

SOLO ACT

An Original Audio Drama

by
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Pilot Script

TEASER

INT. BACKSTAGE - ROSE BOWL - NIGHT - 1986

We're backstage CLIO KINCAID's headlining tour for her album *Violet Baby*. It's 1986. The opener, BOBBY HAYES, has finished his set. Clio is up next.

SFX: Equipment is being wheeled down concrete hallways. Wheels shriek. Indistinct male voices call out stage directions.

BACKSTAGE WORKER #1:
On your right!

BACKSTAGE WORKER #2:
Amp to Stage A!

BACKSTAGE WORKER #3:
CK in fifteen!

In bounds Bobby Hayes, who is in his mid-30s and has a deep, raspy voice. He climbs down the stage steps and mutters to himself, still riding the high:

BOBBY:
Insane.
(Louder, his ego flaring)
THAT CROWD WAS FUCKING INSANE.

His assistant, Miranda, approaches, and asks, flatly, as though she's dealt with this a million times-

MIRANDA:
Good show?

SFX: Bobby whistles, as though to say, "That doesn't even begin to describe it."

BOBBY:

You'd think it was me selling out this place instead of that blonde.

MIRANDA:

Might as well be. She skipped soundcheck. And now she's on in what, ten minutes, and no one's seen her.

SFX: Suddenly a voice overtakes theirs, frantic and rough. It's Clio's tour manager, CHRIS. He's rushing through people, bumping into equipment, muttering to himself and then getting louder.

CHRIS (O.S.):

Where the hell is she?

(louder, more frustrated)

Has anyone seen Clio?

SFX: Chris nearly collides with Bobby, barreling past. Bobby sort of laughs to himself and mutters, half to himself and half for Chris and Miranda to hear..

BOBBY:

(snickering)

She's probably doing lines in her dressing room.

SFX: A grunt as Chris shoves past.

CHRIS:

I don't get paid enough for this shit.

INT. CLIO'S DRESSING ROOM

SFX: The chaos of the backstage landscape is muffled. We hear the quiet crackle of vinyl—Joan Baez's "Diamonds and Rust" is playing: "The Madonna was yours for free / Yes, the girl on the half-shell / Could keep you unharmed." CLIO [think Suki Waterhouse, beautiful, blonde, a sort of aloof edge about her] is lighting a cigarette. You know she's beautiful by the way her voice sounds sort of sultry. We hear the flick of the lighter. She looks up at Chris.

CLIO:

(sardonic)

Jesus, Chris. Heard of knocking?

(laughs)

You're gonna make me spill my drink.

SFX: Chris steps inside. His irritation melts into something closer to disappointment. He sighs and speaks, in a tone both stern and punctured by a new sympathy.

CHRIS:

You shouldn't be drinking, Clio.

CLIO:

(Mocking)

Oh? And who told you that?

SFX: Bottles clink. Clio pours some liquid in a glass and gulps it down.

CHRIS:

Okay, get up.

Jesus, Clio. Any night but tonight.

CLIO:

(tipsy, amused, drawing out her syllables)

Why? Because it's the Roooose Bowlllll?

CHRIS:

Yes because it's the goddamn Rose Bowl.

And because you have 80,000 people out there who think you're their fucking hero.

SFX: Barely audible, we can hear the crowd cheering. Clio is moving around the room, bumping into things, shuffling through makeup drawers, etc. We hear the pop of a lipstick opening.

CLIO:

I never asked to be anybody's hero.

CHRIS:

(walking out)

Well then you better fucking fake it.

INT. MAIN STAGE - ROSE BOWL - MOMENTS LATER

SFX: The soundscape is electric and blaring. Clio bounds onstage. The lights come on with a bang. The crowd's screams are wild, almost deafening. Clio is magnetic.

CLIO:

Well helloooooo Roose Boowl.

Welcome to the greatest fucking tour of 1986.

(pauses for a beat, letting the electric guitar blare and the crowd scream)

This is my band.

And I'm Clio Kincaid. Thanks for coming.

SFX: Her voice is smooth, irresistible, with a haunting almost mythic quality. She starts singing a song called "The Joke"; its lyrics are self-deprecating and dark but the instrumentals blare with her signature rock-style.

CLIO:

I can't take a joke

If I make it out alive

I'll finally make a joke

Punchline was my life

SFX: The front row shrieks. Then, white noise silence.

INT. BACKSTAGE HALLWAY - LATER THAT NIGHT

SFX: The show has ended. We hear indistinct murmurs and equipment being packed up. A mother, TERESA, talks to her four-year-old daughter, MAYA. They stand by a group of fans who

have crowded a backstage hallway in hopes of catching a glimpse of Clio on her way out.

TERESA:

(loving, but a bit pushy)

It's okay baby, be brave, just ask her for her signature, okay?

SFX: As Clio approaches, fans start shouting her name, begging for an autograph. Clio heads straight to Maya.

CLIO:

Hey, what's your name?

MAYA:

(Sweet, soft, innocent)

Maya.

CLIO:

Well hi Maya. I'm Clio. Want me to sign that for you?

MAYA:

(Nodding eagerly)

Yes please.

SFX: A DRUNK MAN shoves Maya aside.

INTOXICATED MAN:

Hey Clio, why don't you show us your tits?

SFX: Male laughter erupts.

TERESA:

(outraged)

Hey! What the hell is your problem?

MAN:

(laughing)

Ooooooh, we made mommy mad.

SFX: His friends are laughing and Teresa is getting angrier.

TERESA:

Oh no you do not get to talk to me like that—

SECURITY GUARD:

Hey. Everyone settle down.

CHRIS (O.S.):

Clio, time to go.

SFX: Clio is ushered away by her team. As she gets pulled away, she says to Maya, her voice smaller now, and a bit more slurred..

CLIO:

Hey. Maya. Don't let any of these crazies mess with your head.

CHRIS:

(pulling Clio away)

Alright, alright...

ACT ONE

INT. MAYA'S APARTMENT - BROOKLYN - NIGHT - 2014

SFX: We're inside grown-up Maya's living room. The soundscape is muffled and intimate. We hear the clink of a metal spoon stirring a cup of tea, the quiet run of the dishwasher. The TV is on. The voices are indistinct at first, but become more clear as a FEMALE NEWSCASTER speaks...

NEWSCASTER:

Reporting here from downtown Los Angeles. Fans have gathered across the nation to pay tribute to Clio Kincaid, who tragically passed earlier this morning, June 3rd, 2014, cause of death reported as an overdose.

SFX: We vaguely hear a chorus of voices, weeping and singing one of Clio's songs

NEWSCASTER:

As you can see, fans are huddled together, embracing one another, crying, and singing.

(Beat)

This is a heartbreaking day for so many. Clio Kincaid's legacy is sure to reverberate through the music industry, and our lives, for—"

SFX: Remote clicks. The TV turns off.

A phone begins to buzz. GROWN-UP MAYA picks it up. It's her boss, CLAIRE (maternal, kind, whipsmart and seasoned journalist in her early 60s. Think Hannah Weddingham).

MAYA:

Hello?

CLAIRE:

Hey Maya. How's it going?

Claire doesn't usually reach out at night, so Maya keeps her answers short, curious where the conversation might be going.

MAYA:

I'm okay. Everything alright?

CLAIRE:

Yeah, uh

(pausing, uncertain—which is rare for her)

Listen, Maya. I have something to ask you. I know you've been on hiatus from writing long-form pieces since...your mom. And you know I want to respect that—I deeply, deeply respect that. But something important has come up and—

(cutting to the chase)

Will you take this Clio Kincaid story?

SFX: Breathing, quiet.

CLAIRE:

(after a beat of silence)

I know it's a lot. But you're the best writer we have.

MAYA:

Oh God.

I don't know Claire.

SFX: Maya clearly wants to turn the offer down, and we hear the strain in her voice. She sounds tired.

MAYA:

I really appreciate you thinking of me.

(and then, more certainly)

I really, really do. But... I just think it's too much right now.

(beat)

Thanks, though. I mean it.

SFX: Claire is clearly upset and lets out a disappointed sigh. But she is kind, loving, and maternal. She doesn't push.

CLAIRE:

Okay, I get it. You know I support whatever you need right now.

I just had to try. If you change your mind though...

(trailing off)

MAYA:

I know. Thanks.

CLAIRE:

Okay. I'll see you in the office tomorrow. You're coming in, right?

MAYA:

Yeah. I'll be there.

CLAIRE:

Okay. Have a good night, Maya. Bye.

SFX: Phone hanging up. Maya sits in silence for a moment. She sighs. Then, we hear her open a bottle of liquor. She pours a glass and then gulps it down. We hear the beep and spin of a record player, the whirring of the needle descending. We hear Clio's voice, the same melody she played that night at the Rose Bowl. "I can't take a joke..."

INT. C7 OFFICE - MANHATTAN - DAY

SFX: Lively office soundscape. Think avant-garde, feminist, artsy, but also well-funded and a bit upscale. Computers click, employees chat indistinctly, the elevator dings, phones ring. Someone picks up:

EMPLOYEE (O.S.)

C7, this is Jaala, how can I help you?

SFX: Maya knocks quietly on Claire's door and then pushes it open.

CLAIRE:

(unprepared, a bit flustered, but warm)

Oh, Maya, hi, hi. How are you? Thanks for coming in.

MAYA:

Of course. It's no problem. Jaala said you wanted to see me?

CLAIRE:

Yes, sit, sit.

SFX: Chairs squeak. Maya sits down slowly, clicking her pen.

CLAIRE:

(more sincere)

How are you?

MAYA:

I'm okay. It's been...weird few days, I guess.

(laughing)

I mean, weird few months. Weird year.

CLAIRE:

Ugh, I know.

(sighs)

I'm so sorry, Maya.

(beat)

So—listen. I wanted to follow up on what we talked about on the phone last night.

You know I care about you, Maya. I mean, I really do. We all do. And I don't want to push you when you're not ready. I want to respect your no. But I just—

(pauses, thoughtful)

When was the last time you wrote something?

I know you've been researching for Val's photo-story. I know you wrote the—what was it—the Troye Sivan review. But when was the last time you really wrote a *story*? Like, a real story? Like the Elton piece, the Joni piece?

SFX: Maya starts to respond.

MAYA:

I-

CLAIRE:

I just feel you slipping, a little bit. And—listen. Your career's not in jeopardy. You never have to worry about that. But as someone who cares for you, who's watched you blossom as a writer and then just...fall apart—I just don't want you to let yourself go, Maya.

SFX: A subtle shift. Maya is stunned and offended. She's had an awful year and Claire has never made her feel this before—like she needs to wrap up her grieving period and get back to work.

MAYA:

(quiet, hurt)

Let myself go?

(sarcastic)

Yeah, Claire, sorry I've really 'let myself go' this year-

CLAIRE:

That's not what I-

MAYA:

My mom jumped in front of a train but, sure, I'd love to write about her favorite singer who just overdosed. Yeah. That sounds great. Right up my alley.

SFX: Maya scoffs and then takes a beat, reeling her anger in again. She stands up and pushes in her chair.

MAYA:

(softer, sadder)

I'm sorry, Claire. That wasn't right.

I know it's been a year since she died. I know I'm supposed to have moved on by now, to have gone through the denial and anger and sadness and just...accept it.

And I spend a lot of time pretending that I have.

I took the Subway to work this morning. I'm wearing mascara again. But I'm still...not okay.

I don't want that to get in the way of my work. I'm doing my hours, I'm working on stories.

I just...I didn't think I had to pretend for you.

SFX: She sniffles.

CLAIRE:

(tenderly)

I'm so sorry, Maya. Of course you don't have to pretend.

(pauses, thinking)

I'm going to play something for you.

I got this last night, an hour before I called you.

SFX: She presses a button and then static crackles. And then—a voicemail from JEMMA MARK. Jemma is soft-spoken. She has an anxious but urgent way of speaking. Her voice comes out a bit staticky.

JEMMA:

Hello Ms. Knightley. My name is Jemma Mark and I am an old friend of Clio Kincaid's. I hope it's okay, I found your phone number online. I'm calling because I know everyone, everywhere, is rushing to write something about Clio. And I... I just want to be sure that it's done right. That she's not spun into something she wasn't.

I read some of the work one of your writers did—Maya Rice—and I liked it. She's honest. I can tell she cares about music. And maybe...something deeper than the music, too..

(trailing off)

Anyway, Clio's story is important to me and I think I want Maya to be the one to tell it.

So just, uh, please call me back and let me know. Thank you.

SFX: The static plays out for a moment and then goes quiet. When Maya speaks, she is quiet, stunned, and a bit hurt.

MAYA:

Why didn't you tell me before?

SFX: Claire sighs, preparing herself to explain.

CLAIRE:

I have a lot of faith in you Maya. And I know this piece should be yours.

I mean, this is—this is big.

(sighs again, takes a beat)

I could sit here and tell you that I didn't tell you to protect you—that I knew you weren't ready and I didn't want you to have to take something like this on.

But that's not it at all.

When I got that voicemail, when I heard she was a friend of Clio's, I thought she was calling for *me*. I thought she was going to ask me to write it.

I felt this adrenaline I haven't since I was 26.

When I called you, I knew I had to offer the story. But I wanted you to be able to say no, because I knew if you did, the story

would be mine. And I knew it would be easier to say no to me than to her.

MAYA:

And then I said no.

CLAIRE:

Yeah. You said no. You said no, and I woke up this morning and dialed Jemma's number and prepared myself to tell her that you'd turned it down and that I'd be taking the story instead. I was ready. And then I realized that this woman...this woman is *grieving*. This woman is going through one of the hardest moments of her life, and...she chose you.

(pauses, thinking)

I'm a good writer, Maya, but I'm not you.

When I was your age, someone gave me a big break, and I never understood why.

Why put your faith in a 20-something year old who has barely lived? I didn't get it then, and—(laughing) maybe I'm getting old, but I understand it now.

My daughter's pregnant, you know. She's having a girl. And I want that little girl to grow up with *your* words, not mine.

(beat)

This morning, I realized I had to give it to you. But I wanted you to choose to do it. I didn't want the voicemail to make you feel like you had to.

But, at this point... Sometimes writers choose their stories, Maya, and sometimes stories choose their writers. This one's yours.

SFX: The soundscape cuts without giving Maya a chance to respond.

INT. BAR - BROOKLYN - NIGHT - 2014

SFX: We find ourselves at a low-lit bar in Brooklyn. Glasses clink. Indie rock murmurs from a jukebox in the background. Someone shoots pool. Maya's boyfriend, NATE, is mid-story about his day.

NATE:

So I told her I'd talk to her after the meeting, and then she came in mid-presentation and—

(noticing Maya isn't listening)

Maya? You in there?

MAYA:

Sorry, sorry. I'm here. Just thinking.

NATE:

Oh yeah? What about?

SFX: Maya twirling her straw in her glass, clinking the ice against the sides.

MAYA:

I got offered a story today.

NATE:

Oh, wow. It's been awhile. What's it about?

MAYA:

Clio Kincaid.

NATE:

(genuinely shocked)

Woah. Clio Kincaid? Like—the one who just died?

MAYA:

(sarcastically)

No, the other one.

SFX: Nate laughs and play-nudges her.

NATE:

Are you gonna do it?

MAYA:

I think so.

SFX: Nate takes a beat to think and we hear the sounds of the bar in the background. He then says, still trying to keep up the banter...

NATE:

Yeah, it tracks. Messy woman. Tragic ending. You're good at those.

MAYA:

(offended)

Wow. Thanks.

NATE:

I didn't mean—I just meant... I just meant you're good at the hard ones.

MAYA:

Right.

NATE:

It was a joke. I'm sorry.

(pulls away for a beat, trying to lighten the mood)

Hey—didn't you meet her once?

Your mom did something like, batshit, right?

MAYA:

Jesus, Nate. You really don't know when to shut up.

SFX: Maya finishes her drink and slams the glass down on the bar. She starts to leave.

NATE:

Hey, where are you—

MAYA:

Bathroom.

SFX: Maya walks up to the jukebox at the other end of the bar and the music gets louder. (It's just instrumental). She spots a BARTENDER who's wiping down glasses.

MAYA:

Hey, do you guys have any Clio Kincaid?

BARTENDER:

'Course we do. I'll queue her up.

MAYA:

Thanks.

SFX: Instrumentals we haven't heard before (but they have that signature Fleetwood Mac Esque style) rise above the bar from the jukebox. We hear only a few measures and then the music fades out.

ACT TWO

INT. MIDTOWN CAFÈ - DAY

SFX: We're in a coffee shop in the late morning. A milk steamer hisses. People chat quietly. The door jingles open. A young female BARISTA takes Maya's order.

BARISTA:

What can I get for you?

MAYA:

I'll have an iced tea, thanks.

(pausing to look around; trying to identify Jemma in the crowd of patrons)

Actually, have you seen a woman come in? About 65? I'm meeting her here...

SFX: The door jingles.

BARISTA:

That her?

MAYA:

Hi, Jemma?

SFX: Jemma is soft-spoken and a bit nervous.

JEMMA:

Are you Maya?

MAYA:

(cheery, welcoming, warm)

Yes, it's so nice to meet you. Thank you so much for coming here. Was it out of the way?

JEMMA:

Not too far. I'm coming from Chelsea.

MAYA:

(Overly compensating for Jemma's reservedness)

Okay, great. Great. Would you like anything? Coffee? Tea?

JEMMA:

No, thank you dear. Caffeine makes me jittery.

MAYA:

(chuckling)

No problem. Okay—let's sit.

SFX: They walk over to a table. Chairs squeak as they sit down.

MAYA:

So how long have you been living in Chelsea?

JEMMA:

Oh, it's been a long time. I must've been twenty years old when I first visited...

(reflective, more comfortable talking about the things she loves)

I fell in love with it immediately. Every artist, every writer I cared to know was here. I stayed over at a friend's apartment and didn't sleep a wink—I spent the whole night looking out the window trying to see what lives I could get a glimpse of. I saw people talking, drinking, kissing, dancing on the street until the sun came up. It was better than any film I'd ever paid to see. I never wanted to leave.

(embarrassed)

Sorry—that was more than you asked for.

MAYA:

That's beautiful.

JEMMA:

Yeah. It really was.

(beat)

But maybe we should talk about what we came here to?

MAYA:

Yes. Of course. Do you mind if I record our conversation?

JEMMA:

(A bit caught off guard)

Oh—okay.

MAYA:

Thank you so much. It'll really help.

SFX: A soft beep as Maya starts a voice recorder.

MAYA:

First—I just want to say how sorry I am for your loss. I know you said you were Clio's friend. I imagine this week's been... really awful.

SFX: Jemma mumbles a quiet, barely audible nod of affirmation.

JEMMA:

Mmhmm.

MAYA:

You mentioned a little, in your voicemail, what made you call.
But—could you tell me more about that?
Why did you call C7 to write this story?

JEMMA:

I—

SFX: Jemma is stumbling to put together a sentence. She is clearly very nervous. The sound of the patrons' conversations in the cafe grows louder. One MALE PATRON's voice rises above the rest. He's laughing obnoxiously loud for a small cafe. It's clear he's talking about Clio.

MALE PATRON 1:

Who do you think's gonna get her house? I'd kill to inherit that fortune.

MALE PATRON 2:

Jesus, Phil, it wasn't a murder.

MALE PATRON 1:

Oh come on, just cuz they found her drugged up in the bathtub doesn't mean she's the one who did it.

SFX: Maya's getting up forcefully. Her chair squeaks as she goes over to the men's table. She's livid.

MAYA:

(raising her voice)

Hey. Hey. That's a real woman you're talking about—not some mannequin for your fucked-up fantasies. And she's dead. Dead. People are grieving. So would you just—shut the fuck up?

SFX: The men are silent. Stunned.

JEMMA:

(quietly)

Maya-

MAYA:

Do you want to go for a walk?

JEMMA:

Yes please.

EXT. CITY STREET NEAR CENTRAL PARK - DAY

SFX: The wind is brisk as Jemma and Maya walk. We hear their shoes on the pavement, a soft breeze, traffic, a dog barking, horns honking—the city in motion. They walk for a bit in silence. Then—

MAYA:

(trying to fill the quiet)

I grew up listening to Clio. My mom used to play her all the time.

SFX: Footsteps continue. Jemma says nothing. And then—

JEMMA:

Did you have a favorite song?

MAYA:

(Smiling to herself)

Yeah. There was one she sang all the time—

(Singing the melody, her voice raspy, imperfect, and cracking)

I remember the night I went mad

Someone told me the moon was just sand

I've seen how the story unthreads—

(slightly embarrassed)

Anyway.

JEMMA:

Do you still listen to her together?

MAYA:

She died.

(pausing, and then reluctantly)

It was a suicide, too, actually. A year ago.

JEMMA:

(gently)

I'm so sorry.

SFX: Maya realizes she's still recording. We hear a beep as the recorder turns off.

MAYA:

Listen, we don't have to record this. Any of it.

(beat)

We don't even have to talk about Clio right now, if you don't want to.

But I kind of hope you do.

(softly)

When I heard your voicemail, in Claire's office, I felt like maybe the experiences I've had—the ones I could never make sense of—were preparing me to be able to write this. I know that sounds insane.

But I want to write Clio's story. I know it might be dark or messy and I know there might be parts of it you might feel afraid to share. But I understand, I think, in more ways than you might realize. If you don't want to share, that's okay. But if you can trust me—which I think you might want to—I'm here. I'm ready.

SFX: Jemma takes a long breath and then laughs to herself.

JEMMA:

I knew there was something about you, Maya Rice.

(and then more earnestly)

Okay. I'll try.

SFX: Fade-in of "O-o-h Child" by the Five Stairsteps.

JEMMA:

The first time I saw Clio perform was in 1972. We were here, in New York.

SFX: "O-o-h Child" Gets louder. We're being transported into the past.

ACT THREE

INT. BAR - NIGHT - 1972

SFX: We're whirled into a 1970s bar scene. It's packed and alive with conversation and music, the electric pulse of a bassline. People are dancing, whooping, calling out for drinks and clinking glasses. We hear the tap and screech of a microphone. An ANNOUNCER steps up.

ANNOUNCER: Alright, alright. Tonight we have a beautiful little lady singing for us. She's just starting out, but, trust me on this one—she's good.

SFX: A beat, some whoops and cheers.

ANNOUNCER:

Please welcome Miss Clio Kincaid.

SFX: A few people clap and woot, but most just keep talking. Clio's voice when she comes onstage is familiar—its warm rasp, its air of nonchalance—but lacking the complete confidence of her 1983 style. Her first words contain her signature dry, amused sarcasm.

CLIO:

(half-smiling)

Well don't clap yet. You haven't heard me sing.

SFX: A few people laugh. As she starts to sing—a cover, this time, of John Prine's "Angel from Montgomery"—we get to hear only a couple verses before her voice softens into the background texture.

CLIO:

(singing)

I am an old woman
Named after my mother
My old man is another
Child that's grown old-

SFX: We zoom into a back-table conversation between Jemma and BEAU (Clio's brother). Jemma's voice is sweet, young, bubbly, infused with a confident energy we haven't come to know her to have. Beau is sweet, too-energetic, lively, youthful. Like a typical golden-retriever boy.

BEAU:

Do you want another?

JEMMA:

No, I'm okay.

SFX: A moment passes, clinking straws in their glasses.

BEAU:

So what do you think?

JEMMA:

Of her?

BEAU:

Yeah, of her.

JEMMA:

(unconvincingly)

She's good.

BEAU:

But?

JEMMA:

But nothing. I like her voice.

BEAU:

(playful)

I promise you're gonna like her, Jem. She's my sister after all. We're the same blood. You just have to give her a little time.

SFX: Beau affectionately pulls Jemma in and kisses her. He continues, goofing around a bit now.

BEAU:

You're the two most important women in my life, so you better work it out.

JEMMA:

(giggling)

I know. I'll give her a chance. I promise.

SFX: We get the impression that there's tension here—and there is. Jemma despises Clio's reckless lifestyle (partying, drugs, sex) and doesn't like the influence she's had on Beau. She feels protective over Beau, and also worried that Clio will compel him back to an old lifestyle.

Meanwhile, Clio thanks the crowd.

CLIO (O.S.):

(confidently)

Thank you all for giving me a chance. Have a good night.

SFX: The announcer comes back onstage.

ANNOUNCER:

Well what did I tell you?

SFX: Clio's offstage now and walking toward Beau. With the most bubbly enthusiasm we've heard from her so far, she squeals her brother's name and wraps him in a hug.

CLIO:

Beau!

SFX: She turns toward Jemma. In typical Clio fashion, she's drunk and slurring her words.

CLIO:

(half-sarcastically)

So you're the one taking Beau away from all the fun.

SFX: Jemma laughs—awkward, polite.

JEMMA:

I guess so.

BEAU:

That's a little harsh.

SFX: Clio snaps open a pill bottle and then swallows something down.

CLIO:

When was the last time we got high together, Beau?

BEAU:

(half-laughing)

Oh, come on...

CLIO:

(provoking)

What, we used to do this all the time. One record, one lude, right?

JEMMA:

(cautiously)

Beau, don't—

CLIO:

(Jumping in, hungry for conflict)

Oh, Jesus. She tells you what to do now? You're no fun anymore.
(turning toward the bar)
Hey—three whiskey sours!

BEAU:
I don't know if that's a good idea—

CLIO:
(cutting him off, bitter)
What the hell, Beau?
You haven't come to see me play in six months and now you're
whipped and playing house with some girl? This isn't you.

JEMMA:
(confidence growing)
Maybe he's different now.

CLIO:
Oh?
(laughing)
So you've slept together twice and he's your soulmate?

BEAU:
That's not fair, Clio. We're together.

CLIO:
(over it)
Whatever. I'm leaving. Have fun.
Beau—let me know when you're bored and done pretending.
Jemma—you're pretty. You'll find someone.

SFX: Bar music swells—a cover band now playing—then cuts out.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK BENCH - DAY - 2014

SFX: Audio cuts into present day, the sounds of the city, birds
chirping. Maya and Jemma are on a bench.

MAYA:

Wow. She sounds kind of...awful.

JEMMA:

(laughs, but when she begins to talk, she sounds a bit emotional, maybe even choked up.)

I haven't talked about this--about her--in a long time. This is bringing it all back.

MAYA:

(takes a beat, and then quietly, almost to herself)
I didn't even know he had a brother.

SFX: Jemma doesn't respond. They're quiet for a beat.

MAYA:

When you left the voicemail for Claire, you said you were an old friend of Clio's. Was that true?

SFX: Jemma exhales, long and heavy.

JEMMA:

(somber)

Two days after that night at the bar, Beau got into a car accident.

EXT. UPSTATE NEW YORK BACK ROAD - NIGHT - 1972

SFX: A brief interlude sets a somber tone. Rain pouring, sirens starting out distant and then getting louder and closer.

INT. JEMMA'S APARTMENT - MANHATTAN - NIGHT - 1972

SFX: We're in Jemma's apartment. She's playing "Who Knows Where the Time Goes" by Sandy Denny on her record player. Her landline starts ringing. She picks up. She doesn't have time to say hello. Clio's voice bursts through, wailing and urgent.

CLIO:

(desperate)

Jemma—get to Bellevue now. It's Beau.

JEMMA:

(confused)

What? Clio? What?

CLIO:

(panicked)

He was in an accident. Get here. Now.

SFX: The phone clatters to the floor. We hear Jemma scrambling—shoes, pants, keys. The door slams behind her. The phone receiver keeps beeping. The record keeps spinning. "So come the storms of winter / And then the birds in spring again / I have no fear of time / For who knows how my love grows? / And who knows where the time goes?"

The music and beeping bleed together, and then fade into silence.

ACT FOUR

INT. BELLEVUE HOSPITAL - NIGHT - 1972

SFX: The hospital doors whoosh open. It's pouring rain. We hear the sounds of a hospital waiting room (beeping, phones ringing, nurses talking). Jemma is breathing heavily. She runs up to the front desk. We can hear the terror in her voice.

JEMMA:

(terrified, urgent)

I'm here for Beau Kincaid.

FEMALE RECEPTIONIST:

Please hold on a minute mi—

JEMMA:

(interrupting, panic mounting)

I'm here for my boyfriend, ma'am. Beau Kincaid. I need to see him immediately.

RECEPTIONIST:

Mis-

CLIO (O.S.):

(small, broken)

Jemma-

SFX: Jemma spins toward her.

JEMMA:

(panting frantic)

Clio, Clio, where's Beau?

SFX: Clio doesn't answer.

JEMMA:

(voice rising)

Where is he, Clio? I need to see him. Where is he?

CLIO:

(barely audible)

Jem-

JEMMA:

(screaming)

Where is he? Where's Beau, Clio? Where is he?

CLIO:

(voice cracking, barely able to speak)

He's gone, Jem.

SFX: Jemma pushes her, hard. She's wailing. She's not listening. She's begging, over and over.

JEMMA:

Where is he?

Where is he?

(sobbing, shoving Clio)

Where is he?

Where is he?

SFX: She begs. Over and over and over like a haunted siren. She pushes Clio with her hands and cries until she slumps on the floor, sobbing. Clio knew she had to be strong to deliver the news to Jemma. But now that she's told her, she lets it all out. They both crumple on the floor, sobbing.

JEMMA:

(Whispering, through tears)

Where is he? Where is he?

Beau-

CLIO:

(Crying, through tears)

He's gone, he's gone, he's gone.

SFX: They cry in each other's arms. Their tears grow muffled and then fade.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK BENCH - 2014

SFX: We are jolted back to the present day. Birds chirp. City sounds return. Jemma is crying, softly.

MAYA:

(whispering, comfortingly)

I'm so sorry, Jemma.

I'm so sorry.

JEMMA:

(quiet, through tears)

I didn't realize it then, but Clio had known he was dead for only fifteen minutes before I got there.

She wanted to keep it together until she told me.

(beat)

She may have hated me, but she didn't want to do it—grieve her brother—alone.

(beat)

God. She was...she was broken.

That day changed her. It changed us both.

That boy was the love of my life. But he was her brother—her blood, the person she shared a pillow with for the first ten years of her life, the person who shielded her from her dad's blows.

(beat)

That boy was her whole wide world. She was never the same.

SFX: Maya sniffles—quiet tears of her own.

MAYA:

How did you go on?

How did she?

JEMMA:

(sniffling)

We stayed in that waiting room, her head in my lap, and then mine in hers, for twenty-two hours. We didn't eat, drink...nothing. The medical staff didn't even ask us to leave. Or, if they did, we wouldn't have known.

We were in a different world. We were heartbroken and we weren't leaving him there alone.

(beat, reflective)

Clio was in her fishnet tights, her cowboy boots. She was supposed to play a show that night, I think. She had her guitar by her side.

(remembering)

At one point, once the wailing had quieted and we were just sitting in silence, I opened up that guitar case, started strumming a few chords.

INT. BELLEVUE WAITING ROOM - NIGHT - 1972

SFX: We hear a few messy chords. Jemma's putting something together. It's rough and unpolished but it's not her first time playing it. She starts singing.

JEMMA:

(singing)

I remember the night I went mad
Someone told me the moon was just sand
I've seen how the story unthreads
Turns out everyone dies in the end.

SFX: We hear Clio sniffing. Jemma's voice is cracking.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK BENCH - DAY - 2014

SFX: We're jolted back—this time sharply. Maya interrupts.

MAYA:

(bewildered)

Wait what? You mean—you wrote those lyrics? You wrote that song?

JEMMA:

(tearfully, tenderly)

Honey—I wrote them all.

SFX: Fade to outro music.

END OF PILOT