

INSIDE OUT

PATRICK FARRELL
PFARRELLCA@SBCGLOBAL.NET
818-605-9221

FADE IN:

INT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

The sun presses through a gap in the curtains, silhouetting dozens of oddly shaped objects. The increasing light reveals tigers of all shape and manner -

Stuffed animals, wood carvings, statues cast in bronze -

Around the necks of the tigers, cards are affixed written in languages from all corners of the globe. Those in English, "We Love You", "Your Music Lives On..."

O.S. THE SOUND of water percolating.

INT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The timer on the automatic coffee-maker dings.

IN THE HALLWAY

Furry slippers shuffle along the Persian carpet into

THE FOYER

Where sunlight falls on shapely bare legs. At mid thigh - the hem of a silk robe patterned in tigers.

IN THE KITCHEN

Long black hair falls down the back of the silk/robe's occupant as they pour coffee. Mug in hand, silk/robe turns to reveal -

In the cleft of the robe, a mass of black chest hair.

BOBBY ZAMPINATO - early 50's, perpetually tanned, sipping coffee through absurdly perfect white teeth.

Bobby hits a keypad on the wall and a POWER CHORD BLASTS over the home's sound system.

INT./EXT. UBER VEHICLE - CONTINUOUS

THE RIFF LADEN music continues. An Uber vehicle climbs the Hollywood Hills past well maintained homes where bath-robed homeowners drag recycling barrels to the curb.

At the wheel of the Uber - a bearded HIPSTER, oblivious to the couple in the backseat -

FRALA and TOR - 20's, uber fair skinned, uber blonde, earbuds in, they rock to the MUSIC in matching band T-shirts.

INT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - BOBBY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Out of the shower, Bobby rocks to the same MUSIC. He runs a blow dryer over his wet, matted chest hair.

On the dresser, a PHOTOGRAPH of a younger Bobby and another YOUNG MAN with flaming red hair. Teeth barred, hands clawing the air, their mugging for the camera.

EXT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The Uber enters a cul-de-sac and stops in front of a house nearly lost in a tropical array.

Frala and Tor hop out. Their T-shirts have the picture of a band and the word "Tiger" in the logo. They exchange an anxious look and head down the shaded path towards -

The double-sided front door where a brass knocker features a woman with massive breasts and outstretched arms. A sign reads - "Hit it Hard."

INT. BOBBY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bobby squeezes into dated, stone-washed jeans. He sucks in his gut and clasps a silver, tiger-head belt buckle.

Opening an inlaid box, he removes a plastic baggie - throwing a mini hissy fit at discovering there is barely any weed.

A LIGHTER FLARES -

Bong water gurgles. Bobby exhales, eyes closed in bliss. The distant SOUND of the KNOCKER breaks his reverie.

EXT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Tor and Frala look at the knocker in confusion.

TOR
(Finnish accent)
We hit it hard, no?

The double doors swing open, revealing Bobby to a speechless Frala and Tor.

BOBBY

Let me guess -
 (pointing with game show
 theatricality)
 Tor... Frala...

INT. FOYER/HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Tor and Frala gaze in awe, following Bobby past gold records on the wall, guitars, and other memorabilia.

BOBBY

Where you kids from again?

TOR/FRALA

Helsinki.

BOBBY

Kick ass!...love Ohio. We rocked
 Ohio, big time!

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A poignant MELODY, played sparingly on synth and acoustic guitar, slowly builds. Tor and Frala step in wonder through the collection of tigers.

Above the fireplace, a huge painting with the logo "Chasing The Tiger" written in a slash font. Below the logo -

The portraits of FOUR YOUNG MEN, decked out in classic 80's hair metal finery - spandex, leather, studs.

Bobby stands at center left. Center right - the young man from the photo on Bobby's dresser - CHAD CHAMBERLAIN.

Hands in fists, Chad is posed as a Norse, flame haired god looking down on his dominion and now on his present self -

Comatose in a hospital bed. Pulse monitor on his finger, gastro nasal tube running to a drip stand, Chad's tongue hangs out, spilling drool onto silk pillows.

Frala and Tor move forward with grave reverence. The MUSIC SWELLS, a voice begins to sing -

CHAD (V.O.)

(singing)

*She had a smile for the ages/ like
 a rocket in space our love had its
 stages/ high above the clouds...*

FRALA
 (weeping, singing along)
*...The world it looked so small/
 when I was with you I thought I had
 it all....*

Frala embraces Tor. Bobby surreptitiously tucks Chad's tongue back into his mouth.

FRALA (CONT'D)
 (hovering over Chad)
 Still the most beautiful of all.
 Might I touch him?

BOBBY
 (raising cellphone for a
 photo)
 That's extra.

TOR
 Add it to our cart.

INSERT PHOTO - Tor and Frala, teeth barred, hands clawing the air, are squeezed in on either side of Chad.

INT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Hands grip a foot to apply forward pressure. Other hands grip a knee to apply counter pressure. A TEAM of PHYSICAL THERAPISTS are performing physiotherapy on Chad.

On a massage table, Bobby is worked on by a MASSEUSE.

Bobby's Asian housekeeper MARIE - 20's, adorable in a French maid outfit, moves about the room humming and dusting the collection of tigers with a feather duster.

ELECTRODES are attached to Chad's arms to which a weight has been strapped. Electricity is applied - Chad's arm bends.

The same weight/electrode concept is applied to his leg. The electrical current bends Chad's leg and he breaks wind.

BOBBY
 (glancing up from massage)
 Marie...

Marie frowns. She disappears behind a silk room screen and reappears with an adult diaper patterned in tiger stripes.

LATER

Bobby's feet are soaking, his nails being manicured. He looks over color swatches with a BEAUTICIAN.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Let's go with Navajo Sunset.

The Beautician colors Chad's hair. Another Beautician applies a facial mask of BLUE PASTE.

EXT. SOUTH AMERICAN RAINFOREST - DAY

The same BLUE COLOR glows upon the forehead of a fearsome, loin-clothed TRIBAL INDIAN.

A DOZEN INDIANS - adorned in bone necklaces and feather headdresses, bang drums and shake gourd maracas, dancing to the primitive percussive MUSIC.

Recording the performance on her laptop, JADE KINCAID - 30. The grime from roughing it in the jungle only adds to Jade's adventurous, attractive charm.

THE MUSIC CRESENDOS. The Indians leap into the air, land, and cover their faces. A moment of silence, and then a bow.

JADE
(removing headphones)
Wonderful. Absolutely wonderful!

Jade turns to OYALA, a young indigenous woman, in western clothing.

JADE (CONT'D)
Oyala, on behalf of Sagittarius records. Thank you.

OYALA
Of course, Jade. And grandfather is so happy with his gifts, tonight there's going to be an extra special performance.

Jade, eyes wide, turns towards -

GRANDFATHER - an ancient dude with a potbelly and stringy white hair. Sporting a Dodger's cap, sitting atop a couple cases of beer, he smiles and raises a bottle in salute.

INT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

With flaming red hair and heavy makeup, if a mole were added to his cheek, Chad could pass for an 18th century Marquis.

Bobby, applying lotion to Chad's upper torso and arms, lovingly runs his fingers through the hair on Chad's chest.

BOBBY

Looking good king Tiger.

MARIE (O.S.)

Mr. Bobby. They here. They here.

Bobby moves to the window and peers through the blinds -

HEAVY METAL BLARES. Two limos disgorge a half drunk wedding party, all in their 40's and 50's.

The WOMEN are packed into too tight bridesmaids gowns. The GROOMS are balding, overweight, and with beers in hand, having a blast.

From the back of the limo they drag out a bewildered, elderly PRIEST, who looks as if he was just hijacked from the pulpit.

Turning from the blinds - Bobby nervously moves to an inlaid box on the mantel. He removes a pipe and much to his dismay an empty bag of weed.

INT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

BRENDA, the surgically enhanced bride, has her hand outstretched over Chad. From the other side of the bed -

JOE, the big boisterous groom, slips a cheesy wedding ring onto Brenda's finger.

PRIEST

I now pronounce you man and....

Joe can't wait. He leans over Chad, grabs Brenda and plants a sloppy deep throat kiss. Losing her balance, Brenda's hand falls directly on Chad's groin.

Encouraged by the howls of the wedding party, Brenda does a full package grab.

Bobby, face pained, turns up the volume on the keypad.

Brenda releases her grip. Everyone breaks into song.

JOE/BRENDA

*Your love turns me inside out,
inside out...*

MOMENTS LATER

THE WEDDING BOUQUET flies through the air towards Chad -
Bridesmaid's leap. Bobby is swept with alarm -

The bouquet gets tipped away from Chad, but mayhem ensues.
Bridesmaids tear the flowers apart. The Grooms start throwing
handfuls of rice. The drip-stand gets bumped and -

Marie rescues it just as it's about to topple over.

EXT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - LATER

Check in hand, a relieved Bobby waves goodbye to Joe, who
joins the wedding party stumbling back into the limos.

INT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Marie vacuums rice from the carpet. Bobby stands over Chad
and squeezes his arm.

BOBBY

Sorry, big guy. I made sure we got
a little extra for the crotch grab.

Bobby checks the state of the tube running from Chad's nose
to the drip bag. Distracted by a grain of rice in Chad's
hair. He fails to notice -

A small drip coming from Chad's reserve drip bag.

LATER

A feeding contraption compresses a bag of green goop into a
larger tube that has been inserted into Chad's mouth.

Moving to the top of the landing, Bobby looks back, eyes
falling on Chad.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

You rocked today, buddy. Big time.

Dimming the lights, Bobby steps from the room.

The reserve drip bag continues to leak. A damp patch
appearing on the carpet below.

EXT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - PATIO - NIGHT

The logo for "House Call Sushi" adorns a tablecloth where TWO
SUSHI CHEFS are cutting and rolling.

Seated comfortably, Bobby waits for his meal to be prepared. Smoking a cigar, sipping hot sake, he gazes out over the Hollywood Hills twinkling with light.

EXT. SOUTH AMERICAN VILLAGE - NIGHT

The twinkling light has morphed into dozen of torches casting shadows across the Villagers sharing a communal meal.

Jade sets up her microphones. Oyala approaches with a bowl.

OYALA

Are you sure you don't want to try
the Okanatu?

Jade peers into the bowl - filled with squirming larvae.

JADE

It looks great. But...I'm vegan.

Before Oyala can respond -

Grandfather, swaying back and forth, drains a beer. He tosses the bottle into the fire and begins barking instructions -

The Villagers spring into action. Jade excitedly puts on her headphones, then cringes from an audio spike.

TWO MEN, carrying a large speaker cabinet, have knocked over one of her microphones. They smile an apology.

Jade curiously looks to Oyala.

OYALA

It's Thursday. Karaoke night!

A starter cord is pulled. A beat up old generator sputters to life. A WHINE of feedback.

Villagers gather before a microphone placed between two speakers blaring out the now familiar intro to "Inside Out".

Grandfather struts from a hut with sunglasses and a great, red wig made from grass.

Jade sinks in her chair and sighs good-naturedly.

Grandfather grabs the microphone. He strikes a metal stage pose, and sings along - horribly.

GRANDFATHER

*She had a smile for the ages/ Like
a rocket in space our love....*

INT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

The sun peeks through the curtains. Below the empty bags on the drip-stand - a dark circle of damp rug.

BOBBY'S (V.O.)

Bullshit Jerry. It's clearly the riff from "Fire in the Hole". They're allowed to sample, not steal.

In the hospital bed, Chad's right eye flickers ever so slightly. His right index finger rises.

INT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - HOME OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Bobby is on the phone. While he speaks, he opens fan mail - removing checks, autographing band photos with a sharpie.

BOBBY

I know it's an internet commercial. I know they have deep pockets.... Jerry, since I can't afford to buy you a pair of balls, you'll have to grow them on your own.

Bobby slams the phone down. Looks at the stack of fan mail and sighs. From beneath his desk he removes a bong. From a desk drawer he removes an empty plastic baggie and groans.

KITCHEN

Pouring a cup of coffee, Bobby grooves along to the song finishing up over the radio.

RADIO DJ (V.O.)

That was Dokken with "Breaking the Chains" where here on Sirius Radio, every day can be an eighties day. And now, let's go chase the tiger in our "Sweet Machine"....

At the keypad on the wall, Bobby turns up the volume. The throbbing base line THUMPS through the sound system.

LIVING ROOM

Chad's right index finger taps along in time to the music.

KITCHEN

Bobby, singing along, removes a pan from the cupboard.

BOBBY
*Sweet machine, sweet machine, pump
 you up, make you scream....*

LIVING ROOM

Chad is sitting on the edge of the bed. Head slumped on his chest, he notices the tube coming out of his nose.

CHAD
 (voice hoarse)
 I gotta' stop doin' this....

Drawing the tube from his nose, he sees the empty drip bags.

CHAD (CONT'D)
 Vodka? Tequila?

MARIE'S BEDROOM

Marie is in bed. "Sweet Machine" THUMPS through the walls. She moans, puts the pillow over her head.

LIVING ROOM

Chad is sprawled on the floor. Raising himself, he sees all the tigers and the cards affixed around their necks.

CHAD (CONT'D)
 My birthday?

Knees wobbling, he manages to stand. He takes a step, loses his balance and careens sideways.

KITCHEN

Bobby, placing strips of bacon into the frying pan, is still rocking out as the song fades.

RADIO DJ (V.O)
 If that wasn't a sweet ride. I
 don't know what is.

HALLWAY

Chad, naked, except for the adult diaper, staggers about.

CHAD
 (voice raspy)
 Bobby, Jojo, Dexter....

KITCHEN

Bobby rummages through the refrigerator. Behind him -

Chad stumbles in and makes for the kitchen sink. Chad turns on the faucet, gulps handfuls of water.

Taking a couple of eggs from a carton, Bobby shuts the refrigerator and turns to see Chad at the sink.

CHAD (CONT'D)
Yo' bro. What's for breakfast?

Bobby's eyes go wide in total shock. He crushes the eggs, the yoke spurts between his fingers.

CHAD (CONT'D)
You okay bro? What the hell did we do last night? You look like hell.

Bobby remains speechless. O.S. a LOUD GASP.

Chad turns to see Marie, who has entered the kitchen in bathrobe and slippers.

Marie, as shocked as Bobby, hand over her heart, backs out of the kitchen.

CHAD (CONT'D)
(stepping close to Bobby)
What's with the Geisha. You hittin' that or am I?

With no response from Bobby, Chad glances about. He notices the adult diaper and grows excited.

CHAD (CONT'D)
We touring Japan?

Chad squats like a Sumo wrestler and stamps his feet.

CHAD (CONT'D)
Domo nomo gotto, Mr. Robotto!

Marie returns with her cellphone. She holds it towards Chad for a photo and his face sweeps with alarm.

CHAD (CONT'D)
Look out Bro'. Pepper spray!

Chad lunges for the cellphone. Marie squeals and races out.

The sudden exertion makes Chad lightheaded. He starts to teeter and just when it looks like he might go down -

BOBBY
Chad!

Bobby catches his lifelong friend in his arms.

EXT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - DAY

A GROWLING ENGINE precedes a vintage, convertible Jaguar racing up the drive with Bobby at the wheel. Chad, blanket around his shoulders, is slumped in the passenger seat.

A GRATING SCREECH. The gate, which hasn't entirely opened, mauls the driver's side in a shower of sparks.

INT. HOLLYWOOD - SUZY'S BUNGALOW - MORNING

A LOUD RASPY HACKING - A toilet being FLUSHED.

SUZY KINCAID, early 50's, emerges from the bathroom. Hair a mess, eyeliner smeared, Suzy has seen better days. But beneath her tattered teddy she's still fightin' trim.

Heading down the hallway she HEARS the song "Inside Out".

Entering the kitchen she SEES on the TV -

Chasing the Tiger in all their MTV spandex glory - Chad howling away.

CHAD

*She spoke with the voice of an
angel, convinced me that I could
fly....*

Bobby struts about, plucking his bass. Drummer, DEXTER KRAZINSKI, twirls his sticks, attacks his drums.

Although Chad is clearly the focal point, lead guitarist JOJO MCMULLIN gives him a run for his money. Decked out in a black leather jumpsuit, Jojo's fingers move at blistering speed along the fret of an orange flying V.

THE VIDEO FOOTAGE SEGUES TO

FEMALE NEWSCASTER

There we saw Chad Chamberlain performing on their 1989' smash, Inside Out. We'll certainly keep you updated on this truly remarkable story.

The NEWS STUDIO widens out to reveal a MALE NEWSCASTER and the graphically imposed CELLPHONE PHOTO that Marie took of Chad lunging for the cellphone.

MALE NEWSCASTER

And it truly is remarkable, Cindy.
Chasing the Tiger made lots of
crazy headlines back in their
heyday, or should I say hair-day.

As the newscast cuts to commercial, Suzy is all riled up. She grabs the remote and starts searching through channels.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - MORNING

Chad is seated on a cluttered desk. He's being examined by DOCTOR WEED - 50-ish, with long blonde-grey hair, wearing one of those old school circular mirrors on a headband.

DOCTOR WEED

Color looks good. All I can say is
that your sudden recovery after....

Bobby, seated off to the side, catches the Doctor's attention and makes a cutting motion across his throat.

DOCTOR WEED (CONT'D)

After being out of it for some
time. Your recovery is nothing
short of a magical, mystical
experience. That being said....

The Doctor gestures to a logo on the wall - It's a caricature of DOCTOR WEED surrounded by marijuana leaves.

DOCTOR WEED (CONT'D)

I'm not really a doctor. Most
people get that.

Chad looks to Bobby, who is taking a drag on a huge joint.

BOBBY

(holding in the smoke)
It was on the way.

INT. SUZY'S BUNGALOW - KITCHEN - DAY

Drinking coffee, Suzy's eyes are glued to the TV -

Chad's CELLPHONE PHOTO is superimposed between SHARINA and DASHELL, the young, beautiful hosts of "Hollywood Spotlight" -

SHARINA

And now the first live footage
courtesy of those great folks at
Doctor Weeds Emporium on Melrose.

The broadcast cuts to CELLPHONE VIDEO FOOTAGE - Chad, still in his diaper, is surrounded by marijuana product. Throwing his arms up in triumph, he doesn't know which way to turn.

DASHELL

Well Sharina, does the term kid in a candy store resonate here?

SHARINA

Certainly does, Dashell. Seems that Chad Chamberlain is picking up where he left off.

IN THE KITCHEN

SUZY shakes her head in disbelief.

SUZY

Son of a bitch.

OLD ROCKER (O.S.)

What'd I do now?

Suzy glances to the hallway at a tatted up, potbellied, gray haired ROCKER, wearing droopy underwear.

SUZY

You still here?

Suzy picks up her cellphone off the counter.

EXT. SOUTH AMERICAN AIRPORT - DAY

Jade is seated on her luggage, alongside the single tarmac of a small airport. Her cellphone rings and she answers it.

JADE

Hi Mom, everything okay?

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

SUZY

Sweetie, I need you to cancel the trip to Guatemala and get your butt back here asap.

JADE

But Mom....

SUZY

Honey, Mommy is done talking. This is your boss.

Suzy puts down her cellphone and looks back to the TV -
Hollywood Spotlight continues with host Sharina receiving
some input on her earphone.

SHARINA

Well Dashell. Looks like we've
become the "Chasing the Tiger" go
to channel. Here's the latest from
Good Samaritan Hospital.

The Broadcast segues to black and white surveillance footage,
showing the front entrance of the hospital -

The Jaguar races into frame, hops the curb, and smashes into
a pillar, setting off the airbags.

Bobby works his way out of the driver's seat. He limps
around, opens the passenger door, and spills Chad onto the
pavement.

Making a just-a-second gesture, Bobby staggers out of frame.

He reappears with a wheelchair and helps Chad into it.

Pushing the wheelchair towards the entrance, it weaves off
the walk, tossing Chad into a flowerbed.

INT. HOSPITAL EXAM ROOM - LATER

DOCTOR FINKLESTEIN - 60, a spectacled, professorial man,
gazes intently at the video monitor of a human brain being
scanned. Bobby looks over his shoulder.

DR. FINKLESTEIN

Amazing. Just fuckin' amazing.

AN ELECTRONIC HUMMING stops. Chad emerges from the tubular
confines of an MRI machine.

LATER

Bare feet shuffle along a treadmill. The electrodes on Chad's
chest are connected to the blipping EKG machine, monitored by
Dr. Finklestein.

DR. FINKLESTEIN (CONT'D)

(lighting a cigarette)

Amazing. Just fuckin' amazing.

(to technician)

Turn it up.

A dial is turned. The treadmill speeds up, almost throwing Chad, who huffs and puffs to keep up.

LATER

Chad towels the sweat from his face. Dr. Finklestein reviews the test results on a clipboard.

DR. FINKLESTEIN (CONT'D)
Amazing. Just fuckin' amazing. When
was Chad taken off life support?

BOBBY
Actually, it wasn't all that long
after I took him home.

Dr. Finklestein looks as if he's been hit upside the head.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Yeah, sometime around the early
nineties. These crazy chicks from
our Tokyo fan club.

FLASHBACK - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Bathed by the blinking glow from the respirator, Chad's face is covered with an oxygen mask.

Bobby, behind a camera on a tripod, gestures for TWO JAPANESE LADIES to position themselves on either side of Chad.

But the two ladies, bantering in Japanese, aren't cooperating. Lady #1 starts to unbutton Bobby's shirt.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Whoa there little tiger.

She runs her fingers up and down his hairy chest, making him giggle. She maneuvers him so that his back is to Chad.

Lady #2, specimen jar in hand, reaches under Chad's blanket.

Lady #1 starts to undo Bobby's trousers. Bobby, resigning himself to the inevitable, catches a glimpse of movement in the glass of a framed photograph. He whirls towards Lady #2 -

Her hand is beneath the blanket moving up and down.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
What the!

Bobby storms forward. Lady #2 gets scared and drops the jar. Making her escape, her purse gets caught on the oxygen tube and pulls it from Chad's oxygen mask.

Seeing the disconnected oxygen tube, Bobby is struck with horror. Fumbling to connect it, he notices Chad's diaphragm rising and settling on its own accord.

Surprised, Bobby removes the oxygen mask. Mouth slightly ajar, Chad seem to be breathing normally.

Bobby smiles, shrugs, clicks off the respirator.

BACK TO PRESENT - EXAM ROOM

CHAD

(disappointed)

Bro, you didn't let her finish me off?

BOBBY

I didn't think a paternity suit was in your best interest.

DR. FINKLESTEIN

Okay. Taken off life support...
(scribbling onto
clipboard)

That's something you might have brought to my attention.

BOBBY

Pretty sure, I called and left a message.

Dr. Finklestein dismisses Bobby with a frown and moves to the brain scans on the light chart.

DR. FINKLESTEIN

No sign of deterioration in the hemispheres of the cerebrum. The frontal, parietal and occipital lobes all look healthy. Apart from some minor lumbar atrophy, your physical condition and reflexes...

BOBBY

Cardio physical therapy with muscle stimulation twice a week. A nutrient rich diet with vitamins and proper caloric intake.

DR. FINKLESTEIN

Still, all things being said. This is amazing to the point of being...

CHAD

Whoa Doc. You're making it sound like I've been out for years.

Dr. Finklestein glances at Bobby. Bobby tries to shush him, but Dr. Finklestein has already turned back to Chad.

DR. FINKLESTEIN

Thirty to be exact.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - LATER

Chad is seated in a wheelchair. He has a dazed vacant look on his face, glassy-eyed, staring off into space.

DR. FINKLESTEIN

When had you planned on telling him?

BOBBY

I wanted to break him in slowly. He can get emotional at times.

DR. FINKLESTEIN

Well it's not a total relapse. Just temporary residual shock. The thalamus has been dormant for so long it still has some catching up to do.

BOBBY

The thalamus?

DR. FINKLESTEIN

Yes. The thalamus. It acts as a relay station for signals coming into the brain. One of its duties is the processing of emotions.

BOBBY

Oh, right...the thalamus.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

A serious, conservative FEMALE TELEVISION REPORTER jostles for space with other news teams. HUNDREDS OF FANS are holding up signs of "We love you Chad" and other endearments.

FEMALE REOPORTER

Chad Chamberlain has just undergone a physical examination under the auspices of Dr. Arthur Finklestein who was the attending physician thirty years ago when...

INT. KRAZINSKI HOUSEHOLD - CONTINUOUS

FEMALE REPORTER (CONT'D)

Chad Chamberlain was admitted in a self induced coma, following an evening of heavy drinking, drug use, and horseplay.

Watching the broadcast in a spotless kitchen that looks like big money, COURTNEY KRAZINSKI - 40's, severely sexy.

COURTNEY

(on cellphone)

Of course I've seen the news, mother. You'd think this idiot was the second coming of Christ. No. I'm not being unfair. From all the stories Dexter has told me, he is most certainly an idiot.

ON THE TV - the broadcast segues to grainy, shaky VIDEO FOOTAGE of an out of control Hollywood pool party. The lens zooms to the corner of the footage -

A young Chad drunkenly crawls up the trellis to a second floor balcony overlooking the pool.

Climbing up onto the balustrade, weaving from side to side, he beats his chest. To the roar of the crowd, he dives -

Missing the pool completely.

IN THE KITCHEN

Courtney scowls at the newscast. She begins walking from one moneyed, well appointed room to the next.

She pauses before some photographs of she and Dexter dressed to the nines at various events for the rich and powerful.

COURTNEY (CONT'D)

(on cellphone)

Dexter is as horrified as I am. And it couldn't have come at a worse time.

IN THE ATTIC

Hands rummage about, lifting a dusty clothing box.

ON THE FOLDING ATTIC STAIRS

Italian loafers descend. DEXTER KRAZINSKI - early 50's, gray creeping into his dark blond hair. Pressed chinos, polo shirt, straight out of a Lands End catalogue.

COURTNEY (V.O.)

Dexter did such a wonderful job on the town council, there's talk of him running for higher office.

FOYER

Orange high-tops descend the sweeping staircase that encircles the chandelier. On the tongue of one of the high-tops the letters "DEX", on the other, the letters "TER".

COURTNEY (V.O.)

No mother. Not mayor. Can you say, Congressman Krazinski.

Wearing black spandex trousers, tiger striped tank top, black leather vest, Dexter reaches the bottom of the stairs. He veers into the living room.

DEXTER

(calling out)

Courtney dear. Have you seen my car keys?

BACK IN THE KITCHEN

COURTNEY

(lowering cellphone)

Dexter, please tell me you're not standing on the Persian. It was shampooed for the fundraiser this weekend.

Dexter looks down. He's standing on the carpet.

DEXTER

No honey. Keys?

INT. LOS ANGELES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - MORNING

A red-eyed, weary Jade pushes her baggage cart past newsstands and video screens trumpeting Chad's awakening.

Approaching the airport exits, she stops suddenly - surprised to see her name on a card held by a UNIFORMED CHAUFFEUR.

EXT. AIRPORT - LIMOUSINE - CONTINUOUS

The Chauffeur opens the rear door and Jade climbs in, met with a hug and a kiss by her mother Suzy.

SUZY

Welcome home Sweetie.

Jade sees the champagne bottle and the glass in Suzy's hand.

JADE

Let me guess...

SUZY

Oh Honey, you're finally paying attention to the news that matters.

EXT. GLOBAL ENTERTAINMENT - DAY

The limo circles a fountain, surrounding a massive stone globe inscribed with "Global Entertainment". It stops in front of a glittering, glass building.

INT. GLOBAL ENTERTAINMENT - CONTINUOUS

A sharp FEMALE EXECUTIVE leads Jade and Suzy through the cavernous corridor. On the walls, posters and photographs of musical stars and various festivals.

INT. GLOBAL ENTERTAINMENT - LOUNGE AREA - CONTINUOUS

Dexter is seated next to Chad who is catatonic in a wheelchair. Bobby stands apart, speaking on his CELLPHONE.

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

DR. FINKLESTEIN

In Chad's blood work I found traces of sodium valporate and propofol.

BOBBY

Well sure. That's the anti-seizure medication that was prescribed.

DR. FINKLESTEIN

Right, but that wasn't meant...

From the corner of his eye, Bobby catches the Female Executive showing Jade and Suzy into the lounge area.

BOBBY
Look Doc, gotta' go...

Bobby watches as Dexter hugs Suzy and twirls her around.

DEXTER
Well if it isn't Sexy Suzy!

SUZY
Wow Crazy-ass. Lookin' fit.

They separate and Suzy acknowledges Bobby with a curt nod. He responds with a mutual chilliness. Suzy then moves sympathetically to Chad.

SUZY (CONT'D)
Awww Chad. Haven't seen such a
hangdog expression since the dry
cleaners shrunk your ostrich skin
underwear.

Chad moans, his vacant gaze seems to look right through Suzy.

JADE
(softly)
Hello Mr. Chamberlain.

Suzy, almost forgetting, glances at Jade.

SUZY
Boys, like you to meet my daughter
Jade.

DEXTER
Heard you squeezed one out.
(to Jade)
I can see the apple doesn't fall
far from the tree.

JADE
(putting on smile)
Oh, it falls pretty far.

Suzy removes a book from her purse and hands it to Dexter.

SUZY
An autographed copy of my self
published autobiography. "Drinking
From the Talent Pool - Confessions
of a Sunset Strip Groupie".

DEXTER

Awww Suze, that's awfully kind.

Dexter flips through the pages grinning. After a moment he stops, closes the book, and looks at Suzy with a more serious expression.

DEXTER (CONT'D)

So Suze, we seem to be short a man.

EXT. DESSERT - DAY

A HUMAN SHADOW moves across a hot, desert landscape. Bare feet shuffle through the sand.

A battered orange, flying V guitar covers the private parts of a naked JOJO MCMULLIN. Despite having no strings, he is playing the guitar as though it does.

The years and the sun have not been kind and Jojo looks every bit of his 54 years. Chest matted with thick hair, bald head blistered, eyes fixed in a thousand yard stare -

Through the shimmering heat, patches of color come into focus - a NATIVE AMERICAN FAMILY dressed in traditional wear.

The MOTHER hands the FATHER a gourd. He steps forward, offering it to Jojo. As the water dribbles down Jojo's chin -

BACK TO REALITY

The gourd is in fact a water bottle that has been handed to Jojo by the FATHER of a bewildered FAMILY OF HIKERS.

The SOUND of an engine precedes a Park Jeep. A PARK RANGER, PETER - early 30's, jumps out with a blanket.

PETER

(to family)

How's it going folks. You've had the rare privilege of seeing some of our more exotic wildlife.

(putting blanket around Jojo)

C'mon Mr. Joe, feeding time.

INT. GLOBAL ENTERTAINMENT - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Seated at one end of a conference table, band lawyer GERRY PESKI - 70's, leathery skin, silver, ill-fitting toupee.

At the other end of the table, CEO of Global Entertainment, VICTOR VON LUDWIG - mid 50's, German accent, ascot at his throat. He's flanked by an ATTORNEY and an ADVISOR.

At the midpoint of the table, Bobby, Chad and Dexter are seated across from Jade and Suzy who has just been handed a leather bound folder.

GERRY

Girls, I think you'll be pleasantly surprised with the deal I've managed to put together.

SUZY

Why Gerry, I'm sure to be surprised with any deal you've put together without consulting your clients.

VICTOR

I think you will find the offer very fair.

Suzy opens the folder. She looks at the check and promptly rips it in half.

JADE

Mom!

SUZY

Excuse me Victor. Need a little sidebar with the daughter.

Victor, cool and bemused, nods as Suzy takes Jade to the far side of the room.

JADE

That was a whole lot of zeroes.

SUZY

Listen to you, little miss money doesn't matter. If I had a nickel for every time you threw that in my face.

JADE

We could have started our own label.

SUZY

(escorting Jade back to table)

We already have our own label.

Taking their seats, Suzy takes a breath to compose herself.

SUZY (CONT'D)

Victor, I don't want to seem ungrateful. But Sagittarius records was started by my father Carlton Kincaid who gave it his life's blood until it killed him. He nurtured and developed raw talent.

Suzy glances across the table at Bobby, Chad, and Dexter.

SUZY (CONT'D)

Without Sagittarius, there would be no Chasing The Tiger.

Dexter nods in full agreement. Chad, of course, is catatonically non-committal. Bobby remains stone-faced.

VICTOR

Suzy, that offer was really just a token of my Germanic kindness. Sagittarius has been in and out of bankruptcy. And your latest release, "The Rowdy Rhythm of the Balkan Clog Dancers" hardly set the music industry on fire.

JADE

It was nominated for best experimental album at the Tojikon Music Awards...

Victor raises his brow. He exchanges a glance with his Attorney and Advisor who just shrug.

JADE (CONT'D)

...Tajikistan's equivalent of the Grammy's.

VICTOR

Yes, quite impressive. But according to Bobby and Mr. Peski...
(gestures to both men)
Your exclusive management deal with the band expired years ago.

SUZY

Mr. Peski and Bobby both possess selective memory. Advanced years and lots of pot tend to do that to an individual.

Suzy reaches into her purse and removes a document.

SUZY (CONT'D)

When Chad suffered his unfortunate accident, a rider was attached which re-dated the management deal to the moment when Chad regained consciousness. Signed by the members of the band.

Suzy slides the document up the table towards the Attorney.

SUZY (CONT'D)

To avoid conflict of interest we used the law firm of Shwartz and Hilberg.

(glances at Gerry)
Real lawyers.

GERRY

She's kidding. I'm a real lawyer.

BOBBY

That contract was breached when you tried to sue me.

SUZY

No, I sued you over the caregiver trust.

VICTOR

Caregiver trust?

SUZY

To cover Chad's medical care, Sagittarius and the band agreed to forfeit all future royalties until Chad recovered, or God forbid, passed away.

VICTOR

Very kind of you Suzy.

SUZY

Yes, well after about ten years with the music industry and Chad still flat on their backs. I tried to renegotiate the terms.

BOBBY

Chad's care was not cheap.

SUZY

Neither was the house in the Hollywood Hills.

(MORE)

SUZY (CONT'D)

Three cars in the garage and the string of French maids.

BOBBY

Chasing the Tiger lived on. An image needed to be maintained.

SUZY

Chad was out like a baby. Did he really need designer diapers.
(glances at Chad)
Sorry Chad.

BOBBY

Most of those royalties dried up years ago. It hasn't been easy making ends meet.

SUZY

What? Sushi once a week, instead of three...
(to Victor)
Had to hire a P.I. to account for Bobby's spending habits.

VICTOR

Very prudent.

SUZY

It would have been nice if Jade could have gone to Stanford instead of Long Beach Community.

JADE

In all fairness, I never got accepted to Stanford.

SUZY

Yes you did. Stanford, Harvard, Yale... I couldn't afford to send you so I destroyed all the acceptance letters. Didn't want you to be disappointed.

Jade is rendered speechless.

GERRY

This is all water under the bridge. I'm sure we can all come to an agreement.

BOBBY

Some things were said.

SUZY

Suzy Kincaid has always called it like she sees it...

(to Bobby)

You had the best hair and the least talent. What you lacked in musicianship you made up for with the...

Suzy goes over the top, miming the classic bass player pose. Cheeks sucked in, eyes closed, bent wrist plucking the strings.

VICTOR

This is fantastic! Could we please hit the pause button.

Everyone looks at Victor with puzzled expressions. Undaunted, he presses an intercom button on his desk.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

Send in hair and makeup.

A HALF DOZEN HAIR AND MAKEUP ARTISTS rush in, wielding brushes, combs and makeup pads.

Jade is uncomfortable with the hairspray and the teasing. Suzy, on the other hand, clearly enjoys it.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

Our historic partnering will provide excellent content for the website.

Victor gestures to a flatscreen on the far wall. The blank screen switches to a slick webpage with the heading - "Global Entertainment proudly presents Chasing The Tiger."

The heading suddenly changes to read - "Global Entertainment and Sagittarius Records..."

SUZY

(lashes being thickened)

Partners Victor? I haven't seen the numbers yet.

CAMERA CREWS enter and start recording the proceedings.

VICTOR

Oh, Suzy. You're going to love the numbers.

EXT. YUCCA GROVE STATE PARK - VISITORS CENTER - DAY

The entrance to the park is at the far end of a small, windswept high desert town. Behind the Visitors Center -

A tidy cluster of small trailers and cabins with signs over the doors for "Park Volunteer".

INT. JOJO'S CABIN - DAY

Kitchenette, table, chair, stereo with headphones. A small but comfortable one room cabin.

On a single bed, Jojo, mouth open, snores away. His battered orange guitar leans against the wall. An alarm clock RINGS.

EXT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A convertible Cadillac - Bobby at the wheel, Chad in front, Dexter in back - cruises into the cul-de-sac where -

Global Entertainment PERSONNEL scurry about, erecting an outdoor stage. Cables are connected to a mobile production truck bristling with antennas and satellite dishes.

MEDIA OUTLETS and NEWS TEAMS compete for space with a CROWD that, upon seeing the Cadillac, surges forward.

DEXTER

Wow, just like old times.
(squeezing Chad's arm)
Huh, Chad.

MISS BOOTSY, a sexy location reporter for Hollywood Spotlight, thrusts a microphone in Dexter's face -

MISS BOOTSY

Dexter! With your return there is only one piece missing to the puzzle.

INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

On the TV above the bar, the live broadcast of Miss Bootsy with the microphone in Dexter's face continues -

MISS BOOTSY

Jojo McMullin! When will we see Jojo?

DEXTER

Oh, ahhh
 (trades a shrug with
 Bobby)
 soon.

ALONG THE BAR

The patrons - hippy, drifter, cowboy, the down-on-their-luck,
 stare glassy-eyed at the TV -

The broadcast segues to Sharina and Dashell in the studio.

SHARINA

And there you have it...

DASHELL

The triumphant return of Jojo
 McMullin will be soon!

EXT. DIVE BAR - CONTINUOUS

Jojo pushes a shopping cart filled with cans and bottles. He
 passes the bar's front window - the glow from the TV lost
 among the neon signs.

Jojo turns into the dusty parking lot. He stops at a dumpster
 and throws back the lid.

INT. SUZY'S BUNGALOW - MORNING

A CLEANING SERVICE scours the house. Through the patio's
 glass doors - WORKMEN remove junk from the pool.

At the kitchen table, Suzy selects fabric samples with an
 INTERIOR DECORATOR.

SUZY

(looking up)
 Well, if it isn't Sleeping Beauty.

Jade rubs the sleep from her eyes. Surprised by all the
 activity, she raises an enquiring, admonishing brow -

SUZY (CONT'D)

Yes we can afford it. Downloads
 from the band's back catalogue are
 going crazy.

Jade steps aside as TWO WORKMEN carry out the old television.

SUZY (CONT'D)

If you can remember as far back as to yesterday, we now get our share of the royalties. I'd like to think I wouldn't have to explain that to the Chief Financial Officer.

JADE

I thought I was Vice President of production and engineering?

SUZY

It's a small label, honey. We wear many hats. I'd like a full financial report by the end of the week.

Jade sleepily nods. Then steps aside for the FOUR WORKMEN bringing in the new huge flatscreen.

EXT. GROCERY STORE - MORNING

Jojo feeds bottles and cans into a recycling machine. Coins jangle into the change tray.

INT. BANK - MORNING

Jojo stands before a FEMALE BANK TELLER who is counting his coins. She prints out and hands him a deposit receipt.

Turning towards the door, Jojo glances at the receipt. Eyes wide he stops, somewhat confused -

Brow bunched, he has a revelation that drains the color from his face.

EXT. BANK - CONTINUOUS

Jojo staggers outside. Wheeling from side to side -

He drops to his knees in the middle of the street. He looks upward and in a moment of pure anguish, screams -

JOJO

Chad, I'm so sorry... So sorry.

EXT./INT. PETER'S JEEP - CONTINUOUS

The light turns green at the town's one traffic light and Peter turns onto the main street where -

Jojo, tears streaming, is wailing like a baby. The jeep pulls up alongside and Peter jumps out.

JOJO
I killed him. I killed him.

A couple of TOWNFOLK have stopped to watch.

PETER
C'mon Mr. Joe. Let's get you home.

INT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - DEN - DAY

Chad has been freshly changed into an orange tiger striped diaper and liberally dusted with baby powder. He's on a leather sofa in front of a widescreen TV.

Dexter slides a pillow behind Chad's head. Bobby, at the bar, mixes up the drinks.

The TV is tuned to Hollywood Spotlight and the perpetually cheery hosts - Sharina and Dashell.

SHARINA (ON TV)
We now go live to good Samaritan Hospital.

On the TV Dr. Finklestein and TWO ESTEEMED COLLEAGUES make their way through the throng of reporters to the podium.

IN THE DEN

Chad makes a happy moan of recognition. His reaction draws encouraging looks from Bobby and Dexter.

DEXTER
Good Chad. He's your doctor.

DR. FINKLESTEIN (ON TV)
Good afternoon I'm Dr. Arthur Finklestein, head of neurology, Good Samaritan Hospital. To my left Nobel Prize Recipient, Dr. Hermann Buckholz of Vienna's Neurological Academy. To my right, Dr. Tak Fishimoto of Japan's esteemed Cerebrospinal Institute...

INT. SUZY'S BUNGALOW - CONTINUOUS

Jade and Suzy are seated in front of the new FLAT SCREEN -

DR. FINKLESTEIN (ON TV)
With Mr. Chamberlain on life support and his brain fighting for survival an anti-seizure medication was prescribed. Initially, Mr. Chamberlain's miraculous recovery had turned the world of neuroscience upside down.

Brows raised, Jade and Suzy exchange a look.

INT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - DEN - CONTINUOUS

DR. FINKLESTEIN (ON TV)
When Mr. Chamberlain had started to breath on his own accord, it meant the brain had started to reconnect impulses to the body.

Dexter glances at Bobby.

DR. FINKLESTEIN (ON TV) (CONT'D)
At this point the anti-seizure medication should have been stopped.

BOBBY
Who knew...

DR. FINKLESTEIN (ON TV)
Included in the chemical ingredients of these medications are extremely heavy sedatives.

Chad lets out a slow moan. Bobby remains clueless.

DR. FINKLESTEIN (ON TV) (CONT'D)
After consultations with Doctors' Bucholz and Fishimoto...
(glances at both men)
We've come to the conclusion that for most of the past thirty years, Chad Chamberlain was basically taking a fuckin' nap.

INT. SUZY'S BUNGALOW - CONTINUOUS

Jade and Suzy stare at the television, dumbstruck. On the coffee table, Suzy's cellphone vibrates and she answers it.

SUZY

Hey Dexter. Uh, huh... Chad is out of his funk. Well that's good news.

EXT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - PATIO - CONTINUOUS

DEXTER

(on cellphone)

I think you know what the bad news is.

Dexter is looking through the patio doors into the den -

Where, because of the thick glass muting the sound, Chad and Bobby appear to be performing in a silent movie -

Chad storms about the room pointing his finger at Bobby, who has his palms apologetically opened upward.

Chad, about to choke Bobby, stops himself. He then jumps onto the sofa in a tantrum and starts throwing cushions.

Bobby raises his finger as though he has a good idea. He sets a large glass on the bar, reaches for the vodka and pours, the whiskey - the tequila - and finally a bottle of yoo-hoo.

Chad lifts up his arms in an - aw-shucks everything's forgiven - gesture. He graciously accepts the drink.

Giving Bobby a salutary toast, Chad makes like he's about to drink. Then tosses the drink into Bobby's face.

Bobby looks down at his shirt, holding it out as if Chad has destroyed something truly precious. Throwing a hissy-fit, Bobby charges Chad - they go tumbling over the sofa.

EXT. SUZY'S BUNGALOW - DAY

Suzy guides/pushes a hesitant Jade down the front steps towards a tiny, red, electric smart car.

JADE

I don't see why I have to go? These are grown men after all.

SUZY

Honey, rock n' roll never grows old.

Jade looks at her mom, trying to comprehend the logic.

SUZY (CONT'D)
Besides, as Vice President of
Artist Relations, it's your job.

INT./EXT. JADE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

The smart car climbs the Hollywood Hills.

Outside the driver's window, Jade is overtaken by a jogger. She glances at her phone on the dash, providing instructions.

RED LIGHTS FLASH across Jade's face. The cul-de-sac is cordoned off - pedestrian access only. A SECURITY MAN points her up the street.

EXT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jade works her way through the crowd, amazed by the number of fans, all the media, and now food trucks.

At the front of the house, Jade is stopped by a SECURITY MAN who runs a facial recognition wand over her face. It blinks green and he nods - good to go.

JADE
Wait, how did you get?...

A SECURITY WOMAN with a clipboard steps up.

SECURITY WOMAN
We picked up an earlier
disturbance. Would you like a
security detail?

JADE
I think, I'll be okay.

INT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

The front door opens. Jade sticks her head in and glances about. Potted plants have been upended, pictures knocked off the wall. A gold record lays atop shards of glass.

She slips inside and shuts the door, diminishing the noise of the crowd. Taking a breath, she presses on -

IN THE KITCHEN

Pots and pans are strewn about. The door to the broom closet is ajar - Jade spots a shoe.

Crouched among the hanging aprons, Marie clutches a frying pan for protection.

JADE

Hey there. I'm Jade. Everything's going to be okay.

Marie lowers the frying pan and smiles.

IN THE HALLWAY

Jade and Marie who is still clutching the frying pan, step through the debris. Stopping outside the den, they HEAR a woman in the throes of passion. Jade cracks the door -

IN THE DEN

Dexter, cocktail in hand, is kicked back watching a porno. Noticing Jade, he jumps up and tries to switch off the TV.

DEXTER

Hey Jade. Damn thing just started playing all by itself.

MOMENTS LATER

Marie tidies up. Jade and Dexter look out to the patio where Bobby is seated with his knees tucked up under his chin.

JADE

I'm not sure, I'm the best person to be handling this.

DEXTER

Just tell them what they want to hear. Your mom was great at it.

JADE

You mean lie to them?

DEXTER

Jade, if you could reverse global warming by telling a little fib or two, would you do it?

The question throws Jade off - not sure how to respond.

DEXTER (CONT'D)

You're management, Jade. Lying is what's expected of you.

EXT. PATIO - CONTINUOUS

BOBBY

(looking up at Jade)

Chad really said that? Said he was behaving like a selfish, self-centered bastard, when he should be thanking me for keeping his dumb ass alive?

Jade can't bring herself to actually verbalize the confirmation. So she nods her head making a "Mmmhmmm" sound.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

On the large portrait of the band, a black arrow has been spray-painted towards Chad's head with the word "DOOSHBAG." An orange arrow points to Bobby with the word "BASSTURD."

Chad, seated on the hospital bed, faces Jade.

CHAD

That idiot kept me asleep for damn near thirty years. Now don't get me wrong, I've been on the road and know how important a good night's sleep can be. But this is a little over the top.

JADE

On the bright side, you're certainly well rested.

Chad makes a "really" frown, then draws a heavy sigh.

CHAD

He really called himself a dumb-ass pretty boy?

Jade slowly nods.

JADE

So whatta' you say Chad. Let Bobby come and apologize?

MOMENTS LATER

Bobby smugly swaggers into the room, followed by Dexter who gives Jade a reassuring wink.

Chad, arms folded across his chest, is equally smug. But before the two men can exchange words -

JADE (CONT'D)

Guys! One quick favor. I grew up listening to Chasing the Tiger. You might say that along with my mom, you helped raise me. I'd like to thank you for that.

Bobby and Chad are genuinely moved.

JADE (CONT'D)

Can I show you something real quick?

Bobby and Chad shrug "yeah sure." They follow Jade to the window where she parts the curtains.

Bobby and Chad peek out -

The crowd has swelled. Signs held aloft read - "We Love You Chad", "Chasing the Tiger will live forever." Beyond the adoring fans -

Lights blinking, satellite dishes rotating, the Global Entertainment Broadcast Trailer is up and running.

INT. BROADCAST TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

A bank of video screens shows the interior of the living room from various angles. A high angle shot looks down on Chad, Bobby, Dexter and Jade.

CHAD (ON SCREEN)

Wow! People from all over the world. They haven't forgotten us.

JADE (ON SCREEN)

How could they forget, Chad "rock n' roll cowboy" Chamberlain. Dexter "crazy ass" Krazinski. Bobby... Zampinato...

Watching the video screens are Suzy and Victor, along with an intense BROADCAST DIRECTOR.

BROADCAST DIRECTOR

Good material, sir. Are you sure you don't want to go live?

VICTOR

No. The inauguration of our web portal needs to be a little more majestic...

(to Suzy)

(MORE)

VICTOR (CONT'D)
 Besides, I don't think Jade has
 signed a release form?

SUZY
 (rolls her eyes)
 Still values her privacy.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Chad's hand is out, Bobby and Dexter's are on top.

CHAD
 Boys. It's Tiger time!

They throw up their hands and march towards the door.

JADE
 Chad...maybe a quick change?

Chad stops, looks down at his diaper, then to Bobby.

BOBBY
 Saved 'em all bro.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Nightfall. The darkened hallway is enveloped by a strange
 mist. Shapes begin to emerge. A LOUD POWER CHORD.

INT. BROADCAST TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

On the VIDEO SCREEN - A white cowboy boot breaches the mist.

VICTOR
 Enact the live feed!

Suzy looks admiringly at Victor as -

SERIES OF SHOTS

A) A GRANDMOTHER watches a desktop computer screen where a
 YOUNG WOMAN, holding a NEWBORN, waves from a maternity ward.
 A pop-up blinks and the GRANDMOTHER switches to the live feed
 of the misty hallway.

B) The Eiffel Tower can be seen through an apartments window
 where A HANDSOME MAN undresses A SEXY WOMAN. About to unhook
 her bra, he sees the pop-up on his computer.

C) TWO overweight MIDDLE-AGED MEN, duel it out over a video
 game. The pop-up blinks - they drop their controllers.

D) A line of dismal CUSTOMERS wait as a BORED PHARMACIST fills out prescriptions on a computer. The pop-up blinks. In the line cellphones RING and BUZZ. Faces turn to smiles as the customers watch the live feed on their phones.

INT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Chad appears in red spandex trousers, white leather vest and cowboy hat. Flanked by Bobby and Dexter, the three move past the kitchen which is the source of the mist -

IN THE KITCHEN

Smoke billows from a large pot. Marie, busy stirring, squints at the scribbled ingredients for - "Tiger Stu".

EXT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Chad, Bobby, and Dexter step into a dazzle of light. Taking each other's hands, they raise their arms triumphantly.

The CROWD BURSTS into unbridled exuberance.

INT. JOJO'S CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Jojo is sprawled on the bed. A cold compress on his forehead, he tosses and turns, a troubled sleep.

Seated in a chair, Peter keeps vigil, whiling away the time watching the live feed on his CELLPHONE where Chad has stepped up to a microphone -

CHAD (ON CELLPHONE)

I know it's been a while between albums, but we're back...

(A ROAR from the crowd)

But as you can see we're still down a man. So hears a shout out to the greatest axeman I've ever known...

Bobby and Dexter join Chad.

CHAD/BOBBY/DEXTER (ON CELLPHONE)

Jojo come home!

THE SOUND of HACKING draws Peter's attention to the bed -

Jojo rolls onto his side and begins to snore.

EXT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The party is underway. On the outdoor stage beneath a banner that reads "Mini-Tiger" - a COVER BAND comprised of DWARVES, channel the personas of Chad, Bobby, Dexter, and Jojo.

CHAD
I'll be damned.

DEXTER
Not bad.

BOBBY
We get a piece of the licensing.

INT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

More pots have been added to the stove. Marie is overwhelmed as the party spills into the house.

MARIE
Gonna' need more stew.

Jade, cellphone to her ear, enters with a CATERING CREW.

JADE
Marie, I just ordered five hundred pizzas.

Catching Jade's attention, the TV above the counter -

MINI-CHAD (ON TV)
We may be small, but the music we play is larger than life. Nothing would make us happier....

INT. BROADCAST TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

On the VIDEO SCREEN - security personnel part the crowd, allowing Chad to scramble up on stage.

VICTOR
A bit off script. But I think we'll go with it.

He glances at Suzy who nods.

EXT. STAGE - CONTINUOUS

CLACKING his drumsticks, MINI-DEXTER counts out the beat. The bass kicks in and Mini-Tiger launch into "Fire in the Hole".

Chad steps up to the microphone stand, but it only comes up to his waist. He's about to crouch down, but then picks up the entire stand. Eyes closed, he strikes a stoic pose.

The MUSIC BUILDS. The CROWD CHEERS. Chad takes a breath, opens his mouth, opens his eyes - nothing.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Jade watches Chad on the TV. He staggers, eyes blank, face slack. He appears dazed, bewildered - almost catatonic.

JADE
C'mon Chad.

EXT. STAGE - CONTINUOUS

Chad's lips begin to move, but because he's holding the microphone down at his side, no one can hear.

Mini-Chad scrambles up and lifts Chad's arm so the microphone is at his mouth. The SOUND of his amplified voice takes Chad by surprise. He begins to sing -

CHAD
*Made my share of money, made the
ladies scream/ walked with both
eyes open, living in a dream...*

The crowd starts to respond to the song "Guardian Angel".

CHAD (CONT'D)
*Saw my guardian angel, asked him
for a hand...*

INT. JOJO'S CABIN - CONTINUOUS

CHAD (ON CELLPHONE)
*He pulled me from that raging sea,
set me on dry land...*

Peter's eyes are glued to the performance.

On the bed, Jojo stirs. One of his eyes opens. He HEARS the sound of Mini-Jojo ripping into a guitar solo. Raising himself up, he catches Peter's attention.

PETER
Hey Mr. Joe. You're looking better.

Jojo points to the phone. Peter hands it over. On the screen, Chad tears into the chorus -

CHAD (ON CELLPHONE)
Saw my guardian angel....

Jojo smiles crazily. He jumps up, laughing maniacally.

EXT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - CUL-DE-SAC - CONTINUOUS

HORNS BLARE. Two buses, featuring the logos of gentlemen's clubs, press through the crowd. They're followed by a beat-up van with the Doctor Weed logo, and a number of beer trucks.

INT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Forced out of the kitchen by MEN carrying kegs of beer, Jade finds herself in the foyer where at the front door -

A CAMERA CREW records the entrance of a dashing Victor, his arm around the waist of a dazzling Suzy.

Jade catches Suzy's eye. Mother and daughter hug.

JADE
 Wow, mom. You and Victor. That didn't take long.

SUZY
 We've known each other for almost two days.

JADE
 Take it slow. Been a while since you've had a long term relationship.

SUZY
 (missing the sarcasm)
 Maybe it's time I thought about settling down...
 (glances at Victor)
 I've certainly done worse. And you, young lady, the way you patched things up with the boys.

JADE
 Oh, you talked to the guys?

SUZY
 (catching herself)
 Oh, no.

(MORE)

SUZY (CONT'D)

I'm just assuming you were great.
Seeing as how they all came out,
one for all and all for one.

JADE

Well, I did my best. Thanks for
putting your trust in me, mom. I
now see how much the band means to
you and all the fans.

Suzy's eyes start to well. She takes a deep breath to steel herself, and then takes Jade by the hand.

INT. BOBBY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Jade walks about the office in circles. Hands up in disbelief, shaking her head.

JADE

No, no... This isn't possible.
(points at Suzy)
My father was a European Prince
killed in a duel of honor.

Suzy, pained look on her face, takes Jade in an embrace.

SUZY

Oh, honey. You still believe that
shit?

INT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A CORK POPS out of a champagne bottle -

Chad, holding the bottle high, sprays a spinning, giggling Bobby. Dexter lets out a REBEL YELL. They're surrounded by -

THE SCANTILY CLAD WOMEN from the Gentleman's Clubs, dancing and bopping to the music.

After a few gulps, Chad hands the bottle to Dexter who chugs it all down.

Caught up in the moment, Dexter tries to smash the bottle against his head - Knocking himself out cold.

OFF TO THE SIDE watching the antics-

A shell-shocked Jade turns to a sheepish Suzy.

JADE

Which one?

Suzy raises her brow, gives a big - who-knows - shrug.

Jade stops a man carrying a case of tequila and withdraws a bottle. From one of DR. WEED'S HOSTESSES', Jade grabs a handful of joints.

EXT. DESERT - MORNING

On a rocky outcrop overlooking the flat expanse, a LONE FIGURE, arms outstretched, greets the rising sun.

Naked, eyes closed, Jojo absorbs the warmth of the sun. Around him, the view begins a 360 degree circle.

BACK TO REALITY

Jojo has stumbled into a campground. Bewildered campers emerge from tents. Others look up from their breakfasts at the strange, naked man, twirling around.

INT. SUZY'S BUNGALOW - MORNING

A disheveled Jade, bumps her way through the now beautifully renovated home. Entering the living room, she winces at the sun blasting through the french doors to the patio.

Passing a credenza adorned with photographs, she stops.

Standing out among the framed pictures of family and friends - A sepia-toned portrait of a dashing, uniformed, aristocratic gentleman with a handlebar mustache.

Jade picks up the picture and sets it face down.

Continuing towards the French doors, she takes note of the framed photograph of "Chasing the Tiger" on the wall and makes an "Ugh" SOUND.

ON THE PATIO

Suzy is beside the sparkling pool, wearing a fur collared bathrobe. She's being served breakfast by a UNIFORMED MAID.

SUZY

(glancing up)

Well if it isn't Snow White.

JADE

(plopping into a seat)

Don't you mean sleeping...never mind.

Off Suzy's wry grin, Jade helps herself to coffee.

JADE (CONT'D)

No Victor?

SUZY

Somebody had to make sure their daughter got home last night.

JADE

I think you can appreciate the need for a little self-medicating when I found out I was the product of an orgy.

Suzy sets her mug down, coffee splashes over the side.

SUZY

How dare you! Your conception occurred over a very long, long weekend. The band had just won album of the year and we were all in a celebratory mood.

JADE

(rolls her eyes)

All these years, you never thought to get a paternity test?

SUZY

Of course I thought about it. But if it turned out Chad was responsible, I didn't want you to be burdened with having a vegetable for a father. And, I suppose there was a part of me that didn't want to know.

JADE

That I can understand. I'm not sure I'd want to know which one of the three stooges fathered my child...

(drinks her coffee has a thought)

Wait, there's a fourth stooge. What about Jojo, did you...

SUZY

Oh, yeah....

Before Jade can pursue that train of thought. Suzy's cellphone vibrates and she answers it.

SUZY (CONT'D)

Hello Victor... Miss you too... A working lunch? I think that's a great idea. I'll send Jade over to rally the troops...

(laughs, glances at Jade)

...Oh, I don't know if she'll ever recover.

EXT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - MORNING

Like wounded after a battle, unconscious and semi-conscious PARTYGOERS are laid out in rows. Jade slowly walks past, equally taken aback as she is impressed -

Global Entertainment MEDICAL STAFF are administering I.V.'s and escorting the truly wrecked to a medical tent.

At the front door, Jade steps aside for TWO MEN carrying a moaning PARTYGOER on a stretcher. The Partygoer points to Jade and mumbles - "Snow White".

INT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room is understandably trashed. Tiger sculptures, memorabilia, broken and trampled.

Surrounded by a bevy of CONCERNED LADIES, Chad is seated on the piano bench. He's listening to Dr. Finklestein.

DR. FINKLESTEIN

Not exactly a life threatening emergency. Due to the advancement of modern science, what back in the day was commonly referred to as blue balls, we now know as erectile dysfunction.

Dr. Finklestein turns to the man at his side.

DR. FINKLESTEIN (CONT'D)

Wouldn't you agree Doctor?

DR. WEED

(rolling a joint)

I concur. With the disclaimer that I'm not really a doctor.

At the SOUND of the door opening, heads turn.

Jade, taking note of the gathering, steps tentatively onto the landing. From the ladies, a giggling chorus of "Good morning Snow White."

JADE
 (thrown by Snow White)
 Ahh, hey Chad. Wanted to let you know that there's going to be a band lunch about noon.

CHAD
 (winks)
 You got it, Snow White.

INT. BOBBY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bobby, wearing a thong and open dressing gown, is sprawled on a chaise lounge. THREE WOMEN are engaged in blow drying his hair, manicuring his nails, painting his toenails. A KNOCK.

BOBBY
 Yo.

Jade's entrance, once again, is marked by a giggling chorus of "Good morning Snow White."

About to enquire about the moniker, Jade notices the dresser filled with all manner of hair care products.

JADE
 Wow, that's a lot of product, Bobby. Opening a salon?

BOBBY
 (missing the joke)
 Hey, not a bad idea. Those are samples from all the companies that want my endorsement. Clairol, L'oreal, Love and Beauty....

He gives his head a shake. The feathery flurry of his silken locks, sets the ladies to OOHING and AAHING.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
 Jade, would you mind if I shared something deeply personal?

Although Bobby's request seems a bit awkward in front of the women, Jade is still moved.

JADE
 Sure, Bobby. That'd be nice.

Bobby reaches for a bottle and tosses it to her.

BOBBY

Next time you wash your hair, try a
little cream rinse.

INT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Cream rinse in hand, a deflated Jade moves down the hall and stops at a door that has "Dexter" spray painted on it. She KNOCKS. The door creaks open -

JADE

Dexter, Dexter... Hello...

Stepping into the room, Jade peers through the hazy light diffused by the drapes. Approaching the bed, there appears to be a pile of naked, writhing bodies - not erotic -

But more of a surreal creepiness, for it's difficult to see where arms and legs connect. Jade stops -

Beneath the bodies - significant movement - like the crest of a wave. The swell reaches the foot of the bed and Mini-Chad drops to the floor.

Oblivious to Jade's presence, Mini-Chad makes his way to the dresser. He clambers onto a footstool and snorts a line of cocaine off a mirror.

Shocked, Jade watches -

Mini-Chad grabs a bottle of pills. He shakes out a handful and tosses them into his mouth. The pills catch in his throat and he begins to choke.

Concerned, Jade steps forward -

But Mini-Chad washes it all down with a bottle of booze. He breaths a sigh of relief and jumps off the footstool. On the way back to the bed, he notices Jade and waves.

MINI-CHAD

Mornin' Snow White.

Before Jade can further pursue the moniker. Mini-Chad burrows back into the mass of squirming bodies.

INT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Shutting the door to Dexter's room, a ruffled Jade takes a breath of recovery. THE SOUND of footsteps precedes -

A CATERING CREW, swishing past with trays of food.

MARIE (O.S.)
Good morning, Miss Jade.

At the sight of Marie, who's arms are full with a flower arrangement, Jade's mood lifts.

JADE
Marie! So great to see you. And to hear my name. What's with the Snow White?

MARIE
Oh, Miss Jade. You famous! Snow White and the four dwarves.

JADE
I think the number is seven.

MARIE
(retrieving her cellphone)
Already a million hits.

Jade looks at Marie's CELLPHONE SCREEN -

Jade is prancing about the stage with Mini-Tiger, ripping through a raucous "Sweet Machine". Except for her panties, Jade is otherwise naked, her breasts digitally fuzzed out.

EXT. BOBBY' HOUSE - PATIO - CATERED LUNCH - DAY

Champagne in buckets. Steak and Lobster on an open grill. White jacketed WAITSTAFF attend to every need. Along a splendidly furnished table the gang's all there -

Jade, Suzy, Chad, Bobby, Dexter, Victor, and lawyer Gerry.

Jade, face buried in her hands, hasn't touched her food. Suzy gives her a nudge.

SUZY
C'mon honey, eat something.

JADE
My life is over. My life is over...
(turns to Suzy)
Why didn't you stop me?

SUZY
You were having such a good time.

Jade glares at Suzy - if looks could kill.

SUZY (CONT'D)

Oh, come on. How different was your performance from all those native tribes you record? They're all half naked.

Jade's features relax - not a bad point.

A KNIFE TAPPING against a champagne flute draws everyone's attention to Victor, seated at the head of the table.

VICTOR

If everyone has had their fill, I'd like to take a moment to offer all of us a congratulatory toast. In three weeks time, Chasing the Tigers comeback concert will be pay-per-viewed in two hundred and seven countries.

Around the table there's a ripple of excitement. Except for Chad, who looks put out.

CHAD

'Scuse me there, Victor. Aren't we puttin' the cart before the horse? We still owe Sagittarius an album. We record that, then tour.

VICTOR

Chad, there's no money in albums anymore. Once it's released, it's pirated, crunched into digital format and practically given away for free over the internet.

CHAD

The inter what?

SUZY

Chad, Sweetie. The industry has changed. It's all about touring and merchandise. All the bands from back in the day, The Who, Aerosmith, The Stones, they all tour.

CHAD

(laughing)

The Stones! Still touring!?

Chad glances about. Everybody is straight-faced.

CHAD (CONT'D)

Damn. No new music?

VICTOR

Oh, there's new music. But the artists aren't being adequately compensated, so it's a lot of mediocre crap. In fact, some bands give it away for free.

CHAD

You ain't talkin' about Chasing the Tiger. We play some gigs, work out some new material....

VICTOR

Under the terms of your new contract there's no obligation for a full album. And until the live broadcast there will be no more public performances. Last night's episode....

Victor gestures to a kid's table where the four members of Mini-Tiger are delving into their food.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

...They can be such mischievous little fellows.

CHAD

Excuse me. New contract?

Chad looks to Suzy, who shrinks in her chair. He then turns to Bobby and Dexter who wither under his glare.

SUZY

Ahh, Gerry convinced us that Global Entertainment might be better suited to the band's current needs.

BOBBY/DEXTER

Yeah, it was all Gerry.

Chad looks to Gerry. The ancient lawyer is wrestling with a lobster claw - oblivious to the conversation.

CHAD

I know, I've been a bit out of sorts. But couldn't you have at least waited for Jojo to show up?
(gets to his feet)
Last time I checked, a tiger had four legs not three.

Chad storms across the patio into the house.

INT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - FOYER - LATER

Chad, decked out in metal glam, is at the front door preparing to leave. Jade trots up.

JADE

Hey, Chad. Just wanted to let you know, I really admired the way you handled yourself back there.

CHAD

Thank you Jade. And I'd like to thank you as well for patching up things between me and Bobby. Last night turned out to be real special.

Jade gives an - aw shucks - shrug. But the moment is cut short by the SOUND of heels clacking on the floor -

It's the LADIES from earlier in the living room. Big hair, tight spandex, ready for action.

CHAD (CONT'D)

(whispering to Jade)

I don't mean to be rude and cut out. But I need to go get my head together. The Doc gave me these little pills that are good for the wood, if you know what I mean.

Chad greets the ladies. A dejected Jade turns away.

INT. GLOBAL ENTERTAINMENT - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Seated at the conference table, Victor is flanked by his Attorney and Advisor. They are watching Hollywood Spotlight and the perpetually cheery hosts, Sharina and Dashell -

SHARINA (ON TV)

It's now been nearly two weeks since the world welcomed back Chad Chamberlain and still no sign of Jojo McMullin.

DASHELL (ON TV)

Over the years, there have been numerous sightings and even some reports of his death.

(MORE)

DASHELL (ON TV) (CONT'D)

However, none of these have ever been substantiated.

SHARINA (ON TV)

One of the most bizarre rumors concerned a renegade sect of Tibetan Eunuchs who believed that the eleventh Llama of Dhamaphalutti was actually the reincarnation of Jojo McMullin.

ON THE TV - an image of a SCREAMING INFANT in ornate robes, clutching a small guitar-like instrument.

Victor picks up the TV remote and hits the mute button. He begins to drum his fingers on the table. The Attorney and Advisor exchange a concerned glance.

ATTORNEY

Legally speaking we're in the clear. Regardless of Mr. McMullin's presence, you will still be presenting the legal rendition of the band.

VICTOR

Chasing the Tiger without Jojo McMullin is like driving a Porsche with one of its wheels missing. Global Entertainment promised the world the real deal...

(turns to Advisor)

Not some legal rendition.

ADVISOR

It's as if Jojo McMullin dropped off the face of the earth. No employment records. His driver's license expired over twenty years ago. And his last physical address no longer exists.

A dark frown passes across Victor's face. He picks up the remote and returns the volume to the TV -

SHARINA (ON TV)

Here at Hollywood Spotlight, we're doing our part. For the first confirmed sighting of Jojo McMullin...

DASHELL (ON TV)
We're offering an all expense paid trip to attend a live taping of your favorite entertainment show - Hollywood Spotlight!

SHARINA (ON TV)
And to give you a head start...

INT. SUZY'S BUNGALOW - DAY

SHARINA (ON TV)
Here's an artist's rendering of what Jojo McMullin might look like today.

ON THE TV - a drawing of Jojo rendered in the genre of a superhero wielding a guitar. Six-pack stomach, hair swept back - Jojo bears some resemblance to the portrait of Andrew Jackson on the twenty dollar bill.

Suzy watches the broadcast from the sofa. Behind her -

Jade is at the dining room table, going through the finances. She glances up at the artist rendering on the TV.

JADE
Wow, mom. Sure you don't want to rethink things with Victor?

Suzy sighs wistfully. Hollywood Spotlight moves onto other entertainment news, and Suzy clicks off the flat screen.

JADE (CONT'D)
So what gives. Is Jojo going to show up or not?

SUZY
You have to understand what it was like back then. Chasing the Tiger was at the top of the world. When Chad went down he took everything with it. By the time the dust settled, everybody had pretty much gone their separate ways.

JADE
Well it would be nice to meet all my would be dads. You know, see if Jojo meets the same high standards.

Suzy enters the kitchen as Jade turns back to the books.

JADE (CONT'D)
 Huh, the band had a charitable
 fund?

Returning with the coffee pot, Suzy fills Jade's mug.

SUZY
 See, once you get to know the guys,
 you'll see what big hearts they
 have.

JADE
 (looking at report)
 The Chasing the Tiger Benevolent
 Fund for Exotic Dancers.

SUZY
 Lots of hazards in that trade.
 Losing your grip on the pole,
 stumbling off stage. They also
 helped cover the cost of boob jobs.
 The boys made a lot of young women
 feel good about themselves.

JADE
 And I wasn't giving them enough
 credit.

As Suzy turns back towards the kitchen, something on the
 financial report catches Jade's attention.

JADE (CONT'D)
 Hmmmm...

SUZY
 (stops and turns)
 Everything okay?

JADE
 Everything's fine. Books are good.
 Money coming in....

Suzy responds with a satisfied nod. Jade leans back in the
 chair and stretches.

JADE (CONT'D)
 I was wondering if the CEO of
 Sagittarius Record might be
 inclined to give the Financial
 Officer a couple of days off?

A wry smile creeps across Suzy's face.

SUZY

Sure honey. Hang out by the pool,
recharge the ol' batteries.

JADE

Yeah, something like that. Maybe
lay low, let the Snow White thing
run its course.

INT. JADE'S BEDROOM - LATER

Putting clothes into a knapsack, Jade speaks on her
cellphone.

JADE (ON CELLPHONE)

We're trying to update the
information on the account. All we
have for a home address is your
bank...

(listening)

Mr. McMullin resides at Yucca Grove
State Park... A park volunteer.

Jade's computer printer beeps and she retrieves a print out
of the artist rendering of Jojo.

EXT./INT. JADE'S CAR - DAY

Leaving Los Angeles behind, Jade's car putters along in the
slow lane. Horns HONK as big rig drivers maneuver around her.

Oblivious to the traffic, Jade is having a conversation with
the rendering of Jojo which has been affixed to the dash.

JADE

You're a man's man. I get it. But
not overbearing... And books, you
love books.

LATER

Huge wind turbines dot the Southern California desert. A
YUGO, belching black smoke, overtakes Jade.

Sipping coffee, Jade continues her conversation with the
drawing.

JADE (CONT'D)

You believe in taking care of
yourself. Someone who eats right...
Organic when you can get it...

(MORE)

JADE (CONT'D)

And isn't afraid to indulge every
now and then with some chocolate or
a small, very small, piece of cake.

Up ahead - a sign for Yucca Grove and the State Park.

EXT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - DAY

The news media and fans are still well represented. Except
that now - among the phrasing for signs and placards - "We
Want Jojo", "Jojo Come Home."

On top of a Hollywood Spotlight van - the drawing of Jojo has
been reproduced into a life-size cardboard cutout.

INT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Suzy, Bobby, and Dexter sit silently. Chad, contract in hand,
prowls the room.

CHAD

Damn Suzy. Talk about giving away
the store.

SUZY

Those terms are extremely fair.

CHAD

I'm not talking about that. It's
after the pay per view when Global
Entertainment takes over exclusive
management.

Suzy looks to Bobby and Dexter for a little help, but they
just lower their eyes.

CHAD (CONT'D)

Having trouble expressing myself
right now. Feel like I'm in a
trap... Like a...

Chad paces back and forth in front of the array of tigers.

BOBBY

Like a goat in a trap!

CHAD

Yeah, man. But it's more than that.
It's like being in a cage....

DEXTER

Like a rabbit in a cage!

Off Chad's - yeah, okay - look, the SOUND OF SOBBING -
Face buried in her hands, Suzy's shoulders are shaking.

SUZY

Right now, you guys are back on
top. I was only acting in your best
interest.

Chad, Bobby and Dexter all share a glance.

SUZY (CONT'D)

Then again, it's always been about
you. Nobody ever gave a thought to
me. A single mom, trying to raise a
daughter in a music industry that's
turned to shit.

Chad stares down at Suzy sobbing away. He crouches to face
level and suddenly draws her hands from her face -

Eyes dry, surprised expression, Suzy's been faking.

SUZY (CONT'D)

Okay, okay. Still, it hasn't been
easy.

She rises. Gets nose to nose with Chad.

SUZY (CONT'D)

And please explain what the big
difference is between being under
contract to Sagittarius or to
Global Entertainment?

CHAD

There's a huge difference. With you
and your Dad it was a partnership.
With this Victor guy, it's like he
owns us.

SUZY

That's ridiculous.

VICTOR (O.S.)

No. Chad is correct.

Heads turn as Victor descends from the landing with camera
crew and entourage in tow.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

(gesturing to contract)
Page three, last paragraph.

BOBBY

Yeah, well something that wasn't in the contract....

Bobby struts over to a cardboard box filled with tiny remote cameras and picks one up.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

That's right. We found 'em. No telling what you could have caught us doing.

VICTOR

Actually, twenty four hour surveillance is in the contract. But I'll let that slide.

EXT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - PATIO - DAY

Cocktail hour. WAITSTAFF buzz about, serving drinks. Suzy, Bobby and Dexter mingle with the guests. There's no shortage of women drawn from the Sunset Strip of the eighties.

Chad is off sulking. Victor, drinks in hand, approaches.

VICTOR

Vodka, whiskey, tequila and yoo-hoo. Somebody's favorite libation?

Chad eyes the drink and begrudgingly accepts.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

Chad, I understand that you've always been a rock n' roll cowboy of sorts. And right now, you feel as though you're being shackled by the man.

Chad's eye's narrow. He nods affirmative.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

I promised the world, you, Bobby, Dexter and Jojo. A complete Tiger. So, if I can deliver on that promise, I will release you from the exclusive management deal.

Chad is taken aback, he eyes Victor suspiciously.

CHAD

Jojo can be a little tardy from time to time, but he wouldn't miss this for the world.

(MORE)

CHAD (CONT'D)

Why would you propose a deal that clearly benefits the band?

VICTOR

Chad, I want all my possessions...
 (catches himself)
 people I work with to be happy. But I can't let it be known that I've become a softy, so however ridiculous it may sound, there has to be a deal of some sort. I'll have my attorney draw up the agreement - provided this stays between you and me.

Chad raises his glass. Victor raises his.

EXT./INT. YUCCA GROVE STATE PARK - DAY

Jade's empty car is parked in front of the Visitor's Center. Being late in the day, families are returning to their vehicles after a day of hiking.

IN THE VISITOR'S CENTER

Among the maps and displays, Jade is drawn to an array of Native American musical instruments.

PETER (O.S.)

The Chemeheuvi Indians. Known for their hypnotic, almost trance-like beats.

Jade turns - taken with the handsome Ranger.

PETER (CONT'D)

You might say almost a precursor to electronic dance music.

JADE

(laughing)
 A rather fascinating take.

Peter smiles at Jade, equally taken.

PETER

This isn't some corny line. But you look familiar. Have you been up to the park before?

Jade shakes her head, shrugs.

PETER (CONT'D)

Huh, I could swear I've seen you
before. Maybe on...

Jade raises a finger and cocks her head.

JADE

Is that the mud drums and honeycomb
flutes of the New Guinea Reformed
Headhunters I'm hearing?

Peter nods - duly impressed.

Jade looks about. Over by the map rack, she spots the cd
player along with a stack of cd's.

JADE (CONT'D)

(picking up cd)
Sagittarius Records, proud purveyor
of world music.

Turning the cd case over, Jade shows Peter the back credits
featuring a photo of her in location recording mode.

PETER

(reading the small print
and smiling)
Miss Jade Kincaid. Yucca Grove
State Park is humbled. To what do
we owe the honor?

JADE

Sagittarius Records is doing a
series on obscure American
musicians...

EXT. JOJO'S CABIN - MORNING

JADE (V.O.)

I've discovered that one of your
park volunteers was instrumental in
pioneering a musical genre that
burned briefly but brightly...

Jojo steps from the cabin. He squirts sunscreen onto his head
and rubs it in. Then dons a pair of designer sunglasses.

ADJACENT PICNIC AREA

Jade, seated at a picnic table, lowers a pair of binoculars.
She glances at the drawing of Jojo leaning against her
knapsack and sighs.

EXT. GROCERY STORE - MORNING

Jojo feeds cans into a recycling machine. Turning to his shopping cart to retrieve another can, he comes face to face with Jade holding an empty can of iced tea.

JOJO

Go ahead if you want. I'll be a while.

JADE

Oh, no hurry. It's nice to see someone being so environmentally conscious.

Jojo stares at Jade a moment, smiles, then resumes recycling.

JADE (CONT'D)

I don't mean to pry, but I couldn't help but notice your hands. The way you're feeding in those cans. Your fingers, so flexible.... Like the hands of a surgeon or, I don't know, a musician.

About to feed a can, Jojo stops and turns.

JOJO

How's Suzy?

Jade, caught off guard, grasps for a response.

JOJO (CONT'D)

You have your mother's eyes.

Jade smiles meekly, puts up her hands in mock surrender.

EXT. TOWN OF YUCCA GROVE - MAIN STREET - CONTINUOUS

Jade tags along as Jojo pushes his shopping cart. He's making the rounds of trash barrels and dumpsters.

JOJO

So when did ol' Suze bring you into the world?

JADE

(hesitates, uncomfortable
with lying)

Ahh, a couple of years after Chad's unfortunate accident.

JOJO
And your Dad?

JADE
Not really in the picture.

JOJO
No loss there. You're a smart, beautiful young lady. I sort of already knew that. Ranger Pete is always playing the music you record. Made me happy that Sagittarius was still going strong.

JADE
I don't know about strong. But thank you. And you, Jojo? Just been hanging out...

Jojo points to a SERVICE STATION up the street.

EXT. SERVICE STATION - BACK LOT - CONTINUOUS

An automobile graveyard of sorts. Jojo brushes away the sand to reveal the faded red paint of a convertible.

JOJO
A 1990 Ferrari Mondial. At the time, state of the art in automotive engineering.

Jade stares at the rusty heap, trying to look impressed.

JOJO (CONT'D)
After Chad's care was provided for. I hit the open road. Initially, I had planned on hitting Las Vegas, but somehow found myself heading up into the high desert. Maybe traffic was heavy, or I was looking for a bite to eat. Can't quite remember. But I do know that right about the time I hit town, the Ferrari threw a piston.

Jojo stares at Jade with a wizened profundity.

JOJO (CONT'D)
Did you know that Alexander the Great postponed his invasion of Macedonia because his horse stumbled while crossing a creek?

JADE

I did not. So you took your car trouble as a sign?

JOJO

Correct. Now granted, when I came over that rise just outside town, I was doing about one-sixty and came down hard. But everything happens for a reason.

JADE

Great. Then there's a reason why we're both here at this particular moment in time. And it has four legs, not three.

JOJO

(laughs)

That's what your grandad used to say. But no, Jade. Chasing the Tiger was a lifetime ago. Right now I'm in a good place.

Off Jade's skeptical look.

EXT. YUCCA GROVE STATE PARK - SUNSET

Jade and Jojo are hiking up a rocky trail. The ground levels off. They take a seat on a rock overlooking the magnificent vista of canyon and mountains.

JOJO

This is my special place. Where I come to play my guitar, to think...
(looks at Jade)
Why did we come up here?

JADE

There being more to your self imposed exile than just your car throwing a piston.

JOJO

(nods)

1989'. Our second tour of Germany. It was the night before we brought down the Berlin Wall.

JADE

We, being America?

JOJO

We, being Chasing the Tiger. Our debut album was the most pirated album in the history of the Iron Curtain. Once those driving beats, infectious melodies, and sizzling guitar got into the blood of East Germany's youth....

Jojo, a bit worked up, pauses to catch his breath.

JOJO (CONT'D)

The night before the wall came down, Klaus Meine of the Scorpions challenged Chad to a jagermeister contest. Now, much to Chad's credit, he started out strong. But after the third bottle, I could see he was wavering. So, I stepped in and challenged Rudolph Shencker to a guitar duel....

Jojo pauses, as though he's lost his train of thought.

JADE

Did you win?

JOJO

Jade, I will take your youth into consideration and dismiss your audacity.

Jade retreats a bit. Jojo stares out at the vista.

JOJO (CONT'D)

The point being, there were numerous times when I prevented Chad from doing something stupid. That night Chad tried to dive into the pool, I should have stopped him and I didn't.

JADE

That was a long time ago Jojo. I'm sure Chad...

JOJO

It's not about Chad. I't about me being able to forgive myself. And I'm just not ready yet.

Jade looks compassionately at Jojo.

JOJO (CONT'D)

Now don't get me wrong. I appreciate that the royalties have kicked back in and allowed me to splurge a little bit.

(taps his sunglasses)

But I have zero interest in being the fourth leg. I hope you can understand that, and respect my privacy.

Jade, crushed, slowly nods.

EXT. SUZY'S BUNGALOW - NIGHT

A uniformed CHAUFFER stands beside a limousine parked curbside. At the front door, Suzy and Victor say goodnight.

VICTOR

Suzy, you're being ridiculous. Stay the night with me.

SUZY

You've put me in a very awkward position.

VICTOR

I thought you liked awkward positions?

SUZY

That's not what I'm talking about. Until the pay-per-view, I still have management of the band and can't be seen taking sides.

Suzy gestures to Jade's car parked in front of the garage.

SUZY (CONT'D)

Besides, Jade and I have some catching up to do.

INT. SUZY'S BUNGALOW - NIGHT

Jade is curled up on the sofa with a bowl of popcorn and a glass of wine. She's watching a talkshow called "Metal Fist" -

THE MODERATOR and his TWO GUESTS are British gentlemen in their late sixties. They've abandoned the spandex, but are still sharply dressed with various metal accoutrements - skull rings, iron crosses -

MODERATOR

The hair metal bands of the mid to late eighties... A musical movement in its own right or a sub genre of traditional metal? I ask you Ian?

IAN

I'd consider it more of a transitional stage. Where due to the advent of MTV, there was more emphasis on looks rather than talent.

MODERATOR

A perspective shared by many. Richard?

RICHARD

I'd let it stand as a movement in its own right. I agree there was too much of the pretty boy posturing, which led to the music losing its cutting edge. And paving the way for the grunge movement of the early nineties.

MODERATOR

Yes, a lot of bands suddenly found themselves unemployed so to speak.

SUZY (O.S.)

Well, look at you.

Jade looks up, smiles, and turns down the volume. Suzy gestures to her autobiography next to the wine bottle.

SUZY (CONT'D)

And my book?

JADE

I have to admit. Apart from the misspellings, the grammatical errors, and the run-on sentence that began on page twenty-three and ended on page forty-seven, not a bad read.

Suzy, looking quite pleased with herself, retrieves a wine glass. Then joins Jade on the couch.

SUZY

So, enjoy your little break?

JADE

I actually met someone.

Suzy's eyes widen. She's barely able to contain herself as Jade shows her a CELLPHONE SELFIE -

Jade and Peter, cheek to cheek, are smiling. In the background, mountains run to the horizon.

Suzy, briefly disappointed, recovers - happy for Jade.

SUZY

Wouldn't have figured you for a man
in uniform.

Jade, lost in the selfie, doesn't respond. Suzy sighs, turns the TV volume back up.

IAN (ON TV)

Had Chasing the Tiger continued as
a band, I believe their success
would have continued unabated.

RICHARD (ON TV)

I agree. With their second album
they were already developing a
grittier sound. Courtesy of guitar
maestro Jojo McMullin.

INT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Room has been made for guitars, amps, and Dexter's drum kit. Chad is playing the piano, trying to work out a melody.

CHAD

*Everything has changed...the world
has changed...*

(glances at Bobby and
Dexter)

A little help.

Bobby starts plucking a bass line, Dexter adds snare. It's not sounding good.

CHAD (CONT'D)

C'mon guys, what the hell have you
been doing for the last thirty
years. I have an excuse.

SUZY (O.S.)

Hey boys, little afternoon snack.
In n' Out, your fave.

Suzy and Jade carry shakes and bags from a fast food joint.

Chad, hands on hips, stares.

SUZY (CONT'D)

Enough with the cold shoulder. Jade came to see genius at work.

Jade shyly waves.

CHAD

Mr. Genius is busy elsewhere. But if Jade's looking for a little education. This is how we used to listen to music.

Chad walks over to the stereo system and lifts the needle which activates the turntable. He sets the needle down into "Sweet Machine". His voice and music soar, filling the room.

CHAD (V.O.)

*Sweet machine, sweet machine...pump
you full, make you scream...gonna'
lick your rims until they gleam.*

Chad lifts the needle and the music stops. He glares at Bobby and Dexter, stuffing their faces with burgers and fries.

CHAD

Gentlemen, that is what we are trying to recapture.

Suzy gives Jade an encouraging nudge.

JADE

Ahhh, as part of your management team, I'd like to commend you on having the desire to provide your fans with something new and fresh.

The three bandmates accept the compliment.

JADE (CONT'D)

But keep in mind that your original fans, like yourself...have sort of matured. And the younger listening audience, with so many entertainment choices, not to mention a different social climate, might not be so taken with a song full of blatant sexual innuendos.

CHAD

Jade, what are you talking about?

JADE

Comparing a car to having sex with
a woman.

Chad shares a look with Bobby and Dexter. They all shake
their heads.

CHAD

That song is about a man's love for
his car.

Jade doesn't respond - not sure if she's being played or not.

BOBBY

Jade, do you have any idea why men
love their cars?

Jade slowly shakes her head.

DEXTER

Because their cars never tell them
that they're heading out to the
club with the girls, only to turn
around and go screw their best
friend.

Jade turns to Suzy who makes - a good point - face.

CHAD

Jade, I understand what you're
getting at. There are love songs,
party songs, and songs of deeper
meaning which is what we're
shooting for.

DEXTER

It's called Bunny Rabbit In a Cage.

Jade remains expressionless - still not sure if they're
messing with her or not.

CHAD

It's about all the pressures one
faces in today's society. The need
to constantly be connected.
Cellphones. The internet. Being
told what to watch, what to listen
to. The rise of the corporate
fascist state in which the
individual is becoming extinct.

JADE

(genuinely excited)
That's really great!
(MORE)

JADE (CONT'D)

But I'm having a little trouble
with the bunny rabbit.

DEXTER

Well, you know. Bunny rabbits are
happy. They like to hop around and
now it can't hop anymore, 'cause
it's in a cage.

JADE

Okay, sure. But maybe it would have
more of an impact if it was an
animal known more for its wildness,
its freedom.

The boys trade expressions, they like where Jade is headed.

JADE (CONT'D)

I don't know, how about...

Jade walks over to the array of tigers and places her hand
atop the head of a ferocious carved wooden tiger.

BOBBY

A wood tiger in a cage!

CHAD

That's pretty damn good Bobby. But
why don't we simplify things. How'
bout just tiger.

DEXTER

Tiger in a cage! Chad, that's
awesome!

JADE

Yeah Chad, really great.

CHAD

Well I've always had a gift for the
lyrics. But songwriting is not an
easy process and it would be...
(steps towards Suzy)
a whole lot easier....

MOMENTS LATER

Off by themselves, Suzy and Chad are in serious discussion.

CHAD (CONT'D)

So what gives, Suze? It's been over
two weeks now, and still no Jojo.
It's like he vanished from the face
of the earth.

SUZY

Well that's exactly what happened,
Chad. Jojo took your accident the
hardest.

CHAD

At the end of the month, Chasing
the Tiger will attempt to reclaim
our rock n' roll throne. It would
be nice to do so with our
guitarist.

As Chad walks back to the rehearsal area, Suzy's eyes rest on
Jade, seated contentedly on a speaker, eating a French fry.

INT. GLOBAL ENTERTAINMENT - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Victor, his Attorney, and Advisor are watching the TV -

Hollywood Spotlight reporter Miss Bootsy is on location in
front of Bobby's house. Behind her there's a raucous crowd
holding up signs and chanting - "We want Jojo, We want Jojo."

MISS BOOTSY

As you can see there's no shortage
of Jojo McMullin fans. Sharina back
to you...

The broadcast segues to Sharina and Dashell in the studio.

SHARINA

All part of a growing swell of
public opinion that without Jojo
McMullin, Chasing the tiger...

DASHELL

Is a tiger without a tail!

Victor's features darken. He clicks off the broadcast and
withdraws into himself, drumming his fingers on the table.

The Attorney and Advisor trade a worried glance just as -

The conference doors burst open and a STAFFER rushes in.

STAFFER

Chad Chamberlain just announced a
press conference.

ATTORNEY

A clear violation of the no public
appearance clause.

A smile creeps across Victor's face.

VICTOR

Where some men have feared
disaster, I have often found
opportunity.

EXT./INT. JOJO'S CABIN - DAY

Jade's car is parked next to Jojo's shopping cart.

Jade knocks on the cabin's door and when Jojo opens it, she is somewhat thrown -

Jojo is cleanly shaven, his wild fringe of hair is combed back. The scabs on his head have begun to heal. Attired in slacks and a cardigan sweater, he looks reputable.

JOJO

Jade! What a surprise.

JADE

Happened to be in the neighborhood.

Jojo laughs, steps aside and gestures for Jade to enter where once again, she needs a moment to process.

The cabin is crammed with newly purchased possessions: flatscreen, marshall amps, speakers, and the life-size cutout of Jojo which catches Jade's attention.

JOJO

Twenty bucks on Amazon. Thought it was a pretty good likeness.

JADE

Uncanny...

Jade spots Jojo's guitar, picks it up and holds it next to the guitar in the cutout.

JADE (CONT'D)

They really nailed the shape and the six strings.

JOJO

(laughing)

Awww...you've got your mom's sense of humor.

Jade accepts the compliment, then notices the two "Chasing the Tiger" albums by a turntable.

JADE

Jojo, if I didn't know any better.

JOJO

I still have zero interest in trying to relive the past. But I have my curiosity and still want the boys to succeed.

Off Jade's - so glad to hear that - look.

LATER

Seated on an amp, Jade faces Jojo. He is seated with his guitar, reading off a lyric sheet.

JOJO (CONT'D)

"All politicians should have their heads shoved into a bucket of mule crap"...

(glances at Jade)

Chad's heart has always been in the right place.

JADE

What really got me was the specific reference to mule crap.

JOJO

Chad grew up on a ranch, maybe he knows something we don't.

Off Jade's nod, Jojo picks up the guitar. He starts strumming a few chords, singing along.

JOJO (CONT'D)

*Rich politicians do as you please,
but look out below...*

As Jojo searches for the next lyric, Jade pipes in -

JADE

*The have-nots will cut you off at
the knees!*

JOJO

Wow Jade. Pretty passionate.

Jade smiles, pleased with herself.

A vehicle pulls up outside and she glances at her cellphone.

JADE

Would you look at the time.

Jojo curiously rises. He looks out the window -

Peter exits the park Jeep. He's carrying a pizza and a six-pack of beer.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD - THE PINK KITTEN - DAY

Media trucks, and a crush of fans are gathered outside a Hollywood nightclub. Miss Bootsy is broadcasting live -

MISS BOOTSY

I'm here outside the Pink Kitten
where in nineteen eighty six, four
young men made their debut.

INT. THE PINK KITTEN - CONTINUOUS

Lucky fans crowd the balcony above, while below -

NEWS REPORTERS and CAMERA CREWS are gathered in front of a stage where beneath the Chasing the Tiger logo -

Suzy moves along a table, setting bottles of booze in front of the three chairs and microphones. A ROAR from above and she scurries to a position at the edge of the curtains.

Chad, Bobby, and Dexter, attired in full metal regalia, bound onto the stage. They take their seats - Chad in the middle.

The fans HUSH. The world waits for what the boys have to say -

But there is only silence. A silence that grows awkward as Camera Crews and Reporters exchange expressions.

Chad, Bobby, and Dexter seem equally puzzled. Chad leans towards the microphone, his tone condescending -

CHAD

Hello. We now open the floor to
questions.

A bit of befuddlement as THE MEDIA resign themselves that Chasing the Tiger does things a little differently.

The first to recover - the Conservative Female Reporter who earlier appeared outside Good Samaritan Hospital.

FEMALE REPORTER

Question for you Mr. Krazinski.
Prior to Mr. Chamberlain's recovery
you had built a successful career
in real estate development, and
were being groomed to run for the
335th congressional district.

DEXTER

Yeah, that's not going to happen.

FEMALE REPORTER

I see...

(acidic smile)

Care to say hello to your wife?

Dexter lets out a deep breath.

DEXTER

Babe, all those stories you've
heard about the non-stop partying,
the booze, the drugs, the all night
orgies. Well, it's just part of the
job. I still love you. And don't
forget to feed Bruno.

CUT TO:

Courtney Krazinski, tears streaming, watches the press
conference on TV. Upon hearing Dexter's words, her face
brightens and she gives Bruno, a small pug, a big hug.

BACK TO SCENE

MALE REPORTER

Mr. Zampinato. After keeping Mr.
Chamberlain sedated for nearly
thirty years, how did you overcome
the guilt?

BOBBY

Hey, we all make mistakes. Weapons
of mass destruction? Anybody?

MALE REPORTER

Still, it must have put a strain on
your relationship?

Bobby glances at Chad, who gives him an encouraging nod.

BOBBY

For thirty years, I cared for this
man. Made sure he was fed and
bathed.

Chad's eyes have started to well.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

During the colder months when his skin began to flake, I applied the lotion to every inch of his body, keeping the skin supple and moist.

Chad nods his thanks, but is growing slightly uncomfortable.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

And when Chad soiled himself, which he tended to do about three times a day, I was there to make sure his ass was properly...

Chad puts his hand over Bobby's microphone.

CHAD

Okay, I think they get the idea.

INT. JOJO'S CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Jade, Jojo, and Peter, eating pizza, drinking beer, are squeezed in front of the widescreen -

CHAD (ON TV)

I think it's fair to say that this man, my brother in arms...

(puts a hand on Bobby's shoulder)

Actually did me a favor.

Jade, Jojo, and Peter exchange - raised brows.

CHAD (ON TV) (CONT'D)

While I was snoozing, the world has pretty much turned to shit.

INTERCUT - THE PINK KITTEN

In the balcony the fans ROAR their approval.

CHAD (CONT'D)

This internet thing. It's like drugs. It can be good, but you sure as hell don't want to overdo it. And all the tweeting and the instagramming... All I can say is, you can sit on my face...book!

The fans buckle with LAUGHTER. Bobby and Dexter howl.

IN JOJO'S CABIN

Jojo chokes on his pizza laughing. Peter, who has busted up as well, catches Jade's eye and tries to contain himself. After a moment, Jade gives in with a sigh and a smile.

CHAD (ON TV) (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, was that not politically correct. Well when was the last time a politician was ever correct?

IN THE PINK KITTEN

The fans CHEER in agreement.

CHAD (CONT'D)
Seems the only thing those morons in Washington have done for the past thirty years, is make one half of the country pissed off at the other half.

From the side of the stage Suzy smile proudly.

CHAD (CONT'D)
Sorry folks, don't meant to go off like that. Guess I'm still a little cranky from my nap. And I don't mean to lose sight of the real reason we're here today.

Chad, Bobby, and Dexter, take each others' hands -

CHAD/BOBBY/DEXTER
Jojo come home!

A HUSH. The media and fans absorb the heartfelt sentiment. But the silence is interrupted by some commotion toward the back of the club.

IN JOJO'S CABIN

Jade, about to take a bite of pizza, and Peter, about to drink a beer, are frozen by the events unfolding on the TV -

Bodies have parted - A MAN, dressed in black, orange scarf around his neck, carries an orange flying V guitar. Hopping onto the stage, he holds the guitar high above his head.

Jade turns to gauge Jojo's reaction -

He's taking it in stride. Seemingly at peace with it all.

On TV the fans have gone berserk. Jumping from the balcony, charging the stage, hoisting Fake/Jojo into the air.

EXT. YUCCA GROVE STATE PARK - CAMPSITE - NIGHT

Seated on a log in front of a tent, Jade stares into the flames of a campfire. Peter hands her a mug of coffee and sits down putting his arm around her.

PETER

So the great Jojo McMullin might actually be your dad. All these years I was this close to rock n' roll royalty.

With no response from Jade, Peter tries to look into her eyes, but she just continues to stare into the flames.

PETER (CONT'D)

Lots of stars out there tonight. Yup, lots of stars...

JADE

(suddenly blurts out)
The man is content to let an imposter take his place.

PETER

Ahh, that's better. I like that you're sharing this with me. I now see how important this is to you.

JADE

At first it wasn't. But now that I've gotten to know all my would be dads, I think they're music might be able to make a difference. You saw how fired up Chad was. Technology has made things easier, but it hasn't made us smarter. It's made us lazier...complacent.

PETER

I won't argue with that. But this is all real sudden for Jojo. Maybe he just needs a little space...
(gives her a snuggle)
whatta' you think?

Jade sighs, then rests her head on Peter's shoulder.

INT./EXT. JOJO'S CABIN - MORNING

Coffee in hand, Jojo peers out the window -

Behind the Visitor's Center, Peter takes Jade's knapsack from his jeep and places it in her car. Jade closes the hatchback and turns to Peter. They embrace and kiss -

Jojo smiles. From his pocket he removes an mp3 thumb-drive. On the SOUND of Peter's jeep pulling away, he heads outside.

MOMENTS LATER

Jade holds the mp3 drive and a lyric sheet.

JADE

I just show up with a song that miraculously appeared.

JOJO

No. Just say you expanded on their ideas.

Jade looks skeptical.

JOJO (CONT'D)

Don't worry. I took my signature sizzle off the guitar parts. Still, it's way better than anything else out there.

INT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Suzy is keeping her distance from a handful of over-the-hill GROUPIES. Chad, Bobby, Dexter and Fake/Jojo are ripping through "Hit it Hard." Chad steps up to the mic and wails -

CHAD

*That crazy lady was no holds
barred...Had no choice but to hit
it hard...*

Fake/Jojo goes into a guitar solo. His fingers are fast, but he just keeps going over the same sequence of notes.

Bobby and Dexter exchange a glance. Chad signals them to stop playing.

Fake/Jojo, still going over the same notes, finally realizes the bass and drums have stopped. He looks up.

CHAD (CONT'D)

Jojo man, you're noodling. The lead follows the chord progression.

LATER

Suzy, Chad, Bobby, and Dexter, beers in hand, are at one end of the room. Bobby glances over his shoulder -

Seated on the piano bench, Fake/Jojo is being fawned over by the Groupies.

BOBBY

Jojo's like a complete stranger.

CHAD

Well of course he is, it's been a long time.

DEXTER

But he doesn't remember anything.

CHAD

C'mon now. He told us he was in a motorcycle accident a few years back. Suffered a head injury and erased his memory.

SUZY

How convenient.

Chad casts her a frown - Suzy backs off.

DEXTER

And what about the accent?

CHAD

Said he spent the last twenty years in England.

BOBBY

And his teeth? Jojo used to take care of himself.

They all look towards Fake/Jojo -

He's pawing at the groupies. His big lecherous grin, reveals a jumble of nasty teeth.

CHAD

In all fairness, he spent time in England. Let's not be so critical.

JADE (O.S.)

Hey guys.

Before anyone can return the greeting -

Jade, seemingly on auto-pilot, strides to the stereo and inserts the thumb-drive into the usb port. She then hands Chad the lyric sheet.

JADE (CONT'D)

Took the liberty of making a rough demo of the song you guys were working on.

The MUSIC begins. The chords have more of a jangle but still retain a heavy edge. In the drums and bass, hints of techno and industrial. It comes together as fresh, driving rock.

DEXTER

Sounds good. Tight rhythm section.

JADE

All from listening to you guys. Then telling a few friends how to play it.

CHAD

Lyrics look good too.

JADE

Of course they do. You wrote 'em.

CHAD

Yeah, yeah. I'm just sayin'.

JADE

Great. I've booked a session at Valley Studios. Tomorrow 10am.

Jade strides out as determinedly as she entered.

SUZY

Honey, forgetting something?

Jade stops. She follows Suzy's gaze, then throws up her arms.

JADE

Where are my manners.

AT THE PIANO

Fake/Jojo is ass-grabbing with the Groupies.

SUZY

Jojo, care to meet my daughter?

Setting a Groupie aside, Fake/Jojo gets to his feet. Sporting a grin, he looks Suzy and Jade up and down.

FAKE/JOJO

(heavy British accent)

Been awhile since I've done the mother daughter thing.

JADE

(containing herself)

So nice to meet you, Mr. McMullin.

INT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Jade and Suzy are in the midst of a heated conversation.

JADE

That man in there is an imposter and you know it.

Suzy puts a hand over her heart, feigns innocence.

JADE (CONT'D)

Oh come on mom! Insisting I handle the financial books...the royalties! You led me right to him. I just played along.

Suzy nods. She gets emotional.

SUZY

How is Jojo?

JADE

Weird.

SUZY

Thank god. I was afraid he might have changed.

JADE

Why was it so important that I be the one who found him?

SUZY

You've had the opportunity to get to know Chad, Bobby and Dexter. I thought...

JADE

Mom, one of these guys played a part in my conception. But you're the one who raised me. You had to be both Mother and Father.

Suzy's eyes have started to tear.

JADE (CONT'D)

You taught me kindness, compassion, courage. Because of you, I'm a strong independent woman...

(steps towards Suzy)

Who isn't afraid to assert herself. How the hell could you have signed the band over to Global Entertainment?!

SUZY

Excuse me! Little miss "that's a whole lot of zeroes, mom."

JADE

I was young and naive.

SUZY

It was three weeks ago.

JADE

You know, I'm okay with the fact that I have four would be dads. But they only have one name...Chasing the Tiger!

EXT./INT. LOS ANGELES FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - MORNING

Flags flap in the wind. Jade bounds up the sweeping steps.

IN THE BUSY CORRIDOR

Jade checks the names of Judges presiding over the respective courts now in session.

INSIDE A COURTROOM

Jade is seated on one of the benches reserved for the public. She is captivated by the proceedings -

Seated behind the gavel, LUCILLE WORTHINGTON, early 50's, hair in a tight bun, a schoolmarmish, yet attractive air. Lucille is all business when delivering a verdict -

LUCILLE

You have repeatedly skirted the rules and regulations that govern this nation. Defrauding your victims, and buying your way out with fines and token restitutions.

A 40 something, slick-looking DEFENDENT, checks his nails as though he can't be bothered.

LUCILLE (CONT'D)

Sentencing guidelines, however, have changed. And for the next five years you will be a guest of the Federal Penal System.

This catches the Defendant's attention, but before he can protest, Lucille SLAMS the gavel.

MOMENTS LATER

Jade presses through the exiting mass. She squeezes past TWO OFFICERS, escorting the handcuffed Defendant. She SEES -

Lucille stepping from the podium and about to exit.

JADE

Your honor. Excuse me...a minute of your time.

Lucille stops. Jade's path is blocked by a huge BAILIFF.

LUCILLE

Young Lady, if you desire a moment of my time, you can lodge a request with my clerk. There's no guarantee, but you may get lucky.

JADE

(taking a breath)
Lucky. As in Lucky Lucy?

Off Lucille's horrified look -

INT. LUCILLE'S CHAMBERS - CONTINUOUS

From a glass decanter, Lucille pours whiskey into a glass. She turns to Jade who is seated at a coffee table with Suzy's autobiography before her.

Handing Jade a bottle of mineral water, Lucille sits. She picks up the autobiography and stares at Suzy's photograph.

LUCILLE
 Suzy Kincaid. The sleaziest,
 skankiest little...

JADE
 My mom.

LUCILLE
 Oh...just a little girl talk. Back
 in the day, your mom and I were in
 friendly competition to see who
 could...

Jade shifts uncomfortably.

LUCILLE (CONT'D)
 All water under the bridge. Who
 would have thought that my behavior
 back then would have prepared me
 for a career in public service...

Lucille gestures towards a bookshelf. There's a framed
 photograph of her posing with President Clinton at a black
 tie event. And another photo of her with President Trump.

JADE
 Well, your past history is why I'm
 here. Back in the day...
 (gestures to the
 autobiography)
 You and Jojo were a bit of an item.

LATER

Lucille refills her whiskey glass. She has let her hair down -
 literally.

LUCILLE
 Even if I were able to help expose
 this man as an imposter, legally
 there's been no wrong doing.

JADE
 You just sentenced a man for fraud.

LUCILLE
 As we speak there are dozens of
 bands still touring, with few if no
 original members.

Jade's face clouds.

LUCILLE (CONT'D)

Global Entertainment are a force to be reckoned with. I've mediated on some of the claims brought against them. They sign bands to exclusive concert promotion, then blackball them if they try to go elsewhere. And when they do settle, it's done very discreetly.

JADE

All the more reason to stop them.

Lucille sighs, breaks eye contact, and drains her drink.

JADE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. Coming here, asking you to dig up the past, put your reputation on the line. It was a lot to ask. How'd you like a couple of tickets to the show?

LUCILLE

Are you kidding. Already have them. Girls night out.

JADE

(smiles)

I see why Jojo had a thing for you.

LUCILLE

To be honest, I was really just a good listener.

Jade raises her brow.

LUCILLE (CONT'D)

Jojo would get a few beers in him, start bitching about how he was the one with all the talent. Didn't get the credit he deserved...

(winks)

Of course, I did have a knack for taking his mind off of things.

INT. VALLEY STUDIOS - DAY

Chad, Bobby, Dexter, and Fake/Jojo are recording "Look out Below". Bobby and Dexter nail the beat - pause for effect - then kick back into it.

Even Fake/Jojo seems to have it together - riffs are tight.

In a glass enclosed booth, Chad steps up to the mic -

CHAD

*Rich politician do as you please,
the world's heatin' up, there's
social disease...you think life is
a breeze, look out below, we'll cut
you off at the knees...*

IN THE ENGINEERING BOOTH

Suzy's eyes shine - back to the good ol' days.

CHAD (CONT'D)

*Your house may be white, but your
soul is black, can't get along, so
you attack...You think life is a
breeze, look out below, we'll cut
you off at the knees...*

Fake/Jojo works into a solo. The melody moves in the right direction, and then - he gets stuck noodling the same notes.

Chad winces. He looks to the engineering booth, and makes a cutting motion across his throat.

LATER

Suzy descends into the recording area. Chad is by himself, dousing his frustration with a beer.

SUZY

Sounds pretty damn good.

CHAD

Up to a certain point, I would agree.

Suzy glances at Fake/Jojo, then takes a breath.

SUZY

Has it occurred to you, that Jojo might...

CHAD

Suzy, I awoke into a different world. A digital octopus stretches its tentacles into every aspect of daily life. Fake news and alternative facts are the norm. Tweet it often enough...
(glances at Fake/Jojo)
and people will believe it.

Suzy slowly nods to the sad reality.

CHAD (CONT'D)

In a couple of days, we take the world stage. But once the concert is over, a change is gonna' come.

Suzy brightens a bit as Chad mouths the final phrase.

CHAD (CONT'D)

A change is gonna' come. Not bad.
(directly to Suzy)
Now would you please go tell, Mr. McMullin...

MOMENTS LATER

OLD GROUPIES fawning over him, Fake/Jojo half-listens -

SUZY

Since your guitar skills are so artistically advanced for what the song calls for. We'll just go with the lead on the demo.

FAKE/JOJO

My sentiments exactly, luv.

Suzy nods "great." Turning to leave, Fake/Jojo gives her butt a squeeze that makes her YELP.

EXT./INT. - JOJO'S CABIN - DAY

Running shoes kick up clouds of dust. Jojo, wearing a tracksuit, towel around his neck, slows to a walk.

Bouncing up the steps, going inside, Jojo jumps!

Jade is seated - head lowered, eyes looking up - a menacing, kind of spooky gaze. Rising to her feet, she holds out an envelope embossed with the Global Entertainment logo.

JADE

Free ticket. VIP pass. And a parking voucher.

Jojo folds his arms, remains silent.

JADE (CONT'D)

Awww, poor Jojo. Never got the credit you deserved? What's the matter, didn't get your share of all that primo ass?

JOJO

No. I actually got my share of that.

JADE

Holding onto your guilt for all these years. Was any of that true?

Jojo's features harden.

JADE (CONT'D)

You know, there was a large part of me that was hoping you might be...

Jade pauses, holding back the tears.

JOJO

That I might be what? Your personal project. Help change the world through music?

Jade remains silent, withdrawn.

JOJO (CONT'D)

Did you ever think to put yourself in my shoes, Jade? Chasing the Tiger had the world by a string. We were on the cusp of greatness, until Chad had to go and screw it all up. There's no telling what we could've accomplished!

JADE

You can still accomplish.

Crossing his arms, Jojo turns his back to Jade.

JOJO

No Jade. Lightning never strikes twice. I wrote a very good song, I have made my contribution. I don't want to seem rude. But I will ask you to take your leave.

EXT./INT. JADES' CAR - DUSK

The setting sun casts deep shadows through the canyons.

Hands gripping the steering wheel, a tear rolls down Jade's cheek. Taped to the dash -

A printed SELFIE of her and Jojo smiling.

She crumples it up and tosses it on the passenger seat.

Turning on the radio, she punches through the stations.
HEARING something, she tunes it in -

CHAD (RADIO V.O.)
*...We'll cut you off at the
knees...off at the knees...*

As the song breaks into Jojo's solo - Jade tries to fight off
a smile and fails.

She reaches for the crumpled up selfie, smooths it out on her
knee, and tapes it back to the dash.

INT. SUZY'S BUNGALOW - NIGHT

The candles are lit, the wine is poured, and Suzy, all alone,
watches Hollywood Spotlight and our favorite hosts -

SHARINA (ON TV)
Recorded two days ago, uploaded
yesterday, and "Look Out Below" has
taken the world by storm.

DASHELL (ON TV)
Just like the boys to give the fans
something extra. Now let's check in
with Miss Bootsy at The Greek!

The show goes live to Miss Bootsy. She's standing in front of
an array of huge billowing banners for Global Entertainment,
interspersed with portraits of the band members.

Lit from below by spotlights. The presentation is eerily
reminiscent of some of history's past propaganda rallies.

MISS BOOTSY (ON TV)
Preparations are well under way for
what some are calling the first
great cultural event of the twenty-
first century.

ON THE SOFA Suzy sighs, about to sip her wine - THE DOORBELL
RINGS.

AT THE FRONT DOOR

Suzy peers through the peephole. Then opens the door to a
huge floral bouquet. Glancing up and down the street -

AN INDIVIDUAL in a Global Entertainment Jacket jumps into the
front passenger seat of a limousine which speeds off.

INSIDE THE LIMOUSINE

Victor, brandy in hand, punches a number on his cellphone.

INSIDE SUZY'S BUNGALOW

Suzy reads the card attached to the bouquet. Her phone rings.

SUZY
 (On cellphone)
 Hello Victor.

EXT. GREEK THEATRE - MORNING

Rigging, lighting, and sound CREWS scurry about. On stage, Chad, Bobby, Dexter and Fake/Jojo rehearse.

Near the center of the open-air amphitheater, Jade is seated off to the side of the soundboard. She seems distant, aloof.

PETER (O.S.)
 Good morning...

Jade turns, then smiles at Peter bearing coffee and muffins.

PETER (CONT'D)
 Organic free trade coffee, quinoa
 zucchini muffins.

EXT. GREEK THEATER - MORNING

Taking a break - Chad, Bobby, and Dexter are at the refreshment table, immersed in serious discussion.

CHAD
 I talked to Chester, he's the best
 in the biz.

Chad gestures towards the soundboard where CHESTER the AUDIO ENGINEER is adjusting his gear.

CHAD (CONT'D)
 Whenever Jojo starts noodling,
 Chester will dial down the guitar.
 I'll take the lead on the keys,
 along with Bobby keeping the melody
 at a higher register. Dexter, that
 leaves you carrying the beat and
 the rhythm.

BOBBY

It's not too late to bring in a
gunslinger.

The three glance towards Fake/Jojo -

Surrounded by groupies, Fake/Jojo strikes the clawed-hand
tiger pose for a wandering PRESS PHOTOGRAPHER.

DEXTER

Bobby's right. Mini-Tiger is about
the best cover band I've seen.
Their guitarist is a little on the
small side, but he kills it.

Chad shakes his head, draws Bobby and Dexter close.

CHAD

It is imperative that all four of
us...
(glances at Fake/Jojo)
play the show tonight.

INT. JOJO'S CABIN - DAY

The late afternoon sun streaks through the window. On the
bed, Jojo's clothes are neatly laid out.

Sitting cross-legged on the floor, a naked Jojo lovingly
restrings his orange, flying V guitar.

EXT. GREEK THEATER - DAY

The crowds are queuing up to pass through security. Much of
the attire harkens back to the hair metal days of the sunset
strip, but younger fans are represented as well.

AT THE RED CARPET

Limousines drop off V.I.P.'S while SECURITY holds back the
crush of MEDIA and GAWKERS, eager to glimpse a celebrity.

Global Entertainment flags, attached to a limousine's front
fender, fall limp as the limo cruises to a stop. A red
jacketed VALET opens the door to reveal -

Suzy, stunning in a white evening gown. Victor, dashing in
top hat and wielding a diamond studded walking stick.

EXT. GREEK THEATRE - V.I.P. PARTY - DAY

Tables lavishly piled with food and drink. WAITSTAFF catering to every need - to include Dr. Weed's HOSTESSES.

Jade and Peter take in the scene. Their attire, loose and casual. A native American headband on Jade, sandals on Peter.

A bit of commotion causes them to turn their heads -

Dexter makes his entrance - high tops, silver spandex, tiger striped shirt. His arm is around a woman who looks vaguely familiar and totally uncomfortable in -

Stiletto heels, fishnet stockings, a pushup corset brassiere, and hair teased out to an extraordinary length.

DEXTER

Jade, like you to meet my wife.

Jade, mildly shocked, recovers with a warm smile and extends her hand.

INT./EXT. JOJO'S CABIN - SUNSET

Dressed in black, save for an orange, silk scarf, Jojo looks in the mirror and places a black bowler on his head. Picking up his guitar, he heads outside -

He makes his way to the back of the cabin where the sun descends on an endless vista of trees and rocks.

Squinting into the sun, he puts on his sunglasses. He takes a deep breath and with marked determination begins walking -

Towards the distant horizon.

EXT. GREET THEATER - V.I.P. PARTY - SUNSET

Jade and Peter are conversing with Suzy and Victor who are quite taken with Jade's young man.

SUZY

(to Jade)

No wonder you've been keeping him all to yourself.

Off Jade's obligatory rolling of the eyes -

VICTOR

Yes, an outstanding young man.
(directly to Peter)

(MORE)

VICTOR (CONT'D)

And now, I'm afraid I'll have to
entrust these two beauties to your
care while I go mind the store.

Victor gives Suzy a kiss. And with a polite bow and tip of
his hat, takes his leave.

Jade turns on Suzy.

JADE

Mom, what gives? I thought you were
going to end it with Victor?

SUZY

(heavy sigh)

I know he's evil. But I've always
been attracted to the bad boy. I
can't help it if he's gotten under
my skin.

JADE

Tics get under your skin!

To diffuse the situation, Peter raises his glass.

PETER

A toast to Mr. Jojo McMullin....

Jade and Suzy raise their glasses.

PETER (CONT'D)

May you eventually find what you're
looking for.

They all clink their glasses. A bittersweet moment as Jade
and Suzy share a look of certain sadness.

EXT. DESERT - SUNSET

A LONE FIGURE moves across the landscape -

Jojo strides past cactus, rocks, a tortoise, a rusty soda
can, an old tire, a half buried engine block.

He's made his way into the junkyard behind the Service
Station. Among the rusting hulks, he pauses at a spot that is
conspicuously empty.

INT. SERVICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

TWO GREASE MONKEYS - ONE sweeping up packing shavings. The OTHER busting up wooden shipping crates, stenciled with German and Italian lettering.

At the SOUND OF CREAKING HINGES, they stop and look up.

Setting sun behind him, Jojo stands in the doorway.

IN THE GLASS ENCLOSED OFFICE that looks onto the floor -

A stack of money lands on the desk of the overweight, filthy PROPRIETER. He looks up -

Jojo stares back.

EXT. SERVICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

The two Grease Monkeys slide open the garage doors. From within the darkness, the GROWL of an engine.

An orange high-top with "Jo" stitched on the tongue - depresses the clutch. Another high-top with "Jo" - hits the gas.

TIRES SQUEAL

At the wheel of his meticulously restored red Ferrari, Jojo shoots forth. Drifting across asphalt, the tires SMOKE.

INT./EXT. BROADCAST TRAILER - NIGHT

The trailer is parked in the heavily secured media area.

Inside, Victor stands before a bank of monitors, consulting with the Broadcast Director we saw earlier.

BROADCAST DIRECTOR

We have twelve cameras covering the stage. Four roving steadicams...

(points to aerial shot)

And our drone offers a nice option as well.

Victor, clearly pleased, nods along.

INT./EXT. SECURITY TRAILER - NIGHT

The trailer is parked across from the broadcast trailer.

Inside, Victor stands before a bank of smaller black and white monitors, consulting with the SECURITY CHIEF.

SECURITY CHIEF

We've detained four individuals
selling fake merchandise. And have
broken up nearly a dozen fights,
all over hairspray.

Again, Victor is pleased. Something catches his attention and he points to a monitor -

Using a keypad, the Security Officer zooms in -

Bobby, surrounded by beautiful women, makes his way through the now crowded and jumping V.I.P. party.

EXT. V.I.P. PARTY - CONTINUOUS

Bobby revels in the attention. His entourage of ladies, dressed in black with gold accessories, seem to have a theme.

AT A TABLE

Jade, Suzy and Peter - kind of glum - nurse their drinks.

BOBBY (O.S.)

Hey, what's with the long faces?

The three look up as Bobby passes.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Have you talked to Chad? After
tonight, we're free...

Jade, Suzy, and Peter all exchange curious glances. Jade hops up and pursues Bobby.

Squeezing past bodies, Jade gets close. But Bobby and the ladies are ushered onto a small publicity stage for L'oreal. Before she can get his attention -

Bobby holds out a bottle of shampoo. The camera's FLASH.

Jade jumps up and down, and waves her arms. No use. Bobby is caught in the moment -

Holding the shampoo close to his face, he pouts, and puts his body through a series of coquettish poses that any human, regardless of gender, would find demeaning.

INT./EXT. CHAD'S TRAILER - NIGHT

Chad's trailer - name and star on the door - is parked in the artist's area.

INSIDE

Chad, on a massage table, gets limbered up by TWO BIKINI CLAD WOMEN. Dr. Finklestein monitors Chad's blood pressure. Dr. Weed messes around with a huge bag of weed and something that looks like a humidifier.

Suzy and Jade stand before Chad.

SUZY

You signed something without
telling your management?

CHAD

It was our management that got us
into this pickle in the first
place.

Another BIKINI CLAD WOMAN, adding yoo-hoo to Chad's favorite drink, brings it to him.

JADE

Chad, it makes no sense. Why would
Victor agree to release you, if
Jojo appears?

CHAD

I don't know. Victor's a weird cat.
Said he wanted to keep me happy.

Jade and Suzy exchange baffled looks.

DR. FINKLESTEIN

Ladies, it is my professional
opinion that your are becoming
contagious.

Jade and Suzy glare at the man.

DR. FIKLESTEIN

Buzz kill.

DR. WEED

I concur.

Dr. Weed has packed the bottom of the contraption with weed.
He sets it beneath Chad's head and turns it on.

Jade and Suzy throw up their arms in frustration.

CHAD

Girls, I don't mean to be rude. But
I really need to finish my pre-
concert ritual.

Dr. Weed places a towel over Chad's head. Better to capture
the marijuana vapor now wafting up.

EXT. CHAD'S TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

Jade and Suzy try to figure things out as Peter looks on.

JADE

If Jojo doesn't perform...

SUZY

Then Global Entertainment doesn't
get to present the complete
package. Ego and reputation are
everything to Victor.

JADE

And by offering Chad a deal, then
Chad was far more willing to
accept...

EXT. V.I.P. PARTY - NIGHT

Fake/Jojo, surrounded by adoring fans, is having the time of
his life. Orange bandanna on his head, a saggy, black leather
jumpsuit zipped low to reveal a hairy, beer belly.

WATCHING HIS ANTICS -

Jade and Suzy are concealed behind a row of potted palms.

JADE

Keep an eye on him, until...
(holding up contract)
I can get this checked out.

Off Suzy's nod.

INT. SECURITY TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

Jade and Peter stand next to the Security Chief who's showing
them a monitor of the theater's seating layout.

SECURITY CHIEF

Your friend is located in seat 17G.

Jade smiles.

SECURITY TECHNICIAN (O.S.)
 Sir, red flag violation! An
 individual claiming to be Jojo
 McMullin.

The Security Chief dashes over. Jade and Peter curiously follow.

ON THE SURVEILLANCE SCREEN -

A bewildered Jojo is escorted/manhandled by Security Men.

EXT. GREEK THEATER - SECURITY HOLDING - NIGHT

STRAGGLERS make their way into the venue. They pass Peter who turns down a shaded path towards a building where -

A door is guarded by TWO SECURITY MEN.

Peter removes his wallet, looks at his parks service badge, and takes a breath.

EXT. GREEK THEATER - SEATING - NIGHT

Anticipation buzzes in the air. Jade races up the steps past seats filled with excited, happy fans.

Reaching the appropriate section, Jade slows to a walk. She finds the row, the seat, disappointment -

A GROUP OF THREE WOMEN - halter tops, miniskirts, makeup, hair teased in all directions.

As Jade weighs her options, the woman in the middle speaks.

WOMAN

Jade?

Jade takes a step closer, her face aglow - it's the Honorable Lucille Worthington.

INT. SECURITY HOLDING - NIGHT

Peter, badge in hand, stands before a seated Jojo who's surrounded by FOUR SECURITY THUGS.

PETER

(pointing at Jojo)

This scumbag has been the focus of a year long investigation into the removal of our nation's cactuses from protected land...

Beyond the holding area - a door with the lettering "Warden's Office."

INSIDE THE WARDEN'S OFFICE

THE WARDEN, another security flunky, speaks on the phone.

THE WARDEN

Yes sir. He will be detained until the end of the broadcast.

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

VICTOR

Excellent. And see if you can locate Suzy Kincaid. I seemed to have misplaced her.

Victor, phone to his ear, is walking through the V.I.P. area.

WARDEN'S OFFICE

The door to the Warden's office opens. The Warden, carrying old school leg irons, steps out into the holding area. He's met by the blank stares of the Security goons.

Jojo's chair is empty.

EXT. GREEK THEATER - CONTINUOUS

Peter hustles Jojo along the shaded path.

JOJO

Honestly Ranger Pete, I only dug up a few and replanted them around the cabin...

Off Peter's - "really" look - they turn onto the walkway leading to the bright lights of the venue. On a pole, a speaker on the public address system crackles.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Ten minutes to showtime folks. Let's think about getting our snacks and heading to our seats.

EXT. ARTIST'S AREA - CONTINUOUS

Jade is on her cellphone, Lucille is looking at the contract as they quickly move towards a wardrobe trailer.

JADE
(on cellphone)
Meet us at the wardrobe trailer.

EXT. V.I.P. PARTY - CONTINUOUS

SUZY
(on cellphone)
Got it!

From Suzy's vantage behind the potted palms -
Fake/Jojo is still surrounded by rock n' roll acolytes.

SUZY (CONT'D)
Hey, Jojo...

Fake/Jojo turns. His eyes pop at the dazzling Suzy.

SUZY (CONT'D)
(whispering)
About that mother daughter thing?

VICTOR'S TABLE

On his cellphone, Victor fails to notice Suzy pressing through the crowd, pulling Fake/Jojo by the hand.

VICTOR
(on cellphone)
That is most certainly bad news.
Switch the drone over to security
and give me the access code.

INT. WARDROBE TRAILER - NIGHT

Between racks of wardrobe, Jade looks on as Lucille goes through the fine print of the contract.

LUCILLE
All very specific. For the band to
be released from Global
Entertainment's contract, the
actual Jojo McMullin needs to
perform.

(MORE)

LUCILLE (CONT'D)

Substantiated by birth certificate,
social security number, and, if
applicable, dental records and
fingerprints.

Off Jade's nod, her cellphone rings.

EXT. CONCESSION AREA - CONTINUOUS

PETER

(on cellphone)

I've got the goods. But they're
onto us...

(listening)

Okay, got it.

Jojo and Peter are hidden between two food stands. The SOUND
of STOMPING BOOTS forces them deeper into the shadows.

A TROOP OF SECURITY jog past, then split off into two columns
to search the area.

With their route momentarily clear, Peter nudges Jojo. Moving
off into the crowd, something catches Jojo's eye -

A DRONE with a searchlight sweeps over the crowd.

JOJO

What the hell is that!

INTERCUT VICTOR

Using an app on his cellphone, Victor is operating the drone
and can see - what it sees - on the PHONE'S SCREEN -

A bird's eye view of the crowd swept by the searchlight.

AT THE CONCESSION AREA

Jojo and Peter outrun the searchlight's throw. They duck
under an awning just as the drone passes overhead.

VICTOR

Spots something on the screen. But before he can move the
drone towards the awning, WHOOPS and CHEERS draw his
attention -

Chad has entered the V.I.P. area with his entourage. To
include Doctors' Finklestein and Weed.

AT THE CONCESSION AREA

The drone descends, scattering concert goers. It peeks under the awning, only to find a surprised fan holding a hotdog.

EXT./INT. WARDROBE TRAILER - NIGHT

Suzy pushes Fake/Jojo towards the wardrobe trailer. Up the steps and shoves him through the door -

Stumbling into the trailer, Fake/Jojo startles Jade and Lucille. Regaining his balance, Fake/Jojo looks from Suzy to Jade, then eyeballs Lucille with a lecherous grin.

JADE/SUZY/LUCILLE

In your dreams!

Off Fake/Jojo's disappointed look -

Suzy and Lucille, slowly recognize each other.

LUCILLE

Hello Suzy, sleep with anyone's boyfriend lately?

SUZY

Hello Lucy, sleep with anyone's father lately?

EXT. ARTIST'S AREA - CONTINUOUS

TWO FIGURES sprint from the shadows, past an empty trailer with Bobby's name on the door -

Reaching the cover of Chad's empty trailer, Jojo and Peter peer around the corner.

INT. WARDROBE TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

The door creaks open. Jojo and Peter slip inside where Jojo immediately makes eye contact with Fake/Jojo.

JOJO

Awww man. Is that my jumpsuit?

FAKE/JOJO

Bobby lent it to me.

JOJO

(turns to Jade)

Really, an English accent?

Before Jade can respond, Lucille steps forward.

LUCILLE

Jojo...

JOJO

Lucy...

Jojo and Lucille advance towards one another - Suzy, not liking where this is going, steps up all flirty.

SUZY

Hey Jojo...been a long time...

JOJO

(barely acknowledging her)

Oh, hey Suze.

Jojo places his hands on Lucille's hips. She smiles.

LUCILLE

I should've known you couldn't pass up an opportunity to steal the show.

JOJO

Old habits die hard.

JADE

(dumbstruck)

You planned on showing up all along!?

Jojo looks at Jade like she's crazy.

JOJO

Of course.

Jojo turns back to Lucille. Runs his hands over her curves. Then draws her towards the seclusion of the wardrobe racks.

JADE

Ahh guys. Little pressed for time.

Jojo and Lucille trade sheepish grins. Jojo moves towards Fake/Jojo.

JOJO

Just who the hell are you?

FAKE/JOJO

Nigel Thornton. Bloody Blister. We opened for you in Edinburgh, back in 88'.

JOJO

Oh yeah. You guys were into the post punk thing. I remember you being real solid with the rhythm. But no offense Nigel, your leads were a little weak.

Nigel raises his left hand. Where the fingers should be - four nubs.

NIGEL

Lost them in a threshing accident when I was thirteen. Makes reaching for the notes a little tough.

Off everybody's understanding, yet kind of creeped out looks -

EXT. V.I.P. PARTY - CONTINUOUS

A frustrated Victor runs his finger over the phone screen. He glances up at his approaching Security Chief.

SECURITY CHIEF

Sir, we've reestablished contact with the fugitive.

EXT. MERCHANDISE AREA - CONTINUOUS

The crowd has thinned. Peter moves stealthily through the shadows, following Jojo's bowler hat and orange scarf. HEARING distant SHOUTS, he glances over his shoulder -

FLASHLIGHT BEAMS sweep left and right. The FIGURES of the security detail are suddenly illuminated by the rising drone.

Picking up the pace, Peter follows Jojo towards a stand of trees along the fence line.

INTERCUT V.I.P. AREA

Victor, satisfied that the chase has resumed, runs his finger over the phone screen. Nearby, the SOUND OF A WHISTLE -

STAGE MANAGER

(lowering whistle)

Gentlemen, if we can move to the staging area.

PRODUCTION ASSISTANTS begin to corral Chad, Bobby, and Dexter. Separating them from fans and entourages.

AT THE MERCHANDISE AREA

Peter dashes into the trees and drops next to Nigel (dressed as Jojo in bowler and scarf). Huddling beneath the branches, the drone passes over in a flash of light. In the darkness -

Peter and Nigel reach the fence and glance over their shoulders at the FLASHLIGHT BEAMS raking the trees.

Peter cups his hands, Nigel puts a foot in.

V.I.P. AREA

Victor, engrossed with the chase on his phone, fails to see -

Jade, Suzy, Lucille and Jojo, wearing an orange bandanna on his head, scurrying through the crowd that is now heading to their seats. Spotting Victor, Suzy breaks away.

Victor stares at the PHONE SCREEN -

Nigel scales the fence, drops into the parking lot and runs off between the cars.

A shadow crosses the phone screen. Victor looks up -

SUZY

Where the hell have you been?

EXT. GREEK THEATER - BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Behind the curtain, CAMERAMEN, SOUND and PRODUCTION PERSONNEL, dart about making last minute equipment checks.

Chad, mouth open, receives a hemp throat spray from Dr. Weed. Dr. Finklestein taps a tuning triangle - Chad starts to hum his vocal exercises.

At the drums, Dexter puts on his gloves. Wife Courtney loads beer cans into a rack for easier access.

Bobby, flanked by hair and makeup, checks himself out in a handheld mirror.

The three men pay no mind as Jojo, his back to them, slips on stage and plugs his guitar into the amp.

EXT. GREEK THEATER - V.I.P. BOX SEATING - CONTINUOUS

The box is filled with celebrities, sports figures, dignitaries, etc... Champagne bottles are popped, glasses filled. Victor escorts Suzy to her seat.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
 Three minutes until the tiger is
 unleashed!

EXT. BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Peter, out of breath, bounds onto the stage and joins -

Jade and Lucille who are making themselves small as possible while CREW MEMBERS rush to their final positions. Jade gives Peter a hug, they turn to the stage in anticipation -

STAGE MANAGER
 Countdown in twenty.

Dexter picks up his drumsticks. He glances down from his riser where Courtney, seated on a stool, is ready to keep the booze flowing. He gives her a wink - she smiles adoringly.

Bobby gazes into a small mirror on the back of his bracelet. He makes a last second adjustment to his hair.

Chad, eyes closed, taking deep breaths, readies himself.

Jojo, head bent low, runs his hand back and forth in front of his mouth, blowing on the fingers.

STAGE MANAGER (CONT'D)
 Countdown! Ten...nine...

CHAD
 (to Bobby and Dexter)
 This is it boys!
 (turns to Jojo)
 Now remember, don't try to overdo
 the leads.

Jojo looks up from his guitar, cocks an eyebrow and smiles.

Chad stares at Jojo in utter stupefaction.

STAGE MANAGER (V.O.)
 ...five...four...

CHAD
 (to Jojo)
 Who the hell are...

PYROTECHNIC EXPLOSIONS burst along the top of the curtain. It drops dramatically to the ground, instantly presenting the band to the world -

CUT TO:

EXT. GREEK THEATER - STAGE - CONTINUOUS

Jojo tears it up. Delving into a guitar solo, he glances towards the side of the stage where -

Jade and Peter rock out. Lucille blows a kiss.

EXT. V.I.P. BOX - CONTINUOUS

Victor leans forward in his seat, eyes glued to binoculars. Suzy nervously glances at him. A ROAR from the crowd, and they both look up at -

TWO JUMBOTRON SCREENS on either side of the stage -

Jojo's fingers sizzle along the frets. The camera zooms in for a closeup of his face, enraptured in rock n' roll bliss.

Victor, face taut, realizes he's been had. He turns to Suzy who smiles timidly and shrugs.

EXT. STAGE - LATER

With Chad now at the piano, the band performs "Inside Out".

CHAD

*She had the voice of an angel, told
me that I could fly... I fell under
her spell.*

At the side of the stage, Jade, Peter and Lucille sing along.

JADE, PETER, LUCILLE

*It was the key to my cell... But my
wings got caught in her lie...*

The song breaks into an instrumental. Peter turns to Jade.

PETER

If you had to choose?

Jade looks to the stage and all her would be dads -

Dexter, head thrown back, doesn't miss a beat as Courtney pours beer down his throat.

Bobby, shaking his butt, tossing his hair, struts shamelessly about the stage.

Chad leaves the piano, joins Jojo at the microphone -

CHAD/JOJO

*Your love turns me inside out...
inside out...*

Jojo, leather jumpsuit zipped down to the top of his member, reveals his sweaty, tufted hairy chest to the world. He begins to sexually grind his hips into his guitar.

Chad, not wanting to be outdone, charges to the edge of the stage and jumps into the audience -

Jade turns back to Peter. She sighs, smiles - SHRUGS.

Holding Chad aloft, the audience deposits him back on stage where he rejoins Jojo -

CHAD/JOJO (CONT'D)

*Inside out, inside out... Gettin'
so bad, all I can do is shout...*

Chasing the Tiger rocks on into the night as we -

FADE TO BLACK: