

# Punk As Fuck

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## Punk As Fuck

### CHARACTERS:

ALEPH REED – former punk band musician, current record label owner, male, 40s/50s

CALLIE – female, teens

CHENKO – guitarist, vocals for No Movement, male, late 20s/30s

EDDIE – guitarist, lead vocals for No Movement, male, late 20s/30s

LYDIA COOPER – front woman of Combat Rock, female, late 20s/30s

RAY – male, teens

SHEILA – proprietor, female, transgender, 40s/50s

TINA – female, teens

### NOTES ON THE TEXT:

/ indicates an overlap in conversation where the next character should begin speaking

- indicates a line cut-off or interrupted by the next character's line or action

... indicates a trailing off of thoughts/hesitancy with continuing

CAPS – lyrics to songs (even if chanted rather than sung aloud) are indicated in all caps

### A NOTE ON THE SONGS:

It's more about the energy than the musicality. They don't need to be sung well or perfectly – in fact, it would probably be better if they weren't.

### SCENE ONE:

*Sheila's Backyard: the backyard of a place of residence fashioned into a makeshift punk venue.*

*Squelching feedback from a guitar. Loud drums count off a beat, followed by EDDIE's incoherent scream-singing. A mosh circle begins to form. A CROWD begins to push and shove each other around the circle, but in a positive slam-dance way. This is not violent. It's energetic and palpable.*

*And then the generator goes out. Groans from the CROWD.*

SHEILA

Ah, shit. It'll be back up in a second. Sorry!

EDDIE

Hey, no worries.  
How you guys doing!

CROWD

Yeah!  
Woo!

Fuck you!

CALLIE

Yeah, man, fuck you!  
While we're waiting let's give it up for Sheila!

EDDIE

Sheila!

CHENKO

*Applause and cheering.*

You all know we wouldn't have a place to go without her.

EDDIE

Or her backyard.

CHENKO

No, no, no! Hey.  
Hey now, I'm not joking. This is a big thing.  
How long you been doing this, Sheila?

EDDIE

Longer than you've been alive.

SHEILA

Noooo...  
I'm not that young anymore.  
I mean this is the 11<sup>th</sup> year for No Movement, so...

EDDIE

Thirty years

SHEILA

Thirty years?!

EDDIE

Alright, well, this place is sacred.  
Don't let it disappear. Do whatever it takes.  
I grew up on the outskirts of a mountain town  
Where I was the only one with liberty spikes and sleeve tattoos  
I grew up in a place where you had to drive three hours to listen to Green Day

*Boos from the crowd.*

if you wanted to hear something “punk”  
Back in that time when I walked out on my home  
I made the decision that I was never looking back.

RAY

Fuck yea!

EDDIE

Because, you know, Sheila’s a runaway too...  
Back then I would have killed for a positive place like this  
And someone as kind-hearted as Sheila.  
Sheila, can you get up on the stage a second?

*SHEILA reluctantly comes up onto the stage.*

Yeah, that’s right, don’t be shy. This is your space.

SHEILA

Oh, I’ve already had my time in the lime-light...

*EDDIE hugs SHEILA to his side. He gives her the guitar pick he’s holding.*

EDDIE

*(to her)*

I don’t believe that.

*(to the crowd)*

This lady is a punk rock goddess. A legend.  
She’s the mother of punk on this side of the country.  
Pay respect, because without her, and this place,  
You wouldn’t have a home.

*Cheers from the crowd. EDDIE gives SHEILA a kiss on the cheek.  
She makes her way off the stage.*

SHEILA

*(to EDDIE)*

Generators back on.

*EDDIE nods.*

EDDIE

Okay...

LISTEN UP

ALL YOU SHIT-STARTERS, YOU REBELS,

*The CROWD joins him. These are lyrics from his song, but spoken/chanted now without music. This is a dialogue with the crowd, a call-and-response. Almost a prayer that turns ecstatic. EDDIE is a master show-man. He points out to people in the crowd. They point back at him. It gains speed and momentum as they speak this anthem out loud.*

CROWD/EDDIE

YOU FUCK-UPS, YOU DREAMERS.  
YOU DEGENERATE SCUM, YOU LONERS,  
FREE-THINKERS.

YOU MESSED UP THE WORLD.  
YOU FAILED ALL THE TESTS.  
PUT US IN DANGER  
AND GAVE US THE REST.

NOW WE ARE THE LEGACY  
OF SO-CALLED JUSTICE,  
LEFT ALL ALONE  
WITH YOU WHO DON'T TRUST US

WE'RE HERE TO TAKE OVER  
WE'RE READY TO FIGHT  
BUT WE DON'T BELIEVE  
IN YOUR WORDS OR YOUR "RIGHT"

BECAUSE  
WE ARE THE FUCK-UPS, THE REBELS,  
THE DEGENERATE SCUM  
WE ARE THE FUTURE  
THE PEOPLE WHO WON

*Drumsticks count out a beat.*

EDDIE

1-2-3-4!

*The generator comes back on. Bright piecing lights and loud blaring music. And over it all, EDDIE screams.*

SCENE TWO:

*The relative silence of an area away from the stage. SHEILA*

*watches the band from a distance. She drops the guitar pick absentmindedly. ALEPH REED picks it up and holds it out to her. A camera dangles over his shoulder.*

ALEPH REED

Quite a crowd tonight.

*SHEILIA takes the guitar pick.*

SHEILA

Aleph Reed... No fucking way. What are you doing here?

ALEPH

Ah, you know...

SHEILA

Don't give me that. I haven't seen you in 15 years and you're like "ah, you know..."  
No, come here.

*SHEILA hugs ALEPH.*

SHEILA

Where you been?

ALEPH

Label duties, my friend. Real world calls.

SHEILA

Pssh.  
Real world.  
Yeah right.  
What's that?

ALEPH

You know.

SHEILA

Yeah, you're right. You're right...  
You here for uh- what's their name?

ALEPH

No Movement.

SHEILA

Right. No Movement.

ALEPH

Maybe. We'll see.  
This crowd's

SHEILA

"Interesting", huh? You know No Movement?  
Probably right.

The kids like them and they've been around for a while so they gotta an older crowd too. Brings together a lot of people. They dust off that black leather jacket with the spikes.

*She blows imaginary dust off of an imaginary punk rock jacket she presents to ALEPH. He laughs.*

ALEPH

Oh the dust now?

SHEILA

That's for when you put your jacket so far back in the closet that dust begins to settle on your dreams.

ALEPH

Wow.

SHEILA

Hey, it is what it is.

ALEPH

I'm surprised you let them play here still. They're getting pretty popular these days.

SHEILA

They haven't signed to anyone.

ALEPH

Yet.

SHEILA

Oh, so you trying to court them.

ALEPH

I even made them a mixtape full of love songs.

SHEILA

Pssh. Then what? They you're new "it" band, huh?

ALEPH

Once you get signed by a label like Black Cat 13 you've moved past anything backyard gigs and house

parties can do for you. You are well on your way to being seen and heard by more people than you can possibly imagine.

SHEILA

Huh. So, that's how it works.

ALEPH

That's how it works.

SHEILA

You know, it's funny, cuz last time I heard about Aleph Reed, I heard he moved to LA and was all focused on his "art". I heard he wouldn't sell out for shit. I heard he once pissed on the sound board of Capital Records to prove a point.

ALEPH

How bout that.

SHEILA

'Course I always thought it was bullshit, but you know me.

ALEPH

I do know you. You remove all the veils. All the illusions.

SHEILA

We all need to see how it really is sometimes.

*Something in between a stand-off and a flirtation. ALEPH laughs.*

ALEPH

*(sings to the tune of The Ramones' "Sheena is a Punk Rocker")*

SHEILA IS  
A PUNK ROCKER  
SHEILA IS  
A PUNK ROCKER

ALEPH

Man, it's good to see you!

SHEILA

It's good to see you too. Look, what are you doing here? I didn't even think you were into any of this anymore.

ALEPH

No, no, of course I'm into it-  
It's more complicated than all that.

SHEILA

Why?

ALEPH

I'm trying to start something. Well, maybe re-start something. The scene is so different than it was for us.

SHEILA

Man, I don't even know what is punk any more. Maybe it's wearing khakis and drinking tea.

ALEPH

See, that's what I'm trying to say. Punk rock is not dead. It's very much alive with a piercing bloody heart. But I want to bring the legitimacy back. Bring the authenticity back. Remember when you were 12 listening to tapes of the New York Dolls and the Clash? Ripping your jeans and dying your hair blue meant something then. It meant, "fuck you, I'm not bought into your idea of what goodness and righteousness is."

SHEILA

I couldn't even get a job at a Burger King because I had "visible tattoos".

ALEPH

Exactly. I want it to mean something again.

SHEILA

Well, these days six year olds have blue hair so I don't think it's gonna look the same.

ALEPH

I don't need it to look the same. I just want it to feel the same. I can make that happen. No Movement can make that happen. Sheila's Backyard can make that happen.

SHEILA

For now at least.

*ALEPH REED stares at SHEILA for a sec.*

ALEPH

What? No...

SHEILA

Better take pictures to savor those memories.

ALEPH

I would have killed to have a place like this when I was growing up. This place is booked every weekend.

SHEILA

You know how much work this takes? What I've sacrificed to keep this place alive? You were never tied to one space, were you? I would have liked to try on your life for a while. What a rush it must have been to pick up and leave at a moment's notice. And those left behind would say, "What ever happened to Aleph?"

"I don't know, man, he just disappeared."

ALEPH

It wasn't always like that. It wasn't easy to leave. Ever.

SHEILA

Sorry, I didn't mean it like that.

It's just- this can't go on forever. You and I know that. And maybe it shouldn't, you know?

Like what kind of business do I have trying to force something along?

ALEPH

There's always going to be interest in a punk rock ethos. It's inherent. It's youth. Rebellion, you know? Fuck authority and all of that. Build it yourself. Do it yourself. Look for the truth. Look for it underneath it all.

SHEILA

So that's what we're calling waking up shit-faced fourteen to a room somewhere in the middle of the country?

I woke up one time and I had this gash down the side of my face and I'm like, "Cherry, what the fuck happened, you know?"

And she's like Big Mike slammed your head into the wall.

And I'm like, "Why?"

And she's like "You asked him to. You thought you'd bounce off."

And you remember Big Mike?

ALEPH

Yeah. Punk as fuck.

SHEILA

And he's like the sweetest guy in the world, wouldn't hurt a fly.

ALEPH

Yeah.

SHEILA

Like, he's a Buddhist, you know?

ALEPH

Yeah.

SHEILA

And I looked at her and I felt the side of my head and I laughed so hard.

We both did.

I was like, "Cherry, I'm too old for this."

She's like, "You so are."

I was 32. I was too old for it. I'm still too old for it...  
And then she told me she had cancer.

ALEPH

Oh... I'm s-

SHEILA

No, it's okay.

That's just it.

That's how I found out about her cancer. Just like that.

And, what I'm trying to point out is like that would have just been another time in my life where I drank too much and did some fucked up, regrettable shit.

I would have justified it in the name of punk rock and secretly wondered if there was a statute of limitations on being a part of the scene, you know?

I could have missed that entirely.

ALEPH

Yeah.

SHEILA

Like "who cares what tomorrow brings"!

But actually I have a kid to feed and my best fucking friend in the world – who accepted me no matter what, when no one else did – had cancer.

And I was like, "Well, this is pretty messed up," you know?

I stopped drinking and took care of her,

but I never really wanted to take care of anyone.

ALEPH

But to be tied to someone...

SHEILA

Yes, the love, support, the chance to really grow deeper...

Grow anything...

I feel guilty because sometimes I cringe. It's like someone made a mistake giving me this life thinking that I'm capable of seeing it through to the end. What do I know?

That's not who I'm meant to be.

I still feel like this 20-year-old kid that's like,

"Don't look to me for the answers because I don't know shit."

Yet here I am. And here's this place and these people. They need me.

People come to me to make decisions.

For some baffling reason they listen to me.

They really do.

And it's really weird.

ALEPH

But how could you walk away with the places around town closing left and right. People need some place to go. This is one step closer to how it was for us when we were kids. Only worse because you know how

it used to be. How reality used to be and how the world used to work. And then it's gone. In its place is nothing.

SHEILA

I don't know.

ALEPH

Wow...

What happened to us? I really thought I was going to change the world.

SHEILA

So did I.

I really did think that.

*Long pause.*

ALEPH

So you're done then?

SHEILA

I'm not sure yet.

Who knows what else is out there for me.

*ALEPH snaps her picture. She laughs.*

SHEILA

What was that for?

ALEPH

Ah, you know...

Sometimes you just have to steal a moment.

I mean, you have to document the past, don't you?

SHEILA

I suppose so. C'mon I'll show you where I let the bands chill between sets.

ALEPH

Okay.

*He snaps more pictures along the way. They exit.*

SCENE THREE

*TINA, CALLIE and RAY sit on a car outside the space. TINA and*

*CALLIE are singing lyrics from a local punk group, which is playing on one of their phones. They dance wildly.*

TINA

That was fucking sick!

RAY

Eh, I don't know.

TINA

Awh come on.

*CALLIE grabs TINA close and takes a selfie.*

CALLIE

Are you serious? No Movement is like the epitome.

RAY

No, they aren't.

TINA

Who is then?

RAY

Well, there's Op Ivy, for one-

CALLIE

Oh, come on.

TINA

Yeah, that's a given.

CALLIE

That's like incomparable.

TINA

It's not even in the same ballpark.

CALLIE

That's East Bay punk at its finest.

RAY

Yeah, whatever. I just feel like No Movement got all pop-y since they played on Warped Tour.

TINA

But, dude, okay, but they were like the only hardcore punk band on Warped Tour.

Like true hardcore punk band.

CALLIE

“True” hardcore punk band? What does that even mean, you know?

RAY

I fucking hate you.

CALLIE

No, but like what does it mean?  
Like what’s a “true hardcore punk band” as opposed to one that’s fake-as-shit bubble gum pop?  
And “Hardcore”?  
Don’t get me started on what that even means...  
It’s like...  
Pssh  
I mean if you have to explain it, it just like...

RAY

Ray, come on...

TINA

Ah, just leave him. It wouldn’t be Ray if he didn’t get all philosophical at some point.

CALLIE

True. Ya gotta point there.

TINA

Okay, sorry for the lecture. Class dismissed.

RAY  
*(annoyed)*

Oh, don’t get mad.

TINA

We’re just giving you shit.

CALLIE

Yeah, I know.

RAY

So sensitive.

TINA

RAY

Really, Tina?

CALLIE

No, but come on, man. You're seriously arguing semantics. It doesn't matter if they are "true" hardcore punks or not. They're good.

RAY

Is that right? I don't know. I disagree.

JEREMY

Of course you do.

RAY

I think it might actually matter. Like what does "true" mean in this context?

CALLIE

Here we go!

TINA

Break it down, Ray!

RAY

I think if you're representing a punk rock ethos that's anti-establishment, anti-authority, anti-commercialism, anti-pop and all that other top 40 bull shit that goes along with it, then you have a responsibility/ to stay true to your roots.

TINA

Boom!

*RAY gives a little ego nod or bow to TINA, who's like, "you're the shit!"*

CALLIE

A responsibility? Ooh, what does that mean?

RAY

Well, you know/ what I mean, a-

TINA

Elaborate.

CALLIE

No, I don't know what you mean because it sounds like you're saying that/ No Movement has a-

RAY

No, no. You know what I mean- I just-  
Okay, look, their name is "No Movement", right?

Yes?  
CALLIE

That is factually correct, sir.  
TINA

And what do you think that means?  
RAY

Please tell us, Dr. Ray.  
CALLIE

*TINA raises her hand.*

Oh, I know!  
TINA

*CALLIE calls on her.*

Tina, please share your thoughts with the class.  
CALLIE

It means they aren't moving.  
TINA

Ray? Can we accept this answer?  
CALLIE

No, it-  
RAY

Wrong!  
CALLIE  
(*CALLIE does the buzzer sound meaning "wrong".*)

Awh, man!  
TINA

"F" for you, Tina.  
CALLIE

But I'm a straight-A student! How will I get in to college now?  
TINA

*They laugh.*

Right?

CALLIE

*CALLIE takes a sharpie out of her pocket and draws an F on TINA's hand.*

You guys, that's not what I mean...

RAY

Does this wash off?

TINA

*CALLIE shrugs. TINA takes the sharpie and continues to write "- uck off" after the "F". She shows it to CALLIE who makes a face back at her.*

What do you mean then, Oh Mighty Ray.

CALLIE

Ray of Sunshine!

JEREMY

Doe RAY me.

TINA

I'm talking philosophical because it is philosophical.

RAY

Ooooh!

CALLIE/ TINA

Deep.

CALLIE

It's Nihilism. It-

RAY

Nihilism? Uh oh, watch out everybody! Now he's breaking out the ten dollar words!

RAY

It means they believe that life has no purpose. No movement.

TINA

Wait, is that right?

*TINA consults her phone.*

RAY

Yeah, so when they say that life has no purpose, no movement, and then they get all ambitious or whatever and sell out to one of the corporate labels like Black Cat 13, it sorta negates their whole purpose, you know?

TINA

Wait, I thought Black Cat 13 was just punk bands.

RAY

And some of them have sold out.

CALLIE

Well, wouldn't that be right in keeping with No Movement's philosophy?

RAY

No, but-

TINA

Yeah, it says it right here on Wikipedia that No Movement was named after Buddhist beliefs.

CALLIE

Ooooh! She got you, Ray!

RAY

Tina, are you checking your fucking phone?

TINA

What?

RAY

Pssh, you're so fucking corporate!

TINA

What's the big deal!?

RAY

You know I don't believe in phones.

*TINA rolls her eyes and puts away her phone.*

TINA

You're so analog.

Anyway, it says it's describing nirvana – where there's no time, no space, no movement-

No future!

CALLIE

*CALLIE whisper-sings a No Movement song as TINA continues.*

CALLIE  
(sings)

NO TIME NO PLACE  
NO FUTURE

TINA

-It's eternal. There's no pain, no suffering. It's the highest achievement. Ultimate happiness.

CALLIE  
(sings)

NO TIME NO PLACE

*TINA joins in.*

TINA/CALLIE  
(sings)

NO FUTURE!

RAY

I don't know. I'm sure "Wikipedia" says something contrary to what they actually-

TINA

Well, I was just asking.

CALLIE

God, Ray, you always say "wikipedia" like it's in quotes or something.

RAY

Maybe it is, Callie.

CALLIE

This is so dumb. Can't we just like good music? I don't really care whether they're on Black Cat 13 or Capital or Epic or whatever other label that's out there. Unwritten Law's on Epic.

TINA

Ew, Unwritten Law? Sorry, Cal, I'm with Ray on that one, that's like super fucking old.

CALLIE

Well, whatever, you know what I mean.

RAY

Lana Del Rey is on Epic too.

CALLIE

Really?

TINA

I kinda like Lana Del Rey?

CALLIE

Oh my god, me too!

RAY

You're so lame.

CALLIE

Well, you are snobs.

*From the distance, a ska-punk band (Combat Rock) has started playing music. It's much more bounce-y and lively than No Movement.*

RAY

Look, I'm just trying to support artists that actually live what they are writing about. Otherwise, you're just another manufactured band like, Combat Rock.

*CALLIE and TINA collectively groan.*

CALLIE

Like, we know you're not Two-Tone even though you all wear matching white shirts and black suspenders.

TINA

I knooooow. So annoying.  
Like I'm pretty sure The Specials already did that.

CALLIE

And so did The English Beat.

RAY

Like I would have more respect for them if they were just honest about where they came from.

CALLIE

I mean, I guess technically they haven't signed to a major label.

TINA

I also like how they are fronted by a woman.

CALLIE

Oh, I know! Lydia Cooper is like so fucking hot.

TINA

Right?

CALLIE

Like she's who I want to be when I grow up.

TINA

She's my spirit animal.

RAY

Ugh...

Yeah, but Combat Rock was totally manufactured to be a ska revivalist band by Aleph Reed, front man of the most seminal ska punk band of the past 25 years. I mean, you can't ignore that.

TINA

Well, true.

CALLIE

Man, they have some catchy beats though. Like they sure are danceable.

RAY

Well, why do you think that is? Aleph's priming them for a much more commercial audience. They're playing the Fillmore later this month.

TINA

Really?

CALLIE

How much are tickets?

*RAY gives her a look.*

CALLIE

Well, not that I would go. I was just curious how much people were paying.

RAY

It's like they want to make this band that sounds just like No Doubt but has a little grit to them because they toured at punk venues like the Gilman or the Hard to Find or Sheila's.

TINA

Super suspect.

*A lull where they start listening to the band a bit more. They are trying not to get into the music, but some of them can't help but nod their heads or move a bit to the music.*

TINA

This song is good though.

CALLIE

I heard Aleph's like best friends with Jimmy Cliff and he's gonna sing on Combat Rock's new album.

TINA

That's like sooo cool that he said yes.

CALLIE

I know, right?

TINA

You guys want to get closer?

CALLIE

Uh, yeah!

*RAY sighs.*

RAY

I'll come over in a second.

TINA

You sure?

*RAY nods.*

CALLIE

Suit yourself!

*The others exit.  
RAY shakes his head.*

RAY

Pssh...

*CHENKO enters.*

*RAY sees him, avoids eye-contact initially, then does a double-take: it's his idol. He tries to play it casual, but everything about*

*CHENKO is fascinating to him. The way he slowly puts a cigarette in his mouth, how he casually searches his studded, patch-laden leather jacket for a lighter, the way he receives a text, smirks, and then sends a message back.*

*RAY tries to be comfortable standing about a foot or two from him. He is not. He is everything but. Somehow, he manages to look slightly aloof. CHENKO sees him and gives him a head nod. RAY gives a little head nod back.*

CHENKO

What's up, brother.

RAY

Hey man.

CHENKO

You gotta light?

RAY

Oh! Yeah, man, sure.

*RAY fishes out a lighter and holds it out to CHENKO, who lights his cigarette. CHENKO offers him a cigarette from the pack.*

RAY

No, thanks. Don't smoke.

CHENKO

Oh, cheers, man.

*RAY nods. A beat.*

CHENKO

Wait, so why do you have a lighter then, if you don't smoke?

RAY

Oh...  
Always be prepared?

CHENKO

Boy scout, huh?

*RAY laughs. Maybe too eagerly. He tries to play it off.*

RAY

Yeah, right.

*He catches himself, "what the fuck am I doing?! Be normal!"*

CHENKO

Well, thanks, Scout Master. I appreciate it.

RAY

Hey, no problem, man. My pleasure.  
Haha, "Scout Master" ...  
Cool.

CHENKO

Had to get away from that shit in there.  
The fucking "scene", you know?

RAY

Oh, yeah, right. The Scene. Pssh.

CHENKO

Fucking twee syrup.

RAY

Haha, yeah...

CHENKO

Heard what you were saying to your friends about Combat Rock.

RAY

Oh, uh...

CHENKO

What do you think of them?

RAY

I mean, they're...

CHENKO

The idea of ska-punk sold back to us as a product for consumption? Like did anyone even look up the definition of anarchist when they started this band, you know?

RAY  
*(relieved)*

Yes! Finally, someone understands.

CHENKO

You know back in the day, you couldn't just put on braces, buy a pair of Ben Shermans, and call yourself a rudeboy.

RAY

Yeah.

CHENKO

Like you'd get your ass kicked for that.

RAY

Yeah.

CHENKO

In fact, I think I probably kicked a couple of asses in my day for that.

RAY

Yeah!

CHENKO

I don't know, man. It's the world we live in these days.

RAY

Yeah.

CHENKO

It's a big fucking hypocrisy.

Now days, it's so easy to get this shit off of Amazon or whatever.

RAY

Right.

CHENKO

Everything's just a fucking commodity.

It's sad.

RAY

Yeah...

*A beat.*

CHENKO

Hey man, you're alright. What's your name?

RAY

Ray.

CHENKO

Ray. Cool.  
I'm Chen-/ko.

RAY

Chenko, yeah.

CHENKO

Oh, you know me?

RAY

Sorry.

CHENKO  
(chuckles)

It's cool, Scout Master.

RAY

No, it's just-  
Like...

I mean, I've been listening to you and No Movement for like...  
I don't even know how long.

CHENKO

Nice.  
Hey, I appreciate that, man. That's cool.

RAY

Like probably since I was four.

CHENKO

Four?  
Wow, really?  
Okay, that's a first...  
Who fucking listens to No Movement at four?

RAY

I know, right?  
But that's just it. See, my family-

CHENKO

Hey, man, no need to explain. I get it.

RAY

Yeah, so...  
That album, "Selfish Perception"?  
That's what I was listening to back when I was like first getting into things.

Back when you were four.

CHENKO

Back when I was fucking four, man!

RAY

How old are you?

CHENKO

I'm fifteen. Sixteen next month.

RAY

*CHENKO nods. He takes a flask out of his pocket and unscrews the cap.*

Next month, huh.

CHENKO

Yeah, the 23<sup>rd</sup>.

RAY

"Sweet sixteen and never been kissed."

CHENKO

What?

RAY

It's from a-

Nothing, man, never mind.

CHENKO

*CHENKO takes a swig.*

Well...

CHENKO

Happy early birthday to you, Scout Master.

*He offers the flask to RAY.*

Thanks!

RAY

Oh, I don't drink though.

CHENKO

*(to himself)*

Course you don't...

*CHENKO takes another swig.*

Uhhh?

RAY

Well, Scout Master, why don't you hang out tonight?  
Come on, I'll give you a little behind-the-scenes tour.

RAY

...  
Are you fucking with me?

CHENKO

...  
No?

RAY

Well, fuck yeah, man!  
Let's do this!

*CHENKO pats RAY on the back and gives him a gentle push in the right direction. RAY starts walking.*

SCENE FOUR:

*The hallway to a punk rock paradise – band stickers half covering other band stickers, graffiti, scribbles, drawings, profanity and just one stark light illuminating it all. SHEILA leads ALEPH. He snaps pictures. She sets the guitar pick on a hall table.*

SHEILA

So, then if you go down the hall further down there's a staircase to our bedrooms.

ALEPH

I can't believe you still live here.

SHEILA

Where else am I gonna go?

ALEPH

People keep it clean?

SHEILA

Well...

*She presents the space, "you see what I'm dealing with."*

JUST DAVE

And the neighbors have never complained about the noise?

SHEILA

It's a funny thing actually. I used to get noise complaints back a number of years ago when I first got here. Then, I got everyone together and explained what we're trying to do. Said we could split what came in and people stopped complaining. A lot of them come out and sit in lawn chairs now.

ALEPH

Really.

SHEILA

Yep. There are only a couple of rules. Everyone is welcome. But no alcohol, no drugs, no violence, no racism, no transphobia, no homophobia. It's about keeping a space that's positive available for everyone. Other than that neighbors were cool with having the bands play until 10 then we move downstairs to the basement. We've got mattresses and foam lining the walls to mute the sound. Works great. You can't hear a thing.

*ALEPH explores the space, the hallways that seem to go to nowhere, the band stickers, posters, every nuance. Disappearing and re-appearing. Fading in and fading out.*

SHEILA

Where do you call home these days?

ALEPH  
*(laughs)*

Nowhere. Everywhere.

The car when I first moved there.

Graduated to a couch, a floor, a bathtub once.

You name it, I'd sleep on it.

For some reason, people were always happy to give me whatever they had. I never understood it. Still don't, but that got me far.

SHEILA

You staying in town?

ALEPH

Suite at the Ritz.

*SHEILA whistles.*

ALEPH

I'm having these flashbacks to another time, you know?

SHEILA

Yeah...

To me, this is always now.

...

You ever wonder what'd it be like if you stayed?

ALEPH

All the time.

*ALEPH gets a text. He takes out his phone.*

ALEPH

Sorry, I gotta...

SHEILA

Yeah, of course.

ALEPH

Hey you wanna meet someone?

SHEILA

Uh, sure?

ALEPH

Hold on a sec.

*ALEPH leaves the hall.*

ALEPH

(off)

Nah, she won't mind.

LYDIA COOPER

(off)

You sure?

*ALEPH leads LYDIA COOPER to through the hallway.*

ALEPH

Sheila, you know Lydia Cooper?

SHEILA

Combat Rock, right? Good set. Welcome.

LYDIA

Thanks! Wow, that is so nice to hear especially coming from someone like you. I just- This place is a punk rock Mecca, you know?

SHEILA

Oh, okay. Sure.

ALEPH

Anyway, Sheila and I were taking a tour here a tour down memory lane. God, this place. It's like nothing's changed, you know?

SHEILA

Yeah, well, I try to keep a certain "punk rock decor" to the place to keep it authentic, you know.

ALEPH

*(fake laughs)*

That's funny.

I forgot to tell you, she's funny.

SHEILA

Yeah, I used to incorporate a little stand-up in my sets back in the day.

*A lull.*

LYDIA

Um... so I used to hear about this place when I was growing up.

SHEILA

Oh yeah?

LYDIA

Yeah, you know, my friends would always talk about it. Say how cool it is.

SHEILA

Well is it?

LYDIA

Yeah!

SHEILA  
Uh huh.  
Where you from again?

LYDIA  
Oh, um, Minnesota?  
Ever been there?

SHEILA  
No, but I hear it's cold as shit.

LYDIA  
Oh, haha! Yeah, it is.

*LYDIA spots the guitar pick and picks it up. ALEPH and SHEILA are waiting for her to say more.*

ALEPH  
This girl is on a whole different wavelength.

SHEILA  
Yeah, I got that...  
Hey, you guys want to see the back room?  
Lydia, you can rest there between sets.

LYDIA  
Oh, okay.

*They exit down the hall. LYDIA holds onto the guitar pick.*

*RAY and CHENKO emerge.*

RAY  
Cuz it's like symbolic, you know? Like it represents how society never moves forward!

CHENKO  
I think it's back here somewhere. I forget what room it is.

RAY  
So, is that it?

CHENKO  
What?

RAY

Is that why you're called "No Movement"?

CHENKO

Oh, sure, Scout Master, hit the nail on the head.

RAY

*(a private victory)*

I knew it.

CHENKO

It's either...

*CHENKO continues searching.*

RAY

What are you looking for?

CHENKO

Ah... just the room for the band and all.

RAY

Oh, I know where it is. It's this way.

*RAY leads the way.*

CHENKO

Oh shit, that's right, you're the local. Shoulda just asked you. Don't know what I was thinking.

RAY

That's okay. It's a weird house.

CHENKO

Yeah, no kidding.

*RAY and CHENKO exit. TINA and CALLIE enter giggling.*

CALLIE

Wait.

*She holds out her phone. They take a selfie.*

TINA

So, like where's the bathroom around here?

*RAY enters from the opposite direction.*

Ray?

TINA

CALLIE

Where the fuck were you, Ray! You should have heard that last band!  
*She imitates the band with incoherent hardcore scream-singing.*

RAY

Oh, you know, around...  
In the back room...

CALLIE

What, are you serious? I thought you weren't allowed back there.

RAY

Well, you know I don't give a fuck!  
And my friend, Chenko/ just brought me back there to hang out, so-

CALLIE

Chenko from No Movement Chenko?!  
Yeah, right.

TINA  
*(disappointed in Ray)*

Really? Chenko?

CALLIE

You're not that cool, Ray. We know that already.

TINA

You're just normal like the rest of us.

RAY

Oh, am I?

TINA

What's he talking about?

CALLIE

Oh, you know Ray.

TINA

I do know Ray. And he's hiding something.

CALLIE

Pssh... Chenko.

*CHENKO enters.*

CHENKO

That's me.

*Everyone but RAY straightens. RAY smiles.*

CALLIE

Holy shit, you're Chenko.

CHENKO

Hey, girl.

*CHENKO pats CALLIE on the arm.*

TINA

What is happening right now...  
I can't even!

CALLIE

I'm never washing this hand.

*CALLIE keeps holding CHENKO's gaze until CHENKO finally has to back up to remove it.*

TINA

You're fucking Chenko from No Movement.

*CHENKO laughs. He puts his hands up in "surrender".*

CHENKO

Caught me!

*They stare at him in awe.*

CHENKO

Uh...  
You friends of Ray's?

RAY

Well-

CALLIE/TINA

Yes!

*They crowd around CHENKO.*

TINA

You're like my idol.  
I write songs too.

CALLIE

I love that song "Interest Of the People"! I swear it's my ringtone!

CHENKO

Ringtone?  
You can do that?

CALLIE

Yes!

*CALLIE plays the ringtone.*

TINA  
(sings)

THEY SAY IT'S FOR THE

JEREMY/CALLIE/TINA  
(singing)

INTEREST OF THE PEOPLE!

TINA

Classic.

CHENKO  
(Disgusted, only RAY catches on)

Wow.

RAY

Fucking Corporate America.

*CHENKO nods and puts his finger on his nose then points to RAY. RAY nods. They are silently connecting.*

*While this is happening, CALLIE puts his arm around CHENKO, takes out her phone and takes a selfie with CHENKO, who sees it last minute and looks stunned.*

TINA

Let me see.

*CALLIE and TINA look at the finished product.*

Sick. I gotta post that.

CALLIE

*They nod.*

TINA

Hey, thanks, Chenko-man.

CHENKO

Yeah... whatever.

You guys want to come back and meet the rest of the band?

*RAY looks a little disappointed.*

RAY

What?

CALLIE

Oh my god, yes! We gotta go.

*CALLIE pulls TINA to her. CHENKO slides in between them, girl on each arm.*

CHENKO

Let's go then.

Ray? Show us the way?

*RAY reluctantly departs down the hall, followed by the rest.*

SCENE FIVE:

*The stage. EDDIE has the mic.*

EDDIE

Now, I gotta acknowledge-

Guys, I don't know what is UP WITH TONIGHT!

We got a punk rock legend in the crowd.

It's like history is jumping off the page into your backyard

Aleph Reed, get on up here, man.

*ALEPH REED gets on stage.*

EDDIE

When everyone thought punk rock was dead, this guy brought it back.

ALEPH

I take no credit for that.

EDDIE

This guy took us in, gave us a home, called us family when no one else would. Literally at one point gave me the shirt off his back.

ALEPH

Yeah, man, I want that back too.

EDDIE

If it weren't for Aleph Reed, you wouldn't have No Movement, Social Trend Killers, My Response, Disasterbators, Two Star Day, uh...

ALEPH

Mutiny...

EDDIE

Fucking Mutiny! And, of course, Combat Rock.

*The crowd cheers.*

ALEPH

Can I say something?

EDDIE

Fuck yeah, man. Mic's yours.

*The crowd suddenly settles into a reverend quiet.*

ALEPH

Look, punk rock is. Not. Dead.

*The crowd erupts in applause.*

ALEPH

For me is not about saying, "fuck you" to the government or whatever.

Anyone can do that. Especially when they're young.

This was a commitment.

I got this as a lifestyle choice.

Because I never wanted anyone to have any second thought about hiring me for their white-collar corporate-ass bullshit.

All this-

*He points out his numerous tattoos, including the one on his neck.*

All these mean that I've always had no one to rely on but my own talent, my own resources, anything I did had to come from me alone. And now, what's more DIY than that?

*The crowd goes wild.*

ALEPH

I am a testimony that you CAN fucking invent yourself. If you don't like the system, you CAN say, "Fuck you" and make your own way. And maybe bring some of your friends along too. I've gotten to meet some great bands and some great people who are really making fucking art, you know?

*Cheers.*

ALEPH

I've been able to foster all those bands Eddie here mentioned.

And my current project, Combat Rock,  
is a return to ska punk,

which, you know is always gonna be my first love.

I love punk rock, but I never would have gotten into it without listening to songs from Desmond Decker, The Skatilites and The Clash, from whom Combat Rock gets their name. Ska to me is the roots.

*Cheers.*

ALEPH

I gotta bring up to the stage someone very special.

She's been singing from a young age.

Hopped trains with her from Nebraska all the way to Montreal.

And back again.

At the time, all she had was her voice and a ukulele.

I'd just clap or use the wall as a drum set, you know?

We'd do this to pass the time because it's a long fucking way across this country

But there's a lot of scenery out there that you're missing, man.

A lot of scenery.

You gotta open your eyes if you want to see for real.

So, that's what you're gonna hear now.

Let's bring her up on stage.

Lydia Cooper from Combat Rock!

Lydia?

*The crowd cheers. LYDIA COOPER gets on stage with a ukulele.  
She's a bit shy.*

ALEPH

Lydia and I are actually going to sing this one together.

*The crowd goes crazy again.*

But just like we used to do back in the day –  
two voices, one ukulele.

*LYDIA tunes the ukulele faintly, then nods to ALEPH.*

LYDIA/ALEPH  
(singing)

NO HOME  
NO CAR  
NO JOB  
NO COUNTRY

NO PLACE TO GO  
NO TIME TO CARE  
NO BILLS TO PAY  
NOTHING

WE LEFT IT ALL  
WE HAD IT MADE  
WE WALKED THE MILES  
WE SANG THE SONGS

NO BULLSHIT  
NO FEAR  
NO FUTURE  
NOTHING

NOTHING AT ALL

SO WE  
BEGIN AGAIN  
WE BEGIN  
WE BEGIN AGAIN  
LET'S BEGIN

*Cheers at the end of the song.*

LYDIA

Thank you.

SCENE SIX

*The back room. SHEILA and CHENKO lounging. CHENKO drinking.*

SHEILA

Say what you want, but she has an amazing voice.

CHENKO

Who gives a fuck? It was never about how good you could sing or how well you could play.

*SHEILA laughs.*

CHENKO

What?

JUST DAVE

No, it's just funny when you young ones tell me how it was and what it was like.

CHENKO

Hey grandma, you been out for a while so-

JUST DAVE

Grandma? I'm old now?

*ALEPH, EDDIE, and LYDIA meander in. LYDIA finds a place where she can see everything.*

EDDIE

No, I hear what you're saying, I do, but I'm not sure it's the right direction for No Movement at this time to make the jump to a-

CHENKO

What is? Aleph Reed?

SHEILA

Aleph, great to see you on stage again.

ALEPH

It's a little weird, right?

SHEILA

Not at all. Where else would you be?

ALEPH

L.A.

JUST DAVE

Guess you're right.

CHENKO

(to EDDIE)  
Hey, what about No Movement?

EDDIE  
Oh, just-

ALEPH  
I was telling Eddie that I'd like to put you on Black Cat 13 Records.

CHENKO  
Are you serious?

ALEPH  
Yes, I am.

EDDIE  
Well, look, there's a lot to discuss /before we just-

CHENKO  
What's to discuss? Hell yeah, we'll do it, man, thank you!

EDDIE  
No, it's not that- It's not that simple, Chenko. It's something the band-

CHENKO  
Why? We've paid our dues. We've done our thing. If we want to reach more people, we got to take it to the next level.

EDDIE  
Look, this is a band decision and I'm not fucking on board yet, okay? Don't push me.

CHENKO  
What the fuck, Eddie?

EDDIE  
Dude, not here not now, okay? We'll discuss it later.

CHENKO  
Are you fucking serious?  
Is he fucking serious?  
/It's a fucking punk show, Eddie, or did you forget what that's about?

EDDIE  
I said not here, man  
No, I didn't forget, which is why I have some hesitancy in signing to a major label when we've only ever played little makeshift punk venues, backyards and bars across the country.  
We're not The Offspring.

We're not Sum41.

We're No Movement and that means something, Chenko.

You know it does.

So it's not as simple as just a "fuck yes, Aleph Reed, we'll take this fucking deal right now."

ALEPH

Whoooooaaaa, okay now, I don't want to get in the middle of anything, I just-

EDDIE

I'm sorry, Aleph, it's nothing personal. But look, man, I'm sure you're gonna want your hand in where ever we go next and you know me, man, I'm anti control of any kind.

ALEPH

No, I get it.

But look at it from where I sit

I'm not fronting a band anymore.

I'm pushing forward a kind of sound

A kind of momentum, you see?

You see it out there, punk rock is thriving

But it is changing and it's gotta be willing to do so.

I'm not a kid anymore.

Neither are you.

In fact, both of us are old enough now to have kids of our own.

But there are a ton of kids out there

Yearning for this

Old enough to be my own

The beauty of music is that it keeps going. It keeps transforming. It keeps developing into a sound you never thought was possible.

The new kind of "Fuck You" isn't the same as it was for me.

Or for you.

I want to work with No Movement because I believe that you got something to offer.

But it is "work with" not against. Not in spite of. This has to be a collaborative effort for both of us.

This is different. This is the business of making art.

*CHENKO nods. He looks at EDDIE who is silent, waiting for him to respond.*

ALEPH

Look, I get it. It's a big decision.

When I came up, we didn't have all this. It was making your own way all the time. And that's how Black Cat 13 Records started. I started making my own shit because I didn't ever want anyone telling me what to do with my music, my words. But now I'm on the other side of the table, and I see what I offer. I have experience and I see the bigger picture. You don't see that yet. I know you don't because I was there. But you'd be an idiot not to take it.

Eddie's right, Chenko, you guys take your time making your decision.

It's nothing I need an answer on immediately.

This is fucking bullshit.

CHENKO

*CHENKO throws an empty beer can against the wall.*

Hey, man.

EDDIE

Yo, Chenko. You gonna pick that up? This is still my fucking house.

SHEILA

I'm fucking out of here.

CHENKO

*CHENKO exits. EDDIE picks up the can and uses his sleeve to wipe up any splatter.*

SHEILA

I'm not worried about it. I know he'll clean up his mess. What's up with him?

LYDIA

Oh, you know...

*She makes a "he's been drinking" motion.*

SHEILA

Of course. Eddie, you know my rules.

RAY walks in.

RAY

Hey Chenko? Man, I-

*RAY stops in his tracks.*

EDDIE

Chenko's having a smoke.

RAY

Oh.

SHEILA

What are you doing here?

RAY

I just-

SHEILA

You know you're not supposed to be back here when the bands are here.

EDDIE

No, it's cool, Sheila.

Chenko said it was fine if he and his friends came to hang out.

SHEILA

I'm sure he did.

RAY

But-

SHEILA

What did I say?

EDDIE

Sheila, he's not bothering anyone-

SHEILA

Let me deal with my son, thank you.

EDDIE

Oh...

*A stand-off between SHEILA and RAY. SHEILA wins. RAY storms out.*

*SHEILA glares at the rest of the group.*

SHEILA

Here's the deal, guys:

My house. My rules.

I don't give a fuck who you are and how many teenagers you bring back stage because they got some kind of low-grade star-fucking-mania in them-

EDDIE

Whoa, whoa, whoa!

Who said anything about fucking?

SHEILA

I'm not finished.

You play your set.

You sign to your label.

And after that, we're done.

*SHEILA heads out of the room. EDDIE stops her gently.*

Look, Sheila, we didn't know. Honestly.

EDDIE

Yeah, well, you should have asked.

SHEILA

I'll make it right.

EDDIE

You'd better.

SHEILA

*SHEILA exits.*

END PART ONE

PART TWO

SCENE ONE

*A private place. LYDIA sits in the shadows, out of sight.*

*RAY storms in.*

*He paces.*

*He kicks a stray can.*

*He gets worked up.*

*He recovers.*

*He flips off the house with both middle fingers.*

*He paces.*

RAY

Fuck!

Fuck you, you know that!

FUCK YOU!!!!

I fucking hate it here.

I fucking hate this house.

I hate this tree.

I hate the stupid backyard.

I hate my fucking friends.

I hate this fucking band.  
Anyone even care what I think?  
No! Never! Why would they?  
It's like, it's not enough that I'm fucking even like this shit.  
Like actually legitimately like this shit  
Like following in your fucking footsteps or whatever  
Shouldn't you want that?  
Which is so dumb  
Like it'd be better off if you'd just let my mom die without ever having me.  
And you.  
I fucking hate you so much.  
I do. I really do.  
Cuz it's like you don't care.  
You don't get me.  
No one does.  
And I really hate that I just said that because I'm such a fucking teenage cliché.  
Like all I want to do is fucking mean something to someone and I can't.  
I gotta sit on the sidelines watching.  
Always watching.  
Watching you. Watching them.  
Like I could do it, you know?  
If you just let me-  
If you could just-  
I just want...  
I don't know what I want.  
But, I fucking hate Combat Rock.  
That's for sure  
And I fucking hate Lydia Cooper.

LYDIA

Oh, okay, well, I'm just gonna go then...

*RAY jumps, startled.*

RAY

What the fuck are you doing here?

LYDIA

Ah...  
I don't know?

RAY

Oh.

*She fumbles with the guitar pick.*

LYDIA

No, that's not true.  
I fucking hate people.  
There I said it.

*RAY scoffs.*

LYDIA

Well, you know, not that I really *hate* hate people. See, I actually really love The Idea of people. You know, togetherness, relating, all that. But then...  
Well, you get disappointed pretty often, don't you?

RAY

I'm not having some come-to-Jesus talk with you if that's what you're looking for.

LYDIA

No, hey, I get it.  
Like I literally was hiding from my manager over here.

RAY

Why?

LYDIA

Oh, you know, it's just...  
Okay, so you're this kid right?  
This girl from the Midwest that actually has this really great life.  
Like you live in not a fancy house or a fancy neighborhood,  
but because of the cost of living in the middle of the country,  
it's relatively nice for what your folks make.  
And your folks are all together and they're happy and perfect,  
well, maybe not perfect, but pretty damn fucking cute  
even when they get mad at each other.  
But you, like fit in and don't fit in at the same time?  
Like they love you with all their heart  
and your brother is amazing and your sister is brilliant  
and they all are fucking wonderful people,  
but you just gotta maybe get away for a while  
so you start hanging out with this group of like quirky people  
that actually kinda reminds you of your family in a weird way  
but they dye their hair black  
and maybe one of them gives you a stick and poke tattoo  
that comes out really badly  
and the other gives you a friendship bracelet  
that you still wear to this day because  
actually they have the fucking problematic lives you hear about when you think of

runaways, degenerates, outsiders  
and it actually surprises you that other people don't think  
your friends are all that cool or fun or see how sweet they are  
like other people go out of their way to make fun of them  
and treat them like worse than you see people treat their pets  
and it's like what'd they ever do, you know?  
And one of them  
– the one that gives you the friendship bracelet  
That you still wear to this day –  
One of them disappears one night  
Just poof into thin air  
Like a fairytale  
And you want to believe in the fairytale  
But after a week, a month, a year, five years...  
And during that time you just want to vanish.  
You get really into Vanishing Theory.  
Maybe parse out the thoughts.  
Make the plans.  
You learn it and understand what it means to  
Vanish  
And you kinda do for a second every so often.  
Every so often when you need to  
Just when you really need to  
Like now, for instance,  
“now's a good time to vanish”,  
Is what you say.  
And it's cool in one way because you wonder what  
People think of you when you're gone.

But then someone says that they fucking hate Lydia Cooper  
And you're like, “whoa! Really?”  
In a way I feel honored that someone even cares enough to not care for me.”

RAY

No, I didn't mean...

LYDIA

It's okay.  
We really shouldn't have to explain our aesthetic preferences to anyone.  
But I do want you to know that as a person, I am pretty rad.

*RAY smiles.*

RAY

You're weird.

*LYDIA laughs.*

LYDIA

You kinda forgot how to use words, didn't you?

RAY

I guess so...

LYDIA

You want to go back in there?

*RAY shakes his head.*

LYDIA

I didn't either, but I also was kinda enjoy not being alone and you know, I feel like you're kinda nice to be around.

*She gives RAY the guitar pick.*

RAY

Want some chocolate?

*RAY pulls out a bag of candy.*

LYDIA

Wow, you're like super prepared for everything.

RAY

I know.

SCENE TWO

*On the car. CHENKO is drinking with the girls. Well, CALLIE is. TINA's not.*

CHENKO

Okay how 'bout this one?

(sings)

IT'S A HOLIDAY IN CAMBODIA!

CALLIE

That's! Uh...

TINA

Dead Kennedys.

Fuck! CALLIE

Good one. CHENKO

*CALLIE drinks from CHENKO's flask.*

CHENKO

Let me try a hard one:  
THERE'S NO VESTIGE OF A BEGINNING  
NO PROSPECT OF AN END

TINA/CHENKO  
WHEN WE ALL DISINTEGRATE IT WILL ALL HAPPEN AGAIN

CHENKO

Yeah!

TINA

Bad Religion

CHENKO

Wow, you know the old bands, huh?

CALLIE

Fuck!

*She drinks again.*

CHENKO

Oh! Okay, I'm not going to sing this one because I feel like I'm giving it away.

TINA

Do whatever.

CHENKO

Okay, okay...  
ONE NATION STANDS THE TALLEST RADITATING BLINDING LIGHT  
PLASTIC AND FLOURESCENT ENERGY ROBBING US OF SIGHT  
SET IN OUR WAY  
CONTENT WITH OUR DECAY  
WE WAVE THE FLAG OF FREEDOM AS WE CONQUER AND OBEY

Pssh... Operation Ivy. Come on.

TINA

Wow, okay. You're like really...

CHENKO

Well, you're not even making it hard!

TINA

I didn't know you were going to be a database of punk band lyrics.

CHENKO

*CALLIE goes to drink again, but CHENKO takes it from her.*

Hey!

CALLIE

You're like that guy that fucks with teenage girls, huh?

TINA

What? No, ew. First of all, you guys are like my sister's age, so that's just gross. And second of all, girls have cooties.

CHENKO

So, then why are we getting drunk?

CALLIE

Well, you're drunk.

CHENKO

Eh... you're pretty drunk too.

TINA

Oh really?

CHENKO

Yeah, it's pretty obvious.

TINA

*CHENKO starts the long search for his cigarette that is somewhere on his person, but who knows where...*

TINA

But seriously, why are you out here?  
Shouldn't you be like hanging with The Adults?

You guys are pretty much adults!

CHENKO

*TINA gives him a look.*

Can I put my head on your shoulder?

CALLIE

*CALLIE rests her head on his shoulder.*

Uh...

*(he looks to TINA, who's like, "don't ask me!")*

Sure?

CHENKO

Good night.

CALLIE

*TINA and CHENKO exchange a look that's like, "What the fuck?" He sorta adjusts Callie so she leans up against the windshield of the car.*

*And then, he finally finds a cigarette. His hands are excited by this victory. But now where's his lighter?*

Fuck, man! It's always something.

CHENKO

*TINA holds out a light for him.*

Oh, no way.  
Thank you.  
What is it with you kids and lighters?

CHENKO

Oh, I stole this from you.

TINA

What?

CHENKO

TINA

Yeah, it's a thing. If I see a celebrity or someone like well-known, you know, I like to take something from them. Like a lighter, for instance.

Really? CHENKO

Yep. TINA

I'm hardly a celebrity. CHENKO

In my world you are. TINA

Fuck, man. See? That's what I'm talking about. I don't want anyone to be looking up to me like that. CHENKO

Why not? TINA

Well, first of all, it's weird. CHENKO

What's weird about it? You- TINA

You're weird. CALLIE

Callie, shut up! TINA

You shut up! CALLIE

*She giggles, still slumped on the windshield.*

God, whatever... TINA  
Anyway.  
So, rumor has it that Aleph wanted to sign No Movement.

Yep. CHENKO

TINA

And that'd mean big things for you, right?  
Like do you get paid for this?

CHENKO

Paid?

CHENKO (CONT'D)

You mean as in money, right?

TINA

Okay, fine.

But like if you're so big into punk and you're all like, "these guys are star-fucking hipsters" or whatever and then you're like wanting Aleph to make you a deal, then doesn't that make you a hypocrite?

CHENKO

*(does the "winner" ding sound)*

Ding ding ding!

TINA

Oh, man, I do not get you at all.

CHENKO

Yeah, but you're like 12.

TINA

I'm 15 and that's another thing.

YOU never answered my question about why you were hanging out with us.

CHENKO

Oh ho ho!

TINA

Well?  
Are you?

CHENKO

What?

*He chuckles.*

TINA

Come on!

CHENKO

Sorry, it's just...

You guys remind me of who I used to be.

That's all.

I just dig that.  
You know?

TINA

God, you're so...

CHENKO

What?

TINA

Boring!  
You're so fucking boring!

CHENKO

Okay...

TINA

No, but you're like really fucking predictable.

CHENKO

Okay, I get it.

TINA

I mean it's just like every so often when we hang out with people older than us and it's always the same thing. They always think it's so much better being younger.

CHENKO

So, it's different for you?

TINA

Well, no, not really, but at least we don't suck.

CHENKO

I suck?

TINA

Yeah!

CHENKO

How so?

CALLIE

No, you like really suck.

CHENKO

Okay, okay! But why do I suck?

TINA

Well, it's like...  
Having to explain it is one of the reasons you suck.

CHENKO

I feel like this is a teenager mind-fuck game.

TINA

Okay, but it doesn't take away the fact that you suck.

CALLIE

Like a lot.

CHENKO

Thank you, Callie. I think we've established that I suck.  
Apparently.  
It's news to me.

TINA

It's always news to you.

CHENKO

Okay, fine.  
Assuming I suck...

TINA

You do suck.

CHENKO

Okay, but for the sake of possibly one day not sucking anymore-

TINA

Oh man, I don't know about that.

CHENKO

You're saying it's not possible?! I'm not a lost cause, am I?

CALLIE

It's just-

TINA

It's just not that simple.

CHENKO

Guys, I'm willing to work! I can work hard. I can! Ask anyone. Ask Eddie.

TINA

Man, Eddie Harris, now that guy does NOT suck.

CALLIE

Eddie of No Movement. Doing his thing.

*CALLIE plays the air guitar as EDDIE.*

CHENKO

Eddie?!

TINA

There's a guy with integrity.

CHENKO

Ohhhhhh....

So that's what this is about.

TINA

Well, it's not the only thing...

It's more like...

*CALLIE sits up now; she's having a profound moment of clarity.*

CALLIE

Eddie Harris doesn't try. He just is. He just exists. It's like... there's nothing you can do about that. You're a great musician and a decent guy, sure, but Eddie's like...

He's like on another plane, you know what I'm saying?

CHENKO

No.

TINA

She's right.

CHENKO

Man, when I met Eddie he was just a nerd. He's like really good at biology. And numbers. You know? Like he really tried hard in school.

CALLIE

Doesn't matter what you are to be punk as fuck.

CHENKO

Doesn't it?

TINA

Wow, man. Just wow.

CHENKO

Look, I'm like 90% with you. I am. I'm just playing devil's advocate.

TINA

Okay, see like, if being punk was just about the clothes or the music or the lifestyle or the time period, then we'd all be fucked on some level.

CHENKO

Explain.

TINA

You think we don't know that you guys judge us? Like anytime you go to some punk show people are going to judge the fuck out of you on the one hand and then on the other hand they don't really give a fuck. But I don't give a fuck about them, and punk's really about having no fucks to give anyway.

CHENKO

This is so stupid.

TINA

Well, why are you out here, then? No one's forcing you. No one's forcing you in any of this.

CALLIE

It's like you think you have to be a punk or something when really you could be anything. You can be like a, like a, like a zoologist.

CHENKO

What?

TINA

Like a really bad ass zoologist.

CHENKO

Oh my god...

TINA

No, really!  
You could like study tigers or something.

CALLIE

Or make documentaries about studying tigers.

Oooh, good one.

TINA

What am I doing here?

CHENKO

Like existentially?

CALLIE

*EDDIE walks up.*

Oh. My. God.

TINA

*TINA taps CALLIE.*

*CALLIE mouths "oh my god, it's Eddie from No Movement!!!"*  
*back to TINA who's like, "I KNOW!"*

Hey Chenko.

EDDIE

Yeah?

CHENKO

Look, can we talk?

EDDIE

I'm not leaving.

CHENKO

Well, this is kinda my car, so...

TINA

Fine, whatever. Stay then.  
It's not like it's a secret anyway.

EDDIE

Oh, okay. Thank you, sir.

TINA

Look, Chenko, you can't keep doing this.  
You know the rules. You gotta be sober.  
You agreed upon them when you joined.

EDDIE

*CHENKO shrugs.*

CHENKO

No Movement has so much potential.

EDDIE

I'm serious, man. You promised no getting fucked up. That was the agreement.

CHENKO

Look, man, you can do whatever. You don't want to sign? Then fine, fuck you.

EDDIE

You know Aleph's going to want to control our image, our sound, how it's produced. I mean I want to reach more people too, but it's gotta be done right. You think I like that Aleph holds all that power in his hand? He can just make or break you just like that? No, man, I don't fucking like it! But even he said it, sometimes you have to make your own way. This is stupid. Clearly you've been drinking/. Again.

CHENKO

I'm not drunk.

Listen, I think we're missing out on an opportunity.

EDDIE

We should just take all your shit and like leave it here if you want to be done.

CHENKO

Why would you say that?

EDDIE

Because, man! You know the rules! We're all accountable.

CHENKO

Yeah, it's all rules rules rules until something big comes along then it's like "do what I say".

EDDIE

Everyone has a say.

CHENKO

Oh really?

EDDIE

Yeah, they do.

CHENKO

Then how about being something more than a little house party band?

EDDIE

But don't you see how that's so anti-No Movement?

CALLIE

Which is a great name for a band, by the way.

*EDDIE looks at her.*

CALLIE

Sorry, sometimes things just pop in my head so I... yeah, I'm gonna... stop.

*She makes the zipped lip motion.*

CHENKO

How is that anti-No Movement? To want something? This is what we were building toward. Being able to be recognized as artists and build to another level. We get to take No Movement's kind of punk to way more people. Aleph Reed's not like a death sentence to punk bands, you know. He's been a longtime supporter of a lot of bands that came up. And he is a fucking punk rocker man. We grew up on all the bands from Black Cat 13.

EDDIE

What gave you the impression that we needed to "build" towards anything. The lyrics to our songs are, "Fuck American Corporate Greed".

CHENKO

It's not about greed, man. It's about being something that people can latch onto.

EDDIE

No, man. It's about you needing that.

CHENKO

Well, so what if I do?

I can't have a win?

I'm fucking sick of sleeping on couches, man!

I'm getting older.

This shit is the same everywhere we go.

The girls are the same.

The places are the same.

The conversation is the same.

And here is something different.

Everyone talks about punk being dead and here we are.

A label wants to help get us out to even more people.

More people who really like what we're about.

For some reason what we're doing and what we're saying resonates with people

Why is that such a bad thing?

And is it such a bad thing for me to not have to scrape to find resources to pull together to do this shit?

I mean what do you want to do?

Keep touring?

EDDIE

No, I don't.

CHENKO

So, what, man?

You're fucking killing me here.

What do you think No Movement should do next?

EDDIE

I think this is it.

*CALLIE gasps.*

CALLIE

Sorry, that's just like really big news.

CHENKO

Well it's not fucking solidified yet!

EDDIE

Chenko...

Come on, man...

I mean, I agree with you in a lot of ways.

But this is never what we were about.

We can't get on that train.

CHENKO

Ugh, this is all just so disgusting to me.

Who are we to be like, "we're fucking artistes, man"?

Head so far up our asses we can see the reality of the situation around us.

There are no ideals anymore.

It's all an illusion.

Remember that song I wrote off our second album, "Selfish Perception"? "Let's Play Pretend"?

*TINA and CALLIE whisper the lyrics to "Let's All Play Pretend" as  
EDDIE and CHENKO continue.*

TINA/CALLIE  
(whisper singing)

IMAGINARY NUMBERS ADD UP TO MAKE IMAGINARY CASH  
IMAGINARY STRUCTURES TO SUPPORT THIS ACT  
OF COMPLETE AN UTTER DENIAL  
OF THE ROLES WE'VE ALL BEEN GIVEN  
THIS IS THE KIND OF LIFE THAT WE ALL ENJOY LIVING

LET'S ALL PLAY PRETEND

CHENKO

"Let's all play pretend," Eddie.

CALLIE

*(whisper scream-singing)*

IT'S A SICK AND TWISTED GAME THAT NEVER ENDS!

EDDIE

I know the lyrics.

CHENKO

That's what I feel like we're all doing here.

EDDIE

Well, of course we are, come on. Grow up.

CHENKO

I did.

I recognize my value and my place in society.

It's you that's still holding onto some dream like it's going to change everything.

No movement...

Like it was actually going to be this – I don't know – renaissance of punk music?

Again?

Like we lived through the second one right as Green Day and Rancid got big.

Ska bands all popular, No Doubt and Save Ferris in like every movie.

Then it's throw-back to The Specials in commercials

And all the sudden everyone's wearing their fucking freshly pressed Ramones t-shirt because everyone can relate to it.

And I don't get mad at it necessarily.

I listen to the music and I like it. I still do. I remember finding it and it was definitely different than what I was listening to when I was a kid.

But still. What is all this?

I'm talking to these guys here and I'm like "What the fuck are they saying?" When did it get to be that I don't understand the argument anymore? And you have to travel so far back to even find the original question.

EDDIE

Chenko, you know me, man...

You know I can't do that. You know why?

CHENKO

I don't know. I really don't. Illuminate me.

EDDIE

Because I never want to try this hard to “make it” with anything. Especially this. This is release. This is fun. But it’s not forever.

CHENKO

What else is there? Huh?

CHENKO (CONT'D)

You tell me what other options we have out there?

Make fucking sandwiches for a living?

Because that’s about the only thing other than this that I know how to do.

I know how to go from show to show. I know how to book shit. I know what to do to get myself recorded and get my music out there and get people listening to it. I can sell merch. I can even silk screen. We fucking taught ourselves how to do that, man! I mean this means something to me so why can’t I have a goal? Why can’t I get paid for it. You tell me how that’s selling out. Because I know that’s what you’re thinking you’re just not saying it.

EDDIE

I don’t know man. This next part of the journey is a mystery to me.

CHENKO

Pfff..

You sound like a fucking monk.

*EDDIE shrugs.*

EDDIE

Well, maybe I’m okay with that. I need to keep my art sacred. Principled.

CHENKO

It’s like when did you become this person, you know?

Don’t you have dreams, man?

*CHENKO takes his flask and departs.*

TINA

I feel like you’re really different off-stage.

EDDIE

Yeah, I get that a lot.

*EDDIE follows after CHENKO.*

CALLIE

Well, this sucks. No more No Movement?

*TINA shrugs.*

CALLIE  
You don't care?

TINA  
There's other bands out there.

CALLIE  
I guess so.

TINA  
At least Chenko talked with us like a normal human being.  
Man, that guy Eddie was kind of a dick.  
Why is no one ever who you want them to be?

CALLIE  
Tell me about it.

TINA  
It's like you listen to these bands and see the people at the shows and they're all like, "Hey, Come up on stage! This is for you!" And it kinda feels good to because it does feel like it's for you and because things are so shitty elsewhere. But it's all an act. They are way more fucked up than I expected.

CALLIE  
There is no reality.  
God, I feel like I need to take a shower.  
I'm just realizing where I am and what's going on.

TINA  
Let's just go have fun before we forget how to do that.

*CALLIE and TINA make their way towards the house.*

### SCENE THREE

*LYDIA and RAY listening to the far off band. RAY plays with the guitar pick.*

RAY  
You know, I love live shows, but I like listening more back here.

LYDIA  
Why?

RAY  
Because after a while everything starts to blend together. You hear what sounds good, what sounds off, different, unexpected. You hear everything.

LYDIA

I never thought of it that way. You been coming here a lot?

RAY

All my life.

LYDIA

Hmm...

RAY

Like since I was a baby.

LYDIA

Oh wow, you weren't kidding! I wonder what it was like to have parents that got this stuff.

RAY

I don't know... It's alright, I guess. I mean I never really knew my biological mom – she died when I was like two.

LYDIA

I'm sorry.

RAY

It's okay. Like I said, I never really knew her. My real mom – you know, Sheila?

LYDIA

Yeah.

RAY

Well, she was going through transition from before I was born. But she's like so traditional. Even though she'd never think she was, she's like more strict with me than my friends' parents. I guess maybe she feels like she has to make up for having all this. For having a bunch of teenagers in her yard on any given night of the week.

LYDIA

Probably a lot of pressure to be her son.

RAY

Yeah, it is... I can never like something because I like it. I always have to have Reasons for things. And I have to articulate them well. It's exhausting.

LYDIA

I can understand that kind of pressure.

Yeah, I guess you're out here too.

RAY

*A moment of connection between LYDIA and RAY.*

*CHENKO, extremely drunk now, comes crashing through some bushes. He wobbles back and forth as if at any moment, he might teeter completely.*

Lydia Cooper of Combat Rock.

CHENKO

Oh, hey Drunk Chenko.

LYDIA

What? Me? How am I even drunk?

CHENKO

*CHENKO stumbles, catches himself. LYDIA tries to stabilize him.*

That's a super good question. I'm guessing it was from this flask you have here.

LYDIA

*LYDIA takes the flask from CHENKO and hands it to RAY.*

Hey! That's-  
Well, okay, but don't let your mother know about it.  
I didn't give it to you.

CHENKO

*RAY dumps the rest of the contents on the ground.*

Oh no!

CHENKO

*CHENKO kneels down, but too fast, and ends up falling down.  
LYDIA tries to help prop him up.*

Man, what is into you tonight?

LYDIA

Lydia Cooper, let me ask you something.

CHENKO

Okay, Chenko, go ahead.

LYDIA

CHENKO

How did Aleph Reed put together Combat Rock?

LYDIA

Well, he-

CHENKO

Like do you have any creative control?

LYDIA

Ah, haha, it's a good question, I-

CHENKO

Eddie-

You know my friend, Eddie? Lead singer of No Movement?  
That's my band.

LYDIA

I know who No Movement is and I know Eddie.

CHENKO

Well, I'm just saying.

Like Eddie, he doesn't think Aleph'll let us do anything. Like we'll be pretty much fucked if we sign, so-

RAY

You're signing to Black Cat 13?

CHENKO

Well, nothing's solidified yet, but I say fuck it. Where do I sign? Is Aleph here? Let's draw up a contract.  
Let's make some money! Right?

LYDIA

Sure, Chenko-

CHENKO

I mean that's why you signed too, right?

LYDIA

Well, it wasn't that-

CHENKO

Or, wait, no, are you guys like...

*He makes a lewd motion indicating sex.*

LYDIA

Okay... right.

CHENKO

Too far?

LYDIA

Yeah, too far, Chenko. Really making yourself look like an asshole.

CHENKO

What'd I do?

LYDIA

You know what? Just forget it. I'm not about to argue with a drunk. It will get nowhere and I will just end up feeling more frustrated. So, you sit there. I'm going to get some water and maybe find one of your band mates to wheel you into the back or something.

CHENKO

But we didn't even play our set yet! It's all just the pre-show hype!

LYDIA

I'm sure you'll figure it out.

Hey, Ray, I'll be back, okay? Just keep an eye on him for a second.

RAY

Fine.

*LYDIA departs.*

CHENKO

Oh heeeeyyy! Scout Master.

RAY

Hi Chenko.

CHENKO

What's happening with you?

Why you out here.

RAY

Well, apparently I'm playing babysitter for a grown-ass adult.

CHENKO

Oooh, ouch! That stings, Scout Master. I'm only having a little fun.

RAY

Guess that's all that matters huh?

*CHENKO plucks out a cigarette and begins the long search for a lighter. In the process he sees the guitar pick RAY set down. He picks it up.*

CHENKO

Well, you know what they say, "live fast die young".

RAY

Pssh...  
(mumbles)  
Such a hypocrite.

CHENKO

You got something to say?

RAY

I said you're such a fucking hypocrite, man, look at you. You're fucking disgusting, you know that?

*CHENKO shrugs.*

CHENKO

What can I say? I'm a disgusting person.  
You got a light?

*RAY snatches the cigarette out of CHENKO's mouth and throws it away. CHENKO laughs. This enrages RAY.*

CHENKO (CONT'D)

So, no?

*He laughs more uncontrollably.*

I'm sorry. I'm sorry, Scout Master.  
I'm a shitty person. What can I say?  
Don't expect anything more than that from me.

RAY

And what if I did?

*CHENKO crawls to where he sees the cigarette landed.*

CHENKO

Then you're a fool, man.  
I'm nobody's role model.

*RAY stomps on the cigarette before CHENKO reaches it.*

RAY

Well, you were mine.

CHENKO

But I don't give a fuck about anything, man.

RAY

Yeah?

How bout this?

How bout all of us?

We don't matter to you, huh?

Fuck you.

Because if you were really punk as fuck you'd care about the people around you. Like fuck, it's like none of you remember how it actually is to truly be into something and have like no fucking ability other than what you can literally do yourself. Think your mom and dad's going to give it to you? No. Your school? No. Government? No. Society? No. All these authority figures out there and everyone just wants to tell you how it is. And if you make something, it's not good enough. Here I see you and I'm like, "he knows what he wants". But you don't know shit except how to completely destroy something that's in front of you.

CHENKO

Now what's more punk rock than that?

*CHENKO picks up the smashed cigarette and tries to light it. It won't. He tosses it aside along with the guitar pick.*

RAY

Man, don't fucking litter. It's my fucking house.

*RAY picks up the cigarette and the guitar pick and pushes them into CHENKO's hands.*

CHENKO

I'm sorry. I didn't know.

RAY

No, you knew, you just forgot. There's a difference. One is sheer ignorance. The other is being so consumed with yourself and what's going on in your world than you can't even bother to remember that something matters to some else around you. Do whatever you want. When the morning comes my mom and I will be cleaning the yard like always because it's all for you.

*RAY storms off.*

CHENKO

Hey!  
Scout Master, I said sorry.

SCENE FOUR

*Loud music. Hard-core punk. Barely any discernable words. But powerful music. TINA and CALLIE step away from the thick of it.*

TINA

You alright?

CALLIE

Mmmhmm.

TINA

It's fucking nuts in there!  
This band is the shit!  
I just want to punch someone in the face!  
But in a good way!

CALLIE

What?

TINA

This band is the shit!

*The song finishes. The crowd whistles and cheers. CALLIE and TINA clap, then find a little place off to the side and plop down. RAY's second hiding spot is just barely seen. He's sitting away, listening, but not engaging.*

TINA

That's it.

CALLIE

What is?

TINA

I'm starting a band.

CALLIE  
*(laughs)*

Just like that?

Yep.

TINA

Okay, I'm in.  
I'll do drums.

CALLIE

*She does an air fill and continues the beat – really well, like does she play drums for real or does she just get it?*

That's cool because I'm really more of a lead singer anyway. Tina?

TINA

*An impromptu sesh starts to form.*

I GOT TO GO MY OWN WAY  
I GOT TO GET TO THE SHOW

TINA

YOU KNOW

CALLIE

I'M IN MY OWN PLACE  
THERE'S NO OTHER PLACE

TINA

*CALLIE and TINA start speeding up, there's about to be a creative convergence in this song – the perfect blend of everyone's energy, focus and expression.*

NO OTHER PLACE!

CALLIE

NO OTHER PLACE  
NO OTHER PLACE

CALLIE/TINA

*CALLIE closes the song.*

Wow.

CALLIE

TINA

Yeah.

We're like...  
Fucking geniuses!

That should be our name. The Geniuses.

Guys, we're like A Band now.

They come here often?

This might be the first time they've been here together for a band.  
Honestly, until this year, I didn't even let him come to the shows.  
When he was younger, I could arrange sleepovers or whatever.  
Now? He's too old.  
And he's into it.

You don't sound enthusiastic about your son being into something you enjoy.

I just  
God, he's so smart, you know?  
Like I'm smart, but he's Smart.  
This just seems...  
It's like a toy or a...  
Plaything.

You don't want to see him wear it out?

CALLIE

TINA  
*(prophetic)*

*CALLIE looks at her. This. Is. Big.*

JEREMY

*Something catches RAY's eye – he looks.*

*From the shadows, ALEPH takes a picture of the kids. The kids scatter like a flock of birds. ALEPH wanders in. SHEILA follows.*

ALEPH

*SHEILA thinks about it.*

SHEILA

ALEPH

SHEILA

ALEPH

*RAY somehow moves closer.*

SHEILA

Yeah, it's like-  
If you only knew how much this meant to me growing up  
I had to create a space like this.  
For kids like me and you.  
We needed this.

ALEPH

Yeah, we did.

SHEILA

And I want to give it to him, but-

ALEPH

You don't want him to break it?

*SHEILA nods.*

SHEILA

Growing up, you know, my dad was very traditional.  
He was really into sports.  
Ate meat.  
I mean, you know.  
Drank cheap beer.  
Worked a job and came home.  
Went to church on Sundays. Watched football.  
This suburban town.  
You just couldn't back then. Like you couldn't be. I couldn't breathe.  
I was eight. I already knew I was different back then, but try explaining that to them.  
Oh god, that was just... No.  
Out of the question.  
But he really wanted to be a good father. He thought he was doing right.  
He sat me down and said, "I'm going to show you how to defend yourself."  
I hated it.  
Make me hold a particular stance just so.

*She goes into a fighting stance – it looks so natural and effortless when she does, as if she's been fighting all her life.*

And then, we'd work for an hour on punches, blocks, dodging.  
I would just think, "I hate this so much."  
But it was the one thing my dad was into that we did together.  
Everything else was... a struggle.  
He used to say how important it was to defend yourself because,

“You never know.”

“You never know what’s coming. You never know when someone’s going to have it out for you and they aren’t going to have a reason.”

I feel like maybe he knew, you know?

Like maybe he saw who I really was.

Maybe part of him understood even though everything and everyone told him not to.

I think deep down he knew.

ALEPH

Yeah.

SHEILA

Like maybe he was just trying to give me the only thing he had that I could really take

...

Came in handy too.

He knew people. And what they do.

Even after I left, it was the one thing from him I kept all these years.

*Silence.*

SHEILA

I don’t want Ray to feel like he owes me somehow with all of this.

He doesn’t have to like it at all.

He could be...

He could do anything and I’d be happy.

ALEPH

Even this?

SHEILA

Yeah.

ALEPH

Why don’t you tell him that?

SHEILA

You don’t have kids do you?

ALEPH

None that I’m aware of. Bad joke.

No, I don’t.

SHEILA

We just...

Sometimes he and I are like oil and water.

And I think of my father and cringe because I never wanted to be this kind of a parent.

ALEPH

You could talk to him though. It is possible to do that. It's possible for you to reach out.

SHEILA

Maybe...

ALEPH

What if he likes it?  
Like actually likes all this?

*SHEILA thinks long and hard about this.*

SHEILA

I'd really like to share that with him.

*In the hiding spot, RAY wipes away a tear. SHEILA does too.*

SCENE FIVE

*CHENKO has fallen asleep holding the guitar pick in his hand. He's in the same place RAY left him. LYDIA returns with ALEPH.*

ALEPH

Fuck...  
I do not miss this.

LYDIA

Where'd Ray go?

*ALEPH crouches down.*

ALEPH

Hey! Chenko!

*He claps in front of CHENKO's face.*

ALEPH

Asshole, wake the fuck up.  
*(to LYDIA)*  
Give me that water.

*He pours water into his hand and throws it on CHENKO's face. CHENKO blinks and then grins.*

Hey buddy, back to life yet?

ALEPH

*CHENKO nods. ALEPH drinks the water.*

Here. Drink that.

ALEPH

*CHENKO drinks.*

All of it.

ALEPH

*CHENKO drinks more.*

Go.

ALEPH

*ALEPH lightly holds the bottle in place as CHENKO drinks the whole thing.*

Come on.  
There you go.

ALEPH

*CHENKO finishes and is out of breath. LYDIA takes the empty bottle. ALEPH sits next to him and pats him on the knee.*

It's nice out here.  
(to LYDIA)  
Is this where you've been the whole time?

ALEPH

Yeah, pretty much.

LYDIA

Good spot.  
You planning on coming back?

ALEPH

Well, you know...

LYDIA

Yeah, I get it.  
It's a transition, I know.

ALEPH

*CHENKO is starting to regain himself. Everything feels very tenuous. He groans.*

ALEPH

You have some way of celebrating.  
You okay?

CHENKO

Yeah, I just...  
Need to sit.

ALEPH

Okay. We can do that.

*Pause.*

ALEPH

Hey man, so now might not be the best time, but I want to let you know right now, you want to continue with me, you gotta cut this shit out.

*CHENKO nods. He knew the lecture was coming.*

ALEPH

I say the same thing to all my bands, okay? I used to operate under, "it's none of my business," but then I started to lose money. So it's not personal. Though I'm sure it seems like I'm being this nice guy or whatever. There are actually very few people in this world that I care about anymore. Okay? I think you're talented. So you decide what you want to do.

CHENKO

Yeah, I know.

ALEPH

Look, It doesn't need to be No Movement. I don't really care what you do, but you know, you write good shit. You sing well. You play well. I mean, like, don't fucking just lose it, okay? You want to build something, you need to be able not to lose it.

*ALEPH gets up.*

CHENKO

Hey, thanks.

ALEPH

Yeah, sure man. My philosophy is – you see someone about to make a turn down the dark road you took decades to get off of, you give them a map to other destinations. There's a lot out there, Chenko.

*ALEPH departs. LYDIA sits next to CHENKO. She pulls out another water bottle and drinks from it. CHENKO watches her. She offers some to him. He nods and reaches for it. He offers her the guitar pick. She shakes her head “no”.*

LYDIA

You keep it.

*CHENKO closes his hand around the guitar pick.*

SCENE SIX

*TINA’s in the hallway, muffled distorted music from the band now playing. She drinks from a water bottle. EDDIE walks up.*

EDDIE

Hey. You seen Chenko?

*TINA notices who it is and spills her water on her shirt.*

TINA

Shit...

EDDIE

Oh, uh... sorry.

TINA

Uh... god this is awkward.

EDDIE

Eh, it’s just water, right? Water never killed anyone.

TINA

Um, I don’t know about that.

EDDIE

Good point. But uh, hey, Chenko? Seen him recently?

TINA

I mean, not since you guys were like breaking up on my car.

EDDIE

We weren’t breaking up.

Oh, really?

TINA

Well, okay, I know how it sounded.

EDDIE

But Chenko and I-  
Who knows, the future's unwritten

CHENKO

I haven't seen him.

TINA

Okay.

EDDIE

*EDDIE starts to go.*

Hey, can I ask you something?

TINA

What's up?

EDDIE

How do you come up with some of those lyrics?

TINA

Oh! I thought it was like a "what band is this" or "where's the bathroom" type of question...

EDDIE

Well, if you gotta go, then-

TINA

No no no no no!  
Let me think.

EDDIE

You don't have to answer.

TINA

*But EDDIE's already thinking.  
After a while...*

EDDIE

I think really hard about each word and what it means and what it could mean and what it means to other people and what it'll mean if I put it over here or if I say it this way. Sometimes a phrase comes to you and it keeps going and going in your head until you realize it's a chorus. Or maybe it's the second thing I'm

going to say, but I think if I were to answer your question, I think I'd say that's how it starts.

Hmm. TINA

Is that how you write songs? EDDIE

How did you know? TINA

Just a guess.  
Best way to write songs is just to write them. EDDIE

Yeah, I think so too.  
Thank you. TINA

When you have something, share it with me, okay? EDDIE

*She's taken aback.*

Really? TINA

Yeah, of course. I'll listen. EDDIE

Okay. TINA

*He leaves. She smiles.*

*SHEILA enters.*

What was all that about? SHEILA

*TINA jumps.*

Nothing. TINA

SHEILA

Look, don't get involved with a musician.

TINA

No, we were just-

*SHEILA puts up her hand.*

SHEILA

Just take my advice. They're too moody. Especially songwriters.

TINA

I thought you were a songwriter.

SHEILA

My point exactly.  
You seen my son?

TINA

Why does everyone think I know where everyone else is?

SHEILA

I don't know. That's your look.

TINA

My look?  
I look like I know where everyone is all the time.

SHEILA

Yeah.

TINA

Oh. Okay, I guess.

SHEILA

Anyway, show's almost done so he knows the drill.

TINA

What's the drill.

SHEILA

Clean this shit up and kick everyone out.  
Then, sleep.

*SHEILA starts to pick up some of the things in the hallway.*

TINA

I can help you.

SHEILA

Sure.

*TINA starts helping to clean.*

I'm Tina.

TINA

I know, dear. I remember you.  
Sheila.

SHEILA

*SHEILA smiles at TINA, who smiles back.*

*They clean.*

*They listen to the band play. SHEILA starts to sing along to herself. TINA notices. TINA sings along to herself. SHEILA notices and continues.*

*RAY sheepishly enters. SHEILA knows it's him though she doesn't turn around. RAY sees TINA, who's in her own world now. He walks off.*

*After a substantial moment, he comes back with a broom and a dustpan. He sweeps.*

*SHEILA looks up. RAY catches her eye. She smiles. He kinda doesn't know what to do, but inadvertently smiles the way you do when you can't stay mad.*

SHEILA

Hey you want to come with me on stage?

*RAY nods.*

Let's go.

SHEILA

*ALEPH snaps a picture from the shadows.*

SCENE SEVEN

*SHEILA takes the stage with RAY by her side.*

SHEILA

Alright, calm down.

I gotta say something.

Usually I leave the mic to the bands.

But you all really are the reason behind me doing all this.

You are the heart.

Palpable, raw, intimately connected to the body. To this place.

You feel before you think and you act on that.

That's why we keep this place open.

Punk is more than what you see around you.

It says to you,

"It's time to launch yourself into a new way of thinking."

It's radical.

It pisses off a lot of people because it scares them.

But really, it's just holding up a mirror so you can see what you truly are. What you're really putting out there. It's up to you to do anything about it.

*Ecstatic cheers from the crowd. There has never been a moment like it.*

SHEILA

(to RAY)

Come on, you know what to do.

*RAY looks a little dumbfounded for a second. SHEILA motions to him.*

RAY

Let's bring up No Movement to the stage!

*The crowd claps in unison, rhythmically. A guitar is being tuned. Drum fills in the background. Eddie comes on stage. He takes the mic. Wild cheers.*

*CHENKO takes the stage from the other end. EDDIE sees him. He smiles. CHENKO puts on his guitar, holds the guitar pick up high.*

CHENKO

1-2-3-4!

*Squelching sound of a guitar. Feedback and then an energetic punk song.*

**END PLAY.**