

SMASH GIRL

Written by
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CUT TO:

INT. SHITTY ROCK CLUB - NIGHT

Holding a microphone on a small stage in the back of some shitty LA music venue, JANE SMASH wraps up her soundcheck.

JANE

Check, check. Check one two.
That's good?

From the other side of the bar, Jane gets a thumbs-up from the soundcheck. Surrounding Jane on a stage that's been caked with layers of beer, puke, and gloppy old black paint, the girls of SMASHCOCK settle in for a performance.

On guitar, the enigmatic, youthful, and inexplicably mute warrior goddess CLUTCH sticks a pick in her mouth - next to her omnipresent cigarette - while she makes a last-minute adjustment to her axe.

On rhythm, BUDS O'BRIEN stands there like a collision between Irish genes and Northern Californian stoner culture and pulls a chord out of her beat up bass.

Upstage, a spazzy white girl born and bred from the porn mansions of Brentwood finishes whacking her kick drum. PUPPET MCALLISTER on sticks.

From behind a sadly bare merch table and a totally unnecessary pair of sunglasses, the pony-tailed and goateed manager of Smashcock, CREEPY TODD RAVEN, gives Jane the guns.

Jane grins like an animal who's just been let off her leash.

Nods at Clutch. Clutch nods back, pulls the pick out of her mouth...

As Clutch sears the gloppy black walls with sound, these girls suddenly have the attention of the room.

JANE (cont'd)

What's up motherfuckers! Are you
bitches drunk yet or what? On my
right we have Clutch on guitar, on
my left we have Buds O'Brien on
base. Back here we have Puppet
fucking McAllister on drums! ...and
my name is Jane Smash! We are
Smashcock!

Picking up her own guitar, Jane hefts the strap over her shoulder like a samurai. Tries the strings.

JANE (cont'd)
 Tonight, we'll start this shit off
 with a song about a man who needs
 to do us all a favor and drink some
 fucking oven cleaner. This is a
 song I wrote... called... DADDY!

SMASHCOCK wails. People did not know what they were getting into when they walked into this bar. This is LA punk at it's finest, and these girls are clearly ready to burn the city to the fucking ground.

From the #1 SMASHCOCK FAN who fights her drunk-ass way to the front of the stage to lay offerings of beer by the monitors and show these goddesses her boobs -

#1 SMASHCOCK FAN
 Smashcock, bitchezzz!!!

- to all the people who thought they were going to have a quiet drink and instead get drawn into this angry bacchanal, screaming and drinking and jumping in ecstatic revelry. Watching with jaded stoicism, Creepy Todd gets caught off guard when someone actually wants to buy a hand-painted t-shirt. There's no time for the girls of Smashcock to do anything but play and scream their guts out. Whenever they're not squinting under the effort of their performance, the band looks out to see if the audience is getting it.

Yeah, they're getting it.

When it's over, Clutch lights herself another cigarette. Puppet wipes the sweat from her face and puts her dorky headband on. Jane laughs, takes a drink of beer, catches her breath...

JANE
 Fuck yeah. Ok. What do you think we should...

Clutch plays a few chords. Jane grins like an athlete who's just starting to get her heart rate up.

JANE (cont'd)
 Yes, bitches. Let's do it.

With scant moments to spare, Jane sneaks in another pull on her free beer and smiles big at the crowd.

PUPPET
 ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR!

Jane squeezes her lungs right into that microphone. Her girls are right there behind her, backing her up. This is not a gig. This is all-out urban guerilla warfare, the enemy is daily life, and for one drunk night in a shitty rock club in the ass-end of Hollywood, Smashcock has reality on the fucking run.

EXT. SHITTY ROCK CLUB - NIGHT

Walking down the sidewalk, a couple walks right past the crappy, old, unassuming door where Jane's music is coming from. Some bored-ass bouncer sits on a stool as the only visible suggestion that an event transpiring inside...

But the girl stops, and pulls the hand of her boyfriend to check things out. Quickly, they ask the bouncer a few questions. He checks their ID's. They go inside.

As the door opens, we can hear Jane WAILING LIKE A FUCKING BEAST.

INT. DISGUSTING APARTMENT - NOONISH

Jane opens her eyes and forces them to adjust to the painful morning light.

JANE

Ungh.

Peeling herself out of a sticky, busted couch, Jane takes stock of the forensic evidence around her. Dried puke, beer and liquor bottles everywhere, used prophylactics, pizza boxes, sleeping bodies... with a few more homeless junkies, this could easily be a crackhouse.

Shaking the night off, Jane gets up and starts shaking her bandmates awake - except for Clutch. Like a soldier on last watch, Clutch is up, alert, and smoking a cigarette.

EXT. DISGUSTING APARTMENT - NOONISH

Stumbling out of a Hollywood apartment building, the girls start their search for the "smashwagon." Jane scoots off down the street -

BUDS

Dude, car's this way.

JANE

Yeah?

BUDS
Pretty sure.

JANE
No.

PUPPET
We moved it after the show.

JANE
Fuck, did we?

PUPPET
Yeah, but I don't think it's that way because there were houses.

JANE
Fuck. I think you're... I can't remember shit.

Clutch thoughtfully lights a cigarette, and everyone else holds their breath for a baited moment.

Clutch nods down the street, everyone breathes easier, and she leads them towards their van.

EXT. STREETS OF HOLLYWOOD - AROUND THE CORNER

Rounding the corner, Clutch stops short. There before her is the SMASHWAGON, a beat-up 80's minivan spraypainted black with all kinds of graffiti on it...

...and on the windshield, a parking ticket. Jane sees it.

JANE
What the fuck!

Without a second thought, Jane kicks a parking meter -
- and with the unmistakable groan of twisting metal, the parking meter flattens to the curb.

For just a second, nobody knows what to say.

JANE (cont'd)
What the fuck?

BUDS
Yeah dude.

JANE
Yeah dude what.

BUDS
You did a shitload of PCP last
night.

EXT. SHITTY ROCK CLUB - ALLEYWAY - LAST NIGHT

Behind the club, Jane shoots PCP with a bunch of junkies and
SCREAMS.

EXT. STREETS OF HOLLYWOOD - AROUND THE CORNER - NOW

JANE
What the fuck?

BUDS
And then you fought a power
transformer.

EXT. SHITTY ROCK CLUB - ALLEYWAY - LAST NIGHT

SCREAMING, Jane GRAPPLES a power transformer and
electrocutes.

EXT. SHITTY ROCK CLUB - ALLEYWAY - NOW

PUPPET
It was crazy.

BUDS
We didn't know if you were waking
up or what.

PUPPET
It was crazy!

BUDS
Dude, it WAS crazy.

Clutch takes a drag on her cigarette and nods in considered
agreement.

JANE
So, what?

Clutch shrugs. Buds and Puppet shrug too. Resolving to
test things out, Jane wraps her hands around another parking
meter... and pulls it out of the sidewalk like she's weeding
plants!

BUDS
THAT'S fucking CRAZY.

Then Jane swings it at another one of the meters on the street... and the two parking meters explode one another in a hail of change and splintering metal.

PUPPET
That is so fucking punk.

Still smoking, Clutch nods in slow and profound agreement. Holding a steel pipe with the remains of the parking meter still clamped onto the end, Jane looks at her bandmates.

JANE
To the Smashcave.

INT. THE STUDIO - AFTERNOON

Nobody is supposed to live in a recording studio, because they lack bathrooms and kitchens... but instead of paying rent on an apartment, the girls are holed up here.

That's why there's dirty underwear hanging off the drum kit.

Pulling a toke from a well-packed weed pipe, Buds eyes Jane with deliberate wisdom.

BUDS
To become a thing, you must first
know a thing.

JANE
Sure.

Buds offers a toke.

JANE (cont'd)
Just hit me.

Pulling on her cigarette, Clutch shrugs, hauls back, and puts a punch into Jane's stomach so hard it sends papers flying.

PUPPET
She didn't even move!

BUDS
Nobody just takes a Clutch punch
and stands there, my friend.

JANE
Hit me harder.

Clutch picks up a guitar.

JANE (cont'd)
Not with my stuff!

Impatient with Jane's indecision, Clutch blows smoke.

BEGIN SEQUENCE: STRESS TESTING

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Buds smashes a bottle over Jane's head. Puppet smashes another, and is WAY happier about it.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Smoking all the time, Clutch helps Puppet make a little tower out of spare bricks. Jane smashes it.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Finally, Buds thought to get a camcorder.

Punching a dumpster with what she thinks is all of her might, Jane puts a good dent in it. Punching again, she plants another. On the third punch, her fist goes right through.

Clutch nods in impressed approval.

INT. CLUB EXIT - DAY

With a gleeful smile on her face, Puppet smashes Jane into a doorframe with an old steel door in the alleyway entrance to a club.

Pulling her smoke from her mouth, Clutch motions her aside so she can show these little girls how you really fuck someone up.

With Clutch's full weight and muscle on the door, it starts to dent and bend against Jane's body.

Buds gives a silent, awed thumbs up. Smiling, Puppet copies her.

EXT. STREETS OF HOLLYWOOD - DAY

Pulling out the keys to the Smashwagon, Clutch gets a crazy happy look in her eye.

JANE
Not our stuff!

BUDS
Not our stuff, dude.

Stuffing a new smoke in her mouth, Clutch picks a car -

INT. STRANGER'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

- Jane smashes the window -

INT. STRANGER'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

- Clutch hotwires it -

INT. STRANGER'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

- and steps hard on the gas. Puppet is in the passenger seat SCREAMING as Clutch drives straight at:

EXT. ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

Jane, standing right in front of a brick wall. Buds is standing off to the side with the camcorder...

SMASH! Jane has caught the car, and the front of the hood is crumpling under her grip. Clutch has her foot full on the accelerator, smoke is starting to billow out from the front-wheel drive.

Jane GIGGLES nervously.

BUDS
You were supposed to let it hit you!

JANE
Fuck that!

BUDS
We have to do it over!

PUPPET
Do it over!

In the distance, some guy is running towards them at full speed.

STOLEN CAR GUY
You bitches stole my car!

Standing up, Jane absent-mindedly picks the front half of the car off the ground.

JANE
What??!

Seeing this, the man stops short. As a matter of fact, everyone does. Like deer caught in the headlights of the impossible, everyone freezes up. Even Clutch, whose foot is still on the gas.

BUDS
Fuck.

Realizing what she's done, Jane drops the car. Which hits the ground.

Those wheels are turning fast, the suspension on this car is not inconsiderable, and the car bounces forward right into Jane's gut.

The car is totaled, and Jane is fine. Everyone stands there looking at one another in stupification.

INT. BREAKFAST DINER - DAY

Puppet is the last one to plop down into her booth seat at a retro diner in Hollywood. Buds already has a menu out, and Clutch is waiving a waitress over. Jane's still shaking brick dust and little chunks out of her hair and clothes.

PUPPET
You're a super hero.

JANE
Fuck that.

BUDS
You are a super hero!

JANE
Superheroes are bullshit.

As soon as the waitress sees Clutch smoking, she comes over with authoritative haste.

WAITRESS

There's no smoking in here.

Squinting at the waitress like Clint Fucking Eastwood,
Clutch contemplates her next move.

BUDS

Dude.

Puppet GIGGLES in anticipation of a fight.

JANE

(to Clutch)

This is a band meeting. No fighting
in band meetings.

Clutch puts the cigarette out in her palm and sniffs the
smoke and burnt flesh.

WAITRESS

Got any money today?

Everyone empties their pockets onto the table -

BUDS

I have the door from last night.

JANE

How much is that?

BUDS

Twenty bucks.

PUPPET

Plus I got paid.

JANE

Coffee for me, coffee for Clutch.
Want to split a breakfast special?

Clutch nods.

JANE (cont'd)

Breakfast special. English muffins.

BUDS

Better make that two.

PUPPET

With raisin toast.

WAITRESS

Four coffees?

Everyone nods.

WAITRESS (cont'd)

Fine.

Off goes the waitress.

PUPPET

Is she the one we stiffed last time?

BUDS

Yeah, dude.

PUPPET

Cool.

JANE

I'm not going to be a superhero.

BUDS

I don't really think that's your call.

PUPPET

It SHOULD be her call!

BUDS

I'll tell you one thing. If you got superhero powers from getting fucked up and getting electrocuted, then those assholes who built and tested the bomb were definitely fucking superheroes.

PUPPET

Why don't you want to be a superhero?

JANE

Because it's fucking bullshit!

PUPPET

I think it's cool.

JANE

It's bullshit.

BUDS

Dude, it's bullshit.

JANE

They expect you to be this corporate symbol by hating on people and telling everyone to drink their fucking milk and I'm not about that. Smashcock isn't about that.

Clutch nods thoughtfully.

WAITRESS

Well it's not like there are rules.

Leaning over the table, the waitress sets down four coffees.

JANE

Rules for what?

WAITRESS

It's not like there are rules for superheroes. That's why everyone wishes they had superpowers. Eggs are coming.

Off goes the waitress, blissfully unaware of the bombs she's just dumped all over the brains of the girls at this table.

JANE

That is the motherfucking truth.

PUPPET

What's the truth.

JANE

No fucking rules.

PUPPET

Are you sure?

BUDS

We hit Jane with a car. What the fuck are they going to do?

PUPPET

Do about what?

Looking dead into Jane's eyes, Clutch points her finger right at Puppet.

JANE

(repeating Puppet)
Do about what.

BUDS

What.

JANE

Puppet's right. What's the thing they're going to come at us for?

BUDS

That's the fucking question.

PUPPET

What's the fucking question?

Jane thinks.

JANE

We could rob a fucking bank and just give that shit away.

PUPPET

Bank robbers are so punk.

BUDS

Bank robbers are punk.

With a CLATTER, the waitress sets the plates on the table.

WAITRESS

Anything else?

JANE

Nope. Thanks.

WAITRESS

Kay.

Off she goes.

PUPPET

That waitress is the fucking bomb.

BUDS

So what's the plan?

JANE

The plan is take the money from the fucking system. Give it to the people.

Clutch gives Jane a hard stink-eye.

JANE (cont'd)

And buy new gear.

Clutch relents.

PUPPET
And roadies.

Clutch nods in musing acquiescence. Jane smiles.

INT. THE FIRST BANK - DAY

Storming into a bank through the double entrance doors:

JANE
Nobody move, bitches! This is a
motherfucking robbery!

TELLER
How is this a robbery?

Jane walks up to the counter, which is walled in by security glass.

JANE
Out of my fucking way.

TELLER
Excuse me?

Jane punches through the security glass and starts tearing a path through the counter like it's made of cardboard.

FIRST BANK MANAGER
I'll get you the keys.

BUDS
Hang on, dude. I want to see if she
can tear the shit off.

Wrecking her way through the counter, Jane runs up to the fault and puts her hands on the bars.

PUPPET
You can do it, Jane!

Jane rips the steel security gate right off it's hinges.

PUPPET (cont'd)
Yes!

BUDS
I'm impressed.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE FIRST BANK - MOMENTS LATER

Smoking in the Smashwagon, Clutch adjust the mirror to track a police car as it pulls to a stop just up the street. Two cops get out and make their way up to peek in the window.

There's another cop car coming down the street to join them, and Clutch starts texting.

INT. THE FIRST BANK - DAY

Buds gets the text.

INT. THE FIRST BANK - IN THE VAULT

While Buds and Puppet keep watch, Jane is trying to figure out how to carry all this money.

BUDS
Pork alert!

JANE
Well then we need your fucking help
in here!

BUDS
No dude, we gotta go right now!

JANE
How are we gonna carry all this?

INT. THE FIRST BANK

Buds looks back at Jane.

BUDS
Are you serious?

LOUD MOUTH
Stay pretty in prison, bitches!

PUPPET
What did you fucking say to me?

BUDS
Oh fuck.

PUPPET
Prettier than your fucking face -

BUDS
No, Puppet.

PUPPET
- when I'm fucking done with it -

Buds wraps her arms around Puppet's waist and starts dragging her towards the vault. Immediately, Puppet starts scrambling towards the asshole with the loud mouth with all of her might.

PUPPET (cont'd)
- BECAUSE I'M GONNA FUCK YOU UP!!!

Buds is pulling with all her might, and she's literally getting dragged across the floor. Her sneakers are squeaking on the tile.

JANE
Will you two bitches please come
the fuck in here!

PUPPET
I'M GONNA TAKE YOUR FUCKING FACE
AND WEAR IT!

BUDS
Jane! I need your fucking help!

JANE
I need your fucking help!

PUPPET
I'M GONNA SMASH YOUR SHITTY SKULL
ALL OVER THIS FUCKING FLOOR!

LOUD MOUTH
Oh my fucking God!

PUPPET
I'M GOING TO PULL YOUR HEART OUT
THROUGH YOUR FUCKING NOSE, YOU
FUCKING DOUCHENOBZZLE!

BUDS
Would you please just fucking run
away!

Louth mouth runs. Puppet SCREAMS in HOWLING RAGE!

BUDS (cont'd)
Thank you! Fuck!

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE FIRST BANK - DAY

Watching the cops block off the street towards the bank entrance, Clutch looks at her phone and SIGHS.

INT. THE FIRST BANK - THE VAULT

Carrying Puppet over her shoulder, Buds comes into the vault and sets her down. Puppet hugs Buds tightly.

BUDS

I think she's smarter when she's pissed.

JANE

How the fuck are we gonna carry all this money?

BUDS

Hmm.

JANE

Yeah!

BUDS

Well now we know.

JANE

Well stuff your pockets and your bras and we can NOT let this shit happen again.

BUDS

Agreed.

PUPPET

Agreed!

BLEEP! Buds checks her phone.

BUDS

Apparently the SWAT Team is here.

JANE

That's something I actually DID think of.

BUDS

Show me what you got.

INT. THE FIRST BANK - DAY

Stepping out of the vault, Jane labors awkwardly to pull the giant, steel reinforced vault door off it's hinges. After a moment she gets it loose and rests it on the floor.

JANE

Ok! We're leaving!

Puppet and Buds come on out and step behind the door like a shield. Jane pushes that door, with the girls staying behind it, out through the teller's counter and across the lobby to the side of the building.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE FIRST BANK - MOMENTS LATER

SMASH! Jane pushes the vault door through the brick wall, and climbs through the hole. After picking up the vault door and setting it up again, the two other girls take cover behind it and Jane pushes it over to the Smashwagon.

BAM-BAM. Slapping the side of the van, Clutch gets Jane's attention and points towards a smaller barricade on the other end of the street as well.

JANE

No need to get salty.

Putting her hands up, Jane walks towards the cops. These poor guys are scared out of their minds, but they're standing their ground with guns drawn.

Putting her hands on the hood of one of the cars, Jane looks up.

JANE (cont'd)

You guys should move.

HEAVE! As the car starts to move - BANG!

JANE (cont'd)

Fuck!

She fishes a slug out of her hair and searches the rooftops for the sniper. One of the cops' radios crackles to life -

LT. ROMERO (O.S.)

Hold your fucking fire!

SNIPER (O.S.)

Sorry, sir.

JANE
You guys are fucking assholes.

Jane shoves the cop car off road, walks back to the smashwagon, and -

INT. SMASHWAGON - OUTSIDE FIRST BANK

- SLAMS the door.

JANE
Drive.

Breathing smoke as always, Clutch hits the gas and the girls drive right by the stunned police.

PUPPET
That was punk.

BUDS
Yes it was.

JANE
Hold on a sec. Stop the car.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE FIRST BANK - DAY

Clutch stops, and Jane gets out top search the skies. Sure enough, there's a police chopper tailing them. Jane walks over to a building, pulls a brick right out of the mortar, and throws it right past the chopper as a warning shot.

After a moment, the chopper pulls away.

INT. SMASHWAGON - OUTSIDE FIRST BANK

SLAM.

JANE
Now we can go.

BUDS
Dude, we're rich.

Smiling, Jane opens the window and pulls out a wad of cash.

EXT. STREETS OF HOLLYWOOD - DAY

Pushing a grocery cart with his life packed away inside, a homeless man makes his way to nowhere...

Until a crappy black van careens past spilling hundred dollar bills out the window.

JANE
Punk rock lives, bitchezzz!!!

Suddenly, the only thing this old guy is concerned with checking out the money to verify that this is actually happening.

INT. SHITTY ROCK CLUB - OFF NIGHT

Sitting at a mostly empty bar, Creepy Todd Raven picks up his glass of cheap booze and sips.

On the television, a special report breaks across the screen:

TANYA BREAK (O.S.)
This is Tanya Break with LA Live
Action News, bringing you a special
report from the scene of a bank
robbery on Western earlier today.

Sure enough, there's Jane - dragging the bank fault door!

Creepy Todd SPITS his drink all over the bar.

BAR PATRON
Pretty fucking crazy, huh?

TANYA BREAK (O.S.)
Detectives on the scene have not
yet identified the women
responsible, but reports are coming
in that at least some of the money
was thrown out of the robbers'
getaway vehicle shown here along
Santa Monica Boulevard.

CREEPY TODD
It's the greatest thing I've ever
seen.

INT. THE STUDIO - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Coming into the girls' sleazy studio building through the front door, Creepy Todd makes his way past a band hanging out in the hall until he finds Smashcock's rehearsal studio.
KNOCK KNOCK.

CREEPY TODD
 Hey girls? You in there girlie
 girls?

Silence.

 CREEPY TODD (cont'd)
 It's Creepy Todd, yo. You're on
 the news. Let me in.

Buds opens the door.

 CREEPY TODD (cont'd)
 Got a little kiss for the Creeper?

Buds tries to slam the door.

 CREEPY TODD (cont'd)
 Oh, come on - fuck. Seriously, let
 me in before someone notices.

INT. THE STUDIO - NIGHT

Dumping his backpack on the floor, Todd takes in the room.
 Clutch is picking something out of her guitar. Puppet's
 asleep, but she's waking up now. Jane is smoking from Buds'
 bowl.

 CREEPY TODD
 What the fuck is going on?

Clutch scratches out a bad chord and slaps the strings
 still.

 CREEPY TODD (cont'd)
 Sass me all you want, but you girls
 are way the fuck off the
 reservation here.

 JANE
 What does that even mean.

 CREEPY TODD
 It means there is some seriously
 out of the box shit going down, and
 you did not call your fucking
 manager!

 PUPPET
 Jane has superpowers.

 CREEPY TODD
 What the fuck happened?

PUPPET

One of the fans gave Jane some PCP.

BUDS

And then she fought a power transformer.

PUPPET

That's like your favorite part of the story.

BUDS

It really is.

JANE

And then we robbed a bank.

CREEPY TODD

Now tell me why you robbed the bank?

PUPPET

People need the money!

BUDS

We need the money!

JANE

Because it rules.

CREEPY TODD

Ok.

JANE

Ok what.

CREEPY TODD

No. Yes. This is good. But you can't go outside right now because the cops are looking for you, but we can... we can... You're fucking famous.

JANE

So what do we do?

CREEPY TODD

We put on a show.

JANE

We're thinking bigger now, man.

Clutch pulls a chord out of her axe in agreement.

CREEPY TODD

So we put on a bigger show.

JANE

We're taking money from the rich fucks and giving it to the 99%.

CREEPY TODD

There's another thing. The news said you didn't actually take that much money.

PUPPET

We couldn't carry it.

CREEPY TODD

Let 'em carry their own fuckin' money.

JANE

What are you talking about?

CREEPY TODD

I'm talking about break into a bank and put on a show. All the cameras and news and shit - people will come! All you have to do is bring them there. I'll tell you this, Puppet. We'll sell every damn one of those CD's in my fucking trunk. You can pay your parents back.

BUDS

We were gonna get some new gear.

CREEPY TODD

Still got cash?

Puppet pulls it out of her shirt.

CREEPY TODD (cont'd)

Know what you want?

All the girls nod.

CREEPY TODD (cont'd)

Well give me the cash and I'll go right the fuck now and I'll call you for specifics. I know the manager at Sam Ash. I'll even get you the sweet rates.

JANE

You think this can work?

CREEPY TODD

Let me ask you a question. What do you like more? Delivering your hard earned money to broke pieces of shit on the street or playing fucking punk rock?

INT. PENTAGON HALLWAY - NIGHT

With a CLACKITY-CLACK-CLACK, a woman with heels runs down a long, austere hallway towards a set of double-doors.

INT. WAR ROOM - NIGHT

Breaking into a dim, smoky, well-furnished strategy room, DR. RYANNE JAKKI interrupts a room full of generals -

DR. JAKKI

Um, sirs?

GENERAL BRUSH

- so you know what that motherfucker tells me?

GENERAL DAVIS

Tell me.

- drinking and playing darts with a map of Asia.

GENERAL BRUSH

Tells me he's not about to let some corporate military superpower drug his citizens and crowd them into factories for 36 hours a day.

GENERAL DAVIS

What does he think this is, Vietnam?

GENERAL BRUSH

'off the table.'

GENERAL MALLAS

'Come and make me.'

GENERAL BRUSH

Exactly.

GENERAL ROTHCHILD

Fucking hell.

GENERAL TORN
Not yet it's not.

General Torn throws a dart and hits:

GENERAL ROTHCHILD
Bangkok. Good shot.

GENERAL BRUSH
Population?

DR. JAKKI
Um... sirs?

GENERAL MALLAS
Wha?

DR. JAKKI
Sirs, we have a problem.

INT. WAR ROOM - FIVE MINUTES LATER

THWAK! With a flat-screen behind her, Dr. Jakki extends a clever, yard-long pointer that was masquerading as a pen in her pocket.

GENERAL ROTHCHILD
Oh my!

DR. JAKKI
At 4:30pm in Los Angeles, four girls robbed the First Bank of California on the southern edge of Hollywood. One of them did this:

The flat-screen is showing evening news footage of Jane dragging the bank vault across the lobby. Cutting to outside, it shows her picking it up.

DR. JAKKI (cont'd)
What we have, generals, is a Code 42.

GENERAL MALLAS
What?

DR. JAKKI
What what. Sir.

GENERAL ROTHCHILD
What is a Code 42.

DR. JAKKI

It's our response code for a metahuman contact.

GENERAL TORN

What do you mean by metahuman contact.

DR. JAKKI

A Code 42 is when a citizen or a foreign national displays abilities outside the range of what science as we understand it today would predict are possible.

GENERAL TORN

How is it that this happens frequently enough to require command signals and we were never informed?

GENERAL MALLAS

That's a damn good question.

DR. JAKKI

I have personally informed the generals on two separate occasions.

GENERAL DAVIS

Well I don't fucking remember.

DR. JAKKI

With respect, the generals were drunk.

GENERAL BRUSH

Both times?

DR. JAKKI

Yes sir.

GENERAL DAVIS

Well what the hell did we decide?

DR. JAKKI

After the generals have exercised all reasonable means to contact and recruit the metahuman, the generals are granted authority to assess the threat level and respond with all necessary force to ensure the safety and security of the American people.

GENERAL BRUSH
All necessary force.

DR. JAKKI
Once you've exercised all
reasonable means to contact and
recruit.

GENERAL DAVIS
You mean we actually get to bomb
Los Angeles.

DR. JAKKI
Yes sir.

GENERAL ROTHCHILD
We get to drop a nuclear bomb on
Los Angeles.

DR. JAKKI
Once the generals have done the
work, yes sir.

GENERAL ROTHCHILD
All those homos.

GENERAL MALLAS
All those dirty Mexicans.

GENERAL TORN
All those new-age pretenders
grasping at infinite mystery like
mewling babies hungering helplessly
for the tits of true cosmic power.

GENERAL DAVIS
Tell us what we have to do.

INT. COFFEEHOUSE - NIGHT

Watching a horrible singer-songwriter in a small
coffeehouse, AGENT RICHARDS of the Defense Intelligence
Agency sips his latte wearing a black suit and tie.

His cellphone EXPLODES in obnoxious ringtones, and he
answers it unapologetically.

INT. PENTAGON HALLWAY - NIGHT

DR. JAKKI
Agent Richards?

INT. COFFEEHOUSE - NIGHT

AGENT RICHARDS
Affirmative.

INT. PENTAGON HALLWAY - NIGHT

DR. JAKKI
Agent Dicks?

INT. DICKS RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Also in a tie and slacks, holding his baby with one arm,
AGENT DICKS of the Defense Intelligence Agency talks to Dr.
Jakki on his cell phone:

AGENT DICKS
Affirmative.

INT. PENTAGON HALLWAY - NIGHT

DR. JAKKI
You're on a plane to Los Angeles.

INT. DICKS RESIDENCE - NIGHT

AGENT DICKS
Yes ma'am.

Dicks hangs up his phone and turns to his wife.

AGENT DICKS (cont'd)
Here, take this.

Passing her the baby, Dicks efficiently dons his jacket,
picks up his briefcase, and opens the door.

MRS. DICKS
Where the fuck do you think you're
going?

AGENT DICKS
Out!

SLAM.

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - NIGHT

Meeting in arrivals, Richards and Dicks shake hands.

AGENT DICKS
Richards.

AGENT RICHARDS
Dicks.

AGENT DICKS
Let's make a fucking mess.

EXT. RUNWAY - NIGHT

Roaring off the runway, a jumbo jet starts climbing up into the night sky.

INT. SMASHWAGON - OUTSIDE REAL BANK

Sitting in the Smashwagon in a massive strip-mall parking lot with the engine running and the plate glass window of a chain bank dead ahead in the windshield across the parking lot, the girls sip their coffee. Clutch, at the wheel, taps her smoke out the window and stares at Jane.

JANE
What.

BUDS
Finish your coffee dude. It's gonna spill.

JANE
Fuck! I knew we should get a box.

PUPPET
They totally give you coffee at the bank.

JANE
That is a very good point.

Jane chugs her coffee and dumps the cup on the floor. All four girls put on their seatbelts.

Jane puts on her business sunglasses.

JANE (cont'd)
Let's rock.

EXT. THE NATIONAL BANK - DAY

Tires SQUEAL as worn-out engine of the Smashwagon pulls at the pavement like a grumpy old man ripping candy from the hands of a toddler.

INT. SMASHWAGON

Unflinchingly, Clutch leans on the horn. People in the bank start diving out of the way...

Buds drops her pipe.

JANE
What's up NOW, America?!!

PUPPET
FUCK YOU, MOMMA!

Clutch SMILES chillingly.

INT. THE NATIONAL BANK - DAY

In glorious slow motion, cheezy gray-suited executive bankers flee from their faux mahogany desks and customers push to the walls...

...as the Smashwagon careens through the window and sends glass shards in every direction...

...plows through several desks, betraying them for the shitty, plastic-covered particle board they actually are...

...and spins out on the tile floor, slamming up against the teller's counter.

INT. SMASHWAGON - INSIDE NATIONAL BANK

Outside the car, some lighting fixture or other falls down and smashes onto the counter.

JANE
Ready?

PUPPET
I was born ready.

JANE
Me too.

INT. THE NATIONAL BANK - DAY

Opening the passenger door, Jane hops out of the Smashwagon onto the floor. Opening the sliding door, Puppet is the second one out - pulling her drumsticks out of her hair as her shoes hit the ground. Buds and Clutch pile out...

DAVE THE GUARD

Freeze!

DAVE THE GUARD nervously levels a revolver in the direction of the van. Jane spots him - and right away, puts herself between him and the girls.

DAVE THE GUARD (cont'd)

Don't move!

JANE

Let's get this over with.

Jane starts walking right towards the gun.

DAVE THE GUARD

Don't move or I will shoot you!

JANE

What did I just tell you, fool!

From the corner, a grumpy old man pipes up:

GRAMPA HANK

That's the bank robbers from the TV! Shoot 'em down!

GRANNY PAULINE

Grampa Hank, keep your voice down!

GRAMPA HANK

Shoot 'em down, you fuckin' pussy!

CHUCKS ADAMS

Will you people please be cool?

CHUCKS ADAMS is a black bank customer in dance pants with dreadlocks. While he looks like he probably knows parkour, he actually just dances a lot and has a great smile.

DAVE THE GUARD

Are you the girl from the bank robbery?

Jane keeps on walking towards him.

GRAMPA HANK
Slick, this ain't speed dating!
Shoot her!

JANE
Listen to the old man.

DAVE THE GUARD
Are you the girl from the TV?

BUDS
Dude, give her the gun.

Jane reaches out for the gun -

JANE
Come on, man -

BLAM! For a moment, everyone wonders what just happened!

DAVE THE GUARD
Did I - Did I hit you?

PUPPET
Where did it go?

JANE
I think I - Fuck, I swallowed it!

Jane goes for the gun again - BLAM! Falling out of her shirt, the bullet hits the tile with a PLINK!

JANE (cont'd)
Just -

Jane puts her hand on the gun.

JANE (cont'd)
Just fucking stop. Take your hand out.

DAVE THE GUARD
I can't!

JANE
Take your hand out before I squash it!

Dave tears his hand away from the gun... and Jane SQUEEZES it between her fingers. Steel bends like butter in her fingers. All four remaining rounds misfire under the pressure of Jane's grip. All that's left of the revolver is a misshapen lump of steel and splintered wood, which she holds up.

JANE (cont'd)
Are you seeing this?

DAVE THE GUARD
Yeah, I see it.

JANE
Is everybody getting this?

BANK MANAGER BOB
Yeah, we get it.

JANE
What's your name, sir?

BANK MANAGER BOB
Bob.

JANE
Bank manager Bob.

BANK MANAGER BOB
That's right.

JANE
Bob, that's Clutch. I'm making you
her sound engineer.

BANK MANAGER BOB
What?

JANE
We brought our own shit, but we
want to see about tying into the
bank's PA system.

Clutch gives Jane the "thumbs up".

BANK MANAGER BOB
Tying into the bank's - what?

Puppet opens the back doors of the van and starts unloading
shit.

PUPPET
Anybody want to help me?

CHUCKS
I'll help you.

BUDS
Dude, you want a smoke?

CHUCKS

Yeah I do!

Having made her way to the bank vault, Jane puts her hands on the massive door and rips it open.

BANK MANAGER BOB

What exactly is happening here?

JANE

Bank manager Bob, what's happening here is motherfucking punk rock.

BUDS

Dude, she's right.

EXT. THE NATIONAL BANK - DAY

Outside the bank, cop cars start to swarm. Officers start clearing the area and setting up barricades.

INT. THE NATIONAL BANK - DAY

Chucks helps Puppet unload the truck. Buds offers Dave the Guard a toke, which he accepts after a moment of confused hesitation.

EXT. THE NATIONAL BANK - DAY

Pulling into the parking lot, the SWAT van starts belching out dudes in bulletproof vests and a whole lot of guns and ammo. Stepping onto the scene and surveying the mess is LT. FRANCIS ROMERO.

INT. BANK MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY

Trailing a cable from the mixing board, Clutch follows Bank Manager Bob into his office. Opening up a panel on the wall, he shows her the PA...

Until the phone rings.

BANK MANAGER BOB

Probably the police.

Clutch nods.

BANK MANAGER BOB (cont'd)

Can I answer it?

Clutch nods.

BANK MANAGER BOB (cont'd)
This is bank man- ...This is Bob.

EXT. THE NATIONAL BANK - DAY

Lt. Romero loosens up the second he gets Bob on the phone.

LT. ROMERO
Good. Bob, the first thing I need
to know is if anyone in there is
hurt.

Jane storms out of the bank and heads out into the open
space around the front doors.

JANE
Who's calling my fucking bank?

LT. ROMERO
Bob, I will call you back.

Romero hangs up his phone and turns towards Jane -

CREEPY TODD
Hey officer! Yo!

Behind the barricade, Creepy Todd is trying to shove his way
around a street cop.

CREEPY TODD (cont'd)
Yo, officer! You can talk to me!

LT. ROMERO
You, shut up.

Jane is closing the distance to within earshot.

LT. ROMERO (cont'd)
You, stop right there.

Jane doesn't stop.

LT. ROMERO (cont'd)
I said stop right there!

CREEPY TODD
I'm the guy! I'm her manager!

LT. ROMERO
Will you stop?

Jane stops where she is, alongside one of the patrol cars.

LT. ROMERO (cont'd)
What do you mean you're her
manager?

CREEPY TODD
Smashcock! I'm the fuckin' manager!

Turning back to Jane, Romero catches her kicking the tire of a patrol car. It comes off the axle with a CRUNCH.

LT. ROMERO
That your manager?

JANE
Yeah.

CREEPY TODD
See?

LT. ROMERO
You're part of this?

CREEPY TODD
Yeah!

LT. ROMERO
Davis, will you arrest this
asshole?

OFFICER DAVIS moves on Creepy Todd.

JANE
Dude, don't arrest him. He's just
being a douche.

LT. ROMERO
Looks to me more like he's
conspiring to commit grand larceny.

JANE
Don't arrest him.

LT. ROMERO
Badly. He's conspiring badly.

JANE
I said don't fucking arrest Creepy
Todd!

LT. ROMERO
Stop.

Jane looks at Lt. Romero with wild eyes, while she thinks up a plan for what she's going to do next.

CREEPY TODD

What the fuck is happening here?

LT. ROMERO

Sir, will you let me do my job?

CREEPY TODD

Fine by me.

LT. ROMERO

See this perimeter we've set up around the bank? This perimeter is a wall between the things you control and the things you don't.

JANE

Your perimeter doesn't work on me.

LT. ROMERO

It works just fine. If you go running off we storm the bank and arrest your friends so out here, you need to let me handle things. You've got enough to worry about in there. In there is what we should be talking about.

JANE

Ok, but just don't arrest Creepy Todd.

LT. ROMERO

Of course his name is Creepy Todd. Why do you give two shits about what happens to a guy you actually refer to as Creepy Todd?

JANE

He's my manager.

LT. ROMERO

Kiddo, this is real trouble we're in. My priority is the lives of those hostages.

JANE

Nobody's a hostage.

LT. ROMERO

What do you mean nobody's a hostage?

JANE
I mean they're not fucking
hostages!

LT. ROMERO
You mean they can leave at any
time.

JANE
I don't know! I guess.

LT. ROMERO
What is it you want from me?

Jane takes her phone out of her pocket.

JANE
Some fucking cell, for one thing.

LT. ROMERO
We shut the cell off. Tell me
everything you want, and then we'll
talk specifics.

Jane opens her "notes" app.

JANE
We want... a truck full of kegs.

LT. ROMERO
As in beer?

JANE
Are we gonna do this or what?

LT. ROMERO
Truck full of kegs. Any particular
brand?

JANE
Whatever's cheap.

LT. ROMERO
You realize we're paying for this.

JANE
Do you want my shit or not?

LT. ROMERO
Cheap beer in kegs.

JANE
Twenty pounds of - forty. Forty
pounds of kine bud.

LT. ROMERO
Forty pounds of marijuana.

JANE
Pizza.

LT. ROMERO
Food.

JANE
But, like, a lot of pizza.

LT. ROMERO
How much?

JANE
Enough to feed like five or six
hundred people.

LT. ROMERO
We know there's no five hundred
people in that bank.

JANE
No shit. You need to clear a path.
Like, move those barriers. You can
keep your guns and shit, but people
need to get in.

LT. ROMERO
Nobody's going in there.

JANE
Dude!

LT. ROMERO
Are you seriously asking me for
more hostages?

JANE
They're not fucking hostages!

LT. ROMERO
Then send them out!

JANE
They can leave whenever they
fucking want! Grampa Shitface will
probably take off the second we
start playing.

LT. ROMERO
Playing what?

JANE
Whatever the fuck we want!

LT. ROMERO
Playing music?

JANE
We're a band, jackass. Yes, we're playing music.

LT. ROMERO
You can't just crash a van into a bank and have a rock show.

JANE
Who's doing to stop me. Got it all down there?

LT. ROMERO
Yes. I think we understand each other.

JANE
Also get us a decent sound guy. Know what? Get us a fucking amazing sound guy. And call those assholes on the news and let them know what's up. Creepy Todd, call the news people.

CREEPY TODD
Already on it, girl!

LT. ROMERO
That it?

JANE
For now.

LT. ROMERO
Let me talk to my superiors and see what we can come up with.

Jane heads back into the bank.

JANE
And clear this shit out of my fucking way. Or I'll do it for you.

LT. ROMERO
Davis, you planning on arresting this guy today?

Davis puts the cuffs on Creepy Todd and leads him to the paddy wagon.

 CREEPY TODD
You pigs have nothing on me.

 LT. ROMERO
You call those news stations?

 CREEPY TODD
Fuck yeah, I did.

Officer Davis pats him down and produces Todd's cell phone.

 LT. ROMERO
You didn't actually... Did you
actually use your cell phone?

 CREEPY TODD
Your Patriot Act bullshit doesn't
scare me. Punk rock lives,
motherfuckers!

 LT. ROMERO
Patriot Act. Listen to me. I'm one
hell of a lot more friendly than
the FBI. I'm going to lock you up
for a bit to give you a taste of
what the rest of your life is going
to be like if you don't make me
your friend very, very quickly, and
then I'm going to give you exactly
one chance to appeal to my better
judgment. I do not like you and all
I'm thinking about right now is the
safety of the people in that
building, and you have one. One.
Chance to turn my concern to your
advantage. Because however much you
may think I'm an asshole, I'm a set
of fresh fucking sheets compared to
whoever it is Washington is sending
to deal with this... this...

INT. AIRPORT HOTEL - DAY

Sitting down to a breakfast with his partner Dicks, with
orange juice, eggs, and bacon already courteously ordered
and delivered by his partner, Richards is interrupted by the
news:

TANYA BREAK (O.S.)

Breaking news in Hollywood! LA News Live has just heard from an undisclosed source that yesterday's Hollywood bank robbers have just seized another bank and are holding hostages in what police have not confirmed is a terrorist action undertaken by superhumans. Police have identified the suspected terrorist leader as Jane Smash of local underground punk band - can I say that? Underground punk band Smashcock, and the intentions of these dangerous, some would say nasty women continues to stymie investigators on the scene.

Immediately folding his eggs and bacon into his toast, Richards eyes his partner.

AGENT RICHARDS

You get all this?

AGENT DICKS

I figure it's my turn to treat.

AGENT RICHARDS

Eggs are perfect.

AGENT DICKS

They always get 'em right here.

AGENT RICHARDS

Good call.

With a slurp of OJ, they're off.

AGENT DICKS

I'll drive. You eat.

AGENT RICHARDS

That's very nice of you.

AGENT DICKS

You'd do the same for me.

TANYA BREAK (O.S.)

...but according to sources LA SWAT team leader Lieutenant Francis Romero is convinced the show of force is credible. What are those hostages thinking right now?

BRAD THE NEWS ANCHOR (O.C.)
No doubt they're wishing someone
had given these kids a few less
participation trophies!

TANYA BREAK (O.C.)
That's about the size of it, Brad.
More as things develop.

BRAD THE NEWS ANCHOR (O.C.)
In other important news, LA county
school systems are finally cleaning
up their act with long-overdue
reverse-racism sensitivity training
which will be required for all
school employees.

EXT. AIRPORT HOTEL

Richards and Dicks leave a tasteful amount of rubber in the
hotel turn-in as they accelerate towards the crime scene.

EXT. THE NATIONAL BANK - DAY

Walking back inside into the little sanctuary she's created,
Jane can hear something. A lone guitar, playing a song she
knows all too well.

Jane smiles.

INT. THE NATIONAL BANK - DAY

Stepping into the bank, Jane finds a spot and watches.
There's a show in progress.

Standing on the bank teller bench, Clutch is ripping the
sounds of "America" out of her new rig: as in *"My country,
'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty, of thee I sing!"*

Clutch is a fucking god. Everyone in the bank is
mesmerized. Nobody is moving. When she finally wraps it
up, she puts a smoke in her mouth and lights it up like
it's the Olympic Fucking Torch.

GRAMPA HANK
Guess who won the bet.

PUPPET
You said play the national anthem!

GRAMPA HANK
And that ain't it.

BUDS
Dude. There's two.

CHUCKS ADAMS
Actually, there's five.

PUPPET
No way!

CHUCKS ADAMS
Yeah girl. That one, Star Spangled
Banner, America the Beautiful, one
other one and This Land is Your
Land.

PUPPET
Wow.

GRAMPA HANK
Well, Hendrix played the real one.

Clutch bows her head in silent prayer.

JANE
Now you done it, Gramps.

GRAMPA HANK
You kids don't know who Jimmy
Hendrix is.

JANE
Clutch won't play the Star Spangled
Banner out of fucking respect!

BUDS
She's gotta earn that one.

Clutch nods, grateful for her band's support.

JANE
You want us to play some old school
shit for you?

GRANNY PAULINE
Do we have a choice?

JANE
You can leave.

PUPPET
I want to play Motherless Child!

BUDS
It's called Freedom, dude.

PUPPET
I want Motherless Child.

BUDS
It's called Freedom. It's fucking
Richie Havens, dude.

PUPPET
I want Freedom.

Jane walks over and picks up her mic.

CHUCKS ADAMS
Who knew bank robbery could be
this?

JANE
You know the money's right there if
you want to take some.

CHUCKS ADAMS
What about the pigs?

Chuck points towards the cops.

JANE
Fuck the pigs. Buds?

BUDS
Yeah dude?

JANE
Give it to me dirty, you dirty
bitch.

Whipping out her "fuck you" glasses while Buds to lay down the baseline, Clutch starts shredding her axe with the speed of Richie Havens himself. There's not a grumpy old asshole on God's Green Earth who can tell her how to play this song.

With a smile that says she's right where she needs to be, that in this moment letting go and being the best of who she is cannot hurt her and it just might save her, Puppet teases the top hat and WHAMS the snare.

Her hair hanging goofily over one eye, Buds O'Brien lays down a baseline as if it was the only thing keeping her alive. If Buds O'Brien loves anything in the world, she loves those chords.

Go ahead, old man. Tell these girls about old school shit.

Nobody can believe this is happening. Not Chucks, not Bank Manager Bob, not Dave the Guard... and not Grampa Hank. Nobody can believe this, except:

GRANNY PAULINE
Well if nobody's stopping me I'm
just going to leave.

GRAMPA HANK
Hold on a second.

GRANNY PAULINE
I've had enough for one day. Come
on, Grampa.

Granny Pauline makes for the exit like she's hell bent on winning the walker derby. Grampa follows her. Jane watches them go.

JANE
*"Freedom! Freedom! Freedom!
Freedom! Sometimes. I feel. Like a
motherless child!"*

Jane squeezes the sound out of her, along with the pain of everything that's gone wrong for her in this life. Looking over at her partner in crime, Clutch nods her approval.

EXT. THE NATIONAL BANK - DAY

Obviously, the music is audible out here.

LT. ROMERO
(on a megaphone)
Are you folks all right? Walk
towards me!

GRANNY PAULINE
We're ok!

GRAMPA HANK
Yeah, we're all right! Give us a
second, will you?

LT. ROMERO
Walk towards me!

GRAMPA HANK
I said give us a second, goddamn
it! Pauline, will you hold your
horses for just a split fucking
second?

GRANNY PAULINE
Come on, Grampa! We're getting out
of here!

GRAMPA HANK
Pauline, please. I'm asking.

LT. ROMERO
Walk towards me!

GRAMPA HANK
Will you shut up already?

With a sigh, Pauline turns around.

GRAMPA HANK (cont'd)
First time I ever took you on a
date, I told you I was at
Woodstock.

GRANNY PAULINE
You were never at Woodstock. You
just said that to impress me.

GRAMPA HANK
Well now...

GRANNY PAULINE
We had all the same friends, Hank.

GRAMPA HANK
I was gonna go, and I was afraid.
But I wanted you to think I did.

GRANNY PAULINE
Hank, that does not mean we have to
do something stupid now. We've had
it pretty good. I don't have any
regrets. I love you.

GRAMPA HANK
Pauline, she's playing Ritchie
Havens. And she's pretty fucking
good.

GRANNY PAULINE
Ha!

LT. ROMERO
Folks! Walk towards me! Will you
please!

GRANNY PAULINE

Will you shut up for one goddamned second?

GRAMPA HANK

I dunno. I just think... I think this is my second chance. Not one I thought I had coming to me. I don't know what else to say.

GRANNY PAULINE

Hank? I think I love you more right now than I ever have before, and that's a lot.

GRAMPA HANK

You wanna go to a rock and roll show with me?

GRANNY PAULINE

What about the kids?

GRAMPA HANK

It'll piss 'em off. Let's do it.

GRANNY PAULINE

Ok! It's ok! We're going back in!

LT. ROMERO

Oh for Christ's sake. NO! Do not go back into the bank!

INT. THE NATIONAL BANK - DAY

Seeing those two old farts walk back into that bank gives Jane the biggest smile she's ever had in her whole life - and everyone can feel it. Everyone in the band doubles down on their performances. Sweat REALLY starts to pour.

JANE

(singing)

*"Clap your hands! Clap your hands!
Clap your hands! Clap your hands!"*

These are the moments people live for, and Grampa Hank starts to cry. He's trying so hard not to show it that Granny Pauline laughs.

Chucks offers him some weed and Grampa Hanks stops him short with the dirtiest look he's given yet.

Pauline takes a puff of Chuck's weed, and then she opens up her purse so he can get a look at her pill collection.

Clutch knows how to hog an instrumental solo, so...

BEGIN: FREEDOM MONTAGE

EXT. THE NATIONAL BANK - DAY

News vans are setting up base camps in the bank parking lot, a safe distance from what has become Cop City. Wires and lines are running everywhere.

INT. SHITTY ROCK CLUB - DAY

On the TV, Tanya Break is covering the National Bank... robbery? Attack? Anyway, she's covering it.

Degenerates, punks waiting for the night to begin, and employees alike are watching with rapt attention.

Suddenly, the TV news camera zooms into the bank itself... and Jane and her band is in there, wailing away. After a moment, the entire place is talking to one another, nodding in agreement...

EXT. SHITTY ROCK CLUB - ALLEYWAY - DAY

...loading kegs into cars...

EXT. THE NATIONAL BANK - DAY

...and as the cars loaded with punks and booze show up, they find they're not even the first ones here. Already, a decent crowd is showing up. Some of them even have signs: "PUNK ROCK LIVES" and "FREE CREEPY TODD", among others.

In the middle of a solo, Tanya Break interviews some of the folks showing up:

EXT. THE NATIONAL BANK - INTERVIEW

TANYA BREAK

We're standing here at the site of
a Hollywood terrorist hostage
crisis with -

FAN INTERVIEWEE #1

Occupy this, bitches! Woohoo!

TANYA BREAK
Ok, can we take that again?

EXT. THE NATIONAL BANK - INTERVIEW

TANYA BREAK
What brings you to the site of a
superhuman hostage crisis?

FAN INTERVIEWEE #2
Smashcock is taking their place
among giants like the Pistols and
the Kennedy's... and they're doing
it with some Woodstock bullshit
from the 1900's or some shit? What
the fuck!

TANYA BREAK
Ok, we need to take that again.

FAN INTERVIEWEE #2
It's like fuck you, America!

EXT. THE NATIONAL BANK - INTERVIEW

TANYA BREAK
Do you feel like you're in danger?

#1 SMASHCOCK FAN
It's a punk show! Punk is fucking
dangerous! Smashcock is... it's
like there are bands that you get,
and there are bands that GET YOU.
Smashcock gets you. Or at least
they get me. And this...

This poor girl starts to cry.

#1 SMASHCOCK FAN (cont'd)
I mean look around you! This is
punk rock. I knew! I always knew!
They've had this in them from the
first time I saw them! Fuck yeah!

TANYA BREAK
Ok!

END: FREEDOM MONTAGE

INT. THE NATIONAL BANK - DAY

Sweat is everywhere. Jane is SCREAMING into the microphone. These girls are playing so hard it's a wonder they don't puke... and then they kill it.

For a moment, there's the silence of burst eardrums. Everyone is happy. Everyone starts clapping, and nobody can hear the applause.

JANE

Fuck you, old man!

GRAMPA HANK

Fuck you, you little shit!

JANE

Ha! Fuck yeah!

And then, slowly, they hear it. So much noise.

In a daze, Jane walks towards the open gates of the bank. It's dark enough in here that the sunlight is fairly blinding. Walking literally into the light, Jane just outside the threshold...

EXT. THE NATIONAL BANK - DAY

...to discover, as her eyes adjust to the light, the massive crowd. This is by far the biggest show she's ever played. Half of them are cops, but whatever!

Officer Davis, quite forgetting himself, starts clapping. Romero swats him for it, and Davis stops.

From the darkness, the rest of the girls emerge into the sunlight, the cameras, and the applause. Puppet starts to cry. Buds wraps her arm around her and kisses her head...

BUDS

It's ok, baby.

Clutch pats Puppet on the shoulder and steps out to survey the situation...

EXT. ROOFTOP ACROSS THE STREET - DAY

...as a SWAT sniper cranks his sights.

SNIPER

I have the suspect.

EXT. THE NATIONAL BANK

Looking at all the police, Jane absent-mindedly fingers the bullet hole in her shirt from yesterday... and then it hits her just how vulnerable her girls are.

JANE

Clutch, they're not safe.

Hearing the remark, Clutch raises an eyebrow in her direction.

JANE (cont'd)

The snipers. Get them inside. Fuck!

Clutch springs into action without hesitation and whisks Buds and Puppet back inside. Jane does her best to screen the girls with her body...

INT. SWAT SNIPER SCOPE - DAY

...as Clutch scoots the girls indoors.

EXT. ROOFTOP ACROSS THE STREET - DAY

SNIPER

I lost the shot.

INT. THE NATIONAL BANK - DAY

With the girls safely back inside, Jane leans up against the glass doors.

JANE

What the fuck am I going to do?!!

INT. WAR ROOM - DAY

SNAP! Dr. Jakki extends her pointer at a photo of the girls of Smashcock standing bewildered outside the bank, displayed on the presentation screen.

DR. JAKKI

Gentlemen, your target is Jane Smash. She's the one in the front.

GENERAL BRUSH

Is that some kind of code name?

DR. JAKKI

No, that's her legal name. She had it changed when she arrived in Los Angeles three years ago with Buddy O'Brien of Humboldt, California and the individual known as Clutch, origins unknown. Also depicted here is Puppet McAllister, child of porn queen Bunny McAllister of Bel Aire, California. They're in a band.

GENERAL MALLAS

What kind of band?

DR. JAKKI

Smashcock, sir. LA punk with a groovy blues influence.

GENERAL ROTHCHILD

See, this is the kind of thing I'm -

GENERAL DAVIS

Let's not waste time on the why's of this thing and let's focus on the plan. Where are our agents?

DR. JAKKI

I'm told the traffic on the 405 and the 10 is denser than expected, sir.

GENERAL ROTHCHILD

What were we expecting? It's Los Angeles.

DR. JAKKI

I understand that, sir.

GENERAL ROTHCHILD

We have satellite surveillance. We can literally see the traffic before -

DR. JAKKI

The agents are en route. Sir.

GENERAL BRUSH

What kind of blowback can we expect from the public now that they're seeing images like this?

DR. JAKKI

Minimal. The group of people who know and sympathize with these girls is so localized and contained that most of them are assembling at ground zero right now. NSA projections show the public is likely to be 21% relieved the crisis is resolved, 72% bored or depressed to see Los Angeles in the news and 16% excited to see nuclear weapons in active deployment.

GENERAL TORN

I have a question.

DR. JAKKI

Yes, General.

GENERAL TORN

What are the chances this Jane Smash will agree to work for the government.

DR. JAKKI

We're regarding that outcome as unlikely at this point.

GENERAL MALLAS

What percentage are we looking at?

Dr. Jakki SIGHS into her cheeks...

GENERAL MALLAS (cont'd)

So not zero.

DR. JAKKI

In which case the generals would be acquiring a significant asset for -

GENERAL DAVIS

Doctor, are you at all confused about your mission objective?

DR. JAKKI

No, sir.

GENERAL ROTHCHILD

Blow those fags up. That's the objective.

DR. JAKKI

Yes, sir.

GENERAL DAVIS
Then I suggest you brief your men
and make it happen.

DR. JAKKI
Yes sir.

GENERAL DAVIS
Dismissed.

As Dr. Jakki leaves the room, the Generals erupt in murmurs
of anticipation and delight.

EXT. THE NATIONAL BANK

Jane strides up to Lt. Romero and the picket line.

JANE
Did you think you could just arrest
Creepy Todd like I wouldn't fucking
notice?

LT. ROMERO
The Los Angeles Police Department
does not answer to your -

JANE
Dude, I want a guarantee that my
people won't get hurt.

LT. ROMERO
Jane, you have to give us something
in return.

JANE
Me. I'll turn myself in. Not them.
They're innocent.

LT. ROMERO
They're clearly not -

JANE
Also I have some fucking...

LT. ROMERO
Conditions?

JANE
No. It's like when -

LT. ROMERO
Demands?

JANE
Fuck, dude! Demands.

LT. ROMERO
You're surrendering. You have conditions.

JANE
See those assholes over there?

LT. ROMERO
You mean the news?

JANE
Ha! Those guys ARE assholes. The other ones. They're just here to see a fucking show. You help me give them a show, and I will do what the fuck you say. I mean, pigs like music too right?

LT. ROMERO
You're asking for a rock concert.

JANE
Bring in some speakers, engineers, help me get the sound out there, open up this shit here and I'll come in peace. But you gotta let my people go. I'm the reason this all is happening. I don't want anyone to get hurt. Dude, I promised them a show. Look.

LT. ROMERO
You want me to put on a rock concert.

JANE
Talk to my manager.

The crowd is definitely growing, and they obviously want a show.

JANE (cont'd)
Fuckin' look, man.

People who don't have anything. People who have everything. People of all races, all sizes, all genders...

Jane smacks him on the shoulder.

JANE (cont'd)
And the music will set you fucking
free.

LT. ROMERO
Jane, I don't think you have any
idea what kind of trouble you're
in.

AGENT DICKS
He'll take it!

Agent Richards and Agent Dicks have arrived.

LT. ROMERO
Who the hell are you guys?

AGENT RICHARDS
Is this your crime scene?

AGENT DICKS
Are you the officer in charge?

LT. ROMERO
What is this?

AGENT RICHARDS
Answer his question.

AGENT DICKS
It was your question first.

AGENT RICHARDS
See that? That's professional
courtesy. Now tell me if you are
the officer in charge or if someone
else is reigning over this carnival
of incompetence.

LT. ROMERO
Really. Because I'd like to see how
you handle -

AGENT DICKS
It's his crime scene.

AGENT RICHARDS
I'm Agent Richards, this is Agent
Dicks.

LT. ROMERO
You're kidding.

AGENT RICHARDS
Defense Intelligence Agency.

Both men pull out ID's, while Lieutenant Romero wipes his mouth.

AGENT DICKS
DIA.

JANE
Dick in ya ass.

AGENT RICHARDS
You have a concert to plan.

AGENT DICKS
Your friends will not be prosecuted.

JANE
My manager can handle the fucking details.

AGENT RICHARDS
Lieutenant, see that her manager handles the...

AGENT DICKS
The fucking details.

Looking unbelievably excited and pleased with herself, Jane starts to back up towards the bank.

AGENT RICHARDS
We're cooperating.

AGENT DICKS
Do the show.

Jane starts running towards the bank.

AGENT RICHARDS
Show us your plan to breach.

AGENT DICKS
God I love a breaching.

LT. ROMERO
She was talking!

AGENT DICKS
Yeah.

LT. ROMERO
We negotiated her surrender!

AGENT RICHARDS
We breach when she's distracted.

LT. ROMERO
But that's just going to piss her off!

AGENT DICKS
Dick in your ass, Lieutenant.

AGENT RICHARDS
Dick in your ass.

INT. THE NATIONAL BANK - AFTERNOON

Running into the bank, Jane walks into a jam session where Clutch and Buds are doing "call and answer". Puppet's got a seat next to Chucks...

JANE
We got a fucking show!

No reaction.

CHUCKS ADAMS
You girls got any CD's?

PUPPET
Hell yeah!

CHUCKS ADAMS
Would you sign it for me?

PUPPET
What's your name?

Puppet breaks out a sharpie.

CHUCKS ADAMS
Chucks.

JANE
What's your favorite band?

CHUCKS ADAMS
After today it's definitely Smashcock.

JANE
Girls! Let's fucking go!

Puppet smiles to herself, and finishes the signature before she points across the bank...

PUPPET

See that girl, way out there? The one in purple who's jumping there?

She's pointing out the #1 Smashcock Fan.

CHUCKS ADAMS

She's cute!

PUPPET

You should talk to her.

CHUCKS ADAMS

You think?

PUPPET

Definitely.

CHUCKS ADAMS

Cool.

JANE

Smashcock bitches, we have a fucking show to do! See this shit? All this shit? Move it the fuck outside before I punch a fucking hole in you!

BANK MANAGER BOB

You girls need a hand with that?

BUDS

Fuck yeah!

EXT. THE NATIONAL BANK - INTERVIEW

Creepy Todd Raven has a microphone and a camera in his face, ace reporter Tanya Break is interviewing him about the biggest musical debacle in the history of the LA rock scene, and he's never looked happier:

TANYA BREAK

Todd Raven -

CREEPY TODD

Creepy Todd Raven.

TANYA BREAK

Creepy Todd, what prompted the LAPD to drop their charges against you?

CREEPY TODD

Tanya, it's about three things.
It's about the music, which is the
most important thing because
without that none of the bullsh -

TANYA BREAK

What I'm asking is, are you or are
you not a terrorist?

CREEPY TODD

I like to think of myself as a
terrorist, and I'll tell you why.
It's the music, and it's the
fucking brand. Smashcock. That's
the brand. Fuck yeah I'm a
terrorist.

TANYA BREAK

We need to take that again.

CREEPY TODD

And also, it's the politics. Girl
punk bands are fucking hot now.
It's whatchacallit. Feminism.

TANYA BREAK

Oh, God.

CREEPY TODD

Ask me why people call me Creepy
Todd.

TANYA BREAK

Why do people call you Creepy Todd?

CREEPY TODD

Tanya, it's a fact that if you lay
enough chicks in this scene you're
going to wind up with some
celebrities in there by the time
they all grow up.

TANYA BREAK

Ok.

CREEPY TODD

It's just a fact of business. Ask
me who.

TANYA BREAK

Can we talk to the girls?

CREEPY TODD
 Oh, you want - yeah. Hey, yeah!
 Hold on! Girls! Yo, girls!

Creepy Todd heads to the picket line, trailing the cameras, mics, and reporters. In front of the bank, a truck is backing up with stage materials.

 CREEPY TODD (cont'd)
 Jane! Yo Jane! Bring your bitches
 here! The Creeper hooked it up!

EXT. THE NATIONAL BANK - AFTERNOON

Walking across the lot, Jane leads the ladies of Smashcock up to the barricade - and Tanya Break.

 CREEPY TODD
 Bitches, over here!

 BUDS
 What did we fucking say about
 calling us bitches, Todd?

 PUPPET
 We said we can call each other
 bitches but you're not in the band!

 JANE
 That's literally almost word for
 word what we fucking said.

 CREEPY TODD
 Ladies, allow me to introduce -

 TANYA BREAK
 Jane Smash, I'm Tanya Break of LA
 Live Action News.

 JANE
 Cunt.

Clutch gives Tanya the guns -

 BUDS
 And I'm Buds, and this is Puppet.

 PUPPET
 Hi!

 TANYA BREAK
 Ok!

JANE

Whatever.

TANYA BREAK

(turning towards the
camera)

This is Tanya Break, here in
Hollywood with Jane Smash and the
terrorists of Smashcock.

BUDS

S'up.

PUPPET

Terrorists are so punk.

BUDS

That's true.

TANYA BREAK

Ladies. The City of Angels has
seen it's share of high-profile
crime, from the gang wars of the
1920's to the riots of the late
20th Century, but what's happening
here today is unprecedented. What
message are you trying to send to
the world?

JANE

What message are YOU sending?

TANYA BREAK

What is it you think you're going
to accomplish?

JANE

I'm going to put on a fucking show.

PUPPET

Swearing.

JANE

I'm going to put on a show.

BUDS

And the bank thing.

Clutch snaps her fingers and points in agreement.

JANE

Turn shit upside down.

PUPPET

Swearing.

JANE

Turn... Turn it upside down.

TANYA BREAK

You're saying this is an economic statement.

JANE

No I'm not.

TANYA BREAK

Reports and footage suggest that something happened to you, that you may have become invulnerable and incredibly strong.

PUPPET

She totally is! It's so fucked up!

BUDS

Swearing.

PUPPET

Fuck!

JANE

Yeah, I've been shot and hit by cars and it's fine. I can push cars around, carry, like, the big door in there -

TANYA BREAK

How do you think that happened?

JANE

Well, I did a fuckload of drugs last night and -

Clutch LAUGHS.

JANE (cont'd)

I will cut you. I did a lot of drugs last night and apparently I got electrocuted.

BUDS

She didn't "get electrocuted". She fought a power transformer.

PUPPET

She totally did! It was so punk.

BUDS
It's not like something that
happened to her.

JANE
I can neither confirm nor deny
these allegations.

PUPPET
She did. She fought a power
transformer. She was fucked up.

JANE
Puppet.

PUPPET
You were!

TANYA BREAK
Help us get a sense of where things
are escalating to.

JANE
What do you mean.

TANYA BREAK
You get these powers, you storm a
bank and dump the money.

JANE
Right.

TANYA BREAK
You storm another and stage a
musical event.

JANE
Right.

TANYA BREAK
What's next.

PUPPET
Punk rock, bitches!

BUDS
Word.

JANE
Word. End of interview.

All four girls turn and start walking.

TANYA BREAK

What do you have to say for
yourself about what you've done
today?

JANE

What do I have to say for myself?

Turning around, Jane reaches out for the camera and squashes
the lens between her fingers.

JANE (cont'd)

Fuck you, America!

EXT. THE NATIONAL BANK - THE STAGE - EVENING

Jane stepping up on an assembled stage in the middle of a
bank parking lot... surrounded by speakers and lights, with
the barricades and the crowd spread out before her.

Seeing her, the crowd erupts.

JANE

Holy shit.

As the other three girls step up onto the platform, there's
a brief moment where they all adjust to the notion that this
is real.

BAM-BAM-BAM as puppet starts working through her soundcheck.
Thumbs up from the sound guy. Buds lets a few chords
through her bass, checks in with the man on the board, and
adjusts her amp.

Clutch starts picking through the strings on her guitar like
she's pulling music out of an ancient, powerful artifact of
war that she was always destined to have.

JANE (cont'd)

Check one two. Check one two.
Check, check, check. Yeah?

She gets the thumbs up from the sound guy.

JANE (cont'd)

Yeah. What's up Los Angeles!

NOISE. ROARING voices.

JANE (cont'd)

Holy fuck! Welcome, motherfuckers!
Welcome to the new economy! I don't
know what the fuck that means.

ROARING.

JANE (cont'd)
Everyone's watching us, you guys.
Everyone's wondering what the fuck
is going to happen here. Everyone
wants to know what the message is.
What's the message? What's the
fucking message?

ROARING crowd.

JANE (cont'd)
Cut the shit, America!

ROARING.

JANE (cont'd)
I'm not your fucking superhero. I
don't know how to save the helpless
or chill our leaders the fuck out.
I don't know how to stop people
from getting hurt, or from shooting
each other, or from lying to the
world or to the people they love or
to their fucking selves. I don't
know how to make energy out of all
our fucking garbage and I can't
cure diseases. I don't know how to
make the bad things go away. I
mean, fucking obviously.

Clutch starts to play a theme and variation.

JANE (cont'd)
But there's one thing in this world
I am fucking good at. I can take
it. You can show me all this shit,
and I can take it, take a good long
look at it, and I can write a
fucking song and I will scream that
shit and you haven't made a door so
fucking thick that you can't hear
me! Do you fucking hear me?!?

The crowd goes NUTS.

JANE (cont'd)
Does that make me a fucking
terrorist?!?

INSANITY.

JANE (cont'd)
 You bet your fucking ass it does!

These people are Jane's Army, and they are ready.

JANE (cont'd)
 Listen! Listen. Puppet McCallister
 on drums! This woman you see here
 is in every respect the heartbeat
 of my fucking life.

Puppet drives home a solo home like she's manning a machine
 gun turret and smiles with happy abandon.

JANE (cont'd)
 Ladies and gentlemen, Buds O'Brien
 on base, a woman who cuts through
 bullshit faster than a fucking
 knife.

Buds rips out a badass bass solo with the cool detachment of
 a ninja assassin.

JANE (cont'd)
 This here is Clutch, the best
 fucking guitarist and the best
 fucking friend a rotten shithead
 like me will ever have the honor to
 play with. I love you, you fucking
 bitch.

Clutch plays something just for Jane. It's brutal and real
 and truthful. A gift.

Jane is holding back tears.

JANE (cont'd)
 Fuck. And I'm Jane Smash. WE ARE
 SMASHCOCK!

Again, the NOISE.

PUPPET
 ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR!

All as one, the ladies of Smashcock let the audience fucking
 have it. This song is called "The Night I Fucked the
 President."

This is punk rock at it's most pure, stupid, epic and true.
 This is the music of anyone who's ever felt left behind or
 scared and wants to fucking say something. Smashcock may not
 have the answer, but they can sure as hell let everyone out
 there asking the same damn questions know they're not alone.

Jane kicks her mic stand right off the stage, and it launches away.

BEGIN: THE NIGHT I FUCKED THE PRESIDENT MONTAGE

EXT. THE NATIONAL BANK - AROUND BACK

In the back of the bank, a team of SWAT officers with a battering ram take out the back door and swarm into the building. Wearing vests and gear over their suits, Richards and Dicks lead the assault. Davis, watchful, is right behind them. Lt. Romero is in the pack, coordinating.

EXT. THE NATIONAL BANK

Watching the band play, the #1 Smashcock Fan is trying to bring beers to the band but the police are blocking her.

From behind the picket line, Chucks reaches past the cops to help her. She gets him the beers, and he runs up to the stage to pass them out!

EXT. THE NATIONAL BANK - THE STAGE

Jumping off the stage in the middle of a scream, Jane puts a modest circular crater in the concrete pavement.

Distracted by Jane, the cops lose focus... and the crowd gets past the barricade and comes swarming towards the stage.

INT. THE NATIONAL BANK

Scuttling through the bank like black little beetles, SWAT officers secure and sort the people left behind like Bank Manager Bob and Dave the Guard, Grampa Hank and Granny Pauline - who are visibly protesting SWAT's show of military force.

Granny Pauline is clearly stoned, and she's trying to keep the cops from taking the bank cookies away from her so they can move her to a more secure area.

EXT. THE NATIONAL BANK - THE STAGE

Swarming around Jane, the audience cheers as Jane screams lyrics at them and then holds out the mic for them to respond.

As Clutch rips into a solo, the audience picks Jane up and lifts her back onto the stage. Trying to keep her balance, Jane smiles. All the girls do.

Right up front, Chucks and the #1 Smashcock Fan are jumping and screaming and having a blast. Jane passes out the beers to the band, and Buds gulps thirstily while Clutch wraps her solo.

Again, Jane starts to sing...

EXT. THE NATIONAL BANK - BACKSTAGE

Behind the outdoor stage, cops flood the backstage area and start securing the roadies brought in by the police.

EXT. THE NATIONAL BANK - THE STAGE

Seeing the cops, #1 Smashcock Fan points them out to Chucks - who starts jumping and pointing and screaming himself. In an instant, the crowd starts to turn...

END: THE NIGHT I FUCKED THE PRESIDENT MONTAGE

EXT. THE NATIONAL BANK - THE STAGE

Led by Richards and Dicks, SWAT cops swarm the stage and fire tear gas to disperse the crowd.

BONK! Someone shuts the music off.

LT. ROMERO

Stay calm! Everyone, stay calm!

BAM! SWAT officers push Buds to the ground and yank Puppet right off her drum stool.

As a SWAT officer comes up behind Clutch on stage right, she catches his eye and simply shakes her head "no". Cool as ice, Clutch does allow herself to get cuffed.

Everything's over before it started. Puppet is SCREAMING and HOWLING in rage, and it's taking two officers to hold her back...

PUPPET

I will fuck you up into next
fucking weekend, you fucking
jizzbags!

JANE

Puppet!

Jane stands alone in a pool of angry vapor, looking at Richards, Dicks, her band in cuffs and a sea of cops.

PUPPET

LET GO OF ME!

JANE

Do not let go of her. What the fuck is this?

PUPPET

I'm gonna make a drumset out of your fucking face!

AGENT RICHARDS

We represent the federal government.

JANE

We had a fucking deal, man!

PUPPET

I'm gonna fuck you up so bad you'll forget it's not normal!

BUDS

Dude, will you let us fucking help her?

Clutch wrenches her way free of the cops holding her and lifts her cuffed arms around Puppet to hold her steady. Buds is allowed to do likewise.

PUPPET

(muffled)

I will kill them! I will kill them all

JANE

Dude. Let my girls go.

Jane's pointing to Romero.

AGENT RICHARDS

That's not what this conversation's about.

JANE

Then what the fuck is this about?

AGENT DICKS
How would you feel about a job in
the United States Military?

JANE
Will you let my girls go?

AGENT DICKS
Nope.

JANE
Then go fuck yourself.

BUDS
Dude, it's not her fault.

AGENT DICKS
Our job here is done.

JANE
What the fuck is this about?

AGENT RICHARDS
Lieutenant Romero, you can take it
from here.

Seizing the moment of confusion, both agents turn to leave.
Dicks goes for his phone...

JANE
You better tell me what the fuck
this is about. Lieutenant Romero,
what the fuck is this?

LT. ROMERO
You said it yourself. Dicks in ya
ass.

JANE
Over my dead fucking body. Turn the
mic on.

LT. ROMERO
Turn it on.

JANE
Yo, motherfuckers! Let me hear you
say yo!

CROWD
YO!

JANE
Let me hear you say yo Jane!

CROWD
YO JANE!

JANE
Yo Jane!

CROWD
YO JANE!

JANE
These two motherfuckers in suits
are here to pull some shit, and we
need... (to Romero) What the fuck
do we need?

LT. ROMERO
Get me their cell phones.

JANE
GET ME THEIR FUCKING CELL PHONES!

Without missing a beat, Dicks pulls his pistol and swings it
at Romero. Immediately, Richards does likewise and shoots
at Puppet -

BANG! BANG!

Scared, the crowd pushes away from the DIA agents SCREAMING.

Jane throws herself at the DIA agents Romero and sloppily
takes the bullets -

BANG! BANG!

JANE (cont'd)
Ow, my fucking ears!

- and gets her her hands one on each gun. She's ready to
crumple them right around the agents' hands.

JANE (cont'd)
You motherfuckers want to do this?

#1 Smashcock Fan walks up behind the agents and takes their
phones, and hands them to Jane - who has her hands full.

JANE (cont'd)
Give 'em to the pigs.

Davis collects the phones, and gives one to Romero.

LT. ROMERO
Thank you, Davis.

OFFICER DAVIS
You're welcome, lieutenant.

LT. ROMERO
See that? Professional courtesy.

OFFICER DAVIS
We need their thumbprints.

Jane smiles violently. For a moment, Dicks and Richards exchange looks.

LT. ROMERO
Jane? Jane, listen to me.

JANE
This one shot at Puppet.

PUPPET
I love you, Jane!

JANE
I love you, baby girl.

LT. ROMERO
If you tear the hands off of two
Federal Defense Intelligence
Agents, the show is definitely
over.

Jane takes the guns and squashes them as the crowd and the cops seize the pair of DIA agents.

JANE
Whatever.

INT. WAR ROOM

Looking relieved, Dr. Jakke stands up in front of a bunch of generals in the throes of happy hour. Expensive, amber liquor and dark joviality are getting splashed around in equal measure:

DR. JAKKI
Gentlemen, we are a go.

GENERAL ROTHCHILD
We're a go for what.

DR. JAKKI
We're a go for the bomb.

GENERAL DAVIS
What bomb?

DR. JAKKI
You've fulfilled all criteria for
the deployment of nuclear ordinance
against the city of Los Angeles.

GENERAL ROTHCHILD
Excellent.

GENERAL BRUSH
Quick, someone call the President!

GENERAL TORN
I've got it! Hold on!

GENERAL MALLAS
Is he up?

GENERAL TORN
He will be! Hold on. Yes? Yes, good
evening sir. Yes, I know it - (to
Dr. Jakki) Wait, what do I say?

DR. JAKKI
Tell him we have a Code 42.

GENERAL TORN
Sir, we have a code 42.

DR. JAKKI
Tell him we've exhausted all
primary options for resolution.

GENERAL TORN
All primary options for resolution
are exhausted.

DR. JAKKI
We're go for secondary.

GENERAL TORN
We're a go for secondary.

DR. JAKKI
Waiting on your authorization.

GENERAL TORN
Waiting on you, sir. Yes. Yes, sir.
Thank you, sir.

General Torn hangs up his phone.

GENERAL DAVIS
That's it?

GENERAL TORN
That's it!

General Davis laughs a giddy, nervous, awkward laugh.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - NIGHT

As "the football" briefcase is opened, the light of a launch button illuminates the President's face.

MR. PRESIDENT
May God have mercy on our souls.

INSERT: MISSILE SILO

Rockets shove the concrete cover of an old, '80's missile silo out of the way. Erupting from the ground on a pillar of light and smoke, an awesome-looking ICBM takes flight.

INT. THE NATIONAL BANK - NIGHT

Storming into the weirdly lit bank, taking a seat on what couches and chairs remain unsmashed, a small crowd of problem-solvers takes a seat in the "secure area" occupied by the people who were rescued by SWAT: Bank Manager Bob, Dave the Guard, Hank and Pauline.

Joining them is Lt. Romero, Jane and the ladies of Smashcock, Creepy Todd, and Tanya Break.

TANYA BREAK
What is this about?

LT. ROMERO
Folks, we're going to need some privacy.

JANE
No, they're cool.

LT. ROMERO
This is not the kind of discussion where -

JANE
I said they're cool!

BUDS
They are pretty fucking cool.

PUPPET
I'm sorry I yelled.

Clutch rubs Puppet's head.

LT. ROMERO
Here.

Romero passes Tanya Break Agent Dick's phone.

LT. ROMERO (cont'd)
That right there is a map of Los Angeles. There's a circle on the map, which represents what they refer to in the defense industry as minimum safe distance.

TANYA BREAK
Minimum safe distance from what?

INSERT: ICBM

The missile is roaring is roaring it's way towards space.

INT. THE NATIONAL BANK

TANYA BREAK
You're fucking kidding me.

INSERT: ICBM

Stage one of the rocket separates in a plume of fire, as it continues to climb.

INT. THE NATIONAL BANK

Tanya Break is looking through all the information on the cell phone.

TANYA BREAK
What the fuck?

BUDS
This is what we have been saying.

PUPPET
It's true.

BUDS

Dude.

TANYA BREAK

I don't know what to do.

JANE

Fucking tell people!

LT. ROMERO

You'd start worst riot in LA history.

Clutch puffs her smoke with an approving nod.

LT. ROMERO (cont'd)

Nobody would get out.

Clutch thinks on this.

TANYA BREAK

You gave them just what they needed.

JANE

What do you mean I gave them?

TANYA BREAK

You showed the world just how out of control you are!

JANE

Not fucking yet I haven't!

TANYA BREAK

You showed them this whole situation is fucked!

JANE

Because it fucking is!

GRANNY PAULINE

Simmer down, kids!

BUDS

Dude, you are so stoned.

PUPPET

You're fucked up!

GRANNY PAULINE

Least we got to go to Woodstock.

Grampa Hank laughs.

JANE
What the fuck did you just say?

GRANNY PAULINE
I don't remember.

GRAMPA HANK
She said we got to go to Woodstock.

JANE
Fuck.

LT. ROMERO
What.

In her swelling enthusiasm, Jane punches Romero and he drops.

JANE
Oh my fucking God!

BUDS
Dude.

JANE
Woodstock.

PUPPET
Yaaaaasssssss.

BUDS
Fucking dude.

JANE
Fucking Woodstock!

PUPPET
Fucking yes dude!

Clutch, catching on, dons the most dangerous grin any human being has ever seen.

CREEPY TODD
I'm not fucking getting this.

JANE
That's ok. I'm going to make this
very fucking simple for you
assholes.

EXT. THE NATIONAL BANK - BACKSTAGE

Storming out of the bank and past the stage and all the lights, Creepy Todd takes out his cell phone.

CREEPY TODD

Yo brohim, it's the Creeper. Yes I owe you money - now fucking listen. Call every fucking act you know and tell them to come out and play something. I'm at the bank thing. Seriously bro, get them on the street. Yes, on the fucking street. Outside. Fucking anywhere! Because I fucking said so! Bro, DO WHAT I FUCKING TELL YOU!

EXT. THE NATIONAL BANK

Officer Davis is giving the teargassed Chucks and #1 Smashcock Fan, now wrapped in trauma blankets, some coffee.

LT. ROMERO

Davis, get these barricades out of here.

Davis looks up from his humanitarian efforts, as do Chucks and Fangirl.

LT. ROMERO (cont'd)

Now, Davis! Take everyone you need and go!

Smashcock's two biggest fans look around, trying to figure out where all the sudden activity is coming from.

EXT. THE NATIONAL BANK - INTERVIEW

With police clearing barricades and fans wandering closer to the bank behind her, Tanya Break composes herself.

TANYA BREAK

This is Tanya Break with breaking news from the National Bank in Hollywood, site of what is now being called Nukefest.

(MORE)

TANYA BREAK (cont'd)
 We've just received word that US
 Military forces are responding to
 what they refer to as a Code 42 by
 deploying our nuclear arsenal on
 American soil, and the plan to save
 Los Angeles from thermonuclear
 annihilation has come from none
 other than -

Behind Tanya, Jane takes the stage.

TANYA BREAK (cont'd)
 - and something's happening right
 here behind me. It looks like Jane
 Smash and the women of Smashcock
 are taking the stage...

EXT. THE NATIONAL BANK - THE STAGE

Stepping up to the microphone and picking it up off the
 stage floor, Jane looks out at the devastation. Unhappy
 fans, trauma blankets... Behind her, Clutch finds her brand
 new guitar was broken by the cops and she picks up her old
 one.

JANE
 Fuck. Ok. Everybody, listen up.
 Listen, you people just took a face
 full of teargas because you wanted
 to listen to some fucking music.
 Listen all you pigs who just got
 stomped on by the assholes in
 charge. All you people out there
 watching TV or checking this shit
 out on the internet... Fucking
 listen. I don't know what the fuck
 happened to me, ok? I don't know
 why I got these powers or
 whatever -

PUPPET
 She got way fucked up!

BUDS
 Then she fought a power
 transformer.

JANE
 Whatever. Shit went down, and for
 some of these fucks I am way too
 much to fucking handle. So they
 decided to drop a fucking bomb on
 me.

(MORE)

JANE (cont'd)
 But this isn't about me, you guys.
 This is about us. All of us. This
 is our fucking city, and there are
 fucks out there who fucking hate
 us, and that doesn't mean they get
 to drop fucking warheads on us!

EXT. THE NATIONAL BANK - INTERVIEW

TANYA BREAK
 What we are about to show you may
 shock you.

INSERT: ICBM

High up in space, stage two blows apart. Only the warhead
 and the reentry thrusters remain.

EXT. THE NATIONAL BANK - INTERVIEW

TANYA BREAK
 Ladies and gentlemen, we ask that
 you remain calm.

Bracing herself, Tanya does her level best to sell the next
 eight words out of her mouth:

TANYA BREAK (cont'd)
 Remain calm, because Los Angeles...
 Los Angeles has a champion.

EXT. THE NATIONAL BANK - THE STAGE

JANE
 These assholes think we're weak!
 These assholes think we're just
 going to lie down and die, and that
 is FUCKING BULLSHIT! This is the
 City of Fucking Angels! We are The
 City of Fucking Angels. So here's
 what we're going to fucking do. Are
 you ready? We're going to sing.
 Sing like your life depends on it
 because today, it fucking does. If
 you have a guitar, pick it up and
 play for everyone you fucking see.
 If you have a kit, set it up right
 in the fucking street and stop
 these fucks from running. Because
 there's no outrunning this.

(MORE)

JANE (cont'd)

Make them stop ignoring you. Make them take out their phones and stream your shit, and the world will fucking hear us. MAKE the world hear us. Because the assholes in charge can fuck you over a lot of ways. A lot of ways, believe me. But they can't kick you off a fucking stage if that stage is where people want you to be. Whatever music is inside you, I don't give a fuck. I don't give a fuck if it's corny. Right now, I don't even give a fuck if it's trendy. Make them hear us. Make them listen.

For just a moment, the silence is deafening. Then, quietly at first, Jane hears the sound of an acoustic guitar.

Emerging from the crowd, accompanied by Chucks, the #1 Smashcock Fan approaches the stage with an old, beaten up, handpainted acoustic guitar. She's playing a quiet little song she obviously wrote herself.

BUDS

Dude.

PUPPET

Yaaaasssssss!

Sitting down on the edge of the stage, Jane holds the mic for the girl... who starts to sing.

BEGIN: NUKEFEST MONTAGE

EXT. STREETS OF HOLLYWOOD - NIGHT

Blocking all kinds of traffic, a paintcan drummer finishes moving his instruments into the street. Cars are honking like crazy... until he starts to play.

Someone gets out of their car and starts to record him. Someone else gets out of their car and starts to skat.

EXT. STREETS OF HOLLYWOOD - ALLEYWAY

Setting up his amp on a fire escape, someone starts to play guitar. Across the alley, someone else drags an instrument onto their own fire escape and plays back. Both of them smile.

One floor below them, a pink-haired maven walks out and starts to sing.

EXT. OUTSIDE LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

Jumping into his truck, a road crewman sets up a barricade to make room in the street for a touring band who's unpacking their shit right there in the freeway.

INSERT SEQUENCE: MUSICAL ACTS SETTING UP

All over the greater Los Angeles area, people are stepping out into public to play their music:

- A singer and a guitarist find each other in the park.
- Skat and tapdance is doing down in the lobby of a high-powered office building.
- Spoons, beat-boxing, and thigh slapping fills the dining room of a homeless shelter.
- Outside a church, the choir is singing in the street.
- Someone is drumming on the cars in a parking garage...

EXT. THE NATIONAL BANK - THE STAGE

Pulling her fan up on the stage, surrounded by cell phones and cameras, Jane picks up her own guitar and figures out the song.

Buds smiles and starts accompanying her...

#1 SMASHCOCK FAN
Hey... Can we sing 'Daddy'?

Everyone stops. Puppet SMILES.

PUPPET
ONE! TWO! ONE TWO THREE FOUR!

Jane plows into her guitar. Buds plays like it's the last song of her life, and Clutch is ready to burn down the world.

EXT. STREETS OF HOLLYWOOD

The paint can band has drawn a HUGE crowd. Everyone's sitting on the hoods of their cars. Some people are PLAYING cars!

EXT. STREETS OF HOLLYWOOD

That fire escape band is wailing, and the alleyway is full of people listening and recording!

EXT. OUTSIDE LOS ANGELES

Driving away from the city in their rental car, Richards and Dicks run smack into a traffic jam. Getting out, they discover a construction crew holding the traffic up for the touring rock band.

In fact, the whole road crew is backing them up as a chorus in orange vests. Along the road, cars have stopped and are using their headlights to light the show.

EXT. THE NATIONAL BANK - THE STAGE

Leaning into the microphone, Jane sweats her ass off backing up her fan on vocals.

EXT. THE NATIONAL BANK - INTERVIEW

Standing in front of the bank stage, talking her ass off, Tanya Break points the camera towards another band that's started performing in the bed of a truck.

BEGIN: DADDY MONTAGE

As Jane and her fan finish the song, there are

INSERT SEQUENCE: MANY FACES

...watching...

INSERT SEQUENCE: MANY SCREENS OF MUSICAL ACTS

- In the park, the singer and guitarist are playing their hearts out and crying.
- The high-powered office building is full of people, forming a ring of improv skat and tap with everyone clapping.
- Outside the homeless shelter, the dining room empties out as people follow the minstrels into the street.
- In the street, the choir is dancing clapping. So is the crowd forming around them in all directins.
- In the parking garage, everyone is drumming on cars! It's a car drum circle!.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - NIGHT

SLAM! Looking furious as he slaps his hand down on his desk, the President looks up at the room.

INT. WAR ROOM

Everyone is drinking and celebrating - when a PHONE RINGS. Everyone checks their pockets, and it's the room phone. General Torn picks up.

GENERAL TORN

Mr. President. Our public relations projections have been testing high. No sir, we haven't been watching...

GENERAL BRUSH

Because we're drunk!

GENERAL TORN

Well, yes. We are drunk. Yes sir, I'm listening.

MR. PRESIDENT (O.C.)

(on phone)

I will not go down in history as the administration that deployed nuclear weapons against a city full of American citizens for playing their rock and roll music.

GENERAL TORN

Yes sir, but -

MR. PRESIDENT (O.C.)
(on phone)
There's nothing more American than
rock and roll music!

GENERAL TORN
I agree sir, but -

MR. PRESIDENT (O.C.)
Make this go away!

GENERAL TORN
Sir, we can't just -

INT. OVAL OFFICE - NIGHT

SLAM. Mr. President hangs the fuck up.

INSERT: ICBM

What's left of the ICBM detonates in a sparkly,
anticlimactic poof in the emptiness of space.

EXT. THE NATIONAL BANK - INTERVIEW

TANYA BREAK
...in what the government is now
explaining was a training
exercise...

END: DADDY MONTAGE

EXT. THE NATIONAL BANK - THE STAGE

Wrapping up the song, grinning from ear to ear, the fan
WHOOOPS into the microphone! The whole band is smiling and
sweating.

Diving off the stage, the fan surfs the crowd and winds up
in the arms of Chucks.

Jane takes the mic and puts it back in a stand.

JANE
That was some heavy shit! Holy
fuck, man.

Plucking a handful of beautiful, exquisite chords from her guitar, Jane sets up a ballad give the audience a moment's reprieve...

Clutch smiles at Jane. Both of them are in on the joke:

JANE (cont'd)
Ha ha! Nope.

Jane BLASTS a riff at Clutch from her guitar, Clutch blasts her shit right back, and it's time for PUNK ROCK, MOTHERFUCKERS!

BEGIN: PUNK ROCK MONTAGE

EXT. THE NATIONAL BANK

Listening to Jane play her music, Lt. Romero clinks a hard-won beer with Officer Davis.

EXT. THE NATIONAL BANK - THE STAGE

These girls are playing like it's the end of the world, this audience is the last bunch of motherfuckers on Earth, and there's no place they'd rather be.

EXT. THE NATIONAL BANK - INTERVIEW

Tanya is interviewing Chucks and Fangirl...

CHUCKS ADAMS AND #1 SMASHCOCK FAN
Smashcock fucking rules!

TANYA BREAK
Smashcock fucking rules.

#1 SMASHCOCK FAN
Nukefest, bitchezzzzz!

TANYA BREAK
And there you have it. Back to you,
Brad

EXT. THE NATIONAL BANK - THE STAGE

Jane is singing her guts out, and her band is right there with her...

EXT. STREETS OF HOLLYWOOD

Those paint can guys are sweating buckets as they take a bow for a huge crowd.

EXT. STREETS OF HOLLYWOOD - ALLEYWAY

Up in the fire escapes, there is a band WAILING into the wee hours.

EXT. OUTSIDE LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

Everyone at that construction worker show is singing songs they know together. Someone got kegs. It's a traffic jam street pub.

Agent Richards pats Agent Dicks on the back.

EXT. THE NATIONAL BANK - BACKSTAGE

As Grampa Hank and Granny Pauline make their way out of the bank and towards the crowd, Granny Pauline stops for a moment...

...to pick up the FAT, FRESH WAD OF BENJAMINS she just dropped!

GRAMPA HANK
Leave it Pauline, we gotta go!

Pauline GIGGLES and SNORTS as she hobbles after her husband.

EXT. THE NATIONAL BANK - THE STAGE

Sweating their skins off, screaming their hearts out, the women of Smashcock play the single most important show in the history of music.

BEGIN: CREDITS

EXT. THE NATIONAL BANK - THE STAGE

Jane's playing right through the fucking credits. Because fuck credits.

INT. COFFEEHOUSE

Approaching his usual table with a coffee in hand, Richards finds someone sitting there.

AGENT RICHARDS
That's my table.

COFFEEHOUSE PATRON
Have a seat, man!

Richards GLOWERS in pure hatred.

EXT. THE NATIONAL BANK - THE STAGE

Still playing through the credits!

INT. DICKS RESIDENCE

As Dicks stumbles through his front door, exhausted as Hell...

Mrs. Dicks dumps the baby in his arms.

MRS. DICKS
There's baby shit in the bed. I'm
going the fuck out.

EXT. THE NATIONAL BANK - THE STAGE

Smashcock continues to rule the night and the audience is wild.

INT. WAR ROOM - NIGHT

Watching the show and drinking, the generals dance and jump.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - NIGHT

Sitting at his desk, Mr. President taps his fingers in time with the music.

EXT. THE NATIONAL BANK - THE STAGE

After everything she fucking went through, you're goddamned right Jane is going to finish her set.

END: CREDITS

EXT. THE NATIONAL BANK - THE STAGE

Wrapping her show, with the crowd in ecstatic frenzy, Jane commences to smash the stage to pieces while Buds passes a bowl around to the band.

This process of destruction takes longer than it should and proves more awkward than one might expect, but the band watches with approving interest as the crowd starts to disperse.

Because who's more punk than Smashcock?

Finally, there is nothing left to smash and Jane's worked up quite a sweat. Smashing is thirsty work, people.

JANE

Who wants to buy me a fucking
drink.

CUT TO BLACK.

NOTE:

Literally, this is when the screen goes dark and movie theaters turn their lights on. There's probably going to be people sitting in the audience, dazed and confused and wondering whether the movie is actually over. Sad, underpaid ushers will tell them to leave.

Punk lives.