

ALONG FOR THE RIDE

A New Original Screenplay Written By:

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1 INT. BAR - NIGHT.

1

A dive bar. Dimly lit. Light commotion. Clinking of glasses.

A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN (30s) sits alone at the end of the bar. She's reading a book. She has the look of a model, but wears no makeup. She could be a pop star for all we know.

CHAD CARMICHAEL (30s) sits on the other end of the bar. He's polite, shy, and has a curious streak about him. A subdued handsomeness.

She looks bored, but intrigued as she flips the page.

Chad nurses his drink as A PRODUCER approaches.

The Producer assuredly takes a seat next to him.

PRODUCER

Chad. Thanks for meeting me.

CHAD

Nothing takes precedence over this project for me, Bill.

BILL

I'd better get right to it then.

CHAD

Okay. You want a drink? Why don't we let ourselves get--

BILL

We're bringing on a new director.

CHAD

--comfortable...

BILL

Simply put, your style has a... vanilla-- taste to it. Personally, I like rocky road.

CHAD

You're breaking up with me. Why couldn't we talk this out over the phone?

BILL
I like to have these sorts of
conversations face to face.

CHAD
Stab me in the face--

BILL
--instead of in the back, right.
(beat)
Chad. You're a good enough guy, and
a... fine director. You'll be okay.
I'm sure of it.

CHAD
You're just going--

BILL
--in a different direction, yeah.

CHAD
Smooth.

BILL
Don't take it so personal. It's not.
You wanted something that rhymes with
orange, and we just wanted the damn
oranges, Chad. It's not so dramatic as
you think.

Bill gets up from the bar to leave--

BILL (CONT.)
Oh, and don't stick your face in too
many glasses. That's no way to cope.

CHAD
(raises his glass to him)
Cheers.

Chad watches Bill as he weaves through the tables on his way
out.

He nervously spies down the bar--

Our beautiful woman is still reading.

Chad downs the rest of his drink and heads to the WOMAN--

CHAD
You're not--

CRYSTAL
--I am.

CHAD
 --**the** Crystal Nites, are
 you?

CRYSTAL
 --try not to make a big deal
 of it.

He takes a seat next to her.

CRYSTAL
 I don't like the attention.

CHAD
 It okay I sit here?

CRYSTAL
 Not assigned seats, last I checked.

Beat.

CHAD
 I'm sorry, I'm just a bit starstruck.

CRYSTAL
 I can't get any peace around here.

He examines her book.

CHAD
 What are you reading?

CRYSTAL
 "*How to Deal with Fame.*"

CHAD
 Really?

CRYSTAL
 No, not really.

She flips it up so he can see.

BOOK FACE: '*Anna Karenina.*'

CHAD
 Never read it.

CRYSTAL
 It's important to read the classics.

Beat.

CHAD
 You know, Lady Gaga has the IQ of a--

CRYSTAL

--genius, I know. No, we're not friends. And no, I'm not a genius either. But, we all strive. Who knows if that shit's accurate, anyway? And besides, I don't need a number to tell me I'm intelligent.

She continues on reading, as if he's not there.

CHAD

How **do** you deal with the fame?

She finishes the page she's on, ponders, then--

CRYSTAL

I soldier on as if life was normal. Which, it isn't. But-- I do anyway.

CHAD

You read books in bars.

She finally looks up.

CRYSTAL

I read books in bars.

She offers her hand--

CRYSTAL (CONT.)

And... your name, again?

CHAD

Chad-- Carmichael.

CRYSTAL

What's your gig, Chad Carmichael?

CHAD

I'm a documentary filmmaker. Or, was.

Her eyes actually show interest.

CRYSTAL

Documentaries, you say?

CHAD

Yeah. I'm kind of... in between projects. Looking for that next thing.

She ponders that.

CRYSTAL

(nods)

Huh.

She goes back to reading.

CHAD

I listen to your stuff all the time. I meant to go to your show tonight, but--

CRYSTAL

What do you make your documentaries about?

CHAD

I wa-- huh?

CRYSTAL

The subjects, of your documentaries-- what are they about?

CHAD

Whatever I'm hired to do. I hadn't thought about what I was gonna do ne--

CRYSTAL

A hired gun, huh?

CHAD

Yeah, you could say that. Although, I was just fired from my most recent--

CRYSTAL

If you ever want to shoot something real, you ought to join me on tour.

CHAD

I-- You-- wha--?

CRYSTAL

Come along for the ride, maybe I'll let you film a thing or two. What do you say?

CHAD

I-- uh...

SNAP TO BLACK:

TITLE CARD: "*Along for the Ride*"

FADE IN:

2 INT. TOUR BUS - LATER.

2

Crystal climbs the bus steps. Chad files in behind her.

CRYSTAL

...so you can write a bit about my life. But don't film too much. They don't need to know everything.

CHAD

I wasn't planning on it.

CRYSTAL

You weren't planning on any of this.

Chad shrugs. Touche.

Crystal puts the brakes on, Chad freezes in place.

CRYSTAL (CONT.)

It's a difficult balance to find. You know? What to reveal about one's life, and what you want your fans to know. Perception. It's important. Not vanity, necessarily. But-- selective privacy. Right?

Crystal and Chad finally make it to the back.

CRYSTAL'S CREW, BACKGROUND SINGERS, BANDMATES, AGENT, MANAGER, TRAVEL COMPANIONS and basically EVERYONE greet them in the back.

They sport residual COKE and ADDERALL up the nose.

BOTTLES of CHAMPAGNE and LIQUOR in their hands.

CRYSTAL (CONT.)

I don't appreciate the illusion of exclusivity. The appearance of candidness in documentary films. It's all a sham. But... ours will not be like that. Ours will have the perfect balance of the day-to-day, the natural. Not the glitz and the glamour. But, rather-- the mundane. The grit. Pretty soon, the grandeur will be all but shattered for the public eye. What did they expect? Whitney? Amy? Please.

Chad lags behind.

CRYSTAL (CONT.)

I want them to catch a glimpse of who I really am off the stage. But not too much. You'll see. That's where you come in. Nail that balance or you're fired. No pressure. We're all one big family here. You'll learn that, too.

He wears a blank expression as Crystal side-hugs the BIG GROUP as they accept her in. She nods for Chad to follow.

CRYSTAL

C'mon, get the fuck over here! What are you doing?

Chad is completely unaware of what he signed up for.

Fuck it. He limbers forward as the BUS sets off.

CRYSTAL (CONT.)

Guys, this is Chad. He's gonna be joining us for the tour!

The GROUP all cheers as Chad makes his way over.

CRYSTAL'S TOUR MANAGER glares at Chad as he joins the group.

3 INT. BUS - LATER.

3

Crystal's TEAM all huddles in the back of the bus, drinking and conversing. Occasionally copping looks at Chad.

Chad sits on a nice leather couch next to Crystal who lounges out.

CRYSTAL

So, you said earlier-- you're a fan of my music?

CHAD

(hesitates)

I-- yeah, yeah. Of course I'm a fan.

CRYSTAL

You're a fan of my music, and you weren't at my show.

CHAD

We-- I-- no. I'm sorry. I mean, I

didn't know you were in town,
otherwise I would've-- I was busy, but--

CRYSTAL

Chad, relax. I'm fucking with you.
It's okay, we all have lives to live.

CHAD

Yeah, yeah. Of course. Sorry.

CRYSTAL

Stop apologizing. You act like your
grandmother just died.

CHAD

I've been in such a whirlwind lately,
music could have died for all I know.

CRYSTAL

Ugh, god. Sometimes I feel that way.
One person can't save it all, you
know. I'm not Adele.

CHAD

Adele saved pop music?

CRYSTAL

Did Ade-- are you a crazy person? Did
you really just ask me that question?

CHAD

I'm genuinely asking you that
question.

CRYSTAL

Listen, everyone has their own saviors
of music. And most are valid. But I'm
not here to save music. I just want to
make it. I wanna sing from the heart.

CHAD

That's a noble cause. But, seriously,
okay. Treat me as if I know nothing
about music.

CRYSTAL

You don't! That's not hard to do. I
like you, Chadwick. I brought you
along for a reason, but don't think I
won't toss you off this bus.

Chad chuckles, amused.

CHAD

Yeah, why did you bring me along anyway?

CRYSTAL

By the way, I want you to be recording basically at all times.

Chad fishes in his bag, fumbles with his camera.

CRYSTAL (CONT.)

I've built my own family here. It's only right someone should make a doc about it.

CHAD

Family's important to you.

CRYSTAL

We all should have been listening to Fast and Furious all these years.

Chad isn't sure if she's joking.

CRYSTAL (CONT.)

In all seriousness, you need a support system to survive on tour.

CHAD

And everyone here contributes to your survival.

CRYSTAL

Family is often times what you create. Not always what you're given. I've created my own tour family out of necessity, not just novelty or luxury.

CHAD

Surviving, not thriving.

CRYSTAL

You have to survive before you can thrive.

CHAD

When do you feel you'll be out of the survival phase, and into the thriving phase?

CRYSTAL

We worry about one thing at a time. We like to live in the moment, here. I have members of my family who worry about being two steps ahead. If that was my job-- it'd be too much stress. You evenly distribute the stress. That's how you survive.

CHAD

You thrive when there's no stress.

CRYSTAL

There's always stress. Sometimes, there are things you can do to forget about it.

Chad looks to the back, where TEAM MEMBERS drink heavily and do all sorts of DRUGS.

CRYSTAL (CONT.)

Why don't we get a jump start on that stress, huh?

He takes it all in, wondering if he should still be recording.

4 INT. HOTEL - LATER.

4

Crystal stumbles over to her Suite. She leans against the door, drunkenly, sensually.

Chad, uncertain, pensively approaches her.

She waves her finger at him.

CRYSTAL

Ah, ah. You've got your own room.

CHAD

Oh, I didn't--

CRYSTAL

I don't sleep with anyone on my team.

CHAD

So, I'm a part of the team now?

CRYSTAL

You're documenting my life... that's more than a team member.

She "boops" his nose with her finger as she unlocks, stumbles back into her room.

The door slams in Chad's face. He stands stiff, motionless in thought for a moment.

STARING MAN (O.S.)

Hey.

Chad's head whips to the STARING MAN--

He's SETH VOSS (40s). Crystal's TOUR MANAGER. He's stern and cursory. Exactly the man Crystal needs to manage her affairs.

SETH

Word to the wise...

Seth approaches Chad. He analyzes his vexation.

SETH (CONT.)

I'd get over that burning desire, I were you. Ends good for no one.

CHAD

And, just who might you be?

SETH

Seth Voss. Tour manager.

Chad shakes firmly.

CHAD

Pleasure.

SETH

No, I'm sure it's mine.

Chad tries to get a read on him.

SETH (CONT.)

I know why you're here.

CHAD

You do?

SETH

Yeah. Same reason why most of us are here. Too few are immune to her shine. I get it.

CHAD

N-- What makes you think--

SETH

No, no. C'mon. We don't need to wade through the bullshit. It's abundantly clear. I see it, day in, day out. As her team grows, it becomes obvious.

CHAD

You've-- She wants me to--

SETH

Just-- no. You don't have to say it. I've been there, buddy. Some just hide it better.

Seth pats him hard on the back, turns, and swaggers away.

SETH (CONT.)

C'mon, I'll show you to your room.

Chad remains frozen, watches him leave. He contemplates the discussion, and wades through his thoughts.

5 INT. HOTEL - OUTSIDE CHAD'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER. 5

Seth fishes out his key-card. He pushes the door open for him.

Chad barges in before--

Seth stops him in his tracks.

SETH

Listen, something you need to know about her--

CHAD

No, you think you've got me figured, but--

Chad lets the door shut as he steps out, allows him to continue--

SETH

No, no, no. Just-- stop. Listen to me. She is laser focused on this tour. And that's what I need her to be. She doesn't get involved with other men, because that's how much she cares

about this shit. Singing. The tour.
Her next album. Her life. You
understand--?

CHAD

--I swear on everything I hold dear,
I'm just here to--

SETH

I don't care. Just, don't try it.
Okay? Can you do that? It's a favor to
yourself, believe me.

Chad grumbles. It's not worth the fight.

CHAD

Okay.

They shake on it.

SETH

And now, something about me, you
should know. Nobody-- I mean,
nobody... Gets a handjob in an Uber
without my knowing about it. You got
me?

Seth looks him directly in the eye, unlocks the door.

Not breaking eye contact, opens the door once more, hands him
the key-card.

Chad breaks the eye contact, steps in. Seth glares him in.

The door shuts on Seth, he finally parts ways.

6 INT. CHAD'S ROOM - CONT.

6

Chad sighs, tosses his stuff on the bed opposite him, lays on
the bed.

He stares at the ceiling, wondering what he's gotten himself
into.

7 INT. HOTEL - CHAD'S ROOM - MORNING.

7

Light barely shines in through the curtains.

Chad, dead to the world, doesn't stir.

BOOM BOOM BOOM. Knocks at the door.

Chad snaps awake. He rushes to the door, swings it open.

Crystal waits for him.

CRYSTAL
Hey. You ready?

CHAD
Yeah, I was just--

CRYSTAL
Great. We'll be in the lobby.

Crystal winks. He's taken aback.

She doesn't let him reply as she vanishes.

Chad blankly stares as she leaves.

8 INT. HOTEL - LOBBY - LATER. 8

Chad mosies on in the lobby.

The TEAM all waits for him.

Crystal spots him, throws her arms up like she's ready to party and--

CRYSTAL
Okay! He's here. Let's roll!

She dances on out, leading everyone from the lobby out to the bus.

LES MILES (40s) her PUBLICIST/AGENT greets Chad. He's suave, but pretty soft spoken for someone you'd expect to be more outgoing and clever.

MILES
Chad. Brilliant to meet you. Les Miles, I'm her agent.

CHAD
Oh, nice meeting you too--

MILES
--Well, agent, publicist, extraordinaire. Whatever she needs, really.

CHAD
Fascinating.

MILES
Crystal told me all about your schtick. I'm excited to help in any capacity.

CHAD
Yeah, I wanted to ask Seth, but--

MILES
You met Seth, huh? Yeah, he's...well-- you know.

CHAD
Yeah, so I'm just gonna ask you.

MILES
Shoot.

CRYSTAL (O.S.)
Come on, you slow asses!

MILES
Walk with me.

Chad and Les emerge from the hotel.

9 EXT. HOTEL - CONT.

9

Les and Chad walk and talk.

CHAD
Does she usually...tie one on like that? The night before a show.

MILES
What you saw last night was tame in comparison.

CHAD
And you guys just...?

MILES
Oh, we have to. What else you gonna do?

Chad is dumbfounded.

MILES (CONT.)

You either go with the party, or
you're out.

CHAD

How do you handle--

MILES

Chad. Listen-- she wants you here,
okay? I wouldn't do anything to
interfere with what you've got going
on. All right?

Chad processes...

CHAD

Yeah, got it.

Les slaps him on the back as he climbs into the bus. He
follows close behind.

10 INT. BUS - CONT.

10

Chad leads the way, Les nearly runs into him as he stops
cold.

THE END OF THE BUS: Crystal raises a glass, snorts off a tray
with the other. She calls to them one the other end--

CRYSTAL

Les, Chad! Get your pussies down here!
Grab a line, any line!

BUTLER-LOOKING SERVERS raise SILVER TRAYS above them,
sporting COKE and other SNORTABLES.

Chad looks to Les who gives him a look as if to egg him on.

11 INT. BACKSTAGE - PRE-CONCERT.

11

Seth escorts Crystal up the stage. Les and Chad lag behind.

SETH

Okay. So, you're opening for Lil Boaty--

CRYSTAL

Who's that?

SETH

Mumble Rapper discovered through

SoundCloud.

CRYSTAL

And he's more famous than me?

SETH

They're all here for him, but hey-- you go out there-- knock their Maxi-pads off and they'll be screaming for you to do it again. And who knows? Maybe we sell an album or two.

CRYSTAL

Has it really come to this? Opening for SoundCloud rappers?

SETH

Hey. Look at me. Don't worry. Just-- focus on you. The rest of the tour won't be Lil Boatys, all right?

CRYSTAL

I need a drink.

SETH

We don't get paid to binge. We get paid so you can sing for sad teens.

CRYSTAL

(to Chad)

I better not catch you recording Lil Boaty. Show my good side, would you?

She sends him a wink as she steps on stage.

Chad stares as she does. Les and Seth's eyes dart at Chad.

SETH

Well, you heard the woman. Don't just stand there with your dick in your hand.

LES

Do what you came here to do, hot shot.

Chad snaps out of it. Comes to. Pats his pockets, frantically searches for his equipment.

12 INT. BACKSTAGE - POST-CONCERT.

12

Crystal sneaks backstage through the curtain amidst screaming

fans, begging her to come back.

She's met by SECURITY GUARDS, her TEAM, and Chad.

The Security Guards interlock their arms with hers--

CRYSTAL
(to security guard)
I usually charge for a touch like
this.

The Security Guard offers her a glare, she offers a smile.

CHAD
Crystal... that was--

CRYSTAL
Didja make me look good, Hollywood?

Chad can only present a stunned face. No words.

She grins in reply before she's swarmed by Les and Seth.

They all walk and talk.

SETH
Going back out?

CRYSTAL
Let them want.

LES
To the hotel, then?

CRYSTAL
I wanna party.

LES
(sarcastic)
Of course, your majesty.

CRYSTAL
They all like Lil Mumble Rapper better
anyway. Isn't that what they came here
for?

Chad watches as they all pile into the SUV LIMO.

FADE INTO:

13 INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT.

13

Crystal and Chad sit on beds opposite each other, leaned in.

CHAD

You were... incredible tonight.

CRYSTAL

Shouldn't you be filming?

CHAD

I filmed your show.

CRYSTAL

This is good stuff. You should be getting this.

CHAD

What?

CRYSTAL

Come on, I have enough adoring fans. You don't have to be one of them.

(beat)

Why come on tour with me?

CHAD

Well, you caught me at an interesting moment in my life.

CRYSTAL

No, not that. I mean... don't you have somebody at home?

CHAD

I've never had the time for it. And to be quite honest... I haven't wanted to make time for anyone else.

CRYSTAL

So... would you ever want to, eventually? What do you think about that good ole monogamy, anyway?

CHAD

Well... all I ever wanted as a kid was to get married to the love of my life. Treat her like royalty.

Crystal now wears genuine interest on her face.

CHAD (CONT.)

All that mushy stuff. What a crock of shit. But now... I don't want any of that. I can now say 'yes' to pop stars who offer to drag me along on tour with them.

Crystal all but blushes.

CRYSTAL

Well... maybe one day you'll have a family who will let you do those sorts of things. And who knows... they might even want to tag along.

CHAD

But, see-- that's the thing... I like doing this stuff on my own. I don't mind being alone. I almost prefer it.

Crystal ponders that thought.

CHAD

So, is that your way of saying you'd want a family some day?

CRYSTAL

I'm asking the questions, thank you very much.

CHAD

Who's the documentarian here?

CRYSTAL

Be honest with me.

CRYSTAL

If you hadn't been in the position you're in, would you have said 'yes' to going on tour with me?

CHAD

Okay, I'll be honest...

CRYSTAL

(sits up, interested)
Oh, here we go.

CHAD

I was never a fan of your music.

Chad expects the worst. Crystal seems unfazed.

CRYSTAL
Tell me more.

CHAD
I didn't ever think you'd be a good
live performer.

CRYSTAL
Go on. Don't hold back.

CHAD
But that all changed tonight.

Crystal pulls back.

CHAD (CONT.)
I mean it. You've completely shattered
my expectations of you.

CRYSTAL
Don't. Just-- stop.

She digs through a drawer.

Chad tries to see its contents.

Crystal presents a tray with DRUGS.

CRYSTAL
Snort something with me.

CHAD
How did you...?

CRYSTAL
I have them put some in each room for
me.

CHAD
This is my room...

CRYSTAL
I know.
(beat)
So, tell me-- Mr. Doc-Man... what are
things you've noticed? Any pointers?

CHAD
You don't take compliments well.

CRYSTAL

Let's talk about something real. Be honest with me. You said you've never liked my music. Do you like it now?

CHAD

No.

Crystal prepares the lines.

CHAD (CONT.)

But... that doesn't mean I don't think you're superbly talented. You are.

CRYSTAL

I don't write my songs.

CHAD

Do you want to?

CRYSTAL

My team doesn't think I should.

CHAD

But-- what do **you** think?

CRYSTAL

They're created in a conference room.

CHAD

What do you want out of this?

She looks up from the tray. Windows to her soul.

CRYSTAL

I want to vacuum up some of this pixie dust with you.

CHAD

No... what do you want out of all this?

Beat.

CRYSTAL

Don't film this.

Crystal snorts a line. She offers the tray.

Chad scans it. Thinks it over.

CRYSTAL
Come on, let's go mingle. Party time,
Hollywood.

Crystal leads him out of his room to--

14 INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE - HOTEL - LATER. 14

Chad takes in the sights with awe. Crystal eggs him on to follow.

TEAM MEMBERS all drink, do drugs, and mingle.

Champagne bottles POP.

BARTENDERS and SERVERS all mix drinks and bring them to Team Members.

Crystal takes a drink off a PLATTER.

Chad graciously accepts a drink from a SERVER.

The Bartenders all smile and nod to them as they pass by.

Seth and Les look from the group to Crystal and Chad on their approach--

SETH
There she is! Didn't our lady kill
tonight?

MILES
Bravo! What a show!

SETH
Dare I ask what you two were doing?

Crystal looks to Chad with a smile. Chad looks on nervously.

CRYSTAL
I showed him my not-so-secret stash.

SETH
So much left to learn.

MILES
That won't be in the doc, will it?

CHAD
She's the boss.

SETH
Of course she is.

MILES
Whatever the queen wants.

All pause to drink, all eyes are on her.

CRYSTAL
I'll let you guys catch up. I'm sure
there's much to talk about.

She gives a fake smile as she leaves them to it.

Now all eyes are on Chad.

SETH
You two in private is concerning.

MILES
Did you learn anything?

CHAD
Nothing you guys don't already know.

SETH
Come on, there had to be something
juicy.

CHAD
We're not even in the thick of it yet.

MILES
Plenty of time for that.

SETH
Well, I look forward to the finished
product.

Seth extricates himself. Les stares hard into Chad's soul.

MILES
Seriously, you guys didn't...?

CHAD
She's more complicated than that.

MILES
Don't I know it.

CHAD

Seth seems to know better than anyone.

MILES

He gives off more than he is.

CHAD

You guys get along?

MILES

"Get along"? It's a long tour. We have to. We do as we're meant. Nothing to it.

Chad spies Crystal chatting with her BEAUTY CONSULTANT.

CHAD

Who's that?

MILES

Lena Jackson. Her beauty consultant. Handles makeup, costumes. Female shit.

CHAD

Odd to see her with a woman. She's usually surrounded by men.

MILES

It's the music industry. She's used to it. If she isn't, she'd better.

CHAD

I might have to chat her up. Pick her brain.

MILES

She'd be a good one to talk to. I'm sure they share womanly secrets. Good for the doc.

CHAD

Excuse me.

MILES

Certainly.

Les sips his drink as he watches Chad on his approach.

Chad makes his way to Lena and Crystal.

CRYSTAL
(to Lena)
...can't fucking wait to be on the
East Coast.

LENA
They love you out there.

CRYSTAL
They hate me everywhere.
(to Chad)
Man of the hour.

She raises her glass to him.

CRYSTAL (CONT.)
Chad Carmichael, this is Lena Jackson.
She makes sure I'm pretty. Even when
I'm not.

LENA
That's impossible.
(shakes Chad's hand)
Pleasure meeting you.

CRYSTAL
What? Making me pretty is impossible?

CHAD
Likewise.

LENA
You're never not beautiful, baby doll.

CRYSTAL
Ugh, stop.

CHAD
I figured I could learn a thing or two
from you, Lena.

CRYSTAL
Oh! I forgot to mention, he's a
documentary filmmaker. He'll be doing
one on yours truly, here. I brought
him along for the tour.

LENA
Ah, don't leave out any detail.

CHAD
I'm just along for the ride.

LENA
A ride it will be.

Beat.

CRYSTAL
I can leave you guys to it.

Crystal drinks, smiles, and leaves.

CHAD
Anything I should know?

LENA
You have no idea.

CHAD
I found it odd she was actually with a woman for once.

LENA
The only one on tour. She's constantly surrounded by men.

CHAD
Why do you think that is?

LENA
Come on. Show business, hun. You ought to know.

Beat.

CHAD
I can't shake the feeling this whole party animal routine is all an act. Do you have any insight on that?

LENA
What do you think, hun?

CHAD
She was reading *Anna Karenina* in a bar when I met her, for Chrissake.

LENA
That sounds like her.

Beat.

CHAD

So, then-- what's the deal?

LENA

She's had a... unique family life. To say the least. I'm not gonna be the one to spill that one to ya, though. Nice try.

CHAD

I didn't try, and I don't expect you to.

(beat)

How long have you helped with her cosmetics?

LENA

Since the beginning. We go clear back to childhood. She was always destined to live this life. I saw it from an early age. The limelight beckons, and it looks good on her. I make sure of that.

CHAD

Heh. So did you go to school for it or what?

LENA

I always had a knack for it. I can't make myself look quite like her, but I can use my skills to her benefit, at least.

CHAD

Oh, you don't look so bad.

LENA

You're not the first to tell me that.

CHAD

As if you need the reminder.

LENA

Psh, come on, Chad. We're the only women on this tour. What do you think goes on in hotels and dressing rooms?

CHAD

I wasn't--

LENA

Listen, if you're on this tour just to get some famous pop singer ass, I'm gonna wring your neck myself.

Lena stares daggers into his eyes as she struts away.

CHAD

Wait-- Lena.

Chad watches her go, then spots Crystal laughing, waving her Champagne glass around as she fraternizes with other TEAM MEMBERS.

He gulps down the rest of his drink and marches on out.

Crystal spies him as he leaves. She hustles to catch up.

CRYSTAL

Hey! Hey. Where are you going? The fun's only starting.

CHAD

I think I'm gonna call it.

CRYSTAL

Let me go with you.

CHAD

You want-- really?

CRYSTAL

C'mon, let's get some shit for the doc. Yeah?

Chad doesn't need much convincing.

15 INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT.

15

Chad studies Crystal intently, holding a pad and pen.

Crystal, in her drunken high, makes the bed her home.

She takes a bump.

CHAD

What's this?

CRYSTAL

What's what?

Chad impersonates her snorting.

CRYSTAL

What do you mean, what's that?

CHAD

What about the woman I met in the bar,
reading a book? What happened to her?

CRYSTAL

Maybe that woman you thought you saw
was a really convincing apparition.

CHAD

So... intellectuals don't just read up
on Dostoyevsky, they also powder up
like a burlesque show.

CRYSTAL

Book worm by day, she-devil by night.

Chad analyzes her with intrigue.

CHAD

I feel like we have to start from the
beginning here. What got you into
singing?

CRYSTAL

That is such a basic ass question.

CHAD

A basic ass, but necessary ass
question for a documentary.

CRYSTAL

You are not a basic ass doc-maker, are
you, Chadwick?

CHAD

Who's asking the questions here?

CRYSTAL

If you hadn't been piddle-fucking
around, we'd have gotten some good
material already.

CHAD

Let's-- can we...? Okay. Is it for the
love of singing? Fame? Fortune? Or
what is it?

Crystal ignores the question as she nestles in the covers, as if a kid making a snow-angel.

CHAD (CONT.)

What drives you?

CRYSTAL

Did you always know you were gonna make movies about other people's lives?

CHAD

Let's... let's keep this on you.

CRYSTAL

You know my name's actually not Crystal Nites?

CHAD

I had a hunch.

CRYSTAL

A hunch?

CHAD

Let's call it a **really strong** hunch.

CRYSTAL

Do you wanna know what it really is?

CHAD

I'm allowed to know?

Crystal gets up off the bed, stands over Chad. She leans down. Stares deep into his eyes, and boops his nose.

CRYSTAL

You're funny, Chadwick.

She backs up and plops back on the bed.

CHAD

Okay. I'll bite. What **is** your **true** given name?

CRYSTAL

It's Violet. Violet...Dresden.

CHAD

Pretty. What made you choose your stage name?

Crystal gyrates for him, drunkenly.

CRYSTAL

I'm not a stripper, Hollywood. Much as you'd like me to be.

CHAD

I didn't mean--

Crystal scooches closer to him.

CRYSTAL

Lena said you made a move on her.

CHAD

I just said that she looked... nice.

CRYSTAL

(pointing)

You want to fuck her.

CHAD

I was just stating a fact.

CRYSTAL

And so am I. Horny man.

CHAD

It's not like that.

Crystal leans up on the bed.

CRYSTAL

What is it like?

CHAD

She said she makes you look good, even if she can't do that for herself. I wanted to make her feel better.

CRYSTAL

Do you think she makes me look good?

CHAD

You don't need it.

Crystal reaches for her drink. Takes a healthy gulp.

CRYSTAL

Well... hate to break it to ya, bud. But-- she doesn't want you, so...

CHAD

Well, that's-- fine, I didn't-- Wait.
How do you know?

CRYSTAL

She texted me. We talk about
everything.

CHAD

What did she say about me?

CRYSTAL

She's... suspicious of you.

She studies him close. He can't make eye contact.

CHAD

I didn't mean...

CRYSTAL

(drunkenly)

You want to fuck me, too.

She gets on her knees in front of Chad.

CRYSTAL (CONT.)

I've seen that look.

CHAD

I never...

She drunkenly points at his face.

CRYSTAL

Men give me this look all the time.

CHAD

Crystal-- I mean, Violet--

CRYSTAL

Shhh... stupid man.

She rests her arms on his knees.

CHAD

I-- we shouldn't.

CRYSTAL

You think I want to fuck you?

CHAD

Well... what are you doing?

CRYSTAL

Stop thinking those thoughts. Naughty man. I swear, you Hollywood types--

Crystal touches his shoulders, down to his knees.

CRYSTAL (CONT.)

I wasn't trying to...

CHAD

Vi-- I don't want--

CRYSTAL

Oh. So you don't want me?

CHAD

No. I didn't mean-- I wasn't saying--

CRYSTAL

I do need Lena, after all...

CHAD

Crystal-- Violet-- Please, come on. Can't we just--

Crystal recoils, staggers up.

CRYSTAL

You're an...

(drunker)

--asshole!

CHAD

You never answered my question.

CRYSTAL

(drunkenly pointing at his face)

No more questions tonight!

Crystal stumbles sideways towards the door.

CRYSTAL (CONT.)

(giving a sultry look)

You are a naughty man, Chadwick Boseman.

CHAD

He's-- he's an actor. He's not--

CRYSTAL
 We're all actors in this show called
 life, aren't we?

Crystal pounds the door handle and slides out the door.

CRYSTAL (CONT.)
 (saluting Chad)
 This is shaping up to be a shitty
 documentary, Mister Filmmaker Sir.

As she slides out, she gives the "I'm watching you" gesture.

Chad scoffs and shakes his head as he takes in the encounter.

16 INT. BUS - MORNING.

16

Chad slaves away at his computer. Transferring. Typing.
 Editing.

He looks up--

Seth, Lena, Les file in. Where's Crystal?

SETH
 Where's Crystal?

LES
 Has anybody seen Crystal?

LENA
 (points back at Chad)
 Ask Harvey back there.

All look back at Chad who buries his head back in his work.

Crystal finally mopes onto the bus. She sports shades to
 cover her hangover eyes, a backwards cap, and a half-smoked
 cig hangs out of her mouth.

She is the living embodiment of a hangover.

Crystal shuffles towards the back of the bus. She gives a nod
 to each team member as she files by.

Chad looks up to see her. He puts his head back down in his
 laptop.

She scoots on by him, grips his shoulder and pats it as she
 does.

He looks up, smiles, and huffs. She doesn't return the glance.

Chad goes back to his work once he notices she won't look.

Seth climbs back to Chad, sits across from him.

SETH

What were you two doing last night?

CHAD

Trying to learn all I can.

SETH

Find out anything you like?

CHAD

What's not to like? Besides, doesn't matter what I want.

SETH

You can drop the patron saint act.

CHAD

It's not--

SETH

What are you doing here, huh?

CHAD

I'm doing what she asks of me. Much like you or anyone else here.

SETH

Everyone has ulterior motives.

CHAD

Yeah? And what's yours?

Seth nods. Stares him down. Rises to leave.

SETH

She's gonna toss you from this tour. I'll be the one to open the door.

CHAD

That's up to her, isn't it?

SETH

Don't forget. I manage her affairs.

CHAD

Yeah. Just remember who you answer to.

SETH

Huh. You Hollywood types sure think you're clever, don't you?

Crystal wobbles over to Chad and Seth.

CRYSTAL

Morning dick measuring? I didn't think we did that until after the shows.

SETH

I was just leaving. I only meant to tell Kubrick what's what around here.

CHAD

Me and Stanley in the same sentence. I'm flattered.

SETH

Keep in mind what I said, Hollywood.

Seth shuffles through the walkway back to his seat.

CRYSTAL (O.S.)

Hey. Look at me.

Chad stares him back to his seat, Crystal shifts his attention.

CRYSTAL (CONT.)

Don't let him intimidate you. He's only threatened by outsiders. Anyone who would mean to poison our perfectly good team we've got assembled here.

CHAD

I don't mean to intrude.

CRYSTAL

You're not. I invited you along for a reason. I don't bring many strangers I meet in bars on tour with us.

CHAD

I'm honored.

CRYSTAL

Chin up, buttercup.

She caresses his chin. Chad smiles.

CRYSTAL (CONT.)
What happened last night, by the way?

CHAD
Oh, nothing.

CRYSTAL
Hey. I mean it.

CHAD
I know. Me too.

Crystal points at him, fake serious-like.

CRYSTAL
Better be telling the truth.

CHAD
I asked you questions, and you refused to answer. Then you left, calling my documentary shitty.

CRYSTAL
That sounds like me.

Chad half smiles, returns to his work.

CRYSTAL (CONT.)
Hey. I'll answer some questions later. I promise.

Crystal boops his nose.

CHAD
Thanks... Violet.

Oh, fuck. Her smile fades, face goes pale, then takes up her spot at the back of the bus.

He watches her as she goes, then puts on headphones shutting out the outside world.

17 INT. BUS - LATER.

17

Chad kicks back on the couch in the center of the bus.

He eyes Crystal who prepares in the back.

Lena struts over, slides down the couch next to Chad who

averts his gaze.

LENA
Hey there, hot shot.

CHAD
What's up?

LENA
I need you to listen to me. It's important.

CHAD
Okay. What's on your mind?

LENA
I'm aware that there will be many late night sessions with Miss Crystal over there.

CHAD
You have no reason to be concerned. It's not what I'm here for.

LENA
I'm inclined to believe you, but there's something you should know about her.

Chad waits, allows her to continue.

LENA (CONT.)
She's had a...complicated-- romantic past. To say the least.

CHAD
Good ole micro-manager has made me well aware of that fact.

The life is drained from Lena's face.

LENA
How much has he told you?

CHAD
Enough to know. I promise, I won't mess with her. Trust me.

LENA
That's the problem. We only just met you. Don't read too much into it. We

just want to protect her.

CHAD

I told you. You need not worry with me. Besides, I'm pretty sure she can fend for herself.

LENA

Just don't make me play mom. I hate that shit.

CHAD

Then, don't.

Lena analyzes him as she rises, runway models away from him.

18 EXT. BUS/NIGHTCLUB - LATER.

18

The TEAM all files off the bus.

Crystal struts with SECURITY, Les, Seth, Chad, and PAPARAZZI flanking her. Security is the DMZ between them.

CRYSTAL

Oh, hey. Let me know if there are any big swingin' dicks at the club tonight. That could really shake things up.

SETH

You should perform as if they're always watching.

MILES

No one told me anything, but I'll link up with the owner who runs the venue.

Chad films, zooming in on whomever is speaking.

CRYSTAL

Well, just keep me posted. I like a good VIP in the crowd to keep me on my toes.

SETH

Like I said, just do your thing with that in mind. Whether they're here or not.

They finally make their way to the front door. It's like a big red carpet.

MILES

No one treats you better than we do, hun. Who gives a ratty fuck if some fat cat is watching tonight?

CRYSTAL

I just told you, ***I do***. I wanna know, so, let me know. Okay?

Les gives Seth a knowing look. Seth's glance says it all.

19 INT. NIGHTCLUB VENUE - NIGHT.

19

Crystal hikes up the stairs to the stage, looks on as the other act finishes up.

CHAD

Ready to crack some limbs?

CRYSTAL

That's cruel, Chad. I would never do that to my fans.

She looks back, chuckles. So does he.

CRYSTAL (CONT.)

Of course I am. This place looks nice. Only right I knock 'em dead in here. Probably die happy.

Beat.

SETH

Hey. Producers from a major label are in attendance tonight.

CRYSTAL

Should I gyrate my pussy around for them? Would that help?

SETH

You wanted to know. This is me lettin' ya know.

CRYSTAL

Ah, fuck 'em. They like me, they like me. They don't, they don't.

SETH

Forget I said anything.

CRYSTAL

Done. Anything else I should know?

Seth pinches the bridge of his nose. Les shrugs. Chad films.

Crystal sees the camera. She licks between two fingers and hip thrusts towards the camera.

M.C. (O.S.)

Introducing, Crystal..Nites!

She skips up the stairs and hops on stage, fist pumps for the crowd. They eat it up and go wild for her.

SETH

Sure you wanna film this disaster?

CHAD

Doctor's orders.

MILES

She needs a doctor, alright.

Chad climbs up the stairs for a better view. Les and Seth make way for him, slink away down the stairs.

CAMERA POV: The Nightclub, bathed in BLUE NEON warmly welcomes Crystal. She gyrates, as promised, then belts out.

TRANSITIONAL FADE TO:

20 INT. NIGHTCLUB - POST SHOW

20

Crystal climbs down the stairs with the crowd going WILD.

Chad films her all the way down. She's swarmed by Les and Seth.

LES

You were magnificent.

She's heard it all before.

SETH

I need to introduce you to--

CRYSTAL

Yes. About that. I'd like you to tell me when those poachers come in. I know exactly what to tell 'em.

SETH

This could be big for us. For you.
They're one of the biggest labels.

CRYSTAL

I can't have anyone owning me.
Contracts will only hold me back.

SETH

What difference does it make? You're
no writer. It's not like your artistic
integrity falls by the wayside.

CRYSTAL

What I say goes. You're only here to
make suggestions.

SETH

I can't have you fucking this up for
us. It's as if nothing changes! Except
that things would be going up for
once. Don't you want that? If not for
you, do it for your family.

CRYSTAL

I just told you. I have the final say.
You want em to hear it from me, you
can.

LES

The crown has spoken.

SETH

It's awfully hard to bury yourself,
but you're making an excellent go at
it.

LES

Relax. Things will turn out just fine
if we shake off every big opportunity
that comes our way.

CHAD CAMERA POV:

Seth rolls his eyes as he gives Les a knowing look.

CRYSTAL

I don't wanna hear another word about
it. If they want me, tell them they
know where to find me.

SETH

Which won't mean anything if--

CRYSTAL

What did I just say? Thank you. Hm.

Crystal looks directly into the camera.

Seth pinches the bridge of his nose.

LES

Why are you recording this?

Seth notices the camera in his face--

SETH

Get that fucking thing out--

He pushes it out of the way--

SNAP CUT TO:

21 INT. HOTEL - LATER THAT NIGHT.

21

Crystal enjoys a champagne bottle to herself. Chad, records, looks inquisitive.

CRYSTAL

Do you believe in what I'm doing?

CHAD

What do you mean? Do I believe in you?
Of course I believe in you.

CRYSTAL

No, you're not hearing me. Do you
believe in what I'm doing?

CHAD

I think you should be asking yourself
that question.

CRYSTAL

Sometimes I don't believe in what I'm
doing.

CHAD

When I look at you out there on
stage... that kind of shows through in
your performances. I can tell you
don't believe in what you're doing.

CRYSTAL

Really? Is it that obvious?

CHAD

You don't take it seriously. It's like you don't even care.

CRYSTAL

You know, it's possible to be passionate about something, but to be mindful of what else is important in your life. It's not just about putting your all into something. We all have so much to give. It's not all black and white.

Crystal softly approaches him.

CRYSTAL (CONT.)

Listen to me. I'm just having fun with it. You can't have fun with what you're doing, you've already lost the long battle as an artist.

CHAD

If what you're asking what I think you are-- I do believe there's an artist in there somewhere. I believe in her. In what she can do.

CRYSTAL

You've told me before-- you don't like my music.

CHAD

But I believe you can do something worthwhile. You have to bring out that inner artist that I do believe in. Do you believe in that artist within you?

CRYSTAL

Do you believe you'll make a good documentary some day?

CHAD

Harsh.

CRYSTAL

See? I don't like being asked those questions, either.

CHAD

I believe in your voice.

CRYSTAL

Everyone has a voice.

CHAD

Any pop singer can sing. But you have something you want to say. You're just suppressing that voice.

CRYSTAL

Someone is.

CHAD

You don't have to let them anymore. Why take it?

CRYSTAL

Money is easy.

CHAD

Artistry isn't. So, why wait?

Beat.

CRYSTAL

Let's not wait on these drugs and drink, either.

(offers a bottle)

Wanna bottle?

CHAD

Haven't we had enough?

Crystal crawls across the bed.

CRYSTAL

'Enough.'

(boops his nose)

You're a funny guy, Mr. Chaddius.

She smiles wide. Crawls away from him. He watches in amusement.

CRYSTAL (CONT.)

Guess I'll drink alone. What did Billy Joel say was better than that? Was it drugs? Sex? Had to be one of those.

CHAD

'Sharing a drink called loneliness.'

CRYSTAL

Exactly. Now come drink with me. Next best thing.

Chad dwells on it.

CHAD

Don't we have a big day tomorrow?

Crystal dances with her Champagne bottle.

CRYSTAL

All artists operate hungover. You should know that. It's the expectation. It's weird if I'm not.

Chad packs up his equipment.

CRYSTAL (CONT.)

Besides, every day on tour is a big day.

CHAD

I think I'm gonna call it a night.

CRYSTAL

You're gonna make me sleep alone again, huh?

Chad thinks on it.

CHAD

I just think it's the ri--

CRYSTAL

Oh, fuck chivalry. Come on, man. We're human, and humans could use a good fucking every so often. It's in our marrow. Ever watch *Planet Earth*?

CHAD

I'd like to try to keep it professional, if we can.

CRYSTAL

Right. Professional. Okay, well-- glad you found morals at 3AM, buster. I don't know how you do it.

He thinks about giving her a goodnight kiss. He decides against it.

CHAD
Good night, Crystal.

Crystal crawls back into bed.

CRYSTAL
Me and my champagne will have plenty
of fun in bed without you.

Chad smiles as he shuts the door behind him.

22 EXT. FESTIVAL - DAY.

22

A massive music festival setting.

The CREW helps unpack the bus behind a STAGE in the center of a HUGE PARK.

Crystal takes in the beautiful day, watching her TEAM go to work.

Chad takes her side.

CRYSTAL
You smoke?

CHAD
I quit.

CRYSTAL
Nobody ever quits.

She offers him a cigarette without looking. He accepts it.

CHAD
So... What is this you've brought me
to?

CRYSTAL
I don't know. Who-gives-a-fuck-a-
palooza. Probably another precursor to
Lil Fuckhead.

CHAD
Don't be so hard on yourself.

CRYSTAL
It's like you taking a backseat

to...who's a bad doc filmmaker? I dunno. Doesn't matter. Point is, it sucks.

CHAD

Everybody has to start out, somewhere at sometime.

CRYSTAL

Ugh. Chad. Problem is, I didn't just start out. I've been at this for years. You can only be an opening act for so long until you realize, that's all you may ever be. You know? And I understand that this isn't fucking TikTok, you don't just go viral, make it, and you're in. But, Christ-- how many fucking years? I don't know. Fuck it. Right?

CHAD

Success is a long and bumpy road. Even the legends had to struggle for a bit.

CRYSTAL

You don't need to cheer me up, buck-o. But I appreciate the sentiment.

Beat.

CHAD

Lena told me something interesting.

CRYSTAL

Oh?

CHAD

Do you think we should dive into your dating life? In the doc?

Crystal looks him dead in the eye--

CRYSTAL

You really wanna know about my love life, do ya?

CHAD

We don't... I mean, if you don't--

CRYSTAL

Hey. I know people love to know about

the next person Taylor Swift is dating. I get that. But who gives a flying shit about mine?

CHAD

People who watch. Your fans.

CRYSTAL

Listen, Chadwick. Do you really think I get men propositioning me all the time?

CHAD

You do, don't you?

Her look says it all.

CRYSTAL

Don't get it twisted. I'd be lying if I said it wasn't amusing. But-- there comes a point when I grow tired of the fucking carousel that is dating in the modern age, romance on the road...

(rolls her eyes)

--and the like. But-- hear me, Chaddio-- It's all so fucking exhausting. Really. I'm over it.

Chad takes that in.

She points her cigarette at him--

CRYSTAL (CONT.)

Hey. Look at me.

Crystal straightens his collar, messes up his hair.

CRYSTAL (CONT.)

Not everyone here is 18, okay?

She pats him on the back before she leaves him be.

CRYSTAL (CONT.) (O.S.)

Behave yourself, Hollywood.

Chad chuckles and shakes his head as he puffs on his cig.

23 EXT. FESTIVAL - LATER.

23

The CROWD roars for Crystal as she takes the stage.

CRYSTAL
Hello... wherever we are!

The crowd laughs.

CRYSTAL (CONT.)
It's been a long tour already and it's
just starting. Sorry, guys.

Chad looks on and laughs.

Les takes his side.

Crystal continues on for the crowd, indistinctly.

MILES
First festival? How you taking it in?

CHAD
I've been to plenty. Just have never
been this invested in an artist.

MILES
How great is she? Yeah?

CHAD
She's wonderful.

MILES
The best. But then again, I'm biased.

CHAD
As am I.

Beat.

MILES
Hey. People have been murmuring...

CHAD
No, don't--

MILES
Ah, ah. I'm just warning you. People
on this tour talk, all right? Just--
keep your distance. Is all I'm asking
you. Okay? Can you do that?

CHAD
I'm making a documentary. The whole
point is to be up close and personal.

MILES

Don't go too personal. Got it?

CHAD

It'll be as she says. I answer to no one but her.

MILES

I know. We all do.

Les pats him on the back and creeps away.

Chad watches in awe as Crystal captivates her crowd.

24 EXT. FESTIVAL - LATER.

24

Crystal steps off the stage.

CRYSTAL

Thank you, everyone!

The crowd cheers.

CRYSTAL (CONT.)

Enjoy Lil... Whoever-the-fuck!

That earns some laughs from the crowd as she disappears backstage.

25 EXT. FESTIVAL - CONT.

25

We now pan to Chad who stands, arms crossed, in awe.

Seth joins his side.

SETH

What's your angle?

CHAD

Angle? What do you mean?

SETH

I mean, what's your angle? Everyone who works with Crystal has one. So, what's yours, Hollywood?

CHAD

She pulled me on tour with her, man. She wants me here.

The Crowd files out in the background. Generic music is

played over the loud-speakers.

SETH
I don't fucking buy it.

CHAD
Do I need a reason? Hm? Do you have one?

Seth lets it sink in a moment.

SETH
The moment she wants you gone, you're gone. Got me? Stay out of my fucking way.

Bemused, Seth pats him on the back and makes a bee-line right for Crystal who steps off backstage. Chad stares blankly.

26 EXT. FESTIVAL - MOMENTS LATER.

26

Crystal is swarmed by Security, Les, and Seth. Chad lags in the background.

MILES
You wanna stay?

CRYSTAL
I wouldn't mind if we had to fuck off.

MILES
I allowed some time for you to explore if you wanted.

CRYSTAL
Let's just hit it.

SETH
Hey, I had set up a couple meetings with some producers if you could.

CRYSTAL
That's the last thing I want right now.

SETH
This reflects poorly on me, you know.

CRYSTAL
Well....just-- tell them it's my fault.

SETH

They won't see it that way.

CRYSTAL

Invite them on the bus. We'll all
drink and be merry. They'll love that.

SETH

I'm a man of my word and I need to be
known as such.

CRYSTAL

You're not breaching their trust.
We're still meeting, just on wheels.

Seth freezes in place, he might be getting a headache.

CRYSTAL (CONT.)

Come on. It'll be a blast and a half.
We'll pump them full of drugs and
bathe them in alcohol.

Security escorts Les and Crystal out as Seth throws his arms
in the air.

CRYSTAL (CONT.)

(to Chad)

Hey, Hollywood. How was the show?

Chad catches up with Crystal and company.

CRYSTAL (CONT.)

Do I need to be worried? Will there be
men in wind breakers waiting on my
bus?

Security tries to stop him before--

CRYSTAL (CONT.)

Hey, hey. Come on, now. He's with me.
You should know better.

CHAD

Uh, yeah. We're in the clear.

CRYSTAL

You say that now. Next thing I know, I
invited a sex offender on my tour bus.

MILES

Crystal, I hate to interrupt, but-- I

feel it's my duty to inform you I think it's a mistake to invite these producers with us on the tour.

CRYSTAL

Oh, my god. Chadwick. Do you hear these losers trying to bring the party down? Good lord, I never should have hired such pansies just to bring me despair and disappointment.

MILES

I'm only saying. You, of course, will do as you please.

CRYSTAL

That's more my speed.

(to Chad)

Oh, Chadwick. Can you fetch me my fun tray?

CHAD

Where is it?

CRYSTAL

Ugh, do I have to do everything around here? Well, if you want it done right, I guess.

(to Les)

Les, would you make sure those producers are on the bus, pronto?

MILES

(sarcastically)

But of course, my liege.

CRYSTAL

(caresses his face)

My dear.

Les scurries away.

CRYSTAL (CONT.)

(to Chad)

I'll show you where it is, Hollywood.

ADORING FANS approach Crystal, begging for autographs.

CRYSTAL (CONT.)

Ugh, I guess I can shoot some ink.

Adoring Fans all clamor around her. She signs a few and hands them back, rushing it along.

CRYSTAL (CONT.)
(mumbles to self)
That didn't come out right.

A CREEPY FAN hands her a NOTEBOOK. It's like a stalker-ish SCRAPBOOK of Crystal.

CREEPY FAN
Crystal. I love your work.

She scribbles on it and hands it back to him.

CRYSTAL
Oh, heh. Thanks, my guy.

The Creepy Fan GRABS her hand and forces it on his CROTCH.

CRYSTAL (CONT.)
Whoa--

CREEPY FAN
Feel how hard I am. This is how
fucking hard you make me.

She pulls her hand away as fast as she can, against his resistance.

CRYSTAL (CONT.)
What in the good fuck--

A Security Guard HEADBUTTS the Creepy Fan in the face.

He staggers backwards, nose probably broken.

A CROWD bursts through Security and bum rushes her.

CRYSTAL (CONT.)
Mother of Christ.

Chad grabs her arm. She almost peels it off, before she realizes who it is.

He pulls her away from the now crazy MOB OF FANS.

Her flanking Security guards and Chad rush her up the stairs of the tour bus.

27 INT. BUS - CONT.

27

The Crazyed Crowd all bang on the sides of the bus, begging for Crystal's attention.

Chad and Crystal trip up the stairs. And wouldn't you know it?

Right on each other.

CRYSTAL

You know, I don't usually do this with men I just met.

Chad pulls himself up and off her. He helps her to her feet.

CRYSTAL (CONT.)

Don't take it personal. Just seems a little fast to trip on each other.

She sighs as she makes her way towards the back.

CRYSTAL (CONT.) (O.S.)

(sighs)

You think Lil Shitty's fans would do something like that? Or maybe they do, I don't know their lives.

CHAD

Are you all right?

Crystal tries to hide her trembling. She fumbles for a cigarette.

CRYSTAL

I'm fine. Don't I seem fine?

CHAD

I don't know. I just want to make sure you're okay.

CRYSTAL

I just-- I want my drugs. Find me my drugs.

CHAD

I don't know where they are. You said you'd show me.

Crystal scours a cabinet for a BAG OF DRUGS.

CRYSTAL

Ugh, please remember for next time.
You are my sniff-able fetcher first
and foremost, and a director second.
Okay?

Chad notices she's visibly shaking.

CHAD

Has... has this ever... happened
before?

CRYSTAL

No. Nobody's ever forced me to grab
their erection. I'd say I'm flattered,
but...

CHAD

I don't know what to say. I'm sorry.

CRYSTAL

Don't apologize for people like that.

Beat.

CHAD

We can be done for the day. Nothing
else. No meetings. No filming. What do
you think?

CRYSTAL

I don't know, Hollywood. You tell me.

CHAD

Do you really want to do this before
you meet with producers? This could be
a big opportunity for you.

CRYSTAL

They'd better be into it.

Crystal makes some lines on her "fun tray".

CRYSTAL (CONT.)

Listen, fuckhead-- everyone in this
business does coke. They'll probably
be coked out, too. I'm amazed you
don't.

She offers some to Chad.

CRYSTAL (CONT.)
Come on, it'll be an adventure.

CHAD
They'll think you're insane.

CRYSTAL
They already do. It's fine.

CHAD
Aren't you afraid?

CRYSTAL
I'm not afraid of anything.

CHAD
Are you really afraid of what might happen with these guys?

CRYSTAL
The producers could be women. Don't assume.

CHAD
You know what I mean.

CRYSTAL
What could I possibly be afraid of?

CHAD
You can't be so afraid of what these producers might make out of you. You're not even writing your own music, far as I can tell.

CRYSTAL
Low blow, Chadwick.

CHAD
I didn't mean it like that. What do you have to lose just talking with them? Can't you just be sober for a few minutes?

CRYSTAL
Sober is boring. And I hate boredom.

CHAD
Just save the coke for after you discuss whatever it is they wanna discuss and

CRYSTAL
And this conversation is gonna make me die of boredom.

you're golden!

CRYSTAL

Stop it! Don't do this to me,
Chadwick.

Beat.

CHAD

We'll have plenty of road for drugs.
Believe me.

CRYSTAL

You don't need to tell me what to
expect from a tour.

CHAD

Can you just do this one thing for me?
And I'm yours for the rest of the
trip. I swear on my life.

CRYSTAL

You're mine, huh? Anything?

CHAD

Anything.

CRYSTAL

I didn't know directors were such
puppets.

CHAD

Only when the studio is involved.

CRYSTAL

Huh. Is that what the producers will
do to me?

CHAD

Crystal.

CRYSTAL

Violet.

CHAD

Violet. You can tell the producers to
fuck right off whenever you want. This
is your bus.

Crystal thinks it over.

CHAD (CONT.)

You have them in the palm of your hand. They're about to go on tour with you. Clearly there's something to be said for that.

CRYSTAL

If I give them five minutes of sobriety, you have to snort something with me.

CHAD

It's a done deal.

CRYSTAL

You're on, Hollywood!

Crystal playfully shoves him.

CRYSTAL (CONT.)

Ha ha!

The realization suddenly hits Chad.

28 INT. BUS - LATER.

28

TWO PRODUCERS climb the stairs to the bus.

Seth guides them on. Les greets them with open arms.

MILES

Right this way.

Crystal and Chad kick back and wait.

One Producer is a MAN, the other a WOMAN.

CRYSTAL

(pointing)

Told ya.

Chad glances at Crystal who returns the knowing glance.

SETH

Ah! Here's the woman of the hour.

Seth brings the PRODUCERS and Crystal together to introduce.

SETH (CONT.)

Crystal. I'd like you to meet Jennifer Burke and Christoph Lee. Two producing

giants in music. Jen and Christoph,
this is Crystal.

Christoph firmly shakes, smiles and nods.

JENNIFER

Pleasure meeting you.

CRYSTAL

Likewise.

SETH

Have a seat. Please.

JENNIFER

We saw your show in Austin and looked
up your tour. We just had to follow
you until we finally met.

CRYSTAL

Well, this is perfect. You can come
along if you'd like. My tour bus is
your home, if you let it.

CHRISTOPH

As fun as that would be, we have to
hit the next flight we can.

CRYSTAL

Nonsense. You guys come along. Where
are you going?

Jen and Chris lock eyes.

JENNIFER

Well, we need to be in New York for,
uh--

CRYSTAL

We're heading there soon. Why don't
you join us?

JENNIFER

Well-- I don't see why not--

CRYSTAL

It's settled.

Seth and Les' eyes meet.

SETH

We will respect your wishes and schedules.

MILES

Whatever you need.

Beat.

CRYSTAL

What can I do for you guys?

CHRISTOPH

We were hoping to find out what your plans were for your next album.

JENNIFER

We were just blown away by your shows and we see much potential in your brand.

CRYSTAL

I hadn't... planned on anything until after the tour was--

SETH

We have a team working on the next album as we speak.

Les looks intently at the producers.

MILES

We were going to tour again just as soon as that album was done and our team would work with Crystal on lyrics.

CHRISTOPH

If... we could see some way out of the obligation of that next album-- we have something that might be better.

JENNIFER

If that appeals to you.

Crystal looks at Chad. Les and Seth notice the look.

CRYSTAL

I-- I had hoped to one day...

SETH

We would need to see some numbers
before we come to a decision.

A tense beat as the producers look to each other.

Chad reads the room. Les and Seth lock eyes.

Crystal looks defeated until--

CRYSTAL

Can I offer you guys anything... of
the beverage or substance variety?

Les and Seth have seen a ghost. Chad hangs on their response.

29 INT. BUS - MOMENTS LATER.

29

Crystal blasts champagne everywhere.

Loud commotion as the team all have drinks in their hands.

Crew members do keg stands in the back.

The bus driver cranks up party music.

The Producers loudly drink and converse with Seth and Les.

Crystal grabs Chad and forces him back to the fun tray.

She lifts the drink to his mouth, he gulps it down.

Crystal guides him to snorting the line.

She snorts some herself.

CRYSTAL

I'm gonna get these producers to snort
drugs with me. One way or another.

CHAD

Do you think they'll take any drugs in
the ass?

CRYSTAL

Only one way to find out. Let's get
them back here.

(to Producers in front)

Hey! Get over here! I wanna show you
something!

Jennifer and Christoph join them in the back.

CRYSTAL (CONT.)
Hey. Snort this with me.

CHRISTOPH
What?

CRYSTAL
You about that good dust?

Chris and Jen exchange glances.

CRYSTAL
C'mon. Take a bump.

CHAD
You guys like it in the ass?

Horrified looks from Jen and Chris.

SNAP CUT TO:

30 EXT. BUS - LATER. 30

Christoph and Jennifer watch the bus door close.

The bus takes off without them. The party rages on.

31 INT. BUS - MOMENTS LATER. 31

Seth scolds Crystal and Chad.

SETH
What the fuck was that back there?

CRYSTAL
(drunk and high)
I do things my way!

SETH
(to Chad)
Who the fuck are you to meddle with
our affairs? Huh?

CHAD
Producers can't take a joke.

SETH
You're the fucking joke. You're a
hack!

CRYSTAL

From now on, I write my own fucking songs. Bitch.

SETH

You won't make it without us guiding your hand every step of the way!

CRYSTAL

I don't need producers. I don't need a writer's room. I want my next album to be my own fucking vision!

SETH

You're prancing about like a coked out junkie! You don't even know what you're saying. Get out of my face.

CRYSTAL

I've never spoken with more clarity.

Crystal grabs Chad and pulls him back to the party.

The bus departs.

Les pull Seth in close.

MILES

Let this tour play out. We'll re-evaluate once all is said and done.

SETH

She's a fucking wreck. This whole thing is hopeless.

MILES

Just-- give it time. We'll know more once this shit show is over. Okay? Hang in there for me, please. That's all I ask of you.

SETH

Easy for you to say. This is my reputation on the line, too.

MILES

Those producers know that was all her. Believe me.

SETH

I have to clean up this mess. You

understand that?

MILES
Do you trust me?

SETH
I don't know. No offense.

MILES
Tell me you trust me more than her.

SETH
I can't trust a loose cannon.

MILES
Listen. We milk every last penny we
can out of her. The tour's done. We
shove a contract down her throat.

SETH
She just lost one.

MILES
There will be other opportunities. You
just have to believe in this tour.

SETH
I'm not sure I believe in her anymore.

MILES
But you trust the opportunity for
monetary gain.

SETH
What are you saying?

MILES
We get a piece of *that* action. You
understand?

Seth stares down to the back of the bus.

MILES (CONT.)
We just need to be patient.

Crystal, Chad, and members of the team party their asses off.

Les grabs him by the shoulders, Seth nods.

He pats him on the shoulders.

MILES (CONT.)

Let's drink some champagne. Celebrate, huh?

SETH

To the future.

MILES

That's the spirit.

They clink glasses of champagne. Cheers.

32 INT. BUS - BACK - CONT.

32

Crystal looks intently in Chad's eyes. He looks high.

So does she. But she can handle her shit better.

CRYSTAL

Don't you need to be getting candid but actually not-so-candid shots of me right now?

CHAD

I should just put a fuckin' Go-Pro on you and let it fly. See what happens.

CRYSTAL

I hope this ordeal has at least been informative.

CHAD

It's been... something.

Crystal drunkenly stumbles over to Chad's equipment.

CRYSTAL

Here-- no... seriously. Film this. I want people to see this.

She presents his hand-held camera to him.

CHAD

You really wanna do this?

CRYSTAL

No more pussy-footing around, Filmy-Man. It's what the people demand.

CHAD

Give the people what they want, right?

CRYSTAL
A lot of that going around lately.

Lena approaches Crystal, hugs her from behind.

LENA
What are you guys doing?

CRYSTAL
Coke. You want some?

LENA
You're wild.
(gesturing to Chad)
He put you up to this?
(to Chad)
I knew you were a bad influence.

CHAD
She wants me to film her doing this.

CRYSTAL
No, I want you to get--
(gesturing all around her)
--all of this.

LENA
Such an atmosphere for a documentary.

CRYSTAL
It's perfect. Perfect chaos. You know?

CHAD
You're just high on coke.

CRYSTAL
You are too.

Beat.

LENA
You guys are weird.

CRYSTAL
You're not high. Maybe you should get high.

CHAD
You're sure you want me to capture all this?

CRYSTAL
Hey. You do what I say, don't you?

LENA
What she says, goes.

CHAD
So demanding.

CRYSTAL
Hey, you signed on for this.

Chad starts recording.

CAMERA POV: Chad pans around to all the partying about him.

CRYSTAL (CONT.)
C'mon. Get a taste of this.

Crystal puts her hand in front of Lena's mouth.

She puts a bump of coke on her hand.

Lena licks it.

INTERCUT:

CAMERA POV: FLASHES OF THE PARTY.

33 INT. BUS - LATER. 33

Lena and Crystal drinking heavily, taking bumps.

Chad drinking with one hand, filming with the other.

A WILD PARTY ANIMAL CREW MEMBER pouring Champagne all over Crystal, mouth wide open.

Crystal barely able to stand, fumbling for the fun tray.

34 INT. HOTEL - LATER. 34

Crystal and Chad stumbling into a room together.

35 INT. HOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER. 35

Chad and Crystal 'cheers-ing' flasks and dumping liquor into each other's mouths.

36 INT. HOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER. 36

Crystal snorting a line off Chad's chest.

37 INT. HOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER. 37

Chad doing a bump off Crystal's hand.

38 INT. HOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER. 38

Crystal jumping, dancing, bouncing on the other bed.

Chad low-key having a panic attack in the fetal position on the bed across from her.

39 INT. HOTEL ROOM - MORNING. 39

Chad comes to. He looks around--

The hotel room is completely trashed.

Crystal lies on the floor, motionless.

CHAD

Crystal...

Chad rushes to her side.

CHAD (CONT.)

Crystal!

She coughs up vomit.

He frantically brings her to her feet.

Chad nervously performs the Heimlich maneuver.

Crystal chokes, it's caught in her throat. Not budging with each thrust, heave.

CHAD

Come on... come on!

Chad squeezes her more aggressively.

The life slowly escapes Crystal. She's losing air...

CHAD (CONT.)

Crystal-- don't do this to me!

Chad squeezes her up with all his might.

Crystal looks paler. She's on the verge of passing out.
 One last heave! The vomit spews out.
 Crystal falls on all fours. She coughs the rest of it out.
 Chad gets down on one knee with her, hand on her back.
 She gasps for air.

CHAD (CONT.)
 Jesus Christ.

Crystal loses consciousness, falls right into a puddle of puke.

CHAD (CONT.)
 Crystal? Crystal!

Chad frantically turns her on her side.

He slaps her face, desperately tries to resuscitate her--

SNAP TO:

40 EXT. HOTEL - LATER.

40

EMTS push Crystal out on a stretcher into an AMBULANCE. They lay her on her side.

Chad rushes over--

He's stopped by other EMTs.

CHAD
 Please, I need to go with her! I need--

SNAP CUT TO:

41 INT. HOSPITAL - LATER.

41

Chad sits in a waiting room, eagerly awaiting results.

He's a nervous wreck.

After what seems an eternity to him--

A PHYSICIAN approaches Chad.

CHAD
How is... did she--

PHYSICIAN
There was still some residual...
chunks, of vomit caught in her throat.
We were able to surgically remove it.

CHAD
She's...so-- she's okay?

PHYSICIAN
Yeah, she's gonna be fine, but-- it
really cannot be measured how close
she was to death.

CHAD
My god, I know. Believe me, I was
there.

PHYSICIAN
Right. Well... it's lucky you were
there-- you had gotten most of it out,
but... it's a miracle the residual
didn't block the entire airway. Not
even a fraction of a millimeter one
way and--

CHAD
I don't-- That's-- thanks.

Chad turns away to mask his emotions.

The Physician takes the hint and walks the other direction.

Chad does his best not to lose it.

42 INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - LATER.

42

Crystal wakes up to Chad at her bedside.

CHAD
Hey.

CRYSTAL
Hey yourself.

CHAD
Feelin' okay?

CRYSTAL
Better days. But-- glad to be alive.

CHAD
There's no one happier than me.

Crystal smiles. It quickly fades--
--turns to tears.

She's overcome with emotion.

Chad holds her hand, tries his best not to join her in crying.

43 INT. HOSPITAL LOBBY - LATER.

43

Chad signs her out.

Crystal joins him in the lobby.

CHAD
I was hoping I could-- I was gonna rent a car and we could--

CRYSTAL
I'm calling off the tour.

CHAD
What?

CRYSTAL
This can't go on. I have to go home.

CHAD
I-- we-- well-- you can-- I could--

CRYSTAL
I'm just gonna grab the next flight I can. I appreciate it, though.

CHAD
Are you sure?

CRYSTAL
I've never been more sure about anything.

CHAD
The fans will--

CRYSTAL
--they'll understand.

Chad nods, defeated.

CHAD
What do you want me to--

CRYSTAL
I don't know. I don't care, really.

CHAD
But... what about--

CRYSTAL
Seth can write something up for you. I don't know. You'll be taken care of. I promise.

CHAD
I don't care about that. Don't you want to finish--

CRYSTAL
Chad. I really don't want that getting out. I hope you can understand.

CHAD
We have to do something--

CRYSTAL
No. We don't. We really don't have to do anything. Just-- I'm sorry. Okay?

Crystal heads towards the door, where Security flanks her.

CHAD
Violet... wait--

CRYSTAL
Don't... call me that.

Chad wants to retort, but is too taken aback.

Crystal disappears into the blinding light past the automatic double doors.

Chad, deflated, lets her go.

SMASH TO BLACK.

44 INT. CAR - HIGHWAY - MONTHS LATER. 44

Chad drives on the highway to the PACIFIC NORTHWEST.

He passes a mountainous countryside.

Chad wears a smile as he--

SPORTS A GO-PRO.

Chad adjusts the radio, throws on some shades.

45 EXT. CAR - HIGHWAY - CONT. 45

We rise above Chad as he zooms along the highway, towards a vast valley, amid the ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

46 EXT. MASSIVE, MODERN HOME - LATER. 46

Chad parks his car outside a sleek, post-modern designed home.

He exits the car and confidently approaches the house.

47 EXT. MODERN HOME - FRONT DOOR - CONT. 47

Chad knocks on the door. A moment passes before--

--it swings open to reveal Crystal.

CHAD

Hey there.

CRYSTAL

(surprised)

Hey.

CHAD

Can I come in?

CRYSTAL

(hesitant)

Yeah, yeah. Sure. Come on in.

Crystal allows him entry, Chad moves in just past her.

48 INT. CRYSTAL'S HOME - CONT. 48

Crystal makes her way for the kitchen.

Chad freezes, waits for her invitation further.

CRYSTAL
Make yourself at home. I was just
making dinner.

CHAD
Thanks.

Chad stands before the dinner table.

Crystal finishes preparing dinner in the kitchen.

CHAD (CONT.)
I hope I'm not intruding. I just
wanted to surprise you.

CRYSTAL
Yeah, and surprise me you did.

CHAD
You don't need to--

Crystal turns from her culinary art.

CRYSTAL
Oh, there's plenty.

Beat.

CRYSTAL (CONT.)
So, you really made the trip, huh?

CHAD
Clear across the country.

CRYSTAL
Yeah. Had to be.

Chad takes a seat at the table, revels in the beauty of the house.

CHAD
So, I, uh... I was--

TONY (40s) a suave-looking family man emerges. He gives George Clooney a run, sports a beard to boot.

TONY
Hi, hun.

He glides to Crystal's side, gives her a kiss on the cheek.

CRYSTAL

Hi!

Chad's energy drains from him. He looks on, deflated.

CRYSTAL (CONT.)

Oh, Tony-- this is Chad. He...helped me on tour.

Tony extends his hand.

TONY

Hey, Chad. Nice to meet you.

Chad meets it.

CHAD

Likewise.

TONY

It's ready, yeah?

CRYSTAL

Yeah, pretty much.

Tony marches to the staircase leading upstairs--

TONY

Kids! Time to eat!

KIDS (O.S.)

Okay! Coming!

The life is completely drained from Chad.

TONY

To what do we owe the pleasure, Chad?

CHAD

Wha-- oh, I was just dropping by. In the neighborhood, you know.

TONY

Huh. Nice of you. What did you do on the tour? Vi's got quite the team, doesn't she?

CHAD

Yeah, she really does. I was, uh... I, um--

get many visitors.

CHAD

Oh, yeah...

Chad tries to hide his GO-PRO.

Crystal notices it. She masks her emotions best as she can.

Chad wears his best poker face.

CHAD (CONT.)

I was just, uh-- gonna try to see if maybe we could put up the finishing touches on the documentary.

Crystal's eyes dart from Chad's to Tony's.

TONY

I imagine with the tour being cut short, that'll be a bit of an obstacle.

CHAD

Yeah, just wanted to get Crystal-- ahem, Violet's opinion on where to go from here on it.

CRYSTAL

I don't know... probably just-- put a halt on it, don't you think?

CHAD

Yeah, I mean-- uh... yeah.

Beat.

TONY

Simple phone call woulda done nicely, right?

CHAD

Yeah, just-- you know... I was in the neighborhood.

TONY

Right. That's true.

CRYSTAL

You didn't have to...

CHAD

I know. But, I wanted to.

TONY
You a bachelor?

An uncomfortable air fills the room.

TONY (CONT.)
Most bachelors get to do what they
want. Right? Heh.

Chad has no response. Crystal rolls her eyes.

An awkward beat.

Liam plays with his food.

CRYSTAL
Liam, don't--

TONY
Come on, we don't play with
our food.

Chad looks around the table. How to get out of this
situation?

Crystal analyzes Chad. Tries to get a read on him.

CHAD
You know what? Yeah, I'll just put a
pause on it. You know, for now.

CRYSTAL
Did Seth ever get a hold of you?

CHAD
We got something worked out.

TONY
I never liked that Seth. He was like a
snake. You ever get that vibe from
him, Chaddio?

CHAD
Something like that.

TONY
(uproarious laughter)
I'm so glad I wasn't the only one.
(to Crystal)
You should get rid of his ass. Leave
his ass in the dirt. Maybe that Les
Miles character, too.

LIAM
Daddy said bootybutt!

CRYSTAL
Liam, don't say that.

EMMA
Not allowed to say that,
Liam.

Chad is ready to leave, it's apparent with his face.

CHAD
I think I-- I really ought to get
going.

Crystal looks somber, like a pouting dog.

TONY
Oh, really? That's much too soon.
We've got drinks. Dessert. Whatdoya
want? I'll grab somethin' for ya.

Chad rises up from his seat to leave--

CHAD
No, that's okay. I should go. I've got
a lot to do.

TONY
Busy life of a doc maker. We get it.

CRYSTAL
Sure you don't want to stay?

CHAD
I'm pretty sure. Got a long road
ahead.

Crystal watches them go.

TONY
Well, just know you're welcome
anytime. Best of luck with the
documentary.

He heads for the door. Tony walks him over.

CHAD
Thank you.

Tony opens the door for him, Chad slips through.

49 EXT. CRYSTAL'S FAMILY HOME - CONT.

49

Crystal appears behind Tony. They both wave at the door.

Chad makes his way to the car.

Crystal makes puppy eyes to Chad. He receives them, but ignores.

The kids appear at their sides.

Emma puts her head on Tony's hip. Liam attacks Crystal's leg.

She holds him to her side. Tony caresses Emma. A perfect family.

Chad cannot believe what he sees as he drives away.

He tears up as he looks behind him backing up.

SHOOT TO BLACK.

50 INT. CHAD'S APARTMENT - DAY.

50

Chad slaves away at his computer. Editing. Intense at work on some project.

He takes a sip of coffee and uses his burst of energy toward his work.

A KNOCK at the door.

Chad looks up from his computer, confused.

He slugs across the room and opens the door.

CRYSTAL.

CHAD
(shocked)
Crystal?

CRYSTAL
Violet, Chad. You can call me Violet.

CHAD
I, uh-- come in!

Chad allows her entry. She steps in.

Crystal looks around, messy bachelor pad.

CRYSTAL
This is about what I expected.

CHAD
How'd you know where I lived?

CRYSTAL
How did you know where **I** lived?

CHAD
Touche.

CRYSTAL
We exchanged cards at some point, I think.

CHAD
Probably did. It's all a blur.

Crystal glares at him, but almost playfully.

CRYSTAL
Suppose I'm to blame for that.

CHAD
Plenty to go around.

Beat.

CHAD (CONT.)
What are you doing here?

CRYSTAL
Good to see you, too.

CHAD
No, I know. It is, but...

Crystal nosily looks at his computer screen.

CRYSTAL
What are you working on?

CHAD
Something stupid. It doesn't matter.

CRYSTAL
I'm sure it's not.

CHAD
Seriously, Vi-- what do you want?

CRYSTAL

I saw your Go-Pro at dinner. That was a nice touch.

CHAD

(embarrassed)

Oh, heh-- you noticed that, huh?

CRYSTAL

I notice more these days. I tend to keep a clear mind.

CHAD

Really? Good for you.

CRYSTAL

Yeah.

Beat.

CHAD

Does, uh... does he know?

CRYSTAL

Pretty soon everyone will.

CHAD

You actually want to...?

CRYSTAL

I was hoping we could... move forward with what we have. If we can.

CHAD

How would we...? With what? It's nowhere near finished. It's--

CRYSTAL

What do you mean?

CHAD

You really want my honest opinion?

CRYSTAL

I-- yeah. I hired you for that, if nothing else.

CHAD

It's... rough. It's not... I don't think it's going anywhere.

CRYSTAL

Okay. Tell me more.

CHAD

Even documentaries have... arcs. Believe it or not. The footage in here-- it gets pretty wild. Real stuff. Hard to watch at times. And it ends up... nowhere, really. I don't think there's much point to it. We release it now, it could end in disaster. We'll be hard pressed to find anyone interested in distributing this.

CRYSTAL

Well, isn't that what I brought you along for? Aren't you supposed to edit it into something usable?

CHAD

See, that's the problem. There's not enough to-- the tour wasn't the only thing that was cut short. If this doc was going anywhere... you know what I mean, don't you?

Beat.

CRYSTAL

So. Where do we go from here?

CHAD

I don't know.

CRYSTAL

I was hoping you might be able to tell me at least that.

CHAD

It's just-- not enough. I would strongly advise against the release of this thing. That's my honest opinion.

CRYSTAL

Are you mad at me?

CHAD

What?

CRYSTAL

Is this your way of getting back at me?

CHAD

Wha-- what do you mean? What are you saying?

CRYSTAL

You're just pissed I didn't sleep with you.

CHAD

What? Oh, don't even go there!

CRYSTAL

I don't need to go there. You're already there. You brought it there.

CHAD

You can't-- no. I remained professional throughout the tour in its entirety. But you probably don't even remember because you were too fucked up to know what was actually going on the whole time!

CRYSTAL

Don't you dare throw that in my face! That is not fair and you know it!

Beat.

CHAD

So, you really want to do this? Huh?

CRYSTAL

It's ready enough as is. I'm committed to this thing. Quite frankly, I'm perturbed by your lack of enthusiasm for the project.

CHAD

Okay. Well, you're the boss. I'll whip up what I can for you. I'm just warning you. It's a shitstorm of a disaster. A nightmare of the worst caliber.

CRYSTAL

Well, I don't see that as entirely my

fault. You're the filmmaker.

CHAD

I'm just letting you know ahead of time. You can't pin this all on me. I can't salvage this fucking mess I didn't create.

Crystal storms out of his apartment. He can only watch her leave.

51 EXT. MOVIE THEATRE - DAY.

51

Chad takes in the cold, beautiful day. Premiere day.

Crystal mumbles something to him, fake smiles, and enters a MOVIE THEATRE.

Chad lags behind.

He's approached by--

SETH.

Chad dreads the encounter. He's then flanked by LES.

SETH

Director Chad.

CHAD

Seth. Les. What an unexpected pleasure.

LES

Ah, it was to be expected though, wasn't it?

CHAD

Suppose so.

(beat)

Heard she dropped you two like a bad habit.

SETH

We certainly weren't the worst of her habits. I expect you know that well.

CHAD

What do you want? Other than to waste my valuable time? Come to see the premiere? Could be a streaming hit.

LES

Funny enough, we did want to have a little chat about precisely that.

CHAD

Well, less than five on the doors.

SETH

She opted out of her contract with us, but failed to consider earth-shatteringly important clauses she had agreed to.

LES

Signed with her own ink on the bottom line.

CHAD

I hope you're in the vicinity of the point.

SETH

We're still entitled to ten percent. Each.

LES

This thing gains distribution-- we're mailed checks. That's all we want to make damn sure of.

SETH

Can't forget about who launched, babysat, **nursed** her fucking beautifully deviant career.

LES

We know you're the man who can and must make this happen. It's non-negotiable, really.

CHAD

I couldn't shake the feeling you sharks would smell the blood, no matter how distant you've made yourselves.

SETH

We're only coming back for what we're rightfully owed.

LES

There's no choice here. Only vigilance.

CHAD

Well... you may have propped her up for a time. But, when she flies-- that's when she'll truly shine. And it will be without the help of you two vain, insignificant cunts.

Seth hesitates, taken aback.

SETH

Just know that we're right. You're backed into a corner. We get it.

(puts his arm around Chad)

Now, listen... she will drag you across the country. Prop you up like a puppet. And toss you in the trash once she's done with you. That's what she does. She uses, and abuses whatever and whomever she needs. Gets what she wants. And you're finished. She did it to who she said she cared about. She'll do it to you. Just wait.

(beat)

You think you're any different. You're not. You are someone, anyone-- who is not her own self. You're gone and you're done. That's it.

Seth pats him on the back, slips away.

Les comes into his view.

LES

You don't have to think about anything he said. Choose to ignore that, fine. But, don't forget what we're entitled to. We'll come after you hard, legally. We don't want to, but we will.

CHAD

Of that I have no doubt. You two have a lovely Sundance.

LES

We came to bring good fortune to the glorious distribution of our lovely

queen's film.

CHAD
Of course you did.

Les turns to march away.

LES (O.S.)
(walking away, back turned)
Checks! Ten percent each! Direct
deposit even works!

CHAD
(mumbles)
I've got your direct deposit, up the
ass.

Les flips him off behind his back.

Chad, bemused, enters the theatre.

52 INT. THEATRE - MOMENTS LATER.

52

Chad stands before the crowd filing in, taking their seats.

CHAD
Thank you all for coming to the
premiere-- ahem, test screening of
'*Ultraviolet Light*'. Tentative title.
The documentary feature film regarding
the life and career of one Crystal
Nites. I'm sure you've heard of her.
Anyway, the tour was cut a bit shorter
than what we would've liked. We worked
with the material we had. Just a
disclaimer. I hope you enjoy it
regardless. Thanks again for your
support.

Light applause from the somewhat sparse audience.

Chad marches up the aisle and slides in a seat next to
Crystal.

CHAD
(whispering)
They want a cut of the back-end.

CRYSTAL
They? Who's they?

CHAD

You know who.

Crystal lets it sink in. She's annoyed.

CRYSTAL

Let them try. It's our shit.

CHAD

That's the thing. They said it was in your contract.

CRYSTAL

Well, they can lawyer up.

CHAD

So should we. I mean, right?

CRYSTAL

They don't even know what's in the contract.

CHAD

I'm just telling you. They're coming for what's theirs. We need to be ready.

CRYSTAL

Yeah, well... this is our documentary. They did nothing to help.

CHAD

But, if it's a contra--

CRYSTAL

Just-- don't worry about it. Let's watch the damn movie.

Chad shuts up. He side-glances her. She ignores his look.

53 INT. MOVIE THEATRE - LATER.

53

Chad makes his way out to the lobby.

Crystal accepts hugs and congratulations from her TEAM and FANS.

Chad scans the room. He spots Seth and Les. In avoidance, he turns to Crystal, interrupting her conversation--

CHAD

Listen, Crystal-- When they shove that check in your face, please make sure not to lose sight of who you are.

CRYSTAL

I should say the same to you.

He lets that sink in before he paces away from her.

As Chad marches on--

Seth confronts Chad.

SETH

Just remember, it's our property. You don't own this. I don't care that you made it, it's not yours.

CHAD

I thought you couldn't own people anymore. People aren't property, last I checked.

SETH

I do own her. She's mine. She does belong to me. Whether she knows it or not, whether she likes it or not. Anything she does, no matter what, it's ours.

CHAD

You'll be cut in of what's yours. Don't lose sight of what's true.

SETH

No, it's a clause in her contract. You made it, doesn't matter. It all belongs to us. It's in writing.

LES

I bet she didn't tell you any of that.

SETH

How can you follow this wench on tour, knowing you can't trust her?

Chad doesn't want to believe it. He fights it in his mind.

LES

She's got you under her spell. We've

all seen it. We've been in your shoes.

SETH

You don't realize what she's doing to you until you've already been used.

LES

You'll realize it too at some point, when she dumps you out on the street. When you've served your purpose and are no longer of use to her.

CHAD

Guys, thank you for coming to the premiere. I appreciate your candor, and your attendance. I've heard enough. Goodbye.

Chad tries to walk away--

Seth grabs his shoulder before he does.

Crystal looks over the CIRCLE OF PEOPLE'S shoulders in front of her. She sees--

Chad turn around, and CLOCK Seth right in the face.

Seth recoils, blood dripping from his nose. He covers his face.

Les, taken aback, goes for a swing--

He misses. Chad DECKS Les in the cheek too.

GASPS from FESTIVAL-GOERS and FILMMAKERS all around them are heard.

Seth goes in for a TACKLE on Chad. He pummels him to the ground.

Les touches his cheek, recovers from the blow.

Chad and Seth tumble, roll about on the ground as they have a go at each other.

CROWDS of PEOPLE and SECURITY rush them to break it up.

Crystal, embarrassed, stomps away from the madness.

CRYSTAL

Oh my god.

The surrounding CROWD has now made a circle around the two.
Security peels Seth and Chad away from each other.

FADE INTO:

54 INT. CHAD'S APARTMENT - DAY.

54

A knock at the door. Chad opens it to a slightly annoyed Crystal. She checks out his shiner.

CRYSTAL
Can I come in?

CHAD
Sure, yeah.

Chad allows her entry. She paces in.

CRYSTAL
He got a good lick on you.

CHAD
Split decision. Judge's ruling.

She cracks a half smile.

CHAD
What are you doing here? I can't go
round for round with you too, Vi.

CRYSTAL
You should really be more thankful. I
had to do all sorts of convincing to
keep you out of jail.

CHAD
I know. I'm sorry. Thank you.

Beat.

CRYSTAL
Listen, I have other ideas--

CHAD
No. See, Vi-- I don't know where this
partnership goes beyond this fuckin'
thing. I really don't.

CRYSTAL
Oh, so we're partners now?

CHAD

I think that all ended after the tour.

Crystal's entire demeanor changes.

CRYSTAL

I don't want to lose you just like that.

CHAD

What do you want me to do? You have a family.

CRYSTAL

You're part of that.

CHAD

That's not the family I meant.

Crystal looks solemn a beat.

CHAD (CONT.)

So, is this it? Hm? We unleashed the beast into the wild, and it was a disaster. Just like I said it would.

CRYSTAL

Seems that's the way you want it.

CHAD

What do you want from me? You brought me along for your documentary. You got what you wanted. I'm not sure what else I can do for you.

Crystal analyzes him.

CRYSTAL

What did they say to you?

CHAD

They said what I needed to hear.

CRYSTAL

You shouldn't listen to them. You know how they can be.

CHAD

Whatever it is you're wanting from me, I don't think it's a good idea.

CRYSTAL
I'd really like for you to be my
personal--

CHAD
No, no. Stop. It's done. I can't.

CRYSTAL
What do you mean, you can't?

CHAD
We shouldn't.

CRYSTAL
It's not like we're gonna--

CHAD
You wanted to! I'm sure you don't
remember, but you made a pass at me.
Several times. It can't be like that!

CRYSTAL
That was a different time. I've
changed now.

CRYSTAL
Well... I was thinking... let's just
use what we've got. And we can make
more. We'll add to it.

CHAD
Wait. How do we-- How do you intend
to...?

CRYSTAL
I've been writing some stuff.

CHAD
You-- wha-- seriously?

Crystal nods.

CHAD (CONT.)
So...do you want to...?

CRYSTAL
Yeah, and you're coming with me.

CHAD
Well-- I...

CRYSTAL

We do it different this time. We'll do it right.

CHAD

So, we're just gonna...

CRYSTAL

Just-- scrap it. Or, keep what you have. I don't know. Just-- all I know is, we'll bare it, warts and all. And we finish it. No more festivals. No more nothing, until we tour with the new album. We film it with the arc. Like you mentioned.

CHAD

Were they okay with you... writing?

CRYSTAL

Doesn't matter what they think anymore.

CHAD

Did you actually--

Crystal nods.

CRYSTAL

I don't know where they are, but I'm sure they won't mind. They've got someone new to micromanage. I've no doubt.

CHAD

Ha. Wow. This is-- wow. Great for you, really. I'm so happy for you.

Beat.

CRYSTAL

And, I'm sorry about... sorry for--

CHAD

No. You don't-- It's...it's fine.

Crystal smiles.

CRYSTAL

Hey, listen...um-- I was thinking... this documentary--

CHAD
You want to release it? Into the wild?

CRYSTAL
Heh. You put it so brashly.

She hides a smirk. He chuckles.

CRYSTAL (CONT.)
I had other ideas...

CHAD
It's whatever you want.

CRYSTAL
Let's get this going through the
circuit. I want it to find a home.

CHAD
I don't care if it doesn't find a
home, or if no one likes it. I just
want your truth to be out there.

CRYSTAL
It's been a dream. It's only right
that it ends this way.

CHAD
We share that dream.

Beat.

CRYSTAL
So, what do you say? Second time's a
charm?

Chad doesn't have an answer for her. He looks like he might
reply as we--

FADE TO BLACK.

END TITLE CARD:

ALONG FOR THE RIDE.

CUE CREDITS.

THE END.