

VERVE

RUMOURS

Written by

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OVER BLACK

We hear snatches of pop hooks and blues riffs over layers of static.

FADE IN:

INT. STEVIE/LINDSEY'S BEDROOMS - NIGHT - SPLITSCREEN

**(THE FOLLOWING TAKES PLACE IN SPLITSCREEN)**

Two radio dials. Two hands, female and male, scanning for the right tune.

They find exactly what they're looking for at the exact same time.

The haunted folk-pop of "California Dreamin'" by The Mamas and the Papas rings out clear as a bell.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

Left side of the screen, STEVIE NICKS (17), a sandy blonde with apple-cheeks, gives herself a once over in the mirror then smirks. For someone so young, that smirk is extraordinarily self-possessed. Or, maybe, just possessed. The truth lies somewhere in between, but she loves to keep you guessing.

Right side of the screen, LINDSEY BUCKINGHAM, (16), tight curly mop of hair and intense eyes, does a shoulder roll in his mirror, then exhales to relax himself. He's wound tighter than his guitar strings. That's impressive, considering he tunes it to perfection, at least twice a day.

Left side: Stevie lip syncs along to the song with more enthusiasm than accuracy, as she fastens a gold cross necklace that comes to rest over her conservatively buttoned-up blouse.

Right side: Lindsey air guitars along with Flip Sloan's picking on the radio. His strumming is 110%-oh-my-God-is-this-all-he-ever-does faithful.

INT. STEVIE/LINDSEY'S LIVING ROOMS - MOMENTS LATER - SPLITSCREEN

Left side: Stevie bounds downstairs into the room, as her parents, JESS (40) and BARBARA (38) stare mindlessly at a broadcast of *Hogan's Heroes*.

STEVIE  
I'm going to Young Life.

BARBARA  
(without looking up)  
Young Life?

STEVIE  
The gathering in the church  
basement. Be back by 11!

JESS  
(also not looking)  
10.

Stevie's out the door, pretending not to have heard.

*Right side: Lindsey creeps down the stairs to find his parents, MORRIS (47) and RUTH (45) distracted. His mother is on the phone chattering on about some country club nonsense, while his father joylessly reads The Carpetbaggers.*

LINDSEY  
I'm going out.

*Morris shrugs, Ruth gives him nothing.*

*Lindsey goes to the front door, passing by shelves displaying trophy after trophy all with the name: "GREG BUCKINGHAM"*

EXT. SUBURBAN STREETS - MOMENTS LATER - SPLITSCREEN

*Right side: Lindsey grabs a leather jacket out of the bushes that line his porch. He drapes himself in the icon of borrowed cool, then untucks his shirt. His confidence is almost enough to make these choices work. He continues on towards First Presbyterian.*

*Left side: Stevie struts along the sidewalk with a purpose towards ROBIN SNYDER (17). Robin is a ride or die, seven days a week, talk til the sun comes up kind of best friend.*

*Robin, whose wavy auburn locks go all the way down her back, sits at the end of her driveway facing away from Stevie. She fiddles with something in her lap.*

*Stevie tip-toes up behind and jumps on her.*

*The two scream and laugh together for a moment. Robin holds up her project, a crescent moon necklace.*

Stevie yelps with glee. She slips the cross off her neck and into her pocket, replacing it with her new jewelry. She undoes a couple buttons for good measure.

EXT. FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH - MOMENTS LATER - SPLITSCREEN

Left side: Stevie and Robin walk and chat and giggle, as they approach the steps of First Presbyterian.

Right side: *Lindsey broods his way to the steps from the other side.*

INT. FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH - MOMENTS LATER- SPLITSCREEN

Lindsey brushes by the easy-breezy Stevie and Robin, through the large front doors, just as John Phillips belts out the line, "Stopped into a church..."

Finally, the invisible barrier between them disappears and they are all together in the same space for the first time.

**SUPERTITLE:** PALO ALTO, 1965

INT. FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH - BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

"California Dreamin'" becomes diegetic down here. An anemic folkie performs his less than stellar rendition to score the evening of teenage ennui.

Stevie, Robin, and Lindsey gravitate towards the music.

The anemic folkie finishes his cover, and the semi-circle of youth that's formed around him applaud with gusto.

Lindsey puffs out his chest ready to take the spotlight, when Robin pushes Stevie towards the center of the group.

Lindsey backs off, his window closed.

Stevie looks out at the crowd.

STEVIE

Now what?

ROBIN

How about the one you wrote?

STEVIE

(to the crowd)

I swear I didn't put her up to this.

Stevie cradles the "Fisher Price My First Guitar" and plucks the cheap plastic strings.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

This one's called, "I've Loved and  
I've Lost, and I'm Sad, but Not  
Blue."

Stevie sings and plays her original. Belying her fresh-faced All-American look, Stevie's singing voice is husky and more than a little raw. There's an appealing vulnerability to it, an "X" factor that would beguile anyone.

Her guitar playing, however, leaves something to be desired. She keeps stopping and starting to find her place.

All of the kids in the room are along for the ride and enjoy the composition. That is except for Lindsey, who's nearly coming out of his skin watching her fumble about.

Unable to stand this "atrocious" any longer, Lindsey jumps from the crowd and takes the guitar out of Stevie's hands mid-line.

LINDSEY

I'm sorry. Here, start over, I have  
some ideas.

Lindsey starts again, and, somehow, he's already committed Stevie's melody to memory. His style of play is all the more remarkable considering he's done away with the pick, instead plucking the strings with his fingernails.

Stevie, shaking off her confusion, brings the vocals back in strong. The song really gains momentum amongst the gathering. Suddenly:

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

(no longer playing)  
Did you just change perspective?

The loose gathering disperses at the sudden lack of music.

STEVIE

What?

LINDSEY

Literally, you went from "I" to  
"they," first person to third. That  
doesn't make any sense.

Stevie looks him up and down: Who does this guy think he is?

STEVIE

Bob Dylan does it all the time.

Lindsey cocks his head to one side, then leans in, close. His steely greys nearly look through Stevie for about a second and a half.

LINDSEY

(softening)

You want to be Bob Dylan?

Stevie's mouth curls into a smile.

STEVIE

Someday, yeah.

LINDSEY

(coy)

Then learn to play guitar.

Lindsey swaggers away, instrument in hand.

Robin comes to her friend's side.

ROBIN

What an asshole.

STEVIE

(dreamily)

Yeah...

Stevie, mesmerized, follows Lindsey to the other side of the room. He's taken up a post in the corner, noodling on the guitar for no one but himself.

Making the leap, Stevie reaches out her hand.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

Hey, I'm Stevie.

Lindsey continues playing. He meets her gaze.

LINDSEY

Lindsey.

The ice having been broken, we PRELAP the mystical jangle of an Ovation Balladeer.

STEVIE (PRELAP)

*This is a new song...*



INT. JUNGLE JIM'S - STAGE - NIGHT

**SUPERTITLE:** EAST HOLLYWOOD, 1974

We've come a long way from First Presbyterian's basement to a gen-you-ine performance venue.

Buckingham Nicks, as the duo are now known, play the hell out of an early, ragged version of "Rhiannon." It's longer and sparser than the cut diamond of a pop single we'll come to know and love.

Their chemistry onstage would be apparent to any audience member, if there were any. Unfortunately, only the club's staff and HARRY FISHKIN (34), their total square of an A&R guy, witness the rocking performance. He doesn't look pleased.

INT. JUNGLE JIM'S - BAR - LATER

Stevie and Lindsey flank a beleaguered Harry at the bar.

HARRY

Polydor sent me here to see how you guys draw, and this was... Not encouraging.

LINDSEY

The promoter fucked us. We were promised a Saturday slot.

STEVIE

You know L.A. crowds are a bummer. We just sold out the Municipal Auditorium in Mobile. That's 5,000 seats. That's the Palladium.

HARRY

The Palladium is in Hollywood. People have options in Hollywood. I didn't even know that many people lived in Alabama.

(beat)

Maybe you should sign with a label down there.

STEVIE

(irritated)

Fans are fans. Just because you can't see that--

HARRY

Instead of interrupting me, how about listening to someone that knows what they're talking about?

STEVIE

How about--

HARRY

For a couple nobodies, you got a lotta--

Lindsey, without a moment's hesitation, grabs Harry's beer and rockets it over the bar, smashing it into the top shelf. He misses Harry's head by inches.

LINDSEY

Fuck off, Harry.

Lindsey then takes Stevie by the arm, along with a bottle of Johnnie Walker Black, and ushers them all out of the venue posthaste.

Amidst the chaos, Harry has the presence of mind to retaliate.

HARRY

(after them)

You two losers are fucking finished! You hear me?

Another successful show under their belts.

EXT. WORST APARTMENT BUILDING IN ALL OF NOHO - LATER

Lindsey and Stevie walk back to their humble abode, an eyesore of a building that will be condemned sooner rather than later.

INT. WORST APARTMENT BUILDING IN ALL OF NOHO - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The pair lurch down the dilapidated hall towards their unit, when:

CRAPPY LANDLORD (O.S.)

Well, if it isn't Mr. Silver Spoon-Paper Plate. Rent's past due.

Taking up the entirety of his door frame, the CRAPPY LANDLORD (50s) wears nothing but an offensively named article of clothing akin to a tank top and boxer shorts.

LINDSEY  
It's in the mail.

CRAPPY LANDLORD  
No, it's already bounced.

On that, Lindsey clumsily stumbles into the apartment.

Stevie takes a crumbled wad of bills from her purse and hands it to the expectant property manager.

STEVIE  
(whisper)  
I'll have the rest by the end of  
the week.

She scurries off into the shared dwelling that she pays for.

INT. THE WORST STUDIO APARTMENT IN NOHO - MOMENTS LATER

Lindsey's melted into their curbside rescue mattress in the middle of the living room floor, which is also the kitchen, which is also the bedroom.

Beyond the mattress, the only homey touches are some handcrafted paper flowers, a vintage ceramic lamp, and an abundance of vinyl scattered around haphazardly.

If there's an organizational system to this, it's certainly unclear.

STEVIE  
You can't keep passing bad checks.

Stevie grabs the bottle from Lindsey, and takes a slug.

LINDSEY  
I thought I had Christmas money  
left. Must've blown it all on the  
carburetor. We need a car.

STEVIE  
I'm not arguing that with you. Just  
less thinking, more knowing.

LINDSEY  
Well, I know we're done at Polydor.

STEVIE  
And whose fault is that? Another  
bridge burned.

LINDSEY  
Harry's an asshole.

STEVIE  
It's the music business, they're  
all assholes. But he was our  
asshole.

(beat; disappointed)  
Now we don't even have him.

LINDSEY  
We still have Keith.

STEVIE  
Keith brought us to Polydor. Keith  
let us stay with him when we were  
"between apartments." Keith cut the  
album. Keith is the one who  
convinced them to come out tonight  
when it bombed. What's left to  
give? His liver?

Lindsey reaches for the scotch back from Stevie, who pulls it  
away. He reaches into his pocket and lights a joint, instead.

After a hit:

LINDSEY  
What else was I supposed to do?

STEVIE  
You weren't *supposed* to do  
anything. Like, two more minutes,  
that's all I needed. If I could've  
convinced him that Alabama wasn't a  
fluke, that the South gets us, we'd  
be touring Dixieland from now until  
our next LP. Then guess who's gonna  
be lined up to buy it?

Lindsey grasps at straws.

LINDSEY  
OK, it was an... Overreaction. But,  
maybe, it's like you say about  
Venus in, um, trans--

STEVIE  
Nope, no. That's my excuse for you,  
you don't get to use it on me.

LINDSEY  
I was trying to make a point.

STEVIE

Whatever point you're trying to make, sweetie, you've made it. How many times do you have to bang the same note before you realize it doesn't work?

Lindsey is about rebut her claim before his eyes moisten.

LINDSEY

Christ, why do you even put up with me?

Stevie cuddles up to him on the mattress, running her fingers through his thick mane.

STEVIE

Because right now you fight so hard for so little, I know that when there's something worth fighting for, and there will be, there's no one I'd rather be fighting with.

She rests her head on his chest and closes her eyes. Lindsey's remain wide open.

INT. THE WORST STUDIO APARTMENT IN NOHO - MORNING

Crack of dawn. Stevie's up, fresh-faced in her waitress uniform with matching apron. The High Priestess of Rock from the previous night looks very... Ordinary.

She leans to kiss a still snoozing Lindsey on the forehead. As if in a fairy tale, he awakens, gently.

LINDSEY

How're you able to get ready so early without waking me up?

STEVIE

Practice.

Stevie's about to leave when she turns and taps her watch.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

Remember, five o'clock. Don't forget. Love you.

LINDSEY

Love you back.

(beat)

Hey, about last night...

Stevie hasn't got the time. She blows him a kiss out the door.

Lindsey wipes the sleep out of his eyes and goes to the window. He watches Stevie catch the bus in seconds flat.

Some mail slides under the door. Lindsey flips through a stack of overdue bills, each of which hit the trash.

Lastly, a colorful postcard crows, "*GREETINGS FROM PALO ALTO!*" He turns it over, then stuffs it in his pocket.

INT. THE COPPER PENNY - DAY

The Copper Penny, Stevie's place of employment, is an overcrowded, understaffed coffee shop sitting on the corner of Sunset and Gower.

Stevie approaches a decimated table in need of tidying up.

Releasing a heavy sigh, she makes eye contact with her reflection in the window. There's no smirk to be had.

Stevie grabs a disused napkin and jots down some lyrics.

ASSHOLE MANAGER (O.S.)  
Nicks, chop chop, you got tables!

Stevie tucks the napkin away for herself, and chop chops.

EXT. SOUND CITY - PARKING LOT - LATER

Lindsey pulls up to a nondescript building in a nondescript strip mall in a nondescript part of Van Nuys. The only distinguishing marker is a big, bold sign on the front reading: "**SOUND CITY**"

Lindsey parks his rusted-out, hand-me-down Beamer, and heads inside, a man on a mission.

INT. SOUND CITY - STUDIO - MOMENTS LATER

If the exterior was a let down of design, the interior decor is somehow even less significant. Hello, beige walls and linoleum floors!

KEITH OLSEN (30) listens to the latest mix of a track at the boards, using big-ass professional AKG K140 headphones. Keith looks less like a rock producer and more like the kid on the back of a cereal box.

Lindsey comes up from behind, and stealthily pulls one can aside.

LINDSEY  
HEY, KEITH!

Keith jumps back, sending the headphones flying off his head altogether. He turns off the tape machine.

KEITH  
What the...  
(gathering himself)  
I heard you and Harry had a bit of  
a run in.

LINDSEY  
(sheepish)  
I got a little passionate.

KEITH  
You're a "little passionate" when  
you have hit singles, a swimming  
pool, and an art collection. People  
who've made it get "a little  
passionate." What you did last  
night was throw a temper tantrum.

LINDSEY  
You've talked to Harry before, you  
know what he's like, I mean, c'mon,  
you know, he's...

KEITH  
Doing his job?

LINDSEY  
His job's getting in the way of  
business 'cause when we take our  
new demo out--

KEITH  
OK, I'll bite: When did you and  
Stevie record a new demo?

LINDSEY  
That's where you come in.

Keith rolls his eyes so hard they almost hit the floor.

KEITH  
Jesus, Linds, another favor? I  
thought letting y'all stay at my  
place *gratis* put me in the clear.

LINDSEY  
It did until you evicted us. Look,  
we can't pay... Now, but--

KEITH  
Hock your guitar.

LINDSEY  
How am I supposed to earn without  
it?

KEITH  
How're you earning with it? Push  
comes to shove, I could use someone  
around here to clean up. Swing by a  
couple times a week, line your  
pockets.

LINDSEY  
Do I look like a fucking janitor?

KEITH  
Not yet.

Keith turns back to his work, but Lindsey's not done.

LINDSEY  
Let's continue this over lunch and--

KEITH  
Lunch? I ate hours ago.

Lindsey looks to the clock on the wall: It's 4:30. He's  
forgotten to remember. Like a bolt, he's gone.

INT. VOLARE'S ITALIAN - DINING ROOM - LATER

After 75 minutes of bang your head against the dashboard  
traffic, Lindsey has finally arrived.

Lindsey, now wearing an oversized sports coat, takes his seat  
at the table.

Waiting for him is a perturbed Stevie in her Sunday Best.  
Also, in attendance are his parents, Ruth and Morris, and his  
older brother GREG (29). Greg has the kind of natural  
charisma you want to be around, which is great if it didn't  
mean having to stand in his shadow.

All of them have half-eaten entrees in front of them and one  
extra for their tardy guest.



They greet this crazy kid with a mixture of concern and disappointment.

LINDSEY

I know I'm late. I know you're concerned, disappointed. I know Greg is here. Hi, Greg. And Stevie did remind me, so don't blame her.

MORRIS

No one... Blamed her.

Lindsey looks over to Stevie. Silence.

GREG

(re: the sports coat)  
Nice threads.

Greg pulls at the shoulders of the jacket to demonstrate the poor fit on his little brother.

LINDSEY

Well, yeah, Giovanni insisted. It's this, or I could leave?

RUTH

Please, Linds, eat up. I insist.

He doesn't mind if he does and eats like he hasn't in months. The free food is interrupted by an AUTOGRAPH SEEKER (40s).

AUTOGRAPH SEEKER

I was waiting for a free moment, but... Could you?

She thrusts a pen and receipt paper towards, not the would-be superstars, but Greg. He politely acquiesces.

AUTOGRAPH SEEKER (CONT'D)

Your performance in the Mexico City Games was top-notch.

GREG

What about the guy who beat me?

AUTOGRAPH SEEKER

(flustered)  
Second in the world is still a champion in my book.

Greg sends her on her way. He turns to see a slightly embarrassed Lindsey.

GREG

Hey, you'll get used to that.

(beat)

Speaking of, try not to be late when you meet with Philip. It's a big ask.

LINDSEY

Who?

STEVIE

(covering)

Thank you so much. I'll make sure that we're on time. Early, 15 minutes, at least.

The server drops off the check. Morris examines the cost, then sighs.

MORRIS

I've always dreamed of being out at a nice restaurant, like this one, enjoying a lovely meal with my family. Good food, good wine, good company. But when it came time to pay the bill, my son would stop me. He would say, "No, Dad, I got it." And that would be the day that I knew my work as a father was finished.

Morris ruminates on such a fantasy. Lindsey's not having it.

LINDSEY

You heard the man, Greg. Get your wallet.

INT. BEAMER - MOVING - LATER

Like most struggling artists, Lindsey and Stevie are left emotionally drained after a visit with family.

LINDSEY

(breaking the ice)

Who's Philip?

STEVIE

Philip Webb. From Capitol Records. That your brother knows from Stanford.

LINDSEY

(searching his memory)  
Philip? Philip? Phil? Phil! Greg  
said everyone in the dorm took  
turns peeing in his shampoo bottle.  
Pisshead Phil?

STEVIE

Eww... He didn't tell me that. Just  
that his first act went gold. We're  
meeting with him on Friday.

As Stevie talks, Lindsey scans the radio.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

Are you even listening?

LINDSEY

I can multi-task.

He lands on "One of These Nights" by the Eagles, the nadir of  
soulless corporate sound, loudly groans, and changes the  
station again.

STEVIE

Why'd you do that? I like that  
song.

This time he hits "Search and Destroy" by the Stooges, the  
fountainhead of alternative, grins, and settles back in to  
driving.

LINDSEY

Of course, you "like" it.  
Everyone's supposed to "like" it.  
It's not country, it's not rock,  
it's not even pop. The Eagles are  
product. Product that's distributed  
to retailers to turn a profit, so  
they can afford champagne in the  
limo on the way to their private  
jet they take to the next arena  
filled with people who "like" it.  
Saying you "like" a song is  
basically saying, you "heard" a  
song. So, fuck "like."

STEVIE

(coy)

Now when you finish saying that to  
the mirror, how does the *Rolling  
Stone* reporter react? Do they just  
pass out? Overwhelmed by your  
integrity?

(MORE)

STEVIE (CONT'D)

(beat; realizing)

These guys aren't even together anymore. And don't pretend you wouldn't want some champagne in a limo to the private jet on the way to an arena filled with people who like our music... Because that means they've heard our music. Isn't that the goal?

Instead of marinating on these points, Lindsey chooses to deflect.

LINDSEY

(giving her the postcard)  
Robin's coming to town.

STEVIE

You're reading my mail?

LINDSEY

It's a postcard.

STEVIE

She's here on Friday.

Lindsey nods.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

(pointed)

That's when we're meeting with Philip.

LINDSEY

I learned about the Pisshead thing at the same time you learned about the Robin thing. Let's not get mad and call it even.

Stevie would smack him if he didn't have a point.

STEVIE

We'll make it work.

(beat)

I'll make it work.

EXT. CAPITOL RECORDS BUILDING - DAY

The iconic Capitol Records Tower glimmers in the L.A. sun.

INT. CAPITOL RECORDS BUILDING - LOBBY - DAY

Lindsey and Stevie stroll around the lobby, waiting for *THE* Philip Webb. This is as presentable as they've looked since First Presbyterian. Stevie's brushed her hair and Lindsey's trimmed his beard.

They marvel at the legendary roster of artists' photos up on the wall. First passing The Beatles, next The Beach Boys, then lastly a blank space.

Stevie finger frames the emptiness.

STEVIE  
"Buckingham Nicks."

Lindsey smiles, he moves their record from under his arm, so he can drape it around her.

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)  
Mr. Webb will see you now.

INT. CAPITOL RECORDS BUILDING - PHILIP'S OFFICE - MOMENTS  
LATER

Stevie and Lindsey enter the office of a power broker's wet dream. It's clean, contemporary, and classy.

Behind the mahogany desk sits PHILIP WEBB (30), looking slick as hell. A master of the universe in training.

PHILIP  
Have a seat anywhere.

Stevie and Lindsey pick the most obvious option, the two seats facing Philip.

PHILIP (CONT'D)  
How is Greg? Still polishing that Gold Medal? Let me tell you, your brother's an American hero.

LINDSEY  
Actually, he--

PHILIP  
So, you two have been doing this music thing since high school? Sweethearts?

Stevie gladly dives into their story.

STEVIE

Don't get me wrong, I thought he was just darling. But, like, he was a year younger than me. Now we're the same age, but at the time... He was in this group, "The Fritz Rabyne Memorial Band."

LINDSEY

"Fritz" for short.

STEVIE

Their lead singer, Jody, was going off to college, so Lindsey asked me to join up.

LINDSEY

I knew she had pipes. She just needed a little backup.

STEVIE

Me and four boys in a smelly garage trying to sound like Jefferson Airplane six hours a day. Linds, he was so sweet, he made this rule that no in the band could date me. It could interfere with the, uh... Whatchimicallit?

LINDSEY

Chemistry.

PHILIP

What happened to the other three?

LINDSEY

We did an industry showcase down here. The label was into us, but only us.

STEVIE

As luck should have it, we were ready to be a duo, and the rule about not dating became...

LINDSEY

Moot.

STEVIE

I knew it would work once I found out he was a Libra. Like, since I'm a Gemini.

Philip nods, actively listening.

PHILIP

Great, great. I think I get what  
you're all about.

Philip goes to the turntable and out comes "Spiders & Snakes"  
by Jim Stafford. Its lobotomized take on Credence Clearwater  
Revival blares at a deafening volume.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

(yelling to be heard)  
I have a mandate for stuff like  
this. Could you do stuff like this?

STEVIE

(yelling to be heard)  
Maybe.

Lindsey, ever the diplomat, silently gets up and swaps out  
the 45 for their LP.

"Crying in the Night" by Buckingham Nicks fills the room.  
Philip shakes his head at the sophisticated, silky tones. He  
shuts it off before it can really get cooking.

PHILIP

It sounds like the Eagles, and, I  
don't think I have to tell you,  
there's only room for one Eagles.

Lindsey clenches his jaw, seething with rage. Stevie, having  
seen this movie before, gently picks up their album and  
interlocks her arm with Lindsey's.

STEVIE

Philip, let us sleep on it.

PHILIP

Absolutely! If you ever want to  
make some real scratch, I'm here.

Stevie's almost got Lindsey out the door when:

LINDSEY

Silver.

Philip's face twists, not understanding the guitarist.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

Greg won a Silver Medal.

PHILIP

Sorry, that's right, you're right.

LINDSEY  
And now he sells insurance. Some  
fucking hero.

Lindsey slams the door behind them.

INT. BEAMER - MOVING - LATER

Lindsey and Stevie put Capitol Records in the rear-view mirror, as they head towards Silver Lake. "Desperado" by the Eagles is on the radio. Lindsey slams his fist down on the dash, shutting it off.

STEVIE  
I like that song, too.

LINDSEY  
We're not the Eagles.

Stevie shrugs and looks away.

STEVIE  
Greg didn't have to do this for us.

LINDSEY  
I didn't ask him to, I didn't ask  
him for anything!

STEVIE  
(firmly)  
I did.

Stevie has the final word.

EXT. SILVER LAKE FLEA - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

The beat up Beamer bangs a right into the parking lot of the Silver Lake Flea. This is when Silverlake was actually bohemian, not \$3,200-a-month-for-a-studio bohemian.

Waiting for them is Stevie's Rock of Gibraltar, Robin Snyder, and, who's the hunk standing next to her? It's only her new man, KIM ANDERSON (28).

Stevie bounds out of the car to embrace her bestie. Lindsey remains seated.

ROBIN  
(into the car)  
Hey, Linds, this is Kim--



Lindsey gives the very definition of a halfhearted wave and peels out of the parking lot.

ROBIN (CONT'D)  
 (finishing the thought)  
 He's into music, too.  
 (beat)  
 So, how was Capitol?

Stevie gives her a look. *That* look.

ROBIN (CONT'D)  
 (to Kim)  
 I promised you another boy to play with, but looks like he's run off.

KIM  
 Don't worry, I can entertain myself.

Robin and Kim do a little PDA before he leaves the gals to themselves.

INT. SILVER LAKE FLEA - STALLS - MOMENTS LATER

Stevie and Robin walk among the wares, while they catch up.

ROBIN  
 You had a meeting with a major label a week after getting dropped by a major label. It's a matter of time.

STEVIE  
 It's a matter of time when you're 18. It's a matter of time when you're 22. I'm 26. I'm over hearing, "It's a matter of time."

ROBIN  
 So is this, like... Are you giving up?

STEVIE  
 No, actually...  
 (going into her pocket)  
 How's this look?

Robin takes the napkin from earlier and reads. We see what she sees: *"Afraid of change? Built life around you/As the landslide comes down"*

Robin looks up at Stevie from the lyrics.

ROBIN  
Is everything OK? With you and  
Lindsey?

STEVIE  
Oh, don't give me that. You know I  
write in character.

ROBIN  
What's this character? A girl in a  
bad relationship, who's "over a  
matter of time?"

Stevie can only shake her head.

ROBIN (CONT'D)  
I know "You're So Vain" is about  
Warren Beatty being a jerk, as much  
as I know this is about you being  
mad at Lindsey.

Stevie, looking for a way out, grabs a black lace shawl off a  
rack. She drapes it over herself and twirls.

STEVIE  
Enough of that. How does *this* look?

Robin can't help but be charmed by this display.

ROBIN  
All you had to say was you didn't  
want to talk about it.

The two friends laugh away the heavy.

INT. SOUND CITY - STUDIO - LATER

Lindsey pokes his head back in the studio, tail firmly  
between his legs. Keith couldn't be less excited to see him.

LINDSEY  
You still need someone to, uh...

KEITH  
Well, look who decided to grow up.

INT. THE WORST STUDIO APARTMENT IN NOHO - NIGHT

Stevie and Lindsey, both uniformed, arrive home from an  
honest day's work.

LINDSEY  
(yawning)  
You're right about Mondays, they  
give you a lot of time to think.

Lindsey goes over to the mattress and picks up his guitar.

STEVIE  
(back turned to Lindsey)  
Oooh, what do you got?

She riffles through her apron and digs out little scraps of paper.

STEVIE (CONT'D)  
You ready?

Stevie turns back to find Lindsey passed out, complete with guitar resting in his lap.

She moves to jostle him awake, but thinks better of it.

INT. BEAMER - PARKED - NIGHT

Stevie sits alone in the car, listening to Top 40 radio and smoldering. This is the catharsis she allows herself.

CASEY KASEM (V.O.)  
(on radio)  
...And now coming in at #3, and  
climbing every week, "Spiders &  
Snakes" by Jim Stafford.

As the hillbilly hootenanny hums, Stevie is transported back to Capitol. A look of determination comes across her face.

INT. WORST APARTMENT BUILDING IN ALL OF NOHO - HALLWAY -  
NIGHT

Stevie knocks on a door at the end of the hall. Their crappy landlord answers.

STEVIE  
I need to borrow your phone.

The landlord reluctantly allows her inside.

EXT. WORST APARTMENT BUILDING IN ALL OF NOHO - MORNING

The morning sun dapples the stained and cracked concrete of the worst apartment building in all of NoHo.

INT. THE WORST STUDIO APARTMENT IN NOHO - CONTINUOUS

Lindsey is asleep on the mattress, unmoved since last night.

SLAM! SLAM! SLAM!

CRAPPY LANDLORD (O.S.)  
Buckingham, I know you're in there!

Lindsey shoots upright. He ambles to the door in a disoriented state and opens it.

Their crappy landlord stands there, irritated.

CRAPPY LANDLORD (CONT'D)  
Do I look like a secretary to you?

LINDSEY  
(confused)  
What?

CRAPPY LANDLORD  
Does it look like I fetch your  
coffee and take your messages?

LINDSEY  
(more confused)  
What?

CRAPPY LANDLORD  
Messages like, "I'm fancy pants  
Philip from fancy pants records and  
I'm glad you reconsidered my fancy  
pants deal."

LINDSEY  
(the most confused)  
What?

CRAPPY LANDLORD  
I don't know, ask your lady.

The wheels in Lindsey's head begin to turn.

PRELAP: A slightly muted "After the Gold Rush" by Neil Young.

INT. SOUND CITY - HALLWAY - DAY

Lindsey, broom in hand, peers through the porthole window of the studio door. He spies Keith trying to woo over a potential client with Neil Young's Canadian/Southern/Martian folk. It's even more muffled through the door.

The potential client is MICK FLEETWOOD (27), a Groovy Gandalf with a mischievous glint in his eye, who doesn't appear to be enjoying this music one bit.

Mick says something to the effect of, "I don't enjoy this music one bit."

Keith says something like, "Hold on, I'll be right back."

Lindsey clocks Keith walking briskly towards him and sidesteps out of the way of the door to avoid his distracted boss.

Seizing his opportunity, Lindsey gathers himself and makes his way into the studio.

INT. SOUND CITY - STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Lindsey enters and pretends to clean.

LINDSEY  
Don't mind me. Just tidying up.

Mick continues not minding him.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)  
You're Mick Fleetwood, right? The drummer?

Mick nods, uninterested.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)  
Ya' know, I have a 45 of  
"Albatross."

That got him.

MICK  
Thanks, mate. Keeps me out of the poor house that one. Hendrix told me that he ripped off the licks in "Purple Haze" from us.

LINDSEY  
Cool... Wait, didn't "Purple Haze" come out first?

MICK  
(Caught)  
Oh, maybe, but... But Mac had been doing it on the road for a stretch. He knew. Jimi told me himself.

Lindsey continues on his mission, a lie agreed upon.

LINDSEY  
Mind if I put on some tunes? The  
acoustics in here are killer.

MICK  
Please, that's why I came to  
Hollywood, after all.

Lindsey moves over to the wall of records and snags  
*Buckingham Nicks* with laser precision.

He cues up "Frozen Love," an epic ode to the duo's leather &  
lace harmony, and goes back to "dusting."

Thirty seconds in, Mick jumps to his feet.

MICK (CONT'D)  
Who's this?

It registers in this moment that Mick's very tall. So tall he  
could grab Lindsey by the ankles and dangle him three feet  
above the floor. Mick's used to his lanky body, while a  
slightly cowering Lindsey is not.

LINDSEY  
It's, uh, me.

MICK  
It's bloody fantastic!  
(beat)  
What else ya got?

Lindsey picks up a Gibson Les Paul and rips off every  
scorching lick he's mastered and some he hasn't. Mick,  
transfixed, oooh's and aaah's.

INT. SOUND CITY - STUDIO - LATER

The "meeting" between Lindsey and Mick continues. The boys  
are getting on like a house on fire.

LINDSEY  
The most underrated guitar player  
of all time is Johnny Lee Hooker.

MICK  
Oh my God! Did you walk inside my  
brain and take that idea from me?  
Because I've been saying that for  
years.

(MORE)

MICK (CONT'D)

(beat)

You know what? You're in the band.

LINDSEY

Wait, what? I'm in a band. I mean, we could open for you.

MICK

We need a guitarist to lay down some tracks and I'm looking at him.

LINDSEY

What about Stevie?

MICK

Who?

LINDSEY

My singer, my girlfriend.

Lindsey grabs the album sleeve from the board and hands it to Mick. The cover of Buckingham Nicks' eponymous album includes a risqué photo of Lindsey and Stevie in the buff.

Mick thinks it over, looking back and forth between Lindsey in front of him there in the studio and Stevie's topless photo on the album cover. Back and forth. Back. And forth.

MICK

(shaking it off)

Look, I can hire you, lickity split. Two people? A singer? That's a big decision. I'll have to run it by the rest of my band, and I can't guarantee you anything with them. So... What do you want to do?

The ball is firmly in Lindsey's court.

INT. THE COPPER PENNY - LATER

Lindsey enters. He spots Stevie, as she's pouring coffee into the mug of a customer.

LINDSEY

Hey, Stevie, we need to talk...

Stevie's caught off guard by both his serious tone.

STEVIE

Oh, yeah, sure.

(to Asshole Manager)

I'm taking my ten!

ASSHOLE MANAGER (O.S.)  
You already took it!

LINDSEY  
(to Asshole Manager)  
She can have mine! It's important.

They tuck themselves into a secluded nook.

STEVIE  
Is everything OK?

LINDSEY  
Um... An opportunity came up and I  
think it might be... I got an offer  
today, an offer to join Fleetwood  
Mac as their lead guitarist.  
(beat)  
And I accepted.

Stevie's crestfallen, but does her best to hide it.

STEVIE  
What does this mean for us?

LINDSEY  
It'll probably be the end of  
Buckingham Nicks.  
(beat; smirks)  
Because I only agreed on the  
condition that we join together.  
What do you say?

Stevie's on Cloud 9, completely relieved.

STEVIE  
Yes, of course!  
(coming down)  
Fleetwood who?

INT. THE WORST STUDIO APARTMENT IN NOHO - LATER

Lindsey and Stevie crowd around their record player to hear  
the Fleetwood Mac single, "Albatross." Former guitarist Peter  
Green strums some brilliant blues chords for getting blazed.  
By Stevie's estimation that's all it's good for.

STEVIE  
This is terrible. There's no  
vocals.



LINDSEY  
That's why they need you. Trust me,  
Hendrix loved this.

STEVIE  
(disgusted)  
Hendrix liked the Monkees.

Stevie inspects the record sleeve.

STEVIE (CONT'D)  
1968? What've they been doing? I  
can't believe you signed us up for  
this.

LINDSEY  
We still need to meet the whole  
band, first. It's one dinner. It's  
not like it's a big commitment.

INT. EL CARMEN MEXICAN RESTAURANT - BAR - NIGHT

Lindsey and Stevie scan the dining room for the other members  
of their party. It takes two seconds to clock the raucous  
British musicians among the other straight laced patrons.

Mick, he of majestic beard and scarves, towers over his  
compatriots CHRISTINE MCVIE (31) and JOHN MCVIE (29).

Christine has a regal air to her, appearing equally adept at  
both breeding corgis and sending people to the hangman.

John is drunk, and he intends to stay that way for the rest  
of the movie.

Stevie makes eye contact with Lindsey, as if to say, "We have  
one last chance to back out."

MICK  
Lindsey, over here!

Nope. Too late.

Mick's waving them over, spilling his "El Perfecto" Margarita  
as he does. No matter, he gets the bartender's attention and  
gestures for three more.

Stevie and Lindsey join the rest of the group at the bar.

MICK (CONT'D)  
Stevie, you look lovely.

Mick bends down for a friendly peck on the cheek that's a bit too friendly.

MICK (CONT'D)  
This is John McVie, he and I form  
the rhythm section, as well as our  
namesake. Tell 'em how we met.

JOHN  
(slurred)  
Uh, we were over at a spot. Mick  
wanted to start a band, so, yeah,  
we did.

MICK  
Couldn't have said it better  
myself. And this fetching creature  
is John's missus and our  
keyboardist hyphen singer,  
Christine.

Christine offers a limp wrist by way of introduction.

STEVIE  
(making a connection)  
I'm a singer, too!

CHRISTINE  
Charming.  
(beat)  
I like your necklace.

STEVIE  
Thank you! My friend Ro--

GGGRRRRRRRR! The bartender's blender drowns out Stevie's  
response. She waits for it to finish.

STEVIE (CONT'D)  
My friend Robin made--

CHRISTINE  
I wasn't that interested. I just  
"like" it.

The Margaritas hit the bar, Mick distributes them.

MICK  
Let the dinner commence.

The group is seated in a corner booth.

LINDSEY  
Shouldn't we wait for your manager?

MICK  
 (shit eating grin)  
 You're looking at him!

### CHIPS AND GUAC

Everyone enjoys the appetizer. Mick's midway through his explanation of why he's their new manager.

MICK (CONT'D)  
 ...We took the guy to court, we had to, he was touring a band under false pretenses. "Mr. Davis, you're out there with a fake Fleetwood Mac. That's fraudulent!" How could we trust anyone after that?

### FLAMING FAJITAS

The group digs in on some fried peppers and skirt steak.

MICK (CONT'D)  
 ...It's a mystery to us. You think it'd be easy to keep a guitarist. There are enough of them out of work. Right, Lindsey?

CHRISTINE  
 Peter left such a big shoes to fill. That poor little Jew, his mind went...

JOHN  
 (slurred)  
 Fucking mad, that one.

MICK  
 Of course, you know, then Bob got seduced by that cult. Children of God, was it?

CHRISTINE  
 No, you're all confused now. Bob made a cuckold out of you. Jeremy was the one who found a "higher calling."

MICK  
 Right, I thought it was Danny I found boffing Jenny, my wife. I'll be honest, fidelity was never a pillar of our union. My... Tusk has a mind of its own.

CHRISTINE

Danny announced his exit by smashing his face against a brick wall, then heckled us from the wings when we decided to go on anyway...

# **FLAN AND COFFEE**

Lindsey and Stevie pick at their desserts. They look as if they've aged ten years in an evening.

MICK

...We've got one record left on our deal with Warner's and we figure we oughtta make it count. And your sound, I think it's exactly the shot in the arm we've been looking for.

(beat)

I'm sorry, we've been jabbering all night, and I know next to nothing about you. How'd you get started?

Stevie and Lindsey look at each other: "How do we follow that?"

STEVIE

Boring, normal story. Met as teenagers, started playing music, and became a couple, eventually. That's all of it. Nothing fancy.

MICK

Love it, to the point. So, what do you say?

After the briefest of hesitations:

LINDSEY

When do we start?

Stevie can't believe her ears. Before she knows it, everyone is shaking hands and hugging.

MICK

Alright, we'll see you Monday.

EXT. EL CARMEN MEXICAN RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

The three elder members of Fleetwood Mac have gone their own way, leaving the two newest ones behind for their postgame analysis.

STEVIE

You just agreed to that? We didn't talk contracts, we didn't talk money, we don't even know *when* we're meeting on Monday.

LINDSEY

We'll hammer it out. Trust me, there's no way they know either. I mean, would you rather do novelties for Philip?

STEVIE

It's better than ending up cursed.

LINDSEY

Big deal, they've have some lineup changes. So have the Stones.

STEVIE

I don't think it matters who's in the band. Obviously...

LINDSEY

It's one album. A tour, if that does alright. It's not like we agreed to work with them for the rest of our lives.

STEVIE

We're supposed to be a team.

LINDSEY

We are. But the longer we play, the harder it is to win. We need a new game plan. Otherwise, I'm scrubbing floors and you're pouring coffee. We're better than that. You're better than that.

Suddenly, the sky opens up and the couple is caught in the rain.

STEVIE

And now it's raining.

LINDSEY

Feels right, doesn't it?

A smile creeps up on Stevie.

STEVIE

Since I've been with you, every chance has been our last chance.  
(MORE)

STEVIE (CONT'D)  
Is this a last chance, or a *last*  
last chance?

Lindsey's about to answer when:

STEVIE (CONT'D)  
Nevermind.

She pulls him in for a kiss in the downpour.

STEVIE (PRELAP) (CONT'D)  
(singing)  
*"I took my love, I took it down..."*

INT. SOUND CITY - STUDIO - DAY

The newest lineup of Fleetwood Mac has assembled to listen to Stevie bring the lyric napkin to life. You'll know it as "Landslide." Even in its nascent form it's as haunting as it remains today. As always, Lindsey accompanies her on guitar.

Stevie winds down the performance without a finish.

STEVIE  
It would kinda go on like that... I  
could try to, um... What do you  
think so far?

The Brits look among themselves to see who should talk first. Mick takes the lead.

MICK  
(delicate)  
It's a little slow for a single.  
It's alright, we'll come back to  
it. Ya' know, Da Vinci didn't paint  
the Mona Lisa overnight? Or, did  
Michelangelo do his... Ceiling,  
also, overnight?

No one's quite sure how rhetorical this question's supposed to be.

MICK (CONT'D)  
Chris, what was the thing you were  
working on? That you showed me? Do  
that.

Christine, stationed behind her keyboard, plunks out some notes that are identifiable to modern ears as, "Say You Love Me," then abruptly quits.

CHRISTINE

It's something that moves and grooves. No lyrics, thus far. But I'll put "love" in there somewhere. People love "love."

STEVIE

That's cynical.

CHRISTINE

That's pop music.

Lindsey "yes and's" Christine's point-of-view.

LINDSEY

I like what you've got there. Off the top of my head, we should have a boss bassline going--

JOHN

(slurred)

Oy, the band you're in is Fleetwood Mac. I'm the Mac. I play the bass.

LINDSEY

(testy)

Sorry, did I step on *your* suggestion? *Your* idea?

Mick and Stevie, almost simultaneously, go get their mans and cool everything down.

MICK

No use torturing the music out of us. We can afford to give ourselves a couple... Eh, one extra day on this thing.

(game plan)

You'll bring some more material, we'll bring some more material, we'll all put it together.

Before Stevie and Lindsey have a chance to raise a hand in protest, Mick has fished a Heineken out of a waiting cooler, cracked it open, and exited stage left.

INT. THE WORST STUDIO APARTMENT IN NOHO - LATER

Stevie lays defeated on the mattress, as Lindsey paces about their cramped space.

STEVIE

I told you they wouldn't like it.

LINDSEY  
That's one person's opinion.

STEVIE  
It was three.

LINDSEY  
Tomorrow we'll show them something different. We'll show them why they need us.

STEVIE  
You want to write something brand new? Tonight?

LINDSEY  
It only has to be new to *them*. Take "Monday Morning." Or "Rhiannon."

STEVIE  
"Rhiannon" is even longer and slower than "Landslide."

LINDSEY  
It doesn't have to be...

Lindsey files through their vinyl collection. With surprising ease, out comes a copy of *Pet Sounds* by The Beach Boys.

He searches for "God Only Knows" along the grooves. A melancholy pocket orchestra emanates from the player.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)  
Brian Wilson packs an entire lifetime in under three minutes, and he knew it had to be under three minutes, or it wouldn't be on the radio.

STEVIE  
It wasn't on the radio.

LINDSEY  
Neither are our songs.

Stevie gets up and paces around the room in tandem with Lindsey. They think, think, think...

Finally:

STEVIE  
"A woman taken by the wind."  
"Rhiannon" moves like the wind.  
(MORE)



STEVIE (CONT'D)

We need to move like the wind. Up the tempo.

LINDSEY

Yeah, we can definitely do that.

(beat)

We could, also, bring in "Monday Morning." It already zips by pretty fast. Less changes.

STEVIE

(one track mind)

And the whole bridge, all that noodling, let's yank it.

LINDSEY

Hold on, that's what Mick was into in the first place.

STEVIE

So? We're already in. Besides, you said he wanted to move in a different direction. Less guitar would be different.

(noticing)

Hey, we've been talking longer than the Beach Boys have been harmonizing.

LINDSEY

(thunder stolen)

Yeah, that was my... Hand me the... Let's yank that bridge.

INT. SOUND CITY - STUDIO - DAY

Everyone's back for day two. Stevie's at the keyboard making last second changes in her notebook. The other members wait on bated breath for what she has prepared.

Suddenly, Stevie, one-handed, bangs out the opening chords to "Rhiannon". She's about to open her mouth to sing when...

INT. SOUND CITY - BOARD - DAY

Keith sits in command of the board, flanked by the band, listening. You can see the months of work in the bags under their eyes and the blisters on their fingers.

FLEETWOOD MAC (V.O.)

(from the speakers)

"Rhiaaaaannnoooooonnn..."

Keith stops the tape.

KEITH  
It sounds like solid fucking gold.

LINDSEY  
One man's opinion.

KEITH  
Look, the album's wrapped, you need this mix for the radio. You tour in two weeks. Do you want people at the gigs or not?

LINDSEY  
Sorry, I thought you were our engineer, not our promoter.  
(beat)  
Guys, one more take, one more take on the vocals. We can do it right now.

The sound in the room drops out for a beat.

MICK  
The vocals? The vocals are the song. You know how many shoeboxes of blow we needed to get "Albatross" on the air in LA? The vocals are the blow.

LINDSEY  
When we repeat the chorus, Stevie comes off sharp on "stay." Are we alright with that?

MICK  
Those are the moments that give it personality. Those stay with people.

LINDSEY  
Yeah, that's what will stay with people, Stevie blowing the note.

STEVIE  
(firmly)  
Let's talk in the hallway.

Stevie ushers him out.

INT. SOUND CITY - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Stevie backs Lindsey into a corner.

LINDSEY

This is the creative process. I need to be able to speak my mind. You know it's not personal.

STEVIE

Yep, yup, mmhmm, for sure. Here's another part of the creative process: Being cool. Nobody wants to work with someone who doesn't play nice. I thought we were in this together.

LINDSEY

We are in this together. That's why I'm doing it. We need this to be as clean as possible. Think about "Monday Morning." It's so crisp, you can't even tell how crisp it is. It's invisible. I'm not saying it should be the single--

STEVIE

Neither is anyone else.

Lindsey simmers a bit.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

We got the chance to do what we do, our way.

LINDSEY

(heart of the matter)  
But what if no one cares?

STEVIE

Then everything stays exactly the same. We're still in this together.

Stevie gestures for them to rejoin the room.

INT. SOUND CITY - STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Lindsey and Stevie re-enter the studio. A more solemn room is waiting for them.

LINDSEY

What's going on?

Keith's holding the phone, his face somber.

KEITH  
You're going to want to take this.

Keith extends the receiver for Lindsey, who accepts it with trepidation.

INT. BEAMER - DAY

Lindsey and Stevie have returned back to Palo Alto to the church they met in all those years ago. Draped in black, they sit in silence.

LINDSEY  
You remember the time my dad  
stumbled onto us toking in the  
garage? He said he'd rather we be  
necking.

STEVIE  
(choked up)  
I do, but, maybe, not one for the  
eulogy.  
(beat)  
Oh, that reminds me.

She digs into her purse and pulls out a bag of joints.

STEVIE (CONT'D)  
I rolled these for you.

Lindsey accepts them and nods, numbly.

They go to join the other mourners.

INT. FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

They find Robin and Kim already waiting for them. Robin embraces Stevie. She turns to Lindsey.

ROBIN  
Linds, there are no words.

Lindsey nods. He seems to agree.

From the first row, we hear Ruth's loud wailing. Lindsey, silently, excuses himself to be with her.

We move up to the front, where Lindsey puts an arm around his grieving mother. It doesn't seem to soothe her.

GREG (O.S.)

Nice of you to wear a fitting suit.

Lindsey, tears in his eyes, gets up to embrace Greg.

LINDSEY

I'm sorry.

GREG

Shh... Shh... It's OK.

(beat)

Let's give Mom some space.

The brothers adjourn to a more private area.

GREG (CONT'D)

She's been like this since it happened.

LINDSEY

Shit... I just realized I'll never be able to buy Dad dinner.

The boys share a well-needed, cleansing laugh.

GREG

Trust me, it wasn't all it was cracked up to be.

They have to stifle their chuckling, at this point.

GREG (CONT'D)

After talking with Philip, it didn't seem like there was a chance of that happening any time soon.

A line has been crossed, they both know it.

GREG (CONT'D)

I didn't mean that... I want you to do well. That's all.

LINDSEY

Uh-huh.

Lindsey begins to walk away.

GREG

Come back, I'm sorry.

Lindsey, almost at the exit, walks by Stevie.

STEVIE  
(concerned)  
Where're you going?

LINDSEY  
I'm... This is a lot, and you need  
me fresh for the tour, right?  
(beat)  
I just need some air. Fresh air.

EXT. FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

Lindsey goes to light one of the joints Stevie gave him, but his hands won't stop shaking, preventing his release.

He throws everything to the ground, crumples down after them, sobbing uncontrollably.

INT. EL PASO COUNTY COLISEUM - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

The sardine can of a green room is crammed full. The band each individually prepares in their own way to kick off the tour.

Per usual, John's drunk and working on getting drunker.

Stevie, sharing a couch with Christine, pours over her lyrics. Christine, the old pro, is a level of relaxed that would make the Buddha envious.

STEVIE  
(anxious)  
We're getting play here, huh?

CHRISTINE  
So they say.

STEVIE  
I don't want you to think I'm,  
like, freaking out or anything.  
It's just we've never played a  
venue this big... And full. Except,  
maybe, Mobile, but, ya' know,  
that's not El Paso.

CHRISTINE  
Sweetheart, I have just the thing  
for your jitters.

Christine removes her necklace, on the end of which is a small vial of cocaine. She portions the contents onto her fingernail and moves it towards Stevie.

STEVIE  
This'll help me perform?

CHRISTINE  
Sure.

Stevie does the bump, and there's an instant pep in her step.

Off in a corner, Lindsey focuses on tuning his guitar like a bomb tech cutting wires.

Mick saunters over to the guitarist with a pair of Heinekens.

MICK  
One of these is for you.

LINDSEY  
(without looking up)  
No thanks.

Mick doesn't mind drinking them both. He pulls up a stool.

MICK  
Have I ever told you about my  
father?  
(diving in)  
He was in the Royal Air Force.  
Force of nature. Larger than--

LINDSEY  
I get what you're trying to do,  
and... Let's focus on the gig.

MICK  
I guess I wanted to say we  
appreciate you soldiering on.

Lindsey nods and goes back to his tuning.

As Mick leaves:

LINDSEY  
Thanks.

It's a small move, but one in the right direction.

INT. EL PASO COUNTY COLISEUM - STAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Big room, bright lights, rumbling crowd. This is it. The moment they've been working towards. The band takes their places. Stevie, front and center, stands at her mic.

STEVIE  
 (to crowd)  
 Hello, El Paso...

The zeal of their response overwhelms Stevie. We're not in Jungle Jim's anymore.

She stands still, not sure what to do next.

Lindsey peels off the opening riff to "Rhiannon."

CROWD  
 (in unison)  
 AAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!!!

STEVIE  
 (to crowd)  
 This is a song about an old Welsh witch.

Stevie, still nervous, starts off shaky. As the song builds, the crowd recognizes it and sings along. The alleged air play has paid off. Stevie's vocals gain confidence.

When the time comes, Lindsey rips off a towering guitar solo where the bridge had been. It more than makes up for the quiet radio mix. It takes the concertgoers and, frankly, the rest of the band by surprise.

Stevie, however, recognizes it instantly. Perhaps fueled by the powder, she twirls wildly around the stage, whipping her shawl like a matador's cape.

The audience loses their collective mind at the sight of her spontaneous dance. Lindsey sees all too clearly the source of the fans excitement. He downshifts back into the song proper.

Mick, Christine, and John pick up on the cue, and lead Stevie to a rousing finish.

This version of Fleetwood Mac can really fucking cook.

#### **TOUR MONTAGE:**

We catch snippets of shows from every mid-major market across the United States, as the Fleetwood Mac tour bus rolls along an overlaid map, *Raiders of the Lost Ark*-style.

Each show grows in size and intensity. Beyond the music, we see the fun and games of life on the road e.g. hotel room trashings, groupie indulgences, and the drugs, oh, the drugs.



Over the montage, we hear "Monday Morning" for the first time. The rhythm section is driving and strong, and it really does zip by. But, at the end of the day, it's no "Rhiannon".

# **END SUCCESSFUL TOUR MONTAGE**

INT. BUFFALO NEW CENTURY THEATRE - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

Stevie's as far away from the action as the telephone cord will allow, as she reads from a newspaper clipping.

STEVIE

(into phone; reading)

"Nicks, whose black wardrobe puts her in league with the occult..."  
Can you believe that shit? Did they ever consider black is slimming?

(beat)

I know, Alice Cooper's "putting on a show," but I'm the chick in the band who worships Satan.

(beat)

Other than that, everything's been amazing, but I want you to know, I'm so heartbroken I can't be there. They just keep adding on more dates.

INTERCUT:

INT. FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Robin, in her flowing wedding gown, cradles the phone to her ear, as she waits for her ceremony to begin. She's surrounded by bridesmaids, who file out one by one, as the conversation continues.

ROBIN

It's OK, you're living your dream... How's Lindsey handling all this?

STEVIE

(finishing a bump)

Who? Oh, I mean, yeah, um...

Stevie looks over her shoulder to see Lindsey in a screaming match with lighting director CURRY GRANT (30).

CURRY

How hard is it give me the solo cues before the gig?

LINDSEY

Do you have *any* fucking idea what I  
do...?

Back to the call.

STEVIE

He's doing great.

ROBIN

I'm just so happy for you guys.

An organ bellows out the opening notes of "Here Comes the  
Bride."

ROBIN (CONT'D)

That's my cue. I gotta go. Love  
you.

STEVIE

OK, love you!

They both hang up and take their respective stages.

STEVIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(to crowd)

Hello, Buffalo! This is a song  
about...

She's drowned out in the crowd's exultations, as the band,  
full throttle, kicks into "Rhiannon."

PRELAP: The radio edit of "Rhiannon" coming through tinny  
speakers...

EXT. BUS DEPOT - PARKING LOT - DAY

The Fleetwood Mac tour bus pulls up to its final destination  
after having successfully criss-crossed the continental 48.

Crew members offload equipment with precision, while the band  
members amble out, hungover-dly.

MICK

All's well, that ends well, but  
it's not over yet.

Mick pulls out a creased copy of *Billboard* from his back  
pocket.

MICK (CONT'D)

Another week in the Hot 100,  
another check to cash.

LINDSEY

Cool, so, we get back in the studio next week?

STEVIE

Yeah, I have some lyrics to finesse with everyone--

MICK

Whoa, there, easy! When I was your age, we were on album seven in year five. Look at this face...

(beat)

It's nothing to aspire to. Go live a little life, do something worth writing about. When was the last time you had dinner, just the two of you?

Stevie and Lindsey look to one another, uncertain.

INT. VOLARE'S ITALIAN - DINING ROOM - LATER

Stevie and Lindsey have ordered for themselves quite a feast.

STEVIE

It's just occurred to me that I'm not very hungry.

Stevie portions out a bump on the tip of her silver dessert spoon.

LINDSEY

That's happening more frequently.

STEVIE

(wiping her nose)

Sorry, I'm a little tired.

LINDSEY

About those lyrics you--

STEVIE

Mick is right. We need to be us for a minute.

Some time passes, as the two pick at their food.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

It's like "Rhiannon." That was divinely inspired. You can't go looking for that sort of thing.

LINDSEY

What are you talking about? I was there when we wrote it, and I didn't forget when we re-wrote it.

(beat)

So, let's be clear, "Rhiannon" isn't inspired, it's popular. Tie-dye was popular. Hell, Nixon was popular. And we put in the work to make it popular.

STEVIE

Why would you say that? That's such an asshole thing to say.

Lindsey's taken aback by Stevie's directness.

LINDSEY

I don't like you giving the credit up to gods and ghosts, OK? We all worked on it, but it's your song. You deserve it.

STEVIE

That's what this is about?

(beat)

You're jealous?

Before Lindsey gets the chance to retort, an ANXIOUS FAN (20s) approaches the table.

ANXIOUS FAN

Lindsey! Are you Lindsey Buckingham? From Fleetwood Mac?

LINDSEY

(annoyed)

Yeah, what?

ANXIOUS FAN

Not you... *Her*.

The confusion stuns Lindsey for a moment. Stevie takes control.

STEVIE

Yes, yes I am.

ANXIOUS FAN

I knew it. Oh my God. Lindsey, you have the best voice. So raw, so real. I can't get it out of my head.

(MORE)

## ANXIOUS FAN (CONT'D)

I saw a photo of you in *Creem* with  
your black... Wait, is that...  
It... The one?

With every compliment, Stevie nods along, basking in the  
glory of it all.

## STEVIE

Thank you so much. I have to admit  
that I couldn't have done it  
without the great Stevie Nicks.  
*He's* so good on the guitar, *his* ear  
for melody is unmatched.

(dripping with sarcasm)

Is that what he wanted to hear?

The actual Lindsey gets up from the table.

## LINDSEY

"Lindsey," you got the bill?

Lindsey stomps away, leaving behind a smug as a bug Stevie.

## EXT. HYATT HOUSE - POOL - NIGHT

That night, at the Hyatt House's pool, there's a real rock  
'n' roll rager happening. Here are just a few of the  
attendees: The Eagles, Linda Ronstadt, what's left of The  
Doors, Harry Nilsson, plus a rumor of Led Zeppelin showing  
up.

Stevie, on a lounge chair, sips Prosecco and hoovers nose  
candy. Robin, at her side, participating only in the former.

## STEVIE

Can you believe he did that?

## ROBIN

Um, yeah, I can.

## STEVIE

It's just, like, why is he... He  
should know. Everyone thinks he's  
good, already. What's his deal?

Christine, the unofficial hostess of this soiree, saunters  
over between the ladies.

## CHRISTINE

My two cents...

## STEVIE

I didn't ask.

CHRISTINE

(ignoring)

When I was in the crowd and John was onstage, everything was golden. The moment he asked me to join them up there, we had problems. Being in a band with someone is difficult. Being in a relationship is even more difficult. Being in both? Impossible.

STEVIE

Wait, are you quitting the--

CHRISTINE

No, darling, I'm getting a divorce. Which means...

Christine spots an attractive and eligible scenester across the pool and makes her move.

As quickly as Christine has left, Harry, that bastard from Polydor, comes up behind them.

HARRY

Did I hear something about quitting?

STEVIE

For fuck's sake...

Stevie turns to face the voice.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

Harry! What're you...? I wouldn't expect to see you at a place like this.

HARRY

I got a lotta friends from work.

Harry waves at Led Zeppelin frontman Robert Plant, who despite clearly seeing him, doesn't reciprocate the gesture.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Can I tell you a story? I was driving to the office awhile back, in my brand new car. I never buy new cars, against my religion, but my son, he's only four, has this poster up on his wall. Pontiac Firebird, cherry red, beautiful and he thinks it's the coolest car in the--

STEVIE  
Point, point.

HARRY  
I'm driving along, in my Firebird,  
and what should come on the radio  
but "Rhiiaaaaannon." I nearly  
crashed my beloved, new Firebird.

ROBIN  
Shocked?

HARRY  
Angry. I wanted to kill myself. If  
I had heard *that*, I never would've  
let you walk. I always knew Nicks  
was the talent. When you're done  
being "the chick in that band,"  
call me.

Harry leaves Stevie with his business card and goes off to  
get snubbed by other beautiful people.

Stevie makes quick use of the card by portioning out a line  
with it.

ROBIN  
He might have a point.

STEVIE  
I'm not going solo. Jesus Christ, I  
live with Lindsey. He can be...  
Challenging, but the good times  
always outweigh the bad.

ROBIN  
What was the last "good" moment you  
guys shared?

Stevie thinks for a second.

STEVIE  
I know it, I know exactly what it  
is, it was the night we decided to  
join Mac.

(beat; wistful)  
We had our backs against a cliff,  
nowhere else to go, and we decided,  
together, this was our destiny. We  
were out on the street, and we  
shared this kiss. It was like a  
first kiss, last kiss, it was,  
like, the only kiss anyone ever  
had.

(MORE)

STEVIE (CONT'D)

Then it started to rain and, Robin,  
we stood there in it, holding each  
other.

Robin polishes off her champagne flute.

ROBIN

So, the last time you were happy  
was getting wet, over a year ago?

Stevie shakes this off, her eyes moving around the party, as  
if she's, literally, looking for justification.

Instead, she finds eye contact with Eagles drummer DON HENLEY  
(29), who looks a little like Lindsey, if you inflated him in  
all the right places. No justification to be found there.

INT. TOWER RECORDS - DAY

Lindsey dances through the aisles of Tower Records,  
obsessively filling a cart with the gaps in his record  
collection. He's found his happy place.

A STARSTRUCK SHOPGIRL (20s) has finally worked up the courage  
to approach him.

STARSTRUCK SHOPGIRL

Are you finding everything alright,  
uh, Mr. Buckingham?

LINDSEY

I heard there was a special UK  
pressing of "My Generation" where  
Roger actually says, "fuck." Do you  
have that?

STARSTRUCK SHOPGIRL

I'm not sure... I'll check!

The shopgirl scurries off.

LINDSEY

(after her)

And when you find it, can you blast  
that over the sound system? I want  
to hear it, loud.

STARSTRUCK SHOPGIRL

Right away!

Lindsey smiles to himself. What a way to live...



MICK (O.S.)  
Linds! I thought that was you!

Lindsey turns to see Mick bounding towards him in long strides. "Pleased" is not how we'd describe Lindsey's reaction.

LINDSEY  
What're you doing here?

MICK  
Same as you, staying on the cutting edge.

Mick brandishes a copy of ABBA's eponymous 1975 album.

MICK (CONT'D)  
What've you sniffed out?

Mick starts digging through Lindsey's selections.

MICK (CONT'D)  
(circumspect)  
Captain Beefheart? New York Dolls?  
#1 Record by Big Star? #1 where?  
Timbuktu?

The rebellious opening notes of "My Generation" explode over the store's loud speakers.

MICK (CONT'D)  
(re: the song; yelling)  
That's what I'm talking about!

LINDSEY  
This has been fun, but...

Lindsey, leaving his purchases behind, heads for the exit. Mick follows.

MICK  
How about we hit the town tonight?  
You, me, Stevie, and whatever fox  
that I entrap in my snare.

LINDSEY  
(not turning back)  
We're busy.

MICK  
Wait, Linds!

Mick catches Lindsey right before the doors.

MICK (CONT'D)  
I have news for you!

LINDSEY  
(whipping around)  
What?

MICK  
We're going to start recording the follow-up. Sooner than anticipated, I know. I wanted to tell you tonight, over drinks. Celebrate, properly.  
(beat)  
I thought about it and no time like the present to capitalize on our resounding success.

LINDSEY  
(incredulous)  
Uh-huh, Warner Brothers called?

MICK  
And they're desperate for us! They even finagled the most gorgeous studio in all of California. It's up in Sausalito, so a little taste of home for you and Stevie. We'll commence next week.

Mick stands at the ready for his due praise.

LINDSEY  
Fine.

Lindsey, without another word, departs, leaving Mick, for the first time, speechless.

INT. WORST APARTMENT BUILDING IN ALL OF NOHO - NIGHT

Lindsey packs up some changes of underwear, a leather jacket, and his Gibson Les Paul for a trip that could span months.

He hears an engine idling outside the window. Peering down to the street, he spies Stevie riding shotgun in Don Henley's 1976 Revenge Orange Corvette Stingray.

She hops out with nothing more than a wave and heads to the apartment.

Lindsey watches Don watch Stevie go.

After a moment, the drummer peels out in a cloud of dust, as the door to their hovel opens.

STEVIE  
Hey, you're still up.  
(re: suitcase)  
Are you going somewhere?

LINDSEY  
Maybe I should ask where you're coming from.

STEVIE  
Oh, just a party.

LINDSEY  
Any mutual friends?

STEVIE  
Like, the usual suspects, Christine, Robin... Oh! Harry was there on his hands and knees--

LINDSEY  
That's exactly the kind of car I thought Don Henley would drive.

Stevie scoffs.

STEVIE  
Get over yourself. Our place was on Don's way home to Laurel Canyon.

LINDSEY  
That's 20 minutes south of us.

STEVIE  
If something was happening, it would be happening, and since nothing is happening, fucking trust me.

Lindsey shakes off Stevie's repetitive defense.

LINDSEY  
I'm just your second hand news, I guess.

STEVIE  
No one has taken your place, alright? So, are you leaving me or what?

LINDSEY

I ran into Mick. We're recording in Sausalito. Label wants it yesterday.

STEVIE

This is... A good thing. The start of something new.

LINDSEY

Exactly what we need.

Neither seem entirely convinced by this exchange.

PRELAP: 1965's "Love Hurts" by the Everly Brothers plays on the radio.

INT. BEAMER - MOVING - DAY

We're in the car with Stevie and Lindsey on the drive North. The country twang on the radio is a lotta bit on the nose, which escapes neither person.

Stevie hits another preset button. Cue Nazareth's 1975 cover of the same song.

Stevie gives up completely and turns off the radio.

Beat.

LINDSEY

I like that song.

Stevie rolls her eyes.

EXT. THE RECORD PLANT - PARKING LOT - LATER

Their beat up Beamer pulls into the lot of the Record Plant. It couldn't be anymore the antithesis of Sound City in Van Nuys.

Its rustic exterior blends it into the surrounding majestic Redwoods, ensuring a secluded spot for maximum productivity.

Waiting for them, lounging on the hood of his new highlighter yellow Ferrari, is their fearless manager/drummer, Mick.

Stevie and Lindsey get out of the car to gawk.

MICK

They don't do this colour off the line. Special request.

STEVIE

It's...

CHRISTINE (O.S.)

Ridiculous.

Christine has arrived in her reasonably luxurious Jaguar complete with her new boy toy, Curry Grant, the roadie from Lindsey's screaming match back in Buffalo.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

If you insist on parking that eyesore here, I insist we find a tarp to cover it. You think I'm joking, I am not joking. I. Will. Walk.

John arrives last, thankfully dropped off by a cab. He surveys his bandmates, taking special note of Christine's new lover and Mick's auto-atrocity. John puts his head between his knees and vomits.

A rousing start to a new venture!

INT. THE RECORD PLANT - STUDIO - MOMENTS LATER

Luxurious doesn't begin to describe the swank interior. White linen draped from the ceiling, sunburst patterns across the wall, top of the line gear. It's like a musician's Narnia.

The band is immediately drawn to the ornate display of grub, booze, and drugs at the room's center. Mick plucks a card from a bottle of Dom Perignon and reads.

MICK

It's from the label. The numbers have come in: *Fleetwood Mac* has sold over 3 million copies and counting. Do you know what this means?

STEVIE

That we've made them boatloads of money, but instead of a bonus we're getting caviar and coke?

CHRISTINE

Cynical.

STEVIE

Pop music.

LINDSEY

Let's go.

Lindsey picks up a Turner Model 1, rips off a decorative bow, then rips into a new melody. It sounds like a more muscular descendent of "Monday Morning."

The group seems to dig it. Like, really dig it. Maybe the Everly Brothers and McVie's puke weren't the omens they appeared.

MICK

Yes! Lyrics?

Lindsey pulls out a shred of paper from his back pocket.

LINDSEY

Yeah, they're a little undercooked,  
but let's run 'em.

Lindsey kicks back into his guitar and talk sings a few choice lines to the group.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

(accompanying his playing)  
"I know there's nothing to say/  
Someone has taken my place/ When  
times get rough/ I've been tossed  
enough/ La di da filler filler/I'm  
just second hand news/I'm just  
second hand news yeah..."

Stevie and the rest of the group look on in disbelief. How autobiographical is this?

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

(unbothered)  
Actually, on the "times get rough,"  
that'd be a great place for some  
backing. Stevie?

Stevie unable to stop this slow motion car wreck crosses and stands behind her man.

They run through the same section, Stevie adding her vocal flourishes through gritted teeth.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

Little too much, little too much.  
It really needs to be more  
complementary.

Mick steps in to the relief of everyone.

MICK

Let's not get too in the weeds on vocals just yet. I want a crack at this. What do you have in mind for this ol' geezer?

Lindsey, not realizing the damage he's done, picks up Mick's ball and runs with it.

LINDSEY

I think this cries out for something we haven't done before. Like...

Lindsey grabs a Naugahyde seat and begins to slap it. It gives off a unique reverberation.

Mick, happy to have averted disaster for now, begins to explore the benefits of non-traditional sound.

Stevie, the spotlight off, touches her face, which has gone red with humiliation and rage. She picks up a velvet baggie of booger sugar, and leaves the session, unnoticed.

INT. THE RECORD PLANT - SLY STONE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Stevie has retired to the black velvet womb. Between generous inhalations of snow, she's hard at work on... Something.

Christine wanders in, as curious as us.

CHRISTINE

The girl at reception told me Sly Stone had this built as a "conversation pit."

STEVIE

(not looking up)  
Uh-huh.

CHRISTINE

I was wondering if you could help me with a bit of a predicament. I've written this number about my new lover. Fireworks in the sack and such.

(beat)

It just occurred to me that that might be a bit awkward... For John. How do you think he would feel? For instance, how would you feel, if you were in his position?

STEVIE  
I don't know. In Lindsey's *number*,  
apparently I'm fucking around.

CHRISTINE  
Oh, you know, thank God.

Stevie continues scribbling down her response.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)  
(re: Stevie's writing)  
I'm looking forward to it.

Christine departs, smirking to herself.

INT. THE RECORD PLANT - STUDIO - EVENING

A few days have passed, and the other members of Fleetwood Mac continue to collaborate.

Christine is at a Steinway baby grand, playing.

CHRISTINE  
(singing)  
"Yesterday's gone, yesterday's  
gone..."  
(back to talking)  
It's a good hook, yeah, but I'm not  
sure where it's going.

LINDSEY  
Well, don't stop, it'll--

STEVIE (O.S.)  
(raspy)  
Get there.

Everyone stops and stares at the disheveled Stevie, dark circles under her eyes, wearing the same clothes from before.

She moves over to the piano, and indelicately scoots Christine off the bench.

MICK  
Stevie, how long have you been--

Stevie gestures for silence. With one hand she starts tickling the ivories. A leisurely, seductive piece emerges.



STEVIE

(singing)

"Now there you go again, you  
say/You want your freedom/Well who  
am I to keep you down..."

The lyrics are pointed and everyone in the room knows exactly who they're pointed towards. Their target hears them loud and clear. Stevie continues into the chorus.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

(singing)

"Thunder only happens when it's  
raining/Players only love you when  
they're playing/Say women they will  
come and they will go/When the rain  
washes you clean, you'll know,  
you'll know..."

Stevie finishes her performance.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

So, how was it?

Before she can receive a reply...

CLANG!

Stevie passes out cold, *di*-rectly onto the keys.

Worried, everyone scrambles to Stevie's aid.

INT. SAUSALITO CONDO - MORNING

Stevie stirs in her and Lindsey's bed. Opposite her is a fully dressed and wide-awake Lindsey.

STEVIE

What time is it?

LINDSEY

Tuesday.

Stevie gives him a sarcastic laugh. Lindsey, not wasting anytime, dives in head first.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

Why did you do that?

STEVIE

Seemed like airing our dirty  
laundry was on the table. At least  
I didn't quote us directly.

LINDSEY

It's just like you to assume those lyrics were about you. I was writing as a character. This guy thinks his partner has moved on, doesn't need him anymore. Maybe, maybe he thinks his girl is ungrateful for everything he's done for her.

Two can play at this game.

STEVIE

Right... My character *knows* that her man is there for her on his terms, and his terms alone. She knows he's only ever looked out for himself, that he would've abandoned her the moment he had his chance.

Lindsey jumps up, livid.

LINDSEY

"Had his chance?" Guess what? They didn't even want you in the first place. I *could've* left you. I should've...

STEVIE

(tearing up)  
Sometimes I wish you had.

LINDSEY

I know you called Pisshead. You wanted to settle!

STEVIE

What choice did you give me? I didn't need to read the tea leaves to see my future. Fifty, wiping down tables, saying, "Oh, I almost made it once, but I have my principles."

LINDSEY

Why didn't you believe in me?

STEVIE

I always believed in you, I didn't believe in us!

LINDSEY  
Fuck it... You know what? I'm done.  
Pack up this shit, you take the  
car.

STEVIE  
I'm not going anywhere.

Lindsey realizes that if she's willing to stay that there's  
nothing he can do.

LINDSEY  
FINE!

Lindsey storms out, slamming the door behind him.

INT. THE RECORD PLANT - STUDIO - NIGHT

The pulsating rhythm track to "The Chain" pounds under Stevie  
and Lindsey's still simmering anger, as they stand shoulder-  
to-shoulder, ready to record their vocals.

LINDSEY  
(singing)  
"And if you don't love me now...  
You will never love me again..."

STEVIE  
(singing)  
"I can still hear you saying, you  
would never break the chain."

Musical break.

LINDSEY  
(to Stevie)  
You're jumping your cue.

STEVIE  
(to Lindsey)  
Fuck off, you're earl--

Lindsey goes back into the bridge, Stevie backs him up with  
more intensity.

LINDSEY  
(to the booth)  
Cut the fucking tape. We need to go  
again.

Lindsey throws his headphones down, storming out, full-stop.

Stevie goes to the rest of the waiting group. John is passed out on the couch. Next to him Christine buries her nose in a copy of *Delta of Venus*. Only Mick was left rapt by the fireworks.

STEVIE

Third session this week. Do we all have to be here for this shit? It's 2 AM. How about he lays the rest of his stuff down in L.A.? Spare us.

MICK

Not with results like these.

Stevie helps herself to a neatly placed rail of cocaine off the craft table, next to an extravagant breakfast spread.

STEVIE

If I don't have to do backup on it, then I don't want to be here. You can tell him that for me.

MICK

As you wish.

Mick excuses himself outside.

EXT. THE RECORD PLANT - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Mick finds a smoldering Lindsey leaning against the wall, puffing on a joint.

Mick holds his hand out for it, Lindsey obliges.

After a long drag:

MICK

(exhaling)

I really dug that take.

Lindsey shrugs. Mick approaches the message with kid gloves.

MICK (CONT'D)

So... Do you think it's possible we don't necessarily have to have all of us in the same booth? All the time? Maybe, and this is just a thought, we transition into something Stevie doesn't... Sing on, huh?

Lindsey takes a hit.

LINDSEY  
I'll see what I can do.

INT. THE RECORD PLANT - STUDIO - NIGHT

With the music playing in his headphones, Lindsey screams some choice lyrics from "Go Your Own Way," with more ferocity than a junk yard dog.

LINDSEY  
"Loving you/ Isn't the right thing  
to do/ How can I ever change things  
that I feel/ Tell me why/  
Everything turned around/ Packing  
up/ Shacking up is all you want to  
do/ You can go your own way/ Go  
your own way..."

Mick watches on from the board, perhaps, having done more harm than good.

INT. THE SNYDER/ANDERSON RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - DAY

Stevie, visiting her friend's happy home, brings some of her fury, as her bestie looks on with a cup of tea at her kitchen table.

STEVIE  
Fuck him, fuck that song, fuck  
those lyrics, fuck everything about  
him. "Packing up, shacking up? It's  
all I want to do." It's been seven  
years, did I miss the proposal?

ROBIN  
(calmly)  
You know what you have to do now.

STEVIE  
What's that? Hit him with our car?

ROBIN  
Write.

Stevie's smelling what Robin's cooking.

INT. THE RECORD PLANT - STUDIO - NIGHT

Stevie's at the mic, lyric sheet out in front of her. We hear the music bed of twinkling keys. It's sad, it's sweet, and it's building...

STEVIE  
(singing)  
"You could be my silver springs..."

INT. EL CARMEN MEXICAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Lindsey sits alone in a corner booth, fidgeting as he waits for his bandmates. Christine approaches first. She surveys the empty table.

CHRISTINE  
I'd apologize for my tardiness, but  
it appears I'm still the most  
punctual.

LINDSEY  
John's at the bar.

Just then, Mick wanders in, a lady on each arm. He struts over having expected a party, not a meeting.

MICK  
Don't worry, Linds, I brought  
enough to share with the whole  
class.

LINDSEY  
(to the ladies; motioning  
to John)  
Why don't you go keep that guy over  
there company?

The ladies take the hint and go to chat up a soused John.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)  
I'd have had them send him over,  
but what's the point?

Christine looks through Lindsey.

CHRISTINE  
Are we waiting for Stevie?

LINDSEY  
We've been mixing this thing for  
months, had to delay the fucking  
tour, nearly wore out the tape on  
the master... And it's still too  
long. So, as the adults in the  
room, we have to make tough calls,  
we need tough love. Off the top of  
my head, "Silver Springs." That's  
six and a half minutes right there.

CHRISTINE

Tough love? That's no love at all,  
in that song or in your opinion.

LINDSEY

Fine, we can lose "Songbird."

CHRISTINE

(eyes narrowing)

Why not one of *yours*?

LINDSEY

'Cause mine fit on the radio. Feel  
free to jump in any time, Mick.

MICK

I'd like to hear Stevie's thoughts  
on this matter.

LINDSEY

We already know what she thinks.  
So... You have her thoughts, my  
thoughts, John doesn't have any  
thoughts, which leaves you two.

(beat)

"Silver Springs" or "Songbird?"

The moment hangs in the air.

CHRISTINE

(to Mick)

Do you want to tell her?

INT. STEVIE'S ROCK STAR MANSION - NIGHT

Stevie wasted no time applying her new found wealth to her  
spacious digs. Every piece of New Age tat fills the place,  
wall-to-wall. Crystals, burning incense, abstract art. Oddly,  
however, it lacks traditional furniture.

With no place to take a seat, Stevie bawls like mad, face  
down on her oriental rug. Mick crouches beside her, doing his  
damndest to comfort his heartbroken singer.

MICK

It's going to be the B-side on the  
first single. Cross my heart.

STEVIE

(wailing)

We already voted on singles. It'll  
be behind "Go Your Own Waaaay."

MICK

Doesn't have to be. It could be...  
I mean, that really is putting our  
best foot forward.

Stevie lets out another sustained cry, before swallowing hard, and collecting her feelings.

STEVIE

(calmly)

I'm never talking to him again... I  
can't. I just can't.

Mick considers fighting this demand, but, instead, simply pats her on the back.

INT. CHATEAU MARMONT - ROOM 64 - NIGHT

The swanky, Norman-style two-bedroom suite perched on top of the capital of show business includes a wraparound terrace to house the record release party for Fleetwood Mac's hotly anticipated follow-up album *Rumours*.

The imagined glitz of an evening like this is dampened by the heavy industry presence. For the accounting department, this is quite a thrill. For the performers, it's a little tame.

In one corner, Lindsey rants and raves to boy wonder reporter CAMERON CROWE (20).

LINDSEY

...So, saying you "like" a song is  
basically saying, you "heard" a  
song. So, fuck, "like."

It should be noted that Cameron doesn't pass out, overwhelmed by Lindsey's integrity.

CAMERON

Cool.

(beat)

I've heard rumors that you and  
Stevie were only communicating via  
song through the recording process.  
Any truth to that?

LINDSEY

Rumors are just that. They fly all  
around you, especially when you're  
on top. That's why I decided to  
call the album, "Rumours."



CAMERON

Alright...

(reading from his notes)

Fact or rumor: You bounced Stevie's  
most damning song "Silver Springs"  
from the album in favor of you're  
own work?

Lindsey nods.

LINDSEY

(faking a "Eureka" moment)

Oooh, you just reminded me why...  
We call you the fucking enemy.

Cameron's been iced out. Thankfully, Christine's walking by.

CAMERON

(calling after her)

Christine, can I get a quote?

CHRISTINE

"I have nothing to declare but my  
genius."

CAMERON

(trying to play along)

Haha, Wilde, I get that.

(back to business)

Uh, but, seriously, was it hard  
working everyday with your ex-  
husband?

CHRISTINE

Not at all, darling.

CAMERON

But a song like, "You Make Loving  
Fun," is about your affair with  
your last tour's lighting director.  
That couldn't have been easy for  
John, could it?

CHRISTINE

Well, that song is about our dog.

CAMERON

He didn't believe that, did he?

Christine makes a sweeping gesture over to John, who is  
balancing no fewer than three mixed drinks while trying to  
sip a fourth.

Cameron goes to continue his line of questioning with John.

CAMERON (CONT'D)  
Hi, John, Cameron Crowe, *Rolling Stone*. "You Make Loving Fun--"

JOHN  
(slurred)  
The one about Chris fucking our lighting guy?

CAMERON  
Yeah... Do you think all the tension surrounding the band helped with the creative alchemy?

JOHN  
(slurred)  
It wasn't alchemy. Alchemy is a wizard turning rocks to gold. This was pressure. Pressure on each of us, pressure on all of us together, pressure from Warner Brothers, pressure from the fans, pressure to somehow get better. This was the kind of pressure that makes coal into diamonds.

Cameron furiously scribbles down the first usable material of the evening.

John tries to take a peak at the forming story, spilling every last drop of his drinks onto the pages in the process.

Before Cameron even has a chance to react, a long arm ropes him over to an open bar. Mick is all too happy to contribute to Fleetwood Mac's public narrative.

MICK  
I would've thought it was past your bed time, son, but as long as I have you here, what do you want to ask me?

CAMERON  
OK... Even though your wife isn't a member of the band, did your ongoing divorce proceedings inform your creative output?

MICK  
(on message)  
This is the best thing we've ever done. It'll obviously be hard to top the last one, but if anyone can do it, it's us.  
(MORE)

MICK (CONT'D)

(beat; intense)

Off the record, Jenny and I have been separated for years, and it's never affected my work. There was no emotional fallout from our divorce, merely a financial fleecing. However, reconciliation is on the table. Actually, that last bit is on the record. Put that in the article.

CAMERON

I think it would lack context...

Mick has ended this impromptu interview by walking off to harangue some other lucky member of the press.

That's when Cameron spots her, Stevie. She's off by herself on the terrace, looking over the City of Angels. He sidles up next to her.

Before Cameron gets a chance to ask anything:

STEVIE

(rote)

Yes, it was hard working with Lindsey after we broke up, but we've always had a hard time working together. We're perfectionists, after all.

CAMERON

How'd you--?

STEVIE

Because it's the only thing anyone has asked me about for six months. Like, I heard a story about how I went after him with a meat cleaver? It's weird hearing stories about yourself. All these rumors out there, it's why I thought it'd be a good title. Mick added the "u" for "glamour."

CAMERON

Do you think--?

STEVIE

(perking up)

We've already been number one. It's all downhill from here.

Stevie smiles, content with this single certainty in life.

**HEAD-SPLITTINGLY AWESOME MONTAGE:**

Fleetwood Mac goes out to support *Rumours*. The tour kicks off with modest luxuries and good-sized domestic venues. We're talking town-cars-to-the-Santa-Barbara-Amphitheater level success.

Then something starts to happen. Every date is overbooked, every crowd leveled, every song a fucking platinum-plated mega-hit.

Each band member, never together unless onstage, enjoys the triumph in their own way.

John never has to worry about last call, let alone picking up the tab.

Mick makes gaudier and gaudier material purchases, from raffish jewelry to ill-considered real estate.

Christine becomes a lady about town, renting out the hottest art galleries for private tours and strutting down the red carpet at the biggest movie premieres.

Stevie indulges in a little bit of everyone's vices: Drinking, shopping, and carousing, she takes them all to the limit. All this while almost single-handedly keeping Colombia's economy booming.

Only Lindsey seems stymied by the runaway success. He spends his days smoking weed, "re-decorating" hotel rooms, and practicing finger plucking among the wreckage.

Just when you think the tour is winding down, they learn the album continues to be a monster, still top of the charts. How many weeks in a row is that? We've lost count. Another million units out the door. Every third record sold has Mick and Stevie on the cover.

It's a world wide phenomenon. More dates have been added: Toronto, London, Paris, West Berlin, Tokyo, Sydney, Rio. Town cars become limos, first class seats become private jets, four-star suites become five-star penthouses.

It's exhilarating, intoxicating, dizzying, exhausting. It's everything you'd want from a rock 'n' roll rocket ride.

**END LIFE FORCE DRAINING MONTAGE**

INT. LIMOUSINE - PASSENGERS - NIGHT

John flips through the issue of *Rolling Stone* with their cover story. The photo doesn't betray all of the fighting and bitterness that went into it.

The radio blares, "Go Your Own Way," while John sips a drink. Stevie's had enough.

STEVIE

Ugh, is there anything else on the dial?

This time it lands on "Don't Stop."

Robin, now firmly entrenched in the entourage, dances along.

Mick, joyous, wants to push the band's luck.

MICK

Let's see if we can go three for three!

He gets his wish: "You Make Loving Fun."

Christine fiddles with a bottle of champagne.

CHRISTINE

I'll never get used to hearing this. Do you mind?

Another change, "Dreams."

Lindsey sits, trying to focus.

LINDSEY

Enough! Change the station or turn it off.

As desired Fleetwood Mac is off the radio. They've been replaced by the Eagles hit "Life in the Fast Lane."

Lindsey chucks a handful of ice from his drink through the partition.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

OFF!

**It's at this moment, the screen splits five (5!) ways and we realize the band members are not together, but, in fact, separately riding in five equally ostentatious limousines.**

EXT. AIRSTRIP - CONTINUOUS

The quintet arrives at the airstrip where a private jet idles on the tarmac to take them to New York City. Stevie and Lindsey board without even looking at each other.

EXT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

The Garden. The Mecca. The very pinnacle of superstardom.

The marquee: "Fleetwood Mac -- Sold Out"

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - STEVIE'S DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

The amenities have improved since El Paso. Most eye catching is the dozen plus bouquets of pink roses that fill the private dressing room.

Stevie looks into a lighted mirror, as Robin feathers her hair. Before her is a silver platter with neat little white lines atop it.

ROBIN

Kim wants us to start trying, but  
if I'm on the road...

Lindsey, cradling a nearly empty bottle of Johnnie Walker Blue, barges in, unexpectedly.

Stevie sees him through the mirror and picks up the plate to snort some aggression.

LINDSEY

"Never Going Back" is on the  
setlist. When we played it in  
Boston, you sulked the whole time.  
It was distracting to me and the  
fans, so how about you just wait in  
the wings tonight?

STEVIE

Robin, could you tell Lindsey that  
he's mistaken? It was Miami when he  
bumped "Gold Dust Woman," so he  
could jerk off in front of 20,000  
people.

LINDSEY

I do my job during "Dreams" every--

ROBIN  
 Not that it matters, I don't think  
 we've even done "Gold Dust Woman"  
 since the first time through  
 Chicago.

LINDSEY  
 (to Robin)  
 Shut up.

STEVIE  
 (to Robin)  
 Robin, don't...

Beat.

LINDSEY  
 Not everything is an attack!

STEVIE (CONT'D)  
 Don't talk to her that way!

Robin leaves before being further caught in the fray.

We PRELAP the deafening roar of the crowd.

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - STAGE - NIGHT

The band runs through the numbers like a well oiled machine,  
 firing on all cylinders at every turn.

They wind down out of one hit and get ready to wind up into  
 another.

Stevie puts herself front and center.

STEVIE  
 (to the crowd)  
 This is a song about an Old Welsh  
 witch.

There's not a soul in the building who doesn't know what that  
 means, and there's only one who isn't excited. He just  
 happens to be onstage.

What seemed so spontaneous and new at the beginning, now  
 feels stale and rote. The notes and words are the same, but  
 what do they even mean?

It comes to the point when Stevie covers herself in lace and  
 twirls about the stage. The audience is rapt by the her  
 performance, when Lindsey takes this attention personally.

Encouraged by Johnnie, Lindsey decides to imitate his former  
 flame by throwing his leather jacket up over his head and  
 spinning.

His silly impression of Stevie's dancing causes uproarious  
 laughter in scattered sections of the crowd. A confused  
 Stevie turns to see Lindsey's continued mocking of her moves.

She does her best to finish the song strongly, but her confidence is shaken.

The band unplugs from their instruments to take a break.

STEVIE (CONT'D)  
(to the crowd)  
We'll be right back, New York.

Stevie takes the opportunity to get right in Lindsey's face about his behavior, as they all file off.

STEVIE (CONT'D)  
(livid)  
What the fuck was that?

Lindsey ignores her as he walks off stage, but Stevie gets in his way.

STEVIE (CONT'D)  
You heard me, what the--

Lindsey brushes past her harder than either expected, knocking her into Mick's drum kit.

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Stevie picks herself up and pursues Lindsey into the bowels of MSG.

All Hell breaks loose. We don't hear everything being said, but it's clear Stevie and Lindsey scream at one another louder than they ever have.

Christine, not knowing what to do, splashes the pair with a full glass of water. John looks on, befuddled.

Robin, having gained understanding of what happened, grabs a pair of scissors and waves them wildly at Lindsey.

Finally, Mick uses his long limbs to keep everyone apart.

MICK  
I know you're both a little  
passionate right now, but we have a  
gig to finish! Probably the biggest  
we are ever going to play! I  
have... We all have worked too hard  
to piss this away on a lovers'  
quarrel. Finish the show and then  
kill each other. Deal?



Somehow the lanky Brit's screaming has cooled everyone down. They all silently agree to soldier on.

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - STAGE - CONTINUOUS

The band retakes their places. Stevie's front and center.

STEVIE  
(to the crowd)  
Here's one you may not know.  
(beat)  
"Silver Springs."

Before there's even a moment to protest, Christine goes into the opening piano notes. Pretty standard so far, it shares some DNA with "Dreams." Lindsey, ever the professional, plays his part.

Then things take a turn, literally. Stevie positions herself to an audience of one. As music builds, so does her intensity.

STEVIE (CONT'D)  
(raw nerve)  
"Time casts a spell on you, but you  
won't forget me/I know I could have  
loved you, but you would not let  
me/I'll follow you down til' the  
sound of my voice will haunt  
you/You'll never get away from the  
sound of the woman that loves  
you/I'll follow you down til' the  
sound of my voice will haunt  
you/Was I just a fool?"

Stevie repeats these lyrics over and over again, as if they were an incantation. She certainly has the crowd under her spell.

With each repetition, Lindsey feels the lyrics more deeply and clearly. He's frozen in place, with nothing to do, but strum his chords and stare at his shoes.

The number draws to a close, inviting a tsunami of adulation from the fans. Never has Fleetwood Mac killed harder.

The war is far from over, but Stevie won this battle. No contest.

INT. THE PLAZA HOTEL - MICK'S ROOM - NIGHT

Mick, packs of ice affixed to each joint, keeps the phone delicately balanced between his shoulder and ear.

MICK  
(into phone)  
I got this lovely spot up in Malibu  
for you and the girls.  
(beat)  
If there ever was a time to come  
out, this would be it. We're as big  
as we can possibly be.

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

MICK (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
Let's table it then. Talk soon.

Mick hangs up the phone and answers the door.

It's Stevie, sheepishly waiting for him.

MICK (CONT'D)  
Oh, Stevie, is everything alright?

Stevie doesn't respond.

MICK (CONT'D)  
The Presidential Suite? They  
painted it pink, right? Did they  
put a baby grand in there for you,  
in case you got the urge? I'll call  
the front desk, if there's anything  
amiss.

STEVIE  
It's fine, but it's... Lonely.

We know where the rest of this evening is headed.

EXT. THE BOWERY - NIGHT

Lindsey roams the New York City streets looking for some action, and he knows where to find it.

INT. CBGB - LATER

Lindsey's found his way inside the soon-to-be infamous punk club. This place is the front line against what he represents. It's rude, it's unpolished, it's authentic.

Spiky-haired kids straight out of central casting pogo along with the beat and hock loogies onto "The Only Band That Matters."

The Clash thrash their way through "Bored of the USA," slathered in saliva.

Lindsey's eyes go wide with the possibilities.

INT. THE PLAZA HOTEL - MICK'S ROOM - MORNING

Mick and Stevie remain snuggled up in bed, after a wild night of misplaced passion. She rests her head on his chest, as she paints his nails a Barbie shade of pink.

STEVIE

You're going to look so fab when  
I'm done.

SLAM! SLAM! SLAM! SLAM! SLAM!

The pounding startles the lovers.

MICK

(shouting)

One minute!

Mick throws a robe over himself and opens the door with the chain still in place. It's Lindsey, jittery as hell.

LINDSEY

Mick, I need...  
(re: Mick's nails)  
What's this?

MICK

Oh, you know, the road makes you  
crazy. Boring out here.

LINDSEY

That's it. Boring. Bored. I'm so  
fucking bored. We've repeated  
ourselves so much I can't remember  
if we're in Boston or Miami.

MICK

(serious)

Uh, Manhattan.

LINDSEY

That's not the point. Here's the  
point, we need a new direction.

MICK  
Have you slept?

LINDSEY  
Fleetwood Mac is a prison that  
we've building ourselves in brick  
by brick for the past two years. If  
we don't break out, I'm gonna die.  
There's a whole new scene out there  
and we need to get at it, or we'll  
be dinosaurs. You know what  
happened to the dinosaurs, right?

ACHOO! Stevie's sneezed from under the covers.

Lindsey tries to peak around the corner, Mick blocks his way.

MICK  
(panicked)  
I get it! Evolve or die. Look,  
we've made changes before. Blues to  
pop and, now, whatever you're  
talking about. I'm in, 100%. We'll  
follow your lead for the next one.  
Whatever you want. Cross my heart.

LINDSEY  
I don't care what the rest of the  
group says, you're a good guy.  
Straight shooter.

MICK  
Cheers...

Mick shuts Lindsey out and breathes a sigh of relief.

Stevie breaches for air from underneath the covers. Though  
the immediate crisis has been averted, she doesn't look  
thrilled about a potentially looming one.

DAVID CROSBY (PRELAP)  
(archival)  
"And the winner is... *Rumours*,  
Fleetwood Mac."

PRELAP: A cheesy orchestral version of "Don't Stop" that you  
never knew you wanted swells, barely drowning out the  
industry's ovations.

INT. THE SHRINE AUDITORIUM - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

Winners and losers from the 20th Annual Grammy Awards mingle, trying to find the best afterparty with the best "refreshments."

Lindsey and Christine stand on line, waiting as their trophies are engraved.

CHRISTINE

The only problem with winning all these things is running out of places to put them.

LINDSEY

(sarcastic)

Fierce competition, too. The worst band in the world, a fake jazz duo, and the soundtrack for a children's film starring a dog man with a bandolier.

Beat.

CHRISTINE

They're called "Wookies."

Lindsey receives his freshly personalized bronze Gramophone and hustles out of the venue.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

(calling after him)

Pull your socks up, rock star!

We shift focus to another corner of the room where Stevie fidgets with her accolade, contented. She's waiting for someone to arrive to continue the celebration.

Stevie spots Mick, and her face lights up. Just as quickly, it falls when she notices his otherworldly ex-model wife, JENNY BOYD (30), draped all over him.

Mick advances, cautiously.

MICK

Stevie, I don't believe you've met the missus. Came straight away from the airport.

(to his wife)

Jenny, this is Stevie.

JENNY

Oh, I love your necklace.

Stevie meets Don Henley's gaze across the room. She's made up her mind.

STEVIE  
(distracted)  
Mmmhmm... What was your name again?  
Loud in here.

JENNY  
It was Jenn--

STEVIE  
Lovely meeting you.

Stevie walks away, that chapter closed behind her. She makes a beeline for the drummer of the worst band in the world.

Don looks her up and down.

DON  
Hey there, Witchy Wom--

STEVIE  
(re: her trophy)  
I'll show you mine, if you show me  
yours.

INT. THE SHRINE AUDITORIUM - MEN'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Stevie and Don stumble backwards into the restroom, making out vigorously. The only other occupant is our old pal, John.

He's stands, drunkenly, at the urinal, his prize in one hand, a nearly finished bottle of Veuve Clicquot in the other, and his Grammy balanced on the top porcelain.

JOHN  
(slurred)  
Hi, Stevie... This is the men's  
room, innit?

Stevie and Don, without noticing, adjourn to and make use of an empty stall.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
What a night...

INT. VOLARE'S ITALIAN - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Once again, we find a gathering of Buckingham's at Volare's, this time just Lindsey and Greg.

At this level of fame, the restaurant staff is well passed the point of caring about Lindsey's leather jacket.

They are joined by a third uninvited guest, a SINCERE FAN (30s), who's in the middle of their spiel.

SINCERE FAN  
...I wanted you to know *Rumours* got me through one of the worst breakups of my life.

LINDSEY  
(flippant)  
Well, that makes one of us.

The Sincere Fan wanders away from the table, Lindsey and Greg try to go back to the meal.

GREG  
You think you're used to it yet?

LINDSEY  
Used to what? People talking to me like they know me?

GREG  
They do, in a way.

Greg trails off after noticing they've been joined by an UNAWARE FAN (20s).

UNAWARE FAN  
Hi, can I have your autograph?

LINDSEY  
(without looking)  
No.

UNAWARE FAN  
Why not?

Lindsey ramps up to 11.

LINDSEY  
What do you mean "why not?" I'm having dinner with my family.

The Unaware Fan lingers.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)  
Fuck off, OK?

Finally, the Unaware Fan is made aware and leaves.

GREG

You could've signed something. I wouldn't have minded.

LINDSEY

So, I can do 50 more before I leave? Besides, they got something better than autograph. That's a story.

Suddenly, a CREEPY FAN (40s) materializes on Lindsey's other side.

CREEPY FAN

My friend dared me to get a lock of hair. I'll do anything for it.

LINDSEY

(to a waiter)

Can we get a doggy bag?

Lindsey gets up from the table and unceremoniously throws down a wad of cash on the table.

EXT. LINDSEY'S ROCK STAR MANSION - NIGHT

Lindsey and Greg pull the old Beamer in front of Lindsey's new digs. From the outside, it looks almost exactly like Stevie's.

INT. LINDSEY'S ROCK STAR MANSION - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Lindsey erupts through the door. Greg's behind, food in hand.

The interior, in contrast to Stevie's house, is nearly empty. He's merely transported the contents of their small, shitty apartment into this large, shitty McMansion.

The rundown mattress and his record collection barely fill up the living room, let alone the house.

Lindsey goes over to the record player and drops the needle on "Pretty Vacant" by the Sex Pistols. The guttural snarl clobbers the floorboards at seismic levels.

LINDSEY

(yelling over the music)

I have a speaker wired to this in every room! I can listen to anything I want, wherever I want!



GREG  
(yelling to match)  
Boss! Can you control the volume?

Lindsey turns it off.

LINDSEY  
That was on "1."  
(beat)  
Oh, I have a rain room. Check this  
out...

Lindsey runs off through an adjoining door, Greg doesn't follow.

From the living room, Greg hears a CLICK of a switch and silence, then another CLICK. Lindsey reemerges.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)  
I haven't put water in it, but when  
there is, I can have a thunderstorm  
in my house whenever I want.

GREG  
Wow, Graceland doesn't even have  
that.

LINDSEY  
Exactly what the real estate agent  
told me. It was a little corny, but  
that's their job, right?  
(beat)  
C'mon, let me show the real reason  
I bought this place.

Lindsey takes off down the hallway. Greg comes along this time. Before he can reach the final destination, Greg's distracted by a large box in an otherwise barren room.

Greg riffles through it: Gold and platinum records for *Fleetwood Mac* and *Rumours*, tour posters, concert t-shirts, AMAs, Grammys. Greg goes to examine one of the accolades more closely.

Lindsey, realizing Greg left him behind, storms in and tries to wrestle his achievements back into the cardboard.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)  
Don't do that, they were in a box  
for a reason.

GREG

If you don't want these, Mom would love them. She can put them up next to--

LINDSEY

The Silver Medal.

Greg reflects on the statement.

GREG

You know, it was only two minutes and thirteen seconds? Two minutes and thirteen seconds that defined my life. Everyone can tell me every little thing about that time. How it looked, where they were when it happened, what it meant to them.

(beat)

But only I experienced it. I chose to enjoy it. I still do.

Lindsey deflects.

LINDSEY

Did you want to see the studio or...?

Greg puts the Grammy back with its kin.

GREG

Um, yeah, sure.

Greg walks out first, Lindsey lingers, looking at his box of trophies.

LINDSEY

(calling after Greg)

Make yourself at home. I'll be right there.

Lindsey fishes out the "Album of the Year" Grammy and eyes some empty shelves. He places it, alone, on the highest of the pair.

He contemplates it becoming a permanent fixture there for an anxious beat. Can he accept the praise and glory of being "*Grammy Winner Lindsey Buckingham?*"

He takes it off the top shelf and moves it to a lower one.

Baby steps.

EXT. ADMIRAL 35 YACHT - DECK - DAY

We've finally arrived: the Ninth Circle of Rock Decadence. Jordan Belfort wishes his yacht parties were this fucking insane. Luckily, Stevie and Don, the gracious co-hosts of this shindig, have pulled the whole thing off with aplomb.

Stevie runs a noticeably out of place Robin and Kim through a guided tour of the 118 foot Italian behemoth.

STEVIE

...Today's crew all signed non-disclosures, so feel free to let your hair down.

Stevie grabs two flutes of champagne off a passing serving tray and hands them off to her guests.

Robin, discreetly, passes her's along to Kim.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

She - Don says all boats are girls - sleeps eight, three engines for a cruising speed of 25 knots, and measures in at exactly one hundred... And something feet. Elton was eyeing this thing, and when Don heard, he had to have it. Now "Piano Man" has to take a dinghy out on the marina.

ROBIN

Isn't that Billy Joel?

STEVIE

Same difference.

They move along the bow, where among the exposed flesh and recreational drugs, Mick makes a tidy home. Jenny, on the other hand, seems less pleased by the shenanigans.

MICK

Stevie! Swinging soiree. Pray tell, where's ol' Linds?

STEVIE

Who?

Everyone's distracted by a bout of particularly loud seasickness, off-screen.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

(re: the ill)

John, next time aim for the ocean.

(MORE)

STEVIE (CONT'D)

It's a big and blue, you can't miss  
it, babe.

Don descends from the bridge of the super-vessel to join the  
group, one hand behind his back.

DON

Thar she blows...  
(pointing)  
And here.

He ropes his lover into one of those kisses that's a little  
too long and a lot too public.

DON (CONT'D)

Surprise.

Don reveals a gold chain necklace, on the end of which  
dangles a glass vial filled with the winking white stuff.

STEVIE

Oh my God, you are a lifesaver.

She delicately tamps out a bump onto the white gold spoon  
wrapped around her finger in the shape of a ring.

Stevie offers the vial to Robin, who gently refuses. Don  
takes over.

DON

C'mon, Stevie said you guys were  
cool.

KIM

(uncomfortable smile)  
We're, uh, not that cool.

Suddenly, Stevie's nose springs a leak.

STEVIE

Damn, rusty pipes.  
(holding her nose)  
You're being really bad guests  
right now.

Robin digs out and hands Stevie a hankie.

ROBIN

Can we talk?

STEVIE

We've been talking.

ROBIN  
You've been talking.

STEVIE  
(stopped cold)  
OK, let's go below deck.

INT. ADMIRAL 35 YACHT - BELOW DECK - MOMENTS LATER

Much more quiet down below, where Christine canoodles with Beach Boys drummer DENNIS WILSON (34).

CHRISTINE  
I would gladly have Brian eating  
carrots with his toes over our guy.

DENNIS  
Alright, no take backs.

Stevie and Robin enter.

STEVIE  
Can we get some privacy?

CHRISTINE  
That's what we were in search of.  
(leading Dennis out)  
There are three other cabins just  
like this, darling.

Christine and Dennis go in search of further privacy.

STEVIE  
What couldn't you say in the sun?

ROBIN  
(sighs)  
I'm pregnant.

Stevie yelps with joy.

STEVIE  
I'm gonna be an aunt! You're gonna  
be a mom! Is it a boy or a girl?

ROBIN  
We don't know yet.

STEVIE  
I have the cutest pink shawl--

ROBIN  
(bluntly)  
And I have cancer.

Stevie's joy implodes.

ROBIN (CONT'D)  
Dr. Herbers said there's no easy way to tell someone that and he's right.  
(beat)  
He's recommending that I terminate the pregnancy before starting treatment.

STEVIE  
We'll get you a different doctor. The most expensive doctors, the best. I don't know where you found this quack--

ROBIN  
This isn't even the second opinion and no amount of money will change it.  
(beat)  
I'm having this baby. It's very likely one or both of us will not survive.  
(beat)  
Stevie, I need you to promise me, if I don't, that you take care of my baby. Can you do that?

Stevie tries to imagine the unimaginable. The very thought leaves her hollow.

INT. LINDSEY'S ROCK STAR MANSION - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Lindsey, blasting the manic "Psycho Killer" by the Talking Heads, stands in his shower, armed with nail scissors and hydroperoxide. Methodically, as the water runs, he clips off every last curl and dyes the remaining strands an unnatural shade of blonde.

INT. LINDSEY'S ROCK STAR MANSION - BATHROOM - LATER

Lindsey tapes a dime-store "dingle" microphone about half a foot off the tiled floor of his commode.

He then assumes the push-up position facing the mic, and shouts:

LINDSEY  
 "Counting on my fingers/Counting on  
 my toes!"

Lindsey yells this phrase with different intonations over and over and over...

INT. BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - POLO LOUNGE - DAY

Mick dines with a trio of women, who all do their best to nod and laugh along at the right parts of his stories.

MICK  
 ...With the wife gone, you have a  
 lot of time to think about your  
 career. Am I where I want to be?  
 Must you change or die? Do people  
 really just want to hear the hits?  
 This next Fleetwood Mac album and  
 tour will be a departure from our  
 most recent sound. With that in  
 mind, I've been empowered by the  
 other members of the band to  
 audition...

(gesturing to the women)  
 Dancers. The more skilled,  
 flexible, and... Lovely, the  
 better.

Suddenly, from across the restaurant, an ELEGANT WAITER (60s)  
 emerges from a side room carrying a silver platter topped  
 with a silver-plated telephone.

ELEGANT WAITER  
 Mr. Fleetwood, there's a Mr.  
 Buckingham on the line for you.

MICK  
 (to the waiter)  
 Ah, thank you.  
 (To the ladies)  
 It's Lindsey.

All three of the aspiring dancers perk up.

MICK (CONT'D)  
 (into phone)  
 Linds, old boy, how are you?

Without a greeting, Lindsey presses play on the fruits of his  
 labor. What blares through the receiver will later be titled  
 "The Ledge," and it's a pulsating, furious song that almost  
 dares you to try and sing along, but would never let you.

Mick let's the assault on his eardrums finish.

MICK (CONT'D)  
 (into phone; taken aback)  
 Yes. A great demo. It'll really...  
 Shine once we get in the studio.  
 Want me to get everyone together  
 for harmonies and such?

LINDSEY (V.O.)  
 (on the phone)  
 What do you mean? It's done.

CLICK. DIAL TONE.

Mick's left alone with the dancers.

MICK  
 (into phone; faking it)  
 OK, yes. Next week it is, then.  
 Cheers.

INT. STEVIE'S ROCK STAR MANSION - BATHROOM - DAY

Stevie stands in a bathroom so over-decorated with artisan hand soaps and frilly towels that Martha Stewart would never stop gagging.

She looks down the barrel of a home pregnancy test vial. It reads positive, as does her expression.

INT. STEVIE'S ROCK STAR MANSION - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

The kitchen takes design cues from the rest of the house.

Don reads the sports page and sips from a cup of joe.

Stevie lingers in the doorway watching him. Her face goes to neutral, as she approaches and silently places the test in front of her lover.

After a pregnant pause:

DON  
 (smiling)  
 Of course, I'll take care of it.

Relief washes over Stevie.

STEVIE  
 I would hope so. It's yours,  
 obviously.



Don laughs.

DON  
Hell, I'll even drive you to the  
clinic.

Stevie's face falls.

INT. CEDARS SINAI HOSPITAL - ROBIN'S ROOM - DAY

Robin, her pregnancy showing, rests in a hospital bed. Kim,  
at his wife's side, pats her forehead with a washcloth.

Stevie sits in the corner, writing in a notebook.

It's been a week since things took a turn for the worse, and  
Stevie's been here for every second of it. Every inch of the  
room is covered in flowers and other homey touches.

KIM  
I'm going to get some coffee.  
Stevie?

Stevie, who hasn't slept, shakes him off. Kim goes on his  
way.

ROBIN  
(weakly)  
It's not contagious, ya' know.

Stevie can't help but chuckle. She puts down her notebook and  
delicately crawls into bed with her friend.

STEVIE  
I'm sorry, I work too much.

ROBIN  
You working has nothing to do with  
where I am. So, save your "sorry."

Stevie puts her hand on the growing child.

STEVIE  
I always thought when we were young  
that we'd have kids together.

ROBIN  
I don't remember you once  
mentioning kids, or even a husband.

STEVIE  
That's why I said, "thought."

The friends smile at that.

ROBIN

(playing along)

We'd have to pretend to hate each other, so they'd want to be friends. We'd sneak out to see each other late at night, after we put them to bed. Even fantasizing about it, I can't keep my lies straight.

STEVIE

You're going to be a great mom.

ROBIN

You will, too.

That one gives Stevie a lump in her throat. She swallows it.

STEVIE

Have you thought of a name?

ROBIN

If it's a boy, we like "Matthew."  
For a girl, "Sara."

STEVIE

I like "Sara."

PRELAP: Orchestration, at once both jagged and lush, percolates under the scene.

STEVIE (PRELAP) (CONT'D)

(singing)

*"Wait a minute baby/Stay with me  
awhile..."*

INT. LINDSEY'S ROCK STAR MANSION - STUDIO - NIGHT

Stevie softly weaves her way through another one of her trademark ballads from behind the glass of Lindsey's home studio.

Her vocals are more raw than they've ever been. Between the copious amounts of cocaine and life on the road, any last vestiges of prettiness has been stripped away from the sound.

Stevie, after wringing ever last bit of emotion from her voice, wraps up the performance, absolutely drained.

We reveal Lindsey, at the controls, blankly staring ahead.

There's a tense beat.

Lindsey starts to rewind the tape.

LINDSEY  
Again.

STEVIE  
Oh, fuck off...  
(under her breath)  
I should've saved this for my solo  
record.

LINDSEY  
Well, you didn't. Again.

Stevie braces herself to execute a peerless performance...  
Again.

INT. LINDSEY'S ROCK STAR MANSION - STUDIO - NIGHT

The basement recording space is now occupied by Christine.  
She impatiently hangs around as Lindsey tunes the dials at  
the board with utmost care.

At last, Lindsey hits play.

CHRISTINE (V.O.)  
(on tape; singing)  
"All it took was a special look/And  
I felt I knew you before..."

Lindsey abruptly hits stop.

LINDSEY  
Yeah?

Christine opens her mouth to respond to the non-question,  
when:

LINDSEY (CONT'D)  
I'm gonna turn all the knobs 180  
degrees, see what happens.

Christine shakes her head, and walks out.

CHRISTINE  
When you're done having a wank, you  
know how to reach me...

Lindsey nods, not fully absorbing Christine's disgruntlement.

INT. LINDSEY'S ROCK STAR MANSION - STUDIO - LATER

Christine is out, Mick is in. The drummer sits across from Lindsey, hearing the noise of wet meat being slapped.

Lindsey rides the volume, still playing with the overall atmosphere.

MICK  
We're listening to pork chops?

LINDSEY  
Veal.

MICK  
And what was wrong with *my* snare fills?

LINDSEY  
Nothing, that's the problem. Think about the chair on "Second Hand News." Multiply it by fifty. Huh?

Mick fiddles with a sparkling gold chain around his neck, implicitly refusing to answer the guitarist-cum-producer.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)  
Hand me the cartridge that says, "'Kleenex' Box."

Mick searches for the next ridiculous overdub.

INT. LINDSEY'S ROCK STAR MANSION - STUDIO - LATER

John plucks his bass like the old pro he's always been. Despite all of the inebriated tomfoolery we've seen from him, the man can fucking lay down a line.

But Lindsey isn't having it.

Silently he takes the instrument from John's hands, and starts to play in an intentionally more amateurish fashion.

John no longer has the will to verbally protest, marches away, wordlessly.

INT. DODGER STADIUM - FIELD - DAY

Stevie, Christine, Mick, and a cardboard cutout of John watch from the stands with shock and awe at the spectacle before them.

Down on the field, Lindsey directs the fully uniformed University of Southern California Trojan Marching Band from atop a ladder as they bleat out the thunderous cacophony that is his opus "Tusk."

The whole scene recalls those photographs of Francis Ford Coppola on the set of *Apocalypse Now*, without all that mooring to any semblance of sanity.

PRELAP: The studio mix of "Tusk" combines everything that came before it: The exhausted vocals, experimental tuning, non-traditional instruments, endless overdubs. It's many things, but boring is not one of them.

INT. WARNER BROTHERS - MO OSTIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Sitting at his desk, a bespectacled MO OSTIN (52) stares bewildered at the tape machine as it spits out the intentionally abrasive pop ditty.

Lindsey leans against the back wall of the label head's office. Every accolade Lindsey found fit to hide away is proudly displayed here, most prominent of all a framed Platinum Album awarded for *Rumours*.

As the song ends it becomes obvious Mo's not angry, just disappointed.

MO OSTIN

*Tusk?*

LINDSEY

It's what Mick calls his cock.

MO OSTIN

(sarcastic)

I'm sure last year's Homecoming Queen will love that...

(beat)

Where do I begin? \$1.4 MILLION? On *this*? What do you have to say for yourself, Buckingham?

LINDSEY

What'd you want? *Rumours II*?

MO OSTIN

Exactly! We're gonna have to sell this, this... *Thing* at twice the normal price to even hope to break even...

As Mo continues to pontificate on the mess they're in, Lindsey catches his reflection in the Platinum Album. The plaque reads, "...presented for the sale of 10 Million..." Well, his instincts have been right before.

LINDSEY  
Take it, or leave it.

Lindsey rolls out with less swagger than his parting shot would suggest.

EXT. HYATT HOUSE - POOL - NIGHT

Another poolside party at the infamous Hyatt House...

Once a laid back SoCal cool spot has become a wired frat boy hang. Attendees like David Lee Roth and John Belushi no doubt enabled that transition.

Floating above the beer-swilling jackanapes is Stevie, splayed like a deranged Roman empress across a chaise lounge.

Sunglasses, black velvet shawl, and "donut" residue on her upper lip, Stevie looks like she's far beyond this idea of fun. Even Christine couldn't be bothered to attend.

Stevie turns to an empty chair where Robin once sat alongside her.

She's alone.

EXT. TOWER RECORDS - DAY

A line extends out of the store and wraps around the block. Something very big is happening.

Lindsey walks up, smiling smugly to himself. Mo had no idea what he was talking about after all.

He pushes his way to the entrance, but is stopped by an AGGRAVATED CUSTOMER (20s).

AGGRAVATED CUSTOMER  
Hey, no cutting!

LINDSEY  
(pointing to his face)  
I don't think anyone will mind.

AGGRAVATED CUSTOMER  
Christopher Cross is leaving at  
four o'clock, and I am *not* missing  
him! I camped out for this!

Lindsey inspects the line more closely and sees that every single person queued up is carrying a copy of Christopher Cross's pink flamingo emblazoned debut.

Put off, Lindsey runs his fingers through his hair and is reminded of his desired anonymity.

INT. TOWER RECORDS - CONTINUOUS

Lindsey advances passed the line's loud protests until he stumbles into the discount bin.

It's populated by rack after rack of Fleetwood Mac's latest, *Tusk*. Each unit is plastered with a bright orange sticker: "OVERSTOCK"

Lindsey picks up a copy of their double LP; a life's work pressed, packaged, and promoted for your listening pleasure.

It's heavier than he thought it'd be.

INT. MUNICIPAL AUDITORIUM - STAGE - NIGHT

Fleetwood Mac has stopped in Mobile to limply back *Tusk*. A mere six years ago, Buckingham Nicks had this place sold out. Tonight it's at just over half capacity.

Their ramshackle performance of the eponymous "Tusk" proves definitively that it lives best as a studio track.

Trying to salvage the gig, Lindsey does his best Joe Strummer imitation, which is exactly that: An imitation. He looks about as punk as Mister Rogers.

Stevie, on the other hand, lives the line, "Don't say that you love me!" with every fibre of her being.

*Tusk* is Lindsey's passion, but it's Stevie's reality.

The crowd, who made "Rhiannon" a smash, who bought ten million copies of *Rumours* and counting, seems... Bored. Some walk out, not even waiting to see if their former favorite band is going to play the hits.

INT. MUNICIPAL AUDITORIUM - LINDSEY'S DRESSING ROOM - LATER

Lindsey, a sentient ball of rage, takes his Turner Model 1 and splinters it against the wall, taking a chunk of concrete out of it for good measure. Where was this on stage?

INT. MUNICIPAL AUDITORIUM - STEVIE'S DRESSING ROOM - LATER

Stevie snorts a line that appears to go the length of the vanity.

KNOCK! KNOCK!

STEVIE  
I'm busy, what?

CONCERNED ROADIE (O.S.)  
There's a call for you.

INT. CEDARS SINAI HOSPITAL - ROBIN'S ROOM - DAY

Stevie bursts through the door, tears flowing down her face, to find the room Robin once occupied empty.

All that's left is a neatly made bed.

INT. CEDARS SINAI HOSPITAL - MATERNITY WARD - MOMENTS LATER

Stevie cautiously approaches Kim, who intently watches over an incubator containing his prematurely born infant.

His eyes are red and swollen, no tears left to cry. He welcomes Stevie with an arm around her shoulder.

KIM  
This is Matthew.

Stevie breaks down on Kim's shoulder. He holds her, tenderly.

INT. FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH - DAY

Stevie and Kim hold the same pose, now draped in clothes of mourning.

They stand before Robin's open casket.

A once vital and dynamic person has taken on the appearance of a well-crafted porcelain doll.

Stevie can't bear to look.



INT. LINDSEY'S ROCK STAR MANSION - RAIN ROOM - DAY

Little droplets of "rain" pitter-patter against the invisible glass ceiling of Lindsey's vaunted rain room, causing, as his realtor promised, the sensation of an indoor storm.

Lindsey himself lies in a near catatonic state on the floor, staring upwards. It looks like he hasn't washed or shaved in days, possibly longer.

He listens to "God Only Knows" for the God-only-knows-how-many-th time.

THE BEACH BOYS (V.O.)  
(via the speaker; singing)  
"If you should ever leave me/Though  
life would still go on believe  
me/The world could show nothing to  
me/So what good would living do  
me/God only knows what I'd be  
without you..."

These lines repeat *ad nauseam* at full volume, in every room of the house, the result of the worn out vinyl.

RING! RING! RING!

In the distance a phone beckons to be answered.

Lindsey doesn't care. He just continues to stare off.

INT. THE SNYDER/ANDERSON RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - DAY

Stevie, phone to her ear, sits at a familiar table in a place that once represented an oasis from the *Rumours* sessions.

Today it carries a distinctly different weight, as she's off alone, while loved ones aimlessly mill about Robin's wake.

There's a faint BEEP and the prompt to leave a message.

The one time she needs him, and he's not there.

Stevie slams down the receiver, disgusted.

INT. LINDSEY'S ROCK STAR MANSION - STUDIO - LATER

A still unkempt Lindsey opens the door to his home studio.

He plucks his Turner Model 1 from its cradle, and begins to strum. Basic stuff at first, chord progressions and the like.

Soon a melody emerges. Unfortunately, it's a familiar melody.

LINDSEY  
(singing; sarcastic)  
"I'm just second hand news/Yeah..."

Lindsey freezes, then tries a different riff.

No dice. He's stumbled into "Don't Stop."

Lindsey does exactly that, gingerly placing the guitar down, and pacing the space.

This goes on for a beat too long.

Suddenly, inspiration having struck, Lindsey grabs his instrument lays into a new song.

Or so he thought. It quickly becomes apparent that he's "written" "Go Your Own Way." Lindsey improvises new lyrics.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)  
(singing)  
"I'm in trouble/I'm in so much  
fucking trouble..."

INT. SOUND CITY - STUDIO - NIGHT

Stevie looks like she hasn't slept for a week the past three days. Even by her own regularly petite standards, her body is noticeably wan.

Tonight she's in the studio with the shaggy blonde TOM PETTY (31) working on the vocals of their new song.

The track is dark, sinister, intriguing, but something is just slightly off.

TOM PETTY  
(singing)  
"...That's the game, well what am I  
supposed to do/I didn't know what I  
was getting into..."

Stevie senses this and motions to the booth.

STEVIE  
Stop, stop, this isn't working.

Stevie turns to Tom.

STEVIE (CONT'D)  
I need to sing the lead. If a woman  
is in the power position, it's so  
much sexier.

TOM PETTY  
Hey, it's your face on the cover...

JIMMY  
(from the booth)  
Let's reset for that. Pick up  
tomorrow.

Assistants rush in and out to cater to the talents' needs.  
Among the flurry of activity, Harry slinks in to steal a  
moment from Stevie, a stack of paperwork and pen in tow.

HARRY  
Warm up the fingers, I put an "X"  
next to each place you need to  
initial.

STEVIE  
More?

HARRY  
When you start your own label, you  
sign everything. I offered to do  
some of this, but--

STEVIE  
I know, I insisted.

Stevie makes her mark on page after page when an assistant  
comes in holding a glass bottle of Evian water and a compact  
mirror with two neatly laid rails of cocaine. She accepts the  
boost, irked by its tardy arrival.

After vacuuming up the first line, Stevie tips the straw in  
Tom's direction. He waves her off, and she dutifully takes  
his portion.

JIMMY  
(from the booth; joking)  
You keep that up, Stevie, and we'll  
have to blow it up your ass.

Stevie laughs sarcastically, but the following response is a  
little too real.

STEVIE  
Jimmy, why don't you fuck off, huh?  
Maybe, if I had a real producer in  
there, we'd be able to go tonight.

HARRY  
Nicks, we're all trying our best.

STEVIE  
Oh, that's cute. Put it on a poster, hang it up right over there. That way when we fail and feel like shit, we can all look at it and remember, "Jimmy tried his best."

Tom stealthily tries to get out of the warpath. He can't escape Stevie's radar.

STEVIE (CONT'D)  
Tom, you leave, and I get Jackson Browne in here by sun up.  
(to the booth)  
Reset. I'm taking five. We go when I get back.

An irate Stevie leaves. Everyone scrambles to hit their newly assigned deadline.

EXT. SOUND CITY - PARKING LOT - LATER

Stevie, in search of fresh air, is hit with a puff of smoke. The YOUNG INTERN (18) nearly drops her cigarette in shock.

YOUNG INTERN  
Oh my God, Ms. Nicks, I'm so sorry.

Stevie waves off the apology.

STEVIE  
Can I bum one of those?

YOUNG INTERN  
(excited)  
Absolutely!

The intern hands over one of her Virginia Slims to Stevie and lights it.

YOUNG INTERN (CONT'D)  
Isn't that, like, bad for your voice?

STEVIE  
(exhaling)  
This is the least of it.

A beat.

YOUNG INTERN  
(can't help it)  
"Dreams" is my favorite song of all time. It made me want to, ya' know, be in music.

STEVIE  
Mmm... How old are you?

YOUNG INTERN  
18.

STEVIE  
When I was 18, I joined my first band.

YOUNG INTERN  
Fleetwood Mac?

STEVIE  
No, it was a band that isn't a band anymore. *Then* I was in a duo that isn't a duo anymore. *Then* I was in Fleetwood Mac.

YOUNG INTERN  
And now you're on your own.

STEVIE  
That's right. You nailed it. I'm all alone. Just me. Everyone wants a piece, and there's only so much to go around, and what am I gonna do when there's nothing left?  
(takes a drag)  
Robin would know what to do. Robin always knew what to do.

The young intern wasn't expecting something so confessional from her idol. She tries her best to comfort her.

YOUNG INTERN  
You should talk to Robin, then.

Stevie begins to well up. She tries her damndest to hide it, but it's no use.

YOUNG INTERN (CONT'D)  
Is it something I said?

Stevie finishes her smoke and snuffs it out. She goes back inside without another word.

The intern remains, mortified, but still not understanding the depths of her *faux pas*.

INT. SOUND CITY - STUDIO - LATER

Stevie, having dried her eyes, comes back into her domain.

Everyone stands at the ready.

Harry gingerly approaches the talent.

HARRY  
Stevie, we're locked and loaded in here, but do mind if I steal a minute of your time?

Harry pulls Stevie aside and out of earshot.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
First off, no hard feelings about earlier. Everyone gets it.

STEVIE  
I know.

Harry becomes even more gentle.

HARRY  
We've all been through these things, and it's a lot of... Pressure. It's a pressure cooker. And sometimes you need help letting a little steam out.

Harry goes to his jacket pocket, and retrieves a little orange pill bottle.

Stevie inspects the gift: "KLONOPIN"

She tucks it away for safe keeping.

Turning away from Harry, Stevie addresses the room.

STEVIE  
Alright, let's go from the top.

EXT. MICK'S MALIBU SPREAD - DAY

Lindsey drives his trusty Beamer up the long driveway to Mick's beach house, which is somehow more ostentatious than Stevie and Lindsey's combined.

Repo men drag, push, and pull expensive pieces of tat off the property one-by-one.

A bug-eyed Mick bargains with a tow truck driver, who's hooked up the now slightly used highlighter yellow Ferrari to his rig.

MICK

Don't use the truck, mate. Let me give you the keys and it can leave with dignity.

Lindsey strolls up to the unfolding scene with a six pack of Heineken. Mick's startled by his bandmate's sudden seeming materialization.

MICK (CONT'D)

Oy, Linds, you look like shit.

LINDSEY

Nice to see you, too. Is this a bad time?

MICK

No worse than any other. What's on your mind?

LINDSEY

I wanted to know if you would want to, uh, hang?

MICK

(quick as a flash)  
In the studio?

LINDSEY

Or just watch some TV.

Lindsey spots a big screen television led out by workers.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

Or talk or... Something.

MICK

I'm gonna level with you: Between the two of us, I'm having what professionals would call, "cash flow issues." So, maybe, it's time for Fleetwood Mac to jump in, two feet first, on the next album.

Lindsey wasn't prepared for this conversation, whatsoever. He grasps at straws.

LINDSEY

I dunno, I heard Stevie's working on a solo thing. Too busy to--

MICK

Doesn't have to be everybody...  
Lineup changes happen. We could be Fleetwood Buckingham. Or Buckingham Fleetwood? Whatever. Knowing you, you must be busy churning out songs left, right, and center.

Lindsey looks his drummer/manager up and down.

LINDSEY

Yeah, actually, I should get back to that. I'll call you. I'll be in touch. Soon. Very soon. Here...

Lindsey passes Mick the sixer.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

A gift. Condolences.

Lindsey hops in his car, and speeds away.

We couldn't begin to tell you which of the rockers is more desperate.

INT. STEVIE'S ROCK STAR MANSION - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Stevie is still wired from a big day at the studio. She obsessively clicks the channel changer, cycling through every available television broadcast. Sleep alludes her.

A glass of *Cab Franc* on the nightstand has done nothing to take the edge off.

Suddenly, Stevie remembers. She digs out the Klonopin from a drawer.

STEVIE

Bottoms up.

She pops a few and chases it with her *vino*.

Stevie lies back and waits for the pills to take effect.

EXT. BUCKINGHAM RESIDENCE - PORCH - DAY

Lindsey, bag slung over his shoulder, has returned to his childhood home.



Big breath. He rings the bell.

Lindsey shifts his weight back and forth.

Finally, the door opens. Ruth Buckingham seems as surprised to see him as Mick, if slightly warmer to the idea.

INT. BUCKINGHAM RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lindsey sits across from his mother for the first time in a long time.

There's a comfortable silence between them, as they sip on coffees. Over Lindsey's shoulder is Greg's daunting shrine from his adolescence.

Now next to it are an assortment of framed memorabilia ranging Fleetwood Mac's career, including their *Rolling Stone* cover, the ad for their first show in San Francisco, and the single of "Go Your Own Way."

LINDSEY

I, uh, I brought you something.

Lindsey digs through his bag and retrieves his Grammy. Some of the luster has worn off some in the ensuing years, but the accomplishment it stands for remains impressive as ever.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

Album of the Year. For *Rumours*.

RUTH

That's so nice. We saw it on television.

Ruth accepts it, and goes over to the wall, imagining where the award would look best. Lindsey joins her.

RUTH (CONT'D)

We always had this spot picked out for you. Just waiting for you to fill it up.

LINDSEY

But what if I never filled it up?

RUTH

(sidestepping)

You did. That's all that matters.

(beat; re: the cover)

Stevie's so cute here. How is she?

Lindsey's already exasperated by the maternal needling.

LINDSEY  
 Mom, honestly, I don't know. We  
 broke up a while ago.

Ruth can't help but laugh a little.

RUTH  
 Oh, I know. *Everyone* knows.  
 (re: *Rolling Stone*)  
 I did skim this before framing it.  
 (beat)  
 She's probably your oldest friend  
 in the world.

LINDSEY  
 She got everything she ever wanted.

Ruth turns to look at her son.

RUTH  
 And what was that?

Smart guy doesn't have an answer.

INT. CEDARS SINAI HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Stevie, motionless, strapped to a gurney, is careened down  
 the corridor to the ER.

The team of medics that surround her bark jargon to one  
 another, wipe vomit from the corners of her mouth, and apply  
 an oxygen mask over her face.

All Stevie can do is fight to keep her eyes open. It's a  
 losing battle, as she slips into unconsciousness...

INT. CEDARS SINAI HOSPITAL - STEVIE'S ROOM - DAY

Stevie awakens to find herself in a private hospital room.  
 There are no flowers, no cards, no well wishes.

It's clinical in every sense of the word.

HARRY (O.S.)  
 We thought we lost you.

Stevie turns to see her only visitor during this stay. Harry  
 sits by her side, a newspaper folded in his lap.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
 (re: the paper)  
 You know what's in here?

Stevie buries her head in her hands, afraid to look.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
Nothing. As far as the staff is  
concerned, this room is empty.

STEVIE  
(slurred)  
What'd you do?

HARRY  
Let's just say our budget's gonna  
be a little tighter.

Stevie, even in this state, understands the implication.

STEVIE  
(slurred)  
When can I get back in the studio?

Harry reaches an encouraging hand out and rubs her shoulder,  
uncertain.

INT. BUCKINGHAM RESIDENCE - LINDSEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lindsey wanders around his childhood room, clutching the 45  
of "Go Your Own Way."

He scans the unchanged walls. Everything is still there. A  
poster of The Beatles' *Revolver* album. Next to that is the  
cover of The Beach Boys' *Pet Sounds*. Finally, a framed photo  
of Lindsey and Stevie at age 18, if a day.

In the picture, he cradles a guitar, while Stevie lays her  
head on his chest, smiling. The relationship, when it was  
taken, may have been platonic, but there's obviously a lot of  
love between these two.

Lindsey turns away, catching his reflection in the mirror.  
It's same mirror he looked into before meeting Stevie for the  
first time.

The exhausted man staring back at him couldn't be any further  
removed from that fresh-faced kid. What happened?

Lindsey frees the vinyl pressing of "Go Your Own Way," from  
its sleeve, blows some dust off, and delicately places it on  
his "Bugs Bunny" turntable.

The needle drops:

LINDSEY (V.O.)  
 (singing)  
 "Loving you isn't the right thing  
 to do..."

The blatant cruelty directed at Stevie in that opening line stings Lindsey now, as much as it was intended to sting her then.

Lindsey can't bear it. He flips to the B-side.

STEVIE (V.O.)  
 (singing)  
 "You could be my silver spring..."

Suddenly, Lindsey's hearing this song, which he's heard countless times, as if it's brand new.

It's sad, it's sweet, and, ultimately, it's hopeful. This isn't the screed of a woman scorned, but instead the lament of the heartbroken.

Lindsey sees clearly what he's done, and now what he has to do.

INT. SOUND CITY/SFO TERMINAL - DAY - SPLITSCREEN

**(THE FOLLOWING, ONCE AGAIN, TAKES PLACE IN SPLITSCREEN)**

Left side of the screen: Stevie is no longer surrounded by an army of hired guns. It's just her and the work ahead. She turns on the tape machine. It winds through her electric new track, "Edge of Seventeen."

Right side of the screen: *Lindsey rushes through the San Francisco International Airport terminal. He makes his flight just as they're closing the gate. The board reads: "Los Angeles, CA"*

INT./EXT. - SOUND CITY/LAX PARKING LOT - DAY - SPLITSCREEN

Left side of the screen: Stevie seems to have taken up full time residence. A mattress has been dragged into the middle of the floor, and the only source of light is from a vintage ceramic lamp. She adds the finishing touches by fashioning a garden's worth of paper flowers.

Right side of the screen: *Lindsey runs up and down the aisles of the parking lot, searching in vain for his trusty Beamer. Finally, it's revealed to him. Lindsey hops in and hauls ass.*

INT. SOUND CITY/BEAMER - DAY - SPLITSCREEN

Left side of the screen: Stevie sits at the board, headphones on, pouring over every detail of the final mix of *Bella Dona*. She scribbles notes with maniacal fervor.

Right side of the screen: *Lindsey, as he drives, rehearses how it's all going to go down. We hear choice words, like, "together," "competition," and "fighting."*

INT. SOUND CITY - STUDIO - DAY

Stevie's side of the splitscreen expands out to encompass the whole frame. It reveals the studio door behind her.

Lindsey enters through that door, quietly. Though Stevie wouldn't have noticed if he announced his entrance by blasting a shotgun overhead.

He approaches her and carefully pulls off one headphone.

LINDSEY  
(whispering)  
Hey, Stevie.

Stevie keeps her cool better than Keith ever did.

STEVIE  
How did you get in here, asshole?

LINDSEY  
I used to work here, remember? I  
used to be Lindsey Buckingham.

Stevie laughs sarcastically. She turns to face him, removing her headphones in the process.

It's the first time either party has seen each other in a little over a year. Both think the other looks awful, though neither says anything.

STEVIE  
What do you want? I'm busy.

LINDSEY  
It seems like for a long time, we  
saw each other all the time. Then,  
all of a sudden, not at all.  
(beat)  
So, my mom wanted to know how you  
were.

STEVIE

(easing up)

You can tell her that I'm working a lot, but I'm almost finished and things will go back to normal.

LINDSEY

Trust me, it's not that easy.

STEVIE

I'm not you.

LINDSEY

I wouldn't dare accuse someone of that.

Stevie turns back to continue her micro-management.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

Let's go for a walk.

STEVIE

That's OK.

LINDSEY

I'm not asking.

STEVIE

(turning back)

It's going to be one of those visits?

LINDSEY

That's up to you.

EXT. STREETS OF VAN NUYS - DAY

It's a hard cut from the dimly-lit mausoleum of a studio to the blazing Valley sun above the mundane suburban stretch.

On stage, their ever present leather jacket and black shawl scream, "Rock star! Temperamental genius! Artist!" Out here, they look more than a little silly, as they walk in silence for a beat or two.

LINDSEY

It's almost done?

STEVIE

Yeah, and I didn't need your help. Isn't that something?

Lindsey lets that barb pierce him.

LINDSEY  
I don't want to be in competition  
with you anymore. You won.

Stevie shrugs.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)  
But--

STEVIE  
Here it comes.

LINDSEY  
You have to admit we were good  
together.

STEVIE  
That was never a question. I just  
wish it was a little easier.

The two consider unpacking that more, but can't. Instead:

LINDSEY  
Mick wants to get back at it.

STEVIE  
I'm over working with my exes.

LINDSEY  
"Exes?" You and Mick?

STEVIE  
("duh")  
No, me and Christine.

Lindsey laughs.

STEVIE (CONT'D)  
(shifting back)  
We broke up.

LINDSEY  
And?

STEVIE  
Like the band. It's done.

LINDSEY  
No, we broke up. That was the  
breakup. The band is waiting. If  
you want to end it, then be fair,  
and end it.

STEVIE

Why would I want to put myself  
through that again? Why would *you*?

LINDSEY

Bands fight, they all do.

(beat)

But when there's something worth  
fighting for, there's no one I'd  
rather be fighting with.

The sentiment surprises and overwhelms them.

So much so, it takes a moment to realize they've stopped  
walking. They look around, finding themselves on the lawn of  
a Korean Baptist church.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

(re: the church)

You wanna go in?

STEVIE

Why?

They both can't help but smile.

LINDSEY

I don't know.

PRELAP: Lindsey's Ovation Balladeer bubbles up. It's in a  
style that's almost jazz, drawing inspiration from Django  
Reinhardt.

INT. CHÂTEAU D'HÉROUVILLE - STUDIO - DAY

**SUPERTITLE:** SIX MONTHS LATER

On the outskirts of Paris, things are as they always were.

Stevie and Lindsey, both looking healthier since we last left  
them, sit on the floor of the studio, hard at play.

STEVIE

Yes, exactly. It needs to sound  
like gypsy guitar. Something you'd  
hear sitting around the fire.

Stevie scratches out lyric after lyric in her notebook. She  
chews at the end of her pencil.

Mick, Christine, and John bop around, waiting for direction,  
paying no mind to the creative process.



STEVIE (CONT'D)

(pitching)

"Back to the floor that I love/To a  
room with some lace and paper  
flowers/Back to the gypsy that I  
was..."

(beat)

OK, then, what?

Lindsey nods along.

LINDSEY

Is the "gypsy" you?

STEVIE

(scoffs)

I'm writing in character.

LINDSEY

That's fine, but this character  
sounds a lot like you, so it all  
comes down to you...

STEVIE

That's not bad.

Stevie puts lead to paper.

LINDSEY

You had the thing about lightning.

STEVIE

Yeah?

LINDSEY

(singing)

"It lights up the night/And you see  
your gypsy..."

STEVIE

Did you just change perspective?

Lindsey replays the moment in his mind.

LINDSEY

Stevie Nicks does it all the time.

Stevie gives him a wry smirk.

STEVIE

You want to be Stevie Nicks? Keep  
playing guitar.

Lindsey smirks in return.

LINDSEY  
Let my fingers rest.

Lindsey puts down his guitar, and makes his way to a radio. He scans the dial for any signs of life.

Through the static, the iconic opening chords of "Rhiannon" come through.

He rolls his eyes, and is about to change it when:

STEVIE  
No! Keep it on.

Lindsey does as he's told.

STEVIE (CONT'D)  
Can you believe how excited we were  
when this got play in El Paso?

LINDSEY  
Yeah, and now seven years later,  
it's on the airwaves in France.  
(beat; distracted)  
Still, I always hated this mix.

STEVIE  
Oh, give it a rest.

LINDSEY  
Should've kept the bridge. The  
bridge is why it always kills  
harder on the road.

STEVIE  
(re: the luxurious studio)  
I think it worked out fine.

There's a tense beat as each consider their next words carefully.

LINDSEY STEVIE (CONT'D)  
 "Tusk" charted higher... "Rhiannon" didn't cost...

We PULL back on another patented Stevie and Lindsey quarrel.

Playing and fighting.

Fighting and playing.

From Palo Alto to Paris, this is how they'll always be...

FADE OUT.