

EAST AND WEST

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FADE IN:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

A woman's hand places the needle onto a record; it connects with a crack.

Music begins to play as we flip between familiar images of Hollywood and Manhattan.

Alternating between two young women as they get dressed. One is sliding into a long, flowing dress and buckling her platform sandals while the other pulls on skin-tight trousers and a fringed suede jacket.

They both take a drag from a joint.

LOS ANGELES, SUMMER 1966

EXT. LOS ANGELES - SUNSET STRIP - NIGHT

The LAPD are at odds with the thriving counterculture of the Sunset Strip.

Rioting breaks out as the police try to impose a curfew on the throngs of hazed-out hippies lining the streets and spilling out of the bars.

Among them is MELODY, 18, a bright-eyed bohemian who is studying fashion but prefers the company of rock stars. She and her best friend CHRISTINE, 18, an aspiring photographer, are loitering outside the Whiskey a Go Go amidst a gaggle of groupies.

Windows are smashed and sirens sound as the crowd outside the club begins to brawl. Melody grabs Christine's hand and heads for the street.

MELODY

Come on!

CHRISTINE

Mel, what are you doing? Let's get out of here.

MELODY

No way, man. Do you feel it?

CHRISTINE

Feel what?

(sarcastic)

A sense of terror? Yes, yes I do.

MELODY

Get your camera ready.

A Molotov cocktail flies by overhead while police push through the crowd, waving their batons.

Christine snaps a few photos before dragging Melody away to take cover behind a car.

MELODY (CONT'D)

Doesn't it feel like something big is about to happen?

CHRISTINE

No, actually, it feels like we're about to be killed or arrested. Come on, we're leaving.

MELODY

No! Wait. I want to be here to witness it.

CHRISTINE

(annoyed)

Witness what?

MELODY

History.

INT. NEW YORK - MAX'S KANSAS CITY - NIGHT

The staircase leading to the second floor of the notorious Park Avenue night spot is lined with a mix of musicians and artsy types.

DAVID BOWIE and IGGY POP are sharing a cigarette in the corner while ANDY WARHOL is hosting a group of "it" girls and boys at a table in the back.

He waves to AGNES, 18, who has a penchant for punk music and works as a model, not because she wants to, but because it pays her bills.

She glides through the crowd, kissing a familiar face or two before reaching the artist's exclusive sect.

ANDY

Agnes! How are you darling? You must come sit next to me, there's someone I'm dying to introduce you to.

Andy shoos the young men who are nestled next to him to make room for Agnes.

AGNES

Hi Andy.

Agnes kisses him hello.

ANDY

I was just thinking about you today.

AGNES

Oh?

ANDY

Yes, well, I know how you like those rough and tumble rocker boys.

AGNES

You could say that.

ANDY

His name is Alice, isn't that a trip? I told him to stop by tonight. Oh Agnes, you'll love him. Much more clever and cerebral than the musicians you usually run with.

AGNES

I just want to be around people who inspire me. People who shock and stimulate me.

ANDY

Speaking of stimulation, look the goodies have arrived.

A YOUNG MAN approaches and delivers tiny plastic packets to everyone at the table.

Agnes gently tears open the party favor and sprinkles some cocaine onto her finger tip, snorting the substance back quickly and discreetly.

Andy pushes the packet aside and lifts his martini glass to his lips, closely monitoring the activities of his companions.

AGNES

Aren't you going to do a little bump?

ANDY

No petal, I have to work tonight.

AGNES

Won't this help? You stay awake, I mean.

Andy stares at Agnes vacantly. He spots someone causing a stir and shoots up abruptly to greet the next wave of socialites.

EXT. LOS ANGELES - LAUREL CANYON - NIGHT

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME DAY

The room is jammed with bodies, some lounging on leather sectionals while others are sprawled across mounds of macrame pillows. Smoke lingers in spider-like formations above the heads of a hip and alternative crowd.

Melody walks into the room slowly, closely inspecting the roster of guests as Christine trails behind her.

CHRISTINE

Do you know any of these people?

MELODY

Not yet.

The girls continue to meander between human obstacles, careful not to interrupt a couple kissing and disrobing in the center of it all.

FRANK ZAPPA is entertaining a group of young women decked out in feathers and glitter and otherworldly attire.

Melody stops and watches them for a moment. Christine piles up behind her.

CHRISTINE

Who are they?

MELODY

The GTOs, I think. Come on, let's go say hi.

CHRISTINE

(low voice)

Great, hi Frank Zappa and your  
freaky chicks.

Melody grabs two pillows and places them on the floor next to the group. She motions for Christine to sit.

Christine pulls out a joint, lights up and takes a drag. This catches the attention of MAUDE, 21, a dancer and muse to Frank and many other musicians of the moment.

She sits down next Christine and rests her arm on her shoulder.

MAUDE

Hey. How's it going?

Christine passes the joint to Melody and pulls out her camera.

CHRISTINE

Good.

(exhaling)

You?

Melody takes a drag and holds the joint out towards Maude.

MELODY

I'm Melody, this is Christine.  
Great party.

Maude gives Melody a once-over before accepting her offering.

MAUDE

Yeah, good vibes. Frank only  
intended on having a few people  
over but somehow the crowd just  
grew. That tends to happen around  
here. Where are you two from,  
anyway?

MELODY

Nearby. I'm studying fashion and  
Christine is a photographer.

Christine coughs a little, chocking on both the smoke and Melody's generous introduction.

MAUDE

A designer and her photog.

CHRISTINE

What do you do?

MAUDE

I dance. But really I attend parties, mostly.

A woman appears out of nowhere and places a silver tray full of antique-looking glasses in front of Frank.

He carefully pours a green liquid, balancing spoons with sugar cubes ovetop of the precious snifters. He then reaches for a jug of water and pours a trickle over each before distributing his fussy concoctions to the group.

Christine snaps a few photos.

MAUDE (CONT'D)

Hey Frank, we'll need two more.

Frank takes a sip and savors his absinthe before looking up to meet Maude's request.

MAUDE (CONT'D)

I have some new friends. Christine and, I'm sorry, I've forgotten your name.

MELODY

Melody.

FRANK

Pleasure to meet you Melody. Please tell your friend no cameras allowed. We like everyone to feel relaxed here.

Suddenly a group of men burst into the room shouting, inadvertently demanding everyone's attention.

They make their way over to the mess of women surrounding Frank.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Guys, you're just in time. We've just dipped into my last bottle of absinthe. The real deal, picked it up in Paris last year. Oh, and may I present the GTOs.

The GTOs quickly make room for the men as if to open up their private den of pleasure.

Melody and Christine stay still, marveling over Frank's friends.

JAMES ABBOT, 25, lead guitar player of British band LEDBETTER, crouches down in front of Melody.

JAMES

Hello.

MELODY

Hello.

JAMES

May I sit?

MELODY

If you like.

James drops down next to Melody. He picks up a glass of absinthe and quickly shoots it back.

FRANK

James! You're supposed to sip it, man, not shoot it like a college kid.

CHRISTINE

This stuff tastes awful, I think you have the right idea.

MELODY

I'm enjoying it. I feel so warm and light.

James looks Melody over and laughs.

JAMES

I feel a bit fucked, to be honest. What's your name, love?

Before Melody can answer, Frank abruptly joins their threesome and throws his arm around James.

FRANK

Ladies. Do you have any idea who this fine young lad is?

MELODY

We were just getting to that, actually.

FRANK

Pay attention, you'll want to remember this moment. The time you shared absinthe with the great James Abbot.



Melody smiles wildly. Christine rolls her eyes.

INT. NEW YORK - TAXI - NIGHT

Agnes is heading downtown. A storm rages as relentless rain pelts the windshield. The CAB DRIVER struggles to see the street.

CAB DRIVER

I can't get you right out front,  
there's too many people. I can drop  
you off a few blocks away if you  
like?

AGNES

Can you drop me off in the back?

CAB DRIVER

In the alley?

AGNES

That would be great.

CAB DRIVER

Suit yourself.

The cab pulls up behind The Cafe au Go Go. There's a few men standing beneath an awning by the back door.

Agnes grabs the door handle to get out.

CAB DRIVER (CONT'D)

Be careful, Miss.

AGNES

I will. Thanks.

She darts across the alley towards the group of men. NICK SWAGGER, the lead singer of a big British pop band, turns to greet her.

NICK

Hello you. Let's head inside, the  
band's about to start.

INT. THE CAFE AU GO GO - SAME DAY

Loud rock music wails as Agnes, Nick and a few other friends make their way through the sweaty crowd to a reserved table.

THE STOOGES have just taken the stage.

James and the other members of Ledbetter are waiting at Nick's table as rounds of whiskey are being poured. Agnes spots the band and tugs on Nick's arm.

AGNES

Who are those guys?

NICK

New band from the motherland. Real gnarly crowd, they play that hard stuff you like. Follow me.

Agnes and Nick arrive at the table of rowdy rockers.

NICK (CONT'D)

Hey, fellas, this is Agnes. Be gentlemen, or at least try anyway.

Agnes waves hello to the group as Nick pulls out a chair for her and orders some drinks.

She ignores the band at her table, transfixed by the band on stage. James watches her for a moment, then turns his sights to The Stooges.

When the waitress arrives, James picks up Agnes' drink from the tray and hands it to her. She meets his gaze while slowly taking a sip, then turns to watch the show.

NICK (CONT'D)

James! Hey, James. Don't bother, mate, she's here to see the band.

Agnes puts down her drink and gets up.

AGNES

I'm going to dance.

She makes her way to the mob of revelers mashed up against the stage and twirls and thrashes in unison with the crowd, closing her eyes and raising her hands upwards as if to praise the rock and roll gods.

James can't take his eyes off her.

EXT. NEW YORK - CAFE AU GO GO - SAME DAY

Agnes is standing in front of the club with Nick and some friends. The rain has stopped and the sun is beginning to rise.

AGNES

I'm going to walk home.

NICK  
Don't be silly, we'll drop you.  
You're like 20 blocks away.

AGNES  
It's fine, I feel like getting some  
air.

NICK  
Why don't you come back to the  
hotel. We'll get brunch.

James emerges from the club.

NICK (CONT'D)  
James! This way. Let's all head  
uptown and grab a bite.

JAMES  
Sounds good, I'm in.

James shifts his attention to Agnes.

JAMES (CONT'D)  
Do you eat?

AGNES  
Excuse me?

JAMES  
Food. Breakfast. Coffee perhaps.  
Nick tells me you're a model.

AGNES  
Yeah, I eat. But I'm heading home.

NICK  
Let us drop you, Ags. I'm not  
letting you walk with all the  
drunks spilling out of the bars.

AGNES  
Have it your way.

Nick's car pulls up and the group piles in.

Eventually, they breeze past Agnes' street en route to the  
hotel.

AGNES (CONT'D)  
Hey! That was me.

NICK  
Come on, darling, don't be a drag.

INT. GRAMERCY HOTEL - PENTHOUSE - DAY

The doors to the lavish room burst open. Nick calls room service.

Agnes makes her way to the terrace and steps outside for a cigarette. James follows.

JAMES

Are you always this friendly?

AGNES

Not sure what you mean.

JAMES

How do you know Nick, anyway?

AGNES

I'm a fan of the band. We met backstage at one of their shows a few years ago. What about you? Nick mentioned you were in a band.

James slips the cigarette from Agnes' fingers and takes a drag.

JAMES

I am. Ledbetter. Heard of us?

AGNES

Not yet.

Nick steps out onto the terrace.

NICK

Hey you two. Food is here.

We hear the popping sound of champagne and the party rekindles. James steps inside, holding the door open for Agnes.

4 HOURS LATER

Bodies are strewn across the lush living area. Everyone in Nick's early morning entourage is fast asleep. All but Agnes, who is trying to make a quiet exit when James stirs from his slumber on a nearby chaise.

JAMES

(whispering)

Hey.

Agnes places her finger in front of her lips, gesturing James to be quiet. He gets up and meets her at the door.

JAMES (CONT'D)  
(whispering)  
Fancy joining me for a walk?

Agnes hesitates for a moment but eventually nods yes. The two slip out and carefully pull the door shut.

EXT. GAMERCY PARK - SAME DAY

Agnes and James stroll through the park chatting over coffee.

They sit at a bench and people watch, barely gazing at one another. Until James says something that makes her laugh. Soon Agnes' demeanor warms and the two resemble a couple of old friends or lovers on the verge.

EXT. LOS ANGELES - THE RAINBOW ROOM - NIGHT

Crowds of people surround the entrance to the bar.

Melody and Christine manage to squeeze through to meet friends already seated inside. JIMI HENDRIX is hosting a party of musicians at a table in the back.

CHRISTINE  
Remind me why we're here again? The  
Byrds are playing the Whiskey  
tonight. Let's make this quick.

MELODY  
Be cool, Chris. Hendrix is  
literally a few tables away.

CHRISTINE  
So, Jim McGuinn is next door. I  
really want to shoot him. I've  
heard Hendrix is into some kinky  
shit.

MELODY  
I'm not interested in bedding him,  
I just want to linger in his midst.

NICK, 20, an aspiring rock reporter and friend of Melody's  
chimes in.

NICK  
Did you see who's sitting at his  
table?

Melody scans the rowdy group. Subtlety evades her. Hendrix is joined by members of BLACK SABBATH and Ledbetter, including James who notices her watching their table.

He smiles and nods in her direction.

MELODY

I sure did.

NICK

That's James Abbot, lead guitarist of Ledbetter, this new British band everyone is raving about. Apparently the guy is crazy talented.

MELODY

We know him.

NICK

You know him? What do you mean you know him?

MELODY

We know him. We met him at a party in Laurel Canyon. At Frank Zappa's house.

NICK

You met him at a party at Frank Zappa's house. Nice.

(annoyed)

Remind me why I'm always last on the call tree when cool shit is going down?

MELODY

It was just a matter of right place, right time.

NICK

Uh huh. Do you know him well enough to get me an interview?

CHRISTINE

Try not to lose your mind but Mr. Abbot is walking this way.

Melody reaches into her bag for a cigarette and lights up.

James approaches their table, seemingly in slow motion with a swagger only on-the-rise rock stars seem to bestow, but doesn't stop. Instead, he walks by, burning a hole into Melody with his gaze before ducking out the front door.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)  
What the hell was that?

NICK  
Solid intro, Mel. You could have  
waved him over.

Melody leans back in her chair, smiling to herself. She finishes her cigarette while Christine and Nick bicker about the meaning behind the latest Who album.

Across the smoky room, someone hands Hendrix a guitar and he begins to play.

EXT. WHISKEY A GO GO - SAME DAY

Melody, Christine and Nick are standing in an inconveniently long lineup.

CHRISTINE  
I can't believe we're stuck out  
here.

James steps out of the club. A car pulls up and he nearly ducks in, but not before spotting Melody. He asks his driver to circle the block.

JAMES  
Big Byrds fan, then?

MELODY  
Not really.

JAMES  
Want to go for a ride?

MELODY  
Where to?

JAMES  
Not sure. Let's decide on the way,  
shall we?

Melody blows a kiss to Nick and Christine and follows James to his car.

EXT. CHATEAU MARMONT - MORNING

The sun is rising over the Sunset Strip and the dawn of another perfectly sunny day begins as the last of the nocturnal crowd crawls back to their dwellings.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - SAME DAY

James is fast asleep. Crisp white sheets entangle him in the oversized bed.

Melody is sitting by the window in a plush robe, smoking a cigarette.

He stirs, opens his eyes and rolls over to discover her watching him.

JAMES  
Good morning.

MELODY  
Morning.

JAMES  
Sleep well?

MELODY  
Not bad. You?

JAMES  
Very well, thanks. What's the time?

MELODY  
Just after nine. Should I order us  
breakfast?

James gets out of bed, walks over to Melody and kisses her on the forehead.

JAMES  
I've got to get to the studio.

MELODY  
This early?

JAMES  
They charge by the hour, I'm  
afraid. Order whatever you like,  
darling. I had a really nice time.  
I'll call next time I'm in town.

James makes his way to the bathroom and starts the shower.

JAMES (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Hang out as long as you like!

Melody puts out her cigarette and stares out the window onto the overgrown garden.



INT. NEW YORK - AGNES' APARTMENT - DAY

Agnes is sitting on the floor of her living room playing guitar and making notes. The phone rings.

AGNES

Hello?

INT. HOTEL ROOM - SAME TIME

JAMES

Did you know it takes 75,000 trees to print the Sunday edition of the New York Times?

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

AGNES

Sorry?

JAMES

You aren't reading the Times are you?

AGNES

Who is this?

JAMES

You know, I've never been to The Met before.

AGNES

No? You should go.

JAMES

Alright if I come around in an hour to pick you up?

AGNES

How did you get this number?

JAMES

See you soon.

INT. THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART - DAY

Agnes walks slowly through a grand court, lit up by the sun pouring through the skylights above.

She closely inspects a European sculpture of a buxom woman holding a basket of fruit. James comes up behind her.

AGNES

I love how artists of that era celebrated the female form. Every detail, every curve.

JAMES

Opposed to the artists of the present era?

AGNES

Well, yes.

JAMES

Do you like being a model?

AGNES

I'm not a model. I sometimes work as a model.

JAMES

So you're a model, then.

AGNES

It pays my rent.

JAMES

What would you rather be doing? I mean, if you could do anything, what would it be?

Agnes starts walking towards the next sculpture, ignoring James' question.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Seriously. Anything you wanted.

Agnes hesitates for a minute before turning to face James.

AGNES

I'd like to make music, actually.

JAMES

Music? You mean, like, in a band? Or, as a member of a symphony orchestra? What kind of...

AGNES

(interrupting)  
Rock and roll, baby. I've been doing a lot of songwriting lately. I'm thinking of starting a band.

JAMES

You are full of surprises, Agnes.

AGNES

Music has always been my number one. It's what light me up.

JAMES

I hear that. It's a nasty business, though.

AGNES

What, you don't think I have what it takes?

JAMES

I think you can do and have whatever you want.

James moves in close, brushing Agnes' hair to the side of her face and whispers in her ear.

JAMES (CONT'D)

I think you're exceptional.

AGNES

I think you've said that to a lot of girls.

Agnes continues to stroll, turning the corner towards a long corridor of impressionist paintings.

JAMES

Come to our show this weekend. People tell me you have an ear for what's good. I'd love to know what you think.

AGNES

I've heard your band.

JAMES

You have?

AGNES

I knew who you were before that night at The Stooges show.

JAMES

Why didn't you say something?

AGNES

It never came up.

JAMES

So will you come to the show?

AGNES

I'll check my schedule.

Agnes moves on to the next exhibit, smiling to herself. James follows.

EXT. ELECTRIC CIRCUS - NIGHT

The club is dark and cigarette smoke swirls as Agnes is escorted backstage.

On the way she sees Andy Warhol and LOU REED, stopping for brief pleasantries before being whisked to a room just off stage.

The band is drinking and jamming. GROUPIES outnumber the rockers four to one. James smiles a childish grin when he sees Agnes has arrived.

GROUPIE

Hey sweetie, I love your jacket.  
Who are you here to see?

JAMES

(shouting)  
Over here, love. Come meet the  
band.

AGNES

You guys have a lot of admirers.

JAMES

Really, I hadn't noticed?

James laughs and leads Agnes towards his bandmates. ROGER, 25, is the notorious bad boy lead singer. He stands as Agnes approaches, exposing a taut midriff above his tight leather pants, perpetuating all rock star stereotypes.

ROGER

Well hello. You must be the bird  
James has been on about.

AGNES

Agnes. Pleasure to meet you.

ROGER

Pleasure's all mine. Say, James,  
how did you convince this lovely  
girl to come watch you fanny about  
on the guitar anyway?

JAMES

I think the more pressing question on everyone's mind, Rog, is how you miraculously poured yourself into those awful trousers.

The group laughs and Roger tosses an empty cup at James. A STAGE MANAGER interrupts.

STAGE MANAGER

Ledbetter, you're on in ten.

JAMES

Come with me.

James leads Agnes to the side of the stage.

He picks her up, catching her off guard, and places her on top of a giant speaker case.

Ledbetter delivers an electrifying performance. Suddenly it's clear to Agnes that this isn't just some group of hard-partying lads from London. This band is going to be big.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - SAME DAY

Agnes waits backstage, sipping a glass of champagne, watching the other girls carry on.

James, Roger and the band emerge glistening with sweat, elated from the show.

JAMES

There she is.

AGNES

I had no idea.

JAMES

Sorry?

AGNES

I had no idea.

JAMES

No idea bout what?

AGNES

How good you were.

Agnes grabs a bottle of champagne and skillfully makes her way to the door, knowing James will follow. On the way out she's stopped by Roger.

ROGER  
Where are you off to?

AGNES  
Great show.

Agnes looks back at James, smiles and walks out the door.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - SAME DAY

Candlelight flickers as shadows are projected against the wall.

An empty bottle of champagne sits on the night stand, the glasses have been knocked over.

Two bodies, twisting and turning, burning slowly into one another.

James sweeps Agnes up off the bed as she wraps her legs around him, her fingers buried in his hair. Holding her in one arm, he uses the other to brush aside various items from a nearby desk and places her down gently.

Slowly, James makes his way from her neck, to her breasts, and further, as Agnes' head rolls back in ecstasy.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

James is fast asleep, suddenly awoken by streams of sunlight hitting his face. He opens his eyes to discover he's alone.

There's a single lily, plucked from a nearby arrangement, and a note laying on his pillow. He reads Agnes' words, smells the flower and smiles.

JAMES  
Man, I'm in trouble. Snap out of  
it, James.

INT. LOS ANGELES - THE ROXY THEATRE - NIGHT

Melody is backstage waiting for James after sneaking into the band's dressing room behind a group of reporters.

After the show, Ledbetter and their crew burst into the room and begin cracking open bottles of booze. Groupies abound, while Roger zeros in on Melody.

ROGER  
Hello there. Have we met?

MELODY

I'm a friend of James'. And a huge fan of the band. The new album is out of this world. Really, I can't stop listening to it.

ROGER

Why don't we go somewhere quiet and you can give me a thorough review?

Roger wraps his arm around Melody. She tries to pull away, but he doesn't allow it.

ROGER (CONT'D)

What's the matter? Is James the only one good enough for your middle class American pussy?

James spots Roger with Melody, and quickly pushes past the journalist he's chatting with.

JAMES

All right mate, that's enough. Mel is a good girl. There's plenty of young ladies here for you to mingle with.

ROGER

Oh really? I don't think she's as good as you say, James. I'll bet she makes the rounds in this town.

JAMES

Bugger off and go get a drink.

ROGER

Pleasure to meet you, Melody.

JAMES

Look, why don't you take my keys and head back to my hotel. Order up some champagne or whatever and I'll meet you there. How does that sound?

Melody hesitates for a moment before holding out her hand. James gives her the keys, kisses her forehead and goes back to finish his interview.

She scans the room, noticing the numerous women who line the walls, waiting and watching the band like famished vampires.

INT. CHATEAU MARMONT - MORNING

Melody mindlessly flips through the newspaper while sipping a cup of coffee. James has yet to materialize. Frustrated, she puts the paper down and calls the front desk.

MELODY

Morning. Has James Abbot called or left any messages for this room?  
Melody. Oh, okay. Thank you.

She places the phone receiver back down, gently, and sits for a moment, contemplative.

MELODY (CONT'D)

Fuck this, I'm not waiting around for him. This place is crawling with fabulous people.

Melody pulls open the doors to a massive armoire. She begins flipping through James' clothes, choosing a pair of leather pants and a sheer kimono.

MELODY (CONT'D)

Perfect.

EXT. GARDEN TERRACE - SAME DAY

The terrace is crawling with rock stars, or at least people who emulate them.

CASS ELLIOT is entertaining a lively group, including Andy Warhol, who gets up just as Melody arrives to sit at a nearby table.

He walks by her and stops.

ANDY

Oh. And who might you be?

MELODY

Melody. Pleased to meet you.

ANDY

Like a song. Cute.

MELODY

Thank you, Mr. Warhol.

Andy quickly loses interest and meanders away.

A young, flamboyantly dressed man is watching from Cass' table.



OLIVER JONES, 20, the lead singer of a British pop band with little notoriety stateside, stands up and struts his way towards Melody.

OLIVER  
Who are you?

MELODY  
Nobody. Well, not nobody, I'm not a musician. Or an artist. I'm Melody, how do you do?

OLIVER  
Rather well, actually. Melody. Can you sing, then?

MELODY  
Not really. I'm a designer. Or, studying to be one, anyway.

OLIVER  
Right, do you mind if I join you for a drink? I'm tired of listening to all those people over there going on about how wonderful they all are, do you know what I mean?

MELODY  
I think I do.

OLIVER  
Do you happen to have a ciggie you could spare?

MELODY  
I just might.

Melody reaches into the back pocket of James' trousers and finds a pack of cigarettes. She lights up, takes a drag and passes the cigarette to Oliver.

OLIVER  
Thanks. Tell me, is it common for women in LA to go to lunch in see-through tops?

Melody's avant-garde look suddenly draws the attention of a passing waiter.

MELODY  
Let's just say I had to improvise.

OLIVER

Fair enough. Are you staying at the hotel?

MELODY

Sort of. Yes, I am, yes.

OLIVER

By yourself?

MELODY

Not exactly.

OLIVER

Do you always answer questions so vaguely?

MELODY

I don't.

OLIVER

It's alright, darling. I appreciate a little mystery in a girl. Oh shit, look who's here.

Oliver stands to wave at someone just as Melody turns to see that it's James. She laughs to herself.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

James! Do you mind if my friend joins us?

MELODY

No, not at all.

OLIVER

Another British chap. It would seem we're invading your country, I'm afraid.

James arrives at their table and hugs Oliver hello while looking at Melody, grinning slyly.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

You must meet my brand new friend, Melody! Isn't she gorgeous? Now Mel, may I call you Mel? You mustn't fall victim to this one's charms. He has quite the reputation I'll have you...

JAMES  
(interrupting)  
Melody. That's a beautiful name.

James reaches out to shake Melody's hand but kisses it instead.

OLIVER  
I warned you Mel. James sit down and be a gentlemen. Waiter? Excuse me, could we get a bottle of champagne? And throw it on Miss Elliot's tab, will you? Cheers.

JAMES  
That's a lovely outfit you've thrown together. It looks strangely familiar.

MELODY  
Oh?

OLIVER  
He's not far off, Mel. You should see some of the tarted up attire this one tries to pull off.

MELODY  
I believe it.

Melody and James smile at one another the way two lovers might. The champagne arrives.

OLIVER  
Hold on just a minute. Do you two know each other? Oh, Mel, tell me you haven't already permitted this beast to penetrate you.

The jarring sound of motorcycles pulling up to the hotel steals everyone's attention.

Roger bursts onto the terrace with a group of raucous men. He spots the trio and makes his way to their table, helping himself to a seat.

ROGER  
Oliver, fancy seeing you on this side of the pond. I see you've met our favorite LA lady.

OLIVER  
(low voice)  
Please don't tell me you've got off  
with the entire band.

Melody shakes her head no.

ROGER  
She sure has taken a liking to our  
masterful guitar player.

JAMES  
Masterful? That's generous of you.

ROGER  
Haven't you read the latest  
headlines? You're the star of the  
band! According to the rubbish  
American media, anyway.

OLIVER  
Come on, Rog. Don't behave like a  
jealous schoolgirl.

ROGER  
Behave like one? No. I'd love to  
fuck one, though. Hey Melody, think  
you could help with that?

James smacks Roger in the arm, causing him to spill his  
drink.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
Easy, mate. I don't know what your  
problem is, she's hardly worth it.

James and Roger jump out of their chairs and a fight ensues.

A few more men try break it up. Eventually, hotel staff  
intervene.

Oliver grabs Melody's hand and leads her inside.

OLIVER  
Well this party went south fast.  
Come on.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - SAME DAY

Melody and Oliver are sifting through a trunk of clothing.  
Feather boas and sequins abound as the two take turns trying  
on Oliver's on-stage regalia.

MELODY

Oh my god I love this!

Melody takes off James' kimono and pulls on a sergeant jacket.

MELODY (CONT'D)

How do I look?

OLIVER

Regal. You should keep that, given you have a fetish for the soiled clothing of rock stars.

MELODY

I just love being around musicians. One musician in particular, these days.

OLIVER

You're not talking about James, are you?

MELODY

What if I am?

OLIVER

Honey, tread carefully there. He's hardly the marrying kind.

MELODY

I'm not interested in marrying him. But, I think I might be falling for him.

OLIVER

Oh dear. Look, you're young.

MELODY

Uh, so are you.

OLIVER

My point is, don't fixate on some smelly old guitar player. You have your whole life ahead of you. What do you want to do with yourself, anyway?

MELODY

I'm studying to be a designer. Actually, I'm thinking of dropping out to start my own line.

OLIVER  
Why don't you design a few pieces  
for me?

MELODY  
Are you serious?

OLIVER  
Does the Tin Man have a sheet metal  
cock?

MELODY  
Sorry?

Oliver pops a bottle of champagne.

OLIVER  
Never mind. Here, let's toast. To  
your budding fashion career. Pucci,  
eat your heart out.

MELODY  
Who?

OLIVER  
Sacrilige, darling.

EXT. NEW YORK - BRYANT PARK - DAY

Agnes is wrapping a shoot with FRANCES, 30, a hot  
photographer everyone in the rock world is raving about.

As she's packing up her things, Frances taps her on the  
shoulder.

FRANCES  
Hey. Good work today.

AGNES  
Thank you. It was so great to work  
with you.

FRANCES  
I'm guessing it's a nice change  
from some of the male photogs in  
this town.

AGNES  
What makes you say that?

FRANCES  
You're a pretty girl. There's a lot  
of assholes in this industry.

AGNES

I can hold my own. I just mean I've seen your work. I follow some of the bands you've shot.

Frances lights a cigarette, pauses and inspects Agnes for a beat.

FRANCES

Funny, you don't strike me as the groupie type.

AGNES

I hate that word. Why is it when women enjoy rock music, they're cast as sluts or star fuckers?

FRANCES

Whoa, easy honey. I didn't mean to offend you.

Agnes picks up her things and turns to leave.

FRANCES (CONT'D)

Where are you off to?

AGNES

I have somewhere I've got to be.

FRANCES

Can I buy you a cup of coffee?

Agnes turns to face Frances.

AGNES

You can buy me lunch. For the groupie remark.

FRANCES

A model who eats lunch! How novel. Let's get out of here.

INT. GREENWICH VILLAGE - DELI - SAME DAY

Agnes and Frances are sitting in a window seat, deep in conversation.

AGNES

I think Lou is amazing. No one is doing what he's doing. Things are changing. Music is evolving. He just gets it, you know?

FRANCES

You have a very refined palette for someone your age.

AGNES

Don't patronize me.

FRANCES

I'm not! Seriously, I think you're a really interesting girl. Most of the models I'm subject to are numb. I'm not sure if it's drugs or hunger? Maybe both?

AGNES

Modeling pays my bills. But song writing is what turns me on. I'm actually forming a band. Know any killer bass players?

FRANCES

You just went way beyond interesting.

A WAITER brings by two coffees and one cannoli.

FRANCES (CONT'D)

You've gotta try a bite of this.

AGNES

Oh, no, I'm good.

FRANCES

Come on, one bite.

Frances breaks off a piece of the decadent pastry and feeds it to Agnes, while fixating on her mouth.

AGNES

Oh shit, that is good.

Frances pulls a card from her bag.

FRANCES

Here.

AGNES

(mouth full)  
What's this?

FRANCES

It's a producer friend of mine. Call him. He may be able to help.



2 MONTHS LATER

INT. REHEARSAL SPACE - DAY

Agnes is rehearsing with her BAND MEMBERS -- she on vocals and guitar, backed by another guitar player, bass player and drummer.

Frances arrives to watch.

AGNES  
Hey! Guys, take five.

FRANCES  
Sounding good.

AGNES  
Thanks. Hey, hand me that towel.

FRANCES  
How are you feeling about the show Saturday?

AGNES  
Terrified.

FRANCES  
Don't be. You're really making it happen.

AGNES  
You're coming, right?

FRANCES  
Wouldn't miss it.

AGNES  
What are you up to today?

FRANCES  
Shooting a band in Battery Park in a few hours. I better head out, actually.

AGNES  
Anyone I'd know?

FRANCES  
British band called Ledbetter.  
(indifferent)  
Apparently the next big thing.

AGNES

Huh. Anyway, better get back to the guys.

FRANCES

Go!

Agnes kisses Frances on the cheek, grabs her guitar and resumes rehearsal.

Frances snaps a few photos of the band before turning to leave.

EXT. AGNES' APARTMENT - DAY

James is lingering outside of Agnes' apartment building.

BERNIE, the doorman, watches him until their eyes meet. He swings the front door open halfway.

BERNIE

Waiting for someone?

JAMES

Nope. Well...yes. Yes, actually.

BERNIE

Been waiting a long time.

JAMES

A bit, yeah.

Bernie stares blankly at James. Agnes emerges from behind him.

AGNES

Hey Bernie.

BERNIE

Good morning, Miss Agnes.

AGNES

Hey James.

Agnes breezes by James and tries to hail a cab. Bernie smiles and shakes his head.

JAMES

Hey Agnes, hold on!

AGNES

What's up?

JAMES  
I've been meaning to call.

AGNES  
Oh?

JAMES  
I brought bagels.

James presents Agnes with a lumpy, greasy bag.

AGNES  
Thanks. But I'm late for a shoot.  
Taxi!

JAMES  
What time do you knock off?

AGNES  
Not sure.

JAMES  
When can I see you?

AGNES  
I'll call you.

Agnes hops in and the car speeds away.

James walks back towards Bernie, defeated, and hands him the bag of bagels.

JAMES  
Here you go, mate.

INT. LOS ANGELES - MELODY'S BUNGALOW - DAY

Melody is making alterations to a glittery jumpsuit when the phone rings.

MELODY  
Hello?

INT. NEW YORK - HOTEL ROOM - SAME TIME

James is sitting at a desk sipping on a glass of whiskey.

JAMES  
Mel. That you?

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

MELODY

Yes. Who's this?

JAMES

You don't recognize this deep,  
distinguished British accent?

MELODY

Not sure about the distinguished  
part. Hello Mr. Abbot.

JAMES

How have you been, Mel?

MELODY

Good! Great, actually.

JAMES

Oh? Go on then. Tell me what's  
happening in your world.

MELODY

Well. I'm designing clothes for a  
few bands. Oliver was my first  
client, actually.

JAMES

Ollie's band is really starting to  
pop off.

MELODY

Because of his fabulous attire, I'm  
sure.

JAMES

No doubt.

MELODY

I've got my own place now, just off  
Sunset.

JAMES

Good for you, Mel. Really happy for  
you.

MELODY

Thanks. What's going on with you?  
Aren't you on tour?

JAMES

Soon. That's actually why I called.  
I wanted to see if you'd be up for  
a trip to New York.

MELODY

What's in New York?

JAMES

Well. They've got these tall buildings, you see. And a park. A really grand park, in the center of the city.

MELODY

You don't say.

JAMES

And four British lads in dire need of some cool threads for their upcoming tour.

MELODY

Has New York run low on leather pants and floral blouses?

JAMES

Funny girl. You've been on my mind lately.

MELODY

Oh? Why's that.

JAMES

Come to New York. Design some stuff for the band. We'd love to see you.

MELODY

(coy)  
It'll cost you.

JAMES

I'll send a messenger by with your plane ticket tomorrow. See you soon.

Melody drops the phone onto the receiver and waits a beat before letting out a celebratory scream.

INT. BAR - NEW YORK - NIGHT

Agnes' band is tearing up the stage inside a tiny, packed-to-the-rafters club.

Frances is upfront snapping photos as the band finishes their set. The crowds erupts.

AGNES  
(out of breath)  
Thank you! We're The Living Cafe.

INT. BACKSTAGE - SAME NIGHT

Agnes and her bandmates are celebrating when Frances arrives.

AGNES  
Franny! Can you believe that crowd?  
What a trip, I'm actually  
vibrating.

FRANCES  
You were electric. Proud of you.

BANDMATE  
(shouting)  
Hey, let some girls in!

A SECURITY GUARD opens the door to a flood of WOMEN. A few acknowledge Agnes but most crowd around her bandmates.

AGNES  
Come on, let's get out of here.

EXT. MAX'S KANSAS CITY - SAME NIGHT

Agnes and Frances are standing near the entrance, surrounded by freaky and fabulous people.

AGNES  
Oh man, I'm still buzzing from the  
show.

FRANCES  
Wouldn't you rather be back  
celebrating with the band?

AGNES  
And that mess of girls? I'd rather  
celebrate with you anyway.

Frances leans in for a kiss. Agnes pulls away.

AGNES (CONT'D)  
Franny, no.

Embarrassed, Frances pivots quickly.

FRANCES  
We better get inside.

AGNES

I'm sorry.

FRANCES

Don't be. This is your night.

The DOORMAN ushers them into the club.

INT. MAX'S KANSAS CITY - SAME NIGHT

A mix of old-money socialites and New York's creative elite pour into Max's.

Agnes and Frances make their way to a table in the back.

FRANCES

Drink?

AGNES

Yes! Whisky, please.

Frances heads to the bar, nodding hello to a few familiar faces en route.

When she returns, Agnes is chatting with a WOMAN who is lining up rails of cocaine. She pulls out a bag of pills.

Frances forcefully squeezes in next to Agnes.

FRANCES

Whisky neat for the lady.

AGNES

Thanks Franny.

FRANCES

To your first night as a rock star.

AGNES

Cheers. Thanks for being here.

Agnes pops a few quaaludes into her mouth before taking a sip.

FRANCES

Hey, since when are you into this stuff?

AGNES

Relax, we're celebrating!

The other people at the table laugh. Agnes passes Frances a dish full of pills.

FRANCES  
No, thank you.

AGNES  
Come on, Franny. Lighten up.

FRANCES  
Sometimes I forget how young and naive you are.

AGNES  
Fuck you.

A STRUNG OUT MAN moves in next to Agnes.

FRANCES  
First night as a musician and you're already a fucking nightmare.

STRUNG OUT MAN  
Someone get her out of here.

Frances shoot to her feet.

FRANCES  
I was just leaving.

Agnes watches her friend storm out, momentarily remorseful, but bounces back. The barbiturate buffet quickly depletes as fellow imbibers dig in.

EXT. MAX'S KANSAS CITY - SAME NIGHT

Frances lights a cigarette as the strung out man approaches.

STRUNG OUT MAN  
Hey, I think your friend is in trouble.

FRANCES  
Agnes?

She tosses her cigarette and runs back into the club.

INT. MAX'S KANSAS CITY - SAME NIGHT

Agnes is slumped forward in her seat. A few people try to revive her.

FRANCES  
Move! Everybody move. Ags, wake up.



AGNES

(dazed)

Franny, I'd like to go home now.

FRANCES

Come on, we're getting out of here.

STRUNG OUT MAN

Talk about a party foul.

Frances scoops Agnes up in one arm and punches the man in the face with the other. A commotion erupts as she helps Agnes out of the club.

INT. GREENWICH VILLAGE - BAR - NIGHT

Agnes and Frances arrive at a busy corner bar.

AGNES

How long do we have hang out here?  
There's a band playing uptown I  
want to check out.

FRANCES

Just one drink, I promised a friend  
I'd stop by. Who's the band?

AGNES

The Doors. They're from LA. Their  
music is supposed to be mind  
altering.

FRANCES

The music or the drugs?

AGNES

Don't be a drag.

FRANCES

One drink.

Frances spots her friend JOHN, 30, a fashion designer and trust fund baby who barely leaves the island of Manhattan.

He waves them over. Melody is standing next to him.

JOHN

(double-cheek air kisses)

Frances! It's been far too long.

FRANCES

Congrats on the new line. It's  
sensational.

JOHN

Thank you, I thought so too.

FRANCES

This is Agnes.

JOHN

Your reputation precedes you. When are you going to walk in one of my shows?

AGNES

I'm not modeling much these days.

JOHN

Oh? What a shame.

AGNES

I'm more focused on music, actually.

FRANCES

Don't be modest, Ags. Her band is killing it. The Living Cafe, you should check them out.

JOHN

Right. Anyhow, this is Melody. She's from LA, but we won't hold that against her.

FRANCES

Hey Melody, good to meet you.

MELODY

I'm a huge fan of your work.

Melody nervously shakes Frances' hand then extends the formality to Agnes.

MELODY (CONT'D)

Nice to meet you, Agnes.

AGNES

Hey.

MELODY

So, you're in a band?

AGNES

Yep.

Agnes scans the bar for an escape.

AGNES (CONT'D)  
 Sorry, will you excuse me.

Agnes hands Frances her drink and makes a dash for Andy Warhol, who's just arrived.

MELODY  
 She's friends with Warhol?

JOHN  
 Try not to be so starstruck, it's embarrassing.

MELODY  
 No, I know him! We met a few months ago in LA. I wonder if he'd remember me.

FRANCES  
 Don't be offended if he doesn't. His memory can be selective.

JOHN  
 I've heard he's a nasty little bitch.

Agnes rejoins the group with Andy and others in tow.

AGNES  
 Andy's into checking out The Doors.

ANDY  
 Who could say no to this wondrous beauty? Hold the phone just one second. Don't I know you?

MELODY  
 We met in LA at the...

ANDY  
 (interrupting)  
 Melody. The girl with the name like a song. Weren't you with those vile British rockers? Ugh, the name escapes me.

Agnes eyes up Melody suspiciously. She tugs at Andy's arm.

AGNES  
 Let's go.

FRANCES  
 Do you guys want to come along?

JOHN

We've got another party to get to.

FRANCES

Well, it was great seeing you both.  
Sorry to leave so abruptly.

JOHN

Such is the life of a prolific  
photographer.

FRANCES

Hey Melody, make sure John takes  
you to this great little cafe on  
the Upper East Side tomorrow for  
breakfast. It's not a proper visit  
to New York without consuming an  
unnatural amount of calories.

MELODY

I'll hold him to it.

Frances trails behind Agnes and her growing entourage. John  
turns to Melody.

JOHN

So, you're having lunch with  
rockstars and meeting the likes of  
Warhol now? What's going on back in  
LA?

Suddenly, Ledbetter and their entourage enter the bar. James  
spots Melody and she waves him over.

MELODY

Oh, there's James and his band.

JOHN

Cute, if you like dirty hobo types.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Is this the fellow who flew you out  
here?

James throws his arms around Melody and gives her a squeeze.

JAMES

Hey you.

MELODY

Hey yourself.

JAMES

New York feels so much lighter now  
that you're here. Who's this, then?

JOHN

John. Pleasure.

JAMES

Any friend of Mel's is a friend of  
mine.

MELODY

This is the designer I was telling  
you about. James is the lead  
guitarist of Ledbetter and loyal  
supporter of designs by yours  
truly.

JOHN

Adorable. How did you two meet?

JAMES

At a party, if I recall.

MELODY

And you've been infatuated with me  
ever since.

JOHN

Oh, you two are a trip. I'm going  
to go get us some drinks. What'll  
it be, handsome?

JAMES

Whiskey on the rocks. Cheers.

John tries to get the bartenders attention while Melody and  
James melt into one another, making their presence  
uncomfortable for everyone in their immediate vicinity.

JAMES (CONT'D)

I need to be with you.

MELODY

Aren't you?

JAMES

I promise I'll make it worth your  
while.

MELODY

Come with me.

Melody and James slip into the restroom. John returns with a tray of drinks.

JOHN  
(annoyed)  
Great, now what?

INT. ONDINE DISCOTHEQUE - SAME DAY

Agnes, Andy, Frances and others arrive en masse to see The Doors.

ANDY  
Oh my god, Agnes, where have you taken us? This crowd is so barbaric.

FRANCES  
Someone give him a paper bag to breathe into.

ANDY  
Don't be nasty, Frances. Let's get you a party favor.

FRANCES  
No thanks.

ANDY  
Suit yourself.

AGNES  
There's a table!

Agnes grabs Frances' hand, pulling her through the dense crowd.

FRANCES  
Looks at all these people.

AGNES  
They're going to be big. The lead singer is a poet.

FRANCES  
I'll bet. I'm going to get a drink. Want anything?

AGNES  
I'm good. Don't be long, they'll be on soon.

Frances makes her way to the bar while Agnes waits for The Doors to emerge. A SHIFTY MAN pulls out some cocaine and carefully lines up long, powdery strips on the table.

SHIFTY MAN

After you.

AGNES

Oh, I'm fine thanks.

SHIFTY MAN

You sure?

Agnes reconsiders, placing a scoop of the substance onto the back of her hand, and blowing it back while keeping one eye on Frances. She quickly rolls a bill and does another two lines.

The band hits the stage. Women scream at an unbearable decibel.

AGNES

I'm going to dance, who's with me?

EXT. ONDINE DISCOTHEQUE - SAME DAY

People are pouring out of the bar, as wild looking women whisper about Jim Morrison's post-show whereabouts. Sunlight begins to seep into the cracks of the dingy street.

AGNES

There has to be an after party. How am I supposed to sleep after that?

FRANCES

Let's go, Ags, I'm exhausted.

AGNES

Are you crazy? Weren't they amazing? Come on, Franny.

FRANCES

Why are you so wired, anyway? Did you take something?

AGNES

(trailing off)  
Stop being so paranoid...

Agnes is suddenly unstable and begins to lose consciousness. Frances catches her slouching frame before she hits the ground.

FRANCES

Agnes!

Blood streams from one of Agnes' nostrils. Frances pulls her to the ground and places Agnes' head in her lap.

FRANCES (CONT'D)

Someone, help! Please! Call an ambulance!

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Agnes is resting in recovery while Frances sleeps in a chair next to her bed.

A commotion erupts outside the room as Nick arrives, trailed by paparazzi. A NURSE tries to block him.

NURSE

Sir. Sir! You can't just barge in here.

NICK

Come on, love. I'll just be a minute.

NURSE

You're not who I think you are...are you?

NICK

That depends.

NURSE

Visiting hours are for family only.

NICK

She's my cousin.

Nick moves past the stunned nurse without giving her an opportunity to protest. He's holding a garishly large bouquet of flowers.

Frances stirs and wakes.

FRANCES

(whispering)

Careful, you'll wake her. How did you get in here?

Ignoring Frances, Nick bends down to kiss Agnes on her forehead. Agnes wakes and slowly opens her eyes.



NICK  
Hello darling.

AGNES  
(raspy voice)  
Are those for me?

NICK  
They sure are. What on earth  
happened?

AGNES  
How did you know I was here?

NICK  
I heard from a friend who saw you  
at The Doors gig. You weren't with  
Morrison, were you?

AGNES  
No.

Agnes laughs a little and coughs, holding her chest.

FRANCES  
Easy.

AGNES  
Why is my throat so sore?

FRANCES  
We weren't sure what you took so  
they had to pump your stomach.

NICK  
Sorry, I don't think we've met.

FRANCES  
Frances. I shot your band in London  
last fall.

NICK  
Right. Were you with her when this  
happened?

FRANCES  
Yes, I brought her to the hospital.

NICK  
You could have watched out for her  
a bit, don't you think?

FRANCES

Who do you think you are, bursting  
in here like this?

AGNES

Guys, stop. I overindulged. It  
happens.

The nurse opens the door a crack. Paparazzi is still buzzing  
outside.

NURSE

I'm sorry, you're both going to  
have to leave. She needs to rest.

Frances grabs hold of Agnes' hand.

FRANCES

I'll be back in the morning. Get  
some rest.

NICK

So happy you're okay, Ags.

Nick places the flowers on a bedside table and follows  
Frances out of the room. Frances looks back at Agnes before  
closing the door behind them. She's already fast asleep.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

James and Melody are in bed drinking champagne as room  
service arrives with breakfast. James jumps out of bed and  
throws on a robe to answer the door. The phone rings.

MELODY

Hello, house of pleasures. How may  
I be of service? Oh! Sure, one  
second.

Melody passes the phone to James.

(whispering)

It's Roger, he says it's important.

JAMES

Hey. What? Where? All right. No,  
thanks for letting me know. Cheers,  
bye.

James slams down the phone and begins to get dressed.

MELODY

Is everything alright?

JAMES

Yes, darling. I completely forgot we have a big meeting with the chap producing our next album. I've got to dash, but you stay and enjoy breakfast. I'll call around later. Sound good?

MELODY

Sure.

JAMES

Good girl.

James kisses Melody on the cheek platonically, distracted.

She takes a hard swing from the champagne bottle as the door slams behind him and throws the glass across the room.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - SAME DAY

Agnes is getting dressed, preparing to leave the hospital. A nurse knocks and enters the room.

NURSE

There's a man here who says he's picking you up to take you home.

AGNES

Oh?

The door widens and James appears.

JAMES

Hi Ags.

Agnes walks towards him and puts out her arms. James pulls her in closely and looks down at her, pulling her hair away from her face.

JAMES (CONT'D)

You gorgeous girl. I'm so happy you're alright. Come to London with me. Just for a while. We can hide out in my little house in the country.

AGNES

What about my band?

JAMES

Ah, yes. I've heard good things about this band of yours.

(MORE)

JAMES (CONT'D)

Look, you need time to recover. I'm sure your bandmates will understand.

AGNES

I don't know, we're starting to sound pretty tight. It's not a good time.

JAMES

I'll cook for you everyday. I'll read you bedtime stories. I have chickens, you know.

AGNES

Chickens? Is that how you lure a girl to come away with you?

JAMES

I have a cow too.

AGNES

You do not have a cow.

JAMES

I do, I swear. Look, I have an entire month before our tour picks up again in Europe. Let's go play house for a while. Like normal people.

AGNES

Is that what normal people do?

JAMES

I'm not sure, actually.

AGNES

I'm sorry I blew you off the last time. Why are you here? Really.

JAMES

When Roger told me what happened, I had to see you. Come on. Let's get out of here.

James picks up Agnes' bag, wraps his arm around her and leads her out of the room.

Meanwhile, back at the hotel, Melody receives a note under the door that James had to head back to London, he's sorry and he'll call.

LONDON, SPRING 1967

EXT. ENGLAND - COUNTRY COTTAGE - DAY

Agnes is curled up reading by a large stone fireplace. James storms in.

JAMES  
Ags! Get dressed.

AGNES  
I am dressed.

JAMES  
I mean, put something warm on.

AGNES  
Where are we going?

JAMES  
It's a surprise. Meet me out back.

James disappears. Agnes puts down her book, pulls on a sweater and follows him outside.

The air is crisp but the sun is shining. Agnes closes her eyes and breathes in deeply as James appears on horseback with another horse in tow.

JAMES (CONT'D)  
Surprise.

Agnes smiles and slowly walks towards the horses. She places her hands on either side of the animal's face, kissing it's nose.

JAMES (CONT'D)  
You ride?

AGNES  
I have.

JAMES  
What are you waiting for, then?

Agnes takes the reins and mounts the mare. She takes off in a canter before James can compute what's happened.

JAMES (CONT'D)  
I should have known. Giddy up!

He chases after her across a meadow that spans out behind his home.

EXT. COUNTRY MEADOW - SAME DAY

James and Agnes circle one another, their horses touch noses.

JAMES  
Your horse seems to fancy mine.

AGNES  
Oh no, she's a lady. What's her name, anyway?

JAMES  
Maggie. After my aunt.

AGNES  
Hello, Maggie. You named your horse after your aunt?

JAMES  
She was my favorite aunt.

AGNES  
And what's his name?

JAMES  
Puffy.

AGNES  
(laughing)  
Pardon me?

JAMES  
I was only a boy when we got him!

Agnes dismounts her horse and leads Maggie towards a stream for some water. She ties the reins to a nearby tree and ties her hair behind her head.

James follows, watching her.

AGNES  
This was a really lovely surprise.

James ties up his horse next to Maggie.

He pulls Agnes in for a kiss before they both fall to the grass beneath them.

## INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

James and Agnes are guests at a dinner party among a dozen or so SOCIALITES who leave their wild lifestyles in London behind to unwind in the English countryside. BRADLEY, 62, and his wife CAMILLE, 29, are hosting.

BRADLEY

So I said to Camille, there's no way we can possibly afford to summer in St. Tropez again. Not after last year's little debacle and she thinks I'm being a bore.

CAMILLE

Well you are being a little overdramatic, darling. After all, these things happen.

SOCIALITE 1

Do tell Camille, what debacle is Bradley on about?

BRADLEY

Simply put, my wife sank someone's boat. Seventy foot yacht, actually.

The group erupts into laughter. Agnes looks at James wide-eyed.

SOCIALITE 2

You've got to be joking. Camille, how on earth...

BRADLEY

(interrupting)

Let's just say there's a Frenchman floating about the Med, enjoying a brand new cruiser at my expense.

CAMILLE

It's not my fault everyone dozed off, leaving me to steer after an abundance of champagne. Surely the captain should be liable.

JAMES

(low voice)

These people are a little...

AGNES

(low voice)

Frivolous?

JAMES

I was going to say a little much,  
but yes, that's a better word.

Dinner arrives and Bradley stands to propose a toast.

BRADLEY

To good friends, good food and  
dining with a proper rock star  
among us.

The table turns their attention to James and Agnes.

JAMES

Cheers, mate. Thanks for having us.

After dinner, some of the group is gathered in the library.

James and Agnes are sitting by the fire chatting when EDITH,  
23, a British novelist who burst onto the literary scene with  
a best-seller, joins them.

EDITH

Hello, you two. Looking very cozy  
over here.

JAMES

Hello. Edith, right?

EDITH

That's right.

JAMES

Congrats on the success of your  
book. Edith is a writer.

AGNES

I gathered. Hey, I'm Agnes.

EDITH

Hiya. Tell me, how did you two  
meet.

AGNES

Through a mutual friend in New  
York.

EDITH

And what brings you to England?

AGNES

Change of scenery. Vacation.  
Scones.



JAMES

Obviously she means to spend time with her favorite Englishman.

EDITH

What do you do in New York, Agnes?

AGNES

I'm a musician.

EDITH

Oh. I could have sworn Camille said you were a model?

AGNES

Was a model. My band and I are going into the studio as soon as I'm back in the states to record our first album.

JAMES

You didn't tell me that, Ags.

AGNES

You know, I'm exhausted. I think I'll turn in. Nice to meet you, Edith.

Agnes leaves the room, breezing by Bradley and Camille on her way to the door. James chases after her.

BRADLEY

(shouting)

Lovely to meet you, Agnes!

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Agnes walks ahead of James, agitated.

JAMES

Ags! Wait up!

She keeps walking so James runs to catch up.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Agnes, what's wrong? What did I do?

AGNES

Nothing, I'm just tired.

JAMES

Bullshit. You never told me you were going to be recording an album.

AGNES

Yes, I did.

JAMES

Well I didn't know you were serious.

Agnes stops abruptly to face James.

AGNES

What am I doing here with you, anyway?

JAMES

What do you mean?

AGNES

I should be in New York, writing and rehearsing. Focusing on my music. Not following you here.

JAMES

No one forced you to come.

AGNES

I'm going to head to London in the morning.

JAMES

Ags, don't be like this.

AGNES

It's fine. We're fine. I just need to get out of the country for a bit. Shake things up.

JAMES

I'll come with you.

AGNES

I'd like a few days to myself, if that's okay.

JAMES

Fine. Whatever you need.

Agnes kisses James on the cheek and continues on into the house.

INT. COUNTRY COTTAGE - SAME NIGHT

Agnes is showering. James paces in the kitchen.

He notices a folder poking out of Agnes' bag and opens it to discover several pages of lyrics and song melodies. His eyes widen as he reads the material.

Upon hearing Agnes shutting off the shower, James quickly takes a few pages and tucks the folder back into her bag.

EXT. LONDON - MARQUEE CLUB - NIGHT

The crowd is nearly as thick as the smoke swirling overhead, as fans wait for THE KINKS to hit the stage.

Agnes has managed to maneuver her way to the front when she spots a familiar face lingering on the side of the stage - Melody. Agnes ignores her, at first, but when Melody spots her in the crowd she motions for her to come over.

AGNES

I hope you have a good excuse for me leaving my spot.

MELODY

I thought I recognized you. Agnes, right?

AGNES

Yep. Sorry, I remember we met in New York. What was your name again?

MELODY

Melody. You can call me Mel.

AGNES

All right, Mel. How about you hoist me up?

Melody helps Agnes onto the stage and the two duck behind the curtain.

MELODY

What are you doing in London?

AGNES

Visiting a friend. But I'm heading back to New York in the morning. You?

MELODY

I designed some of the band's clothes for this tour. They invited me to join them for the UK leg.

AGNES

The band, as in, The Kinks?

MELODY

Yes ma'am. There's some beer over there, help yourself.

Agnes cracks open a bottle and surveys her surroundings. Suddenly, the band bombs by them.

MELODY (CONT'D)

Come on!

Melody leads Agnes to a spot on the side of the stage reserved for wives, girlfriends, and groupies. They bond over their mutual affection for the band, dancing and singing along together.

EXT. MARQUEE CLUB - SAME DAY

People are spilling out of the club. Agnes lights a cigarette and passes it to Melody.

MELODY

I know you're off in the morning, but a friend is having a party not far from here. Wanna come?

AGNES

Sure. I didn't plan on sleeping anyway.

INT. KENSINGTON - SAME DAY

A taxi pulls up to a large, gated home. Melody and Agnes hop out and follow some other guests inside.

AGNES

Nice spread. Do you actually know who lives here?

MELODY

Yep.

The girls are greeted by Oliver, whose band has recently risen to considerable fame. He's standing at the front door pretending to check people's IDs.

OLIVER

Mel! I'm so glad you're here.

MELODY

Ollie, this is Agnes, a friend of mine from New York. I ran into her at the show.

OLIVER

Kinks fan, are you?

AGNES

And a fan of yours, of course.

OLIVER

That settles it, this girl can stay.

Oliver puts his arms around the girls and escorts them into the party.

INT. BACKYARD GARDEN - SAME DAY

Melody and Agnes are sitting in the garden as glamorous guests swirl around them. Champagne flows as if from an infinite source and a not-so-discrete coke buffet services patrons in search of a lift.

One such patron, KEITH MOON, lifts his head abruptly after blowing back a line and notices the girls.

AGNES

Look who's coming over here.

MELODY

You know him?

AGNES

Not yet. Who fan?

MELODY

Who isn't?

AGNES

You know, you're not so bad, California.

KEITH

No one told me Oliver had such enchanting friends.

MELODY  
Oh no?

KEITH  
I'm Keith.

MELODY  
I know.

KEITH  
Have me met?

MELODY  
We have now. I'm Melody and this is Agnes.

AGNES  
Pleasure.

Keith sits down to join the girls. He reaches for a carafe of booze.

KEITH  
Let's have a whisky, shall we?

AGNES  
I really felt what you guys did on your last album.

MELODY  
"I Need You" was on repeat all last summer.

Keith fills three snifters.

KEITH  
You must have been pissed at someone.

MELODY  
You could say that.

KEITH  
Cheers, girls.

EVERYONE  
Cheers.

2 HOURS LATER

The party has exploded into circus proportions.

Little people in sailor suits parade around passing out canapés and cigarettes while lovers frolic behind rose bushes - a scene unmatched by anyone neighboring this posh Kensington compound.

Keith, Melody and Agnes are in one of the guest rooms jumping on the bed. Keith falls backwards into a set of French doors, sending glass shards flying in every direction.

The party goes silent, for a moment, then kicks right back up again.

The girls tend to Keith, who is bleeding from various wounds and laughing uncontrollably.

AGNES

Mel, grab that robe over there. We need to put pressure on this cut.

KEITH

Girls, I'm fine, really.

MELODY

You may need stitches.

KEITH

Don't be silly, darling. Tell you what, let's open another bottle of whisky and crawl into that big bed over there. You two can work your healing hands all over me. How does that sound?

AGNES

It sounds like you hit your head harder than we thought.

The girls patch Keith up and tuck him into bed before rejoining the party.

Melody pulls Agnes up onto a table to dance.

EXT. PRIMROSE HILL - DAY

Melody and Agnes are laying in the grass, staring up at the sky. The sun is rising as a pink hue drenches central London below.

AGNES

I haven't had that much fun the entire time I've been here.

MELODY

When did you arrive?

AGNES

A few weeks ago.

MELODY

Really?

AGNES

I was staying with a friend in the country before last night. I don't think I can function properly outside of an urban environment.

MELODY

You should come to LA.

AGNES

I said urban.

MELODY

Come on. The music scene is happening. So much more alive and free than New York.

AGNES

That's not true and you know it.

MELODY

You can crash with me. We'll take the strip by storm.

Agnes lights a joint, takes a drag and passes it to Melody.

AGNES

(exhaling)

Yeah. Maybe.

MELODY

I'll introduce you to Frank Zappa. You could play him a few of your songs!

AGNES

What about you, Mel? Does designing concert attire for rock stars set your soul on fire?

MELODY

Yeah, it does actually. I mean, I'd like to become a successful designer one day. But I love music.

(MORE)



MELODY (CONT'D)

I love being around musicians, you know?

AGNES

I sure do. We better go, I'll be late for my flight.

Agnes jumps up and pulls Melody to her feet. The two make the descent down the grassy knoll, arm-in-arm.

INT. AIRPORT - SAME DAY

Agnes makes a call from a payphone as her flight begins to board.

AGNES

Hey.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

JAMES

Hey yourself. How's London?

AGNES

Good. It's been good. I'm heading back to New York.

JAMES

When?

AGNES

My flight's boarding now, actually.

JAMES

Wow. Alright, when will I see you?

AGNES

We'll work something out. Hey, did I leave any papers behind at your house? Some of my song sheets are missing.

JAMES

I haven't seen anything. I'll take a look.

AGNES

Thanks. Look, James...I better go.

Agnes hesitates for a moment before hanging up the phone. She grabs her bag and heads to the gate.

INT. NEW YORK - RECORDING STUDIO - DAY

Agnes is sitting at a mixing board, jotting down lyrics and working through a song as her band rehearses.

JIMMY, 22, her guitarist watches Agnes for a moment before placing his instrument down and joining her.

AGNES

Hey! I rearranged this bit, I think  
it'll give it more...

JIMMY

Ags, we need to talk.  
(interrupting)

AGNES

Okay. What's up?

JIMMY

You're great. We all think you're  
great.

Agnes puts down her guitar.

AGNES

Uh oh. This sounds serious.

JIMMY

It is...kind of.

AGNES

Why does it sound like you're about  
to break up with me?

JIMMY

It's just that the guys don't feel  
part of your process. And the  
newspaper articles have all been  
sort of centered around you.

AGNES

Oh, I'm sorry. I'm sorry that I  
write all the songs, scrape money  
together to pay for rehearsal space  
and studio time. I'm sorry that I  
book all the gigs.

JIMMY

See, that's the thing. You're a  
bit...controlling. We think it  
might be better if we found another  
singer. No hard feelings.

AGNES

Right. No hard feelings.

Agnes looks down at her notepad, tapping her pencil violently quick. She clicks onto talkback so the band can hear her in the studio.

AGNES (CONT'D)

You know guys, I've put up with this male chauvinist bullshit since we started playing together. And I've always turned a blind eye. But I stuck with it. I stuck with you. Now if you could please pack up your equipment and get the fuck out of here, that would be delightful. I'm paying by the hour.

Agnes shoots up, breezes by Jimmy and stands just outside the studio as her band vacates the premises.

She begins to cry, covering her face with both hands.

INT. LOS ANGELES - MELODY'S BUNGALOW - DAY

Melody is snipping fabric at her kitchen table. Suddenly she stops what she's doing and begins to count on one hand.

MELODY

Three, four, five weeks.  
Six...wait. That can't be right.

Melody jumps up and quickly locates a calendar.

MELODY (CONT'D)

Oh fuck.

She picks up the phone and dials, hands shaking.

INT. CHRISTINE'S APARTMENT - SAME DAY

Christine is scanning contact sheets when her phone rings.

CHRISTINE

Hello?

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

MELODY

Hey.

CHRISTINE

Hey. What time are we heading to Frank's later?

MELODY

I have a problem.

CHRISTINE

You're not bailing on me, are you?

MELODY

No. I'm late.

CHRISTINE

For what?

MELODY

I'm late. My period. About two weeks. Maybe more.

CHRISTINE

Oh fuck.

MELODY

That's what I said.

CHRISTINE

Have you seen a doctor?

MELODY

Not yet.

CHRISTINE

Well don't you think you should?

MELODY

Yes! I'm going to head to a clinic now. I should go.

CHRISTINE

Wait, Mel. If you are, you know, who's the father?

MELODY

James, I guess.

CHRISTINE

Whoa, whoa wait a minute. James Abbot?

MELODY

I think so. We were together when I was in New York.

CHRISTINE

Are you telling me you toured with  
The Kinks for two weeks and didn't  
get together with anyone?

MELODY

Thanks a lot, Chris. I gotta go.  
See you tonight.

Melody slams down the phone, grabs her bag and runs out the door.

2 HOURS LATER

INT. MELODY'S BUNGALOW - SAME DAY

Melody returns home and unravels on the couch. A beat later there's a knock at the door.

She looks in the mirror and straightens herself out before answering. Agnes, who is dressed excessively warm and holding a bottle of whiskey, grins wildly.

AGNES

Tidings from the other side!

MELODY

Wow, Agnes! This is a surprise.  
Come in.

The two girls kiss hello and Agnes steps inside, dropping her bag.

AGNES

You said I should swing by to check  
out the music scene in LA. So here  
I am!

MELODY

Here you are.

Agnes inspects Melody's photos and record collection. One photo in particular, of Melody with Ledbetter, catches her attention.

AGNES

Nice place. Impressive record  
collection.  
(picks up framed photo)  
Ledbetter, hey?

MELODY

Yeah, they're great. I've designed a few shirts for the guitarist.

Agnes hesitates for a moment but quickly moves on, placing the photo back down.

AGNES

So. What's the plan?

MELODY

You just got here, don't you want to rest for a minute?

AGNES

Why don't you pour us a drink while I powder my nose.

MELODY

Sure. How do you like it?

AGNES

Straight up.

MELODY

Second door on the right.

Melody lets out a deep sigh and pours the whisky.

Meanwhile, Agnes carefully snoops through Melody's make-up and perfume before opening the medicine cabinet, where she discovers a small calendar noting when Melody's last period was.

MELODY (CONT'D)

Drinks are ready!

Agnes quietly closes the cabinet, swipes on some lipstick and re-emerges. Melody hands her a drink.

MELODY (CONT'D)

Cheers.

AGNES

Cheers. Thanks for having me.

INT. LAUREL CANYON - BACKYARD - NIGHT

The street weaving it's way through the canyon looks like a worm hole into never-never land.

Lanterns illuminate the towering trees as a warm breeze tickles the cheeks of nymph-like groupies and the bands they cherish, heightening everyone's drug-induced high.

Frank is celebrating the success of his latest album and his guests are happy to indulge him; Melody, Agnes and Christine among them.

MELODY

I didn't think he could top Freak Out, I mean, no way. But this album is so thought provoking. He's a genius.

AGNES

I have to admit, I'm surprised he has such a devoted following. He's a gifted artist, don't get me wrong. I just find his material a bit...inconsistent.

CHRISTINE

Easy, girl. You're on Mel's turf now. She has a thing for the Zappa's.

MELODY

I don't have a thing. I just admire them. They have such an open, fluid relationship, it's inspiring to be around them. Agnes, you should play Frank a few of your songs.

CHRISTINE

You're a songwriter?

MELODY

And the lead singer of The Living Cafe.

AGNES

Actually, the band and I parted ways. Right before I came out here. Going at it solo now.

CHRISTINE

Ah, hence the sudden trip out west?

AGNES

Maybe all this sunny, beachy shit will inspire me.

Nick walks towards the girls, waving awkwardly.

NICK

Hey! Guys! I think I just bumped  
into David Crosby.

CHRISTINE

Crosby is here?

AGNES

Why don't you go talk to him?

CHRISTINE

I need a drink first.

MELODY

Agnes, this is Nick. He's a  
journalist and professional third  
wheel.

NICK

Just journalist will do, Mel.

MELODY

Agnes is from New York. She's a  
songwriter.

AGNES

Singer-songwriter, actually. Come  
with me, sir. Let's fetch these  
ladies some libations.

Agnes throws her arm around Nick and leads him to a nearby  
keg of beer.

CHRISTINE

So? Did you see a doctor?

MELODY

Yep.

CHRISTINE

When will you know?

MELODY

Two weeks.

CHRISTINE

Are you sure it's James'?

MELODY

I'm not even sure if I am yet.  
Quiet, here they come.

Agnes hands out the frothy beers.



AGNES  
Shall we mingle?

No sooner did the words escape Agnes' lips did the crowd disperse revealing a lean, leather-clad JIM MORRISON. He chats with DAVID CROSBY briefly, before setting his sights on the foursome.

MELODY  
He's walking this way. Be cool.

AGNES  
Is that?

CHRISTINE  
Yep.

JIM  
Hello.

AGNES  
Hello.

Agnes extends her hand, to which Jim ignores and bows instead.

AGNES (CONT'D)  
I saw your band play in New York last year.

JIM  
Oh?

MELODY  
Mr. Morrison, I'm a huge fan of your music.

JIM  
Thank you. What's your name?

MELODY  
Melody.

JIM  
Melody. Like a song.

MELODY  
You know, Andy Warhol said the same thing to me once.

JIM  
Who?

NICK

Great to meet you, Jim. I'm Nick.  
Wondering if I could ask you a few  
questions for an article...

JIM

Look, man. Let's just enjoy this  
enchanted evening. Good vibes, good  
people. Here. Relax.

Jim passes Nick a bottle of whiskey.

AGNES

I'm going to say hello to our host.  
Pleasure to meet you, Jim.

JIM

Pleasure's all mine.

MELODY

Do you want me to introduce you?

AGNES

I can manage.

Agnes wanders off through the crowded yard in search of Frank  
while Melody and Christine marvel at Jim.

EXT. LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

Frank Zappa is sitting on the floor amidst a circle of FLOWER  
CHILDREN, playing guitar. He looks up to notice Agnes  
standing nearby and stops.

FRANK

You play?

AGNES

A little.

Frank holds up the guitar. A dazed girl with daisies in her  
hair waves for Agnes to join them.

FLOWER CHILD

I love her aura. May I touch you?

Agnes doesn't respond but stays still as the girl strokes her  
cheeks and runs her fingers through her hair. She pulls the  
guitar to her chest.

AGNES

This is just a little something I'm  
working on.

Agnes takes a deep breath and begins to play. As she relaxes the song flows through her.

The group begins to sway as Frank watches intently. She stops abruptly mid-bar as though being snapped out of a trance.

AGNES (CONT'D)

That's all I have. So far.

FRANK

That was nice. What's your name?

AGNES

Agnes.

FRANK

Where are you from, Agnes?

AGNES

New York.

Frank stands and extends his hand. Helping Agnes to her feet, he leads her to his studio.

FRANK

So, Agnes from New York. What brings you to my mountaintop? A long way from home, aren't you?

Frank pours them each a cup of an unknown concoction.

AGNES

Thanks. I came with a friend. Melody, um, you know I don't even know her last name.

FRANK

Are you a songwriter?

AGNES

Yes, I write all my own stuff. I have...had a band back in New York. I'm planning to record on my own now.

FRANK

That's a big undertaking.

AGNES

I suppose it is.

Agnes pulls out a notebook from her bag and tosses it to Frank. He opens it to a page titled "My Darling" and reads aloud.

FRANK

My darling, I must go  
 It's time to leave this place  
 I can't explain my restlessness  
 Not right to your lovely face  
 My darling, your tranquil body  
 Still warm, I feel it heaving  
 I can't change course  
 You know I've got to be leaving  
 My darling, let me go  
 It doesn't matter if we try  
 I'm unsettled and elusive  
 Like a monarch butterfly

Frank closes Agnes' book and looks up at her. She feels her face flush as she waits for him to say something.

Suddenly the door swings open. GAIL ZAPPA, 22, is staring down at them, her spherical pregnant belly pops out from underneath her top.

GAIL

Hello there. Frank, Jim and Pam are here. Come say hello.

FRANK

Be right there, babe.

Gail gives Agnes a deliberate and lengthy stare before closing the door behind her.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Put these lyrics to the song you just played out there.

Frank pulls an acoustic guitar off the wall and hands it to Agnes.

AGNES

I don't know, that one's kind of personal.

FRANK

The best songs are personal.

Agnes plays the song again for Frank, this time with the lyrics. Words she wrote about James.

FRANK (CONT'D)

You just wrote a song, Agnes from New York. I better go. Stay as long as you like.

Frank leaves Agnes alone with her song and her cup of god knows what.

She puts the guitar down and surveys his collection of records and reel-to-reel tapes stacked high before sitting down at a soundboard.

AGNES

Maybe the vibes of this room will rub off on me.

INT. BACKYARD - SAME TIME

Agnes wanders through a now crowded living room to the backyard and reunites with Melody, Christine and Nick who have seemingly graduated from mere acquaintances to Jim's inner circle. Everyone is deep in conversation.

AGNES

What did I miss?

NICK

Jim has been sharing some of his poetry.

MELODY

It's positively transcendent.

The group is high and spellbound by Jim's words. Melody and Christine stare at him as though he's a buffet and they haven't eaten in days.

NICK

He's so other level, man. He's, like, a fucking god. See how the girls look at him?

Suddenly, a woman makes a rowdy entrance. PAMELA MORRISON, 20, is accompanied by Gail and visibly intoxicated.

PAMELA

Jim! Where have you been hiding?

JIM

I'm having a conversation with these beautiful people. Come. Join us.

PAMELA

(slurring)  
Come on, we're leaving.

Pamela stumbles and Gail steadies her before she turns to vomit in a planter.

MELODY  
Are you alright?

GAIL  
Jim, maybe you better get her home.

PAMELA  
No! No, I'm fine.

JIM  
Come on, baby. Try this.

Jim hands Pamela a pipe and before she has a chance to inhale, a man leaps from the roof and plunges into the murky pool below, smashing his arm on the way down.

Gail goes running towards the house, calling out for Frank.

AGNES  
Now it's a party.

Sirens echo up the canyon, inching closer by the second.

CHRISTINE  
We need to go. Now.

Melody grabs Jim's shoulder as he tends to his sick wife.

MELODY  
We'll see you again.

JIM  
In this life or the next, dear  
Melody.

CHRISTINE  
Quick, guys. Cops!

Melody leads the group to the edge of the property and scales the fence.

MELODY  
Come on!

Nick hoists Agnes and Christine over the fence before struggling to pull himself over, falling to the ground hard.

MELODY (CONT'D)  
It's too early to call it a night.

The disheveled foursome walk towards the distant lights of Hollywood below.

INT. MELODY'S BUNGALOW - MORNING

Melody rolls out of bed and walks into the living room to find Agnes making eggs.

AGNES  
Morning! Eggs on toast, coming right up.

MELODY  
Thanks!

The toaster starts to smoke.

AGNES  
Fuckity fuck fuck!

Agnes unplugs the toaster and quickly turns off the stove.

AGNES (CONT'D)  
I'm not what one might call a culinary genius.

Melody suddenly runs to the bathroom and vomits. Agnes knocks on the door.

AGNES (CONT'D)  
You alright in there? I know my cooking is shit, but...

Melody emerges, looking flushed.

MELODY  
Few too many last night. Get dressed. Let's go find some breakfast.

EXT. MONTAGE - DAY

The new friends hit the streets of Hollywood.

First stop -- Mel's Drive-In for sustenance followed by a vintage shop.

Sporting their new outlandish finds, the pair hit a tattoo parlor for some regrettable ink.

Finally, day melts into night as the girls are front and center at the Whiskey among a mash of music revelers just like them.

INT. MELODY'S BUNGALOW - MORNING

The sun is penetrating Melody's little house with laser-like beams as she walks into the living room to find Agnes packing her bag.

MELODY

Morning.

AGNES

Hey! Sleep well?

MELODY

Like I was dead. Leaving already?

AGNES

I don't want to wear out my welcome.

MELODY

What do you mean, you just got here.

AGNES

This couple I met at Frank's offered to give me a ride to San Francisco, so I thought I'd tag along.

MELODY

What's in San Fran?

AGNES

People. Music. Free love. Come with us!

MELODY

I'd love to. But I can't. I have some things I need to take care of.

AGNES

Next time.

Agnes ties her duffle bag and tosses it over her shoulder. She kisses Melody on the cheek.

AGNES (CONT'D)

Thanks for everything. Be good.



2 WEEKS LATER

INT. MELODY'S BUNGALOW - DAY

The phone rings and Melody races across the room to answer it.

MELODY

Hello? This is she. Are you sure?

Melody covers her mouth, straining to hold back her tears.

MELODY (CONT'D)

No, I'm fine. Yes, thank you for calling.

She hangs up the phone and lowers to the floor.

MELODY (CONT'D)

Now what?

1969

INT./EXT. - MONTAGE

TVs and radios around the US -- in bars, homes, and storefronts -- relay news stories.

REPORTER 1

In a scene described by one investigator as reminiscent of a weird religious rite, five persons, including actress Sharon Tate, were found dead at the home of Ms. Tate and her husband, screen director Roman Polanski. Tate, who starred in Valley of the Dolls, was eight months pregnant.

REPORTER 2

Half a million people were gathered at the Washington Monument today for speeches and performances in protest of the war in Vietnam. Singer Pete Seeger led the crowd in a 10-minute rendition of John Lennon's Give Peace a Chance, while calling on President Nixon to end the war.

## REPORTER 3

Patrons of the Stonewall Inn, a Greenwich Village bar and popular hangout among gays and lesbians, broke out into violence as plainclothes police officers investigated the establishment for selling alcohol without a license.

## REPORTER 4

They've done it. Apollo 11 Mission Commander Neil Armstrong and lunar module pilot Buzz Aldrin have successfully landed and set foot on the moon.

## WINTER

## EXT. NEW YORK, THEATER - NIGHT

The light from a neon marquee shines through a raging blizzard. The headlining act is Agnes O'Shea.

## INT. THEATER - SAME NIGHT

The theater is packed and Agnes is backstage tuning her guitar. Backed by a NEW BAND, she peeks out to see the audience and paces.

## AGNES

Hey guys, we're on in 10. Should we go over the set list again?

## BANDMATE 1

Ags, we're good to go. You should try and relax. Here, have a drink.

## AGNES

No thanks.

Agnes peers out onto the audience again. This time she spots Frances with some FRIENDS. Scanning the crowd some more, she eventually and unexpectedly locks eyes with James.

He gives her a wave. She quickly ducks behind a curtain.

## AGNES (CONT'D)

Oh god.

## BANDMATE 1

Problem?

AGNES

Nope.

A stage hand announces the band is on in five. Agnes grabs a bottle of whiskey and takes a swig.

BANDMATE 2

At a girl. Let's do this.

Agnes' drummer pats her on the back before leaping on stage. Everyone is in place but her. She freezes as her bass player waves to her to come on.

Another swig of whiskey and Agnes emerges. The crowd responds warmly, a few whistles echo. She spots Frances, who nods her head encouragingly, before announcing their first song.

AGNES

This is "Back in the Big City".

The band kicks in hard and fast, as Agnes thrashes around doing her best to engage her audience while ignoring James.

Towards the end of their set the lights dim to a blue. Agnes lights some candles and picks up her acoustic guitar.

FRANCES

(in a low voice to her friend)

This is the song she's been rehearsing like mad.

AGNES

All right, everybody. We're going to slow things down a bit. Light a joint and sway along.

The crowd cheers but quickly turns to a hush. James is standing in the same spot, transfixed. Agnes begins to play "My Darling", the same song she performed for Frank Zappa years before.

James smiles to himself, and eventually, Agnes looks his way.

INT. BACKSTAGE - SAME NIGHT

Agnes is celebrating with Frances and her band when a crowd of people suddenly flood into the cramped room.

James manages to make his way backstage, not without attracting a mess of groupies in the process.

A security guard pushes some people out before pulling the door shut.

BANDMATE 1

Holy shit, that's James Abbot from Ledbetter. Maybe he wants us to go on tour with them?

Agnes' band crowds around James like crazed school girls while she sits back and watches.

FRANCES

Did you invite him?

AGNES

Nope.

Finally James makes his way to where Agnes and Frances are sitting.

JAMES

Hello there. Frances, right?

FRANCES

Hello. I'll be over here if you need me.

JAMES

She's a bit frosty.

AGNES

She's a good friend.

JAMES

It's great to see you.

AGNES

You too.

JAMES

(enthusiastic)

You were killer up there! Really. You kicked bloody ass.

AGNES

Thank you. I've been busy.

JAMES

I'll say. Did you write all those songs?

AGNES

I did.

JAMES

I have to admit, I was disappointed  
I didn't hear a Ledbetter cover in  
there.

AGNES

You wish.

JAMES

Seriously, though. You sounded  
great, Ags.

AGNES

Thank you.

JAMES

Any chance I could sneak you away?  
Take you for a drink to celebrate  
your rock stardom?

AGNES

See, this is what you do. You can't  
just show up here and expect me to  
drop everything.

JAMES

Fair enough. I'll wait.

AGNES

You'll wait. For what?

JAMES

Until you're ready to leave.

Agnes rejoins her after party. As promised, James sits and  
waits until the last few people, including Frances, are about  
to call it a night.

FRANCES

What's he still doing here?

AGNES

Franny, it's fine. You better go.  
It's late.

Frances grabs her coat to leave but turns to face Agnes  
first.

FRANCES

You owe it to yourself to focus on  
your music. Don't let him waltz in  
here and distract you from that.

AGNES  
I won't. Get home safe.

Frances shoots James a cold stare and walks out. Agnes grabs her coat and guitar case.

AGNES (CONT'D)  
Why are you still here?

JAMES  
I told you I'd wait.

AGNES  
I'm starving. Why don't you buy me something to eat.

James follows Agnes to the stage door.

EXT. ALLEY - SAME NIGHT

The city is blanketed in snow.

JAMES  
Christ, it's freezing.

AGNES  
Come on. There's a great little place nearby, it's open all night.

James wraps his arm around Agnes and the two scurry down the street.

INT. PIZZA JOINT - SAME NIGHT

Agnes orders two massive slices from the OLD MAN behind the counter. He plops them down on their table.

JAMES  
Brilliant.

AGNES  
So, what made you decide to show up tonight?

JAMES  
I know it's been a while. Alright, a long while. We're in town recording and when I heard you were performing, I couldn't stay away. Like I said before, you killed it up there.

AGNES

We've been rehearsing really hard.

JAMES

It shows. Look, I can't stop thinking about you.

AGNES

How quickly we transition from talking about what I care about to what you need.

JAMES

Come on, Ags. I can't get a minute of sleep knowing your warm body is within reach.

AGNES

What makes you think I'm that accessible?

JAMES

You know what I mean. We've been here a week already, I couldn't wait another minute.

(a beat)

I think I'm in love with you.

AGNES

(mouth full)

What?

JAMES

I said, I love you.

Agnes chokes a little and puts down her pizza.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Jesus, you alright?

She doesn't answer. Instead, Agnes gently dabs the pizza sauce from James' lips and leans in for a kiss.

AGNES

What are you doing New Years Eve?

INT. THE FACTORY - NIGHT

Andy Warhol is throwing a New Years Eve party. Agnes and James arrive in festive attire to mingle among the in-crowd.

JAMES

This is a colorful crowd.

AGNES

Isn't it? God, I love New York.

JAMES

Let's get some champagne, shall we?

James leads Agnes to a help-yourself style bar of cocktails and other elicited party favors just as Andy sneaks up behind them.

ANDY

Oh look, our model-turned-rock-star has arrived.

AGNES

Hello you. Happy New Year.

Agnes kisses Andy on both cheeks. James hands them both a glass of champagne.

ANDY

I remember you. Aren't you that devil who plays guitar. Oh what's the band, I've seen you play haven't I?

AGNES

Yes, you have Andy. This is James. He plays guitar for Ledbetter.

ANDY

Right, James. Lovely to see you again. Cin cin.

JAMES

Cheers.

Suddenly all pleasantries are interrupted as CANDY DARLING, one of Andy's superstars of the moment, makes her entrance.

ANDY

Agnes, this is Candy. She's starring in my new film, isn't she fabulous?

AGNES

Pleasure to meet you.

CANDY

Pleasure's all mine, sweetie. I love your frock.



ANDY

Come on, Candy, there's someone I'd like you to meet. You two just keep on looking fabulous. Enjoy yourselves. Have some caviar, or whatever else you can find.

The music kicks up. Agnes grabs James' hand for a whirl around the room. Someone announces it's 10 minutes to midnight.

John arrives with a MODEL-ESQUE MAN on his arm and immediately zeros in on the pair.

JOHN

Well, who do we have here? Be right back.

MODEL-ESQUE MAN

(chewing gum)  
Okay.

JOHN

May I cut in?

JAMES

I don't think so, mate.

JOHN

I was talking to her.

James twirls Agnes in the opposite direction in an effort to thwart John's advances.

AGNES

James, don't be rude.

Agnes smiles and hands James' hand to John.

JAMES

Midnight is minutes away, babe.

AGNES

Just topping off our champagne. You two dance, I'll be right back.

Agnes winks at James and walks towards the makeshift bar as James awkwardly attempts to lead.

JAMES

So. Friend of Andy's?

JOHN  
Is anyone? More of an acquaintance  
I suppose. You?

JAMES  
Same.

JOHN  
I met him the same night I met you,  
actually. I'm a friend of Melody's.

JAMES  
Right. I thought you looked  
familiar.

JOHN  
You should call her.

JAMES  
It's been ages.

JOHN  
I think she'd like to hear from  
you.

Agnes returns with champagne and noisemakers.

AGNES  
One minute!

JAMES  
I'm going to have to cut this  
short.

JOHN  
Of course! Happy New Year.

John returns to his date. The countdown commences and 1970  
arrives on the east coast.

James gently cradles Agnes' face in his hands. The heat from  
their kiss could melt the skating rink in Central Park.

JAMES  
Happy new year.

AGNES  
Happy new year.

JAMES  
A friend of mine is having a party  
at the Chelsea. Fancy checking it  
out?

AGNES

Let's stay here for a bit. It's freezing outside.

JAMES

Some really cool musicians might be there. Present company included.

AGNES

Shut up. Come here.

Agnes pulls James in for a kiss.

JAMES

Let's nick a few bottles and bust out of here.

The pair duck out without saying goodbye to Andy, conveniently slipping past John's prying eyes.

INT. LOS ANGELES - FRANK ZAPPA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

New Year's Eve is in full swing on the west coast.

An air of optimism is palpable as the world says goodbye to a tumultuous decade and hello to the sparkling possibilities of 1970.

Frank and Gail Zappa are, once again, playing host to the who's who of Laurel Canyon.

Melody arrives with Christine, Nick and her son SKYE, 2, to take in the festivities. Gail greets them as they arrive, holding a newborn.

GAIL

Happy New Year! Come in, come in. Skye, you're growing like a weed.

MELODY

Can you say hello to Mrs. Zappa?

SKYE

Hello.

GAIL

Look at all those beautiful, dark curls. You must take after your daddy.

Melody's face flushes. She awkwardly changes the subject.

MELODY

We brought champagne!

GAIL

That's sweet. Go on and add it to the pile. Come on Skye, let's go find Moon.

MELODY

Be good, baby.

NICK

What's your poison, ladies?

CHRISTINE

Champagne for me.

MELODY

Me too.

CHRISTINE

I can't believe the 60s are over. End of an era, man. Literally.

MELODY

I'm so ready. Ready for a new year, new decade. 1970 just feels full of possibilities for some reason.

CHRISTINE

Maybe this will be the year you tell James.

MELODY

Tell him what? Skye and I are managing just fine. Besides, I'm not completely sure he's the one.

CHRISTINE

Mel. Skye looks just like him.

MELODY

Maybe a subtle resemblance.

CHRISTINE

You have to tell him.

Nick arrives clumsily balancing three champagne flutes.

NICK

Tell me what? How impossibly dashing I look tonight? Oh stop.

CHRISTINE

Hey, let's toast. You both have had an amazing year.

MELODY

Hold on. What about you?

CHRISTINE

What about me? Oh right, my bartending career has really taken off. I can mix a whiskey sour in my sleep.

MELODY

I mean your photography. Nick, you should send some of Chris' stuff to one of your editors.

NICK

I already told her, I'd help advance her career if she agreed to marry me.

CHRISTINE

Shut up, you guys. Later 1969.

MELODY

And hello 1970. To all that it may bring.

NICK

To the seventies. Let the good times roll.

The friends raise their glasses as a familiar face emerges. Maude, a regular Zappa house fixture, has arrived with the GTOs and Keith Moon.

NICK (CONT'D)

Isn't that Keith Moon?

CHRISTINE

Yep, and that freaky girl group.

MELODY

Be cool, Chris.

Keith spots Melody and waves.

NICK

(waving)

Who is he waving at?

MELODY

Me, I think. We met in London a few years ago.

CHRISTINE

Wait, he's not...

MELODY

(interrupting)

No, no, no. We partied together until he went flying through a glass door.

Melody waves Keith over.

KEITH

Hello, darling. I know we've met but I can't think of your name.

MELODY

Melody.

KEITH

Right! Oh fuck, that was the night I flew through Ollie's French doors, wasn't it?

MELODY

It was and I'm happy to see you've made a complete recovery.

KEITH

You were such a doll. And that friend of yours, the one from New York, is she here too?

MELODY

Not tonight, no. This is Christine. She's a photographer. And this is Nick, he writes for Rolling Stone.

NICK

I was at one of your shows at Fillmore East. Incredible, man. Really.

KEITH

Cheers, mate. All a bit of a blur now actually. Band's on break until we pick up again in France in a few weeks.

Maude suddenly takes a liking to Nick while Christine gets to chatting with Keith.

The GTOs begin to dance, making a spectacle, while Melody drifts from the group, finding a quiet spot to reflect.

Before long it's time to say farewell to 1969 and welcome the new year. Skye and Moon are running around, blowing on noisemakers.

Melody sweeps her son up in her arms just in time for the countdown. 10, 9, 8. Keith embraces Christine while Maude surprises Nick with a passionate kiss.

Melody kisses her son as confetti flies through the air, drifting upwards into the night sky.

EXT. NEW YORK - HOTEL CHELSEA - DAY

Early morning, before the streets have been cleared of the new fallen snow.

James is returning with two cups of coffee when he bumps into BOB DYLAN on his way through the lobby. They nod hello and he hops into the elevator.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - SAME TIME

Agnes is soaking in the bathtub.

JAMES O.S  
(shouting)  
I've got coffee.

AGNES  
In here.

JAMES  
Morning. Here you go. You already packed? We're getting picked up in an hour.

AGNES  
Not yet.

JAMES  
What do you mean, not yet? We can't miss this flight, Ags.

AGNES  
I'm not suggesting that you do.

JAMES  
You mean we. Right? You're not suggesting that we do.

Agnes ignores his question and takes a sip of her coffee.

JAMES (CONT'D)

I thought we settled this.

AGNES

Settled what?

JAMES

You'll join me on tour and in the summer we'll come back to New York so you can begin work on your next album.

Agnes stands up abruptly, dripping wet.

AGNES

Hand me that towel, please.

JAMES

(teasing)

Must I?

AGNES

Towel. Please.

JAMES

You haven't changed your mind, have you?

AGNES

I just feel like you still don't take me seriously. More importantly, my music seriously.

JAMES

What do you want me to do, drop out of the band? Call Roger and let him know I won't be making it for our sold out world tour?

AGNES

Right, I forgot. You're a big fucking rockstar.

JAMES

I didn't mean it like that, Ags. Come on. We went over and over this last night. What's five months? You'll come on tour, have a great time, and I promise we'll be back here before you know it.



AGNES

Five months is a really long time. I like it here. I've met some amazing musicians and writers at this crazy hotel. It feels like the wrong time to go. I'm sorry.

JAMES

You're sorry?

AGNES

Yeah, I'm sorry.

JAMES

Sorry doesn't exactly cover it, Ags. I thought you wanted to be together?

AGNES

Go. Have an incredible time. I'll be here when you get back.

JAMES

Noway. Where's your bag.  
(adamant)  
Agnes, where is your bag?

James begins frantically picking up Agnes' clothes.

AGNES

James. James! Stop it! Just stop.

JAMES

You're unbelievable. You know that?

AGNES

What if I meet you half way? Let me stay in New York and I'll join you for the European leg of the tour. How does that sound?

James sits, defeated, and sighs.

JAMES

If that's what you want. I mean, if that's what you need.

AGNES

It's only a few months.

Agnes sits next to James and rests her head on his shoulder. The two sit in silence for a beat before he stands to leave.

JAMES

Right. Better go. Plane to catch.

James leans over and kisses Agnes' forehead. He grabs his bags and hesitates for second at the door before walking out.

EXT. LOS ANGELES - HOLLYWOOD - DAY

Melody is flipping through the LA Times. She stops abruptly at a particular page. The headline reads "Ledbetter Lands at The Forum Tonight!"

INT. THE FORUM - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

Melody buys a ticket from a scalper in the parking lot.

Once inside, she convinces the bouncer to let her backstage. She winds her way around the expansive venue until she reaches a group of girls trying to get into the band's dressing room. A ROADIE recognizes her and waves her in.

She spots James warming up in the corner but Roger blocks her stride before he notices she's there.

ROGER

Well, well, well. Aren't you a sight, Miss Melody. Looking good, darling.

Roger reaches out towards her, in his usual grabby way. Melody tries to maneuver past him.

MELODY

Hi Rog.

ROGER

You're not here to see old James, are you?

James overhears his name and stops playing, setting his sights on Melody with a look of surprise.

ROGER (CONT'D)

He's moved on, you know. Got a serious bird on the go. I always said you were chasing the wrong man.

James makes his way to where they're standing.

JAMES

Mel! Wow, what a nice surprise.  
That'll do, Rog.

ROGER

Hurry it up, we'll be going on  
soon. It's the first night of the  
tour, Mel. Don't distract our boy  
now.

MELODY

Wouldn't dream of it.

James takes Melody's hand and leads her to a quiet spot on  
the other end of the dressing room.

He takes a good look at her, smiles and they embrace.

JAMES

It's really great to see you.

MELODY

You too.

JAMES

How long has it been?

MELODY

About three years, I think.

JAMES

Has it been that long? Wow. Well,  
it's lovely to see you. What have  
you been doing with yourself? If I  
had known you were coming to the  
show, I would have arranged tickets  
for you.

MELODY

That's really sweet. But I didn't  
come to see the show.

JAMES

Oh?

MELODY

I came to see you.

JAMES

Well, I'm staying in my usual  
place. Why don't you meet me at the  
Chateau later? We can get a drink.  
Catch up.

MELODY

I have something to tell you.

JAMES

All right.

MELODY

I have a son.

JAMES

A son! Wow, that's wonderful Mel.  
Congrats.

MELODY

He's two, almost three now. His  
name is Skye.

JAMES

Really, three years old...

James' face falls to a more solemn expression. He turns with his back to Melody for a moment, before snapping around to face her.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Why did you come here tonight?  
You're not suggesting he's mine,  
are you?

MELODY

I'm sure of it.

JAMES

So, let me get this straight.  
You've known, or rather, suspected  
that this boy is mine for nearly  
three years and you chose to tell  
me this now?

(angry)

Minutes before embarking on a world  
tour?

(escalating)

Seconds before walking on stage?

MELODY

I wasn't going to tell you at all!  
I just...I saw that you were in  
town and I had to see you. I didn't  
think it was fair to keep this from  
you.

JAMES

What do you need? Money? Is that  
it?

MELODY

No! How could you say that? We don't need anything, but I want Skye to know his father. I'd like him to have a father.

JAMES

How can you be sure that he's mine?

Melody pulls out a photo of Skye. James closely inspects the image. A boy that undoubtedly resembles himself.

Roger interrupts.

ROGER

James. It's time, mate.

JAMES

I've got to go.

James follows Roger to the stage without saying goodbye. Tears begin to stream down Melody's face.

She tucks the photo of Skye into James' guitar case and leaves.

2 MONTHS LATER

EXT. PARIS - DAY

Agnes joins James in Paris for the European leg of Ledbetter's tour. The reunion is anything but romantic, despite reconnecting in the most romantic city in the world.

INT. CAFE - DAY

Agnes and James bicker as fellow patrons pretend not to notice.

JAMES

I don't get what your problem is. You're here now. Why can't we just have a good time?

AGNES

Sure.

JAMES

What do you mean, sure? You're obviously pissed.

AGNES

I dropped everything to come be with you. I thought that's what you wanted?

JAMES

Well yeah, but not if you're going to be miserable.

AGNES

I'm not miserable.

JAMES

You clearly are.

AGNES

I should be writing.

JAMES

(sarcastic)

Sign any big record deals I should know about?

AGNES

You're an asshole.

JAMES

I'm sorry, I shouldn't have said that. I just wish we could have a bit of fun, you know?

Agnes puts out her cigarette and puts on her coat.

JAMES (CONT'D)

A lot of girls would be thrilled to be sitting where you are now, you know.

AGNES

Oh? Well here you go. I warmed the seat and everything.

Agnes storms out of the cafe. James stays and orders a drink.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Ledbetter is celebrating among a glittery crowd, following a sold out show in Paris.

Agnes is sitting with Roger's wife CINDY, 23, a bubbly socialite with an unintelligible accent.

CINDY  
 What a magical night.  
 (starstruck)  
 Oh god, is that Oliver Jones?

AGNES  
 Yep.

CINDY  
 So, what did you think of the show?  
 Weren't the boys magnificent?

AGNES  
 Riveting.

CINDY  
 Rog tells me you've got a band of  
 your own?

AGNES  
 I did, yeah. Back in New York. I'm  
 about to record an album on my own.  
 What about you? What do you do?

CINDY  
 Oh, nothing at the moment. I want  
 to focus on supporting Rog and the  
 band. It's a nice life, on the  
 road. Room service and spas and  
 all.

AGNES  
 I'll bet.

James and Roger sneak up to surprise them. Roger drops a  
 bucket of champagne on the table.

ROGER  
 A bottle of bubbly for our birds.

CINDY  
 Thanks, love!

Cindy showers Roger with affection. Agnes stays seated.

JAMES  
 You girls having a good time?

AGNES  
 We need to talk.

ROGER  
 Here we go.

Agnes leads James to a quiet corner.

JAMES

Let's just have a good time  
tonight, shall we?

AGNES

I'm leaving.

JAMES

Come on, the party is just starting  
to kick up.

AGNES

No, I mean, I'm going back to New  
York. It was a mistake coming here.

James hesitates for a moment before he explodes.

JAMES

You know what? Fuck it. I can't  
take it anymore, Agnes. You're on,  
you're off. You're hot, you're  
cold. You're fucking me, you're  
telling me to fuck off. I've had  
it.

AGNES

Well, you're in luck, James!  
There's loads of girls who would  
take my place, remember?  
(raised voice)  
Just look around this room, for  
instance. Plenty of pussy to choose  
from.

JAMES

Right. Sorry I couldn't live up to  
your expectations. Sorry I couldn't  
play by your rules.  
(shouting)  
Sorry I didn't worship you enough.

Everyone in the restaurant pauses and turns to stare.

JAMES (CONT'D)

You can't just show up and shit on  
everything, you know?

AGNES

You're right. I'm gone.



JAMES

Well that's just great. Agh! Don't do this.

Agnes storms out of the restaurant leaving James amidst a room full of prying eyes.

Meanwhile, Oliver is watching the drama unfold. He strains to remember how he knows her.

JAMES (CONT'D)

(directed at everyone)

What are you looking at? Fuck off.

6 MONTHS LATER

INT. LOS ANGELES - TOWER RECORDS - DAY

A long line of hippie kids and emphatic girls with lust in their eyes line the blocks of Sunset Boulevard in hopes of snagging a fresh copy of Ledbetter's new album "East and West".

Rumors of the supposed inspiration for much of the album run rampant on the pages of rock mags across the country. One headline reads "Ledbetter Album 'East and West' Inspired by Affairs on the Road". Another reads "East and West: The American Groupies Behind the Music".

Music and lyric credits list James Abbot almost exclusively.

INT. CAFE - SAME TIME

Melody is standing in line waiting to order coffee when she overhears TWO WOMEN talking about Ledbetter's new album.

WOMAN 1

Did you read that Ledbetter article in Rolling Stone? Apparently James Abbot wrote most of the lyrics about some of the groupies the band has been fucking on tour.

WOMAN 2

No way. Do you think you made the cut?

WOMAN 1

Oh my god, could you imagine? I'm dying to get a copy, the line at the record store this morning was crazy.

WOMAN 2

Maybe he, like, dedicated a song to you in the liner notes?

WOMAN 1

A blowjob in the back of a tour bus hardly counts as muse material, but you never know. I did use my best skills on him.

Both women cackle as Melody rolls her eyes and interrupts their conversation.

MELODY

Did you say the new Ledbetter album is out?

WOMAN 1

Um. Yeah.

Melody steps out of line and turns to leave, but not before turning to address the cacklers.

MELODY

He likes a few fingers in the ass, but you probably already know that.

EXT. NEW YORK - AGNES' APARTMENT - SAME DAY

Agnes is playing guitar and jotting down lyrics when there's a knock at the door.

FRANCES O.S.

Ags. It's me. Open up.

AGNES

Coming. Coming.

Agnes barely opens the door before Frances can barge in with a newspaper and two coffees.

AGNES (CONT'D)

Good morning.

FRANCES

Have you gone out yet today?

AGNES

Nope. I'm knees deep in a new song. Thanks for the coffee.

FRANCES

You're welcome. James wrote an album about you.

AGNES

Sorry?

FRANCES

Well, some if it anyway. Did you know their new record was out?

AGNES

I did not.

FRANCES

I haven't heard it yet, but apparently the entire record is an account of affairs on the road. With American groupies in particular.

AGNES

I am not a groupie.

FRANCES

And I quote, Rolling Stone is reporting that the "theme of the album seems to be centered around two women in particular. One from New York and one from LA."

AGNES

Let me see that.

Agnes snatches the newspaper from Frances' hands and begins to read. Her eyes widen.

INT. RECORD SHOP - SAME DAY

Agnes snags the last copy of Ledbetter's album as she overhears two women hypothesizing about who the inspiration might be.

INT. AGNES' APARTMENT - SAME DAY

Agnes gently drops the needle onto the album and we time lapse forward as she listens intently, sitting next to her record player at first, and eventually laying on the floor until a familiar melody kicks in and she shoots up.

AGNES

What the fuck. That's my song!

Agnes grabs the record sleeve to reveal the name of the song. Her song. "My Darling," arranged slightly differently, but undoubtedly hers. She picks up the phone.

AGNES (CONT'D)  
Pick up, Franny, pick up!

Agnes slams down the phone, grabs the record and flies out the door.

INT. LAW OFFICE

Agnes and Frances are sitting across from a prickly LAWYER in a bad polyester suit.

LAWYER  
Did you ever record the song? Ever register the rights to it?

AGNES  
Well, no, I wasn't planning on recording it. But it's my song. James Abbot saw me perform it once.

FRANCES  
Doesn't it count if she's performed it live?

LAWYER  
Did anybody record that performance or any others?

AGNES  
I don't think so. It's not just that song, there are other melodies and lyrics on the album that are definitely mine.

LAWYER  
Oh? And how can you prove that?

AGNES  
I used to be in a relationship with the guitarist. What if he stole some of my sheet music?

LAWYER  
Look, doll, I believe you. But it's your word against there's. An unknown musician who used to date the guitar player against a very popular band.

FRANCES

She's not an unknown musician.

AGNES

Franny, I can speak for myself.

LAWYER

I'm sorry. There's nothing I can do.

SUMMER 1971

EXT. LOS ANGELES - TEXTILE WAREHOUSE - DAY

Melody is packing spools of fabric up a flight of stairs. Skye trails behind her, tugging at her dress, begging for ice cream.

They reach a studio and she drops everything at her feet.

MELODY

Come on, baby. Let mommy get a few things done then we'll go for ice cream. Promise.

Melody's ASSISTANT walks into the room.

MELODY (CONT'D)

Skye, go play please. I put some coloring books out for you.

ASSISTANT

Here's the proofs from the fall shoot. Christine called, said it was urgent.

MELODY

Urgent? Okay. Can you watch Skye for a minute?

Melody pushes sketches and swatches around on her desk until she uncovers the phone. She picks up and dials, frantically.

MELODY (CONT'D)

Chris, hi! What's up? Everything okay?

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

CHRISTINE

Finally, I've been trying to get a hold of you.

MELODY  
What's going on?

CHRISTINE  
You'll never guess who got engaged.

MELODY  
(teasing)  
Did Nick finally propose?

CHRISTINE  
No, we're just sleeping together.  
James!

MELODY  
James what?

CHRISTINE  
James Abbot. He's engaged.

MELODY  
How do you know?

CHRISTINE  
It's in the Times, entertainment  
section. Ledbetter guitarist set to  
marry longtime love Lily in English  
countryside wedding this weekend.

MELODY  
Longtime love?

CHRISTINE  
It says they've been together for 5  
years. What an asshole.

MELODY  
And this was urgent? What am I  
supposed to say?

CHRISTINE  
Get angry! He's the father of your  
child, Mel. Not to mention he based  
his bands biggest album on your  
relationship.

MELODY  
That's purely speculation.

CHRISTINE  
Right. Don't you think it's time he  
contributed to Skye's wellbeing?  
Before he and his bride-to-be pump  
out a few kids?

MELODY

Chris, look. He knows about Skye. I've said everything there is to say. He knows where to find us, but in no way am I asking him for money. We're doing just fine.

CHRISTINE

I know you are. I just thought you should know.

MELODY

(lying)  
I gotta go, some samples just arrived.

CHRISTINE

Okay. Call me later.

Melody sits down, deflated. She looks over at Skye as he colors, intently.

INT. NEW YORK - RECORDING STUDIO - NIGHT

Agnes is in an isolation booth finishing up vocals on an edgy rock song. Her producer ED, 55, a gnarly British hitmaker is at the helm.

AGNES

How was that, Ed?

Ed clicks onto the studio PA.

ED

Sounded great, Ags. Let's take 10.

Ed lights a cigarette and kicks back with a newspaper. Agnes joins him in the control room to rework some lyrics.

Some other MUSICIANS stop by.

ED (CONT'D)

Hey guys, come on in. This is Agnes O'Shea. Remember her name, she's going to be big. Agnes, this is Steven and Joe from Aerosmith. I'm working on their album as well.

STEVEN

Hey.

AGNES

Hey.

STEVEN

You look familiar. Didn't you used to front a punk band?

AGNES

I did, yeah. I'm on my own now.

ED

(utters to himself)

Blimey, would you believe that chap James Abbot from Ledbetter is getting married? Damn near shagged all the birds in Britain, I suppose he ran out.

Ed continues to flip through his paper. Agnes freezes as though a sharp pain has pulsed through her body.

AGNES

Hey, Ed! Breaks over, I'm ready to go again.

ED

See what I mean, boys? She's a force. Works bloody hard.

Agnes jumps into the iso booth and belts out her next song. Her vocals have turned from edgy to visceral.

Steven and Joe watch in awe from the control room.

July 3, 1971

EXT. LOS ANGELES - PLAYBOY CLUB - NIGHT

Melody presents her key and she and Christine are welcomed into the club.

The girls are escorted to a booth. A BUNNY takes their order.

BUNNY

What may I bring you ladies?

MELODY

We'll do a bottle of champagne, four glasses.

BUNNY

Do you have two more joining you?

MELODY

Not yet.



The bunny smiles and nods.

CHRISTINE

Oh man. Someone's on a mission.

MELODY

Not a mission. You never know who may decide to join us.

The bunny returns with a bottle of champagne and four glasses.

CHRISTINE

How do you have a key to this place, anyway?

MELODY

It was a gift from Hef. Remember, he interviewed me for an article on rock star muses.

Before the girls can take a sip of their bubbly, the sound of a glass smashing onto the floor echoes throughout the club, followed by the cries of a woman.

CHRISTINE

What was that?

MELODY

Stay here, I'll see what's going on.

Melody walks slowly towards the bar. People turn to their friends, visibly upset.

As she gets closer, she overhears that Jim Morrison has died.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Agnes lights a joint and picks up the phone.

AGNES

Hello. Is this Melody, the famous designer?

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

MELODY

Who is this?

AGNES

I'll give you a hint. We once played nurses to a certain drummer after an unfortunate incident.

MELODY

Agnes. It's been a while, how are you?

AGNES

Pretty good.

MELODY

Did you hear about Jim?

AGNES

I did. You were the first person I thought of, actually. I met him when I was with you. That night at the Zappa's, remember?

MELODY

I remember.

AGNES

Look, I'm in LA. Maybe we could catch up? Light a candle and swill some whiskey in honor of Jim.

MELODY

The Zappa's are having some of Jim's friends over tomorrow. You're welcome to come.

AGNES

I'll be there.

EXT. FRANK ZAPPA'S HOUSE - DAY

Friends and mourners of Jim Morrison drink and light up. Melody arrives with Christine as Agnes rolls up in a taxi.

GAIL

Hey, it's good to see you guys.

MELODY

I can't think of any place I'd rather be.

CHRISTINE

Ditto.

GAIL

I can't believe he's gone. We've known each other since we were this high, you know?

MELODY

This is Agnes. She came with me to one of your parties a few years...

GAIL

(interrupting)

I remember. Songwriter, right?

AGNES

That's right.

GAIL

Well, get in here. Frank's out back somewhere.

The group makes their way to the garden where people are sitting in a circle, singing songs by The Doors. Frank stands when he spots Melody.

MELODY

Hello Mr. Zappa.

FRANK

Miss Melody. How are you doing?

MELODY

Alright, considering. You know Chris and this is Agnes.

FRANK

Agnes from New York, I remember. How is your songwriting going?

AGNES

I just finished recording my second album.

FRANK

Wait, your last name isn't O'Shea, is it?

AGNES

Yes sir.

FRANK

I think I have your first record here somewhere, we should throw it on.

AGNES

That's really nice but let's keep listening to Jim.

Suddenly, the music switches from The Doors to Ledbetter's "My Darling."

AGNES (CONT'D)

I hate this song.

FRANK

I don't mind it, except it doesn't sound very singular, like their earlier stuff. There's something familiar about it.

GAIL

Some of the songs on that groupie album were clearly about you, Mel.

MELODY

Yeah, me and all the other women James Abbot has strung along over the years.

Agnes suddenly goes a lighter shade of pale. She wanders off to a quiet corner of the property. Melody watches and eventually follows.

MELODY (CONT'D)

You alright?

AGNES

Yeah, I just need a minute.

(a beat)

Man, I can't believe it's you.

MELODY

What do mean?

AGNES

The other girl he writes about on the album. The girl with stars in her eyes and sunlight in her soul. The girl who sounds like a song. It's been you this whole time.

MELODY

So what, does that make you the girl from New York?

Agnes lights a cigarette and begins to pace.

AGNES

Did you know that fucker stole some of my music and put it on that album? This song, the one we're listening to right now. That's my song!

MELODY

I can't believe this is happening.

AGNES

Well, that makes two of us. Obviously it was all just record sales to him.

MELODY

(emotional)

Oh, no. It meant something. I know I meant something.

AGNES

Not if he was in my bed every time he came to New York.

MELODY

I think you should go.

Agnes turns to leave but Melody grabs her by the arm and turns her around to face her. By now everyone is watching their heated exchange.

MELODY (CONT'D)

James is Skye's father.

Agnes stares at Melody for a moment, in shock, before ripping her arm away and storming off.

GENEVA, SWITZERLAND

EXT. MONTREUX CASINO - NIGHT

Ledbetter exits the stage as fans chant for an encore.

James digs into his guitar case for more picks and the photograph of Skye that Melody left years before falls to the floor. He picks it up and examines the image of his baby boy before carefully tucking it back into an inside pocket.

Roger blows by him, headed for the stage.

ROGER

What are you waiting for, let's get out there!

INT. LOS ANGELES - MELODY'S BUNGALOW - DAY

Melody is picking up toys and tidying up when a headline flashes across her TV screen that catches her eye.

She slowly sinks to the couch and stares at the newsman as he robotically rattles off the words from his teleprompter.

English rock band Ledbetter has perished in a plane crash off the coast of Italy. There are no survivors.

SKYE

Mommy? Can we go to the park now?

MELODY

Just a minute, Skye. Mommy needs a minute.

Melody walks around the corner into the kitchen, clutching her stomach. Skye follows.

SKYE

Are you okay mommy?

Skye places his little hand on Melody's. She sweeps him up and hugs him hard, fighting back tears.

EXT. NEW YORK - SUBWAY STATION - SAME DAY

Agnes barely makes it onto the train, squeezing into a vacant seat.

She overhears two women talking about a plane crash. "Ledbetter". "No one survived". Her head spinning, she abruptly stands to get off at the next stop.

She heads towards the exit, walking quickly at first, then running.

INT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

Frances is seeing Agnes off before boarding a flight.

FRANCES

Are you sure you don't want me to come with you?

AGNES

I'm sure. Thank you.

FRANCES

Call if you need me.

Agnes hugs Frances goodbye and heads to her gate.  
Destination: London, UK.

EXT. LONDON - CEMETERY - DAY

Friends and family gather at a graveside service for James, while fans are restricted behind a wall of SECURITY. Nick spots Agnes.

NICK

Please let this lady through.

SECURITY GUARD

Sorry, sir. I've been instructed not to.

James's wife LILY is watching. Her saddened gaze catches Agnes' eye.

NICK

Ags, it was really good of you to come. But maybe it's best if you go, you know? Where are you staying? I'll come around later.

Agnes, stunned with grief, ignores him and looks around frantically. She spots Melody in the distance and turns to leave.

NICK (CONT'D)

Agnes, wait. Tell me where you're staying!

She walks towards Melody and the two embrace.

MELODY

I don't know what to say.

AGNES

Come on, let's get out of here.

90

EXT. PRIMROSE HILL - DAY

90

Agnes and Melody are perched on a familiar grassy knoll. The sun begins to set.

MELODY

I never in a million years assumed  
I was the only one.

AGNES

Neither did I. I'm sure his wife  
didn't either.

MELODY

I wish I had told him about Skye  
sooner. Not because I wanted to  
somehow use my son to be with him.  
But he deserved to at least meet  
his father, you know?

AGNES

I'm so sorry for his loss.

MELODY

Me too.

Melody opens a bottle of wine. A few bottles pile beside  
them. Agnes lights a cigarette and hands it to her.

MELODY (CONT'D)

We did inspire one of the greatest  
rock albums of all time, you know?

AGNES

Inspired and contributed to it.

MELODY

To us. And all the women behind the  
music.

FADE OUT.