER

Fuck off.

EVAN

Fine. I'll lay down some. You can get a producer credit on this one.

Jason flips him off.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Jason leans back, hands folded in front of him. The Interviewer leans over his notes.

INTERVIEWER

Tell me about Evidence.

KASPER

You ever wonder what woulda happened if your parents never met, how you wouldn't exist? Same shit.

INTERVIEWER

Why is that?

KASPER

Like Lennon meeting McCartney man - if you could ask them, they probably couldn't explain it either.

INTERVIEWER

Who's a better rapper?

KASPER

Please. Don't be ridiculous.

The PEOPLE in the room laugh.

EXT. MANSION - BACKYARD - DAY

Steaks sizzle as Jason flips them on the grill.

KASPER

Yo, you want one?

The Friendly Neighbor strolls over.

FRIENDLY NEIGHBOR

Absolutely.

KASPER

How do you take it?

FRIENDLY NEIGHBOR

Rare as all hell.

KASPER

Too late for that.

FRIENDLY NEIGHBOR

Whatever then. How'd you sleep?

KASPER

Man I slept for close to sixteen hours. It was horrible.

FRIENDLY NEIGHBOR

You got that virgin tolerance. You'll get better.

KASPER

Yeah maybe.

The Neighbor laughs.

KASPER (CONT'D)

You got any more?

The Friendly Neighbor hands him a business card - DR. MARTIN TOLIVER.

FRIENDLY NEIGHBOR

He'll hook you up with anything. Just give him an autograph or a picture for his daughter. Whatever you need, he has.

KASPER

Look I'm just having some problems sleeping, I don't need anything else.

FRIENDLY NEIGHBOR  
Between you and him man.

INT. MANSION - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jason sits in bed, notebook in his lap, his eye on the clock.

He twirls the pen in his hand.

His cell phone buzzes.

TEXT MESSAGE FROM EVAN: GO WRITE MOTHERFUCKER!

Jason texts back: GO FUCK YOURSELF

He leans his head back and cracks his neck.

He looks down at the notebook - empty page. He flips through it, empty pages.

He wipes at his face and rubs his eyes.

LATER

Lights off.

Under the covers, Jason stares at the clock.

Moments go by.

He grabs his wallet, pulls out the card the neighbor gave him and stares at it.

INT. DR. MARTIN TOLIVER'S OFFICE - DAY

Jason and a group of NURSES pose for a photograph.

He signs autographs.

DOCTORS OFFICE

DOCTOR MARTIN TOLLIVER, closes the door as Jason takes a seat.

The Doc wears a smug grin and a white lab coat.

DR. MARTIN  
This is just a get to know you kinda thing. You won't have to come back in again.

KASPER  
Good.

DR. MARTIN  
I know it can get exhausting...with  
the crowds and the...

KASPER  
Yeah.

DR. MARTIN  
So...sleeping.

KASPER  
Yeah.

DR. MARTIN  
Just sleep? Any other problems?  
Concentrating? Motivations? How's  
your dick doing? You're in your  
thirties now.

Jason laughs.

KASPER  
My dick's fine. I can't sleep and  
yeah now that you mention -  
concentration, just, it's just not  
there right now.

DR. MARTIN  
It's from your sleeping problem.  
Not enough sleep, brain doesn't  
replenish properly, everything gets  
messed up.

The Doctor writes on his chart, then writes on his  
prescription pad.

The Doctor rips off the prescriptions and hands them to Jason.

DR. MARTIN (CONT'D)  
Like I said, you need refills or  
anything just call the number.

Jason stands up.

DR. MARTIN (CONT'D)  
One last thing.

The Doctor hands him an 8x10 glossy photo.

DR. MARTIN (CONT'D)  
My daughter is a huge fan.

KASPER  
No problem.

DR. MARTIN  
Remember, anything you need. Just  
call.

INT. MANSION - KITCHEN - DAY

Jason drops a bag on the table.

He pulls out each bottle and inspects them.

ADDERALL - Take one capsule as needed.

XANAX - Take one capsule as needed.

AMBIEN - Take one half capsule before bed.

Evan walks in, and grabs a beer from the refrigerator.

EVAN  
Nice.

KASPER  
I don't even know what these fucking  
things are for.

Evan walks over.

EVAN  
It's simple.

He grabs the Adderall.

EVAN (CONT'D)  
This shit you take when you can't  
think straight.

He grabs the Xanax.

EVAN (CONT'D)  
You take this shit when the other  
shit makes you feel like your hearts  
gonna explode.

He grabs the Ambien.

EVAN (CONT'D)  
And this shit you take when the other  
shit won't let you sleep.

They laugh.

He throws the Adderall at Jason.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Take two of them motherfuckers, we got recording to do.

KASPER

Fuck you.

He pops two Adderall and chugs a beer.

STUDIO

Jason stands at a white board, marker in hand.

Evan hovers over the sound board.

A slow, haunting beat echoes through the room.

EVAN

Nothing?

KASPER

I got plenty, but it all fuckin' sucks.

EVAN

We got the beat right. We just need your voice over the beat. No one gives a fuck what comes out your mouth.

Evan laughs.

KASPER

Yeah they do, and I do. So...back the fuck off.

EVAN

Take another.

Jason pops another pill.

KASPER

Turn the beat up. Higher on the snare. I need to really hear that snare.

Evan turns knobs and checks the equalizer.

Jason bobs his head.

He twirls the marker in his hand then writes on the white board.

EVAN

There you go.



Jason walks into the recording booth and throws on the headphones.

EVAN (CONT'D)  
You coming out later?

KASPER  
Where?

EVAN  
Bootleggers.

KASPER  
I got Peyton.

EVAN  
Get a sitter.

KASPER  
Maybe.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Jason sips from his soda and puffs on a Marlboro.

INTERVIEWER  
Tell us about that night.

KASPER  
No.

INTERVIEWER  
Cut.

The lights turn up slightly.

INTERVIEWER (CONT'D)  
Look, I know you don't want to talk --

KASPER  
I know what I agreed to man.

INTERVIEWER  
So don't be a dick.

KASPER  
Hey fuck you.

Jason glares hard at the Interviewer. They hold their gaze for a few moments.

INTERVIEWER  
Okay come on, start it up again.

PRODUCER (O.S.)

Rolling.

The lights dim again.

INTERVIEWER

December 18th. Tell us what happened.

KASPER

We were recording, I..we were on a roll. One of those times when shit just flows and you're in that zone you know?

The Interviewer crosses his legs and scribbles on his pad.

INT. MANSION - STUDIO - NIGHT

Jason rips his headphones off, and slams them over the mic. He pumps his fist.

KASPER

Fuck yeah!

He wipes his sweaty face with a towel and leaves the booth.

KASPER (CONT'D)

That was pretty fuckin' good.

EVAN

We'll see. Mix it tomorrow. Come on let's go.

KASPER

I got Peyton man.

EVAN

Get a baby sitter.

Jason drops the towel.

KASPER

Fine. Motherfucker. I'll meet you there.

Evan smacks him on the back and leaves the studio.

MASTER BEDROOM

Jason stands in front of his huge walk-in closet.

He grabs a pair of jeans and a top. Lines em up then puts em back.

He grabs an Addidas jump suit -- looks at it, laughs and throws it back.

He holds up black pants, a hoodie and white DC gym shoes and nods.

He grabs a prescription bottle, takes out a pill and pops it. He puts it back down - it was Ambien.

LIVING-ROOM

He rumbles down the staircase.

PEYTON (O.S.)

Dad!

He stops and runs back up the stairs.

PEYTON'S BEDROOM

Peyton sits up in bed.

PEYTON (CONT'D)

Dad!

Jason creeks open the door.

KASPER

What is it baby girl?

PEYTON

Are you leaving?

KASPER

Just for a little while.

PEYTON

Are you serious?

KASPER

You want me to stay, I'll stay.

She lays back down and buries her head in the pillow.

KASPER (CONT'D)

I'll stay.

Jason walks over to the side of the bed and kisses her cheek.

KASPER (CONT'D)

I'll get you some water.

KITCHEN

He fills a glass with water and ice.

He texts Evan: CAN'T MAKE IT.

PEYTON'S BEDROOM

Jason places the water on her night stand.

He rubs her hair, kisses her cheek and leaves.

LIVING-ROOM

Jason, mouth open, drool dripping down, Harmon/Kardon remote on his chest.

He snores loudly.

KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK.

His cell phone rings.

His land-lines erupt.

His eyes slowly open.

KASPER (CONT'D)

Hang on.

He leans forward, and keels over onto the floor.

KASPER (CONT'D)

Fuck.

The phones ring.

KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK.

KASPER (CONT'D)

I'm coming.

The door bursts open.

SOMMEONE (O.S.)

Jesus. Get up man.

Jason's eyes glossy.

SOMEONE (O.S.)

Come on we gotta go.

INT/EXT. SUV - NIGHT

Jason lays his head against the window.

The SUV speeds down the high way.

KASPER  
What the fuck man...D?

DENNIS, built like a brick house, 30s, crew-cut. The guy you want on your side in a fight.

He reaches in the glove box, grabs a bottle of Advil and tosses it at Jason.

DENNIS  
Take some.

KASPER  
Where the fuck are we going? Where's Peyton?

Jason shoves a few Advil in his mouth.

DENNIS  
My girl's with her. Evan's in the hospital.

Jason swallows.

DENNIS (CONT'D)  
Car accident.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

Dennis' S.U.V stops at the entrance.

Jason stumbles out.

A CUTE BLONDE spots him.

CUTE BLONDE  
Holy shit! That's Kasper! Hey!

Jason ignores her and walks inside.

INSIDE

At the Information Desk, a NURSE smiles at Jason.

NURSE  
You're Kasper! Right??

KASPER  
Evan Wheeler. I'm looking for Evan Wheeler.

The Nurse turns toward another NURSE.

NURSE  
Shannon! Shannon! Look!

KASPER  
Are you fuckin insane?! I'm looking  
for --

A CRYING WOMAN grabs Jason by his shoulder.

Jason turns to her.

KASPER (CONT'D)  
No.

She buries her face into his chest, crying like crazy.

Jason wraps his arms around her.

KASPER (CONT'D)  
Fuck you! No!

The Cute Blonde from outside runs in, camera phone pointed  
at him, taking pictures.

CUTE BLONDE  
O.M.G, I'm a huge fan!

Jason holds the Crying Woman harder.

The Nurses snap photos with their phones.

An E.R. DOC walks from behind a curtain, in green scrubs.

ER DOC  
Security, can you get them out of  
here?

A SECURITY GUARD approaches the Cute Blonde - she retreats.

CUTE BLONDE  
I love you!

ER DOC  
Do you want to see him?

PATIENT ROOM

Evan's dead body lays on the bed. The sheets cover him from  
toe to chest.

Monitors turned off. Silence.

The fluorescent lights leave a blue hue throughout the room.

The Doc leads them in.

Jason spots Evan - turns and punches the wall.

ER DOC (CONT'D)  
Take as long as you need.

The Crying Woman collapses to her knees and weeps.

KASPER  
Fuck!

He punches the wall again - his knuckles split open and bleed.  
Jason approaches the edge of the bed.  
Tears stream down his face.

CRYING WOMAN  
This can't be happening.

KASPER  
Get up man.

CRYING WOMAN  
This isn't real!

KASPER  
How the fuck did this happen?!

CRYING WOMAN  
Evan wake up!

Jason walks backwards and leans against the back wall.

CRYING WOMAN (CONT'D)  
Evan!

Jason slides down the wall, and holds his head with his hands.

CRYING WOMAN (CONT'D)  
No!!!

Her voice echoes.

INT. MANSION - NIGHT

Dennis and Jason walk inside.

Peyton runs to Jason and jumps into his arms.

PEYTON  
Daddy!

Dennis' girlfriend AMANDA joins them. A plain-Jane brunette in her 20s.

AMANDA  
She couldn't sleep. Sorry.

KASPER  
Thanks for staying with her.

DENNIS  
You need anything, call.

Jason nods.

Dennis and Amanda leave.

PEYTON  
Dad, what happened?

KASPER  
Not now baby. Go to bed.

PEYTON  
Amanda said something happened to  
Uncle Evan.

KASPER  
Not now.

PEYTON  
Dad!

KASPER  
He's fucking dead okay! I shoulda  
been with him but no, I promised to  
fuckin stay here with you! You fuckin  
happy?!

Peyton pushes her dad, and runs away crying.

KASPER (CONT'D)  
Shit.

MASTER BEDROOM

Jason sits in front of his arsenal of pills.

He pours a few Xanax in his hands and swallows them.

He paces back and forth.

He drops down and does a few push ups.

He does some jumping jacks.

He paces some more.

He swallows another handful of pills.

STUDIO



He flips the lights on and walks to the white board.

He pulls up a chair and studies it.

The mixer board lights up, and a slow, very bassy groove kicks on.

Jason enters the booth, pops another pill and pulls the headphones on.

He looks at Evan's empty seat and closes his eyes.

KASPER (CONT'D)

Fuck it, I can't...I can't. Fuck!

He punches the microphone.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Bells chime as MOURNERS fill the pews.

A casket covered with roses rests on the alter, closed.

The PRIEST holds out his hands in prayer.

PRIEST

We ask this, through Christ, our Lord.

MOURNERS

Amen.

Everyone sits.

PRIEST

I was told that Jason would like to offer up a few words. So Jason...if you're ready?

Jason pats Peyton on the leg. She ignores him.

He jogs up the steps and stands behind the microphone.

KASPER

I'm usually not this nervous behind a mic.

Small laughs.

KASPER (CONT'D)

I wanted to thank you all for coming out, I see a lot of faces out there. Lalo, Tony Too Much, Roscoe, Fat Mike. I really appreciate it I do.

(MORE)

KASPER (CONT'D)

I know I had beefs with some of you  
before but, thank you so much for  
coming here and showing your respects.

Jason clears his throat and stares at the casket.

KASPER (CONT'D)

I never had no family before, so I  
ain't had to deal with somethin'  
like this. I'm not sure how to deal  
with it. I mean, I'm waiting for  
dude to jump out of there and say  
this was all a joke.

A few people laugh.

KASPER (CONT'D)

It wouldn't surprise me none either.  
Evan was crazy like that. Once in  
the ninth grade he, me, and this one  
girl sneaked behind --

The Priest clears his throat.

KASPER (CONT'D)

Oh shit..sorry Father. Not the venue,  
my bad.

A louder laugh.

KASPER (CONT'D)

If it weren't for Ev I woulda just  
been the best rapper in the fry line  
at McDonald's...I never woulda met  
Diane, my ex-wife neither -- thanks  
a lot Ev...

Small laughter.

KASPER (CONT'D)

Dude outside told me to keep my chin  
up and that time heals all wounds,  
and while I may not think it now, it  
does get better, and it does get  
easier.

A lone tear streams down his face.

KASPER (CONT'D)

We'll find out right?

He smiles through the tears as more come down.

He pockets his hands and stares at the coffin.

KASPER (CONT'D)  
I miss you already.

He steps away from the podium, head low.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Jason extinguishes his cigarette.

INTERVIEWER  
You need a minute?

KASPER  
No.

INTERVIEWER  
That was two weeks ago.

KASPER  
It was.

INTERVIEWER  
What have you, I mean. Coping with  
it must be difficult.

KASPER  
It is.

INTERVIEWER  
Are you writing? Recording?

KASPER  
No.

INTERVIEWER  
Really?

KASPER  
Yeah.

INTERVIEWER  
I'm surprised. I thought that would  
be the first thing you did.

KASPER  
I don't know man, if you always went  
fishing with your old man and he one  
day got split in half by a semi-truck  
would you jump back in the canoe  
right away?

INTERVIEWER  
Fair point. Well, what, I mean what  
are you doing to help yourself -

KASPER  
Lots of fucking pills man.

The Room laughs.

The Interviewer smiles - is he telling the truth or fucking around?

HALLWAY

Jason leaves the room and zips up his hoodie.

Dennis joins him.

DENNIS  
Really?

KASPER  
What?

Dennis laughs and hands him a coffee.

DENNIS  
When can you talk?

KASPER  
What are we fuckin' using sign language right now?

DENNIS  
I got calls from the label, a producer at Paramount, and the tour manager --

KASPER  
-- I need more time man.

DENNIS  
I left you alone for two fuckin' weeks. How much more time do you need?

Dennis stops. Jason opens the doors.

KASPER  
When I know, you'll know.

Jason walks out and pulls the hood over his head.

INT. MANSION - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jason lays on the couch, remote control on his chest. He chomps on potato chips.

The News plays on the TV.

NEWS ANTHOR (V.O.)

In other news, local rap sensation Jason "Kasper" Kasperson is reportedly contemplating retirement. After shattering sales and touring records, the loss of his friend, Evan "Evidence" Wheeler has taken it's toll on the infamous rapper. Sources close to the reclusive star say we probably won't hear from him, for a long time.

Jason yawns.

NEWS ANTHOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Coming up next, your local weather.

Jason grabs his cell phone.

KASPER

I'm retiring.

DENNIS

What!

Jason laughs.

KASPER

The news says I'm retiring, go figure.

Dennis laughs.

DENNIS

Don't pull that shit. What's up?

KASPER

Call up Cheese - send his ass on over.

DENNIS

Anything else?

KASPER

Talk tomorrow. Promise.

LATER

Jason walks to the front door and opens it.

Cheese walks in with a large bag of Burger King and two large sodas.

He tosses a Walgreen's bag at Jason.

KASPER (CONT'D)

Thanks. Put that shit in the kitchen.

KITCHEN

They finish their meal and sip from their sodas.

CHEESE

D's pissed man.

KASPER

Fuck him.

Jason burps loudly.

CHEESE

How's the new studio?

KASPER

You ain't seen it?

ELEVATOR

Jason and Cheese stand next to each other as it descends.

CHEESE

You ever fuck anyone in here?

KASPER

Tried. Your mother wouldn't fit though.

Cheese looks up and down and laughs.

CHEESE

She wouldn't.

STUDIO

Jason flips on the lights.

Dust covers the mixing board.

Cheese plops into the seat by the mixing board and hits buttons.

KASPER

Not that chair.

CHEESE

Relax man, I'm producing shit.

KASPER

Get the fuck up man.

CHEESE

Go in the booth, spit some shit.

Jason steps back, and figures it out.

KASPER

Motherfucker. He told you to bring  
my ass down here didn't he.

CHEESE

Of course.

KASPER

Out, let's go.

CHEESE

Come on man. The mic's right there,  
you just gotta pick it back up.

KASPER

I made twenty seven million dollars  
this year. I ain't gotta do shit.

Jason turns the lights off.

Cheese slaps his hand, they shake.

CHEESE

Later J.

GAME ROOM

Jason swallows a couple pills and chugs a bottle of water.

He flips on the television.

KITCHEN

A bag of chips pours into a large bowl.

The Refrigerator opens - he grabs a large can of melted  
cheese.

GAME ROOM

He mindlessly scoops chips with cheese and shoves them in  
his mouth.

He checks the time - 4:32 A.M.

With a mouthful of food:

KASPER

Oh fuck.

INT. MASERATI - DAY

Jason, shades on, hoodie tucked over his head, drives. Cell phone to his ear.

KASPER  
Where the fuck is this place?

DENNIS (V.O.)  
You been here before, it's off  
Ashland.

KASPER  
Where the fuck is Ashland?

DENNIS (V.O.)  
Put it in your fucking nav!

EXT. CRABTREES - DAY

Jason's Maserati pulls into the parking lot, he gets out.

A PHOTOGRAPHER snaps pictures.

KASPER  
Not now man.

The Photographer snaps some pictures anyway.

DENNIS  
Back off asshole.

INT. CRABTREES - DAY

Jason and Dennis sit at a corner booth, away from the windows.

The SMALL BREAKFAST CROWD frequently stares and points.

Dennis fidgets with his phone constantly, texting, sending e-mails, whatever.

DENNIS  
My dime.

KASPER  
Gee thanks D, real swell of you.

Dennis lays down a piece of paper with names on it.

DENNIS  
Pick a name.

KASPER  
For what?



DENNIS  
Ev's replacement.

KASPER  
Fuck you.

DENNIS  
I know how you work, you need another  
guy in that studio with you to bounce --

KASPER  
-- Fuck. You.

Dennis hits the table and drops his phone.

DENNIS  
We worked too long and too hard to  
stop now.

KASPER  
Who said shit about stopping?

DENNIS  
How close are you to finishing the  
new album?

KASPER  
There is no album.

DENNIS  
So make one.

KASPER  
You want it to suck?

DENNIS  
Get on it. I'll keep the label at  
bay, and take you off that tour.  
You need to focus on the album. Now  
pick a name.

KASPER  
I'll handle it.

DENNIS  
J, pick a fucking name.

KASPER  
D, fuck you.

INT. MANSION - STUDIO - DAY

Jason bounces a tennis ball off the white board.

Lyrics written all over it. Many crossed out, some circled.

The ball bounces off the floor, then off the board, then back to his hand.

He repeats this, over, and over again.

He reaches in his pocket, pulls out a prescription bottle, pours pills into his palm and shoves them in his mouth.

KASPER  
Pill-popping, prescription, palm.

He looks at the prescription bottle.

KASPER (CONT'D)  
Adderall, somersault... Jason...The  
Xanax, manic, addict.

He leans forward and rubs his temples.

KITCHEN

He chugs from a milk carton.

Thud.

He puts the milk carton down.

Thud.

His eyes dart around the room. He slams the refrigerator door and walks into the --

LIVING ROOM

Thud.

He looks around the massive room.

Thud.

He can't pinpoint it when --

The doorbell chimes.

Jason turns toward the front door.

KASPER (CONT'D)  
Alright, what the fuck?

The doorbell chimes again.

Jason walks to and opens the front door.

DIANE, (20s), long, straight, brown hair, fair skin and bright, blue eyes stands in the door.

KASPER (CONT'D)  
Diane, I'm working.

DIANE  
No you aren't.

She walks past him.

KASPER  
Di. I'm serious.

DIANE  
It's Wednesday.

EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY

Diane sits on a bench next to the Interviewer.

Peyton plays on the monkey bars in the b.g.

DIANE  
We met at a Tastee Freeze. He had  
this Biohazard shirt on and a Rage  
Against the Machine baseball cap.  
He was cute.

INTERVIEWER  
Who made the first move?

DIANE  
He did. If he didn't, I would have.

She laughs.

Diane turns toward Peyton.

DIANE (CONT'D)  
Peyton! Get down from there!

Diane turns back toward the Interviewer.

DIANE (CONT'D)  
Sorry.

INTERVIEWER  
Is it hard on her?

DIANE  
It's been hard on all of us. There's  
no way to prepare yourself once your  
anonymity is gone.

INTERVIEWER

Wait, it's not like you guys are lottery winners or something. You knew what you were getting into and you pursued it.

DIANE

He pursued it. We supported him. Why wouldn't we?

INTERVIEWER

Do you regret sticking around?

Diane looks off then turns back.

DIANE

Not yet.

She laughs.

INT. MANSION - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Diane straddles Jason in the middle of the bed.

DIANE

Come on.

Jason shakes his head as she rolls off and gets under the covers.

DIANE (CONT'D)

Everything ok?

KASPER

Yeah. Tired.

Jason rolls out of bed and grabs a pair of baggy sweat pants.

He walks to the attached bathroom, and turns on the faucet.

DIANE

Peyton's still pissed at you.

KASPER (O.S.)

I know.

DIANE

You should call.

KASPER (O.S.)

I will. I've been busy with work.

DIANE

I wouldn't use that one on her. I think that one needs to be retired.

Jason shuts off the faucet and walks back in.

KASPER  
I'll make it up to her.

DIANE  
I wouldn't use that one either.

Jason shakes his head, and throws on a tank top.

Diane reaches into a night stand and grabs a joint.

She spots several empty prescription bottles and pulls one out.

DIANE (CONT'D)  
Be careful with this stuff.

KASPER  
It's prescribed. Relax.

DIANE  
Just be careful.

KASPER  
I'll be in the studio.

Jason walks past a large mirror and grabs at his growing gut. He shakes his head.

Diane grabs the remote control and flips on the TV.

STUDIO

Jason swallows a handful of pills.

He stands over the mixing board and starts a beat.

He bounces a ball in rhythm with the beat.

He eyes the empty recording booth.

The beat grows louder. He bounces the ball faster, still in tune with the beat. He twirls a marker in his hand.

The door swings open. Diane walks in.

DIANE  
Whatcha working on?

KASPER  
For a soundtrack.

She stares at the white board and reads a bar:

DIANE

We share this common bond. You're  
the only one I can fuck without a  
condom on.

She shakes her head.

KASPER

It's a love story.

She laughs.

DIANE

I should get going.

KASPER

You can't stay?

DIANE

You know I can't.

Jason checks the time: 1:15 AM.

DIANE (CONT'D)

Call Peyton.

She kisses him on the cheek.

KASPER

I love you.

She leaves the studio.

Jason sits looking down at the floor.

The elevator dings.

Jason stands and throws the tennis ball across the room and  
pushes the chair against the wall.

He grabs a dry eraser and wipes away all the lyrics on the  
white board.

He grabs the white board and walks out with it tucked under  
his arm.

KITCHEN

He chugs a bottle of beer.

He gathers a bowl of food, and walks into the --

LIVING ROOM

Spread out on the couch, a DVD box set open; Jason stares at the TV.

The White Board stands off to the side. Some new lyrics written on them, but not much.

He chomps away on chips as he stares at the white board.

Thud.

His eyes slowly slide from the TV toward the sound.

Thud.

He eyes the white board - a drop of water drips onto it, slowly sliding down, smearing the lyrics.

The White Board topples over, a marker rolls across the room. It echoes off the hardwood floor.

Jason lays back on the couch, as the sound grows louder, enveloping the room.

KASPER (CONT'D)

Fuck do I care.

He closes his eyes.

EXT. MANSION - DAY

Dennis' S.U.V parks in the circular drive way. He gets out.

The mailbox overflows with mail.

DENNIS

Jesus J, pick up your fuckin' mail.

Dennis piles the mail up under his arm and slams on the door. He hits the doorbell.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

J open up!

He hits the door a few more times.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

J!

The front door creeps open.

A YOUNG SCANTILY CLAD GIRL answers the door, her eyes blood shot. Heavy bags under her eyes.

SCANTILY CLAD GIRL

Yo?

DENNIS  
Who the fuck are you?

SCANTILY CLAD GIRL  
Oh shit, you're D right? He on the couch.

Dennis walks in, drops the pile of mail on the table.

He takes his shades off and scratches his nose.

Jason sprawled out on the couch watching TV. Ratty clothes, dark circles under his eyes.

DENNIS  
What do we got here?

Dennis spots the Television - An episode of "The Wire" plays.

DENNIS (CONT'D)  
Oh shit. "The Wire". Greatest show ever fuckin filmed.

Dennis fist bumps Kasper.

DENNIS (CONT'D)  
Remember J - you come at the king you best not miss.

KASPER  
Indeed.

Dennis laughs and leans over the couch.

Jason looks up at him.

KASPER (CONT'D)  
'Sup?

DENNIS  
Blazing Eights is coming over later. You like him right?

KASPER  
What the fuck for?

DENNIS  
You have a new song coming out in a few days. Work on the new album has commenced.

KASPER  
I what?



DENNIS  
You tweeted it this morning. Trending  
pretty high. You got some eager  
fans out there.

Dennis smiles.

Jason sits up.

KASPER  
You did what?

DENNIS  
You work better under pressure. You  
want a beer?

Dennis walks to the kitchen.

Jason wipes at his face.

DENNIS (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
How many tracks you got?

KASPER  
Not enough man, I can't believe you  
called in Blaze, I don't fucking  
need nobody.

DENNIS  
You pay me to manage, I'm managing.

Dennis hands Jason a beer. Dennis holds out a couple pills.

DENNIS (CONT'D)  
Take these. They help. Steroids  
for the mind.

Jason looks up at him, grabs the pills.

DENNIS (CONT'D)  
Call me, if you need anything. Let  
me know how it goes with blaze.

KASPER  
Yeah fuck you.

DENNIS  
I wanna hear something in a few days.

Jason holds up his middle finger.

Dennis leaves.

The Scantily Clad girl walks back in and lays on the couch.

She rests her bare feet across Jason's lap.

KASPER  
Who the fuck are you?

RECORDING STUDIO - NIGHT

BLAZING EIGHTS, 40s, puma jump suit and tango hat.

He sits behind the mixing board, next to Jason.

They bob their head to a beat. Blazing Eight stops the track then flips on another beat, slower.

KASPER (CONT'D)  
That.

Blazing Eight turns on another beat, more up tempo.

BLAZING EIGHT  
Yay? Nay? Liking any of it?

KASPER  
Seems a bit too up beat ya know. My last record was kinda, shit I don't know, too fuckin happy man. Too sappy.

BLAZING EIGHT  
You wanna go darker?

KASPER  
Like my first joint, yeah. I mean not Nine Inch Nails like, but dark man. Deep, low bass lines.

Blazing Eight scribbles down some notes.

BLAZING EIGHTS  
I got something perfect, not here though. I'll be back in an hour.

INT. GRAND LUX CAFE - NIGHT

Dennis sits across from an EXECUTIVE, 40s, three piece suit.

DENNIS  
Blazing Eights is producing.

EXECUTIVE  
He's good.

DENNIS  
Yes.

EXECUTIVE

We need this record to be great  
Dennis. I don't have to tell you  
what's what. You know the climate.

DENNIS

I'm hammering him every day to get  
in there.

EXECUTIVE

Don't force it, but we need that  
disc to drop. Sooner the better.  
It's already calculated in our  
quarterly estimates, and believe you  
me, we don't want to revise them.

Dennis chuckles.

DENNIS

And drop it will. Promise.

EXECUTIVE

Have you heard anything yet?

DENNIS

Next week. He promised.

EXECUTIVE

Try and keep that same style as the  
last record. No one likes when bands  
switch it up too much. Stick to the  
formula. Up beat. Nothing dark or  
moody.

DENNIS

Yeah...no. Don't worry about it,  
it'll be great just like the last  
two.

EXECUTIVE

Wonderful. Try the sorbet, it's  
marvelous.

INT. MANSION - STUDIO - NIGHT

Blazing Eights hits the stop button.

BLAZING EIGHT

From the top.

Jason stands in the booth, head phones on.

He stares at his notebook, and mouths the words, his hands  
move as he mouths the words.

BLAZING EIGHT (CONT'D)  
Alright here we go.

Jason reaches in his pocket and pops a pill.

BLAZING EIGHT (CONT'D)  
Three, two, one.

EXT. MANSION - NIGHT

Jason paces back and forth in front of the house. He puffs away at a cigarette.

He coughs violently, and spits on the ground.

His cell phone rings. He checks the ID - UNKNOWN CALLER.

He doesn't answer it.

It rings again. He ends the call.

It rings a third time -- he picks it up.

KASPER  
Yeah?

SOMEONE (V.O.)  
Jason, this is Detective Russell  
Poole. I hope I'm not disturbing --

KASPER  
You got something you wanna discuss,  
my attorney's are at Krol and Koranda.  
Call them.

DETECTIVE POOLE (V.O.)  
Do you want to know who murdered  
Evan?

Jason stops in his tracks.

KASPER  
How'd you get this number man?

The Detective laughs.

DETECTIVE POOLE (V.O.)  
I'm a fucking Detective.

KASPER  
Whatever. Lose it.

Jason hangs up, tosses his cigarette and heads back inside.

INT. MANSION - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Jason stands in front of the mirror, shirtless.

Heavy bags under his eyes, he rubs them.

He rubs at his unshaven face and growing double chin.

MASTER BEDROOM

The ceiling fan twirls. Jason lays on the bed, above the covers.

He flips on the TV.

TELEVISION

They were the world's most dangerous group. For the next hour, learn the origin, relive the controversy, and go behind the music of N.W.A.

Jason laughs and smiles.

He grabs his cell phone and speed dials Evan.

It rings a few times.

SOMEONE (V.O.)

Hello??

KASPER

Ev turn on VH1! You'll never fuckin guess --

SOMEONE (V.O.)

-- Who the fuck is this?! It's three in the morning motherfucker!!

And it hits him.

Jason ends the call and stares at the phone - Evan's name blinks until the call finishes and returns to the phone's contact list.

Jason grabs a prescription bottle.

INT/EXT. MASERATI - HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The Maserati barrels down the blacktop.

Painted white lines whiz by.

The stereo pounds a menacing jam, heavy bass. The mirrors shake.

Red and Blue lights swirl in Jason's rear view mirror.

Jason eyes them, then floors it.

The squad car speeds up behind him, lights blazing.

INCOMING CALL - "UNKNOWN CALLER"

Jason answers it - The callers voice comes through the car's speaker system.

DETECTIVE POOLE (V.O.)  
Mr. Kasper, I highly suggest that  
you pull over. Otherwise we might  
be having this conversation behind  
bars.

KASPER  
I highly suggest you fuck off!

Jason ends the call.

SIDE OF THE ROAD

An OFFICER approaches Jason's vehicle. Flashlight in his left hand, his right hand on the butt of his gun.

The window rolls down.

OFFICER  
License, registration, proof of...

Jason pulls out his wallet.

OFFICER (CONT'D)  
Oh wow, you're that rapper guy ain't  
ya?

Jason nods.

OFFICER (CONT'D)  
My lucky day then. I absolutely  
hate your music.

KASPER  
Thanks.

Jason hands over the papers.

The Police Officer shines the light in Jason's face.

OFFICER  
You mind exiting the vehicle?

KASPER  
I do mind.

OFFICER  
Pardon?

KASPER  
I do mind.

OFFICER  
Are you refusing?

KASPER  
I am.

INT. JAIL CELL - NIGHT

The cell door slams closed. A faint whistle echoes off the walls.

Jason sits, knees to his chest in the corner.

DETECTIVE POOLE leans against the wall opposite Jason. 40s, long jet black curly hair, 5 o'clock shadow. Wrinkled suit.

DETECTIVE POOLE  
Pretty pathetic.

KASPER  
Yeah?

DETECTIVE POOLE  
Rich. White. Male. And here you are.

KASPER  
Here I am.

DETECTIVE POOLE  
Pathetic.

KASPER  
What the fuck are you doing here?

DETECTIVE POOLE  
I told you on the phone stupid.

KASPER  
You told me some bullshit on the phone.

Detective Poole pulls out a manilla folder and flips it open.

DETECTIVE POOLE  
Evan Michael Wheeler, better known  
by his stage name "Evidence". Former  
member of hip hop group --

KASPER  
Fuck you man.

DETECTIVE POOLE  
Look, knucklehead, I've worked  
countless homicides. I work a case,  
I put 'em down. I'm real fuckin'  
police. Your boy Evan was no fucking  
car accident.

Detective Poole drops a few photos on the ground from the  
accident.

DETECTIVE POOLE (CONT'D)  
Look at the blood spatter within the  
vehicle. It doesn't work like that  
from a front left collision. That  
pattern had to come before the truck  
hit his car. Someone did your boy  
and made it look this way.

A large metal door creaks open in the b.g.

DETECTIVE POOLE (CONT'D)  
So the question for you my ignorant  
rhyming friend is, if someone wanted  
to do him -- do they wanna do you  
too?

High heel shoes echo off the floor. Distant but getting  
closer.

DETECTIVE POOLE (CONT'D)  
Or your family?

Detective Poole slides over the file.

DETECTIVE POOLE (CONT'D)  
Take it with you. I'm sure you can  
hire a P.I. rich boy.

Jason grabs the folder.

DETECTIVE POOLE (CONT'D)  
You got a little girl right?

KASPER  
Fuck off.



DIANE (O.S.)

Jason?

He turns toward Diane.

KASPER

I called Dennis.

DIANE

Dennis called me.

KASPER

Wonderful.

DIANE

There's a crowd outside.

KASPER

More wonderful.

Jason stands up. The cell door opens.

DETECTIVE POOLE

Pathetic.

Jason walks out.

EXT. COUNTY JAIL - NIGHT

A mixed CROWD of FANS and PHOTOGRAPHERS wait behind the fenced in parking lot.

Pictures snap. Cat calls.

CROWD (O.S.)

We love you Jason!

Jason and Diane jump in her black BMW and drive off.

INT. MANSION - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jason and Diane lay next to each other in bed.

DIANE

Dennis says you're having trouble writing.

KASPER

I am.

DIANE

Are you ok?

KASPER

I don't know what you do. Seriously,  
I've done this since I was fifteen  
years old. I never had to look for  
it, it was always just there, so I  
don't know how to find it.

Diane rests her head against his chest.

DIANE

I wish I could stay here with you.

KASPER

I don't know why you don't.

She looks up at him.

DIANE

Yeah you do.

Jason rubs her hair.

DIANE (CONT'D)

What are you trying to write about?

KASPER

Us.

DIANE

There's your problem right there.

She laughs.

Thud.

Jason's eyes dart toward the door way.

KASPER

You hear that?

DIANE

Go back to sleep Jason.

Thud.

KASPER

I'm serious, did you hear that?

DIANE

Just close your eyes....

She nods off.

Jason rolls her off and gets out of bed.

He creeps toward the bedroom door.

Thud, louder this time.

Jason opens the door and walks into --

HALLWAY

Dark. Long. Empty.

He flips on a light and walks down the flight of stairs.

Knock. Knock. Knock.

Jason turns toward the kitchen.

A cell phone rings.

KASPER  
This is ridiculous.

Jason answers it.

KASPER (CONT'D)  
What the fuck do you want man?

DETECTIVE POOLE (V.O.)  
I'm out back. You need to come look  
at this.

Jason tosses the phone on the couch, grabs his jacket and  
walks into the --

KITCHEN

Shattered glass on the floor. Wind sweeps in through the  
broken window.

KASPER  
What the fuck?

Jason walks toward the back door.

A SILHOUETTED FIGURE stands in the back yard, head down,  
arms folded behind his back.

A slow buzzing noise, builds and gets louder.

PEYTON (O.S.)  
DAD!!

Jason whips his head around.

Peyton stands in the middle of the kitchen, her eyes wide  
open and blood shot, tears streaming down her face.

PEYTON (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Don't let them Dad! Please!

The buzzing grows louder. Like a drill from the dentist - screeching, buzzing, louder.

MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jason's eyes blast open - the alarm clock screams.

It reads : 7:30 PM

His hand slams down on it.

KASPER  
Shit.

Jason looks next to him - he's alone. He rolls out of bed.

KITCHEN

He drinks a glass of water.

No shattered glass.

OUTSIDE

He walks through his yard. No one around. Calm. Peaceful. Birds chirp. Tree leaves sway amidst a slight breeze.

He pulls out his cell phone.

KASPER (CONT'D)  
Come on by.

SERIES OF SHOTS

A) Jason and Blazing Eights hover over the mixing board. A loud beat fills the room.

B) Jason ferociously rips through verses. His energy and passion is relentless. Sweat drips down his face and bare arms.

C) Jason's pen furiously writes lyrics. He chugs a gatorade and wipes the sweat from his brow - he smiles.

INT. S.U.V - NIGHT

Dennis ejects a CD and kisses it.

KASPER  
Well?

Dennis smiles.

DENNIS  
I love it.

KASPER  
It's good?

DENNIS  
Of course it's good! It's you.

KASPER  
So you like it?

DENNIS  
J, it's fantastic.

KASPER  
I gotta ask you about Ev --

Dennis cuts him off.

DENNIS  
Eleven A.M tomorrow! We got a  
meeting.

Jason nods and gets out of the car.

INT. INTERSCOPE RECORDS - BOARD ROOM - DAY

Jason and Dennis sit at the head of the table.

The Executive Dennis met with earlier sits at the other end.

TWO OTHER SUITS sit to his side.

EXECUTIVE  
You're not naming it that.

KASPER  
I'll name it whatever I...

DENNIS  
What's wrong with the name?

EXECUTIVE  
Are you serious?

DENNIS  
It's fine. Who gives a fuck what  
it's called.

SUIT #1  
We care.

SUIT #2  
It's important.

KASPER

Yeah it's important, but there's nothing wrong with the title.

EXECUTIVE

Jason, come on. You did this to just piss me off. This is a joke right?

KASPER

Fuck you. I don't joke about this shit.

SUIT #1

Can we take issue with the cover?

SUIT #2

After Heath Ledger, accidental overdose from prescribed medication just doesn't fly. It's just not funny.

SUIT #1

It's insulting. Couple that with the proposed title and we have a controversy on our hands.

KASPER

Controversy is how I made each of you motherfuckers filthy fucking rich.

SUIT #1

Mr. Kasper, we were rich long before you arrived --

SUIT #2

And we'll be rich long after you've left.

KASPER

Oh fuck you.

DENNIS

Jason.

KASPER

In my contract that you, yeah you, put together it states I have full creative control over everything. Last I checked, the title and the cover fell under the fuckin' category of everything. Am I wrong?

Silence.

KASPER (CONT'D)  
Am I fucking wrong?

EXECUTIVE  
No. But Jason --

KASPER  
The title stays. Don't ever waste  
my time with this bullshit again.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Jason leans against Dennis' S.U.V.

DENNIS  
Are you fuckin serious?

KASPER  
What are they gonna do? Fire me?

DENNIS  
Not the point.

KASPER  
Does my contract not fuckin' state --

DENNIS  
-- it does. Fine. We don't even  
need to fight it.

KASPER  
You're right...manager.

Jason walks off.

DENNIS  
What is your fuckin problem lately?

Jason turns around and holds up two middle fingers.

INT. MANSION - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Cheese holds up a CD-R. Jason sits on the couch.

KASPER  
What you think?

Cheese drops his jacket and sits on the couch.

KASPER (CONT'D)  
Well?

CHEESE  
I mean...

KASPER  
Oh fuck you, what?

CHEESE  
I appreciate what you tried to do  
with it.

KASPER  
Tried? Whatever, you didn't like my  
last disc either.

Cheese laughs.

CHEESE  
True.

BASKETBALL COURT

Jason and Cheese shoot hoops.

CHEESE (CONT'D)  
What'd the label say?

KASPER  
Who gives a shit.

CHEESE  
They don't like it either do they?

KASPER  
I didn't ask.

CHEESE  
They really don't like it do they?

KASPER  
Don't know. Like I said, I didn't  
ask.

CHEESE  
Is D on board?

KASPER  
Isn't he always?

CHEESE  
I'm at Double Door tonight. I'll  
drop a few, gauge reaction.

KASPER  
Do what you do. I don't care at  
this point.

Cheese laughs.



CHEESE

Right.

INT. BMW - NIGHT

Jason and Diane sit in her BMW as they drive through his gated community.

The CD bumps through the sound system.

KASPER

Well?

DIANE

I'm absorbing it.

Jason rolls his eyes.

DIANE (CONT'D)

What? It'll grow on me.

Jason pulls the plug from the iPod.

DIANE (CONT'D)

Come on, I'm only half way in.

KASPER

I front loaded it.

DIANE

Oh.

Diane switches on the radio.

RADIO DJ (V.O.)

That was "RX", a track from the just leaked, and upcoming CD from Kasper. And ummm...wow.

Laughter in the background.

RADIO DJ (V.O.) (CONT'D)

We got lots of texts coming in and it's too bad we can't say them on air. This one sums it up best. "Worst bleeping bleep I ever bleeping heard. Bleep that mother-bleeper"

More laughter.

Jason grabs his cell phone and dials.

KASPER

Dude they're playing it right now. 103.5.

RADIO DJ (V.O.)  
Let's hope that one track is just a  
blip on the radar and not an omen of  
things to come.

INT. INTERSCOPE RECORDS - BOARD ROOM - DAY

Jason and Dennis sit across from each other.

KASPER  
That's all they said?

DENNIS  
Yes.

KASPER  
Nothing else?

DENNIS  
Correct.

KASPER  
This is bullshit.

DENNIS  
Quite.

Suit #1 walks in.

SUIT #1  
Dennis? A word.

Dennis stands up and leaves the room.

Jason leans back in his chair. He reaches into his coat  
pocket and pulls out a prescription bottle.

He pops it open and pours it - nothing comes out - empty.

He shoves it back into his pocket.

Posters on the wall of his album covers, except the new one.

He stares at the clock - the second hand takes an eternity.

He bites his nails.

The seconds hand slowly marches. He bites further. He shakes  
his head.

The door swings open.

DENNIS  
Lets go.

INT. S.U.V - DAY

DENNIS  
They're dropping you...us.

KASPER  
For what?

DENNIS  
Breach of contract. The "album" you  
presented isn't --

KASPER  
Oh what the fuck ever man. Fuck  
them. We don't fucking need 'em.

Dennis shakes his head.

DENNIS  
Just don't get it do you?

KASPER  
Pull over man.

DENNIS  
Shut the fuck up.

KASPER  
Pull the fuckin car over.

Dennis pulls to the side of the road.

Jason opens the door and gets out.

DENNIS  
You're a real piece of shit.

KASPER  
Leave me the fuck alone.

Jason slams the door shut.

Dennis peels out.

Jason whips out his cell phone.

KASPER (CONT'D)  
Come get me.

He looks left - long empty road.

He looks right - long empty road.

He flips up his hoodie, and pockets his hands.

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - DAY

The Interviewer holds out his microphone in front of a CUTE YOUNG GIRL.

INTERVIEWER

What did you think of Overdose?

CUTE YOUNG GIRL

I don't know...But Jason's really cute though.

She throws her hands up and cheers.

A YOUNG BLACK KID steps up.

YOUNG BLACK KID

It was garbage. Whack ass rhymes, stupid ass word play, horrible beats. Shit came out this year and already it sound dated. Total waste of talent and time. Thank god it just leaked and wasn't released.

An OLDER GENTLEMAN walks by.

INTERVIEWER

Sir?

OLDER GENTLEMAN

Get that god damn microphone out of my face!

A PREPPY WHITE GUY stands with his hands in his pocket.

PREPPY WHITE GUY

I liked his older stuff, seemed more real. I don't know what this album was about. He likes prescription pills, we get it. It might be funny when you're twenty, but I'm thirty, I got a 401k to worry about now.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Jason's Maserati speeds through the empty parking garage and parks.

INSIDE CAR

Jason lays his head against the head rest - blood shot eyes, heavy bags.

He throws on a pair of shades, palms a handful of pills and swallows them.

He gets out of the car.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Jason stumbles through the revolving doors into the lobby.

He sends a text to Dennis: Where the fuck are you?

Jason looks around the empty lobby. He waits a few moments then sheepishly walks toward the Information Desk.

A YOUNG RECEPTIONIST sits behind a desk.

RECEPTIONIST

Good Morning, may I help you?

KASPER

Yeah, umm, I'm supposed to meet my manager --

RECEPTIONIST

Who are you here to see?

Jason stares at his phone, flips through a few pages.

KASPER

Snow. Susan Snow. She's with In Reporter.

The Receptionists types on her keyboard.

RECEPTIONIST

I'm sorry sir, I don't show any meetings scheduled for Ms. Snow this morning.

KASPER

Whatever, just send me up.

RECEPTIONIST

I'm sorry sir I can't issue you a pass without prior authorization.

KASPER

Prior authorization? Send her down here then.

RECEPTIONIST

One moment.

Jason checks his phone, text from Dennis: canceled.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

I'm sorry sir, she's unavailable to come down.

KASPER  
Motherfuck... I had an interview  
with her. I got up early for this  
shit!

RECEPTIONIST  
Again I'm sorry sir.

KASPER  
Fuck this.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Dennis sits on the front steps of his three story town house.  
Jason's Maserati speeds down the street and parks in front  
of the house.

DENNIS  
So fuckin predictable.

Dennis stands up as Jason gets out of the car.

KASPER  
When did they cancel?

Dennis bites into an orange.

DENNIS  
About a week ago.

KASPER  
Why the fuck didn't you tell me?

DENNIS  
I did tell you.

KASPER  
You know how fuckin' embarrassing  
that was?

Dennis shakes his head.

DENNIS  
I did tell you. You don't fuckin'  
seem to listen anymore.

Jason shakes his head.

KASPER  
What? Suddenly no one wants to do a  
sit down with me anymore?

DENNIS  
Can you blame them?

KASPER

The fuck did I ever do to them?

DENNIS

Besides not releasing an album, being a total douche bag, and being next to impossible to deal --

KASPER

Oh fuck you man! Fuck this.

Jason turns and walks to his car.

DENNIS

Fuck it, that's your fuckin answer to everything lately.

KASPER

Go to hell man.

DENNIS

Jesus Christ it was one bad album. One! And it wasn't even officially fuckin released! Limp Bizkit made a career out of releasing shitty albums!

Jason unlocks the car.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

The label didn't even drop you! They are eagerly awaiting --

KASPER

The fact that you think this is about a fucking album -- Fuck it, fuck you!

Jason hops in his car.

DENNIS

Fine! Fuck you too!

INT. MASERATI - DAY

Jason flips on a radio station.

Not his music.

He turns the dial to another station. Not his music. He tries again - and again not his music.

He turns the radio off.

KASPER

Yo cheese.

(pause)

I need to be cheered up.

(pause)

Later then.

Jason tosses the phone on the passenger sit.

He pulls out a prescription bottle, flips off the top, and pours the pills in his mouth.

INT. MANSION - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jason opens the front door -- Cheese, a FEW DUDES and SEVERAL SEXY STRIPPERS stand outside.

They carry bottles of liquor and cases of beer.

Cheese tosses a zip lock bag full of prescription bottles at Jason.

Jason smiles at the Strippers. They grin and walk in.

BLONDE STRIPPER

Oh my god. I love your house.

The Blonde snaps photos with her cell phone.

REDHEADED STRIPPER

It's really beautiful.

BRUNETTE STRIPPER

Where can I get naked?

CHEESE

In the back girls. In the back.

Cheese laughs. Jason points to a corridor.

KASPER

Through there.

The DUDES attempt to enter. Jason holds out his hand to stop them.

KASPER (CONT'D)

Yeah right. Get lost.

RUDE DUDE

What?

KASPER

Private property. Take that shit down the road.



RUDE DUDE  
Fuck you - has been!

Jason leans his head against the door.

KASPER  
Yo Cheese.

With a blonde in one hand and a Budweiser in the other, Cheese turns.

KASPER (CONT'D)  
Call my lawyer.

CHEESE  
No no no!

Jason grabs the guy and forces him outside.

Cheese runs over and grabs Jason.

The Dude throws a punch and nails Jason in the face - Jason falls back into Cheese. Blood shoots from his mouth.

CHEESE (CONT'D)  
Get the fuck outta here.

The Rude Dude spits on the floor.

RUDE DUDE  
Fuck you Cheese. You said we were going to a famous person's place. We gone.

They turn and walk away.

Cheese slams the door.

The Three Strippers, oblivious to the "fight" - toss off their clothes and frolic down the hallway.

REDHEADED STRIPPER (O.S.)  
You guys coming or what?!

CHEESE  
Could be worse right?

POOL

Cheese jumps off a diving board and nails a cannon ball, water flies everywhere.

He comes up for air and wraps his arms around the Blonde and Brunette.

In the shallow end - Jason and the Redhead sit at the edge of the pool.

Jason dangles his legs in the water, baggy tank top still on.

The Redhead stands in the pool, her arms crossed on the ledge, barely covering her breasts.

REDHEADED STRIPPER  
Not coming in?

KASPER  
I'm cool right here.

She runs her fingers up his leg, and twirls them.

KASPER (CONT'D)  
You need anything?

REDHEADED STRIPPER  
Like?

KASPER  
Drink? Burn? Pills?

She laughs.

REDHEADED STRIPPER  
No. What I want is right here.

She slides her hand up his trunks. He smiles at her and leans back.

She stands in front of him and rests her mouth on his shorts.

CHEESE  
Yo J!

Cheese holds up an empty bottle.

CHEESE (CONT'D)  
Necisito mucho!

Jason points.

KASPER  
Guest house.

CHEESE  
Muchas gracias!

Cheese, gets out of the pool and runs his bare-ass across the way.

The Two Naked Strippers run after him.

REDHEADED STRIPPER  
They're gone.

KASPER  
They are.

She goes to lift his shirt - he grabs her hand.

REDHEADED STRIPPER  
Fine. Fine. Ya know, I didn't  
believe Cheese, but he said you have  
an elevator in this house.

INSIDE MANSION

The elevator door slides open, She walks inside.

Jason follows her in.

REDHEADED STRIPPER (CONT'D)  
S?

KASPER  
Studio.

REDHEADED STRIPPER  
Oh my god you have to show me.

The door closes.

ELEVATOR

KASPER  
No.

REDHEADED STRIPPER  
Pretty please.

She kneels in front of him.

REDHEADED STRIPPER (CONT'D)  
I'm on my knees.

She smiles.

KASPER  
The only place this elevator is going,  
is up.

Jason picks her up and tosses her over his shoulder. He  
hits 3.

REDHEADED STRIPPER

Hell yeah!

MASTER BEDROOM

She kneels in front of him. He stares skyward and shakes his head.

REDHEADED STRIPPER (CONT'D)

Come on! Come on!

KASPER

Yeah that don't fuckin help.

REDHEADED STRIPPER

What do you want? My hands?

She spits on her hand rubs them together. Jason pushes her aside.

REDHEADED STRIPPER (CONT'D)

My feet? Look at these arches, just  
imagine.

She leans back on the ground and kicks her legs and feet in the air. She points her toes and rubs her feet together.

She smiles at him.

KASPER

Shut up. Please.

She rolls over and stands up.

Jason stops trying.

KASPER (CONT'D)

Sorry.

REDHEADED STRIPPER

Really? This isn't gonna happen?

Jason sits at the edge of the bed.

REDHEADED STRIPPER (CONT'D)

Can I at least say you fucked me?

KASPER

Say whatever you want.

She sits next to him and kisses his cheek.

REDHEADED STRIPPER

I'm gonna go find Cheese.

KASPER

Ok.

She walks toward the door.

REDHEADED STRIPPER

By the way, I really liked Overdose,  
I don't know why you didn't release  
it.

Jason grins.

KASPER

If you started off with that, I  
probably woulda got hard.

She laughs, waves goodbye and leaves the room.

LIVING ROOM

Cheese slaps Jason's hand.

CHEESE

You look fuckin' awful J.

KASPER

I'm fine.

CHEESE

Where's Diane?

KASPER

Who cares.

CHEESE

I'm sending her over.

KASPER

Go.

Jason slams the door.

He drops a bunch of pills into his palms, shoves em into his  
mouth and swallows.

He leans against the door, coughs.

On the coffee table - the envelope Detective Poole gave him  
sits.

Jason strolls over to it and flips through it.

As he flips through the pages and photos, his eyes seem to  
lose focus. He looks drunk, out of it.

He gags.

He tucks the envelope under his arm and runs up the staircase.

EXT. MANSION - NIGHT

Diane's BMW parks in the driveway. She and Peyton get out and run inside.

INT. MANSION - NIGHT

Diane drops her keys and purse on a table.

DIANE

Jason?

PEYTON

Dad?

DIANE

Go get a glass of water.

Peyton runs to the Kitchen.

Diane darts up the stairs.

MASTER BEDROOM - BATHROOM

Jason leans over the toilet and pukes.

DIANE (O.S.)

Jason?

He lays next to the sink and wipes at his sweaty face.

Diane opens the door --

DIANE (CONT'D)

Jason! Come on, we're going.

KASPER

Not going anywhere.

DIANE

Jason!

KASPER

What?!

DIANE

You need to see the doctor!

KASPER

You need to shut the fuck up.

She throws the phone at him, it hits him in the mouth.

DIANE  
What's wrong with you?!

KASPER  
Get your shit and get the fuck out  
of my house.

She slams the door.

Jason stares at the overhead light. His eyes focus on it.  
He squints, then laughs.

He pats around him looking for the envelope.

Not there.

He looks left, right, nothing.

He stands up and stumbles into --

MASTER BEDROOM

Jason opens a closet and throws clothes aside.

He opens a few drawers and tosses clothes out.

DIANE  
What are you doing?

KASPER  
Where the fuck is it?

DIANE  
Where is what?

KASPER  
The folder, the envelope.

HALLWAY

Peyton creeps closer to the Bedroom - glass of water in hand.

BEDROOM

DIANE  
What are you talking about?

KASPER  
Did you fuckin' hide it?

DIANE  
Hide it? I don't even know what  
you're talking --

KASPER

Evan's document. The fucking folder,  
with the files and the pictures.  
Where is it?!

DIANE

You are seriously losing it Jason!

KASPER

I had it the night I got rolled. Is  
it in your fuckin car? Give me your  
fuckin keys!

Peyton stands near the doorway.

Jason reaches for her purse.

DIANE

Get off of me!

KASPER

Give me the fuckin' keys!

She pushes him off her, and he stumbles to the ground. He  
coughs heavily and spits on the ground.

DIANE

You're losing it. Look at yourself,  
you fat pathetic fuck!

PEYON

Mom!

Peyton drops the glass - it shatters.

KASPER

Peyton!

DIANE

Come here baby.

Peyton runs and hugs Diane.

KASPER

Don't you fuckin' leave! Don't you  
fucking take her!

Diane grabs her purse, holds Peyton in her arms and storms  
out of the room.

Jason lays on the ground - he hears her feet rumble down the  
stairs, then over the hard floors.

A door opens - slams shut.



A car's ignition turns over, then speeds way.

Jason rolls over, gets on his knees and stands up.

KASPER (CONT'D)  
Fuck this shit.

ELEVATOR

The elevator slowly descends. The doors slide open and Jason walks into --

STUDIO

His silhouette fills the door way.

The lights flip on. He stands over the mixing board. He eyes the recording booth.

He flings a chair across the room.

It rips through the booth, glass shatters - the headphones and microphone tumble to the ground.

He grabs another chair and whales on the mixing board. He grabs notebooks and rips pages out of them, and crumples them up.

CD's, DAT tapes, monitors, computers, all destroyed.

He stumbles back onto a couch and stares skyward, glossy, glass eyes.

KASPER (CONT'D)  
This is so...fucking...

DETECTIVE POOLE (O.S.)  
Pathetic is the word you're looking for.

Detective Poole drops the folder on Jason's chest.

DETECTIVE POOLE (CONT'D)  
You left it on the coffee table.  
Losing your memory much?

KASPER  
How the fuck did you get in here?

Detective poole leans over him.

DETECTIVE POOLE  
Do you even know what a fuckin' detectives is or does?

Poole laughs.

DETECTIVE POOLE (CONT'D)  
Get up. Come on. I need to show  
you something.

LIVING ROOM

Jason and Poole walk from the elevator when

-- The power goes out --

DETECTIVE POOLE (CONT'D)  
Fuck.

Crash - Shattered glass.

Running foot steps echo.

DETECTIVE POOLE (CONT'D)  
They're here.

KASPER  
Who?

DETECTIVE POOLE  
Come on, follow me.

Poole pushes Jason as they run toward the front staircase.

A loud BANG, more glass shatters.

They both hit the deck.

Poole pulls out a pistol.

DETECTIVE POOLE (CONT'D)  
Get up stairs, lock the door.

Poole hands Jason a 9mm Beretta.

DETECTIVE POOLE (CONT'D)  
Anyone but me comes through that  
door you put two in their head, got  
me?

Jason grabs the gun and holds it.

DETECTIVE POOLE (CONT'D)  
Go!

PEYTON (O.S.)  
Dad!!!

Jason turns toward the voice - upstairs - and points the gun.

KASPER  
Peyton?

DETECTIVE POOLE  
Shit!

PEYTON (O.S.)  
Dad they're here! They're here!  
Help!

KASPER  
Peyton?!

Jason darts up the steps.

DETECTIVE POOLE  
Get in the room and lock it! I'll  
find her.

MASTER BEDROOM

Jason opens the door then slams it shut. He locks it.

He holds the pistol against the door and looks through the peep hole.

KASPER  
What the fuck.

He yanks out his cell phone - no service.

KASPER (CONT'D)  
Fuck!

He throws the phone across the room. He jumps across the bed and grabs a cordless phone.

No dial tone.

PEYTON (O.S.)  
DAD!!

Jason turns toward the door, gun pointed.

PEYTON (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Dad! Help me! Help me! Please!

BANG.

Silence.

KASPER

Peyton?

Jason walks toward the door, gun in hand.

KASPER (CONT'D)

Poole? Detective!?

Jason's hand reaches for the front door.

DIANE (O.S.)

JASON!

Jason turns around - Diane stands in front of the window.

The sky behind her dark, then turns into --

A BURNING WHITE HOT LIGHT

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

The white hot light forms into overhead fluorescent lights in the hallway of a hospital.

Jason, strapped to a gurney, oxygen mask over his face. His skin with a blue hue, blood dripping from his nose.

PARAMEDICS lead his stretcher to a room.

PARAMEDIC

BP is 80 over 40. Non-responsive.

DOCTORS poke and prod him.

DOCTOR

What is he on? Did you bag anything?

The Paramedic hands over a bag of empty prescription bottles.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Mr. Kasperperson.

The Doctor is in front of him, but the voice is distant, slowed and murky.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Jason, I need to know how much you took.

His lips quiver and gargles out --

KASPER

Peyton. Poole.

The Doctor looks at the Paramedic and shrugs.

DOCTOR

Jason?

His heart rate slows...then stops. His eyes roll to the back of his head, and he exhales and gargles.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Intubate now! Get me the paddles!

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Dennis sips a glass of wine with his girlfriend Amanda.

Candles lit, a nice dinner served.

A cell phone vibrates on the counter.

AMANDA

Don't get it.

DENNIS

That's the business line.

AMANDA

Not during dinner, please.

DENNIS

Two seconds.

He stands up, she holds out her hand.

AMANDA

Not even for me?

DENNIS

You like your steak?

AMANDA

Yes.

DENNIS

Do you like your S-Class?

AMANDA

Of course.

DENNIS

Then I gotta answer when the people who pay for that shit call!

He snatches the phone, and stands up from the table.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Hello.

His expression drops.

INT. BMW / EXT.HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Diane's BMW darts down the highway.

She and Peyton nervously bite at their finger nails.

EXT. EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

Cheese smokes a cigarette.

Diane's BMW parks. She and Peyton run out.

Cheese hugs her.

DIANE  
What happened?!

Cheese looks down, fidgets with his cigarette as he struggles with the words.

CHEESE  
He was all blue and shit...Face down  
on the floor. Gun on the ground,  
talking about some Detective Poole  
or some shit. I have no idea.

Peyton runs inside.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

PEYTON  
Dad! Where's my Dad!

Diane and Cheese follow after Peyton.

CHEESE  
This way.

They stare at Jason through a window to his room. Tubes everywhere, ventilation machine, the works.

Diane covers her mouth. Peyton cries and buries her head in Diane's leg.

Dennis runs up and joins them, he hugs Diane.

He looks at Jason.

DENNIS  
Oh my god.

A DOCTOR walks out.

DOCTOR  
Are you family?

They nod.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
This way.

PRIVATE WAITING ROOM

DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
He's stable. At this point we are not entirely sure how much, or of what he took.

CHEESE  
I gave you those bottles though, don't that help?

DOCTOR  
Yeah but he could have taken anything or a combination of them. We just do not know at this point.

DENNIS  
Is he gonna be ok?

DOCTOR  
Again we cannot say for sure yet. He has a long way to go. The next twenty four hours will tell us as much as we need though. We are doing our best and he is in the best hands possible.

Peyton cries in Diane's arms.

DENNIS  
Thanks doc. Can we stay here?

DOCTOR  
Absolutely. Can anyone speak to his mental faculties lately?

DIANE  
Why?

DOCTOR  
We have not ruled out the fact that he might have done this intentionally.

Diane lowers her head.

Dennis falls into his seat.

A TELEVISION SCREEN -

Breaking news in the world of music.

A YOUNG REPORTER gives the update --

TELEVISION (V.O.)

Rap superstar Jason Kasperon better known by his alter ego, "Kasper" was rushed to Memorial hospital late this evening. No word from the hospital as of now or his management but sources are telling us that it is indeed drug-related, and possibly an overdose. An overdose on what remains to be seen at this point. Follow us on twitter for the latest, breaking news.

EXT. HOSPITAL - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Dennis and Cheese lean against Dennis' car smoking cigarettes.

DENNIS

I can't fuckin' believe this.

CHEESE

You and me both.

DENNIS

I pushed and I pushed. I never thought he'd do this.

CHEESE

I was just with him. We had beers, broads. He seemed fine.

DENNIS

Fucked up.

CHEESE

Yeah.

DENNIS

You found him?

CHEESE

I left some shit by the pool, so I had to come back. I found his ass sprawled out, gun next to him, talking about a Detective Poole. I didn't even know he was packing.

DENNIS

It's my gun. I gave it to him.



CHEESE

Good thing he took the passive approach.

DENNIS

Wait? Detective Poole? Why the fuck do I know that name?

CHEESE

Yeah, he was just saying Peyton, Poole, Peyton, Detective Russell Poole. He was all fucked up.

DENNIS

Hang on.

Dennis whips out his phone, and brings up Google.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

The heart rate monitor beeps, rhythmically.

The ventilator breathes in, breathes out.

Jason lays in bed, covered in tubes.

The heart rate monitor, slows, then slows...

EXT. HOSPITAL - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Dennis brings up a Wikipedia article and laughs.

CHEESE

What?

DENNIS

You gotta be shittin' me.

CHEESE

What, what is it?

Dennis flips the phone around and shows Cheese.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

As a digital clock flips from 8, to 9, to 12, to 4, Doctors and Nurses march in and out of the room.

They refill IV bags. They insert new tubes. They check the equipment.

Jason's eyes flicker open. A tube down his throat.

Detective Poole leans over him.

DETECTIVE POOLE

Boo.

The heart rate machine goes haywire. Jason groans.

DETECTIVE POOLE (CONT'D)

What was that?

Diane sleeps in a chair in the corner of the room.

Peyton lays with her head at the foot of the bed.

DETECTIVE POOLE (CONT'D)

Are you trying to say something dead  
man?

Poole laughs. He walks over to the heart monitor.

DETECTIVE POOLE (CONT'D)

That doesn't look like a healthy  
rhythm Jason. What is that? Four  
time.

Poole laughs again.

Jason's hands move, they reach for the tube in his throat.

The movement wakes up Peyton.

PEYTON

Mom!

Diane jumps from her seat.

DIANE

NURSE! NURSE!

The Nurse rushes in and holds down his arms.

NURSE

Boy, don't you fight with me!

As the nurse removes the breathing tube, Jason coughs,  
violently. He spits.

Jason looks toward the monitor - Poole - no longer there.

NURSE (CONT'D)

Come on baby, say something now.

In a hoarse, groggy tone.

KASPER

Peyton?

Peyton jumps into his arms.

The Nurse grabs her.

NURSE  
Easy baby, easy!

Jason hugs her. She cries in his arms.

Diane, hands in front of her mouth, tears in her eyes.

Dennis and Cheese stand outside the room. They pat each other on the back and smile.

EXT. MANSION - DAY

Dennis' S.U.V parks in the circular drive way. Diane's BMW parks behind it.

Jason gets out of Diane's BMW. He looks around at the massive house and lush lawn. The trees swaying in the wind.

He looks at Diane and smiles.

Peyton runs up to him and grabs his hand.

PEYTON  
Let's go Dad!

INSIDE MANSION

Peyton and Diane walk toward the kitchen.

DIANE  
Hungry? Want something to eat?

KASPER  
Sure.

Jason taps Dennis on the shoulder and nods. They walk down the corridor, past the awards and the posters.

OUTSIDE

Jason and Dennis sit on a bench.

DENNIS  
You should've came to me for help.

KASPER  
I didn't think anything was wrong.

DENNIS  
How many were you taking.

KASPER  
Fuck if I know man. A lot?

DENNIS  
Maybe you should take time off, a  
long vacation. Sort your shit out?

Jason laughs.

DENNIS (CONT'D)  
What?

KASPER  
See, I needed to hear that about a  
year ago, after the last tour.  
Remember? That's when I needed this  
speech from you.

Jason stands up and paces.

DENNIS  
You're right, look, it's been a long  
run, a good run. You want other  
management, you want somebody else,  
just say the word. I want what's  
best for you kid.

Jason laughs, and sits back on the bench.

KASPER  
Stop.

DENNIS  
What?

KASPER  
Look man, Ali was born to punch,  
Lebron was born to ball. Me? I was  
born to do this right here.

DENNIS  
Born to rap. Name of the next album?

They stare at each other - then laugh.

KASPER  
I bet the label would like that.

DENNIS  
Yeah they would.

Dennis smiles.

Jason reaches into his pocket and pulls out his wallet. He  
hands Dennis a black American Express card.

KASPER

Get that gear in here as fast as possible.

Dennis whips out his cell phone and walks toward his car.

Jason walks back inside the mansion.

Cheese joins Dennis in the front of the house by the cars.

DENNIS

You got that guy at Sam Ash still right?

CHEESE

Yeah.

DENNIS

Let's go shopping.

CHEESE

Did you tell him?

DENNIS

Tell him what?

CHEESE

About Poole?

DENNIS

No.

CHEESE

You probably should.

DENNIS

Why?

CHEESE

What if he comes back?

DENNIS

He won't. Not here at least.

They get in the car.

INSIDE MANSION - MASTER BEDROOM

Jason walks inside.

Diane on her knees, with cleaning gloves on she scrubs the carpet.

KASPER

Ya know, we're rich enough to pay  
for someone to do that right?

Diane flips him off.

DIANE

You ever pull some shit like that  
again, I will knock your ass out.  
No joke.

Jason gets down on the floor next to her and pulls her close.

They share a long kiss.

PEYTON (O.S.)

Oh god. Get a room!

Jason turns.

KASPER

We're in a room!

PEYTON

Gross!

Jason and Diane smile at each other. Peyton walks away.

KASPER

I can't believe how close I came to  
losing you. Losing both of you.

DIANE

Like I said, don't let it happen  
again.

KASPER

So you'll actually stay tonight?

She smiles.

OUTSIDE

A LARGE DUMPSTER

Bags full of empty pill bottles tossed into the dumpster.

INSIDE MANSION

STUDIO

MOVERS Carry large boxes past Jason.

They unpack the boxes and setup a new mixing board.

A CARPENTER builds the recording booth.

An ENGINEER sets up the microphone, and head phones.

A new White board goes up.

Notebooks, pens, markers line up.

MASTER BEDROOM

Jason runs on a treadmill. Sweating like a pig, breathing heavy, he struggles.

STUDIO

A thunderous beat roars through the speakers. Jason, pen and pad in hand, writes at a feverish pace.

In the recording booth - Anger, passion, turned up to eleven as he rips verse after verse.

MASTER BEDROOM

On the treadmill, Jason runs faster.

LIVING ROOM

On the couch, Jason leans back. He holds the notebook and furiously writes with his pen.

He flips the page, keeps writing.

He sits up straight, rips out the page, crumples it up and tosses it.

Pen meets a blank white page, and the words flow out.

PEYTON'S ROOM

Jason and Peyton sit at her computer. A text book open. They smile at each other.

Diane walks past, holding a bag of laundry. She smiles at them.

STUDIO

Jason in front of the white board. He twirls the marker in his hand. He mouths the words on the white board.

MASTER BEDROOM

Jason sprints on the treadmill, shirt off. Sweat drips off his toned body.

## BATHROOM

Jason tosses water on his face, and on his body. He grabs a towel and rubs his face.

Diane appears in the mirror, she holds out an index finger - come hither.

Jason smiles, runs at her, picks her up and tosses her on the bed.

He rips her shirt open and kisses her. She wraps her legs around him.

KASPER (CONT'D)

I love you.

She kisses him back.

## LATER

Jason rolls Diane off of him, gets out of bed, and heads toward the door.

DIANE (O.S.)

Got somewhere to be?

KASPER

I've got work to do. Don't wait up.

DIANE

I never have.

Diane smiles at him.

Jason turns off the lights and leaves.

## RECORDING STUDIO

Jason fidgets with the mixing board. A slow, melodic, piano driven beat kicks in.

Jason switches up the key. He kicks in the bass drum.

Jason nods along to it.

KASPER

There we go.

Jason grabs the notebook.

KASPER (CONT'D)

All I need is the words.

Jason grabs a marker and looks at the white board.



A track listing, entitled: Greatest Hits.

KASPER (CONT'D)  
Greatest hits?

He opens his notebook - blank empty white pages.

KASPER (CONT'D)  
The fuck?

DING.

The elevator chimes.

KASPER (CONT'D)  
Diane?

Foot steps creep closer.

KASPER (CONT'D)  
Di?

Jason walks to the studio door and opens it --

Poole stands, arms crossed.

KASPER (CONT'D)  
Oh come on man.

Jason tries to slam the door - Poole's foot stops it.

DETECTIVE POOLE  
It's time to go Jason.

KASPER  
I gotta... this shit isn't gonna  
write itself man!

DETECTIVE POOLE  
Write it? You already wrote it, a  
long time ago.

Jason eyes him.

INT. INTERSCOPE RECORDS - BOARD ROOM - DAY

The Executive and his posse of Suits lean back in their  
chairs.

Dennis sits alone at the end of the table in front of his  
laptop.

EXECUTIVE  
Release date is set.

Dennis types notes on his laptop.

DENNIS  
Anything else?

The Executive slides over a folder.

SUIT #1  
We made some modifications to it  
over night, once the final track was  
selected.

Dennis opens the folder.

On the cover: Jason leans against a wall. Black hoodie on.  
The title: The Greatest Hits - In Memoriam.

DENNIS  
That's fine.

SUIT #1  
We got the three charities set up.

DENNIS  
Yeah, the last one finally agreed.

SUIT #2  
Perfect.

EXECUTIVE  
This is so much easier without him.

The Suits laugh.

Dennis, looks at them, pretty pissed off.

EXECUTIVE (CONT'D)  
Sorry.

Jason stands in the corner of the room next to Poole.

KASPER  
Charities? What the fuck is he  
talking about --

Poole stares at him, says nothing.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Jason, engulfed in a white spot light, sits.

The Interviewer leans in.

INTERVIEWER

Last question. What would you like people to come away with? After all that happened to you, you obviously -- what do you want people to take away from it?

THE SCREEN GOES BLACK - A slate appears.

INT. VIEWING ROOM - DAY

Diane and Peyton sit with the Interviewer and Producer.

The screen, which they were watching the Interview on, ends.

INTERVIEWER

With the anniversary coming up, we wanted you both to --

DIANE

Sure. Of course.

PRODUCER

Can you follow me?

INTERVIEWER

Just a few minutes. We've written something in advance, unless you have something to add.

DIANE

No problem. Thanks for having us down. And sure, there's a few things I'm sure we'll add.

PEYTON

Thanks.

EXT. INTERSECTION - NIGHT

Green turning arrow.

Jason, across the street, watches as a black Infiniti sports coupe creeps out into the middle of the intersection.

JASON

No!!!

BAM

An eighteen-wheel truck blows through the red light and destroys the sports car.

JASON (CONT'D)

Evan!!

Jason runs into the street - dodges a few speeding cars.

He gets to the black infiniti - now a mess of smoke, and destroyed metal.

Jason reaches for the door handle and pulls. The door won't budge.

He elbows the drivers side window and reaches in and grabs the driver.

Jason picks him up and carries him to safety across the street. He lays the Driver down on the ground.

Jason rolls the driver over and it's - Jason.

Jason jumps back.

JASON (CONT'D)

What the fuck?!

DETECTIVE POOLE (V.O.)

Pathetic.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Jason and Poole stand near a grave site.

KASPER

Who the fuck are you?

DETECTIVE POOLE

Well I'm not really a Detective.  
I'm hoping you came to that conclusion  
on your own.

KASPER

This is fuckin' ridiculous.

Jason walks away from him.

DETECTIVE POOLE

Like I told you -- you died in the  
hospital.

HOSPITAL

Doctors hover over Jason - CPR. Shock paddles. IV's.

The heart monitor flat lines.

Diane and Peyton hold each other.

Dennis and Cheese hang their heads.

BACK TO CEMETERY

KASPER

But I was -- I made it home. I've been home, for weeks!

DETECTIVE POOLE

And everything was perfect wasn't it? You and Diane were happy. Were you two ever like that? Ever happy?

MANSION

Diane and Jason smile and hold each other. They kiss and hug in front of the television, popcorn in hand.

BACK TO CEMETERY

KASPER

I was writing again, I was writing great shit, it was --

Detective Poole wipes at his face.

DETECTIVE POOLE

It was a greatest hits album. The songs were already written. Why do you think it was so easy?

RECORDING STUDIO

Jason, notebook on his lap, pen in hand. Page full of lyrics.

BACK TO CEMETERY

Diane and Peyton, with a small PRODUCTION CREW approach a grave site.

DETECTIVE POOLE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry this had to happen to you. I really am. I liked you Jason - all things considered.

KASPER

I don't. I mean. This doesn't make any sense.

DETECTIVE POOLE

It's different for everyone. No one goes through it the same way.

KASPER

Goes through what motherfucker? I see them. They're right fuckin there.

Jason throws his hands in the air and waves at Peyton and Diane.

KASPER (CONT'D)  
I'm right here!! Look! Look god  
damnit look!

Jason lowers his arms. A soft breeze picks up, the grass sways against it.

DETECTIVE POOLE  
You hear that?

Jason looks at Poole.

DETECTIVE POOLE (CONT'D)  
That's the sound of life moving on  
without you.

KASPER  
But I don't want to leave them though.  
I never wanted to leave them.

DETECTIVE POOLE  
It's too bad you never let them know  
that.

KASPER  
Fuck you! I tried! I tried with  
every lyric I ever wrote, with every  
song, with every album! With every  
hard earned dollar I --

EVAN (O.S.)  
Let's go kid.

Jason turns.

Evan stands off to the side, hands in his pockets, smile on his face.

EVAN (CONT'D)  
I'm glad you finally made it.

Jason runs up to Evan and wraps his arms around him.

EVAN (CONT'D)  
Easy man.

Jason looks around - only Evan stands there.

KASPER  
Where'd he go?

EVAN

Who?

Poole - nowhere to be seen.

KASPER

The dude who brought me here.

EVAN

Don't worry bout it. Just follow me kid.

Jason looks at Evan than turns around to face Peyton and Diane.

They lay flowers at a grave site, turn and walk toward a large black SUV.

KASPER

I'm not waking up from this am I?

EVAN

Afraid not. I went through the same shit. Don't worry bout them, they'll be here sooner than you think. Trust me.

The black SUV drives off.

KASPER

Alright then. Let's go.

Jason turns - Evan's gone.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Jason stands in the middle of an empty highway. Freshly paved blacktop - bright white lines.

The roads stretch out endlessly in both directions.

Desolate.

No cars.

Beep.

Tears form at his face as he kneels in the middle of the road. He stares up at the sky.

Sporadic clouds.

It's perfect.

DETECTIVE POOLE (V.O.)

Jason.

KASPER

Fuck you.

Jason punches at the ground, his hand splits open into a bloody mess.

KASPER (CONT'D)

Fuck you! Fuck you! Fuck you!

Beep. Beep. Beep.

EVAN (V.O.)

Jason.

KASPER

No!

Beep. Beep. Beep.

DETECTIVE POOLE (V.O.)

Jason...

EVAN (V.O.)

Go home kid...

SOMEONE (O.S.)

Jason!

Beep. Beep.

PEYTON (V.O.)

DAD!!

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Jason lunges forward, heavy coughing.

A Nurse holds him down, and re-attaches an intubation tube into his throat.

NURSE

Slow down baby, slow down. Relax.  
Breathe.

Jason's eyes dart around the room.

Diane, Peyton - tears of joy down their faces.

Dennis and Cheese outside - they smile and smack each other on the back.

Jason's heart rate steadies.



NURSE (CONT'D)  
It's gonna be okay baby, come on.  
Just breathe.

Jason falls back into the bed. Relived. Joyed. Catches his breath.

INTERVIEWER (V.O.)  
So you really did die?

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT

Jason places an empty bottle of water on the table next to him.

INTERVIEWER  
How long were you...well...gone?

KASPER  
It felt like months, but they tell me it was only a few seconds.

INTERVIEWER  
Really? Months?

KASPER  
Yeah. I don't fuckin' recommend it.

Laughter.

KASPER (CONT'D)  
Sorry.

INTERVIEWER  
It's cool.

A Producer places an ashtray.

KASPER  
No thanks.

INTERVIEWER  
You quit?

KPER  
I quit a lot of things man.

Small laughter fills the room.

INT. MANSION - STUDIO - DAY

Jason flips the light on and stands in the doorway.

His equipment tossed around the room.

A broken microphone at his feet. Split in half headphones next to it.

He flips the light off and closes the door.

He walks toward the elevator.

Dennis leans against the wall, cell phone to his ear.

DENNIS  
What should I do about that?

KASPER  
I'll get the maid.

DENNIS  
The maid?

The Elevator door opens.

KASPER  
Ya know, the person who cleans that  
sorta shit up.

Jason gets in the elevator.

DENNIS  
I got my guy at Sam Ash on the phone.

KASPER  
Then hang up.

Jason smiles as the door closes.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT

INTERVIEWER  
I'm quoting here: "Maddeningly  
disrespectful. He's driven me as  
close to murder as I'll ever get.  
Yet at the same time, passionate,  
empathetic and talented beyond belief.  
Unequivocal in his delivery, lyricism  
and word play. It's an honor to  
have shared this experience with  
him. He's the greatest friend I've  
ever had, and I'd march through the  
gates of hell for him."

Jason smiles.

INTERVIEWER (CONT'D)  
That was your manager. Dennis.

KASPER  
He's a bit wordy.

People laugh.

INTERVIEWER  
Is he right?

KASPER  
I am unequaled, absolutely.

Jason laughs.

KASPER (CONT'D)  
I've said it before, I couldn't have  
done it without people like him, or  
Ev or Diane.

Jason looks past the Interviewer.

Diane stands in the shadows - she smiles at him.

The Interviewer turns toward Diane.

INTERVIEWER  
Did you two ever reconcile?

KASPER  
We're working on it.

The Interviewer scribbles in his notes.

INTERVIEWER  
You've been through a lot recently.

KASPER  
That's one way to put it.

INTERVIEWER  
Are you writing? Recording? I know  
people are dying to hear --

KASPER  
I gave that up to.

The Interviewer quirks an eyebrow.

A slight gasp in the room.

INT. INTERSCOPE RECORDS - LOBBY - DAY

Jason and Dennis sit on black leather couches.

Dennis flips through Time magazine.

KASPER  
You nervous?

DENNIS  
No.

KASPER  
I'm nervous.

DENNIS  
I can tell.

KASPER  
Why am I nervous?

DENNIS  
You're clean.

KASPER  
Yeah.

DENNIS  
No. I mean, you're clean. This is  
what normal feels like.

KASPER  
Yeah?

DENNIS  
Yup.

KASPER  
It sucks.

DENNIS  
Yes it does.

Jason looks around the room.

KASPER  
They took my shit down.

DENNIS  
What did you expect? You see any  
other retiring musicians hanging on  
the walls?

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT

INTERVIEWER  
Last question.

KASPER  
Shoot.

INTERVIEWER

With all that's been said and done.  
What do you want people to take away  
from your story, from what happened  
to you? I mean, sitting here right  
now. Listening to you talk about  
it, and learning, I think we're the  
first to know...

The Interviewer looks over to a Producer who gives a thumbs  
up.

INTERVIEWER (CONT'D)

First to know that you're retiring.  
I don't know, but to me, at least,  
it seems like you're just quitting.

KASPER

I'm sure it looks like that from the  
outside. But it's not like that at  
all.

INTERVIEWER

I'm saying it seems like that. So,  
would you like for people to take  
away from this? From the Jason  
Kasperson story?

INT. MANSION - PEYTON'S ROOM - NIGHT

Jason stands in the doorway looking at Peyton as she sleeps.

KASPER (V.O.)

I've never been one to tell people  
how they should feel. I just put  
what I thought out there and let  
them figure it out for themselves.

MASTER BEDROOM

Jason kneels at the foot of the bed.

Diane, under the covers. She quietly snores in that cute,  
girl, snoring kinda way.

Jason smiles, gets up and walks out of the room.

LIVING ROOM

Jason descends the large stair case.

He plops down on the couch, knocking down the remote control.

KASPER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
I'm not preachy. But I guess the  
one thing. If you want to know one  
thing.

He gets on his knees and looks under the couch. He reaches  
under.

KASPER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
It was the moment I realized that  
maybe I was wrong. Maybe I was wrong  
about everything.

His eyes go wide.

He pulls his hand back, a half-full prescription bottle.

He rests it on the coffee table, next to his notebook.

He lays back on the couch, his legs slightly apart.

His hands folded in front of his face.

INTERVIEWER (V.O.)  
Wrong about what?

On his left, the prescription bottle.

KASPER (V.O.)  
Maybe the pills weren't the problem.

On his right, a pen rests atop his notebook.

His eyes dart back and forth like he's watching a tennis  
match.

INTERVIEWER (V.O.)  
Jason. Thank you so much for taking  
the time. It was thoroughly  
enjoyable.

KASPER (V.O.)  
No problem.

Moments go by.

INTERVIEWER (V.O.)  
Just for the record. I think you'll  
be back.

Jason leans forward.

KASPER (V.O.)  
We'll see.

110.

He reaches out his hand, and grabs --

FADE OUT: