

THE CURSE

"Pilot"

written by  
Jeff Resnick

Copyright 2015 Jeff Resnick

CONTACT INFORMATION:  
URL: [www.jeffresnick.com](http://www.jeffresnick.com)  
EMAIL: [jresnick1@mac.com](mailto:jresnick1@mac.com)

THE CURSE"Pilot"CAST

**The Old Storyteller:** The voice of the series, he introduces and concludes each Episode with a flair for the mysterious, setting the stage for viewers.

**Woodrow W. Reed:** (white) protagonist. A 10-year-old Jazz protege taken under the wing of a 60-year-old trumpet master. We follow Woodrow's search for meaning in life, realized through his performances and consideration of an important question: *'Is this all there is?'* Woodrow is on a journey of destiny to find Violetta, a mysterious young woman whom Woodrow first saw at his mentor's wake, then again 5-years later at his breakout concert performance.

**Terrance Clarke:** (black) antagonist. The trumpet master leads Woodrow through 20-years of growth and learning. Moments before his physical death during an on-stage performance together, Terrance issues Woodrow solemn instructions that will dictate Woodrow's life journey from that moment on. Terrance remains a recurring character not only through flashbacks of his life, but also through his spiritual delivery of telepathic advice from beyond the physical world.

**Hiram:** (black) Woodrow's chauffeur and confidant. Financially well-off after selling his trucking business, Hiram promises Terrance that he will take care of Woodrow, *'a good boy,'* in the event of Terrance's death. Hiram, 15 years younger than Terrance, proves a stalwart and compassionate companion, trying to help Woodrow find and achieve his mission in life.

**Mona:** (black) Terrance's wife, Hiram's older sister. Mona is the matriarch, the rock and salvation of Terrance's life and the big sister that Hiram cherishes. She has endured unbearable tragedy in her life, including the death of her 15-year-old pregnant daughter and unborn grandchild. Mona remains a strong woman throughout, counseling both Hiram and Woodrow.

**Violetta:** (white) a *'lovely young woman'* who has captivated Woodrow's heart and soul. Violetta travels to the US after growing up in Italy. She is a marvelously gifted musician, enthralled by Woodrow's immense talent. Woodrow and Violetta's intertwined destiny is the underlying Love essence of the series. They find each other. They lose each other. Will they end up together after all? Violetta remains the weekly focus of Woodrow's episodic search for meaning.

**The Bride:** (white) Woodrow's older sister, calls upon him to perform a song at her wedding, thereby introducing him to his mentor, Terrance.

**Joshua:** (black) the pianist who performs with Terrance for the duration. In old age, he lives in the same community as Mona, where they enjoy each other's company and memories.

THE CURSE"Pilot"SETS

Teaser, Scene A - Starlit Night Sky

Act One, Scene A - Concert Hall-Rear-Stage Door

Act One, Scene B - Limo (interior)

Act One, Scene B2 - Limo (exterior)

Act One, Scene C - Concert Hall-Rear-Stage Door

Act One, Scene D - Concert Hall-Dressing Room

Act One, Scene E - Concert Hall-Front-Box Office

Act One, Scene F - Concert Hall-Front-Theatre Marquis

Act One, Scene G - Concert Hall-Dressing Room

Act One, Scene H - Concert Hall-Theatre Lobby

Act One, Scene I - Concert Hall-On Stage

Act One, Scene J - Concert Hall-Dressing Room

Act One, Scene K - Concert Hall-Audio Booth-Rear of Hall

Act One, Scene L - Concert Hall-Dressing Room

Act One, Scene M - Concert Hall-Lobby-Entry Doors to Hall

Act One, Scene N - Concert Hall-Theatre Lobby

Act One, Scene O - Concert Hall

Act One, Scene P - Concert Hall-Dressing Room

Act Two, Scene A - Small Banquet Hall-Band in the Corner

Act Two, Scene B - Concert Hall-Audience Perspective

Act Two, Scene C - Bistro

- Act Two, Scene D - Dance Hall-On the Band Stand
- Act Two, Scene E - Bistro
- Act Two, Scene F - Terrance & Mona's Apartment-Bedroom
- Act Two, Scene G - Bistro
- Act Two, Scene H - Concert Hall-Audience Perspective
- 
- Act Three, Scene A - Night Club-Audience Perspective
- Act Three, Scene B - Alley-Loading Dock-Under the Awning
- Act Three, Scene C - Night Club-Band Stand
- Act Three, Scene D - Night Club-From the Audience Perspective
- Act Three, Scene E - Night Club-Band Stand
- Act Three, Scene F - Night Club-Front
- Act Three, Scene G - Night Club-Band Stand
- Act Three, Scene H - Night Club-Front
- Act Three, Scene I - Night Club-Band Stand
- Act Three, Scene J - Night Club-Front-Street
- Act Three, Scene K - Terrance & Mona's Home-Street
- Act Three, Scene L - Terrance & Mona's Home-Living Room
- Act Three, Scene M - Terrance & Mona's Home-Front Porch
- Act Three, Scene N - Terrance & Mona's Home-Living Room
- 
- Act Four, Scene A - Concert Hall-From Audience Perspective
- Act Four, Scene B - Concert Hall-On Stage-Woodrow's Closed Eyes
- Act Four, Scene C - Concert Hall-From Audience Perspective
- Act Four, Scene D - Concert Hall-Woodrow's Closed Eyes
- Act Four, Scene E - Concert Stage-From Audience Perspective
- Act Four, Scene F - Concert Stage-On Stage

Act Four, Scene G - Concert Hall-Audience Perspective  
Act Four, Scene H - Concert Hall-Dressing Room  
Act Four, Scene I - Concert Hall-On Stage  
Act Four, Scene J - Concert Hall-Rear Stage Door  
Act Four, Scene K - Limo (interior)  
Act Four, Scene L - Limo (exterior)

Tag, Scene A - Starlit Night Sky

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. STARLIT NIGHT SKY

**MUSIC:** by or in the style of "SHADOW SELF" by Chris Potter & Underground Orchestra, from Imaginary Cities, 2015

**(0 - end of scene)**

THE OLD STORYTELLER (V.O.)  
(mysterious)

All things happen for a reason.

Comet STREAKS across sky.

THE OLD STORYTELLER (V.O.)  
(mysterious)

Yet **I alone** know the reason for **this** thing. For I was there... At the very beginning... In another time... A different place. Indeed, I was the first to harness the mystical power of the curse. But this is not **my** story, after all. It is best told by a young man in **your time...** and **your place...** in his own voice.  
(warning)

But consider yourself warned. **The content of this program may not be appropriate for all viewers, and discretion is advised!**

Brilliant lightning flash and deafening THUNDER CLAP overpower the starlit night sky.

FADE OUT.

2.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. CONCERT HALL - REAR - STAGE DOOR

EVENING

SUPER: 2015

Headlights approach. A shiny white limousine pulls up.

CUT TO:

INT. LIMO

HIRAM, age 65. WOODROW, age 30.

HIRAM'S FACE IS SEEN FROM BEHIND IN THE REAR-VIEW MIRROR. CUT CLOSER WITH EACH LINE OF DIALOG.

HIRAM

You got everything you need, kid?

WOODROW (O.C.)

(unsure)

I... *think* so. At least... I *hope* so.

HIRAM

(encouraging)

They want your *music*, Woodrow.

WOODROW (O.C.)

Music's all I've got, Hiram.

HIRAM

Then *give* it to 'em, kid!

CUT TO:

EXT. LIMO

Dressed in a black tuxedo, Woodrow steps out and walks absent-minded towards the stage door.

HIRAM  
(teasing)

Woodrow? You forget something?

Woodrow turns back to Hiram, who is holding Woodrow's sax case in his outstretched hand.

WOODROW  
(exasperated)

*Ohhh, man... Can you believe this?*

HIRAM  
(concerned)

Woodrow? Is something bothering you?

Woodrow grabs the sax case from Hiram, who steps back, startled by Woodrow's sudden display of anger.

WOODROW  
(upset)

*I'm not sure what I'm doing anymore,  
Hiram! Every night is just another  
concert... in another place... for  
another audience! C'mon, man, is this  
all there is?*

HIRAM  
(confused)

*This is all there is, Woodrow. So just  
give 'em everything you got!*

CUT TO:

EXT. CONCERT HALL - REAR - STAGE DOOR

Shaking his head, frowning, Woodrow trudges through the stage door, sax case in hand.

CUT TO:

INT. CONCERT HALL - DRESSING ROOM

Woodrow stares at his own image in a full length mirror, scolding himself as he would another person.

WOODROW  
(ashamed)

Hiram deserves better than what you  
just gave him...

CUT TO:

EXT. CONCERT HALL - FRONT - BOX OFFICE

A glitzy, big-city concert venue. Noisy CROWD. Car HORNS. Ushers directing people inside roped stanchions.

CUT TO:

EXT. CONCERT HALL - FRONT - THEATRE MARQUIS

**TONIGHT!**

**THE MODERN JAZZ ORCHESTRA**

**GUEST SOLOIST: WOODROW W. REED**

CUT TO:

INT. CONCERT HALL - DRESSING ROOM

Tighter shot. Woodrow points at his mirror image.

WOODROW  
Hiram's been nothing but kind to  
you...

CUT TO:

INT. CONCERT HALL - THEATRE LOBBY

Posh. Pre-concert COMMOTION and BUZZ of excited anticipation.

CUT TO:

INT. CONCERT HALL - ON STAGE

Stage hands are busily arranging musical instruments, amplifiers, wires, microphones, music stands, chairs.

CUT TO:

INT. CONCERT HALL - DRESSING ROOM

Tighter shot. Woodrow addressing his mirror image.

WOODROW

What would *Terrance* say if he could  
see you now?

CUT TO:

INT. CONCERT HALL - AUDIO BOOTH - REAR OF HALL

The audio director is making adjustments to audio console sliders. Surrounded by computers and racks of audio equipment.

CUT TO:

INT. CONCERT HALL - DRESSING ROOM

Tighter shot. Woodrow addressing his mirror image.

WOODROW

(afraid)

Then again... what if *Terrance* can see  
me now?

CUT TO:

INT. CONCERT HALL - LOBBY - ENTRY DOORS TO CONCERT HALL

The head usher, nervous about the impatient crowd, opens the tall double doors to the hall. PEOPLE STREAM IN NOISILY.

CUT TO:

INT. CONCERT HALL - THEATRE LOBBY

QUICK CUTS:

A group of scruffy college-age students TALKING EXCITEDLY.

A middle-aged couple turns from the bar, glasses of wine in hand.

A well-dressed elderly couple stands quietly, arm-in-arm, observing the NOISY CROWD.

A single young woman, oblivious to the NOISE, is texting on her phone: "Where R U?"

CUT TO:

INT. CONCERT HALL

A casually dressed family presents their tickets to an usher, who leads them to their front-row seats.

CUT TO:

INT. CONCERT HALL - DRESSING ROOM

Tightest shot. Woodrow addressing his mirror image.

WOODROW  
(with resolve)

*Time to get your act together, man!*

Woodrow jumps at the sound of TWO LOUD KNOCKS on the door. A FEMALE VOICE from the hall.

STAGE MANAGER (O.C.)  
(loudly)

Stage call, Mr. Reed!

Wider shot. Startled, Woodrow looks at his own shaking hands. He hears THREE LOUDER KNOCKS on the door. The FEMALE VOICE from the hall.

STAGE MANAGER (O.C.)  
(CONT'D)

Mr. Reed? *Last call!*

Woodrow takes a deep breath, opens the door & walks into the hallway. The stage manager gestures to the unopened sax case still in the dressing room.

STAGE MANAGER (CONT'D)  
(surprised)

Uhhhhh... Mr. Reed?

A blank look on his face, Woodrow turns to look at her.

STAGE MANAGER (CONT'D)  
(embarrassed)

Did you forget something, sir?

Woodrow scurries back into the dressing room, thinking to himself.

WOODROW (V.O.)  
(in his mind only)

*What's the matter, man? You must be  
losing your mind!*

Woodrow removes his tarnished old saxophone from its burgundy-velvet-lined case, turns and follows the stage manager down the hall, barely able to keep up with her fast pace.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. SMALL BANQUET HALL - BAND IN THE CORNER

SUPER: 1995

Quartet of Black musicians in their 60's, dressed in white tuxedos. The White bride approaches the band.

BRIDE  
(effusive)

Terrance, your music is simply  
wonderful! Everyone is having such a  
grand time!

The trumpet player, TERRANCE CLARKE, bows to her slightly.

TERRANCE  
(sincerely)

Indeed, it is our great pleasure.

The bride steps to the microphone. The guests QUIET DOWN awaiting her words.

BRIDE  
  
Thank you for making our wedding  
something we'll remember forever!  
Before my *new husband* and I leave the  
party, though, how about one *slow*  
dance to our favorite song, Serenade  
in Blue?

The guests APPLAUD to show their approval.

BRIDE (CONT'D)  
(teasingly)

But I wouldn't forgive myself unless I  
asked my brother to sit in with the  
band for this tune. *Come over here,  
Woodrow! Bring your sax and play for  
me!*

Small, cherubic ten-year-old WOODROW, dressed in a black tuxedo, walks over lugging his heavy tenor sax case. The musicians roll their eyes. Terrance turns to the bride.

TERRANCE  
(aside)

Can he *play* that thing?

BRIDE  
(proudly)

Ohhh, can he ever!

Woodrow removes his tarnished old tenor sax from its burgundy-velvet-lined case. Terrance appraises Woodrow, who is barely chest-high to him.

TERRANCE  
(resigned)

Okay, kid, let's hear what you can do.

Woodrow nods shyly. Without introduction or warning, he closes his eyes and immediately starts PLAYING.

**MUSIC:** by or in the style of "**SERENADE IN BLUE**" by **Scott Hamilton, from Nocturnes and Serenades, 2006**

(0 - :30)

The RHYTHM SECTION JOINS IN, surprised, soon nodding their approval. Terrance watches. Listens. Ready to take over. But his wide-open eyes tell the story.

(:30 - 1:57)

Woodrow gives way to the PIANO SOLO, looking to Terrance for approval. Terrance nods with a knowing look on his face.

(1:57 - 2:53)

Terrance leans down and whispers to Woodrow.

TERRANCE (CONT'D)

Okay, kid, *take us home!*

Slow dancing in front of the band, surrounded by dancing guests, the groom smiles knowingly. The bride wipes a tear from her eye.

(2:53 - 3:47)

As Woodrow closes out the song with a SOLO CADENZA, everyone in the hall is transfixed, unable to look away from Woodrow.

(3:47 - 4:12)

Song over, enthusiastic APPLAUSE fills the hall. The smiling bride approaches Terrance.

BRIDE

(proudly)

I *told* you he could play!

Terrance, eyebrows raised, sees Woodrow put his sax back in its case.

TERRANCE

(chuckling)

*Whoa!* Where you goin', kid?

Woodrow looks back at Terrance, unsure what to do.

TERRANCE (CONT'D)

(effusively)

I don't know where you learned to play  
like that, kid, but you're one great  
little tenor player!

Looking down, Woodrow shuffles his feet and smiles shyly.

TERRANCE (CONT'D)  
(enticing)

Listen, we've got another wedding gig  
tomorrow night, kid... *Wanna join us?*

CUT TO:

INT. CONCERT HALL - AUDIENCE PERSPECTIVE

SUPER: 2015

THE CURTAINS OPEN. The full-house audience CHEERS as the musicians walk onto the stage. All smiles, they situate themselves with their instruments, look to each other and nod their readiness.

Woodrow steps onto the stage. The spot lights are raised to full. LOUD STANDING OVATION. Reaching his place at stage front, Woodrow bows. The audience QUIETS DOWN and sits.

The Modern Jazz Orchestra begins PLAYING.

**MUSIC:** by or in the style of "**LAMENT**" by **Chris Potter & Underground Orchestra, from Imaginary Cities, 2015**

**(0 - 1:36)**

Woodrow is looking down to the floor. We hear HIS OWN VOICE IN HIS MIND ONLY.

WOODROW (V.O.)  
(confused, disjointed)

*Another night...*

Closing his eyes, Woodrow shakes his head back and forth.

*Another concert...*

Front-row audience members notice his strange actions.

*Another audience...*

Audience MURMURS pass through the hall.

*And I don't seem to know who I am...*

The other musicians on stage notice Woodrow's lack of focus.

*Where I'm going...*

The PIANIST frowns in Woodrow's direction.

*Why I'm even here...*

PIANIST  
(urgently)

Take it, Woodrow!

**(1:36 - 2:40)**

Startled, Woodrow raises his sax to his lips and begins PLAYING, struggling to regain his concentration.

SHOTS: VISUALS FOCUS ON WOODROW, AUDIENCE, AND ORCHESTRA.

CUT TO:

INT. BISTRO

SUPER: 2005

Terrance (now 70) and Woodrow (now 20) are sitting at a table in a small bistro enjoying coffee. Terrance leans back, smoke wafting from his cigarette in lazy circles.

TERRANCE  
(reminiscing)

I remember when I was your age,  
Woodrow. Like you, I had the whole  
world in my pocket, not a care in  
life. Mona and I had been married less  
than a year. I was giggin' every  
night, makin' decent money in those  
days, waitin' for my big break.

CUT TO:

INT. DANCE HALL - ON THE BAND STAND

SUPER: 1955

**MUSIC:** by or in the style of **"IN THE MOOD"** by **Doc Severinsen**,  
from **The Tonight Show Band, Vol. II, 1987**

**(2:30 - 3:32)**

Terrance (now 20) is on stage, playing lead trumpet in a swing band. People are dancing feverishly on the crowded dance floor.

SHOTS: VISUALS OF THE BAND, TERRANCE, DANCERS.

After the SONG ENDS, the Black band leader (age 50) ambles over to Terrance as the other band members leave the stage.

BAND LEADER  
(impressed)

Terrance, you been *wailin'* tonight, my man! *You play real good!*

TERRANCE  
(excited)

Man, what a band! *These guys can really cook!*

The band leader pulls a wad of cash out of his pocket and hands it to Terrance.

BAND LEADER

How would you like to make some *real* money, Terrance? Enough to put some in the bank every week.

Terrance looks at the wad of cash, eyes wide.

TERRANCE  
(incredulous)

I sure wouldn't say 'no' to more money!

BAND LEADER

I'm takin' the band on the road next week, Terrance. How would you like to fill the lead trumpet seat?

Terrance explodes into LAUGHTER, unable to control his excitement.

TERRANCE

You better believe I would! *When do we  
leave?!*

CUT TO:

INT. BISTRO

SUPER: 2005

Still sitting at the table, Terrance takes a deep drag off his cigarette, watches smoke rings swirl to the ceiling.

WOODROW  
(impatient)

So, what happened?

TERRANCE

I went right home, woke Mona and told her the news. I was on Cloud Nine, Woodrow!

CUT TO:

INT. TERRANCE AND MONA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM

SUPER: 1955

Mona (Black, age 20) is lying in bed crying. Terrance sits on the bed next to her.

TERRANCE  
(confused)

Mona? What's wrong? This is the break we've been waiting for.

Mona wipes her eyes. Takes a deep breath.

MONA  
(softly)

We're... gonna have a baby.

Taken aback, Terrance takes Mona's hands in his.

TERRANCE

(gently)

Mona, that's the best news yet!

MONA

(unsure)

And where do you suppose I'll be living... with a newborn baby... while you're out on the road?

TERRANCE

(pleading)

You could come *with* me, Mona. *It'll be great!*

MONA

(softly)

You know the road is no place for a wife, let alone a baby. We talked about this, remember? You agreed, no road gigs once we started a family. It just doesn't work. It *can't* work. You *know* that... *don't* you?

CUT TO:

INT. BISTRO

SUPER: 2005

Woodrow and Terrance are still sitting at the table.

WOODROW

(hesitant)

Did you go?

Terrance looks down from the ceiling, directly at Woodrow.

17.

TERRANCE  
(confiding)

Nawww. Mona was right. And I knew it,  
deep down. The next night, I told the  
band leader I couldn't take the gig  
after all.

WOODROW

Oh, man. What did he say?

TERRANCE  
The look on my face said it all, I  
guess. "*The wife?*" he asked. I just  
nodded and he knew the rest. That was  
the last time I ever saw him.

CUT TO:

INT. CONCERT HALL - AUDIENCE PERSPECTIVE

SUPER: 2015

Pick up where we left off.

**("LAMENT": 2:40- 4:00)**

SHOTS: FOCUS ON VISUAL CUTS OF ORCHESTRA AND AUDIENCE.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. NIGHT CLUB - AUDIENCE PERSPECTIVE

SUPER: 2010

Night. Cozy room. Lots of wood. Smoke-filled. WAITERS busily attending to diners.

**MUSIC:** by or in the style of "AUTUMN LEAVES" by Miles Davis, from Ballads & Blues, 1996

**(7:45 - 10:13)**

Woodrow (now 25), Terrance (now 75), and the same (now older) musicians from Woodrow's sister's wedding are already on stage PERFORMING.

SHOTS: VISUALS OF THE BAND, AUDIENCE, AND TERRANCE.

**(10:13 - 10:56)**

A rich amber glow emanates from Terrance's trumpet as he performs.

"Autumn Leaves" ENDS. The diners APPLAUD. Looking tired, Terrance turns to face the band.

TERRANCE

Break time. Back on stage for the

final set in 15 minutes... *and don't*

*be late!*

The pianist, bassist and drummer waste no time heading to the bar. Woodrow and Terrance walk out the back door to the alley.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY - LOADING DOCK - UNDER THE AWNING

Terrance looks out at the SPRINKLING RAIN.

TERRANCE

Looks like more than autumn leaves  
fallin' out here, Woodrow!

Woodrow admiringly pats Terrance on the back.

WOODROW

(admiring)

Real nice job on Autumn Leaves, old  
man!

Terrance lights a cigarette. Takes a deep DRAG. COUGHS.

TERRANCE

(chiding himself)

*I know, you don't have to remind me.*  
I've spent ten years warning you never  
to smoke these things. But *I'm still*  
*hooked!*

WOODROW

(smiling)

You *also* warned me never to drink!

TERRANCE

(raised eyebrow)

*Aaaand?*

WOODROW

(chuckling)

And I never have. You're a good  
teacher, old man!

TERRANCE  
(suddenly serious)

And you're a good listener, Woodrow.

*In more ways than one.*

They stand silent for a minute, avoiding eye contact.

WOODROW

Haven't seen Mona in a while. How's  
she feeling?

TERRANCE  
(sadly)

She's havin' trouble gettin' around  
these days...

(changes the subject)

You ever meet her brother Hiram?

WOODROW  
(surprised)

I didn't know she *had* a brother!

TERRANCE  
(laughs)

I'm not surprised. Hiram was the  
family's late-in-life *accident!* Just  
sold his trucking company and retired  
with a nice bundle. You'll meet him  
soon enough.

WOODROW

*I will?*

TERRANCE

Yeah... *tomorrow night!* Mona finally convinced Hiram to open those deep pockets of his and buy a limousine. He's gonna be my personal chauffeur!

WOODROW

(thoughtfully)

You know, that's probably a good idea. Makes it easier on you, and gives Mona some peace of mind.

Again, they stand in silence.

TERRANCE

(confiding)

You know, I'm not gettin' any younger, Woodrow. Oh, me an' the boys'll keep on playin' long as we can. But *you* gotta move forward and find *your own* direction. *Your own music!*

Woodrow shakes his head from side to side.

WOODROW

(unsure)

I wouldn't know where to start, old man.

TERRANCE

(with emotion)

You've been blessed with a special gift, Woodrow. Like others before you.

Terrance places a hand on Woodrow's shoulder.

TERRANCE (CONT'D)

That gift can take you on a never-  
ending journey across time and space,  
Woodrow. But only at the right time,  
in the right place, for the right  
reason, with the right people.

Woodrow looks into Terrance's eyes, noticing tears.

But always remember... such a blessing  
can also be a curse. Don't let it  
destroy you, son. (Beat) Love you,  
Woodrow.

WOODROW

(struggling in the moment)

Love you too, old man. Always have.

Always will.

They stand looking at each other for a few quiet moments.  
Then Terrance looks at his watch.

TERRANCE

(breaking the spell)

We've been chewin' the rag too long,  
young man! Time for our final set!

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT CLUB - BAND STAND

Woodrow and Terrance walk in, waving the other musicians away  
from the bar. The band situates on stage.

TERRANCE

(with a nostalgic wink)

Okay, kid, let's hear what you can do.

You remember *Serenade In Blue*?

Woodrow smiles and nods.

TERRANCE (CONT'D)  
(smiling)

Then *take it, kid!*

Woodrow closes his eyes and begins PLAYING.

**MUSIC:** by or in the style of "**SERENADE IN BLUE**" by **Scott Hamilton, from Nocturnes and Serenades, 2006**

**(0 - 1:50)**

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT CLUB - FROM THE AUDIENCE PERSPECTIVE

As Woodrow continues his eyes-closed improvisation, Terrance grimaces, puts a hand on his chest **(1:50)** then FALLS INTO THE DRUM SET behind him. (Music STOPS)

Startled out of his reverie by the CYMBALS CRASHING on stage, Woodrow's eyes fly open. It takes him a moment to realize what has happened. He drops to his knees. Cradles Terrance's head in his hands, looking into Terrance's eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT CLUB - BAND STAND

Terrance struggles to place a hand on Woodrow's shoulder, straining to speak as he looks back into Woodrow's eyes.

TERRANCE  
(strained whisper)

*The... journey... begins...*

Woodrow's mouth opens. No words escape. Terrance's eyes glaze over. Woodrow is frozen in place on his knees, cradling Terrance's head.

CUT TO:

EXT. NIGHT CLUB - FRONT

An AMBULANCE pulls up. Two EMTs pull the gurney out and push it through the front door.

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT CLUB - BAND STAND

The EMTs jump onto the stage. One gently removes Terrance's hand from Woodrow's shoulder.

Woodrow looks, not even realizing it had been placed there. Terrance is lifted onto the gurney.

CUT TO:

EXT. NIGHT CLUB - FRONT

They load the gurney into the ambulance and pull away, siren WAILING, lights flashing. Stunned people congregate on the sidewalk in silence.

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT CLUB - BAND STAND

Woodrow stands, staring vacantly at the littered stage. JOSHUA (the pianist) puts an arm around Woodrow's shoulder.

JOSHUA

(gently)

Woodrow, we have to leave. Come with  
me... *please*...

CUT TO:

EXT. NIGHT CLUB - FRONT - STREET

Woodrow gets into the back of their old Cadillac with two of the musicians. Joshua climbs into the driver's seat. The car pulls away from the curb.

CUT TO:

EXT. TERRANCE AND MONA'S HOME - STREET

SUPER: 2 DAYS LATER

Daytime. Old two-story Victorian house. Large wrap-around porch. Woodrow walks up to the house, carrying his sax case. He notices a new, white limousine parked in the driveway.

CUT TO:

INT. TERRANCE AND MONA'S HOME - LIVING ROOM

MONA, (now 75), leans on a cane, supported by Hiram (now 60). People are congregating around tables heaped with food and drink. They are GENTLY LAUGHING, reminiscing about their memories of Terrance.

The DOORBELL rings. Mona opens the door, still supported by Hiram. She sees Woodrow standing alone on the front porch. He looks forlorn, saxophone case in hand.

CUT TO:

EXT. TERRANCE AND MONA'S HOME - FRONT PORCH

MONA puts her arms around WOODROW and hugs him tightly.

MONA  
(with deep feeling)

*Ohhh, Woodrow... thank you for  
bringing your saxophone. I know  
Terrance would want you to play for  
him. He loves you so much.*

HIRAM and WOODROW look at other.

HIRAM  
(unsure)

You must be Woodrow.

WOODROW  
(unsure)

And you must be Hiram.

HIRAM  
(surprise)

How did you know that?

WOODROW  
(now smiling)

Terrance told me *all about you*.

HIRAM  
(teasing)

Oh he *did*, did he?

WOODROW  
Yep... *all about you!*

HIRAM

(kidding)

Uh-oh! Guess I'm in trouble now, huh?

Woodrow turns around and points to the driveway.

WOODROW

(gotcha)

And sure enough, there's a new limo  
parked in the driveway. *Two plus two  
equals four! Know what I mean?*

Woodrow turns back to Hiram.

HIRAM

(turning serious)

Terrance must have had a premonition.  
Just last week, he sat me down and  
said, '*Hiram, if anything ever happens  
to me, take care of Woodrow. He's a  
good boy.*'

(smiles)

So, Woodrow, you now have your very  
own personal chauffeur.  
(serious again)

That's what Terrance wanted.

CUT TO:

INT. TERRANCE AND MONA'S HOME - LIVING ROOM

Mona raises an arm to ask for quiet.

MONA

(lovingly)

Won't you please remember Terrance as  
you listen to Woodrow's beautiful  
music?

Woodrow, sax in hand, stands next to Mona and Hiram.

WOODROW

(softly)

He'll never be gone from my heart.

(smiles nostalgically)

But I wouldn't be surprised if he  
sashays into my next gig, eager to  
share his music with me again.

GENTLE LAUGHTER around the room.

WOODROW (CONT'D)

When Mona asked me to play a song for  
Terrance... *here... today...* I asked  
her what song that should be.

Woodrow gestures to Mona with his eyes.

MONA

(warmly)

Woodrow, I can't think of a better  
song that speaks to the richness of  
the life he has lived. Would you play  
*Lush Life* for Terrance?

**MUSIC:** by or in the style of "**LUSH LIFE**" by Joe Henderson,  
from **LUSH LIFE, THE MUSIC OF BILLY STRAYHORN, 1992**

**(2:10 - 3:25)**

Woodrow closes his eyes and begins PLAYING *Lush Life*. As he builds his emotional tribute to his mentor, tears roll down his cheeks, and a soft amber glow emanates from his saxophone.

**(3:25 - 4:55)**

Sensing someone is watching him, Woodrow opens his eyes and sees a lovely young woman (age 28) sitting in the corner. Alone. Fingers steepled in front of her mouth, she is crying as she looks back at Woodrow. They lock eyes. Staring at each other from a distance.

When Woodrow finishes his tribute, several of Terrance's musical colleagues surround Woodrow with their hugs, patting him on the back. He is lost in the moment, then looks back to the corner of the room. The young woman is gone. He looks around. No trace. He looks out the window. No trace.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. CONCERT HALL - FROM AUDIENCE PERSPECTIVE

SUPER: 2015

Woodrow takes over. ("**LAMENT**" 3:51 - 5:17)

SHOTS: VISUALS OF WOODROW, THE ORCHESTRA, AND THE AUDIENCE.

CUT TO:

INT. CONCERT HALL - ON STAGE - WOODROW'S CLOSED EYES

(5:17 - 6:40)

From Woodrow's perspective, we see the spotlights filtering through his closed eyelids, revealing a kaleidoscopic blur within his mind. Slowly at first, he sees flash-back, slow-motion **visual** images of his interactions over the past 15-years with Terrance. The images change faster and faster.

CUT TO:

INT. CONCERT HALL - FROM AUDIENCE PERSPECTIVE

(6:40 - 7:40)

As his improvisational intensity builds, the glow from his saxophone intensifies.

CUT TO:

INT. CONCERT HALL - ON STAGE - WOODROW'S CLOSED EYES

(7:40 - 7:56)

One final **visual** image remains, frozen in time: Terrance lying on the floor of the nightclub, eyes open, glazed over and unmoving. Above the music, we hear the ECHO of Terrance's final strained words to Woodrow.

TERRANCE (V.O.)  
(in Woodrow's mind only)

*The... journey... begins...*

CUT TO:

INT. CONCERT STAGE - FROM THE AUDIENCE PERSPECTIVE

The audience jumps to its feet, APPLAUDING LOUDLY. Woodrow holds his saxophone high in one hand. Raises his eyes to the ceiling. Shouts of BRAVO from the audience. Woodrow bows deeply. Once. Twice. He turns to the orchestra, acknowledging them for the audience.

CUT TO:

INT. CONCERT HALL - ON STAGE

As Woodrow bows a third time, his eyes are drawn to the first row of the audience. He sees the young woman he had first noticed in Mona's house 5-years ago. She is sitting, hands again steepled in front of her mouth, looking up at Woodrow on stage. Tears are rolling down her cheeks.

CUT TO:

INT. CONCERT HALL - AUDIENCE PERSPECTIVE

Still looking down into the young woman's eyes, Woodrow hesitates, then turns and leaves the stage.

CUT TO:

INT. DRESSING ROOM

Exhausted, Woodrow sits down, leans forward, forearms on knees, intently staring at his still-glowing saxophone. All at once, he jumps up with a start and runs out of the dressing room.

CUT TO:

INT. CONCERT HALL - ON STAGE

Woodrow runs onto the stage. The hall is empty. He walks down the stairs to the seat where the young woman had been seated. He reaches down and touches the seat. He closes his eyes slowly.

CUT TO:

EXT. CONCERT HALL - REAR STAGE DOOR

Night. Woodrow walks out the door, deep in thought, carrying his sax case. He notices Hiram's white limo parked and waiting. He walks slowly to the limo.

CUT TO:

INT. LIMO

They sit in silence.

FROM THE FRONT WE SEE WOODROW SITTING IN THE REAR SEAT.

WOODROW

(ashamed)

Hiram, I'm so very sorry for the way I treated you earlier. You're a far kinder man than I. Please, forgive me.

HIRAM (O.C.)

(compassion)

Anger never solves anything,  
Woodrow... *of course* I forgive you.  
(hesitant)

So... How did your concert go?

Woodrow doesn't answer for several seconds.

WOODROW

(in awe)

Hiram... Tonight... was... *the deepest performance of my life.*

HIRAM (O.C.)

(knowingly)

They wanted your *music*, Woodrow!

WOODROW

(confirmation)

Music's *all I've got*, Hiram.

HIRAM (O.C.)  
(not as a question)

And you gave it to 'em, *didn't* you,  
kid!

Woodrow doesn't answer right away, staring out the window.

WOODROW  
(in a daze)

Hiram? I saw someone in the audience  
tonight... the same young woman I saw  
sitting in the corner at Terrance's  
home... crying for him... you *remember*  
her... *don't* you...

Now Hiram doesn't answer. The limo is silent.

WOODROW (CONT'D)

Hiram? *Please*... tell me.

Again, Hiram doesn't answer right away. Woodrow waits.

HIRAM (O.C.)  
(confiding)

A lovely young woman...

WOODROW

You *know* her... *don't* you...

Another long pause before answering.

HIRAM  
(gently)

I do, Woodrow.

WOODROW  
(softly)

Who *is* she, Hiram?

Again, Hiram doesn't answer. Woodrow waits. And waits.  
Finally, Hiram turns in the front seat to look directly into  
Woodrow's eyes.

HIRAM

(softly)

Her name is... Violetta... and she was  
crying for *you*, Woodrow...

Woodrow stares at Hiram.

WOODROW

(deep in thought)

She was *here... tonight...* in the  
front row... I tried to find her...  
but she was already gone.

Hiram continues staring at Woodrow.

WOODROW (CONT'D)

(intense)

*I have to find her, Hiram!*

Hiram takes his time before responding.

HIRAM

(deliberately)

Are you sure you're ready for that,  
Woodrow?

Woodrow nods once, then closes his eyes.

WOODROW

(realization)

*The journey begins, Hiram... The  
journey begins...*

CUT TO:

EXT. LIMO

The white limo slowly drives away, red tail lights glowing in  
the dark night.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

TAG

FADE IN:

EXT. STARLIT NIGHT SKY

**MUSIC:** by or in the style of "SHADOW SELF" by Chris Potter & Underground Orchestra, from Imaginary Cities, 2015

**(4:53 - end of scene)**

THE OLD STORYTELLER (V.O.)  
(mysterious)

The journey has begun. For Terrance  
and for Woodrow. And, of course, for  
Violetta. You see, *all things happen  
for a reason.*

Comet STREAKS across the night sky.

Has Violetta suddenly appeared at the  
right time? In the right place? With  
the right people? For the right  
reason? Is Woodrow destined to find  
her? If so... *can we ever know the  
reason?*

Brilliant lightning flash and deafening THUNDER CLAP  
overpower the starlit night sky.

FADE TO BLACK.

END TAG

35.

THE END