FAIRY TALE HIGH

By

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FADE IN

EXT. SUBURBAN HIGH SCHOOL - DAY (SPRING 1980)

A bird's eye view of a suburban high school, including a football field, a baseball diamond, and parking lot.

A BELL RINGS. STUDENTS, like ants fleeing a kicked ant hill, flood from the building. A handful of students hurry to the parking lot.

We descend over a white, '65 Chevy Impala parked in the center of the lot. The rear window proudly displays a "Class of '80" sticker.

A young man climbs inside. STARTS THE ENGINE. "*ONCE UPON A TIME*" by Donna Summer blasts from the stereo.

The car backs out of the parking space.

Suddenly, a lunch-sized milk carton SMACKS the windshield. Bursts. Milk splatters everywhere. The car jerks to a halt.

BOY'S VOICE (O.S.)
Ha! Nailed you, faggot!!

LAUGHTER echoes through the lot. The car pulls away.

EXT. MAX'S CHEVY IMPALA / MALL - DAY

The Impala pulls into a vacant spot. MUSIC blares.

MAX (18), a wholesome, gangly teenager sits in the car. Max glances in the rear-view mirror, combs his hair, undoes three upper buttons of his shirt, exposing a flat, hairless chest.

He exits the car. Futilely attempts to wipe off the opaque, milky film that coats the windshield with a tissue.

Quickly, he ducks down. Peers from between two cars, as an AMC Pacer slowly drives by.

The driver, **LUCY** (18), a brash punk, HONKS the horn.

LUCY
(feigned British accent)
Max, it's the bloody eighties!
Disco's dead, mate.

Max ducks down even lower, covers his head with his hands. Skulks off between the parked cars.

INT. LUCY'S AMC PACER - DAY

Lucy pulls the Pacer into a nearby space. The car is lined with leopard and pink fur; the dash coated with stickers that declare - "Disco Sucks", "Anarchy!", Punk band names. "*WE LOVE YOU*" by Psychedelic Furs plays on the stereo.

Lucy, with spiky, bleached hair, ears laden with multiple safety pins, eyes herself in the mirror. A cigarette dangles from her lips. Lucy removes a few safety pins, conceals her hair under a black beret.

She takes a final drag from the cigarette, flicks it out the window, blows herself a kiss.

INT. DREW'S HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sun glares through the picture window of a sparsely furnished tract home. The walls crawl with macrame. A DOG barks and leaps about on a sectional.

DREW (17), a lanky teen, in tight jeans and a tight tee-shirt emblazoned with his name, enters with a small backpack. He passes a wall covered with awkward family photos.

Drew leaves an envelope, labeled "Mom and Dad", with "Dad" scratched out, on the coffee table.

He pets the hyper dog. Exits the front door.

INT. MALL / MEN'S CLOTHING STORE - DAY

Max strolls through an expensive men's store.

He stops in front of a rack of underwear packages, depicting muscle-bound hunks in tighty-whities.

Max discretely eyes them. Takes a pair off the rack. A **PRISSY SALESMAN** walks up.

PRISSY SALESMAN
You drool on it. You buy it.

Max blushes, replaces the package. Quickly departs.

EXT. FREEWAY ENTRANCE / ONRAMP - DAY

Drew, at the onramp, thumb out, hitches a ride. Cars zip by.

A dirty, black Camaro, with tinted windows, pulls over. Drew runs up. Hops in. The car immediately PEELS off.

INT. MALL / RECORD STORE - DAY

Lucy enters “Apricots”, a garish record store. Record cover blow-ups decorate the walls. A life-size, Billy Joel cut-out stands beside the counter, his eyes gouged out, tape slapped over his mouth. Supertramp’s “*THE LOGICAL SONG*” plays.

BILLIE (18) walks out of the back room. She wears an apricot colored tee-shirt, that reads, “Always the Hits, Never the Pits”, a denim skirt and clogs, standard late 70’s teen garb.

BILLIE
Aren’t you new in school?

LUCY
(in her phony accent)
6 weeks now. Been exiled to the suburbs of America. Opinion being I wasn’t excelling in London.

BILLIE
You’re British?

LUCY
American, actually. Family moved to England when I was two. Living with my aunt in an attempt at rehabilitation. You can see, it’s been an utter failure.

They stand silent for an awkward moment.

BILLIE
I’m Billie.

LUCY
Noticed your badge. I’m Lucy.

They shake hands.

BILLIE
Job hunting, huh?

LUCY
Having zero success. Seems I’m off putting to suburbanites.

Billie hands her an application.

BILLIE
Apply here. You can put me down as a reference. But be warned, the manager is a total creep.

LUCY
I can handle tossers... Thanks for being so kind. I'm a pariah at school. No one will talk to me.

BILLIE
Consider yourself lucky.

Billie reaches for a pen. Knocks over Billy Joel. They look at the cardboard figure on the floor.

LUCY
He's absolute shite!

BILLIE
You know it!

MALL / ORANGE FROTHY COUNTER

CUSTOMERS sit on orange vinyl stools at the nauseatingly bright, nuclear orange, Formica counter.

JENNIFER and **HOPE** (both 17), dressed in neon orange uniforms and green caps, serve customers. Under Jennifer's name tag a button reads, "Jesus Loves You". Hope, voluptuous and brash, wears a Miss Piggy button, which reads, "Who? Moi?".

Max, at the counter, wolfs a hot dog and gulps an Orange Frothy. Max offers to pay, but Hope pushes his hand away.

HOPE
(in a Southern drawl)
Keep your money, y'all. This one's on the establishment.

JENNIFER
Pilfering is theft and theft's a sin, you know!

MAX
Thanks, Hope. I owe you one.

HOPE
Anytime, honey child.

A BUS DRIVER (mid-30s), watches from the end of the counter. Max looks at him. The Bus Driver sips seductively from his Orange Frothy. Winks.

MAX
(turning to the girls)
I should head home. Later!

JENNIFER
Will I see you at bible study?

Max shrugs, walks away. The Bus Driver follows him.

MALL / STATIONERY STORE

Lucy interacts with the **STORE MANAGER**, a homely woman, who shakes her head, “No.” **WENDY** (16), a store employee, decked out like Annie Hall, observes from behind a store display.

STORE MANAGER
I don’t think this is quite the right place for you. Try the record store or Orange Frothy. They might appreciate your attire.

Wendy points her finger at the manager, mouths the word, “Bitch”. Lucy smiles at Wendy.

MALL / MEN’S ROOM

Max enters a dank, unkempt men’s room. He enters a stall.

The Bus Driver enters. Goes into the adjoining stall.

MALL / JEWELRY STORE

A hole-in-the-wall earring store, called “Another Hole In Your Head”. The walls sparkle with cheap jewelry.

Lucy sits on a stool.

A TEENAGE SHOP CLERK holds a piercing gun to Lucy’s ear.

TEENAGE SHOP CLERK
What’s the occasion?

LUCY
The suburbs royally suck.

The piercing gun penetrates her lobe. Lucy grins.

INT. DREW’S HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

VERA (43), a statuesque woman in a nurse’s uniform, sits on the sofa. She reads Drew’s note. Tears run down her cheeks.

The dog barks at her. Vera shoos the dog away.

BEGIN DREAM:

INT. MALL / MEN'S ROOM - DAY

Below the door of one stall, two pair of feet face each other; one pair wears earth shoes, the other, heavy work boots. MOANS emerge from the behind the door.

An ALARM CLOCK RINGS.

END DREAM

INT. MAX'S HOUSE / BEDROOM - NEXT MORNING

A tidy room with 70's movie posters on the walls. A stream of light comes in the window, hits a sleeping Max.

The ALARM CLOCK RINGS.

Max awakens, throws off the covers, shuts off the alarm, drops backward on the bed.

He looks down at the wet spot on the front of his pajamas.

Max raises his hands. Covers his face. Shakes his head.

MAX'S HOUSE / KITCHEN

A typical 70s kitchen with avocado green appliances, brown counter tops and glossy floral wallpaper.

IRENE (41), Max's mother, in a robe, gazes out the window. Sips her coffee.

Max's siblings, **ADAM** (14) and **ZOE** (12), eat breakfast. The RADIO PLAYS a RELIGIOUS TALK SHOW.

Adam turns on the TV to a NATURE SHOW.

IRENE
I'm listening to my station!

Max enters, shirtless, a towel wrapped around his waist.

MAX
Morning, family units.

Max grabs a banana. Proceeds to peel it.

IRENE
We dress before we come to the breakfast table. Modesty first.

MAX
Only passing through. Have you seen my dress pants? I need them for the auditions today.

Zoe switches the channel to cartoons. Adam turns it back.

ZOE
I hate this show! Mom!

IRENE
Zoe, we don't hate.
(to Max)
Your pants-
(to Adam)
- Adam, turn off that TV!

ADAM
Man.

IRENE
(to Max)
- were filthy. You're off to college in the Fall. Start taking responsibility for your-

MAX
- God, mom, I get it!

IRENE
Max! You know the commandments. No taking the Lord's name in-

MAX
(leaving the room)
- I get it. I've gotta run.

IRENE
(calling after him)
Your pants are by the dryer. And I'm changing the beds today, so put your dirty sheets in the hamper. You're watching your siblings tonight too. I have prayer group.

MAX'S HOUSE / BEDROOM

Max rushes into his room. Reaches under the mattress. Pulls out two issues of "Playgirl."

He tries a couple hiding places. Nope. Eventually shoves the magazines into his backpack.

INT. MAX'S IMPALA - DAY

Max maneuvers through traffic. The cassette deck plays, "*STAYIN' ALIVE*" by The Bee Gees. Max SINGS along.

MINUTES LATER

Max parks. He pulls the magazines from his backpack. Stuffs them into the glove box.

He gets out of the car. The MUSIC CONTINUES.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

BEGIN DAYDREAM

Max, stylish in white Angel Flight pants and gauze shirt, walks in slow motion, toward the school. The students stop. Stare at him. Max enters the school.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL / HALLWAY - DAY

Max glides down the hallway. The crowds part before him. STUDENTS nod in admiration. He stops at his locker. Dials the combination. The door swings open. Contents tumble out. The MUSIC abruptly stops.

END DAYDREAM

HIGH SCHOOL / HALLWAY

Max, at this locker, a pile of books and paper at his feet.

MAX
Shit!

He stoops down to gather his things. **PAUL** (17), Max's nemesis, walks up.

PAUL
(snickering)
Having a crap day?

Max doesn't look at him.

MAX
What do you want, Paul?

PAUL
Just stopped by to say, hey.

MAX
When did you become so friendly?

The PASSING BELL rings. Paul turns to go.

PAUL
Good luck at auditions. Later!

MAX
It's break a leg, dick wad!

HIGH SCHOOL / MS. LEVINE's CLASSROOM

The **CLASS** listens halfheartedly to **MS. LEVINE** (35), a 60's throwback, in a peasant skirt and blouse. She labels the lay-out of a nuclear reactor, her hands covered with chalk dust.

Max sits in the center of the room. Stares blankly forward. Lucy, in the front, fully engaged, wears a black Sex Pistols' tee-shirt and a dog collar.

MS. LEVINE
Three Mile Island is something we must all be concerned about, since we'll be living with the con-sequences for a very long time. Accidents of this nature are likely to become commonplace as more nuclear plants are built. It's up to us, "little people", to resist the expansion to energy sources that threaten Spaceship Earth.

Lucy thrusts her hand into the air.

MS. LEVINE
Yes, Lucy? Something else to add?

LUCY
Are you talking about protesting?

MS. LEVINE
I'm not advocating protests. But, personally, I've seen how passive resistance can effect change.

LUCY
Good. Because, I was arrested for trespassing at a nuclear proliferation protest in England.

A few students SCOFF at her.

LUCY
I'm bloody serious. I attended a massive anti-nukes rally outside London at a nuclear power plant. It was brilliant! We smashed through the gates and had a picnic on the-

OBNOXIOUS STUDENT (O.C.)
- Who brought sandwiches? Queen Elizabeth?

The entire class LAUGHS.

LUCY
Don't be daft. We're anarchists! Anti-monarchy! She wasn't invited.

MS. LEVINE
Voicing your opinion, peacefully, about causes you believe in, can be effective. This is a clear example, aside from the vandalism, of civil-

The BELL RINGS. The students prepare to leave.

MS. LEVINE
- disobedience. Be sure to meet with your project partner over the weekend and gather news clippings about the Iran hostage situation.

INT. COCOA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Drew lies in bed. Overhead is a shrine to screen legends: Bette, Joan, Judy, Marilyn and Elizabeth. Gaudy fabric is draped everywhere. The sun peaks in the tattered drapes.

COCOA (O.C.)
(from outside the door)
She stays as long as she wants! When you pay your rent, then you get a say in who lives here!

Drew slips further into the bed, the covers pulled up to his chin. He appears adrift in a sea of kitsch.

The bedroom door flings open to reveal, **COCOA COLA** (43), a lithe, black drag queen, dressed in a cheap red and gold kimono. Although void of make-up or a wig, she still exudes an aura of trashy glamour. Cocoa carries a breakfast tray.

COCOA
Freeloaders! They don't appreciate my fondness for strays. Did you get your beauty rest, pussy cat?

Drew nods.

Cocoa shoves a pile of clothes out of her way, sets the tray down. Fluffs Drew's pillow.

COCOA
Miss thing, it's time you got up. Mama Cocoa has a big day planned.

Cocoa rips around the room, tears open the curtains. Digs through clothes on the floor.

DREW
What time is it?

COCOA
Late. Mama made out well last night and needs a new pair of shoes. So eat up. Cold grits taste like shit.

Drew peers at the tray, while Cocoa revives a lifeless wig.

DREW
What's a grit?

COCOA
Smell you, honky child.

Cocoa SNAPS her fingers.

INT. SCHOOL CAFETERIA - DAY

Billie, Wendy, Jennifer and Hope eat lunch. They loudly talk over the DIN of the lunchroom.

Lucy walks by, stops, looks around for a place to sit.

JENNIFER
It's that freaky, devil girl.

HOPE
Looks like a witch to me.

BILLIE
Meow!

HOPE
Y'all, I didn't mean to sound cruel. It's just that she always wears black. That's all.

WENDY
I read in Cosmo that black makes you look thinner.

HOPE
Wendy, can I borrow that issue?

BILLIE
Hey, Lucy! Over here!

JENNIFER
(under her breath)
What are you doing? I don't want her sitting with us.

Lucy joins the girls. Sits next to Jennifer, who slides further away.

LUCY
Thanks. It's always so crowded.

BILLIE
Do you know everyone?

LUCY
I do.
(to Jennifer)
Except for you.

JENNIFER
I'm Jennifer. I'm a Christian.

Lucy extends her hand.

LUCY
I'm Lucy. I'm the anti-Christ.

JENNIFER
You need to excuse me. I have bible study.

Jennifer promptly gathers her things. Leaves. As soon as she is out of sight, the girls burst into LAUGHTER.

WENDY
That was perfectly evil! I love it.

BILLIE
She is so freakin' uptight.

LUCY
She knows I was taking the piss, doesn't she?

The girls look at her blankly.

LUCY
That I was joking!

BILLIE
Oh. I guess. There's always a stick up her butt, so you never know.

Max walks up to the table, lunch tray in hand.

HOPE
Hi, y'all. Long time no see.

MAX
Hope, I saw you second period.

WENDY
Max, this is Lucy.

MAX
We have class together.

LUCY
We're project partners in World Issues. Very deep topic.

MAX
Did you really get arrested?

The girls all turn. Look at Lucy.

LUCY
Well, not exactly. I was detained.

BILLIE
And what's this? Hmmm?

HOPE
(to Max)
Why don't you sit next to me, doll? There's room.

Hope scoots over, pats the seat.

MAX
(blushing)
That's okay! I need to practice for the auditions. Catch you later.

Max quickly walks away.

HOPE
Isn't he the cutest little thing?

LUCY
Adorable.

BILLIE
(to Hope)
I think you have competition, girl.

Hope glares at Lucy, who shields herself behind a sticker covered notebook.

WENDY
(to Lucy)
Cool notebook. What's inside?

LUCY
Oh, just some writing of mine.

WENDY
Class stuff? Or juicy and private?

LUCY
Poetry.

WENDY
Hmmmm. Let's hear some.

BILLIE
Don't feel pressured.

LUCY
I don't mind, really.

WENDY
That's settled. Come on.

Lucy opens the notebook, stands up to read.

MR. SANDOS (30), an impeccably groomed teacher, stylishly dressed in a corduroy sport coat, polo shirt, and straight-legged jeans, walks up behind her, listens.

LUCY
"Somber beauty, pale and shadowed,
your eternal image speaks nothing
of your heart, grace pumping in a
pool of despair. Truth lies dead,
blocking our vision, distorted by
power, lust, touch, dooming all
women. Like you, I'm betrayed,
(MORE)

LUCY (CONT'D)
exposed, naked to the world, no armor to protect me. I stand ridiculed, judged by man, the violator. His icy gaze pours over my flesh, my breasts, degrading all women with his lies. No, I cry. This is not me. But I'm silenced, enslaved by man's ideal of femininity, for eternity."

There is a moment of silence. Lucy sits.

HOPE
That flew 100 miles over my head.

LUCY
It's a comment on the male concept of femininity, as it relates to the depiction of the nude female figure in classical Greek sculpture.

HOPE
Try sonic speed, that time.

MR. SANDOS
Most impressive and passionately read.

The girls turn, look at him.

MR. SANDOS
Ladies! I expect to see each and every one of you at auditions.

Mr. Sandos walks away. The girls watch him go.

LUCY
Who is that?

BILLIE
Mr. Sandos, the sexiest and best dressed man in the entire school. He's the drama teacher.

HOPE
Check out that tush. Yum buckets!

The girls look, then all nod in approval.

BILLIE
(turns to Lucy)
You have to audition. We'll all be there. You could read your poem.

WENDY
She needs a prepared song, too.

LUCY
I know plenty of songs.

SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - END OF SCHOOL DAY

Mr. Sandos stands before the students clustered down front. **MS. TAFT** (late 40s), a mannish woman sits at the piano.

MR. SANDOS
Thank you for your interesting dramatic readings. Give yourself a hand.

The students APPLAUD.

MS. TAFT
When I call your name, please give me your sheet music, tell us what you'll be singing and indicate when I should begin your accompaniment. Steve, you're up first.

STEVE (17), Billie's tragically macho boyfriend, hands his music to Ms. Taft, takes center stage.

STEVE
Hi. I'm Steve, and I'll be singing, "*MACHO MAN*". Hit it, Ms. Taft.

Ms. Taft's ACCOMPANIMENT begins.

STEVE
"BODY, WANNA FEEL MY BODY, BODY, BABY, SUCH A THRILL--"

SMASH CUT TO:

Hope, in tights and a leotard, center stage. SINGS.

HOPE
"BUT I CAN'T REGRET, WHAT I DID FOR LOVE, WHAT I DID--"

SMASH CUT TO:

Jennifer, center stage, SINGS her heart out.

JENNIFER
“THE MOMENT I WAKE UP, BEFORE I PUT ON MY MAKE UP,--”

SMASH CUT TO:

Max, center stage. SINGS. A few girls SWOON.

MAX
“I JUST KISSED A GIRL NAMED, MARIA.”

SMASH CUT TO:

Paul slinks around the stage. SINGS.

PAUL
“THAT’S WHY THE LADY IS A--”

SMASH CUT TO:

Lucy, center stage, decked out in her punk finery, SINGS.

LUCY
(a cappella)
“PSYCHO KILLER, Q’EST-CE QUE C’EST?”

AN HOUR LATER

The students prepare to leave.

MR. SANDOS
Thanks for all your effort. The cast will be posted Monday. Enjoy your weekend!

STEVE
Party at the river. It’s a kegger.
(to Max)
Can you drive? My car’s in the shop.

MAX
That’s cool. Billie coming?

STEVE
Yeah, she’s bringing Wendy.

PAUL
Steve, your ride’s leaving. Now.

The students depart. Max and Mr. Sandos slowly gather their belongings.

MR. SANDOS
Once again, your audition was outstanding. Have you given studying theater next year more thought?

MAX
My folks aren't too hot on the acting thing. My dad says actors are nothing but a bunch of... you know what's.

MR. SANDOS
(under his breath)
Nothing like encouragement.
(to Max)
Why wasn't Drew here today?

MAX
I don't know. I haven't seen him.

INT. COCOA'S APARTMENT / BATHROOM - SAME TIME

Drew and Cocoa are bent over the sink. Cocoa applies dye to Drew's hair. "*BOYS KEEP SWINGING*" by Bowie plays.

COCOA
Quit squirming! You don't want this shit down your neck! It stains!

DREW
You think this will work?

COCOA
Anything to make you look 21. Otherwise, we'll never get you into the bars. Now rinse.

Cocoa pushes Drew's head under the running faucet.

INT. MAX'S IMPALA - THAT NIGHT

Max's car speeds down a country road. Max and Wendy sit in front; Billie and Steve in back. Billie has her window down and smokes a joint. The radio plays "*DREAMING*" by Blondie.

STEVE
That movie was wicked.

WENDY
My stomach is still in knots.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

EXT./INT. DRIVE-IN MOVIE THEATER / MAX'S IMPALA - EARLIER

The kids sit in Max's car, their eyes affixed to the screen.

On the screen is "Alien", when John Hurt discovers the chamber of eggs. An egg opens. John Hurt bends closer to inspect the veiny, pulsating mass inside.

END FLASHBACK

MAX'S IMPALA

STEVE
Hey, Wendy!

Wendy turns to Steve, who has his hands held like the alien "face-hugger". He thrusts forward, encompasses her face. Wendy SCREAMS, struggles to free herself from Steve's grasp.

MAX
(in falsetto)
"Look out, Dallas! It's right be-
hind you."

The boys LAUGH hysterically.

WENDY
(breaking free)
Couple of jerks!
(to Steve)
Especially you, you prick! Why do you put up with him, Billie?

BILLIE
Beats me.

STEVE
Oh, come on. You know why.

Steve mimics oral sex. Billie slaps his face.

WENDY
Nice one, girl!

STEVE
Screw you, Wendy.

Steve sulks. Billie takes a drag from the joint.

STEVE
You gonna bogart that all night?

Billie passes the joint, past Steve, to Wendy.

WENDY
(to Steve)
I'll try to save you some.

STEVE
(mutters to himself)
Bitch.

WENDY
Hey, ass-wipe! I heard that!

MAX
God, you two! Can you lighten up? We're supposed to be having fun.

There is total silence.

MAX
Well?! Aren't we?

STEVE
Billie invited that weirdo chick with the fucked up hair.

BILLIE
Her name is Lucy, not "chick", sexist pig.

MAX
Oh, great. Now, she'll be bugging me all night. It's bad enough we're project partners.
(to Wendy)
Be my date! Just for tonight.

WENDY
No way. I have my eye on someone.

STEVE
Who? The Bride of Frankenstein in girls' choir or the skanky dyke from the girls' basketball team?

Wendy is about to respond, but Billie jumps in.

BILLIE
Knock it off, you guys. I told Lucy to come. She doesn't have any friends.

STEVE
When you dress like a zombie-

BILLIE
- It's called "punk". And I think it's kind of cool.

WENDY
I heard she walked into the boys' locker room the other day.

BILLIE
Weird. Why would she do that?

WENDY
(feeling her earlobes)
God, Steve, you ass-!

STEVE
- What now?

WENDY
You made me lose an earring. Max, do you have a flashlight?

Wendy reaches for the glove box. Max jams the brakes. Wendy bumps her head on the windshield.

MAX
No! Don't open that!

WENDY
Ow! Geez, what's the big deal?

Max turns up "*DOES YOUR MOTHER KNOW?*" by Abba.

MAX
It's broken, that's all. The flashlight's in the trunk.

Wendy looks back at Steve and Billie, shrugs her shoulders.

BILLIE
There's the bonfire. Take a right.

EXT. RIVERSIDE - MOMENTS LATER

A GROUP OF TEENAGERS are gathered by a bonfire for a party. Among the group are: Paul, Jennifer, and Hope.

Cars are parked on the riverbank above. "*MY MY, HEY HEY (OUT OF THE BLUE*" by Neil Young blasts from a car stereo.

Max's Chevy drives up and the headlights turn off.

PAUL
Look who just arrived with his bunch of groupies.

JENNIFER
You're just jealous because he got the part you wanted.

PAUL
How do you know what part he got? The cast isn't posted 'til Monday.

JENNIFER
Max always gets the lead.

Max and the others come down the hill, LAUGHING.

MAX
Man, you have to see "*Alien*." This guy's stomach explodes and this slimy, reptilian creature-
(he looks at Paul)
Oh, hey, Paul!

Paul grabs Hope, who clutches a bag of marshmallows, and pushes her forward.

PAUL
Hope has news. Tell 'em.

HOPE
Thanks a lot, asshole! Why does it have to be me?

PAUL
You got the call.

HOPE
(eating a marshmallow)
Fine. Well, it's like this..., earlier, a couple hours ago, my phone rang,... and it was Drew's mom, and she told me... Y'all, I suck at giving bad news.

She pops another marshmallow into her mouth.

WENDY
Somebody take those away from her.

Max wrenches the bag of marshmallows from Hope's hands.

MAX
Spill it, Hope. What about Drew?

PAUL
He stole his mom's wallet full of cash and all her credit cards and nobody knows where he is.

MAX
Is this a joke?

HOPE
He's been gone since yesterday morning. His mom asked if I knew anything. She sounded completely freaked out.

EXT. SEEDY DOWNTOWN BAR - SAME TIME

Cocoa, Drew and a gaggle of DRAG QUEENS queue in front of a seedy bar. "*GOT TO BE REAL*" by Cheryl Lynn thumps inside.

Cocoa, in a massive Afro wig, red sequined tube top and mini skirt, slips an ID to Drew. Drew, in a blue satin blouse, his hair now a coppery, Ziggy Stardust red, adjusts his clothing and fidgets next to Cocoa.

Drew steps forward and hands his ID to the DOORMAN, who looks at Drew, then at the ID, then back.

DOORMAN
This doesn't look like you.

COCOA
She just changed her hair color.

DOORMAN
I was referring to her face.
(to Drew)
Is this you?

DREW
Sure.

DOORMAN
What year were you born?

DREW
Ummm,... 1954?

The doorman hands back Drew's ID and shakes his head.

DOORMAN
Try 1957, like your ID says.

The Group GROANS and GRUMBLES.

DOORMAN
Go on, step aside... Next!

He pushes the queens away from the door. They turn to go.

COCOA
(flipping off the bouncer)
Girls, mama's taking you else-
where. This place is a urine-
reeking, shit-hole anyway.

DOORMAN
That really hurts my feelings.

As the queens leave, Drew bumps into Mr. Sandos, who looks questioningly at him.

Cocoa grabs Drew and they hurry off. Mr. Sandos watches them depart.

EXT. MAX'S IMPALA / RIVERSIDE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Max sits in his car, door open, mindlessly spins the disco ball dangling from the mirror. He's oblivious to the mayhem taking place by the bonfire. The radio plays, "*OFF THE WALL*" by Michael Jackson.

Jennifer walks up to him.

JENNIFER
What are you doing here all alone?

MAX
Contemplating life.

JENNIFER
Well, bible study can help with
that, you know?

MAX
I'm not so sure.

JENNIFER
Everybody thinks you're stuck-up.

MAX
Why is that?

JENNIFER
You dropped out of choir, you don't
come to bible study anymore, you
never call me and you-

MAX
- It sounds like you have a problem with me, not everybody.

JENNIFER
I just care about you and see you going down the wrong path. That's all. I'm worried about your soul.

MAX
I'm thinking about life after high school, thinking about my future and what that looks like. Choir didn't feel right anymore. And neither does bible-

JENNIFER
- You just think you're better than everybody else.

MAX
What is your goddamn problem?

JENNIFER
See what I mean? You're a jerk!

MAX
Then, why don't you just fucking leave me alone?!

Jennifer walks off in a huff, leaves Max alone.

Lucy, boyishly attired in a Ramones' tee-shirt, studded men's blazer and cap, saunters up to him. She holds two Budweisers.

LUCY
Hey, Max.

MAX
(quietly)
Hey.

LUCY
I brought you a libation.

MAX
I'm not much of a drinker.

LUCY
These aren't what I call drinking. I could really go for a Guinness.

Lucy hands Max a beer, takes a swig from her own.

MAX
Thanks. Maybe just a sip.

He drinks, makes a face.

MAX
That's awful. It tastes weird.

LUCY
What do you yanks call them?
Domestic beer?

Max looks at her strangely.

MAX
You changed your hair.

LUCY
Came to the realization applying
for a job with bleached hair when
you live in the suburbs is futile.
Black blends in better. Far less
conspicuous, you know?!

MAX
(obviously lying)
It wasn't so bad. I kind of liked
it before. But, this is nice too.

LUCY
Thanks. You're a liar, but sweet.

Lucy leans against the car, sips her beer. Max takes a huge swig from his beer. They remain silent, stare into space.

MAX
I'm going to get out of here. This
party is bumming me out.

LUCY
Can I come? Or you can just tell me
to clear off.

Max hesitates a moment, then pops open the passenger door. Lucy gets in. Max starts the car, they drive away.

EXT. RIVERSIDE - LATER

Billie and Steve sit away from the others. "*HOT BLOODED*" by Foreigner, plays in the distance. WHOOPS and HOLLERS drift over from the bonfire.

BILLIE
I don't get it. What's the big deal? I thought all you guys wanted was to have sex.

STEVE
I do. I'm just not ready, okay? Pressuring me won't help.

BILLIE
You spend every minute with Paul. Should I be worried?

Steve doesn't answer, but looks over toward Paul.

Paul nods back at him. Billie slugs Steve in the arm.

STEVE
Ow!

BILLIE
See what I mean. You're way more interested in him, than me.

STEVE
That's sick! I'm not a fag!

BILLIE
As if I could tell. And I'm your girlfriend.

Billie storms off. Paul comes up.

PAUL
You look upset. Wanna talk?

Steve rolls his eyes. Paul sits down next to him anyway.

PAUL
Guess what I slipped in that punk chick's beer?

INT. MAX'S IMPALA - LATER

Max, silent, and Lucy, who fidgets nervously, ride in the speeding car. "*HEARTBREAKER*" by Pat Benatar plays on the radio.

LUCY
Do you mind if I find another song?

Lucy plays with the radio, skips over stations.

BEGIN DAYDREAM

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

Max, in a sport coat and white turtleneck, and Lucy, in a red cocktail dress, her hair in a beehive, speed in a gray Aston Martin down a winding, treacherous mountain road.

A GANG OF THUGS pursue them in a black Mercedes-Benz, and FIRE SHOTS.

Max barely makes it around a sharp turn, accidentally hits a button, sending Lucy out of the car on the rocket eject seat.

The thugs watch Lucy shoot into space, miss their turn, and plummet over the steep mountainside.

END DAYDREAM

MAX'S IMPALA

Max shakes his head, as if something isn't quite right.

Lucy has located "*I WANNA BE SEDATED*" by The Ramones on the radio and bounces to the music.

LUCY
This is bloody brilliant! I never dreamt I'd hear the Ramones on the radio. In the UK, they're right posh, second to the Sex Pistols, before they imploded. I've seen--

BEGIN DAYDREAM

INT. INDOOR CONCERT ARENA - NIGHT

A massive sports arena, filled with thousands of people. The crowd CHEERS, as Max enters, dressed flamboyantly, like Elton John in one of his mid-seventies costumes.

Max sits at the piano. The crowd SCREAMS, as Max cuts loose with the opening piano chords of "*BENNIE AND THE JETS*".

Lucy is off-stage, making out with a ROADIE.

Suddenly, chaos ensues as a flood of SCREAMING FANS rush the stage, attack Max, and tear at his clothes. He SCREAMS.

END DAYDREAM

MAX'S IMPALA

Lucy, her head out the passenger window, SCREAMS. Max tugs on her arm.

MAX
Lucy! You shouldn't be doing that! It doesn't seem safe!

Lucy pulls her head into the car, slides a bit closer to him. Max moves as far as he can in the opposite direction.

LUCY
That's smashing. Try it.

MAX
Not while I'm driving, we could get in an accident.

LUCY
Let loose. Have a little fun.

BEGIN DAYDREAM

EXT. COUNTRY ROADSIDE - NIGHT

A dark, deserted road. Max's Impala lays, overturned, in a ravine. The tires spin and a fire burns near the gas tank.

Lucy pulls herself from the vehicle, searches for Max, who is unconscious, pinned under the car.

Lucy rushes to him, lifts the car off Max's body, to the SOUND EFFECTS from "*The Six Million Dollar Man*".

Lucy pulls Max to safety, seconds before the car EXPLODES.

END DAYDREAM

MAX'S IMPALA

Lucy has moved extremely close to Max, now gazes directly at him. Max has broken into a visible sweat.

MAX
Uh, I've really gotta pee.

EXT. WOODS - MOMENTS LATER

A creepy, wooded area some distance from the road. Max faces a tree and urinates.

LUCY (O.S.)
What's taking so long? You aren't in danger are you? Do I need to rescue you? I have a black belt in Tae Kwon Do, you know!

BEGIN DAYDREAM

INT. THE DEATHSTAR - A LONG TIME AGO, IN A GALAXY...

Deep inside the massive Deathstar, Lucy, in a hooded Jedi robe, peers over the edge of a gaping chasm.

Max is across the divide, held captive by TWO STORMTROOPERS.

Lucy draws her light saber, swings across the divide on a tether, killing the storm-troopers as she passes. She lands. Max embraces her.

MAX
I thought you'd never get here.

Max grabs hold of Lucy, who leaps off the ledge. They swing to the other side, dodging ENEMY FIRE.

END DAYDREAM

WOODS

Lucy comes bursting through the trees, as Max is zipping up his fly. Max is startled and SHRIEKS.

MAX
What the hell?! Can't a guy pee in private?

LUCY
You didn't answer. I got worried.

MAX
You startled me! I could have done some serious damage here. Zippers can be lethal!

Max turns to go, but Lucy hangs back.

LUCY
I'll be right there. I need to have a slash myself.

Max leaves, pushing his way through the brush.

BEGIN DAYDREAM

EXT. ROADSIDE - NIGHT

Max's car is parked by the road; its headlights illuminate the trees ahead. Max leans on the car and checks his watch.

Suddenly, a huge, leathery, slime-dripping monster emerges from the woods and heads for Max. Max SCREAMS, jumps in the car, and quickly locks the doors.

END DAYDREAM

MAX'S IMPALA / ROADSIDE

Lucy stands outside the car, POUNDS on the window.

LUCY
Open up! I swear I won't bite!

Max SCREAMS louder.

LUCY
Why are you acting so bloody naff?!

Max quickly comes to his senses, smiles stupidly, unlocks the door. Lucy, perturbed, climbs in, stares at him.

MAX
Man, that beer was really potent. I think we should stay parked awhile.

EXT. CITY STREET - SAME TIME

Drew and Cocoa stand on a busy corner, cars whiz by.

COCOA
Girl, this night is a bust. Mama expected a lot more action.

Drew starts to walk up the street.

COCOA
Girl, where are you going? I'm not walking home in these heels. Unlike other queens, I refuse to suffer for glamour.

DREW
How do we get home then? We don't have any money.

COCOA
Thanks to your parents' cancelled credit cards. Now, get your white ass over here. Mama has a plan.

Drew walks over to her.

Cocoa steadies herself on him, bends over to remove her shoes, exposes her ass. A taxi SCREECHES to a halt. Cocoa grins slyly.

COCOA
Works every time. Now, play it cool. Mama does all the talking.

Cocoa opens the door to the taxi. She and Drew climb in.

INT. TAXI

A typically filthy, inner city cab. The CABBIE, overweight, unshaven, watches them in the rear-view mirror. Cocoa licks her lips at the cabbie. Drew closes the door.

CABBIE
Evening, ladies. Where ya headed?

COCOA
Daddy, that all depends on how far these will get us.

Cocoa dangles a pair of black, lacy panties.

INT. MAX'S IMPALA / FAIRGROUNDS - LATER

Max and Lucy sit in Max's car, parked near a tree-lined picnic ground.

Max with a frozen expression on his face, sits forward, his hands on the steering wheel. The radio plays "*I WANT YOU TO WANT ME*" by Cheap Trick.

LUCY
It's a beautiful night.

MAX
It's okay, I guess.

LUCY
You can let go of the wheel.

Max loosens his grip, lowers his hands to his side.

LUCY
Are you all right? You're acting kind of queer.

MAX
Kind of what?!

LUCY
You know, dodgy, peculiar.

MAX
Oh, right, that. Well, I think I drank too much. My mind is racing. Just thinking about my friend, Drew. That's all.

LUCY
Is he your best mate?

MAX
Was. We've known each other since first grade. Over the last year we've drifted apart. Something's going on with him that I don't get. He won't talk to me anymore. He says I betrayed him.

LUCY
Well, I think you should put it out of your mind and relax.

MAX
So, how do you think you did at the auditions?

Max looks over at Lucy, who smiles back seductively. Max quickly looks away.

MAX
I'm not entirely sure what I'm doing here.

Lucy searches for a romantic song on the radio, settles on *"LOVIN', TOUCHIN' SQUEEZIN'"* by Journey.

LUCY
This shite will have to do...
First, move a little closer to me.

Max obeys, slides closer to her.

LUCY
Now, put your arms around me.

Once more, Max follows her command, then waits for another cue. They are face to face for an awkward moment.

LUCY
This is when you should kiss me.

MAX
Oh, yeah.... Right.

With trepidation, Max kisses Lucy. She responds aggressively, quickly has him pinned on the seat. "*PARADISE BY THE DASHBOARD LIGHTS*" by Meatloaf begins playing.

As they grapple with one another, Max's arms wave frantically in the air, his hand hits the steering wheel. The HORN honks, echoes through the night.

OBI WAN KENOBI (V.O.)
Use the force, Max! Use the force.

Max freezes.

OBI WAN KENOBI (V.O.)
(insistently)
What are you waiting for? I said, use the force!

MAX
Lucy, stop! I can't do this.

LUCY
What's wrong?

MAX
Let me up, please!

Lucy climbs off of Max. He sits up.

MAX
I must be crazy. I don't know why I brought you here. I mean, I know why we came here, but I don't know why I thought I could do this. I'm sorry,.... I'm totally mixed up. I hope you understand.

LUCY
Of course, I do. You're gay.

MAX
Huh? I am....? Not! Wait a-

LUCY
- You can admit it to me. You know, I have gay mates in England.

MAX
Wait a second, will you. I'm not saying anything of-

LUCY
- At least admit you're curious. How many boys hide "*Playgirl*" in their glove compartment?

Max stares at her, jaw dropped, turns away.

MAX
I don't believe it. Why were you looking in there?

LUCY
I needed a tissue when you were peeing. I wasn't snooping. Truly! Listen, you don't have to worry. Your secret is safe. All right? I don't care if you fancy boys. Well, I do because I fancy you. But this isn't the first time this has happened to me.

Max sits with his arms folded, stares straight ahead.

LUCY
Being gay isn't such a bad thing!

Lucy reaches over, touches his arm. Max turns toward her.

MAX
Maybe where you come from it isn't. But this isn't London, and besides, I'm not sure if I am or not.... And if you knew, why did you go through with the whole make-out thing?

LUCY
The conflicting signals you were sending or the beer or maybe I was feeling hopeful. We must have looked positively daft.

Lucy starts to GIGGLE. Max gives her a silencing look. Lucy quiets down.

LUCY
Sorry!... Do you forgive me?

Max doesn't answer, at first, then starts to LAUGH.

MAX
I forgive you. But this didn't happen. Got it?!

LUCY
Mum's the word!... Mates? Friends?

MAX
Friends!

Lucy leans over, kisses Max on the cheek. Max blushes.

MAX
So, is it true, you really have more gay friends? Do you think anyone else at school is gay?

EXT. RIVERSIDE - SAME TIME

Steve and Paul sit huddled together, wrapped in a blanket.

STEVE
(calling out)
Can we go soon? We're freezing!

The girls LAUGH, continue to roast marshmallows, drink beer.

INT. MAX'S HOUSE / KITCHEN - NEXT MORNING

Max eats a bowl of cereal, reads the box. Irene, in an avocado green robe, enters.

IRENE
You were a little late getting in last night. Your curfew is ten.

MAX
A friend needed a ride. I lost track of time.

The PHONE RINGS. Irene answers it.

IRENE
Hello?... Hold on, please.
(to Max)
I think it's your "friend" from last night.

Irene hands him the phone.

MAX
Hello?

INT. LUCY'S HOUSE / BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Lucy, in an oversized men's tee, sits on her unmade bed.

The walls of her room are plastered with punk band posters. Clothes are strewn everywhere.

LUCY
Good morning, you big queen!

INTERCUT

MAX
What did you call me?

LUCY
It's something my gay friends say. You know, queen, as in Elizabeth II; queen, as in gay.

MAX
Yeah, I don't think it's funny.

LUCY
You're such a stroppy homo. Would you rather I called you a poof?

Max turns away from Irene, pulls the phone closer.

MAX
(under his breath)
God! I never understand what you're saying.

IRENE (O.S.)
Language.

MAX
Can I call you later?

LUCY
Sure thing, girlfriend! Ciao!

Max hangs up, turns to go. Irene stops him.

IRENE
If I didn't know any better, I'd say you're hiding something.

MAX
It was just a girl from school.

IRENE
Just a girl from school, huh?

MAX
She's a new transfer student from England, that's all.

IRENE
England. Hmmm. Invite her for dinner. I'd love to meet her.

MAX'S HOUSE / DINING ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Lucy and Max sit at a modestly set table. Lucy has toned down her appearance, but still has safety pins protruding from her ears. Adam and Zoe join them.

Irene enters, places a steaming meatloaf on the table.

IRENE
Max, since your father is working late, would you lead us in prayer?

Max smiles stupidly at Lucy. Lucy GIGGLES. Irene gives her a stern glance.

MAX
Bless us, O Lord, and these thy gifts, which we are about to receive, from thy bounty, through Christ, our Lord.

FAMILY
Amen.

Max hands Lucy's plate to Irene, who serves.

LUCY
I forgot to mention, I'm vegan. That means I don't consume any animal products.

IRENE
I can't imagine. That's absolutely Un-American.

MAX
Mom, Lucy isn't American, exactly. She grew up in England. Just give her extra vegetables.

LUCY
That would be fine. I adore mashed potatoes.

Irene puts a heap of potatoes on Lucy's plate.

IRENE
A bit of red meat would put some color in those cheeks.

LUCY
Pale is my objective.

Irene frowns at Lucy, hands her a plate of food. Max hands his plate to Irene.

ZOE
Do those safety pins hurt?

MAX
(to Zoe)
Shut up!
(to Lucy)
Ignore her; she's just a kid.

ZOE
That's not true. I know where babies come from.

IRENE
Zoe!

ZOE
We talked about prophylactics in class, too!

ADAM
You mean rubbers?!

IRENE
Adam! Zoe! Those are not topics for the dinner table. Or anywhere else. Now, hand me your plates.

ADAM
I read punk rockers are the anti-Christ.

LUCY
I consider myself an atheist.

Irene stops, looks at Lucy.

IRENE
I'll pray for you.

MAX
Mom, Lucy can believe what she wants.

IRENE
Our life on earth is short. There isn't time for doubt. We must be prepared for the second coming. Jesus is the way!
(to Lucy)
Did you get enough, dear?

LUCY
I believe I did. Thank you.

EXT. MAX'S HOUSE / FRONT PORCH - LATER

Lucy and Max sit on the porch steps. They both wear light jackets. A flickering TV glow is visible inside, LAUGHTER from a sitcom comes filters to the porch.

MAX
That had to be the worst dinner ever. Sorry about my family.

LUCY
Don't worry. It's not your fault. I know I'm not the girl next door. My British friend, Viv, her parents where horrified when they learned I'm American.

MAX
You caught her off-guard, you being an atheist and all.

LUCY
Yeah! She was right buggered when I said I was vegan... So, tell me, do you really believe all that stuff about Jesus coming back? It all sounds so gloom and doom.

MAX
I'm not sure anymore. When I was little, I believed it. But, I think it scared me more than anything.

LUCY
What changed your mind?

MAX
I'll tell you. But you've gotta swear! This is between us.

Lucy crosses her heart.

MAX
Ever since I was little, I've always felt different than other boys. I couldn't explain it. I tried telling my mom. All she said was God made me special, to do his work. She had no idea what I was talking about... In junior high, other boys picked on me, calling me a fag. But I kept it to myself and never told my parents. I didn't understand why I was being singled out. Why was I the kid everyone at school hated? I didn't see what those boys saw. I was just me. I felt like the whole world was against me.

LUCY
I know that feeling.

MAX
One day, I got into a fight during lunch and the entire lunchroom was screaming for this kid to kill me. I ran home, hoping my mom would be here. I was desperate, I couldn't take it anymore. I had to talk to someone. But, she wasn't here.

Max stops and looks off, his eyes have become misty.

Lucy takes hold of his hand and squeezes.

MAX
My dad has this gun hidden. So, I found it and took it to my room. I sat on my bed, loaded it, and put the end in my mouth. I wanted to just not exist anymore, to die. But I didn't have the guts. I wasn't man enough to pull the trigger.

Lucy puts her arm around him.

MAX
I didn't have anywhere to turn, so I turned to God.
(MORE)

MAX (CONT'D)
It seemed like the only place to turn. I needed some-thing to give me hope. My mom said I belonged to God and no one could harm me. But things didn't get better, they actually got worse. Now, it wasn't the guys who were hassling me, but this girl who hated me. She had a locker near mine and would pull my hair, kick me, and spit on me. It went on forever. I kept praying for it to end, but then she got her friends in on it too. I couldn't do any-thing to stop her. If I fought back, her brother would kill me.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

EXT. PUBLIC PARK - DAY - 1976

YOUNG MAX, 14, walks his dog, Rocky, along a dirt trail. As he approaches a group of trees, SHELLY, 15, a masculine girl, steps into his path.

Max stops dead in his tracks.

Shelley tosses a lit cigarette at Max. Max turns to leave.

Shelly rushes up behind him and grabs his hair.

SHELLY
Not so fast, pussy!

Shelly tightens her grip on Max's hair and yanks hard. Rocky starts to BARK at her. Shelly kicks the dog.

YOUNG MAX
Don't hurt my dog!

Shelly grabs the dog leash and pulls Rocky up off his front paws. Rocky starts to CHOKE.

YOUNG MAX
Let go, Shelly!

Max grabs Shelley's hand and forces her to lower Rocky back to the ground.

SHELLY
It's your dog or you. Choose!

YOUNG MAX
You can't do this to me!

SHELLY
Why not? What are you gonna do?

Shelly spits in Max's face.

YOUNG MAX
Nothing. Just let me go.

Shelly starts to jerk Max's head back and forth. Max's eyes start to well up with tears.

SHELLY
Cry for me, you pansy!

YOUNG MAX
You just want me to hit you.

SHELLY
Do it! Hit me!

YOUNG MAX
I'm not stupid. I know what will happen if I do.

They stand, deadlocked. Shelley maintains a firm grip on his hair.

YOUNG MAX
You can't do this to me! I'm God's property.

SHELLY
Oh, yeah?! Let's see God stop this!

Shelly knees Max in the groin.

Max doubles over. Shelly lets go and walks away LAUGHING.

END FLASHBACK

MAX'S HOUSE / FRONT PORCH

MAX
I realized, from that point, God doesn't care what happens to me. He won't be there to help. People like me aren't worth his trouble.

Lucy grabs Max's shoulders and turns him toward her.

LUCY
You're wrong. You're well worth the trouble. And, if there was a God, he wouldn't know what he's missing
(MORE)

LUCY (CONT'D)
by sodding you off... But, what about your friends? Weren't they there for you? What about them?

MAX
I might be part of the gang, but they're not really my friends. They wouldn't understand. I'm in this alone. And the people who hassled me, I realized they wouldn't be around forever. I mean, after graduation, I'll never have to see them again. I'll go away and live my life. So far, that's what keeps me going. But, I never dreamt I'd meet someone like you. Someone who really gets me. A friend who cares.

Max and Lucy sit, silently absorbing the night.

MAX
It's late. Can I give you a ride?

LUCY
I can walk. It isn't far. Besides, my uncle's friend, Ethan, who is a right prat, is over playing pool. If I walk slowly, he might be gone.

MAX
Okay. But be careful.

LUCY
Please! Who would tangle with this?

Lucy steps off the porch to go and turns back.

LUCY
Keep next Saturday open; it's my birthday. I'll need a friend by my side, when I turn the momentous one-eight.

MAX
I'll be there.

Lucy skips across the yard and disappears down the street.

INT. MAX'S HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Irene, in a bathrobe and fuzzy slippers, sits on the couch and watches, "THE LOVE BOAT".

Max enters.

IRENE
Drew's mom called again. It seems there's a bit of trouble at their house. She'd like to talk.

MAX
I thought I'd go by there tomorrow.

IRENE
Has your friend gone?

MAX
Uh-huh.

Max starts up the stairs.

IRENE
You know I don't approve of her. Of all the people you could befriend, why her? There are plenty of other fine, young people to choose from.

MAX
Well right now, those people aren't who I want as friends. Lucy and I have lots in common.

IRENE
What could you possibly have in common with her? I can't imagine what you'd discuss with an atheist.

MAX
We have plenty to talk about. And what's better is she actually listens to me.

IRENE
You're too young to have anything of importance to discuss.

Max storms up the stairs.

INT. PAUL'S MALIBU / WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - LATER

Paul and Steve sit in Paul's Malibu in an empty parking lot. The car is off and they sit in the dark, barely visible under a distant streetlight.

The surrounding buildings are a mix of factories and warehouses.

PAUL
That's a homo bar over there. So, anyone that comes out has to be one. Right?

STEVE
I not so sure about this.

PAUL
Man, don't be a pussy! Queers are easy prey and they always have lots of money. At least, that's what my brother told me.

STEVE
There isn't anybody out here.

PAUL
We have to wait, dummy.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - SAME TIME

Lucy walks down a dark, tree-lined street, her jacket pulled tightly around her.

A truck pulls up beside her, driven by ETHAN (35), a red-neck friend of Lucy's uncle, in a torn and dirty tee-shirt, and jean jacket. "*SWEET EMOTION*" by Aerosmith plays on the radio.

ETHAN
Headed home, sweet thing?

Lucy stops in her tracks, scowls at him. Ethan pulls out a packet of chew, fills his mouth as he speaks.

ETHAN
Come on, hop in. I'll give you a lift. You never know what's lurking around the corner.

LUCY
I'll take my chances, Ethan. It couldn't be any worse than you.

ETHAN
Aww, come on. Is that how you talk to a friend?

LUCY
(backing away)
Piss off! My friends don't include misogynist arses, like you!

ETHAN
Little girl, that mouth is going to get you in trouble one day.

LUCY
Get stuffed, you twat!

ETHAN
I bet you'd put a good fight. But you're not fooling anybody. I know you want a taste of this.

He grabs his crotch, spits a glob of chew onto the sidewalk.

Lucy winces in disgust, tries to walk around the truck, but Ethan pulls the truck in front of her.

LUCY
Clear off, you bloody wanker!

ETHAN
I don't know what you just said, but I don't like the way it sounds.

LUCY
It means, you disgust me! Or are you too much of a moron to understand plain English?

ETHAN
Just wait, bitch. You'll get yours.

Ethan speeds off in the truck, shoots gravel all over her.

EXT. WAREHOUSE DISTRICT / BAR ALLEY - LATER

Paul and Steve loiter in an alley. Nearby a darkened doorway reads, "STUDS". Steve holds a baseball bat and ski mask.

"*RING MY BELL*" by Anita Ward pounds deep inside the building.

PAUL
Put on the mask, hide behind that dumpster, follow my lead. Okay?

Steve puts on the mask, conceals himself behind a dumpster.

PAUL
I'll lure one of them over there. Then you jump out. But don't hit anybody, we just want their money.

Paul leans on a nearby car, waits. After a few seconds, a LEATHER CLAD BIKER, exits the bar, nods at Paul as he passes, gets on his Harley, pulls away.

Steve pops up from behind the dumpster.

STEVE
What was wrong with him?

PAUL
Did you see how he was dressed? He looked kind of tough.

STEVE
This is so stupid! Let's go.

Immediately, a BUSINESSMAN, in his 40's, exits the bar. Paul gestures for Steve to hide. The businessman walks unsteadily toward a car.

PAUL
Hey, do you have the time?

The Businessman stops, turns to Paul.

BUSINESSMAN
Huh?

PAUL
What's it like in there?

BUSINESSMAN
Go in and find out.

PAUL
I can't get in. Lost my I.D..

BUSINESSMAN
You're not missing much.

PAUL
Truth is I'm seventeen.

BUSINESSMAN
Not a school night?

PAUL
I could use a ride. Was waiting for a friend. He never showed up.

BUSINESSMAN
I don't think so.

PAUL
It’s not too far. I could compensate you.

BUSINESSMAN
(hesitates)
Eh, sure. Why not?!

PAUL
Wanna have some fun first?

BUSINESSMAN
Listen, kid, I’ll give you a ride, but that’s-

PAUL
- Come on. Don’t be shy.

Paul grabs his own crotch, moves toward the dumpster. The businessman looks around, starts to follow him.

Steve suddenly leaps from his hiding place. The man SCREAMS.

Paul grabs the businessman, throws him into a pile of boxes, hovers menacingly over him, his fists cocked.

The businessman cowers, his hands shield his face.

PAUL
Shit! I didn't give the signal!

STEVE
What signal? We didn’t talk about-

BUSINESSMAN
- Please, don’t hurt me.

PAUL
Shut up, queer!

The businessman pulls out his wallet.

BUSINESSMAN
Take my money. Just don’t hurt me.

STEVE
Paul, take his money.

PAUL
Don’t say my name. Idiot!

BUSINESSMAN
Paul, it’s okay. I won’t report-

PAUL
- You need to shut it, faggot.

BUSINESSMAN
Paul, you don't need to do-

PAUL
- Fuck you, cocksucker! Don't say my name!

STEVE
Come on, let's go!

PAUL
Give me the bat, you dumb shit!

The door to the bar flings open, a BOUNCER rushes out. He goes straight for Paul. Steve drops the bat, runs off. The businessman scrambles away.

The bouncer is on top of Paul, but he breaks free, runs after Steve. The bouncer pulls a whistle from his pocket, blows. A SHRILL NOISE cuts through the night.

EXT. CITY ALLEYWAY - SECONDS LATER

Steve and Paul run down a deserted alleyway. A group of silhouetted figures pursue them in the distance.

EXT. DEAD END ALLEY - SECONDS LATER

Steve and Paul cower in the darkened alley, GASP for air.

PAUL
I can't believe that. Fags aren't supposed to fight back.

STEVE
What about your car? How are we going to get back there?

The WHISTLES get nearer.

PAUL
Let me think.

STEVE
Man, what did you get me into?

PAUL
Me?! If you had just hit him-

STEVE
- You said not to hit anybody.
You're fucking crazy!

VOICE (O.S.)
They went down here!

Flashlights appear at the end of the alley.

PAUL
Shit! They're right there.

The boys try to run off but encounter a dead end.

They attempt to retreat, but a PACK OF DRAG QUEENS have the way blocked.

Paul and Steve abruptly stop, stare, dumbfounded, at the sight of BLACK WONDER WOMAN, JOAN CRAWFORD / Mildred Pierce, BETTE DAVIS / Baby Jane Hudson, and CHARLIE'S ANGELS / Sabrina, Kelly and Jill. The drag queens form a menacing tableau.

BLACK WONDER WOMAN
What do we have here, ladies?

SABRINA
Naughty, naughty boys. Should I get out my handcuffs?

JOAN CRAWFORD
I prefer wire hangers.

The queens LAUGH.

PAUL
(to Black Wonder Woman)
Who are you supposed to be?

BLACK WONDER WOMAN
I sure as shit ain't Batgirl!

PAUL
You're a bunch of guys!

SABRINA
Smell her, girls! Brains to match her shriveled little dick.

PAUL
That's fucking sick.

Black Wonder Woman shoves Paul.

BLACK WONDER WOMAN
I do the talking, when you're on my turf! Got it, you honky-ass brat?!

KELLY
You tell him, girl!

Paul attempts to break past the drag queens. Black Wonder Woman grabs Paul, easily puts him in a headlock.

BLACK WONDER WOMAN
Where do you think you're going, little boy?

BETTE DAVIS
(impersonating Baby Jane)
Home to daddy?

BLACK WONDER WOMAN
Cuffs, Angels!

The queens subdue the boys, who struggle to get free.

STEVE
I didn't do anything, it was his-

BETTE DAVIS
- But you did, Blanche. You did!

The queens SHRIEK with glee. The Angels slap the cuffs on the boys.

BLACK WONDER WOMAN
Get real, girls. We have a serious situation here.

JILL
We should call the cops!

The other Angels nod in affirmation.

JOAN CRAWFORD
I think we should discipline them.

BLACK WONDER WOMAN
I'm down with that, but no cops. You know how they treat our kind. These boys would end up with merit badges, if we left it up to the pigs. No offense, Angels.

BETTE DAVIS
I'm with her. No cops!

SABRINA
What do you suggest, then?

The drag queens all look at one another.

JOAN CRAWFORD
I say we make an example of them, throw in a little punishment for our own pleasure.

KELLY
Mmmmhhhh! You sadistic bitch!

Paul and Steve look at one another in terror, as the queens SQUEAL with delight.

INT. BETTE'S LINCOLN CONTINENTAL - NIGHT

The queens and boys are packed tightly in Bette's car. Paul and Steve in back, squeezed between the Angels. Joan, Black Wonder Woman and Bette, at the wheel, in front.

"*YOU MAKE ME FEEL (MIGHTY REAL)*" by Sylvester plays on the car stereo.

BETTE DAVIS
"Fasten your seat belts, it's going to be a bumpy night."

BLACK WONDER WOMAN
To Cocoa's. And make it snappy. Those cheap cuffs won't hold long.

PAUL
What are you going to do with us?

Joan Crawford gives his face a little pat.

JOAN CRAWFORD
Give you a little taste of how the other half lives, baby! I sure hope you're ready! I know I am.

INT. LUCY'S HOUSE / BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Lucy, in a black bra and jeans, stands in front of her dressing table. Her mascara is smeared; it appears she was crying. She stares at herself, while her stereo plays "*IDENTITY*" by X-Ray Spex.

She slicks her hair back, grabs a wadded-up sock, pushes it down the front of her pants, stands back, flexes her arms.

She stares at herself a moment, picks up a needle, moves closer to the mirror, pushes the needle through her lower lip. Her eyes flood with tears.

INT. COCOA'S APARTMENT / PARLOR - NIGHT

The room is decorated like a garish bordello, mirrored and draped with velvet. A tacky fountain stands in the corner, water trickles from the plastic cherub's penis. The queens are scattered throughout the room.

In the center, Paul and Steve, gagged and bound to hardback chairs, struggle to free themselves.

Cocoa, in a silk, oriental robe, holds court in a throne-like chair. Drew stands beside her.

COCOA
I consider myself a friend to all living things, but you two have shattered my faith in unconditional love. If you think you can fuck with the likes of us, expect to get fucked right back. This may look like dress up to you, but it's real life to us. And we queens do not tolerate anyone's bullshit, ever!

Cocoa stands, circles the boys. The queens are enraptured.

COCOA
Honey, you best believe this old queen is more man than either of you will ever be. So, just you think twice before setting out on one of your sorry escapades. 'Cuz the next time you mess with a sister, I guarantee, will most certainly be your last.

The queens APPLAUD.

Paul and Steve look to Drew for help.

Cocoa takes a bow.

Paul and Steve squirm, MUMBLE through their gags.

COCOA
And when you finally decide the closet's a little confining and you can't stop yourself from dreaming
(MORE)

COCOA (CONT'D)
about dick, don’t come crying to me. Okay, ladies, they’re all yours. Deliver your wrath!

The queens leap from their places, descend on the boys.

Drew, disgusted by the proceedings, leaves the room. Cocoa looks over to see him leave, then joins the others.

Paul and Steve are engulfed by a flurry of drag queens.

EXT. FREEWAY TRUCK STOP - WELL PAST MIDNIGHT

Paul and Steve, in front of a 24-hour truck stop, made-up, from head to toe, like cheap prostitutes. The CUSTOMERS in the diner, visible through the window, stare. A clock on the wall reads, “2:23 AM”.

PAUL
I’m not going in there dressed like this! You go!

STEVE
Me?! You go! This is your fault!

A **BURLY TRUCKER** slowly walks by, gives them the eye.

BURLY TRUCKER
Ladies.

PAUL
(flirting)
Hello.

Steve slugs Paul in the arm.

STEVE
What the hell are you doing?

PAUL
Blending in!

The trucker continues inside.

STEVE
We can’t stand here all night. I’m freezing in this skirt. I’ll call my parents, but you have to come up with an excuse. And it better be goddamn convincing!

Steve goes inside, leaves Paul alone.

A semi drives by, HONKS. Paul demurely waves back.

INT. MAX'S HOUSE / BEDROOM - MORNING

Max lays in bed, a magazine is propped on the pillow next to him. The cover reads, "*Blueboy*". There is distinct movement under the blanket. Max BREATHES HEAVILY.

There is a KNOCK on the door.

Max quickly shoves the magazine under the covers, flips on his side, pretends to be asleep.

Irene pokes her head in the door.

IRENE
You're not up yet? You'll be late for church.

Max stirs, slowly opens his eyes.

MAX
Do I have to come?

INT. CHURCH - MORNING

Irene, Max, Adam and Zoe sit lodged in a wooden pew. MEMBERS OF THE CONGREGATION fill the pews around them.

A CHOIR sings the last few bars of "JUST THE WAY YOU ARE".

PRIEST (O.C.)
Consider the plight of Job, a man stripped of all he loved and cared for. Yet, he still looked to God. Faith is all God asks of us. To believe in him, to offer up our lives and do his work, this is all he asks. God is present; he won't abandon you. He stands by your side every moment and protects those in his flock.

Max stands, starts to leave. Irene reaches for his hand, but Max slips away, retreats up the aisle.

PRIEST (O.C.)
Don't stray for fear you will be lost. Beware the evil Satan lays in your path.

INT. DREW'S HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - DAY

ED, Drew's father (47), rests on the couch. The Sunday paper is spread out around him. The dog chews his slippers. Ed swats the dog with the paper.

The DOORBELL RINGS, Ed doesn't budge. Vera comes in the room, gives him an exasperated look, picks up the slippers.

VERA
You can't answer the door?

Vera opens the door to find Max standing there.

VERA
Max. Hello.

MAX
Hi, Mrs. Cohen. I hope you don't mind my dropping by.

VERA
Of course not. Come In.

Max enters the room.

MAX
Hi, Mr Cohen.

Ed merely GRUNTS.

VERA
Never mind the grump.

MAX
I heard about Drew. Do you have any idea where he is?

ED
He's probably with those goddamn degenerates he brings around. Good riddance, I say!

VERA
(to Ed)
Hush!
(to Max)
Have you heard from him? Can you tell me anything?

MAX
I wish I could. But, we're not very close anymore. Drew doesn't confide in me like he used to.

VERA
I know you two have had a rough-

ED
- Consider yourself lucky! I've had enough of the drugs, the girly clothes and the make-up-

VERA
- That's your son you're talking about.
(to Max)
Well, if you hear anything, please call us. We're desperate here.

ED
You mean, you're desperate.

Vera moves Max towards the door.

MAX
I'm sorry I couldn't be more help. I promise, if I hear anything-

VERA
- Thanks for coming by. It's nice to know you care. Say hello to your mother.

Max departs. Vera closes the door.

VERA
It's no wonder your son hates you!

Vera throws the slippers at Ed and leaves the room.

INT. SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - DAY

Max, Paul, Jennifer and Lucy sit in the front row, while Mr. Sandos stands before them.

MR. SANDOS
In front of you is the rehearsal schedule. This show is going to be a challenge, which requires a firm commitment from each of you. I won't tolerate missed rehearsals, conflicts of interest or tardiness. And leave your inflated egos outside. If any of you feel this asks too much of you, bow out now. Keep in mind, plenty of your classmates are eager to take your place.

The kids all look at one another. Mr. Sandos stops in front of Lucy, who has a safety pin protruding from her lower lip.

MR. SANDOS
I'm not one to discourage self-expression, but that thing in your lip comes out before opening night.

Jennifer leans over, gives Lucy a knowingly smug look.

Lucy discretely gives her the finger.

MR. SANDOS
Have a look at your lines tonight. Our first read through is tomorrow. See you then.

The kids start to gather their things. Paul pulls Max aside.

PAUL
I saw a friend of yours Saturday night.

LUCY
Ready when you are, Max.

MAX
(to Lucy)
Give me a second.
(to Paul)
What are you talking about?

Paul pulls Max aside, speaks low.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

Max stands in a phone booth at a gas station. He dials a number. There's a CLICK, as someone picks up the line.

MAX
Mrs. Cohen, I know where Drew is.

INT. LUCY'S HOUSE / BEDROOM - NIGHT

Clothes are piled on the bed. Lucy holds them up, models for Max. He leafs through her record collection. "*WAITING FOR THE END OF THE WORLD*" by Elvis Costello spins on the turntable.

MAX
I've never heard of any of these bands. Where do you find them? I mean, who are the Buzzcocks?

LUCY
I suppose you think Pat Benatar is radical... What should I wear? I've never been to an exorcism.

MAX
It's not an exorcism. We're just trying to bring Drew home.

LUCY
Then why bring the bible?

MAX
My mom insisted.

LUCY
Is it to cast out the drag demons?

MAX
From the look of your records, the demons are right here.

LUCY
What are you on about?

MAX
Richard Hell, The Damned, Suicide, Dead Boys, The Stranglers...

LUCY
Those are band names. It doesn't mean they're Satanic. Nobody understands punk irony.

Lucy holds up a simple, black, vintage cocktail dress.

MAX
That's the one! Wear that!

EXT. LUCY'S HOUSE / FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

Max and Lucy sit on the porch.

LUCY
I've never done anything like this before.

MAX
It's a first for me too. I'm really nervous... Thanks for coming.

Lucy grasps Max's hand.

A car pulls up, HONKS.

MAX
Oh, shit. We’re on.

INT./EXT. ED’S OLDSMOBILE / COCOA'S APARTMENT BLDG. - NIGHT

Ed, Vera, Max and Lucy sit, silently, in the car.

Max looks up toward Cocoa's Apartment building which towers threateningly over them. A red light on the porch casts a menacing glow.

MAX
Paul said it had a red light.

ED
In my day, that meant-

VERA
- Can it, Ed!

MAX
Well, I guess we should go up.

VERA
Tell Drew that we love him.

Max and Lucy get out of the car.

EXT. CITY STREET / COCOA'S APARTMENT BUILDING

Max tosses the bible back in the car, closes the door.

LUCY
You’re better off without it. Just speak from your heart. Tell him how you feel.

He and Lucy climb the steps to the house.

MAX
I’ve never been so scared in my life.

They have reached the front door. Lucy RINGS the doorbell.

LUCY
Breathe. You look like you’re going to faint.

Max takes deep breaths. Lucy gives him a peck on the cheek.

MAX
That safety pin is cold.

LUCY
Not as cold as my black punk heart.

MAX
I'm glad you're here.

The door opens to reveal Cocoa, dressed in one of her gaudy kimonos. She strikes an affected pose, eyes Max and Lucy suspiciously.

Max clutches Lucy's arm.

COCOA
Look what we have here, Jehovah's Witnesses disguised as Morticia Addams and Shaun Cassidy.

MAX
We heard Drew was here. We're his friends.

Cocoa looks them up and down.

COCOA
I gathered that. But I don't think she's receiving tonight.

She steps out onto the porch, looks down at the Oldsmobile parked below.

COCOA
Who might that be? The loving parents? They look so insignificant and harmless, don't they? Well, don't let them fool you!
(Cocoa waves)
Hello! Staying warm, assholes?!

Cocoa whirls around, darts back inside.

COCOA
This cold makes my nipples harder than a Barbie's snatch.

MAX
I know Drew's here. We need to see him.

COCOA
You're forceful! I love a man that takes charge.
(MORE)

COCOA (CONT'D)
(she sighs)
All right, come in. I can see you aren't going to play.
(she hollers upstairs)
Miss thing! You've got guests!

Max and Lucy enter the foyer.

INT. COCOA'S APARTMENT / FOYER - NIGHT

Max and Lucy find themselves in a narrow hallway, which leads to a steep staircase. The walls are painted a deep red. Aside from scuff marks, the walls are bare.

COCOA
(to Lucy)
Fierce make-up, girl! I'd try black lipstick, too. But that'd be a bit redundant. N'est-ce pas?

Cocoa goes to the stairs, hollers again.

COCOA
Bitch, did you hear me?! Get your scrawny, skag ass out here and greet your public.

DREW (O.S.)
If it's my folks, they can fuck-!

COCOA
(screeching)
- Pull yourself away from goddamn Dynasty and get out here.

Cocoa turns to Max, slowly runs a finger down his chest.

COCOA
I forget all of my manners in the presence of untarnished youth. Who might you be?

MAX
This is Lucy, and I'm Max.

Cocoa stands back, takes in all of Max.

COCOA
I'm sure you are, Max, baby! And I would love to have you prove it.
(to Drew)
It's Max and... Vampira!
(to Max and Lucy)
(MORE)

COCOA (CONT'D)
I'm Cocoa Cola, by the way. That's cuz I'm dark brown, sugary sweet and ever so bubbly.

Drew appears at the top of the stairs. He wears hot pants and a blouse tied at the waist. He is heavily made-up.

DREW
What about my parents?

COCOA
Locked safely in their car, where they can't do you any harm!

DREW
They can come up then!

COCOA
(to Max)
Après vous. And be warned, what enters Cocoa's lair doesn't usually exit unscathed. Especially prime specimens like you.
(to Lucy)
You, girl, will likely end up leaving with a few make-up tips.

Max and Lucy precede Cocoa up the stairs.

COCOA
Hide the blow, girls! I've got me a Boy Scout!

COCOA'S APARTMENT / UPSTAIRS LANDING

Max and Lucy reach the top of the stairs. A few QUEENS are visible through the doorway to the living room. The Queens pass around a small mirror, snort coke, watch "*DYNASTY*".

Drew leans against the railing. Cocoa brushes past them, turns to Max.

COCOA
Honey, the view was even better from behind.

Cocoa GROWLS at Max. He blushes.

Cocoa goes into the living room. She leans over, whispers to JUANA TEQUILA, 23, a LatinX drag queen.

JUANA
(to Max)
Mmmmm! Muy caliente, papi!

COCOA
Come over here and sit between us. Oreos are the house specialty.

JUANA
I'll fiddle with your middle!

DREW
Lay off, bitches!

Drew grabs Max, pulls him into the kitchen. Lucy follows.

COCOA'S APARTMENT / KITCHEN

Dirty dishes fill the sink, garbage overflows onto the floor. Filth covers everything. Max avoids touching anything.

DREW
Who told you where to find me?

MAX
Paul.

DREW
That prick. I knew he'd rat on me.

MAX
Your folks wanted me to tell you they love you.

DREW
Did they? Both of them? Are there any other messages?

MAX
You're the talk of the school.

DREW
That's nothing new. How much did Paul tell you?

MAX
Not much. Everyone misses you.

DREW
Everyone? How about you?

MAX
Of course. You're my best friend.

DREW
If that's true, why didn't you stand up for me? You just sat
(MORE)

DREW (CONT'D)
there, silent, and let those jerks say all that shit about me. Is that what friends do?

MAX
I feel bad about that. I'm sorry.

LUCY
Max has been worried about you.

DREW
Really?!... D'ya want some tea?

Drew puts a kettle on the stove.

LUCY
Do you have anything herbal?

DREW
To smoke... How about Lipton?

MAX
I'll pass.

LUCY
Do you actually want to become a woman? Or are you a transvestite and this is a sexual kink?

MAX
Lucy!

DREW
I do it for fun. The other girls might give you a different answer.

Juana enters the room, eyes Max, as she walks by.

The three kids watch her saunter to the fridge.

Juana gets a soda from the fridge, slowly opens it, stares at Max. As she puts it to her lips, she licks the top of the bottle.

Max turns bright red, moves closer to Lucy.

JUANA
Are you thirsty, papi?

DREW
Beat it, Juana! We're talking.

JUANA
Aaii! The party's just starting.

DREW
This party is private!... Go!

While reluctantly leaving, Juana brushes against Max.

LUCY
She’s bloody wild.

DREW
That’s nothing. You should see her at the clubs. She loves starting shit with other queens.

MAX
Will you come home with us? All the kids at bible study have been--

DREW
Imagine this at bible study?! God said, “Let there be falsies.”

MAX
Have you given up on Jesus?

DREW
No, Max. Jesus gave up on me.

MAX
Your parents are worried. They really want to see you.

DREW
God, Max! Lighten up! I don’t want to see them. Okay? I left home because I’m over their bullshit.

MAX
But this isn’t right. God has a better plan for you than this.

DREW
And what is that? Shopping with my mom in the ladies department at Woolworth’s? Get real!

MAX
I just know Jesus loves you!

JUANA (O.S.)
Alexis, you puta!

COCOA (O.S.)
Kill her, Krystal!!

The three kids stand silently. Drew loads a bong, takes a hit, hands it to Lucy.

She takes a hit, breaks the silence.

LUCY
Are the clubs here any fun?

DREW
A couple. The Fox’s Den is easy to get into. They don’t card.

MAX
Rehearsals for the new show started today.

DREW
(to Lucy)
You should come out with us. We go to Rocky Horror every Friday night. We could dress you up. But you’d have to pretend to be a drag queen.

LUCY
That would be fab! I’d love to!

MAX
What about your folks?

DREW
They can go to hell!

EXT. COCOA'S APARTMENT / FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

Drew closes the front door, as Max and Lucy walk down the front steps. Max walks ahead, suddenly stops, turns to her.

MAX
I can’t believe you! We came here to bring him home, not make dates or exchange make-up tips.

LUCY
Why are you so upset? Drew needs friends who accept him for who he is. That’s what I’m doing with you!

MAX
We were supposed to get him to come home and we failed. Explain that to his parents.

LUCY
Explain your incessant religious ranting. I mean, what was all that “Jesus Loves You” shite? You said you don’t believe that anymore!

Suddenly, the upstairs window flies open, Cocoa and Juana stick their heads out.

COCOA
Bye, daddy! Come back anytime!

Max and Lucy turn, look up.

JUANA TEQUILA
Hasta luego, hot stuff!

The Queens disappear back inside. The window closes.

MAX
(turning back to Lucy)
I did not rant!

LUCY
Bollocks!

MAX
Who took a hit off the bong?

LUCY
Clearly you’re upset. I think it’s best we drop this!

MAX
Fine with me!

Max and Lucy reach Ed’s Oldsmobile, get inside.

INT. ED’S OLDSMOBILE - NIGHT

Max and Lucy settle into the backseat. Vera turns to them.

VERA
What about Drew?

MAX
He’s not coming.

Ed pulls the car away from the curb.

INT. COCOA'S APARTMENT / BEDROOM

Drew looks out the bedroom window, watches the Oldsmobile drive off. Tears fill his eyes. He closes the curtain.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Max walks up to his locker. A note, with a black lip print, is taped to the center. Max takes the note, opens it.

LUCY (V.O.)
I'm sorry I ruined your mission. Hopefully, I can right the wrong. Please allow me to make it up to you. A brilliant band is playing this Friday. Say you'll join me? P.S. I can't guarantee Jesus loves you, but I do. Oh, this is Lucy.

EXT. WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - NIGHT

Lucy and Max get out of the Pacer, cross the street, join a long queue of surly PUNKS waiting to get inside.

Lucy wears leather and spikes. Max wears a jean jacket, jeans and a tee-shirt, his hair is slicked back.

LUCY
What was with you at Cocoa's?

MAX
I kept looking at Drew, wondering if I'll end up like him or one of those drag queens. I guess I sort of freaked out.

LUCY
You'd make a beautiful drag queen. But, Max, I'm sure there are plenty of gays that lead dreadful, boring lives, just like straight people.

MAX
Is that supposed to be reassuring?

LUCY
I don't mean it like that. I just hate using the word "normal". After all, what is normal anyway?

MAX
Who are we seeing again?

LUCY
The Lacerations, they're new.

MAX
I'm not so sure about this.

LUCY
You're not backing out. Besides, I saw how you handled Cocoa. So, a punk show should be a cake walk.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Lucy and Max enter the warehouse.

The BAND on stage has finished their set. The crowd CHEERS. The EMCEE comes on stage.

EMCEE
All right, motherfuckers! Let's hear it for the Popping Zits.

The crowd BOOS.

EMCEE
Well, if you didn't like them, then you're really gonna hate these shit-heads!.... The Lacerations!

The crowd CHEERS.

LUCY
Let's go up front.

MAX
I like it back here.

Lucy drags Max to the front, shoves aside two tough looking punks.

The LACERATIONS come on stage, launch into "*I JUST WANNA HAVE SOMETHING TO DO*" by The Ramones. The crowd goes crazy, leap off the stage, pogo across the dance floor.

Lucy leaps into the madness. Max backs against a wall.

LUCY
(flying by)
Come on! What are you waiting for?

Lucy gets pulled back into the fray. She soon resurfaces.

LUCY
Isn't this fab?!

MAX
Yeah! Wicked!

She disappears again. Max watches in horror.

THRASH, 20, a cute, bleach-blond punk, in drain-pipe trousers, sneakers, a torn tee-shirt, shark-skin jacket and skinny tie, walks over, stands next to him.

THRASH
I'm Thrash.

MAX
Hey, I'm Max.

THRASH
(offering a cigarette)
Smoke?

MAX
Trying to quit.

THRASH
Smart man. You a virgin?

Max looks dumbfounded.

THRASH
Is this your first punk show?

MAX
Oh. Is it that obvious?

THRASH
A little. Give it a go.

MAX
No way! It looks pretty rough.

THRASH
Believe me, the girls are tougher than the guys. Especially your girlfriend.

MAX
We're not... You know her?

THRASH
No. I've just seen her around. I tell ya, I wouldn't mess with her. She's hard core.

MAX
I could introduce you.

THRASH
That'd be cool. But, I really came over to talk to you.
(under his breath)
I think you're sexy.

MAX
What was that?!

THRASH
I'm bisexual.

LUCY
(rushing up)
Hey, boys. You're missing the fun.

THRASH
I'm not going near the mosh pit with you in there. You take your dancing seriously.

LUCY
I just can't control myself. Did you see me trounce that poseur? I sent him flying.

THRASH
(to Max)
What did I tell you? She's tough.

LUCY
You look like you could knock in a few heads yourself.

THRASH
Is that an invitation or challenge?

LUCY
It's a dare! Come on!

THRASH
Stay right here!... I'll be back.

Thrash and Lucy jump into the mayhem. Max remains behind.

INT. WAREHOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

The show has ended, the lights have come up. The room is a sea of sweaty punks milling about. Max looks for Lucy, who is across the room with Thrash.

Max signals to Lucy. She breaks away from Thrash, joins him.

MAX
I think someone likes you.

LUCY
He fancies you. He asked a thousand questions about you.

MAX
Me? Really? What did you say?

LUCY
I just said if he wants to know more, he needs to come to my birthday party tomorrow... He's looking over here right now.

Max turns, looks at Thrash, who smiles at him. Max smiles back, then turns quickly away.

MAX
Did he say he'd come?

LUCY
You'll have to wait and find out.

INT. LUCY'S HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Max sits at the coffee table, blows up a package of black balloons. He is dressed in straight-legged jeans, high-top sneakers and a black tee-shirt.

They shout over "*ANOTHER GIRL, ANOTHER PLANET*", by The Only Ones.

MAX
Aren't black balloons kind of de-pressing for a birthday party?

LUCY (O.S.)
Consider whose party this is. Just inflate them, please!

MAX
What are you doing in there?

LUCY (O.S.)
An experiment!... Crank the stereo!

The DOOR BELL rings.

MAX
I've got it. Hurry up, will you?

LUCY (O.S.)
Glamour can't be rushed.

Max opens the door, to find Billie and Wendy, both in Ivy League sweatshirts and jeans.

MAX
It's about time. You were supposed to be here an hour ago. Where is everybody else?

BILLIE
Steve bagged on me. And Paul, he's an asshole. So, we ditched him.

WENDY
Hope said she's sick, but I think she's just jealous. And Jennifer refused, saying it's against her religion. My mom thinks I'm at the library. So, I can't stay long.

MAX
Well, get in here.

Billie and Wendy enter the house, bearing gifts.

LUCY (O.S.)
Who is it, Max?

MAX
Two brave souls, Wendy and Billie!

LUCY (O.S.)
Brace yourself! Here I come!

Lucy bounds into the room, dressed in a red vinyl mini-skirt, sleeveless men's dress shirt and tie, fishnet hose and spiked heels. Her hair, a shockingly bright orange, stands on end. A kids party hat is perched on her head.

Max, Billie and Wendy stare in wonder.

LUCY
Don't just gob. What do you think?

BILLIE
Damn girl!

WENDY
Yeah, what she said!

There is a moment of silence. The girls look to Max.

MAX
That's what I call orange. What did you use? Tang?

LUCY
Crikey, nothing escapes you.

INT. LUCY'S HOUSE / DINING ROOM - AN HOUR LATER

Lucy and Max sit at the dining room table with a half eaten birthday cake in front of them. Lucy eats the cake with her hands. "*I AM THE FLY*" by Wire plays in the background.

LUCY
Some party. Only two people come and leave after an hour.

MAX
It's nice they brought gifts.

LUCY
I suppose you're right.
(pushing the cake away)
If I eat anymore, I may honk.

MAX
I assume that means, to puke... So, you never told me, but did Thrash say he'd come?

LUCY
He said he'd try to get off early. It doesn't appear that's happening.

MAX
Now, I'm depressed. Cake, please!

Lucy pushes the cake to Max. He picks through the crumbs.

MAX
Tell me something. Have you ever had sex with a girl?

LUCY
Have you?... A bad joke! No, I haven't, but I wouldn't kick Debbie Harry or Chrissie Hynde out of bed.

"*CARS*" by Gary Numan comes on the stereo.

MAX
I love this song. Care to dance?

LUCY
Sorry to be a downer. I'm thinking about calling it quits.

MAX
That's okay. I should go anyway.

EXT. LUCY'S HOUSE / FRONT PORCH - LATER

Max on the porch, Lucy inside the door.

MAX
You sure you don't want me to stay?

LUCY
I'm knackered. It's bedtime for me.

MAX
I'll call you. Good night.

LUCY
"*PARTING IS SUCH SWEET SORROW..!*"

Lucy blows a kiss at Max, closes the door.

Max walks to his car across the street.

As he unlocks the door, a dented V.W. Bug pulls up next to him. Thrash rolls down the driver window.

THRASH
Hey, Mad Max! Where are you off to?

MAX
Home. The party's over.

THRASH
I missed it? That sucks. My boss kept me late cleaning.

MAX
Lucy was bummed. She went to bed.

THRASH
Damn! Maybe you feel like hanging out? Otherwise, I drove all this way for nothing.

MAX
Sure. I'm game.

Max gets into Thrash's V.W.. They drive off.

As soon as they are gone, Ethan's truck pulls up in front of Lucy's house. The lights and engine turn off.

The glow from Ethan's cigarette dimly illuminates his face.

EXT. PAUL'S MALIBU - SAME TIME

Paul and Steve drive down a dirt road, drink beer. The radio plays "*RENEGADE*" by Styx. Paul throws a can out the window.

STEVE
Hey, you fucking litter bug. Give me another one of those.

Paul pops the top on the can he's holding.

PAUL
Last one. You snooze, you lose!

INT. THRASH'S V.W. BUG - LATER

Thrash and Max drive down a dirt road. The car stereo plays "*GUT FEELING*" by Devo. Thrash smokes a cigarette.

THRASH
This is Mad Max territory. You gotta tell me where to go.

MAX
The fairgrounds aren't far.

THRASH
Sounds secluded. Point the way.

INT. LUCY'S HOUSE / BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Lucy sits on her bed in a flannel nightgown. She holds a photo of a middle-aged woman and man. Tears run down her cheeks. "*CHRISTINE*" by Siouxsie and the Banshees plays.

A DOOR CLOSES somewhere in the house, Lucy stiffens.

INT. THRASH'S V.W. BUG - NIGHT

Thrash pulls up next to the river, turns off the engine. He turns to Max, increases the stereo volume. "*PERMAFROST*" by Magazine plays.

THRASH
I wasn't much in the mood for a party anyway. Too many people. This is more like it.

Thrash reaches over, touches Max's knee. Max looks at him, slowly places his hand over Thrash's hand.

INT. LUCY'S HOUSE / BEDROOM - SAME TIME

She gets up, cautiously goes to her bedroom door.

LUCY
Auntie? Why are you home so early?
(peeks around the corner)
Everyone left. I didn't feel like-

Ethan appears in the sliver of light from her bedroom.

ETHAN
Hey, birthday girl. Heard you're not jail-bait anymore. I'm here to celebrate.

LUCY
(backing away from Ethan)
My friend's coming back. He went to get something. So, you better go.

ETHAN
No, he isn't. I saw him leave a half hour ago with someone else.

Lucy tries to close the door. Ethan blocks it with his foot.

INT. PAUL'S MALIBU - SAME TIME

Paul and Steve slowly pull into the fairgrounds. The car lights are off. "*GOOD GIRLS DON'T*" by The Knack plays.

PAUL
It's our night. Look over there.

STEVE
Don't go crazy this time.

PAUL
Don't worry. I just want to freak 'em out. I can keep my cool. Grab my gym bag in the backseat.

Steve brings the bag up front, pulls out two monster masks.

INT. THRASH'S V.W. BUG - MOMENTS LATER

Thrash runs his hand along Max's cheek. Max closes his eyes.

THRASH
What do you say we get in back?

MAX
Okay!

INT. PAUL'S MALIBU - MOMENTS LATER

Paul and Steve sit with the car off.

STEVE
What are we waiting for?

PAUL
Let 'em get hot and heavy. Then we'll we scare the shit out of 'em.

INT. LUCY'S HOUSE / BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Ethan has Lucy pinned, face down, to the floor. "*PUBLIC IMAGE*" by Public Image Ltd. blasts in the background.

ETHAN
What the fuck did you do to your hair?

LUCY
It's to repel vermin like you.

ETHAN
Watch your mouth, bitch! I'm sick of your back talk.

Ethan grabs Lucy's hair, forces her face to the floor.

LUCY
Get off me, you asshole!

ETHAN
I haven't given you your present.

INT. THRASH'S V.W. BUG - SAME TIME

The windows have fogged up. Thrash pulls off his shirt, starts to remove Max's shirt. Max kisses Thrash.

INT. PAUL'S MALIBU - SAME TIME

Paul puts on a mask, hands one to Steve.

PAUL
Ready to see some tits?

STEVE
I guess.

INT. LUCY'S HOUSE / BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Ethan forces Lucy onto the bed, tears her nightgown. She fights back, scratches Ethan's face. He pulls back enough for her to escape his hold.

Ethan grabs for Lucy's nightgown, it tears off completely.

Lucy scrambles away, jumps up in front of Ethan, naked, except for a bra. Her hands quickly cover her crotch.

Ethan freezes.

ETHAN
What the fuck was that?!

LUCY
It's nothing!... I'm nothing!

INT. THRASH'S V.W. BUG - SAME TIME

Thrash has his mouth on Max's neck. Max grasps Thrash's head. Thrash slides his tongue down Max's chest. Max GASPS.

EXT. FAIRGROUNDS / THRASH'S V.W. BUG - SAME TIME

Paul and Steve crouch behind the car, grab the bumper.

PAUL
(whispering)
On three! 1...2...3!

They jostle the car.

INT. THRASH'S V.W. BUG - SECONDS LATER

Max and Thrash jump, both startled.

THRASH
Did you feel that?

Thrash wipes the fog from the rear window. Paul and Steve leap into view.

Max SCREAMS.

THRASH
What the hell?!

STEVE
(pulling off his mask)
Shit! It's Max... with a guy!

PAUL
Is everybody a fucking fag?!

EXT. FAIRGROUNDS - SECONDS LATER

Paul and Steve run for their car.

Thrash leaps from his V.W., pursues Paul and Steve in his jeans and bare feet. He throws rocks at them.

THRASH
Come back here, you pricks! I'll show you what a fag can do! You fucking, dickless cowards!

Max gets out of the car, runs after Thrash.

MAX
Stop it! Leave 'em alone.

Paul and Steve reach their car, get in, speed away.

THRASH
Come on, let's go after 'em. I'm gonna kick their asses.

MAX
No, you're not! I know them. They go to my school.

THRASH
Oh, shit. That really sucks!

Thrash goes to hug Max, but he pulls away.

MAX
Don't! That just makes it worse.

THRASH
They're not here now!

MAX
It doesn't matter. Don't you see?

THRASH
Sure, I get it!

MAX
Oh, God! My life is over.

INT. PAUL'S MALIBU - MINUTES LATER

Paul and Steve speed down the road.

STEVE
Can you believe it? Max!

PAUL
This is great. We have to use this!

Paul looks at Steve with an evil grin.

INT. LUCY'S HOUSE / BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Lucy, her torn nightgown covering her, lays on her bed, in a fetal position. She SOBS.

EXT. CITY STREET / PHONE BOOTH - SAME TIME

Drew stands in a phone booth, the phone pressed to his ear.

DREW
Mom?... I want to come home.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET / LUCY'S HOUSE - LATER

Thrash's V.W. pulls up. Max gets out, closes the car door. Thrash drives away.

Max stops, looks at Lucy's darkened house.

MAX
Sleep well, girlfriend.

EXT. COCOA'S APARTMENT / FRONT PORCH - LATER

Max stands on the front porch, RINGS the bell.

After a moment, Cocoa opens the door. She wears an oversized tee-shirt, no make-up.

COCOA
Don't ya think it's kind of late, Andy Gibb?

MAX
I need to talk to Drew.

COCOA
She's not here. She went home.

MAX
Oh. Okay. Thanks!

Max turns to go, slowly walks down the steps.

Cocoa watches him go.

COCOA
Uh, Honey?! Are you okay?

Max stops, turns to her, shakes his head, "No."

COCOA
Get in here! Tell me all about it.
(while going inside)
With all you teenage boys coming and going, the neighbors are gonna start to talk.

Cocoa closes the door.

BEGIN DREAM:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Max in a strapless, tattered ball gown, his face bloodied, staggers down a dirt road.

INT. PAUL'S MALIBU - SAME TIME

Paul and Steve drive down the same road at a high speed.

PAUL
There he is! Let's get him.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - SAME TIME

Max stumbles in a daze.

Paul's car bears down on him.

When the car is about to hit him, Max turns, looks into the headlights.

He SCREAMS.

END DREAM

INT. COCOA'S APARTMENT / BEDROOM - MORNING

Max bolts up in bed. He is sweaty and out of breath. Coming to his senses, he looks around the room and rubs his eyes.

COCOA'S APARTMENT / KITCHEN - MORNING

Cocoa sits at the kitchen table, smokes, drinks coffee.

Max enters the room, takes a glass from the counter, pours himself some water.

COCOA
Uh, sunshine, I wouldn’t drink from one of those filthy glasses even if Richard Gere’s spit was on it.

Max puts the glass down.

MAX
I really do appreciate last night and you talking to me. But I think I should go.

COCOA
All right, darlin’. If that’s what you want, I won’t stop you. Should you ever find yourself in a tight spot and need sanctuary, you know where to find this tired queen.

MAX
Thanks.

Cocoa stands, kisses Max on the forehead.

COCOA
Keep that gorgeous chin up. Life’s hard enough without the world telling you you’re not worth a,... Never mind. You’ll be fine. Mama’s got a good feeling about you.

EXT. MR. SANDOS' BUNGALOW / FRONT PORCH - LATER

Max stands on the front porch of a small, immaculate urban bungalow. The yard is perfectly manicured, the initials "S & M" are mounted to the front door.

Max hesitates, then RINGS the bell, which echoes with a LOUD GONG inside.

BEGIN DAYDREAM:

The door opens to reveal, **MIGUEL MONTEZ** (24), a pretty, dark-haired young man with perfect skin. Miguel wears white cotton chinos and a pale pink, button-down shirt.

MIGUEL
Max! We've been expecting you. Entrée!

Miguel beckons him with a grand gesture. Max goes inside.

INT. MR. SANDOS' BUNGALOW / LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Max and Miguel enter a startlingly white room, with white leather furniture and a white baby grand piano.

Mr. Sandos, in an armchair, wears a burgundy smoking jacket, black satin pants and velvet slippers. He smokes a cigarette with a long holder. "*WHAT I DID FOR LOVE*" plays on the stereo.

MR. SANDOS
Max! I knew it was only a matter of time. Please, make yourself comfortable. We have so much to discuss.

Max sits in the middle of the leather couch.

MIGUEL
Would you care for a cocktail? I make a delectable, dirty martini.

MR. SANDOS
That might be a little too strong! We can build up to that in time. How about a virgin mimosa to start?

MAX
A virgin... what?

Mr. Sandos and Miguel knowingly look at one another.

MAX
Water's fine.

MIGUEL
Sparkling or flat?

MR. SANDOS
Miguel! Sparkling, for our budding young homosexual, please!

MIGUEL
I'm new at this too. There's so much to remember. Okay, Perrier with lemon, coming right up.

Miguel flits out of the room.

MR. SANDOS
(to Miguel)
A slice of lemon! Not a wedge. Bring in those delightful finger sandwiches you made, too.
(to Max)
This promises to be a fabulous life for you. It's not every day a young man finds himself taken in by such cultured role models. We have great plans for your future, not to mention all of the gorgeous men, lined up, just dying to meet you.

MAX
Really? Me?

MR. SANDOS
Absolutely! Of course, there will be a breaking in period first. You'll soon discover in this life, a little spit and determination separates the men from the boys.

Miguel returns with a tray of drinks and sandwiches.

MIGUEL
Perrier with a slice of lemon!

They all take a drink from the tray.

MIGUEL
Try a sandwich. They have water-cress. It's my little secret.

MR. SANDOS
Watercress; it simply does wonders for the libido.

Mr. Sandos lifts his drink, arches an eyebrow, toasts.

MR. SANDOS
Here's to our darling Max and to the future generation of interior decorators, choreographers, hairdressers and florists. Oh, and, silly me, theater teachers.

Max and Miguel raise their glasses.

ALL
Cheers!

END DAYDREAM

INT./EXT. MR. SANDOS' BUNGALOW FRONT PORCH / ENTRY - EARLIER

Miguel, in stained khakis and a dingy shirt, opens the door.

MIGUEL
Max! This is a surprise.

MAX
I was out driving and thought I'd drop by. Is that okay?

MIGUEL
Sure! I hope you weren't standing here long. I'm doing laundry and wasn't sure I heard the door.

MAX
Is Mr. Sandos here?

MIGUEL
Yeah. Come on in. I'll get him.

Max goes inside.

INT. MR. SANDOS' BUNGALOW / LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Max and Miguel walk into the room.

A battered upright piano sits in one corner, bookcases in the other. A modest navy sofa sits in the center of the room, a worn armchair to its left.

A stack of art books are piled on an oak coffee table. A framed photo of Miguel and Mr. Sandos sits atop the books.

MIGUEL
Have a seat. Are you thirsty?

MAX
Do you have Perrier with lemon?

MIGUEL
We're fresh out. Will tap water do?

MAX
Sure. Thanks.

Miguel leaves the room. Max sits on the sofa. He glances around the room.

MIGUEL (O.S.)
Ron, it's one of your students.

Max picks up the framed photo from the table, examines it.

Mr. Sandos, enters the room, barefoot, in worn jeans and an faded tee-shirt.

MR. SANDOS
Max! I wasn't aware you knew where I lived.

Max quickly replaces the photograph.

MAX
I was just telling your...

MR. SANDOS
Miguel.

MAX
Yeah, Miguel. I was just telling him I was out driving. I didn't interrupt anything, did I?

MR. SANDOS
No. I was just grading papers. What can I do for you?

MAX
Can we talk? About something serious.

Mr. Sandos sits in the armchair opposite Max.

MR. SANDOS
I’m all ears. What’s on your mind?

MAX
This is sort of hard for me.

MR. SANDOS
There’s no rush. Take your time.

MIGUEL
(bringing in the water)
Here you go. We did have lemon.

MAX
Thanks!

MR. SANDOS
Miguel, can you give us a minute?

MIGUEL
Sure. I’ll go fold the laundry.

Max waits until Miguel is gone.

MAX
Are you...? I mean, is Miguel....?
You know...? Are you two... gay?

Mr. Sandos sits back in the armchair.

MR. SANDOS
I see. Um, I thought this was
difficult for you?

MAX
It is! But, I really don’t know how
else to say it.

MR. SANDOS
Direct and to the point works. Wow!
That’s a tough one... How should
I put this? I won’t lie to you...
Okay, yes! I am. And Miguel is my
lover. However you want to put it.
But, what does this have to do-?

MAX
- It’s just that I’ve been having
these feelings and haven’t been
able to talk about them with
anybody who’s... and since you’re
my teacher and... you are... well,
you could help me.

MR. SANDOS
Have you talked to anybody else about this? A school counselor?

MAX
No! I was afraid it might get out.

MR. SANDOS
I understand. But, as your teacher, it isn't my place-

MAX
- But, we're not in school now. And I promise I won't say who I talked to. I swear.

MR. SANDOS
Max, I'm in an extremely vulnerable position and this is not a subject parents want discussed with their children. I don't know what I can tell you. My hands are tied.

MAX
I just want to know..., when did you realize you were... gay?

Mr. Sandos, momentarily ponders his response.

MR. SANDOS
When I was close to your age.

MAX
Does your family know? About you? And Miguel?

MR. SANDOS
They do. But it hasn't been easy. Miguel's father won't accept it and doesn't speak to him. His mother is slowly adjusting to the idea. It all takes time and effort. Luckily, my family accepts us. But, they still have their moments.

MAX
Do you..., you know, love him?

MR. SANDOS
I do. Very much!... Okay. I hate to silence you, but I don't feel right talking about this. If the school found out, I could be fired, I
(MORE)

MR. SANDOS (CONT'D)
could lose my teaching license. You understand, don't you?

MAX
Yeah. I do. That's cool.

Max and Mr. Sandos sit uncomfortably silent.

MIGUEL (O.S.)
(singing)
"I'M COMIN' OUT. I WANT THE WORLD TO KNOW..."

MR. SANDOS
Miguel! That's enough of that!

INT. MAX'S HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - LATER

Irene sits on the couch, a clump of tissues in her hand.

She chats on the phone.

IRENE
He's never done anything like this before. I'm just sick with worry... I hope you're right. That girl, Lucy, has been calling all morning. She sounds more upset than I am. But she won't tell me anything.

A CAR DOOR slams outside.

IRENE
He's back!

EXT. MAX'S HOUSE / DRIVEWAY - SAME TIME

Max stands staring at the garage door.

Crudely painted across the door is a huge, red phallus and buttocks and the words, "*Butt Fucker*."

Irene comes outside.

IRENE
I need to know what's going on-

MAX
- Mom. Please, just leave me alone.

Max beats a retreat inside.

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - NEXT DAY

Students park their cars and walk toward the school.

Max sits in his car, waits for the lot to clear of people.

"*I DON'T LIKE MONDAYS*" by the Boomtown Rats starts to play.

BEGIN DAY DREAM

After a moment, Max gets out of his car, walks slowly toward the school. He hesitates at the door, takes a deep breath, pulls the handle, goes inside.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Max walks down the deserted hallway, rounds a corner, stops, pulls a handgun from his backpack.

INT. MS. LEVINE'S CLASSROOM

Ms. Levine lectures to the class. Max walks by the open door.

MS. LEVINE
If we examine the process-

Ms. Levine turns when she sees him go by.

MS. LEVINE
(calling to him)
Max, you're supposed to be-!

He ignores her, keeps walking.

MS. LEVINE
Will one of you go get him?!

Hope, in the back row, gets up, goes after him.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY

Max walks steadily down the hall, Hope runs up to him.

HOPE
Max, uh, you walked right by-

Max stops, glares at her.

MAX
Go away, Hope. I mean it. You don't want to be here.

Hope looks down, sees the gun in his hand. She backs away from him, then turns and runs.

Max continues walking down the hall.

INT. MR. SANDOS' CLASSROOM

Mr. Sandos sits at his desk, while the class take a test.

Max enters the room and looks around.

MR. SANDOS
Max, we're in the middle of a test!

Max ignores him, spots Paul at a desk in the corner and approaches him.

The students all lift their heads.

MR. SANDOS
Max! I'm talking to you!

MAX
I'm going to kill you! I know it was you!

PAUL
Get away from me, you pussy!

Max raises the gun and points it at Paul.

Paul sinks down in his desk.

PAUL
Holy shit. Is that a real gun?

Many students SCREAM.

MAX
Tell them what you did!

PAUL
It was Steve. I swear. I just gave him the spray paint.

MAX
Liar!!

Max pulls the trigger.

The CLASS BELL RINGS.

END DAY DREAM

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY

Max sits in his car, waiting for the lot to clear of people.

"*I DON'T LIKE MONDAYS*" by the Boomtown Rats starts to play.

After a moment, Max gets out of his car, walks slowly toward the school. He hesitates at the door, takes a deep breath, pulls the handle, goes inside.

INT. MS. LEVINE'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Ms. Levine writes on the chalkboard, the students take notes. Max enters the room.

MS. LEVINE
You're tardy!

MAX
I'm looking for Lucy.

MS. LEVINE
She's not here. So, take your seat.

MAX
I'm not staying.

Max leaves the classroom.

Jennifer, in the back row, gets up and runs after him.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY

Max walks steadily down the hall, Jennifer runs up to him.

JENNIFER
Is it true? Tell me!

He stops, looks at her.

MAX
What do you want me to say?!
Because that would be a lie.

Jennifer slaps him hard across the face.

JENNIFER
I hate you!

Max backs away from her, shocked.

Jennifer, tears filling her eyes, reels in horror from what she just did.

Max runs away.

JENNIFER
No! I love you!

INT. MR. SANDOS' CLASSROOM

Mr. Sandos reads from a textbook.

MR. SANDOS
The Tudors were instrumental-

Max enters the room, looks around.

MR. SANDOS
Max, I'm conducting class! Do you need something?

Max ignores him, spots Paul at a desk in the corner, storms up to him.

Paul sinks down in his desk.

MR. SANDOS
Max! I'm talking to you!

MAX
I'm going to kill you! I know it was you!

PAUL
Get lost, faggot freak!

MR. SANDOS
(approaches the boys)
Boys!

MAX
Tell everyone what you did. Say it!

PAUL
Screw you, homo!

MAX
I may be a faggot, but I'm not a fucking coward like you! Admit it!

PAUL
You're nothing but a pansy-ass cocksucker!

Max leaps for Paul. They tumble onto the floor.

MR. SANDOS
Boys! Break it up! Now!

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY

Max, his nose bloodied, shirt torn, goes up to his locker. He opens the locker, starts to empty the contents into his backpack, but breaks down, drops everything to the floor. He kicks the papers and books, falls to his knees, and CRIES.

Mr. Sandos walks up to him.

MR. SANDOS
Max? Can we talk?

MAX
What's the point?

MR. SANDOS
The point is this is your life.

MAX
And it sucks.

MR. SANDOS
You can't let this destroy you. You have to figure out a way to-

MAX
What? Be like you?

MR. SANDOS
No. Not like me. Like you!

MAX
Why does it have to be so hard?

Mr. Sandos goes to him, extends his hand.

MR. SANDOS
It's easier on your feet. Get up!

Max takes his hand, slowly gets up.

Mr. Sandos hugs him, then holds him at arms length.

MR. SANDOS
You'll be all right.

Mr. Sandos hands him a handkerchief, lays his hand firmly on his cheek. Max wipes his eyes and nose.

MR. SANDOS
Believe me. I should know.

INT. MAX'S HOUSE / BEDROOM - NEST DAY

Max lays on his bed, in the dim evening light, stares at the ceiling. There is a KNOCK at the door.

MAX
(quietly)
Yeah?

Irene enters the room, goes to turn on the light.

MAX
Leave it off, please.

Irene sits on the bed. Max turns away, toward the wall.

IRENE
I can't help you, if I don't know what's going on.

MAX
I'm not ready to talk! To anybody.

IRENE
If you're upset about Lucy going away, I understand, but you-

MAX
- That's only part of it.

IRENE
She called while you were asleep. I told her you didn't want to see anyone, but she insisted on coming by.

MAX
Mom! I told you, I don't want to see-

Irene gets up, goes to the door.

IRENE
Come in, dear.

Lucy comes in the room. Irene smiles at her, leaves.

Lucy looks plain, boyish, unlike her usual self. She has a dark bruise on her cheek. She carries a stack of records.

LUCY
(sans British accent)
I brought these for you, because I can't take them with me. I thought
(MORE)

LUCY (CONT'D)
maybe you'd like to listen to them. You're the only person that truly appreciates my decadent taste.

Lucy places the records on the floor.

MAX
(sits up)
Why are you leaving? I thought you were here for awhile.

LUCY
I want to stay, but I can't... This bruise isn't from slam dancing. Something awful happened, and I'm being sent back home.

MAX
What happened?

LUCY
I want to tell you. But,.. I can't.

MAX
Who said, "No secrets are too big between friends?"

LUCY
Sounds like some bullshit I would spout... Oh, Max, I'd tell you if it would do any good, but it won't change anything. Trust me. It has nothing to do with you. Or us.

MAX
That's not fair.

Lucy hesitates. Then sits on the edge of the bed.

LUCY
I can tell you this much,... I've never lived in England; I'm from Ohio... I'm a sham, a fake.

Max stares at her, unbelieving.

MAX
Everything you told me was a lie?

LUCY
I'm afraid so. Imagine this on the streets of Dayton. My folks sent me here, because I'm an embarrassment.

MAX
But what about your accent?

LUCY
Monty Python reruns. You must have known it was a put on.

MAX
But why lie about that? I don't care if you're not from London.

LUCY
Not being from London is the least of my problems... Max, I'm not a girl... And I'm not a boy,... either... I'm the result of teenage parents being pressured into making a snap decision when their preemie popped out with both sets of genitals. But they made the wrong decision. They thought I should be raised as a girl, and I tried to cover it all up by being an even bigger freak with a punk exterior. So, they shipped me here, where I couldn't shock the neighbors.

MAX
Wow! Why didn't you tell me?

LUCY
How do you explain there's half a boy in here? You don't... But right now it's all a big mess and I don't know what to be.

Max slides over, grabs hold of her.

MAX
Just be my friend.

LUCY
That's the easiest thing in the entire world.

They hold one another for a moment.

MAX
God, I thought you were pregnant.

LUCY
Praise, Jesus. A miracle. Huh?! A twentieth century immaculate conception.

Lucy starts to cry.

MAX
Now who am I gonna take to prom?

LUCY
I know of a lovely, punk boy you could ask.

Max grins.

LUCY
Take care of my records. And listen to the Buzzcocks, they're fab.

MAX
I can't believe you're going.

LUCY
I'll be back. I promise. Until then, I expect regular updates... Listen, we'll always be friends. Don't you forget that.

They embrace. Lucy gets up to go.

LUCY
Goodbye, sweet prince!

MAX
Goodbye, friend.

Lucy turns to Max blows him a kiss, departs.

INT. MAX'S HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - LATER

Irene sits on the couch, watches "*HAPPY DAYS*". Max enters.

MAX
Mom? I have something to tell you and I need you to really listen.

Irene turns off the TV, pats the sofa next to her.

IRENE
You have my undivided attention.

MAX
I can only do this if I just come right out with it.

Irene looks at him intently.

Max moves right in front of her. He takes a deep breath.

MAX
Mom, I'm gay!

Irene lets it slowly sink in, her posture sinks.

IRENE
What am I supposed to say to that?

MAX
I'm still your son. That you still love me. And you always will.

IRENE
Come here!

Irene extends her arms. Max rushes to her. They hug.

IRENE
Oh, my sweet, sweet boy!

SERIES OF SHOTS:

A) Max holds the Buzzcocks' "*I Believe*" single. He puts the record on the turntable. The SONG plays.

B) Max gets his hair spiked at the barber shop.

C) Max gets his ears pierced.

D) Max, in punk garb, walks into the kitchen. Irene looks at him, shakes her head.

F) Max, at graduation, walks across the stage with black high-top tennis shoes peeking out from under his robe.

G) Max reads a postcard of Queen Elizabeth with the words "Big Queen" scrawled across her face.

H) Max sits in his car in front of Drew's house. He HONKS the horn. Drew, dressed like an ordinary, suburban teen, comes outside, gets into the car.

I) Max and Drew ride in Max's car. They laugh.

J) Max and Drew enter a warehouse crowded with punks.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Max and Drew stand against the wall, watch PUNKS dance.

The BAND on stage has the crowd riled up with a cover of "*JET BOY, JET GIRL*" by Elton Motello.

MAX
Thanks for coming with me. I know this isn't your thing.

DREW
It's growing on me. I kind of owe you one anyway. Nobody else made the effort to bring me home,

MAX
You're giving me too much credit. I think Lucy deserves some too.

Max nervously looks around, scans the room.

MAX
There he is! I'll be back in a few. I need to talk to somebody.

DREW
I'm not going anywhere. Trust me.

Max makes his way over to Thrash, who is with a group of punks across the room.

Max walks up behind him.

MAX
You look like you could knock in a few heads.

Thrash turns around.

THRASH
Holy shit! Mad Max! Look at you!

MAX
Feel like dancing?

THRASH
This kind of band bites..., but sure. Why not?

MAX
I need to do something first.

THRASH
Knock yourself out.

Max grabs Thrash and gives him a prolonged kiss on the mouth. The punks, nearby, stare at them.

THRASH
Damn! I didn't see that coming. What's gotten into you?

MAX
Anarchy, I guess.

THRASH
(glances around them)
We're being watched, you know.

MAX
Are we?

Thrash stares at Max in amazement.

MAX
What are we standing here for? This fag came to dance! Come on!

Max grabs Thrash's hand, pulls him toward the dance floor.

Thrash stops Max a second.

THRASH
By the way, my name is Anthony!

MAX
Anthony! That's nice! But, do you mind if I stick with Thrash for now?

They rush to the dance floor, disappear into the crowd, as "*DANCING WITH MYSELF*" by Generation X plays.

FADE OUT