

FADE IN:

EXT. THE SHRINE - NIGHT

The Shrine sits on a side street in a large town.
Its modest MARQUIS announces the names of the bands.
The FRONT DOOR is battered and black.

INT. THE SHRINE - NIGHT

The venue is quiet.
There are BATHROOMS and an OFFICE down a poster-plastered HALL.
At the end of the hall is a BAR.
In front of the bar is a LISTENING ROOM, SOUNDBOARD, and STAGE.

INT. THE SHRINE STAGE - NIGHT

A single spotlight shines down on CHASE JACOBS, 50's.
He sits in a chair.
His legs are bare.
His chin droops against his chest.
His eyes are closed.
BLACK GAFFER'S TAPE binds his wrists and ankles.
SOUND FX: FOOTSTEPS walk across the stage - then stop.
VIRGIL TURNER - 20's, stands in front of Chase.
Virgil puts his hand under Chase's chin and gently lifts his head.
Chase opens his eyes.
Virgil looks at Chase with awe and reverence.

VIRGIL
I always knew, someday, something
like this would happen.