

FADE IN:

INT. DON'S HOUSE - DAY

A Phone RINGS and wakes up DON QUINN. He lies, fully dressed on a sagging couch, the remains of a party scattered about him. Don is in his mid thirties, skinny and pale. His hair is spiky and his ragged clothes come from Regina's finest thrift stores.

Through the cluttered mess that is his home, Don moves to answer the phone. The house, like Don, has seen better days.

Grimacing at the ringing, Don reaches the phone.

DON

Yeah hello....what...yeah...hang on...

Don puts the receiver down on a table piled high with papers. He looks round, gaining his bearings, then turns his attention to the staircase.

DON (cont'd)

(yelling)

Roper telephone!

This exertion brings on a coughing fit and Don struggles to bring it under control. He searches through the pile of papers on the table, knocking the receiver off in the process and extracts a slightly bent cigarette. He straightens it between his fingers, lights it and takes a long pull. He coughs again.

Don scoops the receiver off the floor, listens for a moment then puts it back down on the table.

DON (cont'd)

Roper, pick up the goddamn phone!

Silence. Don sighs. He moves slowly up the staircase.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Don kicks open the door and walks into the room, empty save for a stained, lumpy mattress and a cardboard box. He pauses, taking in the absence of Roper.

DON

Shit.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

Don stands in the backyard near a scorched oil barrel. The patches of grass that poke out between the piles of rusting auto parts are already brown in the early autumn air.

Don feeds items from the cardboard box that had been in Roper's room into the barrel. Tongues of flame leap out of the barrel to grab the socks that Don dangles over the rim with a barbecue fork. Don flips through a stained paperback novel before tossing it in, then pockets a cassette tape and throws the box into the fire.

INT. R.P.M.'S - DAY

Revolutions Per Minute (R.P.M.'S) is a used record store. It is set in a long narrow room lined on either side with wooden bins full of vinyl. The walls are coated with peeling posters for bands both famous and forgotten. A VINTAGE PUNK RECORD PLAYS on the store's stereo. At the back of the store sit Don and BUBBA.

Bubba, like Don, is in his mid-thirties, but time has taken a harder toll on Bubba. He is overweight, his skin is dull and pasty, his hair, lank and greasy.

Don sits behind the counter flipping through a comic book. Bubba sits on the other side of the counter, struggling to keep his bulk on a rickety stool. Bubba is thinking.

BUBBA

How much did he owe you?

DON

Two months.

BUBBA

I never liked the look of that guy.

DON

Yeah well, at least he didn't rip off my stuff.

TWO YOUNG SKATE PUNKS enter the store and begin to sort through the bins.

BUBBA

So I guess you'll be looking for another roomie?

DON

I guess.

(CONTINUED)

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Bubba leans forward.

BUBBA
Well I might be interested...

Don looks up from his comic, a worried look in his eyes.

BUBBA (cont'd)
I mean mom's OK and all but I
need some privacy, know what I mean?

DON
Oh sorry Bubba, I already got somebody
lined up, shit if I knew you were looking
to move, man...

BUBBA
Who is it?

DON
What?...Oh you don't know him, but hey if
he doesn't work out you're the first guy
I call.

Don moves quickly towards the two Skate Punks and away from
Bubba.

DON
Need any help?

Skate Punk #1 holds up an album, GET THE KNACK.

SKATE PUNK #1
So Don, you ever heard this?

Don grimaces and taking the album from the kid, stuffs it
back in the rack. He shakes his head.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

A chain convenience store, a pimply TEEN in a polyester bib
behind the counter. Don enters carrying a case of beer. He
nods to the Teen.

DON
What's new?

TEEN
Absolutely nothing.

DON
Stick this up OK?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Don pushes a card towards the Teen. The Teen scans it.

TEEN
What again?

Shrugging, Don picks up his beer case and exits the store.
The Teen calls after him.

TEEN (cont'd)
How much did this one owe?

The Teen moves over to a bulletin board stuffed full of cards and pins up Don's card.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Don rolls down a quiet suburban street on an old three speed bicycle with a large, heavy frame, the case of beer strapped to the rear rack. He turns up the driveway of a newish house still without a lawn, tosses his bike in the bushes, walks up to the front door and rings the bell.

EXT. ANIMAL'S PORCH - NIGHT

The door is opened by a twelve year old boy, JOEY. He scowls at Don through the screen door and disappears. His mother, TINA, can be heard.

TINA
(o.s.)
Joey, who's there? Dee Dee hustle your butt!

Don opens the screen door and steps inside.

INT. ANIMAL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

TINA, an extremely fit looking woman in her early thirties is pulling a coat onto a squirming six year old boy, DEE DEE. She glances up at Don.

Dee Dee jumps up from his mother's lap and runs up to Don, punching him soundly on the thigh. Don grimaces.

DON
How's things?

Tina moves toward the door, grabbing Dee Dee's hand as she passes by. She calls back over her shoulder.

TINA
Joey let's move...See you later Don.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Tina and Dee Dee exit the house. Joey races into the room, pauses to punch Don in the (other) thigh and races out of the house. Don limps through the room.

INT. ANIMAL'S BASEMENT - NIGHT

ANIMAL is settled into a large easy chair in front of a large screen TV as Don limps down the stairs and into the room. An extra large pizza sits ready on the table. The familiar THEME from HOCKEY NIGHT IN CANADA is heard in the background.

Animal is in his mid-thirties, a bit heavy, his hair greying. He wears a Montreal Canadiens jersey. He twists round in his chair to greet Don.

ANIMAL
About fucking time.

Don plops the beer case down on the table, rips it open and tosses a beer towards Animal and taking one for himself, settles on a couch.

DON
I was talking to Tina.

Animal grunts and flicks the TV remote. The VOLUME JUMPS.

T.V. ANNOUNCER
(o.s.)
Welcome hockey fans, we've got two great games on offer tonight, the classic match-up as the Canadiens host the Toronto Maple Leafs..

Don and Animal lean forward in anticipation.

T.V. ANNOUNCER (cont'd)
and for viewers Manitoba and West we have an intra-division match between the Phoenix Coyotes and the Columbia Blue Jackets...

Don and Animal sag back into the furniture.

LATER THAT NIGHT

Don and Animal sit slumped, the empties scattered about the table. They look very unhappy.

T.V. ANNOUNCER
(o.s.)
Well it's not often that you get to see a zero-zero tie after overtime John.

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CONTINUED:

T.V. ANNOUNCER #2

(o.s.)

No Tom, you're right there, but it's not as if the goalies had a good nights work, Phoenix had just fifteen shots on goal and the Columbia could only manage twelve.

Animal scowls.

ANIMAL

What the fuck was that all about?

DON

I told you to switch over to the French.

ANIMAL

No fucking way,
 (putting on a French accent)
 Eh le boooo,
 (back to Saskatchewan twang)
 what's that all about? I gotta get a dish.

Don drains the rest of his beer and slaps it down on the table.

DON

You coming out tonight?

ANIMAL

Who's playing?

DON

I don't know, some Winnipeg band.

ANIMAL

I hate Winnipeg bands.

DON

What! Since when?

ANIMAL

You know since when.

DON

Oh man, just let it go.

Animal scowls.

ANIMAL

Never.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DON

Aw come on man, it'll be great.

Animal shakes his head. Don pulls on his coat.

DON (cont'd)

You're gonna get in a rut if you don't watch it man.

Animal pulls on his beer. Don heads up the staircase. Animal swivels round and calls up the stairs.

ANIMAL

See ya next Saturday.

INT. THE PIT - NIGHT

The Pit is a club, small and dark and smoky. A tiny stage is wedged in a corner and A BAND of twenty year olds with loud guitars fills every inch of it. A small group of MOSHERS swirl about to the music. The stage is horse-shoed by a row of tables, half filled with an odd mixture of punks, neo-hippies, goths, club kids, skins and metalheads. This town is too small for each sub-culture to have its own place to hang.

Don leans against the bar with easy familiarity, nodding his head to the thumping noise. The band crashes to a halt and the club's PA takes over. The house lights go up and people start to pull on their coats. Don blinks in the light and signals for another beer. The bartender, GORDO, shakes his head.

GORDO

Sorry Don, Time.

Don grimaces. Don is a little drunk.

DON

Aw come on Gordo.

Gordo shakes his head and moves down the bar gathering bottles. STEVIE, the club's manager and a contemporary of Don's, wanders over, a case of empties in his arms.

STEVIE

So what did you think?

Don shrugs.

DON

Too many love songs. Hey Stevie can I get a beer or what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Stevie smiles and shakes his head.

STEVIE

Sorry Don, the cops have really been on
my ass lately.

He pulls a bottle out of the case of empties.

STEVIE

This one is almost full.

Don hesitates for a moment before grabbing the bottle.

EXT. THE PIT - NIGHT

Don is the last straggler, the door slamming and locking behind him after he exits. He staggers a bit, gets his bearings and unlocks his bike. Don climbs aboard and a bit unsteadily weaves down the quiet street.

EXT. DON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

ZIGGY PANZER (21) sits huddled on the steps of Don's house, shivering in the cold. Her short hair is hidden beneath a floppy cap. She wears a thin leather jacket, a pair of baggy pants and big, black army boots. A kit bag sits beside her.

Don cruises up the walk and tosses his bike in the bushes. Wearily, he walks up the steps and stops, surprised by the figure sitting there. Ziggy looks up at his approach. Don sways in place for a moment, then picking his way past Ziggy, enters the house and closes the door.

INT. DON'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Don throws off his jacket and kicks off his boots, gripping the bannister for support. He starts to move up the stairway when a KNOCK comes on the door.

Don pauses, listening for more sound, then resumes his climb. Another KNOCK.

Don sighs and turns back down the staircase. He throws open the door. A shivering Ziggy thrusts a card towards Don. It's the same one he left at the convenience store.

ZIGGY

Are you Don Quinn?

Don takes the card, looks at it for a moment, then nods. He steps past Ziggy and grabs her kit bag. Without a word to her he turns and heads up the stairs. Ziggy pauses, considering, then moves up after him.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Don has disappeared but Ziggy's bag sits in the middle of the room near the stained, lumpy mattress. The room looks especially grim in the light of the 40 watt bulb that hangs on a tattered wire from the ceiling. Ziggy looks round the room. She tests the mattress with her boot, then drags her bag over near the radiator and sags down beside it.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Sunlight pokes through the grimy window. Ziggy stirs from a shallow sleep and jerks awake. She looks round the room in confusion. She struggles to her feet, stretches and looks out the window, blinking in the light. She decides to explore.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Ziggy creeps down the hallway, stopping at the open door of the bathroom. She pokes her head in, pulling it quickly back out, her nose wrinkling in disgust.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ziggy comes down the stairs and enters the living room. It is cluttered with furniture. Beer bottles and plates are scattered about. Ziggy moves over towards the stereo.

The stereo is a good one, fifteen years on. It is surrounded by shelves full of LPs, the only things in the room in any sort of order. Ziggy scans the LPs. Her eyebrows arch in approval. She pulls out a record, HUSKER DU's "LAND SPEED RECORD" and slaps it on the turntable. She gets it spinning but no sound emerges.

Ziggy is puzzled. She turns her attention to the amp. She cranks the volume to the right. Still no sound. She engages in a trial and error method involving punching a series of buttons in an array of combinations. Finally she hits the right combination.

THE SOUND IS VERY LOUD.

INT. DON'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Don rolls off his bed and hits the floor with a dull thump. The floorboards vibrate to Husker Du. Don wakes up.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ziggy staggers back at the noise, a look of panic on her face. She reaches for the volume nob but it comes off in her hand.

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CONTINUED:

She spies a pile of dirty plates stacked on top of the TV. They've been shaken loose by the vibrations and are nearing the edge. She scoops them up before they tumble to the floor.

Ziggy seeks relief from the noise. She exits the room.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Ziggy enters the kitchen and closes the swinging door behind her. The kitchen is a mess. She sets the plates down.

Husker Du is still quite loud in here, so Ziggy turns on the water. It helps to drown out the noise so she looks round the room and finding some dish detergent and a rag begins to do the dishes.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Don, clad only in a pair of grimy y-fronts, comes down the stairs and enters the living room. Confused, he moves through the house.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Ziggy is scrubbing away at the dishes. The running water and clattering crockery brings Husker Du to tolerable levels and Ziggy seems content.

Don sticks his head in the door. He is very surprised to see Ziggy. Don YELLS. This surprises Ziggy. She looks up in alarm. She YELLS. She drops a plate.

Don backs quickly out.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Don is very confused now. He wanders into the living room. He reaches to turn off the record, but waits, caught up by the crashing last chords of a tune. He bops his head a little, waiting for the final fade, then shuts off the stereo.

The noise taken care of, Don decides to find out who is in the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Ziggy is scooping up the remains of the dropped plate when Don sticks his head back in, followed, after a moment, by the rest of his body. Ziggy stands, clutching the broken plate behind her back. They look at one another.

DON
Who are you?

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CONTINUED:

Ziggy was waiting for this.

ZIGGY
I'm your new roommate.

Don considers this.

DON
What happened to the guy?

ZIGGY
What guy?

DON
The guy last night.

ZIGGY
That was me.

Don ponders.

DON
Oh....uh Don Quinn.

Don stretches out his hand. Ziggy shifts the broken plate to her other hand and stretches out the free one.

ZIGGY
Ziggy Panzer.

DON
Ziggy Panzer?

Ziggy nods.

ZIGGY
Don't ask.

Don nods.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Don is parked in front of the TV, beer in hand. Behind him, Ziggy and her best friend LONI (21) struggle on the stairs with a futon.

DON
Just holler if you need a hand.

INT. ZIGGY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Ziggy and Loni flop down on the futon, exhausted by their efforts. Loni wears a lot of makeup. She looks round the room.

LONI

This place looks like shit Zigs.

Ziggy pulls out a couple of cigarettes, hands one to Loni and lights them with a big silver lighter. Ziggy takes a long pull.

ZIGGY

It's just until spring, then I'm outta here.

LONI

What's he like?

Ziggy is confused. Loni points through the floor.

ZIGGY

I don't know, he seems all right.

LONI

He looks kind of familiar.

ZIGGY

You know, that's what I thought...I think maybe he's a type, you know, the thirty something guy type? They're everywhere these days.

Loni nods.

LONI

Do you feel safe here?

Ziggy emits a sputtering laugh.

ZIGGY

Christ Loni, give me some credit. Have you seen those toothpicks he calls arms? I could crush him.

Loni takes another look round the room.

LONI

Actually I was thinking more about the wiring. Hey wanna go get a beer?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZIGGY
It's Sunday.

LONI
There's gotta be something open. Hey what
about the Corral?

ZIGGY
I'm not up for line dancing tonight.

Ziggy takes a long pull on her smoke.

ZIGGY (cont'd)
I hate this town.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Don is still parked in front of the TV. Ziggy and Loni come down the stairs and enter the room, standing just behind Don.

LONI
I'm gonna run Zigs.

Ziggy grabs her hand.

ZIGGY
You want to watch some TV?

Don swivels round in his chair.

DON
Do you like hockey?

LONI
I should go study, we've got a test on
colouring tomorrow.

She wraps Ziggy in a tight hug.

ZIGGY
Call me tomorrow?

LONI
Sleep tight Zigs.
(to Don)
Nice to meet you.

Loni heads out the door. Don calls after her.

DON
See ya later...

The door closes. Don turns to Ziggy.

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CONTINUED:

DON
What was her name again?

ZIGGY
Loni.

Ziggy starts to slide out of the room.

DON
You want to watch some TV?

ZIGGY
I think I'm gonna crash.

DON
You passed the test you know?

Ziggy stops, hovering by the stairway.

ZIGGY
What?

DON
You passed the roommate test.

ZIGGY
Uh good...I wasn't aware there was one.

DON
You think I'd take just anyone off the street?

Don climbs out of his chair and walks over to the shelves of LPs Ziggy takes a tentative step back into the room.

ZIGGY
So what's the test?

Don runs his hand across the record spines.

DON
Well, I ask the person to choose five records. They get so many points per record and if their choices add up to ten, they're in.

ZIGGY
I only chose one.

DON
Yah but it was Husker Du, that's ten points right there.

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CONTINUED: (2)

ZIGGY

Lucky me.

Ziggy starts to move away again.

DON

Plus, I've planted five stiffs. If they choose any of them, they're out the door.

Ziggy is intrigued. She moves over to the shelves and scans the records.

ZIGGY

So are these stiffs real obvious or what?

DON

To every sensible person they are.

ZIGGY

Yah but is this knowing kitsch like Corey Hart records or something more subtle?

DON

Let's see how you do.

Ziggy gives Don a questioning look.

DON (cont'd)

Don't worry, you're already in.

Ziggy plunges her hand into the rack and pulls out GET THE KNACK.

DON

That's an easy one.

Ziggy resumes her search. She pulls out LED ZEPPELIN I.

ZIGGY

I hate Zeppelin more than life itself.

Don nods. Ziggy pulls out the first BOSTON LP.

ZIGGY

Wow, Boston! You got some Toronto and Chicago albums stashed away too?

DON

Isn't it weird how bands named after cities are so lame?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ZIGGY

Yah but albums named after cities are usually pretty great, X had Los Angeles, The Clash had London Calling, Lou Reed had New York-

DON

-Yah and the band Berlin sucked, but Lou's album Berlin was kinda cool.

They shake their heads in amazement. Ziggy searches on. Her lips curl as she pulls out PINK FLOYD'S ANIMALS.

ZIGGY

You know, I think Corey Hart might have been subtler. I'd rather swallow broken glass than talk to anybody who thinks the Floyd is "kinda cool". I mean how many drugs do you have to do before you can listen to that shit?

DON

I'd rather O.D. first.

Ziggy starts to pull out an album, then stuffs it back in.

ZIGGY

You know for a second there I was thinking maybe you were thinking B.T.O., but I've gotta go with my instincts and they tell me for a bunch of fat guys from Winnipeg they sure could kick ass.

DON

Yah they made the early seventies tolerable.

Ziggy smiles at this.

ZIGGY

They sure did.

Ziggy hesitates over the racks then slowly extracts THE POLICE. She holds it up with a questioning look. Don looks at her for a beat, then a smile forms.

DON

Five for five, you're the first.

Ziggy smiles.

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CONTINUED: (4)

ZIGGY

Yah well, my brother Roland was into all of that shit. He even had Journey albums.

DON

Most people fuck up on The Police.

Ziggy shakes her head and continues looking through the racks.

ZIGGY

Skinny tie New Wave crap...I'm glad to see there's no Stones stuff here.

DON

That's what my brother was into. I sorta like Charlie Watts though. He's kinda cool, you know?

ZIGGY

Did you ever notice that Charlie Watts went from being the ugliest Rolling Stone to the best looking Rolling Stone? I mean you think the boys might have packed it in when Charlie got better looking than Mick.

DON

Some guys just don't know when to quit.

ZIGGY

Hey, you've got six stiffs here.

DON

What!?

Ziggy pulls out a GO GOS album. Don is embarrassed but tries to bluster his way out.

DON

No way, they weren't that bad and besides I was into them way before they had a hit.

Ziggy makes a face.

ZIGGY

If I wanna hear a chipmunk sing I'll listen to Alvin. At least he doesn't wear frilly little dresses.

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CONTINUED: (5)

DON

Hey if it wasn't for bands like the Go Gos that whole riot grrl scene would never have happened.

ZIGGY

Interesting theory there, Belinda Carlisle to Bikini Kill, any way you can factor, say Sheena Easton into that?
(mocking singing)
We Got the Beat. We Got the Beat.

Ziggy adds a dance to her singing, a series of "go go girl" moves that she might have seen in a Sean Connery era Bond flick. Don is getting angry.

DON

You don't know what the fuck you're talking about.

ZIGGY

What?

DON

It's not hip to be into the Go Gos now, that's your angle, but I don't give a shit about what's hip. That stuff just doesn't mean a thing.

Ziggy stops dancing.

ZIGGY

Hey man, I was just joking with you, don't get all tense about it, it's just pop music.

Don gives Ziggy a sharp look and retreats to his chair by the TV. He sips his beer and flicks the remote as Ziggy stands in the middle of the room trying to figure out what went wrong. With Don continuing to ignore her, she heads up the stairs.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Ziggy and Loni sit on a park bench sharing a cigarette. Loni is wearing the white uniform of a beauty college. Office workers drift through the park on their way back from lunch.

ZIGGY

It'll be a cold day in hell before Ziggy Panzer fucks anybody named Todd.

LONI

But what if he looked like Brad Pitt?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZIGGY

No chance, I just can't see going
(in a breathless voice)
Oh Todd baby, do me".

They laugh. A businessman in pinstripes passes by. They check him out. Loni seems interested. Ziggy shakes her head in disgust.

ZIGGY (cont'd)

You need some standards girl.

LONI

Dave and I are going to check out a movie tonight. Wanna come?

ZIGGY

What action/slasher/thriller piece of shit does Dave want to see now?

LONI

Doesn't matter to me, I just like getting away from the folks for a while. You going to come?

ZIGGY

Nah I'll get my share of gore when I lay my hands on Lizard.

Loni looks at her watch.

LONI

I gotta run Zigs.

ZIGGY

Hey, does Dave still think foreplay means turning off the lights?

Loni nods her head. Loni gives Ziggy a kiss on the cheek and heads off. Ziggy lights another cigarette and pulls a paperback from her bag.

INT. THE PIT - NIGHT

A quiet night at The Pit. A BAND again spills off the tiny bandstand, but only a handful of spectators are on hand to witness it.

Don is at his usual place by the bar, head nodding to the shaggy beat. The band winds up its set with a great deal of feedback, before sloughing offstage to scattered applause. The sound of an argument fills the room.

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Don scans the club and sees Ziggy yelling at her ex-boyfriend LIZARD, a slouching young man in club gear.

ZIGGY
You are such an asshole!

Lizard replies with a smirk.

ZIGGY (cont'd)
Well fuck you man, I want it back!

Ziggy pushes past Lizard as a round of applause moves about the club. She disappears through the door. Don turns and signals to Gordo.

GORDO
Sorry Don, time.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Don weaves down the quiet street on his bike.

Ziggy walks down the street, her eyes staring a hole into the pavement.

Don comes up behind Ziggy and skids to a stop beside her startling her.

DON
Want a lift?

ZIGGY
I'm OK.

Don pulls out a mickey and offers it to Ziggy. She hesitates a moment, then grabs it, gives it a wipe and takes a swig. Don takes it back and takes a hit.

DON
Come on, hop on.

Ziggy examines the situation. She decides to give it a try. She clambers sidesaddle on the back rack and they weave off, Don gradually building up enough speed for the bike to steady.

DON
What did you think of the band?

Ziggy shrugs. Don is not deterred by her lack of response.

DON
Yah they were OK. I guess, but nobody deals with politics anymore, it's all
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

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DON (cont'd)
 fuck me baby and suck on this shit, now
 don't get me wrong, there's a place for
 love songs and all but Christ these guys
 call themselves a punk rock band and they
 don't do any smash the state stuff, what
 gives?

Ziggy doesn't even bother to shrug but Don is on a roll now
 and he takes no notice.

DON (CONT'D)
 I mean when we played we tried to topple
 the state every chance we got, we were
 out there. Bands have it too soft now,
 that's the problem, all you got to do is
 call yourself a punk rock band and people
 start lining up to suck your dick. That
 whole Seattle thing got way out of hand?

ZIGGY
 Can I get another shot of that stuff?

Don, with some difficulty reaches a hand into his jacket and
 pulls out the flask and hands it back. The bike wobbles.
 Ziggy takes a long pull while Don continues his spiel.

DON
 I mean punk rock is more than a fucking
 pose right? When we played people hated
 us.

Ziggy takes another long sip and hands the bottle back to
 Don. He takes a pull causing the bike to veer sharply to one
 side. Don wrestles it back under control.

ZIGGY
 So...you were in a band?

Don whips his head round in surprise. Again the bike veers
 off course. Ziggy looks back at him, confused and a little
 worried at the erratic course the bike is taking.

DON
 I was in the Spontaneous Abortions.

Ziggy shrugs.

DON (cont'd)
 You didn't know that?

ZIGGY
 Who?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DON

The Spontaneous Abortions.

ZIGGY

Never heard of them.

The bike weaves wildly then skids to a halt spilling Ziggy onto the road. She gives Don a sharp look and standing, dusts herself off. Don stares at Ziggy.

ZIGGY

Hey what the fuck man?

DON

You've never heard of the Spontaneous Abortions?

Ziggy shakes her head.

DON

Shit Ziggy we were the first punk rock band in southern Saskatchewan.

Don pauses, trying to digest the level of Ziggy's ignorance.

DON (CONT'D)

We broke down the walls in this fucking town. Before us it was all Farrah Fawcett wannabes and Foghat cover bands.

ZIGGY

Sorry, never heard of you. Hey can I get another hit there?

Absent mindedly Don pulls out the flask and passes it over to Ziggy. She takes a long pull as Don tries to come to grips with Ziggy's revelation.

DON

But if it wasn't for us, little shits like you would get lynched. I mean you think you could get away looking like that if it wasn't for the Spontaneous Abortions?

ZIGGY

Look, I'll let you in on a secret. I might look like a big city sophisticate and all, but a year ago I was shovelling cow shit back in Ituna. Did the Spontaneous Abortions ever play Ituna?

This softens Don.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DON
You're from Ituna?

Ziggy nods and takes another hit from the flask.

DON (cont'd)
Well that explains it.

Don grabs back the flask and takes a long pull.

DON (cont'd)
Now listen up Ziggy. We were playing punk rock music in this town when all these other stubble jumpers had platform shoes and shag haircuts and we took some major league shit let me tell you, but we stuck it out so guys like you and your little friends could slam each other around.

ZIGGY
Thanks Don.

Don misses the sarcasm.

DON
You're welcome. Hop on.

Ziggy gives it a moments thought but eventually clambers back aboard. Don pushes off and they weave on down the road.

DON (cont'd)
I'm not kidding you, they hated us. I mean pink hair didn't go over so big in this town let me tell you.

INT. ZIGGY'S ROOM - MORNING

Ziggy jerks awake as a LOUD CRASHING SOUND erupts from downstairs. She sits up, blinking in confusion.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Don sits behind a spartan drum kit beating away with a great deal of vigour though not much skill. Ziggy slouches into the room, rubbing the sleep from her eyes.

ZIGGY
What's wrong...what's going on?
What time is it?

Don bashes to a halt, a wide smile on his face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DON
I'm getting my band back together.

ZIGGY
What?

DON
You convinced me that the kids today
need to see what a real punk rock band
is like.

Don commences to beat the drums again. Frowning, Ziggy, hands over her ears, heads back upstairs.

INT. ZIGGY'S ROOM - DAY

Ziggy pins a photographic series of self portraits to the wall. In each, she stands before a piece of farm machinery and gives it the finger. Muffled drumming rises through the floor.

INT. CAFE - DAY

Ziggy sits with Loni and her beauty school chum, ERIN, in a greasy spoon, busy in the lunchtime rush.

LONI
You should have slugged him.

ZIGGY
Yah I thought about it. I can't go
anywhere without running into him, this
town is too small.

ERIN
I hear he's seeing Lisa.

ZIGGY
I don't give a shit who he's seeing, I
just want my camera back. Rocco was going
to show me how to work in a darkroom.

ERIN
Rocco always trying to get somebody in
his darkroom.

LONI
Why don't you send some goons?

ZIGGY
The only goons I know are in Ituna and
I'd rather they stayed there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ERIN

What about your new landlord?

Ziggy and Loni burst out laughing.

LONI

Have you seen the guy?

Erin shakes her head. Loni holds up the jar of toothpicks that stand amongst the condiments.

LONI

Arms like this.

ZIGGY

He rode me home last night, Jesus the man is insane.

ERIN

He try anything?

Ziggy ignores this.

ZIGGY

Have you guys ever heard of a band called the Spontaneous Abortions?

Shaking heads all around.

ZIGGY (cont'd)

He's obsessed with this band he was in ages ago and he went on and on about it and this morning I get woken up by him beating on these drums and talking about getting his band back together.

LONI

I hear there's a room going at Ned's.

ZIGGY

Oh no, I'd rather deal with nostalgia than with Ned.

ERIN

We should run.

Loni checks her watch.

LONI

Shit.

Loni and Erin pull on their coats and throw down some cash. Loni leans over and gives Ziggy a kiss on the cheek.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LONI
I'll call you tonight.

They turn and head for the door. Ziggy calls after Loni.

ZIGGY
I'm working.

Ziggy signals for another cup of coffee and lights up a cigarette, watching as the workday crowd scurries back to their offices.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Don and Bubba are drunk and whooping it up. Don sits behind his drum kit pounding away. Bubba stomps about the room.

Ziggy arrives home, stopping in her tracks at the sight.

DON
Hey Bubba! meet Ziggy, Ziggy-Bubba.

Bubba offers a greasy paw. Reluctantly, Ziggy shakes it.

BUBBA
So you're the one who didn't know about the Abortions.

DON
Lay off Bubba, she's from Ituna.

BUBBA
Oh.

Bubba nods in understanding.

DON
Hey Ziggy, check this out, Bubba where's the tape?

Bubba reaches into his pockets and comes up with an ancient audio cassette. He hands it over to Don, who pops it into the stereo. Bubba leans into Ziggy.

BUBBA
January 15th, 1983, Romanian Hall. These guys were the best, I mean before them it was all Farrah Fawcett wannabes and Foghat cover bands around here.

ZIGGY
So I've heard.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Don hits the Play button and cranks the volume round to the right. Loud tape hiss fills the room. Bubba takes a closer look at Ziggy.

BUBBA

Hey, I thought you said your new roomie was a guy?

The tape kicks in with MUFFLED SOUNDS OF DRUNKEN SHOUTS and BEER BOTTLES THUMPING ON TABLES, A LOUD BURST OF FEEDBACK, a few preliminary BASS DRUM THUMPS, then a voice.

VOICE

Allright! We're the Spontaneous Abortions from Regina, and this is a Fascist State!

The band kicks into the song, the tape thick and muddy, the song loud and simple. Don and Bubba's faces are creased by smiles, their heads nodding to the beat.

Suddenly a SLURRING NOISE accompanied by a MECHANICAL WHINE breaks in. Don frantically reaches for the control buttons, slapping at the Stop button. The tape grinds to a contorted halt.

Don pops the eject button and a long spiral of tape shoots out of the machine and curls across the floor in tight accordion folds.

Don and Bubba stare in horror as Ziggy stifles a laugh.

INT. DONUT PALACE - NIGHT

It's 3:00 a.m. Ziggy is halfway through her shift at The Donut Palace, a chain donut joint. The orange polyester uniform hangs off her like a sack and a brown flat cap sits pancake-like on her head.

The Palace is quiet, a couple of drunks sit silently at a table by the window, a cab driver skims a newspaper at the counter.

Don and Bubba enter. It is immediately apparent that they are extremely drunk and have given themselves very bad haircuts. Don's hair has a fluorescent green stripe.

They lurch towards the counter, and with some difficulty, seat themselves at the swivelling stools. Don looks up to see Ziggy standing on the other side of the counter.

DON

Holy Shit! It's Ziggy Panzer!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He nudges Bubba, almost sending him tumbling from the stool. Ziggy blushes.

DON (cont'd)
What are you doing here?

Ziggy looks round the room then leans in and whispers.

ZIGGY
I work here.

DON
Oh.

ZIGGY
Can I get you anything?

DON
Hey Ziggy, we're gonna rock this town!

ZIGGY
That's great Don, can I get you anything?

DON
Two coffees and a hazelnut creme.

Ziggy sighs and walks away to fill the order.

DON (cont'd)
We'll show you what a real punk rock band is like!

TODD, the ferret faced twenty five year old night manager, pokes his head out of the kitchen. He scans the room, sneaking a look at Ziggy's butt, then slides back into the kitchen.

Ziggy slaps down the coffees and a large hazelnut creme. In a flash, Bubba grabs for the hazelnut creme and in two quick bites, scoffs it down. Don is aggrieved.

DON
Hey!

Bubba's only response is a low, bass groan, followed by a churning sound from deep inside his intestines. Don has heard this sound before and he leans away just as the contents of Bubba's stomach erupts and sprays across the counter and onto the floor. Ziggy jumps back just in time to avoid a chunk of pot roast. The quiet room falls very quiet indeed.

Don laughs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DON (cont'd)
Allright Big Guy!

As Bubba's head sags onto the counter Todd bursts out of the kitchen. Quickly taking in the scene he disappears into the kitchen, re-emerging with a mop and a bucket of murky water.

He thrusts the mop into Ziggy's hands.

TODD
Get this cleaned up and get them out
of here.

Ziggy stands still, the mop in her hand, a look of stunned disbelief on her face. Todd moves closer.

TODD (cont'd)
Ms. Panzer, I'm talking to you.

Ziggy looks at him as if only now aware of his presence. She looks round the room, at Don, at Bubba, at the pile of vomit at her feet. She looks again at Todd and the mop slides from her hand and clatters loudly on the floor. Todd picks up the mop and pushes it toward Ziggy.

TODD (cont'd)
Clean it up.

Ziggy looks at him for a long moment. She shakes her head, then pulls off the flat brown cap and places it on the counter.

TODD (cont'd)
This is going on your evaluation sheet.

Ziggy takes off her employee's name tag, then unzips the orange dress and steps out of it. She holds it in her hands, considering, then looking at Todd, she holds it over the largest pile of vomit and lets it drop. Slowly she walks away down the counter, pulls on her jacket and walks out the door.

DON
Can we get some service here?

INT. ZIGGY'S ROOM - DAWN

Ziggy lies on her bed smoking and sipping from a fifth of scotch. She seems content. A loud BANG, some THUMPS on the stairs and a sheepish Don pokes his head in.

DON
Ooops. Sorry Ziggy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ziggy shrugs.

ZIGGY
Want a drink?

Ziggy holds up the bottle. Don shuffles into the room and grabs the bottle.

ZIGGY (cont'd)
I hated that job anyhow.

Don hands the bottle back to Ziggy. She takes a swig.

DON
Well, you went out in style.

Ziggy raises the bottle in acknowledgement. Don turns and shuffles slowly for the door. He stops and turns back towards Ziggy.

DON (cont'd)
Don't worry about the rent this month.

Ziggy nods.

DON (cont'd)
Can I buy you breakfast?

INT. CAFE - MORNING

Don and Ziggy sit in a booth in a smokey greasy spoon. The remains of a large, greasy breakfast sits in front of Don. Ziggy nibbles at a muffin.

DON
The worst part is watching everybody else change, you know? I mean they all lose it at some point and just go on auto pilot.

ZIGGY
I don't know if that's an age thing though. I know loads of eighteen year olds who buy the whole marriage-mortgage-motherhood package.

DON
And toe rubbers.

Ziggy is confused.

DON (cont'd)
You know those shoe condom things?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ziggy laughs and nods.

DON (cont'd)
They're beyond saving when they get
the toe rubbers on their Sear's loafers.

ZIGGY
I worked at Sear's.

DON
I never do chain stuff.

ZIGGY
Oh yah?

DON
It's buying right into the whole
whole package. Independently owned,
that's my motto.

Ziggy reaches into her bag, burrows around and comes out with a fistful of employee name tags, all emblazoned with ZIGGY. She spills them out onto the table top. Don looks them over.

ZIGGY
I did Sear's, 7-11, Mr. Sub., Rotten
Ronalds, Dairy Queen and The Donut Palace.

DON
Jesus Ziggy, you're just a slave to the
system.

ZIGGY
I guess I need a motto.

Don shakes his head and grabs the bill. Reaching for his wallet he comes up empty. He pulls at his other pockets. Nothing.

DON
Umm, can I bum some coin?

Ziggy frowns.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Ziggy sits on a bench, smoking and watching the office workers.

INT. ANIMAL'S BASEMENT - NIGHT

Don and Animal are drunk and watching hockey. Animal seems a bit stunned.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

T.V. ANNOUNCER

(o.s)

After overtime, the Wild and the Thrashers, tied at one. Next week viewers Saskatchewan and West will see a rivalry in the making as the Panthers tangle with the Mighty Ducks.

Animal looks over at Don. Don shrugs.

DON

She's from Ituna.

Animal frowns.

ANIMAL

That's no fucking excuse. You're sure she wasn't bullshitting you?

Don shakes his head.

ANIMAL (cont'd)

I'm in.

INT. THE PIT - NIGHT

Another night at The Pit, a white REGGAE BAND on stage. The club is crowded tonight, Goths, Punks, Club Kids and white rastas jostling.

Don, Animal and Bubba stand by the bar, drunk and shaking to the beat. Ziggy passes by with Loni. She waves, and Don signals her over. He shouts into Animal's ear.

Animal lunges forward and plants a kiss on a startled Loni. She pulls back in disgust, tugged away by a laughing Ziggy.

The band coasts to a halt and the house lights come up. Blinking in the light, Don grabs a passing Stevie.

DON

Stevie!

STEVIE

Sorry Don, the cops have been all over me.

DON

I'm getting the band back together.

Stevie can't quite believe this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEVIE

The Abortions? Get out of here.

DON

Yah, we're going to give it another shot.

Stevie looks past Don to Bubba and Animal. They give him crazed grins and Animal offers a thumbs up. Stevie looks back at Don.

STEVIE

Well, that's an interesting idea Don.
Is Al in on this?

DON

He will be, it isn't the Abortions
without Al Satian.

Stevie smiles to himself but keeps silent.

DON (cont'd)

We want to show these kids what a real
punk rock band is like.

Stevie nods, and tries to get away.

STEVIE

Well, good luck Don, I've gotta run.

Stevie tries to turn away but Don dances round him and grabs the lapels of Stevie's jacket.

DON

Hey Stevie, how 'bout a gig?

Stevie starts in disbelief.

STEVIE

What?

DON

Yah, come on, how about a gig?

Stevie pauses to take this all in.

DON (cont'd)

Come on man, we've still got a
following in this town, I think we'd
pull in a pretty good crowd for you.

STEVIE

Hey Don, I believe it, but I'm booked
solid. Sorry man.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Disappointment creases Don's face.

DON
Oh Stevie, please. Remember?

Stevie is moved by Don's desperation. He thinks it over.

STEVIE
Well..., Bashing Barney is coming to town in a couple weeks and I guess I could use another warm up band...

Don grabs Stevie's face and plants a wet kiss.

DON
Oh Stevie

Stevie pulls loose from Don's grasp and starts to retreat.

STEVIE
I can't pay you Don...and you have to buy your own beer.

Don begins to jump around with excitement. He turns back to Bubba and Animal. They lock arms and begin to hop round the room. Bubba's legs give way and he pulls Don and Animal down with him. They collapse in a laughing heap. Don crawls out of the pile.

DON
Hey Stevie, can we get some beers here?

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Don doubles Ziggy through the quiet streets. He weaves the bike back and forth. Ziggy laughs, clutching his arm with one hand and sipping from Don's flask with the other. Don begins to yodel.

EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY

Don and Animal sit slouched on a swing set, nursing beers. They look pretty bad. The sound of Dee Dee and Joey FIGHTING offscreen can be heard.

ANIMAL
I don't know Don.

Don looks aggrieved.

DON
What's up with you? You were singing a different tune last night.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Animal yells at his kids.

ANIMAL
Joey! Get off him!

Animal turns back to Don. He pulls out a pack of smokes and offers Don one. Don shakes him off. Animal lights up.

ANIMAL (cont'd)
Well I've had some time to think it over.

DON
You mean Tina has. Come on man, these little shits don't even know who the real punks are anymore.

Animal thinks this over.

ANIMAL
Yah well, that's us for sure, but I don't know Don, I heard Cockroach was dead--

DON
--Bubba sold him some blow last week.

ANIMAL
Well Al is still in Vancouver--

DON
--Stevie says he's back, says he sees him regularly.

Animal gives Don a skeptical look.

ANIMAL
No shit? What happened to that industrial roots band of his?

Don shrugs.

ANIMAL (cont'd)
Well I think Tina threw out my guitar.

DON
I know about the wedding band.

Animal looks ashamed. Don lets it sink in.

DON (cont'd)
Come on man, are you in or what?

Dee Dee's ANGUISHED SCREAMING erupts.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ANIMAL

Joey, drop that right now!

ANIMAL (cont'd)

(turning to Don)

Allright, I'm in, if you can get those other two, I'm in.

Don jumps up and gives Animal a big push on the swing, almost dislodging him. Animal has to grab for the chains, spilling his beer and dropping his cigarette in the process.

DON

It's gonna be great man!

INT. R.P.M.S - DAY

A young, powerfully built SKINHEAD buys a stack of vintage Rap records. Don flips through them.

DON

This one's great, I've gone through four copies of it myself. That scratching stuff is harder than it looks.

BUBBA

How can you listen to that shit? It all sounds the same.

The skinhead turns an evil eye on Bubba.

SKINHEAD

I don't remember asking you what the fuck you thought about anything fatman.

Bubba trembles. The skinhead turns to Don and winks.

SKINHEAD

How much?

DON

Give me \$15.

The skinhead begins to search through his pockets. He comes up empty. He smiles at Don.

DON (cont'd)

Allright it's on your tab but this is the last time OK?

SKINHEAD

Guaranteed, thanks Don.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DON
Hey I'm getting my band back together.

SKINHEAD
I didn't know you were in a band Don.

Don frowns.

DON
I was in the Spontaneous Abortions.

SKINHEAD
No shit, I heard my uncle talk about
you guys, you opened for his band.

DON
Who's your uncle?

SKINHEAD
Reg Pitzel.

Don and Bubba frown. The skinhead turns to leave.

SKINHEAD (CONT'D)
I'll have to check you guys out.

The skinhead exits the store.

DON
Reg Pitzel. Fuck. His band opened for us.
Once. They just did Billy Idol songs.

BUBBA
What kind of skinhead buys a Grandmaster
Flash album? Fucking poseur.

INT. CHAIN FAST FOOD JOINT - DAY

Ziggy sits at a plastic table smoking and filling out an
application form. A teenaged, uniformed EMPLOYEE approaches.

EMPLOYEE
You'll have to put that out ma'am.

She indicates the No Smoking signs. Ziggy stubs out her
cigarette.

ZIGGY
Do you like working here?

The employee looks around, then moves closer to Ziggy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EMPLOYEE

Where else can you get paid minimum wage
to wear a brown polyester piece of shit
that makes you look like a dork?

ZIGGY

There's probably a few places.

Ziggy crumples up the application form and lighting up a new
smoke, exits the grease pit.

INT. CAR - DAY

Bubba and Don drive along a street lined with newish condos.
Expensive cars line the street. Don has an open phone book in
his lap and he keeps checking it against the passing street
numbers.

DON

Hey, here, that one by the green car.

Bubba pulls the car to a halt behind a green Mercedes. The
two men peer through the windshield at the condo. Exchanging
a glance, they climb out.

EXT. CONDO - DAY

Don and Bubba walk up the path to the condo's front door. Don
has a real bounce in his step. He rings the bell. After a
moment, the door is opened by a young woman in her mid
twenties, TRACY. She is dressed in a smart business suit.

DON

Is Cockroach home?

Tracy is confused and impatient.

TRACY

What? Can I help you?

DON

Does Cockroach live here?

A voice from inside the condo calls out.

COCKROACH

(o.s.)

Trace where's the paper?

Don pushes past Tracy, followed by Bubba.

DON

Cockroach!

INT. CONDO - CONTINUOUS

Don races down the hallway of the condo and bursts into the room where COCKROACH sits in front of a large screen TV. Cockroach is in his mid-thirties, slim, well dressed and tanned. He looks confused.

DON
Cockroach!

Cockroach stares at Don, then at Bubba who has followed him into the room. Tracy stands behind Bubba looking irritated.

Don grabs Cockroach's hand.

DON
How ya doing man?

COCKROACH
Don Quinn. Christ you look exactly the same.

DON
You sure don't. Nice place.

Don spins round taking in the expensive furnishings.

COCKROACH
Well, thanks, umm,shit I didn't know you were still in town?

DON
Oh yah, I still got the band house.

COCKROACH
What, the place on Gruber? No way?

DON
Sure.

Cockroach notices Tracy quietly fuming in the corner.

COCKROACH
Oh, Tracy, these are some buds from the old, old, old days, Tracy Pettigrew- Don Quinn and uh Bu..Duane Liskowich.

Don and Bubba turn towards Tracy. She nods but keeps her distance.

TRACY
Nice to meet you, Ken I've got to meet a client. I'll be back by 7:00 alright?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Don and Bubba raise their glasses and the three take a long pull.

COCKROACH
So what's new with you guys?

DON
I'm getting the band back together.

Cockroach looks confused.

COCKROACH
What band?

Don and Bubba exchange a double take.

DON
The Abortions.

It's Cockroach's turn for a double take.

COCKROACH
No way?

DON
Yah, no I'm serious man, we're getting the band back together.

BUBBA
Yah it's time you showed the little punks around town just who's who.

COCKROACH
What?

BUBBA
There's kids in this town who never even-

DON
--We're going to kick out the jams again buddy. Reclaim our legacy. There's been a lot of people talking about us lately, and a lot of people dying for us to give it another shot.

Cockroach begins to laugh.

COCKROACH
Your's bullshitting me, right?

Don and Bubba stare in disbelief at Cockroach.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

COCKROACH (cont'd)

I mean, who cares about that stuff now?

This angers Don.

DON

I care man, and Bubba cares, and Animal cares, and Ziggy cares.

COCKROACH

Ziggy?

DON

Lots of people care Cockroach, that's the point, come on man, it'll be great.

COCKROACH

Sorry Don, I don't have the time, my practice is really getting busy and I've just got a lot of things on my plate at the moment. It sounds sort of fun I guess, but I can't do it.

DON

That's bullshit man, you can always make time.

COCKROACH

I'm sorry Don, I can't, but good luck with it. Let me know when you're playing.

DON

Don't be an asshole man, what's more important?

COCKROACH

Jesus Don would you fucking grow up?

Don stands up, shaking with anger.

DON

Well fuck you man, we don't even fucking need you, you wanker. Come on Bubba.

Don and Bubba start to exit the room, Don still clutching his beer glass. Cockroach seems a little confused at the turn of events.

He hears a commotion in the front hall and goes to investigate.

INT. CONDO HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Don has his head in the hall closet and is throwing out shoes, boots and umbrellas. Don rears up at Cockroach, holding a pair of toe rubbers. Cockroach stares in confusion.

DON
I knew it!

COCKROACH
What are you doing?

Don spins and exits the house, beer glass in one hand, toe rubbers in the other. He pops his head back in and in a pleading tone tries one more time.

DON
Think about it man.

Don spins out and tosses the toe rubbers in a hedge.

COCKROACH
Bubba?

EXT. CAR - DAY

Don sits fuming in the car, sipping his beer. Through the window, Bubba can be seen coming down the steps of the condo, stuffing money into his pocket. He climbs into the car.

DON
Traitor.

BUBBA
Don I can't go making moral judgments about my customers, it doesn't pay.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Ziggy walks down a quiet street. A car comes squealing around the corner and skids to a halt in front of her. Don hops out.

DON
Want a ride?

Ziggy looks in the car and sees a smiling Bubba at the wheel.

ZIGGY
No, I'm OK. Thanks.

Don thinks about this for a moment.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DON

We're gonna walk, I'll see ya later.

Bubba offers a muffled reply.

DON

Yah, yah, I'll call you.

The car squeals out in a cloud of dust. Don turns to Ziggy.

DON (cont'd)

Hard to get rid of that guy sometimes.

Ziggy nods in understanding.

DON (cont'd)

So what you up to?

Ziggy shrugs.

ZIGGY

How's the band thing coming along?

Don shrugs.

DON

OK.

They begin to walk down the street.

ZIGGY

Why'd you guys break up anyways?

DON

Good question Ziggy, I guess it was creative differences really. Al was into Throbbing Gristle and X-Ray Spex and Cockroach liked The Knack, and when Animal got Tina pregnant the whole thing sort of fell apart.

ZIGGY

When was that?

DON

February 14th, 1983.

ZIGGY

1983! Hey I broke my talking Barbie that year. The cord came off in my hand and she kept saying "shopping, shopping, shopping". I finally had to put her in the oven.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

A pickup truck cruises past. Two REDNECKS in ball caps stare at Don and Ziggy. One leans out the window.

REDNECK #1

Faggots!

Don and Ziggy look at one another and smile.

ZIGGY

So, you been in any other bands?

DON

Well I thought about joining the Viletones till I found out their singer liked Supertramp, and then there was that band from Moose Jaw but they went with a drum machine instead. Mostly I've been biding my time, waiting for the right chemistry.

Ziggy nods.

DON

How's the job hunt going?

ZIGGY

I'm waiting for the right chemistry.

Don nods.

INT. CAR - EVENING

Don and Bubba are cruising.

DON

As long as we got Al we got a band.

BUBBA

Cockroach was a shitty bass player anyhow.

DON

Hell, there's only four strings, a monkey could do that. Mike Watt is the only bass player that was ever worth shit anyhow.

BUBBA

What about that guy from Husker Du?

DON

He had a moustache!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUBBA

Did you talk to him?

DON

No his mom said he got off work at seven.

BUBBA

He's got a job? Who'd give that sociopath a job?

Don shrugs. They pull up to a small white house with a neatly trimmed lawn and white picket fence.

Bubba peers at the house.

BUBBA (cont'd)

How a psycho like Al Satian came out of a house like that I can't figure.

DON

It's because of houses like that there's guys like Al Satian. Come on.

Bubba hesitates.

DON

Come on man, that was fifteen years ago, they won't remember you.

Reluctantly Bubba climbs out of the car. They walk up the neatly lined path to the front door.

EXT. DOORWAY - CONTINUOUS

Don rings the doorbell and almost immediately the porch light comes on and the door opens. MR and MRS. SANGSTER peer at them through the screen door.

The Sangsters are in their late sixties. Mr.Sangster is a large, burly man.

MRS. SANGSTER

Yes?

DON

Hi Mrs. Sangster, is Al home?

MRS. SANGSTER

Oh Donald! Hello, I didn't recognise you. Come on in.

Don and Bubba step inside.

INT. SANGSTER HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Don and Bubba stand in the entrance hall. Mr. Sangster stands behind his wife, frowning.

MRS. SANGSTER
Claude, you remember Donald Quinn?

Don steps forward and sticks out his hand. Mr. Sangster takes it and gives it a firm shake, but his eyes stare at Bubba. His frown deepens.

DON
Hi Mr. S. how are you?

MR. SANGSTER
Is that Duane Liskowich?

Bubba reddens and he slinks behind Don. Don tries to change the subject.

DON
So, is Al here?

MRS. SANGSTER
He should be back any moment now, come on in and sit down.

Mrs. Sangster ushers Don into the living room. Bubba slides along the far wall past a glowering Mr. Sangster.

INT. SANGSTER LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The living room is tiny and very neat. Don and Bubba huddle together on a small sofa. Mr. Sangster sits in a large reclining chair opposite.

MRS. SANGSTER
Can I get you boys something to drink?
Coffee, beer...?

DON
I'll take a coffee. Please

Bubba shakes his head.

MRS. SANGSTER
Claude?

Mr. Sangster shifts his attention from Bubba to his wife. His features soften.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. SANGSTER
I'll take my coffee now.

Mrs. Sangster nods and leaves the room. Mr. Sangster shifts his attention back to Bubba. Bubba squirms.

DON
Are you still with the city?

MR. SANGSTER
I retired in '89.

There is an awkward pause.

DON
I guess you must be glad to have Al
back from Vancouver?

Mr. Sangster shifts his gaze momentarily to Don. He nods, then returns to frowning at Bubba. Mrs. Sangster returns with the coffee. She passes Don a cup and saucer, hands a mug to her husband, then sits in a smaller chair beside his.

MRS. SANGSTER
How's your mother doing Donald? Is she
going to be curling this year?

Before Don can answer, the front door opens and a tall police officer enters. Bubba starts to shake. It is Alan Sangster aka AL SATIAN. He turns his intense eyes on Don and Bubba.

Don is confused. He turns to Mrs. Sangster.

MRS. SANGSTER
Alan, look who's here.

Don spills his coffee.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Don and Bubba drive in silence. They appear numb. Finally Bubba is able to form the question.

BUBBA
What the fuck happened to him?

DON
I warned him about Vancouver.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Ziggy is on the couch watching TV. The front door slams open and a weaving Don enters the room and heads right for the drum kit. He grabs the snare drum and hi-hat and heads for the cellar stairs, throwing them down.

He returns for the cymbals. Ziggy glances over.

ZIGGY

So Don, what's up?

DON

Wankers.

Don carries the cymbals towards the cellar stairs and throws them down. He returns and grabs the bass drum.

ZIGGY

What are you doing?

Don begins to drag the bass drum across the floor but slips and has an ugly fall. He lies on the floor.

ZIGGY

That had to hurt. Are you OK?

DON

They sold out on me Ziggy.

ZIGGY

What are you talking about?

DON

The band is finished.

ZIGGY

What?

DON

Cockroach is a lawyer with Kenny G CDs and Al's a fucking cop and Animal works at Canadian Tire and plays in a wedding band, nobody's left but me.

ZIGGY

That's shitty. So you're giving up?

DON

Well I can't have a band if no one is in it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Don drags his self up and hoisting the bass drum, heads for the cellar stairs, where he sends it crashing and booming its way down.

INT. R.P.M.'S - DAY

Don stands at the window watching the passing traffic. Bubba sits at the counter eating a hotdog.

BUBBA
Joey Ramone.

Don turns towards Bubba and raises two fingers.

DON
OK, so that's two.

Bubba chews thoughtfully on his hot dog.

BUBBA
Well, Sid of course.

DON
He's dead.

BUBBA
What?

DON
You can't sell out if you're dead, Christ Sid would be on Oprah if he was still alive.

BUBBA
Hey Karen Carpenter's dead. Are you saying there's no difference between Sid Vicious and Karen Carpenter?

DON
I'm saying that dying disqualifies you cause it's too easy, it's not a real test of integrity.

BUBBA
So no Kurt Cobain?

Don shakes his head.

BUBBA
Iggy then.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DON

That's a tough call, he hung out with Bowie.

BUBBA

Bowie hung out with him to try and get some credibility.

Don thinks this one over.

DON

Yah, fair enough, OK, that's three.

BUBBA

Joe Strummer?

Don snorts.

DON

One word, Sandanista.

BUBBA

Oh man would you get off that, it's not that bad an album.

DON

No, it was only the end of a great punk rock band, that's all.

BUBBA

You're way too harsh Don, I thought it was a pretty cool album then and it's stood the test of time.

DON

Don't give me any of that classic shit. Punk rock is about now Bubba and nobody who puts out a triple album set is gonna be on this list. Next?

EXT. STREET - DAY

Ziggy wanders down a shabby street past a Pawn Shop. She turns back and stares at the array of cameras, musical instruments and jewellery in the window.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Don lies on the couch watching TV, a bucket of chicken perched on his chest. Ziggy comes down the stairs and peers in at him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZIGGY

Wanna go get a beer?

Don shakes his head. Ziggy heads back up the stairs.

INT. ZIGGY'S ROOM - MORNING

Ziggy lies on her bed fully dressed. The sound of the CLOSING DOOR downstairs is her signal. She climbs out of bed and heads downstairs.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

The bucket of chicken and a deep dent lie on the sofa, recently vacated by Don. The TV is still on. Ziggy comes into the room lugging Don's bass drum. She drops it on the floor and heads back for the rest of the drum kit.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Ziggy walks along the street, a detectable bounce in her step.

INT. A.T.M. - DAY

Ziggy is making a withdrawal at her A.T.M. She pockets the money, scowling at the balance.

EXT. PAWN SHOP - DAY

Ziggy stands outside the Pawn Shop, looking. She enters the store.

INT. HOUSE - EVENING

Don enters the house, poking his nose in the living room, then moves on toward the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - EVENING

Ziggy is chopping vegetables when Don enters. He grunts a greeting and pulls a beer from the fridge.

DON

So what's the deal with my drums?

ZIGGY

What?

DON

I said, what's the deal with my drums?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZIGGY

I heard that, I just don't know what you mean by it.

DON

What I mean by it?

Don raises his eyebrow, Ziggy nods.

DON

What I mean by it is that I threw those things downstairs and now I come home and they're sitting in the living room.

ZIGGY

Oh that.

Ziggy returns to chopping the vegetables. Don moves beside her.

DON

Ziggy.

ZIGGY

I don't think you should give up on the band.

DON

I told you, everybody sold out, there is no band.

ZIGGY

Not everybody.

Ziggy puts down her knife and exits the kitchen.

DON

What? What's going on? Ziggy!

INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Ziggy is crouched over near the drum kit when Don enters.

DON

What the fuck is going on?

Ziggy stands and turns towards Don. A large black bass guitar is strapped across her chest. She stares into Don's eyes and with an air of bravado, slaps at the strings. A squeal of feedback erupts, and Ziggy's bravado disappears.

She hops about, twisting knobs on the guitar but the feedback continues, added to it the laughter of Don.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Finally Don wanders over, still laughing, and pulls the plug on Ziggy's amp. The feedback cuts, but the room still rings with its echoes as Don sags, helpless with laughter, onto the couch.

DON

Wha..wh..what the fuck is this?

ZIGGY

I wanna be in your band.

This sets off another round of laughter from Don cut short when Ziggy slugs him hard on his bicep. Don winces.

ZIGGY (cont'd)

I wanna be in your band asshole.

Ziggy hovers over Don. He squirms past her and walks behind his pile of drums.

DON

Don't be ridiculous, you can't be in the Abortions.

ZIGGY

Why not?

DON

Well,...you just can't.

Ziggy takes a step forward. Don keeps the bass drum between them.

ZIGGY

Why not?

DON

Well there's a million reasons.

ZIGGY

Like what?

Don begins to stammer.

DON

Well...you don't, you don't know any of the songs, and...uh, you...uh ...you can't even play that thing, and uh, you're a girl for christ's sake, how could you be an Abortion? That's just stupid.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Ziggy is very angry now. She moves toward Don and winding up, kicks the bass drum. A dull thud rumbles out.

DON

Hey!

ZIGGY

You fucking hypocrite, you told me punk rock was about kicking down the barriers and breaking the rules. You're so full of shit. Christ, I had some respect for you, I thought you were sorta cool for an old fart.

Ziggy turns away shaking in anger. She twists back towards Don.

ZIGGY

You belong in fucking Aerosmith caveman!

Ziggy turns and storms out of the house, the bass guitar still strapped across her. Don stands in shock, digesting her words.

EXT. DON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Ziggy walks slowly towards the house, pulling deeply on a cigarette. The bass guitar is slung on her back. She pauses at the door, steeling herself for another confrontation with Don. She hears something. Leaning against the door she can make out the sound of MUFFLED DRUMMING.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Don is playing the drums. His eyes are closed, a fine layer of sweat beads his face. His arms fly round the kit, his head nodding with the beat. Ziggy enters the house and pauses in the doorway, watching as Don plays on, oblivious.

Exhausted, Don finishes off with a rough roll and sags towards his snare drum breathing heavily. Don reaches for a beer and takes a long pull.

Only now does he notice Ziggy. Their eyes meet and hold.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Don hustles about the room checking out his drum kit. He seems excited. Ziggy sits on the couch. Animal tunes up his guitar.

DON

Allright! Let's rock and roll.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANIMAL

Crack me one of those Donald.

Don opens a beer case, tosses one to Ziggy and opens up another for Animal. Animal looks around the room.

ANIMAL

Where are those fucking guys? Al is always late.

There is an awkward pause. Don and Ziggy exchange glances.

DON

There's been a change of plans.

ANIMAL

What are you talking about?

Don nods to Ziggy. She stands and walks over towards her bass. Strapping it on she turns towards Animal. Animal looks very confused.

ANIMAL (cont'd)

What the hell's going on? Where are Al and Cockroach?

DON

They're out, Ziggy's taking over.

Animal unplugs his guitar and sags onto the couch. He pulls out a pack of smokes and lighting up, takes a long, thoughtful pull.

ANIMAL

Now, no bullshitting, where are Al and Cockroach?

DON

Al and Cockroach have changed man, they're not into it anymore, but Ziggy is, she's new blood.

Animal turns his attention to Ziggy.

ANIMAL

You been in a band before?

Ziggy shakes her head. Animal sighs and stands up. He walks over to his guitar case and starts to pack his guitar away. Don runs up to him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DON

Oh come on man, give her a shot. It's cool to have chicks in bands now.

Don's pleading tone moves Animal and he pauses. With a grunt he stands and looks at Don.

ANIMAL

Allright, I'll try her out, one song. It's sink or swim, one shot.

Animal plugs in his guitar. Don, a worried look on his face hustles behind his drum kit, pops back out to turn on Ziggy's amp, then settles behind his drums. Animal turns to Ziggy.

ANIMAL

Allright? It's in G.

Ziggy stands frozen.

ANIMAL

A one-two-a-one-two-three-four!

Animal scratches out the ragged chords before Don comes shuttering into the song. Ziggy stands motionless, her hands frozen on the strings. Animal shoots her a look.

ANIMAL

(yelling)
Let's go, let's go!

Ziggy, flustered, plucks at the strings which groan and shudder before erupting into a squeal of feedback. She panics and pulls the plug. Don and Animal continue for a few bars before sliding to a halt. They stand in silence.

Animal packs his guitar in its case as Don and Ziggy look on. Grabbing his amp and guitar, Animal exits the house.

Don climbs out from behind his drumkit and walks over to the couch. Ziggy remains standing, her head down.

Animal re-enters the house, Don's eyes shooting up, a look of hope crossing his face, but Animal heads for the case of beer and scooping it up, leaves.

INT. PARTY HOUSE - NIGHT

Ziggy and Loni sit on a couch, the dregs of a party draining around them. Lizard hovers by an aquarium, tormenting the fish and hitting on LISA, an eighteen neo-hippie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LONI

I don't know why you even wanted to be
with those old farts in the first place.
You're better off...

Loni trails off in the face of Ziggy's depression.

Lizard and Lisa move past Loni and Ziggy. He stops and smiles
down at Ziggy.

LIZARD

How's life at the old folks home?

Loni gives him the finger. Lizard's smile grows wider.

ZIGGY

I want my camera back cocksucker.

LIZARD

Why don't you come around and help me
look for it Zigs?

ZIGGY

You better find it you fuck?

LIZARD

You going to sick Barnaby Jones on me?

Lizard laughs and he and Lisa head out the door.

ZIGGY

I'm tired of this hanging out shit.

LONI

I think Ned is having people over.

ZIGGY

No, I'm sick of it all, just all this
boring shit and boring people, nobody
going anywhere, nobody doing nothing, I'm
just tired of the whole scene.

LONI

Well sorry Ziggy, I didn't know I was so
boring.

ZIGGY

Come on, you know what I mean.

Ziggy reaches out to pat Loni's hand but Loni pulls it away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LONI

No, you come on Ziggy, you're always ragging about how boring everything is but you just sit on your ass and whine about it. I don't see you doing anything.

ZIGGY

And you are?

LONI

Yah I sort of think I am.

ZIGGY

Sorry Loni, learning about foundation creme and colour coding just doesn't do it for me.

Loni's face closes up in anger. She stands and pulls on her coat.

ZIGGY

Loni....I'm sorry...

Loni exits. Ziggy slumps back on the couch, alone at a dying party.

EXT. PARKADE - NIGHT

Ziggy stands on the top level of a downtown parkade. The lights of the city spread out towards the swallowing blackness of the surrounding prairie. Ziggy lights a smoke.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Don sits in the darkened living room listening to the "PERFECT POP SONG" (t.b.a.) on 7" vinyl. Occasionally Don's arms flail about in a flurry of "Air Drumming".

It's the sort of song that has jangling guitars and a rousing chorus, the sort of song that sounds familiar and yet brand new the first time you hear it and sets the adrenalin rushing through your body.

As the song rings to a close, Ziggy enters and perches on the edge of the sofa. She watches Don and listens to the song. The turntable arm lifts.

Don is aware of her presence, but does not shift his focus from the turntable.

DON

The perfect pop song is a miracle Ziggy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Don pauses to take a thoughtful pull on a beer.

DON (cont'd)

The way it picks you up and spins you around and drops you some place new. It makes you think things can happen. All that in 2 minutes 59 seconds. It's a fucking miracle.

Don rises from his chair and moves to the turntable. He hits the Auto On, and watches as the arm rises, turns, then settles over the vinyl and as the first chords of the PERFECT POP SONG ring out again, Don exits the room and climbs the stairs.

Ziggy slides onto the sofa, listening.

INT. HOUSE - MORNING

Don is pulling on his jacket when Ziggy enters the house. She carries a book, which she tries to shield from Don.

DON

You're up early.

ZIGGY

I needed some air.

Don heads for the door. Ziggy races up the stairs.

INT. ZIGGY'S ROOM - DAY

Ziggy sits on her bed holding her bass guitar. The book, GUITAR FOR BEGINNERS, is propped open in front of her. Ziggy studies the book, then peers down at her fingers as they slide along the strings.

INT. R.P.M.S - DAY

A pair of RAVE GIRLS, teenagers in extra wide legs, backpacks and Pumas are buying a bundle of vintage disco. Bubba scowls.

BUBBA

Where'd all these fucking Pumas come from anyways?

The Rave Girls ignore Bubba. Don morosely packs up their LPs.

BUBBA (cont'd)

Your know, your ass looks huge in those pants.

RAVE GIRL #1 eyes Bubba up and down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAVE GIRL #1

You got a great look going for yourself there buddy. What's your secret? Besides pizza and beer and no showers I mean?

The Rave Girls turn and laughing, exit the store. Bubba calls after them.

BUBBA

And disco still sucks.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Don slouches in front of the TV, empty beer bottles scattered about.

INT. ZIGGY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Ziggy practises on her bass guitar.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Don sits over a cup of coffee. He looks bad. Ziggy enters.

ZIGGY

So Don, you going to the Pit tonight?

DON

I don't think so.

ZIGGY

The band is supposed to be pretty hot.

DON

Bubba says they're just a bunch of recycling rip off artists.

ZIGGY

Are you actually listening to what Bubba says now?

DON

Bubba can be pretty on the ball sometimes.

Don isn't too convincing. He looks away from Ziggy.

INT. ANIMAL'S BASEMENT - NIGHT

Don and Animal are sagged in front of the T.V., a much depleted case of beer on the table in front of them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

T.V. ANNOUNCER

(o.s.)

And Turgeon's goal puts the Canadiens up by one in this amazing third period which has seen the lead change hands three times already. We now send you back to Nashville.

T.V. ANNOUNCER #2

(o.s.)

Thanks for that update Dan, here in Nashville, the Pretadors and the Wild are having trouble finding the net. We're tied at zero and heading for overtime.

ANIMAL

Anyways, it's got nothing to do with Zippy-

DON

-Ziggy.

ANIMAL

Ziggy Zippy whatever, it's got nothing to do with her. You should have told me that Al and Cockroach weren't into it.

DON

But you wouldn't have shown up.

ANIMAL

Damn rights I wouldn't have shown up, you wasted my afternoon.

There is a long pause filled only by the sound of the hockey game.

DON

Do you ever regret marrying Tina after you knocked her up?

Animal splutters his beer in surprise.

ANIMAL

What!?

DON

Hey don't get me wrong, Tina's great. I was just thinking about the band you know, we could have given it a real run maybe.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ANIMAL

Now look Don, lay off Tina, she saved me.
I mean I was a pretty sad case back then,
Christ I was getting drunk every night.

DON

You still get drunk every night.

ANIMAL

Yah but it's different now, I've got
someone to go home drunk to. Anyways, we
can't all be fucking teenagers.

DON

Who's fucking teenagers?

Animal leers.

ANIMAL

Come on man.

DON

What are you talking about?

ANIMAL

You and Zippy.

DON

I haven't touched Zippy.. Ziggy.

Animal rolls his eyes.

DON

Scouts honour man, I haven't laid a
glove on her.

Animal believes Don now and a look of dismay fills his face.

ANIMAL

Why not? She's got a sweet butt.

DON

You gotta get out more man.

ANIMAL

You know if you were a girl and Ziggy
were a guy you'd be perfect for each
other.

DON

How do you figure that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ANIMAL

You'd both be in your sexual primes. You know, I always thought it was pretty damn perverse that men and women reach their sexual primes a decade apart. It's almost like we're not supposed to be together.

Don sighs.

DON

I don't know, Shannon told me she reached her sexual prime the day after she left me.

They're interrupted by the sound of the DOOR BELL. Animal struggles out of his chair.

ANIMAL

I told those goddamn Jehovahs to stay away during hockey season.

INT. ANIMAL'S FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Animal flips on the porch light and opens the door. On the steps stands Ziggy, guitar case in one hand, amp in the other. Animal stares at her through the screen door.

ZIGGY

Is Don here?

ANIMAL

Uh yah, he's downstairs.

Animal opens the screen door. Ziggy pushes past him and heads off in search of Don.

INT. ANIMAL'S BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Don hears footsteps coming down the stairs.

DON

Hurry up man, it's a penalty shot..

Don falls silent at the sight of Ziggy charging into the room, Animal hot on her heels.

DON (cont'd)

What's going on?

Ziggy looks round the room for a plug. She spots an outlet, into which six different cords converge. She yanks at the octopus, shutting down most of the lights and the T.V.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

just as a Shark player starts in on his penalty shot. Don and Animal are too surprised to respond.

Ziggy plugs in her amp and pulls her guitar out of its case. Drawing a deep breath and eyeing her fingering, she begins to play. Her playing is awkward, but steady, her fingers moving between the three chords without hesitation.

Ziggy begins to sing.

ZIGGY

Delta Dawn, what's that flower you have
on, could it be a faded rose from days
gone by? And did I hear you say he would
be meeting you here today, to take you to
his mansion in the sky.

Don and Animal exchange looks of disbelief that stem as much from Ziggy's voice as from her song selection. ZIGGY HAS A GREAT VOICE.

Ziggy winds up the song. All the while she carefully eyes her fingering which is minimal but appropriate. She ends the song with a bit of a thrash at the strings and a hop. She turns toward her amp and lets loose a squeal of FEEDBACK which she rides for a moment before expertly cutting it off.

She raises her eyes and looks at Animal. Don smiles.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

The first rehearsal of the Spontaneous Abortions is taking place. In honour of the moment, Bubba has been invited to observe. He sits on the couch, sipping a beer, his eyes moist with nostalgia.

Don tightens the skins of his drums while Animal, his guitar strapped across his chest, shows Ziggy the fingering to an Abortion's classic. Ziggy moves her fingers to mirror Animal's, nodding as Animal explains the chords.

ANIMAL

Yah, bub, and down to G, good, and
then, yah, great, you got it.

Satisfied that she has it down, Animal turns to Don and nods. Don scrambles behind his kit.

DON

This is your cue.

Don does a quick flourish punctuated by a loud cymbal splash. Ziggy nods.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANIMAL

O.K.? One-two-a-one-two-three-four!

Don and Animal exchange a few bars, then Ziggy kicks in. She still has to keep an eye on her fingering but seems confident and her playing manages to keep up with Don and Animal. Animal grunts in approval and nods to Ziggy.

Ziggy looks at a sheet of lyrics taped to the wall and begins to sing.

ZIGGY

This is a fascist state, I hate this
fascist state!

Bubba wipes away a tear.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Don doubles Ziggy on his bike down a quiet street. Don aims the bike for a curb and the bike bumps over it. Ziggy rises several inches off before crashing back down with a thump and grabbing wildly for Don's arm. Don laughs and steers the bike off the curb repeating the effect. Ziggy starts to pound him on the back but Don just keeps laughing and aiming for the curbs.

INT. CAFE - DAY

Don and Ziggy sit in a booth in a greasy spoon. At another booth sits Lizard and Lisa. Lizard is decked out in neo-hippie gear, Indian draw string pants, sandals, chunky necklace. Ziggy tries to ignore him.

Don flips through the selections on the wall mounted jukebox.

DON

You know I've yet to see a jukebox that
doesn't have a Nazareth song on it, it's
like there's a law or something.

ZIGGY

It's the same law that says guys in
Corvettes have to have tapes that go boom-
chucka-boom-chucka.

DON

(in a T.V. adman's voice)
That bad ass Chevrolet funk, standard
equipment on most models.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZIGGY

Did you know there's a mathematical formula that explains how a guy's taste in music actually declines the bigger his car stereo gets?

DON

Hey Ziggy, you ever heard Sandanista?

ZIGGY

That Clash album?

Don nods.

ZIGGY (cont'd)

I always sorta thought it sucked, why?

Don smiles and shakes his head. A WAITRESS appears at their table and sets down a plate of prunes. Don and Ziggy look at her quizzically.

WAITRESS

The gentleman in booth four sends his regards.

She jerks her thumb towards Lizard's booth. He is convulsing in laughter. The waitress shrugs and moves on. Don begins to pick at the prunes.

DON

Who is that? I don't even like these.

ZIGGY

Some asshole I made the mistake of fucking.

Don raises an eyebrow.

ZIGGY (cont'd)

Hey we all make mistakes right?

Ziggy twists round and yells at Lizard

ZIGGY

Where's my camera asshole!

Lizard waves. Scowling, Ziggy turns back towards Don.

DON

He's got your camera?

Ziggy shrugs. Don persists.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DON
Ziggy, how'd he get your camera?

ZIGGY
We lived together, OK Don, satisfied,
got all the information you need?

Don shakes his head and resumes picking at the prunes. Lizard and Lisa leave their booth. They stroll past Don and Ziggy, smirking.

Lizard stops.

LIZARD
I hear they keep you regular.

Don is confused. He reaches into his jacket and pulls out a leaflet. He hands it to Lizard.

LIZARD
What's this?

DON
Got a gig coming up, us and Bashing
Barney.

LIZARD
Who?

DON
Bashing Barney, they're from Toronto-

LIZARD
-I know who Bashing Barney is, who
the fuck are you?

DON
The Spontaneous Abortions.

LIZARD
Who?
(Turning to Ziggy)
So Ziggy are you going?

Ziggy keeps her eyes on her coffee cup.

DON
She's in the band.

Lizard gasps with laughter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

LIZARD

The moaner's in a band, no way! What the fuck do you do Ziggy, stand there and bitch?

Ziggy raises her eyes in the face of Lizard's laughter. She looks him up and down and when she speaks her voice is low and even.

ZIGGY

So, are those 100% cotton or what?

She points at his pants. Lizard's laughter stops but a smug smile still creases his face.

LIZARD

You looking to climb in 'em for old times sake Zigs.

Ziggy remains calm. She stands and approaches Lizard.

ZIGGY

Just checking.

Ziggy pulls the prunes away from a still poking Don and pulling open the waistband of Lizard's pants she dumps them in. Ziggy then brings her heavy boot down hard on Lizard's sandals toes, and walks past him and out the cafe. Lizard hops about in pain, a deep stain growing around his crotch. Don signals for more coffee.

INT. ZIGGY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Ziggy, her bass guitar strapped on, practices a series of jumps off her bed. She tries a variety of moves, curling her legs underneath her, spreading them wide in a scissoring pattern, pogoing straight up and down.

INT. THRIFT SHOP - DAY

Ziggy and Loni sort through the racks of clothing in a run down thrift shop. Loni pulls a satin ball gown in a dizzying shade of green off the rack and holds it up in front of her. Ziggy takes a step back and nods.

ZIGGY

Give it a whirl.

Loni spins around to see it in a mirror and shakes her head.

LONI

Naw, I don't think so. Let's split.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZIGGY

Hang on OK, I want to find something before rehearsal.

Ziggy yanks out a Jackie Kennedy pink suit number and her eyes light up. Loni's lips curl in disgust and she points to the back of the outfit. Turning it round Ziggy sees two large circular sweat stains at the armpits. She hesitates for a moment before returning it to the rack.

LONI

I don't know how you can stand putting this stuff against your skin, it just gives me the shivers.

ZIGGY

They wash this stuff.

Ziggy leans into a rack of dresses and takes a deep sniff.

ZIGGY (CONT'D)

At least I think they do. Anyways, it's cheap and you can't find stuff like this just anywhere.

LONI

Yah, there's probably a reason for that.

Ziggy pulls out a yellow polyester pant suit and holds it up in front of herself. Frowning, she returns it to the rack.

LONI

So, is that Animal guy still giving you a hard time?

ZIGGY

He's not a bad guy actually, he's been showing me some new chords. He keeps checking out my butt though.

LONI

Euuuhhh. How old is that guy?

Ziggy is holding up a black satin skirt that puffs out round the base. It is embroidered with red roses and lariats. Ziggy turns toward the mirror.

ZIGGY

Rock and Roll.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Don and Ziggy are eating. Ziggy practices her bass as she eats.

ZIGGY

Hey Don, you know how in Fashion State my part goes--

Don shoots her a look.

DON

--Fascist State.

ZIGGY

OK, Fascist State, anyways you know how my part goes..

Ziggy plays a one chord passage, bum-bum-bum-bum. Don nods.

ZIGGY

Well I was thinking if I maybe went something like this it might be a bit more interesting.

Ziggy plays him a minute variation, bum-bum-ba-bum-bum.

DON

Ziggy, this is the Spontaneous Abortions not Emerson, Lake and Palmer. Play that jazzy stuff on your own time if you want, but we got a gig in a couple of days and I gotta know that you're ready OK?

Ziggy nods her head and cranking up her amp plays her bum-bum-bum-bum.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Ziggy talks with a GROUP OF YOUNG PUNKS.

ZIGGY

No supposedly they were a pretty good band.

PUNK #1 shakes his head.

PUNK #1

Never heard of them.

PUNK #2

So, you're in this band?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ziggy nods.

PUNK #2
Cool, give me of those.

Ziggy hands him the leaflet.

PUNK #2
Oh man, Bashing Barney, they're so lame.

ZIGGY
Well come and check us out anyways.

PUNK #1
We'll see.

Ziggy nods and heads off through the park.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Don plasters a poster up on a construction hoarding. He is having a great deal of trouble. The poster is incredibly ruttled and torn in places and Don keeps wielding the brush attempting to smooth it out. It finally reaches a state of acceptability, with most of the poster legible and Don steps back to admire his handiwork.

As he steps back, Al Satian, dressed in his Policeman's uniform appears at Don's shoulder. Don turns, noticing the uniform. He groans and shuffles forward and rips down the poster and begins to gather up his gear. Al lays his hand on Don's shoulder.

DON
Ah come on man.

Don turns, now noticing that it's Al.

DON
Hey Al!

Al smiles and grabs the brush from Don and picks up a poster. He slaps it against the hoarding and expertly pastes it up. Al turns to Don as he finishes off the job.

AL
You always were lousy with your hands
Quinn. No wonder you're such a shitty
drummer.

Al laughs, a cold, internal sort of chuckle that doesn't invite company.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He tosses down the brush and walks over to Don, looming over him. He slaps Don hard on the back and turning, saunters off down the street.

INT. CANADIAN TIRE STORE - DAY

Animal is stocktaking in an aisle of Canadian Tire. A teenager moves down the aisle. Animal whips out a leaflet and hands it to him, then, as quickly returns to the shelves.

EXT. STREET - DAY

With impressive skill Bubba pastes up a series of posters.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Bubba, Don and Ziggy are on their way to the gig. The car is filled to the brim with Don's drums and Ziggy's guitar and amp. Ziggy is wedged into the back seat beside the bass drum looking a little nervous.

Don and Bubba are in high spirits, Don beating out a tattoo on the dashboard as Bubba imitates the guitar part to an Abortion's classic. They screech to a halt outside of The Pit.

EXT. THE PIT - CONTINUOUS

Don jumps out of the car, bouncing with energy. He's looking good. Bubba climbs out of the car looking less good, but still bouncy. Ziggy clambers out through the drums. Ziggy is wearing the puffy black skirt she found in the thrift shop. She looks at The Pit and hesitates.

Don plunges into the car and pulls out his bass drum. Turning to Ziggy, he flashes a wide smile.

DON

Let's rock 'em Ziggy!

Don throws open the door of the club and marches in. Ziggy grabs her bass and amp and shuffles in after him.

INT. BAND ROOM - NIGHT

Animal sits drinking a beer in the band room of the club. Several empty bottles are lined up in front of him.

The band room is a small cubby hole of a room with a tattered sofa, a few old chairs and a mirror, along with stacks of beer cases. The walls are covered in graffiti. Don, Ziggy and Bubba enter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DON

And this is the bandroom hey...

Don had been talking to Ziggy and when he turns his head and sees Animal he starts in surprise. Animal raises a beer in salute.

DON

When did you get here?

ANIMAL

A couple of hours ago. Want a beer?

Animal gestures to an open case of Heineken. Don plunges his hand in and pulls out beers for Bubba, Ziggy and himself. Don studies the graffiti.

DON

This brings back memories.

Bubba laughs and pulls out a joint. He lights it, takes several deep pulls then offers it to Ziggy. She shakes her head and he offers it to Animal. He takes a long pull and passes it on to Don.

ANIMAL

What time are we on?

DON

I don't know, I'll ask Stevie.

The door opens and a short man in a satin tour jacket enters. This is STAN, the manager of Bashing Barney. He carries a cell phone and a Palm Pilot. He starts at the sight of the Abortions.

STAN

Who the fuck are you?

ANIMAL

Who the fuck are you?

Stan looks flustered. He races from the room.

STAN

Stevie!

Don and Animal exchange looks of bemusement. Almost immediately Stevie bursts into the room followed by Stan. He stops in his tracks and rolls his eyes.

STEVIE

What's going on?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DON

Stevie! Rock and Roll man! The Spontaneous Abortions are back.

STEVIE

Don, what are you doing here?

DON

We're playing tonight man.

STEVIE

I thought you were joking.

Stevie shakes his head. Don looks on in confusion.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

Shit, OK, you'll have to get out of here, this is Bashing Barney's room.

Don tries to protest but Stevie exerts some mild physical persuasion to move Don towards the door.

DON

Ah Stevie, come on man...

Stevie slides Don out the door and turns back towards Animal and Bubba and gives them the thumbs out. Stevie frowns when he notices the open case of beer. Bubba slinks out, followed by a slightly swaying Animal. Ziggy has gone unnoticed. Stan moves into the room and slams the door shut.

INT. THE PIT - CONTINUOUS

Stevie steers Don to a table. Animal and Bubba slink over and join them. Stevie stands over them. In the background, Ziggy quietly exits the band room and shuffles over, standing just behind Stevie.

STEVIE

I got Idle Worship on at 11:00 and Bashing Barney on at midnight, so I can give you guys...fifteen? Yah fifteen minutes at 10:30.

DON

Fifteen minutes!

STEVIE

No debate here Don, take it or leave it.

Don purses his lips but remains silent.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEVIE

OK, get your stuff set up and we'll try
and get you a soundcheck.

Stevie turns and walks off, but stops and turns back to them.

STEVIE

And you owe me for a case of beer.

Stevie disappears into his office. Gordo swiftly emerges and hustles a case of Heineken into the bandroom. The Abortions start to haul their gear over to the stage already crowded with equipment.

DON

Fifteen minutes, what's that all about?

ANIMAL

We've only got three songs down Don,
fifteen minutes is plenty.

DON

Yah but it's the principle of the thing,
who the fuck is Idle Worship? It was
supposed to be us and Bashing Barney.

Animal shrugs and sets up his amp.

LATER THAT NIGHT

The club is filling up and a surprising number of OLDER MEN in tight leather jackets are sprinkled amongst the usual mixed bag of sub-cultures. The band's equipment is pressed to the very front of the tiny stage, a tattered, spray painted sheet with "The Spontaneous Abortions" on it is taped to the back wall.

The Abortions huddle together at a small table beside the stage. A litter of empties huddles in front of Animal. He's looking a little glassy eyed. Don taps his feet with nervous energy, while Ziggy runs her hands up her unplugged bass, practising. She looks very nervous.

Loni passes by. Ziggy can only offer a weak smile. Loni kneels in front of her and grabs her hand.

LONI

You OK?

Ziggy nods.

LONI

You look great. Blow 'em away girl.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Loni rises and heads for the bar. Lizard slinks by with Lisa, both of them tottering on absurdly high heels. He smirks, but gives Ziggy wide berth. Ziggy is too busy to notice.

Heads swivel round in the club as BASHING BARNEY, four slouching young men, enter and head for the bandroom. The bandroom door opens and some young women are ushered in.

Stevie approaches the Abortion's table.

STEVIE

Are you guys ready to go?

Don nods.

STEVIE

Sorry we couldn't get you a soundcheck..
You'll be fine.

Don and Ziggy stand. Animal, with a second effort, does as well. Stevie turns towards the bar and signals. Gordo comes hustling over with three Heinekens. He passes them to the band.

STEVIE

Good luck you guys.

Animal raises his beer in thanks and sways onto the stage. Stevie watches him with concern, then heads off for his office. Don and Ziggy climb up on stage. Ziggy plugs into her amp and Don slides behind his drum kit.

The SOUND MAN comes running up and shifts a couple of mics in their direction. He gives them the thumbs up, then saunters back to his post. The house lights go down, the stage lights up and the PA fades out. A slight lessening of conversation moves around the room.

Animal counts them in.

ANIMAL

A one-two-a-one-two-three-four!

Animal is a bit unsteady on his feet but his guitar playing is just fine and Don and Ziggy are keeping up. Ziggy moves toward the mic and starts to sing.

The mic is dead.

Ziggy, flustered, stops playing and looks around in confusion.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Don loses his thread and stops and Animal, shooting them both an angry glare, cuts off.

A wave of laughter moves around the club accompanied by some angry shouts directed at the soundman. The level of conversation rises.

Ziggy turns to Don.

DON

Don't worry, we can do it.

Ziggy nods, but she looks frozen with fear. Animal signals to Bubba who pops up on stage. Animal whispers something to him and he runs off, reappearing with a chair onto which Animal sags. The soundman hustles up and wires up Ziggy's mic. He offers a shrug and runs back to his post.

ANIMAL

Let's do it.

He gives a hard glare, first at Don, then at Ziggy. They both mutely nod. Animal starts to tap his toe.

ANIMAL

One-two-one-two-three-four!

Again they launch into the song. Bubba and THREE LEATHER JACKETED MEN in their thirties race up and begin to bounce one another about. Ziggy steps with some hesitation to the mic and begins to sing.

ZIGGY

This is a fashion state, I hate
this fashion state.

The sound of Ziggy's voice causes heads round the club to swivel round and watch. Ziggy's confidence grows with each verse and she's even able to look up from her fingers now and again.

Don is locked into a deep groove, his eyes closed, his head nodding.

Animal, even slumped on a chair, is a pretty good guitar player.

The song winds to a close and Bubba clambers up on stage and launches himself towards his buddies, wiping them out into a big puddle of aging leather.

The Abortions close the song clean, Ziggy trying a short jump off her monitor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

A ROAR erupts and moves round most members of the crowd, particularly amongst those in their thirties. Loni whistles loudly near a sneering Lizard.

Ziggy stares in amazement at the scene before her. Bubba and his buddies climbing off the floor screaming, a good portion of the crowd looking at her and many of those clapping. She looks back at Don and laughs in relief. Don has a huge grin plastered across his face. Back at the bar, Stevie smiles and raises a beer in salute.

Animal launches them into another song.

ANIMAL

One-two-one-two-three-four!

EXT. THE PIT - NIGHT

Don and Ziggy stand out back of the club sharing a joint. Through the walls, the muffled sound of a band rumbles. Their eyes meet and they erupt into a fit of giggling.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A party is winding up at Don's house. He, Bubba, and Animal are squeezed together on a couch while A SMALL GROUP of younger people huddle about the room. Ziggy has been cornered by BENNY, the singer from Bashing Barney.

BENNY

You should come out to Toronto, I know
a band that could really use you.

Benny leers and leans in closer. Ziggy pushes up against the wall. Don, Bubba and Animal bring their beer bottles together in a noisy, sloppy toast.

BUBBA

Rock and Roll!

They slurp down their foaming beers.

DON

Hey Ziggy!

Don raises his beer in salute.

DON (cont'd)

Rock on girl!

Ziggy smiles and takes the opportunity to slide past Benny. She wanders over and perches on the arm of the sofa.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZIGGY

Hey action man.

Don fishes at his feet and pulls out a beer. He shakes it up, pops the lid and hands it to Ziggy. The beer shoots out of the bottle and Ziggy holds it, dripping over Don's head.

BUBBA

You guys were so fucking great.

Bubba is getting teary. He throws his arms round Don and Animal and pulls them in tight.

BUBBA

You showed those little shits something,
(yelling at Benny)
Hey! Hey! Barney! these guys kicked your
ass man, they rocked the house.

Benny scowls and slides from the room, followed by the remaining group of Ziggy's contemporaries. Don pulls free from Bubba's grasp.

DON

Once we get a few more songs under our
belts they'll be opening for us.

Animal pulls himself free from Bubba and stares at Don.

ANIMAL

Whoah there Don.

DON

What?

ANIMAL

Time out man, what's with this few more
songs shit?

DON

I just think we need some more material,
fifteen minutes just doesn't cut it,
but don't--

ANIMAL

--Don, listen now, this was it, tonight
was it. We came, we rocked, we move on,
end of story.

Don and Bubba are shocked at this. Don jumps up and begins to pace the room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DON

What are you talking about? You saw
how the crowd reacted. They loved us.

Animal shakes his head.

DON

Animal, come on man, we're on a roll now,
let's not fuck up this time.

Animal pulls himself forward from the depths of the couch and
calmly addresses Don.

ANIMAL

Don we staked our claim. We let the kids
know who broke down the walls, now let
it rest.

DON

But we could really do something now.

ANIMAL

Nothing's changed, I've still got a wife
and a couple of kids and a job and a
mortgage. I can't afford the luxury of a
pipe dream. Sorry man.

DON

Didn't you see their faces, didn't you
hear that crowd?

Animal rises a bit unsteadily from the couch and walks over,
wrapping Don in a big bear hug.

ANIMAL

We kicked ass Don. Leave it at that.

Animal pulls back and stares at Don who squirms in his grasp,
his lips twisting with unvoiced protests. He knows Animal is
serious.

Animal lets Don go and pulls on his coat. He nods to Bubba
who is now just moist with tears. Animal turns towards Ziggy.
He sticks out his hand, after a moment, Ziggy takes it and
they shake hands.

ANIMAL

I enjoyed being in a band with you.
You've got a great ass.

Ziggy nods, shocked at this development. Animal shuffles out
the door. Don, Bubba and Ziggy exchange glances of misery.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Ziggy wanders into the mess that is the living room. Buried beneath a pile of pizza boxes and beer crates is Bubba, out for the duration. Don is slumped with the TV on but the sound off.

He sips at a beer and stares at the screen.

ZIGGY

Wanna get some breakfast?

Don looks at her for a beat then returns his gaze to the TV. He shakes his head.

Ziggy hesitates, then pulls on her jacket and leaves the house.

INT. CAFE - DAY

Ziggy and Loni sit at a booth in the greasy spoon.

LONI

So that's it?

Ziggy shrugs.

ZIGGY

That's what he said.

LONI

But you guys rocked Ziggy, I was so impressed. I didn't know you could sing.

ZIGGY

It was so great Loni, I've never had such a rush. It was better than sex.

LONI

Every man in that club was checking you out, including Lizard, I heard he and Lisa split up right after.

Ziggy smiles.

ZIGGY

Yah that guy from Bashing Barney was crawling all over me last night.

LONI

I'd fuck him in an instant. He's hot.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZIGGY

He had really bad breath. I don't know.

LONI

Jesus I can't believe you guys are giving this up.

Ziggy can only offer a helpless shrug.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Don is in the kitchen, still dressed in his band clothes. He looks pretty rough. He's eating macaroni out of a pot. Ziggy enters.

ZIGGY

So Don, I've been working on this song and I think it might be OK.

Don looks up, shrugs and returns to eating.

ZIGGY

It's got a good groove, it's bum-bum-ba ba-bum bum-bum-ba-bum and I think there's some nice space for you to get some good stuff happening.

Ziggy beats out a tattoo on the table top and scats a melody line. Don pulls the fork from his mouth. His response is listless and drained.

DON

You heard Animal Ziggy. It's over.

Don returns his attention to the macaroni. Ziggy stands and moves closer to Don.

ZIGGY

We don't need Animal, we can get another guitar player.

DON

It isn't the Abortions without Animal.

He holds Ziggy's stare for a beat, then returns his attention to the pot. Ziggy continues to scat and beat a rhythm out on the table top.

ZIGGY

Work with me Don, you said we needed some more material.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DON

It's no use, it's over.

Ziggy grabs the pot and throws it against the wall. It bounces off, the macaroni sticking to the wall like plaster.

DON

Hey, what the fuck?

ZIGGY

I'm serious, we should do this. I think we have something happening.

DON

Without Animal it isn't the Abortions.

ZIGGY

So we'll call it something else.

Don shakes his head.

DON

Nope, we need Animal. He's the only guitar player worth shit in this town.

ZIGGY

I can't believe you. Don, we rocked, I mean remember? How can you just let that go?

Don stares at the macaroni scarred wall.

DON

I was eating that.

Ziggy throws up her arms in frustration and exits the room. Don sits motionless. Ziggy storms back into the kitchen.

ZIGGY

I'm giving notice.

Don looks up at her.

DON

What?

ZIGGY

I'm not going to waste my time with this shit anymore. I'm outta here, OK? I'm giving you notice.

Ziggy holds for a beat but Don remains silent. She storms out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DON
Ziggy....

INT. R.P.M.'S - DAY

Don sits in the gloom of R.P.M.'S staring out the window. A record sticks on the turntable and repeats the same bar over and over and over again.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Ziggy stands in the street outside Loni's beauty college. Loni appears.

LONI
Hey girl, what's up?

Ziggy locks Loni's arm in hers and sets off down the street.

ZIGGY
Feel like a drink?

Loni looks at Ziggy. Ziggy nods.

LONI
I guess I do.

INT. TAVERN - EVENING

Don is in a dreary tavern. He feeds some coins into a jukebox and returns to his table and a pitcher of beer. A tall stack of quarters stands ready on his table.

INT. BAR - EVENING

Ziggy and Loni are propped up at the bar at a busy, downtown watering hole. Noisy office workers crowd round them, the men amongst them using the excuse of ordering drinks to brush up close to Ziggy and Loni. Ziggy and Loni are on shooters.

LONI
I don't understand you sometimes Zigs.

ZIGGY
That makes two of us then. Shit, I really blew it this time.

LONI
Just tell him you were joking.

Ziggy shakes her head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZIGGY

I am so fucking stupid. Shit.

Ziggy rams her head (gently) against the bar several times. Loni pats Ziggy's arm and signals the bartender for another round. A BUSINESSMAN leers into their faces.

BUSINESS MAN

Can I buy you ladies a drink?

LONI

Sure, tequilas straight up.

The business man signals the bartender.

BUSINESS MAN

Three tequilas here.

The bartender sets them up. Ziggy and Loni raise theirs, ignoring the business man.

ZIGGY & LONI

Do me big boy!

They down their shots. Ziggy turns to the business man.

ZIGGY

Thanks, now fuck off!

Loni snorts, and she and Ziggy burst into a fit of giggles. The business man starts, not sure if they're joking with him but when they continue to ignore him, he leans in.

BUSINESS MAN

Goddamn dykes.

Ziggy runs her hand across Loni's face.

ZIGGY

Oh baby.

They laugh again. The business man walks off grumbling. Ziggy twirls her finger and the bartender sets them up again.

ZIGGY

He's sort of innocent, you know? He's got this purity about him but he's such a fucking slacker, I mean what's the deal with needing Animal anyways, are they bum buddies or what?

LONI

You haven't fucked him have you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ZIGGY

Fucked Don? Shit I don't even fuck myself
much anymore.

Ziggy downs her shot.

ZIGGY

Not a bad idea though.

They break into snickers and order another round.

INT. TAVERN - NIGHT

Don drains a shot and the last of a pitcher of beer and
lurches to his feet. Plugging a final tune into the juke box
with the last of the stacked quarters, he exits the tavern.

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

Ziggy and Loni lurch from the bar on wobbly legs.

LONI

Goddamn dykes.

They burst into laughter again, but Ziggy's laughter turns
into tears and she starts to shake. Loni wraps her in a hug.

LONI

Oh Zigs.

Ziggy croaks through her tears.

ZIGGY

I'm alright, I'm just going to cry for
a while.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Don stands across the street gazing up at an apartment
building. He sways in the night breeze. Lizard exits the
building and heads off down the street.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Ziggy and Loni walk arm in arm, rather unsteadily, down a
street. They stop in front of Loni's house.

LONI

You sure you don't want to come in?

Ziggy nods. Loni kisses her cheek and gives her a tight hug.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LONI

Watch out for those lampposts.

Ziggy weaves off down the street.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Don is on the couch listening to THE PERFECT POP SONG. His hand is wrapped in a bloody bandage. He sips a beer.

Ziggy's entrance is a noisy one. She bumps into several pieces of furniture as she heads for Don. She stands swaying in front of him.

ZIGGY

I'm going to Vancouver and I'm getting a band together and I want you to be the drummer.

Ziggy leans over and gives Don a big wet kiss on the lips.

ZIGGY

Wanna fuck?

Ziggy's legs give way and she collapses in a heap on the floor. Don stands up and bends over her. Ziggy groans. Don pulls her to her feet and half drags her, half walks her up the stairs.

INT. ZIGGY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Don drags Ziggy into the room and as gently as he can lets her down on the bed, but Ziggy grabs hold of his hand and pulls him down after her. Ziggy passes out almost immediately, but she has Don's arm trapped under her and he is too tired and too drunk to put up much of a fight. He closes his eyes.

At the foot of the bed are TWO CAMERAS, a 35mm still, and a Super-8 movie camera.

INT. ZIGGY'S ROOM - MORNING

Ziggy sits up with a start, and almost immediately collapses back in pain onto her pillow, clutching her head.

ZIGGY

Oh shit!

From her position on the bed she looks round the room and is surprised when she notices that Don is on her bed and holding her hand. Don is out. Gently, Ziggy sits up again and looks around the room, blinking in pain.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She has to puke. She pulls her hand free from Don and climbing out of bed, races from the room.

Offscreen we can hear a series of WRENCHING GROANS coming from Ziggy, loud enough to stir Don from his sleep. He sits up, blinking and disorientated. Realising where he is he bolts from the bed, spinning around the room looking for Ziggy.

He moves for the door. Just as he reaches it Ziggy reappears, looking flushed but more alert. They pause, awkward. Ziggy spots the cameras.

ZIGGY
Hey! My camera.

Ziggy walks over and picks up the 35mm camera. She glances at the other one and turns to Don.

ZIGGY
How'd you get it?

Don shrugs, sliding his bandaged hand behind his back.

ZIGGY
What's with the other one?

DON
I didn't know which one was yours.

ZIGGY
Don, you sweetheart.

Ziggy walks up to him and kisses him on the cheek. Don blushes.

DON
So, Ziggy, were you serious last night?

Ziggy ponders what she might have said.

ZIGGY
Ummmm...well....

DON
About getting a band together in Vancouver and wanting me to be your drummer?

A look of surprise crosses Ziggy's face.

ZIGGY
Absolutely Don, I think we're a team.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Don nods, thinking.

DON
OK, I'm in.

Ziggy looks at him for a beat and then wraps him in a hug.

ZIGGY
Allright action man.

Ziggy's smile suddenly disappears.

ZIGGY (CONT'D)
Excuse me...

Ziggy races from the room.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

A white panel van stands ready outside of Don's house. Bubba sits on the steps of the house as Ziggy and Loni ferry her belongings from the house to the van. Don exits the house and stands by Bubba. He hands over a set of keys.

DON
Allright big guy, take care of yourself.

Bubba clambers to his feet and wraps Don in a hug.

BUBBA
You can always come back.

Don nods and turns toward the van. Ziggy and Loni are wrapped in a tight hug.

LONI
Next time I see you, you better have roadies.

Ziggy nods, then waving at Bubba climbs in the passenger side. Don pauses, takes a last look at the house, a last wave to Bubba and then climbs in. The van starts up with a shake, and heads off up the road. Bubba wanders off the steps and joins Loni in watching the van until it disappears around the corner, then with a shrug to Loni he turns and heads back to his new house.

INT. VAN - DAY

Don and Ziggy clear the last traces of town and head out on the great western plain.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ziggy fiddles with the radio stations, getting station after station of classic rock and country. She shuts it off in disgust. She picks up the Super 8 camera and begins to shoot, first Don, then out the window.

ZIGGY

So Don, what are we gonna call our band?

Don thinks this over.

DON

How about the Quintuplets?

Ziggy shakes her head.

ZIGGY

I was thinking about maybe Panzer Kore?

Don snorts.

DON

The New Abortions?

Don looks at Ziggy. She shakes her head.

DON

Stubble Jumpers?....The Luddites?
How 'bout The Lack of Initiative?
Grunt-Throb? The Rent Boys?

ZIGGY

I was thinking more along the lines of Panzer Kore? ... Give it some thought Don, I mean "Ladies and Gentleman, PANZER KORE!" Hi, I'm Don from Panzer Kore, it's way cool. Panzer Kore Rules! ... Don't look at me like that...

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END