

**LOVE & MERCY**

by  
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the lives, times and music of  
Brian Wilson  
Reimagined

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**INT. BEDROOM. BEL-AIR HOUSE. 1970S - DAY**

A ceiling fans spins, its blades whirling a blur. The dim room is SILENT, insulated. We slowly boom down to a four-poster bed, set against red imitation-velvet wallpaper, to encounter A MAN's swollen bare feet, toe nails overgrown. We track along his reclined body, wrapped in a bathrobe, his skin jaundiced against the white fibers.

In his early thirties, working his way to 300lbs, the Man is a beached, immoveable whale, his face bearded and round, his hair matted, unwashed. He stares blankly at the rotating ceiling fan, chest heaving, dropping way low and rising not high enough. In his arms, he cradles an empty bottle of red wine. There are remnants of meals and snacks all around him; there are voices and sounds only he can hear. He is living in the throes of mental illness exasperated by substance abuse. No way to know what's on his mind but the by-products of deep, personal demons. He is too young to feel, and be, this heavy.

FADE TO BLACK:

A DULL HUM VIBRATES over the black screen. A DISTANT WHINE SLOWLY BUILDS INTO A DISSONANT COMPOSITION OF FRAGMENTED SOUNDS: VOICES, BOTH CHEERY AND MENACING; RANDOM MUSICAL NOTES AND MUNDANE NOISES OF EVERYDAY LIFE; PHRASES AND CHORDS CLASH AND FALTER. THE DISJOINTED SOUND COLLAGE GROWS PAINFULLY LOUD. THEN LOUDER, ALMOST UNBEARABLE... THEN IT SOMEHOW PULLS TOGETHER INTO AN IMPROBABLE CONSONANT WHOLE - AN ORDERED, EVEN HARMONIOUS PIECE STRUGGLING FOR PERFECTION THAT SLOWLY DISTILLS DOWN TO A VOICE, A NOTE - SINGING OR CRYING, OR BOTH. AND THEN IT STOPS.

MAN (OVER)

That's great. Here we go..

THE FAMILIAR DRUM BEAT OPENING THE BEACH BOYS' "DON'T WORRY BABY" CUTS IN, FOLLOWED BY THE ICONIC HARMONIES.

**INT. RECORDING STUDIO. EARLY 1960S - DAY**

We come up on 16mm film footage shot in the recording studio as THE BEACH BOYS lay vocals for "DON'T WORRY BABY".

BRIAN/BEACH BOYS

(singing)

*Well, it's been building up inside  
of me For oh I don't know how long--*

We move through a series of close ups: MIKE LOVE, ALAN JARDIN, CARL WILSON, DENNIS WILSON, and BRIAN WILSON (BRIAN-PAST), the eldest of the brothers and the group's musical leader, his gentle falsetto rising:

BRIAN-PAST

(singing)

*I don't know why,  
But I keep thinking  
Somethings bound to go wrong*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Short hair cuts, striped, tucked-in, buttoned-up shirts, tight slacks, these guys are in their teen and early 20s, sopped in innocence, surf youth incarnate, selling a sunny California beach version of America that is nostalgic almost at its inception. They radiate optimism.

|                                                                                                                                                                             |                                                                                                         |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>BRIAN (CONT'D)<br/>(singing)<br/><i>But she looks in my eyes<br/>And makes me realize<br/>And she says don't worry baby<br/>Everything will turn out<br/>alright</i></p> | <p>BEACH BOYS<br/>(singing)<br/><i>Don't worry baby<br/>Don't worry baby<br/>Don't worry baby--</i></p> |
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### **MONTAGE - TITLE SEQUENCE**

MAIN CREDITS APPEAR over shots of studio sessions intercut with early 1960s promotional Beach Boys films and home movies, "SURFIN' SAFARI" BREAKS IN:

THE BEACH BOYS  
(singing)  
*Let's go surfin now  
Everybody's learning how  
Come on and safari with me  
(come on and safari with...)*

--The Beach Boys sitting at a long table, facing microphones and SCORES OF JOURNALISTS at a press conference.

THE BEACH BOYS (CONT'D)  
(singing)  
*Early in the morning we'll be  
startin' out. Some honeys will be  
coming along. We're loading up our  
woody with our boards inside.  
And headin' out singing our song--*

--The Beach Boys, wearing heavy Pendleton shirts, are lined up, bunched together and holding a surfboard under their arms while posing for cameras. Behind them, REAL SURFERS polish boards and take to the waves.

THE BEACH BOYS (CONT'D)  
(singing)  
*Come on (surfin) baby wait and see  
(surfin safari)...*

CREDITS CONTINUE as WE HEAR THE SOUND OF HYSTERICAL YOUNG GIRLS SCREAMING WITH THE HORMONAL OVERDRIVE OF THE EARLY '60S ROCK-N-ROLL GENUS.

--TEEN GIRLS SCREAM, CLAP, and grab each other as the Beach Boys perform the romantic teenage ballad "SURFER GIRL":

THE BEACH BOYS (CONT'D)  
(singing)  
*...I have watched you on the shore  
Standing by the oceans roar  
Do you love me do you surfer girl  
Surfer girl, surfer girl*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Brian-Past, head and shoulders above his band mates (physically and musically) thumbs his bass in a way even amateur musicians wouldn't; the thumb is the anchor, not used for plucking, yet he thumb-plucks away happily.

BRIAN-PAST/BEACH BOYS  
(singing)  
*We could ride the surf together  
While our love would grow...*

By the side of the stage, we glimpse a small woman and a bow-tied, pipe-chewing, bespectacled man, both in their late 40s - two proud parents, AUDREE and MURRY WILSON.

--CREDITS CONTINUE over another concert, the hall packed with crazed adoration for the pop hit "FUN FUN FUN".

BEACH BOYS  
(singing)  
*...Well you knew all along  
That your dad was gettin' wise to  
you now (You shouldn't have lied  
now you shouldn't have lied)  
And since he took your set of keys  
You've been thinking that your fun  
is all through now (You shouldn't  
have lied now you shouldn't have  
lied)*

--A beach party. Fun in the sun. The Beach Boys are surrounded by bikini-clad GIRLS, chatting and flirting. But it's all for show, a CAMERA CREW shooting the band.

BEACH BOYS (OVER) (CONT'D)  
(singing)  
*But you can come along with me  
Cause we gotta a lot of things to  
do now (You shouldn't have lied now  
you shouldn't have lied)*

Brian-Past sits bewildered but energetic, looking around as if searching for connection.

THE BEACH BOYS (OVER)  
(singing)  
*And we'll have fun fun fun now that  
daddy took the t-bird away  
(Fun fun fun now that daddy took  
the t-bird away)*

THE SONG ECHOES AS MAIN CREDITS END and we:

FADE TO BLACK

**INT. CADILLAC DEALERSHIP. LOS ANGELES. 1986 - DAY**

Kenny G's "SONGBIRD" is playing on the showroom's amps. Definitely 80s.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MELINDA LEDBETTER walks through the large, sterile space toward her office, slinking her way around shiny Cadillacs, shiny COLLEAGUES and shiny PROSPECTIVE BUYERS.

She has a clip-board in her hand and a confident spring in her step. She's a top earner in this outfit, a beautiful blonde, ex-model, but she's not one to flaunt, she simply likes her job.

She bends down to pick up a cigar butt off the floor and shoots a scolding look at the CLEANING MAN as he approaches, carrying a matching set of broom and long-handled dustpan.

CLEANING MAN

Good catch.

MELINDA

Very funny.

She notices a pair of beat-up running shoes neatly lined up next to a black Seville. Exchanges looks with the Cleaning Man, who shrugs.

Walking over, past CUSTOMERS, she sees a MAN in his forties, with a close-cropped beard, behind the wheel of the black Seville, checking out the car.

MELINDA (CONT'D)

Excuse me.

The Man pops his head out the window.

MAN

What? Oh, hi. How are you?

The Man meets her eyes, immediately struck by how pretty she is and her friendly disposition; he has a curious way of speaking from the side of his mouth which makes him look vaguely like a stroke victim.

MELINDA

Sir, are these your shoes?

MAN

What? Oh, yeah. I didn't want to get the car all dirty inside. I jog. I jog on the beach. I get sand in my shoes.

MELINDA

(smiling warmly)  
Well, that's very considerate of you, but there's no need--

MAN

Of course, I didn't realize I also had sand in my socks. And holes. So I made a mess anyway. I'm sorry.

He steps out of the car in his socks, takes the shoes from her, leans on the Seville and starts to put them on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She notices a tremble in his hand. He smiles at her. She can't help but smile back at his boy-ish charm. This is BRIAN-FUTURE, weathered, fit, quite handsome, almost unrecognizable from the early 60s man/boy.

MELINDA  
No problem. Can I help you today?

BRIAN-FUTURE  
I'd like to buy a car. A Cadillac.

MELINDA  
Well, you've come to the right place.

He lights up like a kid, looking at her.

BRIAN-FUTURE  
Yeah. I can see that.

MELINDA  
What are you currently driving?

BRIAN-FUTURE  
I lost my license years ago.

MELINDA  
Oh.

BRIAN-FUTURE  
But I have people who drive me. I just need to choose.

MELINDA  
OK. Fair enough. Would you like to check out an Eldorado?

BRIAN-FUTURE  
Sounds great.

She walks him over to a silver Eldorado and opens the driver's door. He jumps in, ecstatic at the wheel. Melinda stays by the open door.

MELINDA  
Take your time. Just get a feel for her.

He pretends to drive, humming to himself. Melinda clocks a platinum blonde, pony-tailed man - ROB - checking her out. Ignores him.

BRIAN-FUTURE  
I dig it.

He gets out of the Eldorado.

BRIAN-FUTURE (CONT'D)  
Can I see the Deville?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MELINDA  
Of course.

They walk over to a 1986 Deville, and he slides inside keeping the driver door open. Melinda follows and gets in on the passenger side, keeping the passenger door open.

BRIAN-FUTURE  
The Edlorodo feels more... native.  
More American than this.

MELINDA  
You should know it's a smaller body  
from last year's. 4.1 Liter LT8  
HT4100 V8 engine. 130 horse power.

BRIAN-FUTURE  
You sure know your engines.

MELINDA  
I love cars.

BRIAN-FUTURE  
Really? I love cars too.

He looks at her intensely, studying her eyes, her lips, her nose longingly. She blushes, a bit nervous now.

MELINDA  
So what do you think?

BRIAN-FUTURE  
I don't know. Half the time I don't  
know what I'm thinking.

Brian-Future glances up at Rob lurking. Melinda notices.

MELINDA  
Is that guy a friend of yours? He  
keeps looking this way.

BRIAN-FUTURE  
I know him, but... He's not my  
friend. It's a long story.

She's baffled. This man may be crazy, but there's something so broken about him, she can't help but be intrigued.

BRIAN-FUTURE (CONT'D)  
He's my bodyguard... Or something  
like that. Kinda funny. Funny word,  
guard of body.

MELINDA  
Hmm?

BRIAN-FUTURE  
Sometimes I'm not sure if he's  
protecting me from other people, or  
other people from me, or me from  
myself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MELINDA  
Are we on Candid Camera?

BRIAN-FUTURE  
No. No. No. I need a car. Can we  
just sit here and talk for awhile?

She hesitates. Notices her CO-WORKERS watching the encounter curiously.

MELINDA  
Sure.

He closes the driver door on his side, she closes the passenger door and puts her clipboard on the dashboard. He presses the button to lock the doors. Suddenly they are alone in this quiet cocoon. She should be nervous but she's not.

MELINDA (CONT'D)  
Well, the master lock feature  
works, we know that much.

Brian-Future smiles and just sits there for a long minute, frozen, staring at nothing in particular.

BRIAN-FUTURE  
My brother died.

MELINDA  
Oh my Gosh, I'm so sorry.  
(pause)  
What happened?

BRIAN-FUTURE  
He drowned a few of years ago.  
Dennis. Dennis the menace. He had  
problems. Had it bad with my dad  
too. He was brave. I'm all broken  
up about it. He wasn't forty yet.  
He liked drugs and booze.

MELINDA  
That's terrible. So sad.

Rob hovers outside, trying to act cool, but getting increasingly anxious.

BRIAN-FUTURE  
(super-earnest)  
Do you have any idea why people  
die?

She studies his face. He seems more and more "off" to her, something clearly wrong with him, his slanted way of talking, his awkward self-consciousness, his "bodyguard", but there's also an openness so deep she's just instantly connecting with him.

MELINDA  
I really don't. The mystery of  
life, I guess.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

BRIAN-FUTURE

I think about it every day. I don't know why people have to die. I know they die. My father died ten years ago. He was a tough guy. I just don't understand why you have to. When you do.

MELINDA

I wish I knew.

BRIAN-FUTURE

It doesn't have to be. Right? Death doesn't have to be sad. If you don't think about it too much. I try to force it out of my brain.

He closes his eyes and demonstrates forcing out a thought, growling. Then smiles.

MELINDA

I understand.

But she doesn't. *Why is he telling her these things?*

BRIAN-FUTURE

I'm not married anymore.

She stares. The associations he's making in his head are not necessarily what comes out of his mouth.

BRIAN-FUTURE (CONT'D)

Do you have a pen I could use?

Melinda gives Brian her pen. He looks around, as if making sure he isn't being watched, which, of course, he is.

BRIAN-FUTURE (CONT'D)

I guess I need a piece of paper too.

She gives him a sheet from her clipboard. A payment plan breakdown. He turns it around and scribbles something down quickly, then folds it carefully and puts it in his shirt pocket. Gives her the pen back.

BRIAN-FUTURE (CONT'D)

Thank you.

MELINDA

Oh, you're welcome.

She wants to say something else. Hesitates. Starts. Stops just as Rob approaches and tries to talk to Brian-Future through the closed driver window.

ROB

Brian. Get out of the car. Keep looking around.

Rob knocks on the window and tries to open the locked door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

|                                                          |                                                   |
|----------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------|
| ROB (CONT'D)<br>(shouting)<br>Come on, Brian. Let me in! | BRIAN<br>(ignoring Rob)<br>I'm Brian, by the way. |
|----------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------|

MELINDA  
Melinda.

They shake hands, starting over. Brian-Future looks out the car window and sees DR. EUGENE LANDY coming through the showroom door, followed by ANDY, a tall, buzz-cut muscle-man.

BRIAN-FUTURE  
 (quickly to Melinda)  
 I want to get a blue Fleetwood.

MELINDA  
 (shocked)  
 OK.

Brian-Future swiftly releases the lock, opens the door and spills out. Melinda follows.

Dr. Landy - Gene - approaches. A short, frantic man, he's an esteemed licensed psychotherapist, but you wouldn't necessarily know it from his Hawaiian shirt and jeans. He thinks he's a rock star, earring, pony tail and all. He high-fives Brian-Future.

DR. LANDY  
 (to Melinda)  
 Hi. I'm Doctor Eugene Landy.  
 Brian's brother from another  
 mother.

They shake hands. Andy joins Rob to stay out of the way.

|                               |                                                                  |
|-------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------|
| MELINDA<br>Melinda Ledbetter. | BRIAN-FUTURE<br>Not a real brother. More like<br>a soul brother. |
|-------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------|

DR. LANDY (CONT'D)  
 Thanks for helping us out,  
 sweetheart.

BRIAN-FUTURE  
 I want the blue Fleetwood, Gene.

DR. LANDY  
 You sure you don't want a Maserati?  
 (to Melinda)  
 No offense.

MELINDA  
 None taken. I love me a good  
 Maserati.

BRIAN-FUTURE  
 The Fleetwood. Blue. Aqua.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

DR. LANDY  
OK. Fleetwood blue it is. Aqua.  
(to Melinda)  
I expect a deal here, something  
that would be worth our while. Do  
you know this man is Brian Wilson?  
Brian Wilson of the Beach Boys.

She looks at Brian-Future surprised.

MELINDA  
Oh. You didn't mention that part.

BRIAN-FUTURE  
That doesn't matter. That's ego  
stuff. I'm not a Beach Boy. Not a  
boy anymore.

MELINDA  
Well, I've always been a fan.

|                           |                             |
|---------------------------|-----------------------------|
| DR. LANDY                 | BRIAN-FUTURE                |
| Good. Then give us a deal | (to Melinda)                |
| we'd love.                | You don't have to say that. |

MELINDA (CONT'D)  
You kidding me? We all loved your  
music. We grew up on it.

BRIAN-FUTURE  
That's cool. Makes me feel real  
good, Melinda Ledbetter

She laughs. He looks into her eyes, the spark is there on both sides. Landy looks at the two of them, sensing the growing fondness has nothing to do with Brian-Future's fame.

DR. LANDY  
OK, kids, recess is over.  
(to Melinda)  
Why don't you put together the  
paperwork and let me know when all  
the T's are crossed, the I's are  
dotted and the price is right.

Landy gives her a business card.

DR. LANDY (CONT'D)  
Thanks again. For your help. Let's  
go, Brian.

Brian-Future and Landy walk away, followed by Rob and Andy. Melinda moves to shut the driver's door Brian-Future left open when she notices Brian-Future's folded note on the driver seat. He must have dropped it without noticing. Or is it for her? She unfolds it and her eyes widen as she reads and rereads it. A COLLEAGUE comes over.

COLLEAGUE  
What was that about?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (8)

MELINDA  
(distracted)  
I think I just sold a car I didn't  
show.

She walks to the door, watching Landy get Brian-Future into his red Maserati and take off into the blinding LA sunlight, followed by Rob and Andy in a jeep. She re-reads the note. There are only three words in it:

"LONELY. SCARED. FRIGHTENED."

THE BEACH BOYS (OVER)  
(singing)  
*Round round get around, I get  
around, Yeah, Get around round  
round, I get around..*

### INT. WESTERN RECORDING STUDIO 3 - DAY

We're back in the mid-1960s. Brian-Past and the Beach Boys standing around a mic, rehearsing "I GET A ROUND".

BRIAN-PAST/BEACH BOYS  
(singing)  
*I get around  
Get around round round I get around  
From town to town  
Get around round round I get around  
I'm a real cool head  
Get around round round I get around  
I'm makin real good bread*

The recording booth behind them is crowded with FRIENDS, MUSIC INDUSTRY TYPES, MARILYN (BRIAN-PAST'S TEENAGED BRIDE) AND HER SISTER DIANE; everyone's digging the sure-fire hit. They are all standing behind CHUCK, the recording engineer sitting at the console, who's making final preparations for recording.

BRIAN-PAST  
(stopping song)  
OK, let's do it. I think we finally  
got it down.

Mike Love scratches his head

MIKE LOVE  
Wait, so, the intro is basically  
the chorus chord progression but  
faster?

BRIAN-PAST  
With a different melody. It's the  
same chord progression sped up.

MIKE LOVE  
A capella.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIAN-PAST  
Right. Kinda like what we did in  
"Warmth of the Sun" and "In My  
Room" but it's sitting tighter on  
the lyric so my part in the chorus  
against the band alternates with  
the intro backing new melody.

MIKE LOVE  
(impressed)  
Cool.

CHUCK  
(to console mic)  
OK. Here we go.

As the focused band members take their places in the studio,  
the mood in the control booth couldn't be more cheerful, a  
great song is in the making.

CHUCK (CONT'D)  
OK. Take one. On three. One. Two.  
One two three--

THE BEACH BOYS  
(singing)  
*Round round get around*  
*I get around*  
*Yeah*  
*Get around round round I get around*

BRIAN-PAST  
(interrupting)  
One second, please.

Smiling, Brian-Past rearranges his bandmates' places around  
the microphone.

Suddenly, Murry Wilson, walks into the control room, followed  
by Audree, and the mood sobers quickly. The Wilson's dad is a  
master juggler of passive-aggressive, over-aggressive and  
plain passive domination over his family; he won't keep quiet  
for long. Audree is a hushed accomplice and infrequent refuge  
for her boys.

MURRY  
Hi all, don't let me stop you.

CHUCK  
OK. Here we go. "I get Around" take  
two.

The dials react on the control booth console as the band  
launches in:

THE BEACH BOYS  
(singing)  
*Round round get around, I get*  
*around, Yeah, Get around round*  
*round, I get around*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Murry can't stay still; he grabs the console mic before Audree, or anyone, could stop him.

BRIAN/BEACH BOYS  
(singing)  
*I get around*  
*Get around round round I get*  
*around*  
*From town to town*  
*Get around round round I get--*

MURRY  
(yelling)  
Brian, Brian. Can you stop  
it? Chuck, stop it! Can I  
just put in my two cents?

The SONG DIES.

MURRY  
Brian. You got a wonderful tune  
here.  
(noticing his pitch)  
I'm sorry to yell.

BRIAN-PAST  
Dad, we're recording.

MURRY  
I don't think it's just quite  
working yet. The intro.

Clearly, Murry's drunk and a distraction.

CARL  
It's working for us, dad.

DENNIS  
(under his breath)  
But you're not!

MURRY  
Hey. I'm still your father. I  
wouldn't do it a capella. And I  
love the G, A, A-flat key shifts of  
the song, mind you, they always  
work for us, the formula, I just  
don't feel you're getting it quite  
right on this one.

Murry walks into the studio from the control booth,  
disrupting the flow; it's his show now. Dennis grunts and  
stomps away, instantly furious. Al and Mike watch.

MURRY (CONT'D)  
Carl, you gotta step closer to the  
mic. Come in on the high notes,  
Mike. Carl your--

CARL  
Dad, just let Brian do it his way.  
BRIAN-PAST  
Dad, I got it under control.

MURRY (CONT'D)  
Fellas, you've heard me say it a  
million times, let's fight for  
success, OK? Let's roll. Let's make  
it exciting again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BRIAN-PAST

You're not our manager anymore,  
dad.

MURRY

Did I ever say no to you guys? I  
made this band. I got you the  
Capital contract. I fought for all  
of you. I disciplined you. Who made  
you rich? I can unmake you. You're  
all a bunch of ingrates. So you're  
big stars now. So what? You got any  
guts, let's hear them. Let's fight.  
The intro is bull.

The uncomfortable tension builds. The guests in the booth are  
dead silent.

MIKE LOVE

Let's just do it. It's  
getting good, Uncle Murry.

BRIAN-PAST

OK, dad. Thanks. You're  
welcome to stay.

MURRY (CONT'D)

Don't go all Hollywood phony on me,  
fellas. You have to kick ass.

DENNIS

(bitter)

Oh, no. No more ass-kicking, Dad.

MURRY

You think I don't know what makes a  
gold record?

BRIAN-PAST

Please don't yell so loud. I got  
one ear left and your yelling's  
killing it.

Murry moves closer to Brian-Past, putting his hand on his  
shoulder.

MURRY

(quietly to Brian)

I'm sorry I'm yelling. Your mom and  
I are in a very bad place, Brian.

BRIAN-PAST

You don't have to drag mom into  
this, dad. You gave us no choice.

MURRY

I'm sorry. Listen, for God's---  
OK? Family first. Right? It's gonna  
be a hit. It's different. I feel  
it. Just remember, I love you.  
Don't you forget that. We're the  
same. They say you're a genius,  
right? Well, I'm a genius too!

THE UBER-HYSTERICAL SCREAMS OF TEENYBOPPERS SUDDENLY ERUPT.

**INT. STAGE. CONCERT HALL - - EARLY 1960S**

Brian-Past is on stage performing with the Beach Boys as PACKED CROWDS OF MOSTLY YOUNG GIRLS SCREAM, CLAP, and grab each other, on the verge of mass-produced nervous breakdowns. Brian-Past looks more and more uncomfortable, looking out to the crowd like a deer in the headlights.

**BRIAN-PAST'S MIND (IMAGES AND SOUNDS OVERLAP)**

MALE VOICES BARKING ANGRILY INTRUDE, EVERYDAY SOUNDS DISTORT. Abstracted images of microphones, cables, amplifiers: fish-eyed, in and out of focus. Brian-Past's eyes dart around the stage. Girls are crying, shaking, screaming, pulling on their hair, holding their heads from exploding. FRAGMENTS OF "SHUT DOWN" INTERCUT OUT OF SEQUENCE. Murry take his glass eye out to show us. MUSICAL PHRASES, NOTES AND CHORDS COALESCE INTO TERROR MUSIC, the GIRLS' SCREAMING now sounding more like panic than pop idolatry. Brian-Past, on stage, smiles awkwardly. VOICES ARE YELLING, ARGUING. DOGS BARK. ANIMAL SOUNDS INTERMINGLE.

Buses, vans, trains, airplanes, cars zooming by. ARGUMENTS, SCUFFLES, BEATINGS, FIGHTS - SOUNDS COLLIDE AND ABSTRACT INTO HARMONIES OVERTAKEN BY A CACOPHONOUS JUMBLE. Kleig lights shine at us, burning.

FLIGHT ATTENDENT (OVER/ON PA)  
Ladies and gentleman, we are about  
to start our descent--

**INT. PLANE IN FLIGHT - DAY**

CLOSE ON: Brian-Past'S EYES opening, wired. He's on the verge of a freak-out, holding it together, but barely.

FLIGHT ATTENDENT (ON PA)  
--Please return your seats to an  
upright position and fasten your  
seat belts.

Pull back to see we are in a crowded first class cabin of a PAN AM flight. Brian-Past is sitting next to Al, with Carl and Dennis chatting and drinking beers behind them. Mike Love is across the aisle, reading Time magazine's Man of the year issue, a portrait of Reverend Martin Luther King Jr. on the cover.

Al notices Brian-Past's frozen, terrified stare.

AL  
What's up, Brian?

BRIAN-PAST  
I think I'm having a heart attack.

Al laughs, thinking Brian is joking.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIAN-PAST (CONT'D)  
I can't do this.

AL

What are you talking about?

BRIAN-PAST

I'm gonna crack up.  
Something's really wrong.

Brian-Past starts crying hysterically. Then grabs a pillow as a full-on panic attack ensues. Carl and Dennis exchange anxious looks. Mike Love looks up from his magazine.

MIKE LOVE  
Bri, are you getting sick?

BRIAN-PAST  
I can't. I can't. I can't.

Carl leans in from the seat behind.

CARL  
What's going on, Bri?

DENNIS  
We're almost on the ground,  
Brother, it's OK.

Brian-Past throws himself to the aisle floor and presses the pillow against his face. PASSENGERS gawk. Carl drops down to him.

Brian! CARL BRIAN-PAST  
(muffled by pillow)  
I can't breathe.

CARL  
Try to stand up!

MIKE LOVE  
Brian, stop goofing off.

Carl tries to pry the pillow from Brian-Past, but he doesn't let go, his entire body shaking as he wriggles on the floor, head buried in the pillow, crying. A FLIGHT ATTENDANT hurries over.

Sir, sir, FLIGHT ATTENDENT  
are you all right?

BRIAN-PAST  
(into pillow)  
I'm going to die. I'm going to die.  
I can't move my arms. I'm going to  
pass out.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT  
Sir, we're about to land.

**INT. PLANE ON GROUND - LATER**

The plane is empty but for the Beach Boys, the FLIGHT CREW and TWO AIRPORT EMTs tending to Brian-Past. He's in his seat, shaken, overwhelmed. Dennis is chatting up the Flight Attendant behind him. WE WATCH THE SCENE FROM Brian-Past'S POINT OF VIEW, seated and silent.

EMT 1  
Your vitals are normal, sir.

EMT 2  
It wasn't a heart attack, if that's what you're thinking.  
(to Mike)  
You should get him checked out.

MIKE LOVE  
OK. Thanks.  
(to Brian)  
Come on, Brian. It's all good now.

Brian-Past shakes his head, says nothing. He watches dazed as everyone starts talking over each other - the words building like a piece of music, fast and overlapping.

EMT 2  
It could be fatigue.  
Exhaustion, you know.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT  
I'm sorry, there's a cleaning crew we're holding up. They're ready to come on board.

CARL  
You could rest at the hotel.

AL  
(to EMT 1)  
Can he play tonight?

MIKE LOVE (CONT'D)  
He has to play tonight. We have a show to do. We can't do a show without Brian.

DENNIS  
He just needs a drink. Is it getting hot in here?

PILOT  
Fellas, seriously, my crew's been on their feet for twelve hours. You have to get off.

MIKE LOVE  
Brian. Say something. Cat got your tongue?

Brian-Past looks on distressed. Doesn't move from his chair. Says nothing. Shuts his eyes.

CUT TO BLACK:

**OVER BLACK:**

THE SOUNDS OF THE PLANE FADE OUT. We hear the CLICK-CLACK OF A METRONOME. A CLOCK TICKING.

INT. LIVING ROOM. AUDREE'S HOUSE - DAY

A GRANDFATHER CLOCK TICKS LOUDLY, pendulum swinging. A business meeting of sorts is taking place in Audree's living room, Brian-Past and his bandmates sitting together with Audree, who's on her second Whiskey.

Murry is smoking a pipe and keeping a cold distance while sipping his drink. Dennis is playing with the metronome, annoying Murry.

MIKE LOVE

So, what did they say?

BRAIN

They don't know. They couldn't find anything. They said it could have been stress, like a panic attack thing.

CARL

Could it happen again?

BRIAN-PAST

They didn't say. But I don't really want to find out.

MIKE LOVE

What do you mean?

BRIAN-PAST

I can't do this anymore.

MURRY

Do what anymore?

(re: metronome)

Dennis, put that thing down.

Dennis keeps holding the CLICKING metronome.

BRIAN-PAST

Go up on stage and face all that again.

MIKE LOVE

What are you saying?

BRIAN-PAST

I'm just saying I can't do it anymore.

MURRY/DENNIS/CARL/AL

(overlapping)

What?!! What do you mean? Brian--?

MIKE LOVE

You're quitting?

BRIAN-PAST

No. I just don't want to go on tour. I'm sorry. I can't handle it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Brian-Past can see the shock registering on their faces as everyone grows quiet, but he tries to keep his cool. All we hear is THE METRONOME and CLOCK TICKING. Murry stomps to Dennis and forcibly takes the metronome out of his hands, putting a stop to the CLICK-CLACK. Al doubles over, groaning.

AUDREE

What's going on, Al?

AL

Nothing. Stomach cramps.

MIKE LOVE

Come on, Brian. Don't do this. You had one bad flight.

BRIAN-PAST

It wasn't the flight. It's everything. It's the pressure. I write and produce and sing, teach you guys your parts. Rehearse. Record. Mix. It's a lot. But I'm fine with all that. I just don't want to go on the road. I don't like it.

MIKE LOVE

(emotional)

We can't tour without you.

DENNIS

(angry)

It's not the band anymore.

Al groans again.

AUDREE

Oh, dear. Al, let me make you something. Warm milk.

AL

No. I'm OK.

AUDREE

You look pale.

BRIAN-PAST

He's fine, Mom. Look, it'll be OK. You'll go out on the road and I can write and arrange and lay down some of the tracks while you're gone. New sounds. Hip things. Maybe I can even get someone to rough in lyrics so that when--

MIKE LOVE

Wait a minute, you and I write most of the lyrics together, and--

BRIAN-PAST

I know. I know. I just--

MIKE LOVE

Can I just say something? For the record. You don't do it all by yourself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BRIAN-PAST  
I didn't say that. Don't you think  
I know that? It's not what I meant.  
I meant--

MIKE LOVE  
You need us as much as we need you.

BRIAN-PAST  
Look, I'm not--

AL  
(to Murry)  
What do you say, Mr. Wilson?

MURRY  
A winner never quits and a quitter  
never wins. Family first. What does  
it matter what I say? I don't even  
live here anymore.

BRIAN-PAST  
This isn't about Mom and you, dad.  
I'm not quitting! I'm going to do  
MORE! A lot more. Why do you have  
to make everything sound worse than  
it is?  
(impatient)  
I got to go. Marilyn is waiting.

Brian-Past leaves in a hurry. Al winces again.

AUDREE  
(to Al)  
That's it. I'm heating up some  
milk.

We follow Brian-Past out of the house and into his car. He  
turns the key; THE ENGINE CATCHES WITH A MANIC ROAR.

**INT. BRIAN-PAST'S CAR. DRIVING - LATER**

All alone now, Brian-Past starts crying as he drives, the  
road ahead going in and out of focus from his point of view.  
It took all his strength to stand up to his family, now the  
relief comes with tears.

**EXT. POOL. BEVERLY HILLS HOUSE - DAY**

Marilyn, aka Mrs. Brian Wilson, maternal, yet still in her  
teens, is taking in some sun with a group of CHATTY NEW  
FRIENDS: SMOKERS, DOPERS, HANGERS-ON AND SOME GENUINES.

Brian-Past, Carl and Dennis sit together by the pool,  
drinking, smoking, deep in conversation:

BRIAN-PAST  
I don't know. It was like...  
weird.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIAN-PAST (CONT'D)

Like I was in a movie or something.  
Like there were things there that I  
could see all of a sudden. Strange  
things. People talking--

CARL

You mean like voices? Voices in  
your head?

BRIAN-PAST

Well, no, kind of. Yeah, I guess.

Carl and Dennis exchange tense looks, is their older brother  
losing it?

BRIAN-PAST (CONT'D)

Maybe--

(imitating Sonny the  
Cuckoo Bird)

I'm cuckoo for Coco Puffs! Cuckoo  
for Coco Puffs! Cuckoo for Coco  
Puffs!

They laugh, this is the Brian they know.

BRIAN-PAST (CONT'D)

It was kinda scary though.

DENNIS

I think it's just dad messing with  
your head. We're too big for him to  
take the belt to us, so he's trying  
some black magic shit or something.

CARL

It's not dad. He doesn't have that  
kind of hold on Brian anymore.

DENNIS

Yeah, right.

BRIAN-PAST

No. It's different. Something's  
off. It's being on the road. Being  
up there. It's freaky.

CARL

I get nervous on stage too--

BRIAN-PAST

It's more than that. Like I'm not  
going to make it if I keep moving.  
Like I'm going to die young living  
too fast.

DENNIS

Hey, I thought I was the James Dean  
of this band.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SOMEONE RAISES THE VOLUME ON A RECORD INSIDE THE HOUSE AND WE HEAR A GUITAR PLUCKING THE OPENING OF THE BEATLES' "NORWEGIAN WOOD", FOLLOWED BY A SITAR.

BRIAN-PAST  
You don't need me standing around  
looking like a deer in the  
headlights. I'll be better back  
here at home making music. I just  
want to be home.

CARL  
I don't get it, Bri, I really  
don't.

THE BEATLES (ON SPEAKERS)  
(singing)  
*I once had a girl, or should  
I say, she once had me...*

Brian gets to his feet, as if pulled by the music.

BRIAN-PAST (CONT'D)  
Say. What is that?

NEW FRIEND  
Rubber Soul. The new Beatles.  
Somebody said it's about John  
Lennon having an affair.

THE BEATLES (ON SPEAKERS)  
(singing)  
*She showed me her room, isn't  
it good, Norwegian wood?*

Brian-Past walks to the outdoor speaker and listens intensely, shocked and inspired.

MARILYN  
Brian, come sit with us.

He shakes his head. Stays with the MUSIC.

THE BEATLES  
(singing)  
*She asked me to stay and she told  
me to sit anywhere, So I looked  
around and I noticed there wasn't a  
chair.*

Brian-Past is frozen, listening. Dennis and Carl join him.

CARL  
It's pretty damn good.

THE BEATLES (ON SPEAKERS)  
(singing)  
*I sat on a rug, biding my  
time, drinking her wine.*

BRIAN  
Christ, they really went far  
out.

THE BEATLES  
(singing)  
*We talked until two and then  
she said, "It's time for bed"*

BRIAN-PAST  
See, this is what we should be  
doing. New sounds. New harmonies.  
New instruments. Just let me stay  
in the studio. It's what I need to  
do. And when you come back I'll  
have stuff for you that will blow  
your mind.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DENNIS  
Cool with me.

CARL  
Just keep your head on straight.

BRIAN-PAST  
I will. I will.

MARILYN  
Come on, Bri. Carl. Dennis. Sit  
with us.

BRIAN-PAST  
It's too hot. I'm going swimming.

Brian-Past moves to the pool's diving board, as if pulling himself away from "NORWEGIAN WOOD", deep in thought. He climbs up to the board, humming.

THE BEATLES  
(singing)  
*We talked until two and then she  
said, "It's time for bed"*

Suddenly, Brian-Past slips off the wet board and flops into the water. We dive into the SILENCE with him. He swims the length of the pool underwater, then floats up for air as all THE LAUGHTER CULMINATES. Marilyn is by the side of the pool, smiling. Dennis, Carl and the guests are all standing, watching him.

MARILYN  
Are you OK, baby?

BRIAN-PAST  
I'm going to make the  
greatest album ever made.

THE BEATLES (ON SPEAKERS)  
(singing)  
*She told me she worked in the  
morning and started to laugh.*

MARILYN (CONT'D)  
I'm sure you are.

THE BEATLES (ON SPEAKERS)  
(singing)  
*I told her I didn't and  
crawled off to sleep in the  
bath.*

Brian-Past grabs Marilyn's leg and trips her into the pool. She screams and splashes in, quickly submerging. He dives in after her.

THE BEATLES  
(singing)  
*So I lit a fire, isn't it good,  
Norwegian wood.*

Dennis leads as the rest of the guests follow the Pied Piper - running and jumping into the water. Carl watches, all smiles.

WE HEAR A PHONE RING.

**INT. CADILLAC DEALERSHIP. 1986 - DAY**

Melinda is sitting at her desk, working late. She picks up the RINGING PHONE.

MELINDA (TO PHONE)  
This is Melinda.

DR. LANDY (ON PHONE)  
Hi Melinda, Dr. Eugene Landy here,  
Brian Wilson's doctor.

MELINDA (TO PHONE)  
Oh, hi. How are you?

She gets up and watches the Cleaning Man sweep the floors of the now closed showroom. Her Colleague waves goodbye to her. She waves back.

DR. LANDY (ON PHONE)  
Fine. Thanks. Well, I'm calling  
because Brian would like to go on a  
date with you.

MELINDA (TO PHONE)  
Oh... really?.

DR. LANDY (ON PHONE)  
He's thinking Friday night, if  
you're available.

MELINDA (TO PHONE)  
Let me check.

She doesn't move, doesn't "check" anything, just stands there excited for a minute, overjoyed.

MELINDA (TO PHONE) (CONT'D)  
Friday looks good.

DR. LANDY (ON PHONE)  
Great. Where do you live?

Melinda suddenly catches herself, regains her senses.

MELINDA (TO PHONE)  
Wait a minute. Why isn't Brian  
calling me?

DR. LANDY (ON PHONE)  
Because he's shy. He's fragile. He  
can't handle rejection. As his  
doctor I think it would be good  
thing for him to do. Go out with  
you.

She sits back at her desk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MELINDA (TO PHONE)  
I'm sure that's all true. But if he  
wants to go out, he's going to have  
to call me himself.

DR. LANDY (ON PHONE)  
I don't think that's going to  
happen.

MELINDA (TO PHONE)  
OK. I understand. Goodbye.

She hangs up, immediately regretting; she didn't mean to  
sound so harsh.

She starts to collect her things. Shakes her head  
disappointedly as she leaves. Then she realizes she forgot  
something. Turns back to search her desk drawers, finding her  
keys.

Her PHONE RINGS. She considers it for a second, looks at her  
watch, then picks up unhappily.

MELINDA (TO PHONE) (CONT'D)  
This is Melinda, how can I help  
you?

BRIAN-FUTURE (ON PHONE)  
Oh, Hi, Melinda. Wait, is this  
Melinda Ledbetter?

She smiles, her face softens at the sound of his voice.

WE CUT BACK AND FORTH BETWEEN MELINDA'S OFFICE and Brian-  
Future'S FACE, IN CLOSE UP.

MELINDA  
Yes it is.

BRIAN-FUTURE  
Hi. It's Brian Wilson from the  
Beach Boys, do you remember me?

MELINDA  
Yes, Brian Wilson from the Beach  
Boys, I remember you. Your "brother  
from a different mother" or doctor  
or whatever he is just called. I'm  
afraid I wasn't very nice to him.  
Tell him I apologize. How are you?

BRIAN-FUTURE  
I'm fine, thank you. I wanted to  
ask you a question.  
(swallowing hard)  
Oh, how are you?

MELINDA  
I'm very well. Was that your  
question?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BRIAN-FUTURE  
No. My question is: do you like The  
Moody Blues?

MELINDA  
I guess so. Sure.

BRIAN-FUTURE  
Well they have a new album out I  
really like, and, well, do you want  
to go to a Moody Blues concert  
Friday night? Please don't say no.

MELINDA  
That's sounds like fun. What time?

BRIAN-FUTURE  
6.30, if that's OK?

MELINDA  
6.30 is perfect.

BRIAN-FUTURE  
Great. Out of sight. I'll pick you  
up at 6.30. OK. Goodbye.

CLICK and a HANG-UP.

MELINDA  
Wait!

Too late. She sighs. Then smiles to herself. Then bursts out  
laughing.

THE PHONE RINGS AGAIN. Melinda picks up.

BRIAN-FUTURE (ON PHONE)  
Is this Melinda Ledbetter again?

MELINDA (TO PHONE)  
(smiling)  
Is this Brian Wilson from the Beach  
Boys again?

BRIAN-FUTURE (ON PHONE)  
Yeah. Good guess. Anyway, I have  
another question: could you please  
tell me where you live?

**INT. BATHROOM. MELINDA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Melinda puts the finishing touches on her make-up in the  
bathroom mirror. She then walks out of the bathroom to hear:

BRIAN-FUTURE (O.S.)  
(yelling)  
Melinda! Melinda!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She runs to the window, looking out to see Brian-Future and a DRIVER standing next to a white stretch limo in the courtyard.

MELINDA  
Just a minute.

She grabs a sweater and her bag and runs out of the apartment. We follow her into:

**EXT. COURTYARD. APATMENT BUILDING. LA - CONTINUOUS**

MELINDA  
Here I am! I'm right here.

Brian-Future and the driver turn around to see Melinda running down the stairs, holding the sweater.

BRIAN-FUTURE  
I didn't write the apartment number. That was a blliiiig mistake. Real dumb.

MELINDA  
(out of breath)  
No worries.

She eyes the limo, then Brian-Future and the driver.

BRIAN-FUTURE  
You look great.

MELINDA  
Thanks.

The Driver opens the door for her.

MELINDA (CONT'D)  
Why does this feel like prom night all of a sudden?

Melinda moves to step inside the limo, but freezes half-way through the door.

**INT. STRETCH LIMOUSINE - CONTINUOUS**

Inside the car, staring back at Melinda, are Landy, his GIRLFRIEND and Rob, who's on the car phone.

MELINDA  
Oh. Hi.

**INT. LIMO ON THE FREEWAY. MOVING - LATER**

Far from prom night, Melinda is sandwiched between Brian-Future and Rob, who's still on the car phone, listening.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Landy and his Girlfriend are drinking Champagne. No one says anything.

Melinda smiles at Brian-Future, kind of speechless, kind of creeped out by the crowded date.

DR. LANDY  
You could have some. Champagne.  
Brian can't drink. He abuses it  
when he does. But he understands  
others can. In moderation.

MELINDA  
No. That's OK. Thanks. I'll get a  
soda or something later.

BRIAN-FUTURE  
That's good. Wasn't always this  
way. Life is good.

Rob hangs up.

ROB  
They found the tickets. Will-call.  
Idiots.

Melinda sits up, bracing herself for a long, strange night.  
Brian-Future bites his lips, sensing her unease.

DR. LANDY  
What kind of music do you listen  
to, Melinda?

MELINDA  
All kinds. Music that makes you  
feel something. I'm not a snob  
about it.

BRIAN-FUTURE  
What about jokes? Do you know any  
jokes? Car dealer type of jokes?

MELINDA  
Not really. Sorry.

BRIAN-FUTURE  
OK. Here's one. What's the  
difference between a used car  
salesman and a politician?  
(not waiting for answer)  
A used car salesman knows when he's  
lying.

She smiles politely, because someone has to.

BRIAN-FUTURE (CONT'D)  
I mean-- When SHE'S lying. I mean--

Dr. Landy chuckles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DR. LANDY  
That's pretty bad, Brian.

BRIAN-FUTURE  
I guess that's not really funny.  
It's kinda goofy. I'll think of  
another one. It's a politician  
joke, not car. Oh, what's the  
difference--? Nevermind. I'm sorry.

He closes his eyes. Shakes his head, embarrassed. She laughs,  
his retreat from the joke is the funny bit and he knows it.

DR. LANDY  
So, Melinda, are you seeing anyone  
at the moment?

She looks at him in shock, *say what?*

**INT. CONCERT HALL. LA - NIGHT**

The hall is sold out, everyone sitting, some holding up lit  
cigarette lighters to moody up the scene. THE MOODY BLUES  
perform their classic "NIGHTS IN WHITE SATIN."

THE MOODY BLUES  
(singing)  
*...Beauty I'd always missed with  
these eyes before. Just what the  
truth is, I can't say anymore.*

Brian-Future and Melinda glance at each other, awkward but  
sweet. She's sitting between him and Dr. Landy - on display  
and under scrutiny. Melinda smiles at Brian-Future; he  
returns a hesitant smile.

THE MOODY BLUES (CONT'D)  
(singing)  
*'Cos I love you, yes I love you, oh  
how I love you.*

Rob, bored to death, is fighting sleep.

THE MOODY BLUES (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
(singing)  
*Gazing at people, some hand in  
hand, Just what I'm going through  
they can't understand.*

Landy's Girlfriend is totally absorbed in the romance of  
"SATIN".

THE MOODY BLUES (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
(singing)  
*Some try to tell me, thoughts they  
cannot defend,  
Just what you want to be, you will  
be in the end.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dr. Landy watches the show, his eyes darting Melinda's way every few seconds.

THE MOODY BLUES (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
(singing)  
*And I love you, yes I love you,  
Oh how I love you, oh how I love  
you.*

Brian-Future shifts in his seat uncomfortably, trying to reengage with the show while sneaking glances at Melinda next to him.

THE MOODY BLUES (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
(singing)  
*Nights in white satin, never  
reaching the end, Letters I've  
written, never meaning to send.*

Melinda leans over to Brian-Future and whispers something in his ear. He smiles and nods in approval. Landy leans over to Melinda.

DR. LANDY  
What was that?

MELINDA  
Excuse me?

DR. LANDY  
I couldn't hear you. What did you  
say to Brian?

MELINDA  
I just said this song never gets  
old. Why?

DR. LANDY  
You're right. Great song.

He turns away to his Girlfriend.

# **INT. CONCERT HALL. LA - LATER**

Melinda is standing in a LINE OF WOMEN outside the rest room. Brian-Future is standing on line to the men's room. He spots Melinda and joins her.

BRIAN-FUTURE  
That's a big line, we'll be here  
for hours.

MELINDA  
That's OK. You don't have to wait  
with me. The men's line is not that  
short.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIAN-FUTURE  
I'd like to. I can hold it. You  
never see men wait with their dates  
on lines to the bathroom. It's the  
chivalrous thing to do. I mean,  
it's my fault you're here, right?

She laughs. Other women turn to them, giving approving and/or  
suspicious looks at the man on line to the women's wash room.

MELINDA  
Can I ask you a question?

BRIAN-FUTURE  
Sure. Anything.

MELINDA  
That note you left me at the  
dealership--

Brian-Future's suddenly taken aback, paranoid and afraid.

BRIAN-FUTURE  
What note? I didn't leave a note,  
did I? I doodle sometimes. I write  
things down. Words. Anything that  
comes into my mind, really. Lyrics.  
I don't remember any note.

MELINDA  
Are you in any kind of danger?

BRIAN-FUTURE  
No. I don't think so. I'm in great  
shape, really.  
(pause)  
But when it comes down to it,  
aren't we all in some kind of  
danger, Melinda? As human beings?  
You know, existentially and stuff.

Landy steps out of the men's room and look around for Brian-  
Future. Brian-Future tries hard to make himself smaller.  
Landy approaches.

DR. LANDY  
Brian, Jesus, you're on the wrong  
line.

**INT. LIMO ON THE FREEWAY. MOVING - NIGHT**

Brian-Future and Melinda are sitting silently in the limo.  
Landy and his Girlfriend are gone. Rob is sitting across from  
them. The CAR PHONE RINGS.

BRIAN-FUTURE  
Oh, here we go. Saved by the bell.

Rob picks up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROB (TO PHONE)  
Yeah. Hi. Yeah. OK.

He passes the phone over to Brian-Future. Melinda moves closer, curious. She hears Dr. Landy's VOICE ON THE PHONE:

DR. LANDY (ON PHONE)  
How are you doing?

BRIAN-FUTURE (TO PHONE)  
OK. I guess. Pretty good night.

DR. LANDY (ON PHONE)  
Yes. Here's what you do now: walk her to her front door, her apartment door, give her a peck on the cheek, nothing too dramatic. Then tell her you'll call her again. OK?

BRIAN-FUTURE (TO PHONE)  
Sure. OK. Got it.

DR. LANDY (ON PHONE)  
Cool. We'll see you at home.

He hands the phone back to Rob.

MELINDA  
Is everything OK, Brian?

BRIAN-FUTURE  
What? Oh. OK? Yeah. Landy business. This was, it was, this was a great night.

MELINDA  
It still is.

**INT. HALLWAY. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT**

CRICKETS ARE CHIRPING LOUDLY. FREEWAY CARS BUZZ CLOSE BY. Brian-Future walks Melinda down the hallway. Rob is watching, but hanging back a few steps. They stop outside her door. She gets her keys out.

MELINDA  
Well, I guess this is good night.

Brian-Future closes his eyes, bows down, and gives Melinda a peck on the cheek. She smiles, there's something so sad about his behavior, so yearning to be released, and she's drawn to his torment.

BRIAN-FUTURE  
Would you like me to call you again?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MELINDA  
Would you like to call me again or  
are you just asking because you  
were told to?

BRIAN-FUTURE  
A little of both.

MELINDA  
I really appreciate your honesty. I  
don't know too many honest people.

He shifts in place. Searching for words.

MELINDA (CONT'D)  
I tell you what. I'll be home most  
of the day Sunday. Just give me a  
call if you feel like it. If you  
don't call, that's OK too. No  
pressure. You have enough pressure  
in your life.

BRIAN-FUTURE  
Cool. I'm going to call you.

She gives him her version of a peck on the cheek. Then  
unlocks the door. Walks in and closes it behind her. He keeps  
still, head bowed, shutting down.

The OPENING DRUM BEATS OF PHIL SPECTOR'S "BE MY BABY" (THE  
RONETTES) THUNDER IN.

**BRIAN-PAST'S BEDROOM. BEVERLY HILLS HOUSE. MID 60S - NIGHT**

--We're back in the 1960s. Brian-Past is sitting on a chair  
next to a bright lava lamp and a record player spinning a '45  
of the legendary Phil Spector-produced Ronettes' single "BE  
MY BABY". Like a student at a master's feet, he's listening  
intensely.

THE RONETTES (ON RECORD PLAYER)  
(singing)  
*The night we met, I knew I needed  
you so. And if I had the chance,  
I'd never let you go--*

He turns the VOLUME WAY UP; the windows shake. Then he puts  
his face against the speaker, eyes closed, letting the song  
pound into his brain, losing himself in the sublime  
instrumentation.

--Later: Brian-Past is smoking a cigarette, re-listening,  
staring at the record spinning, VOLUME TURNED LOW.

THE RONETTES (ON PLAYER) (CONT'D)  
(singing)  
*So won't you please, Be my, be my,  
be my little baby, my one and--*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

--Later: The SONG PLAYS LOUD. Brian-Past takes a deep breath; he's breaking down Spector, he's deconstructing the wall of sound, he's gazing at the wallpaper, obsessed. We HEAR INSTRUMENTS COME IN AND OUT, CONCENTRATE ON ONE MUSICAL PHRASE AND THEN SWITCH TO ANOTHER, as if the music is being picked apart in Brian-Past's mind. DIFFERENT INSTRUMENTS ARE HEARD, DOUBLED UP PARTS SEPARATE.

--Later: Brian-Past is lying on the floor, staring at the ceiling, obsessively listening to the instrumental section of "BE MY BABY" for the hundredth time. Marilyn walks in.

MARILYN

How can you listen to that song  
over and over like that?

BRIAN-PAST

He's figured the studio all out  
from the beginning, Mar. Phil  
Spector's the greatest producer  
alive.

MARILYN

I didn't like him at Lou's party.  
Kinda gave me the creeps.

BRIAN-PAST

He's a mad genius. Listen to how he  
thickens the sound. He's got all  
these different instruments playing  
the same notes, it's like a wall,  
like a sacred space, and he's the  
master builder.

MARILYN

I gotta sleep, I'm dead tired. Are  
you going to keep listening to  
this?

BRIAN-PAST

I'm going to listen to this song  
for the rest of my life, babe.

--Dead of night, the lava lamp is off, Marilyn is asleep in the bed behind Brian-Past who's eating cake and listening on headphones to (guess what) -- WE HEAR FRAGMENTS...

--Later: Brian-Past presses the button to stop the song, then presses it to start. He's excited anew to hear The OPENING DRUM BEATS OF "BE MY BABY" IN HIS EARPHONES. THEN JUMP AROUND OUT OF SEQUENCE, CREATING THE SOUND STEW ONLY BRIAN-PAST'S MIND CAN COOK UP.

**INT. MUSIC ROOM. BEVERLY HILLS HOUSE - DAY**

We track along a store rack heavy with factory bubble-wrapped plastic dolls lined up, a hat collection, lava lamps... accumulated knickknacks showing Brian-Past's growing riches and off-beat taste.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Brian-Past is sitting at the piano, smoking a cigarette and talking with a dumbfounded TONY ASHER.

TONY

I don't understand. You want me to write the lyrics to a Beach Boys album?

BRIAN-PAST

No. It will be an album by the Beach Boys but it won't be a Beach Boys album. I got a whole new bag going on. I want everyone to forget surf music. Go to a whole other dimension. Way beyond the beach. I just need some help with the words.

TONY

Honestly, Brian, I'm flattered, really, but I'm an ad man. I write jingles. Mattel is more my speed.

BRIAN-PAST

No, man, I think of you as more than that. You've got a way with words. I got a good feeling about you right away that time you played for me. I remembered you. I get these feelings, see, and I gotta go with them. If I don't, bad things happen.

Not being one to look a gift horse in the mouth, Tony relents easily.

TONY

OK. OK. I'm... That's great. So, how do we do this?

BRIAN-PAST

Just sit around, hang out, you know, make stuff up. It'll be a gas. I'll lay down the music tracks. Do some of my vocals and when the Beach Boys get back from Japan, we'll fill everything in with the harmonies, the other vocals and all the rest. You're gonna love it. And they're gonna love it.

He takes a book off a pile and opens it up to show Tony charts and diagrams.

BRIAN-PAST (CONT'D)

Do you know anything about numerology?

Tony smiles politely. Shakes his head. He has no idea what Brian is talking about, and/or why.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BRIAN-PAST (CONT'D)  
It's about opening up to new things. It's really about the music. See, the fascinating thing about numerology is the way it connects the mystical with the practical, what they call the tangible world of numbers, numbers and things is what I'm learning. Like Astrology. Most people think it's just a way to assign value to letters, but, oh, no, it goes far beyond that. FAR. Far out there. The whole NOW music scene is turning on these numbers. I'm really getting into all that. And tarot cards. Do you know anything about eastern philosophy?

**INT. WESTERN RECORDING STUDIO 3 - DAY**

The sun-drenched recording studio is crammed with SESSION MUSICIANS at a ready to play. There are instruments of every kind in the studio - from a big rhythm section a couple of pianos, string and horn sections - not your average Beach Boys ensembles. Brian-Past is in the control room. He leans into the console mic.

BRIAN-PAST  
OK. Pet Sounds, take one. One, two, one, two, three, four...

The MUSICIANS start playing the instrumental "PET SOUNDS". A big smile spreads on Brian-Past's face as the Latin beat and James-bond-like arrangement take over.

**INT. WESTERN STUDIO 3 - DAY**

THE STUDIO MUSICIANS PLAY IN AN EARLY TRACKING SESSION OF "HANG ON TO YOUR EGO" while Brian-Past moves levers on the mixing board with Chuck. He's gone way beyond Surf Music.

**INT. WESTERN RECORDING STUDIO 3 - ANOTHER DAY**

Brian-Past is working with a STUDIO TRUMPET PLAYER.

BRIAN-PAST  
Right, then the *poom poom poom poom* underneath overtakes it, eight bars--

Chuck, the recording engineer, is at the mixing console, prepping for a session. Mics are getting set up. Tony is re-writing away in the back.

**INT. WESTERN STUDIO 3 - EVENING**

IN THE CONTROL ROOM: Brian-Past, wearing a "Good Humor" hat, is talking into the console mic, addressing to the musicians behind the glass. Pure happiness.

BRIAN-PAST  
Hal, you were just a split second,  
a hair late. You guys get lost in  
hearing it in stereo. I don't blame  
you. It's a huge disadvantage in  
the mono business. You're not  
working with Phil Spector here.  
You're working with one ear. I'm  
lucky I'm half-deaf.

The musicians laugh. They really do dig this kid and his playground attitude. He's loving their cool, professional vibe. The PHONE RINGS in the control booth.

BRIAN-PAST (CONT'D)  
Is that the union calling again? I  
swear I didn't touch the console.  
Tell them I'm not here.

They all laugh.

**INT. WESTERN STUDIO 3 - LATER**

Night time. Brian-Past is talking with a STUDIO PERCUSSIONIST.

BRIAN-PAST  
...Oh, cool, cool, do that again.

THE STUDIO PERCUSSIONIST RINGS A HAND BELL.

BRIAN-PAST (CONT'D)  
That'll work. Really straight up  
sound. Outstanding. Really dig it.  
Let's hit it again, slightly  
harder, Santa. Let's take it down  
a notch from the get go and get  
there, you know. From the get-go to  
the go-get...

The Studio Percussionist RINGS THE HAND BELL SLIGHTLY HARDER and develops it into a SERIES OF RINGS.

**INT. WESTERN RECORDING STUDIO 3 - LATER**

Bursting with energy, Brian-Past is still working with the Studio Percussionist on the hand bell phrasing. The other SESSION MUSICIANS are watching, talking in hushed voices, smoking, one is reading a book. The Studio Percussionist RINGS THE HAND BELL. WE HEAR THE CHAOTIC SOUND OF ORCHESTRA INSTRUMENTS WARMING UP OFF SCREEN. GROWING LOUDER.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIAN-PAST (O.S.)  
(laughing)  
Stop! Stop! Stop!

**INT. CONTROL BOOTH. WESTERN STUDIO 3 - NIGHT**

Brian-Past continues his endless romance with the console mic:

BRIAN-PAST  
OK, we're on take four please.  
"Here today". Move in on that beat,  
that very low beat when the  
trombone slide  
(makes trombone sound)  
Can you move in to the beat..? OK.  
Just blow your guts out. OK, here  
we go. Take four. Fight for  
success. Set wet. Set wet.

The KEYBOARD PLAYER in the recording studio kicks off "HERE TODAY," BASS, HORNS JOIN, DRUMS... It grows into a circus symphony.

BRIAN-PAST (CONT'D)  
(interrupting)  
Let's just hear Larry for a second,  
Hal.

The Keyboard Player plays his organ part.

BRIAN-PAST (CONT'D)  
Play it like this: *bong, ta ta na*  
*ta na tan, ta ta na ta na tan...*

Organ repeats Brian's direction.

BRIAN-PAST (CONT'D)  
Yeah, like:  
(stronger/stomping foot)  
*Da, da da na da na dan, da da na da*  
*na dan*

Organ repeats, it's like Brian-Past and the keyboards are having a conversation.

BRIAN-PAST (CONT'D)  
Fine. OK. Let's go. Are we setting?

**INT. CONTROL ROOM. WESTERN STUDIO 3 - DAY**

Sitting at the console, Brian-Past watches the SESSION MUSICIANS play the MUSICAL TRACK for "I'M WAITING FOR THE DAY". He stares up at the ceiling fan spinning above his head, getting lost. He suddenly jumps up and presses the console mic button:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIAN-PAST  
(to mic)  
OK, we got it. Thank you. That's  
it. Come in here and listen.

The musicians get up and move toward the control room.

BRIAN-PAST (CONT'D)  
(to Chuck)  
Man, I should just move in and live  
here.

**INT. WESTERN RECORDING STUDIO 3 - LATER**

Brian-Past works with the Rhythm Section, talking with a  
SESSION GUITAR PLAYER who's studying his sheet music,  
baffled, while OTHERS listen.

SESSION GUITAR PLAYER  
I just don't get these chord  
progressions. Are you sure this is  
right?

BRIAN-PAST  
Let me see.

He takes the sheet, glances at it to humor the guy.

BRIAN-PAST (CONT'D)  
Yeah. It's right.

SESSION GUITAR PLAYER  
Well, I hate to rain on your  
parade, buddy, but it's not going  
to work.

BRIAN-PAST  
You really think so? I mean it  
works in my head. It's all playing  
in my head. The orchestration. The  
five vocal parts. Everything's  
a'noggin. The whole record is done.  
In my head. It just takes time to  
get everyone to hear it too. All  
the pieces. Let's just try it. I  
think it'll work.

SESSION GUITAR PLAYER  
Whatever you say, boss. You know  
our motto, "You pay, we'll play".

Brian-Past beams. He wants these guys to like, love, adore  
and accept him, that's all.

**EXT. WESTERN STUDIO 3 - NIGHT**

An exhausted Brian-Past walks out of the building and stops  
dead in his tracks, recognizing:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PHIL SPECTOR, a small, peculiar man wearing sunglasses at night, smoking a cigarette and talking with a YOUNG WOMAN. Spector notices Brian-Past.

SPECTOR  
Can I help you?

BRIAN-PAST  
You're Phil Spector.

SPECTOR  
Really? Thanks.

BRIAN-PAST  
No. I meant. We met. Lou Adler's party. We didn't really talk. I'm--

Spector nods and starts to walk away with the Young Woman.

BRIAN-PAST (CONT'D)  
You're the best, man. I really admire--

SPECTOR  
Yeah. Yeah.

Brian-Past follows them. Amused and annoyed, Spector stops and turns to face the much taller Brian-Past.

BRIAN-PAST  
I love your studio. The way you work it. I dig your sound. "Be My Baby" is the greatest song ever recorded as far as I'm concerned. I never stop listening to it. "Uptown". Chapel of Love" "Baby I love you." Everything you do is -- your studio style is-- I just think you're the greatest music producer and arranger ever. I've learned a lot from you.

SPECTOR  
You mean you're trying to be like me.

BRIAN-PAST  
What? No. I'm. I just hope maybe one day you'd want to produce my band. I'm Bri--

SPECTOR  
I know who you are, Brian. I'm not much interested in surf bands or rod-n-roll.

Spector takes the Young Woman's hand and walks away. Brian-Past stares at them go.

INT. STAIRCASE. MELINDA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

We're back in 1986, following MELINDA'S MOTHER, 60s, as she climbs the stairs. In her hand is an issue of Rolling Stone Magazine. She stops to RING MELINDA'S DOORBELL.

INT. MELINDA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Dressed for work, Melinda opens the door to let her mother in. They embrace.

MELINDA  
You're early.

MELINDA'S MOTHER  
Happy Monday to you too. Did he ever call?

MELINDA  
No.

MELINDA'S MOTHER  
OK. Let's go.

MELINDA  
I'm making coffee.

MELINDA'S MOTHER  
What in the world for? We're having breakfast.

MELINDA  
I can't leave the house without a cup, you know that. Since when do you read Rolling Stone?

MELINDA'S MOTHER  
I'm hip to the scene.

Melinda laughs and walks to her kitchen, her mother follows.

MELINDA  
I just don't get it. This guy is supposed to be maybe the greatest genius in pop music eve, led one of the most known American bands, sold countless millions of records, had countless hits, was praised by music critics, the Beatles and pretty much everybody who knows what's what music really is. But here he is apparently by himself being treated by this bizarre man."

Melinda works the coffee maker, pouring ground-up coffee beans into a filter. Her Mother watches worried.

MELINDA (CONT'D)  
You didn't tell anyone about this, did you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MELINDA'S MOTHER  
Just the people who need to know.

MELINDA  
Mom!

MELINDA'S MOTHER  
I'm just kidding.

Melinda pours water into the coffee maker and turns it on.

MELINDA'S MOTHER (CONT'D)  
I told Rosy. Which is a good thing  
because her son collects music  
magazines. Not Fred, the one with  
the lazy eye. Tommy.

MELINDA  
Come on, mom! What's going on?

MELINDA'S MOTHER  
I did research for you. I got  
curious.

MELINDA  
Seriously?

Her Mother opens the Rolling Stone issue (we now see it's an  
old one) to an underlined section.

MELINDA'S MOTHER  
Listen to this:  
(reading from article)  
Rolling Stone: In addition to  
guarding you all the time, what  
else does Dr. Landy do for you?  
Brian: He and his team teach me  
socialization. How to socialize.  
Teaching me different social graces  
like manners. Rolling Stone: Didn't  
you once know those? Brian: I did,  
but I lost them. Drugs took them  
away. Rolling Stone: But aren't  
drugs just a symptom? There must be  
something else. Carl said that at  
some point you looked at the world  
and it was so messed up you just  
couldn't take it. Brian: I  
couldn't. Rolling Stone: But the  
world is messed up. How do you deal  
with it? Brian: I jog. I goddamn  
get out of bed and I jog and I  
goddamn make sure I stay in shape.  
That's how I do it. I would have  
been a goner if my ex-wife didn't  
find Dr. Landy.

MELINDA  
Jesus. Let me see that.

Her Mother gives her the magazine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MELINDA'S MOTHER  
I'm keeping my eye on you, Mel.  
You're acting like a teenager.

MELINDA  
I don't consider that a bad thing  
necessarily.

MELINDA'S MOTHER  
Considering a month ago you were  
crying in my arms over your ex, I'd  
say you shouldn't be acting like a  
teenager right about now. Last  
thing you need is another dead-end  
relationship.

MELINDA  
That wasn't a month ago. That was  
six months ago. And I no longer  
wish to revisit that part of my  
life, thank you very much.

Melinda keeps reading the article. Melinda's Mother pours  
coffee for Melinda.

MELINDA'S MOTHER  
Drink up. I'm hungry.

SUDDENLY, THE PHONE RINGS IN THE OTHER ROOM. They look at  
each other.

MELINDA'S MOTHER (CONT'D)  
(excited)  
That must be him.

MELINDA  
Who's acting like a teenager now?

MELINDA'S MOTHER  
Answer it!

# **INT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT**

ON THE MOVIE THEATER SCREEN: A SCENE FROM DOWN AND OUT IN  
BEVERLY HILLS: Nick Nolte, as a bearded, bedraggled homeless  
bum, stands on the edge of a Beverly Hills swimming pool,  
then jumps in, sinking to the bottom. Richard Dreyfuss sees  
him from his mansion window and runs through the house,  
cordless phone in his hand, yelling:

DREYFUSS  
Call 911. Call 911. Call 911. Call  
911.

We hear THE THEATER AUDIENCE LAUGH. Dreyfuss bolts out of the  
house and jumps into the pool, diving in to save a life. He  
struggles underwater to lift Nolte up. Failing, he floats up.

DREYFUSS (CONT'D)  
Call 911.

**EXT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT**

Melinda and Brian-Future walk out of the movie theater, finally on a "normal" date.

But -- a few steps behind them is Andy, Landy's tall, buzz-cut, right-hand man we saw at the Cadillac dealership, and to his side - SARAH, his petite girlfriend.

BRIAN-FUTURE  
What did you think?

MELINDA  
I liked hearing "California Girls" again. I forgot what a sweet song it is.

BRIAN-FUTURE  
I wrote the music in maybe thirty minutes. It kinda became an anthem. My cousin Mike wrote the lyrics with me. Things were...different. Back then.

Melinda eyes Andy and Sarah.

MELINDA  
Is this how it always works, Brian?

BRIAN-FUTURE  
Pretty much. I'm almost never alone. It's nice because Andy's working, but it's like a double date, so it doesn't feel like work.

MELINDA  
For him.

BRIAN-FUTURE  
Yeah.

Brian-Future notices Andy and Sarah are within earshot.

MELINDA  
What about you?

BRIAN-FUTURE  
I'm fine either way. I like people. Want to grab dinner?

**INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

Brian-Future, Melinda, Andy and Sarah are at a table, mid-conversation, mid-meal.

BRIAN-FUTURE  
We turned the garage into a music room. That was back in Hawthorne. Both my mom and dad were musical.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIAN-FUTURE (CONT'D)  
We had a Hammond organ, upright piano, great hi-fi stereo in there. We didn't have much money, but my dad worked hard to make sure we'd be able to make music. I spent most of my youth in that garage, studying harmonies, singing with my brothers, my parents.

MELINDA  
They sound great. Your parents.

BRIAN-FUTURE  
(laughing)  
Yeah. We had a good childhood. Except for my dad beating us all the time.

Andy smiles. Sarah lowers her eyes to her food, it's all so awkward for her. Melinda is unsure what to say. She sips her wine. Looks at Sarah.

MELINDA  
(to Sarah)  
So, how long have you two been dating?

Andy jumps in.

ANDY  
Couple of months.

Sarah looks at Melinda, she gets the message.

SARAH  
(to Andy)  
Why don't we move to another table? Give these guys some time to get to know each other.

ANDY  
I can't--

Sarah gets up, takes Andy's hand.

SARAH  
I'd like to have some privacy with you, Andy. Is that too much to ask?

ANDY  
Babe, I'm--

He gets up reluctantly and they move to a table close by. Sarah comes back to take their plates and winks at Melinda.

MELINDA  
Thank you.

Brian-Future stares at Melinda. She takes his hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MELINDA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

BRIAN-FUTURE

About what?

MELINDA

Your dad.

BRIAN-FUTURE

Oh, that. Yeah. You know. "Spare the rod, spoil the child" kind of thing. A smack against the head. Belt in the bathroom, your pants down. I'm ninety-six percent deaf in one ear, my right ear, cause of my old man whacking me when I was a kid. He was a hard guy. I don't think he was a very happy man. But we probably wouldn't have gotten where we did without all that. My dad knew where it was at in the music business

MELINDA

What about your mom?

BRIAN-FUTURE

She pretty much stayed out of it. She drank a lot. I guess that was how she dealt with him. They got divorced after we fired him from managing the band. He was real depressed. I haven't seen her in maybe three years. Gene doesn't think it's good for me to be in touch with my family. Haven't seen my daughters in a while. I have two. I don't have a great relationship with them, I didn't handle it well. They live in Encino with their mom.

MELINDA

Oh, God, it's sounds so complicated.

BRIAN-FUTURE

It's not so bad.

He recognizes the empathy in her eyes, he's almost uneasy with that sort of compassion.

BRIAN-FUTURE (CONT'D)

What about Melinda Ledbetter? I'm going on and on about my boring life. What about you? You're good fun and real pretty; Why don't you have a boyfriend?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MELINDA

There was someone. But he was no good. Broke my heart. He was a fraud and I was a fool.

BRIAN-FUTURE

I'm sorry. That's sad.

MELINDA

Not anymore it isn't. I guess I dodged a bullet. I'm fine. My mom helped me through it. She's kind of my closest friend.

BRIAN-FUTURE

Your mom?

MELINDA

To this day. We're all very close.

BRIAN-FUTURE

Wow. That's nice. How was it growing up?

MELINDA

You know, kind of traditional, real normal, even though my dad was a full Colonel in the Air Force. Tough guy too, but he was good to us. It was pretty much a happy home.

Brain blinks at her longingly, deeply moved.

BRIAN-FUTURE

A happy home. Always wanted something like that.

They sit there quietly, not eating, just staring at each other. She takes his hand in hers. He smiles.

**INT. HALLWAY. MELINDA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Melinda rushes from the bedroom to answer the hall phone.

MELINDA (TO PHONE)

Hello?

DR. LANDY (ON PHONE)

(screaming)

Do you have any idea what you did to Brian tonight? He couldn't stop crying when he got home. Talking about parents on your second date? Are you out of your mind? Do you know how broken this man is? Do you realize he could snap at any moment?

Melinda's jaw drops, her eyes well up.

**EXT. WESTWOOD BUILDING - DAY**

Melinda gets out of her car and walks toward a two story office building, bracing herself.

**INT. DR. LANDY'S OFFICE. WESTWOOD - DAY**

A simple office. Papers and books scattered everywhere, piles of boxes. A poster of The Beach Boys on the wall, another of George Benson.

Dr. Landy is sitting at his desk smoking a pipe. Melinda is sitting across from him on the sofa.

DR. LANDY

First of all, I want to apologize about the other night. Sincerely. I was short on the phone. I get worked up sometimes when it comes to Brian.

MELINDA

I understand.

DR. LANDY

You couldn't have known Brian would snap after talking about his dad. I should have met with you earlier. Brian's OK. He calmed down afterwards and we talked it through for hours.

MELINDA

Oh, that's great.

DR. LANDY

He's a great man, Melinda. It's an honor for me to help him.

Landy gets up from his desk and moves his chair next to the sofa.

DR. LANDY (CONT'D)

Please don't be alarmed. But you're dealing with a very sick man, there's no other way to say it.

MELINDA

How "sick" is he?

DR. LANDY

Brian is a Paranoid Schizophrenic. Just take that in. I know it's a shock. He's always been that way. Never diagnosed properly in his youth. I am "the control" so to speak. I get him in shape physically and mentally, sexually, spiritually. Every day.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. LANDY (CONT'D)

This is my second time working with him. No other treatment helps.

MELINDA

He told me he took medication for depression and anxiety.

DR. LANDY

Don't believe anything Brian tells you. He's a boy in a man's body. Everything is play acting for him. Are you in love with him?

MELINDA

I don't know how to answer that.

DR. LANDY

I hope you understand that it is my duty, my job, to approve anyone Brian is spending time with. And I mean everyone. I don't mean to sound so formal. Do you understand?

She's too overwhelmed to say anything.

DR. LANDY (CONT'D)

If Brian was to call you and ask you out --dinner or a show, a movie, whatever-- you must ignore him and call me directly. I'm giving you unprecedented access. Would you like a cup of tea?

MELINDA

No. Thanks.

DR. LANDY

After a date with Brian, it would be medically helpful if you called me and reported to me. Anything. Your thoughts, events, anything unusual, or even usual. It will only benefit Brian.

She stares at him quietly.

DR. LANDY (CONT'D)

Some of your get-togethers may be videotaped for my professional review.

He stops to read the effect of his words on her face, she's in shock.

DR. LANDY (CONT'D)

It's called the twenty-four hour, round-the-clock therapy. The idea is that if the patient's behavior is supervised at all times, then recovery is inevitable, because the options to hurt oneself are all but eliminated.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DR. LANDY (CONT'D)

Monitoring every second of Brian's day, along with medication and exercise, leads to a path of correction and self-improvement. I work with a team of doctors, nurses and assistants 24/7. We basically control Brian's milieu, so to speak, do you understand French? His environment, his diet, his habits, his every move. He has no self-control; he's destructive. He can't regulate any relationship. I have to do it for him. Like with the two of you. That couldn't have happened without me.

MELINDA

So, you picked me, not Brian?

DR. LANDY

Exactly.

MELINDA

Why me?

DR. LANDY

I had a good feeling about you. Still do. Are you sure you don't want a cup of tea? Coffee? I insist.

MELINDA

No. I'm fine. Thanks.

DR. LANDY

I tend to carry on. Big speeches. I apologize. I'm a passionate man. Anyway, Brian and I are working on a few new projects, new songs. But he does want to see you from time to time.

MELINDA

Are you a musician?

DR. LANDY

(smiling)

I'm many things.

MELINDA

Look, I'll do whatever you need to help Brian. But I'm not a spy. I'm not a double agent. Whatever I say to you I should tell Brian.

Dr. Landy shakes his head and gets up.

DR. LANDY

That's not a very wise move on your part.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MELINDA

I'm not trying to make any moves.

DR. LANDY

(agitated)

You're making them anyway. Clearly, you care about my patient. You see, I'm in it for the long haul, it's not a dating situation for me. Tell me what you expect from Brian? Love? Marriage? Money? Celebrity? He can't give you any of that. He won't.

MELINDA

I don't have any expectations from him, or you or anyone. I just enjoy my time with him. He seems to enjoy his time with me.

DR. LANDY

Well, of course. He's a wonderful guy. I love him to bits.

**EXT. DR. LANDY'S OFFICE - LATER**

Landy walks Melinda to her car.

DR. LANDY

I know what you're thinking: brainwashing. A charlatan. A fraud. The puppet master.

(laughing)

I've been called worse. For some reason, I'm the only one who truly manages to help him. I'm his manager, literally. Friends, family - they just wanted him to make money for them. They saw he was sick but they gave him drugs and let him go off the reservation and they looked the other way. I want him to do things for himself. I want the abused, delicate child to grow up. I'm his true brother. Why else would his family hand him over to me?

She unlocks her car door and he opens it for her; she's clearly shaken.

DR. LANDY (CONT'D)

Your suspicion of me is just like his initial paranoia. His negativity. Cynicism. His fears. I don't know you, Melinda, but might I suggest you deal with your own anxieties professionally?

(big grin)

Might I suggest the twenty-four hour therapy for you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He's smiling, but it's hard to tell whether he's serious or not.

MELINDA

I couldn't afford your kind of attention.

DR. LANDY

You see yourself as an independent woman, don't you? A Haggarty Girl, right? Successful modeling career. Some long term relationships. Disappointments. Your last boyfriend took you for a ride, didn't he? Had a girl in every port. Life is painful, I know.

He's sending her a message. She gets it and it's uncomfortable.

DR. LANDY (CONT'D)

But now you're older. It must be daunting. Being single. Alone. Not knowing where life is going.

MELINDA

Do you know where it's all going?

DR. LANDY

Can't say that I do. But we all need guidance.

Melinda gets in her car, he keeps the door open.

DR. LANDY (CONT'D)

I really do hope we could all be friends, Melinda.

She smiles politely. He shuts the door.

**INT. MUSIC ROOM. MURRY WILSON'S HOUSE. 1966 - NIGHT**

Beach Boys posters and photos hang on the walls, Beach Boys mementos are stacked on shelves and everywhere else. We are back in the 1966 Pet Sounds days. Brian-Past is at the piano, playing a very rough, early version of what will become the timeless elegiac masterpiece "GOD ONLY KNOWS" for Murry.

BRIAN-PAST

(singing)

*I may not always love you.  
But long as there are stars above  
you. You never need to doubt it  
I'll make you so sure about it  
God only knows what I'd be without  
you  
If you should ever leave me  
Though life would still go on  
believe me.*

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIAN-PAST (CONT'D)  
*The world could show nothing to me.  
 So what good would living do me?  
 God only knows what I'd be without  
 you. God only knows what I'd be  
 without you*

Murry, wearing his striped pajamas, listens, eyes closed.

BRIAN-PAST (CONT'D)  
 (singing)  
*If you should ever leave me  
 Well life would still go on believe  
 me. The world could show nothing to  
 me. So what good would living do  
 me? God only knows what I'd be  
 without you*

Brian finishes and turns to face his father.

BRIAN-PAST (CONT'D)  
 Last verse repeats one more time.  
 Then chorus is harmonized over and  
 over at the end.

Murry's eyes are still closed. Brian-Past waits, yearning for approval from his father despite their tense relationship. Murry finally opens his eyes.

BRIAN-PAST (CONT'D)  
 It's still rough, I know, but it's  
 getting there. It's right for  
 Carl's voice. Do you like it, dad?

A labored smile; that's as much as Murry's going to give by way of flattering his oldest son.

BRIAN-PAST (CONT'D)  
 It'll get better, the vocals will  
 counterpoint the backing track.  
 Real soulful. What do you say?

MURRY  
 Oh, you don't want my advice, what  
 with my meddling.

BRIAN-PAST  
 Just tell me what you think?

MURRY  
 Not much use for me, is there, with  
 your mom living on her own.

BRIAN-PAST  
 Please. We're still family. We're  
 still your sons. Family comes  
 first, right? Do you think the guys  
 would like it?

MURRY  
 Families don't fire their own  
 father.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BRIAN-PAST  
I don't want to start that argument  
again.

MURRY  
I'm not arguing.

BRIAN-PAST  
Well, if I say something now,  
you'll argue.

MURRY  
Then don't say anything.

BRIAN-PAST  
I just want things to be good  
between us.

MURRY  
I thought we just agreed you won't  
say anything.

Brian-Past stands upset.

BRIAN-PAST  
Forget it.

MURRY  
Forget what? Forget what?

BRIAN-PAST  
You don't like the song.

MURRY  
I never said that.

BRIAN-PAST  
I can tell.

Murry laughs. Proceeds to stuff his pipe.

BRIAN-PAST (CONT'D)  
Just say something.

MURRY  
I would change the title. The  
Capris had a tune out called GOD  
ONLY KNOWS in '55 or '54.

BRIAN-PAST  
Never mind that. Did you close your  
eyes like I asked you to? Tony and  
I think that if you close your eyes  
you can see a place or something  
that's happening. It's like being  
blind but because you're blind you  
can see more. Don't you think it's  
a spiritual kind of thing?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MURRY

I don't know what the hell you're talking about. I closed my eyes. Didn't see a thing. I don't know. Maybe it could be something. With the right arrangement.

BRIAN-PAST

I have French horns on it and flutes, tambourines, sleigh bells, piano, bass. Real complex key shifts.

MURRY

Frankly, if you really want to know, I don't care for it. It's too wishy-washy. "If you leave me, why leave me? Life will go on. Why go on living?" It's not like a Beach Boys song. Your brothers are going to hate it.

BRIAN-PAST

(devastated)

It's a love song.

MURRY

It's a suicide note.

BRIAN-PAST

(voice rising)

Didn't you just say it could be something? With the right arrangement?

MURRY

I gave it another thought. OK? And if you can't keep your voice down in my house, get out!

Brian-Past storms out of the room and slams the door shut behind him.

**INT. RECORDING STUDIO - NIGHT**

Brian-Past is playing the piano; Tony is sitting on the floor, writing on a pad. It's a lovely chord progression that will grow into "YOU STILL BELIEVE IN ME."

BRIAN-PAST

(singing)

*I want to cry*

(falsetto)

*Ahhhhahhhhahhhhahhhhahhhhahh*

(modal)

*Ahhhhahhhhahhhhahhhhahhhhahh*

(falsetto)

*Ahhhhahhhhahhhhahhhh...*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Tony's hand freezes. He stares at Brian-Past with awe. Brian-Past's voice is achingly beautiful, ethereal. Brian-Past stops playing/singing.

TONY

Man, where does that voice come from?

BRIAN-PAST

You don't think it's too girly? The Beatles don't sound like that.

TONY

Brian, your voice is miraculous.

BRIAN-PAST

Sometimes it scares me to think where the voice could be coming from, you know. Like there's someone else in there, not me.

He lights a cigarette.

BRIAN-PAST (CONT'D)

And what if I lose it and never get it back?

#### **INT. RECORDING STUDIO - DAY**

BRIAN-PAST

Take one please.

Drum sticks are banged to set the beat and the SESSION MUSICIANS begin playing "LET'S GO AWAY FOR AWHILE" in the recording studio. Brian watches with intense concentration as the horns break in.

BRIAN-PAST (CONT'D)

(interrupting)

No drums. No drums here. Just bass pedal 'til we get to the other stuff. And then there's a couple of things we'll start putting in. But no two-four actually at all. And that was a beautiful bass sound on that D-thing. Just perfect. Julian, that's a really tough thing to swing into. Sounds groovy. Here we go.

The Musician strike up to tune again. Brian-Past closes his eyes and lets the music in.

#### **INT. RECORDING STEREO - NIGHT**

Studio Musicians stand around Brian-Past as he plays "DON'T TALK (PUT YOUR HEAD ON MY SHOULDERS)" on the piano, demonstrating the chord progressions.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It's faster and more rhythmic than what would be the final meditative arrangement, but, man, they all dig it.

**INT. RECORDING STUDIO - DAY**

Brian-Past is in the studio with his dogs, Louie, a brown Weimaraner, and Banana, a blithe beagle.

BRIAN-PAST  
(to dogs)  
OK. A one, two, a one two three  
four.

His dogs stare at him.

BRIAN-PAST (CONT'D)  
Bark Louis! Come on, Banana! Ruff,  
ruff.

Brian-Past jumps up and down, exciting them. THE TWO DOGS START BARKING.

BRIAN-PAST (CONT'D)  
Louder! Louder!

THEY HOWL AND BARK.

BRIAN-PAST (CONT'D)  
OK. Cut. Great.

They keep BARKING. Brian-Past turns to Chuck, who's in the control room behind the glass. Marilyn, Tony and OTHER FRIENDS are laughing their heads off in there.

BRIAN-PAST (CONT'D)  
OK. Chuck. Let's mix it in with the  
train going by and put it at the  
end of "Caroline, No".

CHUCK  
(on console mic)  
Got it.

BRIAN-PAST  
(to dogs)  
Stop barking! We got it!

THEY KEEP BARKING.

BRIAN-PAST (CONT'D)  
Say, Chuck. Do you think we could  
get a couple of horses in here?

CHUCK  
(taken aback)  
I beg your pardon?

**EXT. WESTERN STUDIO 3 - EVENING**

Brian-Past is sitting on the sidewalk by the studio building, smoking a cigarette. Cars zoom by, creating a rhythm he likes to get lost in.

From his point of view, we hear THE TRAFFIC GROW LOUDER AND THICKEN INTO A MUSICAL SOUNDSCAPE, SLOWLY DELINEATED INTO INDIVIDUAL CAR, MOTORCYCLE AND TRUCK SOUNDS THAT ARE STRANGELY, IMPROBABLY, BEAUTIFULLY HARMONIZED - A WEIRD, WILD SYMPHONY PLAYING IN HIS HEAD.

HAL BLAINE, the session drummer, walks out of the building and sees Brian-Past lost in his own mind.

HAL  
How's it hanging, kid?

Brian-Past can't hear him, his attention fixed on the horizon and the SOUNDS IN HIS MIND. Hal pops a cigarette in his mouth.

HAL (CONT'D)  
(loudly)  
Brian! Got a light? Spilled coffee  
on my matches.

THE TRAFFIC MUSIC IN BRIAN-PAST'S HEAD CUTS as he fumbles for his lighter and fires up Hal's cigarette. The other Studio Musicians pour out of the building, creating a commotion and sending waves of good-byes toward Hal and Brian-Past as they spread out for their respective cars.

Hal plops down next to Brian-Past.

HAL (CONT'D)  
Tough day at the office?

BRIAN-PAST  
My family's coming in tomorrow. The band. They're-- Sometimes they're tough. You know. I can't let them down. It's a family business. They depend on me. I have responsibilities. Toward my dad too. I'm the oldest.

Hal smokes quietly for a while.

HAL  
Listen, Brian. We're all pros, you know, we're trained, we're experienced, we've done all of Spector's tracks, played with EVERYONE, heard it all, you name 'em, we played for them. We all studied in goddamn conservatories. But you, you should know, you're no flash in the pan, chart-climber, pop prodigy. You're touched, kid. And I don't know of a better curse in this business. Or in life.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HAL (CONT'D)  
You're touched. You're blowing our  
minds.

Brian-Past is in shock, so wanting to believe him, so  
insecure.

BRIAN-PAST  
More than Phil Spector?

HAL  
Phil Spector's got nothing on you.  
Of course, he may put a contract on  
your head once he realizes you've  
left him in your dust.

Brian-Past stares alarmed.

HAL (CONT'D)  
Relax. I'm just kidding. He's more  
bark than bite. Your band's gonna  
love it. Every note of it. Stop  
worrying so much. And stop  
obsessing about Spector.

Brian-Past takes him in. Then smiles broadly.

BRIAN-PAST  
So that opening lick on "Be my  
Baby" that was really a mistake?

HAL  
(laughing)  
Yeah. The way I did it, I missed  
the intro. Spector never caught on.  
If you repeat a mistake every four  
bars it's no longer a mistake,  
right?

**EXT. BEACH. MALIBU 1987 - DAY**

Melinda and her Mother are walking on the beach barefoot, the  
crystal-blue ocean to their side spreading from them to  
eternity.

MELINDA  
I just don't understand why his  
family would give him over to this  
man?

MELINDA'S MOTHER  
They must have been at their rope's  
end. And Landy did help; you said  
Brian's clean. I just don't like  
this cast of characters, Mel. It's  
like some sort of a Frankenstein  
experiment.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MELINDA

I know. Everything around him is so sketchy. But, honestly, I can't stop thinking about him.

MELINDA'S MOTHER

Well, I worry for you, not him. You won't find happiness in that world.

MELINDA

He's so sweet, mom, he's funny, He makes me smile. He's like a boy sometimes.

MELINDA'S MOTHER

Well, then he needs a mother. Not you. Have him call his mother.

Melinda looks away.

MELINDA'S MOTHER (CONT'D)

Talk to me, Mel.

MELINDA

I'm not sure what to say.

MELINDA'S MOTHER

Tell me that your eyes are open this time.

MELINDA

(angry)  
You know--

She suddenly freezes, seeing something on the beach ahead of them.

MELINDA'S MOTHER

What?

MELINDA

Sometimes. Sometimes the universe gives you a sign.

MELINDA'S MOTHER

Not at your age, dear.

Malinda laughs.

MELINDA

But here it comes.

Melinda's Mother turns her head to see: Brian-Future jogging on the beach with Andy by his side. Brian-Future looks over and sees them, then turns and moves toward them, waving.

MELINDA'S MOTHER

Did you set this up?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MELINDA  
Oh, give me a break.

MELINDA'S MOTHER  
I don't believe in signs from the universe.

MELINDA  
Well, believe!

Brian-Future comes near and stops, panting, sweaty.

MELINDA (CONT'D)  
Hey Brian. Hi Andy.

Andy nods hello.

BRIAN-FUTURE  
Small world. What are you doing here?

MELINDA  
It's our weekly walk on the beach. Brian, this is my mother.

BRIAN-FUTURE  
Mrs. Ledbetter, you're as lovely as your daughter.

They shake hands.

MELINDA'S MOTHER  
Nice to meet you, Brian.

BRIAN-FUTURE  
Sorry about the sweat.

MELINDA'S MOTHER  
Kinda funny to see a Beach Boy on the beach.

BRIAN-FUTURE  
Oh, I hate the beach. Always have.

Brian locks eyes with Melinda

BRIAN-FUTURE (CONT'D)  
You look great.

MELINDA  
Thanks.

He leans in, as if to kiss her, but then takes a tube of sunblock from his pouch and starts applying it to her face.

BRIAN-FUTURE  
You have to protect your skin. Sure, you need vitamin D, but you have to use sunscreen. I know a lot about vitamins.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BRIAN-FUTURE (CONT'D)  
I used to own a health food store  
once. The Radical Radish. But then  
I got real fat.

MELINDA'S MOTHER  
You're not fat now.

BRIAN-FUTURE  
I think once you get fat you never  
stop looking at yourself that way.  
But I'm glad you don't see it.

Melinda laughs. Melinda's Mother is speechless.

ANDY  
(smiling to himself)  
Brian, we have to keep going.

BRIAN-FUTURE  
Nice meeting you, Mrs. Ledbetter.  
(to Melinda)  
We should have a barbecue  
sometimes. I'll call you. Please  
pick up if I call. Everyone has  
these answering machines now, it's  
hard to find someone human on the  
other side. Have a nice day.

He takes off running with Andy. Melinda keeps staring. Her  
mother regards Melinda's look, then finishes applying the  
sunblock left on Melinda's face.

MELINDA'S MOTHER  
(re: sunblock)  
He didn't do a very good job, you  
know.

MELINDA  
(breathless)  
Oh, yes he did. He certainly did.

WE HEAR A DOOR BELL RINGING A WIND-CHIME MELODY.

**INT. ENTRANCE. MALIBU HOUSE - DAY**

Brian-Future opens the door to greet Melinda.

MELINDA  
Hi.

BRIAN-FUTURE  
You OK with meat?

She laughs; he is, by turns, the ultimate cut-to-the-chaser  
and the most perplexing hard-to-read man.

MELINDA  
Sure. My father was in the meat  
business.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIAN-FUTURE  
Some people say meat is murder, but  
I have a more nutritional approach.  
I used to be vegetarian, so I know.

Brian takes her in his arms and gives her a hug that lasts  
and lasts. When he lets go, she's quite overwhelmed.

BRIAN-FUTURE (CONT'D)  
There's nothing like a good hug for  
the soul.

He gives her a long, tender kiss on the cheek. Then takes her  
face in his hands and just holds her close. He's a different  
man - different energy, different dosage.

BRIAN-FUTURE (CONT'D)  
I missed you so much.

MELINDA  
Are you OK?

BRIAN-FUTURE  
Now I am. Now that you're here.

He takes her hand and walks her toward the stairs.

Melinda catches the eye of the SHORT HOUSEKEEPER -- ISABELLA--  
late 30s, staring at her suspiciously from the kitchen door.  
Melinda smiles to diffuse the tension, but Isabella retreats  
into the kitchen. She's got that Landy employee "charm" about  
her.

BRIAN-FUTURE (CONT'D)  
(to Melinda)  
I want you to hear something.

**INT. MUSIC ROOM. MALIBU HOUSE - LATER**

Brian-Future plays an ACHINGLY BEAUTIFUL MELODY, unnamed and  
unfamiliar. Melinda is sitting next to him on the bench. He  
finishes and just sits still for a moment, pulling himself  
together. She has tears in her eyes.

MELINDA  
That's absolutely beautiful.

BRIAN-FUTURE  
Thanks.

MELINDA  
What is it?

BRIAN-FUTURE  
Just something. I don't know. It  
just came to me when I saw you. It  
just came. I don't know.

MELINDA  
What will you do with it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIAN-FUTURE  
Nothing. It's gone now. It was just  
for you.

She is deeply moved.

BRIAN-FUTURE (CONT'D)  
I like to think about God  
sometimes. That he sends these  
things through me. Or she, if God  
is a woman. It makes me feel warm  
inside.

MELINDA  
Are you religious at all?

BRIAN-FUTURE  
I guess not. More spiritual. I  
meditate. I pray for things to  
happen. I believe in things. I've  
seen things.

She puts her head on his shoulder. A gentle gesture of  
comfort and trust.

BRIAN-FUTURE (CONT'D)  
Do you like matzo ball soup?

MELINDA  
I don't know. Why?

BRIAN-FUTURE  
My ex-wife was Jewish. That's where  
I had it first. Her parents' house.  
We didn't get along too much in the  
end. Marilyn and me. Or maybe ever.  
She was nice to me. Took good care  
of me when I needed it. I loved  
her. Loved her sister. We were kids  
when we got married.  
(long pause)  
I think it's like one of those  
things, you know, an acquired taste  
kind of thing.

MELINDA  
Marriage?

BRIAN-FUTURE  
Matzo ball soup.

She smiles, finds him adorable, refusing to believe that he's  
"a very sick man".

MELINDA  
I'll try it.

BRIAN-FUTURE  
Oh. Good. We'll go to Cantor's one  
day or some place. Just keep an  
open, open mind.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>I will.</p> <p>MELINDA</p> <p>I'm keeping an open mind right now.</p> <p>MELINDA</p> <p>Can I ask you a personal question?</p> <p>MELINDA</p> <p>Is this the life you want for yourself, Brian? You seem capable to me without all this monitoring.</p> <p>MELINDA</p> <p>I'm not.</p> | <p>BRIAN-FUTURE</p> <p>It won't kill you.</p> <p>BRIAN-FUTURE</p> <p>Really important. In life. To try things. The right things.</p> <p>BRIAN-FUTURE</p> <p>Sure. I'm an open book.</p> <p>BRIAN-FUTURE</p> <p>I'm not.</p> |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

Melinda touches Brian-Future's face just as Dr. Landy walks in. Gives the couple at the piano a long, self-important and suspicious sneer, milking the moment. Then:

DR. LANDY  
Time for your pills, Brian.

**EXT. BACKYARD. MALIBU HOUSE - LATER**

Brian-Future is drowsy, his leg shakes. His eye twitches nervously. Melinda sits next to him, sipping wine.

Landy is working the grill, holding court, with his Girlfriend, Rob, and Andy surrounding him along with a FEW LANDY EMPLOYEES. Burgers are flipped.

|                                                                                                                                         |                                                                                     |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>DR. LANDY</p> <p>My dad was a doctor and my mom a psychology professor, but I dropped out of school after sixth grade. Dyslexia.</p> | <p>MELINDA</p> <p>(whispering to Brian)</p> <p>What does he have you on, Brian?</p> |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

|                                                                                                              |                                                                                                                                                   |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>BRIAN</p> <p>(mumbling to Melinda)</p> <p>Stuff to calm me down. I got these allergies. I get drowsy.</p> | <p>DR. LANDY (O.S.)</p> <p>Later, I served in the Peace Corps and VISTA and by 1968 I got my PhD. Not too shabby for a middle-school dropout.</p> |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

Melinda notices the housekeeper, Isabella, cleaning behind them, eavesdropping.

DR. LANDY  
Melinda, did you ever hear of The Underground Dictionary?

MELINDA  
No.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. LANDY

I published it in 1971. It's a lexicon for sub-culture speak, a reference book for professionals on how to talk to bikers, hookers, blacks, dopers, fags, hippies, Yippies, prisoners, teenyboppers and musicians.

(laughing)

You know, that whole scene of underground language of the 70s really came from hard-core drug addicts and criminals in the 20s and 30s.

BRIAN-FUTURE

(mumbling, to Melinda)  
It's... different now. Not...  
not seeing people all the  
time. I'm much more relaxed.

DR. LANDY

See, I believe communication  
on the patient's level is  
essential for therapy.

Melinda can't hide her concern for Brian-Future as he drifts in and out of sleep.

DR. LANDY (CONT'D)

It's a "bitchen" concept book. Real boss, gassy, out-of-sight, right on, smokey, tits, spiffy, bon-a-roo, super, wicked, wiggy.

Everyone laughs. Melinda looks at Andy, questioning. He shrugs and looks away. Rob and other Landy Employees don't even seem to notice Brian-Future. She has no allies here.

DR. LANDY (CONT'D)

It made me the "doper doctor" in LA. I was treating so many young people. And the establishment bought it because it was published by Simon and Schuster no less.

Landy drops a burger into a bun and serves Melinda.

DR. LANDY (CONT'D)

Guest of honor first.

BRIAN-FUTURE

(drowsy)

Is mine ready yet? I'm really hungry.

MELINDA

You can have mine.

DR. LANDY

No. Patience is a virtue. He's not really hungry.

BRIAN-FUTURE

I am hungry.

MELINDA

I think he's hungry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DR. LANDY (CONT'D)  
Trust me. He can wait. Taste it.

Melinda tastes her burger. Nods in approval. Landy takes a bow. Melinda watches Brian-Future falling asleep.

MELINDA  
(to Landy, a bit too loudly)  
What kind of allergies does Brian suffer from, Gene?

Everyone suddenly stares at Melinda; she's asked a forbidden question.

DR. LANDY  
(quickly annoyed)  
Don't you worry your pretty, little mind about that. Brian's medication is carefully administered, thank you very much, by a team of psychiatrists. Professionals. Nurses. Take another bite. Tell me if it's not too raw.

Suddenly, Brian-Future jerks his head back and forth for a few seconds as if to shake out the demons in his head. Then "that look" takes over, freezing him, the voices in his head. Melinda panics.

DR. LANDY (CONT'D)  
Brian, Brian, calm down! Your burger is coming.

Melinda quickly hands Brian-Future her burger, much to Landy's chagrin.

### INT. LOUNGE. WESTERN STUDIO 3. 1966 - DAY

Brian-Past is talking with Hal Blaine when the door opens and Mike Love, Al, and BRUCE JOHNSTON, Brian-Past's on-the-road replacement, file in. Hand shakes and back slaps all around.

BRIAN-PAST  
Welcome back.

Dennis and Carl walk in. Brian-Past hugs each one excitedly. Dennis pinches Brian-Past's belly.

DENNIS  
Hey, getting a little tubby there.

BRIAN-PAST  
All for the music. All work and no play.

Carl gives Brian-Past another hug.

CARL  
I missed you, brother.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIAN-PAST  
Me too.

MIKE LOVE  
OK, task master, we're ready to  
rock to your roll.

Brian-Past laughs, relieved by the good mood upon the band's return.

BRIAN-PAST  
(military command)  
'A-ten-hut!

"YOU STILL BELIEVE IN ME" CHIMES IN, a different energy all together.

**PET SOUNDS VOCAL MONTAGE. VARIOUS RECORDING STUDIOS - DAY**

--Brian-Past at the mic, headphones on, singing "YOU STILL BELIEVE IN ME" surrounded by his band mates on other studio mics. We hear it a capella; THE MUSIC IS IN THEIR EARPHONES.

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |                                                                     |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>BRIAN-PAST<br/>(singing)<br/><i>I try hard to be more what<br/>you want me to be. But I<br/>can't help how I act when<br/>you're not here with me.<br/>I try hard to be strong but<br/>sometimes I fail myself. And<br/>after all I've promised you<br/>so faithfully.</i></p> | <p>BEACH BOYS<br/>(singing)<br/><i>You still believe in me.</i></p> |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------|

BRIAN-PAST  
(singing)  
*I wanna cry...*

Off "cry" The Band picks up a three-part harmony. They stare at each other as they carry the notes to new heights, back together again, finding their way around Brian-Past. And when it's finished, they all seem pleased.

BRIAN-PAST (CONT'D)  
OK, let me come in and listen.

--Another day. Earphones on, Brian-Past records the lead vocal track of "CAROLINE, NO".

BRIAN-PAST (CONT'D)  
(singing)  
*Break my heart, I want to go and  
cry, It's so sad to watch a sweet  
thing die, Oh, Caroline why?  
Could I ever find in you again?  
Things that made me love you so  
much then? Could we ever bring 'em  
back once they have gone? Oh,  
Caroline nooooo*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The sad beauty of his singing hangs in the air, everyone watching, mesmerized.

--The Beach Boys are in the studio, listening to playback on "HERE TODAY", the music playing in their earphones.

BEACH BOYS

(singing)

--Keep in mind, love is here,  
today. And it's gone. Tomorrow it's  
here and gone so fast. Love is  
here, today. And it's gone.  
Tomorrow. It's here and gone so  
fast.

Mike takes his earphone off.

MIKE LOVE

(to Brian)

You know you can hear your voice on  
the track.

BRIAN-PAST

Yeah. That's on purpose.

Baffled, Mike Love puts his earphones back on. Listens. Then  
rips the earphones off.

MIKE LOVE

Wait. What? On purpose?

BRIAN-PAST

Yeah. I did that on purpose. The  
bass descending steps thing. The  
trombone. The whole-

Everyone take their earphones off.

MIKE LOVE

You're talking to the musicians,  
it's on the track - you, talking  
from the mixing board. In your  
mind, that's part of the song?

BRIAN-PAST

No, it's part of the music. That's  
the instrument I play. The studio.

MIKE LOVE

You PLAY the studio?

BRIAN-PAST

That's the music I hear in my  
head.

DENNIS

It's really out there, Brian.

CARL

It's pretty.

AL

I'm not sure how people are  
going to react to it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DENNIS  
It's buried in there. No  
one's going to hear it  
anyway. Are we done here?

CARL  
Maybe the professionals,  
sure. But they'll get it.

MIKE LOVE (CONT'D)  
It's amateurish.

BRIAN-PAST  
It's hip. It's fun. It's now.  
That's where things are happening.

MIKE LOVE  
It's not fun. None of these songs  
are fun. Not the music, not the  
lyrics. It's not all bad, don't get  
me wrong, but it's not Beach Boys  
fun.

BRIAN-PAST  
We've done Beach Boys fun.

MIKE LOVE  
And we had hits. There's not one  
hit on this album.

CARL  
Can't know that kind of thing  
in advance.

DENNIS  
If dad hates it, you know  
it's good.

MIKE LOVE (CONT'D)  
Kids won't buy it, I don't care how  
many car horns and bicycle bells  
and jingle jangle or whatever you  
put in there, they're not going to  
buy something depressing like that.  
Even the happy songs are sad.

Brian-Past turns his head away, deeply hurt.

MIKE LOVE (CONT'D)  
And stop playing the martyr, for  
God's sake. Get your business hat  
on. You stayed home to write hits.  
You're fucking with the formula.

DENNIS  
Are we going again or what?

### **EXT. WESTERN STUDIO 3 - DAY**

"WOULDN'T IT BE NICE" (Stereo Backing Track) plays under:  
Mike Love and Brian-Past dueling it out by the parking lot.

MIKE LOVE  
You vilify me, like I'm not hip  
enough for this shit. But it's the  
shit you're doing to yourself I  
don't like, OK? I have my own path.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIAN-PAST

I'm making new music. New sounds.  
New arrangements. No one's ever  
done this before. Not like this.  
Write, arrange, sing, record, mix,  
produce like this.

MIKE LOVE

You're writing ego music.

BRIAN-PAST

What does that mean?

MIKE LOVE

You want to go solo? Is that  
what you're trying to do?  
Push us away?

BRIAN-PAST

No. No. No way.

MIKE LOVE

How can you go solo if you don't  
even have the guts to go up on  
stage? I carry the songs out there  
every night.

BRIAN-PAST

I don't want to go solo. It's a new  
creative bag. You gotta keep  
growing.

MIKE LOVE

None of the guys played one note on  
the entire album. You're just  
making your own record with our  
voices. Who the fuck is this Tony  
to write for us anyway?

BRIAN-PAST

Come on, Mike.

MIKE LOVE

Just admit it. Be a man.

BRIAN-PAST

I'm telling you, Pet Sounds - the  
Beatles can't touch us.

MIKE LOVE

I don't care about The Beatles. We  
need to write some of the old stuff  
again or Capitol will screw us  
over.

BRIAN-PAST

The old stuff is old.

MIKE LOVE

We'll make it new again.

BRIAN-PAST

Can't go back in time. We're not  
surfers. Never been. And real  
surfers don't dig our music anyway.  
I can't write about the sun and  
summer and cars and summer and  
summer and cars.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BRIAN-PAST (CONT'D)  
I gotta look inside. I gotta get  
this music inside me out.

Mike's clear disdain says it all. Brian-Past shuts his eyes  
in pain.

MIKE LOVE  
You can't just do whatever the fuck  
you want, Brian. Maybe the other  
guys won't say it, but you're  
letting us down.

Mike walks back into the studio. Brian-Past stares at his  
back. Then sits on the pavement, rocked to the core, alarmed,  
almost panicked. He lights a cigarette with a shaking hand.  
THE INTRO TO "GOD ONLY KNOWS" CUTS IN.

### INT. RECORDING STUDIO - ANOTHER DAY

The control room is packed with family and friends watching  
Carl sing lead as the Beach Boys record the touched-by-angles  
masterpiece "GOD ONLY KNOWS." The mood is very different from  
the door slamming at Murry's house over the song.

CARL/BEACH BOYS  
(singing)  
*I may not always love you  
But long as there are stars above  
you. You never need to doubt it  
I'll make you so sure about it  
God only knows what I'd be without  
you*

No one moves in the control room, the song pierces through  
everyone's heart, leaving them breathless...

CARL/BEACH BOYS (CONT'D)  
(singing)  
*If you should ever leave me  
Though life would still go on  
believe me. The world could show  
nothing to me. So what good would  
living do me. God only knows what  
I'd be without you*

As the Beach Boys harmonize the mid-section, we move through  
a series of close ups, each face revealing the personal  
connection to the song, as if it is written and sung to them  
and only them: Marilyn, Diane, Audree, Chuck, Tony,  
technicians, friends we've seen before, each overwhelmed  
emotionally.

CARL/BEACH BOYS (CONT'D)  
*God only knows what I'd be without  
you. If you should ever leave me  
Well life would still go on believe  
me. The world could show nothing to  
me. So what good would living do me  
God only knows what I'd be without  
you*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Not a dry eye in the house. The band members look at each other. Brian-Past smiles as they harmonize the song to its end.

THE BEACH BOYS  
(singing)  
*God only knows what I'd be without  
you... (God only knows) what I'd be  
without you... (God only knows...)  
God only knows what I'd be without  
you...*

**INT. WESTERN STUDIO 3 - ANOTHER DAY**

Another day/ another session. Brian-Past is recording the vocals for the romantic requiem "DON'T TALK (PUT YOUR HEAD ON MY SHOULDER)". The rest of the band just watch from the control room, smoking and drinking various type of beverages, from the innocent (Al, Mike and Bruce) to the intoxicating (Carl and Dennis).

BRIAN-PAST  
(singing)  
*I can hear so much in your sighs  
And I can see so much in your eyes  
There are words we both could say  
But don't talk, put your head on my  
shoulder. Come close, close your  
eyes and be still. Don't talk, take  
my hand and let me hear your heart  
beat--*

Tony runs into the control room.

TONY  
Murry's here!

DENNIS  
Shit.

CARL  
Hide the pot.

Chuck hits the console mic button, cutting Brian-Past off.

CHUCK  
Sorry, Brian. But your father is  
here. I thought you should know.

Brian-Past sighs. Carl and Dennis scramble to make all contraband evidence disappear. Al, Bruce and Mike just watch, pot ain't their scene.

Brian-Past walks into the control room.

BRIAN-PAST  
Fuck, we just lost five hours.

Murry walks in; he's got an acetate in his hand. The room tenses as they all become children again, abused and refused. A fake round of greetings:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Hey dad.                      BRIAN                                      Hi.                                      DENNIS

Hi, dad. CARL

MIKE LOVE AL  
How's it going, uncle Murry? Great to see you.

MURRY  
Boys! You've gone off the deep end.  
Listen to this!

He puts the acetate on.

MURRY (CONT'D)  
The Sunrays. MY Sunrays.

The music that comes on is pure early Beach Boys harmony, but a cheap imitation - The Sunrays' "I LIVE FOR THE SUN".

THE SUNRAYS (ON AMPS)  
(singing)  
Go. Sun. Sun, sun, sun, sun, sun.  
I live for the sun.  
Because it makes fun.  
Pretty girls with their guys.  
Such a love you can't buy.  
Baby. They all live for the sun...

MURRY  
(over music)  
This is what you have to get back  
to. This is a hit!

MIKE LOVE  
It's got a beat.

AL  
Feels a little rushed. But good.

Brian-Past just stares. The song is embarrassingly over-done with a loud and clear message: his father has found new musical sons to replace his own and he's working the old formula over.

MURRY (CONT'D)  
Check out the harmonies. The horn  
section. Doesn't this guy sound  
like Brian? I'm telling you, I'm  
taking these guys all the way to  
the top.

BRIAN-PAST  
That's great, Dad. You're doing  
your own thing.  
(to Chuck)  
Just let me know when we're ready  
for the next take.

Brian-Past leaves the control booth and gets back to the recording studio.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

|                                                                                              |                                                                                             |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>MURRY<br/>Brian, come back here and<br/>listen to what a gold record<br/>sounds like.</p> | <p>THE SUNRAYS (ON AMPS)<br/>(singing)<br/>Go. Sun. Sun, sun, sun, sun,<br/>sun. Oooooo</p> |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

Brian-Past walks into the drum cubicle in the recording studio. He puts on his earphones. Hears LOUD CIRCUS MUSIC and quickly takes them off. In the control room, Murry and the guys are talking Sunrays. No one minds him. He closes his eyes, puts the earphones back on and we cut to:

### **BRIAN-PAST'S MIND**

BRECHT AND WEILL's "MACK THE KNIFE" PLAYS. A CIRCUS ATMOSPHERE. WE HEAR MEN YELLING, reprimanding, abusive, mad OVER A CHAOTIC SOUND MONTAGE OF BELLS AND FOG HORNS, SIRENS, CAR HORNS, JEWELRY WRIGGLED, while we cut through unrelated images of Murry smiling on the beach, Phil Spector moving levers in his recording studio, The Beatles in India, race riots throughout the US, Vietnam napalm extravaganza, the BEACH BOYS TOURING THE WORLD WITHOUT Brian-Past - JAPAN, LONDON, PRAGUE, AND MORE. ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE OVERLAPS -- MOZART's "The Magic Flute: Overture" CUTS IN as the images suddenly burn and become colors, dancing chaotically but peacefully on screen, as the MEN YELLING GETS LOUDER AND MORE DISTURBING.

### **EXT. POOL. BEVERLY HILLS HOUSE - DAY**

Brian-Past's got his head buried in his hands, trying to contain THE VOICES THAT HOUND HIM. Guests are strewn everywhere, laughing, drinking, talking. It's another boozy, smoky fun party in the California sunshine.

A few NEW HIPSTER FRIENDS are chugging wine; they're part of the spinning merry-go-round of cool music scene LA cats Brian-Past tries to emulate.

|                                                                                                     |                                                                                   |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>HIPSTER FRIEND 1<br/>You're the artist, Brian. If<br/>you want God, you should have<br/>God.</p> | <p>HIPSTER FRIEND 2<br/>Don't you want to be out<br/>there, rocking the boat?</p> |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

Brian-Past takes them in, he's nervous and scared.

BRIAN-PAST  
God'll limit airplay for sure, is  
what the execs told me. Especially  
in the South. Can't sing "God" in  
the South. It's like "hell". Hell  
only knows. Mike says--

HIPSTER FRIEND 2  
What is this, 1939? Mike says? Sing  
what's in your soul, man. It's a  
love song. Let the world stand on  
its head. Don't listen to the  
record company suits. Don't listen  
to your band, listen to YOU. You're  
the genius.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HIPSTER FRIEND 2 (CONT'D)  
You're the band as far as anyone  
who's in the know is concerned.

Brian-Past nods, torn.

HIPSTER FRIEND 1  
Listen, Brian, I have something for  
you to set you away from all that  
crap.

He gives him a small packet.

HIPSTER FRIEND 2  
Lysergic acid diethylamide, baby.

HIPSTER FRIEND 1  
LSD. Everyone's doing it. Mind  
expansion. Altered states of being  
and time and space and spirit.  
It'll stop the noise in your head  
and open you up to...heaven.

Brian-Past opens the packet and stares at the chemical  
inside.

HIPSTER FRIEND 2  
Just drop it on your tongue and  
take a magic ride.

Brian-Past looks at them, questioning, then drops the acid.

BRIAN-PAST  
Here we go.  
(immediately)  
Nothing's happening. I better take  
more.

They laugh. THE STEREO BACKING TRACK OF "THAT'S NOT ME"  
STARTS PLAYING.

**INT. GARDNER SHED. BEVERLY HILLS HOUSE - NIGHT**

"THAT'S NOT ME" GROWS LOUDER. The door to the shed is open,  
revealing Brian-Past lying on the ground in a fetal position,  
tripped-out, his eyes staring into another dimension. THE  
SOUNDS OF THE PARTY ARE HEARD IN THE DISTANCE, GETTING  
LOUDER, OVERTAKING THE MUSIC; WORDS PLAY BACKWARDS, AND RE-  
EDIT THEMSELVES INTO AN INCOHERENT COMPOSITION OF MASTERY AND  
BEAUTY IN BRIAN-PAST'S MIND.

**INT. BEDROOM. BEVERLY HILLS HOUSE - DAWN**

Brian-Past crawls into bed. Marilyn wakes up, groggy.

MARILYN  
Where were you? It's almost  
morning.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIAN-PAST  
I came back. I went off. And came  
back. I did, I did LSD.

MARILYN  
Really? Wow. What was it like?

BRIAN-PAST  
At first it was nothing. Then  
everything. Then I did it again.

MARILYN  
Again?

BRIAN-PAST  
I saw things you can't see.

MARILYN  
Like what? What things you can't  
see? Weird things?

BRIAN-PAST  
Things like God.  
(starts crying)  
I saw God.

He puts the pillow to his face in the same way he did when he  
cracked on the plane. Weeps into it like a baby. Marilyn  
tries to hold him.

MARILYN  
Brian, Brian, you'll suffocate  
yourself.

THE BEACH BOYS (OVER)  
Stoked!

The Beach Boys's 60s instrumental surf anthem "STOKED" starts  
playing.

#### **EXT. MARINA DEL REY - DAY**

A foggy morning. "STOKED" is PLAYING, a blast from the past.  
A sail boat floats up the coast on a choppy sea.

#### **EXT. DECK. SAIL BOAT MOVING UP THE COAST - LATER**

Brian-Future and Melinda are holding each other for dear life  
underneath a wet blanket, shivering as the boat sails through  
the fog. "STOKED" is playing on a boom box. The sea is  
unfriendly. EVAN, a young man in his 20s, plays the captain,  
minding the sails with a CREW OF THREE.

BRIAN-FUTURE  
Turn that off, Evan.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EVAN  
Why? It's a tribute to you. We're  
stoked to have you.

BRIAN-FUTURE  
Let's go back, Evan. This was a  
really bad idea.

EVAN  
No. This is great.

BRIAN-FUTURE  
Just let's get back. I'm  
cold. Melinda's cold. Can you  
even see in this fog?

EVAN  
The sea's gonna calm down  
once we get closer to the  
Channel Islands. Fog should  
burn off around Malibu.

BRIAN-FUTURE  
(to Melinda)  
I'm really, really scared.

MELINDA  
I'm scared too.

BRIAN-FUTURE  
I thought this was going to be more  
fun. I'm sorry. It wasn't my idea.  
Gene gave everyone the day off, so  
these guys are watching me.

MELINDA  
Do they work for him?

BRIAN-FUTURE  
No. Well. In a way. Evan's Gene's  
son. I don't know if he's getting  
paid much for this.

MELINDA  
Jesus.

BRAIN  
I'm going to throw up.  
(whispering)  
Do you know how to swim?

MELINDA  
Why?

BRIAN-FUTURE  
When I say GO, jump into the ocean  
and swim to shore.

MELINDA  
I don't think so.

BRIAN-FUTURE  
I say GO on the count of three and  
we jump in together. Trust me.  
(to Evan)  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BRIAN-FUTURE (CONT'D)  
Evan, when we go by Malibu, bring the boat closer to shore, OK, I want Melinda to see what the house looks like from the ocean. From this angle.

EVAN  
Sure thing. Whatever makes you happy, Brian. My dad said to keep you two happy.

MELINDA  
(whispering to Brian)  
Are you serious about this?

BRIAN-FUTURE  
Dead serious. Let's ditch this scene and make-out like teenagers.

**EXT. DECK. SAIL BOAT MOVING UP THE COAST - LATER**

Brian-Future and Melinda, now standing, are holding hands nervously, surveying the beaches of Malibu. The water's somewhat calmer, fog burning off.

BRIAN-FUTURE  
One. Two. One two three!

"GOOD VIBRATIONS (Inspiration): Western, parts 3 & 4 (Smiles Session) starts playing as Brian-Future and Melinda leap off the deck into the ocean.

We plunge in with them (MUSIC MUFFLED BY WATER) and slowly move up to the surface for some air, swimming fast toward the shore, leaving a shocked Evan and the crew behind.

EVAN  
That's not cool, Brian. My dad's gonna go fucking ballistic on me.

Brian-Future swims faster, Melinda right by his side. We follow them in SLOW MOTION, HEAR JUST THEIR BREATHING AND THE SEA, SEAGULLS UP ABOVE. Then get back to normal speed as they reach the sands like shipwrecked lovers. They hug and collapse laughing, holding each other in a sandy mess.

BRIAN-FUTURE  
(laughing)  
There's gonna be hell to pay.

|           |               |
|-----------|---------------|
| MELINDA   | BRIAN-FUTURE  |
| I'm cold. | I'm freezing. |

**INT. SHOWER. MALIBU HOUSE - LATER**

Brian-Future and Melinda in the steaming shower, kissing passionately as water sprays the caked sand off their naked bodies.

**INT. LIVING ROOM. MALIBU HOUSE - LATER**

The house is dim and shuttered. FLAMES CRACKLE. Brian-Future and Melinda make love on the carpet by the fireplace.

**INT. LIVING ROOM. MALIBU HOUSE - LATER**

They lie post-coital and intertwined, peaceful, content.

She puts her hand on his shoulder. Just holds him. Caressing.

They look deep into each other's eyes.

Laugh at the same time.

He touches her eyes, her lips, her nose, her ears. She takes him in. Takes his hand in hers.

Slowly, she falls asleep.

He kisses her, then starts tickling her. She laughs. Resists.

He stops. Then she quickly turns the tables on him and starts tickling his body. Retribution. He laughs, surrendering to her.

BRIAN-FUTURE

I give up. I give up.

They lie on their backs, breathing hard.

BRIAN-FUTURE (CONT'D)

You want to hear something funny?  
Gene got me on this thing. I have  
to say "I love you" to myself five  
times a day. He calls it self-  
nourishment.

MELINDA

Does it work?

BRIAN-FUTURE

Maybe. But sometimes I wish I had  
someone else to say it to.

Not a word follows this. SILENCE. They just lie there, the expected words never materializing, but the love growing.

**INT. LIVING ROOM. MALIBU HOUSE - LATER**

Brian-Future and Melinda are asleep on the floor by the fireplace. Brian-Future awakes. Hears LOUD BANGS ON THE DOOR. LANDY IS YELLING.

BRIAN-FUTURE

(frightened)  
Coming!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Melinda wakes up.

MELINDA  
What's going on?

BRIAN-FUTURE  
Someone's at the door.

MELINDA  
I didn't hear anything.

BRIAN-FUTURE  
Hide.

Brian-Future puts on a pair of pants. Melinda covers up with a blanket and runs upstairs. Brian-Future unlocks the door and opens up: there's no one there. He looks around and shuts the door.

Melinda appears on the stairs, still wrapped in her blanket.

MELINDA  
Who was it?

BRIAN-FUTURE  
You have to leave. Now.

She walks down the stairs.

MELINDA  
Are you OK? Who was that?

BRIAN-FUTURE  
You have to leave, Melinda.

MELINDA  
Are you angry with me? Did I do something wrong?

Brian-Future doesn't look at her. He's under Landy's thumb, he won't fight him.

BRIAN-FUTURE  
You should go. He'll be here soon.  
He'll be mad if you're here.

MELINDA  
This is crazy, you're a grown man.  
Tell him you want me to stay.

BRIAN-FUTURE  
I can't do that.

MELINDA  
What can you do, Brian? How do you expect me to love you if you won't stand up to him?

He doesn't know how to answer that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MELINDA (CONT'D)

(softly)  
What do you want, Brian? You have daughters and a family and friends you're not allowed to see. Don't you want a normal life?

BRIAN-FUTURE

He could do things to me. He's my legal guardian. He could lock me up in a looney bin.

MELINDA

Is that why you're always protecting him?

BRIAN-FUTURE

He's protecting me.

MELINDA

He's manipulating you! I think he's overmedicating you and taking advantage of you. And worst of all, I think that deep down inside you know it too.

She studies Brian-Future's face. He's so frightened, it's heartbreaking. She embraces him.

BRIAN-FUTURE

(mumbling)  
Please leave, Melinda.

MELINDA

I'm going. Don't worry.

They kiss.

BRIAN-FUTURE

Don't leave me, Melinda.

MELINDA

Do you want me to leave or not?

BRIAN-FUTURE

You have to go. But don't leave, OK? It's not the same thing. Don't give up on me. I want to see you again. I can tell Landy things that would make it OK that we ran away, swimming, if you're not here. I know how to talk to him.

MELINDA

I won't give up on you. But I don't want to play games.

BRIAN-FUTURE

This is my life. No games.

He hears CARS DRIVING BY. Gets agitated.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BRIAN-FUTURE (CONT'D)  
Melinda, go! I'm begging you.

MELINDA  
OK. Just breathe. I'm leaving.

He nods and goes to the window, parts the curtains and looks out to the driveway.

**OVER BLACK:**

WE HEAR DISTANT OCEAN WAVES. PEOPLE LAUGH. VOICES YELLING. A light is trying to break through the darkness, a spec, WE HEAR AN EXPLOSION. Atomic flares everywhere. PSYCHEDELIC MUSIC PLAYS.

**INT. LIVING ROOM. BEVERLY HILLS HOUSE - DAY**

PSYCHEDELIC MUSIC CONTINUES. The house has been transformed, late 60s style, redecorated and renovated. We move toward a huge Arabian tent dominating the living room around which GUESTS sit, neck, smoke, drink, get high, and more.

**INT. TENT. BEVERLY HILLS HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Brian-Past is lounging on colorful Indian pillows inside the tent with Mike, Carl and Dennis, all smoking cigarettes and drinking. Brian-Past is self-absorbed and depressed, not looking at anyone. He's gained more weight. AS THE TENT FILLS WITH SMOKE, THEIR FACES DISASSOCIATE, coming in and out of the warping fog.

MIKE LOVE  
The last thing I want to say right now is "I told you so." I won't say it.

DENNIS  
That's a lot of words for something you're not saying.

CARL  
(coughing)  
I can't breath in here.

MIKE LOVE  
'Pet Sounds' didn't sell! There, I said it. It flopped. But you know what I say? It's good we got it out of the way. Now we can get back to OUR music. The proof is in the formula.

DENNIS  
Like Coca Cola or Penicillin and geometry.

CARL  
The critics loved it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DENNIS  
(laughing to himself)  
Or the G-spot. That's got a  
formula to it.

MIKE LOVE  
Critics don't buy albums.

CARL  
The British buy albums. They loved  
it.

Brian-Past still doesn't move or talk or smoke or anything.

MIKE LOVE  
Enough with this nonsense, OK?

DENNIS  
I think Mike's saying he wants you  
back, Brian.

MIKE LOVE  
We're having a meeting in a tent in  
Beverly Hills. I don't know what  
I'm saying anymore. Or who's  
listening.

Not Brian-Past; he gets up.

CARL  
Paul McCartney said "God Only  
Knows" is the greatest song ever  
written.

Brian-Past smiles to himself and leaves. They all look at  
each other, *what now?*

**INT. LIVING ROOM. BEVERLY HILLS HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Brian-Past comes out of the tent, and stumbles past the  
Guests toward the dining room. His dogs, Louie, Weimaraner,  
and Banana, the beagle, catch sight of him and follow.

**INT. DINING ROOM. BEVERLY HILLS HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Brian-Past enters the former dining room. The piano sits in  
the middle of the room, draped by colorful nursery curtains  
and about a foot deep in a SANDBOX! (Yes, a sandbox built to  
house the piano in the dinning room) Brian-Past's bare feet  
step onto the pure white beach sand. The dogs stay back.

Brian-Past sits at the piano, staring at the keys. He pokes  
his toes in the sand.

He puts his fingers to the piano keys and starts playing a  
very Four Freshman-like rhythm and melody, humming to  
himself.

Carl and Dennis join Mike around Brian-Past. He keeps  
playing, oblivious.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Banana, the dog, relieves himself next to Brian-Past's foot in the sandbox. Everyone cracks up. Even Brian-Past smiles. He stops playing the piano, sits on the sand and hugs banana.

BRIAN-PAST  
You know, Mom told me once when I  
got scared that dogs can pick up  
vibrations from people. That they  
bark at bad vibrations.

MIKE LOVE  
People can do that too.

BRIAN-PAST  
Bark?

MIKE LOVE  
Pick up non-verbal thoughts and  
emotions.

Brian-Past looks at Mike Love with a desperation so deep,  
it's impossible for him to ignore.

MIKE LOVE (CONT'D)  
What's going on in your head,  
Brian?

BRIAN-PAST  
I have this song playing over and  
over. I just don't have the lyrics  
or the melody. Do you have  
anything?

Mike Love smiles, he gets the invitation.

### INT. WESTERN STUDIO 3. 1966 - DAY

The Beach Boys are recording the vocals to "GOOD VIBRATIONS",  
in its genesis and not yet sounding like the version we all  
know. CARL SINGS LEAD.

CARL  
(singing)  
*...It's weird how she comes in so  
strong. And I wonder what she's  
picking up from me. And I'm picking  
up--*

BRIAN-PAST  
(interrupting)  
Good, good, we got that piece. Cut  
it.

CARL  
Why are we cutting?

BRIAN-PAST  
Let's move it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARL  
Move what?

DENNIS  
Move where?

MIKE LOVE  
What now Brian?

BRIAN-PAST  
I want to, I want to take it  
to Gold Star for the next  
part.

MIKE LOVE  
Why can't we record it here?

AL  
What's wrong with here? We're  
here.

BRIAN-PAST  
I don't... Nothing's wrong with it  
here, it's the best here, the best  
echo chamber by far, but I... the  
next part will sound better at Gold  
Star.

MIKE LOVE  
That's what you said about this  
part at RCA.

BRIAN-PAST  
Yeah. It did, it did sound better.

DENNIS  
So why did we record it again here  
now?

BRIAN-PAST  
I wanted to thicken it, double it  
with the echo. I'm just building  
it.

MIKE LOVE  
You can't keep us moving around  
studios like puppets?

BRIAN-PAST  
It's got to be perfect. It's a  
symphony.

MIKE LOVE  
We're trying to sell records,  
you're trying to write Mozart.

BRIAN-PAST  
Like a pocket symphony. Teenage  
symphony. To God.

MIKE LOVE  
It's edit music. How the hell  
are we suppose to perform  
edit music?

BRIAN-PAST  
It's all coming together.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MIKE LOVE  
And I'll tell you something else.  
Some of these lyrics are way too  
jumbled. Way too strange. It's not  
how I put them down. I'm going to  
have to rewrite it.

BRIAN-PAST  
Fine. Go ahead. It's our song.

MIKE LOVE  
Didn't we say we're done with weird  
music?

BRIAN-PAST  
I don't control the music, it  
controls me.

MIKE LOVE  
I think that's the definition of  
insanity.

DENNIS  
No. Insanity is doing the same  
thing over and over again expecting  
a different result.

CARL  
Brian, maybe you need a little  
rest.

BRIAN-PAST  
I can't rest. I gotta go faster.  
This stuff is pouring out of my  
head like an open wound. Can't stop  
it. I won't let you down. I found  
this new guy Van Dyke Parks. He's a  
wordsmith. Like John Lennon. He's  
got lyrics that will blow your  
mind.

Mike Love shakes his head in disgust.

MIKE LOVE  
This is not the way to make music.

# **INT. GOLD STAR STUDIOS - NIGHT**

Different studio, same song. The Beach Boys are recording  
vocals to another part of "GOOD VIBRATIONS," song evolving.

BEACH BOYS  
(singing)  
*I'm pickin' up good vibrations.  
She's giving me excitations (Oom  
bop bop) I'm pickin' up good  
vibrations (Good vibrations, oom  
bop bop)--*

The LAST LINE ECHOES THEN CUTS ABRUPTLY.

**INT. WESTERN STUDIO 3/CONTROL ROOM - DAY**

Brian-Past is in the control booth working the levers. Chuck, the engineer, is sitting next to him. They're recording the unusual cellos rhythm section of "GOOD VIBRATIONS" with the theramin going wild.

Then Brian-Past turns to look at his new co-lyricist VAN DYKE PARKS, small, thin, with square glasses, sitting on the couch, legs crossed.

BRIAN-PAST  
(to Parks)  
What do you think, Van?

PARKS  
Really cool.

Brian-Past and Chuck laugh at some inside joke.

PARKS (CONT'D)  
What's funny?

CHCUK  
He's been telling everyone you're a goddamn wordsmith. You better come up with better lines than "really cool."

PARKS  
But - it's really cool.

They all laugh. Brian-Past's business manager/hipster LA trendsetter DAVID ANDERLE walks in.

ANDERLE  
Brian, man, I poked all the contracts you wanted me to check out. Lots to talk about. And, oh--  
(patting his pockets)  
I got everyone the pills they wanted.

**GOOD VIBRATIONS MONTAGE. VARIOUS RECORDING STUDIOS**

--Another day, another part of "GOOD VIBRATIONS," Brian-Past singing tensely. Vibrations in the band - not so good.

BEACH BOYS  
(singing)  
*Gotta keep those lovin' good  
vibrations a-happenin' with her...*

--Another day, another studio, another beginning: the Beach Boys recording vocals. Parks watching.

CARL  
(singing)  
*I-I love the colorful clothes she wears.*  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARL (CONT'D)  
*And the way the sunlight plays upon  
 her hair. I hear the sound of a  
 gentle word. On the--*

--Another day, another session to perpetuate Brian-Past's obsession and quest for perfection.

CARL (CONT'D)  
 (singing)  
*When I look in her eyes  
 She goes with me to a blossom  
 world.*  
 (BEACH BOYS:)  
*I'm pickin' up good vibrations  
 She's giving me excitations (Oom  
 bop bop) I'm pickin' up --*

--Brian-Past plays the Theramin parts of "GOOD VIBRATIONS". There's no one around. He's just figuring it out, like a mime, working the sound vibrator between the arcs.

--A sweaty Brian-Past is at the control room mic talking to the THERAMIN PLAYER inside the recording room.

BRIAN-PAST  
 ...Yeah, coming in like that with  
 the oooooo oo oom you know, it  
 won't fight the voices.

The Theramin Player tries it out.

BRIAN-PAST (CONT'D)  
 Yeah, exactly, not scary spooky,  
 real loving-like, you hear it.  
 (singing)  
*(I'm pickin' up good vibrations)  
 (Oom bop bop). She's giving me  
 excitations (Excitations, oom bop  
 bop) Good, good, good, good  
 vibrations...*

Brian-Past starts coughing. Sweating. He takes his shirt off.

--Another day, the group "Good Vibrations" recording goes on, harmonizing:

BEACH BOYS  
 (singing)  
*Na na na na na, na na na  
 Na na na na na, na na na X3*

# **INT. LIVING ROOM. BEVERLY HILLS HOUSE - NIGHT**

Brian-Past is hanging with Parks and Anderle listening to the dubbed-down mono mix of "GOOD VIBRATIONS" COME TO ITS END.

BRIAN-PAST  
 A few more months and I can get it  
 right. Maybe a year.

Laughter all around him surprises Brian-Past.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PARKS  
How about now, Brian? It's been six months. It's time to write a new album.

ANDERLE  
It's perfect. Really.

PARKS  
You can't do better than this, Brian. No one could.

BRIAN-PAST  
I want to write songs that people will one day pray to, you know. I want to go way beyond "Pet Sounds."

ANDERLE  
What's beyond the sound of pets?

PARKS  
The call of the wild.

**INT. DINNING ROOM. BEVERLY HILLS HOUSE - LATER**

Lots of GUESTS around the table, lots of hubbub, everyone eating, drugged-out manic-cholia. Brian-Past sits aloof, disconnected. Marilyn taps her knife on her wine glass.

MARILYN  
I'd like to make a toast.

She stands, a bit wobbly. Laughs.

MARILYN (CONT'D)  
To "Good Vibrations", the biggest selling single the Beach Boys ever had. Ever!

Brian-Past smiles faintly. Diane gets up.

DIANE  
And to all those who said it wouldn't sell.

MARILYN  
Who shall remain nameless.

Laughter all around.

EVERYONE  
Hear, hear!

From Brian-Past's point of view we hear VARIOUS PITCHES and CLINKS OF GLASSES TOUCHING, TOASTING around the table as the Guests resume eating. Brian-Past looks around the table: THE SOUNDS STARTING TO BUILD IN HIS MIND, torturing him: CUTLERY TAPPING PLATES, SPOONS SCRAPING, BUTTER SPREAD ON TOASTS, DRINKS GULPED, SERVING SPOONS HEAPING, LAUGHTER, CHATTER - a CACOPHONOUS PIECE OF SILVERWARE-CHINA-GUESTS MUSIC.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Brian-Past STARTS CHANTING TO HIMSELF TO ACCOMPANY THE RHYTHMIC DIN IN HIS HEAD.

Suddenly, the room is still, everyone watching Brian-Past chanting. But with all sounds around the table frozen, he stops. ALL THE CUTLERY SOUNDS RUSH BACK IN even though everyone is motionless; Brian-Past can't turn the noises in his head off.

BRIAN-PAST  
Stop it!

He gets up. Leaves. Marilyn rushes after him.

#### **EXT. MALIBU HOUSE - DAY**

Melinda RINGS THE FRONT DOOR BELL. She's holding a brown "takeaway" paper bag. The door opens and Isabella, the housekeeper, stares up at her.

MELINDA  
Hi. I know I should have called,  
but I just wanted to bring Brian  
some matzo ball soup, and--

She stops, suddenly realizing that Isabella looks distraught, frightened, on the verge of tears.

MELINDA (CONT'D)  
What is it? What's wrong?

Isabella hesitates, glancing back into the house. Melinda follows her gaze. Isabella opens the door wider and Melinda steps in.

#### **INT. MALIBU HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

It's quiet inside, but Melinda is drawn to a slightly open door just off the entryway. She moves toward it, pulls up short, shocked by what she sees.

Inside, a glassy-eyed Brian-Future is sitting at the piano. Dressed only in his underwear, he sits frozen, almost catatonic, drooling, his hair a mess. It's a horrifying image, like the living dead.

Melinda goes for the door, but Isabella steps in front of her just as LANDY'S VOICE BOOMS INSIDE.

DR. LANDY (O.S.)  
Come on, Brian, do it!

Isabella closes the door, looking back at Melinda desperately and pressing her finger to her lips.

ISABELLA  
(whispering)  
No! Doctor inside. Please!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MELINDA  
What's going on here? What is he  
doing to Brian?

Shaking like a leaf, Isabella opens her palm to show Melinda a few pills.

ISABELLA  
(whispering)  
Too many. Make him loco. I take  
away. Doctor Eugene give too much.  
Come with me.

She pulls Melinda by the hand toward her room. Opens the door and almost pushes her in.

**INT. HOUSEKEEPER'S ROOM. MALIBU HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Isabella closes the door behind them.

ISABELLA  
Sit. Please.

Melinda sits on the bed. Looks up at the cross on the wall. Isabella opens her closet and pulls out a jar. She shows it to Melinda. It's full of pills.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)  
I have to take away. Doctor Eugene  
more loco than Mr. Brian. Not good.  
Too much. I take away or Mr. Brian  
more sick.

Melinda is appalled. Confused. She's misjudged Isabella and underestimated the severity of Landy's "Frankenstein experiment".

MELINDA  
Why don't you leave?

ISABELLA  
Dr. Eugene know I have no papers.  
Say he tell Immigration Service.

Melinda sighs, overwhelmed. They hear A DOOR OPEN AND SLAM. FOOTSTEPS.

Isabella grabs the pill jar and throws it in the closet. She then takes Melinda quickly out the door and into:

**INT. KITCHEN. MALIBU HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Melinda stares in shock at the padlocked refrigerator. Landy walks in.

DR. LANDY  
Oh. Melinda. What's this?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MELINDA

Soup.

He takes the brown paper bag from her hands and opens it.

DR. LANDY

Christ, that's a sodium bomb. Brian can't eat this.

MELINDA

Is he OK?

DR. LANDY

He's great. Never better.

Isabella meets Landy's eyes.

DR. LANDY (CONT'D)

Bella, get me an Arnold Palmer.

(To Melinda)

Listen. We're finally recording a new album. Brian's writing his autobiography. He's very busy. You won't be seeing him anymore. There are other women I'd like him to start meeting. As part of his therapy.

She takes him in, can't believe a word he's saying.

MELINDA

Can I just say goodbye to him?

DR. LANDY

He's resting at the moment.

MELINDA

I can wait.

DR. LANDY

My rules, Melinda. It's for his own good. Yours too.

He hands her back the brown paper bag. A very nervous Isabella brings Landy a glass of Ice tea. He sips it. Makes a face.

DR. LANDY (CONT'D)

I said Arnold Palmer. What's wrong with you today? Get me an Arnold Palmer.

ISABELLA

I'm sorry.

**INT. KITCHEN. MELINDA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Melinda's Mother is eating the matzo ball soup while Melinda paces.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MELINDA'S MOTHER  
That sounds horrible.

MELINDA  
I can't just let this happen and  
stand by doing nothing.

MELINDA'S MOTHER  
What can YOU do?

MELINDA  
I don't know.  
(pause)  
What would you want, if your child  
was in trouble? If your child was  
in pain like that?

MELINDA'S MOTHER  
I'd want to know.

MELINDA  
Even if he was estranged from you?

MELINDA'S MOTHER  
Especially if he was estranged from  
me.

**INT. LIVING ROOM. MELINDA'S APARTMENT - LATER**

Melinda dials a number on her cordless phone. Her Mother  
watches.

MELINDA (TO PHONE)  
Hello? Is this Audree Wilson?  
Mrs. Wilson I'm sorry to call you  
out of the blue. My name is Melinda  
Ledbetter and I'm very concerned  
for your son's health. Brian. Well,  
your number is listed. Brian. Yes,  
I'm... a friend. No. No, I'm not--  
please don't hang up. I'm not  
asking for money. Hello? Hello?  
Yes, I'll hold.

She looks at her Mother in desperation.

MELINDA (CONT'D)  
She wants me to talk to someone  
else. She thinks it's about  
business.

MELINDA'S MOTHER  
You said "health", she may have  
heard "wealth".

MELINDA (TO PHONE)  
Hello? Hi. Oh. Hello Carl. It's  
about your brother. My name is--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She listens to the phone for a long moment. Then puts it down.

MELINDA (CONT'D)  
He told me not to bother his mother  
ever again. He thinks I'm some sort  
of deranged fan.

MELINDA'S MOTHER  
Oh, dear.

MELINDA  
His voice is so much like Brian's.

Melinda collapses on the couch.

MELINDA (CONT'D)  
He just assumed this was about  
money.

MELINDA'S MOTHER  
They've gone through so much.

MELINDA  
He's going to die if Landy keeps  
pushing him like this.

Her mother sits next to her.

MELINDA'S MOTHER  
I'm going to say the thing you  
don't want me to say.

MELINDA  
Please don't.

MELINDA'S MOTHER  
I'm so sorry, Mel. You know you  
have to let go, right?

Melinda nods and starts crying. She knows. Her Mother hands her a box of tissues.

MELINDA'S MOTHER (CONT'D)  
I'm not just talking as the  
annoying mother here.

Melinda laughs through the tears.

MELINDA'S MOTHER (CONT'D)  
You're out of your depth here. This  
is *Brian Wilson*. This is the *Beach  
Boys*. This is his family, record  
companies, and God only knows who  
else. It's just too much. Too  
complicated. Maybe even-

MELINDA  
Dangerous?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MELINDA'S MOTHER  
If the universe gives you signs  
sometimes, dear, this one, right  
now is to go on with your own life.

Melinda takes another tissue.

MELINDA'S MOTHER (CONT'D)  
And if there's any future for you  
with him, it will reveal itself.  
I'm sure of that.

**INT. BEDROOM. BEVERLY HILLS HOUSE. 1967 - EVENING**

ON TV: Various angles on Brian-Past playing the piano and singing the melancholy masterpiece "SURF'S UP", on a TV special: Leonard Bernstein's "Inside Pop, The Rock revolution".

BRIAN-PAST (ON TV)  
(singing)  
*--To a muted trumpeter swan  
Columnated ruins domino*

LEONARD BERNSTEIN (V.O.)  
There is a new song, too  
complex to get all of first  
time around. It could come  
only out of the ferment that  
characterizes today's pop  
music scene. Brian Wilson,  
leader of the famous Beach  
Boys, and one of today's most  
important pop musicians,  
sings his own "Surf's Up."

BRIAN-PAST (ON TV)  
(singing)  
*Canvass the town and brush  
the backdrop  
Are you sleeping, Brother  
John?*

The camera zooms into a close up of Brian-Past, his eyes closed as he sings and plays.

BRIAN-PAST (ON TV) (CONT'D)  
(singing)  
*Dove nested towers the hour  
was  
Strike the street quicksilver  
moon  
Carriage across the fog  
Two-Step to lamp lights  
cellar tune  
The laughs come hard in Auld  
Lang Syne.*

PARKS (O.S.)  
Tell it like it is, Mr. Lenny  
Bernstein!

IN THE BEDROOM: Brian-Past and Parks are sitting on the floor, smoking a joint and watching TV.

BRIAN-PAST (ON TV) (CONT'D)  
(singing)  
*The glass was raised, the fired  
rose. The fullness of the wine, the  
dim last toasting. While at port  
adieu or die.*

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIAN-PAST (ON TV) (CONT'D)  
*A choke of grief heart hardened I.  
 Beyond belief a broken man too  
 tough to cry*

BRIAN-PAST (CONT'D)  
 I don't think even I understand  
 those lyrics, man.

PARKS  
 Me neither.

They laugh and puff on.

BRIAN-PAST (ON TV)  
 (singing)  
*Surf's Up  
 Aboard a tidal wave  
 Come about hard and join  
 The young and often spring you gave  
 I heard the word  
 Wonderful thing  
 A children's song*

ON TV: Brian-Past continues playing while harmonizing, his unique falsetto rising achingly.

LEONARD BERNSTEIN (V.O.)  
 Poetic. Beautiful, even in  
 its obscurity. "Surf's Up" is  
 one aspect of new things  
 happening in pop music today.  
 As such, it is a symbol of  
 the change many of these  
 young musicians see in our  
 future.

BRIAN-PAST  
 We should do some sort of a  
 cowboy song. Good guys, bad  
 guys, heroes and villains.  
 Not war, or assassinations,  
 politics, or muckety-muck or  
 muck-a-muck or mucky-muck.  
 Clarity. And elements. The  
 sound of wind and rock and  
 water and fire.

### INT. WESTERN STUDIO 3 - DAY

SESSION MUSICIANS are setting up for another Brian-Past recording adventure. All but one are wearing red plastic fire hats.

Brian-Past walks in. He's got one plastic fire hat in his hand, one on his head. He walks over to the lone HAT-LESS MUSICIAN and puts the extra plastic hat on his head.

HAT-LESS MUSICIAN  
 Come on, Brian, this is silly.

BRIAN-PAST  
 No exceptions. We're making fire  
 music. Making an album called  
 SMILE. Making musical history.  
 You're either with us or against  
 us. Smile!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Hat-Less Musician exaggerates a frown. Brian-Past laughs. In the control room behind him, we can see Parks, Marilyn, her sister Diane, Anderle, friends and other entourage members, all wearing fire hats as is the engineer, Chuck, and several technicians. Cigarette smoke fills the room, a joint is passed.

Brian makes a funny face to Anderle who's shooting a Bolex 16mm camera. Then he lights a cigarette and drops it in a bucket, setting the paper and wood inside on fire.

BRIAN-PAST (CONT'D)  
OK, here we go.

### **INT. CONTROL ROOM. WESTERN 3 RECORDING STUDIO - LATER**

The studio has filled with smoke. Brian-Past and his many fire-hat-wearing guests are watching through the glass as the MUSIC EXPLODES into what sounds like A CACOPHONOUS, SENSORY-OVERDRIVE, DEMONIC MUSICAL COLLAGE EXPLORATION OF FIRE SOUNDS: DEMONIC FLAMES, CRASHING BODIES, HEATED SIRENS...

Brian-Past focuses, nodding to himself, the intensity in his eyes is something new, deeper, darker, more manic than it was during the "Pet Sounds" sessions. He grabs the console mic:

BRIAN-PAST  
Great. We got it. Everybody come on in and take a listen.

Brian stands under one of the large speakers in the control room. Chuck plays "FIRE" back. The Session Musicians file in. The room shakes. Anderle shoots with the Bolex, getting in people's faces.

BRIAN-PAST (CONT'D)  
(to musicians)  
Do you like it?

They stare at him stunned. It's a hellish soundscape. Brilliant!

BRIAN-PAST (CONT'D)  
Who doesn't like it? Show of hands.

### **INT. LIVING ROOM. BEVERLY HILLS HOUSE - NIGHT**

Parks and a FEW OTHER GROOVY GUESTS are asleep around the room, high, drunk or both. OTHER GUESTS are lounging outside by the pool.

Brian-Past is drunk and exhausted, staring at the MUTED 11 O'clock news, his eyes shutting and opening. He watches the ANCHORMAN'S mouth moving with the sound off, finds it amusing, bursts out laughing.

But then the news footage switches over to a wild fire raging in the hills, then cuts to a smoldering scene outside a building in Hollywood.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIAN-PAST  
Jesus Christ! Look at that!

Brian-Past jumps up in panic. Looks around, finds the acetate labeled "FIRE" and smashes it to pieces against the TV set.

Guests wake up, disoriented. Parks slides off the couch. Sees Brian-Past sitting on the floor collecting the acetate shards of his destroyed "FIRE."

PARKS  
What in the world happened?

BRIAN-PAST  
That whole piece. The fire. Mrs. O'Leary. That's bad vibrations to send into the universe. There's too much power in the music. It started fires all over town. I can't do magic fire music. I have too much power. I have to be responsible. I can do a candle. I'll send a candle out there. I'll make candle music. That's a safer vibe. We have to destroy everything we did today.

Some of the awakened Guests stare at Brian in shock. He's in tears, clearly unhinged, mumbling to himself. The darkness in his eyes is that of a deer caught in the headlights, frightened and getting lost in his head. You'd think it's the drugs, but it's Brian-Past, hearing ungodly things.

BRIAN-PAST (CONT'D)  
There's evil everywhere.

#### **MONTAGE - FILM IN REVERSE**

MRS. O'LEARY'S COW, aka FIRE, PLAYS LOUDLY AND MENACINGLY AS THE ENTIRE MOVIE ENTITLED "LOVE & MERCY" WE WATCHED UNTIL NOW PLAYS IN REVERSE, FAST MOTION, as if rewinding. THE MUSIC IS PURE INFERNO ORCHESTRATION, bizarre and uncompromising. WHEN WE GET TO THE OPENING DARK SCREEN OF OUR MOVIE, WE STAY THERE. THE MUSIC GONE. DARKNESS. SLOWLY, WE FADE INTO BLUE WATER IN THE SUNLIGHT.

#### **EXT. POOL. BEVERLY HILLS HOUSE - DAY**

Brian-Past's disturbed eyes - under water - suddenly open and fixate on something unseen.

Above water: the now longer-haired Carl, Al, Dennis, Mike Love (very thin with his hair all thinned out, his beard long) and business manager Anderle are all standing in the pool, drinking, smoking and talking.

Brian-Past emerges from his dive underneath the water.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE LOVE  
Brian, we need to start the  
meeting. Let's go.

BRIAN-PAST  
(whispering)  
We can't talk out there. Can't talk  
in here either. Let's go to the  
deep end.

CARL  
Can't stand in the deep end.

MIKE LOVE                      DENNIS  
This is supposed to be a        We're too shallow for the  
serious meeting.                  deep end.

BRIAN-PAST  
It's safer.

MIKE LOVE  
Safer, how?

BRIAN-PAST  
(whispering)  
It's business. Don't blame me. Is  
it my fault that the house is  
bugged? Can't bug a pool. I know  
what I'm doing.

ANDERLE  
Let's just follow him to the deep  
end.

DENNIS  
(to Anderle)  
Listen, man, you just listen, OK?  
Don't talk.

ANDERLE  
Hey, I just want to do right by  
Brian.

MIKE LOVE  
Well, you're not doing shit. None  
of you new hippie clowns are.  
You're not family. So chill.

BRIAN-PAST  
(whispering)  
It's better if everyone whispered.

DENNIS  
(yelling)  
We're not going to fucking whisper!

BRIAN-PAST  
(whisper)  
Whisper! I got to keep an eye out.  
An ear out. Dad bugged the house.  
You don't live in this world the  
way I do.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BRIAN-PAST (CONT'D)

Phil Spector is listening in all the time. There are mind gangsters and creativity murderers everywhere. I'm responsible for all of us. For the business. I'm being followed all the time.

CARL

No one is following you, Brian. There are no bugs in the house. Dad is busy with other things. Spector doesn't care.

BRIAN-PAST

You're too young to understand, Carl.

CARL

Jesus. OK. OK. So what's this meeting about anyway?

BRIAN-PAST

(whispering)

After we finish SMILE, I want to do a chanting album. On Brother Records. No words. All Hawaiian thing. And turn it into a TV show for kids. Unstructured. About animals and eating right. Being vegetarian, like Mike. No format. Follow me to the deep end.

MIKE LOVE

Well, SMILE isn't finished. Not even close. We'll never make the deadline. Or the extension.

DENNIS

Bri, come on!

Brian-Past splashes away, Anderle following, the rest of them just staring at him in disbelief. Dennis laughs.

BRIAN-PAST

(singing)

...Mahalo lu le, Mahalo lu  
la, Keeni waka pula (Repeats)

DENNIS

You're losing it, brother. I don't blame you. Lots to lose out here.

AL

Brian, no more crazy albums.

Brian-Past and Anderle are in the deep end, the rest of the band - shallow. No one moves. The divide has been defined. Carl breaks the standoff and swims over to Brian-Past.

CARL

I'm worried about you, Bri. Where your head's at. It's bad enough with Dennis, he can't control it. But you--

BRIAN-PAST

(singing)

...Mahalo lu le, Mahalo lu  
la, Keeni waka pula (Repeats)

Brian-Past swims away. Carl swims after him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CARL  
Bri--

The closer Carl gets, the further Brian-Past swims, seemingly oblivious, not dealing, chanting his "*Mahalo lu le, Mahalo lu la, Keeni waka pula*"...

MIKE LOVE  
He's on a bad trip.

DENNIS  
This ain't no trip, cousin, this is Brian.

A DOOR BELL RINGS FRANTICALLY. LOUD BANGS ON THE DOOR.

MR. RUBY (OVER)  
Ah. There you are Mr. Wilson.

**INT. MOVIE THEATER. 1966 - DAY**

Brian-Past walks into a darkened theater where JOHN FRANKENHEIMER'S "SECONDS" (black and white) is already in progress on the movie theater screen.

MR. RUBY  
Ah. There you are Mr. Wilson. Come in. Please.

Brian-Past stares at the movie screen in panic. ON THE SCREEN: JEFF COREY as MR. RUBY welcomes JOHN RANDOLPH (as HAMILTON) into a study.

MR. RUBY (CONT'D)  
Would you close the door?

Hamilton closes the door in our faces. (Being referred to as "Wilson" is as strange to Hamilton as it is to Brian-Past, as it is to us; it's a strange movie).

IN THE THEATER: Brian-Past is watching the screen, unable to move. The movie is talking directly to him.

MR. RUBY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Please, sit down, Mr. Wilson.

Brian-Past sits as if on command. He is absolutely spooked, staring at the screen. We stay on him.

MR. RUBY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
My name is Ruby. I've been assigned to go over the circumstances of your death with you.

Brian-Past starts hyperventilating in the audience.

HAMILTON (O.S.)  
What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. RUBY (O.S.)  
I know this seems strange to you.  
That's why I'm here. You probably  
have a lot of questions, Mr.  
Wilson.

Brian-Past nods to the screen, horrified, sweating.

MR. RUBY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Of course, the subject might appear  
Indelicate, but most of our  
clients...

ON THE MOVIE SCREEN: Hamilton sweats in black and white.

HAMILTON  
Get this straight: I am not a  
client.

MR. RUBY  
Oh, precisely, Mr. Wilson. You are  
not a client yet.

Brian-Past is trembling in his seat, the tension on screen  
overtaking him, reality distorted.

#### **MONTAGE - MOVIE THEATER - DAY**

A SERIES OF SHOTS DISSOLVING FROM ONE TO THE NEXT:

--ROCK HUDSON is sitting on a plane in profile, staring  
ahead, the windows to his side glowing with sunshine.

VOICE OVER  
And remember, you've got what  
almost every middle-aged man in  
America would like to have:  
Freedom. Real freedom.  
(laughing)  
Ah, it's been a pleasure, Mr.  
Wilson.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT (O.S.)  
Pillow, Mr. Wilson?

--In the audience, Brian-Past is terrified out of his mind.

--ROCK HUDSON, tied down to a gurney, sweaty and screening as  
he is rolled down a long corridor, with a PRIEST by his side.

PRIEST  
Ultimately, Mr. Wilson, ultimately  
we'll be called to face the Creator  
and render up our last account. It  
happens to all of us, sir.

ROCK HUDSON/WILSON  
(yelling)  
That's no answer! I want to know  
what's happening to me now!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

--Close up of HUDSON, sweaty, drugged on the gurney, in the operating room, Dr. Innes hovering intensely.

DR. INNES  
You were my best work, Mr. Wilson.  
I'm sorry it all has to end like  
this.

--Brian-Past crying in the audience.

**INT. KITCHEN. BEVERLY HILLS HOUSE - LATER**

MARILYN  
Brian, it's only a movie.

Marilyn is massaging Brian-Past's back in a futile attempt to relax him. Anderle and Parks are sitting at the kitchen table, sucking on a bubbling hookah. PEOPLE are coming in and out, searching the kitchen for food, then exiting back into the NOISY PARTY.

BRIAN-PAST  
It had everything. The beach.  
Losing it on the plane. The whole  
panic thing. My whole life was up  
there on the screen. Birth. Death  
and rebirth.

ANDERLE  
It's just a coincidence.

BRIAN-PAST  
It was real. I know it was about  
me.  
(whispering)  
Phil Spector's in movies now. He's  
trying to scare me off. He could be  
involved; he IS involved. For sure.

MARILYN  
Brian, come on. Phil Spector is not  
going to spend millions of dollars  
to make a movie to threaten you.  
He's got nothing to do with  
"SECONDS."

BRIAN-PAST  
I bet he would. I bet he does.

ANDERLE  
But how would he even know that  
you'd see it?

BRIAN-PAST  
He's a mind gangster. He can  
control minds. You're not  
listening. I took the studio sound  
concept from him, now he wants  
revenge. He's rooting for the  
Beatles. I'm not going to survive  
this. Not like this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TWO PARAKEETS SQUALL AND WHISTLE in a large cage by the fridge. Brian-Past gets up and starts pacing; Parks, Marilyn and Anderle watch fascinated and worried.

BRIAN-PAST (CONT'D)  
I'm doing spiritual sound. OK?  
White spiritual sound. Religious  
music. He's not like me. He's in  
the dark arts. With the Beatles  
it's friendly competition. With  
Spector it's war.

The PARAKEETS SQUALL again, adding to Brian-Past's frenzy - they keep at it.

BRIAN-PAST (CONT'D)  
I can scare him back. My music is  
scary. Right? It's powerful. It  
scares my family. It scares my  
friends. I'm not afraid of the  
music, that's not what I'm saying  
at all. Everyone else is.

ANDERLE  
You're the one and only true genius  
working today, Brian.

BRIAN-PAST  
Stop saying that!

# INT. COLUMBIA RECORDS STUDIO - NIGHT

Mike Love, in a white robe, and Van Dyke Parks, wearing a cowboy hat, are in the midst of an argument, both seething.

MIKE LOVE  
I can't. I'm sorry. It's shit,  
Brian. We can't let you do this to  
us anymore.  
(to Parks)  
"To ride in the rough And sunny  
down snuff"? What the fuck?

Brian-Past, a stethoscope hanging from his neck for no apparent reason, is pretending to read sheet music, his back to them, wincing. He's quite pale. Carl watches upset and worried.

PARKS  
It's a Gothic cowboy trip, man.  
Tell him, Brian! The lyrics don't  
matter. It's the music. It's Mark  
Twain blasted through a Derringer  
up Ives' blunt underwater by way of  
Groucho Marx, not to mention the  
first, fifth and sixty-ninth  
amendments of the U.S.  
Constitution. Throw the lyrics out.  
They're just words.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE LOVE

We need to throw YOU out. I'm telling you, Brian, destroy this shit before it destroys us. The whole thing. Every word of it. You saw what FIRE did to you. These lyrics. They make no sense.

PARKS

It breaks the mold. It breaks the rules. It goes beyond the rules to--

MIKE LOVE

The rules work. There are ways of doing things. We shouldn't be singing child-actor, fantasy lyrics.

PARKS

Hey, man, I've been making music professionally since I was fourteen years old. I don't need to be here.

MIKE LOVE

Then go!  
(to Brian)  
The label won't give us more time.  
Tell him!

BRIAN-PAST

I need another year.

MIKE LOVE

Wake up! We're months behind already.

Brian-Past is torn. Can't quite say anything.

MIKE LOVE (CONT'D)

We gotta take some of the Smile songs, simplify them, rewrite quickly, get them ready. Slap them together into an album. Call it something else. Forget SMILE, there's no payoff to the buildup. We'll put out a press release. Tell him!

BRIAN-PAST

Tell him what?

MIKE LOVE

Family first! Or do we need your father here to talk some sense into you.

Brian-Past shakes his head in defeat.

BRIAN-PAST

I'm sorry, Van.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PARKS  
I get it.

BRIAN-PAST  
OK.

PARKS  
I guess Charles Bukowski was right.  
Friendship is just sharing the  
prejudice of experience.

Parks walks away, proud and heartbroken.

MIKE LOVE  
(to Brian)  
You call this book worm your  
friend?

BRIAN-PAST  
I don't have friends. Nobody does.  
Dad was right. Only family matters.

CARL  
Brian, what do you say we hang out  
tonight, just you and me? Catch a  
movie or something.

BRIAN-PAST  
(looking at Carl)  
I can't.  
(yelling)  
Cancel the rest of the session. I  
can't work anymore. The vibrations  
are all wrong tonight.

**INT. KITCHEN. MELINDA'S APARTMENT. 1987 - NIGHT**

Melinda is cooking pasta for one. The TV IS ON IN THE OTHER  
ROOM. Suddenly, her DOORBELL RINGS.

She rushes to the front door, looks through the peep-hole to  
see Brian's minder, Andy, standing there. She opens the door.

ANDY  
Hi. I'm sorry to bother you, but he  
wants to see you. Now.

MELINDA  
I have nothing to say to that man.

She closes the door, but he gets his foot in there.

ANDY  
Not Landy. Brian.

She pulls the door back.

ANDY (CONT'D)  
Gene doesn't know I'm here. Brian  
sent me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She looks at him, trying to weigh whether he's telling the truth.

ANDY (CONT'D)  
 Look, I know how fucked up the whole thing is. I have to play along. It's a job. Landy's got him so drugged up most of the time, pretty much the only thing he talks about that makes sense these days is you. He really needs to see you.

Melinda considers him. Brian-Future's solo tune "THERE'S SO MANY" breaks in:

BRIAN-FUTURE (OVER)  
 (singing)  
*...There's so many girls to love . It's like trying to count the stars above. You love one's arms. And another one's charms.*

MELINDA  
 How am I suppose to believe you?

BRIAN-FUTURE (OVER)  
 (singing)  
*Their unique personalities--*

ANDY  
 I don't know. All I can say is Sarah told me this is the right thing to do.

**INT. HALLWAY. SUNSET SOUND RECORDING STUDIO - NIGHT**

Melinda and Andy walk down the corridor. HEADS TURN for the stranger in a dress. They open a door marked: STUDIO A. "THERE'S SO MANY" CONTINUES:

BRIAN-FUTURE (OVER)  
 (singing)  
*Darling, why is it taking so long?  
 Darling, you know where you belong.*

**INT. STUDIO A. SUNSET SOUND RECORDING STUDIO - CONTINUOUS**

Melinda and Andy enter. ENGINEERS turn from the board to watch. THE "THERE'S SO MANY" DEMO IS PLAYING LOUDLY ON THE STUDIO SPEAKERS.

BRIAN-FUTURE (ON STUDIO SPEAKERS)  
 (singing)  
*Your face up in the sky. Where angels fly. Up in the sky. Where planets are turning around.*

ANDY  
 Where the hell is he?

INT. STUDIO B. SUNSET RECORDING STUDIO - LATER

Andy opens the door for Melinda who walks into the dark recording studio to find Brian-Future sitting by himself, staring at a microphone. He turns to gaze at her. He's in a fog; he's been crying. Andy stays out of the room.

BRIAN-FUTURE  
I'm glad you came.

MELINDA  
It's been awhile.

BRIAN-FUTURE  
I've been busy. I'm sorry. He  
wouldn't let me.

She sits next to him and takes his hand.

BRIAN-FUTURE (CONT'D)  
It's hard making a record.

MELINDA  
I'm sure it is. You don't look  
well.

BRIAN-FUTURE  
I feel awful. I fall asleep  
everywhere I go. I got this nausea.

MELINDA  
You need better care.

BRIAN-FUTURE  
Gene's tough, you know, he's a  
really tough producer. Very  
demanding. He rewrites me a lot. I  
can't just do a piece of music  
because someone says I have to. It  
takes time. I need a break. He's  
putting a lot of pressure on me. I  
never wanted a solo album. I miss  
my family. I missed you!

He kisses her.

MELINDA  
Brian--

BRIAN-FUTURE  
I want to be with you. Not just  
tonight. We should be together. I'm  
living in a hell-hole. I don't want  
it anymore. I'm signing all kinds  
of documents all the time, record  
deals, publishing, I don't even  
know-- I don't know what's going  
on.

(whispering)  
I'm hearing things. Not just music.  
Voices.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MELINDA  
Since when?

BRIAN-FUTURE  
Nineteen sixty-three. I think.

MELINDA  
Are you kidding?

He looks into her eyes, pleading.

BRIAN-FUTURE  
There's no way out, is there?

MELINDA  
There has to be a way out. I could help you if you're really ready.

BRIAN-FUTURE  
I'm ready.

MELINDA  
Are you sure, Brian? Cause if you are, we should walk out of here right now. You and I. Everything will change.

BRIAN-FUTURE  
Get me out of this hell-hole. Now. I want to start everything over again. I can't live this life. Let's get out of here now.

She considers Brian-Future, ready to take a chance on him again.

MELINDA  
OK. Let's go.

Holding hands, they move together toward the door, but just then LANDY'S VOICE BOOMS OVER THE INTERCOM.

DR. LANDY  
Hi kids. What did I miss?

They both freeze. Brian-Future immediately releases Melinda's hand.

BRIAN-FUTURE  
No. No. Fuck you, Gene. I can do whatever I want.

Landy stares at him from behind the glass in the control booth. Then speaks into the console mic:

DR. LANDY  
I'm sorry you feel like you live in a hell-hole, Brian. I find your living arrangements quite comfortable. Please come into the booth to take your medication.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BRIAN-FUTURE  
Why can't I be with her?

DR. LANDY  
For the same reason you can't be  
with anyone just yet. You're sick.  
Sick is sick. But you'll get  
better. Please come to the control  
room.

Brian-Future steps toward the door, but Melinda moves closer  
to him, blocking his path, whispering in his ear.

DR. LANDY (CONT'D)  
What's it going to take, Melinda? A  
court order? I told you to stay  
away.

MELINDA  
He's a grown man.

DR. LANDY  
Are you his mental health provider?

MELINDA  
I came to help him get away from  
you and your Surf Nazis.

DR. LANDY  
Brian, do you understand that if I  
let you go, you'll spiral? You'd  
collapse. This woman is endangering  
you.

Brian-Future is torn, confused, unsure what to do.

MELINDA  
You're using him. You're  
controlling him for your own  
ambitions. Let him make his  
choices!

DR. LANDY  
Brian, I'd have to commit you to an  
institution if you stray from the  
program, do you understand? You  
know the rules. If I can't be here,  
neither can you.

Brian-Future steps toward the door, but Melinda blocks him  
again and knocks the microphone down.

MELINDA  
(quietly, to Brian)  
Don't, Brian! We can fight him. I  
love you, do you understand? You're  
going to die if you let him keep  
doing this to you. You need to get  
away from him. You need human  
contact. You need your family  
again. You need... to find a way to  
get back to yourself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Brian-Future turns his back to the control room and looks at her desperately. He tries to say "I-- --" but nothing come out of his mouth. He struggles; it's no use.

Then he turns back and walks out to the control room and Landy.

DR. LANDY  
Please leave the premises Melinda,  
before I call the cops. You don't  
want to be the next celebrity  
stalker, do you?

**INT. MELINDA'S CAR. MOVING - NIGHT**

Melinda drives home, tears streaming down her face. It's the final goodbye. She fought valiantly and lost. A CAR HONKS. She can't see the road crying like this. She veers to her left and parks by the side of the road.

**INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE. LA - DAY**

Melinda is sitting in a plush office across from a LAWYER.

LAWYER  
Look, I'd love to help you, but  
even the state is helpless without  
the family coming forward and  
filing a complaint. Landy's the  
legal guardian here. He calls the  
shots.

MELINDA  
He's out of his mind. Out of  
control. Out of bounds.

LAWYER  
Brian?

MELINDA  
Landy?

LAWYER  
He's a licensed pyschotherapist  
with a long list of accomplishments  
including bringing Brian Wilson  
back from the brink. You need the  
family.

MELINDA  
I tried to call Carl's attorney. I  
tried. But they don't know who I  
am. They think I'm some crackpot.

LAWYER  
I'm really sorry.

**INT. BEVERLY HILLS HOUSE. 1967 - NIGHT**

THE CHAOTIC ORCHESTRAL CRESCENDO OF THE BEATLES' "A DAY IN A LIFE" ENDS DRAMATICALLY WITH THE FAMOUS E-MAJOR PIANO CHORD.

Brian-Past and Anderle are standing near the stereo. Brian-Past is devastated, just staring at the "Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band" colorful album cover as the needle lifts from the record.

BRIAN-PAST  
(in tears)  
It's over. It's over. It's over.  
They got there first. They got to  
SMILE first.

He starts to frantically count the many cardboard models of famous people on the cover, his tears raining down on them. He sits with the realization, numb and shattered.

BRIAN-PAST (CONT'D)  
Everyone's trying to steal my soul.

**EXT. HAL BLAINE'S HOUSE - DAY**

Wearing his sunglasses, Brian-Past struggles to balance a heavy cardboard box while lifting the knocker at the door. The door opens and Hal Blaine, famed session drummer, stares surprised.

HAL  
What's happening, Brian?

BRIAN-PAST  
I want you to have this.

He pushes the box into Hal's arms. Hal puts it down and rummages inside: it's full of Beach Boys gold records.

HAL  
What's going on, Brian? What is this?

BRIAN-PAST  
Don't need them.

HAL  
Brian, I can't take these.

BRIAN-PAST  
Sure you can. They're a gift. Don't say you can't. I don't want them.

HAL  
Why don't you come in? Have a drink. Get a load off.

BRIAN-PAST  
No. I have to go. I'm very...busy, you know. Very busy.

Brian walks back to his car, gets in, lights a cigarette with shaky hands and just sits there. Hal comes over.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIAN-PAST (CONT'D)  
 SMILE is over. I'll never make that album. And my father sold our publishing company, "Sea of Tunes" to A&M records for what he thinks is a lot of money. Everybody hates me. The record label wants a hit album. My family looks at me like I'm some weirdo. People aren't coming to the concerts. All the publishing - gone. All that work.

HAL  
 Sorry, man.

BRIAN-PAST  
 Did you know my dad always wanted to be a jingle writer? He always wanted make it big off a hit song. Came close once. "TWO-STEP, SIDE-STEP". That silly dance tune he got on the Lawrence Welk radio show once, in like 52.

(singing)  
*Two step side step, what a gloomy day, from that two step side step Saturday night.*

(laughing)  
 I fucked up. I wasted too much time. I trusted the wrong people. I'm going to do nothing but what the charts tell me from now on. I can't let down my family and the record company and everyone. The fans are waiting. I'm a father now. No more weird SMILE music. No Monterey Pop. Just hits. Good hits. Good songs, good money.

**EXT. POOL. BEL-AIR HOUSE - DAY**

"WONDERFUL (Version 3)" PLAYS, a heartbreaking piano. Brian-Past sits by the edge of the pool of his new Bel-Air Spanish Mission house, staring at his reflection in the water.

We hear THE CRY OF A BABY COMING FROM INSIDE THE HOUSE. Brian-Past splashes his feet in the water, breaking up his reflection.

MARILYN (O.S.)  
 (from inside house)  
 Brian, come in here. I think she smiled. Oh, man! Come see. Her first smile! She's got your smile.

He doesn't move. Just follows his legs in the water. A PHONE RINGS IN THE HOUSE. NOISES FLOOD THE SCENE. VOICES YELLING INDECIPHERABLY.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BED ROOM. BEL-AIR HOUSE - DAY

Brian-Past, wearing only underwear, is lying in his bed, numb to beyond unself-consciousness about his enormous body. The 1970s "man" from the opening scene, is less of a mystery to us now; depression has taken over his present life. Marilyn walks in. She's in tears.

MARILYN  
Brian. Your dad.

BRIAN-PAST  
Tell him to fuck off. I don't want  
to talk to him ever.

MARILYN  
No. He's gone. He died. He just  
dropped. He's gone. I'm sorry.

Brian-Past doesn't react. He just stares at the ceiling.

MARILYN (CONT'D)  
Everyone is getting together at the  
house.

He closes his eyes. Buries himself under the covers.

BRIAN WILSON'S RE-IMAGINATION OF GEORGE GERSHWIN'S "RHAPSODY  
IN BLUE (INTRO)" CUTS IN, the purest of the purest sounds.

We move closer to Brian-Past's outline underneath the covers  
as images start rushing the screen, melding, dissolving,  
cutting in a cacophonous mash-up:

Pills going down Brian-Past's throat... Brian-Future lying on  
his back in his Malibu Bed, watching the ceiling come  
alive... "RHAPSODY" turns into "VEGA-TABLES"... Landy  
hovering...

DR. LANDY  
I won't desert you, Brian, don't  
worry...

A shot of KIDS running happily by the Wilsons' Hawthorne  
house is superimposed over Landy... who dissolves into Murry  
hitting the CHILD BRIAN on the side of his head in his  
Hawthorne bed...

THE BEACH BOYS' "CALIFORNIA GIRLS" PLAYS OVER VEGA-TABLES...  
The CHILD BRIAN cries... Brian-Future takes Landy's pills...  
Melinda kisses Brian...

MELINDA  
(whispering)  
You just have to get back to  
yourself--

The ocean waves crash on the Malibu shore... The FOUR  
FRESHMEN sing "DAY BY DAY"... We hear BRIAN-PAST'S HYSTERICAL  
SCREAMS, DESPERATE YELPS, HORRIFIED SHRIEKS MUFFLED BY A  
PILLOW... Carl is standing by Brian-Future's bed...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOGS BARKING. Brian-Past is in his Beverly Hills bed, his face buried in the pillow... The screen splits to add: The family gathered around Brian in his Bel-Air bed...

|                               |                         |
|-------------------------------|-------------------------|
| MARILYN                       | CARL                    |
| We found a doctor. A very     | They say he's the best. |
| unique doctor for you, Brian. |                         |
| His name is Dr. Landy.        |                         |

|                             |                           |
|-----------------------------|---------------------------|
| AUDREE                      | DENNIS                    |
| He'll get you out and about | Just get out of bed, Bri. |
| and working again, dear.    | Let's have a drink        |

Brian's "YOU ARE MY SUNSHINE" BOOMS UP... Murry clasps his hands in delight talking with RECORD EXECUTIVES in a 1960s recording studio, Brian-Past smiling at him, a rare moment... Landy gives Brian-Future a hug before they get into Brian's new aqua blue Fleetwood... BEACH BOYS "DO IT AGAIN" CUTS IN, MID-SONG...

Brian's TWO DAUGHTERS, CARNIE AND WENDY, 4 and 5, walk into the kitchen to find a heavy Brian-Past in a bathrobe crying. They run out spooked...

A CAR REVS UP... "409" STARTS PLAYING... Brian-Past asleep in his bed, an assortment of left-over food, drugs and booze all around him... "RHAPSODY IN BLUE (REPRISE)" GETS UNBEARABLY LOUD... Out of nowhere, Brian-Past is suddenly doused with water. He wakes up screaming.

DR. LANDY  
Good morning. Rise and shine. My  
name is Dr. Eugene Landy and I am  
here to save your life.

"THE LONELY SEA" STARTS PLAYING...

We see Brian-Future lying in his Malibu bed.

Then - Brian-Past lying in his Beverly Hills Bed, shaking his head back and forth as if to deny access to the demons in his mind. Then "that look" takes over, freezing him, the voices in his head...

Superimpose: Brian-Past as he gets out of bed...

Superimpose: Brian-Future getting out of his bed...

"THE LONELY SEA" SLOWLY FADES OUT...

DISSOLVE TO:

**INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING LOT - NIGHT**

Melinda unlocks her car, then jumps as a FIGURE approaches her from the shadows.

MELINDA  
Who's there?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Isabella emerges from the dark, just as anxious as Melinda.

MELINDA (CONT'D)  
Jesus, you sacred me half to death.  
(realizing)  
Is Brian OK?

ISABELLA  
Same.

MELINDA  
What are you doing here? I mean--  
How did you--?

Isabella hands Melinda a Manila envelope.

ISABELLA  
For you.

Melinda opens the envelope. Pulls a thick document out. She reads the heading, can't believe her eyes. It reads: "LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF BRIAN WILSON". She scans it frantically.

When Melinda looks up she sees Isabella walking away.

MELINDA  
Isabella.

**INT. CARL WILSON'S OFFICE - DAY**

Carl, more than a decade older than we've last seen him, is holding Brian's will in his hand. Melinda is sitting across from him. There are other MEN IN SUITS in the room, lawyer types.

MELINDA  
He signed everything he has over to  
Landy. Nothing to his family, his  
daughters. Nothing to charity.  
Everything he owns and will make to  
the man who pulls his strings.

Looks exchanged in the room.

MELINDA (CONT'D)  
(to Carl)  
Is that enough of a smoking gun to  
set your brother free?

Carl smiles sadly.

CARL  
I hope so.

**INT. MELINDA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Melinda is on the phone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MELINDA (TO PHONE)  
Dr. Landy? Melinda Ledbetter. Fine,  
thanks. I have very important  
information to share with you. No,  
I have to see you face to face. I'm  
not wasting your time. It's a  
matter of life and death. Could you  
come see me at the dealership?

**INT. CADILLAC DEALERSHIP - DAY**

MUZAK PLAYS. We're back in the world of shiny showroom  
Caddies, only a few years later than that fateful Brian-  
Melinda meeting. Dr. Landy trudges through the dealership,  
followed by Rob and Andy.

**INT. MELINDA'S OFFICE. CADILLAC DEALERSHIP - AT THE SAME TIME**

Melinda lowers the blinds in her office, but turns no light  
on. She's comfortably surrounded by darkness.

**INT. CADILLAC DEALERSHIP - AT THE SAME TIME**

Landy is standing by a red Deville. Rob and Andy approach.

ROB  
(pointing to Melinda's  
office)  
It's that one.

DR. LANDY  
(laughing)  
Her own private office. Our little  
girl's moving up in the world.

They walks to her office. Landy KNOCKS ON HER DOOR.

**INT. MELINDA'S OFFICE. CADILLAC DEALERSHIP - CONTINUOUS**

Melinda is motionless, silent. She's hiding.

**INT. CADILLAC DEALERSHIP - AT THE SAME TIME**

Landy tries the door knob. It's locked.

DR. LANDY  
Goddamnit. Don't tell me the she  
isn't here.

A MAN IN A SUIT appears behind Landy.

MAN IN SUIT  
Dr. Eugene E. Landy?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. LANDY  
Yes. What?

Landy, Rob and Andy all turn around in unison. The Man holds out a folded document and puts it in Landy's hand before he can react.

MAN IN SUIT  
You've been served.

Landy looks at Melinda's office in shock.

DR. LANDY  
Fucking bitch!

Rob looks devastated. Andy can barely conceal his smile.

**INT. MELINDA'S OFFICE. CADILLAC DEALERSHIP - AT THE SAME TIME**

Melinda cowers in her dark office, afraid to move.

DR. LANDY (O.S.)  
(screaming)  
You think you've won, Melinda! You fucking gold digger. I'm going to beat this. I'm going to beat you. Don't think you'll ever see Brian again. Your dead to Brian. You're dead to me. You haven't heard the last of me. I'll see you in your nightmares...

Tears runs down her face, but she's not sad, not in the least, she knows Landy's now living in Brian's world on borrowed time.

FADE TO BLACK:

**INT. MELINDA'S CAR. MOVING. 1992 - DAY**

Melinda is driving. She steers down Pico and makes a turn when suddenly A MAN JUMPS INTO THE STREET out of nowhere.

MELINDA  
Lookout!

She swerves and slams on her brakes trying to avoid hitting the Man. Frozen with fear, she waits for the impact and scream of agony. But all's quiet.

She looks around in shock. The man just stands there, uninjured. Slowly, inexorably, he moves towards her.

MELINDA (CONT'D)  
What...? What the hell were you doing?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAN  
Melinda?

He leans into her window and then she can see the man is Brian-Future. A few years older, he hasn't changed much from the last time she saw him, but there's a brightness in his eyes, some clarity.

BRIAN-FUTURE  
How are you?

He seems completely undaunted by the car's near-miss, as if nothing had happened, but she's still struggling to calm down.

MELINDA  
You scared me half to death.

BRIAN-FUTURE  
I'm sorry.

She takes him in, takes a few breaths, pulls herself together. Shocked to see him. Excited.

BRIAN-FUTURE (CONT'D)  
Are you OK?

MELINDA  
Yes. I'm fine. What are you doing here?

BRIAN-FUTURE  
(smiling)  
Maybe I'm looking for you???

She smiles back.

MELINDA  
You look good.

BRIAN-FUTURE  
You do too.

He looks at her closely.

BRIAN-FUTURE (CONT'D)  
You're keeping your skin protected.  
That's good. Block those sun rays.  
What with that Ozone layer all  
messed up.

MELINDA  
Just another thing to worry about,  
I guess.

BRIAN-FUTURE  
It's scary just to be alive. But  
maybe it's good to be scared.  
That's what my dad always told me.  
Fear drives you to fight. Succeed.  
Do you think that it's a sign?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MELINDA

What?

BRIAN-FUTURE

You coming back to almost kill me.

MELINDA

I did not almost kill--

BRIAN-FUTURE

Could we go out on a date again?

And she's back at square one, charmed by his boyish innocence.

MELINDA

I never want to put any pressure on you.

BRIAN-FUTURE

Gene's gone. The courts forced him out. My family sued. Then the Attorney General. Ethical violations or something like that. He's in Hawaii and some state-appointed someone else is managing everything. I live with a nurse. She's not mean. Isabella is still there. I don't miss him. Most of the time. I'm still a mess in my head, I won't lie. There are good days and bad. I guess that's not likely to change. But it's a good day today.

Melinda is trying to hang on to her good sense, but she's so excited to see him, she's jumping out of her skin.

BRIAN-FUTURE (CONT'D)

Look, at least give me a ride.

He moves around and gets in on the passenger side.

BRIAN-FUTURE (CONT'D)

It's the least you could do.

MELINDA

Where to?

BRIAN-FUTURE

Take me home. Please.

MELINDA

I have an appointment, Brian. I can't drive you all the way to Malibu right now.

BRIAN-FUTURE

I don't live in Malibu anymore.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MELINDA  
Oh?

BRIAN-FUTURE  
I'll show you where to go. It won't  
take too long.

Melinda puts the car in gear.

BRIAN-FUTURE (CONT'D)  
Take a left at the light.

**INT./EXT. MELINDA'S CAR. MOVING/NEAR FREEWAY - LATER**

BRIAN-FUTURE  
There.

Brian-Future points to a ramp heading toward the freeway.

MELINDA  
Brian! I thought you said--

BRIAN-FUTURE  
It's not that far. Just keep going.

She speeds up as they get on the freeway.

BRIAN-FUTURE (CONT'D)  
So, what are you listening to these  
days?

Before she can stop him, he turns the car stereo on and  
Mariah Carey's "CAN'T LET GO" continues from where it was  
last stopped. Melinda turns it off.

MELINDA  
It was a gift.

BRIAN-FUTURE  
It's nice to get gifts.

She laughs. He opens her glove compartment and rummages  
through the CDs inside. Finds PET SOUNDS among them. Smiles  
to himself, staring at the cover: The Beach Boys at the  
petting zoo all those years ago.

**INT./EXT. MELINDA'S CAR. MOVING/HAWTHORNE, CA - LATER**

Melinda drives her car along the main artery of a blue-collar  
neighborhood, virtually unchanged from the 1950s, as Brian-  
Future, rapt, watches the buildings and houses passing by.

MELINDA  
(smiling)  
That was a dirty trick.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIAN-FUTURE  
I didn't say I wanted you to take  
me to where I live. This is my  
hometown. I want you to see my  
home. Where I grew up. Up ahead.  
Then a right on 119th.

She drives a little further on, makes a right turn; Brian  
starts to look around, confused.

BRIAN-FUTURE (CONT'D)  
Slow down, slow down.

He stares up ahead, stunned. Starts laughing.

MELINDA  
What? Where is it?

She looks around, but there are no houses here. Nothing other  
than the massive concrete structures of the freeway.

MELINDA (CONT'D)  
Oh, no!

BRIAN-FUTURE  
(laughing)  
My house is gone. I have no home.  
Oh, no!

She parks the car by an empty lot beside the freeway. He gets  
out of the car and Melinda follows.

BRIAN-FUTURE (CONT'D)  
I guess they're right. You can't  
really go home again. You're never  
who you used to be.

He's silent for a long moment. Heartbroken. Then he turns and  
looks at Melinda.

BRIAN-FUTURE (CONT'D)  
I remember you telling me in the  
studio that I had to get back to  
myself. The thing is I'm not really  
sure that I know who that is  
anymore. I'm not even sure there's  
someone to get back to.

He looks around at the empty lot.

MELINDA  
Do you want to get out of here?

BRIAN-FUTURE  
There's no here here.

He regards her very seriously; she meets his look.

BRIAN-FUTURE (CONT'D)  
Let's go for a drive. Then maybe  
dinner. Breakfast tomorrow?  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BRIAN-FUTURE (CONT'D)  
Then lunch. We should catch a movie  
in the afternoon. See where the  
evening takes us.

She smiles.

BRIAN-FUTURE (CONT'D)  
We have a lot of lost time to make  
up for.

They turn and walk hand-in-hand toward Melinda's car.

MELINDA  
What should we listen to?

Instead of answering, He pulls her closer to him. They kiss.  
It's a loooong, promising kiss, spontaneous, heartfelt and  
passionate. When their lips part they smile at each other.

BRIAN-FUTURE  
You know, I've been thinking about  
some new material.

MELINDA  
Really? Maybe you could play some  
of it for me.

BRIAN-FUTURE  
Oh, I don't know. Maybe.

They kiss again. Then he starts HUMMING as they get into the  
car. They sit there for a beat. Breathe in. Then they drive  
away.

We watch the car disappear in the distance on its way toward  
a new beginning.

"WOULDN'T IT BE NICE" STARTS PLAYING.

**SUPERTITLE:** Eugene Landy, credited with Brian Wilson's  
comeback, was barred by court order from contacting his  
patient in 1992 as a settlement for a law suit brought on by  
the Wilson family. He died in 2006.

"WOULDN'T IT BE NICE" CONTINUES over a freeze frame of the  
real Beach Boys performing in the early 60s.

**SUPERTITLE:** Melinda and Brian Wilson dated for awhile before  
marrying in 1995. They have five adopted children and many  
pets. They live in Los Angeles, California.

A FREEZE FRAME the real Brian's new family, surrounding him  
around a birthday cake to the tune of "WOULDN'T IT BE NICE".

**SUPERTITLE:** Audree Wilson died in 1997. Carl in 1998. In  
2004, the last surviving Wilson, Brian, recorded "the  
greatest album never made" SMILE, nearly four decades after  
its inception. He continues to record and perform his solo  
music.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

A SERIES OF CLOSE-UP FRAMES OF THE REAL BRIAN WILSON, a true survivor in his 60s, performing SMILE in London.

**SUPERTITLE:** Brian was re-diagnosed in the 1990s and his mental health greatly improved. He is still haunted by auditory hallucinations. Some days are better than others. His medication is carefully monitored.

"WOULDN'T IT BE NICE" RINGS OUT. CREDITS ROLL as a piano starts playing an intimate version of: "LOVE AND MERCY" (Live at the Roxy Theater):

BRIAN (OVER)  
(singing)  
*I was sittin' in a crummy movie  
with my hands on my chin. Oh the  
violence that occurs seems like we  
never win. Love and mercy that's  
what you need tonight. So, love and  
mercy to you and your friends  
tonight.*

THE CROWD APPLAUDS. CREDITS CONTINUE.

BRIAN (OVER) (CONT'D)  
(singing)  
*I was lyin' in my room and the news  
came on T.V. A lotta people out  
there hurtin' and it really scares  
me. Love and mercy that's what you  
need tonight. So, love and mercy to  
you and your friends tonight.*

CREDITS CONTINUE, MORE APPLAUSE.

BRIAN (OVER) (CONT'D)  
(singing)  
*I was standin' in a bar and  
watchin' all the people there. Oh  
the loneliness in this world well  
it's just not fair. Love and mercy  
that's what you need tonight. So,  
love and mercy to you and your  
friends tonight. Love and mercy  
tonight.*

The CROWD EXPLODES AS THE SONG CONCLUDES.

BRIAN (V.O.)  
Good night. Drive safe.

When CREDITS END we go on with our lives to pursue love and mercy. Preferably tonight.