

LANDSLIDE

written by

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FADE IN:

... on a little girl (5) in a big playground -- running and laughing with her daddy (40).

SERIES OF SHOTS: Father chasing her. More laughing, running. Picking her up. She buries her head in the safest place known to her - between his neck and head.

The father's eyes close. Never wants this to end. Hugs tighter.

This feels like another time -- someone's reflection -- a guitar playing in the b.g. -

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

- which comes from a small compact blue tooth speaker. The acoustic melody is "Landslide" from Stevie Nicks.

The father, ROBERT WARD, now some ten years advanced, sits on the edge of his bed taking in the song.

... It's the beat of his life.

For how long is anyone's guess, but this beat, this mood, this somber ... has roots.

He has boxers and a white T-shirt on and his stare is more vacant than space.

The room is affluent and should be for the military's highest ranking member. Ward is the Chairman of the Joints Chief of Staff. And at 50, still the youngest in history despite assuming the position two years earlier.

Ward glances at the small framed photo on the night stand.

ON THE PHOTO: Ward and his then 5-year-old daughter smiling for the moment.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - BATHROOM - LATER

Ward brushing his teeth. Mind somewhere else.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - LIVING ROOM - LATER

In full service dress, Ward stands in front of a full-length mirror. After a moment, adjusts his tie.

A knock on the door barely catches his attention. Ward turns his head, but just barely. Looks back to the mirror.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Slow moving traffic in the D.C. beltway. Including three black Chevy Tahoe's.

INT. CHEVY TAHOE - CONTINUOUS

Ward sits in the backseat with his personal aide, Marine Colonel, KEVIN JOHNSON. Just five years younger (mid-40s) than his boss, Kevin's square jaw is cleanly shaved.

Kevin glances at his boss. After two years of being his aide, knows something is off - but keeps quiet.

EXT. CAPITOL HILL - LATER

The three Chevy Tahoe's pull up.

Various network teams swoop in on the mini-convoy like vultures on decaying meat.

Their compassion about the same.

INT. CHEVY TAHOE - CONTINUOUS

Kevin holds a stare on his distant boss. Exiting seems like the only play here, so as he does...

GENERAL ROBERT WARD  
You ready for Command?

Kevin closes the door. Confused.

COLONEL KEVIN JOHNSON  
Sir?

GENERAL ROBERT WARD  
That was rhetorical. You're ready.

COLONEL KEVIN JOHNSON  
Don't we have a year yet?

Ward holds a look on Kevin.

GENERAL ROBERT WARD  
We don't.

Ward, and coldly, exits the SUV -- immediately wolfed by the networks.

Momentarily stunted, Kevin exits.

EXT. CHEVY TAHOE - CONTINUOUS

Security men lead General Ward through the screaming reporters and their suffocating camera crews.

REPORTER ONE (O.S.)  
General Ward! What are your  
thoughts of Senator Warburg?!

REPORTER TWO (O.S.)  
Is Senator Warburg bad for the  
military?!

INT. SENATE CHAMBERS - LATER

Ward sits, slumped. Hands folded over together. No rush to respond to the question posed to him by the PANEL OF SENATORS in front of him.

One of them stares more intently than the rest. His name is SENATOR JOHN WARBURG (30s). Strong sense of self-worth, everything in Warburg's life is cast in silver.

After a moment, Ward leans into the mic.

GENERAL ROBERT WARD  
Senator Warburg, have you ever  
served?

SENATOR JOHN WARBURG  
I'm doing so now, Sir.

GENERAL ROBERT WARD  
With the military?

SENATOR JOHN WARBURG  
I think you know I haven't.

GENERAL ROBERT WARD  
Less than one percent actually  
do. And less than that will  
serve twenty years.

SENATOR JOHN WARBURG  
And that makes the rest of us less  
American?

Ward doesn't dignify the ridiculous question.

GENERAL ROBERT WARD  
And for that fraction, you  
want to reduce their benefits.

SENATOR JOHN WARBURG  
No. Make them more efficient.

Ward nods and shakes his head - knows nothing could be  
further from the truth. His composure rather astounding.

But fed up, Ward rises. Buttons his service coat.

SENATOR JOHN WARBURG  
We're not through here, Sir.

GENERAL ROBERT WARD  
This meeting is for the  
Chairman of the Joints Chief  
of Staff, Senator.

Ward takes off his CJCS lapel. Sets his "act of resignation"  
on the table.

GENERAL ROBERT WARD (CONT'D)  
Give that person my best.

MR. SENATE CHAIRMAN (O.S.)  
Robert, please.

Ward looks to the CENTER of the panel, where the Senate Chairman (60s) sits. It's clear by the Senator's pleading look, these two have history.

GENERAL ROBERT WARD  
Don't privatize their  
benefits, Mr. Chairman. Our  
troops deserve better.

SENATOR JOHN WARBURG  
That's what we're trying to  
do, General.

GENERAL ROBERT WARD  
Not you, Senator.

Ward leaves the room -

INT. CAFÉ - CONTINUOUS

- igniting coffee patrons to clap and holler.

Even the SUITS are hard pressed to remain stoic.

EXT. STREETS OF AMERICA - CONTINUOUS

Series of shots: People on sidewalks watching TVs through the windows. Barber shops tuned in. Large fitness centers. Offices. Cubicles. Airport terminals -

- The whole country ignited by the General's stance.

And as the cheers and reactions subside...

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

...the General sits with a drink in one hand, and the PHOTO of him and his daughter in the other - tie loosened on his service dress uniform.

When he takes a swig, he finishes the drink.

INT. HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

ALEXANDRA WARD (mid-forties) watches a small TV. Alex is a hazel-eyed gem from Germany who's never made jeans and a t-shirt look so right.

The TV is a soundbite machine right now, created by her Ex.

Her 15-year-old daughter, JOSEPHINE, enters.

As Josephine takes in the TV...

JOSEPHINE WARD  
What's dad doing?

ALEXANDRA WARD  
Resigning.

Josephine is taken by the same confusion as her mother.

Upset, Alex leaves the kitchen.

INT. CAFÉ - MORNING

Quaint Mom & Pop in the fissures of Virginia.

Ward sits with his daughter Josephine. He sips a coffee, she an orange juice. Cutely imposing, she comes at him like a tested interrogator. They enjoy their many games together.

JOSEPHINE WARD  
Why'd you quit?

WARD  
I resigned.

JOSEPHINE WARD  
Resigning isn't quitting?

WARD  
How's school?

JOSEPHINE WARD  
Good. I haven't quit any classes yet...

WARD  
How's the song?

Josephine stares -- you done?

WARD (CONT'D)  
Just curious if you start it  
the right way yet.

JOSEPHINE WARD  
I start it my way.

WARD  
So you're still doing it the  
wrong way.

JOSEPHINE WARD  
You wouldn't know.

WARD  
How's -

The WAITRESS interrupts.

She knows their orders right down to how many ice cubes they  
prefer in their drinks.

WAITRESS  
The number one for Mister  
Robert, and the number two for  
Miss Josephine.

After the waitress leaves...

WARD  
How's that?

JOSEPHINE WARD  
Because you have to be around  
to hear it, Dad.

She's poking at him, but there is some truth to it. Ward is  
cut by the only person in the world that can do it.

He stares at her.



INT. HOME - JOSEPHINE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dimly lit, but what's seen of the room lets us know Josephine lives the good life.

She lies in bed watching her dad walk to the door.

JOSEPHINE

Dad?

Ward turns around.

JOSEPHINE

Can you sit for a sec?

WARD

You gonna sing "Landslide" the right way?

Josephine gestures. *Got to give it a rest.*

Ward pulls a chair up, happily obliges.

JOSEPHINE (CONT'D)

At school yesterday, we were asked about the happiest and saddest day of our lives.

WARD

Your mom switched you to a German school?

JOSEPHINE

Dad...

WARD

What was your saddest day?

JOSEPHINE

When you moved out.

Ward could say something. Refrains.

WARD

What was your happiest?

JOSEPHINE  
Hasn't happened yet.

WARD  
Jos...

JOSEPHINE  
Didn't say I was unhappy. Just  
said it hasn't happened yet.

WARD  
And if it did? You really  
wanna see your mom and me  
fight again?

JOSEPHINE  
You said true love never quits.

WARD  
It doesn't. But it's not  
supposed to be that hard  
either. Right?

JOSEPHINE  
(yielding)  
Right.

WARD  
Ups and downs will happen,  
Jos. Just not continuously.

ON JOSEPHINE: Dejected. Knows he's right.

WARD (CONT'D)  
But I'm gonna let you in on a  
little secret. A sure way to  
know when it's true love.

Josephine perks up.

WARD (CONT'D)  
Now we know how this ends,  
right? We don't get to live  
forever.

Not big on the topic of death, Josephine nods.

WARD (CONT'D)

But we have this future- Two actually. The one you're on now. And the one you're gonna be on when you fall in love.

JOSEPHINE

What's the difference?

WARD

You'll know that in about thirty years.

JOSEPHINE

Maybe sooner, Dad.

WARD

The difference is when you love someone- Really love someone- There's nothing that scares you. Not even the big ending. Because even though we have to do that alone -- we're not alone when we do it. And that's what true love does.

JOSEPHINE

What?

WARD

It gives us courage.

A silence.

WARD (CONT'D)

Never settle for anything. Too many people do that. And for them, time moves a lot quicker.

JOSEPHINE

I won't, Dad.

Ward leans over, kisses her forehead.

WARD

I love you, Jos.

JOSEPHINE

Love you too.

Ward stares at her. At length.

LIVING ROOM

Alexandra and Ward sit. Neither saying much.

ALEXANDRA

Don't think you should go.

WARD

Already did.

ALEXANDRA

She needs you.

WARD

She has me. Right where I have  
my father.

ALEXANDRA

I think she would prefer the  
physical.

WARD

I think we all would.

Ward walks for the kitchen doors.

Alex follows him.

KITCHEN

Ward opens the door to leave -

ALEXANDRA

The saddest day of your life  
was not talking to your  
father the last three years  
of his.

Something occurs to Ward, mildly angers him.

WARD

You were listening to us?

ALEXANDRA

Always have.

WARD

Thanks for the privacy.

ALEXANDRA

Well- A woman gets curious  
from time to time what's on  
her man's mind. How he  
thinks. What he says.

WARD

You never asked.

ALEXANDRA

You were never around.

That's twice he's heard that today. Ward stares, the layers  
coming through: Hopelessness. Regret. Sadness. Anger.

Ward leaves.

Left alone with her thoughts to run wild, Alex's trance is  
eventually broken by the sound of a GUITAR.

JOSEPHINE'S BEDROOM

Alex approaches. Listens to Josephine play "Landslide" on the  
guitar. ... It's pretty damn good.

Alex leans closer to the door -

JOSEPHINE (O.S.)

(singing)

*Took my love, took it down.  
Climbed a mountain and I  
turned around...*

Josephine stops playing when Alex enters.

ALEXANDRA

Is that how it starts?

JOSEPHINE  
Been talking to Dad?

ALEXANDRA  
Guess he just likes the way  
Stevie starts it.

JOSEPHINE  
I'm not Stevie Nicks.

ALEXANDRA  
And that's fine. What you are  
is enough. For your dad and me.

Josephine strikes a couple chords. Her way of saying...bye.

ALEXANDRA (CONT'D)  
When's the concert?

JOSEPHINE  
In a week.

ALEXANDRA  
Okay. ... Love you.

JOSEPHINE  
Love you too.

Alex gets the hint. Leaves.

INT. TRAIN - DUSK

Ward watches the setting sun. Sips his Scotch on ice. Peers  
back out the window.

EXT. CEMETARY - DAY

Small. Feels private at just two acres.

ON THE ENTRANCE SIGN: ST PAUL CEMETARY

A Lincoln MKC comes to a stop.

Ward exits.

LATER

Ward stares at a stone.

ON THE STONE:           ANTHONY SAMUEL WARD  
                          April 18, 1946    July 6, 2009

Ward looks around. One or two other mourners off in the distance. Returns his eyes back to his father's stone.

WARD

I know why I wasn't talking.  
But sometimes I do wonder why  
you weren't. Was it for space?  
Cuz we got plenty of that now.  
And if we thought we had  
tomorrow, we sure fucked that  
one up. For three years.

(considering)

I was wrong. And that's all I  
know. Because in my eyes,  
you're perfect. Always will  
be.

Ward's eyes wonder again. Then back to the stone.

WARD

If I would've been just half  
the man...

Ward walks to the stone. Leans over, kisses it. Takes a few steps back.

WARD

I'll see ya, Pop.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Ward enters.

Scanning the bar, he smiles right away seeing four people (near his age) in the corner yelling at each other.

The one in the sleeveless shirt, dried concrete on his gorilla arms is MATT SHELDON. His wife, MARY BETH, is next to him in jeans and t-shirt that are much cleaner than Matt's grimy digs. She even puts effort into her hair.

FRANK STALEY is business casual with neatly parted hair and the pensive one of the group.

STEVE WASSER fits in the worlds between Frank and Matt. Just casual and just fine with it. Except his height. Has good days and bad days being South of 5'6.

Steve is the first to see Ward -

STEVE  
Holy shit. It's his royal  
highness.

FRANK  
Mr. C-SPAN himself.

Ward smiles, quickly joining the group.

FRANK  
Tommy, drinks! Bring'm until  
we pass out. Then every  
fifteen minutes after that.

TOMMY THE BARTENDER (O.S.)  
You got it!

Ward sits next to Marybeth and she wastes little time -

MARYBETH  
Are you going to Germany?

FRANK  
Marybeth, give him a sec.

MARYBETH  
I did. Are you going?

WARD  
Yes.

MARYBETH  
Fuckin' asshole.

LATER

Tommy arrives with five more draft beers -





EXT. RESERVOIR - NIGHT

Campfire burns bright enough to see Matt, Steve, and Frank bent over ... staring right at us.

STEVE

Sad day in hell when a native  
no longer takes part in native  
tradition.

STEVE

You don't live. You're fuckin'  
dead as- Dead.

ON CAR HOOD: Ward and Marybeth sit. Around the car are dozens of empty beer cans. Busch beer cans. With one in their hand.

WARD

Just don't have it anymore.

MATT

Bullshit. You think you're  
better than us because you made  
General.

MARYBETH

He was better than you when he  
started making his bed.

STEVE

Sound it, Black Bart!

MARYBETH

It's Marybeth, Dickhead.

Marybeth slides off the trunk. Stares hard.

MARYBETH

Gentlemen- Start your asses!

For the first time ... we see Frank, Steve and Matt from a wider view. They are naked from the waist down with only their long shirts hiding their cock and balls.

They are BENT OVER placing Oreo cookies in the cracks of their asses.

MATT  
Haven't wiped in two weeks.

FRANK  
So what's new, Ass-Tac.

Once done stuffing Oreos in their cracks of their asses, all three look to Marybeth.

Marybeth looks at each one, deliberately ... looking for their nod. Then...

Marybeth slides the scarf off her neck, raising it. Shades of Grease Lightning.

MARYBETH  
Get ready!  
Get set!  
(beat)  
Go!

Frank, Steve and Matt, bent over, run as hard as they can trying to keep the Oreos in their asses ...

... and it's a tight race!

Frank pulls ahead -- then Matt -- then Frank -- then Matt.

They're running for the car hood Ward sits on, as Frank retakes the lead.

Whoever runs by the hood first, wins.

Not one to like a tight race, Matt pushes Frank, who tumbles to the ground -- Oreos rolling out of his crack.

Matt then turns it on - laughing to victory - when Steve lunges out of nowhere - diving past the hood - to win!

MATT  
Shit!

FRANK (O.S.)  
Serves you right!

WARD

How many you got, Stevey?

Steve bends over and catches FOUR cookies from the crack of his ass. Shows them to an approaching Ward -

MATT (O.S.)

How many?

After counting, Ward looks to Matt and Frank. Smiles.

WARD

Looks like two apiece.

FRANK (O.S.)

Shit!

LATER

The gang sits on cheap lawn chairs around a small camp fire. They're surrounded by empty cans of Busch beer.

They all glance at Ward. Unsure what to say. Where to start.

Ward doesn't notice because he's glued to the fire.

MARYBETH

What about Josephine?

WARD

She lost the "want" years ago.  
Everything now is out of  
obligation.

MARYBETH

That's bullshit.

WARD

That's the truth.

FRANK

She'll have Daddy issues with  
assholes like us. Cunning  
little dickheads knowing  
exactly what to say, and when  
to say it.

MARYBETH

Frank...

MATT

He's not wrong, Babe. Every girl we ever met growing up we knew how to play that shit.

MARYBETH

So play it.

MATT

Step one, find out about the dad. No Dad? Tear it up. Disinterested Dad? Pretty much the same. Hands on dads like us? Shit. They know not to fuck around. And more to the point- Our daughters know it too.

MARYBETH

(skeptical)

Amy knows...

MATT

She weaponizes me more than the goddamn Army. If she leaves that school crying, they know to batten down those hatches. Because I'm coming to fuck shit up.

FRANK

It's true. When it comes to their little girl- Fathers are weapons of mass destruction.

STEVE

Scud missiles with a fucking attitude!

MARYBETH

You don't even have a kid.

STEVE

Don't need one, to feel one.

MARYBETH

What the hell does that even mean?!

WARD (O.S.)

Josie will be fine.

They all snap a look to an amused Ward.

MATT

Then what about us, General D-Stain? What about this?

WARD

This is a fluke. And one I'm grateful for.

ON EVERYONE'S CONSTERNATION: What?

WARD (CONT'D)

Because for the last ten years when I came around here- You guys have always been too busy.

They all look away. The bee-sting truth does that.

WARD (CONT'D)

But we had a great run, a great time. And you were always there for me. Whether my dad died. Josie's birth. You reminded me all the time what friends really are.

STEVE

The family we choose.

WARD

You damn right.

Ward rises -

WARD (CONT'D)

Now bring it in ya bastards.

The gang hugs. The moment FADES TO BLACK.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Ward sits with a drink. Looks out the window.

INT. AIRPORT - DAY

Ward follows the non-German, non-European Union signs.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Ward checks his GPS: Garmin voice lets him know "you have arrived at your destination."

EXT. HIKING PAY BOOTH - DAY

Dressed for a long hike, Ward has a hybrid Camel backpack over his back. Reichle hiking boots on.

After paying, Ward enters the cave entrance where the mist of the pounding water through the gorge awaits him.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TRAIL - LATER

Ward, with hiking poles, powers up the steep pitch like he was born on a mountain.

LATER

Ward on break. Eating protein bar, drinking water.

LATER

Ward hiking with a small group of four. Friendly. Sharing laughs.

LATER

Ward and the group of four eat at a food hut. His four new friends have strong German accents.

GERMAN MALE HIKER

Have you hiked the Zugspitze  
before?

WARD

Years ago. Team building event  
with the guys I worked with.

GERMAN MALE HIKER TWO

How many times?

WARD

About four or five.

A petite female hiker (30s), STEFFI, lawyerly short blonde  
hair, chimes in -

STEFFI

Any family?

Ward doesn't reply right away.

WARD

No.

STEFFI

How's that?

GERMAN FEMALE HIKER

Steffi...

STEFFI

Hey, he's a good-looking man.

WARD

Am I?

STEFFI

Passport's good for ninety  
days. You can stay with me for  
ninety-days.

Ward is speechless unlike Steffi's friends who've never seen  
her this smitten.

In the midst of the hazing, Steffi and Ward hold a look on  
each other. The chemistry is primal.



LATER

Ward and Steffi lag fifty yards behind her three friends in front of them. ...By design.

This stretch is more level, and a welcome change of pace.

STEFFI

...I'm just surprised is all.

WARD

Well so am I. How come you  
you're not wearing a 10-K ring?

STEFFI

Still waiting for that special  
person I guess. Plus, ten  
karats is over the top. It's  
ridiculous. Nine would be fine.

WARD

Hm em.

STEFFI

Hm em, what?

WARD

That special person comment  
goes both ways.

Steffi nudges Ward's shoulder with hers -

STEFFI

Does that scare you, Robby? I  
might be into your sister?

WARD

Not particularly.

STEFFI

Well that's good. Because I was  
referring to your type.

WARD

You don't know my type.

STEFFI

I think I do.

WARD

Alright. What is it?

STEFFI

You're like Bono.

WARD

U2, Bono?

STEFFI

There's another?

(sings)

*You still...haven't found...  
What you're looking for.*

WARD

I guess you do know.

STEFFI

Long time to feel that way,  
Robby.

WARD

Even longer when you don't.

STEFFI

What do you mean?

WARD

Sometimes you do know what  
you're looking for. But you  
can't have it.

Steffi looks to Ward. Putting things together.

A silence.

STEFFI

Is that why you're here?

Ward looks at her. If this were cards, a tough read.

So, Steffi takes in their elevation. Looks over the steep cliff. Looks back to Ward - who's looking straight ahead.

STEFFI (CONT'D)

Are you here to "slip", Robby?

WARD

I'm here to walk, Steffi.

She's not buying it just yet.

STEFFI

No place to slip where you're from?

Ward takes in the beautiful scenery around him.

WARD

Not like here.

Maybe she is reading too much into this. Mood lightens.

STEFFI

I'm in total agreement.

Ward holds a look on her like she's the Eighth Wonder -

WARD

Something we can build on?

- and she is swept away by it. Something never felt before.

STEFFI

It is.

Steffi looks ahead. Her three friends are all smiles. Ward and Steffi smile back.

EXT. MOUNTAIN RIDGE - DAY

With the sleeping and eating hut five hundred yards out, and one hundred yards above their position, Ward and his new friends have found new strength to push harder.

EXT. MOUNTAIN HUT - CAFÉ AREA - LATER

Drinks being passed out by a waitress to Ward and his friends. Saluting drinks. Everyone smiling, cheering.

EXT. MOUNTAIN HUT - CAFÉ AREA - NIGHT

Very late, Ward sits alone with a blanket wrapped around him. Twelve thousand yards closer to the stars, he savors the moment.

Steffi, also wrapped in a blanket, joins him.

Ward is reserved in his delight.

STEFFI

All that snoring sounds like  
cattle in there.

WARD

If only we had some prods.

Peaceful silence, both taking in the stars.

Steffi looks to Ward. Something still eating at her.

STEFFI

What are you hiking from?

Ward stares at her. His reply never so soft.

WARD

Nothing.

STEFFI

You're here to "slip."

WARD

Maybe.

STEFFI

I don't want you to.

ON STEFFI: Can't I change your hurt?

WARD

Maybe I won't.

STEFFI

You like me.

WARD

Yes I do.

STEFFI

I like you too.

Steffi lets the blanket slide off. Walks to him. After kissing him, Steffi grabs his hand, leads him away.

Ward reaches for her blanket, barely snagging it.

MOUNTAIN SIDE

Hundred yards from the hut, Ward and Steff lie sandwiched between the blankets -- her naked shoulders and head resting on his naked chest. Not cheap sex. True act of love.

WARD

Thank you.

STEFFI

For what?

BEAT.

WARD

Casting light in a place that's been pretty dark.

Steffi adjusts herself. Looks at Ward.

STEFFI

Postpone the "slip" for a week. Give me a chance to show you.

WARD

Show me what?

STEFFI

That you just fell. And that you can get back up.

Ward stares at her. After a beat, hugs her.

Steffi takes that as a yes. Drops her head on his chest and closes her eyes.

EXT. MOUNTAIN RANGE - MORNING

Steffi wakes to yelling and screaming.

When she lies up, the NOTE resting on the blanket slides off her.

Devoured by fear there's no sign of Ward, Steffi reaches for her clothes.

EXT. SLEEPING HUT - MOMENTS LATER

Hesitant, Steffi approaches the swell of people by one of the exposed ledges. Everyone near shock.

Steffi's three friends turn to see her, and their somber expressions say it all -

Ward is dead.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE LOCATION - LATER

Steffi stares at the NOTE that was on the blanket. After a moment, she opens it.

WARD (V.O.)

Steffi- Thank you for the best night I could ask for. If I would have told you the truth last night -- last night would have been taken by it. I know you will find something that I am unable to, and I hope you find it soon. Happiness is the portal of life, and mine has long been closed. I go with two images on my mind. And you were one of them.

~Robert

Steffi folds the letter. She looks to her friends off in the distance - who stare caringly. A guitar is beginning to be heard...

INT. SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

...and it's the beautiful chord's from Josephine's guitar.

She's all alone on the STAGE, and it's a packed house.

Her mother is there, and near tears, watching her little girl play with a heavy heart.

The song is "Landslide."

Josephine leans into the mic but stops. She replays the opening chords as she is too emotional to begin.

She works hard to compose herself as she replays the opening.

She then leans back into the mic...

JOSEPHINE

This is for you, Daddy.

ON ALEX: Tears flow down her cheeks.

JOSEPHINE

(singing)

*I took my love, I took it  
down... Climbed a mountain and  
I turned around... And I saw  
my reflection in the snow  
covered hills... 'Til the  
landslide brought it down.*

Josephine continues singing. The moment fading, until we...

**FADE OUT.**