

THE KIDS ARE ALL DRUNK

by

ADAM S. MACPHERSON

Based on
True Events

macbeerson@gmail.com

Logline

A group of teenagers terrorize the city of Indianapolis, Indiana in the summer of 1998. Hopeless destruction of property and minds is geared toward a punk rock concert at "The Emerson".

FADE IN

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - EARLY MORNING

Sun is just beginning to crest the horizon.

A 1981 CUTLASS comes into view, swerving down the street, periodically scraping against a concrete barrier as it passes view.

SUPER: Indianapolis, Indiana, summer of 1998.

This is a true story.

However if you attempt to drink this much booze, smoke this much weed and then do all this stupid shit, you will die.

We did not, but you will.

INT. CUTLASS - MOVING - EARLY MORNING

DOYLE, (17, 6'2 260 lbs.) is vaguely seen driving while chugging a can of beer.

Interior dome light of the Cutlass suddenly illuminates. Doyle crotches his beer and begins fumbling around the seat and floor of the car.

Cigarette butts, beer cans, bottles, joint roaches, porn magazines, a bong and cassette tapes litter the seat and floor of the car.

He finds a cassette tape and slides it in the player.

Music begins, something like: "The Kids Are All Drunk" by Sloppy Seconds.

Doyle begins slapping himself in the face, he then pulls a pack of smokes from the dash. Pulling one out with his teeth he slams the pack on the seat.

DOYLE

Man, stay the fuck awake Dave! Yea,
fuckin music, fuckin Sloppy, yea!

Doyle shakes his head then retrieves another cigarette from the pack on the seat. Realizing he has one in his mouth, he inserts the other.

DOYLE

Shit, where is my fucking lighter!?
Where was I going anyway? Shit, o yea,
The Macbeerson's place to pass out,
yea!

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - EARLY MORNING

Cutlass slides into a townhouse apartment complex that is in process of demolition. Front parking lot of last unit of the complex is deserted.

Open grass area is viewed as Doyle pulls around to back of the unit, two cars are parked there. Bulldozers, backhoes and other trucks at work surround the remaining apartments.

Suburban houses are viewed in construction all around.

INT/EXT. CUTLASS - CONT. - MOVING - EARLY MORNING

INT. CUTLASS

Doyle is nodding off as he drives.

EXT. CUTLASS

Cutlass is dented, rusted, two narrow spare tires in the rear.

View underneath the front end of car is Electrical wire securing the outer tie rods to the steering arm. Rear brake lines are cut, folded and crimped together.

INT. CUTLASS

Doyle locates his lighter and ignites two cigarettes in his mouth at once, he continues fumbling around the car.

DOYLE

Man where is that fucking tape?!

Doyle discovers a cassette tape, he ejects the current tape from the player, throws it on the floor then slides the new found tape in.

Permanent marker viewed on tape reads: PUNK

Music plays from car stereo:

Something like, "Thing From Uranus" by Sloppy Seconds.

Doyle rips a loud, wet sounding FART as he pulls around back. He then floors the car, speeding to a sliding park sideways in the grass.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - REAR - MORNING

Doyle gets out, he slips on the grass while closing the door, falls and hits the ground with a painful GRUNT.

SUPER: Doyle

Doyle climbs up and stands, wet grass stains viewed on his ass, he walks back to the rear door of the Cutlass.

Doyle opens the door, reaches in produces a can of beer. Opening the can he tips it back and squeezes it empty down his throat.

SUPER: 1.2 seconds

He throws the empty can on the ground. Reaching in to the back seat he emerges with a six pack, held by a missing ring.

Doyle rips two more beers off the six pack then sets the remainder on the roof of the car. One beer in each hand he opens them with his teeth.

Doyle begins double fist slamming the beers, throwing the empty cans on the ground as he finishes them.

Singing along with the song Doyle begins dancing a drunken jig. He discards the beers then moves toward the porch of the apartment, leaving the car door open.

Cassette player audibly eats tape.

Sunlight shining in his face Doyle is stumbling and tripping. He makes it 20 feet to the porch, slamming upright against the wall of the unit.

INT. MACBEERSON'S - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Living room is dimly lit by a television, GARY (48, 5'7", 160 lbs., balding, grey hair) is barely visible. He is sitting alone on the couch, smoking a joint, watching The Weather Channel.

SUPER: Gary

EXT. MACBEERSON'S - BACK PORCH - MORNING

Doyle is knocking on the side of the apartment. He looks over at the door.

DOYLE
(aloud)
Oops, shit.

Doyle slides along the wall to the door and knocks.

DOYLE
What the fuck? Gary is usually up by
now.

Doyle commences BANGING on the door with his fist.

INT. MACBEERSON'S - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Banging on the door is heard inside. Gary eventually arises and secures a .44 Magnum revolver from underneath the chair cushion.

Gary sulks to the back door and jerks it open, gun in hand. Sunlight flashes in the dimly lit apartment. Gary steps back, then sighs.

GARY
Get the fuck in here Dave.

Doyle walks in, curtain sweeps shut.

Doyle stumbles and flop crashes down on the couch. Gary puts the revolver back under the cushion, sits down then grabs the joint out of the ashtray.

He takes a pull then passes the joint to Doyle.

GARY

Dave do you have to be so obnoxious?
What the fuck did you do last night
anyway chief? You look like-- Well you
did just collapse. Real nice grass
stains on your ass by the way bud.
Just gonna smear that shit all over my
couch huh?

DOYLE

Aww shit man!

GARY

You're not going to fucking OD are
you?

Doyle hits the joint, exhales smoke and passes the joint back
to Gary.

DOYLE

No, sorry Gary man, I'm cool, just
some crazy shit man, a rave, some
stupid shit--

Doyle lays back and falls asleep.

INT. - OLD WAREHOUSE

Doyle walks in through the front door, bright lights begin to
flash in his face.

Music plays: House Techno.

Warehouse interior is viewed through flashing lights, black
lights, strobe lights, laser lights.

Old crumbling warehouse, cracked falling apart walls painted
black, glow paint smeared all over the walls.

There is a large open area, a DJ is in the corner elevated
over the crowd. He is spinning records on multiple
turntables.

Dark corridors of hallways are viewed running out from the
main party area.

RAVE GUYS and RAVE GIRLS are dancing perversely, they are
wearing plastic clothing and glowing plastic jewelry.
Pacifiers in their mouths and suspended from necklaces.

BACK TO DOYLE

Doyle is wearing ripped up jeans, Chuck Taylor shoes and a White Zombie T-shirt.

Shirt reads:

"I WENT TO HELL AND ALL I GOT WAS THIS CRUMMY T-SHIRT".

Doyle meanders through the main party, he passes many more Rave Guys and Rave Girls wearing glow sticks, glow paint and plastic clothes.

He weaves and pushes through the crowd of the main party toward the back of the warehouse.

Doyle ventures down a dark, narrow hallway, bouncing back and forth off the walls of the hallway.

People are lying around on the floor of the hallway. They are swallowing pills, snorting powders, smoking, shooting up, shoving pills up their rectums.

People are performing fellatio, engaging in other forms of perverted sex. Guys with girls, girls with girls, guys with guys.

Doyle approaches RAVE GUY 1, he is dressed in tight spandex shorts and a plastic glowing shirt. Doyle leans in and speaks close to his face, no dialogue is heard.

Rave Guy produces a bag from a fanny pack and shows it to Doyle. Doyle pulls a wad of cash from his pocket, counts out bills, then exchanges them to Rave Guy for the bag.

Doyle and Rave Guy both pocket the goods after exchange then walk separate ways down the hallway.

Loud rave music continues to penetrate the hallways through the entire building.

RAVE GIRL 1 approaches Doyle in the hall. Dim flashing light casts shadows of her upon the wall and flashing glimpses of her face.

She has a slim, trim body, young, cute face. Tight revealing plastic skirt and top. Jewelry she is wearing glows and flashes, long straight hair of multiple colors.

RG1 slithers closer to Doyle and immediately commences grinding on him then sticks her hand down his pants and her tongue in his mouth.

She abruptly deceases her advance and pushes Doyle back.

RAVE GIRL 1

Have you heard this DJ before?!

DOYLE

There is a DJ here?! I didn't even know what the fuck that noise was!

RG1 laughs goofily then slides back to Doyle, engaging in a serious gaze.

Doyle proceeds to grind on her. He sticks his tongue in her mouth and gropes her ass.

Doyle then suddenly shoves her away, turns around and walks down the hall.

RG1 gasps, an angered look dawns her face. She flips Doyle off.

RAVE GIRL 1

Fuck you then douche bag! No one listens to White Zombie anyway you fucking fascist!

Doyle produces a bag from his pocket. As he walks he tosses a pill in his mouth and chews it up.

DOYLE VO

(Thinking)

Man that chick was pretty hot but two chicks would be better, yea, even if they are not as hot. I got this ecstasy, fuck yea.

Doyle proceeds down an adjacent hallway.

His perception view becomes hallucinogenic. Wavy and electrostatic. He stumbles up to RAVE GIRLS 2&3

DOYLE

Hey babiesss, Iyy have a penisss, and uh, I'm prrretty sure you have vaaaginasss, and I got summm...

Snap out of Doyle's view.

Rave Girls 2&3 both slap Doyle, they then take turns kneeling

him in the balls. He falls to the floor of the warehouse writhing in pain.

Rave Girls walk away laughing as Doyle squirms on the floor coughing and grasping his crotch. He gets up staggered and brushes off filth from the floor.

DOYLE

Ouch, man fuck this trendy bullshit, I am out of here!

Doyle weaves back through the corridors of the warehouse. Various trash and people lying in it on the floor are viewed through the hall.

Doyle turns down a dark hallway to find RAVE GIRL 4 passed out on the floor. He looks down at her then looks around, he then unzips his pants.

Doyle turns and begins urinating on the wall across the hallway from Rave Girl 4. A river of his piss is flowing down the wall and forming a puddle under the girl's face.

She is face down in the forming puddle of urine. Her breathing begins creating bubbles in the puddle.

She semi-consciously coughs and turns her head back and forth, soaking her face and hair in urine.

THREE SECURITY GUARDS walk around the corner, Security Guard 1 yells at Doyle.

SECURITY GUARD 1

Hey what the fuck man, this ain't the bathroom you asshole, and you are pissing on that girl!

Doyle's pants fall down, boxers up he slips in his own piss attempting to run. He hits the concrete floor face down.

Three Security Guards jump on Doyle, they grab him and begin to drag him through the halls.

Doyle is yelling and kicking, continuing to urinate through his boxers, his pants around his ankles.

DOYLE

Fuck you and your trendy ass rave you bitches! I just come here for the drugs and skanks!

SECURITY GUARD 2

You're a fucking loser man. You are
lucky we don't call the cops.

DOYLE

Fuck you fucking fuckers man! Fuck all
three of you fucking bitches!

EXT. WAREHOUSE - EARLY MORNING

Three Security Guards toss Doyle out front on the concrete.
His pants are still around his ankles.

Doyle waffles up and flips the security guards off with one
hand and finishes urinating on the spot with the other hand
as the guards walk back inside.

DOYLE

Yea fuckin drink this shit!

Onlooking crowd outside all begin to laugh

Doyle then pulls up his pants and stumbles toward the parking
lot mumbling.

DOYLE

Punk bitches, fuck this stupid weirdo
bullshit.

Doyle weaves through the crowd of people. He is stumbling,
bumping into them. His pants are soaked in his own urine.

Doyle makes it to the Cutlass and opens the door. Beer cans
and bottles fall out of the car as he climbs in.

INT. CUTLASS - EARLY MORNING

Doyle shuts the door and starts the car. He twists the knob
on the cassette player, radio comes to life with loud PUNK
MUSIC.

Music plays:

Something like, "Kill a Trendy" by Sloppy Seconds.

EXT. CITY STREETS - EARLY MORNING

Cutlass speeds off out of the warehouse parking lot, running
over the bottles and cans, then speeds into the streets,
spares in rear spinning loose.

Doyle yells out the window.

DOYLE

Fuck you, fag weirdo bitches!

Cutlass driving through east Indy. Destitute, ghetto street scenes are viewed all around as Cutlass drives out of view.

INT. MACBEERSON'S - CONTINUOUS - MORNING

LIVING ROOM

Gary takes the joint from Doyle, Doyle lays back on the couch, eyes closed. Gary snaps his fingers in front of Doyle's face.

GARY

Dave, what in the hell is up? What the fuck did you do last night chief?

Doyle sits up and momentarily snaps to attention.

DOYLE

Nah, sorry Gary man, uhh, like I was saying, just a bunch of crazy stuff.

GARY

I guess I should expect nothing less from you Dave. Maybe you should just take a nap bud.

Gary passes Doyle back the joint. Doyle rips the joint, passes it back to Gary, then lies back and passes out.

LATER:

Sunlit view of the Macbeerson's living room. Lower middle class townhouse apartment home.

Gary is sitting on the couch watching The Weather Channel, Doyle is asleep on the couch snoring.

UPSTAIRS - ADAM'S ROOM.

Music plays:

Something like, "Burritos" by Sublime.

ADAM (17 6 ft 0 160 lb light brown hair, glasses) is passed out half on his bed, half on the floor. Spilled beer and a spilled bong on the rug beside him.

His glasses are hanging off his face, a bloody bandage of masking tape and paper towel is wrapped around his left hand.

SUPER: Adam

Dirty clothes, beer bottles, cans and trash are viewed in the room. An ashtray overflowing with cigarette butts and joint roaches is on the nightstand next to Adam's bed.

Southwestern motif rug is hanging on the wall above the head of his bed. Tomahawk peace pipe is viewed hanging on the wall.

Twenty-seven inch flat screen tube TV is resting on a crude homemade stand in a corner of the room. A game console and two controllers sit underneath.

Adam snores and twitches, drooling on the floor.

UPSTAIRS - BRIAN'S ROOM

BRIAN (15, 5 ft. 5, 130 lbs.) is passed out on a bed, twisted up in an unusual sleeping position on his back. Bed, a rug and a simple dresser drawers is all that is in his room.

SUPER: Brian

SPLIT SHOT:

Adam and Brian both viewed in their current state.

SUPER: The MacBeerson Brothers

Adam and Brian wake simultaneously, sniffing the air and pounce out of bed. Brian falls to the floor, Adam runs out of his room.

DOWNSTAIRS - LIVING ROOM

Adam surfs down the stairs then runs down the hall to the kitchen. He walks back into the living room with a beer.

Adam sits down on couch and grabs the joint from Gary. He rips the joint then opens the beer and begins to chug it while passing the joint back to Gary.

Doyle is still sleeping on the couch.

GARY

I guess it's 5 o'clock somewhere, you goddamn alcoholic.

ADAM

Yea in Paris I think. You're one to talk, what's it been, almost five years since you just about blew your brains out with a gallon of whiskey a day?

GARY

That is a low blow asshole, I got clean! You are 17, I didn't even drink at your age!

ADAM

Yea, yea, that was a dick thing to say alright! Fuck it let's get high.

GARY

Stop saying "Fuck" so much, you sound like white trash.

ADAM

You say "Fuck" all the time bro!

GARY

I am not your bro I am your father and I am an adult, I can talk however the "Fuck" I want, you can't!

ADAM

Yea cool, but we can drink and smoke weed? OK pass the bleeping joint then.

GARY

Cute, smart ass.

Gary takes a hit of the joint then sets it in the ashtray and looks to Adam intently.

GARY (CONT.)

I let you guys smoke yea, because it is just pot, you are probably not going to rob a liquor store or rape a girl or fucking beat someone to death with a bat high on a little pot.

ADAM

Well some of that shit sounds pretty fuckin...

Gary puts a pointed finger in Adam's face.

GARY

Just shut up you ass! I am not in the
fucking mood!

Gary looks to the floor then back to Adam.

GARY (CONT.)

Hear me now you little shit! this
drunken bullshit ends this weekend so
have your fun now!

ADAM

Alright man, alright! No more
drinking, just chill!

Gary veers at Adam while passing him him the joint. Doyle is
just regaining consciousness on the couch, he wakes and grabs
the joint from Adam.

ADAM

Wake and bake D, didn't think you were
alive fucker!

DOYLE

Alive enough to fuck your mom bitch!

ADAM

Ha, go ahead then, 20 bucks you fat
fuck!

GARY

Shut up jackasses! Where is Brian!?

ADAM

He is in his room jerking off.

GARY

Real funny chuck, BRIAN!

UPSTAIRS - TOP OF STAIRWELL

Brian appears limping, slipping down the stairs and grunting,
holding on to the rail.

BRIAN

Fucking what!

Gary looks up to Brian.

GARY

What is wrong with you Ace? Your

stupid ass fall off a roof drunk or
just wreck your skateboard like a
jackass?

Everyone laughs.

DOWNSTAIRS - LIVING ROOM

Brian reaches the bottom of the stairs with a smirk on his
face and stumbles over to Gary.

BRIAN

What did you do last night? Fuck your
grandma or something?

Everyone laughs harder.

Brian then begins making humping gestures to Gary, his back
gives out and he falls to the floor in pain, Everyone laughs
hysterically.

Gary chuckles and hands Brian the joint.

GARY

No I fucked your mom last night, sit
down ace and if any of you say "Fuck"
again I'm going to slap you!

All losing it laughing at this point.

Gary eyes the room, stopping his gaze at Adam, laughter
stops.

GARY

Now dip shit, what have you all been
doing the past two nights?!

ADAM

He, we fu-- I mean we uhh--

Scene fades out in smoke.

SUPER: Two nights ago

INT. DOYLE'S PLACE - NIGHT

Lower class run down small duplex house.

Created using Celtx

Music plays:

Something like, "Blitzkrieg Bop" by The Ramones.

Adam, Brian and Doyle are the only ones there. Adam is pumping up a keg of beer that rests in a barrel of ice.

Front door opens.

ASHBAUGH (17, 6 ft. 0, 190 lbs.) walks in smoking a blunt, all pause for a few seconds and look at Ashbaugh, he pauses, looking around.

ASHBAUGH

What?

ALL

ASH-BALLS!!!

Ashbaugh throws up his arms, Richard Nixon victory gesture, holding the blunt in his right fingers.

All begin passing around a bottle of cheap Scotch and drinking beer straight from the keg.

ASHBAUGH

Where the fuck are the cups?

DOYLE

Right between your cock suckers. Grab the hose!

Ashbaugh takes a chug off the hose then walks into the center of the living room. Doyle is sitting on the floor.

He passes the blunt to Doyle, Doyle rips the blunt hard, then immediately commences to cough, gag and hack.

Doyle then begins vomiting on the floor. Everyone is laughing at him, all yell:

ALL

Rip it till you puke Doyle!

Doyle continues to choke and puke, while passing the joint to Adam, he pukes all over Adam's shoe.

ADAM

What the fuck dick, I just bought these shoes!

Adam kicks Doyle in the face with the puked on shoe, splattering Doyle's vomit on his face.

Everyone laughs hysterically as Adam takes a long toke from the blunt and holds it in while taking a slam of Scotch.

Doyle gets up and punches Adam in the balls. Adam falls to the floor and begins coughing and grabbing his balls.

Adam begins vomiting all over the floor while exhaling the smoke. He does not spill the Scotch he is holding.

DOYLE

Yea, how bout that fucker!

Adam sits up on the floor, still coughing.

ADAM

Yea, ha, you have to clean it up jackass!

DOYLE

Whatever, I'll do it tomorrow or some shit, give me the Scotch.

Adam passes Doyle the Scotch, everyone is laughing, music is blaring.

EXT. POSERS PLACE - FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

THE POSERS, three white guys, are loitering on a front porch three doors down from Doyle's.

POSER 1

Shit they partying down there fools, let's hit that shit up niggas!

POSER 2

Hell yea boyyyyy!

Posers walk down the street, they are dawning baggy new brand name clothes and shoes. Fake, obscenely large gold jewelry, shirts tucked into boxer shorts under sagging pants.

INT. DOYLE'S PLACE - NIGHT

Posers walk in the door without knocking.

Music plays:

Something like, "Pretty Fly For A White Guy" by The

Offspring.

SUPER: The Posers, no one's bros.

As Posers walk in the house, Adam, Brian, Doyle and Ashbaugh pause and look at them then look around at each other, Adam grabs Doyle.

ADAM

Who the fuck are these clowns bro?

DOYLE

I think they are those wannabe ass posers that live three doors down.

ADAM

What fucking posers?

DOYLE

O yea shit I didn't tell you, these fucks came knocking on my door the other day asking to buy some weed. I don't even know these dip shits. I told them to fuck off so why they just walked in I do not know.

ADAM

Brian will have a field day with these douche bags.

DOYLE

Yea this should be great.

Brian walks over to Adam and Doyle as they are talking.

BRIAN

Who the fuck are these punk wiggers?

DOYLE

Just some posers that live up the street.

BRIAN

They are fucking annoying man, pissing me off, they just walked in the door. Are they your bro's or what?

DOYLE

Fuck no man just some posers from up the street, these bitches--

BRIAN
I got an idea.

ADAM
Here we fucking go.

The Posers are attempting to bump fists and shake hands, all ignore them. Everyone is now filling random objects with beer and chugging.

Doyle and Brian pull 1 gallon ice cream pails from the trash and use them as cups.

Adam, Brian and Doyle take turns lifting each other upside down for keg stands.

Doyle produces a beer bong and the guys begin dousing it.

The Posers are standing in the corner.

Loud inaudible conversation, music blaring.

EXT. DOYLE'S PLACE - BACK YARD - NIGHT

Music plays:

Something like, "Shorty's Gonna Be A Thug" by Tupac.

Posers walk out the back door, Brian follows behind. Posers walk over to the corner of the yard and light a blunt.

Brian walks up to the posers, he grabs the blunt out of Poser 1's hand and rips it.

POSER 1
Shit yea, hit that blunt dute.

Brian begins mocking The Posers.

BRIAN
Shit yea dute! I got that six-fo' out front, shit!

POSERS ALL
Shit yea homie, yea, yea that shit sweet.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOYLE'S PLACE - OUT FRONT - NIGHT

Only the Cutlass is parked out front.

BACK TO:

EXT. DOYLE'S PLACE - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

BACK YARD

Brian laughs at them then passes the blunt back, he walks past them. He reaches a tree next to the house then climbs the tree and steps on to the roof.

The Posers are standing right below the overhang of the roof passing the blunt around and arguing.

POSER 1

Shit Tupac the greatest rapper ever niggas.

POSER 2

Na niggas Biggie, that mothafucka the best dutes, he way harder than Tupac.

POSER 3

Shit man Eminem fuckin' real, fuck them, Eminem white and he still flow better than any them.

ROOF

Brian is standing right above the posers on the roof. He is waving around, barely standing. Brian unzips his pants and begins urinating all over the Posers.

BACKYARD

Stream of urine falling on The Posers.

POSER 1

What the fuck is this shit?!

All posers look up, Brian is laughing as he pisses on them. Adam walks outside, some splash off hits him.

ADAM

What the fuck is that!?

Adam looks up and screams at Brian.

ADAM

YOU SICK ASSHOLE!

Posers are shaking the urine out of their hair and clothes. Poser 1 looks around the yard and spots a ladder.

POSER 1

What the fuck, who is that, get that ladder i'll kill that motherfucker!

Poser 2 grabs the ladder and sets it up to the roof, Posers all begin to climb the ladder.

Adam runs over to the ladder, Poser 1 is almost all the way up. Poser 2 is halfway up the ladder, Poser 3 is just getting on the ladder.

Adam comes in and knocks Poser 3 down to the ground with a punch to the temple. He then pushes the ladder over, Poser 1 and 2 still on it.

Posers fall and hit the ground, Poser 1 on the concrete, Poser 2 on the grass, Adam begins yelling.

ADAM

Stand over there by the fucking tree!
I will bring him down and he will take care of it!

Adam climbs up the tree to the roof.

ROOF

Adam reaches Brian, he is now passed out. Adam begins slapping him.

ADAM

You have to come down and handle this motherfucker! You pissed on me too asshole!

Brian stands up laughing, on the dilapidated roof.

BRIAN

Fuck those bitches, I will fuck these punks up, watch this shit.

Brian walks down the roof, slips and falls. He slides down and off the roof.

BACK YARD

Brian lands on the picket fence below, on his back, then bounces off and lands on the concrete porch in front of the

back door.

Poser 1 pounces on Brian and commences to punching him.

Music plays:

Something like, "Gotta Get Away" by The Offspring.

Adam jumps off the roof into the yard.

ADAM

No motherfuckers! He just fell off the
fucking roof!

Adam hits the ground and immediately gets up, rushes in and grabs Poser 1 by the throat. He pulls Poser 1 off of Brian, then shoves the Poser's head through the glass on the back door.

Broken glass goes everywhere, gashing Adam's hand and the Posers face. Both begin bleeding significantly from the glass cuts.

Adam throws Poser 1 back in the yard then falls down in the grass. They both get up then all Posers advance toward Adam, Adam yells back into the house.

ADAM

Ashbaugh, Doyle get the fuck out here!

Ashbaugh runs out the back door. Adam looks around then reaches down and produces two pieces of 3/4 in rebar off of the ground. He hands one piece of rebar to Ashbaugh then yells at The Posers.

ADAM

Bring it on you fucking poser bitches!

Posers all turn and immediately run away as Adam and Ashbaugh yell at them.

ADAM

You better run you fucking poser fag
bitches!

ASHBAUGH

Run you fucking bitches, run!

ADAM

Fucking poser fags man, we should have
told those assholes to get out as soon

as they walked in.

ASHBAUGH

Ha, fuck em, let's go drink some--
Shit man you are bleeding like fuck
dude!

ADAM

It's cool man, i'm sure Doyle has some
tape or something.

Adam and Ashbaugh walk over to Brian who is still lying on
the concrete.

ADAM

You alright dip shit?

BRIAN

Fuckin' great, let's just go to
fucking sleep man.

Adam and Ashbaugh get Brian up off the concrete and they all
stumble back into the house as Adam yells.

ADAM

Yo Doyle you got any duct tape man!?
and where the fuck were you dude!?

INT. DOYLE'S - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Music plays:

Something like, "Sex And Candy" by Marcy Playground.

Brian flops down on the floor in the living room, Ashbaugh
pours a beer from the keg into a spray can lid.

Doyle is passed out on the couch, Adam walks over and slaps
him, Doyle sits up.

ADAM

Doyle, what the fuck man! Where were
you? you didn't hear my ass yelling!?

Adam is bleeding, Doyle is dazed.

DOYLE

What are you talking about man? Why
the fuck are you bleeding all over?

ADAM

Real cool man. Where is some fucking tape?

DOYLE

In the drawer right below the paper towels man, fucking chill dude.

Adam walks into the kitchen. Brian is viewed already passed out on the floor. Doyle looks over at Ashbaugh.

DOYLE

What the fuck man?

ASHBAUGH

Just some stupid shit man, Brian pissed on The Posers heads, Adam put the one Posers head through the window on the back door, there is glass and blood everywhere, bla, bla, bla.

DOYLE

Yea, not a surprise, I'll clean it up later, goodnight.

Doyle lays back on the couch and passes out, Ashbaugh lays back on the floor.

Adam walks back into the living room with his hand now wrapped in masking tape.

ADAM

Fun night, could have been worse I guess.

Adam collapses on the floor, a few feet beside Brian.

INT. MACBEERSON'S - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Adam and Brian wake up on the couch, they look around and check their pockets.

BRIAN

What the fuck? How in the fuck did we get back home?

ADAM

Doyle brought us back at like 5 this morning and we crashed out on the fucking couch. Do you even remember the stupid shit you did last night

chuck?

BRIAN

Yea, fuck off dude I was just partying
and shit man--

ADAM

(Whispering)

Shut up, shut the fuck up, dad is
coming down!

Gary, wearing a suit, descends the stairs and enters the living room. He sits down in the chair, produces a cigarette and lights it. He takes a few pulls off the cig then snuffs the butt in the ashtray.

Gary gets up, he looks at both Adam and Brian, shakes his head and walks out the back door.

Adam gets up and slides over to the stereo cabinet. He opens a drawer, produces a CD portfolio and begins to flip through it.

BRIAN

What's up his ass, he didn't even know
about the party, let alone what went
down.

Adam turns to Brian.

ADAM

Pretty obvious about the party, we
didn't come home until five this
morning. Luckily he couldn't possibly
guess what went down.

BRIAN

Yea fuck it, he is probably just
pissed about his shit job.

ADAM

That's definitely on the list, right
below our asses.

Adam selects a CD and inserts it into the player.

Music plays:

Something like, "People are Strange" by The Doors.

Adam sits back down on the couch and lights a joint. He rips

the joint then passes it over to Brian. Brian rips the joint and begins coughing violently while passing the joint back to Adam.

BRIAN

Ouch, goddamn my fucking back hurts.
Dude this music sucks, put on
something else.

ADAM

Man fuck you, these guys are Legends.
Just sit your crippled ass back, get
high and trip out.

The Macbeerson brothers sit back and pass the joint, Adam sets the joint in the ashtray, both lay back and fall asleep while the joint is burning in the ashtray.

LATER:

Adam wakes from his doze on the couch and sits up quickly. He reaches for the ashtray, joint has burned to ashes.

ADAM

Damn, the joint burned out!

Brian wakes from his doze.

BRIAN

What?

ADAM

The fucking joint burned out! That was
the last one until dad gets back home.

BRIAN

Hit Doyle up man, he had some weed.

ADAM

He is probably in a coma or some shit,
he never shows up the day after a
party.

All quiet, Adam stares at the floor for a few seconds then snaps to attention.

ADAM

Fuck it, i'll try him anyway, another
joint would work out pretty sweet.

Adam picks up the phone and dials. Ring tone is heard 4x,

ANSWERING MACHINE picks up.

ANSWERING MACHINE

This is Doyle, leave a message if you
have any beer, or weed, or other
drugs, or all of the above, yea. BEEP

Adam hangs up the phone and looks over at Brian.

ADAM

Told you, who knows when we will see
his ass next.

BRIAN

Fuck it there is some roaches
somewhere.

Brian digs through the ashtray and Adam sits back on the
couch.

Music plays:

Something like, "Black Hole Sun" by Soundgarden.

BRIAN

This shit is more like it. How can you
have these two songs on the same CD?

ADAM

Man, fuck off. This is boring as hell,
we gotta do something. I feel like
doing some crazy shit.

Brian stands up and limps OC.

BRIAN

Alright, I have a project.

ADAM

O shit, why do I even fucking say
anything and get his crazy ass going?

INT./EXT. MACBEERSON'S - CONTINUOUS - DAY

KITCHEN

Brian stumbles into the kitchen, Adam enters seconds later.
Brian is digging around through the pots and pans.

ADAM

What are you doing now dip shit?

BRIAN

I got an idea, something I saw on the Internet.

ADAM

This should be good.

ADAM VO

The Internet did exist in '98 believe it or not. It was mostly porn, chat rooms and the Anarchist Cookbook, but it was there.

BRIAN

Seriously dude, we can make some meth! I stole 8 boxes of decongestant from the pharmacy, there is muriatic acid in the shed. I got this shit.

ADAM

Sounds like some dumb shit bro, fuck it let's do it.

Brian finds a large Pyrex dish, he sets it on the range then sprints out of the kitchen.

BACK PORCH

Brian bursts out the back door, runs across the porch and enters the shed. He exits shed with a white plastic jug.

Writing on the jug reads: MURIATIC ACID.

Brian walks casually back into the house with the jug.

KITCHEN

Brian enters with the jug, he opens it and pours some acid into the Pyrex dish that is sitting on the range.

He turns the knob on the front of the range then presses the igniter button, flame ignites under the Pyrex dish.

BRIAN

Dude all we have to do is cook the pills down in here, then let the crystals form and we got it.

ADAM

Man, now this doesn't even sound like a good idea. I am fairly sure that is

not all that is done to make meth, and
dad will be home in like twenty
fucking minutes!

Acid in the Pyrex dish begins to boil.

BRIAN

See, check that shit it's doing it's
thing man, in a few seconds we put the
pills in here.

A transparent green cloud rises from the boiling dish, Adam
grimaces.

ADAM

Dude that shit stinks man, it's
burning my fucking eyes!

BACK PORCH

Gary pulls up and parks.

KITCHEN

Adam and Brian are watching the Pyrex dish full of boiling
acid. Dish Begins to crack then EXPLODES.

Glass shrapnel and acid fly all over the kitchen, Adam and
Brian jump back, wiping their faces and looking over
themselves.

ADAM

Holy shit, did that just fucking
happen!? Are you ok dude!?

BRIAN

Yea man, that shit didn't work.

ADAM

I don't know how we pulled through
that with our faces still on bro,
fuck! I knew that stupid shit wasn't
going to work you dumb fuck!

Adam runs out of the kitchen while rubbing his eyes.

LIVING ROOM

Adam runs to the back door and peeks outside through the
curtains, view is Gary's car, now parked behind the
apartment. Adam turns around and yells.

ADAM
Fuck, dad is home!

BRIAN(OC)
Seriously!? Don't mess around bro!

ADAM
Yes dip shit he is out there!

KITCHEN

Adam runs back into the kitchen.

BRIAN
Fuck, what are we going to do?!

ADAM
Start cleaning, maybe we can get most
of it!

Brian grabs the bag of pills and stuffs it under the oven. He then opens the cabinet under the sink and stashes the acid behind various cleaning supplies.

LIVING ROOM

Adam runs to the back door, he peeks outside through the curtain.

BACK PORCH

Gary is viewed through windshield of his car rummaging through paperwork.

LIVING ROOM

Adam turns around and runs back toward kitchen yelling--

ADAM
Dude he is doing his paperwork shit
GO, fucking GO!

KITCHEN

Adam bolts into view. Adam and Brian frantically begin cleaning, picking up glass, wiping up acid. Counters, stove, walls, ceiling.

ADAM VO

We had that kitchen spotless in 2 minutes.

LIVING ROOM

Adam and Brian run into living room, dive onto the couch then sit up and attempt to act casually.

Gary walks in the door, he immediately pauses as soon as he gets in the door and looks to them.

GARY

What the fuck is that smell?

ADAM

I don't know, we have been smelling that shit all day, must be the construction.

GARY

Bullshit, it smells like hydrofluoric acid.

ADAM

What the fuck is that? Who knows what the hell they are doing. I don't know what that shit is.

BRIAN

Yea man, it stinks, we don't know what the fuck it is.

Gary eyes Adam and Brian, they are quiet, Adam is hiding his injured hand under a pillow. Gary looks around then walks upstairs.

Adam and Brian collapse back on the couch and wipe sweat from their faces, Adam whispers to Brian.

ADAM

I can't believe we pulled that shit off.

BRIAN

Not yet, did we get all that glass?

ADAM

I think so, fucking hope so.

BRIAN

We can't just fucking hope so. I got all the pills and the bottle of acid, I shoved them under the sink. We can't chance shit man.

ADAM

What are we supposed to do then? He will be back down here any fucking second.

BRIAN

I'm doing alright now. Check it, when dad comes down I will get him to take me to the skate park. When we leave you go make sure that shit is clean.

ADAM

That's just adrenaline bro, you're still busted up. You are going to fuck yourself up worse at the park man I can see it now.

BRIAN

Nah, I'm cool man, this is the only shot we got. If dad finds one piece of glass it's fucking up. He is Sherlock Holmes when it comes to this shit, the chemical smell, broken glass, come on dude think about it.

ADAM

What if he wants to go into the kitchen for a snack or some shit before you go?

BRIAN

I got it man, i'll bust his balls, we will get the fuck out of here.

ADAM

Yea I've heard "I got it" before chuck, let's just hope this shit works.

Gary descends the stairs and sits down in the recliner, he tilts back then addresses Adam and Brian.

GARY

What did you lazy asses do today, beside sit on your lazy asses?

BRIAN
Clean the kitchen.

Adam kicks Brian in the shin.

GARY
Yea sure you did.

BRIAN
Yea hey dad man, could you run me to
the skate park.

GARY
You have a skateboard, skate there
ace, I worked all day while you sat on
your ass.

BRIAN
It's three fucking miles to the park
man, come on.

Gary stands up.

GARY
Goddamn it, let's go then skater boy,
you probably should get off your ass
and get some kind of exercise.

Gary and Brian walk out the back door, Adam runs toward the
kitchen.

KITCHEN

Adam enters the kitchen, slips and falls to the floor.

ADAM
(Ouch, fuck, fuck that hurt!)

Adam struggles to make it to his feet. He searches the
kitchen and finds a few stray pieces of glass on the floor.

He grabs a broom and sweeps the pieces together then swipes
them underneath the refrigerator. He puts the broom in the
corner.

LIVING ROOM

Adam walks into the living room, he reaches the couch and
flops face down, falling asleep.

INT. GARY'S CAR - AFTERNOON

View through windshield of car is Gary and Brian walk out the back door of the apartment and get in the car. Gary starts the car.

Music plays on car stereo:

Something like, "Like A Rolling Stone" by Bob Dylan.

Gary and Brian buckle up and drive away, heading through Lawrence. Gary nor Brian say a thing until--

Gary turns off the radio, quiet in the car.

GARY

So neither of you dip shits know what that smell came from?

BRIAN

Fu--, uhh, no, I smelled that shit as soon as I woke up. We smelled around, it's not coming from our apartment.

GARY

If I find out you two did some stupid shit in the apartment, both of your asses are living in the park.

BRIAN

We didn't do anything so check it or whatever man.

EXT. SKATE PARK - DAY.

Brian gets out of the car holding a skateboard. He drops the board, jumps on and skates away, Gary drives away.

Brian begins skating around, performing novice moves. OLDER SKATER KIDS notice him and skate over.

OLDER SKATER 1

Pretty nice moves little dude.

Some SKATER GIRLS skate over.

Brian begins trying more advanced moves, slightly failing at each move. Older skater kids light up a joint as they watch.

Brian skates over shortly after and they pass him the joint.

Everyone is now sitting on a 3 foot high cement block with a metal rail that transcends. They are all passing the joint around.

Older Skater 1 gets up and looks at Brian, pointing to the block.

OLDER SKATER 1

Hey little dude, bet you can't rip this one, truck or board slide.

BRIAN

Fuck yea, i'll slide that shit!

Music plays:

Something like, "Outshined" by Soundgarden.

Brian gets up and skates back, he turns around and skates full speed toward the rail. Older Skaters and Skater Girls jump off the block as he approaches.

Brian reaches the block, hits an Ollie, he makes it up on the block, lands with a perfect rail. Board slips out from under him.

Brian falls, landing on the block, on his back, he bounces twice and ends lying on the ground.

OLDER SKATER 1

Holy shit man, he just fucked himself up, let's get out of here!

Everyone but Brian run's away in different directions.

Brian gets up after a beat. He then hobbles to a pay phone, picks up the phone and dials.

INT/EXT. MACBEERSON'S/SKATE PARK - PHONE - EVENING

INT. MACBEERSON'S - LIVING ROOM

Phone rings and Gary picks up the ringing phone.

GARY-PHONE

Hello, yea, hello!

EXT. SKATE PARK

BRIAN-PHONE

Hey man could you cruise back here and

get me?

INT. MACBEEERSON'S - LIVING ROOM

GARY-PHONE

I just dropped you off less than an hour ago jackass!

Gary rubs his temples.

GARY-PHONE (CONT.)

Huuuhh, just sit still, i'll be there in a minute.

EXT. SKATE PARK - EVENING

Brian hangs up the phone, stumbles back to the block and sits down.

LATER:

Gary pulls up fast and hits the brakes, Brian visibly limps to the car.

INT. GARY'S CAR - EVENING.

Music plays:

Something like, "That Smell" by Lynnyrd Skynnyrd.

Brian gets in the car, throws the board in the back seat and slams the door shut hard.

GARY

What the fuck? You stacked it again didn't you Ace?!

BRIAN

Yea so what, that's how you learn!

GARY

What's it going to take before you "learn" to get off that stupid board dip shit, a wheelchair?!

BRIAN

Fuck off man, i'm just living!

GARY

Just stop doing stupid shit all together, and you might stay living.

That might just work if you think about it jackass.

BRIAN
Yea fuck off.

GARY
And stop saying "fuck"!

BRIAN
Yea ok, chuck!

Drive back to Macbeerson's is hereby absolutely silent. The car pulls up to the apartment.

EXT. MACBEERSON'S - BACK PORCH - NIGHT.

Brian and Gary exit the car and slam the doors. They walk across the porch and enter the back door of the apartment.

INT. MACBEERSON'S - NIGHT.

Adam is sleeping on the couch, he wakes suddenly as Gary and Brian come in the back door shoving each other, saying nothing.

Brian limps upstairs, Gary sits down on the couch.

ADAM
What is up with you guys?

GARY
Your brother is a jackass, that's what is up.

ADAM
Yea, you didn't have to tell me that shit man.

Gary lights a cigarette, he takes a few puffs from it and stares ahead.

GARY
You little shits are fucking pushing me.

Gary snuffs the cig out, shaking his head, he then gets up and walks up the stairs.

ADAM
OK, what ever man, I didn't do shit.

GARY(OC)

Yea then keep it that way, and maybe keep your fucking brother in line, if you have the time.

ADAM

Yea man, i'll try to fit that in.

GARY(OC)

Fuck off dip shit!

LATER.

Adam is lying back on the couch rolling a joint, the phone lying next to him on the coffee table rings. He licks the paper, twists it, slips it in the ashtray then answers the phone.

ADAM-PHONE

Yo what's up bitch?

NATE-PHONE

Real welcome greeting dick, what if I was yo mom?

ADAM-PHONE

Hi mom!

NATE-PHONE

Stop fucking around man. It's Nate, what are you doing fucker?

ADAM-PHONE

Nate Dogg! Hey bro I am just sitting here for now, not shit to do. Pops and Brian are going at it, fuckin killing a buzz.

NATE-PHONE

Fuck, let's do something stupid then. I'll head that way and swoop you up.

ADAM-PHONE

Yea fuck it, let's do something. Cruise through here and get my ass.

NATE-PHONE

Shit yea, I'll be there in 30 minutes man.

Adam hangs up the phone, kicks back on the couch and lights

the joint.

EXT. MACBEERSON'S - BACK PORCH - NIGHT.

Nate pulls up fast, he skids the car to a stop, gets out, runs to the back door and knocks violently.

INT. MACBEERSON'S - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Adam is sleeping on the couch. He jumps up as Nate is heard banging on the door. A joint is burning in the ashtray.

Adam grabs the joint from the ashtray and shoves it under the couch. He grabs the .44 magnum from under the couch cushion and walks cautiously to the door.

ADAM

Who the fuck is it!

NATE

Open the door, muthafucka!

Adam opens the door violently and points the magnum at Nate's face, Nate throws up his hands.

NATE

Jesus dude don't shoot my ass you
crazy fuck!

Adam sighs and lowers the pistol.

ADAM

Dude, don't fucking do that asshole, I
thought you were some punk trying to
rob us or some shit!

NATE

Kind of what I was going for.

ADAM

Real funny dick weed, you better hope
my dad didn't hear that shit. Get in
here and sit the fuck down, I have a
doobie burning.

Adam and Nate sit down on the couch, Adam puts the gun back underneath the cushion.

NATE

Where is the doobie?

Smoke is coming up from underneath the couch.

ADAM

O shit, get up off the couch dude!

Adam and Nate jump up off of the couch, Adam grabs the couch and flips it over.

Rug under the couch is on fire. He grabs the joint out of the fire and splashes beer on the fire, then turns the couch back over.

ADAM

No one will notice that, I hope.

Nate and Adam sit down on the couch, Adam puffs the joint to life and passes it to Nate.

NATE

Paranoid much dude?

ADAM

Fuck off man, so what should we do tonight anyway? I can't believe you aren't going to the show tomorrow.

NATE

Going to a rowdy ass punk concert with all of you crazy fuckers just sounds like getting arrested, or shot. Tonight however, do you still have that pipe bomb we made last week?

ADAM

Yea, shit I forgot about that big fucking thing, and what are you talking about crazy and getting arrested? What do you think is going to happen if we light that thing?

NATE

Well let's just wing it, I can drive as you know.

ADAM

Not like Doyle but yea, you can drive, you are almost the wheel man.

Adam runs upstairs, he comes back down holding a one foot long, 1 and 1/2 inch diameter steel pipe bomb.

NATE

That's the one, that was a crazy funny day.

INT. SHOPPING MALL - SPORTING GOODS STORE - DAY

Music plays:

Something like, "Tomorrow" by Silverchair.

Nate and Adam walk in the front door of the store. Adam immediately walks through the store to the guns and ammo section, Nate follows.

Immense gun/ammo section of the store. Rifles and shotguns on the wall extend to the edge of eternity. Glass cases display an array of handguns.

Nate is wandering around, visibly bored, Adam looks dazed, he speaks aloud unaware a STORE CUSTOMER WOMAN is standing next to him.

ADAM

Remington model 1100 semi auto shotgun, Glock 17 9 mm, Marlin lever action in 45-70, shit yea. Remington model 742 in 30-06, original Colt Python .357 magnum, Desert Eagle .44 magnum. And I have a boner right now.

STORE CUSTOMER WOMAN

I am sorry, what did you say?

ADAM

Uhh nothing ma'am, sorry.

Adam walks down the display case until he gets to the end of the case.

Sign reads: "Muzzle Loading Accessories".

Adam looks down at a tin that reads "Black Powder FFFF".

ADAM VO

(thinking) Pipe bomb, yes. I can't buy a gun, fucking Brady Bill, fucking Clinton, but there should be no beef with some powder.

CLERK comes over to Adam, he is leering at the tin of powder in the case.

CLERK
Into muzzle loading huh?

ADAM
(startled)
Uhh, yea, my dad and I are just
getting into it.

CLERK
That's the most powerful powder we
have in stock right now four F.

ADAM
Yea, that's what my dad said to look
for, i'll take that.

Clerk takes the tin of powder to the register and rings it
up.

CLERK
11.45 total, hey You're 18 right?

ADAM
Uuuhhh, yes sir.

CLERK
What is your birthday?

ADAM
April twelfth 1980.

Clerk looks at Adam with a twisted eye then takes the money
and hands Adam the powder and his receipt.

Adam walks up to Nate who is browsing around aimlessly.

NATE
Let's bail man, guns are kind of lame.

ADAM
Lame? are you kidding me dude, what
are you some sort of pussy liberal? I
had a fucking 12 gauge shotgun in my
hands when I was five.

NATE
Calm down there Rambo, what the fuck
did you buy?

ADAM
O yea, check it, one pound of ultra

fine black powder.

NATE

This should be interesting.

ADAM

To the hardware store bro.

Nate and Adam walk out the front door of the sporting goods store, Adam carries the tin of powder.

INT. HARDWARE WAREHOUSE - DAY.

Music plays:

Something like, "Free For All" By Ted Nugent.

Nate and Adam rush in the front door of the hardware store, they weave through the aisles to the plumbing section, Adam locates the steel pipe and fittings.

ADAM

We need just the right size of nipple man.

NATE

What the fuck is a nipple man? We're gonna get busted with this shit.

ADAM

We are just buying plumbing shit, just be cool and no one will suspect anything.

NATE

Dude, we are 17. What the fuck do we need with plumbing supplies?

ADAM

Dude just shut up and be cool.

Adam is rummaging through the pipe, he finds a one foot section of pipe, label says "Nipple, 1 1/2 x 12', double M thread".

ADAM

Bingo, this will work.

Adam finds two end caps for the pipe and fastens them to the pipe as STORE ASSOCIATE walks up to Adam and Nate. Store associate is staring at the assembled device in Adam's hand.

STORE ASSOCIATE
(nervously) Uhh, can I help you guys
with anything?

ADAM
Na were good man.

Store associate turns around without saying a thing and walks away.

Adam and Nate walk up to the TEENAGE GIRL CASHIER with the fully assembled device and lay it on the counter.

Teenage Girl Cashier is chewing bubble gum, she rings the device up, saying nothing. Adam gives her the money then Nate and Adam walk out the front door casually.

BACK TO:

INT. MACBEERSON'S

Adam has run down the stairs with the bomb in his hand fully assembled, with fuse.

ADAM
Let's go do something stupid then.

NATE
Why not.

Nate and Adam walk out the back door.

EXT. MACBEERSON'S - BACK PORCH - NIGHT

Nate and Adam walk outside, Adam produces a cigarette then lights it with a Zippo and takes a few puffs, they stand there for a few seconds.

ADAM
So where are we gonna go with this thing?

NATE
Lets just head through the fort, out north to the sticks.

ADAM
Yea fuck it, no one will be up there on Thursday night.

Nate and Adam walk to Nate's car and get in.

INT. NATE'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Music on car stereo plays:

Something like, "Low" by Cracker.

Nate starts the car, then backs out and drives off through the grass, onto 56th street. He turns on a road heading north into the country.

Cornfields are eventually viewed out of all windows.

ADAM

What the fuck are we going to blow up
way out here, corn?

NATE

I'm sure we will come across
something, we'll know when we see it.

Nate drives down the deserted two lane road, Adam looks around.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Corn field on right opens up, moonlit night reveals a housing development in construction.

INT. NATE'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Adam rolls down the passenger window.

ADAM

Right here, right fucking here, turn
in here!

Nate hits the brakes hard and slides into the gravel entrance to the complex creating a cloud of dust and gravel.

EXT. HOUSING COMPLEX - NIGHT

Nate kills the headlights, slowing down as he drives into the development. No homes are completed yet, no one is viewed around.

INT. NATE'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

NATE

Fuck yea, this shit could work, which
house should we blow up?

ADAM

Dude, it's a pipe bomb, its not quite going to blow up a house bro. Plus I have no beef with any of the morons that were conned into buying one of these pieces of shit.

NATE

Well what the fuck do we blow up then?

ADAM

There on the left side of the road.

A cluster of port-o-poops is viewed through the window.

NATE

The port o poop's over there?

ADAM

Fuck yes, they never empty those things until the job is over. There has to be about a half ton of shit, piss and weird blue goop in those things.

NATE

YES, how far will that bomb splatter that shit?

ADAM

Turn the car around and park about 50 feet down the road.

EXT. HOUSING COMPLEX - NIGHT

Music plays:

Something like, "Theme From For A Few Dollars More" by Ennio Morricone Orchestra.

Adam gets out of the car, he lights A cigarette with his Zippo, bomb in hand he walks toward the port-o-poops. Nate turns the car around and parks down the road.

INT. PORT-O-POOP - NIGHT

Adam swings the door of the port-o-poop open violently, then walks in. He takes the cigarette out of his mouth and lights the fuse on the pipe bomb with it.

Fuse lights, Adam holds the bomb in his hand and stares at

the lit fuse for a few seconds as it burns. He then drops the bomb into the shit hole, turns around and walks out.

Adam then runs for the car, Nate swings the passenger door open as Adam reaches the car.

INT. NATE'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Adam jumps into the car, Nate hits the gas and the door slams shut from the forward acceleration.

Nate and Adam look back as they speed off in a cloud of dust and gravel from the spinning wheels of the car.

EXT. HOUSING COMPLEX - NIGHT

Pipe bomb EXPLODES, a giant fireball engulfs twice the area where the four pot-o-poops used to be.

Sewage and blue goop splatter the back of the car and half of the housing addition.

The black powder instantly fills the entire complex with an immense cloud of smoke as Nate speeds away.

INT. NATE'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Adam yelling, Nate freaking out.

ADAM

Look at that glorious fucking destruction!

NATE

Holy motherfucking shit! I didn't know it was going to blow up like that shit, that could have blown up a house! Now there is shit and blue goop all over my car. You are a fucking psycho dude!

ADAM

Yea maybe just a little, calm down, I will help you clean off all the shit man and what did you expect? It wasn't an M-80, it was a pipe bomb bro, but maybe I did underestimate it a little.

NATE

A little!

Nate is looking around as he drives.

NATE

Man I can't see, I think I missed the turn!

Adam looks around frantically.

ADAM

Shit, you did man, we have to get the fuck out of here now! Someone had to have seen that.

NATE

No shit, the cops are probably on their way right now!

ADAM

OK just calm down, turn around and find the drive bro.

EXT. HOUSING COMPLEX - NIGHT

Nate's car narrowly misses a large grass berm and then the car spins around. Red and blue lights are seen far to the south through the cloud of dust.

INT. NATE'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Police lights are seen inside the car.

Music plays on stereo:

Something like, "Add It Up" by The Violent Femmes.

NATE

SHIT! I told you man, there they are.

ADAM

There is the drive, turn left, they are way back there man fucking gun it, go!

Nate hits the main road north, full throttle, engine SCREAMING, up the two lane road into the fort. Police lights fade out of rear view mirror.

EXT. MACBEERSON'S - BACK PORCH - NIGHT

Nate's car slides to a stop into the grass behind the apartments. Adam exits the car.

ADAM
Hell of a Thursday night, wasn't it?

NATE
Fuck off, psycho.

ADAM
We didn 't get arrested.

Adam walks back into the house laughing, Nate speeds away tearing up the grass.

FORWARD TO:

INT. MACBEEERSON'S - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Music plays:

Something like, "Eighteen" by Alice Cooper.

Gary now yelling at Adam and Brian.

GARY
I am going to ask you again, what have you shits been doing the past two nights?! Adam why the fuck is your hand wrapped in masking tape?! You thought I didn't see that huh slick?

ADAM
I wasn't even fuck--

GARY
Shut the fuck up! Brian your back is obviously shot from your cuteness at the park yesterday and who knows what the fuck else the night before!

Adam interjects.

ADAM
Yea the dumb shit fell off his skateboard, twice. Showing at Doyle's Wednesday night then the skate park last night.

GARY
So what happened to your hand genius?

ADAM
I cut it on a broken beer bottle when

I fell down laughing, watching him
make an ass of himself.

Gary looks down, shaking his head, he looks up to Brian.

GARY
Smooth Ace, hope it feels good.

Gary looks over at Adam.

GARY
You are supposed to be the responsible
one and look out for your little
brother instead of getting drunk and
being an ass!

Adam and Doyle laugh.

GARY
Its not fucking funny dip shits!

Doyle and Adam stop laughing and snap to attention.

ADAM
What the fuck? I can't stop him from
doing stupid shit any more than you
can, he is going to do it regardless.

BRIAN
Yea fuck off dip shits, I Would like
to see any of you assholes even ride a
skateboard.

Doyle gets up off the couch, looks around the apartment, he
finds a skateboard.

DOYLE
I can ride this shit, watch.

GARY
Dave, sit the fuck down and don't do
anything stupid bud.

ADAM
NA, fucking do it D!

BRIAN
Yeah, hit it Doyle!

GARY
Shut the hell up morons, he is going

to bust his ass, and I have to be at work in an hour, not taking him to the hospital!

BRIAN

Its cool man.

All get up, Doyle grabs the board then heads out the back door, all follow behind him.

EXT. MACBEERSON'S - BACK PORCH - DAY.

Music plays:

Something like, "Time Bomb" by Rancid.

Doyle exits the back door and drops the board on the concrete porch. He jumps on the board, the board and his feet immediately slip out from under him.

Board fly's on to the neighbors porch, three doors down.

Doyle hits the ground hard on his ass, Adam and Brian lose it laughing, Gary shakes his head in disgust while trying to hide a chuckle.

GARY

Dave, what did I tell you? Go home, eat a bowl of cereal and go to bed bud.

DOYLE

Yea fuck you guys, I'm gonna go take a nap, I'll be back in time to head to the show assholes.

Doyle gets in his car and drives off, swerving sideways in the grass.

Adam and Brian are laughing, Gary is shaking his head, they walk back into the apartment.

INT. MACBEERSON'S - ADAM'S ROOM - DAY.

Heavy cloud of smoke is in the room. Adam is lying back on the bed, Brian in a chair, passing a large joint and the tomahawk peace pipe back and forth.

Adam has the peace pipe and is inhaling violently, Brian is hitting the joint.

Doyle barges into the room, then slams the door shut behind him. Adam blows out his hit while coughing.

ADAM

Doyle what the fuck asshole? I thought you were gonna take a nap.

DOYLE

Na I just ate some cereal, you gonna pass that shit or what?

Everyone laughs, Adam coughs and hands Doyle the pipe.

Gary enters the room, smoke clears slightly as he walks in the room.

Everyone startled pauses for a second, then relieved to see Gary.

Gary looks around at everyone then grabs the pipe from Doyle. He hits the pipe then exhales, Adam is coughing and choking, everyone except Gary laughs at him.

Gary looks to Adam.

GARY

Smooth chief, real smooth.

ADAM

Fu-- piss off.

Gary hits the pipe again then heads out of the bedroom.

GARY(OC)

Try not to burn the rest of the complex down dip shits, and put that huge ass doobie out, we still have one neighbor!

Everyone laughing as Gary leaves. Adam gets up and puts a CD in a boombox.

Music plays:

Something like, "Fuckin an Animal" by Gwar.

Adam, Brian and Doyle pass the joint and peace pipe around. Adam produces a bottle of Scotch from his nightstand, he opens the bottle and takes a slam.

ADAM

Ouch, whew, that shit will grow hair on your nuts, even if you don't want it. Rip this shit Doyle!

Adam passes the bottle to Doyle.

DOYLE

Dude it's like noon man. Why the fuck didn't you bust this out earlier? And why would you not want hair on your nuts?

All laugh as Doyle takes a slam of the whiskey.

EXT. MACBEERSON'S - BACK PORCH - DAY.

Gary gets in his car and drives off.

Seconds later Ashbaugh drives up through the grass, he slides and rear ends Dave's Cutlass.

INT. MACBEERSON'S - ADAM'S ROOM - DAY

Adam, Brian and Doyle hear this, then look through Adam's 2nd floor window at the wreck. All break out laughing, except for Doyle.

DOYLE

Awe what the fuck! Like the poopster needs any more damage, he has a nut shot coming!

EXT. MACBEERSON'S - BACK PORCH - DAY

Ashbaugh gets out of his car laughing, he looks at the cars for a second, shrugs his shoulders then stumbles to the door and knocks.

INT. MACBEERSON'S - CONTINUOUS - DAY

ADAM'S ROOM

Doyle gets up and bolts out of the room.

He swings the corner to the stairs, slips and rides the staircase to the bottom on his ass.

Adam, right behind Doyle slips, dropping the joint and bounces down the stairs face down behind Doyle.

LIVING ROOM

Adam lands next to Doyle on the floor with his face in Doyle's ass. Joint bounces to the bottom of the stairs after them.

Adam grabs the joint and gets up off the floor, limping and rubbing his balls.

ADAM

Ouch, fuck, why do I always land on my fucking balls!

Adam hands Doyle the joint then stumbles to the back door, still grabbing his balls and opens it. Ashbaugh comes in, Adam greets him with a bro handshake.

Doyle gets up and walks over to Ashbaugh, he grabs his hand and gives him a direct nut kick. Ashbaugh keels over, face red, but doesn't fall.

DOYLE

That is for the Cutlass bitch.

ASHBAUGH

(grunting)

Didn't think you saw that, well played sir, well played.

Brian limps down the stairs with the Scotch laughing.

BRIAN

Now that was a nut shot, good shit Doyle.

Brian reaches the bottom of the stairs and He passes Doyle the bottle.

Doyle takes a chug and rips the joint. He then passes both to Ashbaugh who is still coughing from the nut shot.

DOYLE

This should kill the pain.

ASHBAUGH

Fuck you man.

Everyone continues drinking beer and smoking the joint, passing the bottle of cheap Scotch around.

EXT. MACBEERSON'S - BACK PORCH - DAY.

JERM pulls up in his car, he gets out and looks at the other cars.

JERM
Dumb fuckers.

Jerm walks to the back door and knocks.

INT. MACBEERSON'S - LIVING ROOM - DAY.

Adam opens the door, Jerm comes in and Adam yells at him.

ADAM
JERM!!! you ready for this fucking show!?

JERM
Yea, calm down you crazy drunk fucker!

ADAM
Well join us in the drunkenness then bro!

JERM
Well pass that fucking shit then!

Everyone greets Jerm with bro handshakes, handing him a joint and beer. Jerm grabs the joint, rips it and slams the beer, he is visibly a bit scared and apprehensive.

JERM
You fucks better not get me arrested tonight.

All laugh and sit down on the couch and chairs passing the joint.

ADAM VO
Jeremy had never been to an Emerson show before, we had, and we had told him the stories of the shit that went down.

JERM
(to everyone) So were you guys able to get together some scratch for Tom's ticket?

ADAM
Fuck no man, we haven't been able to scam a dime man he might be shit out

of luck.

DOYLE

That's funny man Tom is going to be so fucking pissed.

ADAM

Na man we will figure something out. We promised that little limey, mole looking motherfucker an American punk show and we will deliver.

BRIAN

Yea, fuck yea!

Everyone looks at Brian for a beat then all break out laughing.

Phone rings, Ashbaugh answers.

ASHBAUGH-PHONE

Road kill grill, you kill em we grill em.

ADAM

Dude if that's my dad he is going to fucking shoot you, I'm not joking.

Everyone laughs, BOBBERT is heard on other end of line with Ashbaugh.

BOBBERT-PHONE

Dude, don't fuck around, can you guys get some weed?

ASHBAUGH-PHONE

Who the fuck is this?

BOBBERT-PHONE

It's Bobbert man, can you guys get some weed?

Ashbaugh mutes the phone with his hand chuckling and addresses everyone.

ASHBAUGH

It's Bobbert, he wants some weed, we should burn his ass.

ADAM

Who the fuck gave Bobbert my number?

DOYLE

What the fuck kind of name is
"Bobbert" anyway, are his parents
retarded cousins or some shit?

Everyone loses it laughing, Ashbaugh can barely talk he is laughing so hard. He mutes the phone until he regains composure.

ASHBAUGH

Dudes, shut the fuck up, this could be
the cash we need!

Ashbaugh places the phone back to his ear, still chuckling.

BOBBERT-PHONE

A quarter oz man, we can do 50 bucks.

ASHBAUGH-PHONE

Hold on let me check this shit.

Ashbaugh muting the phone with his hand looks around the room.

ASHBAUGH

Well what the fuck dudes?

Brian gets up off the couch.

BRIAN

I got this shit, tell them to meet us
in the park in 30 minutes.

ASHBAUGH-PHONE

Yea bro meet us in the park in 30.

BOBBERT-PHONE

Cool man, 30 minutes.

Ashbaugh hangs up phone.

ASHBAUGH

What the fuck are we going to sell
them?

BRIAN

We will sell them something, it isn't
going to be weed though.

Brian heads for the kitchen, Adam follows.

INT. MACBEERSON'S - KITCHEN - DAY

Music plays:

Something like, "Camarillo Brillo" by Frank Zappa.

Adam enters, Brian is digging around the drawers and cabinets in the kitchen. He finds a plastic sandwich bag and some parsley. Adam reaches into the cabinet.

ADAM

Fuck it, lets add a little oregano.

Adam grabs the oregano and Adam and Brian mix them up in the sandwich bag.

BRIAN

This looks like a bag of fucking parsley dude, there are no buds, this shit isn't going to work.

ADAM

It was your idea fucker, hold on let me think for a minute.

Adam grabs a nearby bottle of school glue.

ADAM

This should work.

Adam begins dripping the glue in the bag and shaking it.

ADAM VO

This was just stupid fucking funny. It looked, and smelled like a bag of parsley and oregano with school glue in it. There was no hiding it, the bag looked like a quarter but weighed like two ounces because of all the glue.

INT. MACBEERSON'S - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Adam and Brian enter, Adam hands Ashbaugh the bag, he smells the bag then grimaces.

ASHBAUGH

What the fuck is this? It smells like school glue and oregano?

Everyone laughs.

ADAM

Calm down dip shits, you fucks roll up giggling and shit they are going to know what's up! Just get the money then throw them the bag and rock the fuck out. Now fucking go and be cool!

ASHBAUGH

Ok man we got it.

Doyle and Ashbaugh walk out the back door calmly.

EXT. MACBEERSON'S - BACK PORCH - DAY

Doyle and Ashbaugh walk out the back door with the bag of fake weed.

Brian limps outside behind them and jumps shotgun in the Cutlass.

INT. CUTLASS - DAY

All are in, they slam doors shut, Doyle says to Brian.

DOYLE Put your seat belt on fucker, your gonna get us pulled over.

BRIAN So, its fake weed, what are they gonna do, and fuck seat belts.

DOYLE

Ok duder.

Doyle hits the gas, Cutlass goes sideways out of the grass lot.

EXT. PARKING LOT - LAWRENCE PARK - DAY

Doyle pulls up to the parking lot of the park. In view is a MUSTANG 5.0 on the side of the drive.

Bobbert is hanging out of the passenger side window of The Mustang waving.

INT. CUTLASS - DAY

DOYLE

This fuck has to be inbred, waving around in broad daylight like that at a drug deal. That is also a Mustang GT they are in, this should work out

great... Fuck, give me the bag of glue
dude.

Ashbaugh hands Doyle the bag of fake weed.

Doyle pulls up to the Mustang, BOBBERT'S UNCLE is driving.
Bobbert throws him the money through the window.

Doyle throws Bobbert the bag of oregano, parsley and glue
then hits the gas.

About two seconds go by--

INT. MUSTANG - DAY.

Bobbert opens the bag and smells it.

BOBBERT
What the fuck is this shit!?

He hands the bag to his Uncle. His Uncle smells it then
throws the bag out the window.

Bobbert's Uncle slams the Mustang in 1st. He dumps the clutch
and the tires roast.

EXT. OUT OF THE PARK - DAY.

The Mustang takes off after The Cutlass. Chase ensues around
Lawrence IN.

Music plays:

Something like, "Flirting With Disaster" By Molly Hatchet.

Chase scene, around the park, Doyle is loosing the Mustang at
every turn.

Cutlass sideways in a skid.

ADAM VO
Doyle was the wheel man, he didn't
need a fast car, he didn't even need a
whole car.

Scene continues as chase goes out of the park, down Franklin
rd. Cars go through the Macbeerson's Apartment Complex.

Doyle's Cutlass is ahead, Mustang is far behind. Cutlass
speeds past Macbeerson's back door.

INT. MACBEERSON'S - LIVING ROOM - DAY.

Cutlass is viewed speeding past, it splashes muddy water from a puddle all over the glass back door.

A few seconds later the Mustang flies past the back door, splashing muddy water all over the glass.

Adam and Jerm are looking outside at the chase scene going by, silent, mouths open, Adam eventually speaks.

ADAM

Well that shit obviously didn't go well.

Adam and Jerm laugh, back to the chase.

EXT. THROUGH THE FORT - DAY.

Music plays:

Something like, "Fire Lake" by Bob Seger.

More of the speeding chase through the twists and turns of old Fort Harrison.

Chase ends as Cutlass looses the Mustang and makes it back to Macbeerson's.

Cutlass slides into the grass behind Macbeerson's.

EXT. MACBEERSON'S - BACK PORCH - DAY.

Doyle, Brian and Ashbaugh get out of the Cutlass and run across the porch. Adam opens the door, they run into the apartment.

INT. MACBEERSON'S - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Brian locks the door behind them. Doyle, Brian and Ashbaugh are peeking out the door. Brian turns around and commences to wave the money in the air.

BRIAN

We got those fuckers yea!

ADAM

You dip shits got the money?!

BRIAN

Fuck yea, 50 bucks bitch, I don't even

need this shit, lets just get some more booze.

ALL

YEA!

Adam turns to Doyle.

ADAM

Doyle, you dusted a fucking 5.0 Mustang in an old ass Cutlass with A V6 and two silly spares on the back you crazy fuck!

DOYLE

That was a ride, and don't ever underestimate "The Poopster".

ADAM

Shit yea, the show is about to be on fuckers!

The guys bro hug and shove each other about.

ADAM VO

In 98 50 dollars could buy a gallon of cheap Scotch, a case of beer and the tickets.

INT. MACBEERSON'S - LIVING ROOM - EVENING.

Brian, Ashbaugh, Adam and Doyle are all smoking, drinking, talking inaudibly and laughing.

Adam suddenly jumps up off the couch and yells.

ADAM

Lets get the fuck out of here and get ready for the fucking show!

All get up and head out the back door.

EXT. MACBEERSON'S - OUT BACK - EVENING.

Ashbaugh gets in his car and turns on the radio.

Music plays from Ashbaugh's car:

Something like, "Walk" by Pantera.

All spread out, drinking beer, moshing and throwing each

other around, bashing into the cars.

Doyle and Adam begin throwing a plastic lawn chair back and forth to each other violently.

CALEB pulls up out back in his car, TOM is sitting shotgun, they get out of the car.

DOYLE

You guys wanna see some stupid shit?

CALEB

More stupid than you fucks throwing a lawn chair back and forth?

DOYLE

O yea.

Doyle then throws the lawn chair and hits Caleb directly in the head with the chair.

Caleb falls to the ground, everyone laughs hysterically.

SUPER: Caleb

Tom is smoking a bong as he walks around the car.

SUPER: Tom

ADAM

Well All of The Misfits are together now, lets fucking...

Caleb gets up and picks up the chair, he throws it full swing and hits Doyle directly in the balls with the leg of the chair.

Doyle hits the ground, face purple, writhing.

CALEB

Yea, how's that shit feel!?

Everyone is laughing and passing the bong around, Doyle coughing and writhing on the ground for a minute.

Adam stands up on the hood of The Cutlass and yells.

ADAM

Get up and lets roll you grabasstic motherfucking pieces of shit!

Doyle gets up off of the ground and stumbles to the Cutlass.

Ashbaugh gets in his car, still bashed into the Cutlass. He backs out, tearing the rear bumper off of The Cutlass, Doyle yells at Ashbaugh.

DOYLE

You fucking bitch, i'm going to put you in the fucking freeway wall!

ASHBAUGH

Bring it bitch!

Caleb chimes in.

CALEB

I will fuck both of you up on that freeway!

DOYLE

Let's fucking do it!

Music start:

Something like, "For Whom The Bell Tolls" by Metallica.

Jeremy and Adam hop in Jeremy's car, parked next to Doyle. Caleb and Tommy hop in Caleb's car.

INT. THE CARS - NIGHT.

All of us buckle up, Doyle does not.

ADAM VO

Doyle never wore a seat belt, his big 6'3" Irish ass couldn't get through the windshield with the jaws of life.

EXT. MACBEERSON'S - OUT BACK - EVENING

Brian limps over, opens passenger door of Doyle's car and sits shotgun, Doyle looks to Brian.

DOYLE

Hey your pretty busted up dude. You sure you want to take this ride?

Adam looks over to Brian from the front seat of Jerm's car.

ADAM

Yea, probably not a good idea to go to

a rowdy ass punk concert at this point
bro, you can barely fucking walk.

BRIAN

Yea that shit just doesn't sound like
a good idea. Fuck it i'm gonna get
high and play video games then pass
out, later fuckers.

Brian gets out of the Cutlass and limps back inside the
apartment, Doyle is riding alone.

EXT. MACBEERSON'S - OUT BACK - EVENING.

Music plays:

Something like, "Backwater" by The Meat Puppets.

All cars race off as darkness falls, speeding through the
grass, out of the apartment complex.

SUPER: 1 hour until the show.

EXT. FRANKLIN RD. - NIGHT

Speed south on Franklin Rd then all pull into the liquor
store parking lot.

EXT. LIQUOR STORE - FRONT/REAR CONT. - NIGHT

All cars pull up and we get out. The guys walk behind the
liquor store.

ADAM VO

The booze we got this crazy ass hobo
to buy. He hung out behind the liquor
store on Franklin rd. right by the
park and yelled obscenities at people
walking in the park.

Guys walk toward THE HOBO, he is yelling at a couple walking
through the park.

HOBO

You know folks, I'm not gay but I
would sure as hell suck a GIRRAFE'S
DICK!

Couple speeds their walk away, woman clinging closer to her
man. All of the guys loose it laughing.

Adam walks up to the hobo, still laughing and greets him with the money.

ADAM

Hey Hobo Joe man, grab us three pints of Johnny Walker and a 12er of Coors man, we will hook you up bro.

HOBO

Got it sergeant, platoon needs whiskey!

ADAM

GO Corporal, GO!

Everyone laughs, Hobo runs around front and into the liquor store.

DOYLE

Dude he is probably going to rob the fucking store.

ADAM

Shit, I did not think about that man.

Hobo exits the store, comes around to the alley.

ADAM

That weirdo better not try to fucking burn us or I will fucking stab his ass.

Hobo walks up behind an unawares Adam and taps him on the shoulder, Adam whips around and pulls a knife up in defense.

ADAM

(startled)

FUCK! Shit, what the fuck!?

Hobo hands Adam the paper bag silently.

ADAM

Shit sorry Hobo Joe man you scared the shit out of me.

HOBO

Sorry Colonel, here's the booze sir!

All cheer as Adam produces bottles from the bag and passes

them around.

All take shots of Scotch, passing bottles back and forth to the hobo. Adam then produces a joint from a cigarette pack and hands it to the hobo.

HOBO

You fucks, I love you guys, hell I would let you guys fuck my wife if she wasn't dead, what the hell, ill let you fuck her anyway!

Hysterical laughter from all.

ADAM VO

We always gave the hobo a couple shots and a joint for his trouble, good guy.

Hobo walks back behind the store, lighting the joint with a smile on his face as he walks.

Music plays:

Something like, "Lighting Crash" by Live.

ADAM

We are fucking humanitarians man, That guy is going to get wasted tonight because of us, That makes me feel good.

Everyone laughs, all get in the cars and speed out of the liquor store parking lot south on Franklin Rd. Doyle in the lead.

INT. CUTLASS - NIGHT.

Doyle pulls up to a gas station, price sign is shown through windshield.

Regular .95

Mid grade 1.05

Premium 1.15

Cigarettes 1.05

EXT. GAS STATION LOT - NIGHT.

All cars arrive in single file, taking turns splashing gas

into each tank from the same pump.

Adam exits Jerm's car and enters the store. After a beat he runs back out of the store.

Cars then line up near the freeway on ramp.

ADAM VO

Seven bucks got all the cars there.

INT. CAR TO CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Music plays:

Something like, "No Sleep Till Brooklyn" by The Beastie Boys.

Everyone is pushing, punching each other, cheering and ranting, passing around bottles and joints.

Doyle has his own bottle, drinking and smoking a joint alone in the Cutlass.

ALL

(Yelling variously) Sloppy, fuck yea!

EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT

Cars drive out of the gas station lot, on to the freeway ramp, tires smoking and squealing.

Driving south on on the freeway, passing cars, driving recklessly.

Cars reach Emerson Ave, all slow down then swerve on to the exit.

INT. CUTLASS - MOVING - NIGHT.

View out of driver window is Adam pressing his ass against passenger window of Jerm's car.

EXT. EMERSON AVE. - NIGHT

Cars drive up Emerson slowly, police presence is seen heavily all around.

Police are viewed beating a man on the side of the road.

ADAM VO

Indianapolis Police on the east side aren't exactly sweethearts.

People standing on the street corner drinking, loitering, passing things between hands.

All cars drive to the bank across from The Emerson Theater, pull in and park.

EXT. BANK PARKING LOT - NIGHT.

SUPER: The Lot.

All get out of the cars.

Music plays:

Something like, "Kill The Poor" By The Dead Kennedy's.

The gang all get out of the cars and sit on the hoods.

Punks and drunks walk around the lot. All pass bottles back and forth and look around. Punk guys, punk girls, drunks and wild kids acting violently are viewed around the lot.

BLACK GUY WITH A SWASTIKA ON HIS FOREHEAD is there in the lot walking, he has a pit-bull on a tow chain walking beside him.

ADAM VO

We weren't punks, we were junks,
misfit rockers, crazy drunk ass pot
smoking party kids. We loved the scene
at a show. Guitars, drums, vocals, and
a crazy stage dive into a good pit.

EXT. THE LOT TO THEATER - NIGHT.

Whole crew gets up and heads for the theater through a sea of people. We pass many punk girls, some gorgeous, some atrocious.

All of us looking back. Leering at scantily leather clad girls with mo-hawks and piercings all over their bodies.

Music plays:

Something like, "Sheena Is a Punk Rocker" by The Ramones.

Adam is leering back at SHEENA.

Tall, beautiful, purple spiked Mohawk, perfect body shone through tight short leather skirt and revealing top. Adam turns around and faces her, she stops and stares for a few seconds.

SHEENA

What the fuck are you looking at?

ADAM

The hottest thing I have ever seen in leather.

Sheena pulls out a cigarette.

SHEENA

Do you have a light?

Adam produces and lights his Zippo, Sheena leans in and lights her cigarette, takes a drag and blows the smoke in Adam's face.

SHEENA

My name is Sheena.

ADAM

I love you.

Sheena takes another drag from the cigarette then punches Adam in the nose.

ADAM

What the fuck!?

SHEENA

Maybe I will see you after the show babe.

Sheena kisses Adam, licking the blood from his face, then slaps him in the face and walks past the group.

Everyone bursts out laughing, Adam is holding his bleeding nose.

ADAM

I think I'm in love bro's.

Weaving and bobbing through the sea of punks they make it to the box office gate and show the tickets. Everyone continues laughing at Adam.

Tom buys his ticket from the box office, then they turn all loose inside.

INT. EMERSON THEATER - NIGHT

All walking into the theater.

ADAM VO

The Emerson is an old movie theater from the 50s, converted to a concert venue, they built a stage and removed all the seats and the rest is punk rock history.

The guys walk into the theater as it fills with all of the punks, junks, rockers and weirdos.

We congregate in the back corner of the theater. Producing the bottles and passing them and a joint around.

Lights fade, crowd gets quiet. Stage lights come on, theater stays dark.

Sloppy comes out on stage, they take their places on stage and begin performing the sound checks.

Adam begins yelling.

ADAM

Yea woo, sound check, yea rock!

Everyone in theater laughing including the band.

Theater lights flash on then fade low, Sloppy is on stage, they start blasting right off.

Sloppy plays from 98 release, "More Trouble Than Their Worth".

Tom is the first in the pit, he begins punching people in the face. He is getting kicked in the nuts, throwing punches and elbows.

Tom comes back to base, Adam hands his belongings to Tom, then heads into the pit.

ADAM VO

Don't go stage diving or into the mosh pit with all your shit in your pockets, you won't see it again.

Adam is slam dancing, punching people in the face, throwing elbows, getting punched in the face.

Tom runs in and is tossed up to the stage by audience. He climbs up and dives off the stage into the pit.

Tom is repeatedly tossed back up on stage then dives back

into the pit.

After a few rounds of stage diving Tom loses his right shoe. Tom heads back to the corner of the theater, limping with one shoe.

Intermission, Sloppy leaves the stage. We all file out to The Lot along with most of audience.

EXT. THE LOT - NIGHT

Outside, the guys all congregate near the cars. Tom hobbles out of the theater, he eventually makes it to The Lot.

Music plays:

Something like, "Looser" by Beck.

Tom limps down the alley, he begins urinating behind a dumpster.

A nearby RESIDENT sees Tom in plain view and yells.

RESIDENT

Hey what the fuck man, you punks cant
just stumble back here and piss right
in my back yard!

Tom yells back with a heavy British accent.

TOM

Fuck you, what are you going to do,
call the cops bitch!

Resident picks up a phone and dials.

MINUTES LATER:

Indianapolis Police arrive on the scene, lights and sirens off, guys are still in the alley.

Spotlights illuminate on them and two officers exit the police car.

ADAM VO

IPD didn't roll up lights and sirens
blaring, they snuck up on your ass,
lights off like the fucking gestapo,
you didn't know they were there until
the spotlights hit your eyes.

Tom tries to run, he is still wearing only one shoe, he slips on the gravel in the alley trying to run and lands face down.

Everyone is laughing, including the cops.

COP 1 AND COP 2 grab Tom and pick him up off the ground then slam him against the dumpster and search him.

Tom ends up clean. Cops pull him out in the alley and stand him against a fence and get in his face.

TOM

Sorry, sorry man I wont run, sorry.

COP 1

Real smooth punk, this isn't a soccer game in Liverpool, I could take you in right now. I get another complaint about you, or anyone else in this lot, everyone is going to jail.

Cop 2 addresses everyone in The Lot.

COP 2

Get your asses back in the theater and hope we don't catch you out here or on the road tonight.

Police get back in the car and take off as we all walk back toward the theater.

ADAM VO

The cops decided not to even charge him with anything because this was so humiliating and hilarious, but they had to be dicks, standard procedure.

Tom pretends not to care after the cops leave, he is laughing, piss stains on his pants, acting cool.

All are laughing, shoving Tom around, we head back down the street to the theater.

ADAM

Damn bro that was real fucking smooth, you just about found out what it's like in Marion County Juvie.

DOYLE

Yea Shoeless Joe, way to kill a
fucking buzz.

Tom turns around and throws middle fingers in the air.

TOM

Yea fuck off wanks, lets go back in
and fucking rage then, American punk
is almost as good as British punk.

CALEB

He fucking didn't just say that!

Doyle grabs Caleb as he lunges toward Tom, Adam gets in the
middle and addresses Tom.

ADAM

Tommy, let me put it to you this way,
if The Ramones and The Sex Pistol's
were in prison, the Sex Pistols would
be wearing cool-aid while sucking The
Ramones dicks.

Everyone outside, all of us hear this, all loose it laughing.

Tommy calms down as we walk into The Emerson.

All head back into The Emerson. Stumbling, tossing out
roaches and cigarettes as we walk in.

INT. EMERSON THEATER - NIGHT

Sloppy is warming up for the second set, stage lights come
on.

Music begins:

Something like, "Your Sister" by Sloppy Seconds.

Rest of act is Sloppy rocking hits from early albums.

Stage diving, moshing, footage of show continues, more songs
play.

Music plays:

Something like, "Last Drive in in Town" by Sloppy Seconds.

Show winds down, some fans start to file out. Boys stay until
the outtro.

Show fades with outtro to "Last Drive In".

THEATER AUDIO

If waiting, please replace your inner
car car speaker. Do not back out,
drive to the aisle in front of you and
exit.

Entire audience files out of the theater. We head outside
down the sidewalk back to The Lot.

EXT. THE LOT - NIGHT

Everyone has filed out of the theater to The Lot, we reach
the cars, Adam looks around and yells.

ADAM

Where the fuck did Assbag go!?

Everyone is standing next to the cars looking around
shrugging their shoulders.

CALEB

Fuck I don't know, did he walk out
here with us at the intermission?

DOYLE

He was behind me when we walked out.

ADAM

Fucker probably snuck off and bailed
when Tom started yelling at that
douche across the alley.

DOYLE

Fuck him, he bailed, his car is gone.
Lets fucking roll!

All jump in the cars, slam the doors shut and speed out of
the lot.

Music plays:

Something like, "DUI" by The Offspring.

Tires spinning we drive recklessly up Emerson Ave.

Doyle is in the lead, Caleb is right behind Doyle, Adam and
Jeremy are in the rear.

INT. CUTLASS - NIGHT

View through windshield of Cutlass is a sign that reads:
INTERSTATE 70 EAST.

EXT/INT. THE CARS ON THE INTERSTATE - NIGHT

EXT. ALL CARS

Cutlass hits the on ramp from Emerson to Interstate 70 East
and smashes the accelerator.

Silly spares LIGHTING UP, Cutlass goes sideways, Doyle
corrects the slide, almost flying off the ramp.

Music plays:

Something like, "Going The Distance" by Cake.

Caleb's car is behind him catching up fast.

Jeremy's Car speed up to get behind.

Doyle still in the lead as they approach an exit. Sign viewed
above the cars reads: INTERSTATE 465 NORTH EXIT.

Another sign is viewed on the side of the exit ramp: ON RAMP
50 MPH.

INT. CUTLASS

View of speedometer on Cutlass reads: 80 mph.

Caleb's car is viewed out of passenger side window driving on
the on ramp.

EXT. INTERSTATE

View over Cutlass is car bumping into Caleb's car near the
end of the ramp.

Sound of cars speeding down the freeway loudly over the
music. Tires SQUEALING, engines REVVING, broken exhausts
WAILING.

Left lane of the freeway on ramp reveals a pot hole before a
very large dip.

Cutlass hits the pot hole then the dip in the on ramp,
Cutlass goes up on two wheels.

Music plays:

Something like, "Last Caress" by The Misfits.

EXT. INTERSTATE - UNDER THE CUTLASS

Wired up steering begins to unravel as the car lands.

In seconds the driver side tie rod end disconnects from steering arm.

INT. CUTLASS

Doyle silently panics, his eyes bulge, hitting the brakes and turning the steering wheel back and forth to no avail.

EXT. INTERSTATE

Cutlass fly's off the ramp, down into the grass and comes up through the ditch.

Cutlass slams through the ditch, then fly's airborne out of the ditch then across the interstate.

Cutlass narrowly misses a few cars flying across the 3 lane freeway.

INT. CUTLASS

View through windshield is Cutlass clearing the lanes, and then Doyle looks up.

DOYLE

O fuck!

Cutlass hits the dividing wall straight on, windshield and side windows shatter.

Glass flying everywhere inside the Cutlass, hood folds blocking view out of the windshield as Doyle's face slams into the epoxy steering wheel.

INT. CALEB'S CAR

TOM

Holy shit man, pull the fuck over and lets see if he is ok. Pull the fucking car over man!

CALEB

No way Doyle made it through that man,
no way, Lets just get the fuck out of
here!

INT. JEREMY'S CAR

JERM

O fuck man!

ADAM

Holy shit dude he couldn't have made
it through that, that car folded man,
he has to be dead. What the fuck are
we going to tell his family man"?!!

JERM

I don't know man, lets get the fuck
out of here!

EXT. INTERSTATE

Caleb and Jeremy's cars speeding away. Taillights shown on
the interstate.

FADE BLACK:

EXT. INTERSTATE

Emergency lights and siren from an ambulance fade in from
black screen.

Paramedics jump out of the ambulance and run to the Cutlass.

They approach the Cutlass and shine a flashlight on Doyle's
face in the drivers seat of the smashed car. Doyle is
motionless.

PARAMEDIC

Hey are you okay sir? Sir, help is
here.

Doyle regains consciousness and shakes his head as the
paramedic shines the flashlight in his face.

Doyle is bleeding profusely from his upper lip and nose,
blood is squirting all over him and the dashboard of the car.

Doyle produces a cigarette that is drenched in blood, then
looks up into the flashlight beam.

DOYLE

Yea, i'm cool man, you got a light
dude?

Screen goes to black.

OVER BLACK: This film is dedicated to Gary.

Miss you pa.

Music rocks:

Something like "The Kids Kids Are All Drunk" by Sloppy
Seconds.

Credits roll.