

THE REMNANTS

(Pilot)

Track One: "All Roads Lead To This"

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. LOS ANGELES FORUM - DUSK

JULY 20, 2005

The sun is setting.

There is a large digital MARQUEE SIGN that reads THE FORUM and under that TONIGHT - THE REMNANTS.

It's complete chaos. Lots of cars scramble to find parking. Tons of people walking towards THE FABULOUS FORUM. It's a mess. We see TICKET SCALPERS trying to find buyers and guys trying to sell Remnants T-SHIRTS.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

A bright-eyed, 15 year-old MATT PETERSON is riding shotgun in his mother's car. A LAYNARD dangles from his neck it reads REMANTS ALL ACCESS. He's chomping at the bit to get out.

MATT

This is awesome!

Matt's mother, ELLEN PETERSON, a woman in her late 40s is at the wheel, she seems flustered.

ELLEN

This is crazy!

Ellen hits the BRAKES as some MORON walks right in front her car.

MORON

Watch it, lady!

Ellen looks at Matt and shakes her head.

ELLEN

You think this is awesome? I'm having second thoughts of letting you go to this. These people are animals.

MATT

Mom, I'll be fine. You can let me out here.

Matt starts to get out.

ELLEN

Get in this car mister! Let me at least get you to the corner.

Matt closes the door and Ellen pulls the car up and over.

MATT

Cool, thanks, bye mom!

Matt pops the door open and gets out.

ELLEN

Wait!

Matt turns back.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

Are you forgetting some thing?

Ellen is holding a REMNANTS ALBUM. Matt reaches in and grabs it.

MATT

Thanks.

Ellen won't let it go. She turns her CHEEK towards him.

ELLEN

And?

Matt rolls his eyes, leans in and kisses her on the cheek. She lets the album go.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

Remember I'll be out here at eleven o'clock. Don't talk to any strange people.

MATT

C'mon Mom!

He pulls back quick, closes the door and runs off.

ELLEN

I love you...

Ellen fixes her eyes on Matt with concern. A LOUD HORN snaps her back to reality.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

Hold your damn horses!

She waves her hands then drives off.

INT. LOS ANGELES FORUM - GREEN ROOM - NIGHT

A group of VARIOUS PEOPLE are huddled about in a small room as rock music permeates through the walls. We surf through and see two men sitting at a table drinking beers, a few women are trying way too hard to look younger than they are dressed in skin tight dresses that reveal way more than needs to be seen. There are also several other wannabe rockers posing and trying way too hard to be cool. Amongst all of this is a nervous Matt who sits crushed at the end of a couch with a Remnants Album clutched to his chest. He definitely doesn't seem to belong to this crowd.

A BLONDE WOMAN is walking around... an unlit cigarette dangles in her hand. She stumbles up to Matt.

BLONDE WOMAN

Does anyone have a light? Kid, do you have a light?

MATT

I don't think you can smoke in here.

BLONDE WOMAN

Well, I don't think you're old enough to be in here? So what do you think of that?

A FAT GUY squishes Matt to the corner of the couch then chimes in.

FAT GUY

He's right you can't smoke in here honey.

He points to a sign on the wall "NO SMOKING." She looks at it and shakes her head in disgust and moves on.

BLONDE WOMAN

What ever... Does anyone have a light.

FAT GUY

That chick is wasted just ignore her. She also could lose a few pounds. You know what I mean?

He laughs and pats Matt on the back with a heavy hand that nearly knocks him off the couch.

MATT

Yeah, thanks.

Just then the door to the room bursts open. In walks ERIC HAMMOND, his hair slicked back wearing a black jacket, black Tee and jeans.

ERIC

Hey everyone. I'm Eric Hammond the Remnants Band Manager. I just want to say congrats to all of you that won the radio contest. In a few seconds I'm going to take you over to meet the band and they're very excited. I just want to go over some rules before I do. The first thing is the guys have a show to do in five minutes so please there are a bunch of you here don't hog up all the time with them. Also, when it comes to Cole, he will not be available for the meet and greet.

A large GROAN goes through the crowd. They are not happy.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Hey, hey, hey but Jake, Jesse and Tommy are all looking forward to it.

CROWD

What the fuck? That's bullshit.

Matt sighs. He's not happy.

ERIC

So make sure you have your lanyards on and follow me. Remember they only have five minutes.

The Fat Guy looks at Matt.

FAT GUY

That really blows.

MATT

Tell me about it.

Like the Pied Piper Eric leads the group out of the room into a narrow, dark hallway. Matt brings up the rear.

INT. LOS ANGELES FORUM BACKSTAGE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

It's really dark, in the hall. There are a lot of SECURITY GUARDS and ROADIES moving about through the maze like hallway. The Fat Guy stumbles a little.

ERIC
Watch your step people.

MATT
You okay?

FAT GUY
Yeah, man.

Music can be heard as they make their way.

MATT
Who's the opening band?

FAT GUY
I think they're called The Killers.
They probably suck. All opening
bands suck. You know?

The Killer's song "SOMEBODY TOLD ME" can be heard as they move down a set of stairs. You can see the crowd mulling about getting their seats. The place is packed. As they get to the DRESSING ROOM, two SMOKING HOT BABES dressed in lycra dresses come stumbling out of the room walking right past the group and MATT. His eyes nearly pop out of his skull.

ERIC
Okay, hold up everyone.

SMOKING HOT BABES
Hi Eric.

One of the girls rubs Eric's chest as she walks by.

FAT GUY
Now that's the way those dresses
should look, wow!

Eric pops into the room and then pops back out.

ERIC
Alright everybody. Have fun.

INT. LOS ANGELES FORUM DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Everyone slowly filters into the dressing room. It's a little chaotic, various people connected to the band mill about.

Standing with a beer in his hands is JAKE SUTTER, tall, slender and charismatic he focuses in on everyone and raises his beer.

JAKE

How are you all doing tonight?

The group sort of just stops and mumbles back.

GROUP

Great man - Awesome - Thanks for having us.

JAKE

I'd offer you all a beer, but Tommy here drank most of them.

Sitting in a chair is TOMMY VALLONE, he seems to be having an in-depth conversation with a pretty blonde. He stops, gets up and walks over to everyone and starts shaking hands.

TOMMY

I think we know who drank all the beers don't we Jake. Hey, nice to meet you all.

While everyone is fixated on Tommy and Jake. Matt's eyes scan the room as if he's looking for someone. In walks JESSE VASQUEZ from a room in the back. The fat guy hits Matt with his heavy hand.

FAT GUY

Here comes Jesse this is awesome!

JESSE

Hey, nobody told me there was a party going on.

Matt's eyes look toward the room that Jesse just walked out of. The door is ajar and LIGHT filters out of it. Jesse walks up to Matt and extends his hand.

JESSE (CONT'D)

Hey man, I'm Jesse.

MATT

I'm - I'm - um - ah Matt Peterson.

JESSE

What do you have there Matt Peterson?

Matt looks down in his hands at the REMNANTS ALBUM. Matt shows it to him. Jesse takes it out of his hand.

JESSE (CONT'D)

Wow, our first record on Vinyl.
That's pretty cool. I don't see
many of these anymore. You want me
to sign this for you?

MATT

That would be awesome, thanks.

Matt hands Jesse a marker. Jesse signs it and hands it back.

JESSE

Enjoy the show tonight.

MATT

Thanks, I will.

Jesse walks off and is immediately swarmed by the others.
Matt looks down at the album and then back to the door, and
back to the group. The Blonde walks up to Jake with the
unlit cigarette still in her hand.

BLONDE WOMAN

You got a light, Jake?

JAKE

Sorry baby, no smoking back here.
You want me to sign anything for
you?

The blonde moves in close to Jake and pulls the front of her
dress open revealing an over-inflated SIZE DOUBLE D BREAST.

BLONDE WOMAN

How about this?

Jake pulls out two markers.

JAKE

You want it in red or black?

The blonde smiles.

BLONDE WOMAN

It doesn't matter. I just want you
close to my heart.

Matt looks around. He is by himself. He looks to the back
room, then back to the group, takes a breath and goes for it.

INT. LOS ANGELES FORUM PRIVATE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Staring into a lighted mirror is a shirtless COLE SUTTER, his blue eyes showing no emotion, he is motionless like a statue. In the mirror, we can see Matt in the background. Several seconds pass til..

COLE
You don't realize that I can see
you back there do you?

Matt panics, turns to go and drops the album onto the floor.

MATT
I'm sorry. I'm getting out of
here.

He picks up the album.

COLE
Are you one of the contest winners?

MATT
(Nervous as Hell)
Yeah, and Mr. Hammond said that you
didn't want to be disturbed. I'm
sorry.

Cole turns from the mirror and looks at Matt.

COLE
Screw what he says. Come here.

Matt is still unsure.

COLE (CONT'D)
Look, I'm not going to bite. Come
here or get out. It's your choice.

Matt walks over quickly.

COLE (CONT'D)
What's your name?

MATT
I'm Matt, Matt Peterson.

Cole puts out his hand and Matt with fingers shaking accepts it.

COLE
How old are you Matt?

MATT

Fifteen.

COLE

That's the age I started up with the Remnants.

MATT

I know back in 1990 in Tommy's garage.

COLE

That's right. You must be a big fan?

MATT

You guys are the greatest. I have been a fan since day one. I got all my friends listening to you guys. To me you guys are better than U2, Nirvana, Pearl Jam or any band for that matter.

COLE

I have to agree with you, but those bands aren't too bad. Do you play?

MATT

Yeah, a little guitar, but I'm not very good. I'm more of a writer.

COLE

You write songs?

MATT

No, I like writing about bands and music. I do an article for my school newspaper.

COLE

That's actually pretty cool. You're much better off being on that side instead of this one. I can tell you that. This business isn't all what you think it is.

Matt is about to say something when Eric comes BURSTING through the door.

ERIC

Hey, we are just about done out here... What the fuck are you doing in here?

Eric sees Matt standing there.

MATT

I'm sorry.

Matt is scared.

ERIC

I told you the rules you little prick! Get your ass out of here before I throw you out!

COLE

Eric, chill, man. The kid's cool. I told him it was okay.

ERIC

But...

COLE

I'll be ready to go. Just make sure Jake is good. I don't need him having another episode out there like the other night.

ERIC

All right.

Eric looks at Matt and wags his finger at him.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Sneaky little prick.

He then exits the room.

COLE

Don't worry about him. His bark is worse than his bite.

Cole sees the album and picks it up. He looks at it longingly. A half smile on his face.

COLE (CONT'D)

Who signed this? Jesse? What did he write this in Spanish? It's a damn good thing he can play bass or he'd probably be working in a Taco Bell.

Matt chuckles.

COLE (CONT'D)

You got a pen?

Matt reaches into his pocket, pulls out his marker and hands it to Cole. Cole looks into the mirror for a moment, then down at the album. He starts to write, after a few seconds he stops and hands the marker back to Cole.

COLE (CONT'D)

So, are you going to ask me a question? I know you didn't sneak your ass in here just to get an autograph?

MATT

Really?

COLE

C'mon man, I have a show to do.

Matt looks hard at Cole his WHEELS turning.

MATT

Ok, um... If you had to choose any song as the last song you would ever perform what would it be?

Cole looks at Matt, his EXPRESSION changes. He takes a beat before answering. His voice takes on a DEFINITIVE TONE.

COLE

"Hallelujah." There's no better way to go out.

MATT

Wow, that is a great song, but why not a Remnants song?

COLE

That's another question Matt. I only gave you one.

MATT

But...

COLE

Maybe one day we'll sit down and you can interview me for real. I'll tell you everything you want to know, deal?

Cole extends his hand and Matt SHAKES it.

MATT

Deal! None of my friends are going to believe this. Thank you so much.

Matt turns to go, but Cole's voice brings him back.

COLE

You forgot something. Your proof for all those non-believers.

Cole is holding the Remnants Album. Matt takes it from him.

COLE (CONT'D)

Now get your ass out of here. I have a show to do.

Matt smiles.

MATT

Thanks so much Cole.

Matt scurries out of the room. Cole turns back into the mirror and just stares, we hear the crowd getting louder and louder. He reaches for a shot glass filled with TEQUILA, slams it back, then slams it to the table.

SLAM CUT TO:

INT. MAIN STAGE AT THE FORUM - LATER

Jake is WAILING on the GUITAR. A rivulet of sweat trickles down his forehead. Jesse is off to his left keeping the tempo going on the BASS. Tommy is in the back, banging the SKINS hard. On the side of the stage is Cole standing holding a MIC. He kneels down to one knee and looks across the audience all standing on their feet. The CHORUS kicks in and he starts to sing.

COLE

There's no looking back/ No looking back/ No looking back.

We see the CROWD just going NUTS. They are all singing along with him. He stands up and walks to the center of stage.

COLE (CONT'D)

No matter how far we've come/ How far we've gone/ How we went wrong/ There's just no looking back/ No looking back.

Matt is off to the side of the stage. He is singing along with Cole. His eyes are closed. The song comes to a ROCKING CRESCENDO.

COLE (CONT'D)
There's no looking back...

Jake walks up next to Cole hits the last few chords. Jesse does the same and Tommy brings it home with the final beat.

Tommy walks over to the guys. They all wave to the crowd. Jake flips his GUITAR PICK into the crowd. They walk off stage right past Matt.

The Crowd isn't going anywhere. Standing and cheering wanting another ENCORE. Cole stops, but the others keep going back to the dressing room. Cole looks into the crowd from backstage. He takes a breath then walks back out onto it and up to the Mic. The Crowd goes BONKERS.

COLE (CONT'D)
I hope you all had a great time
tonight. I know, I did.

Tommy and Eric come walking back, Jesse trailing behind. They stop in front of Matt.

JAKE
What's he fucking doing? We didn't
talk about another song. Let's go.

Tommy puts his hand out and STOPS Jake from proceeding.

TOMMY
I don't think he wants us out
there.

Jake stops and the three men just watch.

COLE
I want to leave you all with one
last song. It really means a lot
to me. I'm going to do this
without any instruments so bear
with me. A cappella as they say.

The crowd SCREAMS for Cole!

CROWD
We love you Cole!

COLE
I love you too.

He breaks into "HALLELUJAH."

COLE (CONT'D)

I've heard there was a secret
chord/ that David played and it
pleased the Lord/ but you don't
really care for music, do you/ It
goes like this/ the fourth, the
fifth/ the minor fall, the major
lift. The baffled king composing
Hallelujah...

Matt looks lost. The crowd is silent. You can hear a pin
drop. Everyone has their cell phones open and are waving
them. It's like a moving blanket of lights.

MATT

(to himself)
This is wrong...This doesn't make
sense.

Jake isn't happy. He throws his hands up.

JAKE

Really? Whatever? I'm going to
get a beer. Little brother wants
to go solo tonight. I don't care.

Jake walks off, but Tommy and Jesse stay. Cole is really
putting everything he has into the song. It sounds AMAZING.

COLE

It's not a cry you hear at night/
It's not somebody who's seen the
light/ It's a cold and it's a
broken hallelujah.

Cole looks toward Matt. Their EYES lock for a moment.

COLE (CONT'D)

Hallelujah/ Hallelujah....

Cole utters the last words, closes his eyes, tilts his head
back and the crowd ERUPTS.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PETERSON HOME MATT'S BEDROOM - MORNING

We focus in on a REMNANTS POSTER and slowly reveal a teen
boy's bedroom. We see Matt wrapped up in blanket, sound
asleep in his bed. The signed Album Cover is sitting on the
night stand.

LOUD KNOCKING

ELLEN (O.C.)

Matt, wake up!

Matt's mom, wearing a bathrobe barges through. Matt slowly wakes.

MATT

What??

ELLEN

You need to get out here and see the news.

MATT

What is it?

ELLEN

Just get out here, honey.

Matt swings his feet over the side of the bed and shakes out the cobwebs.

CUT TO:

INT. PETERSON HOME LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The TV is on. On the screen we see what looks to be the battered and crushed remains of a BLACK MASERATI being towed up onto the shore. EMILY LLOYD, a news reporter steps into the frame.

EMILY (ON TV)

What you are seeing is the crumpled remains of Cole Sutter's Maserati. The Remnants frontman is said to have been driving down PCH early this morning when he lost control and crashed through this barricade plummeting two hundred feet straight down into the ocean.

Matt falls onto the couch clutching his face.

MATT

This can't be. No...

Matt's mom sits down next him and puts her arm around him.

MATT (CONT'D)

No, maybe it wasn't him.

Emily walks over to speak with MALIBU DEPUTY SHERIFF IAN KUETSEN.

EMILY

Malibu Deputy Sheriff Ian Kuetsen is here with me now. Sir, do you have any info on Cole Sutter?

SHERIFF KUETSEN

From the info I have there was no body discovered in the car. At this point search and rescue has been brought in.

EMILY

What are the odds of surviving a wreck of this nature?

SHERIFF KUETSEN

The odds are not good, it's a two hundred foot drop into some pretty deep and shifty waters. If for some reason they were thrown from the vehicle, the tide might have swept them out to sea. I'm sorry I have to get back to work.

EMILY

Thank you, Sheriff. So as of now all we know is Remnants lead singer Cole Sutter's car has been found at the bottom of this cliff in Malibu, but not his body. This is Emily Lloyd. Back to you, Chip and Diane.

Matt starts to cry. His mother tries to comfort him. He pulls away and runs out of the house.

CUT TO:

EXT. MATT'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Matt comes running out the front door. It slams behind him. Tears are streaming down his face. He's sobbing.

MATT

It's my fault. I could have done something.

Matt starts pacing about mumbling to himself.

MATT (CONT'D)
He can't be dead.

He sits on the edge of the curb and grabs his knees rocking back and forth.

Montage: VARIOUS CLIPS OF COLE performing with the Remnants. A MEMORIAL set up on the cliff with lots of girls and guys from teens through 20's crying. The cover of TIME MAGAZINE "Gone But Never Forgotten". The cover of ROLLING STONE "The Last Great Rock Star." NATIONAL INQUIROR "Is Cole Dead." STAR "Who Killed Cole Sutter." PEOPLE MAGAZINE "Where Did He Go?"

Close on Matt's signed REMNANTS ALBUM COVER. We push in on it to reveal what Cole wrote *"Remember nothing lasts forever. Live life like there's no tomorrow. Cole Sutter."*

FADE UP TITLE:

THE REMNANTS

EXT. LOS ANGELES - EARLY MORNING

Present Day

Downtown Los Angeles is in the distance. Traffic snarls along the 101. The skyscrapers glimmer as the morning sun rises. The city is coming alive before our eyes. We descend down into a residential neighborhood. Sprinklers pop on as we cut across a tree lined street. We land upon a small RANCH STYLE HOME.

CUT TO:

INT. HOME OF MATT PETERSON BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

We're in a bedroom. On the walls there are a few framed MAGAZINE COVERS next to a UCLA DIPLOMA made out to Matthew Peterson. Then we find Matt's Remnants Album Cover framed as well.

Music pops on from a clock radio. It's the song "Holding On" by The Remnants.

Matt Peterson, now a 25 year old man, is wrapped up in his bed sheets. His eyes pop open as he listens to the song fade out and DJ DAN steps in.

DJ DAN (ON RADIO)
Good morning L.A. That was the Remnants. It's hard to believe it's been ten years since the world lost Cole Sutter. One can only imagine the great music we never got to hear. All I can say is Cole, we miss you buddy. All right, coming up at the top of the hour...

Matt slams the CLOCK RADIO and DJ Dan is no more. DENISE MONROE, a cute 25 year-old brunette with pretty brown eyes pops up over his shoulder.

DENISE
You know, if you hit that thing any harder we are going to have to buy a new one.

They share a kiss.

DENISE (CONT'D)
You okay?

MATT
What?

DENISE
You always get weirded out around this time every year.

MATT
I'm fine, believe me. It's been 10 years. I think I'm over it.

He kisses her again and then gets up.

DENISE
You can say you're over it all you want, but I can tell it still bugs you.

MATT
I guess you just don't know me then.

Matt pulls on some jeans. Then pulls on a T-shirt

DENISE

Yeah, that's a laugh. Why are you in such a rush to get out of here this morning? I was really in the mood to ride you?

MATT

I'm doing that interview with Bieber this morning. I have to make sure I'm prepared.

Matt looks in the mirror above the dresser and smiles. We see Denise in the background.

DENISE

Really? You have to get prepared for that? What are you two going to meet up and egg some houses to get in the right frame of mind?

Matt turns and looks at her.

MATT

Hey, cut the guy some slack. He's really turned his life around. We're actually both going to pee in some mop buckets.

Denise laughs.

DENISE

That's a good one.

Matt comes over and gives her a kiss and a little feel up.

MATT

Rain check on the sex?

DENISE

Nope, that train is gone. "See if Beibs can take care of you. Baby, baby, baby, oh baby..."

MATT

I always knew you were a fan.

Matt gives her a SMACK on the ASS then turns and walks out of the room.

DENISE

Ouch! What's up with you and all the smacking this morning? -- It's actually kind of hot.

Denise bites her lower lip and then exhales in a frustrated manner.

EXT. JAKE SUTTER'S HOME - MORNING

A large, MODERN HOUSE nestled up on hill. A Jaguar and a Mercedes are parked in the driveway that leads up to it.

Heavy guitar riffs blare out of it causing the windows to vibrate.

INT. JAKE SUTTER'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The place is a PIG STY. Bottles everywhere, ashtrays overflowing. There's a BONG on the coffee table, next to a pizza box. A SEXY BLONDE WOMAN is asleep on the couch, she is wearing only her panties, her perfect C's on display for all to see.

More guitar riffs. We float up the stairs to where it's coming from. It gets louder and louder.

INT. JAKE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The guitar is blaring now.

It's a massive room. Bizarre dark art hangs on the walls. There is a circle bed and a BRUNETTE WOMAN in it asleep and half covered by a sheet.

In the corner is Jake totally nude, looking like he hasn't showered in days sitting in a chair and JAMMING on his LES PAUL. He's totally wasted. He stops for a second. We hear a slight hum coming from the AMP. Jake starts talking to himself.

JAKE

How the Hell did that go? Was it
an E or a D? Ah, who the fuck
cares, right, baby?

Jake looks toward the woman in the bed. We can see the years have taken a toll. He leans down and grabs a half bottle of JACK DANIELS and takes a big swig.

JAKE (CONT'D)

We'll just play it this way.

He starts hammering on again.

EXT. JAKE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A MALE NEIGHBOR dressed in a grey suit is at the front door. He is RINGING the bell and POUNDING on the door. You can tell he's pissed.

NEIGHBOR
Jake!!! Jake!!!

We can hear Jake really wailing away.

Finally the door opens and standing there is the Sexy Blonde still in her panties. She's pretty out of it.

SEXY BLONDE
What's up?

He steps back, his eyes nearly pop out of his head.

NEIGHBOR
Um, ah. He really needs to turn it down.

SEXY BLONDE
Huh?

NEIGHBOR
I said he really needs to turn it down.

SEXY BLONDE
I can't hear you.

The guy screams, just as Jake stops playing.

NEIGHBOR
I said he really needs to turn it fucking down!

SEXY BLONDE
Relax, okay.

She pops back inside.

SEXY BLONDE (CONT'D)
Jake someone wants to talk to you!

JAKE (O.C)
I'm fucking rehearsing up here!

SEXY BLONDE
He's rehearsing.

NEIGHBOR

I heard him.

The neighbor pokes his head in the door nearly hitting her breast.

NEIGHBOR (CONT'D)

Jake, it's your neighbor Bruce, can you come down here?

SEXY BLONDE

Look you need to wait outside.
You're a little rude.

NEIGHBOR

I'm rude?

We hear Jake come stomping down the stairs.

SEXY BLONDE

Damn right, your fucking rude.

NEIGHBOR

Listen here, you little whore!

Jake gets to the door, he's still nude.

JAKE

What's your problem? Why you getting in my girl Sarah's face?

SEXY BLONDE

Cindy.

JAKE

Huh?

SEXY BLONDE

My name's Cindy.

NEIGHBOR

Look, Jake, we've spoken before about you playing so loud in the morning. Me and several of the other neighbors have been talking about submitting a noise violation against you. Now I don't want to do that.

JAKE

Several? Where the Hell are the rest of them, huh? I only see you.

NEIGHBOR

Look, I'm trying to handle this peacefully.

JAKE

I'm rehearsing. I've got a gig tonight. I don't have time for this bullshit.

The guy starts to chuckle.

JAKE (CONT'D)

What are you laughing at?

NEIGHBOR

That you have a gig tonight. Please you haven't had a gig in years.

JAKE

Get the fuck out of here! Get off my property.

NEIGHBOR

I'm sorry it's come to this.

Jake gives him the FINGER and then slams the door in his face.

INT. JAKE'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jake is standing there. Cindy is a few feet away. We hear the neighbor Bruce outside.

NEIGHBOR (O.C.)

It's too bad it wasn't you who was dead! Your brother was the one with all the talent anyway!

Jake tilts his head back, his eyes closed. That stung.

SEXY BLONDE

What an asshole that guy was.

Jake turns.

JAKE

Get your shit, get your friend and get out!

SEXY BLONDE

What?

Jake slams a bunch of bottles off the counter and a couple SHATTER onto the floor.

JAKE

Do I stutter? Get the fuck out!

We see the girl scurry about picking her clothes up.

SEXY BLONDE

You're an asshole too!

Jake just stands there, breathing heavy and looking slightly deranged.

INT. HOLLYWOOD RECORDING STUDIO - DAY

Jesse Vasquez, wearing a black tank top and jeans, sits on a stool holding a bass. A stack of Marshall Amps behind him. He is sort of adjusting himself in the seat.

JESSE

I'm going to slow it down a little on this one. I think it will help the groove.

A VOICE from nowhere pops up.

SOUND ENGINEER (O.C.)

We are good in here. When ever you're ready Jesse.

We see through a window of glass. The SOUND ENGINEER is behind a large sound board. ELA REESE, an edgy looking black chick with a fro is standing next to him, she chimes in.

ELA

I need to hear the funk, you know what I'm saying? Right now it's just a little too rock. Pop it baby! Get the soul.

Jesse gives the thumbs up.

SOUND ENGINEER

All right here we go.

The MUSIC kicks in. The song sounds like a WANNABE NICKI MINAJ track. Ela starts to dance a little in the booth. Jesse starts to play, it sounds good, but maybe not.

INT. RECORDING STUDIO BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

Ela is moving, but suddenly stops and starts talking to the Sound Engineer.

ELA

He just ain't getting it. Who is this guy anyway? I was told he was good.

SOUND ENGINEER

He was the bass player for the Remnants. He's pretty good.

ELA

The Remnants? That band where the lead singer guy died?

SOUND ENGINEER

Yeah, that band.

ELA

With bass playing like that I can see why. This is a joke.

SOUND ENGINEER

Maybe you should give him a chance.

We see Jesse playing through the glass.

ELA

I don't have time. I have to get some one else in here. This guy ain't doing it for me. This song is gonna be huge for me.

SOUND ENGINEER

What do you want me to do?

ELA

Let him finish the session, we've already paid for it. I'll get someone in here for tomorrow.

Jesse continues to play as Ela shakes her head and walks out.

INT. HOLLYWOOD RECORDING STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Jesse does a few pops on the bass and then stops.

JESSE

How is that? Is it closer to what you're looking for?

SOUND ENGINEER (O.C.)
Sounds good in here, man. Just
keep doing what you are doing.

JESSE
Where is Ela?

SOUND ENGINEER (O.C.)
She had to step out, but she's
digging it man.

Jesse smiles and goes back to the bass.

EXT. PAT'S RESTAURANT - DAY

A large four leaf clover and the word PATS under it, we tilt down to reveal two 16 year-old boys walking out through a glass door. They both have guitars in bags slung over there shoulders. One kid has messy blonde hair, the other is dark-haired and wearing a skull cap. They both stop, they appear to be arguing over something.

MESSY BLONDE HAIR
Look we gotta come up with a better
name.

SKULL CAP KID
What is wrong with it?

MESSY BLONDE HAIR
It just doesn't have the right feel
for who we are and what we are
about.

SKULL CAP KID
Dragon's Fire is a great name you
don't know what you are talking
about.

INT. TOMMY'S MERCEDES - CONTINUOUS

Tommy Vallone, looks very much the same with exception of some slight grey hair mixed in amongst his blonde. He sits in his car, the window down. He is watching the kids argue and soaking it in.

MESSY BLONDE HAIR
Dragon's Fire just sounds like
something from Lord of the Rings.

SKULL CAP KID
So what do you have that's better?

MESSY BLONDE HAIR

I don't know. C'mon we gotta get
out of here.

The messy blonde haired kid starts walking. The skull cap
kid follows behind. They pass by Tommy.

SKULL CAP KID

It will grow on you.

MESSY BLONDE HAIR

No, it won't.

Tommy watches the boys walk away in the REARVIEW MIRROR. We
see his eyes reflected back.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GARAGE - FLASHBACK

A young 18 year-old Jake wearing a METALLICA T-SHIRT, is
standing with his guitar slung over his shoulder. He lights
up a cigarette.

Tommy sits behind his drum kit, while Jesse sits tuning his
bass. They are all squeezed into the tight confines of the
dusty, box filled garage. The door is open and the sunlight
spills in.

JAKE

We need a name that means some
thing man.

JESSE

The Garage Boys.

Tommy hits the CYMBOLS, perfect timing as if Jesse had just
delivered a joke.

JAKE

That's horrible dude.

JESSE

But we play in the garage. There
is meaning in that.

TOMMY

No, Jake is right that might be the
worst band name ever.

JESSE

What ever..

JAKE

What about Santa Cruz? A lot of bands name themselves from where they are from Boston, Kansas, Chicago..

TOMMY

It's not bad, but it might make us sort of sound like a Mexican band.

JESSE

What do you have against Mexicans?

A fifteen year-old Cole comes running in wearing his U2 WAR T-SHIRT. There is just an energy about him.

COLE

Sorry I'm late. I had to help one of my teachers move some stuff into their car.

JESSE

You are such an ass kisser.

TOMMY

Perfect timing. We are trying to come up with a name for the band. So far we have The Garage Boys and Santa Cruz.

JAKE

So, little bro. What do you think of Santa Cruz?

COLE

Obviously that one is your idea?

JAKE

What would make you think that?

Jake plays a quick little RIFF.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Ladies and gentlemen, Santa Cruz. It's got a good ring to it.

TOMMY

You have any ideas?

Cole looks around, his big blue eyes scanning everyone.

COLE

The Remnants.

Jake kind of chuckles.

JAKE

What the Hell is that?

COLE

The other day in history class we were talking about ancient civilizations and things they leave behind basically it was the remnants of their society of who they were and what they were. Sort of like clues.

Tommy looks intrigued.

COLE (CONT'D)

It just sort of stuck in my head. I look at us when all is said and done leaving behind our music as sort of remnants of who we were.

Everyone is sort of quiet.

JESSE

That's deep man, but it's no Garage Boys.

TOMMY

The Remnants, it's got a vibe to it. I like it.

Everyone sort of looks toward Jake who isn't saying anything. He takes a puff from his cigarette and shrugs his shoulders.

JAKE

I don't get it to tell you the truth. I think we need to come up with something better.

TOMMY

There ain't gonna be anything better. All in favor of The Remnants raise your hands.

Tommy raises his hand, Jesse slowly raises his. Cole raises his. Jake looks at all three of them and shakes his head.

JAKE

Whatever. I'll think of something better.

TOMMY

We are the Remnants and our music
will live forever.

Tommy and Cole lock eyes. They share a smile.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. TOMMY'S MERCEDES - PRESENT DAY

Tommy's eyes are in the rearview mirror. The guitar boys are now gone. He sort of snaps back to reality. He looks away from the mirror, takes a breath and exhales.

CUT TO:

EXT. OCEAN SHORE - DAY

Waves break against Rocks at the bottom of a cliff. As a SEAGULL flies high above. It's an all too familiar place. The surf rolls up onto the shore to reveal Matt staring out into the ocean.

MATT

(Mutters to himself)
Ten years man. Ten years.

Matt tilts back his head and looks up to sky. The Seagull is just hovering above. He puts his hand above his eyes to shade them.

A wave rolls right onto his SHOES. He steps back.

MATT (CONT'D)

Great...

As he tries to shake off the water just 10 yards away to his right is LAUREN HARRIS, a very attractive brunette in her mid-thirties dressed in a long white summer dress. She steps into the water barefoot tosses a RED ROSE, then BLOWS a KISS.

LAUREN

Love always, baby.

Matt can't help but stare. He knows her. She gazes about then turns her attention his way.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

There used to be a lot more people
down here on this day.

Matt nods in agreement and looks around.

MATT

Yeah, that there was.

LAUREN

I guess after 10 years maybe they just decided it wasn't worth their time anymore.

MATT

You know if there is one thing I've learned over the years it's that people suck. They've become too caught up in their iPhones, Twitter and Facebook accounts to care about anything or anyone for that matter.

Lauren cracks a smile.

LAUREN

It hasn't stopped you from coming. Why's that?

MATT

I don't suck.

Matt smiles.

LAUREN

Did you know Cole?

MATT

Sort of not really. It's kind of a long story.

Lauren walks through the water towards Matt, as she gets closer a BIG WAVE comes up behind her. Matt jumps towards her and saves her from getting soaked, sacrificing himself in the process.

MATT (CONT'D)

Watch it!

Lauren is laughing, he looks into her crystal blue eyes. She is damn beautiful.

LAUREN

I am so sorry.

Matt is soaked he shakes off like a wet dog.

MATT

It's okay, shoes were soaked already.

They both walk a little closer to the shore. Lauren extends her hand.

LAUREN
I'm Lauren...

MATT
I know. Lauren Harris.

She looks surprised.

MATT (CONT'D)
Matt Peterson. I interviewed you for an article for Sound Magazine three years ago.

LAUREN
My bad, I'm sorry for not remembering you. I've done a lot of press through the years. It's kind of one big blur.

They get up further into the sand. Lauren sits down and Matt follows her lead.

MATT
Please, I totally understand. A week ago I interviewed Steven Tyler who I've probably interviewed at least 7 times through the years and he acted like we were meeting for the first time. So it's something I'm used to.

LAUREN
Was I good?

MATT
Good?

LAUREN
With the interview.

MATT
Oh Yeah, you were great.

Lauren smiles and looks out at the ocean, the smile quickly fades.

LAUREN
I hate this place, but I always come back every year at exactly the same time. I really don't know why.

(MORE)

LAUREN (CONT'D)

It's like I've moved on, but yet I haven't. That must sound pretty pathetic?

MATT

Look, if you're pathetic, what's that make me? I met the guy for five minutes when I was a kid. You had an actual relationship with him, if anyone is pathetic here it's me.

LAUREN

Cole had that way about him. He was magnetic. You were just drawn to him. It was his gift. There was no ego, no disguise, no bullshit with Cole. He made you feel needed, like you mattered no matter who you were or what you did. It's like he actually cared. Being who he was, he didn't have to, but he did. That's probably what I miss most. I can tell you this Matt, Cole would have remembered who you were the next interview you did with him.

Lauren gives him a smile.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Lauren, let's go!

Lauren and Matt both turn back. Standing fifty yards away in a black suit is DARREN STONE, a mid 30s, clean-cut agent asshole type.

DARREN

C'mon baby, I have a meeting. I can't be late.

Lauren rolls her eyes and gets up, Matt does to.

LAUREN

Well Matt, it was a pleasure, sorry again about your clothes. It's good to see that chivalry is not dead.

MATT

It was worth it.

Lauren leans in and gives him an unexpected HUG.

LAUREN

The next time we meet. I will
remember you. I promise.

DARREN (O.C.)

Let's go!

She turns, and then trudges up through the sand. Matt watches as she gets to Darren who is flailing his arms and bitching at her.

Matt turns and looks up into the sky. The seagull squawks then flies away.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOUND MAGAZINE OFFICE - LATER

The Hollywood Sign, Hollywood Boulevard and people walking along it. The Sunset Strip, The Roxy and House of Blues.

Slam into a small grey office building with "THE SOUND" stamped across the front in black letters.

INT. SOUND MAGAZINE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The place is BUSTLING. Twenty-somethings are scurrying about or talking on phones in cubicles. It's a breeding ground of hipsters and rock wannabes. Matt still in wet clothes trudges through the madness to his office. Rock posters both old and new line the walls.

BRAD THOMAS, a clean-cut nerdy kid with glasses, dressed in a polo shirt and skinny jeans, is trailing behind him.

BRAD

Matt.

Matt keeps walking, doesn't hear him.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Matt.

Matt turns the corner avoids a MAINTENANCE MAN pushing a CART, but Brad isn't so lucky.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Matt - Ah damn it!

The cart slams Brad right in the knee. Matt is oblivious and keeps walking right to his office. He opens the door and walks in.

INT. MATT'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

First thing we see is a LARGE REMNANTS POSTER behind Matt's desk. The small office is pretty clean and cool, but not too showy. Matt throws his bag onto a couch then goes behind his desk, sits down in the chair, turns the computer on then hits a button to the ANSWERING MACHINE of his DESK PHONE.

Matt pulls off a shoe and a trail of SAND spills from it.

PHONE MESSAGE (VOICE)

Hey Matt, it's Allison, listen
Justin is super bummed, but he's
not going to be able to do the
interview today. He's not feeling
well he thinks it's the stomach
flu. Wondering if we can
reschedule for next week. Let me
know what's good for you and I'll
try and set it up.

MATT

That little bastard.

Matt throws the shoe across the room. It nearly hits Brad who comes LIMPING in.

BRAD

(Catching his breath)
Woah! I guess you heard.

Brad looks a mess, sweating and leaning on one leg. A stack of MAIL under one arm. Matt looks him over.

MATT

You know, I have a cell phone. You
might try calling me on it next
time.

BRAD

It just happened. I was trying to
grab you when you first got in.

MATT

Stomach flu, right. Do me a favor,
get someone here to follow him
around. Grab a PA, an intern,
whoever is free and put him on
Justin patrol. I want to know
every breath he takes, every move
he makes.

BRAD

I'll be watching him. I get it.
You can count on me. Oh, Here is
your mail.

He limps toward the desk and puts the mail down.

MATT

What's up with you?

BRAD

What do you mean?

MATT

You look like you just went 10
rounds with Mayweather.

BRAD

Who?

MATT

Floyd Mayweather, the boxer? -
Forget it.

Brad turns and starts walking out.

MATT (CONT'D)

Hey, I'm just curious. If I would
have said it looks like you went 10
rounds with Brian May what would
you have said?

BRAD

I don't think the lead guitarist
for Queen was a boxer.

MATT

That's why you're here Brad. You
know your classic rock better than
everyone else here.

BRAD

And I wear it like a badge of
honor.

MATT

Justin patrol. Keep me posted.
Cell phone.

BRAD

I got it. I got it.

Brad smiles and GIMPS out. Matt looks at the stack of mail. There is a large MANILA ENVELOPE amongst the magazines and various other junk mail. It grabs Matt's attention. He pulls it out. There is nothing written on it. As he is about to open it, in strolls, TYLER REESE, a silver-tongued, African American man in his late 30's, he's Matt's boss and as smooth as silk.

TYLER

Knock, knock. So, I hear you got stood up by Bieber? You're not going to take that shit?

MATT

Already, have Brad on patrol. I'll get him.

TYLER

Good, Beibs owes us for that piece you did two years ago when everyone else was down on him. You found a way to breathe sunshine into that little leprechaun's ass. Now he needs to repay the favor.

Tyler turns to head out.

MATT

Tyler, did you get a chance to look at the proposal I dropped on your desk?

Tyler turns back. He turns serious.

TYLER

Matt, I can't afford to have my best writer go off for three months to do a book on a band that last put out a record 11 years ago. I know you love those guys, but unless you have Cole Sutter on board it's just another book about a band who's time ended early. I do have something for you to get excited about.

MATT

What?

TYLER

C'mon man, give me a little love. Turn that frown upside down. I've got a one-on-one with you and Taylor Swift.

(MORE)

TYLER (CONT'D)

She's going to give you the whole low-down on the new tour. It'll be tight, you'll see. Maybe she'll even write a song about your sorry ass.

MATT

Great.

TYLER

You're my man.

Tyler leaves the office.

MATT

Haters going to hate, hate, hate.

Matt tosses the manila envelope onto the pile of mail. We close in on it.

CUT TO:

INT. PATS RESTAURANT - DAY

Tommy is sitting in a booth. He is sipping a coffee and looking over the sports section of the NEWSPAPER. Across from him at a table is a COUPLE in their late twenties. They keep looking at him and whispering. Finally the guy gets up the nerve and walks over.

FAN #1

Excuse me.

Tommy looks up over the edge of the paper.

FAN #1 (CONT'D)

Are you Tommy Vallone?

TOMMY

That would be me.

The guy gets really excited.

FAN #1

Honey, it's him! Holy shit!

The girl comes running over.

FAN #1 GIRLFRIEND

He really is a huge fan of you guys.

FAN #1

Hey would it be possible to get a pic?

TOMMY

Sure.

The guy INVADES Tommy's space in the booth.

FAN #1

Babe, get in here.

The girl moves in. Both of them crushing on Tommy. The guy pulls out his CELLPHONE and angles it for a SELFIE.

As he clicks the button to his cellphone, Eric Hammond the Remnants Manager walks over and stops.

ERIC

Selfie time is over.

FAN #1 GIRLFRIEND

Who are you?

ERIC

Just get up and let this guy enjoy his fucking breakfast.

Tommy is all crushed in the corner.

FAN #1

C'mon babe.

FAN #1 GIRLFRIEND

That's just rude.

ERIC

I can show you rude, listen to your boyfriend.

The two of them slide out from the booth.

FAN #1

Thanks Tommy.

TOMMY

Anytime.

FAN #1 GIRLFRIEND

Yeah, thanks, Tommy!

She glares at Eric and then they both walk off.

TOMMY

Why do you still have to be such a prick?

ERIC

Force of habit.

Tommy looks at his watch.

TOMMY

Too bad force of habit never applied for you being on time.

ERIC

You know the traffic in this city.

Eric catches the eye of the cute young WAITRESS who quickly makes her way over.

WAITRESS

Would you like something?

ERIC

Yeah I certainly would, but for now can I get a black coffee, eggs over easy, bacon crispy and dry wheat toast.

WAITRESS

Sure, will that be all?

ERIC

For now, we'll see what else I'm craving in a little bit.

She writes down the order smiles and walks off. Eric checks out her ASS as she leaves.

ERIC (CONT'D)

That's a nice little ass on that one.

TOMMY

She could be your daughter.

Eric pulls off his PRESCRIPTION SUNGLASSES and rubs his eyes.

ERIC

That's why I don't have one, because of guys like me. Who are you kidding? You know during the day that is the type of girl you would have loved for me to bring back stage.

TOMMY

You got me there. I'll give you that. Short and sweet...

Eric finishes the thought.

ERIC

Is a real tasty treat.

They both laugh.

TOMMY

You remember that.

ERIC

How can I forget it. So how is married life treating you, Glue?

TOMMY

Like you care.

ERIC

Hey, I always like to hear what celibacy is like.

TOMMY

Like I said, still a prick.

ERIC

No, seriously how are you doing? It's hard to believe it's been 10 years.

TOMMY

Yeah, it's crazy. Part of me keeps hoping he'll just walk through the door and be like hey guys what the fuck are you doing?

ERIC

You two were tight.

TOMMY

Yeah, I miss him. There was no one quite like Cole, for a guy so young to be able to view people and the world like he did and then to capture it all musically it just always blew my mind.

Tommy leans back a little and smiles. He starts to sing.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Buildings crumble, buildings rise/
people live and people die/ love is
here then love is gone/ but through
it all life goes on.

ERIC

Life goes on. Life goes on.

TOMMY

I remember us agonizing over the
tempo for that song?

ERIC

Yeah, Jake wanted it quicker. Cole
wanted it slower.

TOMMY

Jake always wanted it quicker. He
always wanted to riff. Always
wanted to show what a beast he was
even if the song didn't call for
it.

ERIC

Yeah, they nearly came to blows
over it.

TOMMY

Nearly? They went at it.

ERIC

What are you talking about?

TOMMY

After you left that night they got
into it. I couldn't stop them.

CUT TO:

INT. STUDIO - FLASHBACK

A 20ish looking Cole is standing in the studio holding a
microphone. He looks a little worn out. Jake is wailing
away on the guitar. Jesse is playing bass, while Tommy is in
the back on the drums.

COLE

Hold up! Hold up!

Tommy and Jesse stop, but Jake is still playing.

COLE (CONT'D)

Jake!

Jake finally stops. Cole is PISSED!

COLE (CONT'D)

What are you doing? We just agreed that we were going to slow it down.

JAKE

I didn't agree on shit! The song needs to be up tempo. I am sick and tired of all this melodic bullshit!

COLE

What is wrong with you?

JAKE

There's nothing wrong with me. Everything is just fine. It's you who has the problem. It's always your way or the highway.

COLE

What, are you high right now? Your tough guy act always comes out when you're high.

JAKE

You better watch your mouth little brother.

TOMMY

Guys, look it's three in the morning we're all tired, let's just pick this up later.

JAKE

Shut the fuck up, Glue. I'm so sick of you protecting him and always taking his side.

JESSE

Yo, Jake, chill out man.

JAKE

I'm not gonna chill out!

Jake pulls the guitar off his shoulder and throws it to the ground. He walks toward Cole. Tommy moves from behind the drum set.

COLE

What are you going to do? Hit me
like dad use to?

Jake gets in Cole's face, he is slightly taller and imposing.

JAKE

Nope, I'm gonna hit you like I used
to.

Jake pushe Cole hard in the chest. As Cole falls back he
swings the microphone and clocks Jake right in the head.

TOMMY

Stop it!

Cole falls to the ground, but gets back up and charges
straight for Jake who is reeling from the blow to the head.
He tackles him right into a large AMP.

JESSE

You guys are breaking shit!

Jesse looks at Tommy. Neither seems to know what to do.
Cole and Jake wrestle to the floor. Jake is bleeding from
the head. He gets on top of Cole. He looks down at Cole
pulls back and delivers a blow to his face splitting his lip.
He pulls back again, but this time Tommy jumps in and pulls
Jake off.

TOMMY

That's enough!

Jake is pulled away. He shakes off Tommy. He's breathing
hard.

JAKE

You want some more?

Jesse helps Cole to his feet. He wipes some of the blood
from his lip. He is catching his breath.

JESSE

You okay, Cole?

Cole looks towards Jake.

COLE

You good? You get it all out? You
feel better?

Jake wipes the BLOOD from his FOREHEAD. Tommy still has a
hand on him.

He pulls free, reaches down to the floor and picks up his GUITAR and slings it over his shoulder. Tommy walks toward Cole.

TOMMY

I don't think it's a good idea that we leave right now.

Cole puts his hand on Tommy's shoulder.

COLE

It's good. Really. You guys go. We'll finish it up.

Cole bends down and picks up the microphone. Tommy looks to Jesse who rolls his shoulders.

Tommy looks at Jake who is tuning his guitar. Then back to Cole. Cole nods to him.

Tommy and Jesse head for the door.

JESSE

Play nice.

Jake hits a chord on the guitar and nods to Jesse.

CUT TO:

INT. PAT'S RESTAURANT - DAY

Eric is sitting at the table a total look of disbelief.

ERIC

That is one messed up story. I never knew that happened.

Tommy takes a sip of coffee then puts the cup down.

TOMMY

It gets better. We come in later that day. Cole had laid down all the vocals and Jake had all the guitar work done in the slower tempo. They never went to bed. Our first hit came from that night. So yeah, Cole and I were close, but what him and Jake had was something way different. That brotherly bond for as dysfunctional as it was worked, and I think it helped give our music the passion it needed.

ERIC

Passion. That's what all these bands today don't have. It's all soulless crap created in a computer. Any pimple faced kid can crank out a album, cd, mp3 or what ever they call it these days. Rock and roll is dead.

TOMMY

Amen, brother.

ERIC

The time is right for you guys to get back together.

Tommy laughs.

TOMMY

Okay, Eric.

ERIC

I'm serious.

TOMMY

Cole was the heart and voice of the Remnants. No Cole, no band.

ERIC

Just hear me out.

TOMMY

Every couple years either you or the record company hits me up about putting the band back together with another lead singer. It's never going to happen.

ERIC

Look at Journey they got that guy from the Phillippines and they tour constantly to sold out arenas.

TOMMY

That's totally different Steve Perry quit the band, he didn't just disappear. It was his decision and the band moved on.

ERIC

Okay, what about Queen. They toured with Adam Lambert.

TOMMY

Look if Bono died tomorrow do you think U2 would tour without him?

ERIC

That's different. They've made a gazillion dollars, they don't need to.

TOMMY

There you go. It all comes back to money with you. That's what it's always been about. Maybe you shouldn't have spent everything you made.

ERIC

It's not just about the money. Think of all the fans that would love to hear your music live again and the new generation of kids you guys could influence.

TOMMY

You seem to be missing the biggest point here. There is no one that can fill the shoes of Cole. I repeat no one.

ERIC

I've got a guy.

TOMMY

Of course you do.

Tommy throws some money down onto the table. He is ready to bolt.

ERIC

You got to hear him. It's scary how much he sounds like Cole, even looks like him.

Tommy gets up.

TOMMY

You know, I knew there was some other reason you wanted to get together. You haven't changed man.

ERIC

Look, watch "The Next Great Singer" tonight. You'll see what I'm talking about.

Tommy laughs.

TOMMY

A contest singer to replace Cole?
I think all our years on the road
really screwed your head up.

ERIC

I'm telling you check him out
tonight.

TOMMY

It was good seeing you Eric.

Tommy turns and walks off.

ERIC

Tommy, check him out. He's the
real deal.

The waitress pops in.

WAITRESS

Do you need anything else?

Eric looks up at her and gives a sly smile.

CUT TO:

INT. LIQUOR EMPORIUM - LATE DAY

A SHOPPING CART filled with various bottles of WINE and BOOZE is being pushed down an aisle. It comes to a stop and we see a very grungy Jake, wearing a black wife beater, jeans and dark shades. He grabs a bottle of CAPTAIN MORGAN looks at it and drops it into the Cart.

JAKE

Can't have a party without inviting
the Captain over.

A very attractive girl with a BIG RACK walks past him. He tilts his glasses down and looks her way.

JAKE (CONT'D)

You want to come to a party?

The girl shakes her head in disgust and keeps walking.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Your loss, baby.

Out of Jake's sight is a DJ, a low life paparazzi scum bag. He has a VIDEO CAMERA and is recording Jake's EVERY MOVE.

Jake pushes the cart to the CHECK OUT COUNTER. LEE, an Asian man in his late 50's goes to ring him up.

LEE
Hello, Mr Sutter. How are you?

JAKE
I'm good Lee, can you get me a carton of Marlboros?

Lee reaches behind and pulls down a carton. He starts ringing things up.

LEE
I'm sorry about today.

JAKE
Sorry?

LEE
Your brother.

JAKE
Oh yeah, thanks.

LEE
My son really likes your music.

JAKE
That's cool. If you want me to sign anything for him let me know.

BJ continues to shoot to Jake's dismay.

LEE
He would like that.

JAKE
Just bring it to the store and next time I come in I'll sign it for you.

Lee finally finishes ringing up Jake's order.

LEE
That will be four hundred thirty five dollars and sixty cents.

JAKE
Just put it on my tab.

LEE

I can't do that, Mr. Sutter, your tab is over extended already. The owner told me you need to pay it off first.

JAKE

C'mon Lee, you know I'm good for it.

LEE

It's not me, Mr. Sutter.

JAKE

That's bullshit. I've been coming here for years.

Jake reaches into his pants pocket and pulls out a MONEY CLIP. He has a little bit of CASH and a CREDIT CARD. He tosses the card onto the counter.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Here.

Lee runs the card. It comes up DECLINED.

LEE

I'm sorry Mr. Sutter. The card is declined.

JAKE

There has to be a mistake.

A couple PEOPLE are now in line behind Jake. One rather IMPATIENT MAN.

IMPATIENT MAN

You're the mistake, dude. Pay the guy or go, you're holding up the line.

JAKE

Relax, buddy.

LEE

Do you have another card.

JAKE

I don't. Look, I really need the tequila how much just for this?

Jake looks around and sees BJ with the camera. Who quickly exits the store.

LEE
Fifty five dollars.

Jake counts out his cash, he's short.

JAKE
I've got forty nine. It's all I've
got. I'll take care of the tab
this week I promise.

LEE
Okay, okay.

Lee takes the money and Jake heads out the door with the
bottle of tequila and the box of Marlboros tucked under his
arm.

IMPATIENT MAN
Finally!

LEE
Mr. Sutter, the cigarettes.

Jake stops and angrily tosses them back and onto the counter

JAKE
You can forget me signing anything
for that kid of yours.

Jake exits the store.

CUT TO:

EXT. LIQUOR EMPORIUM - CONTINUOUS

Jake is walking to his Mercedes, but before he gets to it.
He is AMBUSHED by DJ.

DJ
Hey Jake, what's up, man?

JAKE
Get lost, DJ.

DJ continues to video and talk to Jake.

DJ
Just wondering what you are doing
for the 10 year anniversary of your
brother's death?

Jake gets to his car. He hits his REMOTE and the car chirps.
Instead of getting in he stops abruptly.

JAKE

You want to know what I'm going to do?

DJ

Yeah, man, tell me.

JAKE

Come here, I want you to frame this right to get my good side.

Jake actually seems to be accommodating.

DJ

Thanks, I appreciate it.

JAKE

You ready?

We see through the LENS of the CAMERA as DJ gets Jake dialed in.

DJ

I'm good.

JAKE

What I plan to do tonight is go home. Drink this nice bottle of Tequila right here and once I'm good and drunk...I'm going to come over to your house and screw your wife in the ass! Let her see what a real man can do. Is that a good enough sound bite for you.

Jake pushes past him and gets into his car. He then TEARS out of the parking lot. DJ continues to video.

CUT TO:

INT. MATT'S CAR - NIGHT

Matt is driving and talking through the CAR SPEAKER PHONE to his girlfriend Denise.

MATT

So I'm on my way home. I'm wondering if we can pick up from where we left off this morning?

DENISE (VOICE)

Well we will have to see if you are a good boy or not.

(MORE)

DENISE (VOICE) (CONT'D)
Seeing how you left me hanging this
morning you might have to make it
up to me first.

MATT
I think that can be arranged.

Another CALL BUZZES through. The name BRAD appears on his
console.

MATT (CONT'D)
Babe, I have to take this.

DENISE
Now you're really...

He HANGS UP on her before she can finish.

MATT
What's going on?

BRAD (VOICE)
I've got my eyes locked on the
Beib.

MATT
Where are you?

BRAD (VOICE)
The Ivy.

MATT
Please say The Ivy on Robertson.

BRAD (VOICE)
The Shore.

MATT
You're kidding me, I'm out by
Hollywood.

BRAD (VOICE)
What do you want me to do?

MATT
Nothing, I'm on my way.

Matt pulls a big U-TURN.

BRAD
Just to let you know. He's with
two of his buddies and from the way
he's drinking. I think he might be
over that stomach bug.

MATT

Just stay there til I get there.
Follow him if he leaves.

BRAD (VOICE)

You got it.

Matt shakes his head, looks at the clock on his dash which reads 8:30.

CUT TO:

EXT. JAKE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Both Tommy and Jesse get out of BLACK TESLA and walk up to Tommy's front door.

JESSE

It doesn't look like he's home.

TOMMY

He's here. He's probably passed out.

Jesse looks around.

JESSE

I don't remember the place looking quite this bad.

Jesse sniffs.

JESSE (CONT'D)

Or smelling this bad.

They get to the door and Jesse hits the doorbell.

TOMMY

Jake's never been one to care much about appearances. Hell we had to make him bathe half the time when we were touring.

Jesse pushes the doorbell again and again.

JESSE

That's right, but what always amazed me was it never seemed to keep the girls away.

TOMMY

That's true. Are you hearing anything? I don't think the doorbell's working.

Tommy POUNDS on the door.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Jake! Jake!

JESSE

He's probably got some chick in there now.

Suddenly the DOOR FLIES OPEN. Jake's holding a SHOTGUN pointed straight at Tommy and Jesse.

JAKE

You back to complain some more!

Jesse and Tommy JUMP BACK.

TOMMY

What the Hell Jake!

Jake lowers the gun.

JAKE

Guys, I'm sorry. This neighbor has been harassing me. I thought you were him.

JESSE

Jesus, what did the guy do to you?

JAKE

Threatened to file a noise complaint. Doesn't appreciate my music. He's got no taste. C'mon in.

TOMMY

Can you put that thing away?

Jesse and Tommy walk past Jake and into the house.

INT. JAKE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The house looks unchanged from the morning. Still crap and bottles and ashtrays all over the place.

TOMMY

You really didn't have to clean the place up for us.

JAKE

Sorry, my maid is on vacation.

JESSE

A permanent vacation?

Jake walks into the kitchen. Tommy and Jesse look at each other. There is general concern on their faces.

JAKE

You guys want some beers. I think I might have..

He opens the FRIDGE. Inside are some styrofoam containers and an empty carton of milk and box of baking soda.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Actually, I'm out of beer.

Jake closes the Fridge looks around and finds a bag of Lays chips that's like half filled.

JAKE (CONT'D)

I've got some snack food.

Jake hands the bag to Jesse.

JESSE

Thanks.

He reaches into the bag and pulls a few chips out and eats them.

TOMMY

You're a brave man.

JESSE

No, I'm a starving man.

JAKE

I might not have beer, but I have what's most important.

Tommy reveals the TEQUILA BOTTLE.

TOMMY

Gran Patron, Cole's favorite.

JAKE

You know who else loved this was Eric. Him and my brother would polish a bottle of this off in a night together. What's he been up to? You speak to him at all, Glue?

TOMMY

Funny, I saw him today for the first time in months.

JESSE

You should have asked him to come. I know this night has always been just us, but since it's the 10 year anniversary it might have been cool to have all four of us together. Cole would have liked that.

JAKE

Yeah, it would have been cool to see him, Glue.

TOMMY

I thought about it, but he went right into Eric mode.

JAKE

Let me guess? He wants to put the band back together?

TOMMY

Of course.

Jake is smiling as he OPENS the bottle of Tequila.

JESSE

Everyone wants us to put the band together. That's all anyone ever talks to me about. It's been 10 years don't they realize by now it's not happening.

Jake puts down FOUR SHOT GLASSES onto a table. He pours tequila into all four.

TOMMY

Eric just doesn't get it. He only sees the money it would bring in.

JAKE

Well, he's right about that. There would be a boat load of money.

TOMMY

What are you saying?

JAKE

Just there would be a lot of money.
The tour, the merchandising, more
record sales. Can you imagine?

TOMMY

You're sounding a lot like Eric.

JAKE

I'm just saying that's all. We all
aren't doing as well as you are
Tommy.

JESSE

We've talked about this. There is
no one that can replace Cole. Who
would want to see a band with no
front man?

TOMMY

I think about it a lot, but that's
all I do. We all agreed a long
time ago. What's done is done,
right Jake?

JAKE

Yeah, I was just saying.

TOMMY

Let's move onto what we're really
here for.

Tommy picks up a shot glass and everyone follows his lead.
One glass sits ALONE on the table. Jake clears his throat.

JAKE

Little brother, another year has
passed, but yet here we all are
together again. You said it best.
"We drink to drown our sorrows/ we
drink to ease the pain/we hope that
come tomorrow/it wasn't done in
vain."

JESSE

To Cole.

TOMMY

To Cole.

They all look to the shot glass sitting ALONE on the table.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

To Cole.

JESSE

To Cole.

Jake pauses.

JAKE

To Cole.

They all SHOOT the SHOT then SLAM the GLASSES onto the table.

SLAM CUT:

EXT. THE IVY BY THE SHORE - NIGHT

The SANTA MONICA PIER is packed. We see the FERRIS WHEEL all lit up. Across the street Matt pulls up in his car, gets out and hands the keys to the VALET who gives him a ticket gets in the car and drives off. Brad is standing right outside the front door.

BRAD

Good timing, I think he's getting ready to bolt.

MATT

Where is he?

Brad tilts his head to his right.

BRAD

He's got a whole entourage now.

Matt looks into the OUTDOOR PATIO and sees Justin at a table with at least ten people. Seven of them being YOUNG GIRLS that are glued to everything he's saying.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Must be tough being him.

MATT

You can go. Good work.

BRAD

You sure?

MATT

No sense in both of us having our evenings ruined.

Justin gets up and poses for SELFIES with the girls.

MATT (CONT'D)

That's my cue. Wish me luck.

He pats Brad on the back and walks into the patio area to get closer. The girls all say their good-byes. Then Justin and a MONSTROUS BLACK BODY GUARD start to walk out.

BODY GUARD

I'll get the car.

The body guard walks right past Matt, who sees his chance and goes for it. He almost walks straight into Justin on purpose.

MATT

Justin?

Justin gives him a sort of do I know you look.

MATT (CONT'D)

It's Matt. Matt Peterson with The Sound.

JUSTIN

Matt, ah, hey man, it's been while.

Justin leans in, shakes his hand and gives Matt a little CHEST BUMP.

MATT

I can't get over this, we were supposed to do an interview this morning, but Allison called and told me you were under the weather. This is nuts running into you here.

Justin knows he's been caught, but tries to cover.

JUSTIN

Yeah, I've had this little cold that's been going around. This is the first time I got out of the house all day.

MATT

A cold, that sucks. You look like you're feeling better.

JUSTIN

Actually, I'm starting to.

MATT

How crazy is it that we ran into each other?

JUSTIN

Yeah, crazy.

MATT

I believe coincidences are like a sign. What about you?

JUSTIN

A sign?

MATT

Yeah, you're here. I'm here, both sort of nothing going on. What do you say we grab a couple beers sit and talk about that new album and tour? We can save Allison from having to go and reschedule the whole thing and cluttering up your schedule.

The body guard returns.

BODY GUARD

Justin, the car's here.

Justin looks at him and then Matt.

JUSTIN

Hey, have them put it back. I gotta do this interview, give me like thirty.

BODY GUARD

You sure?

JUSTIN

Yeah, I'm good.

The body guard sort of gives Matt a look and Matt smiles back.

MATT

Thanks Justin, I really appreciate it. I can't wait to hear about who's involved with the new album....

Matt and Justin sit down at a table. Their dialogue trails out as we slowly pull back from the patio to reveal the front of the restaurant.

CUT TO:

INT. TOMMY'S HOME - NIGHT

Tommy walks into his home, it's like night and day from Jake's. Nice decor, super clean, the walls are littered with family photos, he steps down into his OPEN LIVING ROOM. The 80 INCH LED TV is on. His 10 year old son CHRISTIAN is sprawled on the sofa watching.

TOMMY

Hey, kiddo. What are you watching?

CHRISTIAN

The Next Great Singer.

TOMMY

That reality music show? You know these guys are all wannabe musicians.

Tommy walks over and sits down and pushes his son's legs aside.

CHRISTIAN

Hey, watch it, old man.

TOMMY

I'll show you an old man.

Tommy grabs Christian's foot and starts to TICKLE it. The kid starts laughing, kicking and screaming.

CHRISTIAN

Dad, stop it!

TOMMY

Take it back.

CHRISTIAN

Okay, okay, I take it back.

On the TV, the show's HOST, a blonde Seacrest knock off named RICK ALLAN introduces the next act.

RICK (ON TV)

We've got a very special performance tonight. It's a tribute to rock n' roll great Cole Sutter who left us ten years ago today. Doing the Remnant's haunting classic "All Things Lead To This." It's Zane Thomas.

CHRISTIAN

Dad, that's your guy's song!

Tommy leans forward. On the TV we see a SPOTLIGHT revealing ZANE THOMAS, a young man in his early 20's, it's uncanny the resemblance to Cole. He's sitting at a PIANO. The audience is quiet. Zane begins to play. The haunting melody on the piano cuts through Tommy like a knife. It has an early COLDPLAY-esque feel to it.

Zane starts to sing.

ZANE (ON TV)

We all make choices in our lives/
Some are wrong and some are right/
We're always searching for the
answers/ we know we'll never find/
Nothing lasts forever and nothing
ever could/ The lies we tell
ourselves they're never understood/
And all roads lead to this/ all
roads lead to this.

TOMMY (TO HIMSELF)

Eric's right. This kid is good.

Tommy closes his eyes, and soaks in the song. It's as if he's feeling Cole again.

The song carries over into the next scene.

CUT TO:

INT. MATT'S CONDO - LATER

Matt enters his Condo. His girlfriend is on the couch dressed in a sexy outfit, but is sound asleep. The clock on the wall says 12:10. He puts his backpack onto the floor and drops his MAIL onto the counter. The Manila envelope from earlier pops out and catches his attention.

He yawns, then tears the envelope open.

The music track gets very intense. As we hear Zane hammer on the chorus "All roads lead to this/ All roads lead to this."

He reaches in and pulls out an 8x10 PHOTO. In the photo is a man smiling. Behind him is another man with a BEARD and wearing SUNGLASSES. His face is CIRCLED in RED MARKER and the WORDS "IS THIS COLE ?" are written out next to it.

MATT

What the...

Matt just stares at the photo, as we slowly push into it.

Zane's voice utters the last words from the song "And all roads lead to - this."

FADE OUT: