

BLACK DOGS

Screenplay by Kieran Turner

Based on the book  
"Black Dogs: The Possibly True Story of  
Classic Rock's Greatest Robbery"  
by Jason Buhrmester

Jeff Portnoy  
BELLEVUE PRODUCTIONS  
jeff@bellevueprods.com  
818.207.8172

CARD:

In July, 1973, Led Zeppelin played three sold out shows at Madison Square Garden in New York City. Before their final performance, \$203,000 (worth more than \$1 million dollars today) of the band's money was stolen from their hotel. The crime was never solved.

This is the *possibly* true story of how it went down.

CHYRON: BALTIMORE. DECEMBER, 1972.

EXT. BALTIMORE STREET - NIGHT

A seedy section of Baltimore dotted with snow and crappy holiday lights. Two FIGURES stand in the cold.

PATRICK, 20. Longish hair, Army jacket. Unkempt in a tough but tender way. The leader, even if he doesn't want to be.

ALEX, 20. Slicked-back hair, long leather jacket, smoking a Newport. White Soul Train. The cool one.

ALEX

You're sure they're gone?

PATRICK

I told you, they're in Barbados for two weeks. Wait'll you see this place. We oughta be able to clear \$500 each.

ALEX

(dubious)

That much, huh.

PATRICK

(laughing)

You never trust me. Fourth grade when you got busted stealing milk money, who planted the envelope on that little shit who always talked down to us and saved your ass? I take care of you.

Alex drags on his cigarette and flicks it. No expression.

ALEX

You stole the money. I planted the envelope.

They stare at each other for a beat.

PATRICK

And who taught you how to plant shit?

They both laugh at a story they've probably told each other so many times no one really remembers who did what.

ALEX

You thought about what Emily's gonna do if she finds out what you're doing?

PATRICK

I'm not doing it to Emily. And she's not gonna find out.

ALEX

You're doing it to someone she knows.

PATRICK

We all *know* someone.

Patrick hugs himself to try and keep warm. He leans down the street, scouting the dark.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Your dumb ass uncle is late. Again. He's gonna blow this whole thing.

ALEX

Come on, he's okay.

PATRICK

He's an idiot with a van.

CLOSE ON an 8-TRACK TAPE jammed into a car stereo. A hand cranks the volume.

MUSIC UP: GOOD TIMES, BAD TIMES by LED ZEPPELIN

INT. DANNY'S VAN - NIGHT

DANNY, 30-ish, handlebar mustache. Ex-high school football star, now a small-time crook who still has the swagger of his glory days. He swigs from a can of NATIONAL BOHEMIAN beer and headbangs as he drives.

He skids to a stop in front of Patrick and Alex.

DANNY

Get in, dickheads.

EXT. BALTIMORE STREET- MOMENTS LATER

Danny's van weaves up empty streets. The blocks get nicer. Rowhouses become mansions.

INT. DANNY'S VAN - CONTINUOUS

Patrick turns down the stereo. Danny turns it back up to deafening volume. Patrick turns it back down.

DANNY

Fuck you, Patrick. My van. My rules.

PATRICK

Alex, explain to Uncle Shit-For-Brains the point is *not* to get noticed.

ALEX

Patrick's right. Mellow out, Danny. We don't want to attract attention.

Danny grudgingly turns it down, grabs another beer and pops it.

DANNY

Your intel on this place solid?

PATRICK

Intel? You in the Special Forces now?

DANNY

I got priors, dick. You two get popped and you're raking leaves on the side of the highway for a week. I go down and I'm looking at hard time.

ALEX

It's clean. Family's on vacation. Chick who lives here is best friends with Patrick's girlfriend, Emily.

Patrick gives Alex a look- *NEVER tell Danny anything.*

DANNY

(quietly impressed)

Damn, Patrick. That's some cold shit right there. You are way darker than I thought.

EXT. TINA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A sprawling house with a massive lawn. Danny's rundown van pulls up in the darkness. The entire house is lit up with flawless HOLIDAY DECORATIONS. The glow illuminates the faces of the three burglars in the van, a mix of envy and resentment. They know they'll never have it so good.

Danny breaks the spell, though no one asked him.

DANNY

The way I see it, this is a roof access operation. We scale that tree, shimmy across the branch and enter the premises through the second window to the right.

(patting his jacket)

Pretty sure I brought my glass cutter.

Patrick dangles a key in Danny's face.

PATRICK

Or we could just use the key I snagged from under the mat.

DANNY

(under his breath)

No showmanship.

ALEX

Patrick, man, it's really lit up. What if someone sees us?

Patrick checks his watch, the second hand hits 11:00pm. He snaps his fingers. CLICK timers cause all the Christmas lights to go off. Alex smiles, reassured. Danny rolls his eyes.

PATRICK

Alex and I are gonna head in. You stay here and keep watch.

DANNY

The hell I'm staying here! You don't bring Johnny Unitas to the big game and leave him sittin' on the sideline.

He hops out and SLAMS the van door. Patrick glares at Alex.

INT. TINA'S HOUSE: FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

Danny whistles loudly at the gorgeous house. It's obvious: There's no way in hell they belong here.

DANNY

All right, douchebags. Let's get to work. Remember, only grab what's valuable. Val-u-a-ble!

INT. TINA'S HOUSE: HER BROTHER'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Alex disconnects a turntable. Patrick flips through a crate full of records. *The Monkees. James Taylor. Judy Collins.*

ALEX

What the hell are you doing? Steal records at the record store.

PATRICK

I feel better robbing people with bad taste in music.

(grimaces, holding up  
an *Eric Clapton* album)

These bastards are getting cleaned out.

Alex yanks a sheet off of an aquarium in the corner, unveiling a HUMONGOUS SNAKE.

ALEX  
Holy shit! Let's get out of here.

PATRICK  
(laughing)  
Relax. It can't get out.

ALEX  
No, man. We can't let Danny see-

Alex freezes as he spots Danny in the doorway holding a giant STUFFED MOOSE HEAD.

DANNY  
Can't let me see what?

Too late. Danny's eyes widen as he spots the snake. The moose head hits the floor. He walks into the room, mesmerized.

ALEX  
Danny...

Danny stands in front of the cage, mouth open.

DANNY  
That is an albino carpet python. I know you're too stupid to realize how much this baby is worth but let me tell you, it is a lot.

Danny drags the snake from the cage. It seems to uncoil forever.

PATRICK  
Hey! We're not stealing a goddamn snake.

ALEX  
Yeah, Danny. You said to just grab the valuable stuff.

PATRICK  
(sarcastic)  
Like a stuffed moose head.

DANNY  
There is a network of rare snake dealers who would pay top dollar for this!  
(PAUSE)  
And the moose head is for me.

PATRICK  
An underground network of reptile traffickers? In Baltimore?

DANNY  
That's right. Problem with you is you got no connections.

He sets the snake on the bed and makes kissing noises at it.

DANNY (CONT'D)  
Alex, grab the other end.

PATRICK  
(warning)  
Alex...

ALEX  
Just leave it, Danny!

DANNY  
It's my van and I say this snake is  
coming with us.

PATRICK  
This is *my* find. You're here because of  
Alex. I'll boost any car on the street  
before I let you screw this up.

DANNY  
Alex...

ALEX  
C'mon Patrick-  
(Patrick stands firm)  
Danny...

Alex is caught between family and best friend. He reluctantly stands next to Patrick. Danny is outnumbered.

PATRICK  
Get your fat ass outta here before I  
have the snake swallow you whole and he  
can drive the van home.

DANNY  
You guys are amateurs, man. Amateurs!

Danny stomps out of the room, still grumbling.

DANNY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
And I'm taking the moose head!

PATRICK  
Help me put the snake back.

ALEX  
I'm not touching that fucking thing.  
Let it slither down the toilet.

Suddenly-- The sound of an ENGINE ROAR outside.

Off Alex & Patrick, eyes wide, they rush to the window to see-

DANNY IN HIS VAN. Stereo blasts. Rubber burns. The van fishtails in the snow and onto a lawn, crushing a Nativity scene. The Baby Jesus' head rolls to the middle of the street seconds before the wheel of the van crushes it as Danny speeds away.

PATRICK

He probably woke the whole street. I don't care if he's your uncle, the guy-

ALEX

Let's just grab what we can carry and get out of here.

Alex and Patrick split up to other rooms.

INT. TINA'S HOUSE- MOMENTS LATER

MONTAGE- Patrick and Alex swipe small, valuable items with speed and stealth. This is what they do, and they do it well.

INT. TINA'S HOUSE: TINA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Patrick yanks a pillowcase off a pillow to toss in his loot when-  
SIRENS and LIGHTS fill the house!

INT. TINA'S HOUSE: UPSTAIRS LANDING - CONTINUOUS

Patrick hustles into the hallway.

PATRICK

Alex! Cops! Let's go! Goddamn Danny!

Alex flies down the hall, pillowcase over his shoulder.

ALEX

What do we do?

PATRICK

(scanning the house)  
Split up. I'll go out the window and take the drainpipe down. You take the backstairs to the kitchen. Meet in the backyard.

ALEX

Wait, why am I going downstairs?

PATRICK

Drainpipe ain't gonna hold us both.  
Just trust me.

Before Alex can protest again, Patrick is gone. Alex reluctantly hits the backstairs.



INT/EXT. TINA'S HOUSE: BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Patrick climbs out the window. The drainpipe creaks under his weight.

INT. TINA'S HOUSE: KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Alex crosses the kitchen at full speed -- headlong into a RUSH OF POLICE OFFICERS coming through the back door! He turns and sprints back the way he came.

INT. TINA'S HOUSE: FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Alex charges up the stairs, police right behind him.

INT. TINA'S HOUSE: HER BROTHER'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Alex slams and locks the door. He tries the window but can't get it unlocked. Through the window he sees--

PATRICK grasping for dear life as the drainpipe rips from the house. They lock eyes for a moment. As he goes down, Patrick mouths the words, "Get out of th--"

A PAIR OF POLICEMEN burst through the door. Alex is cornered.

The bigger cop tackles him onto the bed. Alex struggles then realizes the snake is underneath him!

ALEX

Let me up! I'm on a SNA--

The word turns to a scream as the snake BITES Alex's leg.

EXT. TINA'S HOUSE: BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Patrick sprints across the backyard. He hears Alex scream and stops. He pivots to go back, hears a SIREN and takes off again.

CHYRON: SEVEN MONTHS LATER.

INT. RECORD BARN- AFTERNOON

A grungy Mom 'n Pop record store struggling to look cool and failing. Through the window, we see Patrick peeking inside. He enters, trying to look inconspicuous, and scopes the store.

Behind the counter sits FRENCHY, 20, a scrawny music geek with a sloppy Keith Richards-style haircut, noodling on a guitar. BACK DOOR MAN by WILLIE DIXON on the speakers as Frenchy tries to play along, oblivious to all else.

Patrick pretends to read a large corkboard covered in flyers. One notice catches his attention: "MISTY MOUNTAIN HOPPERS LED ZEPPELIN FAN CLUB! MEETINGS EVERY SUNDAY! CALL EMILY FOR INFO!" He tears it down and puts it in his pocket.

Patrick approaches the counter.

PATRICK

Pardon me. Do you have the new Osmonds album?

Frenchy points across the store. He doesn't look up.

FRENCHY

Under O, for Oh my god, you have horrible taste. Second aisle.

PATRICK

I looked there. I can't find it.

Frenchy groans and puts the guitar down on the counter. Looking up, his scowl turns to a smile.

FRENCHY

Patrick!

PATRICK

Boy, Frenchy, you really hate the people who shop here.

FRENCHY

I gotta get out of here. Focus on my band and playing gigs, you know? I'm diversifying my repertoire.

Frenchy plays a mean guitar lick to emphasize his point.

PATRICK

Frenchy, you play in a Rolling Stones cover band.

FRENCHY

For now. But I'm writing my own stuff.

Frenchy roams the store straightening up. Patrick trails him.

FRENCHY (CONT'D)

Where you been anyway? I haven't seen you in months.

PATRICK

(shrugs)  
City.

FRENCHY

New York City? What were you doing there?

PATRICK

You know, just working.

FRENCHY

Working? Or...

Frenchy makes a face. He knows Patrick too well. Patrick laughs and pulls a paycheck from his jacket and waves it at Frenchy.

PATRICK

No. Actual job. I earned fifteen whole dollars last week after taxes.

A customer approaches. It's KEITH, 21, lanky with long, dirty hair, ratty T-shirt and dirty jeans, joint tucked behind his ear. His T-shirt bulges in the front.

KEITH

Patrick! What is up, man?

Keith raises his arms to hug Patrick. Eight-track tapes fall out of his shirt.

FRENCHY

What the hell, Keith? What have I told you about stealing in here?

KEITH

Shit, Frenchy, your boss'll think you sold all these 'n give you a raise!

FRENCHY

Not when he doesn't see the money in the register!

KEITH

Patrick man, are you coming with us?

PATRICK

Coming with you where?

Frenchy shoots Keith a look. Keith so doesn't pick up on it.

KEITH

Alex got out of jail today. His mom's having a welcome home party for him.

PATRICK

Oh wow. Alex got out of jail today?

Frenchy isn't buying Patrick's innocent routine.

FRENCHY

Bad idea. You're not his favorite person right now.

KEITH

Hey, man, that was NOT Patrick's fault! Gettin' popped is a risk we all take.

Keith's emphasis causes even more 8-tracks to fall out of his clothing. Where is he hiding them all??

FRENCHY

You didn't even go see him in jail. You just blew. Give him some time. We'll let you know when it's cool.

Frenchy picks up the tapes that have fallen out of Keith's jacket. Keith makes an *Everything's Cool* face at Patrick.

FRENCHY (CONT'D)

You're stealing the original cast album to *Godspell*?

Patrick and Frenchy look at Keith.

KEITH

Well, I'm not gonna *buy* it!

INT. ALEX'S HOUSE: DINING ROOM - NIGHT

MUSIC: HOUSE PARTY by THE J. GEILS BAND

This family gathering looks more like prison visiting hours. A thick haze of smoke fills every room. Tattoos. Tequila. Missing teeth. And those are the women. Two grizzly men arm-wrestle at a table and shatter it. This is a *tough* crowd.

Patrick, Keith and Frenchy enter. Party-goers eye them more like fresh meat than guests.

KEITH

I can't tell if they're celebrating Alex getting out of jail or finally getting into jail.

Patrick moves through the crowd. Frenchy and Keith follow.

DANNY (O.S.)

What the hell are you doing here?

Danny stands toe to toe with Patrick, beer in hand.

PATRICK

I just want to talk to Alex.

DANNY

Don't you think you done enough? Alex doesn't wanna talk to you.

Keith jumps in to diffuse the situation.

KEITH

Hey Danny, didn't you just get out of County too?

DANNY

Yeah. Got busted breaking into the Old Town Bar. Motherfucker was still open. Daylight savings time.

They are interrupted by ALEX'S MOTHER, 40's, the tough matriarch to this family of crooks, who bursts into the room.

ALEX'S MOTHER

He's home. Everybody be quiet!

The house quiets down and the front door opens. Alex is shoved through it by a couple of rough customers, more like a human sacrifice than special guest at his own party.

Everyone screams: SURPRISE!!!!

Alex smiles his Cheshire Cat grin. It's clear to everyone that he's not the least bit surprised. The family crowds in and someone shoves a bottle of Jack Daniels into Alex's hand. He spots Patrick who gives a small nod, but Alex coolly ices him out.

INT. ALEX'S HOUSE: LIVING ROOM - LATER

Alex sits on the sofa with a shoebox on his lap.

PATRICK (O.S.)

What's in the box?

Alex doesn't even look up to see Patrick leaning in the doorway.

ALEX

Pictures.

PATRICK

Oh yeah? What of?

ALEX

Chicks I met while I was locked up.

Patrick sits next to Alex. Keith and Frenchy lurk behind them.

PATRICK

Only you could meet girls in prison.

ALEX

My cell mate's girl didn't like taking the bus alone so she'd bring a friend. But he didn't want some other chick around while he was trying to talk to his girl so I took her off his hands. Other guys started asking me to sit with their girlfriend's friend or their wife's sister, whatever. Next thing I know I'm getting letters and pictures.

PHOTOS: Women in various states of undress. A young girl poses topless. An older woman in lingerie sucks on a beer bottle.

FRENCHY

Woah! Look at that chick!

KEITH

Damn! These are better than the Playboys under my bed.

ALEX

You know I'm a father now, right?

PATRICK

Are you serious??

ALEX

Yeah, you remember that chick Chantal I was fucking before I went in.

Alex hands Patrick another photo. We see a blonde girl holding a baby with dark hair and skin. The baby is unmistakably black.

PATRICK

Wow. He's, uh, really something.

ALEX

Yeah? Think he looks like me?  
(pointing at the photo)  
Like here in the eyes?

PATRICK

Oh yeah, sure. I was gonna say that.

ALEX

Patrick, this kid looks like Joe Frazier. There's no way he's mine.

(PAUSE)

Same ol' Patrick. Still full of shit.

Underneath Alex's banter is a cruel streak that's new.

ALEX'S MOTHER (O.S.)

Patrick!

PATRICK

Hi, Mrs. Brewster.

ALEX'S MOTHER

I'm counting on you to keep my baby out of trouble. Help him out, will ya? Maybe you can find him a job?

Patrick looks at Alex... Alex hasn't ratted.

PATRICK  
 Absolutely. Gonna bring him to work  
 with me.

Alex shoots Patrick a dubious look.

ALEX'S MOTHER  
 (patting Patrick's cheek)  
 You always were the good one. Not like  
 the rest of these shitheads.

She catches Keith standing behind her holding up a big bag of weed. He makes a toke sign with his thumb and forefinger.

INT. ALEX'S BEDROOM - LATER

CLOSE ON smoke going up inside a giant bong.

MUSIC: THE BLACKER THE BERRIE by THE ISLEY BROTHERS

Al Green and Curtis Mayfield records around the turntable. Posters of Steve McQueen and *Shaft* on the walls. A plastic bag labeled BALTIMORE COUNTY JAIL: PERSONAL BELONGINGS on the floor.

Patrick, Alex, Keith and Frenchy sprawl around the room. Patrick grabs the bong, looking for the lighter. Alex holds on to it.

Keith has a PLAYBOY MAGAZINE open to the advertisement for COLUMBIA HOUSE RECORDS & TAPES- 12 RECORDS FOR A PENNY!. He scrawls on the card with a broken pencil nub.

KEITH  
 Hey Frenchy, man, can I use your address  
 to get 12 records for a penny? Also,  
 can I have a penny?

FRENCHY  
 Why can't you use your own address?

KEITH  
 Aww, man, they busted me for using too  
 many aliases. Won't ship there anymore.

Patrick spots a BOOK in Alex's plastic bag and digs it out. It's a copy of *An Actor Prepares* by *Konstantin Stanislavski*.

PATRICK  
 What's this?

ALEX  
 Nothin'. Stole it from the prison  
 library.

KEITH  
 You into acting now, man?

PATRICK  
So what if he is?

FRENCHY  
My cousin was on *Let's Make a Deal*.

ALEX  
(changing the subject)  
So let's hear about this job.

Patrick holds out his hand for the lighter. Alex doesn't budge.

PATRICK  
While I was in New York I worked this catering gig. Parties and stuff, but we also did shows. The other night we worked a Led Zeppelin concert in Philly.

FRENCHY  
You saw Zeppelin?!

Patrick can't help swaggering a bit.

PATRICK  
I was backstage, man. With the band.

Frenchy and Keith nearly lose their shit. Alex is impenetrable.

KEITH  
Holy shit! Did you meet John Bonham?

FRENCHY  
Tell me you saw Jimmy Page. TELL. ME!

KEITH  
The women that party with Zeppelin must have been wild.

FRENCHY  
Did you see any of the show? Oh my God, I can't believe you got to hang out with Zeppelin!! I'd shit. Wouldn't you shit??

Frenchy slaps Alex in the arm. Alex lights a cigarette and exhales slowly.

ALEX  
No.

PATRICK  
I was working. Setting up tables backstage, bringing in food and beer for the band.



KEITH

I would give my nuts to drink a beer with Bonham. Both of 'em. Left *and* right.

Alex shoots Keith a look and he shuts up.

PATRICK

So the concert's over and I'm backstage packing up. My boss tells me to get the food out of the dressing room. I walk in and some of Zeppelin's crew are in there around a table. This big guy starts yelling at me to get out. On the table I see these stacks and stacks of money. Never seen so much in my life.

(scanning the room)

One of the guys on the crew told me Zeppelin *only* gets paid in cash. Every night. Every show. That's the rule.

Patrick waits, smug grin, then--

KEITH

I don't get it.

FRENCHY

Yeah. Zeppelin makes a lot of money. So what?

The camera lingers on the three faces: Alex- skeptical, Frenchy- puzzled, Keith- stoned. They wait...

PATRICK

I'm saying we rob Led Zeppelin.

No one speaks for a moment, then--

KEITH

(laughing)

You motherfuckers. This is just like the time you told me Alice Cooper was on Soul Train. Nice try, guys.

PATRICK

I'm serious.

FRENCHY

Zeppelin is the biggest rock 'n' roll band on the planet. There's no way you can pull this off. It's crazy!

PATRICK

No one ever robs rock bands. Know why?

KEITH

Because they're cool.

FRENCHY

Because it's impossible!

PATRICK

Because no one ever thought of it.

KEITH

Man, all that dough. I bet Bonham uses a really bad-ass money clip like with a scorpion or something. I saw a belt buckle once-

ALEX

So how would this brilliant idea work?

PATRICK

Zeppelin goes on at eight and plays until around eleven. The manager collects the cash backstage. Then he takes the money to the hotel. He's got to keep all that cash some place until the bank opens in the morning.

FRENCHY

That's stupid. All that money out in the open. Somebody could... Ohh.

Patrick and Alex stare at each other on the floor. It's like we can see the plan formulating between the two of them.

PATRICK

Zeppelin is playing right here in Baltimore on Monday.

FRENCHY

*This* Monday? No way. There's no way this can work. Count me out.

KEITH

These guys gotta have heavy security.

PATRICK

Yeah. That's why I need everyone in.

FRENCHY

Is anyone listening? I'm not doing this.

KEITH

How much money are we talking about?

PATRICK

From the look of it, I'd guess about a hundred thousand dollars.

FRENCHY

Twenty-five thousand dollars each?!

KEITH

Oh, so you're in now?

FRENCHY

For that much, I might be.

Everyone goes quiet. It's gut-check time.

KEITH

I'm in! Count me the fuck in!

Keith looks at Frenchy.

FRENCHY

We can at least look into it, check it out. No harm in that, right?

KEITH

Say it, dick.

FRENCHY

(sighing)

I'm in.

Patrick waits for Alex's response. They stare at each other for a tense moment. Even Frenchy and Keith are sweating.

ALEX

We should bypass Baltimore. Go some place no one knows us. Where's the next stop?

PATRICK

New York City. Madison Square Garden. Three nights. Last stop of the tour.

ALEX

Three nights? Bigger take.

PATRICK

I like the way you think.

ALEX

I learned from the best.

Sarcasm?

PATRICK

NYC it is. But we need to find out where they're staying.

KEITH

How are you gonna do that?

Patrick pulls the flyer from his pocket and holds it up: MISTY MOUNTAIN HOPPERS LED ZEPPELIN FAN CLUB MEETING.

FRENCHY

Emily?

KEITH

That's a horrible idea.

ALEX

Yeah, man. She's gonna want to see you even less than I did.

INT. SEAFOOD RESTAURANT - DAY

EMILY, 19, dressed in a tacky pirate-themed waitress uniform, races around the restaurant. She stops at a table and digs through her apron for a pen without looking at her customer.

EMILY

What can I get you?

PATRICK (O.S.)

Hey Emily. How ya been?

Patrick's ex-girlfriend. Lip-glossed. Gum-popping. The best looking bad girl in any high school.

Emily's head rises slowly.

EMILY

I'm waiting tables in a pirate costume.  
How the hell you think I've been?

PATRICK

You look great.

EMILY

(hand on hip)  
Cut the shit, Patrick. I haven't seen you in six months.

PATRICK

Well, I'm back.

EMILY

I got eyes. I heard Alex is out of jail.

PATRICK

Yeah. There was a party for him last night.

EMILY

How nice. He robs my friend's house and gets a party.

PATRICK

Hey, no harm. Nothing actually got stolen. Except for a moose head.

EMILY

Yeah, no harm. Tell that to Tina's brother's snake. The cops shot it.

Patrick winces, then tries unsuccessfully to stifle a laugh. Emily cracks a smile before going back to all business.

EMILY (CONT'D)

I got other tables. You want soup?

PATRICK

Let's go out after you get off work.

EMILY

Even if I wanted to go out with you WHICH I DON'T, I can't. I have my meeting tonight.

PATRICK

Meeting?

EMILY

Zeppelin fan club.  
(Glaring at him)  
Go on. Make fun of it.

PATRICK

What's it called? Misty Mountain somethings? Yeah, soup sounds good.

Emily scribbles something in her note pad then slaps it down on the table and walks away. Patrick picks it up and sees a crudely drawn hand giving him the finger.

EXT. SEAFOOD RESTAURANT PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Emily leaves work. She's walking home and crosses the dark parking lot and up the sidewalk. Suddenly--

A car peels out, stereo blaring BLACK SABBATH, and slides in front of her blocking her way. Patrick behind the wheel, smiling.

EMILY

(shaken)  
Goddamn it, Patrick! You scared the shit out of me!

PATRICK

Come on. I'll drive you to your meeting. These streets aren't safe for a lady pirate walking alone.

Emily reluctantly gets in the car.

EMILY

Turn that shit down. Someone's gonna think I'm being kidnapped by a devil worshipper.

PATRICK

We only sacrifice virgins.

Emily hits Patrick in the arm. He peels out of the lot.

INT. PATRICK'S CAR - NIGHT

Patrick drives. Emily watches him.

EMILY

Where you staying?

PATRICK

Around.

EMILY

Seen your parents?

Patrick shakes his head.

PATRICK

My brother was ordained while I was gone.

EMILY

Yeah, I heard.

PATRICK

My parents are covered now. They don't have to bother trying to redeem me.

Patrick's car stops in front of an apartment building.

EMILY

Well, thanks for the ride.

PATRICK

Aren't you going to invite me in?

EMILY

You hate Zeppelin. What was it you said? Led Zeppelin is Black Sabbath for pussies?

PATRICK

If I came with you would that count as my punishment for not calling you?

EMILY

Not even close.

INT. ANNA'S APARTMENT: LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The ultimate hippie pad in all of its spaced-out glory. The crowd an awkward mixture of burn-outs, music nerds and lonely weirdos.

ANNA, twenty-something, short and chubby with trinkets braided into her ratty hair and a long, flowing dress. She floats into the room, spots Emily and grabs her in a dramatic hug.

ANNA  
Hello, darling sister!

PATRICK  
(under his breath)  
You have a sister?

EMILY  
Nope.  
(PAUSE)  
Anna. You remember Patrick.

Anna studies Patrick, frowning. *Bad* vibes.

ANNA  
Who's your favorite member of Zeppelin?

PATRICK  
Harpo.

They're interrupted by the entrance of KYLE, 24, short, bookish in John Lennon glasses and a suede vest. He is secretary of the Misty Mountain Hoppers fan club and takes his job very seriously. Too seriously.

KYLE  
Okay, everyone. Let's get started. We have a lot to discuss.

ANNA  
Kyle is starting the meeting. Quiet everyone!

Kyle stands in front of the motley group. He refers to an open notebook as he speaks. Patrick and Emily move to the back.

KYLE  
Monday is the day we've all been waiting for. Zeppelin in Baltimore!

Everyone cheers.

KYLE (CONT'D)  
Okay! Okay! Steve and Stacy, how are the signs coming?

A hippie couple sitting on the floor trade confused looks.

KYLE (CONT'D)

Guys, you were supposed to make signs to hold up at the concert that say, *Misty Mountain Hoppers Love Led Zeppelin*, remember?

The couple stare with blank faces.

KYLE (CONT'D)

Okay. New rule. No hash brownies until after meetings. I'm serious, people. This sorta thing happens way too much.

EMILY

(to Patrick)

You want another beer?

Patrick drains the half left and hands the empty to Emily.

PATRICK

God, yes.

As soon as Emily is out of sight, Patrick goes to work. He turns to the STONED GUY standing next to him.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Hey, which hotel does Zeppelin usually stay when they're in New York?

STONED GUY

(slowly)

The Garden.

PATRICK

No. They're playing the Garden. What hotel are they staying in?

The Stoned Guy stares at Patrick, a slowly developing look of recognition is attempting to dawn on his face.

KYLE

Excuse me, new person. Could we save all questions until the end? Thanks.

Everyone turns and glares at Patrick.

Emily returns with two cans of beer and hands one to Patrick.

PATRICK

These are the most stoned people I've ever seen in my life.

(indicating Stoned Guy)

And look at this asshole staring at me.

EMILY

Oh, shit. Patrick, that's Tina's brother.



A bitchy girl (LISA) turns on Emily.

LISA  
Ssssh! Kyle is telling us about the  
time he met Jimmy.

EMILY  
Don't shush me, bitch. This is *my* club.  
(turns to Patrick)  
Do you believe this-

PATRICK  
Babe, the guy is talking.

KYLE  
...it was an old sixty-four Stratocaster  
that my dad had given me. I thought it  
might get me in to meet Jimmy. And the  
idea that he would be playing a guitar  
that belonged to me.

ANNA  
Totally. It would be like your energies  
were entwined.

Everyone watches Kyle in awe. Even the bongos go quiet.

KYLE  
So the last time Zeppelin was in town I  
brought the guitar to their hotel. I  
waited in the lobby all day until Richard  
Cole showed up.

PATRICK  
(to Emily)  
Who's Richard Cole?

EMILY  
Oh, I can talk now? Zeppelin's tour  
manager.

Lisa turns and is met by the threat of Emily's fist.

KYLE  
I showed Richard the guitar and he said  
Jimmy might wanna buy it. So we headed  
upstairs. The door opened and there was  
Jimmy sitting in a chair playing guitar.

The crowd gasps, even while hearing the story for hundredth time.  
This is their gospel. Only one person is not transfixed. Stoned  
Guy remains focused on Patrick.

PATRICK  
Let me get this straight.  
(MORE)

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Anybody who wants to sell a guitar to Jimmy Page can get in just like that?

KYLE

Well, it needs to be a really bitchin' guitar but yeah. I guess so. Jimmy buys a lot of guitars when he's on the road. He's a serious collector. Anyway, Jimmy loved the Strat. He plugged it in and played some stuff on it. *Dazed and Confused. Whole Lotta Love.* And a little song that hadn't even come out yet.

(he pauses for effect)

*Stairway to Heaven.*

The crowd gasps. Patrick rolls his eyes. Stoned Guy looks as though he's reliving the trauma of birth.

KYLE (CONT'D)

I was the first person outside the Zeppelin circle to ever hear it.

ANNA

That's such a cool story.

LISA

I would just die if I met Jimmy.

EMILY

(under her breath)

You're gonna die when I punch your ass face in.

PATRICK

So did he buy the guitar, or what?

KYLE

He sure did, man.

PATRICK

How did he pay for it? Like, did he just pull out his wallet?

KYLE

Richard paid for it. He brought me back to his room and took it right out of a huge leather bag filled with cash.

ANNA

Show him the autograph!

Kyle shows Patrick a picture frame. Inside is a piece of stationery from the DRAKE HOTEL, NYC. The note reads KYLE- THANKS FOR THE GUITAR! JIMMY PAGE. Patrick grabs the frame.

PATRICK  
The Drake Hotel?

KYLE  
That's where they always stay when they  
play in New York City.

LISA  
(to Patrick)  
You're smudging it. He's smudging it!

She catches Emily's eye-- That's it. It's ON!

FISTS fly! Suddenly--

Stoned Guy jumps in front of Patrick, pointing a finger and  
screaming--

STONED GUY  
SNAKE KILLER! SNAAAAKE KILLER!!!

INT. ANNA'S APT. - LATER

Meeting adjourned. Lisa hovers in the b/g glaring at Emily, ice  
pack on her face. Anna and Kyle have Emily in the corner. Patrick  
hangs back, smoking a cigarette, casing the place.

ANNA  
Look, sister dear, it's not that we  
don't *appreciate* you.

KYLE  
You just bring a certain... energy that  
is destructive to the group.

EMILY  
You're kicking me out of my own group?  
I started The Misty Mountain Hoppers!  
(to Kyle)  
If it wasn't for me you'd still be  
beating off to Partridge Family reruns!

ANNA  
We're not kicking you out. Think of it  
more as a sabbatical.

Lisa looks into the top of her peasant blouse.

LISA  
My tit is black & blue!

KYLE  
We're kicking you out.

ANNA

Say six months. And then we can re-appraise. But we think it's better if you get your own tickets for the last two stops of the tour.

EMILY

They're sold out! I'm the one who stood on line for three days!

Kyle and Anna stand firm. Emily looks around, gathers herself together and tries to make as graceful an exit as possible.

Patrick follows. He stops, claps a surprised Kyle on the back, shakes his hand and gives him a "bro hug," while helping himself to an envelope sticking out of Kyle's back pocket. YOINK!

EMILY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

PATRICK, LET'S GO!

He passes Stoned Guy, in a heap by the door, rocking himself back and forth.

STONED GUY

Monty. Why? Whyyyy?

EXT. CURB OUTSIDE ANNA'S APT. - MOMENTS LATER

Patrick unlocks his car door. Emily blows past him.

PATRICK

You don't want a ride?

EMILY

They threw me out of the group!

PATRICK

I heard. Look, I took care of--

EMILY

Leave me alone! Why are you even back here? You're nothing but a disaster.

Emily turns and walks in the other direction. Patrick watches her go, envelope in hand, wanting to follow.

INT. KEITH'S HOUSE: KITCHEN - EVENING

Patrick, Alex, Keith and Frenchy sit at a table of beer cans. A stereo plays A HOLE TO HIDE IN by FOGHAT in the b/g.

FRENCHY

I told you it was a bad idea.

PATRICK

It coulda gone better. But now we know where the band is staying. And we have our way in.

KEITH

So that's it. We just need a guitar?

Keith's mom SUZY enters. Mid-40s, overly tan with a bad dye job. An aging barfly close to her expiration date.

SUZY

You're not buying a guitar, Keith.

KEITH

Get out of here, Mom!

SUZY

Where'd you get the money for all this beer?

KEITH

I boosted a case last week from the Stop N Go.

SUZY

Oh. Okay. Because you should be helping me pay rent instead of pissing away your money on beer and all that dope you smoke. I may have to start fucking your friends to make ends meet.

KEITH

MOM!

FRENCHY

Hey Suzy, I just got paid. Let's work something out.

SUZY

You wouldn't know what to do with it, Frenchy.

(PAUSE- teasing)

How much you got?

KEITH

Mom! Stop it! Isn't Sonny & Cher on?

Suzy looks at the clock in a panic.

SUZY

Ooh, my god, you're right.

Suzy hurries out. Patrick tries to regain order.

PATRICK

Frenchy, you have a guitar.

FRENCHY

So? Jimmy Page plays the best guitars in the world. He's not gonna want mine.

ALEX

No one cares if he wants your piece of shit guitar. It's just an excuse for you to get Richard Cole out of his room.

FRENCHY

Wait, you want ME to talk to them?

KEITH

You're the only one who knows anything about guitars.

ALEX

All you gotta do is walk up to this guy, tell him you have a kickass guitar to sell them and ask to swing by their hotel room. What's so hard about that?

FRENCHY

So then what?

PATRICK

Then Alex and Keith get to the hotel and follow Richard to his room.

ALEX

Then when he steps out, me and Keith break in, get the money and get out.

FRENCHY

How am I even getting backstage to talk to Richard Cole?

Patrick fishes two BADGES from his pocket and tosses them onto the table.

PATRICK

My catering ID. Same company works the whole northeast. Got you one, too.

Frenchy picks up the badge and peers at it. There's a photo of a swarthy, middle-aged man on it.

FRENCHY

(dubious)

Who's Omar Hamid?

PATRICK

Used to work as a caterer.

FRENCHY

Used to?

PATRICK

Yeah, until he lost his ID.

FRENCHY

This is never going to work.

KEITH

Quit whining, you pussy!

PATRICK

(thinking)

Y'know, Frenchy's right.

FRENCHY

I am?

PATRICK

Yeah. We're gonna need to show the goods just in case. This guy wasn't born yesterday. What guitar would make Jimmy Page drool?

FRENCHY

(thinks)

A '58 Gibson Les Paul. It's one of the rarest guitars in the world.

PATRICK

That's too good. We'll never be able to get our hands on one of those.

FRENCHY

(sheepishly)

Well... I *might* know where one is.

Patrick and Alex exchange looks.

KEITH

Wait a minute...

(PAUSE)

The snake's name was Monty? Monty the python?

EXT. HAVEN STREET PAWN SHOP - DAY

A hardcore pawn shop. Brick building. Steel doors. Window bars.

INT. HAVEN STREET PAWN SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Patrick, Frenchy, Keith and Alex enter. Glass jewelry cases. Stacks of television sets and stereo equipment. Rows of guitars and amps. Frenchy waves at the clerk.

FRENCHY

Hey, Dave.

DAVE, 60, dangerous with a faded tattoo on his forearm, stands behind the counter polishing a ring.

DAVE

Hey, bud. How ya been?

ALEX

You know the guy who runs the pawn shop?

FRENCHY

I come in here a lot.

They scatter around the store and pretend to look at the merchandise. Frenchy hits the music section, grabs a guitar and plugs into an amp. Feedback rattles everything -windows, glass cases, eyeballs. Frenchy rips into a blistering guitar riff. He's not just good, he's PHENOMENAL.

DAVE (O.S.)

HEY! HEY! CUT IT OUT!

Frenchy, eyes closed, peels into a stunning guitar solo. Keith, Alex and Patrick move towards him, eyes wide.

The sound cuts off. Dave stands with the cord in his hand.

DAVE (CONT'D)

I told you to knock it off. You're gonna blow my head off one of these days.

FRENCHY

Sorry, Dave. Just showing my buddies some stuff.

Dave drops the cord and walks off.

KEITH

Dude, you just blew my mind.

ALEX

How did you learn to play like that?

FRENCHY

I dunno. Just been practicing I guess.

KEITH

Play some Sabbath, man. Hand of Doom.  
DUH-DUH-DUH-DUN-DUH!

PATRICK

Is that the guitar?



FRENCHY

The Les Paul? No way. It's hidden away.  
Dave doesn't let anybody play it. He  
let me hold it once.

(PAUSE- whispers)

It was better than my first boob.

Frenchy goes back to playing for Keith, this time at a lower volume. Patrick and Alex walk around the store, casing it.

ALEX (sotto)

Bars on the windows and the door. No  
way in the front.

They pass the counter, nodding at Dave while scoping the back office. He chews on a chicken wing, scowling at them.

PATRICK (sotto)

Door in back is solid steel.

ALEX (sotto)

Probably leads to the alley. Here's  
what I don't get; no alarm. In Baltimore?  
This guy is either brave or stupid.

A display case at the far end of the store stops them in their tracks. It holds a LEATHER VEST from a motorcycle gang. A patch covering the back reads HOLY GHOSTS - BALTIMORE.

PATRICK

I think we just found the alarm system.

Patrick sticks his head out into the aisle and calls to Frenchy, still rocking out while Keith headbangs next to him.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Uhh, French. Could you come here a sec?

Frenchy puts the guitar down and walks over to Patrick and Alex. Patrick points at the vest.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

What the hell is that?

FRENCHY

Huh. I don't know. Hey Dave! What's  
with the vest?

DAVE

That? Billy owns the shop.

Alex and Patrick spin around at this news.

PATRICK

*Backwoods* Billy? From the Holy Ghosts?

DAVE

Yep. This is his store.

PATRICK

(hushed whisper)

This is bad. This is very bad.

FRENCHY

Why? Who's Backwoods Billy?

ALEX

Leader of the Holy Ghosts. If something in Baltimore is shot up, gunned down or blown to shit, Backwoods Billy and the Holy Ghosts are probably involved.

PATRICK

Remember when the Holy Ghosts demolished that bar in Fells Point. I heard they held the owner down in the street and Backwoods Billy ran over his skull with a motorcycle.

Keith ambles up, slurping on a peach.

KEITH

That dude is one bad motherfucker.

Everyone looks to Patrick.

PATRICK

Maybe we should just forget this.

ALEX

(goading Patrick)

Hang on a minute. You were gonna rob Zeppelin. Zep-pe-lin. And now you're gonna let some Hells Angel stop you because it's too scary?

Alex's "I dare you" expression totally does the trick.

PATRICK

I'm not scared of these guys. Besides, they'll never figure out it was us.

Suddenly, from the register, a deep GROWL--

DAVE (O.S.)

Who the fuck stole my peach?!

Everyone jumps at the sound of Dave's voice. They all look at Keith, peach in mouth.

INT. LITTLE TAVERN BURGERS - LATER

Frenchy, Alex and Patrick sit at a table, a box of fries between them.

ALEX

You know who could help us pull this off? Danny.

PATRICK

You're joking, right?

ALEX

Getting into places like this is his specialty.

Keith walks up with a tray. On it, a pile of sliders threatening to tumble to the floor. He unwraps a burger, tearing into it.

KEITH

(mouth full)

Alex is right. Danny can get into anything.

PATRICK

Yeah. Trouble.

ALEX

He owns all the tools we need.

Alex reaches for one of Keith's sliders. Keith pulls it away.

KEITH

Kickass van, too.

(to Alex)

I will *kill* you.

FRENCHY

(over-eager)

Great. Let's get him.

PATRICK

Why are you so all of a sudden ready to rob this place?

FRENCHY

(sheepish)

I wanna play the Les Paul.

ALEX

See, we're all on board.

Patrick stares at the ceiling. He can't believe this.

PATRICK

You guys really want to bring Danny into this and risk getting busted and possibly killed by the scariest most bad-ass biker gang in the world?

Nods all around. Patrick knows he's outvoted.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Fine. But whatever we do, we cannot mention the Zeppelin heist. All Danny needs to know is we're boosting a guitar. Nothing else. I mean it.

INT. PATRICK'S CAR - NIGHT

Everyone wears black. Patrick and Alex sit up front. Frenchy sits in the back next to Keith who smokes a massive joint. UNDER MY WHEELS by ALICE COOPER blasts on the stereo.

PATRICK

I think your idiot uncle got lost.

ALEX

He'll be here.

KEITH

(to Frenchy)  
What's your name?

PATRICK

(off Frenchy's bewildered look)  
He means the name you tell the cops if they stop you. I'm John Osbourne.

FRENCHY

Ozzy's real name? Cool.

KEITH

I'm Peter Baker.

FRENCHY

Ginger Baker from Cream.

Keith nods and belches out a huge cloud of pot smoke.

FRENCHY (CONT'D)

Who are you, Alex?

ALEX

Doesn't matter. Used to be Steve Judkins.

FRENCHY

Stevie Wonder?  
(MORE)

FRENCHY (CONT'D)  
 (thinking it over)  
 I'll be James Osterberg.

Blank looks all around.

FRENCHY (CONT'D)  
 Iggy Pop?!

Danny, dressed entirely in camouflage, tip-toes towards the car. He reaches in the window and grabs Keith in a headlock.

DANNY  
 Whoa, boy! You'da been a dead man!

KEITH  
 (choking)  
 Let me go, asshole!

DANNY  
 You see how quiet I was? I coulda killed ya. Learned that from an ex-Navy SEAL I met in the joint.

KEITH  
 We all heard you coming, dumbass.

Danny lets go with a shove that sends Keith across the backseat.

PATRICK  
 Great outfit, G.I. Joe.

DANNY  
 Screw you, Patrick. You're learning from a master tonight.

Danny opens the passenger door.

DANNY (CONT'D)  
 Alex, get your ass over there and call the pawn shop.

PATRICK  
 Why would he do that?

DANNY  
 He's gonna call, then leave the pay phone off the hook. That way if the phone in the shop's still ringing when we get there, we know no one's inside and it's safe to go in.

Everyone is impressed. Alex and Patrick climb out of the car.

EXT. GAS STATION PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Alex thumbs through the ragged Yellow Pages swinging off the booth. He finds a number and dials.

ALEX  
(to Patrick)  
It's ringing.

He leaves the phone off the hook. They walk back to the car.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
I'm telling you, Danny knows his shit.  
This was the right thing to do.

DANNY (O.S.)  
(in rhythm with the car horn)  
Let's! Go! Ass! Holes!

Patrick sighs and shakes his head.

EXT. ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

Patrick's car creeps slowly up the back alley. Lights off.

EXT. HAVEN STREET PAWN SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Patrick opens the trunk. The crew stand in front of an imposing steel door. Alex puts an ear to the door.

ALEX  
Phone's still ringing.

Danny pulls a crowbar from the trunk and hands it to Keith.

DANNY  
I'm gonna let you do the honors, hombre.

The crowbar slips from Keith's hands and CLATTERS to the ground.

KEITH  
Sorry. My hands are sweaty. I mean, do we really wanna steal from the Holy Ghosts?

DANNY  
The Holy Ghosts?

ALEX  
Backwoods Billy owns this place.

Danny whistles loudly.

DANNY  
No wonder you called me. You guys needed a real professional. Watch and learn.

Danny shoves the crowbar into the door frame and pries the door open a few inches.

DANNY (CONT'D)  
Alex. Hold this.

Alex grabs the crowbar. Danny pulls the tire jack from the trunk of Patrick's car. He jams the jack into the door opening held open by Alex. His arms pump up and down. The jack rises until the door shatters open.

Everyone stares into the blackness of the store. Nobody moves. Until...

DANNY (CONT'D)  
Let's go, kiddos. Before Backwoods Billy shows up and you all piss your pants.

Danny disappears inside.

INT. PAWN SHOP: BACK OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Cramped and cluttered. Desk, fridge, filing cabinets, boxes. Alex stops before the ringing phone. He reaches to pick it up. Patrick grabs Alex's arm to stop him.

PATRICK  
Fingerprints.

Patrick pats the pockets of his denim jacket, finds his paycheck and uses it to hang up the phone receiver.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
(to Alex)  
You keep an eye on these two. Me and Frenchy will grab the guitar.

ALEX  
No problem.

INT. PAWN SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Streetlights illuminate glass jewelry cases. Frenchy and Patrick hit the music section.

FRENCHY  
You think I could grab myself a guitar, you know, as long as we're here?

PATRICK  
Sure man, whatever you want.

INT. PAWN SHOP: BACK OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Danny stands in front of an enormous safe.

DANNY  
Hot damn! Look at this!

KEITH  
What do you think is in there?

DANNY  
A shit ton of money, that's what.

KEITH  
What if it's filled with, like, gold bars or something?

ALEX  
(lighting a cigarette)  
Maybe there's a snake in there.

DANNY  
Damn. It's bolted to the floor.  
(beat)  
Where's the crowbar?

KEITH  
I'll go get it!

Before Alex can stop him, Keith takes off.

INT. PAWN SHOP - CONTINUOUS

FRENCHY  
Or should I take this Fender Bronco?  
It's got the single-coil pick-ups that I like.

PATRICK  
Frenchy! Where is this fucking guitar?

Alex appears out of the darkness.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
What are you doing here? You're supposed to be watching Keith and Danny.

ALEX  
They're fine. They're loading the car.

PATRICK  
Loading the car? With what?

ALEX  
The safe from the back room.

Patrick takes off towards the back office.



ALEX (CONT'D)  
 (clearly didn't)  
 I tried to stop them.

INT. PAWN SHOP: BACK OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Keith rummages through a dirty fridge. He cracks open a can of beer then digs out an old chicken drumstick. He smells it, then shrugs and bites down. Patrick bursts through the door.

PATRICK  
 Keith! We gotta-  
 (notices the chicken  
 leg)  
 That's really gross. You have no idea  
 how old that is.

KEITH  
 (mouthful of chicken)  
 Is twat blad?

Suddenly a pistol pushes against Patrick's back!

DANNY  
 Get your hands up, asshole!

Patrick's hands shoot up over his head.

DANNY (CONT'D)  
 (laughing)  
 I scared you, boy! Look what I found!

PATRICK  
 Jesus, Danny! Put that back!

Danny shoves the gun in his waistband.

DANNY  
 You got that guitar or what? 'Cause we  
 are loaded and ready to roll.

Patrick eyes the safe jutting out of the trunk of his car.

FRENCHY (O.S.)  
 I found it!

INT. PAWN SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Patrick hurries to Frenchy standing in front of a guitar.

FRENCHY  
 There it is. An original, mint condition  
 '58 Les Paul Standard.

All of a sudden- RED AND BLUE LIGHTS fill the store.

PATRICK

COPS!

FRENCHY

Oh god! What do I do? What do I do?

PATRICK

Take the guitar!

Frenchy grabs the guitar. They scramble for the back office.

INT. PAWN SHOP: BACK OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Frenchy sprints out the door and into the alley.

Patrick stops. He slams the security door separating the office from the rest of the store. He drops the heavy security bar. Fists pound on the door. Patrick turns but--

His jacket is snagged. He tugs. His jacket tears.

CLOSE: Patrick's paycheck falls out his jacket onto the floor.

EXT. PAWN SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Patrick bolts from the pawn shop. He stops dead in the alley.

PATRICK'S POV

His car: Danny sits behind the wheel. Keith and Frenchy peer out the back window. The safe juts from the trunk. The car turns and Patrick locks eyes with Alex in the passenger seat. Alex takes a drag on his cigarette then sends it flying out the window. The car roars off, getting smaller in the distance.

Red and blue lights fill the alley. Patrick runs. The POLICE CAR races up the alley towards him. Patrick LEAPS and grabs a fire escape ladder. He pulls himself up.

EXT. BUILDING ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Patrick runs across the rooftop. Sirens and lights fill the background. Patrick stops at the edge and looks down.

EXT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

A funky 70s van sits at the drive-thru window. Patrick leaps from the roof and SLAMS down on the van, jumps off then runs.

EXT. BALTIMORE STREET - CONTINUOUS

Patrick runs down a side street. He stops to catch his breath. SIRENS sound in the distance.

INT. EMILY'S HOUSE: EMILY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Emily lays in bed listening to her turntable through giant 70's headphones. She hears tapping and jumps out of bed. She opens the window and sees Patrick straddling a tree branch.

EMILY  
What are you doing?

PATRICK  
Can I crash here tonight?

EMILY  
No!

Emily sees the desperation in Patrick's eyes.

EMILY (CONT'D)  
(sighing)  
Give me a second.

Emily opens her bedroom door. She scans the hallway then shuts the door and locks it.

EMILY (CONT'D)  
Get in here, asshole.

Patrick climbs in the window.

INT. EMILY'S HOUSE: EMILY'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Emily sits on the edge of her bed. Patrick digs through her records, pulls out BLACK SABBATH, reconsiders and puts on CAT STEVENS. LADY D'ARBANVILLE fills the room.

EMILY  
You hate Cat Stevens.

PATRICK  
Nah. He's okay.

Emily smirks to herself. Patrick spies a sketch on the wall. Slightly psychedelic and cool.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
Who did that?

EMILY  
I did.

PATRICK  
You're kidding. I never knew you could draw. It's really great.

EMILY

I guess. I wanted to study design in New York but we can't afford it.

PATRICK

New York is the best. Got this shithole beat by a mile. Everyone there, they want something. They're busting ass to get it, but they're doing it. And they're no better than us.

EMILY

What are you doing here, Patrick? What are you mixed up in? What am I covering your ass for?

PATRICK

You ask a lotta questions.

EMILY

Here's another. Why did you break into Tina's house?

Off Patrick's look--

EMILY (CONT'D)

He didn't rat. He even swore Danny to silence. I just know you.

PATRICK

(ignoring the question)  
He's got a record now. Alex.

EMILY

Patrick, everyone knew it was a matter of time before Alex went to jail.

PATRICK

Hey. Alex and me, we're not so different.

EMILY

And maybe this is a wake up call for both of you. Whatever you're doing, drop it. No more crime.

PATRICK

So then you would not be wanting these?

Patrick fishes out the envelope he lifted from Kyle and hands it to Emily. She opens it to find--

All the tickets to the Led Zeppelin Madison Sq. Garden Show.

EMILY

Patrick! How?

PATRICK

I lifted them off that little shit while he was throwing you out of your own group. After you did all the work.

EMILY

I should be mad at you.  
(smiling)  
What am I gonna do with all these tickets?

PATRICK

Have I taught you nothing?

Emily pulls Patrick into her arms and squeals with delight as she hugs him. He settles into her arms. He's back.

Emily tries to keep the moment still, but can't help herself.

EMILY

What if it'd been my house?

The question hangs in the air. A pause, then--

PATRICK

You're right. I hate Cat Stevens.

They embrace and kiss. Cat Stevens begins to skip. Patrick kicks the table gently and rights the record.

EXT. OUTSIDE DANNY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Danny and Keith move the safe into Danny's place. (We can hear them planning, struggling and arguing the in the b/g.)

Alex lights a cigarette while Frenchy hangs back, watching the goings on. He walks up to Alex.

FRENCHY

That was scary, right?

ALEX

You get used to it.

FRENCHY

I wouldn't.  
(PAUSE)  
You mind if I ask you a question?

Alex shakes his head.

FRENCHY (CONT'D)

We didn't really need to get this guitar, to get to Zeppelin, did we? We coulda faked it with my beat up Fender.

ALEX

Boss says we needed the guitar, we needed the guitar.

That seems to placate Frenchy.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Of course, now you're involved, right? Before this, you coulda just walked away. But now he's gotcha.

Doubt planted, Alex boots his cigarette and turns to Frenchy.

ALEX (CONT'D)

I never said it, but thanks. You know, you and Keith coming to see me in jail.

FRENCHY

Oh, yeah man. Sure.

(PAUSE)

I was a little freaked out. I've never been in jail.

(BEAT)

Hey, man. I think it's cool. That whole acting thing. I could see it.

Alex looks at Frenchy sideways, to see if he's fucking with him.

ALEX

Nah.

(PAUSE)

I dunno. Maybe. Maybe.

Alex beams shyly, like Linus in the pumpkin patch. Frenchy nods and they laugh. Then, A CRASH--

DANNY (O.S.)

Goddamn it, Keith, that was my FOOT!

EXT. EMILY'S HOUSE - MORNING

Patrick dresses. Emily lays in bed.

PATRICK

Wanna hang out tonight? Frenchy's band is playing.

EMILY

Yeah. That sounds fun.

PATRICK

OK. I'll pick you up later.

He kisses her and heads for the window. He turns.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
Hey... I wouldn't have. Your-

EMILY  
Yeah.  
(PAUSE)  
Don't disappear again. Okay?

Patrick smiles.

INT. FRENCHY'S HOUSE - BASEMENT

A dingy basement dressed up with rock posters. Frenchy plays guitar on the sofa. Patrick climbs in the basement window.

FRENCHY  
Oh, man. I'm glad you're okay. I can't believe those guys took off.

PATRICK  
It's cool. I know it wasn't your idea.

FRENCHY  
Once Danny got that safe in the trunk he was ready to roll. He barely waited for the guitar.

PATRICK  
What about Alex?

Frenchy says nothing and awkwardly goes back to playing.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
Where is the guitar?

FRENCHY  
(pointing at the sofa)  
You're sitting on it.  
(PAUSE)  
I'm too nervous to play it.

PATRICK  
And the safe?

FRENCHY  
Dropped it at Danny's. Dunno what he did with it. Wouldn't tell us.

Keith bounds down the basement stairs, a short stack of pancakes between his hands.

KEITH  
(calling up the stairs)  
Thanks for the pancakes, Mrs. Harrold.  
(turning to see Patrick)  
Patrick!! You're alive!!

Keith bounds over to the TV and watches it, sound off, devouring his pancakes. The song on the turntable changes. YOU NEED LOVING by THE SMALL FACES.

PATRICK

I know this song. Cover?

FRENCHY

Nope. Small Faces. This version came out three years before Zeppelin's. Zeppelin took it from them.

PATRICK

Let me see that jacket. Those crooks.

FRENCHY

Well, Small Faces took it from Muddy Waters. Zeppelin just did their version of the Faces' version of Muddy Waters' version. Written by Willie Dixon.

Frenchy digs through a crate of records

FRENCHY (CONT'D)

Jimmy Page adapted the beginning of Stairway to Heaven from this band Spirit. Dazed and Confused came from some folk singer.

PATRICK

That's straight up thievery. We're stealing from thieves.

FRENCHY

They're *not* thieves. Everyone borrows, man. That's just music. They used the same elements and just did it better. Look, if I made a grilled cheese sandwich but I put peanut butter on it, that's an original sandwich, but I sure didn't come up with the initial ingredients. But you'd still eat it.

KEITH

Grilled cheese *and* peanut butter? My mouth is *watering*, you bastard!

They laugh but then...awkward silence.

FRENCHY

I've been thinking, man. Let's call this thing off. Sell the guitar, split the money and forget the whole thing.



PATRICK

Call it off? After all we went through to get that guitar?

Frenchy wrestles with a thought, holds back, then blurts--

FRENCHY

Patrick, I don't want to steal from Zeppelin. I love those guys.

PATRICK

I'm sure Zeppelin loved all of these musicians they stole from. Like you said, everybody steals.

FRENCHY

I said *borrow*. Borrowing ideas is how music evolves. It's Elvis Presley covering Little Richard. Or the Stones covering Chicago blues. I'm not talking about taking money.

PATRICK

But Zeppelin made money on all those ideas they borrowed. We're just taking a little something back. Zeppelin is so rich they won't even miss it. We'll be like Robin Hood.

FRENCHY

Except we're keeping the money instead of giving it to the poor.

PATRICK

Frenchy, man, we *are* poor.

EXT. FRONT OF FRENCHY'S HOUSE - DAY

Patrick and Keith get into Patrick's car and drive away. The POV is from across the street, as though they're being watched.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

Patrick pulls into a gas station and shuts off the engine. Keith sits shotgun. While they wait for the attendant--

KEITH

Tomorrow night... New York, baby! I never been anywhere past this town. Zeppelin, man. Me and Zeppelin. It's like a dream come true.

PATRICK

We're robbing them, Keith, not partying with them.

KEITH

I dig it. Hey man, you thought about what you're gonna do with your share of the money?

PATRICK

I dunno. Changes every day. I wanna be smart about it, you know?

(PAUSE)

How about you?

Keith rubs his hands together, big smile on his face. But it's bullshit, fake... scared. Keith gets quiet for a beat.

KEITH

'fuck am I gonna do with twenty five thou? Invest it in the stock market? Prolly just piss it away.

PATRICK

Don't do that. Don't talk yourself down. You're just as good as any of those snooty fucks. We all are.

(imitating upper crust)

*A few of your finest stocks, my good man.* Hey, why not?

They both laugh, but Keith knows the reality. Still...

PATRICK (CONT'D)

(honking the horn)

Where the hell is this guy? I need g-

SUDDENLY-- The window EXPLODES next to his head.

GLASS SHOWERS into the car. Patrick dives across the seat. Two heavily-tattooed arms reach in and grab him. Patrick is dragged through the broken window and dumped on the pavement.

PATRICK'S POV

He looks up slowly- motorcycle boots, tattooed knuckles that say PAIN and LOSS, long tangled beard. This is BACKWOODS BILLY, 40, built to lead an outlaw motorcycle gang. Form-fitting denim and leather, tattoos, gleaming gold cross necklace, burly beard.

Patrick locks eyes with his worst nightmare.

BACKWOODS BILLY

On your feet, son.

Backwoods Billy and RABBIT (enormous biker ogre buried behind a beard and goggles), stand near their motorcycles. Rabbit grabs Patrick and punches him in the stomach. Patrick drops back to the pavement. Another BIKER holds a knife to Keith's throat through the passenger window. He's not going anywhere.

BACKWOODS BILLY (CONT'D)

Son, are you familiar with Samuel 22:38?  
"I have pursued mine enemies and  
destroyed them and not turned away until  
I had consumed them. And I have consumed  
them and wounded them that they could  
not arise. They are fallen under my  
feet."

Patrick can barely follow him.

PATRICK

Huh?

BACKWOODS BILLY

You stole something very valuable from  
me last night, you little asshole.

PATRICK

I'm sorry, sir. There must be some sort  
of a mix up.

BACKWOODS BILLY

When you lie to me boy you make me want  
to act less Christ-like.

Backwoods Billy pulls a piece of paper out of his jacket. He  
holds it up for Patrick to see. It's Patrick's PAYCHECK.

Patrick's expression sinks. Backwoods Billy nods and Rabbit kicks  
Patrick in the stomach.

BACKWOODS BILLY (CONT'D)

You see this bike, son?

Patrick eyes the spotless chrome machine and grunts.

BACKWOODS BILLY (CONT'D)

There was a time in my life when that  
bike was all I had to live for. I didn't  
have a home or a woman. No job. No  
family. That bike was it. You know what  
that does to ya?

(steps on Patrick's  
hand)

It makes you think human life is cheap.  
Back then we wouldn't be talking nice  
like this. I woulda already killed ya  
for what ya done to me.

Patrick tries to talk but sputters.

BACKWOODS BILLY (CONT'D)

Lucky for you I've got God in my life  
now. But that don't mean I'm gonna let  
you get away with what you done.

As Billy pontificates, Rabbit notices a police car cruise by on the street, slowing down to observe them.

BACKWOODS BILLY (CONT'D)  
As the Bible says, "Know this, that if the good man of the house had known in what watch the thief-

RABBIT  
(interrupting)  
Boss. Cops.

Everyone (including Patrick) straightens up and stands down until the police car drives away.

BACKWOODS BILLY  
Rabbit, *never* interrupt me when I'm quoting scripture!

PATRICK  
This was a huge mistake! Please!

Backwoods Billy scans the parking lot.

BACKWOODS BILLY  
Okay, Rabbit. Give it to him.

Rabbit shoves one hand into his leather jacket. Patrick's knees go weak. He nearly collapses. Rabbit pulls a tiny red Bible from his pocket. He presses it into Patrick's hand.

BACKWOODS BILLY (CONT'D)  
Son, do you have God in your life?

Patrick stops and lets out a ragged breath of relief.

BACKWOODS BILLY (CONT'D)  
Relax, boy. Jesus is in my heart. Now I expect that safe you stole from me to be brought back by midnight or I *will* send you to meet your maker.

PATRICK  
(relief)  
Safe? Yes, yes, the safe. You got it.

Rabbit releases Patrick, who gasps for air. Backwoods Billy and Rabbit mount their motorcycles.

BACKWOODS BILLY  
Time for you to straighten out your life. What you need to do is study that Bible and get your mind right.

Patrick tries to nod convincingly.

BACKWOODS BILLY (CONT'D)

That devil worship music you kids listen to nowadays is perverting your moral fabric. The real stairway to heaven is right there in that little book.

Patrick coughs up a loogie full of blood.

PATRICK

Amen.

INT. BRANDY'S - AFTERNOON

A seedy club barely open for business at this hour. A couple of drunks dot the bar. BROTHER LOUIE by STORIES churns on the stereo.

On the far end is a small stage. Alex and Danny set up gear. Frenchy, dressed like Mick Jagger - skintight shirt, bellbottoms, a long red scarf- supervises.

FRENCHY

Be careful, Danny. You gotta treat an instrument like you treat a woman.

ALEX

That *is* how he treats a woman.

Patrick enters- sweaty, shaken, wide-eyed. Keith follows.

ALEX (CONT'D)

What happened to you?

PATRICK

Backwoods Billy grabbed me at the gas station. Said if we don't get his safe back by midnight he's gonna kill us.

ALEX

Billy knows?! Oh man, we're dead.

FRENCHY

What about the guitar?

PATRICK

I don't think he knows that's missing. But he's pissed about that safe.

Danny, overhearing, jumps into the conversation.

DANNY

Did he mention any of us?

PATRICK

No. He just said he knows we have it.

DANNY

No. He knows you have it. He doesn't know shit about the rest of us.

(PAUSE)

Unless you gave him our names.

The mood in the room changes instantly. Patrick knows it.

ALEX

Danny's got a point. Did you mention any of us?

DANNY

Yeah, man. What did you tell him?

PATRICK

Are you kidding? We have to get that safe back to him.

DANNY

Serious as a heart attack. I want to know if you ratted us out!

Keith steps up, angry.

KEITH

Hey, man. Nobody ratted!

PATRICK

I'm not a fucking rat. But I didn't steal that safe. You did. And I'm not going down for you. We're bringing that safe back right now.

DANNY

No can do, amigo. Even if I wanted to give it you, I couldn't. Ain't here.

PATRICK

Where is it?!

DANNY

I can't get into the particulars of that. I'll just tell you that my guys are working on opening that safe right now. For a cut of what's in there. Hell, that thing could be filled with money.

PATRICK

(to Alex)

Are you really going to let him get away with this?

ALEX

What do you want me to do?

PATRICK

He's gonna get us all killed! Not to mention he left me behind the other night.

ALEX

Now you know how it feels.

Patrick stops. He gets into Alex's face. They lock eyes.

PATRICK

You got something to say?

Alex doubles down, his eyes cold steel, and whatever sympathy Patrick's been feeling is gone in an instant. Patrick turns towards Danny.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

(slowly)

If you don't give me that safe right now I'm gonna tell Backwoods Billy that you have it. Hell, I'll give him your address.

Danny flies across the room at Patrick's face.

DANNY

You gonna rat us all out? Huh?

PATRICK

Not all. Just *you*.

Danny pounces on Patrick. They wrestle, knocking over the table and rolling across the room -legs kicking, arms flying. Keith and Alex drag them apart.

ALEX

All right! All right! Break it up!

Patrick and Danny stand glaring at each other.

PATRICK

Backwoods Billy is going to come for that safe. And if he doesn't get it, he isn't going to stop with me. You really want that? Huh? *Danny*? Alex? You want to take on the Holy Ghosts?

ALEX

He's right, Danny. We need that safe back.

DANNY

Boogie is not going to like that.

PATRICK

*Boogie?*

DANNY

Old friend. Best safe cracker in Baltimore.

PATRICK

You better tell *Boogie* that the deal is off and we're taking back the safe.

DANNY

Why don't you do that?

A stand-off... Patrick relents. Danny holds out his arm for Patrick to move out, then follows with Keith, then Alex bringing up the rear. Frenchy, still on stage amid a half set-up band, yells out--

FRENCHY

Where are you going? I can't do *Gimme Shelter* with half a drum kit!

EXT. STREET - DAY

Danny's van stops in front of a beaten-down house in an even more beaten-down neighborhood. The sound of a funk band rehearsing shakes the entire house to the point it feels like it might blow apart. Even the couch in the front yard vibrates. This neighborhood is tougher than they are.

DANNY

This is it.

FRENCHY

You guys are actually gonna go in there?

ALEX

You can stay here and watch the van, French.

FRENCHY

Stay here? By myself?

They file out of the van. Somewhere a gun fires repeatedly, voices yell, dogs bark. Frenchy grabs Keith's wrist.

FRENCHY (CONT'D)

Keith, wait here with me?

KEITH

No way, man. I wanna see what's inside.



EXT. BOOGIE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Patrick, Alex and Keith stand on the front steps. Danny pounds on the door.

DANNY

Boogie! Open up! It's Danny! Boogie!

Danny continues to knock. The music cuts off. We hear loud footsteps approaching. The door opens to reveal BOOGIE, 30s, Black, built, and- A WOMAN! She fills the entire frame, ducking to angle a huge Afro through the doorway. Pam Grier- look out!

KEITH

THAT'S Boogie?

Boogie puts a hand on her hip and fixes Keith with a death glare.

KEITH (CONT'D)

(averting his eyes)

Ma'am.

BOOGIE

What's up, Danny? I'm in the middle of band practice.

DANNY

Uh, can we talk a second?

BOOGIE

Cool.

INT. BOOGIE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The entire house is wired for sound. Cables snake along the hallways, up and down the stairs and around the furniture. Towering speakers fill the hallways. What isn't covered in musical equipment is cluttered with guns.

DANNY

So this is where the magic happens.  
Where you and the band bring the funk.

BOOGIE

What do you want, Danny?

DANNY

Well, uh, I wanted to see how things were going with the safe?

BOOGIE

My guys are working on it.

DANNY

Is it here?

BOOGIE

(suspicious)

Nah. It's over at the shop. What's up?

DANNY

Well, you see...I was thinking that...

PATRICK

(interrupting)

The owner wants it back.

BOOGIE

What the hell you talking about? We had a deal, Danny. You promised me five grand for getting this thing open. Who's gonna pay me my money?

PATRICK

You promised her FIVE grand?

BOOGIE

Yeah, he did.

DANNY

Hang on! See, I told Patrick that we were gonna have to talk to you and work something out.

BOOGIE

Oh, is that how you remember it?

The basement door opens. JOHNNY, 20-something, a short, round, Black man, enters.

JOHNNY

What's going on?

BOOGIE

These white boys tryin to rip us off.

JOHNNY

Is that so?

DANNY

Rip you off?! Boogie, come on, man. You know me! I would never-

PATRICK

Nobody is ripping anybody off. We just need to call the whole thing off. The person that safe belongs to is not someone we want to mess with.

BOOGIE

I thought you got this from some church group? That don't scare me.

PATRICK

A church group? That safe belongs to  
Backwoods Billy and the Holy Ghosts.

Boogie's eyes widen.

BOOGIE

You stole this safe from them motorcycle  
nuts? You boys are fucked now.

PATRICK

Hey, you're just as fucked as we are.

Boogie flies at Patrick. He backs up, hands raised.

BOOGIE

What did you say to me?

PATRICK

Backwoods Billy wants his safe back.  
Let's give it back to him. That way  
nobody gets hurt.

BOOGIE

Nobody is hurting me. In fact, the way  
I see it, the only thing on Earth  
connecting me to those biker nuts is  
your skinny ass. You disappear, ain't  
no way to trace that thing back to me.

Nobody moves until...a KNOCK on the door.

BOOGIE (CONT'D)

Who is that?!? Johnny! Door!

Johnny moves to the door.

JOHNNY'S POV: A fish-eye view of Frenchy, a nervous Mick Jagger.

BOOGIE (CONT'D)

Well? Who is it?

JOHNNY

I think it's Mick Jagger.  
(he looks again)  
Sure look like him.

Boogie shoves Johnny out of the way and throws the door open.

BOOGIE

Who the fuck is you?

Frenchy cowers, losing his top hat.

FRENCHY

I'm, uh, looking for my friends.

Boogie grabs Frenchy and drags him into the house.

ALEX  
Frenchy! What are you doing?

DANNY  
Who's watching my van?

FRENCHY  
I'm going to be late for my gig.

Boogie and Johnny watch the conversation incredulously. Frenchy walks up to Johnny, studying him.

FRENCHY (CONT'D)  
I know you. We played on the same bill once at the old Royal Theater. You're the wildest bass player I've ever seen.

Johnny glares at Frenchy.

JOHNNY  
(softening)  
Yeah. That's me, man.

FRENCHY  
What's your band called?

BOOGIE  
(groaning)  
Awww shit.

JOHNNY  
See, that's a problem right there. I know what I want to call it but this motherfucker don't get it.

BOOGIE  
I get it. I just don't like it.

FRENCHY  
Why? What's the band name?

JOHNNY  
All right, here it is.  
(milking the suspense)  
The New York Giants!

Everyone laughs.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)  
Listen! Listen, you motherfuckers! When people see, "Appearing tonight, the New York Giants" on a flier, they gonna come to the goddamn show.

BOOGIE

They gonna come to the show expecting to see the football team.

FRENCHY

Wouldn't that get you in trouble with the real New York Giants?

JOHNNY

It doesn't matter! We'll have so many fans by then we'll change it. It's just to get people to the shows.

ALEX

That's pretty smart.

JOHNNY

See! *This* motherfucker gets it!

BOOGIE

We ain't calling this band the New York Giants. Man, I can't take this shit.

Boogie runs a hand over her face, thinking.

BOOGIE (CONT'D)

All right. You bring me two grand and I'll get you your safe. Untouched. Otherwise, I'm gonna drill it.

DANNY

That sounds totally fair. See, Patrick! I told you Boogie was the best.  
(holding out his hand)  
Gimme five.

Boogie pushes him out of her way, barely acknowledging him.

PATRICK

What's stopping me from telling Backwoods Billy where his safe is and letting him and the Holy Ghosts come get it themselves?

All of a sudden-- Deadly silence. Boogie surrounds Patrick.

BOOGIE

You threatening me?

PATRICK

I'm just....

BOOGIE

You just WHAT, motherfucker?

Boogie pulls a PISTOL from her pants and levels it at Patrick.

DANNY

Woah! Everybody be cool!

BOOGIE

Shut your damn mouth.

(to Patrick)

Two grand. Or pray to God that Backwoods  
Billy gets you before we do.

EXT. SIDEWALK - MOMENTS LATER

Patrick, Frenchy, Alex and Keith walk back to the van. Danny is at the front door saying goodbye to Boogie. The boys get in.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

KEITH

Two thousand dollars by midnight!

FRENCHY

What about Zeppelin?

ALEX

We could go to New York tonight. They won't have tomorrow's show's take, but two nights of money is better than no nights of money.

They all look at Patrick.

PATRICK

(eyeing Boogie's house)

No. We're not deviating from the plan. We're getting that safe back tonight one way or another.

Danny gets back into the van.

DANNY

I told you Boogie would help us.

(off Patrick's look)

What? We owed her five thousand. Now we only owe her two.

All of a sudden-- A FURIOUS BANGING on the side of the van door. Everyone freaks out, then gets quiet as Danny timidly slides the door open. JOHNNY looms in the doorway. He points to Frenchy.

JOHNNY

Where you playin' tonight, Jagger? I might could come see you.

INT. KEITH'S CAR - NIGHT

The car is inconspicuously parked in front of Boogie's place, headlights off. Keith and Patrick sit in the front.

Keith slumps against the seat and sighs.

KEITH  
How long we gotta sit here?

PATRICK  
They gotta leave some time.

KEITH  
I don't know, man. This seems like a  
bad idea.  
(PAUSE)  
I'm hungry. Got any candy in your purse?

PULL BACK to reveal Emily sitting on the other side of Patrick.  
She glares at Patrick, arms crossed. She's pissed.

EMILY  
Fresh out, sorry.

Patrick keeps his eyes on the house, never looking at her.

EMILY (CONT'D)  
I thought we were seeing Frenchy's band.

PATRICK  
I just gotta talk to someone first.

EMILY  
Who?

PATRICK  
Nobody. Relax. Ten minutes.

EMILY  
Why are all these car stereos in your  
backseat, Keith?

KEITH  
Oh, I sell those.

EMILY  
You sell used car stereos. From the  
backseat of your car.

KEITH  
I eliminate the middleman.

Patrick tries to distract Emily. No crime talk!

PATRICK  
It's too quiet. How about some music?

Keith clicks on the car stereo. DAY BY DAY by GODSPELL fills the  
car. Patrick and Emily look at each other. Keith smiles in  
peaceful bliss.

Boogie, Johnny and their crew exit the house, get into a beat-up van and pull away. Patrick spots them.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Heads up. Here we go.

Keith pulls away from the curb.

EXT. BALTIMORE STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Boogie's van moves through traffic with Keith's car behind.

INT. KEITH'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

KEITH

This is stupid. Why can't we just sell the Les Paul, get them the \$2000 and get the safe back to Billy?

EMILY

The *safe*?

PATRICK

Keith!

KEITH

It's not like we ever had a hope in hell of robbing Zeppelin. Nobody keeps \$100K in a hotel room!

EMILY

Robbing ZEPPELIN?!?

PATRICK

KEITH!

Emily folds her arms, waiting for an explanation, despite the fact she's sliding around the front seat like a loose apple.

EMILY

Start talking!

KEITH

Well, Patrick-

PATRICK

Not you, Keith!

(to Emily)

We're going to the Drake in New York to rob Led Zeppelin. It's nothing.

(off Emily's shocked face)

Kind of a funny story, actually.



EXT. BALTIMORE STREET - CONTINUOUS

Boogie's van cruises through traffic. Keith's car speeds up in back of it.

INT. BOOGIE'S VAN - CONTINUOUS

Boogie drives. Johnny sits shotgun, watching the mirror.

JOHNNY

Man, I think someone is following us.

BOOGIE

I saw that, too. Who is it?

JOHNNY

I dunno. Maybe them motorcycle nuts?

BOOGIE

Now how they gonna be them motorcycle nuts if they in a 'cuda? Shit!

Boogie steps on the gas.

INT. KEITH'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

KEITH

Shit! I think they saw us.

PATRICK

Keep on them, Keith!

KEITH

I dunno, man. What if they catch us?

PATRICK

Keith! *We* are following *them*.

EXT. BALTIMORE STREET - CONTINUOUS

Boogie's van is speeding now. It cuts around another car and through a red light. Keith's car keeps up.

INT. BOOGIE'S VAN - CONTINUOUS

Boogie checks the rearview mirror.

JOHNNY

Damn! Who the fuck *is* that?

BOOGIE

I don't know but it's on now. White folks never learn.

INT. KEITH'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

EMILY

So this is why you came back? To use me to get information about Led Zeppelin? God, I'm so stupid. I actually thought you were sorry for being an asshole.

PATRICK

I was! I am! You've got it all wrong.

Keith's car takes a corner and leaves the ground for a moment.

KEITH

(eyes closed)  
Shiiiiit!

EXT. BALTIMORE STREET - CONTINUOUS

Keith's car flies through the red light. A pick-up truck SWERVES, nearly hitting them.

INT. KEITH'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Patrick grips the dashboard. Emily clings to the door.

EMILY

Patrick! Let me out of this car RIGHT NOW!

PATRICK

Come on, Keith! We're losing them!

EXT. BALTIMORE STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Boogie's van blows a light and makes a left turn. Tires squeal around the corner.

INT. KEITH'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

KEITH

Where did they go? I don't see them.

PATRICK

They turned! Up there!

EXT. BALTIMORE STREET - CONTINUOUS

Keith's car flies around a corner into an alley.

INT. KEITH'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Keith's car turns the corner -STRAIGHT INTO A HEAVILY-ARMED COMMANDO SQUAD. Boogie, Johnny and the rest of their crew stand outside the van, giant guns drawn, ready for action.

EXT. BALTIMORE ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

BOOGIE  
What's up now, motherfuckers!

INT. KEITH'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

KEITH  
Oh shit!

EMILY  
Do they have GUNS?!

PATRICK  
Get down!

Patrick pulls Emily down in the seat. She screams.

EXT. BALTIMORE ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Boogie cocks a large shotgun. Johnny and the rest of the crew aim guns as Keith's car backs up and hauls ass.

BOOGIE  
Mnhmm. That's what I thought.

INT. KEITH'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Keith's car pulls over the side of a quiet street. Everyone tries to catch their breath.

PATRICK  
OK. That did not go well. That was a mistake.

KEITH  
We're good. We're good. I don't think they know it was us.  
(PAUSE)  
I dunno about you, but I'm starving.

Last straw time for Emily. She completely flips. She starts swinging fists, whacking both Patrick and Keith.

EMILY  
Are. You. Fucking. KIDDING. ME??? I'm out of here!

EXT. BALTIMORE STREET - NIGHT

Emily gets out of the car. Patrick follows.

PATRICK  
Get back in the car! It's not safe!

EMILY

SAFE? You just took me on a CRIME SPREE!

As they argue, we hear a slight but persistent hum in the distance that grows louder and louder. Behind them, faint lights dot the darkness and move closer.

Keith sticks his head out the car window.

KEITH

Patrick?

Patrick hears the noise and stops talking. He turns to see--

TEN MOTORCYCLES, riding in formation, headed right for them!

He grabs Emily's hand and they run back to the car and get in. TOO LATE! The cycles have surrounded them.

In the flickering headlights, we see Backwoods Billy. He stops his motorcycle next to passenger side of Keith's car.

BACKWOODS BILLY

Get out here, boy. You, too, shithead.

INT. KEITH'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

PATRICK

(to Emily)

Stay here. Do not get out of the car.

EXT. BALTIMORE STREET - CONTINUOUS

Backwoods Billy and his gang of Holy Ghosts fill the street and the sidewalk. They are vicious Huns. A total nightmare.

Patrick and Keith stand in front of them.

BACKWOODS BILLY

I told you I wanted that safe back by midnight. Time's up.

Backwoods Billy grabs Patrick around the neck.

BACKWOODS BILLY (CONT'D)

Destruction cometh and they shall seek peace, and there shall be none.

Billy slams his fist into Patrick's face. Patrick goes down hard on all fours. Rabbit steps forward with a huge wrench.

INT. KEITH'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Emily watches Patrick through the window.

EMILY

Patrick!

EXT. BALTIMORE STREET - CONTINUOUS

Emily gets out of the car and runs towards them. Patrick sees her coming. So do the Holy Ghosts. A biker grabs her.

PATRICK

Get off her!

Rabbit looks to Emily. Patrick sees his chance. He SHOVES Rabbit, catching him off guard. Patrick grabs the wrench from Rabbit's hand and runs towards Emily.

BACKWOODS BILLY

Get that bastard!

Rabbit leads a pack of Holy Ghosts chasing Patrick as he runs towards Emily.

Keith tries to run. Bikers knock him to the ground and beat him.

KEITH

Patrick! Help!

Bikers drag Keith towards the motorcycles. Patrick hesitates. Keith or Emily?

CRACK! Patrick brings the wrench down on the skull of the Holy Ghost holding Emily. He grabs her by the shoulders.

PATRICK

RUN!

EMILY

I'll get help!

PATRICK

NO! Just run.

Emily hesitates a moment, then bolts up the street.

Bikers surround Patrick. He waves the wrench back and forth but he's cornered. Rabbit steps up and punches him.

Emily turns back as Holy Ghosts take Patrick down. He disappears in a tornado of kicks and punches.

BACKWOODS BILLY

All right. Get him up.

Rabbit picks Patrick up by the neck. Blood pours from Patrick's nose. His left eye is swollen and already puffing up. Billy punches Patrick in the stomach.

Rabbit checks his watch.

RABBIT

Boss. It's past midnight.

BACKWOODS BILLY

(to Patrick)

Look what you done. You made me commit transgression against my brother on the Sabbath. Now I have to pray for forgiveness.

Billy restrains himself from doing any more damage.

BACKWOODS BILLY (CONT'D)

You got lucky, boy. It's Sunday. And I'm a Christian man. I'm giving you one day, ONE DAY, to bring me what you stole. We're gonna be taking your buddy with us. You get him back when I get my safe.

Billy tosses an unconscious Keith into a sidecar.

BACKWOODS BILLY (CONT'D)

This is your last chance, boy.

Rabbit flings Patrick to the ground. Bikers mount their cycles and roar off, leaving Patrick in a heap as he passes out.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - MORNING

Patrick lies in a hospital bed. He opens eyes his eyes and finds a man in a suit standing over him. He's DETECTIVE COOPER, age 47, ruffled with an unctuous air about him.

COOPER

Hello, Patrick. How are you feeling?

PATRICK

I'm okay.

COOPER

They worked you over pretty good, huh?

PATRICK

(suspiciously)

You a doctor or something?

COOPER

Detective Cooper. Baltimore P.D.

(off Patrick's look)

Uh oh. I didn't put one of your friends in jail did I? Maybe some relative? Happens all the time.

PATRICK  
What do you want?

COOPER  
I came to talk to you about what happened  
last night.

PATRICK  
Nothing happened. I fell.

COOPER  
That's not how I heard it.

PATRICK  
Fuck off.

COOPER  
(dropping the act)  
Listen, I personally don't care who  
kicked the shit out of you. It's just  
that, while you were getting worked  
over last night, friend of yours went  
missing. Did you know that?

Patrick crosses his arms.

COOPER (CONT'D)  
Can I smoke in here? No. Probably not.  
Hell with it. Call a cop, right?

He lights a cigarette, offers one to Patrick who declines.

COOPER (CONT'D)  
Anyway, I'm trying to track down your  
pal Keith... whatever his last name is.  
Went to see his mother this morning.  
She had no idea he was missing. Boy, is  
she a piece of work.

PATRICK  
If Keith's mom didn't call you, who  
did?

COOPER  
(reads from his notebook)  
An Emily Lo-Locher, Looker?. Ring a  
bell? She called the station. Said there  
was a big fight. A motorcycle gang  
grabbed this kid Keith and took off.  
(closes the notebook)  
Wouldn't have been the Holy Ghosts?

PATRICK  
(shrugs, pointedly)  
I told you. I fell.

COOPER

Yeah, well, I'll leave my card. Gimme a call if your friend turns up. If the Holy Ghosts took him he's probably dead. Call me if he's dead. Dead I can work with.

Cooper drops the card on the counter next to a water pitcher and a bottle of pills. He picks up the pills.

COOPER (CONT'D)

Percodan. I, uh... You don't mind.

Cooper opens the bottle and shakes out a handful of pills, pocketing them. He exits.

The phone RINGS. Patrick tentatively answers.

PATRICK

Hello?

BACKWOODS BILLY (on phone)

Is that Patrick?

The blood drains from Patrick's already pale face.

INT. SHOOTERS - MORNING

Backwoods Billy holds the phone while drinking a cup of coffee. Rabbit tries pouring a little booze in the cup from a flask, but Billy stops him, shaking his head. It *is* the Sabbath.

BACKWOODS BILLY

Just making sure we didn't beat you so hard you forgot what happened last night.

CROSSCUT between Patrick and Backwoods Billy.

PATRICK

Let me talk to Keith!

The camera PULLS back on Billy and we see Keith sitting near him, wolfing down a plate of eggs and bacon, the lower half of his body tied to a chair. Three HUGE HOLY GHOSTS flank him. Billy hands Keith the phone. Keith takes it with one hand and shoves a piece of bacon in his mouth with the other.

Billy SMACKS Keith in the head.

BACKWOODS BILLY

Swallow, boy. You eat like a pig.

Keith rubs his head and does as he's told.

KEITH

Hey, man.



PATRICK

Jesus, Keith. Are you okay?

KEITH

Yeah, I guess. He made me go to church.

PATRICK

(laughs awkwardly)

And you didn't burst into flames?

(PAUSE)

Hey, listen. We're gonna get you out of there. I swear to God.

KEITH

Don't miss the show tonight because of me, man. That'd really piss me off. I-

Backwoods Billy grabs the phone away from Keith.

BACKWOODS BILLY

There. You heard him. He's alive. For now. But Sunday is tickin' away, so I suggest you quit havin' a vacation in that hospital bed and get me my goddamn safe!

Billy flinches as he realizes what he's said. He puts his fist through the table. He hangs up.

Patrick checks the clock- 9:30AM. He takes a breath, rips out his IV and climbs out of bed.

EXT. BOOGIE'S HOUSE - DAY

Patrick, Alex and Frenchy hustle up the walkway.

ALEX

Danny is not gonna like that you came here without him.

PATRICK

Danny can kiss my ass. We need that safe so we can save Keith.

He pounds on the front door. Alex and Frenchy stand behind him. Boogie opens the door and takes in the motley trio.

BOOGIE

Damn. Get in here. Y'all are lowering my property value.

INT. BOOGIE'S HOUSE- CONTINUOUS

Boogie leads them through the house.

BOOGIE

Wooo! Look at you. That crazy biker finally beat your ass for stealing from him.

PATRICK

They kidnapped Keith.

BOOGIE

You a lucky motherfucker. You know that? Lucky he didn't just kill you. Personally, that's what I woulda done. BOOM! Just for following someone in a tricked out 'cuda.

Boogie smiles at Patrick. Patrick grimaces back.

They arrive in a back room. Johnny works on the safe.

BOOGIE (CONT'D)

That biker hillbilly must really want whatever is in this thing to go through all this and let your ass live.

PATRICK

Exactly. And I want to know just what the hell is in there.

JOHNNY

We're about to find out.

We hear a loud CLICK. Johnny pulls down the handle. The door swings open.

PATRICK

You gotta be kidding me.

WE SEE: Two reel-to-reel tapes inside the safe. JIM NABORS' GALVESTON and ANNE MURRAY'S SNOWBIRD. That's it. Nothing else.

BOOGIE

What in the hell?

JOHNNY

That's it? Two crusty old tapes?

FRENCHY

Those aren't even good albums. I mean, Snowbird has its charms-

PATRICK

Frenchy!

Boogie and Johnny laugh.

ALEX  
We're so fucked.

PATRICK  
We can't even give this back to Billy now. It's ruined.

JOHNNY  
You buy another safe just like this one and I can switch the locks. He'll never tell the difference.

PATRICK  
Fine. Add it to my tab.

BOOGIE  
Your tab? What I look like to you, Bobby Brady, a motherfuckin' department store?  
(to Johnny)  
And you don't be doin' no favors!

Johnny puts an arm around Patrick and Frenchy.

JOHNNY  
Awww, man, ease up. These my boys. They can't help they stupid. Musicians' code, Boog.

Frenchy and Patrick smile like the two most adorable Little Rascals you've ever seen. Boogie rolls her eyes.

BOOGIE  
Shiiiiit. You owe me two grand plus the cost of the new safe. By tomorrow! Otherwise I'll sink this motherfucker in the harbor and forget you idiots dragged me into this shit.

INT. PATRICK'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Patrick rests his head on the steering wheel.

PATRICK  
Zeppelin's last New York show is tonight.  
(checks his watch)  
It's three hours to New York and three back. We'd have to go right to the hotel and make the score before the show to get back on time to pay Boogie and-

ALEX  
It's over, Patrick. Just admit it.

PATRICK  
It's NOT over. We have to help Keith.

ALEX

We can't do it with just me and you.

FRENCHY

And me.

Alex and Patrick exchange looks.

ALEX

Face it. We need Danny.

FRENCHY

I dunno. I'm no criminal mastermind, but that guy is really dumb. Couldn't we get someone else?

ALEX

At the last minute?

FRENCHY

Alex, you have so many thieves in your family, they could unionize.

ALEX

Danny can do this.

PATRICK

We can't trust him. He left me at the pawn shop the other night. And he left us both at Tina's house.

ALEX

No, you left me at Tina's house.

PATRICK

That's not fair.

ALEX

I went to jail. That isn't fair.

PATRICK

And I feel like shit about that, man. I really do. That's why I brought you this Zeppelin deal.

ALEX

Don't act like you're doing me any favors. You knew you couldn't handle Zeppelin alone. You needed me.

PATRICK

Fine. So when we pull this off, consider it payback for all the times I forced poor little Alex into a life of crime.

Alex looks him over.

ALEX

Fair enough. But we do it my way.

Patrick sighs. He's beaten.

INT. DANNY'S HOUSE: LIVING ROOM - NOON

Danny, wearing nothing but sweatpants, practices karate -poorly- in front of the mirror. The DOORBELL rings.

He stops and opens the door, nunchucks over his shoulder. Patrick, Alex and Frenchy stand on the step.

DANNY

What do you guys want?

Alex nudges Patrick.

PATRICK

(reluctantly)

We need your help.

Suddenly, from inside the house--

DANNY'S MOTHER (O.S.)

Daniel! Who's at the door?

DANNY

(ignoring her)

Why would I want to help you?

Patrick looks as though he'd rather die. Finally--

PATRICK

(through gritted teeth)

Because no one is better at stealing things than you are.

DANNY

(loving it)

I'm sorry, I didn't catch that.

DANNY'S MOTHER (O.S.)

Goddamn it, Daniel! Who is it?

ALEX

It's me, Grandma. Alex.

DANNY'S MOTHER (O.S.)

Just what I need, another jailbird in my house. I better not find out one of you has been digging through my purse.

DANNY

Let's take this to my office.

INT. DANNY'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - LATER

Danny's lair, complete with stereo, bong, and kung fu posters. Danny blows out a huge cloud of bong smoke. BAD BAD BOY by NAZARETH steams out of the speakers. The stolen MOOSE HEAD is nailed up over his bed.

DANNY

I don't know, man. Why Zeppelin? They're one of the most bitchiest bands around!

ALEX

This cash can clear up all our problems with Backwoods Billy and Boogie and get Keith back.

Danny poses in the mirror while he thinks it over.

DANNY

I think I'll sit this one out. 'sides, I got money comin' from the safe.

Patrick smiles. He's going to enjoy this.

PATRICK

Boogie opened the safe. You know what was inside?

(off Danny's hopeful look)

Two reel-to-reel tapes.

FRENCHY

And not even good ones. Anne Murray and Jim Nabors. Though-

Patrick cuts Frenchy dead with a look.

DANNY

(to Alex)

He's lying! He's lying, isn't he?

(off Alex's head shake)

No money?

PATRICK

Not a dime.

Danny plops back down. He lets out a long, agonizing sigh.

ALEX

So you'll help us?

DANNY

No! I still ain't gonna do it. I've had it with Patrick's half-assed plans.

DANNY'S MOTHER enters with a basket of laundry.

DANNY'S MOTHER

Are those my sweatpants? Goddamn it, Daniel! How many times have I told you not to wear my clothes! Look at 'em! The waistband's all stretched out.

DANNY

Ma! We're talking here! Go upstairs!

DANNY'S MOTHER

You need to talk about getting a job. It's time you got your ass out of my basement and got to work!

(to Alex)

And you. Don't you have a home?

ALEX

I just came by with Patrick to talk to Uncle Danny about something.

DANNY'S MOTHER

Patrick! How are you, sweetie? Oh my god, what happened to your face.

PATRICK

It's nothing. I'll be all right.

DANNY'S MOTHER

Well, you need anything, you holler. I'm sure I got some aspirin in the cabinet. It's the only thing this one *hasn't* eaten.

Danny's mother leaves. Danny stands up.

DANNY

Sorry, boys. You heard my answer. Now get outta here. I got things.

Danny strikes a ninja pose. He thinks he's bad.

ALEX

Are you really wearing Grandma's sweatpants?

EXT. SHOOTERS BAR PARKING LOT - DAY

Two Holy Roller thugs grab Keith by the arms and drag him through the parking lot. He struggles all the way, yelling and pleading.

KEITH

Please. Don't. I swear I'll be good!

They shove him towards a waiting Backwoods Billy, and we pull back to see...

A CEREMONY. All the Holy Rollers gathered around what looks to be a blow up kiddie pool filled with water. Billy is at the center, holding a bible.

BACKWOODS BILLY

Don't struggle, son. You've got to want it, else the the power of Jesus Christ ain't gonna flow through you.

(PAUSE)

Go on, boys.

The Holy Rollers holding Keith flip him upside down and hold his head inches over the kiddie pool. His filthy hair falls down in his face and is dangerously close to hitting the water.

KEITH

No! No! Not my hair!

All of a sudden, Danny's van drives up. Keith sees it first.

KEITH (CONT'D)

I'm saved! I'm saved!

BACKWOODS BILLY

That's the spirit, son.

Danny approaches the gathering. Billy turns and sees him. The Holy Ghosts draw guns or knives from behind their bibles.

DANNY

Easy, easy. I'm just here to talk.

BACKWOODS BILLY

We're not giving up your friend 'til we get what's ours.

DANNY

I'm not here for that asshole. I wanna talk business.

Billy looks around at his ghosts. He laughs. They laugh.

BACKWOODS BILLY

What kinda business you got for me?

DANNY

I hear you're looking for a safe.

All laughing stops. Billy gets eerily calm and points to Danny.

BACKWOODS BILLY

What do you know?

KEITH

He doesn't know shit!



DANNY

You shut up, you little bastard.  
 (To Billy, trying to  
 compose himself)  
 I can help you get it back.

Billy's expression doesn't change. Danny continues.

DANNY (CONT'D)

We're both businessmen. *Colleagues*, if you will. Maybe you've heard of some of the scores I've pulled. Fact is, I've got my ear to the ground. I know things, *people*. We probably run in the same circles, you and me. You want your safe back? I'm your man.

(PAUSE)

For say, 50% of whatever's in there is worth. Half up front.

Billy chuckles, then walks up to Danny, face-to-face. No one moves. Then suddenly--

WHAM! Billy smacks Danny across the face with his bible! WHAM! Another smack across the face. WHAM! A third.

Danny falls to his knees, more humiliated than injured. Billy continues to smack him across the face with the good book.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Stop! Stop!

Billy finally restrains himself.

DANNY (CONT'D)

I thought you were supposed to be a man of God. Damn!

Billy shines the cover of his bible with his elbow and hands it off to Rabbit.

BACKWOODS BILLY

Let me tell you something about God, you tiny nothing. God is not love. He ain't about kindness, either. God is a vengeful, petty son-of-a-bitch.

Some of the Holy Rollers shout out *Amens*.

BACKWOODS BILLY (CONT'D)

He asks for nothing other than your complete devotion. And you gotta be straight with him. If you commit a wrong against God, he will fuck you up royally. And I like that. I *get* that. So you ask me if I'm a man of God?

(MORE)

BACKWOODS BILLY (CONT'D)

(Billy hauls Danny up  
by his shirt)

You bet your sweet ass I am. Now get  
the hell out of here, you lyin' piece  
of shit, or I'll show you the wrath of  
God.

Billy lets go of Danny's shirt. Danny looks around, assesses the  
situation, and takes off running to his van.

Billy turns back to his disciples. He lays hands on Keith.

BACKWOODS BILLY (CONT'D)

Relax, boy. It only burns for a moment.

INT. PATRICK'S CAR - AFTERNOON

Patrick pulls his car in to find Emily standing by his door,  
waiting, arms folded. From the backseat--

FRENCHY

Uh-oh.

PATRICK

Wait. I don't know why I didn't think  
of this before.

ALEX

You're not--

PATRICK

I am.

Patrick gets out of the car.

FRENCHY

What's going on?

ALEX

Chicks and heists. Bad news.

EXT. PATRICK'S DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Patrick approaches Emily.

EMILY

You're alive.

PATRICK

(shrugging)  
More or less.

EMILY

Why didn't you tell me you got out of  
the hospital?

PATRICK

Why didn't you tell me you were going to call the police?

EMILY

You're actually mad at me for calling the police? Keith was kidnapped!

PATRICK

Hey, you think the cops give a fuck about people like us? Shit, Keith disappearing is gonna bring down the crime rate around here by half. They're not gonna bust their asses to look for some burnout kid who doesn't even matter to his own mother. I'm taking care of it -without the police.

EMILY

Taking care of what? Let's not forget the fact that you put *my* life in danger. If we're going to be together you have to be honest with me.

Patrick sighs. It's time to bring Emily into the family.

PATRICK

You're right. And I need your help. We need your help.

EMILY

Zeppelin?

PATRICK

Zeppelin.

Alex and Frenchy get out of the car and back Patrick up.

EMILY

(stone faced)  
I'm listening.

PATRICK

(deep breath, fast)  
Zeppelin gets paid in cash only and we were gonna go to The Drake in New York City and break into Richard Cole's room to steal the money. But in order to do that, we needed a guitar rare enough to sell to Jimmy Page so we stole one from Backwoods Billy, but Danny also stole his safe and he found out. Danny gave it to a safecracker named Boogie because he thought there was money in it, but there was only a couple of tapes in it-

FRENCHY

Anne Murray and Jim Nab-

PATRICK

-*thank you*, Frenchy- but Billy kidnapped Keith to get the safe back, but we can't get the safe back unless we pay Boogie two grand plus the cost of a new safe, so now we have to go to New York and rob Zeppelin to get the money to pay Boogie get the safe before the Holy Ghosts kill Keith, and *nothing* can go wrong. And you know *everything* about Zeppelin so yes, we need you.

Emily stares at the trio as if they just escaped from an asylum. They stare back. Finally--

EMILY

First of all, you're never going to get into Richard Cole's room because he's not registered as Richard Cole. They all register under aliases. Second, you need someone to clear the hallways because *everyone* knows the aliases and the entire floor is party central. Lastly, you three clowns aren't gonna get shit done. You need a hot babe to get information. One who can handle herself.

(PAUSE)

Now tell me the rest of your plan, and I'll fix it.

The boys are stunned. Impressed, but stunned.

PATRICK

You're sure you wanna do this?

EMILY

Kick me outta my own group? I'm gonna come back with a story to beat 'em all.

PATRICK

Yeah, but you can't tell anyone.

EMILY

I can tell you. Over and over.

They turn to head back to the car to find--

Danny, leaning against the hood.

DANNY

Well, kids, I'll tell you what. I'm gonna help you out just this once.

INT. PATRICK'S CAR - AFTERNOON

Patrick's car flies up the highway. Danny sits shotgun, Emily between them. Frenchy and Alex in the back. STONE FREE by JIMI HENDRIX on the stereo. A flurry of activity surrounds Patrick.

PATRICK

All right guys. Let's go over the plan.  
Danny, you'll get Richard Cole's room  
number from the desk.

DANNY

Alex! Did you pick up that bag of  
Electric Gypsy like I told you?

Alex holds up a huge bag of pot.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Spark it up! And hit me with a beer.

Alex pulls a can of beer from a cooler and tosses it to Danny.

EMILY

Not Richard Cole. He's registered under  
the name Humbert Humbert.

PATRICK

I don't even wanna unpack that one.  
Then we rendezvous in the elevator...

FRENCHY

What happened to that Humble Pie 8-track  
I brought? Did it fall under your seat?

Alex rolls a joint in his lap.

ALEX

Can't exactly look for it right now.

PATRICK

Come on guys! Pay attention!

Frenchy lays across the seat and searches underneath Alex.

DANNY

Is that the album with Shaky Jake on  
it? That's a rockin' tune.

ALEX

Watch it, man! You're gonna spill the  
weed!

Danny drums on the dashboard and sings.

DANNY

Shaky Jake, boy, what you gonna do!

Patrick throws an arm across Emily and SLAMS on the brakes. Danny SMASHES into the windshield. Frenchy is THROWN to the floor. The marijuana in Alex's lap DUMPS on Frenchy's head.

ALEX

What the hell, man!

FRENCHY

Aww, it's in my mouth!

PATRICK

LISTEN UP!

DANNY

(cradling his head)

Alright! Alright! Damn.

PATRICK

Danny, you'll get Richard Co- Humbert Humbert's room number from the front desk. Then we all rendezvous in the elevator. When we reach Zeppelin's floor, Frenchy will get Richard out of his room while me and Danny clear the floor. Once the floor is clear Alex will have roughly eight minutes to get into Richard's room, get the money and get out. Frenchy, whatever you do, do not let Richard go back to his room until you receive my signal. Emily, I don't want you seen with any of us in case we get caught. You'll be stationed in the lobby ready to cause a diversion in case we need an escape out the front.

FRENCHY

What's your signal again?

PATRICK

(exasperated)

I'm going to come get you!

EMILY

Frenchy, pretend you already made the deal with Cole. He won't remember. But if you sound like you know what you're talking about, he'll fall in line.

ALEX

I got a question. What's that other guitar in the trunk for?

PATRICK

(apoplectic)

What other guitar? There should be no other guitar!!

FRENCHY

I brought my old Telecaster. I want Jimmy Page to autograph it.

PATRICK

Damn it, Frenchy! We're not here to get autographs.

FRENCHY

How many times do you get to meet one of your heroes?

ALEX

We're robbing him.

FRENCHY

Exactly! It's not like I can ever show my face in front of Jimmy Page again. If not now, when?!

Alex puffs on a joint.

ALEX

Maybe it's this Electric Gypsy talking but I think we can pull this off.

PATRICK

Damn right! By this time tomorrow, Billy will have his safe, we'll have Keith, and we'll all be counting our dough.

The New York City skyline looms in the distance. Danny sticks his head out the window.

DANNY

ROCK 'N' ROLL!

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREETS - DAY

The busy streets of midtown Manhattan. The sidewalk traffic parts for the guys, looking bad-ass in black suits, Emily in a white button down blouse, bolero jacket and a wraparound leather miniskirt. Danny and Frenchy carry guitar cases.

INT. DRAKE HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

An epic rock 'n' roll party rages in the hotel as Zeppelin fans turn the lobby into a weekend night at the Whiskey-A-Go-Go. The HOTEL CLERK behind the front desk looks worn out by the drunken carnival. A chauffeur approaches carrying a guitar case.

HOTEL CLERK

Can I help you?

We see it's actually Danny, hair tucked into a chauffeur cap.

DANNY

Yeah. You can tell me where I can find those Zeppelin boys. They left this guitar in my limo and I need to get it back to them. Guy by the name of *Rickard Cole* hired me. I can give it to him.

HOTEL CLERK

I'll tell you what I've told everyone else. There is no one staying here under the name Led Zeppelin or Richard Cole. If you wish, you can leave the guitar here with me and I can hold it in case Mr. Cole checks in at a later date.

Danny holds up the guitar case.

DANNY

This is a 1958 Gibson Les Paul. One of the rarest guitars on the planet. It belongs to Mr. Jimmy Page. You really think I trust any of the mongrels hanging around this lobby to come near this thing? Just tell me what room this Cole is in and I'll take it up to him.

A wasted girl stumbles across the lobby. A bottle of wine dangles from one hand. She opens an office door.

HOTEL CLERK

Miss! Miss! Don't go in there!

She staggers into the office and closes the door.

DANNY

See what I'm talking about? That chick wouldn't think twice about walking right off with this thing. Zeppelin would have your ass and mine. No, sir! The only person I'm handing this over to is Mr. Rickard Cole.

The Hotel Clerk eyes the office door.

HOTEL CLERK

Can you hang on one second?

DANNY

Now, I ain't accusing you of anything. I can tell that you're understaffed and overworked. Hell, this is a goddamn circus. You can't be expected to handle all this alone.

There is a CRASH behind the office door.



HOTEL CLERK

Sir, I really need to....

DANNY

You just let me know where I can find Mr. Cole and I'll be out of your way.

The Hotel Clerk opens the office door. The wasted girl squats in the corner peeing.

HOTEL CLERK

Oh, good lord! Are you...*urinating*?

DANNY

See what I mean? She could have pissed right on the guitar. And then you'd be in some deep shit.

Emily approaches the desk. Her hair is pulled back and she's wearing glasses. *Very professional. Blouse unbuttoned a bit... just in case.*

EMILY

Excuse me. I'm here to see Mr. Humbert. *Humbert Humbert.* I'm from the agency.

The clerk looks her over quickly. He approves.

HOTEL CLERK

Mr. Humbert is in room 2110. Top floor.

The clerk goes back to the groupie in the closet. Emily turns to Danny.

EMILY

(hissing)

Get moving, you moron. And it's *Richard Cole!*

INT. DRAKE HOTEL: ELEVATOR BANK - MOMENTS LATER

Danny enters an elevator. Patrick, Frenchy and Alex each enter separately pretending not to know each other.

INT. DRAKE HOTEL: ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

The door closes. Danny tosses the chauffeur cap and drops the guitar with a THUD. Frenchy scrambles for the guitar and cradles it, glaring at Danny.

PATRICK

Everyone knows what to do.

ALEX

Yes. So don't tell us again.

The elevator doors open. Danny shoves past them into the hall.

DANNY

Showtime!

INT. DRAKE HOTEL: TOP FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

This party is even wilder than the one in the lobby. Rock 'n' roll types pack the narrow hallways. Two topless girls run past giggling as the boys move up the hallway. Crashed-out partiers lay on the floor. Patrick leads the crew through the chaos. The boys stop at room 2110.

PATRICK

All right, Frenchy. This is it.

Patrick, Alex and Danny move to the other end of the hallway. They peek around the corner. Frenchy knocks on the door. Nothing happens. Frenchy knocks again. The door flies open.

RICHARD COLE

Wot do you want?

FRENCHY

I'm Reginald Chamberlain. We met at the Baltimore show.

RICHARD COLE

No fucking clue, mate.

PATRICK

Jimmy was interested in buying my guitar.

RICHARD COLE

No. He's not.

Richard starts to close the door. Frenchy flings open the guitar case holding the '58 Les Paul. The sight of the guitar stops Richard Cole in his tracks. It even gleams.

FRENCHY

Oh, but he is. Remember? '58 Gibson Les Paul?

Richard's eyes widen.

FRENCHY (CONT'D)

At least I thought he was. But I guess I can always go sell it to Emerson, Lake & Palmer.

Frenchy turns to go. Richard grabs him by the arm.

RICHARD COLE

Don't be a smartarse. Come with me.

He steps out of his room and closes the door. He leads Frenchy down the hallway to a door. He knocks and enters. Frenchy gives the boys a thumbs up and slips inside.

PATRICK

You're on, Danny.

DANNY

HOTEL SECURITY! CLEAR THE FLOOR,  
ASSHOLES!

Danny and Patrick herd people towards the elevators. Fans help others too stoned or drunk to walk.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Move it! Get out of here!

BURNOUT GUY

Woah, man! I don't have to go anywhere!

DANNY

You can go down the elevator or out a window. What's it gonna be?

A small girl tries to bolt past Danny.

DANNY (CONT'D)

No you don't!

Danny snags the back of her shirt and hurls her into the open elevator just as the door closes.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Strike!

Alex knocks on the door to room 2110.

ALEX

Room service.

Nothing happens. He crouches and wedges a small piece of metal into the door frame. Patrick returns to Alex.

PATRICK

Come on, come on. Time is tight.

ALEX

You're a fucking nag today, Grandma.

We hear a CLICK and the door to room 2110 unlocks.

ALEX (CONT'D)

I got it! I'm going in.

Alex slips into the room. The door closes.

INT. DRAKE HOTEL: LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Emily scouts the doors of the elevators, checking her watch. She turns and sees--

THE MISTY MOUNTAIN HOPPERS in the flesh! She looks for a place to hide. TOO LATE! Anna, Kyle and Lisa surround her.

ANNA

Darling sister! Whatever are you doing here?

EMILY

I'm here for the show. You need tickets?

KYLE

I knew it! She's scalping our tickets!

EMILY

My tickets. Let's talk price. 'Course I can't give you the Hopper discount seeing as I'm no longer a member.

LISA

Don't do it.  
(hissing)  
She bruised my tit!

EMILY

You buying? If not, don't crowd me.

Kyle and Anna exchange looks.

KYLE

How much?

EMILY

I'll make you a deal.  
(points to Lisa)  
I'm in. She's out.

Lisa scoffs and glares at Anna. Anna considers, and--

ANNA

Sold.  
(to Lisa)  
Fuck off, Lisa.

INT. DRAKE HOTEL: TOP FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Patrick and Danny stand guard outside room 2110. Alex pops his head out from the room.

ALEX

Dude, there's nothing here.

PATRICK  
What do you mean?

ALEX  
I can't find it, man. There's no money.

DANNY  
Get outta the way!

Danny shoves past Alex and into the room. Patrick follows.

INT. DRAKE HOTEL: ROOM 2110 - MOMENTS LATER

The room is trashed. Danny dumps out suitcases and drawers. Patrick searches through the closet. Alex stands, arms folded.

ALEX  
You think I didn't do that?

PATRICK  
It's got to be here. It's Sunday. There's no way he could have deposited it.

ALEX  
Man, Patrick, I can't believe I fell for your shit again!

PATRICK  
Wait! Maybe there's a safe!

Patrick knocks all the paintings off the wall. Nothing.

Danny pulls a PISTOL from his waistband. Everyone freezes.

DANNY  
All right. New fucking plan. We're gonna hide in the bathroom and wait for this guy to return and we'll make him give us the money.

PATRICK  
Are you crazy? We're not doing that!

DANNY  
Fine. I'll go get him.

Danny charges across the room. Alex blocks the door. Patrick GRABS Danny. They FALL over the bed and SLAM to the floor. The gun bounces across the room. Danny tries to stand but Patrick grabs his legs. Danny drags Patrick across the floor.

PATRICK'S POV

Something glimmers under the bed.

PATRICK

Wait! Look! Look!

Patrick stretches for it as Danny struggles to get free. It's a METAL KEY that reads SAFE DEPOSIT BOX 51.

Patrick lets a wheezing Danny up. He shows the key to Alex, who smiles begrudgingly and nods. Patrick is gleeful.

INT. DRAKE HOTEL: LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

The elevator doors open. Patrick and Danny charge through the crowd of partiers. They bee line to the front desk.

HOTEL CLERK

Can I help you?

The hotel clerk recoils at the sight of Patrick's busted up face, but does his best to be diplomatic.

PATRICK

Need to get into our safe deposit box.

Patrick holds up the safe deposit box key.

HOTEL CLERK

Sir, we only allow the guest who requested the box to access it.

PATRICK

Mr. Humbert- Mr. Cole is in a meeting right now and sent me down to pay the chauffeur for returning our guitar. These guys. They get paid thousands to play the damn things but can't remember to bring 'em with them.

HOTEL CLERK

I'm going to have to call Mr. Cole's room for authorization.

PATRICK

Mr. Cole gave us strict instructions that he is not to be disturbed.

The plea falls on deaf ears. The Hotel Clerk dials the phone. The ringing blasts from a speaker on the desk. Patrick and Danny trade worried looks.

Someone answers!

HOTEL CLERK

Hello, Mr. Cole. This is the front desk calling.

INT. DRAKE HOTEL: ROOM 2110 - CONTINUOUS

HOTEL CLERK (O.S.)  
Mr. Cole? Are you there?

Alex stares at the phone receiver in his hand like it's an alien. He takes a breath and--

ALEX  
'ello! This is Richard.

Alex speaks in a flawless British accent that shocks even him.

INT. DRAKE HOTEL: LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Patrick and Danny look stunned.

HOTEL CLERK  
Hello Mr. Cole. I have someone here who claims he was sent to access your safe deposit box.

ALEX (O.S.)  
Oh yes. To pay the chauffeur. Right-o! Would you like me to describe the chap I sent down?

HOTEL CLERK  
No. That won't be necessary.

ALEX (O.S.)  
It's quite all right. He has long hair that begs a good washing. He's wearing a black suit that desperately needs dry-cleaned. Got the bollocks beaten out of him the other night by the wardrobe mistress, 'e did. Overall, he's a decent chap. Just a bit rough 'round the edges. But solid.

PATRICK  
(under his breath)  
Son-of-a-bitch is an actor!

HOTEL CLERK  
Okay sir. Thank you.

ALEX (O.S.)  
Cheers, guv. Now be a mate and let him into the box. We need to pay this asshole chauffeur and send him on his way. Get a look at that one, did'ja?

Danny fumes. The Hotel Clerk hangs up. He waves Patrick and Danny back to the vault.

INT. DRAKE HOTEL: JIMMY PAGE'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

An elegant hotel suite buried beneath the excess of a rock god. Several black guitars cases line the room. A huge bottle of Jack Daniels and various articles of women's clothing litter the floor.

Richard Cole waits at a closed door. We hear a woman laugh.

FRENCHY  
(checks his watch)  
This gonna take much longer?

RICHARD COLE  
You got some place better to be?

FRENCHY  
Normally, no.

Cole also checks his watch, finally gives up, then opens the bedroom door a crack and whispers through it.

RICHARD COLE  
Jimmy....Guy selling a guitar....'58  
Les Paul...'course I did. Yeah got it  
with him....What you want me to do?

Frenchy shifts the guitar case from hand to another. His leg jogs up and down. He wipes sweat off his forehead in a daze.

He realizes Richard Cole has been talking to him.

RICHARD COLE (CONT'D)  
Mate! Are you coming in or not?

Frenchy swallows. Hard. Then walks in.

INT. DRAKE HOTEL: VAULT - CONTINUOUS

Safe deposit box #51 sits on a table. Patrick and Danny stand in front of it. Neither moves. Finally Patrick unlocks the box. He throws open the lid. We see: passports, receipts and a bundle of tickets and backstage passes for the show. No money.

DANNY  
Nothing?

PATRICK  
Fuck!

DANNY  
Grab the tickets. We can scalp them.

INT. DRAKE HOTEL: LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Patrick and Danny rush across the hotel lobby.



DANNY  
You really fucked this one up, Patrick.  
What do we do now, huh?

PATRICK  
We grab Alex and Frenchy and get the  
hell out of here.

INT. DRAKE HOTEL: ELEVATORS - CONTINUOUS

Patrick hurriedly punches the button. Doors open. A lanky kid slumps on the elevator floor. His friends try to pick him up.

FRIEND  
Sorry, dude. He's a little loaded.

PATRICK  
Come on, man! You gotta move!

FRIEND  
Maybe if we all lift on the count of  
three or something?

Danny shoves through the group. He enters the elevator. We hear some BANGING and a GROAN. Suddenly, we see a BODY fly out of the elevator and land in a heap on the lobby floor.

Danny sticks his head out and snaps his fingers impatiently.

DANNY  
Let's go.

INT. DRAKE HOTEL: TOP FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

The hallway is rapidly filling back up with groupies and partiers. Patrick, Danny and Alex hurry through the crowd.

PATRICK  
Where's Frenchy?

ALEX  
He's still in there. You get the money  
out of the safe deposit box?

PATRICK  
It was empty.

A LOOK passes between Alex and Danny.

Patrick eyes the door at the end of the hallway.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
Wait here. I'm going in.

INT. DRAKE HOTEL: JIMMY PAGE'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

There's a knock. Richard Cole opens the door.

PATRICK  
I'm looking for my friend.

RICHARD COLE  
If your bird is in here she'll call you tomorrow. Fuck off.

PATRICK  
Wait! The guy with the guitar?  
(nothing)  
'58 Les Paul?

Richard looks Patrick over dubiously, then lets him in. JIMMY PAGE and Frenchy jam together. They seem like best friends.

FRENCHY  
Oh hey! Jimmy, this is my friend uh...John Osbourne.

JIMMY PAGE  
Nice to meet you.

Page frowns at Patrick's face. Patrick barely looks at him.

PATRICK  
Same here. So, *Reginald*, I hate to rush you but we really need to go.

FRENCHY  
We do? Right now?

PATRICK  
Yes. Right *now*.

JIMMY PAGE  
You know this one?

A BLAST of guitar from the amplifier. Patrick is being totally ignored. Frenchy nods and joins in.

FRENCHY  
Jimmy Reed! One of the best.

PATRICK  
(waving at Frenchy)  
No, no, *Reginald*. We don't have time for Jimmy Reed. We'll miss our *plane*.

The hotel room door FLIES open and Peter Grant enters. Patrick almost jumps into Richard Cole's arms.

PETER GRANT  
What's all this?

RICHARD COLE  
Jimmy's buying a guitar.

PETER GRANT  
(pointing at Patrick)  
Who's this cunt?

RICHARD COLE  
No one.

PETER GRANT  
Get these people out of here. We leave  
for the venue in ten minutes. Security  
is getting ready now.

JIMMY PAGE  
You guys staying for the show tonight?

PATRICK  
I wish we could but we've got to go.

JIMMY PAGE  
I can get you sorted with tickets.

Frenchy gives Patrick the hugest puppy dog eyes ever.

PATRICK  
It's really cool of you to offer. But  
we fly commercial.

Frenchy puts his Telecaster back in the case. He takes one last,  
long look at the Les Paul.

JIMMY PAGE  
You sure you want to sell this?

FRENCHY  
Yeah. That's what I do. I try not to  
get too attached to them. Love 'em and  
leave 'em, right?

JIMMY PAGE  
How's two grand sound?

PATRICK  
(flooded with relief)  
Two grand is *perfect*.

JIMMY PAGE  
I was talking to him.  
(to Frenchy)  
What do you say, mate?

FRENCHY

Works for me.

Jimmy signals to Richard who pulls a wad of cash out of his pocket and peels off two grand. He hands it to Frenchy as Patrick fairly drools at the money in Cole's hand.

FRENCHY (CONT'D)

Great meeting you, man. Thanks for letting me jam with you. Hope I wasn't too terrible.

JIMMY PAGE

You were spot on. Thanks for the guitar.

Frenchy glows at the compliment. Patrick pushes him to the door. Frenchy stops.

FRENCHY

Oh yeah! Forgot my guitar.

Frenchy bounds across the room and lifts the black case. He and Patrick exit. Frenchy turns for one last look- SLAM! The door closes right in his face.

INT. DRAKE HOTEL: ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER

Patrick, Alex, Frenchy and Danny ride down in the elevator. It's hard to gauge the mood. Nobody talks until...

PATRICK

Holy shit! We just met Jimmy Page!

He and Frenchy scream and hug each other.

FRENCHY

That was SO goddamn cool.

PATRICK

Unbelievable. And you were just sitting there jamming with him.

FRENCHY

I was jamming with Jimmy Page.

PATRICK

You were jamming with Jimmy Page! And I was there! Goddamn.

DANNY

How much did you get for the guitar?

PATRICK

Two grand.

Danny punches the STOP button. The elevator jerks to a halt. Danny pulls the pistol from his waistband and aims it at Frenchy's head.

DANNY  
Give me the money.

Nobody moves.

DANNY (CONT'D)  
Give me the money, Frenchy! Alex, take it off him.

Patrick looks at Alex, who can't meet his eyes. Alex moves towards Frenchy and starts patting him down.

DANNY (CONT'D)  
I told you, didn't I? I told you he was a loser. You were right to stick with family. I got a plan to roll this two grand into something big.

PATRICK  
Alex, man, don't do this. What about Keith?

DANNY  
Not our concern. It's every man for himself, now. But you know a lot about that, don't you?

Patrick takes a breath and steps in between Alex and Frenchy. He faces Alex.

PATRICK  
Alex... I know I fucked up. I'm sorry I left you that night and I'm sorry you went to jail. I don't care that we didn't get the money. It's you and me, man. Butch & Sundance. That's what counts. Let's just get Keith and we can all get out of that shit town and go anywhere we want and just start over.  
(Points to Danny)  
We don't have to wind up like this. C'mon, man, who saved you when you stole that milk money in the fourth grade?

Danny turns and hits Patrick across the head with the pistol. Patrick crumples to the ground, down for the count.

DANNY  
The money, Alex.

Alex hesitates for a moment.

ALEX  
 (to Patrick)  
 You stole the money. I planted the envelope.

With that, Alex takes a FLYING LEAP at Danny. They wrestle for the gun. Frenchy punches a button and the elevator JERKS into motion. Alex wobbles. Danny sees his moment and punches him in the gut. Alex drops to the ground.

DANNY  
 Enough! Frenchy, give me the money.

Frenchy pulls a wad of cash out of his underwear.

DANNY (CONT'D)  
 You made the wrong choice, Alex. I guess you're stuck with the losers.

INT. DRAKE HOTEL - ELEVATORS - CONTINUOUS

The elevator doors open. Fans -including Emily and the Misty Mountain Hoppers- swarm the doorway. The crowd gasps as they spot the carnage in the elevator: Patrick holding his head. Alex curled up on the floor. Frenchy cowering behind the guitar case. Danny adjusts his jacket and walks off.

EMILY  
 Patrick?

She runs to him. Patrick looks dazed. He eyes the sea of Zeppelin fans...

EMILY (CONT'D)  
 Are you okay? What happened?

Patrick sees Danny shoving his way through the crowd...

PATRICK  
 (out of breath)  
 Danny... robbed...

Alex looks at Patrick. He struggles to his feet.

ALEX  
 (yelling and pointing)  
 That guy just robbed Led Zeppelin!

STAMPEDE as a tidal wave of Zeppelin fans takes off after Danny. He stands frozen in the middle of the lobby.

DANNY  
 Wait! I never robbed anybody! Stop!

Anna SLAMS into Danny at full speed. They CRASH across the marble floor. It's a groupie pile on. The gun slides across the lobby.

KYLE

He's got a gun!

Everyone freezes for a moment. Then the attack resumes.

HOTEL CLERK

(on phone)

I need police at the Drake Hotel  
immediately! There's a man with a gun!  
And vomit EVERYWHERE!

DANNY

Get the hell off me! You don't know who  
you're fucking with!

Emily helps Patrick up. Along with Alex and Frenchy, they run to catch up to observe the fracas.

Back at the elevator banks, Peter Grant, Richard Cole and a mob of Zeppelin security thugs enter the lobby. Peter Grant spots Frenchy and points him out. They lock eyes.

FRENCHY

Guys. Something's up. I think we better  
go.

Patrick looks up. Peter Grant and crew barrel towards them.

Patrick pulls the Zeppelin tickets and backstage passes from his pocket and shoves them into Emily's hand.

PATRICK

Time for that diversion. Any ideas?

EMILY

(laughing)

Are you kidding? I was born for this.  
Get out of here. I'll handle them.

Emily kisses Patrick.

Patrick, Frenchy and Alex run for the exits as Peter Grant and Zeppelin security rush after them. Emily sees Peter Grant and looks from one group to the other. She climbs onto a banquette and yells out--

EMILY (CONT'D)

MISTY MOUNTAIN HOPPERS! THIS IS YOUR  
PRESIDENT SPEAKING. TONIGHT- WE GO  
BACKSTAGE!

WHOOSH! She throws the tickets and passes in the air.

Tickets and passes rain down on the crowd in the lobby. Groupies go WILD in a mad scramble to grab them.

Peter Grant and Zeppelin's security can't cut through the bodies. Patrick, Alex and Frenchy run like hell.

Emily stands in the middle of the chaos in the lobby, laughing, and watches them go.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREETS - MOMENTS LATER

Patrick and Alex run down the crowded street. Frenchy, carrying the guitar case, struggles to keep up. They turn into a parking garage.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

The guys hide out in the bowels of the garage next to Patrick's car. We can hear the sounds of several police sirens as they rush past on their way to the Drake. After they catch their breath--

ALEX

Listen-

PATRICK

Forget it, man... We're cool.

They shake.

FRENCHY

*I'm not cool!* One of my best friends tried to mug me!

ALEX

Sorry, French.

FRENCHY

Maybe we're not cut out to be thieves. You gotta admit, we kinda suck at it.

Alex and Patrick look at each other. Could it be time for Butch and Sundance to hang it up?

PATRICK

Maybe he's right. All that trouble and we got nothing. We *are* losers.

ALEX

What are we gonna do about Keith?

FRENCHY

We have a few hours. I could go to Central Park and busk. Raise some cash.

PATRICK

Two thousand dollars?

FRENCHY

Money for dinner.

(MORE)



FRENCHY (CONT'D)

(Beat)

Damn, this guitar got heavy. I hope I didn't pick up the wrong one.

PATRICK

Oh man, is that why their manager was chasing us? Frenchy, what did you do?

FRENCHY

Well, you were rushing me! And Jimmy Page said I was spot on! Let me see.

Frenchy opens the case. Instead of a guitar, they find--  
HUGE BUNDLES OF CASH! Stacks of them. Mouths drop open.

ALEX

Holy shit!

PATRICK

Frenchy. You did it!!

FRENCHY

(distraught)

I robbed Led Zeppelin!

Patrick and Alex laugh. The guys whoop and hug each other.  
HIGHER GROUND by STEVIE WONDER kicks in.

EXT. BOOGIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The music continues from inside the house as a party rages. Patrick pounds on the front door. He looks at Alex and Frenchy and shrugs. He turns the handle and walks inside.

INT. BOOGIE'S HOUSE: KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

A wild party. From the looks they get it feels like Patrick, Alex and Frenchy are the only white boys on the planet.

INT. BOOGIE'S HOUSE: LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Boogie talks to a black girl wearing giant platform shoes.

BOOGIE

Well, if it ain't the Scooby Doo gang.

PATRICK

You ready to do some business?

BOOGIE

Keep it down, motherfucker! Back here.

INT. BOOGIE'S HOUSE: BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The VIP area of the party. Johnny smokes a towering bong. Guns and drugs of every type cover the bed. Boogie leads the boys inside and closes the door.

PATRICK  
You got the safe?

BOOGIE  
You got my money?

Patrick holds up a thick wad of bills and snaps them.

Boogie turns to a group of men sitting on what looks to be the safe and snaps her fingers impatiently.

BOOGIE (CONT'D)  
Come on! We gotta move this shit. Get your asses up and help with this safe.

They scramble off the safe and push it over to Boogie.

PATRICK  
Are the tapes inside?

BOOGIE  
What you think?

Patrick gestures for Boogie to open the safe.

BOOGIE (CONT'D)  
Shit. You believe this mother...

Boogie empties her pockets. Wads of bills. Switchblade. Guitar picks. Huge joint. Stray bullets.

BOOGIE (CONT'D)  
Johnny. Where'd we put the combo?

Johnny hands Boogie a scrap of cardboard with the numbers scrawled on it. Boogie opens the safe. The two reel-to-reel tapes sit on the shelf.

BOOGIE (CONT'D)  
There you go. Just like I promised.

Patrick hands the cash to Boogie who counts it, eyes widening.

PATRICK  
Put in a little extra. For your trouble.

FRENCHY  
Musicians code.

JOHNNY

Well, goddamn! You all want a beer?

Johnny hands out beers to the boys. Boogie remains unimpressed.

BOOGIE

Oh. We friends with these motherfuckers now?

Johnny pulls the Jim Nabors tape out of the safe.

JOHNNY

Look at this corny ass cracker! This dude looks like he's Commander of the First Peckerwood Division at Fort Honky. I gotta hear this shit.

PATRICK

No! No! No! We gotta give that back!

FRENCHY

That album actually has a pretty funny version of The Green, Green Grass of Home on it.

(off Patrick's look)

Well, it does!

PATRICK

(to Johnny)

Give me the tape.

Johnny tosses the tape to Boogie. Boogie puts the tape in the player. She threads it and presses play.

VOICE #1 (O.S.)

We're talking about a potential racketeering charge and campaign fraud. It's not that easy. I can disappear the evidence but it's going to take a little extra something.

Patrick's eyes widen. That is NOT Jim Nabors.

VOICE #2 (O.S.)

Isn't this why I'm giving you all that cash and pills every month? I don't want you to get rid of the evidence, I want you to get rid of the guy pointing the finger!

VOICE #1

Something like that requires a little more. Ten grand cash and two hundred Percodan.

VOICE #2

Where the fuck am I supposed to get  
that many Percodan, Cooper?

VOICE #1 (O.S.)

You're the Governor. Figure it out.

JOHNNY

That ain't how that song goes.

INT. BALTIMORE POLICE DEPARTMENT: WAITING ROOM - MORNING

Patrick enters with a paper bag. He stops at the front desk.

PATRICK

Detective Cooper, please.

The Receptionist picks up the phone and buzzes Cooper.

Patrick eyes the newspaper. The headline reads: ZEPPELIN ROBBED  
OF 203G.

Cooper enters the waiting room and see Patrick.

COOPER

Come on back.

INT. COOPER'S OFFICE - DAY

Cooper shuts the door and sits behind his desk.

COOPER

Did your friend turn up? What was it?  
Bad acid trip? Fight with his old man?

PATRICK

How well do you know Backwoods Billy?

COOPER

Billy? That old Jesus freak? He's been  
a pain in the ass around Baltimore longer  
than I've been on the force.

PATRICK

Ever bust him?

COOPER

All the time. Just can't seem to get  
anything to stick. He always finds a  
way to get out of these things. I don't  
know how he does it.

PATRICK

I'll bet you don't.

COOPER  
(drops the folksy tone)  
I'm kinda busy, kid. State your business  
or move it along.

PATRICK  
Sure, sure. I'm just curious- Who's the  
Anne Murray fan? You or Billy?

Patrick opens the bag and holds up the tapes.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
You seem more the Jim Nabors type.

Cooper lights a cigarette. His face betrays nothing.

COOPER  
Let's get to it, you little prick. What  
do you want for them?

PATRICK  
I want the Holy Ghosts in jail. That  
includes Backwoods Billy.

COOPER  
On what charges?

PATRICK  
Jesus, Cooper, what *haven't* they done?  
Kidnapping, for starters! And we have  
witnesses this time who won't disappear.

Cooper goes to protest. Patrick holds up the tapes.

COOPER  
What's stopping me from taking those  
and throwing your ass in jail?

PATRICK  
And here I thought you'd be happy to  
see me, especially bringing you this  
lovely parting gift. Look, Cooper, I  
got my own problems. I don't care what  
you and the guv have cooking. I just  
wanna do you a favor and then forget  
you exist.

COOPER  
You sure you wanna burn Billy?

PATRICK  
*Nobody* fucks with me and my friends.

Cooper is silent, thinking for a moment. He exhales.

COOPER

Fine. I'd be happy to get that asshole out of my life. Anything else?

PATRICK

You know anything about Danny Brewster getting arrested in New York over the weekend with a gun? Something about him and Led Zeppelin?

COOPER

Yeah. I heard about that. Parole violation. Weapons possession.

PATRICK

How long you think he'll go away for?

COOPER

Probably another five. You want him out? Because that's one even I don't think I can fix.

PATRICK

Nah. You can have him.

EXT. SHOOTERS BAR PARKING LOT - EVENING

The roughest bar on the planet. Patrick's car pulls into a gravel parking lot filled with motorcycles. The safe juts out of Patrick's trunk.

INT. SHOOTERS BAR- CONTINUOUS

The place is packed with Holy Ghosts. LYNARD SKYNARD is on the jukebox. Backwoods Billy takes aim on a pool table. Frenchy, Alex and Patrick enter. A pair of bikers stops them. Backwoods Billy waves them in.

BACKWOODS BILLY

Well, look what the Lord dragged in.  
(looking them over)  
You got something for me?

PATRICK

It's in the trunk.

BACKWOODS BILLY

Rabbit, Whitey, go get it.

Rabbit and another massive biker leave the bar with a dolly.

BACKWOODS BILLY (CONT'D)

Come here, son.

Patrick follows Backwoods Billy to the bar.

BACKWOODS BILLY (CONT'D)

You done the right thing by fixing this before it got of hand.

PATRICK

You don't consider this out of hand?

BACKWOODS BILLY

It could have been worse. Remember, if thy brother trespasses against thee, rebuke him. And if he repents, forgive him. Know where that's from?

PATRICK

(obviously guessing)

Luke?

BACKWOODS BILLY

Well, all right, boy! Luke 17:3. I guess you been reading that Bible I gave you.

Rabbit and Whitey return with the safe. Backwoods Billy signals to a Holy Ghost by a door on the back wall. The biker disappears behind the door. Seconds later, Keith appears.

KEITH

Damn, dudes. What took so long?

ALEX

You okay, Keith?

KEITH

Yeah, man. I wasn't scared.

Patrick pulls out a fifty dollar bill and slaps it on the bar.

PATRICK

Next round of drinks is on me. My way of saying sorry for this whole mess.

BACKWOODS BILLY

That's mighty fine of you, boy.

Patrick walks over to the JUKEBOX and drops in a coin.

Rabbit throws his arm around Keith.

RABBIT

Don't be a stranger, boy. You're a damn good pool partner.

Beers make the rounds to the guys. Billy raises his bottle.

BACKWOODS BILLY

A toast!

Everyone raises a bottle.

BACKWOODS BILLY (CONT'D)  
Long live the Holy Ghosts!

HOLY GHOSTS  
AMEN!

Much chugging ensues. Patrick sticks out a hand to Billy.

PATRICK  
Well, we better be taking off. This has  
been a real learning experience.

Billy prays over Patrick, then crushes his hand in a squeeze.

Patrick, Alex and Frenchy swiftly exit. Patrick doubles back and  
grabs Keith, pulling him out the door, just as--

Skynard fades from the jukebox. The opening notes of Anne Murray's  
SNOWBIRD fill the bar.

Backwoods Billy cocks his head, thinking. Then he slams his beer  
down and rushes for the safe. He drops to his knees and dials  
the combination. His tattooed hand jerks down on the handle. The  
door swings open.

He grabs the tape boxes. Empty.

BACKWOODS BILLY  
Stop those motherfuckers!

Bikers rush towards the parking lot.

EXT. SHOOTERS BAR - CONTINUOUS

Bikers pour into the parking lot with Backwoods Billy leading  
the charge. They stop in their tracks as they see--

A WALL OF SQUAD CARS surrounding the bar. Cooper stands next to  
an unmarked car. He smiles grimly as Billy is handcuffed.

INT. PATRICK'S CAR- MOMENTS LATER

KEITH  
So what's up? You hire a stripper for  
my welcome home party?

PATRICK  
We got you something better than a  
stripper.

KEITH  
Two strippers?

Alex hands Keith a paper bag. Keith looks inside then looks up.



KEITH (CONT'D)  
 You robbed Zeppelin without me???

The car passes a sign that reads LEAVING BALTIMORE.

Suddenly, snow falls. We PAN UP to reveal...

EXT. GREENWICH VILLAGE, NY - NIGHT

Snow covers the streets.

TITLE: NYC, ONE YEAR LATER

INT. RECORD STORE - CONTINUOUS

A cool 70's record store. Frenchy now looks like a Bowie clone. Emily is painting a mural on the wall. She wears a PRATT sweatshirt. DAZED AND CONFUSED by JAKE HOLMES plays on the stereo.

PATRICK  
 So tonight's the big night, Frenchy?

FRENCHY  
 Yeah, man. First gig for my new band.

ALEX  
 (at Frenchy's outfit)  
 That glam shit's never gonna catch on.

Alex walks towards the racks with a box of 8-tracks. He bumps into Keith. Cassettes fall out of Keith's T-shirt.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
 Keith, what have we told you about stealing in here?

PATRICK  
 You're part owner of this place. You're just stealing from yourself.

KEITH  
 It's no fun if I can just take 'em.

Two COLLEGE kids approach the cash register, in conversation.

COLLEGE KID  
 These guys ripped off Zeppelin.

Five heads turn simultaneously. Everyone freezes.

COLLEGE KID (CONT'D)  
 (pointing up)  
 This song. Dazed and Confused. They stole it from Zeppelin.

## PATRICK

This is Jake Holmes. He wrote this song and Zeppelin took it from him. Now get lost and don't come back until you know something about music.

Frenchy laughs as the college kids slink out.

CARD: The robbery was never solved. Led Zeppelin sued the Drake Hotel and settled for an undisclosed amount.

TITLE CREDITS INTERSPERSED WITH THE FOLLOWING CHYRONS OVER FOOTAGE/PHOTOS OF THE CORRESPONDING CHARACTERS:

CHYRON: *Alex was discovered by an agent and brought out to Hollywood. He now steals hearts as the swinging British detective Cass Nova every Wednesday night after Charlie's Angels.*

CHYRON: *Keith cashed his share of the money in for pennies and proceeded to rip off the Columbia House Record & Tape Club. He has 6,795 aliases. Each one has a copy of Godspell.*

CHYRON: *Danny was released for good behavior in 1975. He was caught a month later loading stolen cases of Girl Scout Cookies into his van. Three Brownies kicked his ass.*

CHYRON: *Frenchy turned his love of music into a career in music journalism and became a writer for Rolling Stone Magazine. His most recent assignment was an in-depth interview with Led Zeppelin. He and Jimmy Page jammed for hours.*

CHYRON: *Emily still dabbles in painting and drawing. She later opened the first women's only self-defense gym. She offered Danny a job as an attack dummy. After consideration, he declined.*

CHYRON: *Patrick still owns the record store on Bleecker Street. He keeps a secret list of bands behind the counter he dreams about robbing next.*

THEN, JUST BEFORE THE CRAWL--

EXT. ROCK CLUB - NIGHT

The poster reads TONIGHT ONLY! THE NEW YORK GIANTS!

INT. ROCK CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Boogie and Johnny are on stage. The place is packed, the crowd grooving on the band's music. Johnny looks at Boogie smugly.

## JOHNNY

I told you. I told you they'd come.

FADE OUT