

Linda Blair. -

SAVAGE STREETS

A SCREENPLAY

By

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SIXTH DRAFT

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SAVAGE STREETS

FADE IN:

1 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

1

To the driving hard metal beat of the New Wave TITLE NUMBER, the Satans walk down the garish neon lit streets lined with massage parlors and porno theatres. TITLES ARE SUPERED. Sexy, wearing leather mini skirts and purple satin jackets, their backs emblazoned with their insignia, they are confident and street tough. BRENDA is in the lead, followed by STEVIE, FRANCINE, RACHEL, STELLA and MARIA. LOW CAMERA ANGLE emphasizes their strength and central position in the neighborhood. They pass a massage parlor and walk out of frame.

2 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

2

A MAN in a disheveled business suit stumbles out of the massage parlor straightening his tie. He stares at the shiny, leather clad asses of the Satans as they walk away. He steps into CS. He is slightly balding, his face red and sweaty from the physical exertion from his session with his "masseuse." Slightly drunk, he walks down the street in the opposite direction from the Satans. As he does a mean '58 Buick, its grill looking like a shark's mouth with chrome capped teeth, slows down and cruises beside him. The man nervously glances over his shoulder and begins to walk faster. The Buick stops and FARGO, a huge brute, climbs out and moves in the direction of the business man. JAKE, the leader of the SCARS, a gang of sadistic punkers, leans out the window. Behind him are RED, a grinning psychopath, and VINCE, the smallest, least threatening of the gang.

3 OMIT OMIT 3

4 OMIT OMIT 4

5 OMIT OMIT 5

6 EXT. STREET - NIGHT 6

Fargo follows the businessman down a dark street. The man quickens his pace until he is at a run. He rounds the corner into an alley.

7 OMIT OMIT 7

8 EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT 8

The man runs from the Scars -- it is a dead end. Red jumps down from the fence and laughs. The man turns to run as the car comes screeching around the corner with Fargo riding shotgun. The man freezes, caught between a rock and a hard place. Suddenly the car doors fly open and Vince, Fargo and another gang member jump out and beat the man as Jake stands watching. The man is down. Jake steps over to him and takes out his switchblade.

JAKE

Whatta ya got for us,
fucker?

With shaking hands, the man comes up with his wallet, his watch, and ring. Vince comes up behind Jake.

VINCE

Jake, let's get outa here.

JAKE

Relax, Vincie boy, the fun's
just beginning.

Suddenly the car lights go on, flooding the group with light.

8 CONTINUED

8

BRENDA (OS)
Drop it, Jake.

Jake and the others freeze as they see Brenda standing by their car with the door open and the lights on them.

JAKE
Stay outta this, Brenda.

BRENDA
You're on the wrong side of town, Jake. This is my territory and we run a clean neighborhood and we mean to keep it that way. Take your scum back to the other side of town.

Jake holds the knife to the man's throat in a threatening manner. Brenda gives a signal. Stevie lights a cigarette lighter which is much too close to a rag sticking out of the car's gas tank. She smiles as she moves it closer to the rag.

Francine smashes a small window of one of the shops and an alarm goes off.

VINCE
Jake, Jake, the cops...

The man takes advantage of the momentary confusion and runs to the fence and jumps over, making his escape.

JAKE
Your ass has had it, Brenda.

Brenda gives a signal and the Satans cut out.

Jake kicks his car angrily.

*

JAKE
Mother fuckers! I'm gonna get her ass good for this!

9 INT. GIRL'S GYM - DAY

9

MUSIC CONTINUES, the girls in tight gym shorts and white t-shirts work their lithe young bodies into a sweat under the stern, watchful eye of their drill instructor, gym teacher, MISS JENKINS. Miss Jenkins watches the Satans. Instead of the uniform of gym shorts and white t-shirts, they wear leotards and multi-colored tops with names of bands and slogans emblazoned on them. END OF TITLE SEQUENCE.

JENKINS
Pick it up, Brenda!

BRENDA
(under her breath)
Stuff it, bitch.

Jenkins moves down the line.

JENKINS
That goes for you,
too, Stella!

STELLA
(under her breath)
Kiss ma black ass,
Jenkins.

JENKINS
Rachel, Francine,
Maria!. Get those
asses in gear!

FRANCINE
(under her breath)
Up yours!

Snapping her fingers to the beat of the music Stevie is totally spaced out.

JENKINS
Get in step, Stevie.

Stevie is oblivious. Jenkins cups her hand to the girl's ear.

JENKINS (CONT)
Stevie!

10 EXT. GYM - DAY

10

Outside in the brilliant sunlight, the cheerleaders go through their routines. CINDY and VALERIE, pom poms at their side and in full cheerleading uniform, stand in front of a large group of preppy girls, the SIGMAS. The aerobic dance MUSIC can be heard in the background.

CINDY
All right, Sigmas.
Let's try it again!

The cheerleaders run through a routine. As they do, WES, Cindy's jock boyfriend, enters the scene near the double doors that open into the gym. Cindy waves to him, he waves back.

VALERIE
He's such a hunk,
Cindy

CINDY
Look, but don't touch
sweety.

Wes looks over his shoulder into the gym. He eyes the girls. His gaze stops on Brenda. He watches her go through the exercises.

11 INT. GYM - DAY

11

Stevie notices Wes and nudges Brenda.

STEVIE
Hey, Brenda, you
got an audience.

Brenda looks over at the double doors. The cheerleaders can be seen going through their routines behind Wes.

BRENDA
Oh, Christ. When's
he going to quit
jerking off and give up?

Wes grins and winks. Brenda gives him an icy gaze and turns away.

STELLA
Wants that white
bod of yours, baby.

BRENDA
Do me a favor, Stella -
Sit on it.

Francine leans over.

FRANCINE
I think he's sort of
sexy. And his old man
owns half this stinking
town. Too bad he don't
have anything upstairs.

BRENDA
Jesus, gimme a break,
will ya?

Wes waves again. Brenda groans. Wes is bummed when he doesn't get Brenda's attention.

12 INT. UNDERWOOD'S OFFICE - DAY

12

UNDERWOOD, the principal, looks like a Marine drill sergeant in a business suit. He sits staring out the window at the cheerleaders practicing in the field. The intercom buzzes, he leans over to it and presses a button. He always speaks as if he's being put out.

UNDERWOOD
Yeah, Miss Thompson.

13 INT. OUTER OFFICE - DAY

13

MISS THOMPSON is a high strung but efficient dehumanized bureaucratic product. She winces at Underwood's tone and language. The outer office is always busy, students can be seen passing back and forth in the hall outside.

THOMPSON
Mr. Underwood, Officer Daltrey
and his partner are here to
see you.

When Underwood answers, CAMERA PULLS BACK to show OFFICER DALTREY and YOUNG COP standing next to Miss Thompson's desk. They can clearly hear Underwood.

UNDERWOOD
What's the prick want now?

Miss Thompson winces again. Daltrey frowns.

THOMPSON
(rigidly controlled)
Officer Daltrey is standing
at my desk, Mr. Underwood,
and says he must speak with you.

14 INT. OFFICE - DAY

14

Underwood releases the button to cut off his voice.

UNDERWOOD
Mother fuckers.

He pushes the button again and speaks with exaggerated politeness.

UNDERWOOD (CONT)
Thank you, Miss Thompson. Please
send Officer Daltrey and his
partner in.

Underwood reaches into his desk, pulls out a flask and takes a quick swig.

15 INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR - DAY

15

Jake holds a knife to a frightened BOY's throat, pressing the boy against some lockers.

BOY
I'll have the money tomorrow,
Jake. I....I swear it.

Jake lets the boy drop. The rest of the Scars, the gang of raunchy punks, stand around Jake. Vince, Red and Fargo are prominent.

JAKE
That's better kid! Just call it
life insurance. You pay, you
live.

16 INT. OFFICE - DAY

16

Underwood is pounding his fist on the desk.

UNDERWOOD
God dammit, Daltrey. I'm not
responsible for what the little
fuckers to do outside these
school grounds.

DALTREY

Look, Underwood. A lot of people think if you were doing your job here, we'd have some kids with a little more respect for law and order.

Underwood leans across the desk as if about to say something eloquent in his defense. He looks Daltrey straight in the eye.

UNDERWOOD

Bull....shit!

17 INT - SCHOOL CORRIDOR - DAY

17

CAMERA TRUCKS BACK as Daltrey, Underwood and the young cop walk down the crowded school corridor.

UNDERWOOD

You should know what I'm talking about, Daltrey. This place is no different from the streets. It's a goddam sewer. You want to bust somebody? Take your fucking pick. There's so much dope running in these corridors all you gotta do is reach out and grab.

As they round the corner, students scatter. One swallows a roach. At the end of the hall, Jake and the Scars are hassling another kid. Underwood spots them.

UNDERWOOD (CONT)

God dammit!

Underwood nearly runs down the hall. He grabs Jake by his black leather collar and throws him crashing against the lockers. With his face close to Jake, he talks through clenched teeth.

UNDERWOOD (CONT)

Well, if it isn't my old buddy, Jake. What brings you to this neck of the woods, asshole?

JAKE

Hey, if it ain't Mr. Underwood. Just lookin' after one of my boys here who's got himself sick.

MISS YOUNG, an attractive, very serious looking English teacher looks out from her classroom holding a poetry book against her chest.

UNDERWOOD
That smells like a pile of
shit to me, fuckhead.

JAKE
Hey, would I jive you, Mr.
Underwood? It's Vince here.
I was takin' him home to his Momma.

Underwood lets Jake go. The principal turns to Vince.

UNDERWOOD
You sick, kid?

JAKE
He's burning up.

Underwood turns back to face Jake.

UNDERWOOD
I don't want you on my campus,
boy. You or any of your scum.

JAKE
Scars, Mr. Underwood, Scars.

UNDERWOOD
It's all shit to me, you punk.
As for you, Vince, you want to
trash your life, that's
your business. Just don't do it
on my time.

Vince is wide-eyed. He nods.

JAKE
You hear that, men. Mr. Underwood
here wants me off his shitty campus.

UNDERWOOD
(ominously)
I mean it, Jake. Get your ass
outta here or I'll feed it to my
dogs tonight.

Jake starts to make a move toward Underwood when Daltrey and the young cop approach along with a large contingent of the kids in the corridor. Jake sizes up the situation, shrugs and signals his boys to move out. Vince looks from Underwood to the gang. Then sheepishly goes after them. Underwood turns to Daltrey.

17 CONTINUED

17

UNDERWOOD

You tell me how to
handle these punks,
Daltrey.

DALTREY

Maybe if you had tried
filling their heads with
something when they were
younger you wouldn't have
to bust their heads now.

The young cop nods and walks away with Daltrey. Underwood
watches them disappear down the corridor.

UNDERWOOD

(softly)

Son of a bitch.

He turns to walk away only to be confronted by the
disapproving stare of Miss Young, who has been watching
the confrontation. There is obviously no love lost
between them.

YOUNG

(stiff, coolly)

Mr. Underwood.

UNDERWOOD

If you've got something to say,
Miss Young, save it for the goddamn
bleeding hearts.

And he stalks off down the hall. Frustrated, Miss Young
disappears back into the classroom.

18 EXT. GYM - DAY

Jake and the Scars continue alongside the gym. They come
to a set of double doors that look into the gym. They
watch the girls going through their exercises.

RED

Hey, Jake, look at that.

Fargo, the brute, grins, grunts, and licks his lips.
Vince stares wide-eyed.

18 CONTINUED

18

RED
What do you think, huh,
Jake?

Fargo grunts again.

JAKE
I'm with Fargo here.

VINCE
(softly,
romantically)
They're really beautiful.

Jake knocks Vince on the side of his head.

JAKE
What the fuck do you know,
Vince? You ain't never
been laid.

Vince remains silent.

RED
Hey, Jake. Ain't that
Brenda?

Jake's grin disappears.

JAKE
Yeah, the bitch. She better not
think she's getting away with
last night.

*
*
*

RED
Maybe we oughta teach her
a lesson. Huh, Jake?

JAKE
Maybe you might just be
right, Red. Just this once.

19 EXT. GYM - DAY

19

The Sigmas continue to go through their routines. HEATHER
heads for the gym doors where Wes still stands.

VALERIE
Hey, Cindy, isn't that
Brenda's kid sister?

CINDY

Yeah, the little creep.
Can't even hear. She goes
to that school up the street
with the other MRs.

VALERIE

She's sorta cute.

Cindy gives Valerie a look of complete disbelief.

VALERIE (CONT)

I mean for a retard.

In the distance, Heather walks by Wes into the gym.

CINDY

Hey, what's Wes looking at?

Cindy and Valerie head toward the gym and Wes, who still stares lovingly at Brenda.

20 INT. GYM - DAY

RACHEL

Hey, Bren, you kid sister's
here.

Brenda smiles and waves and motions for Heather to sit on the bleachers. Wes thinks that Brenda is waving at him and waves back, just as Cindy and Valerie step up behind him. Cindy sees who he is waving at and quickly drags him away from the doors.

21 EXT. GYM - DAY

Cindy has Wes up against a wall. Valerie waits in the background.

CINDY

I saw you drooling over Brenda.

WES

Hey, baby, you got it all
wrong.

CINDY

Don't give me that, Wes.
I catch you lookin' at that slut
again, and we're through. You
hear me ?

22 EXT. GYM - DAY

The scars are still watching the girls.

RED

Hey, Jake, look. It's Brenda's
baby sister.

JAKE

So it is. You know, she's
growing up into a nice little
piece of ass.

Fargo eyes Heather, grunts and licks his lips.

RED

Whatta ya think, Jake?
Huh? Whatta ya think?

JAKE

(thoughtfully)
Shut up, Red.

Vince looks at Jake with apprehension.

23 INT. GYM - DAY

23

The aerobic dance MUSIC ENDS.

JENKINS

Okay, girls. Hit the
showers!

She blows her whistle and the girls head toward the
locker room

BRENDA

(to Francine)

You go ahead. I've
got to talk to Heather.

Brenda heads toward Heather. Heather reads a book. Brenda
puts her hand on Heather's shoulder and the younger girl looks
up and smiles radiantly. She idolizes Brenda.

BRENDA (CONT)

Hiya, baby. How was school?

Heather uses sign language to say her day was good.

BRENDA

Look, I'll get my clothes on
and walk you home. Okay?

Heather smiles, then takes hold of Brenda's arm. She hands
Brenda a gift-wrapped package with a birthday card. Inside,
is a cheap gold chain....which is worth more than anything
in the world to Brenda.

BRENDA

(a tear in her eye)

Ah, Jesus Heather. You shouldn't
have....but thanks.

Brenda puts her arms around Heather.

BRENDA (CONT)
God I love you.

24 EXT. GYM - DAY

24

Cindy sees Brenda disappear through the doors.

CINDY
I'll meet you at the 7-11
in an hour, Wes. That's
one hour. And, don't think you're
off the hook yet.

WES
(staring at her tits)
Come on, Cindy. You know you're
the only girl for me.

CINDY
(appeased)
Come on, Valerie, let's go.

The two cheerleaders disappear into the gym.

25 EXT. GYM - DAY

25

The Scars watch the cheerleaders run across the gym floor.

RED
Sure like to get into
those sweaters.

26 INT. GYM - DAY

26

Smiling, Heather watches Cindy and Valerie as they pass her. She waves, but the girls give her cold, disgusted stares. Heather's smile disappears. It is suddenly quiet in the cavernous gym. Heather sighs and sits staring at the clock.

27 INT. GIRLS LOCKER ROOM - DAY

27

CAMERA STARTS IN the steaming showers as the girls laugh and horse around. Among the lockers, girls are in various stages of undress. Brenda, Stevie, Francine, Stella, Maria and Rachel have lockers close to each other. As the other girls are undressing, Brenda is already getting dressed.

FRANCINE
Jesus, Brenda. Ain't
you showering or nothin'?

STELLA
She wants to smell real funky tonight
for her man. Turns him on.

Brenda puts on the necklase Heather has given her. Stella
is the only one to notice.

STELLA
Hey, what you got there, honey?

BRENDA
(at a loss for words)
Oh, it's...a gift from Heather.

STELLA
Sure is pretty.

MARIA
Hey, Brenda, don't forget about the
wedding rehearsal tomorrow night.
Charlene said we can only have the
club 'til nine.

FRANCINE
Yeah, Brenda. Couldn't
start the rehearsal without our
leader. And I don't want nobody
screwing up my big day.

RACHEL
Who gives a shit, Francine?
It won't be your last one.

FRANCINE
I'm warning you, Rachel, cut
that talk out.

STELLA
Yeah, girl, watch that big mouth of yours.

Brenda brushes out her hair.

RACHEL
Shit, I don't know why Francine's
got a feather up her ass. Richie's
already screwing around with every
whore on Fifth Street.

Francine starts toward Rachel to claw her eyes out.
Brenda steps in.

BRENDA
Hey, cut it! We're a group,
right? We don't stick
together, we're nothing.
So cool it!

28 INT. GYM - DAY

28

Since it is late in the day, the quality of light in the gym has changed quickly. It is golden, shadows have lengthened. Heather still sits alone on the bleachers. She puts her books down and steps out into the middle of the glossy gym floor. At first self-conscious, she does a few tentative dance steps from side to side. Slowly she begins to move more freely, swaying to an imaginary beat. Soon she is into the dance, moving gracefully across the floor. As she does a quick turn, she comes face to face with Red. As usual, he is grinning ear to ear. Heather runs quickly back to the bleachers, Red following her.

RED
Hey, where you goin baby, huh?
You move real nice. You know
that? Hey, you listening
to me? Huh?

Heather is picking up her books. Red grabs her by the shoulders and turns her around to face him.

RED
Hey, you can't hear nothin,
can you? Huh?

Heather shakes her head.

RED (CONT)
I ain't never talked to no deaf
chick before. You're real
pretty. You know that, huh?

The fear is slowly leaving Heather's eyes.

29 INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

29

Brenda is gathering up her things to go meet Heather.

FRANCINE
Hey, Brenda, I'm sorry
about the blow out.

BRENDA
Forget it, Francine.

Francine is hesitant, slightly embarrassed.

FRANCINE (CONT)

Brenda? With me gettin' married and all, I've been meaning to talk to you about the Satans -- how much the gang's meant to me.

BRENDA

You don't have to say nothing, Francine. I know how you feel.

FRANCINE

Damn it, Brenda. The Satans, they've been like family to me. Shit, without them, I'd probably be out peddling my ass on the streets, or worse.

Brenda starts to protest.

BRENDA

Hey, Francine. Forget it, OK?

FRANCINE

No, I ain't forgettin it. You were the one that kept us all together. You're the one that held our hands and busted our heads to keep us in line. And I just wanta thank you for it, baby.

They embrace.

30

INT. GYM - DAY

30

Red and Heather sit on the bleachers together. Heather teaches Red sign language. Red is laughing.

RED.

Hey, shit, that's great. Now let me get this straight.

Red spells out "have a nice day" with his hand. Heather corrects the last symbol and nods. Red laughs again and Heather smiles.

RED (CONT)

Hey, I got one to teach you. Know what this means? Huh?

Red sticks the middle finger of his left hand through a hole formed by the thumb and index finger of his right hand. Still smiling, Heather shakes her head.

RED (CONT)

Come on. You try it now.
Yeah, come on. Come on.

Heather copies the obscene gesture. Red smiles.

RED (CONT)

Yeah, yeah. You got it.
You got it. Now let me
show you something else.

Heather smiles.

31 INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

31

Brenda is saying her good-byes to the group.

BRENDA

See you later, trash.

MARIA

Say hello to Heather for us.

STEVIE

We're all still going to the
MX tonight, aren't we?

STELLA

Jesus Christ, where you been,
girl? Course we are. It's Wednesday, isn't it?

RACHEL

Hey, Brenda, don't let Greg sidetrack
you with that big tool of his.

BRENDA

Well, if he does, it's all mine,
honey. See you at the MX later.

The girls laugh. Brenda starts toward the door leading to the gym. She is stopped by Cindy and Valerie, who block her way. They are backed by a group of girls.

CINDY

Where you going, Brenda?

BRENDA

I got no time to deal with you
right now, Cindy. If you're
on the rag, take it out on someone
else.

CINDY

You see, Valerie? With a mouth like that, where else could she come from but the gutter?

VALERIE

I don't know why they even try to educate her kind.

BRENDA

Look, Cindy. I don't want any trouble today from you or your little band of girl scouts. So let me through.

Cindy blocks her way.

CINDY

Not until we've had a little woman-to-woman talk.

BRENDA

Bullshit, Cindy. Get out of my fucking way.

Cindy and the Sigmas hold their ground. Brenda smiles grimly.

32 INT. GYM - DAY

32

Red stares at Heather. Heather looks at him questioningly.

RED

Hey, I bet you never been kissed by a real man before. Huh?

Heather nods.

RED (CONT)

Oh, yeah? Who? Huh? Who?

Heather makes the sign for father.

RED (CONT)

I don't know what you're talking about, baby.

Heather takes out our notebook, writes and shows Red the pages.

RED
Oh, your old man.
Where's he now?

Heather writes again. She shows Red the page.

RED (CONT)
Dead, huh? That's too bad.

Heather nods.

RED
Shit, kissing your old man,
that don't count. Fuck, he's
dead anyway. But I'm alive and
twichin', so let's you and me
have a crack at it. Huh? Whatta you say?

Red starts to pull Heather toward him. Heather shakes her head. Red jerks her to him and kisses her on the mouth. She looks at him with fear.

RED
Now that's a kiss, huh? Your
first real one, too. Ain't
it? Huh? Ain't it?

Red kisses her again. Heather shakes free and runs toward the open double doors. They slam shut just before she reaches them. Fargo stands behind the doors. He grins and grunts. Her face a mask of terror, Heather runs toward the second set of doors that lead to the playing field outside. They also slam shut. Behind them is Vince, his eyes almost as full of fear as Heather's. Unable to scream, Heather runs toward the locker room doors, but Red and Jake are waiting. Jake grabs the girl.

33 INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

33

Brenda is surrounded by Cindy and the other preppy girls.

CINDY
Listen, I want you to stay
away from my boyfriend.
You got that?

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BRENDA
(laughs)
Wes? That ox?

CINDY
Lookit, I know you've
got the hots for him. But
you're not going to touch
him. Understand?

BRENDA
You're crazy, Cindy. And you're
pushing too hard. Not get outta
my way.

CINDY
Not until you promise to
keep your filthy hands off
Wes.

BRENDA
For your information, you little
bitch, it's Wes that wants to put
his filthy hands on me. *

CINDY
You liar!

BRENDA
And even if I thought his
jock prick was big enough,
and I've heard it isn't, he'd
have to beg before I'd even
let him lick my boots.

With a scream, Cindy attacks Brenda. The other members
of the Satans hear the commotion and come to Brenda's
aid. It turns into a cat fight, a free-for-all of
screaming, clawing, tearing young girls, all at each
others' throats.

34 INT. GYM - DAY

34

Forming a circle around Heather, the Scars torment the
girl. She tries to escape, but always ends up in the
arms of another brute. Finally, Jake grabs her blouse
and tears it open, then he kisses her. The others move
in tearing her clothes. Her silent screams go unheard.
Tears streaming down her cheeks, Heather collapses on the
floor. Jake grins.

35 INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

35

The girls are still at it. The Satans have subdued most of the preppy girls and the fight is down to Cindy and Brenda. They are both half-naked and end up in the john, clawing and thrashing on the floor.

36 INT. GYM - DAY

36

Completely naked except for a few rags dangling from her arms, Fargo and Red drag Heather into a restroom to the side of the gym. Jake and Vince follow. Heather's inability to scream makes the scene all the more compelling.

37 INT. RESTROOM - DAY

37

Red and Fargo hold Heather on the floor. She still struggles.

JAKE

Vince, my boy. Today you
become a fucking man.

Jake slaps Heather.

JAKE (CONT)

Hold still, bitch.

Jake smiles at Vince.

JAKE (CONT)

Well, come on, stud. What're
you waiting for? She's cherry,
just like you.

Jake shoves Vince on top of Heather. Red laughs.

38 INT. LOCKER ROOM BATHROOM - DAY

38

Brenda and Cindy are still at it. The girls are cheering them on. Finally Brenda gets Cindy in a half-nelson and shoves her head into one of the toilets. Cindy screams. Miss Jenkins, the gym teacher, arrives. She pulls Brenda off Cindy.

JENKINS

Stop it! Stop it right now!
You hear me?

CINDY

It was Brenda, Miss Jenkins.
She started it! She called
you a dyke!

BRENDA

Why, you filthy, lying slut!

JENKINS

That's enough, Brenda! Get
cleaned up immediately. We're going
to see Mr. Underwood.

BRENDA

But Miss Jenkins...

JENKINS

And the rest of your gang might
as well just tag along. I'm fed
up with your attitude.

BRENDA

But Miss Jenkins, you gotta
listen

JENKINS

I'm through listening to your
back talk, young lady.

STELLA

Ah, what the Hell. Bitch
probably is a dyke.

JENKINS

Enough! You hear me! Enough!

39 INT. RESTROOM - DAY

39

Sweaty, wild-eyed Vince stands up and steps back from
Heather. Jake pats him on the back.

JAKE

So how was it, stud? Nothing
like a little piece of
virgin ass, huh?

Nearly unconscious, Heather is still held down by Red
and Fargo. Fargo roughly squeezes Heather's tits.

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RED

It's my turn now, huh, Jake? Huh?

With a grunt, Fargo pushes Red aside.

FARGO

Fargo's turn!

Jake moves forward unzipping his pants...

JAKE

Hey, fuck off. I outrank
the both o' ya. And ya know I can't
stand sloppy seconds. Now, outta
my way.

40 INT. UNDERWOOD'S OFFICE - DAY

40

Brenda, Stella, Francine, Maria, Rachel and Stevie are
lined up in front of Underwood's desk. *

UNDERWOOD

Well, what do you have to
say for yourselves?

He is greeted by sullen silence.

UNDERWOOD (CONT)

You're dirt. You give me
nothing but grief. Why can't
you get off being like the
Sigmas? They wiggle their
asses a little, bed down the
jocks, stay in the rules. Shit,
they're a credit to the community.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*

Still silence.

UNDERWOOD (CONT)

Get the hell outta here. And if there's
any more trouble, remember your asses
are on the line. Brenda, you stay
put. I want to talk to you.

Silently the girls file out.

*

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UNDERWOOD (CONT)

Those tramps seem pretty loyal
to you. Do you still run that
club of yours? What's it called?
The Satins?

*
*
*
*

BRENDA

Satans.

UNDERWOOD

Shit. When're you going to grow
up, Brenda? There's a real fucking
world out there; and it doesn't give
a God damn about your stupid
club.

BRENDA

Fine by me. I don't give a shit
about it.

Underwood gives Brenda a hard look. He stands and comes
out from behind the desk.

UNDERWOOD

You're a bright girl, Brenda.
You've got potential. If you'd
just cooperate a little, maybe.
Believe it or not, I am human.

Underwood stands a little too close to Brenda.

BRENDA

(cynically)

You asking me for something,
Mr. Underwood?

UNDERWOOD

You're an attractive young woman.
Nice face, good figure. Maybe
you just need a little help getting
off in the right direction.

BRENDA

And maybe you'd help, get me off?

UNDERWOOD

I've been known to lend support
to promising young.....people.

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Brenda smiles.

BRENDA
Mr. Underwood?

Their lips are nearly touching.

BRENDA (CONT)
Fuck off!

She turns and walks out the door.

41 OMIT

OMIT 41 *

42 EXT. GYM - DAY

42

The girls head back toward the gym. It is sunset.

STELLA

That horny old bastard made a pass
at you, honey?

BRENDA

Hey, Underwood's been in love
with my ass since I was a freshman.
Let him dream on.

MARIA

Yeah, that's all he'll ever get. . .
in his dreams.

A car HONKS OS. The girls look.

STEVIE

Hey, look who's calling.

Brenda looks. It's Wes, the jock, in his late model convertible.
He waves at Brenda.

WES

Hey, Brenda! I want to talk to you!

Brenda stops walking.

BRENDA

Wait here. I gotta set this moron
straight.

Brenda walks up to the car.

WES

Hey, Brenda. Where're you headed?

BRENDA

To see my gynecologist. What's
it to you?

Wes laughs.

WES

How about a lift? You ever ridden in
one of these?

BRENDA

Look, Wes. I don't know
how many times I gotta pound this into
that thick skull of yours. I'm not
interested. Not in you or your fucking car.

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42 CONTINUED

CONTINUED

42

WES
I can wait.

BRENDA
You're not listening, Wes.

WES
(smiling)
Catch you later.

He roars off. The girls come up behind Brenda.

RACHEL
You gotta admit, he's got
the bucks.

BRENDA
You mean his parents
got the bucks.

STELLA
However you spell it, honey,
it comes up R..I..C..H....RICH!

MARIA
Ah, to hell with Wes. I just hope
Heather's okay. She's been
waiting a long time for us.

BRENDA
She's okay. My sister can take
care of herself.

43 INT. BATHROOM - DAY

43

Fargo grunts and groans over Heather, her face
beginning to show the bruises, her nose bloodied;
she is only semi-conscious. Fargo roars like a
lion over a piece of meat.

JAKE
OK, you studs had enough?
How about you, Vincie Boy?
Another go at it?

Vince shakes his head and turns away. Fargo stands
buttoning up his pants. Jake turns to his boys.

*
*
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*
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*

43 CONTINUED

CONTINUED

43

JAKE

Okay, fuckers, take off.

Red, Vince and Fargo back out of the restroom. Jake turns to Heather, who lies naked and battered on the floor. He takes out his switchblade.

STELLA
 Shit, girl. What's
 you yelling for? Heather's
 deaf, you dumb shit.

Stevie shrugs.

FRANCINE
 I wonder where the kid is?

BRENDA
 Ah, Hell, she probably got
 bored and cut out on her own.

45 EXT. RESTROOM - DAY

45

Jake quickly jumps out the window.

46 INT. GYM - DAY

46

A wide shot of the gym.

MARIA
 (Sees Heather's clothes on the floor)
 Brenda! Come quick! Brenda!

Brenda comes up and sees Heather's clothes. She stoops to pick them up.

BRENDA
 Oh my God, where is she?

Suddenly there is a SCREAM from Stella in the restroom. They all turn. The door swings open and Stella is almost weak with horror.

STELLA
 Brenda, oh God, Brenda. . .

She runs back into the restroom, the other girls follow.

47 INT. RESTROOM - DAY

47

Brenda comes up behind Stella. She stares disbelieving for a moment and then rushes forward to aid Heather. SIREN COMES UP ON TRACK.

BRENDA

Oh my God. What have
they done to you, baby.

48 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Heather person.

48

The SOUND of the SIREN SLOWLY FADES. Her face bruised and bandaged, Heather lies unconscious in the darkened hospital. Only a light above the bed provides illumination. Tubes are stuck into her arms, with one running from the side of her mouth. A doctor examines the girl. When he is finished, Brenda speaks, holding back tears.

BRENDA

How is she, Doc? How bad
is it?

DOCTOR

I am not going to lie to you.
It's very, very serious. I don't
know if her system can withstand
the shock she's been through.

BRENDA

(unbelieving)

You mean, she might not make it Doc?

DOCTOR

We're doing everything possible,
but it'll be twenty-four hours before
we know anything.

49 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

49

Looking drawn and pale, Brenda emerges from the hospital room.

STELLA

How is she, baby?

Brenda looks up at Stella as if awaking from a bad dream. The Satans stand silently in the hall. Stevie sobs softly in a chair.

BRENDA

(without emotion)

What? Oh, Stella. The Doc
doesn't know anything yet. She's
in shock.

MARIA

(tearfully)

What kind of bastards would
do a thing like this?

49 CONTINUED

49

RACHEL

I'll tell you what kind.
Animals. Fucking animals.

Officer Daltrey comes down the hospital corridor followed
the the Young Cop.

FRANCINE

Speaking of animals, look
what's slithering down the
hall.

RACHEL

Ah, shit, The Calvary's
finally arrived.

STELLA

Where were them bastards
when Heather needed 'em?

DALTREY

I understand you girls have
found yourselves some more
trouble -- you want to tell
me what happened?

FRANCINE

I'll tell you what happened,
asshole. Her sister was beaten
and raped. You know, the young
one, can't hear or talk?

DALTREY

I'm gonna need a witness.

MARIA

Witness! Go in there and look
at that girl's face...you, you
fucking pig!

DALTREY

All right, all right! Let's
all calm down. What about the
lab tests? The results should
tell us if there was actually
any crime committed.

49 CONTINUED

49

STELLA

Come on, asshole. Didn't you hear what the girl just said? You go in there and see for yourself. You look at that child and tell us there ain't been no crime.

DALTREY

(defensive)

I've warned you girls a hundred times that these streets aren't anyplace to play your childish war games.

*

STEVIE

(sobbing)

She's a Goddamn innocent kid, you prick!

FRANCINE

Listen, man, you don't get out of our sight in just five seconds, there's gonna be another crime committed right here in this corridor.

DALTREY

Look, I'm sorry about the kid. Really. But if you girls would just cooperate with me and let us do our job, she probably wouldn't be in there now. Brenda, you come on down to the station later. I promise I'll do what I can to catch whoever's done it.

Brenda does not even see Daltrey. The officer and his side-kick turn and disappear down the corridor.

STELLA

Bullshit!

Brenda starts to walk away.

RACHEL

Hey, Brenda, where're you going?

FRANCINE

You okay, baby?

The girls follow her down the corridor.

50 EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

50

Brenda and the girls emerge at the top of a long, wide flight of stairs at the entrance to the hospital. Brenda looks out at the street in front of her, the wind blowing through her hair. A single tear streaks her cheeks.

BRENDA
(softly)
I hate these streets. I
hate this fucking town.

STELLA
Come on, honey. Let's go.

BRENDA
Go where? I've got nothing
but these filthy, rotten streets.
They're right. I do come from
the gutter.

MARIA
Brenda, don't.

BRENDA
But they haven't licked me. I'm going
to find the bastard who hurt my
sister, and I'm going to hurt him
just like he hurt Heather.

*

STEVIE
Brenda. Come on.

BRENDA
(Yelling into the night)
You hear me? I'm going to
fight you fuckers! And
I'm going to win!

51 INT. THE MX CLUB - NIGHT

51

The punk club is filled with hyped-up young people. Some in extreme hairstyles and dress; others looking like hoods, a few drugged out preppies sprinkled in, watch an all-girl punkband playing a particularly heavy set. The kids near the stage slam into each other, throwing their bodies around with wild abandon, seemingly oblivious to their physical well-being. A few, mostly boys, try to jump on the stage only to be thrown off by burly bouncers. They land in the packed group crushed up near the stage. The MUSIC is deafening. CHARLENE, the owner of the club, watches with a bemused expression. She sees a kid furtively taking a swig from a flask from his hip pocket. She signals one of the bouncers who quickly and efficiently ejects the kid. Brenda and the Satans enter the club. They are decked out, all of them wearing the purple satin jackets with their insignia emblazoned on the back. When Charlene sees them, her face mirrors concern and she walks over to the girls. She signals for Brenda to follow her. They step outside.

52 EXT. THE MX CLUB - NIGHT

52

Charlene and Brenda step out into the busy street. There are punkers and new wavers everywhere.

CHARLENE

Who did it, honey?

BRENDA

I don't know, Charlene. I just don't know.

CHARLENE

What's Underwood doing about this? What kind of fuckin' school is he running anyway.

BRENDA

Forget Underwood. I just want to find the bastard and cut his fucking balls off.

CHARLENE

You gotta keep cool, baby. You lose your head, and you're gonna find nothing but trouble.

BRENDA

I gotta do something,
Charlene. What if the
kid doesn't make it?

CHARLENE

She'll pull through, honey.
You just gotta believe.

BRENDA

Believe in what? God? Shit,
I stopped believing in that crap
when Dad died. And look at Mom,
what good did praying do her?
She's a goddamn junkie. I ain't
got nobody, Charlene. Nobody but
Heather. What'll I do if she
doesn't make it? She's all I got.

For the first time, Brenda breaks down. Charlene puts
her arm around the girl's shoulder. Just then Greg,
Bobby and Richie drive up in Greg's car.

RICHIE

Hey, Brenda! Charlene!

The three guys climb out of the car.

GREG

Hi Baby. Jesus, I'm sorry.

BOBBY

Yeah, Brenda, it's real tough
what happened to Heather.

RICHIE

Have they caught the
bastard yet?

Brenda is trying to hide the fact that she's been crying.

CHARLENE

Who, Daltrey? He couldn't
catch the crabs!

GREG

Brenda?

Charlene takes Richie and Bobby by the arm.

CHARLENE

Come on, boys. The girls
are inside. I'll buy you studs
a coke.

Charlene, Richie and Bobby disappear into the club.

GREG
Come on, baby.

BRENDA
I don't want anybody to see
me this way, Greg.

GREG
What way? Jesus Christ, Brenda.
Let go. You can't be tough all
the time. Hell, if you were, I
wouldn't love you so

BRENDA
I gotta pull myself together.
For Heather.

Greg steps up and grabs her and turns her so she's facing
him.

GREG
Let me help, Brenda.
I want to help.

BRENDA
I'm so tired, Greg. I've
never been so tired.

GREG
Let's go somewhere we can
be alone.

BRENDA
Where?

GREG
How about your clubhouse?

BRENDA
You know men aren't allowed inside.

GREG
Fuck it, who's gonna know?

They jump into Greg's car and pull out.

53 EXT. HOT DOG STAND - NIGHT

53

Jake, Red and Fargo drive up in Jake's car.

54 INT. HOT DOG STAND - NIGHT

54

Vince is at work behind the counter. He grabs an order and hands it to a kid waiting outside. Jake comes up and shoves the kid aside. The kid starts to complain, sees who it is and sheepishly backs away.

JAKE

Hey Vincie. We gotta talk.

VINCE

Why, Jake? What's up? Is the girl okay?

JAKE

Who gives a shit about the girl?
Gotta get our stories straight.
When can you get outta this dump?

VINCE

About half an hour.

JAKE

Make it twenty minutes. We'll be at the MX Club. And make sure you're there, kid.

Vince nods nervously. Jake walks away. Red grins.

RED

Twenty minutes, huh Vincie?
Huh?

Red giggles his crazy giggle and is gone.

55 EXT. CLUBHOUSE - NIGHT

Greg's headlights shine on an old, run-down building. Several windows are boarded up and the walls seem ready to crumble. Brenda and Greg get out of the car and walk up to the front door. Brenda pulls a key out of her hip pocket and unlocks the padlock.

BRENDA
Better think twice. The
last man who walked in was
carried out.

GREG
I'll take my chances -- if
you think you're woman enough.

Brenda kisses him lightly and leads the way in.

56 INT. CLUBHOUSE - NIGHT

56

The inside looks only slightly better than the outside. Crude slogans cover the walls. A couple of old movie posters, portraying a theme of female dominance, hang crookedly over the windows. A wooden table and several chairs are in one corner. An ancient Army cot in another. Brenda walks over to the table and lights a kerosine lamp.

BRENDA
Better watch out for all
the traps laying around.

GREG
Yeah, I thought sure you'd
have some skins hangin' on
the walls.

BRENDA
(mischievously)
Nope. We eat everything there
is.

GREG
I bet you do.

Brenda wanders to the front of the house. She sits.
Greg joins her.

56 CONTINUED

56

GREG

How do you feel?

BRENDA

Like a little kid. This reminds me of the night we spent in the old warehouse.

GREG

Yeah. I copped my first feel that night.

*

BRENDA

You know how long it took me to get you to do that?

GREG

What the fuck are you talking about?

BRENDA

Who do you think put that idea into your head?

GREG

Hey, I'm a red-blooded American boy. That's one idea no one put in my head.

BRENDA

Who showed you the warehouse?

GREG

(shrugs)

You did.

Brenda grabs Greg's hand and puts it on her breast.

BRENDA

Remember?

Greg smiles.

GREG

You got your memories, I got mine.

56 (CONTINUED)

(CONTINUED) 56

They kiss. It becomes passionate. They lay back, Greg above Brenda.

Feverishly she pulls at his clothing and, as his shirt starts to come off, we move past them and pick up their reflection in the shattered mirror that hangs on the wall. Their lovemaking is reflected in the broken glass as the shattered fragments reflect their shimmering flesh in the firelight.

57 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Vince walks down the street quickly. He is in turmoil. To release tension, he pounds his fist into his open hand over and over. The store dummies stare back at him from the window. One in particular is dressed something like Heather. He stares, his face contorted with guilt. FLASHCUTS of the rape from Vince's point of view emphasize Heather's pain and the fact that for Vince it was a sexual experience. The FLASHCUTS reach a climax as Vince reaches one in the rape. He throws a bottle at the window, breaking the plate glass. The burglar alarm goes off. Vince looks around realizing what he has done and runs off into the darkness.

58 INT. THE MX CLUB - NIGHT

Rachel, Stella, Francine and Maria see Officer Daltrey and the young cop enter the club. The MUSIC is so loud we cannot hear Daltrey as he speaks to Charlene. They step outside. Stevie and Bobby continue to make out hot and heavy backstage.

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59 EXT. THE MX - NIGHT

59

Charlene is speaking angrily with Daltrey.

CHARLENE

You ain't gonna shake me down again, Daltrey. This place is clean and it's going to stay that way. None of my kids had anything to do with it.

DALTREY

You clean? Don't make me laugh, Charlene. We go way back. Back to when you were peddling your ass on the Westside. You weren't clean then, you ain't clean now. This club's been nothing but trouble ever since it opened.

CHARLENE

If the kids give you trouble, Daltrey, it's because you and your goons sniff 'em out like a bunch of dogs after a bitch in heat. This is their club, and I'm here to help them keep it!

*

60 EXT. THE MX CLUB - NIGHT

60

Sweaty and breathing heavily, Vince runs around a corner and comes into view of the club. He sees that Daltrey is talking to Charlene, but we cannot hear what they are saying. Vince ducks back around the corner out of sight of the club.

RED

(shouted whisper)

Hey, Vince!

Frightened, Vince looks around.

RED (CONT)

Asshole, over here!

60 CONTINUED

60

Vince looks towards a dark alley. Jake's car is in the shadows. Vince walks toward it.

61 EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

61

Red stands by the car.

RED

Where the fuck you been?
Huh, Vincie?

They climb into the back seat.

62 INT. CAR - NIGHT

62

Jake looks over his shoulder.

JAKE

About time, Vince.

He sees the wildness in Vince's eyes.

JAKE

What's the matter, Vincie
boy? You look kinda nervous.

VINCE

Jesus, Jake. Daltrey's
over there talking to Charlene.

Jake hands him a bottle.

JAKE

Take a drink, Vincie, and
relax. And everybody listen
up. Daltrey don't know a
fuckin' thing. And he ain't
gonna learn nothin'. As long
as the girl can't talk. We
got no problem.

VINCE

Do you...do you think she's
gonna die, Jake?

62 CONTINUED

62

RED

It'd save us a lot of
trouble if she did. Huh,
Jake?

JAKE

Shut your fucking mouth, Red.
Even if she wakes up, she's a
retard, man. Who's gonna believe
a fucking retard?

VINCE

What'll we do if she dies,
Jake?

JAKE

Shut up and listen. This goes
for all of you. We're going to
get our fucking story straight
right now! And nobody can touch
us as long as we stick by it.
And we will stick by it, right?
Right?!

Red and Fargo nod.

JAKE

'Cause if somebody opens his
mouth, he's gonna be real sorry.
Understand me?

Jake looks at Vince.

JAKE

Real fuckin' sorry.

63 EXT. MX CLUB - NIGHT

63

Daltrey and the young cop get back into the squad car.
He speaks out the open window.

*

DALTREY

Sorry you're being so hard ass
about this, Charlene. We're
just doing our job.

63 CONTINUED

63

CHARLENE

It's a shitty job, Daltrey.
Find another one.

*

Daltrey rolls up his window and they drive away.

64 INT. CLUBHOUSE - NIGHT

64

Brenda sits on the edge of the cot, buttoning her blouse.

BRENDA

I feel like shit.

GREG

Thanks a lot.

BRENDA

It's not you, Greg. I
just keep thinkin' about
Heather alone in that
hospital.

GREG

Brenda, as long as you're
thinkin' about her, she ain't
alone. Hell, we're all thinkin'
about her.

BRENDA

I get so fuckin' mad. Just
makes me want to bust.

GREG

Then think about something else.

BRENDA

Like what? Like how to help
get your rocks off?

GREG

Shit, Brenda. Come on.

Silence for a moment.

BRENDA

I'm sorry, Greg.

64 CONTINUED

64

Greg hugs Brenda.

GREG

That's okay. Don't worry about it.

Somewhere a dog BARKS in the night.

GREG

It's great about Francine and Richie, isn't it?

BRENDA

Yeah.

GREG

You know, it gets me to thinking about us.

BRENDA

Maybe we oughta get going back. I don't feel so good right now.

GREG

What do you mean. Do you hear what I'm saying, Brenda? I'm talking about you and me.

BRENDA

Jesus, Greg. I'd say your timing's pretty bad. In fact, it's rotten.

GREG

What's the big deal? I thought you and me...it...it was sorta understood.

BRENDA

I don't want to talk about it right now, Greg. Let's go.

*

GREG

Wait a minute. Anyone would think you don't want to marry me.

*

BRENDA

Maybe I don't. Christ, Greg. I want out of this fucking neighborhood. I want something better.

*

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64 CONTINUED

64

GREG

Better than what? I love you,
Brenda. I want to marry you,
dammit. I want kids with you.

BRENDA

And have them grow up in the
streets like us?

GREG

What's wrong with us, Brenda?
I think we're good people.

BRENDA

It's not enough! Look at what
happened to Heather.

GREG

So what are you gonna do?
What's your ticket out of here?
Hell, Brenda, just wanting
something isn't enough.

*

BRENDA

There's always Wes Wilson.

GREG

That asshole?

*

BRENDA

He wants me. He's got money.

*

GREG

He only wants you for one thing.

BRENDA

If he wants it enough, he'll
marry me for it.

GREG

If you even look at that fucker,
I'll kill you.

BRENDA

Hey, Greg, you don't own me. I'll
look at whoever I fucking want.
I'm going back to the club.

Brenda pushes Greg aside and walks toward the door. Greg
follows at a distance.

65 INT. THE MX CLUB - NIGHT

The Scars enter the club. All the Satans except Stevie, who's still busy with Bobby, see the gang enter. Jake shoves a kid off his chair and the gang sits at a table. A BOUNCER comes up to Charlene.

BOUNCER

Hey, Charlene. The Scars are here.

CHARLENE

Yeah, I know.

BOUNCER

You want me to 86 them?

CHARLENE

No, but keep your eyes open. Any sign of trouble, kick their asses outta here.

The bouncer nods. The Scars look over the club as if they own it. Something catches Jake's eye. Brenda has entered the club followed by a sullen Greg. Red, Fargo, and Vince follow Jake's gaze.

RED

Ah, shit. It's big sister.

VINCE

Jesus, Jake. Let's get out of here.

JAKE

Calm down, men. There ain't nothing to worry about.

Jake stands and walks towards Brenda. Brenda spots the other Satans and fights her way toward them; Greg still following. Before she gets to them, Jake steps in front of her.

JAKE
Hey, Brenda. Long time,
no see.

BRENDA
Not long enough, asshole.

Brenda tries to get around Jake, but he blocks her.

JAKE
I heard about your sister. That's
real tough.

BRENDA
You know something about my
sister, Jake?

JAKE
Only what I read in the papers.

Charlene sees trouble brewing. She signals to the bouncers. Stevie and Bobby finally notice what's happening and look out at the scene on the dance floor. Brenda eyes Jake suspiciously and then tries to push her way past him. Jake grabs her arm.

JAKE (CONT)
I ain't done with you, bitch.

Greg pushes forward and shoves Jake.

GREG
I think you are, punk!

BRENDA
Stay out of this, Greg.

JAKE
Yeah, pretty boy. You
know what's good for you,
fuck off.

Jake grabs Brenda's arm again. Brenda snaps off her motorcycle chain belt and lashes it across Jake's face. Jake staggers back, his hand to his face. When he removes his hand, he reveals a nasty cut across his cheek. He looks at the blood on his hand and reaches down into his motorcycle boot and pulls out a knife. Greg rushes in and grabs the hand holding the knife, and there is a scuffle. Three bouncers step in; one holds Greg back while the other two overpower Jake. Charlene steps in.

CHARLENE

Get out of my club, Jake.

JAKE

You can shove this place, bitch.
This ain't finished, asshole.
Just name the place.

GREG

Okay tough man. Under the
bridge, at midnight.

BRENDA

Dammit, Greg. This is my
fucking fight!

JAKE

Hey, slut, You wanna be there,
be there. I'll take on both of
you mother fuckers.

Jake shoves off the bouncers and stomps out of the club
followed by his gang.

66 EXT. UNDER THE BRIDGE - NIGHT

66

A caravan of cars roars under the bridge, forming a
rough semi-circle, all the cars facing inward. They
turn off their engines but leave on their lights
creating a brightly lit arena. The Scars emerge from
their cars and gather around Jake. The Satans, Greg,
Bobby, Richie and their friends emerge from their cars.

BRENDA

You're a fucking asshole, Greg.
I don't need this macho bullshit.

GREG

Hey, babe. I ain't doing this
for you. This is my fight now.

Greg steps forward. Jake steps forward from the opposite
direction. They meet in the center. The knives are drawn,
the blades flash open. They circle each other, thrusting
and parrying. The crowd of kids move in closer. The Scars
jeer Greg. Finally Red rushes in and trips Greg at a crucial
moment. Greg rolls out of the way just in time as Jake stabs
to kill. Bobby spins Red around and gives him a good right.
This starts a free for all. The chains, clubs, tire irons and
brass knuckles emerge. Greg and Jake are still at the center
out to kill each other. The Satans are in the fight. Brenda
kicks Fargo in the balls. Stella takes care of another
Scar with a pipe, while Francine spots another, his knife
drawn, approaching Greg's back. Jake sees what's coming and

smiles. Francine jumps the Scar and there is a struggle. The Scar fights back, but Francine uses a karete move and sends him sprawling to the ground. The Scar screams out in agony. The scream stops the fighters. He staggers a few steps and drops to his knees, the knife embedded in his stomach. A SIREN wails in the distance. All eyes turn to Francine for a quick moment, then the kids scatter, jumping into their cars and roaring away. Francine stands petrified, staring down at the injured boy. Stella grabs Francine from behind.

FRANCINE

(mumbling)

Jesus, I didn't mean to....

STELLA

Come on, girl. Let's get the Hell outta here.

Brenda arrives and grabs Francine's other arm.

BRENDA

Come on, Francine. There's nothing you can do now. Let's go!

Fargo and Red pull the injured boy to the car.

JAKE

That bitch. That stinking, lousy bitch. I'll get her if it's the last fuckin' thing I do.

They get into the car, Red driving, and screeching away into the night.

67 INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

67

Her clothes still torn, Brenda sneaks along the darkened corridor. She ducks around a corner to stay out of sight of a nurse. She comes to Heather's room and enters.

68 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

68

Brenda approaches the bed. Heather is still unconscious, surrounded by electronic equipment, tubes coming from her arms and mouth.

BRENDA

Hey, Heather. I'm here, Baby. Jesus, I love you. You just gotta make it.

DISSOLVE TO:

69 EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

69

Brenda exits the hospital. The Satans sit waiting.

FRANCINE

(tearfully)

Jesus Christ, I didn't mean for it to happen. It was an accident.

STELLA

Lookit, girl. It wasn't your fault. Hell, it could have happened to any of us.

BRENDA

(taking charge)

Stella's right, Francine. It could have been me, any of us. And if you hadn't been there, Greg might be dead right now. Fuck the little asshole. He got what he deserved.

FRANCINE

But they're gonna be comin' after me, Brenda. The cops know there was a fight.

BRENDA

Hey, cut that shit. We don't know nothin'. The Satans stick together now, just like always. It's gonna be okay, Francine. Now let's get our asses off the streets.

A69 INT. BRENDA'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

A69

Brenda enters through the back door. It is a tenement kitchen which reflects the poor conditions of the welfare neighborhood which she comes from. She goes to the refrigerator and takes out some milk and some scraps of food. She sits at the time-worn table and eats quietly. Her MOTHER steps into the doorway from the bedroom. She looks as tired and time-worn as the table. She stands there in her slip, smoking a cigarette.

MOTHER

Didn't you eat yet?

BRENDA

I didn't have time.

A69 CONTINUED

A69

The mother sits at the table across from Brenda.

BRENDA

Did you go to see Heather?

MOTHER

I can't, honey...

BRENDA

Jesus, Ma.

MOTHER

I can't, I tell ya. You know I can't stand hospitals. Just the sight of one makes me sick.

BRENDA

That's funny, you're never bothered by the sight of a needle.

MOTHER

What's that supposed to mean?

Brenda gets up from the table and paces like a trapped animal.

BRENDA

Oh, for Christ's sake, Ma. You know what I mean. Just look at yourself. It's one thirty in the morning and I don't know if you're going to bed or just getting up.

MOTHER

(pleading)

It's not my fault, honey. You know I can't help myself. I've tried to get over it...

Brenda smashes her glass against the wall.

BRENDA

God dammit, Ma. I'm sick of excuses. Can't you pull yourself together just once...for Heather. She could be dying. You might never see her again.

A69 CONTINUED

A69

MOTHER

Please, Brenda, don't do this to me tonight. I can't get upset. I don't want to get nervous. Not tonight.

BRENDA

When, Ma? When are you gonna be able to handle it? I'm sick of holding things together here. I'm seventeen, I want a life where I don't have to fight to stay alive. I wanna be able to breathe without wondering if it's someone else's air. I want Heather to grow up without being called a freak.

The mother begins to cough. Not a nervous cough, but a serious attack. Her body shakes violently, almost in convulsions. Brenda stares at her pitiful sight. She has seen this many times. The mother makes some feeble attempts to get up from her chair. Brenda moves quickly to the cabinet and takes out a bottle and glass. She pours her mother a drink. The woman takes it quickly and swallows as if her life would end if she didn't. She drops the glass and grabs Brenda and holds herself pressed against her. Brenda pours her another drink and pats her mother's trembling head.

BRENDA

It's okay...it's okay, Ma.

Brenda looks around the room at the world she is trapped in.

70 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

70

Three stuffy members of the schoolboard sit behind a long table. Underwood stands before them. MISS OMARR is in charge. She is going down a list.

MISS OMARR

On February 12th there was a fire in the school cafeteria. March 1st a boy was beaten so badly he was taken to the hospital. March 15th three students were injured in a small riot in the school auditorium. March 20th a teacher was assaulted in her classroom. And now a young girl has been raped in the girls' gym in broad daylight. What do you have to say for yourself, Mr. Underwood?

revised 6/16/83

UNDERWOOD

Miss Omarr, I am doing every-
thing humanly possible to control
the situation. But I cannot watch
these little punks every minute.

MISS ORMARR

Mr. Underwood, I do not condone
that description of this school's
students. And frankly, I am also
growing weary of your excuses. As
principal, this is your responsibility
....and we are giving you only until
the end of the semester to get the
situation in hand. Do I make
myself clear?

UNDERWOOD

Perfectly clear, Miss Ormarr.
Perfectly clear.

71 INT. CORRIDOR - ENTRANCE TO CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

71

Underwood walks through the door, mumbling under his
breath, and reaches for his flask.

UNDERWOOD

Goddamned bitch.

72 INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

72

The bored students listen to Miss Young reading a
poem. Cindy yawns, Greg plays with a pencil; Francine
seems preoccupied, Red draws dirty pictures over the text
of the poem in the book, Brenda is aggitated. She looks
out the window and sees a little girl skipping rope across
the street.

YOUNG

The Sea of Faith
Was once, two, at the full, and round earth's shore
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled
But now I only hear its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar
Retreating to the breath
Of the night-wind, down the vast edges drear
And naked shingle of the world.

Ah, love, let us be true
To one another! For the world, which seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new.

72 (CONTINUED)

(CONTINUED)

72

Young closes her book and looks up at the class. It is a sea of disinterested faces.

YOUNG
What do you think Arnold
is talking about here?

Cindy raises her hand. Young sighs.

YOUNG
Yes, Cindy.

CINDY
A day at the beach.

YOUNG
I think he had a little more
than that on his mind.

STELLA
(still doing her nails)
He's talking about the death of
traditional values in the 19th
Century.

*
*
*

Everyone turns and stares at Stella in amazement, Young included.

YOUNG
Why, yes, Stella, that's right.

*
*

RICHIE
How come this book ain't got
no real poetry?

*
*
*
*

YOUNG
(ready for trouble)
What's real poetry, Richie?

*
*
*

RICHIE
You know, stuff that makes sense.

*
*
*

YOUNG
Give us an example.

*
*
*

72 CONTINUED

72

RITCHIE

Shit.

*

YOUNG

Come one, Richie. Put up or shut
up. Give us an example of real
poetry. Stand so everyone can
hear you.

*

Richie stands and takes a deep breath.

*

RITCHIE

*

Disco sucks
Punk is dead
Give me rock
Or give me head.

The class laughs. Miss Young turns and starts writing the
poem on the blackboard.

YOUNG

No, wait. As it so happens,
Richie is right in his own way.
What he just recited is real
poetry. It has a rhythm, it
rhymes, and it has meaning.

*

She turns back from the board.

YOUNG

Now according to this poem,
what place does rock and roll
have in the poet's life? Richie,
it's your poem.

*

Richie shrugs.

*

RICHIE

*

I guess it's real important.

YOUNG

As important as what?

RICHIE

*

As important as getting head.

The class laughs again.

72 CONTINUED

72

YOUNG

Stella, what does "getting head"
mean?

STELLA

I don't think I'm supposed to
talk about stuff like that in
class.

YOUNG

Go ahead, Stella. Talk about
it. I give you permission.

STELLA

Well, it has to do with sex.

YOUNG

And what word rhymes with "head"
in the poem? Bobby?

*

BOBBY

"Dead".

*

Miss Young underlines the two words in the poem.

YOUNG

The fact that these two words rhyme,
what does that do to them?

BOBBY

It makes them connect.

YOUNG

That's right, Bobby. Now how
do sex and death connect?
Francine.

FRANCINE

Sort of like "til death do us
part". Like sex and death last
forever, like love.

YOUNG

Good, Francine. Now we're talking
about romance. Love and death and
sex. It's like

The bell rings. Miss Young must shout over the students
as they prepare to leave the classroom.

72 CONTINUED

72

YOUNG

For tomorrow I want you to go
through the poems in Chapter 5
and see if you can find any more
references to love and death.
Brenda? Could you stay after class
for a few minutes?

The Satans all give Brenda a look. Brenda shrugs and stays
seated as the class emptied. Miss Young steps over to Brenda.

YOUNG

I just wanted to tell you how
sorry I am about your sister.
How is she?

BRENDA

(noncommittal)

The doctor still doesn't know.

YOUNG

Brenda, I want you to know, if
you need someone to talk to,
I'm here.

BRENDA

I know you mean well, Miss Young.
I think you're a good teacher,
but this doesn't have anything
to do with you. It'd be best if
you stayed out of it.

YOUNG

I know that you and your friends
have a code of conduct, but some-
times there are things larger than
our own personal codes. Like the
law. You can't take on the whole
world yourself.

BRENDA

Miss young, you see all of us one
or two hours a day. I don't think
that puts you in any position to
judge the rest of our lives.

Brenda stands and leaves Miss Young sitting alone in the
classroom.

73 INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

73

The corridor is filled with students during the passing period. Vince is at his locker. Red comes up.

RED

Hey, Vincie. Jake wants
to see us out at the bleachers.

VINCE

Go ahead. I'll be there in a
couple of minutes.

RED

Just remember, Vincie boy.
Jake don't like to wait.

74 INT. CORRIDOR (STAIRWAY) - DAY

74

Greg comes running up to Brenda.

GREG
Hey, Brenda. I gotta
talk to you.

BRENDA
Not now, Greg.

GREG
Hey, baby, what's the matter?

BRENDA
I said I can't talk to
you, Greg.

GREG
Then I'll walk with you.

BRENDA
(Shrugs)
It's a free country.

They walk along the quickly emptying corridor. Greg
looks at Brenda with a hurt, confused expression.

75 INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

75

The students are in an unusual state of high energy. Some
smoke at the windows, some climb over chairs and throw papers
across the room while others read action comics. Brenda enters
with Greg behind. She goes to her desk next to Francine and
Stella. The class bell can be heard RINGING in BACKGROUND.

FRANCINE
(nervous)
Did you hear, someone saw Daltrey
going into Underwood's office today.

BRENDA
Francine, you gotta relax. Nobody's
going to talk, and Daltrey's got no
proof.

STELLA
Yeah, girl. He'll be playing with
hissself till hell freezes over.

Wes comes over and straddles the chair in front of Brenda.

WES
Hi, Brenda, what's up?

BRENDA
Hi, Wes.

WES
Hey, what's the matter? Ain't
you going to call me bonehead or
nothing?

BRENDA
(looking at Cindy)
Wes, what do you want from me?

WES
I really like you, Brenda. I always
have. You know that. You're
exciting. I always think you're going
to explode or something. I like that.

BRENDA
You're crazy, Wes. You know that?
You're fucking crazy.

Cindy walks up.

CINDY
Well, well, it looks like the
little slut's at it again.

WES
Butt out, Cindy.

CINDY
I know it's not your fault, Wes.
Nobody's got a chance when she
wiggles that ass of hers.

BRENDA
Fuck off, bitch.

Just then Mr. Meeker enters. He is a typical substitute
teacher, educated beyond his position but not ambitious
enough to have gone further. He is used to the animals
in this school and has learned to take their abuse with
a certain calm.

MEEKER
Alright, alright, settle down.
The bell has rung. Today we'll
continue our discussion of the
reproductive system.

The class hoots and howls and cat-whistles.

MEEKER (CONT)

Alright, now...we should be adult enough to discuss this without the usual juvenile reactions.

He moves to a wall chart and pulls it down. The chart is the anatomical figures of the male and female body. Someone has scrawled the names of Cindy and Wes over the figures. On Wes they have drawn a huge penis. On Cindy they have painted in huge breasts. The class roars and howls at the sight. Brenda and Stella smirk. Wes groans and Cindy is red-angry.

MEEKER

I can see we are not going to get through this course without the usual pranks.

He flips up the chart.

MEEKER (CONT)

We'll skip the diagram and go on with the next assignment.

76 INT. UNDERWOOD'S OFFICE

76.

Underwood and Daltrey are screaming at each other. Underwood is seated at his desk; Daltrey is standing in front.

UNDERWOOD

God damn it, Daltrey. I got enough problems with these fucking punks from nine to three. I don't give a damn if they maim each other as long as it's off school grounds.

(pauses - hoping)

By the way, who was it?

DALTREY

Some kid named Joe Sterns.

UNDERWOOD.

Damn. Never heard of him.

DALTREY

Rumor is that some of your students were involved.

Underwood remembers his job is in jeopardy, and must take the defensive....having to defend the kids he hates.

UNDERWOOD

Bullshit. They're all a bunch of little assholes, but they're not butchers. Now get the Hell outta here unless you've got any proof.

DALTREY

Relax Underwood. I'm going.... but I'm sure I'll be back.

As Daltrey leaves, Underwood pulls out his flask.

UNDERWOOD

Goddamned animals. I'll get 'em for this.

77 INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

77

Vince sits on the floor against some lockers eating his lunch in the deserted corridor. A hand reaches in and snatches the sandwich away.

JAKE

What kind a' sandwich you got here, Vincie? Chicken? Or maybe it's pigeon.

Vince stands.

VINCE

I....I'm sorry, Jake. I forgot. I didn't get much sleep last night.

RED

I think Vincie's fallin' apart on us, huh, Jake? Huh?

JAKE

Vincie better not be falling apart. That wouldn't be good for us Scars, now would it?

Underwood stands around the corner unseen by the gang. He moves in so that he can hear.

VINCE

I'd never do nothing to hurt the Scars. You know that, Jake. I've known you since I was a kid.

JAKE

Yeah. Who taught him everything he knows? Who made him everything he is today?

RED.

You did, Jake. You did.

JAKE

You're damned right I did. I even got him his first piece of ass yesterday. And look at the way he's acting. All over some retard.

RED

Yeah, man. She was deaf and dumn, huh?

Jake pulls a switchblade and holds the blade near Vince's face.

JAKE

Maybe Vince needs something to remember me by. Something that'll remind him how much he owes me.

RED
Yeah, Jake, yeah.

Fargo grins.

JAKE
Something he won't
forget.

Underwood steps out from behind the corner.

UNDERWOOD
All right, boys. Your
little game is over.

RED
Ah, shit.

Jake is surprised only for a moment. He turns with the knife still in his hand. Underwood reaches under his jacket and pulls a gun from a shoulder holster. Jake slowly folds the knife and puts it in his pocket.

UNDERWOOD
You're getting careless,
Jake. Incriminating your-
self on school property.

JAKE
High school principals ain't
supposed to play with guns,
Underwood.

UNDERWOOD
Well, this high school principal
does, especially when I have to deal
with fucking animals like you.

JAKE
Oh, my. Did you hear that, you
boys? Underwood called us animals.

UNDERWOOD
That girl you raped might
agree with me, Jake.

JAKE
Okay, Underwood. Get it over
with. Call the fucking cops.

UNDERWOOD
Who said anything about cops?

Jake looks at Underwood trying to figure what's going on in the man's mind. Underwood smiles.

78 INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

78

Meeker sits at his desk with an open book.

MEEKER
As I recall, your assignment was to illustrate and discuss the components of the female reproductive organs. Mr. Richmond?

RICHIE
Huh?

MEEKER
You'll begin. Please stand.

RICHIE
I ain't prepared.

MEEKER
And why not?

RICHIE
I couldn't find no girl who'd show me her pussy.

The class roars with laughter.

MEEKER
A pussy, Mr. Richmond, is a small furry animal of the feline species. The part of the anatomy you so crudely referred to is called the vagina.

Meeker writes the word "vagina" on the board and underlines it.

RICHIE
Yeah, well, she wouldn't show me that neither.

More laughter from the class.

MEEKER
Sit down. Miss Washington, suppose you give us your observations.

78 CONTINUED

78

STELLA

Mr. Meeker. My mother's a single parent and I got two older sisters and their kids livin' with me.

MEEKER

So what are you trying to tell me?

STELLA

(sarcastically)

I know all about the female reproductive system.

The class laughs.

79 INT. UNDERWOOD'S OFFICE - DAY

79

It is just Jake and Underwood. The gun is gone. But it is still clear the Underwood is on top.

UNDERWOOD

Oddly enough, I find myself in a position of needing a man...of say, your talents, Jake.

JAKE

Why, Mr. Underwood. And I didn't know you cared.

UNDERWOOD

(angry)

Shut up and listen to me,
you little prick.

Underwood pauses.

UNDERWOOD (CONT)

(calm again)

You need me to keep my mouth
shut about that unpleasant little
episode yesterday. They tell
me the girl might even die.

Jake stares at Underwood, his eyes filled with hate.

UNDERWOOD (CONT)

Things at this school are getting
out of hand. I hate to admit it,
but it's too much for a man who has
his hands tied by the rules. Now,
take you and the Scars. Rules don't
mean a God damned thing to you. Would
I be wrong to take advantage of the
difference, say make the Scars something
like my own special police force? Our
little secret, of course.

JAKE

(grimly)

Of course.

UNDERWOOD

Say, there's some trouble
in the corridor after school.
You apply the right amount of
pressure to see it doesn't happen
again. In exchange, I keep my
mouth shut.

Underwood pauses.

UNDERWOOD (CONT)

And in case you get it in your
head that if I'm out of the way
you're off the hook, I'm arranging
it so that if anything happens to
me, the whole fucking world will know about
the Scars' after-school activities.
And we both know it's not football.
Got the picture, asshole?

Jake nods.

80 INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

80

Meeker is at the board drawing a diagram. As he does, Brenda passes a note to Stella. They exchange looks.

MEEKER

Since no one seems to be prepared, I'll have to repeat yesterday's section on the ovaries.

The class groans.

MEEKER

Miss Clark, you'll begin.

Cindy stands.

CINDY

I can't.

MEEKER

And why not?

CINDY

My parents don't think we should discuss this kind of stuff in school.

MEEKER

I see. And what do they think we should be discussing?

CINDY

(throwing a glance at Brenda)

That people should be taught to stay in their own place and not try to pretend to be what they're not.

BRENDA

(getting steamed)

Don't push it, Cindy.

CINDY

(blurting it out)

Especially when they have retards in their family.

Brenda jumps across her chair at Cindy.

80 CONTINUED

80

BRENDA

That does it, bitch.

All at once Brenda is on top of Cindy and they are going at it again on the class floor. The class members roar and jump up to form a circle around the fighters. Meeker tries to break through with not much success. Valerie jumps on Brenda's back and tries to pull her off. Stella and Stevie both grab her and while Stevie holds her arms back, Stella rips open her blouse and pulls it off, exposing her breasts.

STELLA

Throw some of this weight
around, bitch.

Brenda, still on top of Cindy, does the same, and rips off Cindy's top. She jumps back as everyone laughs. Cindy and Valerie make a run for it, but Cindy smacks into Meeker and they both fall on the floor with Cindy's tits almost smothering Meeker.

81 INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

81

Underwood is walking down the hall, for once a smile on his normally scowling face...when Valerie runs around the corner, trying unsuccessfully to cover herself and nearly collides with Underwood. Students laugh and stare, as Underwood charges for the classroom. Young is standing in the doorway, trying to establish some semblance of order.

82 INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

82

Meeker and Cindy are still trying to disengage themselves, as an enraged Underwood pushes his way past Young.

UNDERWOOD

Meeker! What the hell's going
on?

83 INT. UNDERWOOD'S OFFICE - DAY

83

UNDERWOOD

I won't have it, God damn it!
You hear me? I won't have it!

83 CONTINUED

Underwood paces back and forth behind his desk. Brenda stands between Miss Young and Mr. Meeker.

MEEKER

I think you're probably over-reacting, Mr. Underwood. The girls...

UNDERWOOD

Shut up, you little mouse. *

YOUNG

Mr. Underwood!

UNDERWOOD

And that goes for you, too. Jesus Christ, it's not enough I've got the fucking school board up my ass. Now I've got girls running around with their tits hanging out.

YOUNG

Mr. Underwood, I will not listen to this type of vulgarity.

UNDERWOOD

I said, shut up!

YOUNG

Mr. Meeker, will you please tell Mr. Underwood what happened?

MEEKER

It was really rather harmless...

UNDERWOOD

(getting up in a rage)

You fucking pansy! *

Meeker runs out of the office. Miss Young holds her ground.

YOUNG

Mr. Underwood, Brenda was not responsible for starting what happened in there.

BRENDA

It's all right, Miss Young.

83 CONTINUED

83

UNDERWOOD

And look who you're defending.
This bitch has been nothing but
trouble for me. Her and her gang
of street scum.

YOUNG

They've done nothing but fight
your own private brand of
totalitarianism, Mr. Underwood.

UNDERWOOD

You're on thin ice, Miss Young.

YOUNG

Are you threatening me, Mr.
Underwood? Because if you are,
you'd better be willing to
fight this out to the bitter end.

UNDERWOOD

I stand warned, Miss Young.
Now get the hell out of here.

YOUNG

But...

UNDERWOOD

(shouting)

I said out! Right now, god dammit!

Young leaves in a huff. Brenda now stands defiantly in
front of Underwood.

UNDERWOOD

As for you...you're out for
one week.

Pauses, softening for only a second.

UNDERWOOD

You're a tough little bitch,
aren't you? Reminds me of when
I was a kid. Go on, out of here.

*

Brenda stomps out of the office.

A83 EXT. SCHOOL DAY

A83

The Satans are waiting for Brenda as she comes down the front steps.

RACHEL

What happend, Brenda? Did he make another pass at you?

STELLA

Yeah, is he tryin' to get in your pants again, honey?

BRENDA

(nearly in tears)
The son of a bitch kicked me out for a week. Jesus, this could screw up my whole graduation. I could be stuck in this God damned place another year.

FRANCINE

Don't worry, baby. We'll figure out something.

The Satans start to walk away, just as Wes drives up in a Corvette convertible. He honks.

STELLA

Jesus. Don't he know when to get lost?

STEVIE

Yeah, the big asshole. It's his fuckin' fault to begin with.

FRANCINE

He may be an asshole, but he's a rich one.

BRENDA

(considering it)
You know, Francine, you're right.

Brenda walks over to Wes' car.

WES

Jesus, I'm really sorry about what happened, Brenda.

A83 CONTINUED

A83

BRENDA

It's okay, Wes. It wasn't your fault. I may be out for a week, but Cindy got the worst of it.

WES

Ah, to hell with her. Let's have some fun. My folks are out of town until tomorrow.

Brenda hesitates, considering what it might be like.

BRENDA

You got a deal, stud.

Brenda climbs in. They drive off.

B83 INT. WILSON LIVING ROOM - DAY

B83

The scene is in sharp contrast to the preceding part of the film. It is quiet, rich and elegant. Brenda, slightly ill at ease, sits in a huge formal living room. Wes walks in with a small mirror lined with coke.

WES

How about a line on me?

BRENDA

No thanks. Too rich for my blood.

Wes shrugs and snorts both lines himself.

WES

What are you gonna do if Underwood flunks you?

BRENDA

I don't know. Move away, if Heather's okay.

Wes thinks to himself a moment.

WES

Come on, I'll show you around the rest of the house.

C83 INT. WILSON KITCHEN - DAY

C83

Brenda and Wes walk into the huge kitchen.

BRENDA

Jesus, how many people live here?

WES

Just my folks and me. Dad's away a lot so it's mostly me and Mom.

BRENDA

This is really bizarre. All this room for three people.

WES

I guess I never really thought about it. Come on, my room's next on the tour.

D83 INT. WES' ROOM - DAY

Dad - Tail Around - Walker. 50-60

D83

Wes turns on a stereo in a room filled with multi-media equipment.

WES

How do you like it?

Brenda sits on the edge of a king size bed.

BRENDA

You get everything, don't you Wes?

Wes sits down beside her.

WES

Everything but what I really want.

BRENDA

What's that, Wes?

WES

Guess.

Wes puts his arm around Brenda and they lie back on the bed. A tender kiss turns into a passionate embrace as Wes struggles with the buttons on her shirt.

D83 CONTINUED

D83

We hear someone clearing his throat OS. Wes jumps up.

WES

Mom! Dad!

MR. and MRS. WILSON stand in the doorway.

MRS. WILSON

I believe you owe your father
and me an explanation, young
man.

Brenda manages to get off the bed. Blushing, she quickly
buttons her blouse.

WES

(very frustrated)

Uh, this is Brenda. Brenda,
this is my mother and father.

Brenda extends her hand, which is ignored by Mrs. Wilson.

BRENDA

Nice to meet you.

Mrs. Wilson continues to ignore her.

MRS. WILSON

Does Cindy know you're enter-
taining other girls, Wes?

WES

Aw, Mom, Cindy doesn't have
anything to do with this.

BRENDA

I think you'd better take me
home, Wes.

MRS. WILSON

I'd say your lady friend has the
right idea, Wes.

(to Brenda)

Nothing personal, my dear, but
Mr. Wilson and I have very strict
rules about the kind of people we
want Wes to associate with.

BRENDA

I see, and what kind is that?

D83 CONTINUED

D83

MRS. WILSON

Well, if you're the Brenda I think you are, it's quite common knowledge in this town about your mother's condition. And I think the word "common" says it all.

BRENDA

Well, let me tell you something, Mrs. Wilson. My mother may be common, but at least she has a real heart instead of a gold one on a chain. And as sick as she is, she's managed to raise two daughters who know the difference between real people and puppets. So you can take this house, your money, and your son and stick them up your pompous ass.

Brenda starts down the stairs.

WES

Brenda, let me take you home.

BRENDA

Forget it, Wes. I can find my way out of this neighborhood real easy.

84 EXT. STREET - DAY

84

The Scars walk down the industrial street. It is deserted. They are drinking.

RED

Who the hell does Underwood think he is?

VINCE

What're you going to do about it, Jake?

JAKE

We'll play along with the prick for a while, then we'll bust the bastard's balls.

Francine walks around a corner a couple of blocks ahead. She disappears around another corner without seeing the Scars.

84 (CONTINUED)

(CONTINUED) 84

RED

Ain't that Francine?

*

JAKE

Let's go.

Vince hesitates. Jake shoves him.

JAKE

I said, let's go!

They run down the street. Francine walks briskly, unaware of the danger. Behind her we see the Scars approaching

her at a run. For agonizing moments, she does not suspect they are close behind. Vince runs into a garbage can on purpose. The crash alerts Francine, who drops her books and begins to run. The Scars are catching up when she ducks into an alley.

85 EXT. ALLEY - DAY

85

It turns out to be a dead end. Frantically Francine searches for a way out. She spots the fire escape. She moves a garbage can and reaches up to pull down the ladder. She then clambers up the rickety iron stairs.

86 EXT. ALLEY - DAY

86

The Scars come around the corner and spot Francine on the fire escape. Fargo starts up after her on the fire escape. Jake pulls him down when he spots a freight elevator.

A86 INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

A86

The Scars climb in and begin a slow steady rise to the top of the building.

87 EXT. ROOF - DAY

87

The Scars run out on the roof. It is empty.

JAKE

Red, you stay here by the door.

He signals the other two to spread out across the roof. Fargo looks down the fire escape. It is empty. Vince looks behind a ventilation duct. Nothing. Jake steps to the edge of the roof. Hidden from his view, hanging from a ledge, Francine clings for her life. Jake turns to go, but Francine's boot scrapes on the side of the building. Jake turns back and looks over the ledge. He grins.

JAKE (CONT)

Hey, boys. Look what I found us.

Red, Fargo and Vince appear. Francine clings desperately.

JAKE (CONT)
Vince, come here.

Vince steps forward.

JAKE (CONT)
You want to prove how much
you love old Jake, Vince?

Terrified, Vince looks at Jake. Jake is smiling.

JAKE (CONT)
You know what you gotta do,
don't you, Vincie boy?

Vince looks at the helpless girl.

JAKE (CONT)
Don't you?!

Jake takes the knife from his boot, opens it and hands it to Vince. Vince takes it, his hand shaking. He steps to the roof's edge.

FRANCINE
No, Vince. Please, no.

VINCE
(near tears)
I gotta do it. I gotta.

He turns to Jake. Jake grabs his hand and forces him to place the knife near Francine's white knuckled hands. *

VINCE (CONT)
(tearfully)
Don't make me do it, Jake.
Please, don't make me do it.

JAKE
I ain't makin' ya do nothin',
Vince. You're doing it for
me. You're doing it to
show me how much you care.

Tears in his eyes, Vince turns and slowly brings the sharp knife across Francine's hand. She groans, still clinging to the ledge. Vince does it again, this time deeper, drawing blood. Francine screams. We see her hands leave the ledge.

88 INT. THE MX CLUB - DAY

88

It is the wedding rehearsal. Charlene is directing everyone into their positions. Greg gives Brenda some cold silent stares. When she tries to say something to him, he ignores her.

CHARLENE

Where the Hell is Francine and Rachel?

RICHIE

Hey, Francine would be late to her own fucking funeral.

STELLA

Hey, watch that mouth of yours.

BRENDA

All right! That's enough. Nobody's gonna fuck up this rehearsal. Hear me? Not you, Stella....not you, Richie.

RICHIE

Jesus, I was only kidding.

Rachel appears in the entrance. She is pale, drawn. She walks up to the stage. Charlene turns.

CHARLENE

Shit, Rachel. It's about time. Where's Francine?

Rachel is near tears. She starts to speak, but cannot. Brenda steps forward.

BRENDA

What is it, Rachel?

Richie steps forward.

RICHIE

Francine! Rachel, where's Francine?

Rachel starts to speak again. Then breaks down into tears.

89

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

89

Francine lies broken and bloodied on the pavement. The boys, the Satans and Charlene are the first ones there. They look down at her as the police cover her. Daltrey stands.

DALTREY

Any idea who might do
a thing like this. Any
enemies?

BRENDA

Besides you, cop? No.

DALTREY

Lookit, Brenda. When are you gonna
learn that we're on the same side?
I want the same thing you want. Why
don't you let us help?

BRENDA

Thanks, Daltrey. But we don't need
your help. We just want to be left alone.

DALTREY

Is this the kind of justice you kids want?
Goddamit, I could have prevented this.

Brenda leans down to touch Francine one more time. Greg,
Bobby and Richie run up to them, Greg to Brenda.

*

GREG

You know who did this!

BOBBY

It was Jake, the fucker.

RICHIE
I'll kill him, the mother
fucker. I'll kill him.

Brenda turns to them.

BRENDA
We want to be alone. She
was a Satan. We take care
of our own.

Richie is in tears. Greg and Bobby watch the girls walk
away. Charlene stands near the ambulance as they put the
body inside. She, too, watches the girls walk away, shaking her head

DALTREY
I hate to think where these
kids are gonna end up.

CHARLENE
You were a kid on these streets once,
Daltrey.

*

DALTREY
I was one of the lucky ones.

CHARLENE
Maybe you're right. But these
kids have to make their own luck.

90 INT. CLUBHOUSE - NIGHT

90

The girls are standing and sitting around the table.

RACHEL
I say we move out tonight and
get 'em before they expect it.

BRENDA
We gotta have proof first.

MARIA
What do you mean? Every one of
us knows it was Jake.

BRENDA
Listen! We're not fucking animals.
We're not like the other scum
out there. We formed the Satans for
a purpose, to protect each other and
keep our streets clean.

*
*
*
*
*

90 (CONTINUED)

(CONTINUED)

90

STELLA

Then let's go get the bastards.
before there's none of us left.

*

BRENDA

We'll get 'em, Stella. But
I want to hear it from their
own lips first. It it was Jake
and the Scars, we'll give 'em
our own brand of justice.

THE SATANS

An eye for an eye.

BRENDA

(coldly)

And a life for a life.

*

*

91 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

91

Breathing heavily, his face covered with sweat, Vince walks
down the hospital corridor searching for a room number
and trying to avoid being seen. He spots the room and
furtively enters.

(6/12/83)

90 (CONTINUED)

(CONTINUED)

90

STELLA

Then let's get those bastards
before there's none of us left.

BRENDA

We'll get 'em, Stella. But
I want to hear it from their
own lips first. It it was Jake
and the Scars, we'll give 'em
our own brand of justice.

THE SATANS

An eye for an eye.

BRENDA

(coldly)

And a life for a life.

The girls lock hands with Brenda.

THE SATANS

We're with you, Brenda.

91 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

91

Breathing heavily, his face covered with sweat, Vince walks
down the hospital corridor searching for a room number
and trying to avoid being seen. He spots the room and
furtively enters.

92 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

92

Vince steps up to the bed where Heather lies unconscious.
He stares at her for a long moment.

VINCE
(softly)
Jesus, you just gotta
be alright. You gotta.
I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

Vince buries his face at the foot of the bed.

VINCE (CONT)
I don't want to be bad.
They make me. You know
that. They make me.

Slowly Heather begins to come to. She moves her hand,
Vince sees this and stands up.

VINCE (CONT)
See. You're going to be
alright. I told ya, you're
going to be alright.

Heather opens her eyes. When she sees Vince, her face
fills with terror.

VINCE (CONT)
No, no please. It's okay.
I'm not going to hurt you.

Heather tries to get out of the bed. Vince holds her down.
This only makes her hysteria worse.

VINCE (CONT)
Don't. No. Please, don't.
I'm sorry. Don't you understand?
I'm sorry.

Brenda enters the room and sees Vince struggling with
Heather.

BRENDA
What the Hell are you
doin'?

Vince tries to run. Brenda grabs him.

BRENDA
Answer me! What
are you doing here?!

VINCE
Leave me alone!

BRENDA
Tell me what you're doing
here.

VINCE
Nothing!

BRENDA
Tell me, you little bastard.

VINCE
I don't know nothing!

BRENDA
You do! Tell me! Tell
me!!

VINCE
It was Jake! It was Jake
made us do it!

BRENDA
Jake! You mean it was the
whole fucking gang?!!

VINCE
I didn't want to! I swear
it!

BRENDA
You fuckin' bastard! And
what about Francine? What
about her?!

VINCE
She pleaded. She pleaded for
me to stop. Jesus, I wanted to!
I wanted to!!

Vince swings and knocks Brenda hard against the side of
her head. Vince runs out of the hospital room knocking
over an orderly.

92 CONTINUED

92

BRENDA
Stop him!! Stop the bastard!

A92 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

A92

Two orderlies go after Vince.

B92 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

B92

Heather is crying silently, hysterically on the bed.
Brenda goes to her and rocks her back and forth.

BRENDA
You're okay, Heather. It's
gonna be okay.

C92 OMIT

OMIT C92

A93 INT. FRONT OFFICE - DAY

A93

Miss Young is going through the notes in her box as Underwood walks in.

UNDERWOOD
Miss Young.

YOUNG
(cooly)
Yes, Mr. Underwood?

UNDERWOOD
Can I see you in my office
in a few minutes?

Miss Young nods.

93 INT. UNDERWOOD'S OFFICE - DAY

93

Underwood walks into his office. He closes the door and goes to his filing cabinet. He pulls out a small bottle of scotch and a shot glass. He takes one.

JAKE (OS)
Can I join you?

Underwood spins around. Jake stands by the door, knife drawn. He's obviously drunk.

JAKE
Don't make any quick moves,
Underwood. You remember
I'm pretty good with this
knife. Even from this distance.

UNDERWOOD
How did you get in here?

JAKE
Breaking and entering. Somethin'
else I learned on the streets.

*

UNDERWOOD
Give yourself up, Jake.
Don't make it any worse for
yourself.

93 (CONTINUED)

(CONTINUED)

93

JAKE

That's the point, Underwood.
I'm trying to make it easier
for myself. You see, if I'm
going down, I ain't going alone.

*

UNDERWOOD

What do you mean?

JAKE

I mean, you're gonna go
with me. Remember that little deal
we made? I think
that makes you what they call
an accessory.

*

*

UNDERWOOD

Nobody would believe anything
you say.

JAKE

They will if you tell them.

UNDERWOOD

(smugly)

Now why would I do that?

Just then Miss Young walks in.

YOUNG

You wanted to see me?

Jake grabs Miss Young from behind and holds her around the
throat with one arm while keeping the knife near her throat.

UNDERWOOD

Leave her alone, Jake!

*

JAKE

Well, now, ain't this cute?
We got a little audience here,
Underwood? Why don't you
tell her your story?

UNDERWOOD

He's crazy, Miss Young.

93 (CONTINUED)

(CONTINUED)

93

JAKE
(in a rage)
Crazy, am I. . .

Jake rips open the front of Miss Young's blouse exposing her breasts.

JAKE (CONT)
I'm just crazy enough to cut her up.

He brings the knife up under one of Miss Young's breasts.

JAKE
Now you tell her. Unless you want to see this cunt die.

UNDERWOOD
I knew they were the one who raped that girl.

JAKE
Go on. . .

UNDERWOOD
I made a deal with them! I told them I wouldn't tell the authorities if they'd help me.

*

MISS YOUNG
Help you?

*

UNDERWOOD
I needed control, Miss Young. You know what's happening to this school. I needed control.

MISS YOUNG
And this is the price you're paying for your scheme.

UNDERWOOD
(starts to ease toward Jake)
Just relax, Miss Young. He's not going to hurt you.

JAKE
Don't be too sure, fucker. Now let's see that gun of yours.

93 (CONTINUED)

(CONTINUED)

93

Underwood moves his jacket aside. His shoulder gun is still there.

JAKE (CONT)

Okay, now lay it on the desk and don't try anything.

Underwood lays the gun down. He again starts to move towards Jake.

UNDERWOOD

Take it easy, Jake. No one's going to hurt you. We can work this out without hurting anyone else.

JAKE

You're right, Underwood. 'Cause I decided I ain't gonna go along with your little program no more. But first, let's have us some fun, huh? You like this stuff, Mr. Principal?

Jake starts to fondle Miss Young's breasts roughly. As he does, Underwood lunges at him.

UNDERWOOD

You fucking rotten scum.

Underwood rushes Jake only to get stabbed with Jake's knife. He backs away falling to the floor with the knife still in him. Miss Young screams as Jake tosses her aside and grabs the gun off the desk. Jake jumps out the window. Miss Young is hysterical, screaming as she runs out the door.

*

MISS YOUNG

Call the police. . . Mr. Underwood's been stabbed!

*

94 EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

94

Brenda sees Underwood being taken out to an ambulance.
He is on a stretcher with an IV taped to his arm.
Brenda rushes up to Underwood.

UNDERWOOD
(very weak)
Hello, hard ass.

BRENDA
Who did it, Underwood?

UNDERWOOD
Our buddy, Jake.

BRENDA
I'll get him, Underwood.

UNDERWOOD
(going under)
Yeah. . . nail the bastard
for me, too.

A94 EXT. HOT DOG STAND - DAY

A94

Brenda pulls up in Greg's car. Rachel and Stella are there.
They rush to her car.

BRENDA
I got the proof.

STELLA
Let's go get 'em, baby.

RACHEL
Yeah. This is for Heather
and Francine.

BRENDA
I'll go pick up Maria and Stevie.
You guys meet us at the club.
By this time tonight, the Scars
will be history.

Brenda pulls away. Rachel and Stella cut out.

95 EXT. ALLEY - DAY

95

Red and Fargo sit in the alley with a bottle, waiting for Jake.

RED

I wish Jake had of let us
gone with him. Bet that
fuckin' Underwood really
crawled.

FARGO

Yeah, I'd like to see Underwood's
face when Jake let him have it.

Fargo grabs the bottle away from Red and swigs. There
is a noise. Red jumps up and looks around. Fargo
stops drinking. Red grabs the bottle from him.

RED

Jake, is that you? Huh, Jake?

Red crawls around the garbage cans and comes to some
shapely legs. He looks up. It is a statuesque,
mini-skirted WHORE. She looks down at Red.

WHORE

Hi, honey. What're you doing
down there?

Red holds up the bottle.

RED

Want a drink?

96 EXT. STREET - DAY

96

Jake runs across the street and disappears.

97 EXT. WHAREHOUSE - DAY

97

Fargo, Red and the whore pass the bottle around in the
alley.

WHORE

I owe you one, boys.

(6/12/83)

97 CONTINUED

(CONTINUED)

97

RED

One what? Huh? One what?

She pulls up her skirt, revealing shapely legs and no underwear.

WHORE

I ain't got a bottle up
my skirt, but then you might
find something else up there
you like.

RED

Yeah, yeah!

The whore starts to walk away.

WHORE

Come on, boys. Follow me.
It's party time!

Red and Fargo get to their feet.

RED

Our luck's changing, huh, Fargo?
Our fuckin' luck's changing.

Fargo grunts and smiles, licking his lips. The whore leading, Fargo and Red follow like puppy dogs. She stops at an open doorway.

WHORE

You first, big boy.

Fargo grins and steps forward.

RED

Hey, what about me? Huh?
What about me?

WHORE

One at a time. Come on, stud.

Fargo follows her into the old building. Red kicks a can and stuffs his hands into his pockets.

(6/12/83)

- 98 INT. OLD WAREHOUSE - DAY 98
- The whore leads Fargo into an old industrial john.
There are stalls lining one wall.
- 99 EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY 99
- Red impatiently waits. He steps into the doorway and
peeks in.
- RED
Hey, Fargo. Don't be a fuckin'
pig about. . .
- A large chain whips out wrapping around Red's neck several
times, gagging him. He reaches up trying to pry the
links off his neck.
- 100 INT. CAR - DAY 100
- A high-heeled boot presses down on the accelerator.
- 101 EXT. CAR - DAY 101
- The rear tires start burning rubber.
The chain, attached to the bumper, snaps tight, as the
car jerks forward, taking up slack.
- 102 EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY 102
- We see Red's red and swollen face as it is snapped backward.
- 103 INT. CAR - DAY 103
- Brenda drives the car a hundred feet and stops. She looks
in the rear view mirror.

(6/12/83)

104 INT. OLD WAREHOUSE - DAY

104

Fargo is sucking on the whore's nipples. She pushes him back and points to one of the stalls.

WHORE
Go on in there, honey.

FARGO
Huh?

WHORE
(snickering)
I got a little surprise for you.

Reluctantly, Fargo steps into the stall. He looks around. There is a large hole carved in the wall of the stall.

WHORE (O.S.)
Yoo, hoo!

Fargo bends over and looks through the hole. All he can see is the whore's voluptuous heavily-lipsticked mouth.

WHORE (CONT)
Stick it through, baby.
Stick it through.

The mouth licks its lips. Fargo stands upright, grins, opens his fly and turns his back to the CAMERA, obviously sticking his cock through the hole. On the other side, the whore stands and looks over at Stella, who stands next to her with a straight razor gleaming in the dull grey light. She looks down out of the frame, grabs something and slices down with the razor. Fargo's grinning face turns to a mask of pain and terror as he screams and bellows.

105 EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

105

Jake is turning into the area when he sees Brenda talking. He abruptly stops and hides, watching. His face is a mask of rage, as he sees what has happened.

REVISED 6/16/83

3

107 OMIT

OMIT 107

108 OMIT

OMIT 108

109 EXT. CLUBHOUSE - NIGHT

109

Brenda pulls up at the old clubhouse. She hesitates before entering the dark building, peering into the darkness around her. Satisfied that she's alone, the girl pushes open the door. CAMERA PANS to discover Jake hiding in the shadows.

110 INT. CLUBHOUSE - NIGHT

110

She walks over to the table and lights the kerosine lamp. Weird shadows jump on the walls as she begins rummaging through an old box. Finally, she finds the object of her search, a gleaming six inch knife.

(6/12/83)

110 (CONTINUED)

(CONTINUED)

110

JAKE (O.S.)
Hello, bitch. Didn't
think you'd ever find it.

Startled, Brenda whirls around to face Jake, who is standing in the shadows, holding Underwood's gun.

JAKE
Just between you and me, now,
huh cunt?

BRENDA
What's the matter, tough man?
Need a gun when you aren't
raping little girls?

Jake shoves the gun inside his belt, and pulls out Red's stiletto. The long blade clicks into place.

JAKE
No, bitch. I'm gonna
have some fun with you first.
Then I'm gonna give you some
of what your baby sister got.

The two begin to warily circling each other. Brenda lashes out, but Jake moves easily away. She slashes at him again, but the more experienced fighter quickly sidesteps the attack. Jake rolls away from another, then viciously slashes out at Brenda. The knife cuts deeply into her left arm, blood spilling out. Brenda backs away, holding the knife in front of her, his stiletto plunging deep into Brenda's side. Grasping at the wound, she drops the knife and slumps to the floor.

JAKE
Not much of a match for old
Jake, huh cunt? But what the
hell, it was better than nothing.

Brenda remains silent, blood flowing out of her wounds. She stares with hatred up at Jake, readying herself for what is about to come. Hewipes the bloody knife on his pants leg.

(6/12/83)

110 (CONTINUED)

(CONTINUED)

110

JAKE

Just make believe it's my
big tool, baby, 'cause I'm
gonna use it like my prick.
Get my drift? Call it your
final fuck.

Grinning, Jake starts towards her. . . when a shaking
voice spins him around. Vince is standing in the
doorway.

VINCE

You, you can't do it, Jake.

JAKE

Well, well. Look who's here
for the party. Come on in,
Vincie, boy.

VINCE

I mean it, Jake. You gotta leave
her alone.

JAKE

Maybe you'd like some bloody seconds,
huh, Vincie? Yeah, that'd be real
good, wouldn't it?

Jake turns his back on the scared boy, and advances on
Brenda.

VINCE

I. . . I gotta stop you, Jake.

Jake turns again to face the scared boy.

JAKE

Then come one, you little fucker.

Jake pauses, looking at the deadly stiletto in his hand.
Grinning, he folds it up and shoves it back down his
boot.

JAKE

I don't even need my little
friend here. Just you and me,
Vincie boy.

(6/12/83)

110 (CONTINUED)

(CONTINUED)

110

Jake advances. Vince wants to run, but for once, must stand like a man. The fight is vicious and horribly mis-matched. Vince is no match for Jake, and is soon reduced to a bloody pulp. Jake is on top of Vince, when the boy pulls the gun out of Jake's belt, and feebly attempts to cock it. Jake laughs and knocks it out of his hand. He then steadies Vince's broken body, grabs the side of his head, and savagely twists it. Vince's neck snaps.

Jake stands over the dead boy, then reaches down for the knife to finish Brenda. His eyes suddenly open wide, and he stands very still. Brenda is holding the gun with both hands.

JAKE

Now, don't do anything crazy,
Brenda. Come on. I was just
playing with you a little.

Brenda cocks the big pistol.

JAKE

It wasn't me that hurt Heather
or Francine.

Jake points at Vince.

JAKE (CONT)

He's the one that did it.

Brenda slowly raises the gun, aiming it at Jake's crotch.

BRENDA

You aren't going to hurt anybody
again, Jake. You know why?
"Cause you aren't gonna have
any balls left.

JAKE

For God's sake, don't. . .

A deafening roar explodes in the clubhouse as Jake flies backwards. He writhes on the floor, holding himself and screaming in agony. Brenda staggers to her feet and limps over to Jake.

JAKE

Please, Brenda. . . don't leave
me like this. Get help. . . please.

110 (CONTINUED)

(CONTINUED)

110

Brenda cocks the pistol again and points it right next to Jake's temple.

BRENDA

I should finish you off right now, Jake. I'd be doing the world a favor getting rid of scum like you.

JAKE

Please. . .

BRENDA

But this would be too easy. . . wouldn't it. . . too quick.

JAKE

Don't, Brenda. . . don't.

BRENDA

(enjoying the power now)
Im' gonna make you suffer, Pig.
It's gonna be slow. . . just like
it was for Francine. . . and Heather.

*

JAKE

Brenda. . .

BRENDA

I want to see your end coming, Jake.

She moves towards the table with the kerosine lamp.

BRENDA (CONT)

So long, sucker.

She knocks the lamp on the floor and it bursts into flames instantly, igniting the floor.

JAKE

(almost dead)
You can't leave me. . .

BRENDA

Watch me, you bastard!

Brenda stumbles to the door.

(6/12/83)

116 EXT. CLUBHOUSE - NIGHT

116

Brenda staggers out the door and starts walking from the burning building. The Satans come running up to her.

RACHEL

Brenda. . . Jesus God, she's bleeding.

Brenda half falls into their arms.

MARIA

What happened?

BRENDA

I got him. I got him for Francine and Heather.

STEVIE

Jake? You got Jake?

They all turn and watch the building burn.

BRENDA

I got the bastard for all of us.

STELLA

That's right, honey. An' ain't nobody ever gonna touch us again. Fuck 'em all. 'Cause we're the Satans.

CAMERA HOLDS on the group as they stand watching in the firelight.

MARIA

Come on, baby, let's get you home.

The group starts away and as they walk from the burning building, WE SEE headlights approaching in the distance, and WE HEAR the SIRENS.

MUSIC UP. CREDITS START TO ROLL.

END