

# WAITING FOR JERRY

by

Stacy W. Thornton

Based on a true story

WGA 1043278

Ethnofilms  
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FADE IN:

INT. "MUSICIAN'S HAVEN, INT'L" MUSIC STORE - DAY

TITLE: Friday, April 2, 1982

JESSIE GALOHISTY (23), attractively bewitching, dark skinned. Appears older than her age. Dressed Preppy-bohemian; nice pantsuit, skinny tie (ala Annie Hall).

She wears a name tag, "Store Manager." Leans on the counter. Looks wistfully across the mega-store at the huge guitar collection.

Above the guitars hangs a large, framed poster: Pablo Picasso's "THE OLD GUITARIST."

A TEENAGED GUY comes up. Carries a book. Flops it down in front of Jessie.

Jessie picks it up. Glances at it.

INSERT book title: "GRATEFUL DEAD SONGBOOK"

On auto-pilot, Jessie rings it up.

The Teenaged Guy digs into the pockets of his thrashed denims. Pulls out the pockets. His fingers poke through huge holes in them.

TEENAGED GUY

Shit!

Teenaged Guy runs out.

JESSIE

Got a re-shelfer!

Jessie glances in the direction of the stockroom.

JESSIE (CONT'D)

Beth?

No answer. Jessie glances at the phone. Second line lit up.

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15218 Summit Ave. Suite #300-013 JESSIE (CONT'D)

Fontana, CA 92326 You better be on with a customer!

Fax: 909-463-1665

E-mail: stacy@ethnofilms.com Sighs. Carries the song-book out onto the floor.

Web: www.ethnofilms.com Deaf employee, BARRY (17), dashes in the door. Held under his arm, a very worn book, Leaves of Grass by Walt Whitman. He shoves his shirttail in his khakis.

Jessie sees him. Barely audibly mouths, "Long Break."

Barry silently mouths back, "Sorry."

She points to the stockroom. Mouths, "Go stock."

He flashes the book at her.

## WAITING FOR JERRY

JESSIE (CONT'D)

No excuse.

by

He shrugs. Winks at her. Heads to the stockroom.

Jessie flips through the songbook pages. Stops on a song titled, "RIPPLE." Reads lyrics. Her eyes widen.

FLASHBACK - 12 YEARS EARLIER

INT. BEDROOM/JESSIE'S PARENT'S HOUSE

TITLE: 1970

The big brown eyes of YOUNG JESSIE (11) widen as she holds the STELLA guitar in her hands. Timidly strums.

The door flies open. Bashes the wall.

STEVE (16) rushes up. Snatches hold of the guitar.

STEVE

I told you, *never* touch my Stella!

Young Jessie holds on with all her might.

YOUNG JESSIE

Nooo, Stevie!

JESSIE'S MOTHER (O.S.)

What's going on in there?

STEVE

Let go!

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JESSIE'S MOTHER

Ha-le-`wi-sta...now!

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The two freeze. Continue to grip the guitar.

JESSIE'S MOTHER (CONT'D)  
You have two guitars, Steve. Why  
can't you let her play with one?

Steve lets go. Young Jessie falls back on the bed.

WAITING FOR JERRY  
STEVE  
Because she doesn't know how.

Young Jessie sits up. Pouts. Kicks her feet on the bed  
frame.

JESSIE'S MOTHER  
A-da-de-yo-di...

They both look at her inquisitively.

JESSIE'S MOTHER (CONT'D)  
Teach her.

Jessie sarcastically flashes a wide grin at Steve.

STEVE  
Ah, Mom.

MONTAGE:

-- Steve's fingers speed across the neck of his electric  
guitar mimicking a young Jimi Hendrix.

-- Young Jessie bears a mean pout.

-- Steve stops. Glares at her.

STEVE (CONT'D)  
Well? WGA 1043278

-- She plunks the guitar.

-- Steve groans. Rolls his eyes. Looks at the clock.

-- Clock shows 4:15 p.m.

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-- Steve plays a series of chords. Young Jessie plunks on.  
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Fontana, CA 92335  
-- Clock shows 5:45 p.m.

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YOUNG JESSIE  
(whines)

Can't you play something easier?

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-- A tired Steve plays extremely slow. Stops. Waits.

-- Young Jessie forms her fingers to the chord. Presses down on the strings. Yelps.

STEVE  
 Oh, poor baby's fingers don't want  
 to play no more. Guess you better  
 stop.

-- Young Jessie checks the small blisters on her finger tips.

YOUNG JESSIE  
 Nuh-uh.

-- Steve plays. Young Jessie struggles to keep up.

YOUNG JESSIE (CONT'D)  
 Slow down!

STEVE  
 Keep up!

YOUNG JESSIE  
 I can't see the chords.

-- Steve grabs a paper. Scribbles letters. Plops it down.

STEVE  
 I told you...  
 (big breath)  
 G-C-G-C-G-D-C-G-A-minor-D-C-G-A-  
 minor-D.

-- Young Jessie stares at it. Looks up at him.

YOUNG JESSIE  
 This is a song? Does it have a  
 name?

STEVE  
 Ripple.

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YOUNG JESSIE  
 Does it have words? I could learn  
 it better if I knew the words.

-- Steve begrudgingly grabs the paper back. Sits and writes.

LATER  
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-- Young Jessie plays well as she follows the lyrics & chords on the paper. Smiles up at Steve.

-- Steve shows off. Plays fancy licks.

-- Young Jessie frowns. Stops.

STEVE

What's wrong now?

YOUNG JESSIE

What are you doing?

STEVE

Never mind. Just do your part.

Young Jessie puts her red blistered fingers to the neck.  
Plays the chords again.

Steve plays his part like a mandolin.

Young Jessie's eyes light up.

END FLASHBACK

INT. MUSIC STORE (CONTINUED)

Jessie, eyes distant, stands smiling at the lyrics.

An overly upbeat employee, BETH (22) trots up. She has multi-colored hair moussed to the max. Wears a trendy workout top, short skirt, fishnet hose, and animatedly smacks her gum.

BETH

Yeah, Jess?

JESSIE

This is a Dead song.

Beth looks at the cover.

BETH

Well, it is a Dead songbook.

JESSIE

I know that, smart ass. Get rid of  
the gum. And act normal, please.

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You're not even close to being a  
valley girl.

Beth laughs. Slips the gum behind one of her large earrings.

JESSIE (CONT'D)

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Stevie taught me this song.

Beth sighs. Peers over her shoulder at the lyrics. Gently rests her head on Jessie's shoulder.

BETH

Our "white Jimi Hendrix." Too bad your Dad put an end to that.

Jessie pulls away.

BETH (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I didn't mean...

Jessie shrugs. Stacy W. Thornton

Beth takes the song-book from her.

BETH (CONT'D)

It's just that I don't understand how music could make your dad...

JESSIE

It wasn't the music. Dad just didn't know what to do with him anymore. One day he flipped out and said, "Air Force, Army, or Marines!"

(beat)

Steve replied, "Navy."

BETH

(lovingly chuckles)

Such a *bad* boy.

Jessie takes the song-book. Slides it in the bin.

BETH (CONT'D)

What are you doing? God, don't be such a dweeb. Wrong section.

Beth grabs the book out.

JESSIE

Sixties music, right?

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BETH (CONT'D)

Besides, most of these they still play. And you're the manager?

She flips through it.

JESSIE  
 (accusingly)  
 And you're a deadhead?

BETH  
 No. But don't knock it unless you  
 know something about it.

Perturbed, Jessie walks away. Beth follows.

BETH (CONT'D)  
 Jess? What's with you?  
 She yanks Jessie around.

BETH (CONT'D)  
 It's the contest.

Jessie looks strangely guilty. Tries to pull away.

Beth holds onto her. Reads Jessie's eyes.

BETH (CONT'D)  
 Oh, my God. Please, tell me he's  
 not going!

Jessie shakes her head.

BETH (CONT'D)  
 Good, you might actually win now.

Offended, Jessie crosses her arms.

BETH (CONT'D)  
 And when you do, please don't let  
 him fuck it up for you.

JESSIE  
 Shhhh.

She directs her eyes to some nearby CUSTOMERS.

JESSIE (CONT'D)  
 (whispers)  
 You mean, don't fuck it up for you.

BETH  
 Whaaa...I set this up for you.

JESSIE  
 Nobody told you to.

Beth puts her arm around Jessie's shoulders.

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BETH

All you need is confidence. You're as good as a Carole King, Joni Mitchell and Bonnie Raitt combined. Here, don't take my word for it...

Beth yanks Barry over.

He reads Beth's lips.

BETH (CONT'D)

Jessie sings great, doesn't she?

Barry thinks. Nods.

JESSIE

Oh, that's just...thanks.

BETH

Barry may be deaf but he feels the music. *He knows*. Besides what good is all that talent if you keep it all locked up in...

(maliciously) ...Prince Charming's Castle?

JESSIE

Prince Charm...

(strikes out)

Beth! Listen, Christopher didn't want me to do it, so, I...

Beth's eyes boil.

JESSIE (CONT'D)

Sorry, I already canceled. By the way, the promoter was pissed.

BETH

Fuck-n-A.

JESSIE

Ssshhhh!

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Beth!

Jessie hurries after. Slowing up as she passes each customer.

Beth flies out of the stockroom with her purse. Crashes into Jessie.

WAITING FOR JERRY  
JESSIE (CONT'D)  
You can't leave?! You're scheduled  
'til clos...

Beth lets out a blood-curdling SCREAM.

The few customers in the store bolt.

Confused, Barry looks around suspiciously.

BETH  
Now that I have your undivided  
attention. I am going to fix this.  
Then, I will pick you up promptly  
at eight and you will perform.

Beth storms out of the store.

Based on a true story  
JESSIE  
No. Beth?!

EXT. MUSIC STORE PARKING LOT

Beth flees down the sidewalk. Bashes into Jessie's Boss, the DISTRICT MANAGER (40's), a nicely dressed "yuppie" carrying a leather briefcase.

DISTRICT MANAGER  
Beth?

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She doesn't hear. Stunned, he watches as Beth climbs in the window of her junky Celica and races off. Shakes his head.

INT. MUSIC STORE

Jessie sees the District Manager (DM) heading her way.

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JESSIE  
Of course. Makes it a perfect day.  
The DM enters. Glances around the store.

JESSIE (CONT'D)  
Dan, you're a day early. Great.

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Jessie follows him to the register. He glances down at a notebook. Eyes the posted schedule. Checks his watch.

DISTRICT MANAGER  
And what reason is Beth...

JESSIE  
Oh, I...told her to take...

WAITING FOR JERRY  
DISTRICT MANAGER  
I'm not an idiot. I'm aware of  
Beth's insubordination...and trust  
me, it'll only get worse.

He glances at Barry who hides his face in a stack of albums.

Stacy W. Thornton  
The DM takes Jessie by the arm. Escorts her to the  
stockroom.

INT. STOCKROOM

The DM sits Jessie down in her desk chair.

DISTRICT MANAGER  
Jessie? You could have a great  
future here. But Beth...

Based on a true story  
JESSIE  
You just don't understand her, Dan.  
She's really...

DISTRICT MANAGER  
No. It's imperative that you  
understand. How do I put this?  
(beat)  
Don't you want to be the first  
woman district manager of the  
country's largest music chain?

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Jessie's mouth drops.

The DM eyes her. Waits for a response.

Jessie gets up. Walks to the door. Peeks out on the floor.

JESSIE  
Ethnofilms Well, certainly...I mean...gosh.  
15218 Summit Ave. Suite #306-312  
Fontana, CA 92331 It's not like I haven't imagined...  
I know, Chris would be...pleased.  
Fax: 909-463-1665  
E-mail: stacy@ethnofilms.com She stares at the Picasso poster over the guitars.

The DM sits on the edge of Jessie's desk.  
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DISTRICT MANAGER

Listen, Jessie. This promotion's not a done deal. There are doubts.

JESSIE

Huh? Who has doubts?

She returns to her chair.

DISTRICT MANAGER

Frankly, I do. It's just that the problem is, ever since you hired your little buddy...

JESSIE

There no problems with Beth.

DM's face tightens.

JESSIE (CONT'D)

What problem, then?

DISTRICT MANAGER

Figure it out, Jess. In fact, take the whole weekend to figure it out.

Jess clinches her jaw in an effort to hold in her anger.

The DM looks at his Rolex. Rises. Sees the Walt Whitman book. Picks it up. On the desk are others: Jack Kerouac's ON THE ROAD and Alan Ginsberg's HOWL. Virginia Commonwealth University is stamped on them.

DISTRICT MANAGER (CONT'D)

Jessie? I thought we agreed. You can't do this job and college too.

JESSIE

No, they're from before...I brought them in for Barry to practice reading out loud to get him over his fear of speaking to people.

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He picks up his briefcase. Heads out.

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DISTRICT MANAGER (CONT'D)

Make an example of Beth and we'll know for sure.

JESSIE  
Dan, that's not...

DISTRICT MANAGER  
I want that lesbo gone by Monday.  
He loosens his collar. Peeks out. Cuts his eyes at Barry.  
Jessie jumps up.

JESSIE  
Don't you dare think it. Barry is very special...and the customers absolutely adore him. Barry feels the music. *He knows.*

DISTRICT MANAGER  
You're a manager, Jessie. For your own sake, act like one.  
He exits. Jessie follows.

Barry sees them. Reads Jessie's lips.

JESSIE  
Dan? Listen. Beth just needs a little...well, I don't really know what she needs but, she knows music. She knows everything about it, where everything goes, where to find it, and...the customers really...like her.

BARRY  
(mumbles)  
Scared of her.

JESSIE  
How'd you get all that? And...shut up, this is not the time to speak.

The DM walks away, never looking back.

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DISTRICT MANAGER  
See you Monday, Jessie. You and Chris, go have a great weekend.  
(Enunciates loudly)  
Night Barry! See you tomorrow!

JESSIE  
Dan, he's deaf. He needs to see your lips when you talk.

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They stand at the door. Watch the DM walk away.

JESSIE (CONT'D)

(yells)

You're wrong about her, Dan! She's  
not a...

WAITING FOR JERRY

Jessie slowly closes the door.

JESSIE (CONT'D)

...lesbo. Although, you, Dan...no  
one really knows what you are.

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Barry snickers.

JESSIE (CONT'D)

Imagine me...a D.M. I don't  
know...

(sings words from Ripple)

"...don't really care. Let there  
be songs to fill the air."

INT/EXT. JESSIE'S CAR - DUSK

Based on a true story

Jessie sits in her red convertible MGB outside her parents  
tri-level home. Stares up at a open bedroom window. A large  
tree is in front of it. She grins.

EXT. JESSIE'S PARENT'S HOUSE

With the enthusiasm of a young kid, Jessie climbs through the  
branches of the tree. Crawls through the window.

INT. BEDROOM/JESSIE'S PARENT'S HOUSE

The room appears as a shrine. 1043278

Centered on the table is an 8 x 10 framed picture of STEVE  
(17) in his Naval uniform. He is tall, thin, and blonde.

Lying on the table in front of it is a folded American Flag  
with a medal on top. Next to it, a newspaper article  
headlines: "Fallen Local Naval Officer to be Honored."

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Jessie stops at a small black & white photo. Pulls it from  
the sleeve. Stares at it.

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INSERT B&W PHOTO: Jessie, as a little girl (4), dark hair, dark skin, stands in contrast next to her tall pale brother (9). Jessie's arm stretched up and over his shoulder. Jessie bears a huge smile and Steve a small tolerant grimace.

Jessie slips the photo in her pants pocket.

The acoustic STELLA guitar and STRATOCASTER electric guitar lean against the wall in the corner.

Jessie picks up the acoustic. Sits on the bed. Runs her fingers across the strings. Stares at her brother's photo.

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FLASHBACK TO 1970 (CONTINUED FROM EARLIER FLASHBACK)

Young Jessie's fingers falter but she keeps playing.

Steve grimaces. Yanks Young Jessie's hand from the guitar. Notices her fingers.

Blood oozes from the tips.

Based on a true story  
 STEVE  
 Blisters are good. Bleeding's not.  
 You gotta stop and let'em heal.

Young Jessie sadly gazes upon her fingers.

YOUNG JESSIE  
 What if they don't?

STEVE  
 They will. Then they'll get tough.

YOUNG JESSIE  
 But...when?

Steve rolls his eyes.

STEVE  
 Give it two days. Then, start practicing again.

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Young Jessie sets down the guitar. Heads for the door.  
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STEVE (CONT'D)  
 Hey?!

Steve holds out the Stella to her.

STEVE (CONT'D)  
How you going to practice, stupid?

Jessie's saddened face transforms to radiant.

STEVE (CONT'D)  
I'm just loaning it. It's still  
mine.  
by

INT. HALLWAY (FLASHBACK CONT'D)

Jessie carries the guitar down the hall to her bedroom.  
Hears Stevie crank up the volume. He plays "We Gotta Live  
Together" from Jimi Hendrix's BAND OF GYPSIES 1970 album.

JESSIE'S DAD (O.S.)  
What the hell...

JESSIE'S DAD (late 30's) crew-cut, conservatively dressed,  
bolts out of his room. Passes Jessie. Busts into Stevie's  
room. Slams the door behind him.

JESSIE'S DAD (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
How many times have I told you?!

The music comes to a deadening silence.

Jessie creeps back to Stevie's room.

STEVE  
Sorry, Dad! I didn't know you were  
home from...

She reaches for the doorknob. Cracks open the door.

JESSIE'S DAD  
Not as sorry as you're going to be.  
You're grounded for a month,  
mister.

She peeks through the small crack.

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Jessie's Dad bears a look that could launch a missile.

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JESSIE'S DAD  
Are you so damn hardheaded. It's  
what you don't do.

(MORE)



JESSIE'S DAD (CONT'D)  
 You don't go to school like you're  
 suppose to, you don't take out the  
 trash, you don't...

Steve's eyes defiantly gleam. His hand turns the guitar's  
 volume to max. The amp static loudly crackles.

WAITING FOR JERRY  
 JESSIE'S DAD (CONT'D)  
 I'd rethink that move.

Steve's hand drops to his side.

Jessie's Dad turns to leave.

Jessie steps back away from the cracked door.

A sudden BLARE OF MUSIC.

Seemingly possessed by his anger, Jessie witnesses her father  
 thrust Steve across the room onto his bed.

The Stratocaster slams to the floor.

Horror fills her eyes as she watches him unbuckle his belt.  
 Pulls it from his pants.

Jessie's mouth opens but no sound comes out.

SLO-MO: A hand gently removes Jessie's from the doorknob.

JESSIE'S MOTHER  
 (strangely calm)  
 As-kai nas-gi. A-lu-li ha-ya-ni.

SUBTITLE: "Fear not. Mother here."

JESSIE'S MOTHER (CONT'D)  
 Go to your room.

Jessie's mother enters just as Jessie's father is about to  
 strike Steve with the belt.

She grabs it as it speeds down. Yanks it from him.

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SLO-MO ends.  
 Jessie's father snaps back to reality.

JESSIE'S MOTHER (CONT'D)  
 If you ever lift an object to  
 either of my children again, I will  
 have you thrown in jail. Du-da-ni-  
 lv-tsv?

SUBTITLE: "Agreed?"

Jessie's father shakes his head.

JESSIE'S DAD  
I don't understand what happen.  
Forgive me, please.

His legs weaken. He collapses to a chair.

Steve runs to him.

STEVE  
It's okay, Dad. I'm sorry.

He buries his head in his father's chest. Jessie's father weeps.

Jessie gasps.

Jessie's mother's eyes cut to her.

JESSIE'S MOTHER  
He-ga, Jessie.

She slowly closes the door.

JESSIE'S MOTHER (CONT'D)  
Go!

Jessie runs to her room.

END FLASHBACK

INT. BEDROOM/JESSIE'S PARENT'S HOUSE (PRESENT CONT'D)

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The door swings open wide.

Jessie's Mother (mid 40's now) stands there. Startled face, wide-eyed and flustered.

JESSIE'S MOTHER  
Jessie?! How did you get...in...

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She slips off the guitar. Sets it back down in the corner.

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Jessie's Mother looks hurt. Abruptly turns. Walks away.

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JESSIE  
Mom?

INT. KITCHEN

Jessie's Mother furiously chops vegetables.

JESSIE

I'm sorry. It was insensitive of me to sneak in like that.

JESSIE'S MOTHER

Well, I guess that's something...at least you realize you're insensitive.

Stacy W. Thornton

JESSIE

I just needed to spend time with...

Jessie's mother slams the knife down.

JESSIE'S MOTHER

I can't pretend I'm not hurt that you didn't come to see me...I try to be understanding. It's hard for you. But it's harder for me. I need to get past this...you need to clear away...

JESSIE

No. It's not time.

Jessie's face tenses. She picks up a carrot stick.

JESSIE'S MOTHER

It's been over a year since Stevie's...I can't even say it.

JESSIE 1043278

No. You said that...

She chomps down hard on the carrot.

JESSIE'S MOTHER

Your shrine to your brother has served its purpose. Now it's only a constant reminder to me of what we can't have. It's time to heal.

JESSIE

I can't believe you're saying this. You said yourself, people are always in such a rush. Taking time is like patience. Having patience is a virtue. I need more time.

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E-mail: [stacy@ethnofilms.com](mailto:stacy@ethnofilms.com)

Web: [www.ethnofilms.com](http://www.ethnofilms.com)

Jessie drops her head. Stares at the floor.

Jessie's Mother fights back her tears. Picks up the knife. Slowly chops.

INT. DEN

## WAITING FOR JERRY

Jessie's Dad reads the newspaper. Feet propped up on the table. A dog sits at attention next to him. A beer sits on top of the dog's head. He takes a sip from the beer and places the can back on the dog's head.

INT. KITCHEN

Stacy W. Thornton

JESSIE

Maybe you're right, Mom. I think patience is more like...slow death.

Jessie's Mother drops her knife. Cries.

JESSIE (CONT'D)

Mom, I didn't mean... I was referring to me waiting for Christopher to... It's your house. Do what you have to.

Jessie's Mother pulls Jessie close. They hold each other.

INT. DEN

Jessie's Dad takes a sip of his beer. Downs the last of it.

INT. KITCHEN

Jessie's Mother throws the vegetables in the sauce on the stove. Stirs.

WGA 1043278

JESSIE'S MOTHER

Christopher's just like your father. He'll come around. When it's time...it's time. It's just not time. But when it is, I'm sure he'll make you as happy as your Dad makes me.

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Jessie's Dad crumples the can. Belches loudly.

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INT. KITCHEN

Jessie's Mother rushes to the refrigerator practically knocking Jessie out of the way.

JESSIE  
Mom?!

JESSIE'S MOTHER  
Your father needs another beer.

JESSIE  
I didn't hear him ask for anything.

JESSIE'S MOTHER  
Sure he did.

Jessie intercepts the beer from her.

JESSIE  
He belched, Mother. A belch is your signal to bring him a beer?

Jessie's Mother tries to take the beer from her. Jessie moves it out of her reach.

JESSIE (CONT'D)  
I will never let Christopher "belch" me around.

Jessie's Mother puts her hands on her hips. Flashes her an "oh really?" look.

JESSIE (CONT'D)  
I'll take it to him.

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INT. DEN

Jessie walks into a darkened room. The only light from a window shines on her father. His face buried behind a newspaper.

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As she moves closer to him, her erect posture begins to slump. The boldness she displayed to her mother dissipates. She dangles the beer over the paper so he can see it.

JESSIE'S DAD  
On the table.

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Jessie looks around. There is no table. Just the dog.

DOG

ARF!

The dog scoots up closer.

Jessie rolls her eyes. Places the beer on the dog's head.

Still hidden by the newspaper, Jessie's Dad reaches over. Picks up the beer. Slurps it. A BURP abounds.

JESSIE

Excuse you, Dad?!

The newspaper drops.

JESSIE'S DAD

Hey! Look who's here! There must be a blue moon. What? Don't I rate a hug from my beautiful little girl?

JESSIE

(just like a little girl)  
Yes, Daddy.

Jessie hugs her father.

JESSIE'S DAD

Hey, you staying for dinner?

JESSIE

Nnn...

JESSIE'S DAD

Where's Christopher?

WGA 1043278

JESSIE

He's probably on his way ho...

JESSIE'S DAD

Go get Jess a beer, Mom.

Jessie's Mother hurries toward the door.

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JESSIE'S DAD

Web: [www.ethnofilms.com](http://www.ethnofilms.com)  
Let her get it; I'll drink it.

JESSIE  
But you already have...

Jessie's Dad waves her mother to go get it anyway.

JESSIE'S DAD  
Believe me, she needs the exercise.

JESSIE  
Dad! by

JESSIE'S DAD  
What? Stacy W. Thornton

He laughs.

JESSIE  
I can't believe you are such a...

JESSIE'S DAD  
So what's the hot dog architect  
building these days?

Based on a true story  
JESSIE  
Well, his company just got a  
contract for King's Dominion and...

JESSIE'S DAD  
Hey that's great, really. When you  
two getting married and making your  
mother some grandchildren so she'll  
have something to do other than  
bothering me all the time.

He rumples the paper. Resumes reading.

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JESSIE  
Dad?

He grunts.

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He abruptly searches through the paper.

JESSIE'S DAD  
Where's the damn sports section? I  
want to know how those damn Braves  
made out last...ah, here. What  
were you saying, Jess?

Jessie opens her mouth to speak but nothing comes out.

Jessie's Mother places another beer on the dog's head.

JESSIE'S DAD (CONT'D)

When's dinner, squaw?

(to Jessie's Mother)

Lock and load woman, lock and load!

Jessie's Mother hurries to the kitchen.

Jessie sits speechless. Stares at her Dad as he tries to balance two beers on the dog's head.

Her eyes glaze over.

EXT. JESSIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The MGB pulls into the driveway of a ranch-style house. Jessie, eyes still glazed over, sits there a moment. Deeply inhales.

INT. JESSIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jessie gingerly enters the dark room.

She sees the answering machine blinking. Sighs. Plays message.

CHRISTOPHER ON MACHINE

(very business-like)

Jess, I'll be late. Got a meeting with the contractor. Sorry. How 'bout we do something really special on your birthday next week?

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Jessie switches on a lamp. Expensive decor throughout.

JESSIE

(under her breath)

Yeah, right.

CHRISTOPHER ON MACHINE

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Oh yeah, sorry again about this weekend, hon. Can't get away from the job site. But hey, you could use the time wisely and finish up that college ap I started for you?

Jessie looks down next to the phone. A partially filled-out college application. Her face angers.

Web: www.ethnofilms.com



CHRISTOPHER ON MACHINE (CONT'D)  
 Still time for the fall semester.  
 Later, lover. Don't wait up.

Jessie balls up the application.

Phone RINGS. ~~Jessie nervously unfurls the paper.~~

JESSIE  
 (to herself)  
 What am I? (beat) A fucking  
 coward.

She picks up the phone.

JESSIE (CONT'D)  
 Hello?

BETH (PHONE)  
 I fixed it. On my way. Be ready.

A loud slam. The phone goes dead.

JESSIE  
 No! Beth?! Damn it!

Jessie shakes her head.

Sees her twelve-string guitar in the corner.

JESSIE (CONT'D)  
 You shut up.

She goes to it. Picks it up. A layer of dust coats it.  
 Jessie blows on it. Dust fills the air.

WGA 1043278

LATER

Jessie, transformed, stands in front of the mirror. Stares  
 at her reflection. Holds her guitar at her side. She looks  
 incredible. Sexy. Radiates star quality.

From outside, a CAR HORN HONKS.

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EXT. JESSIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Beth holds down the HORN.

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Jessie rushes down the sidewalk to Beth's car.

A BMW drives up. Enters the driveway.

Jessie freezes.

CHRISTOPHER JOHANNASBERG (28), a handsome Robert Redford type, smartly dressed, gets out his BMW. Sees Beth sitting in her car.

Christopher approaches Jessie. Sees the guitar.

CHRISTOPHER

I thought we decided...

Christopher grabs her arm. Escorts her back to the house.

JESSIE

But, Christopher, I promised Beth.

She pulls away from him.

CHRISTOPHER

I suppose your promise to me means nothing?

JESSIE

Oh give me a break. You're making way too big a deal of this and besides you don't understand.

(whispers to him)

Dan wants me to fire Beth.

CHRISTOPHER

Great. Fire her.

JESSIE

This gig could mean a new job for her booking acts.

CHRISTOPHER

Bull-shit. I'm not some bonehead who believes this is about you easing your mind over poor Beth.

JESSIE

What are you getting at?

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Fax: Christopher steps back. Gives a pitiful look.

E-mail: [stacy@ethnofilms.com](mailto:stacy@ethnofilms.com)

CHRISTOPHER

If you win, I know you'll leave me.

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Jessie sighs. Moves in close.

JESSIE

It really hurts me when you say things like that, Christopher. You know you're the best thing that ever happened to me.

Christopher lifts his eyebrow. He gives Jessie the once over. Grabs her by the waist. Gives her one hell of a kiss.

Beth lays on the HORN. by

Jessie and Christopher continue to kiss.

Angry, Beth gets out. Stacy W. Thornton  
Rushes up to them.

BETH

Alright, enough. Let's go, Jessie.

She grabs Jessie's guitar but Jessie doesn't let go.

JESSIE

I'm not going.

Based on a true story  
BETH  
Yes, you are.

Christopher grabs the guitar away from both of them.

CHRISTOPHER

Hello and good-bye, Beth.

Beth ignores him.

BETH

Jessie. Why are you being such a ditz?! Can't you see that he only wants you around to fit in with his precious little "DINK" society?!

CHRISTOPHER

Excuse me?

BETH

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D-I-N-K...dual-income-no-kids?  
Bright boy.  
CHRISTOPHER  
That's not what I...

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BETH

Jessie, don't you get it?! Captain Dink, here, is the reason you fuck up on stage.

Jessie looks at her like she's crazy.

BETH (CONT'D)

Whenever he isn't around, you're great!

by

CHRISTOPHER

Get the hell out of here, lesbo.

BETH

I'm not going without Jessie.

Beth waits for Jessie to say something.

BETH (CONT'D)

Fine.

She turns on her heels. Heads for her car. Then turns back.

BETH (CONT'D)

Just a warning, Jessie...

(one long breath)

You better brush off that yuppie scum before it's too late or you'll be sitting all alone in that big empty castle in the sky, all by yourself, with only that precious 12-string but now, oh-so-old and rusted, playing the woe-is-me blues into the lonely night.

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CHRISTOPHER

She's so full of it.

JESSIE

Christopher?! Listen, Beth, you can't possibly understand. You've never had anyone to care about... more than...yourself.

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Offended, Beth's mouth drops.

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E-mail: [stacy@ethnofilms.com](mailto:stacy@ethnofilms.com) JESSIE (CONT'D)

The truth is...

(nearly reciting)

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...the music business would just eat me alive.

Beth cuts her eyes at Christopher.

BETH

God.

(chuckles)

He's a damn ventriloquist.

(hatefully to Jessie)

Wonder what that makes you?

JESSIE

Beth?!

Beth storms off to her car.

JESSIE (CONT'D)

Chris loves me. He's just looking  
out for me. I respect his opinion.

Beth drives off.

Christopher pulls Jessie close to him.

Jessie pulls away.

JESSIE (CONT'D)

This isn't right. Beth's my  
friend. I just can't...

CHRISTOPHER

Ah, come on. She'll get over it.

He puts his arm around her. Directs her inside.

INT. JESSIE'S BEDROOM

IN BED.

WGA 1043278

Christopher tries to make love to Jessie. Preoccupied, she  
doesn't respond. Just goes through the moves.

CHRISTOPHER

Come on, Jess.

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Frustrated, Christopher rolls over onto his back.  
15218 Summit Ave. Suite #300-213

Fontana, CA 92336 JESSIE

Fax: 909-463-1685 I'm sorry...I...

E-mail: stacy@ethnofilms.com

CHRISTOPHER

It's that damn contest.

Web: [www.ethnofilms.com](http://www.ethnofilms.com)

Christopher sits on the bed's edge.

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)  
 If you think winning it will open  
 the proverbial magical door to  
 success, then you...

JESSIE  
 I told you already...

CHRISTOPHER  
 Yeah, right...for Beth.

Christopher shakes his head.

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)  
 (under his breath)  
 Hard headed...

He looks at Jessie. Sees her staring at the clock as the  
 second hand slowly ticks.

Christopher jumps to his feet. Jams his legs into his  
 slacks. Stops. Glares at her.

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)  
 What? You waiting for an  
 invitation?

A big smile grows on Jessie's beaming face.

INT. HARD TIMES CLUB - NIGHT

The Club is packed. College students drinking. Talking.

At a TABLE near the stage, Beth, depressed, sits with her  
 friends, ALTHEA (20) and SUE (18) who are dressed in vintage  
 60's Hippie-wear. WGA 1043278

A big white Stetson Hat dangles down on Sue's back. Althea  
 lifts it up. Uses it to hide behind. Sneaks a kiss from  
 Sue.

BETH  
 Shit, don't do that.

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Fax: 909-463-1665 ALTHEA  
 E-mail: stacy@ethnofilms.com (to Beth)  
 You're just pissed off because your  
 girlfriend...

Web: [www.ethnofilms.com](http://www.ethnofilms.com)

BETH  
 Jessie's not...

ALTHEA  
Just stop shitting bricks about it!  
She's a lost cause. Just focus on  
the concert.

SOME GUY at a nearby table butts in.

SOME GUY  
What concert?

ALTHEA  
The Warlocks! At the Scope!  
Tomorrow!

He has no idea. Shrugs.

ALTHEA (CONT'D)  
Get this, Sue. Beth thought she'd  
ask Jessie to go with us. What ya  
think? Good idea, huh?

Sue giggles. Attempts to take a sip from her beer. Misses  
her lips. Spills beer all over.

BETH  
Althea, what is she on?

Althea wipes Sue's face with a napkin.

ALTHEA  
Beth, what are you off?

Sue giggles again.

CLUB FRONT DOOR swings open. Jessie walks through.

Beth's eyes bulge.

BETH  
Jessie's here!

She yanks Althea all around.

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BETH  
Fuck-n-A.  
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Christopher & Jessie find a table.

ALTHEA  
Ah, the dickhead came, too.

Sue giggles.

ALTHEA (CONT'D)  
Now, Sue, that's not what I meant.

They both laugh.

Jessie warily eyes the PROMOTER (CAMEO: DENNIS MCNALLY, author of "A Long Strange Trip") already engaged in a conversation with the two other contestants.

PROMOTER'S TABLE.

Her head down, Jessie slips into a chair.

PROMOTER  
...any special needs, check with the stagehand.

He points at the STAGEHAND who mounts microphones on stage.

PROMOTER (CONT'D)  
Well nice of the princess to grace us with her presence; your majesty.

He scribbles Jessie's name down on a cocktail napkin (the contestant line-up on it).

JESSIE  
Sorry, I...

PROMOTER  
Take this free one time advice...indecision will kill a career; lateness is reserved for those who already have a career; and frankly, I'm not impressed with you so far.

Jessie gulps.

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15218 Summit Ave. Suite #200-212 PROMOTER (CONT'D)

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Web: www.ethnofilms.com  
Alright. You're up when you're called. One song each. No bullshit popularity votes here...I pick the winner, because I'm the only one here who knows what the fuck they're doing. Now get the hell out of my face.



The Promoter's eyes follow a CURVACEOUS DOLL that passes by. He groans. Follows the Curvaceous Doll to the bar. The Promoter hands the cocktail napkin to the BARTENDER.

The Bartender goes to the intercom.

WAITING FOR JERRY  
BARTENDER (INTERCOM)  
Now, for your listening pleasure...  
or not, just in case they suck...

Laughter trickles about. by

Stacy W. Thornton  
BARTENDER (CONT'D)  
Contestant one is Tom Thompson.  
Give it your best shot, man!

Some APPLAUSE. The contestant takes the stage. Club noisy.

BETH'S TABLE.

Beth waves for Jessie to come over.

JESSIE  
I'm really... on a true story

BETH  
Shut the fuck up, you're forgiven.  
(beat)  
So, what song are you doing?

JESSIE  
Either Cat Stevens "Father and Son"  
or "Howl" to music.

BETH  
You think you might do "Howl?"  
Gingsberg's Howl?

JESSIE  
Well, part of it. It's too long...

BETH  
Are you insane, Jessie?

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BETH  
Please, do your original stuff.  
Trust me, it's good.

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JESSIE  
I can't take this now.

Jessie walks away.

Beth plops down in her chair.

LATER

Second contestant performs on stage.

BETH'S TABLE

Althea and Sue are busy French-kissing behind the Stetson hat.

Beth sees a couple of guys staring at them.

BETH

You're making a spectacle.

ALTHEA

A spectacle? Why, Cowgirl Sue, I do believe that's the nicest thing anyone's ever called us.

They laugh. Beth sighs.

JESSIE'S TABLE

Jessie stares at the stage. Looks scared to death.

Christopher leans over to her.

CHRISTOPHER

A little magic for my little girl?

Jessie suspiciously eyes him.

WGA 1043278

Christopher pats down his arm sleeves.

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)

Nothing up my sleeves...but what about my pocket?

He reaches into his coat. Pulls out a small gift-wrapped box like a card player laying out a winning hand in poker.

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CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)  
He sets it on the table. Jessie, shocked, happy, scared, anticipates its contents as she gently unwraps it.

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BETH'S TABLE

Beth watches from afar. Sees Jessie unwrapping the gift.

BETH  
That bastard.

JESSIE'S TABLE

Wrapping removed. Jessie gazes at the box's green velvet exterior. Slowly cracks it open. A diamond sparkles. Jessie's eyes enlarge.

JESSIE  
A diamond...

Pulls out the diamond. A long silver chain attached to it.

JESSIE (CONT'D)  
...necklace.

Forces a smile. Disappointment fills her eyes.

Polite APPLAUSE for the performer.

Christopher leans over. Kisses Jessie.

CHRISTOPHER  
One day, you'll have something to go with that.

Jessie slips the necklace back in the box.

Christopher pulls the necklace out. Hangs it around Jessie's neck. Struggles to hook it.

JESSIE  
Not now, Chris.

CHRISTOPHER  
One second. There. Let me see.

Jessie faces him.

Behind her, the performer finishes his song. Applause.

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Jessie sees Christopher staring at the necklace, not her.

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JESSIE  
The necklace...is stunning.

Christopher shrugs "what?"

BARTENDER (INTERCOM)

Next up is Josie, uh, no, it's  
Jessie...uh, woh! Is it Gal-loh-  
high...?

WAITING FOR JERRY

BETH

Galohisty! Jessie Galohisty! You  
jackass.

by

The Promoter chuckles at Beth.

Small APPLAUSE. Stacy W. Thornton

Jessie hurries to the stage. Looks upset as she passes Beth.

Beth sees the shiny diamond necklace swing.

BETH (CONT'D)

Thank God it wasn't a ring.

Jessie shifts on the stool on stage. The guitar bashes the  
lower microphone. Loud feedback ignites. People groan.

JESSIE

(muffled mic)

Sorry. Sorry.

Only static on the PA system.

Jessie strums. Guitar mic delivers a clear sound. She tunes  
her strings. Strums again. Plays intro to "Father and Son."

Althea bobs her head to the rhythm. Looks impressed.  
Christopher looks stiff. GA 1043278

Jessie opens her mouth. Sings "it's not time to make a  
change..." No sound from the voice mic. She reaches out.  
Switches mic off and on. Nothing. She drops one of her  
finger picks. Keeps playing. Keeps singing "just relax,  
take it easy..." Her eyes nervously search for the  
Stagehand.

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SLOW-MO.

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— Guys pitch darts at board in the adjacent lounge. Loud  
laughter. No one pays attention. Jessie stops playing.

-- A stagehand runs up. Fidgets with the microphone.

STAGEHAND

(slow-mo)

I'll get another mic.

-- Stagehand runs off. Jessie gets up. Starts to leave.

-- The Promoter, pissed, shakes his head.

-- Beth stops Jessie at the stage edge.

BETH

(slow-mo)

Where are you going Jess? You've got to play something.

-- Christopher waves at Jessie to head for the door.

CHRISTOPHER

(slow-mo)

Let's go!

-- The stage lights blind Jessie's vision. The room takes on a nightmarish look. She tries to step down from the stage but Beth blocks her.

-- The Promoter signals the CLUB BAND to mount the stage.

-- Club Band takes position behind Jessie at their instruments.

-- Jessie's eyes scan the crowd. Drinking. Loud talking. Cigarette smoke swirls. Thickens the air.

-- A FEW GUYS chug beer at the bar. A GUZZLING GUY guzzles beer until it drenches all down his tie-dyed shirt.

-- Jessie stares at the wild colors of his tie-dyed shirt. Notices "psychedelic-wear" speckled throughout the audience. Deadhead paraphernalia becomes visible (skulls, dancing bears, roses, etc.).

Ethnofilms -- A waitress drops a tray. Glass shatters.

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E-mail: [stacy@ethnofilms.com](mailto:stacy@ethnofilms.com) "Oou's" erupt. Clapping. Laughter.

A LOUDMOUTH stands on a chair. Whistles.  
Web: [www.ethnofilms.com](http://www.ethnofilms.com)

LOUDMOUTH

(to Jessie)

Hey sweet thing? Tough break,  
but...better keep your day job!

LAUGHTER. A few VOICES SING, "Until your night job pays."

BETH

What an A-hole.

Beth glares at Christopher's smug face.

BETH (CONT'D)

I can't believe he's not going to  
say something to that jerk.

(screams)

Everyone shut the hell up!

Crowd quiets.

BETH (CONT'D)

(to Jessie)

It's just one song. Maybe, your  
last song. Don't you want it to be  
a good memory? Jessie, please, for  
your own sake, make it be a good  
memory.

Jessie sighs. Goes back to the stool. Drags it across the  
stage. Parks it in front of Beth's table. She drags the mic  
stand over. Sits. Adjusts its height half-way between her  
mouth and guitar.

JESSIE

(to herself)

Make it be a good memory, huh?

She pulls out the B&W photo of Steve & her. Looks at it.  
Slips it back in her pants.

JESSIE (CONT'D)

(thru the mic)

I'm going to do a song, it's the  
first song I learned to play. I  
think it's only fitting that...it  
be my last.

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Christopher questioningly mouths "last" to himself. Then,  
grins and nods approvingly.

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Jessie strums intro to "Ripple."

JESSIE (CONT'D)

(sings)

"If my words did glow with the gold  
of sunshine. And my tunes were  
played on the harp unstrung,"

Jessie's voice waivers from nerves.

JESSIE (CONT'D)

(sings)

"Would you hear my voice come  
through the music? Would you hold  
it near as it were your own?"

Jessie's eyes tear.

BETH

Keep going, keep going.

JESSIE

(sings)

"It's a hand-me-down, the thoughts  
are broken. Perhaps they're better  
left unsung."

BETH

(yells out to Jessie)

Never. Not so.

A chuckle from Jessie.

JESSIE

(sings)

"I don't know, don't really care.  
Let there be songs to fill the  
air."

B.g. Club Band's Bass Player starts to play along.

JESSIE (CONT'D)

(sings)

"Ripple in still water; when there  
is no pebble tossed, nor wind to  
blow."

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Fontaine, St. Louis 63106  
The Stagehand pops up with another microphone. Mounts it in  
front of Jessie.

Fax: 314-403-1881  
E-mail: [stacy@ethnofilms.com](mailto:stacy@ethnofilms.com)

She stands. Slides the stool away with her foot.

Web: [www.ethnofilms.com](http://www.ethnofilms.com)

JESSIE (CONT'D)

(sings)

"Reach out your hand if your cup be empty; If your cup is full may it be again,"

WAITING FOR JERRY

BETH

Yes! Yes!

Crowd members start to notice Jessie.

The Promoter nods approval.

Stacy W. Thornton

JESSIE

(sings)

"Let it be known there is a fountain, that was not made by the hands of men."

The Club Band joins in. Harmonizes.

JESSIE (CONT'D)

(sings)

"There is a road, no simple highway, Between the dawn and the dark of night..."

Beth claps in rhythm. Crowd joins in. Claps. People move up, fill in open areas near the stage.

JESSIE (CONT'D)

(sings)

"And if you go no one may follow, That path is for your steps alone."

A Club BAND MEMBER plays a MANDOLIN.

JESSIE (CONT'D)

(sings)

"Ripple in still water; When there is no pebble tossed, Nor wind to blow."

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Althea and Sue sing. Beth sees the Promoter clapping along.  
15218 Summit Ave. Suite #300-213

Fontana, CA 92336 JESSIE (CONT'D)

Fax: 909-463-1665 (sings)

E-mail: stacy@ethnofilms.com  
"You who choose to lead must follow; But if you fall you fall alone, If you should stand then who's to guide you?"  
Web: www.ethnofilms.com

Beth mouths the final line with Jessie.



JESSIE (CONT'D)  
 (belts it out)  
 "If I knew the way, I would take  
 you home."

Beth laughs out loud. Entire crowd joins in with the song's ending, "La da's."

Huge APPLAUSE. Jessie thanks the band. Shakes each of their hands. Bows to the enthusiastic audience. Jessie jumps down from the stage.

Beth rushes her. Gives Jessie a huge hug.

BETH  
 You just had to want it bad enough!  
 Now if you just do your own songs  
 that way.

JESSIE  
 I'm done with this, remember?

ALTHEA  
 Jessie, I love that old song.  
 (to Beth)  
 The bitch is a god damn female  
 Jerry Garcia!

Jessie sees Christopher impatiently waiting. She backs away from Beth. Mouths "Got to go."

BETH  
 Ah come on, Jess. It's your night!

Beth watches Jessie go to Christopher. She notices his forced smile. His stiff hugs. Christopher's eyes meet Beth's. Intense dislike.

Christopher takes Jessie's guitar. Prods her to the door.

Audience members they pass tell Jessie "Great job," "Nice pipes," "Loved it," "You coming back?" (Etc.)

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Web: [www.ethnofilms.com](http://www.ethnofilms.com)

Jessie nervously approaches the Promoter.

PROMOTER  
 Jessie! Come here!

Jessie sees the Promoter waving her over. She pulls Christopher with her. He jerks away. Goes to door. Waits.

PROMOTER (CONT'D)  
You got it, kid. I'll book you at  
our sister club cross-town.

The Promoter leans in close to Jessie. One arm around her  
shoulder. He hands his card to her.

PROMOTER (CONT'D)  
Call me. We'll talk details.

Jessie backs away.

JESSIE  
Thank you. Thank you so much.  
Really. Thank you.

Beaming, she turns. Sees Christopher's gone.

EXT. HARD TIMES CAFE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Jessie runs across the gravel.

JESSIE  
Christopher?! Slow down!

Christopher whips around.

CHRISTOPHER  
No, you slow down. What the hell  
was that in there? What were you  
doing? Did you have to go hugging  
and touching everyone?

She stops cold in her tracks. Slides on the gravel.

JESSIE  
I don't know what...You can't be  
jealous that I hugged Beth? What?  
Not Gary. Are you nuts? It was  
loud, he was just trying to get  
close so...

He races up to her.

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E-mail: [stacy@ethnofilms.com](mailto:stacy@ethnofilms.com)  
JESSIE  
Christopher, it was nothing. The  
man is giving me a shot.  
Web: [www.ethnofilms.com](http://www.ethnofilms.com)

CHRISTOPHER  
You're not doing it?!

Jessie holds his glare. Shrugs.

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)  
Jessie. Jessie. Come on.

He puts his arm around her. Herds her toward the car.

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)  
This is not a proper career for a  
woman of your caliber. Don't you  
want to settle down with me...  
(quickly)  
...one day.

JESSIE  
Well, excu-u-use me...if I don't  
jump for joy but that doesn't  
really sound like a proposal to me.

She twists the necklace around her finger at him.

CHRISTOPHER  
One day...perhaps.

He opens her door. Pulls her close. Jessie pulls away.

JESSIE  
So that's how it is?

Christopher shoves her against the car with his body.  
Presses hard against her.

CHRISTOPHER  
You want to know how it is? I'll  
tell you how it is. You take that  
job...it's the end of us.

He gets in the car. Jessie stands dumbfounded.

A loud scream. Beth dashes toward them.

BETH  
Jessie! Wait. Gary just announced  
it! You won!  
Ethnofilms 15218 Summit Ave. Suite #300-213  
Fontana, CA 92336  
As she nears, Beth sees Jessie's sour face. Sighs.  
Fax: 909-463-1665

JESSIE  
E-mail: stacy@ethnofilms.com  
Some things are *not* meant to be.

Web: [www.ethnofilms.com](http://www.ethnofilms.com)  
Beth hopelessly shakes her head.

BETH

So, that's it. (beat) Well, what time you and the Captain leaving tomorrow?

Jessie cuts her eyes away.

BETH (CONT'D)

(whispers)

I figured. You may live with him. But I know him better.

Christopher bangs on the roof from inside.

Beth reaches over. Bangs on the roof right back at him.

JESSIE

See ya.

Jessie gets in. The MGB speeds off. Rubble flies.

Althea and Sue come up to Beth.

Based on a true story

ALTHEA Well? She going with us?

BETH

Oh, she's going, alright. Because, some things are meant to be.

Sue cocks her white Stetson Hat off to the side of her head.

SUE

You got that right, partner!

She giggles. Slides down Althea's body. Sprawls out spread eagle onto the ground.

BETH

Oh that's real lady like. And why is she wearing that stupid hat?

Althea gives her a dirty grin.

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The girls struggle to pick Sue up.

Web: [www.ethnofilms.com](http://www.ethnofilms.com)

INT. JESSIE'S HOUSE - DAY

Doorbell. Jessie opens the door. Beth stands on the porch. Grins. Turns. Heads toward a VW convertible parked at the curb. Colorful artwork reminiscent of Ken Kesey's Magic Bus, Further.

## WAITING FOR JERRY

Althea stands next to the car's open passenger door.

Sue polishes a Merry Prankster hood ornament. Crawls up and over the hood of the car. Plops down into the driver's seat. Slides on her white Stetson. Honks the horn. They are decked out in sexy, psychedelic wear.

JESSIE

You failed to mention that Cowgirl  
Sue was driving.

Beth turns. Sees Jessie still standing at the house in the doorway. She rushes back up to her. Yanks her out.

EXT. JESSIE'S HOUSE

Beth leads Jessie down the sidewalk to the car.

BETH

Shut your mouth. Open your mind.  
And get the hell in the backseat.

She shoves her in. Glares at Jessie's clothes, jeans and plain white T-shirt.

BETH (CONT'D)

I see you put a lot of thought and  
imagination into your outfit.  
We'll fix it later.

TITLE: Saturday, April 3, 1982.

INT./EXT. MAGIC CAR - DAY

Althea pops in a CASSETTE TAPE.

ENGINE REVS. Sue whips the car in gear. Peels out. Tires  
SQUEAL. Rocks fly.

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Fax: 909-463-4889

E-mail: stacy@ethnofilms.com

Sue and Althea bounce in the front seats to the music. SING.  
Jessie rolls her eyes. Shakes her head at them. Beth's  
laugh carries in the wind.

Web: www.ethnofilms.com

They stop at a RED LIGHT. RED NECK GUYS in a classic GTO convertible pull up next to them. They check out the magic car's artwork.

The PASSENGER eyes Sue.

WAITING FOR JERRY  
PASSENGER  
Yee-haw. Ride me, cowgirl! Ride me!

Sue winks at him. Jumps up. Straddles the back of the seat. Rocks back and forth. Lifts her top. Exposes her breasts.

The Guys' eyes bulge.  
Stacy W. Thornton

Althea jumps up. Fondles Sue's breasts.

ALTHEA  
Sorry, boys. They're mine.

The Guys mouths drop open.

Althea jams her tongue in Sue's mouth.

Based on a true story  
JESSIE  
Oh my god.

Jessie shrinks down in the back seat. Covers her face.

SUE  
Give me what I want! Give me what I want!

Sue drops down in her seat.

Althea steps over her. Lines her crotch up to Sue's face. Loosens her pants.

PASSENGER  
Yeah! Yeah!

Jessie peeks. Her mouth drops open. Covers her eyes again.

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The light turns green.  
15218 Summit Ave. Suite #300-213  
Fontana, CA 92336 BETH  
Fax: 909-463-1005 Sit down, Althea. The light's  
E-mail: stacy@ethnofilms.com green. Let's go, Sue. Now!

Sue mashes her foot down on the pedal. The magic car speeds off. Althea falls in the backseat. Her butt in the air.  
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The Guys SCREAM to their driver, "Go! Go! Go!" Their car bolts forward. Stalls out. Engine won't roll over. The Guys yell all sorts of profanity.

The girls LAUGH hysterically at them.

WAITING FOR JERRY

JESSIE

(screams)

Why did I agree to this?! Take me home! Take me home!

BETH

Sorry. Sorry. They'll behave.

Beth grabs Althea by the hair. Yanks it hard.

ALTHEA

Ow! Okay, okay. Stop.

Beth lets her go. Althea tries to crawl back in the front seat as Sue yanks the magic car all over the road.

BETH

That goes for you too, Cowgirl!

Beth yanks Sue's hat away.

SUE

Give it back!

BETH

Only if you behave.

SUE

Okay, okay. Now give it!

WGA 1043278

EXT. PARKING LOT/NORFOLK SCOPE - DUSK

TITLE: Norfolk Scope, Virginia.

The girls wander the parking lot. It's one huge festival.

Deadheads everywhere. Dancing. Playing instruments. Countless booths. Crafts. Crystal jewelry. Tie-dyed clothing. Posters. Dead albums. Food. Booze.

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Fax: 951-681-9955

E-mail: [stacy@ethnofilms.com](mailto:stacy@ethnofilms.com)

BETH

Web: [www.ethnofilms.com](http://www.ethnofilms.com)  
 You know if you end up marrying him, you'll go from being Jessie Galohisty to being Jessie Johan..no...

JESSIE  
Johannasberg.

Jessie stops.

JESSIE (CONT'D)  
This place is unreal. Kind of scary.

BETH  
Oh no, it's great. Just stick with me, kid.

Beth takes Jessie's arm.

BETH (CONT'D)  
Now listen. Have you ever considered adopting a professional stage name? Jessie works but...how about Jessie Joplin or J.C. Rider?

JESSIE  
Galohisty *is* my stage name. It's from my mother's family.

BETH  
I never knew that. What kind of name is it?

JESSIE  
It's Cherokee...means "doorway," I think.

BETH  
That is so cool! Don't ever change it!

Jessie sees Deadheads dancing. Twirling. They seem to be on another planet. Another time period.

She sees Althea and Sue eating pizza with several Deadheads in a very friendly commune.

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Web: [www.ethnofilms.com](http://www.ethnofilms.com)

JESSIE  
Sometimes, Beth. I just don't know about you and your friends.

BETH  
What? Althea and Sue? Don't mind them. They're just having fun with people.



JESSIE  
That's really dangerous, don't you think?

BETH  
Yeah, maybe. But you can't really live life fully if you're always worried about something bad happening all the time.

Jessie looks around. People share joints. Booze. Love.

JESSIE  
Is that what this is all about?

BETH  
You know, I think I owe you an apology. I shouldn't have talked you into this.

JESSIE  
Why do you say that?

BETH  
I don't know. I just feel bad that you're not having any fun. I'll tell Althea we're leaving right after it's over.

Beth takes a tie-dyed peasant top from a vendor's rack.

JESSIE  
Beth?

BETH  
Yeah? WGA 1043278

JESSIE  
Thanks.

BETH  
I really brought you here to experience the music. You'll see.

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15218 Summit Ave. Suite #300-313  
Jessie nods. Holds the top up to herself.

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Fax: Beth grins. 909-665-1665

E-mail: [stacy@ethnofilms.com](mailto:stacy@ethnofilms.com)

INT. CONCERT HALL - NIGHT

Web: [www.ethnofilms.com](http://www.ethnofilms.com)

MUSIC: "Greatest Story Ever Told" in progress.

The coliseum is packed. Swaying bodies everywhere.

Wearing the tie-dyed peasant top, Jessie and Beth sit high in the "nose bleed" section.

Althea pulls out a bottle of JIM BEAM from her bag. Drinks. Hands it to Sue. Sue guzzles.

WAITING FOR JERRY

BETH  
(to Jessie)  
You look great in that!

Jessie models the tie-dyed peasant top.

JESSIE  
I really love it! Thanks!

Sue hands Beth the bottle. Beth drinks.

BETH  
Jess, you want some?!

Hold the bottle out to Jessie.

GRATEFUL DEAD ON STAGE

JERRY GARCIA (39) at stage left, dressed all in black.

BOB WEIR (34) at center, in jeans and a white T-shirt partially unbuttoned revealing a hint of chest hair.

PHIL LESH (41) at stage right, with red, white, and blue wrist band.

BOB WEIR  
(sings)  
"Ask him for water, he poured me  
some wine. We finished the bottle  
and broke into mine..."

Beth watches in disbelief as Jessie guzzles the bottle down.

BETH  
Take it easy! It's all we've got!

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Althea grabs the bottle. Turns it upside down. Empty.  
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Fontana, CA 92336 JESSIE  
Fax: 909-463-1603 I was the chug-a-lug champion my  
E-mail: stacy@ethnofilms.com freshman year in college!

The girls laugh.  
Web: [www.ethnofilms.com](http://www.ethnofilms.com)

JESSIE (CONT'D)  
I like this song!

Althea whispers something to Beth. Grabs Sue and leaves.

JESSIE (CONT'D)  
Where are they going?

BETH  
We'll catch up with them later!

BOB WEIR  
(sings on stage)  
..."You know the one thing we need  
is a..."

Stacy W. Thornton  
AUDIENCE  
...left-handed monkey wrench!"

APPLAUSE. YELLS. WHISTLES.

JESSIE  
Their music is really good. I feel  
like I know these songs. Weird.

MUSIC: "Me and My Uncle" plays.

Based on a true story  
JESSIE (CONT'D)  
I wish I could see what they look  
like.

GRATEFUL DEAD ON STAGE

People around Beth and Jessie dance. Some guy grabs Jessie  
pulls her to her feet. He starts dancing around her.

Jessie starts dancing. Beth laughs at her.

Jessie pulls Beth to her feet. The three dance.

BAND ON STAGE

MUSIC: "Big River" plays

JESSIE (CONT'D)  
When is Sue and Althea coming  
back?! I want to get closer.  
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Fontana, CA 92335  
Beth points down to a lower level.  
Fax: 909-463-1665

E-mail: stacy@ethnofilms.com  
BETH  
Come on. I think I know where  
they've gone!  
Web: [www.ethnofilms.com](http://www.ethnofilms.com)

JESSIE  
What?!

BETH  
Follow me!

Jessie and Beth travel down the stairs.

A GUY grabs hold of Jessie. Beth keeps going. Turns. Sees  
Jessie being handled by him.

BETH (CONT'D)  
Jessie?! Jessie?!

Runs up. Yanks Jessie away.

JESSIE  
Bye! Nice meeting you! Later!

BETH  
Are you nuts?! Be careful!

JESSIE  
You know, "you can't really live  
life fully if you're always worried  
about something bad happening all  
the time?"

BETH  
Very funny. Come on.

MUSIC: "Pretty Peggy-O" plays.

GRATEFUL DEAD ON STAGE

Jessie sits. Watches Jerry intently. Absorbed in the song.

JERRY GARCIA  
(sings) WGA 1043278  
Bid a last farewell to your William-  
O. Sweet William he is dead pretty  
Peggy-O, sweet William he is dead  
pretty Peggy-O, Sweet William he is  
dead and he died for a maid  
And he's buried in the Louisiana  
country-O.

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Fontana, CA 92066  
Fax: 909-463-1607  
E-mail: stacy@ethnofilms.com  
As we rode out to Fennario, as we  
rode out to Fennario  
Our captain fell in love with a  
lady like a dove,  
And called her by a name, pretty  
Peggy-O.

Web: [www.ethnofilms.com](http://www.ethnofilms.com)  
AUDIENCE APPLAUDS

JESSIE  
That is really a beautiful song.

Beth leans close to her.

JESSIE (CONT'D)  
I know how that feels.

Jessie rubs the tips of her fingers.

Beth stands. Holds out her hand.

BETH  
Come on. Let's get you closer.

MUSIC: "C. C. Rider"

BOB WEIR  
(sings)  
"Well C., C. C. Rider, well now  
see, see what you have done.  
Well C., C. C. Rider, well now see,  
see what you have done.  
Well, you made me love you, woman,  
now your man is gone"

Jessie stops. Starts to dance. Laughs.

JESSIE  
I've heard this one! I love this  
kind of sexy blues stuff!

Jessie and Beth dance awhile.

Jerry Garcia plays incredible riffs.

JESSIE (CONT'D)  
If I didn't know any better, I'd say  
it was Stevie up there!

BOB WEIR  
(sings)  
"So I'm goin' away now baby and I  
won't be back till fall,  
Yeah I'm goin' away now baby and I  
won't be back till fall,  
Just might find me a good girl  
might not be coming back at all."

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JESSIE  
If he looks as good as he sounds,  
I'm in deep shit.

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BETH

He does.

Beth pulls Jessie down toward the stage.

BETH (CONT'D)

Fuck you, Christopher, yeah!

GRATEFUL DEAD ON STAGE

MUSIC: "Bird Song" plays.

Jessie and Beth continue down their long descent.

Jessie sings along as she hears Jerry's words.

JERRY GARCIA

(sings)

"If you hear that same sweet song  
again, will you know why? Anyone  
who sings a tune so sweet is  
passin' by..."

A GIRL IN WHITE SATIN dances by Jessie. She gently takes hold of Jessie's hand. Peers into her palm.

GIRL IN WHITE SATIN

You're the one he sings about.

JESSIE

Who?

She points to Jerry on stage.

GIRL IN WHITE SATIN

He sings your song.

JERRY GARCIA

(sings)

Laugh in the sunshine, sing, cry in  
the dark, fly through the night."

CUT TO:

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Stevie runs to her. His eyes full of fear.

Web: [www.ethnofilms.com](http://www.ethnofilms.com)

Young Jessie sees the fear in Stevie's eyes. Begins to pant like she's going to cry.

STEVIE  
(sings)  
"Don't cry now, don't you cry,  
don't you cry anymore."

Jessie starts to smile.

Stevie puts his arm around her. Walks her to the house.

BACK TO PRESENT

by

CONCERT

Realization washes over Jessie. She smiles. Nods at the Girl in White Satin.

JERRY GARCIA  
(sings)  
"Sleep in the stars, don't you cry,  
dry your eyes on the wind."

Beth pulls Jessie away.

Based on a true story  
BETH  
You okay?

Jessie's face is transfixed.

BETH (CONT'D)  
Jessie? Are you okay?

JESSIE  
(very serious)  
She foretold that I'm the one Jerry  
sings about.

WGA 1043278

Beth looks concerned.

Jessie laughs at her.

BETH  
Well, I'm glad you're not taking it  
too seriously.

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BETH  
You've got to be kidding.

Jessie laughs at her again.

BETH (CONT'D)  
Oh, funny. Very funny.

MUSIC: "It's All Over Now" plays.

They reach a lower level.

Jessie stops. Looks at the band.

GRATEFUL DEAD ON STAGE by

BOB WEIR  
(sings)  
"Well she used to run around with  
every man in town..."

Bob Weir sings with great emotion into the microphone.

BOB WEIR (CONT'D)  
(sings)  
"Spend all my money, Lord I better  
pass go..."

Based on a true story  
JESSIE  
Is that Bobby, singing now?

BETH  
Yeah.

Jessie becomes entranced by Bob Weir's good looks.

BOB WEIR  
(sings)  
"Put me out, it was a pity how I  
cried, table's turnin', now it's  
her turn to cry..."

Colored lights bounce off his hair. His eyes reveal a tender-  
hearted soul.

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BOB WEIR (CONT'D)  
(sings)  
"Cuz I used to love her, but it's  
all over now. Yes and I used to  
love her, but it's all over now."

JESSIE  
Wow.

Web: [www.ethnofilms.com](http://www.ethnofilms.com)  
BETH  
I told you.

Beth scours around the stage.



BETH (CONT'D)  
I think I see them.

JESSIE  
Not good enough. We got to get  
closer.

BETH  
No, what I mean is, I think I see  
Althea and Sue. They made it.

JESSIE  
Where?

BETH  
See there! Sue's hat.

JESSIE  
Where?

BETH  
Come on.

They descend another level. Based on a true story

GRATEFUL DEAD ON STAGE

STAGE WINGS. Althea and Sue dance at the side of the stage.

ALTHEA  
Phil?! Phil?! We're here!

Sue waves her hat in the air.

SUE  
Hey Lesh! WGA 1043278

PHIL LESH looks up from playing his bass. Glances over at  
Althea and Sue. Nods hello.

Althea wiggles her fingers at him.

Phil smiles. Goes over to Jerry.

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Fax: 909-163-1888  
E-mail: stacy@ethnofilms.com

JERRY GARCIA  
(sings)  
Web: [www.ethnofilms.com](http://www.ethnofilms.com)  
"I told Althea I was feeling lost,  
lacking in some direction."  
(MORE)

JERRY GARCIA (CONT'D)  
Althea told me upon scrutiny that  
my back might need protection."

UPPER LEVEL.

JESSIE  
Are they saying "Althea?"

BETH  
Yeah. It's the name of the song.

JESSIE  
Wow. I have never heard Althea's  
name before...and they have a song  
named Althea?

BETH  
I think they wrote it for her.

JESSIE  
You're full of shit.

Jessie yanks Beth down the stairs. They come to the railing.  
Look down at the lower level below.

JESSIE (CONT'D)  
What do we do now?

Beth looks around. Sees an EXIT SIGN.

BETH  
We'll have to go out to the ramps  
and down the rest of the way.

EXT. COLISEUM RAMPS

Jessie and Beth run full speed. Slipping. Sliding. Down  
the ramps.

MUSIC: "Weather Report Suite (Part II) - Let it Grow" plays.

BOB WEIR  
(sings)  
"Morning comes, she follows the  
path to the river shore, Lightly  
sung, her song is the latch on the  
morning's door. See the sun sparkle  
in the reeds, silver beads, pass  
into the sea."

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BETH  
Hurry. We got to get back in  
there. I love this song.

BOB WEIR

(sings)

"She comes from a town where they  
call her the woodcutter's daughter,  
She's brown as the bank where she  
kneels down to gather her water,  
and...She bears it away with a love  
that the river has taught her."

Jessie trips. Falls. Slides. Gets up. Continues to run.

GRATEFUL DEAD ON STAGE

Jessie and Beth run into the bottom level.

JESSIE

Are we there yet?

BETH

Close. We still need to get down  
to the floor.

The girls make their way through the packed crowd.

Jessie gets hit in the head.

JESSIE

Ow!

BETH

You okay?

JESSIE

Yeah. Fine. This is so packed!

BETH

Yeah, well. It gets worse the  
closer we get.

Crowd moves up and down. Bodies sway to and fro.

Jessie stops. Watches Weir.

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BOB WEIR

15218 Summit Ave. (sings on stage)

Fontana, CA 92336 "We will not speak but stand inside

Fax: 909-463-1695 the rain, And listen to the thunder

E-mail: stacy@ethnofilms.com shouting "I am! I am! I am! I am!"

JESSIE

Web: [www.ethnofilms.com](http://www.ethnofilms.com)  
I think he's beautiful.

BETH

You and every girl in here. Come on. Let's get to the center.

She drags Jessie along.

SONG ENDS **WAITING FOR JERRY**

Crowd yells. Whistles. Applause.

BOB WEIR

Thank you. We're going to take a short break. We'll be back in a few minutes.

JESSIE

They're taking a break?

They run out onto the middle of the floor.

BETH

Yeah. So?

Based on a true story  
JESSIE  
So, what does everybody do now?

BETH

If you have to ask, you don't want to know.

People sit on the floor. Thick smoke looms around.

JESSIE

Oh. You mean pot? Got any?

Beth jerks around at her. **NCA 1043278**

JESSIE (CONT'D)

Oh come on, just because I'm a professional at work doesn't mean I was born yesterday.

BETH

Ethnofilms You've smoked pot? What else you  
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Fax: 951-631-1885  
E-mail: stacy@ethnofilms.com  
JESSIE

Coke.

Web: [www.ethnofilms.com](http://www.ethnofilms.com)

BETH

Of course. Christopher's good for it. Well I can't afford that. How experimental do you feel?

Jessie nods.

Beth looks around.

BETH (CONT'D)

Wait here. Don't move.

Beth walks off.

Jessie quietly sings "Well, C., C. C. Rider."

Watches Beth talking with a GROUP of people. Beth points at Jessie. The Group looks her way. They all shake their head. Beth signals Jessie over.

Jessie goes. They all sit in a large circle on the floor. Something is passed from person to person around the circle.

BETH (CONT'D)

This is Jessie. It's her first Dead concert.

The Group says, "Hi Jessie," "Welcome," etc.

Sitting in front of Jessie is LOOSE LUCY, an aging hippy with hair full of flowers.

LOOSE LUCY

Everyone calls me "Loose Lucy."

Leans closer. Her face inches from Jessie's.

LOOSE LUCY (CONT'D)

My first time changed my life. Now I'm in touch with all the universe and all of Mother's great Earth. May you find truth in all you choose to do and be for eternity.

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Web: [www.ethnofilms.com](http://www.ethnofilms.com)

Jessie eyes widen. Cut to Beth.

Beth's eyes warn "Behave."

Beth receives a small piece of paper from the person next to her. Rips it in half. Slips a piece into her mouth.

BETH  
(whispers to Jessie)  
Open your mouth.

Jessie does.

Beth slips the other half onto Jessie's tongue. Presses Jessie's mouth closed.

The Group gets up. Disperses.

BETH (CONT'D)  
Loose Lucy? I want to say "thank  
you for a real good time."

Loose Lucy eyes widen. Chuckles.

LOOSE LUCY  
Can't tell ya how many times I  
heard that before.  
(thinks) on a true story  
Well, we're all one big family,  
so..."never mind the give and take,  
heartache and the strife, the  
sacrifices people make to share  
this thing called life."

Beth recognizes the quote. Nods.

BETH  
Yeah, I guess there..."ain't no  
easy answers."

WGA 1043278

Bystanders chuckle. HIGH FIVES all around.

Jessie pulls out the tiny piece of blotter paper.

JESSIE  
Beth, what the fuck is this?  
There's not much flavor to it.

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15218 Summit Ave. Suite #300-213  
Beth crams Jessie's hand back into her mouth. Jessie laughs.

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Fax: 909-463-1665

E-mail: stacy@ethnofilms.com  
BETH  
Are you nuts? My god. Be careful.  
We could get in serious trouble.

Web: [www.ethnofilms.com](http://www.ethnofilms.com)

JESSIE  
Like anyone here would care!

Jessie lies back. Moves her arms and legs. Does snow angels on the floor.

JESSIE (CONT'D)

Look Beth! Lucy was right! I am an "angel!"

BETH

Maybe that was too big a piece for you.

Beth watches. Lies back. Joins her. They roll around like little girls at a pajama party.

STAGE. Guitar strums. Grateful Dead back on stage.

Crowd WHISTLES. CLAPS. YELLS.

JESSIE

Come on. They're back.

Bodies swarm. Pack the floor in front of the stage.

Jessie takes Beth's hand. Pulls her through the crowd.

Jessie heads toward stage left, where Phil Lesh stands.

BETH

No. Let's go to Jerry's side of the stage.

JESSIE

No. This side is more open. Trust me. This is the way. I feel it.

Jessie pulls Beth rapidly through the crowd to Phil Lesh's side of the stage. The crowd seems to align a special path allowing Jessie through to Phil's side of the stage.

MIRRORED ON STAGE. A simultaneous switch. Jerry Garcia moves over to Phil Lesh's side of the stage. Says something to him.

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Bob Weir lifts up his arms. Shrugs "whatever." Says "Let's play."

Web: [www.ethnofilms.com](http://www.ethnofilms.com)

Jessie looks up. Sees Jerry standing directly in front of her. She intensely watches as he tunes his guitar.

Jerry looks up. Looks right at Jessie. Winks at her.

Jessie's mouth drops.

MUSIC begins: "Scarlet Begonias."

Immediately, the crowd pushes in distancing Jessie and Beth from Jerry.

Guys sway in rhythm. Girls twirl. Do strange twirling motions with their hands in the air to the music.

JERRY GARCIA  
 (sings on stage)  
 "Wind in the willow's playin' 'Tea  
 for two;' the sky was yellow and  
 the sun was blue;

A BEARDED GUY grabs Jessie. Twirls her.

JERRY GARCIA (CONT'D)  
 (sings on stage)  
 Strangers stoppin' strangers just  
 to shake their hand; Everybody's  
 playing in the heart of gold band,  
 heart of gold band."

Beth pulls Jessie away from him.

MUSIC: "Scarlet Begonias" segues into "Fire On the Mountain."

A LOUD GUY whistles, right in Jessie's ear. She jumps. Covers her ear. Reaches for Beth's hand. Takes hold.

BETH  
 Jessie?! WGA 1043278

Jessie looks back. Sees she's holding ANOTHER GIRL's hand.

JESSIE  
 Oh I'm sorry!

The girl doesn't notice. Dances.

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Jessie searches for Beth. She's surrounded by STRANGERS.

Beth! Beth!

Beth squeezes her way to Jessie.  
 Web: [www.ethnofilms.com](http://www.ethnofilms.com)

BETH  
 This is as close as we can get.



Jessie jumps up and down. Looks for a way closer.

JESSIE

No! I've come too far!

She drags Beth. Wiggles through BODIES.

The drugs effect Jessie's vision. She glimpses KINDLY FACES.  
Spaced out ZOMBIE FACES. The room swells. Kaleidoscopes.

Time jumps. Skips. Slows. Races.

MUSIC: segues to "Estimated Prophet."

Jessie floats until Bob Weir's voice enters her mind.

BOB WEIR

(sings on stage)

"My time coming, any day, don't  
worry about me, no. Been so long I  
felt this way, I'm in no hurry,  
no..."

She snaps out of it. Grabs Beth. Pushes her forward.

BETH

No, Jessie.

BOB WEIR

(sings on stage)

"Rainbows are down that highway  
where ocean breeze blow. My time  
coming, voices saying they tell me  
where to go."

Jessie squeezes them through.

JESSIE

We're almost there.

They are sandwiched in. Only one row from the stage.

All they see are the backs of TALL GUYS towering above them.

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Jessie peeks in between them to catch a glimpse of Bob Weir.

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BOB WEIR

(sings on stage)

My time coming, any day, don't  
worry about me, no; It's gonna be  
just like they say, them voices  
tell me so;

(MORE)

BOB WEIR (CONT'D)  
 Seems so long I felt this way and  
 time sure passin' slow; My time  
 coming, any day, don't worry about  
 me, no; Don't worry about me, no no  
 no; don't worry about me, no no no,  
 don't worry about me, no...

Jessie's face, illuminated by lights.

JESSIE  
 You were right! I do write their  
 kind of songs!

BETH  
 I told you!

MUSIC: "Eyes of the World" plays.

Jessie stands on tip-toes. Looks through bodies.

JERRY GARCIA  
 (sings on stage)  
 "Wake up to find out that you are  
 the eyes of the world..."

JESSIE  
 I can't see him! I want to see!

Beth scans the stage wings.

BETH  
 Where'd they go?

JESSIE  
 Who?

BETH  
 Althea and Sue. I saw them...

She points to stage right.

Jessie tries to see.

A BIG GUY directly in front of Jessie blocks her vision.

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JESSIE  
 Excuse me!  
 Web: [www.ethnofilms.com](http://www.ethnofilms.com)

Big Guy turns to her. Intensely glares.

JESSIE (CONT'D)  
 This is my friend Beth. I'm  
 Jessie! Nice to meet you!

Jessie reaches out to shake his hand.

Big Guy turns his back to her. Faces the stage.

BOB WEIR  
 (sings on stage)  
 "I see some good times; I gotta get  
 to ring that bell;

Jessie taps his shoulder again.

Beth grabs her hand. Jessie pulls away.

Big Guy turns. Irritated.

BOB WEIR (CONT'D)  
 (sings on stage)  
 I gotta see some good times;  
 sometimes you make up for when I'm  
 not feeling well..."

JESSIE  
 Listen, Big Guy! Won't you let us  
 pass in front? You can see over us  
 but we can't see over you!

He shrugs. Turns away from her.

BOB WEIR  
 (sings on stage)  
 "It must be due to some great  
 times, cause right now I feel like  
 hell."

Jessie reaches up. Taps his shoulder again.

BETH  
 You're going to get us killed!  
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 Big Guy turns to her.

JESSIE  
 Okay, here's the thing! We're  
 actually friends with Bobby there  
 on the stage!

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BOB WEIR  
 (sings on stage)  
 "Never trust a woman who wears her  
 pants too tight."

Big Guy grins.

The Big Guy looks the girls over from top to bottom.

BOB WEIR (CONT'D)  
 (sings on stage)  
 "Never trust a woman who wears her  
 pants too tight."

Jessie jumps up and down. Waves to Weir. Cups her hands.

JESSIE  
 Hey Bobby! Hey, Robert,...doll!

Oddly, Bob Weir turns his head in her direction. He squints.

BETH  
 How did you know his real name is  
 Robert Hall?!

JESSIE  
 No, I said, doll!  
 (loudly screams out)  
 Robert, doll!

Bob Weir leans toward Jessie.

BOB WEIR  
 (sings on stage)  
 "She might love you tomorrow, but  
 she'll be gone tomorrow night."

Bob Weir winks at her.

Big Guy's eyebrows lift. He moves aside. Pushes the girls  
 through to the very front.

They stand right at the stage. Directly below and between  
 the feet of Bob Weir and Jerry Garcia.

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 15218 Summit Ave. Suite #300-213

Fontana, CA 92336 JESSIE

Fax: 909-463-1665 (screams)

E-mail: stacy@ethnofilms.com It's meant to be! This is what's  
 meant to be!

Web: www.ethnofilms.com  
 MUSIC: DRUMS/SPACE/"NOT FADE AWAY"

Audience sings "Not Fade Away," Bob Weir echoes. Song ends.

MUSIC intro: "STELLA BLUE"

AUDIENCE

Wooh. Wooh.

BIG GUY

Sing it Jerry!

Jerry steps up to the microphone.

JERRY GARCIA

(sings)

"All the years combine, they melt  
into a dream. A broken angel sings  
from a guitar."

Jerry faces toward where Jessie intently listens.

JERRY GARCIA (CONT'D)

"In the end there's just a song  
comes cryin' up the night Thru all  
the broken dreams and vanished  
years."

The spotlight lowers. Catches Jessie in its path.

Jerry sings to Jessie in the crowd.

JERRY GARCIA (CONT'D)

"Stella blue. Stella blue."

Jessie's eyes widen.

JERRY GARCIA (CONT'D)

"When all the cards are down,  
there's nothing left to see,  
There's just the pavement left and  
broken dreams."

The light illuminates only Jessie and Jerry as they make a  
one-on-one connection.

JERRY GARCIA (CONT'D)

Ethnofilms "In the end there's still that song  
15218 Summit Ave. comes cryin' like the wind. Down  
Fontana, CA 92 every lonely street that's ever  
Fax: 909-463-1000 been. Stella blue. Stella blue."

E-mail: [stacy@ethnofilms.com](mailto:stacy@ethnofilms.com)  
Audience yells.

Web: [www.ethnofilms.com](http://www.ethnofilms.com) Jessie's eyes Jerry. Her eyesight blurs. Hallucinates.

VISION

She sees Jerry playing his guitar by a window in the dark.  
He stares out.

JERRY GARCIA (CONT'D)  
"I've stayed in every blue-light  
cheap hotel, can't win for trying."

END VISION

Jerry on stage. Sings to Jessie.

JERRY GARCIA (CONT'D)  
(sings)  
"Dust off those rusty strings just  
one more time, Gonna make them  
shine, shine."

Jessie sees Jerry on stage move closer toward her as he  
plays.

Jerry transforms into her brother Stevie.

His blonde hair and body glows as he plays his electric  
guitar.

Stevie mouths the words as Jerry's voice is heard.

JERRY GARCIA (CONT'D)  
(sings)  
"It all rolls into one and nothing  
comes for free. There's nothing  
you can hold, for very long."

Jessie watches in disbelief as Stevie bows to her and  
disappears.

WGA 1043278

Tears well in Jessie's eyes.

JERRY GARCIA (CONT'D)  
(sings)  
"And when you hear that song come  
crying like the wind,  
It seems like all this life was  
just a dream. Stella blue. Stella  
blue."

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She watches Jerry's fingers as he picks out the final notes  
of the song.

She sees the notes he plays materialize as letters that travel to her. Move up and down her body. Encircle her. Lift her. Transform her into the young Jessie. She plays her guitar with Stevie.

As the song ends, Jessie blows Stevie a kiss.  
Stevie transforms to Jerry.

Jerry catches the kiss in the air. Bows his head to Jessie.

Audience applauds.

Jessie grabs hold of Beth.

JESSIE

I can't let that happen to me! I  
can't end up like Stella Blue!

BETH

No, Jess. He's singing about a...

JESSIE

I know, a Stella guitar, my brother  
had one. I don't care. He was  
singing to me. And you were right,  
Beth! All along, you were right.  
Mom was right. It's time to let  
go. It's time to make a change!

Oblivious and stoned, Beth nods okay.

MUSIC intro: "One More Saturday Night"

Bob Weir steps up to the mic.

WGA 1043278

BOB WEIR

(sings on stage)

"I went down to the mountain, I was  
drinking some wine, Looked up in  
the heavens

Jessie peers up at Bob.

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15218 Summit Ave. Suite #300-212 BOB WEIR (CONT'D)

Fontana, CA 92336 (sings to Jessie)

Fax: 909-463-1405 "Lord I saw a mighty sign. Writt'n

E-mail: stacy@ethnofilms.com fire across the heaven, plain as  
black and white."

Web: www.ethnofilms.com  
Jessie grabs hold Beth.

JESSIE

Beth, it's a sign. I've got to find a way to get backstage.

BETH

What?

JESSIE

I've got to play my songs for Jerry. You want this for me, right? You trust me?

Beth nods.

JESSIE (CONT'D)

Whatever happens, know I'm okay.

Stoned, Beth continues to nod.

Eyes intense, Jessie watches Bob Weir. Her face tightens in deep thought. Her eyes close. The drugs take over.

TIME SKIPS FORWARD

"One More Saturday Night" ends. Band leaves stage.

Audience cheers. Flames from bics and matches ignite throughout the auditorium.

CLAPPING unifies to single, thunderous pounding. The audience coaxes the band back onto the stage.

MUSIC intro: "U.S. Blues"

Totally stoned, Jessie sways to the music.

Jerry approaches the mic in SLO MO.

The music surrealistically slows.

JERRY GARCIA

(sings on stage)

Gimme Five, I'm still alive, ain't no luck, I learned to duck...

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Jessie's hand flashes an okay signal to Beth. Her body goes limp. Slides down Beth to the floor.

Web: [www.ethnofilms.com](http://www.ethnofilms.com)

FAST MO

Jessie's body hardens.



Her soul and physical presence floats up.

NORMAL

Like an angel looking down from the heavens, Jessie hovers over the area.

WAITING FOR JERRY

MUSIC CONTINUES normally though concert rapidly ends.

FAST MO

by

The band takes a bow. Leaves the stage. Crowd cheers. Applauds. Whistles. People leave.

Stacy W. Inbinton

SLO MO

Beth kneels down to Jessie's body lying on the floor.

BETH

Jess? Jess?

NORMAL

A SMALL GROUP gathers around them.

Based on a true story

A male BYSTANDER checks her pulse. Checks her breathing.

JERRY GARCIA (V.O.)

(sings)

Check my pulse, it don't change.

BYSTANDER

She's breathing alright.

Jessie calls down from above.

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JESSIE (V.O.)

Take me to Jerry. Take me to Jerry.

A SECURITY GUARD rushes up.

SECURITY GUARD

Ethnofilms She can't just lie there.  
15218 Summit Ave. Suite #300-213

Fontana, CA 92336  
MUSIC plays on.

Fax: 909-463-1665

E-mail: [stacy@ethnofilms.com](mailto:stacy@ethnofilms.com)

BETH  
She's okay. We're just waiting for  
our friends to...

Web: [www.ethnofilms.com](http://www.ethnofilms.com)

SECURITY GUARD

No. You have to wait outside.

Stoned, Beth struggles to pull Jessie up.

JESSIE (V.O.)  
No, Beth! Get Jerry.

SECURITY GUARD  
You guys help her out. JERRY

BETH  
Can't we just wait over there?

Beth points to the stage wing.

JESSIE (V.O.)  
Yes! Stacy W. Thornton

BETH  
Please?

The Security Guard softens.

SECURITY GUARD  
Listen, I'd like to help but that area is just for the... story

Beth's eyes sweetly plead to him.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)  
Okay. See that door?

The Security guard points next to the stage.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)  
Take her through there. But hurry up about it.

WGA 1043278  
JESSIE (V.O.)  
Yes! Yes!

BETH  
Oh, thank you so much.

Excitedly, FOUR GUYS, in vibrant colorful tie-dye clothing, grab hold of Jessie. Lift her. Follow Beth.  
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Fontana HALLUCINATION 6  
Fax: 909-463-1665

Jessie sees herself below being carried in an open casket.  
E-mail: stacy@ethnofilms.com  
The Four Guys, now dressed in dark suits, carry her past the stage.

Web: [www.ethnofilms.com](http://www.ethnofilms.com)

Beth leads, dressed as the REAPER.

A PROCESSION grows. HUNDREDS follow them out.

The stage door swings open. A fog pours onto the floor. Jerry stands in the opening. Waits for Jessie.

JERRY GARCIA (V.O.)  
 (sings)  
 "I'm Uncle Sam, that's who I am;  
 Been hidin' out in a rock and roll  
 band."  
 by

JESSIE (V.O.)  
 Yes! Yes!  
 Stacy W. Thornton

END HALLUCINATION

The Four Guys lay Jessie on the sidewalk. Next to an ambulance.

JESSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Noooo!

A PARAMEDIC takes Jessie's vital signs.  
 Based on a true story

PARAMEDIC  
 There's nothing wrong with her.

BETH  
 So what do I do now?

PARAMEDIC  
 All I know is, if you don't take  
 her from the premises, I'm  
 instructed to call the police.

BETH 1043278  
 Oh no, please, I can take her.

An emergency call comes across the RADIO. The Paramedic hurries away.

JESSIE (V.O.)  
 Beth! Take me to Jerry.

Ethnofilms  
 15218 Summit Ave., Suite #300-213  
 Fontana, CA 92336  
 Beth sees a YOUNG GUY at Jessie's side holding her hand.

Fax: 909-463-1665  
 E-mail: stacy@ethnofilms.com  
 YOUNG GUY  
 It's like she's dead and alive at  
 the same time. Weird, but cool.

Web: www.ethnofilms.com  
 The Young Guy bends back Jessie's fingers as far as they can go. No reaction from Jessie.

From above, Jessie sees the Young Guy transform into Steve.

HALLUCINATION

Steve, in full naval uniform, holds Jessie's hand as she lies on the sidewalk.

WAITING FOR JERRY

STEVE

Blisters are good. Bleeding is not. It's time to let'em heal.

HALLUCINATION ENDS

Beth slaps the Young Guy's hand away from Jessie's.

BETH

Stop it! What are you doing?!

YOUNG GUY

Sorry. I just wanted to...

BETH

Will you help me get her to my car?

The Young Guy and his FRIENDS pick up Jessie. Follow Beth.

JERRY GARCIA (V.O.)

(sings)

"Summertime done, come and gone,  
my, oh, my."

MUSIC: "U.S. BLUES" ends.

INT. MAGIC CAR - NIGHT

Jessie lies in the car's back seat. Eyes closed. Her head on Beth's lap.

ALTHEA

No! Turn left!

Sue yanks the car left. Fishtails around the corner.

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E-mail: [stacy@ethnofilms.com](mailto:stacy@ethnofilms.com)  
Jessie's eyes pop open.

Web: [www.ethnofilms.com](http://www.ethnofilms.com)

ALTHEA

No. 2 lefts, 1 right, 1 left... Oh  
right...he did say ri...

Sue swings a U-turn in the middle of the street.

ALTHEA (CONT'D)

Ahhh!

Jessie sits upright.

WAITING FOR JERRY

JESSIE

Hotel?

SUE

by

Howdy partner. Where ya been?

Stacy W. Thornton

BETH

Ya don't mind do ya, Jess?

ALTHEA

Yeah, you up for a party with the Grateful Dead?

Jessie's mouth drops.

INT. HOTEL ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Based on a true story

A STRANGE GUY (CAMEO: the real PHIL LESH) stands at the elevator panel. Jessie stares at a badge on his shirt.

Strange Guy peels off the back of another "ALL ACCESS" badge. Presses it on Jessie's shirt. His hand slides slowly across her breast. Jessie's eyes lock onto his hand.

Beth lunges forward. Knocks his arm away.

BETH

Oops, I'm a bit tipsy I guess.

WGA 1043278

ALTHEA

(to Strange Guy)

Guess your hand is a little tipsy too, huh?

Sue giggles.

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STRANGE GUY

15218 Summit Ave., Suite #300, 312 So which one of you knows Lesh?

Fontana, CA 92336

Fax: He looks each of the girls over.

E-mail: stacy@ethnofilms.com

JESSIE

Huh?

Web: [www.ethnofilms.com](http://www.ethnofilms.com)

Sue points to Althea.

JESSIE (CONT'D)  
You know someone in the band?

Althea grins.

JESSIE (CONT'D)  
How?

SUE  
Many concerts. Many assets. Many opportunities.

The elevator stops. Door opens.

Althea, Sue and Beth follow Strange Guy into the hall.

Jessie stands dumbfounded in the elevator.

The door closes. Beth's hand stops it.

BETH  
Jess?

SUE  
Based on a true story  
She's still got a useless smile.

JESSIE  
What?

BETH  
(whispers)  
It's just a Deadhead phrase for being very happy. You're going to see Jerry, right?

Jessie's eyes widen. WGA 1043278

INT. HOSPITALITY SUITE - NIGHT

Jessie stands in the doorway. Watches OTHER GIRLS everywhere. TALKING. DRINKING. With Band CREW MEMBERS.

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ALTHEA  
Sue, Phil. Phil, Beth. Jessie...  
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Althea sees Jessie in the doorway. Yanks her inside.

Web: [www.ethnofilms.com](http://www.ethnofilms.com)  
ALTHEA (CONT'D)  
Phil, meet Jessie Galohisty.

Phil politely nods to her.

A blank face on Jessie.

ALTHEA (CONT'D)

This is Phil Lesh. The greatest  
bass player in the world. Jessie,  
here, is a songwriter on a mission  
to meet Jer...

Jessie jabs Althea's rib. Althea yelps.

PHIL  
Oh?

Jessie squirms some.

ALTHEA

He coming?

Phil's eyes pierce Jessie's eyes.

PHIL

What's your last name again?

Jessie's uncomfortable. Intimidated.

ALTHEA

Galohisty.

SUE

Galohisty.

BETH

It's her stage name.

PHIL

Sounds significant.

WGA 1043278

Jessie crosses her arms. Backs away some.

PHIL (CONT'D)

So, I'm intrigued. What's your  
mission, Galohisty?

Jessie twirls her diamond necklace around her finger.

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Althea grins. Grabs Sue. They slip away. Beth follows.

Web: [www.ethnofilms.com](http://www.ethnofilms.com)

Jessie stands there. Looks suspicious at the girls as they  
mingle into the room.

JESSIE  
 (under her breath)  
 I feel like I'm being set up.

PHIL  
 What was that?

Jessie shakes her head.

PHIL (CONT'D)  
 So, why do you want to see Jerry so badly?

JESSIE  
 Why do you want to know so badly?

Taken off guard, Phil chuckles. Takes a bite of his food. Offers her a bite.

She sees the FOOD TABLE in the adjacent room. Points to it.

INT. HOSPITALITY SUITE/ADJACENT ROOM

Phil comes follows alongside Jessie as she picks at some snacks at the food table.

PHIL  
 Jerry rarely does the hospitality thing anymore.

Jessie shrugs. Tries to conceal her disappointment.

PHIL (CONT'D)  
 If I knew what you wanted with him, I could maybe get a message to him.

Jessie looks at him. He grins. Lifts his eyebrows.

JESSIE  
 You think I'm some sort of...

Phil lifts his eyebrows.

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JESSIE

I'm a songwriter and I really liked that song "Stella Blue." The words spoke to me in a way that I can't express. It was like I was hearing or seeing my...

Jessie looks away, embarrassed.

PHIL

Ah. A lover of lyrics.

JESSIE

No, it's not that. I mean I am, I do but...

PHIL

But?

Jessie is flustered.

Phil laughs.

Insulted, Jessie moves away.

Phil follows her.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Hey, Jess? What's the matter?

She glares at him.

PHIL (CONT'D)

So, you want to give him a tape?

JESSIE

I don't have one. I didn't really know that I'd be here. I didn't even know Althea was your friend... It's not anything I planned coming here or...it just...

PHIL

Fell into place.

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Fax: 909-463-1999

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JESSIE

Yeah. I guess I was hoping maybe there'd be a guitar and...

PHIL

You'd sing a few songs, sure.

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Jessie studies Phil's face.

JESSIE

I guess that happens a lot, huh?

They stand together in silence a moment.

JESSIE (CONT'D)

So, you don't think he'll come?

Phil chuckles.

Jessie plops down on the side of the bed.

PHIL

You could put a tape together.

JESSIE

No, you don't understand.

Phil sits down beside her.

PHIL

Maybe. Maybe not. Explain it.

JESSIE

Are you always so...

Phil looks at her over the rim of his glasses.

JESSIE (CONT'D)

I can't explain it. I don't understand it. He sang that song like he was singing to me and I knew that it had to be now or never. I felt...(beat) Jerry'd understand.

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PHIL

Sure, Jerry'd understand. I understand. But, still, I don't think he's coming.

JESSIE

You don't think...or do you know?

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PHIL

Why don't you sing for me?

Jessie is caught off guard.

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JESSIE

You're not serious.

Phil shrugs.

JESSIE (CONT'D)  
I don't know. I mean, I feel I  
should wait for Jerry.

Somewhat insulted, Phil laughs.

PHIL  
Sure. Do as you prefer.

He leaves her.

LATER.

Jessie still sits on the bed.

A Dead CREW MEMBER sits on the other side of the bed.

CREW MEMBER  
So, it's different ways to do it.

JESSIE  
What?

He moves closer to her.

CREW MEMBER  
I was just saying that if you just  
hang out, eventually, who knows  
what can happen.

JESSIE  
What are you talking about?

CREW MEMBER  
Joining the band, right?

Confused, Jessie looks around the room.

CREW MEMBER (CONT'D)  
They had a girl singer once.

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JESSIE  
No, I don't want to...I've written  
songs, I think Jerry would like.

CREW MEMBER  
I'm telling you, you could easily  
fit in. Just gotta give it time.

LATER

Jessie sits at the foot of the bed. Stares at the food.

A CATERER GUY stands next to the table. Cleans up some.

CATERER GUY

And then somebody said "there's no food." So I left the party, and went out and got some stuff from this great deli I knew...it's real good stuff especially when you're all messed up and stuff. And the band said "Hey, this is good shit, who got this shit?"

He throws some dirty paper plates in the trash can.

CATERER GUY (CONT'D)

And then they started putting in their order for the next show.

He sits next to Jessie.

CATERER GUY (CONT'D)

But I didn't work for them. I was just a party guest like you. But I said what the fuck, I'll just hang out, get the food, party, and shit, they kept telling me more shit they wanted. Then after who knows how many weeks, I got a bunch of paychecks. I asked what the hell is this?

(laughs)

Here I had a job and didn't even know it.

WGA 1043278

Jessie just stares.

CATERER GUY (CONT'D)

See what I'm saying to you?

LATER

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Fax: 909-463-1665

E-mail: [stacy@ethnofilms.com](mailto:stacy@ethnofilms.com)  
ANOTHER CREW MEMBER  
The next fucking thing I fucking knew, I was a fucking roadie for the fucking Grateful Dead.

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(MORE)

ANOTHER CREW MEMBER (CONT'D)  
 Just because I helped this fucking  
 guy here carry some fucking  
 equipment to the bus.

He laughs. Punches THIS FUCKING GUY HERE standing next to  
 him.

This Fucking Guy Here offers his joint to him.

THIS FUCKING GUY HERE  
 It's kind of the same way I got my  
 job. A buddy of mine...

Still stoned, Jessie listens, faced glazed over. Stares out  
 the hotel window.

Jessie sees a SMOKESTACK across the parking lot in the nearby  
 field.

THIS FUCKING GUY HERE (CONT'D)  
 ...he was a friend of Pig Pen's.

ANOTHER CREW MEMBER  
 You knew Pig Pen?

THIS FUCKING GUY HERE  
 Yeah, man. He was the greatest.

Jessie looks down out the window. Several stories below.

THIS FUCKING GUY HERE (CONT'D)  
 It was 70's, 71 maybe. Constantine  
 was gone.

ANOTHER CREW MEMBER  
 (to Jessie)  
 Played keyboard. 1043278

THIS FUCKING GUY HERE  
 Guess I'm showing my age, huh?

Half-listening, Jessie stares at the smokestack. Drifts off  
 to another dimension.

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 OUT-OF-BODY EXPERIENCE  
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Fontaine, smokestack is in the clouds. A golden gate appears on  
 Fax: top-453-1966 A figure stands inside of the gate.

E-mail: stacy@ethnofilms.com  
 JESSIE (V.O.)

Stevie?  
 Web: [www.ethnofilms.com](http://www.ethnofilms.com)

The figure waves to Jessie.

JESSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
I can make it. It's not that far.

Jessie sets her beer bottle on the window ledge. Climbs up on the ledge.

WAITING FOR JERRY  
THIS FUCKING GUY HERE  
So, my buddy... Freddie, was it?  
I think that was his name. He got  
us backstage by the encore.

A BIRD flies out from the ledge above.

Jessie's eyes blink. The bird lands on the figure's shoulder.

JESSIE (V.O.)  
I can do that.

THIS FUCKING GUY HERE  
And all of sudden, they were having  
audio problems...

Based on a transcript by  
ANOTHER CREW MEMBER  
During the fucking encore? Fuck.

THIS FUCKING GUY HERE  
Damn right! So, I had to act fast.  
I jumped in...

Jessie jumps off the ledge.

THIS FUCKING GUY HERE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
And I was flying around...

Jessie flies over the parking lot. Lands on the smokestack next to the bird. The figure and the gate gone. Only the bird.

Jessie sees the guys at the window still talking.

This Fucking Guy Here waves his hands as he talks.

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Fax: 909-463-1965  
E-mail: stacy@ethnofilms.com

THIS FUCKING GUY HERE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
I was grabbing this wire here...  
The bird looks at Jessie.

Web: www.ethnofilms.com

THIS FUCKING GUY HERE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Cutting that, yanking that, sparks  
fucking going off. It was an  
electric light show back stage,  
man.

A FALLING STAR shoots across the sky.

JESSIE (V.O.)

You see that? Shall I make a wish.

The bird flies away.

Jessie leaps. Flies back into the window.

THIS FUCKING GUY HERE

But I got it rewired, and the sound was back, even better than before and I got my wish...a roadie job with the fucking Grateful Dead.

ANOTHER CREW MEMBER

Fucking A.

They look at Jessie.

ANOTHER CREW MEMBER (CONT'D)

It's that fucking easy, Jess.

Jessie reaches for her beer. Accidentally knocks it off the window ledge.

SLOW MO

The bottle falls. Hits the ground. Shatters into pieces.

Jessie GASPS.

THIS FUCKING GUY HERE

It's okay. It's okay. No one's around. No one got hurt.

WGA 1043278

Jessie stares at the shattered glass on the ground. Red blood oozes out from it. Floods the area.

Her face turns pale.

THIS FUCKING GUY HERE (CONT'D)

Here, calm yourself.

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This Fucking Guy Here offers her his joint.

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Fax: 909-463-1665

JESSIE

E-mail: stacy@ethnofilms.com  
No, no. I'm all fucked up.

LATER

Web: [www.ethnofilms.com](http://www.ethnofilms.com)

Beth searches through the suite. Sees Jessie sitting at the foot of the bed.

BETH

Hey?

JESSIE

Hey.

WAITING FOR JERRY

BETH

You doing okay? You're not drinking. Want something?

JESSIE

No! No more of anything for me. Nothing. Nada. Nil.

BETH

Okay, okay. So, then, you want to go? I can find Althea and...

JESSIE

No! I'm fine, I'm...waiting for Jerry.

Jessie stares off.

Based on a true story

LATER

Jessie still sits at the foot of the bed.

She looks up. Notices everyone staring in the same direction. She turns. Sees Bob Weir standing in the doorway.

The room brightens from his presence.

The Other Girls in the room line-up along the wall. Straighten their clothes and hair. Primp as if to say "pick me, pick me."

Everything turns SURREAL.

Jessie's eyes widen. Transfix on Weir.

Weir walks into the room like a great lion returning to his den. Light emits from his being. Everyone's eyes follow his every move. They appear frozen in time & space.

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Fax: 909-403-1085  
E-mail: stacy@ethnofilms.com  
Weir sees the champagne in the bucket on the table. Still corked. He goes to it. Stands in front of Jessie. Picks the champagne up. Loosens. Pops the cork.

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The cork ricochets around the room. Lands in Jessie's lap.

Weir looks at Jessie. His eyes are warm. Inviting.



With gentlemanly charm, he pours champagne in two glasses. He goes to Jessie. Offers her one.

Jessie sees the glass. Reaches for it. Then holds her hand up to the glass.

WAITING FOR JERRY  
JESSIE (CONT'D)  
No. No thank you. I really shouldn't have anything else tonight.

Weir cocks his head at her.

Stacy W. Thornton  
A BLONDE GIRL hops next to Weir. Intercepts Jessie's glass of champagne.

BLONDE GIRL  
I'll take it.

She takes the glass from his hand. Drinks.

BLONDE GIRL (CONT'D)  
Ooh, it tickles my nose.  
Based on a true story

Weir's eyes stay fixed on Jessie.

BLONDE GIRL (CONT'D)  
Um, so, Bob, um, you guys are so great. I'm such a fan. Um, listen, would you mind if I introduced you to my friends?

The Blonde Girl takes Weir's arm. Pulls him away.

BLONDE GIRL (CONT'D)  
This is Martha. This is Katie.  
Oh, and of course, I'm Charlotte.

Weir politely nods. Listens. His eyes on Jessie.

Jessie looks away. Looks back. Sees him still watching her.

Ethnofilms (to herself)  
15218 Summit Ave. Suite #200-213  
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Fax: 909-463-1005  
E-mail: stacy@ethnofilms.com  
You idiot! Why didn't you take it?  
You didn't have to drink it.  
Fucking Bob Weir just offered you a drink! Idiot!

Weir's eyes never leave her. Penetrate her.  
Web: [www.ethnofilms.com](http://www.ethnofilms.com)

Jessie breathes hard. Her eyes cloud over.

FANTASY SEQUENCE (Greek mythology of Dionysus)

Bob Weir (embodying ZEUS) kneels before Jessie in bronzed-like glory. His naked body thrusts against her.

Jessie (embodies SEMELE, from Greek Mythology, the only mortal to mate with a god) lies back. Her legs wrapped around him.

Weir's body glows. Thrusts in rhythmic time.

BRING UP MUSIC

(MUSIC: "Estimated Prophet" - singing done as voice-over then segue to real concert).

FANTASY CONCERT

Stage lights illuminate Weir. He towers before Jessie on a cosmic-like stage.

BOB WEIR

(sings on stage)

...And I'll call down thunder and  
speak the same and my work fills  
the sky with flame. And might and  
glory gonna be my name and men  
gonna light my way. My time  
coming, any day, don't worry about  
me, no.

Weir pulls Jessie up on stage with him.

FANTASY

Weir makes love to Jessie.

CONCERT

Jessie waits in the dark wings of the stage.

Weir runs off stage to Jessie. Passionately embrace. Kiss.

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Fax: 909-463-1000  
E-mail: stacy@ethnofilms.com  
It's gonna be just like they say,  
then voices tell me so...Seems so  
long I felt this way and time sure  
passin' slow. My time coming, any  
day, don't worry about me, no...

Web: [www.ethnofilms.com](http://www.ethnofilms.com)

WOMEN engulf Weir. Push Jessie aside. Kiss. Caress.  
Consume Weir.

Jessie fights between them. Pulls women off him. More come.

Jessie, alone, watches helplessly.

MUSIC: "Estimated Prophet" CONT'D

SCOPE CONCERT

Grateful Dead performs on real stage.

FANTASY

INT./EXT. GRATEFUL DEAD TOURBUS - DAY

MUSIC: "Eyes of the World"

Jessie sits with Weir on bus. Weir asleep. His head in her lap. She strokes his hair from his face.

JERRY GARCIA (V.O.)

(sings)

Wake up to find out that you are  
the eyes of the world.

Jessie stares out at the countryside.

JERRY GARCIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

(sings)

The heart has its beaches, its  
homeland and thoughts of its own.  
Wake now, discover that you are the  
song that the mornin' brings...

Jessie plays her guitar with Weir on the bus.

JERRY GARCIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

(sings)

...but the heart has its seasons,  
it's evenin's and songs of its own.

Jessie helps set up equipment on stage.

Jessie sits with the A CREW MEMBER. Watches band on stage.

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15218 Summit Ave. Suite #300-313 JERRY GARCIA (CONT'D)

Fontana, CA 92336 (sings on stage)

Fax: 909-463-1465 There comes a redeemer, and he

E-mail: stacy@ethnofilms.com slowly too fades away.

Web: [www.ethnofilms.com](http://www.ethnofilms.com) INTERCUT to NORFOLK SCOPE CONCERT

Jessie and Beth stand at stage.

Jessie peers up at Garcia.

JERRY GARCIA (CONT'D)  
 (sings on stage)  
 ...And there follows his wagon  
 behind that's loaded with clay.

FANTASY

INT. OFFSTAGE

by

Jessie sits. Watches Weir talk with a FEMALE JOURNALIST.

Jerry practices on stage.

JERRY GARCIA (V.O.)  
 (sings)  
 And the seeds that were silent all  
 burst into bloom and decay...

They slip away together behind some equipment.

JERRY GARCIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 (sings)  
 And night comes so quiet, it's  
 close on the heels of the day...

Jessie takes a deep drag on a joint. Drinks from a whiskey bottle.

Jessie passes out. Comes to.

Finds herself under Weir. Her hand follows along his naked body. He finishes making love to her. Gets off her.

Jessie's body bursts into flame. Incinerates her to death.

Left in her ashes, a GUITAR.

Weir picks up the guitar. Transforms it to a BOTTLE OF WINE.

Bob Weir pours the wine on her ashes.

Ethnofilms BOB WEIR  
 15218 Summit Ave. Suite #200-213  
 Fontana, CA 92336 Ariadne. Awake.  
 Fax: 951-465-1660  
 E-mail: stacy@ethnofilms.com  
 Jessie materializes in the ashes as ARIADNE, (daughter of King Midas).

Web: [www.ethnofilms.com](http://www.ethnofilms.com)

BOB WEIR (CONT'D)

You must choose. Either it is I,  
Dionysus, son of the great god Zeus  
or the mere and lowly mortal,  
Theseus.

Jessie looks beside her. Sees Christopher (dressed as  
THESEUS) next to her.

JESSIE

Christopher?

Weir drinks from the bottle of wine. Transforms himself into  
DIONYSUS (son of Zeus and Semele).

CHRISTOPHER AS THESEUS

Dionysus, be gone. You are nothing  
but a wild barbaric beast. I am  
all that Ariadne desires.

Weir as Dionysus laughs. His face blurs. Blends with the  
face of Jerry Garcia (the composite of WEIR/GARCIA).

UNDERWORLD Based on a true story

MUSIC: "Drums" and "Space."

WEIR/GARCIA transforms the bottle back into a Guitar.  
Weir/Garcia holds it out to Jessie.

Behind him stands Beth, Althea, and Sue (MAENIDS, the wild  
female followers of Dionysus).

Jessie reaches for it.

Christopher transforms to THANATOS. Grabs the guitar. Bars  
Jessie from it.

BETH AS A MAENID

Beware! He is not Theseus. He is  
Thanatos, the demon god of darkness  
and death.

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I gave it to you! I take it back!

Fontana, CA 92336

Fax: 951-691-1863  
Jessie grabs hold of the guitar.

E-mail: [stacy@ethnofilms.com](mailto:stacy@ethnofilms.com)

Christopher grabs hold of Jessie's diamond necklace.

Tightens it around her neck to strangle her.

Web: [www.ethnofilms.com](http://www.ethnofilms.com)

The necklace glows. Burns his hand. He jumps back.

Weir/Garcia takes hold the necklace. Pulls it up and over Jessie's head. It becomes a crown. Brilliantly glows.

Her crown shoots fire. Incinerates Christopher. The guitar remains.

Weir/Garcia steps onto the guitar. It becomes a CHARIOT.

EXT. STARRY NIGHT

Weir/Garcia takes Jessie's hand. She steps unto the chariot. The three ride the chariot through the starry-lit night sky.

EXT. MOUNT OLYMPUS

The chariot sets down on top of Mount Olympus. The tiny lights from earth glows below them like the faces of fans in the crowd.

INT. CONCERT HALL

CHEERING FANS hold their lighted Bics/matches up to the Grateful Dead and Jessie on the cosmic stage (Mount Olympus).

Mount Olympus transforms to the smokestack.

INT. HOSPITALITY ROOM

Jessie stares out the window at the smokestack. Snaps back to reality.

Glances to the corner. Weir's gone. The Blonde Girl, too.

Jessie searches the party for Weir.

A hand taps her shoulder.

She turns.

PHIL

You look lost.

Jessie glares at Phil.

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15218 Summit Ave. Suite #300-313  
He takes pleasure in her reaction/dilemma.

Fontana, CA 92336

Fax: 909-463-1665

PHIL (CONT'D)

E-mail: stacy@ethnofilms.com  
What do you search for, Jessie Galohisty?

Web: www.ethnofilms.com

Jessie crosses her arms. Looks away.

PHIL (CONT'D)

I know.

JESSIE

What do you think you know?

WAITING FOR JERRY

PHIL

Not too hard to figure. All the little girls go for him.

JESSIE

I have a boyfriend.

by Stacy W. Thornton

PHIL

Where? He here?

He looks around the room.

Irritation builds. She struggles to think of a response.

Pretentiously, Phil waits.

Finally, Jessie physically sinks.

Based on a true story

PHIL (CONT'D)

Ah, now, Jess. What is it you really want?

JESSIE

Music.

Phil looks at her over his glasses.

JESSIE (CONT'D)

I just don't want...this. All this stuff attached. I just want to write and play my music. Is that too much to ask?

PHIL

You can always ask. How bad do you want it is the real question.

Ethnofilms  
Jessie walks away.

15218 Summit Ave. Suite #300-213

Fontana, CA 92336 PHIL (CONT'D)

Fax: 909-463-1699 I guess not bad enough.

E-mail: [stacy@ethnofilms.com](mailto:stacy@ethnofilms.com)

She turns back. Laughs under her breath.

Web: [www.ethnofilms.com](http://www.ethnofilms.com)

PHIL (CONT'D)

Good. You know I didn't mean anything by that. But I certainly know what you're saying.

JESSIE

Yeah, you would. You're living it. I just dream my little girl dreams.

PHIL

Ooh, you do have a way with words. And a sense of humor, you'll need it. (beat) I'd like to help you, but Jerry... How about Bobby? He'd probably give a listen. I can give you his room number. You could go and ask.

JESSIE

You think I'm an idiot, don't you?

Perplexed, Phil shrugs.

Based on a true story

PHIL  
Does it matter what I think? You can wait...

Phil holds out one hand.

PHIL (CONT'D)

...and dream as you say, your little girl dreams...or...  
(he holds out the other hand)  
...face an unknown possibility.  
Dream? Unknown? Your choice.

JESSIE

What I'm saying is, I don't believe you would just give out his room number. Besides, there was this girl hanging all over him earlier. Notice, she's gone too.

Ethnofilms

15218 Summit Ave. Suite #300-213

Fontana, CA 92336 (thinks)

Fax: 909-463-1065 No, he was alone when he left.

E-mail: stacy@ethnofilms.com But I can see you're afraid.

JESSIE

Web: [www.ethnofilms.com](http://www.ethnofilms.com)  
Well, your eyes are lying to you.



PHIL  
Perhaps. But what do you have to  
lose? Room five-thirteen.

Phil walks away.

WAITING FOR JERRY  
JESSIE  
(to herself)  
That guy drives me nuts.

Jessie shakes her head.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY

Jessie searches down the hotel corridor.

ILLUSION

The hall grows longer and longer.

Jessie takes long steps as if to shorten the length.

Abruptly, the hall shifts. Slants steeply downward.

Jessie stumbles forward. Grabs at a hall table. The slope  
causes her to slide. She now runs. Desperately tries to  
slow her steps.

The hall takes an abrupt turn.

Jessie spins backwards. Loses her balance. Bumps into a  
HOTEL EMPLOYEE (CAMEO: the real BOB WEIR).

JESSIE  
Oh. I'm so sorry. I'm  
terribly...clumsy, for some reason.

HOTEL EMPLOYEE  
Can I help you find something?

Jessie looks around. Everything is back to normal.

Ethnofilms Oh. Um, no. It's fine. I mean,  
15218 Summit Ave. Suite #200, 213  
Fontana, CA 92336 I'm fine. Really, thank you.  
Fax: 909-483-1855 She uncontrollably snickers.

E-mail: stacy@ethnofilms.com  
HOTEL EMPLOYEE  
Are you on some kind of trip?  
Web: [www.ethnofilms.com](http://www.ethnofilms.com)

Jessie's eyes enlarge.

JESSIE

What?

HOTEL EMPLOYEE

Are you on a trip... vacationing?

Jessie laughs. Nods.

HOTEL EMPLOYEE (CONT'D)

Well, have a good one.

He leaves.

JESSIE

Weird, he looks so familiar. What the hell is wrong with me?

She leans against the wall.

JESSIE (CONT'D)

(to herself)

This is so idiotic. I know Phil set me up. He hates me. It's a damn joke or something.

She looks down the hallway.

JESSIE (CONT'D)

Let's get it over with. Room 513.

She follows the numbers down the hall.

JESSIE (CONT'D)

510...511...

She nears the last door.

It's Room 513. Its door is slightly cracked open.

She peeks through the crack. No light inside.

She presses her ear to the crack. No sound. No movement. Total darkness.

JESSIE (CONT'D)

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Fax: 909-463-1665  
E-mail: stacy@ethnofilms.com

Nope. This isn't right.  
She hurries away from the room.

INT. HOSPITALITY ROOM

Web: [www.ethnofilms.com](http://www.ethnofilms.com)

Jessie sits on the bed.

PHIL  
Well? What did Bobby say?

Jessie rolls her eyes.

JESSIE  
No one was there.

PHIL  
You went to the wrong room.

JESSIE  
I went to five thirteen.

PHIL  
You couldn't have. Go and see.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY

Jessie stands at room 513.

Door is cracked. Dark inside. Silent.

Jessie lifts her fist to the door. Gets ready to knock.

JESSIE (V.O.)  
What if he is with the blonde?

She leans in to peek. Fear overwhelms her. Backs away.

JESSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
What if he's sitting on the toilet  
or something?

She can't even bring herself to look inside.

WGA 1043278  
JESSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
This can't be Bob's room. It's a  
practical joke. Phil.

She walks away.

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JESSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
But what if it is his room? Maybe  
he likes it pitch black.

She stops. Stares at the cracked door.

JESSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
But then, what if he doesn't have a  
guitar in there? I can't sing  
without a guitar.  
(MORE)

Web: www.ethnofilms.com

JESSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Under my condition, I don't even  
think I can play much less sing  
anything.

She goes back to the door. Intensely, stares at it.

JESSIE (CONT'D)  
(whispers) **WAITING FOR JERRY**  
Galohisty. Should mean chicken.

Her eyes widen. She quietly gasps.

JESSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
What if this is my galohisty? A  
portal to destiny. Worse, what if  
I'm meant to be..."Stella Blue?"

She hurries away from the door.

Her steps hit the floor harder and harder.

Her diamond necklace swings around her neck. She rubs her  
neck excessively. Her eyes tear. She stops.

**Based on a true story**  
JESSIE (CONT'D)  
Damn this!

She yanks the diamond necklace from her neck.

She stares at its broken chain.

Turns on her heels. Sees the doorway.

JESSIE (CONT'D)  
Lock and load, soldier. Lock and  
load.

WGA 1043278

She marches toward the door. Lifts her fist to the door.  
The necklace dangles from her grasp. Swings. She pushes the  
door open.

The necklace slips. Shoots inside.

Jessie's mouth drops. Eyes widen. She backs away. Stares  
at the necklace lying just past the threshold.

She drops to her knees. Crawls toward it.

Fax: 909-463-1665

Without crossing the threshold, she reaches in.

The necklace is just beyond her fingertips.

Web: [www.ethnofilms.com](http://www.ethnofilms.com)

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Fontana, CA 91736

E-mail: [stacy@ethnofilms.com](mailto:stacy@ethnofilms.com)

Her face torments. She recoils from it. Turns. Rests her back against the wall. Her eyes raise to the ceiling. Close.

FANTASY TRIP

INT. HALLWAY (FANTASY)

Jessie stands at room number, 513. Sees the cracked door. Shoves it open. Weir stands there.

BOB WEIR

I've been waiting.

Jessie looks down. A guitar is in her hands. She pulls it close.

The guitar changes. In her arms is Weir. They lie in bed.

The Blonde Girl is there with them in bed.

Jessie slips out from the covers.

Althea, Sue, Beth push her back in.

They applaud.

BETH

Go, Jess, go.

Jessie looks down. She is naked. The guitar is in her hands again. She looks up.

BETH/ALTHEA/SUE

Go, Jess, go.

WGA 1043278

Jessie sees Christopher. The broken necklace dangles from his hand.

CHRISTOPHER IN FANTASY

How could you be so ungrateful? I thought you loved me.

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BETH

15218 Summit Ave. Suite #300-213 She thought you loved her!

Fontana, CA 92336

Fax: Weir pulls Jessie back in bed with him.

E-mail: stacy@ethnofilms.com

MUSIC "Fire on the Mountain."

Web: www.ethnofilms.com

INTERCUT song with SCOPE CONCERT and FANTASY LOVE SCENE.

INT. CONCERT HALL

Grateful Dead on stage.

JERRY GARCIA

(sings on stage)

Almost ablaze still you don't feel  
the heat. It takes all you got  
just to stay on the beat. You say  
it's a livin', we all gotta eat but  
you're here alone, there's no one  
to compete. If mercy's a business,  
I wish for you...more than just  
ashes when your dreams come true.  
Fire! Fire on the Mountain!

FANTASY

Weir stands before Jessie. Unbuttons his pants.

MUSIC "Estimated Prophet."

Jessie at the cracked door.

Based on a true story

CONCERT

Weir on stage.

BOB WEIR

(sings on stage)

California, a prophet on the  
burning shore. California,  
knocking on the golden door.

FANTASY

WGA 1043278

Jessie sits on Weir in bed.

BOB WEIR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

(sings)

Like an angel, standing in a shaft  
of light. Rising up to paradise, I  
know I'm gonna shine.

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Fax: 951-65-1869

E-mail: stacy@ethnofilms.com

BOB WEIR (CONT'D)

(sings on stage)

Web: www.ethnofilms.com

You've all been asleep, you would  
not believe me. Them voices  
tellin' me, you will receive me..

## FANTASY

Jessie sees Weir naked before her. Her legs wrapped around him.

BOB WEIR (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 (sings)  
 Standing on the beach, the sea will  
 part before me. Fire wheel burning  
 in the air!

## CONCERT

Jessie peers up at Weir on stage.

BOB WEIR (CONT'D)  
 (sings on stage)  
 You will follow me and we will ride  
 to glory, way up, the middle of the  
 air!

## FANTASY

Jessie sits. Her back rests on the headboard. Naked.  
 Guitar in hands.

BOB WEIR (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 (sings)  
 My time coming, any day, don't  
 worry about me, no...

Weir stands before her. Buttons his pants.

BOB WEIR (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 (sings)  
 Don't worry about me, no no no,  
 don't worry about me, no.

Weir walks away.

Jessie weeps alone.

## END FANTASY

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Fax: 909-463-1469

E-mail: stacy@ethnofilms.com  
 Goes to the door. Sees the diamond necklace lying there.  
 Reaches in. Grabs the doorknob. Pulls the door shut.

Web: [www.ethnofilms.com](http://www.ethnofilms.com)

Walks away.

INT. DARK ROOM

The room is pitch black.

From the corner. A LOUD MOAN emerges.

The strike of a match. A flame glows.

The tip of a joint lit. Glows brighter at quick bursts of inhaling breath.

Shuffling. Lit joint tip moves across the room.

Hallway light beams under the door into the room.

On the floor, the diamond necklace glows in its light.

A hand, missing a middle finger, picks it up.

Door opens.

Back of a salt-n-pepper haired MAN peeks out into the hall.

The diamond chain swings from his right hand, missing the middle finger.

MAN

(calls down the hall)

Hey?! Someone drop something?

No answer.

He pitches the necklace into the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY

WGA 1043278

Just as the door to room 513 closes, the light in the hallway reveals the face of Jerry Garcia in the crack.

He HUMS "Stella Blue."

The door locks.

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A GUITAR STRUMS from within the room. Its sound fills the hallway.  
Fontana, CA 94703-1665  
Fax: 949-433-1665

E-mail: [stacy@ethnofilms.com](mailto:stacy@ethnofilms.com)

EXT. HOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Web: [www.ethnofilms.com](http://www.ethnofilms.com)  
Dark before first light.

Beth and Jessie walk together. Jessie stares straight ahead.



Phil walks with Althea and Sue behind them.

Phil cocks his head at Althea's colorful magic car ahead.

PHIL

I like what you've done with your car, Althea.

Jessie and Beth get in the backseat.

PHIL (CONT'D)

So, you coming to the next show?

ALTHEA

Hell yeah.

Althea gets in the passenger side. Phil shuts her door.

SUE

Guess we'll be just a couple of fillies in ol' Philly to see our good ol' Philly.

Sue giggles.

They all stare at her as she slips on her Stetson hat. Plops down behind the wheel.

BETH

She doesn't ever say much but when she does, it's vintage Sue.

Phil nods.

PHIL

And you? WGA 1043278

BETH

I don't know, yet.

He glances at Jessie.

She stares off.

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PHIL

Yeah, I figured.

JESSIE

No...thanks, but I have to get...

(voice trails off)

...on with my life.

He leans in over the car door to her.

PHIL (CONT'D)  
Still, think about it.

He moves away. Then pokes his face back at her.

PHIL (CONT'D)  
And next time, Galohisty, don't  
fear an open doorway...

Jessie's eyes widen.

Stacy W. Thornton  
PHIL (CONT'D)  
...or lest you'll never know what's  
behind it.

Sue starts the engine.

Jessie watches Phil walk away.

EXT. JESSIE'S HOUSE - DAWN

Jessie stands at her house in front of the closed door.  
Takes a deep breath. Unlocks the door. Enters.

INT. JESSIE'S HOUSE

Christopher sits in the dark. His face, furious, illuminated  
by the flicker of the TV.

CHRISTOPHER  
Do you realize the hell you put me  
through? I've been up all night  
waiting...

WGA 1043278

JESSIE  
You weren't supposed to...

CHRISTOPHER  
Find out? What else am I not  
supposed to know about?

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Fontana, CA 92430  
Fax: 909-463-1665  
E-mail: stacy@ethnofilms.com

JESSIE  
That's not what I meant. I would  
have called if I...

CHRISTOPHER  
Don't give me that shit.

Web: [www.ethnofilms.com](http://www.ethnofilms.com)  
JESSIE  
Chris? What do you want from me?

CHRISTOPHER

To act like the woman I fell in  
love with.

JESSIE

What does that mean?

CHRISTOPHER

You know what I'm talking about.

JESSIE

I'm who I've always been. This is  
me, Christopher. Look at me.

Christopher only glares at the TV.

CHRISTOPHER

I don't think I can ever trust you.  
Or forgive you.

JESSIE

Don't you even want to know what  
happened? What it is you're not  
forgiving me for?

CHRISTOPHER

You were with that slut friend of  
yours...what else is there to know?

Christopher turns up the TV volume.

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)

Consider our relationship...on  
probation.

JESSIE

Probation?

(strangely laughs)

The sad thing is I know you're  
serious. Christopher? Are you my  
lover or my jailer?

He ignores her. She stands frozen. Stares at Christopher  
illuminated by the television's flickering light.

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Fax: 909-463-1665

E-mail: [stacy@ethnofilms.com](mailto:stacy@ethnofilms.com)  
Jessie retreats down the dark hall.

CHRISTOPHER

Web: [www.ethnofilms.com](http://www.ethnofilms.com)  
I'll let you know when and *if* I can  
forgive you.

She stops. Cuts her eyes back at him.

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)  
 Maybe after some time, maybe, we  
 can move forward again.

Jessie winces.

INT. BEDROOM

Jessie undresses. Climbs in bed. Stares at the ceiling.  
 Thinks. Jumps up.

Grabs clothes from the drawers. Tosses them on the bed.  
 Pulls out a suitcase from the closet.

Stuffs clothes in the suitcase. Stops. Cries. Puts things  
 back. Falls back on the bed. Pulls the covers up tightly  
 around her neck.

Christopher comes in. Dresses.

CHRISTOPHER  
 I'll be at the job site.

Christopher leaves.

Jessie rolls over. Cries herself to sleep.

JESSIE'S NIGHTMARE

INT. PRISON CELL (NIGHTMARE)

Christopher stands in front of a jail cell with a whip.  
 Jessie lies on a cot. She wears a black leather skimpy  
 outfit. The bars crank open. Christopher walks inside.  
 Cracks the whip. Jessie spreads her legs. Christopher jumps  
 on her. She stares out the barred window. He moans.  
 Groans. Finishes. Leaves. The bars crank closed.

In the corner of the cell, Jessie sees her guitar. She picks  
 it up. Strums. Stares out the window.

Ethnofilms:  
 The jail bars crank open. She turns. Sees the hotel door.  
 15218 Summit Ave. Suite #300-213

Nightmare breaks up/intercuts with a Song Fantasy.

Fontana, CA 92321  
 Fax: 909-463-1665

SONG FANTASY  
 E-mail: stacy@ethnofilms.com

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY (SONG FANTASY)  
 Web: [www.ethnofilms.com](http://www.ethnofilms.com)

Jessie stands at room 513. Crosses the threshold.

INT. HOTEL ROOM (SONG FANTASY CONT'D)

Jerry Garcia plays his guitar in front of the hotel room window. He glows in the dark room. Radiates like a god before her.

WAITING FOR JERRY  
JERRY GARCIA

(sings)

"It all rolls into one and nothing comes for free. There's nothing you can hold, for very long. And when you hear that song come crying like the wind, It seems like all this life was just a dream. Stella blue. Stella blue."

Jessie walks to Jerry at the window.

She looks down. Her brother's Stella guitar is in her hands. She strums the chords as Jerry plays/sings.

Jerry disappears.

Based on a true story

Jessie stands all alone. Her body slumps. Her face ages. She becomes an old woman holding a guitar (like Picasso's *Old Guitarist* painting).

JESSIE

(whispers)

Stella Blue...

A tear streaks down her cheek. Night turns to Day.

INT. MUSIC STORE - DAY

WGA 1043278

Jessie strums a guitar (chords to STELLA BLUE) in front of the music store window.

Sunlight intensifies the room.

Its brilliant rays penetrate through the window's glass, illuminating the music store's name, "MUSICIAN'S HAVEN, INT'L" etched on its surface behind her.

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Fontana, CA 92335

Fax: 909-463-1665

E-mail: stacy@ethnofilms.com  
The sunlight emerges from a thick cloudy sky.

Web: www.ethnofilms.com  
The light dances on her dark hair. It shines with a grayish, almost white cast. Her face appears drawn. Tired from her nightmares. She looks much older.

She watches the light streak across the Picasso's *Old Guitarist* that hangs above the guitar section.

JESSIE

(sings)

"And when you hear that song come  
crying like the wind,  
It seems like all this life was  
just a dream.  
Stella blue. Stella blue."

She strums the final chord.

Jessie glances at her watch. 9:58 am. Monday. April 5th.

She sets the guitar in the stand.

A hand touches her shoulder.

DISTRICT MANAGER

Jess?

Startled, turns. Sees the DM.

DISTRICT MANAGER (CONT'D)

I guess I shouldn't say it but,  
from the looks of you, I hope at  
least it was a good weekend.

(glances around)

Beth not here? What a surprise.

He compares his Rolex to her watch.

DISTRICT MANAGER (CONT'D)

Okay, I'm a little fast. But let's  
take care of this situation first  
thing. I've got to get to the  
district office as early as  
possible.

Barry rushes in the door. Flips the sign to "Open."  
Struggles with his pants. Stuffs his sloppy shirttail  
inside. Sees them. Rushes into the stockroom.

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Web: [www.ethnofilms.com](http://www.ethnofilms.com)

Jessie and the DM exchange glances.

Barry approaches Beth. Encircles her. Checks out her duds.

BETH  
What? You like it? Huh?

Barry snickers at her.

Jessie walks up to Beth.

JESSIE  
Ms. Elizabeth Wheaton, I presume?  
I wasn't quite sure. (beat)  
Follow me, please.

Beth's face appears blank.

BETH  
Why, of course...boss...sure thing.

INT. STOCKROOM - CONTINUOUS

The DM hangs just outside the doorway.

Jessie sits on the desk's edge. Beth stands before her modeling her new outfit.

Jessie glances back and forth from Beth to the door. Jessie sees the DM peek in.

His eyes beg her to get on with it.

Beth turns to the door.

The DM jerks back before she sees him.

JESSIE  
Beth, I have to...  
WGA 1043278

The DM leans in.

JESSIE (CONT'D)  
Well, I need to let you...uh. I  
need to tell you something.

The DM shakes his head.

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Fax: 909-463-1665  
E-mail: stacy@ethnofilms.com  
BETH  
You look terrible. Christopher  
found out, huh? I would give  
anything to have seen it.

Web: [www.ethnofilms.com](http://www.ethnofilms.com)

A smile crosses Jessie's mouth.

BETH (CONT'D)  
 But you've changed, haven't you?  
 At least, I hope you would.

The DM peeks in.

WAITING FOR JERRY  
 BETH (CONT'D)  
 I have. For you. I'm on time and  
 will be for now on. I pledge to be  
 the kind of model employee you need  
 to get that promotion you've given  
 everything up for.

Beth straightens her nice pantsuit.

Jessie watches her. Her eyes blaze.

JESSIE  
 Don't you dare give me that crap!

BETH  
 (sarcastically)  
 What? Don't like my outfit, Ms.  
 Galohisty? It is still Galohisty?  
 A doorway, isn't it?

JESSIE  
 Well, golly gee, fuck me.

Jessie and Beth glare at each other.

JESSIE (CONT'D)  
 Dan! Come in here.

Somewhat cowardly, the DM enters.

WGA 1043278  
 Jessie sees Barry peering from the door.

JESSIE (CONT'D)  
 Barry! Stop lurking in the  
 doorway. It's just a damn door.  
 Walk through it already.

Ethnofilms  
 Beth snickers.  
 15218 Summit Ave. Suite #300-213  
 Fontana, CA 92336  
 Fax: 909-405-1005  
 E-mail: stacy@ethnofilms.com  
 Jessie's face goes through a series of emotional contortions.  
 She looks down at her own nice pantsuit. She sees the  
 Ginsberg book "Howl." She picks it up.

Web: [www.ethnofilms.com](http://www.ethnofilms.com)  
 JESSIE (CONT'D)  
 (begins loud, grows even  
 louder like Ginsberg  
 reading "Howl")  
 (MORE)



JESSIE (CONT'D)  
 No, I don't like your outfit. It's not for you. It's not for me. Nor for the "angelheaded hipsters burning for the ancient heavenly connection to the starry dynamo in the machinery of night."

WAITING FOR JERRY

BETH  
 (under her breath)  
 Yes!

Jessie reaches in her pocket. Pulls out her store keys.

She winds up to heave them but stops. Slaps the keys on the desktop.

DISTRICT MANAGER  
 What are you doing, Jessie?

JESSIE  
 Figure it out, Dan. Take your whole fucking life to figure it out.

She marches out the stockroom.

STORE

Beth, Barry and the DM come out of the stockroom. See Jessie standing at the door.

Jessie takes a final glance around. Her eyes stop at the guitars. Sees the Picasso, "The Old Guitarist."

She looks at Beth and Barry. Turns. Places her hand on the door. Pushes it wide open. Walks across the threshold.

They all exchange glances in disbelief.

Jessie turns. Comes back.

The DM begins to grin.

Jessie pops her head in the door.

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 E-mail: stacy@ethnofilms.com

JESSIE (CONT'D)  
 Oh. By the way, Beth, Dan wanted me to fire you. Just thought you should know.

Beth's mouth drops.  
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Jessie walks away again.

Dan's eyes widen, physically backs away from Beth.

Beth stares at him intensely. Suddenly, SCREAMS.

BETH

Den't you just love her?!

She skips backwards towards the door.

BETH (CONT'D)

You know Althea said Jess was a female Jerry Garcia but I think she's more like the 'Howl' poem guy. You know who I'm talking about, Barry.

Barry mouths "Ginsberg."

BETH (CONT'D)

Yeah and I'm like Jack Kerouac and Sue's Neal Cassady, and Althea's the 'Cuckoo's Nest' guy, Ken Kesey. So cool!

Excessively bubbly, Beth bumps into the door.

BETH (CONT'D)

I guess we passed the acid test, then, huh?

She laughs.

Barry bears a huge grin standing beside, in sharp contrast, the sickly-looking DM.

BETH (CONT'D)

Oh Dan, just in case you haven't figured it out yet, I quit, too.

She runs out after Jessie.

STOCKROOM

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Barry runs in. Grabs Jessie's books. Picks each one up: Walt Whitman's Leaves of Grass, Jack Kerouac's On the Road, and Alan Ginsberg's Howl. His face saddens as he clutches them.

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EXT. MUSIC STORE/PARKING LOT - DAY

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Under a dark, cloudy sky, Barry runs up to Jessie and Beth.

Beth mouths to Barry, "You quit?"

Barry nods.

BETH  
Good for you.

They stand facing the parking lot.  
Stare out at Jessie's car. U-haul attached.

BETH (CONT'D)  
So what happened with Christopher?

JESSIE  
He put me on probation.

Beth looks at her strangely.

Jessie checks her watch.

JESSIE (CONT'D)  
Yep, he should be at work by now  
just picking up the message I left  
saying, I'm breaking parole.

Beth laughs.

They stare at the U-haul.

BETH  
So then, it's 'on the road'.

Jessie smiles.

Barry moans, mouthing something.

JESSIE  
Barry, I know you can do better  
than that. Please try.

Barry looks away.

Jessie and Beth sigh.

Ethnofilms  
15218 Summit Ave. #300-213  
Fontana, CA 92336 (improves with each word)  
Fax: 909-463-1665 Afoot and light-hearted, I take  
E-mail: stacy@ethnofilms.com to the open road. Healthy, free,  
Web: www.ethnofilms.com the world before me, the long brown  
path before me, leading wherever I  
choose."

Jessie's eyes tear.

JESSIE

Whitman.

Jessie hugs him.

Barry blushes. Hands her the books.

JESSIE (CONT'D)

No, you keep them. Make them be  
a...good memory.

Beth smiles.

BARRY

The Beat goes on.

Jessie laughs. Hugs him again.

BETH

Do you know where you're going?

JESSIE

Not really. I just know it's a  
place I've never been before. My  
mom said it best this morning,  
"it's time to pass through my ga-lo-  
hi-s-di."

BETH

You need a friend to go along?

Jessie grabs Beth. Hugs her tight.

JESSIE

You're so dear. But as much as I  
would like that...  
(gently sings line from  
"Ripple")  
...this "path is for [my] steps  
alone."

SLO-MO

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Jessie opens the car door. Glances up at the dark sky.  
Slides into the driver seat as if submerging into the "still  
waters" between the dawn and dark of her destiny.  
The sun emerges from a dark cloud creating a silver lining.  
The sky intensely glows.

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Sunlight floods into Jessie's car.

INT. JESSIE'S CAR

Beth peeks in the passenger window. Teary-eyed.

BETH  
(whispers)  
"But if I knew the way, I would  
take you home."

Jessie stares ahead over the steering wheel. Starts the car.

Beth puts her arm around Barry. They walk off.

Jessie watches them.

JESSIE  
(whispers)  
I know you would.

EXT. JESSIE'S CAR

Jessie drives away.

A sign hangs on the rear of the U-haul.

INSERT sign: "Truckin"

FADE OUT.

MUSIC: "Stella Blue"

BRING UP CREDITS

SERIES OF PHOTOS - GRATEFUL DEAD members (living and  
deceased) throughout the years.

LAST PHOTO: JERRY GARCIA (1942-1995)

FADE OUT.

THE END

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