

COVER BAND

"PILOT"

By  
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TEASER

BLACK SCREEN

SUPER: "AND ALL THIS TIME, I THOUGHT IT WAS JUST CRAZY FANS CHASING THEM AROUND THE WORLD. - FLOYD THE LIMO DRIVER"

FADE IN

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Cramped. Primitive, with third hand furniture. A tired television blasts to drown out the conversation.

WALTER, mid 50's, wiry, sweating profusely sits while--

A POLYGRAPHER, in one swift move, rips off the blood pressure sleeve and yanks a plastic clip off Walters finger.

A frantic PSYCHOLOGIST grabs at documents and pictures, shoving them into a briefcase. The Polygrapher joins in the urgency -- packing his gear.

PSYCHOLOGIST

He's solid.

POLYGRAPHER

We're good, Patty.

SUPER: "EAST BERLIN, 1986"

PATRICK WRIGHT, mid 30's, an unyielding CIA man, observes.

Alert at the door, LENNY, 40's, sausaged in his suit.

WALTER

I'm not feeling so great.

PATRICK

Just operational nerves, Walt.

Patrick yanks out a show ticket form his yard sale suit jacket and inspects -- checking the authenticity.

WALTER

Do you have any idea what they will do to me if I'm caught?

PATRICK

Yes.

WALTER

Do you have a pill or something?

PATRICK

No. This is your ticket out.

Patrick waves the ticket.

PATRICK (cont'd)

You'll be with my best men.

Patrick barks out an order to Lenny.

PATRICK (cont'd)

Get me the band!

INT. ARENA - EAST BERLIN - NIGHT

Packed to the walls. Loud. Energetic. Something epic happening -- a rock concert.

On stage -- rock gods -- THE HAIRBAGS, mid 20's , rooted in elements of rhythm and blues, pop, soul and heavy metal.

Our hero, lead singer, JOHNNY KURT, slender, with raspy and rough vocal pipes. Rock and Roll -- his religion.

On guitars, RICH HUSH. Fast, fluid, smooth as hell. And --

CONROY KING, in a zone, a different world. The most talented.

On bass, the compact, MICKY THUMP, strokes the bass like a fine woman. The oldest.

GENE KITT, shirtless, aggressive drumming style. A GUN sticks out from the back of his waistband.

The song ends. An eruption of cheers and screams.

Johnny glides to Hush -- shoots him a hard look.

JOHNNY

Hush, your improv on the chorus is screwing me up. Again!

HUSH

I'm a genius too you know!? Let it go. Again!

Johnny clutches his stomach, winces in pain. He paces -- gathers himself.

THUMP

Oh girls, we have a show to finish here!

Kitt stands, his eyes hunt for someone in the crowd. We notice a SNIPER RIFLE next to his floor bass.

KITT

Do we have eyes yet?

KING

No. Anyone? You see him Thump?

Thump moves to the edge of the stage -- shielding his eyes from the bright, colorful show lights.

Johnny grabs the mic. His mind drifts.

JOHNNY

(in German)

*We are not here for political reasons! Our hope is that someday all barriers, all walls crumble down!*

The crowd roars.

Johnny snaps out of it. King glides to Johnny, gives him a sincere, encouraging look -- true friendship, special.

JOHNNY

Here is... spin my world!

The band launches into a catchy rock tune.

In the crowd, out of place, a paranoid Walter. He plucks out a piece of paper from his pants pocket.

It reads: "SPIN MY WORLD"

He pushes his way toward the stage. His eyes darting back and forth with every step.

Among the crowd, THE STASI (secret police) glare like hawks. A STASI group of THREE move with purpose -- stalking Walter.

As Walter moves closer to the stage, the hordes get more rowdy, knocking him around like a pinball.

Johnny notices Walters ashen face.

Hush glances at Johnny. He points his guitar in the direction of Walter.

Johnny -- still singing -- looks back at Kitt -- nods. A signal.

Walter stands firm at the foot of the stage, confused.

The Stasi close in. Walter makes eye contact with them - he gasps. Then --

A grand finale. The song ends -- fireworks. Then -- Darkness. The arena thunders.

The lights snap back on. The Stasi men squint, baffled.

A puzzled look moves across the Stasi men's face. No Walter. Gone. No Band -- Vanished.

INT. BACKSTAGE - CORRIDOR - CONTINUING

The band handling Walter -- race for their lives. Kitt carries his sniper rifle.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Deep with GIRLS, ROADIES and booze. Rock and roll style.

CALVIN HALL, 40's, sharp manager, stands at an open door.

CALVIN  
(to a girl)  
Hey! Toss me that bottle will ya?

A HOT GIRL underhands him a bottle of Jack Daniels.

INT. BACKSTAGE - CORRIDOR - CONTINUING

The band and Walter race by Calvin in a blur as Thump grabs the bottle of Jack.

Kitt whirls -- slides the sniper rifle on the floor toward Calvin -- SWIIIIIIIIIIISHHHHHH.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUING

Calvin snaps up a phone on the desk, dials -- scans the room.

CALVIN  
(into phone)  
Is Mary there?

INT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Cheap and seedy as hell. Sitting on a ratty bed with the phone pressed to his ear -- Patrick.

PATRICK  
Wrong number.

He clunks down the phone and snaps a stop watch to his face. CLICK.

PATRICK (cont'd)  
Come on boys.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUING

Calvin hangs up the phone, uneasy. Then --

CALVIN  
Everybody out! Lets go! Out!

INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Leaning on a stretch limo, the oblivious DRIVER, FLOYD. The band, jerking Walter, dart toward him.

JOHNNY  
Let's go Floyd!

INT. LIMO - MOVING - NIGHT

The band settles into their seats in the back. Johnny looks out the window -- checking for a tail -- fully amped.

WALTER  
Who are you guys?

KING  
The talent.

Walter doesn't know how to respond.

JOHNNY  
Relax. You're with the good guys.  
Hush the map?

HUSH  
(pointing to his head)  
All right here.

Johnny rolls down the partition.

JOHNNY  
Change of plans Floyd!

Thump passes the bottle of Jack around. Walter takes this all in. His life in the hands of a rock band, swigging whiskey.

HUSH  
Bang a right up here!

Johnny taps Walter on the shoulder.

JOHNNY  
What's your name?

WALTER  
Walter. I don't want to die.

JOHNNY  
I'm Johnny. You're with the band now. We're going to get you out.

Johnny gives off a trusting smile. He turns to Hush -- the smile disappears in an instant.

EXT. AIRFIELD - NIGHT

Abandoned, except for a small jet plane taxied on a cracked, decrepit runway.

The limo screeches to a halt a few hundred yards from the jet. All storm out -- head for the jet.

JOHNNY  
(to Floyd)  
Get to Calvin. See you in Paris!

Floyd takes orders very well. He races off.

The band -- a hundred yards from freedom when --

BOOM.

The compression blows them all to the ground. One by one they peel themselves up. Thump picks up the bottle.

THUMP

What's plan B?

Johnny helps Walter scramble to his feet.

JOHNNY

That was plan B.

WALTER

Statsi. They know! They know!

In the distance, moving headlights grow bigger -- closer. Johnny takes a few steps. A confused look. Then --

KING

That Floyd?

BANG! WHIZ! BANG! TAT! TAT! TAT!

JOHNNY

That ain't Floyd!

The group take off like bats out of hell -- dodging bullets disappearing into the night.

A black sedan pulls up. Three Stasi men from the concert spring out, guns blazing -- firing bullets in all directions, unleashing everything they have. Everything!

A beat. Quiet. Dead?

The Stasi men breath out a relaxed smile. Then in the darkness --

A dim fire flickers in the distance. Up it goes -- flying towards them, closer, closer. The Jack Daniels bottle -- except -- A Molotov cocktail -- hits the car. SMASH!

The Stasi drill looks at each other.

STATSI

SHIIIIIT!

BOOM! The car turns into a fireball.

EXT. EAST BERLIN BORDER CHECKPOINT - NIGHT

Grim faced BORDER GUARDS patrol -- vigil. Unknown to them above their heads -- a hot air balloon gently drifts by in the sky -- like a cloud.

EXT. HOT AIR BALLOON - NIGHT

The band and Walter tucked down -- cozy in the basket.

JOHNNY

Sometimes you need a plan C.

THUMP

Gene, where did you learn how to fly balloons?

KITT

I wasn't always a drummer you know.

Walter doesn't know whether to laugh or cry.

JOHNNY

Welcome to the other side Walt.

FADE TO BLACK.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. JOHNNY'S GEORGIAN MANSION - DRIVEWAY - DAY

SUPER: "PRESENT DAY - WESTCHESTER, NY"

Magnificent. It overlooks a lush green lawn a mile long. An older Floyd, washes the limo.

INT. JOHNNY'S MANSION - MUSIC ROOM - DAY

A cavernous shrine to his epic accomplishments. Posters, pictures, platinum records hang proudly.

Johnny, washed up, but plastic surgery has saved his looks, sits on top of a baby grand piano -- writing furiously.

We hear approaching FOOTSTEPS outside on the marble tile.

MAGGIE "MAGS", 50's, no nonsense, crashes through the great french doors, a stack of magazines in her arms.

JOHNNY

Mags. Read this. Tell me what you think?

MAGS

I'm not your muse. I'm your personal assistant. Besides you've never written a good song by yourself and you know it.

JOHNNY

Cruel, Mags.

MAGS

I'm just a reflection of your fans. The doctor said you have to come in to see him. No more meds till then.

JOHNNY

Time for a new doctor.

MAGS

You don't want a doctor, you want a pharmacy.

Mags throws the magazines on the piano.

JOHNNY

Get me a new one anyway.

MAGS

No. Last weeks articles. They're still blaming you for the break up. Has it been ten years?

Johnny picks up a magazine -- scans through it, squinting.

MAGS (cont'd)

They're talking about your hall of fame nomination. You going?

JOHNNY

No.

Mags shakes her head.

MAGS

Where are your glasses?

JOHNNY

Glasses are not rock and roll.

MAGS

So your not going to go. Hall of fame. You know what your problem is?

JOHNNY

I need a new doctor.

MAGS

No. And you can't fire me. It's in my contract. Let it go.

JOHNNY

I was under the influence.

MAGS

Back then, you were.

Mags puts her hand on the door and turns back to him.

MAGS (cont'd)

But now, your much better Johnny, so just let it go. Let it go.

She pushes out a warm smile, like a mother to a son.

MAGS (cont'd)  
Isn't it time for your walk with  
Floyd? Get yourself out of this  
prison.

INT. LIMO - MOVING - DAY

Johnny stares out the window, taking notice of American  
flags hanging, kids playing, pure freedom.

JOHNNY  
Floyd. How about-

Johnny notices Floyd -- ear buds in -- listening to music.

JOHNNY (cont'd)  
Floyd!?

Floyd has tuned him out. Again.

EXT. JOHNNY'S MANSION - DRIVEWAY - DAY

Johnny gets out before Floyd can open the door.

JOHNNY  
What do you say Floyd? Me and you  
tonight. Girls, diner, maybe...

FLOYD  
...Got the wife and kids at the end  
of the day, you know?

INT. JOHNNY'S MANSION - STUDY - NIGHT

Johnny opens the door. Mags office.

JOHNNY  
Mags, how about some din-?

Johnny stops. An empty room. Mags, gone for the night.

INT. MANSION DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Johnny sits alone at the head of a long empty table. Eating  
a bowl of cereal. He looks off into nowhere. We get a sense  
that this is a nightly ritual.

INT. JOHNNY'S MANSION - MUSIC ROOM - NIGHT

Johnny plays a song on the piano. He stops, knowing it sucks, not what he used to be. He bangs the keys and shoots up.

He walks to a wall and stares up at a glass encased guitar. Above it, a poster of Conroy King, rocking his guitar. Johnny struggles with a painful memory.

INT. LECTURE HALL - DAY

A group of fresh faced RECRUITS in suits, sit and listen intently. Some take notes.

SUPER: "CAMP PEARY - THE FARM"

Patrick, much older now, worn, exhausted, stands at a podium addressing future patriots.

PATRICK

...And I remember thinking to myself with all the questions and tests, drug tests and background checks, lie detector...Why would I want to work for an organization that doesn't trust you right out of the gate?

ROBERT RILEY, 50's, enters from the back and heads toward Patrick, fully intending to interrupt him.

Patrick turns his attention to Riley, pauses, and --

PATRICK

...Anyway, welcome to the CIA.

With that, Patrick steps away from the podium. The class dismiss themselves. Riley arrives.

RILEY

Patty?

PATRICK

Riley. Been a long time.

They shake hands.

RILEY

Yes.

PATRICK  
You still-

RILEY  
We need you at Langley.

PATRICK  
Oh.

RILEY  
Immediately.

INT. CIA BUILDING - LOBBY - DAY

Patrick and Riley walk above the iconic seal on the floor and past the Stars of the fallen on the wall.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Riley enters, with Patrick in tow, to find OPERATION OFFICERS and ANALYSTS waiting. Laminated badges hang from their necks -- folders lay in front of them.

Rising at the head of the long table, JACK VITALE, mid 40's, in charge of everything in here.

JACK  
Patrick. Please. Join us.

Riley finds a seat. Patrick casts an eye around the crowded room -- pondering -- no familiar faces.

JACK (cont'd)  
What's it been Patty? Ten years?

PATRICK  
(forcing a smile)  
Something like that.

Patrick takes a seat.

JACK  
I'm going to cut out the bullshit and get right to it. We have about eighteen hours or so before this goes public and I want to get in front of it.

Jack slides a folder down to Patrick.

JACK (cont'd)  
North Korea.

Patrick eyes grow wide as he gazes inside the folder.

JACK (cont'd)  
Looking to celebrate in a big  
fucking way.

PATRICK  
A rock festival?

JACK  
The new leader wants to celebrate  
the life and death of his beloved  
father. Art, music, cultural. Turns  
out he had a list of his favorite  
bands of all time. Our sources have  
the list.

Patrick pages through and finds the list. Leaning back, his  
face stiffens.

JACK  
Third one down.

Patrick pushes his hands through his hair.

PATRICK  
Jesus Christ.

JACK  
They are only one of five American  
and U.K. acts that will be  
requested. We anticipate none of  
them to accept. Leaving our guys to  
headline.

Patrick throws the folder down -- shakes his head.

JACK (cont'd)  
We need to get in there, Patty.

PATRICK  
What do you have?

JACK  
Will somebody get the-

The lights pop off as a picture of a MANS face fills the  
projection screen behind Jacks head. CLICK. The picture  
changes, one by one -- faces of five RUSSIAN SCIENTISTS.

JACK (cont'd)  
About three years ago, Five Russian  
Nuclear scientist were brought in.  
Code name, the Red Hand.

The picture stops on one face. OLEG MIROV, 50's.

JACK (cont'd)  
Dr. Oleg Mirov. Riley. Jump in  
here.

RILEY  
We think they were brought in  
mainly to help develop a super  
E.M.P. warhead.

Patrick pushes himself up in his seat.

PATRICK  
E.M.P.?

JACK  
An M.I. six agent made contact with  
Mirov nine months ago. He's ready  
to turn.

RILEY  
Everything is on the table. Nuclear  
secrets, access codes, blueprints,  
early warning system, the works.

JACK  
In return, a hefty price, including  
asylum and an estate by the ocean,  
here, in the states.

RILEY  
We have authorization from the  
President himself to offer anything  
to get this guy.

The monitor displays a picture of BRIAN HADDINGTON, mid  
40's, stern face.

JACK  
Five weeks ago that M.I. Six Agent,  
Brain Haddington, went missing.

PATRICK  
Dead?

RILEY

Don't know.

Patrick rubs his eyes. Glances dart between Jack and Riley.

JACK

There is chatter that Olev still wants to dump the intel.

PATRICK

And you want The Hairbags to go get them.

RILEY

And find the Agent, if possible.

PATRICK

That's a lot on a plate for one mission.

RILEY

We don't get many shots at North Korea.

JACK

I know the bands been retired for a while, but-

PATRICK

I wouldn't call it retired.

JACK

What would you-

PATRICK

Finished. Done. They left in a mess and havn't spoken to each other for over ten years. They hate each other. Forget it.

RILEY

How long did you handle them?

PATRICK

Since day one.

JACK

You don't think you could get them back?

RILEY

For one more show?

Patrick puts his hands in his pockets. Considers.

JACK  
I am not looking for you to go out  
in the field with them. I know  
you're comfortable at the farm.

PATRICK  
A lot less bugs in the woods. Who  
would handle them, Jack?

Jack points to MARTY HAMILTON, mid 30's, fresh, bright.

JACK  
Marty Hamilton.

Marty stands, reaches over the table and holds out his hand.  
Patrick sizes him up. Marty gives off a perplexed frown.

PATRICK  
How long?

JACK  
We are hearing early summer.

RILEY  
Four, five months at most.

PATRICK  
(disheartened)  
Jesus.

JACK  
We spend fifty billion a year on  
intel. We have over one hundred  
thousand employees and we have no  
fucking idea what North Korea is up  
to. This is our best shot.

INT. MARTY'S OFFICE - DAY

Windowless and small, but efficient.

Patrick sits at a table pushing files around, He holds up  
pages with stapled photographs -- all top secret.

Marty observes the process.

MARTY  
We appreciate your cooperation on  
this.

PATRICK  
I'm no hero, believe me.

Patrick holds up a picture of Johnny.

PATRICK (cont'd)  
He is.

Marty swipes up the picture and studies it.

MARTY  
Johnny Kurt.

PATRICK  
Everything starts and ends with  
him. Without him, you have nothing.  
No band. No mission.

Patrick scoops up a few other pictures and scatters them on  
the table. Pictures of Kitt, Hush, Thump and King.

PATRICK (cont'd)  
And without these guys, Johnny is  
nothing. He just doesn't know it  
yet. He may never know it.

Patrick holds up a picture of King.

PATRICK  
Except him. He can't help. Johnny's  
best and only friend, and he can't  
help.

Patrick throws the picture down in disgust.

MARTY  
Why's that?

PATRICK  
He's dead.

Patrick rises. Marty hands back the picture of Johnny.

PATRICK  
Alone, they are all useless to  
themselves.

MARTY  
How good were they?

PATRICK  
Together? Unstoppable. On stage and  
in the field. Like nothing you ever  
seen.

Patrick sighs -- pins a picture of Johnny on the wall.

PATRICK (cont'd)  
Johnny Kurt. Plays music for  
mom, spies for dad. At least he  
used to.

MARTY  
You really think they will go for  
this?

PATRICK  
It's rock and roll, you never know.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE

—  
ACT TWO

EXT. JOHNNY'S MANSION - DRIVEWAY - DAY

Johnny emerges from the front door -- walks through Floyd. He puts his hand on the limo rear door handle.

FLOYD  
Johnny...

JOHNNY  
I got it Floyd, let's just go.

FLOYD  
Johnny...Johnny. Wait.

Johnny opens the door. The blood drains from his face. Inside Patrick and Marty.

PATRICK  
I heard you were half dead?

JOHNNY  
Half alive.

INT. LIMO - MOVING - DAY

Johnny having a significant moment of eye contact with Patrick. Then --

JOHNNY  
A reunion?

Patrick nods his head. Johnny takes in the gravity of it.

JOHNNY  
Where you've been for so long?

PATRICK  
The farm. Lately anyway.

JOHNNY  
I tried to call you a few times you know? No one ever knew how to get in touch with you.

PATRICK  
You know how that goes Johnny. I'm here now.

Johnny smirks.

JOHNNY

Kind of liked being out of the  
spotlight you know? Never really  
liked it.

PATRICK

That's what makes you great at what  
you do.

JOHNNY

A rock star who is uncomfortable on  
stage?

PATRICK

A spy who wants to be insignificant

Johnny winces in pain -- grabs at his stomach.

PATRICK

Still dealing with that?

JOHNNY

Since I was ten. What did the  
others say?

PATRICK

It starts and ends with you. But  
you know that.

MARTY

If you won't do it then-

JOHNNY

Who the hell are you again?

Patrick and Marty exchange a look.

MARTY

(impatient)

Marty.

PATRICK

Johnny I don-

JOHNNY

What if the others say no.

PATRICK

I don't know.

JOHNNY

Will you go without me? Will you  
want me to go without them?

PATRICK

I don't want to send any of you  
unless it's all of you.

Johnny's mind drifts.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY - FLASHBACK

Johnny, 7, in awe, holds a guitar for the first time.  
Standing in front of him, his MOTHER, smiling proudly.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Johnny, 15, sits on his bed, guitar in hand. Before him, his  
FATHER -- military attire, and his mother, in tears.

FATHER

A little discipline is what you  
need, son. Serve your country, make  
a difference. It's not going to be  
with that guitar.

INT. LIMO - MOVING - DAY

Johnny's eyes refocus. Patrick and Marty stare at him --  
waiting.

INT. MOTEL - ATLANTIC CITY - NIGHT

More like an hourly no - tell shit hole. Thump passed out  
on the unkempt bed. Patrick and Marty stand over him. Marty  
holds a glass of water.

PATRICK

(to Marty)

Back up.

Patrick picks up a chair and holds it out in front of him  
like a lion tamer.

PATRICK (cont'd)

Hey! Thump!

Thump doesn't move. Patrick signals to Marty.

PATRICK (cont'd)

Do it.

Marty dumps the water on Thump and jumps behind Patrick.

Thump springs his head up, notices the intruders -- lunges off the bed.

He performs a perfect round house kick, shattering the chair.

PATRICK (cont'd)

Thump! Thumper it's me! Patrick!  
Hey!

Thump sidekicks Marty, sending him flying into the wall. In a fighting stance -- he turns his attention back to Patrick.

THUMP

Who the fuck are you!? What do you want!?

PATRICK

It's me.

Thumps stops -- squints -- recognizes.

THUMP

Patty?

INT. DINER - NIGHT

Thump shoves down a plate of food. Patrick and Marty, content with just coffee.

In between shoveling lumps of meat into his mouth --

THUMP

You're pretty much asking the impossible, Patty.

PATRICK

It's what I do.

THUMP

Sure could use the money though.

PATRICK

You lost everything?

THUMP

Between the gambling, the hookers,  
ex-wives, five of them. Nothing's  
left but that room. I do odd jobs  
now. They let me stay.

Patrick takes out an envelope and slides it across to Thump.

EXT. BEACH MANSION - SAGAPONECK, NY - DAY

Impressive. Two acres overlooking the ocean.

INT. BEACH MANSION - GRAND HALL - DAY

Gene Kitt, shirtless, leads Patrick and Marty down the hall  
lined with past accolades, chronicling The Hairbags record  
breaking accomplishments.

KITT

It's a damn shame it all ended they  
way it it did. Sad really.

(Notices at a picture of  
Johnny)

How's he look? Johnny.

PATRICK

Like the rest of us. Old and tired.

KITT

Well I've got nine kids running  
around here. Nine. I got a fucking  
baseball team to feed. I'm  
exhausted.

INT. GREAT ROOM - DAY

A sun - dazzled room with enormous windows.

Kitt watches several of his children playing. Two hot  
SWEDISH NANNIES play along with them.

KITT

Aren't they great?

PATRICK

Yea. The kids are cute too.

Kitt lets out a devilish smile.

KATE, 30's, Kitt's attractive wife, sweeps into the room  
with a tray of glasses, full of a red concoction.

KATE  
Gentlemen. I brought you a fresh  
vegetable smoothie.

KITT  
Kate has this new juicer. Wonderful  
baby. Thanks.

MARTY  
Thank you ma'am.

Kate, smiles, glances at the children and leaves.

KITT  
She has me on this vegan diet. What  
I wouldn't do for a steak.

Kitt takes a sip and makes a face.

KITT  
Look Patty, I got a family now, you  
know? And I had a great run with  
them guys, but we couldn't stand to  
be in the same room more than five  
minutes at the end there, so-

PATRICK  
Gene, you brought me down that hall  
for a reason.

KITT  
Well it would be nice to taste food  
again, maybe get a nap.

Patrick takes out an envelope and hands it to Kitt.

KITT (cont'd)  
What am I supposed to do with this?

Patrick and Marty stand, ready to leave.

PATRICK  
Open it, read it and burn it.

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - CHICAGO - DAY

Hush plays his guitar -- a mellow, classical medley. Behind  
him -- a twenty piece ORCHESTRA. He stops abruptly --  
dissatisfied.

HUSH  
No, no! Damn it!

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - SOUND BOOTH - MOMENTS LATER

Hush, perpetual stress written on his aged face, pacing the room.

An AUDIO ENGINEER sits in front of a state of the art multi recording sound board -- rewinding the last take.

Calvin, less hair, wearing glasses now, lounges on an overstuffed brown leather chair.

CALVIN  
You have to be a bit patient with them, Rich. Most of them have never played this stuff before.

HUSH  
They're musicians aren't they?  
Can't they read music?

CALVIN  
You have to feel this stuff, not read it.

The door swooshes open. Patrick and Marty emerge.

ENGINEER  
Can I help you?

PATRICK  
(looking at Hush)  
No. You can't.

INT. STUDIO BATHROOM - DAY

Patrick, Marty, Hush and Calvin

HUSH  
Whats plan B?

PATRICK  
You're it. The only one on the table.

HUSH  
Come on Patty? You're telling me Langley doesn't have a back up?

PATRICK

A back up for a band of spies asked  
to come to a country that the C.I.A.  
can't get into? No. You're it.

Hush paces.

HUSH

He still thinks it's his band?

PATRICK

Don't start that shit storm, Rich.  
You're a patriot.

HUSH

Court says it's mine, all of it.  
What do you think Calvin?

CALVIN

I saw greatness before you all did  
and look what you all became. I see  
greatness still.

INT. JOHNNY'S MANSION - MEDIA ROOM - NIGHT

Johnny, sunk in his chair, staring at the massive screen. He  
watches military homecomings -- soldier surprising kids and  
families -- very emotional images.

INT. AIR HANGER - OFFICE - DAY

The doors slam open. Johnny emerges -- walking with purpose.

Hush, Kitt and Thump watch him as he approaches. He studies  
each face. "Man we look old."

JOHNNY

You got one more in you?

Calvin, Marty and Patrick huddle in the corner, observing.

CALVIN

None of them thinks they can do it  
you know?

PATRICK

True heroes don't get dragged into  
this stuff, they go willingly.  
Let's go tell the world.

INT. HOTEL - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

New York City -- an impressive venue.

An ocean of reporters backed by mounds of camera's. A press conference -- a circus.

Johnny flanked by his band mates and Calvin. Behind them, floor to ceiling banners and posters of the band.

The mood is fun with lots of bantering, although their are tones of seriousness in the faces and voices of the band.

Answering a question -- Calvin.

CALVIN

Yes, we'll all be working here in New York City until we leave.

REPORTER 1

What took you so long to get back together?

JOHNNY

Well, we felt-

HUSH

It's one show. We are not back together really.

Hush looks down at his band mates for confirmation.

HUSH (cont'd)

Right?

REPORTER 2

Why now? Why North Korea?

JOHNNY

We have fans worldwide. We never played there. I think it's cool actually.

ANOTHER REPORTER

The U.S. Government says that they do not support your decision to go, calling it a propaganda stunt, how-

JOHNNY

We don't play for the government.

KITT

This isn't political. We see it as an opportunity.

REPORTER 1

But they say they can't guarantee your safety.

THUMP

We've been known to be a bit dangerous ourselves.

JOHNNY

We're not worried.

DIFFERENT REPORTER

How are you guys getting along? I know there has been a lot of turmoil over the past ten years...did you make up?

Before Johnny can speak --

HUSH

No, Johnny's still a miserable bastard, like a man with a fork in a world of soup.

The room breaks up with laughter.

JOHNNY

I'll stab you in your ass with that fork.

Louder laughter.

HUSH

Let's just say we'll stay away from each other on stage.

REPORTER 1

Will there be an album in the future?

CALVIN

We don't know. Let's get our sea legs back and see where it takes us.

JOHNNY

We'll be working on a single though.

The band reacts. "What the hell?"

REPORTER 2

Who's idea was it to get back together?

The band waits for someone else to answer, but no one does. They look around at each other.

An uncomfortable silence. Johnny shrugs.

The room breaks up with laughter, again.

CALVIN

We're all here now.

DIFFERENT REPORTER

What about the band finances and control. Is that-

CALVIN

That's all been worked out.

Hush shakes his head, trying to hold back.

Patrick and Marty -- observing in the back of the room as the questions continue, concerned looks on their faces.

MARTY

Are these guys going to be able to pull this off?

PATRICK

We'll find out, won't we Marty.

Patrick makes eye contact with Calvin. He rubs his hand on his neck "cut it off".

CALVIN

Last question.

REPORTER 2

Johnny. Do you still talk with Crissy Kiss?

Johnny's face tightens, a painful memory swells up in his head.

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

The crowd -- buzzing.

In the background a sign that reads " NEW YEARS EVE BASH 1989" On stage -- CRISSY KISS, a combination of cute and hot. A guitar swings from her neck.

CHRISSEY  
I'm gonna bring out a friend of  
mine. Hope you don't mind.

Johnny, younger, walks out on stage. The crowd goes wild,  
adoring him and her. Together. He kisses her

CHRISSEY  
You ready, babe?

JOHNNY  
Always ready for you.

They launch into a duet. We listen to them for a moment, but  
that's all we need, because they sound perfect together.

INT. HOTEL - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Back to the press conference.

REPORTER 1  
When's the last time you seen her?

ANOTHER REPORTER  
Are you still in love with her?

The band gets up -- obvious these questions are bad memories  
-- they have had enough.

The reporters still pepper the band with questions as they  
leave. Johnny makes eye contact with Reporter 2.

REPORTER 2  
Johnny. Is she the reason why The  
Hairbags broke up?

The room goes silent, except for a few camera clicks. Johnny  
can't get out of there fast enough -- a sick and suffocating  
look ripping across his face.

His band mates -- wait for the answer -- more curious than  
the reporters. Then --

JOHNNY  
No.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. LIMO - MOVING - DAY

Johnny -- on his cell phone -- still shaken from the press conference.

JOHNNY

Mags? Mags?

INT. JOHNNY'S MANSION - STUDY - DAY

Mags at her desk -- talking on the phone to Johnny.

MAGS

Chrissy? No...No... No...Look...Hey  
Johnny...

INT. LIMO - MOVING - DAY

JOHNNY

Mags. I need her address, I know  
you have it somewhere...

INT. JOHNNY'S MANSION - STUDY - DAY

MAGS

No. I have strict instructions, by  
you...Under no circumstance am I to  
let you or help you see that women  
again...Remember?... No...No, you  
can't fire me ... I have a lifetime  
contract with you.

INT. OFFICE - NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT

An inner office with nondescript folders -- an anonymous  
feel.

Map of North Korea on the wall. A mess of take out  
containers across the table. Patrick and Marty work the  
finer points of the mission.

MARTY

I'm not sure about the arrival  
plan? Anything from M.I. six?

PATRICK  
Not sure about anything right now.

Marty stops what he's doing, looks at Patrick. A heavy quiet.

PATRICK (cont'd)  
I can feel you staring at me Marty.  
Ask will ya?

MARTY  
What are you talking about?

PATRICK  
I know you want to know, so it's  
okay. I will declassify myself for  
you.

Marty gives off a sarcastic smirk, but senses an opportunity for information.

MARTY  
Okay, okay. Just how in the hell  
did you get hooked up with these  
guys?

Patrick stops -- stares down, remembering something fondly.

PATRICK  
It was in nineteeeee eighty two.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY - FLASHBACK

Old and concrete, dusty.

PATRICK (V.O.)  
I was stationed in Germany.

A rusted and dented trunk sits on the floor. It's lid open. In front, staring down into it -- Johnny and Calvin -- much younger.

JOHNNY  
We good with this staying here?  
This is very important to me.

Calvin gives Johnny a confident pat on the shoulder and nods.

Johnny takes out a pill canister and pops one in -- wincing in pain.

CALVIN  
Stomach still?

JOHNNY  
Used to it.  
(yelling for others)  
Let's go!

Johnny slams the trunk shut.

EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING - DAY - FLASHBACK

An overcast sky -- late afternoon gray.

SUPER: "FRANKFORT, GERMANY"

Johnny, Calvin and the rest of The young Hairbags emerge.

Through the lens of a camera WE SEE pictures taken of them.

Two black vans screech up. Pouring out, before the vehicles stop, a dozen stoned face MEN in grey and black suits.

The Men -- all over them -- a lightning speed ambush.

The Men grab -- hood them. They violently throw them into the van in one swift, choreographed move.

The vans speed off. Gone -- like nothing happened.

INT. INNER OFFICE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Cluttered with folders and files.

PATRICK (V.O.)  
We were staking out an abandoned building that the Russians were planning to use as an annex for their embassy.

Sleeping in another yard sale suit on a ratty couch, Patrick. The phone rings. Patrick pops up.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

On a drab, worn out carpet -- Patrick walks with purpose along with Lenny, still sausaged in a cheap wool suit.

Lenny hands over a folder to Patrick.

LENNY  
No passports.

PATRICK  
What?

LENNY  
Said they had permission.

PATRICK  
From the the Russians?

LENNY  
We know their are a few old trunks  
inside. Heavy, we think.

PATRICK  
Explosives?

LENNY  
Not sure.

PATRICK  
We have pictures?

LENNY  
Them carrying it inside. Not out.

They stop at a closed door -- THE INTERROGATION ROOM.

PATRICK  
We can't risk going in. Any of us  
get caught, Russians accuse us of  
spying on them-

LENNY  
They go nuclear.

PATRICK  
Find out who the hell these kids  
are Lenny, and quick.

LENNY  
Already at their hotel.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Cold. Frugal.

A BURLY MAN stands guard at the door.

Sitting and waiting at a tawny colored table in the middle -- Calvin, and the four others - Hush, King, Kitt, and Thump -- hippy, looking mops.

Johnny paces behind them.

Patrick bursts in -- throws the folder on the table.

PATRICK  
(to Johnny)  
Sit down.

Johnny stops. They size each other up.

Johnny loafs -- lowers himself into a chair.

CALVIN  
I demand to know who the hell you  
are and why we were kidnapped on  
the street like a bunch of  
criminals!?

JOHNNY  
We're Americans.

PATRICK  
Can you prove it?

JOHNNY  
Don't we look American?

PATRICK  
Looks can be deceiving. What's your  
name?

JOHNNY  
Why do want to know our names?

PATRICK  
Not their names, just yours.

Johnny pushes out a baffled look. A stand off. Then --

PATRICK (cont'd)  
You guys hungry?  
(to Burly man)  
Let's get them something to eat.  
Take them outside and see if we can  
get them on their way home.

Patrick smirks at Johnny. "I'm in charge here" look.

The Burly man gathers them up. Patrick motions to Johnny.

PATRICK (cont'd)  
No, not you. You stay.

Johnny's face changes to concern as he slides back down into his chair.

KING  
I'm staying with him.

The Burly man steps forward -- menacing.

JOHNNY  
Go.

KING  
I ain't leaving you behind.

JOHNNY  
(reassuring)  
Just go. It will be okay.

The group leaves the room -- all exchanging glances. "Whats happening?"

Patrick and Johnny -- all alone. They lock eyes.

PATRICK  
You have any idea where you are?

Silence.

Patrick snaps out a gun from his shoulder holster and SLAMS it on the table. Johnny's eyes grow wide.

PATRICK (cont'd)  
You scared, son?

JOHNNY  
No.

PATRICK  
Don't know who I am. Or where you are? A gun on the table. And your not scared?

Johnny shakes head, trying to convince himself. Then --

In a sudden burst Patrick springs up -- gun in hand and yanks Johnny from his chair -- grabs his neck and drives his scrawny body up the wall.

Patrick, possessed, presses the gun to Johnny's temple.

PATRICK (cont'd)  
 You scared now? What's your name!?  
 Whats your name!? What's your  
 name!? What are their names!? You  
 coward little pussy!

Johnny's lip quivers, trying to catch his breath.

PATRICK (cont'd)  
 I will shoot you here and no one  
 will ever know about it, I swear to  
 fucking god! What is your name?

Patrick cocks the gun.

PATRICK (cont'd)  
 What's it going to be boy?

Both lock eyes. "This is crazy."

The door opens. Lenny stands.

LENNY  
 You may want to take a look at  
 this.

INT. INNER CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

A rickety long table with peeled and faded formica.

Patrick and Lenny push themselves in and meet --

DANNY, agent, mid 30's, stands at the table -- passports  
 littered in front of him..

DANNY  
 These were at the hotel. They all  
 check out.

Patrick fingers a few.

PATRICK  
 What the hell are these guys doing?

DANNY  
 And get this. They're all Army  
 brats. Camp Darby, Italy.

PATRICK  
 Camp Darby?

DANNY  
 Except for this, Calvin Hall.

Danny finds Calvin's passport on the table. He pushes it to Patrick.

Patrick swipes it up -- studies the picture.

DANNY  
 He manages them.

PATRICK  
 Manage?

DANNY  
 ...They're a rock band. He works for a German music magazine called Rock Chop.

LENNY  
 Your kidding.

They continue to sift through the passports.

PATRICK (V.O.)  
 Calvin had made contact with the owner of the building, some German, looking to make up rent while the place was under construction. before they gave it over to the Russians.

LENNY  
 Wonder what the C.O. over at Darby would say about this? How did they get here?

EXT. AIRFIELD - CAMP DARBY - NIGHT

An army transport plane readies for takeoff. An ARMY pilot takes a bag from a confident and edgy Johnny.

JOHNNY  
 They all on board?

ARMY PILOT  
 Yea! You know if I get caught my C.O. is gonna hang my ass.

Johnny hands him an envelope.

JOHNNY

Don't worry. I can handle my  
father.

INT. INNER CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Patrick holds up a passport, rubs it in his hands.

PATRICK

Hold off on that for now, Lenny.

INT. INTERROGATION OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Dimly lit.

Patrick and Lenny observe Johnny thru a two way mirror.  
Johnny sits in the corner, silence.

PATRICK

I know at least a dozen agents,  
outstanding ones, in the field  
right now, that failed the mock  
interrogation exercise at the farm.

Patrick moves closer to the window -- still casting curious  
eyes on Johnny.

PATRICK

And they knew it was fake.

Patrick glances down at Johnny's passport.

PATRICK

(to himself)

But not you, Johnny Kurt. Not even  
a flinch.

INT. OFFICE - NEW YORK - NIGHT - PRESENT

Patrick and Marty sit, more comfortable, with drinks.

PATRICK

Turns out they actually had a bit  
of a following in Europe.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - GERMANY - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Patrick sits across from the group. Passports and files in front of him.

PATRICK

A music video? What the hell is  
M.T.V.?

CALVIN

We are trying to tap into a new  
market, get some exposure. Is that  
illegal?

PATRICK

You guys have a record out?

CALVIN

No-

JOHNNY

Not yet.

PATRICK

You guys don't have a record and  
you expect people to watch you on  
T.V.?

Lenny rushes in -- whispers something to Patrick -- presents  
a folder. Patrick takes and opens it.

PATRICK

You guys want a record deal?

Curious looks are exchanged.

CALVIN

You an agent?

PATRICK

Yes.

JOHNNY

What record label?

Patrick throws the folder down, and leans back in his chair.

PATRICK

The C.I.A.

INT. OFFICE - NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT - PRESENT

Back with Patrick and Marty.

PATRICK

I knew an audio guy at A.M.  
records. He owed me a favor. A big  
favor.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Patrick and Lenny.

LENNY

I hope you know what your doing?

PATRICK

This just may work, Lenny.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

The group eats.

HUSH

These guys are full of shit, man.

KITT

I don't know, this could be a good  
break for us.

CALVIN

You know what they are asking us to  
do? These are fucking Russians we  
are dealing with.

THUMP

I say to hell with those commie  
bastards. Let's do it anyway.

HUSH

Hey Johnny, you're pretty quiet  
over there.

KING

(to Johnny)

What do you think, man?

Johnny rubs his face.

JOHNNY

We were all brought up as patriots.  
We need to do this.

CALVIN

So what are you saying?

JOHNNY

I'm saying I want a record deal.

INT. BASEMENT - FRANKFORT, GERMANY - DAY - FLASHBACK

The band sets up for a video shoot. Calvin moves the camera and some primitive lighting -- a crude, no budget set up. Kitt sits at his drums.

CALVIN

Just start going crazy. I'll put  
the actual recording in during post  
edit.

Calvin moves the camera and lights in front of Kitt.

PATRICK (V.O.)

I was able to get a contract  
together. In return they would help  
us. It was a bug job.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

A shoddy room with water barley dripping.

Johnny pushes in. A quick look around and --

He quickly gets dressed in worker overalls and pulls a cap  
out over his head.

He climbs on the sinks and looks up to a rusted grate in the  
ceiling.

He pushes it up. It makes a rusted squeak.

PATRICK (V.O.)

At night they would bring in the  
real KGB types for security, but  
during the day, they had half as  
many and they were lax. It was our  
best shot.

INT. RUN DOWN OFFICE - DAY - FLASHBACK

Dilapidated -- barley alive. Furniture grave yard. Out from the ceiling -- Johnny -- gently -- jumps down.

PATRICK (V.O.)

I gave them blueprints of the place  
and we were able to hit all three  
floors in two days.

He moves about -- deliberate.

He heads to a corner of the room and rubs his hand along the wall, feeling, then tapping -- listening for a stud.

He finds one. He allows himself a slight satisfied smile.

Out comes a small drill. He turns it on making a small hole in the wall.

He yanks out a tiny, dime sized, metal device. He sticks it through the hole, carefully pushes. It sticks.

Johnny takes a small canister of spackle and fills the hole.

INT. FIRST FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY - FLASHBACK

Johnny walks. A RUSSIAN WORKER walks toward him.

Johnny pulls his hat down and drops his head. The worker gets closer. Each step Johnny's heart pounds harder.

They pass. The Worker stops and turns. He yells out to Johnny.

RUSSIAN WORKER

(in Russian)

Where is Svad?

JOHNNY

(in Russian)

No.

The worker makes a strange face.

Johnny moves faster -- heads into a door.

The worker turns -- takes a few steps then stops -- still baffled. He spins back and heads toward the door that Johnny entered.

INT. ROOM - CONTINUING

Dark.

The door cranks open -- letting in light from the hallway  
The worker stands.

RUSSIAN WORKER

Svad!?

The worker whips out a flashlight.

We notice Johnny behind the door, gently gliding out a  
screwdriver from his back pocket. He holds it up -- ready to  
strike.

RUSSIAN WORKER (cont'd)

Svad!?

The worker shines the light around. Nothing. He shrugs and  
closes the door.

Johnny and the rest of us can breathe.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY - FLASHBACK

Calvin bangs on the camera.

CALVIN

Damn thing's broken again.

Calvin turns to the group.

CALVIN (cont'd)

It's going to be a while, make  
yourselves comfortable.

PATRICK (V.O.)

They were good. They were able to  
buy time when they needed to.

INT. ANOTHER ABANDONED OFFICE - DAY

Bedraggled.

Hush and King move about -- stealth -- placing a few  
listening devices behind the electrical boxes.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

A sloppy looking Russian SECURITY GUARD notices Johnny missing from the band as they set up for another shot.

SECURITY  
(thick Russian accent)  
Where's other guy? Singing man?

Calvin cuts the Security Man off -- offers a quick explanation.

CALVIN  
No, no. He's not in this shot.  
Don't need him.

SECURITY  
Where he go?

The Security Man grows suspicious with each passing second. He walks to the bathroom door.

SECURITY (cont'd)  
He in here you say?

CALVIN  
He went to take a shit, man.

SECURITY  
Shit?

The whole room stops -- holding their breath.

SECURITY (cont'd)  
Been a long time. I don't like  
smell of this.

The Security Man grabs the door handle -- pulls it.

SLAM TO BLACK.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

Again....

SECURITY (cont'd)

Been a long time. I don't like  
smell of this.

The security man grabs the door handle -- pulls it. And --

Johnny, at the same time -- pushes it from inside --  
knocking the security man back.

JOHNNY

The smell of shit, me neither. I  
would wait a while before you go  
in.

Johnny casually strolls over to the others, trying like hell  
not to laugh.

PATRICK (V.O.)

By the time the Russians moved  
in we were able to get years of  
good intel, stuff that saved some  
asses out there.

INT. OFFICE - NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT - PRESENT

Patrick and Marty take their final gulps.

PATRICK

So, Calvin handled the music side  
of business and I handled the  
business side of business. They  
became my N-O-C's. Best I ever  
had.

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

The Hairbags perform in the studio. So natural, tight -- on  
their way to fame and fortune.

PATRICK (V.O.)

They made their first album. Who  
knew it would go gold. Once their  
video came out, they went platinum.  
They got real big, real fast...Too  
fast. We all hit the jackpot.

## ROLLING STONE MAGAZINE COVER

The band posing accordingly. The headline: "HERE COME THE HAIRBAGS". They look epic.

INT. OFFICE - NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT - PRESENT

Patrick stands up, finished for the night. Marty stays -- more work in mind.

PATRICK

Johnny's dad hated everything about it. Even with all the success. I think that's why he really stayed in it, the spying business. He wanted to prove to his father that he could make a difference.

MARTY

As a rock star?

PATRICK

As a rock spy.

MARTY

They're different now.

PATRICK

That band of army brats, all brought up to be patriots...They're a lot different.

Patrick opens the door.

PATRICK

(sighing)

I'll see you in the morning Marty.

MARTY

Good night, Patty.

EXT. CHRISSY KISS' HOUSE - DAY

A quaint cottage surrounded by trees and flowers.

Johnny shuffles to the front door, gathers himself, pushes the doorbell.

INT. CHRISSY KISS' HOUSE - CONTINUING

Johnny stands in the foyer, enjoying the pictures on the wall of Chrissy when she was one of the hottest acts in the 1990's.

A WOMEN comes from a back room.

WOMEN

I'm sorry. She's not taking visitors.

JOHNNY

Did you tell her it was me. Johnny?

WOMEN

Yes. Johnny Kurt. I know who you are.

JOHNNY

It's...I don't understand.

Johnny ponders. Then --

Johnny storms toward the backroom. The women follows.

WOMEN

Hey! Hey! Wait. She is not...She needs to rest! You can't go in there!

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Large. Filled with antiques and music boxes.

Johnny storms in. He stops dead in his tracks.

The women grabs him by his arm and yanks him back.

WOMEN

Hey! I'm sorry Chris.

CHRISSY KISS, 50's, pail, bony, bald but beautiful, sits up in a huge bed.

CHRISSY

It's okay Joyce. He's a stubborn son of a bitch.

JOYCE lets Johnny go and quietly closes the door. Johnny still frozen in shock.

CHRISSEY (cont'd)  
Is that what you came here for? To  
stare at me?

Johnny slowly walks to her.

                  JOHNNY  
Why didn't you-

                  CHRISSEY  
Why? You and I both know you can't  
handle this.

Johnny kneels next to her bed and takes her bony hand.

                  CHRISSEY (cont'd)  
I knew I should have run far away  
when I first looked at you.

                  JOHNNY  
And I thought it was just for fun.  
Now look at us.

                  CHRISSEY  
I'm dying. Nothing anyone can do to  
stop it. Not even the great Johnny  
Kurt can save me.

A beat.

                  JOHNNY  
I have loved you everyday.

                  CHRISSEY  
No, you loved the idea of us...of  
what we used to be. I couldn't  
compete with you, loving you. Let  
it go.

                  JOHNNY  
I can't.

                  CHRISSEY  
You have to learn. Because I am  
going. And you or anyone else can't  
come with me.

                  JOHNNY  
Let me stay. I'll take care of you,  
I'll--

CHRISSY

It's time to take your eyes off  
what you lost. Go live.

Johnny looks down, shamed at his past with her.

CHRISSY (cont'd)

Please just go, because when I'm  
finally gone, you'll just dive back  
into a bottle or something.

Johnny shakes his head trying to convince himself.

CHRISSY (cont'd)

Me dying isn't healthy for you.

INT. REHEARSAL STUDIO - NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT

Hush, Kitt and Thump lounge about -- The gear working harder  
than they are.

Calvin paces with a notepad, jotting something down -- in  
manager mode.

HUSH

I'd rather not play that one.

KITT

King wrote it and I--

HUSH

Well let him play it then.

THUMP

What about Mop Top Mama?

KITT

We have to play that one.

CALVIN

That may be good one to open with.

HUSH

Maybe a slower version or  
something. I want 'Sick of the  
Shame' and 'Shiny Secret' on there.

KITT

'Spin my world'?

THUMP  
(to Hush)  
What do you mean you want?

HUSH  
What word did you not understand?

THUMP  
This isn't your band you know?

HUSH  
I own the rights, so technically-

KITT  
Go fuck yourself with that  
bullshit!

CALVIN  
Will all of you shut the fuck up!

THUMP  
Hush your a damn bastard you know  
that?

Johnny emerges.

The fighting stops. Quiet.

Then --

HUSH  
Where the fuck have you been?

CALVIN  
Jesus Johnny. Two hours?

Johnny walks past them.

JOHNNY  
I'm here now.

HUSH  
You drunk?

Johnny snaps a look at him.

JOHNNY  
Sober six years. Fuck off!

KITT  
Where you been, man?

JOHNNY  
Let's play.

Johnny picks up the mic and cranks the amp. The feedback is deafening. He sizes up his group.

Then --

JOHNNY (cont'd)  
(into an echoing microphone)  
Let's play!

INT. REHEARSAL STUDIO OFFICE - NIGHT

A glass enclosed dwelling. The band rehearses on the other side. Just can't get the tempo right.

Patrick, Marty and Calvin observe -- listen -- wonder.

MARTY  
It's been ten years?

PATRICK  
It's what they sound like when their not playing that concerns me.

CALVIN  
It's like riding a bike, boys.

PATRICK  
With no wheels.

MARTY  
You don't sound so sure, Patty.

PATRICK  
They sound different.

CALVIN  
Well it's been ten years, gonna have some kinks.

Patrick moves closer to the window -- he eyes Johnny.

PATRICK  
The King is still gone for him.

EXT. ROAD - DAY - FLASHBACK

Somewhere in the middle of America -- Something tragic has happened -- an aftermath of chaos.

A tour bus, stopped on a long lonely road. It reads:  
"HAIRBAGS TOUR 2002".

A pick up truck, angled in front -- cut them off. Through the windshield -- The BUS DRIVER slumped over the wheel.

TWO MEN bloody and very dead lay about -- uzi's by their side.

Hush and Thump with hand guns, check the truck.

Johnny holds King, who spits up blood -- fading fast.

JOHNNY

Just hold on King! Hold on!

King squeezes Johnny's hand -- his eyes never leaving him.

JOHNNY (cont'd)

Don't you die...Don't go.

KING

I'm...Sorry... Johnny.

Johnny's eyes fill with tears.

Kitt watches sadly.

INT. L.A. ARENA - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Johnny, alone on stage, sits at a grand piano. He sings a slow version of "HEY HEY, MY MY."

Lighters flicker throughout the massive crowd.

JOHNNY

"Hey hey my my. Rock and roll can never die. It's better to burn out, then to fade away. Hey hey, my my..."

EXT. ROAD - DAY - FLASHBACK

The SONG continues through all of this...

Two helicopters have just landed in the distance -- the rotors still spinning.

Patrick and Lenny beeline toward the scene.

Several nondescript vans and trucks with OFFICIALS scatter about -- a clean up job.

PATRICK  
This road secure?

LENNY  
Have our guys two miles down, each way roadblock. We're good.

PATRICK  
Lucky we're in the middle of nowhere.

Patrick moves past TWO CIA MEN wearing overalls -- removing the dead bodies in front of the pick up truck.

PATRICK (cont'd)  
Confirm them?

LENNY  
On it.

A CIA SUIT greets Patrick.

CIA SUIT  
Clean up just about done. Took two out of the driver, four out of King.

He hands Patrick a canister filled with bullet fragments.

CIA SUIT  
Got the pictures we need. Bus is ready for staging.

PATRICK  
Helmets on the bus?

CIA SUIT  
Yes sir.

PATRICK

Lenny. Get the local's ready. I'm going to need a secure hospital.

Lenny and the CIA suit peel off.

Patrick arrives at Johnny -- staring off -- dazed.

PATRICK (cont'd)

You okay?

Johnny nods head.

JOHNNY

He's gone, Patty.

PATRICK

I need you to listen to me carefully. I need all of you to get back to the bus. We don't have much time here.

JOHNNY

Time for what.

PATRICK

Blowing your cover.

INT. L.A. ARENA - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Behind Johnny a picture of King flashes on an oversized screen.

JOHNNY

"The king is gone, but he's not forgotten..."

The crowd reacts.

INT. TOUR BUS - DAY

Johnny, Thump, Kitt, Hush and Calvin -- in different seats -- buckled in tightly -- wearing motorcycle helmets.

King and the Bus drivers bodies -- plopped upright in the front seat -- not buckled.

An overdressed CIA OFFICIAL walks on the bus and takes the drivers seat. Patrick follows him on.

PATRICK  
 Hold on tight. I will meet you all  
 in the hospital.

EXT. ROAD - DAY - FLASHBACK

Moments later, the bus races by, then --

A hard, sharp turn -- skids and flips -- rolling several  
 times -- glass shattering -- a loud, violent crash.

NEWS REPORTER (V.O.)  
 Sad news today. Hairbags guitarist,  
 Conroy King was killed just outside  
 of Tulsa when the tour bus carrying  
 the band flipped and rolled several  
 times. The driver was also killed.  
 Other band members are all listed  
 in serious but stable condition....

EXT. NYC STREET - NIGHT

Johnny accepts a hot dog from a street vender. Patrick  
 emerges from the darkness, behind him.

JOHNNY  
 Want one?

PATRICK  
 No. Don't want to end up like  
 Lenny.

JOHNNY  
 I'm no good with them guys,  
 anymore.

PATRICK  
 Why did you come back?

JOHNNY  
 Same reason you did.

Johnny loads up the fixings on his dog.

JOHNNY (cont'd)  
 You know, you're the last one,  
 Patty. No one else trust's me.

They walk.

PATRICK  
What do you really want Johnny?

JOHNNY  
I want to look over and see Conroy  
King, making everything work.

Off his look.

JOHNNY  
You asked.

Patrick senses an opportunity.

PATRICK  
He wasn't who you think he was.

JOHNNY  
What? What the hell are you talking  
about?

A long beat.

JOHNNY (cont'd)  
What the hell are you talking about  
Patrick?

PATRICK  
He turned.

They halt. Johnny reacts -- sick.

JOHNNY  
What? What are you telling me?  
What? Who the hell are you? What  
are you saying?

PATRICK  
He needed to go. Sooner or later,  
it would have been bad for all of  
us.

JOHNNY  
Don't tell me that! Don't tell me!  
You don't know! What the hell do  
you know?

PATRICK  
You trust me? It's true. He left us  
long before that day in Tulsa.

JOHNNY

You're playing one of your games,  
Patty. That's what this is. Tell me  
this is your game.

PATRICK

Your life was on the table, and he  
sold it. You're lucky to be alive,  
Johnny.

Patrick has had enough. He turns and walks away.

JOHNNY

Patty! Patty!

Johnny clutches his stomach.

JOHNNY (cont'd)

You bastard!

He spikes his hot dog on the street -- disgust.

JOHNNY (cont'd)

You're wrong! You hear me!? You're  
wrong about King! I'm going to  
prove it! You hear me!? I'll show  
you!

Johnny watches Patrick disappear into the darkness.

FADE TO BLACK.

TO BE CONTINUED...