

SHARON

Written by

Ryan Jaffe

Lee Stobby Entertainment
Lee@stobbyent.com
323-546-9290

Paradigm Agency
Mark Ross
310-288-8000

FADE IN:

EXT. ARDEN WIMBLEDON HOUSE - NIGHT

Outside an ornate suburban South London home, cars parked as far as the eye can see, PARTY GOERS coming and going.

INSERT TITLE: WIMBLEDON, ENGLAND. 1970.

INT. ARDEN WIMBLEDON HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

A nearly bare room. Bed in the corner. Small framed needlepoint of a ballerina hanging on the wall.

SHARON ARDEN (17) stands in an expensive party dress before a mirror propped on top of a bureau. She looks at herself, doesn't like what she sees - short, overweight, giant breasts, curly hair.

SHARON (V.O.)

You think you know my story...

Sharon removes a gold Star of David necklace from her neck and replaces it with a cross. She then adds more jewels - bright and shiny to compensate for her lack of confidence.

SHARON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The Prince of Darkness and his oddball family...

She presses down her curls, but they keep popping up.

SHARON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

But I can promise you one thing,
darling: you don't know shit.

Sharon grabs a boa, wraps it around her neck, and exits.

INSERT TITLE: SHARON

INT. ARDEN WIMBLEDON HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Sharon pours expensive champagne into a tray filled with flutes while her brother DAVID (19), thin and blonde, always wears a clownish smile, stuffs his face with pigs in a blanket and stares at a YOUNG COUPLE making out on the other side of the kitchen.

SHARON

Perhaps instead of staring you could
make yourself useful.

She hands David the tray of flutes. He downs a glass of bubbly, burps, then sets the tray aside on the counter.

DAVID

Thanks for that.

Sharon rolls her eyes, grabs the tray and heads out of the kitchen.

SHARON

I hate you.

LIVING ROOM

Sharon enters a party packed with a blend of ARTISTS and ROCKERS and GRIM FACED MOBSTERS.

CLASSICAL MUSIC BLARES from a record player set beside a YOUNG MAN dressed as a maestro "conducting" his orchestra to an audience of one - himself - reflected in a window at the front of the house.

A wall on the opposite side of the room silently projects James Cagney in "Public Enemy."

Sharon revels in her role as host, distributing the champagne from guest to guest, some who respond with a quick 'ta,' a few with a big drunken hug and kiss, all with respect.

THE STUDY

THE SMALL FACES sit at a piano leading a jam of their hit, "Get Yourself Together" to a group of awed, stoned PARTY GOERS.

Sharon enters. RONNIE LANE of the Small Faces greets her with a kiss and puff off his joint.

Sharon sways along a few beats before continuing through the room and out another door that leads to

A HALLWAY

She steps into a hall and is now close to a stairwell. Makes sure to smile or kiss everyone she passes before heading upstairs.

INT. UPSTAIRS OFFICE - NIGHT

DON ARDEN (50s) holds court behind a massive mahogany desk. Immaculately dressed in a gray suit with silver hair, cigar rolling between his teeth, gold ring wound tight around his pinkie, Don is the boss and he knows it.

Don's got two HEAVIES straight out of central casting sitting on a couch to his side.

Across from Don sits music manager ROBERT STIGWOOD (30s), thin and pale with nervous eyes.

Don sets his cigar in the ashtray and looks to his thugs, who stand.

DON

There's two ways this is gonna go. One, you're gonna turn your arse around, walk down those stairs, interrupt the Faces from their good time and explain that your services aren't available now or ever after. Or two, I'm going to throw you out this window. Which way do you want to have it?

ROBERT STIGWOOD

Don, come on. You're not... There's two hundred people down--

Don suddenly lunges forward, grabs Stigwood by the collar and slams his face onto the desk. He holds it down and gets real close.

DON

You're quite right, Bob. I'm not gonna lay a finger on ya. But me boys...

The heavies grab a squirming Stigwood, drag him over to the window and slide it open.

ROBERT STIGWOOD

Don. Don, stop. Don't do this!

The heavies lift Stigwood off his feet and hang him upside down out of the window.

ROBERT STIGWOOD (CONT'D)

Don, don't! Don!

DON

What's it going to be, Bob? Do you want to steal my band from me or not?

Sharon enters the office, nonplussed by the scene.

DON (CONT'D)

(to Sharon)
Oh, hello, luv.

SHARON

Sorry. Didn't know you were workin'.

She turns to leave.

DON

Grab my cigar, would you?

SHARON

Sure, da.

Sharon retrieves Don's cigar and brings it over to him.

DON
(re: Stigwood)
Now put it out on his eye.

SHARON
Oh, uh... Not sure I should really--

DON
Don't stammer. Just do it.

SHARON
On his eye or in it?

DON
Do you think it makes a difference?

Sharon considers the cigar and the task at hand. She glances down at Stigwood, his eyes pleading for mercy.

ROBERT STIGWOOD
Sharon, please. You don't have to do this.

SHARON
Sorry, Mr. Stigwood.

Sharon leans the cigar down to Stigwood's eye.

ROBERT STIGWOOD
Okay! Okay. The Faces are yours! The Faces are yours.

Don smiles and taps his heavies, who pull Stigwood back inside the office. Stigwood's gone white. Looks as if he's pissed himself. Don pats him on the cheek.

DON
(to Stigwood)
Now fuck off, ya bloodsucker.

Stigwood scrambles out of there.

DON (CONT'D)
(to Sharon)
Have a puff darlin'.

SHARON
Thanks, Da.

Don does a little jig.

DON
 (singing to himself)
*If I were a rich man, yabba deebie
 deebie, deebie deebie deebie deebie
 dum...*

Sharon puffs the cigar. Exhales a huge plume of smoke and smiles.

FREEZE ON SHARON AND HER FACE OF PURE JOY.

SHARON (V.O.)
 This is where my story begins.

INT. MARQUEE CLUB - NIGHT

Sharon follows Don through a club that barely qualifies as a hole in the wall. Long-haired, angry YOUNG MEN pack the place shoulder to shoulder, smoke hovering above like a dank rain cloud.

Don and Sharon settle by the side of the stage. Watch as three unshowered members of Black Sabbath stroll onstage and pick up their instruments.

TONY IOMMI mans the guitar, BILL WARD sits behind the drum kit. GEEZER BUTLER wields a bass. All in their early 20s, each member has long hair and a droopy mustache.

Everything about Sabbath's presence is dark and working class. Very Birmingham.

Tony breaks into the opening riffs of "War Pigs." The crowd immediately perks and surges forward.

Sharon looks to Don - both can feel the energy.

As Tony's guitar cedes to Bill's steady high hat, the band's lead singer, JOHN "OZZY" OSBOURNE (21) shuffles onto the stage, head down.

Ozzy is thin, slight and clean shaven. He's got wavy brown shoulder-length hair parted in the middle. Wears a plaid pajama top beneath a vest and hasn't got on any shoes.

He nervously approaches the microphone, grips it with two hands. Never makes eye contact with anything but the floor.

But then Ozzy looks up, as if possessed, eyes locked on the audience.

OZZY
 (singing)
*Gen'rals gathered in their masses,
 Just like witches at black masses /
 Evil minds that plot destruction,
 (MORE)*

OZZY (CONT'D)
*Sorcerer of death's construction /
 In the fields the bodies burning, As
 the war machine keeps turning / Death
 and hatred to mankind, Poisoning
 their brainwashed minds / Oh Lord
 yeah...*

The band breaks into a heavy jam. Crowd begins to thrash.

ON SHARON AND DON

DON
 What the hell is this?

SHARON
 (with a wry smile)
 Madness.

FREEZE ON THE SEA OF BANGING HEADS

SHARON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 I'm nineteen years old and naive
 enough to believe the world is
 actually mine. One day I'm discovering
 Black Sabbath, or so I thought until
 a couple cunts who worked for my
 father stole them from under our
 noses...

INT. TOP OF THE POPS - NIGHT

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT ORCHESTRA plays its cover of "Roll Over Beethoven" to a DANCING CROWD on Top of The Tops.

Sharon's there too, but she's backstage, nodding along. Now nineteen, she notices a GIRL (14) looking bored at the front of the crowd and quickly seeks out a STAGE MANAGER.

She says something to the stage manager, who whispers to SOMEONE ELSE, who makes her way into the crowd and pulls the dour girl out of the audience.

Problem solved, Sharon begins dancing.

SHARON (V.O.)
 The next I'm on the road managing
 the Electric Light Orchestra.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Sharon pops a bottle of champagne. Bubbly flows, but the guys from ELO (JEFF LYNNE, ROY WOOD, BEV BEVAN) just sit there looking bored.

SHARON

Well, come on then. You just slayed
the Top Of The Pops.

JEFF LYNNE

We leave for Berlin in seven hours.

SHARON

The most successful rock and rollers
in England and this is what you do
with it?

JEFF LYNNE

I don't know about most successful.

ROY WOOD

Maybe like sixth or seventh.

Sharon guzzles half the champagne, burps, and hurls the bottle
against the wall, SMASHING IT.

SHARON

Are you for fucking real?

ON THE GUYS AGHAST FACES

SHARON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Having your manager party harder
than you is not a good look - for
you or the manager.

INT. HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

A bunch of TWENTYSOMETHINGS enter the bar to find Sharon
already drunk and ready for a party. Leading the pack is
Sharon's skinny, shaggy-haired boyfriend, ADRIAN.

Sharon greets Adrian with a big hug and kiss, then turns to
the BARKEEP and plunks down an American Express.

SHARON

Drinks on The Electric Light
Orchestra.

FRIENDS

Woo!

SHARON (V.O.)

But did I give a shit? I had money,
I had music, a drop dead gorgeous
boyfriend.

Sharon nestles back into Adrian.

SHARON (CONT'D)

Want to come to France with me?

Adrian responds by lifting Sharon into the air and giving her a twirl.

INT. CARLTON HOTEL CASINO - CANNES - NIGHT

Inside a high end restaurant in a luxury Cannes casino. Sharon and Adrian are both dressed to the nines as they dine amongst the beautiful people.

Adrian takes Sharon's hand and kisses it. Sharon coyly looks away.

SHARON (V.O.)

I thought I'd wanted to grow up and study the ballet, but instead, I'd become a princess.

The check comes. Sharon pays in cash.

SHARON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

A princess who had to foot the bill, but a princess nevertheless.

Bill paid, Sharon and Adrian exit the restaurant into a

CORRIDOR ABOVE THE CASINO

They walk arm in arm.

ADRIAN

Where to next?

SHARON

Dad's hosting some record execs in the harbor.

WE HEAR SEVERAL SCREAMS AND COMMOTION down in the casino. A bunch of people rush to the railing to check it out, as do Sharon and Adrian.

DOWN BELOW we see Don, in a silk dinner jacket and lace-up shoes, along with SEVERAL HEAVIES brawling with Sabbath manager PATRICK MEEHAN JR. and his OWN SET OF GOONS.

SHARON (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ. Dad?

Don's got Patrick beneath him and wails away.

Sharon rushes to the stairs to join the fray.

ADRIAN

Sharon... Sharon!

DOWN IN THE CASINO

Sharon appears and immediately spots ONE OF MEEHAN'S BODYGUARDS lifting a glass coffee table over his head, about to bring it down on Don. She hurls herself into the man, sending him sprawling under the weight of the coffee table.

By now the fight's a full on melee and Sharon is right in the middle of it - swinging her fists, pulling hair, biting legs.

SHARON (V.O.)

These were the fuckers who'd stolen Black Sabbath years back. There wasn't a chance in hell Don Arden was gonna let them do it without hearing how he felt about it, which meant I wasn't either.

INT. JET RECORDS OFFICES - DAY

Don slides legal document after legal document for Sharon to sign. We quickly glimpse tax forms and property deeds and leases to buildings.

Sharon reads nothing. Signs everything.

SHARON (V.O.)

It was so much fun that I didn't think twice about my father having me sign every title or tax form drawn in his name. To the world he was a boss, to the tax man, he didn't even exist. But I sure as shit did.

EXT. ARDEN WIMBLEDON HOUSE - DAY

Sharon argues at the front door with one REPO MAN while his PARTNER lifts a Rolls-Royce onto a tow truck.

She pushes past the first repo man to confront the other. Begins smacking at him, but he's having none of it and smacks back.

Soon the first repo man is dragging Sharon by the hair back towards the house while the other finishes hauling the car.

INT. ARDEN WIMBLEDON HOUSE - DAY

Sharon collapses to the floor. We reveal that the house is nearly bare except for the random rug or candle stick.

Don peeks his head out from a side room.

DON

So you let them take the car then.

Sharon glares at her father and storms upstairs.

SHARON (V.O.)
 Unfortunately, having cars and houses
 taken as quickly as they came wasn't
 enough to wake me up.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Sharon vomits into the toilet bowl.

SHARON (V.O.)
 But the wake up call did arrive.

INT. ARDEN WIMBLEDON HOUSE - DON AND HOPE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A very pale and haggard Sharon staggers into the room and stands before her mother HOPE (40s), a once bright woman who's moved past sadness to numb, sitting in bed in a nightgown, cigarette dangling from her mouth.

HOPE
 You have to get rid of it.

SHARON
 Get rid of what?

INT. HOUSE ON AVENUE ROAD - DAY

A living room's been converted into a waiting room. The lights are dim. Nearly a dozen YOUNG TEENS AND WOMEN including Sharon sit, faces wracked with shame and terror.

INT. HOUSE ON AVENUE ROAD - BEDROOM - DAY

Once a bedroom, now a makeshift operating room.

A NURSE stands over Sharon, lying in a bed, screaming and crying.

A MAN'S HANDS lean towards her with an anesthetic mask and THE ROOM GOES WHITE.

INT. ARDEN WIMBLEDON HOUSE - SHARON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sharon lies in bed, sweaty, a sanitary towel soaked with blood tucked between her legs.

SHARON
 Mum... Mum?!

INT. ARDEN WIMBLEDON HOUSE - SHARON'S BEDROOM - DAY

Sharon remains in bed, now finally asleep, her eyes a bit less swelled.

WE HEAR A KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

SHARON

Mum?

The door cracks open. It's Don.

DON

It's me, actually.

Don enters. Sharon pulls the covers over herself.

DON (CONT'D)

How you gettin' on?

SHARON

Still breathin' I guess.

Don sits at the end of the bed. Rubs Sharon's feet. She relaxes a bit, appreciating the contact.

DON

Adrian pay like he promised?

SHARON

I know he got the money from you.

DON

Nah... I brought you something.

Don pulls a beautiful diamond necklace from his pocket and shows it to Sharon.

SHARON

Oh my goodness. Dad...

DON

Sit up.

Sharon sits up so that Don can help put the necklace on.

DON (CONT'D)

Gorgeous.

SHARON

Thank you.

DON

You know I've been talking to Queen about taking on their management, yes?

SHARON

Mm. I love Freddie.

DON

Don't we all. He's got quite the appetite that one.

SHARON

So I've heard.

DON

Seems he's taken a bit of a liking
to Adrian.

SHARON

Adrian as in... my Adrian?

DON

He's not your Adrian anymore, now is
he?

This takes Sharon aback, but she bites her tongue.

SHARON

I guess not.

DON

I want you to ask Adrian if he'll
give Freddie some attention.

SHARON

Some attention? What do you mean
attention?

DON

Don't be daft, Sha. You know what it
means.

SHARON

That you want my boyfriend to suck
off Freddie Mercury?

DON

(threatening)

That's right. Have you got a problem
with it?

Sharon looks to the floor.

DON (CONT'D)

Tell him I'll pay a thousand quid
for helpin' out.

Sharon sinks to the point that it almost appears as though
her spirit is leaving her body.

DON (CONT'D)

Queen's a big band, Sha. We all have
to pitch in where we can, yes?

(off Sharon's lack of
response)

Sharon.

SHARON

I understand.

FREEZE ON YOUNG SHARON just as she notices the embroidered picture of the dancing ballerina hanging on her wall...

SHARON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I understood all right. I understood well and good that I needed to get as far away from this motherfucker as possible.

RESUME NORMAL SPEED. Don leans over and gives Sharon a kiss on the head.

DON

Glad you're feeling better.

Sharon cringes at her father's touch.

INT. ARDEN WIMBLEDON HOUSE - APRIL, 1978 - NIGHT

Another Arden party. It's now 1978, so the styles have changed and cocaine flows like wine, but the characters are much the same.

A pudgy, depressed looking Sharon sits on a couch in the corner, champagne glass in hand.

SHARON (V.O.)

As any girl who's been slapped around a time or two can tell you, knowing you have to leave and actually leaving are two very different things.

A WOMAN crosses and says 'hello.' Sharon manages to stand, put on a smile and give the woman a kiss, but the smile fades as soon as the woman passes.

Sharon sits again. Notices David entertaining a trio of THREE YOUNG WOMEN WHO ARE EIGHTEEN AT BEST.

She looks past David, sees FREDDIE MERCURY laughing, his arm around Adrian, who seems way too comfortable.

Sharon rises, unable to take the sight of Freddie and Adrian.

Navigates the crowd to a bathroom. Tries the door, but it's locked. She sighs and waits.

Moments later a WOMAN comes to the bathroom and knocks.

WOMAN

I got the shit.

The door opens and the woman slips inside, locking the door behind her.

Sharon bangs on the door.

SHARON

This is my house, ya cunt!

The door doesn't open, so Sharon turns and heads out towards the stairs, but decides against going up there.

Instead she hurries to the backyard.

EXT. ARDEN WIMBLEDON HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Sharon sneaks behind a pool shed, where she squats and starts to piss.

Just out of her eye line TWO GUYS (30s) stroll by sharing a joint.

GUY #1

We could do what the Meehans are doing and take the company public.

GUY #2

The Meehans have jack shit. They're a shell of a shell.

GUY #1

They've got Sabbath.

GUY #2

Until Tony finds out they've stolen every royalty they've ever made.

Sharon's eyes perk.

GUY #2 (CONT'D)

Patrick's a clown, man. That is not a model we want to follow.

The guys notice Sharon and pause. She quickly yanks up her pants, but trips and falls.

SHARON

Go ahead and laugh. I dare you.

The guys avert their gaze as Sharon picks herself up and walks off, head held high.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Sharon marches past Don's office, where Don sits at his big desk with a PAIR OF HEAVIES.

DON

Hey, Sha...

SHARON
 (without stopping)
 Not now, Don.

INT. SHARON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sharon talks on the phone as she packs a suitcase.

SHARON
 Don't ask any questions, darling,
 just find out where Black Sabbath is
 playing right now and book me a
 ticket.

She hangs up. A DRUNK COUPLE tries entering the room, but Sharon shoves them out and closes the door.

SHARON (CONT'D)
 Fuck somewhere else.

The phone rings. Sharon grabs it.

SHARON (CONT'D)
 Yeh?

EXT. LAX - NIGHT

A plane lands at LAX.

SHARON (V.O.)
 This is really where my story begins.

INT. SHARON'S MERCEDES / EXT. I-405 - NIGHT

Still in her clothes from the party in London, Sharon speeds down the 405 towards the 710/Long Beach.

EXT. LONG BEACH HYATT HOTEL - NIGHT

Sharon screeches into the parking lot and runs out of the car.

INT. LONG BEACH HYATT HOTEL - NIGHT

Sharon knocks on the door until it opens, revealing Sabbath's Tony Iommi.

TONY
 What the fuck?

SHARON
 I hear you're looking for new
 management.

TONY
 Do I even know you?

SHARON
Don't be an asshole.

Sharon brushes past Tony into the room, leaving him no choice but to follow.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Lights are on. Lines of coke are splayed on a mirror. A half-naked WOMAN (20s) sits bored at the table.

Tony paces. Sharon stands before him.

TONY
It's three o'clock in the bloody morning.

SHARON
(re: the girl and the coke)
So. You're up.

TONY
Not for you.

SHARON
Patrick's been ripping you off for years and you know it and you're pissed but you don't know what to do because everyone in this disgusting business is like Patrick so what's the fucking point.

TONY
You're a mind reader. Congratulations. You've come to demonstrate this skill in the dark of night because...

SHARON
Fire Patrick and let me take over.

TONY
Take over what?

SHARON
Your management. Obviously, I'm talkin' about your management.

TONY
(laughs)
You? Take over managing Sabbath? Ha. Yeah. No.

SHARON
Why? Because I'm a woman?

TONY

Yes.

SHARON

Sexist.

TONY

Well, that and your age and the fact that you're cut from the same cloth as your old man, who still scares the shit out of me.

SHARON

I had no idea you were such a frightened little asshole.

Tony snorts a line.

TONY

Well, I am.

Sharon grabs Tony's right hand (which is missing a pair of fingertips) and holds it up.

SHARON

When you lost the tips of your fingers, did you try to keep playing the same way or did you seek out something new?

TONY

(pulls his hand free)

What's my fingers got to do with the price of tea in China?

SHARON

Jesus, Tony. Everything. It's got everything to do with it. You took a chance and wined up inventing a new way of playing the bloody guitar.

TONY

(shrugs)

Don't know about all that. I got lucky.

SHARON

Yes. You did. Because you had marbles.

TONY

Still do.

SHARON

Do you? I can't help but wonder...

Tony senses his topless girl paying attention for the first time.

TONY
Jeff Lynne says you're wild.

SHARON
Do you want to live your life like
Jeff Fucking Lynne?

TONY
Fair point. Let me think about it.

SHARON
No. This is the moment.

Sharon takes Tony by the hands. Looks Tony hard in the eyes.

SHARON (CONT'D)
I will murder for you, Tony.

Tony breaks free and bends to snort another line. Takes it
in. Rises. Then:

TONY
No.

SHARON
What?

TOPLESS WOMAN
Aw. I was about to be so proud.

TONY
I mean 'yes'. I meant to say 'yes'.
Now will you leave?

Sharon rushes Tony and gives him a hug.

SHARON
Thank you, Tony. Thank you.

TONY
Just don't rip us off.

SHARON
Never.

TONY
(as Sharon goes)
And keep it between us till I've
spoken to Patrick.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Sharon exit's Tony's room. Giddily runs down the hall.

She turns a corner and trips over a body lying prone across
a doorway.

Takes a moment to gather herself and soon realizes she's tripped over a drunken Ozzy, who's half-conscious and moaning.

SHARON

Ozzy?

Ozzy opens his eyes. Struggles to sit up. Sharon can't help but give him a hand.

OZZY

I... I know you.

SHARON

Yes, but no.

Sharon fishes a key out of Ozzy's pocket and helps him into his

HOTEL ROOM

Lays him down on his bed.

OZZY

(totally out of it)
We gonna shag now?

SHARON

I was never here.

Sharon starts to leave, but pauses and returns to Ozzy. She removes his shoes and nestles his head under a pillow.

SHARON (CONT'D)

You never saw me.

Turns to leave again, but has another idea. Drags a trash can to the side of the bed and turns Ozzy sideways in case he has to throw up.

Now she heads out one last time.

SHARON (CONT'D)

This never happened.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Sharon drives back towards LA, beaming, rocking out to Sabbath on the eight-track. Head banging. Zero fucks given to how she looks or who she's almost ramming with her car.

INT. BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - SHARON'S SUITE - NIGHT

A still glowing Sharon enters to discover a bottle of champagne chilling beside a card labeled, "Sharon."

Sharon opens the card and reads: "Thanks for turning me sideways. - O. ps - This note was never sent."

Sharon blushes and pops the bubbly. Swigs straight from the bottle.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - DAY

Sharon sleeps soundly, empty champagne bottle on the night stand beside her.

A KNOCKING AT THE DOOR stirs Sharon to life. She rises and grabs a robe on her way to the door. Answers.

Reveal Don, armed with a briefcase.

DON
Are you drunk?

SHARON
What? How did you... Did you follow me?

Don lets himself in.

DON
Not every day the family gets a second chance to snap up Black Sabbath.

He sits on the end of the bed and snaps open his briefcase.

SHARON
When you say the family...

Don pulls out some paperwork. Hands it over to Sharon.

DON
You'll have them sign these.

SHARON
(flummoxed)
How'd you even...

DON
You done good, Sha. Real good.

Don rises.

DON (CONT'D)
(re: hotel room)
May as well find us somewhere more permanent than this. I like LA.

Don gives Sharon a kiss on the top of the head. Starts to head out.

SHARON

I won't steal their money.

DON

You leave the money bit to me.

SHARON

Don, I'm serious. I promised Tony we'd do it different than the Meehans.

DON

And we will, Sha. We will.

Don exits. Sharon looks back to the paperwork, then hurls it at the front door. Papers flutter everywhere.

SHARON

Get out of my fucking life.

FADE TO:

INT. RIVERFRONT COLISEUM - CINCINNATI, OHIO - NIGHT

On a stage in Cincinnati, where Ozzy and the rest of Sabbath rock out to a rabid crowd. The band has come a long way from that first intro in the bar - big stage, huge wall of sound, much more elaborate fashions.

They finish their closing song, bow, and run backstage.

BACKSTAGE DRESSING ROOM

The band pours in to discover the biggest mirror you've ever seen welcoming them with fresh lines of coke.

The mirror is so big that all four guys are able to simultaneously snort from different parts of it at the same time.

INT. BEL AIR HOUSE - NIGHT

Inside a giant bedroom of a huge Bel Air home. Sharon stands before a mirror as she did at the start of the movie, primping and mustering her confidence, sipping champagne, overcompensating with new jewels.

EXT. TOUR BUS - NIGHT

Sabbath's tour bus passes under a highway sign labeled "Memphis."

INT. TOUR BUS - CONTINUOUS

Ozzy, Billy, Geezer, and Van Halen's DAVID LEE ROTH snort from a mound of coke with a TRIO OF GROUPIES.

DAVID LEE ROTH
 (re: Ozzy and his
 groupie)
 You two should get hitched.

OZZY
 Thanks, but one wife's already too
 many for me.

DAVID LEE ROTH
 Ozzy, you're not fucking married.

OZZY
 Got two beautiful babies back in the
 mother land to prove it.

DAVID LEE ROTH
 Well aren't you just chock full of
 surprises.

Ozzy snorts a line off his girl's tit...

OZZY
 I've adopted my wife's son from
 another bloke as well.

DAVID LEE ROTH
 (to a groupie)
 Always good to hang with a guy who
 makes you feel like you're never the
 biggest fuck up in the room.
 (snorts a line, then
 to his groupie:)
 My balls smell like key lime pie by
 the way.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

A wired Sharon sits in first class amongst a handful of dozing
 passengers, reading through a pile of contracts, press
 materials and stage set proposals.

She rubs her eyes and tries to close them, but they pop right
 back open and the work continues.

Sharon cracks the window shade. Forces herself to take a
 beat and stare at the sun.

EXT. NASHVILLE AIRPORT / INT. LIMO - DAY

Sharon exits the airport and climbs into a waiting limo.

SHARON
 Straight to the venue, please.

The car pulls away. WE STAY WITH SHARON A BEAT, nervously
 cracking open and closing the window.

She pulls a compact from her purse. Applies some lipstick. Catches her own eye in the mirror.

SHARON (CONT'D)

You're the one.

She closes the compact.

EXT. NASHVILLE MUNICIPAL AUDITORIUM / INT. LIMO - NIGHT

Sharon's limo pulls up to the artist's entrance outside the auditorium.

INT. NASHVILLE MUNICIPAL AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

Sharon struts the back hallway towards the dressing rooms at the other end of the hall. The SOUND OF VAN HALEN BLARES IN THE B.G.

SHARON (V.O.)

This was it. This was my moment. I'd gone out and signed one of the biggest rock acts on the planet. Maybe Don Arden would get the credit, but this was my victory. No woman had walked in shoes like mine, ever.

Sharon reaches Sabbath's dressing room, takes a breath and enters.

SHARON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

You bet your ass I was proud.

INT. NASHVILLE MUNICIPAL AUDITORIUM - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

The members of Sabbath, minus Ozzy, pace backstage when Sharon enters.

SHARON

Hello, gentlemen.

TONY

Where the fuck have you been?!

SHARON

Who'd have thought traffic in Nashville could be worse than L.A? Van Halen sounds good.

TONY

Are you completely clueless to what the fuck's been going on?

SHARON

I don't know. Is there something specific you're referring to?

TONY
 Specific like perhaps our bloody
 lead singer's been on a three day
 bender and now he's disappeared?!

A PROMOTER sticks his head in.

PROMOTER
 You're on in twenty.

The promoter exits.

SHARON
 I'm sorry, Tony. Back up. Did you
 just say--

TONY
 You heard what I said. The police've
 combed the entire city of Nashville
 twice, which you'd be on top of if
 you weren't fucking late!

GEEZER
 We're afraid he might be dead, man.

SHARON
 Jesus, Geezer, he's not dead.

GEEZER
 I mean he could be.

SHARON
 He's not dead!

TONY
 Whether he's dead or not, what are
 we gonna do about the situation right
 now?

Sharon thinks. She just got off a plane, she doesn't know.

TONY (CONT'D)
 Sharon!

Sharon races out.

TONY (CONT'D)
 Did she just leave?

GEEZER
 I think she left.

BILL
 Women, right?

INT. NASHVILLE MUNICIPAL AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

Sharon waits off stage as Van Halen finishes their set and takes a bow. David Lee Roth bounces into the wings and Sharon intercepts him.

SHARON

I need you.

She pulls David Lee along with her.

INT. NASHVILLE MUNICIPAL AUDITORIUM - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

Sharon spills into the room with David Lee Roth, who's all smiles.

A bummed looking Tony, Bill and Geezer look up from beers and lines of coke.

DAVID LEE ROTH

Why the glum faces, fellas?

SHARON

Go on and show 'em.

DAVID LEE ROTH

Sure thing, baby doll.

(singing "Iron Man")

*Has he lost his mind / Can he see or
is he blind / Can he walk at all /
or if he moves, will he fall?*

(in full David Lee

Roth mode)

Oh yeah! All right! Ya-hoooooo!

David Lee kicks at the air a few times.

Sabbath looks at Sharon as if this is the dumbest thing they've ever witnessed.

SHARON

I'll let them know we're canceling.

EXT. NASHVILLE HYATT HOTEL - NIGHT

Sabbath's bus pulls up to a scene of cop cars, news vans, helicopter circling overhead.

Sharon steps down from the bus, taken aback by the chaos.

Tony sidles up behind her.

TONY

Get this shit in order or you'll be done before you've started.

INT. NASHVILLE HYATT HOTEL - NIGHT

The lobby bustles with reporters, COPS, Sabbath crew, FANS holding a candlelight vigil, and a pair of FBI AGENTS standing with David Lee Roth.

DAVID LEE ROTH

When you come to LA, you have to bring the badge, man. The chicks fear it, but they love it. You feel me? Fear and love together are a potent sexual cocktail...

Sharon handles her own little war room over by the concierge desk, where at the moment she's on the phone.

SHARON

(into phone)

I've got another chopper on standby just in case... That's good too, but do we know if there even is an Amtrak in Nashville? Well, you bloody well find out!

OZZY (O.S.)

Don't tell me we're traveling by train now.

Sharon turns to discover Ozzy standing behind her in a bathrobe.

SHARON

Jesus Christ.

OZZY

Sometimes I wish I was, you know? The man had great hair.

Sharon wraps Ozzy in a hug.

Tony, Geezer, Bill and others, including David Lee Roth, notice Ozzy hugging Sharon and hurry over.

TONY

What the fucking fuck!?

OZZY

You don't like my robe?

TONY

You are such a selfish asshole.

OZZY

Selfish for taking a nap?

TONY

Taking a nap? Fuck you, Ozzy! Fuck you.

Tony tries to grab Ozzy. Sharon and the others attempt to hold him off.

SHARON

Tony. Tony. Settle down.

TONY

We checked your room a hundred times.

Ozzy pulls his key from his pocket.

OZZY

(re: key)

You can check it again if you'd like... Though I'm not actually there right now. I'm here. Obviously, I'm here.

Tony snags the key. His jaw drops.

TONY

This key's from the Hyatt in Cincinnati.

OZZY

Are we not in Cincinnati?

TONY

Nashville! We're in bloody Nashville!

OZZY

Is that Nashville, Tennessee?

Tony tries going at Ozzy again. Again the others have to hold him back.

DAVID LEE ROTH

Holy hell on a cracker, you been here the whole goddamn time!

OZZY

What you think I'm trying to explain? I went to my room, told the maid to piss off, and went to sleep.

TONY

You're a joke, Ozzy.

Tony storms off. Bill follows.

SHARON

Tony, come on. This is good news.

(MORE)

SHARON (CONT'D)
 We've found our lead singer. He's
 rested and ready to move on...
 Tony?... Tony!

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Sharon and Ozzy board a plane and take a pair of first class seats.

SHARON
 Do you want the window or...

OZZY
 The window's grand, yeah.

A FLIGHT ATTENDANT approaches.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
 Hi. Welcome. May I get you something
 to drink?

SHARON
 Maybe not right now.

OZZY
 Have you got any Cognac?

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
 I think I may.

The flight attendant exits.

SHARON
 Really, Ozzy?

OZZY
 It's free in first class.

Sharon sighs.

OZZY (CONT'D)
 You sure you're okay with me staying
 with you?

SHARON
 Of course. Might be good while you
 finish the record.

OZZY
 It's a shame these guys are too stoned
 to write a proper tune anymore.

SHARON
 You're one to talk.

The flight attendant returns with the cognac. Hands it to Ozzy.

OZZY

Thank you.

Ozzy downs the drink again in a single gulp.

OZZY (CONT'D)

(to the flight
attendant)

You can bring the whole bottle if
you've got other things to do.

SHARON

Please don't.

OZZY

Just one more then.

The flight attendant smiles uncomfortably and heads back to
her station.

OZZY (CONT'D)

Won't bother you if I bugger her in
the loo later, will it?

SHARON

(forced smile)

As long as you don't get her pregnant.

OZZY

It's not having babies that scares
me. Gettin' warts on me cock on the
other hand...

SHARON

Disgusting.

The flight attendant brings another drink.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Here we are.

OZZY

(with a smile)

Cheers. I'm Ozzy.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Fiona.

The flight attendant walks away. Ozzy again downs his
cocktail.

SHARON

What's got you like this, Ozzy?

OZZY

Like what?

SHARON
Like... this. Is it Thelma?

OZZY
Thelma? Who's Thelma?

SHARON
Your wife, you wanker.

OZZY
No, it's not Thelma. Thelma is grand.
Like a grand piano gettin' dropped
on me head.

SHARON
You feel guilty being away from her
and the babies? Is that it?

OZZY
I dunno. Why you asking such
questions?

SHARON
I'm only trying to understand.

Ozzy looks out the window before turning back to Sharon.

OZZY
(sincere)
It's a bit of everything, isn't it?

INT. MERCEDES / EXT. BEL AIR STREETS

Sharon drives. Ozzy sits beside her. The car takes several
twists up the hills before turning into the gate of Sharon's
Bel Air house.

OZZY
(re: house)
This all yours?

SHARON
Yes and no.

The gate parts and they roll through, cruising up the
driveway.

OZZY
I bought a house in Birmingham for
my mum and dad after we started making
some dough.

SHARON
That must've felt nice.

OZZY

Found out when we fired Patrick that he's the one who actually owned it. He threw mum and dad out the next day.

SHARON

My God. Ozzy. That's horrible.

OZZY

You're probably thinking I should've known better.

SHARON

I'm not thinking that at all.

OZZY

I've got you to make sure that doesn't happen again though, so...

SHARON

Nothing like that will ever happen so long as I'm in your life.

INT. GUEST COTTAGE - DAY

Ozzy finishes a shower. Towels off and enters the bedroom, where there's a hideous bust of a gorilla set on the nightstand.

OZZY

(noticing the bust)

What the hell...?

He moves on to some clothes laid out on the bed and begins to dress.

INT. BEL AIR HOUSE - NIGHT

Sharon cooks up some eggs and bacon. Brews a pot of tea. Moments later, Ozzy enters, looking clean and sober for the first time yet.

OZZY

Did you know there's a gorilla living out there?

SHARON

Someone gave it to Don. Hideous, isn't it?

Sharon fixes Ozzy a plate of food.

OZZY

Mm. Where is the old man?

SHARON

On his way back from New York I think.
There's rumors he wants to stop by
the studio.

OZZY

Wants to see the shit show first
hand, does he?

SHARON

Nonsense. We're putting all that
behind us. Sit.

Ozzy obliges. He sniffs the food and practically melts. Takes
a bite - even better. Digs in and stuffs his face.

OZZY

Why are you bein' so nice to me?

SHARON

What do you mean? It's my job.

OZZY

I thought your job was to get me
cars and drugs and things like that.

SHARON

Are eggs and bacon not fancy enough
for you?

OZZY

It's not that. It's just...
thoughtful.

SHARON

May I ask you something?

OZZY

More of the questions?

SHARON

Yes. I'm nosy. Do you think you're
talented?

OZZY

I think I can carry a tune if that's
what you mean. But I'm certainly no
Frank Sinatra.

SHARON

May I tell you what I think?

OZZY

Is there ever a scenario where you
won't?

SHARON

I think the band's spent years leading you to believe you're Ringo when all along you've been John or Paul.

OZZY

Ringo's a great drummer.

SHARON

He is. But is he what you think of when you think of the Beatles?

OZZY

Who in their right mind first thinks of Ringo?

SHARON

People love Sabbath because of you, Ozzy. Because of your voice and your energy up on stage. Because of your smile.

OZZY

My smile?

SHARON

Yes. Your smile. You connect with the crowd and they connect with you. Not Tony. Not Geezer. Certainly not Bill. You. They connect with you.

OZZY

If you're trying to get into my pants, it's working.

SHARON

The point I'm getting at is, I wish you'd stop acting like you have something to prove. You've proven it. This band is one of the biggest in the world, but they are nothing without you. Nothing.

OZZY

I don't know. I can't even play the guitar.

SHARON

You think your fans give a shit whether or not you can strum a bloody guitar?

OZZY

I have no idea.

Sharon takes Ozzy's hand.

SHARON
Whether you believe it or not, you
are loved.

An awkward beat passes between Sharon and Ozzy before:

OZZY
Have you got any vodka?

Sharon pulls her hand away and heads out of the kitchen.

SHARON
It's time you start taking yourself
seriously because until then, no one
else will.

OZZY
Where you going?

SHARON
I'm going to bed. And so should you.

OZZY
Together or...

SHARON
No! And you've got a session tomorrow
so don't go searching for any fucking
vodka.

Sharon exits. Ozzy takes a bite of his food and looks around
a moment before crossing to the freezer, which he opens,
discovering a bottle of vodka.

OZZY
(to himself)
It's not searching if you're looking
for ice cream and happen upon it.

Ozzy reaches into the freezer and grabs the vodka.

INT. BEL AIR HOUSE - NIGHT

Late at night. Sharon sleeps soundly.

EXT. BEL AIR HOUSE - NIGHT

A tipsy Ozzy paces near the back gate, puffing a cigarette
between vocal exercises.

OZZY
(singing)
Me me me me me... Me me me me me...

Moments later a MAN appears at the gate with a backpack.

MAN AT GATE

Psst. Psst. Ozzy...

Ozzy turns, notices the man at the gate and scurries over. The man reaches into his pack and hands Ozzy a large bag of coke.

OZZY

You're easily the best drug dealer on the planet.

DRUG DEALER

I consider myself a drug concierge.

OZZY

Is that French for dealer?

Ozzy pockets his stash and heads back to the house.

EXT. BEL AIR HOUSE - DAY

Just awakened, still in her robe, Sharon heads into the kitchen.

She starts some coffee. Grabs milk from the fridge. Gives it a whiff- it's spoiled. Tosses it in the trash can, but pauses upon noticing something else in the bin.

She reaches in, pulls out an empty vodka bottle.

SHARON

Shit.

EXT. BEL AIR HOUSE - DAY

Sharon crosses the courtyard and enters the

GUESTHOUSE

Pokes her head inside.

SHARON

Ozzy? Ozzy, are you in the bathroom?

She enters. Sits on the edge of the bed beside the gorilla bust.

SHARON (CONT'D)

(re: gorilla bust)

Fucking eyesore.

She then notices a tray beneath the bust that's got some coke remnants across it. Wipes her finger across it. Sags on the bed.

SHARON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 It dawned on me then that I'd wagered
 my entire future on a collection of
 incorrigible drug addicts.

Sharon perks upon hearing THE PHONE RING from back in the
 main house.

SHARON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Perhaps in retrospect that wasn't
 the wisest move.

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - DAY

Tony, Bill and Geezer stands inside the sound booth, mouths
 agape, watching as Ozzy destroys everything he can get his
 hands on in the studio - guitars, drums, you name it, it's
 up for demolition.

TONY
 (phone pressed to his
 ear)
 We've fired Ozzy. We need you to
 come pick him up.

Tony hangs up. Ozzy hurls a chair his way, but the studio's
 glass blocks it.

INT. BEL AIR HOUSE - DAY

A stunned Sharon hangs up and rushes to the sink to vomit.

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - DAY

Pale but composed, Sharon tip toes into the destroyed studio
 to discover Ozzy passed out in the corner, empty bottle of
 booze by his side.

SHARON
 Oz. Ozzy.

Sharon reaches under Ozzy and struggles to lift him to his
 feet. Ozzy mumbles.

SHARON (CONT'D)
 It's okay. I'm here. It's okay.

Sharon looks back to the band, still camped out in the control
 room, passing a joint back and forth.

She notices someone else looming behind them: Don. Don hits
 the studio microphone.

DON
 (re: Ozzy)
 You need help dumpin' him in a river?

SHARON
 (to Don re: Sabbath)
 Please stay the fuck away from them.

DON
 They're mine as much as yours, luv.

GEEZER
 (mumbled and stoned)
 Sounds like they're talking about us
 as if we're chattel.

BILL
 I'm not chattel.
 (beat)
 Not even sure what chattel is. Is
 that even a real word?

SHARON
 (losing it)
 Does someone want to give me a fucking
 hand?!

EXT. RECORDING STUDIO - DAY

Tony and Geezer look on as Bill helps Sharon slide Ozzy into
 the back of her car. They get him in. Close the door.

TONY
 We'll call you later about pickin' a
 new singer.

SHARON
 Really, Tony? You were schoolmates
 for fucks sake.

TONY
 He was a wazzock then too.

GEEZER
 Ronnie Dio's manager reached out to
 your dad.

SHARON
 Do not listen to my goddamned dad.

TONY
 So then do you want to reach out and
 make the offer?

SHARON
 Let me be clear about one thing.

Sharon gets right into Tony's face.

SHARON (CONT'D)

No one's offering anybody anything. Take a couple days to cool off, then we'll sit down with Ozzy and work it out.

TONY

There's nothing to work out, Sharon. It's over. He's axed.

SHARON

He's the reason people's asses fill your seats.

TONY

Is that so?

SHARON

Yeah. It bloody well is.

TONY

Then maybe you belong with him and not us.

Sharon is stunned.

SHARON

What?

TONY

Now there's an idea that frightens you.

SHARON

You're right, Tony. It does. Because if you let him go... You just can't let him go.

TONY

The man can't even play an instrument.

SHARON

His soul is his instrument.

TONY

(laughs)

What? His... soul? You expect me to take you seriously with a comment like that?

SHARON

Don't fire him and figure out you're wrong the hard way, Tony. I'm begging you.

TONY

Put a call into Dio.

SHARON

Fuck Dio!

Sharon climbs into her car. She spots Don strolling out of the building.

Sharon rolls down her window.

SHARON (CONT'D)

Don! Stay the fuck out of it.

Don puffs at his cigar and turns away from Sharon to huddle with the band.

SHARON (CONT'D)

Don!

INSIDE SHARON'S MERCEDES

Seeing the futility in trying to reach Don, Sharon drives off.

SHARON

(slamming the steering wheel)

Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Fucking assholes. Ah!

(looking back to Ozzy in rearview)

And you? What the fuck is wrong with you?

She stops her rant, realizing that Ozzy is quietly weeping.

SHARON (CONT'D)

Oh, it's okay, Ozzy. It's going to be okay.

INT. LE PARC HOTEL - DAY

Sharon holds a semiconscious Ozzy upright as she checks him into this boutique Hollywood hotel.

The RECEPTIONIST can't help but stare at Ozzy as she fills out her paperwork.

SHARON

(on the verge of breaking)

You want to take a picture while you're at it? Let's go!

INT. LE PARK HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Sharon leads Ozzy inside. The room is small and dark, with a little kitchenette and fridge.

Sharon lays Ozzy down on the bed.

OZZY
They think I'm a punch line.

SHARON
They're assholes but not stupid.
They'll come around.

Sharon gives Ozzy a huge hug and heads for the door.

SHARON (CONT'D)
I'll have this sorted in the next
few days. In the meantime, don't
wander off and lose your head.

OZZY
Are you leaving me?

SHARON
Never.

Sharon exits.

EXT. LE PARC HOTEL - DAY

Sharon climbs back into her car. Starts it, but can't bring herself to drive.

INT. BEL AIR HOUSE - DAY

Sharon enters into the kitchen, glum as can be. Her brother David sits at the table, shit eating grin on his face.

SHARON
Not here to save me, are you?

DAVID
You've fucked this one up beyond my
abilities.

SHARON
Least I'm out there instead of
skulking 'round as Don's errand boy.

DAVID
I'm not his errand boy.

DON (O.S.)
Where's that tea, son?

Sharon glances back at David, who flips her off. Sharon turns and heads

UPSTAIRS

To a guest room that's been converted into an office with a new giant desk. Don's there, cigar between his teeth.

Sharon enters.

SHARON

Before you start spoutin' off-

DON

I'm sending David in to take over.

SHARON

David? Don, no. This band is mine. I don't need David.

DON

What else am I supposed to do, Sha? Ya blew it.

SHARON

On my life, I will fix this.

DON

How? How you gonna fix it?

SHARON

Ozzy's got nothing else. Even if it means sobering up and licking Tony's boots, he'll do what he has to to avoid gettin' fired.

DON

Ozzy is a drunk. Forget Ozzy. You should've seen the havoc he was wreakin' when I showed up.

SHARON

I understand that Ozzy can be a little... off when he's drinking. But as talented as the other guys are, he's the reason people love them.

DON

People love the songs. They could give two shits about Ozzy.

SHARON

You're wrong.

DON

Is this the part where you try convincing me his soul is a musical instrument?

SHARON

Does it mean anything that I might know what I'm doing when it comes to what's right for this band?

DON

No. Find a new lead singer, get the band back on the road and make sure I keep getting my money.

SHARON

For the family, right?

DON

That's right.

STAIRWELL - MOMENTS LATER

Sharon passes David as he heads up carrying Don's tea.

DAVID

See you on the road.

SHARON

Eat a dick.

INT. NASSAU COLISEUM - NIGHT

Sabbath show. Big crowd. Giant crosses still cover the stage. Tony, Bill and Geezer jam as they always have, though their faces are blank and drawn from using too much dope.

Instead of Ozzy handling the vocals, however, please meet the illustrious RONNIE JAMES DIO (30s).

Dio's got puffy thick black curly hair and a face that looks like it's fallen into one too many scalding radiators.

He sings in a grating power metal voice devoid of melody while his fingers seem possessed with shooting devils horns at the crowd.

With David beside her, dancing like a boob, Sharon watches from the wings. Her face is blank, eyes empty. Tank on the cusp of empty.

FREEZE ON DIO AND SABBATH LOOKING ESPECIALLY CLOWNISH.

SHARON (V.O.)

That smell drifting through the air?
That's not marijuana. It's the stench
of failure. Absolute abject failure.

RESUME NORMAL SPEED as Sharon, unable to take anymore, turns and walks away.

INT. NASSAU COLISEUM - NIGHT

David, Tony, Bill and Geezer sit on couches snorting blow with Ronny Dio and his blonde wife WENDY (30s).

Sharon looks on from the other side of the room - definitely on the outside looking in.

The vibe has mellowed and become much darker and less fun - more a drug session than a party.

David snorts a line. Rises and crosses over to Sharon.

DAVID

Dio's wife really knows her cocaine.

SHARON

At least she's good for something.

DAVID

Oh come on, she's nice.

SHARON

Did you notice the crowd sitting through half the show?

DAVID

Solos stretched a little long. I'll talk to 'em about it.

SHARON

For fucks sake, David. It wasn't the solos.

DAVID

If you say his name one more time I'm going to punch you in the tit.

SHARON

At this point you're just being stubborn.

DAVID

Or is it you, Sha? Tony told me Ozzy is dead to him. To my face. You got some trick to get around that?

SHARON

No. But I don't know how to save a sinking ship, either.

DAVID

A sinking ship? The band's still making money hand over fist.

SHARON
For how much longer? I should get
off while I can and tour with Ozzy.

DAVID
Yeah, that'd be a great idea.

SHARON
Maybe it would.

DAVID
Which do you think would come first -
Ozzy ODing or Dad killing you for
choosing him over us?

SHARON
He wouldn't kill me.

DAVID
You're right. He'd get one of his
goons to do it for him instead.

Sharon looks at David with a sudden sense of awe.

DAVID (CONT'D)
(self-conscious)
What? Is there something in my hair?

SHARON (V.O.)
There comes a moment when sometimes
even your hairbrained brother tells
you exactly what you need to hear in
the exact moment you need to hear
it.

Sharon starts for the door.

DAVID
Where are you going?

SHARON (V.O.)
My father would kill me...

Sharon exits.

DAVID
Sharon!

EXT. LE PARC HOTEL - DAY

A taxi drops an excited Sharon outside Le Parc. She steps
out of the cab and rushes inside.

SHARON (V.O.)
I promise that this is the last time
I'm going to tell you the following:
this is where my story begins.

INT. LE PARC HOTEL - DAY

Sharon rapidly knocks on Ozzy's hotel room door.

SHARON
Ozzy? Ozzy are you in there?...
Ozzy...

INT. LE PARC HOTEL - RECEPTION - DAY

Sharon barks at the desk clerk.

SHARON
I paid for it, so it's mine. Now
give me a bloody key.

INT. LE PARC HOTEL - OUTSIDE OZZY'S ROOM - DAY

Sharon slides the key into the lock and enters.

INT. LE PARC HOTEL - OZZY'S ROOM - DAY

Sharon tip toes into a dark room littered with beer cans,
pizza boxes, cigarettes and trash.

SHARON
Oz? Ozzy?...

Sharon walks to the other side of the bed to discover Ozzy
lining up a snort of coke with the side of a matchbook,
cigarette dangling for his mouth.

SHARON (CONT'D)
What the fuck is this?

OZZY
(mumbles unintelligibly)

Sharon marches over to Ozzy.

SHARON
This is disgusting.

She swats the coke away. Ozzy's too fucked up to go after
it, instead feebly reaching before his hand falls back in
his lap.

SHARON (CONT'D)
How dare you!

More mumbling from Ozzy.

SHARON (CONT'D)
You ought to be ashamed of yourself,
you know that? You smell like piss.

Ozzy begins to cry.

OZZY
I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

SHARON
All right, all right. No more tears.

OZZY
(in a stupor)
That's actually a good name for song.

Sharon approaches and helps Ozzy to his feet and leads him into the bathroom. She turns on the shower.

OZZY (CONT'D)
I'm not sure I can get it up right now.

SHARON
You're taking a bath, not fucking me. Get in.

Sharon shoves Ozzy into the shower.

EXT. BEL AIR HOUSE - DAY

A cab pulls up to the house. Sharon and Ozzy climb out. Sharon notices Don's Rolls-Royce parked outside.

SHARON
(to driver)
Don't go anywhere.

Sharon moves to the back of the house. Ozzy follows.

SHARON (CONT'D)
Give me a boost.

OZZY
Are you serious?

SHARON
Ozzy!

Ozzy grumbles and tries lifting Sharon to a trestle connected to the second floor bedroom. Eventually she makes it through the window.

INT. BEL AIR HOUSE BEDROOM - DAY

Sharon flops into the room. Gathers herself and goes to the closet. Begins turning the combo on a safe.

EXT. BEL AIR HOUSE - DAY

Ozzy paces, looking up at the window.

OZZY
 (calling up)
 Sharon! What's happening?

Sharon's head pokes out.

SHARON
 (loud whisper)
 Shut up or he'll hear us.

OZZY
 Who? What the fuck is going on?

SHARON
 (loud whisper)
 Be. Quiet.

Sharon ducks back inside and a Louis Vitton bag flies out of the window, landing at Ozzy's feet. A stack or two of cash pops out of the bag.

OZZY
 What the hell...

Ozzy opens the bag, revealing tons of cash. Sharon reappears up at the window.

SHARON
 Take that to the taxi. I'll be right down.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Sharon tip toes down the hall, past a closed door when she hears A WOMAN'S MOANS.

WOMAN (O.S.)
 Yes, right there, Donny. Don't stop.
 Don't stop.

Sharon's face goes white. Instinctively, she opens the door and discovers Don, shirt on, pants around his ankles, fucking a YOUNG WOMAN from behind, bent over the bed.

SHARON
 Does mom know about this?

Only now do Don and the woman realize Sharon is watching. Don pauses fucking the girl, but he doesn't pull out.

DON
 Aren't you supposed to be in Buffalo?

SHARON
 Cleveland, actually.

DON
Well, get out.

Sharon can't move.

DON (CONT'D)
Get out!

Don's roar puts Sharon into motion. She races DOWN THE STAIRS and OUTSIDE.

SHARON (V.O.)
He always promised that every shitty thing he did was for mum and us. Everything. As if that made it okay.

EXT. BEL AIR HOUSE - COURTYARD - DAY

Sharon stumbles into the courtyard, hands on knees, barely able to keep her breath as she disappears inside the guesthouse.

SHARON (V.O.)
And I bought it. Hook, line, and sinker, because that's what I needed to hear.

She reappears moments later lugging the gorilla bust we saw earlier to the middle of the courtyard.

SHARON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
It's for the family, Sharon. For the family.

Sharon pulls down her pants, squats over the gorilla's head and takes a shit right on top of it.

SHARON (CONT'D)
Hey, Don!... Don!... Don, I've got a gift for you... Don! Don! Don! Don!...

Sharon finishes shitting, steps away from the bust and starts to the driveway when Don appears, blocking her path.

SHARON (CONT'D)
(re: gorilla)
Left a little present for you.

Don steps around Sharon to inspect the statue. Gets the gist pretty quick and marches after Sharon.

DON
Sharon, get back here! Sharon, now!

DRIVEWAY

Sharon appears, heads towards a waiting Ozzy.

SHARON
Get in the car.

OZZY
What the fuck is going on?

Sharon pushes Ozzy into the cab. Tosses the Louis Vitton bag behind him before climbing in herself.

Don chases after the car.

DON
Drive off now and you're best losing the address to this house altogether, understand?

SHARON
(to the driver,
breaking down)
Drive. Please drive.

DON
I wish I'd never had you!

The cab pulls away.

INSIDE THE CAB

Sharon begins to weep, slow at first, then in heaving waterfalls.

Ozzy sits there, not really sure what to do or how to help. He taps on Sharon's thigh.

OZZY
There there. There there.

INT. BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - DAY

A red-eyed Sharon counts out cash for a HOTEL CLERK. Ozzy stands by her side.

INT. BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL ROOM - DAY

On the bed, where Sharon weeps into Ozzy's arms. Eventually, she snuffles, fighting to get it back together.

SHARON
I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

OZZY
It's okay.

Ozzy looks around. He's done about as much nurturing as he can muster.

OZZY (CONT'D)
Shall we have a drink or something?

SHARON
(sniffles)
We're supposed to be drying you out.

OZZY
Under the circumstances I'm not sure
now's the right time.

Sharon looks up at Ozzy.

SHARON
(sighs)
Fine. But no cocaine.

OZZY
I can agree to that.

Ozzy retrieves a small bottle of vodka from the fridge. Cracks it open and hands it to Sharon. Helps himself to a bottle of rum.

OZZY (CONT'D)
(raising his bottle)
To you.

SHARON
Oh, shut the fuck up.

Sharon and Ozzy 'clink' bottles. Each takes a sip. Ozzy smiles.

SHARON (CONT'D)
Don't be looking at me like that.

OZZY
Like what?

SHARON
I'm a blubbering mess.

OZZY
(sincere)
I think you're the most beautiful
person I've ever met.

SHARON
(snorts)
Tell me another one.

OZZY
I'm serious, Sharon. I think you're...

Ozzy leans in for a kiss. Sharon nearly succumbs, but holds him back.

SHARON

You're a married man with two young babies back home.

OZZY

Home is like an entire continent and ocean from here.

SHARON

Maybe.

(touches Ozzy's heart)

But what's right here?

OZZY

I've just told you, haven't I?

Ozzy takes Sharon's hand and leans in. Sharon closes her eyes.

SHARON

Fuckin' hell.

Their lips connect.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Empty bottles litter the floor. Clothes are strewn about.

SHIFT TO THE BED where Ozzy and Sharon lie arm in arm, both awake and at peace.

OZZY

I think you may have just saved my life.

SHARON

I'm countin' on the idea that you're about to save mine.

EXT. SUNSET BOULEVARD - DAY

A line of heavy metal wannabes armed with guitars stretches down the entire block. Lost among them is a diminutive blonde we will soon properly meet -- RANDY RHOADS (25).

INT. SOUND STUDIO - DAY

Ozzy lies on a couch, looking moderately better, certainly cleaner, but he's half in the bag thanks to a bottle of Courvosier.

Sharon and an engineer run an audition, as ONE GUITARIST AFTER ANOTHER streams into the studio to ply their wares.

A guitarist finishes...

SHARON
Okay, thank you.

He leaves. ANOTHER enters. Begins to play. He sucks.

SHARON (CONT'D)
That's great. Thank you.

He leaves.

OZZY
This is fuckin' pointless.

SHARON
In order to get to the diamond you've got to sort out the rough.

Another GUITARIST struts in and sucks.

And ANOTHER.

And ANOTHER.

And ANOTHER.

Next enter Randy Rhoads. We get a better look at him this time - slight, sweet, deep-voiced but soft spoken. He carries a Gibson Les Paul guitar and practice amp.

SHARON (CONT'D)
What's your name, darling?

RANDY
Randy. I'm Randy.

SHARON
Okay, Randy.

Randy plugs in and begins to tune his guitar. Next he plays a basic warmup exercise. Before he even breaks into song, Sharon turns to notice Ozzy standing beside her.

OZZY
You're hired.

SHARON
He hasn't even played anything.

OZZY
Sure he has.

Ozzy approaches Randy.

OZZY (CONT'D)
That was beautiful.

RANDY
I can play an actual song.

OZZY
Save it for the road, mate.

Ozzy gives Randy a huge hug. Randy kind of stands there, not really sure how to react. He makes eye contact with Sharon.

SHARON
(to Randy)
Congratulations, I guess.

RANDY
Thanks. So... what happens now?

Sharon smiles.

SHARON
We make a record.

INT. LAX - DAY

Sharon, dressed in fur and pearls, Ozzy outfitted in frilly leather, and Randy armed with a guitar case, walk side by side through the airport terminal, all on a mission.

INT. JOHN HENRY'S REHEARSAL SPACE - LONDON - DAY

A smoke-filled London rehearsal studio. Ozzy drinks and smokes in one corner, a yellow legal pad with lyrics scribbled and scratched out in front of him.

Randy fiddles with his guitar in the opposite corner, alternating between classical scales and metal riffs, trying to find *something*.

Bass player RUDY SARZO (20s) and drummer TOMMY ALDRIDGE (30s) sit at their instruments between the two, sort of waiting for further instructions.

Sharon enters and stands there a beat. Crosses her arms, a bit perturbed.

SHARON
Quieter than I expected.

OZZY
The process I guess.

SHARON
Or an excuse to drink.

OZZY
Since when do I need an excuse?

SHARON
The space isn't free, Ozzy.

OZZY
(over-reacting)
Then shut us the fuck down. Do you
even need to be here?

SHARON
(puffing her chest)
Yes. I do.

Randy plays a riff in the corner that catches Ozzy's ear.

OZZY
What's that?
(off Randy not hearing
him)
Randy... Play that again.

Randy looks over.

OZZY (CONT'D)
That thing you just played.

Randy plays the riff again - it's the riff that will evolve
into "Suicide Solution."

Sharon observes as Ozzy swigs from his bottle and approaches
Randy.

OZZY (CONT'D)
I might have something for that. Go
again.

Randy plays.

OZZY (CONT'D)
(singing along)
*Wine is fine but whisky's quicker /
Suicide is slow with liquor / Take a
bottle drown your sorrows / Then it
floods away tomorrows...*
(then)
What you think?

RANDY
Fuckin' poetic.

OZZY
Thanks.
(MORE)

OZZY (CONT'D)

(to Sharon)

Keep sticking a thorn up my ass,
maybe we'll get something done after
all.

SHARON

Don't worry, I will.

Ozzy moves to Rudy and Tommy.

OZZY

Shall we try to give it a bass line?

RUDY

Let's do it.

The band begins to improvise and jam. We stay with Sharon as she watches proudly.

OZZY

Can you loop it again, Randy? Just
come around with the same riff.

Randy does as told. Rudy and Tommy fill in bass and drums.
Ozzy "scats" new lyrics.

Soon the song is coming together.

Ozzy looks over to Sharon for approval. She smiles and nods
his way.

OZZY (CONT'D)

Work on that a beat. I'm gonna take
a shit and think of some more words.

The band continues to jam. Ozzy approaches Sharon.

OZZY (CONT'D)

Join me.

SHARON

In the shitter to write lyrics?

INT. JOHN HENRY'S REHEARSAL SPACE - BATHROOM - DAY

Ozzy's got Sharon thrown up against the toilet in the bathroom
stall, the pair of them fucking away like crazy.

INT. JOHN HENRY'S REHEARSAL SPACE - DAY

Sharon and Ozzy return from the bathroom, disheveled enough
to give away exactly what they've been doing.

OZZY

Any progress?

RUDY
Your wife called.

OZZY
You tell her I was taking a shit?

RUDY
I certainly didn't say you were off
fucking Sharon.

Sharon looks away, embarrassed.

RANDY
I think you guys make a cute pairing.

OZZY
You mean like wine and cheese?

RANDY
Something like that.

SHARON
Thank you, Randy.
(with a coy look at
Ozzy)
Shall we get back to work?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JOHN HENRY'S REHEARSAL SPACE - DAY

The band's whipped "Suicide Solution" into a jolt of pure
early metal.

Sharon looks on, proud of her creation.

SHARON (V.O.)
Maybe he couldn't play an instrument,
but Ozzy was always the talent. All
he ever needed was to be surrounded
by people who didn't treat him like
dirt all the time. People he could
trust, who'd let him be him. I now
understood that signing Sabbath was
never about Sabbath. It was and will
always be about Ozzy.

Ozzy gyrates across the space, as happy and confident as
he's been.

The band finishes. Ozzy pulls Randy in and gives him a hug.

SHARON (CONT'D)
Great. I'll book us a gig.

OZZY
We've only got but one song.

SHARON
So start writing another.

Sharon leaves.

EXT. BIRMINGHAM ODEON - NIGHT

A line of YOUNG METALHEADS extends down the street and around the corner.

A NEWS PHOTOGRAPHER snaps photos of the young men, some of whom grimace and growl, others offering devils' horns.

METALHEAD
Ozzy!

OTHER METALHEADS TOGETHER
Ozzy! Ozzy! Ozzy! Ozzy!

INSERT TITLE: TWO MONTHS LATER

INT. BIRMINGHAM ODEON - NIGHT

Backstage dressing room. CROWD CONTINUES TO CHANT OZZY'S NAME IN THE B.G.

Ozzy paces back and forth, body literally shaking, swigging from a bottle of booze.

Randy sits in a couch with a guitar, more nervous about Ozzy than the impending show. Tommy and Rudy hover as well.

Sharon stands across from Ozzy, trying to calm him.

SHARON
Ozzy, relax. It's not any different than a hundred times before.

OZZY
Except that it's just me.

RANDY
I'll be there.

OZZY
(manic)
But it's on me. It's on me. No one wants to see me. They'll tear me to shreds.

Ozzy scrambles to find a pill bottle, takes one out and chases it with a sip of his cognac.

SHARON
Ozzy, stop. Stop it. The record's already a hit over here. All you've got to do is play the bloody songs--

OZZY

My songs aren't good enough. They're not good. No sense of--

Sharon grabs a chair and shatters it against the wall. Everyone straightens up, Ozzy included.

OZZY (CONT'D)

What that chair ever do to you?

SHARON

Go out there and play your fuckin' music!

OZZY

(chastened)

Why didn't you just say it like that in the first place?

Ozzy pulls Sharon close. Kisses her hard on the lips. And we

CUT TO:

SIDE OF THE STAGE - MINUTES LATER

Sharon watches as Ozzy flashes a peace sign and grabs the microphone. The CROWD ROARS.

Randy rips into the opening riffs of "Crazy Train" and we're off...

SEVERAL DISSOLVES TAKE US THROUGH THE SHOW - Ozzy gaining more and more confidence, the audience eating it up, Sharon blowing Ozzy a kiss from the off stage wings....

INT. BIRMINGHAM ODEON - NIGHT

Ozzy wraps up. The crowd goes absolutely nuts.

OZZY

Thank you. Thank you. I love you. I love you.

He drops to his knees and kisses the stage, then rises and runs to retrieve an exiting Randy. He brings Randy back to the stage and presents him to the crowd.

The crowd CHEERS for Randy. Ozzy gives Randy a hug.

OZZY (CONT'D)

Thank you, Randy. I love you.

RANDY

I love you too, Ozzy.

INT. BIRMINGHAM ODEON - NIGHT

Ozzy, Sharon, Randy and the rest of the crew huddle together and bounce.

SHARON (V.O.)
 We did it. We fucking did it. No
 Sabbath. No Don Arden. Just us. I'd
 never been more proud.

Tears of joy spill down each of their cheeks as the crowd's chants of "Ozzy! Ozzy! Ozzy!" continue full throated out in the theater.

Ozzy and Sharon kiss - nothing salacious, but rather pure and intimate.

And then Ozzy's wife THELMA, a sweet if not frumpy woman, walks in carrying her THREE KIDS - an infant boy, three year-old girl, and nine-year old son.

Sharon steps back.

OZZY
 (to Thelma re: kids)
 Isn't it past their bedtime?

THELMA
 We uh... We came to uh...

Ozzy looks to Sharon.

SHARON
 I'm actually on a train back to
 London, so...

Sharon starts past.

SHARON (CONT'D)
 Nice to see you, Thelma.

THELMA
 Fuck off, whore.

OZZY
 Thelma. No need to...

THELMA
 Don't you dare, John. Don't you dare.

Sharon heads out.

OZZY
 (calling after Sharon)
 See you in a few days then.

INT. TRAIN - NIGHT

Sharon rides the train alone. Just staring out the window, a bit broken and spent. A PAIR OF DRUNK FEMALE PUNKS make out in the seat across from her.

A STONE-FACED HEAVY sits beside Sharon, blocking out the punks.

HEAVY
Good show tonight.

SHARON
I beg your pardon.

HEAVY
You'll be begging for a lot more if you don't follow me off this train.

SHARON
Is that meant to intimidate me?

The heavy shrugs.

HEAVY
Take it however you want.

EXT. WIMBLEDON MANSION - DAY

The heavy drives to the gates outside a different mansion than we've seen before. He opens the door for Sharon. Leads her to the gates and locks them behind her.

Sharon walks towards the front of the house, where her mother stands with folded arms, a Doberman and two Pyrenean mountain dogs by her feet.

SHARON
Are you the welcoming committee?

Sharon bends to pet the Doberman.

SHARON (CONT'D)
Hello, Candy.

HOPE
Don't you touch them.

SHARON
I'm sorry?

HOPE
They're not yours anymore.

SHARON
You really don't know what's been happening, do you?

Hope walks in, back to Sharon.

HOPE
He's waiting for you in the study.

INT. WIMBLEDON MANSION - NIGHT

Sharon enters a darkly lit, ornate study, where Don sits on the end of a couch, dressed in a suit, cigar between his lips.

SHARON
Why aren't you in L.A. fucking your mistress?

DON
I should be asking you the same question.

SHARON
Skinny cunts with bad skin isn't really my thing.

DON
Her skin's not that bad. Sit.

Sharon sits on chair opposite the couch. Don sets his cigar aside.

SHARON
So now you're into kidnapping?

DON
Don't be dramatic.
(leans forward)
Here's the deal, Sha. Whatever you gross on tour with Ozzy is mine, right? In exchange, I cover expenses and allot you and Ozzy a weekly allowance.

SHARON
Are you joking?

DON
Record royalties are mine too. I'm hearing you've got another album hitting Europe next week or two.

SHARON
Do you really believe I'm going to agree to any of this?

DON
What gives you the idea it's even a negotiation?

SHARON

Don, you chose Dio and Sabbath. None of what I'm building with Ozzy's got anything to do with you.

DON

I expect Randy Rhoads' bit as well.

SHARON

(stands)

This conversation is over.

DON

If you don't agree to my terms, I'm going to sue you for every penny you'll ever earn. I will bleed you and Ozzy so badly you'll wind up busking for pennies on the side of the road. Maybe then he'll have to learn how to play guitar while you pretend you're a ballerina.

SHARON

I can't help but wonder what I might've done to deserve a father like you.

DON

You mean the kind of father that raised someone - a woman no less - who's just twenty-seven and equipped to manage the careers of some of the biggest music acts on the planet?

SHARON

And what else might I be equipped for? Hooliganism?

DON

Amazing. You wouldn't know gratitude if it bit you on your fat arse.

SHARON

Just keep your hands out of my pockets.

Sharon exits.

DON

(shouting after her)

Your pockets are mine too. You understand? I'm everywhere!

FOYER

Sharon walks from the study back past the kitchen, where Hope sits alone in the kitchen, drinking a cup of tea, Doberman by her side.

HOPE

Sharon.

Sharon pauses and returns to the kitchen doorway.

HOPE (CONT'D)

Deep down he loves you, you know.

SHARON

He's got a funny way of showing it.

She enters the kitchen, passing Hope on her way to a drawer.

HOPE

What are you doing?

Sharon ignores Hope until she discovers a set of keys.

SHARON

Reciprocating the love.

Sharon heads out.

SHARON (CONT'D)

Ta.

EXT. WIMBLEDON MANSION - NIGHT

Sharon slams the gas of her father's Rolls-Royce and screeches backwards through the gate. Once on the street, she spins the car forward and lurches away.

SHARON

(screaming towards
the house)

Fuck you!

INT. ROLLS-ROYCE - NIGHT

Sharon speeds along the road, fighting back tears. She SCREAMS INTO THE NIGHT, HER BODY SHAKING WITH RAGE.

At one point Sharon turns off the headlights and just drives through the countryside's black night.

Some headlights approach. Sharon swerves, barely avoiding the approaching car.

INT. ROLLS-ROYCE/EXT. BIRMINGHAM MANOR - NIGHT

Now exhausted, Sharon makes a few more turns before stopping outside a beautiful country house in Birmingham.

She opens the door, hops out and starts down the long driveway.

SHARON (V.O.)
Where did I think I was going?

Sharon slows and stops.

SHARON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Did I want to destroy his family the way I'd destroyed mine?

Sharon's about to return to the car when the front door opens, revealing Thelma.

THELMA
Sharon?

SHARON
Oh. Hi, Thelma.

THELMA
I saw the head lamps and thought you were John.

SHARON
I just wanted to make sure you all got back from the show all right.

THELMA
Just doin' your job then. He's at the pub.

SHARON
Right, of course. Didn't mean to disturb you. Good night.

Sharon turns to go.

THELMA
Sharon.
(opening the door wide)
Come and have some tea.

Sharon smiles awkwardly.

SHARON
Do you think that's a good idea?

THELMA
I'm not gonna murder you if that's what you're asking.

Thelma opens the door a bit wider.

INT. OZZY AND THELMA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

In a kitchen far more quaint and tidy than we might expect. Sharon sits nervously across from Thelma, who pours them each a cup of tea.

SHARON
The house is lovely.

THELMA
Thank you. Could be yours soon.

SHARON
I beg you pardon.

Thelma sort of chuckles and rolls her eyes.

THELMA
Come on, Sharon, we both know where this is headed.

SHARON
I honestly--

THELMA
One night a couple years back, John was on break from tour, spending the night at the pub getting pissed as usual. I'd just put the babies down when there's a knock at the door. I answer and it's the town's vicar, all smiles in his frock, telling me he's just popping by for a visit. I invite him in, offer him some cake and tea. He eats and we laugh a bit about why John named his band Black Sabbath. It's all quite nice... Until about thirty minutes later, he just... falls forward,
(claps)
clanks his head on the coffee table, and drops unconscious at me feet.

SHARON
Oh dear.

THELMA
Of course I start to panic, frantically calling John at the pub. "The vicar's dead. I've killed the vicar." Babies are wailing upstairs. John finally stumbles in an hour or so later. He sees the vicar lying dead on the floor. "What'd you do?!" he shouts. "What'd you do?" I'm all nervous and stammering. "Cake.
(MORE)

THELMA (CONT'D)

I gave him tea and cake." "What cake?" he asks. I show him the tin. "Jesus Christ, Thelma. You fed him enough Afghan hash to kill a bleedin' elephant! You've killed him. You've definitely killed him."

SHARON

Please tell me you're making this up.

THELMA

Instead of going to the police, John has me help him drag the vicar's body to the car so that he can drive him home. Mind you, John's pissed as a fart and doesn't even have a drivers license, but that's a whole other story. He gets the vicar home, props him up against his front door, and he leaves.

SHARON

Was the vicar... was he dead?

THELMA

We thought he was but we didn't know. John was staying up every night, "Should I go to the police? Am I goin' to hell?" On and on and on. Then about a week later, John goes to the pub and there's the vicar, sitting at the bar drinking a cranberry juice. Said he thought he caught the flu because he was throwin' up and hallucinatin' for three days straight.

SHARON

Jesus. That is... Wow.

THELMA

This is what you're in for if you keep up with John the way you are now.

SHARON

Thelma, I really just want Ozzy to succeed.

THELMA

I gave you the gift of that story, Sharon. In return I'd like it if you didn't treat me like a bleedin' idiot.

EXT. BIRMINGHAM HOUSE - NIGHT

Thelma holds the door open for Sharon, who steps out of the house.

SHARON

Thanks again for the tea.

Thelma ducks back inside and abruptly closes the door.

Sharon stands there, surprised by the night's sudden end. Maybe a little embarrassed. She rubs her arms from the brisk cold and heads back to her car.

She climbs into the Rolls and stares ahead at the house, mind churning. Slowly shifts the car into gear and rolls away.

INT. LONDON HOTEL - BAR - NIGHT

It's late, so the bar is mostly empty. Just a BARTENDER cleaning up when Sharon approaches.

SHARON

A bottle of your best champagne,
please.

INT. LONDON HOTEL - SHARON'S ROOM - NIGHT

Sharon pops her champagne and stares at the bubbly flowing over her hands. She takes a long pull, then fishes through her purse for a pill bottle.

SHARON (V.O.)

The night was meant to be a triumph,
but between Ozzy and Thelma and my
piece of shit old man, it was all a
little too much. Not off yourself
too much. I wasn't that dramatic.
But I needed to sleep. I really needed
to sleep.

Sharon shakes a pair of pills into her hands and swallows them. Chases them with the champagne.

She puts the champagne down. Pulls off her shoes and slides up to the pillows. Lays on her back and puts her head down. Closes her eyes.

Within seconds Sharon's eyes pop back open. She sits up. Reaches for the pill bottle. Checks it.

SHARON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

But it's hard to sleep when you've
mistakenly taken the amphetamines
instead of the Quaaludes.

Sharon angrily tosses the pill bottle across the room. Moments later, she moves to retrieve it.

She bends to pick it up from the corner and notices a bit of wallpaper peeling from the wall.

Sharon stares at the peeled wallpaper. Cannot take her eyes off of it.

Eventually, she reaches for the exposed bit and begins to pull, peeling the rest of the wallpaper free.

INT. LONDON HOTEL - SHARON'S ROOM - DAWN

Sharon sits at the edge of her bed, the entire room's wallpaper now sitting in tatters on the floor all around her, the sun beginning to rise outside the window.

Sharon tries sipping her champagne, but it's empty.

SHARON
(re: Champagne)
Gonna need some more of this.

INT. LONDON HOTEL - HALLWAY - DAY

Sharon walks down the hall, but pauses upon passing a room where the light's on beneath the door and there's some GUITAR PLAYING HAPPENING INSIDE.

She moves close to the door and listens.

RANDY (O.S.)
(muffled)
...And then the bridge and then we
shift keys right there.

WE HEAR SOME MORE PLAYING. Sharon can't help but knock on the door.

Moments later, Randy answers, wide awake, still dressed as he was the night before.

SHARON
Why aren't you sound asleep?

RANDY
We're working.

SHARON
Who's we?

Randy parts the door to let Sharon in. She enters

RANDY'S ROOM

and discovers Ozzy sitting at a table, also dressed the same as when we last saw him. Yes, he's coked up as hell, but he's focused, got a pen in hand and napkins with lyrics scattered around him.

OZZY
You look like shit.

SHARON
Have you been here all night?

OZZY
Had to deal with Thelma for a bit,
but yeah.

Sharon's stunned, to say the least. Can't help but crack a proud smile.

SHARON
May I sit?

Ozzy shrugs and lights a smoke.

Sharon sits on the bed and watches as Ozzy and Randy go back to work.

RANDY
Want to start with 'I hear the
questions?'

OZZY
Yeah, let's go from there.

Randy begins to strum "Tonight" on an unplugged electric guitar before Ozzy joins in with:

OZZY (CONT'D)
(reading off the
napkins as he sings)
I hear the questions surface in my
mind / Of my mistakes that I have
made / Times and places I have left
behind / And am I ever gonna make
the grade? / Tonight, tonight / Is
it just a rhapsody / Or am I right?
/ Is it all a mystery? I just can't
fight no more...

Sharon watches Ozzy and falls in love before our eyes.

SHARON (V.O.)
One moment you accidentally take
speed in lieu of Quaaludes, the next
you know exactly what you're meant
to do with the rest of your bloody
life.

The song continues. Sharon wipes away a tear. And we

FADE OUT:

TITLE OVER BLACK: FOUR MONTHS LATER

FADE IN ON:

INT. BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - DAY

Sharon paces back and forth across the suite, posing in front of a mirror with one outfit after another.

Ozzy's here as well, kneeling on the floor before a pair of caged doves, bottle of Cointreau in hand. He wears a white checkered blazer, white t-shirt, and large cross dangling from his neck.

OZZY

For fucks sake this isn't a meeting
with the bloody Queen.

SHARON

The Queen doesn't control the American
rights to your record...

(tosses a blouse,
grabs another)

But these motherfuckers certainly
do.

OZZY

All they've got to do is take one
look at the charts in England.

SHARON

You think they give two shits about
the charts in England?

(shows Ozzy a top)

How's this?

OZZY

It's great. May we go?

SHARON

But does it make an impression?

OZZY

You're so consumed with makin' an
impression, why don't you just go
with your tits hanging out?

SHARON

If I thought it'd do a bit of good I
would.

OZZY

Great. Tits out then. Let's go.

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS STREETS / INT. ROLLS-ROYCE - DAY

A CHAUFFEUR driven Rolls-Royce cruises through the streets of Beverly Hills.

Sharon and Ozzy sit in back, caged doves sandwiched between them. Though she's covered in gorgeous jewelry, Sharon's selected a decidedly unexciting business suit.

Ozzy's a ball of nerves. He tries calming them with pulls off his Cointreau.

SHARON
Easy on the booze.

OZZY
I might if you hadn't got me so worked up.

SHARON
It's fine. We'll be fine.

OZZY
According to you it's only the fate of my entire career.

SHARON
Our career, Ozzy. Ours.

OZZY
Is that supposed to be comforting? Jesus, you've got a way with words.

SHARON
It's not your whole career. Just the American bit.

OZZY
The bit that's gonna start making us some money.

SHARON
Enough to feed my bloodsucking father and leave something leftover for us.

OZZY
Why can't we just tell him to fuck off once and for all?

Sharon responds with a glare instead of words.

OZZY (CONT'D)
Are you afraid of him?

SHARON

You want to get into this now, do you?

Ozzy gets the message. He offers the bottle to Sharon, but she waves it off. Ozzy shrugs and helps himself.

The car moves along silently for a beat before:

OZZY

(re: doves)

I still don't understand why you brought these little fuckers. They smell.

SHARON

Do you think anyone's ever walked into one of these meetings and released a pair of doves as an offering of peace?

OZZY

No. And you know why? Because no one bloody cares.

SHARON

We're making a goddamn impression, Ozzy! Release the doves, say "Rock and Roll," offer a peace sign and let me do the rest of the talkin,' okay? Can you please just do that for me?

Ozzy takes a moment to give Sharon's plan some sincere thought. Stares out the window a beat. Looks back to the doves.

OZZY

Don't you think I'd make a bigger impression if I just bit their heads off?

SHARON

Yes, Ozzy. That's a grand idea.

CUT TO:

INT. CBS RECORDS BOARD ROOM - DAY

Sharon and Ozzy enter a sterile board room filled with a DOZEN BLAND MALE AND FEMALE RECORD EXECUTIVES sitting around a conference table.

A LABEL PHOTOGRAPHER snaps photos to memorialize the occasion.

Sharon's all smiles and charm while Ozzy shuffles in behind her, eyes pinned to the floor.

SHARON
 (exchanging
 pleasantries)
 Hi, darling... Hello...

MALE RECORD EXECUTIVE #1
 Come in, please.

SHARON
 So great to see you again. Thank you
 so much for sitting down with us.

MALE RECORD EXECUTIVE #1
 Hey, Ozzy. Welcome. We can't wait to
 hear the record.

OZZY
 You haven't heard it?

MALE RECORD EXECUTIVE #1
 I have, of course. Just want to bring
 the promotions team up to speed.

OZZY
 They look fuckin' terrified.

MALE RECORD EXECUTIVE #1
 Not at all. Not at all.

Sharon sits while Ozzy hovers behind her.

SHARON
 As you know, Blizzard of Oz is doing
 tremendous business in Europe and
 we're eager to get it out here in
 the U.S.

MALE RECORD EXECUTIVE #1
 Ozzy, would you like to sit?

OZZY
 Don't mind if I do.

Ozzy sits on the lap of a FEMALE P.R. EXEC who looks
 particularly uncomfortable.

OZZY (CONT'D)
 What bug's gotten up your ass?

SHARON
 Ozzy...

The P.R. exec looks the other way.

OZZY
 (to Sharon)
 This the part where we make an
 impression?
 (to the executives)
 Rock and roll.

Ozzy shoves the first dove's head into his mouth.

SHARON
 Oh my fucking God.

Chomp. Spit.

Blood splatters as the dove lands in the PR Girl's lap.

For a moment, complete, stunned silence. Until...

P.R. EXEC
 (at the top of her
 lungs)
 Ahhhhhhhhh!!!!

SHARON
 I was joking, you nutter!

Flash. Flash. Flash. The photographer snaps away for posterity as utter chaos breaks out. Everyone backs away from Ozzy, blood now seeping down his chin.

A couple execs vomit. The lead exec grabs a phone. ALARMS BEGIN TO BLARE.

MALE RECORD EXECUTIVE #1
 We need security.

OZZY
 (to Sharon)
 Is it something I said?

MALE RECORD EXECUTIVE #1
 Get out! Get out!

The male exec starts chasing Ozzy around the room.

OZZY
 Peace and love, peace and love, peace
 and love...

SHARON
 (chasing the exec)
 Don't touch him! Don't you touch
 him!

Ozzy evades capture, rolling over the conference table, crawling under it...

SHARON (CONT'D)
Run, Ozzy! Run! Run!

EXT. CBS RECORDS PARKING LOT - DAY

Security drags Ozzy out of the lobby with Sharon close behind.

SHARON
Let him go! Let him go!

The guard tosses Ozzy to the ground. Ozzy gets to his knees and turns back to Sharon.

OZZY
Sorry, Shazzy. Are you mad?

Sharon helps Ozzy to his feet.

SHARON
That poor fucking creature. We'll be lucky if CBS doesn't pull the plug on the whole record.

OZZY
I screwed up. I'm sorry. I was trying to make an impression.

SHARON
Ozzy, relax.

She grabs Ozzy by the collar and kisses him.

SHARON (CONT'D)
You made such an impression that it doesn't matter what they do. Soon as this story gets out, we'll get more publicity than some marketing team could cobble up in a lifetime. You're a genius.

OZZY
At least someone's finally acknowledging it.

SHARON
Come on!

Sharon grabs Ozzy's hand takes off running. Together they SCREAM ACROSS THE PARKING LOT.

INT. STABLER ARENA - BETHLEHEM, PA - NIGHT

Ozzy, now dressed in an elaborate white fringe top and black leather pants, commands the stage like never before. Randy's on fire. Tommy and Rudy are dialed in.

The stage production has also risen to another level - giant crosses and massive lights and tons of pyro.

Sharon stands back by the mixing board with the SOUND ENGINEER. She too is locked in, observing every detail.

SHARON

Where the fuck is the dwarf?! Get the bloody dwarf out there!

The tech scrambles to placate Sharon's commands. A door in the middle of the set suddenly opens and a DWARF appears to hand Ozzy a beer and towel.

FREEZE ON THE BAND

SHARON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Ozzy was rolling. The dove incident was massive. The crowds were rabid. Records were flyin' off the shelves across two continents. It was everything I'd ever worked for...

EXT. I-95 - NIGHT

A shittier than expected tour bus rolls down the highway.

INT. TOUR BUS - NIGHT

The band rides through the night. Phil Collins' IN THE AIR TONIGHT plays on the stereo. Randy sings every word.

As we make our way from the front of the bus to the back, we see that everyone is sweating. Like really sweating.

SHARON (V.O.)

And yet my father was still carving out most of the profits.

We finally land on Ozzy snorting lines in back with Tommy, Sharon studying paperwork beside them.

Ozzy's got his shirt off, is drenched in sweat.

OZZY

Feel like I'm fucking melting!

Sharon sighs and makes her way to the front of the bus, passing a WOMAN we haven't seen before.

OZZY (CONT'D)

(calling after Sharon)

You think the great Don Arden's melting in the back of a bus right now? Huh, Sharon?!

Sharon ignores Ozzy and stops a step behind the driver, ANDREW (45). Andrew is jittery, definitely on some kind of speed.

SHARON

Let me guess.

ANDREW

We can replace the bus altogether in Durham or wait till we hit our depot in Florida and repair her for nothin' there.

SHARON

We'll sweat to death if we wait till Florida.

ANDREW

Durham it is.

Sharon turns and starts back, but then pauses. Turns back to Andrew.

SHARON

We can't afford a whole new bus.

ANDREW

Florida it is.

SHARON

Right. Good.

Sharon turns away again.

SHARON (CONT'D)

There a reason there's a strange woman sitting behind you?

ANDREW

That's my wife.

ANDREW'S WIFE

Ex-wife.

ANDREW

We're the midst of sorting things out. I'm just giving her a ride back down south.

SHARON

You sure that's appropriate?

ANDREW

That's up to you in the end, I guess.

Sharon looks back to the wife, who smiles.

SHARON

Get the air conditioner fixed and she can ride the rest of the tour for all I care.

ANDREW

I want her off as much as you, boss lady.

Sharon returns back down the aisle. We stay on Andrew and his ex. She flips him off. He mouths the word "Cunt" to her, then swerves because he's not paying attention to the road.

EXT. HOWARD JOHNSON'S - NIGHT

Two tour buses pull into a Howard Johnson's parking lot. Ozzy, Sharon and the band step off one bus while the CREW and several GROUPIES step off the other.

OZZY

Lovely accommodations as always, Sha.

Ozzy heads inside. Sharon follows, chastised.

INT. HOWARD JOHNSON'S ROOM - NIGHT

Ozzy, the band and some GROUPIES party away.

Randy sits quietly in a corner and reads. Nursing a glass of champagne, Sharon sits beside Randy and divides two piles of cash into separate suede Louis Vitton bags.

Rudy sprinkles some coke on a groupie's ass for Ozzy to sniff.

RUDY

Hey, who's got a camera?

SHARON

(without looking up)
No bloody pictures.

One of the groupies pulls an instant camera from her purse.

RUDY

Beautiful.

Ozzy rips the line off the girl's breast as Rudy memorializes it with a photo.

Sharon instinctively hurls her glass in the girl's direction, shattering it against the wall behind her.

Everyone quickly silences and turns to Sharon.

SHARON

Sorry. It slipped.

Ozzy looks to Sharon.

OZZY
What the fuck was that, Sharon?

SHARON
I said I was sorry.

OZZY
You nearly took her head off.

SHARON
Why you defendin' her like she's
your girl?

OZZY
Maybe she is.

SHARON
Excuse me?

A KNOCK AT THE DOOR INTERRUPTS. Sharon shifts her attention to one of the cash bags, which she zips and carries across the room.

The change in focus breaks the tension a bit and allows the party to resume.

Ozzy watches closely as Sharon opens the door, hands the cash bag to a waiting heavy (the guy from the train), closes the door and turns back into the room. She senses Ozzy's glare.

SHARON (CONT'D)
Who's got a drink for me?

She moves in, grabs a bottle and swigs.

OZZY
Startin' to look like there's more
goin' out than comin' in.

SHARON
Soon as you've cracked a way out of
our predicament you let me know.

OZZY
Maybe it's exactly as you want it.

SHARON
Don't you dare.

Sharon sits back in the corner. She can't help but bite her tongue as Ozzy holds hands with his groupie and whispers something into her ear, then leads her out of the room. Randy puts a hand on Sharon's shoulder.

RANDY

You okay?

SHARON

It's my job to ask you that question,
not the other way around.

RANDY

Maybe it's time to take a break.

SHARON

No breaks in this line, Randy. But
thank you.

She zips up her second bag of cash. Maternally cups Randy's
cheek.

SHARON (CONT'D)

Get some sleep. You look tired.

Sharon heads out, unaware of two of the groupies keenly
watching her go.

INT. HOWARD JOHNSON'S LOBBY - DAY

A hungover Ozzy stands over a greasy, fatty tray of bacon on
offer as part of a breakfast buffet.

Sharon enters, senses Ozzy's edginess and approaches with
caution.

SHARON

You're supposed to eat it not stare
at it.

OZZY

Would you fuckin' eat it?

SHARON

As a Jew I'm not allowed.

OZZY

Since when are you a Jew?

SHARON

Since you offered me to eat that
bacon.

Ozzy slams down the bacon tongs.

OZZY

Have I not earned the right to eat
some real food? Is that too much to
ask now?

SHARON

No. You're right. I'll go and get some cash and take you out properly.

OZZY

You mean you didn't give it all away last night?

Sharon heads off.

INT. HOWARD JOHNSON'S - DAY

Sharon heads down the hall to her room. She's about to try the door, but notices that it's already cracked open.

She warily steps inside and immediately notices her bag is missing.

SHARON

No.

(futilely searching)

No, no, no, no, no, no. No!

Sharon tears the room apart. Yes, she's searching, but mostly she's in a rage.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

Sharon approaches Ozzy, who slouches over a coffee and cigarette.

SHARON

Ozzy...

OZZY

(perks)

We ready to go?

SHARON

(at a boiling point)

Someone... some motherfucker...

OZZY

Spit it out, woman.

SHARON

(manic)

Someone's stolen our money. I'm sorry. I had it in the room and maybe I left it open, maybe those bitches last night were casing me, I don't know.

OZZY

You've lost all our money?

SHARON

We need to go to the police now. We can get it back.

OZZY

I don't want to get it back. I want my fucking breakfast!

SHARON

Maybe if you didn't bring a bunch of coke whore groupies everywhere you went we wouldn't be in this spot. Have you considered that?

OZZY

So this is my fault? Not yours for carrying our life's saving in a fucking sack?

SHARON

Are you coming to the police or not?

OZZY

No!

Ozzy crosses the buffet. Begins grabbing at bacon and eggs with his hands and stuffing his mouth.

OZZY (CONT'D)

How's that, Sharon? You like that? Really taking care of the talent, are you?

Sharon turns and leaves.

OZZY (CONT'D)

Yeah. Walk away. You're good at that.

Randy enters in the middle of Ozzy's tantrum.

RANDY

Ozzy, what's up, man? Calm down.

Randy begins picking bacon up off the floor.

OZZY

Randy, stop.
(off Randy continuing to clean)
Randy!

INT. BRENDAN BYRNE ARENA, EAST RUTHERFORD, NJ - NIGHT

The biggest crowd we've seen yet CHANTS FOR OZZY.

CROWD

Ozzy! Ozzy! Ozzy! Ozzy!

Fans now hold fake bats and other animals in the air. Some toss them at the stage.

INT. BRENDAN BYRNE ARENA - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

Randy, Rudy, and Tommy stand in the hallway just off stage, ready to go on, when Sharon starts past them.

RANDY

Is he coming?

SHARON

No one can find the bloody keys.

Sharon marches off to the dressing room and begins pounding on it.

SHARON (CONT'D)

Ozzy, there's gonna be a riot if you don't open the fucking door!

INT. DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ozzy paces, drunk and jittery.

OZZY

We'll make Don pay the damages, won't we?

INTERCUT SHARON AND OZZY

SHARON

What is that supposed to mean?

OZZY

You know damn well what it means.

Sharon shakes her head. Not sure what to do. She looks around, sees a golf cart. Goes to it and climbs in.

Hits the gas and drives the golf cart back towards the dressing room and plows into the door.

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

What the hell was that?

SHARON

I'm busting it down, you wanker.

She backs up and drives into the door again. SECURITY now comes her way as OTHERS begin to look on.

BUILDING SECURITY

Ma'am, what are you doing? You can't do that.

SHARON
It's either this or your whole
building burns down.

SMASH. She hits the door again - denting it badly, but not opening it up.

The security guard reaches to grab Sharon, who pulls away.

SHARON (CONT'D)
Let go of me, you animal!... Ah...
Ah! Ozzy! Ozzy he's fucking choking
me.

Now the door opens. Ozzy sees the security man assaulting Sharon and runs over, jumps on the security guy's back. The security guy spins.

Sharon lunges to protect Ozzy. Now the three of them are in it and a TRIO OF ROADIES enters the fray to separate Sharon and Ozzy.

Sharon and Ozzy slip away and flee back into the dressing room, slamming the door behind them.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ozzy locks the door behind he and Sharon.

SHARON
What the hell, Ozzy?

OZZY
Have you seen this bread?

SHARON
What?

Ozzy tosses a piece of bread at Sharon.

SHARON (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

OZZY
Have a look. There's mold. They've
given us moldy bread.

SHARON
You're having a meltdown over moldy
bread?

Ozzy mashes up the bread and throws it at Sharon as he says the following:

OZZY

It's moldy because it's old because you're cheaping out on the food and everything else and I can't fucking take anymore.

SHARON

Ozzy, calm down. Just calm down.

OZZY

You're always on about filling me with pride. Where the fuck is yours? Huh, Sharon?! Does Don own that too?

SHARON

What do you want me to do, Ozzy? Tell me. It's this or he sues us and takes it all anyway.

OZZY

I don't know, but you need to fix it. Make it right with the old man or...

SHARON

Or what?

OZZY

Or you're fired.

Sharon steps to Ozzy. Puffs her chest. Angry now.

SHARON

Who do you think you are threatening me like that? I fucking made you.

OZZY

And I made you! But you seem to forget that because you're too busy whorin' for daddy.

Sharon smacks Ozzy across the cheek.

SHARON

How dare you.

Ozzy rubs his face, more stunned than physically hurt. The devil in his eyes, he lunges towards Sharon.

OZZY

Bloody cunt.

SHARON

Ozzy, don't.

Ozzy grabs Sharon by the shoulders and shoves her as hard as he can into the wall. Sharon slumps, wheezing for breath.

OZZY

Shit, Sharon. I didn't mean to--

Sharon musters whatever strength she can and punches Ozzy hard in the crotch. He staggers and reacts by smacking her across the face.

Sharon and Ozzy fall into each other, hands swinging in anger. "GOODBYE TO ROMANCE" BEGINS TO PLAY OVER THE BRAWL, which we take in a bit before we

CUT TO:

INT. BRENDAN BYRNE ARENA - NIGHT

Ozzy sings "Goodbye to Romance" with Randy plucking beside him. The CROWD waves lighters and sways.

INT. DRESSING ROOM BATHROOM - NIGHT

"GOODBYE TO ROMANCE PLAYING OVER," Sharon stands in front of a bathroom mirror, her eye blackened and two front teeth chipped.

She tries to cover up with a little make up, but it's pointless. Tosses the makeup into a bag, takes a breath to build back her confidence, but at the moment it's pretty well shot and she sags.

INT. ARENA HALLWAY - NIGHT

Sharon walks alone down the long cement corridor, sunglasses covering her eyes. She ducks her head whenever anyone passes.

EXT. ARENA - NIGHT

Sharon steps onto the bus. Randy, Rudy, and Tommy are already here.

She passes Andrew, the driver, who's paler and more wired than normal.

SHARON

Why do you look worse than me?

ANDREW

I'm tip top, boss.

Sharon continues down the aisle, towards Ozzy, sitting in the back of the bus, looking disheveled and spent from the show.

Ozzy rises and moves towards Sharon.

OZZY

I'm so sorry.

He gives Sharon an intense hug. Sharon briefly accepts it and sits. Ozzy sits across from her.

OZZY (CONT'D)

If I ever touch you again, so help me...

SHARON

I know.

OZZY

You know I love you, yes? More than anything.

SHARON

I do. But we can't go on like this.

OZZY

No, we can't.

SHARON

You need to get yourself cleaned up.

OZZY

Good idea for the both of us.

SHARON

You'll never see me take a drink again, I can promise you that.

OZZY

Drinking's my problem, not yours.

SHARON

So what's my problem then?

OZZY

You and your old man are exactly the same and you don't see it.

SHARON

Give me a break, Ozzy. Honestly.

OZZY

I'm not saying it to make you feel bad, Shazzy. I'm just saying that instead of recognizing who you really are and changing, you spend all your time trying to escape.

SHARON

Don't you dare moralize to me, Ozzy. Not now. Not ever.

Sharon moves to sit at front of the bus.

OZZY
I need changes too, Sharon. You're
not in this alone.

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

The tour bus pulls into a gas station.

INT. MINI-MART - NIGHT

Sharon glumly piles Twinkies and chips and other assorted
shit on the counter. Pulls out a disorganized wad of cash
from her purse to pay.

She looks up to the FEMALE CLERK and notices, hanging amongst
a line of car air fresheners, one of a dancing ballerina.

Sharon stares at the air freshener until the clerk interrupts.

FEMALE CLERK
(re: Sharon's bruises)
What happened to you, honey?

SHARON
I've left one madman only to fall in
love with another.

FEMALE CLERK
Men are pigs.

SHARON
Yes. They are.

Sharon slaps her cash on the counter, grabs her shit, and
walks out.

INT. TOUR BUS - NIGHT

Sharon sits towards the front of the bus beside Randy, who's
fiddling with his guitar.

SHARON
Are you ever not practicing?

RANDY
Ozzy's got his compulsions, I have
mine.

SHARON
He really loves you, you know.

RANDY
I love playing with him.

SHARON

Sorry the accommodations haven't always been as posh as you might've expected.

RANDY

I'm twenty-five and touring with the best singer on the planet. I think I'm covered.

SHARON

That's nice to hear, but even so, the next tour won't look like this one.

RANDY

Might be the end of the road for me, to be honest.

SHARON

(sits up)

Are you trying to wind me up? Because right now...

RANDY

It's not you, Sharon. Or Ozzy. I think I want to go back home. Keep teaching music. Finish my degree.

SHARON

Are you even hearing yourself right now?

RANDY

I know it sounds weird but my goal was never to be a rock star. Even if it was, how can I possibly top this?

SHARON

Randy, you're never leaving us. You're part of our family now.

RANDY

I mean, I'm probably leaving.

SHARON

You're not leaving.

The bus turns down the long dirt driveway of a well lit, massive white colonial house beset on both sides by a sprawling field.

The change in location breaks up the conversation.

ANDREW

We're here.

Along the way down the driveway, the bus passes a parked 1955 single engine Beechcraft Bonanza airplane.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
 (as the bus passes
 the plane)
 Is that a Beechcraft Bonanza?
 (calling back)
 Anyone want to go flying tonight?

No one responds.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
 Oh, come on. I've got my flying
 license.

ANDREW'S WIFE
 I wish you'd fly off a cliff.

ANDREW
 (to his ex)
 I think we've reached your stop so
 you can get the fuck off the bus.

The bus parks and homeowner JERRY CALHOUN (70s) exits the house to greet it.

ANDREW'S WIFE
 (mean, to Andrew)
 Bus driver.

Andrew's wife jumps out of the bus.

ANDREW'S WIFE (CONT'D)
 Hey, Daddy.

She gives Jerry a big hug.

JERRY
 Hey, Darlin'. Welcome y'all. Good to
 see she ain't killed you yet, Andrew.

ANDREW
 Not yet, Jerry. Tell me you got gas
 in that Bonanza.

INT. TOUR BUS - CONTINUOUS

Ozzy rises to follow the others out. Jerry greets each with a hearty handshake.

Sharon reaches out to Ozzy as he passes.

SHARON
 Stay with me.

Ozzy pulls away.

OZZY
You need your space.

Ozzy exits. Sharon watches him follow the others into the house.

Outside the bus Ozzy and Randy exchange a few words. Ozzy moves along, but Randy returns to the bus and steps on.

RANDY
You sure you don't want to come in?

SHARON
Not just now.

RANDY
I could bring you some ice for your eye.

SHARON
I'm fine, Randy. Thank you.

RANDY
Okay. I may still come check on you.

SHARON
(smiles)
Maybe you are too sweet for this life.

Randy grins and steps off the bus.

Moments later, Sharon rises and goes to the fridge, fishes out a bottle of champagne and cracks it open.

She looks at it a long while before taking it into the bathroom and pouring it down the toilet.

She returns to the bed and lies down on her back. Looks out the window at the moonlit Texas sky.

Moments later, Sharon sits up. She crosses to Randy's bunk and begins searching through his things until she finds a box of cassette tapes.

Sharon leafs through Randy's music - Phil Collins, Frank Sinatra, The Beatles, Quiet Riot, as well as several classical composers, including Tchaikovsky.

It's the Tchaikovsky she wants, so she plucks it and brings it to the cassette deck at the front of the bus and pops it in.

Sharon takes a few breaths as the music kicks in over the bus's speakers.

And then she begins to do some basic ballet steps. First a plie. Then port de bras. Then down the aisle for a small saute.

Sharon loses herself in the movement. Her face is calm. She seems free.

EXT. HOUSE - LEESBURG, FL - DAWN

Crack of dawn. The bus remains parked outside the house. It's quiet except for the SOUNDS OF A FEW MORNING BIRDS.

The silence breaks when we HEAR THE SOUND OF THE SINGLE ENGINE BONANZA APPROACHING FROM THE EASTERN SKY.

INT. TOUR BUS - CONTINUOUS

Ozzy, Rudy and Tommy sleep soundly while Sharon stirs from the sound of the plane.

She groggily sits up and peeks out the window, where she notices Andrew's ex-wife stepping off the second bus with one of the roadies.

Then, off in the distance, she spots the Beechcraft Bonanza flying low, circling, then heading fast towards the bus.

Sharon's eyes go wide as the plane sinks lower and lower, seemingly bee-lining for Andrew's ex.

She shakes her head, not sure if this is a dream or real life.

And then...

KABOOM! The bus rocks. Metal flies. Shit falls all over the place.

A split second later, WE HEAR ANOTHER CRASH and EXPLOSION.

Inside the bus, it's immediate chaos...

Ozzy, Sharon, Rudy and Tommy get dumped from their bunks.

Sharon smashes her head on the luggage rack.

OZZY

Sharon?!

Ozzy peeks out the window and sees the colonial house bursting into flames.

OZZY (CONT'D)

Sharon. Sharon come on!

Ozzy pulls Sharon to her feet. She manages a glimpse out the window and sees surging flames coming from the house.

SHARON
What's happened? What's going on?

WITH SHARON, her face in complete shock, as Ozzy drags her out of the bus.

SHARON (CONT'D)
(calling out)
Randy?
(then to Ozzy)
Where's Randy?

EXT. TOUR BUS - DAWN

Sharon and Ozzy stumble out of the bus, followed by Rudy and Tommy.

They look to the house, the Beechcraft Bonanza wedged into the side of it, engulfed in flames.

Andrew's ex-wife SCREAMS in terror at the sight across from her.

<p>ANDREW'S WIFE He tried to kill me! He was tryin' to kill me!</p>	<p>SHARON Oh God. Oh my God...</p>
---	--

Ozzy races back to the bus and reemerges with a fire extinguisher. He races towards the plane.

OZZY
Randy. Randy!

Sharon, however, is frozen.

Up ahead Ozzy begins spraying the extinguisher, but it's got nothing on a fire this size.

SHARON
No. No!

Sharon breaks free and rushes to Ozzy, who futilely empties the extinguisher.

SHARON (CONT'D)
(to Ozzy)
Tell me he's not in there. Tell me
that's not him.
(looking around)
Randy! Randy!

Ozzy tosses the fire extinguisher and turns to Sharon. They fall into each other's arms and weep hysterically.

INT. PROTESTANT CHURCH - DAY

A weeping Sharon stands before a coffin, Ozzy hovering just behind her. A picture of Randy and Ozzy onstage with their arms around each other is perched on top of it.

Ozzy moves to comfort Sharon, rests a hand on her shoulder, but she slides away and his hand falls.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Along with everyone else from the church, Sharon and Ozzy watch helplessly as Randy's coffin is lowered into the ground.

SHARON (V.O.)

The story I'd heard was that Andrew was begging everyone to go up in the plane with him and Randy, who hated to fly, just wanted him to shut the fuck up... Twenty-five. He was twenty-five.

Unable to take it, Sharon walks off.

Moments later, Ozzy follows. He joins Sharon by a tree looking out over hundreds of gravestones.

OZZY

You all right?

SHARON

If we'd just switched buses we'd have never gone to Florida with that stupid driver and there'd be no plane for Randy to go flyin' in.

OZZY

Shazzy don't. You can't start blaming yourself.

SHARON

But I can. If we'd had the money I'd have just gotten the new bus and that'd have been that. But instead I let the money go to fucking Don.

(in disbelief)

I left it for Don.

OZZY

Nobody blames you. Randy least of all.

SHARON

(re: Randy)

He didn't even like planes.

Ozzy pulls Sharon close. She cries into his chest a few beats before Sharon looks up at him.

SHARON (CONT'D)
Will you take me to the ballet?

OZZY
Not a bloody chance.

INT. ROYCE HALL - NIGHT

Sharon sits beside a fidgety Ozzy for a performance of the ballet "Coppelia."

A lone BALLERINA dances the "Dawn" sequence across the stage, performing solo before her FELLOW DANCERS, who observe motionlessly from behind in a set of bleachers.

Sharon is alone in this moment - no Ozzy, no outside world, just her and this performance.

INT. BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - NIGHT

Sharon and Ozzy very quietly make love, but each can sense that their minds are elsewhere. There's no passion, no eye contact. Sharon even winces a couple times.

OZZY
Do you want me to stop?

Sharon nods. Ozzy climbs off.

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - DAY

Sharon, Ozzy and a pair of ENGINEERS sit in the booth as a fresh parade of GUITARISTS enter the studio to audition.

Sharon is lost in thought. Ozzy's drunk.

Out in the studio, a RANDY RHOADS WANNABE rips off some scales. Sharon shakes her head.

ENGINEER
Thanks.

The guitarist leaves. A new guitarist enters. Starts to play. He sucks too.

A PHONE RINGS in the studio. One of the engineers answers.

ENGINEER (CONT'D)
Hello?

He listens a beat. Hands the phone to Sharon. Sharon takes the phone.

INT. LIMO - DAY

Post recording session. Sharon and Ozzy sit on opposite sides of the limo.

SHARON
My mum isn't well.

OZZY
Is she dying?

SHARON
I don't know. But she wants to see me.

OZZY
And?

SHARON
I think it's time for you to go home too.

OZZY
What do you mean, home? Like to my wife?

SHARON
Yes, Ozzy. And your children.

OZZY
What about you and me?

SHARON
I don't know.

EXT. WIMBLEDON MANSION - DAY

A limo drops Sharon off outside the gates of the Arden home.

INT. WIMBLEDON MANSION - DAY

The place looks like shit. Rundown. Dark. Bare of everything but a few pieces of furniture.

UPSTAIRS

Sharon walks down the hall.

SHARON
Mum?

She pokes her head into a bedroom, where her mom sits in bed watching television.

SHARON (CONT'D)
Mum?

HOPE

Hiya, Sha.

SHARON

Are you... are you feeling alright?

HOPE

Same as always.

SHARON

When you called you said...

HOPE

Just said that to get you home.

SHARON

Are you joking?

HOPE

We need money and your father's running low on options on where to get some.

SHARON

So you lied about being sick to get me home to ask for money?

HOPE

I felt the phone was too impersonal.

SHARON

Setting aside how upsetting it is that you'd do such a thing...

HOPE

Would you rather I was ill?

SHARON

Of course not.

HOPE

Your face says otherwise.

SHARON

Right... I don't have any money, Mum. It's all gone to Don.

HOPE

Please, Sha. Even you aren't that stupid.

SHARON

(not taking the bait)

If there's nothing else, I'm gonna go now.

HOPE

Oh that's great, Sharon. You go.
Just go. Leave me to rot with your
thievin' father.

SHARON

There's no law stating that you've
got to stay.

HOPE

And abandon him like you? No. He's a
bastard but he's always put the family
first.

SHARON

Has he?

HOPE

Yeah. He has. Somehow that's a lesson
you've never learned.

SHARON

I'm sorry you see it that way.

HOPE

That's not how I see it. That's how
it is.

Sharon absorbs Hope's words, wilting a bit at first, but
then gathering herself and standing up tall.

SHARON

(after a big exhale)
Goodbye, Mum.

HOPE

Goodbye? What d'you mean, goodbye?

SHARON

It means I love you, but I will never
step foot in this house again.

Sharon turns and heads out.

HOPE

At least feed the bloody dogs on
your way out.

Sharon leaves.

HOPE (CONT'D)

(calling after Sharon)
Fine. Let them starve. Just like
you're doing to me.

INT. WIMBLEDON MANSION - KITCHEN - DAY

Sharon heads out of the house, passing the Doberman she meant to pet earlier. She notes the dog's sad face and sighs.

SHARON
Do the rest of your lot look like
this?

INT. KITCHEN PANTRY - MOMENTS LATER

With the Doberman and two more dogs looking on, Sharon searches through the cluttered pantry until she comes up with a nearly empty bag of dog food.

She pours the bag over a bowl, but only a few kernels spill out.

SHARON
You've got to be shitting me.

INT. MARKET - DAY

Sharon plunks a bag of dog food on the counter. A CLERK rings her up.

ADRIAN (O.S.)
Sharon?

Sharon turns to see her old boyfriend Adrian.

SHARON
(taken aback)
Adrian. Wow. Hi.

Adrian moves in for an awkward hug.

ADRIAN
(noticing the dog
food)
Have you moved back?

SHARON
Em. No. No. For my parents' dogs.
Seems they've stopped feedin' 'em.

ADRIAN
Oh. Well, that's awful.

SHARON
Yes, it certainly is.

ADRIAN
Least they have you.

SHARON

Mm. The dogs do at least.

ADRIAN

Lucky for the dogs. Sorry to hear about Randy.

SHARON

Yes. Thank you.

ADRIAN

Kind of surreal I imagine.

SHARON

Yeah. Hasn't really sunk in completely. Not sure it ever will.

ADRIAN

I guess it probably won't. And Ozzy? How's he handling everything?

SHARON

Not well. It's a shit show all around, to be honest.

ADRIAN

I'm sure it is.

SHARON

Are you still in touch with Freddie?

ADRIAN

Ha. I see him every once in a blue moon when he's in town.

(off Sharon's look)

Not in that way. I've been with the same woman going on three years actually. We're gettin' married.

SHARON

Oh. Well that's great. I'm happy for you.

ADRIAN

Thanks. I dabble in promotions now. If there's ever any way I can help with anything, just let me know. I miss you.

SHARON

If you've got two million pounds laying around to buy my father out of my life, I'd take that.

ADRIAN

Yeah. I don't have that.

SHARON

Right. I'm going to purchase my dog food now.

ADRIAN

Yeah. Good. Good seeing you.

SHARON

And you, Adrian.

Another awkward beat before Adrian leaves. Sharon turns to pay for her food, but something clicks inside her head.

She abandons the food and runs out of the store.

CLERK

(calling after her)

You taking the food or not?

EXT. MARKET - DAY

Sharon spots Adrian crossing the street and chases after him.

SHARON

Adrian. Adrian!

Adrian pauses. Sharon catches up.

SHARON (CONT'D)

You said you're in touch with Freddie, right?

ADRIAN

Not like *in touch*, but yeah, I guess.

SHARON

I think there is a way you can help.

ADRIAN

He's not gonna let you manage him.

SHARON

Don't be daft. It's a much bigger favor than that.

EXT. APARTMENT BALCONY - NIGHT

FREDDIE MERCURY paces along a balcony overlooking the Thames. He's got Sharon across from him, sitting, untouched glass of champagne beside her, trying to look relaxed, but tense as can be.

FREDDIE

What's it for?

SHARON

Buy out my father. Get our lives
back once and for all. Start over.

FREDDIE

I'm guessing he wants the publishing
too.

SHARON

What do you think?

FREDDIE

Two million quid's a pretty steep
price.

SHARON

Price of freedom, I guess.

Freddie looks out at the water, considering.

FREDDIE

It's a big bet for a guy like Ozzy.

SHARON

It's not a bet on Ozzy.

Freddie turns back to Sharon.

FREDDIE

You haven't touched your champagne.

SHARON

Have to start abstaining if I'm gonna
spend the rest of my life baby sitting
a madman.

Freddie smiles. He likes that answer.

FREDDIE

I'm in for five hundred if you can
get the rest.

Sharon relaxes.

SHARON

Thank you, Freddie.

FREDDIE

Come here.

Freddie gives Sharon a hug. They separate and lean on the
balcony.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)

Your life is pretty fucked up.

SHARON

Yes, it is.

EXT. TOUR BOAT OFF THE COAST OF BARBADOS - DAY

Snorkel and mask on his head, a shirtless Ozzy sits drunkenly on a boat while Thelma and the kids fish and toss chum into the water with the help of TWO MATES.

OZZY

(slurring)

Come on. You're blocking my view.

(beat)

Yeah, you. The one in the red.

The mate in red moves to the side.

THELMA

Leave him alone, John.

OZZY

You corral any sharks yet?

MATE IN RED

There's definitely a couple circlin'.

OZZY

Better say hello then.

Ozzy rises and stumbles towards the edge of the boat.

THELMA

Ozzy, don't.

Ozzy looks over the bow and quickly tumbles into the water.

MATE IN RED

Oh, fuck.

Ozzy flaps around.

YOUNG LOUIS

(crying)

Daddy. Daddy.

OZZY

I'm drownin'. I'm...

The mates exchange a look. The second mate shakes his head and dives in to save Ozzy.

INT. CBS RECORDS - LOS ANGELES - DAY

Sharon nervously walks down a hall into an office, where the lead exec from Ozzy's dove biting incident rises from behind his desk.

MALE RECORD EXECUTIVE #1

You have a lot of nerve walking in here.

SHARON

By nerve you mean giving you a chance to make another fuck load of money?

INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

Ozzy sleeps in a first class window seat while Thelma juggles her kids in front of him.

Young Louis begins to cry. Thelma glares back at Ozzy, who's completely useless.

INT. RAINBOW ROOM - NIGHT

Sharon navigates her way through the Rainbow, receiving hellos and hugs along the way. Eventually she finds the members of Van Halen commanding a booth with a bunch of groupies.

DAVID LEE ROTH

Well, if it isn't Miss Universe herself.

SHARON

It's time to pay the fiddler, boys.

INT. WEST HOLLYWOOD BUNGALOW - DAY

Sharon unpacks her stuff into a quaint, unassuming West Hollywood bungalow.

WE MOVE TO THE BED AND SEE two suitcases stacked with cash.

INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

Sharon sits in coach. She's got a stack of papers before her, which she anxiously leafs through.

EXT. BIRMINGHAM HOUSE - NIGHT

Sharon leans on the hood of her car outside Ozzy and Thelma's house, waiting. She checks her watch. Waits some more. Eventually, Ozzy appears, drunk and disheveled, eyes a bit mad, and approaches.

SHARON

It's about time.

OZZY

I'd have invited you in, but...

Sharon hands Ozzy an envelope.

OZZY (CONT'D)

What's this?

SHARON

It's our freedom.

Ozzy pulls out a stack of papers.

OZZY

Freedom to do what?

SHARON

Whatever we want without Don Arden's slithering hand reaching into our pockets ever again.

Ozzy inspects the papers.

OZZY

Is this real?

SHARON

Soon as he signs, which he will. We're giving up a hell of a lot, but we get to be on our own once and for all.

OZZY

We've done it before, haven't we?

SHARON

(nods and smiles)

We have.

OZZY

If we get married I'll need to get a divorce first.

SHARON

Is that something you want to do?

OZZY

I know Thelma does.

Ozzy looks back to the house.

OZZY (CONT'D)

She can't stop me from seeing my kids, can she?

SHARON

I don't think she'd want that for you or them.

OZZY

(thinks, then:)

Give me a minute.

Ozzy heads back towards the house.

SHARON
Was that really meant to be your
proposal?

OZZY
Depends on whether or not you said
yes.

Ozzy disappears inside. Sharon waits on the hood of the car.
Moments later, Ozzy appears lugging a giant taxidermied bear.

SHARON
What the hell is that?

OZZY
She said okay so long as I take this
with me. Can you pop the trunk?

SHARON
You are an absolute lunatic.

OZZY
And you're about to be Mrs. Lunatic.

Ozzy drops to his knee.

OZZY (CONT'D)
As this bear and my soon to be ex-
wife watching through the curtain is
my witness, Sharon Arden, will you
marry me?

Sharon shakes her head before smiling.

SHARON
Yes.

Ozzy rises and gives Sharon a big hug and kiss. Together
they wrestle with the bear, desperately trying to stuff it
in the trunk.

EXT. BEL AIR HOUSE - DAY

A limo pulls through the gates.

The DRIVER-CUM-BODYGUARD opens the door for Sharon and Ozzy.

They move to the trunk, which the driver opens, revealing
Sharon's two suitcases filled with cash.

INT. BEL AIR HOUSE - DAY

One of the cash suitcases plops down on the kitchen table.

REVEAL Sharon and Ozzy looking on as the driver hoists the second case onto the table as well.

Don stands on the opposite side of the table, cigar in hand as always.

DON
'The fuck is this?

Sharon unzips the suitcases, revealing stacks and stacks of cash.

Don is blown away, drawn to inspect the money.

DON (CONT'D)
You rob a bank or something?

SHARON
I'm not the thief in this family.

Sharon reaches into her purse and pulls out a large manila envelope. Slides it across to Don.

SHARON (CONT'D)
Sign these and this money is yours.

DON
How much is there?

SHARON
Enough to maintain the charade that you're still someone of influence in this world.

Don pulls the papers out of the envelope as well as the necklace he gave Sharon following her abortion years ago.

SHARON (CONT'D)
(re: necklace)
Been waiting a long time to give that back.

DON
You don't want it you should just sell it.

SHARON
Do you need a pen?

DON
You think I'm going to sign these before readin' em?

SHARON
In order to get your mitts on this money? Yeah, I do.

Don thumbs through the pages. Looks up to Sharon. She slides the pen his way, but he doesn't pick it up.

He notices the engagement ring on Sharon's finger.

DON
You two getting married?

SHARON
We are.

DON
(to Ozzy)
That her condition for keeping your career afloat?

OZZY
Don't be a cunt, Don.

DON
She's got the angles sharper than even me.

SHARON
Are you signing or not?

DON
Do you remember that time I left you and David in the forest?

SHARON
How could I forget? I was eight.

DON
Do you remember what happened out there?

SHARON
Other than shitting my pants and thinking I was gonna die before finding our way out?

DON
Ah. You said it right there. You found your way out. What else is a father supposed to do beyond making sure his children can always find their way out?

SHARON
You going to sign the papers or not?

DON
You'll understand when you start having children of your own.

SHARON
Sign the papers!

DON
Sure, I'll sign them... On one
condition and it's non-negotiable.

EXT. MAUI HILLTOP - DUSK

On a hilltop overlooking the beach.

A nondenominational MINISTER stands at a flower-draped altar with Ozzy dressed in a white suit and lavender shirt, a pair of fangs wedged between his teeth.

A small gathering of family and friends look on - Hope and OZZY'S MOTHER and SISTER, Rudy, Tommy, David Lee Roth and some of the crew.

Sharon appears at the head of the aisle in a white dress that's too big for her, with Don there to escort her.

Sharon and Don walk down the aisle.

DON
You going to take the whole stage
set with you to Japan?

SHARON
You want to know that right now?

DON
You ask me you should strip it down.

SHARON
I'm not asking you.

DON
Japanese promoters love stabbin' you
in the back. Make sure they pay up
front.

They reach Ozzy and the minister.

SHARON
Would you please shut the fuck up?
(to the minister)
Hello, Father.

MINISTER
Oh, I'm not a priest.

Don leans close to Sharon before letting her go.

DON
Ya walked yourself out of the forest.
I'm proud of you.

Don sits. Sharon wells up as she Ozzy takes hands.

MINISTER

(to everyone)

When I sat down with Sharon and Ozzy before the ceremony, I took a few minutes to try and get to know them a little. I asked why their love is so strong and Sharon said something that I believe explains it all. She said...

The minister looks to Sharon.

SHARON

Oh, you want me to say it?
(looking up at Ozzy)
I am Ozzy and Ozzy is me.

MINISTER

It reminded me of a saying we have in Hawaiian: Eia au, eia 'oe, which translates to, 'here I am. You are here.'

WE PULL AWAY FROM THE CEREMONY, BLINDING OURSELVES WITH THE SETTING SUN.

PRELAP:

SHARON (O.S.)

Here... And here.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Sharon and Don sit a table in the lobby, still dressed from the wedding.

They've got a stack of papers between them, which Don signs one after another.

SHARON

And here... Twice here.

Don hesitates.

EXT. MAUI HILLTOP - NIGHT

At a small reception with Ozzy and the wedding guests, who mill about and eat.

Ozzy is drunk, grabbing fistfuls of cake and handing them out.

OZZY

Have some cake, everyone.

DAVID LEE ROTH
(stuffing his face)
This cake is loco, man!
(aside to Ozzy)
You don't mind if I take a run at
your sister, do you, Oz?

OZZY
Only if you want your teeth knocked
out.

DAVID LEE ROTH
That's not a "no."

David Lee winks at Ozzy's sister.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Don signs the last of the papers, which Sharon gathers.

SHARON
You got to walk me down the aisle.
Attend my wedding. Not bad for someone
without any negotiating power.

DON
In my heart I know you love me.

Sharon stashes the stack of papers into the envelope. She says nothing, but her smile gives Don some hope.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Sharon walks alone along the shore, wedding dress getting soaked at the bottom by the incoming tide.

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Sharon walks a path back towards the hotel. She pauses when she spots Ozzy picking flowers from a garden area up ahead.

SHARON
Ozzy?

Ozzy sees Sharon and takes off. Sharon runs to catch up.

SHARON (CONT'D)
What are you up to now?

Sharon hurries up the path and into the

HOTEL

She climbs stairs, heads down the hall and reaches her room. Knocks on the door, but there's no answer.

SHARON (CONT'D)

Ozzy. Ozzy are you in there?

Sharon fishes a key from her purse and unlocks the door.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Sharon enters to a room covered in wildflowers - some in vases, some in glasses, some in liquor bottles.

She takes it all in and turns to the bed, where Ozzy sprinkles rose petals over the comforter.

SHARON

Is this what you've been up to?

OZZY

I'm not finished yet, woman. Come back in an hour.

SHARON

Are you planning to steal every flower on the property?

OZZY

I thought you'd find it romantic.

Sharon approaches. Takes Ozzy by the hands.

SHARON

More romantic than finding you passed out on the floor.

She kisses Ozzy.

OZZY

Are we free?

SHARON

We haven't got a pot to piss in, but yes. We're free.

They kiss again.

OZZY

How the fuck we gonna pay for this room?

SHARON

I have no idea.

OZZY

We should probably get the hell out of here then.

SHARON

You want to just steal off in the night?

OZZY
Have you got a better idea?

SHARON
No.

Ozzy scoops Sharon into his arms.

SHARON (CONT'D)
You're supposed to carry me into the
suite, not out, you nut.

OZZY
Since when do we do anything the way
it's supposed to be done?

Ozzy snags a bottle of Hennessy off the bureau on the way
out.

SHARON (V.O.)
As you might have figured by now,
mine isn't a story of happy endings,
but rather one of new beginnings. So
here we go, one more time, to begin
again.

Ozzy turns a corner and he and Sharon are gone.

We stay in the room, bursting with flowers, but also littered
with dirt and stems.

A beautiful mess.

FADE TO BLACK