

# Troubadour

A MOTION PICTURE SERIES

Episode One  
45 Minute Movie

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An original screenplay by  
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TITLE SEQUENCE ROLLS

*Theme song "Troubadour" plays*

EXT. SMALL TOWN, MIDWAY KENTUCKY, IN AUTUMN - AFTERNOON

OPEN Credits roll

**The MUSIC plays** as the CAMERA travels through a small Kentucky town.

We see the colorful leaves of autumn, quaint Americana storefronts, a classic old time Antique shop, a wood carved sign that reads *"Welcome To Historic Midway."*

We see a music store with guitars, mandolins and banjos displayed through a window that reads *"Midway Pickin' Parlor & Fret Haus"*.

We pass a cafe filled with people in conversation and see townspeople walking the sidewalk. Another man stands outside a Wine Shop as if waiting for someone. A teenage store clerk shows a colorful, handmade quilt to a young couple across the counter.

At exactly the same instant both heads turn. The CAMERA follows their gaze to a WRY OLD MAN, his hands rough with work and age, sitting on a park bench outside a barber shop carving on a piece of wood.

CUT TO:

EXT/ MAIN STREET - SAME AFTERNOON

**The MUSIC continues** as a slender man - HARSHA SEN - drives by in an old car. The vehicle, a tan Rambler convertible, is both vintage and well used, and we're not sure if it is a restoration in progress or an amazingly kept everyday working automobile.

Harsha's car glides up to the curb outside of the *"Midway Pickin' Parlor & Fret Haus"*. Autumn leaves swirl around the roadside.

The proprietor, BOB, hustles out of the music store lugging an oversize upright bass followed by his son BEN carrying a cello. Ben hops over the door into the rear seat, Bob slides carefully into the front as instruments are piled onto Ben.

Bob waves at his wife MYRA who stands at the store entrance, and they're off.

CUT TO:

**As the theme MUSIC continues** we see the colorful and scenic autumn beauty of horses in an open field. Running, playing, colts with their breath fog hanging in the crisp air grazing next to their mothers, long wooden fences, elegant rock fences and barns.

CUT TO:

EXT/HIGHWAY / SAME AFTERNOON

A Silver Eagle tour bus travels toward us from down the highway. Autumn colors from the roadside are clear and bright. We see a SMALL BLUE CAR (*driven by Robynn*) attempt to pass from behind and then give up.

CUT TO:

EXT/COUNTRY ROADSIDE IN AUTUMN - SAME DAY

We see a MAN in a flannel shirt and jeans, wearing an old brown hat and carrying a guitar walking along a country road. He passes the wooden carved "*Welcome to Historic Midway*" sign.

We see the BUS and the BLUE CAR on the interstate in the distance.

CUT TO:

EXT/SMALL AUTO SHOP - SAME DAY

**As the MUSIC continues** we see the grey wood-frame building of the town gas station and repair shop is ragged but well kept.

The sign on the window reads "*Volkswagons: Repaired and Sold*" and written underneath "*used LP's and Cassettes*" and another "*Massages Whilst U Wait*"

#### **AUDIO CHANGE**

**The MUSIC** we heard playing all of this time changes from our sound track to coming from an old cassette player in the garage as the young man in the flannel shirt and hat walks into the old auto repair shop.

The man is **BUCK SEEGER**.

He walks up to the garage entrance. We see a a photo hanging on the wall of a young long haired male standing in front of an old VW Micro bus.

We see a red Volkswagen van in a garage of tools, tires and green plants hanging near the garage door. A guitar hangs on the wall next to a MAC TOOLS calender.

Under the van the mechanic whistles to the song but all we see are his legs sticking out from under the bus.

BUCK  
Marlow! Yo, mechanic dude  
(No Answer)

Hey, is my ride ready?  
(No answer)

BUCK places his guitar through the open side door of the van and slams the door shut loudly. We see up close as the shocked mechanic glides out from under the vehicle.

It is MARLOW, wearing denim coveralls and a baseball cap, played by folksinger **ARLO GUTHRIE**.

MARLOW

Man, you coulda given me a heart  
attack

BUCK

How's my folkmobile

MARLOW

'bout as in tune as the mandolin on  
your demo

Marlow gets up, wipes grease on his smock and punches the  
cassette player. The cassette pops out and he hands it to  
BUCK.

MARLOW

I've listened to it three times.  
Tell me they are all test mixes.

BUCK

Tell me my van is tuned better than  
that mandolin

MARLOW

Have faith, kemosabe. I am one of  
the few non-computerized analogue  
automobile analysts left in  
America.

BUCK

*(climbs into the van and starts the  
engine)*

Hey, have you decided what to do  
with that old church your aunt left  
you?

MARLOW

Nope. I might turn it into a  
holistic massage parlor

BUCK

I still think you should try that  
cafe and music hall. What a great  
place for concerts. You can name  
the restaurant after your daughter.

MARLOW

Alice?  
(*pause*)  
What a stupid idea.

CUT TO:

EXT/COUNTRY LANE - SAME AFTERNOON

We see the red VW bus heading down a two lane country road past meadows and farmland.

We see a young 6 year old child in a school playground piling leaves up high to jump in them.

A tractor comes to a stop in an open field, freshly harvested hay fields shining golden in the sun. A farmer is framed in the cab window as he opens the door and steps down from a high-wheeled John Deere tractor, stark against the rich, golden landscape.

The farmer pulls a blue handkerchief from his overall pocket and wipes his brow.

He looks off into the distance across his field toward the highway and we see the SILVER EAGLE TOUR BUS followed by a small BLUE CAR on the horizon.

CUT TO:

EXT/DAY - ROBYNN IN HER BLUE TOYOTA

We see Robynn, a lovely woman in her early 30's, driving her older blue Toyota. Her long brown hair tosses around from the open window breeze. She is obviously in a rush and trying to pass the bus but her four cylinder car can't quit catch up. She looks irritated.

CUT TO:

INT/DAY - PASSENGER RIDING INSIDE THE BUS

The camera is looking out of the window as the autumn countryside speeds by. We see a BLUE TOYOTA try to pass by the window, then give up.

The camera pulls back as we see a lone PASSENGER in the plush tour bus (played by banjoist **BARRY ABERBATHY of the bluegrass band MOUNTAINHEART**), his left arm along the window, then down to his lap where we see a black book, a diary.

Finally, the camera is close on his sunglasses, reflecting the road outside of the window.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY LANE - SAME DAY

ANOTHER ANGLE

Through the last traces of the afternoon farmland across a ploughed field we see Robynn in her blue Toyota pulling off the highway from behind the TOUR BUS. She drives up to her home, an old farmhouse in the country, and pulls up alongside BUCK's VW bus.

She pulls out a brown grocery bag and lifts a sleeping child from his car seat.

CUT TO:

INT. FARMHOUSE LIVING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON - SAME DAY

Open close on a guitar headstock and the camera moves toward the sound hole. BUCK is playing a gentle ballad, or trying to anyway. In the background of the soft guitar chords and finger picking is the growing sound of a woman's voice mixed with a screen door opening clumsily.

ROBYNN (VO)

BUCK. Can you help

BUCK

*(singing)*

"I know a lady ..."

The camera keeps pulling back and we see him sitting at a table in his living room. His hat is on the table in front of him, next to a writing pad with lyrics written on it.

ROBYNN (VO)  
I need you for a minute

BUCK  
(*singing*)  
"Who doesn't have any time to give  
away ..."

As Robynn struggles to carry the groggy child - Little BUCK - and the sack of groceries, the FAMILY DOG, a small brown cocker spaniel named WOODY practically taking her feet out from under her with eager greeting, causing her keys to clatter to the floor.

ROBYNN  
BUCK. Did you hear me?

(TO DOG)  
Get down, Woody.

She puts the child on the floor next to her and picks up her keys.

CUT TO:

INT/LIVING ROOM

BUCK stays focussed on his song. It is a gentle ballad (*early theme of a song used later in the story called "WaterFall"*) in contrast to the chaotic, loud banging in the kitchen. He tries one more chord, then scribbles words on a piece of paper - before he forgets.

We see the dog, WOODY come up to the child and lick him on the face.



ROBYNN  
*(shaking her head)*  
 Guess not...

BUCK  
*(from the other room)*  
 Do you need some help?

ROBYNN  
*(dripping with sarcasm)*  
 Oh no. I've got it. Don't get up.

At that he stops, puts down his pencil and his guitar.

CUT TO:

INT/ FARMHOUSE/IN THE KITCHEN

Robynn unpacks the bag onto the counter. BUCK slides in behind, slipping his arms around her waist pretending to be oblivious to the groceries and toddler.

BUCK  
*(playfully)*  
 Oh. I'm sorry. Did you need some help.

A smile almost escaping, she slips away from his grasp to pick up the child and hands him the baby.

ROBYNN  
 How's your song?

BUCK  
 OK I guess, it was so darned quiet around here I couldn't concentrate.

ROBYNN  
 Any messages? My mom call?

BUCK  
 Just the Doc's office.

ROBYNN

Oh, for ...! I forgot.  
*(checking her watch)*  
 It's almost 6  
 I'm late.

CUT TO:

INT. FARMHOUSE/BUCK AND BABY

BUCK lifts the baby in the air, who is happy to see his dad but also on the verge of a good cry.

BUCK

*(to the baby)*  
 We got it under control. You want  
 to walk around? No? We're not  
 awake yet.

CUT TO:

EXT. FARMHOUSE DOOR - SAME DAY

CLOSE ON a hand knocking on the farmhouse front door. The door opens and Robynn's face appears looking out.

ROBYNN

Rehearsal time. Already? Oh joy.

Two band mates, young cellist **BEN SOLLEE** and bassman Bob, instruments at their sides like companions, smile in unison, making a path for the exiting Robynn.

Outside Hotlicks HARSHA SEN, his mandolin case in one hand, uses his sleeve to wipe a smudge off the car hood.

BUCK

Come on in, guys.

Harsha smiles at Robynn as she approaches.

HARSHA  
Hey, beautiful!

ROBYNN  
*(to Harsha as she walks  
by)*  
Get a girlfriend, Harsha.

We see Robynn walk down to the driveway past BUCK's van and Harsha's old Rambler as she get's into her small blue Toyota and drives off.

CUT TO:

INT. BUCK'S LIVING ROOM - SAME

The band assembles in the living room. BUCK sits on the couch with his guitar and his baby son.

BEN  
So, are we rehearsing or baby  
sitting?

BOB  
*(to the baby)*  
I see you're in a good mood.

HARSHA  
What's up with Robynn? You didn't  
write her another love song ...

BUCK  
*(picking up the banjo)*  
Actually I was. But I got stuck  
right in between 'I'm a jerk" and  
"I'm irresponsible."

HARSHA  
What rhymes with "Irresponsible"  
anyway.

BEN  
How about, "Here's my tonsil."

CUT TO:

INT. DOCTORS OFFICE - LATER SAME DAY

CLOSE UP: Into Robynn's open mouth as we see the doctors tongue depressor.

Robynn is sitting on an examination table.

The DOC, played by **EMMYLOU HARRIS**, a photo of her dad hangs on the wall, **DR. RALPH STANLEY**. She is a kindly but sharp tongued, old-school hometown doc. She knows more about everyone in town than anyone else.

As a nurse leaves with a blood sample, Doc flips open a silver clipboard. Robynn sits on the edge of the exam table holding a small cotton ball against the inside of her elbow.

DOC

Well, the throat looks good. What exactly are we in for, armed robbery?

ROBYNN

Know any good banks?

Doc ignores the comment, puts the stethoscope on her ears, listens to Robynn's heart. Then she moves to her back.

DOC

Cough for me.

She coughs.

DOC

So, how are you feeling?

ROBYNN

Frustrated, alone, forgotten...

DOC  
Good. Normal for a musician's wife.

ROBYNN  
Don't get me started.

DOC  
Sick to your stomach?

ROBYNN  
Oh, you know.

DOC  
Lie back for me...

She presses her hand to Robynn's abdomen.

DOC  
Any dizziness?  
*(Robynn shakes her head,  
no)*  
Weakness, shortness of breath?  
Other than the normal reaction to  
being in my presence.

ROBYNN  
Actually, I have been feeling  
tired. A bit dizzy lately.

DOC  
You seem pissed off. You ARE pissed  
off.

ROBYNN  
I'm not pissed off, I'm frustrated.  
Okay, pissed off.

DOC  
Past post-partum pissed-off-tness.  
I've seen many a case of it. How  
long have you been waiting for him  
to give up this music thing and get  
a real job?

ROBYNN  
Let see ... We've been married for  
six years. So ... I guess about six  
years.

DOC

My guess, it's not nearly as romantic as you thought it would be. Not good for either of you, I'd think.

ROBYNN

Like he would notice.

DOC

I believe I warned you not to fall in love with a musician. Always listen to your doctor.

ROBYNN

Maybe if I had strings. Or frets.

DOC

So the relationship might be needing a little tuning here and there.

ROBYNN

Tuning? How about a sledgehammer so I can get his attention? He always has time for everything...

DOC

And everyone... like the ladies?

ROBYNN

No, not him. Not that. He better not, anyway.

DOC

Honey, I wouldn't worry. So far as I can tell, no one in the history of mankind ever learned the banjo to impress the ladies.

Doc looks Robynn in the eye for a long moment. Places a kind hand on her shoulder. Looks her in the eye again.

DOC

Have you told him yet?

ROBYNN

Told him? About what?

DOC

The baby.

ROBYNN

He's baby sitting right...

*(on DRs look)*

Oh God.

*(on DRs follow up look)*

Oh God!

CUT TO:

INT. THE BUS PASSENGER - SUNSET

From close on the man's sunglasses we see the color's of the country side sliding past. We pull back and see the dark, stern and brooding expression of his unshaven face in the shadows.

Suddenly we hear a bang sound followed by the squealing of the bus as the wheels suddenly start to brake.

From close to BARRY'S hands we see him close the book and slip it into the top of his duffle bag on the seat next to him.

With the camera CLOSE we notice that his LEFT hand is missing fingers and he only has part of a thumb. Still do NOT see his face.

CUT TO:

INT. EXT/ From front of Bus/TWILIGHT

From outside and through the windshield, we are close on the bus driver's face. We see him look out his rear view mirror and turn the wheel. He is obviously pulling over and something is wrong.

BUS DRIVER

*(Calling out to Barry)*

Damn, ten minutes away and then this. Damn.

CUT TO:

INT/ Bus/SAME Day

We see CLOSE on the back tire of the bus, flat and throwing rubber, smoke beginning to emit stronger and thicker as the bus comes to a full stop.

CUT TO:

EXT/ BUS/SAME Day

From the road we look up through the bus doors as the driver sits in his seat, cell phone up to his ear.

BUS DRIVER

Yeah ... Hang on a sec.

TO BARRY

You gonna be OK? That's a good 15 mile walk.

BARRY

Tell the boys when you see them, thanks for the lift. Tell 'em take care on the road.

CUT TO:

EXT/ Road and Bus/ DUSK

As the bus door closes we see the man's good hand as he puts his sunglasses in his shirt pocket. We are VERY CLOSE to his bad hand as he picks up his army duffle bag.

CUT TO:

EXT/ DUSK-SUNSET - SCENES OF MIDWAY.

We see boys in a field playing baseball in the crisp late afternoon air. The sun is setting behind them, filling the sky with the blazing colors of red and orange as it descends beyond the horizon.

A man pulls into his driveway after work, the sunset gleaming gold on his car windshield, greeted by a wife and baby



A shop keeper closing down his store, locking the front door and walking down Main Street.

We see Barry come up to a wooded lot. He looks up at the quickly approaching night sky and puts down his bag. He hangs on the roadside a bit, as if wanting to hitchhike but no cars come his way.

He turns and walks into the woods, disappearing into the darkness of autumn colors of the brush and trees.

CUT TO:

INT. BUCK'S LIVING ROOM - DUSK

BUCK and the band are in the thick of rehearsing a song, GO LADDY GO. The orange glow of sunset pours through the living room window and reflects off the instruments. They are playing a bright, up-tempo banjo tune.

We see the BABY sitting in a bouncy chair in the living room doorway jumping up and down to the song.

After the song the band rips the SONG arrangement apart.

HARSHA

It's too thick. We're all playing on top of each other.

BEN

It was like one long lead.

BOB

That means we're playing jazz.

BUCK

A great musician can play anything, a great artist knows when not to play.

Band stops, looks at BUCK.

HARSHA

You gotta be kidding.

BEN  
Alright, one more time.

CUT TO:

EXT/ FARMHOUSE DRIVEWAY - sunset

As the last rays of sunset disappear over the tree tops, Robynn pulls into the farmhouse driveway, stops her car and listens to the MUSIC coming from inside her home. She is troubled by the news of her pregnancy.

CUT TO:

INT/ LATER THAT NIGHT IN THE FARMHOUSE

It is quiet in the farmhouse. Robynn leans over the crib and kisses her sleeping son, all cozy and cuddled up in a blanket. She turns off the light on the bed stand and walks out of the room, closing the door behind her but not all the way, enough for the lights in the rest of the house to slice into the darkened little bedroom.

CUT TO:

INT/NIGHT LIVING ROOM

BUCK is on the couch talking to NIKKI on his phone about a couple of bookings coming up

BUCK  
How big is the venue? Really ... Do you think we can fill it? 200, that's a lot a seats in some places. I guess ... Let me call the guys and make sure we are all available first. OK ... sure

He turns off the phone and lays it on the light stand next to the couch, leans back on a pillow and rubs his eyes.

BUCK

I am so tired ... I think we have three more bookings next month. You coming to the show tomorrow?

ROBYNN

I don't know, I have to help mom pretty early. Maybe if I have the time.

BUCK

Well, I miss you being there. It's been a while

Robynn doesn't reply, just sits next to him on the couch and pulls the newspaper toward her. BUCK lays one of his legs on her lap and she starts rubbing the top of his foot as she reads.

CUT TO:

EXT. - NEXT MORNING ... SCENES OF A BEAUTIFUL AUTUMN  
(to gentle mandolin and guitar music)

BEAUTIFUL SCENES OF AN AUTUMN SUNRISE IN MIDWAY as we follow BUCK's van.

Rolling hillsides and meadows around Midway. Homes with fireplaces burning and wood smoke coming out of the chimney. A farmer opening up his big wooden barn door.

We see a milkman (*remember those guys???*) Setting down a clanking delivery of milk bottles on a front porch.

A woman jogging down the empty and quiet Main Street of Midway as BUCK's VW BUS passes by.

A thoroughbred standing in a field with its colt, their breathe hanging in the crisp morning air and we see BUCK'S RED VW BUS gliding down the road.

INT. - NEXT MORNING - BEN'S BEDROOM

We follow a morning sunbeam from a window into a bedroom.

We are CLOSE on a digital alarm clock glowing through the sunbeam that says "7:15" and it goes off with a jolt.

We are CLOSE on BEN'S face laying on a pillow, eyes closed. He turns away from the camera with the alarm clock sound

We are above BEN'S bed as he sits up, sheets tangled all around. The CAMERA pulls back to see the worlds coolest musician's bedroom ... Cellos and guitars and banjos and gear and posters and stacks of CDs.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE IN THE WOODS - MORNING

BARRY is waking up under a tree in an isolated wooded area. He obviously spent the night outside. From ground level we see his eyes open, his bad hand rubs the sleep away.

WE DO NOT SEE HIS FACE.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOMER LEDFORD'S WORKSHOP

BUCK'S van pulls up to a quaint clapboard house with pumpkins on the porch. A sign on the post, hand carved from wood reads:

*"Homer Ledford's Real Old-Time Instruments"*

CUT TO:

INT. HOMER'S WORKSHOP

We are inside Homer's workshop. **Homer is played by Australian guitarist TOMMY EMMANUEL.** You should be able to almost smell the walnut and maple wood and the linseed oil. The shop is cluttered and active. Homer is an older man, thin and friendly. About as down home humble as you can get.

BUCK is holding up one of Homer's hand made mandolins,

BUCK

My god ... It's beautiful

HOMER

Beautiful as an October morning.  
And about as bright. She'll play  
loud. That thin bracing makes it  
tight as a gnats butt on an ice  
cube.

BUCK

I love it.

BUCK pulls out some bills from his pocket and places the money on the workbench.

BUCK

Here's the first \$100. I'll keep  
more coming as I get it.

BUCK strums the mandolin and listens to the clear ring of the wooden instrument.

BUCK

Listen to that ...

HOMER

And don't be afraid to wup it. Play  
it loud.

BUCK

Last time I waited this long for  
something Robynn was pregnant

HOMER

Well, to be honest I feel like I gave birth on this one. You gonna use it on that radio show?

BUCK

Give me a chance to learn how to play the ding dang thing first ...

CUT TO:

INT. ROBIN'S MOM / "MIDWAY BED & BREAKFAST" - MORNING

VARIOUS GUESTS have gathered for breakfast in the dining room of an old Bed & Breakfast.

Two long tables are laden with crocks of scrambled eggs, slabs of fried country ham, bacon, steaming home-made biscuits covered with a red and white checkerboard napkin, pots of hot coffee, woven baskets filled toast and a variety of pastries.

Robynn helps her mother, ELAINE SMITH (**KATHY MATTEA**), the owner of the Bed & Breakfast by placing food on the tables. Little BUCK sits in a highchair in the corner, happily stuffing a banana into his mouth.

We see a framed photo of Robynn, BUCK and the baby hanging on the wall next to a picture of BUCK on stage holding the baby.

In their easy movements and casual comments to guests, we see both are at home with these tasks. Mrs. Smith is refined but not fancy, a very pretty woman and friendly, plain speaking with a sense of humour.

At the tables, a diverse array of guests create a beautiful chaos of conversation, exchange courteous smiles and comment on the days news and horse sales.

MOM

Is corn low carb or high calorie?

ROBYNN

Are you on a diet again?

GUEST 1

Is there a bookstore nearby?

ROBYNN  
Just around the corner.

MOM  
(to Robynn)  
What is a carb anyway? Your father  
would talk about carbs when he was  
fixing the car.

GUEST 2  
(Irish accent)  
What time does Keenland start?

MOM  
Depends ... around eight, the good  
races run in the afternoon.

ROBYNN  
If you like corn just eat it, dad  
wouldn't know the difference  
anyway. He won't care.

MOM  
I miss the old days when carbs were  
car parts and gay just meant you  
felt happy. Are you all coming for  
Sunday dinner

ROBYNN  
Can't. Rehearsals, you know.

MOM  
All that practicing. You'd think  
they would figure those songs out  
by now.

ROBYNN  
BUCK's always writing new ones.  
He's working on one today.

MOM  
Another song about you, I'm sure.  
You don't sit in on the rehearsals  
like you used to.

ROBYNN  
Not too much ... I've been really  
busy

GUEST 4 holds up an empty coffee pot, heads for the kitchen.

MOM

*(smiling)*

Let me get that for you. You sit  
down. Eat your breakfast.

Robynn wipes little BUCK's face and watches her mother on her way to the kitchen. She pauses as if trying to decide whether to say something but changes her mind and tends to the breakfast.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE IN THE WOODS - MORNING

Barry sits up under a tree in an wooded area. Leaves and small brown grass stick to his cheeks which he brushes away with his injured hand.

He stares at his hand and we see finally a close examination of his injury and handicap.

He pulls a small prescription bottle out from his duffle bag and takes a couple of pills, which he swallows dry. His face is obscured to us by his hand.

We see CLOSE on his feet as he pulls a boot on with his good hand, then the other boot.

CUT TO:

EXT. VW VAN BREAKS DOWN ON SIDE OF ROAD, MORNING

BUCK stands outside of his bus, pulled off to the shoulder of the road. Slamming the door shut, he goes to the rear of the VW and lifts the engine door, still slightly smoking.

BUCK

Marlow, Marlow, Marlow

CUT TO:



EXT. OUTSIDE ALONG MAIN STREET - EARLY MORNING - CAFE

BUCK is walking along the road carrying his leather mandolin gig bag over his shoulder as he is heading onto Main Street.

He see's the Midway Cafe, a little bakery and coffee shop, and walks in.

Terasita Sanchez is the only waitress in the cozy, crowded Cafe. She busily takes care of the three tables of customers as BUCK comes in the front door.

BUCK

'morning, Terasita. Ever get any of those English muffins in?

TERASITA

Is not on the menu. Only hamburgers, deli sandwich and de Hot Brown. Coffee and bagel in the morning. You take de cream?

BUCK walks behind the counter and pours his own coffee, slaps a dollar on the counter and walks off with a wave.

Coming out of the coffee shop, he swings his gig bag over his shoulder while holding his coffee, he sees the figure of a man, Barry, walking into town from out of the morning fog.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN STREET - MID MORNING - PAPER GIRL

A teenage girl peddles her bike down Main Street, tossing papers into each yard and on every store front entrance.

She passes by a SMALL HOUSE on a corner along side a railroad track, lush trees full of brightly colored leaves, a glass window that reads "WoodSongs Productions" a small wooden sign also reads "*Welcome to the Nut House*"

A newspaper hits the front door.

CUT TO:

INT. BUCK'S WOODSONGS OFFICE - MID MORNING

BUCK's rustic office is a tornado of organized chaos. A poster on the wall reads WOODSONGS OLD-TIME RADIO HOUR. Pictures of BUCK and the band in action are on the wall.

The big clock on the wall says "10:12"

BUCK walks in with his banjo over his shoulder and coffee cup in hand.

BUCK  
Am I late?

NIKKI cups her hand over a phone, waiting to ask a question, KC pulls BUCK toward a monitor to look at a video edit, BRYAN holds up about a dozen messages fanning them out.

He puts his coffee cup on a desk top. BUCK holds up his hands in mock-surrender. Everything freezes for an instant.

BUCK  
Good morning.

Bedlam breaks out again as NIKKI, a plain spoken but caring black woman about 50 years old, puts the phone down and grabs BUCK by the elbow.

NIKKI  
We have a problem.

VOLUNTEER  
BUCK, Harsha is on the phone

BUCK  
O goody. A problem on show day, how unusual.

NIKKI

The problem is, I'm still not your manager. And you need me. Even though I'm too good for you.

BUCK

I don't need a manager. I can't afford one.

NIKKI

*(holding up a magazine)*

I have two words for you. COVER. INTERVIEW. Before the show.

BUCK

That's ... Five words.

*(takes the copy of Banjo Magazine)*

I would pick a manager who could at least count.

NIKKI

What ever. We also have too many reservations for tonight.

BUCK walks away from Nikki toward his desk reading the magazine as he puts down his banjo.

BUCK

It'll be ok

NIKKI

That's more people than we have seats.

BUCK

*(as he picks up the phone)*  
It'll be fine

NIKKI

The President has banned banjo playing again.

BUCK

Take a pill, Nikki

BUCK

*(into the phone)*  
... Yo, Hotlicks

CUT TO:

EXT. MUSIC STORE - MID AUTUMN MORNING - SAME DAY

Bob and Myra sit on a park bench outside of their Main Street music store, enjoying the bright morning sunshine sharing the morning paper. Their conversation is peppered by some mighty fine guitar and banjo picking coming from inside the store.

MYRA  
Beautiful morning

BOB  
Hm, hmm

MYRA  
He sure can play

BOB  
Oh yeah

MYRA  
He's been at it for almost a half  
hour

BOB  
Nice reading music.

Myra puts down her paper and gets a little snappy.

MYRA  
Is he gonna buy the thing or move  
into the store?

BOB  
Time to go inside.

CUT TO:

INT / MUSIC STORE

Young Ben stands behind the counter, head in hands as he stares earnestly at a large man on a stool in front of a wall of acoustic instruments, some new and some vintage.

His dad walks into the store from outside and stands next to his son behind the counter, watching the men play. It is bluegrass great **DAN TYMENSKI and RON BLUCK from Alison Kraus and Union Station.**

CUT TO:

INT. MUSIC STORE - SAME DAY

We start CLOSE on Dan's hands as his fingers fly across the fretboard, picking away on the guitar. The camera pulls back as he smiles at Bob and calls out:

DAN  
Go get that doghouse

Bob reaches for the large upright bass leaning against the wall and starts keeping a back beat to Dan's playing. He nods toward the guitar in Dan's hands and says:

DAN  
Martin is God's guitar

BOB  
God says it's for sale, you know  
...

CUT TO:

EXT. MUSIC STORE - MID AUTUMN MORNING - MIDWAY

As the MUSIC plays on, Myra sits on a park bench outside of their *Midway Pickin' Parlor & Fret Haus* music store, enjoying the bright morning sunshine.

Her enjoyment is interrupted by the sight of a tall, menacing looking man walking past her along the opposite side of the street. It is BARRY from the bus walking into town, dressed in an army shirt and carrying his duffle bag.

CUT TO:

INT. MUSIC STORE - SAME DAY

Don keeps picking away as Bob looks out the store window. We can clearly see BARRY through instruments hanging in the big store front window as he walks on the sidewalk past them from across the street. Bob looks over at Ben, who joins in now on his cello.

BOB

BUCK just got his this morning from  
Homer

DON (WHILE PLAYING)

When is BUCK gonna book me on that  
radio show of his.

BEN

I don't know ... let's ask him.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARLOW'S GAS STATION - SAME DAY

Marlow is outside his repair shop as a pickup pulls in towing BUCK's red VW van. As he is wiping his oily hands with a towel he notices the stranger walking along the street. A car drives up to the gas pump.

CUT TO:

INT. CAFE - SAME DAY

Terasita is ringing up a customer as she looks out the plate glass window of the cafe and sees BARRY walking down the sidewalk.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDEWALK BENCH ON MAIN STREET

Two older men in idle conversation stop as they stare at BARRY walking past them. One man gently elbows the other and points after he walks past.

CUT TO:

INT. DOCS OFFICE - SAME DAY

Doc is on the phone with a patient. Her conversation stops as she sees BARRY walking past her office.

DOC

Hang on a second, there, Elvie.

She walks to the window and stares out in quiet disbelief. She takes off her glasses, cleans the lens with her collar and puts them on again. Shaking her head says:

DOC

Well, I'll be ...

CUT TO:

EXT. MIDWAY BED AND BREAKFAST - SAME DAY

Barry stops in front of the BED & BREAKFAST. We see from behind him as he faces the doorway. He hears the music coming from the store and turns around.

We see his injured hand resting on top of the duffle bag, MAKING MOVEMENTS as the music plays.

CUT TO:

EXT / MYRA'S PARK BENCH - SAME DAY

Myra is visible in BARRY's sunglasses, he listens to the music and then we see CLOSE on his lips as he spits on the sidewalk. He turns and walks into the MIDWAY BED AND BREAKFAST.

CUT TO:

EXT / ON PARK BENCH OUTSIDE THE MUSIC STORE

MYRA

How rude

CUT TO:

INT/DAY BED AND BREAKFAST

Robynn and her mom are clearing plates and clutter from the breakfast table. All the guests are gone and the house is empty. A clock on the mantle says "10:30"

MOM

God bless the fall sales at  
Keenland. This place gets so busy  
this time of year

Robynn begins wiping the great wooden table with a cloth as we hear her mother responding off camera.

MOM

Is it me or are you unusually quiet

ROBYNN

Sorry mom, just pre-occupied.

MOM

I guess BUCK has a show tonight at  
the Theatre. It's so exciting, it's  
growing so fast.

ROBYNN

It's a lot of work.



MOM

All that writing and singing and organizing. And traveling around like he does. How does he find the time

ROBYNN

Oh ... he sure manages.  
There, the table sparkles again.

MOM

Well, it's nice to have all this music in the family. Sweetie, why don't you just go and enjoy the day, I'll finish up

ROBYNN

We're almost done

We see Little BUCK, head cocked forward, asleep in a high chair in the corner. Little toys lay on his chair table and a teddy bear is snuggled up in his arm.

We see Robynn look at her sleeping baby and a softness comes over her face. We watch her hand as the camera comes close to her lower arm as she rubs her hand across her belly. The CAMERA stays close on her hand on her belly as:

MOM (VO)

Oh, I didn't see you standing there. Can I help you?