

MUSIC CITY MYSTERIES:

SERIES VISION STATEMENT

SERIES FORMAT

30-minute, single camera

DEMOGRAPHIC

Children aged 8-12

TARGET NETWORK

Disney+, Nickelodeon, Netflix

GENRE

Kids & family mystery

LOGLINE

When his guitar goes missing, Jacob and his friends discover the theft is part of a larger puzzle. The evidence points towards Nashville's elusive Music Mafia, but are the clues a well-meaning treasure hunt or an elaborate trap?

LEAD CHARACTERS

- ★ Jacob Spiral (15): He's got it all: money, talent, and a starting position on the varsity soccer team. But he's living in the shadows of a rock-star dad and a mom he barely remembers.
- ★ Katie Johnson (15): A smarter-than-Sherlock homeschooler. Annoyingly upbeat.
- ★ Isolde Zimmerman (15): Katie's best friend. Her life goal is to turn Katie into an ordinary high schooler, but it hasn't happened yet.
- ★ Asher Zimmerman (15): Isolde's twin brother and Jacob's only friend. BTW, Asher's dating Katie. But don't tell Isolde.
- ★ Danny Spiral (60): Jacob's dad. Widower, former addict, full-time father. He's won too many Grammys to fit on his bookshelf.
- ★ Em Mycroft (16): Future criminal mastermind. Current Catholic schoolgirl.
- ★ Reese Mycroft (40s): Em's mom. The head of Nashville's Music Mafia.

THE SECRET

Somewhere hidden on the Spiral's sprawling estate, there's a small, metal lockbox. It contains decades-worth of documents on the Music Mafia. The most powerful woman in Nashville has spent thirteen years looking for it. The problem? Neither Jacob nor Danny even know it's there.

BACKGROUND: THE MUSIC MAFIA

I'm 65% sure the Nashville Music Mafia doesn't still exist.

Way back in 1989, my mother interned at our local news station. Her first on-the-ground assignment was a crime scene. More specifically, she was assigned to a murder on Music Row, the revered one-way street home to Nashville's recording studios, radio stations, and Elvis-themed wedding chapels. Urban legend tied the murder to an unseen force: the Music Mafia.

That night, my mother discovered she hated dead bodies and quit the TV industry for good. Consequently, "murder" is now a dirty word at our house.

Thirteen years later, the shooter's identity finally came to light: He was a music promoter, and he killed a young musician planning to tell the media about a widespread payola scandal (bribes for fraudulent radio play). George Straight sang a [song](#) about it, and that was that.

Nashville's changed since 1989. The Music Mafia stories have faded, giving way to party tractors, pedal taverns, and eternally long lines for hot chicken. I presumed payola was a thing of the past ... until I studied radio in college.

Searching for a final paper topic, I stumbled across 2019 Rolling Stone reporting on modern payola scandals. I dug deep into documents: FCC investigations, iHeart Radio denials, and books on the history of the L.A. Music Mafia. My research set off alarm bells: It was 1989 all over again, three decades later.

The rumors I heard growing up: shady DJs, the Nashville Music Mafia, luxury houses with armed guards. Could any of these urban myths have an ounce of truth?

I honestly don't know.

But at least I got a 100% on the final paper.

THE STORY: SEASON ONE

What do you do when you find out your Grammy-winning father's success might not be as well-deserved as you've always believed? In Season 1, Jacob discovers a series of clues left 13 years ago by his late mother. Originally intended for Danny, the instructions for the treasure hunt were hijacked by Reese, Danny's then-manager who now runs the Music Mafia.

Reese knows the hidden treasure contains dangerous documents: a de-facto dossier detailing Music Mafia frauds that—unbeknownst to Danny—made him a superstar. But Reese has given up on recovering the hidden documents ... until her daughter Em shows a newfound interest in the family business.

BY CARLI FREEMAN

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Em and Jacob race each in a series of brain-bending puzzles that take them all across Nashville. Em has the benefit of criminal connections, but Jacob has an even more powerful weapon: loyal friends Katie, Asher, and Isolde.

MUSIC CITY MYSTERIES

"THE MYSTERY AT THE BLUEBIRD CAFÉ"

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COLD OPEN

INT. PENTHOUSE - DAY

A sleek penthouse overlooking the Nashville skyline.

EM MYCROFT, 15, Catholic school uniform and designer accessories, tries to get her mother's attention.

EM

Mom?

But REESE, 40s, part-time executive and full-time socialite, doesn't take her eyes off her laptop.

EM (CONT'D)

Mom, I know you're getting me a convertible for my sixteenth birthday.

Reese finally looks up from her emails, annoyed.

REESE

That was supposed to be a surprise.

EM

But, like, I don't actually want a convertible.

REESE

So what do kids drive these days? Teslas? We can make that happen.

Reese returns to typing. Em pulls away the laptop.

EM

I don't want a car. I want you to let me in the family business.

REESE

No. And give me back my laptop.

EM

All I'm asking for is a chance.

REESE

Why can't you just want a Tesla like a normal teenager?

With an air of maternal scheming (or, at best, maternal indifference), Reese pulls out a POLAROID from her desk drawer.

REESE (CONT'D)

You want to prove yourself? Find this.

The polaroid is a close-up of an acoustic GIBSON GUITAR. Em flips it over. **Clue #2** is penciled on the back.

EM

A guitar?

REESE

Been trying to get my hands on it for thirteen years.

Em takes the polaroid over to the window, struggling to make out its grainy subject in better light.

There's nothing special about the instrument's appearance except a CURSIVE LETTER "S" engraved into the wood.

INT. JACOB'S ROOM - DAY

A teenage boy's room. The furniture's nice, but the place is a wreck.

JACOB SPIRAL -- 15, goalkeeper's jersey -- strums a chord on a GIBSON GUITAR. It's the exact guitar from Em's polaroid, cursive letter S and all.

DANNY SPIRAL, 60, an ex-rocker who now only wears denim, appears in the doorway. He's the kind of dad who's been in and out of rehab, but mostly out.

DANNY

Jacob, if you're not in the truck in three minutes, we'll be late to the game.

JACOB

Coming!

Jacob puts the guitar back in its case. Then he shoves it under his bed between a squishy pile of unwashed socks and a plastic pumpkin full of decaying Halloween candy.

He grabs his *NASHVILLE HIGH SCHOOL* duffle bag and races out of the room.

END OF COLD OPEN.

ACT ONE

EXT. ZIMMERMAN BACKYARD - A FEW HOURS LATER

A cozy backyard with a treehouse and a homemade fire pit. Jacob guards a flower garden like it's a soccer goal. His jersey is covered in grass stains.

ASHER ZIMMERMAN -- 15, also in a soccer jersey -- boots a soccer ball towards the garden. The ball veers left and rams into a ceramic flower pot. **Crash.**

ASHER

Goal!

JACOB

That's not a goal, you just killed the chrysanthemums.

ASHER

Goal line's the garden. Rules are rules.

JACOB

That's not a garden. It's a flower pot.

ASHER

(RE: flower pot)

Dirt. Mulch. Dumb plant. Definitely a garden.

In the treehouse, TWO GIRLS, 15, watch the makeshift game through an open-air window. ISOLDE ZIMMERMAN, Asher's twin, wears tie-dye overalls. KATIE, Isolde's BFF, wears a miniature Rubik's cube necklace.

KATIE

Is your mom gonna be mad about the flowers?

ISOLDE

Nah. She's used to it. Nothing lasts long around our house.

Another **crash.**

ASHER

(O.S.)

Goal!!

ISOLDE
Case in point.

KATIE
Think we should stop them before
they destroy everything beautiful?

ISOLDE
Probably.

Katie crawls to the ladder.

ISOLDE (CONT'D)
Katie, just ... please don't
embarrass me. Like last time. And
the time before that.

KATIE
(taunting)
Why? Cause you're dating Jacob?

ISOLDE
We're not dating! Why do you keep
saying that?

KATIE
Mainly to infuriate you. It's
rewarding. Like I've finally found
my purpose in life.

She jumps down from the ladder.

KATIE (CONT'D)
Hey! I'm open.

Asher passes her the soccer ball. Katie traps it like a pro.

JACOB
I didn't know you played soccer.

KATIE
I played Church League. Til I got
kicked out for throwing a tantrum
'cause the assistant ref missed an
offsides call.

ASHER
Don't worry, she was four and a
half.

Katie passes the ball to Isolde, who scoops it up and away
from any unsuspecting chrysanthemums.

ISOLDE

I think y'all have done enough
damage for one day.

ANGLE ON a row of flower pots, all broken into a million
pieces of ceramic and petals.

ASHER

You're not gonna mention this to
Mom, right?

Isolde rolls her eyes.

JACOB

Hey, uh, Isolde, what are you doing
tonight? Cause, like, Dad's playing
a show if you wanna come.

ISOLDE

I'd love to.

KATIE

(to Isolde)

But tonight we're watching the Bob
Ross marathon on PBS. You've been
talking about it for, like, weeks.

Isolde throws the soccer ball at Katie's head. Katie ducks.
Another ceramic pot shatters.

Isolde turns to Jacob like nothing happened.

ISOLDE

I'd love to.

JACOB

It's not, like, a date or anything.
Asher's coming too.

ISOLDE

Yeah, of course. Totally.

JACOB

You're invited, Katie. If you want.

KATIE

Nah, I have an English essay.

JACOB

You homeschool. Don't you grade
your own homework?

KATIE
Yeah, and I'm really strict with
deadlines.

She's kidding. Probably.

INT. BLUEBIRD CAFÉ - NIGHT

A small café with tables for four. The walls are covered in autographed headshots of Nashville legends: Dolly Parton, Taylor Swift, Darius Rucker. And Danny Spiral.

Instead of a stage, the concert is set up "In The Round": four chairs for performers, right in the center of the café.

But, for now, the chairs are empty. The SOUND GUY is still setting up the mics. The only souls in the audience are Katie and Isolde.

KATIE
Why'd I let you talk me into this?

ISOLDE
You need the socialization. Can't
you at least pretend to like Jacob?

KATIE
Who says I don't like him?

ISOLDE
You said he's stuck up.

KATIE
Technically I said he's aloof,
arrogant, and vainglorious ...

Jacob and Asher enter through the hallway filled with even more headshots.

JACOB
I see you already found Dad's
picture on the wall.

KATIE
What'd he do to end up next to
Dolly Parton?

JACOB
I dunno. Win twenty-two Grammys, I
guess.

Katie turns so that only Isolde can hear her.

KATIE
 (whispering)
 Vainglorious.

EXT. BLUEBIRD CAFÉ - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Behind the Bluebird Café. A couple of cars, overflowing dumpsters, and A SECURITY CAMERA. Em stands out of view of the security cam.

She pulls up a flyer on social media: *TONIGHT: In the Round at the Bluebird Café. Featuring Danny Spiral.* Danny's name is spelled with a cursive "S."

A few parking spaces away, Danny jumps down from the driver's seat of a massive PICKUP TRUCK. He carries two GUITAR CASES.

Only one has the cursive "S" painted on the faux leather.

INT. BLUEBIRD CAFÉ - GREEN ROOM - NIGHT

A small green room covered with Hatch Show Print posters. Danny tunes his guitar. It's much nicer than Jacob's guitar resting on a nearby table.

Jacob enters the green room.

JACOB
 Dad, why'd you bring my guitar?

DANNY
 I thought it'd be a fun surprise.
 You got friends here. Why not join
 me for a song?

JACOB
 I'm not playing in front of people.
 Friends or no friends.

DANNY
 What? You don't want to go up on
 stage with your old man? Impress
 the ladies?

JACOB
 Ew! Dad.

DANNY
 Sing harmony. It's low pressure.

Asher appears in the doorway.

ASHER
Wait, you're singing?

JACOB
No, I'm not.

DANNY
Your guitar's in here if you change
your mind.

JACOB
I won't.

EXT. BLUEBIRD CAFÉ - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Em opens a paperback book, *Criminal Trespassing For Dummies*. She flips to a dog-eared page: "Disarming Security Cameras Safely and Quietly: FOR DUMMIES!!"

She pulls a collapsible FISHING ROD from her handbag and casts the weighted hook towards the security camera.

Bullseye.

Em tightens the fishing line. The security camera pulls away from the wall. It lands on the ground, shattered.

INT. BLUEBIRD CAFÉ - GREEN ROOM - NIGHT

Danny tunes his guitar. Sound Guy knocks on the door.

SOUND GUY
Danny, we're starting in two
minutes.

DANNY
Thanks.

He turns the tuning peg just a bit tighter. The high E string snaps in half.

DANNY (CONT'D)
Just my luck.

He grabs Jacob's guitar instead: the Gibson with the cursive "S" engraved.

INT. BLUEBIRD CAFÉ - NIGHT

Katie, Isolde, Jacob, and Asher sit at a four-top table inches away from the In The Round performers. Only one performer's seat is still empty: Danny's.

A high-heeled IDOL FINALIST with perfect makeup addresses the audience.

IDOL FINALIST

Thank y'all so much for comin' out tonight. No matter how many arenas we play, how many red carpets we walk, nothing means more to a songwriter than this. In the Round at the Bluebird Café.

KATIE

Why doesn't she start singing already?

ISOLDE

She's stalling.

Jacob looks around. Where *is* his dad?

Danny rushes in carrying Jacob's guitar.

IDOL FINALIST

And here he is, tonight's special guest. Danny Spiral.

The whole audience breaks into applause. A DRUNK GUY in the back whistles.

As Danny makes his way to the empty chair in the musician's circle, he passes by the teens' table.

DANNY

(to Jacob, RE: the guitar)
String broke. Borrowed yours.

EXT. BLUEBIRD CAFÉ - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Em stands at the back entrance with a LOCK PICKING KIT, ready to force her way in.

As an afterthought, she tries the door handle. It's unlocked.

INT. BLUEBIRD CAFÉ - GREEN ROOM - NIGHT

Em heads straight for the GUITAR CASE with the cursive "S."

She opens it.

It's empty.

INT. BLUEBIRD CAFÉ - NIGHT

Em sneaks into the back of the audience next to Drunk Guy at the bar. She sees her target. There's just one problem.

The guitar is in Danny's hands.

And, Danny is in the middle of an adoring audience.

DANNY

I wrote this song twelve years ago.
Six months after my wife died.
Suddenly I was a clueless single
father to a beautiful three-year
old boy. Jacob, where are you?

Jacob waves slightly. He's been through this rodeo before.

DANNY (CONT'D)

In case you can't tell, he's grown
a little since then.

KATIE

(to Isolde)
Awkward.

ISOLDE

(to Katie)
I think it's sweet.

INT. BLUEBIRD CAFÉ - ELECTRICAL CLOSET - NIGHT

A dark web of wires and fuses, illuminated by Em's flashlight. Em opens the electrical box.

INT. BLUEBIRD CAFÉ - NIGHT

Danny strikes a chord on the guitar.

DANNY

So, here you go. The last honest
love song I ever wrote. It's called
"Your Ghost."

Drunk Guy at the bar whoops his approval. Everyone else applauds.

Another chord. Then, Danny sings. His voice is magical, intimate. Springsteen on Broadway meets Music Row.

DANNY (CONT'D)
NEVER CHANGE THE WAY YOU LOOK TONIGHT
MY PERFECT ANGEL SMILING SO BRIGHT --

A deafening POP. Then the speakers fall silent and the lights go dark. Someone screams.

IDOL FINALIST
 Is everyone all right?

SOUND GUY
 No one panic. It's just a power outage.

KATIE
 It's not a power outage. Blown fuse, maybe, but no power outage.

ASHER
 How do you know?

KATIE
 Front window. The sign.

Sure enough, the neon **Bluebird Café** sign still shines bright.

ASHER
 Maybe it's on battery.

KATIE
 Neon uses too much electricity. It's definitely plugged in.

DANNY
 My guitar, where's my guitar? I just set it down a second ago.

Danny turns on his phone flashlight. The guitar is gone.

JACOB
 Oh no.

ASHER
 What's wrong?

JACOB
 That guitar was my mom's.

END OF ACT ONE.

ACT TWO

INT. BLUEBIRD CAFÉ - NIGHT

Katie runs down the hallway. Asher hurries after her, trying not to trip in the dark.

ASHER

Katie, where are you going?

KATIE

Finding the electrical closet.

ASHER

How do you even know where it is?
And shouldn't it be locked?

KATIE

Should be. But it isn't.

Katie shines her phone flashlight on an open door.

INT. - BLUEBIRD CAFÉ - ELECTRICAL CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

Katie opens the electrical closet.

ASHER

You're going overboard again. You know that, right?

KATIE

I always go overboard. But this time's different.

ASHER

Why?

KATIE

This time I'm right.

She shines her flashlight over the electrical board. A colorful CLUMP OF WIRES is cut clean in half.

INT. BLUEBIRD CAFÉ - NIGHT

As audience members file out, NIKKI -- 30s, the Bluebird Café's no-nonsense manager -- talks with Danny and Jacob. Isolde stands awkwardly to the side.

DANNY

I shouldn't have set it down, I was just reaching for my phone flashlight.

JACOB

Why would anyone steal a guitar?

ISOLDE

Probably an adoring fan who wanted a souvenir.

NIKKI

If so, they shouldn't be too hard to catch. We have a list of everyone who reserved tickets. Plus there's security cameras at every door.

Katie and Asher appear from behind.

ASHER

I wouldn't count on that.

Asher holds up a BROKEN SECURITY CAMERA. The lens is shattered.

EXT. BLUEBIRD CAFÉ - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Katie and Isolde sit silently on a cement curb.

Asher climbs into the back of Danny's pickup truck and fishes out a soccer ball.

ASHER

Hey, Katie! Soccer?

KATIE

Shut up. I'm memorizing.

ASHER

Memorizing what?

KATIE

Memorizing people, okay?

ASHER

Isolde, you wanna play?

KATIE

SHUT UP.

ASHER

Fine.

He resorts to kicking the soccer ball against the truck tires.

After a few moments of deliberate thinking, Katie stands up.

KATIE

Finished.

ISOLDE

What were you memorizing?

Asher passes Katie the ball. They kick it back and forth.

KATIE

The audience, counterclockwise.
Table number seven. Family of
three, plus a tourist from South
Dakota. Not particularly
suspicious.

ISOLDE

Why not?

KATIE

They all stayed to give a statement
to the police. A habit criminals
usually avoid.

As Katie rants, Jacob exits the café and walks across the parking lot. He's stressed but trying not to show it.

KATIE (CONT'D)

Next up, table eight. There was a
nurse from Santa Fe ...

Jacob looks to Asher for any clue about what's up.

ASHER

(to Jacob)

Katie memorizes. It's kinda her
thing.

KATIE

Plus a real estate agent. Local.
Recognized her face from the For
Sale signs --

ISOLDE

Jacob, learn anything about the
guitar?

KATIE
I have a suspect list! Doesn't
anyone care?

ISOLDE
Not really, no.

KATIE
Fine.

JACOB
The police think whoever stole my
guitar was after something bigger.
Security cameras, cut wires.

ASHER
Yeah, you don't do that just for a
guitar.

KATIE
Then how come nothing else was
touched?

JACOB
Dunno. Guess whoever it was just
ran out of time.

INT. ZIMMERMAN HOUSE - DAY

Isolde pours a bowl of cereal at a linoleum counter. The house hasn't been renovated in decades, but it's well-loved.

Asher shuffles in wearing pajamas. Messy hair, circles under his eyes. He collapses into a chair next to Isolde.

ISOLDE
Good morning.

ASHER
(barely awake)
Don't talk to me.

He grabs a store-bought muffin and shoves it into his mouth.

ISOLDE
Those expired two weeks ago.

Asher spits it out.

ASHER
No wonder they taste like chalk.
(examining the muffin)
Mold's good for you, right?

ISOLDE
Did you even sleep at all?

ASHER
No. Yes. Kind of? Katie kept
texting me theories on the mystery.

ISOLDE
Katie was texting you? Why?

ASHER
I dunno. Guess 'cause you weren't
responding.

ISOLDE
She's coming over at one.

ASHER
Great. Wake me up when she gets
here.

Asher lays his head down on the counter.

EXT. LUXURY CONDO - DAY

A black SUV with tinted windows pulls up to a luxury
apartment.

Reese Mycroft steps out of the SUV.

INT. PENTHOUSE - DAY

Reese enters, dragging a stylish suitcase behind her. Em
reaches for the luggage.

EM
(overly helpful)
Hi, Mom, how was your trip? Let me
take the suitcases.

REESE
(not buying it)
What's up?

Em pulls out Jacob's guitar from behind the counter.

EM
I found what you asked for. Broke
into the Bluebird myself.

REESE
I love you.

Reese takes the instrument and shakes it maniacally. Nothing happens.

She pulls out an imposing pocket knife, flicks open the blade, and slices into the guitar.

The instrument fractures.

REESE (CONT'D)

It's not here.

EM

What's not?

REESE

I'm not just looking for the guitar, I'm looking for the clue *inside* the guitar.

EM

(quietly)

Why couldn't you have said so earlier? Woulda saved me a lot of trouble ...

REESE

Clue's not here. Ergo, you stole the wrong guitar.

EM

So ... what do I do next?

REESE

You start over.

INT. HOME STUDIO - DAY

A room filled with mixing boards, microphones, and high-powered computers. The walls are covered in platinum records and foam sound absorbers.

On one side of the room, a guitar rack holds six high-end instruments. The other side is home to an upright Steinway.

Danny enters to find Jacob playing the piano.

DANNY

Piano not guitar?

JACOB

Figured I should practice an instrument my dad can't lose.

DANNY
Look, about last night --

JACOB
You're sorry, I know.

DANNY
Any guitar in the studio. It's
yours if you want it.

Danny walks over to the guitar rack.

DANNY (CONT'D)
I've got a '78 Gibson, a '62
Martin. Or wanna borrow an
electric?

JACOB
None of them belonged to Mom.

DANNY
True.
(a beat)
What if I gave you her guitar case?

INT. ATTIC - MOMENTS LATER

Danny pushes cobwebs out of his way. With each step, Jacob
sends a new cloud of dust swirling.

DANNY
It's around here somewhere. Ah ha!

Danny finds a faux-leather case held together by duct tape
and old bumper stickers.

DANNY (CONT'D)
Whatdaya think?

JACOB
I think it's falling apart.

DANNY
Yeah, I know, that's why it's up
here --

JACOB
-- I think it's perfect.

INT. JACOB'S ROOM - DAY

Jacob takes a NEW GUITAR -- nicer, from Danny's studio -- and places it in his mom's guitar case.

He slides it under his bed next to the dirty laundry and decaying Halloween candy.

INT. ZIMMERMAN HOUSE - DAY

Katie, Asher, and Isolde stare at their devices. Katie's laptop screen shows the **Nashville Library Archives** site.

ASHER

Why are we going through newspaper archives?

KATIE

For background information. If Jacob and Danny are being targeted, we need to know why.

ISOLDE

Wait, what? They're not being targeted, Jacob's guitar was stolen. Major distinction.

KATIE

Whoever knows enough to take down security cameras isn't gonna give up halfway through a crime.

ASHER

I mean ...

KATIE

Balance of probability. So the thief wanted Jacob's guitar.

ISOLDE

But why?

KATIE

I don't know! That's why we're going through newspaper archives.

ASHER

What are we looking for?

KATIE

Start with searching for Lia Spiral.

ASHER
Jacob's mom?

KATIE
It was her guitar.

ASHER
She was an actress. There's
articles about her all over the
internet.

Isolde pulls up a scan of an old newspaper and is bothered by
what she sees.

ISOLDE
I knew Jacob's mom, like, died in a
car wreck and everything. But
there's so many pictures of the
accident. NBC News, L.A. Times.

ASHER
The crash made the front page of
the *Nashville Gazette*.

Katie looks over Asher's shoulder and sees a scanned version
of the front page.

A full-color photo of the wrecked car is front and center.

KATIE
That's cool.

ASHER
(slightly concerned)
What's wrong with you?

KATIE
Not the wreck. The article below
it. The one about the fire.

Katie points to a smaller story: **MUSIC MAFIA?!? Radio House
Records Burns to Ground.**

KATIE (CONT'D)
Lia died the night after Radio
House Records burned.

ASHER
And that's a big deal because ... ?

ISOLDE
Because it's the last crime the
Music Mafia ever committed.

Asher looks at his sister like she's crazy.

ISOLDE (CONT'D)

(off Asher's look)

What? I listen to true crime podcasts. Then again, no one actually proved the Music Mafia was behind the fire.

KATIE

No one even proved the Music Mafia was real.

ASHER

Wait. Their last crime was thirteen years ago?

KATIE

Allegedly.

ASHER

Then what does the Music Mafia have to do with Jacob's guitar?

ISOLDE

Probably nothing.

KATIE

But what are the odds ...

ASHER

Odds of what?

KATIE

The guitar was Jacob's mom's. She dies the day after the Music Mafia commits its last crime.

ASHER

What are you saying? Jacob's my best friend --

KATIE

-- I'm not saying anything.

Katie moves her laptop so Asher can't see the screen.

Then she Googles "**Lia Spiral Music Mafia.**"

END OF ACT TWO.

ACT THREE

INT. BLUEBIRD CAFÉ - GREEN ROOM - NIGHT

Katie pops into the Green Room. Jacob is alone, playing games on his phone.

KATIE
Where's your Dad?

JACOB
Sound check. Why?

She sits down on the couch and makes herself at home.

KATIE
No reason. It's nice of him to invite us to another concert.

JACOB
Yeah, well, the last one was over before it started.

KATIE
Any word on the guitar?

JACOB
Nothing.

KATIE
'Cause I've been trying to figure it out, what happened and why --

JACOB
Sherlock Holmes-ing it, huh?

KATIE
-- And, like, I found this old newspaper article about your mom. And it was on the same page as a story about the Radio House fire.

JACOB
(too forcefully)
My mom wasn't in the Music Mafia.

KATIE
I wasn't saying --

JACOB
Don't believe everything you read on the internet.

INT. BLUEBIRD CAFÉ - NIGHT

The four teens sit at the same table. Most of the audience has returned for the second night.

Jacob and Katie are actively ignoring each other.

Danny's onstage, repeating the same old banter.

DANNY

So, here you go. The last honest
love song I ever wrote.

Katie steps away from the table.

KATIE

(whispered)
I'll be right back.

INT. BLUEBIRD CAFÉ - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Katie approaches the door marked **Green Room**, but the Sound Guy stops her.

SOUND GUY

You're not allowed back here.

KATIE

But I'm with Danny. Like, he
literally drove me here.

SOUND GUY

Rules are rules.

Katie eyes Sound Guy. He's way too big to sneak past. Time for a backup plan.

KATIE

(fake charm)
But I think I left my notebook in
the green room, and like, it's
really important to me.

SOUND GUY

Fine. But I'm watching you.

Katie steps into the green room. Sound Guy follows her.

INT. BLUEBIRD CAFÉ - GREEN ROOM - NIGHT

Katie turns over couch cushions.

KATIE

It's gotta be here somewhere.

SOUND GUY

Let me help.

The moment he turns his back, Katie grabs her NOTEBOOK from her purse and shoves it under the couch.

She moves across the room, searching for something else.

SOUND GUY (CONT'D)

What color is it?

KATIE

Blue. With pink flowers on it.

She combs through the recycling bin. Asher enters.

ASHER

Katie, why aren't you watching the show?

KATIE

I can't find my notebook. Must have left it here somewhere.

(whispered, so only Asher
can hear)

Notebook's under the couch. I'm looking for clues.

ASHER

(loudly)

Let me help.

(whispered)

What are we looking for?

KATIE

Anything.

ASHER

Not helpful.

But Asher inspects the room anyway.

SOUND GUY

This it?

Sound Guy holds up Katie's notebook.

KATIE

Yes! Thanks so much.

SOUND GUY

No problem.

Sound Guy looks at them expectantly. Katie and Asher have no choice but to leave.

INT. BLUEBIRD CAFÉ - HALLWAY

Sound Guy locks the Green Room door behind them. Katie and Asher wait until he's out of ear shot.

ASHER

Did you find what you're looking for?

KATIE

No. I mean, I don't know what I'm looking for. Not yet.

ASHER

On another note, Jacob's not talking to me.

KATIE

Oh yeah. About that.

ASHER

What'd you say to him?

KATIE

I just asked about his mom and the Radio House fire.

ASHER

You didn't.

KATIE

He protested too much. Just saying.

ASHER

Of course he did! It's his dead mom you're talking about.

KATIE

I don't trust him.

ASHER

He's my best friend.

KATIE

And Isolde's mine. That doesn't mean we tell her the whole truth.

ASHER
You got me there.

They lean in, about to kiss, when --

SOUND GUY
This fall out of your notebook?

Katie turns to find Sound Guy holding up a POLAROID PHOTO.

KATIE
Yes! Thanks again.

Sound Guy leaves. Asher looks puzzled.

ASHER
What's that?

KATIE
I have no idea.

She holds it up into the light.

It's the same polaroid Em had earlier: An image of Jacob's guitar.

Katie turns it over: **Clue #2** is penciled on the back.

KATIE (CONT'D)
I think we just found our first evidence.

ASHER
Shouldn't we like, tell someone?

KATIE
Maybe. Later.

INT. BLUEBIRD CAFÉ

Asher and Katie slip back into their seats. Danny is mid-song.

ISOLDE
(whispered)
Where were you guys?

KATIE
Looking for this.

She holds up her notebook.

Everyone else turns their attention to the stage, but Katie stares at the polaroid.

It's just a picture of the guitar. Not helpful.

A guitar and a case.

A case held together by duct tape and bumper stickers.

Katie leans over to Jacob.

KATIE (CONT'D)
Recognize this?

JACOB
Don't talk to me -- wait, what's that?

KATIE
A friend found it.

JACOB
That's my old guitar. And my new case.

Angle on Danny, singing his heart out. Beside his chair, Danny's phone lights up.

It displays a notification:

SMART HOME SECURITY: SERVERS OFFLINE. Home security may be compromised.

EXT. SPIRAL ESTATE - NIGHT

Em, cloaked in a designer hoodie, tiptoes towards a sliding glass door. She pulls out a pink softball bat and takes a swing.

CRASH.

The glass door shatters in a million pieces.

INT./EXT. DANNY'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Danny drives. Jacob sits in the front. Isolde is crammed in the back seat between Asher and Katie.

DANNY
Katie, you really think someone took down our security system intentionally?

KATIE
(cheerfully)
Someone took down the Bluebird
security system intentionally.

ISOLDE
Katie, you're scaring me.

Danny pulls into his driveway.

DANNY
I'm sure it's fine. But just to be
on the safe side, stay here while I
check it out.

EXT. FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

Danny approaches the front door, but it isn't there.
What used to be a glass door is now just glass shards.

EXT. SPIRAL ESTATE - MINUTES LATER

Danny returns to the truck where the teens are waiting.

DANNY
I've got good news and bad news.

JACOB
Good news?

DANNY
No one's in the house.

JACOB
Bad news?

DANNY
Someone broke in.

INT. HOME STUDIO - NIGHT

The teens look around the studio. Guitars are everywhere.
Microphone stands are toppled.

Someone's been through and torn the place apart.

ISOLDE
Oh my god this is awful.

Asher bends over an antique MARTIN GUITAR.

ASHER

At least this one's still in one piece.

KATIE

Jacob, where's your guitar case?

JACOB

In my room. Why?

INT. JACOB'S ROOM - NIGHT

The teens rush into the room. Jacob heads straight for the guitar under his bed. It's still there.

JACOB

It's fine. Nobody touched it.

Asher looks under the bed.

ASHER

I wouldn't touch anything down here, either. Dude, how old is this halloween candy?

JACOB

I dunno. When's the last time you and me trick-or-treated?

ASHER

Six years ago.

JACOB

Then it's six years old.

Katie's staring at the case.

KATIE

Can I touch it?

JACOB

Be careful.

Katie examines a pocket inside. It holds guitar picks and an automatic tuner. Nothing else.

Then Katie notices a small tear in the case fabric. The corner of a SLIP OF PAPER peers out from behind the tear.

It's ANOTHER POLAROID.

KATIE

I think we just found clue number
three.

JACOB

What the heck?

Jacob takes the photo from her. It subject is a rather ugly-
looking garden shed.

Danny enters.

DANNY

What's the commotion?

JACOB

Recognize this photo?

Danny flips over the polaroid. **Clue #3** is written on the
back.

DANNY

I recognize the handwriting.

JACOB

Whose is it?

DANNY

Your mother's.

END OF EPISODE.