

Keep Music Evil

HARD CORE LOGO

Screenplay by

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Revised Pages:
21,22,23,24,24A,25.
c Shadow Shows Inc.
GREEN Revisions
November 9, 1995

BLACK SCREEN. Silence. TITLES:

SHADOW SHOWS PRESENTS

AN IMPOSSIBLE FILMS PRODUCTION

Then in huge white fortress-like block letters, one after the other:

JOE DICK
BILLY TALLENT
JOHN OXENBERGER
PIPEFITTER

in

SOUND: A RIPPING GUITAR CHORD... same opening chord as Hard Day's Night.

"HARD CORE LOGO"

★ 1. INT./EXT. A HIGH-ENERGY LOW-BUDGET MUSIC VIDEO FROM THE MID-80s ★

... as we hammer into the song, "ROCK'N'ROLL IS FAT AND UGLY," we pick up the members of Hard Core Logo, dressed in Beatle suits circa 1964, running like crazy to escape a mob of screaming girls. We see shots of JOE, BILLY, JOHN and PIPE hiding in phone booths and photo booths, and so on.

INTERCUT with the band-on-the-run are shots of a horrific sight: a picnic that might have been painted by Hieronymous Bosch: grotesque, enormously fat impersonators of Elvis, Bono, Madonna, and other recognizable rock star types, are gorging themselves on some kind of meat. Scrambling around after bloody shanks, scraps and leftovers are RECORD COMPANY SUITS in rodent masks...

... PAN TO a big boiling cannibal's pot full of quivering buck naked TEENAGERS. The word "FANS" is painted on the pot. The song is called "ROCK'N'ROLL IS FAT AND UGLY."

OUTSIDE the band run to a building and seek refuge inside.

Here JOE, BILLY, JOHN and PIPE break into the cannibalistic barbeque to rescue the fans. As the song reaches its climax FAT MADONNA grabs a Gatling gun, swings it around, and opens fire on HARD CORE LOGO. The band are riddled through and through, their blood squibbing all over the place in slow motion. Four voices of dissent stifled by the corporadoes. JOE's voice screams "ROCK'N'ROLL IS FUCKIN UGGLLAYYYY!" as we segue to...

INTERCUT ongoing performance with more concept stuff: JOE, BILLY, JOHN and PIPE break into the cannibalistic barbeque to rescue the fans. They battle hand to hand with the SUITS and FAT STARS. But Hard Core Logo are overwhelmed. As the song reaches its climax with JOE screaming "ROCK'N'ROLL IS FAT'N'UGGLAYYY!" we see FAT MADONNA grab a gatling gun, swing it around, and open fire on HARD CORE LOGO and the band are riddled through and through, their blood squibbing all over the place.

1A. EXT. A VANCOUVER BEACH - NIGHT

CLOSE ON A Black and White TV SCREEN, the same video image playing on it. As the song ends, the usual caption fades up in the lower left corner of the screen, bearing the band name (HARD CORE LOGO), the song ("ROCK'n'ROLL IS FAT AND UGLY"), the label (GILT LICK/PCP) and the year (1989).

PULL BACK to reveal the battered old TV on the beach, with waves lapping around its feet. The video image is clicked off, and we HOLD ON a dot of light, until the screen fades to black.

2. EXT. AN ALLEYWAY - DAY

★ As a CAMERA ASSISTANT finishes wiping the lens and stands back...

...JOE DICK, now 34 years old, a bit seedy looking, is standing in front of a brick wall facing the camera. Behind him on the wall are the spray-painted words: "HARD CORE LOGO." Followed by the scratched-out word "RULE," followed by the word "SUCK." JOE is high-energy, very charismatic, loud.

JOE

Logo's a Greek word, okay? Means symbol or sign.

(points to a circle
with an "A" inside it
on the wall behind him)

The hard core punk logo is this circle with an A inside it. Means Direct Action. Means anarchy. Means "Question Authority." That's what punk was all about. You question the world around you. You don't like the answers you're getting, it's like, "fuck you." That's what we were all about: FUCK YOU!

JOHN steps into frame next to JOE. JOHN is articulate but soft-spoken, very self-contained. A little fragile, even.

JOHN

(to camera, haltingly)
Well... not 'fuck you' per se.

JOE

John, ya don't hafta whitewash it.

JOHN

No I'm just saying it was never like 'fuck you' to our fans or anything. We weren't 'all about' saying fuck you. It was more like fuck you to authority and conservatives and like logging companies and--

JOE

(cuts him off)

★

John? John? John?

(beat as John

looks at him)

Fuck you.

JOHN looks at his feet.

3. EXT. A VARIETY STORE, GASTOWN, VANCOUVER, - DAY

★ JOE and JOHN standing at a rotating postcard rack JOE is holding up a SERIES of postcards for the camera, showing the city of Vancouver in all its glory... . In the background TOURISTS stand around a famous steam clock in Gastown.

★ JOE and JOHN have a microphone which they are goofing with as they mock interview each other.

JOHN

Our beautiful city.

JOE

Why punk in a paradise like this, you ask?

JOHN

Well, capitalism, oppression, cynical politi--

JOE

(cuts in)

--'Cause it was fuckin BORRRRING.

'Cause THIS...

(he holds up one gorgeous cityscape postcard)

... is pure PR. Things are not as they seem here...

A SERIES OF SHOTS AS JOHN AND JOE GIVE A LITTLE TOUR:

4. ... THEY WALK ALONG HASTINGS past panhandlers, pawnshops, hookers, junkies, divey bars, the lost and the doomed gazing into the camera as it passes.

JOE
(over his shoulder)
The beautiful people.

5. ... BEHIND THE AMERICAN HOTEL ON MAIN, an extremely low-rent scary dive.

JOE
Beautiful bar. Played our first
gig here. 1978.

TOOTSIE, a hard-drinking old man, pushes out the door to the bar.

JOE
No way! Tootsie! Howzit goin'?

TOOTSIE stops, looks at the camera like a deer looks at headlights.

6. ... NOW IN FRONT OF THE SMILIN' BUDDHA SITE ON HASTINGS... like most legendary rock clubs, it's not much to look at.

JOE
Smilin Buddha. Cradle of Vancouver
punk. DOA played here. So did
Subhumans, K-Tels, Pointed Sticks,
Modernettes, tons of people. Black
Flag, Kennedys, Dils, The
Spores...

~~✱~~ JOHN ~~✱~~
Us. Hard Core Logo. Bucky played
here once.

JOE
I was there. Havin fun yet, John?

JOE throws an arm around JOHN's shoulders. Smiles, as if posing for a cheesy snapshot. JOHN smiles too, enjoying his day with Joe.

~~✱~~ 7. EXT. THE BACK OF PIPE'S PICKUP TRUCK - MOVING - NIGHT ~~✱~~

Jerky handheld shot: JOE in back with the gear, grinning at the camera as the truck races along. JOHN and PIPE are up front in the cab. Breakneck speed through the streets of Vancouver.

The camera tries to get a shot of PIPE through the back window. PIPE gives it the finger.

JOE
Whoa, bridge!!

JOE stands up in the back the anticipation on his face. His legs are apart and he grips the top of the cab, riding like a wagonmaster. He WHOOPS as the truck races over the bridge.

~~8~~ 8. FULL SCREEN SHOT OF a poster for the Hard Core Logo reunion show. It features a picture of BUCKY HAIGHT (a lean, gaunt, wasted-looking rocker) and the following words: ~~8~~

"ROCK AGAINST GUNS: a Benefit for BUCKY HAIGHT and NO MORE GUNS. Fight gun crazy wackos with the legendary... HARD CORE LOGO (breaking 5 years of silence!!!) with guests... DOA, ART BERMAN, MODERNETTES, plus GUESTS. COMMODORE BALLROOM, 8 P.M."

9. EXT. HASTINGS STREET, UNDER SAVE-ON MEATS SIGN - DAY

~~8~~ JOE and JOHN address the camera beneath a bright pink neon sign of a pig pointing repeatedly down at a green dollar sign. ~~8~~

JOHN
Anyway, tonight there's a reunion show. Looks like there'll just be the three of us.

JOE
He'll be there. He better be.

JOHN
Billy the rock star.

~~8~~ JOHN sounds just a little jealous. JOE looks at him briefly, then looks back to camera, deadpan. ~~8~~

JOE
We're getting together with some other bands from the old scene. As you can see, John's totally excited.

JOHN
(deadpan, to camera)
It's a nice break from the day job... Racing cars in France.

JOE
(jerks his head at John)
Postie. Eighteen bucks an hour.

JOHN
Coaxed me outta retirement.

JOE
Tonight's a chance to get up
there, remind people they're not
pylons, they're not fuckin speed
bumps, they got brains, wake up,
use 'em.

JOHN
Plus it's for a good cause.

JUMP CUT:

CLOSE ON JOE, alone.

JOE
Bucky Haight. Little while ago
Bucky was shot near his farm in
the prairies. Coulda been random,
coulda been a Chapman-Lennon type
thing. Nobody knows. He was hit in
the leg. Heard they had to
amputate. It's fuckin tragic.

TITLE: FOR THE BENEFIT OF MR. HAIGHT

10. AS SEEN ON A TV NEWS CAMERA - IN FRONT OF COMMODORE BALLROOM

LAURA CROMARTIE, an organizer for NO MORE GUNS is facing the TV
camera to promote the event. In the background two busking BONGO
PLAYERS knock out a beat that sounds like the opening to "Sympathy
For The Devil."

LAURA
When Joe Dick contacted me about a
benefit for his friend Bucky
Haight, I thought it would be an
excellent way to raise awareness
about this issue with younger
people.

Two years ago my husband was
shot in the head at a shopping
mall parking lot. He died in my
nine year old daughter's arms. No
one was ever caught or convicted
for the crime. I got a lot of
sympathy but no justice. I founded
No More Guns to lobby for an
outright ban on all guns in
Canada.

Bottom

Camera pulls back to show JOE standing next to Laura. KIDS in bg are shouting "JOE DICK! JOE DICK!"

11. INT./EXT. COMMODORE BALLROOM - AT THE DOORS - NIGHT

CLOSE ON a series of hands getting stamped as fans stream into the venue. The stamp is a little A inside a circle. Someone mentions the show is SOLD OUT. We hear SCALPER VOICES outside the door.

A series of short interview clips with FANS.

A teenage PUNK with a foot-high mohawk, has his face right in front of the camera. Two of his young punk FRIENDS are beside him, also begging to join the film crew.

SKATE PUNK

C'mon man, the Hard Cores are stoopid! Joe Dick's the padrino. Chairman of the board. The man is dope! ... You get us in?...

DIRECTOR

What'll you do for me?

SKATE PUNK

Ya want footage?... see some action?

The SKATE PUNK turns and punches his FRIEND in the head. The other punk fights back viciously. They bash into older FANS (mid-30s, still 'alternative' but the edge is gone) in line, who shove back, and a real fight erupts. Great footage.

12. INT. COMMODORE BALLROOM - BAND ROOM - NIGHT

JOE, JOHN and PIPE in a room crowded with other MUSICIANS. JOHN is still wearing his postie shirt. A boisterous nostalgic party/reunion atmosphere. Other musicians present include ART BERGMANN, and a GUITAR PLAYER.

We see the SKATE PUNK wander past, carrying a light stand for the Director, a backstage pass around his neck. He grins to the camera, his mouth all bloody.

13. INT. COMMODORE BALLROOM - ON-STAGE, SHOW IN PROGRESS - NIGHT

A well-known former PUNK is doing a supercharged 'spoken word' performance about the rise of paranoia and gun culture in North America. Crowd standing there, assaulted by the words. Big energy in the room. We notice JOHN watching from the side of the stage.

14. INT. COMMODORE BALLROOM - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

JOHN, PIPE and a few other MUSICIANS are laughing and talking.

PIPE

Our ideal rider? Off the top, 24
Dos Equis. 24 domestics for later.
Nothing light, no cans.

OTHER MUSICIAN

Bottle of Daniels, twenty sixer
vodka...

PIPE

(getting into this)
No, fully stocked bar on
wheels. Good fast bartender.
Chick.

JOHN

Masseuse. Four nutritious meals
at sound-check.

PIPE

Meat-heavy deli-tray, scratch
that-- banquet with like shaved
beef, served in the dressing room
right after we come off.

OTHER MUSICIAN

Whooo. La di da.

JOE joins the group. JOHN looks on smiling.

JOE

Our supermodel wives flying in on
the Concorde.

PIPE

Pound of uncut coke, just for Joe,
straight from Colombia.

JOE

Right. Few freelancers from the
Cartels to run security.

JOHN

Monster bowl of M&Ms, a Nobel
laureate hired just to pick out
the red ones.

BILLY (OS)

Stephen Hawking.

FACES TURN. Everyone looks at BILLY TALENT (still the cool poster
boy at 34), who has just arrived. BILLY mimes the truly tasteless
Stephen Hawking possibilities.

Huge laughs, except from JOHN who rarely finds this kind of humour funny. PIPE throws an arm around BILLY. Someone says, "Billy Hollywood!"

PIPE

Hey!

BILLY

Hey.

Smiles and hellos. BILLY and JOE nod to each other with a casualness that belies major tensions.

JOE

(stares at Billy)
Giant screen TV and VCR in the dressing room. Last half hour of Apocalypse Now playing just before showtime...

BILLY

Laserdisc.

JOE

(grins; looking Billy over)
That's my jacket.

Everyone looks on, almost holding their breath. Then BILLY sticks his hand out. JOE shakes it.

~~14A.~~ INT. REC ROOM HOME MOVIE FOOTAGE - DAY

Faded colour ~~super~~ 8 film of JOE and BILLY at the age of thirteen, with bad 70's haircuts, in a 70's rec room (Rush posters, fake wood panelling, orange shag carpet), hammering away at cheap little electric guitars, doing comical rock star poses.

← STICK IN GATE?

15. INT. COMMODORE BALLROOM - FROM THE WINGS OF THE STAGE - NIGHT

LAURA CROMARTIE at the microphone, centre stage. CROWD CHEERING. Someone chanting "HAAAARD CORRRRRRES!" from the floor.

In the wings JOE is bouncing up and down to get his adrenaline rushing as Laura makes the announcement. He bounces into BILLY. BILLY shoves him back.

LAURA

Can I have your attention please?
VAN-couver's FAVE-orite bad boys
of punk, the once unstoppable, the
now un-top-able... HARD... KEY...
LAAARGGGGGGO!!!

JOE stops bouncing. LAURA steps back applauding then waves the guys on stage. BILLY laughing. JOE not happy.

PIPE circles LAURA, staring at her as she leaves the stage. He sits at his kit. JOHN plugs in. The CROWD is cheering.

BILLY shuffles on stage, a smoke hanging from his lips. The crowd goes nuts. The guys tune up for a moment as the crowd keeps whooping, then:

JOE strides out to an explosion of cheers, grabs the mike, looms over the crowd.

JOE

HOW THE FUCK ARE YA OUT THERE?

(big cheer from crowd)

Been stayin out of trouble?

BULLSHIT! I seen you on Robson,
shoppin American at Ralph Lauren.

Seen you cuttin your ponytails
cause you heard there's a punk
rock revival on. Well what the
fuck makes you think WE'RE part of
it?!!...

(another big crowd WHOOP)

Yeah look at you now: WHO THE
HELL DO YOU THINK YOU ARE!!!?
WHO THE HELL DO YOU THINK YOU
ARE, ANYWAYYYYYYY?

The band kicks into "WHO THE HELL DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?" and they play it hard, with intense, raw manic energy. BILLY opens with a ripping electric riff. JOE howls the words into the mike. BILLY steps to his mike to double JOE's vocal on the chorus. They belt out the words, playing the shit out of it, as if the words are meant for each other.

JOE SINGS

OUT FOR DINNER AT CHEZ HENRI
WHO THE HELL DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?
RUDE TO THE WAITER CAUSE HE LOOKS LIKE ME
WHO THE HELL DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?

TIP THE VALET TO GET YOUR ROLLS
WHO THE HELL DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?
TAKE A HOOKER TO THE CYPRESS BOWL
WHO THE HELL DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?
WHO THE HELL DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?

Song continues through more verses. The whole room is pumped with the band's energy: it is loud, hot, sweaty. Fans of various ages are moshing and pogoing and going nuts just like the old days. We notice CELINE in the crowd, watching impassively.

SUBTLES?

The SKATE PUNK gets on stage and rocks out beside JOE for a second before JOE grabs him and throws him off into the sea of slamming bodies.

JOE goes to BILLY's mike to sing the chorus with him. CLOSE ON their faces, inches apart, howling "WHO THE HELL DO YOU THINK YOU ARE!" at each other over and over.

16. INT. COMMODORE BALLROOM - BACKSTAGE HALLWAY - NIGHT

AS THE SHOW ENDS... the guys are striding down the narrow backstage hall, straight at the camera, which is backing up in a hurry. WHOOPS and YELLS from the BAND as they charge along, drenched with sweat, totally pumped. CROWD CHEERING and WHISTLING (OS) and chanting 'HARD CORE! HARD CORE!'...

17. INT. COMMODOORE BALLROOM - MOMENTS LATER, BACKSTAGE - A FAST-PACED, JERKY DOCUMENTARY-STYLE PARTY SEQUENCE - NIGHT

The camera picks up BILLY surrounded by admirers, a PHOTOGRAPHER busy snapping his picture... PIPE and JADE French kissing until PIPE notices the camera. He yells "FUCK OFF" and flicks a beer cap at us...

... we pick up JOE making his way with two beers through the crowded backstage area. Works his way past STEVE MULLIGAN...

STEVE MULLIGAN

Got a phone yet?

JOE

Nope.

STEVE MULLIGAN

We'll talk later.

... JOE passes JOHN and his smart, protective girlfriend CELINE. She is looking concerned.

CELINE

(to John)

Are you sure because you know I don't mind. Go. Stay. Whatever. You decide.

JOHN shrugs. He obviously wants to stick around.

JOE

Hey Celine.

She nods coolly at him as he moves on by. Finally JOE reaches BILLY, hands him a beer. Toasts him.

JOE
That was fuckin GREAT!
(off BILLY'S
noncommittal shrug)
You're such an asshole.

FLASH BASTARD GUY
(gives the guys a thumbs-up)
He-hey! You guys're the shit, man.
(to Billy)
Hear yer in Jennifer. You old dog.

JOE and BILLY look at each other, then back to the guy.

17A. INT. COMMODORE BALLROOM - BACKSTAGE BATHROOM - NIGHT

As BILLY combs hair in mirror.... The party going just outside,
loud. A MARILYN MONROE IMPERSONATOR is in the background.

BILLY
All those young girls dancing.
Kinda like nymphs in a forest.
Fast moving nymphs. Didn't feel so
bad seeing that.

DIRECTOR (OS)
(sounds muffled)
So's this Jennifer thing serious?

BILLY
Jennifer? Yeah it's a pretty big
step. The big contract, all that.
I filled in on a few Lollapalooza
dates when Earl went down with the
flu. Then there was the accident.
So um, looks like I'm stepping in
full time. Ed's just working out
the papers. Green card, all that.

17 CONT'D. INT. COMMODORE BALLROOM - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

JOE, BILLY and the totally impressed FLASH BASTARD GUY are where
we left them backstage.

FLASH BASTARD GUY
Y'know, for a band that sells a
lotta fuckin records Jennifer's
pretty cool.

JOE
Jennifer sucks.

BILLY
Not anymore.

JOE
Bill-man, I got a proposal for ya.

BILLY
Look I'm on camera here.

JOE
Won't be the last time. C'mon.

JOE walks him away from the camera.

In the background LAURA CROMARTIE stands on a chair. The camera focuses on her.

LAURA CROMARTIE
Excuse me everybody? Helllllo!
Thank you... I just want you to
know, tonight we took in just over
twelve thousand dollars. Thank
you!

She claps vigorously. Some clapping from around the room. We focus again on JOE, who has BILLY by the sleeve and they are looking at each other.

18. EXT. A DINER CALLED "S'IL VOUS PLAIT" - NIGHT

From outside the plate glass we see JOE, BILLY and STEVE MULLIGAN talking intently at a booth. An Edward Hopper "Nighthawks" feel. Freaks and geeks wander by outside.

19. A SERIES OF IMAGES OVER BLACK LIMBO BACKGROUND:

Turning wheels, the moon, a loonie, a tire, a yin/yang circle, a CD, a snare drum, a plate o' fries, a round ashtray, a nerf ball flying through the air, the neon sign from the Smilin' Buddha....

20. EXT. A PHONE BOOTH - DAY

JOE is on the phone leaving a message for John.

JOE
... yeah so since the reunion was
so huge people started puttin on
the pressure. Got some advance
money out of Mulligan. Billy's got
some time off his busy schedule...
so pack your bags, John-man, looks
like we're doin a little tour.

21. INT. STEVE MULLIGAN'S OFFICE - DAY

STEVE MULLIGAN talks to camera while shooting 'nerf' baskets into a hoop high on the wall.

2 TITLE: STEVE MULLIGAN, BOOKING AGENT

STEVE MULLIGAN

(to camera)

You saw the crowd there. Just made sense to me. Right now they can ride the whole punk nostalgia thing. Could get them good crowds in the smaller venues. Very easy little tour to book. And Billy being the new guitarist for Jennifer might help pull in some more people. Not to take anything away from Joe or the other guys.

22. INT. JOE'S KITCHEN - DAY

CLOSE ON a BUCKY HAIGHT poster. Bucky looks lean, drop-dead cool, junked-out, and wears a baggy, electric blue Hank Williams suit. He has an open shirt and a heart-shaped blue tattoo over his heart. At the top of the poster are the words BLUE TATTOO.

JOE (OS)

Five cities.

TILT DOWN to reveal JOE and BILLY sitting at JOE's kitchen table, facing the camera.

JOE and BILLY point out the tour stops on a big wrinkled road map of Western Canada. (Calgary, Regina, Winnipeg, Saskatoon, Edmonton and Vancouver).

JOE

Alright, here's the battle ground.
We are... here. Vancouver.

(points out Vancouver)

... and we're going to Cowtown.

(points to Calgary)

Vagina. The 'Peg. Toontown,
Deadmonton. We travel light, we
move fast. Boom. Any questions?

BILLY

We get hotels, we don't sleep in
the van and we don't stay at band
houses.

(to camera)

We don't want to make this some
bullshit trip down memory lane.

JOE makes a snotty mocking face, which BILLY just catches.

BILLY
Oh one more thing before I do
this... blow me.

JOE
... What?

BILLY
...a kiss. Blow me a kiss.

JOE
Fuck off.

BILLY
(stands to leave)
Okay. Have it your way...

JOE
What Billy wants, Billy gets.
(blows him a kiss)
Oh and I have something else for
ya.

He pulls his hand from behind his back, gives Billy the finger.

BILLY
Whatever. When we get back I'm a
done deal, we give Hard Core a
decent burial... Right?

JOE doesn't answer. Just smiles enigmatically.

23. INT. STEVE MULLIGAN'S OFFICE - DAY

STEVE MULLIGAN facing camera again.

STEVE MULLIGAN
You do it for love at this level.
Overall they might gross, say, six
K. Out of that comes my fifteen
percent, plus van, food, gas,
hotels for four guys going three
thousand miles in five days. You
figure it out.

24. INT. JOE'S KITCHEN - DAY

JOE
(to camera)
Welcome to Canada, man.

25. EXT. OUTSIDE THE NIAGARA HOTEL ON PENDER STREET - NIGHT

Downtown fleabag with a cool neon sign depicting Niagara Falls.

BILLY (OS)

I don't have to be back Stateside
til the end of the month...so...
you know. Might be fun.

26. INT. HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

The room has a Polynesian theme: thatched roof bar, velvet paintings of bare breasted native women, etc. BILLY is at the bar, drinking a coffee, gazing at one of the paintings.

BILLY

Be good to get out there, see the
Joe-man spitting again. Pipe's a
freak of nature. And John... yeah
there's John, his whole condition.
You'll have fun, Mr. Cameraman.

27. EXT. AT WRECK BEACH WITH JOHN AND HIS GIRLFRIEND CELINE - DAY

Standing naked, facing the camera, holding hands like John and Yoko. CELINE holds a drink. JOHN stands fidgeting. Other NUDISTS in bg. Optical black bars cover their genitals to preserve our "R" rating.

JOHN

In literature you talk about
closure, when you tie things up,
bring 'em to a proper end. When
the band broke up it just didn't
end right. Fell apart, nothing
resolved.

CELINE

It was very... hurtful.

JOHN

Yeah. Kaboom. If we could have
that last night back, things
might've been very different.

(to Celine)

Very different.

CELINE

Could be.

JOHN

For sure. Different story.

CELINE

Well... now you can go out and
show what a really great band you
were. Play for the camera, record
it for... uh...

JOHN
Posterity.

CELINE
Yes. Then our life can go back to
normal.

JOHN
Yeah. We'll see what happens.

Pause. She looks at him, whispers in his ear. He looks at her
almost meekly.

JOHN
It means we'll see what happens...
it doesn't mean anything.

JOHN smiles, tries to give her a hug. She bristles slightly.

~~28.~~ 28. EXT. PIPE'S PORCH - DAY

PIPEFITTER leans against the porch rail, a beer in his hand, FACING
CAMERA. His girlfriend JADE is beside him. Behind him in the alley
is his battered old truck.

PIPE
Well you know, Bruce...
 (rocks back and forth
 to a beat in his head)
... I'm a drummer, I'm a walkin'
backbeat. I feel it every minute
of every day. Don't know why I
quit playin after we split. Think
back, probly coulda gone on,
formed a new band. Come out from
behind the kit. Done some singin.
Call the band "Snow Axe." Somethin
like that. Maybe done some session
work on the side... But ya come
out of punk you're not thinkin in
those terms, like you're a
professional... Spent the last few
years in the uh hauling
business... Anyway Joe figures
we'll pull two grand each outta
the tour. Sounds good to me. Fix
my clutch. Cover some bills. Feel
pretty good about that.
 (smiles at JADE)
Finalize my divorce.

JADE kisses him on the cheek, knowing he'll never get round to it.

29. INT. JOE'S KITCHEN - DAY

JOE facing the camera as he sits at the table.

JOE

It's not what I get out of the
tour, it's what the people get.
I'm just a slave to the people.

DIRECTOR (OS)

There's nothing to look forward to
for yourself?

JOE

(deep breath, then:)
Definitely. When I get on stage
with Hard Core Logo, I know
exactly who I am and why I'm here
and who my friends are. Enda
story.

★ 30. EXT. ALLEY OUTSIDE PIPE'S PLACE - NIGHT INTO DAY ~~TIME LAPSE~~ *BURSTS*

JOHN and PIPE standing with instrument cases and suitcases.
Waiting. Smoking. Looking up and down the deserted street.

Superimposed over is the date : "September 21, 1995, 5:50 a.m."

TIME LAPSE SHOT as they wait and wait. A little mound of cigarette
butts growing on the sidewalk.

PIPE

Time you got?

JOHN

Eight thirty.

★ A boxy van pulls up behind the camera crew's blue van. JOE jumps
out, opens the side door. PIPE and JOHN throw their stuff inside,
climb wearily in.

31. INT./EXT. SHOTS ON THE ROAD - MOVING - DAY

... the Fraser Valley as seen from the van...

... the guys inside the van: JOE driving, BILLY (Walkman on) and
PIPE sleeping, JOHN jotting in his notebook...

★ ... dreamy DISSOLVES of scenery: looming mountains as they pass
through the town of HOPE, into the Fraser Canyon, past cheesy
attractions like Bedrock Village and Hell's Gate, tunnels, little
towns like YALE and BOSTON BAR, signs calling this highway "The
Goldrush Trail." The scenery is stunning: all mountains and gorges
and cliffs and rivers...

... JOHN notes as the van passes a sign for the town of SPUIZZUM...

JOHN (VO)

September 21, a.m. SpuiZZum.
Spastic jism. Sizzling Puzzle.
Humping cousins. Fuzzy bum. How
the hell does a place get named
SpuiZZum? ... Why the hell are two
grown men still calling
themselves Joe Dick and Billy
Tallent? When they gave
themselves those names, they were
16, 17. Question is, when do they
stop using them? At 40? 50? 60?
You wonder if they remember their
real selves: Joe Mulgrew. Bill
Boisy. Then there's Pipe. Can't
even remember his real name. I
used to want a punk handle too.
Just couldn't find one that fit. I
was always just John. John
Oxenberger. John the bass player.
John from Hard Core Logo. Maybe I
never had a real self to throw
away like those guys.

32. INT. HUNGRY HERBIE'S RESTAURANT, CACHE CREEK - DAY

JOE and JOHN sit at a table by the window. The van parked right outside. We can see PIPE asleep in the passenger seat.

JOHN

Think we should wake him up?

JOE

Nah, get him something to go.

JOE pulls a cassette tape out of his jacket and lays it on the table. JOHN looks at it without reacting.

JOE

Off the board at the benefit.
Totally rocks.

JOE smiles, glances over at BILLY, who is getting his food from the counter.

JOHN

How much this cost?

JOE

Comes out of the advance from
McRoberts long with the T-shirts.

JOHN
Shirts...?

JOE
Half our take's in merch, Johnny.

JOHN picks up the cassette, looks it over. It is titled "Herd It Through the Bovine" and the cover is a crude felt-pen drawn picture of a cartoon cow taking a steaming shit.

JOE
Spur of the moment thing.

JOHN
Yeah, you do the drawing?

JOE
(getting defensive)
...Yyyeah.

More silence. JOE leans forward aggressively. Taps the cassette.

JOE (cont'd)
Best thing we've done in years,
right here.

JOHN
Looks like a bootleg.

JOE
Fuck you it does.

JOHN
It does.

BILLY
(sliding in next to
John; picks up the
cassette)
It does.

JOE
(slaps the table)
Fuck you. It's perfect.

He snatches the tape back from BILLY, eats quietly. JOHN and BILLY watch him until he gets uncomfortable. JOE stands abruptly.

JOE
It's fine.

JOE goes irritably to the cash register. JOHN pulls a vial of pills out. Pops the cap. BILLY stands.

BILLY
Looks like a bootleg.

JOHN gulps down a pill with his coke, stands, follows the guys out.

33. INT. THE ONLY SEAFOOD RESTAURANT, VANCOUVER - DAY

JOE eating chowder, talking to DIRECTOR.

JOE
Used to be when we were famous,
at the peak of our 'fame', we'd
sell a hundred T-shirts a night.
'Course those were the days when
we managed ourselves. Boked our
own tours. Two grand a show, best
of hotel rooms. Tons o' booze on
the rider. Driver. Before fuckin'
Ed Festus we always turned a
profit.

DIRECTOR
(off mike, barely heard)
How do you feel about Ed Festus
managing Billy in L.A.?

JOE
I'm not talkin' about Festus.
That subject is dead to me...
seriously.

34. *** INT. THE VAN - MOVING THROUGH MOUNTAINS - DAY. ***

JOHN at the wheel. PIPE is sleeping in the chair beside him. BILLY lies in back reading. JOE leans forward and slips the tape into the deck up front. The speakers HISS as the tape starts to run.

JOE
Listen to this, negative boy.

Then JOE'S VOICE from the benefit show mumbles along until: "WHO THE HELL DO YOU THINK YOU ARE!!!" ... Then the tape player eats the tape with a messy sound. Then silence.

JOE
Fuck.

PIPE
(lurching awake)
Where are we?

JOHN
Just past Cache Creek.
(to Joe)
What happened there?

JOE
(fiddling with deck)
It's toast.

PIPE
We gonna stop and eat soon?

No answer. The others look guilty: in the heat of their argument they forgot to get PIPE his food. PIPE looks at the others accusingly.

PIPE
You fuckin' stopped.

JOE
(settles back into seat)
You looked like you needed the sleep.

PIPE
Maybe I did but now I'm fuckin hungry and now I gotta wizz like a racehorse, so let's pull over.

JOE
Think you can hang on til the next stop?

PIPE
No I fucking can't.
(to Billy)
Whatchew have? ... Huh!?

BILLY
Coffee...
(grins at Joe)
... big side of fries... Double Monster.

PIPE
You stopped at HERBIE'S!!??? Fuck this shit! John, turn the van around.

JOE
Pipe, we forgot. Relax.

PIPE

Turn it the fuck around.

★ He glares psychotically at JOHN. JOHN glances questioningly back to JOE. ★

★ JOE ★

Keep going.

PIPE

Did I or didn't I say wake me
when we get to Herbie's....
HUH!!???

JOHN/JOE/BILLY

No.

PIPE

FUCK THAT!!!

JOE

(wearily)

Pipe, it's not a big deal. Just
hang on, we'll get you something
up ahead.

PIPE

(unzipping his jeans,
quaking with rage)

You KNOW I love Herbie's. We
ALWAYS stop at Herbie's, and I
ALWAYS have a Double Monster. Now
you turn fuckin around or I piss
right here. I'm serious!

(no answer from Joe)

Hey!

★ JOHN ★

Joe?

★ JOE ★

You snooze you lose, Pipe.

BILLY

Let the guy take a leak.

JOE

No.

BILLY

So that's like your final say?

JOE

Final as the word of God.

BILLY
Oh well, Pipe.

* PIPE lurches to his feet, whips out his dick as he stumbles into the back area. *

JOE
You're a fucking child.

* BILLY *
John, pull over.

* JOE *
John, keep driving.

PIPE
It's gonna blow! It's gonna blow!

* JOE and BILLY exchange amused looks. JOHN looks uncertain at the wheel, not sure whose orders to take. PIPE stands there with his dick in his hand, a 'go ahead, make my day' look on his face. *

JOE
(to Pipe)
Okay, little fighter.

PIPE
Pullin over?

JOE
Okay, little fighter.

PIPE zips up triumphantly, takes a step back.

PIPE
Alright then.

JOE
(to Pipe)
NOW SIDDOWN!!!!

PIPE steps back, startled, and his foot goes right through the van's floor. He SCREAMS, loses his balance, his leg is dangling down the hole.

PIPE
Aaaagh! My leg! Joe! AAAAAAGH!!!

JOE and BILLY leap to help him. PIPE is SCREAMING; JOHN slams on the brakes. Everyone flies forward in a heap. The van stops.

JOHN

Wh-what happened! Pipe?

No answer. JOE and BILLY pull PIPE up, fearing the worst, expecting a mangled stump... but PIPE'S leg is unscathed. He sits down shaking, freaked out.

BILLY

Y'okay, man?

PIPE shakes his head. He looks like he's going to cry. BILLY hands him a smoke. JOHN squeezes out of the seat and moves into the back. He puts a hand on PIPE's shoulder. JOE is gazing down through the hole in the floor. Road visible below. A flap of shag carpet was covering the hole. JOHN joins JOE looking down the hole.

JOHN

Nice van Joe.

JOE

Fuck.

PIPE is smoking furiously. JOHN seems lost staring into the hole. JOE goes to PIPE, comforts him.

JOE

You gonna be okay Pipe?

(no answer)

You gonna go for that spray?

PIPE just looks up at him, humiliated and depressed.

JOE and BILLY look at PIPE, notice a large pee stain on the front of his pants. JOE nods sympathetically. Then he and BILLY turn away, stifling laughter.

35. EXT. A ROADSIDE FRUIT STAND - DAY

We focus on JOE and PIPE (in fresh jeans) at the fruit stand, paying for Pipe's food: candy, chocolate, other junk food... and no fruit. PIPE takes his food and we track with them past JOHN at a phone booth.

JOHN

(into phone)

... Fine... yeah I'm okay. Yeah I miss you... bye.

JOHN hangs up, looks a bit anxious. JOE pauses.

JOE

Only been gone six hours.

REVISED NOV 9/95
25. GREEN

35. EXT. A ROADSIDE FRUIT STAND - DAY

We focus on JOE and PIPE (in fresh jeans) at the fruit stand, paying for Pipe's food: candy, chocolate, other junk food... and no fruit. PIPE takes his food and we track with them past JOHN at a phone booth.

JOHN
(into phone)
... Fine... yeah I'm okay. Yeah I miss you... bye.

JOHN hangs up, looks a bit anxious. JOE pauses.

JOE
Only been gone six hours.

CUT TO:

36. A SERIES OF DIRECT ADDRESS ANSWERS TO CAMERA. The guys are in separate places alone (i.e. JOE in his kitchen, PIPE on his porch, BILLY at hotel, JOHN on the beach)

DIRECTOR (OS)
So why did Hard Core break up?

JOE
Musical differences.

BILLY
Unmusical differences. All under the bridge now. Let's just enjoy the tour.

JOHN
We were finally getting a lot of attention. There was talk of a European tour. Our third album on Gilt Lick was getting a big buzz.

JOE
It was a lot of things.

JOHN

We brought in Ed Festus to manage us full-time. Some good contacts there, suddenly we were getting big label offers. Money caused a lot of tension.

PIPE

Last show. New York, right? Night we were s'posed to sign "The Deal."

BILLY

I don't dwell on it. We were a band for twelve years, then we stopped being one. Simple.

JOHN

With Joe and Billy it went deeper than money though. Way deeper.

JOE

Political differences.

PIPE

So there was the president of Sire Records sitting right there by the stage. We're halfway through "Somethin's Gonna Die" and Joe jumps off the stage and onto that table.

JOHN

Joe always had a thing for the grand gesture.

PIPE

He drops his fuckin pants...

JOE

Didn't want to be just another commodity.

PIPE

... and pisses on Seymour Stein's table.

JOHN

Billy always said Joe feared success.

PIPE
And he like yells into the mike,
"SELL THAT! SELL THAT, YOU
CORPORATE WEASEL!"
(pause, takes a
slug of beer)
Talk about game over...

TITLE: THE ENCHANTED FOREST

PIPE (OS)
(sourced inside van)
Check it out. Member of the tribe.

37. INT. THE VAN - STOPPED AT THE SIDE OF THE HIGHWAY

A punkish young man (wearing a tight black toque, ripped black jeans, Docs, about 19) tosses his bag into the van and tumbles in after it. He sits next to BILLY, pulls off his toque, wipes his head. He is a SKINHEAD, with the word "BEER" tattooed on his forehead. JOHN stares at him, but glances away to the camera when the skinhead gives him a challenging look.

Outside we notice a sign for the roadside attraction, The Enchanted Forest (giant mushrooms, gnomes, fairies). The side door slams and the van pulls away.

JOE
Far you going?

SKINHEAD
Calgary.

PIPE
Lucky you.

SKINHEAD
Right on.
(glances to camera)
Whatssa deal?

JOHN
These guys are making a film
about my band's tour.

JOE lets that one ride. The SKINHEAD nods to himself. Says nothing. Then a big mocking idiot grin to camera.

PIPE
So... brings you out here?

SKINHEAD
Headin' home from Hongcouver. Got
dumped. Little business trip.

JOHN
Kind of business?

SKINHEAD
Saving the country kind of
business.

BILLY
(Laughs.)
Saving it from what?

SKINHEAD
Saving it from who.

The SKIN looks to camera. Free advertising.

SKINHEAD
Canada for Canadians, man. You
guys are white; you know what I'm
sayin.

JOE
No, 'man', what are you saying?

SKINHEAD
I'm sayin look around. This
country's going to shit with all
the Pakis and slants they let in
here. Gettin all the fuckin
welfare. Takin all the jobs from
guys like us. We gotta stand up
for our rights, man.

JOE and PIPE look at each other and wince. The SKINHEAD looks at
the guys, his face a mask of ugly defiant hatred. BILLY stares
back and starts to laugh his head off.

BILLY
We're drivin a Nazi to Calgary!

SKINHEAD
What, you guys the Bureau of
Correct Thought or something?

PIPE
No, sonnyboy, we're Hard Core
Logo.

SKINHEAD
(snorts)
Never heard of you.

JOE slams on the brakes.

37A. LOOKING OUT THE REAR WINDOW AT THE SKINHEAD, his bag on the road beside him, giving the van a proud Nazi salute (and yelling "Zeig Heil, Mothafuckas!!!") as we pull away. Tall mountains visible behind him.

BILLY (OS)
Good call, Pipe.

PIPE (OS)
I didn't know he'd be a Nazi. The skins I remember were these dumb clowns who pogoed to ska and never got laid.

38. EXT. VARIOUS GORGEOUS MOUNTAIN VIEWS - DAY

as the speck of a van makes its way along the winding ribbon of highway... and

39. INSERT:

Old Parks Canada documentary/promotional footage of Lake Louise and Banff, with music and cheesy narration: (E.g. "Lake Louise: this jewel nestled high in its spectacular Rocky Mountain setting means 'Canada' to travellers from all over the world!...").

40. INT. THE VAN ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF CALGARY - MOVING - NIGHT

A view of the city's twinkling lights as the van speeds towards the centre of town. Dialogue over.

JOE (OS)
Time zit?

JOHN (OS)
Nine-thirty.

JOE (OS)
Okay fuck the two forty five minute sets, we'll give 'em a straight hour-ten. Pipe, you load us in. Billy, tune the strings. John, you draw up a stage plot.

BILLY (OS)
What you gonna do?

JOE (OS)
Manage.

41. INT. MEAT MARKET CLUB, CALGARY - ON-STAGE - NIGHT.

Encore time. The crowd whistling, cheering and stomping. The place is packed, sweaty, full of energy and excitement.

TOWN RAMP
ANGLE
"LEFT"

JOE and the band take the stage for an encore. The crowd explodes. JOE takes the mike and is about to speak but the CHEERING gets louder. JOE and BILLY look at each other and all they can do is grin. JOE tries to talk but the CHEERING continues. BILLY lights a smoke. A moment as the band soaks it up.

JOE
(into mike)
OKAY, ONE LAST SONG.

The CHEERING goes on. The band simply kicks into a tune: a fast-paced high-energy cover ("Sonic Reducer" by the Dead Boys).

As JOE screams the words into the mike, the MUSIC level fades and JOHN's VOICE reads over:

JOHN (VO)
September 22, early a.m.
Calgary's the same as ever: big
friendly smiling beef-eating
faces. Good faces here. Better
than L.A. with its go-for-it
stoner faces, or Toronto with its
smug little rat faces or Montreal
with its separatist chainsmoker
faces. I always felt welcome here.
These are non-judgmental faces.
They do what they're told.

View from the back of the stage as they play, crowd faces in the background.

TITLE: "THE POST-SHOW INTERVIEW"

42. INT. MEAT MARKET CLUB, CALGARY - AT A TABLE - NIGHT

JOE and BILLY sit with a young, FEMALE, know-it-all, streetsmart alternative press music JOURNALIST. A tape recorder sits on the table between them, along with several bottles of beer. JOE and BILLY smoke throughout (the JOURNALIST does not). A PHOTOGRAPHER circles the table taking shots. In the background we see PIPE and JOHN shooting pool.

JOURNALIST
(to Billy)
So how did the whole thing with
Jennifer come about?

BILLY
I used to just sorta jam with
Trevor when I first went down to
LA. We hung out a lot and stuff,
and when Earl got sick I got the
call.

whole page
✱

JOURNALIST

So you're officially part of the band, or you're basically a hired gun?

BILLY

Somethin in between. We'll see how it goes.

(tries to steer it to Joe)

Um, why don't we talk about--

JOURNALIST

So you'll be recording their next record too?

JOE

Hey! What're we talking about here!

BILLY

(to journalist)

Yeah, let's talk about Hard Core.

JOURNALIST

(mildly patronising)

Joe Dick, you once said the music industry is the stupidest, sleaziest, most boring business in the entire world. Still feel that way?

JOE

Yeah. Not music, music industry.

JOURNALIST

How about you, Billy?

BILLY

...What... I dunno.

JOURNALIST

(to Joe)

So to quote one of your own songs, rock 'n' roll is still fat and ugly?

JOE DICK

Naw, not anymore. Rock'n'roll's got a personal trainer now. Had lyposuction, tummy tuck, got its own tanning bed. It's a fuckin sales tool now. The big beer commercial.

~~32~~

page
dialogue

☆

JOURNALIST

So where does that leave Hard Core
Logo?

BILLY

(looks around the room;
throws his arms wide)
... little club in Calgary.

JOE

Fuck you.

BILLY

Fuck you the sequel.

JOE and BILLY look at each other.

JOE

(to journalist)
Hard Core is right where it's
always been, attitude-wise. We're
playin the songs as hard and mean
as we ever did, and we still mean
it, eh Billy?

BILLY

Sure. I'd agree with that.

JOURNALIST

(to Billy)
I read an interview where Ed
Festus calls you one of the top
five thrash guitarists of all
time.

BILLY

I dunno about that.

JOE

Please... Ed has a thing for him.
Always has.

BILLY

(looks at Joe)
Lots of people do.

JOE

Yeah can we change the subject
here, I'm startin to hate this.

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33 32 A

X

JOURNALIST

Festus also said you guys fought like a pair of kids all the time.

JOE

Well some 'o that's true, we got along too well, music might suck.

BILLY

I suffer for your art.

JOE

Keeps you honest.

JOURNALIST

(beat)

Ssso. Does Hard Core Logo have a future?

JOE

Yes. Now do me a favour?

JOURNALIST

Sure.

JOE

Fuck off?

43. EXT. OUTSIDE MEAT MARKET CLUB, CALGARY - NIGHT

BILLY, JOHN and PIPE are getting hot dogs from a street vendor who wears a cowboy hat. The hot dog cart has coloured paper lanterns strung up around it. In the background JOE is giving some T-shirts to teenage GIRLS.

BILLY

Well yeah, they sent a limo over to take me to the space.

PIPE

Really. So what's their rehearsal space like? Plush, eh?

BILLY

Okay. Tons of equipment... Chili Peppers are on the floor below.

PIPE

Wow... So few weeks it's gonna be like Pipe can I call you back, my accountant's on the other line, or the pool cleaners are here, or like I'm meeting Courtney Love for dinner, right?

X

(dialogue changes)

X BILLY
Yeah Pipe.

PIPE
Or like you're having sex with
Courtney Love. Think she'd go out
with you?

BILLY
Hasn't been on my mind a whole
lot, Pipe.

PIPE
Hey. Drummer ever loses an arm or
anything you know who to call.

X BILLY
Okay, Pipe.

In the bg JOE hugs the T-shirt girls and approaches the guys.

BILLY
We staying at the Westward again?

JOE
'Kay I got a proposal. If we leave
now, we hit Regina one-thirty
tomorrow. Catch about five hours
sleep before soundcheck. Then we
get the same rooms after the gig.
Save the bills tonight. Make
sense? I'll drive.

JOE strides toward the van, BILLY looks at the others, taps the
side of his nose knowingly.

44. INT./EXT. THE VAN ON THE ROAD - MOVING - NIGHT

JOE at the wheel, glazed eyes staring straight ahead. BILLY is in
the seat next to him, JOHN and PIPE sleep in back.
The camera is just behind the guys in the space between front
seats. It is raining hard outside and the wipers are on.

BILLY
Touch of Evil.

JOE
La Dolce Vita.

BILLY
Alphaville.

JOE
Lolita

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BILLY
Alphaville ends with an 'E'.

JOE
Okay.... um, Eraserhead.

BILLY
Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid.

JOE
'less they come from Seattle...
Um... Dead Ringers.

BILLY
Sssstrange... no... SSSSSpinal
Tap.

 DIRECTOR (OS) 
.....Parenthood.

BILLY makes a game show "BUZZER" sound. Looks to camera.

BILLY
Sorry, the category is cool
movies. Not dumb movies.

JOE
(to camera)
Loser.
(to Billy)
Don't you ever get sick of cool?

BILLY
No... You got one or what.

JOE
Okay... P... P... The Passenger.

BILLY
(BUZZER noise again)
Starts with 'T' not 'P'.

JOE
Fuck you talkin about?
"Passenger, The Passenger."
What's the dif?

BILLY
We'll let it go. Passenger...R...
Rosemary's Baby.

JOE
Bastard, nothin good starts with
a "Y".... Yyyyyyyyyyyentl...

BILLY does the BUZZER again.

JOE
... Youngblood...
(Billy's BUZZER)
Yyyyyoung and Restless.

BILLY
That's a soap.

JOE
Yabadabadoo... You Suck...
Yyyyesterday's Lunch... Young At
Heart!

BILLY
What's that?

JOE
Frank Sinatra, Doris Day. Frank's
a depressed lounge singer. Doris
feels sorry for him and marries
him. Frank doesn't think he
deserves her love so he cracks up
his car on purpose.

BILLY
Does he die?

JOE
Naw ends up back with Doris.

BILLY
(BUZZER noise)

JOE
I'm too tired to fuckin think.

BILLY
Still okay for driving?

JOE
Yeah.

JOE blinking at the road ahead. ZOOM onto the road ahead, the white
line. The van begins to veer around on it a bit.

BILLY
Joe?

JOE
I'm fine!

BILLY glances to camera.

45. INT. THE VAN - MOVING - PRAIRIES - AS THE SUN RISES IN THE EAST

Driving with the sun coming up dead ahead of the van on the highway. The guys are unshaven; they're starting to look ripe. The van is a sty. JOE is still driving, staring straight into the sun like some mystic in a trance. BILLY is reading. PIPE is busy squeezing the rolls of flab on his gut into interesting shapes. HE stops when he sees the camera on him. Looks at JOHN suspiciously. JOHN is writing in his book, pauses to take another pill.

PIPE

What's all this writing shit?

JOHN

Nothing. Road stories.

PIPE sneers, looks away, broods. JOHN returns to writing.

46. INT. VIEWS OF PRAIRIE FROM THE VAN - MOVING - DAY

Shots of "Saksatchewan Wheat Pool" grain elevators and other structures as the van nears Regina.

JOHN (VO)

September 22. Afternoon. Had my flying dream again last night. I'm free, riding thermals over a rocky beach and WHOOSH all the air gets sucked out of the sky by some god with a straw and I fall watching the rocks grow larger below, rushing up to meet my face, and I know if I hit them I'll never wake up, I know I'm going to feel my teeth breaking into my mouth and my skull shattering and my brain splashing like wet clay into the tidal pools. As I fall I know this is no benign passing from one world to a better one, but a jolt of unimaginable and pointless pain before a total final negation and erasure of all that I am. So I figure I better wake up. All tolled, a shitty night's sleep. Joe hasn't slept in something like thirty-two hours. Probably scored some blow. He's driven every single mile. You'd think he was hauling a cross or something.

CITY CENTRE

47. EXT. MOTOR HOTEL WALKWAY - DAY

~~★~~ SLOW MOTION shot of the JOE, BILLY, JOHN and PIPE striding toward us down the walkway on the second floor of the motor hotel.

They pause, checking room numbers. They are outside two adjacent rooms. They drop their bags. JOE has two sets of keys in hand. He holds one set out vaguely toward JOHN or PIPE. BILLY grabs the keys.

BILLY

John?

He opens the door. PIPE follows JOE.

48. INT. BILLY AND JOHN'S ROOM - DAY

JOHN's bag is open and he's showing the camera what kind of stuff he's packed for the tour. Outside, on the balcony, in the b.g., we see BILLY on the phone. JOHN continues with his show and tell.

JOHN

(pulling things out)

Two pairs of pants... T-shirts...
Sam Shepard plays, life blood,
man... shaving kit... notebook...
pens... strings... and ... Where's
my prescription....?

Commotion in the background: BILLY is agitated, angry, arguing, pacing with the phone. He finally slams the phone down. His shoulders sag. Then he throws the phone.

49. INT. "THE PUMP" CLUB, REGINA - BACKSTAGE/DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Shabby rock club dressing room, graffiti covered walls. JOE is writing out the set list and drinking some cheap hard booze. JOHN is guzzling beer and laughing as PIPE stands close to the wall reading off graffiti. Spray painted on the wall in large letters among the graffiti: "HOW'S THE CAREER GOING?"

PIPE

Here's one: "I am twelve inches
long and five inches around.
Interested?" And the next guy
writes: "Fascinated. But how big
is your cock?"

JOE and JOHN explode with laughter. PIPE stands there grinning as if he thought the line up himself. BILLY enters glumly and, for the first time, drunk.

BILLY

There's nobody out there.

JOE
(still laughing)
You mean like twenty people
nobody, or nobody nobody?

BILLY
Place is M-T...

The guys get more serious. BILLY flops heavily in a chair.

JOE
Well I'm not playin till there's
at least ten people out there.

PIPE
(still the joker)
Send Johnny out there, he's at
least ten people.

JOE laughs. JOHN is stung by the words. BILLY is staring at the
"How's the career going?" graffiti.

JOE
(to Billy)
Thought you weren't drinkin.

BILLY doesn't bother to reply.

JOHN
A-anybody notice any promotion?

No answer.

JOE
Fuckin promoters.
(starts pacing, agitated)
Who else is in town? There's
gotta be something else going on.

PIPE
Isn't this the only club?

JOE
(checks his watch)
Whatever. We wait till people show
up.

PIPE
(to Billy)
What's your problem.

PAN to BILLY sitting in the chair with his head in his hands. He
looks up at PIPE, doesn't answer.

PIPE
Y'alright there, Bill?

JOE
(looks at Billy)
Somebody die?

BILLY
(stands abruptly)
Where's that fuckin promoter?
He's gonna lose money.

JOE
What d'you care about money?

BILLY and JOE just look at each other. We notice JOHN now frowning, searching the lining of his jacket. It's not obvious what he's looking for.

JOHN
I think the owner's promoting. But
I don't think he's here yet...

BILLY
(grabs a chair)
Then what the fuck am I DOING
HERE?!! ... FUCK!!!

BILLY throws the chair against the wall then walks out.

JOE
What's that about?

JOHN shrugs.

JOHN
Anybody seen my pills?

50. INT. THE PUMP CLUB, REGINA - ON STAGE - NIGHT.

✱ The BAND PLAYING last few bars of "ONE FOOT IN THE GUTTER." They hit the end of the song. CHEERS from the club, which is half full. ✱

JOE
(into mike)
Ladies and gentlemen, a round of
applause for the all-Canadian
heart and soul of the Hard Cores,
Mr. Billy Tallent!

BILLY is weaving drunk. Turns his back on the crowd. Someone in the crowd HECKLES him (we can't quite make out what is said. JOE fixes his gaze on the HECKLER, a tough GUY.

JOE
(into mike)
Can't hear ya, friend, your
mouth's fulla shit.

From the floor the HECKLER yells again (this time we hear:
✂ "JENNIFER'S A WHORE."). JOE faces the heckler and strikes some
kung fu poses.

JOE (cont'd)
Come up here and say that, tough
guy.

And bodies down front are pushed apart as a TOUGH GUY shoves his
way to the stage. JOE recklessly unstraps his guitar. The TOUGH GUY
grabs JOE and starts punching. BILLY drops his guitar and hauls the
TOUGH GUY off JOE, shoves him to the edge of the stage, and boots
him back into the crowd. CHEERS. JOE grabs his guitar, takes the
mike as if nothing happened.

JOE
That's right, you want a piece of
me, you're gonna have to deal with
my right hand man, Billy Tallent
here... ain't that right Billy?

BILLY ignores him, simply thrashes into the opening chords to
"ROCK'N'ROLL IS FAT AND UGLY." A couple bars and we...

CUT TO:

51. INT. THE PUMP - BACKSTAGE, LATER - NIGHT

FANS and other typical BACKSTAGE TYPES, mill around with the band.
PIPE is busy with the deli tray, stacking everything on it into a
complicated sandwich. JOHN is looking frantically through a bag for
his pills. BILLY is drinking alone in the corner. JOE is giving
away band T-shirts from a box.

MARY, a smart, hip-looking woman in her mid-thirties, pushes her
way into the crowded backstage area with her straight-looking
lawyer husband, EVAN, and young 5 year-old daughter, BILLIE. She
finds JOHN (who is a bit worried about his pills) and suddenly
embraces him. He doesn't fully remember her.

MARY
Hey John-O! Oh, good to see you.
Gotta be at least five, six
years? Six years... Wow.

TITLE: "MARY THE FAN"

52. INT. THE PUMP - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

MARY steps from JOHN and tethers JOE as he passes by.

MARY

Joe!

JOE

(he remembers
everyone)

Mary! How are ya?

A quick hug. He kisses her on the cheek. EVAN (who has dark curly hair) and little BILLIE (she has blonde straight hair) stand there at loose ends as MARY relives her past.

MARY

Oh you know. Still here. Living
my life. I don't think you've met
my husband, have you. Joe, this is
Evan. Evan, Joe Dick.

JOE

(shakes his hand)

Hey.

MARY

And this is our daughter.

JOE

(to Billie)

Hi there. What's your name?

BILLIE hugs her Dad's leg shyly, afraid of the maniac singer.

MARY

(tousles Billie's hair)
Billie. She's not usually so
shy... Anyway! You guys sound
great. Better than ever.

JOE

Think so?

MARY

You heard the people.

JOE takes a HARD CORE LOGO T-shirt and holds it up against BILLIE.

JOE

Hey. You want a T-shirt?

Again BILLIE hides behind her dad.

MARY

Say thank you, Billie.

(Billie says nothing)

Thanks Joe.

JOE moves on. Little BILLIE spots PIPEFITTER, takes an instant liking to him, and wanders over to watch him build his sandwich.

Suddenly BILLY walks by drunkenly. MARY smiles, puts out her arm to stop him.

MARY

Hey there.

BILLY

(not recognizing her
at first)

Hey hey.

(he takes a closer look
at her and twigs)

... Mary?

MARY

Oh Billy! Gimme a hug. Mmmmm-
mm, ooo honey.

(an embrace hinting at
former intimacy; then:)

Hey, how'd you get the sexy scar
on your hand?

MARY caresses Billy's palm. EVAN doesn't fail to notice.

BILLY

Fell on a case of empties.

TITLE: "THE SCAR ON BILLY'S PALM (JOHN'S VERSION)"

52A. JOHN, beer in hand, is telling the story to MARY and EVAN.
BILLY has wandered off somewhere.

JOHN

It was in Toronto, night of our
last Canadian show. Right before
we broke up. Billy and Joe had
been arguing since Thunder Bay
about really stupid stuff. Like
who would kick whose ass in a bar
brawl, the young Steve McQueen or
the old Lee Marvin. By the time we
hit Toronto, they were fighting
non-stop. Night of the show it
just blew up. Think it was over
Twin Peaks... who'd give the best
head, Laura, Donna or Audrey?

MARY

Donna.

★ EVAN shoots her a look. She shoots him one back, shrugs. ★

MARY

★

She was hot. ★

JOHN

I thought Audrey because of the cherry stem. 'Member that one? Anyway we get to the club and Joe pops Billy on the side of the head when he's not looking, so Billy flushes Joe's stash. Then they just wailed on each other. Never even made it on stage. Major disaster all the way round.

MARY

They fought over movies?

JOHN

Naw, that was just how they dealt with the real issue which was Joe fucking Billy up the ass a few weeks before that.

MARY

... What...!?

The camera jigs slightly: the Director is also shocked.

JOHN

Probably out of spite, but I wasn't there. Might of been over some bet or competition they had or maybe they were just trashed and Joe nailed Bill after he passed out. It's vague.

MARY looks away to BILLY, who is across the room. JOHN drains his beer. EVAN is looking around -- anywhere but at JOHN.

MARY

What about his hand?

JOHN

Right, Billy got bit. Sixteen stitches. Almost couldn't do the New York show the next night.

MARY

Now is that true?

JOHN
 (beat as he looks at her)
 Truth is, the real wound's up
 here...
 (points to his heart.)
 ...and it's never healed.

An embarrassed silence.

MARY
 They never talk about it?

JOHN
 Who knows.
 (suddenly sings)
Help me pull my star down from the sky
Down on the ground
Where I can feel it
Where I can touch it
Where I can be it...
 (grins)
 "Cowboy Mouth."

EVAN checks his watch, turns to MARY, raises his eyebrows. The married couple's let's-get-outta-here code.

53. INT. THE PUMP, REGINA - BACKSTAGE WITH PIPE - NIGHT

The deli table where PIPE is shoving meat and bread onto straws and toothpicks to make a 'sandwich man' on the deli tray. Little BILLIE stands at the edge of the table, watching in wonder. PIPE holds the tray for BILLIE to see the sandwich man.

PIPE
 Hello Mr. Sandwich Man.
 (gives Sandwich Man a
 high-pitched voice)
 Hello Pipe. Hello little girl.

BILLIE
 (playing along)
 Hello.

PIPE
 (Sandwich Man voice)
 Are you gonna eat me, little
 girl?

BILLIE
 I don't know.

PIPE
 (Sandwich Man still:)
 Are you gonna eat me, Pipe?

PIPE (Cont'd)

(PIPE voice:)

Oh yes, my friend. I am.

(Sandwich Man voice:)

But, but--

(tears off an 'arm';

Sandwich Man screams:)

Aaaaaagh! Billy save me!!!

Little BILLIE laughs along as big BILLY steps into view.

BILLY

The Pipe monster looks hungry.

PIPE

(looking at Billy)

But Billlllly... aaaagh!

(shoves the sandwich in
his mouth)

BILLIE

No I'm Billie.

BILLY

(smile fades)

Your name is Billie?

EVAN steps up and pulls BILLIE away by the hand. BILLY watches them return to MARY.

The camera picks up JOE collecting money from the club OWNER (20, 40, 60, 80... the cash is counted out).

54. INT. THE PUMP, REGINA - BACKSTAGE - WITH BILLY, ALONE - NIGHT

BILLY stands alone in a hallway near washrooms. Still drunk.

BILLY

I dunno.... weird, seein' Mary...
used to be, like, wild. Wild hair,
pierced tongue, rubber jacket.
Very cool... never wanted to move
away, she loved it here... her and
her friends were like THE people
to hang out with here... Now she's
hitched to Ward Cleaver, don't
even wanna know how that
happened... Joe was always too Mr.
Running The Show to get into the
girls, 'cept an odd one I liked.
Pipe? Met his ex-wife in Thunder
Bay. John and Celine met in
Montreal about eight years ago.
Wish I kept in touch with some of
the people I met.

He looks past the camera down the hallway. Camera PANS to see MARY, EVAN and BILLIE who are visible at the end of the hall. They are leaving.

BILLY (cont'd)
Some of them were a fuckin riot.

55. INT. A ~~DENNY'S~~^{B/NOS} REGINA - NIGHT

Quick shots of DINERS in the restaurant looking at the camera, and staring at JOE and BILLY, who are seated in a booth, drunk. JOE has a battered leather satchel on the table.

One table of three GUYS (late 20s, very local looking, not too urbane) looking hostile toward Joe and Billy.

BILLY is lost in thought. JOE is busy imagining the lives of other DINERS sitting in Denny's. He is watching two young WOMEN with permed hair, small-town make-up. HOLD ON the women as JOE describes them.

JOE
There they are, let's see...
Joanna and Tracy. Prairie girls,
born and bred. Finished High
School up in Nipawin three years
ago, high-tailed it right here to
the big smoke. Share a basement
suite. Two cats, Mork and Mindy.
Joanna did a year at Wascana
College, got bored, now she works
the Orange Julius stand at
Northside Mall. Got her eye on
that cute guy works at Le Chateau,
but worries her friends'll think
he's a fag. Tracy there with the
Karla Homolka hair works right
here at Denny's. Tonight's her
night off, but all her friends
hang here.

JOE focuses on a sad MIDDLE AGED MAN in a Cat cap, winter jacket, polyester shirt, tie, drinking coffee, staring out a window.

JOE
That one over there's gotta be a
Virgil. Used to farm and no one
ever said it was easy, then came
the flood in '93, crop failed, had
to borrow, government killed the
Crow, banks got real, repo'd the
combine, Virgil there started
drinking, wife split for Kelowna.
(MORE)

JOE (cont'd)

Lost the farm. Whole life went to
shit. Stint in AA. Found God.

★ Became an Amway distributor. But ★
he loves Hard Core Logo.

JOE looks to another booth, notes the three YOUNG GUYS staring at
him and Billy.

JOE

Then there's these clowns.
Plotting to beat us up 'cause we
don't meet their high standards of
unoriginality

(to the guys)

The FUCK you goofs lookin at!!

The guys look away quickly. JOE gives them a menacing crazy-guy
grin, then turns back to the depressed BILLY.

JOE

★ C'mon Billy, think about it. You ★
can go down there, record with
them, do your tour or whatever,
and ya play with us rest of the
year. Be cool, people knowing your
side project's Jennifer.

BILLY

(lost in thought, looks up)
... Y'ever sleep with Mary?

JOE

What?

BILLY

Did you ever sleep with Mary.

JOE

Nope... fucked her one time in the
van after a show.

BILLY

Five, six years ago, the last
tour?

JOE

..... Nah, longer'n' that. Why?

BILLY

(quick glance to camera)
Nothin.

YOUNG WOMEN are standing at their table. Spandex tights, heels.

WOMAN #1

Um, are you guys in a band?

JOE

Yes we are!

BILLY

Snow Axe. I'm Pipe, this is John.
And you are?

WOMAN #2

Working.

(smiles, turns to
camera; with surprising
authority)

Turn that off.

The WOMEN slide into the booth beside JOE and BILLY.

56. EXT. AN ALLEY, REGINA - MORNING

~~*~~ BILLY walking, miserable, hung over, coffee in hand. PIPE tagging
along, like he's waiting to ask an important question. ~~*~~

DIRECTOR

Where you going, Billy?

BILLY

Bank machine. Take out some money
to pay the hotel bill.

DIRECTOR

What happened?

BILLY

Those two girls Joe wanted to
hump? Call them Thelma and Louise,
but not as pretty. He goes off
with them, they take off with all
our money.

DIRECTOR

So you guys don't have any money?

BILLY

(to camera)

You got any money?

PIPE

(to Billy)

You got a smoke for me, man?

BILLY

Welcome to the old days.

Yellow fur 30/45

50 48 A.

57. INT. VAN - MOVING, PRAIRIES - DAY

Winnipeg bound. JOE is at the wheel again. Glancing at a notepad. BILLY is next to him up front, fiddling with the broken stereo. JOHN is writing in his diary and talking to himself. PIPE is on the other back bench, angry, glaring at JOHN.

TITLE: "WINNIPEG"

58. EXT. "MR BLACK'S" CLUB, WINNIPEG - SNOWING - NIGHT

The van is stopped in front, its headlight beams shining into the snow. The guys stand on the sidewalk in front of the club. The problem is, the club is closed. A sign on the door says: "CLOSED UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE BY ORDER OF THE CITY OF WINNIPEG." JOHN squints at the sign.

PIPE and BILLY glare at JOE.

JOHN
Looks like their license was
revoked.

BILLY
That's great Joe. What're you
gonna do? "Manage."

JOE
You can't pin this on me.

BILLY paces angrily in the bg.

PIPE
What're we doin' now?

JOE
We still have most of the t-shirts
and tapes, we can still pull a few
bucks outta this. Bit of hard sell
next couple shows. Sold twenty
shirts last night, which isn't
bad.

PIPE
Then ya fuckin lost it so shut up.

JOE
Pipe. I've said sorry five times.
You shut the fuck up.

PIPE
Here, Mul-grew, I got an idea.
Take every last cent I got and
hand it away at the next Denny's.
Jesus what am I?

BILLY
(pauses, to PIPE)
What about you, Pipe? Must have a
few bucks left. You hog all the
deli trays so you can't be
spending your per diems on food.

PIPE
S'pose you want yours back now, is
that it?

JOE
You were givin him your per diems?
Fuuuck. Bigshot generosity. Man
don't need his chump change.

BILLY
Yeah well that's done.

JOE
Yeah you hang on to your millions
there Billy.

BILLY paces over and kicks the van.

59. INT. THE VAN - MOVING, PRAIRIES - NIGHT

PMP DAYMIGHT

JOE at the wheel as usual. A long tense silence. JOHN is up front scribbling more in his diary.

JOHN
Sometimes you look in the mirror
and you think... what would happen
if I was honest every second for
the rest of my life?

Pause. The guys aren't sure what John's going on about. A rush of heated dialogue as they all talk on each other's heels:

PIPE
Say it in fuckin English,
bookboy!

BILLY
John, don't.

JOHN
(with spooky calm)
None of this has anything to do
with T-shirts or deli trays or
money-- it's just looking at
yourself and being honest about
what you see.

JOE
Johnny save it for your group
sessions, man.

JOHN
No let's be honest. Joe knows he's
nowhere without Billy, he's just
too much the coward to say it
straight up.

BILLY
Ooo, harsh words from the John-
man.

JOHN
(to Billy)
If you were honest with yourself--

BILLY
SHUT UP!

JOHN
--you'd admit your Jennifer gig's
been cancelled...

BILLY
John! Shut the fuck up!

JOE
What!!

JOHN
And Pipe, you chose to be here
because it's a last tango before a
lifetime spent as a garbage man.

JOE
(to Billy)
That true?

PIPE
(to John)
And you... you're a schizo on a
little holiday from Lithium.
Belong in a fuckin straitjacket.

~~*~~ A beat, then JOHN starts beating his head against the wall.

PIPE
Stop that fuckin shit!!!!

JOE
Hey... HEY!!!

The stereo suddenly CRACKLES BACK TO LIFE, and JOE's VOICE
from the COMMODORE reunion show SCREAMS from the speakers: "WHO
THE HELL DO YOU THINK YOU ARE!"

JOE SLAMS ON THE BRAKES. Van screeching to a stop. PIPE grabs
JOHN'S head.

60. EXT. ON THE PRAIRIE HIGHWAY - DAWN

JOHN, BILLY and PIPE are lined up in the glare of the headlights.
JOE paces up and down past them. "Who The Hell Do You Think You
Are" is playing from the stereo in the van.

JOE

Let's move a few things into the open. Pipe: Hotel guy in Regina hauled me aside at the desk this morning, said you left a turd on the pillow, wiped your ass on the bedspread. Uncool, man.

PIPE manages to look both defiant and embarrassed.

JOE

John: your writing. It's putting us on edge man. You lost your pills, right? 'Cause we can see you fueling something dangerous.

JOHN

Dangerous.

JOE

Just stop it, okay? You got to relax. We got a few days left.

JOHN

What do you know about dangerous?

DANGER! DANGER!

(siren noise)

WHOOO WHOOP WHOOP WHOOP

JOHN starts away. JOE grabs him, smacks him. JOHN is shocked.

JOE

... Okay? I mean it, John, as your friend I need you to get a grip. Okay?

Tears welling in John's eyes. A pause.

PIPE

What about Billy. Doesn't he get a spanking too?

(to Billy)

Mr. fuckin rock star no more.

JOE

(beat as he looks at Billy)

True Bill. Guess we're gonna can the fuckin star trip, eh?

BILLY

(walking away)

Or you'll what... bite me? ... Ya fuckin fuckup.

PINK/OCT. 24

53

BILLY wheels around, starts shouting.

BILLY

Q

You were fucked up last night, got
all our money ripped off, you were
fucked up the night you fuckin bit
me, you were fucked up the night
you destroyed our career... YOU
ARE FUCKED UP EVERY TIME YOU GO
OUT OF YOUR WAY TO FUCK ME!!!

Q

Pause as those words are carried away on the prairie wind. PIPE and JOHN try to hold BILLY back.

BILLY

(to John)

A

That honest enough for you, John-
boy? Truth is, I let a fuckin
fucked up rich boy welfare case
RUIN MY LIFE!

A

Uncomfortable pause. The song continues BLARING from the van's stereo as BILLY walks away toward the van. JOE takes a step after him. JOHN holds him back. PIPE claps his hands, rubs them together.

PIPE

So where to now?

JOE

Saskatoon.

JOHN

We got two nights to kill.

BILLY

(returning)

I'm not sleeping in the van.

JOE shrugs.

PIPE

What about Bucky's? It's kinda on
the way.

JOE

... Naw, I dunno... Guy's probly
still laid up.

PIPE

Why don't we call and find out?

JOE

Doesn't have a phone.

BILLY

b He's your friend. Little hero
worship from Joe Dick oughtta do
him a world of good... you know. R

Everyone stares at JOE. JOE shakes his head.

BILLY

Okay. You stay here, we'll go.

Hold on them, waiting.

61. EXT. THE ALLEY IN VANCOUVER - DAY

JOHN facing the camera from opening interview sequence.

JOHN

G First time I met Bucky Haight he
was sitting in Joe's kitchen,
singing the smartest songs I'd
ever heard. Joe just idolized
him. I remember looking at Joe and
feeling this huge sense of
strength. That was what originally
fueled this band. So we're just
really glad to be doing this
benefit for him. R
(to Director, off camera)
Is that ok?

62. INT. COMMODORE BALLROOM, VANCOUVER - DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

BILLY sits in a chair, leans back against a post with strange
lights running up it. This is from after the benefit show.

BILLY

G Bucky's a dink. So-so singer,
shitty guitar player. When I
taught Joe guitar, I tried to get
him to learn the classics. Yer
Leadbelly, Townsend, stuff like
that. But Joe only liked the music
he knew, and the music he knew was
Bucky. R

63. INT. VAN - MOVING - TRACK LEADING TO BUCKY'S FARM - DAY

POV from the moving VAN as it approaches a rail-thin FIGURE
standing in a field.

The figure appears to be playing a guitar. When the van gets close enough we see that the figure is in fact a scarecrow with a guitar strapped on, wearing the baggy blue suit from the BLUE TATTOO poster. The guys stare at it in silence as they pass.

64. EXT. BUCKY'S PLACE - MOMENTS LATER - AS SEEN FROM THE VAN

JOE approaches the converted barn Bucky lives in like it's a shrine. The others follow. The camera hangs back, keeping a respectful distance.

A Native woman, NAOMI (early 40s) steps outside before they reach the door. She looks them over, turns into the house, yells, "BUCKY!!" She then pulls on a pair of gumboots and disappears around the side of the house.

A thin FIGURE appears in the doorway to the house. We ZOOM on BUCKY HAIGHT: fortyish, all cheekbones, craggy lines, ghoulish eyes and fucked-up hair. He has charisma, attitude, a sort of dangerous-living glamour...and yet these qualities seem to be on hold, as if Bucky can't be bothered to be 'on' anymore. He stares blankly at the guys... one might say past the guys... right at the camera. He stands without cane or crutches.

Words are exchanged that we cannot hear. We see JOE point to the camera, as if to explain its presence. The camera moves closer as JOE and BUCKY shake hands... then awkwardly hug. Camera moves closer still. JOE glances awkwardly to camera.

BUCKY

Camera crew and everything. So guess you've re-formed....?

JOE

... Yeah.

PIPE and BILLY stare at Bucky's legs.

BUCKY

... You guys coming in or what?

BUCKY smiles at the guys and beckons them in with a jerk of the head. The guys file past BUCKY into the house. The camera goes to follow but BUCKY puts up a hand to bar the camera crew from entering.

BUCKY

(to Director behind camera)
Sorry, I'm not doing interviews.

DIRECTOR VOICE

Well we're not here to int--

BUCKY just shuts the door on the camera.

65. EXT. CAMERA MOVING AROUND SIDE OF BUCKY'S PLACE - LATER - DAY

... we pass a window ... and move farther along... and see the guys through another window sitting in the kitchen drinking...

BUCKY'S back faces the window. JOE spots the camera and makes surreptitious "be patient" gesture...

66. INT. COMMODORE BALLROOM, VANCOUVER - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

JOE facing the camera from benefit sequence. People in bg.

JOE

There was Chapman shooting
Lennon. Rock'n'roll assassination,
right? Then Cobain doing himself.
Rock'n'roll suicide. Then Marvin
Gaye... guy's own father blows him
away. Total psychodrama. But all
rock'n'roll deaths, right? Then
there's Bucky... not killed, just
crippled. The man was robbed, you
know what I'm sayin.

67. EXT. BUCKY'S PLACE - LATER - DAY

JOE is close to the camera. Talking in hushed tones.

JOE

Okay, here's the thing. I kind of
you know bullshitted about Bucky's
leg. Needed a bit of leverage ...
kinda needed the camera crew to
get Billy out here. Y'know how he
is.

DIRECTOR

You used the benefit money.

JOE

Well... all went on film stock,
unless you got any left over.

DIRECTOR

What about that money from BMG?

JOE

(his look says there IS
NO record company money)
Come on man, we're out here we
might as well enjoy it. Look on
the bright side, Bucky's got his
leg back.

DIRECTOR

Yeah great.

TITLE: "HAIGHT CRIMES"

68. INT. AT BUCKY'S KITCHEN TABLE - EARLY EVENING

We cut in on JOE, BILLY, JOHN and PIPE sitting around a table drunk and still drinking Martinis. They watch BUCKY, fascinated. A Martini pitcher sits in the middle of the table next to a jumble of old clock parts that BUCKY is building into a sculpture of sorts. BUCKY is completely tanked and we pick him up mid-story...

BUCKY

...Everything in my space, even the fucking masters. Gone. And the Del Rios were in there, on the floor, not moving. Ripped me off blind, these fern bar musicians, only they run up against some of that eighty percent China White and OD on the floor of my studio. And Rudy, my fat engineer Rudy's caught in New Jersey with my gear but no masters. He'd dumped those in the Hudson thinking they were the only evidence linking him to me.

JOE

Why didn't you just re-record the songs with better people?

As BUCKY continues, the camera slides low to take in his legs under the table. He seems to have two perfectly good feet. Then we see BILLY, who just raises his eyebrows to the camera, and snickers.

BUCKY

With what money!?

(pours himself
another drink)

Anyway time to get off the coaster. Down to Austin, recorded Blue Tattoo. It was picked up by 'Big One', small English independent, but I was still under contract with the label, so they sue me. Fuckers sue me. And the record's recalled. Sat around in vaults till I didn't give a fuck any more.

(MORE)

BUCKY (cont'd)

Last time you saw me at CB's, I was hyping two bills a day. Got so bad after you left I started into blood transfusions. All my friends were dead or dying. Everyone I met sucked up to me. Then I got the hepatitis, came back home.

JOE, who has been staring out the window, looks BUCKY in the eye. A sad, soulful connection. BUCKY pours out the last of the martini pitcher.

BUCKY

★

You know Joe, you start with these riffs in your head, and something you want to say, and you try to spin gold. The thing is, people don't want your sounds, they only want your gold. They just fuckin use you. Know what I mean, Joe?

★

SILENCE. BUCKY looks at JOE significantly. JOE holds his gaze briefly then looks at BILLY. BILLY looks at JOE and they both look depressed as hell. BUCKY suddenly grins.

BUCKY

Hey, come on. I made half that shit up. Who's for another drink?

BUCKY suddenly glares at the camera. A belligerent drunk. Glances at the Director to the side of the camera.

BUCKY

Hey! Hey, what's your name?

DIRECTOR VOICE

Bruce.

BUCKY

Wanna drink?

DIRECTOR VOICE

I'm all right, thank-you.

BUCKY

Yeah, yer arrright...

BUCKY looks away sneering at the others, then suddenly, ferociously he turns back to the camera.

BUCKY

Look, BRICE, are you gonna just hang around being BORING, or are you gonna do something FUCKIN INTERESTING?! Eh?!!! Are you a real FILMMAKER, or just some kind of JOURNALIST? Some kinda HACK?

Camera moves to take in JOE and BILLY laughing.

BUCKY

★ Hey! What're ya laughing at. I'm talking to this guy. ★

JOE wipes the smile from his face, lost for words for once. Things get tense all round.

BUCKY

(to JOE and BILLY)

★ Lighten up. I'm just thinkin there's gotta be somethin interesting five really cool able-bodied guys and a great filmmaker can do. ★

(and back to camera:)

Dontcha think, Brice?

69. LATER. ANGLE ON THE TABLE WITH THE GUYS GATHERED AROUND

... as BUCKY pulls out some small paper tabs from a little ornate box, the guys all gathered around him.

BUCKY

Okay. It's a joint venture so everybody gets a copy of the contract....

(starts passing out the tabs)

One for you, you, you, you... here Brice, you too. Don't be shy. Danny? We're all in this together. Where's Naomi. NAOMI!

We see the guys pop the tabs into their mouths. JOHN hesitates. Looks at it. Considers carefully. Then pops his in his mouth.

BUCKY

Thass right, Johnny. Right on the dotted line... Adios my friend.

JOE
No no, scarecrow's GOTTA be in it.

NAOMI
Ummm.... scarecrow. Okay.

DIRECTOR
Should have enough lights to do
this outside, eh Danny?

CAMERAMAN
Won't be fancy.

JOHN
Fuck fancy, this is ART, baby!

BUCKY
That's right. You guys can use it
in your next video.

JOE
He-hey!

BILLY
Bucky you got any guns?

BUCKY
Shotgun. Came with the house.

NAOMI
We also have a crossbow.

PIPE
I got a big knife.

BILLY
And a little dick.

PIPE
Big swingin' dick!

BILLY
If you say so.

BUCKY
And lies, big pack of lies...
dontcha think, Joe?

(no answer)
Okay... scarecrow, shotgun,
crossbow, big knife, big swingin'
dick, pack of lies... got a vision
for this thing yet, Brice?

YELLOW / OUT :
* 60 A.

DIRECTOR
Gettin there.

BUCKY
Well contract's only good for
about seven more hours.

NAOMI
What say we go glam?

CUT TO :

BUCKY

Well contract's only good for
about seven more hours.

NAOMI

What say we go glam?

71. EXT. BUCKY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

ACID MOVIE FOOTAGE TOTALLY SILENT ON CAMERA.

... JOE, dressed like one of the NEW YORK DOLLS, walks into the field in the moonlight, drawn inexorably toward the BUCKY scarecrow. As JOE approaches the scarecrow from behind, we see the tattered blue fabric of its suit, but human hands are on the rusty guitar. JOE pauses and stares at it.

... then he moves closer and closer...and the scarecrow turns around on its pole and stares him in the face... and it is a ghoulish BUCKY (Alice Cooper eyes, wearing his blue suit) and BUCKY throws his arms wide and wraps them around JOE...

... and we track around the scarecrow, and we see JOE again, and now HE is the scarecrow, and his arms are thrust wide, his hands nailed up bleeding on the crosspiece...

...and we track around again, and BILLY (in velour hip-hugger pants, pointy boots, frilly lime green shirt, sparkly jacket, cowboy hat, heavy eye make-up) is now standing before this crucified JOE, holding the scarecrow's rusted guitar like a shotgun, and there is a moment as they stare in each other's eyes before BILLY finds a gun trigger on the guitar and fires it at JOE, BLASTING a hole in his stomach. BLOOD and straw fly everywhere in the moonlight...

***... another shot as BILLY takes aim right at the camera and fires a ROMAN CANDLE off the guitar neck. It WHIZZES right past us...

... and BILLY walks away, joined by NAOMI (topless, wearing gangster drape pants, suspenders, greased back hair, wingtip shoes, cigar in her teeth)...

THEN THE FOLLOWING, DISJOINTED, DISTURBING TABLEAU:

... JOHN dressed in crushed velvet and glitter, army boots, wig, spiked Kaiser Wilhelm helmet, heavy make-up, dancing in front of the barn, casting a huge shadow against it...

... PIPE appears (wearing a heavy leather apron, fishnets, false eye lashes, war paint, brandishing a chainsaw)... and shakes his chainsaw at the moon then spots JOHN and starts chasing him...

... JOHN running around the barn chased by PIPE...

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... then a knife fight between JOHN and PIPE... JOHN actually gets cut on the arm, points out the wound...

✱ ***... JOE drinking from a shotgun barrell...

✱

... CLOSE-UP of eggs being crushed in a hand...

... JOE shooting the crossbow...

... a pair of yellow shoes...

... an animal pen with a goat in it...

... and suddenly BUCKY, JOE, JOHN and BILLY are holding the goat down on its side as...

... PIPE bears down over the goat with the chainsaw...

... the goat's wild eye rolling around up close...

... blood splattering...

... JOE, BILLY, PIPE, JOHN, raising their blood-covered faces to the moon...

... BUCKY holding the bleeding goat's head high like some satanic shaman...

... NAOMI spreading hot goat's blood on PIPE's chest as JOHN watches from the edge of the frame, his face all covered with goat blood...

... and JOE taking aim with the shotgun at the real scarecrow and blowing its head off...

72. EXT. BUCKY'S HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

BACK TO FULL SOUND...

A misty sunrise looking out over the fields. Tweeting birds, etc. From a distance we see BILLY and BUCKY alone in the field, BILLY digging with a shovel. They are burying the goat.

72A. BUCKY and BILLY sitting side by side near the barn, picking on guitars. BUCKY plays a blue electric. BILLY plays an acoustic. They fall into a duellin blues guitar groove, and we HOLD as they play for a few moments. Then BUCKY stops.

BUCKY

Wish I found you before Joe did,
way you play.

BILLY looks at him, surprised, touched. BUCKY unstraps his guitar and hands it to BILLY.

BUCKY

Here. It's yours.

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BILLY

No, Bucky--

BUCKY

TAKE IT!... Just lies fallow round
here.

BILLY stares at it in disbelief. BUCKY quietly gets up and walks off camera. HOLD ON BILLY, looking at the guitar, then PAN away to JOHN in the distance, placing the blue jacket back on the now headless scarecrow.

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73. INT./EXT. THE VAN AS THE GUYS PREPARE TO LEAVE BUCKY'S -
MORNING

LOOKING INTO VAN THROUGH THE REAR DOORS:

JOHN, PIPE AND BILLY are ready and waiting in the van. JOHN, his arm bandaged, still has a bit of dried blood and eyeliner on his face. He is reading more of Sam Shepard's "Cowboy Mouth." BILLY sits quietly, plucking softly at the amazing blue guitar from Bucky. PIPE is sprawled out, looking alienated, despondent and hung over. A moment, then:

PIPE
I killed a fuckin goat.

BILLY
Hey. We all drank the blood.

JOHN closes his eyes, breathes heavily.

JOHN
I-I-I only um one word comes to
mind ... b-b-blasphemy.

PIPE rolls over and covers his head with his hands.

PAN to take in JOE approaching the van. He is intercepted by BUCKY and we just make out their conversation from our vantage point.

BUCKY
Joe, was good seeing you.

JOE
You too, Bucky.

BUCKY
You have a good time?

JOE
Yeah, man. It was great.
(laughing)
Little tamer than usual but what
the hell.

BUCKY
(dead serious)
Good. Joe, listen. I live out here
'cause I got sick of being used.
Never wanted to see anyone who'd
ever used me again.

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JOE
(figures out what Bucky's
driving at)
Bucky, listen--

BUCKY
When I heard how you used me Joe,
it... lemme put it this way:
you're ever back this way? Don't
drop in. Ever.

JOE is speechless. NAOMI comes up and gives him a hug.

NAOMI
Have a good tour.

JOE is staring at BUCKY. NAOMI and BUCKY head back to the house.
JOE goes to close up the van. BILLY is inside still strumming the
blue guitar, looking happy. JOE pauses on seeing it.

BILLY
Must be amazing healing powers out
here, Bucky walking again and all.

JOE
Shut up.

BILLY
Hope you don't do time for the
benefit thing.

JOE
Just feed the legend.
(to camera)
Are you still mad at me too?

JOE slams the doors.

CUT TO:

JOE and BUCKY hug. JOE gets in and starts the van. They nod good-bye and close the rear door. A final angle on Bucky's perfectly good legs.

TITLE: "BLUE TATTOO"

JOE (VO)
 (into a mike)
 Hello Saskatooooooooon! We're Hard
 Core Logo. Our buddy Eliot's given
 us the stage to warm you up for
 tomorrow night when it'll cost ya
 ten bucks to see us.

74. INT. PENTHOUSE CLUB IN SASKATOON - ON STAGE - NIGHT

The band are on stage. JOE is drunk and more drugged-out than ever as he totters at the mike before a crowd used to watching strippers on this stage.

JOE (cont'd)
 Here's a song by Bucky Haight, the
 legendary punk king who died last
 year in New York City.

BILLY looks at him, surprised. Joe taps out a beat and the band follow him into the deeply moving "BLUE TATTOO."

JOE SINGS:
*IT HURT SO BAD WHEN YOU GOT IT
 IT WENT RIGHT TO YOUR HEAD
 IT DROVE YOU INSANE
 BUT NOW ALL THAT'S FORGOTTEN
 AND YOU CAN GO ON
 WITHOUT ANY PAIN
 A BLUE TATTOO ON YOUR SHOULDER
 IN THE SHAPE OF A HEART
 IN THE MIDDLE OF MY NAME
 AND THAT'S HOW I REMEMBER
 ALL OF THE BAD THINGS
 THAT YOU COULDN'T CHANGE
 BLUE TATTOO
 BLUE TATTOO*

The band are at their best and JOE is completely riveting. BILLY, playing Bucky's blue guitar, steps to his mike to double JOE's vocal for the Blue Tattoo refrains. Then BILLY does a guitar solo that rivals JOE's vocal for sheer feeling. It's as if he's accepted the situation and rejoined the band in earnest.

JOHN (now more glam looking than before the Bucky visit) looks on, deeply moved. PIPE is totally blissed.

CUSTOMERS listening. We focus on a young woman named EA. The band is playing beautifully: JOE is throwing his heart and soul into the song.

The others, backing him, are watching his performance as they play right through to the finish. Rousing CHEERS from a now capacity crowd in the club. And JOE, flooded with emotion, takes a corny but heartfelt bow.

75. INT. PENTHOUSE CLUB, SASKATOON, STAIRWELL - LATER - NIGHT

PIPE faces the camera, fuming mad.

PIPE

Okay, great show, right? Eliot says hey, stage is open, why'nt you do a couple songs, hype tomorrow night's show. I'm like, sure, twenty bucks a song. Guy laughs at me. Then half the town shows up, we play the full hour for free. Then that poker thing, I mean, like, fuck...

76. INT. UPSTAIRS IN THE PENTHOUSE CLUB - NIGHT

JOE, BILLY, JOHN and PIPE sit around a table drinking, smoking, laughing, playing poker with club owner ELIOT and his sidekick JERRY. ELIOT wins a large pot, laughs, gathers in the winnings and stands. JOE's eyes narrow. He and BILLY make eye contact.

ELIOT

Oop. I'm due home. Gotta put the blocks to the babysitter.
(laughs)

BILLY

Eliot, since you're leavin' with all our money, maybe you could pony up a few bucks for the extra show.

ELIOT

(chuckling)

Hey, no one forced the hour out of you.

JOE

Look, we made you serious money at the bar. That's not worth something?

ELIOT lays his cards down, stands, and looks JOE in the eye. Things go quiet, like in an old Western.

ELIOT maintains a reptilian smile. JOE meets his gaze head on. PIPE stares ahead quietly, the anger growing inside. JOHN stares at the table quietly. BILLY drains his beer, grabs another.

ELIOT
Hey. You got the band rooms for
free. I'm buyin the beer. What
more do you want? My fuckin'
nine year old daughter?

PIPE leans forward, SLAPS the table. He's finally snapped.

PIPE
TWENTY bucks a song.

ELIOT
He's joking, right?

PIPE
Let's see. Musta played ... how
many?

BILLY
Eighteen's my count.

PIPE
Eighteen. At twenty a song
that's... well twenty times
twenty is four hundred, so
eighteen times twenty's gotta be
three-eighty...

ELIOT
(corrects him)
Three sixty.

BILLY
(points like auctioneer)
Sold!

ELIOT and JERRY look at each other uneasily.

ELIOT
You're serious?

JOE shrugs. Silence. PIPE stares hard at ELIOT, who sits back down, shuffles the cards, smiles like he's about to do the boys a big favour.

ELIOT
Tell you what there, Pipefitter.
Why don't we put that poker face
of yours to use. See if you can't
win a few bucks offa me.

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PIPE jumps up, reaches across the table, hauls ELIOT up.

PIPE
THIS LOOK LIKE A FUCKIN POKER
FACE, YOU CHEAP FUCK!?

PIPE drags ELIOT away from the table. JERRY leaps to his feet to help ELIOT.

BILLY
(hauls Jerry back down into
his chair by the belt)
Siddown!

PIPE is all over ELIOT, shoving him against the wall again and again. JOHN can't stand it any more and moves to break up the fight.

ELIOT
Get him off me!

PIPE
Let go... leave offa me!!

PIPE yanks his sleeves away from JOHN, and lurches angrily from the room. ELIOT straightens his clothes.

ELIOT
Jesus... you guys got a permit
for that guy?

77. INT. PENTHOUSE CLUB, SASKATOON - STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Continuous with PIPE facing camera, fuming:

PIPE
I never grew up with money like
Joe. West Van boy, all that. His
dad's like basically rich. I mean,
gimme a break, probly where the
money for your movie came from,
eh? When we first started out
those guys had all this gear --
Gibsons, Fenders, big Marshall
amps. I had this bright orange kit
my folks got at Sears. Joe and
Billy and John wrote the songs,
they get the royalties. Joe gets
an extra piece for being the
leader. And what does Pipe get? A
lie I'll make two thousand
dollars. People been shittin' on
me my whole life.

78. INT. PENTHOUSE BAR, SASKATOON - LATER THAT NIGHT

Very late. BILLY is sitting cross-legged on the stage in the near darkness, picking at Bucky's blue electric guitar. HOLD for a moment as he performs for camera. He wears a radio mike.

BILLY
Beautiful guitar.

NOISE OFF as JOE enters the room. BILLY looks over, gets up.

BILLY
See you guys later.

BILLY goes off to talk to JOE. PAN to follow him over to JOE across the room. JOE waves the CAMERA back. Camera is turned off.

BLACK SCREEN briefly, but the sound continues from BILLY's radio mike. JOE and BILLY speak in hushed voices. BILLY's voice reads somewhat louder than JOE.

JOE (OS)
Bruce uses that film of Pipe and
the goat, Jesus.... guy'll never
get a bank loan.

BILLY (OS)
Like Pipe's ever gonna get a bank
loan.

JOE (OS)
Are we gonna talk here or not?
You'n me.

BILLY (OS)
We're talking.

JOE (OS)
I mean it, like right now.

Suddenly the camera is back on, jerking all over, taking in floor, stacked chairs, a pile of beer cases. As dialogue continues, the camera finds its focus as it settles in from a hiding spot in a corner.

JOE and BILLY are barely visible on the far side of the nearly dark room. Just two silhouettes. ZOOM on them and refocus. They are closer now, but still silhouettes. We still hear them because of BILLY's radio mike. HOLD from this concealed position.

BILLY

(groans, stretches)

I'm thirty-five next week. I will
kill myself if I ever have to play
this room after tomorrow night.
Shoot me.

JOE

There's beer in this room.

He pulls one from his jacket pocket, hands it to BILLY.

BILLY

You wanted to talk.

They face each other in profile. BILLY waits.

JOE

Got plans after the tour?

BILLY

Yeah. I dunno.

BILLY lights a cigarette, his flame scorching the darkness.

JOE

I'm sorry LA fell through.

BILLY

You're fuckin thrilled.

JOE

Didn't wanna say I told you so,
but that's what you get dealing
with Festus.

BILLY

Ed's not the problem here.

JOE

Ed Festus fucked off with our bank
account and that hurt you too.
When I get raped by sleazebags I
break legs.

BILLY

That's you.

JOE

Well why isn't that you?

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BILLY

If I took everything that
personally we wouldn't be having
this conversation.

Silence.

JOE

Can we just talk about now? Hard
Core. You 'n' me.

BILLY

What about Pipe and John?

JOE

Well John's talking to the
lining of his jacket. And
Pipe.... well... I mean, duh....

BILLY

Yeah, that's pretty much how I
see it. Okay, if we do this it's
gonna hafta be different. Can't be
the Joe Dick Show anymore. We do
new songs... and you clean up your
act.

JOE

(beat)

Done.

They stand there in silence. Billy butts his smoke.

TITLE CARD: "INTERMISSION"

79. INT. PORTLAND AL'S USED RECORD STORE IN SASKATOON - DAY

MUSIC OVER as JOE flips through bins of used vinyl, pulling out
various classic albums, giving them either thumbs-up or thumbs-
down. MOHAWK PUNK guys looking over a Coltrane album in bg.

After a moment of this, he pulls out an old copy of Hard Core
Logo's album, SONOFABITCH TO THE CORE, carefully wrapped in
plastic. Holds it up to camera, points to a price sticker on it...
and mouths the words: "NINETY FIVE BUCKS." He carries the album
over to the cash register, where A KID is buying the current
JENNIFER CD. JOE gives the CD a thumbs-down, and enthusiastically
foists the Hard Core Logo album on him.

The store MANAGER, PORTLAND AL, behind the cash register wears a
Hard Core Logo T-shirt. There is a stack of Hard Core Logo tapes
on the counter. AL hands JOE cash.

80. EXT. A PARK IN DOWNTOWN SASKATOON - DAY

Silent on camera, with voice over as JOHN has several paper bags full of thrift store purchases, and he is pulling out clothes and trying them on for the Indians in the park across from City Hall. PIPE looks on with interest. Three COOKS in cook hats watch in deep background, smoking.

JOHN (VO)

September somethingorother. Free me from dates and from time and the cocoon of habits I don't want and the sideman's reserve, the shoes glued to the stage, the stage set anyway for ticking bombs of vanity like and Joe and Bill, the ones the people really come to see. Free me from screwcaps and the reproaches of Celine and the doctors, from two note basslines, from keeping a beat with someone who hates me. Free me from untruth. Free me from myself. Myself minus the 's' is my elf, and the two of us are taking the day off... ALL the way off.

81. INT. PENTHOUSE CLUB, SASKATOON - ON-STAGE - NIGHT

Near the end of a spacey, weird, druggy, muddy, down and dirty song called CHINA WHITE. JOE is growling into the mike. BILLY is deep into a guitar grind. JOHN is wearing some of his new thrift clothes: turquoise leather coat, loud silk scarf, wide hat, eye makeup again. The song ends.

Very sparse applause. We don't see the crowd.

JOE

(into mike, curtly)

Ciao.

He strides angrily offstage. The others follow.

82. INT. PENTHOUSE CLUB, SASKATOON - BACKSTAGE - A MOMENT LATER.

We continue to hear sparse applause and a few WHISTLES as the band sit backstage with water bottles and towels.

PIPE

Where WAS everybody?

BILLY

Right here. Last night.

ELIOT pokes his head backstage.

JOHN
Where's our beer, Eliot?

ELIOT
You're past your rider. Buy 'em
from the bar if you want... No
encore?

JOE
For a crowd of five people?

ELIOT
For a crowd of five people Joe,
if you wanna get paid. Then pack
your shit up and hit the road.

ELIOT leaves. JOE unstraps his guitar, drops it with a CLANGGGG,
heads up the stairs without a word.

PIPE
JOE!?

BILLY
Joe, get back here! JOE!

83. INT. PENTOUSE CLUB, SASKATOON - ON STAGE - A MOMENT LATER

JOHN is at the mike, BILLY and PIPE with him. The young woman, EA
(seen in the crowd the previous night), is on stage with them with
Joe's guitar strapped on. The half dozen or so people in the crowd
crane their necks looking for Joe in the wings. JOHN is
determined to enjoy the spotlight.

JOHN
Thank you! Uh... Joe just
collapsed backstage from all the
excitement.... so me, Pipe,
n'Billy are gonna shoot you a
little blast from the past.

They kick into a cover of The Young Canadians' "HAWAII." The few
FANS there dance along. JOHN demonstrates a series of cool
frontman stage moves as he SINGS. BILLY watches him warily. The
GIRL strums away earnestly.

84. INT. THE VAN - MOVING - PRAIRIES - NIGHT

As JOE pulls off the highway... through the front window is a sign
for a CAMP GROUND. The van pulls up next to a sign reading
"CAMPGROUND CLOSED." JOE kills the motor. Silence. JOHN is asleep,
the others are awake. A faint sound of MEN SINGING nearby.

85. EXT. SIDE OF THE HIGHWAY - PRAIRIES - EARLY MORNING

Away from the van. The DIRECTOR faces the camera. He holds the mike boom himself. His face is battered and badly bruised. His head has been crudely shaved. There are cuts on his scalp. Shanks of hair still sticking out.

DIRECTOR

I have no words for what I'm feeling right now. I've been lied to about the financing, I've spent my own money coming out here. I thought I was commemorating the reunion of...

He looks away, unable to go on, at the film crew's battered van.

86. EXT. THE CAMP GROUND - PRAIRIES - NIGHT

The camera moves through woods with JOE, and PIPE visible. We HEAR BILLY. They pause.

PIPE

What is that shit?

They listen. It is a group of men, singing "OH, CANADA."

The camera creeps on through the woods to the edge of a clearing. A bonfire burning. Around it stand about 20 SKINHEADS, all wearing mirrored shades, singing "OH, CANADA." There is a Nazi Swastika flag stretched between two trees. There are skinheads of various shapes, sizes, ages.

Then we spot the young SKINHEAD whom the band picked up hitchhiking. Belting out the words.

A brief silence at the end of the anthem. Then, as an OLDER SKINHEAD is about to speak, there is rustling from behind us, and someone else strides into the clearing... He turns...

The SKINHEADS look at him, confused. We see that it is JOHN.

JOHN

Have you ever thought that you only hate others because you have no self-esteem.

The SKINHEADS can't believe it. JOHN is suddenly hit with a beer bottle in the back. Then jumped.

JOE, BILLY and PIPE rush to help JOHN.

The young SKINHEAD hitch-hiker yells: "It's Hardcore Blowjob."

And suddenly SKINHEADS have spotted the camera, and are staring right at us, then running at us... and things go all jerky and crazy as the DIRECTOR drops the camera from shoulder to hip level and starts running, the camera aimed back at his pursuers, who are silhouettes bouncing in the firelight...

It's a full-out sprint for the van from the DIRECTOR's crazy POV, running away from the scene, then things go topsy turvy and the camera is lying on its side on the ground, pointed at the DIRECTOR, who has fallen down... and suddenly TWO SKINHEADS are there and we see their Doc Martens kicking the DIRECTOR over and over...

... and then a further scuffle off camera as the SKINHEADS are diverted...

... and the DIRECTOR crawls toward the camera, reaches for it, his face bruised and cut and we CUT TO...

87. INT. THE VAN - MOVING - PRAIRIES - NIGHT

A few minutes later. Total panic. The DIRECTOR is heroically holding the camera, pointing it aimlessly around the van as JOE drives like crazy away from the scene. Everyone is talking and energised. The camera is shaking along with the DIRECTOR, who is in shock. He tries to steady it on JOHN, who shakes with rage.

JOHN
Bastards, white trash shit...
stole their goddamn flag...
WHOOOOOOOOOO!

JOHN shows us a rolled up Nazi flag he somehow managed to steal in the panic. Triumphant grin, then he looks to camera, concerned.

JOHN
...Bruce?

The camera topples sideways as the DIRECTOR faints.

88. EXT. SIDE OF THE HIGHWAY - PRAIRIES - EARLY MORNING

The van is stopped on the road shoulder, out of gas. PIPE has his drum sticks out. He is drumming against the side of the van, pauses, looks to camera.

PIPE
Here we are, hub of nowhere. We're
outta gas so I'm gonna play a song
of my own for ya. I call it the
Ballad of Billy and Joe.

... PIPE starts drumming on the side of the van again... and he drums his way around the van, hitting the hubcaps and windows, sometimes the pavement for variety...

...and on the other side of the van we find JOHN, sitting in the open side door, bent over his diary. PIPE drums on his head. JOHN doesn't flinch.

PIPE

Look at that. Doesn't even notice
what with the big party goin' on
in there.

PIPE suddenly makes a grab for the diary, but JOHN grabs it away quickly, like a Zen master.

JOHN

When you can snatch the book from
my hand, only then will you be
wise.

PIPE and JOHN look at each other for a beat, then PIPE continues drumming his way around the van, yelling "Ballad of Billy and Joe, Ballad of Billy and Joe..."

UP the road, we notice JOE and BILLY walking up with gas cans, swinging them at each other, horsing around. They spot the camera and wave.

HOLD as Billy unfurls the stolen Nazi flag, douses it with gas. Joe dribbles a trail of gasoline along the road up to the flag... They drop a match on the road.... a trail of fire shoots along, then IGNITES the whole flag as we hear PIPE's drum song over.

89. INT. AS THE VAN APPROACHES EDMONTON - MOVING - DAY

VIEW of the road, traffic, city skyline in the distance.

BILLY (OS)

Cheese Gun.

PIPE (OS)

Snow Axe.

JOHN (OS)

Life Snow Picnic?

BILLY (OS)

Church of Worms...

JOE (OS)

(BUZZER NOISE)

Category is fake Canadian bands.

BILLY (OS)

... goin for goth here... okay
Faster Leonard Cohen, Die Die.

JOHN (OS)
Sacrilege.

JOE (OS)
... qualifies.

PIPE (OS)
Sled Dog Afterbirth.

BILLY (OS)
You're the king, Pipe... Joe?

JOE (OS)
... MacArthur Parka.

90. EXT. A STREET IN EDMONTON - DAY

In front of a run-down house with VICTORIA, a punky college girl.
The van is in the driveway.

VICTORIA
This is a band house. Basically
it's a place where touring bands
stay 'cause it's cheaper than
putting 'em up in hotels. I get
free room and board to look after
the place and cook the odd meal.
I'm a student so it's a pretty
good deal for me... what happened
to your hair?

91. INT. THE BAND FLOP-HOUSE, EDMONTON - KITCHEN - DAY

VICTORIA walks softly down a corridor, pointing out the rooms the
guys are staying in.

VICTORIA
Shhh, they're sleeping.

She slips into a room. We notice PIPE asleep on the bed. She closes
the door.

TITLE: JOHN'S TOUR DIARY

92. INT. THE BAND FLOP-HOUSE, EDMONTON - KITCHEN - LATER - DAY

BILLY and JOE sit at the kitchen table as VICTORIA talks on phone
in bg. Pots are boiling on the stove. Kitchen's a mess.

JOE
So we get like third billing.
McRoberts says it's a pretty big
festival, thirty thousand people.

BILLY

When?

JOE

Three weeks, month.

BILLY

Cool! See if we can get some new songs together. Guess we're still with Pipe and John, eh?

JOE

Slap 'em into shape, they'll be fine... Thirty thousand fuckin people. Sixty thousand pairs of ears.

BILLY

No, sixty thousand ears. Thirty thousand pairs. Can't believe we let you do the accounting.

A moment as they drink their coffee. They seem quite happy just sitting here. PIPE enters. He holds John's tour diary.

PIPE

Check this out.

BILLY

(grabs for it)

Ooo, the book of secrets.

PIPE

(holds it away)

No no no, this is my score.

JOE

Don't you believe in privacy?

PIPE

Not this week.

JOE

Fair enough.

PIPE

Okay, moment of truth. Check this.

(reads in a bookish

caricature of John's voice)

"Joe has informed me that my journal has been deemed a threat to the band. Well fuck that! What the hell has happened to us anyway?"

PIPE pauses, looks at the others. They all laugh. He resumes reading in his pretentious John voice.

PIPE (cont'd)

"All week we went through these motions, just holding our breath in case someone whispers a secret too soft to hear. Well I held my breath long enough and I heard the secret. I realized I really came on this tour because I can be honest with these guys and I can't with anyone else."

PIPE looks to the others for laughs. They look completely serious. So does VICTORIA in the bg, who is off the phone and back at the stove.

PIPE (cont'd)

(reading, more seriously)

"I came because when I'm at home I have to take these pills that help me lie to myself and Celine and everyone else. I have to get up and tell this lie every day about being normal, and before this reunion came up, I was scared I'd wake up one day and believe that lie for the rest of my life. Makes me wonder what lies the other guys are believing."

PIPE stops reading. The guys sit there glumly. JOHN is suddenly standing behind PIPE, his hair wet from the shower. He snatches the diary back. The others look at him apprehensively.

JOHN

Well, settles one thing... I was never sure you actually knew how to read.

JOHN stalks off with his diary. Embarrassed beat as PIPE watches him go. Then he notices the camera on him. Scowls.

PIPE

(to camera)

Would you, like, give it a fuckin rest!? You think just because you have a camera, gives you the right to stop the world to get some stupid shot... You're a parasite, Bruce. Face it.

(MORE)

PIPE (cont'd)

I've seen your so-called films man, you got one foot in one foot out. Suburban geek on a street credibility holiday. Fuck that. Roadkill sucks shit. And that Highway 66... totally bites, man.

BILLY

Good Pipe. Keep goin. Let it out.

PIPE

(to camera)

Truth hurts, don't it? You are so full of shit. How bout your Indian one man. Talk about the big lie. You happy now? Got the dirt on us? You fuckin' smile at me man I'll boot your head in. I tell you what man, I came out here for the fuckin money... you wanna catch us fallin apart? Wanna catch us killin each other? Well it ain't gonna happen. We been through worse than this and we always survived. We're a fuckin band, Bruce. We'll be here long after you're gone.

93. EXT. BAND HOUSE, EDMONTON - IN THE BACK YARD - LATE AFTERNOON

JOHN sets the diary down on patio concrete. There's a broken old lobster trap lying nearby in the yard.

JOHN

(to camera)

It's weird, people will do anything for a camera, but when it comes to being written about, they can't take it, they talk about lawsuits and stuff. Like the written word has some sinister power to twist and distort that the camera doesn't. Which is bullshit, eh Bruce?

Lights a match to his diary. It begins to burn.

JOHN

There ya go. Book of John. Words come and go, but pictures never die.

HOLD on the burning diary.

94. INT. BAND HOUSE, EDMONTON - DAY

JOE and BILLY sit together working on a song with their guitars. VICTORIA is watching. JOE and BILLY stop.

BILLY

Not bad.

JOE

Bridge could kick harder.

VICTORIA

.... So is it true you faked the benefit?

JOE

What!

VICTORIA

Friend called from Vancouver. Said Bucky Haight never was shot. He was saying people are really pissed off.

JOE

Yeah like who?

BILLY

(cuts in, takes over:)

Well you tell your friend we just saw Bucky, and Bucky's in a wheelchair now.

VICTORIA

I'm just saying I heard--

BILLY

Guy showed us his stump, Victoria. Ever seen a stump before? No? Guy's like "c'mon man, I wantcha to know how it feels. Touch it. Touch my stump." So don't tell me Bucky Haight wasn't shot, Vic. I touched the man's stump.

VICTORIA looks chastened. JOE is looking at BILLY with admiration bordering on love.

95. INT. THE STARFISH ROOM, EDMONTON - DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Through the dressing room door we see PIPE out on stage soundchecking his drum kit...

In the room itself, JOHN is checking his clothes and makeup in a mirror. This process has now become quite elaborate.

JOE sits on a stool with his guitar. Looks to camera.

JOE
Ten rules of the rock n roll
swindle. One: establish the name.
In our case again. Two: become the
world's greatest tourist
attraction. Three: get as much
money as you can from the record
company of your choice. Four: the
guitar player has a lobotomy.

As BILLY walks in past JOE.

JOE
(to Billy)
How was the interview?

BILLY goes into the bathroom, closes the door. No answer.

96. INT. CO-OP RADIO STUDIOS, EDMONTON - EVENING

 We follow BILLY into the radio studio, where he is greeted by DEAN, the interviewer. BILLY turns to the camera. In his hand is a slip of paper. He is incredibly energetic and happy just now, trying to contain his excitement about something.

JUMP CUT:

The last few chords of an electric HARD CORE LOGO tune. BILLY sits in front of a microphone doing a live interview with DEAN.

DEAN
In the studio with me is Hard Core
Logo lead guitarist Billy Tallent.
Billy, welcome to E-town.

BILLY
Canadian capital of rock and roll
worship. Glad to be here.

DEAN
How's the reunion panning out?

BILLY
We had some great nights, some
pretty wild times. Nice to see
there's people out there who still
remember us.

DEAN

What's next for the Hard Cores?

BILLY

Well Joe'd be the one to ask that... you know I've had a great time, but I'm leaving to join up with Jennifer.

DEAN

No way. Cool.

BILLY

(the fax in his hand)

Yup. Just got the word.

DEAN

Wow. The bigtime. How's Joe feel about it?

BILLY

Dunno. Haven't told him yet.

97. INT. THE STARFISH ROOM, EDMONTON - BACKSTAGE JUST BEFORE SHOWTIME - NIGHT

JOE is still on his stool as before.

DIRECTOR (OS)

So you and Billy are doing a new album now too?

JOE

Looks that way, Brice-baby. Wanna do some videos for us?

DIRECTOR (OS)

... So Joe. How ya feel about Billy leaving the band?

JOE

... What the fuck you talking about?

DIRECTOR (OS)

How. Do. You. Feel. About. Billy. Leaving. Hard Core Logo.

HOLD on JOE as it sinks in.

98. INT. THE STARFISH ROOM, EDMONTON - WINGS OF THE STAGE - NIGHT

The BAND wait to go on stage. JOE is guzzling from a bottle of Jack Daniels. The CROWD are chanting "HARD CORE! HARD CORE!"

JOE
 (shouts to BILLY)
 Betcher glad you didn't join
 Jennifer now, eh?



BILLY's smile freezes on his face. JOE stares at BILLY. BILLY slips on his shades.

99. INT. THE STARFISH ROOM, EDMONTON - ON STAGE - NIGHT

SERIES OF FAST, HIGH ENERGY SHOTS as the band moves through their set. The title cards will provide about one second of dead silence between songs.

JOE
 (completely fucked up)
 This song is defecated to all the
 drug addicts and pedophiles who
 dominate the music business.

TITLE: ROCK N' ROLL IS FAT AND UGLY

...and BAM!! The band are rocking like crazy. JOE strangling the mike on its stand like an attacking snake. The CROWD is freaking out... the scene in the club a fucking madhouse of rocking, body slamming energy... BILLY is playing with his shades on, looking a bit cool and distant.

In the crowd we pick out VICTORIA and DEAN. Someone in the crowd has a video camera.

TITLE: EDMONTON BLOCK HEATER

... and BAM!!! the band are blasting away at EDMONTON BLOCK HEATER. JOE's bottle of Jack Daniels is beside his foot as he gives the performance his all.

JOE SINGS:
 TAKE ME OUT OF THIS FROZEN SEASON
 SEND ME DOWN SOUTH FOR A HOLIDAY
 I JUST CAN'T WAIT TO GET AWAY
 PLUG IT IN!! TO YOUR BLOCK HEATER

TITLE: WHO THE HELL DO YOU THINK YOU ARE

...and BAM!! JOE sweating like crazy, really spitting and screaming into the mike. His bottle of Jack Daniels is almost half gone. The CROWD really getting into it, moshing along...

TITLE: SOMETHING'S GONNA DIE TONIGHT

...and BAM!!! By now the crowd is watching JOE'S performance like they are seeing something they will never see again.

JOE SCREAMS:

ALL'S I'VE GOT TO DO IS GET ME A GUN
AND STARE DOWN THE BARREL AND SET MY SIGHTS
THEN SQUEEZE THE TRIGGER TILL I FEEL THE THUD
CAUSE SOMETHING'S GONNA DIE TONIGHT

JOE'S bottle of Jack is nearly empty. BILLY is playing hard.
JOHN is giving it his all, trying to keep up with JOE.

~~★~~ TITLE: ONE FOOT IN THE GUTTER ~~★~~

Then BAM!! Joe's bottle of JACK DANIELS is empty on its side and
JOE's mad vein is bulging like crazy. He plays guitar again.

~~★~~ JOE SINGS: ~~★~~
***song lyrics

Song ends cold. The crowd WHOOPS. JOE looks out over the crowd,
his face red and swollen with rage. His voice is shredded.

JOE
THIS IS A VERY SPECIAL NIGHT
TONIGHT. NOT ONLY IS THIS THE
LAST NIGHT OF OUR HUUUUGELY
SUCCESSFUL REUNION TOUR, IT'S
ALSO THE LAST NIGHT OF BILLY
TALLENT'S FUCKING LIFE!!!

BILLY, busy swigging beer and eyeing a GIRL on the floor, looks
suddenly at JOE, who is already unstrapping his guitar...

... BILLY has no time to react before...

... JOE launches himself onto BILLY and they hit the floor of the
stage and roll around, punching and kicking like kids in a
schoolyard, BILLY doing his best to protect himself... guitars
falling off and lying there FEEDING BACK...

... It is a vicious, ugly fight - not a 'movie fight' but the
kind of clumsy, red-faced brawl that you get in real life.

JOE and BILLY continue at each other, and end up falling off
the stage and into the crowd...

....the CROWD parts in confusion as JOE and BILLY punch and kick
and slap and scratch at each other...

...JOHN and PIPE step up to the edge of the stage to look down at the fight. JOHN is almost in tears. PIPE looks bitter; he sneers.

JOHN steps to the mike.

JOHN
WATCHIN THE ROCKS, WATCHIN THE
ROCKS HERE COME THE ROCKS THERE'S
NO MORE AIR, I'M HITTIN 'EM I'VE
HIT EM, SKIN'S RIPPED OFF MY
PALMS, AND I WAS A DRY BAG BUT
NOW I'M WET, AND NOW I'M
EVERYWHERE.

PIPE stares at JOHN amazed... as JOE and BILLY continue fighting... they get to their feet and face each other, their faces red and furious.

JOHN
....BARS ARE OFF THE WINDOW... NO
MORE MUSIC NO MORE ACTING,
ACTING, ACTING...

BILLY puts up his hands in truce... ..But JOE flies at him again and hits BILLY in the head. BILLY hits back. JOE throws himself at BILLY and drives him back against the stage, bends him over backwards. BILLY pushes at JOE's chin, trying to keep him away...

PIPE glares at his bright orange drum kit, source of his self-contempt. He's had it. He lays into the kit, kicking the snares off the stage. He grabs Billy's mike stand and takes a big swing at the skin on the bass drum. KABOOOOM! THE CROWD LOVES IT.

JOHN
.....OFF WITH THE BOMB OFF WITH
THEIR HEADS THROW THEM TO THE
LIONS FEED THEM TO THE PEOPLE
BURN THEM AT THE STAKE, STAKE TO
THE HEART, UNDEAD FUCKING ON A
BEDROCK OF EVIL, COWBOY MOUTH
BITE THE HEAD OFF A ZIT, LOBSTER
MAN SAVES ROCK N ROLL, TAKES OWN
LIFE. A SLAVE IN SOUL, NO
CONTROL, BLOOD FOR BLOOD ARCHING
UP AND OUT AND OVER. UP. OUT.
OVER.

JOE winds up and starts repeatedly punching BILLY in the face, over and over and over, shouting and swearing... until BILLY'S nose starts bleeding like crazy, and both of them are covered with blood...

JOHN

... HUGGING DANGER FROM BEHIND.
AND UP HIS RAGE AND OUT HER PANIC
AND THROUGH HIS FRAUD AND OVER HER
LAW AND INTO HIS GOD AND OUT OF
HER SLAVE AND IN THE END IT'S
LOVE.

.... PIPE smashes and smashes and smashes at his kit.
Obliterating it, and making one fuck of a lot of noise.

BILLY manages to get hold of JOE's hand, and he draws it close to his mouth, and bites as hard as he can while...

... up on stage JOHN is now shrieking "IT'S LOVE IT'S LOVE IT'S LOVE" unintelligibly. PIPE turns up his amp full blast until it FEEDS BACK in an unbearable scream.

... and the CROWD looks on in disbelief as...

★ ... JOE gets back onstage, grabs Bucky's blue guitar, winds up with it like an axe as BILLY watches horrified, and brings it splintering down on stage over and over and over until he's holding nothing but a stick and a fistful of wires... ★

★ ... and PIPE and JOHN stop in their freakout, stare amazed at JOE. ★ Then PIPE finds the microphone, and in true rock poser fashion:

PIPE

THANK YOU EDMONTON!!!! GOOD
NIGHT!!!

PIPE and JOHN walk off the stage...

★ ... JOE stops, looks down at BILLY. BILLY wipes blood off his face, gives JOE an enigmatic smile. JOE gives a half smile, jumps off the stage. DEAN and OTHERS think that JOE is going to attack again, and grab JOE, pull him away from BILLY. BILLY is pulled away toward the front door... he glances back once, to camera, as he leaves... then he is gone. ★

100. INT. THE STARFISH ROOM, EDMONTON - BACKSTAGE - MOMENTS LATER
- NIGHT

JOE sits with a black eye, cuts, bruises, bloody nose. In the background, JOHN and PIPE sit catching their breath.

LONG PAUSE.

The PROMOTER comes in looking a little downcast.

PROMOTER

Look guys, before I say anything,
I've got to say I'm sorry.

JOE

Wouldn't worry about it.

PROMOTER

No, see, my wife came in
at last call and cleaned the bills
out the till.

PIPE

For fuck sake.

PROMOTER

Man, if I could give you all one
piece of advice...
(a bit choked up)
...never do business with a couple
going through a divorce.

The Promoter hoists a heavy canvas bag onto a table with a big CHINGGGG sound. JOE just stares at the bag. The promoter leaves, ashamed. JOE gets up and walks quietly from the room. PIPE and JOHN stare after him wordlessly.

101. INT. STARFISH ROOM, EDMONTON - BY THE BAR - NIGHT

JOE goes to the bar, confers with the bartender, who hands him a bottle of Jack Daniels and two glasses. JOE heads on out through the remaining FANS (who stare after him).

102. EXT. OUTSIDE THE STARFISH ROOM, EDMONTON - NIGHT

As we follow JOE out to the street where we are just in time to see a TAXI pull away from the curb with BILLY inside it. JOE stands there with the bottle and glasses. A few shell-shocked and excited FANS continue milling around, talking excitedly about the Hard Core Logo show.

A couple of young PERUVIAN BUSKERS (guitar and nose flute) are playing against a wall. An old HOMELESS MAN is panhandling.

From a distance we pick out JOE, with blood still all over his face, amid these few awe-struck FANS, watching the buskers play.

HOLD ON JOE as he hands a glass to the HOMELESS MAN and pours him a drink, and a drink for himself. The OLD MAN holds his glass up to JOE in a toast.

...MACRO the words in newsprint type as JOE's voice reads the following words:

PINK / OCT - 24

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JOE (VO)

"MY NAME IS JOE MULGREW. I USED TO
GO BY THE NAME JOE DICK, SINGER
FOR HARD CORE LOGO. I'M LOOKING
FOR BASS, DRUMS, LEAD GUITAR, TO
FORM A KICKASS ROCK BAND COMMITTED
TO RECORDING AND TOURING. IF YOU
ARE UNDER THIRTY, SEASONED AND
HUNGY, THEN I WANT TO HEAR YOUR
VERY BEST STUFF. SEND ME A TAPE OF
YOUR HOTTEST LICKS AND I'LL TELL
YOU IF YOU'VE GOT THE GOODS."

CUT TO:

TAIL CREDITS IN AND OVER:

103. A CLOSE MOVING SHOT OF THE ROAD: rushing by underneath us. We HEAR the responses to Joe's classified ad from various young rock musicians, as recorded on his answering machine.

...And as we near the end of the credits, we return to our shot of the rushing road and TILT UP to reveal a large 'FLASH BASTARD' ROCK 'N' ROLL TOUR BUS pulling from a side road right into the middle of the highway. SCREECH OF BRAKES as we try to stop, but goddammit, it's too late! And as we careen towards a collision we see the words...

"THE END"

...spray painted on it like graffiti, and we...

SMAAAAAAASH INTO THE BUS at full speed with a sickening sound of twisting metal and breaking glass and...

FADE TO BLACK.