

THE ASS OF GAWD

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A Feature Screenplay

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. POSH CLEVELAND HOTEL / STREET - CLOUDY DAY

Two TV COMMENTATORS, positioned behind a velvet rope, preen before a television crew. Klieg lights circle above.

TV COMMENTATOR 1

Earlier, Lars Larsson, in-your-face guitarist of punk legends G.A.W.D., was seen in a feisty exchange with former band manager and rumored ex, Ricky Ash. Check this out.

INSERT NEWS CLIP

Limos arrive, drop FLASHY ROCK STARS at the hotel entrance. A black clad mob of CHANTING FANS jostle and crane for a look.

CHANTING FANS

G-A-W-D! G-A-W-D!

On the opposite side of the street, CONSERVATIVELY-DRESSED PROTESTORS hold wooden crosses, placards that read - "*Repent Punks*", "*Hell Awaits*", "*G.A.W.D. mocks God*", etc.

PROTESTORS

G-O-D! G-O-D!

A MAN CLAD IN BLACK, hidden behind sunglasses, baseball cap and turned-up coat collar, emerges from a stretch limo.

As he nears the hotel, he gestures to an EXPENSIVELY DRESSED MAN being interviewed, rudely gestures, grabs his crotch, then beats a hasty retreat into the hotel.

TV COMMENTATOR 2 (V.O.)

Last time, Ricky ended up with a black eye and Lars got slapped with a two year restraining order. Looks like they both got off easy today.

END CLIP

INT. POSH CLEVELAND HOTEL / PENTHOUSE SUITE - LATER

CLOSE ON

Hairy legs, in comfy hotel slippers, rest atop a chrome coffee table littered with soda cans, crumpled chip bags, a half-eaten Sub and numerous candy wrappers.

TV COMMENTATOR 1 (V.O.)
 Seems Lars still has the punk edge
 that brought G.A.W.D. notoriety
 thirty years ago. He better bring
 it to tonight's ceremony; otherwise
 it'll be a complete snooze fest.

LARS LARSSON, 59, white, tattooed, pierced ears and nipples,
 five-o'clock shadow, in an open embroidered hotel robe and
 saggy white boxer shorts, watches, gives the TV the finger.

LARS
 Fuck you! I'll bring it.

His CELL RINGS. He grabs the phone, knocks over a soda can.

LARS
 Damn it! Hello?... No, I spilled
 my... What?... Shit! I'll be down
 in ten, twenty... Huh?... Yes, I
 took a shower. I'm not a heathen.

He drops his phone, tears across the room, sheds the robe,
 grabs a pair of well-worn leather pants on the bed, flops
 back on the bed, tugs them on, wrestles with the button.

PENTHOUSE / ELEVATOR DOORS - 30 MINUTES LATER

Decked out in head-to-toe leather, scuffed combat boots and
 bike chain necklace with padlock, Lars, clean-shaven, hair
 slicked back, punches the down button. He checks his Rolex.

BING. The elevator arrives. Lars slips in. The doors close.

ELEVATOR - SECONDS LATER

Lars inspects himself in the mirrored walls, yanks his jacket
 zipper down to his navel exposing his hairy chest and ample
 gut, gets close to the mirror, smoothes his turkey neck.

BING. Lars sucks in his belly, turns to the door.

A WOMAN IN GUCCI, 60, enters, shoots him a side glance.

They shift to opposite sides of the elevator. Doors close.

Lars zips up his jacket, releases his gut, folds his arms.

WOMAN IN GUCCI
 Your fly's down. FYI.

He sheepishly confirms this, zips up.

Silence, as they descend a few floors.

LARS
That'd be embarrassing on live TV.

WOMAN IN GUCCI
Yes. It would.

Lars pushes the lobby button repeatedly. EXASPERATED SIGH.

BING. The doors open. She exits, turns, eyes him up and down.

WOMAN IN GUCCI
Zipper up, for sure. Both of them.

Lars remains in the elevator, the doors slide closed.

LARS
Fuck me.

He takes a couple of deep breaths, hits the open button.

HOTEL LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Lars emerges into the lobby. A series of flashes go off. He shields his face, looks around. He's alone, no cameras.

He slinks across the room towards a press conference, timidly approaches, keeps his head low, remains back.

REPORTERS and PAPARAZZI flank a red carpet. At the end, a dais with THREE AGING PUNK ROCKERS under glaring lights.

The head "punk", **STIEG DIEKEN**, 60, buff, pierced ears, gray faux-hawk, engages with the press. He's all flash, white leather, gold studs, bleached teeth, fake tan, huge... ego.

REPORTER
G.A.W.D. was massive once, but now
you've been given the acronym,
Geezer Asswipes Wearing Diapers.

STIEG
Whatever. That's not why we're here
tonight, is it?

Lars pushes through the wall of press, stumbles onto the red carpet. Camera flashes blind him.

STIEG
And here he is. Thought you were
going to pussy out and not show.

Lars clammers onto the dais, joins Stieg and the other band members, **RAMON**, 56, and **RITCHIE**, 55, both wan and portly, ridiculous in leather, spikes and bleached hair. Ramon and Ritchie make room for Lars. He fills the gap next to Stieg.

LARS
Ramon. Ritchie.

Stieg rests an arm on Lars' shoulder. Lars bristles.

REPORTER
Lars?!.. We haven't seen or heard from you in over twenty years. What have you been doing all that time?

LARS
Contemplating life.

STIEG
Always a man of few words, except when he doesn't like your opinion. Then, watch the hell out.

Lars shrugs off Stieg's arm.

LARS
Get off, you smarmy, fucking prick.

The crowd emit audible WHOAS.

STIEG
And there he is, Lars Larsson, our resident bad boy. Any other words of wisdom? Or maybe you'd like to take a swing at me like last time?

Lars glares at Stieg. The room freezes in anticipation. He appears ready to burst, exhales, storms off stage.

STIEG
Hey, buddy. I was only kidding. That's all in the past. Come back.

Cameras click, as Lars flees through the phalanx of press.

HOTEL BAR - DAY - MINUTES LATER

Lars sulks at the glitzy hotel bar, drink in hand. The DIN from the press conference continues in the distance.

RICKY ASH, 54, G.A.W.D.'s well-preserved former manager and Lars' ex, in a shiny suit, loads of jewelry, cautiously approaches. He sidles up to the bar, meekly waves.

Lars looks toward him, shakes his head.

LARS
Wasn't I clear before?

RICKY
Will you let me buy you a drink?

Lars holds up his half-full glass.

RICKY
Oh, right. How many is that?

LARS
You're not my manager, Ricky, so go
take a flying fucking--

RICKY
- Okay, okay. I get your still
upset.

LARS
Good. Now let drink in peace.

RICKY
How's your speech? Gonna thank the
little people who got you where you
are today?

LARS
And where exactly is that? Because
from where I sit, life kinda sucks.

Ricky moves in closer, invades Lars' personal space.

RICKY
Things could have been different
with us. If you had just let me--

Lars GRUNTS, signals the BARTENDER for another round.

RICKY
It's been a long time. Sure. But
those kind of feelings don't just--

Lars pivots toward him, assumes a threatening posture.

LARS
- Jesus, can you just let it go?

Ricky pulls back.

RICKY
Some day you'll let me back in.

Ricky retreats.

Lars throws back the rest of his drink.

INT. MASSIVE ARENA / BACKSTAGE / GREEN ROOM - NIGHT

PHOTOGRAPHERS, PRESS, ROCK STARS, POSERS mingle in a cinder block room, the walls plastered with concert posters.

Lars broods in a corner, exudes a "*Don't Fuck With Me Vibe*".

Stieg chats up the PRESS. His wife, MANDY GROSS, 48, dripping in diamonds, wrapped in a silver fox, nestles by his side.

STIEG

I'm nothing without this one. She's the inspiration for all my songs.

REPORTER

Even *Toxic City*?

STIEG

Yeah, of course, that one too.

LARS

Fuuuuckiiiiing Buuuullshiiiiit!

The room turns, looks toward Lars.

A STAGE MANAGER sticks their head in the room.

STAGE MANAGER

Five minutes. Musicians backstage.

The partiers make way for the exit, file out.

Lars beelines to the catering table, grabs a snack bag of chips, rips it open, stuffs his face. BREATHES HEAVILY.

Mandy passes by the entrance, pauses, comes in.

MANDY

Still stress eating?

LARS

It's a bag of chips. Screw you!

MANDY

Lars, come on. Let's be civil.

LARS

You know he's full of shit. I wrote *Toxic City* about us. Not him.

MANDY

Why does that matter now? It made you filthy rich.

LARS

Because Stieg's a liar. All he's ever done is lie. And you know it.

MANDY

Right. My husband's the bad guy. Guess you forgot all the times you cheated on me. Have a good show.

Exasperated, she leaves shaking her head.

He looks at the chip bag, tosses it back on the table.

INT. MASSIVE ARENA / BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

Stieg, Ramon and Ritchie huddle close to the curtain.

Mandy comes up behind Stieg, grabs his butt, kisses his neck.

MANDY

Ewww. You're sweating already?

STIEG

I'm nervous.... Where's Lars? That faggot better not screw this up.

MANDY

Stieg. Stop. Relax. He'll be here.

Lars approaches. A STAGE HAND holds out a guitar. Lars brushes them off.

STIEG

Okay, boys. Are you ready to take our rightful place in the fucking Rock and Roll Hall of Fame?

RAMON

Hell, yes.

RITCHIE

Shit, yeah.

STIEG

C'mon, bring it in fellas.

They go in for a group hug, all except Lars.

LARS

On second thought. Give me that.

He grabs his guitar from the crew member, avoids the hug.

INT. MASSIVE ARENA / ONSTAGE - MOMENTS LATER

EMCEE

Many critics say a band so rife with controversy has no place in the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame. But these boys destroyed every barrier, took punk to unforeseen heights and started a discourse on what defines Rock'n'Roll. Or doesn't.

A FEW CHUCKLES from the audience.

EMCEE

They've had their lives threatened, noses broken, equipment destroyed. Their band name alone stirs up derision from the religious right. Just ask *One Million Moms*. And let me tell you, those aren't the MILFs anyone would want to.... You know?!

WHOOPS come from backstage. More audience LAUGHTER.

EMCEE

One thing's certain, rock wouldn't be what it is today without the collective chaos of G.A.W.D.. Boys!

G.A.W.D. bursts from the wings, exude punk attitude and various crude hand gestures. Lars tails them.

The audience ERUPTS in APPLAUSE, scattered chants of...

CROWD

G.A.W.D.! G.A.W.D! G.A.W.D.!

Stieg, Ramon and Ritchie cluster near the podium, pose.

Lars steps to the mic. Stieg rushes forward. They collide.

STIEG

You'll get your turn. Loser.

Lars acquiesces, steps back. Stieg hovers over the mic.

STIEG

This is un-fucking-believable...
 Oops. Are you gonna bleep me?
 (He GUFFAWS)
 Forty years ago, I'd have laughed in your face. Punk go mainstream? Or platinum? Back then, I'd have said this whole thing was a crock
 (MORE)

STIEG (CONT'D)

of shit. Rock and Roll Hall of
fucking Fame? Seriously? Huh?

Ramon and Ritchie nod. Lars rolls his eyes.

STIEG

But look at me now. It's fucking
fantastic... Holy shit, I might
cry.... Anyhoo, I want to thank my
wife, Mandy. You've always been
there, even when you weren't.

Lars invades Stieg's space, knocks him aside, takes the mic.

LARS

Blah, fucking, blah. Let someone
with a brain talk.
(thrusts guitar at Stieg)
Hold this, dickhead.

Stieg reluctantly takes the guitar.

LARS

Unlike that bloviating asshole,
I'll be brief... Credit goes to my
folks for turning me into a rabid,
angry punk. If it wasn't for my
religious upbringing, I wouldn't be
here tonight. Thanks for exploiting
me and ruining my entire fucking
childhood, mom and dad. You suck.

The audience barely reacts, only a few SPORADIC CLAPS.

LARS

Now, let's get this B.S. over with.
It's way past my bedtime.

The audience LAUGHS.

Lars seizes his guitar from Stieg, positions himself center
stage, plugs in, WALLS on his axe.

The crowd goes NUTS.

Stieg, Ritchie and Ramon rush to their places, grab their
instruments and launch into "TOXIC CITY".

Stieg, tears the mic off the stand, gesticulates and grinds.

STIEG

*THEY'RE SPREADING RUMORS. I KNOW
IT'S TRUE. STUCK IN THIS HELL.
TRYING TO GET TO YOU. TOXIC CITY!*

Lars raises the volume on his guitar. The NOISE DEAFENS.

Stieg motions the control booth to increase the mic volume.

As he nears the front of the stage and goes sing, Lars stomps on the mic chord.

The mic gets yanked from Stieg's hand. THUNK!

Stieg pivots toward Lars, who LAUGHS, relishes the moment.

Pissed off, Stieg charges at him.

Lars quickly dodges Stieg, sticks out his foot. Stieg trips, hits the floor hard. THUD.

Stieg, shaken, clambers up from the stage.

The two men circle, face off like wrestlers in a ring.

Stieg lunges for Lars. Misses. Hits the ground. Stays down.

Lars takes center stage, brandishes his guitar like a weapon, looms over Stieg, strikes a final chord... TWANG! Then heaves the reverberating instrument to the stage. SMASH!! FEEDBACK!!

Lars flips off the audience and, on a high, strides off.

The audience goes berserk. MASSIVE APPLAUSE! WHISTLES!

Stieg crawls across the stage, grabs the mic, rises.

STIEG

Bastard! You're gonna wish you
stayed in your pathetic fucking
retirement! I'm gonna ruin you!

Lars storms back out, returns to center stage.

LARS

Suck my hairy cock, Motherfucker!

He unzips, tugs down his tight leather trousers, wags his "hairy cock" at Stieg and the world.

CHEERS, WOLF CALLS and GASPS from the audience.

Stieg rushes Lars, clocks him.

Lars recoils, stumbles backward a few steps and...

plummets off the stage into the orchestra pit.

CRASH!

EXT. MASSIVE ARENA / MAIN ENTRANCE - LATER

TWO EMTs rush a gurney with Lars through sliding glass doors.

REPORTERS push forward, cameras flash. Crowds heave.

The EMTs navigate the gurney through the straining throngs.

A wall of CHRISTIAN PROTESTERS with a grotesque, paper mâché Jesus on a cardboard cross block the path.

EMT 1

Come on, folks. Move that crucifix.
We have an emergency here.

The protestors part, allow the gurney to pass.

The gurney comes to a halt behind an ambulance, lights ablaze, curbside. The EMTs prepare to lift Lars inside.

LARS' POV

Through a blurry haze, **JUNE**, 83, Lars' mother, hair pulled back into a short ponytail, minimal make-up, simple attire, and **HAROLD**, 87, Lars' father, bald, in a pastel pink running suit, heavy-framed glasses, step up, peer down at him.

JUNE

Oh, honey. Are you okay?

HAROLD

Hello, son. Nasty fall.

LARS

(pained, drugged)
Mom? Dad? What are you doing here?

JUNE

We couldn't miss your big night.

HAROLD

Our seats could have been better.
And I didn't care for your comment.
June, we were good parents, right?

June playfully slugs Harold.

JUNE

Harold. Now's not the time or--

LARS

- Can you both shut the hell up?!

END LARS' POV

EMT 2

Folks, we're in a hurry.

The EMTs push the gurney into the ambulance, clamber in.

JUNE (O.C.) HAROLD (O.C.)
We're here for you, Larzy. Hang in there, son.

LARS
Fucking leave me alone!

EMT 1
We need to increase his meds.

An EMT pulls the ambulance doors shut.

The SIREN wails. The ambulance pulls away, leaves June and Harold alone on the curb.

INT. LOS ANGELES / CEDARS-SINAI MEDICAL CENTER - DAY

SUPER: ONE MONTH LATER

Exclusive hospital suite, more like a hotel room. Wilted flowers, heaps of unopened mail and sagging balloons clutter the space. Heavy curtains block any natural light.

In the bed, amidst a tangle of bedding, tubes and traction, lays Lars, neck brace, legs in casts, right arm in a sling.

He watches TV, sips a soda.

NEWSCASTER (O.S.)
After exposing himself on live television, Lars Larsson, former child evangelist, finds himself in hot water with the FCC.

LARS
I was a rock god! Not a preacher!

Lars hurls his soda at the television. The can misses and explodes against the wall.

With his free hand, he reaches for a nearby tray, strains. He then digs in the sheets for the call button, pulls. The cord catches. The device drops to the floor.

LARS
Damn it. Where'd it go?

He lowers himself, feels for the call button. The pillows slide to one side. Lars slides to the other.

LARS
Shit!.. Nurse!

He slips down even further, starts to fall out.

LARS
Nurse!... Somebody!! Help!!

- A MALE NURSE rushes in, finds Lars nearly out of bed.

MALE NURSE
Mr. Larsson, why can't you use your call button like every other patient in this hospital? They've grasped the concept. Why not you?

LARS
I'm thirsty. I can't reach my tray.

The nurse SIGHS, props LARS in an upright position, adjusts his pillow, raises the guard rail, brings the tray closer.

MALE NURSE
How's that, princess? Better?

LARS
Yes. It's... better. Thanks.

The nurse coils the call button cord, drapes it over the guard rail, hands it to him.

MALE NURSE
Use it. And stop yelling.

LARS
Yes, Nurse Ratchet... Any chance you can up my pain killers?

On the way out, the nurse SCOFFS.

MALE NURSE
And I'm not cleaning up that soda.

Lars clumsily takes hold of a cup, struggles to get an elusive straw into his mouth. He finally does, sips.

JUNE (O.S.)
Looks like you could use some help.

He spits out the liquid.

Inside the doorway stands June, purse tucked under one arm, a Burberry raincoat draped neatly over the other.

LARS
Mom? How did you get by security?

JUNE

Slipped right by. It's funny how nobody questions old people.

LARS

Leave... or I'll call the guard.

JUNE

Oh, stop being so dramatic.

Harold, in a neon-orange track suit, enters with a tray of french fries.

HAROLD

Hey. Here you are. I must have taken a right when you took a left.

JUNE

He's threatening us with removal.

HAROLD

Not much he can do in that condition, is there?

Harold brings the tray to Lars, sets it down.

HAROLD

The fries are pretty good... Mind if I nab another one?

Harold nabs a fry, pops it in his mouth.

LARS

Okay you two! Why are you here? I know it's not to bring me food.

JUNE

Your manager, Randy, called. He's such a sweet fellow.

LARS

It's Ricky. And he's not my manager or sweet. He's a conniving prick.

JUNE

Regardless, he said you were going home any day and you'd be needing assistance with everyday things, like eating, bathing, dressing, taking medication, arranging PT... Did I leave anything out, Harold?

HAROLD

Nope. You covered it... Hold on.
You forgot using the toilet.
That'll likely be my job. Oh, joy.

JUNE

And we told him we'd be happy to
help out. I do like him.

HAROLD

Not doing much else these days.

Lars, his eyes closed, GROANS.

LARS

He had no right to ask you--

JUNE

- He didn't ask us. We volunteered.
Right, sweetie?

HAROLD

Yep. I have to say though, I was
surprised to see you live in such a
pig sty. With all that fancy rock
money, can't you afford a maid?

LARS

Wait. You've been inside my house?

JUNE

So, I asked Randy--

LARS

- It's Ricky... Did you touch
anything? You better not have
gone in my bedroom. No one's
allowed in there. Not unless--
Wait. What? You had my house
cleaned? What girls?

JUNE

--if he knew of anybody who
could help us get things in
order. And he provided a few
numbers for cleaners. He's
just so nice. And the girls
who came were so quick.

JUNE

You won't recognize it. But we came
across something in a drawer that
we weren't sure what it--

HAROLD

- My Spanish is rusty, plus my
hearing is going, but I think one
of the girls said it was gay porn.

She pats Harold's arm.

JUNE

Not that. I hid that in a discrete location along with the handcuffs. And I organized it all by title, alphabetically... I'm no prude, but some of those video titles are so naughty. No, I'm talking about that oddly shaped thing. I suspect it must be some sort of sex toy.

HAROLD

You mean the dildo, June?

JUNE

Nooooo, I'm familiar with dildos, what with your E.D... No, I mean that funny, flesh-colored thing.

HAROLD

Oh, that. Well, when we get you home you can explain. I was kinda baffled myself. And to be honest, I was a little squeamish handling it.

LARS

Oh, my god. I'm in hell.

JUNE

What's the matter? Are you in pain?

Lars pushes the call button.

LARS

Security!

EXT. LAUREL CANYON / LARS' SECLUDED RANCH HOME - DAY

A white transport van pulls into a circular drive.

June and Harold wait outside the front door.

The van door opens.

Slowly, Lars, in a motorized wheelchair, wearing a neon-green track suit, emerges on the lift.

JUNE

Welcome home, sweetie.

HAROLD

Everything's ready for you.

He lowers to the ground. An ATTENDANT guides him to the door.

HAROLD
Just park him there on the right.
We want to keep the path clear.

They step aside, follow Lars inside.

INT. LARS' HOME / LIVING ROOM - DAY

They enter a bright and sprawling, sparsely decorated living room. Not a single picture on the walls, minimal furnishings. The floor-to-ceiling curtains are drawn.

Out back is a tennis court and swimming pool with a stunning, expansive view of downtown Los Angeles.

The attendant rolls Lars to the side of the room.

HAROLD
That's good, right there. Thanks.

The attendant leaves.

HAROLD
Was I supposed to tip him?

LARS
No. I'm not your luggage.

JUNE
Turn him so he can see the view.

LARS
I've seen it. Close the curtains.

JUNE
But it's so pretty. No smog at all.

LARS
I don't care. Close the curtains.

JUNE
You must be tired after that drive.

LARS
I'm not tired. I'm pissed off that my house has been invaded.

JUNE
You need a snack. You always get crabby when you need a--

LARS
- Mom! Close the goddam curtains!

June, dejected, goes to the sliding glass doors. Starts to pull the curtains shut.

JUNE

Harold, would you help me, please?

HAROLD

Your mother's just trying to cheer you up. You could show--

LARS

- I don't need cheering up. And if I hadn't fallen off that fucking stage, my house would still be a pig sty and the curtains would be closed, just the way I like it.

HAROLD

I know we have a lot to do to get on your good side, but if you'll just give us a chance, we can--

LARS

- What? Give me back my childhood?

JUNE

I told you he'd bring that up.

LARS

Yeah, mom, should I also bring up I told you both to fuck off and never talk to me again? Nothing's changed, except now you're in my house putting on this pathetic act of being caring parents.

Silence. Awkward glances.

LARS

Okay. You wanna know how you can help? Get me out of this ridiculous fucking track suit. I feel like an entrant in the Special Olympics.

JUNE

That's not very nice. Those people deserve our empathy... I think you should go to your room.

LARS

You've got to be joking.

JUNE

I'm not... Harold? Would you?

June gestures toward the hallway.

Harold takes command of the wheelchair.

Lars tries to twist, grab the controls. CRIES out in PAIN.

LARS
Shit, my neck! Stop!

HAROLD
Calm down. Clearly some time out--

LARS
- Time out? I'm not a child!

The wheelchair reaches the hallway.

LARS
Dad, stop! Take me back!

They disappear through the bedroom door.

LARS (O.S.)
This isn't going to work!

A teary June opens the curtains, takes in the view.

INT. SILVER MERCEDES EQE SEDAN / LAUREL CANYON - NEXT DAY

LOREN, 55, Lars' sister, at the wheel, and **RANDALL**, 50, Lars' brother-in-law, both uptight and a tad self-righteous. We get an immediate sense of who is in charge and it's not Randall.

RANDALL
What are you planning on saying?

LOREN
How he took a different path and abandoned his faith. How his depraved lifestyle has led to pain and self-destruction. The usual.

Their only child, **TAMMY (née Thomas)**, 20, gender-ambiguous, with pink hair and a pierced nose, sulks in the back seat, rolls their coal-lined eyes.

TAMMY
This is so stupid. Why did I have to come?

LOREN
Because you can't be left alone in your state.

TAMMY
What does that even mean?

LOREN
Don't make me say it.

Loren glares at Tammy in the rear view mirror.

TAMMY
Mom! Eyes on the road!

LOREN
When your only child threatens self
harm--

TAMMY
- Breast implants aren't self harm.

LOREN
All I hear from you is, "*Thomas is
dead, I'm Tammy now.*" Tammy who?

RANDALL
Loren. Can we not get into--?

LOREN
- What, Randall? Tell me I'm wrong.
Our son wants to permanently alter
his body. Am I supposed to just
ignore that?.. Am I?.. Well?

Randall keeps quiet, shrugs.

TAMMY
I'm not suicidal. You don't consult
with a doctor if you plan to kill
yourself. God, you're so clueless!

LOREN
End of discussion. I need to focus.

INT. LARS' BEDROOM - A BIT LATER

By the cavelike look of the room, it appears the sun has not
been allowed in for decades. The bedroom door is closed.

Lars, in the wheelchair and track suit, dozes.

From the other room, CHANTING is heard.

JUNE AND HAROLD (O.S.)
Ommmmmm... Ommmmmm.

Lars stirs, awakens.

JUNE AND HAROLD (O.S.)
Ommmmmm... Ommmmmm.

LARS
What the fuck?

A BELL RINGS.

LARS
Helloooo?!... I need to piss!

FOOTSTEPS approach. Shadows appear under the door. WHISPERS.

LARS
I know you're there... I can see
your shadow.

The door slowly opens. June and Harold cautiously enter.

LARS
What are you two doing out there?

JUNE
Our daily meditation.

LARS
You meditate? Since when?

HAROLD
Since we converted to Buddhism.

LARS
You can't be serious.

JUNE
We felt the Christian church just
wasn't for us any longer.

LARS
That was your life. You and Falwell
were best buds.

HAROLD
Until Jerry winked at your mother.

JUNE
It was an eye spasm. I told you.

HAROLD
What about the creepy grin that
went along with that wink? Huh?

JUNE

He had spinach in his teeth. He was trying to get it loose.

HAROLD

It was a pass. I know what I saw.

JUNE

Good lord. Long story short, we decided to follow Buddha instead.

LARS

That's fucking rich. You do know about karma, right? Or is that what this whole goddam charade is about?

JUNE

Stop with the profanity, or I'll institute a swear jar.

LARS

Holy shit. I can't believe you two aren't nut job Christians anymore.

JUNE

Lars. Be nice... or I won't make the tuna salad you like for lunch.

LARS

Fine. I'll be nice... Now can you please help me to the bathroom before I piss all over myself?

LARS' EN SUITE BATHROOM - MINUTES LATER

Harold waits for Lars, who is in the water closet.

HAROLD

Can you go easier on your mother?

(no response)

She's trying really hard to make peace... We both are.

(no response)

Can you hear me in there?

LARS (O.C.)

Yes, I hear you. But right now I'd like to pee in private.

From outside, BEEPS from a vehicle backing up.

LARS (O.C.)
That didn't take long... Dad, look
outside and tell me who it is.

Harold goes to the window, peeks through the blinds.

HAROLD
Would you look at that?!

LARS (O.C.)
Is it Entertainment Tonight? I
warned them about parking--

HAROLD
- No. It's your sister.

LARS (O.C.)
Quick. Get me out of here.

EXT. LARS' HOME / FRONT GATE - DAY

Outside the gate, A SKELETON NEWS CREW set up beside a van emblazoned with *FAITH IN AMERICA NEWS*, a stylized dove logo and a crucifix/microphone.

Near the van, wearing matching blazers, Loren and Randall touch-up one another's make-up.

The Silver Mercedes EQE sits parked nearby. Tammy secretly records them from the backseat.

LOREN
Just a second. Randall's uneven.

She powders Randall's nose.

RANDALL
How's my tie?

LOREN
Perfect. No one ties a Windsor like
you, pumpkin.

She still straightens his tie, gives it a tug, leans in.

LOREN
How about me? How do I look?

RANDALL
I wouldn't mess with you. Not here.

Loren emits a NAUGHTY GIGGLE. Randall gives her a light peck on the cheek.

TAMMY leans out the car window.

TAMMY
Can you two be any more gross?

LOREN
Mind your own business, Thomas.

TAMMY
Thomas is dead.

LOREN
Not to me, he's not.

RANDALL
Tammy. Loren. How about we--?

LOREN
- I refuse to acknowledge this
"Tammy" person. I have a son and
his name is Thomas. That's who I'll
converse with. No one else.

TAMMY
Enjoy the one-sided conversation.

RANDALL
Can you do this later? Not here?

Randall gestures towards the crew.

Silent indignation from Tammy and Loren.

The crew, heads down, avoid their glance, look uncomfortable.

Tammy, disgusted, rolls up the window, crosses their arms.

LOREN
Randall, you need to stop indulging
him in this sick fantasy.

Loren faces the crew.

LOREN
Is everyone ready? I know I am.

The cameraman gives Loren a thumbs up. She puffs herself up, sets her feet firmly.

LOREN
All right! Let's do this for Jesus!

The camera lights blink on. Randall steps up, mic in hand.

RANDALL

We're at the home of Lars Larsson, member of anti-Christian band, G-A-W-D. Last month, Mr. Larsson exposed himself on nationally broadcast television... With me now is Loren Rogers, head of the *FAITH IN AMERICA CHURCH* of greater L.A..

Randall holds the mic up to Loren.

RANDALL

Loren, it's well-known that you're related to Lars Larsson.

LOREN

Yes, that's true. My brother and I were child evangelists until he abandoned the faith and reverted to his current evil lifestyle.

RANDALL

And how does that make you feel?

LOREN

Simply awful. I've long said it's tragic to have a family torn apart by one member's selfish beliefs.

RANDALL

Do you ever speak?

LOREN

We haven't for years. But today I'm here to urge my brother to renounce his devotion to rock music, Satan's gateway to hell.

From out of nowhere **HARDCORE PUNK BLASTS**.

They all turn toward the din.

Across the yard, under the front awning, sits Lars, in his wheelchair. A stereo speaker rests on his lap.

He flips off Loren, Randall and the crew.

LARS

Eat me!

INT. LARS' HOME / LIVING ROOM - DAY

Harold, just inside the door, **CHUCKLES**.

June rushes up to the door, peers out.

JUNE
What are you boys up to?

HAROLD
Giving our daughter a taste of her
own medicine.

June dashes over, flicks off the stereo. The MUSIC STOPS.

LARS (O.S.)
Hey! What the hell?!

JUNE
Bring him back in here. You know
better than to provoke her.

HAROLD
We're just having a little fun.

She points to the door. Harold, defeated, goes outside.

EXT. LARS' HOME / FRONT PORCH

Harold emerges, comes up behind Lars, who continues to flip
off the crew, wag his tongue like Gene Simmons of KISS.

HAROLD
Your mother says we're causing
trouble. I need to bring you in.

LARS
Us? She's the one who came to my
house with a goddam camera crew.

Harold waves to Loren, Randall and the news crew.

HAROLD
Hi, Loren! Hey, Randall!

LOREN
Daddy?... Is mommy there too?

June peeks out.

JUNE
Hi, sweetheart. Lovely day.

LOREN
Mommy? Really? What in the world?

LARS

They crossed to the dark side. Baby sacrifices begin after lunch. Mom's making her tuna salad. Wanna join?

EXT. LARS' HOME / FRONT GATE - CONTINUOUS

LOREN

Stop! Turn off the camera!

Loren hustles the crew back to their van.

LOREN

Wait here. And pray... Hard.
(to her folks and Lars)
I'm coming over there!

She pops the gate, plods toward the house, halts, looks back.

LOREN

Randall? Are you coming?

Randall hops to it, follows.

EXT. LARS' HOME / FRONT PORCH - CONTINUOUS

HAROLD

Oh, crap. Now we're in for it.

Loren stomps up.

LARS

Hey, sis. Long time. What brings you here, besides seizing an opportunity to self-aggrandize?

LOREN

I came to pray for your salvation.

LARS

You need a camera crew for that?

LOREN

Our viewers are our witnesses. We document every miracle.

She closes her eyes, raises her hands. Peaks out one eye.

LOREN

Randall, join me.

Randall shuts his eyes, raises his hands.

LARS

And away we go.

LOREN

Dear precious savior, look down on my brother, Lars. Reach deep inside his troubled soul and show him the error of his wicked ways.

JUNE

Loren, is this really necessary?

LOREN

Hush, mommy... Touch his heart, that has so long been hardened. Dear Jesus, send us your healing light and help him to rise up.

LARS

I broke a few bones. I'm not Lazarus. So, technically this--

LOREN

- Ignore him, Lord. In your holy name, we pray.

RANDALL

Amen.

LARS

A-fucking-men.

Loren glares at him.

LARS

You know, something is starting to rise. I need a toilet. Quick.

Lars uses the chair controls, whips around, nearly clips Loren and Randall. They jump back.

LARS

And get your crew off my property!

He disappears inside.

INT. LARS' BEDROOM - LATER

Lars, propped up in his chair, watches a muted television.

The TV displays footage of Lars' pixelated groin. The caption reads: *"Coming Up: Crotchgate - FCC Filing Charges"*

Lars clicks off the TV, takes control of the chair, heads out the bedroom door.

EXT. TENNIS COURT - CONTINUOUS

June, in a smart tennis outfit, and a naked Harold play pickle ball. They run back and forth, return volleys.

June misses Harold's serve, goes to pick it up, notices Lars inside the sliding glass door watching.

She retrieves the ball, waves at him.

JUNE

Hi, honey. I'm beating the pants
off your dad. Literally.

Harold moves the pickle ball paddle over his groin. Waves.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lars faces the view of the tennis court, mouth wide open.

LARS

Oh, my God. I can't see this.

He reverses, bumps into June and Harold's Buddhist altar.

The altar wobbles, causes the Buddha statue to topple. It hits the floor. Buddha's contented face grins up at him.

LARS

Don't hold it against me, Buddha.

He continues on toward the bedroom.

He nears the door, speeds up, approaches at an angle, hits the door jamb, becomes lodged. He tries to back up. No luck. He attempts to move forward. No luck. He's stuck.

LARS

Fuck!... Mom?! Dad?!... Wait. No,
not Dad! Unless he puts on pants!

HALLWAY / BEDROOM DOORWAY - AN HOUR LATER

Ricky, in shorts and a polo, along with Harold, now in a robe, try to dislodge the wheelchair. June observes.

JUNE

Thanks for coming on such short
notice. We didn't know what to do.

RICKY

Lars, how did you manage this?

LARS
I came at it too fast. I dunno.

RICKY
Sounds like something you'd do.

LARS
Hurry. My bladder's going to pop.

RICKY
Can you stand?

LARS
I wouldn't be in this situation if
I could stand.

RICKY
How has the PT been going?

HAROLD
It hasn't.

JUNE
There's been some discussion, but
we've met with a lot of resistance.

RICKY
How do you expect to get mobile
again if you don't do the work?

Lars remains silent.

RICKY
Please call the number I gave you.

HAROLD
I think it's still on the fridge.

JUNE
I'll schedule something right now.

June heads for the kitchen.

RICKY
Is there a crowbar in your garage?

LARS
Probably. Good luck finding it.

Ricky walks off. As soon as he's out of ear shot...

LARS
Okay. Which one of you called him?

HAROLD

Your mother. We were flummoxed.

LARS

When you get me loose, he has to leave. I don't want him here.

HAROLD

What's the problem? He seems like--

LARS

- I'm not explaining it to you.

HAROLD

Okay. I'll ask him to go. No need to be so short.

DINING ROOM - LATER

June, Harold and Ricky LAUGH at the dining room table. Dirty dishes, empty bottles of wine in front of them.

Lars sulks in the living room, watches from afar.

HAROLD

You tell the funniest stories.

JUNE

I'm sorry we missed out on all of that. It sounds like it was a hoot.

LARS

Yeah, mom. I can just see you in a mosh pit at a punk gig.

JUNE

Have you seen us play pickle ball?

LARS

It's burned into my brain. And FYI, getting hit in the face with a whiffle ball is not the same as being head butted by a two hundred pound skinhead.

JUNE

The devil's in the details. I just think we would have enjoyed it.

HAROLD

She's always liked contact sports.

RICKY
Well, this has been fun, but I
should go.

JUNE
Drop by anytime. Not just for an
emergency.

Ricky cozies up to June, while Harold clears the dishes.

RICKY
(under his breath)
That all depends on you-know-who.

JUNE
Oh. Ignore grouchy pants. Besides,
you're much more fun.

RICKY
I know.

They GIGGLE.

LARS
What's with all the conspiring?

JUNE
Never you mind. Just a little
confidence between friends.

She winks at Ricky.

RICKY
I really should head out. Lars has
probably seen enough of me.

Ricky gets up, heads for the door.

LIVING ROOM

Lars tails Ricky. They reach the front door.

LARS
Nice try, but it's not gonna work.

RICKY
I don't know what you mean.

Ricky opens the door, pauses.

RICKY
Goodnight, Mr. and Mrs. Larsson.
It's been an absolute pleasure.

HAROLD (O.S.)
Goodnight.

JUNE (O.S.)
Can I pack you up some leftovers?
There's so much food.

RICKY
No, thank you... Goodnight, Lars.

He pats Lars on the head, leaves, quietly closes the door.

Lars rolls back to the dining room.

DINING ROOM

Harold stacks the plates. Lars pulls up behind him.

LARS
He's not welcome back. Am I clear?

HAROLD
Whatever trouble exists between you
needs to be nipped in the bud.

LARS
That's easy for you to say, when
you have no idea of the kind of
crap he pulled.

HAROLD
I can see he wants to make it
right. Doesn't that mean something?

LARS
It doesn't... I'm going to bed.

Lars rolls off to his room.

HAROLD
Joining us for morning meditation?

LARS (O.C.)
No. And can you cut back on the
incense? It's smelling like a
Krishna temple in here.

LIVING ROOM - NEXT DAY

June and Harold, on cushions, in the lotus position, CHANT.

Incense wafts from their altar.

JUNE AND HAROLD

Ommmmmm.

DOORBELL.

HAROLD

Be right back, hon. Don't move.

Harold untangles himself, stands, hobbles to the door.

He opens the door, finds an incredibly hot, hunky young man.

CHARLIE, 24, sexy, tan, in short shorts and clingy t-shirt, steps back, looks at the house numbers, looks back at Harold.

CHARLIE

Hello. Is this is Lars' place?

HAROLD

It is.

CHARLIE

But, you're not Lars? Right?

HAROLD

That's correct.

CHARLIE

Good. I mean last time I was here it was dark and it was a year ago and some people in this town like to live hard. No offense.

HAROLD

None taken. Are you the physical therapist?

He winks at Harold.

CHARLIE

If you want me to be.

HAROLD

Do you have a table or equipment?

CHARLIE

No, I like to improvise.

Charlie steps inside, surveys the room.

CHARLIE

The place looks different. Tidy. My grandma could live here.

June out of lotus position, comes over.

CHARLIE

You must be who I spoke to.

Charlie extends a hand.

JUNE

We're huggers in this family.

She pulls him in close. Charlie melts a little.

CHARLIE

Am I here for you too? 'Cuz I'm not sure this whole scenario is in my wheel house.

JUNE

Oh, no. We're fit as a fiddle.

HAROLD

Just minor aches and pains. Nothing a little stretching can't solve.

CHARLIE

Good. Okay, then. Where's our guy?

JUNE

In his room. Down the hall.

HAROLD

First door on the left.

CHARLIE

I recall he's a bit of a screamer. I'll try to keep things down.

Charlie proceeds to Lars' door. KNOCKS. Goes in.

LARS' BEDROOM

Lars SNORES in his chair, a cap pulled down over his eyes.

Charlie creeps up to the wheelchair, lifts the cap. He lowers down to Lars' level, gently nudges him.

CHARLIE

Sleepy head. Charlie boy is here.

Lars stirs, but remains asleep.

Charlie pokes him hard. Lars jolts awake.

CHARLIE
C'mon, buddy. We only have an hour.

LARS
What the-? What are you doing here?

CHARLIE
I think it was your mom who called.

LARS
Uh-uh. No way. You have to go.

CHARLIE
Why? It's all paid for. We may as well have a little fun.

Charlie starts to unzip Lars' track suit. Lars stops him.

LARS
Wait. Um... Hold on a sec... Lock the door.

Charlie goes, locks the bedroom door, peels off his shirt on his way back, tosses it aside. Straddles Lars.

LARS
Wow. You've been working out.

Charlie pulls opens Lars' track suit, exposes his torso.

CHARLIE
You haven't.

LARS
Hey, now. I've been in this fucking wheelchair for months. No rude remarks about my dad bod.

CHARLIE
Who's complaining? You're kinda sexy. Love handles and all.

Charlie gives Lars a long, sensual kiss.

LARS
(corner of his mouth)
You sure you locked the door?

CHARLIE
Uh-huh.

LARS
(pulls back)
You're absolutely sure?

CHARLIE

Very sure.

LARS

All right, then. Have at it.

Charlie sticks his hand down Lars' pants. Lars YELPS.

KITCHEN - AN HOUR LATER

June makes a smoothie. The BLENDER SQUEALS.

Charlie comes in, silently observes June.

She gingerly drops one raspberry into the swirling yogurt. Waits for it to pulverize. Drops in another.

CHARLIE

You're very precise.

JUNE

Harold prefers his smoothies just the right shade of pink.

CHARLIE

Sounds like my kind of guy.

JUNE

Would you like some? I made extra.

CHARLIE

You're very sweet, but I have a call in the valley. It'll take me forever with the traffic.

JUNE

I can put it in a to-go cup.

CHARLIE

Sure. Why not?

JUNE

How did our patient do?

CHARLIE

He was very tense. Not anymore.

JUNE

You must have a lot of experience with stiffness.

CHARLIE

It's my forte.

She pours smoothie into a paper cup.

CHARLIE

Not too much. My clients expect me to maintain my physique.

June hands him the cup, he takes a sip.

CHARLIE

OMG. This is so delicious.

Charlie comes round the counter, gives June a hug.

CHARLIE

You are so nice. Most of the time it's wham bam, thank you, Sam. And I'm immediately shown the door.

JUNE

You deserve care too.

CHARLIE

Thanks, I do. Well, I gotta bounce. I was told to go out the back.

JUNE

The gate's just past the pool.

He exits through the slider. DOOR SHUTS.

EXT. POOL - CONTINUOUS

Charlie emerges onto the deck.

Harold, in a neon pink Speedo, swims laps, lifts his head.

CHARLIE

Looking good there, Zaddy. Love your sexy, pink Speedo.

Charlie blows him a kiss, slips through the gate.

INT. LARS' HOME / KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

June pours the remaining smoothie into a glass.

Lars rolls in.

LARS

God, mom, what were you two talking about? I thought he'd never leave.

JUNE

Just getting familiar. He's very attractive. My physical therapist is a frumpy middle-aged woman.

LARS

He's not a physical therapist.

JUNE

What do you mean? That's what his card says.

LARS

Show me.

June pulls a business card off the fridge.

JUNE

See, right here...

She shows him a glossy, pink card, reads -

JUNE

*"Charlie. Hot. Deep. Intense.
Twenty Four Hour Relief. Out only."*

June gets a knowing look. Her mouth forms a wide OOOH!

LARS

Thanks, though. I needed that.

He rolls out.

INT. BEVERLY HILLS MANSION / TAMMY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Tammy, headphones on, sprawled on the bed, scrolls through their phone.

Loren bursts in, brandishes a fistful of lacy panties.

LOREN

Care to explain? The maid thought these were mine. And I would never wear anything this... showy. I've chosen the path of modesty.

Tammy pulls off their headphones.

TAMMY

I was wondering where those went.

LOREN

Did you not hear what I just said?

TAMMY

No. I was listening to a podcast.

LOREN

Who gave you money for these? Your father?

Tammy shrugs.

LOREN

Ugh.... Randall!!

Loren storms out, panties raised high above her head.

LARS' HOME / BEDROOM - NEXT DAY

Lars, laptop propped on his legs, watches a loop of himself plummeting from the stage.

Outside, a HORN HONKS.

He pauses the loop.

ACTIVITY, VOICES, from the other room.

The bedroom door pops open. In walks Harold.

HAROLD

Rise and shine. Outing time.

LARS

Fuck, no. I'm fine right here.

HAROLD

Fuck, yes. You don't have a choice.

LARS

Dad, don't swear. It's not you.

EXT. LARS' HOME / DRIVEWAY - 20 MINUTES LATER

An oversized transport van idles in the driveway.

June comes outside, followed by Lars in his chair in a neon yellow track suit and Harold in control of the chair.

They pull up to the lift. Ricky appears in the doorway.

RICKY

What do we have here?

Lars glares at him.

RICKY
You know, I don't think I've ever
seen you wear anything besides
black. And right now you could be
mistaken for the Chiquita banana.

Lars flips him off.

RICKY
This is going to be entertaining.

They load Lars onto the electronic lift; it slowly rises.

LARS
Where are you taking me?

RICKY
You'll see.

LARS
I hate surprises.

RICKY
I know.

LARS
Are you gonna give me a hint?

RICKY
Nope.

Lars lets out a FRUSTRATED SIGH.

HAROLD
Relax and go with it, son. Let the
universe lead you.

LARS
The universe better not be leading
me to the fucking zoo.

EXT. LOS ANGELES "FUCKING" ZOO - DAY

The van parks in a handicap space near the entrance.

INT. VAN - SAME TIME

Ricky hands Harold a Taylor Swift cap and pink sunglasses.

RICKY
Put these on Lars. We don't want
him to be recognized.

LARS
Now I think you're deliberately
torturing me.

Harold goes to place the cap on Lars' head. Lars dodges it.

LARS
Keep that away from me.

RICKY
Give it here. I'm a Swiftie.

Harold passes it to him. Ricky dons the cap.

EXT. LOS ANGELES ZOO / MONKEY HABITAT - ONE HOUR LATER

Parked in front of the monkeys, Lars, in the pink sunglasses, sulks, while June, Harold and Ricky share popcorn.

JUNE
Now isn't this delightful?

LARS
Yeah. Watching monkeys hurl their
feces is my kind of fun.

RICKY
How did the PT work out?

LARS
Great. My left hand needed a break.

Ricky looks perplexed.

HAROLD
There was some confusion.

JUNE
I called a card on the fridge, but
he wasn't a therapist, he was--

LARS
- Charlie, West Hollywood's top-
rated home service provider.

Ricky does a spit take, popcorn shoots from his mouth.

JUNE
I have to say your mood was much
better the rest of the week.

HAROLD
Maybe we should invite him back.

RICKY
Maybe he should move in.

June, Harold and Ricky CHUCKLE.

LARS
Listen, you three, I'm not falling
for this. Go ahead and pretend
everything's okay between us, but
it's not. I'm onto you.

JUNE
Oh, Lars, we're only--

LARS
- Ignoring the pain you caused by
shoving it under the rug. FYI, I
haven't fucking forgotten.

JUNE
Hush. There are children around.

LARS
Now you care about kids? Didn't
stop you from exploiting your own.

JUNE
That's not fair. It was a long time
ago. Circumstances were different.

LARS
Passing off your kids as faith
healers was okay in the seventies?

HAROLD
Can we move past that?

LARS
Clearly you have, with your daily
meditations and putrid incense.

JUNE
If you'd just open up, I'm sure
you'd feel better. We do.

LARS
Mom, are you kidding? I'm stuck in
a goddam wheelchair. I'm not going
to miraculously feel better because
I drink açai smoothies and chant
all day. So drop the holier than
thou act. It's fucking boring.

ZOO PATRONS watch. The monkeys even stop hurling their feces, take notice.

RICKY

Let's bring it down a notch.

LARS

Go fuck yourself, Ricky. Why are you even here? Huh?

RICKY

I'm beginning to wonder.

LARS

You're the one who outed me to the press and destroyed my career. Did I ever thank you for that?

June and Harold look at one another... *"What's this?"*

RICKY

I'm trying to show you how sorry I am. Will you let me do that?

Ricky takes Lars' immobile hand.

RICKY

I really and truthfully regret everything I did, but you need--

LARS

- Get your hands off me.

Ricky withdraws his hand.

LARS

I'm done here. Can we go now?

He looks at the three of them. They don't budge.

LARS

No?... Then, I will.

Lars takes control of the chair, starts to zoom off.

JUNE

Larzy, where are you going? You didn't eat your popcorn.

June starts to go after him. Harold stops her.

HAROLD

Let him blow off some steam.

RICK

Lars! C'mon! Don't go away mad!

Lars flips him off, disappears into a crowd.

EXT. LOS ANGELES ZOO / ENTRANCE - NIGHT

In a dark parking lot, under a single streetlamp, Lars sits alone in his wheelchair, smolders.

A ZOO EMPLOYEE exits the main gate. The gate CLANGS shut.

The Zoo Employee approaches him.

ZOO EMPLOYEE

Hello. Is somebody picking you up?

LARS

Yeah. I ordered an Uber.

ZOO EMPLOYEE

I'm happy to wait with you, if you--

LARS

- Thanks. My ride's on its way.

ZOO EMPLOYEE

Okay... Good thing you're in that bright yellow tracksuit, otherwise nobody would see you in the dark.

LARS

Hmph. I suppose you're right.

ZOO EMPLOYEE

Goodnight, then.

LARS

G'night.

The Zoo Employee walks off into the night.

Lars checks his phone.

EXT. LARS' HOME / FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

An idling van sits in front of the dark house. The lift retracts, as Lars rolls up to the house.

He arrives at the front door, nods to the DRIVER.

LARS
I've got it from here.

The driver gives him a thumbs up, pulls away.

The van merges into the street and is gone.

Lars maneuvers up to the doorknob, tries to reach the handle, misses, adjusts his position, and backs up too quickly.

The rear wheels slip off the porch's edge into the garden. He rocks the chair, the wheels sink into the rocks.

LARS
Shit.

He reaches into his jacket, pulls out his cell, dials.

A PHONE RINGS inside the house. He waits. CLICK.

LARS' VOICE MAIL
Yep, you reached him, mother--
(hangs up)
Where the hell are they?

He scrolls through his contacts, pauses on a number, dials, immediately hangs up.

He closes the app, tucks his phone inside his jacket, zips up the track suit, hunkers down, closes his eyes.

His PHONE RINGS.

LARS
Nope. Not answering it.

EXT. LARS' HOME / FRONT PORCH - NEXT MORNING

Lars opens his eyes.

A squirrel sits perched on his knee. In its mouth is a large manila envelope, one corner gnawed away.

The squirrel eyes him. Lars eyes the squirrel.

They hold one another's gaze for a beat.

LARS
Get off me, you little rat bastard.

Lars jerks his leg.

The squirrel leaps off, scurries away across the yard.

Lars grabs the envelope, tears it open, removes the contents, reads.

LARS
That asshole! I'll kill him!

It starts to rain.

LARS
Dammit! We're supposed to be in a drought.

He pulls out his phone, dials.

LARS
Yes, it's me... Don't read anything into it. Okay?... I need your help... I'm stuck in my garden... Hurry. It's starting to rain.

45 MINUTES LATER

The CRUNCH OF GRAVEL as a silver Jaguar pulls up, parks.

Ricky steps out of the vehicle, saunters up.

RICKY
Lookie here. Lars Larsson has himself in a pickle. And he called me for help. Will wonders never--

LARS
- Don't gloat.

RICKY
At least it didn't rain much.

LARS
Yeah? Tell the puddle under my ass.

RICKY
Let's get you inside and in a dry track suit. Have anything in pink?

LARS
You wouldn't dare.

Ricky CHUCKLES, relishes the moment. He works on freeing Lars from the garden.

LARS
Where are my folks? I thought they'd be here.

RICKY

I dropped them at their condo. You really hurt their feelings.

Lars stays silent.

RICKY

I don't think they're coming back.

Having freed Lars' wheelchair, Ricky opens the door.

RICKY

You should call them and apologize.

LARS

I've got bigger fish right now.
(holds up the envelope)
I got served... by a squirrel.

RICKY

Who haven't you pissed off in the greater Los Angeles area?

Ricky guides the wheelchair inside.

INT. BEVERLY HILLS MANSION / TAMMY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Tammy enters their room, finds a navy blue men's suit and plain red tie laid out on their bed with an attached note.

INSERT NOTE - *"Wear this to church tomorrow. We have family photos. And no. You don't have a choice."*

Tammy grabs the suit, leaves.

HALLWAY TO DINING ROOM

Tammy rounds the corner, stops at the entry, eavesdrops.

LOREN (O.S.)

I called the facility and they can take him tomorrow afternoon. We'll go right after family photos.

RANDALL (O.S.)

I don't know about this.

LOREN (O.S.)

Man up, Randall. What choice do we have? You can't reason with him.

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS MANSION / FRONT DOOR - TEN MINUTES LATER

Guitar case in hand, Tammy pulls a roller suitcase, slips out, closes the door quietly, then quickly flees down the front steps.

INT. LARS' HOME / DINING ROOM - SAME TIME

Lars, at the table, in a bathrobe, the envelope and a stack of papers in front of him. He rubs a towel over his head.

Ricky enters with coffee and pain killers, sets it down.

LARS

Does Stieg even have a case?

RICKY

He does. Unless you can prove him wrong?

LARS

How am I supposed to do that? It's his word against mine.

RICKY

Did you keep anything? Notes? Lyric sheets? Something that proves you wrote *TOXIC CITY*?

LARS

I was in my twenties. My focus was on getting high and getting laid, not future lawsuits.

RICKY

What about Mandy? Didn't you use to try out new material on her?

LARS

Not *TOXIC CITY*. It was too close to home. I kept that to myself.

RICKY

Right. Well? What about demo tapes?

LARS

They're all in my studio. Haven't listened to them in years.

LARS' HOME / MUSIC STUDIO

The light blinks on.

Piles of dusty boxes, framed gold and platinum records, concert posters stacked against a wall.

Opposite, a sheet draped over a mixing board.

Lars, now on his feet, uses the wall for stability as he slowly shuffles into the room. Ricky follows behind.

RICKY
Sure you can manage?

LARS
Need to start walking sometime.

Ricky taps on a dusty guitar case.

RICKY
You don't play anymore?

LARS
Just the induction ceremony. You saw how well that went.

Ricky stands before the heap of boxes.

RICKY
This doesn't look at all daunting.
Better get started.

Ricky takes a box, pops off the lid, sets to work.

LARS
Uh, Ricky?

Ricky, on the floor, removes cassettes and black notebooks.

RICKY
Yeah?

LARS
Thanks for, um,..your help earlier.

Ricky stops, looks at him.

RICKY
Help? I'd call that a rescue.

Lars gets teary.

LARS
Sorry. I've been a complete ass.

RICKY
Tell me about it.

Ricky slides a box to him.

RICKY

Now, come on. You're not gonna stand there getting all weepy, while I get my hands dirty.

Lars lowers himself onto the couch, opens the box.

RICKY

I wasn't the one who said don't read anything into it. Remember?

LARS' HOME / MUSIC STUDIO - HOURS LATER

Both men asleep on the couch. A stack of loose paper and cassettes cascade onto the floor between them.

The DOORBELL RINGS.

Lars rouses, nudges Ricky.

LARS

Ricky, wake up.

Ricky, groggy, opens his eyes.

RICKY

How long have we been asleep?

LARS

Hours. Someone's at the door. Can you get it?

Ricky gradually gets up, starts to leave.

LARS

If it's my folks, my sister or the press... you know what to say.

RICKY

Sure, I'll tell them you needed some alone time and took a frilly little basket and ventured off to pick wildflowers by the roadside.

Ricky walks out.

LARS

They won't believe that. The only thing by the roadside in Laurel Canyon is garbage and poison ivy.

LARS' HOME / LIVING ROOM / FRONT DOOR

Ricky opens the door to a pathetic, dripping wet Tammy.

TAMMY

Hi. Would Lars happen to be in?

RICKY

Sorry. He doesn't see fans.

Ricky starts to close the door.

TAMMY

I'm not a fan. I'm his niece.

INT. LARS' HOME / LIVING ROOM

Tammy plops down their bags. Ricky gives them the once over.

RICKY

I'll grab you a towel.

He heads off to the kitchen.

RICKY (O.S.)

Where are you from? L.A.?

TAMMY

Beverly Hills.

RICKY (O.S.)

Did you drive? I didn't see a car.

TAMMY

No, I caught a bus, fell asleep, missed my stop and ended up in Santa Monica. Then I decided to take an Uber, but the driver seemed sketch and when I tried to get out he wouldn't unlock the door until I paid the fare. After that I started walking. I thought I was a lot closer. I've only been here once.

Ricky comes back, hands Tammy a towel. Tammy dries off.

RICKY

Sounds like you could use a drink.

Lars appears in the doorway.

LARS

- Who the hell are you!?

RICKY
Lars. This is Tammy, your niece.

LARS
I haven't got a niece.

Tammy, pushes the hair from their face.

TAMMY
Hi, Uncle Lars.

LARS
Holy shit! Thomas? You look just like your mom. If she was a goth.

LARS' HOME / KITCHEN - MINUTES LATER

Huddled near the island, Lars and Ricky peek at Tammy, who reapplies eyeliner in the dining room.

RICKY
What do you think he wants?

LARS
First off, I assume he wants to be called *she* now.

RICKY
Right. Pronouns. What'll we do?

LARS
Beats me. First time we've met.

Ricky moves to the doorway.

RICKY
Tammy? Are you hungry?

TAMMY (O.S.)
I could eat, sure.

RICKY
She said she's hungry.

LARS
I heard.

Ricky returns to the island, comes close to Lars.

RICKY
Should we call his, her, mom?

LARS

I don't fucking want Loren here.
But I guess we should probably let
her know Tammy's safe.

(raises his voice)

Um, Tammy, could you come in here?

(To Ricky)

I'd like to talk to her alone.

Ricky trades places with Tammy.

TAMMY

'Sup?

LARS

So, um, how do feel about pizza?

TAMMY

I'm lactose free, but if you're
down with vegan cheese, I'm in.

LARS

I'll have Ricky figure something
out... Um, do you think we should
let your mom know you're here?

TAMMY

I already did.

LARS

Oh? How did that go?

TAMMY

She's pissed, but I don't care. She
won't acknowledge my status, so she
doesn't get a say in my life.

LARS

I like your attitude.

TAMMY

But she's still coming over.

LARS

Really? Shit.... Do you think she
could pick up dinner on the way?

LARS' HOME / LIVING ROOM - LATER

Lars, Ricky, Tammy, Loren and Randall sit in front of a
coffee table littered with empty buckets of fried chicken.

Tammy sits between Lars and Ricky on the sofa.

LOREN

I don't care for the idea, but
clearly that doesn't matter to you.

RANDALL

Promise me you won't do any drugs.

TAMMY

Dad, that's not my thing.

LOREN

Maybe now you'll see how good you
have it with us.

LARS

Does everything have to be a dig?

She sneers at Lars, holds up a chicken bucket.

LOREN

You couldn't even provide a meal.

LARS

It's been awhile since I went to
the store. Give me a fucking break.

LOREN

That's all I've ever done, your
entire life. Poor Lars, he's had--

LARS

- Okay, it's time for you to go.

He tries to stand, can't get off the sofa.

LARS

Ricky, would you let them out?

Ricky goes to the door, opens it.

LOREN

I brought clothes. They're in the--

TAMMY

- I have my clothes.

LOREN

Your boy clothes.

TAMMY

I'm done with those.

LOREN

What am I supposed to do with them?

TAMMY

Light them on fire. I don't care.

LOREN

I'm not doing that. Children in Africa go naked and you want me--

TAMMY

- Goodbye, mom. Thanks for dinner.

Tammy leaves the room.

Loren and Randall stay seated.

LARS

You heard her. Bye, Sis.

LOREN

You're going to need every bit of help you can get. Trust me.

She goes to the door.

LOREN

C'mon, Randall, we're going.

Randall grabs a chicken leg, quickly follows. Loren turns, makes the sign of the cross. They go.

LARS

Since everyone's departing,...

RICKY

I thought I might stay, you know.

He moves behind Lars, places his hands on Lars' shoulders.

RICKY

You feel tense. If you recall, I give incredible back rubs.

Lars gently pushes away Ricky's hands, starts to gather the trash from the table.

LARS

I remember, but it's not gonna happen. Not tonight.

RICKY

Okay. That sounds kinda promising.

LARS

You've been a big help today. I'll keep digging. See what I can find.

RICKY
Mind if I call tomorrow, check on
your progress?

LARS
After ten. I need my beauty sleep.

Ricky gives Lars a peck on the forehead. Leaves.

TAMMY (O.S.)
Is he your boyfriend?

Lars jumps.

LARS
Shit. I forgot you were here.

TAMMY
He's pretty cute for an old guy.

LARS
Yeah. He is pretty cute, but I'm
not repeating that mistake.

TAMMY
Why not? You seem good together.

LARS
We can talk about this another
time. I'm burnt. I'm going to bed.

TAMMY
Do you have a game console? It
helps me relax, so I can sleep.

LARS
I don't. Sorry.

TAMMY
Can I nab a couple pot gummies
then? I saw some in the fridge.

LARS
Help yourself. But didn't you tell
your dad drugs weren't your thing?

TAMMY
Yeah. I lied.

Tammy heads off to the kitchen.

Lars leans back, smiles.

LARS' HOME / BEDROOM - DAY

Lars in bed. A blanket barely covers him. He SNORES loudly.

From the other room, GUITAR STRUMMING.

Lars rouses, open his eyes.

A LOVELY VOICE HUMS along with the guitar.

He closes his eyes, drifts off.

LARS' HOME / BEDROOM - LATER

Lars, still in bed, stirs, checks his phone, plays a message.

RICKY (O.S.)

I hope I didn't come on too strong
yesterday. I just felt, you know,
we were kind of connecting. Anyway,
I hope it's going okay with Tammy.
I love you... Platonically...
Relax. Don't get all weird on me.

Lars grins.

LARS' HOME / KITCHEN

Tammy takes a bag of groceries from a DELIVERY PERSON.

TAMMY

I don't have any money for a tip.

DELIVERY PERSON

It's cool. I just can't believe I'm
actually in Lars Larsson's house.
Is he here?

TAMMY

He's in his studio, working on a
new album.

DELIVERY PERSON

Wow. How does it sound?

TAMMY

Rad, of course... Hold on. I have
an idea.

Tammy goes to the fridge, takes out a jar of gummies, removes a few, hands them to the delivery person.

TAMMY

Will these work? It's not much.

DELIVERY PERSON

Sure. Wait til I show 'em to my buds. They won't believe I got Lars Larsson's pot gummies for a tip.

The delivery person marvels at the gummies in his hand, floats out on a cloud.

Tammy unpacks the groceries. Lars shuffles in.

LARS

Where did all this come from?

He digs through a bag.

TAMMY

Grandpa and Grandma. Mom told them we were starving to death.

LARS

That means it's all healthy shit... Hey, uh, what do you say we go out? Get lunch? Get our nails done? You have to drive though.

INT. LARS' HOME / GARAGE - MINUTES LATER

Lars and Tammy squeezed into a vintage Corvette - Tammy at the wheel, Lars lodged between the seats.

TAMMY

I've never driven manual.

LARS

I'll talk you through it.

Tammy looks at him, a little unsure.

LARS

Just step on the clutch, I'll put her in gear and you slowly release the clutch, while giving her gas.

Tammy engages the clutch, the ENGINE REVS.

LARS

Easy on the gas. Madonna's touchy.

The ENGINE QUIETS. Lars slips the car into first.

LARS

Okay. Now slowly release your left foot and gently push on your right.

Tammy does and the car lurches forward.

LARS

Easy on the clutch, tiger.

The car creeps out of the garage.

LARS

Great. Let's hit Laurel Canyon.

Tammy looks unsure.

LARS

We can go at a slower speed until you get the hang of her.

INT. / EXT. CORVETTE / LAUREL CANYON BLVD. - LATER

The Corvette moves at a good clip down the winding canyon.

LARS

You're a quick learner.

TAMMY

This car is really easy to drive. It's so low to the ground.

LARS

I never drive her anymore. She's all yours.

TAMMY

Really?

LARS

Look at me. Madonna was difficult enough to get in and out of before.

TAMMY

Thanks.

LARS

Take it easy on the curves. Okay. I'd like to live to see tomorrow.

EXT. RODEO DRIVE / NAIL SALON - LATER

They pull up to a valet stand.

Tammy exits the car, hands the keys to a VALET.

TAMMY

I need help with my passenger.

They come around to the passenger side, open the door.

All that's visible are legs, in casts.

LARS (O.C.)

Feet first obviously.

INT. RODEO DRIVE / NAIL SALON - TWO HOURS LATER

Tucked in the back of the salon, Lars and Tammy have their nails painted by two NAIL TECHNICIANS.

LARS

Your mother's always been a nasty fucking bitch. Sorry, I know that isn't PC. But it's true.

TAMMY

Her problem is she can't reconcile who she is with who I am.

Lars' nail tech holds up two shades of red nail polish.

LARS

I'll stick with my usual black.

(to Tammy)

I still can't believe she agreed to let you live with me.

TAMMY

I'm twenty one. What can she do?

LARS

Make your life a living hell, use you as political fodder, deny your existence.

TAMMY

She already threatened me with all that. I told her, if she put me on camera, I'd expose her and my dad.

LARS

I bet your full of all kinds of little secrets. Care to spill?

Tammy hesitates, nods to the nail techs.

LARS

Don't worry. They're very discrete.

TAMMY

She's furious with Grandma and Grandpa. She says they betrayed her and the ministry.

LARS

Your folks are doing fine. I've seen that behemoth of a church.

TAMMY

They don't own that. Investors do.

LARS

Fuck me.

TAMMY

They had to borrow money from this scary, Russian oligarch.

The SALON MANAGER walks up.

SALON MANAGER

No pedicure today, Mr. Larsson?

LARS

Just the mani. I'll be back for the pedi when I can see my feet.

EXT. RODEO DRIVE / NAIL SALON - LATER

The valet pulls up with the Corvette.

Lars, using crutches, shuffles up to the passenger door.

LARS

I'm going to need your help again.

The valet comes around, opens the door. He and Tammy help Lars in backwards, he bangs his head.

LARS

Careful now. My head banging days are long over.

Lars reclines, his feet protrude from the vehicle. Tammy and the valet lift Lars' feet, push him in.

Nearby, a TRENDROID snaps pics of them with their phone.

EXT. RICKY'S MALIBU CONDO - DAY

On a balcony overlooking the ocean, Ricky chats on his phone.

RICKY
You're all over social media.

INT. LARS' HOME / BEDROOM - DAY

Lars, in bed, holds his phone to his ear. An open bag of Mint Milanos sits in his lap.

LARS
So. I don't care about that shit.

INTERCUT

RICKY
Under a photo of you, out on the town with a cute young thing, it reads: *Punk Bad Boy Robs EMO Cradle.*

LARS
I was with Tammy.

RICKY
I know that, but they don't. This is good. You haven't had positive press since the Hall of Fame mess.

LARS
I thought any press was good press.

RICKY
Photos of you and Tammy on the internet are better than pixelated screen captures of your crotch.

LARS
It pays to advertise.

RICKY
Sorry to break it to you, but gray pubes don't generate revenue.

LARS
If this is the only reason you called, I've heard enough.

RICKY
Hold on. I was calling to see if you found the *TOXIC CITY* demos.

LARS

No. I've been preoccupied.

RICKY

Doing what? Pretend parenting?

LARS

Tammy and I are bonding.

RICKY

How cute. You're old and lonely and you crave companionship.

LARS

I'm gonna hang up.

RICKY

The trial's in a month. Stieg plans to take you for everything. If you lose, are you prepared to move in with your folks?

LARS

Okay. I admit it, I need some help. Is that what you want to hear?

RICKY

Yes, it is. I'll be over Tuesday.

Lars hangs up.

Ricky fist pumps.

INT. LARS' HOME / STUDIO - DAY

Lars sorts through papers. Frustrated, he pushes a pile onto the floor. A cassette falls out of the pile.

He retrieves the cassette, inspects the unmarked case, opens it. Curious, he pops the cassette into a deck, pushes play.

LAUGHTER erupts from the stereo.

LARS (O.S.)

Are you guys gonna keep fucking around? Or are we gonna play?

STIEG (O.S.)

Dude, relax.... Hey, Ramon. Pass me that joint.

RAMON (O.S.)

Too late, dude. Ritchie smoked it.

LARS (O.S.)
Guys. Come on. We missed our
deadline. The label's pissed.

STIEG (O.S.)
Fuck the label. D'ya know how much
money they've made off us?

GUITAR STRUMMING.

LARS (O.S.)
I was working on this last night.

Sounds of someone colliding with a cymbal. CRASH.

RAMON (O.S.)
Damn, Stieg. Watch out for my kit.

More COLLISIONS, A SNARE topples. SMASH. LAUGHTER.

RAMON (O.S.)
Holy shit, asshole, you--!

Lars stops the recording, shakes his head.

He glances over at his guitar case.

After a moment, he opens the case, removes his guitar.

The guitar, missing a string, scuffed, GAWD stickers on the
body, looks well-loved.

Lars places it back in the case.

INT. TV STUDIO - DAY

Stieg, Ramon and Ritchie sit on a long, white leather sofa.

MARGUERITE SANDS, 45, blonde-bombshell news commentator,
sits poised on a swivel chair opposite.

Stieg manspreads, gropes himself, while being interviewed.

MARGUERITE
Boys, tell me a little more about
your upcoming copyright lawsuit.

STIEG
I can't say too much, but I'm gonna
set the record straight.

MARGUERITE
And what exactly is that?

STIEG

That I wrote our hit, *TOXIC CITY*.
And my name should be on the
credits, not that ass Lars Larsson.

MARGUERITE

But didn't he come up with that
incredible guitar line? I mean
that's what everybody was humming
back in 1988. You were mostly
screaming unintelligible words.

STIEG

Well, that's kind of true. But I
remember coming into the studio
with that song in my head. Lars
just copied what I came up with.

MARGUERITE

Was that your usual songwriting
method? Melody then lyrics?

STIEG

Generally. But in this case, I--

MARGUERITE

- Ramon, Ritchie? Is that how you
remember it?

RAMON

I guess. Maybe.

RITCHIE

I was usually high.

Stieg glares at them.

INT. LARS' HOME / LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

Lars, head shaved, bro beard, watches the interview, rubs a
massage ball across his shoulders.

LARS

That pig. Look at him, groping
himself on live TV.
(BLENDER WHIRS)
Easy on the kale! It gives me gas!

MARGUERITE (O.S.)

(from the TV)
Boys, what's next for you? Any new
G.A.W.D. songs in the works?

STIEG (O.S.)
 (from the TV)
 Nah, my focus is on the trial and
 making sure I get everything.

LARS
 Egotistical fuck face.

INT. TV STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Stieg turns, looks right at the camera.

STIEG
 Watch out, Lars Larsson. I'm coming
 for you.

INT. LARS' HOME / LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

LARS
 Bring it, you fucking slime ball!

Lars hurls the massage ball at the TV; it bounces off Stieg's
 smug face.

INT. LARS' GARAGE - DAY

A gym is set-up where the Corvette was previously parked.

Lars, no longer in casts, straddles a bench press. He pumps a
 couple of reps. Sweat soaks his shirt.

He stops, sits up, takes a swig of water.

Tammy appears in the doorway.

TAMMY
 You need to take a break. You've
 been out here for two hours.

LARS
 Gotta keep at it, if I'm ever going
 to walk without a cane.

INT. LARS' HOME / BEDROOM - DAY

Lars, fitter, clean shaven, in sexy briefs, eyes a pile of
 clothes on his bed. On top, rests a gorgeous, grey suit.

He holds it up, GRUNTS, tosses it over a chair.

He slips on a floral print shirt, looks in the mirror.

LARS

Tammy?!... Got a minute?!

He preens, sucks in his modest gut. Tammy pops in.

LARS

What about this shirt with these?

Lars hobbles to the bed, grabs a pair of pink pants.

TAMMY

They're okay. But I think the orange pants work much better.

LARS

Smart girl. I wasn't sure.

TAMMY

Did you douche?

LARS

It's not that kind of date.

TAMMY

Does Ricky know that?

LARS

Answer the door when he gets here. Okay? But take your time. I don't want to appear too eager.

TAMMY

Have you informed your dick?

LARS

Ha-ha. Go listen for the door.

Tammy leaves. Lars preens before the mirror.

LARS' HOME / LIVING ROOM - FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER

Tammy crashed on the sofa, plays a shooter game - *Jesus v Buddha v Shiva v Confucius*.

Lars sticks his head around the corner.

LARS

How can you hear the door with all that death and destruction?

TAMMY

I'm twenty feet away. I can hear.

LARS

He's late. Are you sure he didn't ring the doorbell?

TAMMY

I'm sure. And it's only five after.

LARS

Can you turn it down? I don't want--

TAMMY

- OMG. When was your last date?

LARS

A couple decades ago.

TAMMY

Clearly. Cuz' you need to chill.

The DOORBELL RINGS.

Tammy goes to get up, but Lars shuffles through.

LARS

I've got it. Go back to killing.

Tammy returns to their game. Jesus holds Buddha at gun point.

Lars yanks the door open.

Ricky in a similar outfit, stands there with flowers.

LARS

You're late.

RICKY

I've been waiting out front for ten minutes. Didn't you hear me honk?

LARS

(over his shoulder)

Jesus and his semi-automatic must have drowned you out.

Lars takes the flowers, sets them on a side table.

RICKY

You look nice.

LARS

I do? The pants aren't too much.

RICKY

No. Those'll be so much easier to get off than your stiff leather pants with that rusty zipper.

Lars nods to Tammy, who is engrossed in their game.

RICKY

She didn't hear.

TAMMY

I made him throw those away. The crotch was growing mold.

LARS

Now you can hear above the din?..
Let's get out of here.

Lars hustles Ricky out the door.

TAMMY

Goodnight, boys. Play safe.

The door closes.

Confucius swoops in and mows down the other deities.

INT. EXPENSIVE LOS ANGELES RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Romantic dinner spot, except they are seated dead center under pin lights, on display. The other DINERS ogle them.

A FIT "TWINK" WAITER comes to the table, clears the plates, directs all his attention to Lars.

WAITER

Anything else? Dessert? Coffee?

LARS

(pats his stomach)
Watching my carb intake. So, no.

The waiter turns to go.

RICKY

Uh, excuse me.

The waiter halts.

RICKY

I'd like a cappuccino. Decaf.

The waiter nods dismissively, leaves.

RICKY
Jesus. It's like I'm invisible.

Lars smirks.

RICKY
No. It pisses me off when we go out
and I get ignored. It's exactly
like it was twenty years ago.

LARS
What do you want me to do?

RICKY
Ask me what I'd like when the
waiter's here, not just watch his
ass bounce when he walks away.

LARS
You don't think he's hot?

RICKY
I think he's younger than Tammy.

LARS
He's still hot.

Ricky sulks.

LARS
Come on. I've spent the last twenty
years alone in my house with porn.
Can I at least enjoy objectifying a
real live person for a change?

RICKY
Sure. He's hot. I'll give you that.

Lars reaches his hand out. Ricky takes it.

RICKY
Still nervous about the trial?

LARS
It's gonna come down to my word
against Stieg's.

RICKY
You've gone through all the tapes?

LARS
At least three times.

RICKY
Maybe you missed something.

LARS
Like what?

RICKY
I dunno. Did Mandy ever hear--?
(gets a strange look)
Oh, shit.

LARS
What's wrong?

RICKY
It was me.

LARS
What was you?

RICKY
I'm the one who gave Stieg the
guitar line.

LARS
How is that even possible?

RICKY
You used to whistle in the shower.

LARS
Yeah. I still do. So?

RICKY
I heard you whistling the melody
for *TOXIC CITY*. And I thought it
was catchy and it got in my head.

Lars gives him a blank look.

RICKY
And I likely hummed it when I was
around Stieg.

LARS
And that asshole's claiming he--

RICKY
- Came up with it himself.

LARS
Simple. You just need to testify
that you heard me whistling the
melody in the shower when I was--

RICKY
- Cheating on Mandy... with me.

The waiter arrives with Ricky's cappuccino.

WAITER
Anything else?

LARS
What have you got that pairs well
with crow?

WAITER
I'll check with the kitchen.

He leaves. Ricky rolls his eyes.

LARS
I didn't say he needed to be smart.

INT. LARS' HOME / STUDIO - DAY

Seated on the sofa, Lars plays his newly repaired guitar. The body glistens, new strings, G.A.W.D. stickers removed.

He STRUMS, adjusts the TUNING, STRUMS again, plays the GUITAR LINE from the old cassette.

Tammy sticks their head in the doorway.

TAMMY
That's cool. Did you write that?

LARS
Ahh. It's an ancient idea. I never
did anything with it.

TAMMY
Hold on. I'll be right back.

They leave. Lars goes back to messing with the melody.

Tammy returns with their acoustic guitar.

TAMMY
Mind if I join you?

LARS
Not at all.

He pats the space next to him. Tammy sits. They JAM.

EXT. LARS' HOME / POOL - DAY

Lars and Tammy on giant, donut inflatables in the pool.

EDM blasts from a portable speaker.

LARS

And you think we could arrange a remix with this Blowhard guy?

TAMMY

It's Glow Bard. Like Shakespeare.

Ricky comes outside with a tray of food and drinks.

LARS

What do you know about this Glow Bard DJ? Is he any good?

RICKY

I'm not in the loop anymore. We need to rely on the young folks to point us in the right direction.

LARS

God, do we sound old.

TAMMY

It's because you are, Boomer.

LARS

Well, he better not make me sound like Cher. I fucking hate autotune.

RICKY

Didn't you always want to be her?

LARS

Only eighties Cher, when she was dating... what's his name?

RICKY

Bagel Boy?.. No. That's not it.

TAMMY

Who's Cher?

Lars and Ricky look at them with disbelief.

TAMMY

Kidding. I've seen Mamma Mia.

INT. LARS' HOME / LIVING ROOM - LATER

The threesome, huddled on the sofa, watch *Moonstruck*.

INSERT MOONSTRUCK CLIP

NICOLAS CAGE
I'm in love with you.

Cher slaps him, twice.

CHER
Snap out of it!

LARS, RICKY
Snap out of it!

END CLIP

They all LAUGH.

LARS
Best movie line ever.

DOORBELL RINGS.

TAMMY
Pause it.

Tammy jumps up from the sofa, heads for the door.

RICKY
I'm buying, but not such a big tip.
You two are gonna break the bank.

TAMMY
If you want your food to arrive
hot, tip well. Delivery people
remember shitty tippers.

LARS
Taught her everything she knows.

Tammy opens the door.

TAMMY
Not the Chinese.

They open the door fully to reveal Loren and Randall.

LOREN
You're alive? Why aren't you
responding to our calls or texts?

TAMMY
I shut off my phone.

LOREN
Why would you do that?

TAMMY
I'm trying to keep my head clear. I don't need the distractions.

LOREN
We're not distractions. We're your parents.

LARS (O.S.)
It's safe to come inside. We've been exorcised.

Loren and Randall sheepishly enter. Loren surveys the room.

LOREN
Hmmm. The place looks nice.

LARS
Feminine touch.

RICKY
Meaning mine, not Tammy's.

Randall moves closer to Loren.

LOREN
I see you're improving.

LARS
No more screws, braces or crutches. Just a cane. Praise, Buddha.

LOREN
Why do you always mock my beliefs?

LARS
Second nature.

RICKY
Come in all the way. Sit down.

Loren and Randall move to the armchairs, sit.

TAMMY
Why are you guys here? I'm fine.

RANDALL
Your mom and I we're worried sick.

DOORBELL.

LARS

That must be the male stripper.

LOREN

Lars, you know that kind of talk makes Randall feel uncomfortable.

LARS

Oh, come on, Randy. You've never laid your hands on some hot young thing and prayed he'd rise up?

RANDALL

No. My thoughts remain pure.

DOORBELL.

Ricky answers the door.

RICKY

It's the Chinese and it's hot.

LARS

Our dinner's here. Nice of you to drop by.

Ricky helps him up. They head to the kitchen.

LOREN

How long are you going to keep this up? It's been three months.

TAMMY

Uncle Lars and I are working on an album.

LOREN

An album? Do you really think your Uncle's such a good influence?

TAMMY

Well, you want me to hate myself.

LOREN

That's not true. We want you to love the real you, the person God made you to be. Not this Tammy--

TAMMY

- Okay. You've seen me. I'm still breathing. I have a clean, safe home, where people care about me and let me be me. The real me. So, you can go now.

RANDALL
I told you she'd react this way.

LOREN
He, Randall. Our son is a he.

TAMMY
Not any more, mom, I'm not.
(stands)
My dinner's getting cold.

Tammy leaves them alone.

LOREN
You could back me up, you know.

RANDALL
I just wish you'd stop all the
fighting. It's exhausting.

They go to the door, can't figure out the latch.

LOREN
How does this door open? Hello?!

LARS (O.S.)
Hold on. I'll let you out.

Lars, supported by a cane, comes in, opens the door.

Loren darts out. Randall turns to Lars.

RANDALL
Thanks for taking care of her. She
seems good, happy.

LARS
She is.

RANDALL
Tell her I love her.

LARS
You can tell her yourself.

RANDALL
I... can't... Loren's waiting.

LARS
She's your child. Loren can wait.

RANDALL
The church doesn't approve.

LARS
Fine. I'll tell her... And I'll
make sure she stays in touch.

Randall fleetingly hugs Lars, leaves.

KITCHEN

Lars enters, finds Tammy with their head buried in Ricky's shoulder.

LARS
They're gone... Can we eat now?

Ricky nods to Tammy. Lars comes over, pats her shoulder.

LARS
Buck up. This is your home for as
long as you want. We're family.

A tearful Tammy raises their head, looks to Lars, leaps up and throws their arms around his neck.

Lars grabs them back, chokes up.

INT. L.A. RECORDING STUDIO - DAY

State of the art studio, with a massive control board.

Ricky and Tammy observe as an ENGINEER adjust levels.

Lars in the booth, sits propped on a stool, a mic before him.

LARS
That was kinda rough. Can we give
it another run through?

Lars takes a big drink of water.

ENGINEER
Why don't you take a break, rest
your voice, and we'll have a go
after lunch. Okay?

LARS
I'm ready to go again, now.

ENGINEER
I'd like to make some adjustments
on my end. Is that cool?

LARS
If it'll help.

The Engineer mutes the booth, looks at Ricky and Tammy.

RICKY
Can we edit any of that together?

The engineer, shrugs, shakes his head.

TAMMY
What about overdubs? Echo?

RICKY
It must be nerves. He hasn't been
in a recording studio for--

ENGINEER
- His voice is shot. I can't
compensate for that with filters or
effects. You have to see that.

Ricky and Tammy look at one another.

ENGINEER
Somebody needs to tell him, because
you're paying a shitload of money
and this just isn't working.

EXT. LOS ANGELES STREET / STUDIO ENTRANCE - LATER

Ricky and Lars stand on a busy street.

LARS
Why do you look like the grim
reaper? Do I suck that bad?

RICKY
We're a little... concerned.

LARS
I'm nervous. I feel like a fish in
a bowl and everyone's ogling me.

RICKY
You're close to sixty. Your voice
isn't what it used to be, not for
the kind of music you want to make.
It worked for punk, but now...

Lars looks at the sky, bites his lip.

Ricky comes close, places his hand on Lars' shoulder.

RICKY

Hey. I'm sorry. I know it's hard to hear. But there is no way the label will pay for studio time when they hear these demos.

LARS

I have the cash. I can afford to cover the costs. Don't sweat it.

Ricky shakes his head.

RICKY

Lars, you gotta work with me.

Lars glances up and down the block.

LARS

Fuck it. I can still shred guitar. I haven't lost that ability yet.

RICKY

Damn right. You're still one of the best.

LARS

We just need to find a singer.

INT. L.A. RECORDING STUDIO - LATER

Lars in the control room, flanked by Ricky and the engineer, talks over the intercom to Tammy, who paces in the booth.

LARS

I know this wasn't the plan, but you know the songs.

Ricky leans over to the intercom.

RICKY

We believe in you. We know you can do this.

LARS

They're your words anyway.

ENGINEER

So, Tammy, how about a take?

Tammy stops, gives a thumbs up.

LARS

Awesome.

Ricky shoots him a look, SNICKERS.

LARS
What? That's what the kids say.

INT. LARS' HOME / BATHROOM - NIGHT

The shower runs. Lars talks on his cell.

LARS
Hey, Mom... How're you?... How's
Dad?... I know it's been awhile...
The trial is tomorrow. I'm sure
you've probably heard on the news.

RICKY (O.S.)
(from the shower)
Who are you talking to?

LARS
(to Ricky)
Nobody. I'm rehearsing what I'm
going to say in court.
(to phone)
Sorry... Yeah, that's him... I'd
really like you there... I could
use your support... At least think
about it. Okay?... Great. Bye.

Lars hangs up, sets his phone down.

He steps back, looks at his aging face in the mirror. He
smooths his beard, grabs scissors, starts to trim.

INT. LARS' HOME / LIVING ROOM - DAY

Ricky, in a tailored three-piece suit, paces, while Tammy, in
a toned-down dress, waits by the front door.

Ricky checks his watch.

RICKY
Lars! The car is waiting!

LARS (O.S.)
I can't find the right shirt!

RICKY
Grab anything. We need to go.

LARS (O.S.)
Who always said, dress to impress?

RICKY
QVC? The Home Shopping Network? It
sure wasn't me.

Lars, shirtless, with a slight limp, enters in a frenzy.

LARS
I'm not arriving in court looking
like I shop at Ross Dress for Less.

TAMMY
The trial isn't being televised.

LARS
I'm aware of that. I just have to
look better than that prick, Stieg.
'Cuz you know he'll show up with a
fresh fucking spray tan, with his
teeth newly bleached and I can't--

RICKY
- We get it. We just can't be late.

LARS
Hey, that's my shirt.

Ricky looks down at what he's wearing.

LARS
Hand it over.

RICKY
It goes with my suit.

LARS
Your side of the closet has four
times the clothes mine does. Put on
something else... Please?

RICKY
And Stieg's the narcissist?

Ricky heads for the bedroom. Lars follows.

LARS
Thanks. I'll make up for it later.

EXT. L.A. FEDERAL COURTHOUSE / SIDEWALK - DAY

Lars, Ricky and Tammy drive up in a town car. They exit the
vehicle.

The PRESS swarm them, cameras flash.

REPORTER 1
Lars, how are you feeling about
today's proceedings?

LARS
Totally fucking confident.

REPORTER 2
And what of Stieg's claims that he
wrote *TOXIC CITY*? And not you?

LARS
Absolute bullshit.

REPORTER 3
One more question?

LARS
Shoot.

REPORTER 3
Who are you wearing?

LARS
Tom Ford.

REPORTER 1
Lars? What's next for you?
Are you dating anyone?

REPORTER 2
Are you seeing a therapist
for anger management?

LARS
Sorry, but I'm expected in court.

They push through the crowd, reach the steps.

Lars turns to Ricky.

LARS
Are you sure you want to do this?

RICKY
Hell, yes, I'm sure.

The trio join hands, enter the building.

INT. L.A. FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The trio, hands locked, stride down a marble corridor.

At the end of the corridor await June and Harold.

Lars breaks away from Ricky and Tammy, approaches them.

JUNE
Hi, son. I like the new look.

LARS
Thanks, Mom.

HAROLD
Are you going to win this thing?

LARS
That's my intention.

JUNE
We've been chanting all morning.

HAROLD
I started to get hoarse.

LARS
Thanks, that means a lot.

June holds out her arms.

Lars moves into them, they hug. Harold enfolds them both.

JUNE
We're sorry. About everything.

LARS
So am I.

HAROLD
When did you start wearing cologne?
It's a little overpowering.

JUNE
Harold, don't spoil the moment.

INT. L.A. FEDERAL COURTHOUSE / COURTROOM - LATER

Only the concerned parties attend the hearing - Lars, on the defendant side, represents himself; Stieg, on the complainant side, sits with his FLASHY LAWYER.

Their FAMILIES occupy the rows directly behind them.

A JUDGE enters, sits.

JUDGE
My directive to both parties is to refrain from histrionics. Being a G.A.W.D. fan myself, back in the day, I am very much aware of your
(MORE)

JUDGE (CONT'D)

reputation for chaos. I dislocated my jaw once in one of your mosh pits. It still clicks to this day.

Stieg stands.

STIEG

Judge, I'd like to--

JUDGE

- Did I say I was finished?

STIEG

No.

JUDGE

I didn't think so. And it's your honor. Remember that... please sit.

Stieg sits.

JUDGE

Now, I've reviewed your case and believe this dispute can be settled amicably. I just have a few minor questions that I hope will clear up a couple murky areas.

The judge shuffles a few papers, adjusts his glasses.

JUDGE

Mr. Dieken, you claim you have full rights to the property, *TOXIC CITY*, and that you and you alone created said property...

Stieg stands.

STIEG

I do, your--

JUDGE

- I hadn't finished my thought yet. So, if you'll kindly remain silent and seated until addressed.

Stieg looks at his LAWYER, shrugs, sits.

JUDGE

And that you are owed compensation for royalties accumulated since Nineteen Hundred and Eighty Eight?

Stieg doesn't answer.

JUDGE

Mr. Dieken, that was a question.

Stieg stands.

STIEG

Yes, your honor, judge.

The judge raises his glasses, glares at Stieg.

JUDGE

Please sit down. And stay seated.
You're going to make me nauseous
popping up and down like that.

Stieg sits, rolls his eyes. Stieg's lawyer pats his arm.

JUDGE

Do you propose an amount that you
feel is accurate? That is fair? And
will hopefully settle this dispute?

STIEG'S LAWYER

My client does, your honor.

JUDGE

Will you present that figure to the
bench, please?

Stieg's lawyer pulls a paper from a briefcase, approaches the
bench, hands the paper to the judge.

He views the paper, his eyes widen, his eyebrows raise.

JUDGE

You consider this to be a fair
amount? You haven't mistakenly
tacked on a few extra zeros?

STIEG'S LAWYER

My client does, your honor.

JUDGE

Please return to your seat.

Stieg's lawyer joins Stieg at their table, whispers to him.

JUDGE

Mr. Larsson?

Lars stands.

LARS

Yes, your honor.

JUDGE

The burden of proof lays with you. Are you prepared to present to this court evidence that the said intellectual property, *TOXIC CITY*, was created by you and you alone?

LARS

Yes, your honor, I am.

JUDGE

Please proceed.

LARS

Your honor, I'd like to call Richard Ash to the stand.

Lars sits. Ricky comes forward, takes the stand, sits.

JUDGE

We're short on bailiffs this week, so consider yourself sworn in.

LARS

Your honor, Mr. Ash has a statement he'd like to read to the court.

JUDGE

I hope it's not very long. I really detest long-winded ramblings.

RICKY

I'll be brief, your honor.

Ricky unfolds a piece of paper, CLEARS HIS THROAT.

He looks to Lars. Lars nods to him.

RICKY

In the late eighties, I served as manager for G.A.W.D., during which time I was both emotionally and physically involved with guitarist, Lars Larsson.

Stieg looks back at Mandy, behind him. She shakes her head.

RICKY

Around that time the band was touring their album, *Cheap Shit*, and I spent many weeks on the road with the band. I also spent most nights in the same room as G.A.W.D.

(MORE)

RICKY (CONT'D)

guitarist, Lars Larsson. We ate together, showered together--

JUDGE

- I believe the court gets the picture. Please cut to the chase.

RICKY

Yes, your honor... Most mornings, after a few cups of coffee, while Lars was showering, I'd be in the bathroom doing my daily ritual--

The Judges CLEARS HIS THROAT.

JUDGE

As I said, cut to the chase...

RICKY

Lars had a habit of whistling in the shower. He liked to work out guitar phrases there. Usually the melodies would get stuck in my head and I'd walk around humming them throughout the day...

(to the Judge)

I'm almost to the part where--

JUDGE

- Well, don't stop now. It's starting to get interesting.

RICKY

On one particular day, I was on the bus sitting next to Stieg and I was humming the guitar line Lars had come up with that morning, in the shower. And he, Stieg, commented that it was kinda catchy.

Stieg, leans over, whispers to his lawyer.

RICKY

And I didn't think any more about it until a few weeks ago. Not until Mr. Larsson and I were digging through his files, searching for something that would prove--

STIEG'S LAWYER

- Your honor, if I may, I have a question for Mr. Ash.

JUDGE

If it will move this hearing along.

Stieg's lawyer nods to Stieg, approaches the stand.

STIEG'S LAWYER

You go by Ricky? Am I correct?

RICKY

Yes. Everyone calls me that.

The lawyer leans on the witness stand. Ricky leans back.

STIEG'S LAWYER

Ricky, is it not true that you were also providing pleasure for Mr. Dieken on the same tour?

MANDY

Oh, my god!

JUDGE

(bangs his gavel)
Quiet in the court.

Mandy looks appalled. Stieg shrinks into his chair.

RICKY

What does that have to do with anything?

STIEG'S LAWYER

Isn't it possible that you heard the infamous guitar line from *TOXIC CITY* while you were spending time with Mr. Dieken? And that you can't be absolutely sure if it was while you were spending time with Mr. Larsson or with Mr. Dieken? And you likely provided the same tune to Mr. Larsson? Isn't that possible?

Ricky appears confused.

Lowering his head, Lars looks crushed.

RICKY

Wait. Well... I do remember being on the bus and humming--

STIEG'S LAWYER

- Thanks, Ricky. That will be all.

RICKY

Your honor, I can explain. I never showered with Stieg. We only--

JUDGE

- Mr. Ash, no explanation is necessary. Please step down.

Ricky, defeated, leaves the stand.

JUDGE

Mr. Larsson, do you have anything else you'd like to present?

LARS

No, your honor. That was it.

Ricky walks toward Lars, who avoids his glance, turns away.

Mandy rushes up, clobbers Stieg over the head with her purse.

MANDY

You two-timing pig! I knew it!

Stieg cowers, holds his head.

STIEG

Jesus, Mandy. Give me a break. It was the Nineties.

EXT. L.A. FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - LATER

On the courthouse steps, Lars, Tammy, June and Harold gather in a huddle. They chat quietly.

A few seconds later, Ricky emerges from the building. He stops when he sees them.

Lars briefly glances at him, returns his focus to his family.

They proceed down the courthouse steps.

Stieg comes outside, sidles up to Ricky.

STIEG

Likely started a bit of trouble with my wife, but it's worth it, 'cuz you just won me millions.

RICKY

Go fuck yourself, Stieg.

Ricky walks off. Stieg CHUCKLES.

EXT. TOWN CAR - DAY

Tammy stands outside the car. Lars, agitated, sticks his head outside the vehicle.

LARS
Are you coming?

TAMMY
What about Ricky?

LARS
What about him?

TAMMY
Shouldn't we wait?

LARS
No. Let's go.

TAMMY
Uncle Lars, he's right--

LARS
- Get in the fucking car.

Tammy waves to Ricky in the distance.

LARS
Suit yourself. I'm leaving.

Lars knocks on the glass partition, signals the driver.

He slams the door, they depart.

Tammy turns, watches them drive off.

INT. LARS' HOME / BEDROOM - NIGHT

Moonlight beams through a slit in the curtains.

On his back, in boxers, Lars stares at the ceiling.

His PHONE BUZZES.

He doesn't pick up.

The PHONE BUZZES again.

Lars seizes the phone, hurls it across the room.

The phone HITS the wall. THUMP.

He slips out of bed, walks to the bathroom.

Sounds of PEEING, FLUSH.

He returns, walks straight into the wheelchair in the corner.

LARS

Ow! Dammit!

He grabs his shin, hops to the bed, stares at the wheelchair.

EXT. LARS' HOME / DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Under the light of the moon, Lars rides the wheelchair. GRAVEL CRUNCHES below the wheels, as he nears the gate.

He hits the remote, the gate slowly swings open. Lars proceeds through to the street.

He arrives at the curb, slides out of the chair, stoops, locks the wheels.

A car ZOOMS by, headlights blazing. HONK! Lars jumps aside, flips them off, then hobbles back to the house.

INT. LARS' HOME / LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lars comes inside, plops on the sofa, rubs his shin.

Across from him, Buddha sits atop the altar, bathed in the soft blue of the moonlight. Buddha's face seems to mock him with its contented grin.

Lars leans back, meets Buddha's gaze. Their eyes lock.

LARS

What the hell.

He sits up straight, takes a deep BREATH, closes his eyes.

LARS

Ommmmmmmmmm.

LARS' HOME / LIVING ROOM - DAY

Lars dozes on the sofa.

A DOOR CLOSES.

He opens his eyes.

Tammy enters with their belongings, stands in front of him.

LARS
What's all this?

TAMMY
I'm moving out.

LARS
Your mom's okay with that?

TAMMY
I'm going to stay with Ricky.

LARS
And why would you do that?

TAMMY
Because he's not a self-absorbed,
angry prick.

Tammy sets the keys to the Corvette on the table.

LARS
Hold on. Keep the car. You don't
need to be a hot head and--

TAMMY
- You said we were a family.

LARS
We are.

TAMMY
Where does that leave Ricky?

LARS
Right where he belongs. He made his
choice.

TAMMY
You made it for him.

LARS
That's not entirely true, I--

TAMMY
- Can't find it in your heart to
forgive people.

LARS
Easy for you to say. I don't see
you mending things with your mom.

TAMMY

We've been talking. It's better.

LARS

Oh... I didn't know that... Tammy,
put your things back in your
room... Please... I'm sorry.

Tammy hesitates, turns, goes down the hall to their room.

LARS' HOME / KITCHEN - DAY

Tammy prepares a smoothie. The BLENDER WHIRS.

A TV, on the countertop, plays the local weather.

WEATHERPERSON (O.S.)

June Gloom has fled. So, put on
your swimsuits and head to the
beach. I might even see you there.
Don't forget your sunscreen.

Lars comes in.

LARS

Doesn't all that sunshine and
cheeriness make your skin crawl?

Tammy fills a glass with green smoothie, ignores him.

LARS

I'll have some smoothie, if you
drop a couple of Twinkies in it.

Tammy remains stoic.

LARS

We could jam today. Maybe break out
my Korg synth. Go old school.

TAMMY

Grandpa and Grandma are coming over
to play pickle ball.

LARS

You're busy. I get it.

TAMMY

Ricky's called. Like twenty times.
He wants to know how you are.

LARS

Pissed off, betrayed and homicidal.

DOORBELL RINGS.

LARS

If they ask, I'm in my studio.

Lars grabs a banana, scurries off.

Tammy takes their smoothie, heads to the living room.

LARS' HOME / LIVING ROOM

Tammy opens the front door.

Dressed in insanely bright-colored, matching track suits, June and Harold stride in.

TAMMY

If those track suits are an attempt at shock and awe, it won't work.

JUNE

I told your grandfather you'd make some kind of comment.

HAROLD

Did he patch things up with Ricky?

TAMMY

No. He's being pig-headed.

Lars appears from around the corner.

LARS

Goddammit, Tammy, that's not true, I.... Hi, Mom. Hi, Dad.

HAROLD

I noticed your chair. A squirrel was gnawing on the controls.

LARS

He can have it.

HAROLD

Shame to get rid off something that might come in useful one day.

LARS

Having it around reminds me of the past. It's time to move on.

JUNE

I like hearing you say that.

HAROLD
Are you going to join us?

LARS
Sure. Why not? Just promise to keep
your pants on.

Tammy comes over, kisses his cheek.

TAMMY
Thanks, Uncle Lars.

EXT. LARS' HOME / TENNIS COURT - LATER

Spent, the foursome are collapsed on chairs in the shade.

JUNE
I told you your grandpa was a force
to be reckoned with. He wipes the
floor with everyone at the Center.

HAROLD
They don't call me *Hurricane Harold*
for nothin'.

JUNE
Now, isn't this nice?

HAROLD
It sure is. But I'm really pooped.

JUNE
I only wish we could do this as an
entire family.

TAMMY
Grandma, don't start.

JUNE
I just think we could ease into it,
you know. Your Mom isn't so--

TAMMY
- Grandpa!?

They look over at Harold, who is slumped in his chair,

INT. CEDARS-SINAI MEDICAL CENTER / HALLWAY - DAY

Loren, outside Harold's room, weeps.

Lars walks up with two sodas and a handful of snacks.

LARS
What's wrong? Is dad okay?

LOREN
Yes. He's fine.

LARS
Then what are you bawling about?

LOREN
I'm not... I'm upset because...
we're going to lose our house.

LARS
Really?.. Is it the Russians?

LOREN
How do you know about that?

LARS
Tammy... How bad is it?

LOREN
Randall's searching for apartments,
right now. What if we have to move
to someplace like Compton?

Lars SNICKERS.

LOREN
Go on and laugh. There's no direct
route to Beverly Hills. I'd have to
take the one ten to the ten and--

LARS
- You could always move in with me.

She LAUGHS.

He hands her a soda. Their hands brush. Their eyes meet.

LOREN
You're not serious. Are you?

LARS
No. That'd never happen.

Ricky approaches from down the corridor. Loren nudges Lars.

LARS
Oh, shit. Mom must have called him.

Ricky timidly walks up, gives them a sheepish grin.

LOREN

Well, I guess I should go see if
mom needs anything.

She enters Harold's room.

RICKY

I was hoping you'd be here. Can we
go someplace and talk?

INT. HOSPITAL STAIRWELL - LATER

Lars, arms folded, leans on the railing. Ricky paces.

RICKY

Who knew Stieg would do that?

LARS

Who knew you used to do Stieg?

RICKY

It's not funny. I feel awful.

LARS

Do you?

RICKY

Yes. Of course, I do.

LARS

You know, I don't care about Stieg.
I know it meant nothing to him. But
you were telling me you loved me.
And I fucking believed you.

RICKY

I was young and stupid and horny.
And just coming out. So were you.

LARS

I wasn't sleeping with Mandy.

RICKY

You were still married to her.

LARS

Fair enough.

They remain QUIET a moment.

RICKY

Can we put this behind us? It's not
like it all happened yesterday.

LARS

I suppose.

RICKY

I hear the judge ruled you both own the rights and Stieg won't walk away with everything.

LARS

Still, it's costing me. A shitload.

RICKY

You'll figure it out.

LARS

I have to sell the house.

RICKY

You've never really liked it there.

LARS

I've been there over twenty years.

RICKY

Did you plan to die surrounded by orange formica and brown paneling?

LARS

If I hold out long enough, orange formica might become hip again. Then I can die content knowing it was worth the wait.

Ricky moves in front of Lars, kneels.

RICKY

Lars Larsson, you cranky old punk--

LARS

(pulls back)

- Uh. What is this?

RICKY

I've been a complete idiot.

LARS

Yep. Not gonna disagree with that.

RICKY

Stop. I'm trying to be serious.

Lars takes ahold of Ricky's face, looks him dead in the eye.

LARS
Ricky, It's not gonna happen.

RICKY
I haven't even asked you.

LARS
You don't need to. I just know it
isn't what I want... Not yet.

Lars helps Ricky off his knees.

They draw together. EMBRACE.

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - DAY

TV Cameras, REPORTERS, PHOTOGRAPHERS face a draped table.

At the table sits Lars, Ricky by his side. They hold hands.

REPORTER
Lars, do you feel this announcement
will affect response to your work?

LARS
Probably. If people decide they
can't support a gay musician that's
their choice, but I welcome those
who will stand with me as allies.

REPORTER
What about your old audience?

LARS
I've matured. I believe they have
too. But it's time I move on. I
hope to reach a whole new audience,
one that was likely turned off by
G.A.W.D.'s angry rhetoric.

REPORTER 2
Stieg's taking G.A.W.D. on tour and
he's rereleasing *TOXIC CITY*. Will
you see any of the proceeds?

LARS
No. I've forfeited my claim to
royalties and put that entire
episode behind me. I want nothing
more to do with Stieg or G.A.W.D..

REPORTER 3
What does that mean for you?

LARS

Glad you asked. I want to introduce someone who's had a huge impact on my life, aside from Ricky here.

He kisses Ricky. Cameras flash, capture their exchange.

LARS

Tammy, come on up here.

Tammy, emerges from the sidelines, joins him. Lars stands, wraps an arm around their shoulders.

LARS

This is my niece, Tammy Carroll. Together we've formed a new group and... Tammy, it's your news, why don't you make the announcement?

He nudges Tammy forward.

TAMMY

Hello. Like my Uncle said, we've started a new group and we'll have a single out in a couple weeks.

REPORTER 3

Does this new group have a name?

TAMMY

It does. Sorry, I'm a bit nervous. We're calling ourselves Tammy and the Transformers.

REPORTER

Lars, what's your role?

LARS

Guitarist, back-up vocalist and co-writer, but Tammy's lead. I've had my time in the sun. I'm just happy to be playing again with such an amazing talent.

REPORTER 2

Is it true that your main focus will be on LGBTQ+ topics?

TAMMY

Yes. We plan to address the entire queer community and queer themes.

REPORTER 2

And why is that?

TAMMY

Well, I'm a trans-woman, so...

LARS

And I'm a sixty year-old queen. So, it only makes sense. We're not going to hide behind a hetero rock facade that renders us invisible.

The room erupts in questions.

REPORTERS 1

Lars! What about your ex, Mandy?... Tammy, what does your mother think about your transition? Does she approve?

REPORTERS 2

Does this mean you'll only be playing pride events?... Are you worried about any kind of conservative backlash?

LARS

Thanks, everyone. See you on tour.

RICKY

Keep an eye out for the single. It hits the streets next week.

Lars, Tammy and Ricky quickly depart.

EXT. RICKY'S MALIBU CONDO / DECK - NIGHT

On a balcony overlooking the Pacific and a stunning sunset, Lars and Tammy PLAY GUITARS.

TAMMY

It's solid, but let's run through it again. And pick up the pace when we near the bridge.

Ricky comes outside with drinks, sets them down.

RICKY

Sounds great, guys. I'm liking the changes.

Lars puts his guitar aside.

LARS

Which one's mine?

RICKY

They're all virgin. We could all benefit from losing a few pounds.

TAMMY

Boring.

They grab their drinks.

Ricky situates himself next to Lars. Lars pulls him close.

LARS
When's dinner? I'm starving.

RICKY
In an hour. When your folks get here. So, keep practicing.

LARS
Yes, boss.
(he grabs his guitar)
From the top!

He and Tammy resume PLAYING.

Ricky leans back, sips his cocktail, takes in his "family".

The DOORBELL RINGS.

RICKY
That can't be them already.

INT. RICKY'S MALIBU CONDO / FRONT DOOR - MINUTES LATER

Ricky opens the door to Loren and June.

RICKY
June. Loren? This is a surprise.

LOREN
I hope it's okay we tagged along.

RICKY
Of course. It's good to see you.

JUNE
We're early, I know. But Harold didn't want to miss the sunset.

LOREN
Can you help Randall with Harold? He can never get his walker open.

RICKY
Not at all. You two go on in.

JUNE
Where are our two rock stars?

RICKY
On the deck, practicing.

Ricky dashes out to the street. The ladies head inside.

EXT. RICKY'S MALIBU CONDO / DECK - LATER

The family, gathered around a fire pit, toast s'mores.

Harold, closest to the fire, under a blanket, watches, a proud smile on his face. June feeds him a marshmallow.

LARS
How you doin' over there, Dad?

Harold gives him a shaky thumbs up.

LARS
Don't over do it now.

Loren hands Tammy a prettily wrapped package with a huge bow.

LOREN
In all your press photos you always wear black. It'd be nice to see you in something colorful for a change.

TAMMY
The tour's only five weeks, mom. You don't need to buy me clothes.

RICKY
Look at that gorgeous bow. Randall is that your handy work?

RANDALL
It is. I'm getting in touch with my feminine side.

Tammy rips open the package, reveals a flowy, lavender blouse, something Stevie Nicks might wear.

LARS
Nice. Should I get one to match?

TAMMY
Uh. No... Thanks, mom. I love it.

LARS
I have something for you too, Sis.

He hands Loren a plain paper bag.

LARS

I didn't have any fancy wrapping.
If I'd known you were coming...

Loren opens the bag, peers inside, pulls out a black t-shirt.
She unfolds it, smiles, holds the shirt up for all to see.

The shirt reads - *Tammy's #1 Ally*.

LARS

You have to promise to wear it to
our opening show.

LOREN

I'd be proud to.

JUNE

Do your dad and I get t-shirts?
We're allies too.

LARS

Yes, mom. I'll get you both a
shirt. But they only come in black.
(to Loren)
There's something else in there.

She digs in the bag, pulls out an envelope.

LARS

Promise me you'll put it towards
paying off those fucking Russians.

Loren, teary, goes to Lars, gestures for a hug.

He stands.

LOREN

Sorry I've been such a... you know.

They hug.

LARS

Me too... Okay, whose ready for
another s'more? I might be off
booze, but nobody said anything
about cutting out sugar.

EXT. L.A. GREEK THEATER / BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

Lars and Tammy, with their TWO BANDMATES, stand off to the
side of the stage.

POUNDING EDM fills the night air.

LARS
All right. This is it. Night one.

TAMMY
I think I'm going to throw up.

LARS
Tammy. Look at me.

They do.

LARS
We've been working toward this for a year. We know the songs. We just have to support one another out there.

TAMMY
Do you think they really came?

LARS
That's what Ricky texted me... We've got this... Shall we?

The band form a huddle.

LARS
On three... One... Two... Three.

THE BAND
Tammy!!!

They rush onto the stage. MASSIVE CHEERS from the audience.

EXT. L.A. GREEK THEATER / AUDIENCE - CONTINUOUS

Loren, Randall, June and Harold fill VIP seats.

The CROWD around them erupt in APPLAUSE, WHISTLES.

Ricky rushes up, slips into the row.

LOREN
Here you are. I thought you were going to miss it.

RICKY
Had a couple technical issues. But all's good... I see everyone is wearing their shirts. Nice.

Loren proudly tugs on her shirt, smooths out the lettering.

Randall, his eyes lined with mascara, comes up to Ricky.

RANDALL
How is she? Nervous?

RICKY
They're going to be great. Just listen to this crowd... Are you wearing eyeliner?

RANDALL
I am. Check this out.

Randall holds out his hands. Loren joins him. Their nails are painted the colors of the rainbow.

LOREN
This was my idea.

June sticks her head in between them. She shows her hands too. Her nails are black.

JUNE
Harold and I went with black. We're Goth now.

EXT. L.A. GREEK THEATER / STAGE - CONTINUOUS

Lars and Tammy move forward, meet at a single mic stand.

TAMMY
Hello, Los Angeles. I'm Tammy.

LARS
And I'm Lars. And we're the Transformers.

WHOOPS, APPLAUSE.

LARS
And, if you didn't know already, we're queer!

The audience goes NUTS.

Tammy and Lars smile at one another.

They launch into a SONG.

FADE OUT.