

# "DETROIT ROCK CITY"

by

Carl V. Dupr,

FADE IN:

INT. MRS. BRUCE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Decorated in Carol Brady chic. When it's not gaudy, tacky, and loud, it's blander than toast. Colors like lime green and sunshine orange should be reserved for popsicles only.

MRS. BRUCE, late 30's, enters looking exhausted. She carries a glass of wine in one hand and a book in the other, Erma Bombeck's *The Grass Is Always Greener Over The Septic Tank*.

HUMMING "We've Only Just Begun," Mrs. Bruce crouches next to her wildly-ancient entertainment center complete with 8-track. She flips the first record forward on her Ronco Record Mate. Album after album flaps forward. Olivia Newton-John, Neil Diamond, the Osmond Brothers. She stops on the Carpenters and sighs at the serene cover art. Just what the doctor ordered.

Placing the vinyl on the turntable, she CLICKS the dustcover closed and FLICKS "Play." Reclining in her Lazyboy, she sips her wine, opens the book and awaits the mellow tones of Karen Carpenter.

Suddenly, her eardrums are hammered by machine gun GUITAR. Caustic ROCK 'N' ROLL assaults her senses. She jumps, spilling her wine all over herself. This isn't the Carpenters...

IT'S KISS!

Racing to the entertainment center, she turns the volume control knob so violently, it comes off in her hand. The music is even louder now.

Flustered by the awful noise, she tries lifting the dustcover. It's stuck. She screams and covers her ears. This is Hell. Running to the rear of the huge console, she stretches to reach the plug, but can't. Fingertips millimeters away.

As the cacophony POUNDS she shakes the entire stereo with

all her frantic might.

SCREEEEEECH! The needle scrapes across the vinyl with a shrill, finally coming to a stop. Whew, silence!

Then, POP, the dustcover opens unceremoniously. Shaken, she grabs the record with trembling hands and reads the label...

KISS - LOVE GUN, SIDE TWO

Mrs. Bruce's blood boils.

MRS. BRUCE  
KISS! The devil's music!

EXT. LEX'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A small, two-story house amid a suburban neighborhood of other two-story houses. Uninspired architecture. Spindly trees.

Two-car garage.

A faint yellow glow emanates from a cellar window across which shadows frantically dart. Over the CRICKETS, we hear MUFFLED, BADLY-  
RENDERED ROCK 'N' ROLL. SCRATCHY, GUTTURAL,  
inhuman.

CAMERA MOVES to the cellar window. Inside we see four TEENAGE BOYS who are to blame for the racket. Band practice.

INT. LEX'S BASEMENT/BEDROOM - NIGHT

An inner-sanctum of KISS devotion. Faux-wood paneling is plastered with countless KISS posters, pictures, fold-outs. The ceiling is wallpapered with more KISS posters. KISS dolls, magazines, records, comic books clutter the shag-carpeted floor. Fast food wrappers heap over the KISS garbage pail.

The four high schoolers rock their hearts out as they blast a familiar tune offensively off-key.

BOYS SINGING  
"I wanna rock 'n' roll all night and  
party every day!"

They stink, but they sure are trying hard. Meet the band "Mystery." Concert tee-shirts, holey jeans, total burn-outs.

HAWK, a scraggly-haired, disenchanted youth, strains his vocal chords on the microphone as he SCRATCHES at his rhythm guitar. Hawk is sort of the brains of this operation, but knowing the others, that doesn't say much.

LEX POUNDS a bass with earnest determination. Lanky with bad posture, Lex is already sporting worry lines. He takes everything way-too-seriously.

TRIP STRUMS lead guitar like he's hammering nails. All id, Trip is slightly out of his mind. But, is it the chemicals or just his chemistry. He always wears a knit cap.

JAM, a sensitive kid (but no wuss), BASHES on his drums like a madman making the bass drum pulsate like a spastic heart. The big drum bears the word "Mystery" painted on its skin with a lightning "S" just like the KISS logo.

They bring the classic tune to a shrieking conclusion and thrust their hands over their heads in the KISS symbol. Hawk screams into the mike at their imaginary audience.

HAWK

Thank you, Cleveland! You're a great crowd. But after three and a half hours of kick-ass rock and seven encores on top of that, I'm sorry to say that this time we really gotta get back to our hotel rooms and fuck some groupies.

Behind him, Trip grabs Lex's bass and swings it by the neck at an amp pretending to bash it over and over again. Lex quickly yanks it away from him.

LEX

What the fuck, Trip? That's my bass!

Jam emerges from behind the pile of drums smiling.

JAM

That was curly!

TRIP

Just one more day of school to get through, girls, before tomorrow night... Live!

(getting excited)

COBO Hall! Detroit, Michigan!

(like an announcer)

You wanted the best!

ALL FOUR BOYS

You got the best! The hottest band  
in the world... KISS!!

They all make that BREATH SOUND that mimics a screaming crowd. Suddenly, headlights swing by in the window above them like a spotlight. Lex hops onto the unmade bed and looks out the cellar window.

LEX'S POV

A baby-shit green, Ford station wagon with fake wood sides SCREECHES into the driveway. Mrs. Bruce gets out and STOMPS toward the house. Lex gasps at the sight.

LEX

Shit! It's Jam's mom!

Jam GULPS as if he's just shat out an whole can of Lincoln logs.

JAM

My mom? Oh, no! What's she doing  
here?

Lex quickly throws a KISS towel over a TV tray hiding a bong, cigarettes, overloaded ashtray. Trip kicks half-empty beer bottles under the bed. Hawk sprays Lysol frantically around the room as Jam shovels gum into his mouth.

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK! Mrs. Bruce pounds on the cellar window crouching to see in. She looks like a crazed, underlit psycho.

MRS. BRUCE

(muffled through glass)

Jeremiah! Jeremiah Bruce! You get  
out here this instant!

The boys looks up like innocent, wide-eyed angels. Jam waves.

JAM

Oh, hi, mom.

MRS. BRUCE

(screams)

NOW!

Jam quickly pockets his drumsticks and grabs his worn, denim

jacket off the pile of jackets on the floor, then runs upstairs. The others follow.

#### EXT. LEX'S HOUSE/FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

The front door opens. Jam steps out to greet his mom with a nervous smile. Hawk, Lex, and Trip stand at a safe distance in the foyer behind him.

JAM  
What's up?

Mrs. Bruce grabs her son by the ear and holds up the KISS LOVE GUN record waving it in his face.

MRS. BRUCE  
The devil's body count, that's what's up! Don't you know what KISS stands for? "Knights in Satan's Service!"

She hauls Jam across the lawn. Hawk, Lex, and Trip step onto the porch looking on in sympathetic embarrassment. Mrs. Bruce stuffs the record in the trash can then throws Jam in the front seat. SCREECH, the station wagon pulls away.

TRIP  
Jam has yet to do an overnight with us.

LEX  
I had a nightmare once that something like this might happen. I hope he doesn't get grounded again. If he misses Peter Criss's drum solo, I don't know if he'll be able to handle it.

HAWK  
Lex, quit trying to always jinx things. Don't worry, dudes. Nobody's missing that concert tomorrow night.

#### MAIN TITLES

#### CLOSE-UP

The LOVE GUN album sitting in the trash can. CAMERA MOVES IN on the round label till it FILLS THE FRAME. The record begins to spin like on a turntable as CAMERA DESCENDS INTO the little hole ENGULFING THE FRAME IN BLACK. This LEADS us INTO...

## OPENING TITLE SEQUENCE

"ROCK 'N' ROLL ALL NITE" BLASTS the way it's supposed to sound. The jammin' KISS classic is accompanied by a barrage of QUICK CUTS depicting KISS mania. TV appearances. Concert footage. Magazine covers. Comic Books. Posters. Art work. KISS merchandise, dolls, lunch boxes, clothes, etc.

We see the BAND do their thing in authentic CLIPS FROM REAL SHOWS. GENE, PAUL, ACE, AND PETER SHOUTING IT OUT LOUD.

The MONTAGE is a colorful, kick-ass kaleidoscope of the entire KISS phenomena. CUT TO the BEAT of this seminal anthem.

The FINAL IMAGE is the KISS "DESTROYER" POSTER.

## END CREDITS

### TICKET CHECK

#### INT. JAM'S BEDROOM - DAY

The sun's early morning rays beam through the KISS "Destroyer" poster taped onto a window shade. The phone RINGS. Jam bolts upright, his profile blocking the poster. He has just awakened under the only other decoration in his room: a crucifix.

Still dressed in last night's clothes, a plain black tee-shirt and blue jeans, Jam leaps out of bed unwittingly planting a foot in the handle of a Bullworker (a piece of exercise equipment comprised of a powerful spring with two handles on either end) whose other handle is stuck under one of the bed's legs.

Jam runs to a phone on his dresser, drawing the Bullworker's powerful springs out to maximum tension. No sooner does he pick up, when he is yanked to the floor and dragged across it as if tied to the bumper of a speeding car. Despite the Bullworker pulling him back toward his bed, Jam does manage to get the phone to his ear.

JAM  
Hello?

The phone's cord stretches taut causing its cradle to leap from the dresser and WHACK Jam on the head.

#### INT. LEX'S BASEMENT/BEDROOM - DAY

Hawk is on the phone as Lex and Trip scour every inch of the cluttered room on their hands and knees searching frantically for something.

HAWK  
Jam, listen up.

JAM (O.S.)  
Hawk?

HAWK  
Just listen up, man, cause we are in a quandary.

#### INT. JAM'S BEDROOM - DAY

Jam clutches the phone with his shoulder GRUNTING as he does battle with the Bullworker for possession of his foot.

HAWK (O.S.)  
Are you on the crapper with one of those antenna phones? Sounds like you're taking a dump the size of Butte, Montana.

JAM  
It's my Bullworker.

HAWK (O.S.)  
Anyway, listen up. They're gone!

JAM  
What's gone?

HAWK (O.S.)  
The KISS tickets, you nimrod! They're just fuckin' gone! Please tell me you have 'm!

JAM  
(panicked)  
Gone!? Why would I have the KISS tick...?

HAWK (O.S.)  
Just check whatever you were wearing last night. Now!

Jam briefly scans his surroundings double-taking at the denim jacket lying on the floor. He checks the pockets and sees

four tickets labelled KISS - JUNE 7, 1978 - COBO HALL,  
DETROIT.

JAM

Whew! Oh, God, Hawk... I got'm!  
Somehow I musta taken Trip's jacket  
by mistake!

INT. LEX'S BASEMENT/BEDROOM - DAY

Hawk SIGHS like a deathrow convict pardoned at the last  
second.

HAWK

(to others)  
He's got'm!

Lex and Trip collapse with relief.

HAWK

Trip, he took your jacket by mistake.  
You must be wearing Jam's.

Trip reaches in a breast pocket and pulls out Rosary beads.  
Spooked, he drops them like they were a bug.

HAWK

(into phone)  
Cool.

JAM (O.S.)

I'm really sorry about that, man.

HAWK

Don't be a fembot. So, are you like  
grounded because of last night, or  
what?

INT. JAM'S ROOM - DAY

JAM

Of course, but has that ever stopped  
me before? Besides, my mom's going  
to some church meeting and won't be  
back till late. No sweat... See you  
guys in school.

CLICK. DIAL TONE. Jam hangs up.

INT. LEX'S BASEMENT/BEDROOM - DAY



Lex buckles his belt with its huge KISS belt buckle.

LEX

Poor, Jam, man. Imagine having to stash your KISS records inside Carly Simon album covers. No question, Mrs. Bruce is a psycho-bitch from hell.

TRIP

You're one to talk, Lex. Your mom's a fuckin' dyke.

Trip pockets his wallet which is affixed to a long chain attached to a side belt loop.

LEX

Trip, a female gynecologist does not a lesbian make. And even if it did, at least my mom didn't give birth to me while she was on LSD.

TRIP

Shrooms! And even if it was LSD, I can still give my mom a kiss without smelling the catch of the day.

HAWK

Both you assholes, SHADDAP!

Lex and Trip shaddap.

HAWK

Enough of the mom-bashing, all right? Lex's mom is cool about us crashing over here while she's out of town. And if it weren't for Trip's mom, we wouldn'ta smoked that fine Panama Red last night. So leave the women who gave you life out of it. They're both cool.

Trip and Lex cease and desist the mom-bashing and continue getting ready for school. Suddenly, Lex pushes Trip angrily.

LEX

Trip, you fuckin' asshole.

TRIP

What?

Lex points to a wet mess on the pillow.

LEX

You spilled my Sea Monkeys all over the bed.

DRESSING UP

INT. JAM'S BEDROOM - DAY

Jam gives the Bullworker one final yank. This time it comes loose... not from his foot, but from under the bed. Its handle lashes up SLAPPING him across the face. Ouch.

Fully awake now, Jam throws on Trip's denim jacket. He stuffs a drumstick into his left sock. We see "Mystery" written on it. Just as he's about to stick the other one in his right sock...

Without a second of warning, or even a knock, Mrs. Bruce suddenly ENTERS. Immediately Jam stands.

MRS. BRUCE

Jeremiah, what are you doing?

JAM

Uhh... nothing.

She turns to his closet, the door blocking her view of the KISS poster. Jam leaps to the window and yanks the "Destroyer" shade. It shoots up, FLAPPING around its rod. He's done this before.

Mrs. Bruce peeks at Jam from around his closet door. He stretches in front of the window.

JAM

Ahh, sunshine.

MRS. BRUCE

You're going to be late if you don't hurry up and change soon.

JAM

Change? What's wrong with what I got on?

MRS. BRUCE

It's dirty laundry for one thing and for another, you still haven't worn the clothes I bought you. You're skating on thin ice already, young man, so I wouldn't push my luck. Now get out of those rags.

JAM

But, mom!

MRS. BRUCE

Besides, those jeans are so tight I can see your penis.

Jam reluctantly takes off the denim jacket as Mrs. Bruce grabs the single drumstick from his hand and shakes it at him.

MRS. BRUCE

Someday you'll see the futility in forging a musical career with those idiots.

She turns and rummages through the closet.

JAM

(to himself)

They're not idiots.

MRS. BRUCE

Now don't forget you're on the honor system tonight. I'll be home a little after one and if you've been partying or playing that satanic KISS music... well, need I remind you of the consequences?

JAM

Grounded for the rest of the year?

MRS. BRUCE

You're a smart boy, Jeremiah. And so handsome.

She pulls two Sears department store boxes from the closet and lays them on the bed. Jam is visibly horrified.

THIS IS YOUR MOTHER! / THE GIRL'S ROOM

EXT. ROBERT F. KENNEDY HIGH - DAY

The suburban high school is teeming with morning activity. School buses pull up to the curb. KIDS arrive in droves and immediately find their cliques. The JOCKS and PRIMADONNAS make up the popular crowd. There's DISCO DUDES, FRESHMEN who look like grade schoolers, and GEEKS.

At the smoking section hang the BURNOUTS. Hawk, Trip, and Lex stand amid the other long-hairs.

TRIP

School. What a fuckin' waste of time.

Two GIRLS with tons of make-up, hair so feathered it could fly, and tight clothes, saunter by SNAPPING gum.

HAWK

Will somebody please tell those chicks disco is dead.

LEX

Stellas. I hate stellas almost as much as I hate dogs.

TRIP

Same species when you think about it.

Their words say one thing, but their eyes say another. They can't stop gawking at the chicks' asses. Girl #1 sneers back.

GIRL #1

Don't stare too long, you'll go blind.

The boys quickly cover.

LEX

(defensive)

Yeah, right. She wishes. Look at that big ass.

TRIP

You know what they say about a big ass... big shit.

They chuckle. Just then, Jam steps off a school bus in an unbelievably geeky outfit, white corduroy slacks, plaid shirt buttoned to the top, argyle socks and brown deck shoes.

TRIP

Hey, that dork looks just like Jam.

Hawk and Lex look and laugh when they see him.

LEX

Shit, that dork is Jam.

HAWK

(to Jam)

YO, DOOFUS!

Jam gives them the finger.

INT. SCHOOL LOCKER AREA - DAY

Hawk, Trip, Lex, and Jam grab books from their lockers. KISS stickers, photos, and rock magazine cut-outs line the insides. Jam's locker door is covered with Peter Criss only.

TRIP

So, Jam, who did your wardrobe, Tad the preppie sailboat captain?

JAM

Hey, my mom had me over a barrel, all right. After last night, I had to let her dress me today. It's a give and take relationship.

LEX

Yeah, she gives you shit and you take it.

HAWK

Okay, enough. Enough. Gimme the tickets. I wanna hold onto them.

JAM

They're still at my house in Trip's jacket.

HAWK

They're what?

JAM

She was standing right over me when I was changing for fuck's sake.

TRIP

That's some sick shit right there.

Did she comb your ass hair for you too?

LEX

If your mom so much as smells those tickets, they're history, and we get screwed outta seeing KISS for the third year in a row, the third year!

JAM

Don't worry about it. They're perfectly safe. We can pick them up after school. My mom won't be home. It's no problem.

HAWK

All right. After school we double-time it to your house for the tix before heading to the train station for the 2:45 to Detroit Rock City.

JAM

Check.

The BELL RINGS.

HAWK

As they say in the Tampon biz, see you next period.

SLAM! They shut their lockers in unison.

INT. STUDY HALL - DAY

The STUDY HALL TEACHER grades papers. On the wall a picture of President Carter hangs next to Old Glory. The words "Be Quiet" are written on the blackboard.

Students study, read, doodle, sleep. Jam is at his desk touching up the word "Mystery" on his drumstick. Next to him sits BETH. Quirky, but cute, she stares longingly at him wanting to say something, but not having the guts.

Pleased with his work, Jam puts the drumsticks on the desk and opens a Peter Criss album cover notebook depicting countless doodles of the KISS logo, the Mystery logo, and renderings of Peter Criss.

Beth SIGHS and opens her own notebook. Drawings of hearts fill the pages. In them is written "Beth + Jeremiah" and "I

love Jeremiah."

Then, one of Jam's drumsticks rolls off the desk and onto the floor. Beth quickly reaches down to grab it for him just as he bends to get it too. THUD, they bash heads.

JAM

Oof!

(whispering)

Sorry.

Rubbing her head, she smiles and hands him the drumstick.

BETH

No problem.

JAM

Thanks.

He stuffs his drumsticks in his socks pulling his pantlegs down. Jam and Beth stare at each other. There's a mutual crush, but both are apprehensive about making the first move. Both want to speak, neither does. They awkwardly go back to their notebooks.

Mustering the nerve, Jam breaks the ice and whispers...

JAM

Beth?

Beth spins too quickly. Her pen flies out of her hand.

BETH

Yes?

BOINK! The pen hits Jam in the eye.

JAM

Ow!

Feeling awful, Beth moves in to help. The teacher looks up sternly.

STUDY HALL TEACHER

Mr. Bruce, Miss Bumsteen, is there a problem?

BETH

No. No problem.

Jam points to his eye.

JAM  
Just a little pink eye. No reason to  
panic.

Unamused, the teacher goes back to grading.

BETH  
(whispering)  
Sorry.

JAM  
(handing back pen)  
It's okay.

Beth resumes doodling feeling like an idiot. Jam does too.  
Ah, teenage awkwardness. Finally, Beth musters up some  
courage.

BETH  
Jeremiah?

JAM  
Yeah?

She hems and haw, then...

BETH  
I wanted to tell you something...  
I...

Suddenly, Beth is rudely interrupted by HIGH-PITCHED FEEDBACK  
coming from the P.A. The PRINCIPAL'S VOICE ECHOES over it.

PRINCIPAL'S VOICE  
Jeremiah Bruce, come to the office  
immediately...

Jam throws a startled glance to the speaker as the class  
sings in unison.

WHOLE CLASS  
Oooo, you're in troubaaaallll.

PRINCIPAL'S VOICE  
Your mother's here and would like to  
see you right away...

More FEEDBACK as the mike on the other end changes hands.



MRS. BRUCE'S VOICE

Give me that microphone... Jeremiah,  
you get your sorry self down to this  
office, mister!

All the kids except for Beth burst into hysterical laughter.

Mrs. Bruce's tirade continues over QUICK SHOTS of...

INT. HAWK'S SCIENCE CLASS - DAY

Hawk sits at his lab table burning an eraser with his Bunsen burner. His eyes widen with horror behind his goggles as the other STUDENTS laugh till they hurt.

MRS. BRUCE'S VOICE

I found some things in the pockets  
of your jacket while I was picking  
up your disgusting laundry today...

INT. LEX'S GYM CLASS - DAY

Lex's eyes bug with terror. The basketball game is at a standstill as everyone is crippled with laughter.

MRS. BRUCE'S VOICE

Cigarettes! Marijuana! Prophylactics!

INT. TRIP'S HEALTH CLASS - DAY

Trip dozes at his desk as an out-of-date film about VD sputters on. The room is deafening with laughter. Then, as if hit by a ton of bricks, Trip wakes up alarmed by the familiar, shrilly voice.

MRS. BRUCE'S VOICE

And something much, much worse!

TRIP

Holy shit, my jacket!

4-WAY SPLIT SCREEN

We see Jam, Hawk, Lex, and Trip agog in dread.

MRS. BRUCE'S VOICE

If you know what's good for you,  
you'll get down here... NOW!

INT. JAM'S STUDY HALL - DAY

Jam slowly sinks in his chair under the profoundly humiliating weight of an ENTIRE SCHOOL'S ECHOED LAUGHTER.

INT. WAITING AREA - DAY

Mrs. Bruce sits next to a stand-up ashtray in the high school's waiting area. Scowling, she fans the KISS tickets out with one hand. Jam sits across from her, one leg jittering anxiously.

They sit for an uncomfortably long time until... Mrs. Bruce pulls a cigarette and lighter out of her purse.

MRS. BRUCE

I made an appointment with Father Phillip McNulty at St. Bernard's. We're to see him directly where he will register you on the spot.

JAM

You mean, you're sending me to... b-b-b-boarding school?

MRS. BRUCE

What else can I do? Oh, records and magazines and comic books are one thing, but tickets? TICKETS? Jeremiah, do you realize what this means? That you're no longer content merely hearing their awful songs or looking at photos of their horrific faces! Now you want to see the devil in the flesh. You want to reach out and touch pure evil... and in Detroit no less!

She flicks the lighter, not yet lighting the cigarette.

JAM

Mom, three of those tickets don't even belong to me. They're for the guys.

Mrs. Bruce holds the tickets over the lighter's flame.

MRS. BRUCE

And if the "guys" have parents who truly love them, they will elevate

me to sainthood for getting rid of these blasted things.

Mrs. Bruce lights her smoke with the flaming tickets, then drops them in the ashtray where they burn for a cruel eternity. Jam stares semi-catatonic through his mom's sour expression.

MRS. BRUCE

It's been a long time coming, son, but you're finally going to get the kind of discipline you deserve.

She stands and pulls him out the front entrance by his arm.

REVERSE ANGLE ON NEARBY CORNER

Hawk, Trip, and Lex peek around it, their heads forming a totem pole. One-by-one they pull back.

AROUND THE CORNER

They slump against the wall devastated.

LEX

I knew it! I knew this was gonna happen! I had a bad feeling since last night. Remember? We are so totally fucked!

TRIP

Waitaminit, dudes! I got it! Maybe we can glue the tickets back together!

HAWK

What are you, high?

TRIP

Yeah.

HAWK

For once Lex is right. It's over. Things can't get any worse from here.

Suddenly, a caustic voice BLURTS from down the hall.

VOICE

I hope you rodents have hall passes!

The boys whip their heads around to see a potbellied, yellow-

toothed, security officer with long sideburns and slicked back hair at the far end of the hall, fists on his hips.  
Meet ELVIS.

LEX  
Wanna bet.

ELVIS  
Could that be three detentions I  
smell?

Elvis laughs and breaks into a run barreling down on them like a maniac. Keys JANGLING furiously.

HAWK  
Second floor girls' john! Two minutes!  
He'll never look there!

LEX  
Check!

They take off in three different directions. Still laughing, Elvis stops where the boys just were. Which one to follow? He bolts after Hawk who has taken the nearest staircase.

INT/EXT. JAM'S STUDY HALL - DAY

Beth looks sadly out the window watching Mrs. Bruce push Jam in the car. Beth puts her hand on the pane wanting to touch him.

INT. STAIRWAY - DAY

Meanwhile, Elvis HUFFS and PUFFS up a flight of stairs arriving at a set of swinging doors. He goes to push one in, but it swings out at him with a vengeance knocking him backward.

From behind it pops Hawk wielding a fire extinguisher. BLAST! A hail of foam covers Elvis's face. Hawk shoves the extinguisher into the man's arms and pushes Elvis backwards down the stairs. He topples ass-over-head till he hits the landing.

HAWK  
You're way out of your league, Elvis.

Elvis rises and shakes the CO2 off like a wet dog. Looking up, he sees the door gently swinging in and out. No sign of Hawk.

INT. GIRLS' BATHROOM - DAY

Trip kicks a bathroom stall violently.

TRIP  
Fuck! Shit!

Lex sits on the toilet in the stall.

LEX  
Hey, take it easy, man. This is the girls' crapper, remember?

TRIP  
Wake up, Lex! We just watched Jam's mom torch our fuckin' KISS tickets! Not REO Speedwagon! Not Journey! Not the Bay City Rollers! KISS! If you can think of a better reason to trash a bathroom, I'd sure like to hear it!

LEX  
Trip, it's not the end of the world, okay? Quit acting all squeezed out.

Trip grabs Lex by the collar, yanks him off the toilet and shoves him against the wall.

TRIP  
Oh, everything's hunky-dory now that the shit hit the fan just like you said it would, you snug sonofabitch! You fuckin' jinxed us!

LEX  
Smug, Trip! Not snug, smug.

Hawk bursts into the bathroom.

HAWK  
We're clear, dudes.

They run to exit. Hawk first. Suddenly, Hawk backs up again into Trip and Lex as if a swarm of killer bees was out there.

HAWK  
A skirt just came around the corner.

Hawk, Trip, and Lex run back and pile into the last stall. All three stand on the toilet bracing their arms against the walls for balance.

A FOXY GIRL hurries into the stall next to theirs. We see the top halves of three heads peek over the stall's partition. The three boys don't make a sound as they watch her sit down.

As she glances up, they recoil fast. They whisper super-quiet.

HAWK  
That's Sherry VanHafton.

LEX  
I've been in love with her since the second grade.

Then, a SOUND OF TINKLING. They all throw their hands over their mouths to stifle the giggles. Suddenly, POOT! She lets out an ECHOED FART. The boys are awestruck.

HAWK  
Whoa... she just farted.

LEX  
I have never heard a girl squeeze cheese in my entire life.

HAWK  
Weird...

Pause.

TRIP  
Peeeyeewww! That stinks!

Just then, the SOUND OF CRACKING PORCELAIN, as the toilet they're standing on breaks into pieces with a SMASH. They topple over pulling the stall walls down with them exposing the foxy chick sitting on the can. Water GUSHES everywhere as she screams bloody murder, getting doused ruining her Farrah-do.

They bolt out the door slipping and sliding across the torrent of toilet water. Lex turns and shrugs to the traumatized girl.

LEX  
Heh-heh, sorry.

He's gone.

CALLER 106 / ELVIS ATTACKS

INT. MRS. BRUCE'S CAR - DAY

Mrs. Bruce uses a finished cigarette to light another.

MRS. BRUCE

Someday you'll have a son just like you, Jeremiah. A boy who lies through his teeth, buys demonic records, and smokes the dope just like you.

JAM

(numbly)

If I'm anything like you, I'll deserve him.

MRS. BRUCE

What?!

JAM

I said, I'm sorry!

MRS. BRUCE

If you truly are sorry, son, then you better pray like you've never prayed before. God willed me to find those tickets because He wanted to hear from you. He knows you need help and He wants you to ask Him for it.

EXT. ST. BERNARD'S - DAY

Mrs. Bruce's car turns off the road and drives through an imposing set of wrought iron gates. The sign reads: St. Bernard's Veil of Tears. A School for Catholic Boys.

INT. MRS. BRUCE'S CAR - DAY

Jam looks at what lies ahead. His face becomes a mask of pure terror. We hear a THUNDER CLAP as Jam puts his hands together and closes his eyes humbling himself. He whispers.

JAM

Please, God, help.

EXT. ST. BERNARD'S - DAY

The car winds up the path leading to a dark, Gothic edifice over which tumultuous storm clouds continuously hover. THUNDER BELCHES and bolts of lightning shoot at the blackened crucifixes along the structure. We hear a SCARY ORGAN theme.

INT. VOC/TECH DEPT. - DAY

Except for the tinkering NOISES that are heard as the STUDENTS work on their projects, there is silence in Electronics Class.

The teacher, MR. JOHANSEN, sips from a coffee cup and reads a newspaper, his feet on the desk. The headline says: "Mass Suicide in Jonestown. Cyanide in the Kool-Aid." Above him is a long banner reading: "Sorry, Absolutely no bathroom breaks".

Hawk, Trip, and Lex sit before a half-built radio on a work bench, sheer desperation etched on their faces.

Lex solders two copper wires together. Hawk attaches a dial. Trip absently plays with a squeeze pump attached to a long plastic tube. He blows air into his face repeatedly with it.

TRIP

(re:squeeze pump/tube)

Wonder if you could smoke shit out of this?

HAWK

Maybe some tunage'll chase those blues away.

Hawk turns the radio on and a HIGH FREQUENCY WHINE pours from its speaker. He adjusts the volume, then the tuner, until a DJ's VOICE comes through crisp and clear.

DJ'S VOICE

...and this is Simple Simon on the rock of Detroit, W.A.R.P., home of the biggest KISS giveaway in the history of the universe!

Detroit? DETROIT? Hawk, Trip, and Lex react like they've just been hit by phasers on stun. God is intervening.

DJ'S VOICE

I got four, count 'em, four front row tickets along with four backstage passes to the concert tonight at Cobo Hall and I'm giving them to the



106th caller who can tell me the  
real names of each KISS band member!

HIGH FREQUENCY NOISES again, then the radio loses reception.  
Hawk exchanges an anxious glance with Trip and Lex.

LEX

Too bad we're stuck in electronics  
or...

HAWK

Never mind with the too bad shit. I  
got a crazy plan, but only the  
craziest among us can pull it off.

DISSOLVE TO: MOMENTS LATER

Mr. Johansen still sits with his feet up, reading. The next  
page's headline reads: First Test Tube Baby Born.

Trip runs up to Mr. J's desk, one hand behind his back, the  
other on his crotch. His face is drawn in an expression of  
sheer agony. Hawk and Lex watch anxiously in the background.

MR.J

Mr. Verudi, get back to your bench.

Trip puts one leg over the other always keeping a hand behind  
his back.

TRIP

But I gotta take a piss like you  
would not believe, Mr. Johansen!

MR.J

Put a clothespin on it till the end  
of class, Verudi. You know my rule.

TRIP

But ever since my doctor put me on  
salt pills, it's been like Niagara  
Falls every half hour! Please, Mr.  
J! Have mercy!

Suddenly, a wet stain grows across the crotch of Trip's pants.

MR.J

Salt pills? Don't insult my  
intelligence, Verudi...

Mr. J. stops when he sees the stain starting to spread.

TRIP

Jeezis, I'm taking a leak in my pants!

We now see Trip is squeezing the pump from before. He holds it behind him feeding water into the tube running down the back of his pants.

The stain travels fast, hitting Trip's knee in a nanosecond. In a state of shock, Mr. J. slowly opens a long forgotten drawer on his desk, finding a cobweb and dust-covered pad of bathroom passes. He tears one off and dust flies everywhere.

He holds the pass out to Trip like it was a cross he was holding before an advancing vampire.

MR.J

(hoarsely)

Get the hell out of here, Verudi!

You disgust me!

Hawk and Lex observe that Trip has been successful, then do a Three Stooges-style handshake, whispering "Curly!"

INT. FRONT OFFICE - DAY

The SECRETARY sits at her desk in the reception area filing paperwork. She pauses when she hears RUNNING FOOTSTEPS. Trip charges past, a big, wet stain on his crotch.

The secretary notices the pump and tube flopping from the back of his pants as Trip turns a corner.

INT. MAIN CORRIDOR - DAY

Trip runs up to a pay phone on the wall, pumps every nickel he has into it, puts the phone to his ear and dials.

TRIP

I need to be connected to the W.A.R.P.

contest hotline... Now... lady!...

Hello, is this me? I'm Trip.

INT. SCHOOL SECURITY OFFICE - DAY

A cubby-of-an-office. Cluttered beyond belief. Elvis leans back on his chair against the wall reading a PLOP Magazine. A transistor radio plays W.A.R.P. He bolts at the sound of Trip's name causing his chair to slide out from under him.

THWAM!

TRIP ON RADIO

Am I on the air?... Yeah... Gene Klein, Stanley Eisen, Paul Frehley, and Peter, uh, Criscoula... yeah, that's it!

INT. FRONT OFFICE - DAY

The secretary hears an ecstatic "YEEEHAAWW" and turns to see Trip wheeling back around the corner, leaping in the air as he runs, YOWLING like a rodeo cowboy. He bounds past her. She watches him and shakes her head.

SECRETARY

(to herself)

Moron.

INT. SECURITY OFFICE - DAY

Still on the floor, Elvis grabs the little radio with rage, flips it off and screams at it.

ELVIS

Why you little...! Over my dead body!

The bell RINGS.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE VOC/TECH ROOM - DAY

Students pour into the hall. Hawk and Lex exit the class just as Trip comes zigzagging down the corridor dodging the hordes. All three converge as Trip can't contain his enthusiasm.

TRIP

I did it! I did it! We won!

LEX

We won?!

HAWK

Fuckin' A! Woooooo!

The three burnouts jump, scream, HOOT, and play air instruments like loons as if they're the only ones in the hall. They can't stop. The rest of the student body are not amused

## INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

Hawk, Trip, and Lex hold their trays over the counter as the LUNCH LADIES fill them with Salisbury steak, hard dinner rolls and scoops of bluish pudding. Ah, public school nutrition.

TRIP

(stoked)

This is the best thing that ever happened to me at school! Not only are we on again for KISS in Detroit, but we're actually sitting right at the fifty yard line! I dare you dudes to find a curlier scenario.

HAWK

(double stoked)

Stan Lee couldn't think of a better one.

LEX

The Chinese have a proverb: "That which appears too good to be true, usually is." There's gotta be a catch.

TRIP

Yeah? I have a saying too, Lex. It goes, "Catch my jizz in your mouth and stop jinxing us, asshole." We're going this time and that's all there is to it.

HAWK

I'm afraid our constipated little friend is right this time, Trip. There is a catch.

Hawk's really got their attention now.

TRIP

Namely?

HAWK

Our band "Mystery" is a quartet and we can't go on the road without our drummer. Jam's mom said something about sending him to St. Bernard's, right? We gotta bust him out before we go anywhere.

LEX

But... but, St. Bernard's is way the hell over in the next county!

HAWK

So? Your mom's car has a CB, radar detector and cruise control, check?

LEX

We are not stealing my mom's car.

HAWK

Damn straight we are.

LEX

Hawk, all I need is one ding on the Volvo and presto! There are my balls hanging from the rearview mirror after she gets back from Cincinnati.

HAWK

And when is she due back from that gynecologist's convention anyway?

LEX

Sunday, but...

HAWK

Then lighten up. She'll never know we touched it. Alright, here's the plan. We bus it to chez Lex, grab the Volvo, bail Jam the hell outta St. Bernard's and arrive at the train station precisely on time for the 2:45 to Detroit.

TRIP

Simplicity, Hawk.

LEX

Simple-icity is more like it. And you guys thought Jam was in trouble before. Wait till Mrs. Bruce finds out he went to that concert with us.

HAWK

There's only so much trouble an individual can get into till it just doesn't matter anymore, Lex. You

familiar with a condition known as  
Absolute Zero?

LEX

The hypothetical temperature  
characterized by the absence of heat  
and even the slightest amount of  
molecular activity? Yeah, I'm vaguely  
familiar

HAWK

Well, Jam is in absolute trouble. He  
couldn't get any deeper into shit if  
he was a fly sitting in a horse's  
ass. You know as well as me he'd  
give his right arm just to see Peter  
Criss's drum solo, never mind a whole  
KISS concert, check?

Lex nods.

HAWK

Well, the least we, his only buds in  
the world, can do is take him along  
with us tonight and give him one  
last curl before he starts serving  
his sentence.

TRIP

Just for the record, I understood  
the last part of what you said, but  
for a while there you guys were making  
no fucking sense whatsoever.

HAWK

I was just explaining to Lex here  
what you and I already know. Just  
had to make it a little more  
complicated so he'd understand.

LEX

Very funny, Hawk. Okay, I'm in on  
this hare-brained scheme, but if  
anything happens to my mom's car,  
I'm blaming you. I'll say you drugged  
me or something.

HAWK

Curly.

Hawk scopes out the cafeteria to make sure the coast is clear.

HAWK

Ok, dudes, follow my lead.

LEX

Wait a minute. We ditching the rest of school?

TRIP

About fuckin' time if you ask me. I'm just going through the motions till I drop out anyway.

LEX

Hello summer detention.

HAWK

As I was saying, follow my lead. And maintain. Elvis just showed up.

Hawk points across the cafeteria and sure enough Elvis has just entered. Luckily, he hasn't noticed the boys yet.

Elvis swaggers to a table of CHEERLEADERS, puts his leg on a chair and starts a one-sided conversation with them. They promptly push their trays away, having lost their appetites.

Meanwhile, back at the condiment tray, Hawk and Trip each grab a big handful of ketchup packets and head to a table. Lex reluctantly follows suit grabbing a big handful of ketchup packets too. All three of them put their trays down and sit.

HAWK

(eyeing Elvis)

Five second rule, boys. See you on the other side.

Hawk approaches the exit door, glances either way, then leaves.

Trip and Lex look at their watches for five seconds. Then Trip heads for the exit door also.

Lex still stares at his watch. After five, he looks at Elvis, who stops talking to the cheerleaders. As if possessing some sixth sense, Elvis turns quickly and looks STRAIGHT INTO CAMERA.

ELVIS'S POV – He spots the swinging exit door and an empty

table with three full lunch trays sitting on it.

ELVIS

Excuse me, ladies.

Relieved he's gone, the cheerleaders start eating again.

Elvis moves through the cafeteria in SLOW MOTION toward the exit door. The hunter in action.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Elvis pushes through the door and into a hall, dead-eye stare focused up ahead where the hallway turns sharply. He catches a glimpse of Lex. Smiling like the devil, Elvis bolts.

INT. OTHER HALLWAY - DAY

Lex catches up with Hawk and Trip just as Elvis swings around the corner and marauds after them CACKLING maniacally. A mad chase ensues. Down hallways. Around corners. Upstairs. Down ramps.

Hawk, Trip, and Lex scramble as fast as they can to escape the clutches of their sideburn-clad nemesis.

As the boys pass a classroom, a NERD comes out pushing a projector on an AV cart. Thinking fast, Hawk grabs it out of the nerd's hands and pushes it down the hall at Elvis.

NERD

Hey, I'm responsible for that!

CRASH! Elvis bashes face-first into the rolling cart. He and the projector go tumbling. Not wasting a second, Elvis is back on his feet and after them again. The nerd grabs his hair in horror at the sight of the smashed projector.

AROUND A CORNER

Elvis SKIDS around the corner and trips on a fire hose stretched across the floor from its glass box to a water fountain pipe. He slides on his belly along the polished floor unable to stop.

INT. ENGLISH CLASS - DAY

Old MISS HIBBS is lecturing on MOBY DICK. The kids are dozing.

MISS HIBBS



Then a cry from the crow's nest...  
"Thar she blows!"

Suddenly, a screaming Elvis slides into the open door on his stomach and bowls Miss Hibbs over like a Brunswick. He clamors to his feet and shoots out the room leaving everyone stunned.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Pausing at the corner, Elvis takes a breath and leaps around it. He smiles at what he sees.

Up ahead, Hawk, Lex, and Trip stand on a 3-stair stoop, desperately pulling at a locked door. Elvis smiles. They GULP.

ELVIS

KISS concert? Kiss my ass more like.  
A nice, fat detention oughta put a  
crimp in this evening's plans.

Elvis takes his key ring off his belt and begins twirling it. The boys turn and face him. He savors the moment.

ELVIS

Looking for something, rodents?

HAWK

Yeah, Elvis...

Hawk's brow furrows as he pulls about fifty ketchup packets out of his pocket. Trip and Lex do the same.

HAWK

..Your ass on a lunch tray.

Elvis laughs and lurches forward – the boys' cue to drop the ketchup packets at their feet and...

HAWK

On your marks and...

Trip and Lex ready themselves, then...

HAWK

Fire!

They start stomping on the packets, squirting Elvis's face and torso with tomato-based condiment causing him to let out a scream that lasts the rest of the scene. Ketchup spatters

across his body in SUPER SLOW MOTION. A shot hits him in the mouth and he COUGHS it back out in mid-scream.

The boys stomp relentlessly, mercilessly, blasting their nemesis with hideous cafeteria red as Elvis throws his arms back, body quaking at every splat. It's kind of like the scene in "The Godfather" where Sonny gets it.

Beaten and spent, his scream now dried up to a hoarse GASPING, Elvis slips on some ketchup at his feet. He hits the floor with a THUD right in the goop. He lays there letting out DRY SOBS looking like a bunless wiener.

Hawk jumps off the stoop. Taking Elvis's key chain away, he hops back up and unlocks the door letting Trip and Lex out. Hawk whips the keys back at Elvis, hitting him in the head, then flashes a pearly Error Flynn smile.

HAWK

Elvis, you ain't nothin' but a hot dog.

Hawk bolts out the door. Elvis tries to get up only to slip in the muck again and fall back down twice as hard.

ELVIS

Nooooo!!

JAILBREAK

EXT. STREET IN THE NEXT COUNTY - DAY

C/U on the grill of a moving car, Ohio vanity plate reading: Ob-GYN.

PULL BACK to reveal it's on a brand spanking-new, brown Volvo 242 DL hauling ass. Hawk drives, Lex rides shotgun, and Trip sits in the back, arms draped over the front seat.

EXT. ST. BERNARD'S - DAY

The Volvo turns and barrels up St. Bernard's gated entrance.

INT. VOLVO - DAY

TRIP

Well, here we are back at fucking school again.

LEX

Huh. St. Bernard's. Figures it's named after a canine.

Hawk and Trip roll their eyes.

#### INT. ST. BERNARD'S BOARDING SCHOOL - DAY

Mrs. Bruce and FATHER McNULTY stand outside his office. The door is open a tad. Jam sits just beyond it, but all we see are his corduroyed legs which shake. Jam is one nervous kid.

MRS. BRUCE

Again, many thanks and praise to you for seeing Jeremiah on such short notice.

Father McNulty has a look of utter compassion on his face.

FATHER MCNULTY

Anything for a potential tuition... to be given to charity of course.

MRS. BRUCE

God bless you, Father McNulty.

FATHER MCNULTY

He already has.

They hug. She exits. And the look of utter compassion on Father McNulty's face disappears.

#### INT. FATHER MCNULTY'S OFFICE - DAY

The priest enters, SLAMS the door shut, startling Jam, and sits in front of a painting of the Virgin Mary on his wall. The name plate on his desk reads: FR. PHILIP McNULTY.

FATHER MCNULTY

Before enrolling you, Jeremiah, let me just say it would be greatly appreciated if your career at St. Bernard's was an uneventful one. Some students believe they can get expelled through disobedience and recklessness. What they don't understand is even after God's vengeance is meted out, He forgives. That His devastating anger is followed by His nurturing compassion. In a nutshell, St. Bernard's may punish

you even for the slightest digression,  
but will never cast you out, even  
for the largest. So here you are,  
Jeremiah... here to stay!

Father McNulty sticks the pencil into an electric pencil sharpener and it makes the same NOISE a DENTIST'S DRILL does when burrowing into a molar. Jam shudders.

The Father removes the pencil and blows the shavings away from the needle-sharp tip.

FATHER MCNULTY  
Let's begin the enrollment, shall  
we?

EXT. ST. BERNARD'S - DAY

Mrs. Bruce exits the building and approaches her car. She stops when she sees the '78 brown Volvo parked behind her. It's empty. She shrugs and gets into her car, driving off.

Inside the Volvo Hawk, Trip, and Lex poke their heads up. The coast is clear so they can sit straight again. They stare up at a second story window where they see part of Jam's profile.

LEX  
Now, how are we gonna do this?

HAWK  
Gimme a second, dudes. Lemme think.

They hear an ENGINE and turn to see a delivery truck labelled PIZZA PIG parking behind them. A DELIVERY BOY holding a pizza box steps out. Trip's mouth waters.

TRIP  
(licking his chops)  
Mmm, pizza...

Seeing the boys, the delivery boy stops at the Volvo.

DELIVERY BOY  
Hey, you guys know where...  
(looks at slip on box)  
Philip McNulty's office is?

Hawk, Trip, and Lex exchange an anxious glance, then Hawk smiles. He is officially inspired as he turns to the boy.

HAWK

Yeah, I'm Philip McNutly.

INT. FATHER MCNULTY'S OFFICE - DAY

The Father TAPS his pencil looking impatiently at Jam who has totally withdrawn. He sits motionless staring into space.

FATHER MCNULTY

Jeremiah, are you aware you need to answer these questions, not just listen to them? Jeremiah?

Jam doesn't respond.

FATHER MCNULTY

Please don't become difficult this early in your stay. I hate disciplining boys before I get to know them.

A NUN enters KNOCKING.

NUN

Forgive me, Father. A young man here with a pizza for you?

FATHER MCNULTY

Ah, yes! Send him in Sister Conimaria.

The nun exits and a second later Hawk enters wearing Lex's baseball cap pulled down over his eyes.

FATHER MCNULTY

Well, what's the damage, pizza fellow?

HAWK

Ten even.

The priest swivels his chair around and unlocks a box labelled "Donations." While he looks for cash, Hawk gives Jam a discreet kick in the shin. Jam looks up and recognizes Hawk. He then looks out the window seeing Trip, Lex, and the Volvo below.

For the first time we see what Jam looks like with a big, fat, shit-eating grin on his face.

HAWK

(whispering to Jam)  
If he offers you a slice, you're not  
the least bit hungry, check?

JAM  
(whispering)  
Check.

Father McNulty swivels back around with a ten.

FATHER MCNULTY  
Here's ten and I'm donating your tip  
to the church. The Lord thanks you.

HAWK  
Tell the Big Guy not to mention it.

Hawk takes the ten, tips the brim of the baseball cap and  
leaves, giving Jam a cautious wink as he goes.

FATHER MCNULTY  
And not a moment too soon. I'm  
famished. I hope you brought a lunch  
for yourself.

JAM  
No, but I'm not hungry anyway.

Father McNulty raises his eyebrows, then opens the pizza  
box.

FATHER MCNULTY  
Well! It finally speaks. There's one  
barrier we've broken through.

Father McNulty smiles, taking a big bite. Jam smiles for an  
entirely different reason. The priest mumbles with a mouthful.

FATHER MCNULTY  
You know, your coming here reminds  
me of a gospel called The Prodigal  
Son.

Jam grins a bit feigning interest.

FATHER MCNULTY  
There was once a farmer who had two  
sons. Both grew up on the farm,  
helping their father until...  
(suddenly alarmed)

GYAAACK!

Father McNulty GAGS sticking his pizza-covered tongue out. He pours himself a glass of wine and sucks it down looking concerned for the moment. Finally, he BELCHES.

FATHER MCNULTY

That was a very stale mushroom.

(beat)

Where was I?... Ah, yes, one day the elder son decided to leave the farm...

INT. VOLVO - DAY

Hawk, Trip, and Lex look up at Father McNulty's window.

TRIP

Usually takes anywhere from ten minutes to half an hour.

They look at their watches, then back at the window.

HAWK

Shit! This is such a lousy view. How the hell are we gonna know when he's lit?

Just then, INSANE LAUGHTER bellows from the window above.

TRIP

He's lit.

INT. FATHER MCNULTY'S OFFICE - DAY

The Father has undergone a metamorphosis. He's redder than a boiling lobster, his eyes bulge and he's laughing the deepest laugh a man can without risking psychological evaluation.

Jam watches fascinated as the priest tries to finish the story. It's not every day you see a holy man tripping on shrooms.

FATHER MCNULTY

(in mid-guffaw)

So then, the younger one says, "But dad... I've been helping you on the farm my entire life!

(belly laugh)

You never once slaughtered the fatted calf for me!" And then...

(more belly laughter)  
Forgive me, Jeremiah, it's just that... I've been telling this gospel for years and... I just now realized it's the work of some comedy mastermind! The Prodigal Son is a barrel of fucking monkeys!

Father McNulty belly laughs so hard this time, he slides off his chair hitting his chin on the edge of his desk. He is in pain only momentarily, then laughs again, this time at his own pratfall. He hoists himself back into his chair.

Hawk, Trip, and Lex suddenly barge into the office, followed by the outraged nun.

NUN  
You kids can't go in there!

HAWK  
It's okay, we're old buds of Father McNulty... How's it hangin', padre?

FATHER MCNULTY  
A little to the right, pizza fellow.

Father McNulty laughs some more.

HAWK  
That was another dude. Anyway, we're here to take our bud Jam to the big satanic KISS concert tonight. Okay with you?

FATHER MCNULTY  
(waving)  
Rock on!

Jam gets up and all four boys exit.

FATHER MCNULTY  
(yelling after them)  
Give my regards to the guy with the really big tongue!

The nun looks at the priest, deep concern in her eyes.

FATHER MCNULTY  
What the hell are you doing, Sister Gonorrhoea, waiting for a bus?



He lets out a belly laugh as the shocked nun runs from the office. Father McNulty laughs even louder at her behavior, POUNDING his fists on the desk, tears rolling down his cheeks, until...

He suddenly glimpses at the painting of the Virgin Mary and abruptly stops laughing. What appears to be extreme contrition washes over his face as he moves closer to the painting.

FATHER MCNULTY

Jesus H. Christ, look at all the colors.

GUIDOS

INT. VOLVO - DAY

Hawk drives, Trip rides shotgun, Lex and Jam sit in the back. Stoked beyond belief, Jam POUNDS his drumsticks on the upholstery to the beat of a rockin' KISS tune playing on the 8-track.

JAM

Oh, man, my mom is gonna send me to Alcatraz for this and I don't even care! I'm gonna see Peter Criss's drum solo!

Lex taps Jam on the shoulder.

LEX

Not looking like that, Mr. Rogers.

Lex hands him a paper bag with jeans and a tee-shirt in it.

LEX

We got you a change of duds when we picked up the car.

HAWK

Next stop: the 2:45 to Detroit Rock City!

The boys do their Three Stooges handshake and say "Curly!"

Jam starts to change. Just then, the Volvo passes a two-tone Chevy Impala with luggage tied to the roof. The passenger in the back seat turns and spots Jam pulling off his pants. It's Beth. Her eyes bulge. Beth parents are in the front.

Jam spots her and beams. Their eyes lock. She waves and starts to yell something, when... suddenly... BANG!

The boys look out the driver's side of the car to see the rear hubcap rolling away. They've got a flat.

LEX  
(screams)  
My mom's hubcap!

The car fishtails and weaves but Hawk manages to pull over. The Chevy continues on, Beth gazing out the rear window sadly.

HAWK  
Shit!  
(looks at car clock)  
Anybody know how long it takes to  
fix a flat?

EXT. LOCAL TRAIN STOP - DAY

ANGLE ON a status report. The 2:45 is now leaving. We see is Hawk, Trip, Lex, and Jam running alongside a train as it picks up speed by the second. They YELL for it to stop, but it's hopeless. The train is gone. So much for the 2:45.

INT. VOLVO - DAY

Lex looks at the speedometer. Hawk's got it up to ninety-five.

LEX  
Jeezis, Hawk, can you at least keep  
it within twenty miles of the speed  
limit?

HAWK  
Lex, am I gonna have to lock you in  
the trunk till we reach Detroit?  
Don't worry, these babies are built  
for speed.

Trip holds his stomach as we hear it GROWL.

TRIP  
I'm starvin' and it's way past  
lunchtime.

HAWK

Totally. All I've had for chow was a packet of Pop Rocks and a Yoo-hoo.

Trip spots a sign on the side of the road: Next Exit, Sandusky.

TRIP

Let's stop in Sandusky, Hawk.

HAWK

What's in Sandusky?

TRIP

Pizza, and I been jones-in' for a pizza ever since we left St. Bernard's.

DISSOLVE TO:

MOMENTS LATER

INT. VOLVO - DAY

The boys chomp on their pizza slices and chug cans of Hawaiian Punch. Another raucous KISS tune BLARES.

Behind them, a car horn starts HONKING rhythmically. Hawk looks into the rearview mirror and sees two guys and two girls in a tailgating Trans Am.

The guys have 90 M.P.H. haircuts, tacky, wide-collared shirts, and massive amounts of jewelry on their necks.

The girls wear 10-layer make-up, mega-jewelry, and hair teased so high, it touches the car's roof.

HAWK

Only a car full of guidos and stellas would ride someone's ass on a two-lane road and beep.

INT. TRANS AM - DAY

The speakers BLAST a DISCO SONG to which the four passengers sing. KENNY, the driver, HONKS to the disco beat.

They're slightly older than our heroes and very full of themselves. Kenny and his best girl CHRISTINE sit in the front. BOBBY and BARBARA are in the back. It's a double disco date.

INT. VOLVO - DAY

Trip lifts a rubbery slice of pizza to his mouth and the top layer slides off PLOPPING into his lap.

TRIP

Eyowch! This is one hot pizza!

LEX

Trip, huck that out before it stains the upholstery!

Trip grabs the wad of goop and throws it out the window.

EXT. TRANS AM - DAY

Just as the DISCO TUNE playing in the Trans Am hits the next chorus, a fistful of pizza SPLATTERS across the windshield. Freaked, Kenny swerves and zigzags all over the road.

Righting himself, Kenny's entire family might as well have been insulted.

KENNY

Stop singing... NOW!

He turns off the stereo and floors the accelerator, swerving into the left lane and passing the Volvo. Bobby is just now noticing the mess on the windshield.

He starts to laugh.

BOBBY

Hey, Kenny, look! There's a hunk of fawkin' cheese on your windsheel!

INT. VOLVO - DAY

Lex is looking at the mess on the Trans Am's windshield and the anger in the eyes of its passengers.

LEX

Holy shit! We just pissed off the Incredible Hulk, his idiot half brother and two circus clowns.

The Trans Am runs alongside the Volvo and Hawk turns to see Kenny pointing to the breakdown lane.

KENNY

Stop the friggin' car NOW!

Hawk rolls up his window. Kenny yells, VOICE MUFFLED, and points to Hawk who pays absolutely no attention whatsoever.

JAM

Don't you think we should at least pull over and offer to clean it off?

HAWK

What?! Are you mentally deranged, Jam?

Just then, SLAM, the Trans Am bangs up against the side of the Volvo pushing it onto the shoulder.

HAWK

What the fuck!

LEX

(freaking out)

The paint!

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

The Trans Am muscles the Volvo into the breakdown lane. Parking the ass end of the Pontiac out a bit, Kenny blocks the Volvo in. Kenny and Bobby climb from their car and storm over to the boys.

Hawk opens his door just as Kenny's hairy-knuckled hands pull him out through the window. He grabs Trip, yanking him out too. Bobby opens the back door and does the same with Lex and Jam.

With a kid in each hand now, Kenny and Bobby SLAM the four boys against the Volvo in a line. The size difference between the burnouts and the guidos is painfully obvious now. Kenny and Bobby are Neanderthals.

KENNY

Do you realize the sheer, goddamn, unadulterated, undiluted, no holds barred, one hundred percent pure as Ivory Snow, absolutely friggin' STUPIDITY of what you just did?

HAWK

Hey, disco dude, it's cool...

Kenny hauls back and SLAPS the row of boys in the faces Three Stooges-style... WHACKWHACKWHACKWHACK!

KENNY  
DO YOU?!

Trip, Lex, and Jam clutch their faces in pain. Hawk looks merely disenchanted as Kenny pokes a muscle-bound finger at his chest. Getting in Hawk's face, Kenny yammers loud and fast.

KENNY  
Lemme paint you a friggin' picture  
ahright? Imagine if you will a 1978  
Pontiac Trans American in pristine  
condition.  
(beat)  
An appealing portrait, nespah?

Hawk starts to say "yes."

KENNY  
BUT WAIT! What's that spec on the  
windshield? Could it be a wad of  
melted mozzarella, tangy tomato sauce,  
and various friggin' meat products?

Hawk is unimpressed.

HAWK  
Could be.

KENNY  
And if it ain't cleaned off?

CHRISTINE  
Kenny, come on with the macho crap  
already. Like this kid could take  
you in a fight anyway.

KENNY  
(ignoring Christine)  
Answer me, hippie girl. And if the  
mess ain't cleaned off my car?

HAWK  
It could... bake on?

Kenny looks at Bobby and they exchange moronic grins.

KENNY

You're a smart little homo, aren't you, hippie girl? But, while astounded at your nimble, friggin' insight, I still detect an issue hanging fire, namely: where does a sharp-witted faggot like yourself get off doing such a dopey thing like that there?

Hawk figured out that any answer he gives will be incorrect and has decided to wait till Kenny's done.

KENNY

No really, I'm perplexed. I mean, could you have done stupider if you were born without a FUCKIN' HEAD?!

CHRISTINE

(using "oh" to mean "enough")  
Oh! With the language!

KENNY

Shut-up, Christine!

Christine snarls at Kenny.

HAWK

Okay, Kenny? I don't mean to drain your keg or anything, but could you speed up this process?

(beat)

Don't get me wrong, we'd love to stand here and get shit on by the cast of Saturday Night Fever, but we're also on a schedule. So step on it.

Cold silence as Kenny replays Hawk's insult over in his head.

KENNY

Are you gettin' wise with me?

HAWK

No, I'm dumber than a goddamn slug. Now can I please clean your windshield and leave without further ado?

BOBBY

Break his fawkin' legs, Kenny!

Kenny's temper's rising faster than the price of gasoline.  
Hawk on the other hand is cooler than an Otter Pop.

KENNY

Oh, you're dumb all right, you hairy  
ass punk. But please, allow me to  
clean the friggin' windshield. I  
insist.

And with that, Kenny grabs himself a fistful of Hawk's long  
hair and pulls him over to the Trans Am. He wipes the pizza  
off with Hawk's hair, tugging Hawk's head up and down, back  
and forth. Hawk GRUNTS with each wipe, but doesn't give Kenny  
the satisfaction of hearing him scream.

Trip, Lex, and Jam watch helplessly, trapped under Bobby's  
dull-witted, but equally threatening gaze.

Kenny gets the last of the big chunks off his windshield and  
looks at his handiwork.

KENNY

There. Nice and clean.

He throws Hawk to the ground and smiles at Bobby. Then, he  
suddenly hears the KISS tune coming from the Volvo. Uh-oh!

KENNY

Oh, no, no, no! It's the fag band!

Kenny clenches his jaws and walks up to the Volvo, reaching  
in the driver's door. Suddenly Jam grabs his wrist.

JAM

Whoa! This is about pizza! Let's  
leave KISS out of it. Please.

KENNY

A bunch of guys who make bad music,  
dress like freaks, and wear more  
make-up than all my sisters combined?  
These assholes must be stopped!

Kenny pushes Jam away.

CHRISTINE

That's it, Kenny! I'm leaving!



Christine gets out of the car and starts walking down the highway, exiting the scene.

BARBARA

Oh, Christine! You googatz in the head or something? We're on the side of the freakin' highway!

BOBBY

Let her go, Barbara, she'll come back to Kenny. She always does...  
(to Kenny)  
Right, Kenny?

Kenny meanwhile has his arm in the Volvo.

KENNY

Kool and the Gang, now there's real music.

Kenny takes the 8-track from the car...

KENNY

But this... is crap!

He flings it into the highway, where it is summarily smashed to bits under the wheels of a passing semi.

FOLLOW a chunk of cartridge and a strand of mangled tape streaming from it as it sails back toward the side of the road, landing at Jam's feet.

TILT UP to Jam's face. He raises his eyes and turns to the CAMERA, a single tear rolling down his cheek, just like the Indian in that "Keep America Beautiful" litter ad.

Hawk rises and Kenny comes face-to-face with him.

KENNY

So. All that having been said and done, I believe we are ready for the final topic of discussion. Namely: Have you learned your lesson yet, puke?

Hawk pulls a cigarette from his pocket and lights it. He blows some smoke in Kenny's face.

HAWK

Well, let's recap, shall we? You

slapped all of us, yelled at me,  
used my head for a rag, threw me on  
the ground and tossed our LOVE GUN 8-  
track under the wheels of a passing  
semi.

(puffing on cig)

So, if the lesson was that you're a  
dick with ears and a really bad  
haircut, then, yes... I'd say we  
learned it.

KENNY

(beat, in disbelief)

Excuse me, I'm a little deaf-a-  
hearin'. Can you repeat yourself?

HAWK

Okay. Ahem! You. Are. A. Dick. With.  
Ears. And. A. Really. Bad. Haircut.

KENNY

Oh, yeah...?

Out of original material, Kenny goes for an old stand by.

KENNY

That's not what your mother said  
last night.

Trip, Lex, and Jam exchange "uh-oh" glances. Meanwhile, Hawk's  
eyes glaze over.

HAWK

It's not, huh? Well, then, tell me...

Hawk reaches into his coat pocket and pulls out his mostly  
empty can of Hawaiian Punch, holding it discreetly at his  
side.

HAWK

...what exactly did my mother say  
last night?

Kenny draws a blank, not being prepared for this one.

HAWK

You heard me, prick. What did my  
mother say last night?

Kenny chuckles and looks at Bobby. They have a good little

laugh... the homo's got balls! Then Kenny turns back to Hawk.

KENNY

Okay, fagmo... I'll tell you what  
your mother said last night.

(beat)

She said that I was the fuck of her  
life.

Hawk is a little mad now. He tosses his cigarette to the  
ground and squashes it like a bug under his sneaker.

HAWK

(very Clint Eastwood)

How would you like a nice Hawaiian  
Punch?

KENNY

(smirking)

Sure.

Quick as a shot, Hawk SLAMS the bottom of the can into Kenny's  
nose, crushing it flat against his face. Hawaiian backwash  
spews from its tab hole like blood as Kenny falls backwards  
from the impact. He hits his head on the ground.

Taking this as a cue... Trip whips out his wallet on a  
chain... Lex rips off his KISS belt... And Jam yanks out his  
drumsticks.

As if choreographed, Trip swoops the wallet at Bobby's feet,  
snagging him around the ankles tightly with the chain. Lex  
THWAMS Bobby in the face with his big KISS belt buckle leaving  
a reversed, red, KISS logo branded in his forehead.

Trip yanks the chain pulling Bobby off his feet. When he  
hits the ground, Jam's right there DRUMMING his balls.

Bobby shrieks.

Meanwhile, Hawk advances on Kenny who tries to get the can  
off his face, but it's stuck on looking like a pig's nose  
with fruit punch for snot.

Hawk raises both his hands in Kenny's face, then executes  
the final insult... Hawk messes Kenny's hair. Kenny lets out  
a scream that comes from the bottom of his vanity.

Hawk grabs Kenny by the ears and brings the guido's head  
swiftly against his kneecap. Kenny falls to the ground,

unconscious on top of Bobby. Their heads collide knocking Bobby out cold.

Terrified, Barbara leaps from the Trans Am and is cornered.

LEX  
Not so fast, stella.

DISSOLVE TO:

MOMENTS LATER

Kenny, Bobby, and Barbara are now tied to the guardrail with Jam's white corduroy pants, geeky belt, and plaid shirt. Kenny and Bobby rest their unconscious heads on each of Barbara's shoulders.

Hawk, Trip, Lex, and Jam look down at the two guidos and the stella, snickering.

BARBARA  
When they wake up, they're gonna come looking for you jerks. You best hope they don't find you, cause if they do, they're gonna kick your asses.

Hawk grabs a cinderblock off the side of the road, walking up to the Trans Am.

HAWK  
Right, stella, and we'll deserve it. But let's really make it worth their while.

Hawk puts the rock on the Trans Am's accelerator letting the engine WHINE in protest. (Again we are cautious not to show the guidos' faces.)

HAWK  
By the way, when Kenny wakes up could you give him a message for me. Tell him, quote, Kool and the gang bite my bag, motherfucker, unquote.

He throws the Trans Am into drive.

All who are conscience listen to the brief SCREECH, then watch the Trans Am as it barrels without a driver into the woods skirting the highway.

It races into ditches, bounces off trees, and SPLASHES through ponds, all Smokey and the Bandit-like.

The disco-mobile ramps off the edge of an embankment, tumbles down a steep, rocky incline breaking apart along the way, and finally, BOOM! It explodes on final impact.

The boys all look at each other and shrug. Hawk walks back to the Volvo and gets in. Trip, Lex, and Jam follow suit and pile in as well. Lex shouts back to Barbara.

LEX

Oh, thanks for letting us draw from your ample make-up supply. You must have the entire Revlon factory in your purse!

ANGLE ON KENNY, BOBBY, AND BARBARA.

We now see them from the front. Lo-and-behold, Kenny has been made-up like Gene Simmons, Bobby like Paul Stanley. Whoever finds them is gonna get the wrong idea about their musical taste... and kick their asses all over again.

BARBARA

Very funny. I hope you choke!

STELLA ON BOARD

INT. VOLVO - DAY

Hawk starts the engine and takes off. Trip pulls a baggie of weed and some rolling papers out.

JAM

Hey, look, it's that girl.

Jam points out at the road ahead to Christine. She's a few hundred feet away walking sadly in the breakdown lane.

TRIP

That's no girl. That's a stella.

JAM

Stella or no stella, we should pull over and help her out.

HAWK

Oh no, Jam. I'm not falling for that

twice.

JAM

Well, couldn't you slow down so I can at least state my case, Hawk? If you don't like it, you can speed up and I'll never mention it again.

Hawk slows down, turning into the breakdown lane, travelling about two miles per hour. Christine doesn't notice as they edge closer to her.

LEX

What is it with you, Jam? You got a thing for that... thing?

JAM

She's a teenage girl walking on the side of the highway. They make very scary movies that start out like that.

HAWK

Well, they may not make movies about four dudes going to a KISS concert. But if they ever did, the four dudes most certainly would not stop and pick up a stranded disco bunny.

Pause.

TRIP

Unless there was gonna be a scene where the disco bunny blows the four dudes on the way to the show.

INT. VOLVO - DAY

Christine sits between Jam and Lex in the back SNAPPING gum. Jam and Lex stare at her like cats looking at a fish bowl.

Hawk looks in the rearview mirror at Christine checking herself in a compact. She swathes on some 7-Up flavored, Bonnie Bell lip gloss.

Trip meanwhile twirls the joint he's just finished rolling in his mouth, sealing it. He winks at her disgustingly.

CHRISTINE

Oh, great. I just hitched a ride

with a bunch of potheads... I'm hooking up with some people at this funky place in downtown Detroit called Disco Inferno. Mind droppin' me there?

TRIP

(smirks)

What's it worth to you?

CHRISTINE

(grossed out)

What the hell is that supposed to mean?

JAM

It doesn't mean anything. Don't pay attention to him.

HAWK

(rolls his eyes)

Disco Inferno? Disco's infernal morelike.

Trying to be suave, Lex moves in close, putting the make on her.

LEX

Your clothes may say disco, but your eyes say rock 'n' roll, baby.

CHRISTINE

Well, your tee-shirt may say rock 'n' roll, but your breath says pepperoni, baby.

She pushes him away. Jam laughs.

TRIP

(frustrated)

So, are you, like, gonna polish our nobs, or what?

CHRISTINE

(thoroughly offended)

What? That's disgusting!

JAM

Trip! That's so fuckin' rude, man.

TRIP

Oh, quit bein' the wussy, sensitive guy to impress her, Jam. She's obviously not gonna put out. She's a fuckin' tease.

CHRISTINE

Tease? What the hell did I do to tease you mongoloids?

TRIP

You got in the car, didn't you?

CHRISTINE

Oh, God, how calculating of me to lead you all on like that after you offered me a ride in the middle of nowhere.

TRIP

Whatever... stella.

Trip lights the joint and takes a lungful of pot. He passes it to Lex and the joint begins to make its rounds with the exception of Christine. The car starts to fill with smoke.

CHRISTINE

The name's Christine, not stella. And there's no need to be such pigs just cause I prefer Donna Summer or KC and the Sunshine Boys or the Village People over KISS?

HAWK

(with disdain)

The Village People? They're fags! You're a fag hag!

JAM

Come on, Hawk.

CHRISTINE

I can take care of myself, but thanks anyway, germ.

JAM

Jam.

CHRISTINE

Whatever.  
(to Hawk)



Okay, Joe Burnout, let's get one thing straight here. As far as I'm concerned good tunes is good tunes, be it disco or rock or polka or whatever have you, regardless of the category. True, if I had to choose, I'd pick the category labelled disco because I happen to enjoy dancing. Disco is just easier to dance to.

HAWK

You call that John Travolta/Denny Terio shit dancing? I wouldn't dance like that in private if you paid me.

TRIP

Disco blows dogs for quarters.

Christine processes this remark.

CHRISTINE

Now there's an intelligently biting remark wrought with wit and irony.

Trip looks confused, then smiles thinking she paid him a compliment.

HAWK

Hey, if you don't like that one, maybe you'll think it's funny when we throw your ass out the goddamn car!

CHRISTINE

Yeah, why don't you put your money where your mouth is?

HAWK

Why don't you kiss my hairy crack?

CHRISTINE

Why don't you bend over, you're looking right at it!

All, Christine included, pause to think about what that comment was supposed to mean. Lex takes a hit off the joint.

LEX

(holding in smoke)

That last remark fell about 30 yards

away from making any sense whatsoever.

Hawk and Trip immediately bust into the giggles and it doesn't take long for Lex and Jam to follow suit.

CHRISTINE

(realization)

Hey, you're right. "Bend over you're looking right at it?!"

(starts to laugh)

What's that supposed to mean anyway?

Christine succumbs to the contagious giggle epidemic and the whole car gets a great laugh for a while.

They finally calm down again and wipe tears from their eyes. Lex still has the joint now as Christine looks at it.

CHRISTINE

Man, this is some kickass shit!

(beat)

Gimme a hit off that jay will ya?

Lex smiles despite himself and holds the weed out to her as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

HELLO DETROIT, GOODBYE TICKETS!

MONTAGE

The Volvo passing a big sign that says: "Welcome to Michigan, the Great Lakes State."

The Volvo racing toward the Detroit skyline.

Detroit landmarks: The General Motors Building, the Ford Building, Motown Records, and finally...

COBO HALL, where thousands of fans in KISS tees gather, waiting for its doors to open.

Unbelievable traffic stretches to an intersection at which stand four key landmarks... a cathedral, a convenience store, a parking lot, and a male strip joint. They face one another, each on its own corner.

A gigantic sign on the auditorium's facade flashes the commandment, "YOU GOTTA LOSE YOUR MIND IN DETROIT ROCK CITY"

over and over again.

EXT. COBO HALL - SUNSET

The sun hangs low on this day as the Volvo sits in traffic, passing Cobo Hall. Movement is nearly impossible.

KISS FANS cram every square foot of open macadam, pushing through the jammed cars. STREET VENDORS hawk KISS souvenirs from tee-shirts to pennants. Some are in stands along the sidewalk. Others come right up to car windows.

INT. VOLVO - SUNSET

Christine is fast asleep between Jam and Lex.

LEX

Man, that weed knocked Christine on her ass. She's sleeping like a baby stella.

TRIP

(whispers lustfully)  
Let's lift up her shirt.

HAWK

(pointing out  
windshield)  
There it is!

All look ahead. COBO Hall. A HALO GLOW forms around the building accompanied by a CHOIR OF ANGELS.

JAM

(in reverence)  
We made it!

LEX

Curly driving, Hawk. We still got two hours to spare.

HAWK

Ample time to grab our tickets at the station. See, up ahead. W.A.R.P.

One block on the left is the W.A.R.P. tower.

HAWK

Hey, Look at the front entrance! A car's pulling out. The parking space

from heaven. God is surely smiling  
down upon us tonight, dudes.

JAM

Kind of funny, I thought He'd be  
pissed as hell at me.

The opening to the Carpenters' "TOP OF THE WORLD" begins.

INT. W.A.R.P. TOWER ELEVATOR - NIGHT

"TOP OF THE WORLD" continues, playing through the speaker of  
the ascending elevator inside which Hawk, Trip, Lex, and Jam  
stand. They watch the numbers climb, smiling.

HAWK

What was that D.J.'s name again?

TRIP

Oh, I'll remember it till the day I  
die. His name was... Simpleton the  
Simian? No, Samson Samoan... No,  
simply, similar...

INT. SIMPLE SIMON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Hawk, Trip, Lex, and Jam poke their heads around the corner  
of an office doorway totem pole-style.

HAWK

Simple Simon?

SIMPLE SIMON strikes a pose before a full-length mirror in a  
glittery-back Gene Simmons tee-shirt, silver pants, and very  
high heel boots. He has a huge Afro and bushy moustache. He  
turns when he hears Hawk.

SIMPLE SIMON

The one and only. But can you kids  
hurry this up? I'm due at Coco Hall  
in half an hour for the warm-up.

They all enter and stand at Simple Simon's desk.

HAWK

We're right behind you, Simo. Just  
wanted to thank you in advance for  
handing over those burly-ass tix me  
and my buds won this morning.

The boys do a Three Stooges handshake and say "Curly!" Simple Simon on the other hand suddenly appears nonplussed

SIMPLE SIMON

Your name isn't Trip is it?

INT. PRODUCER'S BOOTH - NIGHT

Hawk, Trip, Lex, and Jam sit in the tiny producer's booth with Simon who fast forwards a reel-to-reel tape through some very loud, high-speed conversation and bits of music.

Looking at the footage counter on the tape player, he slows down at a certain point and lets the boys listen to this:  
The CLICK of a phone being answered.

SIMPLE SIMON'S VOICE

Simple Simon on the Rock, go caller.

TRIP'S VOICE

Hello? Is this me? I'm Trip. Am I on the air?

SIMPLE SIMON'S VOICE

I should hang up on you right now, but you're the right caller so answer quick or get your battleship sunk. What are the names of the four members of KISS?

TRIP'S VOICE

Gene Klein, Stanley Eisen, Paul Frehley, and Peter...Criscula! Yeah, that's it!

Pause.

SIMPLE SIMON'S VOICE

Is that your final answer?

TRIP'S VOICE

(with trepidation)

Yeah.

SIMPLE SIMON'S VOICE

(building to crescendo)

Trip? You just got yourself four tickets and four backstage passes to KISS live at Cobo Hall tonight!

Pause.

TRIP'S VOICE

I did?

SIMPLE SIMON'S VOICE

Yeah, you did!

TRIP'S VOICE

Yeeehaaawww!! This is totally fuckin' curly, man! Thank you God!

CLI-CLICK.

SIMPLE SIMON'S VOICE

Whoa, easy, Trip, this is radio, not "Taxi Driver." Now listen up cause this next part is crucial. Stay on the line so we can get your full name, information, and...

DIAL TONE.

SIMPLE SIMON'S VOICE

Trip? Trip? Oh, man, you didn't hang up on me did you? Trip?

(beat)

What kind of total moron would hang...?

Simple Simon stops the tape and looks at the boys who look like they've just been served a life sentence behind bars.

SIMPLE SIMON

Well, there you have it. We had no choice but to give the tickets to the next caller. I'm sorry.

Hawk, Trip, Lex, and Jam stare at the floor in silence.

SIMPLE SIMON

We got sodas in the fridge if that helps any.

INT. W.A.R.P. TOWER ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Hawk, Trip, Lex, and Jam ride back down the elevator sipping NeHi sodas, watching the floor numbers get lower and lower. Terry Jack's immortal hit "SEASONS IN THE SUN" plays over the elevator speaker.

HAWK

Well, here we are, dudes. One hour and thirty minutes away from the concert of the century... ticketless. All thanks to Wile E. Coyote, Super-Fucking Genius over here.

Trip looks away from the rest, ashamed.

LEX

Really, Trip, can we bore holes in your head and use it as a bong so it actually does us some good for a change?

TRIP

Fuck you, Lex! This whole thing wouldn't have happened if it wasn't for you jinxing us. I just made an honest mistake.

HAWK

Oh, I'm sorry, Trip. What you made was a big, brainless, pile of horse shit. No offense.

JAM

Guys, GUYS! Come on, if this is anyone's fault, it's mine. I was the one who grabbed Trip's jacket by mistake. It's my fault and I apologize.

HAWK

Please, Jam, we're trying to vent some hostility here. Sure the whole thing may be your fault, but who's gonna get pissed off at you?

Jam looks at his feet.

JAM

Sometimes I think I don't deserve friends as good as you guys.

Hawk, Trip, and Lex cringe.

HAWK

I have one question. How could a kid

who wails on the drums like it's the only thing keeping him alive even think of such a femmy thing to say?

TRIP

Really, Jam, you tryin' to make us barf?

LEX

Yeah, it's like you're possessed by The Flying Nun, or something.

The doors to the elevator open and the boys step out.

SHAKE YOUR WEEWEE!

EXT. W.A.R.P. TOWER - NIGHT

COBO Hall looms up ahead.

Hawk, Trip, Lex, and Jam enter the sidewalk. A thickening CROWD of KISS fans continually meander by.

On their way to the car, they suddenly hear a WOMAN'S VOICE bellowing through a megaphone from somewhere down the street. After a moment they see the voice's source.

A GROUP OF WOMEN has congregated about forty feet ahead and their LEADER, her back toward the boys, yells to the group through her bullhorn. Flying above them all is a large banner reading: "MATMOK, Mothers Against The Music Of KISS."

LEADER

Welcome to the first open meeting of MATMOK, Mothers Against The Music Of KISS!"

The group cheers as the KISS FANS milling around them pretty much ignore the whole MATMOK spectacle.

Lex looks away from the MATMOKS and into the street. We can't see what he sees, but we can tell he's alarmed.

LEX

Uh... dudes?

HAWK

(ignoring Lex)

Now there's a woman who totally abuses the privilege of motherhood.



LEX  
DUDES!

They all look at Lex.

LEX  
(eyes focused ahead)  
Where's the Volvo?

Hawk, Trip, and Jam look at their parking spot to see a beat-up Dodge Dart sitting there instead of the Volvo.

TRIP  
It's gone.

LEX  
I can see that, bright boy. What happened to it?

JAM  
It was stolen!

HAWK  
(incredulous)  
Christine stole it! Asleep, my ass!  
The stella booted with your mom's wheels.

LEX  
But we took the keys?

TRIP  
Damn, she musta hot wired it. We picked up a professional car thief in the shape of Olivia Newton-John!

LEX  
Okay, I'm just a little mad now!  
Jam, why'd you talk us into picking that bitch up in the first place!?

JAM  
I'm sorry, guys. I thought it was a nice thing to do.

HAWK  
Jam, not another word out of your femmy-ass mouth! Okay, we're here, we got nothing, and we got an hour

and a half. We're totally committed.  
It's time to brainstorm.

LEX

Here's a suggestion. Let's stop worrying about the concert for the time being and get the cops in on this Volvo situation.

HAWK

Wake up, Lex. This is Detroit. The cops aren't gonna waste city dollars looking for a Swedish car. Face it, the Volvo's on a cutting board as we speak getting sliced, diced, and julienned by Christine, the chop shop gourmet.

Lex is developing a look of resolve. This is Detroit!

HAWK

Now listen up. Here's the game plan.

LEX

(on a roll)

...I mean, my mom's got insurance. What's the worst thing she could do? Ground me for the entire year? I can handle that...

HAWK

Cool, bro, now listen up...

LEX

...Holy shit! I am in absolute trouble! I never should have let you drive, man! Absolute fuckin' trouble!

HAWK

Okay, shut the fuck up, Lex! Now, then, step number one, we find us a scalper. I got...

(takes out KISS money clip)

twenty-five.

TRIP

Twenty-five more'n I got.

LEX

All I got is five. The rest is in the Volvo.

JAM

I got...

HAWK

Uh-uh. Don't tell us, Jam. Just show us.

Jam holds up a ten keeping his mouth shut.

HAWK

So maybe we got enough for one ticket. Fuck!

TRIP

Waitaminit, dudes! I got it! We find four really small kids, beat the shit outta them and steal their tickets. What do you think?

HAWK

(sarcastic)

Brilliance, Trip. Sheer brilliance. Give Albert Einstein here the Nobel Prize.

Trip smiles proudly.

LEX

I think we should try sneaking in.

HAWK

Four dudes sneaking in? We'd get busted fer sure. Bad plan.

LEX

Okay, one of us sneaks in, gets four ticket stubs off some kids in the audience, comes back out, and we all "re-enter" the concerto. Voila!

HAWK

Still too risky for my money.

(looking at watch)

We're running out of time here. This is KISS! A victory for one is a victory for the team. I'm sure I can barter with a scalper, but if you

dudes think you got better plans, go for it. We'll reconvene at that intersection...

Hawk points to the intersection where the church, the male strip joint, the parking lot, and the Smiley Mart are located.

HAWK

...at twenty-thirty hours.

TRIP

One more time in English.

HAWK

For the next hour and a half it's every dude for himself. Try to get at least one ticket and at 8:30 P.M. we'll meet over there.

JAM

(inspired)

Wait! I know how we can get in!

HAWK

Jam, shut-up! You're not allowed to speak, remember? Go use whatever femmy idea you have to get yourself a ticket or four. I don't wanna hear it.

JAM

(sadly)

But... my plan involves all four of us acting together.

HAWK

See you at 8:30, Jam. Later.

(to Lex and Trip)

Dudes? Later.

Hawk, Trip, and Lex split up, leaving Jam alone. He starts walking in the opposite direction, passing MATMOKS. The leader is still on a roll, yelling through the megaphone.

LEADER

Look around you tonight, mothers!  
Look at all the young faces! They smile and laugh but their eyes have lost all hope! Not one among them appears to possess the love and fear

of God... This satanic group KISS  
has stolen their souls.

The leader's gaze finally falls upon Jam. He lets out a GASP.  
Yes, the leader is Mrs. Bruce. So this was her church meeting.

She freezes when she sees her son; her jaw slackens. Meanwhile  
Jam looks stunned beyond comprehension.

JAM  
Oh... dear... Lord!!

Mrs. Bruce quickly hands the megaphone to another MATMOK  
member, who picks up where Mrs. Bruce left off.

Jam looks around for someplace to run and hide, but it's too  
late. Mrs. Bruce slices through the crowd of KISS fans and  
grabs Jam by the ear. He yelps.

MRS. BRUCE  
I don't know how you got here tonight  
and I don't want to know either. All  
I know is you're going to pay dearly  
for this one, young man!

EXT. ST., SEBASTIAN'S CATHEDRAL - NIGHT

Mrs. Bruce tugs Jam toward the intersection we saw before.  
They cross the street toward the corner where the Cathedral  
sits.

Jam looks up at the cross on the steeple and GULPS with  
trepidation.

JAM  
Mom, what're we...?

MRS. BRUCE  
Just keep your lying, heathenous  
trap shut, Jeremiah.

They climb the steps to the cathedral passing a bulletin  
board reading: Thank God It's Friday Mass, 6PM-7PM.

PARISHIONERS exit the beautiful church, shaking hands with a  
PRIEST as they leave.

PARISHIONERS  
What a wonderful mass, Father/So  
inspirational, Father/Thank you.

PRIEST

Thank you/Come again next week.

Mrs. Bruce pulls Jam up to the priest.

PRIEST

Next mass is tomorrow morning, sister.

MRS. BRUCE

Can we talk, Father? I'm desperate.  
My son was about to defy God by going  
to that blasphemous KISS concert.

PRIEST

In that case, come right in.

Meanwhile, across the street...

EXT. WHITE CASTLE HAMBURGER JOINT - NIGHT

Parked in front of the busy fast-food establishment we recognize the two-toned Chevy Impala with luggage tied on top. In the window we see Beth and her parents sitting at one of the booths.

Out the window Beth looks across the street just as Jam, Mrs. Bruce, and the priest enter the cathedral. Her face drops.

BETH

Oh my God! That's Jeremiah!

DAD

Who?

BETH

Jeremiah Bruce from school. He and his mom just went into that church. He must be in Detroit for the concert. Can I go say good-bye to him?

MOM

Beth, I am not letting you wander the streets of Detroit after dark.

BETH

I'm not going to wander. I'm just gonna go over there.

Beth points to St. Sebastian's.

BETH

He's with his mom.

DAD

Fine, as long as we know where you are. But don't be long. We need to be getting back on the road.

Beth is already out the door and halfway across the street. Dad pats mom's shoulder.

DAD

She's probably got a little crush on that boy.

EXT. ST. SEBASTIAN'S CATHEDRAL - NIGHT

Beth runs up to the cathedral and sneaks in.

EXT. IT'S RAINING MEN STRIP JOINT - NIGHT

Hawk walks down the sidewalk badgering everyone passing by for a ticket, getting the same stock answer: "Suffer, dude!"

He stops and sits on a curb, lighting a cigarette. Behind him stands the marquee for IT'S RAINING MEN, the male strip joint. A DISCO SONG comes from inside. Just when it looks like Hawk's given up, a VOICE is heard above.

VOICE

Hey, chief? Need a ticket?

Hawk can't believe his ears. He looks up at a greasy-looking hybrid, part porn star, part used car salesman, the SCALPER.

SCALPER

Second row center, seventy-five clams.

Trying to act confident, Hawk takes out his money clip showing the scalper twenty-five dollars.

HAWK

Dude, this is all I got.

SCALPER

Sorry, man, no can do. But I'll be here for a while if you scare up the extra gravy.

HAWK

Where the hell am I gonna scare up that kinda gravy in one hour?

SCALPER

The easy way.

The scalper points over his shoulder and Hawk turns to see three GIGGLING WOMEN exiting the strip joint. None are under forty.

A sign below the bar's logo reads: Amateur Night Giveaway! Guys Over 18 Only! Bare It All And Win 75 Bucks!

SCALPER

You look a little scrawny, but it's worth a shot.

HAWK

I can't just walk in and take my clothes off. It's embarrasskin.

SCALPER

Guess you don't want to see the greatest show on earth. And in Detroit no less. Well, take care, chief.

The scalper turns and Hawk grabs his arm.

HAWK

Dude, if it were dancing the way Fred Astaire did it, I'd give it my best shot. I'd learn the steps and practice in my spare time. But this... tribal, ritualistic bullshit, it's way-too-spontaneous for me.

SCALPER

Yeah, you're probably too young anyhow.

HAWK

Hey, I invented fake I.D.s, alright. That's not the problem... They're playing disco music in there, man.

SCALPER

Chief, here's a little secret. Drink heavily, your feet will know what to



do. Now shit or get off the pot. Do you wanna dance or do you wanna see KISS only on their album covers?

Hawk gets a look of resolve on his face.

SCALPER

You sure you'll have a ticket for me?

SCALPER

You have my solemn oath as a public servant.

Hawk turns and walks up to the door, hesitating before opening it. Rummaging through his pockets, he pulls out a handful of expired driver's licenses.

Choosing the one he thinks best suits himself, he walks in with trepidation. The scalper sees someone else coming up.

SCALPER

Hey, chief, you need a ticket? Second row center, seventy-five clams.

It's Trip.

TRIP

No thanks, dude. I'm beating my ticket out of some poor, defenseless chump.

Trip exits FRAME.

SCALPER

What's happening to kids today?

INT. IT'S RAINING MEN STRIP JOINT - NIGHT

Hawk enters your average, everyday, male strip joint. A crowd of LUSTY WOMEN cheer on a STRIPPER IN A FIREMAN'S SUIT. He dances on a lighted, tile stage under a spinning, mirror ball.

Hawk shows the MAN AT THE DOOR his fake license and the man nods him in. He approaches the bar in the early stages of being very intimidated.

The BARTENDER, a man dressed only in tight, black, tuxedo pants, shirt cuffs, and a tie, comes up to Hawk.

HAWK  
(voice cracking)  
Like to sign up for the contest.

The bartender gives Hawk the once over.

BARTENDER  
You're a little scrawny, but thanks  
to the concert we're low on amateurs.  
Name?

HAWK  
Hawk.

BARTENDER  
Pick a song, Hawk.

HAWK  
Got any KISS?

BARTENDER  
You kidding? This is Detroit. Drink?

HAWK  
Yeah, a man's drink...

Hawk squints at a name tag on the bartender's tie.

HAWK  
...Dickey.

Dickey goes to the bottle rack on the other side of the bar.

HAWK  
(to himself)  
I'm gonna need all the help I can  
get tonight.

Dickey returns with the drink and Hawk pulls out his money  
clip.

HAWK  
(looking at the drink)  
What's that?

BARTENDER  
You mean you never seen a Jack Daniels  
on the rocks before?

Hawk looks at the unfamiliar drink again trying to play it

cool.

HAWK

Sure, I have. But not one with ice in it, that's all.

BARTENDER

(seeing money clip)

Save your money, stud muffin. The lady at the end of the bar sends her love.

Dickey points to a WOMAN sitting at the end of the bar. Mature and sexy. She's a knock-out. Every teenage boy's fantasy. Hawk's eyes pop at this "Mrs. Robinson" before him.

HAWK

Whoa... she is a killer.

BARTENDER

Amanda Finch. Her ex is one of the wealthiest businessmen in Detroit. Play your cards right and you could hit paydirt. She like 'em young.

(leaning in)

And since you look a little new at this, let me give you three words of advice. Hard to get. Think it, act it, know it, be it. Nothing a woman loves more than when you beat her at her own head games.

Dicky pats Hawk's shoulder and leaves. Hawk looks away from Amanda and scans the room. He glances back at Amanda. She's still gazing at him the way queens of yore must have eyed particularly cute knights. She winks and toasts Hawk.

Hawk raises his glass smiling nervously. They both sip at their drinks. She licks her lips suggestively at him. And, Hawk proceeds to COUGH up his mouthful of Jack Daniels, SPRAYING it all over the bar.

SMILEY MART / HAULING BASS

EXT. SMILEY MART - NIGHT

Your typical 70's convenient store. Out front two SIX YEAR OLDS in Star Wars tee-shirts play tug-o-war with a Stretch Armstrong doll.

Trip stomps over grabbing them by their mini shirts. When he tries to act tough, it's pathetic. Even six year olds aren't afraid.

TRIP

Hey, you little twerps, gimme your KISS tickets or I'll pop your fuckin' faces in.

SIX YEAR OLD #1

We don't have any KISS tickets.

SIX YEAR OLD #2

Yeah, KISS sucks!

TRIP

I oughta kick your asses for sayin' that.

He grabs the Stretch Armstrong and stuffs it in his pocket.

TRIP

But I'm in a hurry so I'll just take this instead. Now scram.

The kids run away.

INT. SMILEY MART - NIGHT

The store is crawling with KISS FANS, some reading the comic books, others playing pinball against a far wall, still others looking at the poster section. Trip enters on a mission.

He looks around catching the eye of a pretty CASHIER. She's a rocker, wearing a Who tee-shirt, a mood ring, and just a little too much make-up. She smiles at him. Trip returns the smile with a feeble wave. Her mood ring turns from blue to pink.

Concentrating on the layout of the store, Trip peers all the way to the back to a darkened corner... where he spies a LITTLE KID wearing a KISS tee-shirt playing a KISS pinball machine.

Trip smiles. The eagle has spotted a fuzzy, little bunny. He moves in for the kill, walking past a crowd of kids at the magazine rack, past the Hostess aisle, past the dairy cooler and into the darkened corner.

He stands behind the little kid, relishing this moment. The

kid is actually pretty good. We also see now the little kid has his face painted like Ace Frehley.

TRIP  
Hey, little kid.

Suddenly distracted, the kid loses the ball.

LITTLE KID  
Shit! You just skunked my last ball,  
you...

Trip clamps a hand over the little kid's mouth.

TRIP  
Okay, booger, your KISS ticket or  
your life.

The little kid says something but Trip's hand muffles his words.

TRIP  
Hunh?

The kid says what he said before, but it is utterly incomprehensible, once again thanks to Trip's hand.

TRIP  
(looking at his hand)  
Oh. Okay... But scream and you'll  
never live to see puberty. I'll pop  
your fuckin' face in.

Trip pulls his hand away.

LITTLE KID  
Please sir, don't beat me up. I do  
have a KISS ticket, but not on me.

TRIP  
A likely story. Hand it over, kid.

LITTLE KID  
(bottom lip quivering)  
No really. My brother's hanging onto  
it for safe keeping. Please, let me  
get him for you.

The kid turns and yells into the store before Trip can stop him.

LITTLE KID  
Hey, Chongo!

A titanic guy at the comic book rack looks up from his issue of "Thing" when he hears his name. CHONGO has a very low forehead and the expression of an angry bull plastered onto his face.

TRIP  
(getting scared)  
Hey, kid, that's okay. I don't wanna see KISS that ba...

LITTLE KID  
Don't try to run, maggot. Chongo's an all-state track star in every event.

TRIP  
What do you want?

LITTLE KID  
(gleefully)  
A tag on your toe. Nobody threatens me and lives.

TRIP  
Look, you can have my wallet...

LITTLE KID  
It's not nearly enough, punk.

Chongo is getting ever-closer with his tree trunk legs, his barrel chest and hydraulic biceps. He is joined by TWO BUDS.

LITTLE KID  
Besides, I was gonna take your wallet anyway. After Chongo and his friends crush your ribcage like a pack of Luckys.

Chongo arrives eyeing Trip with distaste. Trip goes white.

CHONGO  
This fairy givin' you shit, bro?

LITTLE KID  
He was gonna mug me for my KISS ticket.

TRIP

Me? Mug? That's nuts. I said, do you know where I can take a piss.

Chongo and his two buds laugh. Then, without a second of warning, Chongo belts Trip in the gut. Trip doubles over and falls breathlessly to his knees.

CHONGO

Okay, pimple dick, you've got the option of walking outside with us or gettin' dragged out. Either way you're comin' with us.

Trip catches his breath.

TRIP

Please, sir, don't kick my ass! I'll do anything to get out of a beating!

LITTLE KID

Say, Chongo, perhaps we could use some extra cash for tasty snacks at the KISS concert our weasly friend won't be attending.

Chongo scratches his head.

CHONGO

How much cash do you figure?

LITTLE KID

Take five for a minute, Chongo. Let me do the math.

The little kid taps his finger on his chin and the theme from "JEOPARDY" begins. While the kid thinks, Trip looks nervously up at Chongo and his buds. Chongo reaches into his denim vest pocket and we hear a CRINKLING NOISE. He comes back up with two walnuts, putting them between his bicep and forearm.

Trip watches in horror as Chongo makes a muscle and the walnuts are shelled between two walls of iron-hard flesh. CREEEAAAACK! Chongo eats the walnuts, shells and all.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The full-to-capacity parking lot is patrolled by a couple of

## SECURITY GUARDS.

Lex cautiously makes his way to the edge of the parking lot and looks at the back side of Cobo Hall just beyond the chain link fence that surrounds the lot.

He crouches down and walks between two cars parked against the fence, looking both ways. Seeing a guard's flashlight beam, he sits stock still until the beam sweeps past, then SIGHS eased.

LEX

(whispering to self)

I can't believe I'm actually  
entertaining the notion of sneaking  
in. I oughta have my cranium examined.

Lex finds a vertical break in the chain link. He lays on his back, slides through, then stands on the other side of the fence. He's at the edge of a weedy, littery field that also happens to be poorly lit.

LEX

Whoa. Danger Will Robinson.

Spooked, he lays down again intending to slide back through when a flashlight beam hits his eyes.

SECURITY GUARD'S VOICE

Hey you! Get back in here!

Lex sees the guard standing about fifty feet away on the other side of the fence. Panicking, he bolts deeper into the field.

SECURITY GUARD'S VOICE

You're not getting far, kid!

Lex double-times it as we hear the guard yelling into his walkie-talkie.

SECURITY GUARD'S VOICE

We got one just ran into the field  
from the north lot!

The field gets darker as Lex closes in on Cobo Hall's well-lit loading dock, where ROADIES empty the remaining bits of KISS's monstrous set from an 18-wheeler. Other huge trucks are parked nearby. There's a bustle of last minute activity.



## EXT. LOADING DOCK - NIGHT

Lex scurries from giant speaker box to a stack of lights to huge trunks, keeping well hidden. He dodges roadies and avoids being seen by OTHER GUARDS.

He slithers along side the 18-wheeler and nears the loading bay. Up ahead some auxiliary speakers, drum kits, and scaffolding wait their turn to be carried into the building.

### SECURITY GUARD'S VOICE

There he is!

Lex spins. The security guard, flanked by two others, barrel right for him.

### LEX

Shit!

He dives rolls under the 18-wheeler. The three security guards leap for the pavement and crawl under the semi after him.

### ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE SEMI

The three guards scramble to their feet and grab a SCRAWNY BODY. They spin him around roughly.

### SECURITY GUARD

Alright, wiseguy, you are so outta here!

They suddenly realize they've got the wrong man. It's a roadie.

### ROADIE

Hey, what the fuck?

The roadie holds up his all-access laminate angrily.

### ROADIE

Keep your paws to yourself, ya dumb fuckin' apes.

The security guards look around frantically for Lex as other roadies join in to defend their comrade.

### SECURITY GUARD

Where'd he go? You see him?

No one pays attention as a bass drum is carried past the

guards and up the loading dock ramp. They don't notice Lex crammed inside contorted into a shape befitting a yoga master.

Praying he won't be spotted, Lex holds his breath as he's carried into the building and disappears.

## JAM IN A JAM / KISS THIS

### INT. ST. SEBASTIAN'S CATHEDRAL - NIGHT

Jam sits in the front pew, head buried in his hands as Mrs. Bruce and the priest talk on the alter.

Beth moves quietly in the back, unseen and unheard. She looks overwhelmed by the architecture, the detail on the stained glass windows, the icons carved into the columns that support the extravagantly decorated ceiling.

The priest catches a glimpse of Beth meandering in the back.

#### PRIEST

Uh, next mass isn't until tomorrow morning, young lady. Run along now.

Beth smiles nervously and heads back toward the front door passing a confessional booth. She throws a glance back at the priest and Mrs. Bruce who have returned to conferring, their backs to her. She stealthily ducks into the booth.

#### MRS. BRUCE

Now it's been a while since my boy had holy confession. Could you...?

#### PRIEST

(smiling)  
Consider it done.

Mrs. Bruce looks down at Jam and sees his drumsticks poking out of his socks. She immediately takes them out and stuffs them into her jacket. Jam doesn't even move.

#### MRS. BRUCE

It's about time you gave up on that stupid dream once and for all. No son of mine is going to be a career musician.

Jam is stung. Mrs. Bruce and the priest head back down the center aisle exiting through the gigantic front doors. She eyes Jam.

MRS. BRUCE

Thank you, Father. I'll be back for him before you know it; after I take care of some unfinished business.

PRIEST

Just knock loudly, sister.

He lets her out and locks the door, leaving the keys in the lock, and walks over to Jam.

PRIEST

Come along, son. Get into the booth.

He helps the despondent Jam up. They walk to the booth and Jam reluctantly gets inside.

INT. CONFESSIONAL BOOTH - NIGHT

Jam kneels on the board and a mere two feet behind him, Beth sits on a bench shrouded in darkness. Her posture is that of someone with a crate of nitroglycerine on her lap.

We hear the SHUFFLING noise of the priest getting into his own compartment next door. A moment later the small, eye-level door SLIDES open. The priest's face is barely visible on the other side of the thick screen, but he's there.

JAM

Forgive me, Father, for I have sinned.  
This is my first confession in...  
well... a really long time.

PRIEST

Prepare to receive the Act of Penance.  
How many sins have you committed  
since your last confession?

JAM

Just one, Father, but boy was it a doozy.

Beth leans forward slightly and listens to Jam's confession.

INT. IT'S RAINING MEN STRIP JOINT - NIGHT

Hawk's at a bar stool gulping sloppily and woozily from a rocks glass. Four more empty rocks glasses sit in front of him. He stares at the sexy woman who smiles back, blowing

him kisses from the other side of the bar.

The EMCEE enters the stage.

EMCEE

(into microphone)

Okay, ladies, hang onto your hormones.  
Here comes our next amateur. Let's  
have a big hand for Hawk!

The beginning of a rockin' KISS tune comes over the P.A. and  
Dicky approaches Hawk.

EMCEE

You're up, Hawk.

Hawk wakes up fast. There's nothing more sobering than having  
to undress in public.

HAWK

Oh, Dicky, I c-c-can't...

BARTENDER

You're not gonna chicken out on me  
now, are you? We've got your KISS  
song playing and everything.

HAWK

H c-can't...

BARTENDER

(leans in close)

Look, people undress in public  
because, A, they're exhibitionists,  
B, they're nutcases, or C, they need  
the money. I can tell you're not A,  
and I hope to hell you're not B. So  
my suggestion is, think about why  
you're a C and let your body party,  
shake your groove thing, boogie oogie  
oogie till you just can't boogie no  
more.

Hawk thinks about it, then downs the rest of his drink. He  
grimaces at it's taste, then opens his eyes with new resolve.

HAWK

You're right, Dicky. I gotta do it  
for KISS. Gotta put a bag over its  
head and

(hiccup)  
Do it for KISS.

Hawk swivels his bar stool to the right and gets off, forgetting to stand when his feet hit the floor. He proceeds to fall flat on his face. Dicky looks down concerned, but Hawk stands with a little difficulty and heads for the stage. The crowd of women parts down the middle for him and checks him out as he walks by. They seem to like what they see. Hawk looks nervously at the carnivorous faces leering at his package first, his ass after. What the hell is he doing?

Hawk reluctantly climbs onto the stage and the gals start CLAPPING to the song. He faces them and starts gyrating his drunken hips at them, feeling no confidence whatsoever, until...

The CHEERS start to ECHO and the pulsing lights begin to hurt his eyes. Hawk watches the world proceed to spin faster than the disco ball above his head.

He stops gyrating and clutches his stomach. BELCHING. Uh-oh.

Hawk spots an almost-empty beer pitcher one of the CHEERING-IN-SLOW-MOTION women holds above her head. He runs up to the edge of the stage, grabs the pitcher, and PUKES.

The cheering and music come to a grinding halt. You can hear a pin drop as Hawk yacks his guts out into the beer pitcher. It goes on for an excruciatingly long time, then finally stops.

Hawk looks up at the hundreds of astonished eyes staring at him. He wipes his mouth, then a look of ease washes over his face.

HAWK  
Wow. I feel a hundred times better!

He hands the vomit-filled pitcher back to the shocked woman.

HAWK  
Thanks lady.

He looks over at the emcee, who gazes at Hawk from the DJ booth.

HAWK  
Maestro? As you were.

The emcee stands perfectly still, jaw agape.

HAWK

Come on, dude, we got a bunch of frisky felines waiting for some entertainment! The show must go on!

Hawk starts gyrating even though the music is still off. The emcee shrugs, re-cuing the song. It starts again as Hawk faces the crowd, dancing with new-found bravado.

The women come out of their dumbstruck comas and reluctantly start CLAPPING again.

Hawk pulls off his jacket and twirls it over his head Roger Daltry style. Then he pulls it back down and tosses it into the crowd. The women actually fight over it.

Encouraged, Hawk then peels off his KISS Army tee-shirt and hurls it at the women, who SQUEAL with delight. Sure, he may be scrawny, but they don't mind. This lad's got personality.

Adrenaline pumping, confidence building, Hawk starts playing the crowd of very responsive ladies.

He unbuttons his jeans first. Then, leaving them on, he does an "air guitar" medley: Chuck Berry, ZZ Top, Angus Young from AC/DC, and Elvis Costello in six easy steps.

Hawk finishes off with a Pete Townshend windmill, shaking his ass at his audience in mid-strum, then licks his finger and touches one of his cheeks: "hot stuff" (he does this in a manly way of course).

Then Hawk pauses to adjust what looks to be his underwear bunching up in his crack.

The women WHOO-HOO.

He segues into a Mick Jagger rooster strut and the ladies go ga-ga. He makes the sign of the horns with each hand and wiggles a protruding tongue like Gene Simmons. The gals scream in orgasmic joy.

Then, Hawk goes for the gold. Yes, he does the Fonzie dance! The women are now overcome by sheer animal lust. Hawk's whipped his audience into a frenzied pack of bitches in heat. Amanda smirks and sucks from her little drink straw suggestively.

At long last Hawk figures he has to give them what they want.

He puts his fingers to his fly, pauses, then unzips. His Brittanias fall to his ankles, revealing a pair of bony legs sticking down from some KISS boxer shorts. The ladies go batty.

Unfortunately Hawk has neglected a cardinal rule of disrobing. Never pull your pants down without taking your shoes off first. He tries to kick off his shoes. The left one goes flying across the bar and THWACK, beans a MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN in the face. She flies backwards over a chair.

Trying to kick the other shoe off, Hawk loses his balance and falls backwards, hitting his head on the edge of the bar.

## DRUM ROLL / NEGOTIATION

### INT. SMILEY MART - NIGHT

Trip looks at the little kid, Chongo, and the two buds in fear.

TRIP

Two hundred bucks?

LITTLE KID

You heard me, nad breath. My time's precious and I think that's a reasonable price to pay for your sorry life.

TRIP

Look, I want to live, but I don't know where the fuck I'm gonna find two hundred bucks.

The little kid shakes his head in disgust.

LITTLE KID

Chongo? Take him outside and tear his ass out through his mouth.

Chongo advances, muscles flexing.

TRIP

Hold on! I know how I can get the money! I just figured it out! Only you might wanna wait outside.

The little kid and Chongo look at each other.

CHONGO

I don't trust him.

LITTLE KID

I think he's on the level. He's too stupid to try anything sneaky anyway. Look at him, he's a moron.

They look back at Trip.

LITTLE KID

You got fifteen minutes and not a second longer. We have a concert to go to. See you outside.

Trip nods sullenly as the kid, Chongo, and the two buds exit. Then he checks to make sure Stretch Armstrong is still with him.

INT. BASS DRUM - NIGHT

Lex is twisted like a pretzel as he's carted into the bowels of Cobo Hall. He tries to keep calm, but it's not in his nature.

LEX

(under his breath)

Keep it together, Lex. Anything worth fighting for is worth dying for.

INT. COBO HALL/RECEIVING AREA - NIGHT

ROADIES and TECHIES run in all directions as last minute preparations are being attended to.

Two roadies carry the base drum down a long ramp unaware that Lex is hidden inside.

ROADIE #2

Boy, this one's heavy.

Suddenly, Roadie #2 snags his foot on a mess of cable and loses his balance, dropping the oversized drum. In an instant the drum goes rolling down the ramp quickly gaining speed.

ROADIE #2

Shit!



The roadies bolt after the runaway drum. Other workers scurry out of the way to avoid being hit by the speeding instrument.

INT. BASS DRUM - NIGHT

Lex spins like in a dryer on speed.

LEX  
WHOOOOAAA!

INT. COBO HALL/RECEIVING AREA - NIGHT

More techies jump out of the way as the wayward drum heads right for a closed set of double doors. The roadies are just about to grab it before impact, when...

The door unexpectedly swings open. The FOXY GROUPIES on the other side scream at the sight of the careening drum heading straight for them.

ROADIE #2  
Close that door!

Too late. The groupies jump away as the drum flies through the open door and down a flight of stairs.

INT. COBO HALL STAIRWELL - NIGHT

The drum bounces down the zigzag stairway violently. Lex's GRUNTS of pain can be heard from inside.

AT THE BOTTOM

The big drum hits the landing hard, tips over, then spins like a quarter getting faster before it stops.

ON THE ROADIES

They barrel down the stairs two at a time. Finally reaching the bottom, they grab the drum.

ROADIE #2  
Peter's gonna kill us.

As they carry the drum back up the stairs, we see it is now empty. Once the roadies are gone, CAMERA TILTS UP to the ceiling. There's Lex clutching exposed pipes for dear life, hanging upside down, praying the coast is clear.

## BETH'S CONFESSION / COMPENSATORY POSSIBILITIES

### INT. CONFSSIONAL - NIGHT

Jam is at the end of his confession. The priest is still listening on the other side of the screen. Beth sits in the shadows behind Jam.

JAM

So, you see if it wasn't for me, me and my friends would be at that KISS concert right now... together.

PRIEST

That's it?

JAM

Yeah.

PRIEST

Well, this is a unique confession to say the least, son. And not exactly the most interesting one I've ever heard either. You sure you don't want to talk about... oh, carnal knowledge with a neighborhood girl or impure thoughts about the new student teacher maybe... or how about finding a box of magazines under your dad's bed?

JAM

No.

PRIEST

Well then, I suggest you have a seat on the bench behind you and think of something a little juicier to confess than losing KISS tickets. I realize this is Detroit, but I personally find, what that rock and roll band is all about, to be boring as Lucifer's kingdom. I'll return in a little while.

The priest SLIDES the door shut again. Jam is all but shrouded in darkness, but can make out the time on his watch. It's getting late. He resignedly sits on the bench behind him... right on Beth's lap.

Jam yells, but Beth throws her hand over his mouth. His eyes bulge. He can't believe what he's seeing. He climbs off Beth and sits next to her.

JAM  
(whispering)  
Beth? I can't believe it.

BETH  
Believe it.

Jam thinks for a beat. Something still isn't quite clicking.

JAM  
Are you waiting for confession? I  
thought you were Jewish?

BETH can hardly speak. She gulps thinking of what to say.

BETH  
I have a confession. Here it is.

Beth gives him the biggest, wettest, sloppiest kiss in recorded history. She pulls away finally wiping her mouth.

BETH  
I didn't mean for that to be so...  
intense. Forgive me.

JAM  
I don't care. I wanna hear more.

She lunges at him again, kissing him for dear life. Her lips leave his and begin to explore his chin, neck, ear.

BETH  
I've loved you ever since I first  
laid eyes on you, Jeremiah. I've  
just always been too scared to show  
it.

JAM  
Beth, I can't believe you just said  
that because that's exactly how I've  
always felt about you... Call me  
Jam. It's my band name.

BETH  
You don't know how long I've been  
waiting to hear that... Jam!

He kisses her neck. Unable to stop, they start undressing each other, both breathing heavy.

BETH

We've got to take this slow...

JAM

Right, slow...

BETH

Oh, screw it!

She tears his tee-shirt open with her teeth.

INT. IT'S RAINING MEN STRIP JOINT - NIGHT

A really buff STRIPPER dressed as a construction worker is on stage with about ten others who stand in the background. The emcee's hand hovers above the stripper's head.

EMCEE

Okay, ladies, it's down to... Troy  
the Human Jackhammer...

The women APPLAUD as we...

FOLLOW the emcee's hand to Hawk who holds an ice pack on the side of his head.

EMCEE

...and Mr. Massive Head Wound  
Accompanied by an Upset Stomach-Hawk!

The women APPLAUD but not quite as loud.

EMCEE

No contest. The grand prize of seventy-  
five dollars goes to Troy the Human  
Jackhammer!

The women cheer and a DISCO SONG starts as Troy does a reprise of his act. Hawk walks away from the stage with the rest of the rejected strippers, looking the way he feels: pretty damn stupid. He puts on his pants, trying to walk at the same time and falls to his knees.

A helpful hand grabs him under the arm and helps him up. It's Amanda looking lustier than ever.

HAWK

Thanks, miss.

AMANDA

You're too kind. I'm Amanda.

HAWK

Right, well, thanks for the drinks and stuff, Amanda, but there's no reason for me to stick around these parts anymore.

AMANDA

Don't be so glum, Hawk. The night's still young and filled with plenty of compensatory possibilities.

HAWK

Huh?

AMANDA

I'd be in a position to spend some money on you if you'd get in a position and spend some time on me.

Hawk GULPS.

INT. CONFESSIONAL BOOTH - NIGHT

Jam and Beth lay buck naked, tightly wrapped around each other in the heat of passion on the confessional booth floor. They kiss, sweat, and PANT heavily.

Suddenly, the sliding door to the priest's booth opens. Jam and Beth freeze.

PRIEST'S VOICE

Where are you, son?

JAM

Uhh, tying my shoe.

PRIEST'S VOICE

Oh. So, have you thought of a colorful confession yet?

JAM

Actually, yes. Last year I walked out of a candy store with a Reggie Bar I hadn't paid for, but went back

and apologized the next day.

PRIEST'S VOICE

Booring. Think, boy, think!

We hear the door SLIDE shut again as Beth and Jam pick up where they left off.

HOLD UP

INT. SMILEY MART - NIGHT

Trip leafs through a KISS comic, not really paying attention to it. Directly behind him is the register and the CASHIER.

He starts hearing voices in his head. We see SUPERS of his friends' faces hovering around him.

LEX'S VOICE

I can't believe you're even thinking of committing a robbery, Trip. You don't pass go and collect 200 dollars for pulling stuff like this.

HAWK'S VOICE

No shit, dude, is this really worth it? Sure you get your ass kicked nine ways to Sunday by that fucking gorilla, but it's still a hundred times better than getting it porked for the next three to five.

Trip sends brief, agitated glances around the store meeting the cashier's eyes again. She smiles at him coyly as she plays with her mood ring. He gives her the eye, then returns to his comic.

JAM'S VOICE

And what about that girl, Trip? She'll never forget this night. Even if you get away with it, she'll be scarred for life. When are you gonna realize sometimes being tough means being tender.

TRIP

(to the other voices)  
Alright, everybody, SHUT UP!

Trip snaps out of it. All the shoppers and cashier are

staring at him. He COUGHS loudly, clearing his throat to cover his outburst. The shoppers go back to shopping.

A MAN WITH A LONG COAT enters the store, looks around, then takes a spot alongside Trip and opens a Mad Magazine.

TRIP

(whispering to himself)

Okay, bro. You gonna have to do this sometime. Might as well be now.

Trip puts a hand in his pocket and takes one last look at Stretch Armstrong before stuffing the action figure back in so it looks like he's got a gun. He takes three deep breaths and discreetly pulls his knit cap down over his eyes, revealing it actually as a semi-ski mask that covers the top half of his face.

Just then, the man with the coat puts the magazine back and pulls something over his own head.

Trip whirls around pointing Stretch-in-his-pocket at the cashier...

Just as the man in the coat, now masked with a stocking, pulls the biggest shotgun ever made from under his coat, pointing it at the cashier as well. The cashier shrieks. So does Trip.

MAN WITH COAT

Evening, honey. Y'know what I am, what this is, and what you have to do, so do it quick.

(to shoppers, Trip included)

The rest of you kindly introduce yourselves to the floor and kiss it hello.

His thunder now stolen, Trip drops to the floor along with everyone else. The air is very tense. The cashier starts SOBBING, keeping her hands in the air.

MAN WITH COAT

(to cashier)

Do or die, bitch! Next time I let the barrels do the talking.

CASHIER

P-p-please, mister, I'm just a high

school kid...

Man with the coat COCKS the chamber and the cashier immediately opens the register drawer and starts emptying it.

#### MAN WITH COAT

Fuck school, that's what I say! I just went through the motions till I was old enough to drop out and I'm leaving here with at least two fifty the easy way. Look where all that studying's gonna get you tonight. Robbed at gunpoint and possibly shot in the fucking head... for minimum wage!

The man with the coat's laughter ECHOES in Trip's head till he just can't take it anymore.

#### ON THE CASHIER

She suddenly shoots a surprise glance over the man with the coat's shoulder.

Seeing this, the man spins around. There's Trip behind him.

#### TRIP

Alright, drop it or I'll kick your ass!

Astounded by Trip's audacity, the man with the coat turns his shotgun point-blank at Trip.

#### MAN WITH COAT

Oh, yeah! You and what army?

#### TRIP

(gulps)  
The KISS Army!

#### CRASHING BACKSTAGE

#### INT. COBO HALL/BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

Your wildest fantasy of a rock show's backstage area come true. The place is packed with "beautiful" people. Scantily-clad BABES everywhere. Slick, RECORD BIZ-TYPES. Lots of food. Lots of booze. Lots of fun. It's backstage at a KISS concert, come on!



CAMERA TILTS UP above the partying hordes to find Lex shimmying along an exposed duct amid the pipes, sprinklers, and vents. Looking straight down on everybody, Lex is in awe and disbelief.

LEX

This is real. This is not a dream!  
This is real! I've pierced the inner  
circle!

He takes the opportunity to peer down some BIG BUSTED GIRL'S cleavage. Then his eye spots something else. He GASPS. A door. On it a star. Written on the star, the word, KISS.

LEX

Oh, God, they're in there!

A big-haired HIPSTER in mirrored sunglasses KNOCKS on the dressing room door. It opens, but Lex can't see inside. The hipster stands in the doorway talking to whoever is there.

Lex cranes his neck to see around the door jamb. Desperate for a glimpse of his idols, he leans out too far.

Suddenly, the entire duct collapses. Breaking loose of the ceiling, Lex hurls to the floor clutching the duct. Backstage goes leap for cover as SMASH... he hits the ground in a shower of plaster and dust.

The hipster protectively pulls the dressing room door shut as two SECURITY MEN jump in front of it.

Instantly, huge, burly hands come down on Lex's shoulders. Before he can react, a slew of OFFICERS have him off his feet and carry him away, a stunned expression frozen to his face.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND COBO HALL - NIGHT

Lex is thrown into a heaping garbage dumpster by the scruff of his neck. The security officers laugh and pat themselves on the back as they hurry back in.

Lex peeks out the lid. The alley is dark and spooky. He jumps out of the trash and comes face to face with the biggest GERMAN SHEPHERD that has ever lived. Its teeth are bared and its black, wolf-like body is coiled, ready to spring.  
GRRRRRRR!

Lex jumps backward hitting the dumpster. A GROWLING PITBULL walks out from the shadows and joins the Shepherd.

LEX  
(petrified)  
Dogs! Why did it have to be dogs!

Then, a GROWLING DOBERMAN with a spiked collar emerges from the darkness on the other side of the alley, its solid, muscular form making the brick building nearby look like jello.

Lex starts SLAPPING himself on the face.

LEX  
Wake up, Lex! Wake up, man! This part's gotta be a nightmare!

No luck. He stops, when several other DOGS emerge from the shadows and gather behind the first three. These new mutts immediately join in the GROWLING chorale. The Shepherd snaps at Lex.

LEX  
(to the heavens)  
God, if you ever get me outta this,  
I swear I will never masturbate again!

The pack BARKS even louder.

LEX  
(to heaven again)  
I REALLY MEAN IT THIS TIME!

INT. CONFSSIONAL BOOTH - NIGHT

Beth lays in Jam's arms on the floor. They might as well be the only two people on the face of the earth. They whisper.

BETH  
So. Is it true that Gene Simmons had a cow's tongue grafted onto his real one? Y'know, to make it so long?

JAM  
I dunno. I think he had the piece of skin under his tongue removed so he could stick it out farther. I'm not too up on Gene trivia.

BETH

Your man is the drummer, Peter Criss, right?

JAM

Peter Criss is my inspiration, man. If I paid a hundred bucks for a KISS show and all I saw was his solo, I'd consider it... money... Hey, how'd you know that?

BETH

I have all your notebook doodles memorized, Jam... Here.

She opens her backpack and pulls out a package addressed to Jam. The return address reads: Beth Bumsteen, Somewhere in Ann Arbor.

JAM

Ann Arbor?

BETH

My dad's company is relocating him. We're moving. That's why I was acting so freaky in school today. I thought it was the last time I'd ever see you. Anyway, open the box. I would have given it to you this morning, except... like I said, I was freaking out.

Jam opens the box and his jaw drops. It's a black tee-shirt with the "Mystery" logo printed in white on the chest. Jam holds it up. It's gigantic.

BETH

I pass by this really cool tee-shirt shop on my way to school every day and I know you wear those black tee-shirts all the time. You look like a size thirty-five, but all the sizes were in Roman numerals. So I got you an XXXL. That's thirty-five, isn't it?

Touched, Jam kisses her for a long time. He starts putting on the shirt when suddenly they hear the SHUFFLING of the priest entering his booth. Jam grabs his clothes and sits back on the bench. Beth starts getting dressed at his feet.

PRIEST

Okay, you better have something really sinful for me this time, son. My patience is worn to threads and your mom will be here any minute.

JAM

(pulling up his pants)

Alright, Father, here it is. About two weeks ago I went to my cousin's wedding and one of the bridesmaids asked me if I wanted to take a bath.

PRIEST

No...

Beth is tying her shoes. Jam slips on his socks.

JAM

I was insulted, so I asked her if I was wreaking some wicked b.o., right? Then she said no, she wanted to take a bath with me.

PRIEST

Oh, this is terrible... Please go on.

JAM

Well, she was a very tempting siren, Father. Built like you wouldn't believe. So I gave into temptation about a block away from the wedding reception at this little motel that charges by the hour.

Jam pauses.

PRIEST

Well? Continue! Continue!

JAM

Okay... when she peeled off that gown, you'll never guess what she was wearing underneath.

PRIEST

Was it a teddy?

Fully dressed, Beth crawls out of the confessional.

JAM

No. Much bet... I mean, much more sinful than that.

PRIEST

A bustier?

JAM

Tell you what. You keep guessing and I'll say something when you get it.

PRIEST

Splendid! I love a good game of Name That Nightie.

Jam quietly sneaks out.

INT. ST. SEBASTIAN'S CATHEDRAL - NIGHT

We can hear the priest's voice as Jam hurries to Beth. They dash out the door.

PRIEST'S VOICE

Satin underwear? Crotchless panties?  
Leopard skin bra? Fishnet leotard?  
Leather G-string?

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND COBO HALL - NIGHT

Still trapped by the GROWLING, BARKING pack of dogs, Lex searches nervously through the garbage behind him.

LEX

Okay, okay, you're pissed off. I can see this. So... Maybe what we need... ah-ha.

Lex holds up a worn-out, old frisbee.

LEX

Play some frisbee, poochies?

The pack just glares and SNARLS. He tosses the frisbee over the packs' heads, but the dogs don't even acknowledge it. They just keep BARKING and GROWLING.

Meanwhile, an unnoticed dog at the rear of the pack, a mangy Basset Hound, turns its flat head to see the frisbee land on

the ground behind him. His tail starts to wag.

LEX

(exasperated)

Alright! I give up! I hereby and forthwith defer my destiny to you mutts. I may be an intelligent, upright, walking, homo-fucking sapien, but you fleabags are a force of nature. So, I'm just gonna sit here and wait for you to decide. If you let me live, I thank you. If you bite my head off, I'll die knowing I did all I could. It's up to you.

Lex waits before the GROWLING, SNAPPING canines. Suddenly, the Basset Hound runs up in front of the pack and drops the frisbee at Lex's feet. Lex looks down at the floppy, wrinkly dog, who wags its tail and PANTS furiously.

LEX

Well, how do you like that?

Lex starts to pet the hound, and one-by-one the rest of the dogs shut-up. Shocked, Lex picks the frisbee up again and throws it.

This time the entire pack bolts after the Whammo product.

Lex smiles, watching them fight for it in the air... in SLOW MOTION... as the theme from "CHARIOTS OF FIRE" begins.

The black Shepherd finally grabs the frisbee in its mouth and runs back toward Lex. It's soon joined by the rest of the pack. That's right about when Lex realizes they aren't going to stop.

LEX

Whoa! Whoa!

The dogs plow into Lex full-force knocking him into the garbage. They surround him licking his face. Lex bursts into unstoppable laughter.

Pulling himself up, he pets the dogs as they jump around him wagging their tails and PANTING.

LEX

(baby talk)

You sonsofbitches could tickle a guy

to death, y'know that? Sure you do...  
Sure you do...

Lex stops. He hears TALKING coming from inside the windowless, brick building on the other side of the alley. He steps in front of the pack and puts his fingers to his lips. They obey, quieting instantly. He then tiptoes to a thin crack in the brick wall. The dogs quietly follow.

Lex puts his eye to the crack and peers in.

INT. CHOP SHOP - NIGHT

LEX'S POV

His mom's Volvo and a BMW are on adjacent hydraulic lifts inside a makeshift auto-mechanic shop.

Two BEEFY JERKS with blow torches stand next to the cars. One has a bandage on his head and seems to be in pain.

BEEFY JERK #1

So, I jump into the car, hot-wire it in thirty seconds and start driving. Then, suddenly I hear this scream. The disco queen was asleep in the back seat.

Beefy jerk #2 laughs.

BEEFY JERK #1

You think it's funny? How would you like to have a stiletto heel smacking you in the temple when you're tryin' to work?

Beefy jerk #2 laughs more. Beefy jerk #1 checks the time.

BEEFY JERK #1

You about done splittin' a gut there? We gotta get these parts to Toledo by nine.

Then a familiar voice is heard coming from the back of the shop.

CHRISTINE

Then maybe you guys'll let me go, huh?

Lex follows the voice and sees Christine handcuffed to a radiator near the rear of the shop.

CHRISTINE

Come on, whadaya say? You scratch my back, I scratch yours. You let me go, and in return, I keep my big mouth shut about your little operation here. Mum, know what I mean?

BEEFY JERK #2

You're lucky you're still alive, wench. If you was a guy, we woulda thought nothin' of sawing your head off with a butter knife.

BEEFY JERK #1

What are we gonna do with her anyway?

Beefy jerk #2 bares what's left of his yellow, crusty teeth

BEEFY JERK #2

I dunno, but she sure looks fun.

Beefy jerk #1 touches the bandage on his head.

BEEFY JERK #1

Yeah, and payback's a bitch.

Christine GAGS at the thought.

ANGLE ON WALL CRACK

Lex's eyeball bulges with terror.

EXT. IT'S RAINING MEN PARKING LOT - NIGHT

DOLLY FROM the front end of a Jaguar XKE, Michigan vanity plate reading: AMANDA.

TO its windshield, through which we see Hawk and Amanda kissing in the front seat, clad only in their underwear. Something like "ME AND MRS. JONES" plays on the radio. When they separate, Amanda takes out a flask and offers it to Hawk.

HAWK

Thanks.

He gulps some down and pulls the flask away COUGHING.



HAWK

What the hell is that?

AMANDA

Gin.

HAWK

Whoa. Some of this hard liquor's a tad too manly for me. I'm a brewski man myself.

AMANDA

Better ease up then, Hawk. Wouldn't want to give you whiskey dick would we?

HAWK

Who's Whiskey Dick?

Amanda plants a stocking foot on Hawk's crotch and rubs.

AMANDA

Well. Obviously no one you have to worry about... Woody.

HAWK

My name's not Woody, it's Haw-haw...

Hawk's eyes cross as he lets out a DEEP, OBNOXIOUS GROAN.

HAWK

...holy shit!

Amanda looks down at his crotch.

AMANDA

But you do know Premature Peter, don't you? Shame, I just bought these stockings.

Hawk has never been more embarrassed.

HAWK

Well, Amanda, this has been quite a night. So far you've seen me and my dick throw up.

(to the heavens)

What's next? Projectile diarrhea?

(beat, to Amanda)

Man. What a stud, huh?

AMANDA

Believe it or not, you still have a way to go before you start competing with my soon-to-be-ex-husband... the champion of lousy lovemaking. The man who thinks he's the biggest and the best... The man who thinks every secretary, stewardess, and cocktail waitress he fucks should lick his feet for the honor. The man for whom faking it was invented. Christ, if I hadn't gotten pregnant with our son, I would have never known I even had sex with the prick.

She takes a healthy swig of gin, relishing its bitterness.

HAWK

You love him?

AMANDA

I just told you, he's a big, hairy...

HAWK

No, I mean... you love your son?

AMANDA

More than anything in the world.

HAWK

And he loves you back, doesn't he?

AMANDA

He's a little spoiled, but I know he does.

HAWK

Well, shame on him if he doesn't.

She pats his shoulder.

AMANDA

You're sweet.

Hawk stares out the windshield.

HAWK

My mom died of a heart attack while

she was having me. Man, I wish I had known her for even one day. If they ever invent a time machine, that's what I'm doing. Going back in time to meet my mom. I'm gonna say, "Mrs. Pitchford?... or Miss Williams, depending on when I show up. You don't know me, but I'm your kid from the future. Just wanted to thank you for the blue eyes, pug nose and for tying the knot with a guy who didn't mind diaper detail... Oh, and, uh... cut down on the red meat, will ya?"

Amanda caresses Hawk's cheek. He turns with her hand and kisses it. He takes her arm and begins kissing his way up to her neck, her cheek, her mouth...

## DR. LOVE TO THE RESCUE

### INT. SMILEY MART - NIGHT

It's a stand-off. Prone customers look up at Trip and the man with the long coat circling each other like sharks. The helpless cashier lets out fearful sobs.

MAN WITH COAT

Gimme your gun, boy!

TRIP

No, you gimme your gun, boy!

MAN WITH COAT

Don't tempt me, I'll shoot!

TRIP

Not if I shoot first!

MAN WITH COAT

I don't even think you have a gun!

TRIP

Neither do I!

The man with the coat puts his shotgun against Trip's head.

MAN WITH COAT

Now, for the last time, take the piece out and lay back down or your mom's gonna need the White Tornado

to get the brains outta your ski  
cap.

Trip GULPS. The jig's up. He slowly pulls out Stretch  
Armstrong, and the man with the coat glances down and starts  
to laugh very loud. So loud, he throws his head back.

When he recovers, Trip's got Stretch aimed at his head and  
pulled back to maximum tension.

TRIP

Smile, you sonofa...

Trip lets go. WZZMACK! The man gets it right in the face and  
falls backward onto the Hostess display, toppling a whole  
bunch of Ho-Ho's, Ding-Dong's, Twinkies, and Suzy-O's to the  
ground.

Trip runs up and grabs the shotgun away as the man with the  
coat lifts his head briefly, then passes out.

Trip turns around and the cashier SLAMS into him, nearly  
knocking him over. She throws her arms around him letting  
out relieved SOBS. Behind her all the customers rise from  
the floor CLAPPING. Trip did it. He saved the fucking store!

The cashier looks into Trip's masked eyes.

CASHIER

Thank you! Thank you!... Who are  
you?

TRIP

(with confidence)

Call me... Dr. Love!

She plants a thousand mega-watt kiss on his lips and we ZOOM  
IN on her mood ring changing color from gray to fire engine  
red.

Trip's eyes widen just before... KABOOM... The shotgun he's  
holding goes off, blowing a hole in the ceiling.

The recoil from the blast jolts Trip and the cashier apart.  
We now see Trip's face is smeared with bright, red lipstick.  
A huge chunk of ceiling falls onto his head but he doesn't  
move. The kiss hit him harder.

I'M HERE FOR THE GIRL AND THE CAR

INT. CHOP SHOP - NIGHT

BZZZZZ! Christine and the beefy jerks watch the brown, '78 Volvo, Ohio plates: OB-GYN, ascend on a hydraulic lift.

Behind them sits the BMW skeleton. These boys work fast.

CHRISTINE

You guys better kill me before you do what you're thinking of doing. Cause when I'm mad enough, I can bite down very hard.

The beefy jerks laughs.

BEEFY JERK #1

Sweet Polly Purebred's got some spunk, huh?

BEEFY JERK #2

I'll give her some spunk alright.

They put their blow torches down and turn to her.

BEEFY JERK #1

We stripped that Beemer in fifteen minutes. Bet we can strip her in fifteen seconds.

They giggle maniacally and lumber toward Christine. Their shadows growing larger and larger across her.

CHRISTINE

(mile a minute)

Now wait a minute, guys! Two against one ain't fair. Lemme go back and get my friend Barbara. You'd love her. Tits the size of your head. You'll feel like a little baby sucking on 'em. I swear, I'll bring her right back. It'll be a four-way... You guys like disco? I teach disco dancing at my church. You guys look like you got rhythm in your blood. Come on, free lessons if you let me go.

BEEFY JERK #1

I know a dance we can do. The horizontal hustle.

They both laugh. Just as they're about to grab her...

Suddenly, the garage door behind them SLIDES UP revealing darkness. Christine and the beefy jerks look out anxiously.

BEEFY JERK #1

Who's there?

Silence except for CRICKETS. Then... from out of the darkness emerges a figure... Lex. Christine's eyes brighten like a bulb.

LEX

I'm here for the girl and the car.  
You can try to stop me, but I must warn you, it may be hazardous to your health.

The beefy jerks laugh at this little punk. They start toward him, one with a tire iron, the other a big monkey wrench.

BEEFY JERK #1

Too bad. He was such a young idiot.

BEEFY JERK #2

Ehhh. He was a stupid boy. He deserved to die.

Lex lets out a quick HIGH-PITCHED WHISTLE. The pack of BARKING dogs led by the Shepherd, the Pit Bull, the Doberman, and the Basset Hound, step from the darkness and flank Lex, GROWLING and SNARLING at the beefy jerks.

LEX

Listen to them. Children of the night.  
What music they make... Hounds of hell? Say hello to dinner!

The beefy jerks drop their tools on their feet and yelp in pain. The pack takes this as a threat and charge the beefy jerks, who bolt for a glass-partitioned office. The dogs SCRATCH and BARK at the window ferociously.

Lex smiles at Christine. She smiles back. He presses the "down" button on the lift and the Volvo descends. Lex yells to the beefy jerks through the glass.

LEX

One foot out of that office and your asses are Alpo!

Lex unlocks Christine. She leaps into his arms.

CHRISTINE

Wow! Thank you! You're cooler than the Fonz.

She gives him a lingering kiss. Lex leans back, gives the double thumbs-up, and says...

LEX

Aaaayyyyy!

Lex takes her hand and they walk over to the Volvo. Lex lets her in then rounds the car to the driver's side.

BEEFY JERK #1

Hey, what about the dogs?

LEX

You got a phone in there?

They nod. Lex drips a dry smile onto them.

LEX

Call the cops.

The beefy jerks watch in disbelief as the Volvo SCREECHES out of the chop shop.

2 GODDBYES, A PUNCH IN THE GUT AND A DRUMSTICK

EXT. WHITE CASTLE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Beth's parents wait in the running car as Jam and Beth share a heartfelt good-bye outside the back door.

BETH

Ann Arbor isn't... that far from Cleveland, right?

JAM

Nah. Once I get my own wheels, I could come up all the time.

BETH

That'd be great. Hey, maybe someday your band'll play there. It's a college town, you know?

Jam takes her hands.

JAM

I feel like such an idiot. Why didn't I just say something a year and a half ago? Man, think of how much time we wasted.

BETH

Let's not think about the past. Let's just think about from today on. I'll never forget you, Jam.

JAM

Tell me about it. Church will never be the same again.

They stare at each other for a really long time. Then, kiss.

BEEP. BEEP. Dad looks back out the window and CLEARS HIS THROAT LOUDLY.

BETH

(flustered)

Coming dad.

(to Jam)

I'll call you. Soon as we get a phone.

Bye.

JAM

Bye.

She gets in the car. They both wave as the Impala turns a corner out of sight. Jam is left alone still waving long after she's gone.

INT. AMANDA'S JAG - NIGHT

Amanda and Hawk are half-dressed post-coitus. She looks in her purse.

HAWK

Amanda, as ironic as this is gonna sound, I can't take any money for... I'm no Midnight Cowboy, y'know. It would only cheapen the whole deal for me.

AMANDA

I'm not paying you for the lovemaking,



Hawk. I just want you to have whatever you needed the money for when you took me up on my offer.

She forces the money into his palm.

HAWK

...Thanks.

They kiss.

AMANDA

You're a good man, Hawk. Thank you.

EXT. SMILEY MART - NIGHT

The cashier, shoppers, and a gathering CROWD watch two cops load the dazed man with the coat into a cruiser.

COP #1

(to cashier)

You wouldn't happen to know where we could find this... Dr. Love, would you?

CASHIER

It's company policy to hand over a cash reward of a hundred and fifty dollars to anyone who stops a robbery. I gave him the money and he took off.

The cops shrug and get into the cruiser.

COP #2

Okay, well, thanks anyway. And let us know if you happen to see him again. We'd like to ask him some questions.

The cruiser takes off and the cashier stares at her mood ring. It throbs red like a beating heart.

CASHIER

(sighing to herself)

If I see Dr. Love any time soon, you're gonna have to wait till I'm done with him first.

CAMERA TRACKS BACK QUICKLY AND SWINGS JUST AROUND THE CORNER.

EXT. SMILEY MART PARKING LOT - NIGHT

We find Trip counting his money out to the little kid, Chongo, and their two buds.

TRIP

...hundred forty, hundred fifty.  
That's all I got.

The little kid puts the money in his pocket.

LITTLE KID

Tsk. Tsk. Tsk. I really wanted things  
to work out for you, my weasly, dim-  
witted friend. You got spunk.

(to Chongo)

Chongo, give him a fifty dollar  
wallop.

Chongo reels back and...

TRIP

Oh, no... Please, look. I...

THWAM! Right in Trip's face. Trip flies off his feet into  
the Smiley Mart brick wall with a THUD. A bag of weed drops  
from his jacket, then some uppers, a few sheets of acid, and  
finally a can of beer rolls out.

CHONGO

Hey, the jerkoff's got drugs.

LITTLE KID

Consider it a bonus, Chongo.

Chongo laughs like an ejaculating gorilla as he and his two  
buds scoop it all up. The little kid, Chongo, and the buds  
leave Trip lying in a puddle of his own nose blood.

He pulls out Stretch Armstrong and looks at him fondly.

TRIP

(misty eyed)

At least I still got you, Stretch.

Trip looks up. The six year olds who he stole it from stand  
close by having watched the whole humiliating exchange.  
Licked, Trip tosses the doll to them. They both dash away  
with it, giggling.

EXT. NEARBY STREET - NIGHT

Christine sits in an idling taxi taking money from Lex, who stands outside the window.

LEX

This oughta be enough to get you to Disco Inferno, Christine.

CHRISTINE

Come with. It's not too late for you to catch the fever.

LEX

No can do. But I made a promise to get you to that disco, and we KISS maniacs are men of our word. Besides... you're pretty cool... for a stella, I mean.

Christine takes his hand and writes something on his palm in lipstick.

CHRISTINE

Here's my number. Tell me how cool I am over the phone sometime. Okay?

She gives Lex a kiss then pushes him away.

CHRISTINE

(to CABBIE)

Disco Inferno, on the double.

The taxi SCREECHES away as Lex smiles and gets back into the Volvo.

INT. COBO HALL - NIGHT

Jam approaches the stadium, passing the MATMOKS, walking straight up to Mrs. Bruce. Her back is to him. He taps her on the shoulder. She turns. Her jaw drops. It escaped again! And what an ugly tee-shirt.

JAM

I'm gonna ask you nicely first. Mom, can I have my drumsticks back?

Taken aback by his confidence, Mrs. Bruce grabs his ear and tries to pull him away. He won't budge.

JAM

Again, can I have my drumsticks?

A BUNCH OF IDIOTS walk by with big transistor radios. One of them holds a Mr. Microphone and heckles the MATMOKS.

LEAD IDIOT

Hey, I'm on the radio! Hi, good-lookin'. We'll be back to pick you up later!

Mrs. Bruce yells at Jam through her bullhorn.

MRS. BRUCE

Drumsticks are the least of your worries, young man. You are in a world of...

Jam yanks the Mr. Microphone from the lead idiot and screams at his mother, his voice amplified on the transistors. Everyone stares.

JAM

I know, mom, I've been in trouble for about twelve hours now! Hellooooo!?

The other MATMOKS turn to look as Jam climbs onto a trash receptacle and shouts down at his mother, his face slowly turning purple.

JAM

I'm gonna be spending the next two years of my life at St. Bernard's Boarding School, remember?! I'm gonna be outta your hair till I'm a legal adult, remember?! That way, all you have to do is go to church, light a candle, pray to a little statue for me, and voila! All is forgiven and forgotten, right mom?! Then, you can spend your days in guilt-free pursuit of more constructive activities like telling everybody else how screwed up their lives are! That way you no longer need the patience and understanding required to communicate on some normal level with your own child!!! And that way

you don't even have to think about how tough it was for you when you were growing up, and it's a good thing too. Cause if you did, you'd realize what a LOUSY, GODDAMN, SHITTY-ASS, PARENT YOU ARE!!!

The crowd of KISS fans APPLAUD Jam's rant. Mrs. Bruce is utterly winded from the assault.

MRS. BRUCE  
(timidly)  
Jeremiah... what's gotten into you?

JAM  
(into Mr. Microphone)  
I just lost my virginity in a confessional booth! Lord have mercy!!

The crowd cheers. Jam jumps down and hands the Mr. Microphone back to the lead idiot. He turns to his mom.

JAM  
For the last time, mom. Let me have my fucking drumsticks. Please.

Mrs. Bruce reaches into the trash, finds the drumsticks and hands them to him. He spins them like pistols, then stuffs them into his socks and walks away.

## SIMPLE PLAN

### EXT. IT'S RAINING MEN STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

Hawk runs to the scalper across the street who's selling a ticket to another KISS fan.

HAWK  
Whoa! Whoa! WHOA! That better not be the last ticket! I hope you have another one for me!

The scalper sees Hawk and bolts down the street disappearing around a corner. Hawk stops. He's lost him.

Hawk sulks to the now-familiar intersection where all four landmarks meet. He takes one more look up the block at Cobo Hall. Nearly all the KISS fans are inside. The streets are almost deserted.

HAWK

Fuck me!

He sees someone out of the corner of his eye across the street. It's Jam. Lex approaches the other corner. Trip comes up to the forth corner. They all stop when they see each other. Each standing on his own corner. They're all pissed. They meet in the middle of the street as last minute CONCERT GOERS hurry by.

HAWK

Any luck?

TRIP

Plenty, but it was all bad.

LEX

I found the Volvo.

HAWK

Tickets?

They all shake no.

HAWK

Well, dudes, the only way we're gonna see KISS this tour is by some fuckin' miracle.

Suddenly, a commotion up the street. A SURLY MOM yanks four 12 YEAR OLD BRATS dressed like KISS by the scruffs of their necks. She's furious, they're CRYING.

SURLY MOM

How dare you sneak out of the house like that! You had me worried to death! Don't you know this is Detroit! And for a degenerate band like KISS! They're sick, sick, sick and oughta be in jail with their vile antics!

She throws a wad of paper to the pavement as they pass our four heroes. The dudes watch her pull the brats away.

SURLY MOM

Just wait until your father gets ahold of you!

Jam, Hawk, Lex, and Trip turn and look at the crumpled wad at their feet. It's an envelope. An ANGELIC SPOTLIGHT FROM

ABOVE highlights it.

LEX

No... You don't think...?

HAWK

Nah. Couldn't be.

They all shake their heads in unison resolved that it isn't. Then, unable to control themselves, they dive for the envelope. Jam tears it open. His trembling hand reaches in. All their eyes focus like lasers on what's inside.

Jam pulls out four KISS tickets. Their jaws drop. Their eyes bug.

JAM

It's a miracle! A miracle!

The boys are practically moved to tears. It's Divine Intervention at its finest.

Suddenly, a greasy hand juts out of nowhere and grabs the tickets. The boys look up shocked. They can't believe it.

ALL FOUR BOYS

ELVIS?!!

Yes, Elvis. Fire in his eyes. Mania on his mind. And tickets in his hand.

ELVIS

(laughing hysterically)

Whose laughing now?! Whose laughing now, ya little shits?! I told ya...

Over my dead body! Ha-HA-HAAA!

HAWK

(arms outstretched)

Take it easy, Elvis. Don't do anything crazy. Just give me the tickets before someone gets hurt.

TRIP

Hey, wait a minute! This ain't school property! He's not the boss of us here!

ELVIS

(crazed)

That's right. This ain't school.  
It's not about school anymore. Now  
it's personal.

LEX

Come on, Elvis. We was only kiddin'.  
It's all in good fun. We run, you  
chase. Cat and mouse. You know.

ELVIS

Boys, this time... I win!

Elvis stuffs all four tickets in his mouth and chews crazily.  
In seconds, GULP. Elvis explodes into unhinged laughter as  
he runs away zigzagged down the street.

Our boys are left dumbstruck and speechless. After a really  
long pause...

JAM

Well... I still got my idea if anybody  
will let me speak.

HAWK

(beaten)

Go ahead, Jam.

JAM

We all beat each other up, then,  
once we're nice and bruised, we run  
over to the ticket takers and say we  
got mugged and our tickets were  
stolen. They gotta let us in then.

They stand and think for a moment. Hawk's mouth curls into a  
devilish grin.

Then, he lets out a gigantic "AIEEEE!!! and slugs Jam. The  
four boys brutally pummel one another in the middle of the  
intersection. Punching. Kicking. Headbutting.

EXT. COBO HALL - NIGHT

Two TICKET TAKERS are letting the last KISS fans in. They're  
about to close the doors when our four bloodied and bruised  
heroes come running up.

HAWK

Dude, you gotta let us in! Four  
muggers just stole our tickets!



TICKET TAKER

(sceptical)

You expect us to believe that?

JAM

Look at us!

Trip points into the crowd of fans inside the auditorium foyer.

TRIP

It was those assholes! They even stole my wallet!

The ticket takers turn to see the little kid, Chongo, and their two buds just going in. The ticket takers signal two security guards who proceed to stop the four stunned kids and confiscate their tickets. They find all the stolen dope and Trip's wallet.

TRIP

Inside that you'll find my KISS Army picture I.D. and a hundred fifty bucks cash.

The security guards see he's right and break out the cuffs.

TRIP

(to little kid)

Tsk. Tsk. Tsk. I was really hoping things would work out for you, my weasly, midget friend. You got spunk.

The little kid for once is speechless.

Then the ticket taker extends his arm in SLOW MOTION into COBO Hall as if to say "Entrez Vous." The four friends pause.

JAM

This is it!

They take a few slow steps almost as if they don't believe it, then run like the wind into the auditorium.

DETROIT ROCK CITY

INT. COBO HALL AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

The lights are out. The lighters have been lit. The CROWDS'

ROAR is deafening.

Jam, Hawk, Trip, and Lex plow their way through the throngs and head straight for the front row just as Simple Simon takes the stage.

#### SIMPLE SIMON

You wanted the best! And you got the best! The hottest band in the world...  
KISS!!!

Simple Simon runs from the stage just as the opening chords to DETROIT ROCK CITY BEGIN.

On the beat, BOOM, FIREWORKS shoot from the floor alighting the place. KISS takes the stage descending on hydraulic elevators.

#### ON JAM, HAWK, TRIP, AND LEX

They're seeing God!

The show is spectacular. The costumes. The make-up. The blitzkrieg of pyrotechnics. The flashing KISS sign. Ace's smoking guitar. Gene's spewing fire. Paul's rockin' vocals. Peter's kick-ass beat.

Then, something really weird happens.

The crowd behind the boys heaves forward. Jam is pushed like a twig in a flood and over the shoulders of those in front of him. Purely by accident, he is thrown onto the stage landing on his stomach between Paul and Gene. Just before Peter's drum solo is about to start.

Gene, Paul, and Ace silence their instruments. Peter throws his drumstick into the air intending to catch it when it comes down. But the sight of Jam landing on the stage distracts him.

All is mute as Peter misses the drumstick. It hits the outside edge of one of the drums.

Thinking fast, Jam grabs one of his drumsticks out of his sock and tosses it to Peter. It tumbles through the air in SLOW MOTION with a LOW, WHOOPING, HELICOPTER SOUND. We see the word "Mystery" clearly as it twirls.

Instantly, it's caught in Peter Criss's hand and he brings it down on his drum not missing a beat. The song resumes

with all its fury as Peter's drum kit ascends on a hydraulic platform.

Jam scrambles from the stage and leaps back into the audience barely missing the claws of some security guards.

The four friends pound on each other with unbridled, teenage exuberance. Will it ever get any better than this?

FREEZE FRAME.

FADE TO WHITE:

THE END