

FADE IN

ACT ONE

INT. DORM ROOM - DAY

A dorm room -- crowded -- with two bunk beds, dressers and bedside tables -- looks lived in -- a window through which light enters the room -- we ZOOM IN on the bottom bunk:

SOPHIA, 20, jewish decent and brown hair in a messy bun -- wears a dark wheezer shirt and ripped jeans -- is lying on her back, LISTENING TO MUSIC while in her hands holding a pair of HANDCUFFS -- busily picking their lock --

Her laptop is lying open at the foot of her bed -- a notification pops up:

'Public Service Announcement'

-- she pulls her headphones down so that they now rest comfortably around her neck -- VIDEO POPS UP on the screen of the laptop:

The WHITEHOUSE LAWN -- REPORTER (30) blond, holding a microphone -- Sophia holds down the volume button --

ON THE LAPTOP SCREEN

REPORTER

-- you the latest news from Washington right now. Emergency vote has now been called to pass a bill that will affect this countries national safety. This bill, when activated, will serve to quell extremist rebel and pseudo-anarchist views giving officers of the law the means to arrest these violent groups before they can do any more harm. Citizens are called to their nearest voting stations to see what voters have to say. For the bill too be passed two thirds of the population are required in voting to OK it. Congress has for once already passed this bill in

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(cont'd)

almost record time for the modern age surprising the voters by leaving them to decide... and now I'll take you live to the President Jeb Dumbfuck currently speaking from the Whitehouse.

We see on the screen PRESIDENT JEB DUMBFUCK at a podium in front of the American flag --

PREZ. JEB DUMBFUCK

As this law may infringe upon constitutional rights I have to say it relies on the peoples view to be passed -- but I cannot stress the importance for those who are eligible voters to pass this law. The violent anarchist and rebel groups within our own boarders are not a threat we can fight exteriorly like the middle east terrorist threat. They are founded on principles that are the very opposite to those of which America was founded upon. This bill would be added as a temporary clause to the U.S. constitution in this hour of need; this time of crisis allowing officers of the law to arrest anyone sharing extremist views of these radical groups. Many of these groups are run by the people on the streets and in the slums; the unemployed; the homeless who when they could get jobs as a productive means to society prefer to terrorize and destroy the innocent who do have jobs as a productive part of society. No more. The higher price to joining these terrorists will drive people towards productive and soon after responsible jobs that promote an American dream; motivating them to not steal, but earn their bread; motivating them to find jobs to

(MORE)

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(cont'd)

feed their children and others
children who we must protect from
more violent acts of terrorism
within our walls.

Back to the reporter --

REPORTER

And now to our chief of police Bob
E. Dallas to see what he has to say
in the matter.

RESUME

Sophia slams computer closed -- it is clear what she thinks
of the matter -- the door of her room opens and PANICKED
ZSOEE (19) clothes with earthy tones, cargo pants,
a Japanese background, enters --

ZSOEE

Sophia! Sophia!

SOPHIA

Zsoee! Zsoee!

ZSOEE

(panicking)

Have you heard -- and the
professors were talking about it --
and there was a meeting -- and the
administrator she said -- which I
don't see why because it doesn't
seem fair at all but -- why did you
do it?!

SOPHIA

(motherly)

Wait what? Slow down. Now tell me
what happened.

ZSOEE

Remember that paper you wrote for
philosophy class?

SOPHIA

The Viability of Anarchy as a Stage
Towards a Better System? It was

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

(cont'd)

good.

ZSOEE

Gah! Why do you have to be opinionated? Remember I gave up politics in ninth grade and I never looked back. You shouldn't get involved. It causes fights. And arguments. Do you know how many wars were --

SOPHIA

Zsoee!

ZSOEE

Sorry. Just freaking out here.

SOPHIA

What. Happened?

ZSOEE

They're making you leave. Outright vacate the premises. They're kicking you out!

Zsoee starts stuffing Sophia's necessities in a BACKPACK --
Sophia stands stunned for a beat --

SOPHIA

Why?

ZSOEE

Because of the law. Because everyone's vying for a position in this college and they can't afford to have one filled by you.

SOPHIA

Gee thanks.

ZSOEE

Why did you write that paper? Oh Sophia --

SOPHIA

Its okay Zso. Why are they kicking me out now? The law hasn't even

(MORE)

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(cont'd)

been voted on yet. It's still theoretical.

ZSOEE

I know. I know but don't you sort of agree. I mean it is kind of true and -- damn it I did it again -- no politics.

SOPHIA

I know. Its okay.

Sophia starts PACKING -- Zsoee goes off into the bathroom to grab Sophia's toiletries -- She pops her head back out for a beat --

ZSOEE

Do you need anything? Money? Food? Ben and Jerry's from the freezer?

SOPHIA

I'm good thanks.

Zsoee ducks back into the bathroom and remerges after a beat with a HANDFUL OF TOILETRIES --

ZSOEE

Where are you going? Back to your parents?

SOPHIA

Hah. No!

ZSOEE

Then where are you going?

Sophia stands up grabbing her backpack and throwing it over her shoulders --

SOPHIA

(seriously)

I'm going to find the other anarchists. If its true what they're saying on TV...

Turns to walk out the door -- bumps into the dresser -- laughs in an UNEVEN CACKLE LAUGH-- distinct in its uniqueness --

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That was supposed to be cool and dramatic.

HUGS Zsoee -- subsequently opens the door and walks off --

ZSOEE
Will you call?

SOPHIA
(o.s.)
If its safe.

EXT. CLEVELAND - DAY

The cities of the world have been BEATEN -- a strange mix of shiny new skyscrapers and construction machines lifting up new bulletin boards --

of the people themselves:

-- the HOMELESS SWARM the sidewalk in mass numbers -- the WORKING CLASS don't look too much better. They are grimly pushing their way through the swarming crowds of homeless somehow distinct but wearing equally mangy clothes -- patched together -- faded --

Those working class that do own cars:

Driving worn trucks and ancient SPUTTERING family minivans as they drive -- The wide eyes of children stare out from the windows of these cars -- their passengers and drivers wear old tattered clothes -- often made from scraps -- eyes are heavy -- TIRED -- unkempt hair and dark circles are a symptom of this --

GRAFFITI is prolific to a new level -- it is everywhere: -- the sidewalk -- the sides of skyscrapers -- alley walls -- even the road --

Sophia is wandering the streets with her backpack -- she glances anxiously at the CLOCK on top of the SEARS BUILDING -- It reads 8:09 P.M. -- She glances at the sky -- SMAUG -- but you can still glimpse the suns outline through the smaug clouds -- late afternoon -- The already cloudy sky will be dark soon as the sun goes down -- A VAGRANT tries to steal something from Sophia's backpack -- She whips around drawing

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her pocket knife --

SOPHIA

Ay! This is still Ohio even if it
is kind of all going to hell!

The vagrant backs off -- after that Sophia keeps her knife
out pointed in front of her -- the people on the street give
her a wide berth -- a decision is clear on her face --
sticks up thumb -- most cars pass by -- some HONK -- one
goes slowly and rolls down a window -- and elderly white
male with a ROLEX --

ELDERLY WHITE MALE

I'll call the police on you, young
lady! Hitch hiking is illegal.

SOPHIA

Yes sir. Sorry I didn't know.

Satisfied he nods and drives off -- Sophia makes a face
before sticking up her thumb again --

A scratched and bent RED TRABANT with an interior even more
scratched and bent than the exterior -- comes to a SLOW STOP
-- It is driven by DEENE (29) hippy --

DEENE

Your hitch hiking! People stopped
doing that years ago?! I'm pretty
sure its illegal. Get in. I'm
Deene.

SOPHIA

Sophia

She gets in the car -- they start driving again --

INT./EXT. RED TRABANT - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

The interior is beaten up but cozy --Deene (29) nondescript
clothing, poofy black hair which is gelled --looks pretty
MELLOW -- minor hippy vibe --

SOPHIA

Nice car.

DEENE

Thanks, I stole it. From a junkyard... Used to have another one but someone else stole that so I had to go and steal this one.

SOPHIA

That's -- honest.

DEENE

You should be careful who's cars you get in in the future -- After all who wants to meet people who are honest in these days? Mind if I turn on the radio?

SOPHIA

No.

He turns the knob -- 98.5 -- the Ohio radio a CLASSIC ROCK station -- beat of silence --

So.

(beat)

Are we going anywhere particularly?

DEENE

Me? I'm going home but I can drop you off anywhere you'd like in or around the city.

SOPHIA

I don't know where I'm going.

DEENE

How so?

SOPHIA

I'm looking for something -- someone.

DEENE

Could you be a little more vague?

SOPHIA

If you'd like.

DEENE

No I was asking -- never mind.

SOPHIA

I was going to tell you. Ok don't
freak out on me.

DEENE

Go on.

SOPHIA

I'm looking for an
(beat, wince)
anarchist group. You don't happen
to know any?

Deene emotions --

DEENE

(harshly sarcastic)

I do know 'any'. But I admit
nothing about anarchists.

SOPHIA

Where? Can you take me there?

DEENE

(earnest with kindness)

I'm not sure you want to go. You
don't know what your getting
yourself into. You know what? I
won't take you.

SOPHIA

What? Why not? If you know where.

DEENE

Trust me I'm doing both of us a
favour.

SOPHIA

Well I don't and you clearly are
not.

DEENE

Look you might have some 'deluded
ideal of anarchy' and that's very

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DEENE (cont'd)

understandable but in reality its
not all that its cracked up to be.

SOPHIA

People just have to take it upon
themselves to be polite! Anarchy is
no excuse for a degradation of
manners and some level of decency
towards each other. Its a stage we
need to go into so that we can get
to the next one which is --
hopefully better -- than this.

Gestures to out the window --

DEENE

The anarchists I know are
definitely not polite.

SOPHIA

Let me judge that for myself.

DEENE

You will regret this.

SOPHIA

Then that's how I'll learn not to
do it again. Otherwise as soon as
you were gone I'd just have snuck
off and tried to find them.

The red trabant pulls into Glenville -- Deene presses the
brake gliding to a stop in front of an ALLEYWAY --

DEENE

It's down the way. You'll know it
when you come to it.

(beat)

Good luck in life. Don't you stop
asking questions.

SOPHIA

Thank you. You too.

Sophia opens the door and steps out of the car -- she
glances down the forbidding alleyways -- and then glances
back to Deene who waits in the car -- she turns and quickly

(CONTINUED)

walks down the allyway -- the RED TRABANT exits off the way it came -- Sophia starts down the alley --

EXT. THE ALLEY - DUSK

The red trabant returns -- Deene calls from the window of the red trabant as Sophia starts to walk off --

DEENE

And Sophia?

SOPHIA

Yeah.

DEENE

Be careful. Don't be afraid to
rethink your beliefs,
(beat)
especially the ones on anarchy.

She nods and waves at him as he drives off this time -- deep breath -- she starts down the alley -- this time without interruption --

BUM sleeps behind an overflowing dumpster -- clothes lines hang between the windows of the rundown apartment complex's -- the walls are stained with dirt and graffiti: both old and new --

TRAFFIC SOUNDS -- the honking of HORNS and the BUZZING CONVERSATION from the main street can be heard as well as other typical CITY NOISES -- those seem distant -- this ally is however, quiet for a city where nothing can ever be completely silent -- TRANQUIL --

A MANGY MUTT runs down the way GROWLING and BARKING as it does -- punctuating the stillness -- but then it is gone -- the stillness comes again -- STILLNESS --

A door leading out of the alley into an apartment, one of many in the brick walls -- dripping red SPRAY PAINTED ANARCHY SYMBOL jumps out from the doorway --

Sophia knocks -- the door swings open almost immediately -- silhouetted: LARRY (30), 6-foot-tall, bald, tattoo's -- chains and dark clothes -- slightly heavy metal -- spotless irish accent --

(CONTINUED)

LARRY

What brings a fine young lady such as you to our star-spangled abode?

SOPHIA

Are you anarchists?

LARRY

Anarchists? Nah, that sign on the door is just something some wee punk painted up. Been meaning to catch 'em. Can I help you with anything else by chance?

SOPHIA

Do you know where I could find the anarchists? Someone told me they were here.

LARRY

What do you want to do that for? Terrible tenants those anarchists. Never pay'd there rent once. Can you believe that?

SOPHIA

Because I believe anarchy is a viable option and I want to see for myself. Ok?

LARRY

Are you a cop?

SOPHIA

No. Not to the best of my knowledge.

LARRY

How do yer know?

JIMMY

(o.s.)

Larry stop hassling the neighbours. I told you I took care of the landlord the other day.

Larry stops speaking in an accent --

(CONTINUED)

LARRY

Would you like to come in?

Cue "Anarchy in the UK" by the Sex Pistols --

SOPHIA

Thank you.

Sophia enters through the door--

INT. ANARCHIST DEN - CITY - CONTINUOUS

Its a small apartment: a door leads to a bathroom -- this is the only other room visible --

The main room consists of:

Two couches -- ancient -- they must be from goodwill -- they are a disgusting brownish yellow color -- worn but somehow comforting in their familiarity -- underneath these couches are stacks of books --

JIMMY (20) is SPRAWLED over the couch parallel to the short side of the coffee table -- face down -- he appears to be sleeping -- poofy black hair that is spiked -- as for his build he is strong but not visibly too muscly -- some baby face aspects that don't obscure his age -- eyes hazel and a little droopy on the sides -- barely so -- an aura of confidence surrounds him -- demented -- dark -- lazy sociopathic apathy in which he views the world -- dark shirt with a pink floyd prism chalked on -- no sleeves and worn dark jeans -- silver chain belt -- and a silver chain hanging from his pocket at his side -- single silver chain bracelet -- silver chain necklace -- Think Sid Vicious from the sex pistols with the personality of green days Billy Joe Armstrong -- lots of chains -- punk clothes -- classical punk though -- nothing that deviates from the typical application of the style -- nothing too different -- conservative in punk clothing -- where he does differ from stereotypical punk is that he wears no patches -- little or no labels and words -- if punks express there beliefs through their clothes then Jimmy has no beliefs -- Naturally dominant body language conveys his unofficial position as leader of this group almost instantly --

On the other couch is --

(CONTINUED)

ZIGGY (19), clear that he has some Jamaican heritage and style but his style can only be described as punkish -- spike bracelets -- a mishmash compilation of different yarns woven together in a thick ragged bracelet -- beaded necklace -- colored Mohawk -- kind brown eyes -- he is curled protectively around --

THE GIRL (18), she's too cool -- above everyone else but not in a snotty way -- just naturally above it all -- somehow has something warm and motherly about her -- its nice -- straight brunette hair -- baggy dark-colored band shirt -- tight dark jeans that are ripped up -- nails painted NON-BRIGHT RED -- chain bracelet -- and a few woven bracelets are piled on one arm -- there is enough for them to cover at least an inch -- the other arm is bare --

NEEDLE and spoon are across from the girl on the coffee table next to JIMMY'S LIGHTER -- The couches from a ninety degree angle around the coffee table which is in turn across from the TV -- The TV is the furthest from the door -- parallel to the coffee table and the couch -- the couch is currently inhabited by the girl and Ziggy --It is littered with EMPTY CANS of soda, energy drink etc. -- a single slice of pizza lies cold in the pizza box -- Several books are out -- namely "clockwork orange", "Origin of the Species" and "divergent" all lying on the coffee table -- Remote -- gun -- explosive powder --

-- a mini fridge is plugged into the wall next to the bathroom door -- on top of the mini fridge is a GRENADE --

The TV is one of those ancient box TV's -- the screen is heavily pixelated and is currently turned to some NEWS STATION documenting the latest war America is in -- one of two channels that the ancient TV supports --

There is also a bookshelf against the back wall behind Jimmy's couch -- It is filled with all types and subjects of books -- theoretical -- fictional --

ON the floor --

CLOTHES -- resembles a messy teenagers floor -- Clothes are littered everywhere -- empty soda cans -- empty beer cans -- half full energy drink --

JON (17), is passed out on the floor -- this seems to be the

(CONTINUED)

main source of the beer cans -- an empty whisky bottle and three empty beer bottles are scattered around his head -- in his hand he barely grips a fourth half-full bottle of beer --

Larry searches Sophia for weapons taking Sophia's KNIFE -- he tosses it to Jimmy who reaches up and catches it without moving his body from its sprawled freefaller position -- only moving the arm with the knife he slips the knife into his pocket so only the top sticks out -- tauntingly -- Sophia steps forwards tentatively -- the Macabe group barely reacts to her in their half-dazed day-time trances -- she sits on the couch next to Ziggy --

Stares at the TV -- getting a few weird looks but no one seems to care about the sudden arrival of a complete stranger into their midst --

We wait a few seconds -- Sophia is already growing bored --

CUT TO

INT. ANARCHIST DEN - LATER

Fade out song --

LARRY

Hey.

(beat)

You want to see a magic trick?

SOPHIA

Sure.

Larry takes out a deck of CARDS and spreads them out on the coffee table --

LARRY

Pick a card. Any card and whatever
you do don't show me.

He looks away -- Sophia flips a card over making sure Larry isn't looking at it -- she shelters the card with her hand -- the JACK OF HEARTS -- Sophia flips back over again glancing at Larry to see he isn't cheating --

Larry then takes his hand and runs it along the pile of FLASH PAPER PLAYING CARDS flipping them to the other side --

(CONTINUED)

SOPHIA
(skeptically)
Very ni--

All the cards are on the patterned side except one: the
JOKER --

LARRY
Is this your card?

SOPHIA
Not qui --

LARRY
Yeah I thought it wasn't but I just
can't seem to --

The cards IGNITE slowly from one side to another --
Get this trick.

The girl who hasn't been paying any attention leaps up --

THE GIRL
Dude! Shit. Your going to cause a
fire.

The FIRE is EXTINGUISHED leaving NOTHING -- no ashes or
traces that it was there at all -- all the cards have
DISAPPEARED but -- the JACK OF HEARTS --

LARRY
Doesn't happen to be your card does
it?

Sophia claps --

SOPHIA
That's really freakin' awesome.

LARRY
Really? You think so?

THE GIRL
Yeah. You almost set the coffee
table on fire.

SOPHIA

I thought it was cool. Are you a professional magician or an enthusiast or what?

THE GIRL

(mutters)

I thought it was cool too. I just don't think burning the house down is a good way to get under police radar.

LARRY

I want to be a professional. One of these days.

(trails off)

Yeah one day... anyways I'm Larry by the way.

SOPHIA

Sophia.

Larry returns to his position guarding the door -- Things settle back into the boring half-asleep apartment again --

DECISIVELY Sophia gets up again and goes over to Jimmy sitting at the end of his couch near his feet pushing him out of the way -- he moves accordingly but doesn't say anything -- time passes -- Fade out song -- Sophia slowly reaches over trying to pickpocket Jimmy -- we think she will succeed but then Jimmy's hand flies up and catches her wrist in a VICE GRI

JIMMY

(commenting)

Your skilled.

(beat)

If you want to steal your knife back from the average person you see on the street -- don't mock me.

SOPHIA

Mock you? Never. Just want my knife back.

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY

Well your not going to get it back
that way.

Jimmy collapses back onto the couch -- Sophia of course
tries to pickpocket the knife --

Jimmy sits up abruptly before she can --
Here, whatever. Take it.

He hands her the knife --

SOPHIA

Thank you.

JIMMY

(mockingly)

Your welcome. Now please will you
let me sleep?

Jimmy plops down for a beat -- seemingly unable to return to
sleep -- he tosses and turns in FRUSTRATION --

Jimmy gets up from the couch heading towards the bookshelf
-- a nod at Larry -- Jimmy stands at the bookshelf for a
beat so that we think he is picking his next pleasure
reading -- instead the bookshelf SLIDES ASIDE revealing THE
TECH ROOM -- we glimpse glowing COMPUTER MONITORS and a
MEDICAL FRIDGE from the bare basement-like atmosphere of the
TECH ROOM before Jimmy and Larry disappear off through the
entrance the slid-aside book shelf has made -- Sophia rushes
to follow them but the bookshelf slides closed before she
can get close enough -- she investigates the bookshelf
feeling with her hand behind the books for wires and pulling
books back as if they where levers --

Nothing works -- Alas Sophia gives up going back to the
couches sitting on Jimmy's couch now that it is empty --

SOPHIA

What's behind the bookshelf?

THE GIRL

The other room? You mean the tech
room?

(shrugs)

Its the tech room. Where we keep

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

(cont'd)

all our technology -- like our
bombs and the other stuff we raid.

SOPHIA

(with barely veiled mockery)
Why have a whole secret compartment
for it?

ZIGGY

The cops.

The girl SNICKERS at that -- 'the real reason is:'

THE GIRL

Jimmy's brother. A secret room so
no one not even him can get in.

SOPHIA

How would one go about obtaining
entry?

ZIGGY

(bitterly)
You can't.

THE GIRL

Its got a fingerprint sensitive key
on the spine of one of the books.

SOPHIA

Really?

ZIGGY

Jimmy is paranoid.

THE GIRL

(explains)
Jon.

Jon MOANS from the floor acknowledging his name --

SOPHIA

Jon?

THE GIRL

You know that stupid program
everyone knows --the one where you
make the printer print a phrase or

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

THE GIRL (cont'd)
a word and it doesn't stop printing
until it runs out of paper, then if
you add more paper it just keeps
printing until you stop the
program.

SOPHIA
What phrase did he make it print?

THE GIRL
(seriously Jon)
'Hi, My name is Jon.'

Sophia grins and GIGGLES trying to contain her usually loud
and obnoxious laughter --

So thats why we put the fingerprint
scanner on. If you really wanted
you could probably talk to Jimmy
and get him to program it for you.

ZIGGY
What? He didn't program it for me.

THE GIRL
(inches away from Ziggy's
lips)
Thats cause you were mean to him.

They MAKE OUT for a beat --

ZIGGY
That was random.

THE GIRL
I'm impulsive.

Ziggy KISSES the girl --

ZIGGY
(standing up)
I'm gonna go crap.

THE GIRL
Lovely. Just kiss me and then talk
about crap. The story of our
relationship.

ZIGGY

Your so sweet.

THE GIRL

Why thank you. I do try.

They grin at each other LOVINGLY --

ZIGGY

I love you.

THE GIRL

Your just going to the bathroom not
China.

(beat)

But if it helps I love you too.

Ziggy stands grinning and then remembers what he is doing
and goes to the bathroom -- closing the door behind him --
Sophia is left with the girl --

SOPHIA

(gesturing around at the
apartment)

So.

(beat)

Is this what you do?

THE GIRL

Mostly. Sometimes we do other stuff
but yeah mostly. Why? Not enough
for you?

SOPHIA

No its just I thought you would do
actual - stuff -- riots --
protests.

THE GIRL

(far too innocently)

Whats wrong with what we do?

SOPHIA

Nothing. I guess I came here
searching for some kind of meaning
-- something better -- something
more than -- everything else -- and

(CONTINUED)

(defeat)
I don't know.

THE GIRL
You want a true anarchist in here?
You should smell Jon's deodorant.

SOPHIA
Why? does it smell bad?

THE GIRL
Yeah sure. If he uses any.

SOPHIA
Nice.

THE GIRL
Look I'm sorry. We don't
acknowledge the government which
means we don't have to do anything
about it. Freedom. Thats my opinion
of anarchy and thats what anarchy's
about -- opinion -- so... thats
what I do with my days.

SOPHIA
But you have a leader. Jimmy --

THE GIRL
Jimmy's not our leader.

SOPHIA
Really?

THE GIRL
No. We listen to him sometimes
because he knows what he's talking
about and we like him. But we don't
have to.

SOPHIA
Okay. Well does anyone ever take
initiative? Ya know going out and
doing something?

THE GIRL

Like what? What could we possibly do that would be worthwhile in this crappy world we live in?

SOPHIA

I don't know. Blow up the white house or protest anti-protest laws. Anything but sitting on our ass's doing nothing.

JIMMY

(o.s. challenging)
You wanna do something?

Jimmy and Larry enters -- Ziggy comes out of the bathroom -- lets go do something.

ZIGGY

Wait, we're doing something?

JIMMY

We're doing something.

John MUMBLES -- he is still passed out on the floor -- I'll drive.

The girl gets off the couch DELICATELY -- like a cat -- going over to stand next to Jimmy --

THE GIRL

What do you have in mind?

A wordless exchange passes between the girl and Jimmy -- Larry notices --

Shit.

LARRY

(to Jimmy)
Are you sure?

Ziggy and the girl file off -- Jimmy and Larry speak in hushed and urgent tones --

JIMMY

What harm could it possibly do to get out?

(CONTINUED)

LARRY

Do you really want me to answer that?

JIMMY

Well none to me.

ZIGGY

(under)

Unless you get hit by a grenade or maybe arrested. I don't know. That could do something.

JIMMY

I won't get hit by a grenade or arrested.

Ziggy leaves off -- shrugging -- subtly nodding in submission --

LARRY

(directly to Jimmy)

Thats not what I mean.

Jimmy avoiding Larry's gaze extends his arm to Sophia -- Larry files off --

JIMMY

Shall we?

Sophia makes as if she is about to take his hand and then high fives with the front of her hand -- back of her hand and fist bumps it -- secret handshake style -- she gets up by herself --

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. THE ALLEY - DAY

We see the gang walking down the alley -- the red anarchist sign on the door which slams open -- Jon staggers out barely able to keep himself standing --

(CONTINUED)

JON

(slurred)

I'm coming. I'm gonna come -- we
need beer.

THE GIRL

Of course thats why he's coming.

ZIGGY

He's Jon.

He keels over -- Larry grabs Jon and tosses him over his
shoulder -- they continue down the alley -- the gang is
PSYCHED -- ready for something big-- Jimmy walks with COOL
DETERMINATION -- Outside the anarchist door is a dumpster
and as they round to the other side of this dumpster they
see HOMELESS GUY 1# with a BAG OF SCRAPS and a MUTT --
feasting on the bag of scraps --

Jimmy pulls HOMELESS GUY 1# up to his feet by his collar and
SNARLS -- Sophia is taken aback by his cruelty --

JIMMY

(fake politeness)

Hi I'm Jimmy. This is my territory.

Drops HOMELESS GUY 1 in a PUDDLE next to the dumpster --
get out.

HOMELESS GUY 1 grabs his precious BAG OF SCRAPS and runs --
The mutt is left alone -- Jimmy kneels down and pats it on
the head --

I don't have anything to feed you
but I would if I did. Go on. Find
your master. He'll be needing you.

Jimmy tucks a twenty dollar bill in the dogs collar -- shoos
the dog after HOMELESS GUY 1# --

EXT. SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

The gang leaves the alley going onto the main road and
marches down the sidewalk until they reach a series of urban
garages --

EXT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

A series of urban garages in the city -- these garages round an enclosed parking lot and have several levels -- each garage is guarded by a keypad -- Jimmy strides towards a garage on the right edge of the sidewalk -- number 1007 -- he types in the key code ANGLING HIS BODY so that Sophia can't see what he types in -- Sophia purposefully adjusts herself to make it so she can see the code -- Jimmy is blocking her -- she casually rounds the group searching for a good angle -- Jimmy casually counters to this -- the garage door beeps and a little green light in the corner of the door turns on -- until now we didn't notice it was there -- Jimmy turns around -- AN EXCHANGE passes between him and Sophia -- He is SMUGLY AMUSED -- she is STUBBORNLY OBSTINANT -- Meanwhile Larry grips the handle at the bottom of the garage door and pulls it up --

Inside the garage:

a grey four seater pick up truck -- the roof once a part of the car has been torn off -- most likely by a tunnel with a low ceiling that was too low --

The gang file into the pick up truck -- Jimmy is driving and The girl is shot gun - Sophia is stuck in the back between Larry and Ziggy -- Jon is in the bed of the pick up truck -- they drive out of the garage --

INT./EXT. GREY PICK-UP TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

They are driving along a road surrounded by empty wasteland -- a highway sign -- green with

"You are now leaving Cleveland"

painted in white flashes by on the side of the road -- Soon they begin to drive along a chain link fence that extends for ages -- beyond it is a junkyard --

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - CONTINUOUS

The grey pick-up barrels over a STOP SIGN exterior to the parking lot of a convenience store -- your typical gas station/7-11 in the middle of nowhere -- behind the store runs a chain link fence -- the grey pick-up parks in the lot between two empty parking spaces -- although the convenience

(CONTINUED)

store's windows are dark and it is clearly closed there are at least ten cars in the lot -- the lot is almost halfway filled --

THE GANG -- cheering and whooping piles out of the grey pick up slamming doors behind them -- Sophia, Jimmy, Ziggy, the girl and Larry make their way around to the side of the convenience store --

Jimmy smiles wolfishly at Sophia --

JIMMY
(flirtatious)
After you?

SOPHIA
Heh. I don't trust you.

JIMMY
Fine I'll go first.

SOPHIA
(rolls her eyes)
Thank but this doesn't actually mean I'm taking orders from you. I will let you teach me. Your not my leader.

JIMMY
I would thank god for that
(beat)
but knowing my luck and --
(beat)
myself personally. Something tells me its a little to late for religious help. When you hop the fence you have to get out of the way of camera quickly or it'll spot you and screw the rest of us over.

Jimmy runs and scales the fence -- disappearing Off in to the dusk --

we see Ziggy leap the chain link fence and go off before a camera rotates back towards the fence -- The girl presses a

GRENADA in Sophia's hand --

THE GIRL

Take this. Just pull the pin.

SOPHIA

Thanks.

THE GIRL

Anytime.

Larry runs and jumps the fence -- disappears off --

THE GIRL

Do you want to go or --

SOPHIA

You can go.

The girl runs and jumps the fence -- rolling off behind a junk pile -- Sophia attaches the grenade to her jeans belt loop --

Sophia runs and scales the fence almost not making it over the fence -- she stumbles over the top -- half-falling into the dirt ground --

EXT. JUNKYARD - DUSK

Sophia lands on the other side of the fence in the junk yard -- as the camera is turning she leaps behind a REFRIGERATOR -- lo and behold Jimmy - He gives Sophia a GRENADE --

JIMMY

(softly)

You know how to use one of these right?

SOPHIA

No shit.

JIMMY

(slowly like he's speaking to an idiot)

Ok so you pull the pin and then don't forget to run. Got it?

(CONTINUED)

SOPHIA
(smartalec)
Okay. I won't.

JIMMY
Good. I just had to make sure you
knew. You'd be surprised how many
people forget the second step.

SOPHIA
I'm not most people.

JIMMY
No your not. Your here.

SOPHIA
What? Trapped behind a refrigerator
with you?

JIMMY
(slowly smiles)
Yeah.
(beat)
Welcome to the gang.

He jumps out from behind the refrigerator -- rolls and off
behind a cabinet with Larry -- The camera rotates back --

SOPHIA
(smugly)
I'm in the gang.

Sophia waits before clumsily dashing across the ten foot gap
--

Cue revolution by the beatles --

Larry and Jimmy are already off so instead we see Sophia
follow Ziggy and the girl into the shadowy dusk -- weaving
around junk piles --

EXT. JUNKPILE 62# - DUSK

Jimmy WHISTLES -- dah dah dahm -- and casually pulls the pin
out of a grenade -- throws it at the junk pile 62# --

The SUNSET is orange -- the light of the sun mixes with
poofs of brown dust -- in the air and on the ground making

(CONTINUED)

it shimmer -- hues of red and orange --

The gang scatter leaping for cover -- leaving
Sophia standing alone -- we see them dashing and rolling --
caught up in the thrill of the fight -- they're good --

The scene dissolves into chaos -- everyone is fighting --
REBELS, wearing a combination of punk, hacker and hippy
styles of clothing -- run SCREAMING -- EXPLOSIONS -- BLOOD
-- DIRT -- people die -- the gang seems to be the main
antagonizers -- although there are few of them and many more
rebels -- the rebels are virtually unarmed -- the strongest
weapon they carry is a knife and a crossbar -- it's an
unusual perspective because our previous "heroes" now
seem to be the bad guy -- this is CRUEL -- almost a massacre
--

We see an ANGSTY TEENAGER (17), misfits shirt and hand rifle
-- aims the rifle at Sophia -- Sophia stands -- facing the
barrel of the rifle -- looks around for cover -- Oh crap --
before her eyes the angsty teenager is blown to smithereens
by the edge of a grenade -- the girl leaps up from behind a
pile of wood -- she has thrown the grenade --

THE GIRL

Come on!

Gestures for Sophia to join her -- Relieved Sophia joins her
-- the girl is sweaty -- she pushes the hair out of her face
and coughs at the dirt that the grenade has kicked up --

SOPHIA

As much as I love almost dying --
you probably saved my ass.

THE GIRL

So your welcome.

Sophia nods --

SOPHIA

Is it normal to ya know initiate
mass genocide attempts on the
junkyard people around here?

(CONTINUED)

THE GIRL

The code. Between us groups. We're
declaring war.

SOPHIA

Why?

THE GIRL

(tiredly)

Just throw a grenade or two and get
out of here before you get hit.
It's a stupid thing.

Sophia nods -- wide eyed -- processing all this --

EXT. JUNKYARD - DUSK

Sophia has wandered away -- MUFFLED SHOUTS and SCREAMS show
that the battle is still underway -- we wonder if she is
lost as she weaves in between piles of junk -- just another
regular backdrop in this non-capitalist lifestyle --
suddenly she walks out from behind a pile -- SHOCK -- ducks
back behind the pile -- HIDING -- she looks around the pile
again -- careful not to be seen --

FROM Sophia's PERSPECTIVE --

DEENE has Jimmy, winded, pinned in the dust -- Deene cocks a
gun against Jimmy's head --

RESUME

Sophia inches around the junk pile finding cover amongst the
spew of RUBBLE at the bottom of the pile -- she makes her
way around this rubble coming closer and closer to where
Jimmy and Deene are -- she is in earshot -- we hear what she
does --

DEENE

Give me one good reason.

Jimmy stares up at Deene with empty eyes -- GUILT --

JIMMY

I don't have one. Not any that are
good.

(CONTINUED)

DEENE

I swear I will kill you.

JIMMY

What do you want me to do? There's nothing I can say.

(beat,condoling himself)

I guess we're all going to end up dead anyways. You remember that before you commit to that angel of yours -- Christinna -- forever.

DEENE

Just shut up.

JIMMY

Soft spot? You do like her.

Deene says nothing --

If there is a hell. I'll hunt you down. Its okay though. I'm probably right and there isn't.

DEENE

Anything else?

JIMMY

I never loved you?

DEENE

Goodbye Jimmy.

JIMMY

(smartalec)

Bye Deene.

Jimmy closes his eyes and goes limp -- giving himself over to his fate --

Sophia runs forwards KICKING Deene IN THE BALLS -- Deene falls to the ground doubled over -- Jimmy grabs the gun and in a REVERSAL of the situation pins Deene -- he COCKS the gun to Deenes's head and SPITS MOCKINGLY --

JIMMY

Give me one good reason.

(CONTINUED)

DEENE

(shrugs)

Its too easy for you isn't it?

Jimmy NODS FORGIVINGLY and stands to let Deene up -- Deene starts to get up but Jimmy kicks Deene in the stomach -- Deene falls down again -- Jimmy spits blood onto Deene -- then empties the AMMUNITION of the gun on Deene --

JIMMY

Yeah. I'm merciful if anything. Get up.

WINKS and TOSSES the gun into the distance -- Deene gets up WARILY -- Jimmy punches Deene in the stomach again -- Deene doubles over but staggers off -- Jimmy watches Deene leave -- Jimmy's eyes BURN WITH HATRED -- Deene's eyes are WARY -- they never leave Jimmy as Deene leaves -- Once Deene is gone Jimmy turns to Sophia his face morphing into gratitude --

JIMMY

You? You saved my life.

SOPHIA

Your welcome.

JIMMY

(can barely hear that the back of his throat constricts with emotion)

I owe you.

(beat in which Jimmy hesitates)

How much of that did you see?

SOPHIA

Give me one good reason.

Ah --

JIMMY

Could you not mention that to the others?

SOPHIA

No problem.

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY

Thanks. We should -- get back --

SOPHIA

Yeah.

They walk off into the distance --

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. GREY PICK-UP TRUCK - NIGHT

At first the gang is exuberant -- Jimmy blasts 100.7 -- they ride through the night -- cheering and talking in loud voices -- The girl is half standing and half sitting in the front -- there is not middle seat but she has made do with the small black centerpiece of the car --

CUT TO

INT./EXT. GREY PICK-UP - LATER

Jimmy drives -- Larry is shotgun -- silent -- awake but quietly listening instead of talking the girl is sitting in front -- The girl is half asleep on Jimmy's shoulder --

Sophia is in the back left seat-- Jon sits next to her in the middle -- he looks MOSTLY ALERT by now -- Ziggy has the back right seat and is ZONED OUT at the passing landscape --

JON

We're out of beer.

SOPHIA

(to John)

You should really get into a program. Alcoholic's anonymous or --

Jimmy LAUGHS DRYLY at this comment -- careful not to wake the girl --

(CONTINUED)

JON

Maybe if you gave me a kiss.

SOPHIA

No thanks.

JON

Why do you think I would want to join a program in the first place? Maybe I have a perfectly good reason not to.

SOPHIA

What reason?

JON

If I did then I couldn't get drunk --

SOPHIA

At least don't drink beer. Beer is disgusting -- and not actually a good way to get drunk -- drink vodka... or whiskey.

JON

I'll drink whiskey? If you have any?

SOPHIA

Okay.

Jon waits -- MOTIONS with his hand --

JON

Unless you wanted to give me that kiss?

SOPHIA

We'll see.

Jon laughs --

(Sophia leans forwards to talk to Jimmy)

Can we go to a liquor store?

JIMMY

One condition. No snogging in the back seat of my car -- at least don't kiss Jon. I don't want you getting sick...

SOPHIA

We're good.

The grey pick up pulls into a liquor store on the side of the highway -- it is small -- dumpy -- in the middle of nowhere and behind us is a barn where the liquor is processed --

INT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

Jimmy, Sophia and Jon walk into the liquor store -- ALBERT (49) redneck with scruffy blond hair looks up from behind the counter suspiciously for a few seconds when the bell in the door rings -- The three anarchists walk to the back of the store and Jimmy fills his hands with whiskey bottles --

Back to the front of the store -- Jimmy plops the whiskey bottles down on the counter --

JIMMY

Hey Albert.

ALBERT

Jimmy. Long time no see.

JIMMY

I've been busy. How are the kids?

ALBERT

Sophiae as they where yesterday
Jimmy. Fifty five. Seventy nine.

Wordlessly Jimmy plops down three twenty dollar bills -- Albert takes the money depositing it in the machine --

JIMMY

Keep the change.

ALBERT

Thanks.

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY

Anytime.

ALBERT

Have a good night now.

Jimmy starts off towards the door taking the bottles --

JIMMY

Likewise.

EXT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

Back to the parking lot -- as they walk towards the van --
Jon uncaps the first whiskey bottle taking it from Jimmy and
starts drinking --

SOPHIA

Why'd you pay?

Jimmy looks at her like she's sick for even suggesting that
-- DISGUST -- He stops bringing Sophia and Jon to a halt --
leans in close to Sophia -- making her understand --

JIMMY

(with a sense of urgency)

We don't rob from establishments
like that? There aren't enough of
them as there is.

SOPHIA

Fair enough.

JIMMY

Its small. Local. Kept alive only
by people like us. There aren't
many of these places left alright.
Actually there are almost none. I
wouldn't be surprised if this was
one of three or five. You have to
look to find them and if money is
power -- another reason why I don't
like it -- but if it is and we're
going to put our money anywhere it
might as well be for a good cause.

(CONTINUED)

SOPHIA
(whatever/smartalect/pshh)
Sorry.

JIMMY
(tightly)
Rookie mistake.

They begin walking again --

JON
(drunken mockery)
Don't mess with the local
establishments Sophia.

Jimmy TIGHTENS but lets it go --

JIMMY
(commenting)
If your going to mess with someone
(looks in Sophia's eyes)
-- at least have the guts not to
mess with someone smaller than you.

JON
So you must be safe then Jimmy?

JIMMY
It works both ways.

The three arrive at the grey pick-up -- Cue song -- Jimmy, Sophia and Jon hoist themselves into their respective seats -- the gang is now FULLY ALERT -- Jon busy's himself getting drunk --

EXT. SKYSCRAPER UNDER CONSTRUCTION - NIGHT

The gang walks down the pavement of a small street still in Cleveland -- narrow and deserted other than a FEW HOMELESS PEOPLE or SHADY FIGURES who all give the gang a wide berth -- they pass a skyscraper covered in plastic on the outside, surrounded by wooden construction platforms --

The door at the side of the street slams open earlier up the alley and a DRUNKEN ACTOR (40's) who speaks in an authentic British accent comes out of the door wearing a long jacket -- In one hand he has a MOSTLY EMPTY WHISKEY BOTTLE -- We

(CONTINUED)

only ever see his back --

DRUNKEN ACTOR
(to the street in general)
Cunts! Your all cunts!
(shouting)
The worlds a cunt!

The drunk actor staggers off into the darkness --

THE GIRL
(comments)
Philosophers everywhere tonight.

Spontaneously Jimmy grabs hold of a METAL BAR, hoists himself up onto the first wooden platform and scrambles onto a LIFT -- the lift is not more than a wooden platform with crude railings and a metal wire that runs along to the top of the building -- an OPERATORS PANEL with a few buttons and a LEVER controls it --

JIMMY
Come on. I want to see the stars,
guys.

Sophia looks at the lift skeptically -- 'crap I won't be able to get up there' --

INT. SKYSCRAPER UNDER CONSTRUCTION - NIGHT

Jon pulls himself up and the girl gives Ziggy a leg up before following -- Sophia swings herself to the top but can't seem to pull herself over --

LARRY
Here. I'll give you a leg up okay?

Larry makes a platform with his hands --

SOPHIA
(as she pushes herself up from
Larry's hands)
Yeah... thanks.

LARRY
No problem.

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY

(looking over the side of the
lift)

Larry? You coming?

Larry drags himself up behind Sophia --

LARRY

Sure thing boss.

Ziggy is examining the contraption to lift the elevator --
the operators panel --

ZIGGY

How do you --

The girl holds down the lever -- the lift starts rising --
into the sky --

THE GIRL

Like that.

EXT. TOP OF SKYSCRAPER UNDER CONSTRUCTION - NIGHT

At the top of the skyscraper the gang lies under a semi-constructed floor -- the part with no roof -- there are NO STARS -- the only thing in the air is the SMOKE FROM FACTORIES which we can see rising out of steeples and chimneys -- in fact they can see a whole part of the city rising up in front of them -- its picturesque but highly INDUSTRIAL -- the city blocks and grids -- the skyscrapers rising high into the sky seem so tall now -- but they also seem so much further away from the atmosphere -- fade out music --

Night has progressed more in this scene than in the previous one -- the gang looks in one word: WASTED -- Jon is still awake and sitting with one hand lazily on top of his knee gripping a mostly empty whiskey bottle in hand

The rest lie staring up at the stars -- the girl is snuggled into Ziggy's arms -- Ziggy is asleep but she is still awake --

Sophia is awake -- lying a few feet away from Jimmy -- the lower left side of the roof -- nearby and to the upper right of the roof is Larry ever protectively nearby Jimmy --

(CONTINUED)

Everything is SILENT -- still -- then someone speaks --

JON

Hey Jimmy?

JIMMY

Yeah?

JON

There aren't any stars.

a few SNICKERS at this -- namely from Jimmy and Jon --

JIMMY

Yeah... There aren't. There never are.

Silence again for a beat --

I think the reason we have so many Jeb's out there is because they're scared people won't choose to live in a republic or dictatorship if they had a choice.

JON

Well they needn't fear.

THE GIRL

Do you think that people would choose anarchy if they could?

JIMMY

Not really. They don't know what it is at all. Its not like thats exactly televised on mainstream media. But I'm not going to go all dictator-like and be a hypocrite by imposing my beliefs right back on them --

JON

(mock Jeb Dumbfuck)

"Anarchy or else!" "Or else what?"
"Or else I'll raise taxes for everyone -- heres looking at you kid!"

(CONTINUED)

THE GIRL

How many wars are we at again?

LARRY

I have no idea.

JON

Who cares?

JIMMY

Wars or conflicts? Cause they're's
-- kind of -- a difference.

JON

I think people are going to wake up
and realize -- oh wait -- Probably
never cause NOBODY CARES.

THE GIRL

Jon.

JON

What?

JIMMY

Stop being such an ass.

JON

(insincere)

Sorry Mr. high and powerful leader.

JIMMY

(to the girl)

Couldn't I just kill him a little?
Just once?

Beat --

(thoughtful)

Unless people get in my way of
course. Then I have no problem
imposing my beliefs on them.

JON

I think your just lazy.

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY

Or I'm just a lazy sod. There's
that to.

THE GIRL

(sings to the tune of the sex
pistols "I'm a lazy sod")
He's a lazy sod. He's a lazy sod.
He's a lazy soooooooooodddd.

LAUGHS at her own reference --

JON

See Jimmy's an anarchists but he
doesn't free the people. He makes
them do all the hard work
themselves.

LARRY

Its just my opinion but by the
definition of freedom you have to
be free to choose freedom.

Beat --

JON

The anarchist society is
impossible!

THE GIRL

Your impossible Jon. Stop being
such a hypocrite.

JIMMY

Well yeah duh. Anarchy could never
work on a large scale. Didn't your
mother ever tell you you were a
lost cause or a loser?

JON

I had a loving mother.

JIMMY

And so did I.

Beat --

THE GIRL

A lot of people think anarchists are violent but they're not usually violent. Just misunderstood.

JIMMY

Yeah. Yeah...sure.

THE GIRL

It's just all that gets televised.

JIMMY

There's also the difference between the views of anarchy. Cause theres the people who say 'no violence is just another form of the state that forces people to do things the Sophiae as government, religion and corporations. Then there the people who say that if the point of anarchy is freedom that doesn't work if in complete freedom you like violence.

LARRY

And then there's the people who want to do whatever they want but "no anarchy's not really like that." Its about us agreeing to be a part of complex society and do things for each other without being forced to by the state. Many native american societies where anarchist in that way.

JIMMY

See? Diversity. I met someone the other day who said he was an anarchist.

THE GIRL

Really? Wow thats brilliant.

SOPHIA

We are relatively anarchist.

(glares a tad at Jimmy)
Well. We call ourselves such, so
why is that so shocking?

Sophia nods her head -- he's totally a hypocrite --

JIMMY
(brushing off her comment)
He wasn't really though in the end.

LARRY
No?

JIMMY
Nah. I talked to him about a minute
and I could have sworn and crossed
my fingers that he was a full blown
socialist.

SOPHIA
(yawns)
Yes because saying your anarchy
with a leader is just that much
less a pabulum statement.

INT. ANARCHIST DEN - DAY

Time here passes in a lazy circle -- Jon has shifted
positions slightly -- he is now curled up on his side --
still on the floor -- the empty whisky bottle from last
night is besides him -- Ziggy is out of the room -- Larry
stands idly by the door practicing sleight of hand with a
deck of cards --

Jimmy lies with his back firmly planted on his trademark
couch reading origin of the species --

The girl and Sophia are idly in front of the TV which is
currently playing a rerun of "Garfield" -- Sophia is taking
advantage of the extra room on the couch with the absence of
Ziggy by trying to sleep -- she is still awake but her eyes
are closed -- the girl has a faraway look in her eyes --
almost bored -- dull -- empty -- she gets up and walks over
to Jimmy's couch -- he makes room for her instantly --
Sophia's eyes open a crack as she feels the girl's weight
leave the couch -- Jimmy and the girl talk in hushed voices
--

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY

What's bothering you?

THE GIRL

You sound like a psychologist.

JIMMY

I'm not. I prescribe far to many
meds.

THE GIRL

Sure thing doc.

JIMMY

I do know you well enough to know
when somethings up.

THE GIRL

Its the world. Its all crushing
down again and --

JIMMY

-- theres no point. Heard it all
before.

Beat --

THE GIRL

(finishes)

Its more than I can take?

(dryly)

I'm a cliché.

Jimmy puts his arm around her in a friendly gesture -- she
smiles sadly -- a LONE TEAR runs down her cheek --

JIMMY

Ziggy?

THE GIRL

Doesn't help me. Not the way you
do. Jimmy please. Just a shot
before he comes back.

Jimmy takes her arm in his hands -- he gently feels the line
halfway down it where her elbow is --

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY

Since you ask who am I to deny you.
(about the vein)
There she is.

Jimmy takes some WHISKEY off the table and sprinkles it in that spot --

You've still got the mark.

THE GIRL

There's nothing wrong with trying to be happy. I think that might just be the meaning of life. I've been doing a lot of thinking.

JIMMY

You shouldn't do that. Its dangerous.

THE GIRL

And drugs aren't? Come on. Your going to feel guilty now? Now? If you want to feel guilty please feel guilty about all the people who's lives you actually have made worst.

JIMMY

I'm sorry.

THE GIRL

Don't be. All anyone ever wants is to have their life have meaning. Thats what the meaning of life is: literally. To find a meaning. I just -- I look around and I can't see anything at all where the meanings concerned but -- only you ever help me get close. Not just the drugs. Those too but

(beat)

I feel safe besides you during a fight; when I'm --

(glance at drugs)

out of it. I feel safe.

JIMMY

There is a first time for
everything.

THE GIRL

You realize your my best friend.

JIMMY

I do.

THE GIRL

I can't stop. You know what its
like to seek the truth and then
(sardonically)
-- surprise -- there's the real
world.

JIMMY

I do it for other reasons.

THE GIRL

Like?

he leans back so his head rests on the couch, legs spread in
dominance -- MISERABLE AND HAUNTED-- letting it engulf him
-- sighs --

JIMMY

It makes my head stop hurting.
(hateful mockery)
It makes it go away.

THE GIRL

What?

JIMMY

You know what. My fucked upness.
The "darkness" inside me.

Jimmy makes quotations with his hands --

THE GIRL

(skeptically)
The darkness?

JIMMY

Yeah. Don't make fun of it. Its there. I could kill you right now and not care because of it.

(more serious)

Theres um... theres this darkness inside me I've never told anyone about that I haven't killed.

THE GIRL

That's serious.

He leans forwards resting his hands on his legs -- ANGUISH -- he really means what he says -- It's clear he's thought about it a lot --

JIMMY

You think? There's just this depth of anguish and there are no gods. You know? There is no single government or person that can help me with my demons. Sometimes I wish there was 'cause I'd know what to do about them I suppose. I'm not a natural leader. I'm really not. I never wanted to be in charge of anyone much less myself... but there's no one else to tell me how to escape my issues. What to do? -- and I'm so alone. I'm the only one and I'm just trapped with this darkness eating its way out so I've got to be the one who figures out how to deal with it when no one else can. Because no one else can. I won't lecture you like some martyr for a lost cause. Thats not who I am. You an' I? We're lost, alone with that and totally responsible for ourselves because we can't trust anyone else? Accept it and just enjoy the path to hell, kid.

(CONTINUED)

THE GIRL

See that's where you and Ziggy differ. The lectures on kidney disease and trying to think positively don't help. There's no point to that!

JIMMY

I'm all for thinking positively. Just because we've got no direction doesn't mean we have to be depressed. We're the ones who escaped society. We're the ones who are too far gone to ever have to go back to it and we're not alone. We are gods. Going to hell just gives us an excuse to do what we wish. 'Don't let the man control you. Try not to let your demons control you -- it works most days.'

(commenting)

Enough philosophizing. You've got the look. I can't stand that look. It's like the expression a puppy gets when someones beating it. Puppy beaters irk me.

(taking his lighter from the table)

Hold this --

The girl flicks on JIMMY'S LIGHTER holding it steady --Jimmy holds a spoon with HEROIN and water in it -- He grips the girls hand and brings it under the spoon -- Jimmy takes the needle from the table and with an expert hand fills the needle --

JIMMY

Why don't you break up with him?

THE GIRL

Ziggy? Because I love him.

JIMMY

You loved the last one. You got over that.

(CONTINUED)

THE GIRL

The last one conveniently overdosed
on the drugs you somehow sold him.
I told you I love him.

JIMMY

(meeting her eyes
sympathetically)
Not enough.

THE GIRL

Leave it alone ok?

Long pause -- the girl looks GUILTILY away -- fine -- Jimmy
stares at her INTENTLY --

I just want to die. Thats all.

JIMMY

Me sometimes too. He doesn't
understand that nor accept it.
(mockingly)
He's afraid.

THE GIRL

Don't make fun of him.

JIMMY

(insincere)
Sorry.

THE GIRL

No your right. Sorry. Depressing.

JIMMY

If I didn't listen or have
depressing thoughts -- I'd be out
of business. In fact come to think
again -- they're very useful.

THE GIRL

So I'm just business now. Great. At
least I'm not a shoe.

Cue "No One Knows" by Queens of the Stone Age --

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY

Seeing as you owe me enough to buy
a fledgling toothpaste cap company

--

(dripping with sarcasm)

Yeah your just business. You caught
me.

THE GIRL

And here's the guy who capitalised
anarchy.

JIMMY

I'll be here all night. That's
because I live here.

They both SADLY SMILE -- it's obvious he cares about her --
Friends get some leave -- but you
owe me. I've got a reputation. So
(beat)
get me my blood money alright?

Gently he pricks her with the needle and pushes out its
contents -- taking the needle out he wipes the bloody spot
clean with a cotton ball and presses down to stop it from
bleeding -- he brushes the hair out of her face -- and then
looks at her eyes which are now beginning to look dilated
and puffy using his finger to pull one open -- she flops
against him and he catches her --

(empathetically, quietly)

Shh.. if your not careful you
really are going to end up dead and
then I'd be --

(beat, then in disgust)

Bored -- and miserable. That too. A
lot more lonely. For sure. Uhuh.

Sophia hears but isn't meant to -- After a pause Jimmy picks
up the girl in his arms and carries her over to the other
couch -- he props her up against the armrest and sighs --
Ziggy comes out of the tech room catching Jimmy standing
over his unconscious girlfriend --

JIMMY

Granted this looks bad. This is
bad. Never mind.

(CONTINUED)

Ziggy's face ripples with SEVERAL EMOTIONS -- one of them DISGUST for Jimmy --

ZIGGY

Man your killing her.

Jimmy rolls his eyes back and forth -- 'Let me think for a minute?

JIMMY

Yeah.

ZIGGY

Your kind of an ass.

Jimmy rolls his eyes back and forth -- 'Let me think for a moment.'

JIMMY

(Realization)

Yeah.

Ziggy face pales with IMPASSIVE RAGE -- Jimmy seeing it sighs knowing whats coming -- people are so predictable -- he's seen this a thousand times --

Jimmy spreads his arms wide -- come on and punch me already --

Go on. Lets get this over with.

ZIGGY

No.

Ziggy shakes his head and then sits down next to the girl -- he takes her in his arms --

What will that solve? Just stop giving them to her dude.

JIMMY

She'd only find a new supplier.
Hell I'd introduce her. Thats the way I am kid. I don't want to sound like a stereotypical guy in one of those suits that look like penguins -- but it is just business.

ZIGGY

She'll listen to you. If you truly
cared then I know you'd stop her.

JIMMY

Yep. Probably. Maybe not. -- either
way I get to watch you suffer for
ages and ages until then.

(beat)

although I have to warn you. If you
break her heart

(trails off darkly amused by
his own joke)

Ziggy says nothing more -- what else do you say to that --
he can't do anything anyways --

Jimmy flops back on his couch the insult flying over his
head -- BORED -- he plays with his lighter and Ziggy's eyes
are drawn to it -- both are entranced by the fire -- Jimmy
looks up and meets Sophia's eyes --

End Song --

BLACKOUT.

END OF TV SHOW SCRIPT

FADE OUT