

ROCKER MC

Pilot
"WFO"

By Joel Shapiro

Joelshapiro@yahoo.com
WGAW # 1870256

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**(Note: All music is from 1979. Next Season it'll be 1980...)*

Over BLACK we HEAR:

A CRASH of THUNDER and an angry GROWL as we

FADE UP TO:

EXT. INTERSTATE BRIDGE - MORNING GREY MIST

It's Fall, 1979. THICK FOG blankets the Washington-Oregon bridge. Columbia river shrouded far below.

In Portland, it's rain, clouds, fog or drizzle. No sun here. Except for maybe the season finale...

Okay. Let's PUSH IN as an ominous RUMBLE echoes through the overcast - Growling LOUD like THUNDER until

-- TWO DOZEN **BIKERS** break through the mist -- scarier than HELL'S ANGELS we see:

Leather vests painted with a chilling PSYCHOTIC cartoon in a Sioux headband:

"JOKERZ"

And mixing in the drone: A lone SIREN.

FLASHING BLUE LIGHTS of a single MOTORCYCLE COP - been trailing them. Harleys snake down.

Mist swirls around the leader, **PAX (30)** long hair, long scar, creeping smile. Proud Lakota. POPPING exhaust.

Rookie **OFFICER JENSEN (25)** approaches, focused on task. Ticket book out, hand on gun, eyes EXPIRED TAGS -- he might get a feather for this one... Finds the nearest Joker.

OFFICER

Cut the motors. Please.

(writing ticket #1)

Modified exhaust is illegal in Oregon.

The Jokerz all offer an UNSETTLING GRIN.

OFFICER (CONT'D)

Hear me?

PAX
 (out of the mist)
 Hear *what?* My pipes is too loud.

Laughs all around. Officer walks to Pax, at the front.

OFFICER
 Along with illegal mufflers, You've
 got expired *Washington* plates.

Pax pulls out a \$20 from a big roll.

PAX
 No problem, friend.

Gets a glare from the Cop.

OFFICER
 No, it is a problem. *Amigo*.
 (re bribe)
 Don't make it worse.

PAX
Amigo!
 (he thinks I'm Mexican!)
 Next time say: "*mithakhola*" That's
 MY language.

Pax crumples the \$20 into a ball, tosses at the Cop's head.

OFFICER
 (ignoring Pax, on mic)
*This is unit 532-Mike requesting
 backup.*
 (to Pax)
 You guys should'a stayed across the
 river.

PAX
 Life's short. Time's a changin'.

He laughs. Cop doesn't. Kicks the \$20 back to Pax.

OFFICER
 You. All of you. Your type isn't
 welcome here. You know that.

PAX
 Don't like me, Cub Scout?

OFFICER
 Not inviting you for dinner.

Pax smiles, maybe admires this kid's bravado.

Bearded Mexican Joker, SLINGER lasers the Cop through fog.

SLINGER
Coño, you see M*A*S*H last night?
Brother said: *life's short.*

Another JOKER laughs aloud. We barely see him in the mist.

JOKER
Maybe Pig don't watch no TV.

JOKER #2
You *know* he watches CHiPs!

More invisible LAUGHS from the fog.

SLINGER
But he ain't no Eric Estrada!
(kiss-kiss)
Love my Eric Estrada!

Officer's had enough, pulls his pistol. Cocks it.

OFFICER
(loudly into the fog)
Funny. I'm laughing so hard, I lost
my lunch. I could run to *Taco Time.*
(at Slinger)
But Mexican doesn't agree with me.
(to Pax)
And I don't go for peace pipes.

PAX
(a nod to Slinger)
Who said anything about peace?

A CURTAIN OF MIST closes in on the officer - he can't see
SLINGER has hopped off his Harley, standing right behind him.

SLINGER
Yo pig.

The Cop spins around to see:

TWIN BARRELS of a SAWED-OFF SHOTGUN!

OFFICER
Hey, you can't...

Eyes dilate. TRIGGER. FLASH. **BOOM!**

Impact HURLS THE COP off the bridge. Jokerz crane their
necks. A SIREN approaches.

Within seconds, slamming through fog, A PATROL CAR skids up.

Out steps a BALD, FAT, UGLY COP -- a cross between A *TOUCH OF EVIL*'s Hank Quinlan and *BLUE VELVET*'s Frank Booth. This is **SERGEANT ROLLINS (50)** -- Even the mist scatters in front of him.

His cold eyes survey the scene, stepping with a calm sense of authority that goes way beyond his badge.

Rollins frowns, follows the BLOOD TRAIL, finds the Officer's ticket book, scans it, rips out the last page, tosses the book, lights a cigarette, burns the page. Keys the mic.

ROLLINS

This is twenty-two-seven Sergeant Victor Rollins, requesting ambulance and units to scene. Interstate Bridge southbound. Officer and perp down. Will need River Patrol and frogmen. Over.

(to Pax)

Who did him?

Pax holds his gaze. Rollins eyes the others. Slinger smiles.

DISPATCH (V.O.)

Rodger Two-Two-Seven, EMT and units on their way. Alerting Water Division.

ROLLINS

(to Slinger)

Gimme the gun.

No way.

ROLLINS (CONT'D)

Think that was a question?

Slinger whips the shotgun from his jacket. Sticks it under Rollins' chin. Point blank.

Smiles "How 'bout *that*, pig?"

Rollins doesn't flinch. Grabs the barrel, flips it. Checks the chamber. Snaps it shut. Waits for TRAFFIC to pass, then...

STICKS THE BARREL UNDER SLINGER'S CHIN! "How 'bout *THAT*!"

SLINGER

Hey... Hey, you can't...

Rollins' turn to smile, but he doesn't. He never smiles.

Eyes dilate. TRIGGER. **BOOM.** SPLATTER.

Jokerz whip out weapons: KNIVES, REVOLVERS, UZZIS, MP5'S

Rollins doesn't break a sweat, gunsmoke swirling his eyes. RACKS the shotgun. We get the feeling he'd blow them all away. Glares at Pax *"Don't even think about it"*.

Now, there's maybe one guy in the universe that can tell Pax what to do. And it's the Fatman with the double-barrel.

Pax, emotions bubbling, eyes his men. Jokerz stand down.

Slinger's body -- riddled against the railing, twitching death. Rollins wipes his prints, puts the gun in dead hands, finds Slinger's wallet/ID, tosses it to Pax.

ROLLINS

Next time you come down here you
call me first so this bullshit
don't happen again. Got that?

Pax pockets the wallet looks down to the water in the off chance he'd see the cop's body. Near the Officer's motorbike, Rollins checks the unit number, fumes, beet-red.

ROLLINS (CONT'D)

Paul Jensen. Had two kids.
Goddammit. What the hell am I
supposed to tell his wife?

Pax fires up his bike.

PAX

Tell her he won't be watching CHiPs
no more.

ROLLINS

(growling)
Get outta here. OUT... And Pax--

They trade glares.

ROLLINS (CONT'D)

--Two things: I better find a
goldmine in my account...

PAX

What else?

Opening blasts of ACDC'S "**HIGHWAY TO HELL**" rip as --

ROLLINS

...Fix those Goddamn tags.

-- The Jokerz move out like a swarm of hornets revealing a **street sign...**

"WELCOME TO PORTLAND, THE CITY OF ROSES"

HOLD on the sign as THUNDER CRACKS and Fog covers the screen

MATCH TO:

GREY INFINITE -- we are above

EXT. CLOUDS - DAY GREY RAIN

PUNCH through dark mist over **PORTLAND OREGON 1979**. From this high, P-Land resembles a grid: North/South Portland - West and East divided like a scimitar by the Willamette river.

Find SOUTHEAST and now we plummet with suicidal raindrops as...

A crashing downpour POUNDS A RHYTHM with the MUSIC.

...Rain COLLIDES with concrete -- SPLASHING like blood. And we cut a quick

MUSIC MONTAGE:

Shots of the Wet City:

Bridges. Houseboats. Homeless.

Downtown. Drug deals in Pioneer Square.

East... A High School. Students mill. Smoke pot.

North. A red brick building. Jokerz parked outside.

West. A WINO in front of MILLENNIUM RECORDS.

The Waterfront... And under a **BRIDGE** in FOREST PARK...**A WOMAN FALLING** (rack SLO-MO)

(The visuals could be a version of JORIS IVANS' RAIN - but the lyrical SHOTS smash into something more heebie-jeebie) as raindrops MORPH into **BLOOD...**

...As THE WOMAN slams into the ground--

--But we're drawn BACK to SOUTHEAST by the increasing drone of a racing exhaust, as Raindrops SPLATTER, and the MUSIC, and the RAIN and the THUNDER mix with the

HOWL of a **HIGHLY MODIFIED MOTORCYCLE** and we see--

ACDC

"I'm on a highway to hell..."

EXT. JOHNNY'S '41 INDIAN SCOUT (MOVING)

A CUSTOM, HOT-RODDED, Vintage INDIAN MOTORCYCLE screaming at us. *Fast. 90, 100mph. Wheels slicing water like knives...*

The MUSIC BLASTS and We PUSH INTO:

A leather-clad RIDER gripping the bars of his supercharged racebike - WFO (Wide Fuckin' Open!)

The headlight and sunglasses obscure his face as the wind WHIPS his hair and the background BLURS PAST until--

-- He spies a **BEAUTIFUL WOMAN (MIKA)** in a BUS window

-- and she looks at us

-- and for a moment the world (and the MUSIC) **STOPS...**

It's like one of those dreamlike, love-at-first-sight things... Until--

--WHOOSH, he flies past, back to business...

CLOSE ON our hero's studded black leather motorcycle jacket: his NAME: **"ROCKETT"**

...A metal chain through his epaulet. **Stars and Stripes** on his shoulder.

And the big letters on the back: **"ROCKER MC"** We FREEZE on that, because it's cool and... Well, because **IT'S OUR TITLE.**

Then we WHIP to see:

HARLEYS, TRIUMPHS, NORTONS - a BSA - and other European and American bikes clash with CUSTOMIZED ITALIAN SCOOTERS.

Closer: A name stenciled on the back of a grey overcoat:

"SOUTHEAST MODERNS" We clock that logo for a sec - and then -

- PULL BACK to watch a **MODS VS. ROCKERS** gangfight

And as the Hard Rock "*Highway to Hell*" fades, we hear some Mod music:

THE JAM'S "**THAT'S ENTERTAINMENT**" begins to riff (it's playing on the radio somewhere), we start

A MELEE/MUSIC MONTAGE:

Leather-clad bikers (ROCKERS) duke it out with well-groomed GUYS and GIRLS in suits and parkas (MODS). They fight on their bikes. They fight on feet. They fight on the ground.

Rack Slo-Mo to see: Strands of hair, bullets of sweat, water, and blood beading the air, mixing with the ever-present rain...

...Bodies SLAM into wet concrete SHOWERED with sprays of water and crimson. Slipping, kicking, punching, splashing.

...**A MOD** (SMITTY) tries to pull **OUR GUY** off his bike.

Kicks Smitty away -- Smitty tosses a bottle, SHATTERING on the fender - deep white SCRATCH on blood-red-paint...

Our hero WHIRLS his Indian, skidding a perfect donut. Kickstand down and off he goes...

Pissed, charging, yanking shades to reveal burning eyes.

Now we see his face: **JOHNNY "ROCKETT" RODRIGUEZ (19)**. Light skin, dark hair. Hard, lithe, edgy, with fierce, troubled eyes hiding a mix of softness and longing.

He clocks the fender, ices SMITTY with fury.

Smitty throws a wild punch... Johnny moves into it, twisting his arm in an Kenpo move that throws the Mod hard. Grabs his wrist in pain.

SMITTY

...!

Johnny whips out a 6" butterfly knife, and in an instant has it creasing Smitty's neck. Rage in feral black eyes -- Fear in Smitty's...

Nearly slitting Smitty's throat - we can see Johnny struggling with the decision until...

Smitty, in pain and scared for his life, begins to **CRY**.

SMITTY (CONT'D)
P...Please... Johnny...I...

Then...

LED	SOCKS
(complete surprise)	(like he's seen a ghost)
Johnny?	You're back!?

The SOUTHEAST MODS leader: **SOCKS (18)**, a dapper, BIRACIAL metrosexual with a smashed fedora and a wet parka cloaking a posh suit -- locked in battle with **LED (18)** sinewy *ROCKER MOTORCYCLE CLUB* Vice President.

Smitty scramble-scoots away, trying to wipe/hide his tears, (his shame burning to an anger that will always linger.)

SMITTY
Rocker prick.

Johnny pockets his blade.

JOHNNY
Who pitched the circus?

SOCKS
Truce left when you did.

Johnny nods Led to back off. One final punch. Socks knocks it away, picks up his fedora, pops it into shape, setting it on his bald black head.

JOHNNY
Goddamnit Led! What'd I say?

The combatants simmer down.

LED
They started it.

SOCKS
Greasers shorted us, man. Paid for fifty grams.
(evil eye to Led)
Rockers can't seem to count.
(to Johnny)
Comes with a degree.

JOHNNY
Piss off.

The fighting dies, but it's tense. Mods and Rockers move to opposite sides -- bikes and combatants checked for damage, fixed up. Bent metal. Bandages. Bruises. Black eyes.

A HUGE ROCKER stays back in the shadows, observing Johnny...

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
Can't you boys just drink beer?

Johnny lights a Marlboro. Socks pulls a clove, lighting it from Johnny's cig.

SOCKS
We're MODERNS, man. Speed's the gas. Beer slows you down, chum. Why we kick your leather ass.

LED
(in his face)
Try it.

Johnny steps between, clocks Mods in the B.G. ready to fight.

JOHNNY
Just a movie.

SOCKS
Look in the mirror, Elvis.

LED
(frantic checking pockets)
My keys...MY KEYS.

Led searches pavement. Johnny points. Led grabs 'em, more nervous than he should be...

JOHNNY
The hell you doing?

LED
Didn't...Didn't expect to see you.

JOHNNY
This isn't how we left it.

Socks smirks, knowing what Johnny doesn't.

SOCKS
(blowin' smoke rings)
Time for a 'learning moment' John-John.

LED
Like I said, we thought you wasn't coming back. Least not until you got hitched.

JOHNNY

Well I don't hear churchbells so
get your act together and get on
your bikes. We're gone from Mod-
land.

LED

But Johnny...

(reciting rehearsed words)

...We don't just ride. We're in
Distribution.

(beat)

You'd... Know that if you... *If you
were still with us.*

JOHNNY

The hell is that supposed to mean?

Suddenly a DEEP VOICE emerges from the shadows...

DEEK (O.S.)

(Belfast accent)

It means... You're OUT. *Mate.*

Stepping into the light is a scarred, flat-topped GIANT with
scuffed fists in black leather (**UNION JACK PATCH**) wearing a
mug that's been around the block - this is **DEEK (25)** from
Protestant Belfast. A natural bully. A poet. An eerie
demeanor that's almost sweet - if he weren't so psychotic.

DEEK (CONT'D)

So *this* is our *Johnny Rod-Riguez?*
is it? *Rockett?* Two "T"s?

(stares, then)

Ohhhh, I love you. The wet-back who
went-back an' spent the summer
running off East prancin' about
while these stand-up Roker boys,
facing a bleak hereafter on the
dying Portland tarmac, were tryin'
to make somethin' of themselves off
their own back. Thank George they
found ME, love.

JOHNNY

And who the hell are you?

DEEK

Captain Kirk.

JOHNNY

That right??

DEEK
Alllll mine.

JOHNNY
News to me.

DEEK
Didn't read the morning paper?

JOHNNY
Least I can read.

Deek moves closer, menacingly. Johnny stands firm.

DEEK
You disparaging my Intellect, Yank?

JOHNNY
I'm just getting started.

Socks elbows Smitty, enjoying the show.

SOCKS
Love this.

SMITTY
Yeah right.

DEEK
Bugger off Mod, before me an' my
Rockers finish the score.

JOHNNY
You don't own nothing but that ugly
mug. Come to my town and play
president.

DEEK
Who's talkin' to me?

JOHNNY
I started the Rockers, *Mate--*

DEEK
*--You started notin', love. Rockers
formed outta the Ton-Up-Boys on
Scotland Road in '61. That's in
Liverpool, mate. ENGLAND. My old
man was ORIGINAL. But this...*

His face pinches at the studded Rockers, fixing their hair
and jackets, fussing with their bikes.

DEEK (CONT'D)

...You Yanks took black leather and made milk-toast. Wankers here think we're notin' but a LOOK or a SONG. Bullocks. See, I'm here to bring it back to what's real. Make *Rocker* a name to respect. To fear. Like it wuz. Like it should be.

Socks bursts out LAUGHING.

SOCKS

As scary as a strumpet, but not nearly as pretty.

Deek twitches, framing his fierce eyes with a smile.

DEEK

You'll fear us, Mod. Ooooooh you'll fear a bloke on a real bike.

SOCKS

Fear this, MICK...

JOHNNY

Socks!

SOCKS

Yeah. You're right. *You two* do it. I like to watch.

Socks saunters back to join his boys and suck his clove.

DEEK

You're a weak puppy, lettin' a Mod knock ya like that.

JOHNNY

(in Deek's face)

How 'bout you rewind whatever retro memory you're trying to revive. This is PORTLAND. Your Limey fantasies don't play once you cross the pond.

Mexican standoff. They stare each other down.

Finally, Deek SNORTS, jumps on his Norton, fires it up, gazes at the sky with a sort of smile that lingers with memory.

DEEK

I luv it here. Just like Belf'st. Always a punk ta smack, a Cat'lick ta crack.

(MORE)

DEEK (CONT'D)

Never see the sun and life pisses
on ya every day. Makes ya strong.
Makes ya a man.

(looks Johnny over)

Can't figure why you're such a
pussy.

JOHNNY

Looks like you've been pissed on
your whole life.

DEEK

Only reason you're not kissin' the
ground like those Mod poofers is
because'a that patch, Mister Honey.

(in his face)

Next time we meet for a chin-wag,
your jacket won't save ya.

JOHNNY

I don't need saving.

DEEK

That what you think?

JOHNNY

That's the score.

DEEK

Why don't ya ask *them* about that.

Johnny eyes conflicted Rockers perched on bikes -- they'd rather be anywhere else right now. We remember their battered faces from the fight, names on leather: ACE, STEAM, COWBOY, NUTTER, VIC, SPOKES, and a pretty-but-tough girl SAMMY.

She can't look him in the eye, cuz she can't hide what she feels.

Johnny realizes he better do something. Stomps over to Deek who's pulling on spiked gloves.

JOHNNY

Okay. Alright. *You and me.*
(reads the name patch)
"Deek".

DEEK

Gimme your poison.

JOHNNY

Graveyard loop to Kelley Point.
Bikes. Friday. Midnight.

Deek allows a twisted smile framing a missing tooth.

DEEK

Eight times I raced Isle of Man
with my mate Joey Dunlop. In all
the world he's the best there is.
You...

(gives him a once-over)
...You're nothin' but red, white
and blue *shite*.

JOHNNY

Eight times on the Manx? And you
never once brought home the gold?
Doesn't make you boss. Makes you a
loser.

Deek, slow burn glare at Johnny. Then a smile:

DEEK

(to Led)
Watch me grind this tosser, mate.
I'm Gonna love it.
(to the rest)
Rockers
(at Johnny)
ON ME.

Deek's NORTON coughs, ROARS, burns rubber. The Rockers,
forced to follow, drive away conflicted, passing a TriMet bus
like a pack of wolves.

Off Johnny's look we

SMASH TO.

EXT. NW 21ST - DAY DRIZZLE

ESTABLISHING. 21st Ave in 1979 isn't the yuppie-hipster
paradise it is today. It's drizzle and grey skies over
cockroaches, divebars, rats, taverns, and winos - all
anchored by MILLENNIUM RECORDS, where Rockers call home (we
see a few of them and their bikes milling out front).

Follow Johnny's rumbling Indian to a complex of old, unkempt
apartments -- right out of *DRUGSTORE COWBOY*.

JOHNNY parks near a STATE POLICE CRUISER. He double-takes the
cop car, then slips around to an apartment door -- tries the
knob. It opens an inch. Chain lock. Looks to the window,
jimmies it open. Is he gonna rob the place? Climbs into

INT. STELLA'S APARTMENT

The distant VOICE of ALAN WATTS wafts from an FM stereo.

ALAN WATTS (OVER)

*"...I warn you, that by explaining
these things, I shall subject you
to a very serious hoax..."*

Johnny slips past the hairy version of the *Joy of Sex*. Past the '70s decor. Passes a table with newspaper headlines:

"POLICE CHIEF LINDA CHRISTIANSON STILL MISSING"

He searches for something, then finds: an ornate metal box - excitedly opens it--

--empty but for some powder residual - this is/was a drug stash.

ALAN WATTS (OVER) (CONT'D)

*"...Indulging in that illusion,
Suppose darkness did win out, would
that be so terrible?..."*

Johnny frowns, needs a fix. Watches his hands tremble as he moves down the dark hall, searching, when he hears MUFFLED SOUNDS.

Whips out his KNIFE. Listens again. Coming from a bedroom.

Checks the door. Locked. Noises more frantic. Johnny jimmys the lock -- shoulder-bangs it open to see...

...A half-nude, buffed, African-American STATE TROOPER (30s) rolling off Johnny's MOTHER. We'll come to know him as **RUSS** and her as **STELLA**. He nods to Johnny's knife as he stands, dresses.

RUSS

Those are illegal.

JOHNNY

Not in my house.

RUSS

Thought this was Stella's house.

JOHNNY

So you can think too?

RUSS
 (zipping up)
 Funny white boy. Must be Johnny.
 I'm Russ.

Russ offers his hand.

JOHNNY
 Little *married* to be sleeping with
 my mom. Don't ya think?

Johnny nods at Russ's WEDDING RING.

Russ clenches - damn, he forgot to take it off.

RUSS
 Separated.

Johnny's heard that before. Takes a step.

It get tense. A VOICE purrs from the bed to break it up.

VOICE
 Hey baby. Let's be cool.

Johnny's mom **STELLA (40)** gazes her doe eyes up from her
 bedsheets, post coital as Russ finishes dressing.

Johnny glares at his mom, "really"?

STELLA
 (she knows what he thinks)
 'Separated'.

JOHNNY
 What's wrong with you?

RUSS
 (pulling on his boots)
 She's fine.

STELLA
 (after *that*)
 Couldn't be better.

Russ, now all in order and uniform, gains confidence.

RUSS
 Sorry you had to see this. But I'm
 not the bad guy.
 (arcs to Stella)
 Goodbye Stella. I'll call.

She stands, slips on a dress over her tight nude body right in front of the two men. Lights a cigarette.

STELLA
Sure. Bye, Russell.

He hands Johnny his card, squeezes past -- boots exiting.

RUSS
Got something to say? Let's talk.

JOHNNY
Yes sir, Officer, *sir*.

Stella flitters by, pouring stale coffee. Snags the card from Johnny's fingers, considers it. Smiles - danger in her eyes.

STELLA
So sincere. Smells like mother's milk.

JOHNNY
Chocolate milk.

Coy, Oedipal, she kisses Johnny's cheek - a little too long - too sexy for a mom.

STELLA
Some say it's the best kind.

JOHNNY
I see a cop car in front of my house I figure I'm getting busted...Or maybe my mom's getting laid by a married state trooper. Don't know which is worse.

STELLA
You're mom getting busted is worse.

Stella smokes, smiles, **carefully sets the card on the table.**

Johnny tosses her the empty drug stashbox, grabs an apple, heads to his room.

JOHNNY
(re empty stash)
Looks like Officer Russell isn't the only thing you've been riding.

STELLA
Not funny.

JOHNNY
No, it isn't.

STELLA
Baby--

Stops him at his door, her eyes DILATED, clutching the box.
He avoids her magnetic gaze. She inches closer, where she's most dangerous.

JOHNNY
(old argument)
I, I'm gonna look. For real.

STELLA
You're already here.

She dips her finger in a bit of powder. He backs into his door as she licks off the last flakes of heroin.

JOHNNY
I want wind in my hair.

STELLA
My boy.

JOHNNY
I'm going. Outta this town.

STELLA
(beat)
Sure. Save me some dinner.

His soul disappears as he turns the doorknob and heads into

JOHNNY'S ROOM

Shuts, locks the door. He'll never get out of here and he knows it.

His wall plastered with BRUCE LEE, ROCK POSTERS, MOTORCYCLE PICS, a bunch of golden race trophies. A kid's room.

JOHNNY
Wind in my hair...

At his nightstand he rips off Yesterday's "Word Of The Day" ("**Plaintive**"), revealing Today's word ("**Eluctable**") rolling onto the bed... The springs SQUEAKING, crescendoes to

A JIGGLE at the doorknob.

He reaches under his mattress, pulling out a SYRINGE and wadded up TINFOIL. Checks it to make sure she didn't pilfer.

Under the mattress he also finds:

A faded SNAPSHOT of a MAN (20s) flashing a peace sign. 7TH CAV fatigues. A Harley. The roguish face and long hair tell us this is/was JOHNNY'S FATHER. The guy Johnny longs to be.

STELLA (O.S.)
(hypnotic)
*We're alone. Artists. Leashed
together. Like a burnt feather. I'm
me. I'm you. You're me.*

Johnny rolls his sleeve as Stella's words waft over him.

JOHNNY
I'm me...

He stares at the picture, de-focuses, shooting the brown drug through old track marks.

His eyes dilate

STELLA (V.O.)
The wind has you.

JOHNNY
(eyes close)
Wind... In my hair...

And as a rainstorm taps a rhythm we

FADE TO:

Grey clouds drop rain onto broken concrete.

PAN TO: WET HI-TOPS fighting for a rare dry spot -we are at

EXT. NW. PORTLAND - SIDEWALK - DAY - GREY RAIN

Covered bus stop. COMMUTERS huddle under the sparse protection. Standing away from the crowd - designer LEATHER BOOTS belonging to

A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN. She stands back, preferring the solitude of her posh umbrella, clutching *Danskin* bags and a backpack.

Suddenly we hear music: THE CARS "**DANGEROUS TYPE**"

Bounding from a bland apartment complex is **LULU** (17, bleached, busty and *oh-my*), huffing a boombox.

She's wearing the Hi-Tops, big dark shades, surplus parka, poodle skirt and trademark 'LULU' embroidered sweater. (Heck, she's embroidered the coat too) Skips to the umbrella smacking gum.

LULU
 (share umbrella?)
 You mind?

The Woman shrugs. We see the her close now - **she's that girl from the bus window**. Calvin Klein, expensive black hair and dark smooth skin, this is **MIKA** (23), Native American mix. Brit, brash, beautiful, lithe, and mostly...

LULU (CONT'D)
 Wowza. Those Ralph Lauren boots?

...Indifferent.

MIKA
 (British accent)
 Got them in Spain.

Mika shrugs. Lulu's impressed. She's never been anywhere.

LULU
 Jeez. I ain't been past Boring.

MIKA
 Boring?

LULU
 Boring, Oregon. Never been?

MIKA
 Haven't had the pleasure.

LULU
 I'm Lulu.

MIKA
 (re sweater)
 You're retro.

LULU
 I'm *Modern*.

Much to Mika's relief the bus comes - but the wrong one.

MIKA
 (praying for another bus)
 'Modern'?

LULU

You know, Mods? From the sixties?
England - like your accent's from.

(wistful)

Oh, I looove the sixties. Ain't
nothing happening now, that's for
sure. What do we got? A loser
president? Fucking Ayatollah.
Fucking *Village People*. At least
you got Thatcher. I'll tell you
what we got: *zip*. Makes me
nihilistic.

Mika wonders if Lulu actually knows what 'nihilistic' means.

MIKA

How about The Great Society? Civil
rights? Sixties never really ended.
The music?

Lulu shakes her head.

LULU

(like a bad taste)

Deadheads think they're all *it*.
Their music sucks. And that
idealism crap was pie-in-the-sky.
When Reagan gets in it'll be the
final nail in the Commie coffin.

Mika hopes the conversation is over, but then

LULU (CONT'D)

Gotta love America. America is
enterprise. Not for holding hands.
But for doin' it. Moving up. Making
bank. That's *Mod*.

(shows off a 'Mod' tattoo)

We're a club, a gang, a crew. Don't
mess with us. We're *IT*, ya know?
The Mods. Get it?

No, she doesn't, but Lulu's on a roll.

LULU (CONT'D)

The movie, *Quadrophenia*?
Brought it all back. We really took
to the look, music. Modern. So
existential. Looove Ca-moo, dig Ayn
Rand too. But Mark Twain's the
boss. And us, we got style. Cool.
Smarts. We're gonna run this city.
Make it allllll *Modern*.

MIKA

(where's the fuckin' bus)
Hard to do all that from the bus -
especially when it's late.

LULU

Oh, we don't do Tri-Met. We ride
scooters - Vespas, Lambrettas. You
gotta have the real Italian stuff
and not the Jap crap.

MIKA

(mildly impressed)
You pilot a scooter?

LULU

In the garage. I like it on back.
Why paint a fence when you can get
someone else to do it, yeah?

(SMITTY pulls up)

This is me. Nice to meet you.

Lulu hops on back. Smitty eyes the new girl. She's hot.

LULU (CONT'D)

Hey, whoever you are, wanna join up,
lemme know. We get around. We got
fun. I mean, sister, it's a gas.

Smitty leers but she ignores him. Lulu nods to Mika:

LULU (CONT'D)

You'll find out: in P-town, you
gotta belong somewhere.

She waves, then points to an oblivious Smitty and does a
little fence-painting motion as they go, MUSIC waning.

THE CARS

*"...She's a lot like you. The
dangerous type..."*

Mika's bus finally arrives. As the doors open, we

CUT TO:

EXT. DOGGIE DINER - LATER - GREY RAIN

Establishing. Lot full of scooters. Johnny's Indian. Mods
shunt inside.

INT. DOGGIE DINER

"MESSAGE TO RUDY" beats from s jukebox as a vintage MOVIE PROJECTOR splashes *JULES AND JIM* on the dingy wall.

THE SPECIALS (OVER)
*"Stop your messing around... Better
 think about your future..."*

LULU leads Smitty and MODS ambling in from the rain, filling the diner in chunky sunglasses, fedoras, wingtips and wool suits - SINGING:

THE SPECIALS/MODS
*"Time you straightened right out...
 Creating problems in town..."*

But then they hear **JOHNNY'S VOICE** and stop. Turn.

JOHNNY (O.S.)
 ...And I thought we didn't like
 foreigners in Portland...

Pull the plug. SILENCE. MODS look over to:

The enemy sitting in *THEIR* diner!

SMITTY
 (daggers at Johnny)
 Hey, what the HELL?!

LULU
 (popping gum)
 Lookie, lookie. Who let in the
 leather?

JOHNNY
 Lulu. Smitty. How's that wrist?

Smitty fumes. Lulu holds him back. Johnny's the enemy but he's sexy. Struts close. Gonna have some fun.

LULU
 (hands stringing his hair)
 Hey pistonboy, we gonna Rock-Around-
 the-Clock? Cuz, pretty soon you
 won't have no clock and I wanna
 rock.

JOHNNY
 (to Smitty)
 You should tie her up.

Lulu air kisses. Smitty glares. Socks turns, nods "he's okay" to the simmering MODS. They don't buy it.

SOCKS

(firm)

Parlay. Be cool, now.

SMITTY

Yeah. Right.

It's NOT cool. But Mods reluctantly go back to business.

SOCKS

(back to Johnny)

Deek fell off a container vessel 'bout a month ago. Thinks he's Marlin-effing-Brando. "Sent from the homeland" so he says.

JOHNNY

Looks to me like he jumped out of a comic book.

A MOD WAITRESS pours Socks some coffee. Johnny gets a cold shoulder.

He pushes his cup to her. She gives him the finger.

MUSIC starts up again as MODS dance, smoke, and sing with threats tossed at the Rocker:

THE SPECIALS/MODS

RUDY. A MESSAGE TO YOU, RU-DY.

Uncomfortable in enemy territory -- Johnny's scared.

JOHNNY

How'd we end up at war?

SOCKS

Maybe it's the time. Maybe it's time. End of the old. Up with the new. Come 1980, it's black and blue... It stuck like blood. And we, all of us took to it...

(eyes his track marks)

I know you dig.

JOHNNY

Don't go for nightmares.

SOCKS

Oh. But you will... *He's* out.

Johnny's face falls.

JOHNNY
Two more years?

SOCKS
Bow to the King.

JOHNNY
Kingdom's dead.

SOCKS
Jake's still kickin'. With black
boots now.

JOHNNY
But he's a HardMod, right? Still
one of your guys? Keep him in line.
(bad memories)
Never would listen to me.

Socks rises, grabs the WAITRESS, spinning her theatrically in
front of the movie projector. She goes with it, having fun.

SOCKS
(dancing)
Noooo. Your brother...

JOHNNY
--Step brother.

SOCKS
...and crew "evolved" -- shed their
Savile Row and close-cropped cocoon
and emerged from peeling paint,
piss and metal bars as new,
gleaming, sweaty,
(he dips her)
SKINHEADS.

JOHNNY
You mean, like Punks?

SOCKS
No chance. No Black Flag...
(flags his dark skin)
These new jack-boots don't dig
shaded folks... like me.
(beat)
They hate a good mix too... Spics
and Hebrews included.

Socks holds Johnny's gaze just a beat too long. Then:

LULU (O.S.)
 MMMMMMMMMmmmmmmmm...

Lulu's arms spear over Johnny's shoulders, caressing his chest. Tries to pinch his tit. We get the feeling that she might like to fuck Johnny - then kick him in the face.

LULU (CONT'D)
 ...Gonna show me your *rockett*?

Johnny pushes away her probing hands.

JOHNNY
 Save it for the skinny's.

She smiles, knowing he's rattled.

LULU
 Better do it before they hurtcha.
 Like Huck Finn said, "*People can be awfully cruel to one another.*"

She bends down, chewing his ear.

LULU (CONT'D)
 (breathy)
 Maybe I'll tie you up?

Smitty steps close, burning jealous. Johnny looks to him.

JOHNNY
 Keep her on a leash.

SMITTY
 ENOUGH, Lou.

She frowns, turns to Socks.

LULU
 Say, Papa, we gonna party or what?

SOCKS
 Ring the bell.

Socks pulls little baggies of powder from his jacket, tossing them to a beaming Lulu who distributes all around to CHEERS.

Socks bumps a MOUND OF WHITE on his wrist. This is new.

JOHNNY
 The hell? Coke?

SOCKS

(snorting it up)

Coke's for kids, Disco and hot
tubs. *This*, this is the NEW BOSS.
The CRANK. The Amp. The Meth. It's
petrol wild, demon drama. Oh, man.

Eyes glaze over. Pain. Lovely pain.

JOHNNY

Thought you played with pills?

SOCKS

Passé pretty-boy. This here speed
hits a hammer. Pow. Wow.

(sniffing. coughing)

Our boy cornered the Go-Go. You
kids play the middle. And "No Mods
allowed" We pay up, up, up.

In the B.G. Mods are all snorting the meth, Dancing, making
out. Boys and girls. Girls and girls. Boys and boys. They've
forgotten about Johnny. For now.

JOHNNY

Rockers don't push. You want to
play in the big league? Go
downtown. Cops are paid. Buy. Sell.
Who gives a damn?

Socks takes another hit. The coarse powder. A SPOT OF BLOOD
drops from his nostril.

SOCKS

(really jittery now)

No, man. No chance. Meth is
strictly North "P". Daddy laid down
the law. Skins set the price. No
back-talk. No deal. Got a big stick
and a heavy back.

JOHNNY

Like who?

SOCKS

Jokerz.

Johnny shudders as Socks speeds and the music STOPS.

JOHNNY

The hell are they doing back here?

Sock's shrugs, focused on another hit of crank.

SOCKS

(speeding)

Devil always gets his due -
Something big's going down, chum- I
can smell it -We're shuffled,
pinched or tossed in P-Town.

Johnny ganders at the dreary desolation out the window.

JOHNNY

Look at where we live. Portland's a
soggy trailerpark with all the
culture of *Baskin n' Robbins*.
Nothing goes down here.

SOCKS

Better open your eyes *yobbo* -- get
in the game or fall off the train.
Just like the greeting card says --
you're gettin' *Rusty*.

Johnny senses a lull and clocks a room full of speeding,
angry glares now centered on *him*. His fear hiding behind
scorn. Socks, however, focuses on his baggie of crank. Johnny
knocks it down.

JOHNNY

When did you become such a chump?
What now? You gonna SHOOT UP? Lame
Mods are more *Maudlin* than *Modern*.

Socks rises, glares. A room full of Mods do the same.

SOCKS

Watch it, man.

Johnny stares. They glare back. Emboldened by meth, Mods STEP
CLOSER.

Tension rises. So does Johnny.

One against twenty -- bad odds, even for him.

He grabs his coffee cup, puts on bravado, struts to the
counter -- finding it blocked by **JASPER (18)**, Sock's tall,
effeminate Sergeant-at-Arms wearing PHARAOH EYELINER.

Johnny PUSHES past, splashes some cold coffee into his cup.

JASPER

Touch me again, *Billy-Boy*...

JOHNNY

Whatever you say, sunshine.

JASPER
 (snapping a switchblade)
 Maybe I'll circumcise him...

Mods are loving this. Smitty spots Lulu sneaking at glance at Johnny. Burns with jealousy.

SMITTY
 Rocker. Prick.

Johnny takes a sip - yuck.

JOHNNY
 Should'a let my boys stuff you in the sink.

LULU
 Didn't know you had any boys.

SWISH. Jasper slashes with his BLADE. Barely missing.

JASPER
 C'mon. C'mon, Johnny.

JOHNNY
 (not even a flinch)
 Jasper, how 'bout I take that little knife and cut you a skirt?

Jasper slashes again but Johnny shifts, SHATTERS his cup making himself a sharded weapon. Mods get ready to fight.

Socks PULLS a sneering Jasper away.

SOCKS
 (to Jasper)
 Now, now, little Johnny's got a big race. He needs his face.

JASPER
 Just lemme take a few fingers.

SOCKS
 (pulling Johnny to safety)
 I apologize for my Sergeant. He's a lovely boy, but that hot desert blood makes him gloriously impetuous.

The Mods, high and wired, BANG A RHYTHM on the tables and walls, "we're gonna fuck you up"

Time for Johnny to go. Mods encircle...

SOCKS (CONT'D)
 (re: angry Mods)
 Kids don't seem to dig your jacket.

JOHNNY
 (fuck you)
 So much for the parlay.

Johnny looks to the exit - blocked by Jasper and Smitty.
 Johnny tosses the shard, whips out his wicked BUTTERFLY
 KNIFE.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
 What was that, Jasper?

JASPER
 Forget fingers. I'll take a prick.

Socks SHOVES Smitty and Jasper aside - hard - clearing the
 way as he PULLS JOHNNY out the door, glaring at his boys.

SOCKS
 (to Jasper)
 I said NOT NOW!

They reluctantly allow a path. We can tell Socks is holding
 onto the Mods by a thread - not that he cares. Cuz what he
 really cares about is that white powder.

SOCKS (CONT'D)
 (in Johnny's ear)
 Johnny...Can you...Talk to Jake?

JOHNNY
 We don't talk.

SOCKS
 A favor. Please. I'll owe you.
 (offers Johnny the crank)
 Better than sex. See, It's like...
 Life.

A bloody nose and gaunt cheeks, Socks is anything but life.

JOHNNY
 Life sucks. Then you die.

SOCKS
 All the same.

JOHNNY
 Forget it.

SOCKS
 (plea for help?)
 I... Can't.

Johnny feels Sock's addiction. Looks him in the eye.

JOHNNY
 (he knows only too well)
 That's too damn bad.

Johnny moves clear, stuffs a few wadded \$20s into Socks' jacket on the way out.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
 Led shouldn't have taken a cut.

The Mods follow, spilling out into the rain, pounding their fists...

JASPER
 Johnny Ramone, come back and dance.

Johnny straddles his Indian, fires it up, staring down Mods.

JASPER (CONT'D)
 ('chopping' his finger)
 Want my prick.

SOCKS
 (moving close, serious)
 Something you need to know...

Socks wants to tell him something important... But he can't.

SOCKS (CONT'D)
 (hushed, serious)
 ...*Watch your back.*

Johnny spins away the movie ends FLIP, FLIP, FLIP the sounds merging into a SUPERTRAMP harmonica riff as we

FADE TO.

EXT. EDDIE'S GARAGE - DAY GREY CLOUDY

Johnny rolls his Indian into the work stall of a cluttered hotrod garage as MUSIC echoes from big speakers.

Customized SPORTSCARS, FUNNYCARS, MUSCLECARS litter the lot. Inside, pictures and trophies line the walls.

Spinning on an old HI-FI:

SUPERTRAMP (OVER)
*"So you think you're a Romeo,
 playing a part in the pictureshow.
 Take the long way home..."*

A BALDING PONYTAIL stops work on a 427 COBRA, looking up with a scowl. This is aging Hispanic Hippie EDDIE VASQUEZ (mid 40s), Johnny's infrequent employer, confidante and father figure - Cheech Marin with a beard.

EDDIE
 How's the big apple, asshole?

Johnny's already tinkering with his engine, wrenching off his turbocharger. Ignores the question.

Eddie taps a big wrench near Johnny's head.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
 You just waltz the hell back in here like you never left? I should jam this spanner in your *calabaza*.

JOHNNY
 I thought Hippie's didn't *dig* violence?

EDDIE
 Hey man, I toldja I knew cats in the Weather Underground. I hung with DeFreeze and the SLA.

JOHNNY
 How long's he been dead now?

EDDIE
 Lives in my heart.

JOHNNY
 Some revolution.

Sore spot. Eddie yanks Johnny's turbo away.

EDDIE
 You owe me your whole goddamn bike. Outta my shop, man!

Eddie's steam subsides as he bites his lip.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
 Hey...
 (beat)
 So what...She kick you out?

That stung. But he's not about to spill his guts.

JOHNNY

Look, Eddie, I need a big blower.
100psi. Some Nitros. Gotta hit a
ton-thirty...And...

EDDIE

What?

JOHNNY

...I need a job.

EDDIE

Good luck with that.

Johnny knows just how to get Eddie's goat.

JOHNNY

I was gonna talk to *Crouther*.

Turns to go. Eddie grabs him.

EDDIE

Crouther!? With the rice burners?
Fuck Crouther! I handled your bikes
since you was a kid. Like you was
my own *chico*... Hell if I'll ever
see you on a *Honda*.

Beat. Johnny holds a smile. Eddie tries not to.

JOHNNY

I'll need fifty-over pistons.

Eddie pushes the old turbo on a shelf.

EDDIE

And a supercharger?

He considers, then hands Johnny a GIANT supercharger - he's a softy and Johnny's probably the closest thing he'll ever have to a son. They've played this game many times before.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Guess you'll have to work it off.

They get to work - Johnny finds a set of big pistons and an "NO2" canister and a SINGLE hose that he connects to the manifold.

Eddie opens some drawers, pulls out the gaskets and big valves Johnny needs. Makes a pile. They make a good team.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
 So...this is it? No more Lady
 Liberty?

Johnny's wrench slips, banging his finger.

JOHNNY
 Yeah, well, Allison's a zealous pre-
 med. I'm a plaintive gearhead.

He spots a framed picture of happier times: JOHNNY, AGE 8,
 MINIBIKE CHAMPION, beaming next to his MOM (STELLA).

EDDIE
 You were supposed to hunt for your
 pop. I told ya not to go for the
 chick.

Johnny finishes hooking in the nitros.

JOHNNY
 What'd I do? Bought her a ring.

EDDIE
 I'm the wrong guy to ask about
 girls... Rich ones especially.
 (sparks an idea)
 ...But I can make that old V-Twin
 the hottest chicka at the party...

Eddie snatches a lumpy camshaft off the wall.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
 (excited and speedy)
 You'll need solid lifters. She'll
 be spotty on the low side. But
 above 5K she'll rip twenty extra
 ponies, so stay in the sweet spot.
 Probably toss a rod if she hits red
 so *don't push the boost*. But, oh
 man, the torque'll be screamin!

Eddie tosses Johnny two sparkplugs.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
 And yo, check this out.

Eddie's purple GTO sits outside. He turns over the engine,
 flicks a switch: FLAMES SHOOT OUT the side pipes.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
 Just like in *GREASE*. Plugs ignite
 the unburned gas. Cool beans.

Johnny shakes his head - Eddie's more a man-child than him.
As THE RAMONES start to sizzle in prelap we

SMASH TO.

EXT. NW PORTLAND STREET - GREY RAIN DAWN

Peeking her head out into the busy street is **MIKA** at another bus stop peering through rain at twinkling wet headlights. Praying for public transit to show.

What she doesn't see is **SMITTY'S VESPA** zooming past.

EXT. SMITTY'S VESPA - MOVING

He spots Mika, checks her out - then catches a flash of **JOHNNY'S** bike behind (with the new big supercharger)

"Fuckin' Rocker" as Smitty **SWERVES** into Johnny's lane, forcing **JOHNNY** to **SLIDE** --

-- **SPRAYING** a **WALL OF WATER** over **MIKA** -- a wet slap in the face. Umbrella to the sidewalk.

JOHNNY'S INDIAN - MOVING

Johnny readies to take out Smitty, zipping alongside - two enemies trading **LOOKS** of hate --- But in the mirror: Mika is soaked, furious... And she sure looks cute...

THE RAMONES

*"I can't control my fingers, I
can't control my brain..."*

He forgets Smitty. U-turns it, driving up onto the

SIDEWALK

Mika stomps. Fierce eyes as her **BUS** pulls up.

MIKA

Jesus! **BLOODY HELL!**

JOHNNY

Do I know you?

She's got an exotic look you don't see in P-Land - her wet anger making her even more attractive - and that accent!

MIKA

You pull-off *prick!* Look what
you've done!

Johnny can't stop staring. Looking dumfounded. Finally:

JOHNNY

I *do* know you.

MIKA

I seriously doubt it. Thank God for
that.

(wringing out her skirt)
Sod it.

She's a soaking mess. He hops off his bike.

JOHNNY

Guess I should say I'm Sorry.

MIKA

Why don't you piss off and say
you'll LEAVE ME ALONE.

Cars SPLASH past as Johnny retrieves her umbrella. She
glares, temper singularly focused, forgetting all about the
bus, which PULLS AWAY.

MIKA (CONT'D)

(snatching the umbrella)
I don't need your help.

He points to the receding bus.

NO! She scurries to flag it down, dropping her backpack. No
chance. Johnny feels for her. She whips back to him.

MIKA (CONT'D)

My first day. I'm late. And
miserable. THANK YOU.

He nods to his seat, slaps off some rain.

JOHNNY

C'mon, Give ya a lift.

MIKA

(motorcycle in the rain)
You've got to be joking?

JOHNNY

It's Portland. I ride every day in
the rain. Hop on. Least I can do.

He retrieves her backpack. She grabs it from him.

Last thing she needs is this guy flirting with her. She finds an open phone booth, but no luck - phone's missing! Arghh!

JOHNNY (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
Or you could stand here and wait
for Tri-Met all day.

She leans into traffic -- no bus in sight. She MUTTERS, reluctantly climbs onto

JOHNNY'S BIKE

It's intimate, with two on a solo seat. He scoots up near the tank but it's cozy. This is her worst day ever.

MIKA
You crash I'll kill you. And you
don't even WANT to know what my
cousin will do to you.

Johnny GUNS IT off the curb, making her hold tight.

JOHNNY
What's the address?

MIKA
(muttering)
North Kerby.

JOHNNY
What?

MIKA
5000 North Kerby!

JOHNNY
Hoover High?

MIKA
You know it?

JOHNNY
That's MY school!

MIKA
(head in hands)
Oy vey...

He turns back to her.

JOHNNY

(a-ha)

Hey, you're that new dance teacher!

Suddenly her arm is TIGHT AROUND HIS THROAT, choking him.

MIKA

Get this straight, *EINSTEIN*. You don't talk to me. You don't look at me. We don't socialize. And once I get off this two-wheeled death trap -- I never see you again. GOT IT?

JOHNNY

(struggling to make a sound)

Hey...but...I don't...even...know your name...

MIKA

Mika.

He feebly raises his clutch hand to shake. No go.

JOHNNY

Johnny. Call me *Rockett*.

(sotto)

Two "T"s...

She mouths "*Rockett*" - Can't believe how stupid that sounds.

THE RAMONES

"I wanna be sedated..."

FADE TO:

INT. ROLLINS' CRUISER - PIONEER SQUARE - DAY GRAY

Rollins waits patiently, watching sidewalk DRUG DEALS go down on the streets in front of him.

DR. ANGUS RITE, dapper, academic, approaches, slides **INSIDE**.

They both stare ahead at the neighborhood delinquency. Rite is almost wistful. "*RAPPERS DELIGHT*" plays on a boombox in B.G. with the CRIPPS and BLOODS on opposite sides of the corner drug trade.

DR. RITE

Used to think I could help those kids.

ROLLINS

And I used to be thin, so don't
give me your sentimental bullshit.

Rite hardens, hands Rollins a manila envelope. Rollins ever
so briefly peeks inside. It's full of \$100 bills.

DR. RITE

Everything in place?

ROLLINS

Doing my job.

DR. RITE

What about the hiccup on the
bridge?

ROLLINS

Not your concern.

DR. RITE

If it gets out--

ROLLINS

--I'm doing my job.

DR. RITE

So do it.

Rite opens the door.

ROLLINS

(grabs Rite's wrist)

Where you think you're going?

Rite smiles. Rollins lets him go.

DR. RITE

Have you forgotten, sergeant? I'm
going *all the way*.

ROLLINS

Hey...

Rite slips back out to the street, nodding acknowledgement to
ICE (20) the fat CRIPPS leader. Gets a nod back.

ROLLINS (CONT'D)

Don't forget who's laying down that
red carpet.

Rite smiles, betraying a chilling countenance...

CUT TO:

EXT. HOOVER HIGH - ESTABLISHING

Class is on. Johnny's motorcycle cools in the lot. LED putters up next to it, stares at Johnny's new supercharger. FIDDLES with it. Considers...

CUT TO:

CAMERA VIEWFINDER POV - QUICK CUTS

CLICK, CLICK, CLICK... A WHIRRING sound MIXES TO THE BEAT of THE JAM'S **"TOWN CALLED MALICE"**

THE JAM (OVER)
*"Better stop dreamin' of the quiet
 life cos it's the one we'll never
 know..."*

We see the faded entrance.

THE JAM (OVER) (CONT'D)
*"And quit running for that runaway
 bus cos those rosy days are few..."*

Finger off the trigger - WHIRRING stops, but MUSIC doesn't

THE JAM (OVER) (CONT'D)
*"And stop apologizing for the
 things you never done..."*

A group of MODS led by JASPER dance near the outdoor theatre. Smoking, drinking, swinging, SINGING:

THE JAM/THE MODS
*"'COS TIME IS SHORT AND LIFE IS
 CRUEL BUT IT'S UP TO US TO CHANGE
THIS TOWN CALLED MALICE..."*

Johnny films again WHIRRRR. The Mods give him the bird. "Fuck you, Rocker!"

The viewfinder goes BLACK.

JOHNNY (O.C.)
 Back for another ride?

MIKA (O.C.)
 "Guess I should say I'm sorry"

MIKA blocks the lens.

JOHNNY
 For breaking my heart?

MIKA

For being rude. I value manners.

She shrugs, turns and strides away. He follows.

JOHNNY

Wait. Mika. You *should* be rude. Cuz you look good when you're mad.

She can't believe he's flirting.

MIKA

A bit old for a student aren't you?

JOHNNY

Yeah. Love it so much here I stayed an extra year.

MIKA

(gets it)

Oh. Well, goodbye. I'm sorry. "Rockett" is it? Two "T"s?

JOHNNY

Rocker.

MIKA

Oh, I see now. *Mods and Rockers.* How quaint. What's next, rugby and cricket? Bubble and squeak?

JOHNNY

You're a sassy lass.

MIKA

You're annoying.

She's walking again. He's following.

JOHNNY

Aaaannnnnd, seeing as your not from around these parts, you might not know that Portland protocol says the apologizer has to allow the apologizee to escort her around school. Them's the rules, sister. And we take rules all so seriously.

MIKA

You broke about fifty of them driving me this morning.

JOHNNY

Keeping in practice. Gotta race coming up.

MIKA

Remind me to wait for the bus next time.

His charming smile gives her pause. Swings the camera to her.

MIKA (CONT'D)

What's the hocus-pocus?

JOHNNY

Film for the festival. I win. I get a scholarship. I get out of here.

(beat)

Out of Portland.

She moves closer. He films her again. She covers the lens.

MIKA

So you're a movie-making-motorcycle-gangster?

JOHNNY

(packing the camera)

Doing my version of *Blackboard Jungle*.

MIKA

Mix it with a bit of Kurosawa and it could be brilliant.

JOHNNY

Rashomon. My fave!

Johnny looks at her anew. Someone who knows cinema!

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Who are you? Where'd you come from?

MIKA

Just a ballerina. From Cambridge.

He opens the front door. She slips inside.

MIKA (CONT'D)

By way of Black Hills, Wyoming.

And she's gone. Johnny watches her fade into the hallway.

CUT TO:

INT. STELLA'S APARTMENT - GREY DAY

POP. CLICK. A shaky cigarette HAND can't hold a long ash, dropping it and a needle onto a turntable. DIRE STRAITS' "**SULTANS OF SWING**" eases out the speaker.

Stella is quaking, needs a fix, calming herself by smoking and writing pages of Haikus. She MUTTERS, using the words to ease the jitters in sync to the music on the phono:

<p>STELLA</p> <p>As the wind does blow. Across the trees, I see the Buds blooming in May. I walk across the sand And find myself blistering...</p>	<p>DIRE STRAITS</p> <p><i>"You get a shiver in the dark, It's raining in the park, but meantime: South of the river, you stop and you hold everything...."</i></p>
--	--

Suddenly there's a loud KNOCK. She jumps, crushing the smoke, trying not to appear desperate as she composes herself, strides to the door, finishing her Haiku:

<p>STELLA</p> <p>...In the hot hot heat falling to the ground, I watch a leaf settle down. In a bed of brown...</p>	<p>DIRE STRAITS (CONT'D)</p> <p><i>"...Step inside, but you don't see too many faces. Comin' in out of the rain to hear jazz go down..."</i></p>
---	--

Amazing how composed she is now, opening the door for

SERGEANT ROLLINS

They regard one another. We see her nervousness. Fear.

She holds out her hands. He snaps on a pair of handcuffs.

Is he here to arrest her?

No.

Grabbing her with his meaty paws. Pushing her across the room...

SCRAAAATCH. His elbow knocks the arm to the end of the LP, leaving a creepy static BUZZZZZZ permeating the background.

We stay on the spinning record as he shoves Stella onto the sofa, and loudly, quickly, **FUCKS HER OFF CAMERA**.

With a MOAN it's over in seconds. He stands, zips up as she turns forward like a good soldier. She reaches into his pocket. Pulling out the key. Unlocking the cuffs. Freeing herself. They've played this game before.

He tosses a small BAGGIE OF POWDER onto the floor.

She snatches the heroin. But as soon as she stands --

SMACK!

She's down. Eyes still glued to the drug.

ROLLINS (O.C.)
What the hell!?

SLAP!

ROLLINS (CONT'D)
THE FUCK IS THIS?!

Splayed and bloodied on the sofa, she peers up at raging eyes. She sees--

--Rollins bald head bulging red, veins popping as he glares daggers at Russ's STATE TROOPER CARD. She hides a smile.

Calm, even as her nose bleeds onto her lips, she licks blood. Breathes. Sits up. Supreme composure, LIKE THE MIX OF A YOGI AND A SAMURAI. Like a deadly, mesmerizing cobra.

STELLA
You know me.

ROLLINS
Yeah, bitch, I know you.

STELLA
You've got my leash. *You got my leash.*

Her voice hypnotic, flipping his anger into excitement.

ROLLINS
I fucking own it.

STELLA
Pull it.

ROLLINS
Damn right. DAMN RIGHT!

He trembles as her voice makes him child-like.

STELLA
Pull it tight.

She forces his giant hand around her throat.

ROLLINS
I got your leash. I GOT IT!

But then he remembers the card in his other hand, which breaks her spell.

ROLLINS (CONT'D)
(squeezing)
Bitch.

STELLA
...!

He jams his .44 INTO HER MOUTH.

ROLLINS
Who's this "*Russell Dillon*" cop
motherfucker?!

She reorients. Calmly slides the gun out.

STELLA
He's colored.

Then she calmly SLIDES THE GUN BACK IN HER MOUTH.

ROLLINS
(quick breaths)
Talk. Now.

Stella answers by slipping the gun back in her mouth slowly moving her lips around the steel barrel, *giving it a blowjob.*

He yanks it out, knocking the phono arm BACK ON the record ZZZZIIIIIPP... *SULTANS OF SWING* again rips from the speakers.

DIRE STRAITS
"...Goodnight, now it's time to go home. And he makes it fast with one more thing..."

Gripping her throat tight, he pulls her to his face. His fat, aroused lips moving slow, fighting excitement with revulsion.

ROLLINS
You mess with me, and they won't
even one find a piece of your ass.

He drops her. Turns. Stops. Turns back, yanks her up and...

KISSES her sloppy hard, his conflicted emotions swirling like bats in the attic.

With power and strength, she tears a BITE into his lip, then SHOVES him. Glaring. His lip BLEEDS. Her nose BLEEDS, but SHE'S the boss.

He sways unsure whether to hit her, fuck her, or run away.

He spots the baggie - and to her horror, dumps the powder on her face, stumbling out the door, feeling about as dirty as Rollins can feel as BROWN POWDER CLOUDS THE ROOM...

OUTSIDE

His quaking hand tries to wipe the blood off his trembling lips, red splatters on his uniform, heroin hazing his gleaming badge. Not good, since's he's *order and cleanliness* obsessive.

ROLLINS (CONT'D)

Dammit!

Tears in his eyes - he wipes them away as he rushes, bounding to his car, wiping the door handle before jumping in.

INSIDE THE APARTMENT

Her face now covered in heroin Kabuki powder, STELLA slowly licks the mix of brown and blood from her lips...

And carefully replaces Russell's card back in the same spot on the table, allowing just the HINT OF A SMILE as if she planned the whole thing...

DIRE STRAITS

"We are the Sultans. The Sultans of Swing."

INT. HOOVER HIGH DANCE STUDIO - GREY DAY - LATER

The door of the dance studio opens -- out struts A GAGGLE of teen BALLETT STUDENTS. MIKA follows, sweaty, glowing.

In the hall, loaded with camera and tripod, is JOHNNY. He's got on his Walkman - THE POLICE'S "**EVERYTHING SHE DOES IS MAGIC**" leaks out. Rushes right in.

MIKA

(what the hell)
Excuse me?

JOHNNY

(over the headphones)
Hey Mika!

MIKA

What do you think you're doing?

JOHNNY
(still loud)
Work - the eluctable fact of life.

She pulls off his headphones.

MIKA
"Eluctable"?

JOHNNY
I'm expanding my vocabulary.

MIKA
With two "T"s?

Ha-ha. He shuffles into:

INT. PERFORMANCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

She perches outside the door, bemused as he sets the tripod.

MIKA
Beginning Ballet is down the hall.
You'll have to audition. Frankly, I
Don't think you'll make it.

JOHNNY
I'm not dancing. You are.

MIKA
Class is over.

She grabs her backpack.

JOHNNY
My movie. Needs your help.

Suddenly he's FILMING her. She covers the lens.

MIKA
Does your expanded vocabulary
contain the word "NO"?

JOHNNY
(charming smile)
Trust me. It'll be cool, Mika.

MIKA

Cool? You think this is all *cool*?
Hiding behind that pretentious
jacket and that hair and those
tattoos and your camera and your
aloofness and your charm, which
probably worked for you before on
girls who couldn't think their way
out of a cliché...

JOHNNY

--Ouch.

MIKA

...You imagine you're tough and
strong, fighting for scraps with
other boys and girls who hope
they've finally found answers to
their teenage angst in the form of
their particular mode of
transportation and their particular
type of music and their particular
style or lack there of.

(gets close)

You think you're cool? An inane
self-titled label called "*Rocket*"?!
You couldn't even come up with
something original?

JOHNNY

You forgot the two "T"s.

Ha-ha?

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

A good leader's got to have a name.
Saw it in a movie once.

MIKA

I don't want to be in your movie.
Just because you might've dug up a
gaggle of insecure self-esteem-
challenged simians to follow your
mediocre dreams, cinematic or
otherwise, doesn't mean I'll give
you another thought. I've seen boys
like you. I know where they end up.
And it isn't "following their
dreams".

That stung.

They regard each other with rotten memories. Two people
hiding from the world, putting up a tough front.

She knows she's hurt him. A crack of remorse.

MIKA (CONT'D)

Johnny--

JOHNNY

Sorry. I just...wanted to see you dance is all.

MIKA

I didn't mean...

JOHNNY

No, you're right. This place. Gets it's dark, damp arms around you and never lets you go. Dreaming's a bad habit.

He turns away to dismantle the camera. She sees him brush a tear and that somehow touches her. She suddenly--

--LEAPS over him.

The MUSIC CREEPS BACK IN as we see her DANCING ballet, jazz, modern - she's going all out. He opens his eyes - can't believe it.

She IS good. No, she's fantastic. Without another thought, he's shooting and to the beat we

BEGIN A MUSIC MONTAGE

--He's filming, she's dancing.

--He pulls camera off sticks, hand-held, in tune with her, like a dance partner.

--She's sweaty... Their eyes lock.

--She dances to him, incredibly close. Sensual. Then

--Spinning an amazing pirouette.

--She's reached a crescendo -- LEAPING IMPOSSIBLY HIGH, SLO-MO -- INTO HIS ARMS... But *he's* no dancer and...

THE POLICE (OVER)

"...*Magic, magic, magic...*"

...They CRASH, MIKA'S LEG knocking the camera from his hands. Recovering in his arms they relish this moment of artistic release -- until the music STOPS and --

a DROP OF BLOOD hits the floor with a SPLASH ...

MIKA (O.S.)
Oh no. NO!

JOHNNY
What?

MIKA
Stupid. STUPID!

His eyes find a CIRCLE OF RED enlarging around her thigh.

JOHNNY
I'll get some bandaids.

She's already wrapping a towel tourniquet.

MIKA
Get me to hospital.

JOHNNY
Hospital??

EXT. ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL - NW PORTLAND - DAY GREY

ESTABLISHING. ER Entrance. Ambulance. Nurses. Patients. EMTs.
The usual. Eddie's PURPLE GTO waits out front.

JOHNNY (O.S.)
...When were you going to tell me?

INT. E.R. - MOMENTS LATER

Mika recovering post-transfusion, paper gown. Johnny's livid,
but can't help noticing Mika's hot nude body peeking out from
the blue 'robe'.

MIKA
It's none of your business. No
one's business.

He burns with guilt as she slides the IV out her arm,
grabbing her clothes. A wall-mounted TV plays VIDEO of the
IRANIAN HOSTAGE CRISIS. JIMMY CARTER drones on.

JOHNNY
"None of my business"?! I drove you
in the rain. On my Indian for God's
sake...

MIKA
'Indian' -- That's a racial slur,
you know that, right?

JOHNNY
What if we crashed!?

MIKA
(slipping on her pants)
You said you did that all the time.

Not sure if he should watch her dress, his eyes dart away...
sort of.

JOHNNY
And I CRASH all the time too.

MIKA
Look, if the school knew I was a
hemophiliac I'd be barred from
teaching. I'd never be allowed to
dance again. Why do you think I
left England?

JOHNNY
Find something else to do,
Something *safe*.

She peers around. EVERYONE'S riveted to the TV. She slips
out, makes for the hallway. He follows.

MIKA
You scab people don't understand.
There is NO "something safe".
Football? Running? Sewing? There's
blood in everything.
(beat)
Dance is my life, Johnny. I'd die
without it.

Somewhere in the E.R. a radio plays CHEAP TRICK'S "**SURRENDER**"

She checks the corner - two ORDERLIES are coming, bitching
about Iran and the Hostages, talking about voting Reagan.

Waits for them to pass...

JOHNNY
What d'you think you're doing?

MIKA
Told them my name was "Lulu".

Johnny considers, then nods. Spots the exit. Grabs her hand.

JOHNNY
Come on!

CHEAP TRICK (OVER)
*"Mother told me, yes she told me,
 I'd meet girls like you..."*

He ushers her past the NURSES STATION, alerting an RN, who tries to stop them: "HEY! You can't..." She hits a button.

CHEAP TRICK (OVER) (CONT'D)
*"She also told me 'stay away,
 you'll never know what you'll
 catch'..."*

CUT TO:

I/E. EDDIE'S GTO - GREY DAY RAIN - MOMENTS LATER

They fly into the back seat, swirling pot smoke as a bewildered Eddie nearly CHOKES on a JOINT. Ignition on. He's got the rock station on the FM, with "SURRENDER" now at full pitch, heightening the fun as wiperblades swish the rain in sync with the beat...

EDDIE
 "Mommy's Alright!"

JOHNNY
 PUNCH IT!

EDDIE
 "Daddy's alright!"

The car smokes out of the parking lot, as a gaggle of NURSES and ORDERLIES and SECURITY GUARDS spill from the door.

Eddie grins in the rearview. That was fun!

JOHNNY
 Mika, meet Eddie. Eddie, Mika.

MIKA
 Hello Eddie.

EDDIE
 Charmed!

That WAS fun. Eddie smiles, smokes, offers a toke. Mika and Johnny shake it off.

They crouch down, hiding from the world, noses nearly touching.

ON MIKA: Romantic. Charged...but...Too close. Loses her smile, breaks away. Ices over. Sits up.

MIKA

Eddie, could you please give me a lift home?

Johnny struggles with Mika's mixed signals. Eddie slows to avoid any cops. Last toke. Tosses the roach.

EDDIE

Sure. Where to?

MIKA

Just up here.

Eddie and Johnny share a look of concern in the mirror.

JOHNNY

You mean... Park Place?

MIKA

Mmmm Hmmm.

Eddie turns onto PARK PLACE AVE, winding up the hill -- The ritziest area in Portland, lined by PALATIAL ESTATES.

MIKA (CONT'D)

This is fine.

Stopping at a huge GATED ENGLISH TUDOR. Johnny gazes across the street at the massive VICTORIAN, then to Mika's estate.

JOHNNY

Here?

MIKA

I rent a cottage in back.

She hops out, rolling her eyes. Johnny steals glances at the Victorian. Eddie too -- It harbors troubled memories...

MIKA (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

Eddie lights up another joint. Johnny rubs his cheek.

JOHNNY

(re: Victorian)

Used to know someone. Lived over there.

She finds/traces a small wound on his cheek with her finger, turning his head back to her.

MIKA

Well. Now you know someone who
lives over *here*.

Johnny's jacket rides up his arm, just enough to reveal a faded track mark. Pulls away.

Did she see? She turns, punches a code on the gate.

Their eyes meet again. But she gives up nothing. A giant security gate closes shutting her inside.

JOHNNY

Mika...

MIKA (O.S.)

Thanks for the ride, Eddie.

EDDIE

Anytime, man.

MIKA

Good-bye.

Gate closed. She's gone.

EDDIE

(chewing a candy bar)

I'm hungry. What about you?

Johnny searches his jacket and finds some tinfoil in his pocket, hiding it from Eddie. But Eddie sees. Knows. Frowns.

JOHNNY

(itching his vein)

I...Gotta get ready. The race...

EDDIE

Lemme take you. Make sure the
bike's running...

JOHNNY

--No. Do this on my own.

EDDIE

(don't do the drugs)

Johnny...

Johnny shakes his head, walks away. Eddie's not gonna talk him out of it.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRAVEYARD - MIDNIGHT RAIN

A headlight blinds Johnny's DILATED eyes as he squints at Deek arriving on a full race BENELLI SEI, a legendary SIX CYLINDER Italian racebike. Rare. Very fast. Loud rumbling.

JOHNNY

Nice. Benelli.

He sways, focuses, forcing himself sober. Hops on his Indian.

They edge to a spray-painted white line. Deek regards Johnny: high, trying to concentrate. Deek smiles - Johnny's way more wasted than we've ever seen him.

DEEK

Ever read Yeats, Johnny? He's a poet in case you didn't know.

(he hasn't)

My favorite diddy is "The O'Rahilly" - 'bout a man sent to meet his doom. Should have read that one, love. Would've made this night far more *poetic* for you.

Johnny avoids Deek's gaze, forcing himself to focus, his self doubts starting to rise. Deek can sense Johnny's waning self-confidence.

Sammy gets off her bike, knows he's in trouble.

Led stands between them. ROCKERS watch from the sidewalk. Sammy runs to Johnny, knowing he needs to sober up.

SAMMY

C'mon, Johnny.

JOHNNY

(wasted)

WWWhat.

She has no choice but to rear back and SLAP him. Deek LAUGHS. Johnny perks up, nods to Led. Starts his bike.

DEEK

(leering at Sammy)

I win, I do you.

Sammy flips him off.

LED

Loop around Kelley Point Park.
First one back across this line
runs the club. Only rule is you
don't leave the road.

The pavement QUAKES as Deek, and then Johnny, gun massive
motors as Sammy backs away and THE CLASH'S "**LONDON CALLING**"
bangs a riff over the sequence...

Goggles snap on. Deek gives Led a nod and Led acknowledges.
Johnny catches A LOOK between them -- Before he can ponder
it, Led raises, DROPS HIS ARMS. Deek lays down a burnout.

Johnny, caught off guard, shakes off his drugged, drifting
mind and does what comes natural: twists the throttle.

THE CLASH

*"London's calling to the faraway
towns. Now war is declared and
battle come down..."*

EXT. COLUMBIA AVE./DEEK'S BIKE/JOHNNY'S BIKE (MOVING)

Flashes of blue moonlight mixed with pools of orange
streetlamps rake the two racers.

THE CLASH

*"Come out of the cupboards you boys
and girls..."*

Johnny gasses it, shifts, as the big supercharger WHINES.
Deek's speeding BENELLI comes into view. In seconds he's
right on Deek's wheel, six unmuffled pipes screaming in
front, water stinging Johnny's face, waking him up.

Deek checks his mirror, leans left, cuts the American off.

Johnny swings wide, skids, rights himself, DOWNSHIFTS.

Deek smiles, leans left. But this time Johnny SWITCHES SIDES
and moves *right*, PASSING Deek.

Johnny's going so fast, rain pellets fly horizontal as he
struggles to see the rainslick road at 100 mph. This would
be dangerous in a car -on motorcycles it's complete insanity.

They pass in front of a freight train, speeding on the tracks
next to them. DING DING DING. Red lights. Crossing guards
drop. Barely make it through.

Deek drafts as they accelerate into a sweeping corner. Johnny LEANS RIGHT, forcing Deek outside as they lean, knees down, footpegs SPARKING on contact when SUDDENLY--

--they nearly ram the TAILLIGHTS of a CAR!

Johnny swerves, ripping past on the drainage ditch, while Deek blasts by opposite, skidding sideways.

The two motorcycles MERGE TOGETHER -- as BLUE AND RED LIGHTS FLASH. They've just passed a COP doing 100 mph!

THE CLASH (CONT'D)
*"...Cos London's drowning and I,
 live by the river!"*

They turn and share a look - FUCK THE COPS! -- then both accelerate, pushing it to 110mph.

Within seconds they've reached Kelley Point Park. The road loops a tight 180, ringed by the Columbia river. One false move and you fly into the dark, deep water...

SIDE BY SIDE nearing the fast U-turn - neither willing to brake first -- playing Chicken as the bikes HOWL.

Deek's fingers hover over the brake... Johnny sees it, KNOWS THIS IS THE TIME TO MAKE A MOVE

On the inside, he lays down his bike, feathering throttle - FLATTRACKING, FOOT OUT sliding for support.

The movement forces Deek to SLAM HIS BRAKES or get pancaked.

Johnny SLIDES HORIZONTAL, DRIFTING around the tight corner, hits the straightaway, pulls his foot, rights his bike, shifts gears -- flying away like a champion.

Looking back, Johnny smiles, as Deek hopelessly throttles.

...But when he turns front, JOHNNY SEES THE COP CAR **BLOCKING THE ROAD** -- lights flashing -- COP POINTING HIS GUN. Johnny has to hit the brakes as...

Deek DRIVES STRAIGHT FOR THE CAR! He WHEELIES - jetting OVER THE HOOD, denting blue and white steel. Sparks fly.

Johnny veers into the drainage ditch, using the 'ramp' to Gas it and FLY PAST THE CAR.

BANG. BANG. BANG.

They LAND SIDE-BY-SIDE as the Cop's BULLETS flash.

Johnny twists his throttle but it won't turn anymore (WFO)- so he gets aero for more speed - NECK AND NECK, headed for the final straight at 120mph. It's anyone's race.

THE CLASH (CONT'D)
*"London calling...Never felt so
 much alike, alike, alike."*

Deek turns to Johnny, flips away his foggy goggles. Johnny does the same.

DEEK
 (screaming over the wind)
 Gonna hit your button?

Deek grins, PUSHES A BUTTON. Nitros Oxide FLOWS FROM A CANISTER UNDER HIS SEAT - injecting each cylinder with a SUDDEN BOOST OF HORSEPOWER... Instantly he ROCKETS AWAY.

Johnny moves his thumb over a red NO2 switch -- but halts, SOMETHING FEELS WRONG...

JOHNNY
 How'd you know?

He reaches down and instead CRANKS THE BOOST on his supercharger - PUSHING it all the way up to 150psi.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
 (redlining the blower)
 Sorry Eddie...

This gives him gobs of power as Deek's NO2 RUNS DRY.

NECK AND NECK AGAIN - Deek didn't expect this, taken aback.

Johnny pulls ahead - HE'S GOING TO WIN! Deek MUST do something... So he reaches into his jacket...

Johnny can barely see through the rain. The engine shakes, smokes, with RPMs in the red. WE HEAR A **POP. POP. POP.** Did the engine throw a rod? Checks it, squinting, can't see.

Johnny's rearview mirror SHATTERS as he holds tight. Is the bike falling apart? He looks back:

POP. POP. POP. DEEK IS FIRING A PISTOL! Bullets zing past Johnny's face. So does a jet of oil from his engine.

The finish line only 200 yards away when - JOHNNY'S ENGINE SHUDDERS, CRACKS, SCREAMS, begins to BREAK APART!

Deek LINES UP Johnny's head...FINGER ON THE TRIGGER...

Johnny cranes back, spots Deek aiming the gun. His bike faltering, he quickly switches an ORANGE TOGGLE and--

--FLAMES SHOOT FROM JOHNNY'S PIPES! (Thanks Eddie!)

Deek shoots wild - BANG - covers his face as FIRE ENGULFS HIS BIKE. He LEAPS OFF, JUMPING to the ground, smothering his burning leathers; his bike crashing into a METAL INFERNO.

Johnny crosses the line, WINNING THE RACE - but then his engine EXPLODES -- TOSSING JOHNNY tumbling into the cemetery.

His bike in pieces. He and Deek LAND SIDE BY SIDE. Splayed on the ground, they both begin to stir.

Johnnie picks up part of his engine as he stands - the NO2 can with a new splitter to TWO wires. *Sabotage....*

Rockers run up led by a BIG GUY in cowboy boots and mutton chops...

COWBOY

You boys okay?

Sammy shoots over to Johnnie, then stops, stares at Deek.

SAMMY

Deek...No.

COWBOY halts -- the other Rockers do the same as EVERYONE STARES AT DEEK... The whole place eerily STILL.

NUTTER

Easy big guy.

Johnny finds **A GUN TO HIS HEAD** as DEEK, seething, leathers smoking like a demon, doublegrips his pistol.

DEEK

You. Bloody. WANKER.

Flames dance on Johnny's face; eyes dilated, heroin in his bloodstream providing ambivalence. He *wants* Deek to shoot.

COWBOY

C'mon Deek, Johnny won.

ACE, a slick, thin, pompadour rockabilly, steps to intervene.

ACE

Fair and square, man.

SPOKES

Rockett's Prez. Let's be cool.

SPOKES, a bearded metalhead, pulls ACE back - too dangerous, as Sammy tries to flank Deek. Led steps in her way.

Led smiles, secretly urging Deek on.

LED

He cheated. D-Q him, Deek. D-Q him.

SAMMY

That's bullshit and you know it.

Deek cocks the HAMMER-- Tension at max -- but then:

--the WAIL of a SIREN breaks everyone's attention.

BLUE AND RED LIGHTS FLASH over the horizon -- Cop is coming.

SPOKES

Deek, man, Cops comin'.

Deek's eyes. Johnny's eyes. Deek doesn't care.

Finger on the trigger. Johnny waits for it.

Finger pulls. Hammer rears...

CLICK. Out of bullets. DAMMIT! Deek tosses the gun.

JOHNNY

Looks like O'Rahilly won the race.

DEEK

This ain't over, Yank.

JOHNNY

Looks to me like it is.

Deek spits, turns to a young, nebbish, bespectacled Rocker, STEAM (16) straddling an immaculate red LAVERDA.

DEEK

(to the little guy)
Piss off.

STEAM

(not a clue)
What??

DEEK

PISS THE HELL OFF!
(Steam's confused)
I'm taking your bike.

Deek grabs Steam, tossing the kid, jumps on the LAVERDA, glares at Led with sarcasm.

DEEK (CONT'D)
Great job, *Mate*.

He zips away, spitting dirt.

Johnny turns begins edging Led backwards.

JOHNNY
So tell me how I cheated, Led?

LED
Well, the... The flames and... You went off road... And you had NOS...

Siren getting louder.

JOHNNY
How'd Deek know I was running Nitros?

LED
What? I dunno? C'mon, we gotta go.

JOHNNY
You messed with my bike?

Led tries to play innocent but even he knows he's busted.

LED
Hey, Johnny...Come on, man.

Johnny brings up the split tubing, tosses it to him. Proof.

JOHNNY
Was I supposed to seize at 130 when I hit the button?

Now Sammy and Ace and Cowboy close in on Led too.

LED
Look...We were always pals.

Johnny whips out his knife. Led starts to panic. BLUE AND RED FLASHES shimmer off the chrome blade...

JOHNNY
Was *THAT* the plan? Gimp my line?
Was I supposed to DIE in that race?

LED
It's different now...You see, Deek
had *ideas*.

SAMMY
Asshole!

ACE
Cut him, Rockett.

VIC, the only African American Rocker steps up.

VIC
You don't waste him, I will.

JOHNNY
Spill your guts.

Johnny presses the knife to Led's throat. SIREN screams.

LED
Be cool.

Led gets his nerve and his bravado.

LED (CONT'D)
Look, Johnny...Understand. We been
making alotta bread lately. And I
got bills... A brand new bike, my
own apartment... It was real bad at
home, my Dad's a total asshole...

Johnny knifes a flinching Led's patch with an "X". It's over.

JOHNNY
You're a real pal, number one.

Johnny holds the other Rockers back. Led ashamed, slides
onto his bike.

LED
Johnny. I'm sorry... But you gotta
know... This ain't over.

He drives off as SAM nods to Johnny. He moves to Sammy's
Harley. She's got "**HIGHWAY TO HELL**" amped on her radio.
Other Rockers fire up their bikes.

JOHNNY
Want VP?

SAMMY
Still prefer sergeant.

The way she looks at him.

Steam breaks up the moment, running up in panic.

STEAM

He stole my pride and joy. I don't even have a license. I'm risking an asthma attack. Oh Jeez!

JOHNNY

(he nods to the big guy)
Eddie'll getcha another bike.

COWBOY

Hop on, Steamboat.

Steam slides onto the plush rear seat of Cowboy's bagger.

Rockers pull up on rumbling bikes, honoring their president.

ACE

Good to have you back.

VIC

Right on.

Johnny gives them a nod. He's back in charge. For now.

JOHNNY

Everyone split. Goose the fuzz.

Nods. They do as they're told, zipping away.

ON SAMMY'S BIKE

Sammy surreptitiously stuffs a wad of tinfoil into his palm as the other bikes cascade into the night.

SAMMY

You gotta give me something.

JOHNNY

Need more time.

SAMMY

Broken record.

JOHNNY

Good for it.

SAMMY

Bad credit. Don't you remember?

Johnny jumps off. Sammy fires up her Harley.

JOHNNY

Know what, Sam? Just burn off.

She looks in his eyes, wants to see what she saw once a long time ago.

SAMMY

Why???

JOHNNY

Better go.

Not their first spat.

SAMMY

I'm not your enemy. Either is Deek.

(beat)

That job's already taken.

Johnny moves to her. She sits. Idling.

JOHNNY

Sam...

She looks back, hoping again to see something from Johnny. But nothing's there. Her eyes glisten, now burning anger. Maybe hatred.

Johnny stares blankly. Hates himself. She's so pretty. So vulnerable. But not what he wants now.

In tears, Sammy guns it, peels away.

Cop Car crests the horizon, skids a U, chasing Sammy who lures him away. Johnny considers the heroin in his hand. His only friend. Always his friend.

The wind picks up. Blows his hair. *Wind in his hair.*

He smiles ruefully at the irony.

ACDC

"I'm on a highway to hell..."

With blue and red lights receding from troubled eyes we CRANE away leaving Johnny all alone in the night as the wind blows hard and the MUSIC plays full over credits and we

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW