

Troubadour

A MOTION PICTURE SERIES

Episode Two
45 Minute Movie

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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.

INT. HARSHA SENS EYE EXAM OFFICE - EARLY AFTERNOON

HARSHA SEN is also the Eye doctor. His office is next to Doc's on Main Street. On his wall next to an EYE CHART hangs a MANDOLIN. He is busy examining a patient, a pleasant woman in her 50's in an examination chair.

HARSHA

How's this?

PATIENT

Still blurry. Better maybe.

HARSHA

(changes the lens wheel)
Does this help?

PATIENT

Yes, better. Oh, my. I can see. So clearly!

Harsha takes the lenses away.

HARSHA

Great. We'll have the glasses fixed up for you by this afternoon.

PATIENT

I'm coming to show tonight. My goodness, I'll finally be able to see you on stage clear like. I'm bringing my daughter. She's single, you know

HARSHA

I know

PATIENT

We need to get you fixed up Dr. Sen, being a doctor and all. And a musician. You can't be having dinner every night alone. We need to get you fixed up.

HARSHA

I'm fine. Really.

Leans her back against the chair again.

HARSHA

One more test, OK? Look straight into my eyes.

HARSHA TURNS ON A BRIGHT LIGHT OVER HIS HEAD. WE WATCH FROM THE PATIENTS POINT OF VIEW AS THE SCREEN FILLS WITH THE WHITE LIGHT.

CUT TO:

INT: MIDWAY THEATRE ENTRANCE

NIKKI (VO)

Is Raymond going to open this door
or not?

We hear keys jingling and the rumbling of a door.

The BRIGHT BLINDING SUNSHINE pours in from the outside as a door opens. We see from inside the dark entrance as the Theatre security man, RAYMOND, a small fellow about 55, unlocks the door.

The door opens and the flood of light hits the camera. NIKKI, BRYAN and several volunteers are outside the back door of the old Kentucky Theatre.

They come in the entrance, turn on the lights, open up storage doors and begin dragging out speakers and mixing boards.

NIKKI

Here we go again

BRYAN

Show 533. Who'd a-thunk it.

NIKKI

Who'd a-thunk it would be sold out again. Hundred's of people lining up to get tickets to see artists they don't know sing songs they never heard before.

KC

Who's on tonight?

NIKKI

We have a blues player from Ireland and a hammer dulcimer duo from Ohio. Here's the stage plot from Darth.

BRYAN

You still love it?

NIKKI

I do. Been around music since my daddy played blues. I surely do.

BRYAN
But you don't play

NIKKI
Never took the time. Too busy
raising a family and running after
a husband. Takes a lot of time to
be a wife

BRYAN
I guess. Well, you get to be around
a lot of music now. Must be nice to
be retired and all.

NIKKI
Only if we get this stage set up.
Come on now. We have 450 radio
stations and a million listeners.
Idle chatter is over.

BRYAN
*(Nikki hands him the tech sheet,
looks over the stage and gear)*

OK, people. Let's move.

CUT TO:

INT. WOODSONGS OFFICE - EARLY AFTERNOON

Alone in the office, BUCK is on the phone at his desk, cluttered and piled high with mail and papers. On the wall is an autographed photo of Pete Seeger hanging next to pictures of Robynn and the baby. He seems relaxed while on the phone with Bob, holding his new mandolin in his lap.

BUCK
You should hear this mandolin ...
If it could complain and spend all
my money I'd marry it

BOB
Sounds like a good one. So, what
are you still sitting around for?

BUCK

Everyone's at the theatre ... I'm heading home to change and get my stuff.

BOB (V.O.)

You want me to pick you up?

BUCK

Well, supposedly the van works but I walked here this morning.

BOB (V.O.)

Be ready about 4. I was going to ask you - how's the next album coming.

BUCK

Still working on it. I think the money is there but it's gonna be tighter than a gnats butt on an icecube.

BUCK reaches on his desk for messages. We see one on top that says, "B, call Doc when you have a chance"

BOB

Just don't tell Myra you bought that mandolin somewhere else. By the way, some real strange looking cat is staying at your mother-in-laws.

BUCK

I think I saw him this morning walking into town. Hey, I gotta get goin'.

BOB (V.O.)

Hang in there, my friend. Be patient, don't have an early aneurism.

BUCK

You know what the Doc says, Those with no patience usually become one.

CUT TO:

INT. WMID STUDIO - AFTERNOON - SAME DAY

DJ sits behind the mic at his studio desk. It is the hometown NPR station run by a clash of corporate bureaucrats and hippie music types.

The DJ, MALCOLM, is a gay hippie type wearing a shirt and tie tucked into colorful sweat pants. He wears bright red sneakers. He has a half dozen Styrofoam coffee cups and a clutter of papers around his mic.

He pours himself another cup of coffee as he is interviewing the MULLET SISTERS, two Hammer Dulcimer players with mullet haircuts that are appearing on tonight's WoodSongs show.

His interview style is absent minded and rarely, if ever, to the point. In other words, he interviews people without really listening to them.

MALCOLM

(COMING OUT OF A RECORD)

That's the sound of Neil Young on WMID, The Voice of Midway. We have two lovelies in our studio, guests on tonight's WoodSongs taping. The Mullet Sisters from Ohio ... They play hammer dulcimers. So, ladies, what exactly is a hammer dulcimer, anyway.

CINDY

A pretty sounding old time mountain instrument. You play it with two small mallets. Would you like to hear it?

MALCOLM

Sure thing. The Mullet Sisters playing with mallets. But let's take a music break first. Here's a tune from Gillian Welch ...

CUT TO:

INT. BED AND BREAKFAST, BARRY'S ROOM - SAME DAY

BARRY is alone in his room. He looks into his bag and pulls out his few clothes. He arranges things on his small dresser and reaches back into his bag. He pulls out his small black book and sits on the bed. Sighing heavily, he opens the book ... Reaches for the phone ... Then places it back down. He walks to the window and stares across the street over to the music store.

CUT TO:

INT. MUSIC STORE - AFTERNOON - MYRA & BEN

Ben is behind the counter in front of register, guitars and instruments hang behind him. Ben completes an entry into the store ledger, slams the book shut as if in a rush and grabs his cello.

BEN

Gotta run, Mom. Showtime

MYRA

See you at the Theatre, babe. Tell dad I'll bring the crew some Swedish meatballs and pasta sauce for snacks.

She calls out as Ben heads out the door.

MYRA

And watch your intonation.

CUT TO:

INT. FARMHOUSE KITCHEN - AFTERNOON - SAME DAY

As the RADIO INTERVIEW plays on a counter top radio BUCK is at the kitchen table with his guitar trying to finish writing as he is putting his shirt on at the same time. Obviously multi-tasking. The WMID interview is audible on the small radio on the kitchen counter.

WMID RADIO (VO)
 ... You're listening to The Voice
 of Midway, Hometown Public Radio.

(song by Hank Williams starts)

CUT TO:

INT/FARMHOUSE - AFTERNOON

The baby sits next to his dad in a high chair, quietly watching his father and his guitar. In the background we hear a vacuum cleaner. Every time BUCK starts the writing or singing the sound of the vacuum cleaner gets louder and closer.

CUT TO:

INT. FARMHOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Robynn is vacuuming a small 8 by 10' carpet over and over and over again. BUCK comes to the doorway and looks at his watch, then his wife.

BUCK

You've been at that poor little carpet for 20 minutes. You're gonna wear it out.

ROBYNN

The carpet isn't the only thing wearing out in this house.

BUCK

Sounds like we need to get a baby sitter and go out to dinner.

ROBYNN

I need a new vacuum cleaner

BUCK

What's wrong with this one?

ROBYNN

It doesn't collect dust. It sends dust in the air and it's unhealthy.

BUCK

Honey, that carpet is so worn out there's hardly any fabric left to it, no less dust.

ROBYNN

I want a Rainbow Vacuum cleaner. It protects the house from dust.

BUCK

I think you need a hug.

ROBYNN

I'll trade a hug for a new vacuum cleaner. It will protect the baby from dust.

BUCK

Robynn, we only have this little throw rug. Let's go get dinner in Lexington tonight after the show.

ROBYNN

You'd spend the money if you needed a new guitar.

BUCK

I make a living with a guitar, not a vacuum cleaner. Why? How much does a Rainbow thingie cost?

ROBYNN

\$1,500

BUCK

The rug only cost \$50!

ROBYNN

And the baby's health is not important enough?

BUCK

Geez, calm down ... look. You know money is tight. It's like your making some kind of point that I don't earn enough. Maybe we can find a used one cheaper.

ROBYNN

A used one? I don't have time to argue, BUCK. Would you play a used guitar?

BUCK
It IS used, baby ... It's vintage.

CUT TO:

INT. WMID STUDIO - AFTERNOON - SAME DAY

Malcolm finishes off his cup of coffee as the song fades. The Mullet Sisters look eager but ignored, waiting for their turn again. One of the sisters, Kathy, looks bored and is staring out of the studio window toward the street below.

MALCOLM
(as record fades)
And that was Hank Williams. They don't write 'em like that anymore. We're here with the Mullett Sisters, hammer dulcimer enthusiasts from Ohio. You can catch them at tonight's WoodSongs taping. So, did you get your name from your haircuts?

KATHY
What?

CINDY
Actually, that is our name

MALCOLM
Mullett? Really? And why are you so passionate about the Hammer Dulcimer. Why not, say, the drums. Yet another instrument performed while holding a stick.

CINDY
The hammer dulcimer has a completely different sound from a drum

KATHY
Totally. Would you like to hear?

MALCOLM
(as he pours another cup of coffee)
And we'll get to that in a minute. Right now let's check out our Community Calender ...

CUT TO:

INT/ JD CROWE, BEN AND THE BARBERSHOP

A quaint old barber shop off Main Street, with the red and white barber pole next to the door, a park bench outside on the sidewalk and big glass windows.

Hand painted in nice lettering on the front window:

JD's Quick Stop
Barber Shop
Follicle Accelerations
&
Toupee Adjustments

Inside the barbershop are two chairs, long wooden benches, lots of green plants. A Gibson Mastertone Banjo hangs on the wall as well as several photos of men with perfect hair, including DEL McCOURY, RICKY SKAGGS and actor CHAD EVERETT.

An old, wood panelled Victrola CD player has bluegrass music pouring out of the speakers.

Ben comes to the barbershop to get his hair trimmed before the show. The proprietor and hair stylist is Grammy winning banjo master **JD CROWE**.

MARLOW, wearing his baseball cap and holding an ALE 8 bottle, is staring at the wall photos waiting for his haircut.

BEN
Afternoon, Mr. Crowe

JD
Young Ben the cello player! Is it clipping time already?

BEN
Show tonight. Gotta look good. Hey Marlow.

JD
Gotta look good for all those young girls. I remember it well. Mr. Marlow, I believe you're up first

Marlow sits in the barber chair as JD drapes an apron over him. He takes a last swig of the ALE 8

JD

Guess you boys are pretty pleased with how the music and the radio show is going.

MARLOW

Just an inch

BEN

Oh yeah. It's fun. BUCK wants to go on tour after the new record is finished.

JD

I recall the excitement. Pretty expensive to make a good album. Got the money?

BEN

Working on it. BUCK's always working on it.

MARLOW

Just an inch, JD

JD

I recollect that part too. I don't envy him ... You got yerself a pretty girlfriend yet?

BEN

Working on it, always working on it.

MARLOW

Are you two gonna talk all day or do I get my hair trimmed?

WE ARE CLOSE to Marlow as JD lifts off his baseball cap and a huge mane of grey hippy-hair comes cascading down his face.

CUT TO:

INT/ MIDWAY CAFE

We start CLOSE on an old-time shelf radio and pull back to see the busy cafe.

(volume of the radio reduces but still heard clearly)

WMID VO

"... The Fireman's Pancake
Breakfast has been rescheduled due
to a small fire in the engine house
kitchen ..."

As the chatter and activity overwhelm the radio volume, we see an old-time, wooden floor coffee shop with homestyle cooking, big glass windows along the sidewalk, lots of green plants in a window with hand painted lettering.

The Cafe is pretty much run by the very crotchety older Spanish waitress we met earlier, TERASITA SANCHEZ. She's taking an order from a retired out-of-town couple.

MR PATRON

This is so exciting, isn't it
Lydia? I'm just so excited. Can we
order and still be on time for the
show at the Theatre?

TERASITA

If you would finally tell me what
you h-want, Yes.

MRS PATRON

Do you serve Mexican food?

TERASITA

Is not on the menu. See? Hamburger,
Deli sandwich and de Hot Brown.

MR PATRON

Sorry, it's our first time here.
From Detroit. Taking the wife on
vacation

MRS. PATRON

This is a lovely town

MR PATRON

We listen to the WoodSongs show on
the radio back home and thought we
come see it in person

TERASITA

OK, then, two Hamburgers. You wanna
haf de fries?

PATRON - IN NEXT TABLE

*(holding a huge hamburger, half
eaten)*

The hamburgers are resplendent!

CUT TO:

INT / FROM THE BACK OF THE CAFE

As the camera moves across the room we come behind the
shoulders of a man, head down over his coffee cup, listening.
The camera moves down his arm and we see the missing fingers
of BARRY on top of his white mug of coffee.

TERASITA

You want more of de coffee?

BARRY

Is Doc Stanley still in this town

TERASITA

You know the Doc? He die years ago.
But his daughter is Doc now. Four
doors down on de street. Dis away'
You lif in dese town now?

BARRY

I'll take more coffee.

CUT TO:

INT/THAT EVENING - BACKSTAGE AT THE THEATRE

(to COLISTA'S JAM music in background)

We are at the WoodSongs taping, backstage. We see a montage of activity, sound crew, instruments getting tuned, gear being unpacked.

We see NIKKI wearing headsets and going over a script with a camera man.

NIKKI

Just stay close on the hands when they're playing. He wants it to show real clear. Like you're teaching. The show is a music lesson.

CAMERAMAN

OK

NIKKI

OK? You know what I'm saying

CAMERAMAN

Yeah

NIKKI

Do headphones make my head look fat?

BUCK walks into the theatre with Bob and walks up to Nikki and the Cameraman.

NIKKI

(taking off her headphones)
BUCK, where you been? You're late.

BUCK

Nikki, baby. You are so ...
Motherly.

He kisses her on the cheek and she swats him away.

NIKKI

Your artists are here and your interview is waiting.

As BUCK heads off into the Theatre,

NIKKI

And comb that head before they take pictures. And don't wear that ugly-ass hat.

Nikki puts the headphones back on,

NIKKI

(looks at the Cameraman)
You sure my head don't look fat?

CUT TO:

INT / THEATRE BUCK & WRITER

We start close on the head of BUCK's banjo, autographed by many stars of the Folk and Americana world. We PULL BACK and see BUCK and a magazine writer inside the empty Theatre as the WoodSongs crew assembles the PA and stage behind them.

BUCK is sitting on a chair in the isle HOLDING HIS LONG NECK BANJO, in front of the magazine writer.

The magazine is Banjo World. The two are surrounded by extra lights for a photographer who is clicking away as they speak.

The writer is played by Grammy winning banjo master **BELA FLECK**.

WRITER

Thanks for giving us the time. I'm a big fan of the show. It airs in Nashville.

BUCK

(as he shakes hands)
Cool. I'm sorry I didn't catch your name

WRITER

Bela. How do you spell "SEEGER"

BUCK

Wow. How do you spell Bela? I'll trade.

WRITER

Touche. Anyway, Banjo Magazine is very interested in your banjo style and the kind of instrument you use.

BUCK

How flattering. Do you know much about the banjo or do you just write about it.

WRITER

Oh, I play a little.

CUT TO:

INT. KENTUCKY THEATRE - DARTH FADER'S ENTRANCE

From close to the floor, we look up at a HUGE LARGE ROUND man walking the isle of the Theatre. He is A BIG man, almost 400 pounds. It is the show engineer Kevin who is called DARTH FADER. He sits on his chair behind the mixing console.

A sign hangs behind him that says: *Darth Vader*" with the V crossed out and an F written overtop of it.

A crew member hands him a script. Another places a Darth Vader "Star Wars" doll with a banjo glued to it on the console. Speaking into his mic he booms into the theatre speakers:

DARTH

Somebody bring me a salad.

NIKKI

OK, sound check time ... Somebody get the man a salad.

CUT TO:

EXT/EVENING/ DUSK - DOC'S OFFICE

We see the leaves of autumn blow on the sidewalk in the evening twilight. Barry's hand grips the doorknob of Docs office.

CUT TO:

INT/ DOC'S OFFICE

As the doc sits behind her desk filling out some last minute forms before ending her day and looks up.

DOC
Well, well ... A last minute
visitor.

BARRY
I came by ...

DOC
Sit on the table. Take off your
jacket.

Barry hesitantly walks over to the table and sits down.

DOC
I can't unbutton that shirt for
you, can I.

As BARRY unbuttons his army shirt the Doc places her stethoscope on his chest,

DOC
Been traveling long?

BARRY
A while

DOC
Plan to stay?

BARRY
Maybe.

Doc takes her stethoscope out of her ears and gives him a good long stare.

DOC
It's been, what? Twenty years?
Thirty? Or longer

PASSENGER
It's been a while

Doc, placing her hand on Barry's shoulder:

DOC
It's good to see you again, Barry.

CUT TO:

EXT/EVENING/ DUSK - KENTUCKY THEATRE

As the show theme song, COLISTA'S JAM, plays in the background ... We see the Kentucky Theatre marquee and camera pans down as the crowd enters the theatre doors.

We see the historic interior lobby, kids and parents around the pop corn stand.

Posters of old movies on the wall and a sign that reads "Welcome to the WOODSONGS OLD-TIME RADIO HOUR" and a small line of people along Main Street in front of the ticket window getting tickets for tonight's show.

MAN
Who are The Mullet Sisters?

WOMAN
I heard them on the radio this afternoon. I'm not sure.

MR. PATRON

What a wonderful town. After hearing so much about the show it's just so exciting to be here. Taking the Mrs on vacation, don't you know.

MRS. PATRON

And what a delightful Cafe.

ANOTHER MAN

These hamburgers are just resplendent!

CUT TO:

INT/INSIDE THE MIDWAY THEATRE / EVENING

We see the audience filing into the Theatre. WoodSongs Crew in black Crew shirts help them find their seats.

We see the lobby with minstrels and fans milling around talking and laughing.

We go BACKSTAGE as Nikki is making last minute changes to the script. BUCK sits in a corner with the BLUES PLAYER talking about the show. The MULLET SISTERS are on the couch drumming their mallets on their knees.

The CLOCK on the wall shows five minutes to 7.

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT - ROBYNN IN HER HOUSE

We are CLOSE on a clock that says 6:55. The CAMERA moves down from the wall to Robynn, holding the baby with one arm and holding a phone to her ear with the other.

ROBYNN

No mom, I'm fine. I told you, just a little tired ... Nothing out of the ordinary.

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT - MRS. SMITH IN HER BED & BREAKFAST

MRS. SMITH (ON THE PHONE)
well, I'm just finishing up dinner
for your father. You were on my
mind, I just wanted you to know

ROBYNN (VO)
How come you are always so sweet no
matter what is happening. Why can't
I be more like my mother?

MRS. SMITH
My goodness, somebody frame that.
Really, I wish you could come for
Sunday dinner. Maybe next week.

ROBYNN (VO)
It's a time thing. BUCK is so busy
and I feel like I'm running in
circles half the time trying to
keep up.

MRS. SMITH
Honey, I'm right here if you need
to talk, I just don't want to pry.
You know you're still my baby.

ROBYNN (VO)
You're great mom. Gotta run. Radio
time.

MRS. SMITH
well ... talk to you in the
morning, then.

(hangs up phone, then to HUSBAND)

Henry, the radio.

CUT TO:

INT/INSIDE THE KENTUCKY THEATRE / EVENING

We see the audience in their seats, theatre is packed, the opening theme of WoodSongs hits the speakers, we see the couple from the restaurant in their seats taking pictures and smiling.

BUCK and the band take the stage.

Opening PERFORMANCE of WaterFall, the song BUCK was working on earlier in the week.

“Precious droplets of
Time in her eyes.
Stolen moments of rain in the sky
Like tears of angels high above
and covers me in her
WaterFall of love”

CUT TO:

INT/NIGHT - ROBYNN IN HER HOUSE

Robynn sits on the edge of the couch by the lamp, baby is asleep in her arms, and listens to WoodSongs on the air while reading a magazine. She listens to the song, knowing it is yet another song about her.

As the song plays, she puts down her magazine and listens closer. She looks at the phone and reaches for it as if to call someone. Then puts it back down, leans back and, surrendering, closes her eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. / ON STAGE AT THE KENTUCKY THEATRE

We see a montage, almost a music video, of the song being played. We cut from each player to the audience, camera people, DARTH FADER at the mixing console, the TV/WEBCAST crew behind the video switchers.

CUT TO:

INT/NIGHT - ROBYNN IN HER HOUSE

Heard from Robynn's radio:

BUCK FROM STAGE
 And welcome to the crossroads of
 America's folk and grassroots music

As the audience applauds, she turns off the radio.

ROBYNN
 Hey little baby ... You think you
 can turn that song into a paycheck
 with health insurance? No? Ohhh,
 you're just like your daddy ...

The phone rings and Robynn picks it up

ROBYNN
 Hello? Well, Sam Bush how are you
 ... Of course this is Robynn. It's
 been a while.

CUT TO:

EXT. SAM BUSH, BACKSTAGE ON CELL PHONE

Sam Bush is at an outdoor festival ready to go onstage with his band, mandolin in hand and on the cell phone with Robynn

SAM
 How's that little baby? ... Good
 ... Tell BUCK I got his email and
 that I'd love to come up and help
 on his new record.

ROBYNN
 Oh... The new album. Right. I guess
 that's coming up soon?

SAM
 Well, he said next month. Have him
 email me the demos and I'll be
 there. Same deal as last time.

JOHN COWAN
Are you going to yak all night or
play

SAM
Hey, I gotta get on stage.

CUT TO:

INT/NIGHT - ROBYNN IN HER HOUSE

ROBYNN
Same deal. Got it Sam. I'll tell
BUCK you called

She hangs up the phone, sighs and blows the hair from the
side of her face. She looks at her sleeping baby in her arms

Same deal, sweetie ... Same deal.
Nothing ever changes.

CUT TO:

EXT/OUTSIDE DOC'S OFFICE / EVENING

Doc is locking up her office as BARRY gets ready to walk
away.

DOC
Barry, this is a good town. Good
people. Salt of the earth people.
Most of them either don't know,
don't care or don't remember. Some
things are best just put away.

BARRY
Can't put away what ain't finished.

DOC
Maybe it's best left undone, then.
You can't change the un-changable.

BARRY
Maybe so. Maybe not.

With that, Barry walks down the sidewalk into the night.

CUT TO:

INT/ON STAGE AT THE KENTUCKY THEATRE / EVENING

We see BUCK talking to the blues player. Cut back and forth to the audience and engineers and camera people, TV and webcast directors, BUCK explaining the show on-air, the hammer dulcimer duo begin playing a fast number. Audience applauds.

CUT TO:

EXT/EVENING - FROM THE STREET OUTSIDE THE KENTUCKY THEATRE

(volume of the show audio reduces but still heard clearly)

We see BARRY in the shadows, we are CLOSE on his eyes watching the blinking lights of the Theatre marquee and leaning on a tree.

He drinks from a bottle wrapped in a brown paper bag.

We watch as the cameras gets CLOSE on his lips, taking his sip of whiskey. He is quiet and sullen.

CUT TO:

INT/EVENING BUCK ON STAGE

We see several scenes of the show in action, audience shots, interview and music with the guests, and as Harsha plays his guitar:

BUCK TO AUDIENCE

It's our resident blues guitar man
and Retina Eye Surgeon, Hotlicks
Harsha Sen.

(APPLAUSE)

We know he really is an eye doctor
because every song he plays is in
the key of ...

AUDIENCE

"C!!!"

CUT TO:

EXT/EVENING - FROM THE STREET OUTSIDE THE KENTUCKY THEATRE

We see BARRY in the shadows listening outside the theatre to
the muffled sounds of the show, now smoking on a cigarette
which glows eerily in the dark.

CUT TO:

INT. EVENING / ON KENTUCKY THEATRE STAGE

The end of the broadcast the audience shouts WOODSONGS OLD
TIME RADIO HOUR! And the audience cheers.

CUT TO:

EXT/EVENING - FROM THE STREET OUTSIDE THE KENTUCKY THEATRE

We see BARRY, in the dark. We hear the rustling of footsteps
in the leaves, suddenly the glow of a flashlight hits him in
the face, we see a glimpse of his features.

As the MUFFLED SOUNDS OF THE SHOW continue:

POLICEMAN

Hey there, fella. Kinda nippy to be
outside without a coat.

BARRY

*(holds his hand up to block the
light in his eyes)*
I'm fine.

POLICEMAN

You're new in town.

BARRY
Just moved here.

POLICEMAN
Oh yeah? Where's your house?

BARRY
Don't have one yet. Staying up the
street.

The Policeman looks thoughtfully, shines the light onto his bad hand and sees the missing fingers. The flashlight beam lingers on the injured hand.

BARRY
Enjoying the show?

The Policeman turns the light away from his injuries and back to the man's face.

POLICEMAN
Look Mister, I don't know who you
are. Why don't you head on home.

The Policeman turns off his light and walks on.

BARRY draws from the cigarette, holding it with his injured hand. He throws his bottle down, tosses his cigarette butt, turns away and walks into the darkness.

CUT TO:

INT/EVENING BUCK ON STAGE

We see the audience stand on their feet in ovation, clapping to the theme music. BUCK waves to the audience, turns and shakes hands with the artists on the show. We see kids next to parents and the crowd prepares to leaves the theatre.

As the cheers and music and clapping continue:

BOB

Ol' Malcolm does his best, in spite
of so little actual ability. The
song worked out. I hope Robynn
likes it, it's a pretty tune

BUCK

I guess. I'll find out soon enough.

BOB

Good song for the new record.

BUCK

Yeah ... let's live with it a
while.

As the car pulls into the driveway of the farmhouse,

BOB

Everything going ok?

BUCK

Folk-a-licious, my friend

BUCK get's out of the car. Pulls his guitar out of the
backseat and leans into the car window,

BUCK

Thanks again for the ride. Talk at
you tomorrow

CUT TO:

INT/NIGHT FARMHOUSE

BUCK walks into the house, Robynn is in the living room
dozing on the couch with the baby asleep in her arms.

BUCK

Hey sweetie ... The show was good.
Did you hear?

No response from the sleeping Robynn.

BUCK puts his hat on the kitchen table and places his guitar away. He walks into the doorway of the living room.

He picks up the baby and walks over to the crib, places the child down carefully, so as not to awaken the little boy from sleep. Then he walks over to his sleeping wife on the couch.

BUCK
Come on ...

They walk into the bedroom, BUCK pulls the covers down and lays her in the bed. He kisses her cheek as he pulls the covers up and turns off the light.

He walks back into the living room, reaches behind the couch and pulls out his new mandolin. He quietly unzips the leather gig bag, taking out the instrument.

BUCK
Beautiful ...

Sitting down on the couch, he is ready to start working out a tune when he notices a slip of paper by the phone with his name on it.

His picks up the paper, unfolds it and we read:

"SAM CALLED"

BUCK closes the paper, knowing Robynn found out about the album session before he could talk about it with her, lays his mandolin in his lap and let's out a sigh.

BUCK
Dude, you are so busted.

CUT TO:

EXT/NIGHT DOWNTOWN AT MIDNIGHT

Our CAMERA travels down the darkened Main Street up to the Midway Bed & Breakfast. The CAMERA slowly moves up the outside wall to an open window, the curtain lightly blows in the crisp night breeze. There are no lights on inside the room.

CUT TO:

INT/NIGHT - BARRY INSIDE THE ROOM

From inside the darkened room, we are looking out of the window to the Kentucky Theatre marquee down the street.

We HEAR muffled sounds of speaking from inside this room.

The marquee lights turn off as the CAMERA backs slowly away from the window.

In the glow of the street lights we can see the room, sparsely furnished, clothes draped over a chair by the bed stand.

An empty bottle of whiskey lays on its side atop the lamp table next to the phone, off its hook. We follow the phone line to BARRY sitting in the dark room.

BARRY

No ... I'm not coming back ... No
... Don't try ... it don't matter
now ... I'm sorry, you know it used
to be different, baby, but it's not
that way now ... Forget it all,
move on.

We HEAR the sudden sound of a dial tone.

We see the silhouette of Barry on the bed, rocking back and forth, obviously filled with anxiety. We HEAR his low groans.

The camera moves down to his bad hand ... Then over to his good one. In the shadows of the room and the gleaming light from the neon signs of Main Street we see the GUN IN HIS HAND.

FADE TO BLACK