

ASCENSION

Q U A R T E R L Y



~ SPRING ~

2010

Table of Contents

Ascension Artists	1
Loser Superhero	1
good man	2
Featured Artist	3
Up Mine, Sunshine	3
Contributions by Region	4
Arcata//Brooke C. Fairfield	4
Chico//Around Town Collective	5
Davis//Amy Yang	7
Sonora//arrows.andbones(COLLECTIVE)	8
San Francisco//Popgang	10
San Francisco//Sam Kehl	11
Oakland//Jabberlope	12
San Jose//Side With Us Records	13
Santa Cruz//April Short	15
Temecula//Steve Tran	16
Los Angeles//Jesse James Chisholm	22

Ascension Artist

L O S E R S U P E R H E R O

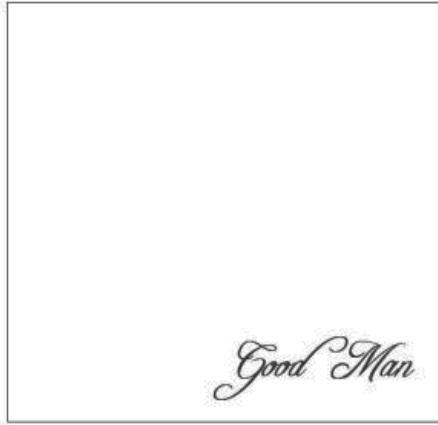


NEW RELEASE AVAILABLE SOON

2 0 1 0 A S C E N S I O N R E C O R D I N G S A N D P U B L I C A T I O N S

P O P G A N G A R T N E T

Ascension Artist



[Good man]'s new e.p. "Where the Boys Been"... tells you exactly where they've been. To hell and back many times and possibly still in there. The album opens with the mid life angst shred "Financial Boredom" that at first floors you to the point of manic toss and turns and then brings you back to the gloom. A good portion of the e.p. is reminiscent of a late 80's, early 90's Thurston Moore writing style, especially songs like "Fix Broken Down Son" and the Jeremy Bakken written "Girls On Parade" with it's driving straight forward drums and twang angular guitar in the back; bring the vocal story telling of [good man]'s self loathing woes and haunts reminding me that even the most hard drinking mountain man still needs a women to be happy. The closing song to "Boy's" "The Hanged Man's Psalm" brings the happy chords, but leaves you with the bittersweet lyrics of jaded resentment and one too many nights drinking with your friends playing these songs in hopes that it will take the pain away. I don't know about you but I can't wait for an album from this "Good Man."

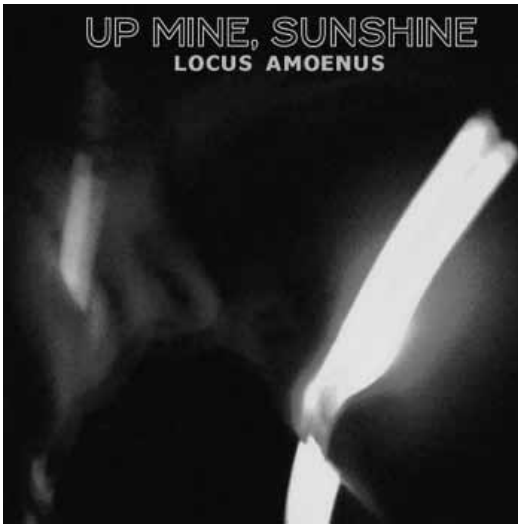
-Giovanni de la Cruz

<http://cllct.com/release/wheretheboysbeen>

Featured Artist



Locus Amoenus is the latest release from our wonderful friends **Up Mine, Sunshine**. You can download their album at <http://upminesunshine.bandcamp.com>.



Arcata, CA



“Merry Christmas or whatever” Art by Brooke C. Fairfield
brkferfeel@gmail.com

Chico, CA



The Around Town Collective is a record label based out of Chico, CA. We are DIY in every aspect from recording to distribution. Our goal is to find great music and share it with the world. As of 2007, we have released just over 20 albums. Most are available for free download and a select few are on iTunes. Going into 2010, we hope to find new music and continue exposing our current lineup to new audiences.

you can contact us at: aroundtowncollective@hotmail.com

visit us at: www.aroundtowncollective.com

Chico, CA

UPCOMING SHOWS

- ♠ April 17 11a California Nut Festival w. Harlowe & The Great North Woods
- ♠ April 23 7p Cafe Flo w. Fera, Hearts & Minutes and Avita Treason
- ♠ April 23 8p Cafe Coda w. Last Workhorse, The Blank Tapes, Ghost To Falco and TBA
- ♠ April 26 6p Sierra Nevada Brewing Co. Tap Room w. Zach Zeller (solo), Harlowe & The Great North Woods and many more!.
- ♠ May 7 7:30p Cafe Flo w. The Envelope Peasant (CD RELEASE), Zach Zeller and The Rock Creek Jug Band
- ♠ May 11 8p Cafe Coda w. Harlowe and The Great North Woods, Joybook, Hurray For The Riff Raff and Miss Lonely Hearts
- ♠ May 14 8p Bustolini's w. Harlowe & The Great North Woods, Zach Zeller and TBA
- ♠ May 21 8p Empire Coffee w. Harlowe and The Great North Woods
- ♠ May 22 7p Cafe Flo w. Fera, Erin Lizardo and TBA
- ♠ May 28 8p Cafe Coda w. Drew Grow & The Pastor's Wives, Red Ribbon Brigade and TBA
- ♠ June 5 7p Cafe Flo w. Fera, JON JI (San Diego, CA) and TBA

Davis, CA

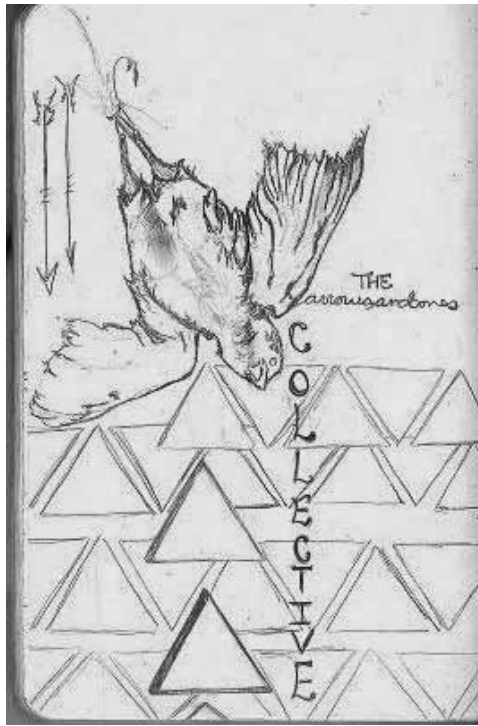


"reaching" is one of the first pieces I did for this series. I've always had a fascination with drawing hands ever since I took Art 1 at Sacramento City College. So the idea of sketchy, abstract hands kind of flowed onto the paper.

-Amy Yang

amyjeaiyang@gmail.com

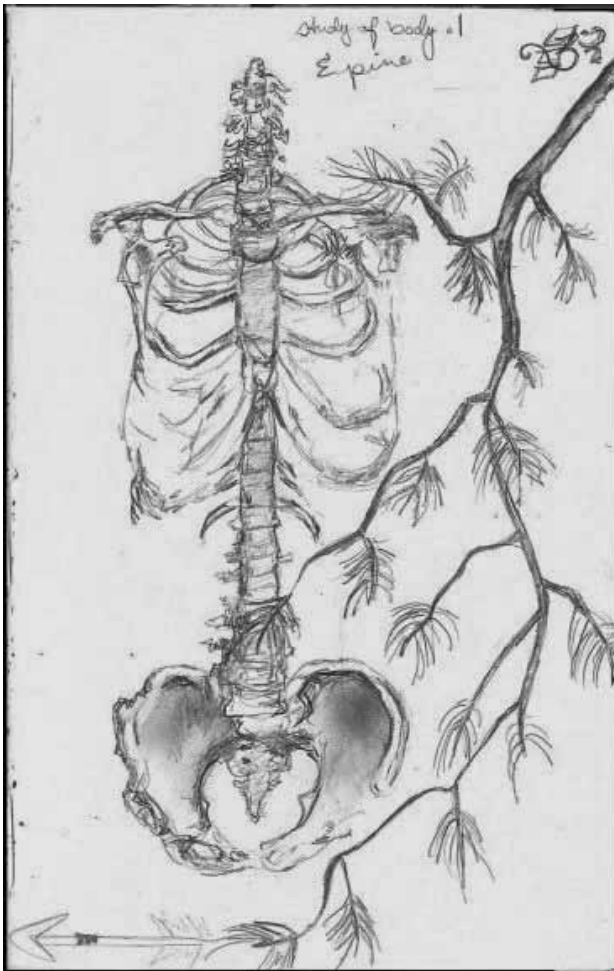
Sonora, CA



the arrows.andbones(COLLECTIVE) is a multi-media group started in 2009, based in the Sierra Nevada Foothills. The group focuses on mostly recycled- individual, custom pieces (ranging from murals to tattoo designs) and the communal act of creation(ARTPARTY).

To contact the arrows.andbones(COLLECTIVE), email mtucker4@student.yosemite.edu or visit [facebook.com](https://www.facebook.com), search the arrows.andbones(COLLECTIVE).

Sonora, CA



“Bone and Pine” (charcoal and pen, 2009) Art by Megan T
mtucker4@student.yosemite.edu

San Francisco, CA

POPGANG ART NET



LTD. RELEASES, GRAPHIC DESIGN,
NETWORKING, BOOKING. CONTACT US AT:
popgangbooking@gmail.com

popgangbooking@gmail.com

San Francisco, CA



Skeletons by Sam Kehl

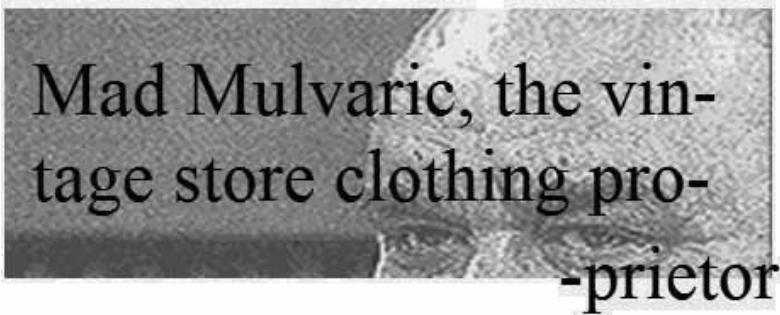
I ran my fingers through his hair and picked a leaf out. It was little and dried; skeletal. I was sleepy that day and kept my eyes closed most of the time, but I could feel the texture like a microscopic tennis racket. I thought a little bit about the way a leaf grows. They have their own set of flesh and bone that we call fibers, the same way as all matter is just atoms that move at different frequencies. Our thoughts have their own frequencies, I've heard. They are matter too, just like everything else.

"I know where there is a skeleton," He told me. I opened my eyes for a brief second to see nothing but his brow and eyelids, very close to mine. We sat silent for a moment and my thoughts drifted. I thought about how our brain frequencies must have their own skeletons as well; their own frame-work of the stronger, more consistent pieces of their structure.

"What kind of skeleton?" I asked.

"A human skeleton," he said as if he were being creepy. I didn't really feel anything. I wanted a shiver up my spine.

Oakland, CA



He was always scowling. I wondered how, and if he did, and what made him, smile. I was completely aware that perhaps he never did. His store was the kind of place that hired girls with bad drug habits, who showed a bit too much skin and needed a bit too much help to grow up and get on with their lives. Girls who dressed in fishnet stocking and assemblage pieces that were mostly scrap and safetypins. Mad Mulvaric hired all these types and leered at them every moment they were there. Who knew what went on in the back rooms? I imagined some of the company parties, the plowing of acres of coke and maybe Mulvaric even got his disgusting self laid. I had a feeling

that he was something of this bizarro playboy, who sneered and ate sloppy meat sandwiches in the back room and never changed his shirt but who had the right records (and only records) on his vintage stereo. He had this one t-shirt that I think summed him up more than anything, with a picture of Marvin the Martian as a hip-hop turntablist in space. He wore it constantly, I think I saw him with it on maybe 85% of the time that I saw him; and for awhile there when I was poor and yet unemployed and imagining myself a hustler I'd saunter by after my late morning bagel (at 4pm) and filter my fingers through the 99-cent rack nearly everyday. He always stood there right by the door to his little back room, probably because it afforded him an eye of the back of the counter--and you know who was always standing around in their ratty old fishnets. He'd stand at his post chewing incessantly, like guys with large goatees sometimes tend to do, chewing like a walrus on some imaginary sandwich that he was remembering or looking forward to, I could never tell which.

<http://jabberlope.com>

San Jose, CA



About Us

Making money is always nice, but our main goal is releasing great music and getting our bands heard. Here at Side With Us we believe the key to success is to focus on making a good product (in this case good music) and then it is all clockwork from there.

Side With Us has a fantastic line-up of talented folks including Worker Bee, The Record Winter, Dirty Pillows, The Albert Square, Tourister, Jubilant Low, and Mammoth Exploration Society.

<http://www.sidewithus.com/records>

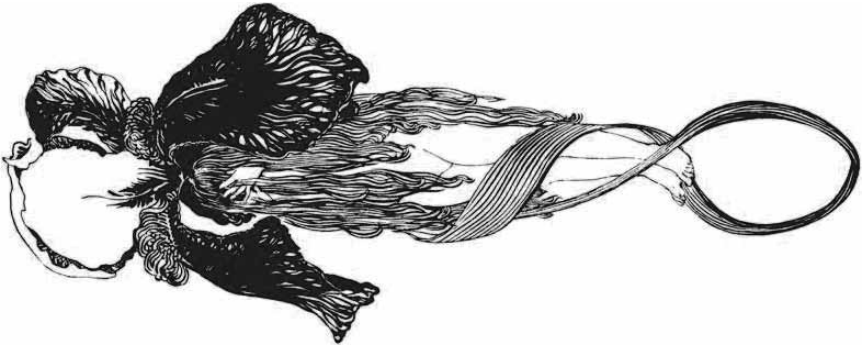
<http://www.myspace.com/sidewithusrecords>

San Jose, CA

JUNE 26TH 2010
LEMURIA
HARD GIRLS
JUBILANT LOW
9PM AT THE CREPE PLACE



Santa Cruz, CA



Sweet by April Short

Red deep luscious
Fermented grapes
Soothe me on my porch on the pink couch
Blue eyes stare back at me
And two lips speak with me
Half the breaths we take are irrelevant
And we breathe together
And we walk inside,
We lie together
And it's a sweet lie
We pretend together
And it feels all right

Temecula, CA

THIS SUFFERING IS SO MAKING ME CLOSER TO
YOU RIGHT NOW

by Steve Tran

Before it spread the rash didn't seem so bad. She said it looked kind of beautiful. Her fingernails traced a V-shaped pattern from my collarbone to the rash on my chest. Like the constellation of Taurus. Then the itch worsened. All those scattered pimple-like stars exploding into hot burn. The rash spread. My forearms, my neck, the back of my thighs, inside the webs of my fingers. I scratched.

Then it spread it her.

She read the future for tips and at Balboa Park the tips were always good, better than any waitress job. Her smile like God's sunshine, her tits to match. Everyday she packed a picnic with lawn chairs and a small fold-out poker table and set up near the fountain. She looked at the palms of people's hands, told them their fate lines were less like paved roads and more like canyons carved by erosion, the Santa Ana winds persuading droplets of water off the spray of the fountain and into the breeze. Under an August sun those tiny bursts of spontaneous rain felt like miracles in of themselves on the sunburned cheeks of her customers. She flipped tarot cards, charted zodiac signs. Most of it she exaggerated for effect. These days, she said, people lived uninteresting lives. I once asked her if in any of the past did anyone live a good life. She said yes, the Egyptians

Temecula, CA

did, when they ruled the world. How do you know? She didn't say anything back, just sat there and shuffled her cards.

I never let her read my palm. The way I saw it we all had vague commonalities because we're all human. I bought her a psychology book. I didn't want to be the one to tell her that people paid her to read their fortunes because they trusted her, but because everyone likes to hear about themselves: their qualities, their ambitions, their denials. People are vain, people want to be loved. I didn't let her read my palm or glass-ball my future because I was no exception—I searched for my reflection in storefront windows. I woke up almost every morning surprised by how the light simmered on her skin, seemed to fill her. My future didn't belong to just me. It didn't matter if she lied well, was full of shit that whole time. Just believing you can see into your future is enough to make every day worth that much less.

When the rash spread to her she had to stay home. I was sorry—you know, about the rash.

She said, I started reading that book.

I said, I don't think this is a normal rash.

She said, Did you know scientists did a study on how people act when they think they're in love? A person in love shows the exact same traits of any other person clinically diagnosed with mental psychosis.

I said, Do you think this rash is normal? I'm sorry, what

Temecula, CA

did you say? I can't stop scratching. This rash. Is. Not. Normal.

She asked, Do you feel insane?

I said, Its already spread almost all over my body. I can't. Stop. Scratching. Thank God, you only have a small spot on your stomach.

She said, Lick it.

What?

Lick it.

Lick what?

Lick the rash. On my stomach.

So, I did. Later, in bed, she told me to pull out and come on it.

So, I did.

Days passed, the rash worsened. She guessed it was something we ate. I thought about cockroaches. We stopped having sex. Instead we stripped and rubbed against each other, her body scratching my rashes, my body scratching against her rashes, the burn less like un-comfort and more like blind blissful flashes. We rubbed. And we scrapped and we clawed and we grinded and we went all night both of us lost in the shared naked grating until exhaustion overtook and we lay lingered in rawness and dull ache atop the sweating, tangled blankets while the first licks of morning tongued our swelled bodies with its soft, bruised blue light. In that light we saw the rashes for what they were, or had become. Swelled into sores, inflamed and

Temecula, CA

thickened, calloused with broken skin. We bled on the sheets. A rose shaped stain on a pillow. I looked at her, searching. She let out a moan. We did it all again.

It was torture.

It was honey.

I don't know how long we went like this. A few days, maybe—we lost track of time. We didn't get out of bed except to eat or use the bathroom. There was something instinctual about how we wrapped one another into the tangled arms and legs, something beyond language. We spoke in moans, with claws. We dug. Something lived in the center of the other, something ancient, raw, and most of all, luminescent. The glow through the burn, the glow of the burn. The burn like torture. The burn like honey.

Only once had she tried to start a conversation. Neither of us wanted to stop but we were exhausted. We lay in the stained sheets. She told a story to keep our minds distracted—though not from the burn, but from not burning.

She told me that during the reign of John Hyrcanus in 134 B.C. the Essenes people, a Jewish sect, lived inside caves dug out of a plateau a mile off the northwestern shore of the Dead Sea. They hid from persecution by exiling themselves and burrowing into these desert rock cliffs. From a distance the mouths of the caves looked like sores on the face of the desert rock. As if they could dig themselves deep enough into the earth to hide from death.

Temecula, CA

Hundreds of years later archeologists found inside these caves Jewish ritual baths, pottery kilns and towers, a dining room, an assembly room, and a whole room dedicated to shelves of scrolls. In the dark caves they built whole lives. She thought it was a miracle. How anybody could shovel that much rock, and then spend their lives building a library they'd never get to see. She said, It must have been a like insanity. A miracle in itself, she said, to walk outside and squint just hard enough and be able to see the ocean's shore. She said, It must have been paradise.

I fell asleep soon afterwards. I dreamed I lived in a sea of tiny, beating hearts. You never know where you are until you've left it.

In the morning I went to the doctor, a part of me reluctant. Did she feel this herself every time she held my palm in hers? He pulled a fountain pen from his white coat pocket and took it apart. He spread the ink on the sores of my forearm and then put a special light over it. Under the light snake-like patterns emerged, zigzagged up and down my arm. Can you see these sores—he started to ask but abruptly stopped. Most of my skin from the neck down was the rash, or sores, or sores on rash, or blisters on sores on rash, or rough dried blood on blisters on sores on rash. Even though my body looked severely ripped open he wasn't staring at the blisters, but at the claw marks, the deep red engravings of our fingernails—as much a part of my skin as the rash, as much a part of my body as my skin

Temecula, CA

itself. Like the eroded rock face of a canyon. Jagged, worn by the fingers of a long gone river. He looked up and said, The initial rash was your body's allergic reaction to microscopic fecal matter. He said, You've got an epidemic parasitic arthropod. He said, What I mean is—you've got little bugs that burrow into human skin. They eat, and shit, and fuck, and make babies, and then their babies eat, and shit, and fuck. The rash is an allergic reaction to their shit. Multiply. And so on.

He said, Scabies. You've got scabies.

The medication, a thick cream we smothered over our skin, felt less like relief, and more like the end of something rare. Something utterly intimate, a labor of love. Where they burrowed they left scars. Her stomach freckled like the hillside of a cemetery. Thin white lines on our arms and legs like old junkies' love. The deepest scar on my chest—here, above my heart—where the first rash appeared, where the scabies initially burrowed. Even now, years later, when I see the scars I think about that morning. A part of me regrets getting the treatment. A part of me is still naked, laying next to her in that bed that became the only landscape we knew. Eyes half-open. Fingernails digging into her back, the inside of her thighs.

I never felt closer to her before then.

And I never did again.

Los Angeles, CA
(Part II: Savage by Jesse James Chisholm)

EXT. WICKSHIRE MOTEL - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT
Nick shuts the door behind him and checks
the lock.

He looks around before he walks.

EXT. WICKSHIRE MOTEL - MOMENTS LATER
Gabe and Luke stand in front of a door.
Gabe KNOCKS, waits.

GABE

His car is right there, so it has
to be one of these.

LUKE

Didn't it used to be our car?

GABE

Yes, Luke, and who's fault is that?
The door opens.

LUKE

I said I was sorry.
A burly REDNECK looks at them, irritated.

REDNECK

Yeah?

GABE

Sorry to bother you, Sir.
(holds out Kate's photo)
Have you seen this girl?

Los Angeles, CA

REDNECK

You guys cops?

LUKE/GABE

No. Yes.

REDNECK

Go fuck yourselves.

The door slams in their face.

LUKE

Fuck ourselves?

GABE

This is why I do the talking.

In the near distance, Nick is walking back from the store.

He spots Gabe and Luke and walks around the opposite side of the building.

To Gabe's surprise, Luke KNOCKS on the door again.

The door FLIES open.

REDNECK

What?!

LUKE

What if we were cops?

REDNECK

Well, in that case, I'd tell you to "go fuck yourselves!"

Los Angeles, CA

The door SLAMS.

Luke shrugs his shoulders.

They walk to the next door. Gabe KNOCKS.

INT. NICK'S ROOM - NIGHT

Kate gets up and looks through the peephole.

FROM DOWN THE CORRIDOR

Nick peeks around the corner, spotting Gabe and Luke at the door.

AT THE DOOR

Gabe KNOCKS again.

LUKE

This is pointless. He's not going to answer.

GABE

Do you have a better idea?

IN THE ROOM

Kate looks through the peephole again. She sits on the bed for a moment before getting up and looking in Nick's bag. Clothes, more clothes. She looks in the zipper pocket. A pen, a shaving razor, a toothbrush, toothpaste, and then -- The SOUND of the KEY inserting into the door's lock.

Los Angeles, CA

Kate jumps back over to her bed and tries to look inconspicuous.

Nick enters with a couple of bags and an ice bucket.

He puts the stuff on the table and looks over at Kate.

NICK

What?

KATE

I dunno. What?

NICK

What are you up to?

KATE

Oh, I wasn't. I was...just looking through your bag.

NICK

Well, at least you're honest.

Nick grabs the plastic cups off the table.

NICK (CONT'D)

Find anything interesting?

KATE

Not really. A few changes of clothes, a toothbrush, a pen.

NICK

Have your curiosities been answered?

Los Angeles, CA

KATE

I wasn't curious until two guys
knocked on the door.

NICK

What did they want?

KATE

I didn't answer like you
said...but, they were wearing
suits.

NICK

The majority of evil in the world
is done by men wearing suits.
He puts some ice in his cup, removes a flask
of scotch from the bag and pours himself a
drink.

NICK (CONT'D)

A little nightcap. You want one?

KATE

No, thanks.

Nick takes a sip of his drink, takes off his
boots, and sits back on the bed.

KATE (CONT'D)

What made you think someone was
going to knock on the door?

NICK

Just a hunch.

Los Angeles, CA

KATE

Are you in any kind of trouble?

NICK

Not that I know of.

KATE

If you are, you can --

NICK

Get some sleep. We're leaving
early.

Kate looks at Nick for a moment, then turns
off the light next to her bed.

KATE

Okay, g'night.

NICK

Night.

Nick continues drinking in the flickering
blue light of the TV.

INT. DAY'S INN MOTEL - NIGHT

Gabe sleeps on his back like a corpse as
Luke sits on the edge of his bed watching
Jeopardy.

ALEX TREBEK (O.S.)

In German legend, he sells his soul
to the devil for youth, knowledge,
and power.

Los Angeles, CA

LUKE

Who is Faust.

INT. WALT'S 24 HOUR CAFE - NIGHT

Brad sits at a table nursing a cup of coffee.

Helen, the waitress, chats to herself with Brad present.

HELEN

(holds up the pot)

Ya need a refill, sugar?

Brad keeps his head down and nods.

HELEN (CONT'D)

Or should I say, "Ya need some sugar with your refill?"

Brad looks in the other direction in hopes that she'll stop rambling. No such luck.

HELEN (CONT'D)

What'cha doin' drivin' so late at night? I guess ya don't have to worry about the traffic at two AM.

Helen refills the napkin holders as she yammers on.

HELEN (CONT'D)

People always ask why I do the night shift. I know the tips ain't nothin' to write home about, but if you'd seen my husband...

(with a big smile)

...take my word for it, Honey,

Los Angeles, CA

you'd wait 'till mornin' to go to bed too.

Brad turns his head towards her, barely managing a glance.

HELEN (CONT'D)

Even before I did the night shift, between his feet and his breath, I couldn't sleep anyway...I don't know how a person's feet can stink so much that they don't even notice.

Helen fixes her hair in the reflection of the window before putting her hand on Brad's.

HELEN (CONT'D)

How 'bout yourself, sugar? You married?

UNDER THE COUNTER

Brad pulls the double bladed DAGGER out of its sheath.

EXT. WALT'S 24 HOUR CAFE - LATER - NIGHT

With his back to the cafe, Brad takes a slow look around. Not a soul is stirring in the cafe until --

A MAN comes out of the rest room with a book in hand.

In panic mode, the man checks on Helen, slumped behind the counter and begins SCREAMING.

Los Angeles, CA

Brad sighs, fixes his glasses, and calmly heads back towards the cafe.

INT. WICKSHIRE MOTEL - ROOM - NIGHT

The digital clock reads 2:14. Kate is asleep.

Nick's silhouette stands over her with a PILLOW in his hand.

Kate stirs as Nick slowly lowers the pillow towards her face.

KATE

(sensing his presence)

Nick? What are you doing?

NICK

I was...giving you an extra pillow.

I can't sleep.

He sits on her bed beside her.

KATE

(feels for his hand)

It's okay. Come lay down with me.

NICK

Go back to sleep.

Nick gets up and walks into the bathroom.

IN THE BATHROOM - LATER

Nick sits slumped on the floor teetering on an emotional collapse.

Los Angeles, CA

INT. WICKSHIRE MOTEL - GABE'S ROOM - NIGHT

The alarm clock on the night table turns from 2:59 to 3:00.

The ALARM BEEPS.

Gabe reaches over, turning it off.

Luke is still sitting in the same position on the edge of the bed, mesmerized by the Jeopardy marathon.

ALEX TREBEK (O.S.)

The collective name for the 12 constellations that form the backdrop to the sun's apparent path.

LUKE

What is the zodiac.

Gabe sits up in bed.

GABE

Luke...I need you to go sit in the car to make sure they don't leave without us knowing.

Luke sighs and turns the TV off.

LUKE

Okay.

GABE

Get yourself some coffee. I don't want you falling asleep.

Los Angeles, CA

LUKE

Okay.

GABE

And Luke, whatever you do, don't confront Nick. You see him on the move, you come and get me? Is that clear?

LUKE

Yeah, okay. I'll come get you.

Luke gets up and wipes the sleep from his eyes.

EXT. WICKSHIRE MOTEL - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Luke practices a few flip-spin kicks followed by quick thrusting punches.

An older woman walking to her room looks at him, shakes her head and continues on her way.

Luke does a few more moves before executing a perfect back flip off the fender of the car.

Luke spins around in his striking stance to see Nick, calm and unimpressed, followed by a quick jab from Nick to Luke's nose.

LUKE

Owww!

(holding his nose)

What the...

Luke's PANICKED as Nick lifts him to his

Los Angeles, CA

feet, opens the drivers side door and shoves him in the car.

NICK

Drive.

Nick pulls out his DAGGER, opens the back door and gets in.

LUKE

What?

NICK

Start the car, and drive.

LUKE

(tending to his nose)

I...I don't know how.

NICK

Are you shittin' me? What is it with everyone?

Luke grips the wheel nervously.

NICK (CONT'D)

Relax. I just thought that you and I should have a little chat is all.

Nick lowers the blade, opens the bottle of scotch, and takes a slug.

NICK (CONT'D)

You wanna taste?

LUKE

No.

Los Angeles, CA

NICK

Oh yeah, what was I thinking?
Nick takes another swallow and caps the
bottle.

NICK (CONT'D)

Gabriel sent you out here, didn't
he?

Luke nods.

NICK (CONT'D)

Like a docile cow sent to the
slaughter...Y'know Luke, Gabriel
and I go way back to the very
beginning. If I may inquire, what
has he told you of me?

LUKE

He says you're pure evil and that
you've poisoned the well.

NICK

That's one way to put it. Another
way to put it, is that I brought
freewill to these sheep. I show
them that the noose they are
wearing is by their own design.

LUKE

I don't believe that.

NICK

Why not? I don't pull strings,

Los Angeles, CA

Luke. That would defeat my purpose.
Everyone has a choice...and what
irks Gabriel is that mine is the
path they choose.

LUKE

Not all of them.

Tears in his eyes, Luke turns away.

NICK

Do I seem like a monster to you?

LUKE

No, but that's part of your
trickery, your modus operandi.

NICK

Y'know, if I were responsible for
even half of the madness that I get
blamed for, I'd have no time to
enjoy this filthy little paradise.

LUKE

You do make a compelling argument,
I have wondered why you haven't
killed Kate yet...

NICK

Right. Ya See? I mean why would I
do that?

LUKE

Because she's...the one?

Los Angeles, CA

Nick leans closer to Luke as if to speak confidentially.

NICK

Well, ya see, Luke, I wasn't one hundred percent sure that she was... 'til now.

A horrified look comes over Luke's face. What did he just do?

Nick holsters the dagger, opens the door and gets out. He leans back into the car.

NICK (CONT'D)

Don't look so glum, Luke. I may let her live.

Nick gets out, SLAMS the door shut, and walks off.

Luke BANGS his fist on the steering wheel.

INT. WICKSHIRE MOTEL - EARLY MORNING

Nick enters the room with a brown paper bag, puts it on the dresser, and knocks on the bathroom door.

NICK

C'mon, Kate. We have to go.

Kate exits the bathroom as Nick begins packing her things.

KATE

What's the rush?

Los Angeles, CA

EXT. WICKSHIRE MOTEL - PARKING LOT - MORNING
As Nick and Kate's car pulls away, Gabe exits his motel room.
Kate glances toward Gabe as they drive by.

GABE

She's still alive.

Luke comes out of his room sporting a bandage on the bridge of his nose, and meets Gabe at their car.

INT. NICK'S CAR - MOVING - MORNING

Kate recognizes Gabe and Luke as they pull out of the lot.

KATE

Those are the guys who knocked on the door last night.

NICK

Oh yeah, I ran into them this morning...I think they're some religious nuts looking for new recruits.

KATE

Oh...

EXT. WICKSHIRE MOTEL - PARKING LOT - MORNING
Gabe reaches for the door handle, stops, noticing something's wrong.
Luke gets out and walks around the car.

Los Angeles, CA

LUKE

What?

Gabe sighs as he points out the punctured tire.

GABE

How could you let this happen?
Luke lowers his head.

GABE (CONT'D)

Do you know how to fix it?

LUKE

No.

GABE

Throughout your entire quest for worldly knowledge, changing a car tire never came to pass?

LUKE

Nope.

GABE

But I'm pretty sure you know the inventor of the tire?

LUKE

Who is John Boyd Dunlop.
Gabe stares at Luke.

EXT. NICK'S CAR - MOVING - SAME

Nick offers Kate the brown bag as a distraction.

Los Angeles, CA

NICK

I got coffee and orange juice. I wasn't sure which you'd prefer.

KATE

(reaches into the bag)

Thanks.

(she pulls out a flower)

What's this?

NICK

That's for you.

KATE

Awww.

NICK

I stole it from the lobby when I checked out.

(off her look)

They had more.

KATE

Well, I don't know what to say.

NICK

You don't have to say anything.

You're charmed, I can tell.

Kate smiles. She is.

EXT. WICKSHIRE MOTEL - PARKING LOT - DAY
Luke and Gabe look at the car jack, trying to make heads or tails of it.

Los Angeles, CA

JIMMY, 12, sitting on his bike, gets a kick out of watching Gabe and Luke.

LUKE

There are grooves in the...so, it must use some sort of leverage...
Gabe looks up to the sky, arms up, reaching for the heavens.

GABE

Why? Why me? What did I do to deserve him?

LUKE

(to Jimmy)

Do you know how to change a tire?

JIMMY

That depends...Ya got twenty bucks?
Luke reaches into his pocket and pulls out a ten dollar bill.

LUKE

How 'bout ten?

JIMMY

Sold.

Luke gives Jimmy the money.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Okay, first thing...Where's your tire iron?

Los Angeles, CA

LUKE

Tire iron?

Luke looks at Gabe and then back at Jimmy.

JIMMY

Check under the front seat. That's where my Dad keeps his.

Gabe goes into the car and looks under the front seat.

GABE

Nope. It's not there.

JIMMY

Must be in the trunk then.

Luke goes in the trunk and moves a few items around. He soon emerges with the tire iron.

LUKE

Your father keeps this under the front seat?

JIMMY

Yep. He threatens to bash in everyone's fuckin' head when people honk at him.

INT. TRADING POST - DAY

Kate walks ahead of Nick, looking at trinkets, clothes and whatever catches her eye.

She looks back to Nick, browsing the book section.

Los Angeles, CA

Kate turns down an aisle looking at assorted items. She gets to the end of the aisle, and there it is.

An old battered ACOUSTIC GUITAR leans against the wall, waiting for her to find it.

Kate picks it up and strums a chord. To her surprise, it's in tune.

Kate looks around, self-consciously. The coast is clear. She sits down, strums a few chords and begins singing to herself.

KATE

(strums chord)

And I can't see yesterday now we
are together.

(strums chord)

I'm sitting alone in the hall.

ACROSS THE STORE

Nick puts a copy of 'Dante's Inferno' down. He begins walking, checking each of the aisles as he passes.

Nick spots Kate with her back to him. He heads down the aisle behind her as she sings.

KATE (CONT'D)

(strums chord)

And I can't feel a change in us and
the weather.

(strums chord)

This is all I've waited for.

Nick watches in admiration as she remains lost in the song.

Los Angeles, CA

KATE (CONT'D)

(strums chord)

And you are the rainy day that I've
always needed...

(strums chord)

The sun won't hurt me no more.

(strums chord)

And you are the rainy day that I've
always needed...

(strums chord)

All along.

EXT. GABE'S CAR - INTERSTATE - DAY

Gabe drives as Luke holds his wet pants out
the passenger side window.

KATE (O.S.)

(strums chord)

And I swear by second chance I'll
show you a could be.

(strums chord)

After all this time.

(strums chord)

And I know by second chance forever
is lonely.

(strums chord)

It's as lonely as you and I.

EXT. BRAD'S TRUCK - INTERSTATE - DAY

Brad drives with a KFC family size bucket
propped in his lap.

The dashboard is littered with old food
wrappers and used paper cups.

Los Angeles, CA

KATE (O.S.)

(strums chord)

And you are the rainy day that I've
always needed...

Brad puts a chicken leg in his mouth and
pulls it out stripping it clean to the bone
before tossing it out the window.

KATE (CONT'D)

(strums chord)

The sun won't hurt me no more.

EXT. NICK'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

As Nick drives, Kate's hand finds her way
over to his.

KATE (O.S.)

(strums chord)

And you are the rainy day the I've
always needed...

Nick takes hold of her hand as Kate's song
fades.

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

(strums chord)

All along.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. GABE'S CAR - DAY

Gabe and Luke scan the parking lots of fast
food joints as they pass.

GABE

I understand this is your first

Los Angeles, CA

mission, but you have to calm down and stay focused. Things here have changed greatly since I --

LUKE

(points)

There!

Gabe SLAMS on the brakes.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Our...his car! It's in the parking lot!

INT. MEXICAN RESTAURANT - DAY

Kate eats demurely, constantly wiping the corners of her mouth with a napkin. She watches Nick drown his burrito in hot sauce.

KATE

You like it hot, huh?

NICK

The hotter, the better.

KATE

Y'know, you haven't told me anything about you. Enquiring minds want to know.

NICK

What would you like to know?

KATE

I dunno. Where are you from?

Los Angeles, CA

NICK

I'm like an army brat...from a little bit of everywhere.

KATE

Any family to speak of?

NICK

Well, there's my father...

KATE

Are you close with him?

NICK

Not really. I was chastised years ago for questioning his authority.

KATE

Oh, I'm sorry.

NICK

Don't be. I'm meant to be a free spirit. On my own, doing my own thing.

KATE

Are you angry with him?

NICK

Angry's not the word...We're different. Just the way it is.

KATE

What about your mother?

Los Angeles, CA

Nick is distracted as he sees Gabe and Luke pull into the parking lot.

NICK

I didn't know her.

Kate suddenly looks away, concerned she's dug too deep.

INT. GABE'S CAR - PARKING LOT - DAY

Gabe pulls next to Nick's car on the far side of the lot.

LUKE

How are we going to do this?

Gabe pulls his double sided DAGGER out and inserts it into his suit sleeve for easy access.

GABE

I'm going to stand to the side of the doorway. I'll need you...

(scans the lot)

...behind that red pick-up truck. As soon as they pass, grab Kate, and run. Don't even look back.

LUKE

What about Nick? I owe him one.

GABE

I'm going to deal with him. You just get Kate to safety.

Luke nods.

Los Angeles, CA

GABE (CONT'D)

Luke, no mistakes.

Gabe and Luke exit their vehicle and take their positions.

INT. MEXICAN RESTAURANT - DAY

Nick and Kate finish up their meal.

KATE

How old are you?

NICK

How old do I look?

KATE

I dunno...twenty seven?

NICK

Close enough.

KATE

Any special talents?

NICK

Aside from photography?

Kate looks at him, waiting for a response.

NICK (CONT'D)

What is this, twenty questions?

KATE

(with a smile)

Twenty one.

Los Angeles, CA

Looking over Kate's shoulder, Nick sees Gabe through the doors outside.

NICK

Fuck, I don't know...Do card tricks count?

KATE

Yeah, let's see one, potty mouth.

NICK

Potty mouth? Who talks like that? Nick looks around the restaurant sussing out his exit strategy.

KATE

I do.

EXT. MEXICAN RESTAURANT - DAY

Gabe takes a peek inside as Luke crouches down beside the pick-up truck in the lot. As Luke gets in position, he signals Gabe. As he waves, we see the familiar littered dashboard of the truck from earlier.

INT. MEXICAN RESTAURANT - DAY

Nick mocks her, checking his pockets.

NICK

No cards. I guess you're shit outta luck...You don't swear, do you?

KATE

No, not if I can help it.

Los Angeles, CA

NICK

Why the fuck not? They're just words...They're not bad, in and of themselves.

KATE

I dunno. I just don't feel the need to.

NICK

C'mon. It'll be fun. Say it. Say "Fuck".

KATE

Nope.

NICK

Okay. Fine...Be boring, miss prim, proper, polite, prissy and plain.

KATE

How about when we get back on the road, we pull over to the first bridge we see, and you can jump off.

Touche. She's got his number.

EXT. MEXICAN RESTAURANT - DAY

Luke peeks into the truck through the passenger side window.

Horror washes across his face.

Los Angeles, CA

IN THE TRUCK

Brad lies reclined, passed out in the drivers seat, his clothes disheveled and heavily stained with blood.

Luke eye balls Brad's arm right down to the passenger seat to see Brad's DAGGER inches away from his blood stained hand.

Luke looks up towards Gabe, but Gabe's attention is focused on Nick.

Luke slowly REACHES in the truck, inching towards the dagger.

INT. MEXICAN RESTAURANT - DAY

Kate refills her drink.

KATE

Are we staying or going?

NICK

In a minute.

EXT. IN THE TRUCK - DAY

Luke almost has his hand on the DAGGER. In the background Gabe WAVES his arms, attempting to signal Luke.

In a flash, Brad JUMPS up, with DAGGER in hand, and PULLS Luke, now SCREAMING, into the car.

LUKE

Help!

Brad presses the blade to Luke's throat, sending a trickle of blood down his neck.

Los Angeles, CA

BRAD

What happened to your nose, Luke?

OUTSIDE THE CAR

Luke's legs flail wildly out of the passenger side window as URINE saturates his pants.

LUKE (O.S.)

Gabriel! Help me! Please!

INT. MEXICAN RESTAURANT - DAY

Nick gets up just as Kate sits back down.

NICK

That feels like a minute.

KATE

Make up your mind.

NICK

C'mon, let's go.

Slightly annoyed, Kate gets up and follows Nick towards the exit as Gabe RUNS past the door, abandoning his post.

INT. BRAD'S TRUCK - DAY

As Brad's gleaming blade presses against Luke's neck, a similar blade appears across Brad's neck.

GABE

Let him go!

Gabe wraps his arm around Brad's head, trying to pull him off, but he's too strong.

Los Angeles, CA

BRAD

Where are your priorities?

LUKE

Please stop! You're hurting my neck.

EXT. MEXICAN RESTAURANT - DAY

Nick and Kate exit the restaurant to find Gabe struggling half way inside the drivers side window of Brad's truck, as Luke YELLS dangling out of the passengers side.

NICK

I haven't seen that before.

KATE

Oh my God. What's going --

NICK

This place isn't safe.

Nick grabs Kate's hand and hurries her to his car.

INT. BRAD'S TRUCK - DAY

Continuing their game of stalemate...Brad starts his truck.

GABE

Release him!

Brad smiles as Gabe tightens his grip.

BRAD

You first.

Los Angeles, CA

Nicks automobile engine fires and his tires SCREECH.

Gabe removes the knife from Brads neck, takes a step back, and watches Nick's car speed out of the lot.

Brad puts the truck in drive, releases Luke, DROPPING him onto the pavement, and hits the gas.

Gabe looks over at Luke, sitting in a heap on the ground.

GABE

Are you okay, Luke?

LUKE

Yeah...Are they gone?

GABE

Yes. I'm sorry that happened to you, but this is why you need to follow my orders...Come on, lets get you cleaned up.

FADE TO BLACK.

If you have not read the first part of **Savage**, you can find it at <http://ascensionrecordingsandpublications.com> in the winter 2010 issue.

Parts III and IV to come in the summer 2010 and fall 2010 issues, respectively.

**We buy your
used CD's
DVD's**

**LP's Blu-rays
Video Games**

***New
Releases
On Sale!***



**Santa Cruz
939 Pacific Ave
(831) 421-9200**

**San Francisco
2350 Market St
(415) 282-8000**

**San Jose
980 S. Bascom
(408) 292-1404**

**T-shirts
Posters
& More!**

streetlightrecords.com

