

CHAOS

Written by

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INT. BACKSTAGE. NIGHT - FLASHBACK

SUPER: USA Tour. March 1999.

A dimly-lit corridor. Wide, generic and sterile. The walla of excited voices reverberates. Flight crates bearing the moniker 'Nuclear Aces - World Tour 99' are stacked down one side of the corridor.

Suited executives, Tour shirted entourage, Road Crew and a dozen starry-eyed Rock chicks neck cans and smoke joints outside a door labelled 'ACES DRESSING ROOM - AAA passes ONLY'.

YOUNGER 'SQUEAKY' REYNOLDS (40s, Old School Rock Manager) holds court in his grinding estuary English accent.

YOUNGER 'SQUEAKY' REYNOLDS

This is our year. We're gonna be
the new Guns n' Roses.

Rolling his eyes and shaking his head, YOUNG TONY DAWKINS (27, Tattooed Rock Bassist, leather trench coat) follows a BLONDE GIRL (Bombshell Groupie) and YOUNG PERRY (26, Wiry Roadie) behind the partying crowd, through a wide set of double doors and out of sight.

In the dressing room, surrounded by empty booze containers, guitars and fluffy white towels YOUNG DOSSER (25, Lovable-Rogue, Party-Hard-Rock Singer) is a smashed and slurring mess.

JOSH (18, College Boy) holds a 'Meet & Greet' ticket and stands next to his IDOL. Dosser struggles to focus on a photograph of Josh and a cute brunette. Looking at the photo, then at Josh, and then over his shoulder. His head shakes in amusement as he laughs.

YOUNG DOSSER

Is she your girlfriend then, Josh?

JOSH

(almost crying)
Yes, Sir.

Dosser slurs and stumbles, then signs the photograph. A low moan of female ecstasy captures his attention.

YOUNG DOSSER

For Fuck-sake Gold, leave it out,
eh?

In the back ground we see YOUNG GOLD (26, Egotistical Rock & Roll Guitarist. Horrible Bastard) in a passionate embrace with a half naked BRUNETTE GIRL. Young Gold holds up her bra and places it over his eyes so he looks like a giant fly.

YOUNG GOLD
I can't see. I can't see

Gold bursts into laughter as the Brunette girl turns around. It's Josh's Girlfriend. Josh, now crying, grabs the embarrassed girl by the hand and exits the room, stopping only to grab the signed picture from Dosser.

YOUNG DOSSER
I'm sorry John.

Young Dosser grins aimlessly at Young Gold.

YOUNG GOLD
What?!

A piercing scream comes from the corridor. Young Gold licks his finger and rubs what's left of some powder on the table and rubs it into his gums.

The screaming continues.

YOUNG GOLD (CONT'D)
(playfully)
Go an' sort your Mum out, Dosser.

Dosser smiles, grabs a flurry towel and retorts.

YOUNG DOSSER
You Tosser.

Young Dosser wobbles out of the dressing room to see what the fuck is going on.

The Blond Girl is standing in HYSTERICICS in the corridor.

Whilst the crowd of hangers-on in the corridor back off, Young Dosser imposingly barges forward and GRABS the girl gently by the shoulders.

YOUNG DOSSER (CONT'D)
Oi!, what's wrong? What's happened?

Her Alice Cooper teary-eyes stream and she struggles to control her breathing and can barely speak.

BLONDE GIRL
He's DEAD!

YOUNG DOSSER
Who?

The Blonde girl again ERUPTS into tears, failing to answer.

YOUNG DOSSER (CONT'D)
WHO?

Drunk and confused, Young Dosser makes out the muffled noise of an ARGUMENT from behind a set of double doors.

Young Dosser slams the blonde girl into the onlooking rubber-neckers and crashes the few steps to the double doors.

RIPPING them open, there's GASPS of horror from the onlookers as we see Young Squeaky leaning over a body doing CRP.

Spotting Young Dosser, he clears the tears from his eyes and half-cries/half-screams:

YOUNGER 'SQUEAKY' REYNOLDS
What did you give him? What did you
give him?

We now see Young Perry's lifeless body, mouth open, vomits covering his lower face, with a nasty blue tinge to the rest - bloody filled needle still in his arm.

In the corner of the room, Young Tony stands silently DISTRAUGHT, ashen faced, DEAD eyes and holding a beretta 9mm pistol.

YOUNGER 'SQUEAKY' REYNOLDS (CONT'D)
Get help, please. GET HELP.

Young Dosser tries to FOCUS his mind, but manages only to STUMBLE backwards onto his arse. Pulling himself up, he turns to the onlooking GAWKERS, throws the white towel at them, screaming as he SLAMS the double doors shut!

YOUNG DOSSER
GET OUT!

A momentary reprise from the walla of voices.

Young Squeaky mumbles as he carries on massaging his Son's lifeless heart.

YOUNGER 'SQUEAKY' REYNOLDS
Don't leave me, Perry, Don't leave
me, Son.

Young Dosser LOCKS onto Young Tony's vacant stare.

YOUNG TONY
It's over Doss.

YOUNG DOSSER
Put that fucking thing away, Bruv.
Let's go get a beer.

Young Tony SMASHES the pistol into the side of his head, blood trickles from a small cut.

Holding Dosser's stare, he points the pistol to his temple.

YOUNG TONY
Get a fucking beer?

Young Perry SPUTTERS and vomits over his Dad. Never has someone been so please to be puked on.

As Dosser turns to witness Perry's resurrection, he's SPLASHED in the face with BLOOD and BRAIN as a huge GUNSHOT rips through the room.

The end-of-the-world etches itself onto Dosser's face.

INT. COMMUNITY HALL - BACK TO PRESENT DAY - DAY

SUPER: 20 years later.

A bland magnolia hall. A circle of chairs. A mixture of men & women make up the SUPPORT GROUP.

IAN 'DOSSER' DAWKINS (45, Vocalist. Lovable Rogue. Recovering Addict. Humble.) is standing SHARING his life story.

Dressed in black boots, Levi 501's and a new Harley Davidson T shirt. Holding a tea cup in one hand, he fiddles with a chip attached to a piece of red string around his neck with the other. We see that the chip has a 'X' on it.

DOSSER
And everyday, I think, why couldn't
I have just seen it coming. And
everyday, I have to live with the
fact, I let my Brother die.

Dosser EMBRACES his cup of tea with both hands.

DOSSER (CONT'D)
My name is Ian, thank you.

SUPPORT GROUP.
Thank you, Ian.

The next SPEAKER stands.

Dosser sits and scans the circle of support, paying particular attention to JAS BARNES (52, Disgraced Ex-Entertainment Lawyer. Recovering Addict. Self-conscious. Unassuming.) and her X chip.

EXT. COMMUNITY HALL - DAY

A black van pulls up. Two heavily tattooed Biker THUGS (30's leather cuts, booted and tough looking) exit the van and duck behind a wall for some covert surveillance.

One thug turns to the van and clicks his fingers twice.

The van's back doors open and a further two THUGS exit onto the street dropping a ramp to the floor.

Thug-1 moves from behind a wall towards the front of the hall. As he moves forward we see an expensive CHOPPER style motorcycle. He electronically scans the bike looking for security. We see a disk lock on the front wheel.

In a pincer movement, Thug-2 moves to the front PORCH door. Holding it closed by putting a hand through the letter box, it's clear that they are going to steal the bike.

Thug-1 straddles the bike. Thug-3 exits the back of the van FIRING UP a cordless angle grinder. Sparks fly up as he cuts down one side of the disk lock, then starts down the other.

Explosively the front door flies open inside the porch and we see a FURIOUS Dossier.

DOSSER

Oi.... OI!

Dossier yanks at the outer porch door. The disk lock falls to the floor with a CLUNK. Thug-2 and Thug-3 roll the bike off of the pavement and up the ramp into the back of the van.

Dossier and Thug-1 play tug-of-door until Dossier realises his boot will win this war.

He stamps on the knuckles of thug-1 sends him reeling backwards and running for the van which is just revving up.

Dossier exits the front door and hurls tea cup at Thug-1 who jumps into the side-door of the van, before it screeches off into the distance.

Dossier stops, defeated, his shoulders dropping, he reaches up and grabs the chip tightly in his hand, rubbing his thumb over it.

TITLE SEQUENCE. "Enjoy yourself" by Prince Buster plays to a montage of '90's period Still photos of musical group, the Nuclear Aces in thir 20's - onstage, playing instruments, Looking rough but fabulous, with great looking women, taking drugs, riding motorcycles, looking rowdy, showing success, living a life most teenagers only dream about.

INT. DOSSER'S HOUSE - DAY

Dosser paces the bare plastered kitchen whilst talking on his mobile.

DOSSER
I don't know if it's been repo'd or
stolen.

EXT. BRIXTON ACADEMY MUSIC VENUE - DAY

ALAN 'SCHEME' CAMDEN (55, Tour Manager. Likable. Dependable. Funny) sucks on a smoothie taking in the passing traffic. Luminous 'Stage Manager' pass around his neck.

SCHEME
Did they serve you or leave
paperwork?

INTERCUT - Phone conversation

DOSSER
No, nadda.

SCHEME
You been 'ad, fella.

DOSSER
Ooh mate, I'm gonna have to pick
her up from work in the van now.

Dosser opens a letter on the side and throws it down onto the worktop next to a photo of Dosser and Tony as teenagers with guitars. We see that it is a 'parking fine' notice.

EXT. T'S FLAT - DAY

Three harsh WHACKS on the knocker of the funky new build flat!!

INT. T'S FLAT - DAY

TOMMY 'T' EVANS (46, Bass. Intelligent. Emotional. Managing Addict) 'silent-disco' dances as he paints a demon at the easel. He's surrounded by Nuclear Aces memorabilia. He removes his headphones and listens, as a further three WHACKS come on the knocker.

Chuckling his headphones on the blanket covered sofa he moves swiftly towards the door.

He breaks a SURPRISED smile as he opens the door.

'T'
Hell-oooo.

SCHEME
T. How are you?

T freezes and questions this surprise visit.

'T'
Everything alright?

SCHEME
(laughing)
Everything is great, just passing.

T nods him in, giving him the once over as he enters.

They enter the kitchen. T becoming more paranoid with every step.

'T'
It's been...

SCHEME
Too long.

T grabs an almost full bottle of budget bourbon.

He takes two half pint glasses from the side and pushes one towards Scheme.

SCHEME (CONT'D)
Not for me, D, bit early fella.

'T'
It's 5 o'clock somewhere in 'it.

T pours a long drink and takes a swig. The cheap bourbon bites. T lingers on an old photo of him and his daughters framed near Scheme's head.

'T' (CONT'D)
How's the family?

SCHEME

Ups and downs, mate, you know how it is. Sorry to hear about you and Tina.

T takes another biting sip.

'T'

Ran it's course.

Finishing the drink, and has a moment of realisation.

'T' (CONT'D)

I knew it ages ago. But didn't have the balls to do anything about it.

SCHEME

It happens.

Scheme weights up T, loading his words and firing at will.

SCHEME (CONT'D)

Listen, when you gonna sort Dosser and Gold out?

T's cheeks extend Blowfish style.

'T'

Mate, I'm gagging for it, but that's a big ask.

SCHEME

There's been good offers on the table.

T snatches his glass, and remembers it's empty.

'T'

What we talking?

SCHEME

Big.

'T'

What's 'big'?

SCHEME

9 headline slots at major festivals across Eastern Europe.

A negative expression works it way over T's boat-race.

'T'

20 years of brooding on what he done to us.

Scheme breaks eye-contact. T pours another drink and shuffles around the kitchen.

'T' (CONT'D)
 You sure I'm the best person for
 the job!

Scheme holds his shoe gaze.

EXT. STREET - DAY

T saunters along with the world on his shoulders. Pulling a small bottle of Rum from his pocket he takes a swig.

INT. DOSSER'S HOUSE - DAY

SHELLY RAINER (38, Retail worker. Honest. Sensitive. Understanding.) opens the door to find T on the doorstep.

SHELLY
 T.

Unfazed by the surprise visitor, she grins and embraces him.

SHELLY (CONT'D)
 It's been...

'T'
 (interrupting)
 Yeah, too long.

Shelly smells the booze on T, and pulls back.

SHELLY
 Been out?

T looks anywhere but into Shelly's eyes.

'T'
 Never been in.

Beckoning T in, they move to the kitchen.

'T' (CONT'D)
 Dosser in?

Shelly holds her tongue for a second.

SHELLY
 Yes. But he's occupied. Won't be
 long. Want a drink?

T wants a large swig of the rum in his pocket but resists.

'T'

Tea, please.

Shelly puts the kettle on. A family photo montage of Dosser and Tony as teenagers with their Mum and Dad hangs on the kitchen wall. T moves closer and looks. Smiling with his eyes.

SHELLY

How you getting on, Tommy?

Hanging on and resisting the urge to fold-and-break, T plays tough.

'T'

I'm alright, Shel. Fighting off the wolves.

SHELLY

The girls doing alright?

'T'

Sam's doing ok. Stuck between the waring parents but doing us both proud.

The front room door opens and out FLOATS Dosser. Gliding across the kitchen like a man without a care in the world he embraces T from behind, catching him unaware.

DOSSER

Ahh. Bassman. Great to see you.

T turns his head and makes eye contact with Dosser. Their knowing look shares thousands of nights of mayhem.

DOSSER (CONT'D)

But the answer is still no.

Dosser pulls back, a serious tone sweeping over him.

DOSSER (CONT'D)

You smell like a fucking brewery,
T!