

## **Fear And Loathing On The Road In South Jersey:** **The Fall Of The Heads**

Speeding down 73, windows open and distorted, overly pronounced **Here We Are** music emitting from the too small speakers, two young men, one Justin Eric Titora and one young Stephen “Subo” Suboleski, pass the overlong day the only way possible in this put-upon open-air prison camp. Life seems all at once to them too long and too far off, like a specter of sorrow and grief and life sucking loneliness. What else is there to do in the prime of your life than smoke cigarettes and take whatever you can get your hands on, in Justin’s case, or watch television and videos of men getting hit in the groin on the internet, in Subo’s. Nothing, that’s what there is. Bored, and tired, and spoiled as they are in this world where no one ever hears the word NO! And when everybody gets their way, these two don’t. No distant future, only the here and now, which depresses them to the point of numbness. But...God...here they drive on, no place to go, nothing to do. Yet...

What is this? We look at their faces through the windshield. Could it be? Is it possible? They laugh! HAR-HAR-HARDY-MOTHER-FUCKING-HAR!!!! We take a closer look at the tiny, overblown speaker. It is cracked. It is dusty. It is jumping. We place our ear upon it. *Dance to the beat of the living dead... What is this? Lose sleep baby and stay away from bed... What is this noise? Raw power is sure to come a runnin’ to you... What is this nonsense? If you're alone and you got the fear... What is this racket? So am I, baby, let's move on out of here... Does it have to be so loud? Raw power will surely come a running to you... Does it have to be so angry? Raw power got a magic touch... What is the point of this? Raw power is much too much... Is there a point? Happiness is guaranteed... I don’t understand. It was made for you and me...*

What is this shit?!?

***RAW power honey just won't quit...***

***RAW power I can feeeeeeel it...***

***RAW power baby can't be beat...***

***Poppin' eyes and flashin feet...***

Rock and Roll! Hail divine lifeblood seeping through their veins. They can feel it, they live it, they need it, they crave it, they beg for it, they cream for it, they worship it, they lust after it, they hunger for it.

And thus they have reason to believe. There is a god. And He is good. And His name is Iggy. God save the King, for he has saved these two scoundrels.

They are heading to band practice.

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My god, The Heads. Who would-a thought? Some say that rock and roll is dead. Some say that rock and roll has died many times over the course of its existence. Yet every ten years or so, some worthless kids always feel the need to resurrect it. It is the false god that refuses to be buried. But today. HAH! Today, the corpse of rock and roll, after being poked and prodded and raped over the years, is finally resting in peace, gory, gooey pieces that nobody in their right mind would try to put back together again.

My god, The Heads. Who would-a thought? The world has grown up. Priorities have been put in order. Crisis after crisis, we all have to think about the future. The world is nearing its end, theoretically, but we, today, have the chance to set it right. If only we all work together, and act responsibly. But...

My god, The Heads. Who the hell do they think they are? What right have they to do...what... they... do?

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Alex Wilson was already in the barn, tinkling with the piano, smoking a cigarette, as Justin and Subo flew into the driveway. “Thanks for the cig-cigs,” said Justin, “I’ll pay you back tamari.” “Yeah, sure.” Subo popped his trunk and pulled out his microphone, covered in tape and spit, and put it in his back pocket. Then he dug around for a minute until he found Justin’s jacket. “You’ve gotta stop leaving your shit in my car all the time. My mom found your jacket and some pills fell out. I told her they were tic-tacs, so it’s fine for now, but seriously, dude...” “Are they still in my jacket?” “What?” “The pills.” “Yeah.” “Beautiful.” “You’re an idiot.” “Yeah, well, wocka-wocka.” Justin put his blazer on and popped a few pills. Subo locked his car and climbed into the barn through the small crack in its wall used for a door, and, some times, urinal. He nodded at Alex, who continued on the piano. Justin entered a few minutes later, his eyes glazed over. “Is Tom with you guys?” Alex asked. “No, he texted me, he’s taking a nap. He should be here in an hour,” said Steve. “Dammit,” said Justin

While they are waiting for Tom, the barn, or should I say, The Barn, should be introduced, for it is here that these young men spend most of their time. From wall to wall, top to bottom, this barn is unsavory. Holes in everything, one wall sinking into the ground, the floor coated in slime and cigarette butts, two organs, one piano, one drum set, four amplifiers, six guitars, three sofa’s, countless beer bottles, moss and ivy growing on everything, little unwanted kittens roaming wherever they should like, bird shit, bird nests, birds, broken glass, old costumes, broken tables, a Mac, a bookshelf filled with

books on psychology, religion, pulp fiction, and if you look close enough, pornography, candy wrappers, food wrappers, plastic bottles, trash, broken furniture, dresses, suits, drum sticks, guitar strings, stagnant water, decaying food, records, cd's, an apple sorting machine... Ah, here comes Tom.

Tom rolled into the driveway looking surly. Hugging his guitar and three spares, he slowly stepped into the barn. He threw his guitars onto a sofa and let out a primal yell. "FUCK!!!" "Good to see you too," said Steve, chewing on a gummy bear. "What the fuck are we doing? I'm wasting my time with you fucks. Sorry, ALL of us are wasting our time. We need to get fucking lives, we need friends, and for FUCK'S SAKE, we need women." "I've got a woman," Alex whispered. The barn was silent. "Fuck you Alex." Tom lunged at Alex, prepared to rip his throat out, but Justin jumped in the way. "Cool it down, buddy." "Fuck you, you fat fucking cunt!" Tom spat in Justin's face. Justin grinned a moment and took a step back. He wiped the spit out of his eye and began laughing. "Are we all cool, now?" They looked at each other. *Chill out. Everybody just slow down. Calm. Cool.* The collective heart rate of the barn slowly descended... "You fucking Cock-Sucker!" Justin flew at Tom, knocking him into a wall. Alex and Subo tried to pull them apart, but, things led to other things and, well, a half an hour later, they all sat down to practice, all eight of their eyes black, and with many-a cuts and bruises. Tis the Fury of Rock and Roll Glory at work, brothers and sisters. It angers up the blood. It fuels the fire. God bless it.

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Justin jumps onto the drum kit, kicking and flailing and hitting what he doesn't miss. His symbols are cracked, the heads on his toms worn and dented, his kick covered

in duct tape and cardboard, his sticks jagged stumps, and his snare covered in smeared ink: ***Help, I need somebody. Help, not just anybody. Help, you know I need someone. HELP!!!*** He goes at it, manic, full of adolescent rage, decadent, slovenly, exaggerated, and then, tired, worn out, he reverts to a simple groove, a groove to get him off, a groove to get the ladies wet, as they never get, for Justin plays with a fervor, sweaty, beastly, his face red, suit jacket soaked, occasional blood splashes as he hits a rim or symbol with his bare hand, but he uses this, he plows forward, he doesn't stop.

Alex scoops up his bass, turning up, stomping on his stomp box, the sounds he emits are savage, deep, loud, distorted, brutal, he shreds as he shouldn't, shred's as he's not allowed. (Hey man, it's only a bass. Cool it down.) *Only a bass? Cool it down? How's about FUCK YOU!* He flies across the frets, twisting and turning and moving all about, both in body and in mind and in soul. As Zen as he is fucked up, he's overpowering, he's melodic, he's graceful, he's cradling the baby delicately before dropping it off into a never-ending pit, never to be seen again.

Subo takes his mic in his hand, holds it tight, for it has nowhere else to be but by his side. He holds back at first, not eager to let *it* out. He sings the words, cool, calm, collected. Lets the voice croak smoothly out of his mouth. But here it comes, the music getting to him, the vibes flow through him, and he lets it out, and it flies...he channels them all, Iggy, Daltry, Strummer, Jagger, Otis, hell, even Roth and Dickinson, the big bad men of rock and roll, and he becomes that, the big bad man himself, stomping the ground with all his might, the consummate Rock and Roll preacher letting his words not float on the breeze, but shoot from him in orgasmic bursts that cover everything and everyone.

Tom plugs in, and thrashes, heavy and hard, viciously beating the strings and the body of the guitar red, red for his fury, red for his passions, red with his own blood, which sprinkles the ground, flies through the air, lands on anyone lucky enough to be near the madness. He laughs; he sings, he screams, no microphone to be found, for no one but himself and God. He damns them all, he curses them ALL, and he sends it out through the guitar, his six string, his lover, his friend, his own worst enemy. *By god, he's gonna kill it, someone stop him!* But he beats it, down, down, dead, and screams for anyone to challenge **him**, his **gospel**, or his **creed**.

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The old Buick Roadmaster, otherwise known as the Heads-mobile, comes to a shaky stop on the front lawn of Jim Sheepskin's abode. Several clumps of teenagers are scattered all about. We've got the hipsters, clothing plastered to their bodies, cigarettes dangling out of their mouths, occasionally lifeless laughter erupts, sardonic and oh so *coool*... Now here are the underdogs, metal headed, sheepish young lads, secretly grateful to be here, outwardly as bored as everybody else. Over there, by the cars, the college kids back in town to hear their friends play, they keep to themselves; they talk of college, they talk of poetry, they talk of sex, they talk of comic books, they talk of alcohol. One of them asks, "*When do the Heads go on?*" Nobody knows the answer, so we move on. The young girls, forever there, forever unavailable, only there to tempt and tease the boys. Useless. Then there are the others, the genuine art freak, out for one night of the month to let people know how much of a freak he is; the army kid, the kid who follows, the kid who's pushed, the kid who is empty and proud of it, just another night out with his friends, tomorrow is boot camp.

The Heads empty the car of their equipment, stack it next to the cellar door and head off into the distance to smoke cigarettes and mutter to themselves. “Fuhckin arse-holes...” “Pretentious twats...” “Smug bastards...” “I’m gonna head to WaWa, anyone wanna go with me?” said Subo. “Yeah, I need to get some Kools,” said Justin. They drove off. Tom started, “Tonight’s gonna be bad. I can tell.” “Yeah, well,” said Alex, “what do you expect? We’re playing in some high school kids basement.” “Yeah, exactly, this is bullshit. It’s fucking useless. Sometimes I just wanna slit all their throats and put a bullet in my head.”

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*Fantasy Death Scenario One:*

**Tom**

The crowd is expressionless, hiding in the shadows, they move not, they talk not, they breathe not, the only visible sign of life is the shuffling of feet for the door. Soon they are all gone. Tom stands on the stage, rigid with anger, he cannot move. Justin, Subo, and Alex leave to lick their wounds, but not Tom, he stews. He throws his guitar to the floor and leaves. He is confronted by one of the kids from the crowd, a Sonic Youth T-shirt on, a parliament stuck in between his lips. “Hey man, I really dug your band.” “Yeah thanks,” says Tom. “Yeah, I could see what you guys were trying for. Sort of like a mix between Husker-Du and Pavement, some cool stuff.” Tom stared at the ground wildly. “Actually, that’s not it at all.” The hipster laughs, rolls his eyes, he knows all. “Not it at all.” Tom walks off, brooding, his insides melting, turning into a warm goop, he can’t control himself, he turns back, he reaches for the hipster, he turns him around, he hits him, in the face, in the eye, in the rib, in the throat. They are on the ground, blood sloppy

falls on everything, a crowd forms, people reach for Tom, but he is unavailable, the hipster, face gone, just a bowl holding the red goop where his face used to be. Tom walks off into the street. He takes a deep breath and lies on the pavement. A pair of headlights speed down the road, Tom lets out a laugh, a final grandiose HAH! But he actually means *Fuck You!* Next moment his body, lifeless, rolls for a moment as the car skids too late...

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Justin and Subo rolled up at the last minute. Tom and Alex were already in tune and were jamming, half-heartedly, with a drunken twerp on Justin's drum kit. Justin choked back his annoyance, and politely kicked the kid off. He adjusted the kit to his liking. Everything slanted towards him, close, compact, he lit a cigarette and left it dangling in his mouth. Subo stepped up to his mic. "Hey, we're The Heads," he announced sheepishly. Justin counted in, ONE TWO THREE FOUR. Tom struck a chord, Alex braced himself, and they all let *it* out.

The noise was tremendous, terrible, unhealthy. Several people ran up the basement steps for cover. Other, braver men stuck around. Out of the handful of people left, only three actually *got* it. The utter joy in their eyes was enough to make any self-respecting human being blush. The others, well, they just stood there, taking it as best they could. Outside, the noise was unbearable. They could hear it much clearer. Everything out of sync, everything out of tune, the drumming retarded, the vocals inaudible, the guitar solos misplaced and plentiful, the bass a constant wave of **KFROOOO!** But, hey man, you got to be up in there to feel it; you can't expect to get the magic from miles away.

Fifteen minutes later, their set over, the band carried their equipment to the car. All of the kids avoided them like lepers, *unclean, unclean; get that shit away from me*. “Well, I think that went pretty well,” said Subo, weighed down by cymbals and cables. “After all our shows, I just wanna fuck or fight. And, Christ! I’m obviously not gonna get to fuck anybody here tonight,” said Justin, his brows furrowed, a manic smile on his face. “That was fucking shit,” said Tom, sweating and red faced. “I think I’m gonna go get drunk,” said Alex, dropping his amp by the car and walking off. “Look at that fat fuck over there! I just wanna slap him in the back of his fat fucking head and beat the friggin’ shit out of him,” said Justin, and then proceeded to kick and punch the air in front of him. “Leary? No, that guy’s a doll.” Yeah, well, I wanna beat the shit out of that doll.” “I think you can buy sex dolls for that. Yeah, and then you can fuck *and* fight it.”

Damien, a mutual friend of the band, pulled in and parked his car next to theirs. He jumped out. “Dammit, did I miss it? Shit, how did it go?”

Tom, disgusted, sat on the hood of the car and brooded. “The same as any other show.” So it goes...

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A week passes, and the fella’s have been avoiding each other. Aside from the last abysmal show, there are creative differences springing up left and right. “We should be a mod band! We need to play some soul, man. Play some good clean American fuck music. Get the ladies dancing, you know? And besides, you can’t hear what we’re doing when we play. It sounds like shit. Subo agrees with me, right Subo?” Justin said in a daze, on the brink of passing out, refusing to go on with practice until something was agreed upon. “I can’t hear myself live. You guys are too loud,” said Subo. Alex took this in. He was

hurt. "I thought we were supposed to be punk, ya know. I mean, at least that's what I always thought." Tom called from the corner, "I'm not a fucking punk. Neither are any of you. I mean, look at us." They sat in silence. Tom spoke up again. "I just want us to play more of my songs." "I just want to play more shows." "I wish I could hear myself singing." "I just want my fucking amp to stop breaking," cried Alex as he flipped it on and it made a terrible squeaking sound.

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A new time, new venue, The Heads are playing their second show in as many weeks. Savage Rock School, a small room in an old converted dentist office. The Heads are playing first. They set up, they sit down, and they wait for Alex, who is a no show. "Hey, guys," said Bob Savage, owner of the school, a burnt out hippy from a bygone era, "you guys about ready?" "Our bassist isn't here yet." "We don't know where he is." "Well, you guys should probably start soon, with or without him." "Sure thing." Savage returned to the door, collecting money from the teenaged girls who were *not* there for The Heads. Justin, Tom, and Subo sat at the edge of the stage, biding their time, as Alex stumbled in, his shirt soaked in blood and bandages wrapped around his forehead. "Shit, what happened to you, man?" asked Subo. "Huh, what? Oh, um...I had an accident at work. One of the frozen pigs fell on me." (Alex worked at a butchers shop.) "Christ! You think you can play?" "Yeah, sure thing, boss. The Rock will guide me, and the Roll will soften my fall." He gave them a dazed thumbs up.

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*Fantasy Death Scenario Two:**Alex*

Alex slammed the door shut and turned the key. His Firebird flew out of the driveway like a cannon blast. With one hand he lit his cigarette, with the other he placed a CD into the player. Black Francis whispered out of the speakers...*give me help, give me help, you can...levitate me...* Alex turned the corner, barely missing a young mother pushing a stroller. "Sorry," he called out to her. The light ahead of him was yellow. He accelerated, it turned red, he continued to speed down the road, he made it, barely, a VW swerved to avoid him. He continued on his way, the CD skipping as he took the bumps on the road at full speed. The winds outside blew hard. Rain started to shoot down. Lightning burst in the sky and hit the traffic light that Alex was coming upon. It crashed to the ground. Alex tried to avoid it, but his front left wheel got nicked. His car shook with the impact, but he continued on. The rain was savage, beating his car mercilessly. He took a sharp turn into his girlfriend's development. The rain stopped, the winds ceased, the sun came out, shining big bold beautiful off on the horizon. He parked his car and stepped out. His girlfriend came out beaming. "Hi honey," she said. "Hey sweetie," he said. "Hey man, watch out!" said the amateur skydiver, who, in the wind and rain, had been blown off target and was coming in at a tremendous speed. Alex didn't have time to react as the skydiver came down hard onto him, knocking him down, crushing his skull.

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Tom and Justin had to help lift Alex onto the stage. When everybody was ready, Subo called out, "Hey, we're The Heads." They got into, rambling, shuffling, savage at the Savage Rock School. The crowd, young ladies, a few dudes, a few parents, listened

patiently. A few nodded their heads. A couple even smiled. The band played well, their levels nice, their energy high. Tom did a few windmills. Justin slammed on the drums, dancing in his seat. Subo strutted about like a peacock stomping and pointing into the crowd. Alex passed out. He lay in a crumpled heap on the stage. The band played, unaware of the situation until the crowd yelped with surprise. Bob Savage rushed in with a glass of water and splashed it on Alex's face. He came out of it. "Hey, what song are we on?" he said. Subo laughed. Tom brought the car around to the front of the building. The show was over, oh well.

Damien, a mutual friend of the band, pulled in and parked his car behind theirs. He jumped out. "Dammit, did I miss another one? Shit, how did it go?" Justin patted him on the back. "Alex saw God tonight, my friend." "Sweet," said Damien, "So, it went well?" Justin patted him on the back again and laughed, "Not at all, my friend, not at all."

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Rock and Roll, the oasis of the romantic, the bored, the crazed, the loners. The music is tangible, it's thick, its sweaty, it is a real body in the room with you. When you have no one else, Rock and Roll is your greatest friend. But treat it wrong and it'll bite you in the ass. My God, The Heads... When will you grow up?

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Battle of the Bands. Winslow Township High School. Justin and Tom graduated a year ago. Subo and Alex were still there. A wave of metal, power pop, hip hop, an acoustic pussy poet here and there. The Heads were a lonesome island in the middle. None of them were expecting much. They passed the time smoking by the car. Scattered and unenthusiastic applause as each group left the stage. The time came nearer. Justin

excused himself. “I’ll be back, goin’ to the bathroom.” “I’ll go with you, I gotta take a piss.” “No! I mean, go when I’m done.” He left. “What’s up his ass?” Justin came back a second later wiping his nose on his sleeve. His eyes were bright red. He had white powder on his coat sleeve. Tom was angry. “You missed some.” “Huh?” “You fucking moron, you’ve got coke all over your nose.” Justin looked at his reflection in the windshield. He shrugged his shoulders. “Gotta do what ya gotta do.” He smiled at them.

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*Fantasy Death Scenario Three:*

***Justin***

Wearing a bathrobe, sitting in the guest bedroom, Justin reads poetry out loud to no one.

“...*By the light of the meat-eating sun. Dressed to die, the sensual strut begun, With my red veins full of money...*” He pauses and walks to the coffee table, where heroin is neatly arranged in long lines. He bends down, snorts a few up and continues, tears in his eyes. “...*In the final direction of the elementary town I advance as long as forever is...*” Finished, he sits back down with a satisfied smile on his face. “Claudette,” he calls out, “Claudette, draw me a bath.” “Oui, monsieur.” He drops his robe to the floor and enters the bathroom naked. Claudette pours one last bottle of whiskey into the tub and steps aside as Justin steps in, feeling the warm tickle of the alcohol. “That is all.” Claudette leaves the room with a disgusted look on her face. Justin lies in the whiskey, dunking his head in occasionally to gulp the stuff down. He reaches to the table beside him. He extracts a cigarette from the pack and grabs the lighter. He lights it. Phroosh!

Claudette was able to get out of the house before the fire spread.

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Time was up. The Heads were on. They pushed their equipment out to center stage. Tom, Alex and Subo were disgusted by Justin. He ran to the front of the stage. “Hi, hi, hi, hi, hi...” He went down the line greeting everybody in the pit. Subo grabbed Justin and pushed him towards the drum kit. He continued to wave and smile and blow kisses to the faces in the crowd. “Hey, we’re...” was all Subo could get out before Justin came in. They went with it. They sped along, *fast, no, faster, faster, Goddamit!* Alex stomped on the stage, yelling obscenities at the top of his lungs. Justin sped down the toms and didn’t stop. He jumped off the kit and ran around, hitting the air, hitting the wall, hitting the amps, hitting his chest. He circled around and got back on the kit. Tom was irate. The crowd loved it. A few young punks jumped on the stage and skanked around the band. Tom made his way to the front and pushed a few of them off. One of the kids grabbed at his guitar, but Tom kicked him in the stomach. He stood at the front, ripping on the strings. His pick flew through the air. He continued ripping. The skin on his finger was torn off. Blood splattered the dancers in the pit. Tom wouldn’t stop. He let out yells of pain, but it fueled him. He started throwing out some windmills. His hand nicked the body of his guitar, smashing the bones in his thumb. He kept swirling his arm around, laughing and screaming and spitting and cursing.

Their fifteen minutes were up, but they played on. The crowd roared with ecstasy. A few administrators on the side of the stage sheepishly waved for them to stop. Alex smiled at them and shrugged his shoulders. The principal walked onto the stage, but Justin threw a drumstick at him and he retreated. He angrily signaled for the mic to be shut off. “*That’ll stop ‘em.*” Subo, realizing he had no amplification, smiled and jumped into the crowd. *Bring the music, bub.* He walked about, shouting the lyrics into the faces

of the crowd. The lights turned off and on. Occasionally a teacher would work up the courage to come on and stop them. *No, sir. Not gonna happen.*

Eventually, the lights were shut off, the audience dismissed, police officers brought in to escort the band off the premises. Alex and Subo were suspended. *Worth it*, they thought, *to give the kids a religious experience.*

Subo's phone rang. On the other end was Damien, a mutual friend of the band. "Hey man. I'm sorry I missed it. How did it go?" Subo hung up the phone.

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The Heads...Maybe they're right. Everybody is gonna die some day, might as well fuck some shit up before you go. Yeah....yeah....

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The next night at Rowan University, kids pack into the dark student center. Word spread, "This is gonna be a happening." "The Heads are gonna give you something to take with you." "They're gonna give *it* to you." "What is *it*?" "I don't know, but apparently *it* is amazing." The audience is chattering. Some are scared, others are overjoyed, still others don't know what to expect. They wait.

Meanwhile, The Heads sit still in the green room. Subo stuffs gummy bears into his gaping mouth. Alex fiddles around with his unplugged bass. Tom rubs his aching hand. Justin lies on the ground, popping pills when no one is looking. A girl walks in. "Are you guys ready?" They nod without looking at her. "Listen, I've heard about you guys. I've heard what you do. Try to keep it mellow tonight, alright? We don't want anybody to get hurt." Justin smiles as he stands and puts his sticks in his back pocket. "Sure thing, baby-cakes."

They walk out onto the dark stage. The crowd is silent. Damien, a mutual friend of the band, finally there, ready to get his head blown off, yells, “*YEAH! The Fucking HEADS!*”

The lights turn on. “Hey, we’re The Heads.” *ONE TWO THREE FOUR. YEAH! FUCK YEAH! OH MY GOD!* They are playing the best they ever played. The crowd sways, jumps, vibrates, boils, grinds, pulsates, sweaty messes, naughty children playing with their parents hand gun, drinking cooking sherry, smoking cigarette butts they found on the ground, looking at their older brothers porn collection, driving on the wrong side of the road, staying up till three drinking cough syrup, stealing candy bars from the convenience store, sneaking into a movie they didn’t pay for. Cheap juvenile thrills, they all feel it, even the band. They are all one. Rock and Roll sneaks up on them, the kids who do not know it, it is a stranger to them, yet they immediately understand, they are immediately hooked. They can feel it, they live it, they need it, they crave it, they beg for it, they cream for it, they worship it, they lust after it, they hunger for it. *They get it...*

Tom kicks into the next song, flying, twisting, jumping. Subo crushes the stage beneath him, eyes wild, he invites the crowd to take part in the madness. Justin attacks the drum kit as if he were putting out a fire that was quickly overtaking him. He douses the flames with a swift bash from his drumstick, and moves onto the next inferno awaiting his brute force. Alex’s bass knocks everyone onto their ass, and then just as quickly knocks them back onto their feet. The power behind his playing takes them to a higher place; a place that they never want to come back down from. Yet...

My God, The Heads... Alex’s amp conks out. He looks around bewildered. Realizing the tragedy, tears fill his eyes. He kicks the amp. It comes back in.

Phwoo...They march onward. Tom plays a solo. The drums drop out. Tom looks over. Justin crouches behind his kick drum, snorting crushed up oxycontin off of his hand. Tom kicks him. He jumps back onto the drums, right back into place. But, **FUCK!** Alex's bass cuts out again. He throws his bass to the ground and sits cross-legged, his face red with frustration. The rest of the band marches on. The drums cut out again. Subo looks around. Justin lies on the stage; drool spilling out of his mouth. Tom stands in a silent rage. The entire room is quiet. He walks up to the mic.

He pauses. "Thanks, we were The Heads." And with that, he smashes his guitar, one two three four five six seven eight nine ten times, the jagged splinters floating all about. He storms off.

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Hours later, they sat in an all night diner. Nobody said a word; they just sipped their waters. Subo was the first to speak. "Well, that seems about right. We're done." They all silently agreed. Subo stood up and dropped some change onto the table. He walked out of the diner and sat in his car. He breathed deeply. He turned the key. He needed some sleep. He had work in the morning.

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*Fantasy Death Scenario Four:*

***Stephen***

"Rock and Roll is a young mans game. A phase, that is all. It gives a young man a reason to live. I get it. But you are not mature enough to understand the important things in life. Love, family, friends. These are the important things. You'll understand soon enough," Subo says, lying in his bed. His grandson listens intently. He loves his grandfather, he

respects him, and he listens to what Granddad has to say on his deathbed. Grandson nods his head with every point, but he is distracted. He hears it in his head, this noise, this racket, this overpowering presence... *RAW power honey just won't quit...RAW power I can feeeeeel it...RAW power baby can't be beat...Poppin' eyes and flashin feet...* He kisses his grandfather on the forehead. "I love you, Grandpa." "I love you, Grandson," says old Subo. He means it. His grandson leaves the room. Subo gently fades off to sleep.

He is dead.

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