A STAR IS BORN

screenplay by

Eric Roth and Bradley Cooper & Will Fetters

based on the 1954 screenplay by Moss Hart
and the 1976 screenplay by
John Gregory Dunne & Joan Didion and Frank Pierson

based on a story by
William Wellman and Robert Carson

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FINAL AS FILMED
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OVER BLACK

We hear: A distant crowd becoming restless. A guitar being tuned. Buying time...

The crowd’s cheers morph into “JACKSON... JACKSON... JACKSON.”

FADE IN:

INT. DOME TENT - BACKSTAGE - DUSK

SILHOUETTE OF A MAN IN A HAT, head down. Spits... Then --

EMERGING FROM THE DARKNESS: JACKSON (JACK) MAINE (early 40s) pulls out a PRESCRIPTION PILL BOTTLE, dumps a FEW PILLS into his hand -- knocks them back -- drinks deeply from a GIN ON THE ROCKS, the alcohol spilling down his beard... the awaiting crowd just off in the b.g... A MALE ROADIE slaps him on the back.

JACK

All right, let’s do it.

He walks onto --

INT. DOME TENT - MAIN STAGE - CONTINUOUS ACTION

The crowd erupting. With a wave, he flings off his hat and wields his guitar, his RHYTHM GUITARIST now opposite him...

And at once in tandem they unleash dueling guitars with the sheer force of rock 'n' roll -- an explosion of sound as the speakers scream his latest hit, “BLACK EYES” --

JACK

(singing)

‘Black eyes open wide,
It’s time to testify,
There’s no room for lies,
And everyone’s waitin’ for you,
And I’m gone,
Sittin’ by the phone,
And I’m all alone,
By the wayside,’

The stage lights blaze from above as the song reaches its fever pitch... He may be a little drunk, but this is Jackson Maine in his element, a singer-songwriter with a mean guitar. He doesn’t just play, it’s an all-out attack. And as the song ends, we go --
INT. SUV - TIGHT - JACK’S PROFILE - LATER

Camera flashes zip by across his face... stadium lighting fading away in the reflection as he knocks back a BOTTLE OF GIN --

INT. BILTMORE HOTEL - BATHROOM - WIDE SHOT - DAY

PAN ALONG the bottom of a number of stalls. The bathroom seemingly empty... Until we hear a HUSHED VOICE and see two feet in heels in a stall down at the end.

ALLY (O.S.)
(into phone)
Roger... You're a wonderful man, yes, and you're a great lawyer. We're just not meant to be together.

ANOTHER ANGLE - INSIDE THE STALL

ALLY CAMPANA, (early 30s) is on her cell phone.

ALLY
(into phone)
No, I don’t wanna marry you -- are you crazy?!? The hell’s the matter with you? Roger, we're done. Oh, God.

She hangs up, opens the door to the stall, and screams bloody murder.

ALLY
Fucking men!

She pulls herself together.

INT. BILTMORE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS ACTION

She walks PAST various CATERING SERVERS AND STAFF with her best friend RAMON -- he’s an aspiring dancer with a sinewy body like a swimmer, flamboyant, wonderful.

RAMON
Did he cry?

ALLY
He cried. He laughed. He yelled at me. You know, whatever.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

RAMON
You broke his heart, mama!

ALLY
I did the right thing. It just
wasn't right --

BRYAN (O.S.)
Ally, garbage --

They turn to see BRYAN, their catering manager, walking
up from behind.

ALLY
Bryan, can you get somebody else
to do it for me?

RAMON
You have to let her shine!

BRYAN
(not messing around)
It’s your fucking turn!

ALLY
(to Ramon)
Okay, I’ll see you upstairs.

He gives her a kiss and keeps moving. Ally rolls her
eyes and heads towards her manager...

RAMON
Come on, Bryan! She’s performing
tonight!

ALLY
Here we go. Taking out the trash.
Like your mouth.

BRYAN
I'll let you go early, but you
gotta finish your job.

ALLY
Well, you gotta keep your mouth
clean. Okay?

CUT TO:

EXT. BILTMORE - TRASH AREA - NIGHT

Ally tosses a bag of trash into the dumpster... She hums
to herself, just audible over the LOUD TRASH COMPACTOR...
ALLY
(singing)
'When all the world is a hopeless jumble,
And the raindrops tumble all around,
Heaven opens a magic lane,
When all the clouds darken up the skyway,
There's a rainbow highway to be found.'

And as Ally ascends the tunnel into the night...

SUPERIMPOSE TITLE:

A STAR IS BORN

INT. JACK’S SUV (MOVING) - LATER THAT NIGHT

The driver, PHIL, 40s, looks into the rearview mirror back to Jack, slumped against the window. Then, after a while...

JACK
Where the fuck are we?

PHIL
East of the city.

JACK
(re: alcohol)
Is there any more?

PHIL
Sorry, Jack. And it's about an hour-forty with traffic till we get there.

JACK
Wait, really?

PHIL
Yeah.

JACK
Bet we can find something around here.

PHIL
I'll find something.

(CONTINUED)
JACK
How's your kid? How old is he now?

PHIL
He is 17.

JACK
Fuck me.

PHIL
He got a scholarship to play baseball in college already, man.

JACK
Wow, that's great.

PHIL
I'm proud of him. My little guy is not so little anymore.

JACK
(moving on)
I don't wanna go home.

PHIL
Wish I could find you a spot. Sorry, Jack, I don't know this area.

JACK
Why don't you make a right here.

INT. JACK'S SUV (MOVING) - LATER

He looks out the window... He sees a BLUE NEON SIGN with some people standing out front...

JACK
Here we go. That looks like a fucking bar.

As Phil slows, Jack starts to get out --

JACK
What's that say? 'Bleu Bleu.'
Here, let me just try this.

Jack gets out and slams the door behind him.
EXT./INT. “THE BLEU BLEU” - ENTRYWAY - NIGHT

As Jack makes his way inside. It’s dark, his eyes adjusting when... Ramon, the host, comes over to him --

RAMON
Oh, shit! Wait, wait. My man... Aren't you that... Aren't you, like...

JACK
This is a bar, right?

Ramon looks around.

RAMON
Yeah, but I don't know if this is your kind of place.

JACK
They got alcohol?

RAMON
(stammers)
Well, yeah, but...

JACK
All right, it's my kind of place.

FOLLOW JACK DEEPER INSIDE.

RAMON
Oh, shit! This is crazy! How are you doing, papo? What --

JACK
How am I doing? I'm doing all right if I get a fucking drink.

Someone onstage lip-syncing Etta James’ “At Last.” The place is packed... And as he settles into the bar, Ramon gestures toward the PERSON NEXT TO JACK.

RAMON
Oh, this, this my homegirl, Giselle de la Isma.

JACK
Hey, how you doing? Hey.

RAMON
That's Jackson Maine.
(to the bartender)
Excuse me, papo! Can we get this man anything he wants, please?

(CONTINUED)
JACK
Can I get a gin on the rocks with a twist, please?

Jack looks around...

RAMON
Papo, wow. Oh, my gosh. I'm, like, freaking out right now.

He’s taking in the clientele, starting to notice --

JACK
Hey, is this a drag bar?

RAMON
Yeah, papo. Yeah, yeah. But, look, we do this every Friday night. It's crazy. It's so lit, though, like --

His drink arrives. He downs it.

JACK
(laughing)
I thought maybe I was in some sort of hallucinogenic state.

RAMON
No, no. All are welcome. All are welcome.

JACK
You gonna have something? Here, let me get you a drink.

INT. "THE BLEU BLEU" - DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON an eyelash being put on. Hair slicked back through a THREE-FOLD MIRROR cascading light from hot bulbs in a small, crowded dressing room as MEN IN DRAG (EMERALD, SOOKI, DONTE) and a few others dress, talk, and prance about.

DRAG BAR EMCEE
You better get out there and kill 'em tonight.

We can’t quite make out who is at the mirror, only seeing pieces of SOMEONE.

DRAG BAR EMCEE
All you ladies kill it tonight, okay?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

EMERALD SOOKI
I'm ready. I always do!

They talk shit to each other -- a little chaotic, but it’s very familial and warm. They’re all made up as various famous women...

DRAG BAR EMCEE
Ladies, make sure you turned in your music already. Don't make me have to come get you tonight.
This is a professional show.

Emerald slaps on some fake breasts.

BACK AT THE BAR

Jack is nursing another gin chatting with a drag queen, NICKI. Ramon is surprised to see him.

RAMON
You stayed! Everything good? You good?

JACK
Yeah, I'm just talking to Nicki. You know Nicki?

RAMON
Oh, Nicki. How you doing, baby?

JACK
Telling me her life story. Fascinating.

RAMON
Yo. My home girl's about to perform.

DRAG BAR EMCEE (O.S.)
(over speaker)
And y'all know her very well, because she used to work here as a server. But tonight, the only thing she's serving are some fabulous, French live vocals.

BACKSTAGE

We see a SILHOUETTE go down a short hallway, FOLLOWING her all the way UP the side of the stage and INTO the wings, waiting to go on, and now lit from the curtains...
It’s ALLY.
BACK AT THE BAR

JACK
Is she really singing, though, or is it one of those karaoke things?

RAMON
No, no, no. She's really singing, papo. I promise you, she's really singing.

JACK
Okay.

RAMON
Watch this. Watch.

BACK AT STAGE

Ally takes a breath and goes over to the microphone... and simply begins to sing Edith Piaf’s most famous song, "La Vie En Rose" in French... In her voice an echo of the brokenhearted woman’s life is a revelation...

ALLY
(singing in French)
‘Des yeux qui font baisser les miens,
Un rire qui se perd sur sa bouche,
Voilà le portrait sans retouches,
De l'homme auquel j'appartiens...

And although her performance is demure in nature, she is remarkable, her voice so exceptional, talent so transcendent, Jack can’t help but just stop and listen --

Ally sings as she wanders through the audience. She crawls onto the bar, effortlessly lays back among the half-made cocktails and spirits.

ALLY
Would anybody like some French tips tonight?

She gets up onto the bar and begins walking toward Ramon... her performance, all done to a measured perfection minus one tiny moment where her eyes pivot and clock Jack standing there -- only to regroup and continue with the song.

She lies back, seductively caressing herself with a rose and giving it to Ramon --

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

She locks eyes with Jack, completely engrossed by her. Then --

Ally makes her way back to the stage as the song comes to a close. She sings the last impressive note... The LIGHTS GO OUT as the crowd hoots and hollers.

RAMON
Yes, baby! Yes, baby!

JACK
Oh, fuck.

RAMON
Papo, are you crying?

JACK
Ah... no.

RAMON
Yo, you have to meet her.

JACK
No, no, I can't meet her.

RAMON
Yes! Come on.

INT. "THE BLEU BLEU" - DRESSING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

ALLY at her mirror, already taking off her makeup, is surrounded by drag queens.

DRAG BAR EMCEE
Miss Ally mama, now you done sang in French tonight. You gonna pick something else next week?

ALLY
I don’t know.

DRAG BAR EMCEE
Look at her, she’s doing languages now.

EMERALD
Ooh, do Moroccan.

ALLY
(laughing)

No!

Ramon guides Jack into the fray. Ally sees Jack in the reflection...
CONTINUED:

RAMON
(to everyone)
This is my friend, Jackson Maine.

JACK
Hey.

RAMON
(down the line)
This is Jackson Maine.

JACK
(one-by-one)
Hi. How are you? Hey. Hey, how are ya? Hey.

ALLY
Hey! Oh, my God!

RAMON
Right? And of course, this is my friend, Ally.

JACK
Hi.

ALLY
I thought that might be you.

JACK
(leaning in)
What'd you say?

ALLY
I thought that might be you.

JACK
That's me.

Queens come in and out of the room, slipping past him, turning back to Ally, giving looks...

DRAG BAR EMCEE (O.S.)
Straight man in the dressing room.

EMERALD
(to Jack)
Do you wanna sit down?

JACK
You can -- You've been on your feet all night.

EMERALD
No, no. You're our guest.

He sits down next to Ally.

(CONTINUED)
ALLY
What are you dong here?

JACK
I'm here watching the show, watching you guys.

EMERALD
Will you sign my boobs?

JACK
(unfazed)
Sure. Yeah, I can do that.

ALLY
Uh-oh. RAMON
Oh, my God!

EMERALD
(to anyone)
Give me a Sharpie!

ALLY
You know, it's BYOB around here.

JACK
Yeah, is that right?

ALLY
(laughs)
Bring your own boobs.

JACK
Oh, those aren't really her boobs?

Looking around, taking it all in.

ALLY
So why are you in here, huh?

JACK
(leaning in)
Sorry?

ALLY
What brings you here?

JACK
Oh, I was playing right around here tonight. I'm a musician.

ALLY
How'd your show go?

JACK
I think it went all right.

(CONTINUED)
Emerald returns with a Sharpie in hand.

JACK
Okay, here we go. All right.

EMERALD
(handing it to him)
Thank you!

JACK
Which one should I do?

EMERALD
Do 'em both! I don't care!

ALLY
Slut.

EMERALD
(to Ally)
Bitch, Jackson Maine!

JACK
I’ll just...

Jackson autographs Emerald’s fake boobs -- “JACKSON.”

DRAG BAR EMCEE
She will stop at nothing.

EMERALD
You gotta blow on it!

DRAG BAR EMCEE
(to everyone)
Thank you so much! You don't gotta go home, but you know the phrase: You gotta get the hell up outta here! 'Cause tonight, I'm not losing my virginity or my liquor license over you bitches, so pack up!

ALLY
That’s right!

DRAG BAR EMCEE
(to Ally)
Goodbye, Roger. Have fun.

Ally shares a conspiratorial look with the Emcee as she leaves --

JACK
Do you do that often?

(CONTINUED)
ALLY

Do what?

JACK

The show.

ALLY

Yeah, yeah, the girls are so nice to me here. I mean, they would never normally let a girl sing at one of these shows, but they've always loved my voice. They used to beg me to sing. It's an honor, really. I get to be one of the gay girls.

JACK

Is that your real eyebrow?

ALLY

Um, no. No. I --

(laughs)

I make it out of tape.

JACK

Oh, so it's, like, stuck on?

ALLY

Mm-hmm.

JACK

Can I try to take it off?

ALLY

Uh, yeah, sure.

JACK

It's incredible what they do.

Jack ever so gently pulls the tape eyebrow off.

JACK

(the tape)

Look at that.

ALLY

(laughs)

Oh. Yep. There it is.

JACK

I should put her down somewhere.

Ally holds her hand over her eyebrow.
CONTINUED:

JACK
There we go.
   (then; noticing)
Why you covering your eye?

ALLY
Oh. Just 'cause I don't have my eyebrow on anymore.

JACK
Oh, no, no. The whole point is so I can see your face.

Somehow Jack has grabbed Ally’s hand.

JACK
Yeah, there we go.

She hesitates, but then she looks up... their eyes meet. It’s altogether unexpected and exhilarating.

ALLY
Why did you come back here?

JACK
Your friend brought me back here. But I'm glad he did. Can I buy you a drink?

ALLY
   (flustered)
Oh, uh, I gotta change, and I -- I've got paint in my hair and my eyebrows are...

JACK
Oh, that's not your real hair?

ALLY
No, no, my hair is, like, your color, but um... I paint it with this... makeup.

JACK
Oh, okay. I'd love to see what that looks like. I'll wait for you.

ALLY
Um, yeah, okay. Sure. Yeah, if you wanna wait, I'll come have a drink with you. Sure.
INT. “THE BLEU BLEU” - BAR AREA - LATER THAT NIGHT

DRAG BAR EMCEE is closing out her receipts.

DRAG BAR EMCEE
(to Emerald)
Bitch, can you get down off that stage and come help me close this bar, please?

REVEAL Emerald on stage, taking her guitar from its stand.

EMERALD
Don't talk to me like that in that bus driver wig, girl.

DRAG BAR EMCEE
Oh, I know you did not. What you have is street appointments tonight, sister.

Jack is sitting there laughing.

EMERALD
Excuse me! Mr. Jackson Maine, would you mind?

JACK
What do you want me to do?

EMERALD
Just come play a little song for me.

JACK
I don't know.

DRAG BAR EMCEE
Can you leave the man alone, please?

EMERALD
I showed you mine, you show me yours. Come on.

DRAG BAR EMCEE
He already signed your tits, honey. Say, ‘No, sir.’

EMERALD
You know you want to. Show off for me a little bit.

JACK
I'll only do it because you already performed, so...

(CONTINUED)
EMERALD
You're so nice. Thank you.

DRAG BAR EMCEE
Lord, the man is here for Ally. Not for you, sister.

JACK
(re: the guitar)
Oh, this -- she's nice.

EMERALD
Isn't it cute? Little arts and crafts.

JACK
Yeah, light. Did you do this yourself?

EMERALD
Yeah, all me.

JACK
Does this mic --
(into microphone)
--- work? Oh, yeah. Fuck, all right.
(then to Emerald)
What do you want me to play?

EMERALD
I don't care, just look at me while you do it.

DRAG BAR EMCEE
Oh, Lord! Somebody kill me now.

He begins to pluck the strings, something utterly different from that assault of “Black Eyes” --

JACK
(singing)
‘Maybe it’s time to let the old ways die,
Maybe it’s time to let the old ways die,
It takes a lot to change a man,
Hell, it takes a lot to try,
Maybe it’s time to let the old ways die,

Ally emerges into the room to find Jack under house lights, in the flesh and blood, feet away in a private concert for three.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

JACK
(singing)
Nobody knows what waits for the dead,
Nobody knows what waits for the dead,
Some folks just believe in the things they've heard and things they read,
Nobody knows what waits for the dead,
I'm glad I can't go back to where I came from,
I'm glad those days are gone, gone for good,
But if I could take spirits from my past and bring them here, you know I would,
Know I would.'

Then he notices her. And sadly for everyone else, the song comes to an abrupt end --

JACK
You ready?

She nods.

EMERALD
Hmm, you know I would!

OFF Ally --

EXT. COP BAR - LATER THAT NIGHT

Jack and Ally walking into a CROWDED DOWNTOWN BAR. As they make their way --

JACK
It's a cop bar.

ALLY
Cops?

JACK
Yeah. It's why they serve all night long.

INT. COP BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Jack and Ally now at the bar, she's got a rum and Coke, he's got his regular drink, gin on the rocks with a twist.

(CONTINUED)
JACK
Can I ask you a personal question?

ALLY
Sure.

JACK
Do you write songs or anything?

ALLY
I don't sing my own songs.

The bartender drops off another drink of Jack.

JACK
(to bartender)
Thank you.
(to Ally)
Why?

ALLY
I just, I just don't feel comfortable.

JACK
Why wouldn't you feel comfortable?

ALLY
Um... Well, 'cause, like, almost every single person that I've come in contact with in the music industry has told me that my nose is too big and that I won't make it.

JACK
Your nose is too big?

ALLY
Yeah.

JACK
Your nose is beautiful.

Jack looks at her, dumbfounded. She turns her head profile, takes her finger and runs it down from her forehead, over her nose, down to her chin.

JACK
Are you showing me your nose right now?

She embarrassingly smiles.

(CONTINUED)
ALLY
Yeah.

JACK
You don't have to show it to me. I've been looking at it all night.

ALLY
Oh, come on.

JACK
Oh, I'm gonna be thinking about your nose for a very long time.

ALLY
No, you're not. You're full of shit.

JACK
I'm not full of shit.

ALLY
Yeah, you are.

JACK
I'm telling you the truth.

ALLY
Yeah, you're full of shit.

JACK
Can I touch your nose?

ALLY
Oh, my gosh.

JACK
Let me just touch it for a second.

She laughs, but he's serious. He reaches in, she lets him. His finger brushes the top of her nose, intimate, surreal.

JACK
You're very lucky.

ALLY
Oh, really?
(he nods)
Yeah, not really. My nose has not made me lucky.
(beat)
I could've had, maybe, a hit song if it wasn't for my nose.

JACK
That's fucking bullshit.
ALLY
Yeah. No, it’s not bullshit, because, you go into these rooms and there’s all these fucking men in there and they’re just staring at you, listening to your record going, ‘Oh, you sound great, but, you know, you don’t look so great.’

JACK
You know, I had a thing when I was little. I was born with this thing in my ear. Couldn’t hear... What do I wind up being? A singer. So you never know...

(then)
Look... Talent comes everywhere, everybody’s talented. I bet you, fucking everybody in this bar is talented in one thing or another, but having something to say, and a way to say it so people listen to it, that’s a whole other bag. And unless you get out there and you try to do it you’ll never know. That’s just the truth. If there’s one reason we’re supposed to be here, it’s to say something so people wanna hear it.

She’s looking at him.

JACK
Don’t you understand what I’m trying to tell you?

ALLY
Yeah, I do... I don’t like it. But I understand it.

They share a smile.

JACK
Oh, I think you like it a little bit. I think I’m getting through a little bit, I can see it.

ALLY
No, you can’t.

JACK
It’s a good thing we met...

(CONTINUED)
ALLY
Yeah.

JACK
For both of us, trust me.

ALLY
I mean, I don't know what is going on, honestly --

JACK
Who does?

ALLY
I'm in a cop bar, with Jackson Maine, and it's, like...

JACK
(laughing) I'm gonna wake up in a minute.

ALLY
That's the thing about when you get famous, people start saying your full name.

ALLY
Well, what do you want me to --

JACK
Well, it's just 'Jack.'

The jukebox has started to play a song of Jack's: “Too Far Gone.” The PERSON at the jukebox just continues to pick songs.

ALLY
Speaking of... Come on.

JACK
What?

ALLY
Did you put that on?

He listens closely. She can tell that he’s straining to hear it.

ALLY
When did you even go to the jukebox?

JACK
Oh, God, I hear that song and I just want to turn it the fuck off.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

I fucked that fucking song up so bad --

TOMMY (O.S.)

Hey!

She laughs just as a YOUNG POLICEMAN (TOMMY), slurring and aggressive --

TOMMY

(to Jack)
I know that we're not supposed to do this... I know that we're not supposed to come and bother you, you come here every night...

JACK

It's alright.

TOMMY

(to his buddies)
You got your camera on you? I don't have my camera on me.

JACK

Let's just --

He stumbles back into Jack, too close.

TOMMY

(to Jack again)
Excuse me, one sec -- My ex-girlfriend was fucking this guy...

JACK

Right. Okay.

Ally puts her hand over her face, looking to Jack, like, "I'm so sorry..."

TOMMY

Who looks just like you, that's what she said.

ALLY

(sotto)
Shut the hell up...

TOMMY

But I gotta take a picture of you because I gotta send it to her, 'cause I'm gonna show her you look nothing fucking like that fucking guy!

(CONTINUED)
OFFICER DAVE
Okay, that’s enough, Tommy. (to his buddy)
Jack, I’m sorry. Dave, take a picture...

Ally gets up, maybe to intervene.

JACK
(to the buddy)
Well, maybe that’ll help her out.
(back to Tommy)
Will that help you? Would that make you happy?

Tommy gets into Jack’s space, stumbling into him to pose for the picture...

JACK
Okay, why don’t we take the fucking picture.

TOMMY
Let her visualize it.

ALLY
You want someone to take your picture?

Ally steps up to him.

TOMMY
(pushing her aside)
Excuse me.

ALLY
I’ll help you take a picture.

Ally pulls his hand away and, in doing so, he gets rough with her.

TOMMY
Get your hand off me, you fucking little whore!

ALLY
What?!

Ally punches him in the face... sending him back into the crowded bar. Everyone in the vicinity takes note...
Things get out of control for a second --

JACK
I got you. It’s alright...

Jack grabs her, pulling her out of the room and laughing at the absurdity of it all --
INT. SUPER A FOODS - NIGHT

Fluorescent lighting... Jack walking up and down the aisles, looking for something -- Ally trying to keep up...

ALLY
I'm fine, honestly. I'm okay. This is so stupid.

JACK
You gotta get ahead of the swelling. Just try to find some...

ALLY
This is so embarrassing.

Jack pulls a bag of frozen peas from the freezer and puts it on her hand.

JACK
Here we go. Put that on there. Gotta wrap something up with it. Find a...

Jack grabs a bag of Cheetos.

ALLY
You like Cheetos?

JACK
No, like, gauze. Some gauze or something.

ALLY
Gauze?

Jack stops to look at her hand to see if it’s starting to swell. He holds it, looking at it with her...

JACK
(flexing his hand)
Try to do that.

She tries, but can’t really.

JACK
With that hand. And do that hand. You play piano?

( as she nods)
Yeah, we gotta take care of this, then.

He walks away.
INT. SUPER A FOODS - CHECK-OUT COUNTER - MOMENTS LATER

The CASHIER is swiping their items.

JACK
It's already gotten warm, hasn't it? Should we have gotten two?

ALLY
No, it's okay. Thanks.

CLICK.

The Cashier is holding up her phone and just took a picture, Ally not quite in frame...

FEMALE CASHIER
I'm sorry. I had to.

JACK
That's all right. Have a good one.

ALLY
It's not really all right, but...

And as they stumble out --

JACK
Be careful, she'll hit ya.

EXT. SUPER A FOODS - PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Jack’s SUV parked, Phil, the driver eating the Cheetos off a ways, Jack and Ally sitting outside the store side-by-side on a parking block.

JACK
These rings are gonna get stuck if you don't take 'em off... Does that hurt?

ALLY
Yeah. That's okay...

JACK
(holding her hand)
May I?

ALLY
Yeah.

Jack sucks on her finger, wetting it and slipping the rings off, places them in his pocket.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

JACK

Safe keeping.

Jack reaches for the frozen peas.

JACK

Put this on there.

ALLY

You’re sweet.

JACK

Just wrap it up... You'll be good to go.

He puts it on her hand and WRAPS IT with GAUZE and TAPE.

ALLY

How the hell do you deal with that all the time?

JACK

What's that?

ALLY

People just talking to you like you're not a real person. Or taking your picture --

JACK

Is that too tight?

ALLY

It's okay.

He tears the wrap with his teeth --

JACK

Did I hurt you?

ALLY

It’s fine, it's okay.

He finishes wrapping the package of peas to her hand.

JACK

There you go, now you're mobile. Swing it around.

They start to laugh. It looks ridiculous.

ALLY

I look like a pirate.

(Continued)
CONTINUED:

JACK
I told you it was worth coming here.

A beat...

ALLY
How do you do that?

JACK
Do what?

ALLY
Don't change the subject.

JACK
Is that what I'm doing?

ALLY
Nobody ever asked you about you, huh?

JACK
Not sure.

ALLY
Where you from?

JACK
Arizona.

ALLY
Arizona boy.

JACK
Dad had like a midlife crisis, I think, so I've been told. Made his way to Arizona, started working for this family on a pecan ranch.

ALLY
A pecan ranch...

JACK
Yeah... Knocked up the family's daughter, she was just shy of eighteen.

ALLY
Uh-oh.

JACK
That's when I came into the picture.

(_CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

ALLY
Okay, the son of an eighteen-year-old.

JACK
Well, she died at childbirth. And my dad --

ALLY
I’m sorry.

JACK
He died when I was thirteen, so, I guess my brother will tell you that he raised me, but I don't know... I don't know who was raising who. Just a hundred-twenty-seven acres of nuts, Navajo, and nowhere to go.

She looks at him, he’s gone inside himself a bit, looking down, doesn’t usually share this much --

ALLY
(singing)
‘Tell me something boy,
Aren’t you tired tryin’ to fill
that void?
Or do you need more,
Ain’t it hard keepin’ it so hardcore?’

A beat...

JACK
Is that me?

ALLY
That’s you.

JACK
You just write that now?

ALLY
Yeah.

JACK
It’s pretty good.

ALLY
(singing)
‘I’m falling,
In all the good times,
I find myself longing for change.’

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

She starts to get up.

ALLY
I started writing this song the other day, and...

She gets up off the curb and into the parking lot, her very own stage...

ALLY
Maybe that could work, like, as a chorus or something. I have to think if I can remember it.
(singing)
‘I’m off the deep end,
Watch as I dive in,
I’ll never meet the ground,
Crash through the surface,
Where they can’t hurt us,
We’re far from the shallow now.’

JACK
Holy shit.

She starts to laugh, noticing her pea-wrapped hand.

ALLY
(laughing)
What is this? Was this supposed to help me?

She sits back down next to him. He leans into her.

JACK
Can I tell you a secret?

Closer now, and whispering --

JACK
I think you might be a songwriter.

She downcasts her eyes away from him.

JACK
But don’t worry, I won’t tell anybody. But I’m not very good at keeping secrets.

He kisses her hand.

ALLY
You’re a real gentleman.
(beat; then)
I think.

(CONTINUED)
She places her hand on his cheek and they sit there, holding in this moment, not wanting the night to end.

EXT. ALLY’S HOUSE (THE VALLEY) - EARLY MORNING

Jack’s SUV pulling up in front of a house with three identical BLACK SUVS parked along the curb --

ALLY (V.O.)
Thank you, sir. It’s right here, on the right.

INT./EXT. THE SUV (PARKED)/ALLY’S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS ACTION

It’s the time Ally should probably get out of the car and yet, she and Jack sit there quietly together. They don’t want to leave each other, the night still running through their veins --

JACK
(re: SUVS)
What’s all this?

ALLY
It’s my dad. It’s a long story.

JACK
What's he, a sheikh?

ALLY
No, he's a driver.

JACK
Hey, I got a gig. You wanna come?

ALLY
When?

PHIL
We're headed to the airport now.

JACK
Well, it's tonight.

She looks up at the sky, the sun has come up...

ALLY
Tonight? No, I can't. I gotta go to work later. I gotta go to bed.

She begins gathering her things.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

JACK
Who's gonna take care of your hand? I messed it up.

ALLY
Me. I'll take care of my hand.

JACK
It's my fault I took you to that place.

She opens the SUV door and slides out.

ALLY
That's okay. You have my number.

JACK
Okay. All right.

She shuts the door and starts to walk off... Jack lowers the window.

JACK
Hey.

Ally turns back.

ALLY
What?

JACK
I just wanted to take another look at you.

Ally slides her finger down her nose just the way Jack did at the cop bar. She walks inside. The SUV drives off.

JACK
(sotto)
I don't know, maybe I fucked that up.

INT. ALLY'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Ally walks up the stairs and a distinctive, manicured, fastidious-looking man in his early sixties, wearing a black suit and a black tie: LORENZO CAMPANA, meets her on the landing.

LORENZO
Pretty late... pretty late.
CONTINUED:

ALLY
Oh, is it late?

LORENZO
Come on.

ALLY
I wanna go to bed.

LORENZO
No, come in for two minutes. The guys... It's Wolfie's birthday, come on...
(as she considers)
Two minutes...

ALLY
Okay.
(to Wolfie; shouts)
Wolfie!

Ally moves past him towards the kitchen.

WOLFIE (O.S.)
Yeah, sweetheart?

LORENZO
Who was the guy in the car?

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

And as they pass the dining room we see racing forms cluttering the table; MATTY, an older driver watching a live broadcast of a racetrack from Japan where the horses are approaching the starting gate. The announcer speaking rapid Japanese.

MATTY
Hey, Ally.

Ally moves into the kitchen where a waiting WOLFIE stands reading a racing form.

ALLY
(to Wolfie)
How's it going? Happy birthday.

WOLFIE
Hey, 'happy birthday'?

ALLY
Yeah.

(CONTINUED)
It's not my birthday.

(to Lorenzo)
What do you mean?

No, I was just saying, like...

Ally sees the kitchen -- It's a disaster.

Come on. What the hell happened in here? My God! This place is a mess!

(re: racing form)
Starting gate is... 'Shuppatsu geto...' and bad beat is 'Warui bito.'

Ally immediately begins cleaning.

Who the hell's betting on horses at breakfast time in Japan?

It's not breakfast time in Japan.

Wolfie laughs... A toilet flushes O.S. and Little Feet has appeared to the group.

They're loading!

Renzo, we're going. Come on!

It'll wait, they're loading --

And we see the horses loading into the starting gate as the men assemble around the dining room table to watch the race, clearly a ritual.

You guys are crazy.

Have a sizable investment on this thing here.
ALLY
(from the kitchen)
What did I say about smoking in this house?

Ally comes in to clear the dishes and ashtrays.

LORENZO
(to Wolfie)
Outside!

WOLFIE
Who are you?

LORENZO
Who am I? It's my house.

WOLFIE
I know it's your house. But you smoke, too.

LORENZO       ALLY
All right, forget it. Okay, guys.

LORENZO
Sweetheart, you're happy here, aren't you?

Ally continues to clean up the dishes.

ALLY
I'm happy, Dad.

LITTLE FEET
(stuttering)
I'm just saying, she's got no space.

WOLFIE
What are you saying?

Ally begins to head to the kitchen, Lorenzo tries to stop her.

LORENZO
Wait a minute, sweetheart. Wait a minute. Wait a minute! I want my friends to look at you.

MATTY
He said she's got no space.

She halts, arms full of dirty dishes. Lorenzo smiles at his daughter, looking at her.

(CONTINUED)
LORENZO
Take a good look. With a voice, like, from Heaven, but you know what? It's not always the best singers that make it. You know?

Ally's not hearing this speech again and so heads back into the kitchen. Lorenzo continues to hold court at the dining room table.

LORENZO
I knew a couple guys, could sing Sinatra under the table. But Frank, he'd come on stage with the blue eyes, the sharkskin suit, the patent leather shoes. He becomes Frank Sinatra. And everybody else, all these other guys, that really got it, that really have it inside... just a bunch of nobodies.

Ally listens until she's had enough.

ALLY
Okay. Everybody, let's go. Time for work.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Jack has a pair of headphones on. We hear a high-pitched noise. He holds up one finger. He takes off the headphones, revealing a HEARING DOCTOR.

HEARING DOCTOR
Unfortunately, you keep blasting the hearing, it's not gonna come back. I think it's time we reconsider the inner monitors.

JACK
Mm-hmm.

HEARING DOCTOR
We talked about that with Bobby a couple of weeks ago.

JACK
Yup, yup. Yeah.
CONTINUED:

HEARING DOCTOR
If we put the inner moles in, we can actually use those to amplify the high frequencies and cut down the sound.

JACK
Yeah, okay, that sounds great. Yeah, you're right. Yeah.

HEARING DOCTOR
I'm gonna talk to Bobby, and we're gonna get something set up.

JACK
Sold. I'm sold. Yeah, call Bobby.

EXT. OUTDOOR AMPHITHEATER - STAGE - DAY

A cowboy of a man of indeterminate age, a man who's seen it all twice, who wears miles of rough road, who we'll come to know as BOBBY, barrels into the amphitheater.

BOBBY
Stubborn son of a bitch.

JACK (O.S.)
(over speaker)
All right, let's get ready. One, two, three, four.

Snippets of direction echo through the sound system to CREW setting up and calibrating equipment -- JACK'S BAND onstage rehearsing to the empty amphitheater, technicians and roadies busy setting up for a performance --

ON STAGE

It's loud, too loud, and the band is trying to play it through --

JACK
(over speaker; singing)
'Killin' me baby with the things you do,
You put me in the ground.'

The sound overpowering... Bobby walking up to the stage and as he's arriving, the DRUMS stop, then the BASS, then everything else, but Jack plays on, into it until he stops abruptly --

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

JACK  
(over speaker)  
We’re trying...

Bobby holding up Jack’s earpiece.

BOBBY  
You gotta put ‘em in, man.

JACK  
I told you, I can’t wear those things. When I wear ‘em, it’s just in my head, and I need to be here with everybody else. How the fuck am I gon--

BOBBY  
(interrupting)  
The doctor said it’s the only way to manage this thing, Jack. You’re not gonna get back what you lost. It’s the only way we can manage what you still got.

JACK  
Oh, wow. I think we’re managing pretty good.

BOBBY  
What do you want me to do?

Jack speaks into the mic, his voice echoing through the venue --

JACK  
(into mic)  
You know the door’s wide open if you wanna go.

BOBBY  
You know what? Don’t start that shit.  
(beat)  
Show a little fucking pride in what you’re doing, buddy.

JACK  
(re: Ally)  
I just wanna know if she’s on her way or not, that’s all.

BOBBY  
Who’s coming? What the fuck?
INT. ALLY’S HOUSE - DAY

We hear opera as Ally runs down the stairs in a T-shirt and shorts.

ALLY

Who’s here?

LORENZO

I have no idea. He won't tell me.

ANOTHER ANGLE

She opens the door to find Phil, the driver, waiting...

PHIL

Hi, Ally.

ALLY

Hi.

PHIL

I'm Phil. We met last night. Lorenzo, over her shoulder...

ALLY

Yeah, I remember.

PHIL

Jack sent me to pick you up and take you to the gig.

ALLY

Oh, my God. I gotta work. I can't go.

PHIL

He’s really looking forward to this.

She gently shuts the door saying...

ALLY

I appreciate that, but...

PHIL

I can’t leave, so I’ll be in my car right down the street.

ALLY

Uh, please tell him, ‘Thank you, but no thank you.’

(CONTINUED)
PHIL
Well...

ALLY
Okay? Say it just like that.

She slams the door in his face and heads to the kitchen with Lorenzo in pursuit.

LORENZO
Wait a minute, Ally. What are you doing?

ALLY
What the fuck is that shit? This is crazy.

LORENZO
What are you doing? This is great. Look, a guy like that invites you to a show?

ALLY
Dad, don't start with me.

LORENZO
I mean, it could be a great opportunity.

ALLY
Don't start!

LORENZO
Listen, listen! Does he know you sing at all? Did he, did he hear anything from you?

ALLY
Dad, I gotta go to work.

LORENZO
This could be the opportunity of a lifetime.

ALLY
I don't have the same disease that you have, Dad. You get around celebrities and it's like they're gonna rub off on you, you know?

LORENZO
What are you talking about? What are you talking about?
CONTINUED:

ALLY
‘Oh, you know who I drove the other day?’ Like magic, now you're famous. And you're not. It's not magic, Dad.

With that, she heads up the stairs.

LORENZO
Sweetheart. I'm just --

ALLY
He's a drunk! You know all about drunks!

And she disappears into her bedroom... Lorenzo's quiet. He starts back downstairs...

LORENZO
Sweetheart, he's still there.

EXT. BILTMORE - RAMP - DAY

Ramon and Ally are walking up stairs in their uniforms.

RAMON
Yo, so you fucking hit a cop?

ALLY
Yeah, he was being an asshole to Jack, so I fucking popped him in the face.

RAMON
Yo, that is so gangster.

ALLY
And so, then we ended up in a parking lot, and he put peas around my hand to fix it. And then he was singing, and I was singing. I don't know what the hell’s going on. But now he's got his driver following me around.

RAMON
Wait, he's been following you from your house all the way to work?

ALLY
Yes! It's crazy!
INT. THE BILTMORE - KITCHEN - PREP AREA - CONTINUOUS ACTION

That same catering crew is back at work again tonight.

RAMON
Are you gonna go with him, 'cause if you don't go, I will go.

Bryan walks by.

BRYAN
You're fucking late again.

ALLY
(a shout to Bryan)
I'm what?

BRYAN
I said you're late!

ON ALLY

We begin to faintly hear INSTRUMENTAL GUITAR being played live somewhere... Calling her...

RAMON
Are we doing this?

The guitar builds as Ally starts to walk out of the kitchen. Ramon starts after her.

ALLY
Hey, Bryan, I'm out. Find somebody else.

RAMON
Bryan, I'll be back. I promise.
Papo, I promise.

ALLY
See ya. I won't.

INT./EXT. JACK’S SUV - MOMENTS LATER

Music builds as Ally and Ramon are ready for the night and walk to Jack’s waiting SUV.

PHIL
(out of the window)
Hey, great! Let's do this.

(CONTINUED)
Ally and Ramon get in the car and they share a giddy smile at what might lay ahead.

RAMON
What are we doing?

ALLY
(to Phil)
You know, if I didn't know Jack...
I would call you a stalker.

EXT. SANTA MONICA AIRPORT — TARMAC — SUNDOWN

The SUV stopped on the tarmac alongside a private plane. Ally and Ramon get out of the car, Ramon pirouetting his way onto the plane -- the music still going...

INT. PRIVATE JET

Ally and Ramon explore the interior of the luxurious private jet, taking it all in. Lay on the couches, play on the televisions, loving it.

RAMON
I could get used to this shit.
You need to date more rock stars,
baby girl, you know what I'm saying?

ALLY
We're not dating.

The music still building...

INT./EXT. OUTDOOR AMPHITHEATER (BAY AREA) — NIGHT

A Town Car pulling up at the venue, the music now audible, they’re right there... and GAIL, a frenetic type of woman, is waiting for her. She opens the door for Ally. Ramon gets out the other side of the Town Car, on his phone, recording this once in a lifetime experience.

GAIL
Hi, Ally, I’m Gail... You guys can leave your bags -- we'll grab 'em in a sec. Ready?

And with that said, Ally gets out of the car and they follow Gail --

ALLY
Okay, sure.

(CONTINUED)
GAIL
Did you have a good trip?

ALLY
Yeah.

GAIL
(handing them over)
Passes.

ALLY
Oh, thank you.

GAIL
Put 'em around your necks. Earplugs. You'll need these, it's loud up there.

(_into radio)
Yeah, I got 'em. We're coming in.

(to Ally and Ramon)
I'm gonna bring you guys to the side stage.

Gail picks up the pace, Ally almost running after her. The music growing louder with every step. She looks back to Ramon to pick up the pace and then he's there, taking up her arm and walking in stride, getting closer and closer...

GAIL
Guys, this way.

ALLY
This place is so big.

RAMON
This is crazy.

GAIL
He's excited that you're here.

They walk around a wall of amps and through PEOPLE onto SIDE STAGE LEFT, where we FIND Jack, drenched with sweat, playing along with his band in the middle of the stage in front of thousands. She squeezes Ramon's arm... She can't help but be taken by the overwhelming power of the whole thing...

JACK
(into mic; singing)
'I told my dyin' daddy that I had to run away,
Looked him in the eye and said,
There ain't no other way,
So, woman, if I tell you that I love you, be okay,
'Cause I ain't lyin',

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
I don't lie,
Without an alibi,
'Cause I ain't lyin',
I don't lie,
Without an alibi.'

And Jack instinctively turns and sees Ally... ending the guitar solo, into the chorus refrain that he belts out with two other players...

Ally watches his every move, time seems to slow down for her, out of body, wanting to experience each and every moment... it’s all second nature to Jack... And as the song ends...

JACK
(onto mic)
Thank you very much. That was great... There's a friend of mine, who came a long way to be here... She wrote a great song, and I'd just like her to sing it. I think it's pretty fucking good.

The audience cheers. He motions her on the stage... and now she is hit with severe self-consciousness, she doesn't want that... she starts to walk off... Jack bounds over to her, taking her hand...

JACK
How are you? You made it!

ALLY
I'm good. Hi!

JACK
It's so good to see you. How are you? That was so good.

ALLY
No, I can't do that. I'm sorry.

JACK
Here we go.

He tries to drag her by the hand onto the stage. She is frozen, shaking her head...
ALLY
Jack, please. It's not funny.
Jack, don't fuck around.

RAMON
Oh, my God.

Ramon backs away from their struggle. She won't succumb, she adamantly shakes “no”...

Jack comes closer into her --

JACK
All you gotta do is trust me.

She frees her hand... starting to walk off into the shadows to hide...

JACK
(returning to the stage)
That's all you gotta do. I'm gonna sing it either way, so...

ALLY
(sotto voce)
'Trust me.' Okay.

RAMON
You have to go sing.

ALLY
I'm not going out there, no.

Jack starts to play a familiar melody reminding us of the song she came up with the night before. He starts to sing the first verse --

JACK
(into mic; singing)
'Tell me somethin’, girl,
Are you happy in this modern world?,
Or do you need more,
Is there somethin’ else you’re searchin’ for,?’

In fact, that is exactly what it is, “SHALLOW.”

JACK
(into mic; singing)
'I'm fallin’,
In all the good times,
I find myself longin’ for change,

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
And in the bad times I fear
myself...’

And he stops and looks at her, imploring her verse. She
turns and looks at him.

Jack just standing there on stage willing to sit in the
silence. Just looking at her... Waiting... One moment
feels like forever until Ally summons the courage steps
on stage and starts to sing from the wings --

ALLY
(into mic; singing)
‘Tell me something, boy,
Aren’t you tired, tryin’ to fill
that void?,
Or do you need more,
Ain’t it hard keepin’ it so
hardcore?,
I’m falling,
In all the good times,
I find myself longing for change,
And in the bad times, I fear
myself",
(chorus)
I’m off the deep end,
Watch as I dive in,
I’ll never meet the ground,
Crash through the surface,
Where they can’t hurt us,
We’re far from the shallow now...’

And as she finishes singing the chorus to him, his band
joins in.

ALLY AND JACK
(into mic; singing)
‘In the sha-ha-sha-ha-low,
In the sha-ha-sha-la-la-la-low,
In the sha-ha-sha-ha-ha-low,
We’re far from the shallow now...’

He motions her to take the downstage microphone. She’s
come this far -- She walks further onto the stage and
belts out the chorus.

ALLY
(into mic; singing)
‘I’m off the deep end,
Watch as I dive in,
I never meet the ground,
Crash through the surface,
Where they can’t hurt us,
We’re far from the shallow now...’

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

And the crowd goes wild.

ALLY AND JACK
(into mic; singing)
‘In the sha-ha-sha-ha-low
In the sha-ha-sha-la-la-la-low
In the sha-ha-sha-ha-ha-low
We’re far from the shallow now...’

And as they sing together, thousands of iPhones raise, recording the moment... Jack singing with her as if he was a boy and nothing will ever be the same again...

And as the song comes to a close, she can’t believe it. Jack senses her shock and goes to her.

ALLY
Oh, my God! There’s so many people.

JACK
Pretty fucking good...
Pretty fucking good.

We see from --

ALLY’S POV

all of it new to her, surreal and frightening, and at once euphoric...

INT./EXT. OUTDOOR AMPHITHEATER (BAY AREA) - NIGHT

Ally is following Jack as he weaves THROUGH the tunnels of the amphitheater TO an opening, a loading dock, where she first arrived...

ALLY
I think the way the guitar just started, and...

JACK
I thought maybe I set it in the wrong key, and then the tempo was too fast.

ALLY
No, it was so beautiful, and...

JACK
I wasn't sure...

Then, without warning, they are mobbed by a mass of people, vying for Jack... “Jackson, Jackson...” PEOPLE take selfies with him as he walks by, a blur of faces...

(CONTINUED)
ALLY
Jack?

She looks around for Jack for respite... but she’s lost him. An unexpected moment of panic washing over her... When --

JACK
(with Ally now)
Hey, hey, hey. You all right?

VARIOUS CROWD MEMBERS
Jackson!/Good concert, man!/Isn't that the girl who sang? Good concert!

JACK
Thank you, yeah. Thank you. Jackson, I love you, man.

CROWD MEMBER
And as they are about the board the bus, Bobby is there.

BOBBY
Hey, Jack. Killed it.

Really?

JACK
Yeah.

And during this moment between them, Ally feels the eyes of a young MAN, confident beyond his years. We’ll come to know him as REZ.

Jack pulls Ally into his trailer where a big crowd is partying. Jack puts his cowboy hat on her head where she receives an encore from Jack’s band.

INT. HOTEL - HALLWAY - LATER

Jack stumbles down the long corridor of the hotel with Ally in tow. A little loaded, he searches for the key, but in which pocket? He finds it and they enter the room.

INT. HOTEL - ROOM - NIGHT

They barge in; he turns and kisses her. Ecstatic, if not sloppy... and as they catch their breath with the hint of something more to come...

(CONTINUED)
ALLY
I'll be right back, okay? Just
give me one second.

She pulls away as Jack stumbles, a toxic rush of blood to
the head.

ALLY
(sotto voce)
Where's the fucking bathroom?

She finds it and goes into the bathroom.

Jack makes his way to the couch, lights a cigarette, and
lies down.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Ally looks into the mirror. Jesus. What is happening
right now. Ally wets a towel, gives it the ol' once-over
and lets out a breath and goes back into --

INT. HOTEL - ROOM - CONTINUOUS ACTION

She turns the corner in eager anticipation only to find
Jack passed out.

ALLY
Hey, Jack?

JUMP CUT TO:

RAMON’S ROOM

Ramon is shirtless at his hotel room door, music,
laughter from within which he’s inclined to return to --

RAMON
I don't know, wake him up.

ALLY
I can't wake him up. He's drunk.

RAMON
Yes, you can! Shake your titties
in his face or some shit... You
know what I'm saying? Take two
shots and --

(CONTINUED)
ALLY  (sarcastic)
Thank you so much for your help.
You are so helpful.

RAMON
Let me know how it goes, baby.

She walks off.

INT. HOTEL - ROOM - CONTINUOUS ACTION
Ally returns to where Jack was but -- Bobby is putting
Jack into bed.

BOBBY  
(to Jack)
C’mon, pal.

And, used to it, Bobby perfunctorily puts a pillow under
his head. Ally watches Bobby handle Jack with a
surprising tenderness -- He looks at her...

BOBBY
He’s out.
(then; laughing at
her willful naiveté)
You think maybe he drinks a bit
much? Sweetie, you have no idea.

He starts to walk off, but turns to her --

BOBBY
Tell you one thing, though. He’s
never brought a girl onstage
before.
(beat)
And it’s been a long, long time
since he played like that.

ALLY
Well, that’s good to know.

And leaving her all alone, Ally sits on the edge of the
bed, while Jack sleeps. Watching him sleep, alone with
her moment of glory.

She starts to hum the melody to “Somewhere Over the
Rainbow” ever so lightly as she undresses and climbs
under the covers with him, looking small... The two of
them quite a pair...
INT. HOTEL - THEIR ROOM - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

Ally under the covers, asleep beside Jack. His eyes open. He comes awake, finding his bearings. He sees her next to him asleep. He looks at her back.

He moves closer, tenderly kissing her shoulders. She murmurs, coming awake. He kisses her neck. She rolls over. He kisses her face. Her lips.

She pulls him closer as they make love in the witching hour... what feels like a real love...

INT. HOTEL - THEIR ROOM - LATER

Jack in his shirt and underwear and Ally in a hotel robe sitting around the dining table, eating breakfast.

JACK
One time, my brother came home... I was playing on this upright we used to always have in our den. And I was, like, in my own world. And no one was ever home, and he comes home to take care of my dad, who was sick. And he's sitting there, and he's looking at me. And I swear to God, he looked at me like I was special or something, and it just kind of filled me up, and... I should've never told you that. I don't know.

ALLY
Why?

JACK
'Cause it's embarrassing. I don't know.

ALLY
It's so sweet.

JACK
'Cause you're nothing like my brother.

ALLY
Yeah, I don't look like your brother?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

JACK
He’s a fucking old man. My dad had me when he was sixty-three years old.

ALLY
Sixty-three years old?

JACK
And we have different mothers, so...

INT. ALLY’S HOUSE - CLOSE ON CELL PHONE - EARLY MORNING
WE'RE LOOKING AT A YOUTUBE VIDEO OF THEIR DUET.

WOLFIE (O.S.)
What's that number down here?

MATTY (O.S.)
That is how many people looked at it.

WIDER ANGLE
And we see Lorenzo’s racetrack and driver compadres are clustered together in Ally's living room, as one of them is holding a cell phone for the others to see...

WOLFIE
Get the fuck outta here. How do they know how many people looked at it?

LITTLE FEET
They call it an algorithm...

WOLFIE
What's an algorithm?

MATTY
It’s like a beat.

WOLFIE
A beat?

MATTY
Yeah.

WOLFIE
Like in music, a beat?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

MATTY

Yeah.

Lorenzo comes in and sees what they’re looking at...

LORENZO

Do you believe this? And you see this?

He points to the growing number on the screen.

WOLFIE

Yeah.

LORENZO

That’s how many people have watched.

WOLFIE

Yeah, yeah, we...

MATTY

We were telling him.

WOLFIE

How the fuck do they do that?

LORENZO

I watched it two hundred times myself. I’m two hundred of those people.

MATTY

Go, Pops.

BACK IN THE HOTEL ROOM

Jack races Ally back to the bed, but he grabs her, carries her into the bedroom; they crash among the sheets and blankets.

EXT. ALLY’S HOUSE (THE VALLEY) - LATER

A TAXI pulls up...

LORENZO (V.O.)

(pre-lap)
Beautiful. You wrote this with him?

INT. ALLY’S HOUSE

Ally and Lorenzo are watching the video.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

ALLY
He's so talented.
(it ends)
Can we watch it again? Just one more time.

LORENZO
One more time.

ALLY
Or, like... five hundred...

LORENZO
I'll be up all night watching this!

INT. ALLY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM

Ally lies in bed, peaceful, asleep despite the sun already peeking in.

A gentle hand touches her, sweeps the hair from her face. She startles awake to see Jack, there in her bedroom, on her bed, in her life.

ALLY
Oh, my God. How did you get in here?

JACK
Dad, let me in.

ALLY
(trying to make sense of it)
What?

They kiss and hold each other. Suddenly, this is very real.

ALLY
I don't feel this way about everybody.

JACK
Well, good. Then we're on the same page. You come and sing with me.

ALLY
Where?

JACK
Well, first stop's Arizona.
OUTSIDE ALLY’S BATHROOM

Jack waits while Ally showers. She comes out and sees the motorcycle helmets in his hands. She spies his motorcycle parked outside.

ALLY
I'm never getting on that thing with you when you've been drinking.

JACK
I haven't even thought about drinking or anything else.

ALLY
We'll see how long that lasts. Go wait downstairs.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Lorenzo talks Jack’s ear off.

LORENZO
Actually, when I was, like, in my twenties and thirties, I was, like, a crooner. As a matter of fact, a lot of people thought I was better than Sinatra.

WOLFIE
Jesus.

JACK
Frank? Frank Sinatra?

All Lorenzo’s buddies explode with laughter.

EXT. ARIZONA HIGHWAY 10 - DAY

The motorcycle flies along a stretch of desert highway.

Ally rides on the back of Jack’s motorcycle as they cross the state line into Arizona.

INT. ROADSIDE MEXICAN RESTAURANT - DAY

Jack is still holding his helmet, looking through a GLASS CASE picking out toppings to TACOS. He goes back to their booth, where Ally is sitting with her SONGBOOK.

Ally scribbles down some notes.

(CONTINUED)
JACK
What are you writing down in here?

ALLY
That's my songbook. I usually use a typewriter, but... I had this idea on the bike, and I didn't wanna forget it.

JACK
How do you hear it?

She mimics playing the piano, singing the percussive beats to a song still emerging.

ALLY
(singing)
'I'm alone in my house.'

She pours herself a glass of water and, keeping the conversation going --

ALLY
Aren't you excited to be home and play for all your Arizonian fans?

JACK
I don't really come back here.

ALLY
You avoid your home?

JACK
I don't know. The hot air and the... history, I don't know. Bought the ranch I grew up on... Gave it to my brother. We buried Dad there... I just wanted to make sure that nobody paved over his grave or any of that kind of shit.

ALLY
Is it around here?

JACK
It's not far.

ALLY
Why don't we just go there? It's nearby.
EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

Jack finished pumping gas, puts the GAS NOZZLE back, and screws the GAS CAP back on. She looks up at him as he straps her helmet on her and kisses her.

They ride off...

EXT. WIND FARM (ARIZONA) - DAY

IT’S A VAST WIND FARM, stretching into the distance...

Jack standing, looks around... Ally in the distance looks around as well...

ALLY
Jack?

Then to Jack... It’s as if all the life has been sucked out of him. He tries to speak, but the words don’t come... He bends down and sifts some dry sand through his fingers.

EXT./INT. COUNTY FAIR/BACKSTAGE - DAY

Bobby is going over a SET LIST with a TECH.

BOBBY
Whenever he shows up. These guys have been vamping out there for a fucking half an hour. It's time to fucking get on.

He looks up to see Jack --

BOBBY
Don't you get tired of being...

BAM!

Jack DECKS Bobby with a hard punch sending him flat to the ground --

JACK
You sold Dad's ranch! They turned it into a fucking wind farm!

Bobby’s trying to get his bearings, but he’s dazed...

BOBBY
I bought that for you.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

JACK
Where's his grave?

BOBBY
(exploding)
He washed away in a fucking storm. His grave isn't there anymore. I would have told you, but you were fucking drunk. You were fucking loaded and already pissing yourself a swan song. Fuck if you shed a tear for that piece of shit you idolize for no goddamn fucking reason. All Dad ever did for you... is make you his fucking drinking buddy. And you'd be right there with him if he was still alive, and you fucking know it.

Ally looks at Jack, his head down, thinking god knows what... But Bobby grabs Jack’s face, pulling him close, nose-to-nose, nowhere to hide.

BOBBY
What did you think, that I was gonna fucking take care of it while I’m fucking cradling your ass all over the goddamn world?

JACK
That's a good excuse. Raising a little brother, so you don't have to deal with the fact that you were no fucking good.

BOBBY
If I was no good, why'd you steal my fucking voice?

JACK
'Cause you had nothing to fucking say. And you were too proud to sing any of the songs I ever wrote.

BOBBY
(after a beat)
Well, I got something to say now, pal. I'm done being your fucking errand boy. I quit.

And Bobby’s gone. Jack opens the door to the dressing room...
INT. COUNTY FAIR - BACKSTAGE - DRESSING ROOM - LATER

Jack is standing, shirt off, pants halfway down as a DOCTOR administers a steroid shot in his bottom.

JACK
Yeah, my voice just got up on me a few months ago and... another shot of steroids is better safe than sorry.

The doctor finishing... Hands him a prescription bottle. This is a routine.

JACK
Thank you for that and, yeah, we should be good.

INT. COUNTY FAIR - BACKSTAGE - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Ally recovering from the fight that just happened, washing her face. She steps out of the bathroom to find Jack.

Jack notices Ally taking all this in as well as how beautiful she looks.

JACK
Hey. You okay?

ALLY
Yeah.

JACK
Well, let's play.

EXT. COUNTY FAIR (TEMPE, ARIZONA) - BACKSTAGE - LATER

WALKING WITH JACK AND ALLY as they make their way as Ally stops and just watches as Jack grabs his guitar and heads effortlessly onto the stage... as we --

CUT TO:

INT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS ACTION

We see Jack looking out the window to what looks like a makeshift city erected in the middle of the English countryside... as we --

CUT TO:
EXT. GLASTONBURY MUSIC FESTIVAL

Erupting applause from the AUDIENCE. The music kicks in, and it’s the song, “ALIBI.” Jack attacks the guitar. Ally plays the piano.

JACK

( into mic; singing)
'Don't ask me 'bout tomorrow,  
Or tell me 'bout my past,  
My heart is yours to borrow,  
Ain't nothin’ meant to last,  
I ain't lyin’.'

THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE IN THE CROWD ALL LISTENING --

MONTAGE - VARIOUS SHOTS ON THE ROAD

As we see Jack play a familiar song, “MAYBE IT’S TIME.”

JACK

( into mic; singing)
'Maybe it's time to let the old  
ways die,'

TOUR BUS (MOVING)

The tour bus hustles onward as the eastern sky begins to kindle --

JACK (V.O.)

( into mic; singing)
'Maybe it’s time to let the old  
ways die,  
It takes a lot to change a man,  
Hell, it takes a lot to try,  
Maybe it’s time to let the old  
ways die,'

ANOTHER CONCERT - BACK LOT

The band disembarks the bus one-by-one, and Ally, too, one of them now, with Jack, ready for the next one.

JACK (V.O.)

( into mic; singing)
'Nobody knows what waits for the  
dead,  
Nobody knows what waits for the  
dead,'
TOUR BUS (MOVING) - NIGHT

Ally lies awake into the night, scribbles songs in her notebook as Jack sleeps beside her.

JACK (V.O.)
(onto mic; singing)
'Some folks just believe in the things they've heard and things they read,
Nobody knows what waits for the dead,'

ANOTHER CONCERT - NIGHT

Jack and Ally sing together on stage, nose-to-nose -- she slaps the tambourine, lost in the music.

JACK (V.O.)
(onto mic; singing)
'I'm glad I can't go back to where I came from,
I'm glad those days are gone, gone for good,
But if I could take spirits from my past and bring them here, you know I would,
Know I would.'

And as their unheard performance comes to a close, Jack’s song and words fade into the diegetic sounds of a crowd wanting more, not wanting the concert to end, the shout and chant which beckons an encore --

They continue --

END MONTAGE.

BACKSTAGE

Jack and Ally JUST OFF STAGE, the energy palpable; the euphoria of performing still coursing through their veins and, in particular, Ally’s -- the AUDIENCE ROARS in the b.g. urging on the encore...

JACK
All right, I got an idea for the end.

Jack lights a joint. Tequila shots are poured.
JACK
It's gonna be a little different, we're gonna...

ALLY
Cheers.

They all throw back the tequila...

BAND MEMBER
Where's that joint?  
JACK
We're just gonna be a little different for the end, okay?  We're gonna do the encore and the thing that I said.

BAND MEMBER
Okay.  All right.

The crowd's applause and whistles urging their return...

JACK
All right?  Come on, let's go back out and do it.  Go, go, go.

And walking back to the wings just off stage --

ALLY (following him)
What?  What are you doing?

He stops just short of the stage and turns to her, holding her...

JACK
All right, listen to me.  Here's what we're gonna do.  You're gonna do the song that I said that I wanted you to do, remember?  The one that I love.

ALLY
No.  No, I'm not.  Please!  Come on.

JACK
Yeah, you're gonna do the one that I love.  It's gonna be great, come on.

ALLY
Come on, Jack.  Please don't.

JACK
I'll always... You promised me you were gonna do it --

ALLY
I always say --

(CONTINUED)
JACK
I love you...
He kisses her.

JACK
Always remember us this way.
And he leaves her there in the wings...

JACK (O.S.)
(over speakers)
Everybody, we're gonna bring out
Ally to bring us home... and she's
gonna sing an original song.
Thank you.

Ally pours herself another shot of tequila and gulps it down.

There’s big applause. Ally walks --

ON STAGE

looking at the piano. She’s caught between what she so badly wants and what is stopping her... She looks at Jack, who smiles his encouragement, making her feel safe, despite her deepest fears, she goes over to the piano...

Ally looks out at the audience... Here she goes, into the abyss...

ALLY
(into mic; singing)
'That Arizona sky,
Burnin' in your eyes,
You look at me and, babe, I wanna
catch on fire,
It's buried in my soul,
Like California gold,
You found the light in me that I
couldn't find,'

And she starts to play and sing an original song... which makes the night stand still... the world at her feet...

ALLY
(into mic; singing)
'So when I'm all choked up and I
can't find the words,
Every time we say goodbye, baby,
it hurts,
When the sun goes down,
And the band won't play,

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

ALLY (CONT'D)
I'll always remember us this way,
Lovers in the night,
Poets tryin' to write,
We don't know how to rhyme but
darn we try,
But all I really know,
You're where I wanna go,
The part of me that's you will
never die,'

But for now, in this glorious moment, people on their
iPhones are recording it for posterity... one of those
times where people will tell you they were there when
Ally Campana sang on her own for the very first time...

ALLY
(into mic; singing)
'So when I'm all choked up and I
can't find the words,
Every time we say goodbye, baby,
it hurts,
When the sun goes down
And the band won't play,
I'll always remember us this way,
Oh, yeah,
I don't wanna be just a memory,
baby, yeah,
So when I'm all choked up and I
can't find the words,
Every time we say goodbye, baby,
it hurts,
When the sun goes down and the
band won't play,
I'll always remember us this way,
Way, yeah,
When you look at me and the whole
world fades,
I'll always remember us this way.'

Ally finishing to huge applause, people screaming...

JACK
That was fucking beautiful.

As they come off the stage...

INT. THEATER - BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS ACTION

REZ is right there waiting for them...

REZ
Ally? Ally, that was
unbelievable... What you did up
there.
ALLY
Thank you...

Ally turns to grab Jack, but he’s already walked away...

REZ
I don't know if you know anything about me, about where I've come from. I'm Rez Gavron.

Alley’s incredulous look --

ALLY
I know who you are.

REZ
What you have right now goes way beyond just this. There's people who need to hear what you have to say musically. This is not normal stuff. It's really amazing what you're doing. I think you have it all. I do. And the question to you is, 'What do you want?' I'm in that position, to put you wherever you want to be.

She thinks about this, she’s never really thought about it.

ALLY
I don't... I don't have... I gotta talk to Jack?

OFF Ally’s look --

INT. HOTEL - SUITE - NIGHT

Jack, eyes glazed over, past gone, but smoking a joint anyway, listens to Ally --

ALLY
He said he thought Interscope Records might really wanna sign me... and he said that he has this wonderful studio... with a beautiful live room.

Jack doesn't say anything...

ALLY
And these amazing producers he wants to bring in to record my songs.

(MORE) (CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

ALLY (CONT'D)

And he loves, um, ‘Look What I've Found.’ Remember the song I wrote at the diner? Remember, when we were on the motorcycle?

JACK

Yeah.

Hard to tell if Jack’s even listening. He leans over to put his joint in the ashtray... His balance in question...

ALLY

Yeah? I mean, it was so nice talking to him, and he really believes in me.

THUNK! Jack crashes to the floor --

CONCERNED PARTY MEMBER

You all right, Jack?

ALLY

He's okay. He's fine. He does this all the time.

Jack gets up and causally walks away without the slightest bit of acknowledgment to Ally’s career-shifting moment...

ALLY

Hey, Jack?

He keeps walking... Ally follows him into --

BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Jack doesn’t say anything... He turns to her.

ALLY

What's going on?

Jack still doesn’t say anything. She comes closer into him.

ALLY

What're you doing?

Jack takes a CREAM PUFF and smashes it into her face and mouth --

ALLY

(laughing)
You jealous fuck.

JACK

I'm so happy for you.

(CONTINUED)
ALLY

Oh, you are?

He rubs it in more.

ALLY

Jackson! Why're you so jealous, boy?

She then grabs a handful of cream and rubs it into his hair, and she suddenly pulls him onto the bed... rolls on top of him despite the food... holding him... kissing him...

INT. RECORDING BOOTH - ON ALLY - DAY

We RACK FOCUS TO the b.g. seeing glass and people behind it... Rez and Jack watching her... and we realize we are inside a RECORDING STUDIO...

ALLY

(into mic)
I'm so sorry. I'm, I'm sorry.

BEN

(over speakers)
No, you're fine. We'll do it again. I'm gonna cue you in.

(into mic)
One, two...

And the percussive piano chords start to play, an echo of what she started to write in the diner --

ALLY

(into mic; singing)
'I'm alone in my house...'

But it's not quite right...

BEN

(over speakers)
One second, one second. Listen to my cue. We'll come right in, okay?

ALLY

So, should, uh... Well, uh... I'm sorry, but will I sing in the beginning?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

BEN
So you're gonna hear the second line, and then I'm gonna start recording.

She starts again, Jack and Rez listening to her singing.

And Jack sensing this isn't going well... knowing you only get one bite of this apple... looking at Rez... who is not even looking, but looking down at his phone --

JACK
(to Rez)
I think I got an idea that might help out, all right?

REZ
Yeah, please. Be my guest.

BEN
(into mic)
That was really good up to that point.

JACK
I'm just gonna go in there for a second, all right?

BEN
All right, Jack.

Jack goes out and into...

RECORDING BOOTH
Jack comes in, stopping the recording.

ALLY
(apologetic)
I've never sang with a track before.

He backs her tenderly against a wall, hands on the wall on either side of her face, leaning close, whispering to her...

JACK
Listen, you know what I think it is -- I think it's because you need your piano. I think if you're playing it and singing it... and then with the rhythm...

She takes a breath, trying to reset...

(CONTINUED)
ALLY
I always play it on the piano.

JACK
So I'm just gonna have them fly one in, and we'll try it there... and see where it goes.

ALLY
You think that's okay?

She looks at him... trusting him... and he moves his hands to let her go...

ALLY
Thank you.

JACK
I got you. You're doing great. You okay?

ALLY
No, I'm so nervous.

JACK
You look so beautiful.

ALLY
Thank you.

Jack and Ally kiss taking us to --

SAME SCENE - LATER

A PIANO, Ally at the keys, Jack seated next to her. She begins again --

ALLY
(into mic; singing)
'I'm alone in my house,
I'm out on the town,
I'm at the bottom of the bottle,
I've been knockin' 'em down,
I can't get back up on my feet,
See the lights on the street like stars,
But look what I found,
Look what I found.'

And it makes all the difference in the world, her voice popping with the music to make one spectacular, undeniable mix... And Rez knows it.
INT. DANCE STUDIO

Dancers stretch with Ally. RICHY, choreographer-extraordinaire, walks in like he owns the place (he does).

RICHY
(to the dancers)
Oh, so you guys have already met the new girl, have you?
(noticing Rez in the corner)
Rez! What's the plan?

REZ
Yo, thanks for doing this, man. I appreciate it.

CUT TO:

SAME SCENE - LATER

LEGS DANCING FURIOUSLY IN THE F.G. ALLY’S NEW SONG, “HEAL ME” PLAYS LOUD --

WIDER ANGLE

We see Ally rehearsing with Richy and the two Dancers, a contemporary dance number... Ally and the dancers pouring sweat... Rez continues to watch from the back.

The MUSIC CUTS --

RICHY
This is pop music, kids. We have a battle to do, okay? You are the troops, so if I call you troops... just know that we're going into battle. What are my lyrics, Ally?

Richy keeps instructing vocally the beats, they continue to refine the moves... And dancing --

ALLY
(singing; dancing)
‘Just don’t keep me waiting…’

RICHY
(dancing with them)
Yes! Again, give me that. Self. Break! Yes!

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

ALLY
(singing; dancing)
‘When I can’t inspire myself,
I need you to provide for me.’

The dancers continue as Ally goes to the back of the studio and over to Rez... The dancers in the f.g. Rez looks over to the dancers...

REZ
This is just fine-tuning and creating an image.

They watch the dance moves, fast, sharp, mechanical...

ALLY
Yeah. I know, I just don’t wanna lose, like, you know... the part of me that's talented.

REZ
I'm not gonna let you lose that piece.

ALLY
Okay.

She nods her head, he’s getting through.

INT. JACK’S HOUSE - DAY

Musical instruments, a microphone, recording equipment...

Jack on the sofa, hears the door open, then a chiming sound... A LITTLE AUSTRALIAN LABRADOODLE PUPPY comes running up to him, all love.

JACK
Hey, you? Who are you?

Ally comes in, holding a leash, dog food by her side.

ALLY
Thought we could use some company...

Jack looks at the new dog tag: CHARLIE.

JACK
Hey, Charlie!

Jack and Ally snuggle up with the puppy.

(CONTINUED)
continuing:

**JACK**
What are we gonna do with you?
Oh, he's beautiful! He's got your eyelashes.

**ALLY**
(as dog)
'You can't send me back. I'm too cute.'

He looks up to Ally, pure delight on his face.

**INT. BATHROOM – NIGHT**

Ally straddles Jack in the bathtub. She puts mascara on his eyelashes, he’s playfully resistant.

**JACK**
This has never been done before, just so you know.

She ever so gently places a Black Tape Eyebrow on his face.

**ALLY**
It actually has been done before.

Jack and Ally kiss.

**EXT. JACK’S HOUSE – NIGHT**

LOOKING IN. Jack and Ally in bed...

**INT. SUNROOM – DAY**

Jack at the piano, working something out.

**INT. JACK’S HOUSE – CLOSE ON HANDS – DAY**

Eating some takeout Chinese food...

**WIDER ANGLE**

Jack and Ally are on the sofa together, enjoying their food. They're quiet, enjoying the companionship...

**JACK**
(looks at her)
Would you come with me to Memphis?

(Continued)
ALLY
What are you talking about?

JACK
I have to do some soul-crushing work there... But it keeps the lights on and then some. So I should be grateful, but it's just kind of... never what I thought I'd wind up doing.

Vulnerable to say the least.

JACK
I've made peace with it, though. Anyway, if you wanna come, I thought we'd have a laugh, at the very least.

ALLY
(wants to, but...)
Rez wants to keep me here because they rushed out the single... They were so excited that they want me to finish the album. So I'm working on that.

JACK
Listen to what you just said. People wanna hear what you have to say.

ALLY
I know. I...

JACK
That's the stuff right there. (face-to-face)
Hey, hey. Take it in.

She smiles.

JACK
Thank you, by the way.

ALLY
Thank you for what?

JACK
Giving me a home. This place never felt like one before.
INT. CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

People costumed as PILLS dancing around giving out pamphlets, PHARMACEUTICAL KIOSKS set up in a horseshoe surrounding an empty stage where EMPLOYEES prep as people start to file into the chairs...

BACKSTAGE - DRESSING ROOM

Jack takes out a pill bottle... he takes his boot and smashes the pills and snorts them off the table... He puts the remainder of the crushed pills in a glass and chases it with a big swig of gin.

ON STAGE

The band is playing, but Jack's not there. Everyone is waiting for him. Then, finally, Jack, a gin on the rocks in his hand, obviously two sheets to the wind, coming out to join his band to large applause. Jack looking out at the audience, a sea of name tags... He puts on his guitar.

JACK

Oh, fuck.

BAND MEMBER

Jack, you okay? Jack?

And as he plays, drunk, loaded, but good enough to be passable and keep on his feet...

INT. FESTIVAL VENUE - NIGHT

We're OVER Ally's SHOULDER as she's breathing, getting ready to go on...

We PULL OUT and the music starts and she comes on and sings. However, the dancers are not a part of this choreographed number as intended...

ALLY

(into mic; singing)
'Treat me like your patient,
Just don't keep me waiting,
Or I'll just be wasted,
In a crowd of the lonely,
I need you to inspire me,
When I can't inspire myself,
I need you to provide for me...'

Backstage, Rez sees the DANCERS, very much not on stage.

(CONTINUED)
REZ
Is there a reason why you're not
up there?

ALLY
‘Lay me down, lay me down now,
Lay me down, touch my spirit, ooh,
Lay me down, lay me down now,
Lay me down,
Heal me,
God knows nothin’ else is gonna,
Gonna heal me,
Oh, before it's too late,
Won't you steal me,
Steal me all the way from myself,
Won't you heal me?’

EXT. FESTIVAL VENUE - OFFSTAGE - LATER

Ally and Rez just offstage, crowd now dancing to a DJ
that has taken the stage. She’s still in her outfit...
She and Rez speaking loud over the noise.

ALLY
(panting)
Hey!

REZ
Pretty incredible.

ALLY
Did Jack show up?

REZ
I haven't heard from him.

ALLY
What do you mean, you haven't
heard from him?

REZ
I haven't heard from him all
night.

ALLY
I haven't been able to find him.
I called him three times.

REZ
Listen, what happened with the
dancers there?
ALLY
Well, I just thought, you know, that I should do it alone... It's just, it's so overwhelming. With the hair, and the --

REZ
You can't go rogue on me. You have to understand that this is what I do... You have to trust me, okay? So, if I give you a couple of dancers... don't not use them and then miss a couple of steps, okay? We also have to change your hair. We have to change the color of your hair.

She's still a little lost, thinking about Jack until --

ALLY
What's wrong with my hair?

REZ
I'm thinking platinum, or...

ALLY
I don't wanna be fucking blonde. I am who I am, and I'm worried about Jack.

REZ
I will find Jack, okay? I will find him.

OFF Ally --

EXT. RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD (MEMPHIS) - MORNING

A figure steps into a sun-blistered sky and leans INTO the FRAME, REVEALING GEORGE "NOODLES" STONE.

NOODLES
Jack. I feel like we've done this before. Didn't think we'd do it so soon, man.

We see that Jack is looking up at him, lying in a field of ivy. Rough night.

NOODLES
Come on, bro. Get up. All right. There we go.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Noodles helps Jack stumble to his feet. They head for the house...

    JACK
    In my mind, I made it to the door.

    NOODLES
    I almost didn't wake you. You looked so comfortable.

EXT. NOODLES’ YARD - MOMENTS LATER

Noodles smokes a cigarette, Jack sitting off to the side, still recovering from the night’s antics...

Noodles’ wife PAULETTE, wearing a bathrobe, watches from the porch.

    PAULETTE
    How you doing?

    JACK
    Well, you know, I've seen better days, I guess. I apologize for... disrespecting your property... or whatever I did.

    PAULETTE
    No apologies necessary.

    NOODLES
    It’s fine.

    PAULETTE
    You want some coffee?

    NOODLES
    (to Paulette)
    That would be great, why don't you put some on, and we'll come in, in a minute?

    PAULETTE
    Okay.

She walks off when Jack sees Noodles’ SON peering out the window.

    JACK
    That's him, right? That's your boy.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

NOODLES
Jack, he's as old now as you were when I met you.

Jack laughs. He looks a little worse for wear...

NOODLES
Saw you on YouTube. That video with the girl.

JACK
Yeah.

NOODLES
It made me happy, man. You looked like you. You were just... doing it, bro.

JACK
She writes, too.

NOODLES
She wrote that tune?

JACK
Yeah. Bunch of others, too. Got hooked up with some manager guy, wants to... You know...

NOODLES
She's good, bro.

JACK
I know.

Noodles looks at him... never shy...

NOODLES
Maybe she's a way out.

Jack regards his old friend...

NOODLES
Ain't nothing to be afraid of, bro. You know, it's like... You float out at sea, and then one day, you find a port. Say, 'I'm gonna stay here for a few days.' A few days becomes a few years. And then you forgot where you were going in the first place. And then you realize, you don't really give a shit about where you were going... 'cause you like where you're at. That's how it is for me. I like where I'm at.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Jack takes this in.

    NOODLES
    I didn't even realize I liked it
    so much... till I saw your ass
    sleeping in the grass this
    morning.

They laugh, but Jack’s hangover has got the best of him.

    NOODLES
    Yeah, come on, man. You can rest
    in my daughter's room, bro.

INT. NOODLES’ DAUGHTER’S ROOM – LATER

Sleeping in the bottom bunk bed, pink blankets half
pulled over him. He starts to wake up --

Jack looks up and, like a vision of an angel, he sees
Ally standing in the doorway... But this isn’t a vision
and she comes to the bed, standing over him, looking him
over. He doesn’t look well. Then --

Ally kicks him.

    ALLY
    I thought of, like, a million
    things to say to you on the
    plane... that I can't remember.

He’s too hungover to say anything. Ally gathering
herself.

    ALLY
    Jack...

    JACK
    Glad you're here. You did make it
to Memphis after all.
    (beat)
    Fuck.

He takes her hand. She sits on the bed next to him.

    ALLY
    I won't do this again. I won't
    come and find you. Next time, you
    can clean up your own mess. You
    understand me?

He nods his head.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

JACK
How was the show?

Despite everything, they’re on this journey together and Ally let’s him in... If only for a moment --

ALLY
It was fucking awesome. I cut the dancers.

JACK
Dancers?

ALLY
Yeah.

JACK
Ah. Good. Fucking dancers. All you need to do is sing.

But she needs him to hear her --

ALLY
You made me so upset.

JACK
I'm sorry.

INT. NOODLES’ DINING ROOM - LATER

Ally sits with Noodles and his FAMILY (Paulette; FRANKIE, his daughter; and LEO, his son) all sitting at the dining room table, a HOME-COOKED MEAL at the center, family-style.

NOODLES
I saw that video on YouTube. It was great.

ALLY
Thank you so much.

The little girl staring at her. Noodles sees Jack in the kitchen. Jack quietly waves him over...

NOODLES
Excuse me one second.

Ally and the family continue their small talk as Noodles makes his way to --
NOODLES’ KITCHEN

Jack leans in -- their conversation in whispers.

NOODLES
What's going on?

JACK
Do you have pliers or something?

NOODLES’ DINING ROOM

Ally eats, Frankie continues to stare.

ALLY
I don't know where my mom is.

PAULETTE
I can understand that.

FRANKIE
I think you're pretty.

ALLY
Me? You think I'm pretty? Thank you. I think you're pretty.

NOODLES’ MUSIC ROOM

A GUITAR on a stand... Jack walks over to it. The HEADSTOCK has the excess six-strings LOOPED. He bends the D STRING and clips it with the pliers, taking it with him. He starts to twist and bend it back on itself...

NOODLES’ DINING ROOM

Noodles, picking up where he left off --

NOODLES
(to Ally)
It was real great, and then Jack tells me you wrote the song.

ALLY
Yeah, he got me to start singing my own songs again.

NOODLES
He has a way of, he has a way of doing that.
ALLY  
(watching Jack’s return)  
Yeah, he does.

Jack joins them at the table. Noodles starts to go into a story with the kids when Jack leans over to Ally --

JACK  
(whispering)  
I understand what you said.

Jack leans in further...

ALLY  
(quietly)  
What the hell are you...

Jack slides something onto her left hand “ring finger” -- the guitar string twisted into a MAKESHIFT ENGAGEMENT RING...

They look at each other.

ALLY  
(laughing)  
Are you kidding?

JACK  
(quietly)  
Well, that's a stupid thing I just did.

ALLY  
(quietly)  
No. It's not stupid.

Ally lifts up her left hand showing her “engagement ring.”

They all erupt with love and encouragement. Noodles looking at Jack, smiling to him.

ALLY  
(to Noodles)  
Is that what you were doing when you left the table?

NOODLES  
I don't know. He told me he was looking for some pliers. I didn't know what he was going to do. I didn't think he was gonna ‘do it’ do it.
CONTINUED:

JACK
Well, that's just temporary.

NOODLES
No, no, no. Jack, wait a minute.
Let's anoint this.

PAULETTE  NOODLES
Good idea! We've got two witnesses.
Let's do it today. Yo, for real.

Ally looks at Jack... They can't be serious...

NOODLES
I'll call my cousin right now.
It's Saturday. Nobody's gonna be in there. Let's go.

JACK    ALLY
I mean... (to Jack)
You really wanna do that?

JACK
That place has magical quality to it.

ALLY
(laughing)
It what? It 'has a magical quality?'

JACK
It does.

ALLY  JACK
What do you mean? I mean that church is special.

They are serious.

PAULETTE
I'll take you to get a dress.

JACK
There you go, right there.

PAULETTE
It'd be great! Okay, you're coming with us for sure because you're the...

And as the excitement continues, Ally turns to Jack, his smile...

ALLY
I can't believe this. What am I doing? Okay, sure.
MONTAGE - INT. MEMPHIS CHURCH - VARIOUS SHOTS - DAY

“I DON’T KNOW WHAT LOVE IS” carries us from shot to shot...

JACK AND ALLY WALK THE AISLE, THE STONE FAMILY IN TOW.

HUGS ALL AROUND FROM THE PASTOR -- A REUNION.

IN THE DISTANCE: AT THE OTHER END OF THE CHURCH JACK AND ALLY AT THE ALTAR.

A PASTOR WITH JACK AND ALLY, NOODLES, HIS FAMILY AROUND.

ALLY
I do.

JACK
I do.

JACK AND ALLY KISS, NOODLES AND FAMILY CLAPPING.

NOODLES
Congrats, man.

JACK
I listened to what you said.

NOODLES
I'm glad you did.

PRE-LAP: BIG BRASS BAND AND PERCUSSION MUSIC --

INT. CLUB JUKE JOINT - VARIOUS SHOTS - NIGHT

ONSTAGE, the energy here is palpable. It’s a celebration of musicians, not singers...

A man on the horn, the trumpet player taking over, and then NOODLES at the drums going at it, a veteran to the trade...

With a wide smile, points to Jack and Ally in the PACKED AUDIENCE... Noodles waving them up on stage... the music never stopping...

Ally and Jack rub CAKE ICING on each other’s noses. Then they rub it on Noodles. Ally tosses a BOUQUET.

HIGH ANGLE --

The MUSIC TAKING US TO --

END MONTAGE.
EXT. BILLBOARD (ESTABLISHING)

Ally’s debut album -- ALLY.

Her hair now RED, vibrant, exciting, new...

INT. CHATEAU MARMONT - THEIR ROOM - DAY

Jack getting off the hotel phone and Ramon sitting across the room on the couch, typing on his phone.

JACK
Lot of people downstairs?

RAMON
Yeah.

JACK
She better come out soon, before they leave.

RAMON
What, want me to check on her?

JACK
I think we're gonna have to go pretty soon, so...

RAMON
All right.

Ramon gets up. Jack watches him go over to the BATHROOM DOOR.

RAMON
Ally. I'm coming in.

Before she answers, he opens the door and slips in --

INT. CHATEAU MARMONT - THEIR ROOM - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS ACTION

He leans against the door.

RAMON
Ally.

A beat.

ALLY
Yeah.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Ally is in an empty bathtub, the shower curtain obscuring her.

RAMON
What're you doin' in the tub?

He pulls back the curtain and Ally, with LONG, RED HAIR, is sitting on the bathtub floor in an EVENING GOWN.

ALLY
This is so weird. I don't know who the hell I think I am. I...
One song is fine... but to put out a whole record, I don't know what the fuck I was thinking.

RAMON
I don't know about all of that, but you definitely look like a star.

ALLY
Really?

RAMON
Yeah.

INT. CHATEAU MARMONT - THEIR ROOM

Rez sits across Jack now, two men waiting for their girl.

JACK
What do you think of the hair and the look and the...?

REZ
Well, I discussed it with her.

JACK
Yeah.

REZ
I think it looks great.

JACK
Was that your choice, or...?

REZ
No, it was actually hers.

(beat)
No drink?

JACK
What's that?

(CONTINUED)
REZ

No drink?

Jack nods, fully aware of the implications Rez is alluding to.

JACK

No socks?

Rez seemingly has no socks on.

REZ

Touché. Touché, mate.

JACK

Yeah, I could never get used to that... the idea of not wearing socks. Your feet get all sweaty...

REZ

(laughing)

No, I actually am wearing socks. They're these kind of little female insert socks... that work with these shoes.

JACK

Oh. Oh, you are. You're just hiding them.

REZ

(laughing)

Yeah, I'm just hiding them. That's right.

INT. CHATEAU MARMONT - THEIR ROOM - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Ally and Ramon are sitting in the bathtub... Ramon pulls out his phone and, with a few swipes, pulls up a video... He hands it to her... We see her melt.

VIDEO: It's the gang from THE BLEU BLEU all together in the dressing room --

DRAG BAR EMCEE (V.O.)

(through phone)

Okay, now is this thing... Yeah, there it is. Oh, that's a good light. Here, hold this for me, baby. Hey, Ally, girl! Wait, hold on. Come here, Sooki, Donte. Come here.

(CONTINUED)
EMERALD (V.O.)
(through phone)
I put my Jackson titties on!

GANG (V.O.)
Congratulations, Ally!/We miss you!!! (Etc.)

DRAG BAR EMCEE (V.O.)
(through phone)
We love you!

ALLY
(at phone)
I love you, too.

DRAG BAR EMCEE (V.O.)
(through phone)
All right, girl, please come back soon. We done put Etta in your station, girl.

They play around for the camera --

INT. CHATEAU MARMONT - THEIR ROOM

Ally and Ramon walk in.

RAMON
The queen is here!

ALLY
(laughing)
Stop!

JACK
(his look)
Wow!

Ally looks up to Rez, then to Jack. She lets out a big breath. It’s all happening at once...

ALLY
What do you think?

JACK
It’s beautiful.

REZ
You. ‘SNL.’ Alec Baldwin hosting.

ALLY
Did you get it? Did you get it?

(CONTINUED)
Continued:

Rez

season finale.

Ramon

No fucking way.

Rez

No, you got it.

Ally

Oh, my God! That's incredible! Thank you.

Rez

Congratulations!

Ramon

Bitch!

Ally

Oh, my gosh!

Rez

We have to get downstairs. Everyone's waiting for you. Come. Let's go.

Ally

Okay.

And they start to move off, but Jack takes her hand --

Jack

(to Rez)

You know what? Can I just talk to her for one second outside?

Before Rez can say anything, he takes her out of the room and onto --

Ext. Chateau Marmont - Their Balcony - Magic Hour

And we see Ally and Jack looking out to the Sunset Strip below and a view of a giant billboard: Ally, the cover of her debut album.

They stare at the billboard...

Jack

It doesn't do you any justice, I'll tell you that.

Ally

You always said you liked my nose.

Jack

I love your nose.

Ally

It's real big up there.

(Continued)
JACK
I wish it was bigger up there.
The whole thing should just be
your fucking nose. Fuck all those
people who ever said anything.
Just put a billboard of your
fucking nose up there.

ALLY
(laughing)
That's so ridiculous.

Jack pulls her in, almost whispering into her ear.

JACK
Listen, if I just don’t say this,
I’ll never forgive myself.

ALLY
What?

JACK
If you don't dig deep in your
fucking soul... you won't have
legs. I'm just telling you that.
You don't tell the truth out
there, you're fucked. All you got
is you, and what you wanna say to
people... and they are listening
right now, and they're not gonna
be listening forever.

Ally takes a deep breath.

JACK
Trust me. So, you gotta grab it.
And you don't apologize, you don't
worry about why they're
listening... or how long they're
gonna be listening for... you just
tell 'em what you wanna say.
'Cause how you say it is the stuff
of angels.

Ally looks up at him with tears in her eyes.

WIDE SHOT - THE BILLBOARD

Two dwarfed figures on the balcony going back into the
room...
INT. DANCE REHEARSAL SPACE - DAY

Ally in rehearsals with her dancers and Richy, the choreographer. They dance to the music and his count, one of Ally’s new hit songs, “HAIR, BODY, FACE.”

INT. “SNL” - NIGHT

ALEC BALDWIN walks to the stage with a FEMALE ASSISTANT DIRECTOR in tow. There is a smattering of applause.

FEMALE ASSISTANT DIRECTOR
Thirty seconds. Red mark.
(beat)
Alec in twenty.

Jack watches from below, back behind the pit and the standing audience.

MALE STAGE MANAGER (V.O.)
(over radio)
Fifteen.

MALE DIRECTOR (V.O.)
(over radio)
All right, stand by, guys. Here we go, ready? Song one.

MALE STAGE MANAGER (V.O.)
(over radio)
Stand by, Alec.

Ally waits backstage. We see monitors with “SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE” in the control room.

MALE DIRECTOR (V.O.)
(over radio)
Ready four. Cue dissolve four.

FEMALE ASSISTANT DIRECTOR (V.O.)
(over radio)
Alec in five seconds.
(through radio)
Four, three, two, one...

MALE DIRECTOR (V.O.)
(over radio)
And go four. Dissolve four... and cue Alec!

ALEC BALDWIN
(to camera)
Ladies and gentlemen... Ally.

(CONTINUED)
MALE DIRECTOR (V.O.)
(over radio)
Dissolve one.

The audience cheers.

We PAN OVER TO -- lights exploding upon the stage, revealing Ally front center stage.

ALLY
(into mic; singing)
‘Why do you look so good in those jeans,
Why’d you come around me with an ass like that,
You’re makin’ all my thoughts obscene,
This is not, not like me,’

She is the definition of a pop star. The song: vibrant, electric, catchy as all hell, and completely unrecognizable to Jack.

ALLY
(into mic; singing)
‘Why you keep on texting me like that,
Got other things I need my mind on, yeah,
Other responsibilities,
This is not, not like me,
Why did you do that,
Do that do that do that do that do that,
Do that to me,’

The song goes into its generational anthem chorus, the crowd begins to jump in unison to the beat, a slave to her command of the song --

Jack saunters off, weaving his way farther into the bowels of the dark --

BACKSTAGE

The sound slightly receding as he makes his way across into a place less populated.

He spots a MONITOR, a live feed to the broadcast, the camera doing acrobats to mimic the energy of the song. He pops open a beer, watches until --

DEEP VOICE (O.S.)
The caterpillar becomes the butterfly.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Jack turns and takes in his brother...

JACK
(pleasantly surprised)
What the hell are you doing here?

BOBBY
I'm in town for a gig. Been working for Willie.
(Jack can't hear)
I've been working for Willie.

JACK
No shit.

BOBBY
Yeah. Thought I'd stop by and check her out.

JACK
(looking at monitor)
Yeah, well...

Ally is writhing on the floor like a cat in heat. Jack grimaces.

ALLY
(into mic; singing)
'I've been prayin' on my knees,
That you would always stay around,
That you would never leave.'

BOBBY
(re: Jack's hearing)
Is it getting worse?

JACK
Nah, I've just been with my wife... It's going real good.
(beat)
Funny to run into you 'cause, uh, I was thinking about asking you to come back out with us.

Bobby is taken aback.

BOBBY
I gotta say, it's easier without you.

Jack nods. They regard each other and the audience erupts at the end of her song...

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

ALLY
(into mic)
Thank you.

Crew members and audience members alike begin to flood in around them, coming back to begin setup for the next skit...

Jack begins to move back towards his wife, a fish heading upstream. Bobby grabs and holds his brother close --

BOBBY
Listen. You run into any trouble... call me.

Jack turns, Ally and the entire horde of people are being ushered past... Jack begins to walk in her direction, disappearing into the onslaught.

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - DAY

IT’S DEAD QUIET, WE SEE JACK IS IN A RECORDING BOOTH... WE CAN’T HEAR THEM BUT WE SEE HE’S AFFECTIONATELY GREETING THE MEMBERS OF HIS BAND...

PRE-LAP: SNARE DRUM, THEN GUITAR LICK AND BAND KICKING IN...

INT. RECORDING BOOTH - DAY

Jack, ebullient to be back in a recording session, the BAND all playing together. Vamping the music, singing nonsense lyrics... Jack playing his guitar, feeling great, creating... And it actually sounds like something... Something special... And even if it didn’t, the feeling of being there, feeling young, being free, is good enough...

Ally joins him at the mic --

ALLY AND JACK
(into mic; singing)
‘I don’t wanna feel another thing,
I don’t wanna feel another thing,‘

They begin to kiss and sing, and sing and kiss.

ALLY AND JACK
(into mic; singing)
‘I don’t wanna feel another thing...‘
INT. PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO

ALLY IN A STRIKING COSTUME AND IN A POSE being photographed. And it’s hushed whispers around her...

ANOTHER ANGLE

OVER THE BACK OF REZ: WALKING INTO the studio. He makes eye contact with Ally.

PHOTOGRAPHER
That light's beautiful. That's it, Ally. That's it, I love that.

Ally makes her way to her chair... Rez is waiting.

ALLY
It's so early. I've been here all night.

REZ
It's early for me. It's late for you.

They embrace.

ALLY
Hi, it's nice to see you.

REZ
How you doing?

ALLY (re: Photographer)
I'm kind of... He's amazing. Isn't he?

REZ (re: photos on monitor)
These fucking photos.

ALLY
They're so beautiful.

REZ
Look at that! Look at that! That's incredible.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

ALLY
It doesn't even look like me.

THE WHOLE CREW stops what they are doing to watch --

REZ
(a beat; then)
You've just been nominated for three Grammys. Including 'Best New Artist.' They just announced it now.

She looks at him like he's crazy.

REZ
(shouting)
Everybody, Grammy-nominated artist.

Ally's stunned. She sits there, gathering herself, and the whole crew starts to CLAP for her and approach her to congratulate her... Rez hugs her.

REZ
Congrats.

INT. JACK'S HOUSE - MUSIC ROOM - MORNING

And we see Jack, a drink in his hand, sitting on the floor... He gets up as he sees Ally approaching.

ALLY
Have you been drinking? Are you fucked up right now?

Ally snatches the glass out of his hand, smells the gin... A loaded moment between them.

JACK
I've had a couple.

ALLY
It's the morning.

He looks out the window.

JACK
Yup.

She walks out, leaving him... Charlie the dog nuzzles against Jack.

JACK
Hey, buddy.
INT. JACK’S HOUSE - BATHROOM - LATER

Ally is now in the bath, a moment of respite, quietly sings “La Vie En Rose.” Jack enters, still drunk. He sits down on the bath’s edge --

     JACK
     You’ve been nominated for three
     Grammys and it’s fucking great.

     ALLY
     Thank you. How did you find that out?

     JACK
     Bobby told me. He called, he said
     that they want me to do some Roy
     Orbison tribute, some super group
     thing, but...

     ALLY
     That’s great.

     JACK
     But the point is you got nominated
     and it’s great. I’m just trying
     to figure it out, that’s all.

     ALLY
     What are you trying to figure out?
     ‘Why you come around with an
     ass like that?’

She looks at him dumbfounded...

     ALLY
     What are you... You singing my
     lyrics...

     JACK
     ‘Why you look so good in those
     jeans, why you come around with an
     ass like that...’

     ALLY
     Yeah, that’s my song.

     JACK
     Yeah, I know it’s your song, I have to fucking
     listen to it over and over and fucking...

Then --

(CONTINUED)
ALLY
You’re not making any sense.

Jack takes a drink.

ALLY
Yeah, just keep drinking. That’ll give you the answer.

JACK
I don’t know, maybe I just fucking failed you, it just kills me, I’m sorry, I just --

ALLY
You what?! You failed me?

JACK
Yeah, you’re embarrassing and it just -- You know, I feel bad for you.

ALLY
I’m embarrassing?

JACK
And I just... You know --

ALLY
I’m not fucking embarrassing, you’re embarrassing and you know what you’re doing? You’re so embarrassed of your fucking self that you gotta put me down.

JACK
You’re worried that you’re ugly -- and you’re not, I’m trying to tell you that -- so you need to get all this fucking approval by all these other people and it’s...

ALLY
I don’t need approval. I just... Why can’t I just be enough for you?

ALLY
You know what I’d like? Is for my boyfriend to love me.

JACK
No... (CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Then showing her wedding ring --

ALLY
Actually, for my husband to love me.

JACK
Yeah, who’s your fucking boyfriend? You have a boyfriend?

ALLY
(sarcastic)
Yeah, I got a boyfriend.

JACK
That hurts.

ALLY
Yeah, I have a boyfriend.

JACK
Call me your fucking boyfriend...

ALLY
You’re my boyfriend! You’re my boyfriend if you don’t treat me like your wife.

JACK
I don’t even know what that fucking means.

ALLY
It means clean your shit up. You’re fucking messy. That’s what it means.

JACK
Well, that’s not true.

ALLY
Oh, it isn’t?

He shakes his head.

ALLY
Well, let’s go. (grabbing his drink)
You want to be my drinking buddy? Want to practice?

JACK
I don’t think you could handle it.
ALLY
You don’t? I’ll just do it.

She takes a drink from his glass.

JACK
And you know why? ‘Cause you’re too worried what everybody else is thinking. You can’t even concentrate on one fucking thing... That’s right.

ALLY
(imitating his voice)
You don’t think I can handle it. Here we go. Here we go. Here we go, Jack, want me to be your dad, be your drinking buddy? Here we go...

ALLY
Why don’t you have another drink and we can just get fucking drunk until we fucking disappear, okay? Hey... do you got those pills in your pocket?

JACK
You're just fucking ugly, that's all.

ALLY
I'm what?

JACK
You're just fucking ugly.

ALLY
Get the fuck out!

He just stares at her.

ALLY
Get out!

He doesn’t move.

ALLY
I said get out!

She erupts out of the bath, splashing him to move.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

JACK

Fine.

Jack gets up and leaves. We STAY WITH her.

EXT. CONCERT VENUE - NIGHT

The crowd roars for an encore. We hear the ringing in Jack’s ear. Then, from out of the darkness, Jack returns to stage wearing his hat. He takes his guitar and sits down... looking out into the lights, the faceless crowd...

JACK

(over speakers)

Good evening.

He begins to play the guitar, the familiar beginnings of “Maybe It’s Time” and the crowd goes wild...

INT. DANCE REHEARSAL SPACE - DAY

LOUD MUSIC: QUINTESSENTIALLY ALLEY POP.

Ally in mid-dance with her dancers and Richie the choreographer. They’re hustling, she’s stepped up her game, and it’s fun to watch...

From the back, Jack waits on the side, watches her. She sees him. Doesn’t stop dancing. Keeps moving.

ALLY

(over speakers; singing)

‘Tryin’ to leave here,
But you won’t let me leave,
Sayin’ that if I care what they think I’ll never succeed.’

RICHY

Hold the music!

Music cuts -- Ally comes over to him. They don’t embrace...

JACK

That was great.

ALLY

What are you doing here?

(CONTINUED)
JACK
Something fell through, so I was able to come back a few days early.
(beat)
I think I might have said some things and... Just how I acted.

ALLY
You hurt me. You really hurt me.

JACK
Sorry.

They hug.

ALLY
You haven't been drinking.

JACK
What'd you say?

ALLY
I said you haven't been drinking. I can tell.

JACK
No, I haven't. No.

ALLY
I have to get back...

JACK
Oh, yeah. Sure. Can I watch?

ALLY
Yeah, okay. (then)
Meet me at home.

JACK
Or I can wait and drive you home.

ALLY
Just meet me at home.

INT. MUSIC AWARDS REHEARSAL SPACE - BACKSTAGE - DAY

Bobby and Jack silhouetted by the LIGHTING REHEARSAL behind them --

JACK
What do you mean, they don't want me to sing?

(CONTINUED)
A musician stands on the stage with a guitar, MARLON WILLIAMS, a young, up-and-coming musician, probably an image of what Jack once used to be...

BOBBY
They hired this fucking kid at the last minute. They didn't tell me a fucking thing.
(beat)
Look, we've been on that other side before. More than once.

Jack lets that sink in...

JACK
(sotto voce)
Yeah.

BOBBY
Truth is, I didn't deliver.

Jack looks up to his big brother. What’s there to say?

JACK
Well, it's a good thing I know how to play the guitar. It's fine, I'll do it.

Bobby studies Jack, “resigned” is not a word he’s come to define his brother by.

BOBBY
You're gonna do it?

JACK
Sure.

INT. MUSIC AWARDS REHEARSAL SPACE – STAGE – DAY

Jack straps his guitar on and soldiers on while Marlon sings:

MARLON WILLIAMS
(over speakers; singing)
'Pretty woman, I couldn't help but see, Pretty woman,'

JACK
(to techs)
Hey, where's the wedges? Can't fucking hear with the...
(MORE)
CONTINUED:  

    JACK (CONT'D)  
        (pointing)  
    Is the monitor here?  

Jack tries to tune his guitar to a large speaker. Close enough. Jack begins to accompany Marlon.  

SAME SCENE - LATER  

Rehearsal’s over. Jack takes off his guitar and starts to pack it into its case. Marlon comes over, a true fan.  

    MARLON WILLIAMS  
        But yeah, like I said, it's, it's a real, real honor. Cheers.  

    JACK  
        Yeah. Oh, honor's mine. Yeah, you're great. It'll be fun.  

    MARLON WILLIAMS  
        Yeah, hope so.  

    JACK  
        Yeah.  

JACK’S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM  

And we see Ally sitting in a high chair, a towel around her, being made up by THREE DIFFERENT PEOPLE swarming over her hair and makeup, people preparing her dress...  

Lorenzo and Wolfie come into the crowded room...  

    LORENZO  
        Who coulda been a crooner? Right? You remember what Paul said.  

    ALLY AND LORENZO  
        Paul Anka told me I had more natural talent...  

    ALLY  
        ... than Sinatra.  

    LORENZO  
        ... than Frank -- That's it! Direct...  

    ALLY  
        (interrupting) Direct quote!
JACK’S HOUSE – MUSIC ROOM

Jack sits alone dejectedly on the sofa.

WOLFIE (O.S.)
You know what Paul Anka actually said to him?

LORENZO (O.S.)
No, what did he say?

WOLFIE (O.S.)
(as if Paul Anka)
He said ‘Would you please pull the car over and let me out over here on the curb?’

JACK’S HOUSE – LIVING ROOM

Ally can’t help but laugh with Wolfie...

LORENZO
(laughing)
All right, but...
(looking at his tickets)
Oh, my God! Sweetheart. This is unreal... The Grammys.

Jack walks up from the hallway in a BEIGE SUIT --

JACK
Hey, look at everybody. How are you?

WOLFIE
LORENZO
Hey, Jack. Hey, there he is!

Jack offers a smile, then looks to Ally in the chair.

ALLY
How are you?
(kisses Jack)
Are you okay?

JACK
(leaning in)
What’s that?

ALLY
Are you okay? Are you okay?

JACK
Oh. Yeah, I’m great.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

ALLY
Are you sure?

JACK
Yeah, I'm great. They have me going in early, so I gotta go now and then...

JACK
But I made sure that they, they tell me where you're sitting, so that I can go right after.

ALLY
Okay.

JACK
'Cause I don't wanna miss the award. Because it's right, it's right before it.

ALLY
Okay.

JACK
Looks great.

Jack goes over and kisses Ally once more.

ALLY
(stuttering)
You just got that look on your face.

JACK
I do? Watch --
(swipes his face)
It's gone.

Now magically a smile. Then heads out --

LORENZO
(to Jack)
Gonna get to see you perform tonight, get to see you sing.
(calling after him)
Hey, Jack, that's, like, an incredible, um, collection of vinyl you have in there.

JACK
Take whatever you want. It's yours.

Jack walks out.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

LORENZO
Take whatever I want?

WOLFIE
He just said, ‘Take whatever you want.’

LORENZO
He's talking to the wrong guys.

INT. AWARDS SHOW - GREENROOM - NIGHT

Jack is in the packed greenroom, drinking as much and as quickly as he can... pops a couple of pills for good measure... and there’s a sense, despite where he is at, he's a man without a country...

INT. STAPLES CENTER - AWARDS STAGE - CONTINUOUS ACTION

WHERE WE SEE JACK, PART OF THE SUPERGROUP ON THE STAGE AT THE AWARDS, STANDING BY TO PLAY THEIR TRIBUTE TO ROY ORBISON... JACK, DESPITE BEING BRAVE, IT’S PAINFUL TO SEE HIM RELEGATED TO JUST PLAYING BACKUP... FORGOTTEN...

STAPLES CENTER - ORCHESTRA SEATING - CONTINUOUS ACTION

And we see Ally sitting in the audience, watching Jack along with everybody else in the audience.

Jack drops his pick and struggles to pick it up.

ALLY
(sotto voce)
Oh, God...

STAPLES CENTER - AWARDS STAGE - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Jack manages to right himself into position just as --

MARLON WILLIAMS
(over speakers; singing)
‘Pretty woman...’

As stoned as he is, Jack can still play the guitar.

ICONIC GUITAR RIFF TO “PRETTY WOMAN” --

But for a moment, he holds the note maybe just a tad too long... The performers freeze. Then he pulls it together and the song begins...

And as BRANDI CARLILE TAKES THE VOCALS AND CRUSHES IT --
STAPLES CENTER - ORCHESTRA SEATING - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Ally can see, along with everybody else, he is noticeably, trying as he might to do his best, just an afterthought.

STAPLES CENTER - AWARDS STAGE - MOMENTS LATER

The song has ended, the house lights up for commercial, however, no one told --

JACK
(slurring)
Oh, it's over? It's over?

A stage hand helps drag Jack off the stage.

STAPLES CENTER - ORCHESTRA SEATING - MOMENTS LATER

Back at Ally’s seat, she struggles to keep it together.

REZ
You good?

ALLY
(through watery eyes)
I'm fine.

We see Jack coming to his seat... people stopping him to extend their congratulations, which seem as hollow as a hollow victory... He comes to Ally and Rez sitting with her...

“BEST NEW ARTIST” lights up the stage as the PRESENTER takes the mic, making foolish small talk... and then announcing the nominees of Best New Artist...

MUSIC AWARD PRESENTER
(over speakers)
And the nominees are...

JACK
(slurring)
Right here?

Jack stumbles into the seat next to Ally.

MALE ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
(over speakers)

(CONTINUED)
ALLY
Hi, baby. Sit down, sit down, sit down. Hi, you okay?

JACK
(drunk and humiliated)
I was trying to go to the men's room... and they rushed me over here.

She takes his hand... His legs sprawled and way out into the aisle...

ALLY
Okay, put your legs inside.

JACK
(slurring)
I had to go to the bathroom.

ALLY
Put your legs inside.

REZ
They're announcing your fucking category. Keep him quiet.

ANOTHER ANGLE
They show the nominees, Ally among them... We see on the big screen the camera on her and Jack...

MUSIC AWARD PRESENTER
(over speakers)
And the winner is...

Fumbling with the envelope... opening the envelope...

JACK (O.S.)
(slurring)
You good? This is exciting.

MUSIC AWARD PRESENTER
(over speakers)
How great. Ally!

... And there is an explosion of joy... Rez first to embrace her...

JACK
(slurring)
All right. What happened?

ALLY
Baby! We won!

(CONTINUED)
Jack... he's incredibly happy for her, but not thinking clearly, he starts to walk with her to the stage...

**JACK**
(slurring)
Where are we going?

**ALLY**
Just stay right here.

He's made it halfway down the aisle... to the beginning of the stairs...

**ALLY**
Just stay right here.

And, without thinking, Jack continues to follow her until, realizing he's in the wrong place...

**ALLY**
Go sit back there. Go sit back there.

He stands, looking lost, watching her mouth move without hearing what she is saying. Then we’re WITH Jack as he decides to attempt to get out of sight by sitting on the stairs.

**JACK**
(slurring)
I'll stay here.

Ally at the podium, starting her acceptance speech.

**ALLY**
(into mic)
Oh, wow! Oh, my gosh! I can't believe I'm holding one of these. Thank you to Rez Gavron, my manager. Thank you for believing in me and telling me to get back from behind the piano and onto the stage.

**JACK**
(slurring)
Did you win? Did you just win? Oh. Did you just win?

Ally pauses in her speech. She just looks at him --
ALLY
(into mic)
Thank you to my, my, um... to Jack Maine, my husband.

JACK
Should I come up there?

And with every word that he mutters, the tension grows in the room. Jack stumbles up the stairs...

ALLY
(over speakers)
I love you so much. I always wanted to be a singer on a big stage and because of him, I am.

Jack's errant hobble and stupor manages to find Ally at the podium...

ALLY
We're having a lot of fun tonight.

Pointing to her on the big screen.

JACK
Yeah. Shit. Look.

She pulls him to her side. The awkwardness pervading the moment and, as she tries to regain her speech...

ALLY
(over speakers)
If I haven't thanked you yet, just...

Jack pulling for her attention to show her the large screen behind them...

ALLY
Did you see you're up there?

JACK
(then; over speakers)
I started out singing with this beautiful man and I'll sing with him for life.

ALLY
(pulling Jack back together)
Right, baby?

(Continued)
CONTINUED:

JACK
(slurring)
Oh, my God. You won. Yeah. That was good.

ALLY
(_into mic)_
I'm so blessed to be in the company of such wonderful musicians. This is a dream come true, and all I can say is, believe in yourself, and don't give up, because there is a spot on that stage for you. Good night.

Ally turns to look at him and, with that, the audience collectively gives a hushed “Oh, my God.” We see that Jack has wet himself...

JACK
(slurring)
Oh, shit. Oh, fuck. Oh, I think I need to... I need to go to bed. I think, I think I peed myself.

Ally takes control of the situation by pulling up her dress, hiding him from the humiliation...

ALLY
(whispering)
Baby, just turn a--

JACK
(slurring)                        ALLY
Baby, can, can you...
I think I just...

She tries to guide him off the dead silent stage, but --

THUMP! --

Jack collapses to the stage floor, HARD. The CREW runs to his aid as we --

CUT TO:

INT. JACK’S HOUSE – HALLWAY – LATE AT NIGHT

Suddenly, from the back of the hallway --

Lorenzo and Wolfie carry Jack under his arms, like a wounded football player being taken off the field, Ally not far behind...

(continued)
LORENZO
I think there's a bathroom down at the end...

ALLY
Just take him to the shower. Go to the left.

LORENZO      ALLY
Follow me, Wolf. Ally, you It's on the left, Dad. just go inside, okay?

LORENZO
I got it. Go inside!

ALLY
(yelling)
It's my job! It's my job!

Rez pulls her away and OUT OF SIGHT --

REZ (O.S.)
(to Ally)
They got him, they got him.

Lorenzo slams Jack up against the wall --

LORENZO
(exploding)
What the fuck is wrong with you?

WOLFIE
Get off!

They pull him into --

JACK'S HOUSE - BATHROOM

They hold Jack’s flaccid body up best they can as they come into the bathroom.

LORENZO
Damn it! Watch his fucking head.

Jack’s mumbles incoherent save his brother’s name.

JACK
(slurring)
Bobby'll take of it...

Lorenzo throws Jack into a shower and turns the water on full-blast. Ally rushes in and Wolfie and Lorenzo immediately leave them alone, shutting the door.

(CONTINUED)
Ally looks at Jack, completely a waste on the shower floor... the water pouring over him... despite still being in her gown, she kneels down beside him...

ALLY
You gotta sit up. I don't want you to choke, baby. Sit up!

JACK
(slurring)
All right, I, I must've taken too much.

She tries to take his soiled pants off, but he’s too heavy.

WOLFIE (O.S.)
(through the door)
You all right in there?

ALLY
(shouting)
I'm fine. He's fine.

As we SEE THE DOWNPOUR OF THE WATER ON THE SHOWER FLOOR --

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. REHAB CENTER - GROUP THERAPY AREA - DAY

OVER JACK’S SHOULDER until REVEALING --

MAN’S VOICE (O.S.)
So, everybody has their journal and we remember the homework assignment, the three things that I wanted you to write down.

CARL, the group therapist, stares Jack down as sits at one of many chairs circled up, GROUP THERAPY in mid-session...

CARL
Jack, hey.

JACK
Sorry. Sorry I'm late.

CARL
Can't be late, Jack.

JACK
Understood, sorry.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

CARL
Good, where's your journal?

JACK
It's in my room. Uh...

Jack starts to get up.

CARL
No, no, no, no. No. Sit down.
(to everyone)
So, it's all agreed. Nobody's ever late here, right? Okay. Good.
(to Jack)
Anything you wanna tell us?

JACK
Um... I'm grateful to... to be here, and, uh, trying to hold it together...
(a beat)
I'm Jack, I'm an alcoholic.

REHAB MEMBERS
Jack...

JACK
Drug addict.

INT. JACK’S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - MORNING

Lorenzo puts a plate in front of Ally. A full spread on the table.

He takes a deep breath. Ally sits there a moment, then senses something... Ally looks over to him... his body subtly shaking from a cry...

LORENZO
This is all my fault.

ALLY
You don't have that kind of power, Dad. Eat your food.

Lorenzo turns to her.

ALLY
How many times you carry my piano up the stairs? How many times did you sit there while I wrote a song?

(continues)
CONTINUED:

LORENZO
Always.

ALLY
It's okay. You didn't do anything. It's not your fault.

He reaches over and holds her hand. Father and daughter.

LORENZO
You're just the greatest person in the world.

EXT. REHAB CENTER - POOL - DAY

Jack swimming in a lane, stroke after stroke, pushing him further, faster. He comes out from below with a big breath...

CARL (V.O.)
(pre-lap)
How long have you been here now?

JACK (V.O.)
(pre-lap)
Two months.

EXT. REHAB CENTER - YARD - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Carl sits with Jack on a bench.

CARL
Can it be fixed?

JACK
Well, you would know that, don't you? Once it's gone, it's gone.

CARL
I don't know what you have.

JACK
Oh, the tinnitus, they say, once you...

CARL
Well, tinnitus can't be fixed.

JACK
Right. Well, I just hear that tone, that's all. You know, the tone, yeah. The ringing.

CARL
I have hearing aids on, as you --

(CONTINUED)
JACK
No, I know. That's why I asked you...

(beat)
You know, I'm convinced that... it happened when I was younger. My dad had a Victrola, you know, an old record player and... I used to, my head was just about the size of it when I was a kid and I used to love to just put my whole head in there. He was big into the blues, so... 'Cause you gotta figure, it was just me and him all day long. My brother's out there trying to make something of himself... So I took one of his belts. I put it around the ceiling fan and... tried to do the deed.

(beat)
The whole fucking fan came out of the ceiling.

Carl laughs uproariously. Jack joins in.

JACK
Had a big cut on my fucking forehead. I was more mad about that than it not working. And he didn't even notice. He didn't even fucking notice.

CARL
'Cause... 'cause he was drunk?

JACK
Yeah... That fucking fan stayed on the floor for about a half a year.

CARL
How old were you then?

JACK
I was just shy of thirteen.

INT. REHAB FACILITY - LOUNGE - DAY

Jack sees Ally walking down the corridor. She runs into his arms.

JACK
You smell good.
ALLY
You smell good. And you look
good, too.

SAME SCENE - MOMENTS LATER

Jack and Ally sitting across from each other at a table,
both looking out the window.

JACK
Swimming. I’ve been swimming.

ALLY
You’ve been swimming?

JACK
Yeah, there's a pool.

ALLY
I love that you're swimming.

JACK
Yeah.

ALLY
That's a great pool there.

JACK
How's Charlie?

ALLY
Oh, Charlie’s sweet. He just sort
of sits like, by the door like
this --

She leans over, resting her head and hands on the table.

ALLY
Waiting for Daddy.

She sits up, then.

ALLY
We’re both waiting for Daddy.

A beat...

JACK
What, three weeks?

ALLY
Yeah. You are gonna come back,
right?

(CONTINUED)
JACK
What do you mean?

ALLY
You’re going to come home when you’re done?

JACK
Do you not want me to?

ALLY
No, I want you to. I’m just wondering if -- I just...

JACK
Where else would I go?

ALLY
I don’t know, I guess I just thought -- You know, it’s like... There’s, Jack --

He leans in.

JACK
Why would -- Wait, wait, wait. Why would you say that?

ALLY
I don’t know, I guess I wondered without the booze, you know, if you would want to come home. ‘Cause when you met me you were drinking and now you’re not.

JACK
I wasn’t drunk the whole time we were together.

ALLY
I know, but... It got bad when we were together. It’s okay, I mean, it’s fine. I just was wondering, that’s all. Whatever you want is okay.

JACK
Whatever I want? I want to be with you. That’s why I’m here.

ALLY
Okay. I know, I know. I just want you to be happy.

(CONTINUED)
JACK
I’m working on that... I need to stick with you.

A beat...

ALLY
I brought something.

She goes into her bag.

ALLY
I wanna know what this is, my love.

She hands him her songbook. It has a folded piece of paper inside. He looks at it...

On the paper is scribbled:

“Don’t wanna feel another touch
Don’t wanna start another fire
Don’t wanna know another kiss
No other name fallin’ off my lips
Don’t wanna give my heart away
to another stranger
Don’t let another day begin
Won’t even let the sunlight in
-- I’ll never love again”

Reading it... Remembering it...

ALLY
You hiding love songs?

JACK
I don’t know, it sort of fell out of me, I guess, and onto this page. And I put it in here, and I thought... I thought maybe you’d find it when you, uh... when you came back to you, maybe.

ALLY
Well, I found it.

A beat... she puts the paper back into the songbook.

JACK
Listen... I’m... I’m sorry.

And he begins to cry.
ALLY
It’s okay. It’s okay, it’s not your fault.

JACK
(crying)
I’m sorry I did that.

ALLY
It’s okay. It’s not your fault. It’s a disease.

JACK
(crying)
No, but I embarrassed you. I embarrassed you.

ALLY
I’m not embarrassed of you.

JACK
(crying)
But it was so wrong. And then your dad.

ALLY
My father loves you, it’s okay.

JACK
(crying)
I know, but I...

ALLY
It’s okay.

JACK
(crying)
I know but...

ALLY
It’s okay.

And we go --

WIDE ANGLE

ALLY
It’s okay...

INT. JACK’S HOUSE - MUSIC ROOM
Rez with his arms folded, and Ally at the piano.

ALLY
I have figured out what I think is the best solution for both of us.
(MORE)
CONTINUED:  

ALLY (CONT'D)  
Jack should come out on tour with me.

Rez shakes his head in frustration --

ALLY  
We’ll start with our duets.  
I know he's gonna be able to play by himself.

REZ  
You realize that's not an option.

ALLY  
He's so inside of his art in a way he has never been.

REZ  
(exploding)  
Ally, there is no way that you can take Jack on tour with you!  
There's no way.

ALLY  
He can hear himself again.  
Do you understand what I'm saying?

Ally begins to play the piano.

ALLY  
You know what?  If you can't make that happen, then fucking cancel the tour.  I don't know what to tell you.

Rez storms off, slamming the door behind him.  Ally cries.

INT. BOBBY’S TRUCK (MOVING) - MAGIC HOUR

Bobby drives his TRUCK down a dirt road with Jack riding shotgun.  They’ve ridden like this across the country and back a lot over the years... A lot of hard miles on the odometer and between brothers... Bobby looks over to him, then back to the road... Jack just stares out the window, lost in thought.

BOBBY

I think if we had a better band name, we might've made it.  Or maybe it was because we looked like a father and son duo.  Not many of those around.

Jack laughs.

(CONTINUED)
JACK
I was not a good look for you, that's for sure.

BOBBY
Not my fault I couldn't find a better guitar player in the whole goddamn state.

They share a small laugh... Then, after a beat...

BOBBY
Where in the fuck is it?

JACK
(points)
Right here. Thanks for the ride.

They pull into Jack's driveway.

BOBBY
Sure thing, Jack.

Jack starts to get out of the truck, but stops short...

JACK
Hey, you know, uh... when I, um... When I said I would, you know, when I... took your voice, you know. It's you I idolized. It wasn't Dad.

And with that Jack, shuts the door. Bobby takes that in... then drives off. Jack watching him go.

INT. JACK'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jack walks into the house, taking it all in. Altogether familiar and somehow foreign, like riding in the backseat of your own car. Little things are different, the furniture has been rearranged slightly... A "La Vie En Rose" neon sign is off...

He goes over to it. Turns it on, realizing this new addition their home.

Then Charlie runs up to Jack, a "welcome home" bow tied around his collar...

JACK
Hey, Charlie...

(CONTINUED)
He looks up and there’s Ally. She gives a warm smile and, walking up to him, they embrace. A long hug, long overdue.

EXT. JACK’S HOUSE - TREES - MORNING

Jack plays with Charlie, chasing him through the trees. Charlie makes a turn and now chases Jack. They fall to the ground together.

Jack picks him up and carries him into --

INT. JACK’S HOUSE - THE PIANO ROOM - CONTINUOUS ACTION

The light streaming in... Ally is at the piano... She holds up a piece of paper. He comes over to her and she hands it to him --

ALLY
I wanna know how you hear this.

It’s the song he wrote that she brought to rehab.

JACK
That sounded unbelievable, what you were playing.

ALLY
Thank you.

JACK
It’s nice to hear it. I only heard it in my mind for so many weeks...

ALLY
The words are beautiful.

He sits down at the piano. He looks at it. And after a moment’s hesitation...

JACK
You want me to do that? Oh, God, I don’t know.
(beat)
I knew you were gonna ask me.

ALLY
Mm-hmm.

Jack puts the paper on the piano music shelf. He starts to play.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

It’s familiar because we’ve heard it before. And just before you might think he’s about to sing we --

CUT TO:

INT. JACK’S HOUSE – BATHROOM – DAY

Jack in the shower. He gives himself one last rinse and then shuts off the water. He starts to wipe off the excess water off his body.

INT. JACK’S HOUSE – BACK ROOM – MOMENTS LATER

Jack walks to the door in jeans.

INT. JACK’S HOUSE – FRONT DOOR – CONTINUOUS ACTION

Rez is standing outside the glass door as he watches Jack walk up, zipping up his pants.

REZ
(sotto voce)
Back from the dead.

JACK
(opening the door)
Hey, sorry. Were you waiting long?

REZ
Hey, Jack. No, no.

JACK
Uh, Ally's not home, uh...

REZ
No, I told her I'd meet her here, if that's okay. Yeah.

JACK
Of course, yeah.

Rez hesitates, but then they walk in together.

INT. JACK’S HOUSE – KITCHEN – LATER

Jack comes into the room finding Rez on the couch. He sits opposite of him. Jack has a sparkling water in a glass with three ice cubes and a lime, and offering one to Rez --

(CONTINUED)
JACK
Here you go. Hey, thanks for taking care of my girl when I was gone.

REZ
Anything for her.

JACK
She told me about that European leg. That's a hell of an accomplishment this soon out of the gate. Shit, I remember it was, like, uh, ten years before I ever went across the pond.

REZ
It was summer, two-thousand-four.

JACK
Shit, was it?

Rez sits on the coffee table, gets in Jack's space, he wants him to hear this.

REZ
We're not exactly friends here. While you've been away, we've been back here in serious triage, trying to clean up your fucking mess. Barely finding our way through it.

Jack doesn't even know what to say.

REZ
You almost single-handedly derailed her whole career. You understand that? She's never gonna say this to you. She loves you too much. Just by staying married to you, she looks like a joke. It's embarrassing.

Rez motions to Jack's drink.

REZ
Let's be honest, we both know it's only a matter of time before that's pushed aside again for the real thing. And when that happens, I don't want her anywhere near you.

OFF Jack --
INT. JACK’S HOUSE - BEDROOM

Jack’s on the bed staring out. Not doing anything, he’s just being.

ALLY (O.S.)
Jack?

Ally comes through the door and, finding him, she lies atop him, rests her head against his shoulder, looking at him. He doesn’t say anything, just looks at her with a warm smile.

ALLY
Hey. I have some good news.

JACK
Yeah?

ALLY
I’m not gonna go to Europe. We’re gonna cancel the rest of the tour, and I’m just gonna be here all summer. Isn’t that great?

JACK
What happened?

ALLY
Nothing happened. The label just loves the record, and it’s doing so well, and they wanna keep with the momentum and have me make another one. Rez is super psyched, so it’ll be great.

Jack takes that in...

ALLY
So, tonight’s gonna be my last show. Going out with a bang at the Forum.

JACK
Great.

ALLY
Yeah. Why don’t you come with me? We can sing ‘Shallow’ together. The fans will go crazy to see you.

(beat)
Come on, cowboy.

He caresses her hair.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

JACK
Yeah, why not? Okay.

ALLY
Yeah? Okay, good. I'll have a car come get you.

They kiss, but it’s missing something. Maybe she catches it, but they pull apart...

JACK
I'll go meet you there.

Unsure of what to say --

ALLY
I'll see you soon, okay?

She stands and starts to walk off --

JACK
Hey.

She turns to him.

ALLY
What?

JACK
I just wanted to take another look at you.

Ally slides her finger down her nose just the way she did the night they met. And with a smile --

ALLY
Bye, honey.

JACK
Bye.

OFF Jack --

INT. JACK’S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jack cooks a steak on a cast iron skillet. He sets it on a plate, then sets down the steak on the floor for Charlie...

JACK

Charlie goes after it ravenously... Jack walks out the glass door, leaving Charlie...
EXT. JACK'S HOUSE - GARAGE - LATER

Jack is in his truck. He sits as it idles, presumably warming it up. Then, after a beat, he backs out of the driveway, but then --

Stops. Cuts the engine. Sits and waits. We can’t see what he’s doing, but he shifts around in his seat for a moment, almost as if pulling something from his pocket...

INSIDE THE PICKUP

Jack fumbles with a bottle of pills in the glove compartment.

INT. THE FORUM - BACK STAGE - NIGHT

The sound deafening... Ally prays in a circle with her crew.

ALLY
(praying)
Thank You so much for bringing us all here together. Please look over all of the dancers tonight and the band. And my husband, Jackson. We're so excited for him to be here with us.

The Forum crowd cheers.

ALLY
(to her crew)
We got a big night. We're at the Forum. L.A. Let's do this.

EXT. JACK'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - LATER

Jack’s pickup is parked. Then he gets out.

HOLD OUR POSITION BY THE TRUCK --

Jack walks back into the garage...

He has his belt in his hand. He gently sets his cowboy hat on a file cabinet.

He turns TO us and, in pulling down the GARAGE DOOR, we get a glimpse of the ceiling fan slowing its spin...

The door closes...
INT. FORUM - LATER

And as Ally’s BAND plays out the last few bars, her voice holds the final note. Long and steady, the audience exhilarated to see how long she can hold it — which is very long.

A beat. A breath.

The audience on their feet, already wanting an encore...

Eruption of a CROWD going crazy as Ally, breathless, comes UPSTAGE RIGHT down their staircase into the bowels below the stage.

Rez is waiting —

ALLY

Is he here?

REZ

He's not here.

ALLY

He's not here?

She gulps from a water bottle while the stylists change her costume, Rez in tow.

REZ

We have to do ‘Shallow’ regardless, okay? The guitar's up there. Everything's gonna remain the same, okay?

ALLY

What?

REZ

The guitar's up there. Everything's gonna remain the same. Both verses. I'm sure it was just a bit much for him, that's all.

ALLY

Will you send somebody to the house, please.

REZ

I'm doing it right now.

ALLY

I have fifteen seconds.

(CONTINUED)
Ally turns and walks back up the stairs and out into the thrash of people --

The audience applause morphing into a chant.

The band plays a familiar intro -- the first few chords of “Shallow”... The audience catches it, they erupt in tandem with the band coming in full force --

This is a whole new version of Jack and Ally’s song. This song has evolved much like the performer at center stage.

Tell me something, boy...

INT. FORUM - STAGE - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Ally plays and sings by herself at a piano on a platform in the middle of the arena along with Jack’s guitar on its stand --

Ally launches into the CHORUS with the same power we heard echoing through the street their first night...

ALLY
(over speakers; singing)
‘In the sha-ha-sha-ha-low,
In the sha-ha-sha-la-la-la-low,
In the sha-ha-sha-ha-ha-low,
We’re far from the shallow now,
Ooo ouo oooo haaaa.’
(into mic)
Give it up for my husband, Jackson.

And as the SONG ends, breathing heavy --

EXT. JACK’S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Charlie is at the garage door, back and forth trying to get in, barking. Something’s wrong...

EXT. JACK’S HOUSE - LATER

Red and blue lights flash. Inside through the glass doors it seems Jack has left the “La Vie En Rose” neon light on.

DISSOLVE TO:
INT. JACK’S HOUSE - MUSIC ROOM - MORNING

Ally at the piano, alone, broken. Bathed in the red light of the “La Vie En Rose” neon sign. She plays a few melancholy chords, a song we’ve only begun to hear...

EXT. JACK’S HOUSE - GRAND WINDOW - DAY

LOOKING IN. Ally looking out. The garage in the distance... Her roots have grown out, showing the natural brunette, the markings of the Ally we met at the beginning of the movie... Her eyes transfixed on the vista below.

INT. JACK’S HOUSE - HALLWAY/Bedroom - MOMENTS LATER

Ramon sits with Ally in the window seat. Rubs her back.

   RAMON
   I can stay, if you want.

INT. JACK’S HOUSE - HALLWAY - LATER

Ally stares at JACK’S TOUR POSTERS. Something building inside her. And then, she snaps --

   CRASH!

She begins smashing them, glass flying in a rampage.

SAME SCENE - LATER

Ally sits cradling Jack’s guitar amongst everything broken and smashed...

INT. JACK’S HOUSE - MUSIC ROOM - DAY

Bobby sits next to Ally, equally broken, feeling the very same thing, quiet. He doesn’t move, although it feels like they need to hold each other.

   BOBBY
   Some kid started singing one of his songs in a bar I was in the other night... They’re playing his songs everywhere.

He thinks about it...

(Continued)
BOBBY
At first I got angry. I don't know why. I guess I felt like... how can any of these people feel like they knew him? Who he really was.

(beat)
But then something changed. And it soothed me. That, well, it wasn't all for fucking nothing.

She looks at him.

ALLY
(sobbing)
The last thing I did was lie to him.

BOBBY
Listen to me. It isn't your fault. It just isn't. You know whose fault it was? Jack. That's it. No one else. Not you, not me. No one but Jack.

ALLY
(crying)
I just keep going over and over it, over it in my head.

After some moments...

BOBBY
Jack talked about how music is essentially twelve notes between any octave. Twelve notes and the octave repeats. It's the same story. Told over and over. Forever. All any artist can offer the world is how they see those twelve notes. That's it.

Ally looks at him, hearing him.

INT. THE SHRINE - NIGHT
Packed with people seated in this huge theater.

BOBBY (V.O.)
(post-lap)
He loved how you see them. He just kept saying, 'I love how she sees 'em, Bobby.'
A SILHOUETTE OF A WOMAN, her head down in the wings. Her hands clasping each other -- Much in the same way she would hold Jack’s hand. And it is Ally.

And we’re --

WALKING now WITH Ally... She’s in a DRESS, heading into a proscenium larger than we have ever seen. The lights find her...

WE GO --

WIDE ANGLE

The crowd embraces her, “We love you Ally,” and encouragement from all over... She puts her head down... We see she’s a brunette. No makeup.

ALLY
(whispering; into the microphone)
Hello, I'm Ally Maine. Thank you for being here tonight to honor my husband.

The crowd adoring her, accepting her at her most vulnerable...

ALLY
(whispering; into the microphone)
He wrote a song for me. I'd like to sing it for him tonight. And with your help, maybe I can. Thank you. Really. Thank you.

And with that, she begins to sing an original song, “I’ll Never Love Again.” We SLOWLY PUSH IN -- The audience a distant sound, their encouragement, their belief...

ALLY
(singing)
‘Wish I could, I could have said goodbye, I would have said what I wanted to, Maybe even cried for you, If I knew it would be the last time, I would have broke my heart in two, Tryin’ to save a part of you, Don't want to feel another touch, Don't want to start another fire, (MORE)
CONTINUED:

ALLY (CONT'D)

Don't want to know another kiss,
No other name falling off my lips,
Don't want to give my heart away,
To another stranger...'

We see GLIMPSES of their times together performing on stage when they were just beginning their relationship.

ALLY

'Or let another day begin,
Won't even let the sunlight in,
No, I'll never love again,
I'll never love again,
Oooouuu ooo oou,
Oh,
When we first met,
I never thought that I would fall,
I never thought that I'd find
myself lyin' in your arms,
Mmmm mmmm,
And I wanna pretend that it's not
true,
Oh, baby, that you're gone...'

We see GLIMPSES of Ally and Jack in bed with the glow of the “La Vie En Rose” neon sign. She runs her finger down his profile, they laugh together.

ALLY

'Cause my world keeps turnin' and
turnin' and turnin' and I'm not
movin’ on,
Don't want to feel another touch,
Don't want to start another fire,
Don't want to know another kiss,
No other name falling off my lips,
Don't want to give my heart away,
To another stranger,
Or let another day begin,
Won't even let the sunlight in,
No, I'll never love,
I don't wanna know this feeling
unless it's you and me,
I don't wanna waste a moment,
Hoooo ouuu,
And I don't wanna give somebody
else the better part of me,
I would rather wait for you,
Hoooo ouuu,
Don't want to feel another touch,
Don't want to start another fire,
Don't want to know another kiss,
Baby, unless they are your lips.'
FLASHBACK - INT. JACK'S HOUSE - SUN ROOM - DAY

Jack at the piano, Ally watching him play.

JACK

(singing)
'Don't want to give my heart away
to another stranger,
Don't let another day begin,
Won't let the sunlight in,
Oh, I'll never love again.'

She gets up and walks up from behind, placing her arms around him, holding him. Their heads touch and let the final chord slowly ring out.

CUT BACK TO:

THE SHRINE (PRESENT)

Ally looks up and then straight TOWARDS us, the audience... and a star is born.

FADE OUT.

THE END