

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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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...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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)

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)

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
I'm ready.

SOOKI
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)

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)

CONTINUED:

ALLY

What are you doing 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)

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)

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)

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)

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)

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)

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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)

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)
Jackson Maine.

ALLY

I'm gonna wake up in a minute.

JACK

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.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK (CONT'D)

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)

CONTINUED:

<p>OFFICER DAVE Okay, that's enough, Tommy. Jack, I'm sorry.</p>	<p>TOMMY (to his buddy) Dave, take a picture...</p>
--	---

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)

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)

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)

CONTINUED:

WOLFIE
It's not my birthday.

ALLY
(to Lorenzo)
What do you mean?

LORENZO
No, I was just saying, like...

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

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

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

Ally immediately begins cleaning.

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

WOLFIE
It's not breakfast time in Japan.

Wolfie laughs... A toilet flushes O.S. and LITTLE FEET
has appeared to the group.

MATTY
They're loading!

LITTLE FEET
Renzo, we're going. Come on!

WOLFIE
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.

ALLY
You guys are crazy.

WOLFIE
Have a sizable investment on this
thing here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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)

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)

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)

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)

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)

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)

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)

CONTINUED:

JACK (CONT'D)

*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

(into 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.

ALLY

How are you? That was so good.

JACK

So, listen, we're gonna sing that song, all right? I did an arrangement, it was kind of not so great. But... maybe you could just stick with it.

ALLY

(stammering)

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...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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)

CONTINUED:

JACK (CONT'D)

*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)

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.

CROWD MEMBER

Jackson, I love you, man.

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

BOBBY

Hey, Jack. Killed it.

JACK

Really?

BOBBY

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)

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)

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)

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.)
 (into 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.)
 (into 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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)

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,*

(MORE)

(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
damn 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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)

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)

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)

CONTINUED:

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)

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)

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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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
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)

CONTINUED:

JACK

Well, that's just temporary.

NOODLES

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

PAULETTE

Good idea! We've got two
witnesses.

NOODLES

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

I mean...

ALLY

(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

What do you mean?

JACK

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.

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)

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)

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
 (her 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)

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)

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 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

I'm kind of...

REZ

(re: Photographer)
He's amazing. Isn't he?

The monitor in front of her shows the set of LAST SHOTS...

ALLY

What do you think?

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?

JACK

'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...

ALLY

What about my song?

Then --

(CONTINUED)

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

I just have to tell you, I have to be honest with you, you know?

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.

JACK

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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...

JACK

Yeah, you couldn't be my dad if you fucking tried. He had more talent in his fucking finger than your whole fucking body, so don't even fucking go there about that, alright? That's over the fucking line.

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 ALLY 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)

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)

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)

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
Hey, Jack.

LORENZO
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)
Brandi Carlile. Shea Jett.
Desiree. Ally. Johnson Wayne.

(CONTINUED)

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)

CONTINUED:

JACK (slurring) Is that why everybody's...
 ALLY Yep, that's right!

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 --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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...

JACK

Did you see you're up there?

ALLY

(placating)
Yeah, I do.
(then; over speakers)
I started out singing with this
beautiful man and I'll sing with
him for life.
(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)
I think I just...

ALLY

Baby, can, can you...

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)

CONTINUED:

LORENZO

I think there's a bathroom down at
the end...

ALLY

Just take him to the shower. Go
to the left.

LORENZO

Follow me, Wolf. Ally, you
just go inside, okay?

ALLY

It's on the left, Dad.

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)

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?

(CONTINUED)

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)

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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)

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)

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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)

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.

REZ

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)

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)

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)

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
Come here, Charlie. Come here.

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)

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)

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.'

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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)

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 ooou ouu,
Oh,
When we first met,
I never thought that I would fall,
I never thought that I'd find
myself lyin' in your arms,
Mmmmm mmmmm,
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.'*

HARD CUT TO:

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

THIS SCRIPT WAS PREPARED
BY WARNER BROS. PICTURES
SCRIPT PROCESSING DEPARTMENT
(818) 954-4632

