

Treme "As Broadcast"
Ep 405
Air Date: TBA

TREME 405

"...to Miss New Orleans"

Written by
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Directed by
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New Orleans, LA 70130
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01:00:00

HBO LOGO

OVER BLACK:

The SOUND of many VOICES singing a heartfelt "Indian Red."

FADE IN:

EXT. DRIVEWAY/LAMBREAUX'S HOUSE/GENTILLY - DAY #1

The Indian Memorial for Lambreaux. VOICES and DRUMS. The MOURNERS gathered in a circle, spilling out onto the lawn. DAVINA LAMBREAUX, DELMOND LAMBREAUX, LADONNA BATISTE-WILLIAMS, BRANDI (more pregnant), the GUARDIANS, including GEORGE COTRELL, DUPREE, FRANKLIN, MEMPHIS RONNIE, et al, CHERICE HARRISON-NELSON, WARDELL, ROBINETTE and MRS. ROBINETTE, and some of Lambreaux's fellow big chiefs: HOWARD MILLER, CLARENCE DALCOUR, DARRYL MONTANA, MONK BOUDREAUX, etcetera. As they did for the Wild Man in Season One, now they do for Big Chief Albert Lambreaux, harmonizing on the words, "How I love to hear you call my Indian Red,"

DALCOUR

Big Chief Lambreaux make no hum-bow,

INDIANS

Hum-bow,

DALCOUR

Indians of the nations gonna go around,

INDIANS

Whoa,

DALCOUR

Mighty Cootie-Fiyo,

INDIANS

Indian Red, Indian Red,

DALCOUR

Mighty Cootie-Fiyo,

INDIANS

Indian Red, Indian Red,

DALCOUR

Oh, we are the,

INDIANS

Indians,

DALCOUR

All I say,

INDIANS

Indians,

DALCOUR

All I say,

INDIANS

*Indians of the nation, the whole
wild creation,*

DALCOUR

But we won't bow down,

INDIANS

No we won't bow down,

01:01:00

DALCOUR

Down on that ground,

INDIANS

*On that dirty ground, oh how I love
to hear him call my Indian Red.*

MONTANA

We are from the nation,

INDIANS

*The whole wild creation, don't you
hear me callin', softly, softly
callin',*

MONTANA

Oh my Indian Red,

INDIANS

Oh my Indian Red,

MONTANA

We killed him dead,

INDIANS

*Oh, we killed him dead, because I
love to hear him call my Indian Red,*

DALCOUR

Oh we are the,

INDIANS

Indians,

MILLER

Indians,

INDIANS

Indians,

MILLER
Indians of a nation,

INDIANS
Indians of the nation,

MILLER
The whole wild,

INDIANS
The whole wild creation,

MILLER
And we won't bow down,

INDIANS
No we won't bow down,

MILLER
Not on that ground,

INDIANS
*On that dirty ground, because I love
to hear him call my Indian Red,*

01:02:04

BOUDREAUX
Mighty Cootie got Fiyo,

INDIANS
Indian Red, Indian Red,

BOUDREAUX
*Big Chief Lambreaux dead and gone,
but his name gonna carry on and on
and on,*

INDIANS
Indian Red, Indian Red,

DALCOUR
Jockomo,

INDIANS
*Fino-hiyo-hiyo, hiyo-hiyo-hiyo, hiyo-
hiyo-hiyo, hiyo-hiyo-hiyo, my Indian
Red, Oh it killed him dead, because
I love to hear them call my Indian
Red,*

BOUDREAUX
County-fay.

FADE TO:

MAIN TITLES: "TREME SONG," BY JOHN BOUTTÉ

01:03:00

01:04:00

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM/CHEZ MCALARY/TREME STREET/TREME - DAY

JANETTE DESAUTEL and DAVIS MCALARY have slept in, chef's hours. And now, DESAUTEL is above him, in the bed, in argument. But they are happy.

MCALARY
I can do this for you.

DESAUTEL
I can't pay you. We're just getting costs covered as it is, I can't afford you.

MCALARY
Not for pay.

DESAUTEL
Not for pay? Why would you do it without getting paid?

MCALARY
Because I'm a giver. I give, and I give, and I give...

DESAUTEL laughs, hits him with a pillow.

MCALARY (CONT'D)
Come on, face the facts. Look, I lived out most half my life, if I'm honest, wasting a quarter of it, and what do I have to show, huh? I am a part-time disc jockey, a part-time musician, a part-time lover,

01:05:00

MCALARY (CONT'D)
Of extraordinary women that nonetheless work eighty hours a week and are therefore willing to settle...

DESAUTEL
They're not settling. I mean, not any more than you are...

MCALARY
I'm just saying, it's time for me to go full-time in life.

DESAUTEL

You're scaring me, Davis. I mean,
where's the Davis McAlary who said
any job on which you can't be seen
with a lit joint is a job not worthy
of consideration?

MCALARY

When I was a child, I spoke as a
child.

(pause)

Janette.

DESAUTEL

Hmm?

MCALARY

Let me do this.

She looks at him, amused, leans over, kisses him, gets out
of bed, and while walking away:

DESAUTEL

Alright, Davis. I need you there at
five-thirty. Don't be late.

DESAUTEL enters bath. As MCALARY lies in bed a moment,
thinking, wondering at himself,

CUT TO:

INT. OUTSIDE MARSDEN'S OFFICE/NOPD HQ/S. BROAD ST. - DAY

Lt. TERRY COLSON waits outside the Deputy Chief's office,
hat in hand, so to speak. He fidgets, checks his watch.
Finally, the OFFICER seated in the outer office answers his
phone after an intercom BUZZ. OFFICER nods.

OFFICER

Yes, sir.

OFFICER hangs up, turns to COLSON.

OFFICER (CONT'D)

You can go in, Lieutenant.

01:06:00

COLSON gets up, enters into:

INT. MARSDEN'S OFFICE/NOPD HEADQUARTERS/S. BROAD ST. - DAY

COLSON squares before DEPUTY CHIEF OF OPERATIONS MARSDEN's
desk. MARSDEN looks at him -- suppressed hate -- but has to
swallow all.

COLSON

What you want to see me for, Chief?

MARSDEN

(wary now)

Your transfer. It's been approved.

COLSON

To where?

MARSDEN

Back to the Eighth. As requested.
Effective after the holiday.

(pause, smile)

You'll also be happy to know that
I've been asked by the chief to
oversee an internal initiative aimed
at reducing departmental corruption.

COLSON

An internal initiative?

(smile)

Policing ourselves under your
discerning eye, huh, Chief?

MARSDEN glowers at him.

COLSON (CONT'D)

Too late.

MARSDEN

What?

COLSON

Too little, too late. I'm testifying,
Deputy. Tomorrow, in fact.

COLSON salutes sharply, nods politely, exits. On MARSDEN,

CUT TO:

INT. CONFERENCE AREA/LOBBY/LIGUORI'S BANK/C.B.D. - DAY

NELSON HIDALGO sits on one side with C.J. LIGUORI, facing a
pair of LAWYERS, a BANK OFFICER and a STATE OFFICIAL. LAWYER
#1 passes across yet another document, pointing to the tagged
places where HIDALGO needs to sign.

LAWYER #1

Here, here and here. Need a full
signature right there.

HIDALGO takes pen in hand. LIGUORI watches benignly.

HIDALGO

It's gonna be quite a medical center.

01:07:01

STATE OFFICIAL
With a biotech component.

LIGUORI
Something to rival the Houston
complex, thanks to planning and
patience.

HIDALGO
(toast with pen)
Well, here's to planning and patience.

LAWYER #1
Okay, your last copies.
(pointing)
Gonna go here and here. Initial in
the corner of each page.

HIDALGO continues signing.

LIGUORI
Now that we've unburdening you of
all this New Orleans real estate,
I'm guessing that the last order of
business for Nelson Hidalgo is to
see that Jazz Center get the green
light.

HIDALGO
That would frost the cake, wouldn't
it?

LAWYER #1
Thank you.

HIDALGO
Where's that project now?

HIDALGO finishes. LAWYERS begin collating documents, cleaning
up from the closings. Documents going to sorted files.

LIGUORI
Big meeting at the Times-Pic after
Mardi Gras. Irvin Mayfield and our
development team presenting to the
editorial board there.

HIDALGO
High hopes?

LIGUORI
Dunno. Could be rocky.

HIDALGO
You gonna be there at the Times-Pic?

LIGUORI

Too much profile for me.

(smile, dry)

When was your flight back to
Galveston? I know you've got your
hands full there.

HIDALGO

I'm out this afternoon, but I can
fly back be your eyes and ears if
you need me in the room.

LIGUORI

Good man.

LAWYER #1 nods to STATE OFFICIAL, who slides a series of
bank-sized closing checks across the table toward HIDALGO.

LAWYER #1

Mister Hidalgo. Your payout.

HIDALGO examines the checks, suitably impressed. He endorses
checks,

01:08:00

CUT TO:

INT. GYMNASIUM/THEOPHILE J. ELIE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY

ANTOINE BATISTE, drilling the KIDS, in prep for Lundi Gras.
They're doing better. He's running them through their paces
on "Basin Street Blues" when he notices LADONNA standing
just inside the door, watching.

BATISTE

Alright. That's not bad. Take a
little breather, I'll be right back.

The KIDS scatter as he walks over to LADONNA.

BATISTE (CONT'D)

LaDonna?

LADONNA

Whoa. I am impressed.

BATISTE

(confused)

You just driving by or...?

LADONNA

Naw, I was in the neighborhood. So,
you marching on Mardi Gras Day?

BATISTE

Oh, not this year. We're doing Lundi
Gras Monday afternoon by the river,
you know, Zulu Fest.

LADONNA

So, you're not busy on Mardi Gras
Day...

BATISTE

I didn't say that...

LADONNA

Alcide is riding in a truck parade.

BATISTE

I'll be there. Yeah. I guess I
should get back then.

01:09:00

He starts to go. She stops him.

LADONNA

Hey, I really need to talk to you.

BATISTE

Alright. I'm done in half an hour.

LADONNA nods.

LADONNA

Okay.

CUT TO:

INT. BOOTH & RECORDING STUDIO/NASHVILLE - DAY

Shot both ways through the glass: ANNIE works with a new
hand-picked BAND on her next record. MARVIN FREY is behind
the ENGINEER in the booth. She is laying down a gorgeous
solo on the instrumental bridge to "Sunset Highway." It is
ANNIE at her best, working against the pre-record of the
song, which still lacks vocals. Even the BAND, strong studio
musicians, are impressed with the violin. Shots of them
sipping coffee, listening, affirming. She finishes refrain,
frowns. FREY clicks in from the booth.

FREY

How 'bout that one? Close enough
for government work, right?

ANNIE shoots him a fuck-you look.

FREY (CONT'D)

I'm kidding. That was a joke. That
was beautiful, Annie.

ANNIE

I got a better one in me.

ENGINEER

Okay, we can roll when you're ready.
Take eight...

ANNIE lifts the violin, but then, as a second thought, leans into the microphone to address FREY.

ANNIE

You know, we can get the solo perfect
and we will. But this song isn't
me, Marvin.

FREY

Trust me, Annie. Steve wrote it
just for you, custom delivery.

ANNIE

It's a little generic, isn't it?

01:10:01

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Are you sure we don't have it 'cause
Alison or Emmylou threw it back on
the pile?

FREY

You've got something to bring to it.
You'll see when we go to the vocals...

ANNIE looks at him dubiously.

ENGINEER

Okay, take eight. Rolling...

The pre-record comes into her headphones. As ANNIE PLAYS,

CUT TO:

INT. BAND ROOM/THEOPHILE J. ELIE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY

LADONNA and BATISTE, who is scratching his head.

BATISTE

Why now? They not getting along
with Larry?

LADONNA

No, they get along with Larry fine.
They just, acting out.

BATISTE

(can't believe it)
Alcide? Randall?

LADONNA

Alcide's grades are slipping. He's gonna be a senior next year. This is not the time. And Antione, Randall got into a fight.

BATISTE

Our Randall?

LADONNA

Yes. Larry's done more than his fair share. I moved outta the Residence Inn. I'm staying in the apartment above the bar so I can save money so I can get a place for me and the boys.

01:11:02

LADONNA (CONT'D)

But that's not gonna happen until the fall. So in the meantime...

BATISTE

I'll talk to Desiree.

As LADONNA nods,

CUT TO:

INT. NEWSROOM/THE TIMES-PICAYUNE/HOWARD AVENUE - DAY

L.P. EVERETT works with reporters LAURA MAGGI and BRENDAN MCCARTHY as they pore over photographs and copy for a forthcoming series on all of the police-involved deaths.

MAGGI

What's so amazing is they just don't seem to care what we write. Your piece in The Nation ran and you could almost hear them yawn.

MCCARTHY

That's the attitude 'round here. No matter what we write, they figure they'll just ride it out.

EVERETT

Well you give all of these deaths all of this space, a five-part series, they can't ignore that right?

They all share a look. It is New Orleans, after all.

EVERETT (CONT'D)

What? You guys.

(MORE)

EVERETT (CONT'D)

Where's the file on the one near the
convention center? Whatshisname?
Yup.

MCCARTHY

Dude, it's getting late here.

EVERETT

It's the afternoon, Brendan.

MAGGI

On the Thursday before Mardi Gras.

EVERETT

Ah.

MAGGI

Muses rolls tonight.

MCCARTHY

Some of us have to work Mardi Gras
coverage. Or at least part of it.

EVERETT

Okay, right, I know.
(stands, pulls keys)
So we'll pick back up on Monday.

01:12:01

MCCARTHY

Lundi Gras?

EVERETT

I mean...Wednesday.

MAGGI shakes her head politely.

MCCARTHY

Leave a day for hangovers.

EVERETT

Thursday it is.

MAGGI

Yeah, next Thursday it is.

EVERETT

Cool, thank you guys. I'll see you.

As THEY break their meeting,

CUT TO:

EXT. WORK SITE/SEVENTH WARD - DAY

HIDALGO pulls up in Jaguar, a last stop before the airport.
ROBINETTE is still dressed for the earlier memorial service.

HIDALGO
You're a little overdressed, son.

ROBINETTE
Just got back from a memorial service.
(nod back at HIDALGO)
Shouldn't you be in some boots and
ten-gallon cowboy hat or something?

HIDALGO
When in Rome. But you're right, I'm
back there for real, which means I'm
not gonna have to put up with your
nonsense. Look, contracts we still
have, you keep with my blessing.
Maybe throw me five or ten points
for having brought you to the
mountaintop -- whatever you think is
right. But from here on out, it's
you on the New Orleans demo and rehab.

01:13:00

He offers his hand, ROBINETTE takes it.

HIDALGO (CONT'D)
Fair enough?

ROBINETTE
More than fair. For me, anyway.

HIDALGO heads back to the Jaguar.

ROBINETTE (CONT'D)
Boy, them people in Galveston don't
know what hit 'em yet, do they?

HIDALGO
Hurricane Ike? They know.

ROBINETTE
Sheeet. Hurricane Nelson.

On ROBINETTE, watching HIDALGO depart,

CUT TO:

EXT. BERNETTE HOME/DESOTO STREET/ESPLANADE RIDGE - NIGHT #1

Taxi pulls up, IKE behind the wheel.

INT. TAXI/DESOTO STREET/ESPLANADE RIDGE - NIGHT

SOFIA BERNETTE is paying her fare. IKE recognizes her.

IKE
Hey, ain't I seen you at the Sunday
second lines? I know you, I think.

SOFIA
Not lately, though.

IKE
Ah, you just missed C.T.C. a couple
of weeks ago.

SOFIA
You're breaking my heart.

IKE
They don't do no second line at your
college, huh?

SOFIA gives a sad shake of her head.

IKE (CONT'D)
Heard that.

IKE offers change back.

IKE (CONT'D)
Here you go, baby.

SOFIA
Keep it. Sunday after next get
yourself a hot sausage po-boy and a
Bud and think of me, okay?

IKE
I'll do that, miss. I'll do that.

SOFIA gathers her stuff, opens door and:

INT. BERNETTE HOME/DESOTO STREET/ESPLANADE RIDGE - NIGHT

SOFIA bounds into the house and passes the master bedroom,
where ANTOINETTE "TONI" BERNETTE and COLSON have been sitting
quietly, talking something over.

COLSON (O.S.)
Yeah, you know when we get in that
room,

BERNETTE (O.S.)
You'll have to really watch yourself,
right?

COLSON (O.S.)
Once we're in there this guy's gonna
get to tell the whole story.

BERNETTE (O.S.)
Uh-huh.

COLSON (O.S.)
I think, and they're gonna hear it,

BERNETTE
Well I know...

As SOFIA sees them through the open door and enters, they
pull themselves out of the conversation and react warmly to
her arrival.

SOFIA
Hey, Mama.

BERNETTE
Sweetie!

SOFIA
(to COLSON)
Hey, you.

COLSON
Hey.

She embraces BERNETTE.

BERNETTE
What on Earth? Oh my God.

01:14:00

BERNETTE (CONT'D)
No wait a minute, don't you have an
anthropology midterm on Monday?
What are you doing home?

SOFIA
I got the T.A. to test me early. I
told them I had to be back for
religious observance.
(off their look)
Well, it's true.

BERNETTE rolls her eyes, COLSON laughs.

SOFIA (CONT'D)
So Mardi Gras is on. What's for
dinner?

BERNETTE

We ate, but I will fix you something
right-

SOFIA

No problem. I'll raid the fridge.
It's all better than the dining hall,
I promise you.

SOFIA kisses her mother, smiles at COLSON, then exits the
bedroom and heads toward the kitchen. The room quiets back
to COLSON, BERNETTE in her absence. They look at each other
for a beat.

BERNETTE

What if he just doesn't ask about
the false report? Just lets it go?

COLSON

He can't.

BERNETTE thinks on this, nods. COLSON puts a hand on her
shoulder. On BERNETTE, seeing COLSON's career end,

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM/BATISTE'S SHOTGUN/MID-CITY - NIGHT

BATISTE and DESIREE talk it over.

BATISTE

Okay. What about the front room?

DESIREE

That's our bedroom.

BATISTE

Honorée's room?

DESIREE

Where she gonna sleep?

BATISTE

With us?

DESIREE

(after a beat)
Okay.

01:15:00

DESIREE (CONT'D)

(off his surprise)
It's not forever, right?

BATISTE

Oh, no no no, baby.

DESIREE

Do you good to spend some time with
at least two of your sons.

BATISTE

Ouch. Snap.

DESIREE

Give 'em the front room. We'll move
our bed into Honorée's room.

BATISTE

What, they gonna sleep on the floor?

DESIREE

You'll figure it out.

On BATISTE, figuring,

CUT TO:

INT. CARROLLTON STATION/WILLOW STREET/CARROLLTON - NIGHT

CROWDED nightclub, Mardi Gras week. THERESA ANDERSSON is finishing up "Birds Fly Away" as SOFIA pays cover, flashes her ID and enters looking around. She finds old high school FRIENDS, including JOCELYN from Season Two, many of them freshmen at local colleges. Embraces, LAUGHTER, and the occasional SHRIEK of delighted recognition.

ANDERSSON

*...They fly away, oh birds, they fly
away...*

SOFIA

Hey. Hey. Told you I'd make it.

GIRL #1

How's Yale, Miss Ivy?

SOFIA

You know what they say. Toughest
thing is getting in.

As THERESA ANDERSSON PLAYS "Na Na Na" and SOFIA settles into her New Orleans groove,

01:16:00

ANDERSSON

Na na na, na na na na na na, na na
na Na na na, na na na, na na na...
Could it be that we are fallin',
like rain falls on the ground, tonight
(MORE)

ANDERSSON (CONT'D)
I hear the city callin', people and
the sounds...

CUT TO:

INT. GRAND JURY CHAMBERS/FEDERAL COURTHOUSE/POYDRAS - DAY #2

COLSON enters, finds FEDERAL PROSECUTOR from Ep. 404, a COURT REPORTER, and a sitting grand jury of twenty-one CITIZENS, weighted toward older, whiter members, waiting for him. The JURY FOREMAN addresses him:

JURY FOREMAN
Do you solemnly swear and affirm to
tell the truth, the whole truth, and
nothing but the truth, so help you
God?

COLSON
I do.

01:17:00

FEDERAL PROSECUTOR
Have a seat, Lieutenant.

As COLSON does, staring at his JURORS,

FEDERAL PROSECUTOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)
To begin today's session of the grand
jury for the Eastern district of
Louisiana...

CUT TO:

INT. WORK TABLE/LAMBREAUX'S HOUSE/GENTILLY - DAY

Beads, feathers, patches. Radio. From the front room the SOUND of Delmond playing his trumpet.

CUT TO:

INT. FRONT ROOM/LAMBREAUX'S HOUSE/GENTILLY - DAY

DELMOND working that requiem piece he's been writing. As he PLAYS, his eyes fall upon Lambreaux's suit and crown, finished. Hanging and waiting to be worn on Mardi Gras Day. DELMOND stops. PLAYS another phrase. Stops. Puts his horn down, dissatisfied. Gazes at the suit and in particular the crown for a long moment. Pivots, turns on the radio: "Let the Good Times Roll" by Louis Jordan. As HE picks a punch list up off the coffee table,

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN/LAMBREAUX'S HOUSE/GENTILLY - DAY

MUSIC continues.

01:18:00

DELMOND screws in an outlet plate.

CUT TO:

INT. BACK BEDROOM/LAMBREAUX'S HOUSE/GENTILLY - DAY

MUSIC continues. DELMOND touches up some trim.

CUT TO:

INT. UTILITY ROOM/LAMBREAUX'S HOUSE/GENTILLY - DAY

MUSIC continues. DELMOND changes out a latch on a cabinet. Puts down screwdriver, checks list, looks around, sees Lambreaux's tools, picks up what he needs, walks into:

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM/LAMBREAUX'S HOUSE/GENTILLY - DAY

MUSIC continues. DELMOND, using his father's tools, grouts tile. Stops to listen as the radio PLAYS Louis Jordan's version of "Let the Good Times Roll." Puts down his tool on the line "When you're dead you're done." On DELMOND, missing his father,

CUT TO:

EXT. BATISTE'S SHOTGUN/MID-CITY - DAY

BATISTE pulls up, driving LaDonna's sedan, with the flatboxes of a discount furniture store set of bunk beds strapped to the roof.

01:19:00

He and LADONNA get out of the front seat, RANDALL and ALCIDE BATISTE out of the rear. The BOYS start to walk toward the house.

BATISTE
Hey, hey, hey, hey.
(they turn)
You think your mama and me are gonna
lug this mess up in there? Is that
what you think?

BOYS realize, turn, start to deal with the big flatboxes.
BATISTE turns to LADONNA.

BATISTE (CONT'D)
Hmm? You been spoilin' 'em, I see.
Shit is over under my roof, baby.
Come on.

On LADONNA, who can't help but be amused,

CUT TO:

INT. RETIREMENT OFFICE/NOPD HEADQUARTERS/S. BROAD ST. - DAY

COLSON walks in, puts badge, police ID, cuffs and gun on the table softly, pleasantly, lined up as if for a parade. He looks up at the UNIFORMED OFFICER.

COLSON
Papers.

UNIFORMED OFFICER looks at all of the equipment before him.

UNIFORMED OFFICER
I just take your forms and your badge.
Rest of this shit goes to the gun range and the academy.

COLSON
Deal with it. I'm out.

UNIFORMED OFFICER looks at him for a beat,

01:20:00

Then drops the forms for voluntary retirement on the counter, and tosses a pen with loose contempt. As COLSON picks up the pen and begins to write, C.U. over his shoulder on the forms,

CUT TO:

EXT. RAMPART STREET - DAY

Late afternoon traffic on Friday before Mardi Gras. MCALARY, wearing a jacket and tie, is walking downtown, against the general grain as people head toward the parade route uptown. He is soon confronted by SIMPLY and TOBY, dressed in Mardi Gras commando-party splendor. They encounter each other as if they are from alternate realities.

SIMPLY
(re: jacket, tie)
Davis. What the fuck?

MCALARY
Gentlemen.

TOBY
Dude, is that a costume?

MCALARY looks at him, at himself, points a finger as if to say: Now that's an idea.

SIMPLY

Seriously, Davis. Krewe d'Etat comes down the Avenue in an hour, brah. Let's go hail the new dictator.

MCALARY pushes on, throws this much over his shoulder:

MCALARY

Gotta job.

TOBY

What? Are you kidding? What?

As MCALARY walks, leaving his former COMPADRES weak in the knees and without emotional purchase,

CUT TO:

INT. FRONT ROOM/BATISTE'S SHOTGUN/MID-CITY - DAY

BATISTE on his hands and knees, putting together the bed set as his SONS watch, hoping to be helpful. He's got one of those "wrenches" in one hand and piles of nuts and bolts and incomprehensible instruction diagrams in front of him.

RANDALL

Anything we can do yet?

BATISTE

Yeah.

(holds up bolt)

I'm supposed to have sixteen of these octagonal suckers but I only got fifteen so one of 'em must of rolled under somewhere...

As the BOYS get on their hands and knees and start to search:

ALCIDE

What happens if we can't find it?

BATISTE

Well shit. I wouldn't want to be the sucker sleeping in the bottom bunk.

01:21:02

As they search, and BATISTE mutters: "Chinese motherfuckers," the phone RINGS and we HEAR Desiree shout for BATISTE:

DESIREE (O.S.)

Antoine. For you.

BATISTE extricates himself, muttering, exits to:

INT. KITCHEN/BATISTE'S SHOTGUN/MID-CITY - DAY

BATISTE takes the phone from DESIREE.

BATISTE
Who is it?

DESIREE
Mac.

BATISTE
Who?
(into phone)
Who's this?

DR. JOHN (O.S.)
It's Mac.

BATISTE
(still confused)
Mac Rebennack?

DR. JOHN (O.S.)
You better hurry up and know that.

BATISTE
Oh shit, Doctor John?

DR. JOHN (O.S.)
Look, I gotta gig tonight at The
Howlin' Wolf. My manager said you
was free and single and disengaged
tonight.

BATISTE
Doc, you finally callin' me for a
gig, brah? F'real?

DR. JOHN (O.S.)
How many damn ways you expect me to
tell you this, son? Look, can you
play some 'bone tonight and help a
brother out, brah? Sound check is
at six.

BATISTE
I'm all in, Doc.

On BATISTE, with a high-profile gig,

CUT TO:

INT. LAMBREAUX'S HOUSE/GENTILLY - NIGHT #2

DELMOND and BRANDI. He's packing an overnight bag for a quick trip, stressed.

DELMOND
I can not believe I'm 'bout to get
on a plane to go to New York with
Mardi Gras around the corner. But I
promised Jon I'd make the gig.

BRANDI
You gonna do the new song?

DELMOND
The one for Daddy? Don't think so.

BRANDI
I thought you were working up an
arrangement for the band.

DELMOND
It's not ready. Gonna put that away
for now. Let it sit.

The last item he packs is a small plastic box.

BRANDI
You gonna sew on the plane?

01:22:00

DELMOND
And in the hotel. I'm up against
it.

He closes the bag, zips it up, hefts it, walks over to BRANDI,
gives her a kiss.

DELMOND (CONT'D)
See you in a couple days.
(gives her a kiss)
Think they'll let me through security
with my needle and thread?

BRANDI
Just tell 'em you're the prettiest.

DELMOND
Right.

As THEY kiss again,

CUT TO:

INT. DINING ROOM/REDACTED ON DAUPHINE/BYWATER - NIGHT

As DESAUTEL tours her dining room at the height of service, she observes MCALARY performing the duties of a sommelier in fine fashion, helping to marry some DINERS and their meal to the appropriate vintages.

MCALARY

You know what, I would go with a couple half-bottles. The shrimp 'n grits love white. I've got a beautiful little Albariño Do Ferreira -- it's totally organic. The guy's fantastic. Got this smoky-salty thing goin' on, a stunner. Duck confit, begging for a pinot. I have a three-seventy-five of... better yet, the Campaccio Terrabianca. It's a blend of Sangiovese, Cab. You've got bottle age. Dark berries, whiff of cocoa, a hint of leather. Opulent, that would be the word for it.

On DESAUTEL, thinking it's as if it isn't Davis,

CUT TO:

INT. GREEN ROOM/HOWLIN' WOLF/S. PETERS STREET/W.D. - NIGHT

MUSICIANS mill before set. BATISTE has ALCIDE and RANDALL in tow. They have Guest Pass badges stuck to their shirts.

BATISTE

Once the show starts ya'll can check it out from the doorway.

They nod. DR. JOHN approaches.

BATISTE (CONT'D)

(to KIDS)

I want to introduce ya'll to somebody.

(to DR. JOHN)

Hey, Mac?

DR. JOHN

Hey.

BATISTE

I want you to meet my boys, Alcide and Randall.

01:23:00

ALCIDE

How ya doin'?

BATISTE

This is the great Doctor John.

DR. JOHN

How ya'll doin'?

BATISTE

That's Mister Doctor John to ya'll,
ya hear?

RANDALL

Okay.

DR. JOHN

Let's go hit it.

BATISTE

There it is. Hey man, just don't
cut me in front of my kids, Mac.

DR. JOHN

Don't worry about it and you won't
get sliced.

BATISTE

C'mon.

DR. JOHN

Alright.

BATISTE

Let's get paid.

DR. JOHN

That's what I'm talkin' about.

DR. JOHN walks onstage to APPLAUSE. As BATISTE follows, and
ALCIDE and RANDALL watch them go into "Big Chief,"

DR. JOHN (CONT'D)

Yeah, you right. Better than alright,
you dig it.

DR. JOHN (CONT'D)

*Me big chief tell 'em Mac is in da
dun-dah-day, indian rulin' all night
and day...*

CUT TO:

INT. BAR/REDACTED ON DAUPHINE/BYWATER - NIGHT

STAFF, including JACQUES and DESAUTEL, are sharing an end-of-
the-night drink.

DESAUTEL

It was a nice night.

JACQUES
They ordered well.

DESAUTEL
Right? And nothing came back.

MCALARY enters from the kitchen, with a list for DESAUTEL.

MCALARY
Chef. I took the liberty of making
some stock suggestions. Even keeping
a limited cellar, we need a couple
more choices for whites and at least
one good Bordeaux.

01:24:01

DESAUTEL looks at the list.

MCALARY (CONT'D)
Nothing there is pricey, so...

DESAUTEL
Thank you, Davis.

MCALARY actually offers a slight, courtly bow.

DESAUTEL (CONT'D)
Let me pour you one, kiddo.

MCALARY
You know, actually, I'm exhausted.
I'll see you guys tomorrow.

MCALARY nods politely, exits.

JACQUES
Je ne comprend. C'est Davis McAlary?
(I don't understand.
This is Davis McAlary?)

DESAUTEL
Two more shifts like that I'm going
to have to pay him, right?

On DESAUTEL, really worried about MCALARY now,

CUT TO:

INT. GREEN ROOM/HOWLIN' WOLF/S. PETERS STREET/W.D. - NIGHT

ALCIDE and RANDALL watch as the BAND and DR. JOHN exit to
APPLAUSE. BATISTE finds them as CROWD CHANTS for more.

CROWD
Bring back Mac, bring back Mac...

BATISTE
So, ya'll enjoy it?

ALCIDE
Yeah, it was pretty cool.

BATISTE
Yeah.

RANDALL
Yeah, you done?

BATISTE
Well, I am. He has an encore.

RANDALL
Can we stay?

BATISTE
Desatively.

They watch as DR. JOHN returns to the piano

DR. JOHN
Alright, my nerb.

And PLAYS his incomparable and baroque live version of his
own "Such A Night."

DR. JOHN (CONT'D)
Your kind honesty never ceases to
amaze my ass.

01:25:00

DR. JOHN (CONT'D)
*Such a night, such a night, sweet
confusion under the moonlight. Such
a night, such a night, got to steal
away, the time seems right. Baby,
your eyes been mine, at a glance you
let me know that this was my chance.
You came here with my best friend
Jim, here I am,*

01:26:00

DR. JOHN (CONT'D)
*I'm gonna steal you away from him.
If I don't do it, you know somebody
else will. If I don't do it, you
know somebody else will. If I don't
do it, you know somebody else will...*

On the THREE of them watching the MASTER,

CUT TO:

INT. RECORDING STUDIO/NASHVILLE - DAY #3

ANNIE still on "Sunset Highway," now on vocals.

ANNIE

*...Ain't no reason or rhyme for the
things that I've done, just a matter
of time and it's finally come. Tell
the boys that I wish 'em the best,
but nothin' ever lasts forever I
guess. I'll be rollin' down a,*

ANNIE & SINGERS

Sunset highway,

ANNIE

I'll be rollin' down a,

ANNIE & SINGERS

Sunset highway.

01:27:00

ANNIE & SINGERS (CONT'D)

*I'll be rollin' down a sunset highway,
I'll be rollin' down a sunset highway.*

FREY is in the control booth with ENGINEER, band has been cut loose. Song finishes. FREY's voice comes over the intercom.

FREY (O.S.)

Not bad. Let's go again.

ANNIE

No, hang on.

ANNIE walks into:

INT. CONTROL ROOM/RECORDING STUDIO/NASHVILLE - DAY

FREY and ENGINEER wait for it.

ANNIE

Marvin. This song isn't me.

FREY looks at ENGINEER. ANNIE looks at ENGINEER.

ENGINEER

I kind of agree with you.

FREY

I think it'll work. We'll sweeten
it up later.

ANNIE

No, no.

FREY

No, no what? No, we won't sweeten
it up? Or no Auto-Tune?

On FREY, wondering where'd all this spine come from?,

CUT TO:

EXT. PORCH/BERNETTE HOUSE/DESOTO ST./ESPLANADE RIDGE - DAY

Breakfast plates on the porch. COLSON and SOFIA talking.

SOFIA

Why quit over that?

COLSON

It's complicated.

SOFIA

No it isn't. You lied only to find
out who the liars were. It makes
complete sense.

COLSON

Yeah, to you it makes sense. But on
paper, it means that I knowingly
wrote a false report,

01:28:00

COLSON (CONT'D)

And admitting to that, it becomes
impossible for me to testify in any
case ever again. My testimony it's
just too easily impeachable. It
can't go to court, can't really be a
cop. And the department, once they
figure it all out, they can punish
me. So, if I leave now, at least I
keep my pension.

SOFIA takes this in for a beat.

COLSON (CONT'D)

So I just, I just need to wipe the
slate, you know, start over in a
way. If I stay here in New Orleans,
I'm just, I am in shit.

SOFIA takes this in.

SOFIA

Where will you go?

COLSON

My boys are in Indianapolis.

SOFIA
What about Mom?

01:29:00

SOFIA (CONT'D)
Does she love you?

COLSON
She cares for me, I'm sure, and I
care for her too.

COLSON answers only with a smile. It's a non-answer and
just enough for SOFIA not to proceed. On SOFIA,

CUT TO:

INT. CONTROL ROOM/RECORDING STUDIO/NASHVILLE - DAY

Just ENGINEER, FREY and ANNIE, listening to a rough mix of
"Sunset Highway." ANNIE shakes her head at the vocal.

ANNIE
Fuck this. Marvin?

FREY
What?

ANNIE
I hate this.

FREY signals ENGINEER, who stops the take.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
Adam, don't you agree with me?

FREY
I am trying to help you here.

ANNIE
I don't want that kind of help.
Alright, I want you to take all that
shit off. All the reverb, all the
digital decoration sweetener Auto-
Tune bullshit. I don't want it to
be perfect. Alright, I want my songs
to sound like me.

01:30:00

FREY
They do.

ANNIE
Oh, the fuck they do. They do not.
Make me sound like some fuckin' dime-
a-dozen Nashville cupcake.

FREY looks at her for a beat.

FREY
Look, I thought you made a choice
here.

ANNIE
I did not choose this.

FREY looks at the ENGINEER.

ENGINEER
Don't mind me. I just sit in the
booth and push knobs. I forget
everything I hear by the end of the
session.

FREY
Let's go get a drink someplace.

ANNIE
I don't need a drink. Alright, I
need my sound on my fucking record.

She eyefucks FREY. As FREY glares back, and the ENGINEER
calls for another take,

CUT TO:

INT. LE BON TEMPS ROULÉ/MAGAZINE STREET - NIGHT

SONNY, LINH watch ERIC LINDELL perform "I Don't Mind."

LINDELL
*...You can take your time well, I
don't mind, I don't mind. How you
wear your hair, I don't care, well I
don't mind. Just as long as this
love is strong, well I don't mind.*

01:31:00

SONNY is back in his world and LINH watches him, studying
LINDELL's work on the guitar fretboard. SONNY's own fingers
are moving. He notices LINH looking at him, looks down at
his fingers, laughs at himself. As LINDELL concludes to
APPLAUSE:

SONNY
What? What? Come on, you know, I
need a steady gig. Something,
anything. Just so I can feel it
once in a while.

LINH
Why do you think I dragged you here
tonight? You hadn't been out for
music in weeks.

LINH (CONT'D)
(kisses him)
I know who I married.

As LINDELL kicks into another number,

CUT TO:

INT. BLUE NOTE/GREENWICH VILLAGE/NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT #3

DELMOND onstage with JON BATISTE, TONY JARVIS, et al. JAMES
WOODROW, in the AUDIENCE, nods approvingly.

01:32:00

They finish "Be You." APPLAUSE.

DELMOND
Thank you. Thank you. That was 'Be
You' by Jon Batiste.

APPLAUSE, and JON BATISTE takes a little bow.

DELMOND (CONT'D)
Now I'd like to bring up one of our
friends from back home. Please
welcome the great Nicholas Payton.

NICHOLAS PAYTON strolls onstage to APPLAUSE, embraces DELMOND,
waves to JON BATISTE and the BAND.

PAYTON
Yes, indeed.

01:33:00

PAYTON (CONT'D)
Look like we got a New Orleans quorum
up in here tonight, huh?

DELMOND
Yeah I know it but I gotta come all
the way to New York to play with my
homeboys.

He catches the eye of WOODROW, who nods approvingly. Turns
back to PAYTON.

DELMOND (CONT'D)
Tell 'em your business, brah.

As PAYTON counts down and they go into "The Backwards Step" by PAYTON, and DELMOND steps back to watch PAYTON PLAY,

01:34:00

CUT TO:

EXT. PORCH/BERNETTE HOME/DESOTO ST./ESPLANADE RIDGE - DAY #4

Early morning, Lundi Gras Day. Door opens, COLSON emerges with a duffel, followed by BERNETTE, in her morning robe. He turns and their goodbye is wordless, everything already said and understood. It is warm and trusting and sad. As COLSON steps off the porch and into the next life,

01:35:00

CUT TO:

EXT. WOLDENBERG PARK/RIVERFRONT - DAY

Playing on the children's stage, BATISTE leads the ELIE BAND PLAYING "Choo Choo Ch'Boogie." As DERRICK TABB and DARREN LECOEUR watch in the CROWD,

CUT TO:

INT. DINING ROOM/BERNETTE HOME/DESOTO/ESPLANADE RIDGE - DAY

BERNETTE is writing on a legal pad, legal documents and evidentiary material arrayed across the table when SOFIA comes in from the kitchen, eating yogurt.

BERNETTE

Late morning, even for you.

SOFIA

I stayed for the last set at Tip's.
Where's Terry?

BERNETTE

He's gone, honey.

SOFIA is about to ask for clarification, but:

BERNETTE (CONT'D)

He said to give you his love.

BERNETTE doesn't bleed out, she just smiles and returns to her work. She writes a bit, while SOFIA watches her.

01:36:00

SOFIA

Wanna go to Lundi Gras with me? Go
see Rebirth down by the river?

BERNETTE

Honestly, right now I need to make
some progress with stuff here. Okay?

SOFIA

What is it?

BERNETTE

It's a lawsuit.

SOFIA

About what?

BERNETTE

A jail death.

SOFIA

I have to read half an econ text in
the next two days but you don't see
me getting ready to waste Lundi Gras.

BERNETTE

We'll have Mardi Gras tomorrow, okay?

SOFIA

Deal.

BERNETTE

But right now, I have my work.

SOFIA, nods, gets up, carries yogurt back to kitchen. On
BERNETTE, with her work,

CUT TO:

EXT. STAGE/WOLDENBERG PARK/RIVERFRONT - DAY

CHARMAINE NEVILLE, AMASA MILLER and their BAND PLAY "Clean
Up (After Mardi Gras)" as BATISTE, LECOEUR and TABB chat.

BANDMEMBERS

...Clean it up,

NEVILLE

All the paper and trash,

BANDMEMBERS

Clean it up,

NEVILLE

Get that stuff out of here,

NEVILLE & BANDMEMBERS

Clean up after Mardi Gras,

TABB

Sorry to hear that, man.

LECOEUR

It was a great after-school program.
Which is why I called you, Derrick.
His best kids need a place to land.

TABB

I could take a few.

BATISTE

Yeah? Roots of Music?

TABB

There's a waiting list, but...

BATISTE

Oh, man. Come on, this would be so good.

01:37:00

BATISTE (CONT'D)

I was worried I was gonna have to
let them all down, you know?

TABB

I got you man. We goin' tell ya. I
got ya.

BATISTE

Hey, thanks, man. Thanks, man. I
told you, boy. Derrick.

BANDMEMBERS

...Clean it up,

NEVILLE

Everybody here, hey,

BANDMEMBERS

Clean it up,

NEVILLE

All the paper and trash,

BANDMEMBERS

Clean it up,

NEVILLE

Get that stuff outta here,

NEVILLE & BANDMEMBERS

Clean up after Mardi Gras...

As they shake, and LECOEUR beams,

CUT TO:

INT. DIVE BAR/NASHVILLE - NIGHT #4

FREY and ANNIE in a hard negotiation.

FREY

I know what I know, Annie. I've learned what I've learned. You can't ask me to unlearn it.

ANNIE

Okay, well I've learned a few things too.

FREY

Like what?

ANNIE

Like you can only bend so far before everything you're doing doesn't matter anymore, until you've lost the point. Alright, I bent for you.

FREY

This is about Bayou Cadillac...

ANNIE

No, Marvin listen to me. I gave up the band and I followed you here, and I'm willing to try and make music the way you think I should.

01:38:00

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Alright, maybe my band wasn't pretty enough, maybe they sounded a little too Louisiana, maybe we had a ceiling because of that. And maybe it's worth trying something a little more mainstream and tarting it up some. We'll see. But it has to be my fucking music that I'm making. I mean, if it isn't music that *I* love, that *I* make, that *I* wanna play, what the fuck is the point?

FREY smiles, impressed.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

I'm serious.

FREY

I see that.

(pause)

Okay, the final decisions on your music stay with you, for better or

(MORE)

FREY (CONT'D)
worse. Now what stays with me and
the people I pick is the marketing,
promotion and the image. If I give
you the songs, then you give me the
package. I have to have that much
or I can't do what I do.

ANNIE
Deal.

01:39:00

FREY
(pause, smile)
You know what, Annie, I do believe
you're gonna make it.
(off her look)
I mean, this is a hard fucking
industry, a hard way to make a living.
And I'm starting to think that you
might be getting hard enough to do
it.

ANNIE isn't sure that's a compliment. It might not be.

ANNIE
I gotta go finish this record. Enjoy
your drink.

She gets up, and walks out. On FREY, thinking, just so.

CUT TO:

INT. BERNETTE HOME/DESOTO/ESPLANADE - DAY #5 (MARDI GRAS)

C.U. on the stereo button being pressed: Professor Longhair
starts us off again into MONTAGE. As SOFIA and BERNETTE,
ready for the day, show themselves at ease with Creighton's
rituals, standing at mock attention, saluting, making each
other laugh. As THEY leave the music PLAYING, gather their
things, pull down masks and head into the street,

01:40:00

CUT TO:

EXT. "OUR POTHOLE" STREET - DAY

Song CONTINUES. SONNY and LINH in costume moving through
the scene, with SONNY enjoying the day for the first time in
a long while sober and with the right woman. A REVELER
appears as a costumed pharaoh, riding in a semi-recumbent
position in a barcalounger that has been converted to a go-
kart. As he passes at a good speed he lifts a bottle of
good scotch in toast.

CROWDMEMBER (O.S.)
...Now that's Mardi Gras.

SONNY and LINH follow the vision down the street, as he swerves to avoid Our Pothole, now resplendent in all its Mardi Gras glory.

CROWD MEMBER (O.S.)
Whoa! Yeah, Mardi Gras!

As SONNY nods, affirming to LINH, and they walk on, WIPING FRAME so that we focus on the pothole,

CUT TO:

EXT. CLAIBORNE AVENUE - DAY

Song CONTINUES. BATISTE and DESIREE at their spot. As BATISTE sets up the grill and DESIREE begins to arrange HONORÉE in a Mardi Gras getup designed to lure Zulu coconuts,

BATISTE
Alright, baby girl, we gonna get goin' now. Whoo. We're gonna get it fired up now, baby. Fired up.

CUT TO:

INT. COLSON'S CAR/INTERSTATE - DAY

Song CONTINUES, but with growing STATIC.

01:41:00

C.U. on the radio knob to show its origin. PULL BACK to COLSON, driving, looking at it, watching the road, then reaching down. On COLSON, turning the Mardi Gras music off, and driving on in silence,

CUT TO:

EXT. COLSON'S CAR/INTERSTATE - DAY

Colson's car, hitched to a U-Haul, heads for Indiana. As it rolls northward, past a mileage sign to "Hattiesburg, MS,"

CUT TO:

INT. GIGI'S PLACE/OFF ST. BERNARD AVENUE - DAY

"Mardi Gras Mambo" on the box. LADONNA at the bar nods as she watches the GUARDIANS, including COTRELL and DELMOND, getting dressed. JOHN joins LADONNA.

LADONNA
Okay, keep the bar open 'til three?

JOHN

Later if you want.

LADONNA

I'm takin' Randall over to Saint Charles. We gonna catch Zulu and Rex. Then Alcide is in a truck parade.

JOHN

Whoa. Big day, huh?

LADONNA

Yeah, take care.

JOHN

Alright.

LADONNA nods, turns to watch the GUARDIANS. As COTRELL and DELMOND prepare themselves, both of them seemingly unyielding and firm, the decision still unmade, neither wearing the crown,

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM/CHEZ MCALARY/TREME STREET/TREME - DAY

DESAUTEL is ripe and ready in her full costume, waiting.

DESAUTEL

Davis. What the fuck?

MCALARY (O.S.)

Almost ready.

DESAUTEL

It's Mardi Gras.

01:42:00

DESAUTEL (CONT'D)

You get up late. You eat a full breakfast. You read the fucking paper and then play guitar for half an hour. And now you're killing the rest of the day making yourself pretty. This is so -- not you, for Chrissake. Usually you're three bong hits in and out the door by seven.

MCALARY emerges from the bathroom in costume -- which is to say, not much different from how he has been dressing. Jacket, tie, some professorial glasses, a pocket protector and some cheap pens, an academician's field notebook in hand.

DESAUTEL (CONT'D)
That's your costume?

MCALARY clicks the pen, holds it over the notepad.

MCALARY
Hello, ma'am? I'm from the Columbia
University's Department of
Anthropology and I would like to ask
you a few questions about this Fat
Tuesday ritual that you hold so
dear...
(nodding at DESAUTEL)

DESAUTEL
We're late for the party.

MCALARY
Ahh...

DESAUTEL
C'mon.

MCALARY
...Party, what?

As SHE heads for the door and HE follows,

CUT TO:

INT. GIGI'S PLACE/OFF ST. BERNARD AVENUE - DAY

COTRELL and DELMOND, dressed. One thing remains. Lambreaux's
crown and guardian patch sit between them on a table.

DELMOND
You put in the work, George.

COTRELL
He wanted you to.

DELMOND
It's your turn.

COTRELL
What'd you tell him?

DELMOND
I told him yes. Told him I'd do it.

COTRELL
That's it, then. Settled.

DELMOND
I'm wearing his boots.

COTRELL

You got to wear the crown, too.

DELMOND

No, I don't. I don't wanna start
nothin' I can't finish. I can't
promise I'm gonna be here next year.
Or the year after that.

(then)

My daddy's legacy with The Guardians,
that's for you to carry. Not me. I
carry him in my own way.

On COTRELL, not sure,

01:43:00

CUT TO:

EXT. FRENCHMEN STREET - DAY

Song CONTINUES. SONNY in a streetcorner PICKUP BAND, PLAYING
keyboards on "Big Chief," accompanied by SOUSAPHONE and
CONGAS.

SONNY

*...I'm a big chief I got my tribe,
I'm gonna take 'em for a ride, my
flag boy just went by, my flag boy
is full of fire, my whole tribe is
having fun, we gonna dance 'til the
morning come.*

On LINH, enjoying her husband enjoying himself,

CUT TO:

INT. PHOTO AREA/ALL-WHITE LOFT SPACE - DAY

ANNIE, holding her violin, striking Vanity Fair poses. She's
putting up with it surprisingly well. Which FREY notes with
a small nod.

PHOTOGRAPHER

(shooting)

Alright, very nice.

(lowers camera)

You know what, go ahead and dance
around for me.

ANNIE

Okay. It's hard to dance in these.

PHOTOGRAPHER

(shooting)

It's alright, just relax, just relax.
Now give me a little twirl.

She starts swirling as he shoots.

ANNIE

Okay.

PHOTOGRAPHER

A twirl, there you go, there you go.
Very nice, very nice. And hold it
right there. Hold it right there.
Chin up. And give me more, more in
the eyes. Intense. That's pretty.
Real pretty.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET NEAR GIGI'S PLACE - DAY

The GUARDIANS, led by COTRELL, wearing Lambreaux's crown,
the guardian patch, and the fierce face of a Big Chief, dance
their way down the street.

MEMPHIS RONNIE

Coochie-man...

01:44:00

INDIANS

Guardians here they come,

COTRELL

*Hey, Mardi Gras mornin' the whole
gang knows,*

INDIANS

Guardians here they come,

COTRELL

*We gonna arrange this number for
Chief Lambreaux,*

INDIANS

Guardians here they come,

COTRELL

*Hey Mardi Gras day and Saint Joe
night,*

INDIANS

Guardians here they come,

COTRELL

*I spoke like diamonds, I shine like
light,*

INDIANS

Guardians here they come,

CORTRELL

*I'm gonna bring that thing, has the
light of the moon,*

INDIANS

Guardians here they come,

CORTRELL

*I've been a Big Chief comin', killed
Daniel Boone,*

INDIANS

Guardians here they come,

DELMOND

*Coochie-man, I'm the pretty gang
flag,*

INDIANS

Guardians here they come,

CORTRELL

Oh, Lord have mercy Chief got mad,

INDIANS

Guardians here they come,

CORTRELL

*His spy don't worry, his flag don't
kneel,*

INDIANS

Guardians here they come,

CORTRELL

*Gotta Big Chief comin' with a heart
of steel,*

INDIANS

Guardians here they come,

CORTRELL

*His spy boy don't worry, your Chief
on fire,*

01:45:00

INDIANS

Guardians here they come,

CORTRELL

*They be the Indian ruler on Mardi
Gras,*

INDIANS

Guardians here they come,

CORTRELL
Guardians let him come,

INDIANS
Guardians here they come,

CORTRELL
I say Guardians let 'em come,

On DELMOND, following,

CUT TO:

INT. PHOTO AREA/ALL-WHITE LOFT SPACE - DAY

ANNIE, bored, sitting around as the BAND comes in with FREY.

FREY
Alrighty, ready for some sleeve
photos. Full band with Annie in
front.
(to PHOTOGRAPHER)
What do you think?

PHOTOGRAPHER
Uh, give me just a minute.

ANNIE
Hey.

BANDMEMBER (O.S.)
Wow, look at you.

BAND MEMBER #1
(to ANNIE)
Just another Tuesday, huh?

ANNIE
What do you mean?

BAND MEMBER #1
I thought you were from New Orleans.
It's Mardi Gras today, right?

PHOTOGRAPHER
Alright guys, come on, let's get you
over in the center.

ANNIE
It's Mardi Gras?

PHOTOGRAPHER
Right over here.

FREY
Yeah. It's alright. They'll do it
next year.

On ANNIE, who hadn't remembered,

CUT TO:

EXT. CLAIBORNE & ORLEANS AVENUES - DAY

DESIREE, HONORÉE and BATISTE. Their usual spot. BATISTE is drinking and barbecuing.

BATISTE
You gonna come with, right?

DESIREE
Sure, I haven't seen the truck parades
since my nephew rode before the storm.

BATISTE
I know he's excited about it.

DESIREE
I got to find the ladies room.

BATISTE
Can't find no place to pee on Mardi
Gras Day.

DESIREE
True dat. Watch the baby.

She puts down her beer, walks off into the CROWD, looking
for nearest port-as-an.

01:46:00

BATISTE looks at HONORÉE, who is loaded down with strings of
beads.

BATISTE
Hey, boo-boo. Hey, lemme hear you
say 'Throw me something mister.'

HONORÉE
Throw me something mister.

BATISTE
Yeah, hey. Very good.

He takes a string of beads from his own neck and tosses them
to her. Pushes the barbecue around as two comely ladies
approach, GROUPIE #1 and GROUPIE #2 from Season Two.

GROUPIE #1
Antoine?

BATISTE
Oh, hey.

GROUPIE #1

Hey. How you doin'?

BATISTE

How you doin'? Happy Mardi Gras!

Hugs and kisses all around. BATISTE throws a glance over his shoulder. No Desiree in sight.

GROUPIE #1 & 2

Happy Mardi Gras.

BATISTE

Nice to see you.

GROUPIE #2

Nice to see you too.

BATISTE

Yeah, I haven't seen you since...

GROUPIE #1 & 2

Since last Mardi Gras.

BATISTE

Right, right.

GROUPIE #2

So ah, you gonna join us later?

BATISTE

Oh, I'd like to, yeah, but...

(re: HONORÉE)

I don't think I can this year.

GROUPIE #1

Well, if you change your mind, we'll be at Crescent City Steak House around six.

BATISTE

Six o'clock?

GROUPIE #1

Six o'clock.

BATISTE

Alright. Happy Mardi Gras.

GROUPIE #1

Good to see you.

GROUPIE #2

Nice to see you.

BATISTE

Yeah.

GROUPIE #1

Six o'clock.

He watches them sashay off. Then again. Calls after them and holds up his phone:

BATISTE

Hey, hey, hey,

01:47:00

BATISTE (CONT'D)

Look, text me.

They turn and look back.

BATISTE (CONT'D)

You know, as soon as you get there.
Just, just in case.

They nod and wave. Disappear into the CROWD. He shakes his head. DESIREE reappears. Looks at barbecue.

DESIREE

You burning the meat.

BATISTE

I don't want none... you want some?

DESIREE

No, I don't want none.

BATISTE

No...what?

On BATISTE, back to business,

CUT TO:

EXT. FRENCHMEN STREET - DAY

DESAUTEL watches, amused, as MCALARY mock-interviews CELEBRANT dressed as a giant nutria, all the while taking notes.

MCALARY

So if I am to understand you correctly, you and your entire cohort mark this day annually by dressing as local rodentia and parading en masse down this public thoroughfare.

CELEBRANT

We're a krewe.

MCALARY

Interesting. And are you subject to any form of sociopolitical leadership?

CELEBRANT
We have a king every year. We're
the Mystic Krewe of Nutria.

MCALARY
(writing)
The Mystic Krewe of Nutria.

CELEBRANT
(to DESAUTEL)
Is he for real?

She shakes her head, no. CELEBRANT hands MCALARY beer.

CELEBRANT (CONT'D)
Lighten up, Francis.

MCALARY
Oh.

CELEBRANT
Happy Mardi Gras.

CELEBRANT walks away.

01:48:00

DESAUTEL
Hey look, Saint Anne's is coming
through. C'mon.

MCALARY turns to DESAUTEL.

MCALARY
You know, frankly, all of this, while
colorful and provocative, makes little
sense. To assert membership in a
quasi-religious cohort that worships
a small swamp mammal of obscure
origins is culturally marginal at
best...

CUT TO:

EXT. ST. CHARLES AVENUE & GENERAL TAYLOR STREET - DAY

BATISTE, DESIREE, HONORÉE see ALCIDE riding in truck parade.
Wave, jump and holler. "Alcide! Alcide! Throw me
something!"

BATISTE
Alcide, Alcide... Yeah, come on,
come on... Alcide, Alcide, hey, hey.

From the truck, ALCIDE throws bags of beads. They CRASH, SPLATTER. As DESIREE, BATISTE try to catch them,

CUT TO:

EXT. ST. ANNE'S ROUTE - DAY

MCALARY, DESAUTEL move with the PARADE, talking.

MCALARY

What?

DESAUTEL

I just don't get what's eating you?
Turning forty?

01:49:01

DESAUTEL (CONT'D)

Who cares?

MCALARY

I'm just trying to make a point.
How many Mardi Gras does one man
have? How many does he need? At
what point do you look around and
suddenly your the old fart on the
dance floor?

DESAUTEL

And so this...
(off his look)
This is your approximation of a grown-
up, Davis. Really? Seriously?

MCALARY

You know, my father wears a jacket
and tie every day of his life.

DESAUTEL

You want to be your father?

MCALARY

God no. But at some point, I imagined
myself being some version of him.
And maybe a husband. With a cat and
a dog and a lawn, lawn furniture.

DESAUTEL

It's not gonna happen, my friend.
You are D.J. Davis. The one and
only.

MCALARY

I gotta get rid of that guy.
(off her look)
Fucker's holding me back.

As THEY walk,

CUT TO:

EXT. ST. CHARLES AVENUE & MELPOMENE STREET - DAY

LADONNA and RANDALL standing on the neutral ground, waving as ALCIDE passes by atop the truck float.

01:50:00

RANDALL

There he is, there he is.

He tosses beads to his MOTHER and BROTHER. Alcide's truck rolls on, LADONNA and RANDALL's attention on the next truck approaching, and then, suddenly, the POP of nine gunshots in rapid succession. BYSTANDERS SCREAM and CALL OUT, some hit the ground. LADONNA falls on RANDALL, covers him. In the b.g., a POLICE OFFICER tackles a YOUNG MAN in a red jacket. RAPID SHOTS of: A 17-year-old GIRL sits, holding her thigh, blood seeping through her fingers; a WOMAN crying out as she cradles a BOY TODDLER with a graze wound on his neck; BYSTANDERS running away, pick up their CHILDREN in confusion and panic; LADONNA checking RANDALL, helping him up, making sure she's alright, then a look of extreme concern as she remembers Alcide and turns her head toward his float. Two YOUNG BLACK MEN in black jackets, lying on the ground, serious gunshot wounds to their abdomens;

01:51:00

A MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN, crying, holding her shot elbow.

WOMAN

Somebody help me!

On LADONNA and RANDALL, running toward Alcide's float, which has stopped along with all the vehicles in the parade. LADONNA pushes past BYSTANDERS, then stops as she sees ALCIDE atop the float, unharmed. A look between LADONNA and ALCIDE as he nods his head, I'm alright.

On LADONNA, shaken and relieved,

CUT TO:

EXT. THE RIVER STEPS/VIEUX CARRE - DAY

The STORYVILLE STOMPERS lead St. Anne's down to the water.

01:52:00

MCALARY and DESAUTEL listen to the music and watch a little upstream as the PRIESTS and PRIESTESSES of St. Anne's commence to address the river and honor the year's dead.

MAN

You ran the good race, little brother.

MCALARY watches for a moment, then starts to pick his way down the rocks to the water's edge, an honorable distance from St. Anne's. DESAUTEL walks closer, watches as MCALARY steps into river.

DESAUTEL

Davis, what the fuck?

CROWD MEMBER (O.S.)

...Look at this doof,

MCALARY

I'm baptizing myself.

He steps deeper, as much as the current safely allows.

DESAUTEL

Please get out of river.

MCALARY

I'm laying down my burden. The Bright Mississippi! Wash me clean!

He reaches down, splashes up water on himself. Now some of the St. Anne's REVELERS have noticed, are pointing, a few CLAPPING at the self-baptism.

REVELER (O.S.)

We normally don't put them in the river till they're ashes. It's kind of a rule, Davis.

01:53:02

MCALARY

Whoa. I'm born again, baptized in this muddy water. I am no longer D.J. Davis. I am...
(arms upstretched)
...Mister McAlary!

CHEERS from some of the ST. ANNE'S FOLK. They use the pendants to rain more holy water on MCALARY.

DESAUTEL

Be careful.

He turns to DESAUTEL, speaks matter-of-factly.

MCALARY

D.J. Davis is dead.

DESAUTEL

I don't think so.

MCALARY

No, I am Mister McAlary. Like my father and his father before him.

DESAUTEL

I don't think your father ever walked into the Mississippi River in his best suit.

MCALARY

No, not sober, anyway.

01:54:00

On MCALARY, heading ashore,

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT PORCH/BATISTE'S SHOTGUN/MID-CITY - NIGHT #5

BATISTE and LARRY WILLIAMS wait on the porch.

BATISTE

They should have been here by now.
By the way, I want to thank you for everything you've done for the boys.
And them coming to live here now, that wasn't easy for you, I know.

LARRY

It's the right thing.

LADONNA's car starts pulling up.

BATISTE

Well, you know what they say. Takes a village, right?
(shrugs)
You need one fucked-up musician, tax-paying dentist...

As LADONNA gets out of her car with her SONS, LARRY throws a nod at his soon-to-be ex-wife:

LARRY

...And your damn-near-bipolar, what-does-she-want-today, crazy-ass bar owner.

BATISTE

That's some woman, ain't she?

LARRY

Yeah she is.

They're laughing together as ALCIDE and RANDALL lead the way up the porch, LADONNA behind them.

BATISTE
Guys there's food inside, and your
sister's waiting to see you.

The BOYS go into the house.

ALCIDE
We're okay, Dad.

01:55:00

BATISTE
How are they?

LADONNA
It was scary. But they're okay.

LARRY
News said seven wounded.

LADONNA
It was awful...

LARRY
I'm gonna go check on the boys.

LARRY heads inside the house.

BATISTE
Thank God you're all okay.

LADONNA
By the grace of God...

A beat before BATISTE embraces her and she breaks down,
finally.

BATISTE
It's okay.

As SHE lets it go,

CUT TO:

INT. ROCK 'N BOWL/S. CARROLLTON AVENUE - NIGHT

GENO DELAFOSE onstage, throwing down with some zydeco on
"Geno's Two Step." PAN the CROWD until we pick up on MCALARY,
carrying two beers, one for DESAUTEL at the edge of the dance
floor, filled with two-steppers.

01:56:00

MCALARY
Man, my shoes feel like science
projects. I got, there's something
crawling in there.

DESAUTEL
That serves you right.

MCALARY offers a toast.

MCALARY
To time and its passing.

Strange toast. DESAUTEL starts to sip.

MCALARY (CONT'D)
I love you.

DESAUTEL looks at him, gives an awkward little laugh.

DESAUTEL
'Course you do, Davis. Dance.

MCALARY
Alright.

She leads him toward the dance floor, and as they do, they move past EVERETT and SOFIA,

01:57:00

Who are out late for Mardi Gras together. This time, dancing. On EVERETT and SOFIA, enjoying themselves and each other,

CUT TO:

MONTAGE:

EXT. VARIOUS LOCATIONS - DAY

A series of shots of discarded, broken or hung-up beads, or beads draped over fence posts or statues or car antennas, shots in which the beads themselves seem to fade and lose color and mark the passage of time,

01:58:00

FADE TO:

INT. CLERK'S OFFICE/COURTHOUSE - DAY

A businesslike BERNETTE carries her briefcase into the office, moves to the counter and greets a CLERK politely. She pulls out several copies of a carefully prepared lawsuit against Orleans Parish Prison and Sheriff's Department officials.

BERNETTE
For the civil docket. Robert Gilday
versus Sheriff Gusman et al.

CLERK nods, begins to stamp the summons and process the paperwork.

As BERNETTE closes the briefcase and waits for her copies,

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT/THE TIMES-PICAYUNE/HOWARD AVENUE - DAY #6

PAN DOWN from the Times-Pic tower to the front doors, where HIDALGO walks out with a battered and distressed group of developers including WILL BRANSON, IRVIN MAYFIELD and TWO OTHERS. They look quite defeated.

HIDALGO

Who cares that a couple of politically connected people are in on the deal. It never happens otherwise.

BRANSON

Bernardo Wade, man.

HIDALGO

And who the hell's that?

BRANSON

He's Nagin's personal photographer. We have him in our proposal as the compliance officer.

MAYFIELD

Whatever that means.

HIDALGO

It means bag man for all I care. Look, you can't get a deal through City Hall without Ray Nagin or his people layin' in the cut somewhere. So what? It's still a project that the city should want regardless.

BRANSON

The Times-Pic is still angry about that party Bernardo threw for Nagin last year, remember? Having him in this deal was a red flag.

HIDALGO

Chrissakes, it's New Orleans, there's always a Bernardo Wade in the mix somewhere.

01:59:01

HIDALGO (CONT'D)

You telling me he stops this project?

BRANSON

It's dead. What we just saw up there was a sharpening of the knives.

MAYFIELD leans back against a parked car.

MAYFIELD

I busted my ass for three years to get this thing built. I pissed off the mayor. I pissed off the lieutenant governor. I pissed off everyone else down the line along the way, but who cares if the thing gets built, who cares? We'd have a national venue for New Orleans music. But now?

HIDALGO puts a hand on MAYFIELD's shoulder.

HIDALGO

Go play some trumpet, kiddo. You'll feel better in the morning.

HIDALGO looks around, shoots a look back at the newspaper offices, and walks off. Easy come, easy go. On MAYFIELD, in his wake, truly frustrated,

CUT TO:

INT. LI'L DIZZY'S CAFE/ESPLANADE AVENUE - DAY

BERNETTE moves through LUNCH CROWD, finds CAPT. RICHARD LAFOUCHETTE, starts to join him for lunch.

BERNETTE

Hey, hey, how're you?

LAFOUCHETTE pushes the chair in. BERNETTE looks at him, surprised.

BERNETTE (CONT'D)

Whoa, what's eating you?

LAFOUCHETTE

You sued me, Toni.

BERNETTE

Oh, come on, honey. I sue everybody, you know that.

LAFOUCHETTE glares at her for a second or two more.

BERNETTE (CONT'D)

How's the bread pudding, hmm?

02:00:00

LAFOUCHETTE looks at her a beat, then releases the chair,

BERNETTE (CONT'D)

Hey...

Slides his own dessert across table at her. As she sits:

BERNETTE (CONT'D)
I ever tell you my Harry Lee story?

LAFOUCLETTE
About a million times.

BERNETTE
No, I don't think I ever did.

As THEY socialize, as New Orleans always does,

CUT TO:

INT. BAR/DESAUTEL'S ON THE AVENUE/ST. CHARLES AVENUE - DAY
HIDALGO conspires with and against TIM FEENY, over bourbon.

FEENY
And you can deliver this to me?

HIDALGO
I can. I absolutely guarantee it.
I'm tight with everyone who's in on
the decision. I can promise you
that if a Jazz Center gets built, a
Feeny restaurant will be a part of
it. You have my word.

FEENY is elated. He toasts, then empties his drink.

HIDALGO (CONT'D)
I have one thing to ask in return.

FEENY
Name it.

On HIDALGO,

CUT TO:

INT. LAMBREAUX'S HOUSE/GENTILLY - NIGHT
DELMOND unpacking from New York, with BRANDI.

DELMOND
I had a long talk with Woodrow.
He's chomping at the bit. Can't
wait till I get back up there. I
mean, it makes sense for me to be
based in New York. There's no place
down here for me to play my music.

BRANDI
We gonna find a place in Manhattan?

DELMOND

I'm thinking Brooklyn. More bang
for your buck.

(re: baby bump)

We gonna need two bedrooms.

BRANDI

I want to have the baby here, Del.

DELMOND

I figured. Your mama, your doctor.

02:01:00

DELMOND (CONT'D)

I promised my daddy we'd raise him --
or her -- up in the tradition. So,
we keep a foot in both places, right?

BRANDI

Always.

On DELMOND, breaking another promise to his father,

CUT TO:

INT. BAR/REDACTED ON DAUPHINE/BYWATER - NIGHT #6

After service. HIDALGO having been served a late meal, sits
across from DESAUTEL, who is reading a signed legal release.
At the other end of the restaurant, SIMPLY, TOBY and MCALARY
are sharing a bottle of wine, talking, laughing amongst
themselves. MCALARY tied and suited as his sommelier self.

DESAUTEL

But how? He hates me so much.

HIDALGO

He likes money more.

DESAUTEL

What'd you give him?

HIDALGO

A hundred percent of nothing.

(finishes eating)

You know something? I spent time in
this town and made a lot of money.
And a friend of mine, a cousin
actually, once asked me if I ever
built anything, or if anything ever
got fixed for all that I got paid.

(shrugs)

When you put your sign up, take a
little pen knife and carve my initials
in the bottom of the sucker, okay?

02:02:02

DESAUTEL

I'll do more than that.
(nod at table)
You got this corner table any time
you want it. Gratis.

HIDALGO

No, darling, I pay for my meals.
And I tip excessively.
(wink)
Never worry the little stuff.

He gets up, finishes his wine.

HIDALGO (CONT'D)

Alright, gotta go. I'm in the wrong
town.

HIDALGO waves his goodbye, starts out, sees MCALARY with his
FRIENDS, loudly proclaiming...

TOBY

Godzilla versus King Kong. It's a
flawed analogy, Davis.

The joint is lit, MCALARY inhales deeply.

MCALARY

If Fess is M.L.K., Booker is Gandhi.

SIMPLY

So the Mahatma is the civil rights
equivalent of Godzilla.

MCALARY

Indeed.

TOBY

Okay, Godzilla versus M.L.K. Who
wins?

MCALARY

(realization)
Wait, wait, wait.
(grabbing a pen)
That's a lyric. No, that's a song.

TOBY

Oh God, here we go.

MCALARY

Shit, that's a concept album. Right,
right? What the fuck did I just
say?

02:03:00

SIMPLY & TOBY
Godzilla versus M.L.K.

On MCALARY, scrawling furiously on a dinner napkin,

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE OF BLUES/DECATUR STREET/FRENCH QUARTER - NIGHT

ANNIE PLAYING "Eyes Up to the Horizon" with her new BAND.

ANNIE & BAND
*Goin' to the place where I was born,
long before this world was my home.
I gotta go, gotta go but I don't
know when. Oh come with me, oh if
you can, oh come with me, oh if you
can.*

02:04:00

In the CROWD, SONNY watching without regret or malice,
something very akin to familial pride. As the BAND concludes
to CHEERS:

ANNIE
Thank you so much you guys, thank
you. That one will be on our new
record. Which will be out this
summer, we hope.
(tuning)
You know what, it's so good to be
back in New Orleans after so long.
I have so many friends down here
that I miss and...

She sees SONNY's face in the CROWD.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
...actually, I see one of them right
now. It's my oldest friend here.
He's the one who dragged me to New
Orleans and made me love the place.
So, this one is for him.
(to BAND)
Alright, you Nashville hotshots,
every busker down here can play this
one in like five different keys. So
we can do this. Okay.

She launches her violin into the melody of "Careless Love."

02:05:00

The BAND finds her. As SHE PLAYS, beautiful as ever, and SONNY listens,

ANNIE (CONT'D)
*Love, oh love, oh careless love, you
fly through my head like wine. You
wrecked the life of many poor girls,
and you let me spoil this life of
mine.*

ANNIE & BAND
Love, oh love, oh careless love,

ANNIE
*In your clutches of desire, you made
me break a many true vow,*

02:06:04

ANNIE (CONT'D)
Then you set my very soul on fire...

CUT TO:

INT. STUDIO/WWOZ RADIO/FRENCH MARKET - NIGHT

MCALARY working the boards, station manager DARNELL NICHOLS eyeing him warily through the glass. Last notes of Earl King's "Ain't No City Like New Orleans" CONCLUDES, as MCALARY goes to the mike, eyeing NICHOLS.

MCALARY
This is D.J. Davis on W.W.O.Z., the
world's greatest radio station.
That was the late great Earl King,
with 'Ain't No City.' Do you have
your brass passes yet? Jazz Fest is
coming, and we do not wanna get caught
naked and bereft, now do we?

He clicks in a WWOZ house ad for the brass passes. DARNELL walks over, opens the door.

DARNELL
Davis.

MCALARY
Yes, Darnell?

DARNELL
(trace of a smile)
I just wanted to tell you that your
shows the last few weeks have been
really good. Really tight.
(no reaction at all)
Your shows. They've been good.

MCALARY

Why would you say something like that? Why would you go there when you know how that fucks me up? Do you understand the self-loathing involved when you, the station manager, comes in here to tell me that you enjoy what I'm doing, hmm?

02:07:01

A beat as they eyefuck each other.

DARNELL

My mistake.

DARNELL backs out. As he does, MCALARY reveals a trace of a smile. Gets up, opens the door:

MCALARY

Darnell.

(pause)

Dude, you're way too easy.

Smiling, MCALARY returns to the boards. Through the window we see DARNELL, actually amused. WWOZ house ad ends,

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

...We hope to see you at the fest.

MCALARY leans into the mike.

MCALARY

Hey, do you know how sometimes you hear a song that you've heard a million times before, and maybe you're even tired of hearing it, but this time, maybe because of something you've been through, or maybe because of something you now understand, you hear that song again, maybe it's a new version, maybe not.

02:08:00

MCALARY (CONT'D)

But you realize that there's a fresh world in there to be heard? Yeah, me too.

As John Boutté sings "Do You Know What It Means To Miss New Orleans," and we begin a MONTAGE:

INT. BAND ROOM/THEOPHILE J. ELIE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY

Song CONTINUES. BATISTE teaching NEW KIDS, showing all the clarity of purpose that he has acquired,

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM/LAMBREAUX'S HOUSE/GENTILLY - DAY

Song CONTINUES. In a bedroom rigged as a nursery, DELMOND and BRANDI play with their BABY GIRL. DELMOND makes duck noises with his trumpet mouthpiece, and she giggles. As BRANDI picks her up for a feeding, DELMOND steps out into:

INT. LIVING ROOM/LAMBREAUX'S HOUSE/GENTILLY - DAY

Song CONTINUES. On DELMOND, looking around at his father's finished home, soon to be ever more empty,

02:09:00

CUT TO:

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE/GALVESTON - DAY

Song CONTINUES. HIDALGO with ARNIE REYES in tow, glad-handing TEXANS, one of them actually in a ten-gallon Stetson for show, as he charms yet another ville,

CUT TO:

INT. DINING ROOM/DESAUTEL'S ON DAUPHINE/BYWATER - NIGHT

Song CONTINUES. DESAUTEL moves through her packed dining room, greeting DINERS and WELL-WISHERS, moving out toward her front door, from which she emerges to:

EXT. DESAUTEL'S ON DAUPHINE/BYWATER - NIGHT

Song CONTINUES. DESAUTEL steps outside. As we PAN up to reveal the sign that has her name on it,

02:10:00

CUT TO:

INT. RECORDING STUDIO/NASHVILLE - DAY

Song CONTINUES. ANNIE, laying down a fiddle track with SESSION MUSICIANS, but pausing to argue with FREY, who throws up his hands, no match for the hardened, assured ANNIE,

ANNIE
Come on. You wanna play it? No,
cause you cant...

FREY
Well, if you'd play it right...

CUT TO:

EXT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - DAY

Song CONTINUES. Aftermath of Alcide's high school graduation from St. Augustine. ALCIDE, in cap and gown, stands with BATISTE, LADONNA and RANDALL,

BATISTE
You're next, you know.

As they pose for pictures, another cap-and-gowned GRADUATE wielding the camera for them,

CUT TO:

INT. SPORTING GOODS STORE/SUBURBAN INDIANAPOLIS - DAY

Song CONTINUES. COLSON horses around with his sons, JACK and PETER COLSON, and resists as they try to fit him with a Colts jersey. He points to the Saints gear he is wearing and argues back,

COLSON
Go Saints, go Saints... The Saints
are the world champion...

Then urges JACK to go long in the store,

02:11:00

As he gestures that he is going to throw him a football.

As JACK races away, COLSON puts down the ball, grabs PETER, and ducks behind a pillar -- gotcha,

CUT TO:

EXT. BOOKING GATE/O.P.P. - DAY

Song CONTINUES. A media perp-walk as a handcuffed OFFICER BILLY WILSON is led from the back of a police vehicle toward the jail entrance. PHOTOGRAPHERS and REPORTERS scrumming to throw questions and get shots. WILSON, stoic. PICK UP on BERNETTE, with VINCENT ABREU, who has come south for this very moment. As WILSON passes them, ABREU follows him for several steps, silent, holding up a framed photo of his dead son.

ABREU
Joey Abreu. This is my son.

WILSON glances at the photo, but looks away impassive. On ABREU, walking back to BERNETTE, who takes him by the arm, the moment over as quickly as it was hard to achieve,

CUT TO:

INT. THE SPOTTED CAT/FRENCHMEN STREET - NIGHT

Song CONTINUES. SONNY PLAYING guitar and delighted to be doing so again in a BAND. As we PULL WIDER we reveal that the front man is MCALARY, offering his latest incarnation, "Godzilla vs. MLK,"

MCALARY

...Between the American Negro and the Irradiated Lizard, I believe that we can forge our friendship and walk into the sunset, hand in hand, and solve all of our differences as friends. So this epic battle goes, that of which Godzilla, Godzilla versus Martin Luther King...

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT PORCH/STREETCORNER - DAY

Song CONTINUES. EVERETT, MCCARTHY interview a WITNESS, who sits on his steps recounting what he knows.

02:12:00

MCCARTHY

Morning or afternoon?

WITNESS

Ah, morning.

As THEY fill their notepads,

CUT TO:

INT. GIGI'S PLACE/OFF ST. BERNARD AVENUE - DAY

Song CONTINUES. LADONNA tends to her bar, moving drinks, making CUSTOMERS laugh. As she WIPES FRAME, RACK FOCUS on the photograph behind her: Big Chief Lambreaux.

CUT TO:

INT. BAND ROOM/THEOPHILE J. ELIE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY

Song CONTINUES. After school. No kids. BATISTE turns out the lights and locks the door,

CUT TO:

EXT. "OUR POTHOLE" STREET - DAY

Song CONTINUES. Worn shotguns and broken pavement, far up the block a car cross and an older pedestrian.

02:13:00

PAN until we pick up MCALARY, a curious expression on his face. He steps into the center of the street, walks over to admire His and Our Pothole, the beads faded some, but still beautiful, the road hazard still untended, the ad hoc sculpture itself a testament to an improbable place. On MCALARY, admiring this for a moment more, making a small adjustment to a strand of beads, then drives away. On the street sculpture, a monument to making do,

02:14:00

As SONG CONCLUDES, and,

FADE OUT.

THE END

LAST END CREDITS SILENT.

02:15:00

PRODUCTION LOGO

HBO LOGO

02:15:30