

MIDNIGHT MUSE

Written by

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INT. CONNELLY'S OFFICE - DAY

The four cornered room has its silence seized by the ticking of the clock tower at the right corner of the office. DR. CONNELLY, 59 yrs old, is sat on his red chair as he looks down at a jaded MARK THOMAS, 30 yrs old, lies down on the lounge green chair.

Mark removes a cigarette box from his left pants pocket, takes out a cigarette and inserts it between his lips. Putting the box away, he takes out a lighter and illuminates the cigarette. After putting the lighter away, he removes the cigarette after inhaling and exhaling the smoke.

Dr. Connelly looks away from his notepad and averts his eyes at Mark.

CONNELLY

Your sleeping habits? How are they?

Mark takes a toke and exhales the smoke from both his nostrils and mouth. He glances at Connelly.

Connelly nods as Mark then faces away.

MARK

(shrugs)

Average. It hasn't been easy with all the noise.

(Looks back at Connelly)

But yeah, I mean it could be worst, I suppose.

Connelly writes on his notepad. Mark focuses at his burning cigarette. He quickly glances at Connelly.

MARK (CONT'D)

I'm not...bothering you with the...

CONNELLY

It's fine. You're not the first. Gotten used to it.

Mark takes another toke of his cigarette. After writing, he looks back at Mark and adjusts his glasses.

CONNELLY (CONT'D)

And Jessica. How's that going?

Mark sighs, takes a toke and exhales the smoke. He shakes his head for a bit. He shrugs.

MARK

Fine. Only...we don't seem to
always see eye to eye.

CONNELLY

(Shrugs)

I mean it's bound to happen in any
relationship.

Connelly stands up from his chair and approaches to his desk
at the left side of the room facing the window. Mark sees him
getting a small green piece of paper.

CONNELLY (CONT'D)

Hopefully, these do something. You
were already on three medications.

After looking away, Mark shakes his head. He takes and
exhales the smoke.

Connelly goes back to the chair and writes down on the green
paper.

CONNELLY (CONT'D)

What's your biggest fear?

Mark sighs and takes a toke from his cigarette that was
finishing midway. He narrows his head and looks up.

MARK

Not giving any thought in my
decisions. Part of me got torn ever
since...well, I don't know. I'm not
regretful. I want something good
out of this. But...I dunno.

Little bits of soot fall on his pants and the chair. He wipes
it with his right hand. He looks up at Connelly.

After writing, Connelly gives Mark the green slip, which is a
prescription paper listing for citalopem pills. Mark looks up
at Connelly, whose hands are inserted in his pockets.

CONNELLY

Remember to use these daily.

Mark takes a look at the paper once more before putting it
away. He looks up at Connelly and nods with a grin.

MARK

Thanks, Connelly.

Mark pats Connelly's left shoulder. Connelly grins back as Mark approaches to the door behind him. Connelly turns to face Mark.

CONNELLY

One more thing to know, Mark...

Mark turns back to Connelly with his right hand on the door handle.

CONNELLY (CONT'D)

You know, it's alright to address your problems. Don't have to always be *fine*. I wouldn't have anything to work for.

MARK

(shrugs)

What makes you think I'm not?

CONNELLY

This is the most you've told me of how you felt. I mean REALLY felt.

Mark narrows his head for a bit before looking up.

MARK

Just that I'm usually okay without therapy, no offense.

CONNELLY

None taken.

MARK

(beat)

It's mum's decision.

CONNELLY

It shows that she cares. You're more than just an icon, y'know.

Mark narrows his head and nods. He flattens his lips and licks them after removing the cigarette.

MARK

I'll believe it when I see it.
Cheers, Connelly.

Connelly waves. Mark opens the door and leaves the room.

TITLE:

MIDNIGHT MUSE

INT. THE CAVERN CLUB - NIGHT

YEAR 1983

Mark plays his red electric guitar on stage alongside GEORGE MCNAMARA, 29 yrs old, on his left playing his blue electric guitar and SEAN HUGHES, 27 yrs old, playing the drums behind the both of them. They are standing on a dark black platform performing in front of a large crowd SHOUTING, CHEERING, and SCREAMING with the show lights shining at them.

After doing a guitar solo, Mark approaches to the microphone in the middle and gets it to his lips. He sings an intense punk song called "In Plain Sight."

Mark plays the last chords of his guitar as he steps away from the microphone. He moves left and right, waltz and hops as he plays on the chords. Thus, he and the other band players stop. And the CHEERS of the crowd gets louder and louder. Mark catches his breath and puts up a smile on his face.

He gets to the microphone and picks it up from the stand.

MARK

Thank you so much for havin' us,
ladies and gents! God bless you
lot! Goodnight!

With George and Sean, who are blowing kisses to the crowd, Mark disperses from the stage on the right side.

INT. THE CAVERN CLUB: BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

Mark, Sean and George gather their instruments. JESSICA HENRY, 29 yrs old, enters the room. She claps her and opens her arms.

JESSICA

Well done, boys! You've got the
crowd squirm like they're bloody
possessed!

George puts his guitar back in his guitar case and looks at Mark who sits on the couch.

GEORGE

It could be Mark's blatant blessing
from the heavens! He's no rocker!
He's a pastor! Cult leader, even!

Mark tosses a piece of paper at him.

MARK

Sod off! I think it's pretty common
to do so!

Mark gets a cigarette from his pocket and takes it with a
lighter. Mark looks up at Jessica, who is approaching to him.

MARK (CONT'D)

Where's Leo?

Jessica and Mark share a kiss.

JESSICA

Pizza parlor, love. We're
celebrating.

SEAN

The same place?

Jessica adjusts her purse and approaches to the exit.

JESSICA

Amalia's this time.

Sean shakes his head as he puts his drumsticks back into his
satchel.

SEAN

Blimey! Never thought we'd ever get
booked there.

GEORGE

With any luck, we could have a gig
there!

JESSICA

Don't get too ahead of yourself!
Right now, we celebrate our
victory!

George and Sean cheers. Jessica turns to Mark, who is sitting
on the couch smoking. Mark turns to them.

MARK

I'll see you lot in a bit. Just to
catch up on some tokes, yeah?

JESSICA

(Nods)

Sure. Don't take too long, though.
Leonard's waiting.

Stepping away from the door, Jessica approaches to Mark as he stands up from the couch, wraps his arms around her and kisses her. Jessica playfully puckers her lips.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

I'll be lonely.

MARK

(scoffs)

You're always lonely!

They GIGGLE. Mark soothes her arms and caresses her face.

MARK (CONT'D)

But seriously, I'll be there,
alright? Just need a minute.

Jessica nods and gets to the exit with George and Sean. After exiting the room, Mark sits back down and narrows his head. He takes a toke of his burning cigarette and exhales the smoke.

He shakes his head and lays back against the couch.

INT. AMALIA ITALIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The band gather around a circular dinner table with pizza and Italian food surrounded by people dressed in fancy fashion. LEONARD CHUCK, 35 yrs old, drinks from his champagne glass and puts it down on the table.

CHIMING violins heard from afar.

LEONARD

Excellent work, lads! The more gigs
you take, the more The Kanderburys
will become a staple on the edge of
rock and roll.

George takes a bite of the pizza and nods.

GEORGE

So what's on the next agenda?

Jessica and Leonard look at each other before facing the three boys.

JESSICA

Well, we've just got noticed by Merseysound! We've gotten an opportunity to book an interview with them!

George and Sean pat each other on their shoulders. Mark's included, who forces a smile across his face. After taking a drink of the champagne, Mark puts it down on the table.

MARK

When will that be?

LEONARD

Saturday. Yeah, I figured that you'll need more time to finish your debut album.

JESSICA

Yes, anything to upstage *Harrowed Masons*!

Mark eats his slice of pizza. He swallows.

SEAN

A bit rash to race against them, don't you think, Jess?

JESSICA

They've been #1 at the charts for years! Now that we're third, we'll keep up!

GEORGE

Specially beating them by playing at the Cavern Club!

George takes on his cigarette. He exhales the smoke.

JESSICA

At some point, we have to do tours.

GEORGE

Like where? In America?

JESSICA

Not yet. Somewhere within our bounds. We've a long way to go.

MARK

Right after our album, maybe. But...doesn't it seem a bit too soon to do an interview?

LEONARD

An interview done after several gigs in every place and pub once touched by legends for eleven years, I think it's about time.

Jessica takes a sip from her drink. Suddenly, a group of five giggling fangirls came on the right with posters of the band posing. After glancing at each other, Mark, George and Sean each given them their autographs and have their pictures taken with polaroid cameras.

Mark looks at one blonde girl, 25 yrs old, and winks at her after giving her back her autographed poster.

Jessica's smile vanishes as she sips from her drink. She forces a smile as the girls disperse, GIGGLING and GASPING amongst themselves.

Leonard stands up with his champagne glass and raises his glass after clearing his throat.

LEONARD (CONT'D)

Here's to the glory of stardom! A paradise of glory for the ages.

GEORGE

Oh sod off and drink already!

Everyone CHUCKLES. Then they stand and connect their glasses onto Leonard's. They all take a drink as Mark glances at Jessica, who gives him a playful glare.

INT. MARK'S APARTMENT: LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Mark and Jessica sit on the couch watching *"The Elephant Man"*, sharing a green bowl of popcorn. Jessica leans on Mark's right shoulder and cuddles next to him.

After glancing at her, Mark looks away and narrows his head. He takes a deep breath and sighs as Jessica looks up at him.

JESSICA

Something wrong, love?

Mark shrugs and looks back at her.

MARK

You know that I had planned to go back to London. You could've consulted with me first?

Jess wraps her arms around his left arm and soothes it.

JESSICA

I'm sorry. I'm really sorry. It was the only time available.

MARK

Is there a way to postpone it?

Jess shakes her head and looks back at him.

JESSICA

You know I can't do that. Leo and I worked hard to get them to interview us.

Mark politely releases himself from Jess' grasp as he narrows his head.

MARK

I guess I'll have to reschedule then.

JESSICA

It's not the end of the world. I'm doing what's best for you to get the recognition you deserve. Your Mum will understand.

Mark slowly nods. He turns to her.

MARK

I know. But we could always take it slow, y'know? Ever since the Harrowed Masons, you've been...I don't know...

Jessica holds his face with her left hand, makes him face her.

JESSICA

I'm bending backwards to make sure you get there first. If it means to make it a game, so be it. They've shat on us. It's about time we shat on them. Remember our last gig?

Mark nods his head. She kisses his forehead before standing up from the couch and getting out from the living room. Mark takes the remote from the coffee table and pauses the movie.

MARK

Listen, love, it's not that I'm ungrateful. I just think that...we shouldn't compete.

JESSICA (O.S.)
Oh, I suppose I shouldn't compete
with that lass we saw back there?

MARK
(confused)
Wait...you mean at Amalia?

JESSICA (O.S.)
What do you think?

Mark leans back against the couch and sits up. Picking up his lighter and cigarette, he lights it up and takes it. He exhales the smoke.

MARK
It meant nothing. It was just a
wink, that's all.

Jessica finally comes out from the other side, only she is now wearing a silk pink nightgown with black lace that reaches her knees, leaving much to imagination. She grins at him. Mark turns to her and blushes.

MARK (CONT'D)
Really?

Jessica approaches to Mark seductively.

JESSICA
Am I not desirable anymore? Huh?

MARK
Oh God! It's not that.

She gets on his lap and soothes herself seductively against his figure.

JESSICA
Hmm? I don't make you hard, baby?

After Mark takes a toke, Jess daintily removes the cigarette from his fingers. She leans her face by his right side. Mark closes his eyes and sighs as she begins to caress his body with her hands.

Jessica begins to kiss on his neck as Mark wraps his arms around her and MOANS.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
I don't make you cum anymore? Hmm?
You usually do when I wear this.

Jessica faces Mark as she plants her lips onto his. They caress each other.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
(Whispers)
I'm not good enough? Hm?

She continues to kiss as she speaks.

MARK
(Whispers)
You've made your point. I get it.

Jessica begins to kiss from his lips as she is working her way to his groin. She soothes it and gasp. She looks up at him and kisses in between his legs. Mark shakes himself and has Jessica rise up from the ground. They face each other.

Mark shakes his head and looks into her blue eyes.

MARK (CONT'D)
Not tonight. It's late.

Jessica raises her eyebrows. Mark chuckles.

MARK (CONT'D)
I'm telling you, it meant nothing.

Mark scales his eyes on the couch and lies down. Jessica climbs on top of him as he holds her in his arms. After looking at Jessica puckering her lips playfully, Mark looks away and sighs.

MARK (CONT'D)
Next time, we have to discuss these things together. Deal?

Jessica nods and kisses his lips.

JESSICA
Deal. And I am sorry again. Really.

Mark shakes his head.

MARK
No worries. I know being a manager doesn't always give you leeway to consult with me.

Jessica nods as they both give each other a deep kiss. They then face the TV as Mark unpauses the movie to resume.

Jessica narrows her eyes.

JESSICA
Remember our gig at Alder's Hey?

Mark averts his eyes at Jessica.

MARK
The children's hospital.

He looks back at the TV.

MARK (CONT'D)
We played "Happy Birthday" for that
lass...Veronica, I think. God only
knows where she is now.

JESSICA
Same here. The smiles on those
faces...just warms my heart.
Knowing that our art could make a
difference. Even if it's small.

MARK
(Beat)
Yeah. Well, I mean...I'm sure we're
not the first.

Mark looks back at Jessica.

MARK (CONT'D)
(Grin)
That's what I think anyway.

Jessica gives a flirtatious look and grins back.

JESSICA
You're sexy when you're cynical.

MARK
I aim to please. But what are you
gonna do about it?

JESSICA
(flirty)
I could think of several things.
But you're oh so tired and grumpy.

Jessica and Mark smile at each other as they slowly proceed
to kiss and caress each other. Mark stops and lifts his
finger.

MARK
Just a quick one, yeah?

Mark and Jessica smile at each other and continue to make out. The TV continues to play in the background, displaying a scene from the film.

INT. MARK'S APARTMENT: BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mark sits up from the bed with only his pants on and looks behind him. Jessica is still asleep. Mark turns around and faces the window door, which leads to a balcony. He gets up from the bed.

EXT. MARK'S APARTMENT: BALCONY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Mark goes towards the terrace fence and leans his hands against the rail. He overlooks the large cityscape under the night sky, blazing with bright lights, distant HONKING of the cars, faint CHATTERING from below, and faint BARKING from dogs. Mark narrows his head.

EXT./INT. PHONE BOX - DAY

Mark has the phone by his left ear as he leans against the glass with his right hand in his jean pocket. He removes his hand from his pocket to scratch the back of his head before putting it away. He calls his mother LAURA, 59 yrs old, on the phone.

MARK

It was just unexpected. So, I
promise to come the Saturday after.
I'm sorry, Mum.

LAURA (V.O.)

It's no harm done, darling! I wish
you all the best!

Mark sighs and nods.

LAURA (V.O.)

Did you go see Dr. Connelly this
week?

MARK

I did. He gave me a prescription
for some medication. But, I dunno
if it'll do anything.

LAURA (V.O.)

It's for the best. Anything to make
you cope. I know the spotlight can
be quite hectic.

Mark gets startled by the sudden BANGING on his right side, only to reveal a group of SCREAMING fangirls outside the phone box.

Leonard, outside of the box, has them sent away.

MARK

(scoffs)

You could say that again.

He turns away and hangs his arm on the phone platform.

LAURA (V.O.)

That aside, how is Jess doing?
Well, I hope.

MARK

We're fine. She's doing fine. But she's become a bit...I dunno...a bit invasive. More than usual.

LAURA (V.O.)

Ah, she's only looking out for you. That world could be quick to eat one up.

MARK

I'm sure you're right. But she's against me taking these pills.

LAURA (V.O.)

If she were a real partner, she'll understand and support you. Don't be afraid, son.

MARK

(sighs)

I hope you're right. But like I said, I'll see you next weekend.

LAURA (V.O.)

I don't doubt it. Just remember that I love you. Don't let stardom take that away.

MARK

(scoffs)

What do you take me for?

Mark grins as he blows a kiss. Laura kisses back.

LAURA (V.O.)

Love you, honey bunch!

MARK

Love you more. Take care.

Mark hangs up the phone and exits the phone box. Closing the door behind him, he turns to Leonard who turns to him. Mark nods.

MARK (CONT'D)

Thanks.

LEONARD

Of course.

After Mark nods, he and Leonard both walk down the streets. They meet up with Jess who is by a blue car on the corner of the street.

INT./EXT. LEONARD'S CAR - DAY

Leonard drives Mark and Jess on the road. Mark turns and smiles at Jess. They hold hands.

When Leonard turns on the radio, he flips through the radio stations. He flips to a punk-rock station that PLAYS a song called "Shadow Gap" by Harrowed Masons.

He turns to the station where it plays the punk song "Yowie Bowie" by the Kanderburys themselves. It gets Mark and Jess to bob their heads. Including Leonard.

INT. PARR STREET STUDIOS: RECORD STUDIO - DAY

Behind a glass window, Mark, George and Sean play on their signature instruments. Each of them have a microphone of their own as they begin to sing through them. It was called Percival.

George and Mark play their guitars as Sean beats on the drums with his drumsticks. Jess, Leonard and record producer ALBERT WRIGHT, 34 yrs old, watches from the other side.

As the band finishes their song, Albert presses the button that allows him to speak to them.

ALBERT

Great one, mates! That'll due for now.

Mark, George and Sean pump their fists in celebration. Each of them giving each other quick hugs and pats on their backs.

INT. PARR STREET STUDIOS: LOUNGE - DAY

Mark and the band hang out with each other as they sit on the lounge chairs. Each of them eating chips, drinking soda, and listening to a record player PLAYING Pink Floyd's "Shine On You Crazy Diamond." They are facing a bar as George gets up to get a drink.

Mark coddles with Jess.

SEAN

There's something I gotta tell you
lads.

MARK

What's that?

Mark lights up a cigarette and smokes. He passes it to Leonard, who takes a toke.

SEAN

I've been hearing from some mates
at Hertford.

MARK

I'm not too far from there,
actually.

JESSICA

If it has something to do with
Harrowed Masons, I don't wanna
know.

SEAN

No. But, it has something to do
with another band. Think they're a
punk band too, but it's definitely
something I've never heard. It's
gruff, almost mystic...

George approaches with a beer bottle in his right hand.

GEORGE

Fuckin' hell, just spill it! Quit
keepin' us in suspense.

George sits and joins the circle. Sean looks left and right of the room.

SEAN

They're called Death in June, I
believe.

Jessica closes her eyes and narrows his head. After looking at her, Mark looks back at Sean.

MARK

I'm sorry, Death in what?

JESSICA

Death in June. And yes, I've heard of them. For a while now.

Leonard raises his right hand.

LEONARD

Same here.

GEORGE

What about them?

SEAN

I hear that they're playing at my neighborhood. A concert on the ninth.

MARK

I don't get it? Who are they?

JESSICA

One of them was in a punk band called Crisis. They're just as bad as Harrowed Masons. If not worse.

SEAN

Why's that?

JESSICA

Their music is just a bunch of noise on top of...even more noise that doesn't make sense. They make themselves out to be unique for the sake of it!

(whispers)

I hear they're fascist sympathizers.

GEORGE

Seriously?

SEAN

No, they're not. Or maybe it's not the kind you're thinking about.

Jessica leads forward.

JESSICA

And what is the kind you think I'm thinking about, Sean? Would you support a band like them?

SEAN

(Shrugs)

I'm just saying that I've been hearing things about them. They seem to have a following. They seem cool.

GEORGE

Sound like mates who don't really give a shit about who their audience are.

JESSICA

Yeah, well, at least we know ours. We entertain our fans, not tell them that they're shit.

(Sighs)

I'm not against innovation. But if you gotta experiment for the sake of standing out...it's the worst. Besides, it's a financial risk to play for a niche.

Jessica leans back.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

That "band" is no exception.

She looks at Sean.

LEONARD

What made you bring them up, anyway?

Sean takes out a cigarette and tokes it with his lighter. He shrugs.

SEAN

You know I've been interested in playing synthesizers lately. Believe it could add something new to our sound. Hear that's what they use for their music.

Jessica shakes her head. George SCOFFS. Sean sits up and tokes his cigarette.

SEAN (CONT'D)
I mean we could learn their
technique -

JESSICA
No! Absolutely not, Sean!

SEAN
But -

JESSICA
But nothing! We won't take notes
from Nazis! Whatever "genre" they
have, we don't want any part of it!

Sean takes his cigarette and nods reluctantly. Jessica SIGHS
and leans back. Mark ponders.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
Now about the interview, you'll
bring up the album, yes?

GEORGE
Aye, and they'll have us perform,
no doubt.

JESSICA
You'll have to pick a suitable song
from your album. One of the five
tracks.

LEONARD
Perhaps you could sing the song you
recorded. Folks like them thrive
from fun songs like this to sell.

JESSICA
Hm. You lads should do more songs
like that.

Mark shakes his head.

MARK
Not every song. You said yourself
that innovation is good.

Jessica sharply turns to Mark.

JESSICA
As long as it's *entertaining*. Stick
with what works.

Mark looks at Sean as he shrugs. Mark sighs and nods. As he leans back, Jessica takes a deep breath and leans against the lounge chair. Leonard scales his eyes left and right.

EXT./INT. SEFTON PARK: GAZEBO - DAY

Mark and Jessica sit underneath a corned gazebo surrounded by families, friends and everyone else going on by their day. The birds CHIRPING, dogs BARKING, the lake FLIPPING by the wind and the sun brightening.

Mark puts his left arm around Jessica's shoulder. After she takes notice and looks up, she holds his right hand.

Mark narrows his head.

JESSICA
I'm...sorry if I seemed harsh
towards Sean.

Mark shakes his head a bit.

MARK
I'm sure he didn't take it
personally.

Jessica nods and looks towards the lake. The soft wind HOWLS.

MARK (CONT'D)
Can I ask you something?

She looks away from the lake to face Mark.

MARK (CONT'D)
Apart from the band itself, what is
it about Harrowed Masons that you
don't like? Apart from the gig?

Jessica looks at Mark in an awkward manner. She looks away and looks back at him.

JESSICA
I don't wanna talk about it.

MARK
Why?

JESSICA
(Shrugs)
It's stupid. You wouldn't believe
me.

Mark raises his left eyebrow. She sighs and narrows her head. She takes a deep breath.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
You really wouldn't.

MARK
Is that what you think?

Jessica takes a cigarette and tokes.

JESSICA
Just leave it, Mark.

Mark nods and looks away. But he looks back at her.

MARK
I know they're shit. 'Specially for
what they did at our last show.
But..surely you know that it isn't
the case for other bands like that.

Jessica averts her eyes to him.

JESSICA
So what would you say about them?
Death in June?

MARK
(Shrugs)
Dunno. But I'm sure that they're
not as bad as they seem.

Mark stands up from the seat and walks across the floor. He leans himself against the rail to face the lake.

MARK (CONT'D)
I can't shake off what George said,
though.

Jess stands up and approaches to his right side.

MARK (CONT'D)
Not caring on whom their audience
are.
(sighs)
Sometimes, I miss having a niche.

As Jess leans against the rail, she turns to Mark.

JESSICA
There was a time that you wanted
this. All of this.

MARK

I know! There's just a lot of it!
We've been in this for too long.
There's days where I don't wanna
sing in front of thousands every
night. Times where I wanna walk the
streets without being easily
recognized for "what" I do.

Jess sighs and strokes his back with her left hand.

JESSICA

For better or worse, at least
you're recognized. Not too many
people get to where you are. You
know how bloody hard it is to do
what you love for a living?

Jess gets herself closer to him.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Aren't you happy?

MARK

I am. I am. But...

Mark shakes his head.

MARK (CONT'D)

Forget it.
(Forcing smile)
I'm fine.

JESSICA

(Beat)
You haven't been yourself lately. I
hope that doctor is helping.

MARK

He is. I'm just too stubborn to
take his advice.

Jessica grips onto him.

JESSICA

Then tell me.

Mark SIGHS and leans on his left side. After Jessica hands
him her cigarette, he takes a toke. He EXHALES the smoke and
stays quiet for a bit.

MARK

I'm scared of having a low view of
my passion.

(MORE)

MARK (CONT'D)

I don't want it to become a chore...especially if it becomes useless. If it no longer touches hearts. I'll become a hasbeen for sure.

Jess soothes his arms and back.

JESSICA

Hey, hey, hey. That's all bollocks! You won't become a hasbeen! But...

Jessica turns his head to face her.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

It's just business, love. It could be horrid, but it makes you profitable. I know money can be slim. But it helps build your art as a brand. It puts you out into a world that needs it.

Jessica kisses his face.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

When you do that, you'll look back at all you've accomplished. You'll be amongst the greats.

Mark turns and both of them share a kiss on the lips. Mark turns and faces the lake.

MARK

I'm grateful. Really. I'm sorry...I just felt like venting a bit.

JESSICA

It's alright. I understand. I promise. Things will get better. You're not alone on this. You know that, right?

MARK

(Beat)

I know.

JESSICA

Say it then.

MARK

(Sighs, grins)

I'm not alone.

They both embrace each other and make out next to the lake.

INT. MARK'S APARTMENT: BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sitting on the left side of the bed, Mark has four pills in his right hand. He turns to the right for a bit in alert. He takes a glass of water from the dresser on his left. Dropping the pills into his mouth, he drinks the water until the glass is empty.

Putting the cup down, he opens the dresser and unveils a green book that contains a collection of Arthurian tales. They were next to his two antidepressant pills. He proceeds to close the drawer and opened the book to the story of Percival, one of Arthur's knights.

Jessica comes out from the bathroom on the right side of the room in her nightgown. Combing her hair with her hands, she sees Mark reading. She grins.

JESSICA

(Scoffs)

Still reading that, are you?

Mark scoffs and puts the book down. Jessica climbs onto the bed and cuddles next to him on his right side.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Aren't you a little too old?

MARK

(Smiles)

You're never too old for the classics.

Mark picks up the book and reads. Jessica averts her eyes from him and reads one of the passages from "Percival, the Story of the Grail."

JESSICA

"Dead men have nothing to fear."

Jessica looks up at Mark and smiles. Mark smiles back at her and looks back at the book.

MARK

This is a quest for the Grail he's after, but so are his enemies. The Knights Templar.

JESSICA

Ohh! Sounds intense!

MARK

You've never read Arthurian before?

JESSICA

(Shrugs)

Not a big fan of fantasy. More like
H.G. Wells or Mary Shelley.

MARK

Right. More of a science fiction
kinda fan.

JESSICA

(Grins)

You could say that.

MARK

And you say that I'm old.

JESSICA

Excuse me. They happened to be very
sophisticated pieces of literature.

Mark points at the book he's reading.

MARK

So is this!

Jessica raises her eyebrow.

MARK (CONT'D)

Well, they are!

JESSICA

Those are just romanticized
versions of what was a horrible
time in England's history.

MARK

These are meant to be adventurous,
inspirational. They reflect on the
kind of people we could be.

Jessica scoffs and looks back at Mark.

JESSICA

Guess I know where the song's
inspiration comes from. Geek.

Mark scoffs and chuckles.

MARK

You're one to talk.

Mark closes the book and puts it back on top of the dresser.

MARK (CONT'D)

If anything, we're both geeks.

Mark holds Jessica in his arms. Jessica nods.

JESSICA

Guess we are.

Mark narrows his head a bit before rising it and looking back at Jessica's eyes.

Mark plants his lips onto her neck and blows onto her skin, making her LAUGH and lying her back on the bed. He begins to kiss her all around.

Mark stops and looks into her eyes. Jessica looks at his. Their lips attach as they begin to caress one another. Mark kisses away from her lips to her chest.

He loosens her nightgown strap and unveils her left breast, softly sucks on her nipple, causing her to shutter and moan. Jessica removes another strap and grabs onto the back of Mark's head. She plays with her right breast as she MOANS.

He hovers over her and continues to make out with her.

INT. MARK'S APARTMENT: BEDROOM - DAY

Mark dresses himself in his black jeans, white shirt, and a black sport coat. He goes to the dresser on the left bed side and opens the drawer, only to see that the pill cups have vanished. Eyes widening, his eyes begin to narrow and his face generating sweat. He looks away and hears the door creaking open.

Turning around, he sees a disgruntled Jessica with the pills cups in her right hand. Mark's eyes meet up with hers.

JESSICA

I was getting my lipstick...until I
saw this.

She throws them onto the bed and sits beside them. Mark stands up from the ground and looks at her. His arms and legs shivering a bit.

MARK

I just...I needed to be okay.
(Beat)
I'm sorry.

JESSICA

Really?

Mark keeps looking back and forth.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
What are you sorry for?

Mark licks his lips and clears his throat. His forehead becomes moist.

MARK
For hiding them.

Jessica sits up.

MARK (CONT'D)
Because...because I knew that you
wouldn't like me taking it.

Jessica shakes her head and looks at him dead in the eyes.

JESSICA
You told me that you were afraid of
becoming a hasbeen.
(Points at pills)
This is how it starts.

Jessica observes Mark.

Hesitantly, He sits down on the edge of the bed. He looks at Jessica's stern face. She SIGHS.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
What else are you saying to that
doctor? You're talking about me,
too?

Mark shakes his head.

MARK
No.

JESSICA
You have a career. Don't you know
the risks of taking these?

MARK
Yes.

JESSICA
Then why are you taking them?

Mark could't answer. Jessica looks down at the pills and grasp them into her left hand.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
You're not taking anything else,
are you?

Mark shakes his head. She looks up at him and erects her right index finger.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
I never wanna see these again.
Okay?

MARK
(Nods, narrow heads)
Yeah.

Jessica stands up from the bed. Before making an exit from the bedroom, she turns to Mark. She tosses the pills into the garbage bin next to her. Mark SIGHS and looks at her. Jessica looks back at him with a stern face.

JESSICA
Hurry up so we could get to the
studio.

Jessica opens the door and closes it behind her as soon as she leaves. Mark narrows his head.

INT. PARR STREET STUDIOS: LOUNGE - DAY

Mark sits with George and Sean at the bar. Each of them with a glass jug of beer in their hands. George turns to Mark on his right.

GEORGE
Leonard's got us booked for another
gig next week.

SEAN
Where?

GEORGE
Korova. Thing is...we have to cover
a song. We don't have time to write
a new song right now since we're
gonna get interviewed.

George opens his hands.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
So any suggestions?

Sean sighs and looks around the place a bit. He then leans forward against the bar.

SEAN
I wouldn't mind doing a song by Joy
Division.

George turns to Sean.

GEORGE
Really?

SEAN
Yeah, why not? Their songs are
great. 'Specially their early
stuff.

GEORGE
(scoffs)
Jesus! What's with you and dark
bands lately? You're doin' good?

SEAN
I'm fine. Just thought it'd be
interesting.

GEORGE
(sighs)
Must be all the rage. Whatever.
What song should we cover, then?

The band members look at one another. Mark leans forward.

MARK
There's this one song we could do.
It's pretty popular, but you gonna
have to trust me on this.

BEGIN MONTAGE - INT. MERSEYSOUND STUDIOS: RECORD STUDIO - DAY
(DIALOGUE IMPROVISED)

-- Mark gets questioned first by interviewer STEPHEN DARRELL,
46 yrs old Caucasian.

-- George and Sean get asked about their band names.

-- Stephen asks Mark about the album Age of the Sage and the
fate of the band.

-- Mark reflects on the awards they've received or were
nominated for over the years, including British Breakout of
the Year which they were nominated for.

-- Mark talks about their songs being inspired by folklore.

END MONTAGE (PHOTO STUDIO)

INT. KOROVA - NIGHT

The Kanderburys play in front of a SCREAMING crowd on the stage. Mark and George play the middle melodies of the Joy Division song "Love Will Tear Us Apart". They proceed to sing the rest of the song.

Mark takes a breath after he finishes along with Sean and George.

Mark grins towards the band and gives a bow as they are cheering on. He sees Jessica at the front, with a disgruntled face. She shakes her head and walks away through the crowd. Mark's grin vanishes.

INT. DON PEPE'S DINNER PLACE - NIGHT

Mark sits across a clothed circular table with Jessica facing him. On their plates was Italian cuisines. CHIMING violins are heard playing on the right side of the restaurant by four men. Everyone is sitting and CHANTING amongst themselves.

Jessica takes a sip from her wine glass as Mark cuts a piece from his chicken parmesan. He takes a bite from his fork and chews. He glances at Jessica and SIGHS.

He puts the fork down by the plate.

MARK

What do you want me to do, Jess?
Can't we just have a less awkward
dinner?

Jess looks up at him after taking a drink.

JESSICA

Can't you have picked another song
that doesn't muck up our image?

Mark looks away and narrows his eyes.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Because of that shift, now half of
our audience are questioning. It's
bad for your brand.

Mark sharply looks at her.

MARK
(Irritated)
Blimey, Jess! It's just a cover!
Are you that hooked on what people
think?

Jessica leans forward.

JESSICA
Are you soft in the head? I'm the
manager! It's my job to care! Your
audience generates sales! They're
the reason you're still on the
charts!

Mark leans forward.

MARK
By listening to the same shite over
and over?! Eventually, they're
gonna get tired and sales will
drop! We won't get our share, if
that were the case! You know that!
'Less you don't care about the
audience.

JESSICA
I...

Jessica SIGHS and leans away from the table's edge. She
sharply looks at Mark who also leans back against the chair.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
You still don't get how this works!
And apparently, neither does Sean,
it seems. Dunno what's got into him
with all this broody nonsense. It's
hard in the UK as it is.

MARK
He just wants to have us to grow
beyond this! That's all!

Jessica opens her mouth to say something, but she crosses her
arms. She sharply looks at Mark.

JESSICA
You both better not lead us into
something we can't follow! What we
have is working! It's been working!

Mark picks up his fork and knife and cuts pieces of the
chicken parmesan. He looks at Jessica before looking down
again.

Mark eats the food and chews. Jessica proceeds to eat, but angrily.

INT. MARK'S APARTMENT: LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Unveiling the open brown suitcase, Mark organizes his clothes and other things. Jessica makes tea at the kitchen side that is left of the living room.

Mark stops packing up and sighs whilst looking down. He turns to Jessica before looking back at his suitcase.

MARK

I'm sorry. I just...I'm trying to understand.

Jessica stops making the tea at the kitchen's counter. She turns to face Mark.

JESSICA

I'm sorry, too.

She continues to make the tea and looks down.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

I really do want what's best for the Kanderburys.

(sighs)

If you abandon what's working, I'd...I know artists take risks. But...there's also abandoning who we are. That risk we cannot take.

Mark finishes packing and closes his bag. He approaches to Jessica.

MARK

I know.

He gets behind Jessica and wraps his arms around her. His forehead placed down on her right shoulder. Jessica has her hands holding onto his on her torso.

MARK (CONT'D)

Three days, I'll come back. For you and the photoshoot. But for you, especially.

Jessica grins and scoffs and kisses him on the lips. She unveils her closed eyes.

JESSICA

Give her my regards.

MARK

Of course. I love you.

Jessica kisses him on the lips. She turns around as they continue to kiss and caress one another.

INT./EXT. LONDON HACKNEY - DAY

Mark sits on the left side of the black cab with his suitcase on his right side. He sees the buildings and people passing by him in motion. Leaning away from the window, he takes a deep breath and sighs.

He reaches into his satchel hanging on him and takes out the Arthurian collection book. After he opens it, he skims through the pages until he stops at the tale of "*Sir Gawain and the Green Knight*".

As putting the book down on his right, he takes out a cigarette and tokes it with a lighter. Putting the lighter away, he exhales the smoke and picks up the book. He proceeds to read after looking out the window.

EXT. MARK'S HOUSE: FRONT - DAY

The black hackney parks in front of a brown brick house in a rural neighborhood, far from the city of London. After giving the cab driver 30 quad, Mark grabs his suitcase and exits from the left of the cab.

The driver waves back and drives away. Mark takes a look at his house whilst taking the last toke of his cigarette. He drops the cigarette on the road and crushes it with his right foot before approaching to the front of the house.

After going up the steps, he holds his left hand back a bit. But after briefly pondering, he proceeds to click on the door bell.

After putting his bag down, Mark turns around and observes the decently quiet neighborhood. The clicking and swooshing of the door makes him turn back to the front door.

The door opens and unveils Laura who is in her blue quilted sweater, white quartz necklace and beige dress pants. Her eyes water and she covers her mouth with both hands. Mark chuckles and smiles.

LAURA

Oh my god, look at you!

Her arms open as Mark and her begin to embrace one another.

LAURA (CONT'D)
My Roger Waters! My little boy!

She releases herself from him and holds him by his shoulders, takes a deep breath and observes him from top to bottom.

LAURA (CONT'D)
To think that you've come this far
just to see little ol' me.

MARK
(Scoffs)
What do you take me for, Mum?

Mark embraces her as she embraces him back.

MARK (CONT'D)
It's good to be home.

Mark hears distant BARKING from inside the house, slowly approaching towards him. He is approached by a brown curly coated retriever who excitedly jumps on him. Laura giggles and crosses her arms.

Mark kneels and wraps his arms around him as the dog licks his face.

MARK (CONT'D)
Teddy! I miss you too, mate!

Mark holds the dog still and faces him.

MARK (CONT'D)
Hope you've been good to Ma?

LAURA
He's been a doll as always!

Mark stands up and grabs hold of his suitcase. Laura widens the door for Mark to enter.

LAURA (CONT'D)
Your room's all tidy up and ready.
I'm just preparing tea.

INT. MARK'S HOUSE: BEDROOM - DAY

Mark unpacks his things in his bedroom, which had music posters plastered around. He had a desk right behind his window on the left side of the room. He then sits and lays his back on the bed. He closes his eyes and meditates in silence, taking easy breaths.

He rises and sits up as soon as Laura enters the room alongside Teddy with a platter filled with tea and buttered muffin bread.

LAURA
You look skinnier than I last saw
you.

Mark chuckles as Laura sits on his right side, passing the tray to him.

MARK
I hope you made some for yourself.

LAURA
I've had plenty.

Laura softly pinches his left cheek as Mark smiles.

LAURA (CONT'D)
You've no idea how happy I am right
now.

Mark shakes his head.

MARK
I'm on the same boat. After weeks
and months.

Mark puts the platter aside and turns to her.

LAURA
Now, make sure that it's still hot
when you eat.

Mark takes a piece of the muffin bread and turns back to his smiling mother.

LAURA (CONT'D)
I saw you on the telly, y'know. You
looked so handsome with those boys.

Mark shies away and grins. He looks back at her and eats his muffin bread.

LAURA (CONT'D)
I wish I wasn't so far away from
you. I know what an industry like
that could do to people.

MARK

I feel like that too. Now more than ever. But...I suppose that's the business for you.

Mark turns and grabs his teacup. He faces her.

MARK (CONT'D)

How's retirement treating you?

Laura sighs and clams her hands together. She shrugs.

LAURA

A bit exciting...a bit boring too. Though I despised those bloody cubicles, it at least got me to move around.

Mark nods and pets Teddy's head who was underneath him.

MARK

I see. I'm sorry.

Laura shakes her head.

LAURA

No worries. I have Teddy. But I'm afraid I'm not young enough to play around with him all the time. When I can anyway. But I have been looking into community service for the children's hospital.

MARK

That's good. Think it'll do you some goodness.

Mark nods as he looks down at Teddy before looking up at his mother.

MARK (CONT'D)

Jess, she sends her regards.

Laura held her right hand towards her chest and smiles.

LAURA

Well, bless her heart. She's such a doll.

Laura sighs and narrows her head.

LAURA (CONT'D)

She's blessed for looking out for you.

MARK
(Stumbling)
She really is. Yeah.

Mark's face get sunk. Laura turns to Mark and her eyebrows narrows.

LAURA
What's the matter?

Mark sighs. She turns to his mother.

MARK
She founded my pills. And...she
threw them out. She wasn't happy.

LAURA
(Beat)
Really?

Mark nods.

LAURA (CONT'D)
Well, that's not really subtle.

MARK
(Shrugs)
She's not wrong. The other
medications didn't help much.

Laura sighs and narrows her head.

LAURA
I suppose she had her reasons. I
just don't want your condition to
be more immeasurable.
(Turns to Mark)
But how are you feeling overall?

Mark turns to her, thinking on her question.

MARK
I'm hanging in there. It's like a
war I can't win.

Mark faces his room and sees a pulp poster featuring the character Solomon Kane over one of his dressers.

MARK (CONT'D)
Mum, do you think that...

Laura puts her left hand on his back. He turns to his mother.

MARK (CONT'D)

Do you think Dad would be proud of me? Even if...I'm not like him?

Laura sighs and removes her arm from his back.

LAURA

Of course, he would be. Why would you ask that?

MARK

It's just...I wish...I wish we were close. I should've...understood him.

Laura puts her hand on the left side of his gloomy face.

LAURA

Your father loved you from the moment he held you in his arms. He's just...wasn't always easy to comprehend. Him and I didn't always agree with everything, 'specially when it came to your future.

Mark scoffs as Laura removes her hand and placed it on her lap.

LAURA (CONT'D)

He was dedicated to his duty. But he still loved you.

Mark turns his head away from his mother.

LAURA (CONT'D)

He just didn't have time to understand you.

Laura takes out a picture from her pocket, showing a black and white picture of Mark with his band autographed by Mark himself. Mark looks down at it and smiles.

MARK

My first photo session.

Mark looks at Laura and grins.

MARK (CONT'D)

Hard to believe you still have this.

LAURA

Why would I throw out such a gift?

After giving the picture to Mark, he continues to look into it.

LAURA (CONT'D)

If your father was still with us,
see all of what you've achieved,
he'd be damn proud of you.

Mark averts his eyes at Laura and smiles.

MARK

Thanks, Mum. He'd be proud of you
too.

Laura nods and smiles.

INT. MARK'S HOUSE: KITCHEN - DAY

Mark reads the Merseysound magazine as Laura washes the dishes, including the platter Mark ate from. The radio on the counter broadcast's JOHN DUNN's Program from BBC Radio 2.

Mark narrows his eyebrows as he reads the very last part of an article.

He closes the magazine and slaps it onto the table. Laura turns and faces Mark.

LAURA

Ah, it's bound to happen, son. You
know these folks are always willing
to do anything to sell.

Laura turns and continues to wash the dishes.

LAURA (CONT'D)

It's all over-exaggeration. I
wouldn't take it seriously.

MARK

Everything's gotta be a race!

Laura tunes down the radio and lowers the volume. She cleans up the final batch of dishes. Mark sips on his orange juice.

LAURA

Hopefully you aren't shagging her
yet. Jess.

Mark almost chokes on his drink.

MARK
(coughing and stumbling)
No, of course not! Mum, c'mon!

LAURA
You really should hold off 'til
you're married. It could be hard,
but you could do it.

MARK
(beat)
Mum. We're not even Christian.

Laura shrugs.

LAURA
I know. Still. I mean if you're
going to, at least be smart about
it. I know in the music scene, when
things get steamy...

MARK
Can we change the subject, please?

LAURA
(raises hands)
Alright, alright. Just, y'know,
being a mother.

Mark shakes his head and softly CHUCKLES. Laura CHUCKLES too.

LAURA (CONT'D)
Anyway, you remember Mrs. Shirley
from around the block, by the way?

Mark looks up to Laura.

MARK
Yeah. At her get together. What
about her?

Laura faces Mark, approaches and sit on the right side of the
table.

LAURA
She told me recently about her trip
to America. She's moving in with
her new boyfriend at New York.

MARK
Really? Congrats to her.

LAURA

While she was there, her kids
attended this concert for a band
called Swans.

MARK

Swans? I don't think I'm familiar
with them.

LAURA

Think they're a new rock band.

Mark leans back against the table.

MARK

I see. Did they enjoy them?

LAURA

Indeed. They said that...it was
something they haven't heard of.
They described it as "darkly
poetic". They began to sought for
music like that. They went there as
a reward for graduating secondary
school, believe it or not.

MARK

That's cool.

LAURA

Indeed. She was telling me this
recently since it reminded her of
what you're doing.

Mark briefly observes the room. He faces his mother.

MARK

She hasn't heard anything about
this band Death in June, has she?

LAURA

Death in June? No, I don't recall.
Who are they?

Mark shrugs.

MARK

That band Swans sort of reminds me
of them. You see, one of my mates
brought them up because...they're
said to be having a show at
Hertford. Today, actually.

LAURA

That's an hour away from here.

Laura leans her right arm onto the table.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Do you think you'll go?

Mark sighs and plants his chin onto the table.

MARK

I...I don't know if I can.

Laura shrugs and puckers her lips.

LAURA

Why not? You could use the little vacation you have to do something fun.

Mark looks up to his mother.

MARK

Jess said that they're fascists.

LAURA

Fascists?

MARK

I mean that they may, or may not, have fascist ideologies. I can't associate with that. I shouldn't.

LAURA

(beat)

Why don't you go and see for yourself? I would, if I were you.

Mark looks at his mother.

MARK

You think so.

LAURA

Yes. You don't have to agree with what's being said. And if it's something that makes you uncomfortable, you could leave. But it's still your choice. It's up to you dear.

Laura sits up as well as Mark. She stands to kiss his head and gets to the counter.

INT. MARK'S APARTMENT: BEDROOM - DAY

Mark lays on his bed with a pencil on his right and his notebook in the left. He scratches the side of his temple with the eraser. He stares blankly into the empty paper of the notebook.

He sits up and observes his bedroom. He sees the poster of Solomon Kane on his left. He looks around and sees music posters and a TV on the right against the wall with a Nintendo Entertainment System (N.E.S.) attached to it.

He looks back at his notebook and SIGHED. Notebook tossed onto the desk.

Mark lays back and takes on his cigarette. He lays on his back with his hands behind his head and on the pillow. He EXHALES the smoke from the corners of his mouth. He looks at his left and sees the notebook on his desk.

He looks up at his ceiling and removes the cigarette with his right hand. SIGHING and GRUNTING, he gets up from the bed.

Mark grabs his tape recorder from the TV set.

INT./EXT. LONDON TUBE - NIGHT

Mark sits on the right side of the train, looking through the drizzled rain-riddled window and observes the mellowing sky over the bright light buildings. Lighting THUNDERS outside the train.

He moves his head away from the window, adjusts his sunglasses and closes his eyes. He holds onto his umbrella.

EXT. HERTFORD MUSIC VENUE - NIGHT

Holding the umbrella over his hooded head from the pouring rain, Mark looks up and observes the front of the music venue. He looks down at the entrance and approaches.

INT. HERTFORD MUSIC VENUE : HALLWAY - NIGHT

Mark looks around as he works his way through the lavish hallway dimly lit with the light it has. In front of him is where the club is. He bypasses a group of people and covers his head with his hood. And where he hears distant CHATTERING on the other side. After removing his hood, rubbing and scratching his wet hair, wiping the raindrops from his glasses, Mark sighs and faces the door.

Mark pushes through the two doors and enters.

INT. HERTFORD MUSIC VENUE : CLUB - NIGHT

Walking down the small steps of the platform, Mark finds himself slowly entering the crowd whose CHATTERING got louder and louder, where Mark can't even hear himself breathing in the dimly lit room.

He sees the stage in front of him consisting of microphones, drums, kettledrums, guitars, synthesizers and small chimes dangling near one of the kettledrums.

Behind them were two black flags. One with the Death's Head symbol on the right side under it. The other one with a Slavic pagan symbol.

Mark continues to observe the room around him and slowly works himself through the front, most of which disgruntles some members of the crowd. He doesn't know what to expect.

He is startled as soon as the entire room becomes dark and the crowd around him begins to SHOUT and SCREAM. He averts his eyes to the stage and pulls out his tape recorder. The stage-light shines onto the stage and three young men appear from the left side of the stage. The first SINGER, 27 yrs old, waves at the crowd.

The crowd SCREAMS louder as the men got to their instruments. One of them at the kettledrums, one holding the bass drum and the other holding his electric guitar.

The crowd's SHOUTING becomes quieter and quieter. The one holding the bass drum gets to the microphone.

SINGER #1

Thank you for having us tonight.
We're gonna play what we've played
for the last few tours. Hopefully
you enjoy our time.

The crowd cheers and the singer turns to the kettledrum player and nods. Thus, the one in the middle drums his kettledrum with speed. Mark looks down at his tape recorder and presses the recording button. He looks up at the band.

Finally, the kettledrums sounds with militaristic beat, the guitarist strings his guitar with it and the man holding the bass drum beats onto it. Each member gets to their placed microphones.

They sing "Till the Living Flesh is Burned."

The guitarist plays his solo as the drummers continue to drum. Mark smiles and bops his head to the drums.

The singers play their instruments, even louder. The crowd around Mark continues to bop and dance.

The crowd continue to play their instruments until they eventually stop, receiving the loud APPLAUSE and SHOUTS from the crowd. Mark looks around and back at the band. A smile conjures on his face as he lets out a chuckle.

INT. HERTFORD MUSIC VENUE : BATHROOM - NIGHT

Mark sits on the toilet and takes out his record player from his right pocket. He PLAYS the concerts sounded from the mini recorder. He quickly presses the stop button when he hears the door opening.

Putting the tape recorder back into his pocket, Mark stands up from the toilet and exits.

INT. HERTFORD MUSIC VENUE : BATHROOM (CONTINUOUS) - NIGHT

Mark sees and silently gasp at the sight of one of the singers washing his face at the left of the bathroom in front of a mirror. Mark takes a deep breath and approaches to the singer.

Stopping on his tracks, the singer turns back. Mark gets startled when he made eye contact. He faces the mirror and wipes his wet face with the collar of his dress shirt.

SINGER #1
Can I help you, mate?

Mark slowly approaches and twiddles his fingers.

MARK
Um...just wanted to say that I
really enjoyed your show.

The young man nodded with a grin and slightly turned to Mark.

SINGER #1
Thanks.

The man checks out his face in front of the mirror.

MARK
I'm Mark Thomas, by the way.

SINGER #1

Nice to meet you. Should I know
you?

MARK

I'm the lead of a band. The
Kanderburys. Trystan is my stage
name.

SINGER #1

The Kanderburys?

The man turns to face Mark and leans his back against the
sink. He pointed and opened his mouth.

SINGER #1 (CONT'D)

Oh! I think I've heard of you lot
for a while! You're real popular!

Mark inserts his hands in his pockets and nods with a grin.

SINGER #1 (CONT'D)

What do you think of the venue?

MARK

It's uh...pretty dapper.

The man sighed and looks back at Mark.

SINGER #1

A fuckin' fag would be more dapper.

The man turns to the mirror and searches through his pockets.

SINGER #1 (CONT'D)

But I can't seem to find...my
bloody...

Mark takes out his cigarette box and lighter. The man's eyes
widen a bit and turns back to Mark.

MARK

It's the least I could do.

The man observes him and hesitantly accepts the cigarette.

After putting the cigarette in his mouth, Mark lights it up
with his lighter, allowing the man to toke and exhale the
smoke. He grins at Mark.

SINGER #1

Thanks. But you didn't have to.

MARK

Ah, it's no bother. After that, no doubt it's necessary.

The man looks around and faces the door. He faces Mark.

SINGER #1

I'm Douglas Pearce.

Mark and him shake hands. Doug stops shaking and looks around. After facing the door a bit, he looks back at Mark.

MARK

I'll be out of your hair. It's just...I have some questions...regarding your music.

Toking the cigarette, Douglas exhales.

DOUGLAS

(scoffs)

Is this an interview, now?

MARK

No. I mean...you seem like your the lead of this band as well.

DOUGLAS

I am. But there really isn't a set hierarchy, I would say. We each have our time to shine.

Mark nods and narrows his head. He sighs.

MARK

It's more so...advice I'm looking for. Y'know. Being a lead singer myself.

DOUGLAS

I see.

After taking another toke, he exhales.

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)

Well, I guess it wouldn't be proper having this discussion in here, now would it?

MARK

(Chuckles)

No, I suppose not.

INT. HERTFORD MUSIC VENUE : HALLWAY - NIGHT

Mark and Douglas walk and pass through an empty, dimly-lit hallway. Mark walks with his hands in his pocket.

MARK

My girlfriend told me your were
once in a punk band called Crisis.

Douglas turns to Mark and looks away.

DOUGLAS

We were at the time. When Tony and
I needed a name for a band, he said
something I misheard. So the name
Death in June came to be.

MARK

Ah, I see.

He turns and faces the end of the hall.

DOUGLAS

I wouldn't say that it was fun
bringing Crisis to existence
because it was political. We did
punk for a better couple of years.

MARK

Your songs. They're
pretty...militarized.

DOUGLAS

(Shrugs)

My father fought in the second
World War. In a way, the more you
sing, the pain enduring it becomes
a different entity.

Douglas turns to Mark.

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)

Britain was in such a strange time
then!

Mark turns to Douglas and faces the hall.

MARK

You could say that again. It still
is. My father was a copper. He died
when I was seven.

DOUGLAS
Sorry to hear that, mate. My
condolences.

Mark nods. Douglas takes his cigarette.

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)
I think melancholy's something that
makes me confident to stand on the
stage. Let ourselves lose in what
your wrote. All what's left is to
have this album done.

Mark stops and turns to Douglas.

MARK
Those songs are for your album?

Douglas nods.

DOUGLAS
The Guilty Have No Pride.

The two men continue to walk and take their time.

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)
Hopefully it all comes together for
release.

He turns to Mark.

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)
What 'bout you?

MARK
It's called *Age of the Sage*.

DOUGLAS
Really?

MARK
Yeah. Should be released in a few
weeks.

Douglas nods and SCOFFS. Mark licks his lips. He takes a deep
breath and turns to him.

MARK (CONT'D)
You may have...gotten this a lot.
But...would you say that your
songs...are...

DOUGLAS
(Chuckles)
Fascist, right?

Mark shakes his head and shivers a bit.

MARK
I'm sorry! It's just...my
girlfriend told me you were.

DOUGLAS
Oh. You believe her?

MARK
(Shrugs)
I'm not sure. I had to see you for
myself.

Douglas CHUCKLES and tokes his cigarette.

DOUGLAS
You're not the first. I just don't
explain my art. It could come off
as pandering to those who wish to
"make sense" of what's appropriate.

Douglas leans against the left side of the wall.

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)
When I play, it's not that I'm
political. It's about singing
what's esoteric. Our songs are a
reflection and response to our
current world, which resonates with
some. But not all of them.

Mark leans next to him on his right side. He nods and plays
with his hair.

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)
Maybe that's why Crisis led to
something that I didn't think it'd
go. It's important to give the
audience what they deserve. But
it's also important not to bend to
their whim. You meet them half way
and that's difficult sometimes.
Even for us.

Mark slides his back against the wall and sits. He puts up
his knees. Douglas looks down at Mark.

He sighs and leans his head against the back of the wall.

MARK

You seem like blokes who do what you do, regardless of who enjoys you. I wish I could still have that without being scared.

DOUGLAS

Why would you be scared?

MARK

Just getting tired of playing the same shit. My girlfriend is also my manager.

DOUGLAS

Interesting dynamic.

MARK

(scoffs)

Thing is...we don't always see eye to eye in everything. Including music like yours.

Douglas slides his back and sits next to Mark.

MARK (CONT'D)

I don't wanna lose her. Or everything, y'know.

(turns to Douglas)

Forgive me. Didn't mean to get...you know...

DOUGLAS

(Beat)

Well, to be honest, you can't expect things to change if you're scared. You're always gonna be something to someone. Just how it is. We like the traction, but that's not why we got here. It's not always what you gain. It's about what you bring from within.

Mark looks away from Douglas and ponders on.

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)

At the end, the life we have centers on a purpose we've made for ourselves. Why sacrifice it for something temporary?

Mark nods and looks up at the ceiling. He nods a bit more.

MARK

Would you say that's helped you?

DOUGLAS

(shrugs and turns to Mark)

We'll see.

He grins.

INT. MARK'S APARTMENT: BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mark lies on the bed with headphones, listening and bopping his head to the concert he recorded. His eyes are closed and he mimics the lyrics of Heaven Street.

Mark opens his eyes and turns to his desk. Notebook sat flat on the desk across his bed. He reflects on his bizarre encounter with Douglas Pearce.

INT. MARK'S HOUSE: KITCHEN - DAY

Sat on the table, Mark sits from his cup of tea as he is having a breakfast meal consisting of buttered toast and cornbread. His suitcase is sat at the corner of the kitchen. And his mother is sat next to him drinking tea and looking at the small TV on top of the counter playing the second episode of *Brideshead Revisited*.

Laura sips her tea cup and turns to Mark.

LAURA

We'll be back to square one then,
since you're leaving.

Mark turns to his mother and smiles.

MARK

(Chuckles)

I'll come back again. No worries.

LAURA

I have no doubt.

Laura takes a sip from her tea and picks up a loaf of buttered toast from her plate. Her eyes widens as she turns to Mark.

LAURA (CONT'D)

You won't believe who just called
me when you were at that concert.

MARK

Who?

LAURA

Timothy Gray!

Before sipping his teacup, Mark slowly puts it down as his eyes widens and his mouth drops.

MARK

(surprised)

Tim? That's impossible.

LAURA

It's been quite a while. He called for you.

MARK

He hasn't gotten back to me ever since he married and moved to Kent.

Mark looks at his wrist watch on his left arm and gulps down the rest of his tea. Laura looks at him.

LAURA

Now don't get too rushy now! Don't burn your throat!

MARK

Sorry!

Mark puts the tea down on the table. He looks back at his mother.

MARK (CONT'D)

Should have some time to pay him a visit before going back.

Laura nods and smiles.

LAURA

I agree.

Laura stands up from her chair and gets to the counter.

LAURA (CONT'D)

I should batch him up with something. Even for his wife.

MARK

He'd love that.

Mark looks away and faces nothing; staring into space.

MARK (CONT'D)

I tell you, Mum. Being in Liverpool for so long has a way of making you feel worst than homesick.

LAURA

You were the complete opposite at the time.

Mark and Laura CHUCKLE amongst themselves. She turns around and looks at him. She comes away from the counter, holds his face and kisses his forehead. He curves a smile on his face.

LAURA (CONT'D)

But even from so far, my heart's never closed. You know that?

MARK

(Scoffs)

Of course I do.

(sighs)

Just doing the best I can.

LAURA

(Nods)

I believe you. Always will.

Mark smiles at her as they embrace one another.

INT./EXT. LONDON TUBE - DAY

Mark looks out the window with his luggage by his side and a grocery bag on his right side. After looking at his watch, he looks back through the window. FOCUS: On the outside, the train is moving through the bright country town of Kent.

EXT. TIMOTHY'S HOUSE: FRONT - DAY

Closing his eyes behind his sunglasses, Mark takes a deep breath and removes his sunglasses. He looks left and right at the suburban neighborhood and averts his eyes back at the door.

He climbs onto the steps, approaches to the door. He holds himself back before knocking. After sighing whilst looking away, he turns back and rings on the doorbell.

Mark observes the porch, which consists of a swinging chair on the left side and a coffee table surrounded with chairs on the right.

He turns and sees the door opening, unveiling TIMOTHY GRAY, 37 yrs old, with his shaggy, short black hair. He is dressed in a navy turtleneck sweater with beige khaki pants. Underneath his lip looks to be a dry scab, which catches Mark's attention. But he averts his eyes away. His grey eyes widen and a smile curves on his face.

TIMOTHY
Good God! Mark?!

MARK
Tim!

Opening the door, Timothy chuckles as he and Mark approach towards one another and embraced. A WOMAN, 36 yrs old, behind Tim emerges from the right side of the room.

WOMAN
Who is it, darling?

Timothy releases Mark and puts his right arm around his shoulder. He faces the woman and grins.

TIMOTHY
You won't believe whose come to pay
us a visit from Liverpool.

The woman approaches next to the man in her khaki sundress. Her eyes widen as she covers her mouth. She lets out a small SHRIEK and opens her arms, embracing Mark.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)
You remember my wife, Ellen.

MARK
I do.

Mark releases Ellen and takes a good gander on the couple.

MARK (CONT'D)
You both haven't changed a day!
It's so good to see you!

TIMOTHY
Same here, my friend!

Mark picks up the grocery bag and hands it over to Ellen.

MARK
My Mum made some supper for you.
She told me that you called. So, I
just thought about checking.

ELLEN

That is so sweet of her! Oh, please
give her our regards when you can.

MARK

Of course.

Tim releases Ellen and moves himself on the left.

TIMOTHY

Why don't you come in, then? We're
having cookies and cappuccino.

MARK

Of course. Soon, we could become
nostalgic and current events and
such!

INT. TIMOTHY'S HOUSE: LIVING ROOM - DAY

Mark sits from across Tim and Ellen on the couches that were
across the coffee table. Both Mark and Tim control themselves
and maintain their LAUGHTER.

TIMOTHY

You still remember that?

MARK

Oh yes! You want me to go on?

Tim shakes his head and CHUCKLES along with Ellen.

TIMOTHY

No sir!

ELLEN

It's okay, I'd love to hear it.

MARK

Okay.

Mark adjusts himself on the couch.

MARK (CONT'D)

Remember when it was recess and it
was you, some other lad and I?

Tim narrows his eyes and SNAPS his fingers. He sharply looks
back at Mark.

TIMOTHY

Scot Bradley, I think it was.

MARK

Yes! Remember when we were all ditching the next few periods to explore the woods nearby? Because we were sought to find the Black Shuck?

TIMOTHY

Aye, I remember.

MARK

But we got into so much trouble.

Mark takes a sip from the coffee cup and puts it down on the table.

MARK (CONT'D)

Whatever did happen to him, anyway?

Timothy shrugs.

TIMOTHY

Last I heard, he's moved to somewhere in Spain. 'Twas rumors from another mate.

MARK

One of these days, we should have a reunion of sorts. I'll bring my band and everything.

TIMOTHY

That'll be great!

Timothy sips his cup.

ELLEN

Don't really remember much of my secondary school days. Mostly because I've hated it.

TIMOTHY

Yes, she's intentionally tried to forget it, in a way.

MARK

Why so?

ELLEN

(Shrugs)

Well, the usual. I mean...I wasn't always one to play by the rules all the time, y'know.

MARK

You're quite ahead of your time,
Ellen.

TIMOTHY

Aye, she makes me look dumb at
times.

Ellen cuddles onto Tim and soothes his shoulders as they
chuckle. Tim slightly jolts.

ELLEN

No, don't say that! I'm not trying
to make it so!

TIMOTHY

No, I know, dear. I know.

Timothy and Ellen kiss briefly. They both face Mark. Mark
sits up straight.

MARK

So, how's things, man? We haven't
gotten to see one another since....

TIMOTHY

Yeah. I've been doing some office
work. Not really my favorite but it
pays the bills. Ellen here's a
receptionist for a hotel. I imagine
it's not that exciting compared to
being a rockstar.

MARK

(Shrugs)

It's got some setbacks.

ELLEN

Congratulations on your first
album, by the way! That must be
exciting!

MARK

Thanks.

(sighs)

Though, I would admit that I'm a
bit embarrassed to put my name on
it.

ELLEN

Is that so?

MARK

Well, I mean...it's not that I don't enjoy this. It could be a bit hectic. Doesn't leave much room to...be yourself all the time.

TIMOTHY

I can't imagine. How's Jessica by the way?

MARK

She's doing well. It's been a tug of war with us lately, though.

TIMOTHY

I see.

Mark leans back a bit.

MARK

But I suppose that's the basis of being in a relationship. You get through these things. But it could often feel a bit...crazy most of the time.

Timothy nods and his left leg shakes. FOCUS: Mark takes notice of his shaking leg.

TIMOTHY

I couldn't agree more.

Timothy briefly glances at Ellen, which makes Ellen straighten out her brief disgruntled face. She puts a smile.

MARK

And your marriage, how's that going?

Timothy and Ellen both glance at one another. Timothy faces Mark.

TIMOTHY

It's...fine, sometimes.

ELLEN

Marriage isn't always what it's cracked up to be. But we muddle through.

She turns to Timothy with a smile. He turns and faces his wife.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

Right, dear?

Timothy's eyes scatter around a bit, but focuses back at her. She kisses his right cheek.

TIMOTHY

Of course.

Timothy smiles. They both look at Mark. Ellen looks down at her wrist watch on her right wrist and looks up to Mark.

ELLEN

Goodness! We actually have something to do today. I'm sorry that it has to be short.

Mark stands up from the couch and carries his luggage. Timothy and Ellen both stand up.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

But we're so glad that you made time for us, Mark. It's very good to see you again.

TIMOTHY

I'll see you out. I imagine that you have other musicalities to endeavor.

MARK

Yeah, but we should definitely keep in touch.

Timothy looks back at Ellen before looking back at Mark.

MARK (CONT'D)

By the way, I don't mean to pry, but how did you get that scab.

Timothy caresses his scar a bit and shrugs.

TIMOTHY

Eh well...I just tripped while getting to work. Not my worst fuck up.

Mark chuckles and shrugs.

MARK

Well, it's just one of those days, I suppose.

TIMOTHY
You could say that again. But
seriously...

Timothy embraces Mark tightly as Mark embraces him back.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)
Take care of yourself out there.

MARK
Same for you, mate. I'll be a look
out for the Black Shuck.

Timothy laughs as he releases Mark and opens the door. Mark
steps outside, looks back and waves at them with a grin.
Timothy closes the door.

BEGIN MONTAGE (PHOTO STUDIO)[TRACK. "UK 79" BY CRISIS]

--- The Kanderburys pose without their instruments in front
of a painted background of a brick wall graffitied.

--- Mark has a solo photo taken with his electric guitar.

--- George has a solo photo taken with his electric guitar.

--- Sean has a solo photo taken with him on the drum set.

--- They pose together with their instruments.

--- They make silly faces.

END MONTAGE (PHOTO STUDIO)

END TRACK

INT. ERIC'S CLUB - DAY

Mark, the band, Jessica and Leonard sit together at the
corner of the club. Each of them with a glass jug of beer on
the table. Mark has headphones on as he listens to his mini
recorder. George takes his cigarette and passes it on to
Sean, who takes a toke.

Leonard takes a drink from his jug and puts it back down. He
observes his company.

LEONARD
I don't know if you care enough to
hear this, but this club is the
same The Beatles played in the 60s.
(MORE)

LEONARD (CONT'D)

The most pivotal place booming with performances; punk and post punk.

JESSICA

That's true, which is why this couldn't be a more perfect time to do a gig here! Before Leo and I find a studio to secure and promote our album.

Sighing and looking around, George leans back on his seat and stretches out his arms.

GEORGE

Well, we're gonna need a song if we're gonna win 'em over.

JESSICA

What do you think, Mark?

Jessica looks at Mark, who gets a bit startled as he then removes his headphones.

MARK

What, yeah...I'm listening.

JESSICA

Are you? Or just reliving your youth?

Mark puts his headphones away.

MARK

No, I am. I'm thinking of an idea right now. Still in the making, though.

LEONARD

We rarely see you with headphones on.

JESSICA

Aye, must have something worth listening to there.

Mark shrugs and chuckles a bit.

MARK

I mean I haven't used this since I was a teenager coincidentally. So I could be reliving those days.

Mark takes a sip from his jug and puts it down.

MARK (CONT'D)

But in regards to what we should sing before we get secured, I believe we should...look at our genre. Y'know, see another angle. I thought about it back in London.

The group look at one another. Jessica and Leonard look at one another. Jessica turns to him.

MARK (CONT'D)

We should experiment. I was hoping that I could go with my acoustic guitar this time around? I believe it could...y'know...add something new.

Jessica looks around oddly before looking at Mark.

JESSICA

A punk song with an acoustic guitar sounds a bit odd.

GEORGE

Aye. Not a fan of folk merging with punk or rock.

SEAN

Not everything's about you, George. I see what Mark is getting at.

Jessica and Mark look back at Sean.

MARK

You do, Sean?

SEAN

(Nods)

It could add a new element to what we normally do. Many bands do that. So, I don't see why not. Not like we have a lot to lose.

Jessica narrows her eyes and shrugs.

JESSICA

That's true. Except I don't know how it would turn out. We're still fresh, so I personally prefer to have a song without it.

Mark shrugs and drinks the rest of his jug.

MARK

We can't play safe for the rest of our lives, Jess.

JESSICA

Is that why you're comfortable listening to your record player in the midst of discussions now?

GEORGE

What were you listening to anyway? Sounds like it's that good.

Mark observes the room and SIGHS. He takes out the record player, unplugs the headphone wires from it and places it in the middle of the table.

He presses the play button. By pressing on the fast forward button, he then stops it as it plays "State of Laughter" by Death in June. Each of the members of the group leans in closely to hear. Sean looks over at Mark. George bops his head to the sound of the drums playing.

SEAN

Sounds like there's people too. Where was this?

MARK

It's at Hertford.

Jessica crosses her arms.

JESSICA

It's not Harrowed Masons, is it?

MARK

No. They're far better than they are.

LEONARD

Who are they?

Mark sighs, looks at Jessica and at the group.

MARK

It's Death in June. But listen, they have something going...

Jessica plants her face into her hands.

GEORGE

Seems kinda sketchy. This music. It sounds...like a rally or a cult.

MARK

They're on the same boat as us. If
we could learn from what they...

Jessica shakes her head, crosses her arms and pouts. She looks away from Mark, which prompts him to turn the record player off.

Jessica stands up, excusing herself.

She leaves and turns to the left. Mark GRUNTS and stands up from the table, passing through Sean and Leonard next to him.

MARK (CONT'D)

Hold on.

Mark excuses himself and passes through the club.

EXT. ERIC'S CLUB - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Mark exits and sees Jessica with her arms crossed on the right side. Mark sighs and shakes his head. He approaches to her.

MARK

Jess, come back inside, will ya?

Jessica turns herself away from him. Mark palms his face with his hands and shakes his head. He slaps them flat onto his thighs.

MARK (CONT'D)

You're acting like a bloody child!
If you just listen to what I have
to...

JESSICA

Forget it!
(sharply turns from Mark)
I wanna be alone right now!

Mark turns from her and goes back inside the club. Jessica lights up a cigarette and takes it.

INT. MARK'S APARTMENT: LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Mark sits on the couch as Jessica paces across the room. She turns to him sharply with a disgruntled face.

JESSICA

This gonna be a routine? Doing
things behind my back?

MARK

I don't get why you gotta make such a big deal out of this!

JESSICA

Oh no, you're right! It's not a big deal, visiting your mother as an excuse to be acquainted with a bloody fascist! Getting ideas from that prick...

MARK

That's not true! I did go to see my mother!

Mark sharply stands up and Jessica stops pacing.

MARK (CONT'D)

As for Doug, his music's something that I never thought that I would hear! If only you were there.

Jessica shakes her head and points at Mark.

JESSICA

You just want to sabotage our reputation!

MARK

I want to solidify our reputation, for Christ sake!

Mark takes some breaths and Jessica crosses her arms. She takes a deep breath and sighs. She turns to him.

JESSICA

You're so selfish!

Mark scoffs and approaches to her slowly.

MARK

I'm selfish? Really?

JESSICA

We're doing our damndest to make something of ourselves with what we do! Meanwhile you've been distancing yourself from it by playing this victim!

MARK

I'm not a victim! I'm just tired!

Mark SIGHS and narrows his head. He puts his hands in his pockets. He looks up to Jessica and reaches for her right hand, only for her to snatch it away from him.

Mark walks a bit and tries to reach for her, but she sharply looks back at him, prompting him to take some steps back.

MARK (CONT'D)

Jess, we've been doing this for years. Make shitty songs, get applauded for it. Upstaging other bands, get applauded for it. Scheduling gig after gig. Writing songs to meet a bloody deadline.

He picks up the tape recorder and presses the play button, which plays the concert.

MARK (CONT'D)

We don't have to make music like this, but we could at the very least be inspired by their artistry.

He stops the button and puts the recorder back down on the table. FOCUS: Jessica observes, sighs and looks up at him.

MARK (CONT'D)

There were kettledrums, trumpets and chimes on the stage! It added a foreign taste. It was like I was back in time! I'm not lying to you! Imagine what we could add to the punk genre!

He sighs and approaches Jessica, who is looking away from him.

MARK (CONT'D)

Jess, it's getting to a point where I'm embarrassed to hear myself. But this...it feels real.

JESSICA

And what we have isn't?

Mark sighs and narrows his head.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

(Beat)

You know what...

(Turning to Mark)

(MORE)

JESSICA (CONT'D)

You're going to notify me on everything you do. Including the places you go to.

Mark SIGHS and flays his arms in the air.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

If I find that you're hiding something else from me one more time, you will never see me again.

(points at recorder)

As for this, if you really love me, you won't go to any of their shows! Let alone learn whatever nonsense they're preaching.

Mark SCOFFS, shakes her head and faces her.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

I'm "embarrassed" that we are not number one yet on the charts!

MARK

They're just charts. All just a bloody wank measuring contest! It's not the end of the world.

Jessica shakes her head and turns away from Mark, storming to the front door.

MARK (CONT'D)

Jess!

Mark approaches behind her as she snatches the keys from the kitchen counter next to her and storms to the door.

MARK (CONT'D)

Jess, where are you goin'?!

As Mark tries to embrace her, she fidgets and pushes his attempts.

JESSICA

Get off me!

MARK

Not until you tell me!

JESSICA

No!

Jessica turns around and swings her right hand across the right side of Mark's face.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
GET OFF ME!

Mark steps away from her and holds the right side of his face, feeling the heat and pain blooming on him.

Jessica shivers. She looks at her shivering left hand. Making it into a fist, she begins to HYPERVENTILATE and drops to her knees.

Mark slowly approaches to her, gets onto her level and lifts Jessica's face wet with tears. She looks at him and begins to SOB.

Mark wraps her arms around her, bringing her closer to him and embracing her. She slowly brings her up and hugs him back.

INT. PARR STREET STUDIOS: RECORD STUDIO - DAY

Mark, George and Sean sits at the record room on the other side this time. Each of them with a notepad and pens. George plays with his pen and spins on the swivel chair while Sean scratches his head with his pen. Mark leans forward on his swivel chair and stares at the blank piece of paper.

He sighs by the SQUEAKING of the swivel chair George is turning on. He looks up at George.

MARK
George, unless you wanna vomit,
quit doin' that, yeah?

George stops and shrugs.

GEORGE
It's how I think.

MARK
Well, find another way.

Sean leans back on his chair and sighs.

SEAN
Don't know 'bout you, lads. But my
mind's pretty dead.

GEORGE
That makes two of us.

Jessica enters the room with Leonard, both of whom have smiles on their faces. The band focuses back at them.

MARK
What's with the smiles?

Jessica approaches to them slowly.

JESSICA
You won't believe who we just got
partnered with! Britannia Row
Studios!

Jessica jumps up and down as Mark briefly observes around.
George and Sean's eyes are widened.

MARK
Britannia Row Studios?

Jessica sharply turns to Mark.

JESSICA
You seriously don't know who they
are?

LEONARD
They helped artists such as New
Order and Joy Division!

Mark turns to each member, widening his eyes before turning
back to Jessica and Leonard.

MARK
Honestly?

LEONARD
Yep! After publishing your album
through Parrs, we'll be moving up!
You should be proud of yourselves!

Mark, George and Sean give each other high fives. Leonard and
Jessica face each other. When Jess nudges her head, Leonard
clears his throat and faces the band.

LEONARD (CONT'D)
Oh, Sean.

Sean turns to Leonard.

LEONARD (CONT'D)
You think we could have a word with
you?

Sean looks around awkwardly, even looks at the band. Sean
faces Leonard and Jessica and stands up from his chair,
leaving his pen and pad on the chair.

SEAN

Uh...okay, sure.

Sean follows Leonard and Jessica out of the room. Mark and George look at one another weirdly. Mark looks back at the door.

MARK

What do you think they could want from him?

George leans back on his swivel chair.

GEORGE

I'm not quite sure. I'm sure it's nothing bad. Nothing too serious, I hope.

Mark nods. He faces George.

MARK

So, you've got any ideas yet?

George scoffs and observes the room.

GEORGE

I think I do. It just came to me.

George scoots himself closer over to Mark on the chair. Mark scoots a bit closer to him.

MARK

What do you have in mind?

George observes quickly. He looks back at Mark.

GEORGE

It should be autobiographical, if you get my meanin'?

MARK

What? About each of us?

GEORGE

No, about me.

MARK

An ego trip, huh?

GEORGE

No it's not.

(ponders)

Okay, it is a bit.

(MORE)

GEORGE (CONT'D)

But it's the story i have that
would be fascinatin'.

MARK

Well, I'm sure it is. It'll get
mass appeal for sure.

George looks out.

MARK (CONT'D)

What are you starin' off too?
There's only two of us.

GEORGE

Yeah, well, these walls aren't
exactly of high quality.

(faces Mark)

You see, I never told anyone this.
No one. Until now. To you anyway.

MARK

(Shrugs)

Well, what is it?

George takes a deep breath and takes out his lighter and
cigarette. After lighting it, he smokes it.

GEORGE

I was committed for my "compulsion"
to fuck.

Mark observes with his eyes weirdly.

MARK

Compulsion? Like addicted?

GEORGE

(rolls his eyes)

No, it means that I was excited to
see the rabbit farm? What do you
think, Mark?

MARK

Okay, well where were you
committed?

GEORGE

Prestwich.

Mark leans back and scoffs.

MARK

Bloody hell! That bad?

GEORGE

It was only one time. I was caught fucking one of the altar girls at church. It was after mass in the reconciliation room.

MARK

(Eyes widening)

You're bloody...

(Whisper)

You're bloody joking?

GEORGE

Nope. I remember it vividly. I first ate out her wet fanny after she sucked me off, which was pretty good by the way.

MARK

I'm sure it was.

GEORGE

The hardest part was to cum without making too much noise. Or a mess. Suddenly, priest caught me giving her a facial. So, my grandparents had me committed for five to six months to be rehabilitated.

Frozen, Mark unfreezes himself and SCOFFS.

MARK

How the fuck did we end up becoming mates?

George SCOFFS and CHUCKLES whilst toking. Mark CHUCKLES too.

MARK (CONT'D)

You still in contact with that girl by any chance?

GEORGE

(Shakes his head)

She was ostracized by her church.

(scoffs)

We're on good terms, though. It was worth it. She's coming over my place next year.

(smokes cigarette)

But anyway, thought we could make a song about that. We rarely write edgy material. Lately, I know you and Sean wanted us to be...out of our element, so to speak.

MARK

True. I'm not gonna lie, that is
worthy to tell.

GEORGE

(Chuckles)

My folks are gonna kill me.

MARK

But what are we going to name it?

Mark and George look at each other. A smile curving on
George's face as he nods.

INT. ERIC'S CLUB - NIGHT

Mark plays on his electric guitar alongside George. Sean
plays the drums behind them. The CHEERS of the crowd boomed
across the room and the stage-lights shining onto them.

Mark gets to the microphone and sings the punk song "Sacred
Fornication".

Mark plays the last riffs of his guitar before giving it the
last strike, letting the string play out. The crowd CHEERS,
SCREAMS, and SHOUTS with applause towards the band. Mark,
George and Sean smile and waves at their audience.

Mark gets to the microphone.

MARK

Thank you very much for having us
tonight! It's been an amazing show!

SEAN

Wait!

Mark turns and sees Sean getting up from his drum kit. Mark
turns and faces Sean.

Seans looks at Mark with a dead face. Mark hesitantly but
awkwardly gives Sean the microphone, who turns to the crowd
and gets the microphone to his mouth.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Thanks for being such an amazing
crowd! But...I uh...I have to get
something out of my chest.

MARK

Sean?

Mark turns to George, who shrugs. Mark turns to Sean, who turns back to the crowd. The audience begins to MURMUR amongst themselves.

SEAN
(clears throat)
I am sad to say that...this will be
my final performance!

MARK AND GEORGE
WHAT?

The crowd GASPS and CRIES.

Sean clears his throat and the water from his eyes.

SEAN
I'm sorry. But that isn't to say
that I didn't enjoy playing for
this band! And I couldn't be
happier with my mates! But there
are just some things that...that
I'm gonna have to do! But you'll
always have Trystan and Goddog
here! I love all of you and I wish
nothing but fucking greatness for
you! Thanks for having me!

Sean shoves the microphone to Mark and walks off the stage.
The crowd MOURNS, CRIES loudly and even leads to more
SHOUTING.

Mark looks back at the audience before looking at George. He
looks back at the back of the stage.

INT. ERIC'S CLUB : BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

Mark and George storm into the backstage room as Sean is
packing up his drum-kit.

GEORGE
What the fuck, mate!?

MARK
You're leaving us?

Sean observes the room a bit and looks back at Mark and
George.

SEAN
Missin' me already, are we?

MARK

But why, Sean? What happened?

GEORGE

Why didn't you say anything at the studio?

SEAN

If I told you, it would've affected the performance.

Sean SIGHS and holds his drumsticks. He shrugs.

SEAN (CONT'D)

It's not my decision. They told me not to say anything until tonight.

MARK

They? What are you on abo-

Mark's eyes widen and becomes narrowed. His skin becomes a bit red. He figured out who did it. He turns to George.

MARK (CONT'D)

Hold on!

Mark turns around and storms out from the room.

INT. ERIC'S CLUB : HALLWAY - NIGHT

Mark turns to his right and sees Leonard and Jessica with a group of men and women in suits in the middle of the hallway crowded with raging fans who were being pushed out from the hall by security guards. Mark grunts and marches towards the group.

FOCUS: Jessica and Leonard are LAUGHING and GOSSIPING amongst themselves with the rest. Jessica turns and sees Mark.

JESSICA

Oh baby, I'm glad you're here.

Jessica turns to the two men and women in suits.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

I'd like to introduce you to Mr. Bert, Mr. Usher, Ms. Clinton and Ms. Jones.

Mark puts up a smile and waves.

MS. JONES
You've given such an excellent
performance, Mr. Thomas.

MARK
Thank you very much.

Mark looks back at Jessica.

MARK (CONT'D)
Jess, can I talk to you for a bit?

Jessica looks at Mark weirdly as she turns to the group and
SCOFFS.

JESSICA
I'm so sorry. It seems important.

LEONARD
Perhaps his eagerness to sell more
songs that would even put you four
on your knees.

Leonard chuckles with the group. As well as Jessica. Mark
gives out a fake chuckle.

MARK
We shouldn't be long.

Mark slightly grips onto Jessica's left arm and turns away
from the crowd. Jessica looks around and turns to Mark.

JESSICA
(Irritated)
What's this about?

Mark grips her arm tighter as they turned and face the door
leading to the makeup studio. Jessica tries to fight her way
out from Mark's sudden tight grip.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
Mark, you're hurting me!

Mark pushes the door open as they both entered the room.

INT. ERIC'S CLUB : MAKE UP STUDIO - NIGHT

Mark shuts the door and slightly throws Jessica away from his
arm. Jessica breathes heavily and marches towards him. She
points her index finger at him.

JESSICA

Don't ever do that to me again! In front of those people! It's rude!

MARK

Rude? So it's okay for Sean to humiliate himself like that on stage!

JESSICA

Wait...Sean?

MARK

Don't play dumb, Jess! Why the fuck are you and Leo sacking him?!

JESSICA

(Beat)

Really? That's what this is about?

MARK

It wasn't his decision, he said! Why did you do it?

JESSICA

You wanna know why? If he hadn't brought up that stupid band, you wouldn't have those illicit ideas! He had it coming!

MARK

(Angrily)

He had fuck all to do with what I did! It was *my* decision!

Mark shakes his head and scoffs.

MARK (CONT'D)

Can't believe you! You're gonna fire our best drummer because I chose to go to a fuckin' concert?!

JESSICA

Well, this sounds pretty familiar. Doesn't it?

Jessica approaches to Mark.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

You could say we're even, pill popper!

Mark sighs and turns his face away from her, only for her to grip onto his chin with her right hand, forcing him to look at her.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
(Angrily)
Hey! Hey! Don't ever turn your face
from me! You're not a fuckin' boy!

Mark sighs heavily as Jessica releases her hand from his chin.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
As a matter of fact, you're gonna
cut ties with him! Connelly.

Mark grips his fists and angrily marches towards her, making her step back!

MARK
(Angrily)
You can't do that!

JESSICA
(looking at his fists)
Oh, you wanna hit me now, do ya?

Jessica looks up at Mark's angry face.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
Do it, then!

Mark takes a deep breath and SIGHS. He calms his hands. Mark shrugs and looks at Jessica who crosses her arms.

MARK
Why are you doing this? Huh? Why?

JESSICA
It's for your own good! You'll
thank me for it. Besides, Sean
isn't the only drummer. It's not
the end of the world.

Mark points at him and approaches to his personal space.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
Now I'm going to sign the deal with
Britannia as soon as you finish
playing the "disillusioned,
ungrateful musician". Is that
clear?

Mark looks Jessica dead in the eyes. He takes a deep breath.

MARK

What if I fire you?

JESSICA

(shrugs)

You could if you want to. Find another manager. Know what else you could do? Quit this band and go back to London a fuckin' loser and coward.

Mark narrows his head. He closes his eyes a bit before opening them up to look at her.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

There was a time you told me that you wanted to be the best. How you wouldn't risk all of this for the world. Sometimes, you gotta make hard sacrifices for it.

Mark looks away from her a bit and sighs. He turns back to her. Jessica caresses Mark's face with her right hand.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

You will be number one. Either man up and get with the program or don't. People want to see Trystan, not Mark Thomas.

Jessica backs away from Mark.

She opens the door and exits the make up room. She shuts down the door, leaving Mark to narrow his head. He looks up at the ceiling.

INT. PARR STREET STUDIOS: LOUNGE - DAY

Mark and George stand in front of Leonard who is standing in between Sean and a young, short haired brunette man GREG YOLANDA, 27 yrs old, who is carrying his drumsticks. Sean turns to Greg and shakes his left hand with Greg's right.

LEONARD

It's for the best, Sean. But we're very thankful for your contribution all these years.

Sean puts his hands in his pockets and nods. He then faces Mark and George who are both approaching to him. Mark embraces Sean first.

MARK

Take care of yourself out there.

SEAN

You too, Mark. I'm sorry.

MARK

You've nothing to be sorry for.

Sean releases himself and pats Mark on his right shoulder. He proceeds to hug George. George hugs Sean a bit tightly.

GEORGE

You better not forget us, man!

SEAN

'Course not!

George releases Sean and wipes his eyes before they spilled with tears. Sean turns to Greg.

SEAN (CONT'D)

I wish you all the best, Greg.
Heard that you're quite a drummer.

GREG

I'll do you proud, Sean. Honest.

SEAN

(Nods)

That's great to hear.

Sean picks up his suitcases and drumsticks. He turns to Leonard, who nods at him. Leonard approaches to Sean and pats his left shoulder. Sean gives a small grin and nods. After letting out a sigh, he picks up his things, looks around the lounge, turns his back and walks away from their sight.

Mark takes a deep breath from breaking down. He clears his throat and faces Leonard.

MARK

So...anything regarding the studios?

LEONARD

Well, it'll take two weeks to secure a deal. So, in the meantime, you could take a break. Get to know Greg... or read some fan mails. I'm gonna chat to Jess.

Leonard proceeds to walk pass Greg and in between Mark and George. Mark turns to Leonard.

MARK

What for?

Leonard turns his head to Mark.

LEONARD

Just on booking live tours
eventually. Purchasing permits.
That sort of thing. Won't be long.

Leonard turns from Mark and walks away.

LEONARD (CONT'D)

The day is yours.

Mark looks at Leonard leaving.

INT. CONNELLY'S OFFICE - DAY

Mark sits up on the lounge chair this time. Connelly has both of his hands clawed together.

CONNELLY

So...this is it, then?

Mark sighs and tokes on his cigarette. He shrugs.

MARK

It's not what I want. But...

He raises his head up and faces the doctor.

MARK (CONT'D)

...I have to focus on my career.
That's why I can't see you anymore.

Connelly nods, adjusts his glasses and sighs. He looks away, observes the room a bit.

CONNELLY

I understand. It was inevitable, I
suppose.

Mark looks out the window behind him.

CONNELLY (CONT'D)

But things will get better for you.
I'm confident.

Mark nods and continues to look out the window. He sees a flock of birds flying across the sky. FOCUS: Connelly looks at his notepad and skims through his files.

CONNELLY (CONT'D)

I uh....I'm hosting this retreat to
Scotland for survivors coming soon.

Mark turns to Connelly.

MARK

Are you?

CONNELLY

Yes. You don't necessary have to be
a victim to come along. Not that I
ever want you to be. But if you
fancy a trip to the Highlands, you
have my card. Just call me ahead.
You're more than welcome.

Mark nods and grins. He looks at Connelly.

MARK

I'd like that. Thank you.

CONNELLY

If you have a squeaky clean
schedule, that is.

Mark chuckles.

CONNELLY (CONT'D)

I know the gigs and deals could be
rather demanding.

MARK

You dunno the half of it.

(Beat)

(Moves a bit forward)

Can I ask you something, Connelly?

Connelly places his notepad on the small table on his left
side. He faces Mark.

Mark narrows his eyes and extinguishes the cigarette on the
silver platter. He looks up at the doctor.

MARK (CONT'D)

Is it selfish or weak when you cry?

CONNELLY

No. Of course not.

Mark nods as Connelly narrows his head. He sighs.

CONNELLY (CONT'D)
Funny. My last patient asked me
that.

MARK
Really?

CONNELLY
(Raises head)
Yes. I won't say her name. But
she's one of your fans, it turns
out. It was after her boyfriend had
his way with her.

Mark narrows his head and shakes it slowly.

MARK
(Whisper)
Fucking bellend!

CONNELLY
Your music has helped her get
through a relationship she was
stuck in.

MARK
Where is she now?

CONNELLY
Living back with her parents in
Cornwall. Anything to help her get
back on her feet. She's coming to
the retreat.

Mark looks up at Connelly.

MARK
My father never cried, at least not
in front of me nor Mom. Kinda why I
thought about asking. He said that
it made him seem...undignified.

CONNELLY
Do you still believe that?

Mark shrugs and arches his back.

MARK
I mean...I suppose no one wants to
see a rocker cry. Don't wanna
seem...pitiful, I suppose.

CONNELLY

I wouldn't say that. To some,
anyway, it'd be understanding.

Mark nods slowly.

CONNELLY (CONT'D)

You're gonna be okay, Mark. I'm
always here if you ever need me.

Mark nods and smiles.

Connelly stands up from the chair as Mark stands up from the lounge chair. Both of them shake hands and embrace one another.

The doctor releases himself from Mark, smiles and pats him on his shoulders. Mark takes a deep breath and walks away from Connelly, exiting the room.

INT. MARK'S APARTMENT: LIVING ROOM - DAY

Mark and Jessica sit together on the couch watching "Time Bandits" on the television. A red bowl of cheese fries is sat in between them. Jessica takes a fry and CHEWS on it. She turns to Mark, who is watching the screen. Jessica SIGHS and cuddles on Mark, making him a little alert.

He turns to look down at her, only to refocus back on the television. Jessica looks back at the television.

On the TV, the film has the scene with a four-horse caravan riding through the woods, only for the scene to cut to a conversation between a queen and a yeoman.

Mark and Jessica watch the screen.

JESSICA

It wasn't a good feeling, y'know.
Sacking Sean.

MARK

I could imagine. It still hurts me.

JESSICA

Yeah. I took joy in seeing him grow
with you lot.

(sighs)

I'm sorry for what I said last
night. I didn't mean all that.

Mark shrugs. He looks down at Jessica. He looks away from her.

MARK

Look, I'm sorry. I know that...you simply care for the survival of our band.

Jessica nods and sighs heavily. Putting the fries on the table, she gets herself closer to Mark, who places his left arm around her shoulder.

JESSICA

I suppose I'm...I'm trying to compensate.

Mark turns to Jessica.

MARK

In what way? In the music business?

Jessica narrows her head. She shakes her head and faces Mark.

JESSICA

I wanted to make movies before.

MARK

Really? What kind of movies?

JESSICA

Sci-fi. But...it felt unattainable. I didn't have the skin for it so I gave it up. So I'm stuck with ideas that'll never see the light of day.

Jessica sighs heavily once again, letting out a heavy weight from her heart. Her eyes are a bit misty.

She releases herself from Mark and makes her way around the couch.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

I'll be in the toilet for a bit.

Mark turns to Jessica and she stops in her tracks.

MARK

Jess.

Jessica turns to Mark.

MARK (CONT'D)

I hope you find the courage to make movies. You shouldn't give up.

Jessica smiles somberly and takes off away from the room. Mark turns away and faces the television. He turns to his left and sees a pile of letters and mail stacked on the kitchen table.

INT. MARK'S APARTMENT: KITCHEN - DAY

Mark sits at the table, skimming through mail after mail. He is going through eleven to sixteen fan letters, most of which are pictures that he proceeds to autograph.

After he makes autographs, he continues to skim and go through letters. From gas bills to electric bills, even a letter reminding him of the rent money payment. After skimming through and putting aside some letters, he holds out one envelope. The envelope had the address of his home in London on the top left corner with his mother's name on it.

Mark raises his right eyebrow and proceeds to opening the letter. After opening it, he unveils and unfolds a piece of paper. A letter written for him from his mother.

Mark's flesh is vanquished from blood. His eyes widen and his body shivers. He barely stands up from the chair and walks back to the living room.

INT. MARK'S APARTMENT: LIVING ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Mark slumps himself onto the chair, dropping the letter below him. His eyes and head narrow. His breathing becoming slowly rapid. His body continues to shiver a bit.

FOCUS: Jessica comes back into the living room, extracting out a sigh. She turns and sees Mark sitting distraughtly.

JESSICA

Hey.

Jessica comes around and sits beside him, soothing his left shoulder and arm.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Mark, what happened? What is it?

She looks down and sees the letter underneath his feet, picks it up and reads it. She covers her mouth with her left hand and turns to Mark, who is still frozen and has his head narrowed.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Mark! I'm so sorry! Oh my God!

Jessica embraces him in her arms.

INT. CHURCH: ALTAR - DAY

The church had men and women in black suits sitting and facing the coffin placed on the platform of the altar. Mark, Jessica, Laura and Ellen, Tim's MOTHER, 69 yrs old, and FATHER, 75 yrs old, are sat at the front on the left benches of the church.

Both Laura and Ellen wipe their eyes with tissues. Ellen also has a single poppy flower in her left hand.

The PRIEST, 56 yrs old in black, SPEAKS on. Mark zones out and hears sharp RINGING.

The RINGING stops when Laura nudges his arms softly, causing Mark to startle. He looks around and observes the church, still grieving.

INT. TIMOTHY'S HOUSE: LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Mark and Ellen stand in front of the fireplace. Everyone is in the house distantly TALKING, GRIEVING, CRYING and mingling.

MARK

Did you read what was in the note?

Mark turns to her. She faces him with red eyes. Letting out a SIGH, she turns to look at the urn.

ELLEN

Most of it. I was too devastated to read the rest of it. I wish he came to me. We'd resolved everything.

Mark narrows his head and looks away from her. He turns to Ellen, who faces him.

MARK

Can I ask you something?

Ellen nods.

MARK (CONT'D)

Why did you looked quite bothered when I asked about your marriage?

ELLEN

Why would you want to know?

MARK

I mean it's just that...something
wasn't quite right with him.

ELLEN

It's called reality, Mark! We had
our disputes, but we always resolve
them!

(Facing the fire)

I'm sorry. I...I just didn't expect
him to do this.

Mark sighs and puts his right hand over his face before
placing it down.

MARK

That was rude of me. I dunno why I
said that. I just..

(Narrows head)

I wish I was there for him.

Ellen hugs herself, narrows her head. She closes her eyes.

ELLEN

(Tearfully)

I just want to sleep. Forever.

Mark turns to Ellen and sighs.

MARK

Look, I'm very sorry again. I
really didn't mean any offense.

She shakes her head.

ELLEN

Don't be. You're upset and confused
as I am. I understand.

She faces the urn again. Mark faces the fire. He scales his
eyes up and sees wedding photos of Tim and Ellen.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

I'm just thankful you came. If he
were here, he wouldn't take it for
granted.

Mark nods somberly.

EXT. MARK'S APARTMENT: BALCONY - NIGHT

Mark and Jessica cuddle on the lounge chair, looking over the noisy and lit cityscape of Liverpool. Mark shakes his head and has his eyes closed.

MARK

I let him down, Jess. If I'd spared
one time to check on him, he...

Mark shakes his head, grunts and stands up from the chair. He leans his hands onto the rail.

MARK (CONT'D)

Fuck! I'm the worst fuckin' friend!

JESSICA

Oy, don't say that!

Jess stands up and approaches to his left side. She leans her arms onto the rail.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

You can't blame yourself for the
choice he made.

MARK

But I should've...I could've...

Jessica forces Mark's face to turn to face hers.

JESSICA

Mark! You and Tim were worlds
apart! You couldn't be there for
him every day. You had no control.

Jessica SIGHS, releases Mark's face and looks below their floor.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

You have a life too. Just as he
did. The least you could do is
honor his memory.

Mark hangs his head.

MARK

You're right.

He looks up at the sky. The stars are blooming behind the dark mellow sky. The moon hanging and laminating at the left side. Jessica clears her throat and looks back at Mark.

JESSICA
I'm gonna call Britannia Row
Studios to hold off on the record
deal.

Mark looks away from the sky and faces Jessica.

MARK
Are you sure? You don't have to.

JESSICA
I will. It'd be tasteless of me to
let you play after...after this.

Mark turns his whole body to face her.

MARK
Jess, are you sure? What about the
scheduling?

JESSICA
I'll handle it with Leo. You need
time for yourself. To grieve. I
wouldn't want to take that away
from you. We won't accept without
you. No rush.

Mark nods and embraces Jessica in her arms. She embraces him
back.

They face each other and kiss. Jessica places her forehead
onto his right shoulder.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
You're going to be okay. Alright?

Mark nods and holds her close to him. He releases her and
they both stare at one another. Jessica narrows her head a
bit and sighs. She looks up at Mark.

She walks away from him. Mark sees her opening the door and
going back inside the condo. He leans himself against the
rail. He hangs his head.

EXT. SEFTON PARK - DAY

Sat on the bench behind a fountain, Mark smokes his cigarette
with a hood over his head and wearing sunglasses. He leans
his head back against the bench.

He hangs his head a bit. He takes a toke of his cigarette and
exhales the smoke from his mouth.

Mark removes his glasses and wipes away the tears from his eyes before putting it back on. He leans himself forward and takes on his cigarette.

He looks up and sees George and Greg approaching to him, prompting him to stand up from the bench. George gets to Mark and they both embrace each other. George pats him on his shoulder. Mark shakes Greg's right hand. Greg slaps his left hand on Mark's shoulder. Mark gives him his cigarette, who takes it and smokes it.

GEORGE

How are you holding up? Jess' told us what happened.

Mark nods and takes a deep breath. He sits back down on the bench. George and Greg both sit next to him.

GREG

You have our condolences.

Mark looks on the right and faces them. He forces a smile.

MARK

Thanks, guys.

He looks away and hangs his head. George takes his cigarette and passes onto Greg.

GEORGE

Can't imagine how rough it's gotta be. Losing a friend like that.

Mark shakes his head. He looks back at George.

MARK

There's nothing I could do now.

George sighs and looks away a bit. He turns to Mark and puts his hand on Mark's right shoulder.

GEORGE

You're going to be okay, mate.

George gets his hand from his shoulder and observes the park.

MARK

Anything new from the studio?

GREG

Parrs' just published our album. And Britannia's offerin' a thousand pounds as part of the deal. So...

MARK
(Looks at Greg)
That much?

Greg nods.

GEORGE
The papers were looking to
interview you, but Jess and Leo had
it cancelled.

Mark looks away and narrows his head. He shrugs.

MARK
I'm sorry for this, lads. Didn't
mean for all this to be slow.
Especially for you, Greg.

He looks at the boys. Greg shakes his head.

GREG
Think nothin' of it. I've had worst
circumstances.

MARK
I'll sign the deal once I get back
on my feet.

George shakes his head and sharply focuses back at Mark.

GEORGE
Fuck the deal right now, man. You
clearly need to deal with this. No
rush. This hiatus will do you good.
Greg and I are here for you for
whatever you need.

Mark nods and smiles at George and Greg. Greg finishes the
cigarette, throws it to the ground and squashes it with his
left foot.

MARK
Thanks, lads. It means a lot.
Really.

GEORGE
Of course.

George and Greg look at one another as Greg nods. George
turns back to Mark observes him a bit. He pats Mark's right
shoulder.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
We'll see you around, yeah?

MARK

Sure. Take care, guys.

Greg grins and he and George stand up from the bench and walk away from Mark on the left side of the park. Mark takes a deep breath and sighs, leaning himself back against the bench.

INT. MARK'S APARTMENT: BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jessica cuddles onto Mark on the bed. Mark holds her closer to him. Mark turns his head, facing Jessica whose eyes are closed. Mark leans his forehead against hers, with makes her open her eyes.

She adjusts her eyes and MOANS softly. She has her right hand touch his face and kisses his lips passionately. Afterward, she caresses his face. He caresses hers.

MARK

(Whisper)

I need a few days in London. If that's alright.

Jessica SIGHS and nods.

JESSICA

(Whisper)

Of course. I'll still be here.

MARK

I'm sorry.

JESSICA

Don't be sorry. I love you.

Jessica and Mark both kiss passionately on the lips.

INT. MARK'S HOUSE: LAUNDRY ROOM - DAY

Laura is at the sink washing white sheets in a silver bowl filled with water and detergent soap. She turns to Mark who is pulling out the washed clothes from the washing machine and hanging it on the drying rack.

Laura looks at her hands shaking. She turns back to Mark and looks back at the drenched white sheetings. She proceeds to keep washing.

Mark hangs the last piece of clothing, turns and approaches his mother.

After she turn, she smiles and steps away from the sink and approaches to a chair at the left side of the entrance.

Mark goes to wash the sheets.

INT. MOONLIGHT NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

Mark sits at the bar. He is drinking a shot of whisky. He observes the smoky and crowded club. A band on the stage behind him plays. The crowd CHEERS in the distance.

Mark turns back around and gulps his drink. He looks left and sees a list pasted on the wall.

He scoots himself over three stools to get closer to the left. He sees the list of bands that are going to perform tonight. His eyes focuses at the name Death in June, which is numbered twelve on the list.

He sees something familiar on one of the stacked papers. Picking up one, Mark observed a photograph of himself leaving the church. He flips and reads an article talking about his "departure" from the band.

He closes his eyes and breathes in deeply.

EXT./INT. PHONE BOX - NIGHT

Outside of the phone box is rain pouring. Mark has the phone by his right ear.

PUBLISHER EDITOR (V.O.)
We dearly apologize, Mr. Thomas.
Someone within our staff must have
gotten too far in issuing a story.

MARK
I don't think you are! This is the
last straw! You hear me!? Either
you keep your staff in check or I
will press a lawsuit!

PUBLISHER EDITOR (V.O.)
Sir, we -

Mark hangs up the phone and sighs. He sharply picks up the phone and slams it against the payphone box two times. He lets it dangle and hang. Mark takes a deep breath, leaning his head against the glass. Crossing his arms against the window, he leans his head into his arms on the glass.

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

Wearing sunglasses and a hoodie, Mark pushes the shopping cart as he is at the canned food aisle. He stops, observes the shelf on his right and picks up a can of tomato sauce. He picks up two, observes each of them and places them on the cart. He continues to push the shopping cart as he makes an exit from the canned food aisles.

He makes a left and passes through the other aisles. He then gets to the aisle for beverages. He opens the refrigerator and picks out a six pack of chilling bottles of vodka. Putting it into his cart, he observes the area. He sharply turns his head right as soon as he sees a short longed haired fellow picking out a six pack of beer from the refrigerator. It's Sean.

Closing the refrigerator, Mark turns to the right and approaches to Sean. A smile grows on Mark's face.

MARK

Oy! Sean!

After putting the beer in the cart, Sean turns and a smile curves on his face.

SEAN

No way! Mark!

Mark and Sean release themselves from their carts and embrace one another. They release one another and observe each other.

MARK

I didn't think I see you here!

SEAN

(Shrugs)

Yeah, well....

Sean scoffs and leans against the bar of the cart. He looks up to Mark as his smile vanishes.

SEAN (CONT'D)

I....heard of what happened. You've my condolences.

Mark nods and smiles.

MARK

Thanks, mate.

SEAN

Sure.

Mark sighs and leans against the shopping cart also.

SEAN (CONT'D)
A close friend, was he?

Mark nods. Sean looks away and narrows his head.

SEAN (CONT'D)
I see.
(looks at Mark)
You're not leaving the band, are
you?

Mark SCOFFS and shakes his head.

MARK
It's just some bloody article.
(Sighs)
Maybe I was a bit too overdramatic
over it when I threatened to sue.

SEAN
But it wasn't right when they took
a picture at the funeral. Fuckers
would do anything for the
limelight.

MARK
(Scoffs)
You're telling me.

Mark looks up at Sean and gets himself off the cart.

MARK (CONT'D)
So, what have you been up to?

SEAN
Well, I've been playing with the
Moog. It was my grandfather's.

MARK
What did he do?

SEAN
Electronics. I've been interested
in trying it myself and how it
works. Lot of fucking things to
remember, but I'm gettin' the hang
of it so far.

Mark looks away and nods. Grinning, he looks back at Sean.

MARK
That's great to hear.

Mark's grin gradually fades. He narrows his head.

MARK (CONT'D)
It's my fault, y'know.

SEAN
Why?

MARK
It's my fault they sacked you.

Sean shakes his head.

SEAN
It's not your fault, mate. Perhaps
I shouldn't have brought up that
band in the first place.

MARK
(scoffs)
You had nothing to do with what I
did, though. None.

SEAN
I guess.
(Looks back)
But that's why I like about you.
You...always seemed to be a true
friend. Your mate who passed was
lucky to have you.

Mark nods and smiles at Sean.

MARK
Thanks.
(sighs)
I try to be.

He looks at Sean.

MARK (CONT'D)
You're an awesome lad and a great
drummer. We were lucky to have you.

Sean nods and smiles.

SEAN
Thanks.

Mark smiles and nods. He looks away a bit and observes the
store. He looks back at Sean.

MARK

I could imagine how good it must
feel to be back home.

Sean nods.

SEAN

I had more time with my grandma and
little brother Craig.

Sean sighs and shakes his head. He looks back at Mark.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Even though I miss you guys, I'm
just glad that I could be there for
him.

MARK

(nods)

I see. I'm happy for you, man.

Mark looks left and looks back at Sean.

MARK (CONT'D)

How would you feel about hanging
out sometime? Whenever you aren't
busy?

SEAN

I'm gonna see Death in June play
tonight actually. At the Moonlight
Night Club. You could join me if
you'd like.

Mark is conflicted. Nonetheless, after some seconds, he nods
and looks back at Sean.

MARK

I'd like that. Think I could use
some going out during this hiatus.

SEAN

That'll be great.

Sean nods and lets out a sigh. He looks up at Mark.

SEAN (CONT'D)

It's nice seeing you again, Mark.

MARK

The feeling's mutual, Sean.

Mark and Sean both approach to one another and embrace
briefly.

SEAN

Take care. You'll get through this.

Mark nods as they both release each other.

MARK

Cheers, mate. I'll see you tonight.

SEAN

See you tonight.

Sean gets behind his cart and moves past Mark, who looks back at him. He narrows his head with a grin and breathes through his nose.

EXT. MARK'S HOUSE: BACKYARD PORCH - DAY

Mark plays his guitar slowly on the chair, looking out. His dog Teddy lays by his side.

He puts his guitar down and ponders on his decision. He thinks about Jess' words, but remembers his mom's.

He looks down at Teddy and looks up to the sky.

INT. MOONLIGHT NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

Mark and Sean stand amongst the GOSSIPING crowd. Mark has his tape recorder held in his right hand. Sean looks down at the recorder and looks back up at Mark. Mark looks back at Sean before facing the stage.

The crowd around them begins to SHOUT and CHEER as Douglas and his band walk across the stage to get to their instruments. Douglas grabs his guitar and gets in front of the microphone.

The crowd continues to SCREAM cheerfully.

DOUGLAS

Hope everyone's having a good time tonight!

The crowd CHEERS loudly as it gradually gets lowered. Mark presses the record button on his recorder.

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)

This song is something we sang last month. I'm glad we're gonna sing it again. Don't worry, there'll be others. Hopefully, we could put it to good use. It heals, in a way.

Douglas turns to Patrick and Tony, nodding at them. Douglas plays the riffs of his acoustic guitar. He gets up to the microphone and proceeds to sing "The Guilty Have No Pride."

Douglas plays the riffs of his guitar, steps away from the microphone a bit. The audience stood quiet. Mark and Sean as well. The crowd CHEERS loudly. Mark looks at Sean who shakes his head whilst clapping. Sean looks back at Mark and grins. Mark grins back.

EXT. MOONLIGHT NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

Sitting underneath the windows, Mark and Sean take their cigarettes as people of all walks of life are passing by them. Each of them wearing sunglasses. Sean takes and exhales the cigarette smoke from his mouth.

SEAN

It feels as if their growth's
intertwined with us. At
least...what it used to be.

Mark nods, taking his cigarette and turns to Sean.

MARK

Couldn't agree more.

Sean nods and narrows his head. Mark looks away and faces the street.

SEAN

Think I know what they're
successful at.

MARK

Oh. What do you think that is?

Mark turns to Sean.

SEAN

Being unafraid of uncertainty,
almost like they've seen it.

Sean takes his cigarette and exhales the smoke. Mark nods and narrows his head. He sighs.

MARK

I might leave to Liverpool soon.

Sean nods and looks away.

SEAN
I understand. I mean...as long as
you're settled.

Mark nods.

SEAN (CONT'D)
Maybe tomorrow, I could introduce
you to my family if that's alright
with you.

Mark looks back at Sean. He smiles.

MARK
I'd love that. Thanks.

SEAN
Of course.

Sean smiles and looks away, facing the streets. Mark faces
the street as well.

INT. SEAN'S HOUSE : LIVING ROOM - DAY

Mark sits on the couch in front of the television. He faces
CRAIG HUGHES, 19 yrs old, down syndrome, standing in front of
him with Sean. Craig's eyes are staring off at times, until
Sean softly nudges his left arm which makes Craig focus back
at Mark.

SEAN
Craig, this is Mark.

Hesitantly, Craig shakes Mark's hand before quickly removing
it away. Mark smiles at Craig.

MARK
Nice to meet you, Craig.

Craig looks away and back at Mark, nodding with a smile. His
hands flaps around.

He looks away and twiddles his fingers together a bit. An
older woman DIANE HEMLOCK, 65 yrs old, comes into the living
room with a cup of tea, handing it over to Mark.

DIANE
Here you go.

MARK
(Smiling)
Thank you.

Sean looks back at Craig, who looks briefly back at Sean and Diane. Craig nods with a smile.

CRAIG
I'll be right back.

Craig removes himself from the living room. Sean sits on Mark's left side on the couch. Diana sits on Mark's right.

MARK
Can't thank you enough for having me. I've had fun playing with your grandson.

Diane smiles and nods.

DIANE
I'm glad to hear that. You can't imagine how it feels so whole to have him back home.

Mark turns to Sean, who smiles and nods. Mark turns back to Diane.

MARK
It's awesome how you've raised them.

DIANE
I know. Poor darlings were left like dirt by their parents. My daughter and I...I don't think I'll ever understand her.

MARK
So you took them in?

Mark looks back at Sean who narrows his head.

DIANE
I had to. Parents were very neglectful, ungrateful for the gifts they gave birth to. Especially Craig.

Sean shrugs. Mark narrows his head and looks back at Sean. He looks back at Diane.

MARK
I'm so sorry.

DIANE
No worries. Regardless, I'm just so grateful for their lives.
(MORE)

DIANE (CONT'D)

Being there for them. I'd never thought I would hear my late husband's synthesizers again now that Sean's playing them.

Mark nods and takes a sip of the tea.

DIANE (CONT'D)

Do you have any siblings of your own?

Mark shakes his head.

MARK

Only child, I'm afraid. But...

(sighs)

My late friend was sort of like a brother.

Diane nods.

SEAN

A friend of his passed away recently.

DIANE

Oh dear. I'm so sorry. My condolences.

Mark looks up at Diane and smiles.

MARK

Thank you.

Craig comes back to the living room, holding a stack of comics in his hands. He sits in between Mark and Sean, showing him a collection of ten comic books of *The Adventures of Tintin*. Craig looks up at Mark and smiles. He passes two comics onto Mark's lap. *Tintin in Tibet* and *The Black Island*.

DIANE

He loves reading Tintin.

MARK

Haven't read some of these in a long time.

Craig shows more of the comics to Mark's face. Mark picks up at examines the cover of *The Black Island*.

MARK (CONT'D)

'Specially this one.

Craig looks at Mark and smiles with his eyes darting. As Mark offers the book back to him, Craig slightly pushes it back and nods at him.

Mark shakes his head.

MARK (CONT'D)

That's kind of you, mate. But you should have it. It's yours.

Craig holds on to the book and narrows his head. The smile on his face goes away. Mark narrows his eyebrows.

MARK (CONT'D)

But I really do appreciate it.

Craig looks back at Mark and nods. He gathers his collection and has them stacked. Sean shuffles his arm and looks at Mark.

SEAN

Don't feel bad. He's always keen to give away his collection. Thing is...he regrets it soon after. Balls his eyes out, he does.

Sean shakes Craig's shoulders. A chuckle burst from Craig's mouth.

SEAN (CONT'D)

(grinning)

Don't ya, mate?

Diane CHUCKLES with her right hand covering her lips. Mark lays back and smiles.

INT./EXT. LONDON HACKNEY - DAY

Leaning against the left window, Mark looks down at a blank piece of paper of his notebook. He scratches his right temple with a pen. Mark closes his eyes briefly.

Opening them, he glances through the window and sees the city passing by every second. He looks back at his notebook and taps his left foot on the car-floor. He begins to HUM to himself.

Mark looks around, clicks the pen to eject the point and has it placed on the paper. He sighs and observes the inside of the hackney. He looks back at the paper and writes down the title on top of the line which reads "Dover".

INT. MARK'S APARTMENT: KITCHEN - DAY

Mark and Jess sit next to each other at the kitchen table. Mark looks down at a vinyl record album. The covers displays an artwork of the Canterbury cathedral made entirely out of white sage leaves on a blue stained glass window. The band's name above the cathedral and below is the name "Age of the Sage". He flips it around and sees the list of songs on the back.

JESSICA
What do you think?

Mark looks up at Jessica and looks back at the album. He takes out the record disc and observes it. He scoffs and grins.

MARK
Out first album!

He puts the disc back into the vinyl cover. He looks back at Jessica.

MARK (CONT'D)
Never thought I'd be holding it in
my own hands, despite my opinion on
the songs there.

Jessica nods.

JESSICA
Leo had a friend who's an artist.
He made that cathedral before
shooting a photo.

Mark looks down at the album as he puts it flat on the table.

MARK
(scoffs)
Hopefully, he was paid in full.
Can't imagine how long it took.

He looks up at Jessica once again.

His head narrows. Jessica taps her right hand on the table and narrows her head.

JESSICA
How uh...how are you holding up?

Mark nods and lifts his head.

MARK

I'm alright. Thanks for showing me this. How are you?

JESSICA

Well enough.

Jessica smiles and glances left downwards. She looks back at Mark.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

We've had our things moved to Britannia.

MARK

(Looks at her)

You do?

Jessica nods.

MARK (CONT'D)

And our gig?

JESSICA

We'll have it at Coconut Grove in two days. It's the only opportunity we have.

Mark leans back against the chair and sighs.

MARK

I haven't gotten anything down yet.

Jessica shakes her head.

JESSICA

No worries. You still have time until then. Doesn't have to be perfect.

Mark nods and sighs. He looks up at the ceiling fan. He looks back at Jessica on his right.

MARK

There was another hit piece on me, y'know. About me stepping down.

JESSICA

(Beat)

That so?

MARK

(shrugs)

I threatened to press charges.

(MORE)

MARK (CONT'D)

(looks away from Jessica)
Just dunno if that was the right
thing, though.

Jessica nods and looks away from Mark.

JESSICA

I see.

She sighs and rubs her face with her right hand. She shakes her head.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

I'll talk to Leo regarding this.

She looks back at Mark.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

I don't think it's necessary. At
least not now. Court cases are the
last thing I'd want us to go
through.

Mark nods. Jessica observes Mark briefly and looks away. She narrows her head.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

I know things have been hectic
between us recently. With what
happened to Tim, with these...
changes, it's been rough. No doubt
about it.

Mark nods. His hands holding each other on the table and he narrows his head. Jessica moves her left hand onto his hands, prompting Mark to look back at her.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

But we could still make this work.
I'm here for you. Always.

Mark sighs and has his left hand place onto her's holding his right hand. He looks into her eyes and grins.

MARK

I know. I'm here for you too.

Jessica smiles.

INT. MARK'S APARTMENT: BEDROOM - NIGHT

As Jessica is asleep, Mark sits and stares at nothing. He gets up to check the garbage bin, only to see nothing once again.

He looks back at Jessica asleep. He goes to the dresser, picks up the notepad and writes down what comes to his head.

INT. BRITANNIA STUDIOS : RECORD STUDIO - DAY

Mark, George and Greg play their instruments behind the glass. Mark plays the riffs of his acoustic guitar in the middle as George plays his electric guitar on his right side. Greg plays the drums behind them. Leonard, Jessica, and two other RECORD PRODUCERS observe on the other side.

Mark gets up to the microphone. He sings "Trouble at the Black Island."

Mark plays his solo riffs along with the other members playing as the song comes to a close. One of the record producers clicked on the communication button.

RECORD PRODUCER #1

That's uh...that's something, lads!
Just needs a couple rehearsals to
soften some jagged edges.

RECORD PRODUCER #2

Other than that, nice. My only
question is in regard to the
addition of the acoustic.

Mark looks down at the acoustic guitar he is holding before looking up at the producers.

MARK

Well, I just figured that it'd fit
with the song, y'know. It's
supposed to be based off Tintin
going to Scotland. So...just wanted
to emphasize the tone of the
Highlands.

GREG

It's usually folky, given the
countryside and all. I dug it.

GEORGE

(shrug)

Eh, so did I. Seemed reasonable for
this kind of song anyway.

MARK

We worked it out between the three
of us.

Jessica scratches her chin with his left index finger and
gets to the microphone on the cockpit.

JESSICA

I'm not sure about adding that
element with punk. But this could
be an exception after your
explanation.

Mark breathes heavily and gets to the microphone.

MARK

We could just rewrite some things.
It's fine.

JESSICA

Perhaps it's the subject that
doesn't fit, in my opinion.

When Jessica looks at Leonard at her left, who shrugs. She
turns back to face Mark and the band. Briefly narrowing head
and taking a breath, he looks up and faces Jessica.

MARK

With all due respect, love, what is
it about it that doesn't suit you?

JESSICA

Well, I feel like I must remind
everyone here that we're a "punk"
band. Not a "folk" band. If I
wanted to hear folk, I'd listen to
Spriguns of Tolgus.

Mark CHUCKLES and gets to the microphone.

MARK

And if I may add, darling, that I'm
the lead of this "punk" band.
Therefore, my decisions are just as
valid as yours that you seem to
undermine. Yet, I'm compelled to go
with yours. Like sacking Sean
without telling us, for instance.

Jessica shakes her head and CHUCKLES. She gets to the
microphone.

JESSICA

Clever retort, Mr. I'm Going To
Take Happy Pills Behind Her Back.
It's called being a manager.

MARK

Yeah, well managers and singers
usually have *partnerships*, not make
one another inferior. Which I'm
sure is something you don't do, I
hope.

Jessica CHUCKLES and wags her finger at him. Mark smiles
forcibly. George, Greg, Leonard and the producers look at one
another weirdly. The room fills with silence.

Hesitant at first, the first producer gets to the microphone.

RECORD PRODUCER #1

So, shall we do another then?

Mark glares into Jessica's eyes with a smile.

MARK

Yeah. We could go again.

Mark SIGHS and adjusts his guitar tuners. George briefly
observes the room before facing Mark.

GEORGE

Everything alright with you two?

Mark briefly looks at George before facing the window.

MARK

Aye, sure it is. Why wouldn't it
be?

After glaring at Mark, Jessica storms out, which gets
Leonard's attention. He looks back at the band preparing
themselves.

INT. COCONUT GROVE: HALLWAY - NIGHT

Mark, George, and Greg sit on the floor at the dimly blue
hallway against the wall. As he is taking his cigarette, Mark
turns as the loud yet distant SHOUTS, SCREAMS, and CRIES
outside of the hall sounded behind the right side at the end
of the hall.

He looks away and narrows his head. The door SWOOSHES at the
end and a group of four people coming from the right side of
the hallway.

All of them are led by a man, 36 yrs old, with a leather jacket, black jeans, chains on the waist, black boots and a dark brown mohawk. In fact, they are all dressed in black with patches of a Freemason logo surrounded by fire. Instead of the letter "G", it has a skull.

Mark looks up and sees them approaching and standing in front of them. Sighing, Mark gets up from the floor and tokes his cigarette.

RALPH, 36 yrs old, SCOFFS and turns to his band. He looks back at Mark. He takes out his cigarette and smokes it.

RALPH

Mark.

MARK

Ralph.

Mark shakes his head and blows the smoke from his mouth. George glares at Ralph. Greg and he stand up.

GEORGE

The hell do you want, you glory
hound?

Ralph turns to George and approaches to him.

RALPH

Oh, nothin more than to wish you
the very best of luck. Gotta crowd
out there waiting to see you fuck
up.

Ralph briefly observes the room and turns back to George, getting closer to him.

RALPH (CONT'D)

Which reminds me, how's your arse
after takin' that beatin'? Mummy
took care of it, I hope.

HARROWED MASON GIRL #1

As well as his balls.

Mark reaches his arm out to block George from charging at Ralph. George and Mark briefly face each other before looking back at Ralph.

MARK

We're not looking for competition,
Ralph. We never did.

Ralph glares at Mark.

RALPH

In this field of work, everythin's
a fuckin' race. Our songs are
playin' on the station. Ain't gonna
let you shit on us!

GEORGE

Ooh, you're sure secure! Good to
see that!

GREG

Maybe make an album of your own
instead of wastin' time with us!
Ever thought of that?

The Harrowed Mason Boy band member looks at Greg. Ralph looks
back at Mark.

RALPH

Who's the fuck is this cocker?

HARROWED MASON BOY #1

Certainly not Creedo.

Mark sighs and narrows his head. Suddenly widening his eyes,
Ralph gasps and LAUGHS. He claps his hands together.

RALPH

Oh, this is brilliant! He got
sacked, didn't he? The poor pilock.

MARK

Fuck! The Hell! Off! I won't say it
again!

Everyone turns when the announcer makes noise from the other
side.

ANNOUCER (O.S.)

Give it up for The Kanderburys!

Mark turns to face Ralph.

MARK

We've got a show to do.

Glancing at his band, Mark nudges his head and they take they
leave towards the hallway. The Harrowed Masons face their
backs.

RALPH
Hey, you lads should do a cover of
"Mary Had a Little Lamb". Only
dress like sheep.

The rival band LAUGH amongst themselves.

GREG
Go fuck a pink flamingo, Divine.

The Harrowed Masons stood silent after that comeback. Thus,
Mark, George and Greg leaves them behind.

GEORGE
(to Greg)
Nice one, mate.

INT. COCONUT GROVE : STAGE - NIGHT

Mark, George and Greg wave their arms at the audience who are
CHEERING, SHOUTING, and SCREAMING at them. As they each get
to their instruments, Mark gets up to the microphone.

MARK
Everyone's looking great tonight!
If you believe that, I wanna hear
it!!

The crowd SHOUTS loudly and CLAP their hands.

MARK (CONT'D)
We've got a very great show for you
tonight! Starting with something a
bit, you could say, unordinary! But
when have we ever been ordinary?

The crowd goes wild, most throwing their fists in the air.
Mark adjusts his acoustic guitar.

MARK (CONT'D)
This is something you're gonna
love!

Mark plays the riffs of his guitar. He turns to his band,
waves his two fingers down. CLICKING his drumsticks together,
Greg BEATS on the drums. George plays his electric guitar.

Mark SINGS.

The band plays their instruments. The crowd continues to
CHEER and CLAP their hands to the drum beats of Greg. But
suddenly, half of the crowd on the left side are BOOING at
them.

Mark observes the crowd and sees two men amongst them.

The white male member of the audience pushes the black male member. He pushes back!

MARK (CONT'D)
(On the mic)
Guys, please! There's no need for
this!

The men keep pushing one another.

After the man pushes the second member in the crowd, the persecuted one throws a left fist onto his face. The man fights back. The crowd becomes a wave as the three men fight amongst themselves. They huddle around, SCREAM, GASP and SHOUT.

The security guards engage from every corner of the room, wrestling through the noisy crowd, most of the members throwing bottles (full or empty), cans and other garbage.

Coming from the left side of the stage, the security guard quickly escorts Mark, George and Greg out from the stage.

INT. MARK'S APARTMENT: LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Mark sits on the couch, facing the television. The black newswoman, 26 yrs old, sits in front of the camera with the footage of the fight displayed. Bloodied people escorted out. Some placed in ambulances.

NEWSWOMAN
*Seven people were injured in the
massacre during the Coconut Grove
concert. Reporter hope to get more
coverage of how did it all began
and look into interviewing one of
the Kanderburys for more insight.*

Mark shakes his head and sighs. His right hand shivering a bit as he tokes and blows. Jessica slumps herself on the couch next to Mark's left, turns to him briefly and faces the television.

A smile curves on her face. Mark turns to her.

MARK
(Sscoffs)
Good to see that your happy about
all this, for some fucked up
reason.

Jessica sharply turns to Mark.

JESSICA
Concert fights are often
inevitable, but they serve as
feasible coverage!

She scoots over to Mark.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
Controversy is another great form
of gaining recognition! And it only
makes your song more noticeable!
Even if it's not the best, but hey,
can't win them all.

Shaking his head, he turns to face Jessica.

MARK
You're hearin' yourself?! Seven
people were injured!

Mark points his hand at the riot footage. He turns back to Jessica.

MARK (CONT'D)
What part of this is considered
good?!

Scoffing, Jessica crosses her arms. She turns to him.

JESSICA
Darling, those idiots brought it on
themselves. Most likely, there were
drunkards! The song was lackluster,
to be frank. But this has to be
considered our best show to date!
The public's gonna talk all about
it!

Mark shakes his head. He CHUCKLES. The smile vanishes from her face.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
Is there something funny?

Mark puckers his lips briefly and shakes his head. He faces Jessica.

MARK
Seeing you go this far for shit
that doesn't matter. It doesn't
matter!

Jessica slowly turns to Mark.

JESSICA

You really want to bring this to light again? Such arrogance.

MARK

I'm not the one who justifies violence for publicity scores! You've gotta be whacked!

Jessica shakes her head.

MARK (CONT'D)

I'm grateful for what you're trying to do for us! I really am! But this is too much now!

JESSICA

(turns to Mark)

Maybe next time, we could add a swastika flag on the back of the stage. Perhaps you don't want a show, but a rally.

Squinting his eyes, Mark shakes his head.

MARK

Wh-What what does that have to do with anything?

Jessica takes out Mark's record player from her pocket. Pressing play, she plays Death in June. He widened eyebrows before narrowing.

MARK (CONT'D)

(sighs)

Yeah, I went there. So what? Going through my things to prove a point doesn't change anything.

JESSICA

Oh no?

Jessica scoots a bit closer to Mark.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Tell me something, Mark. Putting the acoustic in that song, that attitude, the shite you said to me at the studio.

MARK

Perhaps it was you who started it first. And what are you gettin' at?

JESSICA

Are you fucking this band? You're fucking this Douglas prick? You seem to idolize everything he does.

MARK

I'm! Inspired! I don't fuckin' idolize!

JESSICA

If that's the case, what do they have that we don't?

MARK

(Beat)
Integrity.

Jessica shakes her head, sucks on her teeth and puckers her lips.

JESSICA

(Whisper)
Integrity. Alright.

Jessica turns away from Mark.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

You know what, Mark? You're right.

MARK

What are you gettin' at?

JESSICA

Nothing. You're right. Know what, I've even got an idea to pitch. For your next song, you could write about say... the Spanish Inquisition. Make it so melodic in a way that makes it seem like nothing went wrong. It'd be your magnum opus! Would you be happy then?

MARK

(Beat)
Fuck you.

Mark stands up from the couch, walks around the coffee table to get to the bedroom. Jessica stands up sharply, walks behind him.

As Mark attempts to push the door open, she pulls the knob next to him and slams it shut. She throws her left fist at the back of his head, slamming his forehead against the door.

When Mark turns around holding onto his head, Jessica slaps him across the left side of his face.

JESSICA

What did I tell you about walking away?!

Mark faces Jessica and shivers slightly. He caresses his left face. Jessica PANTS heavily.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Fight back if you want! Lie to me again!

MARK

Jess -

Jessica slaps him across the face on his left once again. And again, making him cower.

JESSICA

Fuckin' fight back!

Mark holds both of her hands as she tries to wrestle with him. Jessica breathes heavily as Mark holds both of her wrists. After throwing her left fist at his right eye, she roughly pulls them away from Mark and steps back from him to catch her breath. Mark catches his breath and looks into Jessica's eyes. He holds onto his right eye.

She goes up to him and grabs him by his shirt collar. And

JESSICA (CONT'D)

I could be too kind! Especially to you! Don't EVER accuse nor insult me! You hear? I've been too FUCKIN' NICE! I could only do so much! You understand me?!

Mark nods.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Do you understand?!

Mark nods and closes his eyes briefly. He opens them.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
Stop playing the victim! Stop lying
to me! It'll be more than a slap on
the wrist! You hear?!

Mark nods.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
I said do you hear?! Yes or no?!

MARK
Yes! Fuck...

Jessica scoffs and shakes her head.

JESSICA
Grow some balls for once! It's
embarrassing!

She pushes him against the wall between the door and the couch. She bypasses him, exiting the room through the door. Mark looks away, rubs the back of his head and WINCES.

He sits on the couch and narrows his head. Catching his breath, he clutches his fists and SLAMS the table, making items fall from it. He leans back onto the couch, leans forward to cover his face. He breathes underneath.

EXT. PHONE BOX - DAY

Jess sees Mark on the phone in the glass booth.

INT./EXT. LONDON HACKNEY - DAY

Mark and Jessica sit in the back of the cab. Sitting on his right, Jessica sees Mark facing the window. The city passing by next to him. She narrows her head and shakes.

Jessica sighs and slightly throws her hands in the air. After palming her face, she then turns to Mark.

JESSICA
Is your head alright?

Mark turns to Jessica and looks back at the window.

He shrugs.

MARK
It'll heal.

JESSICA

(Beat)
Your eye?

Mark nods and turns to Jessica.

MARK

It's fine.

He faces the window. Jessica sighs and shakes her head.

MARK (CONT'D)

Think getting away from Liverpool
would do us good. Or out of the
country for that matter.

JESSICA

(Nods and turns to Mark)
I agree.

She looks out her window.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

I've worked myself up. I...I didn't
mean to hurt you.

Mark nods, turns to her and gives a small grin.

MARK

It's fine, love. No worries. I
shouldn't have provoke you.

Jessica sighs and gives a small grin.

INT. BRITANNIA ROW STUDIOS: RECORD STUDIO - DAY

In the studio behind the glass, Mark plays his electric
guitar with George on his left side. Greg beats on the drums.
Mark gets to the microphone.

The band finishes their solo instrumentals and puts the music
on a halt.

The record producers, Jessica and Leonard CLAP their hands.
One of the record producers scoots to the microphone.

RECORD PRODUCER #2

That is nice! Definitely something
good for the tour!

Mark and the band smile at one another. Mark and George pound
their fists against each other.

RECORD PRODUCER #2 (CONT'D)
We'll do it once more before we
record. Sound good.

Mark nods.

GEORGE
Aye, definitely.

RECORD PRODUCER #2
Alright, we'll take a quick break.

Mark sighs and puts the microphone back on the stand,
adjusting it. He removes his sunglasses and rubs his right
eye.

GREG
Be right back, lads. Gotta piss.

Mark and George nod as they are gathering their things. Greg
stands up from the drum set and exits the record room from
the left side. Adjusting his guitar tuners, George faces Mark
and squints his eyes. He gets a bit close to Mark to observe
his black eye, who turns to him.

GEORGE
What the fuck happened, mate?

Mark shrugs and puts his glasses on.

MARK
Just a bit of a tussle I got into
last night. At a bar.

GEORGE
(Nods)
I hope you fucked him up.

MARK
(Chuckles)
Nah, not that badly. Just a small
fight, is all. Nothing serious.
Just drunk, perhaps.

GEORGE
(Nods)
I see.

Mark nods.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

(scoffs)

Those wankers at our last gig were arrested, by the way. Can't say they didn't have it comin'.

MARK

Right.

George nods and puts his left hand on his shoulder.

GEORGE

I know I'm not always the most sustained, but I'm here if you need anything. So is Greg.

Mark nods and smiles at George.

MARK

I really appreciate it, mate.

George nods and grins. Mark narrows his head and SIGHS. He looks up at George, who removes his hand from his shoulder.

The door next to him SWOOSHES open and the record producer is at the entrance. As Mark looks up at him, he looks at Mark.

RECORD PRODUCER #1

Bryan wants to see you, Mark.

Mark nods his head. He stands and leaves the room.

INT. BRITANNIA STUDIOS: MIKE'S OFFICE - DAY

Mark knocks on the door. Once open, BRYAN GRANT, 60 yrs old, presents himself with his white dress shirt, blue jeans and dark brown dress shoes. A smile curves on his face.

BRYAN

Mr. Thomas. Good to see you.
Come in.

Scooting himself on the right, Mark enters the office, observing the various gold and platinum awards on each corner of the room. Mark widens his eyes at the picture frame of Bryan with Pink Floyd's Nick Mason.

Mark scoffs and smiles.

MARK

Nick Mason.

Bryan walks around Mark and sits at his desk. He looks back at Mark.

BRYAN
You know Pink Floyd, then?

MARK
I'm a fan. Big fan.

Mark turns away from the picture.

MARK (CONT'D)
If I'm correct, they made this studio.

BRYAN
(smiles)
Impressive. You really are a fan.

MARK
(scoffs)
I've read about it in college.

BRYAN
That's great.

Mark nods, pulls the desk from under the seat and sits by Bryan's desk. Bryan gathers and assembles his stacks of papers before putting them down and facing Mark.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
But to the matter at hand. Firstly, I wanted to say that we really appreciate what you're bringing to the studio. However, there are things that must get discussed.

Mark grins and nods. Removing his glasses, Bryan's eyes widened.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
Blimey, that's some shiner!

MARK
Eh, don't worry about it. Just was in a tussle with some arseholes.

Bryan nods.

BRYAN
I see. Hope all else is fine.

Mark shakes his head.

MARK

It's fine. Thank you.

Bryan nods and grins.

MARK (CONT'D)

You said that there are things to discuss.

BRYAN

Yes. Before we could proceed with further endeavors with your band, three reporters are eager to interview you only. One of which would be in regards to that incident at Coconut Grove. That's all the craze right now. But not good craze.

Mark SIGHS and leans his back against the wall. Palming his face, he removes his left hand and looks back at Bryan.

MARK

I'm not quite sure. These "reporters" have a fetish for hyperbole.

BRYAN

I'm sure. But I believe that this could clear the air a bit.

MARK

(shrugs)

What else is there to say? It was just a fight stemmed by a bloke who thought we were shit.

BRYAN

That's true. But -

MARK

It was a wild crowd! I'm not gonna do this. Can't you just tell them that I'm not interested?

Bryan narrows his head a bit, sighs and looks back at Mark.

BRYAN

Just give it a shot. Besides, this could be blown over before you do your first tour. Just talk to them about your future endeavors.

MARK

Last time I did, we were considered
"stagnated".

BRYAN

Mark, they're just gossip. No need
to elevate the situation further. I
mean, apart from what they did at
that funeral you attended, yes.
They're just parasites meant to be
ignored or used to our advantage.

Bryan leans against the table.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

Think of it as making a leap in
terms of your outreach. In this
field, you're the brand they want
to take from the food aisle.
Hyperbole's your best friend, in
this case.

Mark leans forward, narrows his head and sighs. He looks up
at Bryan.

MARK

Let's just get this over with.

BRYAN

Great! Now, I'll need to make a
call with them to let them know
your availability.

Mark shrugs.

Bryan nods. He points his right index finger up.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

Oh, and I would suggest making more
songs like the one sang today. Not
the other one at the Grove. But I
trust you'll do an excellent job.

Mark nods. He really fucking hates this. He hates everything
right now.

INT. MARK'S APARTMENT: BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sitting on his bed, Mark writes on his notepad. He is writing
out the poem of Dover.

The door on the right side of the room CLICKS and opens. Wearing black pajamas with long sleeves, Jessica comes out scratching and straightening her hair.

Mark turns to her and continues to write out his poem. She turns to him with a small smile.

JESSICA

Hey.

Mark briefly turns to her before focusing on his writing.

MARK

Hey.

She climbs onto the bed, making Mark scoots over to his left. She tucks herself underneath the covers.

JESSICA

You know, I went to Oxford. So, doing a tour there would be quite nostalgic.

Mark focuses as he writes down his poem.

MARK

I bet.

After sighing, Jessica turns to Mark.

JESSICA

Any idea what Bryan wanted from you today?

Mark sighs, puts down his pen, and turns to her.

MARK

(Shrugs)

We were discussing the Grove incident.

Jessica nods and narrows her head. Mark continues to edit and write on his book.

JESSICA

I see.

(Shakes head)

Hope we could leave it behind soon.

Jessica glances at his notebook.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Another song you're working on?

Mark briefly looks to Jess and looks back at the paper.

MARK

Not quite.

Jessica's eyes widen slightly. She smiles.

JESSICA

Really? Well show me...

As Jessica reaches her hand for Mark's notebook, Mark sharply pulls it away from her. She sucks on her teeth.

MARK

You wouldn't...

JESSICA

Wouldn't what?

When she tries again, Mark closes it shut and pulls it away from her.

MARK

NO!

Jess leans back slightly. Startled. The smile disappears. Mark recoils himself a bit.

MARK (CONT'D)

I mean...no.

Jessica shakes her head whilst looking at Mark.

JESSICA

What's wrong with you?

Mark shrugs and positions himself.

MARK

Nothing.

JESSICA

Then why are you acting like this?
I just wanted to read it a bit.

Mark sighs and looks down at his notebook. Jessica narrows her eyebrows.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Is it for someone I should know
about?

Mark faces Jessica.

MARK

No.

JESSICA

(Shrugs)

You seem to act as if there was.
Unless it's something inspired by
that band again.

MARK

No, for God's sake.

Jessica raises her eyebrows and crosses her arms. Mark sighs, opens the notebook, flips it to the unfinished poem and hands it over to her.

MARK (CONT'D)

It's a poem, okay?

After looking at Mark, Jessica looks down at the poem.

JESSICA

You've never done poetry.

After putting the pen on top of the dresser, Mark narrows his head and sighs.

MARK

It's...about Tim.

Jessica shakes her head and glances at Mark.

JESSICA

Why were you hesitant to tell me
that?

Mark narrows his head and looks up at the ceiling. He looks back down.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Why?

Mark closes his eyes.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

(Impatient)

I won't ask again!

MARK

(Sharply turns to her)

You wouldn't get it.

JESSICA
(Scoffs)
(Irritated)
I wouldn't get it? What's that
supposed to mean?

Mark sighs.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
Think very little of me, do ya?

Mark looks away and narrows his head. Jessica sharply looks away, sucks on her teeth and gets up from the bed. She storms into the bathroom, slamming the door behind her and in front of Mark.

Mark sighs and shakes his head. He gets himself off from the covers.

MARK
Jess, I'm sorry.

Walking around the bed, Mark gets up to the door and knocks on the door.

MARK (CONT'D)
Jess, I'm sorry. Alright. Just come
back to bed when you're done, eh?
(Beat)
Jess?

Mark leans his left ear against the door. He hears nothing.

Getting his head away from the door, Mark knocks.

MARK (CONT'D)
Jess, what are you doing in there?
(Beat)
Jess? Can you hear me?!

When trying to open, the doorknob doesn't click open.

MARK (CONT'D)
Jess? Jess?! JESS!

Letting go of the doorknob, Mark pushes his shoulder three times against the door. The fourth and last one has him entering the room.

INT. MARK'S APARTMENT: BATHROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Mark adjusts himself and sees Jess sharply turning towards him. She is in the midst of applying makeup.

Mark sees lipstick in the sink. He turns back to her.

MARK

Where are you going?

JESSICA

Oh, wouldn't you like to know?

Mark approaches to her. Jessica picks up the lipstick and applies it. She turns to Mark.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

GET THE FUCK OUT!

MARK

WHERE ARE YOU GOING?!

JESSICA

Why do you care? You don't give a fuck about me!

As she turns away from Mark, she opens the mirror cabinet and attempts to take a small bottle of MDMA. Tears in her eyes. Mark sighs and approaches to her.

MARK

Where did you get those?

JESSICA

Fuck you! Get the fuck away from me!

MARK

(sighs)

We could work this out! You don't -

As Mark reaches his hands to take the pills from her hand, Jessica sharply turns and pushes him back and away from her. Mark tries again, only for Jessica to tussle with him.

Mark grabs both of her arms and tries to use his left hand to get the pills. But Jessica pulls her wrists off from his grip and slaps him across the face, pushing him onto the corner of the entrance.

Slamming the pills into the sink, she marches towards Mark and reaches her clawed hands towards him. Mark raises his arms and tries to block her advances. Mark stands up and holds both of her arms.

Like a dance of death, both of them twist and turn across the bathroom. Jessica pushes Mark into the bathtub, making him tumble backward as the shower curtains come down from the rail.

Jess climbs above him and lands her right fist onto his face. Again and again as blood was becoming present. She punches his face, his head, his arms, his chest.

She punches his head, having her knee press down onto his waist. Her left hand pressing down on his head.

After giving him seven more punches, she scratches his face, giving him scars. Afterwards, Jessica stands up from the tub and catches her breath. She looks down at Mark who struggles to catch his breath and to get up. Equipping her pills, she fixes her makeup and storms out and slams the door shut.

Shaking and shivering, Mark reaches his left hand and gets up gradually from the bathtub. Blood seeping down his face and from his mouth. He slams himself onto the toilet seat, catching his breath. He turns to the sink, gradually getting off from the toilet.

He winces and grips onto the left side of his chest. He limps until he sees his bloodied self in the mirror. His BREATHING turns into HYPERVENTILATING. Turning on the faucet, he washes his face with both hands and sees his blood merging with water as it goes down the drain. He looks up and sees the fresh scars and bruises still present on his face.

He sighs and takes a deep breath as he looks into the mirror.

EXT. PHONE BOX - DAY

Jess smokes and sees Mark on the phone. She observes him inside, squinting her eyes in intense question.

INT./EXT. LONDON HACKNEY - DAY

Mark and Jessica sit a bit apart from one another in the back of the cab. Jessica has her chin resting on his left hand. And Mark has his head leaning against the window on the left side.

JESSICA

Who was that on the phone?

Mark narrows his head.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

I asked you a question.

MARK

My Mum.

JESSICA
I want the truth.

MARK
(Beat)
(sighs)
Connelly.

JESSICA
I literally remembered saying not
to have any ties with him.

Mark briefly looks at Jess and looks back at the window. He wraps his arms around himself.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
You're talking about me? That it?
(Beat)
Look at me.

Mark sighs and turns to face her.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
Remove those glasses.

Mark scoffs and removes his sunglasses. She points her index finger.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
Speak to anyone else about me and
you're gonna have to make a choice.
You want it done as a man...or as a
boy. I'll end you, either way. It
could anyone, even your Mum. I'll
end you. You got it?

Mark nods with little water in his eyes. He sighs and looks back through the window. Scoffing, Jessica shakes her head.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
You enjoy this. Don't you?

Jessica turns to him.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
You enjoy this. Being a helpless
little boy. That's what you are.

Mark turns to her.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

I didn't want any of this. But this is where we are. It's all your fault. I want you to know that. Okay?

Jess turns away and faces the window, crossing her arms. Mark shrugs, nods and looks away through the window. Removing his glasses, he wipes his eyes and puts them back on.

INT. BRITANNIA STUDIOS: RECORD STUDIO - DAY

Mark, George, and Greg play their instruments behind the glass. Playing his electric guitar, George turns to his right and sees Mark slipping on his guitar riffs. Focusing back on his guitar, he turns back to see Mark.

Mark looks up and sees Jessica crossing her arms, standing behind the two record producers. Mark looks away and his guitar riffs are gradually slowing down. The notes become distorted as Mark plays off key.

George looks back at Mark and stops playing his guitar. He waves his right hand. Mark and Greg stop playing their instruments. George faces the window, which got one of the record producers to press the button on the other side.

GEORGE

Can we get a break?

RECORD PRODUCER #1

Sure.

George puts his guitar down and approaches to Mark. Greg puts his drumsticks on the drums. Mark turns and sits against the wall in front of him. George kneels to meet his level. Greg approaches towards both of them.

Mark shies away.

GEORGE

You're good, mate? Is everything alright?

Mark looks up and nods at George and Greg.

GREG

You sure? Let us know.

Mark nods. Greg averts his eyes from Mark and faces the window. Mark looks back and stands up from the ground.

He sees Leonard behind the window, who presses on the button on the cockpit.

LEONARD

The Oxford press wants to see you,
Mark.

Mark nods.

INT. BRITANNIA STUDIOS: MAKE UP ROOM - DAY

Mark has three cameras facing him. He sits behind the make up desk and the female interviewee, 29 yrs old, sits in front of him.

FEMALE INTERVIEWER

Thank you for sparing your time
with us, Mr. Thomas.

Mark nods and smiles.

MARK

Of course.

FEMALE INTERVIEWER

We understand that you are
currently preparing for your next
album and for your first live tour
at Oxford. Do you have a name for
your upcoming album?

Mark adjusts himself, sitting himself up properly on the chair.

MARK

Well, we currently have no...uh
name yet. But what I could say is
that we may have up to six to eight
tracks. So...

FEMALE INTERVIEWER

That's quite brilliant.

MARK

Thank you.

Mark's eyes observe each camera looking at him.

FEMALE INTERVIEWER

We were also wondering if you could
share your opinion in regards to
the Coconut Grove incident.

(MORE)

FEMALE INTERVIEWER (CONT'D)

Most people would assume that this was sorely influenced by genres like black metal to make them act in such a manner.

Mark squirms and adjusts himself.

MARK

Um...well, what I could say is that...is that...

Mark has his eyes look away from the interviewee, staring off into space. He shakes himself a bit and faces the interviewee.

MARK (CONT'D)

(Chuckles)

I'm sorry. Where was I? Oh yes, well...it just started with someone who didn't like our single "Trouble in the Black Island."

FEMALE INTERVIEWEE

What makes you think so?

MARK

Because he said it. What we were doing with that song was to...uh...

Mark narrows his head a bit and takes a breath. The brunette haired woman had her face meet his.

FEMALE INTERVIEWER

Is everything alright, Mr. Thomas?

Mark lets out a shaky breathe and nods with a smile.

MARK

Yeah, oh yeah! I'm so sorry. Where was I? I was saying that um...

FEMALE INTERVIEWER

Perhaps I could ask another question, if you don't mind.

Mark nods and chuckles.

MARK

Sure. That's fine by me.

After looking at her notepad, she faces Mark again.

FEMALE INTERVIEWEE

What could you expect when you do your first ever tour? Where do you hope to go to next? America, perhaps?

Mark shrugs and sighs.

MARK

Well, who knows, right?

FEMALE INTERVIEWER

Come to think of it, you look as if you were beaten yourself? Would you explain if you were a victim of the incident or is it from a different case?

Mark shivers and adjusts himself. He shakes his head.

MARK

Yeah, well I can't speak of that, now can I?

Mark chuckles and the smiles disappears. He looks up and sees the three cameras. Only they were Jess, Timothy, and his police garbed father HARRY THOMAS, 60 yrs old, looking at him. Each of them with disappointed looks.

Mark shivers and looks around. He faces the interviewee and takes some breathes.

FEMALE INTERVIEWER

Mr. Thomas?

Mark nods and sighs. He sees the three cameras.

MARK

(Choked up)

Yeah. Yeah. Uh...I'm so sorry. Please continue.

FEMALE INTERVIEWER

Are you sure? I could -

MARK

(sharply)

Please.

Mark's head moves around, but he straightens himself on the chair and focuses back on the interviewee.

FEMALE INTERVIEWER

Alright...you spoke of your past
once to Merseysound and...

Mark's eyes dart and stare off towards the floor. Suddenly, the BEATS and BANGS of the drums cry in between his face and by his ears. They beat louder. Louder to where the interviewee's TALKING becomes faded. Distinct.

Along with the drum beats, faint SCREAMING of Jess merges with the beats, overwhelming the silence the room had.

Mark slowly puts his left hand on his chest and leans forward. He lets out breathe after breathe very hastily. His eyes watering.

Leonard appears next to Mark and looks at the interviewee.

LEONARD

Cut it! Cut the feed!

Mark has himself carried up from the chair by Leonard. Holding his arm, he has Mark exit the room.

INT. BRITANNIA STUDIOS: HALLWAY - DAY

After exiting, Mark and Leonard rush down the hall and stop in the middle of it. Mark covers his mouth, leans back against the wall and slides down to sit on the floor. He narrows his head as he continues to breath.

Leonard kneels to meet his level. Mark removes his glasses.

LEONARD

Take your time.

Mark continues to breathe behind his hands. He releases his hands and leans his head back against the wall. His eyes close and opens once again. Wiping his eyes, he narrows his head.

LEONARD (CONT'D)

Mark, where did you get the shiner
from? A fight?

Mark shakes his head whilst catching his breath.

LEONARD (CONT'D)

What's going on? How are you
getting these bruises?

Mark looks up at Leonard and averts his eyes away from him. He shakes his head.

MARK

I need to go away.

Leonard sighs, narrows his head. He looks up and nods.

LEONARD

I understand.

Mark's breathing gradually slows down. He sits up.

LEONARD (CONT'D)

Anything else?

Mark shakes his head. He looks at Leonard and narrows his head. He sighs heavily. Leonard puts his right hand on Mark's left shoulder and nods.

LEONARD (CONT'D)

You're gonna be alright?

Mark nods. Leonard nods and narrows his head.

INT. MARK'S APARTMENT: LIVING ROOM - DAY

With his suitcase open, Mark places his clothes inside. One by one on the couch. Jessica enters the living room from the right and turns to Mark. She crosses her arms.

JESSICA

How did the interview go?

Mark shrugs as he continues to place each clothing inside the suitcase. He doesn't make eye contact. Jessica sighs and puts her hands on each side of her hips.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Where are you going anyway?

Mark stops and sighs.

MARK

It has nothing to do with you.

She scoffs and shakes her head. She looks back at Mark.

JESSICA

Look, I'm sorry. Alright. I was just..angry.I Didn't mean to threaten you like that! But can you blame me? You've made me act like this!

Mark nods and continues to pack up. He zips up the bag after placing his other pair of jeans inside. He looks up at Jess.

MARK

It's alright, Jess. Okay? You wanna kill me, kill me.

Mark waits for her to do something, only for her not. He continues packing afterwards. Jessica scoffs and sucks on her teeth.

JESSICA

So that's it, then? That's all you've got to say?

Picking up his luggage, Mark looks at Jess dead on.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

You leave this all behind, you'll be hurting them. Hurting me! You realize!?

He looks away a bit before looking at her again. He adjusts his bag over his left shoulder.

Jessica shakes her head and narrows it. Mark sighs, walks past her and exits the apartment. Jessica stands with her arms crossed, wiping her pending tears with one hand.

INT./EXT. LONDON HACKNEY - DAY

Mark sits on the right side of the cab, looking through the window. He looks back down at his notebook, his Dover poem present before his eyes. He HUMS quietly.

Putting his pen down, he stops HUMMING and scratches his chin with his right fingers. Narrowing his eyes, he sighs. He looks up at the HACKNEY DRIVER, 29 yrs old.

HACKNEY DRIVER

Yeah?

MARK

Do you think you could take me to Chatham Cemetery? I'll pay you.

HACKNEY DRIVER

Course. You sure you don't wanna wait to get to London?

MARK

I'm sure. I'll get another.

The driver nods.

HACKNEY DRIVER

Oy, you don't happen to be Trystan,
right? I recognize the chin.

Mark narrows and sighs. He nods and puts up a smile.

MARK

Yep.

HACKNEY DRIVER

I'm a fan. Loved the song you sang
live.

MARK

Ah, well. Thank you. Which one?

HACKNEY DRIVER

Trouble at the Blue Island.

MARK

Oh, you mean "*Trouble at the Black
Island.*" Didn't think no one would.

Mark chuckles softly along with the driver.

HACKNEY DRIVER

Do you think I could get an
autograph before dropping you off?

MARK

(Nods)

I'd be glad to, mate.

HACKNEY DRIVER

Thank you. Keep up the good work.

MARK

I will. Thanks.

EXT. CHATHAM CEMETERY - DAY

Exiting the hackney, Mark pulls out his wallet and gives the driver pounds. After he puts his things down, he turns and pulls a pen from his satchel. As the cab driver takes out the Age of the Sage album, Mark puts his signature across the album. The driver puts it away. Mark puts his pen back into his satchel. He salutes him.

Stepping away from the vehicle, Mark watches it drives away. Letting out a sigh, Mark turns around and faces the cemetery.

He goes to Tim's grave and sees Ellen there. She turns when she hears his footsteps.

ELLEN

Mark! I didn't expect to see you.

After giving a small grin, Mark nods.

MARK

Hi, Ellen.

Ellen puts her right hand on her waist as the other holds the door.

ELLEN

It's good to see you. It's been a while.

MARK

It has.

They both face the grave. Ellen's eyes get misty.

ELLEN

I'm glad you're here.

MARK

Me too.

Mark removes his sunglasses and wipes his eyes. Ellen GASPS and covers her mouth briefly.

ELLEN

Dear lord! W-Wha...How did that happen, Mark?

MARK

It's alright.

She crosses her arms.

ELLEN

I hope it's not that incident at Coconut Grove. Should I get the doctor?

MARK

It's fine. Already have.

Ellen nods.

ELLEN

(sighs)

I'm glad you're here...because I
have to tell you something.

Mark turns to her. She turns to him.

MARK

What is it?

ELLEN

I...I'm...

He looks down and sees Ellen holding something in her hands. Ellen takes a deep breath and gives it to Mark. He unveils what looks like a letter from Tim before he died.

As he reads further, his eyes widen. He looks at a distraught Ellen.

MARK

You're...

ELLEN

I wasn't ready, Mark. I didn't want
to admit that before.

(turns to Mark)

He was only being what he was
supposed to be. A good husband.

Mark turns to her.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

But we needed a child. He couldn't
provide that. I hated him for it. I
was desperate to be like other
mothers. Other wives.

MARK

So...you stood quiet about all
this. Your gestation.

She wipes her tears.

ELLEN

I'm not proud...of what I did. I'm
a victim of who I am. I should've
been grateful for him regardless.

Mark drops the letter. Ellen briefly turns to him before facing the gravestone. He shakes his head.

MARK

(scoffs)

When I met Jess at the Macbeth during our first gig, it was the best of both worlds. It was one thing to make a career out of this, but...I got to have a life with her too. It was like the universe rewarded me for my efforts.

(sits)

But since then, it's difficult to admit this. I was so insecure about being alone whenever I see other people being together. Whether on the streets, the park or when I perform. I never had the thought to understand why because I was so scared of the unknown, knowing death could come at any moment. Especially at your highest. I was scared of being with myself. I didn't realize then that love is not a reward. It's work like any other. It could be rewarding, but it's still work. I just couldn't admit that to myself until now. I'm sure that was how my parent felt. They worked tirelessly to raise me. It took him a while, but mum never left his side. She had faith in him. As he did for her. I realize that it's never the feeling that matters, it's the process. It makes you realize how important life actually is. How eternal it could feel at times. At least when you don't see it as a race anymore.

He stands up and goes closer to Tim's grave. He puts his hand on the stone.

MARK (CONT'D)

Tim knew how to love. More than me. More than anyone else I know. Even if it was sometimes his curse, it was his biggest blessing.

He stood up and face her with a face of disapproval. Tears come down from Ellen eyes, trying hard not to cry again.

MARK (CONT'D)

I should've known the moment I saw your face. That day I visited.

(sighs)

(MORE)

MARK (CONT'D)

I don't wish any harm. I forgive you. I just hope this stays with you for a long time. Take care.

Mark walks away and leaves the cemetery. Ellen finally breaks and SOBS uncontrollably over Tim's grave.

INT. MARK'S HOUSE: BEDROOM - DAY

Mark removes his black shirt and looks down at a red t-shirt folded on the bed. Covering his naked and bruised torso, he puts on the red shirt. He sits on the bedside, sighs and looks up at the ceiling.

Laura enter the room with a platter of tarts and tea. She is joined along with Teddy who hops onto Mark's bed. Mark turns to him and caresses his head. Walking around the bed, she comes around and places the platter on his desk in front of him.

She approaches Mark and sits by his right side. After petting Teddy, who is PANTING, Mark turns to her. She caresses the right side of his face.

LAURA

What's going on, dear?

Mark looks away and narrows his head. Laura puts her hand on his back and caresses it.

LAURA (CONT'D)

How did this happen? At the Coconut Grove?

Mark closes his eyes and shakes his head.

MARK

It was Jess.

Laura leans back a bit as Mark opens his eyes and turns to her.

LAURA

Jess? That can't be!

Mark nods.

Laura sucks on her teeth and covers her mouth with her left hand before removing it.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Surely, you're not serious.

Mark shrugs.

MARK

She been doing this lately. I...I
couldn't fight back. I'm not that
kind of man.

Beat

LAURA

That cannot be Jess! It's just...

Laura shakes her head and sighs. She looks at Mark.

LAURA (CONT'D)

You've got to talk to Connolly
about this! Immediately!

Mark shakes his head.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Yes! You're gonna talk to him!

Mark shrugs and looks back at his mother.

MARK

I'll feel pathetic.

LAURA

Pathetic? This is about your
health, dammit! Your life is in
danger!

Laura looks away and shakes her head. She narrows it.

LAURA (CONT'D)

The antidepressants, cancelling
your sessions, everything makes
sense now!

She sharply looks at Mark with water in her eyes.

LAURA (CONT'D)

(Tearfully)

You cannot hide things like this
from me, Mark! Never again! Why did
you hide this from me?

Mark nods and narrows his head. He turns to her.

MARK

I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. I just...
(sighs)
I couldn't worry you...

Laura palms her face with her right hand before removing it.

LAURA
(whisper)
Jesus Christ, Mark!

Mark shakes his head and closes his eyes.

MARK
I have to put up with her...for the
band.

LAURA
Your life comes first!

MARK
(opens his eyes)
It's not like she's always done it.

LAURA
But that's how it starts, dear! The
way she told you to do those
things, she was controlling you!
Case in point when you were
hesitant to go to that concert!

Mark sighs and puts his left hand over his face.

LAURA (CONT'D)
I should've known! I should've
known!

Laura puts her hands on her face and softly SOBS behind them.
Mark turns to her and embraces her in his arms. He caresses
and shuffles her arms.

MARK
It's not your fault, Mum! Alright?
It's not your fault. It's alright.

Laura releases herself from Mark and wipes her face. Mark
picks up a tissue from the tissue box on his bed dresser and
hands it to her. She takes it, wipes her eyes and blows her
nose. She then crumbles it. She shakes her head.

MARK (CONT'D)
He was right. Dad. He was right.

Mark narrows his head. Laura turns to him.

MARK (CONT'D)
I thought I'd be ready. I risked
everything I had...to be great!
(MORE)

MARK (CONT'D)

To be the son you and Dad to be
proud of.

Mark looks in front and stares off into space.

MARK (CONT'D)

When I see bands like Death in
June, they remind me of why I loved
music. I'm sure that decades from
now, they'll still have that.

Mark sighs and narrows his head.

MARK (CONT'D)

I don't care anymore, truthfully.
My music, the fame, all of it. But
if I leave, I'll let them down. I
can't rob them of that.

Mark looks down and faces his mother. She puts her hand
behind his back.

LAURA

But for the sake of your own life,
you shouldn't put up with this.
Your band will survive.

Mark nods and looks away from her. Laura looks away and
narrows her head.

LAURA (CONT'D)

There was a time when your father
attempted to leave the force. To
make up for not being there for
you.

Mark turns to Laura.

LAURA (CONT'D)

He loved you more than anything.
His obsession of avenging you uncle
Tommy consumed him.

Laura sighs and has water welling in her eyes.

LAURA (CONT'D)

He passed with no peace. No value
for his own life.

She wipes her eyes with the tissue before the tears could
exit.

LAURA (CONT'D)

This isn't to tell you to quit!
Being successful in your passion is
a testimony. No one denies that. I
don't. But even that has a price.
But you know what doesn't?

MARK

What would that be?

LAURA

The one inside. A career comes and
goes. It's replaceable. It's not
the same for what's in there.

Laura points her left index finger onto Mark's chest. After Mark looks down, he looks at her and nods. She removes her finger.

LAURA (CONT'D)

You don't have to be the next Roger
Waters to be blessed. And you
certainly shouldn't have to put up
with this treatment to achieve it.

(choked up)

I already lost a husband. I'm not
going to lose the only boy I have.

Mark nods with his eyes closed. He opens them, unveiling the water he has in both. He narrows his head down.

LAURA (CONT'D)

You were special from the very
beginning. You didn't need to push
yourself to know that.

Mark nods.

His eyes get misty. He wipes them with his right arm before letting out a sigh.

MARK

I wish they were here. Father.
Uncle Tommy.

Laura caresses the right side of his face. Mark holds her hand onto his face and closes his eyes. They both begin to embrace one another.

EXT. LONDON STREETS - DAY

With his hands in his pockets, Mark walks down the decently crowded streets with his hood over his head and sunglasses.

A lit cigarette in between his lips. Removing his right hand from his pocket, he removes the cigarette and blows the smoke from his mouth before putting the cigarette back into his mouth.

After crossing over the street, he stops in his tracks and turns to his left. He sees the sign of the building reading "Bush Hall". After blowing smoke from his mouth, he turns left and right, observing.

INT. BUSH HALL - DAY

While entering, Mark goes through the CHATTING crowd. In front of him is a squared stage. And the synthesizers SCREECHING and BLOWING are sounded by Sean, playing them both on the stage. Mark scoffs and puts a grin on his face. He crosses his arms and shakes his head.

Sean plays the synthesizers towards the last notes, receiving CLAPS and CHEERS from the audience. He looks up and sees Mark. A smile curves on his face. Mark smiles back at him and waves.

INT. BUSH HALL: BAR - DAY

Sean and Mark sit at the bar, each of them with full pint glasses on the table. Mark takes a sip before putting it down. He turns to Sean.

MARK

Bloody wicked stuff up there.

Sean shrugs and scoffs.

SEAN

Thanks.

MARK

Oberheim OB-Xa, right?

SEAN

Yeah! You know it?

MARK

I've heard about them. Pretty feasible to come by.

Sean nods.

MARK (CONT'D)
Is it a gig you're doing?

SEAN
Eh...you could say that. Only, I've been doing 'em for fun. Not necessarily to get a record deal or anythin' like that.

Sean takes a sip from his drink and puts it down afterwards.

SEAN (CONT'D)
It's not big as before, but I think that's what I've been liking about it. I'm looking to get a Masters in Engineering at some point.

MARK
That's brilliant. Some folks still call you Creedo?

SEAN
(Shrugs)
Some. But it's been cool to being called Sean for once. Y'know?

Mark nods.

MARK
I could imagine. It'll take time for stardom to die down. How's the family?

SEAN
They're doing fine, thanks. Craig's still readin' Tintin, is all. It's what gets him to sleep at night at least.

MARK
(chuckles)
I'm sure.

SEAN
(Beat)
I heard 'bout what happened at your gig. Sorry about that.

Mark shrugs and nods.

MARK
Just one of those nights, y'know.

SEAN

Yeah. But I didn't think you'd make a song about Tintin. It was oddly familiar when I heard the lyrics.

MARK

Well yeah, y'know. I read that once as a kid. I just wanted to give it a shot.

SEAN

(Beat)

It sounded like country.

MARK

(chuckles)

Yeah, you could say that.

Mark sighs. Sean observes with his eyes and faces Mark. His eyes widens at the sight of his scars and bruises.

SEAN

Um...couldn't help but notice the uh...

MARK

(nods)

Yeah.

SEAN

Was it during the incident?

Mark sighs and shakes his head. He removes his sunglasses and narrows his head.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Blimey! W-What happened, mate?

MARK

(Beat)

It was Jess.

Sean leans back and narrows his head. He looks up at Mark.

SEAN

You're serious?

Mark nods with his eyes closed before opening them again. Sean scoffs and shakes his head. Mark shrugs.

MARK

I know. Sounds pathetic, right?

SEAN
No! I just....

Mark sighs and crosses his arms on the bar table. Sean turns to Mark.

SEAN (CONT'D)
You gotta walk away from this.

Mark sighs and narrows his head. He shakes his head and faces Sean.

MARK
I can't.

SEAN
Mate.

MARK
It's not about her, Sean. Nor me.
It's about the band!

He looks away and looks down at the table.

MARK (CONT'D)
If I leave, I.... I mean what's
someone gonna think when they see a
man who could barely defend
himself?

SEAN
You're still a victim.

MARK
But I shouldn't be! I'm a man!

SEAN
Not all blokes are built the same!
It doesn't make you weak when you
don't retaliate! You know the risk
in this society!

Mark and Sean sigh whilst looking away from each other. Sean picks up his head and taps on the table with his right hand. He stops tapping and turns his head to Mark.

SEAN (CONT'D)
I realized that there's more to
life than chasing. Cheesy, I know.

Mark scoffs and shakes his head.

MARK
Sound just like my mother.

SEAN
She's not wrong, then.

Sean narrows his head.

SEAN (CONT'D)
People would do anything to be the best. A lot of times...it demands them to tear away who they are, where they came from. Like cutting a tree from its roots.

Mark looks at Sean.

SEAN (CONT'D)
We make sacrifices every day. Sometimes for shite that don't matter. For people who don't deserve it. It's one thing to be an altruist, Mark. When your guard's down, that's when they eat you up. They break you down.

Mark looks away and nods.

SEAN (CONT'D)
They live off it with no regard. No care in the fuckin' world!

Sean takes a drink from his cup. Mark takes a breathe.

SEAN (CONT'D)
Either you let some shithead tell you what it means to be a man. Or you could be one yourself...and walk away. For good. A true man admits somethin' ain't right in 'im. To seek help. At least to me.

Mark nods. Sean sighs and chuckles.

SEAN (CONT'D)
Sorry. I just get too passionate. Makes me feel like I'm in secondary school again.

Mark chuckles along and sighs. Mark nods.

MARK
Believe it or not, but sometimes, I think you're wiser than I am.

SEAN
(Shakes his head)
I'm not wise. Why'd you think I was
laid off?

Mark scoffs and nods.

MARK
(Beat)
I was so sure she was the one. But
I was blinded by my heart.
(Choked up)
I just...I can't tell it to let it
go.

Mark narrows his head, trying to stay strong. Sean ponders
and puts his hand on his shoulder.

SEAN
You're a good man, Mark.
I can't fuckin' stand kindness
taken for weakness.
(removes hand)
Fucked up this asshole before for
bullyin' Craig in our neighborhood.

MARK
I'm so sorry about Craig.

Sean nods and smiles.

SEAN
Thanks. But it's fine. Made the
bastard bleed out his nose like a
fuckin' faucet.

After CHUCKLING, Mark takes a sip from his drink and places
it down. After he SIGHS, letting go of the weight, he looks
down.

MARK
There is something that has been
helping me thus far. Can't find the
proper words for it, though.

SEAN
I'm sure you can.

MARK
Well, it's this...poem I've been
working on as of late.

SEAN
Really?

MARK

Yeah. But...I find myself somehow
chanting notes that flow with it.

Sean nods and flattens his lips.

SEAN

That's good. I'm sure that band had
something to do with it.

MARK

In a way. They sparked something in
me to...to write it. To find solace
in it, not a chore.

SEAN

(Beat)

Think I could read it?

MARK

I'd like that. It's not quite
finished yet, though.

Sean nods and narrows his head.

INT. MARK'S HOUSE: BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mark sits on the edge of the bed with his hands clammed
together while Sean sits on the chair in front of him away
from his desk. He looks down at the notebook with the poem
open.

He nods and smirks. Putting the notebook on his lap, he looks
up to Mark. Mark raises his head and shrugs.

MARK

So?

Sean looks down at the poem, shakes his head slowly. He looks
up at Mark.

SEAN

Jesus.

Mark scoffs and sighs. He shrugs.

SEAN (CONT'D)

It feels...so transparent. Dude,
have you thought about making it
into a song?

Mark crosses his arms and sighs.

MARK

I have thought about it.
But I'm not sure. It's...kinda
personal, y'know.

SEAN

(nods)

I get that. Not something for
drunks, junkies and horny people.

MARK

(chuckles)

Exactly.

Sean chuckles back and narrows his head. He observes the room
before looking back at Mark.

SEAN

I know that you're busy these days.
But I'm hoping if we could...make a
song together. Not gettin' a deal
or anythin', but just for fun.

Mark smiles and nods.

MARK

I'd like that. One of these days.

Sean sighs and leans on the chair.

SEAN

Man! I'd never forgot the time all
three of us met; you, George and I.

MARK

Eh, remember when we'd ask
Professor Turner to play in the
class Thursdays and Fridays?

SEAN

I'm surprised you still remember
her name!

Mark and Sean CHUCKLE.

MARK

She got pissed one time with the
song we sang about Georgia O'Keefe!

SEAN

George's idea obviously!

They both CHUCKLE. As it seize, Sean narrows his head and sighs. Mark sighs as well. He looks at the window to his left.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Yeah. That was when it was fun
before...before...

MARK

Yeah.

SEAN

(Beat)

I'm very grateful. But... do you
sometimes wish we never accepted
that deal?

Mark broods and nods somberly.

MARK

I may have to find a way to do that
interview again. Before my Oxford
tour.

SEAN

Right.

After looking back at the poem, Sean looks back at Mark.

SEAN (CONT'D)

What do you think you'll do next?

Mark looks away and stares at the floor.

MARK

I...I'm not set on it yet.

(looks at Sean)

I'm gonna do this gig at Oxford.
But I might consider...

Sean nods.

SEAN

I understand.

(looks at Mark)

Whatever you do, I've got your
back, mate.

Mark nods and smiles.

MARK

Thanks, Sean.

Sean smiles and nods. His smile vanishes and looks away. He looks back at Mark.

SEAN

What do you think will happen
between you and Jess?

Mark looks away from Sean, narrows his head and shrugs. He glances at Sean.

MARK

I dunno. I'll figure it out.

Sean nods.

Mark grins and nods. After narrowing his head, he looks up at Sean.

MARK (CONT'D)

You're a really good friend, Sean.
Glad to have you in my life.

Sean puts his right hand on his chest and smiles before releasing it.

SEAN

The feeling's mutual.

He stands up from the chair, approaches Mark who stands up from the bed. Both of them embrace one another.

INT. MARK'S APARTMENT: LIVING ROOM - DAY

Mark enters the apartment. Closing the door behind him, he walks towards the couch. He puts the suitcases down on the couch and sits down.

MARK

Jess, I'm back!

He looks left and right. He stands up and picks up both of his suitcases.

EXT. MARK'S APARTMENT: BALCONY - DAY

Sitting on the lounge chair and his clothes changed, Mark looks down at his poem, which is complete. On the small round table are a stack of blank music sheets. He takes a gander at the music sheets before looking back at his poem. He HUMS silently amongst himself. He looks back at the poem. Everting his eyes away from the poem, he looks out at the horizon of the city.

Putting the poem down on the table, he picks up four music sheets. He gets a pencil out from the spiral spine of his notebook and places the point onto the first line of the first music sheet.

Mark looks around and observes the area. He looks back at the music sheet. With each HUM, he charts down the notes across the stanza.

He continues to write down on the stanzas.

EXT. MARK'S APARTMENT: BALCONY - NIGHT

Mark is fast asleep on the beach chair. His eyes shoot open. Adjusting himself, he sits up and observes the area. As the blurriness gradually vanquishes from his vision, he sees Jess at the corner of the balcony. Her arms crossed and her back turned to him.

Mark rubs both of his eyes and blinks.

MARK

Jess...ugh...how long was I out?

Jess scoffs.

Mark looks around and sees his written music sheets gone. He looks up to Jess. The music sheets in her hands. Mark sighs and sniffs. Jess finally turns around, facing him with the music sheets in her hands. She looks down at it.

JESSICA

It's quite impressive. What you've written here.

Mark shrugs and rubs his left eye with his left hand.

MARK

Thank you?

JESSICA

(Scoffs)

No...

She looks at Mark and shrugs.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Thank you, Mark.

Mark observes with his eyes a bit before looking back at her.

MARK

Why?

JESSICA
For the truth in the matter.

MARK
W-What truth?

JESSICA
(Scoffs)
"What truth", he says.
(Sighs)
It made me think of two things upon
reflecting. Either what we achieved
means nothing to you anymore or it
never did.

Mark sucks on his teeth and looks at Jessica.

MARK
You're gonna bring this up now? At
your state?

JESSICA
No! I just find it quite funny!

Jessica looks down at the music sheets.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
If this is about what happened, I'm
sorry. I went too far! I did!
But...you brought this! You!

She slowly approaches Mark.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
I see you for who you are! You're
no rockstar! You're no man! You
don't have what it takes!

Mark sharply stands up from the chair and steps in front of
Jess.

MARK
And you do!?

JESSICA
I don't assume anything!

MARK
You do! And I'm fuckin' sick of it!

JESSICA
Really? You're sick of it?! Really?

MARK

After this gig, we're done! It's over!

Mark and Jessica both glare at each other before she stood away a bit. Walking away from him, he looks down at the music sheet.

JESSICA

Doesn't seem like something to sing. But I know what this is for.

(Glares at Mark)

You're doing this to spite me! This sounds like something that piece of shit band would make! Or Harrowed Masons!

Mark shakes his head and SCOFFS.

MARK

You're daft! It's different!

Jessica shakes her head and crosses her arms.

JESSICA

I don't buy it!

MARK

I know you don't! Because it's not something to possess! Or sell for your party popper habits!

Jessica CHUCKLES.

JESSICA

You're really pathetic! And so ungrateful!

Mark turns away and shakes his head.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

All you had to do was kept what worked. But you wanna take it to a dark place! And for what? Think people care about your profundity? Your transparency? They give a shit about what you show!

Mark narrows his head.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

That's what builds your brand! Your character! Your career! And you're throwing it all away!

MARK

(Sharply turns to her
angrily)

I'm tired of this brand! I'm sick
of this character, this career,
this race! They outstayed their
welcome! And you made it infernal!

Jessica CHUCKLES as Mark turns from her briefly. He turns to her.

JESSICA

This song...poem...whatever it
is...it's supposed to be for your
dead friend. That's not
entertaining. But I should've known
better than to date someone who
lets everyone down! Including his
friend rolling in his grave!

GROWLING, Mark charges towards Jess and grips her by her shirt collar with his left hand. He hold up his right fist, ready to strike. Jess grabs his left arm with both hands.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Go on! You're as hard as that
flaccid wank in your pants, yeah?
Prove it! Prove it, mama's boy!
Push me off! I want you to do it!

Mark breathes heavily, sucks on his teeth and releases her. Jess adjusts her shirt whilst looking into Mark's eyes. Mark breathes heavily.

MARK

I see you for who you are too. A
sick, twisted bitch, a hypocrite
and a bully! I'm finished with you!

As he snatches the music sheets from her hands, Mark turns away and storms into the bedroom. Jessica clutches both hands and storms behind him.

INT. MARK'S APARTMENT: BEDROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

As Mark enters the room, Jess pushes him against the wall next to the bathroom door, slamming him and making him drop the music sheets. Jess grabs a pair of scissors from the dresser next to her left. Mark sharply turns and Jess tries to strike down at his head with the scissors.

Mark grabs both of her arms, making her struggle. As he pushes her away, Mark races to the telephone on the dresser at the right side of the bed. Only for Jess to pull both of his legs, making him fall flat on his face. She kneels over him and hover the scissors over his face.

The music sheets simply lays as Mark's muffled SCREAMS are heard.

Catching her breath, Jessica stands up from the ground with the bloodied pair of scissors. She looks down at a beaten and bleeding Mark. She looks back at her bloodied hands and catches her breath. She looks back at Mark, who is breathing very rapid as he is bleeding out. As her lips trembling, her eyes begin to water. She takes a breath.

JESSICA
(Tearfully)
YOU MADE ME DO THIS!

As tears come down her face, she drops the scissors from the floor and wipes both of her eyes, smearing bits of blood. After sniffing, she sighs and looks down at Mark.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
YOU'RE NOT LEAVING ME! YOU'RE
NOTHING WITHOUT ME! ME ALONE! We're
not finished! Not ever! I'll be
sure of it!

Jessica looks away and gets into the bathroom, leaving Mark on the floor, bleeding out.

INT. MARK'S APARTMENT: BATHROOM - NIGHT

Traumatized but tired, Mark sits at the left end of the tub with his arms holding both knees. The shower faucet splashing all over his body, washing the blood as it seeps from his lacerated body and slithers into the drain.

INT. BRITANNIA STUDIOS: HALLWAY - DAY

Mark sits on the chair next to the door to Bryan's office. His left leg shaking as he has a hood over his narrowing head. He's wearing sunglasses. When the door on his left side CLICKS open, Bryan pops his head and sees Mark.

BRYAN
Mark, is that you?

Mark turns and nods. His face is hollow.

INT. BRITANNIA STUDIOS : RECORD STUDIO - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Mark enters the room as Bryan goes back to his desk.

BRYAN

Forgive me. I didn't expect you to come early. I was just talking about you actually. I'm planning to book you another interview with Jess before your Oxford tour. You'll love it! It's...

Mark removes his hood and his sunglasses. Bryan's smile vanishes. Mark's head narrows down.

MARK

I can't do this. Not when she's here.

Bryan leans back against the chair. He nods.

Mark shrugs with his head narrowed. He puts his right hand on his face and sighs, trying not to break down.

INT. BRITANNIA STUDIOS: HALLWAY - DAY

Mark face both George and Greg in the hallway as they sit alongside together on the chairs. Greg picks up his head and turns to Mark.

MARK

I'm sorry, guys. But...I can't keep putting up with this. I don't want you to give up because of me.

George and Greg look at one another. George looks back at Mark and nods.

GEORGE

We understand, Mark. We won't give up.

Mark shrugs and narrows his head. George puts his hand on his shoulder. Mark breathes heavily as his eyes water. He wipes both of his eyes. George looks back at Greg.

GREG

There's...something you gotta know. While you were away.

Mark looks at Greg. After Greg glances at George, George sighs and looks back at Mark.

GEORGE

We did an interview at the Macbeth for the magazine. That venue where you, Sean and I played.

Mark nods and George takes a deep breathe.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

We...partied afterwards. And...Greg saw her and Leo...going in the back. Kissing.

Mark sighs heavily and puts his right hand over his face. Removing his hand, Mark wipes the tears coming down his face.

MARK

Doesn't surprise me. I know who she is now.

GREG

Yeah.

Mark nods and turns to George.

MARK

What we had together, I'll never forget it. Ever.

George nods with water in his eyes.

GEORGE

(Choked up)

You better not forget us, alright?

MARK

Never.

All three of them stand up and Mark embraces George. Tears come down his face. So does George. Releasing him, Mark approaches to Greg, gives him a handshake and hugs him too.

MARK (CONT'D)

Thanks for everything, Greg. I'm so sorry for all of this.

GREG

No worries, mate. It's okay. Really.

After Mark releases Greg, he takes a good look at both George and Greg before they all walk down the hall.

INT. MARK'S APARTMENT: LIVING ROOM - DAY

Mark has his things packed and lined up by the door. He turns to the LANDLORD, 65 yrs old, and pulls out his wallet. He pulls out a couple of pounds.

INT./EXT. LONDON TUBE - DAY

Mark leans his head against the window on the left side of the train. He sees buildings, monuments and landmarks passing him by.

INT. MARK'S HOUSE: KITCHEN - DAY

Mark sits by his mother on the right side of the table. He takes a sip of water from the glass cup and sighs after putting it down. Laura looks and observes him. Mark sighs and shakes his head. He looks away before looking at his mother again. Laura puts a small smile on her face. Her left hand placed on Mark's right hand.

LAURA

I'm very proud of you. You're stronger. More than you think.

Mark nods and closes his eyes.

LAURA (CONT'D)

You didn't deserve this.

After opening his eyes, Mark's eyes begin to water. His lips trembling. He begins to sniff and narrow his head. He grinds his teeth and hyperventilates. Tears fall from his eyes.

Laura lifts Mark's head with her hands and wipes his tears. He unveils his wet eyes. Laura nods. He closes his eyes and SOBS quietly.

His mother wraps her arms around him, getting him closer to her. Mark embraces her and eventually breaks down. Tears drenching his face as he SOBS uncontrollably.

FOUR WEEKS LATER...

INT. PRISON: VISITING AREA - DAY

Mark sits in between two boards as he faces the glass in front of him.

At the other side, Jess, dressed in orange shirt and pants with a number across the right side of her chest, is brought by an officer. She sits on the chair and faces Mark.

OFFICER

You have fifteen minutes.

Jess turns and nods. The officer leaves the room. Jess faces Mark through the glass and picks up the phone, putting it by her left ear. Mark sighs and picks up the phone.

JESSICA

Hey.

MARK

Hey.

Mark observes the area around him before looking back at Jess. He looks at the clock behind her hovering the right side of her head on the wall before looking back at her.

JESSICA

How are you?

MARK

(Beat)

You wanted to see me.

JESSICA

Yes. Um...listen...

(Clears throat)

I had them call so I...I wanted to say I'm sorry. For everything. I know you won't forgive me.

Mark leans his head onto his right hand holding the phone.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Despite all that's happened, I still love you. I know that you may not see it now. Nor feel the same. But I do love you.

Mark nods, but knows those words mean nothing anymore. She sighs and leans back against the chair.

MARK

How long til you have?

JESSICA

Not too long. I'll be transferred to rehab.

MARK

I see. That's good.

JESSICA

(beat)

At the park that day, I was afraid of explaining why I hated bands like Harrowed Masons. I didn't want to be pitied.

MARK

I would've understood. Even now.

Jessica looks down at the table.

JESSICA

I've felt alone. All my life. Not getting to film, not fitting in...other things.

MARK

Other things?

Jessica narrows her head.

JESSICA

Haven't had closure since my sister died in the accident when we were running away from home. She's the closest I had in my family. Our parents played favorites with our older sister. So, I was always on my own since. That was until Leo helped me. His family accepted me, helped me get to Oxford.

MARK

(Beat)

And Oxford?

JESSICA

(Beat)

All I did was party. That was closure. Harrowed played at the Aintee Institute. I was such a fan. I became a groupie after dropping off from Oxford. I dated Fred Bart who led before. I felt like the golden girl. But he changed.

(works up tears)

He partied hard one night. He beat me half to death at a hotel that I ended up in intensive care. His music wasn't the same.

(MORE)

JESSICA (CONT'D)

It wasn't fun. I met Leo again. He gave me a job to plan events. We started dating afterwards. When I became a manager, it was like I've finally had a place in this world. When I met you...it was the best of both worlds.

Mark nods as Jessica wipes her eyes with her sleeve.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

I was so fucking lost, Mark. I still am. I don't think that I'm capable of love. My parents were onto something but I didn't see it.

MARK

That's not true. I loved you.

(Beat)

I thought about...about proposing to you at some point. When we kept this up.

Jessica leans her head onto her right hand and sighs. She squeezes the bridge of her nose and tears stream down her face. Mark's eyes water and tears stream down until he wipes them.

She releases her hand, unveiling her tear-soaked face. She wipes both of her eyes and sniffs.

MARK (CONT'D)

(Tearfully)

Seems like we're both lost.

Jessica wipes the tears coming down from her eyes.

JESSICA

Do you think it was all for nothing?

MARK

(shakes her head)

It wasn't. I suppose...I suppose it needed to happen. It was a risk.

Jessica nods with her eyes closed. She opens them up again and looks at Mark after narrowing her head.

MARK (CONT'D)

I should've been more clever on what I wanted with the band. The fate of it.

(MORE)

MARK (CONT'D)

I knew that I wanted to touch
hearts again like we used to when
it was already dried out.

(Clears throat)

I hear the boys are going strong,
though. They found a vocalist.

JESSICA

That's good to hear.

Jessica looks at the clock behind her and looks back at Mark.

MARK

It's not too late for you. It's for
the best. I forgive you, Jess. I'm
sorry for not being better for you.

Jessica nods and sniffs, wiping her eyes with her hand.

JESSICA

(clearing off tears)

Will you pursue on this career
to...y'know...

MARK

Not right now. I just...wanna take
things at ease.

Jessica nods.

MARK (CONT'D)

What will you do after rehab?

Jessica narrows her head and sighs. She shrugs.

JESSICA

I dunno. I've been away from home
for so long.

She closes her eyes. Her lips tremble as she sniffs.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

(tearfully)

I don't have anywhere else to go.

Mark looks down and looks back at Jessica, who puts her hand
over her face.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

I'm better off dead.

MARK

No. You're not. You just...you need help. But I have faith in you. You can do it.

Jessica wipes her face, unveiling her red eyes from her crying. She gives a small grin and nods.

MARK (CONT'D)

I know that you will heal from it.
It's what you need now.

JESSICA

I hope so.

The prison guard comes behind Jess on the other side. After glancing at her, Jess turns back to Mark. She takes a deep breath and puts her hand onto the glass.

Removing her hand, Jess looks back at Mark, who gives her a sad smile. She smiles back before it diminishes.

After putting the phone back, she stands up and puts the chair back in place. She is apprehended by the guard as she is held by her left shoulder.

She looks back at Mark who gives a small wave before hanging up the phone. He narrows his head and sighs. He breaks down into tears and SOBS to himself quietly before sitting down with his thoughts.

INT./EXT. HACKNEY - DAY

Mark contemplates and broods on the left side of the cab. He leans his head against the window, looking at the streets and the people as he gets to London.

A neutral expression looms on his face, unsure of how to move through his life whilst thanking the Universe for his new freedom.

INT./EXT. PHONE BOX - DAY

Leaning against the glass of the booth, Mark has the phone by his right ear. He looks through and observes the bustling streets of London.

MARK

I'm thinking if you wanted, when I return, we could collaborate.

SEAN (V.O.)
Without a doubt. It's cool that
you're going to Scotland for this
retreat. Always wanted to go there.

MARK
(Chuckles)
Perhaps we could plan it out. A
dating trip of sorts.

SEAN (V.O.)
(Laughs on the line)
Fuck you!

Mark chuckles.

SEAN (V.O.)
But in all seriousness, it's good
that you're taking this program.
It's a good step.

MARK
I think so too. My doctor is
hosting it, so...it makes me a bit
comfortable.

SEAN (V.O.)

Yeah. There'll be someone else for
you, man. Just have faith.

MARK
Thanks, mate. Same with you.

Mark narrows his head and looks up again.

MARK (CONT'D)
Take care of yourself, Sean. Give
my regards to your folks, would ya?

SEAN (V.O.)
Definitely.
(Beat)
Take care of yourself, Mark. We'll
be in touch.

MARK
Will do, mate.

Mark hangs up the phone. He looks down at the ground and
SIGHS with a grin.

EXT. MARK'S HOUSE: FRONT DOOR - DAY

As he puts his luggage and guitar case in between him, Mark looks back at his mother and looks down at his dog. He couches and caresses both sides of his dog who pants with his tongue hanging.

MARK

You be a good lad, eh? I'll come
back soon.

He stands up on his feet and looks back at his mother. Both of them embrace one another.

Laura releases Mark and has her hands on both of his shoulders. They look at one another and smile.

Mark looks back and sees the hackery driving by and parking in front of his house. He turns back to his mother.

She and Mark give each other a hug and Laura kisses his forehead.

LAURA

Love you very much.

MARK

Love you more, Mum.

Mark sighs, takes one lasting good look at his mother and dog, picks up his things and turns his back. He goes down the steps and approaches to the hackery.

EXT. TRAFALGAR SQUARE - DAY

After getting off at the Trafalgar Square, Mark observes the square. He faces Nelson's Column several feet away from him. On his left, he sees the bus stop. A line of eighteen people are at line, each one entering the bus. Marks sighs, observes the area one more time, and gets to the bus.

EXT./INT. BUS - DAY

Mark enters the bus and looks around. He sees Connelly at the front, grins at him and nods. Connelly nods back with a smile. Mark faces the bus and walks through. He passes several people who each sat with another passenger, talking amongst themselves.

Only a few of them take notice of Mark, who grins and waves at him.

Mark approaches to the middle of the bus and sees a young brunette woman, 27 yrs old, seated at the left side of the bus, sitting near the window.

Mark clears his throat. The girl turns and sees Mark.

MARK

Um...is it alright for me to....

GIRL

Sure, of course.

MARK

Thanks you.

Mark takes a seat next to the girl, removes his sunglasses and wipes both of his eyes. He removes his hoodie and rubs his hair. The girl turns from the window and her eyes widen. She covers her mouth briefly before pointing.

GIRL

You-You're Trystan!

Mark turns and smiles, though bothered by the name. The girl wraps her arms around him, much to Mark's surprise. He sighs, smiles and embraces her back before being released.

GIRL (CONT'D)

Don't you remember me?

Mark looks back at her and GASPS quietly. His eyes widen as he points.

MARK

Yeah! Yeah, I remember you! At the
pizza parlor!

(Chuckles)

I remember you!

The girl CHUCKLES and blushes.

MARK (CONT'D)

You were with those other fans!

GIRL

I...I can't believe this! I'm
sitting with Trystan!

MARK

(Chuckles and shrugs)

Yeah, well, who is to say that
dreams can't come true, right?

(Beat)

My real name is Mark.

GIRL

Wow. Okay, Mark. So, did Dr. Connelly call you to do music for us? Or are you coming along to promote another exclusive?

Mark SIGHS and looks away from her. He sees the bus slowly moving away from the square and onto the road.

MARK

I'm...I'm not actually. No.

Her smile vanishes.

GIRL

Really?

(Beat)

So, you meet with Dr. Connelly also?

MARK

I did. I was...I was with someone. She was my manager. But...it didn't go well. So, he recommended me to join this.

The girl looks away and narrows her head.

GIRL

I...I see.

(Looks at Mark)

I'm so, so sorry.

Mark shrugs and looks back at the girl. He smiles.

GIRL (CONT'D)

But will you continue to sing?

MARK

I will. It's all I know. Just...not in the band. I left it for good.

The girl narrows her head.

GIRL

I'm very sorry. I'm...going to miss you as lead. Not that I don't like Goddog or Creed. It's just...

MARK

'Tis alright, lass. I'm not quitting music. Just have a new direction for it, thanks to a epiphany. It wasn't okay for her.

She nods. Mark looks away before looking back at her.

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

GIRL
June. June Roberts.

MARK
June. That's a nice name.

JUNE
Thanks.

MARK
I imagine that you suffered badly.

June nods. She narrows her head with his eyes closed. She opens them back up.

JUNE
My boyfriend...he...

Mark eyes widen. June shakes her head. She wipes her eyes that were becoming watery.

JUNE (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. I can't talk about it.
But...

Mark studied her. June's lips tremble. But she takes a deep breathe and looks at Mark.

JUNE (CONT'D)
That one song you sang. It was
something like this....
(singing)
*Wherever you are, you're not a
waste of space. No matter what
valley you walk through, you'll
find that holy place.*

MARK
...*you find that holy place.* "The
Holy Grail". Yeah, we wrote that
for one of our early gigs.

June nods.

MARK (CONT'D)
That's one of the songs I loved
writing most. Hope to make more of
it.

JUNE

I followed you ever since.
It...helped me go through it. Until
I moved back to Crowley. It was
always that song that got me
through.

MARK

I'm so sorry about what happened to
you. You didn't deserve that.

JUNE

Thanks.

MARK

(beat)
I'm glad you're here.

JUNE

(smiles)
I'm glad you're here too, Mark. I
have to get used to calling you by
your name.

MARK

(chuckles)
I know.

JUNE

(looks out the window.)
Such a small world, isn't it?

MARK

You're telling me. It is small.

June turns to Mark and leans her head onto his right
shoulder. Mark sighs and nods with a smile. He looks away and
sees that they are slowly leaving the city.

EXT./INT. BUS - DAY

The bus drives on the highway. On the left side of the road
were the Scottish Highlands with the ocean on its right.

The sun slowly setting down, giving an afterglow in the sky.

EXT. ARGYLL FOREST - NIGHT

Connelly and the eighteen people gather around near the fire
in the middle of the woods. Mark sits next to June and
another fellow woman.

Right before the woman take the turn, a man next to the woman sitting next to Mark stands up from the log.

MAN # 1

What has me cope with my
circumstances is...is taking care
of my garden. I take joy in
watching my flowers grow, day by
day. Sometimes I feel like I'm
thriving alongside them. It makes
me more grateful to being alive.
I'm very glad to be here with you.

After he sits back down, everyone claps their hands. Mark included.

CONNELLY

Thank you very much for that,
Seamus. I'm very proud that you've
gotten back in touch with it,
(Looks at June)
June, how are yourself?

Observing around, June stands up from the log.

JUNE

It's going. I'm not sure what I
want to go from here. I still want
to do theatre, but I'm unsure.
But...all I could say is that I'm
just...I thank God that I'm alive.
I have another chance. It's enough
to make me worry less about the
future, even if I dunno what it
entails.

(Glancing at Mark)
Especially knowing that there's
others like me. I'm not alone.

Mark smiles at her. June looks back at everyone.

JUNE (CONT'D)

It's gonna be a long time, but I
know that I'll get there. And I
know that everyone here will do the
same. I believe in all of you.

June sits back down as everyone claps. Mark included.

CONNELLY

As you could imagine, we're very
happy for you, June. Keep at it.

Connelly looks at Mark.

CONNELLY (CONT'D)

Mark, what has helped you ever
since your departure?

Mark narrows his head and sighs. He looks up at everyone.

MARK

Well, I've had this...song written
for a while now. It's not like the
others. It's been very helpful. I
hope it could help others. And I
could only thank my Mum, the
Kanderburys, this band called Death
in June.

(looks at June)

Not referring to you, love. It's
only a name.

June grins as other CHUCKLE softly

MARK (CONT'D)

But...most importantly, I give my
thanks to my...my best friend Tim.

Everyone GASPS, MURMURING quietly to themselves. June narrows
her head.

MARK (CONT'D)

His death took a huge toll on me.
But...it has reminded me of what
mattered more. I'm gonna miss him a
lot.

SEAMUS

(Beat)

You should sing it. Here. If you're
comfortable.

Everyone MURMURS in agreement.

Mark chuckles and sighs. Looking around, he ponders. He gets
up and gets the guitar from his case behind him. He sits back
down and holds the guitar.

After taking a deep breath, Mark plays his guitar. It was
called "In the Sight," a somber folky song.

Mark stops playing eventually. Everyone is silent. Most of
them had tears that they are now wiping from their faces.
Mark looks around, observes everything around him.

June CLAPS next to Mark after wiping her tears. Soon,
everyone CLAPS for him. A smile slowly emerges on Mark's
face. He looks back at Connelly who smiles and CLAPS.

EXT. CLIFF - DAY

Mark approaches to the rocky, green cliff, looking over at the sun setting up above the morning ocean. The sky is pinkish blue. The ocean is blue as ever. After take a deep breath, he sits on the edge of the cliff. He turns to his right and a smile curves across his face.

Sitting at his side, Timothy and his father look back at him with grins. Mark looks back at the ocean tossing by the HOWLING wind. He scales his head up and looks at the sky.

FADE TO BLACK.

