

"BETTER THAN THE REAL THING"

FADE IN:

INT. ARENA - NIGHT

15,000 screaming fans are packed into the arena. They eagerly await the reason they came here.

BRUCE (V.O.)  
Ladies and gentlemen, the very  
fabric of existence -- Earth, Wind,  
Water, Fire -- Element!

Flames explode from the stage, nearly touching the roof of the arena as Element take the stage. Dressed in elaborate costumes, each wearing makeup to represent their chosen element, the band kicks into "What I Do" as the credits roll. The band is made up of JACK DIAMOND, Fire, vocals and guitar, JORGE FANTANA, Earth, lead guitar, BRUCE THUNDER, Wind, bass, and ALVIN KULICK, Water, drums. Their charisma and stage presence is unparalleled. Theatrical rock at its finest.

INT. CLUB, BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

Turns out it's just four guys watching Element's performance on an old, grainy video. They are FRANK CARAVELLO, a handsome man in his early 40s, DON HARVEY, an overweight and balding man in his early 40s, PAUL CUSANO, rugged and also in his early 40s, and CARL EISEN, a good looking man in his late 30s -- the only one to have kept his long hair from back in the day. Frank pauses the tape.

FRANK  
Alright guys. Let's do this.

They leave the room, passing a small poster pinned to the wall. It reads "American Elemental - A Tribute To Element". The normally colorful band emblem doesn't show up well on the black and white Xerox.

INT. CLUB, BATHROOM - NIGHT

They apply their makeup using the mirrors in the bathroom. Carl checks his phone.

CARL  
Yankees lost again.

PAUL  
Damn it.

As Don puts on his wig, a man walks into the bathroom. All four turn towards the man, who stops dead in his tracks. Awkward silence as they stare at him. The man backs out of the room, and they go back to painting their faces.

INT. CLUB, STAGE - NIGHT

200 fans, give or take, are in the club. They cheer enthusiastically as American Elemental take the stage. Frank takes on the role of Fire, Carl is Earth, Don takes Wind and Paul portrays Water. They look the part, but it's not quite the same.

DON

Ladies and gentlemen, the very  
fabric of existence -- Earth, Wind,  
Water, Fire -- Element!

Kicking into their own rendition of "What I Do", which sounds almost exactly the same as the original, it's clear that this is a talented band. They love what they're doing, and the small crowd is dedicated enough to appreciate them. The sense of grandeur is missing though.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Frank is passed out on the couch, still fully in costume. "What I Do" plays quietly on the stereo. His wife, LAYLA, a beautiful woman in her mid 30s, stands over him. She seems to find it both cute and disappointing.

LAYLA

Frank?

Nothing.

LAYLA

Frank.

Still nothing. She touches his arm.

LAYLA

Frank!

FRANK

(waking up; in tune with  
the music)

Rock!

Frank looks up at Layla.

FRANK

Hey.

Layla looks at Frank's costume. Frank looks down at himself.

FRANK

Oh. You were asleep when I got in,  
I didn't wanna disturb you.

LAYLA

So you passed out on the couch.

FRANK

Friday night.

Layla turns off the stereo and goes into the kitchen. Frank sits up and rubs his temple.

FRANK

Where were you last night, Layla?

LAYLA (O.S.)

What do you mean?

FRANK

You weren't at the show.

Layla comes back into the living room.

FRANK

You're always there. Front row,  
right corner.

LAYLA

Left corner.

FRANK

It's my right. (Beat) Look, the  
point is, you weren't there. Are  
things really that bad between us?

LAYLA

I don't know, Frank. I don't know  
what's going on with us. It feels  
like you get more obsessed with  
Element every day, and I don't know  
if I can take it anymore. They're  
gone, you have to deal with it.

FRANK

They're not gone as long as we can  
keep them going.

Layla sighs.

LAYLA  
Look, Frank, there's something I  
have to tell you. I--

FRANK  
(interrupting)  
Oh, crap, is that the time? The fan  
club meeting starts in an hour, I  
said I'd meet the guys there.

Frank takes his wig off.

FRANK  
I better take a shower.

Frank approaches Layla and takes her hand.

FRANK  
Babe... will you do my makeup for  
me? It always turns out better when  
you do it.

LAYLA  
I can't, I have to go get  
groceries.

FRANK  
OK. I love you. I really do, you  
know that?

LAYLA  
I know.

Frank kisses Layla.

FRANK  
I'll see you tonight.

Frank leaves the room. Layla seems uncomfortable.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Fresh out of the shower, Frank approaches his closet. He opens it to reveal no less than five almost identical Fire costumes. He takes two out and weighs up his options, eventually opting for the one in his left hand. Like it really makes a difference.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

A signpost outside the school reads "Elementary Skool - Element Fan Club Meeting". The 'K' in 'Skool' is deliberately backwards.

Don, Paul and Carl are standing outside the school in full costume. A car pulls up and Frank runs to join them.

PAUL

Where the hell have you been?

FRANK

Sorry, I lost track of time.

CARL

Come on, they're gonna start without us.

They rush inside.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Element tour posters decorate the walls -- from 1973 all the way up to 1999. This is followed by a blown-up magazine article titled "Element: Where are they?" A crowd of about 100 watches as the FAN CLUB PRESIDENT stands on stage behind a podium -- his face is painted with part of all four designs.

PRESIDENT

(mid speech)

Now it may have been 11 years since we've heard anything from the band, but they live on in the spirit of all of us. Our annual events like this prove that the fanbase is still strong. Maybe one day, knowing that the fans are still out there, Element will return. But until then, we have the next best thing -- the tributes. At last count, there are fourteen Element tribute acts in the Tri-State area alone, and I understand that nine of these acts are here today. Who knows, maybe some of you guys are better than the real thing.

He stops, then laughs, the crowd laughing along with him.

CUT TO:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - LATER

The fans are mingling with each other. American Elemental are talking to each other when they bump into four other fans -- GENE COLLINS, Fire, VINNIE DOMINICI, Earth, CAL ST. JOHN, Wind, and MARK BAXTER, Water. They turn around to face American Elemental. It's like a big, geeky mirror.

PAUL

Woah, hey, sorry guys.

MARK

It's cool, don't worry about it.

VINNIE

You guys make a nice Element.

CARL

Yeah, you too.

CAL

You a tribute band?

DON

Yeah, American Elemental. Don Harvey.

CAL

Cal St. John.

PAUL

Paul Cusano.

MARK

Mark Baxter.

VINNIE

Vinnie Dominici.

FRANK

Frank Caravello. And this is our little newbie, Carl Eisen.

CARL

Newbie? I joined the band at the same time as all of you guys.

FRANK

Yeah, but you were the last one to join the band.

CARL

By what, three hours?

FRANK

I mean, like... the band of life.

CARL

I'm four years younger than you. The age of you guys, and you're ripping on me for being younger than you?

Awkward silence.

GENE

Gene Collins.

FRANK

So, you guys a tribute?

They share a cocky laugh.

GENE

We're only the number one Element tribute band in North America.

FRANK

What?

GENE

Yeah, this is our first time out here, we figured we'd spread the word. Here.

Gene hands Frank a flyer. It reads "Empedocles - the number one Element tribute band in North America".

PAUL

Em-ped-ickles?

MARK

Naw man, Empedocles.

GENE

He's the philosopher who came up with the theory of the elements.

FRANK

That's stupid, no-one's gonna get that.

GENE

Our fans seem to. Listen, we got a show out in Long Island next week, you guys should come. See how a real tribute does it. Later.

Empedocles leave.

FRANK

I hate those guys.

CUT TO:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - LATER

The fans are sitting at tables taking part in a quiz. The President is again on stage.

PRESIDENT

Question 18. On the 1986 album "American Elemental"--

DON

Woo!

PRESIDENT

--who is listed in the cover notes as a very special thanks?

CARL

Oh that's easy, Alvin's uncle Ted.

FRANK

Too easy.

Frank writes it down.

PAUL

I actually pity the guys who get any of these wrong.

DON

I know, right?

PRESIDENT

Question 19. Jack Diamond bet Bruce Thunder that the 1978 single "The Sword" would reach the top 20.

(MORE)

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)

As a result of losing this bet,  
which fictional character does  
Thunder have tattooed on his ass?

ALL

Batman.

FRANK

I swear, the quiz gets easier every  
year.

DON

We have been doing this for eleven  
years, they must be running out of  
good questions.

PAUL

Come on, I could think of a  
thousand good questions they've  
never asked.

PRESIDENT

And question 20. In the March 1994  
edition of Rolling Stone, Jorge  
Fantana mentioned the guitar he is  
most comfortable playing. What  
guitar was it?

A collective 'ooh' goes up in the room.

PAUL

That would be one of them.

CARL

I... I don't know it.

FRANK

They've finally done it.

CARL

It's gotta be something stupid like  
a Flying V.

FRANK

They are the most uncomfortable  
guitars to play.

CARL

I know, that's why it's gotta be  
something stupid like that.

DON

...I've got it.

Don takes the quiz sheet and writes on it.

PAUL

No way.

FRANK

Come on, Don, this is serious.

DON

I am serious, I know this! It's right!

CARL

It's stupid enough to make sense.

DON

Guys, trust me. This is the answer.

FRANK

Fine. We lose this because of you, you're out of the band.

DON

What?

FRANK

I'm serious, if we lose on that answer, you're done.

DON

Come on, Frank, we've been friends for how long and you're just gonna throw it all away if I get some stupid question?

FRANK

It's not stupid, and yes.

DON

Guys?

Carl and Paul look uncertain, but both nod.

DON

You know what, whatever. It's right. I think.

Frank takes a deep breath.

FRANK

Alright. Go for it.

Don takes the sheet towards the stage.

CUT TO:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - LATER

The answers are now being read out.

PRESIDENT

...the answer is of course, Batman.  
Now at this point, every team has  
got every question right. But we  
threw you with this last one. Only  
one team got it.

Everyone is visibly nervous. None moreso than Don.

PRESIDENT

In the March 1994 edition of  
Rolling Stone, Jorge Fantana  
mentioned the guitar he is most  
comfortable playing. And that  
guitar... is his Hello Kitty  
guitar!

American Elemental let out a huge cheer and jump up in  
celebration, high fiving and hugging.

PRESIDENT

That means the winners of the  
Elementary Skool quiz, for the  
tenth consecutive year, are  
American Elemental!

The rest of the fans are annoyed. One SORE LOSER in  
particular.

SORE LOSER

Come on guys, you're sucking all  
the fun out of this!

CARL

Hey, it's not our fault we're so  
much better than you! Face it, you  
guys are amateurs!

SORE LOSER

Oh, that is IT!

The sore loser leaps to his feet and charges. Carl charges  
back, leading to the rest of the crowd having to separate  
them.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - EVENING

Frank, Carl, Don and Paul leave the school.

PAUL  
Every year it ends like this.

CARL  
Passions run high, I guess.

FRANK  
He needed stitches!

CARL  
They're not visible.

A DRUNK GUY walks past them and does a double take.

DRUNK GUY  
What the hell are you guys supposed  
to be? Is it Hallowe'en already?

DON  
Come on, man.

They run their hands across themselves from head to toe.

DRUNK GUY  
Oh yeah, Element. I remember those  
guys. They were OK. They kinda  
ripped off Kiss though.

CARL  
WHAT?

Carl charges, but Don and Paul hold him back.

FRANK  
Hey, hey. Element formed in April  
1972, a whole nine months before  
Kiss. So if anyone ripped off  
anyone, Kiss ripped off Element.

DRUNK GUY  
Yeah, but Element didn't start  
wearing makeup til 1975.

Frank is silenced.

FRANK

OK, I'll give you that. But the fact remains, Jack Diamond came up with the makeup concept in 1969, it was just that by the time they--

DRUNK GUY

Dude, chill. They're just a band.

The drunk walks -- nay, staggers away, singing "Detroit Rock City". Frank turns back to the guys.

FRANK

I tried.

PAUL

Come on, man. It's been a good day, let's just go get hammered.

FRANK

I don't know, I promised Layla I'd be home tonight.

DON

And I promised Christine and the kids I'd be home, I'm still going.

CARL

Come on, Frank.

FRANK

Alright, alright. But just one drink.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

An empty glass slams down on the bar.

And another.

And another.

And another.

Frank's drunk.

FRANK

Alright, but just one more!

An empty shot glass slams down.

And another.

And one more.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Layla sits in the bathroom alone, anxiously holding a pregnancy test.

LAYLA  
Come on, hurry up...

The result shows up. Negative. Layla breathes a heavy sigh of relief.

LAYLA  
Damn it, Frank, where are you?

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

A costumed Frank is passed out on the couch again. Layla stands over him again.

LAYLA  
Frank.

Nothing.

LAYLA  
Frank!

FRANK  
(mumbling)  
I don't wanna go to the dentist,  
it's stupid.

Layla leans over to whisper in Frank's ear.

LAYLA  
FRANK!

OK, not quite a whisper. Frank wakes with a shock. He looks up at Layla.

FRANK  
Hey honey.

Frank sits up.

LAYLA  
Again, Frank?

FRANK  
Yeah, me and the guys, we... I'm  
sorry.

Layla sits down next to Frank.

LAYLA  
Frank, I wanted to tell you  
something yesterday, but you left  
before I had the chance. Last night  
I took a pregnancy test.

Frank is surprised.

LAYLA  
It was negative.

FRANK  
Do you want to talk about it?

LAYLA  
I do, yeah.

Awkward silence.

FRANK  
Like, now?

LAYLA  
I don't know.

FRANK  
Look, how about tonight? We'll go  
out to dinner, we'll go to your  
favourite restaurant. Zarella's is  
still your favourite, right?

LAYLA  
Yeah.

Layla smiles at Frank. It's been some time.

FRANK  
I've missed that smile.

LAYLA  
Me too.

FRANK  
Oh, shit.

LAYLA  
What?

FRANK

We've got another show tomorrow night. Today was gonna be our practice day.

LAYLA

It's OK. You go have your day. We can still have tonight.

FRANK

Really?

LAYLA

Yeah.

Frank stands up and begins to leave. He stops.

FRANK

I will quit the band if that's what you want. I know I haven't been the best husband recently, but I'm not gonna throw the last fifteen years away because of this.

LAYLA

I don't want that if it's not what you want.

FRANK

I don't know what I want. It's been such a long time, it's starting to get old. (Beat) Book the restaurant for eight o'clock, OK?

LAYLA

Sure.

Frank again goes to leave, but stops.

FRANK

Will you be there tomorrow night?

LAYLA

Will you be there tonight?

FRANK

I promise.

LAYLA

Then I'll be there.

Frank leaves. Layla seems happy for a change.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Don is already in Carl's garage. Paul walks in.

PAUL  
Hey guys.

CARL  
Hey.

DON  
Any sign of Frank?

PAUL  
Yeah, he just pulled up.

Frank walks in -- still in costume. The other three clap and cheer.

FRANK  
Yeah, yeah, I didn't have time to change. Let's just get started, alright? But we can't run over. Layla and I are going out tonight.

PAUL  
Ooh, fancy. (Beat) But seriously, I've gotta work at six, so we have to keep this short.

DON  
Fine by me, I told Christine I'd be home early.

CARL  
Hey, we know when to stop. Let's call it two hours, alright?

FRANK  
Alright. Two hours.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

SUPER: NINE HOURS LATER

They're still there.

CARL  
I know what you're saying, I just think the outro needs to be tighter.



Paul panics and runs out. Carl comes back into an empty garage.

CARL  
OK, I've got the album version and  
two live--

He realises there's no-one there.

CARL  
Guys?

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Layla sits alone at a table for two. She looks at her watch and sighs. A WAITER approaches the table.

WAITER  
Stood up, huh?

LAYLA  
I guess so.

WAITER  
For what it's worth, I would never  
stand you up.

Awkward silence.

WAITER  
In fact, you're kinda standing me  
up.

He raises her eyebrows suggestively. Layla shoots him a look of disgust. He leaves.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Paul runs into the warehouse and approaches his boss, JOHN FREHLEY.

PAUL  
Mr. Frehley, I'm here!

JOHN  
Ah, Cusano, there you are. And only  
three hours late. What happened  
this time, did your clock stop?

PAUL  
...yes? (Beat) Look, I know that's  
no excuse, but--

JOHN  
Yeah, you're right, that is no  
excuse. What the hell were you  
doing that you lost track of time  
so bad?

PAUL  
I was playing with my band.

JOHN  
Of course you were. It's always the  
band, every time you're late it's  
because of them.

PAUL  
Look, Mr. Fehley, John -- can I  
call you John?

JOHN  
No.

PAUL  
OK. Mr. Fehley, I swear, this will  
never happen again.

JOHN  
I wish I could believe that,  
Cusano, but this ain't the first  
time this has happened. If you  
think playing dress-up with your  
'band' is more important than your  
job, then you've got all the time  
in the world to play with them.  
You're fired.

PAUL  
What?

JOHN  
You heard me. I hate doing this,  
you're a good guy, but you're way  
too unreliable. So yeah, you're  
fired. Get outta here.

Paul reluctantly leaves.

INT. DON'S PORCH - NIGHT

Don rushes into his house. His wife CHRISTINE stands there.

DON  
Hey, I know I said I'd be home  
early, but we lost track of time.  
I'm sorry.

Don kisses Christine on the cheek.

DON  
What is it?

CHRISTINE  
You know I'm not the one you're  
hurting. I'm used to this from you,  
I've been used to it for twenty  
years. But the kids? They don't  
deserve this.

DON  
Where are they?

CHRISTINE  
Beth's sleeping. She misses you,  
Don. They both do.

DON  
Where's Desmond?

Christine motions towards the living room.

INT. DON'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Don walks into the living room where his fourteen year old  
son DESMOND sits watching TV.

DON  
Hey, Desmond.

Desmond turns his head towards Don for a split second.

DON  
How's it going?

No response.

DON  
You had a nice day?

Nothing.

DON

School tomorrow, huh? Yuck. What are you watching there? Oh, South Park. 'Oh my God, they killed Kenny!'

DESMOND

This is Family Guy.

DON

Right. Look, son, I'm sorry.

DESMOND

Don't.

DON

Don't what?

DESMOND

Say you're sorry when you're not.

DON

I am sorry. I'm not spending enough time with you, and I know you need a man in your life at this age, I--

DESMOND

Just leave me alone, will you, dad?

Hurt, Don leaves the room.

EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Frank, smartly dressed, runs down the street. We don't see his face. Layla storms out of the restaurant as he nears it.

FRANK

Layla!

She turns around, teary-eyed.

LAYLA

For God's sake, Frank, just forget it.

We see Frank's face. Disappointment. Regret. Makeup.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Carl sits in his therapist's office. The therapist, DR. LESTER, is there with him. His nameplate reads Dr. W. Lester.

DR. LESTER

And how did that make you feel?  
When they left you like that?

CARL

I don't know. Abandoned, I suppose.  
And it just brought back so many  
bad feelings. Every time I've been  
slipping into depression, it's  
because of some sort of abandonment  
issue. And here it goes again. I  
mean, I can't keep a relationship  
because of this. And it's not just  
that, I've been trying to suppress  
a lot of anger lately. It's only  
getting worse.

DR. LESTER

I don't understand. What's their  
appeal?

CARL

I'm sorry, what?

DR. LESTER

Element. You're obsessed with them,  
and I just don't understand it.  
What is their appeal?

CARL

They're awesome.

DR. LESTER

It's not just about the music.

CARL

No, it's not. It's everything. The  
charisma, the personas, the stage  
shows -- the mystery. The mystery's  
the best thing. No-one knows  
anything about them, they never  
have. We know their names and where  
they're from, but that's pretty  
much it. Under the face paint, it  
could be anyone -- but it's not.  
It's Element.

DR. LESTER  
(laughing)  
You know, I always thought they  
sucked.

INT. DOCTOR'S RECEPTION - DAY

A muffled scream can be heard. Carl walks out of the office.  
A NURSE approaches him.

NURSE  
Will you be making another  
appointment?

CARL  
Uh, no. But there's a man with a  
broken nose in there you may want  
to tend to.

Carl leaves.

INT. CLUB, BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

The guys sit backstage. Not one happy face among them. Frank  
is already made up.

PAUL  
Frank, your makeup's looking a  
little worn in.

FRANK  
Yeah, it's uh... still Saturday's.

CARL  
Dude, that might not come off.

DON  
You gotta touch it up, man. You  
want me to do it for you?

FRANK  
No. It would... just remind me of  
her. I'll do it myself.

PAUL  
I kinda get the feeling we're not  
in the right frame of mind for  
this.

They all glare at Paul.

PAUL  
I'm just sayin'.

FRANK  
No, you're right. I don't really  
know if I can go through with this  
tonight.

DON  
I know the feeling.

CARL  
You know what? We've all got our  
stuff. But damn it, we started this  
band to escape from all the crap.  
So you guys wanna sit around here  
all depressed, then you can do it  
after the show! We owe it to  
ourselves; we owe it to the fans;  
we owe it to Element to go out  
there and put on a hell of a  
performance! Now who's with me?

Paul stands up.

PAUL  
He's right. I just got fired, but  
damn it, I'm still here. This isn't  
about us, this is bigger than us.  
This is about the music. So if you  
wanna do this tonight, then come  
on. Say yeah.

CARL  
Yeah.

Frank stands up.

FRANK  
Yeah.

Don leaps to his feet.

DON  
Yeah!

Don runs towards the door, jumping in excitement as he nears  
it. He flies head first into the doorframe and collapses. The  
other three are quick to help him up.

PAUL  
You OK there, buddy?

DON

...yeah.

FRANK

You sure? That was some knock you took.

DON

Yeah, I'm fine. I think.

The others look concerned, but Don seems fine. They leave the room, helping him out.

CARL

You worried us there, man. Hey, at least you're just the bassist.

INT. CLUB, STAGE - NIGHT

Now fully in costume, American Elemental take the stage. Frank looks to his lower right -- no Layla. He breathes a slight sigh.

DON

Ladies and gentlemen, the very fabric of existence -- Earth, Wind, Water, Fire -- Element!

Fast forward to the end of their set, as Carl wows the crowd with his guitar antics in the closing number, "In The City". One member of the crowd, the charming DANNY SIMMONS, early 30s, watches Carl very closely. They finish the song to a rousing reception. They leave the stage and head backstage.

INT. CLUB, BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

They get backstage, hugging and slapping hands in celebration of a great show. Danny follows them in.

DANNY

Hey, guys, great show. Danny Simmons, Calibur Records.

Danny hands Carl a business card.

PAUL

THE Calibur Records?

DANNY

That's right. Now, Carl, right?

CARL

Yeah?

DANNY

Listen, man, great performance. I've got a proposal for you that could make you a lot of money. The label's putting together a group -- the rest of the guys are a little younger than you, but only like fifteen, twenty years -- anyway, you're just the kind of guy we're looking for as the group's lead guitarist.

CARL

You mean, you're manufacturing it?

DANNY

Well, yeah, if you wanna call it that. Listen, you, my friend, are gonna be the real talent. You're something special. You can do things with a guitar that Jorge Fantana never could. You'll get to write the songs, with a little creative input of course. Now I know what you're thinking, why do we want you, the older guy? The moms. Teenage girls are gonna be crushing all over the other guys, but you are just the eye candy we need for the mothers, and the more tickets, the more merchandise we can sell, the more money you'll make. And believe me, this will be a lot of money. So what do you think?

Carl looks at his band, then back at Danny.

CARL

No.

DANNY

Excuse me?

CARL

No way. I'm not leaving these guys, especially not for some manufactured kids. Forget it.

DANNY

Do you know how much money you're passing up on here?

CARL

I don't care. I do this for the music, not the money.

DANNY

You do realise that I could ruin you.

CARL

Do your worst, asshole.

The band go back into the club, leaving Danny to stew.

DANNY

So be it.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Frank gets home, out of costume for a change. On his way in, he crosses paths with Layla. She's wheeling a suitcase.

FRANK

What's going on?

LAYLA

I'm leaving.

FRANK

No, baby, we can work this out, we can talk about things.

LAYLA

What is there to talk about, Frank? You broke your promise. We had our chance to talk, and you thought that your band was more important. It's good to see you out of costume, by the way. (Beat) It just makes this harder, having to see your face. Goodbye.

Layla walks towards the door.

FRANK

Where are you going?

LAYLA

To my mother's.

FRANK

Then I'm just gonna keep calling.

LAYLA

Please don't. (Beat) Just give me some time.

Layla opens the door.

FRANK

Layla, please. I love you.

LAYLA

I know.

Layla leaves, shutting the door behind her.

INT. BAR - DAY

Frank sits with a beer, depressed. The guys are with him. "Total Eclipse of the Heart" plays on the jukebox. Frank tearily sings along.

DON

Come on man, things aren't that bad.

FRANK

She just... left.

PAUL

Don't worry, I'm sure it'll all work out in the end.

FRANK

What if it doesn't?

PAUL

Then it... doesn't?

CARL

Paul, you're not helping.

PAUL

I'm trying to!

FRANK

I just can't stop thinking about her.

PAUL

You know what you need?

FRANK  
My wife?

PAUL  
Wrong -- tits. Come on, let's go to  
the strip club!

DON  
It's 4pm.

PAUL  
Oh. Yeah, I suppose you gotta wait  
til later for the best girls.

CARL  
Hey, I got an idea. We should go to  
Long Island, go the Empedocles show  
and heckle them.

DON  
Oh, I love it.

PAUL  
We can be all like 'oh, hey, nice  
show Em-ped-ickles', and they'll be  
all like 'it's Empedocles, man',  
but we won't care.

No reaction from Frank.

DON  
What do you say, Frank?

The tiniest of smiles cracks.

FRANK  
That does sound kinda fun. 'Oh,  
hey, nice show Em-ped-ickles'. Cos  
you know they're gonna suck.

INT. CLUB, STAGE - NIGHT

Empedocles are on stage. A much bigger stage than American  
Elemental have ever been on. Maybe 1,000 fans packed into the  
club.

Smoke machines.

Pyro.

Flaming guitars.

Incredible guitar solos.

A crowd eating from the palms of their hands.

American Elemental can do nothing but stand back and watch the kind of performance they could only dream of.

CARL

Huh. I guess they are number one.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

The guys sit with their instruments to the side.

FRANK

You know, Layla was right. I've been getting more obsessed with Element every day, and it's ruining my life. She left me because of this.

PAUL

I lost my job because of this.

DON

My kids hate me.

CARL

I haven't told you guys this, but I've been seeing a therapist about stress, depression, anger. He thinks it might be linked to this.

FRANK

When did this happen? When did it become a chore instead of fun?

DON

That's just the kind of guys we are. If something's not perfect, then it's not right.

PAUL

I don't agree with that, I'm not perfect.

DON

Yeah, but you're not right.

CARL

I really hate saying this, but I think it's time to give up the dream.

FRANK

Yeah, I think you're right.

PAUL

I was thinking it, but I didn't wanna say.

DON

I guess this is it.

Short pause.

FRANK

No. Who says this has to be it? We've got one more American Elemental show booked, right?

CARL

Right.

FRANK

And we've written some kick-ass songs of our own. Who says we can't play them? Why does the band have to end just because we don't wanna be Element anymore?

CARL

Yeah, you're right. We can be our own band, do what we want.

PAUL

Why the hell not?

DON

Alright, I'm in. We need a name though.

Carl looks at his phone.

CARL

Yankees lost again.

DON

Damn it.

FRANK

Wait, that's it.

PAUL  
What, Yankees Lost Again?

FRANK  
Yeah.

CARL  
I like it.

PAUL  
Yankees Lost Again. It's got a nice ring to it.

FRANK  
Don?

DON  
Sure.

FRANK  
Alright. Yankees Lost Again.

DON  
...did they really lose again?

CARL  
Oh yeah, they suck this season.

DON  
Damn it.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Frank sits on his couch looking at a picture of Layla. He picks up the phone and dials.

FRANK  
Hey, Layla, it's Frank. I know you said not to call, but I just wanted to let you know I'm thinking about you. I'll see you around. I love you.

Frank hangs up then gets up.

INT. LAYLA'S MOTHER'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Layla stands by the phone as the answering machine records Frank's message.

FRANK (V.O.)  
...I just wanted to let you know  
I'm thinking about you. I'll see  
you around. I love you.

Layla picks up the phone, but too late. She dials, but hangs up quickly.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

The door closes from the outside as Frank leaves. The phone rings twice in the empty house before hanging up.

INT. CLUB, BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

The guys are preparing to go on stage sans costume.

DON  
Are you sure we're ready for this?  
Two sets in one night?

CARL  
We've gotta test the waters  
sometime.

DON  
Alright, if you're sure.

FRANK  
You just don't want to go out there  
without hair.

DON  
Hey, I go everywhere else without  
hair. On the stage I should be  
allowed to have it.

PAUL  
You're going bald, big fella. Deal  
with it.

They leave the room. Don doesn't look too happy.

INT. CLUB, STAGE - NIGHT

The guys get on stage. Danny stands at the back of the club.

FRANK  
Good evening New York City! We are  
Yankees Lost Again.

A mixed reaction to the name. They start to play "Black Sheep", and suddenly everyone likes them. Except Danny.

CUT TO:

INT. CLUB, STAGE - LATER

The stage is empty, awaiting the arrival of American Elemental. Among the fans turning up late is ED STANLEY, a well dressed man in his late 30s. His cellphone rings, so he answers it.

ED  
Hello?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THAYER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

HOLDEN THAYER, an eccentric billionaire in his 60s, sits at his desk.

THAYER  
Who is this?

ED  
It's... Ed.

Thayer's face is blank.

ED  
Ed Stanley.

Still blank.

ED  
Your vice president.

THAYER  
Why did you call me?

ED  
Mr. Thayer, you called me.

THAYER  
What, did I?

ED  
Yeah.

THAYER  
Ed! How are you?

ED  
I'm good, sir.

A DELIVERY BOY with a bucket of chicken walks into Thayer's office. Thayer gives the boy money, and he leaves.

THAYER  
Where are you?

ED  
I'm at a concert. I told you about it earlier.

THAYER  
Ah yes, you did. So why did you call me?

ED  
...Mr. Thayer, you called me.

THAYER  
Did I?

Ed rolls his eyes.

THAYER  
Listen, something's just come up, I gotta go. Call me back later.

Thayer hangs up the phone and stares into space for a few seconds. He turns to see the bucket of chicken.

THAYER  
Who brought chicken?

INT. CLUB, BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

Now fully in costume, the guys anxiously wait their stage time.

PAUL  
So this is it, huh?

CARL  
Doesn't seem real.

FRANK  
You know, a part of me thought we'd be doing this forever.

DON  
All good things must come to an  
end.

PAUL  
Like your hair.

They all laugh.

FRANK  
Like my marriage.

Again they all laugh, calmer this time.

FRANK  
Alright. Let's do this.

CARL  
Earth.

DON  
Wind.

PAUL  
Water.

FRANK  
Fire.

They share a group hug, and leave the room.

INT. CLUB, STAGE - NIGHT

American Elemental take to the stage.

DON  
Ladies and gentlemen, the very  
fabric of existence -- Earth, Wind,  
Water, Fire -- Element!

CUT TO:

INT. CLUB, STAGE - LATER

Midway through the set, they are playing "The Sword". In the crowd, Ed's cellphone rings again. He sighs as he heads to the back of the venue and answers his phone.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THAYER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Thayer still sits at his desk, an empty bucket next to him.

THAYER  
Why did the elephant cross the  
road?

ED  
What?

THAYER  
Why did the elephant cross the  
road?

ED  
I don't know, why?

THAYER  
Damn, I was hoping you could help  
me out with that one. Where are  
you?

ED  
I'm at a concert. Listen.

Ed holds his phone up.

Thayer sits up in amazement.

THAYER  
Is that... Element?

ED  
What? Oh, yeah.

Thayer looks shocked.

THAYER  
My God... listen, Ted.

ED  
Ed.

THAYER  
Mike. Will you be able to meet the  
band after the show?

ED  
Yeah, I think so, why?

THAYER

I want you to find them, and give them my card. Tell them to come and see me tomorrow.

ED

You're fully booked tomorrow.

THAYER

I'll make time damn it! You do this, OK?

ED

OK, fine. Goodbye.

Ed hangs up his phone out of irritation.

Thayer turns around in his chair to look at a giant Element poster.

THAYER

They're back.

INT. FOYER - DAY

The guys walk into the large foyer of Thayer's offices Carl fiddles with his phone.

CARL

I think this is broken.

FRANK

You did drop it.

CARL

I know that. The vibrator's screwed, it won't work at all, then it won't stop for like a minute.

PAUL

Then you shouldn't have dropped it.

CARL

Yeah, because I meant to drop it.

They approach a RECEPTIONIST.

FRANK

Hi, we're here to see a... Holden Thayer?

She looks at Frank like he's crazy.

RECEPTIONIST

Mr. Thayer is a very busy man.

FRANK

We were told to stop by and see him, uh, Ed Stanley gave us his card?

The receptionist sighs and picks up a phone.

RECEPTIONIST

Mr. Thayer, I have four...  
gentlemen who say they're here to see you. (Beat) OK.

She looks back at Frank with a strange glance.

RECEPTIONIST

Mr. Thayer will see you now. His office is on the 23rd floor.

FRANK

Thanks.

They walk to an elevator and Don presses the button.

DON

I've got a bad feeling about this.

PAUL

That right, Jabba?

DON

Yeah, there's... something not right. I've just got a feeling we're in for a surprise, I don't know if it's gonna be good.

CARL

Were we supposed to bring our instruments?

FRANK

I don't know, I don't even know who this guy is.

The elevator opens.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

They step inside. An ATTENDANT is there.

ATTENDANT  
Good afternoon. Which floor?

FRANK  
23rd.

ATTENDANT  
Mr. Thayer's office?

FRANK  
That's right.

The attendant presses the button and the doors close.

CARL  
Should we have brought our  
costumes?

FRANK  
I don't know, Carl.

CARL  
Makeup?

The attendant seems a little confused.

FRANK  
I don't know.

DON  
I wish I'd brought my wig at least.

The attendant grows a little uneasy.

PAUL  
You think I'll need these?

Paul produces a pair of drumsticks. More unease from the attendant.

FRANK  
I really don't know what to expect.

PAUL  
I don't care, I just need the  
money.

The attendant is very unsettled.

DON  
You think we're gonna get money for  
this?

CARL

I hope so. I need a new--

Carl is interrupted by a loud vibration coming from his pocket. The attendant turns and looks down at Carl's pocket. The elevator dings as they reach their floor. The doors open and the guys get out. The attendant appears more than slightly disturbed as the doors close.

INT. HALL - DAY

They stand outside Thayer's office.

FRANK

Here goes nothing.

Frank knocks the door. A deep, loud, booming voice answers.

DOOR (V.O.)

Enter.

INT. THAYER'S OFFICE - DAY

Frank opens the door and they enter the office.

DOOR (V.O.)

Leave.

They stop and look around. Thayer sits in his chair laughing.

THAYER

I'm just messing with you guys.  
Check it.

Thayer presses buttons.

DOOR (V.O.)

Enter. Leave. Leave. Enter.

THAYER

Come, sit.

He presses a button again.

DOOR (V.O.)

Enter.

Thayer laughs as the guys approach his desk. They sit down.

THAYER

Hey, you guys watch Lost? What the fuck was going on with that show?

Awkward silence as he smiles.

FRANK

So, Mr. Thayer, what can we-

THAYER

No, please, call me Holden. As long as you don't think my middle name's Cock.

Thayer laughs. Frank, Don and Carl nervously laugh.

PAUL

Oh, Holden Cock, I get it.

Knock on the door. Ed and Thayer's ASSISTANT, a young, attractive woman, enter the room. Thayer presses a button over and over.

DOOR (V.O.)

Leave. Leave. Leave. Leave. Leave.

They leave. He presses the other button.

DOOR (V.O.)

Enter.

They enter and approach Thayer.

ED

Oh, good, they're here.

THAYER

That's right. Element are here.

Everyone is stunned by this statement.

ALL

What?

THAYER

Element! You're back! You're here!

ASSISTANT

Mr. Thayer, that's not Element.

THAYER

Sure it is! There's four of  
Element, there's four of them.  
Element!

ASSISTANT

Mr. Thayer, by that logic, The  
Beatles are Element.

THAYER

The Beatles wish. Come on, look at  
these guys. They're rock stars! And  
I heard them through Ed's phone,  
trust me, this is Element.

ASSISTANT

No, it's not.

THAYER

You're fired.

ASSISTANT

What?

THAYER

Get out of here, you're fired. Git.

She leaves the room in tears.

THAYER

Must be on her period.

Ed stands by and rolls his eyes.

FRANK

Is he... going senile?

ED

Oh no, he's always been like this.

THAYER

So, Element, Element, Element. I  
love you guys, I'm a huge fan. Got  
a poster on the wall and  
everything. What was that one song  
you did?

DON

"The Sword"?

THAYER

No, that one song.

CARL  
 "What I Do"?

THAYER  
 No, that one song!

Quick-fire song naming commences.

PAUL  
 "In The City"?

FRANK  
 "Midnight?"

DON  
 "Tripod?"

PAUL  
 "Zodiac"?

CARL  
 "Bitch"?

THAYER  
 Yes! "She's a bitch!" I love that one. So listen, guys... where have you been?

Awkward silence. No-one quite knows how to answer it.

FRANK  
 Uh, we've... just been doing our own thing, I guess.

Thinking on your feet 101.

THAYER  
 For 11 years? And you couldn't tell anyone where you were? You guys just disappeared!

FRANK  
 Uh, yeah, we... had to... get away from it all for a while.

THAYER  
 Well I hope you're ready to go back in. You see, I'm a billionaire. It's fun, you should try it some time. Among the things that made me my fortune, is promoting music. Live concerts, tours. I've pretty much got the monopoly...

(MORE)

THAYER (CONT'D)

but never you guys. For the last ten years I've been trying to find you, and now here you are. I've been up all night talking to my people, and it's all set in stone, apart from you guys. I want to book Element on a reunion tour.

The guys are in awe.

THAYER

I've spoken to other promoters, the demand for this is absolutely huge. Do you have any idea the kind of devoted fanbase Element has?

CARL

Yeah, we've got an idea.

THAYER

Then you know how big this is. Guys, this summer, 50 dates in 50 states. We're not talking clubs or arenas here, we are talking stadiums. Every one of the United States has a stadium that wants to book you. And all I need is you.

DON

Uh... Holden, you'll forgive us for thinking this is all a little sudden.

THAYER

Of course, which is why I want a quick decision from you. I am willing to pay each of you one million dollars in advance if you do this.

Collective jaws hit the floor.

PAUL

One million.

THAYER

OK, fine, two. You drive a hard bargain.

The guys shoot each other a quick look.

FRANK

Where do we sign?

INT. HALL - DAY

The guys and Ed leave the office.

CARL

This is crazy, we cannot seriously do this.

PAUL

Did you not hear him? Two million dollars each! Is that tax free?

Ed nods.

PAUL

Two million dollars!

DON

No, Paul, he's right, we can't do this. We're not Element.

Shocked that Don's given them up, they all turn to Ed.

ED

I know you're not. But Mr. Thayer wants to think you guys are, and I'm not gonna be the one to tell him you're not. You saw what happened to Amy. Or was it Megan? I don't know, he fires so many assistants I figure it's easier not to learn their names.

FRANK

Guys, we are good enough to do this. We can be Element.

PAUL

Do we want to be?

FRANK

Of course we do! This was the dream, remember?

CARL

We gave up the dream.

FRANK

You never really give up on your dreams. Come on, guys. This is the only chance we are ever gonna get to do this.

DON

But it's not right.

ED

Of course it's right. They've been gone a long time. The world needs you guys. You of all people should know how much the fans need this. You're not the real Element, you know it, I know it - but we put you out there in costume, they won't.

Ed presses the elevator button.

ED

I know this a big decision to make, but you should go for it. This will be our secret, OK?

They look at each other in contemplation.

INT. PRESS CONFERENCE - DAY

Thayer and Ed sit at a table with members of the press waiting.

THAYER

Ladies and gentlemen of the media, Thayer Promotions have brought you some of the biggest concerts in history. You thought we couldn't top The Rolling Stones on The Moon. But we can. This summer, they will reunite. This summer, they will return. This stadium tour will consist of 50 dates in 50 states.

ED

They said this day would never come. But you wanted to see it, and Thayer Promotions bring it to you. Ladies and gentlemen, without further ado, we bring you...

THAYER

The very fabric of existence --  
Earth, Wind, Water, Fire --

THAYER

Element!

ED

Element!

A small explosion of pyro at the side of the stage, followed by Amer-- Element walking out in full costume to greet the press. Mass cheers, applause, photography -- they actually think it's the real Element.

INT. CALIBUR RECORDS OFFICE - DAY

A group of people watch the press conference live on TV. Danny walks through and it catches his eye. He watches for a few seconds before his face turns to a scowl.

DANNY

No way.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Frank sits on the couch, papers all over the coffee table - rough setlists, concepts for stage setups, improved makeup designs, etc. His phone rings. He smiles as he answers it.

FRANK

Hey.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. LAYLA'S MOTHER'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Layla sits on the couch.

LAYLA

Hey.

FRANK

How have you been?

LAYLA

Good. I was glad you called that time, it was nice hearing your voice.

FRANK

I've missed you.

LAYLA

I've missed you too. (Beat) We should really talk about things.

FRANK

Yeah, we should.

LAYLA  
In person.

FRANK  
Sure.

LAYLA  
When's good for you?

FRANK  
Actually I've got a lot going on  
right now...

Frank looks at his tour itinerary.

LAYLA  
Yeah, I'm sure you have...

Layla looks at a newspaper ad for the Element tour.

FRANK  
But I'm free on the 27th.

LAYLA  
OK, the 27th's good.

FRANK  
Great. So what's new?

LAYLA  
Not much. My mom doesn't even have  
a TV here.

FRANK  
What?

LAYLA  
I know. I'm sure you're happy  
though.

FRANK  
Why's that?

LAYLA  
I read in the paper Element.

FRANK  
Oh, right, yeah. Yeah, it's pretty  
amazing.

LAYLA  
It's funny, they almost look like  
you guys.

FRANK  
You know, they kinda do.

LAYLA  
Bruce Thunder's really let himself  
go.

Frank laughs.

FRANK  
Yeah, I guess he has.

Frank sits back, eager to continue the conversation.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Don, Christine, Desmond and daughter BETH take a nice stroll  
through the park on a sunny day.

CHRISTINE  
I've gotta hand it to you, Don,  
these last few weeks you've really  
been making a lot of time for us.

DON  
What can I say, I've got a lot of  
time on my hands these days.

CHRISTINE  
What? Did you lose your job?

DON  
Well, no, but I've not been  
completely honest, I kinda got a  
new job. The pay's great, the hours  
are great, and I get to do what I  
love.

CHRISTINE  
Wow, why didn't you tell me?

DON  
I didn't know how you'd react. And  
I didn't wanna tell you... this new  
job, it kinda puts me on the road  
for a few months.

CHRISTINE  
Oh. You're working the Element  
tour?

DON

Yeah.

CHRISTINE

Well, I suppose if we get some time together now, that's what's important, right?

DON

Absolutely.

Desmond and Beth run off.

CHRISTINE

It sure is strange, the way they've just come back all of a sudden.

DON

What do you mean?

CHRISTINE

They were gone for eleven years, why now? And you've said it yourself so many times, there's so little known about the guys behind the masks. It could be anyone.

Don stops Christine.

DON

You're gonna find out sooner or later. It's not Element. It's us. It's me, Frank, Carl, Paul. We're pretending to be Element. That's why I've got so much time on my hands, that's why the money's so good, that's why I'm on the tour. I am Bruce Thunder.

Christine looks at Don for a few seconds before cracking into laughter.

CHRISTINE

Oh, that's a good one, sweetie.

Christine walks away, leaving Don standing with a blank look.

INT. STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

Carl and Paul sit by the stage, whooping and cheering.

CARL

Man, this is awesome, I haven't felt this good in years! I've been depressed for so long I forgot what it felt like to be happy, but this is it! This is happy!

PAUL

I know! I thought I was done when I got fired from the warehouse, but here we are. Rock stars. Strip club. Money!

Carl and Paul high five. VIOLET, an attractive stripper in her late 20s, approaches them and kneels down.

VIOLET

Are you guys actually gonna spend any money?

PAUL

Are you actually gonna take your clothes off?

Sighing, Violet stands up and strips. Carl and Paul seem happy. Carl hands her some money.

PAUL

Is that a new piercing?

INT. CALIBUR RECORDS OFFICE - NIGHT

Danny sits at his poorly lit desk, cross referencing Element promotional material old and new. A bright light comes on. Danny flinches and turns around. His colleague ERIC stands in the doorway.

ERIC

Jeez, Danny, it's after ten, what are you still doing here?

DANNY

I'm busy, Eric, get out of here.

Eric approaches the desk.

ERIC

What is this stuff?

Danny sighs, infuriated.

DANNY

Element.

ERIC

I never pegged you as a fan.

DANNY

I'm not. This reunion of theirs,  
I'm a little suspicious to tell you  
the truth.

ERIC

Of what?

DANNY

That they're not who they say they  
are.

ERIC

Come on.

DANNY

It makes sense. Why have they  
chosen now to come back? This is a  
band that wanted out of the  
spotlight, and there's been no  
indication that they wanted back  
in. No-one ever knew anything about  
them, this could be anyone.

ERIC

You're paranoid.

DANNY

I'm not. Look at this.

Danny places two tour posters side by side.

DANNY

Do they look like the same people  
to you?

ERIC

Yeah, they do.

DANNY

Look closer.

ERIC

What am I looking at?

DANNY

Alvin Kulick's left arm. In 1987,  
he had a tattoo. Now, there's  
nothing.

ERIC

People can get tattoos removed.

DANNY

But why would he? That's not all,  
look at these.

ERIC

Danny, just go home.

DANNY

Don't you tell me what to do. I'll  
stay here all night if I have to.

Eric walks away.

ERIC

Weirdo.

DANNY

Get the light.

Eric turns the light off as he leaves.

INT. NEWS STUDIO - DAY

A NEWSREADER sits at their desk.

NEWSREADER

All in all, this is one day that  
Tutu the kangaroo won't soon  
forget. Now, it's been six weeks  
since the shocking announcement  
that one of the world's biggest  
rock bands, Element, was reforming  
for a stadium tour this summer. And  
in that short time, tickets for  
shows up and down the country have  
been selling out in record time.  
Tonight, the tour gets underway in  
Tuscon, Arizona, and our reporter  
Tom Criscuola is down there right  
now. Tom?

EXT. ARIZONA STADIUM - DAY

TOM CRISCUOLA stands outside the Arizona Stadium.

TOM

That's right, it is a beautiful day here in Tuscon, Arizona. I am standing outside the Arizona Stadium where the Arizona Wildcats football team usually plays. But tonight, a different animal altogether will play on this ground.

Hundreds -- nay thousands of fans flock around the stadium, several of them in makeup and some even in full costume.

TOM (V.O.)

Element have been one of the world's biggest rock bands for over thirty years, and tonight, their comeback tour begins in this fine city. Their tour consists of a single show in every state in America, meaning fans from all over Arizona have made the journey here.

Tom interviews several fans in makeup.

ARIZONA FAN #1

I came from Phoenix--

ARIZONA FAN #2

--all the way from Tempe--

ARIZONA FAN #3

--right here in Tuscon!

Fans cheer in the background.

TOM

Of course, this is such a huge event that it's not just fans from Arizona that are here.

UTAH FAN

It was actually easier for me to come from Utah to this show than it was the one in Salt Lake City.

## ENGLISH FAN

I came here from Manchester,  
England--

## GERMAN FAN

--Hannover, Germany--

## MEXICAN FAN

I made the trip up from Mexico.  
Twenty years I've waited to see  
Element, and tonight...

He breaks into tears and tries to wave the camera away.

## TOM

You can see just how much this  
means to some people. Can the  
band's performance live up to the  
hype they've built? Only time will  
tell. Tom Criscuola, Channel 17  
News, in Tuscon, Arizona.

## INT. ARIZONA STADIUM, DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

The guys, in full costume, are in their dressing room. They  
seem happy - Don especially with his 'hair' - apart from  
Frank.

## DON

This hair is awesome.

## PAUL

This makeup is awesome, I'm so glad  
I don't have to do it myself  
anymore. And I still can't believe  
Motorhead opened for us!

## CARL

Did you see the groupies?

## PAUL

There's groupies?

## CARL

Oh yeah.

Paul runs out of the room. Don approaches Frank.

## DON

Hey, you OK?

FRANK

I don't know. Can we really do this?

DON

Yes! Somehow, no-one has figured it out yet. We've gotten this far, right?

FRANK

Yeah, and now what? We go out there, play the show, they realise we're not Element, and we're screwed.

CARL

Then we've just gotta make sure that doesn't happen.

Paul comes back into the room.

PAUL

Seven girls just asked to have sex with me. Seven!

FRANK

You know that I get nervous before shows, right?

CARL

Right.

FRANK

You remember the biggest crowd we ever played to was about five hundred people. There are seventy thousand people out there tonight. So yeah, forgive me if my nerves are a little worse tonight.

DON

Frank, you want to know what I do when I'm in the shower?

FRANK

No.

DON

I close my eyes and there's a sea of people. How many? I don't know. Maybe a million.

(MORE)

DON (CONT'D)

And what I do, is I visualize myself playing in front of all those people, and they love me. After that, nothing can scare me. What's seventy thousand compared to a million? Now you've already had your million. More, millions. Because they believe that you are Jack Diamond. All you have to do is go out there, in front of that tiny percentage of people who believe in you... and believe in yourself. You are Jack Diamond.

CARL

And here I thought it was gonna be some story about masturbation.

PAUL

You mean it wasn't?

The door knocks and Thayer walks in, wearing a huge fur coat.

THAYER

Hey guys, how's it going? You ready for this?

They look at Frank.

FRANK

Yeah. Yeah, we're ready.

THAYER

Good. Opening night nerves, huh?

FRANK

Yeah, how could you tell?

THAYER

I can see the sweat.

CARL

We're in Arizona.

THAYER

What? I thought we were in Alaska. No wonder it's so hot.

Thayer takes his fur coat off. He's sweated heavily through his suit. He laughs at this.

THAYER

Woah, shit!

EXT. ARIZONA STADIUM, STAGE - NIGHT

Seventy thousand strong chant "Element" in unison. A curtain covers the stage. The band wait in the wings.

DON  
You ready, Jack?

FRANK  
Oh, I'm ready, Bruce. Jorge?

CARL  
Ready as I'll ever be. Alvin?

PAUL  
Let's rock.

CARL  
Earth.

DON  
Wind.

PAUL  
Water.

FRANK  
Fire.

They put their hands in a pile.

ALL  
Element!

And off they go. The music on the PA fades out, and the overhead lights turn off. The intro tape begins to play and the crowd go into a frenzy. Deep breaths all round.

DON  
(timid)  
Ladies and gentleman...

They all look at Don. Don clears his throat.

DON  
Ladies and gentlemen, the very  
fabric of existence -- Earth, Wind,  
Water, Fire --

Don shouts "Element!", but there's no sound from his microphone. One corner of the hanging curtain drops, but no more. Power failure.

They look nervously at each other as stage hands and technicians frantically try to fix the problem.

FRANK

Huh. You know, I think I could probably play if this curtain stayed up.

Boos start to ring out from the crowd.

FRANK

Oh, spoke too soon.

Paul is spinning a drumstick with his fingers.

CARL

When did you learn how to do that?

PAUL

I don't know!

A TECHNICIAN runs to the middle of the stage.

TECHNICIAN

OK guys, the problem is fixed, you are good to go! Repeat, good to go!

Frank looks up to the sky.

FRANK

Dear Jesus. I know I don't usually believe in you, but if you could help us out here, that'd be great. Please, I suppose.

The intro tape starts over.

DON

Ladies and gentlemen, the very fabric of existence -- Earth, Wind, Water, Fire -- Element!

The curtain falls as fireworks line the top of the stage and the band launch straight into "What I Do". The rabid crowd eats it up, and fully believes it's Element, even when Frank starts to sing. As the song progresses, they become more confident in their own abilities.

Pyro and giant flames shoot up at select points. Carl obviously didn't know they were there and almost walks right into one of them, letting out a shrill scream as he jumps back. But come his time to shine, Carl unleashes a lead guitar performance to behold. In the words of Danny, he can do things with a guitar that Jorge Fantana never could.

They finish the song and bask in the fantastic reception. The fans honestly believe that they are watching Element. The guys are starting to honestly believe they are Element.

Attention turns to Don. Having gotten too close to the pyro at the end of the song, the top of his wig is on fire. Don sniffs around.

DON

Hey, what smells like burning hair?

The rest of the band stare at Don, mouths hanging open. Don tilts his bass so he can see his reflection, and notices his fiery new do. Dropping the bass to the ground, Don screams and runs off stage. Reaching the side of the stage, he tears the wig off and stomps the flames out. A stage hand fits Don with a new wig as he calms down. Don then jogs back on stage to soak in the cheers.

CUT TO:

EXT. ARIZONA STADIUM, STAGE - LATER

Midway through the set, 'Element' finish playing "Midnight". Carl walks over to Paul.

CARL

Tight!

Frank seems to be finding his groove as he talks to the crowd.

FRANK

Fine people of Arizona, are you having a good time?

A huge cheer.

FRANK

I thought as much. Now we talked about this backstage, and we weren't sure if we were gonna do this, but it just feels so damn good tonight, that we are gonna play a new song.

Even bigger cheer. Carl approaches Frank.

CARL

You sure about this?

FRANK  
Yeah, I'm sure.

Paul begins the countdown, and they launch into "Black Sheep".

CUT TO:

EXT. ARIZONA STADIUM, STAGE - LATER

It's late, but no-one's tired. 'Element' are finishing their set with the closing moments of "In The City". The fans are as loud now as they were at the start of the set. The band come to the front of the stage and take a collective bow to rapturous applause.

FRANK  
We did it.

DON  
Yeah we did.

PAUL  
Stage dive.

CARL  
What?

PAUL  
I want to do a stage dive. I've always wanted to do one, we've just never had the crowd. Come on guys, you gotta let me have this.

Hesitantly, they let Paul go and move out of the way. He takes a run and dives off the stage... only to come crashing to the ground a few short of the crowd.

PAUL  
Oh wow, I misjudged that.

ON THE ROAD - MONTAGE

"In The City" plays as...

A) EXT. STADIUM, STAGE - NIGHT

Element playing live.

B) EXT. ROAD - DAY

Element's violet tour bus drives down on open highway.

C) INT. TV STUDIO - DAY

Element being interviewed on TV.

D) EXT. ROAD - DAY

The tour bus drives on again.

E) EXT. STADIUM, STAGE - NIGHT

Element playing live again.

F) EXT. ROAD - DAY

The tour bus drives on once again.

G) INT. RADIO STUDIO - DAY

Element being interviewed on the radio. For some reason they're still in full costume.

H) EXT. ROAD - DAY

The tour bus drives on yet again.

I) EXT. STADIUM, STAGE - NIGHT

And Element playing yet live again.

END MONTAGE

EXT. PHILADELPHIA - DAY

The tour bus pulls up outside a hotel. The guys step out, followed by Ed and his clipboard.

ED  
Alright, here we are. Philadelphia,  
Pennsylvania.

DON  
I'm exhausted, these last few weeks  
have been non-stop.

CARL  
At least we've got the night off.

PAUL  
And I'm gonna get me some lovin'.

FRANK  
Hey, Ed, it's only two hours from  
New York, right?

ED  
That's right.

FRANK  
Great, I've got to get back there.  
I'm meeting Layla tonight.

ED  
No, you can't go.

FRANK  
What?

ED  
You guys aren't playing, but you're  
booked to appear on TV tonight.

FRANK  
Oh come on, can't you do it without  
me?

ED  
No, we need all four of you.

FRANK  
Look, Ed, I have got to meet my  
wife. She left me, this is gonna be  
the first time we've seen each  
other in nearly two months. She's  
given me a second chance, I can't  
ruin this.

ED  
I'm sorry, Frank. You can't go.

Ed leaves.

FRANK  
Hey, guys, I uh... I've got a call  
to make.

DON  
Sure.

Frank leaves.

PAUL  
Alright, groupie time. You guys in?

DON  
No.

PAUL  
Why not?

DON  
Because I'm married.

PAUL  
And?

Don glares at Paul.

PAUL  
Whatever. Carl, you're in, right?

CARL  
I don't think so.

PAUL  
What?

CARL  
Yeah, things are getting kinda  
serious with this girl back home.

Don and Paul laugh.

PAUL  
Oh OK, sure they are. What's her  
name?

CARL  
Violet.

DON  
Right, Violet, like the color of  
the bus.

CARL  
Yeah.

DON  
OK, buddy, whatever you say.

CARL  
No, she's real!

Don and Carl leave. Paul remains in deep thought.

PAUL  
Violet, where do I know that name  
from?

Elsewhere, Frank is calling Layla.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Back in New York, Layla is at home, putting in extra effort to make herself look good. Her phone rings, and she answers with a smile.

LAYLA  
Hello?

FRANK  
Hey.

LAYLA  
Hey you. I'm looking forward to  
tonight.

FRANK  
Uh, yeah. Listen, about that...

LAYLA  
Frank?

FRANK  
I'm sorry.

LAYLA  
Don't you dare say it.

FRANK  
I can't make it. (Beat) Something's  
come up right at the last minute,  
and --

LAYLA  
I should've known.

FRANK  
Layla, please, I --

LAYLA  
No, Frank, don't even try to explain. I should've known when Element came back that you would go out and follow them on tour. And I was right, wasn't I? I'm home right now, and it doesn't look like anyone's been here in weeks.

FRANK  
I know, let me explain.

LAYLA  
No, you've made your choice.

FRANK  
Layla --

LAYLA  
Goodbye, Frank.

Layla hangs up. She looks at herself in the mirror for a couple of seconds, then hangs her head and starts to cry. The phone rings again, and she tearfully answers.

LAYLA  
What?

FRANK  
You're wrong, I'm not following Element on tour.

LAYLA  
Then where the hell are you?

Frank sighs.

FRANK  
Look, I can't come to you, but I can bring you to me. Are you doing anything tomorrow?

LAYLA  
No, why?

EXT. FRANK AND LAYLA'S HOUSE - DAY

The following day, Layla steps out of the house. A limo is waiting for her, a DRIVER standing by.

DRIVER  
Mrs. Caravello?

LAYLA  
Yeah?

The driver opens the door for Layla.

DRIVER  
Your husband sent me.

LAYLA  
Frank did this?

DRIVER  
Yes, ma'am.

Surprised, Layla gets into the limo.

INT. CALIBUR RECORDS OFFICE - DAY

Office manager MR. HUDSON sits at his desk. A knock on the door, and a tired Danny enters.

DANNY  
You wanted to see me, Mr. Hudson?

HUDSON  
Yes, take a seat.

Danny sits.

HUDSON  
Good God, man, you look exhausted.

DANNY  
I've been doing a lot of research  
at nights.

HUDSON  
Yes, I can see. Danny, your  
quarterly reports have just come  
in, and I have to say... I'm not  
impressed.

DANNY

You're not?

HUDSON

No. The first month here is great, fantastic actually. But since then you've been on a steady decline. What's wrong with you?

DANNY

I've got a lot going on in my life right now.

HUDSON

I'm sorry, but that's not good enough. I expect you to keep your personal life personal, and certainly out of your professional life.

DANNY

No Mr. Hudson, this isn't personal. It's about Element.

HUDSON

Yeah, Eric told me you'd been obsessing over them. What exactly are you trying to find out?

DANNY

I want to know who they are. I just had a tape of one of their recent shows sent to me, and they might be able to fool most people, but not me. That is not Element. It's all much tighter. This guy's a better singer than Jack Diamond, and the guitarist? He can do things that Jorge Fantana never could.

HUDSON

Danny, listen to me. Element are not with us. I've got a list of bands here that are with us, several of whom you're supposed to be representing. In fact, I've actually had complaints from The Rivers Brothers' people that you haven't been returning their calls.

DANNY

I'll get round to it.

HUDSON

No, you won't. Look, Danny, as long as you're in this state, I don't want you around here. Consider yourself suspended indefinitely, without pay.

DANNY

You don't want to do this.

HUDSON

You mean you don't want me to do this.

Danny gets up and storms out.

EXT. STADIUM - EVENING

The limo pulls up outside the stadium in Philadelphia. The driver gets out and opens Layla's door. Layla gets out to see thousands of fans walking into the stadium, several of them in makeup and costumes.

LAYLA

What's going on here?

DRIVER

This way, ma'am.

Layla follows the driver towards the stadium. He leaves her as they reach a SECURITY GUARD.

SECURITY GUARD

Hey, baby, where you trying to get to?

LAYLA

Oh, I--

FRANK (O.S.)

It's cool, let her in.

SECURITY GUARD

You know this chick?

FRANK

Yeah. She's my wife.

Frank appears behind the security guard.

LAYLA

Frank?

FRANK

Hey.

The security guard steps aside to let Layla inside.

INT. STADIUM, BACKSTAGE - EVENING

Layla walks inside to meet Frank.

LAYLA

What the hell are you doing here?  
They let you backstage?

FRANK

Good to see you too.

LAYLA

Frank, what's going on?

FRANK

Look, just come with me, I'll  
explain everything.

Frank and Layla start to walk on.

SECURITY GUARD

Hey, Frank!

Frank turns back. The security guard motions him to come back.

SECURITY GUARD

That's your wife? You're hitting  
that?

FRANK

Yeah.

SECURITY GUARD

Nice!

The security guard bumps fists with Frank. Frank smiles and walks back to Layla. The security guard turns back to face outside, huge grin on his face.

SECURITY GUARD

Damn!

Frank and Layla walk down the hall. Don, Carl and Paul approach them.

FRANK  
Hey guys, look who's here.

LAYLA  
Wait, you're all here?

A MAKEUP LADY comes out of the dressing room.

MAKEUP LADY  
Frank, we need you in here.

FRANK  
Alright. Hey, I've got something I need to do, I'll only be five minutes. You just hang with the guys, OK?

LAYLA  
Wait, I--

Frank goes into the dressing room.

LAYLA  
What is going on?

PAUL  
How much has Frank told you?

LAYLA  
Nothing.

PAUL  
Oh, good, that means I can change the subject. Did you know Carl has a girlfriend?

LAYLA  
Really?

CARL  
Yeah, I do.

LAYLA  
Wow, I've just never seen you with a woman. I always thought you were gay.

CARL  
What? No. (Beat) What?

A short, awkward silence.

LAYLA  
That's it, I can't take this  
anymore.

Layla storms into the dressing room.

DON  
You think she knows?

INT. STADIUM, DRESSING ROOM - EVENING

Layla walks into the dressing room. The makeup lady is working on Frank, who is facing away from Layla.

LAYLA  
What the hell is going on here?

FRANK  
Oh, this is my wife, Layla.

MAKEUP LADY  
Hi.

LAYLA  
Frank, I--

FRANK  
Listen, I couldn't come to you, but I figured if I could bring you to me then you would maybe understand.

LAYLA  
Understand what?

Layla grabs the chair and swivels it around.

FRANK  
No wait, it's not finished!

Frank has an incomplete Fire design on his face.

LAYLA  
Oh my God.

FRANK  
Surprise?

LAYLA  
You guys... are Element?

FRANK  
Could you give us a moment?

The makeup lady leaves.

LAYLA

This... how?

FRANK

This is why we're here. This is why I haven't been home in weeks, this is why I couldn't make it yesterday. I'm sorry, I wanted to tell you weeks ago, but it didn't feel right. Now you know.

LAYLA

No, this doesn't make any sense. I want you to tell me everything.

FRANK

OK. It started when you left.

EXT. STADIUM, STAGE - NIGHT

Element are on stage in front of another capacity crowd, confidence ten times higher than even the peak of opening night.

FRANK

Alright, you having a good time, Philadelphia?

Huge cheer.

FRANK

We're gonna slow things down a little with this next song. I wanna see those lighters, hell, even cellphones in the air. This song is dedicated to someone very special.

Frank looks off to the side of the stage, where Layla stands watching.

FRANK

And if any of you have someone special in your life, then this is dedicated to you too. "Broken Glass".

The fans cheer as they begin to play "Broken Glass", an archetypal 80s power ballad. Layla watches on.



FRANK  
We can work things out.

LAYLA  
I don't know if we can. I want to,  
but... I need more time.

FRANK  
OK. Alright, I understand.

LAYLA  
I should go.

FRANK  
Sure. Oh, hey, I booked a hotel for  
you. It's the Hilton at the  
Airport.

LAYLA  
The Hilton?

FRANK  
Yeah. It's booked under Diamond.

Frank and Layla share a short laugh at this.

FRANK  
One of the drivers will take you  
there.

LAYLA  
Thank you.

Frank and Layla hug.

FRANK  
Thank you. (Beat) I love you.

LAYLA  
I know.

They end their embrace. Layla begins to leave, Frank's grip  
on her hand slowly slipping away. He gives a quick wave as  
she leaves.

Elsewhere, Don, Carl and Paul are standing talking.

DON  
You know, maybe I should bring  
Christine out to a show.

PAUL  
Yeah?

DON  
Yeah, I mean, Frank brought his wife, and you apparently meet your girlfriends at the shows.

PAUL  
That's true.

DON  
What about you?

CARL  
What about me?

PAUL  
Yeah, what about bringing Violet out?

CARL  
Oh no, I couldn't, she works nights.

PAUL  
Of course she does.

CARL  
I am not making my girlfriend up!

DON  
You got any pictures?

CARL  
No, she doesn't like being photographed.

DON  
She doesn't like being photographed.

CARL  
No, she doesn't.

DON  
Bullshit.

PAUL  
Surely you can understand why we don't believe you. We've never seen you with a woman, you never seem to have a girlfriend. I'm starting to think you might be a virgin.

CARL  
Well that's just not true, I mean,  
I've slept with your sister.

PAUL  
What?

CARL  
I'm kidding. Maybe. Oh, you don't  
know! Is he joking, is he serious?

PAUL  
You better be joking.

CARL  
I am, it's cool.

Paul walks away.

DON  
You did sleep with his sister,  
didn't you?

CARL  
Oh yeah.

Thayer approaches the guys as they come together.

THAYER  
Another great show, gentlemen!

DON  
Thanks, Mr. Thayer.

THAYER  
Please, call me Jeff.

PAUL  
Your name's Holden.

THAYER  
I know, but I like Jeff. Listen,  
I've got huge news. I'm putting the  
word out tomorrow, but we've  
finally confirmed the last date of  
the tour. You are going to be  
playing at Yankee Stadium.

CARL  
Yankee Stadium?

PAUL  
Of Yankees fame?

THAYER

That's right. I know you're all big Yankees fans, so I pulled some strings. But that's not all. This may be the biggest show you've ever played. In your hometown, at your favourite stadium, and get this - it is going to be a free show.

FRANK

What?

THAYER

A free show! But only fans in full costume will be admitted. I'm talking makeup, hair, ridiculous spandex... things! And it's free! This show is about paying back the true fans. You better pull out the big guns for this one, boys. Free show!

Thayer walks away.

THAYER (O.S.)

Free show!

Short silence.

PAUL

Wait, how much did he say tickets were?

INT. DANNY'S HOUSE - DAY

Thayer's press conference announcing the free show is on TV. Danny watches with a scowl on his face. The doorbell rings. He gets up and answers it. RON CORONEL, late 50s, a hard life behind him, is behind the door.

DANNY

Ron Coronel?

RON

That's right.

DANNY

Come on in.

Ron enters. Danny turns the TV off.

DANNY  
Can I get you anything?

RON  
No. Listen, Simmons, right?

DANNY  
Yeah.

RON  
I want to see the money.

DANNY  
Of course.

Two brown envelopes sit on the coffee table. Danny hands one to Ron. Ron opens it and takes a wad of cash out.

RON  
It's all here?

DANNY  
It's all there, two grand. It's yours if you tell me what I want to hear. Please, take a seat.

Ron sits down.

RON  
Pardon me for asking, Mr. Simmons, but what exactly is it that you want to hear?

Danny sits.

DANNY  
I think you know. From 1973 to 1976, you were in a band, right?

RON  
Yeah, I was the drummer.

DANNY  
For Element.

RON  
Yeah.

DANNY  
And what do you think of this whole thing? Is it really them?

RON  
I don't know. It ain't my place to  
say, you know?

DANNY  
You don't think it is them, do you?

RON  
No, I don't. But if I say anything  
to anyone, I'm the conspiracy nut.  
I ain't going through that again,  
not after that trip to Roswell.  
Damn near bankrupted me. Then they  
had to bail me out. Stupid alien.

DANNY  
I believe you.

RON  
What, about the alien?

DANNY  
No, Element.

Danny takes the other envelope from the table.

DANNY  
I just got these photos in this  
morning. Element unmasked. I  
haven't looked at them yet, I  
wanted to wait for you. You knew  
these guys a long time ago, but  
you'd still recognize them, right?

RON  
Sure would.

Danny hands Ron the envelope. He opens it and takes out the  
photos. A quick look.

DANNY  
Well?

RON  
No. That ain't them. That ain't  
Element.

DANNY  
You're positive.

RON

One hundred percent. I don't know who those guys are, but I swear on my life, they are not Element.

DANNY

I was right. I knew it. I was right this whole time?

There's a hint of disbelief in his voice.

DANNY

Give me those.

Ron hands Danny the photos. Danny almost snatches them from him. Danny's eyes open wide as he looks at the photos.

DANNY

No. No, it can't be. No way.

Danny drops the photos. They hit the floor, revealing photos of Frank, Don, Carl and Paul.

EXT. HOT DOG CART - DAY

The tour bus is parked on the street. The guys are standing around. Paul is at a hot dog cart.

PAUL

One hot dog please.

The HOT DOG VENDOR puts a hot dog down. As Paul gives him the money, Carl sneaks up and steals the hot dog. Paul turns to get it, but it's gone. He turns round to see Carl eating a hot dog.

PAUL

Hey! Is that my hot dog?

CARL

No, this is mine.

PAUL

It looks like mine!

CARL

It's a hot dog, they all look the same.

Paul turns back to the cart.

PAUL  
He's got me there. Another one  
please.

Paul hands him the money before he gets the hot dog. The vendor puts the hot dog down as Carl walks over and points in the distance.

CARL  
Hey, what's that?

PAUL  
What's what?

Carl takes the hot dog and chucks it to Don.

PAUL  
I don't see it, what am I looking  
at?

Paul turns around and notices his hot dog is gone.

PAUL  
Where's my hot dog?

CARL  
What hot dog?

PAUL  
I ordered a hot dog!

CARL  
I didn't hear you order a hot dog.

PAUL  
God damn it. A hot dog, please.

Paul's losing his patience as the others begin to crack up. Paul hands over the money and turns back.

PAUL  
So what am I looking at?

CARL  
Oh my God...

The hot dog comes. Carl takes it and walks away, giving it to Frank.

PAUL  
I still don't see anything.

Paul turns back.

PAUL  
Is my hot dog ready yet?

The vendor nods his head towards the others, who are all eating hot dogs.

PAUL  
Hey! Are those my hot dogs?

FRANK  
Yeah, thanks for lunch, man.

PAUL  
But they're mine!

DON  
They're tasty.

PAUL  
I know they're tasty, that's why I wanted one!

Paul punches the side of the cart.

VENDOR  
Hey!

PAUL  
Sorry. Can I get one more hot dog please?

VENDOR  
Sure. Uh-oh.

PAUL  
What, what uh-oh?

VENDOR  
I'm gonna have to cook more. You're gonna have to wait a few more minutes.

PAUL  
But I'm hungry!

The others laugh in the background.

INT. TOUR BUS - DAY

Ed sits working in the bus, the news on TV in the background.

NEWSREADER (V.O.)

Tributes continue to flood in for Tutu the kangaroo, who passed away this morning. Now coming up after the break, we have a shocking story, from a man who claims that the reunion tour of Element is a sham, and that the band are impostors. We'll be right back.

Ed looks up at the TV, worried.

ED

Uh-oh.

EXT. HOT DOG CART - DAY

Paul stands by, licking his lips and rubbing his hands as the vendor puts his hot dog into the bun.

VENDOR

Ketchup?

PAUL

Yeah.

VENDOR

Mustard?

PAUL

Oh yeah.

VENDOR

Onions?

PAUL

You better believe it.

The vendor starts the works when Ed comes out of the bus.

ED

Guys! Get in here, now!

DON

Yeah, we'll be with you in a minute.

ED

No -- now.

The worried look on his face is enough to convince the band. Frank and Don walk towards the bus. Carl walks over to the cart and grabs Paul.

CARL  
Come on, man.

Carl drags Paul away as his hot dog is placed down.

PAUL  
NOOOOOOO!!!

Paul grabs out, but the hot dog is too far away. The vendor looks at the hot dog.

VENDOR  
Oh well.

The vendor starts to eat the hot dog.

INT. TOUR BUS - DAY

Ed, Frank and Don stand by the TV as Carl drags Paul onto the bus.

PAUL  
I want my hot dog!

CARL  
You'll get your hot dog later.

PAUL  
I want it now.

ED  
Shh!

Focus turns to the TV.

NEWSREADER  
Welcome back to Channel 17 News. Nearly twelve years ago, the rock band Element seemingly disappeared from the public eye, so the news that they were returning for a concert tour this summer was surprising to say the least. Suspicions were aroused by few, but these claims were dismissed when the band performed live.

(MORE)

NEWSREADER (CONT'D)

However, shocking developments recently appear to have confirmed the worst fear of all Element fans - this is not the real band.

FRANK

What?

ALL

Shh!

NEWSREADER

Daniel Simmons, an agent at New York's Calibur Records, has been investigating this strange case for some months now, and has finally gathered conclusive evidence. We go live to New York City, where Channel 17's Tom Criscuola is with Simmons. Tom?

EXT. DANNY'S HOUSE - DAY

Tom Criscuola stands by with Danny.

TOM

I'm here in New York City with Daniel Simmons, the man who claims that the band currently known as Element are impostors. Daniel--

DANNY

Please, call me Danny.

INT. TOUR BUS - DAY

They stand watching.

DON

Hey, isn't that that asshole who headhunted you?

CARL

Yeah, it is.

ALL

Shh!

EXT. DANNY'S HOUSE - DAY

Tom and Danny stand by.

TOM

Alright, Danny. First off, what was your first clue? What tipped you off that this might not be Element?

DANNY

Well, Tom, I've worked in the music industry for a long time, so these things are kinda second nature to me. When I saw that press conference where they announced their return, there was just something about them that wasn't right. They looked like Element, they walked, they talked like Element, but something told me. They weren't Element.

TOM

That was a pretty big leap you took if you don't mind my saying.

DANNY

Not at all, it was a huge leap. But something in my mind was telling me that I was right. All these little things, they added up, but I was getting nowhere. Then I saw a live performance from their tour. That new song of theirs, "Black Sheep". I'd heard it before. And the way they played, the way their singer accentuated certain little things, the way their guitarist could do things that Jorge Fantana could never do, all these little idiosyncrasies, they made it clear. This wasn't Element, because I'd seen this band before. These photographs confirmed it.

Danny holds up an envelope, and takes a photograph out of it. Frank, Don, Carl and Paul.

TOM

Who exactly are these men?

DANNY

Well they're not Element.

INT. TOUR BUS - DAY

Elem-- American Elemental and Ed watch in shock on the TV.

DANNY (V.O.)

It wasn't until I met Ron Coronel,  
the original drummer for Element,  
that I could come to the media with  
this.

PAUL

Ron Coronel wasn't the original  
drummer!

ALL

Shh!

Short silence.

PAUL

It was Tony Klein.

EXT. DANNY'S HOUSE - DAY

Tom and Danny stand with an ever increasing crowd of  
attention seekers behind them.

DANNY

But I was right all along. These  
are the same guys I'd seen playing  
"Black Sheep" in a little club. Put  
them in makeup, they look like  
Element. That's because they're a  
tribute band. A sorry imitation of  
the real thing. They're called  
American Elemental.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

John Frehley and a bunch of other warehouse workers are  
watching the news on a TV.

DANNY (V.O.)

Paul Cusano.

INT. DON'S LIVING ROOM

Christine, Desmond and Beth are watching the news.

DANNY (V.O.)  
Donald Harvey.

BETH  
Daddy!

CHRISTINE  
Oh my God.

INT. STRIP CLUB, "DRESSING" ROOM - DAY

Violet and other strippers are watching the news.

DANNY (V.O.)  
Carl Eisen.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Layla is watching the news intently.

DANNY (V.O.)  
And Frank Caravello. These men are  
the impostors.

INT. TOUR BUS - DAY

Somber looks all round.

EXT. DANNY'S HOUSE - DAY

Back to Tom and Danny.

DANNY  
You see, Tom, this is not the real  
band. They're a tribute band who  
got lucky. They lied their way into  
our hearts, and our wallets. I know  
we heard the tragic news earlier  
about Tutu the kangaroo.

TOM  
Yes, it's terrible.

DANNY  
It is. But this is proof that even  
in these dark days, sometimes a  
story still has a happy ending.  
Sometimes... the good guys do win.

TOM  
Alright. Tom Criscuola, Channel 17  
News, New York City.

INT. TOUR BUS - DAY

Silence. Broken by a ringing phone. Ed looks at his phone.

ED  
It's Mr. Thayer.

Paul grabs Ed's phone, runs to the door, and chucks it out.

ED  
I just got that!

Another phone rings. Don's. Then Carl's. Paul's. And Frank's.  
They all reject the calls and turn off their phones.

FRANK  
So what do we do?

ED  
What can we do? There isn't a  
single hole in his story, he's  
right about everything. Guys, you  
have to face the music on this one.  
You're done.

Silence again. Paul walks towards the door.

DON  
Where the hell are you going?

PAUL  
We might be screwed, but I still  
want my hot dog.

INT. THAYER'S OFFICE - DAY

Thayer sits at his desk. Ed sits across from him.

THAYER  
Tell me you didn't know about it.

ED  
I didn't.

THAYER  
Why the hell not? You were with  
them the whole time!

ED

What? Of course I knew.

THAYER

And you didn't tell me?

ED

I didn't want to make a fool out of you.

THAYER

You're just telling me what I want to hear.

ED

Yes, I am! I don't want you to fire me.

THAYER

You're just lucky you're my sister's kid, otherwise your ass would be flying out this window.

Knock on the door. The guys come in.

THAYER

Come on in, guys. I'm not even in the mood for the talking door today. (Beat) OK, maybe once.

DOOR (V.O.)

Enter.

They sit down.

THAYER

So it's true.

FRANK

Yeah. It's true.

THAYER

I don't understand. I really believed you guys, and you've been lying to me this whole time. I don't like being lied to. So why? Why did you do it?

DON

You offered us the chance of a lifetime. We couldn't turn it down.

PAUL

And we didn't want to let you down.  
You thought we were really them. We  
wanted to be them for you.

CARL

We thought we were good enough.

THAYER

You were good enough! I've seen the  
real Element live must've been a  
hundred times, and you guys were  
every bit as good as them. Hell,  
you were better.

FRANK

So what do we do?

THAYER

I don't know. The fans are in  
uproar. I'm getting the blame for  
this, they think I fleeced them  
intentionally. I don't even know  
what the word means. Now you can  
keep the money, I don't care about  
that, but needless to say, the  
shows are postponed indefinitely.

ED

Guys, we really need to figure out  
what to do.

THAYER

Hey, I'm still talking.

ED

Sorry.

THAYER

It's OK. Anyway, guys, we really  
need to figure out what to do.

FRANK

(hesitantly)

I think I know the answer.

INT. PRESS CONFERENCE - DAY

The guys walk out to face the media. Ed stands by. They sit  
down and wait for silence.

FRANK

Hi. We are American Elemental. And it's true. We're not the real Element.

Several JOURNALISTS stand up.

JOURNALIST #1

How much of what Danny Simmons said is true?

FRANK

Honestly? All of it.

JOURNALIST #2

How did this happen?

CARL

It's all been a case of mistaken identity. We just never corrected anyone.

JOURNALIST #3

Did Holden Thayer know you were frauds?

PAUL

Frauds? That's a bit harsh.

DON

No, it's not. We are frauds. Mr. Thayer didn't know anything about it. Element -- the real Element -- were very secretive. No-one knows what they looked like under the makeup. There was no way he could have known we weren't who we said we were.

JOURNALIST #1

So what does this mean?

PAUL

We've made the executive decision that the rest of the tour will be cancelled.

FRANK

We don't want to keep up a lie like this. We're disbanding immediately.

JOURNALIST #4

What about the shows that have already happened? Will refunds be offered?

ED

Thayer Promotions will be dealing with this at a later date, but I can confirm that yes, full refunds will indeed be offered to all fans.

JOURNALIST #5

You guys suck, you know that?

CARL

Hey!

ED

This press conference is over. Guys, come on.

They get up and leave to a chorus of boos.

INT. RECEPTION - DAY

The guys follow Ed into the foyer.

FRANK

Thanks, you kinda saved us there.

ED

Yeah, well, it's been a good run.

PAUL

It has. Thanks.

ED

I'm sure you can see yourselves out.

Ed walks away.

EXT. THAYER PROMOTIONS - DAY

The guys walk outside. A LONE FAN stands waiting.

LONE FAN

Boo!

He throws an egg at Don, then runs away. Don wipes the egg from his face.

DON  
I think that spoke for itself.

CARL  
So now what?

FRANK  
I don't know about you guys, but I think we could do with some time apart.

DON  
Yeah, I think you're right.

They share an awkward group hug.

PAUL  
Oh, there's egg on me!

INT. CALIBUR RECORDS OFFICE - DAY

Danny walks into the office. The room falls deathly silent. Danny walks through and sits down at his desk.

DANNY  
Let's get to work, guys.

Danny looks at his desk, which is covered in Element posters. Danny smirks and slides them into a trashcan.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Paul is in the warehouse with John.

JOHN  
Sure you can have your old job back, we've missed having you around. Why do you even want it though? You don't need the money.

PAUL  
No, I need something to occupy my day. I can't just sit around thinking about what might have been.

JOHN  
Yeah, I understand. Welcome back, rock star.

John slaps Paul on the shoulder as he walks away. Paul walks through the warehouse floor, where several WAREHOUSE GUYS greet him.

WAREHOUSE GUY #1  
Hey, rock star!

WAREHOUSE GUY #2  
Yo welcome back, rock star!

WAREHOUSE GUY #3  
Rock star!

WAREHOUSE GUY #4  
Hey rock star, catch!

Paul catches a pair of gloves.

WAREHOUSE GUY #4  
There's a truck out back with your name on it.

Paul smiles a bittersweet smile.

INT. DON'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Don is sitting -- nay slouching on his couch. He's watching daytime TV and drinking the latest of several beers.

DON  
Oh no he didn't!

Don laughs. Christine approaches him.

CHRISTINE  
Don, you can't just sit there and do this all day.

DON  
That sounds like a challenge to me.

Christine sighs and sits next to Don.

CHRISTINE  
You know, Desmond was really impressed with you.

DON  
Yeah?

CHRISTINE

Yeah. He's been telling all his friends, "my dad's a rock star!" They think it's cool. He thinks you're cool.

Don contemplates for a few seconds.

DON

Yeah, well I'm not that guy anymore.

Don takes another sip from his beer. Christine gets up and leaves.

DON

Oh, snap!

INT. STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

A stool sits by a microphone on the stage.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Please welcome to the stage, the musical stylings of Carl Eisen!

Carl walks onto the stage with an acoustic guitar. Scattered polite applause. Carl sits down.

CARL

Hey, how's it going.

Carl begins to play a song, but the STRIP CLUB PATRONS interrupt him.

STRIP CLUB PATRON #1

Hey, you're that Element guy!

STRIP CLUB PATRON #2

Yeah, so he is! Play "Tripod"!

STRIP CLUB PATRON #3

"In The City"!

STRIP CLUB PATRON #4

We want titties!

CARL

Come on guys, let me play.

STRIP CLUB PATRON #2

"What I Do"!

STRIP CLUB PATRON #1  
"Bitch"!

CARL  
What, you guys want Element?

ALL  
Yeah!

STRIP CLUB PATRON #4  
I want titties.

CARL  
Fine.

Carl begins to play "Broken Glass" to cheers and applause, but soon stops.

CARL  
You know what, forget it.

Carl gets up and walks backstage. Boos ring out. Behind the curtain, Carl meets Violet.

CARL  
I tried.

VIOLET  
I know you did.

Violet kisses Carl.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
Now gentleman, put your hands  
together for the one, the only...  
Violet!

Huge cheers as Violet walks through the curtain. Carl looks out at the cheering crowd, then walks on.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Frank sits on the couch, deep in conversation.

FRANK  
I'm glad you came, I've got a lot I  
want to say. I just want you to  
know that all the things I've done,  
all the promises I've broken, I am  
sorry for each and every one of  
them.

(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

I've had a lot of time to think recently, and I've realised, I've been a bad husband. I've been letting my obsession -- and you were right, it is an obsession -- with Element get the better of me. I love you so much, but I've been destroying our relationship because of my dreams. I remember saying to Carl when we took on the Element gig, that you never really give up on your dreams. I was wrong. I am giving up the dream. And I'm happy to give up the dream for you. Because you are more important to me than anything else in the world. Even Element. I love you, Layla. And I'm sorry.

On the armchair opposite Frank sits a mannequin dressed as Layla, complete with wig. Frank falls back into the couch.

FRANK

God damn it. (Beat) I don't even know why I set this up.

Frank stands up and walks past the armchair.

FRANK

And what the hell are you looking at?

A mannequin dressed as Jack Diamond, makeup and everything, stands across the room. Frank's phone rings. Frank sits and answers the phone.

FRANK

Hello?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. STRIP CLUB - DAY

On the other end of the phone, Carl sits at the bar in the strip club, Violet beside him.

CARL

Hey, Frank.

FRANK

Carl, hey! How's it going?

CARL  
I'm getting by.

FRANK  
Man, I haven't spoken to any of you  
guys in weeks. Not since...

CARL  
Yeah.

FRANK  
You still think about it?

CARL  
Every day. That's uh... that's  
actually why I was calling you.  
See, I've been trying to play a  
couple of shows, play some of my  
own material, but solo it's just  
not working. I was wondering if you  
wanted to get the old band back  
together.

FRANK  
You mean, like...

CARL  
No, I mean Yankees. I don't think I  
could play an Element song ever  
again.

FRANK  
I miss it, you know? I really miss  
it.

CARL  
Me too. (Beat) So what do you  
think?

FRANK  
I don't know, Carl. I feel like...  
I feel like I've grown up. I'm  
sorry, Carl. I'm done with it.

CARL  
Yeah, I'm sorry too.

FRANK  
I'll see you around, yeah?

CARL  
Yeah, OK. Bye.

Carl hangs up the phone.

CARL

He said no. He said he's grown up.  
Maybe he's right.

VIOLET

No, he's not. Carl, if you want to  
do this, no-one's stopping you. So  
you go it alone. You find a new  
band. All that matters is that  
you're doing what you want to do.  
You have to live your dreams.

CARL

I think I've given up the dream.

VIOLET

If there's one thing that you've  
taught me, it's that you never  
really give up on your dreams.

Carl smiles.

CARL

Damn it. Well what about you, you  
can't tell me you're living your  
dream.

VIOLET

My dream was always to find the  
right guy. Someone loving, caring,  
strong. Someone I could always  
count on to do the right thing. And  
I've found him.

Carl hugs Violet.

VIOLET

And besides, if I end up married to  
a famous rock star, maybe I can get  
a career in Hollywood too.

Carl laughs.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Back at Frank's house, Frank turns on the TV.

NEWSREADER (V.O.)

Tutu's private funeral will be held  
at a later date.

(MORE)

## NEWSREADER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Now some late breaking news from New York City. We all remember the story earlier this month when it was revealed that four men taking on the guise of the rock band Element were not actually the original band. But a campaign has started -- it seems that thousands of fans want to see the band anyway. Tom Criscuola is live in New York. Tom?

Frank sits up and starts watching intently.

## EXT. YANKEE STADIUM - DAY

Tom stands in front of thousands of fans and their placards and chanting. The common theme seems to be "We Want Element".

## TOM

That's right, I'm here outside Yankee Stadium, the scheduled venue for the closing date of Element's stadium tour, where a free show was planned. When the scandal broke the rest of the tour was cancelled, but these fans in New York want to see the show go ahead after all. With me at this time are the men who started this campaign - popular Element tribute band, Empedocles.

Gene, Mark, Cal and Vinnie are standing by with Tom.

## TOM

Now gentlemen, why exactly is it that you want to see the show go ahead?

## GENE

Well, Tom, we know a lot about Element, and we've gotta admit, those guys fooled us. That's how good they are.

## VINNIE

Yeah, we know American Elemental, they're good guys, they're a hell of a band. We've always prided ourselves on being the number one Element tribute band, but I think we've gotta concede the title to them.

TOM

Aren't you at all angry that they weren't actually who they said they were?

MARK

No way. Like Gene said, we know a lot about Element. And those guys in American Elemental might not be the real thing, but we saw them live. They're better than the real thing.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Frank watches in awe. He picks up his phone and dials.

FRANK

Hey, Carl? I think I changed my mind.

INT. DON'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Don still slouches on the couch. The phone rings in the background for a few seconds.

CHRISTINE (V.O.)

Don! Put on Channel 17!

DON

I'm watching this!

CHRISTINE (V.O.)

NOW!

DON

Alright!

Don changes the channel. He immediately sits upright.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Paul is walking through the warehouse floor. His phone rings and he answers it.

PAUL

Hello?

Paul listens for a few seconds. His face lights up and he runs out of the warehouse, running past John on his way.

JOHN  
Cusano!

EXT. YANKEE STADIUM - DAY

Tom is still interviewing Empedocles.

TOM  
And as fans, what do you hope to  
gain out of this campaign?

CAL  
We want what every true Element fan  
wants -- Element. We don't care  
what it takes, they don't have any  
reason to be ashamed. We want  
Element to play here, Yankee  
Stadium, as planned. We fans  
deserve it.

GENE  
But more importantly? They deserve  
it.

INT. THAYER'S OFFICE - DAY

Thayer sits at his desk. Knock at the door.

DOOR (V.O.)  
Enter.

The guys come in. The door slams shut behind them.

THAYER  
Hey, guys, what do you think of my  
new door? Someone open it again.

Carl opens the door. Thayer presses a button and it slams  
shut.

THAYER  
How awesome is that? Open it again.

Carl opens the door.

THAYER  
Stevie, get in here!

STEVIE walks into the doorway. Thayer presses the button and  
the door slams shut on his face. Thayer laughs.

STEVIE (O.S.)  
My nose is broken!

Thayer laughs even harder.

THAYER  
What a joker. Come on, sit down.

FRANK  
Uh, Holden, what is this about?

THAYER  
Don't tell me you haven't seen it.  
The fans want you back.

CARL  
But we're not Element.

THAYER  
They don't care. They want you.  
From the 37 shows you played on  
that tour, do you know how many  
people wanted a refund? Two  
percent. The people who saw you  
think that they got their money's  
worth. Now I've spoken to the  
Yankees, their phones have been  
ringing off the hook to see if the  
show's still happening.

DON  
Then what are we supposed to do?

THAYER  
I think you know.

Frank, Carl and Don look at each other and nod.

PAUL  
Oh, play the show!

INT. CALIBUR RECORDS OFFICE - DAY

Danny sits at his desk with a smile on his face. Eric runs towards him.

ERIC  
Danny!

DANNY  
One second... yeah?

ERIC

You gotta come quick.

Eric runs off again. Danny looks concerned as he gets up. He walks over to a crowd of people watching a TV. Danny pushes his way to the front.

NEWSREADER (V.O.)

Our top story once again -- they're back! Due to popular demand, Element's free show at Yankee Stadium will go ahead after all.

DANNY

What?

EXT. YANKEE STADIUM - EVENING

Thousands of fans in full costume queue to get into Yankee Stadium. Those in regular clothes are turned away. Danny marches to the front of the queue, pushing people out of the way. He tries to walk into the stadium, but a BOUNCER holds him back.

BOUNCER

Hey, no costume, no entry.

DANNY

Don't you know who I am?

BOUNCER

Don't care. No costume, no entry.

DANNY

This show shouldn't be happening!  
I'm the guy who exposed these  
liars!

People around Danny start to boo him.

BOUNCER

Get the hell out of here, man! No-one wants you here.

Danny is pushed to the back.

INT. YANKEE STADIUM, DRESSING ROOM - EVENING

The guys are in full costume.

FRANK

I can't believe this is actually happening. After all that's happened, we are actually doing this.

DON

Never underestimate the power of the fans.

Knock on the door, Thayer and Ed walk in.

THAYER

Hey, guys, looking good! We've got a huge crowd out there.

CARL

Yeah?

ED

Eighty thousand, at least. There's people in costume being turned away.

PAUL

Wow.

DON

They really like us.

THAYER

And guys, I've got a special guest here, he insisted on coming to see you. Come on in.

A man in his 60s walks in. Immaculate suit, expensive sunglasses, pimp cane... this is JACK DIAMOND.

DIAMOND

Hi, guys. I'm Jack Diamond.

Short silence before the guys drop to their knees and start to bow.

ALL

We are not worthy!

DIAMOND

Guys, get up.

They do as they're told.

DIAMOND  
How's it going?

CARL  
Where have you been?

DIAMOND  
I've been around. The guys and me,  
we wanted to get away from it all.  
So we did. It's remarkably easy to  
disappear when you want to. When we  
heard about this tour, we were all  
a little surprised, but it was good  
to see the name continue.

PAUL  
You're not mad?

DIAMOND  
Mad? Shit, you guys are better than  
we ever were. In fact, I've got a  
little something for each of you.

Diamond produces a briefcase. He opens it and it's almost as  
though a holy light shines from it, like the briefcase in  
"Pulp Fiction". He hands it to Ed.

DIAMOND  
Paul Cusano. From Alvin Kulick  
himself.

Diamond gives Paul a pair of drumsticks.

DIAMOND  
Carl Eisen. Jorge Fantana's  
favourite pick.

Diamond gives Paul a guitar pick.

DIAMOND  
Don Harvey. Bruce Thunder sends his  
wishes, and his good luck charm.

Diamond gives Don a fingerless glove.

DIAMOND  
And Frank Caravello. Frank... you  
have my blessing.

Diamond places a hand on Frank's shoulder and hugs him.

DIAMOND

And from all of us, the biggest gift of all. We give you the legal rights to the Element name.

FRANK

What?

DIAMOND

That's right. It's not on us anymore. It's on you. You are now officially Element. Now go get 'em, boys.

Diamond takes his briefcase from Ed and leaves.

DON

Oh my God.

THAYER

Well, you heard the man. Go get 'em.

Thayer and Ed leave.

EXT. YANKEE STADIUM - NIGHT

Danny, now in full costume, approaches the gates.

DANNY

Can't believe I'm doing this...

The bouncer stops him again.

BOUNCER

Sorry, buddy. We've got a full house.

DANNY

Oh come on, what difference is one person gonna make?

BOUNCER

I let you in, I have to let in the other twenty thousand I turned away.

DANNY

Damn it!

Danny storms off.

INT. STADIUM, DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

The guys are still enthusing over their meeting with Jack Diamond. Our favourite security guard pops his head round the door.

SECURITY GUARD

Yo, Frank. Somebody here to see you.

Frank leaves the room.

INT. YANKEE STADIUM, BACKSTAGE

The security guard walks away, leaving Frank with Layla. Layla, who is in full costume as Water.

FRANK

Hey. You came.

LAYLA

I wouldn't miss this for the world, Frank.

FRANK

Now it's not that I don't appreciate the gesture, but you're dressed as Alvin Kulick. That's Paul, not me.

LAYLA

I know.

FRANK

Are you really here to see me?

LAYLA

Of course I am. I'm not dressed like this because of who I am, it's because of who you are. You've told me a lot about Element, and how Jack and Alvin were two radically different people, but the best of friends. And that was because they balanced each other out. That's why they were Fire and Water. Frank, you've got a big personality, you really are fire. And you need me to balance you. Just like I need you.

Layla kisses Frank.

LAYLA  
I love you.

FRANK  
I know.

LAYLA  
Now go get 'em.

Frank smiles and begins to walk away, but quickly turns back and shares a passionate kiss with Layla. Paul sticks his head out of the dressing room.

PAUL  
Frank, we-- oh, hey, your wife came dressed as me.

EXT. YANKEE STADIUM - NIGHT

The security guard stands by a side door. Two BEAUTIFUL WOMEN approach him.

SECURITY GUARD  
Yo, wassup, shorties?

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN #1  
We're lost, can you help us?

SECURITY GUARD  
Aw, sure thing. Where you trying to get to?

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN #2  
We're looking for the...

As the women distract the guard, Danny sneaks inside. He picks up a stray megaphone from a table and keeps walking.

INT. YANKEE STADIUM, BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

The chants of "Element" practically drown out the backstage rabbling. The guys approach the stage.

PAUL  
Listen.

They stop and listen for a few seconds.

CARL  
You know, there's really something to be said here.  
(MORE)

CARL (CONT'D)

These people didn't come to see who they thought we were. They came to see us.

DON

You really think so?

ED (O.S.)

Of course they did.

Ed approaches them.

ED

You were never the real thing. But look at yourselves. Now you are. You're better than the real thing. The reason you get to go out there tonight, is because you deserve it. You always have deserved it. Now go get 'em.

FRANK

Why does everyone keep saying that?

Carl stretches his hand out.

CARL

Earth.

Don puts his hand on top of Carl's.

DON

Wind.

Paul next.

PAUL

Water.

And Frank.

FRANK

Fire.

They raise their hands.

ALL

Element!

EXT. YANKEE STADIUM, STAGE - NIGHT

The music on the PA fades out, and the overhead lights turn off. Mass cheering. The intro tape begins.

DON (V.O.)  
 Ladies and gentlemen, the very  
 fabric of existence -- Earth, Wind,  
 Water, Fire -- Element!

The overhead curtain falls with an explosion of pyro, and Element launch into "What I Do". This is their best performance yet. They play the song with the capacity crowd singing along to every word, and come the end, the cheers are deafening. Frank, a smile clearly seen through his makeup, takes the microphone.

FRANK  
 What's up, New York City!

Cheers.

FRANK  
 Alright, listen up, everybody. I've got something to say. (Beat) These past few months, we've been living a lie, and from the bottom of our hearts, we are sorry.

Round of applause.

FRANK  
 But the fact that you people are here, showing us your support, even though we are nobodies, well that just means the world to us.

Cheers and applause.

FRANK  
 Now, ladies and gentlemen. I think it's about time we told you a little something. We had a very special visitor tonight. A man who has changed everything for each and every one of us -- Mr. Jack Diamond!

Huge cheer.

FRANK  
 And Mr. Diamond gave us the greatest gift that anyone could ever give us. Ladies and gentlemen, you are no longer looking at the tribute band, American Elemental. You are looking at the new Element!

Biggest cheer yet.

FRANK  
Now let's get on with the show!

DANNY (O.S.)  
(through megaphone)  
Hold it!

They look out into the crowd and see Danny pushing towards the front with a megaphone.

DANNY  
(through megaphone)  
Hold it right there!

Massive boos.

DANNY  
(through megaphone)  
Shut up! And you! You are not  
Element!

Security flock towards Danny.

CARL  
Hey, security! Bring this guy up  
here!

DANNY  
(through megaphone)  
What?

CARL  
You heard me! Everybody, help us  
get this guy on stage!

Danny smirks.

DANNY  
(through megaphone)  
Yeah, that's right. Get me on  
stage.

Danny pushes towards the front with the help of security. He hops the barricade and climbs on stage to rapturous boos.

CARL  
Get him a mic.

A stage hand gives Danny a microphone, so he puts down his megaphone.

CARL

Danny Simmons. The guy who tried to ruin us.

DANNY

I did ruin you. And these morons brought you back.

Boos from the crowd.

CARL

I've just got one thing to ask you, Danny -- why?

DANNY

Why?

CARL

Was it because I turned down your offer to join some manufactured boy band?

More boos.

DANNY

Alright, yeah. It started as that. But it became about more than just that. I wanted to bring down whoever the liars were, it's just a happy coincidence that it was you. I knew it wasn't the real Element under the makeup all along. Yet people like you are making it acceptable to lie in order to get ahead, make a lot of money and become famous, when you don't deserve it!

FRANK

Hey, Danny, maybe you missed the memo. But we've just been given Jack Diamond's official seal of approval. He told us that we do deserve this.

DANNY

No, he's wrong. You deserve nothing. I will not rest until this is over!

Carl takes his guitar off.

CARL

Danny, I'm gonna tell you exactly  
what I think of you. What every  
single person here thinks of you.  
You are bitter. You are twisted.  
And you are an asshole!

Huge cheers. Danny charges at Carl, but security hold him back. The band put down their instruments and rush towards Danny. They lift Danny above their heads, run to the edge of the stage, and throw him into the crowd. Danny screams for dear life as he is crowd surfed to the back. Huge cheers for Element. They get back in position and start to play "Black Sheep".

INT. YANKEE STADIUM, BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

After their main set, the band are backstage. Frank finds Layla and they share a kiss. Don sees Christine, Desmond and Beth, and runs towards them, hugging them.

PAUL

I guess it's just you and me,  
buddy.

CARL

Actually...

Carl sees Violet and approaches her with a kiss.

PAUL

No way!

DON

Hey, what do you know, she is real!

PAUL

Oh come on! What about me?

Paul sees a lonely GROUPIE. He approaches her.

PAUL

Hey.

GROUPIE

Hey.

Awkward silence.

PAUL

So... you wanna do it after the  
show?

GROUPIE

Sure.

PAUL

Awesome.

The band regroup and walk back onto the stage.

PAUL

Hey, Carl, I just realised, I've seen your girlfriend naked.

CARL

Yeah, well I've seen your sister naked.

Carl walks on, leaving Paul trailing behind.

PAUL

You better be kidding me!

EXT. YANKEE STADIUM, STAGE - NIGHT

Element walk back on stage to massive cheers. They take a collective bow before getting back into their positions. Paul counts the song in with his sticks. Freeze frame on Element as "In The City" plays.

FADE OUT.

THE END.