

Bon Jovi Sucks!

By

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TITLE CARD: Sayreville New Jersey 1987

FADE IN:

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL CAMPUS - DAY

A quaint high school nestled in the suburbs proudly displays a banner above its main entrance that reads:

Sayreville War Memorial High School: Former High School of Jon Bon Jovi.

EDDIE (17); long hair, not some typical 80s bullshit, but more like he's trying to emulate Jim Morrison; struts down the sidewalk in his plain black T-shirt and torn jeans. Guitar case strapped to his back.

He stops in his tracks, jaw drops, eyes widen, gazing at the banner like it's the stupidest fucking thing he's seen in his life.

Two teens, both dressed waaaaay more 80s than Eddie, approach. PETE (17), who carries himself with more maturity than a typical teenager, and GARY (17), who always looks like he's thinking about something stupid.

They both seem dumbfounded by Eddie's dumbfoundedness.

PETE

Uh... Eddie, you okay?

EDDIE

(indicating the banner)
What da hell is this?

GARY

That? What do you gives a shit?

The three teens walk away from the school.

EDDIE

Just this town, man. Everybody treating those anti-talent-shit-ferrets like they're God's gift to rock n' roll.

PETE

Shit-ferrets?

GARY

It's not just this town. Hell, the whole planet has Bon Jovi fever.

PETE

It's kinda intimidating. I mean, if Bon Jovi already made it big, what are the odds of two bands from the same shitty little high school making it?

EDDIE

It's not as farfetched as you think. Jim Morrison and Mama Cass went to the same high school, and look what happened to them.

PETE

Yeah, they both got fat and died.

INT. GARY'S GARAGE - DAY

Posters of heavy-metal-hair-bands strewn the walls - Poison, Van Halen, Whitesnake and more. Music equipment, amps and microphones are scattered all over.

Eddie tunes his guitar. Pete sits behind a set of drums. Gary sets up his keyboards.

GINA (17); wearing acid wash jeans and an acid wash jean jacket, only because they don't make acid wash spandex; lounges on a couch filing her long nails.

GARY

Hey Eddie, my brother knows this kick-ass bass player.

EDDIE

Forget it. We're a power trio, like Cream, Rush, and the Jimi Hendrix Experience.

GARY

Great. So, all the lame-ass bands my dad listens to.

PETE

The name of the band is holding us back more than the lack of a bass.

EDDIE

What? Cured Herpes? We all agreed it's an awesome name.

PETE

Yeah, well every second moron feels the need to point out that there is no cure for herpes.

EDDIE

I know. It's an ironic name. Just like Led Zeppelin.

GARY

No, it's a stupid name. Just like Led Zeppelin.

Gina stops filing her nails.

GINA

I agree with Eddie. Ironic names are totally boss. Just look at Def Leopard.

EDDIE

No, Gina. I can assure you that there's nothing even a little bit ironic about a hearing impaired jungle cat.

The door bursts open. In rushes the one hundred and sixty-five pounds of USDA certified New Jersey bitch-cakes that is BECKY (17), looking like she just ran a marathon.

BECKY

Oh my God! I hope you guys brought your asses with you, because I'm gonna knock you right on 'em.

Eddie shivers. His eyes widen like he just sensed something evil. He ever so slightly scratches his neck and chest.

GINA

Oh my God. I love your hair!

Gina indicates Becky's big-ass-poofed-out hairdo.

BECKY

Oh my God. I know. It's sooooo awesome right?

EDDIE

(mocking the girls)

Oh my God.

(done mocking)

I'd hate to burst your bubble, Becky, but your new hairdo isn't exactly knocking me on my ass.

BECKY

Oh yeah. Well, you guys know how the lead singer of Cinderella came down with gonorrhoea? Now Bon Jovi is looking for a new opening act.

EDDIE

Are you the one who gave him gonorrhoea?

BECKY

No, ya chode! But you'd be kissin' my ass if I did, cuz this Friday at our high school they're gonna have a battle of the bands, and the winner opens for Bon Jovi at Giant's Stadium!

GINA

No way!

Pete's and Gary's faces light up.

PETE

Dude! This could be just the break we're looking for.

GARY

Every unsigned band in New Jersey is gonna try to get in on this.

EDDIE

Whatever. They all suck.

Eddie violently sneezes. It catches the room off guard.

PETE

You coming down with something?

GARY

I hope it's not herpes. I hear there's no cure.

Eddie just shakes his head.

EXT. DINER PARKING LOT - DAY

Eddie does a half-ass job of parking his half-ass restored 1966 Mustang in front of a tacky 50s style diner.

INT. EDDIE'S MUSTANG - CONTINUOUS

Gina sits in the passenger's seat, wearing a waitress uniform. Eddie is in the driver's seat.

GINA

Man! How cool would it be if you guys got to open for Bon Jovi?

EDDIE

Consider it done, baby. I've got something big planned. My one perfect song. It's almost ready. Something that will knock all those Bon Jovi fans on their asses and show them what real rock n' roll sounds like.

GINA

I know, baby. You're gonna change the world.

EDDIE

No, my music's gonna change the world. I'm merely a vessel. Just think of me as the Lost Ark and my music is the unapologetic wrath of God that will melt your fucking face off.

Gina smiles like an idiot.

GINA

I know, baby. You're so rad.

She leans over and kisses Eddie.

GINA (CONT'D)

Hey, after work, I got to go to the mall and get my hair done. You should totally come with.

Eddie squirms with disgust at the mere thought.

EDDIE

What's wrong with your hair the way it is?

GINA

You don't want me to be the only girl with the same old hairdo for the first day of school, do ya?

Eddie, dissatisfied, shakes his head as Gina, beaming with excitement, gets out of the car.

GINA (CONT'D)
Just wait till you see me at school
tomorrow. You'll love it.

INT. EDDIE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Eddie stands in front of the TV, watching Jimi Hendrix's Woodstock performance with the sound turned all the way down.

Eddie is extremely effective at providing the LOUD AS SHIT soundtrack on a Fender guitar, impressively matching Jimi's every move.

AMANDA (35) enters, wearing a business skirt and carrying a briefcase, looking as she usually does, thoroughly overworked and underappreciated by everyone.

AMANDA
(yelling over Eddie's
guitar)
What the hell?

She makes a beeline to the outlet and unplugs Eddie's amp, causing him to stop playing and reluctantly acknowledge her.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
What are you still doing up?

EDDIE
I can sleep in class tomorrow.

AMANDA
(sarcastic)
Oh, I almost forgot. You're gonna
be a rich and famous rock star. You
don't need no education.

Eddie takes offence.

EDDIE
It's like you don't even know me,
mom. I could care less about being
rich. Any money I make from rock n'
roll is going straight to charity.
I'm not even gonna buy food. My
music will feed peoples souls and
the universe will repay me with
whatever bodily nourishment it
deems me worthy.

Amanda rolls her eyes as she turns the TV off.

AMANDA

Yeah, Eddie, that's how the world works. Go to bed.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL CAMPUS - DAY

Pete and Gary chill at the front entrance as all the students with their big-Jersey-mall-hair make their way into the school.

PETE

What are we going to do about Eddie, man? There's no way we're pulling this off with all his outdated bullshit.

GARY

Well, what do you want to do, Pete? He's probably the best guitarist in New Jersey.

PETE

Shhhh.

Pete and Gary act nonchalant as Eddie walks up to them with red watery eyes and scratching a rash that has infested the entirety of both his arms.

GARY

Maaaan, you're looking complete poodle turds this morning.

Pete surveys Eddie's rash

PETE

Yeah, you should get someone to look at that, dude?

EDDIE

Shut up. I'm fine.

Eddie looks at the crowd of new-wave-hair-metal-ass-clowns with disgust.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Look at these mindless chodes. I don't know who's wearing more hairspray, the dudes or the chicks.

GARY

Welcome to the eighties, Eddie. You should hop into Doc Brown's Delorean and join us sometime.

STACY (17), couldn't look more out of place in 1987 New Jersey. Looking like a weird mid-nineties hipster in a homemade dress and not wearing any hairspray, makeup, or shoes, she walks past the boys.

GARY (CONT'D)

What is she, some kind of hippie or something?

PETE

Hey Eddie, I think we found your dream girl.

Eddie can't stop scratching his arms. It's pissing him off.

EDDIE

Screw you guys.

Gina, with brand new big-ass mall hair, runs over and gives Eddie a big hug.

GINA

(excited)

Can you believe this? We're seniors! This is gonna be the best year of our lives!

Eddie pushes her away and violently SNEEZES.

GINA (CONT'D)

What's wrong, baby?

EDDIE

As soon as you got near, my eyes started burning... sweet fucking Christ! They feel like they're on fire!

GINA

You saying I'm painful to look at?

He rubs his eyes like battery acid was just thrown in them.

EDDIE

Of course not! I love you. Now, just please just go away!

Gary, looking like a creep, smiles at Gina.

GARY
I think your new do is totally
bitch'n, Gina.

Gina sincerely smiles at Gary.

GINA
Thank you, Gary.

Then immediately gives Eddie the stink eye.

GINA (CONT'D)
It's good to see someone likes it.

Gina, Gary, and Pete walk into the school. Eddie rushes to a water fountain and washes out his eyes.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Eddie sits in between Gina and Becky in a classroom full of the aforementioned mindless chodes. Eddie's face is red and puffy.

A TEACHER addresses the class.

TEACHER
... Now, are there any questions?

The millisecond he stops talking, everybody's hand, except Eddie's, are thrown up in the air.

The Teacher reluctantly points at Gina and braces himself for something stupid.

GINA
What was Jon Bon Jovi like when he
was a student here?

TEACHER
To be honest, I don't really
remember. Now, does anybody else
have a question that doesn't have
to do with Bon Jovi?

Eddie wheezes. Can't control his breathing. Stricken with panic.

TEACHER (CONT'D)
Eddie, are you okay?

EDDIE
I don't know... Huh.. Huh...

TEACHER
Maybe you should go see the nurse.

EXT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Stacy's bare feet march down the hall as Eddie steps out of the classroom with his eyes swollen almost all the way shut.

He runs right into her, knocking her down.

STACY
Hey, watch it!

Eddie helps her up.

EDDIE
(defensive)
Sorry... Huh... I can't... Huh...

Stacy is put off by Eddie's swollen, mangled face.

STACY
Yeah, do you need any help?

EDDIE
Huh... Huh... The nurse's office...

Stacy turns him in the right direction.

STACY
Do you want me to --

Eddie gestures for her to scam. Stacy sympathetically watches him stumble his way down the hall then walks off.

Eddie feels around and finds the door to the women's restroom, right next to the nurses office. He walks in.

INT. WOMEN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

SOME CHICK, looking in the mirror, enthusiastically reapplies her hairspray when Eddie enters.

The Chick SCREAMS. It startles the shit out of Eddie.

SOME CHICK
Get out of here, you pervert!

She sprays the hairspray in his face, causing him to SHRIEK bloody murder as he covers his face and falls backwards.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Eddie falls out of the bathroom to the ground. He flops and twitches, like the human equivalent of a spastic colon.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Stacy sits at a desk across from Principal TANNER (50). He looks annoyed. She's aggravated.

TANNER

Look. I know it's your first day here, so I'm going to cut you some slack. I don't know how they did things in Seattle, but here we require you to wear shoes.

STACY

No, forget it! Over ninety percent of shoes are made in third world sweat shops, by kids making literally pennies a day! It isn't right, and I refuse to wear them!

TANNER

Miss Snow, please. I'm sure you could find one pair of shoes that weren't made by starving children.

Stacy explodes out of her seat.

STACY

No! It's not just about that. I'm also raising awareness. People ask me all the time, "Stacy how come you don't wear any shoes?" And that way, I can tell them. People need to know about this injustice, and it's not just the shoe corporations either. Did you know --

A SECRETARY enters with a sense of urgency.

SECRETARY

(panicking)

There's a medical emergency! Eddie Gibson stopped breathing!

The Secretary rushes off. Principle Tanner gets up and follows. Stacy plops back down in her chair, looking disappointed that she didn't get to finish her rant.

EXT. SCHOOL CAMPUS - DAY

A crowd has assembled around the main entrance.

Eddie is wheeled off on a gurney towards an ambulance. Gina runs over to him and walks alongside.

GINA
(worried)
Oh baby, it's gonna be alright.

Gina holds out her hand.

GINA (CONT'D)
Take my hand. Take my hand baby and
we'll make it I swear.

Eddie, weak and annoyed, knocks her hand away. The Secretary rushes over and walks with them.

SECRETARY
Eddie, we're having trouble getting
a hold of your mom. Do you have a
number where we can reach your
father?

GINA
His dad died like forever ago. In
Vietnam or something.

SECRETARY
Oh.

The Secretary, slightly embarrassed, runs off as the PARAMEDICS raise Eddie up into the back of the ambulance.

INT. AMBULANCE - CONTINUOUS

Gina sticks her head in. The paramedics frantically check Eddie's vitals.

GINA
You need to hold on, Eddie. Hold on
to what we got. It doesn't make a
difference if we make it or not. We
got each other and that's a lot --

An annoyed Paramedic face palms Gina's head out of the way and shuts the doors.

Eddie lowers his head and moans.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM LOBBY - DAY

A frantic Amanda enters, runs up to a nurse and shakes her.

AMANDA
(panicking)
I'm looking for my son. His name is
Edward Gibson... Where is he?!

Doctor RICHARDS (45) intercepts Amanda and walks her away from the nurse.

RICHARDS
Miss Gibson, your son is going to
be just fine. He just had a little
allergic reaction.

AMANDA
Allergic reaction? To what?

RICHARDS
That's what we are trying to find
out. We're running some tests right
now, but I don't want to release
him until we know exactly what the
problem is.

INT. DR. RICHARD'S OFFICE - DAY

Richards sits behind his desk with Eddie and Amanda across from him.

AMANDA
Hairspray? My son's allergic to
hairspray! How is that possible?

RICHARDS
People can be allergic to anything.
I even have this one patient that's
allergic to sunlight. Eddie, how
would you like to be that guy?

EDDIE
No way! There's no fucking way I'm
allergic to hairspray!

Amanda smacks Eddie upside the head. He gives her a WTF look.

AMANDA
Watch your mouth!

RICHARDS

People can develop allergies to things they've been around all their lives, almost overnight. It's not that uncommon.

AMANDA

Well, how bad is it?

RICHARDS

Miss, I'm afraid your son could breakout into a rash just by watching a Bon Jovi video.

EDDIE

This is just great! Every person in my school puts on a can of hairspray before school, another one when they get there, two more at lunch and then --

RICHARDS

Eddie, just calm down. As long as there's no prolonged contact, you keep it off your skin, and don't inhale any of the fumes. You should be fine.

EDDIE

This is such bullshit!

Amanda smacks him upside the head again - This time, twice as hard.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Ouch!

Richards scribbles something down on a prescription pad.

RICHARDS

Here's a prescription for Loratadine.

AMANDA

Is that going to help?

Doctor Richards shakes his head and chuckles.

RICHARDS

Probably not.

He rips the prescription off the pad and holds it out.

RICHARDS (CONT'D)
But good luck with it anyway.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Eddie emerges from a crowd of hairspray drenched students. He's wearing a hooded raincoat, a surgical mask, welding goggles, and rubber dish-washing gloves.

Gina stands next to an open locker. Becky rushes over to her.

BECKY
Oh my God, Gina! I just heard about
Eddie.

Gina stares off into the distance, somberly reminiscent as if thinking about a fallen loved one.

GINA
I know. If I ever became allergic
to hairspray, I swear to God, I
would just kill myself.

Eddie sneaks up behind her, ducking and dodging big mall hair with every step.

Gina turns and expels a horrifying gasp.

GINA (CONT'D)
Oh my God! Eddie, is that you?

BECKY
What's with the outfit?

EDDIE
Sorry. It's either I take the
proper safety precautions or never
leave the house.

GINA
Well, maybe you should just stay
home. Because, seriously, you look
like a freak.

Gina slams her locker shut. Her and Becky turn their backs and walk off. Eddie is stunned by the cold shoulder.

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

Eddie walks with his tray of food, leaning over it like he's trying to shield it from the rain.

He looks around. At every table are people with big hair-sprayed heads and people even spraying hairspray onto themselves while they eat.

He spots Stacy in back at a table by herself.

Eddie's body language reads "why the fuck not?", and he make his way over .

EDDIE

You're not wearing hairspray, are you?

STACY

What?

Eddie lowers the surgical mask.

EDDIE

Hairspray... are you wearing any?

STACY

(disgusted)

No, I don't wear hairspray. It destroys the ozone layer. In fact, I don't wear any cosmetics because it's tested on animals.

EDDIE

Nobody gives a shit. Can I sit with you?

Stacy is taken back by this.

STACY

I don't care. It's a free country. Or at least it is until you want to go to school without shoes.

Eddie sits down, takes off his gloves, hood and goggles and sifts through his food with a fork, examining it with a magnifying glass.

Stacy looks at him like he's the weirdest fucking person on the planet.

Eddie pulls out a long piece of hair with a pair of tweezers. He examines it while Stacy looks puzzled. Eddie sniffs the hair and SNEEZES. He pushes his tray away, disappointed.

STACY (CONT'D)

That's right. You're that guy who almost died because you're allergic to hairspray.

EDDIE

Yeah, so. Aren't you that crazy chick that just moved here from Alabama or something stupid like that?

STACY

I'm from Seattle.

EDDIE

So, there's a Seattle in Alabama now?

STACY

Are you being serious? Do you really not know where Seattle is?

EDDIE

Yeah, I know where it is. It's where Jimi Hendrix was born and raised.

STACY

Yeah well, there is a lot of great music out of Seattle.

EDDIE

Nope. I am pretty sure just Jimi.

STACY

Yeah, and what do you know about music.

Eddie laughs maniacally then suddenly stops.

EDDIE

Only just about more than anyone you've ever meet.

STACY

Well, if that were true, you would know that the Seattle music scene is about to take off in a major way. God! I just wish I could be there when it happens. I can't stand it here in this armpit of a state.

EDDIE

Oh, no you don't. The only people who can talk shit about Jersey are people from Jersey.

On the other side of the cafeteria Gina and Becky sit with Gary and Pete.

BECKY

Oh my God. What's Eddie doing?

Gina looks over her shoulder.

GINA

Oh my God. He's talking to that weird chick that doesn't wear any shoes.

Gina gets up and walks over towards Eddie and Stacy.

STACY

How can you sit there and say that all new music sucks and then tell me that you are some sort of a great musician? Isn't your music new, and therefore according to your own logic, crap?

EDDIE

No, I'm the exception that proves the rule.

STACY

Well, how convenient.

Gina sneaks up behind Eddie and taps him on the shoulder.

Eddie turns around and shits a brick. He immediately puts the surgical mask back over his face.

EDDIE

Jesus, Gina! What the hell are you trying to do?

Gina gives Stacy a cold look.

GINA

I don't think I like what's going on here.

Then looks at Eddie.

GINA (CONT'D)

You've been acting like a real dick lately, and everybody's sick and tired of it.

Eddie sneezes.

EDDIE

Jesus! Have you doubled down on the hairspray!?

Gina sighs.

GINA

I think maybe you should come by the diner after school. There needs to be some serious changes in this relationship.

Gina turns and walks off, leaving Eddie with a look that says "What the fuck just happened?".

EXT. GARY'S GARAGE - DAY

The Garage door opens, and Eddie can't believe his eyes when he sees Pete, Gary, and a NEW LEAD SINGER on guitar. All dressed like card carrying members of Motley Crüe.

The Band stops playing when they notice Eddie's head about to explode.

EDDIE

Okay, somebody better explain to me what the fuck is going on right this second!

PETE

It's simple. Pete and I are taking the band in a different direction. You're out Eddie.

GARY

We're sorry, man. It's just we don't think we'll be able to open for Bon Jovi with your style of music.

PETE

Shut up! We don't owe him any apologies.

Eddie looks like he's about to explode but takes a few tense beats to collect himself.

EDDIE

You know what? I don't need you assholes. I'll be a million times better as soon as I hook up with some real musicians.

PETE

Real musicians! Good luck with that, shit-head, because nobody else wants to play with you. You're lucky we put up with your diva bullshit as long as we did.

GARY

Yeah, Eddie. You're just like David Lee Roth... Only without the stupid fucking pants.

That's it! Eddie explodes.

EDDIE

Did you seriously just compare me DAVID LEE FUCKING ROTH!? If you ever feel the need to compare me with an ego-maniacal artist that tore his band apart, then it better fucking be Roger Waters of Pink Floyd!

Eddie storms out. Pete shakes his head. The New Lead Singer gently puts his hand on Pete's shoulder.

NEW LEAD SINGER

Don't sweet it. Illin' like that can only tear a band apart. You made a very wise choice.

Pete nods while the New Lead Singer flips his hair back like a total douche.

NEW LEAD SINGER (CONT'D)

Now lets get back to rehearsal, we got a battle of the bands to win.

INT. DINER - DAY

Eddie sits alone at a booth, staring with despair into a cup of coffee.

Gina, in her waitress uniform, stands at the other end of the diner. She rips an order off of her pad and slams it down on the counter.

GINA

Hey Lou, I am gonna take my break.

Gina reluctantly walks over and sits across from Eddie.

EDDIE

Gina, look. I've been giving what you said a lot of thought and maybe I have been acting like a total dick, but I just want you to know that it has nothing to do with you or us. It's just this allergy and the problems with the band... But I think I'm ready to get past all that. I just quit the band, and now I just want to put the whole music thing on hold for a while and just work on us.

GINA

Eddie, I am breaking up with you.

Eddie's eyes nearly pop out of his head.

EDDIE

What?! Why?!

GINA

It's a real ass-kicker. I know.

EDDIE

Is this because of the hairspray thing? Are you seriously choosing hairspray over me?

GINA

No. I've met someone else.

EDDIE

Who?

GINA

Let's not do this, Eddie.

EDDIE

Who is it?!

GINA

Tommy.

EDDIE

Who the fuck is Tommy?

GINA

You know Tommy. You meet him at the Voodoo Lounge, he said you were one of the best guitarist he ever heard.

EDDIE
Everybody says that!

GINA
He was the one who just lost his
job working on the docks and wanted
to start a band.

EDDIE
You mean Tom. When did he start
going by Tommy... Oh wait...

Eddie has a revelation. He explodes out of his seat - A man
on the edge.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
Oh my God! He's Tommy who used to
work on the docks and you... you're
Gina! You work in a diner... ALL
DAY!

GINA
(embarrassed)
Eddie, just calm down. You're
making a scene.

EDDIE
You're doing this just so you can
be like that asinine as fuck
"Living on a Prayer" song! What the
hell is wrong with everybody? Ever
since that goddamn Bon Jovi album
came out...

Eddie completely freezes up. His eyes are like saucers. He
looks like he's having a revelation that will change his life
for ever.

GINA
Well, it's a remarkable
coincidence, but...

Gina's lips move, but no words are coming out.

All that can be heard are the voices in Eddie's paranoid
brain.

DR RICHARDS (V.O.)
If he so much as watches a Bon Jovi
video, he could breakout into a
rash.

GINA (V.O.)
How awesome would it be if you guys
got to open for Bon Jovi?

PETE (V.O.)
We just don't think we'll be able
to open for Bon Jovi with your
style of music.

The voices in Eddie's head stop. Gina's speech becomes audible again.

GINA
Bon Jovi, Bon Jovi, Bon Jovi.

Eddie snaps out of his catatonic state to let out an Earth shattering SCREAM. Gina almost falls out of her chair.

He bolts out of the diner as fast as he can.

EXT. DINER - CONTINUOUS

Eddie closes his eyes and takes several deep breaths as he tries to regain his composure.

A group of TEENAGERS sit across the street with a boom box as the first few notes of "You Give Love a Bad Name" come from it.

TEENAGER
Yo man, turn it up!

Another teen obeys, and the song gets louder.

Eddie looks at them like he wants to rip their heads off.

He takes a deep breath with his eyes closed and very calmly walks over to his Mustang.

He opens the trunk and pulls out a tire-iron and slowly walks over to the teens blasting the song.

TEENAGER (CONT'D)
Hey Eddie, what's up?

Eddie politely smiles. The smile slowly fades into something far more sinister.

He beats the ever loving shit out of the boom box with the tire-iron.

The teens scatter in panic.

The song stops but simultaneously picks up, right where it left off, from a car at a red light.

Eddie runs over to the car as the song gets louder.

The PREPPY DRIVER with a sweeter tied around his neck is lip syncing as Eddie opens the car door and drags the Driver out, tossing him to the ground.

Eddie reaches into the car, rips the stereo out and spikes it to the ground like he just scored the Super Bowl winning touchdown.

The song stops and then picks up, where it left off, from SOME KEVIN BACON LOOKING MUTHERFUCKER who's riding a bike with a radio strapped to the back.

Eddie runs over, knocks the guy off, picks up the bike and tosses it into a nearby dumpster then runs away.

The song is playing louder and clearer as if it's playing inside Eddie's demented head. HE CAN'T GET RID OF IT.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The song keeps playing.

Eddie runs past a record shop that has a life sized cardboard cutout of Jon Bon Jovi.

He passes it, turns around and runs into the store.

He runs out holding the cutout. a SALES CLERK chases him.

Eddie crosses the street and places the cutout in front of a speeding bus.

The bus runs over the cutout.

He keeps running, looking over his shoulder and laughing maniacally.

He passes a KID on a skateboard wearing a Bon Jovi T-shirt.

He stops the kid and wrestles the him to the ground then takes the shirt off him.

An OLD LADY passing by gasps in horror.

OLD LADY
Someone stop him! He's raping that
little boy!

Eddie gets up and throws the shirt into a tree.

He takes off running as the kid gets up, makes several leaps in a pathetic attempt to recover his shirt which hangs from a branch, just out of his reach.

He passes a bus stop that has fliers posted everywhere for the upcoming battle of the bands.

Eddie rips them off and tears them into pieces.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL CAMPUS - DAY

With "You Give Love a Bad Name" still playing, Eddie jumps up and rips the sign down above the entrance that reads "...Former High School of Jon Bon Jovi."

He tosses the banner to the ground and stomps on it.

He pulls out a lighter and sets it on fire.

The guitar solo from "You Give Love a Bad Name" can now be heard.

He drops to his knees, starts playing air guitar and then leans over the flames and wiggles his fingers, like he's casting a spell on the flames, mimicking Jimi Hendrix when he set his guitar on fire at the end of shows.

Two POLICE OFFICERS rush over and grab him.

They drag him, kicking and screaming, towards a squad car.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

With "You Give Love a Bad Name" still playing, Eddie stands in front of a camera holding a number.

Right before they snap the picture, with a smug look on his face, he holds up his middle finger as the flash goes off.

INT. JAIL CELL - DAY

"You Give Love a Bad Name" fades out as Eddie is shoved into a jail cell with a bunch of PRISONERS that look like a hair-band.

Eddie takes a look and shakes his head.

EDDIE
Son of a bitch!

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Eddie, covered in a rash, walks out of the police station behind an irate looking Amanda.

AMANDA

Assault, criminal mischief,
larceny, arson! Do you have any
idea how much trouble you're in?!

EDDIE

What difference does it make? My
life is ruined, and it's better to
burn out than fade away. I'm
quoting Neil Young. Not Def
Leopard.

Amanda stops and turns to face her son.

AMANDA

What has gotten in to you? Have you
completely lost your mind?

Eddie violently scratches his rash.

EDDIE

No, mother. On the contrary. I now
know my true purpose in life. The
reason I was put on this planet.

AMANDA

To be an unstoppable pain in my
ass.

EDDIE

No! To rid rock n' roll and the
world of this shit infused rectal
cancer that goes by the name of Bon
Jovi.

Amanda looks as confessed and put off as the Queen of England watching a Police Academy marathon.

AMANDA

What the hell does that even mean?

EDDIE

I wouldn't expect you to
understand.

AMANDA

I understand, all right...
Understand that you need a no-shit
team of certified professionals,
working around the clock fixing
that delusional little brain of
yours.

EDDIE

Vision without execution is
delusion, mother. And execution
without vision is a nightmare. A
nightmare for which I have just
awoken. What haunts you in your
sleep, mother? I can tell you what
haunts me in mine. It's the future.
You wanna know what the future
looks like? It's grown men with
luscious perms prancing around on
stage to synthesized melodies --

Eddie, so caught up in his own bullshit, doesn't notice that
Amanda has walked halfway across the parking lot and he's
been talking to himself, until --

EDDIE (CONT'D)

(shouting to Amanda)

Hey, where are you going? I'm not
finished!

AMANDA

Yes you are, Eddie. You're sooooo
done! Shut up and get in the car!

INT. DR RICHARD'S OFFICE - DAY

Amanda sits across the desk from Dr. Richards.

RICHARDS

I wouldn't be too worried. He's
just acting out a little teen
angst.

AMANDA

(pleading)

You don't understand. He's gone
completely bonkers. He's declared
jihad on the rock band Bon Jovi.

Richards ponders this for a moment then --

RICHARDS

I believe a *jihad* can only be declared by the official head of a Islamic state.

Amanda becomes confused and then irritated.

AMANDA

I don't even know what a fucking *jihad* is! I thought he was just making words up, because he's bat-shit crazy!

RICHARDS

I suppose I could prescribe him some Valium. Normally I don't like doing that with minors, but with all he's been through, it may calm him down some.

AMANDA

(relieved)

Oh thank you, Doctor. Thank you.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Eddie lies on his back in front of a headstone adorned with miniature American flags. His expression is blank and soulless.

An acoustic guitar lies next to him.

EDDIE

Well, Dad - It's come to this. All I ever wanted to do was change the world through song. Now... I just don't know if it's worth saving. Mom always talks about how when she was feeling down, you'd pull out the ole six-string, play the perfect song. All her problems would melt away.

(sighs)

Man, I wish I could be more like you.

Eddie stands and picks up the guitar.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

I've got this new song. I wanted to play it at the battle of the bands. I don't know. Maybe I still will.

(MORE)

EDDIE (CONT'D)

I've been trying to make it work as a solo acoustic number. Let me know what you think.

Eddie is about to start strumming when --

STACY (O.S.)

Hey, who are you talking too?

Eddie, startled shitless, turns around and drops the guitar.

Stacy stands there holding a bouquet of flowers.

EDDIE

(catching his breath)

Jesus! What are you doing here?

STACY

Just hanging out.

EDDIE

In a cemetery? How weird are you?

STACY

I like to go to cemeteries and leave flowers for the person who was closest to my age when they died. What's wrong with that?

Eddie shakes his head.

EDDIE

Nothing, I guess... That actually sounds kind of cool.

Stacy points at the headstone.

STACY

Friend of yours?

EDDIE

My dad, a Marine killed in Nam.

STACY

He has a different last name than you.

Eddie shakes his head in utter confusion.

EDDIE

How do you know my last name?

STACY

The whole town is talking about you. About how you went crazy and tried to burn down the school.

Eddie looks like he's had enough and walks away. Stacy follows.

EDDIE

I wasn't trying to burn the school down, and if you must know my mom and dad never got married. My mom didn't even tell him she was pregnant. She figured he had enough to worry about in Nam. Not that any of it matters. He's dead. I might as well be dead. Now, if you'll excuse me. The whole reason I came here was to be alone.

Stacy stops following him, and Eddie walks off by himself.

Stacy somberly walks over to the grave of Eddie's father and puts the flowers down.

She picks up Eddie's guitar.

STACY

(shouting to Eddie)
Hey, you forgot --

Stacy sees Eddie's Mustang drive off.

STACY (CONT'D)

-- your guitar.

INT. EDDIE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Amanda and a MIDDLE-AGED MAN in a corny turtleneck sweater sit on the sofa. Eddie enters through the front door.

Amanda stands up and takes a defensive stance.

EDDIE

Oh Jesus, mom! What is it this time? And who's this guy?

AMANDA

Look, Eddie. You're going through a very difficult time right now, and I brought someone in to help you.

(MORE)

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Now, don't make fun of his name,
but this is Dr. Pepper and he's a
psychiatrist.

EDDIE

(shouting)

Oh Jesus shitty Christ! Are you
fucking kidding me right now?!

Eddie and Amanda begin a shouting match.

AMANDA

Damn it, Eddie! I tried to find a
shrink with a less stupid name!
It's harder than you think!

EDDIE

Why are you continually trying to
mind-fuck me, mother?!

Dr. Pepper (formally Middle-Aged Man) frantically begins to
take notes.

AMANDA

You leave me no choice, Eddie! You
refuse to take your medication.

Eddie pulls a pill bottle out of his pocket.

EDDIE

You're goddamn right I refuse to
take it! Shit like this is the
reason why easy-listening pieces of
shit like Air Supply continue to
crap up the American airwaves!

Eddie throws the pill bottle across the room then stomps over
to Dr. Pepper.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Stop taking notes! I'm not your
fucking test subject!

Eddie rips the note pad from his hands and throws it across
the room

AMANDA

Eddie, just take your Valium. I
really think you need to calm down.

EDDIE

I WILL NEVER CALM DOWN, MOTHER! MY
FURY IS UNSTOPPABLE! FUCK YOU! FUCK
HIM! FUCK THE UNIVERSE!

Eddie rushes out the front door.

Amanda catches her breath as Dr. Pepper calmly stands up.

DR. PEPPER

I think we should increase our sessions to twice a week. A condition such as Edward's --

AMANDA

Just get out.

EXT. EDDIE'S DRIVEWAY - DAY

The engine to Eddie's mustang SPUTTERS. The damn thing just wont start.

EDDIE

Shit!

Eddie violently swings the car door open, knocking down an off-guard Stacy, holding Eddie's guitar.

Eddie gets out, looks down at Stacy, thoroughly confused by her presence.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

What the hell! Are you stalking me or something?

Stacy stands up and picks up the guitar. Its neck has been broken and the body hangs by its strings

STACY

No. I live a few houses down. I thought I heard you yelling at your mom. So I thought I'd come see if it was you so I could give you this back.

Eddie grabs the guitar and examines it before nonchalantly tossing it away.

STACY (CONT'D)

(cringing off Eddie's reaction)

Sorry. I also made you this.

She hands him a cassette.

EDDIE

A mix tape?

STACY

I was just thinking about what you were saying earlier, about there not being any good new music and thought I could change your mind.

EDDIE

You can't.

STACY

(overly excited)

Come on. It has some of my favorite Seattle bands on it, like the Melvins, Green River, Soundgarden. I think you'll really like Soundgarden. They got a sound that's sort of a cross between Black Sabbath and Led Zeppelin, and there's also a band called Alice N'Chains --

EDDIE

Just calm down. You spouting off bands that I've never heard of isn't exactly helping me right now.

STACY

Well yeah, you haven't heard of them yet, but someday all these guys could be huge, and you could say you knew them way back when.

EDDIE

(sarcastic)

I'm sure you're right. Any day now the whole world will be rocking out to the delightful melodies of
(reading from the case)
Pen Cap Chew.

STACY

Actually, they just changed their name to...

(thinking)

What was it? Oh yeah, Nirvana. That's it. They're called Nirvana now.

EDDIE

I don't care. If they've come out within the last ten years, I'm certain they suck.

Eddie carelessly tosses the tape down with the broken guitar.

Stacy's excitement disappears.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Like I was saying, I want to be alone right now, so why don't you get back to your Stevie Nicks garage sale, or wherever it is you get your clothes.

Stacy, looking the victim of a soul crushing defeat, mopes off until --

She turns back scornfully towards Eddie.

STACY

You know, I just thought you could use some cheering up, and I thought that just maybe a little bit of faith in the current state of rock n' roll might do it, because you seemed like someone with good taste in music. So excuse me! And for your information, I make all my own clothes.

Stacy storms off and for the first time since we met Eddie, he looks guilty for acting like a total dick.

He picks the tape up double times it towards Stacy.

EDDIE

Hey Sally, wait up.

STACY

It's Stacy, and leave me alone!

Eddie catches up to her and turns her around.

EDDIE

Sorry about the whole Stevie Nicks comment. I'm just having a bad day.

STACY

Do me a favor and don't apologize because you think you hurt my feelings. Believe me. I can take a lot worse.

EDDIE

No, it's not that. Look, you seem like a girl who's really passionate about her music, and I can dig that. So, what the hell.

(MORE)

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Why don't you come inside, and we'll check out some of these bands.

Eddie looks at the tape.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Which one did you say sounds like Zeppelin?

STACY

Soundgarden.

EDDIE

Yeah, how bad can they be? Besides you're probably the only teenage girl in New Jersey that's not in love with Jon Bon Jovi. That alone proves you must have pretty good taste.

Stacy, letting her defenses down, cracks a smile.

STACY

Okay.

INT. EDDIE'S ROOM - DAY

Eddie's room poses as a shrine to the guitar gods, with posters of Jimi Hendrix, Eric Clapton, Jimmy Page, Pete Townshend and others.

Soundgarden's "Nothing to Say" plays as Stacy walks around looking at all the posters and guitars.

Eddie stands in front of a mirror examining his rash.

EDDIE

Well, at least it's getting better.

STACY

What, the song or your rash?

EDDIE

The rash, but the band isn't bad either.

STACY

It's kinda funny how your last name is Gibson, but you only have Fender guitars.

Eddie stops examining his rash and looks at Stacy, as serious as can be.

EDDIE

Yeah, I know. People are going to talk about it for decades. Even after I'm long gone.

Stacy rolls her eyes.

STACY

Okay... So, you definitely like this band?

EDDIE

Yeah, this sound... I like it... it's kinda... I don't know how to really describe it.

STACY

Grungy?

EDDIE

No... that's not it, but whatever. It's cool.

Stacy looks at a picture of a man in a Marine uniform and picks it up.

STACY

Your dad?

EDDIE

Yeah, that's the only picture I have of him. I don't really know that much about him. Just that he and my mom met at Woodstock, then she got pregnant. He got drafted.

STACY

Wow! Your parents met at Woodstock. That's so cool.

EDDIE

Yeah, my dad had exquisite taste in music. He went to Woodstock just to see Jimi Hendrix. The ass-kicker is he was killed on September eighteenth, nineteen seventy. The same day Jimi died.

Stacy picks up one of Eddie's guitars and holds it out to him.

STACY
I'd love to hear you play.
Everybody says you're the best.

EDDIE
Not right now. I wanna ask you
something.

Stacy disappointedly puts down the guitar.

STACY
Okay... What?

EDDIE
I need your help. I know we just
met, but it seems like I can trust
you. Someone with your activist
spirit is exactly what I've been
looking for.

STACY
What do you mean?

Eddie sits Stacy down on his bed, sits next to her and gazes
deep into her eyes.

EDDIE
Stacy, as I'm sure you're aware,
every generation is defined by its
music. It's what drives its
fashion, its ideals, its values. It
is in essence the fuel of popular
culture, and right now, even as we
speak, sinister forces are hard at
work to ensure that our generation
becomes the laughingstock of all
future generations to come.

STACY
Sinister forces?

EDDIE
Yes the very ones that are
brainwashing today's youth.

STACY
Brainwashing them to do what?

EDDIE
Brainwashing them to suck, and so
far, you and I are the only ones
who aren't affected.

STACY

I still don't know what sinister forces you're talking about.

EDDIE

Bon Jovi... Actually all the no-talent-hair-metal bands, but yeah mostly Bon Jovi.

STACY

Bon Jovi?

EDDIE

Yes, and we must do whatever's in our power to destroy them, before it's too late.

Stacy looks as if she suddenly senses something evil.

STACY

You're not talking about murdering Jon Bon Jovi are you?

Eddie jumps up, in shock.

EDDIE

(emphatic)

Oh god, no! If he dies now, he'll be immortalized as a rock icon forever, just like Jim Morrison, Jimi Hendrix, John Bonham, and Janis Joplin...

Eddie points to a poster of each as he rattles off the names.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Believe me. The last thing I want is for his name to be mentioned in the same breath as those geniuses.

STACY

All those people's first names start with the letter 'J'... Hey, so does Jon Bon Jovi.

EDDIE

I know. Also, they were all 27 when they died.

STACY

That's weird. How old is Jon Bon Jovi?

EDDIE

I don't know, and I don't care! I don't want Bon Jovi to die. In fact, his being alive is paramount to my plan. He has to be, so people can point at him and laugh and tell him right to his face that he's a talentless piece of shit, and that ten minutes he was famous was the most embarrassing period in human history.

STACY

So, you want to get people to hate Bon Jovi as much as you do, starting with New Jersey, and your plan to do this is...

Eddie starts nervously pacing around the room.

EDDIE

I know it sounds impossible, but aren't you good at protesting stuff and starting grass roots movements. I mean, what do you do when you want people to stop testing on animals, polluting the ocean, or to stop doing whatever it is they do with rainforests?

STACY

I just stop using their products and try to inform others.

EDDIE

Well, I don't have time for all that. We're gonna have to think a little less Green Peace and a lot more Black Panther.

STACY

I don't know.

Eddie gets down on his knees. He gently embraces Stacy's hand and gazes deep into her eyes.

EDDIE

Please. I need you. I need you to join me in the revolution. For the love of God, save our generation.

STACY

(unsure)

Well, I'm always looking for new and worthy causes, but something about this just seems way too --

EDDIE

Intense.

STACY

No stupid.

Eddie looks like he was just told that he has inoperable dick cancer.

STACY (CONT'D)

I was going to say stupid.

Eddie, crushed, plops down on his bed.

STACY (CONT'D)

Look, I'm not exactly a Bon Jovi fan or a fan of popular music in general, and I agree with you. It seems like our generation is the stupidest of all time, and they're just getting stupider, but there has to be a better way of dealing with it.

EDDIE

Like how?

STACY

(reassuring)

I don't know, but there must be an alternate solution. I was just about to head to the mall to pick up the new R.E.M album. Why don't you come along and we can do some brainstorming?

EDDIE

What's an R.E.M.?

STACY

Oh my god! They're only my favorite band right now, but I must say I'm not surprised you've never heard of them. Their fifth album comes out today, and it's supposed to be their best...

(MORE)

STACY (CONT'D)

by far, but I don't think they'll ever become mainstream, and really I hope they never do. I kind of like them being my little secret.

EDDIE

Sounds great, but I'm afraid if I even get within ten blocks of the mall, my lungs will spontaneously burst into flames.

STACY

Oh yeah, the whole hairspray thing.

Eddie nods his head.

STACY (CONT'D)

Well, I'll give it some thought and see if I can come up with something.

Eddie doesn't seem very reassured.

EDDIE

Great.

INT. MALL RECORD SHOP - NIGHT

Stacy walks up to the counter with a cassette.

STACY

Do you have this on vinyl?

The MALL CLERK shakes his head.

Stacy hands him money.

STACY (CONT'D)

(disappointed)

Fine, I'll take the cassette.

As the clerk rings her up, Gina and Becky walk by the store.

They spot Stacy and get into full-bitch-stance attack formation.

GINA

Hey, you're in the wrong store. The shoe store is that way.

Becky giggles.

BECKY

Yeah, and the salon is the other way. Maybe they can do something with those split-ends.

The two girls walk off, giggling.

Stacy takes the bag with her purchase and walks out of the store in awe of the pieces of trash that are Becky and Gina.

IN THE MALL

Stacy continues out of the store with her eyes locked on Gina and Becky, looking like she wants to retaliate but doesn't know how.

Not paying attention, she bumps into some HARD ROCK POSER.

HARD ROCK POSER

Watch it, freak!

Stacy cringes in pain as the Poser steps on her bare feet and walks away.

STACY

Ouch! You watch it! You just stepped on my foot!

HARD ROCK POSER

Buy some shoes, weirdo!

Stacy's jaw drops as the Poser walks over and high fives his POSER BUDDIES hanging in front of the record shop.

There's a live size cutout of Jon Bon Jovi next to them with a sign that reads "meet Bon Jovi in person here on Friday".

One of the Poser Buddies points at the sign. They all get super stoked and high five each other.

Stacy shakes her head and continues through the mall taking notice of all the JERSEY MALL RATS, in their complete clown-shit eighties outfits.

She looks like she's having a sudden revelation.

A SECURITY GUARD walks out of a room.

As he walks away, Stacy sneaks in right before the door shuts.

INT. MALL SURVEILLANCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Stacy looks around at video monitors and a control panel.

She presses a few buttons, flips a few switches, opens an electrical panel and fiddles around inside it like this isn't the first time she's done something like this.

IN THE MALL

Stacy exits the surveillance room and sneaks out through the front entrance.

INT. EDDIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Eddie lies on his bed looking up at the ceiling. He hears someone tapping on his window.

Eddie gets up and opens the window to find Stacy standing there.

STACY

Good, you're still awake.

EDDIE

What are you doing here? It's almost midnight.

STACY

I know. That's why we have to hurry.

EDDIE

Hurry where?

EXT. MALL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Eddie and Stacy sneak up to the mall.

STACY

I got the idea when I was here earlier, watching all the consumer zombies, making their way from store to store, drenching themselves in mass produced culture, fueled by twentieth century slavery and global contamination, and I realized that this is ground zero for all the problems with today's youth.

(MORE)

STACY (CONT'D)

If we can shut it down, even for a couple of days, it could be the perfect start to our "revolution", as you put it.

EDDIE

Wow, and I just thought that you wanted a R.A.M album.

STACY

R.E.M.

EDDIE

Yeah right, so are we going to totally smash the place all to hell?

STACY

I'd rather we didn't. I want this to be a symbolic protest, not just a malicious act of vandalism.

They get to a back entrance. Stacy kneels down and picks the lock.

EDDIE

(impressed)

Holy crap! You know how to pick locks?

STACY

Yeah.

EDDIE

Well, don't they have an alarm or something?

STACY

I already bypassed it.

EDDIE

Well, what about security guards?

STACY

Everything is monitored by surveillance cameras that run to an off-site monitoring station. I rewired it to run a continuous loop, so nobody will know we're here.

The look on Eddie's face says "holy crap, this girl is awesome."

INT. MALL - CONTINUOUS

Stacy opens the door. She and Eddie enter.

EDDIE

(In awe)

How do you know how to do all this?
Is your dad MacGyver or something?

STACY

No, last summer I worked at a
counterculture book store back in
Seattle, so I read up on this
stuff. Me and some friends were
going to break in to an animal
testing facility to free the
animals. Everybody wussed out, but
I knew it would come in handy
someday.

EDDIE

Are you sure that this isn't going
to make us some kind of terrorists?

Stacy reaches into her tote bag and pulls out a can of spray
paint, tossing it to Eddie.

STACY

Of course not. It makes us
performance artists.

EDDIE

(shaking up the can)

That's lame. I'd rather be a
terrorist.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE:

R.E.M.'s "It's the End of the World as We Know it" plays as
Eddie and Stacy raid the mall.

IN A RECORD SHOP

Eddie pulls Bon Jovi records out of their sleeves and
replaces them with records of bands he likes.

IN A DEPARTMENT STORE

Stacy hangs up a sign with "fur is murder" spray painted on it, over a display of fur coats.

IN FRONT OF A RECORD SHOP

Eddie spray paint's "SUCKS" under the Bon Jovi logo on a poster of the band.

IN A SHOE STORE

Stacy puts flyers showing starving third world kids into shoe boxes that read "I make pennies a day to make your hundred dollar shoes."

FROM THE SECOND FLOOR

Eddie stands near the edge of the railing, throwing clothing of typical 80s fashion down into the water fountain.

First he throws a pair of acid-washed jeans, then some skinny ties, followed by a pair of parachute pants, then a Members Only jacket.

IN A CLOTHING STORE

Eddie rips Bon Jovi shirts off the racks and throws them into a shopping cart.

IN A DEPARTMENT STORE

Stacy takes makeup out of a cosmetics case and puts glue on the bottom then puts them back in.

IN A HALLWAY

Eddie and Stacy take fur coats and Bon Jovi shirts and toss them into a janitor's closet, then refill the shopping cart with toilet paper.

They shut the door and Stacy takes a piece of gum out of her mouth and covers the lock with it.

IN A DEPARTMENT STORE

Stacy glues PETA pamphlets on the covers of cosmetic cases.

IN A BEAUTY SALON

Eddie takes the lids off cans of hairspray, puts glue on them and puts the lids back on.

He glues shut a pair of scissors and tosses it into a pile of other scissors.

A look of relief comes across Eddie's face, as he takes a jar of the blue stuff, they put combs in, from waist level.

He zips up his pants, implying that he pissed in the jar.

AT THE FRONT ENTRANCE

Stacy, holding an electric drill, takes out the lock and replaces it.

INT. MALL - CONTINUOUS

Eddie and Stacy exit the mall which is now covered in clothes and toilet paper.

The R.E.M song fades out.

END MONTAGE:

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Stacy rummages through her locker. An excited Eddie, in his homemade hazmat suit, sneaks up behind her. Startled, she drops her books.

She reaches down to pick them up. Eddie helps and removes his hood and surgical mask.

EDDIE

Oh my god, last night was insane.
Do you think that our little piece
of performance art will make
headlines?

STACY

Maybe. I heard rumors that the
mall's gonna be closed for the rest
of the week.

A smug sense of accomplishment sprawls across Eddie's face.

EDDIE

That would be so awesome. I bet everybody's totally pissed and now have no idea what to do with themselves after school.

STACY

Maybe they'll stay home and read a book.

EDDIE

Doubt it, but hey... I couldn't sleep last night, so, I finished listening to that tape you made me. You were right. There's some really good stuff on there. I wanted to return the favor.

Eddie hands her a beta max video tape.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

This is my copy of Jimi Hendrix's entire Woodstock performance. I've never let anybody borrow it. It's got his entire 14 song set. Very rare. I had to pay some guy in Newark seventy-five bucks for it. You have beta-max, right?

STACY

I already know how good Jimi Hendrix is. I want to hear some of your stuff.

Pete and Gary watch Eddie from across the hall.

PETE

(shouting)

Hey Eddie, how's the new band coming along?

GARY

Yeah, the Battle of the Bands is only two nights away.

PETE

So, what instrument does she play? I mean, besides the skin flute.

Gary snickers. Stacy slams her locker shut and storms off.

EDDIE

(shouting at Pete)

You know what, asshole!

(MORE)

EDDIE (CONT'D)

I hope you do open for Bon Jovi,
and I hope their sloppy seconds
leave you with mutated dick lice!

SOME CHICK passes Eddie. Her hair brushes up against his face.

Eddie jumps back, freaks out, puts his surgical mask back on and chases after Stacy.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Stacy wait. Those guys are idiots.
Don't listen to them.

Stacy turns around. Eddie takes his mask back off.

STACY

No, Eddie. Your brain-dead friends
are actually right.

EDDIE

(confused)
About what? You playing the skin
flute? You know that means blow-
jobs, right?

STACY

(annoyed)
You should be working on starting a
new band, focusing on your music
and trying to win this contest.
It's infinitely more profound to
create something positive than to
destroy something negative.

EDDIE

And how am I supposed to do that?
You heard them. The contest is in
two days.

Stacy pulls out a flyer from one of her books and hands it to Eddie.

STACY

This band here is looking for
someone to take over lead guitar
and vocals. I looked into them.
They don't wear hairspray and have
a real blues and classical
influence.

EDDIE

I know these guys. They're not that
great.

STACY

They will be after tonight when you're their new guitarist and lead singer.

EDDIE

I don't know.

STACY

Look, the mall thing was awesome. You needed to get that out of your system. Now I've shown you the skill set I bring to the table. It's time you showed me yours. Meet me at the Voodoo Lounge at eight. You won't regret it.

Stacy walks off as Eddie examines the flyer, not looking very thrilled about it.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Amanda paces back and forth, looking furious and holding a newspaper.

Eddie enters, surprised to see her.

EDDIE

What are you doing home so early?

Amanda holds up the newspaper.

AMANDA

Did you have anything to do with what happened at the mall?

EDDIE

(coy)

Does it say I did?

AMANDA

It says that among the damage... A large portion of Bon Jovi merchandise.

EDDIE

Well, good. Because as you very well may know, mother, I don't particularly care for them or their brand of music.

AMANDA

(reading from the paper)
... And that was just a small part
of the over two-hundred-fifty
dollars in damage that resulted in
a forty-five minute delay of the
mall's opening.

EDDIE

(shocked)
What?!

Eddie snatches the paper from her hand.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Only two-hundred and fifty bucks
and forty-five minutes! Are you
shitting me?!

AMANDA

I knew it! What the hell is wrong
with you?! The judge let you off
easy last time, but something like
this! Jesus! What are you trying to
do?

EDDIE

Well, good job, mom. You got me!
What are you going to do about it?
Call the pigs? Sell out your only
son, just like your entire
generation sold out every single
one of its beliefs?

Eddie exits with the newspaper clenched in his fist.

EXT. DRIVE WAY - CONTINUOUS

Eddie walks towards his car. Amanda sticks her head out of
the front door.

AMANDA

(sarcastic, yelling)
Oh, you're such a rebel, Eddie.
Well, go ahead... throw your life
away! I'm sure all those dead rock
stars you worship will be soooooo
impressed!

EXT. VODOO LOUNGE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Eddie leans on the hood of his car, looking at the newspaper and smoking a cigarette.

Stacy walks up to him.

STACY

You shouldn't smoke.

EDDIE

I just do it at bars to look cool. Did you see this? Our little mall project was a complete failure, in fact executive vice-president in charge of mall operations, Larry Dumpeltine, called it quote "a mild inconvenience on par with the opossum infestation of nineteen-eighty-one".

They walk towards the entrance of the bar.

STACY

Forget about it.

She takes the newspaper out of his hands and tosses it in the trash.

EDDIE

You're not going to recycle that?

STACY

Not now. Look, this bar is twenty-one and up, so I used your yearbook photo from last year to make you a fake I.D.

She hands Eddie the I.D.

Eddie cringes when he gazes down at a photo of him looking like a total dork with both eyes closed and an awkward fake smile.

EDDIE

We don't need no stink'n I.Ds.

He tosses it away.

Eddie and Stacy walk past a long line of people. The BOUNCER lowers the velvet rope for Eddie.

BOUNCER

Eddie, my man, you playing tonight?

EDDIE
Just listening. She's with me.

Eddie indicates Stacy who seems more suspicious than impressed by the VIP treatment.

The Bouncer hands Eddie a beer and puts the rope back up.

INT. VODOO LOUNGE - NIGHT

In the crowded bar, Eddie and Stacy hang out in the back, watching the band on stage, wearing T-shirts, jeans, and no hair product, plays a cover of "Over and Over" by MC5.

STACY
Well, that's definitely not Bon Jovi they're playing.

EDDIE
No, I love the song. They just don't know how to play it, but it's cool. I can fix that.

Stacy smiles.

STACY
I knew you could.

Eddie's face suddenly turns from optimistic to pissed.

Stacy looks confused.

STACY (CONT'D)
What is it?

EDDIE
I know that drummer.

Eddie grabs Stacy by the wrist and starts dragging her towards the exit.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
We're done here. Let's go.

Stacy breaks from his grip.

STACY
I went through a lot of trouble setting this up. What the hell is your problem?

EDDIE
You wanna stay? Fine, but I'm
telling you, this isn't gonna work.

INT. VOOODOO LOUNGE - LATER

The Band that was playing earlier, VIC, DAN and TOM, sit at a corner booth. Eddie and Stacy walk up to them.

STACY
Hey guys, this is Eddie, who I was
telling you about. Eddie this is
Vic, Dan and --

EDDIE
I've already met Tommy. You are
Tommy right? Tommy who used to work
on the docks?

Tom, Vic and Dan all laugh.

VIC
(to Tom)
I thought the only one who called
you Tommy was that crazy Gina chick
you just dumped.

EDDIE
(confused)
You dumped Gina?

TOM
Had to, man. The bitch was total
obsessed with Bon Jovi.

Eddie pulls up a chair, gushing as if he just found his soulmate.

EDDIE
I know, right! It's completely
annoying!

TOM
Completely. I mean, fuck Bon Jovi,
right?

EDDIE
Yes finally! Thank you!

A big smile and sense of accomplishment pours over Stacy's face.

EXT. VOODOO LOUNGE PARKING LOT - LATER

Eddie, Stacy and Tom walk out of the bar.

The two guys look like they are a little drunk and having the time of their lives.

EDDIE

You're kidding me. Bon Jovi's dad was a hair dresser. That explains so much.

TOM

Yeah, and his mom was a Playboy Bunny.

EDDIE

No way! There are naked pictures of Bon Jovi's mom out there?

TOM

Yeah man, I guess.

EDDIE

Stacy, you said you worked in a book store. Could track down that issue of Playboy for me?

STACY

Probably, but why?

Stacy starts hopping on one foot and looks like she's in pain.

EDDIE

What happened?

STACY

I stepped on a piece of glass. It happens all the time. I'll be fine.

TOM

Why don't you just wear shoes?

Eddie and Stacy both give Tom the stink eye.

EDDIE

(to Stacy)

Come on. I got you.

Eddie picks her up and carries her towards his car while Tom walks with them.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

So, how are we going to do this? We only have till the day after tomorrow.

TOM

Don't sweat it, dude. We've all seen you play. Know your stuff by heart. I mean you're Eddie Gibson, man. You just give me and the guys a day to really nail three or four of your songs, then on Friday we give a quick run through, and there's no way we lose.

EDDIE

Sounds good, man.

Tom walks back to the bar.

TOM

Catch you guys later.

Eddie keeps walking towards his car with a big smile on his face while carrying Stacy.

EDDIE

This is going to be so awesome.

STACY

Wow. I think this is the first time I've seen you really happy.

Eddie sits Stacy down on the hood of his car. He holds both her hands.

EDDIE

And I have you to thank for it. You were totally right about everything. How is it you've only known me for a few days, but got me so pegged?

STACY

What do you mean?

EDDIE

Most people see me and think I'm just this cynical asshole that hates everything, and until I started hanging out with you, I would say they were right, but now you got me listening to new music.

(MORE)

EDDIE (CONT'D)

You found the only band in New Jersey that's the perfect fit for me. How did you do that?

Stacy shrugs her shoulders.

STACY

Just had a feeling, is all.

EDDIE

It's going to be so awesome when I'm up on that stage, rocking the asses off all those clowns. Gary, Pete, Gina, they're all going to regret tossing me out, and it's all thanks to you. If there was just a way we could take down Bon Jovi at the same time.

STACY

Come on, Eddie. Just focus on your music right now.

EDDIE

No, right now I want to focus on this.

Eddie leans in and kisses Stacy. She kisses him back.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Oh, I still want you to track down that Playboy with Bon Jovi's mom.

STACY

Why?

EDDIE

Don't worry about it.

Eddie kisses her again.

INT. EDDIE'S ROOM - DAY

Eddie is passed out on top of his bed, wearing the clothes from the night before. The phone rings.

Eddie wakes up, looking hung over, and answers it.

EDDIE

Huh?

INTERCUT: INT. STACY'S ROOM/EDDIE'S ROOM

STACY
Hey, why weren't you at school today?

EDDIE
What time is it?

STACY
Were you still asleep?

EDDIE
Hey, I was up for two days straight. Cut me some slack.

STACY
Well, you wanna guess what I got?

EDDIE
Syphilis?

Stacy chuckles

STACY
No, I found that Playboy. What exactly is it that you want to do with this?

A glow of excitement comes across Eddie's face as he snaps out of his hangover.

EDDIE
Wait a minute. You have naked pictures of Bon Jovi's mom... At your house... Right now.

END INTERCUT:

Eddie drops the receiver and bolts out of the room.

INT. STACY'S ROOM - DAY

Eddie knocks on a sliding glass door. Stacy lets him in.

EDDIE
Where is it?

Stacy picks up the Playboy off the bed and hands it to him.

STACY

Right here, just another in a long
line of misguided women
perpetuating the ultimate male
fantasy of the subservient female
sex doll.

Eddie thumbs through the magazine, fainting interest in
Stacy's rant.

EDDIE

Yeah, it's totally disgusting,
right.

STACY

The nudity is just a ruse to
distract our puritan overlords with
the illusion of tasteless
pornography, causing everybody to
ignore the real psychological havoc
it's reeking on our society.

EDDIE

Un-huh.

Eddie rips out the centerfold and holds it up.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Is this her?

STACY

Who?

EDDIE

Bon Jovi's mom.

STACY

I don't know... I guess... Why is
that so important?

Eddie rolls up the centerfold, stuffs it into his back pocket
and tosses the rest of the magazine on the bed.

EDDIE

Because... like you said... we need
to expose these heinous barbarians
for what they are.

STACY

(suspicious)

Why do I get the feeling that
you're about to do something
stupid?

EDDIE

Stacy, I can't thank you enough for everything that you've done. Now, just trust me. This is gonna be awesome.

He kisses Stacy on the cheek and gleefully exits. Stacy still can't shake her suspicion.

INT. COPY SHOP - NIGHT

A DUDE stands behind the counter.

Eddie enters like a man on a mission and slams down the centerfold and a wad of cash.

EDDIE

Here's nine-hundred bucks. I need like a million copies.

The Dude looks at the picture and chuckles.

DUDE

Dude, I don't think I'm allowed to make copies of stuff like this.

Eddie takes a fifty-dollar bill from the stack of cash and tucks it into the Dude's shirt pocket.

EDDIE

I think you can.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

The entire hallway is wallpapered with thousands of pictures of the centerfold with the words "BON JOVI'S MOM" covering the nipples.

A group of angry TEACHERS congregate in the center of the hall as the Secretary tries with all her might to rip one of the pictures down, but it won't come off.

A MALE TEACHER snickers followed by a punch in the shoulder from an offended FEMALE TEACHER.

Principal Tanner marches in like a drill sergeant. He sees what's happened and everyone can tell that behind his calm demeanor he's a ticking time bomb.

TANNER

What's this?

MALE TEACHER

Some clown playing some sort of a sick, but also kinda awesome joke.

The Male Teacher is punched again by the Female Teacher.

SECRETARY

I don't know what kinda glue they used, but they won't come off.

FEMALE TEACHER

We can't have class with this smut all over the place!

TANNER

When the kids get here, send them to the gym. Nobody goes home today until I know who's responsible for this.

Tanner turns to head off, but turns back around, looking like he's on to something.

TANNER (CONT'D)

What's the name of the kid that was arrested for burning down the Bon Jovi banner?

SECRETARY

Eddie Gibson.

TANNER

Send him to my office as soon as he shows up.

Tanner turns and marches off.

MALE TEACHER

And if he doesn't show up?

TANNER

Make sure he shows up.

INT. TANNER'S OFFICE - DAY

Eddie sits nonchalantly across from Tanner's desk.

TANNER

Do you have something against Bon Jovi, Mister Gibson?

EDDIE

Yeah, I guess you could say that.

TANNER

Well, I hope it's worth it. Because this stunt just cost you three weeks of suspension.

EDDIE

Is that all you got?

TANNER

Not exactly, I hope you weren't planning on participating in the Battle of the Bands tonight because you just bought your way out of that too.

EDDIE

(hiding the fact that he gives a shit)
Good! I don't give a shit.

TANNER

So Eddie, who helped you with this little stunt? Surely, you couldn't of pulled this off all by yourself.

EDDIE

Well, guess what? I did.

TANNER

Is that so? Because, I received a call from Stacy Snow's parents this morning. They seemed very concerned about their daughter's sexual orientation after finding a vintage Playboy in her room.

Eddie snaps to attention.

EDDIE

(defensive)
So, that doesn't mean shit! She didn't have anything to do with this!

TANNER

Well, you're both suspended. Maybe this will teach you that sometimes our foolish actions can also affect others.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

There is a knock at the front door.

Amanda opens it to find Stacy and an uptight middle aged man, BRAD, standing there.

BRAD
Miss Gibson, I'm Stacy's father.

Amanda knows this can't be good.

AMANDA
Okaaaaaay.

BRAD
I also work for the District
Attorney's Office. This is for you.
And your son.

Brad hands a sheet of paper to Amanda who examines it.

AMANDA
Restraining order?

BRAD
Your son tricked my daughter...

STACY
(defensive)
I didn't get tricked into anything!

BRAD
My daughter has been suspended
because of your son's little
pornographic joke.

STACY
It's not pornography! It's just the
human body! That's not even why
it's offensive! God! Why is
everybody missing the point?

Stacy turns and storms off.

BRAD
Look Miss Gibson, we moved to New
Jersey to give Stacy and my family
a fresh start.

AMANDA
New Jersey and fresh aren't two
words that typically belong in the
same sentence.

BRAD

Regardless, it was absolutely vital to get her as far away from her little eco-terrorist friends that landed her in jail, not once, not twice, but three times. Whatever it is your son and my daughter are doing together it's best for both if they stayed away from each other.

Amanda takes this in.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Your son's not allowed within one hundred feet of my daughter. Since they don't have any classes together, I don't foresee this being a problem. Have a good night Miss Gibson.

He turns and goes after Stacy while Amanda stands with a stunned look.

AMANDA

(mocking Brad's vocal cadence)

Okay, thanks. It was nice to meet you.

Amanda slams the door and faces Eddie's room.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

(yelling)

Eddie!

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Eddie sits on the couch looking like it's the last place he wants to be. Amanda angrily paces in front of him.

AMANDA

Suspended! Were you even going to tell me?! You even got that poor girl suspended too! Look, Eddie! Her father got a restraining order! A restraining order!

Amanda hands Eddie the restraining order who looks at it and yawns.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Oh, I'm sorry. Is this boring you?

EDDIE
A little bit.

AMANDA
Do you even care? Care that not
only are you ruining your own life,
but now you're dragging others down
with you.

EDDIE
I don't know mother.
(indicating the
restraining order)
But I do know this is bullshit.

Eddie slams the restraining order down on the coffee table,
gets up and walks towards his room.

AMANDA
Your right, Eddie. It is bullshit.
Everything's bullshit. The world is
bullshit. Your life is bullshit!

EDDIE
Good to see you finally coming
around, mother.

INT. EDDIE'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Eddie plops face first on his bed when the phone rings. He
answers it.

EDDIE
Hello.

INTERCUT: INT. STACY'S ROOM/EDDIE'S ROOM

STACY
Hey.

EDDIE
Hey, I know why you're calling and
I just --

STACY
No, it's not that at all. They're
actually playing an R.E.M video on
MTV.

EDDIE
No shit.

Eddie pulls a remote control from under some dirty clothes and turns on the TV to show it playing the video to "The One I Love."

STACY

See. I told you. Times, they are a changing. Soon all that hair-band stuff will be replaced by good music like this.

EDDIE

So, this isn't like supposed to actually be a love song, is it?

STACY

Oh no, not at all. He's being a sarcastic prick when he says "this goes out to the one I love." It's masquerading as an apology song. He was using the girl, got caught and now is trying to bullshit his way out of it. That's why he calls her a simple prop to occupy his time. It's borderline sociopathic. I hope that it never catches on. People are all gonna misinterpret it.

EDDIE

Yeah, people suck.

STACY

Well, we figured it out.

EDDIE

Yeah, but we're not like normal people.

Stacy smiles.

STACY

Yeah... Hey, sorry 'bout my dad. He's such a reactionary. He always thinks I'm going through some sort of phase. He has no idea who I really am... at all.

EDDIE

That's okay. I know who you are. You're amazing. I'm just sorry I got you suspended.

STACY

What exactly were you trying to accomplish?

EDDIE

I can't help it. Every time I think, about Bon Jovi I just get so... I don't know... I just need to knock those assholes down a few pegs.

STACY

At least you got it out of your system. Now you can put all your focus in winning the Battle of the Bands tonight.

A look of enormous guilt consumes Eddie's face.

EDDIE

Yeah, about that --

STACY

Oh shit. I think I hear my dad coming. I'll talk to you later.

Stacy hangs up.

END INTERCUT:

Eddie hangs up just as the R.E.M video ends and a VEE-JAY comes on.

VEE-JAY

(on the TV)

That was the new one from R.E.M. Coming up this hour we got the latest and greatest from Bon Jovi --

Eddie rolls his eyes and grabs the remote about to change the channel but stops.

VEE-JAY (CONT'D)

-- Speaking of which, today at Jon Bon Jovi's high school somebody tried to give him a bad name. When a student named Edward Gibson --

EDDIE

Holy shit! They just said my name on MTV.

VEE-JAY

-- hung up naked pictures of the rockers mother, from an issue of Playboy she posed for, back in the sixties, but the joke's on Eddie, because Jon Bon Jovi's mother never actually posed for Playboy --

EDDIE

What?

VEE-JAY

-- Although she was a waitress at the Playboy Club in New York, the photo was actually of her roommate. Smooth move, Eddie. Looks like you're our Lame'O of the Day'O.

SECOND VEE-JAY

(laughing)

Lame'O of the Day'O? I didn't even know that was a segment we were doing.

VEE-JAY

(to the camera)

It is now. Thanks, Eddie.

Eddie's face gets red with anger. He turns the TV off and throws the remote down, picks up the phone and angrily dials.

INTERCUT: EDDIE'S ROOM/TOM'S HOUSE

Tom answers the phone.

TOM

Yeah.

EDDIE

What the hell man!?

TOM

Eddie, is it true? Did you get us kicked out of the battle of the bands?

EDDIE

Yeah, so?! You just made me look like a jackass on MTV.

TOM

What are you talking about?

The phone starts beeping like someone is trying to dial.

EDDIE
(shouting)
I'm on the phone, mom!

AMANDA (O.S.)
Sorry.

EDDIE
You told me that was Bon Jovi's mom
in Playboy. I look like an asshole!

TOM
Look Eddie, I don't know what your
talking about, and I don't give a
shit. Now, tell me. Is it just you
that's banned from performing? Can
we still play, as long as you're
not with us?

EDDIE
Probably, but why would you?

TOM
You're out of the band, Eddie.
People warned us about you. I
should have listened.

Tom hangs up.

END INTERCUT:

Eddie slams the receiver down and plops down face first onto
the bed.

AMANDA (O.S.)
Are you done with the phone now?

EDDIE
Yeah, ma!

INT. EDDIE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Eddie walks down the hall looking defeated.

He overhears his mom in the kitchen talking on the phone.

Eddie gets a suspicious look on his face, tiptoes to the edge
of the kitchen and listens in on her conversation.

AMANDA

I can't help but think it's all my fault.

INTERCUT: EDDIE'S KITCHEN/DR. RICHARDS OFFICE

RICHARDS

Miss Gibson, I don't think Eddie is mentally ill, and if he was, I can't possibly see how it couldn't be your fault.

AMANDA

I just... I just... I did sooooo many drugs when I was pregnant with him --

A look of shock from Eddie as he mouths the phrase "What the fuck?".

AMANDA (CONT'D)

-- I didn't even know I was pregnant for the first four months, and the whole time I was trippin' on everything I could get my hands on.

RICHARDS

Regardless, Eddie was born perfectly healthy, and mental illnesses are usually genetic. Neither you nor Eddie's father has a family history. I checked.

AMANDA

But that's just it. I don't know who Eddie's father is.

RICHARDS

I don't understand. According to our records --

Amanda breaks down in tears.

AMANDA

I made up the whole story about him dying in Vietnam. The truth is I got so fucked up at Woodstock... And... and I have no idea... It's all just a blur... so many naked boners --

Amanda completely breaks down as Eddie's face goes blank before he runs back to his room.

END INTERCUT:

INT. EDDIE'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

He grabs the picture of the Marine he thought was his father, and bolts out of the room.

INT. THE KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Eddie marches in and holds up the picture.

EDDIE

So, who the fuck is this guy?!

Amanda looks as guilty as a four year old with her hand in the cookie jar.

AMANDA

(into the phone)

Can I call you back?

She hangs up.

EDDIE

Well, mom! Who is he?

AMANDA

His name is Brian Wade. I dated him in high school, but we broke up after he enlisted. He did die in Vietnam, but he isn't your father.

EDDIE

Well, of course not! You don't even know who my father is!

AMANDA

Eddie.

EDDIE

You just made this guy up. Everything you told me was a lie. His name, how you two meet, what kind of music he liked, they were all lies!

AMANDA

Eddie, no. Brian was all those things. He just wasn't your father.
(MORE)

AMANDA (CONT'D)

I loved him, but when he decided to go to war... it... it just made me so angry. I became this completely different person. Maybe under different circumstances --

EDDIE

Different circumstances! You mean like you not having anonymous sex in front of five-hundred-thousand total strangers!

AMANDA

How dare you? It's not like I did it up on stage.

EDDIE

Would you even remember if you did? Since you were tripping balls the whole time and also apparently through half the pregnancy!

AMANDA

I'm sorry! I didn't know!

EDDIE

What? The morning sickness, the not having your period, none of this clued you in?!

AMANDA

No! I thought all those were side effects to the massive amounts of drugs I was taking. Good God! We're both lucky to be alive!

Eddie makes a mad dash towards his room.

Amanda follows him into...

THE LIVING ROOM

EDDIE

And of course this all has to come out during the worst week of my life!

AMANDA

Every teenager thinks every week is the worst week of their lives! And I thought you prided yourself on being so goddamn different.

(MORE)

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Well, guess what, Eddie. You're
just like everybody else!

Eddie continues to storm off and Amanda follows him into
the...

THE HALLWAY

Eddie rushes into his room and slams the door. Amanda tries
to open the door, but it's locked.

AMANDA

Come on. We need to talk about
this.

EDDIE (O.S.)

Go away!

The Doors song "The End" can be heard coming from his room.
Amanda bangs on the door.

AMANDA

Eddie, what are you doing? Why are
you playing that song?

EDDIE (O.S.)

I said go away!

Amanda bangs on the door harder.

AMANDA

Unlock this door right now!

EDDIE (O.S.)

No!

Amanda throws her body against the door. It to burst open.

INT. EDDIE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Amanda enters as Eddie, looking like a man on the edge, holds
a can of hairspray to his head.

EDDIE

Don't come any closer, mom! I swear
to god I'll do it!

AMANDA

Don't you think you might be over
reacting?

EDDIE

No! My entire life has been a lie!
I have no future. Everything I had
has been taken away! This is the
end, mom! THIS IS THE END!

AMANDA

Eddie, just think about it. Even if
you spray that entire can of
hairspray on yourself. I'll call an
ambulance, the doctors will save
you, and you'll go down in history
as the lamest suicide attempt ever.

Eddie throws the can of hairspray across the room.

EDDIE

Goddamnit! Your right!

AMANDA

Are you going to calm down now?

EDDIE

Just tell me one thing, mother. Who
was playing?

AMANDA

What?

EDDIE

When I was conceived, who was
playing? Was it Jimi? Just tell me
it was Jimi and maybe everything'll
be okay.

AMANDA

I don't know, Eddie. It's all a big
blur.

EDDIE

So, it could have been Hendrix. Is
that what you're saying? No more
lies, mom.

AMANDA

I'm sorry, son, but I'm pretty sure
it was Sha-Na-Na.

EDDIE

Sha-Na-Na! Oh god!

AMANDA

I'm sorry!

Eddie, in a fit, jumps out the window.

EXT. EDDIE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Amanda sticks her head out of the window. Eddie gets into his Mustang.

AMANDA

Eddie, stop! Get back here!

Eddie's car screeches out of the driveway and down the street.

INT. STACY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Stacy sits on her bed watching Eddie's Jimi Hendrix video. Eddie knocks on the sliding glass door from outside.

She gets up and lets him in.

STACY

Hey, I think you're a little closer than a hundred feet.

EDDIE

I don't care.

Stacy gets a concerned look when she notices Eddie's mopey demeanor.

STACY

I know. I'm just kidding. Are you okay?

Eddie comes in and sits down at the foot of the bed.

EDDIE

(indicating Jimi on TV)
Could you turn it off please?

Stacy sits down next to him.

STACY

What's wrong?

EDDIE

You know, I used to listen to this kind of music... you know... It was the same type of music I thought my dead dad listened to...

(MORE)

EDDIE (CONT'D)

What he loved, and every time I was listening to it, I thought I was somehow bonding with him... I don't know. It was like the music was a spiritual medium between me and him.

STACY

Well, why wouldn't you still feel that way?

EDDIE

Because I don't know who my father is! He's not a war hero. He's just some random hippie that my mom met and had sex with about forty five minutes before this happened right here.

Eddie indicates Jimi on the T.V.

STACY

Oh.

EDDIE

Yeah.

Stacy gazes deep into Eddie's eyes.

STACY

Well, maybe who your father is has nothing to do with why you like this music. Maybe it's because right now the first cells are splitting to form the person that will become you, and right now you being there while he's playing is helping shape who you are about to become. Think about it. In a way you were there.

She takes Eddie's hand.

STACY (CONT'D)

You were at Woodstock. You're hearing this being performed live. You and half a million others, there to celebrate peace, love, and music while your life is... being created.

Stacy leans in closer about to kiss Eddie --

-- Eddie jumps up.

EDDIE

Goddamnit, Stacy! Will you stop being such a goddamn hippy! Woodstock was bullshit. All it was, was sex, drugs and rock n' roll! All the peace and love bullshit is just what you said you were into at the time if you wanted to get laid! All this hairspray/MTV shit going on today, is the backlash from them not being able to hold on to a single ideal or value that they pretended to give a shit about!

Eddie tuns off the TV and stomps his way back outside.

Stacy gets up and follows him.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - CONTINUOUS

Eddie turns a corner along Stacy's house and proceeds down a sidewalk. Stacy chases after him.

A group of TEENS pass Eddie along the sidewalk.

TEEN

Hey Eddie, why aren't you at the Battle of the Bands?

EDDIE

Because I don't play anymore. Now fuck off!

The teens keep walking.

STACY

I can't believe you. You're just going to walk out on something you've dedicated your whole life to. Just because of a couple bad days.

Eddie stops walking and turns back towards Stacy.

EDDIE

Why the hell not? Rock n' roll turned its back on me! My girlfriend dumped me because of a stupid Bon Jovi song. My band booted me. Everybody on MTV is laughing at me.

STACY

Well maybe those are good things.

EDDIE

They're not! And to top it all off, I just found out I was conceived during the performance of the worst band at Woodstock, just to be born eight months and three weeks later. The exact day the Beatles announced they were breaking up! I think it's safe to say that God is trying to tell me something.

Eddie turns and continues towards his Mustang.

STACY

So why give up on it? What if Jimi Hendrix stopped playing because the Monkees were selling millions of records without playing their own instruments. Or what if Led Zeppelin didn't make any records because they were too busy complaining about how much the Bee Gees sucked.

EDDIE

Well don't tell anybody this, but I actually kinda like the Bee Gees.

STACY

Fine, then the Bay City Rollers or whoever! The point is, it doesn't matter. They just played. So why don't you go to the school right now and play something? The crowd might not like it, but you could show them what good music is suppose to sound like. You know? I've still never heard you play, and I really want to.

EDDIE

Well, I'm sorry, Stacy. That's not going to happen. I got banned from performing and then got kicked out of the new band also. The entire universe is trying to tell me to give up on rock n' roll, and I'm too stupid to listen.

(MORE)

EDDIE (CONT'D)

I already pawned most of my guitars to pay for the photocopies of the stupid Playboy picture. Now, I'm going to pawn the rest.

Eddie gets to his car and opens the door.

STACY

(shocked)

You did what? Why?

Eddie is about to get into his car, but instead slams the door shut and turns back towards Stacy.

EDDIE

Because I could play "Smoke on the Water" before I could recite the alphabet! Because I live in Sayreville New Jersey, and because ever since grade school, the people in this town have been telling me that I have something special! That I was going to be the next Hendrix, the next Clapton, but now all they talk about is Bon Jovi this and Bon Jovi that!

STACY

So that's it?

EDDIE

No! To top it all off, I'm allergic to hairspray and thanks to that fucking band and their cohorts, that pretty much means I'm allergic to rock n' roll!

STACY

That's why you're throwing your dreams away, over a stupid childish vendetta against some rock band you don't like.

Stacy turns and marches back towards her house.

EDDIE

Well, if you think it's so stupid, then why were you helping me?

STACY

Because I wanted to be around you!

EDDIE

Why?

Stacy stops and turns to Eddie.

STACY

Because I was falling for you. You dumb ass! I thought you were one of those hopeless romantics that still thought rock n' roll could change the world. Hell, I even found your bitter sarcasm mildly charming.

EDDIE

As well you should! It is charming!

STACY

I thought you were someone who was passionate enough to stand up against the corporate degradation of the art form he loved.

EDDIE

That's what I've been trying to do!

STACY

No it's not! Everything you've done since I've meet you has been fueled by hate. You hate all your friends for abandoning you, and you hate Bon Jovi because someone else from this town made it big before you, and now nobody wants to pander to your delusional rock n' roll fantasies!

Stacy marches back towards her house. Eddie follows.

EDDIE

Hey! They're not delusional. How would you know!? You never even heard me play!

STACY

And how many times have I asked you to play for me, but you were too busy with your stupid obsession. Jesus! I can't believe I just admitted to falling for you.

EDDIE

And I can't believe I admitted to liking the Bee Gees.

Stacy stops and turns to Eddie.

STACY

You know, if you never came down with your little allergy, you would still be hanging around with your friends, making fun of the way I dress, and my bare feet, the music I listen to, and whatever else you could find wrong with me!

Stacy storms towards her house. Eddie chase her.

EDDIE

That's not true! Look, my entire world just fell apart tonight, and who did I come to for help? Out of all the people in the world, I came to you! So did it ever occur to you that I might have been falling for you too?!

STACY

No, Eddie! It's more like out of all the people in the world, I'm the one that wouldn't cause you to breakout into a rash.

Stacy gets to her front door and opens it. Eddie grabs her hand before she can go in.

EDDIE

Stacy, please don't turn your back on me like everybody else. I swear I am all those things. I am passionate about my art. I do think music can change the world.

Stacy breaks free of Eddie's grip.

STACY

Oh yeah, then tell me. Out of all the musicians you worship; Jimi Hendrix, The Who, Zeppelin; how do you think their music has changed the world? Just tell me one way.

Eddie stands speechless for a few beats.

STACY (CONT'D)

Well.

EDDIE

(unsure)
Well... They didn't suck.

Stacy couldn't look more disappointed as she slams the door in his face.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Goddamnit!
(Shouting)
Stacy!

Stacy reopens the door.

STACY

I just wanted to remind you that I have a restraining order and if you don't leave, I'm going to call the cops.

Stacy shuts the door, leaving Eddie with a stupid look on his face.

INT. EDDIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Eddie, disgusted with the world, rips down the posters of the "rock gods" that litter his walls.

He shoves them all into a trash bag then walks over to a shelf that contains his massive record collection.

In one giant swooping motion, he knocks an entire row of records into the garbage bag.

EXT. EDDIE'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

A large metal trash can is filled to the brim with Eddie's posters and records.

Eddie lights a match and stares at it for a moment, trying to fight what he's about to do.

He tosses the match into the trash can, and the whole thing goes up in flames.

EDDIE

Fuck you, rock n' roll.

Eddie exhales and looks as if a giant weight has been removed from his shoulders.

From his pocket, he removes the photo of his dad and looks at it. He's almost emotionless, about to toss it into the fire, but realizes he can't. He folds it back up and puts it in his pocket.

He picks up an amplifier that has been sitting next to him, and walks off as his former life continues to burn.

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

Eddie stands at his former father's tombstone looking at it with somber eyes.

He pulls the picture out of his pocket.

EDDIE

I'm sorry that you had to die over some bullshit. You seemed like a really cool dude.

He gently places the picture next to the grave and walks off.

EXT. STACY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A BMW does a half-ass job of parking next to the curb followed by a shell shocked Amanda rushing out.

She runs to the front door and bangs on it like a maniac.

Brad opens the door.

BRAD

What do you want?

AMANDA

You have to help me. I'm looking for my son.

BRAD

Well, this is the last place he should be.

AMANDA

I know, but he's not with any of his friends and I don't know where else he could be. He's not acting like himself and I'm afraid that he's going to do something stupid... Well, that is him acting like himself, but he's acting like himself times a hundred and believe me. That is a very dangerous thing.

Brad takes this in then turns towards Stacy's room.

BRAD
(yelling)
Stacy!

INT. STACY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Brad marches down the hall.

BRAD
Stacy!

He knocks on the door to Stacy's room. He opens it and is furious when he sees she isn't there.

STACY'S MOM enters the hall in a bath robe.

STACY'S MOM
What's going on?

BRAD
Stacy's ran off with that Gibson kid. Call the police.

Brad walks back towards the front door, grabbing his coat in the process.

STACY'S MOM
Where are you going?

BRAD
To find our daughter.

INT. PAWN SHOP - NIGHT

A female CLERK stands behind a counter with a radio behind her playing some random 80s tune.

Eddie enters, holding an amp and looking like his soul has been crushed.

CLERK
Hey, Eddie. You come to buy one of your guitars back?

EDDIE
No, I wanted to know how much I could get for this amp.

The random 80s song stops and R.E.M's "The One I Love" comes on.

The Clerk gets excited and turns it up.

CLERK

Have you heard this new band?

EDDIE

It's R.E.M. They've been around for years.

CLERK

Well, I really like this song. It's got this sweet gentle type of sincerity to it... You know what I mean?

EDDIE

No! It doesn't. Are you even listening to the song?

The Clerk is oblivious.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Stacy's right. Nobody gets it. She's totally right about everything.

CLERK

Who's Stacy?

EDDIE

She's the only one who gets it! And I let her slip right through my fingers. Because I was treating her like a simple prop to occupy my time.

(having a revelation)

Oh my God! Am I really that big of a bitterly cynical prick?

CLERK

Most of the time, yeah. Borderline sociopathic, I'd say.

EDDIE

Change of plans. I'm going to need one of my guitars back.

Eddie pulls out a wad of cash and slams it down on the table.

CLERK

I don't think that's going to be enough.

EDDIE

(desperate)

Fine!

(MORE)

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Just get me the best guitar you can
for seventeen dollars and this amp.

The Clerk places a beat-up looking six string on the counter.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Are you kidding me?

The Clerk shrugs her shoulders. Eddie grabs it and runs out
of the store.

EXT. STACY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Eddie's Mustang comes to a screeching halt. He jumps out with
the guitar and rushes to the house.

EDDIE

(shouting)

Stacy! Get out here! You were
right! You were right about
everything!

Stacy's Mom opens an upstairs window and sticks her head out.

STACY'S MOM

What are you doing here?
Everybody's looking for you!

EDDIE

I don't give a shit! Where's Stacy?

STACY'S MOM

She's not here. You need to leave.
You're violating a restraining
order.

EDDIE

Well, if she's not here, I can't be
violating the restraining order.
Now, can I?

STACY'S MOM

I already called the cops, so I
wouldn't stick around if I were
you.

EDDIE

No! I'm not leaving until you tell
me where Stacy is!

A police car pulls up. Two COPS get out and walk towards
Eddie.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Shit!

STACY'S MOM

I told you.

Eddie runs and dives through the rolled down window of his car.

The Cops jump back into their car, and Eddie's mustang goes SCREECHING down the street with the Cops chasing him.

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

Eddie's Mustang roars down the street. The Cops chase him with their lights and SIRENS BLAZING.

Eddie pulls into an alley and comes to a stop at a fence, blocking the rest of the alley off.

He gets out, straps the guitar over his shoulder, climbs the fence and jumps down to the other side.

The Cops get out of their car and climb the fence, but one falls on top of the other. They both hit the ground.

Eddie gets away.

INT. BRAD'S CAR - NIGHT

Brad drives while Amanda, looking worried, notices a large group of TEENAGERS walking towards the school.

AMANDA

Here! Pull over here!

BRAD

At the school, why?

AMANDA

The Battle of the Bands is tonight. The whole town is supposed to be there. Eddie would never pass up the opportunity to shit all over everybody else's good time.

BRAD

Yeah, neither would Stacy.

Brad makes a sharp turn into the parking lot.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL GYM - NIGHT

The muffled sound of ROCK MUSIC comes from inside the gym as dozens of high school STUDENTS make their way in.

Stacy is one of them as Eddie, holding his guitar, runs up behind her.

EDDIE

Stacy!

STACY

What are you doing? How did you know I was here?

EDDIE

Because it's the last place you'd think I'd show up... So, ha!

Stacy rolls her eyes and walks away.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Stacy wait! I want to play something for you. It's my one perfect song... The one that will change the world.

Eddie plucks one of the strings on the guitar and it breaks.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

(shouting)

Shit!

Eddie smashes the guitar on the ground. Stacy continues towards the gym.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

No, Stacy! Wait! I thought of a way that music has changed the world.

Stacy, looking impatient, turns back towards Eddie.

Eddie, in complete desperation mode, walks closer to her.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Eighteen years ago, five-hundred-thousand people came together for a concert.

Stacy rolls her eyes and crosses her arms.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Okay, I know. The whole concept of Woodstock has been over romanticized by damn near everybody, myself included, but if it weren't for that concert... If it weren't for all those people going there, just wanting to listen to some good music, then I wouldn't be here... right now... with you. The woman that introduced me to all those great bands and gave me hope for the future. Because maybe you're right, Stacy. Maybe all these little Seattle bands you played for me will blow up and knock all these hair-metal bands out on their asses. You see, all this... It's changed my world.

Stacy's falling for it.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

I don't know. Maybe I'm just some guy who was born a generation too late, and you're some girl born a generation too early, but here we are both stuck in the eighties, and who knows what brought two people like us together. Whether it was a mutual hatred for Bon Jovi, or --

Stacy snaps out of it.

STACY

Damn it, Eddie! I don't hate Bon Jovi! My god, you're like some kinda pathetic little bridge troll who thinks that he, and he alone, controls access from the lame side of the river to the cool side! When are you going to grow up and stop blaming all your problems on a band?!

EDDIE

Wait. Look, that came out wrong. Let me start over.

Stacy storms off towards the gym.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Shit!

Eddie turns around to see the Cops who were chasing him starting to catch up.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
Damn it! Stacy, wait!

Amanda spots Eddie from across the crowd and rushes towards him followed by Brad.

AMANDA
(shouting)
Eddie!

BRAD
What did you do with my daughter?

Stacy enters the gym.

Eddie chases after her. Everybody else is chasing after him.

Eddie gets too close to a group of CHICKS wearing way too much hairspray. He backs off, violently sneezes, takes a deep breath, closes his eyes and enters.

INT. GYM - CONTINUOUS

Hundreds of teens CHEER as a band finishes playing.

Eddie looks around, spots Stacy making her way through the crowd and fights his way to her.

Eddie scratches multiple spots on his body as noticeable rashes appear.

He reaches Stacy, grabs her and turns her around.

EDDIE
What do I have to do to prove that
I don't care about all this Bon
Jovi crap? I only care about you!

STACY
I don't want you to prove anything!
I just want you to leave me alone!

An ANNOUNCER takes the stage and speaks into a mic.

ANNOUNCER
Okay everybody, give it up for
Sayreville High's own... The Shit
Ferrets.

The crowd goes wild.

Eddie looks at the stage in disgust. Gary, Pete, the New Lead Singer and a BASS PLAYER take the stage.

EDDIE
Those mutherfuckers!

He turns around to see the Cops, Amanda and Brad getting closer and closer.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
Shit!

Stacy breaks free from Eddie's grip and works her way back through the crowd.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
Stacy! Don't go anywhere!

Eddie rushes through the crowd and up to the stage.

Stacy tries to leave, but the crowd keeps pushing her towards the stage.

Eddie jumps up on stage and wrestles the guitar away from the Lead Singer and pushes him into the crowd.

GARY
Eddie, what the hell are you doing!? You're supposed to be banned!

EDDIE
Eat my shit, both of you! I taught you two everything you know! Now, I'm going to play something and when I'm done you can play whatever bullshit you want, but if any of you try and stop me, I swear to god I will fucking murder all of you!

Stacy continues to fight her way through the crowd, trying to get out of the gym.

The Cops, Amanda and Brad are engulfed by the hundreds of screaming teenagers.

BRAD
What's your son doing with that guitar?

AMANDA
I don't know, but I'm actually kind of relieved. Guitar is the one thing he's incapable of fucking up.

Eddie steps up to the mic and rips off some ass-kicking, hardcore, power chords, just to warm up, then stops.

EDDIE
 (into the mic)
 Once upon a time not so long ago.

Eddie starts pounding out a familiar sounding bassline on the low E-string of his guitar.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
 I used to be in this band/Had some
 creative differences/Things got out
 of hand/It's tough.

Eddie rips off a few more chords.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
 So tough.

Eddie rips off some more licks.

Stacy gets to the back of the crowd and heads for the door.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
 Stacy, I see you trying to walk
 away/But before you go out that
 door/I'm begging you to stay/For a
 song.

Eddie pounds out a few more powerful licks.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
 Just one song.

Stacy is just about to walk out the door when Eddie starts strumming and singing.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
 (singing)
 Because we got to hold on to what
 we got/It doesn't make a difference
 if we make it or not.

Stacy turns around and slightly tilts her head like a confused puppy-dog that doesn't know if it should shit on or lick its master.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
 (singing)
 'Cause, we got each other and
 that's a lot For love/For
 love/We'll give it a shot!

Gary and Pete look at each other.

Pete shrugs his shoulders and starts playing on the drums. Gary joins in on the keyboard, and the bass player does his thing.

Now the song starts sounding more like "Livin' on a Prayer" should.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
 (singing with Gary and
 Pete singing back up)
 Whooah were half way there/Whooah
 living on a prayer/Take my
 hand/We'll make it I swear/Whooah
 living on a prayer.

The crowd starts to get into it.

Stacy moves in closer, mesmerized.

Eddie's playing and singing get more passionate.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
 (singing)
 Now, I've got my six string in
 hock/I keep holding in/When I used
 to make it sound so tough.

Eddie rips into some more powerful licks.

The Cops approach the stage, but then stop. One starts nodding his head to the beat, the other turns and high fives him, also digging it.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
 (singing)
 It's tough.

Eddie rips off some even better licks.

The crowd goes nuts.

Eddie looks like his allergy is getting to him, but he keeps rocking his heart out.

STACY
 (shouting to the crowd)
 Stop cheering! Can't you see that
 you're all killing him!?

Stacy tries to fight her way towards the stage.

EDDIE

(singing)

Stacy dreams of running away/When I
cry out at times/She whispers "baby
it'll be okay, someday"

Brad doesn't look so pissed off and appears to be digging the music.

BRAD

I got to tell you. You're son is
actually pretty good.

Amanda smiles.

AMANDA

No. He's actually really fucking
awesome.

Eddie fights his allergy which is making him weak, but he keeps rocking even harder.

EDDIE

(singing)

We've got to hold on to what we've
got/'Cause it doesn't make a
difference If we make it or not/We
got each other and that's a lot/For
love/We'll give it a shot.

Gary and Pete sing the chorus.

Eddie starts to really wail on his axe.

He drops to his knees Jimi Hendrix style and looks like he can't breathe, but keeps playing.

GARY/PETE

We've got to hold on to what we've
got/It doesn't make a difference if
we make it or not.

Eddie swoons about to pass out, but he musters every ounce of strength left to jump up to the mic delivering the next line with authority.

EDDIE

(singing)

YOU LIVE FOR THE FIGHT WHEN IT'S
ALL THAT YOU GOT!

Stacy keeps fighting her way through the crowd.

Eddie continues to rock out more passionate than ever.

He does the chorus in a grunge type of style.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
 (singing)
 Whooah, were half way there/Whooah,
 living on a prayer/Take my hand,
 we'll fucking make it I
 swear!/Living on a Prayer!

The crowd erupts in THUNDEROUS CHEERS as Eddie closes the song out with a powerhouse solo.

As the last note ECHOES through the place, their CLAPPING continues.

Eddie can't breathe, but that doesn't stop him from basking in all his glory.

Looking disorientated and confused, he plays the first few notes of "Free Bird" and then falls to the ground unconscious.

Stacy jumps up onto the stage and kneels over Eddie.

STACY
 Someone call 9-1-1! He's not
 breathing!

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EDDIE'S POV:

There is a bright light and the shadow of a MYSTERIOUS FIGURE with a giant perm leaning over Eddie.

The glare blocks out his face.

MYSTERIOUS FIGURE
 Hey man, are you gonna be okay?

END POV:

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL GYM - CONTINUOUS

Eddie lies on a gurney with an oxygen mask over his face.

The back of the Mysterious Figure is standing over Eddie, who opens his eyes and can't believe who is standing there.

The Mysterious Figure's face can't be seen, but he's got a big hair-sprayed perm and is dressed in 80s rocker fashion.

MYSTERIOUS FIGURE

Hey man, you wailed in there. I've never seen anybody play like that. I don't think we've even performed that song as good as you just did. I'm telling you, man. You got to open for us.

Eddie gasps for air and has convulsions as Amanda walks into sight.

Her jaw drops when she sees who is talking to Eddie.

MYSTERIOUS FIGURE (CONT'D)

Hey man, are you okay?

AMANDA

(yelling)
Get away from my son, you no talent piece of shit.

EDDIE

(weak)
Mom, wait.

Amanda charges the Mysterious Figure like an angry rhino.

AMANDA

Your bogus fucking hairdo is killing my son and the ozone layer, and if anything, you should be opening for him!

The Mysterious Figure runs for his life --

Face first into a lamp post. He drops to the ground like a sack of potatoes.

The two Cops notice from across the street and rush over.

Amanda's eyes widen when she sees the Cops.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Shit! The fuzz!

Amanda bolts as the Cops chase her.

An ambulance arrives, and two PARAMEDICS jump out and rush right past Eddie to the aid of the Mysterious Figure.

Stacy arrives with Brad. Stacy runs over to Eddie. Brad keeps his distance

STACY
(to the paramedics)
What are you doing?! He's the one
who almost died!

Stacy indicates Eddie as he raises up and takes off the oxygen mask.

EDDIE
What the hell just happened?

STACY
I just got here, but I think your
mom just beat the shit out of Jon
Bon Jovi.

Eddie looks concerned.

EDDIE
Is he going to be okay? He said I
could open for him.

Stacy can't believe what she just heard.

STACY
What? You want to open for Bon
Jovi?

EDDIE
Yeah, did you see how hard
everybody rocked in there? I made
them do that.

Stacy smiles.

STACY
Yeah, you did. You're amazing

EDDIE
No. You're amazing. I've never been
that good before. That in there...
that was all for you. You make me
better in every possible way.

Stacy smiles.

The Mysterious Figure gets up and waves off the Paramedics who then rush over to Eddie and wheel him off into the back of the ambulance.

PARAMEDIC
(to Stacy)
Are you with him?

Stacy hopefully looks over to her father.

Brad smiles and nods his head.

Stacy grins from ear to ear.

STACY

You bet your ass I am.

Stacy runs and leaps into the ambulance.

Eddie raises up and the two kiss.

The Paramedic closes the door.

The Mysterious Figure, in a daze stammers off until --

Dozens of screaming TEEN GIRLS rush him, knocking him back down and dogpiles him as the ambulance drives off.

FADE OUT.