



THE OFFICIAL SCREENPLAY

BY JAMES MERENDINO



Although the film is a work of fiction, many of the film's elements came from the life of its writer and director, James Merendino. Merendino recalls that, "back in 1985, I was living in Salt Lake City, and at fourteen I was already different, already bizarre. I was bored and I was very much an outsider. I was a Catholic in a Mormon state, I was the geeky guy in the cafeteria who was always getting his ass kicked. I began listening to punk music because it appealed to me, and gave me an identity to help me survive the horrors of high school.

One of the greatest challenges in the production was finding the right actor for the role of Stevo. Due to his screen time and narration, "We couldn't move forward until we found exactly the right person," says Merendino. "Lillard has an energy that spins off of him, and I think that is the audience's perception of him, both onscreen and off."

Upon meeting Merendino, Lillard signed on for the part. Says Lillard, "I think (Merendino) is very gifted and very illuminating in the way he thinks. He challenges me and I loved the fact that he gave me the opportunity to come in to work."

"This Draft does not contain the Dungeons & Dragons scene.

SLC PUNK
by
(James Merendino)

Original Screenplay to the film.



Mathew Lillard as Stevo



Stevo watches bob pass out



BLACK SCREEN:

Sounds of CITY STREETS can be heard O.S..

STEVO(V.O.)

The thing about me and Bob and pretty much all of us was, we hated rednecks more than anything else, period. Because rednecks, for us, were America incarnate. And America... Well. Fuck America...

CUT TO:

EXT. SALT LAKE CITY STREET - NIGHT

An obnoxiously giant pickup sitting on cartoonishly oversized wheels pulls up to the corner of this quiet city street in the avenues. The view from the street behind the truck is the downtown area of Salt Lake City. The temple is in full view as is the Capital building, sitting like a prissy cat on a small hill just above the rest of the city center.

Houses line the street built at the turn of the century. All lights off. It is quiet. Very quiet.

Two COWBOYS climb out of their chariot wearing baseball hats and chewing tobacco.

One cowboy downs his Bud and throws the can to the side. The clang echoes loudly, breaking the silence. The cowboy burps.

COWBOY 1

So what do you want to do now?

COWBOY 2

Let's score. I gotta get some pelt tonight or my balls are gonna fall off...

COWBOY 1

I hear that....

There is movement behind the guys as they walk down the sidewalk. The bushes to their left come alive. The cowboys are oblivious to this.

Then two figures emerge. Two young punks. BOB, hair dyed black and spiked in every direction. STEVO, shaved head, short Mohawk. These boys, in their very early twenties, sneak quietly up behind the unsuspecting men that move on down the street.

Then.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEVO

NOW!!!

Stevo and Bob leap upon their prey and begin to beat furiously. Their fists flying, their legs kicking. The two men are down and trying to ward off the attack. Bob has a pipe and is slamming it into the side of his victim. Then suddenly they're off, running. We pull them as

they run at full speed toward us. Stevo is in the lead. He smiles with youth and vigor. Bob lags a little behind, his pipe still in hand. They are laughing, they are running, they are alive.

Stevo closes in on us. We hold on his young face, handsome, strong jaw, blue eyes. Grin from ear to ear. His face is red with energy as he runs.

OPTICAL EFFECT: The film seems to slow down as if the projector is breaking down and the frames move slower and then stop on a single frame. Stevo is just passing out of frame and Bob is a blurred image on the left.

STEVO(V.O.) (CONT'D)

What can I say? We weren't much
more then a couple a' young
punks...

A hole burns in the frame and then we cut to black.

CUE: EXPLOITED "SEX AND VIOLENCE"

CUT TO:

CREDIT'S:

S.L.C. PUNK!

ETC....

END MUSIC CUE:

FADE IN:

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

We are inside Stevo's and Bob's apartment. A one bedroom flat in a very old building just on the westside of the city center. The window looks out over the freeway and buildings just beyond.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The main room of the apartment is furnished with: One single mattress, one metal folding chair, one thrift store coffee table, one half of a ping-pong table used as a dining room table, one ashtray filled with dead cigarettes, one poster of Ronald Reagan and one poster of the Tabernacle Choir. The walls are covered with black spray paint with various slogans and a large Anarchy symbol.

The floor is covered with empty beer cans and record albums. Bob is asleep on the mattress.

His Doc Martens are at his side.

Stevo walks out of the bedroom scratching his stomach. He is in boxer-shorts only. He looks around his little apartment. Then lights a cigarette.

STEVO(V.O.)

My place of residence was decorated in such a way as to clearly define who I was. It followed the strictest requirements for a rebellious young, Anarchist.

Stevo taps Bob with his foot.

STEVO (CONT'D)

Bob... Rise and shine, it's a beautiful day.

Bob stirs. He does not wake up.

STEVO

Well, O.K.? Just a few more hours I guess.

Stevo goes to the window and looks out over the city.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWN TOWN STREET - DAY

Stevo and Bob are sitting on a bus bench, smoking. Pedestrians pass and look at them with

fear.

STEVO(V.O.)

To be an Anarchist in Salt Lake City was certainly no easy task. Especially in 1985. And having no money, no job and no plans for the future, the true Anarchist's position, was in itself a strenuous job. And our tribe was small.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEVO(V.O.) (CONT'D)
At the center was me, Stevo, and
Bob, my room mate, Heroin Bob. He
didn't do heroin, in fact he hated
needles.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Bob stands looking in a mirror.

STEVO(V.O.)
Bob's irrational fear of needles
was in contrast to everything you'd
think about Bob... To look at him,
you'd think he was a madman, which
he was... But he was also the most
uptight guy I'd ever met.

Bob's face contorts into fury as he smashes the image of
himself in the mirror. The mirror breaks and cuts his hand
terribly. Bob is unaffected by the blood that is pouring
down his arm. He looks at the broken mirror.

CUT TO:

INT. MC DONALD'S - NIGHT

Bob and Stevo and MIKE, another young punk are ordering from
the frightened CLERK at the MacDonald's. Mike is a punk, but
dresses rather conservatively. His hair is cut short and
neat. He wears glasses and seems of mild temperament. His
shoulders are broad and he seems older than eighteen.

Bob is pale and he reaches into his pocket and pulls out some
crumpled bills. They are covered with blood. His hand is
wrapped in a t-shirt and the blood has dried and turned
crusty. The skin under the t-shirt is a dark blue.

STEVO(V.O.)
He didn't do anything about the cut
on his hand. Nothing. Just
wrapped it up in a T-shirt and left
it like that for weeks...

Bob collapses right there at the MacDonald's. Stevo and Mike
are mildly moved as they pause and then bend over to collect
their fallen friend. The woman behind the counter is
appalled.

CLERK
Is he Ok?

Mike looks politely at the clerk and smiles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE
He'll be fine, I'm sure. Thank you
very much.

CUT TO:

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

Bob sits on table waiting for the doctor. His face is green.
The DOCTOR is removing the t-shirt from around his hand.
The wound is rotting with gangrene.

The doctor gasps. Bob is unconcerned, although his eyes are
heavy and he seems to be passing out.

DOCTOR
What the heck did you do here?
This thing is the most infected
wound I think I've ever seen...

BOB
I hate Doctors man. I hate 'em.

DOCTOR
Well, you're lucky those boys
brought you here... Without me,
you'd be dead.

The Doctor calls a NURSE in.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
We need 500 milligrams of ...

CUT TO:

We push toward Bob who is watching with mild interest. Then
his eyes go wide.

CUT BACK:

The nurse is pulling out a syringe.

CUT TO:

INT. WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

Steve and Mike are sitting waiting for their friend in the
emergency waiting room at the University Hospital. There is
a YOUNG MORMON MOTHER there with her CHILD. The child has a
cut finger.

She looks at the boys with suspicion and fear. The child
looks at them and smiles.

Mike very politely smiles back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE

Hello there... nasty cut. How did you manage that?

CHILD

I fell off my bike...

The mother shushes the child and quickly stands and moves to another area.

Stevo and Mike are unconcerned.

MIKE

Nice boy...

STEVO

Sad really...

MIKE

What's that.

STEVO

Children. Not much future for them...

MIKE

We all die Stevo... It's like Chickenpox. Everybody gets it once...

STEVO

Very true. Very true.

Then there is a commotion in the next room and somebody is yelling furiously. Cops rush into the back. Stevo and Mike look at each other then stand.

INT. HALL - NIGHT

Stevo and Mike round the hall and see that Bob has punched the doctor and the nurse and is being held down by four SECURITY OFFICERS.

They run up.

MIKE

(Flatly)

What are you guys doing to him, man...

Bob is squirming like a mad person. His eyes are wild.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB
Get that needle away from me!!!
You pack of murderers... Help me,
help...

A DOCTOR manages to push a needle in Bob's arm... VALIUM.
It works fast and Bob goes limp.

Mike and Stevo look at each other... They laugh.

DISSOLVE:

INT. HOSPITAL HALL - DAY

Mike, Stevo and SANDY a blonde punk girl, eighteen. She wears a leather, spiked jacket, a "FUCK OFF AND DIE" T-Shirt and black Dickies.

They all lean against the wall standing in a row.

STEVO(V.O.)
So Heroin Bob was named as such
cause he was afraid of needles...
but not just needles... He was
afraid of drugs too. We couldn't
get him to take an Aspirin... He
drank and smoked cigarettes, that's
all. He'd say...

CUT TO:

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - DAY

Stevo and Bob are laying on the grass watching college girls move in packs toward their destinations. Bob and Stevo are so severe in their punkness that their presence among the other students is surreal.

BOB
You know, that shit you guys do,
you're fucking yourselves up, man.

STEVO
What are you talking about, Bob?
What shit?

BOB
Acid. Man, it never leaves your
body. It's in your spinal cord
forever.

Stevo sits up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEVO

Even after your dead?

BOB

It's there forever.

STEVO

Bullshit.

BOB

No really. Let me tell you something about the nature of chemicals. You know Napoleon, right?

STEVO

French Dictator, ended the "Reign of Terror" and second of three Antichrists as predicted by Nastradamus? Sure, I know who he is.

BOB

Well, he was banished to an island when the French got sick of him...

STEVO

Exactly what should be done with anyone who imposes power on people...

BOB

But that wasn't enough... He allegedly died of stomach problems... But scientists have discovered recently that he was poisoned over a period of time... he was murdered by arsenic.

STEVO

Shit... That I didn't know.

BOB

You know how they could tell, these researchers in France?

STEVO

No...

BOB

His hair.

STEVO

They had his hair? He's been dead for I don't know...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BOB

Dude... The guy's body is preserved, by the arsenic, a preservative. But the evidence was found in the roots of his hair, it was still there. Not only could they tell it was that, but they could tell how long he was receiving the poison by how far the traces of poison went up his hair... So you see, it lasts forever... And the acid you guys take is usually six percent strychnine, also a poison...

STEVO

Stop. Really?

BOB

That's right. And it's an accumulative poison. So, you know, after enough hits... You're dead.

STEVO

Makes you think, don't it.

BOB

Think what?

STEVO

How paranoid chemistry is making you. Wrong major man, for a guy like you.

BOB

Better then pre-law...

STEVO

Law is the system. You have to know something before you can destroy it.

BOB

Well, you should lay off the acid, anyway. You heard about Sean, right?

STEVO

No... what happened?

BOB

Well, you know he was selling acid, right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

STEVO
Yeah, I heard that.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

SEAN a sixteen year old punk with a very thin Mohawk stands on the school steps and is passing out tabs of acid to a group of MODS (Guys with black suits, thin ties and Vespa Scooters.) They each hand him money.

SEAN
You fellas be careful now.

An eighteen year old Mod, RUSS, puts his hand on Sean's shoulder.

RUSS
Let me ask you something, Sean...
What the fuck did you become a punk
for?

SEAN
Russ, Mod's are pussy's. That
shit's dead.

RUSS
Well, thanks for the tabs, but you
know, if we catch you out tonight,
we gotta kick your ass.

SEAN
Kick my ass? You mean kiss my ass.
You guys are a bunch of fucking
fairies on your little bikes and
shit.

RUSS
Whatever you say, Sean.

SEAN
Get lost, pud boy, I'm doing
business.

Russ leaves and Sean puts the rest of his acid in his jeans.
A Security GUARD comes out of the school and sees him.

SEAN (CONT'D)
Shit...

Sean runs. He heads for a wall and hops it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB(V.O.)
So Sean put all this acid in his
pocket and the school cop...

STEVO(V.O.)
Where was this?

BOB(V.O.)
East High. So he takes off and is
running through the track field.

EXT. TRACK FIELD - DAY

Sean is running along bleachers as the guard is after him.

Sean jumps off the bleachers and across the field.
Sprinklers are on and Sean is getting soaked. He jumps a
fence.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Sean is running down the street and we move slowly to his
pants and enter into his pocket.

INT. POCKET

The hundred plus tabs of acid are beginning to mix with the
water that soaked Sean's pants.

BOB(V.O.)
So the water soaked through his
pants and melted the acid which
went through his pants and onto the
skin on his leg.

We move through the pocket and into Sean's leg.

INT. SEAN'S LEG

We are on the inner-workings of Sean's leg as we observe
veins and arteries working their way over the muscles that
are in motion. The acid dissolves into Sean's leg.

BOB(V.O.)
So you know, over a hundred hits of
acid dissolve into Sean's leg...
Fried him.

STEVO(V.O.)
What happened to him?

BOB(V.O.)
Well, that day I went to see him.

EXT. LAWN - DAY

A lawn in a suburb of Salt Lake sits before us. A nice white house. In the middle of the lawn sits Sean on a stool, holding his legs up. His face is white and his eyes are bugged.

Bob approaches and walks across the lawn with his hands in his pockets. He pauses and looks down at Sean, who looks at him, amazed.

SEAN
Are you him?

BOB
Yeah, I'm him...

Sean begins to tremble.

SEAN
So you're Jesus. Have I sinned, or
do I go to heaven...

Bob laughs.

BOB
Sean... You're fried man. How
much acid did you drop today...

SEAN
Wait man... you're not Jesus.
You're Bob!

BOB
That's right... How goes it?

Sean looks at the ground around Bob's feet.

SEAN
So how are you doing that?

BOB
Doing what?

SEAN
Walking on water? Man, if I get
off this chair I'm gonna drown. I
can't swim.

BOB
Oh I get it. Do you see any land,
Sean?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SEAN

No... No I don't. Just water.
Say Bob?

BOB

What's up?

SEAN

Are you Jesus?

BOB

Sure Bob... Why do you ask?

SEAN

Cause Satan's in my house... He ate
my mother and turned her into a
bull.

Bob looks at the house and he can see a very frightened WOMAN
looking out the window through the curtains. Bob waves and
she waves timidly back.

BOB

Say, um... Sean. What did you do?

SEAN

When?

BOB

When you came home from school
today?

SEAN

Well... Jesus... I was in the
kitchen...

INT. KITCHEN - EARLIER.

Sean is in the kitchen looking at his hands. His MOTHER
walks in.

MOTHER

I didn't hear you come in.

Sean sees her. She has horns; and instead of legs, she has
hooves.

Sean smiles and grabs a knife from the counter.

Mother screams and scrambles to get away.

SEAN

An Elk! An ELK! I'm a hunter!
It's my nature!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mother tries to get away but is cornered.

MOTHER

Sean! What are you doing!?

Sean raises the knife, he is filled with bravery. Then his eyes fill with terror and confusion.

His mother opens her mouth and he sees fire and a red hole leading to the abyss. Then over her shoulder Sean can see Satan. He is the beast in the shape of a goat. He moves through the living room and laughs at Sean and quickly jumps onto the ceiling and crawls toward

Sean's bedroom.

Sean looks at His mother and she is a bull. The bull's mouth moves and Sean's mother's

voice comes out.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

Sean please!

Sean screams and drops the knife.

BACK TO:

EXT. LAWN - DAY

Sean is looking at Bob. Bob thinks.

SEAN

So I found this chair, and thank
God, because the great flood came
and I'd be dead right now.

Two squad cars pull up and four POLICE jump out, guns up.
Bob raises his hands.

Sean looks up at Bob's hands.

SEAN

So, I'm saved?

Bob looks at the police and smiles.

BOB

Sure Sean. You're Saved. Crazy
fucker.

BACK TO:

EXT. CAMPUS - DAY

Stevo is lying down now and looking at the clouds. Bob stands. He walks a few paces forward.

BOB
Chemicals man. They can fuck you up.

STEVO
When did this happen?

BOB
A few years ago. First year of college. He's in a hospital now...

STEVO
Damn, I always wondered what happened to that crazy little shit.

BOB
It's a crazy, fucked up world Stevo. And we're all just barely floating, waiting for someone that can walk on water...

Stevo sit's up and thinks.

STEVO(V.O.)
Bob was like that... A real asshole when it came to reading into things. He liked to wrap things up into neat little packages that implied the world. Sean was fucked up... Not the world. The world was confused. And not the world really, just the people in it. Bob was confused. And more, Paranoid as fuck.

BACK TO:

INT. HALL - HOSPITAL:

Stevo, Mike and Sandy are in a row against the wall.

They stand by a door that reads "QUARANTINED".

We move to the sign.

STEVO(V.O.)
That's right. The guy was in Quarantine. The Doctor said that Bob's infection was so bad that it had become a lethal virus...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEVO(V.O.) (CONT'D)

So he was under quarantine for some weeks. Imagine, the beginning of the summer... We had both graduated college, a major feat, considering our aim in college was to be as destructive as possible. Our mission, after leaving high school as two aspiring young punks, I think the only two punks in Salt Lake at the time, was to go to University and bring down the system. Why? For obvious reasons. Anarchy. The only system of government that seemed to make sense to us. The irony was, we had made it through... I did well even. My father was hell-bent on getting me to go to Harvard Law school like he had done when he was a kid... My father tried to get me to go right after I graduated high school...

INT. STEVO'S MOTHER'S HOUSE - DAY (4 YEARS EARLIER)

Stevo sits on a couch, huge blue Mohawk, ripped T-shirt and polyester button down short sleeve shirt over it.

FATHER and MOTHER sit in chairs across from him in the living room. His father looks at him.

FATHER

You have finished high school... Thank God. And now it's time to make good. I respect your rebellion. I don't understand it, but I respect it. But now, you should do what's right, for you...

MOTHER

I mean be free, darling, always.

FATHER

But be practical. You have an opportunity to go to Harvard, my being an alumnus can't hurt...

MOTHER

But only if it makes you happy...

FATHER

Of course, you can rebel there too. I mean, I went to Woodstock, me and my mates had our fun. And we fought for some good causes as well, changed things.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FATHER (CONT'D)

Now it's time that you carry the torch, I can see by looking at you, that you're ready. It makes us proud that you're an individual.

MOTHER

Very proud.

FATHER

But, I'd suggest toning down the dress a bit. I mean, long hair and flower prints is one thing. But this... this statement about the American Indian... well it's, hard to swallow, not by me mind you, I'm hip just like the next fellow, but, you know, by folks on the East Coast. They'd only be thrown off. They wouldn't listen to your philosophies about, well, about whatever those philosophies may be...

MOTHER

Not that they aren't good philosophies son...

FATHER

No, they'd be looking at your hair.

MOTHER

Jesus, darling, we sound like our parents...

FATHER

Yes, this is rather difficult.

Stevo continues to listen to his parents, half interested.

MOTHER

We just want to support you.

FATHER

That's right. And I was there. I know what it means to rebel. But rebellion has it's place and then you must work to make a difference.

MOTHER

And always with love, remember that Steven, always with love...

There is a pause.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

STEVO

Now, let me get this straight. You two believe in rebellion, freedom and love, yes?

MOTHER

Absolutely...

FATHER

Yes, definitely, yes.

Stevo takes a long swig of beer.

STEVO

Let me tell you both something. One: you're divorced, so love failed. Two: you Dad are a slick corporate attorney. Three: Mom, you are a New Ager, clinging to any scrap of eastern religious superstition that may be convenient to you so as to justify why love failed. Four: you moved to Utah, nowhere, to change nothing; more, to add to the problem, to perpetuate the circle of money, greed, fascism and triviality. You are your parents, only they had the balls to be hardened, postwar, martini drinking, racist, elitist, mother fuckers... You are those things, but hide behind some web covered lost sense of drugs, sex and rock and roll...

Stevo stands, he's really going now... Building with passion.

STEVO (CONT'D)

So don't sell me your, "I understand you, love will solve everything, change the world," passive-aggressive pitch. "But now it's time to settle down and follow in the old man's footsteps," bullshit. Your movement of the people, "we'll stop the war" crap got you nothing and if you think for one minute I'm gonna fall into that trap, well, you have another thing coming. Fuck your babyboomer ideals. Fuck your condescending psychology and fuck your Ivy League factory for the system, and your empty rhetorical "we can save America".

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

STEVO (CONT'D)

I'm going to the University of Utah and I'm gonna do it for one reason, to raise hell and fuck up as much as I possibly can. And Mom don't talk to me about self- destruction. And don't start blaming Yourself either. It ain't how you raised me... It's the future baby. Take a good look, I am the future. I am what you so arrogantly saved the world for. You saved the world for guys like me. Guys who are going to send it straight to hell. So God bless you and good luck. Cause I'm a free man!

Stevo finishes his beer drops the can and leaves the house.

Mother and Father sit for a moment in silence. Then Father looks at Mother.

FATHER

He's gonna make a great lawyer, don't you think?

MOTHER

Yeah, he takes after his father...
He's a son-of- a-bitch.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

On the "QUARANTINE" sign and then pulling back to reveal Mike, Sandy and Stevo still waiting.

STEVO(V.O.)

And now, four years later, I was a college graduate. We did what we could to fuck things up. But the system is strong, very strong and they were many and we were so few. But this Summer was going to be the summer. Bob and I and the rest of us had made an oath to do nothing, absolutely nothing. We were going to waste our educated minds. We had no other way of fighting. As I said, there weren't enough of us. Now sure, there were a lot more punks then there were four years earlier, but there were also many posers. They were hard to get around. Posers were people who looked like punks, but did it for fashion.

CUT TO:

INT. MALL

A PUNK couple walks through the mall. They carry a Contempo Casual bag.

STEVO(V.O.)
And they were stupid. They'd
say...

The PUNK MALE of the couple looks at the camera and holds up two fingers.

PUNK MALE
Anarchy in the UK!

They walk on and to REVEAL Stevo watching them as they go. Bob comes out of an ice-cream shop holding an ice-cream. Stevo talks to the camera.

STEVO
You see? Posers... Anarchy in the U.K.? What good is that to those of us in Utah, America... And who gives a shit about the U.K.? These guys were always going on about the U.K.. It was a Sex Pistols thing. Fools! England! British. That's all you heard from these trendy fuckers. "Did you hear the new Smiths record? Fucking terrific," they'd put a little British ugly twang in there.

Stevo walks up to another PUNK in the mall. He has a British flag on his Jacket. Stevo points to it and looks at the camera.

STEVO (CONT'D)
See what I mean? What the fuck was up with that England bullshit... I mean, I knew a girl that would only have sex with a guy that had an accent. She was pretty, so every asshole that wanted to get laid would get her drunk and put on a fake accent. Poor girl, no self-respect. To me, England was nothing more than an American State, like North Dakota. And why should I be so bitter? Well I always felt that for all the fawning over the British bands that went on here in SLC, the British chaps could only say shit about us Americans...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEVO (CONT'D)

Hicks we were to them. But for all the great British intellect they couldn't manage to maintain their precious empire. But more than that, It was commonly thought that the Brit's and Sex Pistols invented Punk. Well there is some ambiguity there (it may have started in New York with the Stooges or Ramones) and the debate's open, but I can say one thing. We did it harder. Exhibit A... My only exhibit, but I think it's strong.

INT. PUNK SHOW - NIGHT

GBH a PUNK BAND is on stage and they are playing with fury... The kids are going crazy in the audience slamming their bodies into each other.

CLOSER:

In the mosh pit KIDS aren't just slamming, but actually punching each other, beating each other. Blood is everywhere.

We float over this mess and find Bob and Mike standing in a corner. Mike is conservatively dressed as always, tonight a golf shirt and some slacks. His wire framed glasses sit squarely on his face. There is also a Foreign guy named MARK. He is too old to be here.

We whip pan away from them and find Stevo slamming with much enthusiasm. Sandy is with him and they slam into each other. They are soon kissing. Then their hands are all over each other. Their sweat mixes and they share a beer by passing liquid from one mouth to the other.

SANDY

Fuck this... If you're a man,
you'd fuck me right here!

She yells above the noise...

CUT TO:

Stevo and Sandy are fucking in the corner. Her top is off, his top is off. His pants are down and they make love, furiously, insanely.

The band plays on.

GO TO:

Mike turns to Bob.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE

Wasn't she with you?

BOB

Who?

MIKE

Sandy.

BOB

Last week. We hung out, you know.
Nobody's anybody's. Anyway, I got
my eye on Trish...

MARK

Where is Trish, I have to talk to
her?

BOB

She's having the after party for
the band. She's setting up.

MIKE

Dude, isn't Trish like thirty
something?

BOB

Yeah man... She's fucking smart as
hell, too. I can listen to her
talk for hours.

MARK

Well, that's good for you, cause
that's all she ever does is talk.

Bob looks at Mark. Mark stares Bob down and it is clear that
Mark is lethal.

BOB

I got to go do something.

And bob walks into the mosh pit.

BACK TO:

Stevo and Sandy make love like animals... Violence surrounds
them.

BACK TO:

Mike and Mark stand in the corner.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MIKE

Do you feel kind of old for this place... I mean you're the oldest guy here.

MARK

FUCK YOU! I'm young in my heart, not like these guys here. (referring to the angry youth in the pit) I mean look at bob, always pain. That's all you Americans think about is pain.

MIKE

Well, It pains me to here you say that Mark, it really does.

Bob is slamming like crazy... He is lifted onto the stage and dances drunkenly next to the singer.

The BOUNCER runs from backstage and punches Bob and Bob falls off the stage, bloody.

Mike sees this and his eyes change. They are still mild, but there is a spark there.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Hold these (handing Mark his glases)

MARK

More pain your after?

MIKE

No, I have to take care of something.

Mike walks to the side of the stage and then climbs up. The bouncer is on him... Mike sees the bouncer coming and takes off his glasses and puts them in his pocket.

The bouncer puts his hand on Mike's shoulder.

BOUNCER

Get off the fucking stage mate!

Mike starts to beat the bouncer with a fury rivaling Goliath. The bouncer is down and Mike is on him swinging furiously. The band stops and starts to kick Mike. Mike feels nothing as he continues to destroy this bouncer.

Sandy and Stevo are mid-orgasm when Sandy sees the commotion on stage.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SANDY

Shit, Stevo... I think that's Mike.

Stevo looks...

STEVO

These shows are great...

CUT TO:

Stevo and Sandy are on stage and joining what now has become an all out brawl. Stevo punches the Singer. The bass player punches Stevo. Sandy kicks the bass player. The drummer throws his drum at Sandy... Sandy leaps at the drummer and begins to beat him...

Meanwhile Mike is still on the bouncer.

Then the COPS come in.

The crowd flees and there is a full scale riot.

EXT. PUNK SHOW - NIGHT

In the parking lot, kids scatter. There are patty wagons and COPS are throwing whomever they can into the back.

One COP is talking to the PROMOTER.

COP

This is an illegal gathering...

PROMOTER

Fuck that... I have a permit.

COP

You have a permit for a wedding...

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDE OF BUILDING - NIGHT

Stevo, Bob and Sandy make it out the back window and are running from the scene.

We lift to reveal the riot that surrounds the little venue.

DISSOLVE:

INT. TRISH'S HOUSE - LATER

The party is tame. Several punks stand around drinking beers.

Stevo is on the couch with Sandy and they make out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bob stands next to TRISH. She is beautiful, bohemian and grand. She dresses like a glamorous witch. Strange Arabic music plays through her old speakers. Her apartment is filled with Gothic antiques.

Trish is talking to the promoter who is complaining about the cops.

TRISH

The police... An untidy group of little fascists. What do you expect in this town of God. Mormons run the state and that is the state of things, I'm afraid.

Bob walks away from this conversation and we find Mike is talking calmly to the bandaged British bouncer for the British band, GBH.

MIKE

So you understand, it was my instinct to react in that way. You punched my friend.

BOUNCER

I'm the bouncer for the band. It's my job...

MIKE

Yes, but this was a punk show... Punk shows are filled with mayhem. It is common for a fellow to climb on stage and jump off. Anyway, I'm sorry for the beating and I hope the rest of your stay in America is more pleasant...

Bob moves on and finds the singer of the band.

BOB

So, what did you think... Good show?

SINGER

Never play this town again, I'll tell you that, mate.

BOB

Why's that? Too tame for you British types?

SINGER

Not at all, too bloody violent.

Trish finds Bob and places an arm on his shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TRISH

Bob, come with me... I want to show
you something...

Trish and Bob leave toward her bedroom. She shuts the door
and they are lost in her lair.

The camera drifts out of the party and...

EXT. CITY VIEW - NIGHT

...through the roof to reveal Salt Lake City, at night.

STEVO(O.S.)

...So here was this British band
named Gross Bodily Harm, the
toughest, most hard core punk band
out of the U.K., a good band as
well... And they admitted
America... no, Salt Lake, was too
rough for them. I mean, when an
eighteen year old punk can beat the
living shit out of your bouncer,
time for a new bouncer. Anyway, I
rest my case on this: Rebellion in
a country of lost souls comes
hard... But, rebellion in a
oppressively religious city, who's
half the population is not even of
the faith, comes like fire.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT-HALL HOSPITAL - DAY

A NURSE approaches. Her shoes echo through the hallway and
Mike, Stevo and Sandy watch her.

NURSE

You're here to visit?

MIKE

Yes Ma'am.. We're very anxious to
see how he's doing.

NURSE

Did you see "The Exorcist"?

MIKE

Why yes... I have.

The nurse opens the door. A wind blows out. The three enter
with caution. Mike hesitates.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mike turns to the Nurse who remains outside.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Is this dangerous?

NURSE
Not clinically.

They all proceed.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

They enter. The room is a mess. Torn sheets, chairs turned over, the T.V. smashed.

In the bed lies Bob. His eyes are closed. Above him hangs a cross that he has removed from the wall. It is upside down.

SANDY
Jesus...

STEVO
There is no Jesus here... Be
careful. Who knows what he'll do.

Stevo approaches the bed.

STEVO (CONT'D)
Hey Bob... You alive?

Bob opens his eyes.

BOB
I need a fucking smoke man... You
got to get me out of here.

STEVO
They say today's the last day...

Bob jumps out of bed.

BOB
Well thank God. And these Doctors
can Kiss my ass!

He throws up his gown and reveals himself to the nurse who is waiting outside.

NURSE
Knock it off tough guy or I'll give
you another shot.

She leaves.

Bob drops his gown back in place.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB

That woman hates me...

Sandy looks at Bob's gown.

SANDY

You look good like that. What's with the tape?

Bob looks down and we see that Bob has made an Anarchy symbol out of tape on his gown.

STEVO

Don't go poser on me Bob.

BOB

I was going out of my mind here. How long has it been?

MIKE

Three weeks.

BOB

Christ.

SANDY

Anyone come see you?

BOB

Just you guys. I was under quarantine man. They named a disease after me.

SANDY

You are a disease.

MIKE

What about your father, Bob...

BOB

I don't think he even knows I'm here... Too drunk to answer the phone. Anyway, I can't wait to get out.

STEVO(V.O.)

It was good to see him. I really loved the guy. And now the summer of hate could really get started. And the first order of business, we threw a party at our apartment. Everybody was there, the whole tribe.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Stevo's apartment is packed with every shape of PUNK known to man... Circle Jerks blast from the stereo. Beers are being downed and there is no room to move at all.

We float through the crowd of Mohawks, shaved heads, colored heads, safety pins and spiked collars.

We find Stevo. Stevo looks into the camera. He is a little drunk as he talks to us.

STEVO

As I said we were all here... first
real party of the summer. Now Bob
and I were the elders of the
scene... You've met Bob...

Stevo walks, leading us through the crowd and we see Bob. He is talking to Trish.

STEVO (CONT'D)

And of course Trish.

Trish and Bob are unaware of our presence. They continue to talk. Stevo has to yell for us

to hear him.

STEVO (CONT'D)

Ok, now stay close...

Stevo pushes through some more people.

STEVO (CONT'D)

...A lot of these people I don't
know. But here's Mike.

Stevo puts his arm on Mike who is standing in a corner lost in thought.

STEVO (CONT'D)

Mike looks conservative, but he's
the most hard core guy I know.

Two rowdy PUNKS smash into Mike and Mike grabs one of them by the shirt and slams the

guy's head against the wall and throws him back into the sea of bodies.

STEVO (CONT'D)

See... PUNK ROCK!!! THAT'S PUNK
ROCK!!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Stevo leads us to a corner where Mark stands and is wrapping a baggy filled with pot.

STEVO (CONT'D)
Hey mark how's it hangin'

MARK
Hangin fine... Here...

Mark hands the baggy to Stevo.

STEVO
For me?

MARK
Careful, that stuff will make you
stupid...

Stevo throws a beer can into the crowd and yells tribally.

MARK (CONT'D)
More stupid than you already are,
if that's possible.

STEVO
Right...(looking at us) Now this is
Mark.. He's not a punk, he's not
even a peer. But all the tribes
new him cause he sold us pot and
acid. And anybody does that is
welcome anywhere, you know pass go
and all that. Now what this crazy
foreign fuck was doing behind the
Zion curtain, I'll never know. But
you had to love ark and thing about
him...

INT. MARK'S 70'S LOVE PALACE.

Stevo and Mark enter with Mark into his large ultra modern house as Mark rambles on showing it off.

STEVO (V.O.)
Was that he was crazy and had to be
watched. I mean, not in a good
way, he was really crazy... his
whole family had died in a plane
crash when he was a kid... so now,
he was rich after inheriting all
the money. But if you wanted to
score... You had to see him, and
you might have to sit through some
shit, because Mark loved to brag...
FOREVER.

INT. MARK'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Bob and Stevo sit on a sectional leather couch in their Punk winter duds listening with great effort and patients to Mark.

Mark stands before them as if on stage, demonstrating his multitude of gadgets.

MARK

See now, this is a television, I know you poor fucks have never seen one like this... it has a projector in the back and it cost 5,000 dollars, i mean you could buy a car for that.

BOB

(passing out)
But then you couldn't drive it.

Mark is confused.

MARK

No, that's true. It would be good if you could drive it...

Mark leaves that and goes to a record looking object and pulls it out of it's sleeve holding up the silver looking object that now looks like an alien left it for us as it shines all over the room.

MARK (CONT'D)

Now, this looks like a record, but it's not a record it's a Laser Disc, there's a movie on there.

He grabs the remote.

MARK (CONT'D)

Now this remote is for everything... think about it, everything. That's why they call it Universal. It runs the TV, VCR, Laser Disc player and CD player... I only buy CD's now because they sound much better...

Stevo stands...

STEVO

That's great.

MARK

Hold on, there's more.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEVO
A lot more?

MARK
Much more...

Stevo throws his hands up.

INT. BEDROOM

Mark and Stevo lie on a normal, but expensive bed.

MARK
This looks like a regular bed, but
it's not a regular bed, it's a
water bed... But it's not a regular
water bed, because you know how
normal water beds have waves, like
this...

Mark makes a wave motion...

MARK (CONT'D)
Not this one, it's (whispers)
waveless. Think about it Stevo, a
waveless water bed.

STEVO
Well, why didn't you just get a
normal bed, that doesn't have waves
either.

MARK
(beat)
This doesn't have waves.

INT. SHOWER

Mark and Stevo stand fully dressed in Mark's Shower. Stevo
is at his wits end, but keeps a nice diplomatic face on,
waiting for his pot.

MARK
Now this shower head, it never gets
dirty, the other ones do, but this
had a little platinum thing inside
that cleans the filter, plus it has
one, two, three, four, five
settings for optimum comfort, all
of which I will gladly show you
now...

As Mark goes on, Stevo narrates.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEVO (V.O.)

It was a character flaw to be sure,
we all had those, but the thing
about Mark that was disturbing
was...

INT. KITCHEN

Mark searches everywhere, furious as Stevo sits on a counter.

STEVO (V.O.)

That Mark was dangerous and was
always ready to snap. He was
paranoid about getting ripped off,
yet, even with all his money he
would steal with out shame or
guilt. Chaos in man, however
hopeful, was also a little
tiresome.

STEVO (CONT'D)

What are you doing, Mark.

MARK

I had two bags of grass in this
kitchen, they're always trying to
rob me, you know.

STEVO

Who?

MARK

Who? Everybody, that's who... You
know I give to everybody Stevo, you
know that.. And they still just
take whatever they want. It makes
me want to kill. Which of done in
the past, believe me, I'm not
telling you this because I think it
makes me a man or anything.. I'm
just passing on the information.

STEVO

When did you kill.

MARK

In Miami I shot two men, why do you
think I'm here, cause I love this
place, Salt Lake Shitty? They tried
to rob me, so I shot them in the
head.

Mark approaches Stevo and puts his finger on Stevo's
forehead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARK (CONT'D)

You have to put at least one in the head, just to be sure.

There is a pause as they stare at each other. Stevo nervouse...

Then he lightly taps Mark.

STEVO

Get out of here... you never shot anybody...

MARK

You don't believe me?

STEVO

No...

Mark reaches beneath where Stevo is sitting, opens a drawer and pulls out a GIANT colt 45.

MARK

I shot them with this... you want to be a cowboy, I'll show you cowboy...

Mark says as he waves the gun in Stevo's face. Stevo ducks and is not happy with the gun.

STEVO

Alright, I get it, so put that thing away...

Mark puts his face close to Stevo.

MARK

You know, when i was a kid, my family died in a crash...

STEVO

Yeah, I know...

MARK

You know. We were in a small plane, see. And my dad, he was in the copilots seat. He turned around and told us that things were going to get bumpy. But there's nothing to worry about. My mother was across from me and she smiled, but hey, even at five I knew we had trouble because even the pilot was crying.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARK (CONT'D)

So then my sister who's looking out the window says, hey, we're getting close... So I look at my mom again, who smiles at me again. So then I smile, and right then we hit the ground... (Closer to Stevo) So something comes through that plane and takes my mother's head off. So here's her head flying straight at me... But it's weird because I remember that her eyes were open and they kept looking at me saying, it's ok. Then I blacked out, but when I woke up my family was all around me in pieces. There was my mother's head and my sisters arm, and my brother's leg... but I couldn't find my father. I wanted to though, you know why? Cause I was going to kick his fucking dead body. Because he lied. There was a lot to worry about... you know what I mean Stevo. It's so easy for it to be taklen away from you... and they try every chance they get, they try.

There is a morbid and steady pause.

STEVO

It's bad... I mean, it's really bad.

Mark is at a whisper.

MARK

Do you trust bob?

STEVO

Bob? Yeah...

MARK

I think maybe he took my stuff.

STEVO

Yeah, maybe.. Ut, I don't think o, i mean, Bob's not a theif, plus he he's asleep...

MARK

What about when we were upstairs... he could have taken it then.

STEVO

I don't think so, Mark.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MARK

Why don't we go ask him...

Mark, with his gun, leaves... Stevo is hot after him.

INT. LIVINGROOM

Bob has long sense fallen asleep when mark kicks the couch that bob is on...

MARK

Hey you... get up...

Bob stirs and Stevo stands behind Mark motioning for Bob to be careful.

MARK (CONT'D)

I said get up!

Bob wakes up and looks at Mark.

BOB

Hey, put that thing away before i kick your ass.

Mark fires two giant rounds into the couch right next to Bob who is up faster than light.

STEVO

Jesus MARK!!!

MARK

EMPTY YOUR POCKETS!!!!

Mark shouts, pointing the gun at Bob, ready to use it.

Bob is emptying his pockets as bits of string and paper that once had gum in it falls out.

STEVO

See, there's nothing there, there's nothing fucking there...

Mark turns to Stevo.

MARK

Will you shut up Stevo!!! MAN!!! I can't think!!!

He points the gun at Bob again. Bob is shaking..

BOB

(hands up)
That's all I got. That's it, man.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

There is a deadly pause, when Mark cracks a smile.

MARK
I'm sorry.

STEVO
What!

BOB
Jesus, Mark!

MARK
What, I said, I'm sorry!

BOB
Yeah, well fuck you man...

MARK
Hey, don't say the fuck you, i said
I'm sorry... Come here... give me
a kiss...

Mark puts his arm around Bob who is still scared. Mark points with the gun to his cheek. Bob kisses him there and Mark is happy again.

MARK (CONT'D)
Ok... We're friends again...

BOB
Oh yeah, we're friends.

STEVO
You shot your couch there...

MARK
You know what, I buy a new one.

STEVO
Smart.

BOB
Good idea.

Now Mark has his arms around both guys.

MARK
I tell you what. Why don't we go
out and rob a car... what do you
say?

A pause. But what can they do?

STEVO/BOB
Ok...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARK

OK...

STEVO (V.O.)

And that was Mark. What could you do? He was inevitable, like death, or chicken pocs. So later that night Mark stole a car.

EXT. STREET NIGHT

Mark is steeling a car and has it running and is convincing Bob and Stevo to get in.

STEVO (V.O.)

Not like he needed one, he had three. Ut that was Mark. So we drove around, and got stoned, me and and Mark... Bob drank beer... And we listened to mark talk his bullshit.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Mark drives... Bob is on the back.

SERIES:

MARK

There's this underground highway. It leads from Texas to DC. They smuggle UFO's through there... bad thing.

STEVO

Unidentified flying saucers.

MARK

The world has no way to clean itself... That's why there's so much dust.

Guys are dumbfounded.

MARK (CONT'D)

You know, Ronald Regan has only one testicle. I saw a picture.

BOB

No way, dude...

STEVO

That explains a lot... RONNNYYYY!!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARK

Yu know, dolphins are man evolved.
I saw a half man and half dolphin
in Greece. He bought me a drink...

STEVO (V.O.)

Later we tried to get rid of the
car... you know - evidence.

EXT. LAKE - NIGHT

The three guys stand in the icy cold waiting. Looking off.

Mark finally speaks.

MARK

Sink.

We see that the car is floating in the lake just off shore in
the GREAT SALT LAKE.

MARK (CONT'D)

Hey... why won't she sink.

STEVO

Well, it's the Great Salt Lake...

BOB

Yeah dude... It's the saltiest lake
in the world. It makes things
boyant...

STEVO (V.O.)

Floats... everything floats.

MARK

You gotta be kidding me.

BOB

No...

Mark pulls out his gun.

MARK

SINK YOU FOOL!!!

He fires at the lake... And the guys grab him, dragging him
off...

MARK (CONT'D)

Stupid fucking lake... I'm not
done with you!

INT. PARTY

Stevo still stands next to Mark

STEVO
(to us) So we accepted him... and
he came to our parties.

He holds up the grass and moves along.

He pulls on a young girl's tail, JENNIFER. She turns and
hugs Stevo.

JENNIFER
Stevo!!! I love your place...

Stevo is looking at us over her shoulder.

STEVO
This is Jennifer. She's seventeen.
Hard to tell. This life ages you.
Her brother, Chris, is my age and a
Gothic Death Punker guy... He's
not here, you'll meet him later.
Anyway, this young girl is as sweet
as can be. But don't catch her in
an alley at night if she's not on
her medication. She's capable of
taking your fucking head off... We
go on...

Stevo moves through the party. A beer crashes into his head.
He laughs as he wipes the beer from his face. He grabs a
full beer out of SOMEBODIES hand and drinks.

Then Sandy throws her arms around Stevo.

SANDY
Here you are... I can't find
anybody in this mess.

Stevo turns and looks at us as he feels up Sandy's Shirt.

STEVO
I like Sandy... I'm not sure how
it applies to being a true
Anarchist. But I do like her.
She's funny, sexy and as tough-as-
nails.

Stevo kisses her and moves on.

He stops at two punks... PAUL and TRENT.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They are talking to each other and their conversation is muffled.

STEVO

This is Paul and Trent. They are
cousins and best friends...

Bobby takes a swing at Trent and they begin a terrible fight.

Stevo moves on... He finds a Mod looking fellow named JOHN.
He is tall, blond and quite

handsome in his black suit and thin tie.

Stevo puts his arm around him.

STEVO (CONT'D)

This is John... John's a mod.
Mod's are not punks. We get in a
lot of spats with mods. But John
is one of those guys that can move
comfortably between the tribes.
He's a real diplomat.

JOHN

Where'd you get the beer?

Stevo looks at his Micky's Bigmouth...

STEVO

Wyoming, where else?

Stevo walks away from John and the sound around him goes dead
as he explains...

STEVO (CONT'D)

This needs explanation. Beer in
the supermarket here in Utah is
weak. Three point instead of the
average six. Pain in the ass.
Religious influence. Now to me, it
makes no sense. If there's
alcohol, there's alcohol, so why
three instead of six, cause you
know a real drunk is just gonna
drink twice as much beer to get
drunk, but also, now he's fat...
unless you go to A: The state run
liquor store.

CUT TO:

EXT. STATE LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

The building looks like the DMV.

INT. STORE

We move down an aisle of liquor.

STEVO(V.O.)
It's here where you can buy regular
beer. There are all of three
stores in Salt Lake to buy it. And
their hours are fucked!
Oppression... Also, not just beer.
These are the only places, outside
of private clubs, and who can
afford them, except my dad,

INSERT:

INT. PRIVATE CLUB

Father sits with a hot BABE on his arm as they drink
martini's at this posh club.

STEVO(V.O.)
...that one can buy any alcohol.

CUT BACK:

INT. STORE... We move along the rows toward the check out
stand.

STEVO(V.O.) (CONT'D)
...whisky, gin, even wine... Here
it is. And here's the worst part.

Stevo and Bob go to the counter with their beer. The TELLER
looks at them mysteriously.

He asks for their ID and it comes out. Bob and Stevo are of
age.

INSERT:

STEVO'S UTAH LICENSE: His punk photo, his Date Of Birth...
Everything is fine.

BACK to the TELLER

STEVO(V.O.)
See now, this teller, isn't just a
teller. He's a cop, a fucking cop!
So we buy beer... Me and Bob...
and this guy's calling a squad car
in to follow us, cause one look at
us and he knows there's gonna be
trouble.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Stevo and Bob leave with their beer.

The teller talks into a radio.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Stevo drives his Edsel. Bob rides with him. There is a squad car behind them.

They all pull over.

CUT TO:

LATER

Stevo and Bob are on their knees on the side of the road, hand cuffed as the COPS search

their car.

The boys look at each other.

STEVO(V.O.)

Now Bob and I may not be innocent, but we are usually pretty law abiding. Usually. On this occasion, we had done nothing wrong. We looked suspicious. But, in all the years of Pre- Law, I uncovered a lot of contradictions and injustices in the system, all to strengthen my anarchist position. But I found nothing that told me looking suspicious was a crime in and of itself.

The COPS take the cuffs off and as Bob and Stevo stand... The cops proceed to beat them with their clubs...

WE FREEZE on this violence.

STEVO(V.O.) (CONT'D)

| But this was not about the law. This was about Rednecks! So the battle continued... Who's to blame them... the cops were Rednecks our mortal enemies. Worse then Mods, worse then Rockers, worse then Posers and worse then New Wavers. So we took our beatings when we could... But in this complex system of fascism that was Utah State policy, we had only one choice if we wanted real beer... Choice B:

WYOMING!

CUT TO:

EXT HIGHWAY - DAY

Stevo and Bob ride in a Caddy Convertible, 64, driven by EDDIE. Eddie is a good-looking kid and half punk, half new wave.

On his radio blasts Adam and The Ants.

Eddie is a lady killer.

STEVO(V.O.)

The state line was one hour and one half... a short ride to Evingston Wyoming where you could get booze like a free man. Like boozers used to go to Canada for their poison during prohibition. So we rode that morning before the party with Eddie. Eddie wasn't an Anarchist, he wasn't really even a Punk. He was into women. But not in a macho, jerky way. He was a true romantic. He'd had his ass beat for being gay many times, which he was not. Imagine, fag bashed without the benefits. But Eddie didn't mind. If the general Salt Lake public thought he was gay, he had no worries about it.

EDDIE

Listen... If those rednecks think I'm a fag... That's Ok by me. Cause the chicks like a sensitive guy.

Bob is in the back and he leans forward.

BOB

But, you're not gay... So don't you get offended?

EDDIE

What's the matter with you Bob? Are you some kind of Homophobe...

BO

No... I...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EDDIE

Listen, I have no problems with gay dudes... Some of the coolest guys I know. And if I'm mistaken for one of those guys, it's Ok by me. But I'll tell you something else. I know I'm not gay, and the ladies know I'm not gay. So what do I care. If I called you a fag and you got defensive man, I'd be like, Ok, that's his trip...

EDDIE(CONT.)

But if you got real mad, I'd have to think... Either you really are gay, in which case, come out all ready, nobodies gonna bite you. And if you're not gay, then you're a fucking maniac and really uncool.

BOB

I don't know, if someone is called something that they aren't, I could see them getting mad...

EDDIE

Look, Bob, if you're a real civilized being, you would admit to being something that you're not just to stand up for the right to be that, cause the problem with someone giving you shit about being something like gay, isn't that they're wrong about you, dude, it's wrong that they're giving you shit! Get it...

STEVO

So you're saying you're against prejudice.

EDDIE

Bro, I am prejudice, against prejudice fuckers. I think they should be separated from the rest of us.

BOB

You like this music?

EDDIE

This rocks, bro...

BOB

I think it's for posers...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

EDDIE

Shut up you prejudice mother
fucker... it's my ride.

They all laugh as they cross the state line.

EXT. WYOMING - DAY

The car passes a billboard indicating the Cowboy State.

EXT LIQUOR STORE - DAY

The boys pull up in front of a liquor store and pile out of the car.

INT. STORE - DAY

The boys walk in.

STEVO(V.O.)

If looking the way we did in Utah
was unusual. In the state of
Wyoming, affectionately called the
Cowboy state, we we're fucking
aliens.

The MAN behind the counter wears a cowboy hat. He turns and
sees the boys...

MAN

What in the hell are you!

He says.

STEVO

We come from the east in search of
the messiah... We followed a star.

EDDIE

We brought gold, frankincense,
myrrh.

MAN

You did what? My god! Who let you
boys out of the state institute...

The man goes to the phone.

MAN

We better get you boys back to the
hospital...

Eddie laughs... Bob steps forward.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB

No, no sir, calm down. We come, we come from England.

MAN

England?

BOB

That's right, so we might appear a little weird...

MAN

England, huh? Well, that explains it I guess...

Eddie and Stevo are collecting cases of beer of all different brands.

They place the boxes on the counter.

MAN (CONT'D)

You boys enjoying your stay here in the U S of A?

EDDIE

Sure thing, great land... Full of plenty.

A WOMAN comes from the back room. She is old and when she sees the boys she almost faints.

WOMAN

What the hell is that?

MAN

Don't worry mother... They're from England.

WOMAN

That figures, don't it. What the hell did they do to your hair? You look like a goddamn Indian.

Stevo smiles as he pays the bill.

STEVO

Experiments... In school. Terrible thing.

WOMAN

You poor boy...

A LADY walks in with a BEARDED FELLOW. They are talking about the end of the world... Bob hears them and joins their conversation.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LADY

...That's how come there are so many earthquakes and floods, there is a curse upon the land... The end is at hand.

FELLOW

...It's so true...

BOB

There have been earthquakes and floods since the beginning of time.

LADY

That is so, but never have there been so many of Satan's followers amassed on the earth as there are now. The scripture states clearly that Satan's followers will be in the majority and then God will raise his head and fire will come from his snout and vengeance will be in his eyes. You will not know such fury as the wrath of God.

Eddie has joined them.

EDDIE

So there's a lot of Devil worshiper's around these days?

FELLOW

More then ever? They bear the mark.

LADY

Amen...

EDDIE

Well, what about when Hitler was around. I mean, the Nazi's were as good as Satan's army and the world didn't end. WWII was close, but not the end...

FELLOW

Well now, I don't see Nazi's so much as devil worshipers.

BOB

No?

FELLOW

I see them more as a gathering of people...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Bob and Eddie look at each other mouths open.

BOB

What!?

Eddie laughs and tries to calm Bob down.

EDDIE

So what's this mark... You said
something about a mark?

Stevo has four cases of beers in his arms. He hands two to
Bob and two to Eddie.

WOMAN

Six, six, six... The mark will be
on all of them...

Stevo smiles.

STEVO

Oh, you mean like this?

Stevo turns, drops his pants and tattooed there is "666",
right on his ass.

The woman screams...

Stevo turns and yells...

STEVO (CONT'D)

I am the antichrist!!! And Satan
will win!

The lady turns and cowers... The man behind the counter is
going to the phone and pulling out a rifle

Stevo laughs and the boys jump, they rush out of the store.
Bob flips the Bearded fellow off.

BOB

Nazi punks fuck off!!!

EXT. STORE - DAY

The boys are screaming and laughing as they pull away and we
lift to see the freeway and the barren landscaped that is
Wyoming.

STEVO(V.O.)

The Wyoming folk were Ok, I guess.
Just confused like the rest of us.
But Nazi's always pissed us off.
There were a couple of Nazi punks
in town.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEVO(V.O.) (CONT'D)
I don't know what the fuck they
wanted but they had shaved heads
and wore that stupid band. I mean
rebellion is one thing, but there
are some things sacred. Not to
mention that Anarchy, a systemless
society, which is what I wanted.
No government. No rules... This
was the opposite of Nazi fascism.
So we kicked the shit of these guys
any chance we could.

EXT. STREET NIGHT

Three NAZI punks come out of a club. They are skin heads
with long black over coats and Nazi arm-bands.

Mike, Stevo, Bob, Sandy, and John the Mod, jump out of the
shadows and kick the shit out of the three Nazi's.

STEVO(V.O.)
And that was that...

CUT TO:

INT. PARTY - NIGHT

Eddie is downing a beer. There is a very beautiful GIRL with
him and he is seducing her like crazy. She dresses more
trendy then Punk, meaning, cleaner.

Stevo is doing a beer bong and then, allowing the beer to
fall over his body, his shirt is off by now. He grabs Sandy
and they kiss passionately.

The party rages out of control.

Bob and Trish are in a corner.

TRISH
You exist in a world of dreams,
Bob. You are like a treasure. I
have found a treasure. I am
Aladdin and this is my lamp...

She holds her beer.

TRISH (CONT'D)
I wished for you, and here you are.

BOB
Wow... You know, you're a poet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRISH

It is you who are a poet. You're
face is Ginsberg, or Wilde, or even
Hawthorn.

BOB

And you? What are you?

TRISH

I am an ant staring up at a human
being. I wait with great intensity
to be squashed by you.

Bob looks into Trish's eyes. She smiles, she is elegant, she
is beautiful. Then a beer flies through the room and crashes
on them, ruining the moment.

BOB

Who the fuck threw that!

The room is so packed that one could suffocate. There is no
moving.

CUT TO:

OVERHEAD SHOT:

The room is filled and there is slamming going on and beers
fly everywhere. All is

well.....

THEN...

The door flies open and eight rednecks with bats pour into
the room swinging. A fight ensues and heads are being bashed
and people are going down.

Mike is not even a beat off... He has two Rednecks and is
slamming their heads together.

The fight is insane... Now more rednecks come in. Hoot'n and
Holler'n. It's an orgy of violence.

CUT TO:

Stevo is making out with Sandy and sees the commotion and
yells out with excitement.

STEVO

FUCK YEAH!!!!

He jumps into the writhing pit of violence, grabbing a
Redneck's leg and sinks his teeth into it. His mouth bloody
he smiles and shouts for joy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

We lift up above the party and watch over the incredible mayhem as bodies, fists, bats, blood, and bottles fly... Windows are broken, walls are broken, bones are broken.

WE FREEZE FRAME ON THIS:

STEVO(V.O.)
The fight. What does it mean and
where does it come from... An
Essay.

BEGIN SLIDE SHOW: EDUCATIONAL MUSIC SCORES THE MINI
DOCUMENTARY

INSERT FIRST SLIDE:

A MAN: NAKED

STEVO(V.O.)
Homo Sapiens... a man. He is
alone, in the universe.

INSERT NEXT PHOTO:

A PUNK: NAKED

STEVO(V.O.)
A punk... still a man. He is alone
in the universe. But he connects.
How?

NEXT PHOTO:

TWO PUNKS, NAKED, MID PUNCH:

STEVO(V.O.)
They hit each other. No clearer
way to evaluate whether or not you
are alive. Life is pain and pain
is meaning.

NEXT PHOTO:

A MOD in Suit and Tie.

STEVO(V.O.) (CONT'D)
Now complications... A reason to
fight. Somebody different. To you
he may look the same, a kid... But
to us, clearly different.

NEXT PHOTO:

A MOD and A PUNK. MID PUNCH

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEVO(V.O.)

Difference creates dispute.
Dispute is a reason to fight. To
fight is a reason to feel pain.
Life is pain. So to fight, with
reason is to be alive, with
reason... Final analysis... To
fight, a reason to live.

NEXT PHOTO:

A PHOTO OF THE AMERICAN FLAG:

STEVO(V.O.)

Problems and contradictions... I
am an anarchist. I believe that
there should be no rules, only
chaos. Fighting appears to be
chaos. And when we slam in a pit at
a show, it is. But when we fight
for a reason, like rednecks...
There is a system. We fight for
what we stand for, chaos. But
fighting is a structure... Fighting
is to establish power, power is
government... Government is not
Anarchy.

NEXT PHOTO:

A PHOTO OF AN ARMY OFFICER BLOWING THE BRAINS OUT OF A
VIETNAMESE GENTLEMAN.

STEVO(V.O.)

Government is war... and war is
fighting. The circle goes like
this. Our Redneck skirmishes are
cheaper versions of conventional
warfare. War implies extreme
government. Because wars are
fought to enforce rules... or
ideals. Even freedom. But other
peoples' ideals forced on some one
else is, even if it is freedom,
still a rule. NO ANARCHY!!! This
contradiction was becoming clear to
me that summer of 85. Even as early
as my first party. Why did I love
to fight? I framed it, but I still
don't understand it. It goes
against my beliefs as a true
Anarchist, but it was there.
Competition, fighting, capitalism,
government... THE SYSTEM...

NEXT PHOTO:

STEVO NAKED:

STEVO(V.O.)

It was what we all did, it was what
we always did.

Series of shots over voice over of following.

PHOTO OF FOLLOWING

STEVO(V.O.)

Rednecks kicked the shit out of
punks... Punks kicked the shit out
of mods, mods kicked the shit out
of skinheads, skinheads took on
heavy- metal guys, and heavy-metal
guys beat the living shit out of
new wavers and the new wavers did
nothing. They were the new
hippies. What was the point?
Final summation... None.

BACK TO THE
FIGHT:

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Where we left off. Above the fight as it rages on. There is
no sign of it ending and so we move over the fight and out
the window and look out over the quiet almost peaceful Salt
Lake City.

CUT TO:

INT. RECORD STORE - DAY

Stevo and Bob are in Trish's head shop. They both hold
bongo's and Bob's eyes are melting at the sight of Trish.

TRISH

Let me just close up guys.

STEVO

Take your time.

TRISH

Boorish. Animals... I've always
loved animals.

Trish is gone and Bob looks at Stevo.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB

See, she's like responsible... she owns her own store... she's making a contribution to society.

STEVO

She sells bongos Bob!

BOB

It's not what you sell... It's the fact that she sells.

STEVO

Bla, bla, bla...

BOB

Why do you have to be Cynical all the time... why can't you just grow up?

Bob hits Stevo... Stevo hits him back.

Mark walks in.

STEVO

Hey Mark What are you doing here?

BOB

Did you like the party?

MARK

Too violent for me.

BOB

Ok, Mr. N.R.A.

STEVO

So what's up...

MARK

I just came buy to say that I'm off.

BOB

Where are you off to.

MARK

Miami.

BOB

What the hell's in Maimi?

MARK

Hell is in Miami. But don't worry, I'll be back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

STEVO
Wasn't worried.

BOB
Why would you want to come back to
a place like this?

MARK
It's like any other place...
houses, cars, people... what else
do you think is out there...

BOB
Freedom.

STEVO
YA' FREEDOM.

MARK
Freedom's not out there. Freedom
is another way of saying death. You
know what I mean?

BOB
You're fucking weird, you know
that.

MARK
Well, I'm gone...

As Mark leaves...

STEVO
Hey Mark... If you ever need
someone to talk to... Bob's there
for you.

MARK
Hey Stevo... Fuck you...

FREEZE.

STEVO (V.O.)
And that's the last we saw of Mark.
A rumour flew around that he died
in a plane crash like he was meant
to those many years ago. But the
was Salt Lake, people came and then
they were gone.

Un Freeze.

STEVO/BOB
No.... Fuck YOU!!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

They collect their purchases and walk out.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Down Town Salt Lake and the three walk along the street.

BOB

So Trish... You gonna meet me later?

TRISH

Bob... I'll tell you what, you're coming with me now.

BOB

I am?

TRISH

That's right. I'm taking you home. I own you now...

BOB

Oh, that's right. Stevo... she's right. I sold myself to her for thirty dollars.

STEVO

Cheap. So I'll see you guys later...

TRISH

What are you going to do?

STEVO

Lollygag, what else.

TRISH

Salt Lake City... Land of the dead sea... Zion as the Mormons call it. It really is the holy land.

BOB

Catch you later, Stevo.

Bob and Trish climb into her Volkswagen Bug and drive off. Stevo watches them and then sees a Porsche pulling to the side to the road next to him.

It's Stevo's father. He honks the horn. Stevo looks at his dad bemused and climbs into the car.

INT. PORSCHE - DAY

Stevo and Father sit in his car. They are parked.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FATHER

How you doing these days?

STEVO

Not too bad, old man... You? How are the lady's?

FATHER

Lady's... This town is filled with terrible women. I'd give anything to get out of here.

STEVO

You gave up a good thing in Mom.

FATHER

Maybe, maybe.

There is an awkward pause.

FATHER

So, good news.

STEVO

The world is finally coming to an end?

FATHER

Better.

STEVO

The masses are revolting?

FATHER

No...(laughing) better.

STEVO

The temple blew up?

FATHER

You have been invited to attend Harvard Law School.

Stevo is unmoved.

STEVO

That's the news. Damn dad. What a downer.

FATHER

Come on... It's a good thing. I mean, you went through pre-law, you might as well finish the process, and in the best way possible.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

STEVO

I don't understand. I didn't
apply.

FATHER

I applied for you...

STEVO

What, did you sign my name?

FATHER

Yep...

STEVO

Well, congratulations. I hope you
enjoy your second tour at Harvard
Law...

FATHER

Steve, listen. You gonna walk
around like this forever? I mean
you went to college, got good
grades...

STEVO

I cheated.

FATHER

That's right... you cheated, but
why? You obviously cared about
your grades or else you wouldn't
have done well. Steve, I know you,
you're just like me...

STEVO

Cliche... I'm like you maybe. But
not completely. We have the same
nose. I think that's it.

FATHER

So why did you take Pre-Law. You
could have taken liberal science,
or not have gone at all.

STEVO

Listen. I took law so that I could
understand completely how full of
shit you are. I understand now.
The system is filled with
contradictions and lies. It's
futile.

FATHER

So go to Harvard, become a lawyer
and change things. It happens.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

STEVO

Fuck that. Playing in the system is to become the system... to change it, you gotta blow it up.

FATHER

Not true...

STEVO

You don't know what you're talking about. You have become a fascist...

Father laughs.

FATHER

A fascist!?

STEVO

That's right. Worse, a Nazi...

FATHER

I'm Jewish, Steve, how can I be a Nazi...

STEVO

Right so you're worse. This car... this car is built by VW, German car.

FATHER

So?

STEVO

You, a Jew, are driving a car called Volkswagen... or Folks Car... car for the people... who invented it... who? Adolf Hitler...

FATHER

Don't be ridiculous for Christ's sake. It's a car.

STEVO

A car developed out of the blood and misery of your people. If you had any balls you'd drive through the window of the dealership... All Nazi's Must Die dad... are you a Nazi?

Father is laughing. Stevo laughs too.

FATHER

Let me take you to lunch...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Stevo thinks about it.

STEVO
Why not...

EXT. CAR

The Porsche takes off...

STEVO(V.O.)
My dad wasn't all bad. Just had no
clue. I liked to bust his balls.
What pissed me off though...

DISSOLVE:

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Stevo and dad are eating and talking. His father is unmoved by Stevo's appearance. The other clients seem to be, however...

STEVO(V.O.)
...was he was right about one
thing. Why did I do so well in
school? I didn't want to. I tried
not to give a shit... I knew that
it was all bullshit and that they
were trying to mold me into cannon
fodder for their wars... And I
knew that meaning lie elsewhere.
But, somehow, I studied, somehow, I
got the grades and now, somehow I
was accepted to a fucking Ivy
league school, the last place on
the planet for a guy like me. I
wouldn't go there unless it was to
set it on fire... But still, I
loved my dad.

EXT. STREET - DAY

DOWNTOWN
Stevo is walking along the street
with Sandy.

STEVO(V.O.)
...Now there was this issue of a
life long struggle with poverty
that was beginning to cause
reflection in myself after I had
run into someone from my past a few
days earlier.

There is a young punk leaning against a building.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Stevo and Sandy walk past and the young punk holds his hand out for money. The young punk is SEAN, the Acid man...

SEAN
Got any change man... or maybe a
cigarette?

STEVO
Sure...

Stevo pulls out some change and then sees who it is.

STEVO
Sean?

SEAN
Yeah?

STEVO
It's me Stevo...

Sean laughs...

SEAN
Oh hey Stevo... How goes it?

STEVO
I haven't seen you for years... I
thought they put you away?

SEAN
No, they let me go. I was freed
man...

Stevo turns to Sandy.

STEVO
Sandy, this is Sean, Sean, Sandy...

They shake hands.

SANDY
Nice to meet you...

SEAN
Like wise.

STEVO
So what are you doing?

SEAN
Dude, I'm a beggar now. Man, it
sucks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SANDY
Wow, you should get a job...

SEAN
I tried...

INT. CLOTHING STORE - DAY

Sean walks to the counter of the store. The WOMAN at the counter looks at him with terror.

WOMAN
Can I help you?

SEAN
Yeah, I called about the job?

WOMAN
You called?

SEAN
Yeah... I want to sell clothes...
women's clothes...

WOMAN
Well. Um... I don't know. Do you
have experience?

SEAN
With what?

WOMAN
Women's clothes?

SEAN
What the fuck... What would I be
doing with women's clothes... you
think I'm a transvestite? Do I look
like a transvestite? Fuck man...

The woman is becoming nervous.

WOMAN
No, I mean, have you ever worked in
retail...

SEAN
Huh?

WOMAN
You know, selling clothes...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SEAN

No! If I was selling clothes already, I wouldn't be here, now would I. You know what? I don't like your attitude, Lady. This is a bad way to start a working relationship. I'm not taking your job. I don't care how much you pay me. I've got integrity, you know... So fuck off...

Sean storms out leaving the woman relieved as hell.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. STREET

Sean is explaining.

SEAN

...It was impossible... There just aren't any jobs out there.

STEVO

That's tough, man.

SEAN

Well what can you do? I'm a bum now. So that's what I do.

SANDY

Well here...

Sandy pulls out five dollars and hands it to him.

Stevo looks at Sandy.

STEVO(V.O.)

I liked Sandy. She was a good person.

SANDY

What about your parents.

SEAN

My parents? Oh you mean my Mom... Yeah, well, she's too scared to have me in the house. I don't know why. I never hurt anyone. But, I guess it's her trip.

STEVO

Well, Sean. Good luck man...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SEAN

Yeah, catch you guys in the rebound...

SANDY

Yeah, alright. Nice meeting you.

Sandy and Stevo walk on.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Poor guy. He's fucked.

Stevo doesn't answer. They just walk away.

STEVO(V.O.)

I couldn't look at the guy... I felt a pain in my stomach. I didn't like it so I turned my back. Just like everybody else. That really fucked me up. Not Sean. But turning my back. Ignoring the truth... So what did I do? I dropped acid with Sandy at Highland park so as to further ignore the truth.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Stevo and Sandy are sitting next to each other in the park. She takes out two tabs of acid.

Stevo sticks out his tongue and she places the tab on it. Then Sandy gives herself a dose.

SANDY

This shit is good. I got it from Trish.

STEVO

Trish and Bob. What a pair.

SANDY

You think they're in love?

STEVO

Good question. I'll have to ask him that.

They sit for a moment looking at the empty park.

STEVO

It's weird...

SANDY

What's that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEVO

The park's so empty. Summer and all.

SANDY

This town's dead...

STEVO

It's what?

SANDY

It's dead... dead... dead... dead.

STEVO

Maybe we're dead...

SANDY

Wouldn't that be nice.

STEVO

You know, before the Mormons settled here... The Donner party came through.

SANDY

The cannibals?

STEVO

That's right. There were two families and the head of one of the families got into an argument with one of the other family members. He was right... he said they should stay... But the Donner's wanted to move on. There was a fight and the head of the other family killed a Donner, I think that's how it goes, anyway, someone got killed. So they kicked this guy out of the party. He was an outcast. He went on alone and made it to California... So when the Donner's got snowed in on the Sierras it was this guy who finally rescued them.

SANDY

Wow...

STEVO

But the murder happened right here... up that canyon.

Stevo points toward the mountains in the distance.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SANDY

That's the canyon where the Devil
Worshippers' house is...

STEVO

No shit? I've heard about that
place...

SANDY

You want to go check it out?

STEVO

Fuck yeah.

CUT TO:

EXT. CANYON - AFTERNOON

Sandy and Stevo park their car and climb out. They are
beginning to trip.

The canyon lay ahead of them. There is a dirt road that
twists up a small canyon and the entire area is covered with
green.

SANDY

Check it out... The colors.

She runs. Stevo's eyes are wide as he walks after her.

Stevo has lost her, but he can hear her all around him. The
wind blows, the wind becomes the sound of a stampede and then
water.

Stevo sits and looks around him.

The sun is red and is pouring liquid into the canyon.

Sandy's voice rises up over the rushing water.

SANDY(O.S.) (CONT'D)

Stevo... It's here, Satan's
house... I can see it!!!

Her voice is far and Stevo listen's hard.

Then he looks up the trail. Blood is coming down the trail
toward him. Blood that had poured out of the sun and into
the mountains beyond. The trail is a river of blood.

Stevo jumps out of the way as it rushes past him and he
climbs up the hill. He is grabbing rocks that seem to be
made of wet clay. They squish in his hands and he is having
a tough go at it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He reaches the top and grabs a stick. He uses it to hold himself up. The stick becomes a snake and he drops it quickly.

Then there is Sandy's voice very far off.

SANDY(O.S.) (CONT'D)
I see Satan!!! I see him!!! But
where is God!!!

She is shrieking, crying.

STEVO
Shit...

Stevo struggles to find her. The forest is thick and growing dark. There are eyes all around him. And creatures move and make strange, demonic sounds.

STEVO (CONT'D)
I'm getting close, close...

Then, there is a clearing and before him is a house. Gothic, evil, in the shape of an octagon.

Sandy is on her knees beneath it, she is bent and crying.

Stevo looks up and the house becomes a dragon. It's jaws open to swallow her.

STEVO (CONT'D)
Sandy!

She turns and is in terror.

SANDY
HELP ME!!!

Stevo runs to her. He grabs her. Her arms are melting from the heat coming from the dragon's mouth.

STEVO
Hurry...

SANDY
I can't make it. I'm going to
hell.

STEVO
You can, come on. You're just
tripping. I'm tripping. This shit
was strong.

Sandy looks at him. Her eyes filled with tears.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SANDY

It's not a trip. It's real, Stevo.
It's all real.

She kisses him.

SANDY (CONT'D)

I love you. I love you. Please
tell me you love me...

STEVO

Oh God... Thank God you say that.
That's all I want, that's it. For
you to love me. I was afraid, I
love you... Now I can say it, now,
finally.

They kiss more. And begin to make love. His hands on her
breasts, her mouth on his naked

stomach. Their clothes are off, they are naked and they make
love before the eyes of the

Dragon/house.

SANDY

Is this wrong, to make love before
Satan?

STEVO

If we make love before Satan, then
we make love before God, because
God sees all...

They make love now more aggressively as if it were the last
time to do it. As if after they will die.

Then Sandy is melting into Stevo. He watches as their skin
opens and fuses and then they become a glob of flesh with
heads and arms.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAIN - SUNSET

They are half dressed and walking up the side of a mountain
holding hands.

SANDY

You know, I think the world will
really end...

STEVO

Why do you say that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SANDY

Cause there's no place else for it
to go.

STEVO

No, I guess you're right... So when
will it end?

SANDY

Ah, now that I can't tell you.

Sandy stops at the top of the small mountain. The view is of
the city. Stevo stands just below her. He looks up at his
Punk goddess. He is looking at God. Her head is surrounded
by a halo.

STEVO

You have to tell me. When will the
world end?

SANDY

I can't tell you.

She laughs...

SANDY

But I can show you.

Sandy leads Stevo by the hand up to the top of the hill and
waves her hand over the view of Salt lake City at magic hour.

SANDY

It's beautiful, right?

STEVO

As beautiful as it can be... Like
you I guess.

SANDY

Do you want to see something more
beautiful, like me?

STEVO

Sure.

She looks over the city and points.

SANDY

Do you see it?

Stevo looks. There is a plane flying low over the city. It
opens it's bomb doors and drops a payload of bombs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SANDY (CONT'D)
Beauty is the end, Stevo... The
end.

The bombs explode on the city... Nuclear explosion. The
city lights up and a mushroom cloud rises into the air.

Stevo shields his eyes from the light. Sandy looks back at
him and smiles as the light almost washes her out of view.

STEVO
You're right. It is beautiful...

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. STEVO'S APARTMENT - MORNING

The place is a disaster. Everything is destroyed and Stevo
and Bob seem content with this mess. They are standing in
their living room/Bob's bedroom drinking coffee.

STEVO(V.O.)
The question lingered in my mind
about Bob and Trish. We're they in
love? So I thought I'd just
outright ask...

STEVO (CONT'D)
Bob?

BOB
Yeah?

STEVO
Are you guys in love?

BOB
Who?

STEVO
You and Trish...

Bob thinks about this.

BOB
Uhhmm... Well, Let me think.

STEVO
It's not a thinking question.

BOB
Well, she's a goddess, I worship
her. If she died, I'd die.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB (CONT'D)

If she asked me to cut my arms off,
I'd do it. If she asked me to lick
a cop's asshole, I'd do it...

STEVO

Well if that's not love, I don't
know what is.

BOB

I guess you're right, Stevo. I
love Trish...

Bob puts down his cup.

BOB

Weird... Never thought I'd fall in
love. Never. But there it is.

Stevo nods and then is lost in thought.

STEVO

I just wanted to know... I had a
feeling you were a poser.

BOB

A poser! Why?

STEVO

Cause you fell for this girl. Only
poser's fall in love, friend.

BOB

Well then, I guess I'm a poser.

There is a pause.

STEVO

I don't think you're a poser, Bob.
Not really. I'm just jabbing you...

BOB

Yeah, I had a feeling.

The boys look out the window lost in their own thoughts. The
camera finds Stevo and we move into a close up. Stevo talks
into the camera.

STEVO

Where were we going? What was
happening to us? Crazy, this life.
But somehow, I was getting tired.
More then half way through the
summer and it felt over. Not just
the summer but everything. I was
feeling a growing sense of
melancholy.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

STEVO (CONT'D)

I felt my firm Anarchist philosophy was somehow slipping. And it was all I had. The mechanism for me to survive. And then there was this party...

The walls behind Stevo are moving as he continues to talk and a new set is being built. A house is being constructed and day is turning into night... Then guests are being placed in

the room behind him and soon he is standing in front of a party at someone's house.

STEVO (CONT'D)

...at my friend Chris's house. Chris lived on the outskirts of town. He rented in a very suburban neighborhood. He was surrounded by Mormon families. His house was like a commune. I think I brought Chris up earlier. He had the young sister... Jennifer. Right there...

The camera whip pans to reveal Jennifer, the young punk girl, who is getting really drunk.

Stevo steps into frame.

STEVO (CONT'D)

She had the brother who was a Gothic Death Punker... But really, he was a nouveau hippie. All the same, I liked him. I liked talking to him... I liked arguing with him and on this night the party was pretty tame. His house regulars were there and I came with Sandy and Bob and Trish, who were in love, and Mike came. He sat in a corner the whole night. It was a weird party...

The house is filled with maybe twenty kids. They are all mellow and very doped up.

Incense is everywhere and there is definitely a hippie vibe to the place. The walls are decorated with art. And strange metal sculpture is everywhere.

Stevo leads us through the house and down to a basement. In the basement sits CHRIS, his hair is long and dark and he smiles. Next to him is JIM his little brother, and then a heavy, mustached, nerd, named JONES. Jones holds a book called "THE SATANIC BIBLE" and he is reading aloud from it. He is getting drunk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Chris smokes pot and sees Stevo.

CHRIS

Stevo... It is so good to see you.
I can't tell you how heavy my heart
has been.

Stevo turns to the camera.

STEVO

Definitely a Hippie. (To Chris)
How goes it Chris?

CHRIS

Well, I keep trying to get stoned
but it won't work. I don't think
I can get stoned. I was frying
since I was born. Where's Sandy?

STEVO

She's upstairs... What's Jones up
to?

JONES

I'm proving that there is no
Satan... That he does not exist.

STEVO

What's the story...

Jones is bending over the book reading to himself.

JIM

...He's gonna try to summon the
beast at midnight. But he won't
come and when he doesn't... Jones
will have proved that science is
the only truth...

CHRIS

You met my brother, right Stevo?

STEVO

Sure, hi Jim.

Jim stands and picks up a Polaroid.

JIM

There's a lightning storm coming
and I want to get a picture of it.
Hi Stevo.

Jim leaves the room. Chris hands Stevo a beer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

CHRIS
Drink... And tell me about
Anarchy...

STEVO(V.O.)
And so we started our debate...
This was our custom. He believed
in Structure I believed in chaos.
It was an ongoing fight, but he
seemed to be winning. Parties were
like this in Salt Lake for us
Punks.

INT. UPSTAIRS

Bob is making out with Trish and Sandy is talking to a New
waver named TOM. Mike just sits in a corner observing.

STEVO(V.O.)
The days would pass and then there
would be a party and then a fight
and then another day. This was the
cycle. It was getting old. I was
feeling old. It seemed endless...
or maybe like death. Death
surrounded our parties. There was
always a possibility. Like the
time JJ and Willie a couple of good
guys, Hard Core all the way, left
the winter Keg party we so often
had in the canyons.

CUT TO:

EXT. CANYON - NIGHT

A keg is being tipped...

A PUNK looks up.

PUNK
It's kissed...

Whip pan to Stevo and Bob sitting on their car.

STEVO
Shit, party's over... Let's scram.

BOB
You got it.

JJ and WILLIE are two young punks. They walk past Stevo.
They are all drunk.

JJ and Willie climb into their car.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JJ
You guys want to follow us out?

STEVO
Yeah...

JJ
Great man... It's a rough road at night.

BOB
We'll be careful.

INT. STEVO'S CAR - NIGHT

Stevo drives and Bob looks out the window. JJ and Willie can be seen in front of them.

They drive cautiously.

STEVO
Three more months of college and then...

BOB
Then we fuck off and die...

STEVO
Be great...

BOB
You know something?

STEVO
What's that?

BOB
I hate this country.

STEVO
You don't say? What country do you like?

BOB
I hate 'em all.

STEVO
That's the spirit...

BOB
What happened to JJ...

Stevo looks, there is no car in front of them. But there is a hairy turn coming up and a cliff on the side.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEVO
You don't think they went over?

BOB
It's happened before...

EXT. CAR - NIGHT

Stevo pulls over at the edge of the cliff on the turn. They climb out of the car.

The darkness hangs heavy and there is an eery feeling about them.

Stevo and Bob feel compelled to whisper.

STEVO
You see anything?

Bob looks over the cliff. Below is five hundred feet. But you cannot see the bottom. A cloud is there. A drop into whiteness.

Stevo looks over.

STEVO(V.O.) (CONT'D)
The drop to nowhere. I felt like jumping and I'm sure Bob did too. Not to die, but to fly. We felt invincible then.

BOB
I don't think they went over...

He is interrupted by an explosion from far below and the white clouds light up red and orange. It is a massive blast and the boys step back. It looks like hell down there...

Bob and Stevo look at each other.

BOB (CONT'D)
I guess that's it...

STEVO
Yeah, I guess so.

BACK TO PARTY:

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The party is mellow and there are mostly flirtations happening and one FELLOW is on bongos and ANOTHER has a recorder.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JIM is at the window with his Polaroid ready and we move toward him. The window is large and as we move into a medium shot on his back... Jim is framed in darkness.

STEVO(V.O.)
They found JJ and Willie in a million pieces. And that was that... Weird night. Like this night at Chris's. It felt weird.

There is a lightning flash and then thunder. It illuminates the window and Jim snaps his camera and takes the Polaroid and looks at it.

INT. DOWN STAIRS - NIGHT

Stevo and Chris are in a debate...

CHRIS
But that's a system too... There are no things in nature without a system so Anarchy is impossible.

STEVO
Ok, forget about the rules idea. But what of the Utopian concept...

CHRIS
What an autonomous collective... A group of people coming together to self govern by selflessly doing the right thing?

STEVO
Sure...

CHRIS
Fine, but it ain't Anarchy. The word self- govern implies order...

STEVO
But the scientists always say that life moves from order to disorder... Chaos.

CHRIS
Fools... Life moves from order to disorder to order... Atoms come together at random and form a structure: a baby, the baby is born, grows old, dies, decomposes back to chaos and then those atoms are reordered into something else, a blade of grass, a tree... whatever. The cycle man...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jim rushes in...

JIM

I got it...

He hands the photo to his brother. Chris looks at it and then hands it to Stevo.

CHRIS

You see, the cycle...

Stevo looks at the photo. Jim has managed to get a shot of a lightning bolt. It is magnificent and violent.

Then Jones stands and puts on a cape...

JONES

I have to prepare. I'm going outside. To call the beast. You will see that there is nothing to fear!

STEVO

He's serious?

CHRIS

Always...

STEVO

What's the book?

CHRIS

Satanic Bible...

STEVO

Maniac...

CUT TO:

INT. UPSTAIRS

Jones is marching through the party...

JONES

Come on all you believers... I'll teach you not to believe!

Some follow, some stay where they are.

Mike joins the group that leaves the house. Stevo comes up with Jim and Chris. Bob comes to him.

BOB

We're skipping out, Stevo.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRISH

This makes me uncomfortable. He shouldn't play with what he doesn't know...

STEVO

I understand. I'll get a ride with Sandy... Where is she, by the way?

Bob nods at the bedroom door.

STEVO (CONT'D)

See you guys...

They leave and Stevo goes to the bedroom and opens the door.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sandy is fucking Tom. She sees Stevo and continues. Stevo freezes. He is paralyzed by what he sees.

They continue to make love... Sandy is only more excited by Stevo's presence.

Stevo's face fills with rage.

He runs into the room and swings his boot... Just before it smashes into Tom's head, we freeze frame.

STEVO(V.O.)

It wasn't that I loved Sandy, I knew that we had an understanding... But, I discovered then that Chris was right. All things had systems. Even me. I was about to beat this guy because he had invaded my territory. No question about it. Just like in the wild... I was following nature and nature was order and order is the system.

The boot continues and smashes into Tom's head.

Sandy screams and Stevo is on Tom and killing him. His fists fly... he kicks him. He smashes Tom's face against the wall...

Tom is bleeding. He is already out.

Sandy tries in vain to pull Stevo off.

Stevo beats until he is tired.

Sandy looks at Stevo and kicks him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SANDY

You pussy! What the fuck did you
do that for?

Stevo is out of breath.

STEVO

Fuck... you...

He leaves them.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Jones is pouring powder in a circle and reciting from the
book. Then he lights a torch.

He wears a black cape.

People watch him. Some are laughing, some are frightened.

Jones performs his ritual in the middle of this suburban
street. The lights in the surrounding houses are out and no
doubt the families within are hiding.

Jones lights the powder on fire and the fire forms a ring.
Now Jones is on his knees bowing to the fire.

STEVO(V.O.)

Jones didn't need to prove the
devil did not exist. Not as a
supernatural being... because I had
seen the devil. He was in that
room with Sandy... he was me, he
was Harvard, he was my mom and dad
and he was all of us. Jones was
making all this up anyway. So who
cared. Fuck him... I thought, and
fuck this party and fuck
everything... Above all, fuck
Anarchy.

EXT. VIEW OF SALT LAKE CITY - SUNSET

STEVO(V.O.)

The summer was ending, no question
and this city was still the same.
Look at it. Nothing going on.
That's what I saw when I looked
over the valley... How the Mormon
settlers looked upon this city and
felt it was the promised land was
beyond me. Maybe it looked
different back then.

EXT. TEMPLE - DAY

Stevo stands outside of the temple.

He talks to the Camera.

STEVO
...I mean look at this thing. This temple. When I moved here, when I was seven... I thought it was Disneyland. Looks like it. And my father rightly told me that it was. I was surrounded by Mickey Mouse and Pluto and Daffy and the rest. And Mike, one of my good friends was getting out.

CUT TO:

INT. DENNY'S - NIGHT

Mike, Bob, Steve and Eddie sit around a table.

STEVO
What?

MIKE
I'm blowing... I'm going to Notre Dame.

BOB
How could you Mike?

MIKE
You guys are 22, 23... I'm eighteen. I have to go to college and that's where I want to go.

STEVO
Well, Mike, I'll miss you. I mean it.

EDDIE
Yeah, man. It will suck around here when you're gone.

BOB
In a good way...

Mike laughs.

STEVO
When do you leave?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE

This week.

BOB

What is your major going to be?

MIKE

Botany...

STEVO

Plants?! You're studying plants?

MIKE

(Shyly)

I want to save the rain Forests.
Somebody's got to fight for them.

Stevo turns to the camera.

STEVO

Can you believe this guy? He's
gonna go into plants. I mean this
guy was the toughest son- of-a-
bitch I had ever met. I mean, he,
he... Alright, one time he was
drunk...

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

There is a row of cars parked along the street. You can hear
a crashing sound. Breaking glass.

STEVO(V.O.)

And he got the idea in his head
that it would be a good idea that
all the cars on his block would
look better without windows.

Mike comes into frame and he is smashing each window with a
bat. He whistles calmly as he works.

COPS come up... Two cars.

FOUR OFFICERS are on him in a minute and Mike is beating them
up. Mike has the bat and is beating all the cops.

STEVO(V.O.) (CONT'D)

I mean he took them all on. All of
them. They needed back up.
Finally they got him subdued.

More COPS arrive and the handcuffs go on and into the back
Mike goes screaming bloody murder.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Mike is in the back and left alone as the cops talk amongst themselves. Mike twists his handcuffs and snaps them.

He turns in the back seat and kicks out the rear window of the cop car.

EXT. CAR

He is out and running before the cops are even aware of his accomplishment. Mike was free.

STEVO(V.O.)
The cops thought he was on angel dust. The only way he could do it. But not so, that was just Mike, he broke those Goddamn handcuffs and kicked the window out of the squad car, drunk. That's it. He never got caught either. But it was a big story. All over the papers. It took us weeks to get him to admit that it was him.

BACK TO:

INT. DENNY'S

Bob eats a fried shrimp. Stevo still talks to the camera.

STEVO
And so this guy was now off to hug trees. It was over... no question. And that left me and Bob. Just like in the beginning. The first two punks. The last two punks. And Bob had Trish...

EXT. SALT FLATS - DAY

Stevo, Trish and Bob pull up to the Salt Flats. An open, flat, huge, space by the Great Salt

lake. Everywhere is white. White as white.

The three pile out of the car and walk.

Bob and Trish are kissing and Stevo looks at them.

STEVO(V.O.)
I was getting the impression that I was all that was left. Bob was in love.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRISH

Stevo... I want to introduce you
to a young friend of mine. I think
you would like her...

STEVO

Why do you think that?

TRISH

I don't know. She's smart. And
she's ambitious.

STEVO

I'm not ambitious.

BOB

Not yet...

Trish goes to Stevo and puts her arm around him.

TRISH

Stevo... I love you and Bob loves
you... so what's the matter?

STEVO

Nothing. I'm as right as rain...

BOB

You seem depressed lately...

TRISH

I think Sandy really got you.

STEVO

No...

He laughs.

BOB

It's no big deal man. You're like
my brother. I love you. And what
that bitch did to you...

STEVO

She had the right. It was the
arrangement. I should have been
more careful.

TRISH

You have a big heart, Stevo.

STEVO

No I don't, Trish... You guys do.
I have a heart the size of a pea.
And so what?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

STEVO (CONT'D)

I hurt everyone around me... and that's Ok. It's what I'm about. You guys are lucky, but that's Ok too. What I don't want is for you guys to pity me. Bob, I get off on pain. You know that.

BOB

He's right. It's just the way he is. I've mellowed out. But Stevo is hard core all the way.

TRISH

Well, Stevo. Hard core or not. I want you to meet Brandy. She's having a party at her parents house next week.

BOB

She's a rich girl...

STEVO

That's alright. I'm a rich boy, right?

BOB

Yeah, but the only cool one I ever met.

STEVO

Maybe I'm not so cool... Anyway, sure I'll meet Brandy. Sounds like fun.

Trish looks out over the salt flats.

TRISH

You see, nothing. There's nothing out here. Miles of just space... You can fall in and never come out.

Stevo is looking at Trish.

STEVO(V.O.)

So it came to this. A blind date. My first. What the hell. I didn't want to let them down. They were good people. The thing was, I didn't need a date. I needed an answer. Anarchy was over for me, so what was there. The summer was a waist all right. But not the kind of waist I was looking for.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

STEVO(V.O.) (CONT'D)
Not a glorious wastefulness filled
with parties and fights and good
sex. No, instead it was more like
the waste that is the Salt Flats...

WIDE SHOT as we float over the great Salt Flats... We pass
over the three as they climb

back into their car... They are like ants as we fly by.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. BOB'S FATHER'S SHACK - DAY

Bob and Stevo walk up to Bob's father's shack. It really is
a shack that he lives in, right

next to the train tracks.

A train passes as they approach.

STEVO
So what are we doing?

BOB
It's his birthday.

STEVO
Oh yeah? How old is your dad?

BOB
Don't know... Don't think he knows.
Old though... I know that.

INT. SHACK

Bob and Stevo sit with Bob's DAD. The place is filled with
old newspapers and magazines.

Dad is asleep in his chair. Bob and Stevo sit in silence and
wait.

Finally.

STEVO
Should we wake him?

BOB
I don't know? What do you think?

STEVO
He's your father, Bob.

BOB
Well he gets crazy sometimes...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEVO

What do you mean crazy?

BOB

He thinks the CIA is after him.

Bob's Dad stirs and then becomes alert.

DAD

What the hell do you want!? What do you want from me...

BOB

Dad it's me, your son, Bob. Happy birthday?

Dad stands and hides behind his chair.

Stevo watches a bit bemused.

DAD

How do you know my birthday? You people know everything! What do you want? I don't know a Goddamn thing!

STEVO

Maybe we should go...

Bob looks at Stevo and shrugs.

Dad pulls out a shotgun. He points it.

DAD

Now. This is my house. What the hell you gonna do now. I know my rights. I'm an American... And this is my piece of pie you're standing on. I don't care who sent you.

Bob and Stevo lift their hands in the air.

STEVO

Maybe we should go...

BOB

You're right... Dad, we're going now.

Dad fires a round and the boys jump...

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

The boys run and the father comes out firing...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAD
Next time bring an army you Goddamn
G- men!!!

INT. CAR - AFTERNOON

Stevo drives and Bob looks out the window.

STEVO(V.O.)
I had never met Bob's Dad. But, I
felt I suddenly knew my friend a
lot better. I felt bad for him. I
didn't like that feeling.

BOB
He's kind of a lunatic...

STEVO
I'll say.

Bob looks at Stevo.

BOB
I'm sorry...

Stevo looks at his friend.

STEVO
Don't be. Bob, you're my friend.
That's all. I'm the one who is
sorry...

Bob looks out the window and they drive on in silence.

INT. STEVO'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Stevo lies awake...

STEVO(V.O.)
So the last summer party and I was
to meet Brandy. I'm gonna cut to
the chase right here. Brandy was
the woman I was going to marry.
That's right. I didn't know it
then, didn't even know what she was
like. I wasn't even sure if I was
gay or asexual or a punk or a mod
or my Dad or Bob or Sean the
beggar. I didn't know a Goddamn
thing that night. If I knew what
was ahead for me, I may have stayed
in bed, or I may have felt better
that night. Life is like that. We
change, that's all. The guy I am
now, was not the guy I was then.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEVO(V.O.) (CONT'D)

If the guy I was then met the guy I am now. He would beat the shit out of me. Those are the facts. But still, I lied awake. Was I afraid? Was I angry... Or was it just the end... And I knew it?

INT. PARTY - NIGHT

We are in a mansion in the Avenues. There is a huge party going on.

BRANDY is there at the door greeting people. She is trendy, but conservative. Trish, Bob and Stevo are at the door. Trish has her arm around Bob.

TRISH

...and this is Stevo... Stevo, Brandy... isn't she lovely?

Stevo is in love. No reason, but he is hit by her beauty.

STEVO(V.O.)

It was the hardest punch I ever took. Knocked the wind out of me. I was her's... that was it. One smile... her eyes glimmered. And we got acquainted and as the party raged around us... We sat and talked.

LATER:

The party rages on and it is a mix of Mods and Punks... They seem to be getting along well.

On the couch sit Stevo and Brandy. They are getting drunk and getting closer.

BRANDY

I have to ask you something...

STEVO

What's that?

BRANDY

Why do you go out of your way to look like a bum?

STEVO

I look like a bum?

BRANDY

Not in a bad way... But I mean, you're rebelling against society right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEVO

Yeah, to put it simply.

BRANDY

Well, wouldn't it be more of an act of rebellion if you didn't bother to grow a Mohawk and spend hours finding the right "Punk" clothes. I mean, it seems a petty thing. Stop me if I'm being offensive...

STEVO

No, no. Go on.

BRANDY

Well... You want to be an individual, yet you look like you're wearing a uniform. You look like a punk. That's not rebellion. That's fashion.

STEVO

So then what is Rebellion?

BRANDY

Rebellion happens in the mind. It's not this... And if you tell me about eccentricity, it's not like this either. You can't create it... you just are that way.

STEVO

How old are you?

BRANDY

Nineteen... what does that have to do with anything?

STEVO

I just wanted to know... So, you wouldn't be interested in a guy like me because I'm full of shit.

BRANDY

No... I like you, actually. This is my party and I'm with you all night. We just met... I sense something in there, under the clothes. Wear what you want. I don't care about things like that. I'm just posing a theory and trying to understand.

They move closer together.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

STEVO

So then, you like me...

Brandy looks into his eyes.

BRANDY

Mildly...

STEVO

Oh...

Brandy goes closer to him.

BRANDY

Well, more than that I guess.

She kisses him. They kiss and the party goes on. They kiss and they world goes on around them.

STEVO(V.O.)

What Bullshit. What was I doing?
Was I an asshole? Was I crazy...
I was in love and I had just met
this person. I hated her ideas,
because they were critical of me...
But, I loved her anyway... It was
a curse, a punishment. Fuck, what
a sucker... But I went with it and
we talked all night.

CUT TO:

ANOTHER SIDE OF THE PARTY:

Bob stands. He is drunk. Trish is sitting.

TRISH

Are you Ok?

BOB

I have a headache. And I have to
go to the bathroom.

Bob stumbles away. He moves through the party.

John is there and pats him on the back.

JOHN

Bob... how goes it?

BOB

Got a headache...

John's GIRL hears this... she is really drunk and also a mod.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

GIRL

Oh, I have some pills for that.

The girl hands Bob four yellow pills from her purse... Bob shakes his head.

BOB

I don't take pills...

GIRL

It's just vitamins.

Bob looks at the pills and then downs them. He drinks from his beer to wash them down.

The Girl falls on him laughing.

GIRL

That should take care of your headache. You trust me.

BOB

Thanks...

INT. BATHROOM

Bob goes to the bathroom. He stumbles to the mirror. He looks at himself. He stares at the reflection.

He punches the mirror. It breaks.

His hand is bleeding. He drinks more of his beer.

He looks at his hand. The cut is much smaller than last time, but the mirror is completely smashed.

The door opens and there are many people in there. John is there.

JOHN

What did you do, Bob?

Bob is very drunk.

BOB

I hate that fucking mirror.

More people fill the bathroom.

Trish comes in and grabs Bob.

TRISH

Bob, what happened?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB
I can't stand that mirror. It
laughs.

TRISH
You drunken fool.

Bob looks at Trish. He has tears in his eyes. He hugs her.

BOB
I'm sorry... I'm so sorry.

Brandy and Stevo enter.

BRANDY
What did he do?

STEVO
I'm sorry about this. He gets a
little nuts when he's drunk.

BRANDY
Ok, everybody out!!!

Stevo and John help Brandy push everybody out of the
bathroom.

Brandy shuts the door.

BRANDY
Is he Ok?

Bob is sitting on the toilette. Trish kneels next to him.

TRISH
It's a small cut...

BOB
Sorry 'bout your mirror, Ma'am.

Trish quiets the drunk Bob.

BRANDY
No, it's Ok... I'll tell them it
was an accident.

BOB
Seven years, you know.

STEVO
I'm gonna get him home... Bob,
we're going.

Stevo goes to Brandy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

STEVO

Can I give you a ring tomorrow?

Brandy smiles, still a little drunk.

BRANDY

If you don't, I'll call you.

Stevo turns and looks at Bob.

STEVO

Bob, we're going...

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Stevo drives and Bob is nodding out.

Stevo talks to us as he drives.

STEVO

So why not... I'm a sucker, but the girl was great.

Bob wakes up.

STEVO

How you doing buddy?

BOB

My dad... I cry for him, you know, Stevo.

STEVO

Yeah, I know...

BOB

I let him down.

Bob is crying.

STEVO

Now come on, Bob. He let you down.

BOB

No, I should have been more to him. I should have done more...

STEVO

What could you have done, Bob?

Bob looks at Stevo, eyes half open.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB
I'm gonna marry Trish. Tell her
that, will you?

Stevo laughs.

STEVO
Sure thing, Bob.

BOB
Promise!!! Mother fucker!!!

STEVO
I promise... I'll tell her. But
I'm sure she'd rather hear it from
you.

Bob is out. Stevo lets it go.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Stevo is pulling Bob out of the car and into the building.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Stevo lays Bob in his bed and looks down at him.

STEVO
Goodnight... asshole.

Stevo rolls his shoulders, shaking off the pain of lifting
Bob up the stairs.

He turns and goes into his bedroom.

ELLIPSE:

We float down and rest on Bob... Night turns to Day and Bob
has not moved. He is blue and his eyes are open. A fly is
buzzing around him.

Stevo comes out of his room. He stands above Bob.

STEVO (CONT'D)
Bob... It's three... We should eat
something.

No answer.

STEVO (CONT'D)
Bob?

Stevo bends over Bob. He feels his neck and he pulls his
hand away in horror.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEVO(V.O.) (CONT'D)
It was colder then anything I have
ever felt, ever... That was not
Bob. That was a wax figure... and
this was a joke.

Stevo squats next to his dead friend and looks at the body
for a long time. Then he buries his head in between his legs
and rocks back and forth. Stevo is crying. He is sobbing.
Tears coming from a place so deep that it can only be real.

Stevo says nothing to his dead friend... he just weeps.

STEVO(V.O.) (CONT'D)
It was over... no question... It
went with Bob, whatever it was...
whatever it was that made me live
in that way, call it youth, call it
spirit, call it ideals, call it
Anarchy... It went with my friend
on that late summer afternoon, the
day after I met my wife to be. And
all I could do was cry...

CUT TO:

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

Trish is weeping as the party exits the church. Not to many
mourners. Stevo is there in a tie.

He is with his Father and his head is shaved. No Mohawk.

STEVO(V.O.)
And we put him under ground. The
official cause of death? Overdose
from Percodan. That's what John's
girlfriend gave him for his
headache. That mixed with the
booze did him in. Heroin Bob, the
guy who never did any drug in his
life outside beer, died from a
narcotic overdose. And that was it.
He fell... And I went on.

Stevo turns to his father...

STEVO (CONT'D)
I'm gonna walk.

FATHER
Go ahead.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

Stevo is walking... he stops at a bench and we rest on him from a distance and slowly move

in on him as he narrates until we are in close-up. His head is down.

STEVO(V.O.)

And so there I was... I was going to go to Harvard. It was obvious. I was going to be a lawyer and play the goddamn system... And that was that. I was my old man. He knew. So what else could I do? There was no future in Anarchy, lets face it. But when I was into it, there was never a thought of future. We were certain that the world was gonna end. But it didn't and I had to do something. So fuck it. I could always be a litigator in New York and piss the shit out of the judges... I mean that was me, a trouble maker, the future... The guy that was one of the guys that my parents so arrogantly saved the world for... So we could fuck it up. I could do a hell of a lot more damage to it inside the system then outside. That was the final irony I think... That and well this... (Beat) and fuck you if you're already thinking it, I guess when all was said and done I was nothing more then a goddamn pussy ass, soft core, trendy, fucking, poser.

Stevo looks up at the camera... There is a sinister glint in his eye.

CUT TO BLACK:

CUE MUSIC: DEAD KENNEDYS "KILL THE POOR."

The End.

James Merendino – the Author



James Merendino Moved to Los Angeles in 1989 from Rome where he was studying theology. After sitting in on some classes, James found himself working as a right hand man to Producer and former studio head Daniel Melnick. Soon after, James had been given the task of directing several C Movies. At age twenty-two he had made two cult films that fell squarely in the camp genre. James turned his focus on writing his own material, as it was "less expensive". During the next several years Merendino went through a Polanski period. Two films were made, "The Upstairs Neighbor, and "Toughguy" starring Heather Graham. Both films were just North of being stolen directly from Roman Polanski. At twenty-four Merendino was honored by the Turin International Film festival. A retrospective of all of his work was held and Merendino gained international recognition. James started work on "Liver's Ain't Cheap" (Venice Film festival) and made another film "River made to Drown In". But, his largest success to date was yet to come. James went to work on SLC Punk. The film has since become that rare film that defines and sets the tone of a generation.

SLC PUNK is defining a generation. Since it's released, millions of American youth have looked at the film and seen themselves. Now, for the first time, the script has been made available for those who desire a more intimate connection with the film.

To grow up in America is to, at one point or another, rebel against the world around you. If you're Stevo and you live in Reagan-era Salt Lake City, then, well...you just have to rebel a little bit harder. To this recent grad, the world is his enemy, anarchy his religion, and the Ramones, The Specials and the Dead Kennedys his muses. As he takes us on a guided tour of his life, we meet all sorts of punks, poseurs, mods, freaks and a few others best described as indescribable.

Stevo's ex-hippie father sees his lifestyle as a rite of passage and urges him to attend Harvard Law School like himself. Not to sell out to the system, but to buy in. For Stevo, underneath the mohawk haircuts, earrings and leather, the idea, painfully, has some merit. The question becomes; how do you stay hard-core and still hope for a life beyond?

"What can I say? We weren't much more than a couple of young punks

