

UNIVERSITY OF CENTRAL OKLAHOMA
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Dr. Joe C. Jackson College of Graduate Studies

Boot Party

A THESIS
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By
Erik O'Neal
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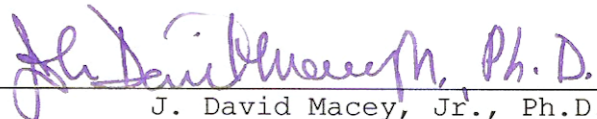
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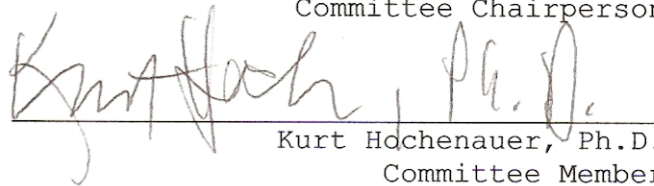
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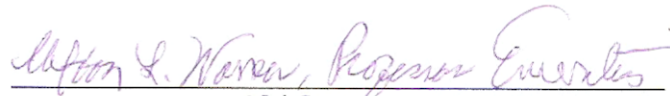
By



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ABTRACT OF THESIS

AUTHOR: Erik O'Neal

TITLE: Boot Party

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Boot Party is a fictional screenplay consisting of essentially three acts, which concerns an adolescent punk rocker in 1986 Denton, Texas called Jonah. Jonah leaves home following a violent confrontation with his stepfather and is taken in by a Dallas skinhead gang. He becomes infatuated with a skinhead girl, Victoria, the dilettante daughter of an English diplomat and finds himself drawn into the violent camaraderie of the group.

After stabbing a member of a rival gang, fearing prosecution, Jonah, Victoria, and three companions, leave Dallas for Chicago. On the run from the law and pursued by a racist killer, Jonah follows Victoria deep into the realm of the original American skinhead cult, where in his adolescent quest for identity he encounters violence and personal betrayal.

Boot Party explores the world of a particular subculture, or youth cult, as it is experienced by Jonah in 1986, but shares themes and situations found in films such as *The Outsiders*, *Quadrophenia*, *Over The Edge*, *Suburbia*, *This is England*, and *Wassup Rockers*. These films, which are fictional treatments of real-life subcultures, represent what I think is a specific genre in which adolescent protagonists, finding themselves completely incompatible with parents, other authority figures, and same-age peers are drawn to youth cults.

With members unwilling or unable to conform to the mainstream culture, the youth cult, whether it consists of greasers, mods, skinheads or punks, functions as a substitute family for the protagonist. Ultimately this family proves so lacking in mature leadership, authority, and resources that it cannot sustain itself and is eventually subdued by authorities or destroyed from within. The protagonist is sometimes left disenchanting and still unable or unwilling to fully reconcile with the mainstream.

Boot Party and other films of this "youth-in-revolt" genre present audiences with opportunities to explore life outside the mainstream and possibly foster an understanding for those who inhabit that world in real life. In this way I hope audiences can draw from their own adolescent experience when considering *Boot Party* and make that connection with Jonah and the other characters.

Boot Party

BLACK

TITLE "WISCONSIN 1989"

INT. GREYHOUND BUS - NIGHT

JONAH, a man of twenty, wipes fog from the window with his fingers and peers out. Nothing can be seen of the passing countryside. JONAH is transfixed by the bright flurries of snow streaking though the blackness.

A sudden eruption of snoring draws JONAH'S attention away from the windowpane. He regards the INDIGENT MAN seated beside him and studies the details of his wrinkled face. JONAH furrows his brow slightly and inhales deeply through his nose as if trying to identify a smell.

JONAH leans forward to observe the urine dripping from beneath the INDIGENT'S seat cushion onto the floor. JONAH settles back into his seat and closes his eyes.

BLACK

(SKATEBOARD NOISE ON PAVEMENT)

TITLE "BOOT PARTY" WHITE LETTERS ON BLACK SCREEN

TITLE "DENTON TEXAS"

TITLE "SUMMER 1986"

EXT. MONTAGE - DENTON STREET - SUMMER DAY

(Wild in the Streets - Circle Jerks)

It's a beautiful day in Denton, Texas. JONAH, about 16 years old, is skateboarding along the sidewalks and streets of the pleasant college town. He joins some punk-rock/skater friends in a convenience store parking lot.

The group of SKATERS sets out on their skateboards. Their destination is a house on a middle-class residential street. They enter the back yard through a side gate.

The SKATERS take turns dropping in on a backyard half-pipe. Someone's mom brings out some Kool-Aid and slices of cantaloupe. She smiles at the happy kids before returning indoors.

Shortly thereafter JONAH produces a bottle of clear liquor and discreetly adds it to the Kool-Aid. He plays with a big friendly dog and smokes weed from a homemade bong under the ramp.

JONAH sits on top of the ramp sharing his Kool-Aid with a pair of cute girls seated next to him. The GIRLS take turns kissing him. Their lips and tongues are red from the Kool-Aid. The three KIDS stick their red tongues out at one another.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DUSK

JONAH is skating home alone. As he approaches his house he takes his books from their hiding place in the hedge. The screen door slams, and his stepfather, CLINT, emerges from the house.

CLINT is a tall, white, Rastafarian man with red hair in long dreadlocks. He knocks the books out of JONAH'S hands and pushes him down onto the grass. JONAH'S MOTHER stands in the open door. She shoos a yappy dog back inside as it tries to exit.

CLINT

What's the problem now, dumb-ass? You're too stupid for summer school too?

JONAH tries to get up, but CLINT slaps him down. JONAH'S MOTHER and two younger BROTHERS stand in the doorway watching.

JONAH

I went to school, Clint! I went to school!

CLINT

Don't lie to me! I know a liar, and I'm like a fucking gypsy. I can read your future, son, and it has "loser" written on every god-damned page.

CLINT takes off his belt. The neighbors stop watering their lawns. CLINT whips JONAH viciously. JONAH'S MOTHER nudges the two younger BROTHERS into the house ahead of her and closes the door.

JONAH tries to cover his face with his hands, crying. The beating continues until a disgusted neighbor calls the COPS.

When the COPS arrive CLINT turns on them. He challenges them still waving his belt around. As they are handcuffing CLINT, JONAH looks toward the house. The porch light goes off. JONAH slinks away into the darkness.

EXT. DENTON CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

(Jock's Stereo, Everybody Have Fun Tonight - Wang Chung)

JONAH sits on the ground observing passersby in front of the convenience store. Some affluent high school JOCKS, JEFF and COLT, accompanied by their CHEERLEADER GIRLFRIENDS pull up in a Volkswagen Cabriolet and laugh at him.

They are drinking wine coolers and listening to Wang Chung. One of the CHEERLEADERS, SUMMER WHEAT, gets out and passes JONAH as he goes into the store.

SUMMER
Hi, Jonah!

JONAH
Hey.

The driver, JEFF, gets out of the car.

JEFF
Nice hair, skater-fag.

JONAH starts off down the street on his skateboard. The cabriolet soon catches up to him. The JOCKS and the CHEERLEADERS shout abuse at him as they pass. JONAH gives them the finger.

The cabriolet screeches to a halt and reverses toward JONAH. The JOCKS get out of the car. The CHEERLEADERS watch eagerly.

JEFF

C'mon, you little shit!

JONAH picks up his skateboard and runs away. COLT starts to give chase, but JEFF grabs his arm.

JEFF

Forget it, Colt, C'mon.

COLT

Faggot!

EXT. BACKYARD HALFPIPE - NIGHT

JONAH goes over the fence and tries to sleep under the skate ramp, but he is chased off when the no-longer-friendly dog is let out.

EXT. DRAINAGE DITCH - NIGHT

JONAH crawls into a drain tunnel as if he is going to sleep there.

INT. DRAIN TUNNEL - NIGHT

JONAH hears thunder, and it begins to rain heavily. Water begins to wash over him, and he is forced to crawl out of the tunnel. He climbs out of the drainage ditch.

EXT. OUTSIDE A SUBURBAN HOUSE - RAINING - NIGHT

The CHEERLEADER'S cabriolet stops in front of a suburban house. JONAH watches SUMMER say goodbye to her friends and run into the house.

EXT. OUTSIDE SUMMER'S BEDROOM WINDOW - RAINING - NIGHT

JONAH is tapping on a window. His face is sweaty. A light comes on within. An attractive preppy girl looks out.

SUMMER WHEAT
Shit, Jonah! Are you ok?

JONAH
What's up?

JONAH crawls in the window.

SUMMER
You stink.

JONAH
Yeah, for sure.

SUMMER
I'm sorry about those guys.

JONAH
It's ok.

INT. SUMMER'S ROOM - DIM LIGHTING

(Summer's Stereo, Pretty in Pink - Psychedelic Furs)

JONAH and SUMMER make out on the bed. He starts to feel her up. She puts her hand down the front of his jeans. He grins and closes his eyes in anticipation. JONAH lets out a little groan.

SUMMER
BE QUIET!

A light suddenly appears under her bedroom door. The door opens. MR.WHEAT looks in.

MR. WHEAT
Turn it down, honey. It's late, and we're leaving early in the morning.

SUMMER smiles sweetly. JONAH lies on the floor on the far side of the bed.

SUMMER

OK, dad, Goodnight.

MR. WHEAT smiles and closes the door. SUMMER peers over the side of the bed.

SUMMER

You can stay here tonight, but you'll have to sleep in my closet.

SUMMER opens the closet door and tosses a pillow and a blanket inside.

SUMMER

We're going to Abilene in the morning to see my grandmother. Wait until we leave before you come out, ok?

JONAH

Ok.

JONAH reluctantly enters the closet. SUMMER closes the door.

INT. SUMMER'S ROOM - MORNING LIGHT

JONAH emerges sleepily from the closet. He takes a gold ring out of SUMMER'S jewelry box and puts it on his little finger. Everyone has gone. JONAH cautiously explores the affluent suburban house.

JONAH helps himself to a large breakfast and then looks through some drawers and closets. In the master bedroom he finds a vibrator. He turns it on and lets it vibrate on the dresser.

JONAH goes into the master bathroom and urinates in the toilet. A big maroon "Members Only" jacket is hanging on the back of the door. JONAH examines it and lets it fall to the floor.

INT. THE WHEAT'S KITCHEN - DAY

MRS. WHEAT observes the mess JONAH has made preparing his breakfast. She can see that all of the closet doors are open.

MRS. WHEAT
Hello?

She becomes fearful and runs to master bedroom, locks the door, and picks up the phone. The dildo is vibrating on the dresser. JONAH'S clothes are on the bed, and the shower can be heard running in the bathroom.

INT. SHOWER

JONAH is in the shower washing his hair. There's a knock on the door. He turns off the water.

MRS. WHEAT
I called the police!

JONAH
Shit!

JONAH rapidly exits the shower covered in suds. He looks at the "Member's Only" jacket on the floor.

JONAH
Oh man.

The cops open the door to an empty bathroom. The window is open.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

JONAH crouches between two cars. There is shampoo in his hair, and he is wearing the wet "Member's Only" jacket. It is long enough to cover his nakedness. From some distance he observes MRS. WHEAT talking to the COPS in the front yard.

SEAN, an older punk rocker (21 or 22), pulls up in a beat-up Plymouth with a "Misfits" mural painted on the door and fender.

(Sean's Stereo, Cough Cool - The Misfits)

SEAN
Need a ride to the goodwill, man?

JONAH shakes his head and smiles. SEAN leans over and opens the passenger door. JONAH crawls inside.

INT. SEAN'S HOUSE - DAY

SEAN is talking on the phone while picking out some clothes for JONAH.

SEAN

No shit, un-fucking believable. Yeah, he's over here now. Ok dude, I'll come by and pick you up. Bye.

SEAN

All this stuff is gonna be a little big on you. I guess you're wanted for rape.

JONAH

What?

SEAN

Marcus says that he saw Shelly Sullivan at the Strange Exchange, and she told him that Summer told her folks that you broke in and raped her and then robbed a bunch of shit.

SEAN tosses JONAH a Bad Brains T-shirt.

JONAH

What?! I barely touched her and she blue-balled me so bad I nearly cried.

SEAN

Well, that's not the story Summer is telling. There's a show tonight. Wanna go?

JONAH

Who's playing?

SEAN

I don't know... some hardcore dudes from Oklahoma.

JONAH

I don't have any money, are you kidding?

SEAN

Yeah, well, we can pawn Summer's ring, right?

JONAH
Oh, yeah, ok.

SEAN
You should have gotten more jewelry. I bet her mom has a
shit-load of it. We gotta pick up Marcus too... and get
some beer.

EXT. DALLAS NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

JONAH, SEAN, and MARCUS, a black punk, are waiting in line
to get into the show.

MARCUS
Man, I don't like this shit.

At the head of the line VG, a hulking Chicago skinhead, is
squabbling with the DOORMAN. A small entourage of
SKINHEADS, male and female, are standing by.

DOORMAN
Sorry, man, no skins tonight. Those are my orders.

CHESTER
Aw, bullshit, dude.

CHESTER is a tall thin skinhead with a rural Texas accent.

VG
Look, man, this is a skinhead show.

DOORMAN
Y'all think every show is a skinhead show.

VG
They are if we want them to be, partner.

DOORMAN
See, motherfucker, that's why you're not getting in.

SEAN, MARCUS, and JONAH observe anxiously.

SEAN
Don't worry they're not getting in.

MARCUS

I sure hope they aren't gonna be hanging around out here when it's over either.

SEAN
Don't worry, man.

CHESTER, notices MARCUS.

CHESTER
Hey, check out Basketball Jones over here.

CHESTER makes a monkey sound, but the others ignore him. They are more concerned about whether or not they will get into the show.

JONAH looks at the skinheads. They are unlike punks. Their faces are young, but they look powerful and frightening with their short-cropped hair and Doctor Martens boots.

As the tension builds between VG and the DOORMAN, JONAH takes a can of beer out of his jean-jacket pocket and sneaks a sip. VG leans menacingly toward the DOORMAN. The others shift around in their boots and mumble. Suddenly, VG punches the DOORMAN in the face. The DOORMAN drops to the ground.

VG
What do you think of that, "motherfucker"?

The DOORMAN looks up in terror at VG, his nose split open in a massive bloody gash.

DOORMAN
HELP! Call the cops!

As the other DOORMEN pour out of the club, a white BMW speeds up to the curb. A beautiful skinhead girl is driving, VICTORIA, the daughter of a very worried and disappointed British diplomat.

VICTORIA
Get in you idiots!

While the skinhead gang piles into the car. JONAH and VICTORIA make eye contact. She smiles. JONAH watches as the car speeds away.

MARCUS

Damn! C'mon, let's watch the show.

MARCUS pulls JONAH by the arm. SEAN laughs.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - DIM

(Live, NOTA - Dumbshit, War on Wankers, Moscow etc.)

A HARDCORE BAND is playing on the stage. Kids are dancing in a big slam pit. Some OKLAHOMA SKINHEADS are standing near the stage watching the band and aggressively pushing people away from the stage.

JONAH

I thought all the skins were gone.

SEAN

Those guys must have come down with the band. They're not from here.

MARCUS

Look.

A punk girl, ANGIE, opens a side door allowing VG and the other DALLAS SKINS enter. They don't waste any time joining the pit. VG marches steadily against the circling dancers knocking aside all in his path. The OKLAHOMA SKINHEADS watch them intently.

The SKINHEAD GIRLS watch from the edge pushing and shouting. CHESTER jumps from the stage grinning broadly, but the crowd parts before him. Some PUNKS help him up. He emerges laughing and shakes his fist in the air. The OKLAHOMA SKINHEADS join the pit.

SEAN looks at MARCUS and smiles.

SEAN

Fill out my dance card, milady?

MARCUS

Shit yeah.

MARCUS drags JONAH into the pit with them.

JONAH finds himself alone. He sees VICTORIA and another skin girl, STRAWBERRY, a petite girl with bleached hair. They are talking to one of the OKLAHOMA SKINHEADS near the stage.

MARCUS and SEAN stop for a breath at the side of the pit. MARCUS nods at JONAH. They can see him watching the SKINHEAD GIRLS.

MARCUS
Your boy.

SEAN
He'll be fine. Don't worry. He's got to figure it out somehow, right?

MARCUS
Yeah, he's gonna get a size ten boot right in his ass messing with those bitches... They are cute though. They just don't know what they're missing.

STRAWBERRY'S gaze wanders toward MARCUS and SEAN.

MARCUS
It's right here, baby. When you to come to your senses, I'll be waiting for you.

SEAN
She didn't hear you.

MARCUS
Good.

SEAN
Man, those kids don't really believe that shit, they're just fucking with their parents.

MARCUS
Oh yeah? I'll shock the shit out of some parents, man. All that little Aryan sister needs is one night with me. Can you imagine the look on her mama's face when she opens the door and sees ME standing on the porch?

SEAN
It sucks to be a nigger, doesn't it?

MARCUS

Yeah, man. It sure does.

CHESTER notices the interaction between STRAWBERRY and the OKLAHOMA SKINHEAD. He makes his way to where they are talking. CHESTER pushes the OKLAHOMA SKINHEAD. A fight erupts between the gangs.

JONAH struggles to stay on his feet. He can see SEAN and MARCUS edge of the pit waving at him and shouting.

SEAN and MARCUS

Jonah! C'mon!

The DOORMAN with the broken nose ushers the COPS into the club.

The two SKINHEAD GANGS stop fighting each other and join forces against the COPS. The DOORMAN is pointing out the culprits from the previous assault. The BAND stops playing as the COPS rush the stage.

JONAH sees a COP grab STRAWBERRY. VICTORIA tries to pull her free. Another COP strikes her arm with his baton. She looks at JONAH grimacing in pain. SEAN and MARCUS watch, horrified, as JONAH charges the COP grabbing at his uniform and punching at his face. The SKIN GIRLS get loose as the two COPS turn their attention to JONAH.

As the fight evolves into a riot, the COPS beat JONAH and SEAN and MARCUS are helpless to save him. More cops arrive and the club fills with tear gas. The panicked crowd blocks the exits. JONAH loses consciousness.

VG picks JONAH up, slings him over one shoulder, and carries him as he and CHESTER plow through the crowd punching and kicking. The SKIN GIRLS follow in their wake towards the door. SEAN and MARCUS see them coming. SEAN is speechless.

MARCUS

Motherfucker.

EXT. DALLAS NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

A gang of COPS are stationed just outside the door of the club. They grin and brace themselves as they see VG approaching. SEAN and MARCUS charge the COPS allowing VG and company to slip through the lines with JONAH. SEAN looks over to VG who nods at him respectfully.

VG

He's ok, we got him! Don't worry!

A COP puts his fist into SEAN'S face. The street is in chaos. The COPS try to round up club-goers and push them into paddy wagons and police cars. JONAH and his new friends, the DALLAS SKINHEADS, speed away in VICTORIA'S car.

CUT TO BLACK

INT. DALLAS SKINHEAD CRASH PAD - MORNING LIGHT

(On Stereo, Skinhead Girl - Symarip)

JONAH awakens on a sofa. One of his eyes is swollen shut and his lip is split. VICTORIA is sitting on the floor with her head resting on his stomach. He sits up. VICTORIA smiles at him sweetly. CHESTER hands him a beer.

VG

Morning, warrior. That was the stuff of legend last night.

VG opens his hand and holds up a police badge.

VG

Nice, I guess you pulled this off one of them. It was in your hand when I grabbed you, a good trophy.

VICTORIA takes the badge, pins it to JONAH'S jacket, and winks at him.

JONAH

Thanks.

VG and CHESTER laugh.

INT. DALLAS SKINHEAD CRASH PAD - BATHROOM - NIGHT

(Back Street Kids - Skrewdriver)

There is a party going on. Even the bathroom is crowded with SKINHEADS and PUNKS of both sexes. Some of the OKLAHOMA SKINHEADS from the show are present. They encourage CHESTER as he shaves JONAH'S head to #1.

INT. DALLAS SKINHEAD CRASH PAD - NIGHT

JONAH comes out of the bathroom shirtless with his head shaved. He is smiling until he sees VICTORIA talking closely with an OKLAHOMA SKINHEAD. She doesn't look at JONAH. Some big SKINHEAD GIRLS are checking him out and talking about him. STRAWBERRY gives him a beer and toasts him.

STRAWBERRY
Looks good, man.

She glances at VICTORIA.

STRAWBERRY
Don't worry about that little teabag. There are plenty of girls around here.

VG comes in through the back door and whispers in JONAH'S ear.

VG
Hey, little brother. There's a couple of chicks out back who want to meet you, fine looking bitches.

JONAH
Oh, yeah.

STRAWBERRY
See! Now, go on!

JONAH follows VG out the door.

EXT. DALLAS SKINHEAD CRASHPAD - NIGHT

(Skinheads - Condemned 84)

A large group of people: some SKINHEADS some PUNKS are standing around the backyard drinking beer and playing with a big pit-bull, ROMMEL. VG points out some cute girls near the center of the yard. They smile and motion for him to come closer. ROMMEL barks and starts to growl. A tall SKINHEAD named HUNTER steps in front of him.

HUNTER

Where are you going, little fresh-cut bitch.

JONAH

Huh?

HUNTER

You got the haircut. You some kind of skinhead?

JONAH

Yeah, man, whatever.

People begin to laugh and shout. JONAH looks for his new friends in the crowd. HUNTER pushes him down. JONAH comes back up swinging. VG and CHESTER grab him and put their arms around his shoulders. JONAH is already infuriated and a little confused. The male SKINHEADS gather closer.

VG

We already know that you've got some heart, partner. That's not what this is about. But, I've got to ask you, tonight before you go any further. Do you want this? You can walk out right now without a mark on you. It's your choice to make, but if you want to run with us, you've got to fight your way in. It was like this for all of us.

ROMMEL howls. JONAH looks around. VICTORIA stares at him coldly. The other SKINHEADS look solemn. CHESTER smiles and gives him a wink.

JONAH goes for HUNTER first, but he only connects once before the others start to kick and punch him. CHESTER tackles JONAH to the ground and punches him once in the face, hard.

CHESTER

Stay down, man!

The others raise JONAH up. VG also gives him a well-aimed punch. JONAH collapses into a ball as the gang continues to

punch and kick him. Suddenly he is being lifted up again, but now the shouts are those of encouragement.

Once JONAH is on his feet his attackers begin to pat his back and shake his hand. HUNTER rubs his eye and extends his hand to JONAH who in turn accepts it.

HUNTER

You got me a good one, man.

VG holds a raw piece of steak up to JONAH'S battered eye. JONAH smiles.

VG

I tried to get your bad eye, so you'd still have one good one. Hey, when you're done with that steak I'll put it on the grill for you.

JONAH

Yeah, thanks

CHESTER laughs.

CHESTER

Hey, man, the girls get sexed in. Those are the nights I look forward to.

JONAH looked at STRAWBERRY. She shakes her head "no" and rolls her eyes. JONAH smiles.

JONAH

Thanks, for looking out for me, Chester.

CHESTER

Whatever, I wanted to get mine in first that's all. Now that you're a real skinhead, let's see if we can't have us a real boot party, tonight.

Just then a pair of PUNK KIDS try to get past them to go into the house. The chubbier one of the two brushes against CHESTER'S arm.

CHESTER

Hey, fuck-face! What have we here? Well, Jonah, do you want to watch this fat shit here fight his buddy?

The PUNK KIDS exchange panicked looks.

JONAH

No, a beer would be nice, though.

CHESTER gives him a sideways look.

CHESTER

Getting soft already eh? Ok, maybe later then.

CHESTER turns back to the CHUBBY PUNK KID.

CHESTER

Yeah, get a beer for me and my brother, fat fuck.

CHESTER pushes the CHUBBY PUNK KID into the house.

INT. DALLAS SKINHEAD CRASH PAD - NIGHT

JONAH is sitting with his shirt off holding a beer in one hand grimacing. HUNTER is tattooing his inner forearm, a "crucified skinhead" with a banner that reads "SKINS" above. The gun is homemade. VICTORIA watches from across the room. The OKLAHOMA SKINHEAD is talking to her again, but she and JONAH lock gazes.

VG

You're bleeding out, man, lay off the beer.

JONAH nods as VG pats him on the shoulder.

INT. DALLAS SKINHEAD CRASHPAD - NIGHT

The party is at an end. VG and CHESTER have been desecrating the before mentioned PUNK KIDS who are now passed out on the couch. They already have penises drawn on their cheeks and Stars of David on their foreheads. VG positions them into a romantic pose and CHESTER snaps a Polaroid.

VG

This skinny one has a pretty mouth, Chester. They'd love his ass on the inside Ha! Ha!

VG leans down close to the unconscious kid's face.

VG

You're as pretty as a girl!

EXT. DALLAS SKINHEAD CRASHPAD - NIGHT

JONAH is sitting on the stoop while STRAWBERRY puts A&D ointment and a bandage on his freshly tattooed forearm. There are figures passed out in the back yard including ROMMEL the dog.

STRAWBERRY

In the morning take this gauze off and just keep putting this shit on there, and it won't get all infected and gross.

JONAH

It stinks.

STRAWBERRY

I know, babe. It's got fish oil in it.

She sees VICTORIA approaching.

STRAWBERRY

Later, chico. I guess her highness wants a word with you.

VG sticks his huge head out of the door.

VG

Berry! (almost a whisper) Get this asshole in bed! He's a menace.

CHESTER (from within)

C'mon, VG. Let's get some tacos, man. (drunk)

STRAWBERRY goes inside. VICTORIA sits down next to JONAH. She takes his arm, peels back the bandage, and looks at his tattoo, a crucified skinhead, featuring "SKINS" in a banner overhead.

VICTORIA

I don't much care for the jumping-in thing. It's not done in Britain. It's a bit nig-nogish isn't it?

JONAH

I don't know.

VICTORIA

I wasn't ignoring you before. It's just that I knew what was coming, and I didn't fancy playing along. These Dallas kids are far better actors than I am. At any rate, comrades shouldn't be fighting one another, right?

JONAH
Comrades?

VICTORIA
Yeah, Jonah, we're comrades.

VICTORIA kisses JONAH on his swollen lip.

VICTORIA
Didn't your mother teach you to kiss the red-lipped damsels you meet on your journeys?

VICTORIA stands up and takes a step toward the door. She runs her hand along JONAH'S temple.

VICTORIA
I'm going to drive home now. You'll be alright?

JONAH
Of course, yeah.

VICTORIA
Good night.

VICTORIA disappears through the doorway. Crickets are chirping. ROMMEL the dog opens his eyes for a moment. JONAH leans back on his hands and takes a deep breath. He sighs in a long exhale. The dog sighs too.

EXT. THE STREETS OF DALLAS - NIGHT

(Concrete Jungle - The Specials)

An old LINCOLN TOWNCAR cruises the nearly deserted streets.

INT. THE LINCOLN - NIGHT

JONAH and HUNTER sit in the back seat. VG is driving, and CHESTER is sitting shotgun.

HUNTER

There shouldn't be any such thing as a skinhead girl, as far as I'm concerned.

CHESTER

What did you say? You're gay?

HUNTER

If you guys want those fat cows with their ridiculous haircuts following you around everywhere chasing off all the fine chicks and starting shit with everybody then count me out.

VG

Oh yeah, punk girls are way better, right? (sarcastically)

HUNTER

No, I like preppy bitches, man, with their Cole-Hahns and long hair.

CHESTER

He's right though. If Strawberry grew her hair out and dressed like a girl, I'd marry her. When I come home from a battle I need a woman to treat my wounds. A proper lady has no business running around at night with a bunch of thugs, wahooing beer, and fucking with people.

VG

You're just a kid. You don't know what you're talking about. Victoria, though, that one is a lady. I can't say I'd mind letting her treat my wounds. I have a wound on the end of my dick for her to treat.

VG winks at CHESTER knowingly. JONAH tries to look disinterested.

VG

But, there's just one of her. I wonder who the lucky warrior will be. What do you think, Fresh-Cut? Will you succeed where others have failed? Can you put the sword INTO the stone? Ha! Ha! Ha!

JONAH

Yeah, why not? (lamely)

The other SKINHEADS roar with laughter.

JONAH
Fuck y'all!

CHESTER looks out of the window passively.

CHESTER
I wonder what the SLOB-SKINS are up to.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DOWNTOWN DALLAS - NIGHT

A handful of SLOB-SKINS rapidly exit the store with cases of stolen beer, howling and shouting abuse at the clerk. They run up the street a bit, pile into a parked car, and speed off.

EXT. FRONT PORCH OF AN URBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

The SLOB-SKINS, who represent a somewhat shabbier and more degenerated class of skinhead, are indulging themselves, enjoying the summer night and their stolen beer. Some of the SLOB-SKINS are white, and some appear to be Mexican.

Their style of dress is more punk than skinhead. Some of them have bic-bald heads, and others even have long hair. One young fellow with long hair in a ponytail is wearing a brand new pair of ten-eyelet Oxblood Doctor Martens boots.

EXT. THE STREETS OF DALLAS - NIGHT

The LINCOLN cruises slowly along. It passes the SLOB-SKIN HOUSE unobserved. The DALLAS SKINS park around the corner in the darkness. VG opens the trunk and hands out a variety of street weapons such as bats, a tire-iron etc. to the others.

The four DALLAS SKINS creep around the corner and approach the SLOB-SKIN house. They charge out of the darkness at the unsuspecting SLOB-SKINS. PONYTAIL engages JONAH. They go to the ground.

JONAH can see that PONYTAIL, who is of similar build to JONAH, has a small knife. They struggle for control of the knife. The others are fighting all around. HUNTER chokes his opponent into unconsciousness and notices JONAH'S situation.

As HUNTER approaches JONAH and PONYTAIL, he is struck from behind and tumbles forward onto them. When JONAH gains his feet he sees PONYTAIL writhing on the ground with the knife stuck in his belly.

The other SLOB-SKINS lose their nerve at the sight of their critically wounded friend and flee. VG, CHESTER, and HUNTER stand and survey the scene for a moment while JONAH tries to gain his breath.

PONYTAIL
FUCKING HELP ME!

VG
Got stuck with your own knife eh, scumbag? Be still, you piece of shit.

VG turns to JONAH.

VG
Take his boots.

JONAH hesitates.

VG
What do you think this asshole would do if it were you lying there with a knife in your gut?

JONAH goes to unlace the boots while VG puts his boot on PONY-TAIL'S neck.

VG
No, use the knife.

PONYTAIL screams as JONAH pulls the knife out of PONYTAIL'S abdomen. JONAH cuts the laces of each boot and pulls them off.

CHESTER
Let's go!

JONAH pockets the knife, and they retreat into the night.

BLACK SCREEN

MONTAGE - DALLAS SHOPS - DAY

(Venus in Bover-Boots - The Nips)

JONAH and VICTORIA visit various shops where VICTORIA purchases various items of skinhead clothing for JONAH, such as Fred Perry shirts, jeans etc. Jonah is wearing his new oxblood boots.

TITLE "FALL"

EXT. SEAN'S HOUSE, DENTON - DAY

(Sean's Ghetto Blaster, Attitude - Bad Brains)

SEAN is building a skateboard ramp in his driveway. There is a little ghetto blaster stereo on the ground.

VICTORIA'S car pulls up. JONAH and VICTORIA get out. JONAH has a bundle of clothes under his arm. JONAH looks like a proper skinhead. His wounds have healed, and he has grown sideburns.

His hair is now cropped to a respectable #3. His new Doctor Martens are polished and cradle-laced with white laces. His jeans are pegged up just right, and he is wearing a new Fred Perry shirt.

SEAN

Ha, ha, what's up, boot-boy?

JONAH and VICTORIA approach him.

JONAH

What's up, man?

SEAN

Not much, you know, skating, drinking beer, jacking off. I don't really need to ask what you've been up to, eh?

SEAN looks at VICTORIA and then back at JONAH. She shoots back a disapproving look.

SEAN

Anyway, your parents have been here looking for you like six times, man. Have you talked to them?

JONAH

No, what did they say?

SEAN

They want you to come home. They're worried about you, like parents tend to be when their kid is missing.

JONAH

Yeah, well, fuck 'em.

SEAN

You're off the hook though on the rape thing, I think. Summer's dad caught some other dude in there with her the other night. They took her to a shrink, and she fessed-up to everything, I guess.

JONAH glances at VICTORIA for a reaction, but there is none.

JONAH

I just wanted to bring your clothes by and say "what's up?"

SEAN

I see that you scored some clothes and shit somewhere. Nice Oxbloods.

JONAH

Thanks. Yeah, I picked up some stuff here and there, and Victoria helped me out.

SEAN

Oh, yeah? Are you Jonah's girlfriend, Victoria?

VICTORIA

I wouldn't say that.

JONAH covers his face with his hand involuntarily.

SEAN

I've never seen a skin-bird like you.

VICTORIA

Don't you have a job to go to?

SEAN

Nah, don't you?

VICTORIA laughs.

VICTORIA

Do you have something against us?

SEAN

What do you mean?

VICTORIA

You know very well what I mean.

SEAN

No, I guess not. I don't have anything against Jonah or you for that matter. But "us" now that's another thing. I don't think Jonah needs a gang to be a man, I guess.

VICTORIA

We're not a "gang."

SEAN

Whatever, seriously?

JONAH

Hey, c'mon, Sean. Now is not the time.

JONAH turns to VICTORIA.

JONAH

Let's go. We gotta go.

JONAH hands SEAN his clothes. SEAN looks at the Bad Brains shirt. He hugs JONAH.

JONAH

Take care, man.

SEAN

Just don't lose your PMA, man.

JONAH
PMA?

SEAN
Your positive mental attitude, man. It can save you. You're going to need that shit where you're going.

JONAH
Ha! Ha! Ok, I won't. I won't. See you!

They hug again.

SEAN
Later, days.

VICTORIA glares at him.

INT. VICTORIA'S CAR - DAY

VICTORIA
Positive Mental Attitude?

JONAH laughs.

INT. VICTORIA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

(Victoria's Stereo, Killing Moon - Echo and the Bunnymen)

JONAH and VICTORIA are lying in her bed, clothed. They aren't looking at one another, but at the ceiling.

VICTORIA
What do you want, Jonah?

JONAH
What do you mean?

VICTORIA
It's a simple question.

JONAH
That's what you think. I'm probably the only one who doesn't know what I want.

VICTORIA

Come off it now. It's not as complicated as all that. What is it that you want... right now, tonight? Do you want a girl?

VICTORIA turns over on her side to face JONAH and caresses his face.

JONAH goes even more rigid.

VICTORIA
Do you want me?

JONAH sighs.

JONAH
I don't know. Can I have you? I think you might break my heart. Now, I sound like a girl don't I?

VICTORIA
You've got a lot of heart to break.

There is long pause.

VICTORIA
You really don't want me, Jonah.

JONAH
Oh, no?

VICTORIA
I'm just a spoiled little bitch, aren't I? If anything goes wrong, at a moment's notice, I could leave you and all of this... and fuck off back to London and get my "rich daddy" to fix everything for me. But it's different for you, isn't it? Have you anywhere to go if things get fucked up?

JONAH
I don't know. I'm sure that I'd figure out something.

VICTORIA
Yeah, I suppose you would, wouldn't you? Tell me about your father.

JONAH
He's dead, I don't have one.

VICTORIA

But, you have a stepfather.

JONAH

Yeah, I've had a couple of them. There was one who I like to think could have been like a real dad. He was a magician, a real one, like a professional. He didn't mind showing me tricks and stuff, and he was always laughing. I don't ever remember him even raising his voice. It was all kind of happy for a while then he disappeared. Poof.

VICTORIA strokes JONAH'S hair and put her arm around him.

JONAH visibly relaxes.

VICTORIA

See, now you needn't try and be such the hard man all the time. Maybe you do need a woman. Let's just lie here and fall asleep together. I promise I won't touch you.

JONAH

(frustrated)

Ok.

JONAH frowns and closes his eyes tightly. His face relaxes, and he sighs.

MONTAGE - DALLAS SKINHEAD CRASHPAD - MORNING

(Jihad - Sleepy Trio)

The COPS raid the house in full SWAT gear. They shoot ROMMEL the dog, and arrest Hunter who is sleeping on the couch in his underwear.

INT. VICTORIA'S APARTMENT - MORNING

JONAH is alone in the bed still fully clothed. He looks around the house for VICTORIA. He is alone in the house. Suddenly there is a loud knock on the door.

VG

Open up!

There is more knocking. JONAH opens the door. VG and CHESTER enter quickly. They are out of breath and excited.

JONAH
What's wrong?!

VG
We're in trouble, man. The cops knocked down the door at our place this morning. Lucky for us, we were out buying beer.

CHESTER
We saw all the cop cars outside, so we split.

CHESTER starts looking around the kitchen and in the fridge.

CHESTER (to himself)
What does this bitch eat? There ain't nothing here.

VG
I think they got Hunter. He was passed out on the couch.

JONAH
What's this about?

VG
The stabbing, man, it's got to be the stabbing.

JONAH
They've got nothing, man.

VG
Wrong dude, they've got Hunter. If he snitches, we're fucked.

JONAH
Would he do that?

VG
Who knows? All I know is that we need to think about getting out of town. We can't stay here for long. Victoria is out looking for a place for us to hide until we can figure this shit out.

The door opens. VICTORIA enters.

VICTORIA
C'mon lads. Let's go.

INT. VICTORIA'S CAR - DAY

VICTORIA is driving. VG is in the front. JONAH and CHESTER are in the back.

VICTORIA

I'm taking you to Angie's house. Her parents have gone to the Bahamas for a couple of weeks. I was on the phone with Hunter's sister. The cops are questioning him at the jail. Apparently, Ponytail says he can identify someone. They also found Jonah's cop badge in the house, so they're naturally curious about that. Oh, and they shot ROMMEL.

CHESTER

What the fuck for?! He was in the backyard!

VG

Because they're a bunch of ZOG motherfuckers, man.

JONAH begins to sweat and shake a little.

VG

Don't worry. We're getting out of here. We can head up to Chicago. I've got a lot of good bros up there who can help us out.

CHESTER

What? How are we gonna get the money?

VG

Don't worry, bro. I've got a plan. Just don't say anything to this Angie bitch about where we're going.

CHESTER

What about Strawberry?

VG

Hey, well, she's coming too if that's what you want.

CHESTER

Yeah. That's what I want.

INT. ANGIE'S PARENTS' HOUSE - DAY

JONAH, VG, CHESTER, VICTORIA, and STRAWBERRY are sitting in a posh living room exchanging solemn glances. There is no music.

ANGIE, a cheerful plump new-wave/punk girl, puts a Smiths record on the turntable.

(Angie's Stereo, The Smiths - Please, Please, Please Let Me
Get What I Want.)

ANGIE
We need beer, y'all.

CHESTER
Who's going to go get it? I'm staying right here. That's
for damn sure.

VICTORIA
C'mon, Angie. Let's go in my car.

ANGIE looks around at the skinheads who would be left to their own devices in her parents' house. They sit quietly looking at her.

ANGIE
Ok, let's go.

VG
Ok, I'm going with y'all.

VICTORIA, ANGIE, and VG leave. Once the door is closed JONAH, CHESTER, and STRAWBERRY get on their feet. CHESTER finds the family liquor cabinet. He takes out a good bottle of whiskey and takes a swig. JONAH starts snooping for valuables. STRAWBERRY looks through ANGIE'S records and tapes.

STRAWBERRY
The Human League, what the fuck?!

STRAWBERRY holds up a Specials record optimistically. Without waiting for approval she snatches up the Smith's record from the turntable and replaces it with the Specials disc.

INT. ANGIE'S HOUSE - DAY

(Little Bitch - The Specials)

VICTORIA, VG, and ANGIE return. VG is holding ANGIE'S hand. ANGIE surveys the scene. The good bottle of whiskey is open and already somewhat diminished on the coffee table. JONAH and STRAWBERRY are dancing. CHESTER is making some kind of jungle juice in the kitchen from an assortment of unpleasant liquors.

CHESTER

What the fuck is "vermouth"? (pronounced phonetically)

CHESTER pours it in with a shrug. JONAH and STRAWBERRY stop dancing. VICTORIA carries the beer to the kitchen without a word. JONAH follows her with his eyes. STRAWBERRY observes JONAH and laughs. He looks at her and laughs too. VG sits down with ANGIE on the sofa.

VG

You're pretty cute aren't you, sugar britches?

INT. ANGIE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

VG is having robust intercourse with ANGIE.

INT. ANGIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

VICTORIA sits on the sofa looking through a photo album. There are many happy photos of ANGIE as a child with her parents on family vacations and holidays.

VICTORIA

She must have been a very happy little girl.

JONAH sits down on the sofa next to her and looks at the photos.

VG exits the bedroom smiling broadly.

VICTORIA

Mission accomplished?

VG

Yeah, she's passed out.

CHESTER
Oh, yeah?

STRAWBERRY
Yeah, you gonna take your turn, scumbag? (Sarcastically)

CHESTER
I was thinking of Jonah. He's real hard up.

JONAH looks at VICTORIA. She is still looking at the photos. She doesn't look up.

CHESTER giggles.

CHESTER
Her folks are gonna be pissed.

JONAH
Why?

(SILENCE)

Montage of destruction - VICTORIA burns the photo albums on the coffee table, CHESTER kicks the toilet apart, VG defecates on ANGIE'S parents' bed, JONAH kicks holes in the walls, and STRAWBERRY smashes all the food in the kitchen into big mess on the floor.

INT. ANGIE'S HOUSE - MORNING

ANGIE comes out of her bedroom. She is alone in the house. The SKINHEADS are gone. The house has been ransacked. The toilets are destroyed. There is a pile of feces in her parents' bed. The cushions are slashed. Her family photo albums have been burned on the coffee table. She sits down on what's left of the sofa and cries.

EXT. VICTORIA'S CAR - DAY

The car passes over the Red River, and they see the "Welcome to Oklahoma!" sign.

INT. VICTORIA'S CAR - DAY

(Car Stereo, The Time Has Come - Midtown Bootboys cont.)

VICTORIA is driving. JONAH is in the passenger seat. CHESTER and STRAWBERRY are in the back. STRAWBERRY and CHESTER are sleeping in one another's arms.

VICTORIA

Did you have a nice time last night, Jonah?

JONAH

Yeah.

VICTORIA

Did you like wrecking the place?

JONAH

I guess.

VICTORIA

Do you reckon that sort of thing is what being a skinhead is, smashing up places and hurting people?

JONAH

No, I guess not.

VICTORIA

What's it about then? Have you thought much about that?

JONAH

I don't know. We needed money. How were we gonna get out of Dallas? I could be in jail right now. You were there; you could have stopped it if you wanted to.

There is a long pause.

JONAH

So, why did you burn those pictures? (softly)

VICTORIA

I was jealous of her.

JONAH

Because of VG?

VICTORIA

No, what happened with VG and I was nothing really. And, it was a long time ago. Why? Has he been carrying on about it?

JONAH

No, not a word.

VICTORIA

How did you know about it then?

JONAH

I didn't... until now. So, why did you do it?

VICTORIA

Sleep with VG?

JONAH

Burn the pictures?

VICTORIA

Well, apart from being an awful tart, there she was in the photos, all smiling on a nice holiday with her mum and dad. It made me angry.

JONAH

What?

VICTORIA

My parents are very serious people, no time for whimsy... I suppose I just wanted to hurt her. She was pathetic. Isn't that why you stabbed Ponytail? You wanted to hurt someone too?

JONAH

It was an accident. He was gonna kill me.

VICTORIA

I'm sorry, Jonah. I'm really sorry.

JONAH

What for?

VICTORIA

It's not fair. You're right. I shouldn't have talked to you like that. It's just that I think there's something more for us than running riot and acting like a pack of dead-end yobs. I suppose I'm just taking it all out on you now

because I'm under the delusion that you're something special, right? That's all.

JONAH smiles and touches her hand on the gear shifter.

JONAH
Yeah?

VICTORIA
Yeah, I think you could be a real asset to the movement, Jonah.

JONAH withdraws his hand. His smile disappears.

JONAH
Yeah.

VICTORIA
I'm not too sure about this lot.

VICTORIA gives an uncomfortable chuckle and nods her head back toward the sleeping passengers.

CHESTER stirs and opens his eyes. He pushes STRAWBERRY gently over onto her side of the car and sits up.

CHESTER
Hey! Where are we?

VICTORIA
We're in Oklahoma.

CHESTER
Yeah?

EXT. TRUCK STOP - OKLAHOMA CITY - DAY

JONAH, VICTORIA, STRAWBERRY, AND CHESTER get out of the car. CHESTER opens the trunk. VG is inside. He winces at the light.

VG
Fuck, it's about time. Man, your jungle juice whipped my fucking ass. Did you guys find anything good in that bitch's house?

STRAWBERRY

Yeah, we're set. There was some cash and some jewelry.

VG
Cool, what a night!

VG painfully climbs out of the trunk.

VG
Who's next for the Underground Railroad?

JONAH
I'll go.

VICTORIA
No, Jonah, I need you to talk to me, so I won't fall asleep.

VG
What? You don't want to talk to me? You aren't the only one here who knows how to drive, baby.

VICTORIA
Don't call me, "baby," and I *am* the only one with a license. And there is not even the remotest possibility that I'm going to let any of you drive my car, so forget it.

CHESTER
It's cool. I'll take my turn in the trunk... no big deal.

VG
I'm going in to buy some beer. Where are we?

VICTORIA
Oklahoma City. Don't those NOTA guys live here?

VG
They're from Tulsa.

CHESTER
Oh yeah, those assholes from the show, Berry's pretty-boy fashion-skin boyfriends. Fuck those poseurs.

STRAWBERRY
Yeah, those guys are cool. Let's go to Tulsa.

CHESTER

"Let's go to Tulsa." Yeah, you can fuck all of them and we'll charge ten bucks a pop. You know, I'm glad I brought you. You're gonna pay for the whole trip, Strawberry.

STRAWBERRY

You are such a jealous asshole.

VG

Well, there is a crew in OKC, but they're a bunch of fucking psychopaths. They'll have us out fag bashing and desecrating synagogues and shit for sure.

CHESTER

Sounds cool to me.

STRAWBERRY

I thought we were keeping a low profile on this trip.

VICTORIA

We most certainly are.

VG

Yeah, and they might decide to jump us too.

CHESTER

Ok, fine.

VICTORIA

What about Tulsa?

VG

Well, I know some dudes who have a place a little ways outside of Tulsa in the boondocks. They're not skins. They're older, Klan-kind-of dudes, but they're cool. They'll be happy to put us up, and there's far less risk of treachery. Don't worry, bro. There'll be plenty of shit to get into up north. Chicago is just crawling with honest-to-god commies and baldies. Not to mention all the niggers. You'll love it.

VG goes inside the store to buy beer. VICTORIA rests her head on JONAH'S chest.

VICTORIA

Thanks, I really don't want to deal with VG's shit right now, not right there next to me for another two hours.

JONAH

I really didn't want to ride in the trunk... baby.

VICTORIA smiles and caresses his cheek.

VICTORIA

Don't call me baby.

STRAWBERRY is observing. She overhears some of the conversation between VICTORIA and JONAH.

STRAWBERRY

Oh my god.

EXT. BOONDOCKS - NIGHT

A group of people are standing around in a forest glen. It looks like a church barbecue. There are a few Klansmen, some bikers, paramilitary guys, regular country folks, and skinheads including the five fugitives from Dallas. There are a good many women and children present. There is also pig roasting in the ground.

TOM is a middle-aged man wearing tennis shorts, a penguin shirt, and an obvious toupee. He is sitting on a folding chair drinking a tall can of Schlitz.

TOM

The race war is a reality in South Africa. They don't talk about "when the race war comes... and so on and so on."

When I went over there those AWB guys picked me up in an armored car with gun ports. But, it doesn't matter how much money they have, how many guns, or how together their shit is. They are going to lose. White Africa has been overrun and Europe is next. And the white man in California or Oklahoma or anywhere else doesn't have a prayer because these yuppie bastards don't have the will to fight, the will to survive. Perhaps the best we can hope for is to eke out a living in some remote place, hiding deep in caves like prehistoric rodents and feeding on garbage at night. If this thing is going to happen, we need to make it happen while there is still hope. But, I must say, these skinhead kids give me some hope.

John is a fat Klansman with long wispy blond hair wearing a baby blue t-shirt that says, "I Shot Martin Luther King."

JOHN

I don't know. I'm not sure what to do with them, Tom. They get themselves locked up for doing some stupid shit... then their mommies get 'em a lawyer and they start ratting everybody out.

COWBOY is a thin biker with a black mustache wearing a black Stetson and mirrored aviator glasses.

COWBOY

Yeah, no shit.

VG shoots him a hard look.

COWBOY

Truth hurts don't it, son.

VG

It's not my place to speak for every skinhead, but I did my time on the inside, and I didn't take anybody down with me, so you can keep your opinion of skinheads to yourself while I'm around, "Cowboy." And don't call me "son."

COWBOY

Oh pardon me, hard ass, I didn't see you there. Wait 'til one of these kids gets in trouble. You don't think they'll snitch on you? Shit. I wouldn't cheat on my fucking taxes around these punks.

The others stand by listening intently.

TOM

What does that flag represent to you, kid?

TOM points to the American flag patch on JONAH'S flight jacket.

JONAH

Freedom I guess.

TOM

You think this is a free country? Do you think the cops and the army are on our side? They are the enemy. That's their flag. That's the ZOG flag. We need our own flag.

JOHN

What about the confederate flag?

TOM

They lost. It was a lost cause from the start... a dream. And those idiots are the ones who got us into this shit to begin with. If it wasn't for slavery there wouldn't be any niggers here would there? They'd all still be living the good life in Africa. Our real enemies aren't the niggers, or their demonstrating commie buddies, or even the Russians.

Tom chuckles.

TOM

If the Russians dropped in here right now and started handing out AKs, I might turn commie, at least the Russians are white. Our enemies are the capitalists: the white aristocrats and the Jews. Reagan, the Republicans, their oil baron buddies, and the Democrats are all in with the Zionists, you see. In the New World Order we'll be the slaves. The niggers and the other mud people will be the new middle class. Or alternatively, they might just exterminate us like they did the Indians when they saw that they were too god damned insubordinate to be of any use. We have an obligation to resist.

JOE is another middle-aged biker, but his head is shaved, and he's wearing camouflage trousers and a t-shirt that says Oklahoma White Man's Association. He laughs.

JOE

You know, I married a squaw, and she is still an unruly bitch. I quit trying to civilize her a long time ago (he chuckles). You're right though, Tom. We are going to have to take this shit deep underground. Harassing niggers and handing out fliers at the community colleges ain't going to cut it.

COWBOY

Man, don't talk like that out here. Any one of these people could be a Fed.

JOE

If I can't talk like that here, where can I talk, Cowboy?

COWBOY

When you're alone, like in the fucking bathtub, you jerk-off. Talk about all the crazy shit you want, but you do it alone.

TOM

I think the point is that we should stop talking. Don't you agree... gentlemen? It's time to stop talking. We've been doing that for years and where has it gotten us?

There is much nodding of agreement followed by an exchange knowing looks among those present.

JOE

Let's dig that ZOG pig up and eat him.

The pig is dug up from the smoldering ground, and other food is brought out to the various picnic tables. When all is set JOHN leads the group in a prayer.

JOHN

May the lord bless all these fine people who came, tonight. We're happy to have these young folks who joined us from Dallas.

There is a general applause.

JOHN

I'd like to thank Tom for coming all the way out from California to be with us here and give us inspiration. I know all of us have some differences of opinion, but we do share one common cause... the preservation of the great white race and a future for our children. I'd also like to thank Cowboy for the pig.

Cowboy raises his beer can in salute.

JOHN

Bon Appetite!

There is big applause. The dinner is consumed. While some of the women clear the tables, some Klansmen erect three wooden crosses. The people gather around and the crosses are lit. JOE raises his arm in a salute.

JOHN

Bringing the light of Christ where there is darkness!

JOE
WHITE POWER!

ALL
WHITE POWER!

JOE
Bring out the ZOG trooper!

Some local skinheads, FORREST and RYAN, carry out a scarecrow dressed in a police uniform. FORREST holds up a large American flag. The crowd boos. JONAH looks puzzled.

TOM
Burn that ZOG flag!

FORREST wraps the flag around the scarecrow. RYAN ties a noose around the scarecrow's neck and drags it closer to the crosses. He ties a hammer to one end of the rope and throws it over the middle cross. VG pulls the flaming effigy up onto the cross. VICTORIA grips JONAH'S hand. Some of the skinheads tear the American flag patches off of their flight jackets and toss them into the flames.

JOE
C'mon kid. Give that shit up.

JONAH hesitates.

JONAH
I don't know.

TOM
It's a relic. Burn it.

JONAH rips the American flag off of his jacket and holds it up the fire. He holds it until it has completely ignited and tosses it onto the ground in front of the crosses. The others follow suit. JONAH tugs on the big Union Jack patch on VICTORIA'S flight jacket. VICTORIA shakes her head in the negative and pulls away.

JOE
HAIL ROBERT J. MATHEWS! HAIL THE ORDER!

JOHN shakes his head in dismay at the sight of the flag burning and averts his eyes for a moment. COWBOY smirks.

EXT. BOONDOCKS - NIGHT

Some of the attendees have retired into their tents for the night or gone home. Most of the skinheads are still up drinking beer in the light of the full moon. The ruined crosses smolder in the background. FORREST and RYAN are talking to JONAH and VICTORIA at a picnic table. CHESTER approaches, apparently drunk.

CHESTER
Hey, white brothers!

RYAN
C'mon and have a seat, bro.

CHESTER sits down in the grass.

CHESTER
Y'all ain't gonna draw on me and shit if I pass out are you?

FORREST
No, but I might be tempted to take your boots.

CHESTER
Fuck. Those Klan dudes are drinking some crazy shit. I'm seeing things, man. Look at the fucking sky!

FORREST
Yeah, I think they might have been feeding him hooch.

VICTORIA takes JONAH'S hand and looks at him adoringly.

VICTORIA
Come on, let's go.

JONAH looks at CHESTER.

RYAN
We'll look after him, man.

JONAH
You promise not to write on him and take his boots and shit?

FORREST laughs.

RYAN

Go on, y'all. Nights like this are meant for loving. I'll let him pass out in my camper, but if he pukes in there, I'm taking his boots.

EXT. BOONDOCKS LAKE - NIGHT

VICTORIA leads JONAH down a path in the forest to the shore of a lake. The water is calm.

VICTORIA

Why don't we go for a swim?

JONAH

No. It's cold!

VICTORIA

I'm from England. It's not that cold. Come on now.

VICTORIA starts undressing.

(The One True Goddess - Sleepy Trio)

JONAH

Uh, Ok, but we're going to get pneumonia.

VICTORIA, nude, walks into the water. JONAH undresses awkwardly. He sits down on the shore and struggles with his bootlaces.

VICTORIA

Oh, JONAH, don't fail the trial of the laces. Your lady awaits you. I'm waiting for you.

JONAH makes his way down to the water, but stops short of going in.

VICTORIA

Oh, it's all right. You haven't heard a peep out of me, have you?

JONAH slowly wades in. He hisses slightly from the cold.

VICTORIA

Let's swim out a bit.

They gently paddle out into the open water.

VICTORIA
Can you still touch the bottom?

JONAH
No.

The surface of the water shimmers from the light of the full moon.

VICTORIA
Chester is right.

JONAH
About what?!

VICTORIA
The sky, it's magic.

They kiss deeply. Still treading water VICTORIA caresses JONAH'S face.

VICTORIA
Are you still cold?

JONAH laughs.

JONAH
Yes, a little. Yes.

VICTORIA
Come on, let's go to bed then.

EXT. BOONDOCKS, GRASSY CLEARING - NIGHT

JONAH and VICTORIA have sex. Afterward, JONAH lies blissfully awake on his back in a sleeping bag with VICTORIA. She is asleep with her head resting on his chest. He caresses her hair. The moon is gone and the sky is full of stars.

EXT. BOONDOCKS - DAWN

JONAH awakens. VICTORIA is straddling him. She kisses him.

VICTORIA
My lovely, lovely man.

She kisses him again, and laughs. He laughs.

VICTORIA
Will we have breakfast?

JONAH
Yeah, we might have to get it on the road though, unless these hicks are frying bacon. I have to do something very important first though.

VICTORIA
What's that?

JONAH
Piss. I have to piss, so please get off of me.

VICTORIA
Will I let you up then?

JONAH
If you don't mind.

VICTORIA
Hmm...I mind!

She arches her back and rocks back and forth as if in a sexual act.

JONAH
Oh come on!

VICTORIA gets up laughing. She starts putting on her clothes.

JONAH
I'm not sure that I've ever heard you laugh before.

VICTORIA
Well, I'm happy.

JONAH
You weren't before?

VICTORIA
No, not really.

VICTORIA smiles.

VICTORIA
I'll go see about the others then.

JONAH
Ok.

JONAH puts on his underwear and boots, but he does not lace them. He walks a little way into the forest. He relieves himself against a tree and sighs. He then hears a faint noise. A woman's voice as if engaged in coitus.

JONAH walks as quietly as possible toward the noise. Nearby he sees VG having intercourse with STRAWBERRY. He can see her leaning forward against a tree embracing it while VG takes her from the stern. JONAH'S boot crunches the leaves. VG stops for a moment and looks around. JONAH crouches down.

VG
It's ok baby. It was nothing. I'm about to come.

JONAH realizes that VG can see him, but they do not stop. VG holds one finger to his lips and smiles at JONAH.

EXT. BOONDOCKS CAMP - MORNING

COWBOY, still wearing his hat and aviators, gets up from his lawn chair where he may or may not have slept and heads for a port-a-john. VG takes notice.

EXT. BOONDOCKS CAMP - MORNING

VG takes the opportunity to look through COWBOY'S truck where he finds an AK-47 with a folding stock and a large roll of cash. He quickly takes off his flight jacket and wraps it around the rifle to conceal it.

CHESTER is sitting on a tailgate. There is a Star of David drawn on his head, and he is wearing lipstick. His boots are gone. JONAH approaches uncomfortably.

CHESTER
You fucking bastards.

JONAH
It wasn't me.

RYAN
He pissed himself in my camper.

FORREST approaches laughing.

FORREST
It really stinks bad in there! You are just a nasty
motherfucker.

CHESTER
Where are my boots? Jonah, you guys are supposed to look
out for me. What the fuck?

JONAH
Sorry, man.

VICTORIA and STRAWBERRY approach together.

STRAWBERRY
Oh! My poor baby! Are you ok? What did you assholes do this
for? Where are his boots?

STRAWBERRY hugs CHESTER and scowls at the others. FORREST
hands her CHESTER'S boots.

FORREST
They don't fit me anyway.

STRAWBERRY
Thanks. Chester, you smell like shit.

CHESTER
Piss.

VG appears from behind a camper. He winks at JONAH and
smiles. He whispers in JONAH'S ear.

VG
Congratulations, man. Victoria is no small conquest.

JONAH
How did you know?

VG
You see me, I see you. Don't worry; I won't say anything to her. But hey bro, don't say anything about me and Berry to anyone, ok? Not even Victoria.

JONAH
Ok.

VG walks over and puts his arm around CHESTER and STRAWBERRY.

VG
We gotta get on the road, guys.

VICTORIA
We can't ride in the car with him in this state.

VG is obviously in a hurry to leave quickly.

VG
Yeah, we can. I'll get his ass cleaned up at the first truck stop I promise, but we gotta go.

JONAH
Well, he goes in the trunk.

VG smiles at JONAH.

EXT. BOONDOCKS - MORNING

VICTORIA'S car pulls out of the camp onto the road. JONAH is driving. VICTORIA is sitting shotgun and VG and STRAWBERRY are sitting in the backseat.

JOHN the klansman, stumbles out of a tent, still wearing his baby blue "I shot Martin Luther King" t-shirt, but now with shorts and flip flops. He waves to them.

The militant biker, JOE and the skinheads, FORREST and RYAN are waving too. COWBOY stands there smirking. TOM the California racialist is passed out on his folding chair with his toupee in his hands.

EXT. MISSOURI HIGHWAY - DAY

(Hail the New Dawn - Skrewdriver)

VICTORIA'S car speeds along the highway.

BLACK SCREEN

TITLE "CHICAGO"

EXT. CHICAGO APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

There is snow on the ground. The trees are bare. The wind is blowing the snow around. The streets are deserted.

INT. CHICAGO AREA SKINHEADS (CASH) CRASHPAD - DAY

JONAH, VICTORIA, CHESTER, and STRAWBERRY and two Chicago skinhead girls, MEGHAN and TINA, are sitting quietly on couches and chairs. The mood is tense.

The CASH girls are not as pretty as Dallas skinhead girls. They aren't as friendly either. They stare at VICTORIA and STRAWBERRY. All present are drinking beer, but it is not a party. CHESTER is wearing a Misfits t-shirt. There is a knock on the door.

TINA
Who is it?

PAT
Pat! C'mon, my hands are full.

TINA opens the door. PAT, a CASH leader, enters the room with VG. They are carrying grocery bags.

VG
This is my bro, Pat.

PAT
Sorry, we were food shopping.

PAT puts the sacks down to shake hands.

PAT

What's up? It's a pleasure to meet you guys.

PAT surveys the newcomers for a moment.

PAT

VG says that you're a tight crew. I'm glad to hear it because we're in bad need of some serious people up here.

PAT shakes hands with JONAH and CHESTER. He notices VICTORIA and STRAWBERRY.

PAT

I need to make it down south more often.

MEGHAN rolls her eyes.

VG

I've been telling you, bro.

PAT looks CHESTER and JONAH over.

PAT

So, what's with the Misfits shit, dude?

CHESTER

What? You don't like the Misfits?

PAT

No, we're not into that punk rock shit up here, not no more. Don't worry about it. To each his own; I apologize. It's been a little tense around here lately. I trust Tina and Meghan have been taking good care of you.

MEGHAN and TINA roll their eyes.

STRAWBERRY

Yeah, yeah, we feel right at home.

PAT

Good. I bet you guys are up for a night on the town.

VG

You know it, man.

PAT

It's been a while. I'm glad to have you back, bro. We've got a date with the RCP tonight.

VG hugs PAT.

JONAH
RCP?

PAT
Revolutionary Communist Party

EXT. CHICAGO STREET - REVOLUTIONARY COMMUNIST PARTY
BOOKSTORE - NIGHT

A Molotov cocktail crashes through the window. The front door opens, and a young anarchist couple rush out, a male and a female.

JONAH, VG, CHESTER, PAT, VICTORIA, STRAWBERRY, MEGHAN, TINA, and other CASH Skins are waiting for them in the street.

JONAH trips the RCP boy, MATT, and he goes down hard. One of the CASH SKINS steps on his back pinning him down. Another CASH SKIN grabs the girl, AMANDA, by the hair. She screams in terror. The store is burning.

PAT
Don't touch her, man... leave her to the girls!

MEGHAN and TINA make a move for her, but VICTORIA is already there. She kicks the girl in the stomach.

VICTORIA
Come on, you red bitch. Fight!

The CASH SKIN lets AMANDA fall to the ground. She looks up at VICTORIA apprehensively.

AMANDA
Please!

VICTORIA
Get up and fight.

VICTORIA looks at JONAH who had been watching her. His face shows a mix of shock and admiration. PAT and VG observe the action, but do not participate.

MATT is being held by several CASH SKINS. He watches while VICTORIA kicks his girlfriend repeatedly. He struggles enough to momentarily gain his freedom and starts to run toward AMANDA.

MATT
Amanda!

VG
Get him!

CHESTER trips MATT causing him to fall hard on his face. CHESTER jumps and lands on the young man's back with both feet. MATT screams.

When VICTORIA looks up from her bloody business to see what is happening, AMANDA gains her feet. AMANDA runs past STRAWBERRY who is also watching.

MEGHAN
Hey, bitch, she's getting away!

VG
Berry, get her!

TINA
Yeah, bitch!

STRAWBERRY chases her, but AMANDA escapes around the corner.

EXT. CHICAGO STREET - PUNK CLUB - NIGHT

A crowd of RCP kids, PUNKS, SHOC SKINS (Skinheads of Chicago), and others are hanging out in front of the club. AMANDA, bloody and screaming, comes running into view.

AMANDA
It's CASH!

EXT. CHICAGO STREET - REVOLUTIONARY COMMUNIST PARTY
BOOKSTORE - NIGHT

Some of the CASH SKINS spray-paint "CASH" over an RPC mural.

MEGHAN
Hey, sweetie!

She punches STRAWBERRY.

TINA
We ain't no daffodils around here. When there's a fight on,
you fight.

CHESTER jumps off of MATT and tries to intervene. VICTORIA grabs his shoulder but he pulls away. VG seizes him in a tight hug from behind. MATT gains his feet for a moment, but then falls to the ground unconscious.

MEGHAN and TINA beat STRAWBERRY to the ground.

JONAH
VG?!

JONAH also moves to intervene. VICTORIA puts her hand on his shoulder.

VICTORIA
No, Jonah. Let her stand up for herself.

STRAWBERRY fights back, scratching MEGHAN'S eye. MEGHAN screams. TINA goes to help her and inspect her eye. STRAWBERRY gets to her feet.

STRAWBERRY
C'mon you Yankee whores! Come get me!

MATT regains consciousness in time to see the mob from the punk club come around the corner. He smiles. PAT kicks him hard in the gut. PAT looks up and sees the approaching mob.

(Streetfight 1986 - Skrewdriver)

PAT
Fuck me!

Emergency vehicles arrive to deal with the fire, but are blocked by the mob. VG lets a section of steel pipe fall from inside his jacket sleeve into his hand. He taps his other palm with it.

The mob approaches, shouting and screaming led by bloody and furious AMANDA. PAT produces two tear gas grenades and hurls them into the midst of the mob.

JONAH

Where the fuck did those come from?

PAT

I thought there might be some trouble.

VG clubs a big black SHOC SKIN and then a PUNK as they run at him. They fall to the ground unconscious. AMANDA and others help MATT to his feet and lead him to safety. JONAH and CHESTER trade punches with a couple of PUNKS.

CHESTER

This is a hot LZ, man. We gotta get the fuck out of here!

JONAH

What?! What the fuck are you talking about? A hot LZ?!

The COPS order the FIREMEN to turn their hoses on the mob. The CASH and DALLAS SKINS scatter. JONAH finds himself alone. In the chaos his eyes meet those of a young SHOC SKIN.

JONAH clenches his fist and prepares to attack, but the young SHOC SKIN smiles and shakes his head choking a little on the tear gas, perhaps unable to recognize that JONAH is an opponent.

SHOC SKIN

This is good shit, huh?!

JONAH turns to escape down an alley. Several of the mob pursue him. They are closing on him fast. JONAH turns a corner and slides under a parked car to hide.

From under the car, he sees their boots go this way and that as they search for him. A police cruiser speeds down the alley. COPS appear and start beating JONAH'S pursuers.

JONAH waits as they are arrested. He rests his head on the cold concrete.

EXT. CHICAGO STREETS - DAWN

JONAH boards the L train. There are a few bums and men in work clothes sitting on the train. JONAH is the only white person aboard. The train stops and some hard looking BLACK KIDS get on. They are about JONAH'S age, and appear to have been up all night as well. They sit across from JONAH and stare at him.

BLACK KID 1
What's up, white boy?

The others laugh.

BLACK KID 2
Man, he's in the wrong motherfucking place. That's for damn sure.

BLACK KID 1
I think this motherfucker is some kind of skinhead. Is that what you is, a skinhead?

BLACK KID 3
Yeah, wait 'til this bitch tries to get off. We're gonna fuck you up, dude.

BLACK KID 2
Yeah, yeah. Look at his cold hating eyes. Nazi eyes! What's up Nazi eyes?!

JONAH looks at the other passengers. They ignore him. The BLACK KIDS laugh. The train stops, and two white TRANSIT COPS get on board. They are in their winter hats and gloves. The BLACK KIDS get quiet, but they stare at JONAH. The COPS see that something is up. The train stops again.

COP 1
Get the fuck off the train.

The BLACK KIDS get up. They stare at JONAH as they exit the train.

COP 2

C'mon move it, you pieces of shit!

JONAH sighs with relief. The COPS eye him for a moment.

COP 1

Hey, asshole, what are you doing here?

JONAH

I don't know.

COP 2

Do you know where the fuck you are?

JONAH

Chicago?

The COPS laugh.

COP 1

Oh, you must not be from around here.

JONAH

No, I'm from Texas.

COP 1

Well, Tex, I suggest you figure out where you're supposed to be before some nigger blows your fucking head off. You got me?

INT. CHICAGO - UNION STATION - DAY

JONAH is at the information booth.

JONAH

What have you got going south? Like to Dallas?

Someone taps on JONAH'S shoulder. It's VG.

JONAH

Hey, alright! Shit, I didn't know where to go. I've been walking the street all night. I was afraid that I'd freeze to death if I tried to sleep. Where are the others?

VG

Everyone is at Pat's. I figured you might be on the first train south after that clusterfuck last night.

JONAH

Yeah, I was thinking about it. I was about to call my parents.

VG

Well, no need for all that now. VG is here to save the day. Victoria will be happy to see that you're alive and not in jail.

JONAH

Really?

VG

No, man, she blew all of us in the car last night on the way back... then we all buttfucked her back at Pat's. What do you think? She's been crying and carrying on all fucking night. She's your girl, man. You ain't got nothing to worry about.

EXT. CHICAGO STREETS - DAY

JONAH and VG walk out of the train station onto the street.

VG

Hey, bro, look at this shit.

VG lets his steel pipe fall out of his sleeve. There is hair and scalp stuck in the end of the pipe. JONAH looks a little disgusted.

JONAH

Oh, man.

VG

Yeah, there's some nigger hair and some white hair mixed in there.

JONAH

Get rid of that shit.

VG

Yeah, I know. It's cool though, huh?

JONAH

It's gross, dude.

VG laughs and pats JONAH on the shoulder.

INT. CASH CRASH PAD - MORNING

MEGHAN and TINA are sitting with STRAWBERRY chatting away like old friends. CHESTER is asleep in a chair with a bandage around his head.

MEGHAN

So, what are the guys like down in Texas? Are they all cute like Jonah?

STRAWBERRY

Yeah, they're not bad.

PAT is sitting next to VICTORIA doing his best to chat her up.

PAT

So, what's it like in England?

VICTORIA

It's alright.

PAT

Are there still many skins around over there?

VICTORIA

Yeah, but there are all sorts, you know, NF skins, Red Skins, even queers.

PAT

Yeah, I heard that. So, why are you here?

VICTORIA

In Chicago? Long story.

PAT

No, in the States.

VICTORIA

I don't know. For a laugh I suppose.

PAT

Oh, yeah? Did you have a good time last night?

VICTORIA

Yes, definitely, but I'm very worried about Jonah.

PAT

Why? Is he your boyfriend or something?

VICTORIA

Something like that.

PAT

I'm sure he's fine. VG will find him. He's probably hiding in a dumpster somewhere.

VICTORIA

I hope you're right.

PAT

He's young, I guess he hasn't been on the inside yet. He made a good show of fighting those commies last night. I'm sure he'll be in prison soon enough, the sooner the better.

When he gets out he'll be ready to take on anything. I think everyone in the movement should have to spend some time in prison. Who knows? Today may be Jonah's first day in the joint. Ha! Ha!

VICTORIA

Don't talk like that.

PAT

What? It's like a boot camp for us. It'll put him in the right state of mind for the race war.

VICTORIA

I wouldn't want that for him. He's different.

PAT

He's no different than any of the rest of us. We're just a bunch of fatherless mongrels, eating when we can eat and fighting for everything we can't steal. I was just like these guys before I went down... wearing punk rock shirts and chasing pussy. I guess the good times are over.

PAT stops talking and looks at CHESTER thoughtfully. The door opens, and VG and JONAH enter. JONAH surveys the situation: PAT sitting next to VICTORIA, STRAWBERRY chatting with her new friends, and CHESTER unconscious in a chair. JONAH is visibly distressed.

JONAH
What the fuck?

VICTORIA jumps out of her chair and throws her arms around him. He looks at PAT who gives him a defeated nod. JONAH relaxes. He holds VICTORIA tight and smells her hair.

VICTORIA
Oh, Jonah! What happened to you? I was really worried!

JONAH
I just took a walk around town to see what there is to see, you know. What happened to Chester?

STRAWBERRY
He's ok, the cops clubbed him while he was trying to get into the car. He's been in and out of consciousness all day.

JONAH
Well, shouldn't we take him to a hospital?

PAT
He'll be fine. Don't worry. He's ok. I don't think he has a concussion or nothing. He drank a shit load of vodka last night when we got back. He just needs to sleep it off, I think. If we take him to the hospital they might arrest him for that shit last night.

VICTORIA
Let's go for a walk, Jonah.

JONAH
Fuck that, I've been walking all night. Let's go to bed.

VG
That's my boy!

PAT
Here, take my room, you two. There's a nice big bed.

PAT opens the door to his bedroom. The room is immaculate and utilitarian, like a barracks. There's a big American Flag next to a Nazi flag on the wall behind the bed and the other walls are covered with White-Power political fliers.

JONAH sits on the bed for moment and rubs his face.
VICTORIA sits beside him.

PAT
Goodnight, we'll try to keep it down.

PAT closes the door.

VICTORIA
I was really worried.

JONAH
Yeah?

JONAH lies down on the bed and puts the pillow under his head. VICTORIA lies down beside him.

VICTORIA
Pat didn't try anything, you know. He's all right.

JONAH
I know. I'm not worried.

VICTORIA
Don't be.

JONAH
I won't.

VICTORIA
I was afraid you were leaving me.

JONAH doesn't reply. He's asleep.

INT. CASH CRASHPAD, PAT'S ROOM - MORNING

JONAH opens his eyes. VICTORIA is already awake. She reaches between his legs.

VICTORIA
Why do you insist on sleeping in your bloody clothes?

JONAH laughs.

JONAH
I think I could sleep on a scabby leg these days.

VICTORIA

Oh, don't be terrible. I don't want to hear about scabby legs at this hour of the morning.

VICTORIA starts to undo his jeans. JONAH works his legs out of them.

VICTORIA

Isn't that better?

JONAH

Yeah, it's better.

VICTORIA

I bet you miss having a proper place to live.

JONAH kisses her.

JONAH

I don't feel like talking.

VICTORIA

Suit yourself.

VICTORIA turns her back to him. JONAH puts his arms around her and kisses her neck. She laughs. JONAH turns her onto her back. She puts her arms up as a sign of submission. He unbuttons her shirt.

VICTORIA

What if Pat walks in on us? Do you think he'll mind?

JONAH

Who knows? I don't care what he thinks.

VICTORIA

It is his bed.

JONAH

And you're my girl.

VICTORIA

Oh.

While they are having sex JONAH looks up at the flags hanging on the wall behind the bed. He touches them with his hand.

VICTORIA opens her eyes. She pulls him down close to her. JONAH tries to muffle her cries as she reaches climax. They lie there together for a time.

JONAH

I guess they haven't gotten the message about the ZOG flag up here.

VICTORIA

Let's go out for lunch, just the two of us.

JONAH

I don't have much money left.

VICTORIA

Of course you don't. A real skinhead doesn't need money, darling. Forget the boots and the rest. A rich girlfriend is the most essential skinhead accessory. Without girls like me the whole thing would have died out back in '69.

They laugh.

VICTORIA

Besides we're in Chicago, and I'm not going to spend another minute cooped-up in this apartment.

JONAH cautiously opens the door. To his surprise the place is deserted save CHESTER who is still on the sofa, barely conscious.

JONAH

I'm glad you're alive. Where is everybody?

CHESTER

Gone out. Where did you come from?

JONAH

The bedroom.

CHESTER

Oh, I thought I was alone.

VICTORIA

How's the head?

CHESTER

I don't know. Ok, I guess. I feel like I'm going to puke.

VICTORIA

So, you don't want anything to eat?

CHESTER

No.

INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT - DAY

JONAH and VICTORIA are sitting at a table waiting for food.

JONAH

What was the deal with the RCP chick?

VICTORIA

What do you mean?

JONAH

Why were you so pissed at her?

VICTORIA

She was a commie, Jonah, but I have to be honest with you.
You saw what happened to Berry.

JONAH

Yeah.

VICTORIA

I didn't want to appear weak. It's a new town. Those CASH
girls could kill me.

The WAITER brings out their food. JONAH picks up his
chopsticks and begins to eat.

VICTORIA

Oh, you can eat with chopsticks. (cheerfully)

JONAH

Yeah, my parents are very...

VICTORIA

Hippy.

JONAH

Yeah, my mom always makes something exotic.

VICTORIA

If we go to London, I'll take you to Soho, and we'll have the best Chinese. You know, wherever you go in the world there is always a Chinese restaurant close by. A few Chinks aren't a bad thing, I suppose.

JONAH

After the race war they can live in protected culinary zones.

EXT. CHICAGO STREET - DAY

(Work Together - The Oppressed)

Four male SHOC SKINS and two SHOC GIRLS are getting out of a big ford LTD. They walk up the street toward the Chinese Restaurant.

Skinheads of Chicago (SHOC) are a mixed-race Chicago skinhead gang. They wear Chicago Flags on the sleeves of their jackets. One is a tall black man in his twenties, called NIGGER-T. The others are younger white kids.

INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT - DAY

The door opens and four SHOC SKINS enter, followed by the two SHOC GIRLS. The waiter seats them near the door. They cannot see JONAH. His back is facing them. He knows from the change in VICTORIA'S demeanor that something is amiss.

JONAH

What?

VICTORIA

Don't turn around. Four baldies just walked in with their birds.

JONAH

Oh yeah.

JONAH turns around to have a look.

JONAH
So what?

VICTORIA
I just thought you should know.

JONAH
Don't worry. Let's enjoy our date. They won't start anything in here. Besides, these dinks will call the cops.

VICTORIA
Yeah, we'll just give them a polite nod on the way out.
JONAH and VICTORIA laugh. The waiter brings the bill, and VICTORIA pays it.

VICTORIA
Don't you love me?

JONAH
Yes, I do. Now, let's see if we can make it out of here.

When JONAH stands NIGGER-T immediately takes notice of him and sits up in his chair. He nudges the SHOC SKIN to his right. They all look up and observe JONAH as he and VICTORIA pass them on the way out the door.

EXT. CHINESE RESTAURANT - CHICAGO STREET - DAY

The door closes behind JONAH and VICTORIA, and they make their way a few feet down the icy sidewalk.

JONAH
We made it.

The SHOC SKINS emerge from the restaurant.

NIGGER-T
Hey!

VICTORIA
Let's just keep walking.

NIGGER-T
Hold it, motherfucker!

JONAH turns around. The SHOC SKINS advance slowly, slipping on the ice.

NIGGER-T

I've never seen you before.

JONAH

We're not from around here.

NIGGER-T

Oh, you're on vacation?

JONAH recognizes the second SHOC SKIN, STEVEN, who had spoke to him on the night of the riot.

STEVEN

Bullshit, man, he's a bonehead.

NIGGER-T

Is that right? You a Nazi?

The third SHOC SKIN, a short bulldog of a kid named LANCE is fidgeting with something in his flight jacket pocket.

LANCE

C'mon, T, let's thump this dude.

VICTORIA tugs on JONAH'S sleeve.

VICTORIA

Let's go.

NIGGER-T

Shut up, bitch. Who are you Eva Braun?

JONAH

Fuck you.

NIGGER-T hits JONAH hard in the mouth. JONAH goes down. VICTORIA is still clinging to his jacket, but she slips on the ice and goes down with him. She screams.

JONAH struggles to his knees. His mouth is bloody. LANCE puts a revolver to his JONAH'S TEMPLE. The fourth SHOC SKIN, JESSE, grabs VICTORIA by the hair and drags her away across the ice.

NIGGER-T
Leave that bitch alone.

JESSE drops VICTORIA. LANCE is milking the grips of the gun.

The restaurant manager opens the door and looks outside to see what is happening.

RESTAURANT OWNER
Get out of here! I call police right now!

JONAH emits a faint chuckle.

JONAH
See, they called the police.

JESSE
T, let's get out of here.

NIGGER-T
You go back and tell Pat and those other faggots that we'll be coming for them. Tell them it was Nigger-T.

JONAH
That's a good name for you.

JESSE kicks JONAH in the back. He falls forward. One of the birds laughs. The SHOC SKINS shuffle away back to their car. VICTORIA helps JONAH to his feet.

JONAH
I'm ok.

JONAH opens his mouth.

JONAH
Do I have all my teeth?

VICTORIA looks in his mouth.

VICTORIA
It would appear so.

JONAH
Good.

VICTORIA

I'm so sorry, Jonah. I wasn't much use.

INT. PAT'S CAR - CHICAGO STREETS - NIGHT

PAT is driving, VG sits shotgun, and JONAH is in the back.

JONAH

Who is this kid?

PAT

Mikee, he's a baldy, but they don't treat him very nice. He wants to come over to the dark side.

The car stops. A young skinhead is waiting on the side of the street. VG motions for him to get in to the back seat.

MIKEE opens the door and puts his head in cautiously. He appears to be affluent and nervous. He is wearing new boots, a flight jacket without patches, a Ben Sherman shirt, braces, and a pair of tailored trousers.

VG

It's ok, get in.

MIKEE gets in and closes the door.

MIKEE

Hey.

PAT

What's up, guy?

MIKEE

Not much.

VG

Don't be nervous, man. You're among friends.

MIKEE

Yeah, sorry.

PAT

So, Meghan says you don't want to be baldy no more.

MIKEE

No, man, fuck those guys.

JONAH

What happened?

MIKEE

A bunch of shit.

VG

Like what, little bro?

FLASHBACKS of NIGGER-T and his lieutenants making trouble for MIKEE with MIKEE VOICE-OVER

MIKEE

Man, I had a party at my house. My folks were out of town, right?

VG

Yeah, as you do.

MIKEE

It was cool for while. We were just listening to music and shit, but Nigger-T and some dudes showed up and started fucking with people.

VG

They're a bunch of fucking hypocrites, man.

MIKEE

Exactly, I thought we were all skins, you know?

PAT

There's skins and there's skins.

MIKEE

Anyway, T gets pissed off that there's no weed around. I tell him I'm straight edge, and that I don't want my parents to smell it when they get back. Then one of his buddies calls me a faggot, and we get into it.

JONAH

What happened?

MIKEE

I threw a couple, but there were like four of them. They took me down fast. Next thing I know, I've got a gun in my face.

JONAH raises his eyebrows.

JONAH
Oh yeah.

MIKEE
No one even stood up for me. They wrecked my fucking house, took my boots, and my girlfriend left with them.

VG
Damn!

MIKEE
I hear she's staying at T's place.

VG
I like his style.

PAT shoots VG a look.

PAT
Meghan said that you could help us out, Mikee. You want to get back at them?

MIKEE
Yeah.

JONAH
You know where he lives?

EXT. CHICAGO APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

JONAH, VG, PAT, and Mikee approach the entrance to the building.

MIKEE
They'll have to buzz us in.

VG laughs.

VG

Yeah, Pat, you do the talking. Say, "Yo, T, it's Pat. Let me in. Let's bury the hatchet and smoke a bowl."

JONAH

What does the T stand for?

PAT

Tony. It's Nigger-Tony.

JONAH

What kind of name is that? Why doesn't he just call himself Tony?

PAT

Who knows?

MIKEE

I got an idea.

Mikee walks up to the door and hits the button.

NIGGER-T (VIA INTERCOM)

"What?"

MIKEE

Hey, man, it's Mikee.

NIGGER-T

Who?

MIKEE

I've got Jessica's money.

NIGGER-T

Oh yeah, Mikee.

NIGGER-T hits the buzzer, and JONAH opens the door.

VG

Mikee, you're going to fit right in.

MIKEE

They're on five.

JONAH

Let's go.

VG

What are we going to do about this infamous gun?

INT. NIGGER-T'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

(T's Stereo, Niney's Rock - Niney)

NIGGER-T is sitting on the couch with JESSICA smoking marijuana out of a large glass bong. Some heavy DUB is spinning on the turntable. LANCE is sitting on a comfy chair, obviously stoned. JESSE is looking through some records on the coffee table. STEVEN is not present.

LANCE

Is this fool going to come up here and start some shit?

NIGGER-T

No, man. He's a punk. Ain't that right, baby?

JESSICA

Yeah. He isn't going to do shit. I don't know what money he's talking about.

NIGGER-T

Who cares? Let him bring it.

JESSE

He had some good records, man. What do want to hear next?
4-SKINS, The Selector?

NIGGER-T

No, man, let's stick with the Ragu, my first love.

JESSE changes the disc.

(T's Stereo, Reggae Got Soul - Toots and the Maytals)

JESSICA giggles.

There's a knock at the door.

JESSE puts the records down, gets up, and opens the door. JESSE is knocked out by a brutal blow from VG. The door swings wide. LANCE rises struggling to pull his gun.

JONAH advances across the room and seizes Lance's right wrist. They fight for control of the gun. NIGGER-T is stunned for a moment, too high to fully comprehend what is happening. PAT picks up the glass bong and raises it above his head.

NIGGER-T
Pat.

PAT smashes the bong over NIGGER-T's head. There is an explosion of glass and blood. JESSICA screams. MIKEE starts gathering up his records.

JESSICA
Mikee!

MIKEE ignores her.

JONAH wrests the revolver from LANCES's hand and strikes him on the nose with it. LANCE clutches his face. JONAH holds him by the neck and puts the gun to his head.

LANCE freezes. The room goes silent. JESSE comes-to but remains sitting on the floor. NIGGER-T is not moving. All eyes are on JONAH.

LANCE
No! Man, come on! Come on, don't fucking kill me.

JONAH is silent. He explores LANCES'S face with the muzzle of the gun, eventually resting it in LANCES'S eye. LANCE starts to sob.

JONAH
Shut up.

PAT examines NIGGER-T.

PAT
That was easy.

VG
Is he alive?

PAT
I don't know.

JESSICA tries to break for the open door. VG grabs her by the hair and flings her back onto the couch.

VG
Stand by your man, bitch.

JONAH
If he's not, we'll have to do all of them.

No one says anything.

PAT
You're right. Close the door.

MIKEE closes the door. NIGGER-T begins to stir.

NIGGER-T
Pat, what are you doing here?

PAT
I came to bury the hatchet.

NIGGER-T manages a small laugh. He rubs his bloody head and looks at his hand.

NIGGER-T
Shit. You buried it.

JONAH lowers the gun. LANCE is visibly relieved. JONAH looks down at LANCE'S pants.

JONAH
You pissed yourself.

LANCE
Man.

JONAH
Weak bitch.

VG laughs.

JONAH notices a tattered American flag tacked to the wall. It is covered in graffiti and there is a hammer and sickle embroidered over the blue field.

VG

Hey, you guys have some clippers?

JESSE

Yeah, of course. They're in the bathroom.

VG

Mikee, go get them.

MIKEE goes to get the clippers. When he comes back VG takes the clippers and orders JESSICA to sit on a little four legged chair.

VG

Mikee, shave this nigger lover's head.

Everyone observes MIKEE as he carries out VG's order. JESSICA cries.

VG

Shut up. You're lucky we're not shaving more than your head.

JONAH pulls the flag off the wall and throws it over his shoulder.

NIGGER-T

(groggily)

We used to be friends, man.

PAT

It's different now, T.

NIGGER-T

Yeah, I know.

EXT. CHICAGO APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

JONAH, PAT, VG, and MIKEE emerge from the building. STEVEN arrives on a Vespa with a GIRL on the back. He takes off his helmet as the four skinheads approach him. JONAH head-butts STEVEN causing him to fall off of the scooter. The GIRL screams.

VG

Who rides a scooter when it's this fucking cold? What an idiot.

JONAH, PAT, VG, and MIKEE get into PAT'S car and drive away.

INT. PAT'S CAR - CHICAGO STREETS - NIGHT

MIKEE

Man, thanks. You guys are my fucking heroes.

JONAH

Shut up, Mikee.

JONAH points the gun at MIKEE.

PAT

What are you doing, man?

MIKEE

Come on! I'm with you guys!

JONAH

No, you're not. You are a piece of shit.

PAT

C'mon, don't fuck around.

JONAH

How can we trust him? If he'll turn on them, he'll turn on us. He's a traitor. Next time it'll be T and those guys in your apartment.

VG

He's right, Pat.

PAT

So, what do you want to do with him?

EXT. CHICAGO APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

NIGGER-T and the others are emerging from the building. They see PAT'S car pass by slowly.

LANCE

Get down! They're gonna shoot us!

The rear passenger door opens. JONAH kicks MIKEE'S naked body out onto the street. PAT'S car speeds away. MIKEE, disoriented, slowly gains his feet.

NIGGER-T

Ha! Ha! You gotta like their style.

The SHOC SKINS close in on MIKEE.

INT. PAT'S CAR - NIGHT

PAT

Give me that fucking gun!

JONAH hands the gun to PAT.

PAT

Dude, you are out of control. Can I be in charge for a minute? Shit.

EXT. CASH CRASHPAD - NIGHT

JONAH folds the maimed American flag that he had taken from the SHOC crash-pad and places it on a pan. He lights it on fire and watches it burn to ashes. He scoops some of the ash up in a tea cup.

INT. CASH CRASHPAD - NIGHT

VG is mixing tattoo ink.

VG

Ok, give 'em here.

JONAH hands the cup of ashes to VG who adds the ashes to his solution. VG laughs.

INT. CASH CRASHPAD - NIGHT

The others watch as VG tattoos "MADE IN USA" on JONAH'S forehead.

JONAH

I can't wait for someone to tell me to burn this one.

EXT. CHICAGO STREETS - PAT'S APARTMENT BUILDING - EVENING

COWBOY gets out of his truck. He picks a revolver up off the seat and tucks it in the front of his jeans. He looks around at the buildings.

INT. CASH CRASHPAD - EVENING

VG is sitting in bed naked sipping a beer. You can see that he has two Colt Single-Action revolvers tattooed on his waist where his pelvis protrudes. MEGHAN and TINA are asleep in the bed, both naked.

VG chuckles to himself. He gets up and stretches, admiring his naked muscular body for a moment in the mirror. He takes a long pull off his can and peers out the window. He sees PAT coming up the street carrying a case of beer. He smiles in anticipation.

VG
Good job, bro.

Then he sees that PAT is approached by COWBOY who appears to be introducing himself. They shake hands. PAT nods and points up toward his apartment.

VG
Shit.

(So It Is True - Sleepy Trio)

VG, still naked, rushes into the living room and rouses CHESTER and STRAWBERRY.

CHESTER stirs to life rubbing his head.

VG
Get the fuck up! Get the fuck up!

VG bursts into PAT'S room. JONAH and VICTORIA are still sleeping in the bed, fully clothed.

VG

Hey! We gotta get out of here! C'mon! Get your shit!

MEGHAN emerges from the room that she shares with TINA. TINA is behind her. They are both still naked. The DALLAS SKINS are gathering their things.

MEGHAN

What's going on, you guys?

VG struggles into his clothes. There's no time for him to tie his boots. He just tucks the laces into them.

VG

We're clearing out. Is there a fire escape?

MEGHAN

Why? Is there a fire?

VG

Yeah, there's about to be. Where the fuck is it! We've got to get out now.

EXT. PAT'S APARTMENT BUILDING - FIRE ESCAPE - EVENING

MEGHAN and TINA are watching as VG, CHESTER, STRAWBERRY, JONAH and VICTORIA climb down the fire escape stairs.

VG

Tell PAT that I'll call and explain later. And tell him I said thanks for everything.

MEGHAN

Ok, yeah.

INT. VICTORIA'S CAR - NIGHT

All five DALLAS SKINS are crowded into the car looking tired and annoyed.

VICTORIA

Ok, VG, do you want to tell us what is going on?

VG

Yeah, take it easy. Let's get out of town first, and I'll show you. Take this exit.

EXT. HIGHWAY SHOULDER ILLINOIS COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

The DALLAS SKINS extricate themselves from the crowded car.
VG opens the trunk.

VG

Ok, Victoria, don't be pissed.

VICTORIA

I'm not promising anything at this stage.

VG digs his bag out for the trunk and opens it. From the bag he extracts the AK-47 with the stock folded underneath and lays it on top of the bag in the trunk.

CHESTER

Jesus Christ.

VG

I took it from Cowboy's truck in Oklahoma. I saw him coming up the street out the window at Pat's place.

JONAH

Well, I guess he figured out who took it, huh?

VG

Fuck those hillbillies. I didn't like the way they were treating us, so I decided to have a look around and see what kind of shit they had stashed. I found this and about \$1500 bucks. Not bad eh?

VICTORIA

I think we may be in a lot of trouble. Everyone will know about this. Where will we go now? We won't be welcome anywhere. VG, I'd kill you myself if I weren't so bloody tired now.

CHESTER

We're in deep shit.

VG

It's a big world. If those Klan assholes find us then let 'em come. I've got something for them.

JONAH

I say we show up at their next flag burning and tear them about a thousand new assholes.

STRAWBERRY

Where are we going to live? Maybe we should just go back to Dallas?

VG

Have you forgotten that little Jonah here is a wanted man? There could be warrants out for all of us. But trust me. Everything is going to be fine. We've got some money, so let's just go to Milwaukee, find a place, and lie low for a while.

CHESTER

What's in Milwaukee?

STRAWBERRY

Who do we know there?

VG

Nothing and nobody.

VICTORIA

Good.

EXT. HIGHWAY NEAR MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN - NIGHT

VICTORIA'S car heads along the highway; a sign says MILWAUKEE 40 miles.

BLACK

TITLE "WISCONCIN, WINTER"

EXT. WISCONCIN COUNTRYSIDE - RAILROAD BRIDGE - DAY

VG puts a fully loaded magazine into the AK and hands it to JONAH. JONAH points the rifle toward the water below and tries to pull back the charging handle, but it won't come all the way back.

VG

Here, I think the safety is on.

VG pushes down the safety lever all the way down.

VG
Now try.

JONAH pulls back the charging handle and lets it go forward, chambering a round. He squeezes the trigger. He staggers back as the rifle emits a fully automatic burst.

JONAH
Whoa!

VG
I wasn't expecting that! Click it up one notch. Let's see if it will go semi-auto.

JONAH puts the safety lever in the middle position. He then fires the rifle once into the water below.

VICTORIA emerges from the wood nearby. JONAH is still firing the rifle on semi-auto.

VICTORIA
What the hell are you doing? You're going to bring the police! Let's get out of here.

VG
Hold on, we're going to shoot a couple of mags first. Here let me try.

VG takes the rifle and fires a couple of rounds into the water. He looks at JONAH and winks. JONAH nods and smiles. VG then clicks the selector switch all the way down and fires a long fully automatic burst.

VG
Yeah! Ok, good enough, let's get out of here.

EXT. MILWAUKEE STREET - EVENING

VICTORIA'S car stops in front of a small house.

INT. MILWAUKEE HOUSE - EVENING

JONAH, VICTORIA, and VG ENTER. STRAWBERRY is sitting on the couch scowling.

VG
What's up? What's going on?

STRAWBERRY
Nothing.

VICTORIA and JONAH sit down on the battered couch next to her. VG goes elsewhere in the house.

STRAWBERRY
I can see my breath at night when I sleep. It's cold. It's always so cold.

CHESTER appears from another room.

CHESTER
How was it? Did you try out the AK?

JONAH
Yeah, it works fine.

STRAWBERRY
We can always sell that if we need to, right?

CHESTER
She wants to go home.

STRAWBERRY
Everybody wants to go home, Chester.

JONAH
Do you want to go home?

VICTORIA
What is home?

JONAH
Texas

VICTORIA
Texas isn't my home, Jonah.

CHESTER

Don't worry, Berry. We're gonna find jobs here and stay for a while. It'll be ok when we have some money. Maybe you could work for Merry Maids.

STRAWBERRY

Why don't you go be a fucking maid, Chester! I'm sure that you assholes can score your usual gig at Burger King! Why don't you do that! I'm getting tired of living in cars and stealing like a bunch of niggers. This whole thing is bullshit. What's the difference between you and a nigger, Chester? Tell me that!

CHESTER

Oh, come on! Give me a break. Everything is going to be fine!

STRAWBERRY

No, it's not. I can't have a baby here. It'll freeze to death.

VICTORIA

What?

CHESTER

She's pregnant.

At this time VG enters the room.

VG

What?

JONAH and VG exchange looks. VG raises his eyebrows and purses his lips.

VG

What are you gonna do?

STRAWBERRY

I don't know, VG. What do YOU think I should do?

STRAWBERRY gives VG a hard look.

VG

Whatever you want, it's your life.

STRAWBERRY shakes her head in disbelief. Then she turns away.

STRAWBERRY

This is really shitty. It's just so shitty. I can't live like this anymore. I can't do it.

VICTORIA touches STRAWBERRY'S arm to comfort her.

VICTORIA

It's going to be all right, Berry. We'll think of something, won't we?

STRAWBERRY begins to sob and buries her face in VICTORIA'S bosom. VICTORIA caresses her hair. The men stand in silence.

VICTORIA

It's all right. It's all right. Do you want to call your parents?

STRAWBERRY

They won't take me. I don't have anyone anymore.

CHESTER

You have me, Berry.

STRAWBERRY laughs wiping the tears from her eyes.

STRAWBERRY

Yeah, sure. I've got YOU, Chester. Yay. (sarcastically)

VG laughs.

STRAWBERRY

You think this is funny, VG?

VG

No, it ain't funny.

JONAH goes to the kitchen to get a beer out of the refrigerator. VG follows him.

VG

Jonah, we gotta talk about something.

JONAH

Yeah.

VG
That ain't my baby.

JONAH
How do you know?

VG is getting angry.

VG
It doesn't matter how I know. It just isn't. It can't be. You've gotta keep your mouth shut, man. Chester can't know about Berry and me.

JONAH
Yeah, but you've gotta do something.

VG stares at JONAH coldly.

VG
I don't have to do shit, Jonah.

JONAH
This whole situation is fucked. I've just about had it with all this sneaky bullshit.

VG
Oh yeah, it sounds like you want to lead this crew.

JONAH gives him an incredulous look.

JONAH
What crew? You think this is a crew? What kind of fucking fantasy land are you living in, VG?

VG shoves JONAH hard. JONAH slams into the garbage cans and falls to the floor. He scrambles to his feet and charges VG, but VG overpowers him and pins him to the wall by his neck.

VG
You know about a lot of shit, Jonah. You know what happens to traitors, don't you? How would your pretty girlfriend like waking up next to a corpse? I could kill all of you tonight and be down the road.

CHESTER comes in to investigate the commotion.

CHESTER
VG, let him go, man!

VG releases JONAH.

CHESTER
What the fuck is going on?!

JONAH
Fuck this.

VG
If you want out then go, tonight. But you leave your boots
and shit here... understand? I've got to know if I can
trust you.

JONAH looks down. VG's manner softens.

VG
Fuck... you're right. This is crazy. Listen, bro, why don't
I go get us something to eat. When I get back we'll drink
some beers and try to work out a plan of action.

VG pats JONAH on the shoulder.

VG
I'm sorry, man. I didn't mean it.

VG
C'mon Chester, let's walk down to Burger King.

CHESTER looks at JONAH and then follows VG into the living
room.

VG
I'm going out to get some food. Any special requests?

JONAH enters the room.

STRAWBERRY
Bring me a sprite.

CHESTER
Ok, a sprite. Are you coming, Jonah?

JONAH
No, man. I don't think so.

VG
It's ok, man. C'mon.

VICTORIA
Please stay, Jonah. I don't like being here alone.

JONAH looks at VICTORIA.

JONAH
Yeah, I'm gonna stay.

VG
Ok, later.

VG and CHESTER exit through the front door.

EXT. WILWAUKEE STREET - NIGHT

VG and CHESTER walk side by side down the street.

CHESTER
What's up with Jonah?

VG
Nothing, he's just getting cocky. So what are you going to do, man?

CHESTER
I don't know.

VG
Why don't we just split?

CHESTER looks at VG.

CHESTER
Are you serious?

VG
Why not? You know, I have most of the money with me. We could just take off for Detroit or New York or someplace. How about Canada? There are a lot of pretty girls up there. We could start all over. I'm sure that asshole, Cowboy, would never find us up there.

CHESTER

What about the others? We can't just leave them. I can't leave Strawberry. It's my baby. I'm responsible.

VG

You're responsible?! She'll be fine. You ever see a dog stick around after he knocks a bitch up? It's the natural way. Strawberry is young and pretty, man. She won't have any problem finding a man to look after her... and her kid.

CHESTER

I don't know. I don't think it's right to just take off.

VG is not listening.

VG

You know, Chester, I do hate to leave Jonah, but he's so far up that English bird's ass that I'm afraid there's no digging him out. He'll be ok, though. He's hard. And fuck Victoria anyway. I'm sick of her shit. So, what do you think? We'll leave tonight. We'll eat our burgers and then we're Long-Gone-Silver.

CHESTER doesn't say anything for a moment.

CHESTER

No, VG. It wouldn't be right. I'm going to marry Strawberry, and we're going to raise this baby together. She's right. We can't live like this anymore. I'm going to look for a job tomorrow.

VG

Yeah, ok. Why don't you ask for an application when we get to Burger King?

CHESTER

Fuck you, man. C'mon. Maybe I can join the army.

VG

What? The army?! Ok, so, you want to go fight for ZOG, clean toilets, and have niggers boss you around all day? That's a great idea. Wow, I think I'll do that too.

CHESTER

I've got to do something, man. I've got to grow up and be a man.

INT. WILWAUKEE HOUSE - NIGHT

JONAH, VICTORIA, and STRAWBERRY are on the sofa. STRAWBERRY is sleeping with her head in VICTORIA'S lap. VICTORIA is stroking STRAWBERRY'S hair. JONAH is sitting next to VICTORIA holding her hand.

JONAH

What does VG stand for?

VICTORIA

You don't know?

JONAH

I never asked.

VICTORIA chuckles softly.

VICTORIA

Vandel George

JONAH

What?! Really?

VICTORIA

Yeah, isn't that funny?

JONAH

Yeah. What did he go to prison for?

VICTORIA

Strong-armed robbery.

JONAH

What's that?

VICTORIA

Theft by means of intimidation.

JONAH

What do you mean? How?

VICTORIA

Well, I heard that VG and some other guys who were around back then walked up on some punks hanging out in front of the Clearview. One of them was wearing a brand new pair of

boots. DMs were a rarer thing in Dallas in those days, I think. VG convinced the kid to take them off on the spot and give them to him. The kid's father turned out to be a city attorney. VG got two years. There were plenty of witnesses.

VICTORIA looks at the clock.

VICTORIA

They've been gone for a long time now, Jonah.

JONAH doesn't look concerned.

JONAH

Yeah.

VICTORIA

Do you think they'd do a runner?

JONAH

I don't know.

INT. BURGER KING - NIGHT

VG and CHESTER are standing at the counter. Most of the CUSTOMERS and EMPLOYEES in the restaurant are black. There are several groups of customers some of whom appear to be young and tough. The place gets quiet and all eyes are on the two skinheads. The CASHIER is visibly uncomfortable.

CASHIER

Can I help you?

CHESTER

Yeah, five Whoppers with cheese...

VG

I don't want onions on mine.

CHESTER

One with no onions, five large fries...

VG

So, we're really going back to the house with all this food, so you can marry that pregnant bitch and join the fucking army?

CHESTER
Four large cokes and a sprite.

VG
I see. Ok, dude.

VG is silent for a moment watching CHESTER. Then VG turns to a group of young black CUSTOMERS seated in the restaurant.

VG
What the fuck are you staring at?

CASHIER
Will there be anything else?

VG
Yeah, hold the nigger spit!

The cashier shakes his head.

CASHIER
Oh man... what the fuck? C'mon!

At this, a big guy, CARL, from the seated group stands up.

VG
What?! What do you want Magilla Gorilla?

CHESTER
C'mon, VG, let's get out of here. Fuck this. Don't do this shit.

VG
Fuck you, Chester. I don't have to take shit off these juggaboos.

CHESTER
It's getting late. I just want to go home.

CARL
Yeah, white boy. You'd best get the fuck on out of here now while you can.

CARL'S GIRLFRIEND
Carl, no!

Several of CARL'S friends comment independently, encouraging him to fight. One of the young toughs, Elijah, stands up.

ELIJAH

Let's fuck these dudes up, Carl.

CARL

Shut up. This ain't your business, Elijah. This shit is between me and this fucking peckerwood here.

VG

Yeah, Carl, that's right. I am 100% solid wood. That's why I don't have to take any shit from monkeys like you. Let's go!

CASHIER

You motherfuckers need to take this shit outside. I'm calling the cops right now.

VG and CHESTER walk out the door.

EXT. BURGER KING PARKING LOT - NIGHT

VG and CHESTER are surrounded by several groups of angry CUSTOMERS. VG and CARL are about to fight. ELIJAH approaches CHESTER from behind and fires a pistol into his head. CHESTER drops dead on the ground.

ELIJAH flees on foot. Everyone else in the parking lot jumps into various cars, which in short order peel away. VG drags CHESTER over to the grass and cradles his bloody head in his hands. VG cries.

VG

Oh God Chester! I'm so sorry! I'm so fucking sorry, man.
This is fucked up. It's fucked up.

CHESTER is completely lifeless. VG can hear sirens approaching. He lays CHESTER down on his back.

VG

God, I'm sorry Chester. I have to go. They'll take care of you.

VG flees into the darkness.

INT. MILWAUKEE HOUSE - NIGHT

The clock shows 1:00 AM. VICTORIA looks at the clock and gently maneuvers her lap from under STRAWBERRY'S sleeping head, replacing it with a pillow.

She goes to the bedroom where she finds JONAH asleep on the bed with his boots on. She lies down next to him and kisses his head. She closes her eyes.

INT. MILWAUKEE HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

STRAWBERRY is asleep on the couch. There is a knock on the door and the noise of a police radio. STRAWBERRY opens her eyes. The knocking continues as she gains her feet. She groggily approaches the front door and opens it. There are two MILWAUKEE COPS standing on the porch.

DETECTIVE LOUGHLIN

Is this the residence of Chester Cummings?

STRAWBERRY

Yes.

DETECTIVE JEFFERSON

Do you mind stepping outside for a moment?

STRAWBERRY

What's going on?

STRAWBERRY steps outside and closes the door. VICTORIA and JONAH enter the living room, squinting in the morning light. VICTORIA looks out the window. STRAWBERRY re-enters the house. She appears to be in shock.

STRAWBERRY

Chester is dead. They want me to go with them to identify the body.

STRAWBERRY begins to cry. VICTORIA looks out the window.

VICTORIA

My car is gone. VG took my car.

JONAH
What?!

VICTORIA
He must have come in and taken the keys while we were
asleep.

EXT. WILWAUKEE STREETS - AFTERNOON

ELIJAH is literally riding shotgun in a car with his
gangster companions. Big CARL is driving. ELIJAH loads a
pump shotgun.

ELIJAH
Slow down, Carl. This is it.

ELIJAH aims his pump shotgun and fires at the Dallas skins'
Milwaukee house eight times.

INT. MILWAUKEE HOUSE - AFTERNOON

The house is dark. STRAWBERRY is lying on the sofa staring
into space catatonically. VICTORIA is standing at the
window biting her nails. JONAH enters the room with the AK-
47.

JONAH
Well, he didn't take the gun. Maybe, we can sell it.
Victoria, what are you watching for? He isn't coming back.

VICTORIA
I know. I'm just thinking.

JONAH
What are you thinking?

VICTORIA
Oh, I don't know.

JONAH takes VICTORIA by the waist and turns his back to the
window. The window is shattered by the shotgun blast. JONAH
and VICTORIA fall to the ground. Several more blasts
follow. JONAH is unconscious and bleeding from the head and
back. VICTORIA crawls on the floor toward STRAWBERRY.

VICTORIA
Are you ok, Berry?

STRAWBERRY hasn't moved from the couch.

STRAWBERRY
Yeah. I'm fine.

VICTORIA
We have to call for an ambulance.

STRAWBERRY
Can you do it? I'm so tired.

VICTORIA picks up the AK-47 and takes it back to the bedroom. She hides it under the mattress.

INT. MILWAUKEE HOUSE - DAY

The paramedics carefully tend to JONAH, placing him on a stretcher. STRAWBERRY is still catatonic on the sofa. The police are talking to VICTORIA.

DETECTIVE LOUGHLIN
What's all this about? Are you guys some kind of skinheads or something?

VICTORIA
Something.

DET. LOUGHLIN
Well, you picked a great neighborhood. Are you finding it hard to get along?

DET. JEFFERSON laughs then points to the crucified skinhead tattoo on JONAH's limp arm.

DET. JEFFERSON
What's the meaning of this tattoo?

VICTORIA
Martyrdom.

DET. LOUGHLIN
Is that right? Huh. Is this guy your boyfriend?

VICTORIA

Yes.

DET. LOUGHLIN

Well, he's lucky to be alive, babe.

INT. MILWAUKEE HOUSE - NIGHT

VICTORIA enters from outside. She looks at STRAWBERRY who is asleep on the sofa. VICTORIA walks back to the room where JONAH is lying on the bed. His head and torso are heavily bandaged.

VICTORIA

Hi.

JONAH

Hi there, darling.

VICTORIA lies down next to him on the bed.

VICTORIA

You're very brave.

JONAH

I don't feel brave. I feel like someone shot me.

VICTORIA

If it was that bad, they wouldn't have let you come home.

JONAH

It feels that bad. Trust me. What did the cops say? Did they ask any questions about me?

VICTORIA

No, not really, but they did say that the newspaper would publish our address. We should move as soon as possible.

JONAH

Man, I don't know. I'm in pretty bad shape.

VICTORIA

I was thinking...

JONAH

What?

VICTORIA
Do you have a passport?

JONAH
Yeah.

JONAH laughs.

VICTORIA
Why are you laughing?

JONAH
I got it for when my parents took me with them to Jamaica for Reggae Sun-splash a couple of years ago. It seems like a long time ago now.

VICTORIA laughs.

VICTORIA
Who did you see?

JONAH
Toots and the Maytals and Jimmy Cliff, there were a bunch of others too.

VICTORIA
Cool. I saw Toots a couple of years ago in London. Jonah?

JONAH
What?

VICTORIA
What if we went to London. Do you want to come back with me?

JONAH
What will I do about my passport?

VICTORIA
Here's what I was thinking. I'll get my dad to wire me some money, and we'll get a bus or a train back down to Dallas. Do you think you could break into your parents' house to get your passport and whatever else you need?

JONAH

Yeah, sure... if they haven't thrown everything away.

VICTORIA
Surely not.

JONAH
What about Strawberry?

VICTORIA
Well, I can get her a ticket back to Dallas at least.
That's what she wants, I think.

VICTORIA kisses JONAH'S forehead.

VICTORIA
I promise everything will be fine. You're going to love London. There's always a show to go to, and there are loads of proper skinheads. I'm certain that you'll get on famously.

JONAH
I don't know. I've heard something like this before.

VICTORIA
It's not going to be like this. I promise.

JONAH
I think I'm tired of playing skinhead.

VICTORIA
Oh, you're just saying that because you're hurt. This will just make you stronger and give you more motivation to fight on.

JONAH
Can't we just go away somewhere and be together? No skinheads, no movement... just you and me. I don't want to die like Chester or go to jail for this bullshit.

VICTORIA
What's bullshit about it, Jonah?

JONAH
People like VG... those nuts in Oklahoma. All I've seen is cruelty and betrayal. How can I trust anybody?

STAWBERRY appears in the doorway.

STRAWBERRY

You can't. It's all lies and bullshit, Jonah.

VICTORIA

Strawberry, don't say that.

STRAWBERRY

You know it's true. But, why should you give a shit? It's all like a big game to you. Right, Victoria?

VICTORIA

Berry, you're upset and talking rubbish now.

STRAWBERRY

This shit just takes and takes. It takes your family, your friends... Chester. Jonah, you stabbed somebody. It took your youth. You can't ever get that back.

VICTORIA

Don't listen to her, Jonah. She's gone mad. We'll talk about this later when you're well.

JONAH

Both of you get the fuck out! I don't need this! I don't need any of this!

STRAWBERRY

I'm sorry, Jonah.

VICTORIA

I'm sorry too.

JONAH

Just get the fuck out! My head is killing me.

VICTORIA gets up, takes STRAWBERRY by the arm, and they leave the room together closing the door behind.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

COWBOY is sitting on the bed watching the news on television. He is still wearing his hat and aviator glasses.

TV

A Texas man was shot last night following a confrontation in a Burger King parking lot on Milwaukee's south side. Police say that the victim, Chester Cummings, may be a member of a skinhead gang thought to occupy a house in the immediate area. The shooter is still at large, and there are no suspects.

COWBOY leans back against the headboard and laughs.

INT. MILWAUKEE HOUSE - NIGHT

(Stay with Him - Symarip)

The house is dark. VICTORIA is standing beside JONAH'S bed watching him sleep. There are tears in her eyes. She walks into the living room where STRAWBERRY is sleeping on the sofa. She takes a long look at STRAWBERRY. She picks up her bag which is sitting next to the door and walks out.

INT. WESTERN UNION - MORNING

VICTORIA is waiting in line.

CLERK
Next.

VICTORIA
Do you have anything for Victoria Davis?

CLERK
Hold on, yes.

VICTORIA
Oh lovely. That makes me happy.

VICTORIA signs for the wire and takes the money.

VICTORIA
Thank you! Would it be possible to ring a taxi from here?

CLERK
Sure.

INT. MILWAUKEE HOUSE - MORNING

JONAH hobbles out of bed to the bathroom. He leans against the wall while he urinates. He moans a little from the pain. He comes out of the toilet and has a look around the house. STRAWBERRY is asleep on the couch.

JONAH
Victoria?

EXT. MILWAUKEE FREEWAY - MORNING

COWBOY'S truck exits the freeway.

INT. TAXI - MORNING

DRIVER
Where to?

VICTORIA
Airport please.

DRIVER
No problem.

INT. MILWAUKEE HOUSE - MORNING

JONAH sits down in a chair next to the window and looks out. STRAWBERRY opens her eyes.

STRAWBERRY
Hi.

JONAH
She's gone. She took her bag.

STRAWBERRY
I'm sorry, Jonah.

JONAH
We're going home. I'm going to call my parents.

STRAWBERRY
But, Jonah...

JONAH
What?

STRAWBERRY
We can't go back; you might go to jail.

JONAH
I don't care. I just don't care.

EXT. MILWAUKEE STREETS - MORNING

COWBOY pulls into a convenience store across from the BURGER KING. He gets out and goes inside. He speaks with the clerk who shakes his head, points, and gestures as if giving directions.

INT. MILWAUKEE AIRPORT - MORNING

VICTORIA is at the ticket counter. The TICKET AGENT hands a passport and ticket to VICTORIA.

TICKET AGENT
Ok, you're on flight 753 to Chicago O'Hare, which will be boarding shortly. You'll just have a short layover and your flight from Chicago to London Heathrow will depart at 4:00 PM.

VICTORIA
Thank you!

TICKET AGENT
Have a pleasant trip and thank you for flying Continental.

EXT. MILWAUKEE STREET - MORNING

COWBOY'S truck cruises slowly along the street. COWBOY looks carefully at the houses.

INT. AIRPORT - MORNING

VICTORIA walks to her gate and checks into her flight. She gives her ticket to the flight attendant and enters the

jetway. She boards the plane and makes her way down the aisle. Finally, she takes her seat. As the crew makes the necessary announcements, preparations, and demonstrations she closes her eyes and sighs.

INT. MILWAUKEE HOUSE - MORNING

STRAWBERRY

I'm going to take a shower. I'm filthy.

STRAWBERRY goes down the hall toward the back of the house. JONAH goes to the kitchen and pours some cereal in a cheap plastic bowl and adds tap water.

JONAH brings his bowl into the living room and sits down on a milk crate near the front door where he can peer out the window. He takes a drink of the cereal and leans his bandaged head back and closes his eyes for a moment.

There is a knock on the door. JONAH looks out of the window. He can see COWBOY'S truck outside.

JONAH
Shit.

There is more knocking.

COWBOY
Open up the fucking door.

JONAH remains silent and doesn't move. Suddenly the door flies open. COWBOY enters rapidly. He kicks JONAH in the chest, causing his milk crate to fall backwards. His cereal scatters.

JONAH is on his back. He groans in pain. COWBOY puts his boot on his chest and applies pressure. JONAH struggles to get up, but COWBOY pistol whips him, bloodying his nose. JONAH remains still as Cowboy points his pistol at his head.

COWBOY
Where the fuck is VG?

JONAH
He's gone.

COWBOY

Bullshit. Don't lie to me! I know a liar, you stupid little fuck.

COWBOY steps hard on JONAH'S chest. JONAH screeches in agony.

COWBOY

You're running out of time. I am going to kill someone today, but it doesn't have to be you, kid. Where is VG?

STRAWBERRY appears in the hall carrying the AK-47. She approaches slowly.

COWBOY

Well, missy, that's a start. Now, bring me that god damned gun. Then we'll talk about my money.

STRAWBERRY struggles with the cocking handle.

COWBOY

That's very cute. I'm about to shoot your little boyfriend in the face, so don't fuck around with that thing.

JONAH

Push down the lever, Berry.

STRAWBERRY pushes the selector lever all the way down and pulls the charging handle back and releases it.

COWBOY

Now you've done it...

COWBOY doesn't finish his sentence because STRAWBERRY fires an automatic burst into his stomach and chest. He falls to the floor dead. STRAWBERRY drops the rifle.

BLACK

EXT. MILWAUKEE STEET - DAY

POLICE, FIREMEN, AND AMBULANCES are on the scene. STRAWBERRY is sitting on the front steps of the house.

JONAH is being checked out by paramedics nearby. His nose is bloody.

DET. JEFFERSON sits down next to STRAWBERRY. JONAH and STRAWBERRY exchange apprehensive looks. JONAH is unable to hear the conversation between DET. JEFFERSON and STRAWBERRY.

DET. JEFFERSON
What happened here?

STRAWBERRY
It was self-defense.

DET. JEFFERSON
Well, that depends. This isn't Texas where you can just shoot people in cold blood for looking at you funny or snoring too loud or whatever. You're in Wisconsin. Are you aware that this man was killed with an unlicensed machine gun?

STRAWBERRY
What? I don't understand.

DETECTIVE JEFFERSON
It has been illegally converted. Possession of such a weapon is a felony. You could get ten years if convicted. And as for self-defense... well, one bullet is one thing, but that guy has about 20 in him. That's excessive force, don't you think?

STRAWBERRY
No.

DETECTIVE JEFFERSON
You are aware that there is a dead man lying in there riddled with bullets? I know he can't tell me anything because he is dead, and someone has to be held accountable. Was it your boyfriend? What's his name?

STRAWBERRY
Jonah. He's not my boyfriend.

DET. LOUGHLIN approaches JONAH. JONAH sighs.

DET. LOUGHLIN

Well, this is some bad shit huh? Who is the dead guy? Have you seen him before, or is he just some son of a bitch who busts into random houses waving a gun around?

JONAH

Yeah, I've seen him before... in Oklahoma. His name is Cowboy.

DETECTIVE LOUGHLIN

Cowboy? You've got to be shitting me. I wonder what inspired the Oklahoma Kid here to drive all the way to Milwaukee just in time to get blown away by a couple of kids in a flophouse. It's all very strange, don't you think?

JONAH

Yeah.

DET. LOUGHLIN

How did you wind up in this mess, son?

JONAH

I don't know.

DET. LOUGHLIN

You're girlfriend is having a talk with Detective Jefferson over there, you see? I wonder what she's going to say. I bet you are wondering too.

JONAH can see that STRAWBERRY is starting to cry.

JONAH

She's pregnant.

DET. LOUGHLIN

Yours?

JONAH

No, not mine.

DET. LOUGHLIN

Yeah, this is a mess. Someone is in trouble. Jail is no place to have a baby.

JONAH

Yeah, I know.

DET. LOUGHLIN
Who does the AK-47 belong to?

JONAH
It's Cowboy's.

DET. LOUGHLIN
I'm assuming that he didn't walk in and smoke himself with
his own gun.

JONAH
No.

DET. LOUGHLIN
Interesting. The self-defense thing isn't going to fly. Not
with a stolen machine gun. I'd say you're just about
fucked. I have a feeling that Sweet-Tits over there is
about to tell that homicide detective that you shot Cowboy.
Right?

JONAH
Maybe, I guess she might.

DET. LOUGHLIN
But, you know what, Jonah?

JONAH
What?

DET. LOUGHLIN
I don't think that's what happened.

JONAH gives him a puzzled look.

DET. LOUGHLIN
Look at you. You're all fucked up. You can barely even
walk. It just doesn't add up to me. I think sweet-tits over
there pulled the trigger. What do you think of my theory?

JONAH
I don't know.

DET. LOUGHLIN
We have a way to find out if someone has fired a gun or
not. Did you know that?

JONAH

Really?

DET. LOUGHLIN
Yeah, really.

STRAWBERRY is still crying. DET. JEFFERSON looks at DET. LOUGHLIN and shakes his head in the negative.

JONAH
He was going to kill us. I shot him.

DET. LOUGHLIN looks doubtful.

DET. LOUGHLIN
Are you sure about that?

JONAH
I had to do it. He was going to kill us.

DET. LOUGHLIN
Is that right?

JONAH
Yeah.

DET. LOUGHLIN
Why are you doing this?

JONAH
Jail is no place to have a baby.

DET. LOUGHLIN
You got that right. I'm going to take you into custody.
Don't worry. You'll get a chance to call a lawyer and all
that shit.

(Pressure Drop - Toots and the Maytals)

DET. LOUGHLIN puts JONAH in handcuffs. STRAWBERRY stands up and watches as he is lead to a police car and put in the back.

PEOPLE (mostly black) are gathered in the street watching the activity. STRAWBERRY is standing alone in the yard as the police car drives away with JONAH inside. He can see STRAWBERRY sitting alone on the porch.

INT. PRISON PASSAGEWAY

JONAH is escorted down a long passageway by prison guards.
A metal door closes behind him.

BLACK

TITLE "TEXAS 1989"

INT. GREYHOUND BUS - DAY

JONAH is looking out the window at the north Texas prairie.
The weather is clear and mild. The ELDERLY BLACK WOMAN
seated next to him is lively and talkative.

WOMAN

It sure looks like a fine day.

JONAH

Yes, ma'am.

WOMAN

I don't care if I ever see snow again.

JONAH laughs.

WOMAN

Where did you say you came from?

JONAH

Milwaukee

WOMAN

Brrr! I bet that's worse than St. Louis. Have you ever been
to Texas?

JONAH

I'm from Texas.

WOMAN

I should have known. You southern boys are so polite. You
must be going home for Christmas.

JONAH
That's right.

WOMAN
Me too, I'm going to see my grand-babies. My son was real nervous about me coming on the bus. He thinks the bus is for convicts and hobos, but he couldn't afford to fly me down. What do you do in Milwaukee?

JONAH
I'm a student.

The woman is perhaps not completely convinced. She can see the tattoos on his forearms.

WOMAN
Oh, I see. Well, I bet your family will be real happy to see you.

JONAH
I'm sure.

INT. GREYHOUND BUS - DAY

The bus is entering the bus station. JONAH can see his MOTHER, STEPFATHER, and BROTHERS waiting for him. SEAN is there too. JONAH laughs when he sees that SEAN is wearing a business suit complete with a respectable haircut. They are all smiling and waving. JONAH waves to them.

WOMAN
There they are.

JONAH smiles at the woman.

The OLD BLACK WOMAN sees her family standing there too, a MAN, WOMAN, and SMALL CHILDREN.

WOMAN
Oh good. There's my son. I didn't want to wait. I don't know about you, but I'm getting hungry.

The bus stops.

BLACK

THE END