The acoustic strains of JAMES TAYLOR'S "FIRE AND RAIN" carries us...

INT. LAUREL CANYON HOME - NIGHT

...where the 22-year-old JAMES TAYLOR is playing live in the living room. Drugs and drink flow as smoothly as his voice... "JUST YESTERDAY MORNING, THEY LET ME KNOW YOU WERE GONE. SUZANNE, THE PLANS THEY MADE, PUT AN END TO YOU."

INT. BEDROOM AT THE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

JAMES TAYLOR'S VOICE flows here, too, as Tommy lays on his back on the floor, JOINT in hand, while LACEY FARRIS, late-20's, sorts through her endless record collection -

## TOMMY

He's good live. Private concert in your living room? Perks of being the top radio program director.

LACEY

Perks of being a good friend. He wrote this while in treatment. It's about Suzanne's suicide. Did you know her?

TOMMY

Suzanne? No.

Lacey places on a RECORD. First comes that vinyl HISS - and then? VAN MORRISON'S "INTO THE MYSTIC." Lacey lays down beside Tommy - taking the JOINT. For a moment - the two just listen to the MUSIC - lost in the lyrics...

LACEY

Heard about Miami.

TOMMY

Was nothing.

LACEY

Didn't sound like nothing. You're a promo man, Tommy. What the hell happened to you just convincing the guys at my station to play the music you're being paid to promote? You do that better than anyone. What the hell are you doing getting in between Roman Prince and Morris?

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TOMMY

Come on, it was just once. Besides - we're still covering your guys at the station just fine.

LACEY

Really? They tell me they're feeling pretty lonely lately.

TOMMY

What are you talking about? Bruce was just over there today.

LACEY

No he wasn't.

The comment throws Tommy - but he covers it to not show it - and Lacey just keeps traveling on her train of thought -

LACEY (CONT'D)

I'm serious, Tommy. Your name's coming up an awful lot these days and I'm not so sure that's a good thing. Things are changing.

YMMOT

Thought you said change was always a good thing.

Tommy places his fingers to her neck - then kissing there -

LACEY

Yeah? How are things changing back at home? With you and your wife?

TOMMY

Don't do that. When I'm out here - you are my home, you know that. You know me, Lace.

LACEY

Nobody knows anyone, Tommy. Not that well.

TOMMY

Come on, you really want me moving out here? Moving in here with you?

LACEY

That's not what I'm asking. You can come to my house - lay in my bed - and we can keep each other warm. Just saying the world's starting to grow up around us.

(MORE)

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LACEY (CONT'D)

One of these days we're gonna have to join them.

Tommy stares back. She just gets so deeply under his skin -

TOMMY

Maybe. But not tonight, we don't.

He makes her crazy - and gets under her skin just as deeply -

LACEY

No. Not tonight, we don't.

And taking another hit - and moving in, the two start to make love... as the music flows through them -

"AND TOGETHER WE WILL FLOW, INTO THE MYSTIC ... "

END SCENE

END OF 1ST SCENE)

4 0 6

INT. LACEY'S HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOUSE - NIGHT

Tommy enters to find Lacey laying on her deck that overlooks all those city lights -

TOMMY Were you sleeping?

LACEY

I never sleep. You know that.

As Tommy settles -

TOMMY

Play me something?

Always happy to control every moment and every mood - Lacey sifts through her collection then puts one on as she stares right back at him.

STEPHEN STILLS sings it like she wants him to - "IF YOU'RE DOWN AND CONFUSED... AND YOU DON'T REMEMBER, WHO YOU'RE TALKING TO..."

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Now you're just messin' with me.

LACEY

Little bit, yeah.

The two continue to stare back at one another - a lifetime of choices being exchanged in the silence -

"WELL THERE'S A ROSE, IN A FISTED GLOVE... AND THE EAGLE FLIES, WITH THE DOVE... AND IF YOU CAN'T BE - WITH THE ONE YOU LOVE, HONEY, LOVE THE ONE YOU'RE WITH..."

TOMMY

What if I really did just move out here?

LACEY

I don't. What if you did?

TOMMY

I meant -

LACEY

- I know what you meant. But I can't be that answer for you. I won't be.

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TOMMY
If I leave my family -

LACEY
- then you won't ever forgive
yourself. And you know it.

TOMMY And if I don't?

LACEY

Only you can answer that one. (not giving an inch) You want me to be the reason why. And make it easy for you. You leave your wife and kids - even your friends... and you can always look back and say it was because of me. But I won't let you, Tommy. And I'll kick you right out my door before you try to convince yourself that I did. You want to change your life? Then change it. You want to live your life? Then figure out what the hell that means because right now - you're about as lost a soul as I've ever known.

(a beat, those impossible eyes) Doesn't mean that smile of yours doesn't get me every time because it does. And doesn't mean I'm not about to pull you into me and hold on so tight it's gonna feel like nothing else could ever feel so right. Because I am. But then I am gonna let you go Tommy. And you're gonna go back to your life and I'm gonna go back to mine. Because if we both really looked in the mirror? And were both really honest? Neither one of us would recognize the person staring back at us. I know I can live with that because I've been staring back at myself my whole life waiting to finally recognize who that stranger really was. But now that stranger in the mirror? She's not a wife... not a daughter... not a mistress... not even a friend... she's just whoever the hell I need her to be and that's how I've found my peace. How the hell are you ever gonna find yours?

bofb