

Life In The Way

by

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LIFE IN THE WAY

FADE IN:

EXT. PHOENIX RISING NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

A large, red and yellow neon Phoenix Bird rises from flashing neon orange and blue flames above the marquee.

The marquee displays "BLAYDE".

Bumper to bumper traffic is at a crawl. The adjacent parking lot is full.

VALETS open doors, park cars.

Throngs of PEOPLE fill the sidewalks and mill about. Several enter the nightclub after the DOORMAN checks ID's.

It is a busy night in the Arts and Entertainment District.

INT. PHOENIX RISING NIGHTCLUB - CONTINUOUS

MAIN AREA

ROCK MUSIC blasts from the amplifiers at a deafening level. BLAYDE, in large blue light letters stretches behind the drummer. The band is rocking the house at full tilt sounding like a cross between SKILLET and DISTURBED.

PEOPLE are shoulder to shoulder, cell phones in their hands - texting, taking selfies. The place is packed with twenty-somethings trying to impress and thirty-somethings trying to look like twenty-somethings. Here and there are pathetic older people trying to regain their youth.

Everyone is on their feet. Whistles, shouts, and applause mixes with the music.

On stage FIVE ROCKERS continue to unleash their talents. They love being on stage.

SCOTT NOLAN, early twenties, medium length hair, rocking his guitar, is behind a microphone singing. He is at home on stage.

JESSICA EVANS, Jess as her friends call her, twenties, confident, black bandanna, white cowboy hat, ripped jeans, is next to Scott rocking her guitar and singing harmony.

BOBBY NOLAN, Scott's older brother, mid-twenties, clean cut, looks a little out of place among the other band members, stands next to Jess, playing bass guitar. His mind is clearly somewhere else.

ERIC, mid-twenties, is on rhythm guitar, rocks his head to the beat.

JAXON, mid-twenties, headphones, sunglasses, sits in the middle of a massive drum set keeping everyone in time.

The fast paced rock number beats to the core of our bones as we move to the...

OFFICE

A simple office. A desk, couple of chairs, a few gold records adorn the walls. Behind the desk is a large photo of four hair band guys on stage. "COLDSTEEL" stretches in large letters behind the drummer.

VINCE PATRICK, late fifties, long salt and pepper hair, an older version of one of the guys from the photo behind the desk, stands near a window that overlooks the main area and stage.

The music fills the office through speakers mounted on the wall.

VINCE

What do you think?

Vince glances to MATTHEW GOLDMAN, suit and tie, corporate type.

MATTHEW

They're good. With a little polish they could be great.

VINCE

I'll work with them.

MATTHEW

I need to hear more of their original songs. Send them to L.A. next month. We have a deal.

We move back to the...

MAIN AREA

The music continues. The Band rocks out at full tilt. The crowd is wild and noisy.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCOTT'S HOUSE - DAY

Single level, stucco, stone, tile roof homes built in the sixties, with trimmed yards, sit quietly up and down the tree lined street.

Among them is Scott's house. Could use a fresh coat of paint. The lawn needs to be mowed.

INT. SCOTT'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

LIVING ROOM

A neatly kept home. A black grand piano in the corner. Guitars on stands in front of a couple of small amplifiers sit next to the piano. Just beyond is the...

KITCHEN

Jess sits at a small table near the window. A coffee cup in her hands.

Scott enters and grabs a cup, pours it full of coffee.

Scott leans against the counter, takes a sip of coffee, then looks at Jess.

SCOTT

Good Morning.

Jess looks at Scott. There is a sadness in her eyes. She tries a half hearted smile.

JESS

Morning.

SCOTT

Is Bobby still in bed?

JESS

I guess.

Jess turns and looks out the window.

SCOTT

Is everything okay between you two?

JESS

We're fine.

SCOTT

What was all the yelling about last night?

Jess takes a drink of coffee from her cup, looks at Scott.

JESS

The usual shit from your dad.

SCOTT

Dad just wants what's best for us.

JESS

He has a strange way of showing it.

LIVING ROOM - LATER

Scott is on the couch, an acoustic guitar in his lap, a pencil between his teeth. A few sheets of paper are scattered about on a table in front of him.

Jess sits in a chair opposite Scott, an acoustic guitar in her lap.

Scott grabs the pencil from his teeth, sets it on the table.

SCOTT

Bobby! Get out here!

Scott strums a few chords, picks up the pencil, jots down a few notes on one of the pieces of paper.

SCOTT

Let's try that again.

Scott and Jess strum a few bars of a new song.

JESS

I think we need to put a seventh at the end. That'll give it a kick.

Scott turns and looks toward the hall.

SCOTT

Bobby! Come on! Don't make me come and get you!

JESS

Let him be. We can do this without him.

SCOTT

No. We need him...Bobby!

Scott sets his guitar down and gets up.

SCOTT

This is bullshit...Bobby! We only have a month.

Jess looks in Scott's direction.

JESS

Really...leave him alone.

Scott heads down the...

HALLWAY

...stops outside of a closed door. He gives a couple of short knocks on the door.

SCOTT

Come on Bobby.

Silence.

Scott knocks again.

SCOTT

I'm coming in...I hope your decent.

Scott opens the door and enters the...

BEDROOM

Bobby lays on his stomach on the bed, appears to be sound asleep. He is still in his clothes. His arm hangs over the edge of the bed. An empty pill bottle is on the floor.

SCOTT

Bobby...Bobby?

Scott rushes to the bed, picks up the pill bottle, glances at the label.

SCOTT

Shit!...No!

Scott drops the bottle to the floor, rolls Bobby's lifeless body onto his back.

Scott frantically searches for a pulse on Bobby's wrist and neck.

SCOTT

No...no...no!

Scott sits on the bed and cradles Bobby's head in his lap.

Jess quickly enters the bedroom, sees Scott with Bobby, rushes to the bed, notices the pill bottle on the floor.

JESS

No!

Scott looks up at Jess, tears streaming down his face.

Jess pulls her phone from her pocket and quickly punches in 911.

SCOTT
Bobby...stay with me.

CUT TO:

ONE YEAR LATER

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

Phoenix, Arizona. Summer. Hot as hell.

The white blistering sun sits high in a cloudless, hazy, blue sky.

A massive apartment project is under construction.

Thermals rise in waves above everything.

Dust devils dance around the buildings and fill their funnels with dirt and debris that rise a hundred feet in the air.

The SOUND of air compressors, drills, saws, and hammers echo around and through the buildings.

Scott has really let himself go. Scruffy beard, hair in a pony tail under a white hard hat, tanned face, sweat stained shirt. Not the guy we met a year ago.

He grabs and sets a wood stud on his foot, grabs the electric circular saw and cuts the end off. He places the stud firmly against a perpendicular stud, grabs a nail gun, and quickly fires two nails into the wood. He wipes his forehead with the back of his gloved hand, looks up.

SCOTT
Come on. You're always behind.

RICK POWELL, a clean cut version of Scott, fires two nails into his end of the studs. He looks toward Scott.

RICK
Fuck you.

Rick and Scott each fire a few more nails into the studs. They stand and stretch their backs.

SCOTT
Carlos. Give us a hand with these walls.

CARLOS MENDOZA, forties, stops his work, hustles to the stud wall, places himself between Scott and Rick.

SCOTT
We'll lift on three.

Scott, Rick, and Carlos bend and grab the wall.

SCOTT
One. Two. Three.

The stud wall is lifted into position.

Scott and Carlos hold the wall in place while Rick grabs his nail gun, a nearby stud, and shoots a few nails into the wood to secure the wall in place.

Rick looks at his watch.

RICK
It's been a long day. You guys want to go to the Cactus Rose for a quick one?

CARLOS
Not me. I have to get home to the wife and kids.

SCOTT
A couple of cold ones sound good.
Let's get this last wall into place.

They lift the last stud wall into place. Again Scott and Carlos hold the wall in place while Rick grabs another stud, shoots a few more nails into the wood, braces the wall into place.

INT. CACTUS ROSE - DAY

A country bar. John Wayne pictures and ads from days long past painted on metal sheets, are scattered on the walls. Sawdust on the floor. LUKE BRYAN flows from the speakers.

The place is nearly empty. It is late afternoon. The lunch crowd is gone and the dinner crowd won't show up for a couple of hours. An OLDER COUPLE sit in a corner booth and hold hands, probably having an affair. A LANDSCAPE CREW sit at a high top table. They all drink and laugh at some joke. A few REGULARS - old guys, in dress shorts and Polo shirts, flirting with the bartender - sit at one end of the bar.

The entrance door swings open and silhouettes Scott and Rick against the bright outdoors as they enter.

Scott and Rick weave their way around the empty tables and belly up to the bar.

ANGIE, young, perky, a bundle of fun in boots, denim shorts, tight plaid shirt, places napkins in front of the guys.

ANGIE
Hey guys! The usual?

SCOTT
Sure.

RICK
Of course. You're looking hot today.

Angie turns to the cooler, a smile on her face.

Angie pulls a couple of frosted glasses from the cooler, pours the pints, and sets the cold beers on the napkins in front of Scott and Rick.

SCOTT
Thanks.

RICK
Perfect head. I really like a perfect head.

Rick throws a big smile at Angie. She shakes her head laughing.

Scott lifts his beer to Rick.

SCOTT
Cheers.

Rick quickly downs half the pint before he lifts his half empty glass to Scott.

RICK
Right. Cheers.

The regulars at the end of the bar resume their flirting with Angie.

Rick watches her flirt for tips with the regulars.

RICK
I'd like to hit that...That reminds me. When does Kelly get back?

Scott rolls his eyes at Rick's comments.

SCOTT
Monday.

Angie pours and sets another round of beers on the bar in front of Scott and Rick as they drain their first pints.

SCOTT

Thanks.

RICK

A gorgeous lady like that loose in Vegas. You are more trusting than me.

SCOTT

I'm not worried.

RICK

When are you two going to get married?

Scott shrugs his shoulders. He looks at himself in the mirror behind the bar.

SCOTT

Who knows. We never talk about it.

RICK

We going to do some work on your house on Sunday?

SCOTT

I need to do something. The city keeps posting notices on my door.

RICK

Who keeps calling the city on you?

SCOTT

I have a pretty good idea who the son of a bitch is.

INT. LAW OFFICE - DAY

ROBERT'S OFFICE

Rich wood. Plush carpet. Shelves full of books and expensive looking trinkets. A large dark wood desk and leather chair. A wall of windows looks out over the Phoenix skyline.

ROBERT NOLAN, arrogant, ivy league, tailored suit, early sixties, sits behind the gigantic desk, a phone to his ear.

ROBERT

Don't give me that shit. Just keep pushing.

MISSY NOLAN, thirty, all business, hair in a bun, tailored pant suit, knocks on the slightly open office door.

Robert flags her in.

ROBERT

I have to go. Just keep pushing.
You owe me.

He sets the phone back in its cradle.

Missy strolls in and sets a thick file on the desk.

MISSY

This is good to go.

ROBERT

Thanks.

She stands silently in front of the desk. Robert looks up at her.

ROBERT

Anything else?

MISSY

Why do you keep pushing him, Dad?

ROBERT

I only want what's best for your brother.

MISSY

The two of you are both stubborn jackasses.

ROBERT

That's a little harsh...How is he?

MISSY

Last time I talked to him he seemed okay.

ROBERT

I worry about him.

MISSY

You need to call him...Dinner on Sunday?

ROBERT

Right.

Missy leaves the office.

Robert glances at the phone, turns and stares out the window a moment, then leans back in his large leather chair. He picks up and opens the file, thumbs through the pages.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

Hot. Thermals. Dust devils.

The SOUND of saws, nail guns, and Mexican music from a far off radio echo through the buildings.

Nothing changes.

Scott, Rick, and Carlos do what they do everyday. Build, set, and brace stud walls.

RICK
Another one?

SCOTT
That makes two this week. The bastard won't give up.

RICK
You should take the weekend off so we can finish most of the work.

SCOTT
I can't. I won't let Vince down.

CARLOS
You have two jobs? Are you part Mexican?

They all laugh.

QUINN OLSEN, construction superintendent, casual button-down, steps into the skeleton of the half framed building.

Scott, Rick and Carlos set their tools aside.

RICK
Hey boss. What brings you out of the air-conditioned office?

A delivery truck loaded with wood beams pulls up, stops. A cloud of dust rolls up and over the truck.

QUINN
This delivery is late. I need you guys to work through lunch to get these beams in the air.

RICK
Will do boss.

QUINN
Don't be a smart ass.

Quinn shuffles off towards the other buildings.

RICK
You heard the man.

Rick does a perfect imitation of Quinn.

RICK
Get these beams in the air.

CARLOS
You're an ass.

Rick pulls a radio from his hip and brings it to his mouth, keeps his eyes on Carlos.

RICK
We need the crane here pronto.

He replaces the radio to his hip holster.

A moment later the small crane pulls into view trailed by a large cloud of dust.

SCOTT
Here we go. Let's do this.

The crane sets into position. Hydraulic jacks extend, push into the dirt, levels and secures the machine into place.

Rick jumps up onto the delivery truck, unties the load of beams, throws the ties to the ground.

A cable is lowered.

Rick grabs the cable, secures it to the first beam.

SCOTT
Make the tie-off tight.

A couple of workers place their ladders on both sides of an opening in the wall where the beam will be set.

The crane lifts the beam, swings it around, lowers it to just above the ground. Scott and Carlos are at each end of the beam. They strap each end with ropes.

The beam is slowly lifted, guided by Scott and Carlos, and gently set in place.

The workers, on their ladders at each end, remove the cable and the ropes, tosses the ropes back to Scott and Carlos.

The workers strap, nail, and secure the beam into place.

They climb down and move their ladders to the next opening in the wall.

The crane swings the cable back around to the truck.

Rick ties-off another beam. The beam is lifted, then lowered. Scott and Carlos secure their ropes at the ends. The beam slowly rises from the truck, and swings around.

SNAP! One of the cables attached to the beam breaks.

The beam swings wildly headed straight for Carlos.

Scott beelines to Carlos, tackles him to the ground.

The other cable SNAPS.

Scott quickly rolls away as the beam crashes to the ground.

One end lands on top of Carlos's leg.

CARLOS

Son of bitch! Get it off!

Rick hops off the truck.

Scott jumps up.

They grab and lift the beam from Carlos's leg.

Blood oozes from the wound. A bone protrudes through the bloody pant leg.

CARLOS

Jesus Christ! How is it?

RICK

You won't be salsa dancing for a while.

Scott takes off his shirt and wraps it around the wound, puts pressure on it to stop the blood.

SCOTT

Someone call 911!

A nearby worker pulls out his phone and dials 911.

Workers have stopped and gather around the wounded Carlos.

Quinn rushes up and pushes his way through the gathered workers.

QUINN

What the hell happened?

SCOTT
A cable snapped.

Quinn kneels on the ground next to Carlos.

QUINN
Hang in there. An ambulance is on
its way.

Rick looks at Scott.

RICK
Are you okay?

Everyone turns and sees a nail that protrudes out of Scott's arm just below his elbow. Blood drips from his fingertips.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - LATER

Construction has come to a halt. Workers are gathered near the ambulance.

TWO EMT's lift a gurney, that holds Carlos, into the ambulance.

Scott sits nearby as another EMT bandages his arm.

RICK
That was quick. Carlos might have
been killed.

SCOTT
Anybody would have done that.

Scott looks at the bandage, moves his arm around, pumps his hand into a fist a few times.

The EMT hands Scott a couple of papers and a pen.

EMT
Sign here that you are denying
transport to the hospital.

Scott signs the paper, hands it back to the EMT.

EMT
Make sure you go see your primary
doctor in a couple of days. You
should get a tetanus shot if you
haven't had one in awhile.

SCOTT
Thanks.

The EMT hops into the ambulance, doors are closed.

The ambulance rolls out of the construction site in a cloud of dust. Blue and red lights atop the ambulance rapidly flash.

Quinn hands Scott a shirt.

QUINN

Put this on and go see your doctor.

SCOTT

Thanks. I'm okay. These beams need to be placed.

QUINN

That's not a suggestion. It's Friday and we can't do anything here until Monday. The safety guys need to check out the crane and cables.

Quinn looks around at the group of idle workers.

QUINN

Show's over. Let's get back to work.

Scott heads to his truck, turns back to Rick.

SCOTT

See you on Sunday?

RICK

You still want to?

SCOTT

I need to. That prick won't give up.

RICK

Okay. Sunday.

Scott turns back, heads to his truck.

RICK

You supply the beer.

SCOTT

Of course.

Scott waves his hand in the air.

EXT. PHOENIX RISING NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

The marquee displays "DRIFTER".

People, taxis, cars. Another busy night.

INT. PHOENIX RISING NIGHTCLUB - CONTINUOUS

LOBBY

Posters, pictures, records, guitars, anything to do with rock and roll are mounted on the walls.

The PATRONS, shoulder to shoulder, slowly shuffle their way through a check point. Bags and purses are being checked before they enter through the double doors into...

MAIN AREA

The massive space is semi-dark. A slightly raised stage at one end, full of instruments, waits for the band. A long bar down one side. Tables and chairs crammed together.

Rock music BLASTS from the sound system.

The space slowly fills as everyone makes their way through the checkpoint. Some head to the tables others head to the...

BAR

Scott, behind the crowded bar, white button-down shirt, black vest, bandaged arm, flirts for tips with the Katy Perry/Lady Gaga/Adele wannabes.

CARL and KELSEY, the other bartenders, dressed like Scott, work their sections of the crowded bar.

TWO GIRLS, dressed and painted for fun, sit at the bar in front of Scott, busy with their cell phones.

SCOTT

You know the guys in the band?

GIRL ONE

Yeah. We were with them last week in Denver.

GIRL TWO

We partied all night.

Scott mixes and sets the drinks in front of the girls.

SCOTT

These are special made for you.
Seven-Fifty each or fifteen together.

Girl One lays a credit card on the bar.

SCOTT

Start a tab?

He picks up the card from the bar.

GIRL ONE

Sure thing. We plan to party all night.

Scott flashes them a smile, places the card in a small card box next to the register. He turns back to the bar....

Jess, casually dressed, bandanna and cowboy hat, has pushed through the crowd at the bar and stares at Scott.

JESS

Hello, Scott.

SCOTT

Jess. How are...what are... you look...can I get you a drink?

Girl One and Girl Two look at Jess with what borders on disgust and envy.

JESS

How about a New Castle.

Scott grabs a frosted glass from the cooler, pours, then sets the pint on the bar.

Orders come in on the ticket machine. He grabs the tickets, quickly makes the drinks, sets them on the end of the bar with the tickets.

BAR MAIDS, heavily painted and barely dressed, pick up the newly made drinks at the end of the bar and head out into the sea of people.

JESS

What's with the grunge look? What happened to your arm?

Scott holds up his bandaged arm, smiles, shrugs his shoulders, continues to mix and pour drinks as the tickets keep coming in.

SCOTT

How have you been? How long are you in town for?

JESS

I'm good.

The entire place suddenly erupts into ear splitting applause.

Everyone turns to face the...

STAGE

TYLER PAULSON, thirty something, a metro sexual look, jeans, white button down shirt, black jacket, jumps onto the stage and stands behind a microphone.

The applause dies down. The lights dim. A spotlight turns on Tyler.

TYLER
Are you ready to rock!

The crowd erupts for a moment. The noise calms down.

TYLER
I know you are going to like these
guys. All the way from Denver.
Let's hear it for Drifter!

The crowd bursts into roars and whistles.

The band takes the stage. The rocking sound is a mixture of GREENDAY/BLINK-182.

Back at the...

BAR

The music is so loud that everyone now has to shout to be heard.

SCOTT
Can you stick around

JESS
What?

SCOTT
Can you stick around?

JESS
I'll be back after you close.

Scott makes more drinks. Jess sips her beer, watches the band on stage.

Scott catches her in profile. He stares at her delicate features.

INT. NOLAN RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Beautiful massive home. Elegant furnishings. Expensive paintings on the walls. The place drips of wealth and privilege.

DINING ROOM

Robert Nolan sits at the large wood dining table and goes through a file. A glass of red wine sits in front of him, another one sits at the other end of the table.

A large floral arrangement adorns the center of the table.

ROBERT

Why did you give her the night off?
You're suppose to be taking it easy.

BARBARA NOLAN, a Rita Hayworth kind of beauty, strolls from the kitchen into the dining room. She carries two plates full of food. She sets one in front of Robert, the other in front of her as she sits at the other end of the table.

BARBARA

What were you saying?

Robert sets the file down. Looks at Barbara.

ROBERT

Why did you give Sophie the night off?

BARBARA

I wanted to cook dinner. I'm tired of everyone waiting on me.

They quietly eat their meal.

ROBERT

This is fantastic. I always enjoy the meals you prepare.

BARBARA

Missy and Connor will be here for dinner on Sunday. I invited Scott but he always has an excuse.

Barbara sets her fork down, slowly picks up her wine glass and takes a sip, looks at Robert.

BARBARA

Missy told me what you are doing.
Please just talk to him.

Robert sets his fork on the plate, wipes his mouth and throws his napkin onto the table. He pushes back in his chair, keeps a glass of wine in hand.

ROBERT

He won't talk to me. I've tried. I haven't seen or talked to him since...

Robert chokes up.

BARBARA

He is not like you and never will
be.

Robert glares at Barbara, gulps down his wine, grabs the
nearby bottle, and pours another glass full.

ROBERT

He is more like him.

BARBARA

Don't go there. That was a long
time ago. I thought we had put that
behind us.

ROBERT

Some things you never forget.

INT. PHOENIX RISING NIGHTCLUB - LATER

OFFICE

Vince sits at his desk. Scott and Jess sit opposite.

VINCE

Enough reminiscing. Let's get down
to business.

Scott looks at Vince then at Jess.

Vince steals a quick glance at Jess.

VINCE

It has been one year since you guys
were together playing on that stage.

Vince nods towards the window and smiles like he has a secret
that he can't share.

Scott looks to the window that overlooks the stage. He
squirms in his chair.

Jess glances at Scott, takes his hand in her's.

JESS

I know. I miss him, too.

Scott pulls his hand away, glares at Vince.

SCOTT

What's your point?

VINCE

I want you...no I need you to get
the band back together.

SCOTT

That's going to be a trick since
Bobby is gone.

Scott stands and goes to the window.

SCOTT

I don't know if I can.

Vince and Jess look at each other.

Scott turns to Jess.

SCOTT

Is that why your here? Did he put
you up to this?

Vince and Jess again throw glances at each other.

VINCE

A year ago you guys had a shot at a
record deal.

SCOTT

That's the past.

JESS

Please hear him out.

SCOTT

Why? Is he going to magically bring
Bobby back?

VINCE

Come on. I see how you watch the
bands in here every weekend. I see
the spark in your eyes.

SCOTT

It won't work. End of discussion.

Jess shrugs her shoulders.

JESS

Way to be open minded.

Vince stares at Scott.

Scott stands and heads to the door.

SCOTT
Got to go. Nice seeing you again,
Jess.

Jess stands and heads to Scott.

Vince motions her to stop.

SCOTT
Vince, I'll see you later.

Scott disappears through the door.

His steps on the stairs echo through the space.

Jess returns to her chair.

JESS
Let me see what I can do.

VINCE
Thanks...I don't have a lot time.

EXT. SCOTT'S HOUSE - DAY

In the middle of this southwestern serenity now sits a disaster.

Brown lawn, dead shrubs, tarp covered piles of who knows what, a large heap of trash.

Scott's truck is in the driveway. Rick's Jeep sits behind the truck.

INT. SCOTT'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

LIVING ROOM

Just like outside, an equal disaster on the inside. Unfinished projects. White sheets cover the furniture. Paint buckets stacked in the corner. Walls half painted. Doors need trimmed. Trash everywhere.

Rick and Scott sit on overturned five gallon buckets as they drink beer.

RICK
What did they want?

SCOTT
Vince wants Blayde back together.

RICK
Is that such a bad idea?

Scott chugs his beer.

RICK
You taught me to play the guitar.
Remember?

SCOTT
So.

RICK
So? You have a talent. You should
be out there. Not hammering nails
and tending bar.

SCOTT
I can't. Not after.....

Scott looks away, gets up, turns back to Rick.

SCOTT
Want another?

RICK
Sure.

Scott heads to the kitchen, disappears through an open door.

RICK
I know it's only been a year.

Scott returns with two opened bottles.

SCOTT
One year tomorrow.

Rick lifts his bottle to Scott.

RICK
Here's to Bobby.

Scott lifts his bottle, the necks clank as they hit.

SCOTT
To Bobby. I wish you were here
brother.

Silence engulfs the room as they drink the beers.

RICK
On the bright side Kelly gets back
tomorrow, right?

SCOTT
Right. Tomorrow's her birthday.

RICK
If we don't get some work done she's
going to be pissed.

Rick and Scott casually glance around at the mess.

SCOTT
She would be happier if I was a rocker
instead of a construction worker.

JESS (O.S.)
Knock, knock.

Rick and Scott look at the front door as it opens and Jess
strolls in.

She looks around, shakes her head.

JESS
Not the way I remember it.

RICK
Hey! How have you been? Scott told
me you were back in town.

Jess looks at Rick with half a smile.

JESS
Rick. You are just the way I
remember.

Rick stands and gives Jess a quick embrace.

SCOTT
You want a beer?

JESS
Sure.

SCOTT
They're in the fridge. Help yourself.

JESS
Aren't you the perfect host.

SCOTT
I try my best.

Jess goes to the kitchen. Rick sits. He and Scott resume
their drinking seated on the buckets.

Jess returns with an open bottle.

RICK
Pull up a bucket.

Jess grabs a bucket, turns it over, sits.

RICK
So what have you been up to this
last year?

Jess chugs down half of the beer.

JESS
I've been in L.A. doing my best to
find work.

RICK
I hear your back trying to get the
band back together.

Scott glares at Rick.

JESS
That's my hope. Got to convince
this stubborn ass.

Jess throws a look at Scott.

Scott chugs the rest of his beer while staring at Jess.

INT. LAW OFFICE - DAY

ROBERT'S OFFICE

Robert leans back in his large leather chair as he peruses
through a document.

Missy throws the door open, charges in, throws a file on the
desk.

MISSY
What the hell is this?

Robert, not phased, glances at the file now strewn about his
desk.

ROBERT
Good morning to you too.

MISSY
Today, of all days.

ROBERT
I'm quite aware of what today is.

Robert sits up straight, gathers the papers, straightens the
files.

MISSY

He is my brother and it was our grandmother's house.

ROBERT

Have you seen what he has done with that house? He doesn't deserve it.

MISSY

He's been through hell this last year. You're the cause of most of it.

Robert flies out of his chair. He is pissed. The desk between them keeps them apart.

ROBERT

Me? You don't know anything about the situation.

MISSY

I'm taking the rest of the day off. I'm going to go visit Bobby. Are you going out there today?

ROBERT

If I have time.

Robert shoves the file at Missy.

ROBERT

Put this away.

Missy grabs the file from his hand, turns, slams the door as she leaves.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

Another hot, cloudless day. Same old same old. Thermals and dust devils.

Lunchtime.

Several workers are scattered throughout the half finished buildings in what little shade can be found.

Other workers crowd around the large food truck.

Rick and Scott sit on a pile of drywall. Open lunch containers sit nearby.

RICK

A year today. Man, I'm sorry.

SCOTT

Thanks.

RICK

Look on the bright side. Kelly is back home today. I'll bet you get laid tonight.

Rick has his usual horn dog smile.

Scott shakes his head.

SCOTT

We didn't get a damn thing done yesterday. I'm going to hear about that. Maybe I won't get laid.

RICK

You never know. It was great seeing Jess. She looks fantastic. Did you ever hit that?

Scott stares at Rick a moment.

SCOTT

You have a one track mind.

Rick nods his head in agreement.

They eat in silence. Rick watches Scott.

RICK

Here comes the boss.

Quinn strolls in among the workers, interrupts lunch.

Everyone looks his way.

QUINN

I just wanted to let everyone know that Carlos is doing great. Says he can't wait to get back to work.

Quinn walks away and continues to stroll through the construction site.

Everyone resumes lunch.

SCOTT

Good to hear about Carlos.

RICK

We should go see how he's doing after work one of these days. I'm going to start a collection for him.

RICK
These guys should be good for a few
bucks each.

Rick looks at the workers, then back to Scott.

RICK
I'm putting you down for a hundred.

Scott tosses the rest of his sandwich into the dirt, closes his lunchbox and grabs his hardhat.

SCOTT
Of course you are. Back to work.

Rick closes his lunchbox, grabs his hardhat, follows Scott.

The rest of the workers pack up their lunch boxes, put on their hardhats, meander back to work.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Quiet, lush, green, tree-filled. Birds chase each other around and through the trees. A squirrel hops around the headstones, stops, continues.

Scott, flowers in hand, zigzags through the headstones, stops in front of a medium size, gray granite marker.

The simple granite marker is engraved with black letters "Robert Nolan Jr." The birth date and death date are twenty-six years apart. A large arrangement of yellow roses, in a simple vase, sits nearby.

SCOTT
Hey Bobby.

He places his flowers next to the roses.

SCOTT
I see Missy has been here. I can't
believe it has been a year. It seems
like yesterday. I miss you.

A couple of doves pursue each other. They swoop around and over the trees, land on a branch of a nearby tree.

SCOTT
I can't stay long. Kelly should be
home waiting for me.

He stares at the headstone, looks up into the sky then back at the headstone as a tear rolls down his cheek.

SCOTT
 Jess is back. She and Vince want
 the band back together.

Silence surrounds Scott as he stares off into the distance.

SCOTT
 I can't do it without you.

INT. SCOTT'S HOUSE - DAY

LIVING ROOM

Scott enters the disaster. Flowers in one hand, cake in the other.

SCOTT
 I'm home.

Dead silence as he turns, heads down the...

HALLWAY

SCOTT
 Kelly?

With the cake in one hand and flowers in another he pushes the door open with his foot, enters the...

BEDROOM

Drawers are open and empty. Closet doors are open, the space is empty.

Scott's things are flung about the room.

Scott is dumfounded with what he sees. Anger and rage fill his face.

He spots a note on the bed. He sets the flowers down on the bed, picks up and reads the note.

SCOTT
 Shit!

He turns and bolts to the...

KITCHEN

...stops at the cluttered counter where a house key sits on top of a pile of papers.

SCOTT
 Son of a bitch!

He swings around and hurls the cake at the wall. It explodes in all directions. A large chunk sticks to the wall and slowly slides to the floor.

SCOTT
Happy fucking birthday!

Scott loses it. He kicks the nearest pile sending debris across the room, turns and punches a hole in the wall, grabbing his hand in pain.

SCOTT
Fuck!...today of all days.

Scott grabs a beer from the fridge, downs it in a few gulps, tosses the bottle to the floor, grabs another and leans against the wall.

He slowly slips down the wall and sits on the floor.

SCOTT
This is all your fault Bobby!

INT. SCOTT'S HOUSE - NIGHT - LATER

LIVING ROOM

Dark. A death trap without light. Front door wide open. Light from the street lamp floods through the open door.

Missy knocks, carefully enters, feels for a light switch.

MISSY
Scott? Kelly? Anybody here?

Silence.

She finds a switch, the lights come on. She is casually dressed, hair down. A complete opposite from her office look. She makes her way through the debris to the...

KITCHEN

...finds another switch, turns on the light.

Scott sits on the floor, back against the wall, empty beer bottles strewn about. Debris everywhere.

Missy scans the room.

Scott looks up at her with blood-shot eyes.

MISSY
I really like what you've done with
the place.

Scott chugs his beer, tosses the bottle aside.

MISSY

I've been calling you for hours.

Scott pulls his phone from his pocket, glances at it, chucks it at the wall. Upon impact it breaks into a few pieces and is scattered on the floor.

SCOTT

It's broken.

MISSY

I take it Kelly's birthday did not go well?

SCOTT

You could say that. What do you want?

He looks up at Missy once again.

MISSY

Mom's in the hospital. She wants to see you.

Scott perks up, stands, fumbles around for his keys. He finds them on the other end of the counter, scoops them up.

Missy hurriedly snatches his keys from his hand.

MISSY

You're in no shape to drive. We'll go in my car. We're stopping at Starbuck's on the way. We need to sober you up.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

The large hospital complex is softly lighted against the black sky. "Good Samaritan Hospital" in soft blue light is mounted on the wall near the top of largest building.

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM

Robert paces around the small room like a cat in a cage, phone to his ear. He speaks occasionally but can't be heard. He commands the room like a general ready for battle.

An OLDER COUPLE sit nearby and watch Robert, clearly amused.

Across the room the elevator dings.

Robert turns, phone still to his ear, as the elevator doors slowly open.

Out steps Missy, then Scott. Robert quickly finishes his call, puts his phone in his pocket, glares at Scott.

ROBERT
What are you doing here?

SCOTT
Nice to see you too, Dad.

Missy senses the tension.

MISSY
Jesus. Can't you two be civil?

Scott ignores Robert, turns to Missy.

SCOTT
Where's Mom?

Missy points down the brightly lighted corridor where NURSES flit about as they do their work.

MISSY
Down there. Room 413.

Robert is agitated as Scott heads down the corridor to...

PATIENT ROOM 413

A single room, dimly lit, machines flash and chime. Flowers sit on a nearby table.

Barbara has adjusted her bed so she sits upright, glasses on the end of her nose, a book and book light in her hands.

The door opens and light from the corridor momentarily brightens the room.

She looks up, her face beams with delight as Scott enters.

BARBARA
Scott. You came.

Barbara sets her book down, stretches her open arms to Scott.

Scott rushes to her, carefully gives her a hug, pulls up a chair, sits, holds her hand.

SCOTT
Are you okay? What happened? What did the doctor say?

BARBARA
It's nothing. I felt dizzy. Came here as a precaution.

BARBARA

I'm going to stay overnight while
they run some tests.

Scott attempts a smile, turns, wipes his tear filled eyes.

Barbara looks at Scott a moment. Concern fills her face.

BARBARA

You need a haircut and a shave.

SCOTT

Nag, nag, nag.

She looks at his bandaged arm.

BARBARA

What happened to your arm?

Scott looks at his arm.

SCOTT

Nothing. A little scratch I got at
work.

Barbara looks deep into his eyes.

BARBARA

What's wrong?

SCOTT

It's been one hell of a day.

BARBARA

I miss him, too.

Scott leans his head on the edge of the bed. Barbara runs
her fingers through his hair.

A few quiet moments pass.

BARBARA

I need you to do something for me.

SCOTT

Anything. What is it?

BARBARA

Start playing again.

Scott releases her hand, leans back in his chair, looks out
the window.

SCOTT

You know I can't do that.

BARBARA

Please. For me. For Bobby.

He looks back to Barbara. He can see she is sick.

SCOTT

I'll see what I can do.

They smile at each other. Scott leans forward, takes her hand in his and gives it a light kiss.

SCOTT

Saw Dad out there. He still looks angry.

BARBARA

That's your father. Try to get along with him.

SCOTT

I don't think that will happen.

Barbara pats his hand then gently touches his face.

BARBARA

I need to rest. Go tell your Father
I need to see him.

Scott stands, turns to the door.

Barbara holds out her arms.

BARBARA

Come here.

Scott moves to Barbara's bedside, leans in, and gives her a long hug.

BARBARA

I love you.

Barbara kisses his cheek.

SCOTT

I love you too, Mom.

They release each other. Scott watches her a moment then turns to the door.

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM

A few more PEOPLE are scattered around the waiting room. A few read magazines, some are engaged in quiet conversations.

CONNOR MAXWELL, tall, lean, casually dressed, sits next to Missy.

Robert stands as Scott walks by.

SCOTT
Mom wants to see you.

Scott stops, turns to Robert.

SCOTT
By the way. Back off your attack dogs. I'll finish the house when I'm ready.

ROBERT
I don't know what you're talking about.

Scott gets into Robert's face nose to nose, fists clenched.

SCOTT
It's my house. Back off!

ROBERT
We'll see about that.

SCOTT
Right. You're a big shot lawyer.

Everyone stops what they are doing, turn to see what is going on.

Missy and Connor jump up, rush over, push Scott and Robert apart.

MISSY
Go see Mom.

Missy pushes Robert in the direction of Room 413. Connor pushes Scott in the other direction.

ROBERT
Why don't you try talking some sense into him?

Robert nods in Scott's direction.

Scott stops, abruptly turns and points at Robert.

SCOTT
Fuck you!

Missy grabs Scott's arm, turns him to the elevator.

MISSY
I'll take you home now.

The people in the waiting room mumble among themselves, steal glances at Scott, Missy, Connor, and Robert.

INT. SCOTT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

LIVING ROOM

Scott sits alone in front of a sheet covered piece of furniture, beer bottle in hand. He throws the sheet back.

The beautiful, black, grand piano.

He sets the bottle on top of the piano, raises the key cover.

Impressive white and black keys.

He stretches, shakes out his arms, places his hands over the keys.

SCOTT
For you, Mom.

He starts in with a beautiful rocking piano piece, hits a couple of sour notes, stops, shakes out his arms again.

SCOTT
Shit.

Starts again.

Several bars into the song he stops. Slams his fists onto the keys, slams the key cover shut, grabs his beer, and throws the sheet back to cover the piano.

SCOTT
I can't do this here.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

A picturesque clear day. The green grass is lush and neatly mowed. Trees rise and tower above the headstones.

PEOPLE solemnly head to the nearby parked cars.

A flower covered coffin sits on chrome rails ready to be lowered into the ground.

Robert and Scott are at each other.

Barbara pushes Robert in one direction. Missy pushes Scott the other direction.

ROBERT
It's all your fault!

SCOTT
You are the one that pushed him.
You couldn't accept who he was.

ROBERT
You selfish little prick. He was
that way because of you.

BARBARA
Stop it!

SCOTT
You know I'm right.

Scott points at Robert. Missy grabs Scott's arm, pulls him towards her car.

MISSY
Shut your mouth!

Scott pulls away from Missy.

SCOTT
I'm done here.

He turns, walks away. Missy catches him.

MISSY
Wait.

SCOTT
Leave me alone!

He turns, again points to Robert.

SCOTT
You win. I'm gone.

Scott turns, walks away with Missy towards her car.

Barbara turns to Robert.

BARBARA
That went well.

RETURN TO SCENE

Scott holds his beer bottle in the air.

SCOTT
Thanks a lot, Bobby!

He chugs the rest, throws the bottle at wall. Glass flies in all directions, adds to the mess.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

Scott looks like hell. Sweat spills down his face. His shirt is soaked in sweat more than usual.

Rick out paces Scott, nails studs much faster.

RICK
Come on. Move it.

Scott slowly finishes his end, stands and wipes his face with his dirty gloved hand.

RICK
You like shit.

SCOTT
Get off my ass.

RICK
You should have stayed home today.

SCOTT
And do what? Drink myself to death.

RICK
Looks like you're halfway there.

SCOTT
Fuck off.

Rick's radio chatters to life.

QUINN (V.O.)
Rick. You copy?

Rick pulls the radio from his hip.

RICK
Go ahead.

QUINN (V.O.)
Send Scott to the office.

RICK
On his way.

Rick puts the radio away.

RICK
Looks like I'm not the only one
watching you drag ass today.

Scott walks away.

INT. CONSTRUCTION OFFICE - DAY

Small. Wood paneled walls. Blueprints and safety posters pinned to the walls. Hardhats hang on pegs. Small windows with iron bars let in light.

Quinn sits at a table, reviews blue prints. He looks up as the door opens.

Scott drags his ass in.

SCOTT
You want to see me?

QUINN
Have a seat.

Scott drops into a chair across the table from Quinn, looks around, fidgets.

QUINN
Are you feeling okay?

SCOTT
I'm fine.

QUINN
You look like shit. Your work is
not up to par today.

SCOTT
I'll try to do better.

QUINN
I want you to take the rest of the
day off. Get some rest.

Scott stands.

SCOTT
I would rather finish out the day.

QUINN
No. Go home. You are a safety risk
to everyone here.

Scott slams the door as he leaves.

INT. LAW OFFICE - DAY

ROBERT'S OFFICE

Robert, seated behind his desk, hangs up the phone as Missy enters and stands on the opposite side of the desk.

ROBERT
What is it?

MISSY
You two need to talk.

ROBERT
I've tried. He won't answer my calls.

MISSY
Then go to his house. He is your son after all.

ROBERT
Right.

MISSY
What is that suppose to mean?

CAROL, professional, enters the room with a stack of files.

CAROL
I don't mean to interrupt.

ROBERT
What is it?

CAROL
I just want to remind you of your two o'clock.

Robert looks at his watch. Missy glances at her's.

ROBERT
Thanks. Are those the files I will need?

Carol sets the files on the corner of the desk.

CAROL
Yes. I have included a summary in the top folder.

ROBERT
Thanks.

Carol leaves. Robert stands, straightens his tie, slips on his jacket.

Missy heads to the door, turns back to Robert.

MISSY
We'll talk later.

ROBERT
I'm sure we will.

Robert grabs the stack of files and zips past Missy.

INT. PHOENIX RISING NIGHTCLUB - DAY

MAIN AREA

Empty. Semi-dark. Every small sound echoes through the expansive room.

Scott enters, sets his keys on the bar, opens a panel on the wall, switches on the stage lights.

He jumps onto the stage, sits at the piano that has seen better days.

Stretches, shakes his arms, hands hover over the white and black keys.

He starts in on the rocking piano piece we heard earlier, makes a mistake, shakes his arms once again.

Starts the song again. Flawless. The sound echoes throughout the empty space.

Applause from across the room stops the music.

Scott shades his eyes from the bright stage lights, spots Vince on the other side of the room.

SCOTT
Hey.

VINCE
Let's do this.

SCOTT
Thanks for helping me.

VINCE
Whatever gets you playing again.

Vince strolls onto the stage, sits on a stool.

SCOTT
I wrote this piece for my Mom.

VINCE
It sounds great. Start again. Can
I join you this time?

Vince picks up a nearby acoustic guitar, strums and quickly
tunes the strings. He looks to the back of the room.

VINCE
Tyler, hit record.

SCOTT
Here goes.

Scott starts and the sound of the piano fills the space.

Vince joins on the guitar.

INT. PHOENIX RISING NIGHTCLUB - LATER

MAIN AREA

Vince and Scott sit at a table with empty glasses in front
of them.

VINCE
It's not an easy life but it's a
blast.

SCOTT
Why did you stop?

VINCE
We just didn't want it anymore. The
passion was gone. We started fighting
among ourselves. It became so toxic
we decided to call it quits.

Vince grabs the empty glasses, wanders to the bar.

VINCE
Let me refresh these.

Scott stares at the stage.

Vince watches Scott as he refills the glasses with fresh
beer.

VINCE
You should be up there? Why do that
construction shit and tend bar?

Vince returns, sets the refilled glasses on the table, sits
in his chair.

SCOTT
Thanks.

VINCE
Well?

SCOTT
You want an answer?

VINCE
I'm waiting.

Scott takes a couple swigs from the glass.

SCOTT
After Bobby died I just couldn't do
it anymore. It wasn't fair that he
was gone and I am still here.

VINCE
BLAYDE had that something that I
haven't heard in a long time. I
wasn't the only one that noticed.

A door opens in the distance, interrupts them. Voices MOS.

Vince and Scott turn as...

Jess, Eric, Jaxon, and DAVE, a new band member enter from
the back.

JESS
Hi guys.

Jess and the Guys take to the stage. Jess straps on a guitar
as the other members pick up their instruments.

Scott turns to Vince.

SCOTT
You set this up.

Vince shrugs his shoulders and puts his hands out.

VINCE
Got to try.

The guitars and drums are tuned. Jess taps the microphone
for sound.

VINCE
I thought that if you guys were all
here together...

SCOTT
You thought wrong. I've got to go.

VINCE
Come on. Stick around. Give it a shot.

SCOTT
To many memories.

JESS
Come on. You know you want to.

Scott chugs his beer, beelines to the door, grabs his keys from the bar on his way out.

Jess looks at Vince.

Vince shrugs his shoulders, shakes his head.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

Rick and Scott are busy framing and nailing studs.

RICK
Your Mom will be happy. How did it feel?

SCOTT
It felt great.

RICK
So?

SCOTT
I can't.

RICK
I ought to pick up one of these two by fours and smack some sense into that stubborn head of your's.

SCOTT
You'd look silly trying. I would hate to embarrass you in front of all these guys.

RICK
All talk. Let's get these last two walls done and then go have a beer.

INT. CACTUS ROSE - LATER

The usual crowd fill a few of the tables.

The regulars sit in their usual spots at the end of the bar as they try to get somewhere with Angie. She is doing her best to flirt and extract tips from their wallets.

Scott, Rick, and Jess sit at the bar.

The latest LADY ANTEBELLUM tune fills the air.

RICK
You have to do this.

SCOTT
No I don't.

RICK
She brought it up.

SCOTT
How long have you and Vince been planning this?

JESS
I don't know what you're talking about.

Angie pours and sets another round of drinks on the bar.

Rick smiles at Angie.

RICK
I wish you would go out with me.

ANGIE
Keep on wishing.

Angie does her rounds to the other tables.

JESS
You won't even think about it?

Scott savors his beer.

SCOTT
I think about it all the time.

JESS
Then do something about it.

Jess slugs Scott's arm.

JESS
If not for me or Vince then for Bobby.

Scott chugs the beer, sets the glass on the bar.

SCOTT
Another round.

Jess looks at Scott. A sadness fills her eyes.

Scott looks at Jess, smiles.

SCOTT
I'll think about it.

Rick and Jess high-five.

Angie sets fresh drinks on the bar.

EXT. SCOTT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Scott fumbles with his keys. Jess laughs at him.

JESS
Here...let me do it.

Jess grabs for the keys. Scott draws back his hand.

SCOTT
No.

He struggles, gets the key in the lock. Stops.

SCOTT
It is a work in progress.

JESS
I know. I saw it the other day.
Remember?

SCOTT
Oh...that's right.

Scott opens the door.

INT. SCOTT'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

LIVING ROOM

Scott reaches in, flips on the light.

As they step inside Jess looks around. Nothing has changed.
Still a disaster.

JESS
A work in progress?

SCOTT
I have a little work left to do.

JESS
A little? Jesus. Nothing has been
done since I was last here. In fact
it looks worse.

Jess dances around the piles towards the covered piano.

Scott tries to cut her off, trips, falls, recovers.

JESS
Is this the piano?

Jess begins to remove the cover, Scott grabs her wrist.

She turns, ends up in his arms.

SCOTT
Don't.

He gazes into her eyes, gently holds her wrist.

Jess gazes into his eyes.

JESS
Okay.

He releases her wrist, slowly moves in, presses his lips to hers.

Jess wraps her arms around his neck. He lifts her up, carries her down the hallway...

BEDROOM - LATER

A lone lamp on a nightstand softly illuminates the room.

Jess and Scott naked under a sheet, her head on his chest.

JESS
Tomorrow then.

SCOTT
I said I would.

Jess sits up, searches the room.

JESS
What time is it?

Scott reaches for his phone, touches the screen.

SCOTT
One-thirty.

JESS

Shit!

She leaps out of bed, scrambles, nearly falls as she gathers and pulls on her clothes.

JESS

My Grandma's going to be worried.

SCOTT

Why?

She spots a mirror on the wall, smoothes her hair back, ties it into a ponytail.

JESS

I told her I would be home hours ago. How do I look?

Turns to Scott.

SCOTT

Fantastic. Do you really have to go?

JESS

Yes.

She kneels on the bed next to Scott. A quick kiss.

JESS

This was fun.

She grabs her bag, disappears through the open door.

Scott stares at the dark doorway.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

Scott and Rick continue the never ending framing and nailing.

RICK

Did she spend the night? I want details.

SCOTT

No. And it's none of your business.

RICK

You did it.

Scott grabs the last stud, lines it up, nails it to the floor.

SCOTT

Tell Milo we need more studs.

Rick grabs the radio, brings it to his mouth.

RICK
Milo. We need studs on twenty-two.

MILO (V.O.)
Copy that.

RICK
Thanks.

Rick places the radio back in its holster on his hip. He grabs a water jug, takes a few gulps, gestures to Scott.

RICK
Way to change the subject...want some?

SCOTT
Sure.

Scott takes the jug and gulps down the water.

SCOTT
We still going over to Carlos's after work?

RICK
Yeah. We collected a wad of cash.
Your not going to tell me are you.

Scott and Rick sit in the shade, wait for studs.

SCOTT
No. Ever been to his house?

RICK
Nope. Is that the first time with her?

Scott shakes his head.

SCOTT
Where does he live?

RICK
Really? We're going to talk about Carlos?

SCOTT
Give it up. I'm not saying anything.

A forklift with a bundle of studs arrives in a cloud of dust, turns, sets the bundle on the ground.

MILO, jeans, plaid shirt, sunglasses, hardhat, signals to Rick.

RICK
What do you need?

MILO
Radio Cal. Tell him to make the rounds
and wet things down. It's a fucking
dustbowl out here.

RICK
Will do.

Milo drives off in a cloud of dust.

Rick gets on his radio MOS.

Scott snaps off the ties around the studs, picks up a few,
gets back to framing and nailing.

RICK
You're really not going to tell your
best friend anything?

SCOTT
Okay...I told Jess I would join the
band... Give it a shot and see where
it goes.

Rick grabs his nail gun, starts framing and nailing.

RICK
I know what she bribed you with.

SCOTT
Fuck off.

RICK
Come on...that was funny.

Scott and Rick bust out laughing.

SCOTT
We need to practice for a bit before
we perform at Vince's. I'll let you
know the day.

RICK
I'll be there.

They continue framing and nailing.

The water truck rolls around the corner, sprays water in all
directions.

EXT. MOBILE HOME PARK - DAY

Mobile homes, most of them old, some new, sit on either side of the gravel road. Cars and trucks are parked here and there. KIDS run around as they chase other KIDS. A couple of dogs run after the kids.

Rick and Scott, in Rick's Jeep, pull up to a small, single-wide mobile home with a large six stenciled on the end.

They jump out. Rick grabs an envelope.

Together they bound up the worn, wooden stairs, knock on the door.

A moment passes. Curtains in a nearby window shift.

The door opens slightly, part of a woman's face appears.

MARIA

Can I help you?

RICK

Hi. I'm Rick. This is Scott. We're from Myers Construction. We work with Carlos. Can we come in?

Muffled voices behind the door.

The door opens wide.

MARIA, gaunt, sunken eyes, a bandanna covering an obvious bald head, steps to the side.

INT. CARLOS'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Neat, tidy, warm, inviting. Family pictures on the walls. A few toys lie scattered about the floor.

Rick and Scott step inside. Maria closes the door.

Carlos is seated in a recliner. His broken leg is covered in a large cast, colorfully decorated by his kids.

CARLOS

Hi guys! Come in. Sit down.

He motions to the small couch.

Rick and Scott sit. Maria sits on the arm of Carlos's chair.

CARLOS

This is Maria, my wife.

RICK

Hi.

SCOTT

Nice to meet you.

Maria smiles politely.

MARIA

Can I get you guys something to drink?

SCOTT

No thanks.

RICK

Nothing for me, thanks.

CARLOS

You probably saw my kids running
around out side.

RICK

All those kids your's?

CARLOS

No. Just three of them. A boy and
two girls.

Rick and Scott casually look around. Scott taps the envelope
in Rick's hand.

RICK

Right. We took up a collection at
work.

Rick hands the large envelope to Carlos. He opens it. His
eyes fill with tears.

RICK

The company added something for you,
too. Quinn said that the lawyers
are working with Workers Comp for
you.

Carlos hands the envelope to Maria. She peeks inside,
clutches her chest.

MARIA

We can't accept this.

She holds the envelope out to Rick. He pushes it back to
her.

RICK

No. This for you and your family.

Maria clutches the envelope against her chest. Her eyes well up with tears.

MARIA

Thank you so much. How can we ever repay you?

RICK

No need. Just get Carlos healthy and back to work.

Carlos wipes his eyes and places his arm around Maria.

The door opens and JUANITA, an older woman, with a young boy, and two little girls following her, enter the small space.

CARLOS

This is Maria's mother, Juanita and my kids.

Juanita nods at Rick and Scott.

She quietly speaks to the kids in Spanish and the kids quickly head down the hall.

A lull in the conversation.

CARLOS

Please stay for dinner. We always have plenty.

SCOTT

Thanks. I haven't had a home cooked meal in a long time.

RICK

Sounds good.

Maria helps Carlos to his feet, hands him a pair of crutches.

Rick and Scott stand.

The three kids appear from the hall.

The eight of them crowd around the tiny dining table set for six.

Maria grabs a couple of folding chairs from a nearby closet.

Everyone crams around the table as Juanita sets two more places for Rick and Scott.

Juanita and Maria set plates of food in the center of the table, then squeeze into their seats.

CARLOS
This is a tight fit.

Everyone chuckles.

Carlos holds out his hands.

CARLOS
Let's give thanks.

Everyone holds hands and bows their heads.

EXT. CARLOS'S HOUSE - LATER

The door closes behind Scott and Rick. They jump into Rick's jeep.

INT./EXT. RICK'S JEEP - CONTINUOUS

Rick fires up his Jeep, maneuvers and heads down the dirt road.

SCOTT
That place is tiny.

RICK
No shit. Not like the palace you
grew up in.

Rick, avoids the other kids and dogs, steers his jeep out to the main road.

INT. PHOENIX RISING NIGHTCLUB - LATER

MAIN AREA

Jess and the band are warming up. They play a few bars and stop.

JESS
Let's see if we can punch up that
riff a bit.

Scott barrels through the doors.

Jess and the Band look that direction.

SCOTT
Sorry I'm late.

JESS
Where the hell have you been?

SCOTT
I forgot about this thing I had to
do after work.

Scott hops onto the stage, sits at the piano.

JESS
From the top.

Jess looks at Scott.

JESS
Try to keep up.

Jaxon smacks his drum sticks together...one...two...three.
A solid, kick ass rock tune blasts through the empty space.

INT. CHILI'S - DAY

Mid-afternoon. Lunch crowd has thinned. SENIOR CITIZENS
slowly trickle in.

Barbara and Scott are seated in a booth next to the window.

A barely touched salad sits in front of Barbara. She pushes
the green leaves around the plate with her fork. A half-
eaten burger and beer in front of Scott.

SCOTT
This is for you.

Scott hands Barbara a CD. She slowly takes it, sets it on
the table.

SCOTT
I recorded it the other day. I hope
you like it.

BARBARA
You started playing again.

Barbara seems lost in another world.

SCOTT
Are you okay?

She sets her fork down, takes Scott's hand, perks up.

BARBARA
I'm fine. It's just a headache.
I'm so glad you are playing again.
I can't wait to hear this.

Barbara places the CD in her purse. Scott pulls away, leans back in his seat.

SCOTT
Come to the club and you can hear more.

BARBARA
Who is taking Bobby's place?

SCOTT
A new guy, Dave. Jess found him. He's really good.

BARBARA
I'm so happy for you.

Barbara looks into Scott's eyes.

BARBARA
You need to figure out what you are going to do with your life.

SCOTT
Jesus. You sound just like dad.

Barbara picks up her fork, stabs at her salad. She looks out the window then back at Scott.

BARBARA
He just wants what's best for you.

SCOTT
Then why does he hate me?

Scott downs his beer, looks at the empty bottle.

BARBARA
You know your Dad...He hates everyone.

He holds his empty bottle in the air, signals the WAITER.

The waiter nods, heads to the bar.

Barbara sets her fork on the plate of her hardly eaten salad. She leans forward, rests her head in her hands.

The waiter appears with a fresh bottle of beer, sets it in front of Scott.

WAITER
Can I get you anything else?

SCOTT
Thanks. No. Just the check.

WAITER
I'll be right back.

Scott leans towards Barbara. He is truly concerned.

SCOTT
Are you sure you are okay? You barely
touched your salad.

BARBARA
The new medication makes me tired
and not very hungry. I'll be fine.

She sits up straight, smiles at Scott.

BARBARA
I'll come and see you play.

SCOTT
That's fantastic.

BARBARA
I'll have Missy pick me. I can only
stay for a couple of songs. I'm not
a fan of the type of music you play.

Scott flashes a big smile and relaxes a bit.

SCOTT
I know.

Scott takes a couple of bites of the burger, washes it down
with the beer.

Barbara seems to have her second wind. She eats a few bites
of her salad.

BARBARA
You're grandmother was so proud of
you. She loved music. She knew you
were special.

SCOTT
I wasn't special.

BARBARA
She saw it in your playing. She
taught the piano to many students
but she had never seen the talent
you possess.

SCOTT
I liked taking lessons from her.
She made them fun.

Barbara takes a sip of her water then leans back in her seat.

BARBARA

She left you the house and the piano
and what did you do? You turned
your back on the music. Then you
destroyed the house.

The waiter returns, sets the check on the table.

WAITER

You can pay me or use the kiosk at
the end of the table.

SCOTT

Thanks.

Scott grabs the check, leans in towards Barbara.

SCOTT

After Bobby died...I just couldn't
do it without him.

BARBARA

His death was not your fault.

Scott chugs down his beer, stares out the window at the mid-afternoon traffic.

BARBARA

Stubborn. Just like your father.

Scott angrily turns back to Barbara.

SCOTT

I'm nothing like him.

BARBARA

You're exactly like him. Bull headed.
Won't listen to anyone.

Scott and Barbara stare at each other in a moment of awkward silence.

SCOTT

Let's not do this.

Barbara turns and stares out the window.

BARBARA

I just want you to be happy.

SCOTT

I'm playing this weekend. We'll see
what happens.

Scott looks at the check, fishes a wad of cash from his pocket, throws a few bills onto the table.

INT. SCOTT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

BEDROOM

The room is softly lit. Scott and Jess lay in bed under a sheet exhausted from their amorous activity.

SCOTT
What are we doing?

Jess turns to Scott, leans on her elbow.

JESS
What do mean?

SCOTT
Everything. You. Me. This. The
band.

JESS
What are you saying?

Scott stares at the ceiling.

SCOTT
Why is all this so important to you?

JESS
Music is my life. It was your's at
one time, too.

Scott glances at Jess then back to the ceiling.

JESS
I care about Vince and...you wouldn't
understand.

SCOTT
Try me.

JESS
He believes in us. He put everything
on the line for us...

Jess sits up, her knees under her chin.

JESS
I've loved you since seventh grade.

Silence. Scott stares at Jess a moment.

Jess leaps from the bed, heads to the bathroom, closes the door behind her.

Scott sits up.

SCOTT
(softly)
I love you, too.

EXT. PHOENIX RISING NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

It's a hot, cloudless night. The lights of the city make the stars in the dark sky barely visible. People pack the sidewalk. Traffic is nearly at a standstill. Limos and cabs come and go as they drop off passengers.

The brightly lit marquee displays "BLAYDE"

INT. PHOENIX RISING NIGHTCLUB - CONTINUOUS

MAIN AREA

The place is alive. A packed house. The noise level of hundreds of conversations is deafening.

A crowd of people push their way to the...

BAR

Scott is behind the bar, does his best to keep up with all the orders that come in. Carl and Kelsey, the other bartenders, work as fast as Scott to fill orders. Servers come and go. They bring back dirty glasses, rush out the new drinks.

Rick sits at one end of the bar, nurses a beer, and does his best to flirt with all of the girls. He chats with a couple of GIRLS MOS. The girls giggle and walk away, drinks in their hands, stir sticks in their mouths.

Scott pours a beer into a frosted glass, sets it in front of Rick.

SCOTT
Shot down again?

RICK
I am not having any luck tonight.

SCOTT
Don't give up. It's entertaining to watch.

Rick gives Scott the finger.

Scott chuckles as he continues to mix drinks. Kelsey says something to Scott that can't be heard. Scott looks at her.

SCOTT

Got it.

Scott pulls out a few limes, a cutting board, and a knife from under the counter. He slices the limes, sets them in a container.

RICK

What time is your big entrance?

SCOTT

Around Eight.

RICK

Are your Mom and Dad coming?

SCOTT

Mom and Missy. My dad here? Are you kidding? He hates this place.

Behind the stage is the...

CLUB GREENROOM

A small room. A couch and chairs. A table with food and drinks against the back wall. Signed pictures of music acts adorn the walls.

Jess and Vince sit near each other in the corner. The other band members sit nearby in their own conversations MOS.

VINCE

What do you think?

JESS

He seems back in his element during our practices.

VINCE

Where is he?

JESS

He's working at the bar until show time. We've worked out his entrance.

Tyler enters, grabs a chair, sits with Vince and Jess.

VINCE

How's he doing?

TYLER

Okay. He's smiling more than usual.

VINCE

I hope this gives him the push he needs.

JESS

Once he gets on stage and feels the rush he won't be able to walk away.

VINCE

He did it once before.

JESS

That was different. He's had time to heal. After the set tonight I'll tell him about L.A.

VINCE

You didn't tell him?

JESS

I didn't want to put that kind of pressure on him.

Vince checks his watch.

VINCE

Almost time. Knock 'em dead.

Vince and Tyler rise, exit.

JESS

Okay guys. Let's warm up the pipes.

They begin voice exercises as we return to the...

BAR

SCOTT

Be sure to call a cab or uber later. I don't want you driving home.

Scott sets another beer in front of Rick. Rick continues to flirt, gets shot down every time.

Scott looks around the busy room...

SCOTT

Looks like it's showtime.

...spots Tyler as he makes his way through the crowd to the...

STAGE

Tyler hops onto the stage, steps behind the microphone. The packed house erupts into applause, shouts, and whistles.

It is earsplitting.

TYLER
It's time to rock!

Tyler motions to be quiet. It takes a moment before the loud roar turns into a murmur.

TYLER
This band played here a year ago.

The crowd erupts again with cheers, whistles, and applause.

Tyler waves his hands, signals again to settle down.

TYLER
Let's get down to business. Phoenix's
home town band...Blayde!!

The crowd explodes into a roar as the Jess, Eric, Jaxon, and Dave quickly bound onto the stage. Jess straps on her guitar and steps to the microphone as the others take their place.

JESS
Hello Phoenix!

They start right in with a rocking, mind bending tune in the style of a mix of SKILLET/DISTURBED.

EXT. NOLAN RESIDENCE - SIMULTANEOUS

A red and white ambulance, back doors open, red and blue lights flash in the darkness, sits in front of the house.

INT. PHOENIX RISING NIGHTCLUB - SIMULTANEOUS

STAGE

The band finishes the song. The crowd is wild and loud.

JESS
Thank you! It's great to be back.

The crowd calms down again to a murmur.

JESS
It has been a tough year for us. We
lost a bandmate and friend. Vince
has been our rock.

Jess looks up at the office window...

OFFICE

Vince and Tyler stand next to each other as they watch the band on stage.

TYLER

Do they know about the financial problem?

VINCE

I can't tell them. It would be to much of a burden.

TYLER

They'll know once the note is due and they shut down this place.

VINCE

Let's hope it doesn't come to that.

Back on the...

STAGE

Jess looks at the Guys then back at the crowd.

JESS

Something is missing.

The crowd mumbles, moans, whistles.

Jess looks at the band then back at the crowd, a smile on her face as she looks to the...

BAR

Rick raises his glass to Scott.

RICK

You're on.

Scott looks at his phone, sets it on the backbar, wipes his hands with a towel.

He heads to the...

STAGE

JESS

Last time we played here there was five of us. There are only four of us on stage...Who is missing?

The crowd continues with a confused mumble.

JESS
I know what it is. We're missing
Scott.

The crowd goes wild. Jess points toward the bar at Scott.

JESS
Scott...get up here. We need you!

The crowd parts as Scott heads to the stage.

Back at the...

BAR

Scott's cell phone lights and vibrates. "MISSY" is on the screen.

INT. NOLAN RESIDENCE - SIMULTANEOUS

ENTRY

TWO EMT'S are doing CPR on Barbara as she lies motionless on a gurney. They quickly wheel her through the open front door. Robert and Missy, on her cell phone, trail behind.

EXT. NOLAN RESIDENCE

The EMT's, continuing CPR, load Barbara into the back of the open ambulance. Robert climbs in with her.

MISSY
I'll meet you at the hospital.

The ambulance doors are closed, EMT's jump into the front.

The ambulance pulls away, lights flash, sirens wail, and flies down the driveway and out onto the street.

Missy runs to her car, phone to her ear.

MISSY
Come on. Pick up.

INT. PHOENIX RISING NIGHTCLUB - SIMULTANEOUS

STAGE

Scott waves to the crowd as he hops onto the stage. He takes a seat at the piano, shakes his arms, adjusts the microphone to his mouth.

SCOTT
Thanks. It's been a while.

The crowd settles down to a whisper.

SCOTT

This is for Bobby and Barbara Nolan.

The sound of the piano fills the air as Scott and the Band rock the house.

The crowd bursts into applause and whistles.

Scott turns and smiles at Jess.

Back at the...

BAR

Scott's phone vibrates and lights up again with "Missy".

INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

The EMERGENCY TEAM rushes Barbara, on the gurney, through the open doors, down the short hallway, and into a small room filled with lights and medical equipment. The team transfers Barbara to the table in the center of the room. They continue CPR.

Robert and Missy are stopped at the door.

NURSE

Please wait out in the waiting room.

She shuts the door. Robert and Missy stare at each other, then they hug.

INT. PHOENIX RISING NIGHTCLUB - SIMULTANEOUS

STAGE

Blayde is at full tilt. The crowd is on it's feet cheering.

In the...

OFFICE

Vince and Tyler continue watching through the window. The music comes from the speakers on the wall.

VINCE

What did I tell you...They still have it.

TYLER

I hope you know what you are doing.

They look at the...

STAGE

The song comes to an end. The crowd goes wild and fills the place with another thundering roar. Illuminated cell phones are held high above the crowd.

Scott turns to the crowd and scans the audience. He turns back to Jess. She nods and smiles.

SCOTT

Thank you!

Scott shades his eyes, scans the crowd again.

Jess moves closer to Scott.

JESS

This is great!

Scott ignores Jess, continues to scan the crowd.

Jess moves next to Scott. The band stares at Scott.

JESS

Scott...Scott...

CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

A beautiful, flower draped, mahogany casket sits on a chrome frame surrounded by MOURNERS.

MISSY

Scott...Scott...

Scott snaps out of it. Looks at Missy and glances around.

All eyes are on him. Rick and Connor are across from him next to Jess and Vince. Missy is next to Scott. Robert is on her other side. Friends and neighbors fill up the spaces in between.

A PASTOR stands at the head of the casket with a Bible in hand. He reverently looks at Scott.

MISSY

Do you want to say anything?

Scott shakes his head no.

Missy turns to the crowd.

MISSY

Thank you all for being here.

MISSY

It means a lot to our family.

She places her arms around Scott and Robert. Scott pulls away.

MISSY

There are refreshments being served
at my parents house. Please join
us.

Robert and Missy, arms around each other, stand at the head of the casket. Scott stands a few feet from Missy by himself. He looks down at that casket then up to the sky.

The throng of mourners disperse to nearby parked cars that line the narrow road.

Robert and Missy, still hold each other. Connor and Scott a few feet behind. They somberly make their way to a waiting limo.

INT. NOLAN RESIDENCE - LATER

DINING ROOM/LIVING ROOM

A table of food and drink has been set up in the dining room. A few people pick at the food.

Small groups of mourners serenely converse as they nibble food and sip their drinks.

Robert, drink in hand, is seated with Missy near the fireplace making small talk with friends.

Through the large open doors Rick, Jess and Connor stand in quiet conversation on patio.

People roam about, stop to give their condolences to Robert and Missy.

Vince enters the room.

Robert looks in his direction, jumps to his feet.

ROBERT

What the hell is he doing here?

Missy looks in Vince's direction, stands.

MISSY

Shit.

She takes Robert's arm.

MISSY

Calm down. He is Scott's friend.
Mom went to school with him. He's
just paying his respects.

ROBERT

I don't want him in my home.

MISSY

Just deal with it. Go refresh your
drink and stay away from him.

Scott stands silently out of the way, near a window, deep in
thought as Vince approaches.

They exchange small talk, hug, then Vince heads to the patio.

Robert steps in front of Vince and blocks his way.

ROBERT

What the hell are you doing here?

VINCE

I'm just paying my respects.

ROBERT

I don't want you here. You need to
leave.

VINCE

Do you really want to do this here?
Today?

Robert's outburst has caused everyone to become quiet and
stare at the spectacle.

Missy rushes to Robert and Vince, steps between them. She
takes Robert by the arm and leads him away.

Vince continues to the patio, hugs Jess, shakes Rick's and
Connor's hand.

MISSY

You are embarrassing me.

Missy and Robert disappear through the kitchen door. Missy
reappears momentarily with a beer in one hand and an envelope
in the other hand.

She makes her way through the sea of people, stops next to
Scott, hands him the beer.

MISSY

Thought you could use this.

Scott takes the bottle and looks at the label, then back out through the window.

SCOTT
Thanks. What's the beef between Dad
and Vince?

MISSY
I don't know. He's never liked the
guy. Here.

Missy hands the envelope to Scott.

He looks down at the white envelope with his name scribbled on the front.

SCOTT
What's this?

MISSY
Mom wrote us letters.

Scott takes the letter, glances at his name, shoves it into his pocket.

SCOTT
Thanks.

MISSY
Aren't you going to read it?

SCOTT
Maybe later.

He takes a sip of the beer, stares out through the window.

MISSY
Are you going to be okay?

SCOTT
I'll be fine.

MISSY
I worry about you.

SCOTT
I know you do. But really, I'll be
okay.

MISSY
I hope so.

Missy saunters away, waves at Connor, then joins a group of people near the table of food.

Scott gazes out the window. A tear slowly trickles down his face.

INT. SCOTT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

LIVING ROOM

Scott is seated at the partially cover piano, holds the unopened envelope in his hands.

Three knocks at the door break the silence. Scott looks in the direction of the door.

Three more knocks.

JESS (O.S.)

Scott?

Silence.

JESS (O.S.)

I know you're here. Your truck is out front.

SCOTT

What do you want?

JESS (O.S.)

To see if you're okay.

SCOTT

I'm just dandy.

JESS (O.S.)

Can I come in?

SCOTT

Door's open.

Scott sets the envelope on the piano, pulls the cover back. He turns towards the door as...

Jess enters the dark house. Stops.

JESS

How about some light?

SCOTT

Knock yourself out.

Jess reaches for the light switch.

The home improvement disaster is illuminated.

Scott looks in her direction with his bloodshot eyes.

SCOTT
I thought you'd be gone.

JESS
Come with me.

SCOTT
Want a beer?

Scott stands, heads to the kitchen.

JESS
No thanks...Come with me. Just for
the weekend.

SCOTT (O.S.)
And do what?

He reappears with a beer bottle in each hand, makes his way
to Jess, sits on a bucket, holds a beer to Jess.

JESS
No thanks.

Scott shrugs his shoulders, sets the extra beer on the floor.

JESS
Let's get away and forget about life
for a while.

Scott chugs on his beer.

JESS
Vince says...

SCOTT
Vince says...you two seem to be pretty
friendly.

JESS
He thinks...we both think...

Scott hurls the bottle at the wall. Glass shatters in all
directions.

Jess ducks out of the way of the flying glass.

SCOTT
I don't care what you guys think!

Jess takes a step towards Scott. Stops. Looks at his sad
face. Continues to him. Wraps her arms around him.

JESS
You throw like a girl.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

Breaktime.

Workers line up at a food trucks, pay for their snacks and drinks, move on.

Rick and Scott sit on a stack of drywall in the shade. Rick munches on a donut. Scott holds a styrofoam coffee cup.

RICK

No shit. They can really do that?

SCOTT

I don't know. I need to talk to Missy.

Dead air as Scott looks out in the distance at everything and at nothing.

RICK

A couple of pints after work?

SCOTT

No thanks.

RICK

Want my help on your house this weekend?

SCOTT

Nope. I can handle it.

RICK

Want to go to Vegas and get laid?

Scott throws the half finished coffee into a nearby trash bin.

SCOTT

Back to work.

Scott sets a hardhat on his head, slips on his gloves, heads to a half framed wall.

INT. LAW OFFICE - DAY

ROBERT'S OFFICE

Robert, in his chair, leans on his desk, looks at the file in front of him, then at Missy.

Missy stands opposite, leans both hands on the desk. She is pissed.

MISSY
This is going to far.

ROBERT
This is none of your business.

MISSY
Mom's not here to protect him so
full steam ahead. Is that it?

Robert glares at Missy.

ROBERT
Do you like working here?

MISSY
Is that a threat?

ROBERT
No. Just a simple question.

Robert leans back in his chair, shit eating grin on his face.

MISSY
Good. Because you really don't want
to fire me.

Robert straightens up, adjusts his tie.

Missy straightens, adjusts her jacket, smiles at Robert.

MISSY
Back off. That is a threat.

Missy turns, leaves the tension filled room.

INT. PHOENIX RISING NIGHTCLUB - DAY

BAR

Scott, Carl, and Kelsey are busy behind the bar. They cut fruit, stock the coolers, wipe the counters. They set out napkins and stir sticks, clean bottles, wipe down surfaces, stack glasses.

Vince sits at the end of the bar where Scott is busy. Vince nurses a drink.

VINCE
I had my doubts. Wanted to quit.

SCOTT
Why didn't you?

VINCE

There was something in here.

Vince taps his chest over his heart.

VINCE

A feeling. A little voice that said
push through so you can live the
dream.

Scott picks up a towel, starts to clean glasses.

VINCE

All of the pictures, posters, gold
records and such out in the lobby
remind me that I got to live the
dream. I wouldn't be here if I had
given up.

SCOTT

Did you lose the people you love
because of the music?

VINCE

Is that what you think? Your mother
and brother died because of your
music?

SCOTT

Yes.

VINCE

Your brother chose to die. Not your
fault. Your mother was sick. Not
your fault.

Scott continues to wipe the bar down.

VINCE

Why do you work here?

SCOTT

What?

VINCE

Why do you work here?

Scott halts his work, a perplexed look on his face.

SCOTT

I need the money. You gave me a
job.

VINCE

You work here to be around the music.

VINCE
I can see it in you.

SCOTT
You see what exactly?

VINCE
Passion.

SCOTT
Passion?

VINCE
Yes. Passion. When you are up on
that stage I can see it. You, Jess,
the band belong up there. Hell you
belong out there.

Vince makes a wide sweep with his arm.

SCOTT
Out where?

VINCE
Out there. Sharing your gift with
the world.

Vince finishes his drink, pushes the glass away, rises from
his stool.

VINCE
I lived the dream. It's time you
do, too.

Vince heads to the office. Scott watches him depart to the...

OFFICE

Tyler sits at the desk going through a stack of papers,
occasionally making entries on the computer.

Vince enters and sits opposite Tyler.

VINCE
What does it look like?

TYLER
We're barely staying afloat. Having
BLAYDE here helped but not enough.

VINCE
What about the record company?

TYLER

They're threatening to sue unless
you can get BLAYDE back together and
fulfill your end of the agreement.

Tyler searches through the stack of papers, pulling one out.

TYLER

This is the one I was afraid of.

He hands the paper to Vince.

VINCE

What's this?

TYLER

The bank is calling the loan due
since we are behind a couple of
payments.

VINCE

What are we going to do?

INT. LAW OFFICE - DAY

ROBERT'S OFFICE

Robert leans back in his chair.

Across the desk sit TWO MEN, suits and ties, Wall Street
banker types.

On a nearby table is an Architectural model of downtown
Phoenix. New buildings are erected in the center.

ROBERT

This is going to happen. I want
that nightclub gone.

Missy throws the door open.

ROBERT

Excuse me. I'm in a meeting here.

The Two Men turn to Missy. She ignores them, glances at the
model, then back to Robert.

MISSY

I need to talk to you.

Robert stands, opens the door between his office and the
adjacent small conference room.

ROBERT

Gentlemen.

ROBERT
Could you please wait for me in here
while I deal with this urgent matter.

The Two Men stand, politely excuse themselves, head to the door, closing it behind them.

ROBERT
You just can't barge...

MISSY
You did it anyway.

Robert returns to his chair.

MISSY
I checked with the city. The note
was posted on his door today.

ROBERT
He has until Monday to get out.

MISSY
Aren't you kind. Where is he suppose
to go?

ROBERT
He can always come home.

MISSY
He won't do that.

ROBERT
Right. Maybe he can move in with
you.

MISSY
You started this war. I'm going to
end it.

Missy slams the door on her way out.

EXT. SCOTT'S HOUSE - DAY

Scott approaches the front door, keys in hand. He stares at the notice on the door.

SCOTT
That son of bitch.

He pulls the notice from the door, reads it, wads it into a ball, throws it into the yard.

He inserts the key in the lock, opens the door, enters...

INT. SCOTT'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

LIVING ROOM

The same disaster. Nothing changes.

Scott heads to the kitchen. Reappears with a beer bottle in each hand. He guzzles the first one, throws the bottle against a wall. Glass flies in all directions.

Drinking the second bottle he heads to the covered piano, tosses the cover aside, sits on the bench.

He notices the envelope with his name, reaches for it, sets the bottle down.

SCOTT

Let's see what this is about.

He rips open the envelope, tosses it onto the floor, reads the letter.

Tears fill his eyes. A moment later rage fills his face.

INT. LAW OFFICE - DAY

MISSY'S OFFICE

Missy closes her door and sits at her desk. She lifts the phone from its cradle and punches in a number on the key pad.

MISSY

Connor...good...Yes we are still on for tonight...quick question...are you working with the city on the Arts District downtown?...I just saw a model with new buildings on that spot...

INT. PHOENIX RISING NIGHTCLUB - DAY

MAIN AREA

Vince and Jess are seated at a table near the stage.

VINCE

I really need to replace that piano. It still plays nice but it's held together with baling wire and duct tape.

JESS

Back to Scott.

VINCE
Like I said...I'm out of time.

JESS
What do you mean?

VINCE
I need BLAYDE to get back together
with Scott.

JESS
You need us to be back together?

VINCE
I signed a contract a year ago, was
fronted money.

Jess seems confused.

JESS
What does the contract have to do
with the band.

Vince hesitates as he takes a drink from his glass.

VINCE
The contract was for me to work with
the band, get you out to L.A. and
produce your album.

JESS
Jesus. Why didn't you tell us?

VINCE
After Bobby died I...I thought you
guys...hell I didn't know that would
break you up.

JESS
I thought we were back. Then Scott's
mom died.

Vince finishes his drink as tears fill his eyes.

He stands, points at Jess's glass.

VINCE
You want another one?

JESS
Sure.

Vince heads to the bar, fixes the drinks, wipes his eyes,
heads back to the table.

VINCE

Here you go.

He hands Jess her drink, sets his on the table, sits.

The CRASH of the front doors reverberates through the place, startles everyone. They all look in the direction of the clatter.

Vince leaps to his feet.

VINCE

What the hell?

SCOTT (O.S.)

Vince!

Scott emerges from the lobby, the letter in his hand.

SCOTT

What the hell is this?

Scott shoves the letter at Vince. Vince takes it, glares at Scott.

VINCE

What the hell is going on? It sounds like you busted the front door.

SCOTT

You knew? All this time you knew and didn't tell me.

Scott shoves Vince backwards. Vince stumbles and regains his balance.

Jess jumps up between Scott and Vince, pushes them apart.

JESS

Calm down! What the hell is wrong with you?

SCOTT

Ask him!

Scott turns to leave, then shoots back around.

SCOTT

You know...Fuck it. I'm done with both of you.

Scott storms out.

Jess starts after him.

Vince sits, scans the letter.

VINCE
Oh shit...Jess, wait. Let him go.

Jess stops, turns back to Vince.

JESS
What the hell was that about?

VINCE
This.

He hands the letter to Jess. She scans the page.

VINCE
I didn't...

Jess looks at Vince with surprise and amazement.

JESS
You're his father?

Vince sinks back into the chair at the table, holds his head in his hands.

VINCE
I hoped that he never found out.

He looks up at Jess.

VINCE
But then...A part of me wanted him to know.

JESS
So you and Barbara...

VINCE
Yes.

Vince gulps his drink and leans back in his chair as sadness fills his face.

JESS
How did you know her?

Jess sits at the table opposite Vince.

VINCE
We went to high school together.
After we graduated my band started to make it big...

INT. LAW OFFICE - DAY

CORRIDOR

Scott passes the reception desk and makes a beeline down the corridor.

Carol stands as he passes her desk heading to Robert's office.

CAROL

You can't go in there. He's busy.

Scott ignores her.

Carol picks up the phone and punches a number as Scott throws the door open and enters...

ROBERT'S OFFICE

Robert jumps out of his seat as the door flies open and Scott bounds in.

SCOTT

Did you know?

ROBERT

Did I know what exactly?

Scott is pissed. Only the desk separates them.

Missy appears in the open doorway.

MISSY

What's going on?

Scott stares at Robert, holds his hand up to Missy.

SCOTT

(to Missy)

Stay out of this.

She enters the room and closes the door as Robert and Scott continue their stare down.

SCOTT

Well..."Dad".

ROBERT

Well what?

SCOTT

Vince is my father, not you.

Missy is dumfounded. She looks back and forth between Robert and Scott.

Robert plops down in his chair.

MISSY

What?...Dad?

ROBERT

Your mother never told me but I had
a feeling.

SCOTT

You had a feeling so you treat me
like shit all my life.

ROBERT

I'm sorry.

SCOTT

You're sorry??!!!

Scott grabs a stack of papers from the desk and throws them
at Robert.

Robert and Missy are shaken by the outburst.

Scott picks up a letter opener, quickly goes around the desk
and holds it to Robert's neck.

MISSY

Stop!

SCOTT

Missy is your pride and joy. Went
to Law School. Works down the hall.

ROBERT

What are you going to do?

Scott ignores him, stares into Robert's eyes.

A moment later he throws the letter opener to the floor.

Robert gives a big sigh of relief.

SCOTT

You're not worth it.

Scott goes to a picture of Bobby on the shelf, removes it.
He holds it in his hands then flings it at the wall. It
shatters and falls to the floor.

SCOTT

You wanted Bobby to do the same thing,
but he liked playing music with his
little brother and that pissed you
off.

Missy turns and faces Scott.

MISSY
Please calm down.

Scott shoves her back into a chair.

Robert keeps his eyes on Scott.

SCOTT
You kept riding him about going to
Law School and quitting the band.

Scott paces the room like a caged animal, stopping directly
in front of Robert.

Robert recoils like a scared puppy.

SCOTT
Then he opens up and tells you he
was gay.

Missy, surprised, looks up at Scott then to Robert.

SCOTT
You couldn't stand your oldest son
being gay. You kept on him about it
until he killed himself.

Robert jumps up.

ROBERT
Wait a goddamned minute! If he hadn't
been doing that music...

SCOTT
Shut the fuck up! Bobby was gay way
before the band.

Robert sits back in his chair.

Scott heads calmly to the door turning back to Robert.

SCOTT
You're pathetic.

Scott opens the door and disappears down the corridor leaving
Robert and Missy to stare at each other.

INT. SCOTT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

LIVING ROOM

A lone light in the corner throws dull shadows on the walls.

Scott sits at the piano, stares at the keys. Several empty beer bottles sit on top.

A half-hearted knock on the door.

Scott looks in that direction, ignores it.

Another knock. A bit more forceful.

SCOTT
Leave me alone!

KELLY (O.S.)
I need to talk to you.

Scott is both surprised and irritated.

He grabs his bottle of beer from the piano, makes his way to the door, flings it open.

KELLY, a poster girl for rock and roll, stands on the front porch, a hopelessness in her eyes.

SCOTT
What the fuck do you want?

KELLY
I was hoping we could talk. Can I come in?

SCOTT
Nope.

Scott grabs an empty five gallon bucket, turns it upside down, sits on it in the doorway.

SCOTT
What do you want to talk about?

KELLY
What I did was wrong. I should have never left you.

SCOTT
No shit.

KELLY
I'm sorry.

Tears well up in her eyes.

KELLY
I was hoping we could start over.

SCOTT

Start over?

Scott chuckles and takes a long drink from his beer.

Kelly crosses her arms.

KELLY

Yes. A fresh start.

SCOTT

You left me a note. You didn't have
the balls to face me. You want to
start over?

Tears now stream down Kelly's face.

KELLY

I heard you and the band are back
together.

Scott stands, kicks the bucket back into the room.

SCOTT

Okay...I see. You don't want me.
You want a rock star. Lady...you
are fucking nuts.

Scott slams the door shut, leaves her in tears on the front porch.

He goes back and sits at the piano, takes a gulp of beer.

A car door slams. An engine is fired up. A car drives away.

Scott points the beer bottle to the ceiling.

SCOTT

Thanks a lot Bobby.

He finishes the bottle, sets it on top of the piano. His hands poise over the keys.

He once again plays the song he wrote for his Mother. The sound echoes through the house.

A few more notes and the music is terminated. Scott stares into the darkness.

A knock at the door startles Scott.

SCOTT

Go away Kelly!

Scott stares at the door.

JESS (O.S.)
It's Jess. Can I come in?

Scott continues to stare at the door. He stands, heads to the door, stumbles over debris.

JESS (O.S.)
I heard you playing. It was beautiful.

Scott reaches the door, stops, leans his head against the wood.

JESS (O.S.)
Please.

Scott opens the door.

Jess rushes in and takes Scott in her arms.

INT. MISSY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Modestly decorated in earth tones but with a woman's touch. Leather and wood. The lights are low. Jazz music softly plays in the background.

Connor and Missy are cuddled together on the couch, wine glasses in their hands.

CONNOR
Vince is his Dad. That makes you his half sister.

Connor chuckles.

Missy sits up and punches him in the arm.

MISSY
Be serious.

CONNOR
I am. But you have to admit that it is slightly amusing.

Missy cuddles back with Connor.

MISSY
It doesn't change anything. I still love him, but I'm worried about him. He really scared Dad.

CONNOR
That reminds me.

Connor and Missy sit up. Connor sets his glass of wine on the coffee table.

MISSY

What?

Connor stands...

CONNOR

Robert is trying to pull a fast one.

...heads to the dining table...

CONNOR

Seems he is trying to erase anything that Bobby and Scott were involved in.

...opens his briefcase and pulls out a folder. Heads back to the couch.

MISSY

What are you saying?

Connor hands Missy the folder as he sits and picks up his wine glass.

Missy sets her wine glass on the coffee table, opens the folder and scans the pages.

CONNOR

What do you think?

Missy sets the folder on the coffee table, grabs her wine glass, leans back on the couch.

MISSY

He wants to destroy the nightclub and the house.

CONNOR

You need to tell Scott.

She takes a long sip of her wine.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

Another sweltering, dusty, cloudless day. It's Phoenix in the summer. Everyday is the same.

Rick and Scott are busy framing another building.

RICK

You're just giving up? Where are you going to live?

SCOTT
Want a room mate?

RICK
We live together. We work together.
We go drinking together. We sound
like a couple.

They bust out in laughter as they nail the studs together.

Rick checks his watch.

The beep-beep-beep horn of a food truck is heard off in the distance.

RICK
Break time.

They set their nail guns down and sit in on the edge of the building.

RICK
Really. What are you going to do?

SCOTT
I'll sell my stuff, find a small
apartment nearby, work, save a few
bucks.

RICK
Then what?

SCOTT
I'll find a great girl, settle down,
have a couple of kids, enjoy life.

RICK
That's what you want to do for the
rest of your life?

SCOTT
It sounds nice. Comfortable.

Rick is annoyed, stares at Scott.

Scott gives a quick glance at Rick.

SCOTT
What...

RICK
The talent you have? And you want
to work here the rest of your life
out in this hot shit.

Scott looks off into the distance at a dust devil.

RICK
Don't waste your life.

Rick checks his watch. Other workers resume their work.

RICK
Break's over.

They slip on their gloves, pick up the nail guns.

RICK
I may look like a dumb construction
worker but there are ways...

INT. PHOENIX RISING NIGHTCLUB - DAY

LOBBY

Scott enters the lobby. Framed gold records, concert posters, concert pictures, adorn the walls.

Tyler stands with his arms folded.

SCOTT
Where is he?

TYLER
He doesn't want to see you.

Scott heads to the double door. Tyler stands in his way.

SCOTT
Vince!

TYLER
You need to leave.

SCOTT
I'm not leaving until I see Vince.

Tyler pulls out his phone.

TYLER
Leave now or I'm calling the police.

Scott shoves Tyler into the wall. A few picture fall to the floor.

TYLER
That's it.

Tyler punches numbers on his phone and places it to his ear.

VINCE
I'm here. What do you want?

Scott, surprised, turns to Vince.

Vince motions and turns to Tyler. He puts his phone away.

VINCE
It's okay. Give us a minute.

Tyler glares at Scott and then disappears through the double doors.

Vince turns back to Scott.

VINCE
So. What do want?

SCOTT
Why didn't you tell me?

VINCE
I made a promise.

SCOTT
Did you ever wish.....

VINCE
Wish what?

SCOTT
That you had a bigger part in my
life.

They stand in awkward silence a moment.

Scott looks at the wall from picture to picture.

VINCE
She wanted to leave him, you know.

Scott whips around.

VINCE
That's right. But I wouldn't have
it. I told her that she was better
off with Robert.

SCOTT
Why didn't she tell me?

VINCE
She believed it would be better if
nobody knew. She didn't even tell
Robert.

SCOTT

The way he has treated me my whole
life...he knows now.

Vince is surprised.

VINCE

What?

SCOTT

That's right. I went to his office.

VINCE

How did that go?

SCOTT

Intense.

Scott moves to the pictures hanging on the wall.

VINCE

I bet.

Vince keeps his eye on Scott.

Scott stops at a picture of Vince on a stage, points at the
picture.

VINCE

It's not the glamour everybody thinks
it is. At first it is. Sex, drugs,
rock and roll.

Vince, with caution, walks up to Scott.

Clearly a young Vince amongst three other young guys rocking
out on some stage in some city.

VINCE

This was when we first started out.
Just another garage band wanting to
be rock stars.

SCOTT

But how did you make it when so many
fail?

Vince taps his chest over his heart.

VINCE

Passion. We wanted it. Most of the
other bands were guys that learned a
few chords, copied a few songs that
were playing on the radio, and had
fun.

VINCE

They were into getting laid and
getting high more than the music.

SCOTT

Passion...

Scott moves to another picture.

VINCE

Yes. I see it in you.

Scott glances at Vince then back at the pictures.

SCOTT

How did that rise you above the
others?

VINCE

We knew that we couldn't just cover
other bands. We had to come up with
our own original music. So we did.

Scott stops at a picture of Vince and Alice Cooper.

VINCE

He's the one that helped us boost
our career.

SCOTT

How did he do that?

VINCE

We were playing at this place in
Scottsdale. We finished our set.
Alice Cooper came up to us and told
us he really liked our sound. We
talked for a while. About a week
later our manager told us that Alice
Cooper was going on tour and that he
asked for us to open his shows.
Since then we have been forever in
his debt.

Scott wanders about, looks at the items on the walls.

VINCE

I want to help Blayde the way Alice
helped us.

SCOTT

No.

VINCE

Don't throw away this opportunity.

Scott turns, shakes his head at Vince.

SCOTT
Too many bad memories.

VINCE
Go make new memories. Your mother
and your brother would want that.
Do it for them.

Scott notices a new picture on the wall.

A recent picture of him and the band on stage.

SCOTT
I like this one.

VINCE
Look at your face? That is passion.
You can live the dream. Let me tell
you a story that started a year ago...

INT. SCOTT'S HOUSE - DAY

LIVING ROOM

Scott has his phone to his ear as he picks up trash, places it in one of a few trash cans nearby. The disaster in his house now looks like a tidy disaster.

SCOTT
Please be careful...You never know
what that prick will do...I'll be
here...Okay...Hey Missy?...Thanks
for doing this...I love you too.

He slips his phone in a pocket, continues the cleanup.

The sound of a truck outside alerts Scott.

He opens the front door.

A truck with a roll off dumpster sits in the street.

SCOTT
Just put it in the driveway.

The driver signals a thumbs up.

The beep-beep-beep of the truck as it backs into the driveway fills the air as Scott shuts the door.

He continues with the clean up.

INT. LAW OFFICE - DAY

ROBERT'S OFFICE

Robert looks up from a document as Missy lightly taps on the slightly open door.

ROBERT
Come on in.

MISSY
I have prepared the documents for
Scott to sign.

ROBERT
I'm so glad he has come to his senses.
He is doing the right thing.

MISSY
Yes he is. I am going to drop by
his house on the way home.

Missy stands in silence, stares at Robert.

ROBERT
Anything else?

MISSY
No. Don't work too late. I think
we are the only two left. I'll lock
the front door on my way out.

ROBERT
Thanks. Good night.

MISSY
Good night.

Missy walks away, leaves the office door open.

INT. LAW OFFICE - DAY

MISSY'S OFFICE

Missy sits at her desk, picks up the phone, punches in a number.

MISSY
Hi...okay...do we have to do
this?...he is my father...I
know...love you too.

She sets the phone back in its cradle, places her head in her hands and sobs.

INT. SCOTT'S HOUSE - LATER

LIVING ROOM

The place is coming along. No longer the big disaster.
Trash is picked up. No more heaps of debris.

Scott stretches painters tape around the windows, prepares
to paint the walls.

Missy knocks on the door as she enters, a file in her hand,
looks around, amazed.

MISSY

Wow. You are serious.

SCOTT

Hey. Glad you could make it.

Scott sets down the tape, wipes his hands on a nearby towel.

SCOTT

I see you brought the documents.

MISSY

Are you sure you want to do this?

SCOTT

Absolutely. Does he suspect anything?

MISSY

Not a thing. He will be surprised.

SCOTT

Are you sure you're okay with this?
He's going to be pissed.

MISSY

I'm okay. Here...

She hands the file to Scott.

MISSY

...I have tabbed where you need to
sign. I have to go.

Scott thumbs through the file, looks up at Missy and smiles.

SCOTT

Thanks. I owe you one.

Missy heads to the door.

MISSY

We'll see you this weekend.

Scott watches her walk away, closes the door.

He sets the file on table on his way to the kitchen.

Knock-knock on the front door.

SCOTT (O.S.)

What did you forget.

Jess cautiously opens the door and steps in as Scott emerges from the kitchen, a bottle of water in hand.

JESS

Hi.

SCOTT

What are you doing here?

JESS

I just came to say good bye.

Jess nervous, fidgets, looks around.

SCOTT

Good-bye? Where are you going?

JESS

Back to L.A. Nothing for me here.

A moment of awkward tension fills the room.

JESS

Looks like you're finally serious about the house.

SCOTT

Can I get you some water?

He holds out the water bottle to Jess.

JESS

No thanks. I can't stay. I just want to ask you...

Scott looks at Jess. He hides his smile, barely contains himself.

She turns to the open door, stops, looks back at Scott.

JESS

It will destroy...nevermind...good-bye.

She whips around and storms out of the house, slams the door behind her.

Scott stares at the closed door a moment, then runs and flings the door open.

SCOTT

Wait!

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

Same blistering hell hole. Dust devils. Thermals. Workers busy like ants. Trucks come and go.

Rick and Scott frame yet another building.

SCOTT

They all said they would help?

RICK

Yep. Everybody loves me.

SCOTT

What time did you tell them?

RICK

Sunrise. Just like here. I hope your neighbors won't mind.

SCOTT

They'll be happy to finally have that eyesore all fixed up.

The water truck slowly drives by, some of the water sprays Rick and Scott.

RICK

That feels good.

SCOTT

He should come around more often.

RICK

So what do you think your dad...sorry...Robert will do?

SCOTT

I hope it gives the prick a heart attack. He deserves it.

Rick stops and glares at Scott.

RICK

Do you need a place to stay?

SCOTT

Missy said I could stay with her and Connor.

Scott stops, looks at Rick.

Rick continues to glare at Scott.

SCOTT

What...

RICK

You are really going to do it.

EXT. SCOTT'S HOUSE - DAY

Early morning. The sun is half a dome on the eastern horizon. Birds chirp. Several front lawns in the neighborhood are get their daily dose of water.

Rick and WORKERS arrive in cars and trucks and converge on Scott's house.

Scott stands on the front porch, coffee cup in hand, is amazed with the turnout.

Missy and Connor arrive dressed in jeans and t-shirts ready to go to work.

INT./EXT. SCOTT'S HOUSE

SERIES OF SHOTS OVER TWO DAYS

Workers converge in and out of the house.

The piano is loaded onto a truck.

Paint goes on the walls, some on the people.

Doors are hung and painted.

Cabinets are set in place.

Trash is hauled away.

Shrubs, grass, and trees are installed in the yards.

The entire house goes from a pile of shit to a showcase.

INT. SCOTT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

LIVING ROOM

Back to the way it was. Inviting. Beautifully decorated. Warm colors.

Rick, Scott, Missy, and Connor gaze around the finished room.

RICK
We did good.

SCOTT
Thanks for all of your hard work and effort. I really appreciate it.

MISSY
Tomorrow's the big day. I think we need to call it a day.

RICK
Call me?

Scott knows the look that Rick gives him.

SCOTT
Sure thing.

Scott stares at the space once occupied by the piano.

SCOTT
It looks empty without the piano.
Missy hugs Scott, leads him to the door.

MISSY
Let's go.

Scott turns off the lights, closes the door, locks it behind him, hands the keys to Missy.

INT. MISSY'S HOUSE - DAY

Connor and Missy sit at the table eating breakfast and drinking coffee.

MISSY
So it happens today?

CONNOR
Yes. I have a meeting at ten.

MISSY
And my father?

CONNOR
Yes...the deal is dead.

Connor and Missy look up as Scott enters the room. He is clean shaven and his hair has been cut and neatly trimmed.

CONNOR
You clean up really nice.

Scott heads to the coffee pot, grabs a cup, and fills it full.

MISSY
There are eggs and toast if you're hungry.

Scott sits at the table.

SCOTT
Thanks. Coffee will do.

EXT. MISSY'S HOUSE - DAY

Scott steps out onto the porch with a guitar case in one hand and a large full bag in the other.

Connor steps out followed by Missy. She closes and locks her front door.

Connor and Scott shake hands.

CONNOR
Good luck out there. Let us know when you are in town.

SCOTT
I will. Take care of my sister.

CONNOR
You can count on it.

Missy and Connor head to their cars.

Scott heads to his truck.

She hits her key fob - Beep- unlocks the door, turns and runs back to Scott.

MISSY
Wait!

Scott turns as Missy approaches.

MISSY
It's going to be different.

SCOTT
What do mean?

MISSY
Me. You. Dad. Vince.

SCOTT
What are you going to do?

MISSY

What I should have done a long time ago.

Missy glances at her watch.

MISSY

Almost show time.

She hugs Scott, kisses his cheek, turns and heads to her car.

SCOTT

I'll keep in touch.

MISSY

You better.

She waves at Scott, opens her car door, watches Scott amble to his truck.

Scott tosses his bag in the back, opens the door, waves to Missy.

INT. EXECUTIVE OFFICE - DAY

A modern, contemporary space. Glass and chrome, pictures of a condo highrise adorn the walls.

ALLEN BENDER, suit and tie, all business, stands and holds out his hand as Connor enters.

ALLEN

Connor. How are you?

CONNOR

Thanks for seeing me. I'm doing good.

Allen motions for Connor to sit.

Connor takes a seat opposite Allen.

ALLEN

What can I do for you?

CONNOR

I have noticed that you advertise your condo project as being in the heart of the downtown Arts and Entertainment district.

ALLEN

That is correct.

CONNOR

What if I told you that there is
some backroom dealing to build office
highrise buildings on that spot down
there.

Connor points at the window.

Allen's interest is piqued as he sits forward in his chair,
resting his elbows on the deck.

ALLEN

Really...give me the details.

EXT. SCOTT'S HOUSE - DAY

Mid-morning. Another beautiful sun-filled day.

The house is no longer a disaster. It now fits in with all
of the others on the street. The place is beautiful.
Sunlight sparkles on the freshly watered lawn.

Missy glides her car into the driveway.

A City truck sits at the curb.

A CITY INSPECTOR waits on the front porch.

Missy quickly exits her car, a file in hand.

MISSY

Sorry to keep you waiting.

She heads to the front porch.

INT. ROBERT NOLAN'S CAR - DAY

Robert lounges in the rear of a large black car. His suit
jacket is un-buttoned. He has his phone to his ear.

ROBERT

I'm on my way now...What are you
talking about?...It's not
possible...How?

Robert ends his call, tosses the phone in the empty seat
next to him.

ROBERT

That little prick!

The DRIVER peers at Robert in the rearview mirror.

ROBERT

Can you speed it up please.

Robert, irritation across his face, watches out the window as the landscape flies by.

EXT. SCOTT'S HOUSE - DAY

Missy and the Inspector stand on the front porch. Missy has a file in her hand.

MISSY
I have the paperwork that you
requested.

Missy hands the Inspector the file. He opens it and quickly reviews the paperwork.

INSPECTOR
It appears everything is in order.
I'll sign off on the work.

INT./EXT. ROBERT NOLAN'S CAR - DAY

Robert sees the inspector's truck through the front window as his car approaches Scott's house.

ROBERT
What the hell?

The car comes to a stop in the street.

EXT. SCOTT'S HOUSE - DAY

Missy and the inspector watch Robert's car come to a stop at the curb.

Robert throws open the door and hops out.

MISSY
This should be fun.

The Inspector curiously glances at Missy.

Robert walks towards Missy and the Inspector, looks around at the transformed house.

Robert reaches Missy and pulls her aside. They whisper to each other.

ROBERT
What the hell is this?

MISSY
This is Scott's idea.

ROBERT
He'll pay for this.

MISSY
I don't think so.

Robert is fuming. He glances at the inspector and then back to Missy.

The Inspector glances at his watch then glares at Missy.

MISSY
By the way. I quit.

ROBERT
What? You can't quit. What are you going to do?

MISSY
I think I'll go into entertainment law. I know someone who will need my services.

Missy steps back to the Inspector.

MISSY
I'm sorry for keeping you. Here are the rest of the documents.

Missy hands the Inspector another file.

INSPECTOR
Thank you.

The inspector heads to his truck. Robert steps up and grabs Missy's arm.

ROBERT
This isn't over.

Missy pulls away, straightens her jacket.

MISSY
Yes it is.

Robert turns and hustles back to his waiting car.

As Robert's car pulls away an older pickup truck rolls up and stops at the curb.

Missy waves at the truck as Carlos and Maria step out and cautiously approach Missy.

MISSY
You must be Carlos and Maria.

CARLOS
Yes.

Missy holds out her hand to Carlos.

MISSY
I'm Missy. Scott's sister.

Carlos smiles and takes Missy's hand.

CARLOS
Happy to meet you.

Missy holds her hand out to Maria. Maria nervously takes it.

MARIA
Yes. Nice to meet you.

MISSY
Let's go inside and get out of this heat.

Missy turns to the front door, Carlos and Maria follow.

EXT. PHOENIX RISING NIGHTCLUB - DAY

The parking lot is empty except for a solitary car parked next to the double service doors at the rear of the building.

Scott's truck pulls into the parking lot next to the solitary car.

Scott hops out, a piece of paper in hand. He slips it through the mail slot in one of the doors, retreats to his truck and drives out of the parking lot as a delivery van pulls in.

TWO DELIVERY MEN jump out. One pushes the buzzer next to the double door, the other opens the back of the truck.

INT. LAW OFFICE - DAY

ROBERT'S OFFICE

Robert sits at his desk still fuming. A knock on his door startles him.

ROBERT
Come in.

Robert grabs a file on his desk as Carol opens the door.

Robert looks up at her.

CAROL
Sorry to interrupt.

ROBERT

What is it?

CAROL

These gentlemen from the Attorney General's office need to speak to you.

TWO MEN, suit and tie, all business, badges on their belts, push past Carol into the office.

Carol shuts the door.

Robert looks back and forth at the Two Men. He motions for them to sit.

ROBERT

Please. Sit down.

They remain standing.

ROBERT

What's this about?

MAN ONE

We need you to come with us...

INT. PHOENIX RISING NIGHTCLUB - DAY

OFFICE

Vince sits at the desk. Tyler leans over his shoulder.

VINCE

So what am I looking at?

TYLER

A notice from the city about changing the zoning of this property.

VINCE

What does that mean?

TYLER

It means that the city may be able to take your property.

A Buzzer sound fills the space.

Tyler and Vince look up.

VINCE

Are we expecting a deliver?

TYLER
No. Not today.

VINCE
I'll go see what it is.

Vince gets up from his desk, heads to the door as the phone rings and Tyler picks it up.

EXT. PHOENIX RISING NIGHTCLUB - DAY

Vince opens the door, Scott's paper in his hand.

VINCE
Can I help you?

DELIVERY MAN 1
We have a delivery.

Vince looks perplexed.

VINCE
I'm not expecting a delivery.

Delivery Man 1 holds out an invoice to Vince.

DELIVERY MAN 1
We were told to deliver this today
at this time.

Vince looks at the invoice, then at Scott's paper.

Scott's paper reads... *I thought you could use a new piano.
Take care of it. It is my turn to live the dream. Scott.*

VINCE
I'll be damned.

DELIVERY MAN 1
Where do you want it?

VINCE
Right in here.

Vince opens the double doors. The Delivery Men offload the piano.

INT. SCOTT'S HOUSE - DAY

LIVING ROOM

Carlos and Maria sit together on the couch. Opposite is Missy in a large chair.

MISSY
This is Scott's idea.

Missy sets a document on the table in front of Carlos and Maria.

Carlos and Maria look at the document, then at each other.

CARLOS
What is this?

MISSY
Scott wants you and your family to
have this house.

Maria puts her hand to her mouth.

Carlos looks troubled.

CARLOS
We can't afford this house.

MISSY
I don't think you understand. This
house is your's...free and clear.
Scott is giving it to you.

Tears fill both Maria's and Carlos's eyes.

MISSY
All you have to do is sign the
document.

Carlos and Maria look at each other then at Missy.

CARLOS
Why would Scott do this?

MISSY
He has his reasons.

Missy holds a pen at Carlos.

MISSY
It's your choice.

Carlos slowly takes the pen, looks at Maria.

EXT. PHOENIX RISING NIGHTCLUB - DAY

The piano is moved through the double doors.

Tyler appears, surprised as he looks at the piano.

TYLER

Just had an interesting call from
the condo people.

Tyler points at the nearby highrise.

Vince looks from the piano to Tyler.

TYLER

Things are going to be okay.

Vince hands the note to Tyler. He scans it and smiles at
Vince.

VINCE

I think you're right.

EXT. PHOENIX FREEWAY - DAY

Scott's truck is one of many vehicles that plow down the on-
ramp to the freeway.

The truck gathers speed as it goes under a freeway sign that
indicates... *I-10 WEST LOS ANGELES*.

The truck becomes smaller as it continues down the freeway.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

It's time to rock at the Troubadour!
This band is going to be big! Give
it up for Blayde!

JESS (V.O.)

Hey Los Angeles!

The sound of a crowd erupts as BLAYDE jumps into a kick ass
rock tune that is now their signature sound.

Scott's truck becomes smaller and smaller as it heads towards
the horizon.

FADE OUT: