

DETROIT ROCK CITY

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. MRS. BRUCE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

tacky,
green
only.

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

carries
Erma
Tank.

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

next to
8-track.
Mate.
Neil
Carpenters

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

dustcover
sips
Karen

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

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

IT'S KISS!

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

dustcover. Flustered by the awful noise, she tries lifting the
It's stuck. She screams and covers her ears. This is
Hell.

to Running to the rear of the huge console, she stretches
reach the plug, but can't. Fingertips millimeters away.

with As the cacophony POUNDS she shakes the entire stereo
all her frantic might.

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

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

KISS - LOVE GUN, SIDE TWO

Mrs. Bruce's blood boils.

MRS. BRUCE
KISS! The devil's music!

EXT. LEX'S HOUSE - NIGHT

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

Two-car garage.

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

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

INT. LEX'S BASEMENT/BEDROOM - NIGHT

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

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

BOYS SINGING

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

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

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

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

id,
chemicals
like
heart.
skin
and
neck
Lex

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

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

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

HAWK

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

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

LEX

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

Jam emerges from behind the pile of drums smiling.

JAM

That was curly!

TRIP

Just one more day of school to get through, girls, before tomorrow night... Live!
(getting excited)
COBO Hall! Detroit, Michigan!
(like an announcer)
You wanted the best!

ALL FOUR BOYS

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

They all make that BREATH SOUND that mimics a screaming
crowd.

like
the
cellar window.

LEX'S POV

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

LEX

Shit! It's Jam's mom!

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

JAM

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

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

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

MRS. BRUCE

(muffled through glass)
Jeremiah! Jeremiah Bruce! You get
out here this instant!

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

JAM

Oh, hi, mom.

MRS. BRUCE
(screams)
NOW!

Jam quickly pockets his drumsticks and grabs his worn, denim jacket off the pile of jackets on the floor, then runs upstairs. The others follow.

EXT. LEX'S HOUSE/FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

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

JAM

What's up?

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

MRS. BRUCE

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

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

TRIP

Jam has yet to do an overnight with us.

LEX

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

HAWK

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

MAIN TITLES

CLOSE-UP

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

OPENING TITLE SEQUENCE

to
barrage
Concert
work.
REAL
entire
"Destroyer"
bolts
awakened
"ROCK 'N' ROLL ALL NITE" BLASTS the way it's supposed
sound. The jammin' KISS classic is accompanied by a
of QUICK CUTS depicting KISS mania. TV appearances.
footage. Magazine covers. Comic Books. Posters. Art
KISS merchandise, dolls, lunch boxes, clothes, etc.
We see the BAND do their thing in authentic CLIPS FROM
SHOWS. GENE, PAUL, ACE, AND PETER SHOUTING IT OUT LOUD.
The MONTAGE is a colorful, kick-ass kaleidoscope of the
KISS phenomena. CUT TO the BEAT of this seminal anthem.
The FINAL IMAGE is the KISS "DESTROYER" POSTER.

END CREDITS

TICKET CHECK

INT. JAM'S BEDROOM - DAY

The sun's early morning rays beam through the KISS
poster taped onto a window shade. The phone RINGS. Jam
upright, his profile blocking the poster. He has just

under the only other decoration in his room: a crucifix.

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

Jam runs to a phone on his dresser, drawing the powerful springs out to maximum tension. No sooner does he pick up, when he is yanked to the floor and dragged across the Bullworker pulling him back toward his bed, Jam does manage to get the phone to his ear.

JAM

Hello?

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

INT. LEX'S BASEMENT/BEDROOM - DAY

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

HAWK

Jam, listen up.

JAM (O.S.)

Hawk?

HAWK

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

INT. JAM'S BEDROOM - DAY

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

HAWK (O.S.)

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

JAM

It's my Bullworker.

HAWK (O.S.)

Anyway, listen up. They're gone!

JAM

What's gone?

HAWK (O.S.)

The KISS tickets, you nimrod! They're just fuckin' gone! Please tell me you have'm!

JAM

(panicked)

Gone!? Why would I have the KISS tick...?

HAWK (O.S.)

Just check whatever you were wearing last night. Now!

denim Jam briefly scans his surroundings double-taking at the sees jacket lying on the floor. He checks the pockets and four tickets labelled KISS - JUNE 7, 1978 - COBO HALL, DETROIT.

JAM

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

INT. LEX'S BASEMENT/BEDROOM - DAY

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

HAWK

(to others)
He's got'm!

Lex and Trip collapse with relief.

HAWK

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

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

HAWK

(into phone)

Cool.

JAM (O.S.)

I'm really sorry about that, man.

HAWK

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

INT. JAM'S ROOM - DAY

JAM

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

CLICK. DIAL TONE. Jam hangs up.

INT. LEX'S BASEMENT/BEDROOM - DAY

Lex buckles his belt with its huge KISS belt buckle.

LEX

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

TRIP

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

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

LEX

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

TRIP

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

HAWK

Both you assholes, SHADDAP!

Lex and Trip shaddap.

HAWK

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

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

LEX

Trip, you fuckin' asshole.

TRIP

What?

Lex points to a wet mess on the pillow.

LEX

You spilled my Sea Monkeys all over the bed.

DRESSING UP

INT. JAM'S BEDROOM - DAY

comes
handle
lashes up SLAPPING him across the face. Ouch.

stuffs
written on
right
sock...

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

MRS. BRUCE
Jeremiah, what are you doing?

JAM
Uhh... nothing.

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

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

JAM
Ahh, sunshine.

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

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

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

get out of those rags.

JAM

But, mom!

MRS. BRUCE

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

Bruce
grabs the single drumstick from his hand and shakes it
at
him.

MRS. BRUCE

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

She turns and rummages through the closet.

JAM

(to himself)

They're not idiots.

MRS. BRUCE

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

JAM

Grounded for the rest of the year?

MRS. BRUCE

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

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

THIS IS YOUR MOTHER! / THE GIRL'S ROOM

EXT. ROBERT F. KENNEDY HIGH - DAY

The suburban high school is teeming with morning
activity.

and
PRIMADONNAS
FRESHMEN who

School buses pull up to the curb. KIDS arrive in droves immediately find their cliques. The JOCKS and make up the popular crowd. There's DISCO DUDES, look like grade schoolers, and GEEKS.

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

TRIP

School. What a fuckin' waste of time.

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

HAWK

Will somebody please tell those chicks disco is dead.

LEX

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

TRIP

Same species when you think about it.

They
can't stop gawking at the chicks' asses. Girl #1 sneers back.

Their words say one thing, but their eyes say another.

GIRL #1

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

The boys quickly cover.

LEX

(defensive)

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

TRIP

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

They chuckle. Just then, Jam steps off a school bus in
an

unbelievably geeky outfit, white corduroy slacks, plaid shirt buttoned to the top, argyle socks and brown deck shoes.

TRIP

Hey, that dork looks just like Jam.

Hawk and Lex look and laugh when they see him.

LEX

Shit, that dork is Jam.

HAWK

(to Jam)

YO, DOOFUS!

Jam gives them the finger.

INT. SCHOOL LOCKER AREA - DAY

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

TRIP

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

JAM

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

LEX

Yeah, she gives you shit and you take it.

HAWK

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

JAM

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

HAWK

They're what?

JAM

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

TRIP

That's some sick shit right there. Did she comb your ass hair for you too?

LEX

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

JAM

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

HAWK

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

JAM

Check.

The BELL RINGS.

HAWK

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

SLAM! They shut their lockers in unison.

INT. STUDY HALL - DAY

picture
of President Carter hangs next to Old Glory. The words
"Be
Quiet" are written on the blackboard.

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

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

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

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

JAM

Oof!
(whispering)
Sorry.

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

BETH

No problem.

JAM

Thanks.

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

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

JAM

Beth?

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

BETH

Yes?

BOINK! The pen hits Jam in the eye.

JAM

Ow!

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

STUDY HALL TEACHER

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

BETH

No. No problem.

Jam points to his eye.

JAM

Just a little pink eye. No reason to panic.

Unamused, the teacher goes back to grading.

BETH

(whispering)

Sorry.

JAM

(handing back pen)

It's okay.

Beth resumes doodling feeling like an idiot. Jam does too.

Ah, teenage awkwardness. Finally, Beth musters up some courage.

BETH

Jeremiah?

JAM

Yeah?

She hems and haw, then...

BETH

I wanted to tell you something...

I...

Suddenly, Beth is rudely interrupted by HIGH-PITCHED FEEDBACK

coming from the P.A. The PRINCIPAL'S VOICE ECHOES over it.

PRINCIPAL'S VOICE

Jeremiah Bruce, come to the office immediately...

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

WHOLE CLASS

Oooo, you're in troubaaaallll.

PRINCIPAL'S VOICE

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

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

MRS. BRUCE'S VOICE

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

All the kids except for Beth burst into hysterical laughter.

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

INT. HAWK'S SCIENCE CLASS - DAY

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

MRS. BRUCE'S VOICE

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

INT. LEX'S GYM CLASS - DAY

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

MRS. BRUCE'S VOICE

Cigarettes! Marijuana! Prophylactics!

INT. TRIP'S HEALTH CLASS - DAY

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

MRS. BRUCE'S VOICE

And something much, much worse!

TRIP

Holy shit, my jacket!

4-WAY SPLIT SCREEN

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

MRS. BRUCE'S VOICE

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

INT. JAM'S STUDY HALL - DAY

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

INT. WAITING AREA - DAY

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

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

MRS. BRUCE

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

JAM

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

MRS. BRUCE

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

She flicks the lighter, not yet lighting the cigarette.

JAM

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

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

MRS. BRUCE

And if the "guys" have parents who truly love them, they will elevate me to sainthood for getting rid of these blasted things.

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

MRS. BRUCE

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

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

REVERSE ANGLE ON NEARBY CORNER

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

AROUND THE CORNER

They slump against the wall devastated.

LEX

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

TRIP

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

HAWK

What are you, high?

TRIP

Yeah.

HAWK

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

Suddenly, a caustic voice BLURTS from down the hall.

VOICE

I hope you rodents have hall passes!

yellow-
slicked
The boys whip their heads around to see a potbellied,
toothed, security officer with long sideburns and
back hair at the far end of the hall, fists on his
hips.
Meet ELVIS.

LEX

Wanna bet.

ELVIS

Could that be three detentions I smell?

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

HAWK

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

LEX

Check!

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

INT./EXT. JAM'S STUDY HALL - DAY

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

INT. STAIRWAY - DAY

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

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

HAWK

You're way out of your league, Elvis.

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

INT. GIRLS' BATHROOM - DAY

Trip kicks a bathroom stall violently.

TRIP

Fuck! Shit!

Lex sits on the toilet in the stall.

LEX

Hey, take it easy, man. This is the

girls' crapper, remember?

TRIP

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

LEX

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

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

TRIP

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

LEX

Smug, Trip! Not snug, smug.

Hawk bursts into the bathroom.

HAWK

We're clear, dudes.

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

HAWK

A skirt just came around the corner.

Hawk, Trip, and Lex run back and pile into the last
stall.

against the
walls for balance.

see
the top halves of three heads peek over the stall's
partition.

The three boys don't make a sound as they watch her sit down.

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

HAWK

That's Sherry VanHafton.

LEX

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

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

HAWK

Whoa... she just farted.

LEX

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

HAWK

Weird...

Pause.

TRIP

Peeeyewww! That stinks!

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

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

LEX

Heh-heh, sorry.

He's gone.

CALLER 106 / ELVIS ATTACKS

INT. MRS. BRUCE'S CAR - DAY

Mrs. Bruce uses a finished cigarette to light another.

MRS. BRUCE

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

JAM

(numbly)

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

MRS. BRUCE

What?!

JAM

I said, I'm sorry!

MRS. BRUCE

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

EXT. ST. BERNARD'S - DAY

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

INT. MRS. BRUCE'S CAR - DAY

of
hands
whispers.

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

JAM

Please, God, help.

EXT. ST. BERNARD'S - DAY

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

INT. VOC/TECH DEPT. - DAY

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

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

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

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

TRIP

(re:squeeze pump/tube)

Wonder if you could smoke shit out
of this?

HAWK

Maybe some tunage'll chase those
blues away.

pours
Hawk turns the radio on and a HIGH FREQUENCY WHINE

from its speaker. He adjusts the volume, then the tuner, until a DJ's VOICE comes through crisp and clear.

DJ'S VOICE

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

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

DJ'S VOICE

I got four, count 'em, four front row tickets along with four backstage passes to the concert tonight at Cobo Hall and I'm giving them to the 106th caller who can tell me the real names of each KISS band member!

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

LEX

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

HAWK

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

DISSOLVE TO: MOMENTS

LATER

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

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

MR. J

Mr. Verudi, get back to your bench.

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

TRIP

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

MR. J

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

TRIP

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

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

MR. J

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

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

TRIP

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

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

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

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

MR. J

(hoarsely)

Get the hell out of here, Verudi!

You disgust me!

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

INT. FRONT OFFICE - DAY

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

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

INT. MAIN CORRIDOR - DAY

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

TRIP

I need to be connected to the W.A.R.P.
contest hotline... Now... lady!...
Hello, is this me? I'm Trip.

INT. SCHOOL SECURITY OFFICE - DAY

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

TRIP ON RADIO

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

INT. FRONT OFFICE - DAY

to see The secretary hears an ecstatic "YEEHAAWW" and turns

air as
he runs, YOWLING like a rodeo cowboy. He bounds past
her.
She watches him and shakes her head.

SECRETARY

(to herself)
Moron.

INT. SECURITY OFFICE - DAY

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

ELVIS

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

The bell RINGS.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE VOC/TECH ROOM - DAY

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

TRIP

I did it! I did it! We won!

LEX

We won?!

HAWK

Fuckin' A! Woooooo!

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

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

as the
dinner
Hawk, Trip, and Lex hold their trays over the counter
LUNCH LADIES fill them with Salisbury steak, hard

rolls and scoops of bluish pudding. Ah, public school nutrition.

TRIP

(stoked)

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

HAWK

(double stoked)

Stan Lee couldn't think of a better one.

LEX

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

TRIP

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

HAWK

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

Hawk's really got their attention now.

TRIP

Namely?

HAWK

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

LEX

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

HAWK

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

LEX

We are not stealing my mom's car.

HAWK

Damn straight we are.

LEX

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

HAWK

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

LEX

Sunday, but...

HAWK

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

TRIP

Simplicity, Hawk.

LEX

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

HAWK

There's only so much trouble an individual can get into till it just doesn't matter anymore, Lex. You familiar with a condition known as Absolute Zero?

LEX

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

familiar

HAWK

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

Lex nods.

HAWK

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

TRIP

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

HAWK

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

LEX

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

HAWK

Curly.

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

HAWK

Ok, dudes, follow my lead.

LEX

Wait a minute. We ditching the rest of school?

TRIP

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

LEX

Hello summer detention.

HAWK

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

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

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

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

HAWK

(eyeing Elvis)
Five second rule, boys. See you on
the other side.

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

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

Lex still stares at his watch. After five, he looks at
Elvis,
some
sixth sense, Elvis turns quickly and looks STRAIGHT
INTO
CAMERA.

empty
ELVIS'S POV -- He spots the swinging exit door and an
table with three full lunch trays sitting on it.

ELVIS
Excuse me, ladies.

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

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

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

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

INT. OTHER HALLWAY - DAY

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

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

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

NERD
Hey, I'm responsible for that!

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

AROUND A CORNER

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

INT. ENGLISH CLASS - DAY

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

MISS HIBBS

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

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

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

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

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

ELVIS

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

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

ELVIS

Looking for something, rodents?

HAWK

Yeah, Elvis...

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

HAWK

..Your ass on a lunch tray.

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

HAWK

On your marks and...

Trip and Lex ready themselves, then...

HAWK

Fire!

face They start stomping on the packets, squirting Elvis's and torso with tomato-based condiment causing him to let out a scream that lasts the rest of the scene. Ketchup spatters across his body in SUPER SLOW MOTION. A shot hits him in the mouth and he COUGHS it back out in mid-scream.

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

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

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

HAWK

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

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

ELVIS

Noooooo!!

JAILBREAK

EXT. STREET IN THE NEXT COUNTY - DAY

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

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

EXT. ST. BERNARD'S - DAY

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

INT. VOLVO - DAY

TRIP

Well, here we are back at fucking school again.

LEX

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

Hawk and Trip roll their eyes.

INT. ST. BERNARD'S BOARDING SCHOOL - DAY

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

MRS. BRUCE

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

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

FATHER MCNULTY

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

MRS. BRUCE

God bless you, Father McNulty.

FATHER MCNULTY

He already has.

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

INT. FATHER MCNULTY'S OFFICE - DAY

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

FATHER MCNULTY

Before enrolling you, Jeremiah, let
me just say it would be greatly
appreciated if your career at St.
Bernard's was an uneventful one.
Some students believe they can get
expelled through disobedience and
recklessness. What they don't
understand is even after God's
vengeance is meted out, He forgives.
That His devastating anger is followed
by His nurturing compassion. In a
nutshell, St. Bernard's may punish
you even for the slightest digression,
but will never cast you out, even
for the largest. So here you are,
Jeremiah... here to stay!

Father McNulty sticks the pencil into an electric
pencil
sharpener and it makes the same NOISE a DENTIST'S DRILL
does

when burrowing into a molar. Jam shudders.

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

FATHER MCNULTY

Let's begin the enrollment, shall we?

EXT. ST. BERNARD'S - DAY

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

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

LEX

Now, how are we gonna do this?

HAWK

Gimme a second, dudes. Lemme think.

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

TRIP

(licking his chops)

Mmm, pizza...

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

DELIVERY BOY

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

Hawk, Trip, and Lex exchange an anxious glance, then

smiles. He is officially inspired as he turns to the boy.

HAWK

Yeah, I'm Philip McNutly.

INT. FATHER MCNULTY'S OFFICE - DAY

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

FATHER MCNULTY

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

Jam doesn't respond.

FATHER MCNULTY

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

A NUN enters KNOCKING.

NUN

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

FATHER MCNULTY

Ah, yes! Send him in Sister Conimaria.

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

FATHER MCNULTY

Well, what's the damage, pizza fellow?

HAWK

Ten even.

The priest swivels his chair around and unlocks a box labelled "Donations." While he looks for cash, Hawk gives Jam a discreet kick in the shin. Jam looks up and recognizes Hawk.

He then looks out the window seeing Trip, Lex, and the Volvo

below.

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

HAWK

(whispering to Jam)

If he offers you a slice, you're not the least bit hungry, check?

JAM

(whispering)

Check.

Father McNulty swivels back around with a ten.

FATHER MCNULTY

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

HAWK

Tell the Big Guy not to mention it.

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

FATHER MCNULTY

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

JAM

No, but I'm not hungry anyway.

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

FATHER MCNULTY

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

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

FATHER MCNULTY

You know, your coming here reminds me of a gospel called The Prodigal

Son.

Jam grins a bit feigning interest.

FATHER MCNULTY

There was once a farmer who had two sons. Both grew up on the farm, helping their father until...

(suddenly alarmed)

GYYAACK!

Father McNulty GAGS sticking his pizza-covered tongue out.

He pours himself a glass of wine and sucks it down looking concerned for the moment. Finally, he BELCHES.

FATHER MCNULTY

That was a very stale mushroom.

(beat)

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

INT. VOLVO - DAY

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

TRIP

Usually takes anywhere from ten minutes to half an hour.

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

HAWK

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

Just then, INSANE LAUGHTER bellows from the window above.

TRIP

He's lit.

INT. FATHER MCNULTY'S OFFICE - DAY

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

the
on
shrooms.

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

FATHER MCNULTY

(in mid-guffaw)

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

(belly laugh)

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

(more belly laughter)

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

slides off
is in
his
own pratfall. He hoists himself back into his chair.

Father McNulty belly laughs so hard this time, he pain only momentarily, then laughs again, this time at

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

NUN

You kids can't go in there!

HAWK

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

FATHER MCNULTY

A little to the right, pizza fellow.

Father McNulty laughs some more.

HAWK

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

FATHER MCNULTY

(waving)

Rock on!

Jam gets up and all four boys exit.

FATHER MCNULTY

(yelling after them)

Give my regards to the guy with the
really big tongue!

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

FATHER MCNULTY

What the hell are you doing, Sister
Gonorrhea, waiting for a bus?

He lets out a belly laugh as the shocked nun runs from
the
behavior,
cheeks,
until...

and
contrition
painting.

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

FATHER MCNULTY

Jesus H. Christ, look at all the
colors.

GUIDOS

INT. VOLVO - DAY

Hawk drives, Trip rides shotgun, Lex and Jam sit in the
back.

on the
Stoked beyond belief, Jam POUNDS his drumsticks on the
upholstery to the beat of a rockin' KISS tune playing
8-track.

JAM

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

drum solo!

Lex taps Jam on the shoulder.

LEX

Not looking like that, Mr. Rogers.

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

LEX

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

HAWK

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

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

two-tone
Jam starts to change. Just then, the Volvo passes a
passenger in
pants.
front.

Chevy Impala with luggage tied to the roof. The
the back seat turns and spots Jam pulling off his
It's Beth. Her eyes bulge. Beth parents are in the

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

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

LEX

(screams)
My mom's hubcap!

over.
The car fishtails and weaves but Hawk manages to pull
sadly.

The Chevy continues on, Beth gazing out the rear window

HAWK

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

EXT. LOCAL TRAIN STOP - DAY

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

INT. VOLVO - DAY

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

LEX

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

HAWK

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

Trip holds his stomach as we hear it GROWL.

TRIP

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

HAWK

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

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

TRIP

Let's stop in Sandusky, Hawk.

HAWK

What's in Sandusky?

TRIP

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

DISSOLVE TO:

MOMENTS LATER

INT. VOLVO - DAY

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

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

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

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

HAWK

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

INT. TRANS AM - DAY

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

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

INT. VOLVO - DAY

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

TRIP

Eyowch! This is one hot pizza!

LEX

Trip, huck that out before it stains
the upholstery!

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

EXT. TRANS AM - DAY

Just as the DISCO TUNE playing in the Trans Am hits the
next
chorus, a fistful of pizza SPLATTERS across the
windshield.
Freaked, Kenny swerves and zigzags all over the road.
Righting himself, Kenny's entire family might as well
have
been insulted.

KENNY

Stop singing... NOW!

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

He starts to laugh.

BOBBY

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

INT. VOLVO - DAY

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

LEX

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

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

KENNY

Stop the friggin' car NOW!

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

JAM

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

HAWK

What?! Are you mentally deranged,
Jam?

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

HAWK

What the fuck!

LEX

(freaking out)
The paint!

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

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

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

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

KENNY

Do you realize the sheer, goddamn,
unadulterated, undiluted, no holds

barred, one hundred percent pure as
Ivory Snow, absolutely friggin'
STUPIDITY of what you just did?

HAWK

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

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

KENNY

DO YOU?!

looks
merely disenchanted as Kenny pokes a muscle-bound
finger at
his chest. Getting in Hawk's face, Kenny yammers loud
and
fast.

KENNY

Lemme paint you a friggin' picture
ahright? Imagine if you will a 1978
Pontiac Trans American in pristine
condition.

(beat)

An appealing portrait, nesspah?

Hawk starts to say "yes."

KENNY

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

Hawk is unimpressed.

HAWK

Could be.

KENNY

And if it ain't cleaned off?

CHRISTINE

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

KENNY

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

HAWK
It could... bake on?

Kenny looks at Bobby and they exchange moronic grins.

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

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

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

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

KENNY
Shut-up, Christine!

Christine snarls at Kenny.

HAWK
Okay, Kenny? I don't mean to drain
your keg or anything, but could you
speed up this process?
(beat)
Don't get me wrong, we'd love to
stand here and get shit on by the
cast of Saturday Night Fever, but
we're also on a schedule. So step on
it.

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

KENNY

Are you gettin' wise with me?

HAWK

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

BOBBY

Break his fawkin' legs, Kenny!

Kenny's temper's rising faster than the price of
gasoline.

Hawk on the other hand is cooler than an Otter Pop.

KENNY

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

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

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

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

KENNY

There. Nice and clean.

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

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

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

JAM

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

KENNY

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

Kenny pushes Jam away.

CHRISTINE

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

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

BARBARA

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

BOBBY

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

Kenny meanwhile has his arm in the Volvo.

KENNY

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

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

KENNY

But this... is crap!

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

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

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

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

KENNY

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

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

HAWK

Well, let's recap, shall we? You
slapped all of us, yelled at me,
used my head for a rag, threw me on
the ground and tossed our LOVE GUN 8-
track under the wheels of a passing
semi.

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

KENNY

(beat, in disbelief)
Excuse me, I'm a little deef-a-
hearin'. Can you repeat yourself?

HAWK

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

KENNY

Oh, yeah...?

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

KENNY

That's not what your mother said
last night.

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

HAWK

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

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

HAWK

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

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

HAWK

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

little
Kenny chuckles and looks at Bobby. They have a good
laugh... the homo's got balls! Then Kenny turns back to
Hawk.

KENNY

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

(beat)

She said that I was the fuck of her
life.

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

HAWK

(very Clint Eastwood)

How would you like a nice Hawaiian
Punch?

KENNY

(smirking)

Sure.

Kenny's
Quick as a shot, Hawk SLAMS the bottom of the can into
backwash
nose, crushing it flat against his face. Hawaiian

spews from its tab hole like blood as Kenny falls backwards from the impact. He hits his head on the ground.

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

As if choreographed, Trip swoops the wallet at Bobby's feet, snagging him around the ankles tightly with the chain.

Lex THWAMS Bobby in the face with his big KISS belt buckle leaving a reversed, red, KISS logo branded in his forehead.

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

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

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

Hawk grabs Kenny by the ears and brings the guido's head swiftly against his kneecap. Kenny falls to the ground, unconscious on top of Bobby. Their heads collide knocking Bobby out cold.

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

LEX

Not so fast, stella.

DISSOLVE TO:

MOMENTS LATER

with
Kenny, Bobby, and Barbara are now tied to the guardrail
Jam's white corduroy pants, geeky belt, and plaid
shirt.

Kenny and Bobby rest their unconscious heads on each of
Barbara's shoulders.

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

BARBARA

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

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

HAWK

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

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

HAWK

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

He throws the Trans Am into drive.

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

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

tumbles
down a steep, rocky incline breaking apart along the
way,
and finally, BOOM! It explodes on final impact.

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

LEX

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

ANGLE ON KENNY, BOBBY, AND BARBARA.

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

BARBARA

Very funny. I hope you choke!

STELLA ON BOARD

INT. VOLVO - DAY

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

JAM

Hey, look, it's that girl.

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

TRIP

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

JAM

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

HAWK

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

JAM

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

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

LEX

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

JAM

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

HAWK

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

Pause.

TRIP

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

INT. VOLVO - DAY

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

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

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

CHRISTINE

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

TRIP

(smirks)
What's it worth to you?

CHRISTINE

(grossed out)
What the hell is that supposed to
mean?

JAM

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

HAWK

(rolls his eyes)
Disco Inferno? Disco's infernal
morelike.

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

LEX

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

CHRISTINE

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

She pushes him away. Jam laughs.

TRIP

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

CHRISTINE

(thoroughly offended)

What? That's disgusting!

JAM

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

TRIP

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

CHRISTINE

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

TRIP

You got in the car, didn't you?

CHRISTINE

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

TRIP

Whatever... stella.

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

CHRISTINE

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

HAWK

(with disdain)

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

JAM

Come on, Hawk.

CHRISTINE

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

JAM

Jam.

CHRISTINE

Whatever.

(to Hawk)

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

HAWK

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

TRIP

Disco blows dogs for quarters.

Christine processes this remark.

CHRISTINE

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

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

HAWK

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

CHRISTINE

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

HAWK

Why don't you kiss my hairy crack?

CHRISTINE

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

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

LEX

(holding in smoke)
That last remark fell about 30 yards away from making any sense whatsoever.

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

CHRISTINE

(realization)
Hey, you're right. "Bend over you're looking right at it?!"
(starts to laugh)
What's that supposed to mean anyway?

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

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

CHRISTINE

Man, this is some kickass shit!
(beat)
Gimme a hit off that jay will ya?

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

DISSOLVE TO:

HELLO DETROIT, GOODBYE TICKETS!

MONTAGE

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

The Volvo racing toward the Detroit skyline.

Detroit landmarks: The General Motors Building, the Ford

Building, Motown Records, and finally...

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

which stand four key landmarks... a cathedral, a convenience store, another, a parking lot, and a male strip joint. They face one each on its own corner.

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

EXT. COBO HALL - SUNSET

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

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

INT. VOLVO - SUNSET

Christine is fast asleep between Jam and Lex.

LEX

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

TRIP

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

HAWK

(pointing out
windshield)
There it is!

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

JAM
(in reverence)
We made it!

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

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

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

HAWK
Hey, Look at the front entrance! A
car's pulling out. The parking space
from heaven. God is surely smiling
down upon us tonight, dudes.

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

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

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

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

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

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

INT. SIMPLE SIMON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

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

HAWK

Simple Simon?

in a
glittery-back Gene Simmons tee-shirt, silver pants, and
very
high heel boots. He has a huge Afro and bushy
moustache. He
turns when he hears Hawk.

SIMPLE SIMON

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

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

HAWK

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

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

SIMPLE SIMON

Your name isn't Trip is it?

INT. PRODUCER'S BOOTH - NIGHT

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

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

SIMPLE SIMON'S VOICE

Simple Simon on the Rock, go caller.

TRIP'S VOICE

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

SIMPLE SIMON'S VOICE

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

TRIP'S VOICE

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

Pause.

SIMPLE SIMON'S VOICE

Is that your final answer?

TRIP'S VOICE

(with trepidation)

Yeah.

SIMPLE SIMON'S VOICE

(building to crescendo)

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

Pause.

TRIP'S VOICE

I did?

SIMPLE SIMON'S VOICE

Yeah, you did!

TRIP'S VOICE

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

CLI-CLICK.

SIMPLE SIMON'S VOICE

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

DIAL TONE.

SIMPLE SIMON'S VOICE

Trip? Trip? Oh, man, you didn't hang

up on me did you? Trip?
(beat)
What kind of total moron would
hang...?

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

SIMPLE SIMON

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

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

SIMPLE SIMON

We got sodas in the fridge if that
helps any.

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

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

HAWK

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

Trip looks away from the rest, ashamed.

LEX

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

TRIP

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

HAWK

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

JAM

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

HAWK

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

Jam looks at his feet.

JAM

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

Hawk, Trip, and Lex cringe.

HAWK

I have one question. How could a kid who wails on the drums like it's the only thing keeping him alive even think of such a femmy thing to say?

TRIP

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

LEX

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

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

SHAKE YOUR WEEWEE!

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

COBO Hall looms up ahead.

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

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

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

LEADER

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

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

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

LEX

Uh... dudes?

HAWK

(ignoring Lex)
Now there's a woman who totally abuses
the privilege of motherhood.

LEX

DUDES!

They all look at Lex.

LEX

(eyes focused ahead)
Where's the Volvo?

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

TRIP

It's gone.

LEX

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

JAM

It was stolen!

HAWK

(incredulous)

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

LEX

But we took the keys?

TRIP

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

LEX

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

JAM

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

HAWK

Jam, not another word out of your femmy-ass mouth! Okay, we're here, we got nothing, and we got an hour and a half. We're totally committed. It's time to brainstorm.

LEX

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

HAWK

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

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

HAWK

Now listen up. Here's the game plan.

LEX

(on a roll)

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

HAWK

Cool, bro, now listen up...

LEX

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

HAWK

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

(takes out KISS money
clip)
twenty-five.

TRIP

Twenty-five more'n I got.

LEX

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

JAM

I got...

HAWK

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

Jam holds up a ten keeping his mouth shut.

HAWK

So maybe we got enough for one ticket.
Fuck!

TRIP

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

HAWK

(sarcastic)

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

Trip smiles proudly.

LEX

I think we should try sneaking in.

HAWK

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

LEX

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

HAWK

Still too risky for my money.

(looking at watch)

We're running out of time here. This
is KISS! A victory for one is a
victory for the team. I'm sure I can
barter with a scalper, but if you
dudes think you got better plans, go
for it. We'll reconvene at that
intersection...

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

HAWK

...at twenty-thirty hours.

TRIP

One more time in English.

HAWK

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

JAM

(inspired)

Wait! I know how we can get in!

HAWK

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

JAM

(sadly)

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

HAWK

See you at 8:30, Jam. Later.

(to Lex and Trip)

Dudes? Later.

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

LEADER

Look around you tonight, mothers! Look at all the young faces! They smile and laugh but their eyes have lost all hope! Not one among them appears to possess the love and fear of God... This satanic group KISS has stolen their souls.

The leader's gaze finally falls upon Jam. He lets out a GASP.

Yes, the leader is Mrs. Bruce. So this was her church meeting.

Meanwhile She freezes when she sees her son; her jaw slackens.

Jam looks stunned beyond comprehension.

JAM

Oh... dear... Lord!!

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

it's too Jam looks around for someplace to run and hide, but

late. Mrs. Bruce slices through the crowd of KISS fans
and
grabs Jam by the ear. He yelps.

MRS. BRUCE

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

EXT. ST., SEBASTIAN'S CATHEDRAL - NIGHT

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

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

JAM

Mom, what're we...?

MRS. BRUCE

Just keep your lying, heathenous
trap shut, Jeremiah.

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

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

PARISHIONERS

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

PRIEST

Thank you/Come again next week.

Mrs. Bruce pulls Jam up to the priest.

PRIEST

Next mass is tomorrow morning, sister.

MRS. BRUCE

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

PRIEST

In that case, come right in.

Meanwhile, across the street...

EXT. WHITE CASTLE HAMBURGER JOINT - NIGHT

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

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

BETH

Oh my God! That's Jeremiah!

DAD

Who?

BETH

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

MOM

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

BETH

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

Beth points to St. Sebastian's.

BETH

He's with his mom.

DAD

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

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

DAD

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

EXT. ST. SEBASTIAN'S CATHEDRAL - NIGHT

Beth runs up to the cathedral and sneaks in.

EXT. IT'S RAINING MEN STRIP JOINT - NIGHT

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

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

VOICE

Hey, chief? Need a ticket?

looking hybrid, part porn star, part used car salesman, the SCALPER.

SCALPER

Second row center, seventy-five clams.

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

HAWK

Dude, this is all I got.

SCALPER

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

HAWK

Where the hell am I gonna scare up

that kinda gravy in one hour?

SCALPER

The easy way.

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

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

SCALPER

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

HAWK

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

SCALPER

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

The scalper turns and Hawk grabs his arm.

HAWK

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

SCALPER

Yeah, you're probably too young
anyhow.

HAWK

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

SCALPER

Chief, here's a little secret. Drink
heavily, your feet will know what to
do. Now shit or get off the pot. Do
you wanna dance or do you wanna see

KISS only on their album covers?

Hawk gets a look of resolve on his face.

SCALPER

You sure you'll have a ticket for me?

SCALPER

You have my solemn oath as a public servant.

Hawk turns and walks up to the door, hesitating before opening handful of expired driver's licenses.

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

SCALPER

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

It's Trip.

TRIP

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

Trip exits FRAME.

SCALPER

What's happening to kids today?

INT. IT'S RAINING MEN STRIP JOINT - NIGHT

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

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

being very intimidated.

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

HAWK

(voice cracking)

Like to sign up for the contest.

The bartender gives Hawk the once over.

BARTENDER

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

HAWK

Hawk.

BARTENDER

Pick a song, Hawk.

HAWK

Got any KISS?

BARTENDER

You kidding? This is Detroit. Drink?

HAWK

Yeah, a man's drink...

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

HAWK

...Dickey.

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

HAWK

(to himself)

I'm gonna need all the help I can get tonight.

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

HAWK

(looking at the drink)

What's that?

BARTENDER

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

Hawk looks at the unfamiliar drink again trying to play
it
cool.

HAWK

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

BARTENDER

(seeing money clip)

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

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

HAWK

Whoa... she is a killer.

BARTENDER

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

(leaning in)

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

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

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

SMILEY MART / HAULING BASS

EXT. SMILEY MART - NIGHT

YEAR
Stretch
When he
aren't

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

Trip stomps over grabbing them by their mini shirts.
tries to act tough, it's pathetic. Even six year olds
afraid.

TRIP

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

SIX YEAR OLD #1

We don't have any KISS tickets.

SIX YEAR OLD #2

Yeah, KISS sucks!

TRIP

I oughta kick your asses for sayin'
that.

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

TRIP

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

The kids run away.

INT. SMILEY MART - NIGHT

comic
others

The store is crawling with KISS FANS, some reading the
books, others playing pinball against a far wall, still

looking at the poster section. Trip enters on a mission.

She's just a returns the to

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

all the a pinball

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

bunny. He the cooler

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

The kid

He stands behind the little kid, relishing this moment. The kid is actually pretty good. We also see now the little kid has his face painted like Ace Frehley.

TRIP
Hey, little kid.

Suddenly distracted, the kid loses the ball.

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

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

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

his

The little kid says something but Trip's hand muffles

words.

TRIP

Hunh?

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

TRIP

(looking at his hand)

Oh. Okay... But scream and you'll never live to see puberty. I'll pop your fuckin' face in.

Trip pulls his hand away.

LITTLE KID

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

TRIP

A likely story. Hand it over, kid.

LITTLE KID

(bottom lip quivering)

No really. My brother's hanging onto it for safe keeping. Please, let me get him for you.

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

LITTLE KID

Hey, Chongo!

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

TRIP

(getting scared)

Hey, kid, that's okay. I don't wanna see KISS that ba...

LITTLE KID

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

event.

TRIP

What do you want?

LITTLE KID

(gleefully)

A tag on your toe. Nobody threatens
me and lives.

TRIP

Look, you can have my wallet...

LITTLE KID

It's not nearly enough, punk.

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

LITTLE KID

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

Chongo arrives eyeing Trip with distaste. Trip goes
white.

CHONGO

This fairy givin' you shit, bro?

LITTLE KID

He was gonna mug me for my KISS
ticket.

TRIP

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

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

CHONGO

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

Trip catches his breath.

TRIP

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

LITTLE KID

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

Chongo scratches his head.

CHONGO

How much cash do you figure?

LITTLE KID

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

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

Trip watches in horror as Chongo makes a muscle and the walnuts are shelled between two walls of iron-hard flesh.

CREEEAAAACK! Chongo eats the walnuts, shells and all.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

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

SECURITY GUARDS.

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

against
the fence, looking both ways. Seeing a guard's beam, he sits stock still until the beam sweeps past, then SIGHTS eased.

LEX

(whispering to self)

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

on his back, slides through, then stands on the other side of the fence. He's at the edge of a weedy, litterly field that also happens to be poorly lit.

LEX

Whoa. Danger Will Robinson.

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

SECURITY GUARD'S VOICE

Hey you! Get back in here!

the other side of the fence. Panicking, he bolts deeper into the field.

SECURITY GUARD'S VOICE

You're not getting far, kid!

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

SECURITY GUARD'S VOICE

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

well- The field gets darker as Lex closes in on Cobo Hall's

bits of
trucks
activity.

lit loading dock, where ROADIES empty the remaining KISS's monstrous set from an 18-wheeler. Other huge trucks are parked nearby. There's a bustle of last minute

lights to
avoids

loading
barrel
building.

EXT. LOADING DOCK - NIGHT

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

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

SECURITY GUARD'S VOICE

There he is!

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

LEX

Shit!

guards
him.

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

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE SEMI

SCRAWNY

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

SECURITY GUARD

Alright, wiseguy, you are so outta here!

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

ROADIE

Hey, what the fuck?

The roadie holds up his all-access laminate angrily.

ROADIE

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

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

SECURITY GUARD

Where'd he go? You see him?

No one pays attention as a bass drum is carried past the guards and up the loading dock ramp. They don't notice Lex crammed inside contorted into a shape befitting a yoga master.

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

JAM IN A JAM / KISS THIS

INT. ST. SEBASTIAN'S CATHEDRAL - NIGHT

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

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

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

PRIEST

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

Beth smiles nervously and heads back toward the front door passing a confessional booth. She throws a glance back at

the priest and Mrs. Bruce who have returned to conferring, their backs to her. She stealthily ducks into the booth.

MRS. BRUCE

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

PRIEST

(smiling)

Consider it done.

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

MRS. BRUCE

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

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

MRS. BRUCE

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

PRIEST

Just knock loudly, sister.

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

PRIEST

Come along, son. Get into the booth.

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

INT. CONFESSORIAL BOOTH - NIGHT

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

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

JAM

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

PRIEST

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

JAM

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

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

INT. IT'S RAINING MEN STRIP JOINT - NIGHT

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

The EMCEE enters the stage.

EMCEE

(into microphone)

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

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

EMCEE

You're up, Hawk.

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

HAWK

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

BARTENDER

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

HAWK

I-I c-can't...

BARTENDER

(leans in close)

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

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

HAWK

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

(hiccup)

Do it for KISS.

Hawk swivels his bar stool to the right and gets off, forgetting to stand when his feet hit the floor. He proceeds to fall flat on his face. Dicky looks down concerned, but Hawk stands with a little difficulty and heads for the stage.

checks
him out as he walks by. They seem to like what they
see.
at his
package first, his ass after. What the hell is he
doing?

start
CLAPPING to the song. He faces them and starts gyrating
his
drunken hips at them, feeling no confidence whatsoever,
until...

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

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

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

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

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

HAWK
Wow. I feel a hundred times better!
He hands the vomit-filled pitcher back to the shocked
woman.

HAWK

Thanks lady.

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

HAWK

Maestro? As you were.

The emcee stands perfectly still, jaw agape.

HAWK

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

shaking Hawk finishes off with a Pete Townshend windmill,

his ass at his audience in mid-strum, then licks his finger
and touches one of his cheeks: "hot stuff" (he does this in a manly way of course).

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

The women WHOO-HOO.

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

Then, Hawk goes for the gold. Yes, he does the Fonzie dance!

The women are now overcome by sheer animal lust. Hawk's whipped his audience into a frenzied pack of bitches in heat.

Amanda smirks and sucks from her little drink straw suggestively.

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

He puts his fingers to his fly, pauses, then unzips. His legs go sticking down from some KISS boxer shorts. The ladies batty.

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

Trying to kick the other shoe off, Hawk loses his balance

and falls backwards, hitting his head on the edge of
the
bar.

DRUM ROLL / NEGOTIATION

INT. SMILEY MART - NIGHT

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

TRIP

Two hundred bucks?

LITTLE KID

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

TRIP

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

The little kid shakes his head in disgust.

LITTLE KID

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

Chongo advances, muscles flexing.

TRIP

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

The little kid and Chongo look at each other.

CHONGO

I don't trust him.

LITTLE KID

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

They look back at Trip.

LITTLE KID

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

Trip nods sullenly as the kid, Chongo, and the two buds exit.

with
Then he checks to make sure Stretch Armstrong is still him.

INT. BASS DRUM - NIGHT

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

LEX

(under his breath)

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

INT. COBO HALL/RECEIVING AREA - NIGHT

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

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

ROADIE #2

Boy, this one's heavy.

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

ROADIE #2

Shit!

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

INT. BASS DRUM - NIGHT

Lex spins like in a dryer on speed.

LEX

WHOOOOAAA!

INT. COBO HALL/RECEIVING AREA - NIGHT

heads
just
right for a closed set of double doors. The roadies are
about to grab it before impact, when...

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

ROADIE #2

Close that door!

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

INT. COBO HALL STAIRWELL - NIGHT

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

AT THE BOTTOM

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

ON THE ROADIES

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

ROADIE #2

Peter's gonna kill us.

now
As they carry the drum back up the stairs, we see it is
empty. Once the roadies are gone, CAMERA TILTS UP to
the

ceiling. There's Lex clutching exposed pipes for dear life,
hanging upside down, praying the coast is clear.

BETH'S CONFESSION / COMPENSATORY POSSIBILITIES

INT. CONFESSORIAL - NIGHT

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

JAM

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

PRIEST

That's it?

JAM

Yeah.

PRIEST

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

JAM

No.

PRIEST

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

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

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

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

BETH
Believe it.

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

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

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

BETH
I have a confession. Here it is.

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

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

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

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

BETH
I've loved you ever since I first laid eyes on you, Jeremiah. I've

just always been too scared to show it.

JAM

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

BETH

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

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

BETH

We've got to take this slow...

JAM

Right, slow...

BETH

Oh, screw it!

She tears his tee-shirt open with her teeth.

INT. IT'S RAINING MEN STRIP JOINT - NIGHT

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

EMCEE

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

The women APPLAUD as we...

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

EMCEE

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

The women APPLAUD but not quite as loud.

EMCEE

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

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

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

HAWK

Thanks, miss.

AMANDA

You're too kind. I'm Amanda.

HAWK

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

AMANDA

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

HAWK

Huh?

AMANDA

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

Hawk GULPS.

INT. CONFESSİONAL BOOTH - NIGHT

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

They kiss, sweat, and PANT heavily.

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

PRIEST'S VOICE

Where are you, son?

JAM

Uhh, tying my shoe.

PRIEST'S VOICE

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

JAM

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

PRIEST'S VOICE

Boooring. Think, boy, think!

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

HOLD UP

INT. SMILEY MART - NIGHT

attention
Trip leafs through a KISS comic, not really paying to it. Directly behind him is the register and the CASHIER.

his
He starts hearing voices in his head. We see SUPERS of friends' faces hovering around him.

LEX'S VOICE

I can't believe you're even thinking of committing a robbery, Trip. You don't pass go and collect 200 dollars for pulling stuff like this.

HAWK'S VOICE

No shit, dude, is this really worth it? Sure you get your ass kicked nine ways to Sunday by that fucking

gorilla, but it's still a hundred times better than getting it porked for the next three to five.

meeting
she
returns

Trip sends brief, agitated glances around the store the cashier's eyes again. She smiles at him coyly as plays with her mood ring. He gives her the eye, then to his comic.

JAM'S VOICE

And what about that girl, Trip? She'll never forget this night. Even if you get away with it, she'll be scarred for life. When are you gonna realize sometimes being tough means being tender.

TRIP

(to the other voices)
Alright, everybody, SHUT UP!

Trip snaps out of it. All the shoppers and cashier are staring at him. He COUGHS loudly, clearing his throat to cover his outburst. The shoppers go back to shopping.

then

A MAN WITH A LONG COAT enters the store, looks around, takes a spot alongside Trip and opens a Mad Magazine.

TRIP

(whispering to himself)
Okay, bro. You gonna have to do this sometime. Might as well be now.

at

back in

breaths

the top

Trip puts a hand in his pocket and takes one last look Stretch Armstrong before stuffing the action figure so it looks like he's got a gun. He takes three deep and discreetly pulls his knit cap down over his eyes, revealing it actually as a semi-ski mask that covers half of his face.

and

Just then, the man with the coat puts the magazine back and pulls something over his own head.

the
Trip whirls around pointing Stretch-in-his-pocket at
cashier...

stocking,
Just as the man in the coat, now masked with a
coat,
pulls the biggest shotgun ever made from under his
shrieks. So
pointing it at the cashier as well. The cashier
does Trip.

MAN WITH COAT

Evening, honey. Y'know what I am,
what this is, and what you have to
do, so do it quick.

(to shoppers, Trip
included)

The rest of you kindly introduce
yourselves to the floor and kiss it
hello.

with
His thunder now stolen, Trip drops to the floor along
everyone else. The air is very tense. The cashier
starts
SOBBING, keeping her hands in the air.

MAN WITH COAT

(to cashier)

Do or die, bitch! Next time I let
the barrels do the talking.

CASHIER

P-p-please, mister, I'm just a high
school kid...

emptying
Man with the coat COCKS the chamber and the cashier
immediately opens the register drawer and starts
it.

MAN WITH COAT

Fuck school, that's what I say! I
just went through the motions till I
was old enough to drop out and I'm
leaving here with at least two fifty
the easy way. Look where all that
studying's gonna get you tonight.
Robbed at gunpoint and possibly shot
in the fucking head... for minimum

wage!

till
The man with the coat's laughter ECHOES in Trip's head
he just can't take it anymore.

ON THE CASHIER

the
She suddenly shoots a surprise glance over the man with
coat's shoulder.

him.
Seeing this, the man spins around. There's Trip behind

TRIP

Alright, drop it or I'll kick your
ass!

turns
Astounded by Trip's audacity, the man with the coat
his shotgun point-blank at Trip.

MAN WITH COAT

Oh, yeah! You and what army?

TRIP

(gulps)

The KISS Army!

CRASHING BACKSTAGE

INT. COBO HALL/BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

come
true. The place is packed with "beautiful" people.
Scantly-clad BABES everywhere. Slick, RECORD BIZ-TYPES. Lots of
food.
Lots of booze. Lots of fun. It's backstage at a KISS
concert,
come on!

shimming
VENTS.
CAMERA TILTS UP above the partying hordes to find Lex
along an exposed duct amid the pipes, sprinklers, and
Looking straight down on everybody, Lex is in awe and
disbelief.

LEX

This is real. This is not a dream!
This is real! I've pierced the inner
circle!

GIRL'S
A
KISS.

He takes the opportunity to peer down some BIG BUSTED cleavage. Then his eye spots something else. He GASPS. door. On it a star. Written on the star, the word,

the
The
there.

A big-haired HIPSTER in mirrored sunglasses KNOCKS on dressing room door. It opens, but Lex can't see inside. hipster stands in the doorway talking to whoever is there.

Desperate
the
Backstage
a

Lex cranes his neck to see around the door jamb. for a glimpse of his idols, he leans out too far. Suddenly, the entire duct collapses. Breaking loose of ceiling, Lex hurls to the floor clutching the duct. goers leap for cover as SMASH... he hits the ground in shower of plaster and dust.

shut
shoulders.
his
his

The hipster protectively pulls the dressing room door as two SECURITY MEN jump in front of it.

scruff
themselves

Instantly, huge, burly hands come down on Lex's Before he can react, a slew of OFFICERS have him off feet and carry him away, a stunned expression frozen to face.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND COBO HALL - NIGHT

Lex is thrown into a heaping garbage dumpster by the of his neck. The security officers laugh and pat on the back as they hurry back in.

jumps
out of the trash and comes face to face with the
biggest
GERMAN SHEPHERD that has ever lived. Its teeth are
bared and
its black, wolf-like body is coiled, ready to spring.
GRRRRRRR!

PITBULL
Lex jumps backward hitting the dumpster. A GROWLING
walks out from the shadows and joins the Shepherd.

LEX
(petrified)
Dogs! Why did it have to be dogs!

from
the darkness on the other side of the alley, its solid,
like
muscular form making the brick building nearby look
jello.

Lex starts SLAPPING himself on the face.

LEX
Wake up, Lex! Wake up, man! This
part's gotta be a nightmare!

the
shadows and gather behind the first three. These new
mutts
immediately join in the GROWLING chorale. The Shepherd
snaps
at Lex.

LEX
(to the heavens)
God, if you ever get me outta this,
I swear I will never masturbate again!

The pack BARKS even louder.

LEX
(to heaven again)
I REALLY MEAN IT THIS TIME!

INT. CONFESSİONAL BOOTH - NIGHT

Beth lays in Jam's arms on the floor. They might as well be the only two people on the face of the earth. They whisper.

BETH

So. Is it true that Gene Simmons had a cow's tongue grafted onto his real one? Y'know, to make it so long?

JAM

I dunno. I think he had the piece of skin under his tongue removed so he could stick it out farther. I'm not too up on Gene trivia.

BETH

Your man is the drummer, Peter Criss, right?

JAM

Peter Criss is my inspiration, man. If I paid a hundred bucks for a KISS show and all I saw was his solo, I'd consider it... money... Hey, how'd you know that?

BETH

I have all your notebook doodles memorized, Jam... Here.

She opens her backpack and pulls out a package addressed to Jam. The return address reads: Beth Bumsteen, Somewhere in Ann Arbor.

JAM

Ann Arbor?

BETH

My dad's company is relocating him. We're moving. That's why I was acting so freaky in school today. I thought it was the last time I'd ever see you. Anyway, open the box. I would have given it to you this morning, except... like I said, I was freaking out.

Jam opens the box and his jaw drops. It's a black tee-shirt

Jam

with the "Mystery" logo printed in white on the chest.

holds it up. It's gigantic.

BETH

I pass by this really cool tee-shirt shop on my way to school every day and I know you wear those black tee-shirts all the time. You look like a size thirty-five, but all the sizes were in Roman numerals. So I got you an XXXL. That's thirty-five, isn't it?

putting
the
sits
feet.

Touched, Jam kisses her for a long time. He starts on the shirt when suddenly they hear the SHUFFLING of priest entering his booth. Jam grabs his clothes and back on the bench. Beth starts getting dressed at his feet.

PRIEST

Okay, you better have something really sinful for me this time, son. My patience is worn to threads and your mom will be here any minute.

JAM

(pulling up his pants)
Alright, Father, here it is. About two weeks ago I went to my cousin's wedding and one of the bridesmaids asked me if I wanted to take a bath.

PRIEST

No...

Beth is tying her shoes. Jam slips on his socks.

JAM

I was insulted, so I asked her if I was wreaking some wicked b.o., right? Then she said no, she wanted to take a bath with me.

PRIEST

Oh, this is terrible... Please go on.

JAM

Well, she was a very tempting siren, Father. Built like you wouldn't believe. So I gave into temptation about a block away from the wedding reception at this little motel that charges by the hour.

Jam pauses.

PRIEST

Well? Continue! Continue!

JAM

Okay... when she peeled off that gown, you'll never guess what she was wearing underneath.

PRIEST

Was it a teddy?

Fully dressed, Beth crawls out of the confessional.

JAM

No. Much bet... I mean, much more sinful than that.

PRIEST

A bustier?

JAM

Tell you what. You keep guessing and I'll say something when you get it.

PRIEST

Splendid! I love a good game of Name That Nightie.

Jam quietly sneaks out.

INT. ST. SEBASTIAN'S CATHEDRAL - NIGHT

We can hear the priest's voice as Jam hurries to Beth. They dash out the door.

PRIEST'S VOICE

Satin underwear? Crotchless panties?
Leopard skin bra? Fishnet leotard?
Leather G-string?

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND COBO HALL - NIGHT

Lex

Still trapped by the GROWLING, BARKING pack of dogs,
searches nervously through the garbage behind him.

LEX

Okay, okay, you're pissed off. I can
see this. So... Maybe what we need...
ah-ha.

Lex holds up a worn-out, old frisbee.

LEX

Play some frisbee, poochies?

over
The pack just glares and SNARLS. He tosses the frisbee
the packs' heads, but the dogs don't even acknowledge
it.

They just keep BARKING and GROWLING.

mangy
Meanwhile, an unnoticed dog at the rear of the pack, a
Basset Hound, turns its flat head to see the frisbee
land on
the ground behind him. His tail starts to wag.

LEX

(exasperated)

Alright! I give up! I hearby and
forthwith defer my destiny to you
mutts. I may be an intelligent,
upright, walking, homo-fucking sapien,
but you fleabags are a force of
nature. So, I'm just gonna sit here
and wait for you to decide. If you
let me live, I thank you. If you
bite my head off, I'll die knowing I
did all I could. It's up to you.

Suddenly,
the
wrinkly
Lex waits before the GROWLING, SNAPPING canines.
the Basset Hound runs up in front of the pack and drops
frisbee at Lex's feet. Lex looks down at the floppy,
dog, who wags its tail and PANTS furiously.

LEX

Well, how do you like that?

the
Lex starts to pet the hound, and one-by-one the rest of

dogs shut-up. Shocked, Lex picks the frisbee up again
and
throws it.

This time the entire pack bolts after the Whammo
product.

SLOW
Lex smiles, watching them fight for it in the air... in
MOTION... as the theme from "CHARIOTS OF FIRE" begins.

mouth
of
aren't
The black Shepherd finally grabs the frisbee in its
and runs back toward Lex. It's soon joined by the rest
the pack. That's right about when Lex realizes they
going to stop.

LEX

Whoa! Whoa!

into
The dogs plow into Lex full-force knocking him into the
garbage. They surround him licking his face. Lex bursts
unstoppable laughter.

around him
Pulling himself up, he pets the dogs as they jump
wagging their tails and PANTING.

LEX

(baby talk)

You sonsofbitches could tickle a guy
to death, y'know that? Sure you do...
Sure you do...

windowless,
in
They
crack in
Lex stops. He hears TALKING coming from inside the
brick building on the other side of the alley. He steps
front of the pack and puts his fingers to his lips.
obey, quieting instantly. He then tiptoes to a thin
the brick wall. The dogs quietly follow.

Lex puts his eye to the crack and peers in.

INT. CHOP SHOP - NIGHT

LEX'S POV

lifts
His mom's Volvo and a BMW are on adjacent hydraulic
inside a makeshift auto-mechanic shop.

cars.
Two BEEFY JERKS with blow torches stand next to the
One has a bandage on his head and seems to be in pain.

BEEFY JERK #1

So, I jump into the car, hot-wire it
in thirty seconds and start driving.
Then, suddenly I hear this scream.
The disco queen was asleep in the
back seat.

Beefy jerk #2 laughs.

BEEFY JERK #1

You think it's funny? How would you
like to have a stiletto heel smacking
you in the temple when you're tryin'
to work?

Beefy jerk #2 laughs more. Beefy jerk #1 checks the
time.

BEEFY JERK #1

You about done splittin' a gut there?
We gotta get these parts to Toledo
by nine.

the
Then a familiar voice is heard coming from the back of
shop.

CHRISTINE

Then maybe you guys'll let me go,
huh?

a
Lex follows the voice and sees Christine handcuffed to
radiator near the rear of the shop.

CHRISTINE

Come on, whadaya say? You scratch my
back, I scratch yours. You let me
go, and in return, I keep my big
mouth shut about your little operation
here. Mum, know what I mean?

BEEFY JERK #2

You're lucky you're still alive,
wench. If you was a guy, we woulda
thought nothin' of sawing your head
off with a butter knife.

BEEFY JERK #1

What are we gonna do with her anyway?

Beefy jerk #2 bares what's left of his yellow, crusty
teeth

BEEFY JERK #2

I dunno, but she sure looks fun.

Beefy jerk #1 touches the bandage on his head.

BEEFY JERK #1

Yeah, and payback's a bitch.

Christine GAGS at the thought.

ANGLE ON WALL CRACK

Lex's eyeball bulges with terror.

EXT. IT'S RAINING MEN PARKING LOT - NIGHT

DOLLY FROM the front end of a Jaguar XKE, Michigan
vanity plate reading: AMANDA.

underwear.
TO its windshield, through which we see Hawk and Amanda
kissing in the front seat, clad only in their

When Something like "ME AND MRS. JONES" plays on the radio.
they separate, Amanda takes out a flask and offers it
to Hawk.

HAWK

Thanks.

He gulps some down and pulls the flask away COUGHING.

HAWK

What the hell is that?

AMANDA

Gin.

HAWK

Whoa. Some of this hard liquor's a tad too manly for me. I'm a brewski man myself.

AMANDA

Better ease up then, Hawk. Wouldn't want to give you whiskey dick would we?

HAWK

Who's Whiskey Dick?

Amanda plants a stocking foot on Hawk's crotch and rubs.

AMANDA

Well. Obviously no one you have to worry about... Woody.

HAWK

My name's not Woody, it's Haw-haw...

Hawk's eyes cross as he lets out a DEEP, OBNOXIOUS GROAN.

HAWK

...holy shit!

Amanda looks down at his crotch.

AMANDA

But you do know Premature Peter, don't you? Shame, I just bought these stockings.

Hawk has never been more embarrassed.

HAWK

Well, Amanda, this has been quite a night. So far you've seen me and my dick throw up.

(to the heavens)

What's next? Projectile diarrhea?

(beat, to Amanda)

Man. What a stud, huh?

AMANDA

Believe it or not, you still have a way to go before you start competing with my soon-to-be-ex-husband... the champion of lousy lovemaking. The man who thinks he's the biggest and

the best... The man who thinks every secretary, stewardess, and cocktail waitress he fucks should lick his feet for the honor. The man for whom faking it was invented. Christ, if I hadn't gotten pregnant with our son, I would have never known I even had sex with the prick.

She takes a healthy swig of gin, relishing its bitterness.

HAWK

You love him?

AMANDA

I just told you, he's a big, hairy...

HAWK

No, I mean... you love your son?

AMANDA

More than anything in the world.

HAWK

And he loves you back, doesn't he?

AMANDA

He's a little spoiled, but I know he does.

HAWK

Well, shame on him if he doesn't.

She pats his shoulder.

AMANDA

You're sweet.

Hawk stares out the windshield.

HAWK

My mom died of a heart attack while she was having me. Man, I wish I had known her for even one day. If they ever invent a time machine, that's what I'm doing. Going back in time to meet my mom. I'm gonna say, "Mrs. Pitchford?... or Miss Williams, depending on when I show up. You don't know me, but I'm your kid from the future. Just wanted to thank you

for the blue eyes, pug nose and for tying the knot with a guy who didn't mind diaper detail... Oh, and, uh... cut down on the red meat, will ya?"

and
Amanda caresses Hawk's cheek. He turns with her hand
kisses it. He takes her arm and begins kissing his way
up to
her neck, her cheek, her mouth...

DR. LOVE TO THE RESCUE

INT. SMILEY MART - NIGHT

the
It's a stand-off. Prone customers look up at Trip and
man with the long coat circling each other like sharks.
The
helpless cashier lets out fearful sobs.

MAN WITH COAT

Gimme your gun, boy!

TRIP

No, you gimme your gun, boy!

MAN WITH COAT

Don't tempt me, I'll shoot!

TRIP

Not if I shoot first!

MAN WITH COAT

I don't even think you have a gun!

TRIP

Neither do I!

The man with the coat puts his shotgun against Trip's
head.

MAN WITH COAT

Now, for the last time, take the
piece out and lay back down or your
mom's gonna need the White Tornado
to get the brains outta your ski
cap.

Trip GULPS. The jig's up. He slowly pulls out Stretch
Armstrong, and the man with the coat glances down and
starts

to laugh very loud. So loud, he throws his head back.
When he recovers, Trip's got Stretch aimed at his head
and pulled back to maximum tension.

TRIP

Smile, you sonofa...

face and falls backward onto the Hostess display, toppling a whole bunch of Ho-Ho's, Ding-Dong's, Twinkies, and Suzy-O's to the ground.

the Trip runs up and grabs the shotgun away as the man with coat lifts his head briefly, then passes out.

nearly Trip turns around and the cashier SLAMS into him, letting knocking him over. She throws her arms around him from out relieved SOBS. Behind her all the customers rise the floor CLAPPING. Trip did it. He saved the fucking store!

The cashier looks into Trip's masked eyes.

CASHIER

Thank you! Thank you!... Who are you?

TRIP

(with confidence)

Call me... Dr. Love!

ZOOM She plants a thousand mega-watt kiss on his lips and we IN on her mood ring changing color from gray to fire engine red.

he's Trip's eyes widen just before... KABOOM... The shotgun holding goes off, blowing a hole in the ceiling.

apart. The recoil from the blast jolts Trip and the cashier

We now see Trip's face is smeared with bright, red
lipstick.
A huge chunk of ceiling falls onto his head but he
doesn't
move. The kiss hit him harder.

I'M HERE FOR THE GIRL AND THE CAR

INT. CHOP SHOP - NIGHT

BZZZZZ! Christine and the beefy jerks watch the brown,
'78
Volvo, Ohio plates: OB-GYN, ascend on a hydraulic lift.
Behind them sits the BMW skeleton. These boys work
fast.

CHRISTINE

You guys better kill me before you
do what you're thinking of doing.
Cause when I'm mad enough, I can
bite down very hard.

The beefy jerks laughs.

BEEFY JERK #1

Sweet Polly Purebred's got some spunk,
huh?

BEEFY JERK #2

I'll give her some spunk alright.

They put their blow torches down and turn to her.

BEEFY JERK #1

We stripped that Beemer in fifteen
minutes. Bet we can strip her in
fifteen seconds.

They giggle maniacally and lumber toward Christine.
Their
shadows growing larger and larger across her.

CHRISTINE

(mile a minute)

Now wait a minute, guys! Two against
one ain't fair. Lemme go back and
get my friend Barbara. You'd love
her. Tits the size of your head.
You'll feel like a little baby sucking
on 'em. I swear, I'll bring her right
back. It'll be a four-way... You

guys like disco? I teach disco dancing at my church. You guys look like you got rhythm in your blood. Come on, free lessons if you let me go.

BEEFY JERK #1

I know a dance we can do. The horizontal hustle.

They both laugh. Just as they're about to grab her...

revealing
darkness. Christine and the beefy jerks look out
anxiously.

BEEFY JERK #1

Who's there?

Silence except for CRICKETS. Then... from out of the darkness emerges a figure... Lex. Christine's eyes brighten like a bulb.

LEX

I'm here for the girl and the car. You can try to stop me, but I must warn you, it may be hazardous to your health.

toward
him, one with a tire iron, the other a big monkey wrench.

BEEFY JERK #1

Too bad. He was such a young idiot.

BEEFY JERK #2

Ehhh. He was a stupid boy. He deserved to die.

BARKING
and
Lex lets out a quick HIGH-PITCHED WHISTLE. The pack of dogs led by the Shepherd, the Pit Bull, the Doberman, the Basset Hound, step from the darkness and flank Lex, GROWLING and SNARLING at the beefy jerks.

LEX

Listen to them. Children of the night.

What music they make... Hounds of
hell? Say hello to dinner!

in
beefy
dogs

The beefy jerks drop their tools on their feet and yelp
pain. The pack takes this as a threat and charge the
jerks, who bolt for a glass-partitioned office. The
SCRATCH and BARK at the window ferociously.

the
yells

Lex smiles at Christine. She smiles back. He presses
"down" button on the lift and the Volvo descends. Lex
to the beefy jerks through the glass.

LEX

One foot out of that office and your
asses are Alpo!

Lex unlocks Christine. She leaps into his arms.

CHRISTINE

Wow! Thank you! You're cooler than
the Fonz.

the

She gives him a lingering kiss. Lex leans back, gives
double thumbs-up, and says...

LEX

Aaaayyyyy!

lets

Lex takes her hand and they walk over to the Volvo. Lex
her in then rounds the car to the driver's side.

BEEFY JERK #1

Hey, what about the dogs?

LEX

You got a phone in there?

They nod. Lex drips a dry smile onto them.

LEX

Call the cops.

SCREECHES

The beefy jerks watch in disbelief as the Volvo
out of the chop shop.

2 GODDBYES, A PUNCH IN THE GUT AND A DRUMSTICK

EXT. WHITE CASTLE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Beth's parents wait in the running car as Jam and Beth share a heartfelt good-bye outside the back door.

BETH

Ann Arbor isn't... that far from Cleveland, right?

JAM

Nah. Once I get my own wheels, I could come up all the time.

BETH

That'd be great. Hey, maybe someday your band'll play there. It's a college town, you know?

Jam takes her hands.

JAM

I feel like such an idiot. Why didn't I just say something a year and a half ago? Man, think of how much time we wasted.

BETH

Let's not think about the past. Let's just think about from today on. I'll never forget you, Jam.

JAM

Tell me about it. Church will never be the same again.

They stare at each other for a really long time. Then, kiss.

BEEP. BEEP. Dad looks back out the window and CLEARS HIS

THROAT LOUDLY.

BETH

(flustered)

Coming dad.

(to Jam)

I'll call you. Soon as we get a phone.

Bye.

JAM

Bye.

a
She gets in the car. They both wave as the Impala turns
corner out of sight. Jam is left alone still waving
long
after she's gone.

INT. AMANDA'S JAG - NIGHT

in
Amanda and Hawk are half-dressed post-coitus. She looks
her purse.

HAWK

Amanda, as ironic as this is gonna
sound, I can't take any money for...
I'm no Midnight Cowboy, y'know. It
would only cheapen the whole deal
for me.

AMANDA

I'm not paying you for the lovemaking,
Hawk. I just want you to have whatever
you needed the money for when you
took me up on my offer.

She forces the money into his palm.

HAWK

...Thanks.

They kiss.

AMANDA

You're a good man, Hawk. Thank you.

EXT. SMILEY MART - NIGHT

cops
The cashier, shoppers, and a gathering CROWD watch two
load the dazed man with the coat into a cruiser.

COP #1

(to cashier)

You wouldn't happen to know where we
could find this... Dr. Love, would
you?

CASHIER

It's company policy to hand over a cash reward of a hundred and fifty dollars to anyone who stops a robbery. I gave him the money and he took off.

The cops shrug and get into the cruiser.

COP #2

Okay, well, thanks anyway. And let us know if you happen to see him again. We'd like to ask him some questions.

The cruiser takes off and the cashier stares at her mood ring. It throbs red like a beating heart.

CASHIER

(sighing to herself)
If I see Dr. Love any time soon, you're gonna have to wait till I'm done with him first.

CAMERA TRACKS BACK QUICKLY AND SWINGS JUST AROUND THE CORNER.

EXT. SMILEY MART PARKING LOT - NIGHT

We find Trip counting his money out to the little kid, Chongo, and their two buds.

TRIP

...hundred forty, hundred fifty.
That's all I got.

The little kid puts the money in his pocket.

LITTLE KID

Tsk. Tsk. Tsk. I really wanted things to work out for you, my weasly, dim-witted friend. You got spunk.

(to Chongo)
Chongo, give him a fifty dollar wallop.

Chongo reels back and...

TRIP

Oh, no.... Please, look. I...

into
drops
acid, and

THWAM! Right in Trip's face. Trip flies off his feet
the Smiley Mart brick wall with a THUD. A bag of weed
from his jacket, then some uppers, a few sheets of
finally a can of beer rolls out.

CHONGO

Hey, the jerkoff's got drugs.

LITTLE KID

Consider it a bonus, Chongo.

two
buds

Chongo laughs like an ejaculating gorilla as he and his
buds scoop it all up. The little kid, Chongo, and the
leave Trip lying in a puddle of his own nose blood.
He pulls out Stretch Armstrong and looks at him fondly.

TRIP

(misty eyed)

At least I still got you, Stretch.

stand
away

Trip looks up. The six year olds who he stole it from
close by having watched the whole humiliating exchange.
Licked, Trip tosses the doll to them. They both dash
with it, giggling.

EXT. NEARBY STREET - NIGHT

who

Christine sits in an idling taxi taking money from Lex,
stands outside the window.

LEX

This oughta be enough to get you to
Disco Inferno, Christine.

CHRISTINE

Come with. It's not too late for you
to catch the fever.

LEX

No can do. But I made a promise to
get you to that disco, and we KISS
maniacs are men of our word.
Besides... you're pretty cool... for

a stella, I mean.

palm in
Christine takes his hand and writes something on his
lipstick.

CHRISTINE

Here's my number. Tell me how cool I
am over the phone sometime. Okay?

She gives Lex a kiss then pushes him away.

CHRISTINE

(to CABBIE)
Disco Inferno, on the double.

into the
The taxi SCREECHES away as Lex smiles and gets back
Volvo.

INT. COBO HALL - NIGHT

walking
Jam approaches the stadium, passing the MATMOKS,
straight up to Mrs. Bruce. Her back is to him. He taps
her
on the shoulder. She turns. Her jaw drops. It escaped
again!
And what an ugly tee-shirt.

JAM

I'm gonna ask you nicely first. Mom,
can I have my drumsticks back?

and
Taken aback by his confidence, Mrs. Bruce grabs his ear
tries to pull him away. He won't budge.

JAM

Again, can I have my drumsticks?

One of
A BUNCH OF IDIOTS walk by with big transistor radios.
them holds a Mr. Microphone and heckles the MATMOKS.

LEAD IDIOT

Hey, I'm on the radio! Hi, good-
lookin'. We'll be back to pick you
up later!

Mrs. Bruce yells at Jam through her bullhorn.

MRS. BRUCE

Drumsticks are the least of your worries, young man. You are in a world of...

Jam yanks the Mr. Microphone from the lead idiot and screams at his mother, his voice amplified on the transistors. Everyone stares.

JAM

I know, mom, I've been in trouble for about twelve hours now!
Helloooooo!?

The other MATMOKS turn to look as Jam climbs onto a trash receptacle and shouts down at his mother, his face slowly turning purple.

JAM

I'm gonna be spending the next two years of my life at St. Bernard's Boarding School, remember?! I'm gonna be outta your hair till I'm a legal adult, remember?! That way, all you have to do is go to church, light a candle, pray to a little statue for me, and voila! All is forgiven and forgotten, right mom?!! Then, you can spend your days in guilt-free pursuit of more constructive activities like telling everybody else how screwed up their lives are! That way you no longer need the patience and understanding required to communicate on some normal level with your own child!!! And that way you don't even have to think about how tough it was for you when you were growing up, and it's a good thing too. Cause if you did, you'd realize what a LOUSY, GODDAMN, SHITTY-
ASS, PARENT YOU ARE!!!

The crowd of KISS fans APPLAUD Jam's rant. Mrs. Bruce is utterly winded from the assault.

MRS. BRUCE

(timidly)

Jeremiah... what's gotten into you?

JAM

(into Mr. Microphone)
I just lost my virginity in a
confessional booth! Lord have mercy!!

The crowd cheers. Jam jumps down and hands the Mr.
Microphone back to the lead idiot. He turns to his mom.

JAM

For the last time, mom. Let me have
my fucking drumsticks. Please.

Mrs. Bruce reaches into the trash, finds the drumsticks
and hands them to him. He spins them like pistols, then
stuffs them into his socks and walks away.

SIMPLE PLAN

EXT. IT'S RAINING MEN STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

selling a Hawk runs to the scalper across the street who's
ticket to another KISS fan.

HAWK

Whoa! Whoa! WHOA! That better not be
the last ticket! I hope you have
another one for me!

disappearing The scalper sees Hawk and bolts down the street
around a corner. Hawk stops. He's lost him.

four Hawk sulks to the now-familiar intersection where all
Cobo landmarks meet. He takes one more look up the block at
are Hall. Nearly all the KISS fans are inside. The streets
almost deserted.

HAWK

Fuck me!

comes He sees someone out of the corner of his eye across the
street. It's Jam. Lex approaches the other corner. Trip

each
pissed.
CONCERT

up to the forth corner. They all stop when they see
other. Each standing on his own corner. They're all
They meet in the middle of the street as last minute
GOERS hurry by.

HAWK

Any luck?

TRIP

Plenty, but it was all bad.

LEX

I found the Volvo.

HAWK

Tickets?

They all shake no.

HAWK

Well, dudes, the only way we're gonna
see KISS this tour is by some fuckin'
miracle.

four
their

Suddenly, a commotion up the street. A SURLY MOM yanks
12 YEAR OLD BRATS dressed like KISS by the scruffs of
necks. She's furious, they're CRYING.

SURLY MOM

How dare you sneak out of the house
like that! You had me worried to
death! Don't you know this is Detroit!
And for a degenerate band like KISS!
They're sick, sick, sick and oughta
be in jail with their vile antics!

our

She throws a wad of paper to the pavement as they pass
four heroes. The dudes watch her pull the brats away.

SURLY MOM

Just wait until your father gets
ahold of you!

wad

Jam, Hawk, Lex, and Trip turn and look at the crumpled

at their feet. It's an envelope. An ANGELIC SPOTLIGHT
FROM ABOVE highlights it.

LEX

No... You don't think...?

HAWK

Nah. Couldn't be.

They all shake their heads in unison resolved that it
isn't.

Then, unable to control themselves, they dive for the
envelope. Jam tears it open. His trembling hand reaches
in.

All their eyes focus like lasers on what's inside.

Jam pulls out four KISS tickets. Their jaws drop. Their
eyes
bug.

JAM

It's a miracle! A miracle!

The boys are practically moved to tears. It's Divine
Intervention at its finest.

Suddenly, a greasy hand juts out of nowhere and grabs
the
tickets. The boys look up shocked. They can't believe
it.

ALL FOUR BOYS

ELVIS?!!

Yes, Elvis. Fire in his eyes. Mania on his mind. And
tickets
in his hand.

ELVIS

(laughing hysterically)

Whose laughing now?! Whose laughing
now, ya little shits?! I told ya...
Over my dead body! Ha-HA-HAAA!

HAWK

(arms outstretched)

Take it easy, Elvis. Don't do anything
crazy. Just give me the tickets before
someone gets hurt.

TRIP

Hey, wait a minute! This ain't school property! He's not the boss of us here!

ELVIS

(crazed)

That's right. This ain't school. It's not about school anymore. Now it's personal.

LEX

Come on, Elvis. We was only kiddin'. It's all in good fun. We run, you chase. Cat and mouse. You know.

ELVIS

Boys, this time... I win!

Elvis stuffs all four tickets in his mouth and chews crazily.

In seconds, GULP. Elvis explodes into unhinged laughter as he runs away zigzagged down the street.

Our boys are left dumbstruck and speechless. After a really long pause...

JAM

Well... I still got my idea if anybody will let me speak.

HAWK

(beaten)

Go ahead, Jam.

JAM

We all beat each other up, then, once we're nice and bruised, we run over to the ticket takers and say we got mugged and our tickets were stolen. They gotta let us in then.

They stand and think for a moment. Hawk's mouth curls into a devilish grin.

The four boys brutally pummel one another in the middle of the intersection. Punching. Kicking. Headbutting.

EXT. COBO HALL - NIGHT

Two TICKET TAKERS are letting the last KISS fans in.
They're about to close the doors when our four bloodied and
bruised heroes come running up.

HAWK

Dude, you gotta let us in! Four
muggers just stole our tickets!

TICKET TAKER

(sceptical)
You expect us to believe that?

JAM

Look at us!

Trip points into the crowd of fans inside the
auditorium foyer.

TRIP

It was those assholes! They even
stole my wallet!

The ticket takers turn to see the little kid, Chongo,
and their two buds just going in. The ticket takers signal
two security guards who proceed to stop the four stunned
kids and confiscate their tickets. They find all the stolen
dope and Trip's wallet.

TRIP

Inside that you'll find my KISS Army
picture I.D. and a hundred fifty
bucks cash.

The security guards see he's right and break out the
cuffs.

TRIP

(to little kid)
Tsk. Tsk. Tsk. I was really hoping
things would work out for you, my
weasly, midget friend. You got spunk.

The little kid for once is speechless.

into
COBO Hall as if to say "Entrez Vous." The four friends
pause.

JAM

This is it!

believe
They take a few slow steps almost as if they don't
it, then run like the wind into the auditorium.

DETROIT ROCK CITY

INT. COBO HALL AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

CROWDS'
The lights are out. The lighters have been lit. The
ROAR is deafening.

throng
Jam, Hawk, Trip, and Lex plow their way through the
and head straight for the front row just as Simple
Simon takes the stage.

SIMPLE SIMON

You wanted the best! And you got the
best! The hottest band in the world...

KISS!!!

chords
Simple Simon runs from the stage just as the opening
to DETROIT ROCK CITY BEGIN.

alighting
On the beat, BOOM, FIREWORKS shoot from the floor
the place. KISS takes the stage descending on hydraulic
elevators.

ON JAM, HAWK, TRIP, AND LEX

They're seeing God!

Ace's
vocals.
The show is spectacular. The costumes. The make-up. The
blitzkrieg of pyrotechnics. The flashing KISS sign.
smoking guitar. Gene's spewing fire. Paul's rockin'
Peter's kick-ass beat.

like
front
before

throws
it

outside

his
in
see

brings
resumes
hydraulic

audience

teenage

WHITE:

Then, something really weird happens.

The crowd behind the boys heaves forward. Jam is pushed a twig in a flood and over the shoulders of those in front of him. Purely by accident, he is thrown onto the stage landing on his stomach between Paul and Gene. Just before Peter's drum solo is about to start.

Gene, Paul, and Ace silence their instruments. Peter throws his drumstick into the air intending to catch it when it comes down. But the sight of Jam landing on the stage distracts him.

All is mute as Peter misses the drumstick. It hits the edge of one of the drums.

Thinking fast, Jam grabs one of his drumsticks out of his sock and tosses it to Peter. It tumbles through the air SLOW MOTION with a LOW, WHOOPING, HELICOPTER SOUND. We see the word "Mystery" clearly as it twirls.

Instantly, it's caught in Peter Criss's hand and he brings it down on his drum not missing a beat. The song resumes with all its fury as Peter's drum kit ascends on a hydraulic platform.

Jam scrambles from the stage and leaps back into the audience barely missing the claws of some security guards.

The four friends pound on each other with unbridled, exuberance. Will it ever get any better than this?

FREEZE FRAME.

FADE TO

THE END