

**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

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.  
spilling

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

**IT'S KISS!**

volume  
The

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

dustcover.  
Hell.  
to

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

she  
label...

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

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

**KISS - LOVE GUN, SIDE TWO**

Mrs. Bruce's blood boils.

**MRS. BRUCE**

KISS! The devil's music!

**EXT. LEX'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

of  
Spindly

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

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.

neck  
Lex

Behind him, Trip grabs Lex's bass and swings it by the  
at an amp pretending to bash it over and over again.  
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!!

crowd.  
like  
the  
They all make that BREATH SOUND that mimics a screaming  
Suddenly, headlights swing by in the window above them  
a spotlight. Lex hops onto the unmade bed and looks out  
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  
Jam GULPS as if he's just shat out an whole can of  
logs.

**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!**

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

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

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

**JAM**

What's up?

KISS  
Mrs. Bruce grabs her son by the ear and holds up the 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!"

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

"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.

REAL

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

entire

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**

"Destroyer"  
bolts  
awakened

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

crucifix.

under the only other decoration in his room: a

tee-

Still dressed in last night's clothes, a plain black

of

shirt and blue jeans, Jam leaps out of bed unwittingly planting a foot in the handle of a Bullworker (a piece

two

exercise equipment comprised of a powerful spring with

under one

handles on either end) whose other handle is stuck

of the bed's legs.

Bullworker's

Jam runs to a phone on his dresser, drawing the

he

powerful springs out to maximum tension. No sooner does

across

pick up, when he is yanked to the floor and dragged

the

it as if tied to the bumper of a speeding car. Despite

manage

Bullworker pulling him back toward his bed, Jam does

to get the phone to his ear.

**JAM**

Hello?

leap

The phone's cord stretches taut causing its cradle to

from the dresser and WHACK Jam on the head.

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

of the

Hawk is on the phone as Lex and Trip scour every inch

frantically

cluttered room on their hands and knees searching

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  
jacket lying on the floor. He checks the pockets and  
sees  
four tickets labelled KISS - JUNE 7, 1978 - COBO HALL,  
**DETROIT.**

**JAM**

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

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

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

**HAWK**

(to others)  
He's got'm!

Lex and Trip collapse with relief.

**HAWK**

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

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

**HAWK**

(into phone)  
Cool.

**JAM (O.S.)**

I'm really sorry about that, man.

**HAWK**

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

**INT. JAM'S ROOM - DAY**

**JAM**

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

CLICK. DIAL TONE. Jam hangs up.

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

Lex buckles his belt with its huge KISS belt buckle.

**LEX**

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

**TRIP**

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

chain

Trip pockets his wallet which is affixed to a long 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.

continue  
angrily.

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

**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  
stuffs  
written on  
right  
Bruce

Jam gives the Bullworker one final yank. This time it loose... not from his foot, but from under the bed. Its lashes up SLAPPING him across the face. Ouch. Fully awake now, Jam throws on Trip's denim jacket. He a drumstick into his left sock. We see "Mystery" it. Just as he's about to stick the other one in his sock...

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  
at  
him.

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

**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**

activity.

The suburban high school is teeming with morning

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

**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.

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

shirt

unbelievably geeky outfit, white corduroy slacks, plaid  
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  
"Be  
The STUDY HALL TEACHER grades papers. On the wall a of President Carter hangs next to Old Glory. The words Quiet" are written on the blackboard.

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



desk  
and  
hearts  
and "I  
onto  
just

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

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

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.

drumstick.

Rubbing her head, she smiles and hands him the

**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 move. Both want to speak, neither does. They awkwardly go back to their notebooks.

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

**JAM**

Beth?

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

**BETH**

Yes?

BOINK! The pen hits Jam in the eye.

**JAM**

Ow!

up

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

too.

Beth resumes doodling feeling like an idiot. Jam does

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

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

**PRINCIPAL'S VOICE**

Jeremiah Bruce, come to the office  
immediately...

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

**WHOLE CLASS**

Oooo, you're in troubaaaalllll.

**PRINCIPAL'S VOICE**

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

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

**MRS. BRUCE'S VOICE**

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

laughter. All the kids except for Beth burst into hysterical

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

**INT. HAWK'S SCIENCE CLASS - DAY**

Bunsen Hawk sits at his lab table burning an eraser with his  
as the 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**

as  
Trip dozes at his desk as an out-of-date film about VD sputters on. The room is deafening with laughter. Then, 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.

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

**MRS. BRUCE**

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

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

**REVERSE ANGLE ON NEARBY CORNER**

a  
Hawk, Trip, and Lex peek around it, their heads forming  
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  
hips.  
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  
Meet ELVIS.

**LEX**

Wanna bet.

**ELVIS**

Could that be three detentions I smell?

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

**HAWK**

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

**LEX**

Check!

laughing,  
follow?  
staircase.

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

**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**

one in,

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

BLAST!

backwards  
the

From behind it pops Hawk wielding a fire extinguisher.  
A hail of foam covers Elvis's face. Hawk shoves the  
extinguisher into the man's arms and pushes Elvis  
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.

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

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

**HAWK**

A skirt just came around the corner.

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

see A FOXY GIRL hurries into the stall next to theirs. We  
partition. the top halves of three heads peek over the stall's



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  
lets  
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  
exposing  
everywhere  
her  
They bolt out the door slipping and sliding across the  
torrent  
traumatized  
of toilet water. Lex turns and shrugs to the  
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**

an Mrs. Bruce's car turns off the road and drives through 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 Jam looks at what lies ahead. His face becomes a mask hands pure terror. We hear a THUNDER CLAP as Jam puts his together and closes his eyes humbling himself. He whispers.

**JAM**

Please, God, help.

**EXT. ST. BERNARD'S - DAY**

edifice  
THUNDER  
The car winds up the path leading to a dark, Gothic  
over which tumultuous storm clouds continuously hover.  
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  
Class.  
Except for the tinkering NOISES that are heard as the  
work on their projects, there is silence in Electronics

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

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

tuner,  
from its speaker. He adjusts the volume, then the  
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!

they've  
Detroit? DETROIT? Hawk, Trip, and Lex react like  
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!

reception.  
HIGH FREQUENCY NOISES again, then the radio loses  
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**

next  
Mr. Johansen still sits with his feet up, reading. The  
page's headline reads: First Test Tube Baby Born.  
the  
Trip runs up to Mr. J's desk, one hand behind his back,  
of  
other on his crotch. His face is drawn in an expression  
background.  
sheer agony. Hawk and Lex watch anxiously in the

**MR. J**

Mr. Verudi, get back to your bench.

behind

Trip puts one leg over the other always keeping a hand  
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!

holds

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

nanosecond.

forgotten

pad of

everywhere.

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

was

He holds the pass out to Trip like it was a cross he  
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  
Trip paperwork. She pauses when she hears RUNNING FOOTSTEPS.  
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 "YEEEEHAAWW" and turns

air as  
her.

Trip wheeling back around the corner, leaping in the  
he runs, YOWLING like a rodeo cowboy. He bounds past  
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 gynecologist's convention anyway?

**LEX**

Sunday, but...

**HAWK**

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

**TRIP**

Simplicity, Hawk.

**LEX**

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

**HAWK**

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

**LEX**

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

familiar

**HAWK**

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

Lex nods.

**HAWK**

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

**TRIP**

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

**HAWK**

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

**LEX**

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

**HAWK**

Curly.

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

**HAWK**

Ok, dudes, follow my lead.

**LEX**

Wait a minute. We ditching the rest of school?

**TRIP**

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

**LEX**

Hello summer detention.

**HAWK**

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

has  
on a  
They  
appetites.

Hawk points across the cafeteria and sure enough Elvis  
just entered. Luckily, he hasn't noticed the boys yet.  
Elvis swaggers to a table of CHEERLEADERS, puts his leg  
chair and starts a one-sided conversation with them.  
promptly push their trays away, having lost their

each  
table.  
ketchup  
sit.

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

**HAWK**

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

Then  
Elvis,  
some  
INTO

Hawk approaches the exit door, glances either way, then  
leaves.  
Trip and Lex look at their watches for five seconds.  
Trip heads for the exit door also.  
Lex still stares at his watch. After five, he looks at  
who stops talking to the cheerleaders. As if possessing  
sixth sense, Elvis turns quickly and looks STRAIGHT  
**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.

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

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

**INT. HALLWAY - DAY**

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

**INT. OTHER HALLWAY - DAY**

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

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

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

**NERD**

Hey, I'm responsible for that!

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

**AROUND A CORNER**

water  
polished

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

**INT. ENGLISH CLASS - DAY**

dozing.

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

**MISS HIBBS**

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

on his  
clamors  
stunned.

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

**INT. HALLWAY - DAY**

around

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

They

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

**GULP.**

**ELVIS**

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

twirling

Elvis takes his key ring off his belt and begins 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 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 arms nemesis with hideous cafeteria red as Elvis throws his the back, body quaking at every splat. It's kind of like 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 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 Ob-GYN.

Volvo

Trip

PULL BACK to reveal it's on a brand spanking-new, brown 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**

entrance.

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

**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

see

kid.

Mrs. Bruce and FATHER McNULTY stand outside his office. door is open a tad. Jam sits just beyond it, but all we 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.

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

**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.

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

**INT. FATHER McNULTY'S OFFICE - DAY**

and wall. The priest enters, SLAMS the door shut, startling Jam,  
sits in front of a painting of the Virgin Mary on his  
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!

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



when burrowing into a molar. Jam shudders.

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

**FATHER MCNULTY**

Let's begin the enrollment, shall  
we?

**EXT. ST. BERNARD'S - DAY**

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

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

**LEX**

Now, how are we gonna do this?

**HAWK**

Gimme a second, dudes. Lemme think.

labelled  
pizza  
They hear an ENGINE and turn to see a delivery truck  
PIZZA PIG parking behind them. A DELIVERY BOY holding a  
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  
Hawk, Trip, and Lex exchange an anxious glance, then

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

**HAWK**

Yeah, I'm Philip McNutly.

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

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

**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.

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

**FATHER MCNULTY**

Well, what's the damage, pizza fellow?

**HAWK**

Ten even.

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

below.

big,  
For the first time we see what Jam looks like with a  
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.

and  
Hawk takes the ten, tips the brim of the baseball cap  
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.

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

**FATHER McNULTY**

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

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

**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)

**GYAACK!**

out.  
looking  
Father McNulty GAGS sticking his pizza-covered tongue  
He pours himself a glass of wine and sucks it down  
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?

above.  
Just then, INSANE LAUGHTER bellows from the window

**TRIP**

He's lit.

**INT. FATHER McNULTY'S OFFICE - DAY**

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

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

**FATHER McNULTY**

(in mid-guffaw)

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

(belly laugh)

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

(more belly laughter)

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

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

the  
behavior,  
cheeks,  
until...

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

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**

back.

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

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!"

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

Jam spots her and beams. Their eyes lock. She waves and starts to yell something, when... suddenly... BANG! The boys look out the driver's side of the car to see the rear hubcap rolling away. They've got a flat.

**LEX**

(screams)

My mom's hubcap!

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

The Chevy continues on, Beth gazing out the rear window sadly.

**HAWK**

Shit!

(looks at car clock)

Anybody know how long it takes to fix a flat?

**EXT. LOCAL TRAIN STOP - DAY**

see is  
it  
but

ANGLE ON a status report. The 2:45 is now leaving. We  
Hawk, Trip, Lex, and Jam running alongside a train as  
picks up speed by the second. They YELL for it to stop,  
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 Behind them, a car horn starts HONKING rhythmically.  
two 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 They're slightly older than our heroes and very full of  
disco 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!

Tripp 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!

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

**JAM**

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

**HAWK**

What?! Are you mentally deranged,  
Jam?

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

**HAWK**

What the fuck!

**LEX**

(freaking out)  
The paint!

**EXT. FREEWAY - DAY**

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

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

four  
between  
Kenny  
With a kid in each hand now, Kenny and Bobby SLAM the  
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...

Three

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

**KENNY**

**DO YOU?!**

looks  
finger at  
and

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

incorrect  
Hawk figured out that any answer he gives will be  
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.

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

**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!

gasoline. Kenny's temper's rising faster than the price of  
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 And with that, Kenny grabs himself a fistful of Hawk's  
pizza hair and pulls him over to the Trans Am. He wipes the  
back off with Hawk's hair, tugging Hawk's head up and down,  
Kenny 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 He throws Hawk to the ground and smiles at Bobby. Then,  
oh! suddenly hears the KISS tune coming from the Volvo. Uh-

**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!

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

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

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?

He

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

**HAWK**

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

(puffing on cig)

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

**KENNY**

(beat, in disbelief)

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

**HAWK**

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

**KENNY**

Oh, yeah...?

by.

Out of original material, Kenny goes for an old stand

**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 side.

his

**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 nose, crushing it flat against his face. Hawaiian

backwash

backwards spews from its tab hole like blood as Kenny falls  
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,  
knocking unconscious on top of Bobby. Their heads collide  
Bobby out cold.  
Terrified, Barbara leaps from the Trans Am and is  
cornered.

**LEX**

Not so fast, stella.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**MOMENTS LATER**

with  
shirt.

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

and the

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

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  
show

Hawk puts the rock on the Trans Am's accelerator  
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.

then  
the  
through

He throws the Trans Am into drive.

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

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

tumbles  
way,  
The disco-mobile ramps off the edge of an embankment,  
down a steep, rocky incline breaking apart along the  
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  
Stanley.  
their  
We now see them from the front. Lo-and-behold, Kenny  
been made-up like Gene Simmons, Bobby like Paul  
Whoever finds them is gonna get the wrong idea about  
musical taste... and kick their asses all over again.

**BARBARA**

Very funny. I hope you choke!

**STELLA ON BOARD**

**INT. VOLVO - DAY**

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

**JAM**

Hey, look, it's that girl.

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

**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.

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

gum.  
bowl.  
flavored,  
Christine sits between Jam and Lex in the back SNAPPING  
Jam and Lex stare at her like cats looking at a fish  
Hawk looks in the rearview mirror at Christine checking  
herself in a compact. She swathes on some 7-Up  
Bonnie Bell lip gloss.

rolling

Trip meanwhile twirls the joint he's just finished  
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.

make on

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

passes  
the  
smoke.

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

**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!



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

**LEX**

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

doesn't  
Hawk and Trip immediately bust into the giggles and it  
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?

and the  
Christine succumbs to the contagious giggle epidemic  
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?

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

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**HELLO DETROIT, GOODBYE TICKETS!**

**MONTAGE**

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

The Volvo racing toward the Detroit skyline.

Ford  
Detroit landmarks: The General Motors Building, the

Building, Motown Records, and finally...

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

which  
store,  
another,

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

CITY"

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

**EXT. COBO HALL - SUNSET**

traffic,  
pushing  
souvenirs  
the

The sun hangs low on this day as the Volvo sits in passing Cobo Hall. Movement is nearly impossible. KISS FANS cram every square foot of open macadam, through the jammed cars. STREET VENDORS hawk KISS from tee-shirts to pennants. Some are in stands along 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.

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

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

speaker of "TOP OF THE WORLD" continues, playing through the  
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**

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

**HAWK**

Simple Simon?

in a  
very  
moustache. He

SIMPLE SIMON strikes a pose before a full-length mirror  
glittery-back Gene Simmons tee-shirt, silver pants, and  
high heel boots. He has a huge Afro and bushy  
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  
through  
music.

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

slows  
this:

Looking at the footage counter on the tape player, he  
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**

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

**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  
lower.  
over  
Hawk, Trip, Lex, and Jam ride back down the elevator  
NeHi sodas, watching the floor numbers get lower and  
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.

VOICE  
On their way to the car, they suddenly hear a WOMAN'S  
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!"**

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

can't  
Lex looks away from the MATMOKS and into the street. We  
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?

beat-  
Hawk, Trip, and Jam look at their parking spot to see a  
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...

male Hawk points to the intersection where the church, the  
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.

starts  
leader  
Hawk, Trip, and Lex split up, leaving Jam alone. He walking in the opposite direction, passing MATMOKS. The 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.

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

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

**JAM**

Oh... dear... Lord!!

MATMOK  
it's too  
Mrs. Bruce quickly hands the megaphone to another member, who picks up where Mrs. Bruce left off.  
Jam looks around for someplace to run and hide, but

and

late. Mrs. Bruce slices through the crowd of KISS fans  
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**

before.

Cathedral

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

with a

They climb the steps to the cathedral passing a  
board reading: Thank God It's Friday Mass, 6PM-7PM.  
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 top. In the window we see Beth and her parents sitting at one of the booths.

on  
at

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

Jam,  
face

**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.

street. Beth is already out the door and halfway across the

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**

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

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

**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  
under

The scalper points over his shoulder and Hawk turns to see 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.

opening  
handful of  
in  
up.

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

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

**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**

crowd  
He  
mirror

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.

man  
of

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.

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

**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?

it

Hawk looks at the unfamiliar drink again trying to play  
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.

Mature

fantasy.

Dickey points to a WOMAN sitting at the end of the bar.  
and sexy. She's a knock-out. Every teenage boy's  
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.

from

She's

eyed

at

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

And, their drinks. She licks her lips suggestively at him.  
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 Your typical 70's convenient store. Out front two SIX  
Stretch OLDS in Star Wars tee-shirts play tug-o-war with a  
Armstrong doll.

When he Trip stomps over grabbing them by their mini shirts.  
aren't 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 The store is crawling with KISS FANS, some reading the  
others books, others playing pinball against a far wall, still  
others

mission.

looking at the poster section. Trip enters on a

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  
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  
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.  
kid is actually pretty good. We also see now the little  
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.

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

**LITTLE KID**

Hey, Chongo!

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

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

**LITTLE KID**

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

white.  
Chongo arrives eyeing Trip with distaste. Trip goes

**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.

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

theme  
looks  
into his  
comes  
bicep and

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

flesh.

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

**EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT**

couple of

The full-to-capacity parking lot is patrolled by a **SECURITY GUARDS.**

lot  
chain

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



against  
flashlight  
then

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

**LEX**

(whispering to self)  
I can't believe I'm actually  
entertaining the notion of sneaking  
in. I oughta have my cranium examined.

on his  
the  
also

Lex finds a vertical break in the chain link. He lays  
back, slides through, then stands on the other side of  
fence. He's at the edge of a weedy, littery field that  
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  
into the

Lex sees the guard standing about fifty feet away on  
other side of the fence. Panicking, he bolts deeper  
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  
are parked nearby. There's a bustle of last minute

**EXT. LOADING DOCK - NIGHT**

lights to  
avoids

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

loading  
building.

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!

barrel

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.

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

**SECURITY GUARD**

Where'd he go? You see him?

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

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

**JAM IN A JAM / KISS THIS**

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

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

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

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

**PRIEST**

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

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

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

**MRS. BRUCE**

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

**PRIEST**

(smiling)  
Consider it done.

poking  
stuffs  
Mrs. Bruce looks down at Jam and sees his drumsticks  
out of his socks. She immediately takes them out and  
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.

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

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

**PRIEST**

Come along, son. Get into the booth.

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

**INT. CONFESSIONAL BOOTH - NIGHT**

Beth  
that of  
  
his  
eye-  
visible

Jam kneels on the board and a mere two feet behind him,  
sits on a bench shrouded in darkness. Her posture is  
someone with a crate of nitroglycerine on her lap.  
We hear the SHUFFLING noise of the priest getting into  
own compartment next door. A moment later the small,  
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.

confession.

Beth leans forward slightly and listens to Jam's

**INT. IT'S RAINING MEN STRIP JOINT - NIGHT**

a  
of  
blowing

Hawk's at a bar stool gulping sloppily and woozily from  
rocks glass. Four more empty rocks glasses sit in front  
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.

having Hawk wakes up fast. There's nothing more sobering than  
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.

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

**HAWK**

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

(hiccup)

Do it for KISS.

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

checks  
see.  
at his  
doing?

The crowd of women parts down the middle for him and  
him out as he walks by. They seem to like what they  
Hawk looks nervously at the carnivorous faces leering  
package first, his ass after. What the hell is he

start  
his

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

to  
faster

The CHEERS start to ECHO and the pulsing lights begin  
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

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

**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 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,



finger  
this in

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

underwear

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

The women WHOO-HOO.

ladies go  
and  
scream

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

dance!

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

heat.

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

Amanda smirks and sucks from her little drink straw  
suggestively.

want.

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

His  
legs  
go

He puts his fingers to his fly, pauses, then unzips.

Brittanias fall to his ankles, revealing a pair of bony  
sticking down from some KISS boxer shorts. The ladies  
batty.

disrobing.

Unfortunately Hawk has neglected a cardinal rule of

off

Never pull your pants down without taking your shoes

goes

first. He tries to kick off his shoes. The left one

WOMAN

flying across the bar and THWACK, beans a MIDDLE-AGED

in the face. She flies backwards over a chair.

balance

Trying to kick the other shoe off, Hawk loses his

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

**DRUM ROLL / NEGOTIATION**

**INT. SMILEY MART - NIGHT**

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

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

**INT. BASS DRUM - NIGHT**

bowels  
his  
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  
nature.

**LEX**

(under his breath)  
Keep it together, Lex. Anything worth  
fighting for is worth dying for.

**INT. COBO HALL/RECEIVING AREA - NIGHT**

minute  
unaware  
ROADIES and TECHIES run in all directions as last  
preparations are being attended to.  
Two roadies carry the base drum down a long ramp  
that Lex is hidden inside.

**ROADIE #2**

Boy, this one's heavy.

and  
instant  
speed.  
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

**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  
the  
heading

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

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  
the

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

life,

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

**BETH'S CONFESSION / COMPENSATORY POSSIBILITIES**

**INT. CONFSSIONAL - NIGHT**

still  
the

Jam is at the end of his confession. The priest is 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.

shrouded  
It's  
him...

The priest SLIDES the door shut again. Jam is all but  
in darkness, but can make out the time on his watch.  
getting late. He resignedly sits on the bench behind  
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.

clicking.

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

**JAM**

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

say.

BETH can hardly speak. She gulps thinking of what to

**BETH**

I have a confession. Here it is.

mouth.

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

**BETH**

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

**JAM**

I don't care. I wanna hear more.

lips

She lunges at him again, kissing him for dear life. Her  
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!

undressing He kisses her neck. Unable to stop, they start 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**

is A really buff STRIPPER dressed as a construction worker background. on stage with about ten others who stand in the 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...

on the FOLLOW the emcee's hand to Hawk who holds an ice pack 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!

reprise  
rest of  
pretty  
the  
up.

The women cheer and a DISCO SONG starts as Troy does a  
of his act. Hawk walks away from the stage with the  
the rejected strippers, looking the way he feels:  
damn stupid. He puts on his pants, trying to walk at  
same time and falls to his knees.  
A helpful hand grabs him under the arm and helps him  
It's Amanda looking lustier than ever.

**HAWK**

Thanks, miss.

**AMANDA**

You're too kind. I'm Amanda.

**HAWK**

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

**AMANDA**

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

**HAWK**

Huh?

**AMANDA**

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

Hawk GULPS.

**INT. CONFESSIONAL BOOTH - NIGHT**

each  
floor.

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



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**

Booring. Think, boy, think!

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

**HOLD UP**

**INT. SMILEY MART - NIGHT**

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

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!

to  
then

Trip snaps out of it. All the shoppers and cashier are starring at him. He COUGHS loudly, clearing his throat cover his outburst. The shoppers go back to shopping. 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  
and

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. 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 starts everyone else. The air is very tense. The cashier 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 Your wildest fantasy of a rock show's backstage area  
Scantily- true. The place is packed with "beautiful" people.  
food. clad BABES everywhere. Slick, RECORD BIZ-TYPES. Lots of  
concert, Lots of booze. Lots of fun. It's backstage at a KISS  
come on!

shimming CAMERA TILTS UP above the partying hordes to find Lex  
vents. 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 He takes the opportunity to peer down some BIG BUSTED  
A cleavage. Then his eye spots something else. He GASPS.  
KISS. door. On it a star. Written on the star, the word,

**LEX**

Oh, God, they're in there!

the A big-haired HIPSTER in mirrored sunglasses KNOCKS on  
The dressing room door. It opens, but Lex can't see inside.  
there. hipster stands in the doorway talking to whoever is

Desperate Lex cranes his neck to see around the door jamb.  
for a glimpse of his idols, he leans out too far.  
the Suddenly, the entire duct collapses. Breaking loose of  
Backstage ceiling, Lex hurls to the floor clutching the duct.  
a goes leap for cover as SMASH... he hits the ground in  
shower of plaster and dust.

shut The hipster protectively pulls the dressing room door  
as two SECURITY MEN jump in front of it.

shoulders. Instantly, huge, burly hands come down on Lex's  
his Before he can react, a slew of OFFICERS have him off  
his feet and carry him away, a stunned expression frozen to  
face.

**EXT. ALLEY BEHIND COBO HALL - NIGHT**

scruff Lex is thrown into a heaping garbage dumpster by the  
themselves of his neck. The security officers laugh and pat  
on the back as they hurry back in.

jumps  
biggest  
bared and

Lex peeks out the lid. The alley is dark and spooky. He  
out of the trash and comes face to face with the  
GERMAN SHEPHERD that has ever lived. Its teeth are  
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  
like

Then, a GROWLING DOBERMAN with a spiked collar emerges  
the darkness on the other side of the alley, its solid,  
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  
mutts  
snaps

No luck. He stops, when several other DOGS emerge from  
shadows and gather behind the first three. These new  
immediately join in the GROWLING chorale. The Shepherd  
at Lex.

**LEX**

(to the heavens)

God, if you ever get me outta this,  
I swear I will never masturbate again!

The pack BARKS even louder.

**LEX**

(to heaven again)

**I REALLY MEAN IT THIS TIME!**

**INT. CONFSSIONAL BOOTH - NIGHT**

well be  
whisper.

Beth lays in Jam's arms on the floor. They might as  
the only two people on the face of the earth. They

**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.

addressed to  
in

She opens her backpack and pulls out a package  
Jam. The return address reads: Beth Bumsteen, Somewhere  
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.

shirt

Jam opens the box and his jaw drops. It's a black tee-

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  
it.

The pack just glares and SNARLS. He tosses the frisbee  
the packs' heads, but the dogs don't even acknowledge  
They just keep BARKING and GROWLING.

mangy  
land on

Meanwhile, an unnoticed dog at the rear of the pack, a  
Basset Hound, turns its flat head to see the frisbee  
the ground behind him. His tail starts to wag.

**LEX**

(exasperated)

Alright! I give up! I hereby and  
forthwith defer my destiny to you  
mutts. I may be an intelligent,  
upright, walking, homo-fucking sapien,  
but you fleabags are a force of  
nature. So, I'm just gonna sit here  
and wait for you to decide. If you  
let me live, I thank you. If you  
bite my head off, I'll die knowing I  
did all I could. It's up to you.

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

and

dogs shut-up. Shocked, Lex picks the frisbee up again  
throws it.

product.

This time the entire pack bolts after the Whammo

SLOW

Lex smiles, watching them fight for it in the air... in  
MOTION... as the theme from "CHARIOTS OF FIRE" begins.

mouth

The black Shepherd finally grabs the frisbee in its  
and runs back toward Lex. It's soon joined by the rest  
of  
the pack. That's right about when Lex realizes they  
aren't  
going to stop.

**LEX**

Whoa! Whoa!

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?

time. Beefy jerk #2 laughs more. Beefy jerk #1 checks the

**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?

teeth Beefy jerk #2 bares what's left of his yellow, crusty

**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**

vanity DOLLY FROM the front end of a Jaguar XKE, Michigan  
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.

to they separate, Amanda takes out a flask and offers it

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  
up to  
Amanda caresses Hawk's cheek. He turns with her hand  
kisses it. He takes her arm and begins kissing his way  
her neck, her cheek, her mouth...

**DR. LOVE TO THE RESCUE**

**INT. SMILEY MART - NIGHT**

the  
The  
It's a stand-off. Prone customers look up at Trip and  
man with the long coat circling each other like sharks.  
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!

head.  
The man with the coat puts his shotgun against Trip's

**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.

starts  
Trip GULPS. The jig's up. He slowly pulls out Stretch  
Armstrong, and the man with the coat glances down and



to laugh very loud. So loud, he throws his head back.  
When he recovers, Trip's got Stretch aimed at his head  
and pulled back to maximum tension.

**TRIP**

Smile, you sonofa...

Trip lets go. WZZMACK! The man gets it right in the  
face and falls backward onto the Hostess display, toppling a  
whole bunch of Ho-Ho's, Ding-Dong's, Twinkies, and Suzy-O's  
to the ground.

Trip runs up and grabs the shotgun away as the man with  
the coat lifts his head briefly, then passes out.

Trip turns around and the cashier SLAMS into him,  
nearly knocking him over. She throws her arms around him  
letting out relieved SOBS. Behind her all the customers rise  
from the floor CLAPPING. Trip did it. He saved the fucking  
store!

The cashier looks into Trip's masked eyes.

**CASHIER**

Thank you! Thank you!... Who are  
you?

**TRIP**

(with confidence)  
Call me... Dr. Love!

ZOOM She plants a thousand mega-watt kiss on his lips and we  
engine IN on her mood ring changing color from gray to fire  
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

lipstick.  
doesn't

We now see Trip's face is smeared with bright, red  
A huge chunk of ceiling falls onto his head but he  
move. The kiss hit him harder.

**I'M HERE FOR THE GIRL AND THE CAR**

**INT. CHOP SHOP - NIGHT**

'78  
BZZZZZ! Christine and the beefy jerks watch the brown,  
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.

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  
anxiously.

Suddenly, the garage door behind them SLIDES UP  
darkness. Christine and the beefy jerks look out

**BEEFY JERK #1**

Who's there?

darkness  
a

Silence except for CRICKETS. Then... from out of the  
emerges a figure... Lex. Christine's eyes brighten like  
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  
wrench.

The beefy jerks laugh at this little punk. They start  
him, one with a tire iron, the other a big monkey

**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**

share

Beth's parents wait in the running car as Jam and Beth  
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.

kiss.

They stare at each other for a really long time. Then,

HIS

BEEP. BEEP. Dad looks back out the window and CLEARS  
**THROAT LOUDLY.**

**BETH**

(flustered)  
Coming dad.  
(to Jam)  
I'll call you. Soon as we get a phone.  
Bye.

**JAM**

Bye.

a  
long  
She gets in the car. They both wave as the Impala turns  
corner out of sight. Jam is left alone still waving  
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.

mood The cruiser takes off and the cashier stares at her 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**

Chongo, We find Trip counting his money out to the little kid, 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.

Christine takes his hand and writes something on his  
palm in lipstick.

**CHRISTINE**

Here's my number. Tell me how cool I  
am over the phone sometime. Okay?

She gives Lex a kiss then pushes him away.

**CHRISTINE**

(to CABBIE)

Disco Inferno, on the double.

The taxi SCREECHES away as Lex smiles and gets back  
into the Volvo.

**INT. COBO HALL - NIGHT**

Jam approaches the stadium, passing the MATMOKS,  
walking straight up to Mrs. Bruce. Her back is to him. He taps  
her on the shoulder. She turns. Her jaw drops. It escaped  
again! And what an ugly tee-shirt.

**JAM**

I'm gonna ask you nicely first. Mom,  
can I have my drumsticks back?

Taken aback by his confidence, Mrs. Bruce grabs his ear  
and tries to pull him away. He won't budge.

**JAM**

Again, can I have my drumsticks?

A BUNCH OF IDIOTS walk by with big transistor radios.  
One of them holds a Mr. Microphone and heckles the MATMOKS.

**LEAD IDIOT**

Hey, I'm on the radio! Hi, good-  
lookin'. We'll be back to pick you  
up later!

Mrs. Bruce yells at Jam through her bullhorn.

**MRS. BRUCE**

Drumsticks are the least of your worries, young man. You are in a world of...

screams Jam yanks the Mr. Microphone from the lead idiot and at his mother, his voice amplified on the transistors. Everyone stares.

**JAM**

I know, mom, I've been in trouble for about twelve hours now! Hellooooo!?

trash slowly The other MATMOKS turn to look as Jam climbs onto a receptacle and shouts down at his mother, his face 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!!!**

is The crowd of KISS fans APPLAUD Jam's rant. Mrs. Bruce 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!!

Microphone The crowd cheers. Jam jumps down and hands the Mr.  
back to the lead idiot. He turns to his mom.

**JAM**

For the last time, mom. Let me have  
my fucking drumsticks. Please.

and Mrs. Bruce reaches into the trash, finds the drumsticks  
stuffs hands them to him. He spins them like pistols, then  
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

FROM

at their feet. It's an envelope. An ANGELIC SPOTLIGHT ABOVE highlights it.

**LEX**

No... You don't think...?

**HAWK**

Nah. Couldn't be.

isn't.

They all shake their heads in unison resolved that it

in.

Then, unable to control themselves, they dive for the envelope. Jam tears it open. His trembling hand reaches

eyes

All their eyes focus like lasers on what's inside.

Jam pulls out four KISS tickets. Their jaws drop. Their bug.

**JAM**

It's a miracle! A miracle!

The boys are practically moved to tears. It's Divine Intervention at its finest.

the

Suddenly, a greasy hand juts out of nowhere and grabs

it.

tickets. The boys look up shocked. They can't believe

**ALL FOUR BOYS**

**ELVIS?!!**

tickets

Yes, Elvis. Fire in his eyes. Mania on his mind. And 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!

crazily.  
as  
really

Elvis stuffs all four tickets in his mouth and chews  
In seconds, GULP. Elvis explodes into unhinged laughter  
he runs away zigzagged down the street.  
Our boys are left dumbstruck and speechless. After a  
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.

into a  
The  
the

They stand and think for a moment. Hawk's mouth curls  
devilish grin.  
Then, he lets out a gigantic "AIEEE!!! and slugs Jam.  
four boys brutally pummel one another in the middle of  
intersection. Punching. Kicking. Headbutting.

**EXT. COBO HALL - NIGHT**

They're  
bruised

Two TICKET TAKERS are letting the last KISS fans in.  
about to close the doors when our four bloodied and  
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!

auditorium

Trip points into the crowd of fans inside the  
foyer.

**TRIP**

It was those assholes! They even  
stole my wallet!

and  
two  
kids  
dope

The ticket takers turn to see the little kid, Chongo,  
their two buds just going in. The ticket takers signal  
security guards who proceed to stop the four stunned  
and confiscate their tickets. They find all the stolen  
and Trip's wallet.

**TRIP**

Inside that you'll find my KISS Army  
picture I.D. and a hundred fifty  
bucks cash.

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  
pause.  
Then the ticket taker extends his arm in SLOW MOTION  
COBO Hall as if to say "Entrez Vous." The four friends

**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  
Simon  
Jam, Hawk, Trip, and Lex plow their way through the  
and head straight for the front row just as Simple  
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.



Then, something really weird happens.

The crowd behind the boys heaves forward. Jam is pushed  
like  
front  
before  
throws  
it  
outside  
his  
in  
see  
brings  
resumes  
hydraulic  
audience  
teenage

a twig in a flood and over the shoulders of those in  
of him. Purely by accident, he is thrown onto the stage  
landing on his stomach between Paul and Gene. Just  
Peter's drum solo is about to start.

Gene, Paul, and Ace silence their instruments. Peter  
his drumstick into the air intending to catch it when  
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  
sock and tosses it to Peter. It tumbles through the air  
SLOW MOTION with a LOW, WHOOPING, HELICOPTER SOUND. We  
the word "Mystery" clearly as it twirls.

Instantly, it's caught in Peter Criss's hand and he  
it down on his drum not missing a beat. The song  
with all its fury as Peter's drum kit ascends on a  
platform.

Jam scrambles from the stage and leaps back into the  
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**

**WHITE:**

**THE END**