

RECIPE FOR HATE

Written by

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Based on

the Novel "Recipe For Hate"

by

Warren Kinsella

A hoarse VOICE snarls: "Last one... two-three-four!" A furious explosion of PUNK GUITAR CHORDS and a crash cymbal propel the band into a song.

FADE IN:

INT. GARY'S BAR - NIGHT

A grungy, smoked-out cellar tavern, aka. The Temple of Filth.

It's an oddball mix: hairy, a-bit-past-it BIKER types pounding pints menacingly in the front and fresh-faced PUNK KIDS moshing in the back.

The Hot Nasties, a local punk band, stomps ferally on the cramped stage bashing out their closing number.

JIMMY CLEARY (17), the Nasties' lanky screamer, prowls around the band with serpentine hostility.

Punk Kids violently ping off each other a few feet away.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

X (18) strides briskly up to Gary's Bar's front door. He's not overtly punk on the outside but all revolution, suspicion and *The Clash* on the inside.

He clutches copies of the *New Musical Express*.

MIKE THE BOUNCER, a former biker, patrols the door.

X

Big night, Mike The Bouncer.

X taps the magazines.

MIKE THE BOUNCER

Hey, X. The Nasties are doin' their last one. Virgins are on next.

INT. GARY'S BAR - NIGHT

Mike The Bouncer holds the door open. X slides by and immediately draws the scowls of the Bikers crowd.

X moves unfazed through the hulking, leather-bound aging MC riders. BIKER PETE arises, mountain-like, to block X.

BIKER PETE

Hey, you punk shitheads come in the back door. This is our section.

X's dead-eyed silence further irks the giant.

BIKER PETE (CONT'D)

You deaf? Or just a fuckin' retard?

Biker Pete scowls at X's earring. A second behemoth, BIKER MARTY, is on his feet behind X.

BIKER MARTY

Whatdya say, sissie boy?

No reaction from X. Mike The Bouncer is there in a flash.

MIKE THE BOUNCER

Hey, Pete. This kid's cool, Marty.

The two burly Bikers glare daggers at X but let him pass. A final chord of distortion from the stage. The set ends.

JIMMY (O.S.)

We're the Hot Nasties. Punk Rock Virgins next. Good fucking night!

AT THE STAGE - The *Nasties* rambunctious guitarist SAM SHILLER (17), lugs his guitar and amp offstage while the *Punk Rock Virgins* set up. Jimmy carries a monitor and a mic stand away.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Sam, let's load the gear so I can move the van.

X appears through the smoke and shadows.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

X, you missed our set, man.

X

Heard it a hundred times, Jimmy. The new one.

He holds up a copy of the *NME*.

JIMMY

Nice. We'll be right back. Sam, you got the key for the door?

SAM

Yeah, I'm right behind you. Hey, X.

Jimmy and Sam carry gear to the back door where MARKY UPTON (16), a skinny kid, new to the punk scene, sits watch.

MARKY

Great set guys. Louder'n shit!

SAM

Hey, Marky.

Jimmy and Sam go out. Marky pulls the door closed behind them. A sign over the door: NO COLORS, NO KNIVES.

X watches the *Punk Rock Virgins*, an all-female three-piece, set up. PATTI K (19), the band's ass-kicking singer/guitarist dynamo, catches his eye. He waves her over.

PATTI K

What? We're just about to go on.

KURT BLANK (18), a punk singer in another band, appears through the thick smoky haze, punches X in the arm.

KURT

There you are, fucker. You said you had some big news.

X sits at a table surrounded by Punk Kids. He moves beer glasses and sets down his pile of *NME*'s.

KURT (CONT'D)

That's it? You bought a magazine?

X

Wait till you see. Hold on. We need Jimmy and Sam.

KURT

They're outside. What is it?

PATTI K

Yeah, spill it.

SISTER BETTY (18, Patti's serene sister/bassist), motions to Patti K and LEAH (18), their Indigenous powerhouse drummer.

SISTER BETTY

We gotta go on, X.

X

Okay, you're not gonna believe this. The Hot Nasties made the *NME*.

He opens the magazine and reads:

X (CONT'D)
*"American punk band The Hot Nasties
 release debut EP."*

He slaps the magazine down, glances up at astonished faces.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND GARY'S BAR - NIGHT

Sam and Jimmy load gear into a van. Through dim light, Jimmy notices a dark car parked at the end of the alley.

He registers the red flare of a cigarette through the windshield. It's oddly unsettling but he's transfixed.

Sam gets to the door, checks for the key.

SAM

Shit.

He BANGS on the door. Marky steps out.

SAM (CONT'D)

Thanks, Marky boy.

Sam goes in. Marky follows Jimmy's eyes to the parked car.

MARKY

You coming, Jimmy?

JIMMY

Just gonna move the van, Marky.

MARKY

Okay. Bang when you wanna come in.
 Sam forgot the key.

Marky ducks inside. Jimmy peers back at the car blocking the lane. The car's headlights flare into Jimmy's eyes.

A HULKING FIGURE rises out of the car.

JIMMY

Hey. You can't park there, asshole.

INT. GARY'S BAR - NIGHT

The Punks are stoked about the article. Several read their own copies. Sam is drawn over to the impromptu assembly.

SAM

What's up?

KURT

Mate, you're in the fucking NME.
Your band! They fucking love you.
Listen:

(reads)

"*The Hot Nasties remind us punk
ain't dead.*"

SAM

Holy shit!

Marky bounces over from the door. Sam hugs him.

SAM (CONT'D)

We're going big time, Marky! X,
when I'm a famous rock star, you
get to visit my mansion first.

KURT

It's like getting a review from
God.

X

You really believe in God?

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND GARY'S BAR - NIGHT

Jimmy watches the silhouetted Hulking Figure approach
unhurriedly. Instinctively, he bolts to the door, BANGS...

JIMMY

Marky! Hey, Marky, let me in!

INT. GARY'S BAR - NIGHT

... but Marky's not watching the door. He celebrates with the
group. No one hears Jimmy's urgent banging.

The *Virgins* are on stage, ready to start.

PATTI K

Hey everybody, Patti K here. We're
fuckin' stoked for our mates, The
Hot Nasties--who just kicked your
asses. They got a write up in the
NME and they're fuckin' *going*
places. We're the Punk Rock
Virgins. One, two, three, four...

The band unleashes the loud fury of their first song. The
Punks love it and the pogo dancing becomes feverish.

Kurt sips a beer by the bar. X drinks cola, eyes glued to Patti K while she sings and assaults her guitar.

KURT
Why don't you just ask her out
sometime?

X
Kurt, why don't you mind your own
business sometime?

KURT
I'm really happy for the Nasties.
Hey, where the hell's Jimmy? It's
his band.

Kurt searches the frenzied crowd, locates Sam, who still reads the article in wide-eyed ecstasy.

KURT (CONT'D)
Sam, where's Jimmy?

SAM
Oh, shit, I forgot him. He's
outside moving the van.

Sam pushes through thrashing bodies, goes out the back door.

Patti K's eyes light up from the stage while she belts out the song and notices X staring back.

Kurt watches the back door. Marky opens the door and Sam stumbles in, his face a colorless mask of horror.

X and Kurt sprint to the door. Sam streams tears, crashes to his knees.

SAM (CONT'D)
No, no, no, no, no, no...

KURT
What the fuck, Sam? What?

SAM
It's Jimmy.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND GARY'S BAR - NIGHT

X is first out the door, followed by Kurt. A horde of Punk Kids floods into the alley.

Ghastly moonlight shines a cruel blue wash onto a graffiti-stained red brick wall.

Jimmy's limp body hangs there, crudely nailed to the porous wall. A wound in his neck is the obvious source of the blood covering his chest and legs.

X's steely, emotionless gaze does not waver even as many of the Punks turn away in repulsion, hold each other and cry.

X steps up to Jimmy's lifeless body, his face a tight mask of dark hostility. He stops a foot from Jimmy's blood-soaked, homemade T-shirt which reads: THEY LIED TO YOU.

X applies two steady fingers to Jimmy's neck, knowing there will be no pulse. His fists slowly curl into weapons of revenge by his side.

After a deep breath, X releases his fists and turns a bone-chilling gaze back to the huddled, horrified crowd.

In the deadly silence, it's clear they await a sign, a pronouncement from their affirmed leader.

X's icy eyes survey the disciples but he offers only stoic silence. The message is received, affirmed and returned through the Punk Kids' vengeful glares.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND GARY'S BAR - NIGHT

Detectives MURPHY (45, towering, friendly-eyed, radiates a hip TV-cop vibe) and SAVOIE (54, a grumpy, unkempt crank) snake through flashing lights of patrol cars.

They stare mutely at the grisly tableau. UNIFORMED COPS and a PHOTOGRAPHER work the scene.

MURPHY

What are you thinking?

SAVOIE

Let's fucking get this over with.

INT. GARY'S BAR - NIGHT

Uniformed Cops get statements from members of the *Nasties* and the *Virgins*. Punk Kids huddle in small groups.

Mike The Bouncer bends low to a table where X and Kurt sit. He whispers something then leaves.

Savoie and Murphy come through the back door and speak to some of the Police and Punk Kids.

X scrutinizes the detectives: Murphy looks fresh as a daisy, alert eyes, confident gait. The rumpled Savoie would check off most synonyms for *sullen*.

Murphy pulls a chair between X and Kurt. Savoie remains taking reports from Cops.

MURPHY

Hi, lads. I'm Detective Murphy.
That's my partner over there,
Savoie. We got a helluva mess here.
(to X)
Christopher, is it?

KURT

He prefers X. Just, X. I'm Kurt
Blank.

MURPHY

You're in the band with...
(consults a small notepad)
... Jimmy...

KURT

Jimmy Cleary. Yes, I mean, no. I'm
in a band but not Jimmy's.

MURPHY

X?

X

I don't play.

MURPHY

So, you were the first out?

X

After Sam came in.

MURPHY

Can you tell me what you saw?

X and Murphy notice Kurt crying softly. X rests a comforting hand on Kurt's shoulder.

X

Same thing you saw.

MURPHY

Point taken. You know, when I was
your age, we protested all kinds of
stuff. Environment, the war. I can
tell you, it's an easy way to get
on people's shit list.

KURT

Jimmy's band was on their way, you know. They were gonna make it. And everybody loved him.

His tears stream.

MURPHY

I'm sorry for your friend. X, did you guys have any enemies? Anyone ever threaten you?

X

No.

MURPHY

Okay, well, maybe give it some thought. We'll need a statement. Hey, what's the X stand for?

X

You wouldn't believe me if I told you.

Murphy offers his hand. X doesn't move.

MURPHY

You guys don't shake hands?

X

Only with people we trust.

A broad grin from Murphy.

MURPHY

Fair enough, lads. We'll be in touch.

Savoie blusters by.

SAVOIE

Let's get outta this shit hole. Press cocksuckers are waiting outside.

(to X and Kurt)

Not a word from you two. We haven't even told his parents yet.

Savoie storms toward the door.

MURPHY

He's a charmer, really, once you know him. Hang tough, boys.

He taps Kurt on the shoulder as he steps away. Kurt spots a small portion of a tattoo peeking out from Murphy's sleeve.

Mike The Bouncer returns to the table.

MIKE THE BOUNCER
Fuckin' cops, eh?

INT. RECORD STORE BASEMENT - DAY

The lower floor of the *Sound Swap* is a squalid rehearsal space for the punk bands.

Faded show posters line its scuffed, chipped walls. Filthy rugs vainly try to hide the dirt floor.

Band members (the self-styled X Gang) sprawl across grungy, torn sofas and armchairs. Drums, amps and guitars are set up.

The mood is bleak. Some kids cry softly, others scowl. LUKE-M (17, the *Nasties* 2nd guitar) dispiritedly CLICKS photos from a small camera.

KURT
Hey, Luke-M, maybe save your film for a better day.

LUKE-M
Sorry, Kurt. It's a habit.

He puts the camera down. DANNY HATE (17, drummer in Kurt's band) sits behind the drum kit, aimlessly twirls his sticks. He smashes a cymbal.

KURT
Danny?

DANNY HATE
My mother says I should "quit this punk shit," is how she said it.

KURT
Mine, too.

Sam strums his unplugged Telecaster.

SAM
My parents are freaking. I'm grounded for the rest of my life.

KURT
Hey, remember the first article X ever wrote?

PATTI K
"Punks of the World Unite." That
 was cool.

DANNY HATE
 Who we gonna fight? We don't even
 know the enemy.

LEAH
 Well, what are we gonna do? Sit
 here, piss and moan about it?

X steps quietly through a dilapidated curtain with a rolled
 up newspaper under his arm.

X
 We're going to find them. That's
 what we're going to do.

A shift in the group's energy and body language when their
 leader appears.

X (CONT'D)
 If we're under attack, we'll do
 what we do best: stick together and
 fight back. And we'll get the real
 story out there.

He furiously slaps down the newspaper. The headline reads:

BLOODY PUNK SLAYING ON HOOKERS ROW

X (CONT'D)
 You know what this story's about?
 Not some punk kid who got murdered.
 It's about "anonymous prostitutes"
 worried about how all this bad
 publicity affects their "business."

It's a rare show of emotion from X. The Punk Kids drink the
 words in like a faithful congregation.

KURT
 Typical asshole media.

Sam viciously kicks over most of the drum set. Sister Betty
 rushes over, hugs him tightly.

SISTER BETTY
 Sam, we'll get through this.

Sam sobs uncontrollably.

SAM

He was my best friend. I fuckin'
loved Jimmy.

Patti K, Danny Hate and Leah surround Sister Betty and Sam with a supportive hug. Marky fidgets alone in a corner.

LEAH

Who could possibly want to hurt
Jimmy? He was the biggest
sweetheart.

PATTI K

And nobody knows anything. Nobody
saw anything.

SISTER BETTY

Somebody did. Tell them, Marky.

Surprised faces turn to Marky, whose startled eyes scream how badly he wishes he could just disappear. His gaze immediately fixes on X, who calmly nods.

MARKY

Okay. I saw this car.

INT. POLICE STATION - OFFICE - DAY

Murphy sits behind a desk. Savoie leans against a wall holding a stack of thin pamphlets.

X, Kurt and THOMAS (55, X's father, a lawyer), sit opposite Murphy's desk. Savoie waves around one of the papers.

SAVOIE

Very interesting stuff here,
Christopher. You got a real way
with words.

THOMAS

It's a high school newsletter,
Detective. They're just essays.
Thoughts on this or that.

SAVOIE

Uh-huh. Thoughts.

(reads)

*"All punks are angry at something.
When you are young you break
things, take drugs, punch someone
out."*

(to X)

(MORE)

SAVOIE (CONT'D)
Violence and drugs. Some pretty
specific "this or that."

THOMAS
You're taking it out of context.
You need to--

X
--Dad, it's alright. He doesn't
understand.

SAVOIE
Oh, really?
(reads)
*"Punks are what every teenager
should be. They are ready to
murder. They want to kill it all.
Kill it dead."* Don't see a hidden
meaning in there.

KURT
Where'd you get that, anyway? We
only hand those out at school.

SAVOIE
And what's NCNA stand for?

KURT
Non-Conformist News Agency. The
school approved it. It's just a
philosophy, an ideal. Jesus Christ,
he's not saying go out and kill
people. How can you--

MURPHY
--okay, lads, I think we're getting
away from it here.

THOMAS
Detective, Gary's Bar is in a
pretty seedy area. A lot of
dangerous people down there. Do you
have any suspects?

MURPHY
No.

THOMAS
And do you really think they'd do
this to one of their own?

MURPHY
We're just trying to understand
some of the things you believe in.

SAVOIE

We think Jimmy Cleary's death had something to do with all this punk rock crap. This so-called "philosophy" is all about anger, rebellion and rage. That's how you make enemies... hating everything.

KURT

We don't just hate everything. You think this is about music?

SAVOIE

This wasn't a random act.

MURPHY

And the way Jimmy was found... hard to miss the symbolism. Could be a message in it.

THOMAS

I know these kids. They talk tough, they act tough. But they're just trying to find their way. Music gives them hope. I think there's another motive. It's not the music.

SAVOIE

Maybe not. We haven't talked to everyone yet.

X

Have you talked to Marky Upton?

KURT

X, I'm not sure Marky was there that night.

X's glare says *we keep no secrets*.

X

Marky's only sixteen. That's why he was gone before you got there. He's fragile, just wants to hang out. So you be easy on him.

Murphy scribbles on a pad.

MURPHY

Upton. Okay, we'll speak to him. Does he know something?

X

He knows something.

MURPHY

Thanks for coming in, gentlemen.

Kurt, Thomas and X move to the door. Murphy follows, catches X at the door in a private moment.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

We're on it, X. Just give us a chance. And there's a reporter calling around. Probably best if you just talk about the music. We don't need the press flaming this into a bigger deal.

X

It is a big deal. And I don't need them to do it either.

INT. X'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Kurt slouches in just as X hangs up a wall phone.

KURT

Who was that?

X

His name's Ron McLeod. Reporter.

KURT

What's he want?

X

What does the media ever want?

KURT

You gonna meet him?

X

Maybe.

KURT

You think that dick Savoie's gonna check Marky out?

X

No. He's already got his mind made up.

KURT

Marky sure lit up when he was telling us, though.

X
Yeah. He doesn't get a lot of
attention.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Marky meanders along the sidewalk approaching his family's rental unit.

A dark car follows slowly, well behind.

Marky skips up the step. The car rolls by unnoticed.

INT. RENTAL UNIT - DAY

Marky drops his school gear, goes into the kitchen.

MARKY
Mom? Mom, it's me.

He's used to the silence. Opens the fridge. Two peppy Shih Tzus scurry in. Marky embraces them.

MARKY (CONT'D)
Hey, you two. Just us girls, huh?

INT. X'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

X scribbles intensely in a notebook. Kurt sketches on a pad.

KURT
Gonna write about it?

X
Yes. Kurt, when you tried to cover
for Marky the other day... we have
nothing to hide. We tell the truth.
Always remember that.

KURT
I get it.

INT. RENTAL UNIT - DAY

MRS. UPTON (40s) struggles through the front door with grocery bags.

MRS. UPTON
Marky! You home from school? I
could use a hand here.

She makes for the kitchen but stops dead in her tracks as she passes a living room.

Her eyes fill with terror, she drops everything and faints to the floor.

INT. X'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

X finishes a section of his article. Reads it over.

KURT

You gonna let me see it?

X hands him the paper.

KURT (CONT'D)

(reads)

"The X Philosophy of the World."
Catchy title, this should be good.

(reads)

"Human beings are flawed, so human institutions are flawed. The church does stupid things, so does every other group, government or corporation." Harsh.

X

They'll always give us something to be pissed off about.

The wall phone RINGS. X answers.

X (CONT'D)

Hello.

Less than five seconds later, Kurt knows it's bad news.

EXT. RENTAL UNIT - DAY

Blue and red lights slash wildly across the home's windows from patrol cars. Yellow police tape encloses the scene.

One FORENSIC UNIT combs the front area while another unit enters the home.

Mrs. Upton receives treatment for shock in an ambulance.

Savoie and Murphy hustle through the front door.

INT. RENTAL UNIT - DAY

The grisly murder scene assaults both detectives. They've seen some shit but nothing like this:

Marky's naked corpse is arranged on the carpet like a piece of broken china. His genitals are covered with a clump of bacon. His bony arms are splayed out as if on a crucifix.

In his ribs is a huge gaping, bloody wound. A crown of rusty wire bites into his scalp. His wide eyes bore into space.

Savoie's face is a strained mask of confusion. Murphy breathes heavily. An INVESTIGATOR steps in from the kitchen.

INVESTIGATOR

As if this isn't bad enough.

The detectives follow him into the kitchen.

The two Shih Tzus's grotesquely mangled corpses can barely be identified in the microwave.

A crime-scene PHOTOGRAPHER moves around, snaps pictures.

SAVOIE

Well, ain't this some fucking picnic.

EXT. RENTAL UNIT - DAY

A few less cop cars out front. Savoie and Murphy confer on the front step.

NEWS TEAMS and their trucks jostle for space on the street.

RON MCLEOD (30), the reporter who called X, makes notes.

X and Kurt duck the yellow tape, sprint to the door. Murphy and Savoie stop them on the step.

KURT

What happened? Is it Marky?

SAVOIE

Hold it! You're not going in there.

KURT

What the fuck happened? Answer me!

SAVOIE

Now you listen and you listen good. Who the fuck do you think you are?

(MORE)

SAVOIE (CONT'D)

The punk rock fucking Hardy Boys?
You ever get a piece of information
again and don't call us *right the
next fucking second*, I'm gonna slap
you with an obstruction charge so
fast you won't know whether to shit
or go blind. You got that, junior?

KURT

Oh, man, you can't tell us--

SAVOIE

--And you better pipe up right now
with whatever it was your friend
Marky was gonna tell us.

KURT

He saw a car. The night Jimmy died.

MURPHY

What kind of car and where?

KURT

Nothing fancy, he said. Dark. Maybe
brown or black. He didn't pay it a
lot of attention. In the alley
behind Gary's.

X

You can at least tell us what
happened to our friend.

SAVOIE

No. We can't. Get home and fucking
stay there.

X

Are we under house arrest?

MURPHY

He wants you to keep a low profile
till we can put some of these
pieces together.

X

We'll see you when we see you.

X turns to leave.

KURT

Hey! We have a right to know--

X's huge mitt lands on Kurt's shoulder, digs in a little.

X
Time to go.

INT. CATHEDRAL - DAY

A joint funeral for Marky and Jimmy. The entire X Gang gathers near the rear, some sit, some stand.

Murphy and Savoie sit off to the side. Savoie glares at various Punk Kids. Murphy scans the crowd without emotion.

A media contingent fills the back two rows. Ron McLeod jots notes near the confessional.

Kurt notices Savoie's obvious scowls.

KURT
Look at that fucker. He thinks we did this.

X
He does. But let's be cool.
Remember why we're here.

Patti K and Sister Betty spot Mrs. Upton rise from the front pew supported by two FAMILY MEMBERS. She turns and marches unsteadily toward the back.

Kurt notices McLeod trying to catch their attention.

KURT
Check this freak.

X
That's McLeod, the reporter. I met him outside before we came in.

KURT
What's he trying to do?

X
Not sure. But he didn't seem like a dick. Maybe he can help us.

Mrs. Upton shakes off the two Family Members and strides with fierce energy toward X.

PATTI K
Oh, shit.

The sisters dash over.

PATTI K (CONT'D)
Hey, X. Heads up.

SISTER BETTY
She doesn't look happy.

Mrs. Upton stomps the last few steps, her face a twisted snarl of pain and hate. She halts before X and Kurt.

The rest of the X Gang steps toward what will clearly be remembered as a *scene*.

The mourners by now have noticed. The room's collective breath is held in anticipation of a terrible moment.

A wild-eyed Mrs. Upton shakes a venomous finger in X's face.

MRS. UPTON
You killed him! You killed my son!

The cathedral brims with shocked silence.

REPORTERS move closer. PHOTOGRAPHERS audaciously snap photos.

Mrs. Upton collapses in anguish. Every possible reaction flows through the crowd.

EXT. CATHEDRAL - DAY

The X Gang huddles in a tight circle as mourners file out.

Reporters hunt for quotes from anyone who'll stop. Photographers snap randomly at faces and groups of people.

SAM
This is fucking pathetic.

LEAH
How could she put this on you, X?

PATTI K
She blames us all. She thinks the fucking music did it.

Savoie and Murphy leave the church. X marks them.

KURT
X?

X
It's open season on punks now. The media already has us convicted.

KURT

We need to find the sick bastards
killing our friends. And fuck the
police. They couldn't find their
dicks in their own pocket.

Murphy and Savoie flash stony glares at the Punks.

X

Stay calm. We know who we are.

EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

Kurt and X shiver, wait for a bus. X writes in his journal.
Kurt analyzes a religious ad on the window.

KURT

I get the cross and all but it just
says: "*Ask for a sign.*" What the
hell's that supposed to mean?

X is deep in his journaling.

KURT (CONT'D)

Christ, why can't these people just
say what they mean?

X finally glances up.

X

It means we should believe in Him.

KURT

And do you?

X

Yes. But we should wonder if he
believes in us. I have nothing
against Him, but I see no proof for
Him, either.

KURT

This whole thing sucks. What should
we do?

X

Heal.

KURT

Huh? How?

X

Punk show.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

X and Kurt tramp through a light rain toward Gary's Bar.

X
When's your car going to be fixed?

KURT
Soon, I hope.

X
Good.

KURT
How many guesses I got left?

X
Six.

KURT
Okay, I thought of four more. Good ones, too.

X
Go ahead. Burn them.

KURT
X is for Malcolm X.

X
Five left.

KURT
X is the symbol for Osiris, the god of the afterlife. No? How about X marks the spot--hidden treasure on a pirate's map? Hey, gimme credit. I actually looked this shit up. Alright, last one: the X chromosome.

X
You got two left.

KURT
I'll get it. One day.

X
No. You won't.

The rain gets heavier with Gary's Bar in sight. They stop at the alleyway where they found Jimmy's body. There's sadness but also a flicker of punk spirit.

Mike The Bouncer waits in the doorway with a lit cigar.

INT. GARY'S BAR - DAY

Mike The Bouncer heads straight behind the bar.

MIKE THE BOUNCER
Upstairs.

Mike The Bouncer pulls himself a pint and disappears through a doorway behind the bar. X and Kurt follow.

INT. MIKE THE BOUNCER'S ROOM - NIGHT

A sweat-stained mattress with a sleeping bag on it is the centrepiece of this grim one-room apartment above the bar.

Grime-streaked walls declare phantom rectangles where pictures once hung. A faded *Easy Rider* poster hangs loosely tacked up above the bed.

Mike The Bouncer rests easily in an ancient, creaking armchair smoking his frayed cigar. Kurt and X find space near a cracked window.

MIKE THE BOUNCER
Cops in this town, I wouldn't hire
them to find their own arseholes.
Any news?

KURT
They got shit.

MIKE THE BOUNCER
So you wanna do a show?

X
It's to raise money for a reward.
We can't wait for the cops. We need
to catch the bastards who killed
Jimmy and Marky.

MIKE THE BOUNCER
Gary's ain't open yet.

X
We got a place.

MIKE THE BOUNCER
You need security.

KURT

And someone to buy the beer.

MIKE THE BOUNCER

Okay. I'll bring some of the big boys. We drink for free.

X

Deal.

INT. RECORD STORE - NIGHT

The X Gang at the *Swap Shop*. A faint, low-frequency optimism circulates through the dingy basement.

X

Two weeks.

DANNY HATE

Where?

X

The Punk House.

SAM

I love Coyle Street. Fuck, yeah.

X

We have to be careful.

SISTER BETTY

About what? The cops know about Coyle Street.

X

They can't know about this show.

KURT

We can't just plaster posters all over town. They'll shut it down.

PATTI K

So, word of mouth. We can do that.

LEAH

Ha, we wrote the book on that shit.

DANNY HATE

Who's gonna play?

KURT

The Virgins.

Patti K, Sister Betty and Leah slap some skin.

PATTI K
Fuckin' right.

KURT
The Blemishes.

Kurt and Danny Hate shake on it.

DANNY HATE
You know it, fuckers.

X
And The Hot Nasties. They headline.

The room is startled into silence at the mention of Jimmy's band. Luke-M and Sam freeze at this bombshell.

SAM
X, I can't play without Jimmy.

X
This whole thing is *for* Jimmy. And Marky. And for all of us. The whole world wants us to go away and die. But we're sending a message.

The snarling punk spirit of rebellion gradually invades the grief-stricken group.

KURT
Nasties! Nasties! Nasties!

The X Gang chimes in, joins Kurt's chant.

INT. X'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Kurt and X eat lunch and leaf through music magazines. Kurt comes across a glossy concert photo of Joe Strummer, all sweat, swagger and conviction.

KURT
There. There's the fuckin' messiah right there. Spreading the word.

X
You know his old man was government and pretty high up there, too.

KURT
Yeah, well, *he* didn't work for no government.

X

And his brother was a Nazi. A fascist. Killed himself, maybe to find a way out.

KURT

Why you telling me this shit? Can't I just--

The wall phone RINGS several times. X reluctantly answers.

X

Hello?

(listens)

Yes. Who is this?

(listens)

Why? What do you want?

(listens)

Okay. But off the record.

(listens)

Because you all make things up.

Where?

(listens)

We'll be there.

He hangs up.

KURT

Well, that was weird.

X

Let's go.

INT. PORTLAND PRESS HERALD - CAFETERIA - DAY

Ron McLeod fidgets alone at a table. His watchful eyes peer out from beneath a moppy, red mane. Closed file folders are piled neatly in front of him.

A SECURITY GUARD escorts Kurt and X in, points to McLeod.

MCLEOD

Thanks for meeting me, guys. First off, I'm really sorry about what happened to your friends.

They sit.

KURT

What do you got?

MCLEOD

I know the media doesn't always get the story straight but some of us--

X

--You said you had information.

MCLEOD

I do. I got a couple of contacts at the cop shop. There's a lot more than what you're reading in the papers.

X

Such as?

MCLEOD

The cops are stumped. They don't know which way to look or even what to look for. Plus, political pressure.

X

How's that?

MCLEOD

They need to make an arrest pronto.

KURT

Why are you telling us this?

MCLEOD

Look, bad press isn't something new to punkers. I'm trying to fill in a few holes, see if this story has some other angles.

X

You do that.

X and Kurt rise to leave.

MCLEOD

Were either of your friends religious?

KURT

No. Why?

McLeod opens a manila folder, consults highlighted notes.

MCLEOD

Jimmy was found in a crucifix position, as you know.

KURT

So what about it?

MCLEOD

What you don't know is how they
found Mark Upton.

Kurt and X brace, anticipate disturbing news. McLeod glances
down into the folder.

X

Go ahead.

MCLEOD

He was killed by a massive wound in
his side. There was a crown of
barbed wire around his head.

Kurt is ashen with anguish. X's steely, glacial eyes bore
into McLeod, who struggles through the details.

MCLEOD (CONT'D)

And they found some kind of meat--
possibly bacon--on his genitals.

KURT

Fucking hell.

MCLEOD

I'm sorry, boys. Does any of that
mean anything to you? Was Mark or
Jimmy Jewish?

X

We don't know.

MCLEOD

How about in their music? Any
lyrics about faith or spirituality,
anything like that?

KURT

Jimmy's band didn't sing about
religion. And Marky wasn't even in
a band.

MCLEOD

Well, I think maybe the songs or
just the whole punk scene might
have pissed somebody off. Somebody
who *is* big on religion.

EXT. COYLE STREET PUNK HOUSE - NIGHT

It's a modest single house, a squatter but not run-down. Windows all intact, no glaring signs of disrepair.

Dozens of Punk Kids are scattered across the lawn smoking, drinking. Muted blasts of MUSIC burst from the house whenever someone enters or leaves.

Mike The Bouncer and his two surly bros Biker Pete and Biker Marty hover near the door surveying the activities.

INT. COYLE STREET PUNK HOUSE - NIGHT

Members of the X Gang weave through crowded, sweaty halls. They drink, cheer, hug. MUSIC chugs from another room.

X and Kurt watch contentedly from near the front door.

KURT

Mike The Bouncer says around three hundred people here. We did it, X.

X

I love this world.

KURT

Hey, are you smiling? Are you actually fucking--

X

--Just go with the flow, man.

KURT

We're gonna raise a shitload of cash for the reward.

X

Go with the flow.

KURT

Uh-huh. Earth to X. Anyway, we're on next so I gotta go get ready.

X

Power to the people, man. Think I'll take some of the midnight air.

KURT

Sure and when you find my friend X, send him in.

Kurt disappears into the sea of bodies.

A VOICE through the microphone:

VOICE (O.S.)
 Kurt Blank, wherever you are, get
 the hell up here. Alright,
 motherfuckers, here's the Social
 Fuckin' Blemishes!

Kurt bursts through the pack and onto the stage in time with
 a BLAST of guitar and drum noise.

X strolls out the front door.

EXT. COYLE STREET PUNK HOUSE - NIGHT

Biker Pete, Biker Marty and Mike The Bouncer are shitfaced
 but still attempt security as the Punk Kids flock toward the
 house when they hear the band called.

X makes it out, beats the mass exodus heading in.

MIKE THE BOUNCER
 Who's on?

X
 Kurt's band just started.

MIKE THE BOUNCER
 Any beer left?

X
 Don't know.

MIKE THE BOUNCER
 Okay, hang tight.

Mike The Bouncer, Biker Pete, Biker Marty all stumble inside.

X drifts around to the side of the house, finds himself
 alone, smiles at the stars.

A gravelled VOICE behind him:

VOICE (O.S.)
 You die tonight, punk.

As X turns, he is struck violently with a baseball bat. From
 the ground, his blurry vision makes out three HULKING FIGURES
 close around him.

His attackers are NEO-NAZI SKINHEADS. They viciously drive
 steel-toed Docs into his ribs, back and head.

The bat is repeatedly brought down in full force on his legs.

His attackers hurl slurs and hate: *"Die Jew!" "Fucking Jew dog!" "Punk piece of shit!" "Fucking punk vermin!"*

Two FEMALE PUNKERS come from around back of the house. Their screams interrupt the assault.

In the Skinheads' moment of hesitation, Mike The Bouncer, Biker Pete and Biker Marty fly out of the house followed by a wave of Punk Kids.

Two Skinheads bolt down the street. The third resumes the attack. He backpedals when he finally notices the three oversized bikers.

But it's too late. The security team grabs the Skinhead and puts the boots to him.

Sister Betty, Patti K and Leah rush to X's now unconscious, battered body. Kurt is there in a flash.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. X'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

It's not a shrine to punk music as might be expected. A full bookshelf. A poster of Patti Smith. A James Joyce novel on a small bedside table. Not much else.

X gingerly sits up in bed. Kurt glances sideways at titles on the bookshelf.

KURT

You got weird tastes, man.

X

Agreed. Just look at my friends.

KURT

What's the final damage?

X

Three broken ribs. Fractured tibia.
A lot of headaches.

Thomas pops his head into the room.

THOMAS

They're here. Are you sure you're
up for this?

X

I am.

Thomas opens the door wider. Savoie and Murphy step in.

Savoie is somehow even more rumpled and haggard than usual. Murphy's well-turned out but less composed than normal.

MURPHY

How you feeling, X? Your dad says still a little groggy.

X

I'm getting there. Missed three days of school. So that helped.

Murphy smiles. Savoie consults a small notebook.

SAVOIE

We have witness statements from plenty of your friends about the other two. So we're focussed on the guy we have in custody.

MURPHY

We've ID'ed him, X. He runs with a pretty fierce crowd. Here...

Murphy retrieves a mug PHOTO from his jacket: A Skinhead glares out, an SS lightning bolt visible on his neck. Murphy hands the mug shot to X.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

He doesn't exactly look like this right now, after your security team sorted him out but his name's Pete Wojcik. Hefty assault record. Known to call himself Nathan Forrest.

SAVOIE

Forrest founded the KKK.

MURPHY

Chris, do skinheads ever attend your shows?

X

Some of them did early on. But they went to the dark side.

SAVOIE

When?

X

About a year ago. Started with tattoos, white bootlaces, fascist salutes. Then, they didn't fit in.

THOMAS

What about the two who got away?

MURPHY

Wojcik isn't talking but we know the big one, the bat swinger, is probably a guy named Martin Bauer. He lives here in Portland.

SAVOIE

These are dangerous guys. They're part of a group calls themselves Hammerskins. They hate Jews and Muslims mostly.

MURPHY

Their big dream is a race war. Charming fellows.

KURT

What's that got to do with punks?

MURPHY

That's what we're trying to find out. We just wanted to stop in, see how you were, see if you knew anything about these creeps.

X

You think these guys killed Jimmy and Marky?

MURPHY

Them or someone in their group.

INT. POLICE STATION - OFFICE - DAY

CONSTABLE BROWN (38) and X sit at a desk. A tape recorder and several mug shots are placed in front of X.

CONSTABLE BROWN

Take your time.

X shuffles the photos, studies them attentively.

CONSTABLE BROWN (CONT'D)

Feeling better?

X
Yes. Thank you.

The photos depict YOUNG WHITE MEN (20-30), all with shaved heads or closely-cropped military-style hair. To a man, their eyes project scorn, hate and intimidation.

X slides one photograph over to Constable Brown, who switches the tape recorder on.

X (CONT'D)
This one. I'm pretty sure.

CONSTABLE BROWN
The witness selects number six.

X
Is that the guy?

Constable Brown shuts off the recorder, stacks the mug shots.

CONSTABLE BROWN
Thanks for coming in, Mr. X.

X
It's just X.

Constable Brown heads for the door. He passes Murphy and Thomas on their way in.

MURPHY
Well done, Chris. You did great.

X
Did I pick Bauer?

THOMAS
He's not allowed to say, son.

MURPHY
I can tell you we picked up Bauer this morning. And his friend.

THOMAS
Where?

MURPHY
Canadian border of all places, trying to cross. We'll grill them good, get some DNA. Thanks again for your help, X. I think we're getting close--

The door flies open and Savoie bolts in.

SAVOIE
We got another one.

MURPHY
Another kid?

SAVOIE
Still alive but unresponsive. They
pulled him out of the bay.

X
What's his name?

SAVOIE
Danny something. O'Halloran or--

X
--it's O'Heran

SAVOIE
You know him?

X
It's Danny Hate. He's one of ours.

EXT. SHORELINE - DAY

Three police cruisers block road access to the beach. COPS
tape off the scene, caution onlookers to stay back.

X, Kurt and Thomas arrive with Savoie in his battered car.

Kurt leaps from the car, rushes to the markers which indicate
where Danny Hate's body was found.

An INVESTIGATOR bends to inspect the sand, glances up, reads
the question on Kurt's face.

INVESTIGATOR
They had to take him, kid.

When the others get there, the Investigator holds a few
polaroids out to Savoie, who shows them to X and Kurt.

Danny Hate's skin is unnaturally white. Frost appears to
cling to his eyelashes. Kurt winces.

KURT
Yeah that's him. He was the drummer
in my band.

X
Is he still alive?

INVESTIGATOR

Barely. He's been lying in the water for a while. He's on his way to Mercy General.

X scans the black, surging waters of the bay. Gulls clatter indiscreetly over the desolate, wind-swept shore.

X

This wasn't an accident.

SAVOIE

You guys know him. Any chance it was a suicide?

X

No. Zero chance.

KURT

No fucking way!

MURPHY

Okay. We'll wait till the docs have a look at him.

X

This is connected to Jimmy and Marky. And you know it.

THOMAS

Something's not adding up, Detectives. Wojcik's in custody and you picked up Bauer this morning.

X

Which means they didn't do this.

SAVOIE

We'll see, okay. You leave that stuff to us.

He stomps away. Murphy follows. X steps close to the markers.

KURT

X?

X

Enough is enough. We need to deal with this ourselves. Okay?

Kurt nods agreement.

INT. TAVERN - NIGHT

It's a dive bar where the X Gang goes for cheap eats and draft beer. X and Sister Betty sit in a booth across from Kurt and Patti K.

PATTI K

How is he? Can we go see him?

KURT

No visitors. He's still in a coma.

SISTER BETTY

And the cops want to charge the same guys who attacked you?

X

Seems that way.

SISTER BETTY

But how could they have done it?

X

They didn't. It's politics.

SISTER BETTY

Huh?

X sighs, eats, deep in thought. Kurt has an idea.

KURT

Hey, Sister Betty, watchya say we head out for a smoke?

Sister Betty clues in after a glance at Patti K.

SISTER BETTY

Yeah. Sure.

Kurt and Sister Betty leave the table, head outside. X continues eating as if nothing has changed.

Patti K takes a deep sip of liquid courage.

PATTI K

You writing anything new?

X

I am.

PATTI K

About this whole thing?

X
In so many words.

PATTI K
It's pretty fucked up.

X
It is.

He abruptly stops eating and fixes a steady gaze on her.
She's caught off guard by the intensity in his eyes.

X (CONT'D)
Seems like you have something on
your mind.

PATTI K
Well, can I ask you a question?

X
You can.

PATTI K
It's ridiculous. Never mind. With
everything going on.

X
Be brave.

EXT. TAVERN - NIGHT

Kurt and Sister Betty light up their smokes.

SISTER BETTY
She'll kill me later for setting
her up like that.

KURT
Seemed like the right time. And
maybe she'll thank you. How long
has she been in love with him?

SISTER BETTY
Since minute one.

KURT
I doubt it'll be news to him.

INT. TAVERN - NIGHT

X casually moves his empty plate to a vacant spot.

PATTI K
 Okay, but it's gonna make me sound
 like a dumb female.

X
 Unlikely.

PATTI K
 Just... okay... why haven't you
 ever made a move on me?

X *almost* lets a smile arise.

X
 Like this?

He rises so abruptly she is unprepared when he leans across
 the table, kisses her politely on the cheek and then
 passionately on her lips.

When he sits, she is in a different universe.

Kurt and Sister Betty track the moment gleefully through the
 window then spin quickly away.

X (CONT'D)
 Any more questions?

INT. COURTHOUSE - WAITING ROOM - DAY

X, Thomas, Kurt, Patti K and Sister Betty sit on
 uncomfortable plastic chairs awaiting Bauer's bail hearing.

THOMAS
 Likely just assault charges today.
 I doubt Bauer will be granted bail,
 even if he isn't being charged with
 either of the murders.

KURT
 Or the attempted murder.

PATTI K
 Why not?

THOMAS
 He'll be seen as a threat to the
 public. They don't have to prove
 anything here today.

Murphy quietly enters.

MURPHY

They're bringing Bauer and his
buddy in. His name's Dragomir
Babic. "Hess" on the street.

Thomas, Sister Betty and Patti K follow Murphy out.

Kurt doesn't move, eyeballs X mischievously.

KURT

Patti, huh?

X

Yeah. Patti.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Punk Kids and REPORTERS fill half of the public gallery. A large POLICE presence. The crowd buzzes with anticipation.

The dour Skinheads BAUER and BABIC (20's) are escorted in from a side door. Their insolent swagger inflames the court.

The Punk Kids predictably jeer and shout anti-Nazi abuse ("*Fucking murderers!*" "*Nazi pigs!*" "*Racist fucks!*" etc.) at the two Skinheads, who defiantly return the Nazi salute.

Police move to calm the turmoil, which leads to Punk/Cop conflict. A few Punks are forcibly removed but don't go quietly ("*Hands off, fascist! etc.*")

BANG BANG BANG. The JUDGE's gavel thunders as Thomas, the girls, Savoie and Murphy struggle in through the outgoing hot-tempered Punks. They shoehorn into seats at the rear.

JUDGE

Order! Order in this courtroom or I
will clear you out so fast your
head will spin!

The courtroom reluctantly settles.

SAVOIE

It's already a fucking circus. Look
at those pricks.

The Skinheads haven't moved. The Judge shoots them a hawkish scowl and motions to the BAILIFF, who approaches the bench.

JUDGE

(*sotto voce* to Bailiff)
Let's get this over with.

(MORE)

JUDGE (CONT'D)
(to the room)
Bailiff, read the charges.

INT. COURTHOUSE - WAITING ROOM - DAY

X writes in his journal. Kurt paces the room.

KURT
Why put on this big show just to charge them with assault? What about fucking murder? I'm starting to get angry here, X.

X
They said more charges pending.

KURT
Pending when? Maybe they didn't go after Danny but there's more than two of these fuckheads around. They don't have an alibi for Jimmy or Marky. And don't tell me they didn't try to kill you.

X
They didn't.

KURT
Did you forget about the baseball bat to your head?

X puts his journal aside.

X
Kurt, who would be stupid enough to try and kill someone who had three hundred friends twenty yards away?

Kurt sulks but knows X's logic adds up.

X (CONT'D)
It was a message. Hey, I said we'd take care of it. Doesn't matter what happens up there today.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

A DEFENSE LAWYER rises wearily.

DEFENSE LAWYER
Your Honor, my client would like to read a statement.

JUDGE

This is a bail hearing, councillor.

DEFENSE LAWYER

With permission, your Honor.

JUDGE

Let's hear it.

Bauer produces a folded slip of paper, reads:

BAUER

We must secure the existence of our
people and a future for white
children.

He crumples the note, flings it belligerently toward the bench. The courtroom goes berserk.

Savoie shakes his head and storms out. Ron McLeod madly scribbles notes on a small pad.

EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

Punks and Reporters file out the front doors.

X, Kurt, Sister Betty and Patti K slip out of a side door. Ron McLeod waits a few yards away.

MCLEOD

Can I speak to you guys?

X

(to the girls)

Just give us a minute.

Patti K unloops her arm from X, steps away with Sister Betty.

MCLEOD

That didn't go too well.

X

We heard.

MCLEOD

My sources tell me they won't
charge these guys with the murder
of your friends.

KURT

What do Savoie and Murphy think?

MCLEOD

Just so you know, I'm not getting any of this stuff from them. What I'm told, they don't see eye to eye on this. Savoie's the doubter. Murphy wants to string the skinheads up.

KURT

Good for him.

Kurt and X turn to leave.

MCLEOD

Danny's got acute respiratory impairment.

Kurt and X stop on the spot.

MCLEOD (CONT'D)

Which is what you get from drowning. No drugs or alcohol in his system. And bruises.

KURT

What bruises?

MCLEOD

Exactly. There weren't any. So if no one wrestled him into the water and you don't believe he tried to kill himself...

X

Someone put him there.

Murphy appears silently out of the same side door. McLeod steps back from Kurt and X.

MURPHY

These are witnesses, McLeod. You shouldn't be talking to them.

McLeod starts to protest. Savoie comes out.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

And I don't give a fuck about the First Amendment so piss off.

McLeod scuttles away. Savoie glowers at X and Kurt.

SAVOIE

You think talking to a reporter's gonna help us solve this? Just back off, let us take care of it.

X

We would but our friends keep dying or ending up in comas while we wait for you to "solve this."

INT. ELECTRIC BUDDHA RECORD STORE - DAY

Patti K is glued to X as he flips through records. Kurt and Sister Betty wander solo around other sections of the store.

Sparse Christmas decorations announce the season.

Through the window, two YOUNG PUNKS, in standard punk gear, steal furtive glances into the shop, mainly focused on X.

X

Kurt, Betty, come for a second.

X pulls *Give 'Em Enough Rope* from a meagre *THE CLASH* section.

X (CONT'D)

It just got here. New drummer, looks like.

KURT

That's cool.

X turns the album over.

X

And what do we have here?

He hands the album to Patti K, who pulls off a mysterious envelope taped to the back cover.

She opens it, pulls out 4 concert tickets. Her eyes widen into saucers.

PATTI K

Holy shit.

SISTER BETTY

What?

She holds them up.

KURT

The fucking Clash?

X
Next month. Boston.

KURT
How did you get--

JOHN and PETER (both 15)--the two YOUNG PUNKS--appear behind X, who is still leery of voices from persons unseen.

PETER
--X? You're X, right?

X spins quickly. He notes their punk regalia then two things which would set them apart even in a crowd of Punks: they're Asian and twins.

X dials down his pulse.

X
Right. What is it, mate?

PETER
I'm Peter. This is my brother John.

JOHN
Hey, X.

PETER
We go to King Junior High.

X
How is it there?

JOHN
Pretty shit. We get hassled a lot.

PETER
Yeah, it's gotten really bad since.. you know.

X
It's been bad for us all.

PETER
How's your friend Danny?

KURT
He's still in a coma.

JOHN
Well, our dad's a cop.

PETER
A detective.

JOHN

Yeah, only Asian cop on the force
in this town.

X

I bet.

JOHN

He's not working on the case. But
he's really pissed about it, you
know. When they didn't charge those
skinheads with murder, he said he
wasn't surprised.

X

Why's that?

PETER

He said there's some of the cops
here on their side.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A tasteful, if old-fashioned room. KEN HASLAM (66) and his
wife DOROTHY (65)--a quiet, retired couple--sip wine.

Their doorbell RINGS. Ken checks his watch, rises.

KEN

A bit late. More birthday wishes?

EXT. HASLAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Ken opens the door to see an unremarkably-dressed YOUNG
SKINHEAD, whose highly-polished military-style boots gleam.

KEN

Yes?

YOUNG SKINHEAD

Are you Ken Haslam?

KEN

Yes.

YOUNG SKINHEAD

And you remember Alexander Laak?

Ken stiffens, summons the defiance of his younger self. He
detects a gigantic skinhead--NORTHMAN, his face covered--
shadowed, back near a dark car.

KEN

He was a Nazi murderer. He got what he deserved.

YOUNG SKINHEAD

He was my grandfather. And you'll get what you deserve.

KEN

The police department isn't far.

NORTHMAN

That won't matter.

The Young Skinhead lunges at the door and roughly yanks Ken onto the lawn.

Northman approaches as the Young Skinhead pummels Ken with fierce kicks.

KEN

Dorothy!

As Dorothy gets to the door, Northman raises a heavily-tattooed arm which clutches a metal pipe.

Just before Northman delivers a savage blow to Ken's face, Ken spots an Aryan Nations flag on Northman's forearm.

Dorothy screams. The Skinheads bolt for their car.

YOUNG MAN

White Power!

EXT. CAMBRIDGE - HARVARD SQUARE THEATRE - NIGHT

X, Patti K, Kurt and Sister Betty stand awestruck before the dilapidated old building, gazing up at the marquee like it was a sign from the Almighty.

It reads: *THE CLASH ~ ONE NIGHT ONLY*

The hardcore fashion display streaming by them is a riotous parade of punk rebellion, DIY spirit and gender-bending chic.

KURT

This changes everything.

PATTI K

The only band that matters.

SISTER BETTY
 X, this is gonna be the greatest
 night of our lives.

X studies the punk army surging into the venue.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - DAY

The four punks roll with extra spring in their steps after watching their heroes the night before.

X and Patti K stroll arm in arm, Kurt and Sister Betty linger steps behind.

SISTER BETTY
 It was love at first sight.

KURT
 He's a complicated guy. He'd never
 admit it but I could tell he's been
 watching her, too.

SISTER BETTY
 For a while there, we thought...
 well, you know, maybe he doesn't
 like girls.

KURT
 No, that's me, actually. You know
 that, right?

She loops her arm through his.

SISTER BETTY
 We all know, Kurt. It's cool.

KURT
 Yeah. It is.

X and Patti K stop in front of what appears to be a bookstore with a street-level sign in the window: *WHITE GUILT* across a stop sign.

Beside it, a poster of Odin's Cross signals a welcome to any passing white supremacists.

PATTI K
 What?

X
 Research.

PATTI K
We didn't come here just for a
Clash concert did we?

X
No.

PATTI K
And we didn't just stumble onto
this lovely little shop did we?

X
No.

X steps through the door.

KURT
You wanna go in?

Patti K and Sister Betty exchange glances of trepidation.

SISTER BETTY
Creepy. We'll check out the surplus
shops.

The sisters move down the sidewalk. Kurt goes in.

INT. BOOKSTORE - DAY

It looks like a small library. Full, uncategorized
bookshelves display volumes on Math, Law, Magic, Geography.
On three round tables, pamphlets are spread out.

A sign over a reception desk: *THE EUROPEAN CULTURE INSTITUTE*.
Under it, the Aryan Nations Flag hangs.

Kurt is instantly spooked. X skims through a manual.

X
Here's some useful tips. This one's
called *How to Build a Bomb*.

KURT
What the fuck is this place? Hello?

X
I already tried that. They'll come.

X wanders, scans bookshelves, glances through pamphlets.

X (CONT'D)
Here's a good one: *The Real Jews*.

A pale, stern-faced SHOPOWNER (35) silently appears. His black bowtie seems comically chosen to match his black, slick-backed hairstyle from another era.

SHOPOWNER
May I help you boys?

X
I'm sure you can.

SHOPOWNER
Visitors are welcome. What brought you in today?

X nods toward the front window.

X
Odin's Cross. Hard to miss.

SHOPOWNER
Are you of Western European descent, then?

X
We're actually from Portland.

SHOPOWNER
Portland... well, I hear there is a lot of activity there recently. I know many people there.

X
Perhaps we know some of the same people.

The Shopowner notices the pamphlet and two books in X's hand.

SHOPOWNER
The pamphlets are free. If you'd like you can leave your name here on our mailing list. Address, too.

X
Sure. Thanks.

X signs a clipboard beside the cash then lays down the books: *Migrations of Israel* and *The Real Jews*.

SHOPOWNER
Very good choices. Were you searching for answers today?

X
Definitely.

When X and Kurt are gone, the Shopowner dials a phone.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - DAY

X and Kurt leave the shop, move toward Sister Betty and Patti K, who linger by a thrift store. X carries a store bag.

KURT

What the hell was that all about?

X

Know your enemy.

They reach the girls, who carry shopping bags of their own.

PATTI K

What's in the bag?

X

Evil.

A dark car follows them slowly as they head for the train.

INT. PENNSYLVANIA - BARN - NIGHT

A run-down farm in Potter County. A pack of sullen-looking WHITE MEN (30s-40s) sits on shabby wooden benches inside a ramshackle barn. Low, conspiratorial conversation.

It's a swearing-in ceremony for THE BROTHERHOOD.

An ARYAN LEADER sweeps his eyes over the MEMBERS and RECRUITS. He poses with deep conviction and the righteousness of his God.

ARYAN LEADER

Kinsmen, my heart is full of pride
that we come together tonight,
brothers in blood, to celebrate the
white race, in its dominance.

INT. TRAIN - NIGHT

X reads his recently-purchased literature, jots notes. Kurt, Sister Betty and Patti K sleep, sprawled across their seats.

INT. PENNSYLVANIA - BARN - NIGHT

The Aryan Leader strolls messiah-like amongst the Men.

ARYAN LEADER

We will create an unstoppable force and bring the battle into the cities. We will wipe away the Jew filth and all who are unclean. The cities are full of vermin. The salvation of the earth begins with their extermination.

INT. TRAIN - NIGHT

X studies the texts intently. Kurt awakens.

KURT

Hey. Tell me we actually saw The Clash and that it wasn't a dream.

X

It was real, mate.

KURT

And, forgot to tell you, my car's gonna be ready tomorrow. No more buses.

X

About time.

KURT

X, how come you waited so long?

X

What are you on about?

Kurt nods to Patti K, who sleeps beside Sister Betty.

X (CONT'D)

It's all about timing.

KURT

I guess. Whatchya doing?

X

Listen to this. The people that hate us, hate just about anyone who isn't white or non-Jewish or straight.

INT. PENNSYLVANIA - BARN - NIGHT

Resounding applause. The Aryan Leader holds his hands up.

ARYAN LEADER

Yes, brothers, we will start over,
rooted in the land. Pure and
sanctified. With one true God.

A member of the Brotherhood places an INFANT on a bed of
straw surrounded by six candles. The rest of the Men gather
around the child, hold hands, bow their heads.

Northman raises his heavily-tattooed arm from the shadows. He
wears a bandana as a face covering but ensures that the Aryan
Nations Flag on his forearm is visible.

His colossal size instantly commands the room. Captivated
Members expect his voice to thunder through the barn but he
addresses the disciples with an icy inflection.

NORTHMAN

I have a question. How do we
convince our white kinsmen to join
us? They're addicted to the idiot
box and the Jewsmedia.

ARYAN LEADER

Brother Northman. Your pure heart
and strong mind will bring us
closer to the day when we will
drive our enemies into the sea and
so reclaim the land once promised
to our fathers. Rejoice, my son,
and know that by men like you, the
cities will be graveyards for the
rootless ones.

INT. TRAIN - NIGHT

X reads from his notes to Sister Betty and Patti K.

X

... and the thing is, this stuff
reads like some scientist or
professor wrote it.

PATTI K

Yeah, well, these guys sound
fucked.

SISTER BETTY

It's so twisted. How can people
believe it?

X

Well, enough of them do. White supremacy is hate any way you cut it but the more I read about it, the more it seems connected to *religion*.

KURT

What's that got to do with some punk kids from a dead end shithole like Portland? Weird place to start Armageddon.

PATTI K

It doesn't seem real.

X

These people are real. It's like they want us to atone for something. I need to find them.

SISTER BETTY

Why?

X

I can't let any more punks die.

INT. KURT'S CAR - DAY

X sits with Kurt in his recently-repaired AMC Gremlin outside the Swap Shop. Kurt checks his watch.

Ron McLeod arrives, squeezes into the backseat.

MCLEOD

Sketchy neighborhood.

KURT

This is where we jam.

MCLEOD

The cops are about to charge Bauer and his buddies. I've been calling you for a couple of days.

KURT

We were in Boston.

X

Doesn't make sense. They didn't kill anyone. What did we miss?

MCLEOD

There was an assault. A couple of skinheads. They hurt this guy Haslam pretty bad, called him a Nazi hunter, smashed in his skull. The guy's in his 60's for Christ's sake.

KURT

But why charge Bauer and his goons now? It's been two months.

MCLEOD

Media and political pressure. This new attack's got people spooked. Cops, the DA, have to make some kind of move. Show people they're doing something.

X

No way those charges will stick.

MCLEOD

It certainly is bizarre.

X

When?

MCLEOD

Tomorrow.

X

Thanks for the update.

McLeod nods, exits the car.

Kurt starts the engine, they drive away. X glances into the sideview mirror. A dark car pulls out to follow them.

X (CONT'D)

Dark sedan. See it?

Kurt's eyes flash to the rear view mirror.

KURT

What about it?

X

Been following us since Boston.

INT. DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Assistant District Attorney SHARON MARTIN (40), trains world-weary eyes on District Attorney A. FRIPPER ARCHIBALD (60), an archaic prosecutor in an ancient suit.

She doodles on a file folder.

ARCHIBALD

Yours is not to reason why, Sharon.
Your task is to secure convictions
and get the motherfucking mayor and
the governor's office off our tits.
Understood, Ms. Martin?

MARTIN

None of this'll wash, Fripper.

ARCHIBALD

Get it done, Sharon.

INT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

Martin strides past Detective Savoie, who jogs to catch up.

SAVOIE

What'd he say?

MARTIN

He wants someone to go to jail and
he wants them there yesterday.

SAVOIE

He's just an asshole looking for
his next appointment. Putting these
shitheads away makes everyone
happy. And good headlines.

MARTIN

They're going to walk, detective.
You know that. They couldn't
possibly have done it.

SAVOIE

Who's on the bench?

MARTIN

O'Sullivan. At least we'll have
fireworks.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

It's a full house which includes the X Gang, Thomas, McLeod and a sea of Punk Kids. Murphy and Savoie sit down front.

Bauer, Wojcik and Babic confer and ignore their two DEFENSE LAWYERS. Sharon Martin sketches an empty, sunbathed beach.

JUDGE O'SULLIVAN (68), a fiery Irishman whose bushy, flaming moustache alone has struck fear into the hearts of countless felons, marches in behind his CLERK.

CLERK

All rise.

All do, except the three Skinheads. Their timid defense team whispers pleas for them to obey the Judge, which go ignored.

O'Sullivan seems prepared for this show of contempt. He sits. The crowd mutely follows and awaits his reaction.

O'SULLIVAN

Is there a problem, gentlemen?

The three Skinheads rise as one.

BAUER

We do not recognize your authority.

On cue, they strike fascist salutes. The astonished gallery holds its collective breath and stares at the Judge.

O'SULLIVAN

Knock yourselves out. You can stand until the cows come home. Read the charges.

With their protest thus dismissed, the Skinheads slump down.

CLERK

Martin Bauer, Peter Wojcik and Dragomir Babic, you are accused in the City of Portland, Maine, of the murder of Jimmy Cleary and Mark Upton in a manner that was planned and deliberate. How plead you?

The Skinheads leap to their feet again and bark in unison.

BAUER/WOJCIK/BABIC

Guilty!

Chaos in the courtroom: cheering, clapping, shouting. Mrs. Upton cries. The Lawyers look stunned. Savoie squints out a dark, furious bitterness. Murphy appears unsurprised.

The Skinheads' Lawyers are clearly caught off guard. O'Sullivan might burst into flames.

KURT

What the hell's happening?

X

I don't know yet.

O'Sullivan's unhinged gavel blows eventually bully the courtroom to a low murmur. His blazing eyes target the defendants, who smirk smugly back at the Judge.

O'SULLIVAN

Do you understand the consequences of your plea?

BAUER

It means we get to spend more time with our Aryan brethren until the revolution begins. We welcome it, Jew boy.

O'SULLIVAN

Get the defendants out of here!

The Skinheads are roughly shuffled out by several Police. They post hateful smiles to the Punk Kids, who hurl venomous abuse back.

O'SULLIVAN (CONT'D)

Everyone. My chambers!

O'Sullivan storms out.

INT. JUDGE'S CHAMBERS - DAY

Martin sits, composed in an armchair. The two Defense Lawyers skittishly idle a safe distance from the Judge's desk.

O'Sullivan faces out his window before addressing them.

O'SULLIVAN

Quite the performance your clients just gave. Did you know?

DEFENSE LAWYER 1

No, your honor.

DEFENSE LAWYER 2

We never saw it coming. They barely talk to us at the best of times.

O'SULLIVAN

Ms. Martin.

MARTIN

Negative. A shocking development.

O'SULLIVAN

This is already a political show trial, Ms. Martin. I'll have no pretense in this chamber.

Martin betrays no emotion at the warning.

O'SULLIVAN (CONT'D)

Here's what's next. I do not accept their pleas at this time. The evidence I have seen raises my doubts about the validity of those pleas. Ms. Martin, be so kind as to retrieve Detectives Murphy and Savoie. I'm just getting started.

Martin treads wearily out.

EXT. COURTHOUSE - FRONT STEPS - DAY

The X Gang huddles in light rain.

SISTER BETTY

Why would they do that? Who wants to stay in jail?

KURT

These psycho skinheads really are crazy. Did you see the look Babic gave the Judge?

PATTI K

I thought their lawyers were gonna have a heart attack right there.

KURT

X?

Ron McLeod passes the group, gives X a perplexed look.

X

Think about it. We know they didn't kill Jimmy or Marky but there isn't a punk kid in town who wouldn't want to meet them in a dark alley.

KURT

And beat the living shit outta them.

PATTI K

Or worse.

X

They know they're safe in jail.

SISTER BETTY

Then we're back to square one.

INT. JUDGE'S CHAMBERS - DAY

Martin waits impartially near the door. Savoie and Murphy sit opposite O'Sullivan, who leans irritably across his desk with a truculent glare for Murphy.

O'SULLIVAN

So you spoke with the three accused in their cell without legal council or Detective Savoie present? What in fucking holy hell made you think that was a good idea?

MURPHY

They waived their right to counsel. I was proceeding with further interrogation.

O'SULLIVAN

Jesus suffering fuck!

MURPHY

I apologize, your Honor. I was trying to shake the case. I had no idea they'd plead guilty. At least the families will have closure now.

Savoie's stormy scowl expresses his opinion. Martin rolls her overworked, exasperated eyes.

O'SULLIVAN

This whole case stinks to heaven. And that little stunt, Detective Murphy, that little lapse in fucking judgement may just become a legal, not to mention a motherfucking PR nightmare if one of these deviants ever decides to yank their plea. You get it? Good. Now, I am not inclined to let these pleas stand but I will accept, in writing, your argument Ms. Martin and then I will consider the motion. So, everybody get the hell out of here. And have a nice day. Even you, Detective Murphy.

EXT. RECORD STORE - DAY

X, Patti K and Kurt leave the *Swap Shop*. They load into Kurt's Gremlin and pull away from the curb.

The dark car unhurriedly follows. As it nears the *Swap Shop*, a furious series of clicks from a long-lens camera captures it as it passes the alleyway beside the record store.

The dark car slows. A FIGURE is seen running away down the alleyway. The dark car continues down the street.

INT. X'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Luke-M bounces with excitement. He holds a camera bag. X and Kurt sit around the table.

LUKE-M

I got the fuckers! They pulled out right after you. Just like you said, X. Got 'em clear as day. A dozen shots. They slowed down, maybe saw me but I took off.

X

Could you make the car?

LUKE-M

Oh, yeah. Brown Chevy, dark brown. Mud all over the plates. And two guys. One really honkin' big fucker and another guy. Christ, my blood was pumping. I didn't really see what they looked like but definitely two guys.

KURT

Hey, great work, Luke. Can you get the shots developed fast?

LUKE-M

Monday at school. I can get into the darkroom. It's easy.

X

Monday. Guard that film, brother.

LUKE-M

Like it's a pot of fucking gold.

KURT

Or a new Pistols album.

INT. SHARON MARTIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Martin's desk is flooded with open files. She dejectedly shuffles papers, wishes she was anywhere but here.

X and Kurt sit patiently, wait for her to speak.

MARTIN

What did you want to show me?

X spreads pamphlets on top of her files.

X

They're from Christian Identity. It's a white supremacist religion, a made-up doctrine for the Aryan Nations.

Martin glances through the pamphlets with visible repulsion.

MARTIN

It certainly qualifies as hate propaganda. But how does this--

X

--Jimmy and Marky were both killed with obvious religious symbolism. This Aryan Nations, they're violent and racist but they don't kill people. They're big on religion and if you're not white and god-fearing, you're on their list.

MARTIN

List for what?

X
Extermination.

MARTIN
How do you know all this?

X
It's all they write about.

She picks up a pamphlet titled *JOIN THE BROTHERHOOD*.

X (CONT'D)
That group's on a farm in Pennsylvania somewhere. Says so right inside. They're under FBI surveillance. And they know it.

MARTIN
Which means?

X
Whoever killed our friends, he thinks he has orders from God, a holy mission. And he will kill again.

INT. SCHOOLYARD - DAY

X, Kurt and Patti K anxiously await Luke-M.

KURT
He's never late for school.

The school bell RINGS behind them. They spot Luke-M in the distance but something's not right.

They rush to him when they can see a gash across his nose and blood on his t-shirt. Luke-M hobbles badly.

KURT (CONT'D)
What the fuck?

PATTI K
Luke, Jesus...

She hugs him to hold him up. They get him seated. One eye swells below an awful bruise on his forehead.

LUKE-M
Skinheads, four of 'em. Jumped me at the bus stop. I guess they saw me in the alley.

PATTI K

We gotta get you to the hospital.

LUKE-M

I lost all the pictures of the car.
I'm really sorry, X.

X

Hey, don't sweat it, brother. Let's
get you patched up.

LUKE-M

And shit, I forgot to tell you. The
car's plate, it was full of mud but
I could see the P-E-N-N. It's from
Pennsylvania.

EXT. RECORD STORE - DAY

Kurt stops at the *Swap Shop* door, scans up and down the
street. No sign of the brown Chevy. He goes in.

INT. RECORD STORE BASEMENT - DAY

Kurt flicks the lights on. The musical gear is smashed,
scattered around the space.

The walls are plastered with spray paint: *Die Jews, Heil
Hitler, Fags will Die, 88.*

EXT. X'S HOUSE - PORCH - DAY

X takes the steps up to his front door. He spots a letter
sticking up oddly from the mailbox. He opens it, reads:

To the neXt DEAD punk

Beneath the text: SS double lightning bolts and a swastika.

From inside, the phone RINGS.

INT. SHARON MARTIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Martin sits, tensely, at her file-covered desk.

MARTIN

(into phone)

I'm calling to tell you Judge
O'Sullivan is ruling in an hour.
Can you get to the courthouse?

INT. X'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

X still peers at the death threat.

X
(into phone)
They know where I live.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Bauer, Wojcik and Babic slump disinterestedly in the prisoner's box. O'Sullivan eyeballs them with open disdain.

X, Patti K, Kurt and Thomas sit uneasily alone in the gallery. The Lawyers and Police all stand on high alert, fixated on the combustible Judge.

O'SULLIVAN
This court is not bound to accept
any and all guilty pleas. The
charges here--murder--are serious.
The pleas to those charges must be
free, voluntary and must not be
coerced. Any such plea would
constitute fraud upon this court.

The Skinheads' sneers vanish. They straighten up, concerned.

O'SULLIVAN (CONT'D)
The guilty pleas here offered by
the defendants would represent a
miscarriage of justice. As such,
the pleas are hereby struck from
the record. You are free to go.

O'Sullivan taps the gavel down and sweeps from the court.

The Defense Lawyers are rattled. The Skinheads are bewildered, agitated.

Martin glances back to the gallery with her fatigued eyes. X sits dispassionately.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Kurt and X hustle toward the Courthouse.

KURT
More than just punks, you think?

X

Yeah. I've been getting calls all week. Labour unions, environmental groups, the Feminists. High schools and universities, too.

KURT

So this isn't just about the Nazis getting off.

X

No. It's a lot of things coming together. But, mostly, people are not too happy with the Portland PD.

They turn a corner to see a massive crowd of PROTESTORS in front of the courthouse. It's a fusion of the groups X mentioned, the Punks and an angry general public.

A heavy POLICE and RIOT SQUAD presence flanks the throng. The rest of the X Gang finds Kurt and X. Ron McLeod leans up against a news truck.

Two MEN in long coats slip through the crowd toward X.

KURT

Three o'clock, X.

X turns to his right, the two Men stop. They are plain-clothed DETECTIVES CHOW (40) and WRIGHT (35).

CHOW

Hello, fellas. I'm Detective Chow. This is Detective Wright. We'll be investigating the threats you mentioned to Ms. Martin. I believe you know my sons, Peter and John.

KURT

They're cool.

CHOW

They are. I understand you boys helped organize this little event.

X

It's a protest.

CHOW

Yes, it is. Well, we just wanted to introduce ourselves. We'll be in touch about those unpleasant intimidations.

Chow and Wright vanish into the crowd.

Patti K and Sister Betty squirm through the bodies with Mike The Bouncer, whose surprise appearance raises smiles.

SISTER BETTY
Look what we found!

Mike The Bouncer shakes X's hand.

MIKE THE BOUNCER
Hey, kid. This was all you, eh?

KURT
What do you want to protest, Mike
The Bouncer?

MIKE THE BOUNCER
Everything. Cops, mostly. Useless
fucks. And them fucking Nazis.

PATTI K
You came to the right place.

The crowd surges toward the courthouse steps.

X
Thanks, Mike The Bouncer.

On the steps, a burly LABOUR LEADER starts a speech. He's surrounded by SIGNS:

*Smash Racism, Cops and Klan--Hand in Hand, No Justice--No
Peace, No World for Nazis*

A well-dressed UNIONIST approaches X.

UNIONIST
Jim Muretich, with the American
Labour Congress. Wondering if you
could say a few words, Chris.

X
I'm not much of a public speaker.

UNIONIST
Say whatever you're feeling. You've
got a lot of support here.

PATTI K
You should do this, babe.

EXT. COURTHOUSE STEPS - DAY

X accepts a megaphone from Muretich. The Punk Kids chant: "X! X! X! X! X!" The chant settles as X begins:

X
 Hi, everybody. Thank you for coming out today. It means a lot. My name is X. We're all under attack. And we have to fight this fight alone. So, God as my witness, I say to the bastard who killed my friends...

Detective Chow watches uneasily from the perimeter.

X (CONT'D)
 ... I know you're listening. I swear, we are going to find you and we are going to *end* you.

The Punk contingent roars approval. The X Gang hollers their support. Ron McLeod grins, jots down the quote.

KURT
 Oh, fuck. Here we go.

EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

Kurt's Gremlin pulls up with X in the passenger seat. The Chow brothers climb into the back.

INT. KURT'S CAR - DAY

The twins buzz with the thrill of being part of the case.

JOHN
 Great speech yesterday, X.

PETER
 Yeah. You put the fear of God into those Nazi pricks.

X
 We'll see.

KURT
 What do you have, guys?

JOHN
 It's from our dad. He didn't exactly tell us but sometimes we hear him on the phone.

PETER

Yeah, a lot of shit's going down after they let those skinheads out. They're keeping an eye out on this one place.

JOHN

Do you guys know where Exeter is?

INT. MIKE'S STATION WAGON - MOVING - DAY

Mike The Bouncer cruises I-95. X sits beside him, Kurt in the back. All wear nondescript clothes to avoid attention.

KURT

This is cool. But I thought bikers had, you know, hogs or Camaros or--

MIKE THE BOUNCER

--ex-biker, and I got this for nothing. You want to pull into some hick town in a muscle car?

KURT

Good point.

X

Nice of you to drive us, Mike The Bouncer.

MIKE THE BOUNCER

I fucking hate Nazis, or whatever they call themselves these days.

X

Christian Identity.

MIKE THE BOUNCER

Yeah, well fuck them sideways.

KURT

You seem to be taking this kinda personal.

MIKE THE BOUNCER

What happened back at the bar to your friend Jimmy... that was on my watch, goddammit. I shoulda had eyes on that shit.

X

You've always had our back.

MIKE THE BOUNCER
Somebody's gotta pay.

EXT. EXETER - STREET - DAY

Kurt and X watch from the parked car. Mike The Bouncer comes out of a tavern, gets in. They drive away.

EXT. EXETER - CHURCH - DAY

Mike The Bouncer parks in front of a small church.

CHESTER (77) chops wood at the edge of the parking lot. Mike The Bouncer approaches amiably. Chester regards him warily.

MIKE THE BOUNCER
Afternoon, sir.

From the car, Kurt and X see Chester nod and point.

KURT
Think he knows something?

X
Somebody has to.

Chester glances over Mike The Bouncer's shoulder to the car.

CHESTER
The big fella, he don't own that property. There's a family owns it, a little shack off the lane. That big boy, I dropped him two cords one time. He's in a trailer somewhere back in the bush. But you be careful of him, son. He's in with a bad bunch.

Mike The Bouncer shakes Chester's hand.

MIKE THE BOUNCER
Appreciate it.

CHESTER
Y'ask me, that ain't a real religion. Those people get twisted. They believe anything, you tell it to 'em the way they wanna hear it.

MIKE THE BOUNCER
We'll be careful, Chester.

CHESTER
You packing, son?

MIKE THE BOUNCER
We'll be okay.

CHESTER
Cuz *he* is. Armed to the teeth,
matter of fact.

A tip of the cap from Mike The Bouncer, who turns back.

INT. MIKE'S STATION WAGON - MOVING - DAY

They drive into the densely-treed outskirts of the town.

MIKE THE BOUNCER
Should be this next one.

He stops on the gravel shoulder half a mile from a rural acreage. He pulls out binoculars, surveys the property, spots a car deep down a dirt road, obscured by trees.

MIKE THE BOUNCER (CONT'D)
Brown Chevy you said? Can't quite
make it out from here.

The binoculars shift to the left.

MIKE THE BOUNCER (CONT'D)
There's a red van.

EXT. EXETER - RURAL ROAD - DAY

A state police cruiser approaches from the opposite direction and parks at the top of the property's laneway.

INT. MIKE'S STATION WAGON - DAY

Mike The Bouncer starts his car up, pulls a U-turn, heads back to town.

MIKE THE BOUNCER
This ain't our day, boys. We'll
come back.

EXT. X'S HOUSE - DAY

Mike The Bouncer drops X and Kurt at the curb. Patti K and Sister Betty dash out the front door.

KURT

What?

PATTI K

Two of the skinheads. It's all over the news.

INT. PRESS HERALD - OFFICE - DAY

Ron McLeod slices open a brown envelope, pulls out a stack of polaroids. His horrified eyes bulge.

He drops the photos onto his desk like he's been burned and spills a cup of coffee.

He's leery to touch the grisly crime scene photos but slowly spreads them and reaches for the phone with a trembling hand.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

It's a sparsely-furnished, two-room dump belonging to Wojcik. Two sawed-off shotguns lean against a dingy wall. Nazi posters and Aryan Nations flags are tacked up.

Detectives Chow and Wright step gingerly around pools of blood, scattered shotgun shells and huge piles of white supremacist pamphlets.

In the bedroom, the bodies of Wojcik and Babic lie on a sheetless bed. Their tongues are nailed onto the wall behind their bodies.

A blood-smearred 88 snarls above.

WRIGHT

What's that supposed to mean?

CHOW

It's code. Means Heil Hitler. It's one of their favourite tattoos.

WRIGHT

So, we're looking for Bauer?

CHOW

Unless he turns up like this.

INT. X'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

CLICK-CLICK. CLICK... X types a new article. Patti K paces.

PATTI K
 You'll just be more of a target.
 These freaks are killers, they're
 not fucking around. And the cops...

She peeks over his shoulder at the title:

A CONSPIRACY OF HATE AND MURDER

X continues typing, recites the first sentence.

X
*"There is a cancer in the city's
 corridors of power."*

PATTI K
 Jesus Christ.

X stops typing.

X
 People have to know. If these
 Christian Identity psychos have
 friends at the police department, I
 have to call them out. And Bauer's
 still around somewhere.

PATTI K
 Babe, you're putting your life in
 danger.

X holds up the letter he found in his mailbox.

X
 I'm already a target. We all are.
 It's the only way, Patti. I'm going
 to find them and end this.

MONTAGE

- Kurt, X, Patti K and Sister Betty hand out copies of X's essay in the schoolyard.
- Sam, Leah and Luke-M pass out the essay in a coffee shop, at a library, at a shopping mall.
- In an editor's office, Ron McLeod reads one of X's pamphlets. Smiles. Hands it to an EDITOR.

END MONTAGE

INT. GARY'S BAR - DAY

The bar is closed but the X Gang sets up the small stage with music gear.

Mike The Bouncer drinks beer at the bar, reads a newspaper. X sits on a stool beside him.

MIKE THE BOUNCER
Jesus, kid. You stirred the pot.

He reads the paper's headline:

MIKE THE BOUNCER (CONT'D)
"NEO-NAZIS, MURDER AND THE PORTLAND
COPS WITH BLOOD ON THEIR HANDS"
Son of a bitch. Gets to the point.

X
I didn't write the headline.

MIKE THE BOUNCER
Well, should any of those Nazi
fucks put in an appearance here
tonight, let's just say I got a
little surprise for them.

X
Thanks for letting us do this.

MIKE THE BOUNCER
Truth is, I wouldn't piss on a punk
record if it was on fire. But you
know, kid, I kinda missed having
all you weirdos down here.

INT. GARY'S BAR - NIGHT

A giant *ROCK AGAINST RACISM* banner hangs in front of the stage. Kurt poses behind a microphone, fronting *The Hot Nasties*. The bar is packed with Punk Kids.

KURT
(into mic)
I could never replace Jimmy. So I
guess this is the new Hot Nasties.
Jimmy, I love you and I fucking
miss you, man. And this is for
you... one two three four!

The *Nasties* erupt into their first song. The Punk crowd pogos wildly. X nods his head lightly from the bar and flashes glances to the door, where Mike The Bouncer checks IDs.

EXT. GARY'S BAR - NIGHT

A bustling line of Punk Kids snakes down the street. Speedy PUNK MUSIC blares out through the doors.

A red van cruises by, turns a corner, disappears.

INT. GARY'S BAR - NIGHT

The band plays on. Sister Betty and Sam hang at the bar. KOBY (29), the only waitress, taps Sister Betty.

KOBY

Hey, hon. Mike The Bouncer says there's a film crew outside. They want an interview or something.

SISTER BETTY

Cool. Sam, let's go be famous.

On their way out, they cross paths with Patti K and X.

SISTER BETTY (CONT'D)

There's a reporter outside. Be right back.

Sister Betty and Sam sashay toward the door.

PATTI K

Well, don't be long. We're on soon.

EXT. GARY'S BAR - NIGHT

Sister Betty and Sam search for the TV crew. Mike The Bouncer steps onto the sidewalk.

SISTER BETTY

Hey, Mike The Bouncer, where's the TV guy?

MIKE THE BOUNCER

I don't know. Ask this one.

Mike The Bouncer indicates a PUNK KID still in line.

SISTER BETTY

Do you know?

PUNK KID

Uh, yeah, right. They said around the corner, setting up. A van.

SISTER BETTY
Thanks, sweetie.

Sister Betty and Sam depart down the street.

INT. GARY'S BAR - NIGHT

Patti K waits on stage with drummer Leah, scans for Sister Betty. She spots X, gives him a *where-the-fuck-is-she?* glare.

EXT. GARY'S BAR - NIGHT

X barges out the door, searches frantically up and down the street. Kurt is just a step behind.

Mike The Bouncer admits the last of the line-up kids.

KURT
What is it?

X
Hey, Mike The Bouncer, you see
where Sister Betty and Sam got to?

MIKE THE BOUNCER
TV interview, I think. Around here
somewhere. Find the van.

X bolts down the street, around the corner. Kurt follows.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

X darts, panic-stricken, across a few streets and parking lots. Kurt barely keeps pace.

KURT
X, what's going on?

X
There's no van.

He dashes back to Gary's Bar. Kurt trails him.

INT. GARY'S BAR - NIGHT

X is out of breath when bursts in.

X
Who told you there was a reporter
out there? Did you see one?

MIKE THE BOUNCER
I didn't see one. That kid there,
he did. What's wrong?

X
There's no reporter. No van.
They're gone.

Patti K knows something is up, rushes to X, who tears over to
the Punk Kid's table. Kurt, Leah and Luke-M follow.

PATTI K
Did you find her?

X
(to Punk Kid)
The reporter. A man?

PUNK KID
Yeah.

X
What did he look like?

PUNK KID
Shaved head. Big guy. Air-force
style jacket.

X
Was he alone?

PUNK KID
Uh, I don't know, mate, it was--

ANOTHER PUNK KID remembers.

ANOTHER PUNK KID
--No. He was with a huge dude.
Kinda longish hair, lumberjacket.
Some weird tattoos.

Deep dread crawls over Patti K. Her voice is weak.

PATTI K
X?

X
What did the tatts look like?

ANOTHER PUNK KID
A knife through a cross, something
like that.

PATTI K
X, did they get her?

X
I don't know yet.
(to Punk Kid)
Did you see the van?

PUNK KID
No. The dude said a red van.

X's wild eyes find Mike The Bouncer frozen behind Patti K.

X
A red van.

MIKE THE BOUNCER
Fuck.

Patti K crumbles into a chair.

PATTI K
Oh, God. They've got Betty and Sam.

X
Mike, can you call the cops? Tell
them to send Chow and Wright.

Mike The Bouncer hustles to the bar.

X (CONT'D)
(to Punk Kids)
You two stay here, they'll need
your description. Kurt, get
everyone outside and start
searching the streets.

Kurt, Leah and Luke-M disperse to organize the search. X
pulls Patti K out of the chair for a protective hug.

X (CONT'D)
We'll find them.

He rocks her gently as the Punks rush out the door.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

An army of Punk Kids fans out from Gary's Bar to search.

INT. RED VAN - MOVING - NIGHT

Bauer drives away from Gary's Bar. Northman sits calmly beside him, Aryan tattoos illuminated by the dim dash lights.

In the emptied cargo rear, Sister Betty and Sam lie bound and gagged. Their terrified eyes search the darkness.

INT. GARY'S BAR - NIGHT

Two unenthusiastic UNIFORMED COPS interview the X Gang. One of them jots down notes on a small pad.

UNIFORMED COP 1

(to Patti K)

Calm down, miss. We know how to do our jobs. We'll get their descriptions--

X

--Where's Detective Chow?

UNIFORMED COP 2

Hold your horses, son. We don't know there's been an abduction.

UNIFORMED COP 1

Teenagers take off all the time. If, in fact, Betty and Dan--

KURT

--it's Sam! For fuck sakes!

UNIFORMED COP 1

Language, there, sonny. *If* your friends are missing, we'll let Detective Chow know.

UNIFORMED COP 2

We got a call all about this big rock and roll show here tonight.

UNIFORMED COP 1

Yep. Fact, we got a good tip--from someone who'd know--said there'd likely be some mischief calls, maybe to get some publicity, that kind of thing.

X

Someone who would know? Of course.

(to X Gang)

Time's wasting.

X takes Patti K aside.

X (CONT'D)
 We'll find them. I swear to God.
 I'm pretty sure I know where they
 are. I love you and I'm going to
 get your sister back. And Sam. I
 gotta go *now*.

Patti K nods through her tears.

X (CONT'D)
 Kurt.

X dashes behind the bar. Kurt bolts after him.

INT. MIKE THE BOUNCER'S ROOM - NIGHT

Mike The Bouncer pulls a beer from his small fridge, pops it open, drains it. X and Kurt wait just inside the door.

MIKE THE BOUNCER
 It's gonna be a long night, fellas.
 Come here.

Sorted neatly on the mattress are a half dozen rifles, two handguns, brass knuckles, four hunting knives and a coil of heavy chains.

MIKE THE BOUNCER (CONT'D)
 We're not gonna find them around
 here, kid. They're long gone. And
 I've had it with this bullshit.

X
 They're half way to Exeter by now.

MIKE THE BOUNCER
 Then let's go get them.

KURT
 Just us?

MIKE THE BOUNCER
 Oh, no. We got some help.

The hulking forms of Biker Pete and Biker Marty fill the front of the room. The burly Bikers' bitter scowls leave no room for interpretation.

MIKE THE BOUNCER (CONT'D)

You remember Pete and Marty. Last seen, I believe, teaching a certain skinhead a valuable life lesson. They hate Nazis worse than I do. Time's wastin'.

EXT. GARY'S BAR - NIGHT

Mike The Bouncer, Bikers Pete and Marty load weapon-stuffed duffel bags into the station wagon.

Kurt follows X around the car.

X

You need to stay here, Kurt.

KURT

The fuck I am.

X

Listen. You need to take care of Patti and the gang and you need to keep the search going.

It's too much for Kurt. He can't hold the tears back.

KURT

I want to kill those fuckers.

X

I know, mate. But I need you to be strong for Patti. And everybody. This ends tonight. I hope.

X hugs him, jumps into the car.

EXT. RURAL ACREAGE - NIGHT

Bauer drives the red van deep into a forested property. They pass a small structure, shadowed back from the dirt laneway.

Further on, the van's headlights flash across a battered and rusted trailer.

INT. RED VAN - NIGHT

The van stops beside the trailer.

NORTHMAN

Home sweet home.

Sister Betty and Sam see nothing but moonlit trees.

INT. MIKE'S STATION WAGON - MOVING - NIGHT

Mike The Bouncer pushes the station wagon well over the limit along I-95. X examines a .22 calibre Walther semi-automatic.

EXT. RURAL ACREAGE - TRAILER - NIGHT

Bauer roughly marches Sam and Sister Betty from the van to the trailer.

Northman, face still covered by a bandana, hauls photography equipment from the van.

INT. RURAL ACREAGE - TRAILER - NIGHT

It's been gutted and rigged out as an arms storehouse on one side and a caged interrogation cell on the other.

The cell is soundproofed. A 6x6 beam is bolted to the ceiling. Two industrial-sized chains hang from the beam. A small, portable lantern provides weak light.

Bauer shoves Sister Betty and Sam, both handcuffed, through the padded door from outside, into the cage.

BAUER

A filthy kike and a filthy dike.

Sister Betty sobs.

SAM

It'll be okay.

BAUER

No, it fucking won't be, Jew boy.

Bauer drags Sam over to a dangling chain, runs it through his handcuffs and snaps a padlock onto the chain. He hauls the chain viciously and Sam's arms are ripped upward.

Bauer begins the same process with Sister Betty.

SISTER BETTY

Don't you fucking touch me, you bastard!

SAM

Leave her alone, you fucking prick.

Bauer delivers a savage kick to Sam's stomach then completes Sister Betty's restraints to the chain.

BAUER
I'll fucking do whatever I want to
her, Hymie.

Northman fills the doorway with his massive frame.

NORTHMAN
You'll do nothing to her. We don't
soil ourselves on this filth.
They're bait, that's all.

BAUER
Yes, my kinsman.

NORTHMAN
Help me outside.

Northman is gone. Bauer gets close to Sam.

BAUER
Look around. You're never getting
out of here you race-mixing pieces
of shit.

INT. MIKE'S STATION WAGON - MOVING - NIGHT

They fly by an *EXETER 101* sign. Grim faces, deep thoughts.

INT. KURT'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Kurt's Gremlin chugs a few miles behind the station wagon. On the passenger seat: his father's hunting rifle.

INT. RURAL ACREAGE - TRAILER - NIGHT

Bauer smashes a fist into Sam's face. Blood gushes, covers his face and t-shirt. Sam's knees buckle, he gasps for air.

Sister Betty screams. Bauer slaps her violently.

BAUER
You're next, bitch.

He steps back, grins as Sam's blood flows to the floor.

BAUER (CONT'D)
 Look at that Jew juice. Everywhere.
 (calls out)
 He's ready.

Northman appears from the arms room section with a Polaroid camera. He assess Bauer's work, retrieves a box cutter from a pocket and slashes it across Sam's forehead. Blood flows.

SISTER BETTY
 Leave him alone!

Northman grabs her long hair as she twists and kicks.

SISTER BETTY (CONT'D)
 Get the fuck away from me!

He calmly scrapes the box cutter along the hairline of her forehead. Her face is immediately covered in blood.

Northman puts a massive hand on her shirt collar and rips her t-shirt, leaves it hanging open.

NORTHMAN
 Get the light.

Bauer hurriedly brings over the lantern.

Sam gasps for air. Sister Betty sobs. They're both spent and hang as if dead.

Bauer holds the lantern up while Northman snaps pictures, hands the polaroids to Bauer as they come out.

EXT. GARY'S BAR - NIGHT

Detective Chow concludes the questioning of Patti K and the Punk Kids, steps to a police cruiser. Wright is on the radio.

CHOW
 They've been gone over two hours.

WRIGHT
 APB's out.

CHOW
 The shaved head, bomber jacket guy,
 that's Bauer, I expect. The big guy
 fits the description from the
 Haslam assault. Any luck tracking
 Murphy or Savoie down?

WRIGHT

Savoie's on his way down. He says
Murphy's home, sick.

CHOW

This is not good.

INT. RURAL ACREAGE - TRAILER - NIGHT

Northman secures the gruesome photos in an envelope.

NORTHMAN

They won't print them, the
spineless Jewsmedia, but they'll
send them to the right people. I'll
be back just in time to welcome our
special guest. Stay alert.

BAUER

Yes, sir.

EXT. RURAL ACREAGE - NIGHT

Northman's red van turns left from the laneway onto the
deserted rural road.

EXT. RURAL ACREAGE - NIGHT

A hazy moon casts diffuse light onto the trees, the dirt road
and the trailer tucked into the brush. It's peaceful, silent.

EXT. EXETER - RURAL ROAD - NIGHT

Two headlights appear, crest a gentle slope, approach the
property. The station wagon slows, parks roadside across from
the laneway to the acreage.

EXT. RURAL ACREAGE - NIGHT

All four men gather at the back of the car. Mike The Bouncer
pops the hatch. Biker Pete distributes weapons.

MIKE THE BOUNCER

(to X)

We'll go in, kid. Get this car
pointing the other way and wait.

X starts to protest.

MIKE THE BOUNCER (CONT'D)

Don't give me any lip, X. I know they're your friends but the way you hold that gun, you're liable to shoot your own dick off.

BIKER PETE

We've been to a few of these parties so just leave it to us. We'll find them.

MIKE THE BOUNCER

But, if the first person you see coming up that road ain't one of us, pump some lead into him. Have faith, son.

Mike The Bouncer slaps X on the shoulder and the three heavily-armed Bikers race across the road and disappear into the shadows.

EXT. EXETER - RURAL ROAD - NIGHT

While X turns the car around, Kurt's Gremlin comes over the slope, headlights off.

Kurt tracks the station wagon as it pulls a U-turn and parks on the opposite side of the road.

Kurt pulls over immediately, parks, hops out and scurries down the road with his rifle on his back. He stays hidden.

EXT. RURAL ACREAGE - NIGHT

From the car, X peers into the darkness, tries to locate the Bikers. He clutches the pistol.

Kurt creeps through the roadside ditch until he is almost directly across from the X and the station wagon.

Mike The Bouncer, Biker Pete and Biker Marty proceed cautiously down the dirt laneway.

INT. RURAL ACREAGE - TRAILER - NIGHT

Sister Betty and Sam barely breathe, eyes closed.

BAUER

Don't get any funny ideas you two. Daddy'll be back in a few.

He grabs a rifle and he's out the door.

EXT. RURAL ACREAGE - TRAILER - NIGHT

Bauer takes a few steps from the trailer, lights a smoke.

EXT. RURAL ACREAGE - NIGHT

The three Bikers creep alertly along the laneway. Through the trees they perceive a faint light.

It comes from the small structure Bauer drove past. They crouch behind a cord of wood. A quick glance reveals broken children's toys, a generator, an empty dog house.

Sounds of a TV drift out of the shack.

MIKE THE BOUNCER
(to Biker Pete)
Stay here. Keep an eye.

He signals to Biker Marty. They veer down another path.

At the TOP OF THE LANEWAY, Kurt sneaks unseen across the road 10 yards behind the station wagon, crouches behind a fence.

He's scared shitless but quietly pulls the hunting rifle off his back and searches the treeline for movement.

X emerges from the station wagon.

DEEP DOWN THE LANE, Mike The Bouncer and Biker Marty come to a small clearing. The outline of Northman's trailer is visible, 20 yards away. They step gingerly toward it.

Ten yards to the door, a swirl of cigarette smoke from the ground catches Biker Marty's eye. From behind them:

BAUER
Don't fucking move, cocksuckers.
Don't turn around. Or I'll put a
lot of fucking holes in you. On
your knees and drop that hardware.

Mike The Bouncer and Biker Marty follow instructions.

BAUER (CONT'D)
You fat fucks make a lot of noise.

Bauer emerges from behind a rusted pick-up with a Winchester .30-30 trained on the Bikers. Mike The Bouncer turns.

BAUER (CONT'D)
I didn't say turn around,
motherfucker.

MIKE THE BOUNCER
(loudly)
Just you here, sonny boy? Where's
the big man?

Mike The Bouncer moves his arms down slightly, pondering the
pistol tucked into his waistband behind his back.

BAUER
Keep your fucking hands there.

BIKER MARTY
Stay cool, man. You scared or
something?

BAUER
I'm not scared of fuck all. And
I've got the gun, you stupid
fuckin' hick.

MIKE THE BOUNCER
That all your boss left you? Huh?
Just that old piece of shit thirty-
thirty, boy?

BAUER
Shut up, old man. I'll shoot you
down like the godless dog you are.

MIKE THE BOUNCER
That's doubtful, son.

BANG! The window of the rusted pick-up explodes beside Bauer
as Biker Pete barrels through the trees, shotgun raised after
blasting a shot at Bauer.

BACK AT THE ROAD, Kurt and X stiffen at the gunshot.

Mike The Bouncer and Biker Marty roll behind a pile of
lumber. Mike The Bouncer grabs for his gun.

Bauer scrambles behind the truck and squeezes off two shots
in Biker Pete's direction. One shot strikes his knee and
takes him down.

BIKER PETE
Fuck!

Bauer bolts into the bush as Mike The Bouncer empties his
pistol after him. Biker Marty runs to Biker Pete.

Sister Betty's weak voice croaks out from the trailer.

SISTER BETTY (O.S.)
Help... in here... help us...

Bauer crashes through the woods toward the road.

Mike The Bouncer rushes to the trailer door, yanks it open.

At the TOP OF THE LANEWAY, X cocks his pistol, aims it down the path. Kurt stays hidden but puts his rifle up, ready.

Bauer, out of breath, slumps against a fence near the road. He turns to see X peering down the laneway.

He calmly reloads his lever-action rifle and slowly rises, rests the barrel on the fence. It's a clear shot on X.

From his hiding place, Kurt detects Bauer's movement. With trembling hands, Kurt brings his rifle up and shoots Bauer dead with a single shot.

At the sound of Kurt's rifle, X snaps his head to the right, points his pistol into the shadows. His uncomprehending eyes pick up Kurt, who emerges from hiding.

KURT
Hey! Hey, it's me, brother.

INT. RURAL ACREAGE - TRAILER - NIGHT

Mike The Bouncer cautiously enters the dimly-lit cell. He sweeps a flashlight across the space until it lands on the two severely injured teenagers.

MIKE THE BOUNCER
Holy fuck.

EXT. RURAL ACREAGE - NIGHT

Kurt rushes to X.

KURT
I got him. I fuckin' got him, man.

X
Who? What are you even doing here?

KURT
Bauer. He was gonna take you out,
X. He's over there. I had to come.

INT. PENNSYLVANIA - BARN - NIGHT

The Aryan Leader and ten Members of the Brotherhood sit gravely in council.

ARYAN LEADER
Blood has been spilled, my
brothers. The war has begun.

He rises solemnly, traces a path around the outside of the circle. His gaze bores into the Members' eyes.

ARYAN LEADER (CONT'D)
And we will walk the true path
together, as one. But brother
Northman has become selfish. He
risks all with his fixation on a
pack of punk vermin.

KINSMAN 1
He jeopardizes everything.

KINSMAN 2
He's a liability. Where is he now?

ARYAN LEADER
Sadly, he walks his path alone and
can no longer be trusted.

Three KINSMEN step forward into the circle.

KINSMAN 3
We'll go.

EXT. RURAL ACREAGE - NIGHT

Mike The Bouncer carries an unconscious Sam over his shoulder up the laneway toward the station wagon.

Biker Marty steadies the hobbling Biker Pete. Sister Betty limps under her own steam.

X and Kurt stand over Bauer's dead body. When they see the grisly state of their friends, they charge down the laneway.

Kurt and Sister Betty cry uncontrollably when they embrace.

MIKE THE BOUNCER
We gotta go. That was a fuck load
of shooting so someone's coming.
Nearest hospital?

X
Portsmouth.

While they scramble to their cars...

EXT. EXETER - RURAL ROAD - NIGHT

Headlights approach the property but veer off the road and disappear up a laneway five hundred yards away.

EXT. RURAL ACREAGE - NIGHT

Mike The Bouncer drops the pedal of the station wagon, SQUEALS off the shoulder of the road with Sam and Biker Pete in the back and Sister Betty beside him.

Kurt's car follows with X and Biker Marty.

They barrel by a laneway five hundred yards away and do not see--hidden back from the road--Northman in his red van.

EXT. EXETER - RURAL ROAD - NIGHT

After the two cars pass, Northman calmly pulls out and drives toward the acreage.

INT. KURT'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Kurt drives, studies his steady hands. Expects them to shake.

X
Kurt?

KURT
I just killed a guy. Shouldn't I
feel something?

X
You will.

EXT. RURAL ACREAGE - TRAILER - NIGHT

Northman storms out of the trailer, gets into his red van, spins in reverse and rockets up the laneway.

EXT. PORTSMOUTH HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Kurt's Gremlin is parked on the curb, 20 feet from the *EMERGENCY* entrance. No sign of the station wagon.

INT. PORTSMOUTH HOSPITAL - WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

X and Kurt sprawl, half asleep across waiting room chairs. A NURSE pads in. The boys sit up.

NURSE

Your friends' parents are on their way. And your name is X, young man?

X

Yes.

NURSE

There's a phone call for you. Follow me, please.

She's up and gone.

KURT

Who the hell knows--

X

--only one other person.

INT. PORTSMOUTH HOSPITAL - NURSE'S STATION - NIGHT

A clock behind the desk reads 3:30 am.

X

(into phone)

Did you find Bauer? Check up by the fence.

NORTHMAN (V.O.)

Hello, Chris. It's time we met, wouldn't you say?

X

(into phone)

We've already met, you bastard, so cut the shit.

(listens)

What deal?

(listens)

Where?

NORTHMAN (V.O.)
 Where it all began. You remember
 that night, don't you, Chris?

CLICK. Northman disconnects. X waves to the Nurse.

X
 Okay if I make a few calls?

INT. PORTLAND - BUNGALOW - DAY

Northman sits at a kitchen table, cleans a .38-calibre revolver. A glass with two fingers of scotch in it and the bandana he covers his face with rest on the table.

Placed neatly across the table is a vast arsenal of weapons: a Remington .12-gauge, a Ruger Mini-14, an M40 sniper rifle and a MAC-10 machine pistol.

His full face remains unseen but harsh morning sunlight illuminates savage, decisive eyes.

He gently lays the revolver down, reaches into a duffel bag on the floor and pulls out three M67 fragmentation grenades.

EXT. MALL PARKING LOT - DAY

X stalks across a deserted lot. He meets the Chow brothers, accepts a black backpack from them.

X
 You catch shit for this, it's on
 me.

JOHN
 Be careful, man.

X shakes their hands, marches back the way he came.

INT. GARY'S BAR - NIGHT

The chairs are all on the tables. They cast grim shadows through the gloomy, dimly-lit bar.

X lingers a moment in the darkness, scans the deserted space while his eyes adjust. He moves cautiously toward the stage.

From some darkened direction:

NORTHMAN
 Hello, Chris.

X spins toward the voice.

X
Hello, Detective Murphy.

Northman emerges from a shadowed recess, removes his bandana face covering and for the first time, his face is visible as the detective assigned to the case.

He waves his revolver toward an empty chair.

MURPHY/NORTHMAN
That's for you.

Murphy slides into a chair across from X, lays his .38 on the table, drums his fingers on it.

MURPHY/NORTHMAN (CONT'D)
Here we are again. How long have you known?

X nods at Murphy's tattoo, which is mostly visible.

X
Kurt and I saw it the first night. Part of it, anyway. I didn't know what it was. Until later. When you didn't show up after Sam and Betty were taken, well...

Murphy pulls up his sleeve to show the entire Aryan Nations symbol: the crowned sword and the crest.

MURPHY/NORTHMAN
Our race is our nation.

X
Why'd you kill Marky?

MURPHY/NORTHMAN
Because your little fag friend saw me in the alley just before I put Jimmy up on the wall. No loose ends. Didn't you like my set dressing? The crown of thorns, etcetera... that was a message, in case you missed it, to the rest of you godless punk vermin.

X
We got the message.

MURPHY/NORTHMAN

And, for the record, I didn't come here to kill Jimmy that night. I was looking for you, the leader of these stupid fucking kids who think hating everything is how you change it.

Murphy toys with the safety on his pistol.

MURPHY/NORTHMAN (CONT'D)

Your tape machine getting all this?

X

I'm not wired.

MURPHY/NORTHMAN

Doesn't matter. You'll be dead soon enough. Punks are just one of many stains on the human race. And I decided the revolution needed to start with the extermination of you in particular. Jimmy and Marky and even Danny boy--who got lucky--well, they were just warm up till I could get to you. And here we are.

X

Seems like you've stepped off the true path. I bet they won't like that back in Pennsylvania.

MURPHY/NORTHMAN

They don't. I'll have to sort them out. So, we had deal.

X

I'm here. You get me, this all stops.

MURPHY/NORTHMAN

Nice of you to trust me on that. But you'll be dead.

X

I thought of that. So I called your brothers out at the barn.

MURPHY/NORTHMAN

The fuck you did.

X tosses The Brotherhood's pamphlet on the table.

X

Their number's right on the back. I called them from the hospital. They've got a seriously fucked idea of God's plan but they're reasonable enough to chat with. Turns out they were already on their way, brother Northman.

X checks his watch.

X (CONT'D)

I had to estimate the time, but I did tell them about our little parley here tonight.

MURPHY/NORTHMAN

You're full of shit. Punk liar.

Murphy shoots X point blank in the chest.

The blast blows X off his chair. His body slams into the floor at the foot of the stage. X lies motionless.

Murphy calmly rises, steps to X, aims the pistol at his head, savors the moment but wastes valuable time as...

... The Brotherhood's HIT SQUAD bursts through the door.

The second they spot Northman, Kinsman 1 sprays automatic rounds. Northman scurries into the shadows.

The Kinsmen scatter and take cover. Northman sees the back door to the alley 50 feet away, hears tables being upended.

Kinsman 1 ducks behind the bar. He FIRES several rounds in Northman's direction as cover for the others to advance.

Northman spots Kinsman 1 when he peeks over the bar and takes him out with a headshot, which draws an intense BARRAGE from the remaining two Kinsmen.

MURPHY/NORTHMAN (CONT'D)

I'm not here to kill my Aryan brothers.

KINSMAN 2

You no longer serve The Brotherhood, Northman. There is only one true path.

After a silent moment, Northman pulls out an M67 grenade. He hears the two Kinsmen's SCUFFLING BOOTS.

MURPHY/NORTHMAN

We're all part of the revolution.

He silently lays his .38 onto a table and creeps closer to launch the grenade. He stops, flattened against the bar.

He listens, pulls the pin, keeps the spoon lever squeezed.

The Kinsmen separate and close the distance on Northman, who's not sure where they are. He glances at the back door, calculates his odds.

Northman moves away from the bar to launch the grenade. As he lobs it, Kinsman 2 puts a 9mm slug through his elbow.

Northman screams but the grenade travels far enough to EXPLODE. It rips into Kinsman 2, kills him. Kinsman 3 is sent flying, momentarily unconscious.

Dust and debris cloud the room.

Northman clutches his wounded arm and sprints for his .38 on the table where he left it.

But it's not there. From behind him:

X

You asked me about my name once.

Murphy spins to see X--pale, gasping for breath--leaning unsteadily against a wall... gripping the pistol.

X (CONT'D)

Remember that?

Murphy's baleful eyes return a world of hate.

X (CONT'D)

X is the hidden factor,
motherfucker.

BANG! X squeezes the trigger. The single bullet strikes Murphy in the chest. He crashes backward, dead.

With a twisted smile of pain and justice, X sinks to his knees, clutches his blood-stained chest.

When he looks up, he's staring at the barrel of Kinsman 3's automatic weapon.

KINSMAN 3

Thanks.

As he readies to shoot X, two deafening SHOTS rupture the silence. Kinsman 3 slams to the floor beside Murphy.

From behind the bar, Mike The Bouncer and Biker Marty emerge, shotguns held high. They rush to X, who shows sign of shock.

MIKE THE BOUNCER
It's clear, kid!

Kurt charges over from behind the bar. Biker Marty stands astride the bodies.

Mike The Bouncer braces X, lays him down.

MIKE THE BOUNCER (CONT'D)
You took one?

X
Yeah. It's Okay.

Mike The Bouncer rips X's shirt open. He's wearing a bulletproof vest.

MIKE THE BOUNCER
You'll live.

KURT
Shit, man. How you feeling?

X
Just grand. Murphy?

KURT
Piece of shit's dead. You got him.

MIKE THE BOUNCER
Nice fucking mess you made here.

X
Sorry about that.

Multiple SIRENS wail in the distance.

Mike The Bouncer reaches to unclench X's fingers from the pistol. He wipes it on his own t-shirt and lays it between Murphy and Kinsman 3.

MIKE THE BOUNCER
Alright, here's the story...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PORTLAND POLICE DEPT. - MEETING ROOM - DAY

Detectives Chow, Wright and Savoie sit across from X, Kurt, Sister Betty, Patti K, Sam and Thomas.

Sam and Sister Betty show signs of medical attention.

Asst. DA Sharon Martin reads from an open file folder.

MARTIN

The Attorney General will announce a formal inquiry into the police service. At this time, we don't anticipate prosecutions related to the deaths of Jimmy Cleary, Mark Upton or the attempted murder of Danny O'Heran. We believe Murphy is responsible for all three. It's likely he killed Babic and Wojcik in addition.

CHOW

But there are still questions.

SAVOIE

Lots of them.

CHOW

Why would he kill Bauer? We still haven't found the weapon used. But we will.

He aims a stony glare at Kurt and X. Savoie struggles to suppress his surly temper.

SAVOIE

And the mess at the bar. Murphy killed with his own weapon? Doesn't make much sense and the shotgun that took out the Nazi is still missing. And how an unarmed 18-year old kid walked away from a shootout with four trained killers armed to the teeth. Now there's a question.

X

You forgot one: like how an experienced detective can work alongside a neo-Nazi murderer for years and never notice a thing.

As this zinger ricochets around the room, X turns to Martin.

X (CONT'D)

That might be one for the inquiry.

Savoie looks ready to burst into flames. Chow places a firm hand on his shoulder. Kurt suppresses a giggle.

MARTIN

That's all. Thanks for coming in.

Everyone files out until Chow remains with X and Kurt.

X

Sorry about the vest. Your sons--

CHOW

--I know. They wanted to help.
Hey, Christopher, they wanted me to
ask: what does the X stand for?

X

I told a guy once. But he'll never
tell.

Chow shakes their hands, leaves the room.

KURT

You told a guy? Who? Christ, you
never even told me.

X

You wouldn't believe me if I did.

X strolls out. Kurt follows.

FADE OUT.

THE END