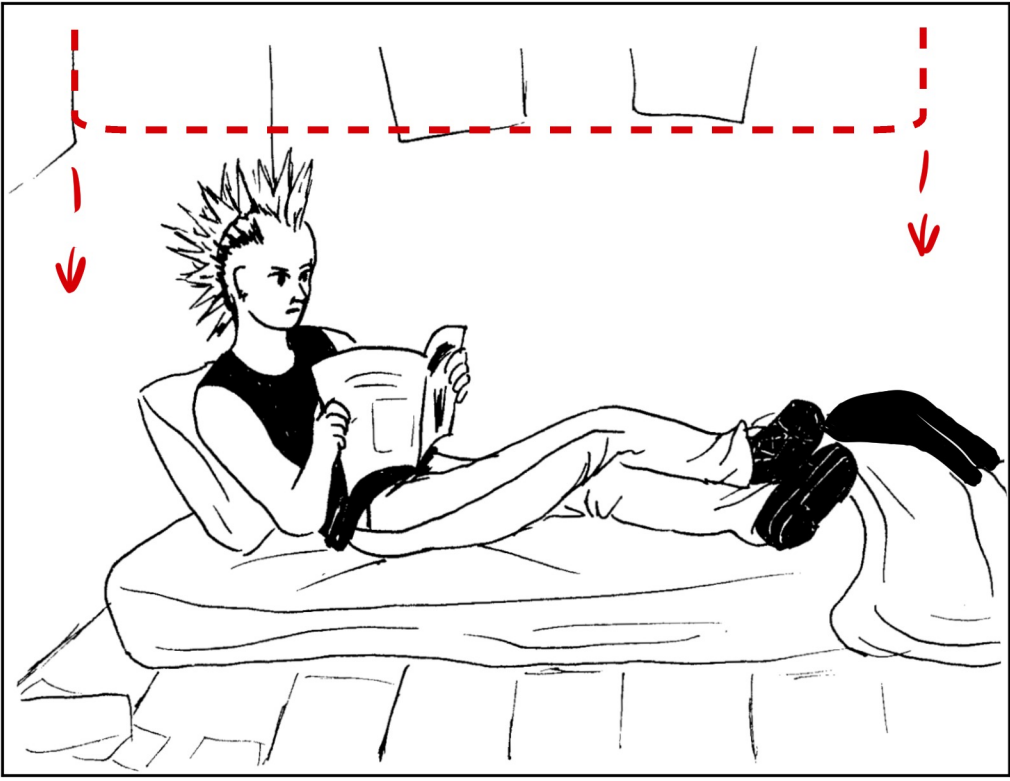
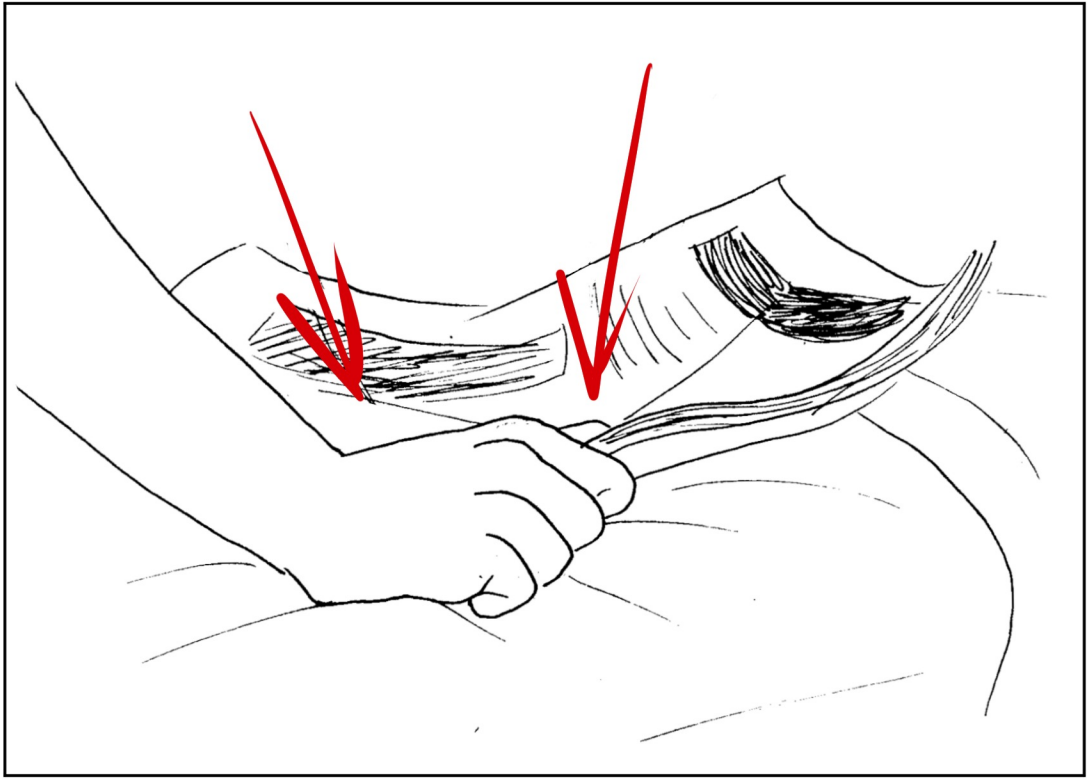


Camera pans over the old punk posters on the wall.

Music playing in the background.



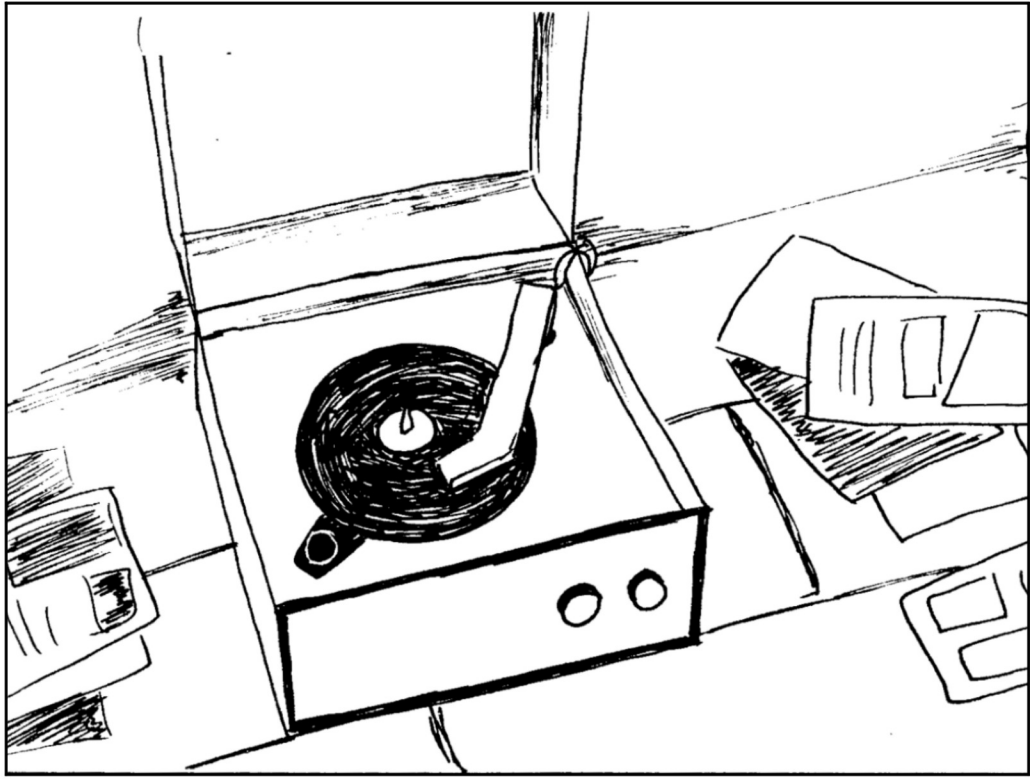
Camera pans down to Zee, who is reading a tabloid paper. He's laid on his bed, as is his jacket.



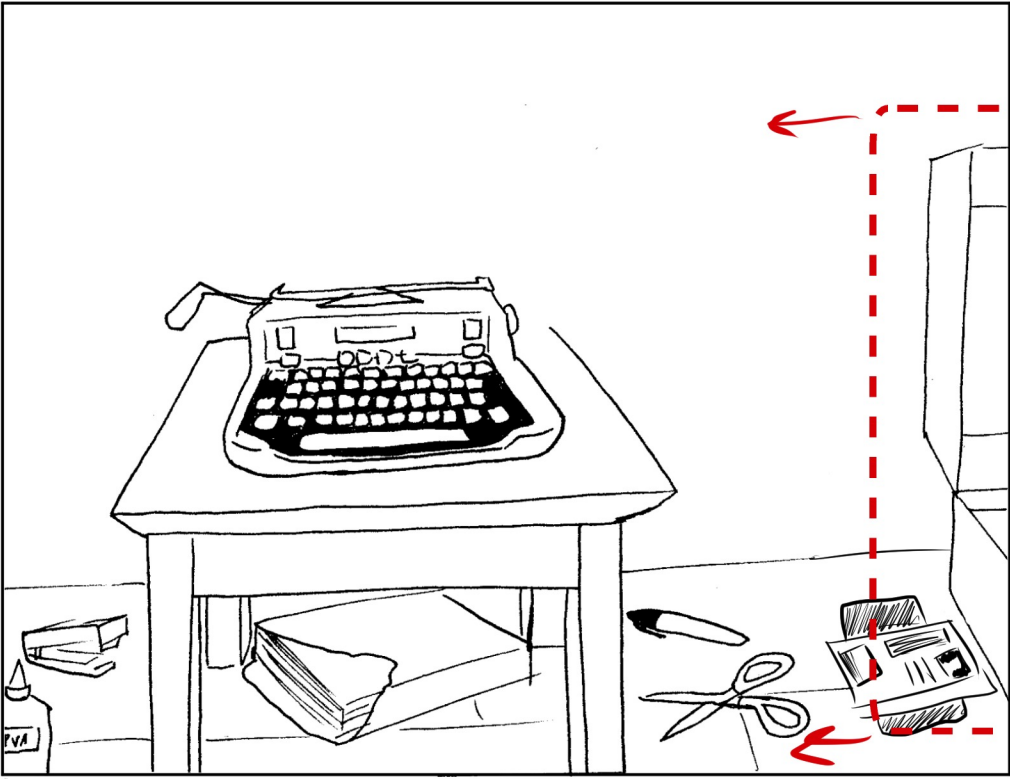
He suddenly thrusts the tabloid down onto the bed and stands up.



Zee walks over to the window and stares out of it. He begins swaying in time to the music.



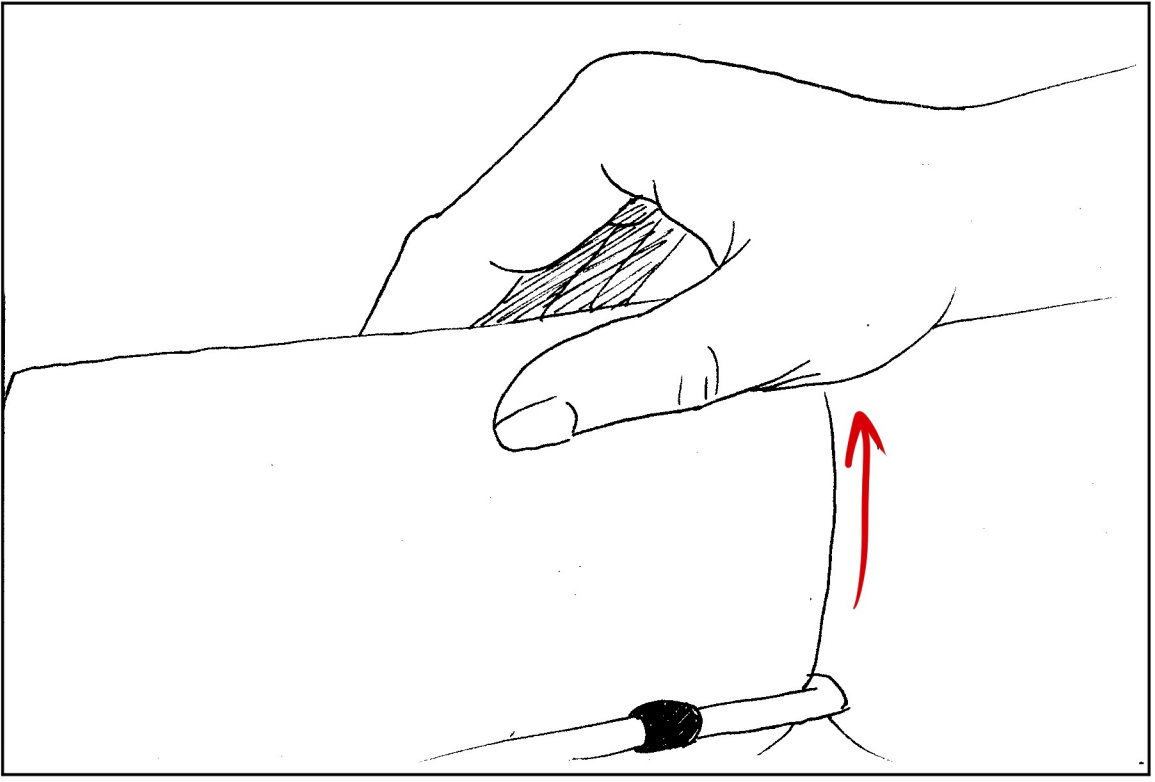
Shot of the record player, revealing where the music is coming from.



Camera moves to the typewriter that is next to the record player. Paper, scissors, glue, a stapler, a pen and flyers are scattered nearby.



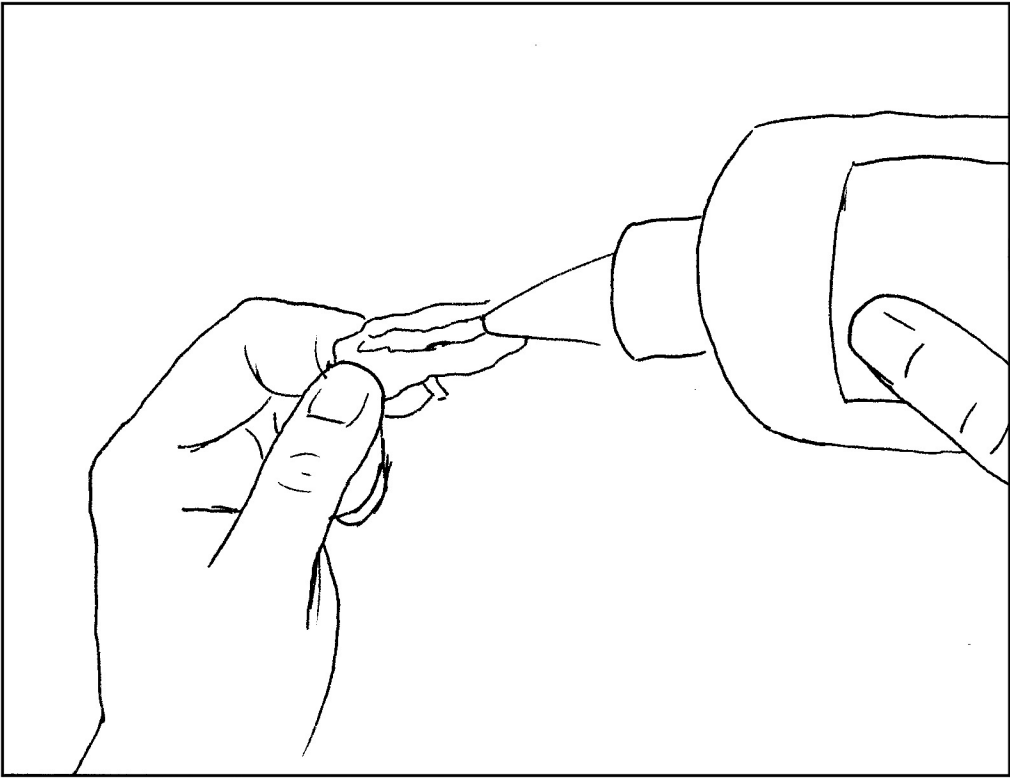
Zee sits and begins typing. He only types a few words before stopping.



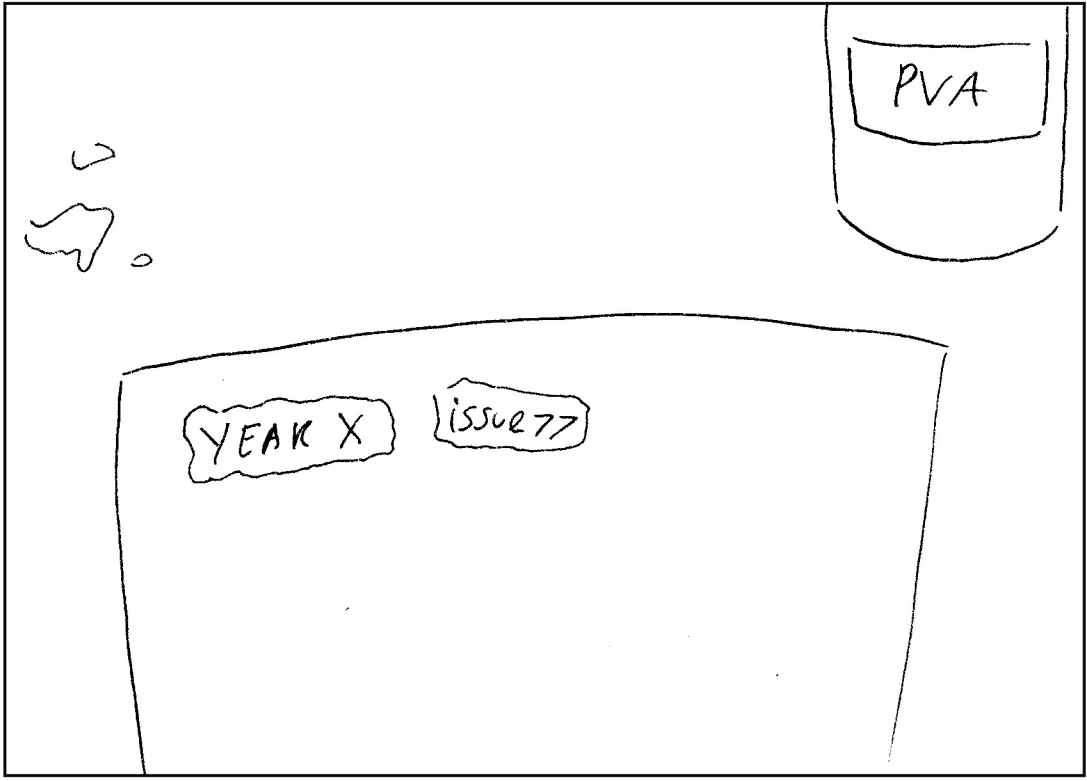
He tugs the almost empty paper out of the typewriter.



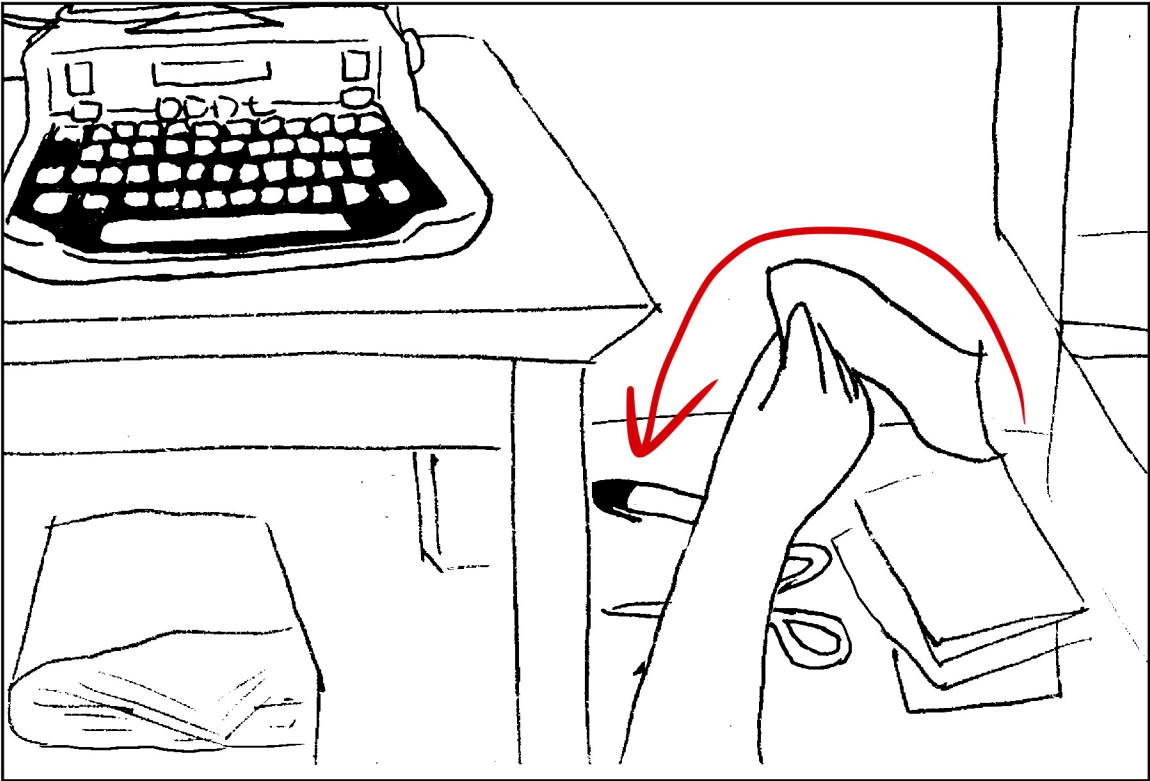
Zee tears the paper around the words he just typed.



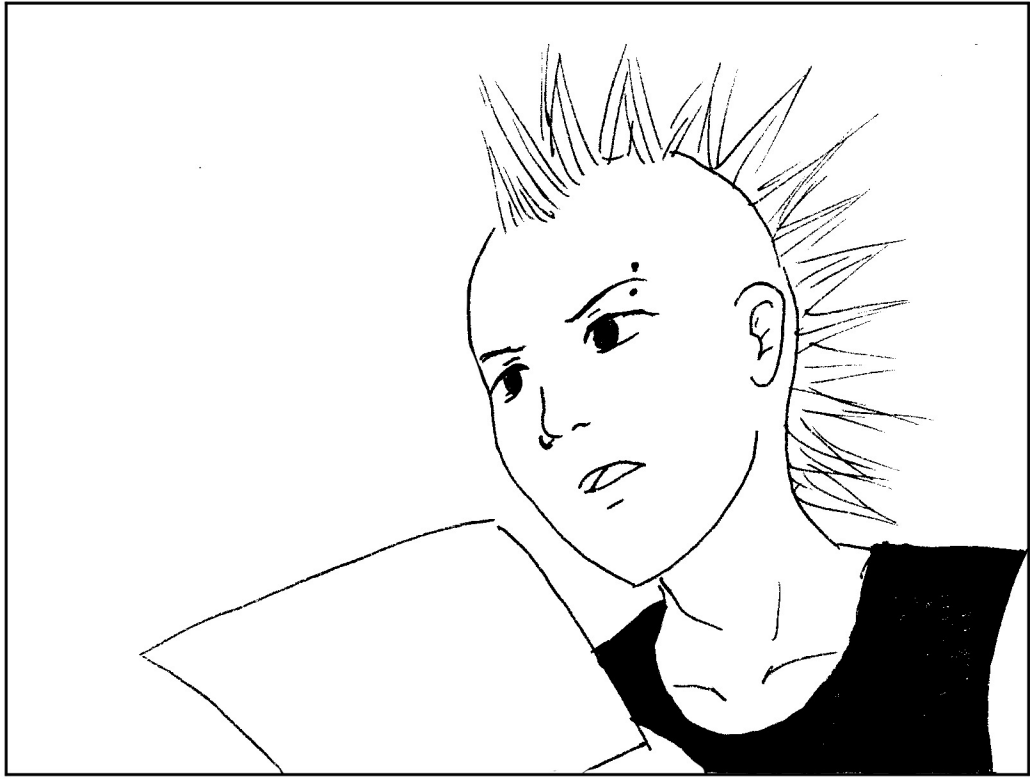
Using the PVA he sticks them to a fresh sheet of A4.



The paper reads "YEAR X issue 77"

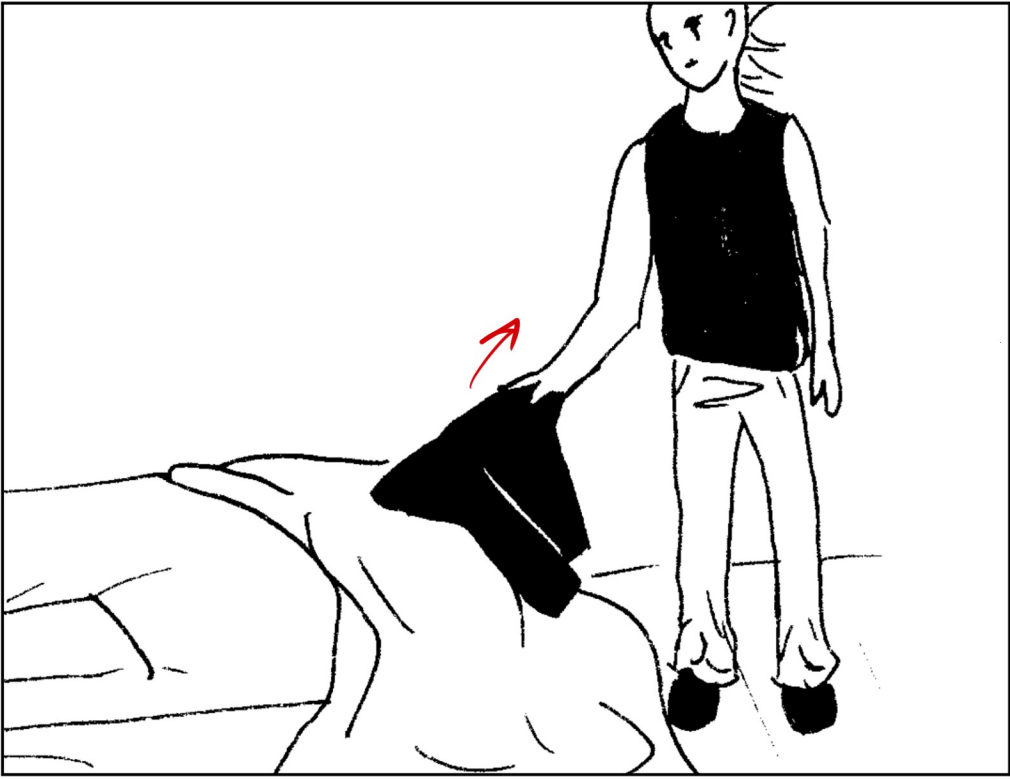


He reaches for some flyers and continues ripping and sticking.

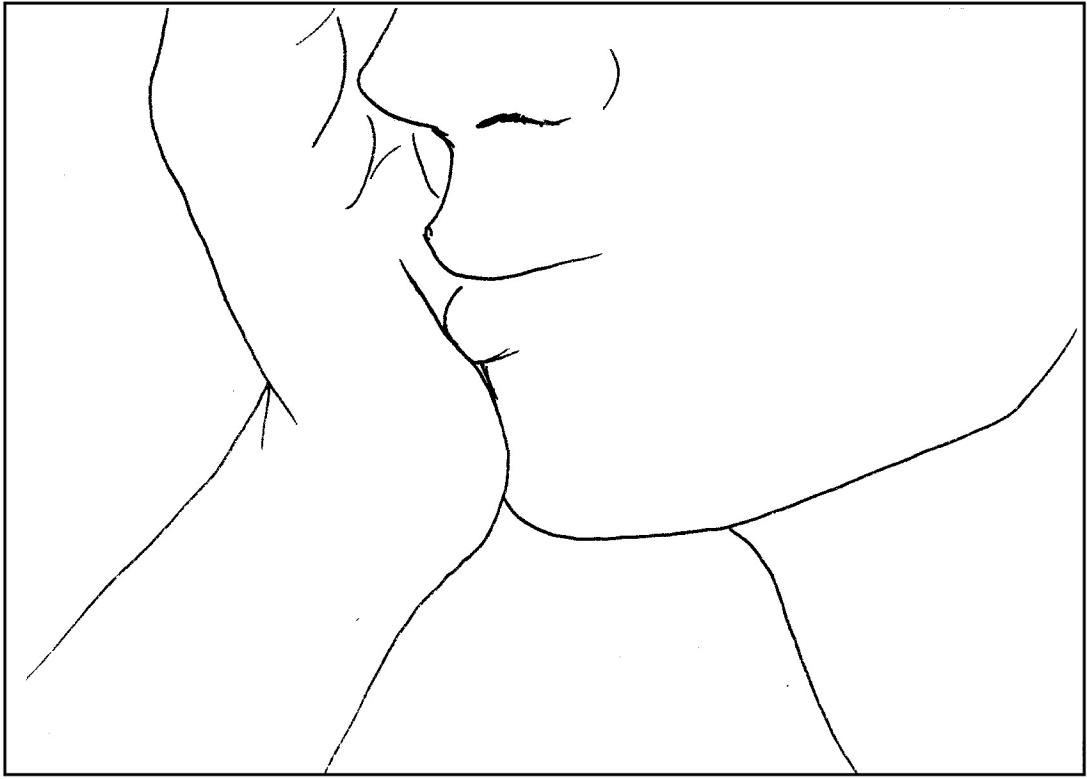


Zee is somewhat dissatisfied with his creation.

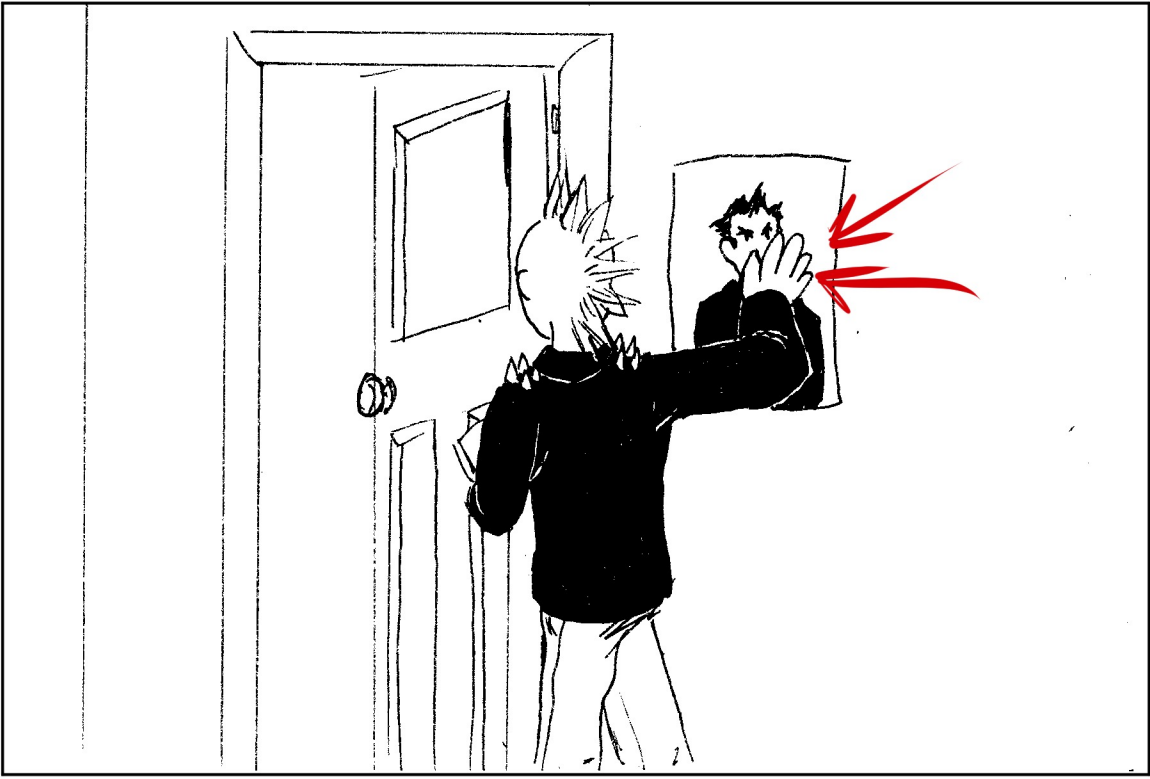
ZEE: Yeah - Punk says "blah blah blah"!



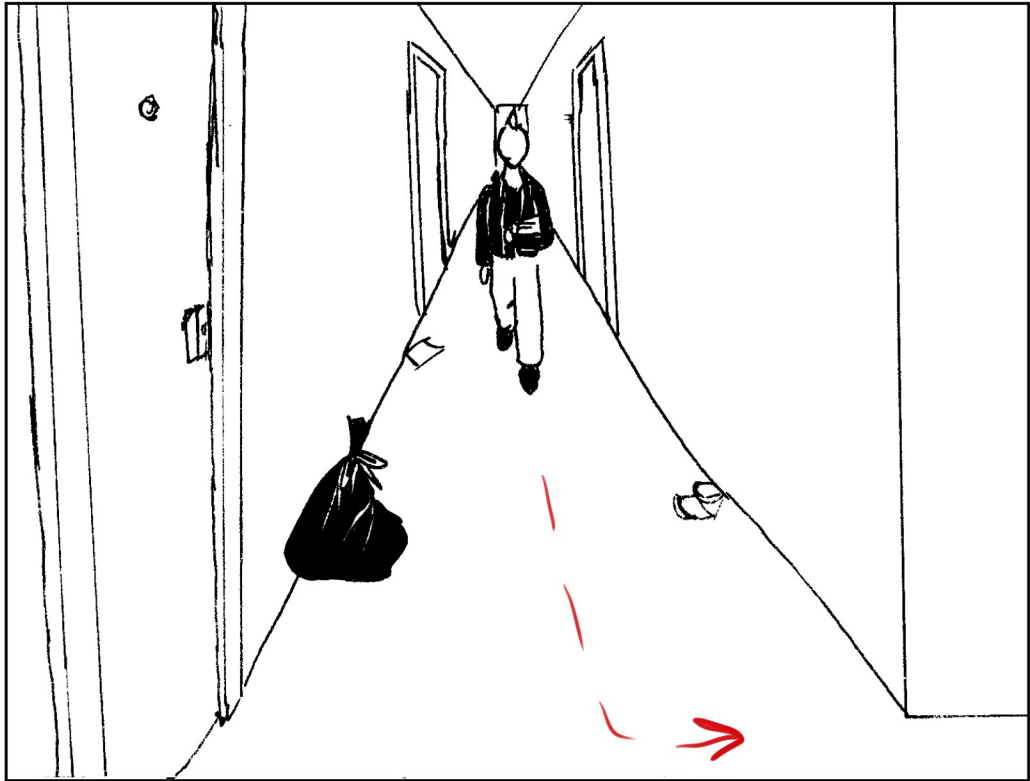
He stands up and retrieves his jacket from the bed.



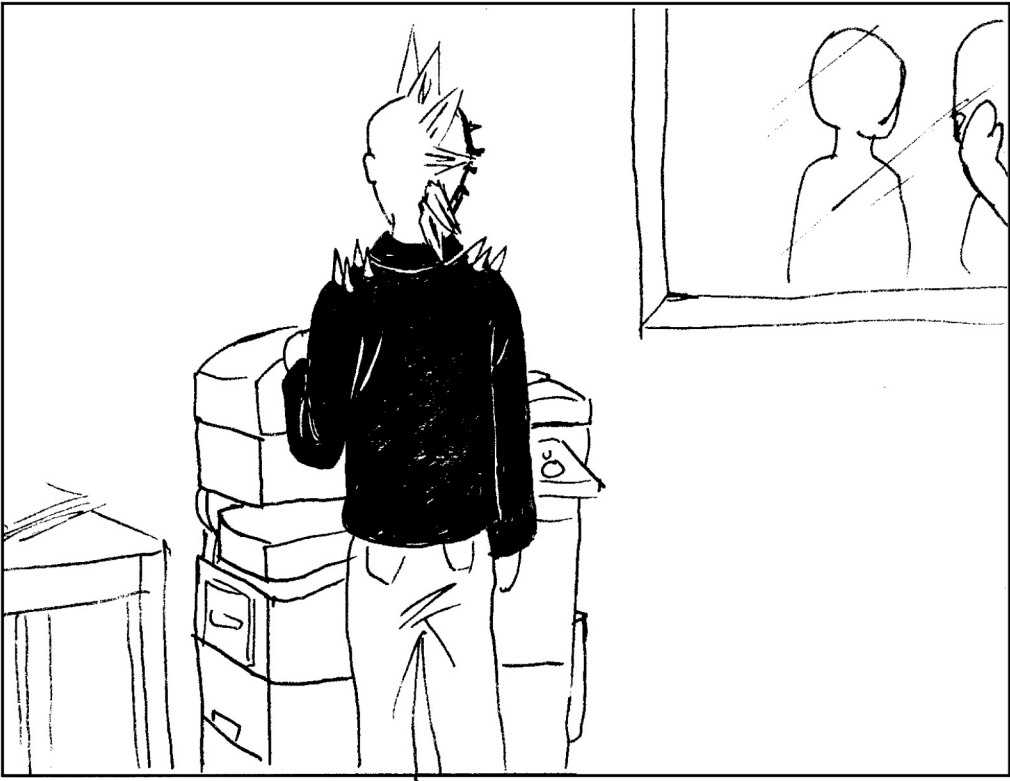
Zee kisses his hand...



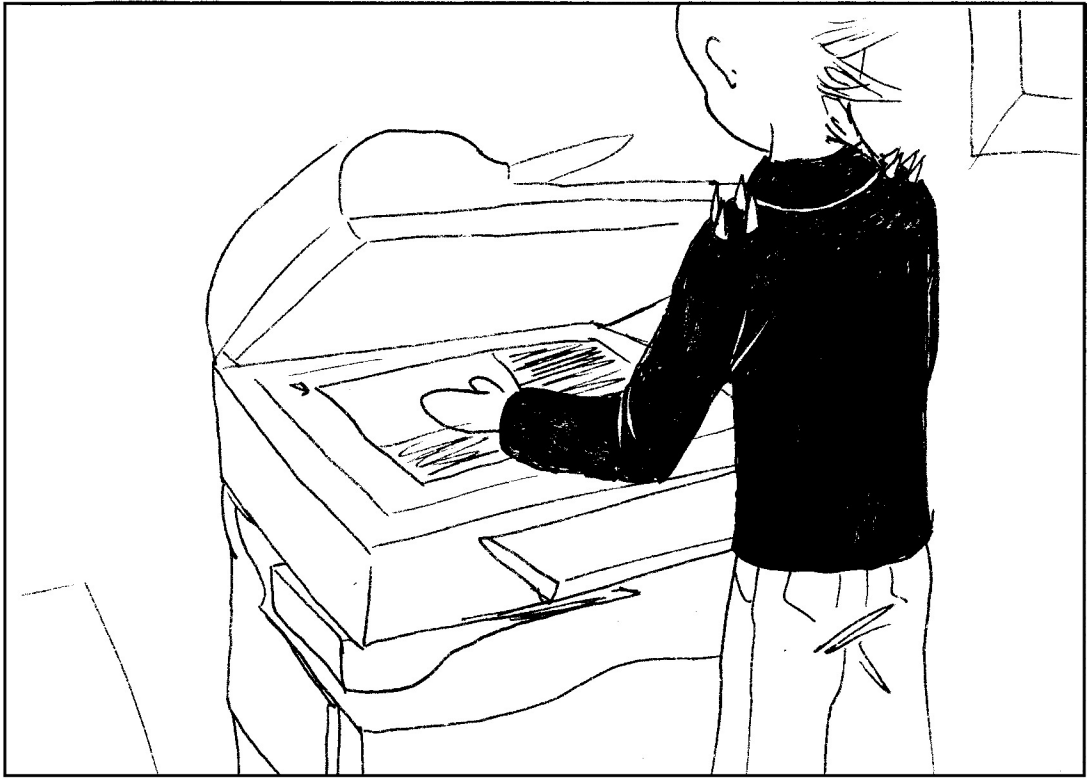
...And then smacks it against a Sid Vicious poster as he walks out the door.



Zee walks down a long, litter-strewn hallway, carrying a bundle of A4 paper. He turns the corner and exits.



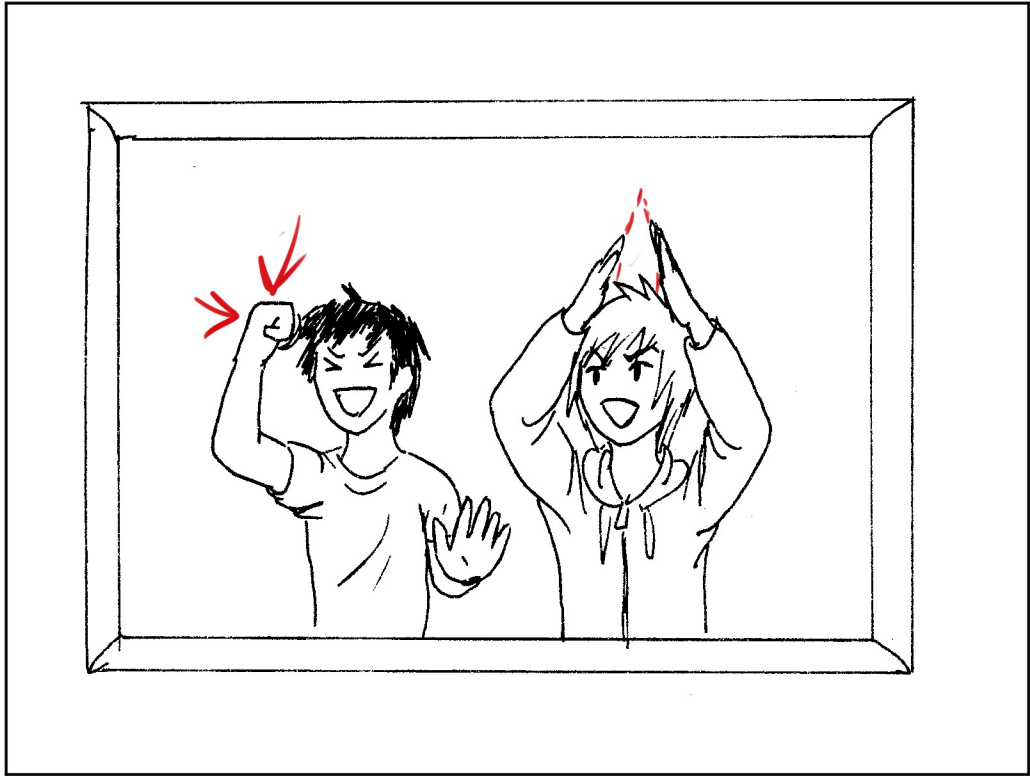
In the photocopy room, he stands in front of a whirring copier and waits for the paper to land in the tray.



He opens the copier and swaps the page for another before setting it going again.



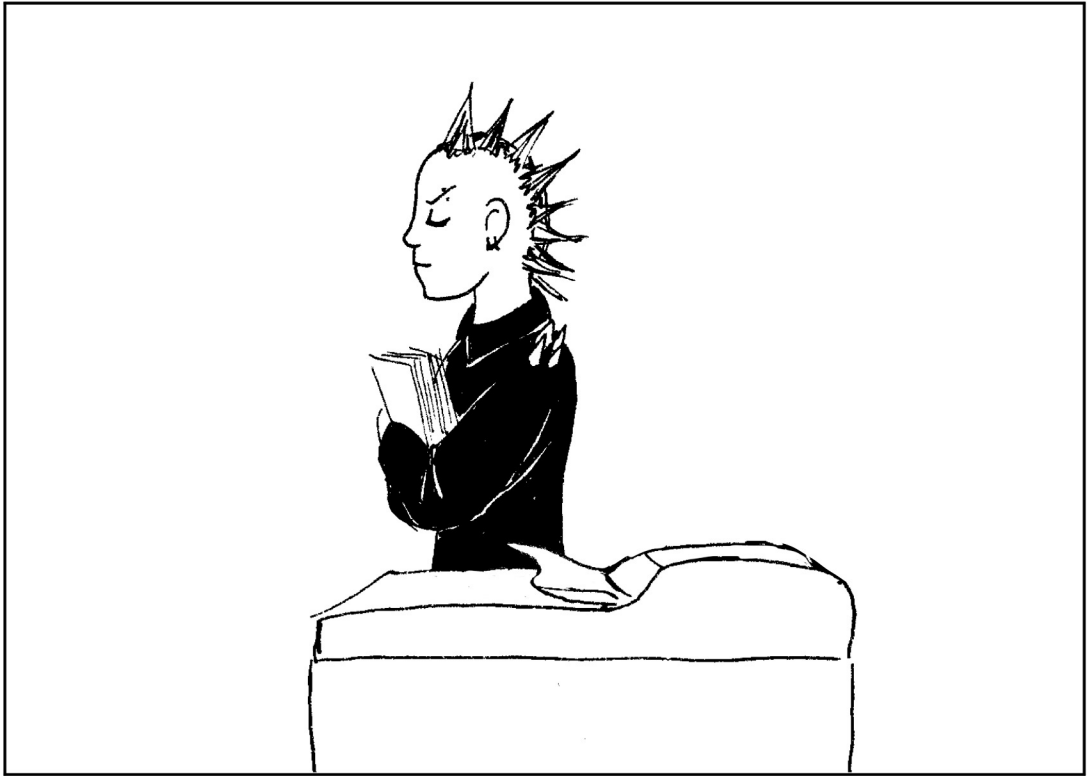
He very briefly glances to the side, noticing people at the window.



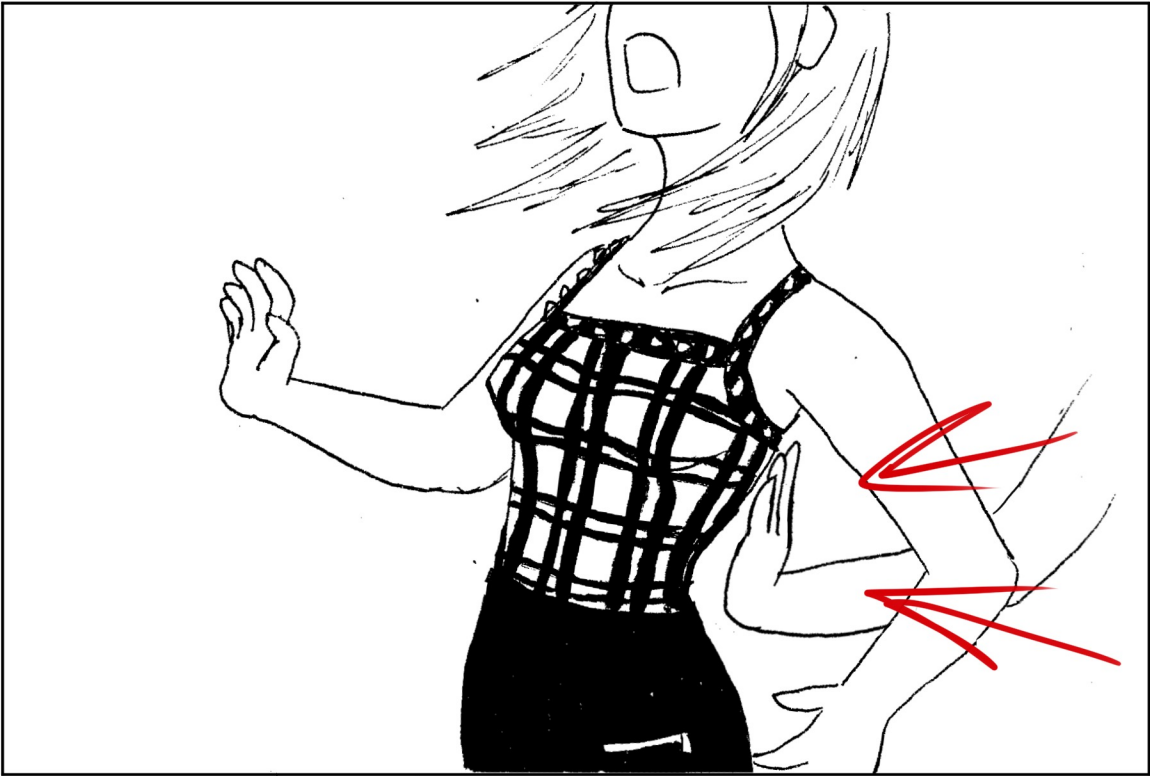
Two youths are trying to mock him and make gestures imitating his hair.
(One is banging on the window.)



Ignoring them, he sorts his papers.

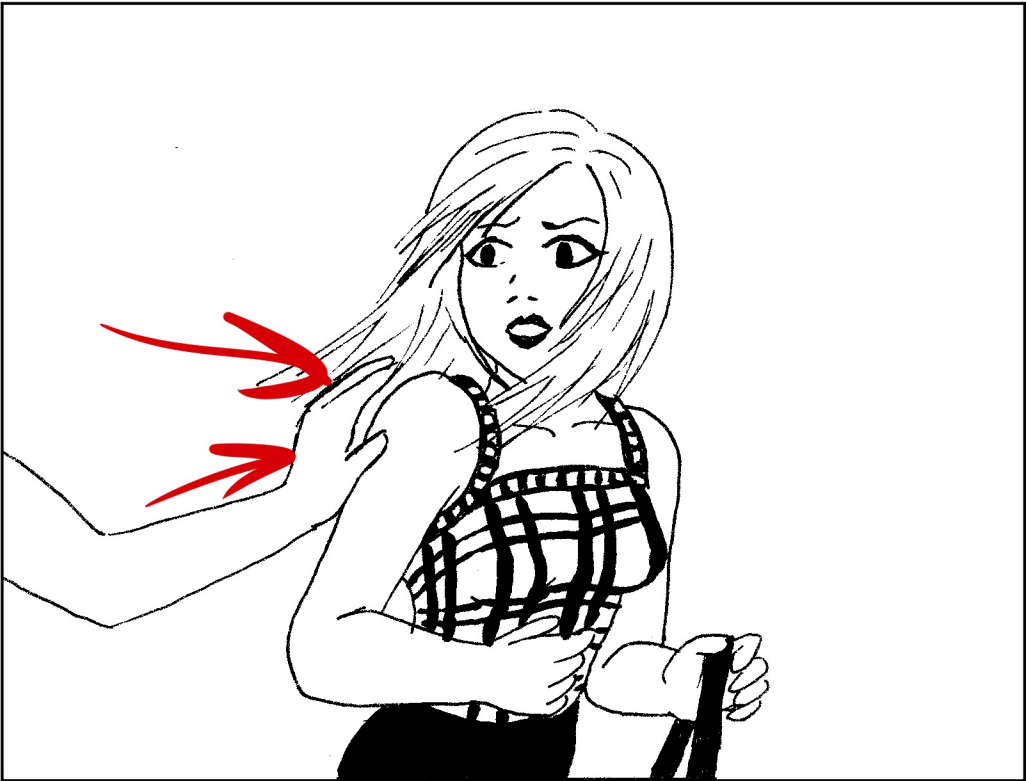


He collects the copies as they finish, sorts them, and leaves with a larger bundle.



On a street corner, Roxy is being pushed by two assailants.

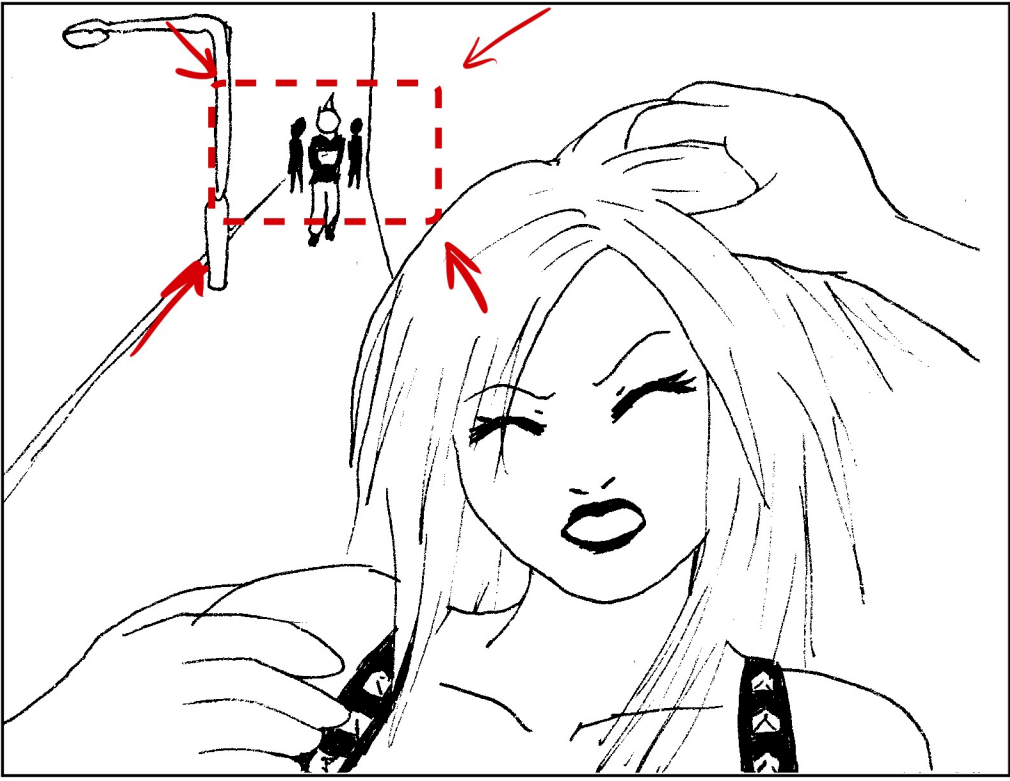
FEMALE ANTAGONIST 1:
Fucking state, dressed like a tart!



Roxy is being pushed from both sides.

FEMALE ANTAGONIST 2:
I've read about your sort.

ROXY:
I don't want any trouble.



The two women grab her as she tries to get away. Over her shoulder, Zee is visible walking up the street.

FEMALE ANTAGONIST 1:
Hold her still!

FEMALE ANTAGONIST 2:
*Like putting on make up do you!
I'll do your fucking makeup!*



The two youths from before come jogging up behind him and knock the papers out of his arms as they go past.

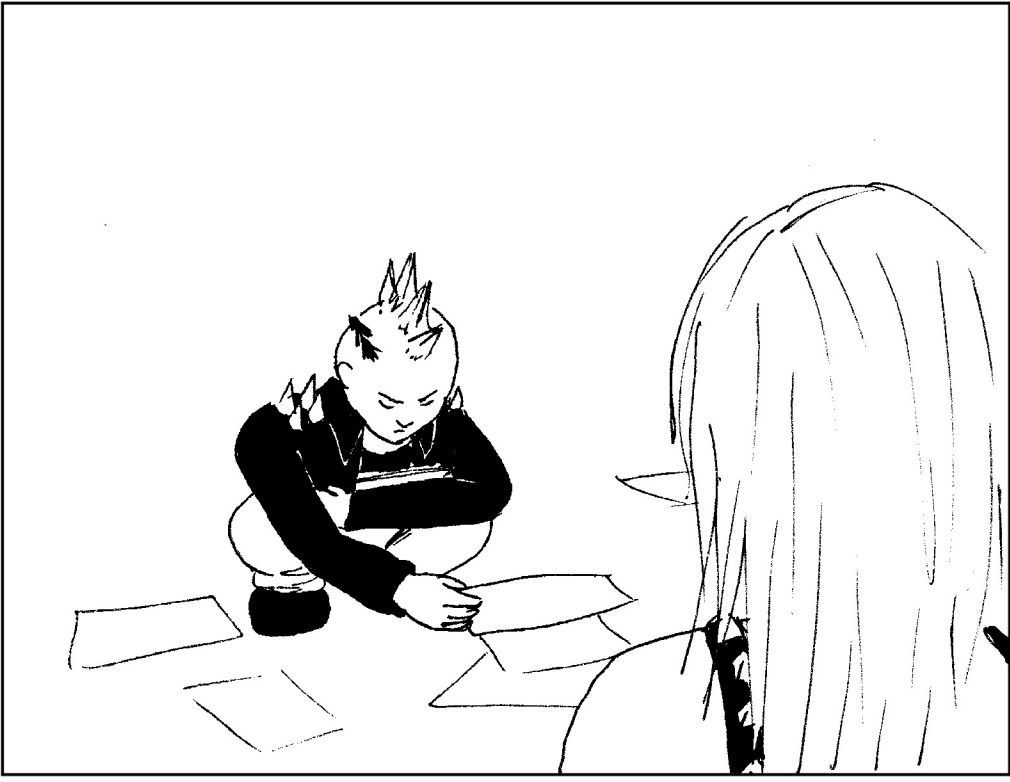


Slow-motion shot of the papers cascading into the air, before landing on the pavement all around.



Zee stoops to pick them up.

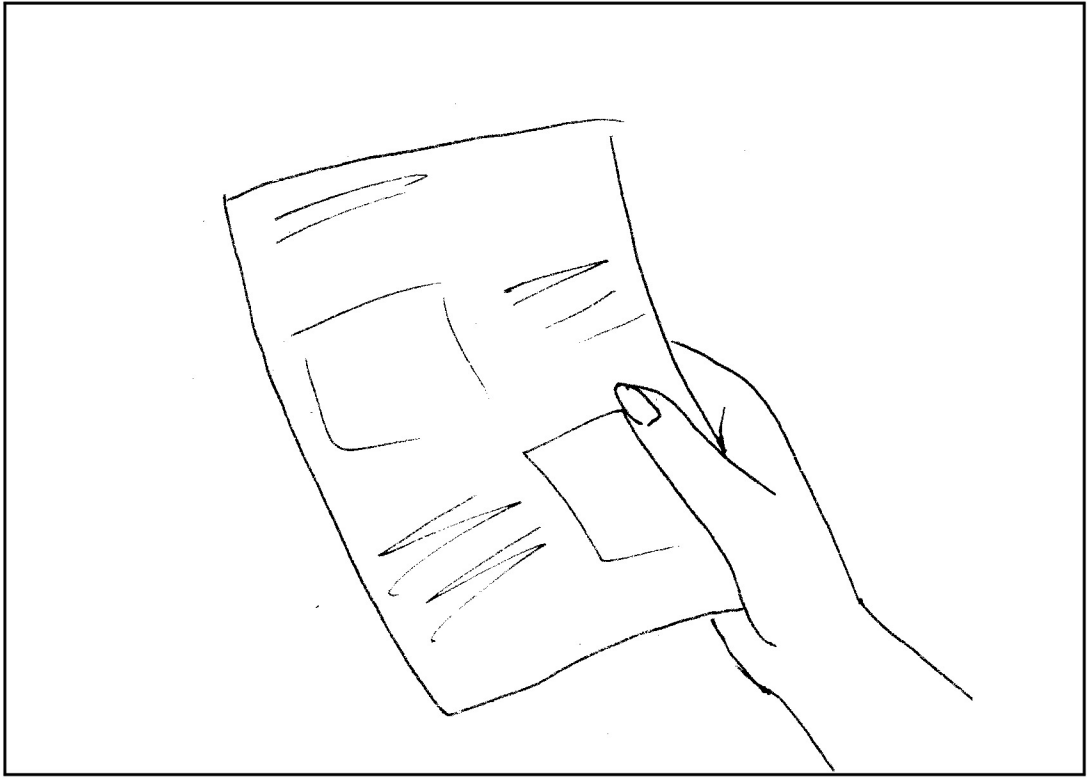
ZEE:
*Idiot's, same shit all the time,
took me ages this did - half of
em are ruined*



Roxy approaches him, he doesn't look up.

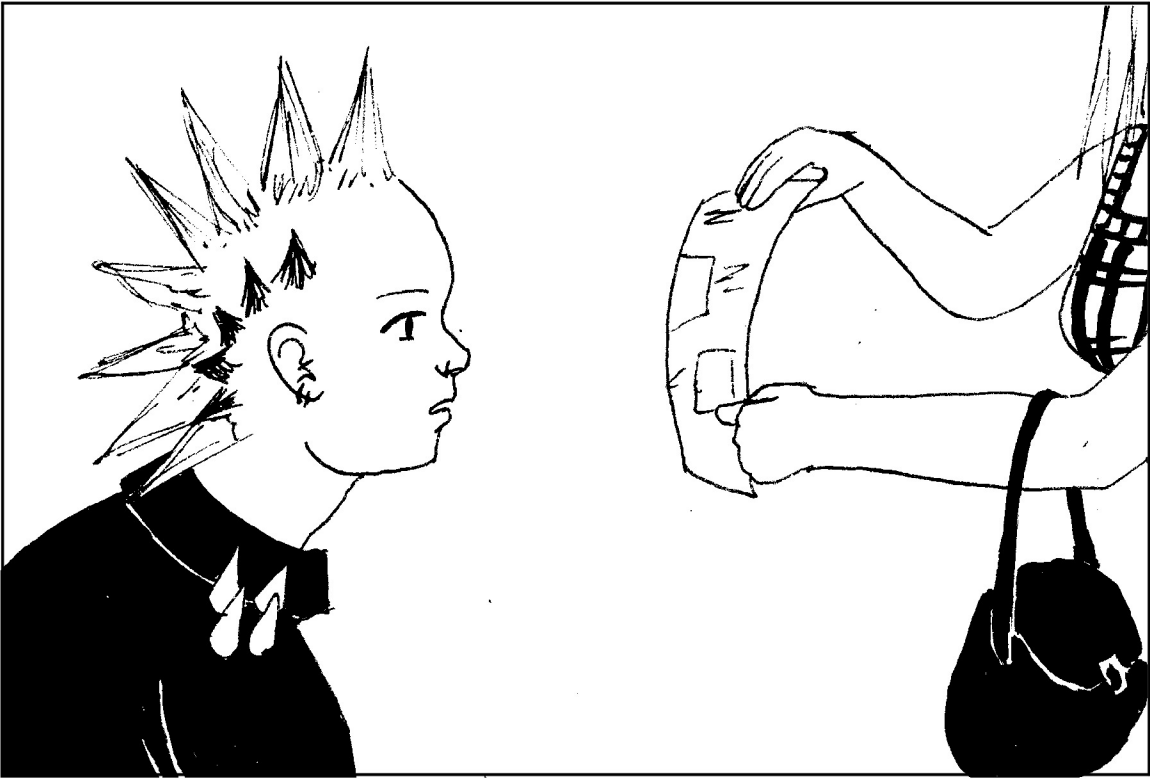
ROXY:
Are you OK?

ZEE:
*Does it fucking look like it -
you lot piss me off.*



Roxy tries to help pick them up, then skims through an issue.

ROXY:
*Oh, Year X - OK I suppose dunt
really say much though.*



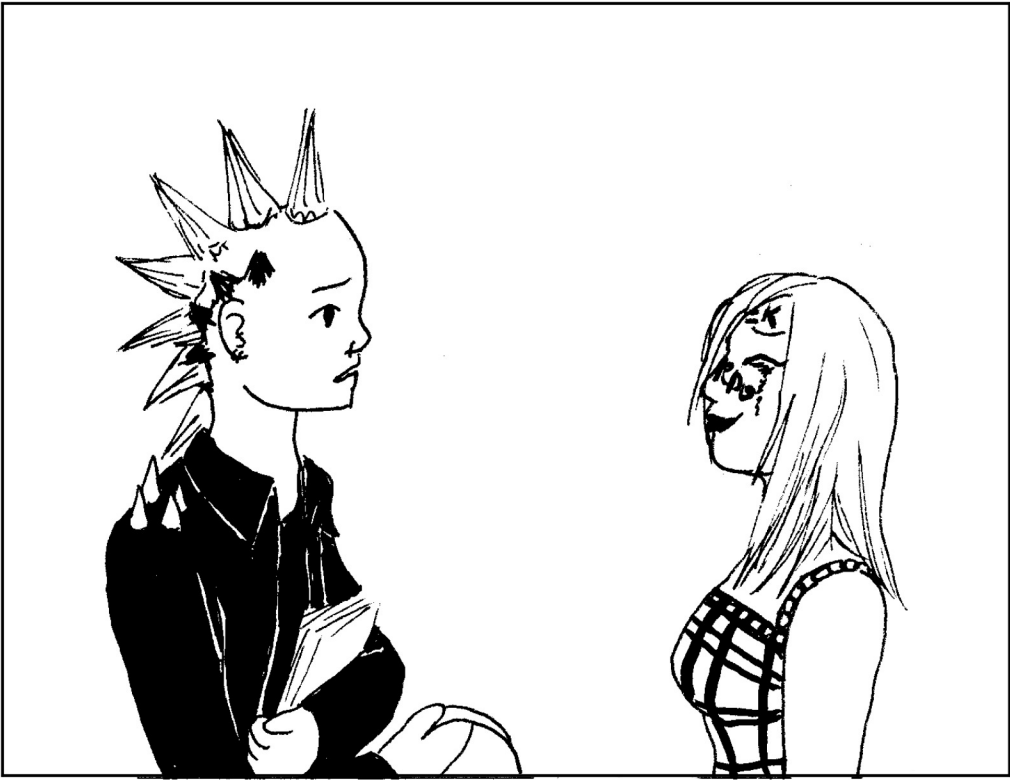
Roxy points at a gig advert in the Fanzine and holds it in front of Zee's face.

ROXY:
Are you going tonight?

ZEE:
yeah, You?

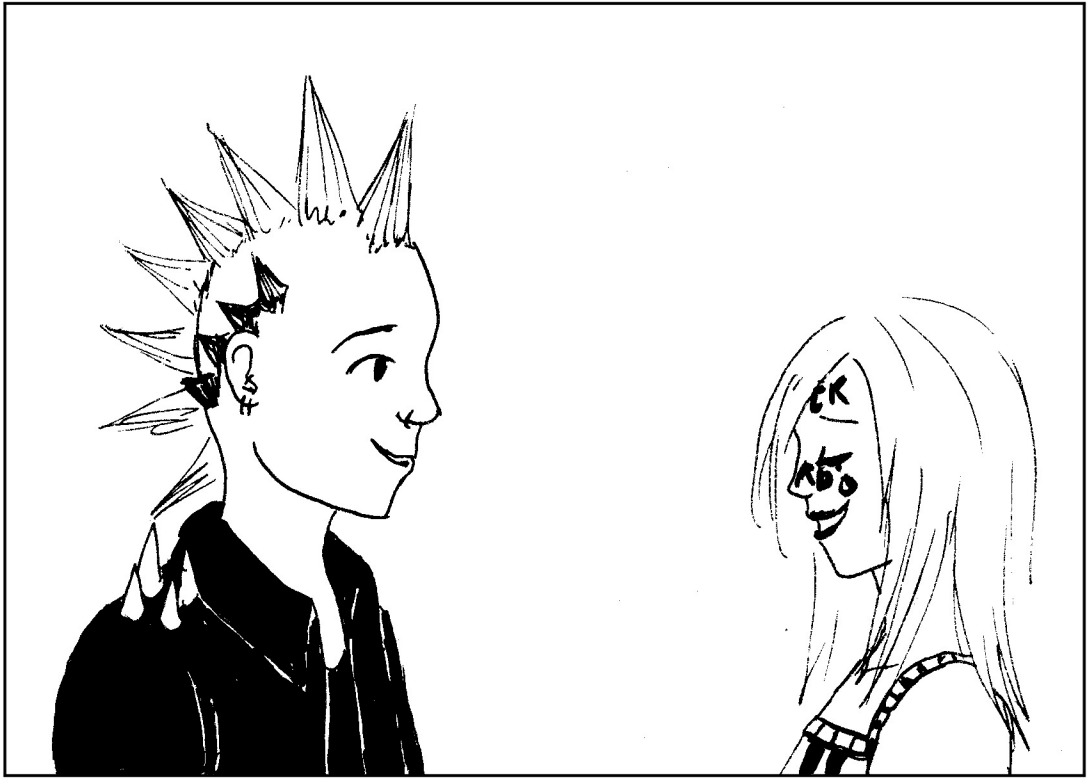


Zee looka up at Roxy for the first time, and his anger dissipates as he sees the state of her face.



ZEE:
I see you met the locals...

ROXY:
Just moved round here, don't really know anyone.



ZEE:
Come with me tonight if you like, might be able to get you in.

ROXY:
Ha ha, yeah right you could be a weirdo.



ZEE:
Me, thought you were the weirdo - says so on your face.

ROXY:
wha...

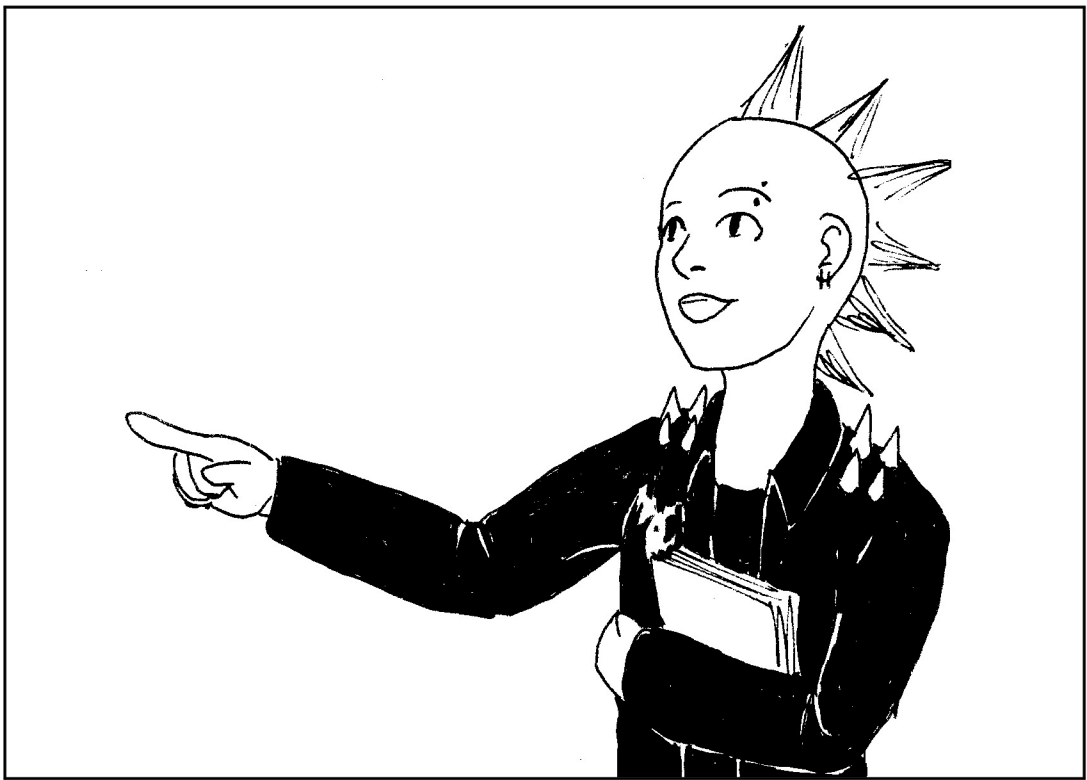


Roxy rummages through her bag and takes out a small mirror.



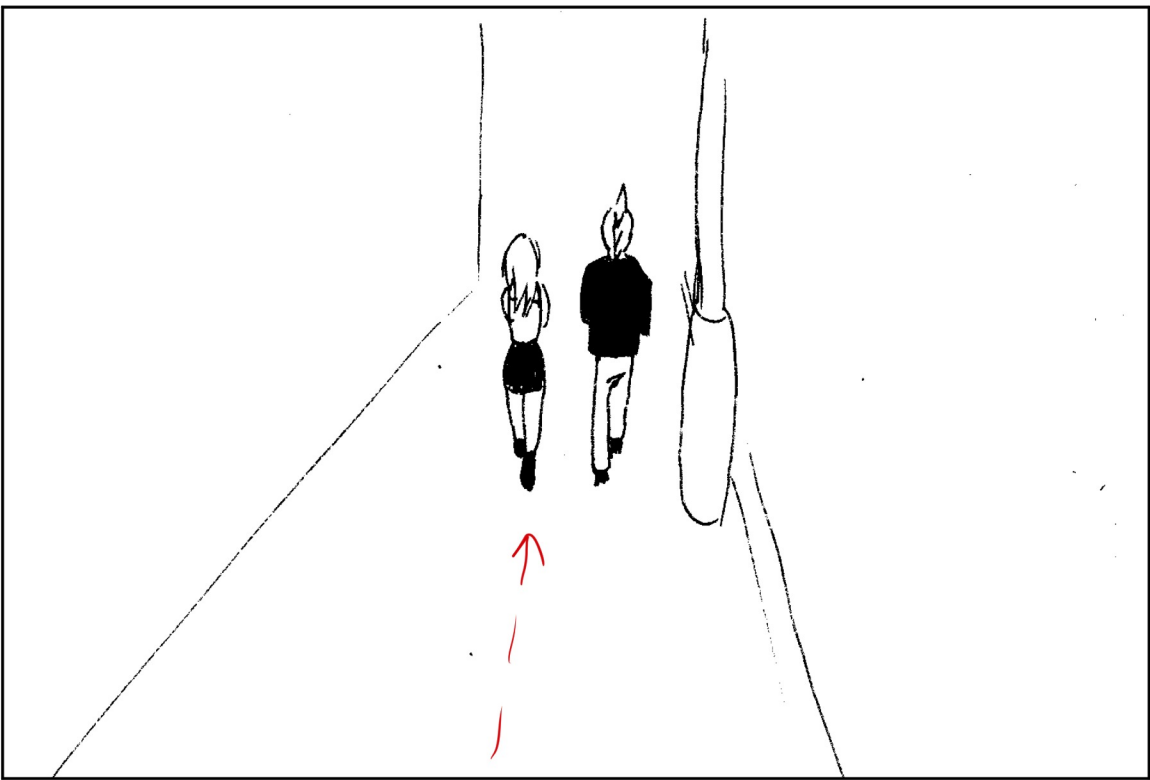
She checks her reflection and panics.

ROXY:
Shit, anywhere I can get cleaned up?

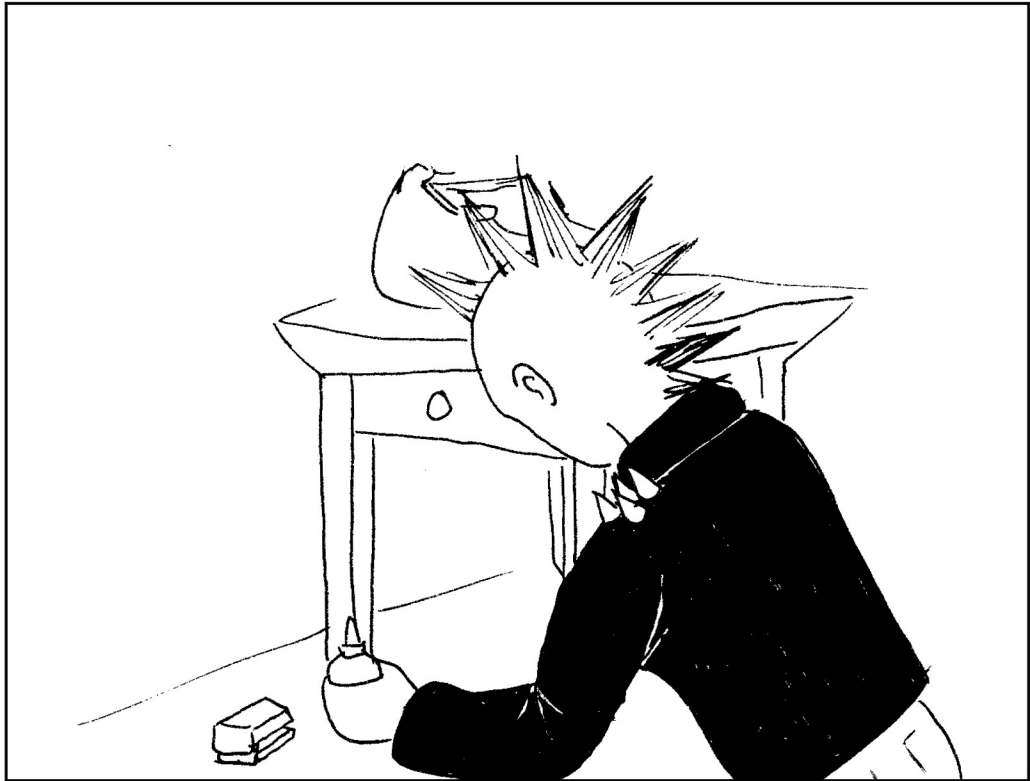


Zee points in the direction of his flat.

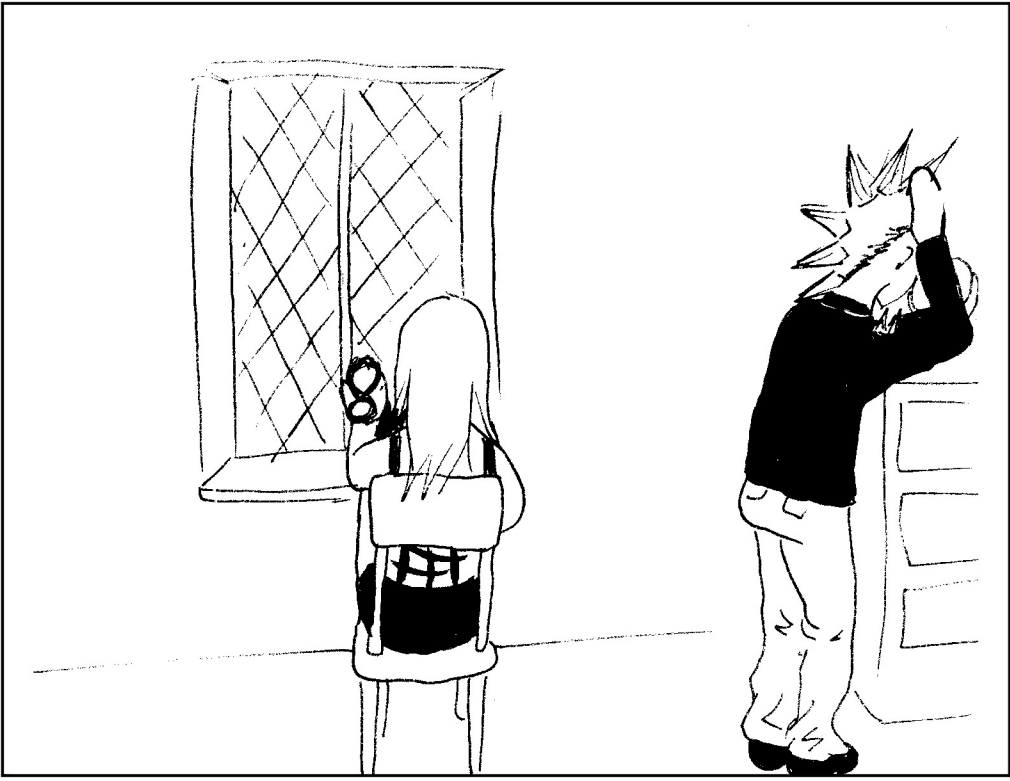
ZEE:
Yeah, I live just up there.



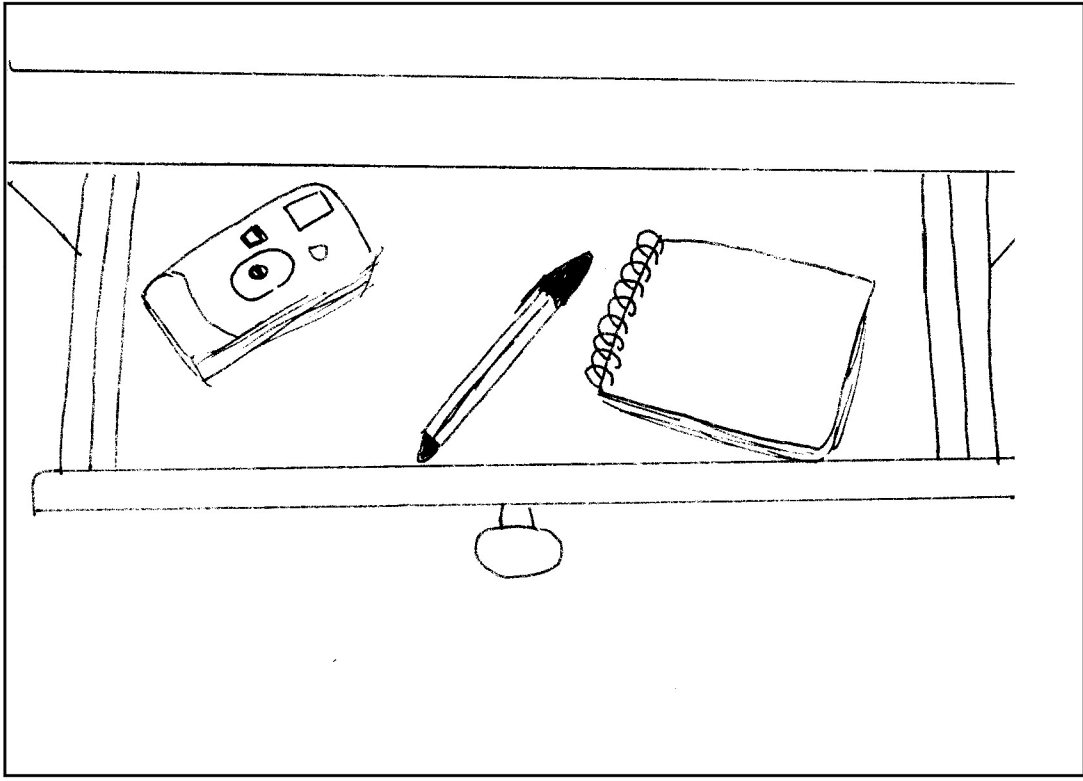
They gather the remaining papers and head off in that direction together.



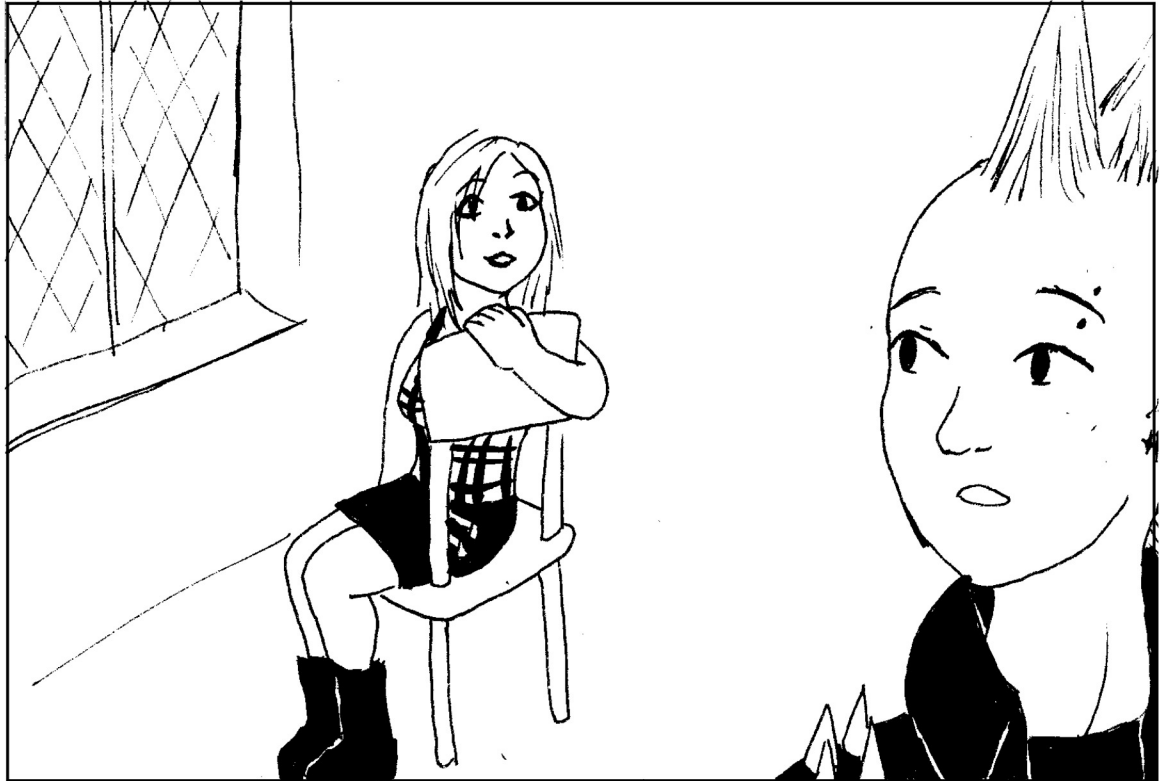
Zee asks Roxy to wait at the door as he quickly tidies away his fanzine paraphernalia.



Roxy sits on a chair near the window, feet on the windowsill, cleaning her face while checking it in her small mirror. Zee is preening his spiky hair in a small shaving mirror.



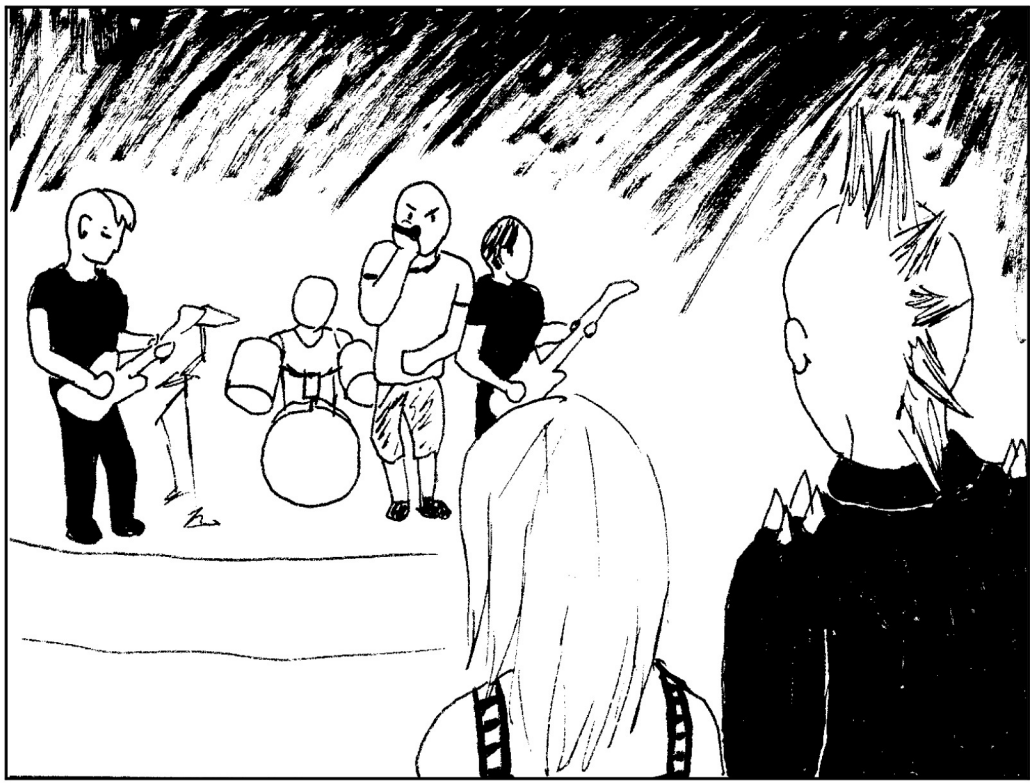
Zee sneaks a small notepad, and pen from a drawer in the bedside cabinet and puts them in his jacket pocket, along with a disposable camera.



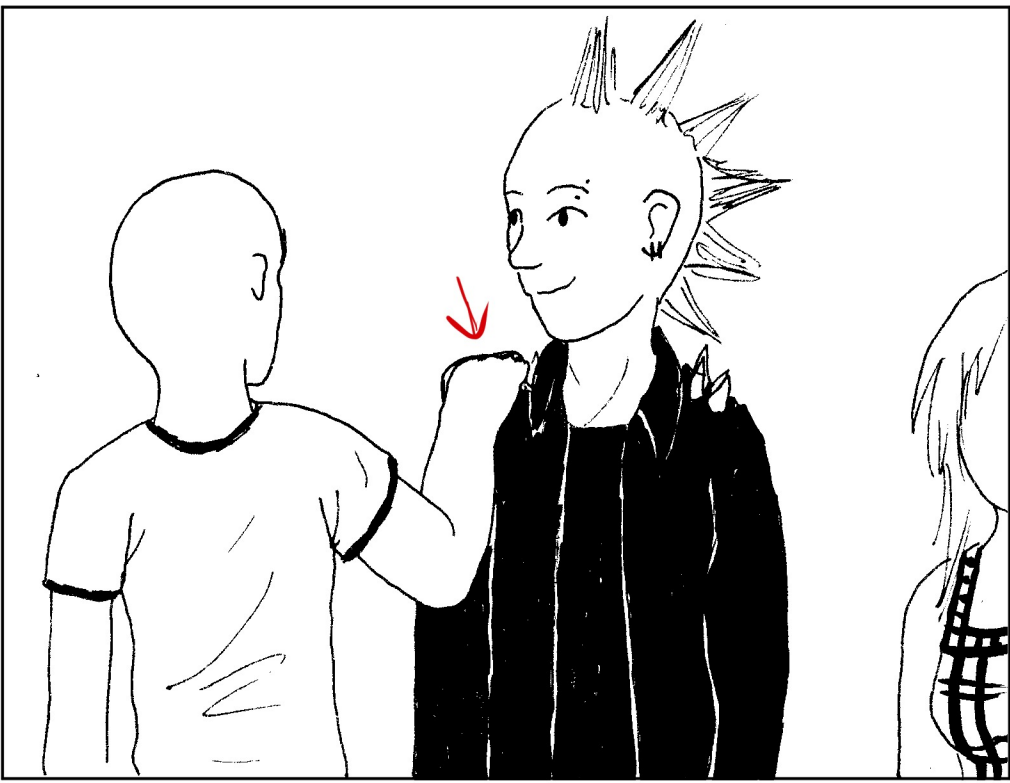
Roxy notices, a puzzled look on her now-clear face.

ZEE:
Are you ready?

ROXY:
Yeah - ready as ever.



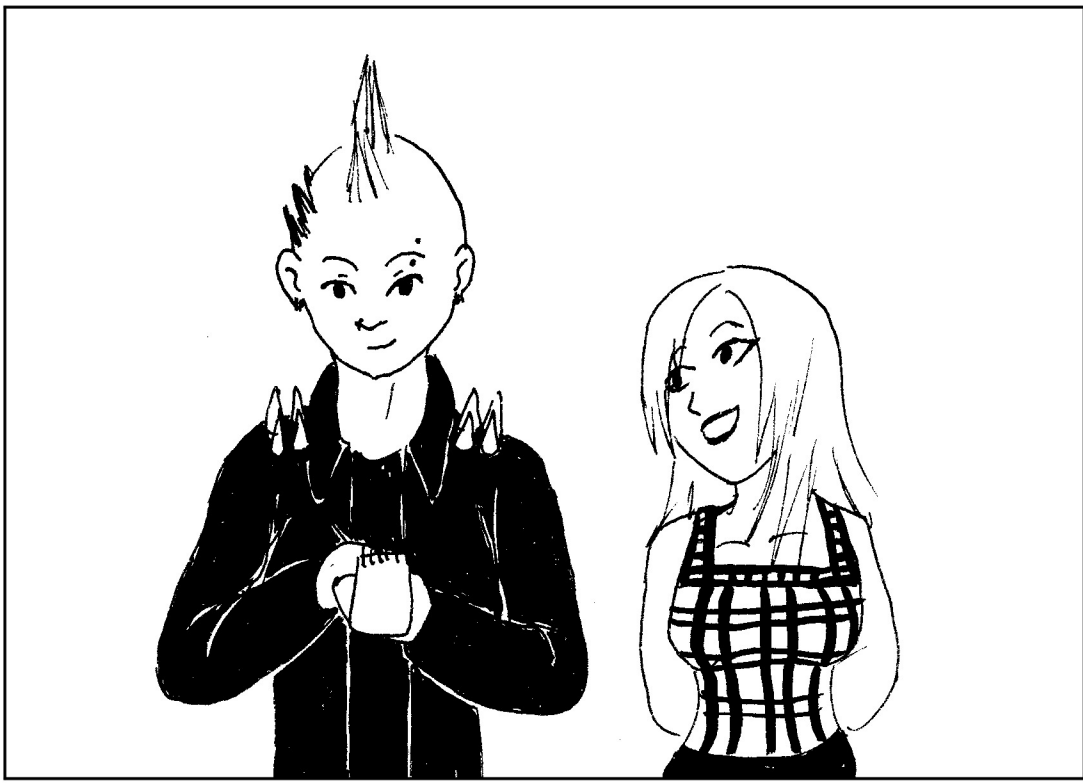
Destination Venus are on stage, playing their song Drink, Drink Drink, there's a few people in the audience, so the singer he uses the partially empty dance area as an extended stage. Zee and Roxy stand side by side watching the band intently.



The band finish their song and the singer leaves the stage. As he passes on the way to the bar, he pats Zee on the shoulder.

SHAUN:
Nice work last one mate - good stuff.

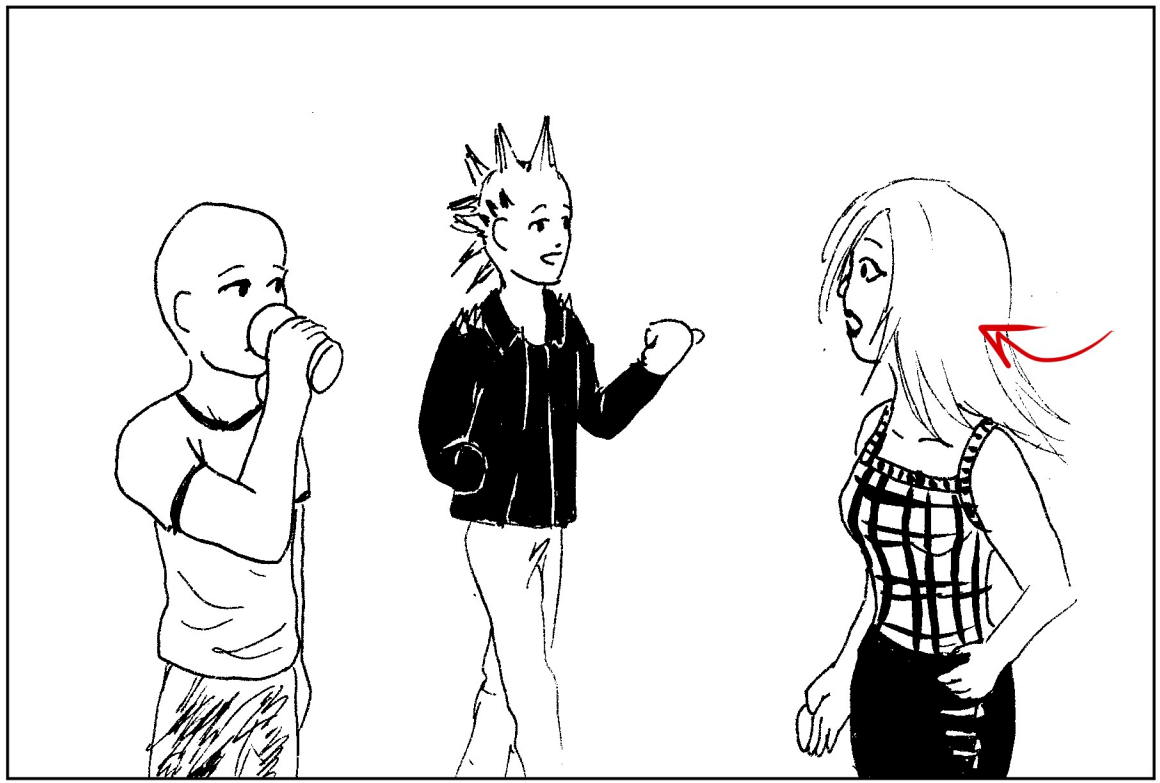
ZEE:
Cheers mate.



Roxy glances sideways at Zee who has taken out the notebook and is writing something in it - obscured to Roxy - then puts it away.

ROXY:
What's that about?

ZEE:
Ha ha, nosy aren't ya.



Vomit have now taken the stage. The singer returns from the bar and stands next to Zee and Roxy.

ZEE:
Sure, shall we grab a table? - coming Roxx?

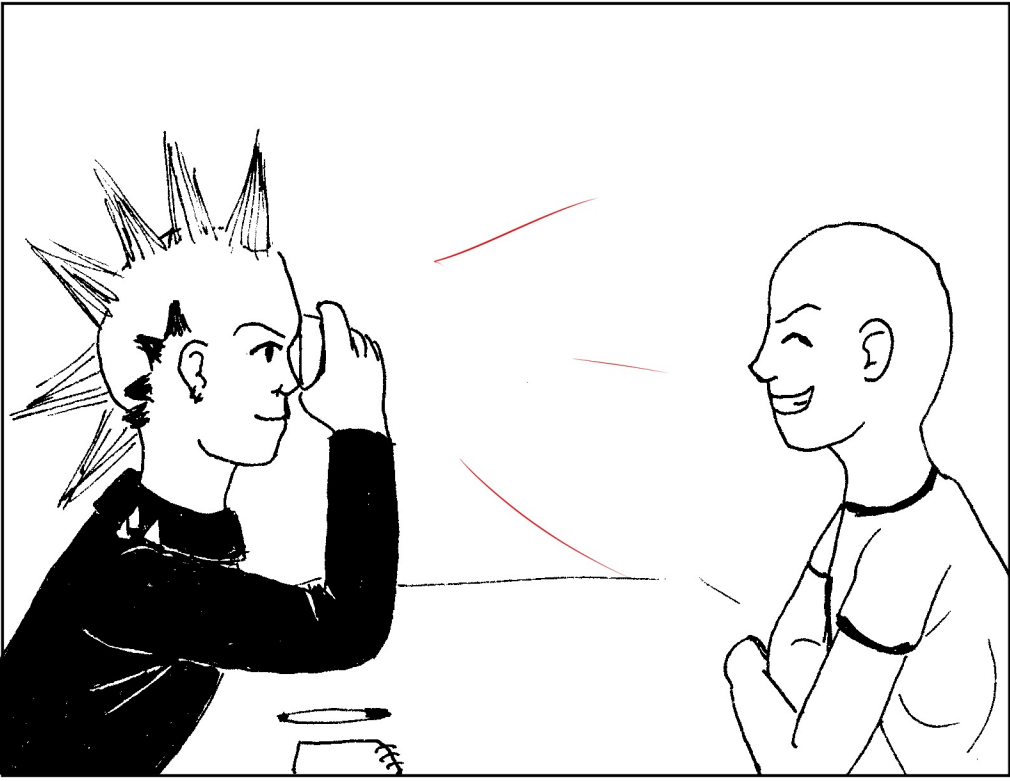
ROXY:
um... yeah...er... ROXY!



The three of them sit round a table at the edge of the dance area, in front of the stage. Vomit continue to play.

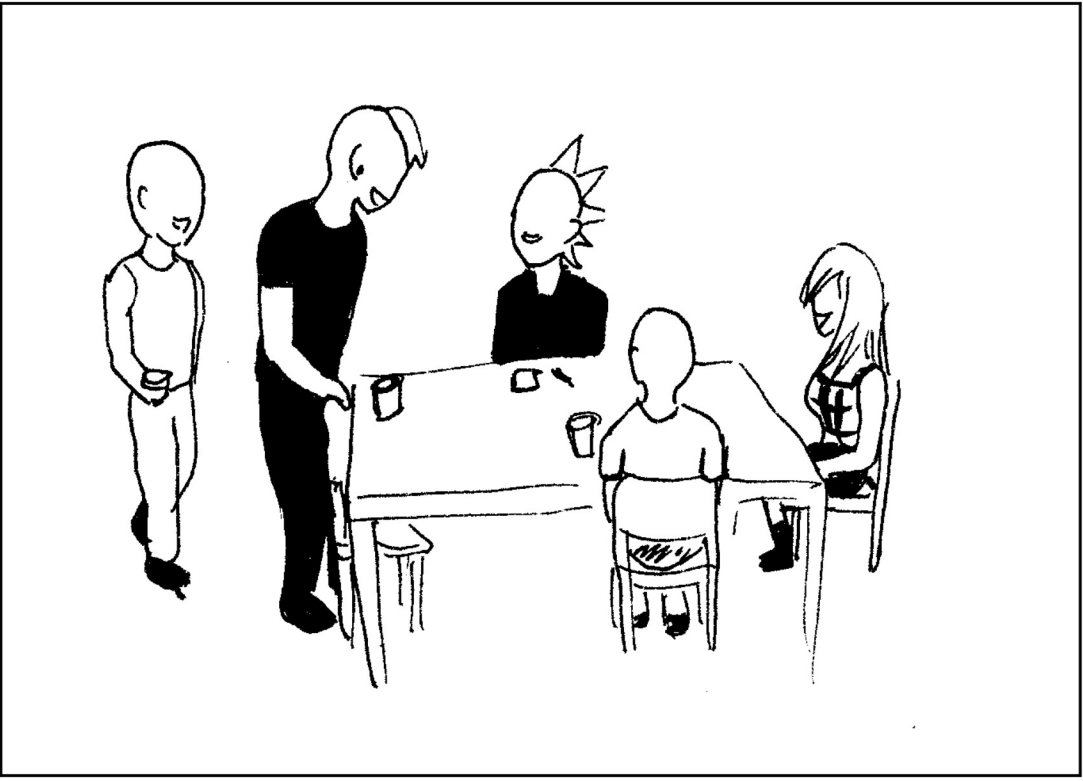
ZEE:
Roxy here, got shit today, just walking down the street minding her own...

ROXY:
Yeah, ya should write about that.

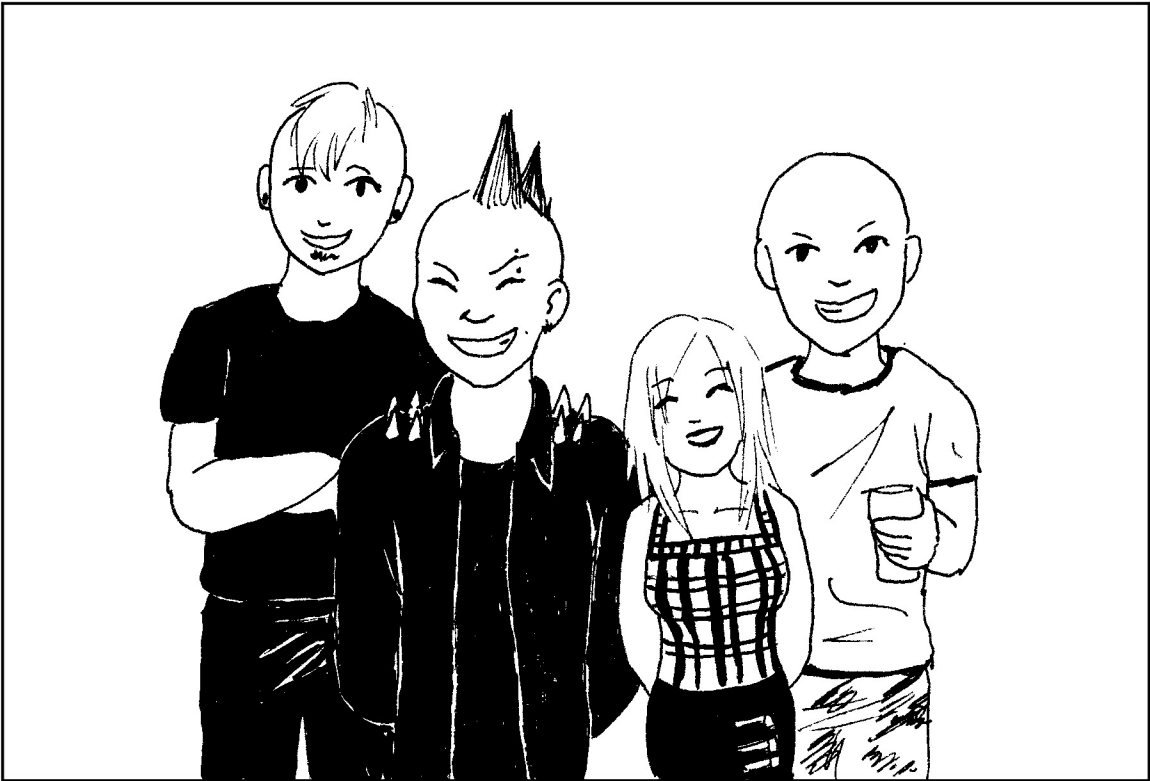


Zee writes something on his notepad, then takes out his camera and begins to take pictures of Shaun as he continues to speak. A few lines of the music cut through the chatter.

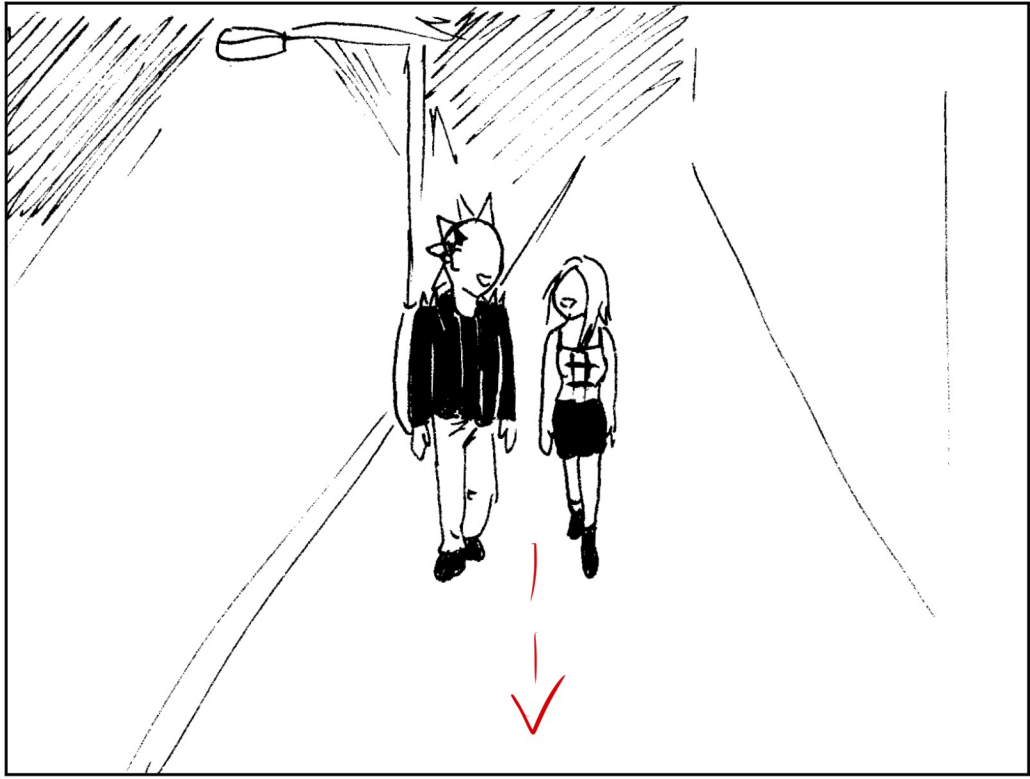
VOMIT:
I don't wanna be you, I just wanna be me, let us just live our life, and let us be...



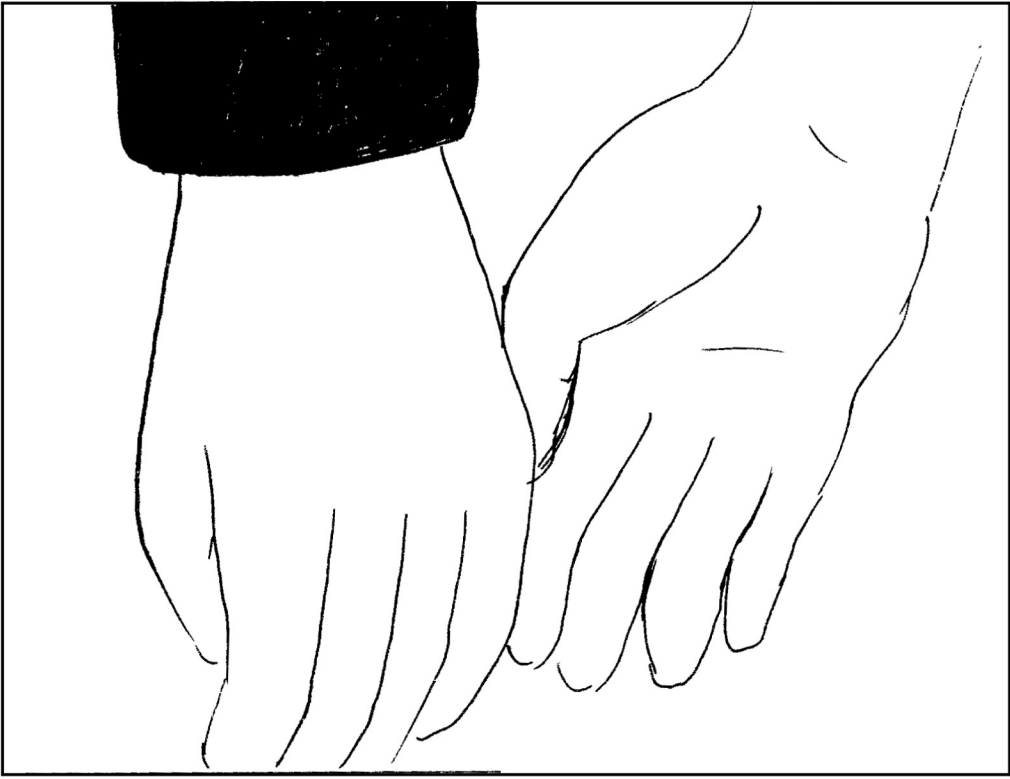
The rest of Destination Venus join the trio round the table and join in with the general conversation and pose for photos.



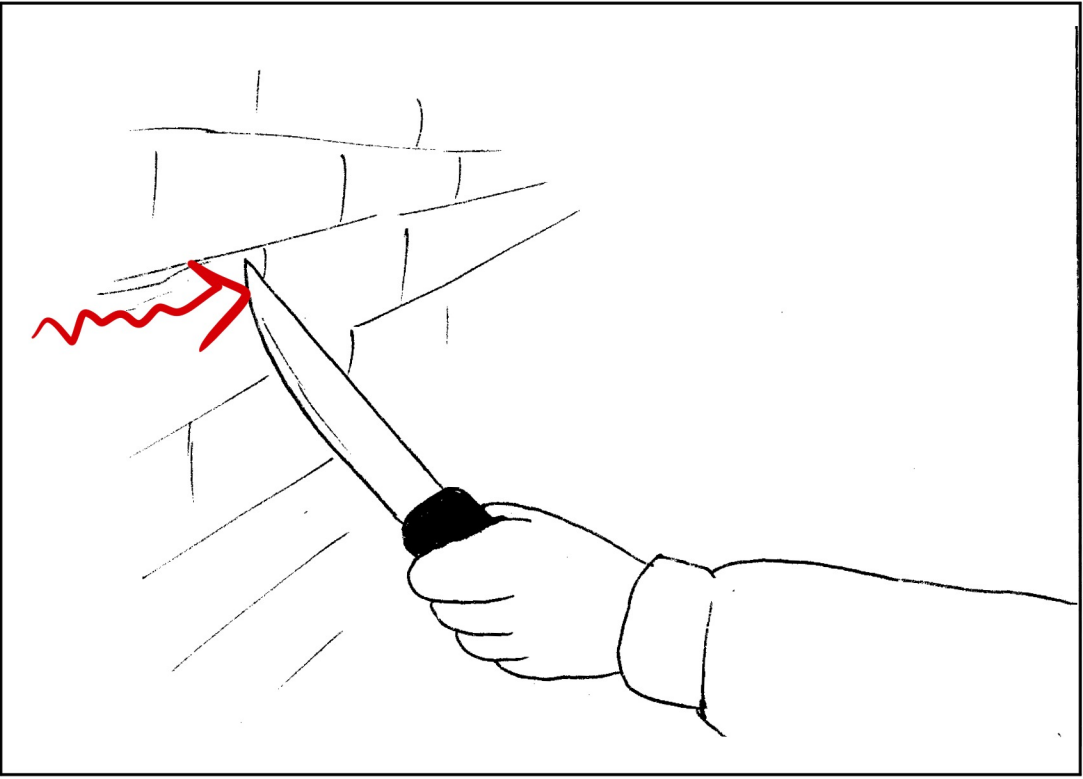
Roxy has photos taken with Destination Venus and Zee.



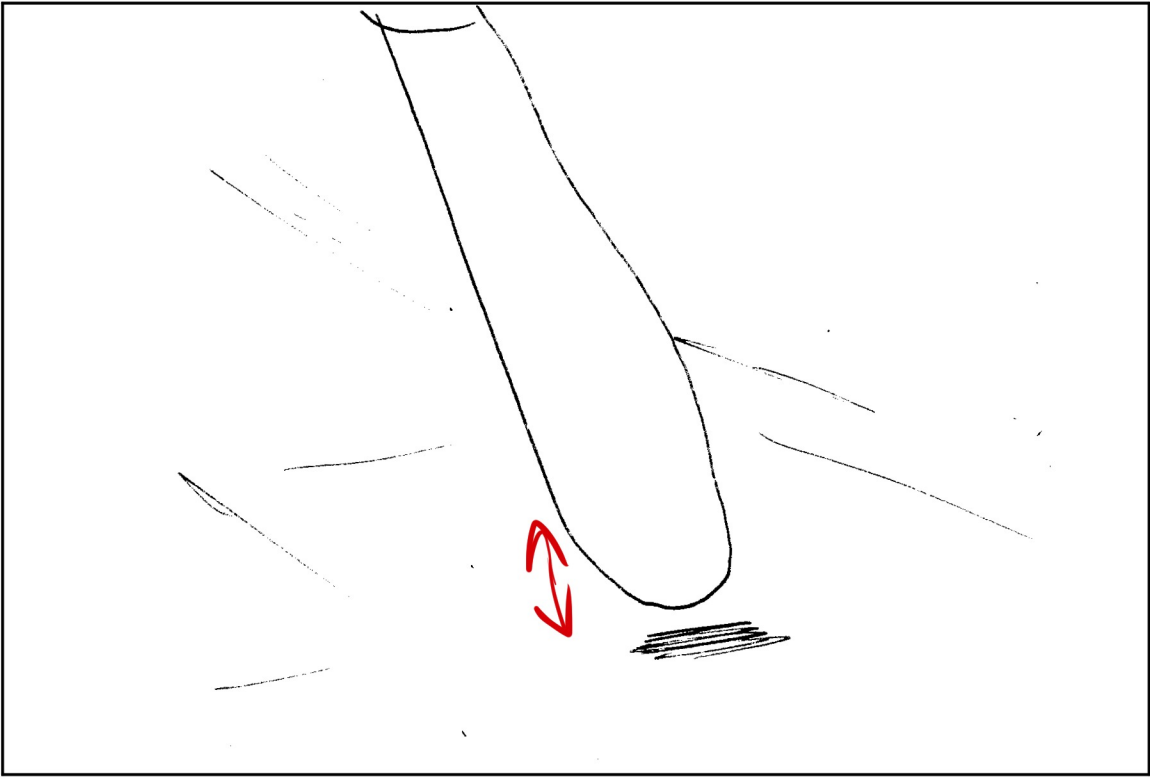
Zee and Roxy are walking back home from the gig, down the same street where Roxy was accosted earlier. They're chatting happily.



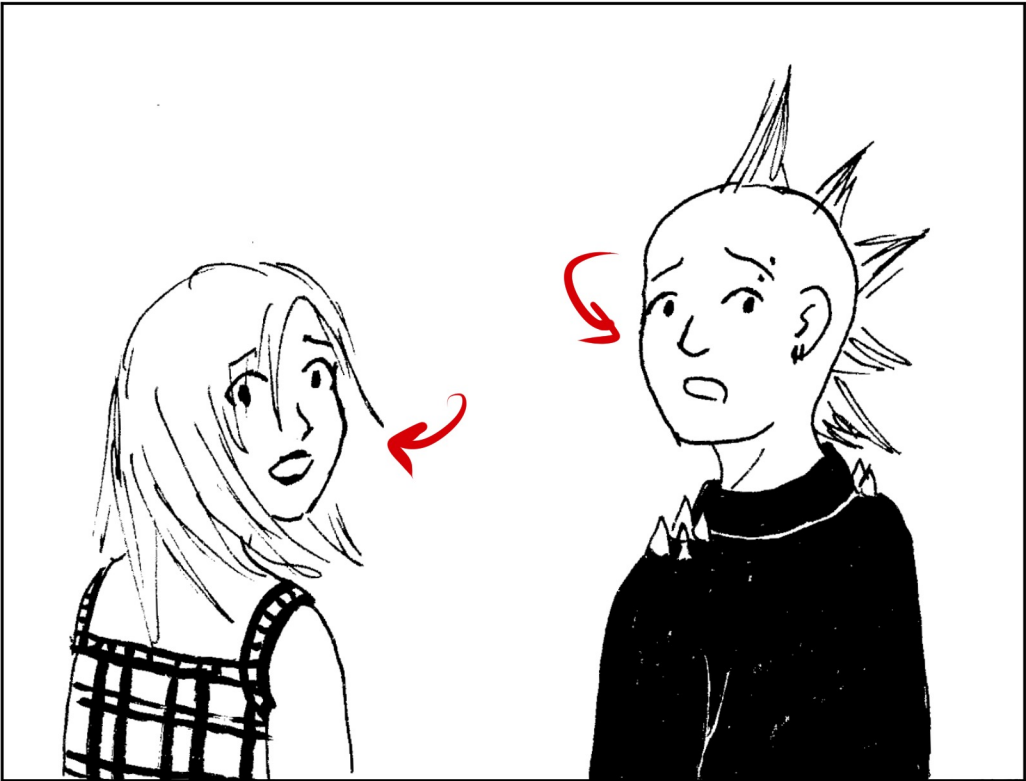
Roxy reaches for Zee's hand.



A knife is scraped along a wall.

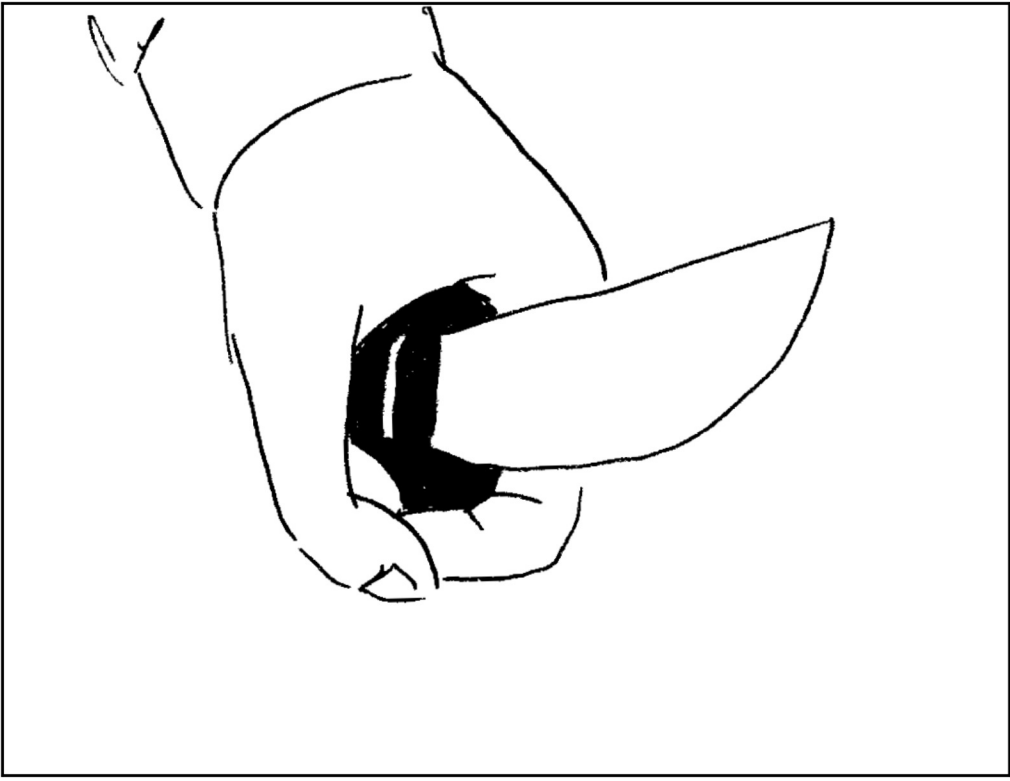


A bat thuds rhythmically on the pavement.

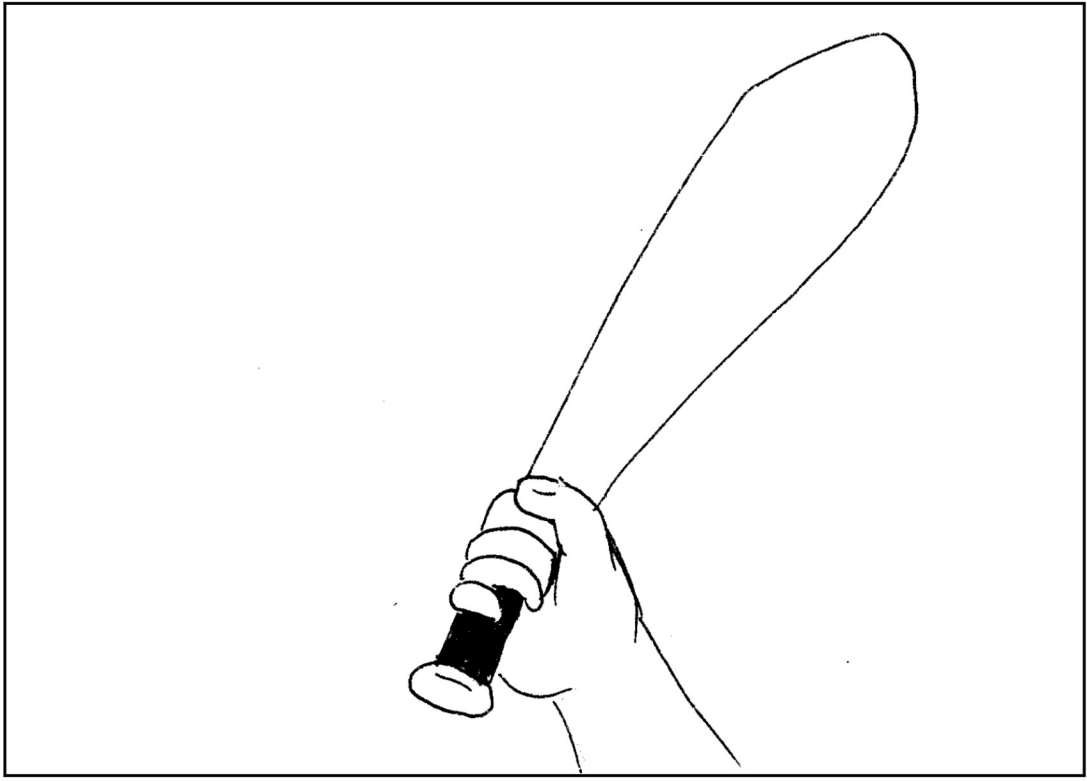


There's the sound of running.
Zee and Roxy turn around,
alarmed.

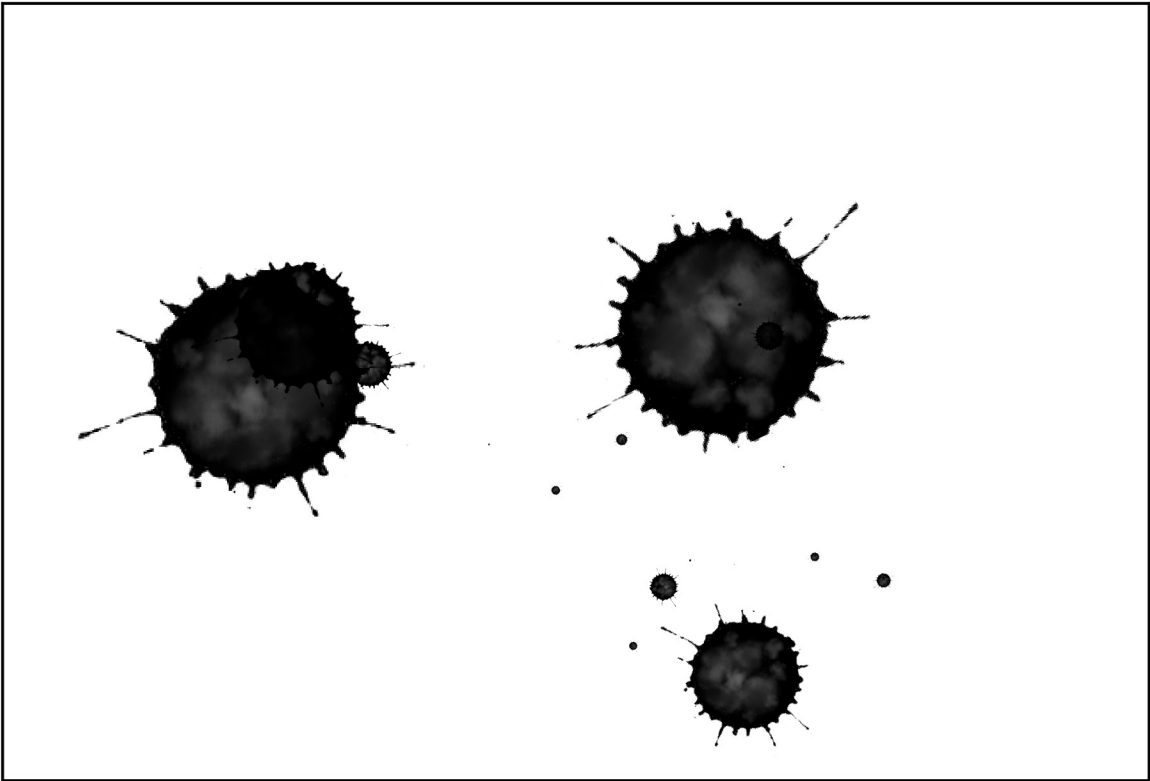
THUGS:
Fucking punks!!



Stills: Knife...



...Bat...



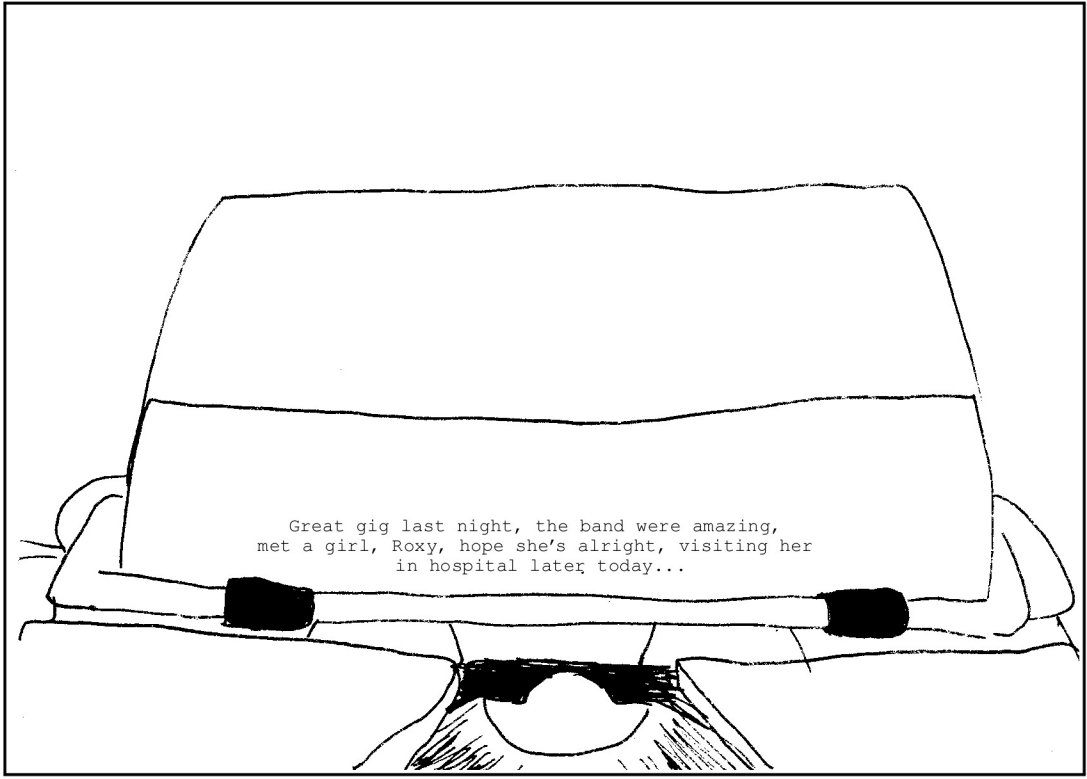
...Blood.



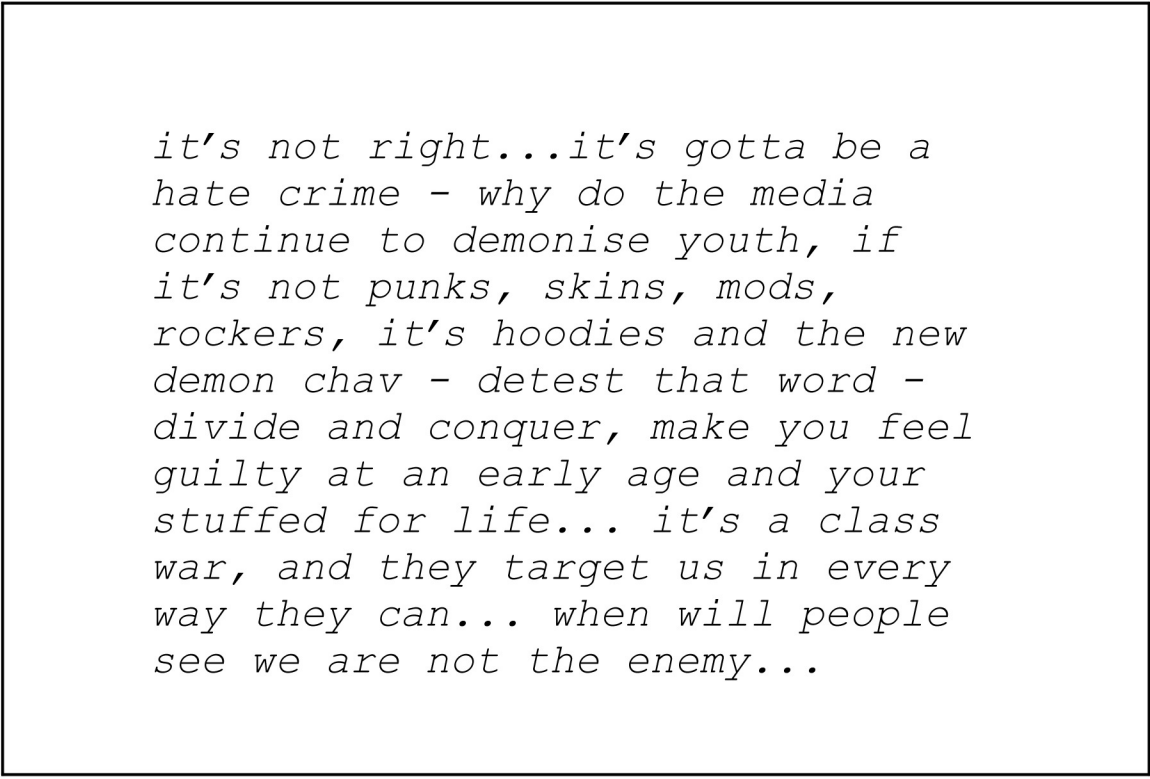
The next morning, Zee is sat
in front of his typewriter.



He's typing angrily. His inner
monologue matches the words
that appear on the paper.



ZEE [thoughts]:
*Great gig last night, the band
were amazing, met a girl, Roxy,
hope she's alright, visiting her
in hospital later today...*
[pause] *it's not right...it's gotta be
a hate crime - why do the media
continue to demonise youth?*



*if it's not punks, skins, mods,
rockers, it's hoodies and the new
demon chav - detest that word -
divide and conquer, make you feel
guilty at an early age and your
stuffed for life... it's a class
war, and they target us in every
way they can... when will people
see we are not the enemy...*