



**SCRIPTS**

Scripts.com

# **SLC Punk!**

By James Merendino

The thing about me and Bob,  
and pretty much all of us, was...  
we hated rednecks  
more than anything else, period.  
Because rednecks for us  
were America incarnate.  
And America? Huh.  
Well, fuck America!  
So, hey,  
what do you wanna do now?  
Let's score. I gotta get some pelt  
tonight or my balls are gonna drop oft.  
I hear that.  
Come on, cowboy!  
Come on!  
What can I say? We weren't much more  
than a couple of young punks.  
Good morning, Bob.  
Rise and shine.  
It's a beautitul fucking day.  
All right.  
Two more hours.  
But that's it.  
To be an anarchist in Salt Lake City  
was certainly no easy task...  
especially in 1985.  
And having no money, no job...  
no plans for the future...  
the true anarchist position was,  
in itself, a strenuous job.  
And our tribe was small.  
I mean, at the center was me, Stevo...  
and Bob, my roommate...  
Heroin Bob.  
Oh, Bob didn't really do heroin.  
In fact, he hated needles.  
Bob's irrational fear of needles...  
was in contrast to everything  
you'd think about the guy.  
I mean, to look at him, you'd think  
he was a madman, which he was.  
But he was also one  
of the most uptight guys I've ever met.  
He didn't do anything

about the cut on his hand... nothing.  
I mean, absolutely nothing.  
He just wrapped it up...  
in a dirty old T-shirt,  
and he left it like that for weeks.  
Is he gonna be okay?  
Oh, yeah. He'll be fine.  
I'm sure. Thank you, though.  
Hi, how are we doing?  
Okay. Can I take a look at that?  
Okay. All right.  
Oh, what the heck did we do here?  
I think that wound's  
the most infected thing I've ever seen.  
I hate doctors, man.  
I hate 'em.  
Well, you're lucky those boys  
brought you here.  
Okay? Because without me  
you'd be dead.  
Patty, we need  
a gram of amoxicillin.  
That's a nasty cut you've got there.  
How did you manage that?  
I fell off my bike.  
Oh, sweetheart, I'm sorry.  
Does it still hurt?  
- That's a nice kid.  
- Yeah, sad, really.  
- How's that?  
- Kids.  
There's not much future  
for 'em, hmm?  
We all die, Stevo.  
That's true.  
Very true, Mike.  
No, no! No, I'm fine! I'm fine!  
Get that fucking needle  
away from me, man!  
No, I don't do needles!  
Get off me! Get off!  
Goddamn it! No! No!  
You pack of murderers! No!  
No needles!

Help me! Help me!

No, no, please!

So Heroin Bob was named as such  
'cause he was afraid of needles.  
But not just needles.

The guy was afraid of drugs too.

We couldn't even get him  
to take a damn aspirin.

He drank, and he smoked cigarettes  
but that's it. He'd say...

You know that shit you guys do?  
You're fucking yourselves up, man.  
Fucking acid. Acid.

It never leaves your body.

It's in your tuckin'  
spinal cord to forever.

Let me tell you something  
about the nature of chemicals, man.

You know that dude Napoleon?

He was banished to an island  
when the French got sick of him.

That's right. He supposedly died  
of stomach problems, right?

Wrong. He was actually poisoned  
over a long period of time.

Murdered by arsenic,  
a preservative.

- And you know how?

- No idea.

- His hair.

- His hair?

His fuckin' hair.

It was arsenic.

You could tell how long  
he was being poisoned...

by following the traces  
of poison up his hair.

Dude, dude, dude, if you do  
enough hits of it, you're dead.

- It really makes you think, doesn't it?

- Think what?

That chemistry's the wrong  
fucking major for a guy like you.

- It's the wrong major, Bob.

- You should lay off the acid anyways!  
- You heard about Sean, right?  
- No, what happened to Sean?  
You know he was selling acid, right?  
No, man. I told you \$25, man.  
\$25. It's inflation.  
Shit's getting expensive, man.  
- Thanks, man.  
- No problem.  
- Nice spikes.  
- Nice tuckin' suit.  
Let me ask you something, Sean.  
What the fuck  
did you become a punk for?  
Hey, man. Come on. The kid wants  
to be a punk, let him be a punk.  
You see, Russ.  
Mods are pussies, man.  
That shit's tuckin' dead.  
If we catch you out tonight,  
we're kickin' your ass.  
- Come on. He's all right.  
- Kickin' my ass? Kick my ass?  
- Come on. Let's go.  
- Get on your bikes and ride away.  
- Hey, fuck you!  
- No, thanks, sweetheart. All right.  
Your mom's driving us  
to soccer practice?

- 4:

- You guys enjoy.  
So Sean puts all this acid  
in his pocket, and the school cop...  
- Where was this?  
- Southeast High, man.  
So he takes off running...  
and he's running through  
the track field...  
and the sprinklers are on.  
So the water  
soaks through his pants...  
and melts the acid  
which went through his pants...

onto the skin on his leg.  
So you know,  
over a hundred hits of acid...  
dissolved into Sean's leg.  
Fried him.  
So I went to see him  
a week later.  
It had just snowed,  
and he was sitting outside in the cold.  
What are you doin' outside, man?  
Are you him?  
- Yeah, I'm him.  
- Jesus!  
Have I sinned,  
or am I going to heaven?  
You're tryin', man.  
- How much acid did you take?  
- Wait. You're not Jesus.  
- You're Bob.  
- I'm Bob! How goes it?  
- How are you doing that?  
- Doin' what?  
Walkin' on water. It I get ott this  
chair, I'll drown. Wanna know why?  
- 'Cause I can't swim.  
- Oh, I get it.  
So, Sean,  
do you see land anywhere?  
Just water.  
- Say, Bob?  
- Yeah.  
You are Jesus.  
That's right. I am.  
Why do you ask?  
Satan is in the house.  
He killed my mom...  
and turned her into a bull.  
Oh, I didn't hear you come in!  
- What? What?  
- Come here.  
I gotta kill her!  
Okay! Hold still!  
Put your hands in the air  
and slowly turn around.

- I'm saved! I'm saved!  
- Put your hands up!  
Yeah, sure, Sean.  
You're saved.  
I said put your hands in the air.  
Chemicals, man.  
They'll fuck you up.  
I always wondered what happened  
to that crazy little shit.  
It's a crazy tucked-up world...  
and we're all just barely  
floatin' along...  
waitin' for somebody  
that can walk on water.  
Bob was like that...  
a real asshole when it came  
to reading into things.  
He liked to wrap things up into neat  
little packages that implied the world.  
See, Sean was fucked up.  
Not the world.  
The world was just confused.  
And not the world, really.  
Just the people in it.  
Bob was confused.  
And more, Bob was paranoid as fuck.  
That's right.  
Bob was in quarantine.  
The doctor said that Bob's infection  
was so bad...  
that it had become a lethal virus.  
And so he was under quarantine  
for some weeks.  
It was the beginning of the fall  
and the rest of our lives.  
We both graduated college  
and were taking summer classes...  
a major feat, since our aim in college  
was to be as destructive as possible.  
Our mission, after leaving high school  
as two aspiring young punks...  
I think the only two punks  
in Salt Lake City at the time...  
was to go to university

and bring down the system.  
Why? Well, for obvious reasons.  
Anarchy... the only system of government  
that seemed to make any sense to us.  
And the irony was we had made it  
through. I did well, even.  
My father was hell-bent on getting me to  
go to Harvard Law School, like he did.  
My father tried to get me to go  
right after I graduated high school.  
Thank you for giving us  
an hour of your time.  
Your mother and I found this  
to be rather important.  
You finished high school.  
Thank God.  
And now it's your time to do good.  
This rebellion thing  
you're going through, I understand it.  
Not completely,  
but I respect it.  
Now you should think about  
what is right for you.  
I mean, be free, darling, always.  
Yeah. Be practical, Steve.  
You got a chance to go to Harvard.  
You've got me as an alumnus.  
- That can't hurt.  
- But only if it makes you happy.  
Look, if you want to rebel there,  
you can do it. I went to Woodstock.  
Me and the guys had a lot of fun.  
We did our thing there.  
We got behind some causes, though.  
We fought for some  
very strong causes.  
We ended, collectively,  
we ended that goddamn war in 'Nam...  
so that guys like you  
could be free.  
There's all these possibilities  
for you, Steven. Carry the torch now.  
Okay? I can see by looking at you  
that you're ready.



- I'm proud that you're an individual.

- Very proud.

So proud.

One thing.

This may not be easy to hear,  
but the hair.

Maybe tone it down a bit.

The whole thing that you're doing.

In my day, it was long hair,  
beatniks, paisley.

You know. That stuff.

Not like that kind of thing.

This whole thing you're doing...

this statement about  
the American Indian...

I'm baffled.

And not just me.

A regular guy in the street's  
gonna be baffled too.

And we're hip, we're cool.

It's just those guys on the east coast  
are never gonna get it.

They're not gonna get this  
in New York.

- Darling, we sound like our parents.

- Yeah.

- It's difficult, dear.

- We just want to support you.

A hundred percent. Take the ball  
and run with it. Make a difference.

But always with love.

Remember that, Steven.

- Always with love.

- Oh, time out.

I just want to ask real quick,  
it I can.

You believe in rebellion,  
freedom and love, right?

- Absolutely. Yes.

- Rebellion, freedom, love.

You two are divorced,  
so love tailed.

**Two:**

any kind of scrap of eastern religion...  
that may justify  
why the above said love failed.

**Three:**

corporate, preppy-ass lawyer.  
I don't really have to say  
anything else about you, do I?

**Four:**

from New York City...  
the Mecca and hub of the cultural world,  
to Utah... nowhere...  
to change nothing...  
more to perpetuate...  
this cycle of money, greed,  
fascism and triviality.  
Your movement of, by and for the people  
got you nothing.  
You just hide behind some lost sense  
of drugs, sex, rock and roll.  
Ooh, Kumbaya.  
I am the future.  
I am the future of this great nation...  
which you, Father,  
so arrogantly saved this world for.  
Look. I have my own agenda.  
Harvard, out.  
University of Utah, in.  
I'm going to get a 4.0 in damage.  
I love you guys.  
Don't get me wrong.  
It's all about this.  
But for the first time  
in my life, I'm 18...  
and I can say, "Fuck you!"  
Steven, I didn't sell out, son.  
I bought in.  
Keep that in mind.  
That kid is gonna make  
one hell of a lawyer, huh?  
Yeah, he takes after his father.  
He's a son of a bitch.  
Fuck you, dear.

And now, four years later,  
I was a college graduate.  
We did what we could to fuck things up,  
but the system is strong...  
and they were many  
and we were still few.  
But this fall  
was gonna be the fall, all right.  
Bob and the rest of us had made an oath  
to do absolutely nothing.  
We were gonna waste our educated minds.  
We had no other way of fighting.  
As I said,  
there just weren't enough of us.  
Sure, there was a lot more punks  
than there was four years earlier...  
but there was also as many posers.  
Posers were people that looked like  
punks, but they did it for fashion.  
And they were fools.  
They'd say, "Anarchy in the U.K."  
You see? Posers.  
"Anarchy in the U.K."  
What the fuck's that?  
What good is that to those of us  
in Utah, America?  
It was a Sex Pistols thing, right? They  
were from England. They were British.  
That's what they did. They were allowed  
to go on about anarchy in the U.K.  
You don't live your life by lyrics.  
I mean, that's all you ever heard  
from these trendy fucks.  
Like, "Did you hear the new  
Smiths album? It's fuckin' terrific."  
Kids walking around Utah saying "terrific"  
with a stupid old English twang.  
See what I mean? What the fuck's up  
with the England bullshit?  
You know Jag? He's a tag.  
I knew a girl who'd only have sex  
with a guy if he had a fucking accent.  
Can you think of anything  
more ludicrous?

So every asshole  
in Salt Lake City...  
and let me tell you, plenty of assholes  
in this general region...  
that wanted to do some of this,  
would get her drunk...  
and put on some kind  
of stupid accent...  
like, "Hey, mistress,  
do you fancy a shag?"  
And there she would...  
tucking knees in the sky.  
It was sad. It made me really sad.  
Poor girl had no self-respect.  
To me, England was nothing more  
than a big American state...  
like North Dakota or Canada.  
You gotta look at me and say, "Hey,  
why are you so mad?" And I'll tell you.  
'Cause for all the fawning that  
went over the English bands in S.L. C...  
those tuckin' English chaps  
could only say shit about us Americans.  
All we were to them  
was a bunch of hicks.  
Well, you know what?  
I'm not a fuckin' hick!  
I don't wear cowboy boots.  
I hate the fuckin' rodeo.  
Horses smell like shit to me...  
and I don't tuck anyone  
in my own bloodline.  
By definition, I'm not a redneck,  
and I ain't a fuckin' hick.  
Oh, the sun never sets  
on the British empire.  
Well, the sun never sets  
on my asshole!  
Another thing that pissed me off,  
talking about who started punk rock.  
Was it Sex Pistols in England?  
Was it the Ramones  
and the Velvet Underground in New York?  
Is it the Ramones?

Is it the Sex Pistols?  
Who cares who started it?  
It's music.  
I don't know who started it,  
and I don't give a tuck.  
The one thing I do know  
is that we did it harder...  
goddamn it, we did it faster, and we  
definitely did it with more love, baby!  
You can't take that away from us.  
Exhibit A.  
It's my only exhibit,  
really, but, you know what?  
I think it's pretty tuckin' good.  
Fuck oft and die.  
One of these days it's got to go  
One of these days I'm comin' out slow  
One of these days we'll all be bored  
One of these days I'm comin' out strong  
One of these days it's got to go  
One of these days I'm comin' out strong  
One of these days, yeah  
It you were a tuckin' man,  
you'd fuck me here!  
I said it you were a fuckin' man,  
you'd tuck me here, right here, now!  
Fuckers.  
Hey, wasn't she with you?  
- Who?  
- Um, Sandy.  
Last week, dude.  
We hung out, but nobody's anybody's.  
Anyway, I got my eye on Trish.  
Hey, where is Trish?  
I have to talk to her.  
She's setting up tor the after party  
for the band.  
Hey, isn't Trish,  
like, 30-somethin'?  
Yeah, dude.  
She's fuckin' smart as hell too.  
I can listen to her talk tor,  
like, hours.  
Yeah. That's good tor you

'cause all she ever does is talk.  
I see Stevo  
is getting along tonight.  
I gotta do somethin'.  
So, Mark,  
how are you doin', old man?  
Fuck!  
I'm not old, motherfucker.  
Oh, no. I just... You know, I mean,  
you're older than anyone else here.  
It depends on how you look at it.  
I'm young in my heart...  
younger than any of these sad souls  
over there.  
You know, Bob...  
he's always looking for pain.  
That's why I don't understand  
you Americans.  
You're always looking for pain.  
Yeah, well, you know what?  
It pains me to hear you say that, Mark.  
It really does.  
Hold these.  
More pain you're looking for?  
No, I have to go take care  
of something.  
- Hey, that's Bob!  
- What?  
Yeah, Bob!  
The police. What an untidy group  
of little tascists.  
What do you expect  
in a town of God?  
Mormons run the state, and that  
is the state of things, I'm afraid.  
Listen, poser.  
Let me just explain this to you.  
It was my instinct to react that way  
because you punched my friend.  
I'm the bouncer for the band.  
It's my job.  
Yes, but this is a punk show.  
And mayhem and punk shows...  
It's like peas and carrots.

It's common for a guy to jump on stage,  
and then he jumps right off again.

Look. I'm really sorry  
about the beating...

and I hope the rest of your stay  
in America is more pleasant.

- You're under arrest, son.

- For selling pot?

- It's harmless, you know.

- No, the pot's fine.

However, this shirt happens to be  
illegal in several states.

I see.

It should be a torn shirt, huh?

With a picture of Ronald Reagan on it,  
maybe with a bullet hole in his head?

- That would be more punk?

- Yeah. You're a good man, Mark.

We need more men like you  
in America.

I rest easier

now that you say this.

- Eddie.

- Bobby.

- Hey. Fuck you, man.

- Hey.

- Hey, you're that singer dude.

- Hey.

- So, what did you think? Good show?

- I'll never play this town again, mate.

It's too tame for you British types?

- No, it's too bleedin' violent.

- Thank you.

Come with me.

I've got something to show you.

So here's this band.

E.C.P., Extreme Corporal Punishment.

One of the toughest,

most hard-core bands in the U.K.

Good band as well. They come to Salt

Lake City. They think it's too tough.

An 18-year-old punk beat the shit out of

their bouncer. I rest my case on this.

In a country of lost souls...

rebellion comes hard...  
but in a religiously oppressive city...  
which half its population  
isn't even of that religion...  
it comes like fire.  
You're here to visit?  
Yes. I think we're all excited  
to see how he's doing.  
Have you seen The Exorcist?  
- Yeah.  
- Did you like it?  
Yeah. Is this dangerous?  
Not clinically.  
What does that mean?  
- Jesus!  
- Hey, Bob.  
Are you alive?  
I want a cigarette, man.  
I want to get out of here.  
Listen, buddy.  
We've got good news.  
They say today's gonna be  
your last day.  
- Today?  
- Today.  
Thank God!  
These doctors can kiss my ass!  
Knock it off, tough guy,  
or I'll give you another shot.  
That woman fucking hates me, man.  
What's with the tape?  
Don't tell me you're going poser on me,  
you big loser.  
No, dude. I'm going crazy, man.  
How long have I been in here?  
- Three weeks.  
- Oh, my God!  
- Anyone come visit you?  
- No, no. Just you. Just you guys.  
You did. I've been quarantined, man.  
They named a disease after me.  
- You are a disease.  
- Uh, what about your tather, Bob?  
- What about my father?



- I just thought... He didn't...  
Oh, no. He didn't come.  
He's drunk, you know.  
But I'm tree, huh? I'm tree.  
You know, I loved the guy.  
Now the fall of hate  
could really get started.  
The first order of business,  
we threw a party at our apartment.  
This is, like, the tirst party  
of the tall, right?  
The whole tribe's here.  
Everyone's in the house.  
Let me make introductions.  
You remember Bob, ot course. He's...  
Hey, stop tuckin' with that stereo!  
He's also one ot the hosts.  
It's his fucking stereo.  
And this... Oh, my God.  
This is Trish.  
She's, like, a Bohemian queen.  
She is the goddess ot the scene.  
Everybody really wants her.  
Hey, come on.  
Let's keep going.  
Now stay close  
'cause I don't know everyone here.  
There's a lot of posers.  
Oh, this kid, though.  
This kid, he's not a tuckin' poser.  
He's not a poser.  
He looks like a total nerd, right?  
This guy looks like a geek,  
but his name's Mike.  
He's one of the most hard-core guys  
in the scene.  
Well, watch what happens.  
Stay where you are. I'll be right back.  
This is great.  
It's my favorite part.  
You see what I mean?  
Punk rock!  
It's punk rock!  
The party's in tull swing.

Let's continue.  
Hey, Mark, how's it rollin'?  
Rolling fine.  
- Here. It's on me.  
- For me?  
But be careful.  
That stuff can make you stupid.  
Fuck you!  
More stupid than you already are.  
Hey, this is Mark.  
Now, Mark is not a punk rocker.  
Why, he's nothing, really.  
He's not even a peer.  
But everybody knew him,  
and all the tribes love him...  
because he always had pot and acid.  
What this crazy foreign tuck was doing  
behind this Iron Curtain, I had no idea.  
I don't think anyone in Utah  
really knew...  
but we did know that he was rich,  
loaded with killer bud...  
and completely out  
of his fuckin' mind.  
Now, Mark was rich, but not because  
he was a pusher, which he really wasn't.  
He was independently wealthy.  
His whole family died in a plane crash  
over in Europe when he was five.  
The thing was,  
he liked to buy stuff and show it off.  
His bank account bulged  
from the insurance off the crash.  
So you'd have to sit through  
some bullshit if you wanted to score...  
because the one thing about Mark,  
he loved company.  
This looks like a silver record,  
but it's not a silver record.  
It's a laser disc.  
This one is a water bed.  
But it's not a normal water bed,  
because a normal one goes like this.  
Lots of waves. Funny thing is,

this one doesn't have any waves.  
Well, why didn't you just buy  
a normal mattress...  
that doesn't have waves?  
This one doesn't have waves.  
See, it also comes in silver, but  
I bought black because it looks cooler.  
- Yeah, but...  
- This is the masterpiece.  
It has one, two, three,  
four, five, six, seven...  
Seven settings  
for optimum comfort...  
all of which  
I will gladly show you now.  
It has this projector in the back.  
Five thousand bucks. I mean,  
you can buy a fucking car for that.  
This thing here  
has a little platinum thing.  
There's a movie on there.  
And so it never,  
never ever gets dirty.  
I never buy records. I only buy CDs  
'cause they sound much better.  
- That's great.  
- Hey, there's more.  
- A lot more?  
- Much more!  
Wake up.  
It was a character flaw, sure,  
but we all have those.  
This part didn't concern me.  
The main problem with Mark...  
was that he was intimidating,  
and he had a tendency to snap.  
He was always afraid  
of getting ripped off...  
yet at the same time, he ripped things  
off without shame or guilt.  
Chaos in man, although hopeful...  
could also be, you know,  
a little tiresome.  
I had two bags of grass

in this kitchen.

They are always trying to stitt me,  
you know?

- Who is?

- Who?

Who? Everybody.

You know I give to everybody, Stevo.

You know that.

And they just go ahead

and try to take whatever they want.

It makes me want to kill...

which I've done in the past,

believe me.

I'm not saying

it makes me a man or anything.

I'm just passing on the intormation.

When did you kill?

In Miami I shot two men.

Why do you think I'm here?

'Cause I love this place?

Salt Lake Shitty?

They tried to rob me,

so I shot them in the head.

You have to put at least one bullet

in the head just to make sure.

Get out ot here.

Come on.

You didn't kill anybody.

Fuck you.

You don't believe me, huh?

Well...

- Hey.

- With this.

You want to be a cowboy,

I show you cowboy.

Come on. Just put that thing away.

I hate those things.

Put it away.

I get the joke. Now put it away.

When I was a kid,

my family died in a crash.

- I know.

- You know?

My mother told us to buckle up because

things were going to get bumpy...  
so I did.  
I looked at her, and she smiled.  
And then like this, boom,  
the plane was going down.  
My dad was next to the pilot,  
and he told us not to worry.  
But, hey, even at five I knew we had  
trouble because the pilot was crying.  
So I looked at my sister. She was like,  
"Oh, man. We're getting close."  
So I looked at my mom again,  
and she smiled at me again...  
and so this time I smiled.  
And then we hit the ground...  
and something  
came through that plane...  
and cut my mother's head off.  
So now this head  
was flying straight at me...  
and she never took her eyes  
off of me.  
That's when I passed out.  
And when I woke up,  
my family was all around me in pieces.  
I saw my mother's arm,  
my sister's leg...  
my brother's head...  
but I couldn't find my father.  
I wanted to, though...  
'cause I was going to kick  
his fuckin' dead body.  
'Cause he lied.  
You know what  
I'm trying to tell you, Stevo?  
It's so easy,  
so easy to get it taken away from you.  
And they try...  
every chance they get, they try.  
It's bad.  
I mean, it's really bad.  
Do you trust Bob?  
Bob? Yeah.  
I think he might

have taken my stutt.  
Well, he's asleep.  
What about when we were upstairs?  
He could have taken it then.  
Right. Well, I don't think so.  
I mean, it's not like Bob.  
He's not a thiet.  
How do you know? You know what?  
I think we should ask him.  
No. Hey, Mark. Wait.  
Hey, Mark. Come on.  
Just chill out, man.  
- Oh, Jesus. Hey, wake up.  
- Hey, you!  
Get up. You have my shit!  
Put that shit away  
before I kick your ass, man.  
Are you all right?  
Get oft my back!  
I don't want to hurt you!  
Come here!  
- What? What?  
- Come on. Empty your pockets.  
- This is fucking uncool, Mark!  
- We'll see about cool in a minute.  
All right. See,  
he doesn't have anything. I told you.  
- Shut up! Man!  
- That's it, dude.  
I'm sorry.  
- You're sorry?  
- Yeah, I just thought you had my shit.  
Well, tuck you, man!  
Hey, don't say that, tuck you.  
I said I'm sorry.  
- No, fuck you!  
- I said sorry!  
- Come on, Bob. You're like my brother.  
- No. Get away.  
- All right. I'm not mad. Yeah.  
- You're my triend, huh?  
- Give me a kiss.  
- All right.  
Here you go.

Hey, did I scare you?  
It didn't scare me.  
It was a joke, you know.  
- That's tunny.  
- Yeah. Okay.  
- Good one, buddy.  
- Okay.  
- You shot the couch.  
- You know what? I buy a new one.  
- Oh, there you go.  
- I say we go out and steal a car, huh?  
- All right.  
- Okay? Let's go.  
Punk rock. Maybe you should  
just leave the gun, though.  
So Mark and Bob made up  
'cause that's just how Mark was.  
What could you do?  
Later he stole a car.  
Not that he needed a car.  
He already had, like, three cars.  
But I guess fun is fun.  
We drove around for a while,  
got stoned... me and Mark.  
Bob just drank beers.  
We talked and listened to Mark's  
nonsense theories about everything.  
You know what the funny thing is  
about Ronald Reagan?  
Actually, it's not that funny because  
the poor guy has only one testicle left.  
- No shit.  
- It's true. I saw a picture once.  
- Fuck, dude!  
- That explains a lot.  
Ronnie.  
The world has no way to clean itself.  
That's why there is so much dust.  
There is this underground road,  
and it leads from Texas to D.C.  
You know what?  
They smuggle UFOs through there.  
It's a bad thing.  
Unidentified tlying objects?

Did you know  
that dolphins are man-evolved?  
Did you know that?  
I saw once a halt-dolphin,  
halt-man in Greece.  
And as the night closed,  
Mark decided to dump the stolen car.  
You know, evidence.  
Sink.  
Sink, you fool!  
Hey, why won't she sink?  
Well, it's 'cause  
it's the Great Salt Lake.  
- And?  
- Yeah, dude. There's salt in it.  
It's, like,  
the saltiest lake in the world.  
- It makes things buoyant, you know?  
- Buoyant. It floats.  
You've gotta be kidding me.  
Sink, you fool!  
You tuckin' stupid  
bastard lake! Sink!  
- What are you trying to do to me?  
- All right. Okay. No, no, no.  
- That's okay. Let's go home.  
- Guys!  
I'm not done with you!  
But when all was said and done,  
Mark was an okay guy...  
and an evening with him  
was proof of anarchy.  
So we accepted him,  
and he came to our parties.  
Hey, I'll catch you later,  
all right?  
Not it I see you tirst.  
- I know what you're talking about.  
- Excuse me. Can I get through?  
- Hey, Jen!  
- Oh, I love your house.  
Thank you.  
Hey, lookit, Jenniter. Lookit.  
This is Jenniter.



She's 17. She looks a lot older.  
She looks older 'cause this lifestyle  
really hardens you.  
It takes the piss out of you.  
And she's got this brother...  
Easy over there!  
She's got this brother named Chris.  
He's this death rock punk guy,  
and he's, like...  
I don't know why I'm telling you  
about him 'cause you'll meet him later.  
Now this girl...  
absolutely beautiful, sweet as pie...  
is the greatest child  
God ever put on this earth...  
but you do not wanna mess with her  
when she hasn't had her medication...  
in a dark, deserted alley.  
She will, I repeat,  
she will rip your head off.  
This girl is a carnivore.  
Look. Carnivore.  
Be careful.  
Who else can I introduce you to?  
- Unbelievable!  
- Oh, yeah, baby.  
This is Sandy. Oh, my God, Sandy.  
I like Sandy.  
Now, Sandy has nothing to do  
with anarchy in general.  
She's just a beautiful,  
wonderful, funny, witty...  
loving, sexy, tough-as-nails,  
a little weird girl...  
and I absolutely adore her.  
I like Sandy a lot.  
This is John the mod.  
Now, mods aren't punks.  
We get in a lot of spats with mods,  
actually, but he's okay.  
He's one of those kind of guys  
goes in between the tribes freely.  
Like a diplomat.  
- Gandhi!

- He always brings gitts.

- Where'd you get the beer?

- Wyoming. Where else?

This actually needs some explanation.  
Beers in supermarkets in Utah is weak.

Three points instead of  
the normal six points of alcohol.

It's the religious influence,  
and it's a pain in the ass.

To me, it makes no sense. If you've got  
alcohol, you've got alcohol.

So why three instead of six?

You know a drunk's just gonna drink  
twice as many beers to get drunk.

So not only do you have a drunk  
on your hands...

but you got a drunk  
who's fat and gross.

There's nothing worse. So if you want  
real beer, you have two choices:

A, the state-run liquor store.

You see,

you can buy regular beer here.

There are all of three stores  
in Salt Lake City to buy it.

And their hours suck. Oppression.

Also, these were the only places to buy  
any alcohol outside of private clubs.

Who can afford those,  
except for guys like my dad?

Don't. Quit it. Stop.

Knock it off. Come on. Don't do that.

So what do they call you?

Do you have a nickname?

- Ah, they do. Yeah.

- TLM?

- The long man?

- Third leg material?

You could get whiskey, gin, wine.

Here's where they kept it.

And here's the worst part.

IDs, boys.

See, this teller

is not just a teller.

He's a cop. This guy right there,  
he's a fucking cop.  
So we buy a beer, and this guy's  
callin' a squad car to follow us home.  
'Cause one look at us, and he knows,  
"Gosh, those guys are gonna be trouble."  
Now, Bob and I may not be innocent...  
but we are usually  
pretty law-abiding, usually.  
On this occasion,  
we had done absolutely nothing wrong.  
We looked suspicious, yes,  
but in all the years of pre-law...  
I uncovered a lot of contradictions  
in the system...  
but I had found nothing  
that told me looking suspicious...  
was a crime in and of itself.  
Come on.  
Just give me a shot.  
- Okay?  
- There you go! Come on.  
But this was not about the law.  
This was about rednecks.  
So the battle continued.  
Who's to blame 'em?  
The cops were rednecks,  
our mortal enemies...  
worse than mods, rockers or posers.  
So we took our beatings when we could.  
But in this complex world of fascism  
that was Utah state policy...  
we had only one choice  
if we wanted real beer.  
Choice B, Wyoming.  
The state line  
was one hour and one half...  
a short ride to Evingston, Wyoming...  
where you could get booze  
like a free man...  
like boozers used to go to Canada  
for the poison during Prohibition.  
So we rode that morning  
before the party with Eddie.

Eddie wasn't an anarchist.  
He wasn't really even a punk.  
Eddie was into women.  
But not in a macho, jerky kind of way.  
He was a true romantic.  
He had his ass beat several times  
for being gay, which he was not.  
Imagine.  
Fag-bashed without the benefits.  
I couldn't give a shit what the rednecks  
in this town think about me.  
I know I'm not gay. Ladies know I'm not.  
I have no problem with gay guys.  
As a matter of tact, they are  
some of the coolest guys I know.  
The only reason  
half these guys start shit...  
it's not because they wanna tight me.  
It's 'cause they wanna fuck me.  
I don't know, man.  
It somebody called me somethin'  
that I wasn't, I could see getting mad.  
The problem with somebody  
giving you shit about being gay...  
it's not that they're wrong about you,  
it's that they're giving you shit.  
- Get it?  
- So do you like this music, man?  
Yeah. It rocks.  
- I think it's for posers.  
- Well, I think you're a tag.  
- Fuck you.  
- Fuck yourself. You'll get more pussy.  
If looking the way we did in Utah  
was unusual...  
in Wyoming, affectionately  
called the Cowboy State...  
we were fucking aliens.  
What the hell are you?  
We come from the east  
in search of the Messiah.  
We followed that big star.  
Yeah, we bring gold  
and frankincense.

- Myrrh.

- Myrrh.

- You do what?

- Followed the star.

Oh, my God. Who let you boys  
out of the state institute?

We'd better get you boys  
back in the hospital.

No. It's all right, man.

We're from England.

- England?

- Yeah.

That's right. That's probably why  
we seem so weird to you, man.

England, huh?

Well, that explains it, I guess.

You boys enjoying your stay here  
in the good ol' U.S. of A.?

Sure thing.

It's a great land.

- What the hell is that?

- It's all right, Mother.

They're from England.

Oh, that figures, don't it?

What the hell did they do  
to your hair?

My God,

you look like a gol-durned Indian!

It was a medical experiment,  
but he's gonna be okay.

You poor boy.

That's how come  
there's so many floods and earthquakes.  
There is a curse on the land.

- The end is at hand.

- That's so true.

Excuse me, ma'am, but there have been  
floods and earthquakes...

since the beginning of time, dude.

That is so, but never have so many  
of Satan's followers...

been amassed on the Earth  
as there are now.

And the Scripture states clearly...

that Satan's tollowers  
will be in the majority...  
and then God  
will raise His head...  
and tire will spew  
from His snout...  
and vengeance will burn  
in His eyes.  
You have not seen such fury  
like the wrath ot God.  
So you guys have lots  
of devil worshipers around these parts?  
Oh, more than ever.  
They bear the mark.  
- Amen.  
- Well, what about World War II?  
The Nazis were as good as Satan's army,  
and the world didn't end then.  
Yeah, dude.  
What about the Nazis?  
I don't see Nazis  
as devil worshipers.  
Oh, you don't?  
I see 'em more like  
a gathering ot people.  
What? What did...  
What's this about a mark?  
You guys said something about a mark.  
The mark will be on all ot them.  
- The mark. Father!  
- Oh, my God!  
- I tear you, Father!  
- Oh, my God!  
- My padre!  
- Oh, my God!  
Oh, shit!  
- Go, go, go!  
- Told you those boys were trouble.  
Oh, shit!  
The Wyoming folk...  
Well, they were okay, I guess.  
Just confused like the rest of us.  
But Nazis always pissed us off.  
There were a few Nazi punks in town.

I don't know what these guys wanted.  
They had the shaved heads and arm bands.  
Rebellion is one thing.  
That I understood.  
But there are some things  
that are just sacred.  
Not to mention that anarchy,  
a systemless society that I wanted...  
no government, no rules... that was  
the complete opposite of Nazi fascism.  
So we kicked the shit out of these kids  
every chance we could.  
And that was that.  
Hi, my name's Eddie.  
You exist in a world of dreams, Bob.  
You know, I was just sitting over there  
in that chair in the corner.  
I didn't really feel the particular urge  
to talk to anybody...  
and then I saw you  
walk in the room.  
You are like a treasure.  
I have found a treasure.  
Something came over me... this urge  
to come over here and talk to you.  
I am Aladdin,  
and this is my lamp.  
I wished for you,  
and here you are.  
You're like a poet, dude.  
No, it's you who are the poet.  
Your face is like Ginsberg...  
or Wilde or even Hawthorne.  
Great tucking party! Fuck, yeah!  
What are you?  
I'm an ant  
staring up at a human being.  
I wait with great intensity  
to be squashed by you.  
You want to...  
Who the fuck threw that?  
Great tuckin' party!  
The fight. What does it mean,  
and where does it come from? An essay.

Homo sapiens. A man.  
He is alone in the universe.  
A punker. Still a man.  
He is alone in the universe.  
But he connects. How?  
They hit each other. Ooh!  
No clearer way to evaluate  
whether or not you're alive.  
Now, complications.  
A reason to fight:  
somebody different.  
Difference creates dispute.  
Dispute is a reason to fight.  
Now, to fight is a reason to feel pain.  
Life is pain.  
So to fight, with reason...  
is to be alive with reason.  
Final analysis.

**To fight:**

Problems and contradictions:  
I am an anarchist.  
I believe that there should be  
no rules, only chaos.  
Fighting appears to be chaos, and when  
we slam in a pit at a show, it is.  
But when we fight for a reason,  
like rednecks, there is a system.  
We fight for what we stand for... chaos.  
But fighting is a structure.  
Fighting is to establish power,  
power is government...  
and government is not anarchy.  
Government is war,  
and war is fighting.  
The circle goes like this:  
Our redneck skirmishes...  
are cheaper versions  
of conventional warfare.  
War implies extreme government...  
because wars are fought to  
enforce rules or ideals, even freedom.  
But other people's ideals  
forced on someone else...



even if it is something like freedom,  
is still a rule.

Not anarchy.

This contradiction was becoming  
clear to me in the fall of '85.

Even as early as my first party,  
why did I love to fight?

I framed it,

but I still don't understand it.

It goes against my beliefs  
as a true anarchist, but there it was.

Competition, fighting, capitalism...  
government, the system.

It's what we always did.

Rednecks kicked the shit out of punks,  
punks kicked the shit out of mods...

mods kicked the shit out of skinheads,  
skinheads took out the metal guys...

the metal guys beat the living shit  
out of new wavers...

and the new wavers did nothing...

they were the new hippies.

What was the point?

Final summation?

None.

So I'll just close up

it you guys give me a second.

Dude, she's, like, responsible,  
you know?

She's a businesswoman.

She owns her own store.

She's making a contribution  
to society.

Bob, she owns a head shop.

She sells bong, Bob.

- No, no, no. It's not what you sell.

- Blah, blah, blah.

Why do you got to be so cynical?

Why don't you grow up?

You bitch!

- Hey, Mark.

- Hey. Great party last week.

- We aim to please.

- Animals.

I've always loved animals.

It was a little violent

at the end.

Violent.

Look who's talking, Mr. NRA.

- What are you doing here?

- Actually, I came by to say I'm otf.

- Where are you going?

- I'm going to Miami.

- What the hell is in Miami?

- Hell is in Miami.

Don't worry. I'll be back.

You can always count on that.

Why would you ever come back

to a place like this, man?

It's like any other place, Bob...

people, houses, roads, cars.

What else do you think

is out there?

- Freedom.

- Yeah.

Freedom.

It's not out there.

Freedom is another way

ot saying "death."

Know what I mean?

You're pretty fuckin' weird, man.

You know that?

- I'm ott.

- All right, man. See ya.

Hey, Mark,

if you ever get lonely...

or if you ever need someone

to talk to...

Bob's there tor you.

- Fuck you!

- And that was the last we saw of Mark.

Never came back from Florida,

if that was where he was going.

Rumor flew around...

that he had died in a plane crash like

he was supposed to all those years ago.

Anyways, that was Salt Lake.

People came in, and they went out.

Oh, no.

Fuck you.

So, Trish, are we hangin' out later?

I'll tell you what, Bob.

You're coming with me.

- I am?

- That's right.

- I own you now.

- Oh, yeah. That's right.

I torgot to tell you.

I sold myself to Trish tor 36 bucks.

Thirty-six bucks.

Wow, Trish, that's a good deal.

Salt Lake City.

Land of the dead sea.

Zion, as the Mormons call it.

It really is the holy land.

See you, Stevo.

You can't atford me, old man.

- How are things going these days?

- Not so bad.

- How are the ladies treatin' ya?

- The ladies?

I tell you, the women in this town  
are so miserable...

I'd give anything  
to get the hell out.

You know, you gave up a good thing  
in my mother, sir.

Maybe so.

So, good news.

The world is coming to its end.

- Better.

- Oh. Ow, shit!

Better than that?

The people are revolting.

- You...

- Yeah?

- have been invited...

- Uh-huh?

to attend Harvard Law School.

Yeah.

Dad, you and I really gotta work  
on your detinition ot good news.

Steven, this is great news.  
You've already gone through pre-law.  
Why not finish the process,  
and in the best possible way?  
That's so funny,  
because, gosh, Father...  
don't even remember applying  
to Harvard Law.  
- I applied for you.  
- You mean you signed my name?  
- Yeah.  
- Hey, congratulations, old man!  
Hope you enjoy your second tour  
of Harvard Law School.  
Steven, are you going  
to walk around like this forever?  
You went to school. You got  
great grades. What else is there?  
I cheated, Dad.  
I cheated all through college.  
Oh, that's right.  
Yeah, you cheated. But why?  
You obviously cared enough  
about your grades to do well.  
I know you, Steve.  
You're just like me.  
I'm like you, maybe,  
but not completely.  
Then why pre-law?  
Why not liberal science?  
Why go at all?  
I studied law  
'cause I wanted to learn...  
how completely full of shit  
your little's ambition was.  
That's crazy.  
You know that.  
You know what I think it is?  
I think you've become a fascist.  
- A fascist?  
- You're a Nazi.  
I'm Jewish.  
How can I be a Nazi?  
That's the worst. Dad, look at this.

What kind of car is this?  
This would be a Porsche.  
A Porsche that you bought  
at a Volkswagen dealership.  
Volkswagen.  
Right? For the people.  
Who designed it?  
Who made that possible?  
Let me give you a hint. Adolf Hitler.  
- It's just a car, okay?  
- Absolutely.  
I completely understand that point.  
But it's a car that was built,  
designed and created...  
out of the blood and pain  
of your people.  
- Let me take you to lunch.  
- Okay.  
Hang on.  
My dad wasn't all bad.  
He just, you know, had no clue.  
I liked to bust his balls.  
What pissed me off, though, was,  
he was right about one thing.  
Why did I do so well in school?  
I didn't want to.  
I mean, I tried not to give a shit.  
I knew they were just trying to mold me  
into cannon fodder for their wars.  
And I knew  
that meaning lie elsewhere.  
But somehow I studied,  
and somehow I got the grades...  
and now, somehow, I was accepted  
to a fucking Ivy League school.  
Last place on the planet  
for a guy like me.  
I mean, I wouldn't go there  
unless it was to set it on fire.  
Hey, what are you staring at?  
Did you get a good picture?  
Now, there was this issue  
of a lifelong struggle with poverty...  
which was beginning to cause

reflection to myself...  
after I had run into someone  
from my past a few days earlier.  
You guys wouldn't happen to have  
a dollar or a little somethin'?  
Oh, shit. Sean!  
- Yeah?  
- Hey, it's me. Stevo.  
- Bob!  
- No, Stevo!  
Stevo!  
How you doing, man?  
There you go.  
You have no idea who I am, do you?  
Remember?  
High school. Mohawk.  
Yeah, you had the tuckin' mohawk.  
- Yeah. Punk!  
- How are you doing?  
Good. How are you doing?  
- I heard they put you away.  
- But they let me out. I'm a tree man.  
Oh, hey, this is Sandy.  
Sandy, this is Sean.  
Sean, this is Sandy.  
- Hi.  
- Hi. Nice to meet you.  
- Likewise.  
- So, what you been doing with yourself?  
Oh, man,  
I'm a fucking beggar now.  
It fucking sucks.  
- Wow. You should get a job.  
- I tried that.  
I fuckin' tried that. Okay?  
I gotta go.  
- Can I help you?  
- Yeah. I called about the job.  
- You called?  
- Yeah. I wanna sell clothes.  
Women's clothes.  
I don't know.  
Have you had experience?  
- With what?

- Women's clothes.

What the fuck would I be doing

in women's clothes?

What do I look like, a transvestite?

I'm not no tuckin' transvestite!

No, no, no.

I mean, have you ever worked in retail?

You know, selling... clothes.

If I was selling clothes already,

what would I be doing here?

I really don't think this is the right

way to start a working relationship.

You got a real bad attitude, lady.

In tact, I don't even want your job.

I don't care how much you'd pay me,

'cause I got integrity.

In-tuckin'-tegrity!

It's, like, impossible.

It's, like, the hardest thing.

- There's nothing out there tor me.

- That's really tough.

I'm a bum now.

That's what I do.

- Here, man.

- Oh, hey.

Thanks.

- What about your parents?

- My parents?

Oh, you mean my mom.

My mom is scared of me.

She won't even let me in the house.

It's not like I killed anybody

or hurt anybody, you know.

- It's just, she's scared.

- Yeah.

Hey, we gotta get outta here.

I couldn't even look at the guy.

I felt a pain in my stomach.

I didn't like it so I turned my back,

just like everybody else.

- I'll see you guys in the rebound.

- On the rebound.

Right.

On the rebound.

It really fucked me up.  
Not Sean, but turning my back.  
Ignoring the truth.  
So what'd I do? I dropped acid  
with Sandy in Highland Park...  
as to further ignore the truth.  
This shit is good. I got it from Trish.  
Trish got it from Mark.  
That's a weird couple...  
Bob and Trish.  
- Do you think they're in love?  
- Don't know.  
I'll have to ask them that.  
- It's weird.  
- What's that?  
The park is so dead.  
- This town is dead.  
- It's what?  
It's dead.  
Dead, dead, dead, dead.  
Maybe we're dead.  
Wouldn't that be nice?  
That's the canyon where the devil  
worshipers go. You wanna check it out?  
Look at the colors!  
You know, before the...  
You know, before the...  
before the Mormons  
settled this valley...  
this is where  
the Donner Party came through.  
- The cannibals?  
- Yeah, the cannibals. Two families.  
The head of the one family was right.  
He said, "We should go south.  
We shouldn't go over the mountains.  
We should go down around the Sierras  
and get to California."  
They got in a tight, and this guy killed  
one of the members of the Donner Party.  
There was a raging battle.  
They kicked him out. Outcast.  
By himself, alone in the wilderness.  
He did it. He went around the Sierras



to California by himself.  
Alone in the wilderness,  
to be by himself.  
That guy came back  
and saved the Donner Party's ass...  
when they got snowed in.  
Stevo! Come here!  
Help me. I'm dying.  
Feel me. Look.  
I'm right here.  
I'm right here.  
Feel me.  
Do you feel me?  
That's it.  
They just threw him out  
for him to die.  
They threw him out while they're  
sitting there eating themselves...  
I can see everything!  
What the tuck is happening to me?  
- No, I'm not.  
- Yes, you're dying.  
Why are you always dying?  
Why is everyone dying?  
I think the world will really end.  
- Why do you say that?  
- There's no place else for it to go.  
You're right.  
But when's it gonna end?  
- That I can't tell you.  
- No, that you must tell me.  
I can't.  
Come on, little cookie surprise.  
Come with us!  
- Please tell me.  
- I can show you.  
It's beautiful, right?  
As beautiful as it can be...  
I guess.  
Beautiful like you.  
- You wanna see something else beautiful?  
- Sure.  
Beauty's the end, Stevo.  
The end.

The question lingered in my mind  
about Bob and Trish... were they in love?  
- So I thought I'd just ask outright.  
- You guys in love?  
- Who?  
- You and Trish.  
Oh. Uh, I don't know.  
- I'll have to think about that.  
- It's not really a thinking question.  
Well, you know, I...  
I worship her and all.  
She's like a goddess.  
If she died, I'd die.  
If she told me to cut off my left arm,  
I'd probably do it.  
If she told me to lick a cop's asshole,  
I'd probably do it.  
All right, all right, I get it.  
Yeah, I guess I love Trish.  
It's weird, man.  
I never thought I'd fall in love.  
I was just wondering.  
I always thought  
you were a poser.  
Why am I a poser?  
Only posers fall in love with girls,  
so you're a poser.  
- Fine. I guess I'm a poser.  
- That's what I just said.  
I don't really think  
you're a poser.  
- I was just bustin' on you.  
- I know, I know.  
I didn't think  
you thought I was.  
Where were we going?  
I mean, really, what was happening?  
This life, it was crazy.  
And I felt tired.  
Halfway through the season,  
inside I was so tired...  
and I had this wave of melancholy...  
just, like, sweep through me...  
and this impending sense...

that my philosophies... anarchy...  
was falling apart.  
What do you do when your foundation  
falls apart? I don't know.  
They don't teach you that  
in school.  
Then there was this party  
at Chris's.  
Chris lived on the outskirts of town,  
in suburbia, surrounded by Mormons.  
His house was like a commune.  
I told you about Chris earlier.  
At that first party  
he had that sister Jenniter, red hair.  
Remember her?  
Really sexy. Carnivore.  
You remember, right?  
This is Jen.  
- Stevo, how you doing?  
- Great. How you doin'?  
Great. Great. I'm really doing...  
I'm really doing well. Really.  
- God, what are you on tonight?  
- Nothing. That's exactly my point.  
I stopped taking my medications,  
and everything feels so much better.  
Chris told me to stop taking them  
'cause then I would believe in God...  
and I would dissolve.  
So I stopped,  
'cause I'm really superstitious.  
Everything is so much clearer  
right now.  
- Seriously. So pure.  
- Right.  
This is Jen,  
looking a lot like Ophelia tonight.  
Chris's house was like a commune.  
All the regulars were there.  
Freaky Deaky,  
Bob was hanging out with Trish.  
Then there was Mike. He was quiet  
all night. Sat in the corner.  
The whole party was weird.

This vibe was going on. Strange night.

Stevo, I see things clearly,

like my brother sees them.

- Where's your brother?

- Downstairs talking.

They talk all the time,

and it's so lame...

- I wanna go talk.

- No, no, no, no.

Definitely a hippie.

Hey. There you go.

I can't tell you

how good it is to see you.

My heart

has been so heavy, Stevo.

That's a mighty nice hookah.

I've been trying to get stoned,

but it won't happen.

I've been smoking

since I was born.

Why'd you tell Jenniter

to get oft her medication?

She is completely out ot her mind

when she's otf her medication.

Isn't she beautiful?

Have you seen her gown?

That's my sister.

She's not a Lithium Barbie doll.

- She needs to be who she is.

- Yes.

And she should be.

- But who she is...

- Is evaporating.

I don't think

she knows who she is.

I think we're starting to talk

about pain here, Stevo.

A human being

must go through pain.

- What is Jones doing?

- Satanic bible.

I'm gonna prove there's no Satan.

He doesn't exist!

He's going to try to summon the beast

tonight at midnight.

He isn't going to come,  
and when he doesn't come...

Jones will have proved  
that science is the only truth.

- Have you met my other sister?  
- There's a lightning storm coming.

I need to get a picture of it.

Hi, Stevo.

- That's my sister.  
- Your whole family is a little strange.

Yes, but we are strange.

- Let's speak of anarchy.  
- Yeah.

So we started our debate.

This was our custom.

He believed in structure,  
I believed in chaos.

This was an ongoing fight.

He seemed to be winning.

Parties are like this in Salt Lake  
for us punks.

The days would pass. There would be  
a party, then a fight, then another day.

This was the cycle.

It was getting old, though.

I was feeling old.

Anyway, it was a weird night.

The school of science says the world  
moves from order to disorder... chaos.

They're tools, Stevo.

You know, life goes from order  
to disorder to order.

Atoms come together randomly  
to form a structure.

- An infant is born...

- A child, yeah.

Exactly. It grows, it gets older,  
it dies, it decomposes.

- Exactly.

- Back into chaos.

Exactly. Anarchy.

But then those atoms are reformed  
into something else.

A blade of grass, a tree,  
a tower, whatever... the cycle, man.  
I got it.  
The cycle, man.  
Yeah, I get you.  
The cycle.  
The time is now!  
I'm gonna go out  
and I'm gonna prove...  
that all your faith and all your prayers  
are untounded!  
You comin'?

- Is he serious?

- He's always serious, Stevo.

I'm gonna go watch.  
I'll see you later.

- I treasure these talks, Stevo.

- Not as much as I do.

We've got science to celebrate  
and demons to dispel.  
Ott your butt, Pippy!  
We're gonna go show that science  
is the only truth!

- I think we're gonna cut.

- This makes me uncomfortable.

He shouldn't be playing  
with something he doesn't know.  
I don't blame you. I'll get a ride home  
with Sandy. Have you guys seen her?

- I saw her in the back earlier.

- So did I.

All right, I'll see you later.  
What?  
What do you want?  
It wasn't that I loved Sandy.  
I knew that we had an understanding.  
I discovered then that Chris was right...  
all things had systems, even me.  
I was about to beat the shit out of this  
guy because he had invaded my territory.  
It was my territory, no question  
about it, just like in the wild.  
I was following nature, nature was order  
and order is the system.

- Shut the fuck up!  
- Stop it! Stop it!  
Get otf me!  
Get the tuck otf me!  
You're such a fuckin' pussy.  
What the tuck did you do that tor?  
Fuck you.  
In the name of Satan, ruler ot the Earth  
and king of the underworld...  
I command the forces ot darkness  
to dispel their internal...  
Jones didn't need to prove  
the devil did not exist...  
not as a supernatural being...  
because I had seen the devil.  
He was in that room with Sandy. He was  
me, Harvard, my mom and dad, all of us.  
Jones was just making  
all of this up anyway, so who cared?  
"Fuck 'em," I thought.  
"Fuck him, fuck this party...  
and fuck everything.  
Above all, fuck anarchy."  
I don't know,  
we were, like, just kickin' it...  
smokin' cigarettes and...  
Trish had, like,  
candy corn, dude, and...  
We were just watching birds and shit  
and I just started thinking...  
Salt Lake  
ain't that bad, you know.  
You know what I'm sayin'?  
I know it sucks and all...  
but, you know,  
this is, like, home, you know.  
What the fuck  
are you talking about?  
All I'm saying is,  
it you think about it...  
no matter where you go  
you gotta have a home...  
and Salt Lake is, like,  
home.

- This place is never gonna be my home.

- I'm just saying...

No, you said

what you were gonna say.

Get it?

Now you tuckin' listen.

Look at this fuckin' place.

It's a shit hole!

Look out there and tell me

what you see. Nothin'!

Nothin' piled upon

tucking nothin'.

It's like Jesus Christ took a shit

and it landed right here!

So you can be happy

all you fuckin' want. All right?

I used to think we were alike,

we were similar.

We had something together, like this.

We thought alike, we telt the same way.

But you...

Fuck you.

Grow up, Bobby.

Look around and grow up.

'Cause I swear to God, man,

I'll tuckin' write you otf like that.

This is your home?

You know what? Fuck your home.

And this city was still the same. Just

look like it. There's nothing going on.

That's what I saw when I looked out

over the city... nothin'.

How the Mormon settlers

looked upon this valley...

and felt that it was the promised land

is beyond me.

Maybe it looked different

back then.

Look at this thing, this temple.

When I was 7 and we moved here,

Mom and Dad told me this was Disneyland.

Righttully so. Been livin' with Mickey,

Donald and the whole crew since.

And now Mike, a good friend of mine,



was gettin' out.

What?

I'm leaving.

I'm going to Notre Dame.

- How could you do that?

- I'm 18. I gotta go to college.

Mike, I'm gonna miss you, man.

It's gonna suck around here without you.

- What's you major gonna be, dude?

- Botany.

- What's that?

- Plants.

You're gonna study plants.

I wanna save the rain forests.

Somebody's gotta tight for them.

Do you believe this guy?

He's going oft to save the plants.

This guy was one ot the most

hard-core sons ot bitches I ever met...

and he's going of

to save the plants.

I remember this time

he was drunk...

and he got the idea in his head

that all the cars on his block...

would look better without windows.

Get down, bitch!

He took 'em all on.

They needed to call backup.

Finally they got him

in the back of a squad car.

The cops thought he was on angel dust...

"The only way you could do it."

Not so.

It was just Mike.

He broke those goddamn handcuffs,

kicked the window out of the car, drunk.

That's it.

Never got caught either.

Story was all over the papers.

It took weeks for us to get him to admit

that it was him that had done it.

Now he's going off to hug a tree.

I kind of knew it was the end.

All that was left was Bob and me.  
First two punks.  
The last two punks.  
Then again, I was getting the impression  
I was all that was left.  
Bob was in love.  
Stevo, I want to introduce you  
to a young friend of mine.  
I think you'd like her.  
Yeah?  
Why do you think that?  
I don't know.  
She's smart...  
and she's ambitious.  
- I'm not ambitious.  
- Not yet, dude.  
I love you.  
Bob loves you.  
- What's the matter?  
- Nothing.  
Nothing's the matter.  
I'm right as rain.  
Why are you always depressed  
all the time?  
I'm not depressed.  
I think Sandy really got you.  
No.  
You know, dude,  
it's no big deal.  
You're like my brother...  
and I love you and all.  
But what that fucking bitch did,  
you should fucking kill her.  
She had the right.  
She had the right.  
It was the agreement.  
Should've been more careful.  
That Stevo's got a big heart.  
I don't have a big heart, Trish.  
I have a heart  
the size of a pea.  
It's okay, though.  
I mean, you guys are...  
You guys are happy.

That's okay.  
Please just don't pity me.  
Hey, Bob, tell her  
I get otf on pain, please.  
Yeah, he does, you know.  
I've mellowed out a lot,  
but Stevo's tuckin' hard-core.  
Hard-core or not,  
I think he should meet Brandy.  
She's having a party  
at her parents' next week.  
Yeah!  
She's a rich girl, dude.  
That's okay.  
I'm a rich boy, right?  
Yeah, but you're  
a cool rich boy.  
I don't know about that  
anymore, but...  
Brandy.  
That sounds kinda tun.  
Yeah?  
See?  
Nothing.  
Miles ot nothing.  
Just space.  
You could tall in  
and never come out.  
So it came to this...  
a blind date, my first.  
What the hell. I didn't want to  
let them down. They were good people.  
The thing was, I didn't need a date.  
I needed an answer.  
The year was a waste, all right, but  
not the kind of waste I was looking for.  
Not a glorious wastefulness filled  
with parties and fights and good sex.  
No.  
Instead...  
it was more like the waste...  
that is the salt flats.  
What are we doing here?  
It's his birthday, dude.

Oh, yeah?  
How old is he?  
I don't know.  
I don't think he knows.  
He's old, though.  
I know that.  
You wanna look presentable  
for your old man.  
Aren't you gonna wake him up?  
I don't know.  
What do you think?  
I don't know, man.  
It's your dad.  
Yeah, I know. It's just, you know,  
he's kinda crazy sometimes.  
What do you mean?  
I mean, he thinks  
the CIA's after him and stuff.  
What the hell do you want?  
- What do you want with me?  
- Dad, it's me.  
It's Bob.  
Your son.  
Happy birthday.  
How do you know it's my birthday?  
You people know everything.  
What the hell do you want?  
I don't know anything.  
Now you're in trouble.  
This is my house, you dummies.  
I was born here! I'm an American!  
This is my piece of the pie!  
I don't give a shit who sent ya.  
I'm gonna blow your goddamn heads off.  
Next time you'd better  
bring back the army.  
Goddamn CIA.  
In all those years  
I had never met Bob's dad...  
but I suddenly felt  
I knew my friend a lot better.  
I felt bad for him.  
I didn't like that feeling.  
He's kind of a lunatic,

you know.  
Yeah, I'll say.  
Sorry.  
Don't be.  
It's not your fault.  
You're my friend, that's all.  
I'm sorry.  
It was the last party of my youth  
and I was to meet Brandy.  
I'm gonna say it right here, people...  
Brandy was the woman I was gonna marry.  
I didn't know it then.  
Didn't even know what she was like.  
I wasn't even sure if I was gay,  
asexual, a punk, a mod...  
my dad, Bob, Sean the beggar.  
I didn't know  
a goddamn thing that night.  
If I knew what was ahead of me,  
I may have stayed in bed...  
or I may have felt better  
about that night.  
Life is like that.  
We change, that's all.  
You see, the guy I am now  
is not the guy I was then.  
If the guy I was then  
met the guy I am now...  
he'd beat the shit out of me.  
Those are the facts.  
But still I lied awake.  
Was I afraid?  
Was I angry?  
Or was it just the end?  
Hmm?  
Was it just the end  
and I knew it?  
On and on and on  
Canadian Club, love  
A place in the country  
Everyone's ideal  
But you are my favorita  
And a place in your heart, dear  
makes me feel more

Real  
Oh, mother of pearl  
I wouldn't change you  
for the whole world  
Stevo, this is Brandy.  
Come on in, you guys.  
Drinks in the back.  
It was the hardest punch I ever took.  
Knocked the wind right out of me.  
I was hers.  
That was it. One smile.  
We got acquainted  
as the party raged around us.  
I have to ask you something.  
Yeah, go ahead. Ask me.  
Well, why do you go out ot your way  
to look like a bum?  
I look like a bum?  
Not in a bad way.  
I look like a bum  
in a good way.  
Aren't you, like,  
rebellling against society?  
Put that simply, kinda, yeah.  
Hey, Brandy!  
What's goin' on?  
- What are you doin' with this fucker?  
- Just talking.  
Shit!  
See you later.  
You were saying?  
Wouldn't it be more  
of an act of rebellion...  
it you didn't spend so much time  
buying blue hair dye...  
and going out  
to get punky clothes?  
It seems so petty.  
Stop me it I'm being offensive.  
Oh, no, go right ahead.  
It's... No, it's tine.  
You wanna be an individual, right?  
You look like you're wearing a unitorm.  
You look like a punk.

That's not rebellion.  
That's fashion.  
- Then what's rebellion?  
- Rebellion happens in the mind.  
You can't create it.  
You just are that way.  
Right.  
How old are you?  
I'm 19. What does that  
have to do with anything?  
Nothing. I was just...  
I was just wondering.  
What you're basically saying...  
is that you wouldn't like a guy like me  
because I have silly hair...  
and I dress kinda funny, right?  
No, not at all.  
I like you, actually.  
I mean, we just met.  
This is my party,  
and I'm hanging out with you all night.  
Wear what you want.  
I don't care about things like that.  
I was just posing a theory...  
and trying to understand.  
So...  
then you do like me.  
Mildly.  
What was I doing?  
What was I, an asshole?  
I was in love,  
and I just met this person.  
I hated her ideas  
because they were critical of me...  
but I loved her anyway.  
It was a curse. No, it was a punishment.  
I went with it. We talked all night.  
You okay?  
I got a headache.  
I gotta go to the bathroom.  
Bob! How goes it?  
What's goin' on?  
- I got a fuckin' headache.  
- I have some pills tor that.

This fuckin' music...

No, I don't take pills, dude.

- It's candy.

- They're just vitamins.

Headache in a bottle?

- What'd you do?

- I don't like the mirror.

What happened?

I don't like tucking mirrors!

All right?

- You're drunk, Bob.

- I'm sorry.

What did he do?

He gets crazy when he's drunk,  
that's all.

- Everybody out.

- That's it. Party's over.

Out, out, out.

I'm sorry about that window.

I didn't mean to...

I'll buy you a new one.

- No, I'll tell them it was an accident.

- It's seven years bad luck.

No, it's seven years bad luck.

It's seven years bad luck!

All right, I'll take him home.

I'll get him out of here.

Where are we going?

Let's go.

All right, you guys.

Everything's cool.

- Can I call you tomorrow?

- No.

I mean, yeah.

That'd be cool.

Yeah, okay.

Good.

Sorry. I had a great time tonight.

I really did.

Me too.

Great time.

Great party.

Yeah.

How you feeling, buddy?



Dude, I'm not like my dad,  
you know.  
I'm not gonna cry, dude.  
You know what I mean?  
Fine. Don't cry.  
You think I let him down?  
- Think I let my dad down?  
- No.  
If anything, he let you down.  
I wanna marry Trish.  
I'm serious, dude.  
Yeah, all right.  
Come on!  
Jesus Christ.  
I swear to God,  
you're like a high school girl.  
Jesus Christ.  
Good night, asshole.  
Oh, Jesus Christ.  
Bobby, get up.  
Get up. It's, like, 3:00.  
Let's get something to eat.  
Oh, fuck.  
God.  
Fuckin' poser.  
Only posers die, you tucking idiot!  
Now what am I gonna do  
for a triend?  
You're my only triend!  
Please wake up now!  
Please! I'm sorry!  
Oh, tuck.  
Oh, man. Oh, jeez.  
Oh, my God.  
I wasn't ready tor this.  
I wasn't ready.  
And we put him under the ground.  
The official cause of death?  
Overdose from Percodan.  
That's what John's girlfriend  
gave him for his headache.  
That, mixed with the booze,  
did him in.  
Heroin Bob, the guy who never did

any drug in his life outside of beer...  
died from a narcotic overdose.  
And that was it.  
He fell...  
and I went on.  
What else was I gonna do?  
Bob got me into this whole punk-fashion  
anarchy trip in the first place.  
It hit me after the funeral.  
It was always Bob.  
Started way back when we were kids,  
maybe 14.  
We were such losers back then.  
Those guys that sat alone  
in the cafeteria...  
getting shit from the jocks...  
wishing to God they could be cool  
for just, like, one minute.  
Then one day Bob had had enough.  
Being a dweeb was not  
what he had in mind for our future.  
- Hey, Bob. You're early.  
- Dad was tipping out. I had to leave.  
Mike and Eddie are coming, so it should  
be a good game. I have a good dungeon.  
Stevo, this D&D shit,  
it sucks.  
- What?  
- It sucks.  
But you're a seventh-level magic user.  
It's going great tor your character.  
Stevo, it's bullshit, though.  
"Magic user." What the hell's that?  
These elves and dwarves  
and dragons, man.  
- This music...  
- Rush is a very good band.  
Their music is very complex,  
and the pertection...  
I'm not saying they're not talented,  
and, yeah, they rock...  
but it's not the only music  
out there.  
- I've got a John Denver record.

- I'm serious.  
Anyway, I like them.  
They rock, man.  
There's a whole world out there.  
People are having fun.  
We should be going to parties...  
getting drunk, getting laid...  
being wild.  
The last time we went to a party  
we got our asses kicked.  
Maybe we should have  
our own parties.  
- How about we turn this oft...  
- Don't touch my stereo, Bob.  
Give me a chance.  
- Got this from a guy I know in L.A.  
- You know a guy in L.A.?  
Shh!  
You tell me  
it this doesn't rock.  
This isn't anything.  
Just give it a chance.  
What is it?  
- What is it?  
- Yeah, what is it, Bob?  
It's new.  
Okay.  
So there I was.  
I was gonna go to Harvard.  
It was obvious.  
I was gonna be a lawyer  
and play in the goddamn system.  
That was that.  
I was my old man.  
He knew.  
So what else could I do?  
I mean, there's no future in anarchy.  
But when I was into it  
there was never a thought of the future.  
We were certain the world was gonna end.  
When it didn't, I had to do something.  
So fuck it.  
I could be a litigator in New York  
and piss the shit out of the judges.

I mean, that was me...  
a troublemaker, the future...  
one of those guys my parents  
so arrogantly saved the world for...  
so we could fuck it up.  
I could do a hell of a lot more damage  
in the system than outside of it.  
That was the final irony, I think.  
That and, well, this.  
And fuck you  
if you're already thinking it.  
When all was said and done...  
I was nothing more  
than a goddamn trendy-ass poser.  
Efficiency and progress  
Is ours once more  
Now that we have the neutron bomb  
It's nice and quick and clean  
And gets things done  
Away with excess enemy  
But no less value to property  
No sense in war  
But perfect sense  
At home  
The sun beams down on a brand-new day  
No more welfare tax to pay  
Unsightly slums  
gone up in flashing light  
Jobless millions whisked away  
At last we have more room to play  
All systems go  
to kill the poor tonight  
Gonna kill, kill, kill, kill  
Kill the poor  
Kill the poor tonight  
Behold the sparkle of champagne  
The crime rate's gone  
Feel free again  
Oh, life's a dream with you  
Miss Lily White  
Jane Fonda on the screen today  
Convinced the liberals it's okay  
So let's get dressed  
and dance away the night

While they kill, kill, kill, kill  
Kill the poor  
Kill the poor tonight  
Kill, kill, kill, kill  
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Kill the poor tonight  
Kill, kill, kill, kill  
Kill the poor  
Kill the poor tonight