



A Feature Screenplay

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. POSH CLEVELAND HOTEL / STREET - DAY

Klieg lights circle the cloudy sky, while Limos drop FLASHY ROCK STARS at the entrance. Behind security barricades, a mob of **BLACK CLAD PUNKS** jostle and crane for a look. They chant.

BLACK CLAD PUNKS
G-A-W-D! G-A-W-D!

Opposite them, **CONSERVATIVELY-DRESSED PROTESTORS** wave wooden crosses, placards that read - "*G.A.W.D. mocks God*", "*Repent Punks*", "*Hell Awaits*", etc. They chant back.

CONSERVATIVELY-DRESSED PROTESTORS
G-O-D! G-O-D!

Two "**ENTERTAINMENT TONIGHT**" REPORTERS, behind a velvet rope, preen before a TELEVISION CREW and glaring lights.

E.T. REPORTER 1
Just moments ago, Lars Larsson, reclusive guitarist of punk legends G.A.W.D., engaged in a spirited exchange with former band manager Ricky Ash. Check it out.

INSERT NEWS CLIP

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

He nears the hotel, rudely gestures to a MAN IN A SHINY SUIT being interviewed, grabs his crotch, then retreats inside.

END CLIP

E.T. REPORTER 2
It was rumored Lars and Ricky were more than bandmates and that Lars went into seclusion after they were exposed in Rolling Stone.

INT. POSH CLEVELAND HOTEL / PENTHOUSE SUITE - MOMENTS LATER

LARS LARSSON, 59, white, tattooed, pierced ears and nipples, five-o-clock shadow, in an open embroidered hotel robe and saggy white boxers, watches TV from a cushy velvet sofa. His hairy legs rest on the chrome and mirror coffee table. On his feet are fuzzy hotel slippers.

The coffee table is littered with diet Sprite cans, crumpled Lays bags, a half-eaten Sub and Skittles wrappers.

E.T. REPORTER 1 (O.S.)

Clearly Lars has the punk edge that brought G.A.W.D. notoriety thirty years ago. I hope he brings it to tonight's induction ceremony; otherwise it'll be a snooze fest.

LARS

Don't worry. I'll bring it.

The ROOM PHONE RINGS. He grabs it, knocks over a soda can.

LARS

(into the phone)

Damn it! Hello?... No, I spilled a... What?... Shit! I'll be down in ten, twenty... Huh?... Yes, I took a shower. What am I? A heathen?

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

PENTHOUSE / ELEVATOR DOORS - 30 MINUTES LATER

Lars, decked out in head-to-toe leather, scuffed combat boots and bike chain necklace with padlock, his 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, exposes his hairy chest and ample gut. He nears the mirror, smoothes his turkey neck.

BING. Lars sucks in his belly, turns to face the doors.

A WOMAN IN GUCCI, early 40s, enters, gives him the eye.

He shifts to the opposite side of the elevator. Doors close.

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

WOMAN IN GUCCI

Your fly's down.

He sheepishly confirms this, zips up.

Uncomfortable silence, as they descend a few floors.

LARS

That'd be embarrassing on live TV.

WOMAN IN GUCCI

Yes. I suppose it would.

Lars pushes the lobby button repeatedly. EXASPERATED SIGH.

BING. The doors open. She exits, comments over her shoulder.

WOMAN IN GUCCI

See you at the after party.

He remains in the elevator, the doors slide closed. He zips his jacket halfway down, then all the way up, then down.

LARS

Aw, fuck it. Here goes nothing.

He takes a deep breath, smacks 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.

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

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

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

REPORTER 1

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

STIEG

First time I've heard that one. But
that's not why we're here? Is it?..
Yeah, didn't think so.

Lars stumbles through the wall of press, onto the red carpet.

STIEG

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

Lars clambers onto the dais, joins Stieg and the other band members, **RAMON**, 56, and **RITCHIE**, 55, both wan, portly and balding, ridiculous in leather and spikes. Ramon and Ritchie make space for Lars. He fills the opening next to Stieg.

LARS

Ramon. Ritchie... Stieg.

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

REPORTER 2

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 what you have to say. Then, watch the hell out.

Lars shrugs off Stieg's arm.

LARS

Get off me, you smarmy douche.

The SPECTATORS emit audible WHOAS.

STIEG

Yep. There he is, Lars Larsson, the perennial 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 swanky hotel bar, drink in hand. The PRESS CONFERENCE DIN continues in the distance.

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

Lars looks toward him, rolls his eyes.

LARS
Look what the cat puked up.

RICKY
Funny.

Lars sips from his partially consumed highball.

RICKY
How many is that anyway?

LARS
Ricky, go take a flying--

RICKY
- Okay. I can see you're still
holding onto that grudge.

LARS
With a death grip.

RICKY
I'm looking forward to your speech.
Will you be thanking the little
people who helped get you where you
are today?

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

RICKY
Things could have been different,
with us I mean. If you'd wanted.

Lars GRUNTS, signals the BARTENDER for another round.

Ricky moves in closer, invades Lars' personal space.

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

LARS
- Would you back off? Or do I have
to file another restraining order?

RICKY
Why can't you forgive me? Is it so
hard?

Lars pivots toward him, assumes a threatening posture.

Ricky recoils, throws up his arms, walks off.

Lars pounds the rest of his drink.

INT. MASSIVE ARENA / BACKSTAGE / GREEN ROOM - LATER

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

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

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

STIEG

I'm nothing without her. Mandy's the inspiration for all my songs.

REPORTER 1

Even *Toxic City*?

STIEG

Yeah, especially, that one.

LARS

Buuuullshiiiiit!

The room turns, looks toward Lars.

The **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 bag of Lay's, rips it open, stuffs his face. BREATHES HEAVILY.

Mandy passes by the entrance, pauses, comes in.

MANDY

Still stress eating?

LARS

It's potato chips. Screw you!

MANDY

Be civil, Lars. I didn't mean it--

LARS

- Stieg's full of shit. I'm the one who wrote *Toxic City*. Not him.

MANDY

Why does it matter? It made you filthy rich.

LARS

Because he's lying. All he ever does is lie. And you know it.

MANDY

My husband's the liar? Guess you forgot about all the times you cheated on me. Have a good show.

Exasperated, she leaves.

He looks at the chip bag, tosses it on the catering 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. Be nice. He'll be here.

Lars approaches. A STAGE HAND holds out a guitar to him. Lars waves them off.

STIEG

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

RAMON

Hell, yes.

RITCHIE

Fuck, 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. ROCKET MORTGAGE ARENA / ONSTAGE - MOMENTS LATER

EMCEE

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... Am I Right?

WHOOPS come from backstage. More audience LAUGHTER.

EMCEE

One thing's for certain, rock would not be what it is today without the exacting chaos of G.A.W.D.. Boys!

G.A.W.D. bursts from the wings, exude punk attitude and various crude hand gestures. Lars lags behind the others.

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, posture.

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. Am I gonna get bleeped?
 (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 total
 (MORE)

STIEG (CONT'D)

crook of--. Rock and Roll Hall of
Fame? Holy Shit!

Ramon and Ritchie nod. Lars rolls his eyes.

STIEG

Yep, here I am. It's fantastic. I
think 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, blah, blah. Let someone with
a brain talk for once.
(thrusts guitar at Stieg)
Hold this, dickhead.

Stieg reluctantly takes the guitar.

LARS

Unlike that bloviating ass, I'll be
brief... Credit goes to my folks
for turning me into a rabid, angry
punk. If it wasn't for my strict
religious upbringing, I wouldn't be
here tonight. Mom and dad, thanks
for exploiting me and ruining my
entire childhood. You truly 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, places himself center
stage, plugs in, WAILS on his axe.

The crowd goes NUTS.

Stieg, Ritchie and Ramon rush to their positions, 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 his mic volume.

As Stieg nears the front of the stage and goes to sing, Lars stomps on Stieg's 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, thrusts out his foot. Stieg trips, hits the floor. THUD.

Shaken, Stieg clambers up from the stage.

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

Stieg lunges for Lars. Stumbles. 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, slowly stands.

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 this, you poser piece of shit!

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

CHEERS, WOLF CALLS and GASPS from the audience.

Stieg rushes Lars, clocks him.

Lars recoils, staggers backward and...

plummets off the stage into the orchestra pit.

CRASH!

EXT. MASSIVE ARENA / MAIN ENTRANCE - LATER

TWO EMTs rush a gurney carrying Lars through sliding doors.

REPORTERS pursue them. Cameras flash. Crowds heave.

The EMTs navigate the gurney through straining throngs of CHRISTIAN PROTESTERS. They wield a grotesque, paper mâché Jesus on a cardboard cross, block the path.

EMT 1

Can you move that crucifix, folks?
We've got an emergency here.

The protestors part, allow the gurney to pass.

The gurney comes to a halt behind an ambulance, curbside. Its lights ablaze. 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, modest attire, and **HAROLD**, 87, Lars' father, bald, in a pastel pink running suit, heavy-framed glasses, rush up, peer down at him.

JUNE

Oh, honey. Are you okay?

HAROLD

That was a nasty fall, son.

LARS

(drugged, slurred)
I better be hallucinating.

JUNE

We couldn't miss your big night.

HAROLD

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

JUNE

Harold, now's not the time or--

LARS

- Shut up! You're not real!

END LARS' POV

EMT 2

Sorry, folks, we're in a hurry.

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

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

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

MALE NURSE
Mr. Larsson, why can't you use the
call button like every other
patient in this hospital?

LARS
I spilled my soda and 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.

LARS
Any chance you can up my pain
killers?

The nurse SCOFFS, 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.

MALE NURSE
And whatever you said to your
physical therapist made her quit.
That was number four.

The nurse storms out.

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 past security?

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

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

JUNE
Don't be so dramatic.

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

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

JUNE
He threatened to have us removed.

HAROLD
Hmmmph. That's a fine welcome.

Harold brings the fries to Lars, sets them down.

HAROLD
We even brought you french fries.

Harold nabs a fry, pops it in his mouth.

LARS
Okay, you two! What do you want?

JUNE
Your manager, Randy, called. He is
such a sweet fellow.

LARS
His name is Ricky. And he's not my
manager or sweet. He's a conniving,
lowlife prick.

JUNE
Well, he said you were going home
soon and you'd need help with
everyday things, like eating,
bathing, dressing, managing pain
medication, arranging PT... Have I
left anything out, Harold?

HAROLD
Nope. I think you covered it...
Wait. You forgot using the toilet.
That'll likely fall to me. Oh, joy.

JUNE
So, we told him we'd be happy to
help out. Seems they're having
difficulty finding in-home care.

HAROLD

Randy says you've got a bad rap.

JUNE

That's why we volunteered.

HAROLD

Not doing much else these days.

JUNE

I have to say, I was surprised to see you live in such a pig sty.

LARS

You've been in my house?

HAROLD

With all that fancy rock money, can't you could afford help?

LARS

I don't like people in my house.

JUNE

So, I asked Randy--

LARS

- Ricky... Does he have a key? Did you go in my room? Did you touch anything?

JUNE

- if he knew of any cleaners. And the girls he hired were so quick.

JUNE

You won't recognize it. But we found something under the bed--

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

I hid that in the bottom drawer along with the handcuffs. And it's organized alphabetically. I'm no prude, but some of those titles are so naughty. No, I mean that oddly-shaped thing. Kind of a little pink rubbery Christmas tree.

HAROLD

Do you mean the dildo?

JUNE

No. I'm familiar with them, what with your E.D... You know, that funny, flesh-colored object.

HAROLD

Oh, right. Well, when we get you home you can explain. To be honest, I was a little squeamish handling--

LARS

- Somebody. Make it stop!

JUNE

What's wrong? Are you in pain?

Lars pushes the call button.

LARS

Nurse!

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

June and Harold wait outside the front door.

A white transport van pulls into a circular drive. The van door opens.

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

JUNE

Welcome home, honey. Everything's prepared for you.

LARS

You make that sound like a threat.

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

HAROLD

Park him inside on the right. We'd like to keep the path clear.

They follow Lars' wheelchair into the house.

INT. LARS' HOME / LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

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

Through the windows 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

I'm not 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're tired after that drive.

LARS

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

JUNE

Do 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 assists June.

HAROLD

Your mother's just trying to cheer you up. You could be a little--

LARS

- If I hadn't fallen off that stage, my house would still be filthy and the curtains would be closed. So, I don't need cheering up. I need you gone.

HAROLD

We 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 was waiting for that to come up.

LARS

I recall telling you to leave me the fuck alone and never talk to me again? But, no, you decided to ignore my request and now you're in my house putting on this pathetic act of parenting.

Silence. Uncomfortable glances.

LARS

Do you wanna know how you can help? Get me out of this ridiculous track suit. I feel like I belong in the Special Olympics.

JUNE

I think you should go to your room.

LARS

Very funny, mom.

JUNE

I'm not joking. 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

Owww, my neck!

HAROLD

Calm down. A little 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.

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

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

Lars' sister, **LOREN**, 55, drives, with **RANDALL**, 52, her husband, in the passenger seat. They're both uptight and self-righteous. We get an immediate sense Loren is in charge.

RANDALL

What are you going to say?

LOREN

That he chose a different path and abandoned his faith. That his evil, depraved lifestyle has led to pain and self-destruction. The usual.

Their only child, **TAMMY (née Thomas)**, 19, gender-ambiguous, with jet black hair and a pierced nose, sulks in the back seat, rolls their coal-lined eyes.

TAMMY

This is so dumb. Why did I have to come?

LOREN

You were threatening self harm.

TAMMY

Breast implants aren't self harm.

Loren glares at Tammy in the rear view mirror.

TAMMY

Mom! Eyes on the road!

RANDALL

Loren. Can we not get into--?

LOREN

- Into what, Randall? Our son wants to permanently alter his body. I'm not going to just ignore that.

Randall keeps quiet, shrugs.

LOREN

All I hear anymore is, *"I'm Tammy now. Thomas is dead."*

TAMMY

I'm transitioning, not suicidal.
God, you're so clueless!

LOREN

I need to focus. End of discussion.

INT. LARS' BEDROOM - A BIT LATER

A cavelike paneled room. It appears the sun has not been allowed in for decades. The bedroom door is closed.

Lars, in the wheelchair and powder blue track suit, dozes.

From the other room, comes CHANTING.

JUNE AND HAROLD (O.S.)

Ommmmmm... Ommmmmm.

Lars stirs, awakens.

JUNE AND HAROLD (O.S.)

Ommmmmm... Ommmmmm.

LARS

What the...?

A BELL RINGS.

LARS

Helloooo?!... I need to pee!

FOOTSTEPS approach. Shadows appear under the door. WHISPERS.

LARS

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 became Buddhists.

LARS
You're not serious.

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

LARS
The church was your life.

HAROLD
Until everyone started in with
their anti-homosexual rhetoric--

JUNE
- It didn't sit well with us. We
knew you were struggling, so--

LARS
- I thought you two hated gays,
just like Pat and Jerry.

JUNE
There's no reason to hate anybody.
Besides, Buddhism is forgiving and
healing. That appealed to us.

LARS
You know about karma, right? Or is
that what this goddam act is about?

JUNE
Language. Do I need to start a
swear jar?

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

JUNE
Lars. Be nice or... I won't make my
tuna salad. And I know how much you
used to like it.

LARS
With the curry?... I do like that.
Okay. I'll be nice. Now can you
please help me to a toilet before I
urinate all over myself?

DOORWAY / LARS' EN SUITE BATHROOM - MINUTES LATER

Harold waits for Lars outside the bathroom.

HAROLD
 Can you go easier on your mother?
 (no response)
 She's trying hard to make peace.
 (no response)
 Can you hear me in there?

LARS (O.C.)
 I hear you. But right now I'd like
 to pee without all the chit-chat.

From outside, BEEPS from a vehicle backing up.

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

Harold goes to the window, peeks through the blinds.

HAROLD
 Would you look at that?!

LARS (O.C.)
 If it's Entertainment Tonight, they
 were warned about parking in--

HAROLD
 - Not E.T. It's your sister.

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

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, Loren and Randall, in matching blazers with the dove logo, touch-up one another's make-up.

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

LOREN
 Give me 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, 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.

TAMMY leans out the car window.

TAMMY
Can you two be any more gross?

LOREN
Mind your own business, Thomas.

TAMMY
Dad, tell mom to stop dead-naming--

RANDALL
- Tammy. Loren. How about we--?

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

TAMMY
Enjoy the one-sided conversation.

RANDALL
Can you two do this another time?

He nods to the crew.

Silent indignation from Tammy and Loren.

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

Tammy, rolls up the window, folds their arms, sulks.

LOREN
Randall, can you please 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 grabs the mic.

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 and damnation.

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's all this racket?

HAROLD

It's nothing. We're just giving our daughter a taste of her own medicine.

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

LARS (O.S.)

Hey?! Where's the music?!

JUNE

You know better than to provoke her. Bring Lars back inside.

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

Loren's the one who came to my house with her camera crew.

Harold waves to Loren, Randall and the news crew.

HAROLD

Hi, Loren! Hey, Randall!

LOREN
Daddy? What are you doing here?

June peeks her head out.

JUNE
Hi, sweetheart. Lovely day.

LOREN
Mommy? Really? What in the world?

LARS
They've crossed to the dark side.
Baby sacrifices begin after lunch.
Mom even made her famous tuna
salad. You're free to join us.

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, boy. Now we're in for it.

Loren stomps up.

LARS
What brings you by, besides seizing
an opportunity to self-aggrandize?

LOREN
I came to pray for your salvation.

LARS
That requires a camera crew?

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.

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 turns a palm toward June.

LOREN

Hush, mommy. Send us your healing light and help him to rise up.

LARS

I broke a few bones. I'm not dead. I don't need resurrecting.

LOREN

Lord, ignore him. In your holy name, we pray.

RANDALL

Amen.

LARS

A-fucking-men.

From the gate, Tammy calls out.

TAMMY

Mom? Dad? What's going on?

LOREN

Nothing. Get back in the car.

JUNE

Is that Thomas? He looks so different.

RANDALL

He calls himself "Tammy" now.

LOREN

Randall, hush.

LARS
Holy shit! You have a queer kid?

LOREN
Never you mind.

Lars whips around, nearly clips Loren and Randall with his chair. They jump back.

LARS
I'm going to go say, "Hello."

Loren jumps in front of his chair.

LOREN
Lars, don't you dare. This isn't your concern. Randall get Thomas into the car. We're leaving.

Loren and Randall rush off, hustle Tammy away.

LARS
There is a God after all.

INT. LARS' BEDROOM - LATER

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

On the screen, pixelated footage of Lars exposing himself. A caption reads: *"Coming Up: Crotchgate - FCC Files Charges"*

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

EXT. TENNIS COURT - SAME TIME

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 waves at him.

JUNE
Hi, honey. I'm beating the pants off your dad. As you can see.

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

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lars faces the view of the tennis court, mouth agape.

LARS

Oh, my God! Strip pickle ball? I'd rather be in jail.

He does a one eighty, speeds across the living room, nears the bedroom, approaches at an sharp angle, hits the jamb, becomes lodged. He tries to back up. Nope. He's stuck.

LARS

Crap!... Mom?! Dad?!... Not Dad!
Not 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.

RICKY

How did you manage this?

LARS

I came at it too fast. I don't know.

RICKY

Sounds like you.

LARS

Hurry up. My bladder's gonna pop.

RICKY

Can you stand?

LARS

Would I be in this situation, if I could stand?

RICKY

How is the PT going?

HAROLD

It's not. All we get is resistance.

LARS

I don't feel ready. So shoot me.

RICKY

If you don't do the work,...

Lars remains silent.

RICKY

Call the number I gave you, please.

JUNE

It's on the fridge. I'll schedule something right now.

June heads for the kitchen.

RICKY

Do you have a crowbar?

LARS

In the garage. If you can find 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 go. I don't want him here.

HAROLD

What's the big deal? He seems--

LARS

- I'm not explaining it to you.

HAROLD

Fine. I'll ask him to leave. 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.

RICKY

And when he boarded the tour bus, his pants had split wide open. Cover of the Rolling Stone.

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

Unfortunately, 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 clears the table.

HAROLD

She's always liked contact sports.

JUNE

We should make this a weekly thing.

LARS

No, we shouldn't.

Ricky cozies up to June.

RICKY

(under his breath)

Do we have to invite you-know-who?

JUNE

Ignore grouchy pants.

RICKY

He has become a curmudgeon.

They GIGGLE.

LARS

What's with all the conspiring?

JUNE

Nothing. Just a little confidence between friends.

She winks at Ricky.

RICKY

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

Ricky gets up, hugs June, 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.

JUNE (O.S.)
Can I pack you up some leftovers?

RICKY
No, thank you.
(to Lars)
Your parents are sweet. I wish mine
were that accepting. Consider
yourself lucky... 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. Understood?

HAROLD
Whatever trouble exists between you
can't be that bad. Surely you can--

LARS
- Easy for you to say, when you
have no idea the crap he pulled.

HAROLD
I can see he wants to make it
right. That must 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 cut back on the incense. I
feel like I live in a Krishna
temple.

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 tend
to live hard. No offense.

HAROLD
Are you the physical therapist?

CHARLIE
(winks at Harold)
If that's what you need.

HAROLD
Do you have a table? Equipment?

CHARLIE
No, I tend 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
Hi. You must be who I spoke to.

Charlie extends a hand. June pulls him in close.

JUNE
We're huggers in this family.

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

JUNE
Oh, no. You're here for Lars.

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

HAROLD
Down the hall. 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's here.

Lars stirs, cracks open his eyes. They get wider.

LARS
What are you doing here?

CHARLIE
I'm your "physical therapist."

LARS
Uh. No way. You have to go.

CHARLIE
Why? I'm paid for. Let's have fun.

Charlie unzips Lars' track suit. Lars stops him.

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

Charlie goes, locks the bedroom door, peels off his shirt on his return, exposes washboard abs. He straddles Lars.

LARS
Wow. You've been working out.

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

CHARLIE
You haven't.

Lars yanks his track suit closed.

LARS
Fuck you. I've been stuck in a wheelchair for two months.

CHARLIE
I'm not complaining. You're kinda sexy. Love handles and all.

Charlie gives Lars a sensual kiss, tweaks a nipple.

Lars grabs ahold of Charlie's butt.

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

CHARLIE
Uh-huh.

LARS
I don't want my folks barging in.

CHARLIE
Relax. The door's locked.

LARS

All right. You know what I like.

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

KITCHEN - AN HOUR LATER

June makes a smoothie. The BLENDER SQUEALS.

Charlie strolls in, quietly observes her.

She gingerly drops an açai berry into the swirling yogurt. Waits for it to pulverize. Drops in another.

CHARLIE

You're very precise.

JUNE

My Harold likes his smoothies just the right shade of purple.

CHARLIE

Harold sounds very particular.

JUNE

He is... Would you like some? I made extra.

CHARLIE

No. I have a call in the valley. It'll take forever with 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

You could say 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

Mmmmm. This is delicious.

Charlie comes round the counter, gives June a hug.

CHARLIE

You're so nice. Usually, it's wham bam, thank you, Sam. And they practically shove me out 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.

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? 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.

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?

TAMMY
 Dad. I told him I needed money for new clothes. I didn't lie.

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. Listens.

ACTIVITY, VOICES, from the other room.

The bedroom door pops open. In walks Harold.

HAROLD

The Doc said you need to get out.

LARS

No, thanks. I'm happy right here wallowing in my misery.

HAROLD

It's gonna be a long six weeks til those casts come off. Let's go.

EXT. LARS' HOME / DRIVEWAY - 20 MINUTES LATER

An oversized transport van idles in the driveway.

June emerges, followed by Lars, in his chair, dressed in a neon yellow track suit. Harold controls the chair.

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

RICKY

I've never seen you wear anything besides black. You could be a stand-in for the Chiquita banana.

Lars flips him off. Ricky GIGGLES.

LARS

Somehow my other clothes vanished.

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

LARS

Where are you taking me?

RICKY

You'll see.

Lars heaves 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 sits in a handicap space near the zoo entrance.

INT. VAN - SAME TIME

Lars peers out the window.

LARS

At least I can relate to the other
caged animals.

Ricky holds a Taylor Swift cap and pink sunglasses.

RICKY

It's best you go incognito.

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

LARS

Uh-uh. Keep that away from me.

RICKY

(dons the cap)
I'll wear it then. I'm a Swiftie.

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

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

JUNE

Now isn't this delightful?

LARS

Yep. Monkeys hurling their feces is
how memories are made.

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.

RICKY
 Maybe you should invite him back.

HAROLD
 Maybe he should move in.

June, Harold and Ricky CHUCKLE.

LARS
 Go on, pretend everything's okay between us. But I'm not falling for your act.

JUNE
 Oh, Lars, stop. We're just--

LARS
 - Conveniently shoving the pain you caused under the fucking rug.

JUNE
 Shhhh. Children are present.

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

HAROLD
 That was over forty years ago. Circumstances were different.

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

HAROLD
 Why keep rehashing the past? It's time to move on.

LARS
 Clearly you have, with your incense and meditation. But I haven't.

JUNE

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

LARS

I'm stuck in a wheelchair, mom. I'm
not going to miraculously improve
because I drink açai smoothies and
chant. So drop the holier than thou
act. It's getting fucking tedious.

ZOO PATRONS notice. Monkeys stop hurling their feces, watch.

RICKY

Can we bring it down a notch?

LARS

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

RICKY

I'm beginning to wonder.

LARS

Outing me to the press wasn't
enough? Or is it simply guilt?

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

Ricky takes hold of Lars' immobile hand.

RICKY

I really and truthfully regret what
happened. It wasn't intentional. I--

LARS

- Keep your goddam hands off me.

Ricky withdraws his hand.

LARS

This is boring. Can we go?

He glares at the three of them.

RICKY

You know what? I think I'll go. I
don't need your abuse.

Ricky takes his popcorn, walks off.

JUNE

Now look what you did. We were
having a perfectly wonderful--

LARS

- Why don't you go with him then?
It's clear you like him more.

June tears up, stands.

JUNE

I'm going to visit the elephants.
Harold, will you join me?

Harold stands. They disappear into the crowd.

LARS

And don't come back!

Lars yanks off the sunglasses, throws them to the ground.

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. They approach him.

ZOO EMPLOYEE

Hello. Is somebody picking you up?

LARS

I'm good. I ordered a ride.

ZOO EMPLOYEE

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

LARS

- No need. It shouldn't be long.

ZOO EMPLOYEE

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

LARS

Hmph. I suppose you're right.

ZOO EMPLOYEE

Goodnight, then.

LARS

G'night.

The Zoo Employee disappears into the night.

INT. ACCESS-A-BUS - NIGHT

Lars, in the back of a dimly lit bus, watches L.A. go by.

Up front, the BUS DRIVER chats with the only other passenger, a YOUNG WOMAN IN A WHEELCHAIR. They LAUGH.

Lars glances at them, checks his phone, sets it in his lap, turns his attention back outside.

ALT --- EXT. LARS' HOME / STREET OUTSIDE FRONT GATE - NIGHT

The Access-a-Bus idles outside the gate. The lift retracts.

Lars rolls up to the keypad, nods to the driver.

The driver gives him a thumbs up, pulls away, and is gone.

Lars maneuvers his chair closer, tries to reach, but can't quite get reach pad with his one good arm.

LARS

Crap.

Lars quickly reverses.

From out of nowhere, an approaching car HONKS, speeds by.

LARS

Slow down, asshole!

He pulls forward, reaches into his jacket, pulls out his cell, dials. He waits. CLICK.

JUNE'S VOICE MAIL

(from cell speaker)

Ommmmmm. You have reached--

LARS

Where the hell are they?

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

EXT. LARS' HOME / STREET OUTSIDE FRONT GATE - NEXT MORNING

The morning sun shines on a sleeping Lars. He opens his eyes.

Before him stands a coyote. The animal stares at him, still.

LARS

Shoo! Go on! Get out here!

The coyote trots off.

LARS
What the actual fuck?

Lars pulls up close to the gate, peers through the iron bars.

LARS
How am I supposed to...

He looks toward a nearby willow.

LARS
That should work.

He zooms over, breaks a twig off the tree, proceeds back to the keypad, attempts to punch in the code. The twig snaps.

The CRUNCH OF GRAVEL as a POS Ford pulls up.

Lars looks over at the car. A YOUNG MAN hops out. Comes over.

LARS
Boy, am I glad to see you. I got locked out of my house.

YOUNG MAN
That sucks.

LARS
If you wouldn't mind entering my code. I'm a little challenged here.

YOUNG MAN
Sure thing. Uh, hey, are you Lars Larsson?

LARS
Yeah, that's me.

The young man pulls a folded manila envelope from his pocket, hands it to him.

YOUNG MAN
You've been served.

Lars looks at the young man in disbelief.

LARS
You've got to be fucking kidding.

YOUNG MAN
No. Sorry.. Still want me to enter the code?

Lars glares at the young man.

LARS
That would be helpful.

YOUNG MAN
Anytime, dude.

LARS
Yeah, I bet.

EXT. LARS' HOME / FRONT PORCH - MOMENTS LATER

Lars, parked on his front porch, rips open the envelope, peruses the contents.

LARS
That prick! I'll kill him!

It starts to rain.

He pulls out his phone, dials. CLICK.

LARS
Hey. It's me... Don't read anything into this. Okay?... I need help... I'm trapped outside... Ha-ha... Can you hurry? It's starting to rain.

45 MINUTES LATER

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

Ricky emerges from the vehicle, saunters up.

RICKY
Lookie here. Lars Larsson got 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
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.

LARS
Where are my folks? They never
showed up.

RICKY
I dropped them at their condo. I
don't think they're coming back.

Lars stays silent.

RICKY
I assume the code is your birthday?

LARS
It is.

Ricky enters the code, opens the door.

RICKY
You should call and apologize.

LARS
I've got bigger fish right now.
(holds up the envelope)
Stieg is suing me.

RICKY
Not your day is it?

Ricky guides the wheelchair inside.

LARS
Joke all you want. It's serious.

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, rushes out.

HALLWAY TO DINING ROOM

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

LOREN (O.S.)
I called the facility. They'll take him tomorrow afternoon. We can go right after family photos.

RANDALL (O.S.)
Loren, I don't know about this.

LOREN (O.S.)
Man up, Randall. You can't reason with him. What choice do we have?

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS MANSION / FRONT DOOR - MINUTES LATER

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

INT. LARS' HOME / DINING ROOM - SAME TIME

Lars, at the table, in a bathrobe, the envelope's contents in front of him. He dries his head with a towel.

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

LARS
Does Stieg even have a case?

RICKY
It's hard to say. Did you keep notes? Lyric sheets? Something that proves you wrote *TOXIC CITY*?

LARS
I was in my twenties. My focus was on staying high and getting laid.

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. Plus, she's married to Stieg.

RICKY
Right. There's that. Well? What about demo tapes?

LARS' HOME / MUSIC STUDIO

The light blinks on, illuminate piles of dusty boxes, framed

gold and platinum records stacked against a wall. Opposite, a mixing board concealed under a yellowed sheet.

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.

He takes a box, pops off the lid, sits on the floor, sets to work, removes cassettes and black notebooks.

LARS
Uh, Ricky?

RICKY
Yeah?

LARS
Thanks for, um,.. earlier.

Ricky stops, looks at him.

RICKY
Anything for a damsel in distress.

LARS
I was an asshole at the zoo. Sorry.

RICKY
Yeah. You were.

LARS
(teary)
I... don't know how to do this.

Ricky slides a box to him.

RICKY
You're not standing there getting
weepy, while I do all the work.

Lars lowers himself onto the couch, opens the box.

RICKY
If you recall, I'm not the one who
said don't read anything into it.

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
Awhile. Someone's at the door.

Ricky gradually gets up, starts to leave.

LARS
If it's 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
(calls after him)
How frilly is my basket? And why
does it have to be little? Huh?

LARS' HOME / LIVING ROOM / FRONT DOOR

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

TAMMY
Hi. Is Lars here?

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
Let me grab you a towel.

He heads off to the kitchen.

RICKY (O.S.)
Did you drive? I didn't see a car.

TAMMY
No, I caught a bus, fell asleep,
and ended up in Santa Monica. Then
I decided to Uber, but the driver
was sketch and when I tried to get
out he wouldn't unlock the door
until I paid. Then I started to
walk. I thought it was closer. I've
only been here once before.

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

RICKY
Sounds like you could use a drink.

Lars appears in the doorway.

LARS
Tammy?

Tammy, pushes the hair from their face.

TAMMY
Hi, Uncle Lars.

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

LARS' HOME / KITCHEN - MINUTES LATER

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

RICKY

Why do you think she's here?

LARS

To escape her abusive family. It's what I would do.

RICKY

Are you going to let her stay?

LARS

Well, I can't turn her away.

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

We should probably let her folks know she's safe.

LARS

I don't want Loren here... Can you send Tammy in? I'd like a second with her alone.

Ricky leaves. Tammy comes in.

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

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

TAMMY

I already did.

LARS

Really? How did that go?

TAMMY

My mom's pissed, but if she won't
acknowledge my status, she doesn't
get a say in my life.

LARS

I like your attitude.

TAMMY

She's still coming over, though.

LARS

Shit! Really?... Do you think she
could pick up dinner?

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 love 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

Lars, how are you going to care for
another person? Look at you.

LARS

We'll manage. Don't worry.

She sneers at Lars, holds up a chicken bucket.

LOREN

You couldn't even provide dinner.

LARS

It's been awhile since I could shop. Give me a break.

LOREN

That's all everyone's ever done, your entire life. Poor Lars, he's--

LARS

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

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

LARS

Ricky, would you see them out?

Ricky goes to the door, opens it.

LOREN

I brought your clothes.

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 burning them. Children in Africa go naked and you want me--

TAMMY

- Goodbye, mom. Thanks for dinner.

Tammy leaves the room.

LARS

You heard her, sis. Time to leave.

LOREN

Thomas will be back home in a week's time. You'll see.

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're so tight. I give incredible back rubs. Remember?

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
That sounds promising.

LARS
You've been a big help. I'll keep digging. See what I can unearth.

RICKY
Can I call you tomorrow, check on your progress?

LARS
After ten. I like my beauty sleep.

Ricky gives Lars a peck on the forehead. Leaves.

TAMMY (O.S.)
He's pretty cute for an old guy.
Are you boyfriends?

LARS
He's cute. I'll give you that. But no, we're not boyfriends.

TAMMY
Why not? You seem good--

LARS

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

He gets up from the couch, heads toward his room.

TAMMY

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

LARS

Nope. Not much of a gamer. Sorry.

TAMMY

Can I have a couple pot gummies? I saw them in the fridge.

LARS

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

TAMMY

I did.

Tammy heads off to the kitchen.

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

(from Lars' phone)

I hope I didn't come on too strong yesterday. I just felt like, um, 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.

He grins, nestles further into his bed.

LARS' HOME / KITCHEN

Tammy takes a bag of groceries from a DELIVERY PERSON.

DELIVERY PERSON

I'm actually inside Lars Larsson's house? Is he here?

TAMMY

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

DELIVERY PERSON

Wow. How does it sound?

TAMMY

Rad, of course... Hold on.

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

TAMMY

Will these work for a tip?

DELIVERY PERSON

Yeah. Wait til I show my buds. They won't believe I'm in possession of Lars Larsson's pot gummies.

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

Tammy unpacks the bags. Lars shuffles in.

LARS

Where did all this come from?

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 grab some fast food? Hit the nail salon? 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 looks at Lars, a little unsure.

TAMMY
I've never driven manual.

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
Not too much gas. Madonna's touchy.

The ENGINE QUIETS. Lars slips the car into first.

LARS
Okay. Now gently ease up on your left foot and push on your right.

Tammy does and the car lurches forward.

LARS
Easier on the clutch, tiger.

The car creeps out of the garage.

LARS
Great. Laurel Canyon here we come.

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. Do you want her?

TAMMY
Really?

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

TAMMY
Thanks.

LARS
 Slower on the curves, will ya? I
 wanna live to see lunch.

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 Lars' 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
 bitch. Sorry, I know that's not PC.

TAMMY
 She just can't reconcile who she is
 with who I am. That's all.

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's letting
 you live with me.

TAMMY
 I'm nineteen. What can she do?

LARS
 Make your life hell, deny your
 existence, use you as political
 fodder. That's just the top three.

TAMMY
 I told her, if she put me on
 camera, I'd expose her and my dad.

LARS
I bet you're full of all kinds of
little secrets.

Tammy hesitates, cocks their head toward the nail techs.

LARS
Don't worry. They're 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
Is that so?

TAMMY
They owe a ton of money to a scary,
Russian oligarch.

The SALON MANAGER walks up.

SALON MANAGER
No pedicure today, Mr. Larsson?

LARS
Only the mani. I'll be back for the
pedi when I can reach 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, you two. My head banging
days are behind me.

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

Nearby, a TRENDY HOLLYWOOD TYPE snaps pics with their phone.

EXT. RICKY'S MALIBU CONDO - DAY

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

RICKY
You're trending on TikTok.

INT. LARS' HOME / BEDROOM - DAY

Lars, in bed, holds his phone to his ear. An open bag of Mint Milanos sits in his lap. He nibbles on a cookie.

LARS
So? I hate that shit.

INTERCUT

RICKY
My favorite caption reads, "*Boomer Punk Robs EMO Cradle.*"

LARS
I was with Tammy. My niece.

RICKY
They don't know that. This is good. You haven't had positive press since the Hall of Fame debacle.

LARS
How is this a good thing?

RICKY
The public are tiring of pixelated screen captures of your crotch.

LARS
I can provide a clearer image.

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

LARS
Okay, I've heard enough.

He goes to hang up.

RICKY
Hold on. Did you find the demos?

LARS
Not yet. I've been preoccupied.

RICKY
Doing what? Pretend parenting?

LARS
Tammy and I are bonding.

RICKY
Cute. You're old and you crave companionship. I can help with--

LARS
- I'm hangin up.

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

LARS
You win. I could use your 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.

HISS and LAUGHTER erupt from the stereo.

LARS (O.S.)
Are you guys gonna keep screwing around? Or are we gonna jam?

STIEG (O.S.)
Relax. Ramon, pass me the joint.

RAMON (O.S.)
Too late, dude. I smoked it.

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

STIEG (O.S.)
The label can suck it. D'ya know
how much money they've made off us?

STRUMS A CATCHY TUNE.

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

Sounds of someone colliding with a cymbal. CRASH.

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

More COLLISIONS, A SNARE topples. SMASH. LAUGHTER.

RITCHIE (O.S.)
Fuckin' jerk, you tore the--!

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, 50, aging blonde-bombshell news
commentator, sits poised on a swivel chair opposite.

Stieg manspreads, gropes himself, while being interviewed.

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

STIEG
I thought we were here to talk
about our new album?

MARGUERITE

Don't you want to set the record straight first?

STIEG

Sure. I wrote *TOXIC CITY*. And I should be given credit, not that ass, Lars Larsson. Enough said.

MARGUERITE

Everyone assumed Lars come up with that incredible guitar line. I mean that's what everybody was humming back then. You were screaming unintelligible words.

STIEG

Well, that's kind of true. But I remember coming into the studio with the melody 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? Any comment?

RAMON

About what?

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

Look at that pig, groping himself on live TV.

(BLENDER WHIRS)

Easy on the kale! It gives me gas!

MARGUERITE

(from the TV)

Boys, what's next for you? Is there a G.A.W.D. tour in the works?

STIEG
(from the TV)
Nah, my focus is on the trial and
promoting the new album.

LARS
The new album's crap, you jagoff.

INT. TV STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Stieg turns, looks right at the camera.

STIEG
Watch out, Lars Larsson. I'm coming
for you and I'm taking it all.

INT. LARS' HOME / LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

LARS
Bring it, you egotistical fuck!

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.

Sweaty Lars, no longer in casts, straddles a bench press. He
pumps a couple reps, 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 gonna
walk without a cane.

TAMMY
It's your funeral.

INT. LARS' HOME / BEDROOM - DAY

Lars, fitter, clean shaven, in sexy briefs, eyes a pile of
clothes on his bed.

He slips on a floral print shirt, sucks in his modest gut.

LARS
 Tammy?!... Got a minute?!

Tammy pops in.

LARS
 What about this shirt with these?

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

TAMMY
 I like the orange ones better.

LARS
 I wasn't sure if they're too much.

TAMMY
 They're not. Did you douche?

LARS
 Ha-ha. It's not that kind of date.

TAMMY
 Have you informed your libido?

LARS
 Go. Answer the door. And slowly. I
 don't want to appear too eager.

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 fifteen 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 shuffles in, picks up the remote, lowers the volume.

TAMMY

OMG. When was your last date?

LARS

A couple decades ago. I'm anxious.

TAMMY

Clearly. Cuz' you need to chill.

The DOORBELL RINGS.

Tammy goes to get up, but Lars moves to the door.

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

Not over Jesus' semi-automatic.

Lars gives him a peck, takes the flowers, sets them down.

RICKY

Mmmmm. I'm liking the new look.

LARS

Tammy's influence. The pants aren't too much.

RICKY

Uh-uh. Those'll be much easier to get off than your crunchy leather pants with the rusted-out zipper.

Ricky gestures to Tammy, who is engrossed in their game.

RICKY

Oops. I forgot. Children are present.

LARS

They didn't hear.

TAMMY

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

LARS

Now you can hear above the din?..
We're leaving, before we get caught
in the crossfire.

Lars hustles Ricky out the door.

TAMMY

Goodnight, boys. Play safe.

The door closes.

Confucius swoops in, 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

It's exactly like it was twenty
years ago.

LARS

What do you expect me to do?

RICKY

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

LARS

You don't think he's hot?

RICKY

I think he's Tammy's age.

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 enjoy objectifying a real live person for a change? Please.

RICKY

Fine. He's hot. I'll give you that.

Lars reaches his hand out. Ricky takes it.

LARS

I'm nervous about the trial. It's gonna be 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 gets a strange look, hesitates saying something.

LARS

What? What aren't you saying?

RICKY

I didn't want to have to tell you this,.. but I think it was me.

LARS
What was you?

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

LARS
How is that even possible?

RICKY
You used to whistle in the shower.

LARS
I still do. So?

RICKY
I heard you whistling the guitar
line for *TOXIC CITY*. 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 prick stole it.

RICKY
I should have mentioned it before.

LARS
Ya think?.. Simple. You need to
testify 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.

LARS
What do have that pairs nicely with
crow?

WAITER
I'll grab the wine list.

He leaves. Ricky rolls his eyes.

LARS
I didn't say he had 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 gone.

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

Tammy sticks their head in the doorway.

TAMMY

That's cool. Did you write that?

LARS

Aw. It's ancient. Never did anything with it.

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 float on giant, donut inflatables.

EDM blasts from a portable speaker.

LARS

Do you think we could arrange a remix with this Blowhard?

TAMMY

It's Glow Bard. Like Shakespeare.

Ricky comes outside with a tray of food and drinks. He sits poolside, immerses his legs in the water.

LARS

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

RICKY

I'm not in the loop anymore. We need to rely on 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 hate autotune.

RICKY
I thought you always wanted to be her.

LARS
Only eighties Cher, when she was dating... What was his name?

RICKY
Bagel Boy?

LARS
That wasn't his name.

TAMMY
Who's Cher?

Lars and Ricky look at Tammy 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 (O.S)
Snap out of it!

END CLIP

RICKY
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.

TAMMY

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

LARS

See. I am a good influence.

Tammy opens the door.

TAMMY

Not the Chinese. It's my parents.

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 don't need the distractions.

LOREN

We're parents, not distractions.

LARS (O.S.)

It's safe to come in. We've been exorcised.

Loren and Randall sheepishly enter. Loren surveys the room.

LOREN

The place looks better. It has a feminine touch.

RICKY

That would be mine, not Tammy's.

LARS

He can't take all the credit.

LOREN
I see you're improving.

LARS
Yep. No screws, braces or crutches.
Only a cane. Praise, Buddha.

LOREN
Do you have to mock my beliefs?

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

RANDALL
Your mom and I were worried sick.

RICKY
Come in all the way. Sit down.

Loren and Randall move to the armchairs, sit.

DOORBELL.

Ricky goes to the door, opens it.

LARS
Is it the male stripper?

RICKY
It's the Chinese is and it's hot.

Randall scoots closer to Loren.

LOREN
Lars, that kind of talk makes
Randall uncomfortable.

LARS
Really, Randy? You've never laid
your hands on some hot young thing
and prayed for him to rise up?

RANDALL
No. My thoughts remain pure.

LARS
Well, it's nice of you to drop by.
But our dinner is getting cold.

Ricky helps him up. They head to the kitchen.

LOREN
How long are you going to stay
here? It's been three months.

TAMMY

Uncle Lars and I are writing an album.

LOREN

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

TAMMY

He doesn't want me to hate myself.

Loren reaches out, clutches Tammy's hand.

LOREN

Either do we. We just want you to love the real you, the person God made you to be. Not this Tammy--

Tammy wrenches their hand back.

TAMMY

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

RANDALL

I told you she'd react this way.

LOREN

He, Randall. Our son is a HE.

TAMMY

Not any more, I'm not.
(stands)
My dinner's waiting.

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 should tell her yourself.

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

LARS
Tammy's your child. Loren can wait.

RANDALL
The church doesn't approve.

LARS
The church never will... Randall,
don't make the same mistake my
parents made with me. It's entirely
up to you... Go. I'll tell her.

Randall fleetingly hugs Lars, leaves.

KITCHEN

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

LARS
They're gone.

Ricky nods to Tammy, who cries.

Lars comes over, pats Tammy's 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. STATE OF THE ART L.A. RECORDING STUDIO - DAY

Ricky and Tammy observe as a SOUND ENGINEER adjust levels on a massive control board.

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.

SOUND ENGINEER

(in the intercom)

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.

SOUND ENGINEER

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

LARS

Sure. If it'll make me sound like I'm twenty again.

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

RICKY

Can we edit any of that together?

TAMMY

What about overdubs? Echo?

RICKY

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

SOUND ENGINEER

- His voice isn't what it used to be. I can't compensate for that with filters or effects.

Ricky and Tammy look at one another.

SOUND ENGINEER

Somebody needs to tell him, because you're paying a shitload of money and I'm pretty sure these aren't the results you're looking for.

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 badly?

RICKY

No. We're just a little concerned.

LARS

I'm nervous. I feel like a goldfish and you're starving cats circling the fish bowl.

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 away, bites his lip. Ricky pats his shoulder.

RICKY

I know it's hard to hear. But there is no way the label will pay for studio time when they hear what--

LARS

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

RICKY

Lars, you gotta work with me.

Lars glances up and down the block.

LARS

At least I can still shred guitar. That ability hasn't waned. 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, kid.

LARS

They're your words anyway. You
should sing them.

SOUND ENGINEER

So, Tammy, how about a take?

Tammy stops, gives a thumbs up.

LARS

Awesome.

Ricky shoots him a look, SNICKERS.

LARS

What? It's what the kids say.

INT. LARS' HOME / BATHROOM - NIGHT

The shower runs. Lars talks on his cell.

LARS

Hey, Mom... How are you?... How's
Dad?... It's been awhile... I'm
guessing you know about the trial.

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 suit, paces, while Tammy, in a toned-down dress, waits by the open front door.

RICKY
Lars! The car's 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
It's not even 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 and his teeth newly bleached and I don't--

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

LARS
Hey, that's my shirt. Hand it over.

Ricky looks down at what he's wearing.

RICKY
No. 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
I'll make it up to you later.

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

Lars, Ricky and Tammy arrive in a town car, exit the vehicle.

The PRESS swarm them, cameras flash.

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

LARS
Totally f'ing confident.

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

LARS
It's absolute B.S.!

REPORTER 3
One more question?

LARS
Shoot.

REPORTER 3
Who are you wearing?

LARS
Tom Ford... Sorry, but I'm expected
in court.

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

REPORTER 2
Are you seeing a therapist
for anger management?

They push past the cameras, 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. You're looking sharp.

LARS
Thanks, Mom.

HAROLD
Are you going to win this thing?

LARS
That's my intention.

JUNE
We've been chanting all morning.
Trying to send you good energy.

HAROLD
We were at it for a couple of
hours. 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
I know you are. 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

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. Pulls out his glasses, wipes them.

JUDGE

My directive to both parties is to refrain from histrionics. Being a G.A.W.D. fan myself, back in the day, I'm very much aware of your reputation for chaos. I dislocated my jaw in one of your mosh pits.

Stieg pops up.

STIEG

Judge, I'd like to--

JUDGE

- I wasn't finished. And it's "your honor." Please sit down.

Stieg sits.

JUDGE

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

(shuffles papers)

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

Stieg stands.

STIEG

I do, your--

JUDGE

- There's no need to stand.

Stieg looks at his LAWYER, shrugs, sits.

JUDGE

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

Stieg doesn't answer.

JUDGE

Mr. Dieken, that was a question.

Stieg stands.

STIEG

Yes, judge,.. your honor, sir.

The judge raises his glasses, glares at Stieg.

JUDGE

Please sit down. And stay seated.
You're making me nauseous jumping
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 claim?

STIEG'S LAWYER

My client does, your honor.

JUDGE

Present that figure to the bench.

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

The judge views the paper, his eyes widen, brows 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

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 would like to call Richard Ash to the stand.

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

Make it brief. I detest long-winded ramblings.

RICKY

I'll be quick, 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 to Mandy, behind him. She shakes her head.

RICKY

Around that time, G.A.W.D. was touring their album, *Cheap Shit*. I spent ten weeks on the road with the band. I also spent most nights in the same room as Lars. We slept together, showered together--

JUDGE

- 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.

RICKY

Sorry... Um, Lars had a habit of
whistling in the shower. He worked
out guitar phrases there. I'd hear
him and the melodies would get 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.

Stieg, leans over, whispers to his lawyer.

RICKY

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

Stieg nudges 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--

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.

He leans on the witness stand. Ricky leans back.

STIEG'S LAWYER
Mind if I call you Ricky?

Ricky shrugs.

STIEG'S LAWYER
Ricky, weren't you also servicing
Mr. Dieken on the same tour?

MANDY
(shrieks)
Oh, my god!

Mandy looks appalled. Stieg shrinks into his chair.

JUDGE
(bangs his gavel)
Quiet in the court.

RICKY
That has nothing to do with--

STIEG'S LAWYER
- Isn't it possible you heard the
melody from *TOXIC CITY* while you
were with Mr. Dieken? And you can't
be absolutely sure if it was while
you were spending time with Mr.
Larsson? And you likely provided
the said tune to Mr. Larsson?

Ricky appears confused. Lars looks crushed.

RICKY
Wait. Huh?.. But I distinctly
remember being on the bus and--

STIEG'S LAWYER
- Thanks, Ricky. That will be all.

RICKY
Your honor, I can explain. I never
showered with Stieg. I 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.

Stieg turns, triumphantly grins, nods at Mandy.

MANDY

Liar! You said you tried it once!

She quickly gathers her things, rushes out.

STIEG

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

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 pauses 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 heap of trouble with my wife, but it's worth it, 'cuz you just won me millions.

RICKY

Do you ever stop being a dick?

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 getting in?

TAMMY

We need to wait for Ricky.

LARS

No, we don't.

TAMMY
But, he's right--

LARS
- Get in the car.

Tammy hesitates, waves to Ricky in the distance.

LARS
Suit yourself.

Lars knocks on the glass partition, signals the driver, slams the door. The car departs.

Tammy turns, watches the car drive off.

INT. LARS' HOME / BEDROOM - NIGHT

Moonlight beams through a slit in the curtains.

In bed, on his back, Lars, in boxers, stares at the ceiling.

His PHONE BUZZES.

He ignores it.

The PHONE BUZZES again.

Lars seizes the phone, hurls it across the room.

The phone HITS the wall. THUMP.

He slips out of bed, opens the curtains, looks at the moon.

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

LARS
Ow! Shit!

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 down the driveway. GRAVEL CRUNCHES below the wheels.

Lars hits the remote. The gate slowly swings open. He proceeds through to the street, arrives at the curb, slides out of the chair.

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 June and Harold's altar. Buddha seems to mock him with his contented grin.

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

LARS
What the hell. Why not?

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 suitcase and guitar.

LARS
What's all this?

TAMMY
I'm leaving.

LARS
You're moving back home?

TAMMY
- No. I'm going to stay with Ricky.

LARS
Why would you do that?

TAMMY
Because I can't live with a self-absorbed, angry prima donna.

Tammy sets the keys to the Corvette on the table.

LARS
Hold on. Keep the car. Don't be such a hot head.

TAMMY
You said we were a family.

LARS
We are.

TAMMY
I thought that included Ricky.

LARS
Listen, I can't just--

TAMMY
- Find it in your heart to forgive people?

LARS
That's a low blow. I don't see you mending things with your mom.

TAMMY
We've been texting... some.

LARS
Oh... I didn't know... Tammy, I'm sorry. Put your things back in your room... Please. I want you to stay.

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

LARS' HOME / KITCHEN - DAY

Tammy prepares a smoothie. The BLENDER WHIRS.

On the countertop, a TV plays the local weather.

WEATHERPERSON (O.S.)
June Gloom has fled. So, put on your swimsuits and head to the beach. Don't forget sunscreen.

Lars comes in.

LARS
Smoothies, huh? Taking after your grandparents?

Tammy fills a glass with green smoothie, ignores him.

LARS
I'll have some of that, if it comes with a side of Twinkies.

Tammy remains stoic.

LARS

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

TAMMY

I can't. Grandpa and Grandma are coming over to play pickle ball.

Tammy takes their smoothie, heads to the living room.

TAMMY

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

LARS

Pissed off, betrayed and homicidal.

DOORBELL RINGS.

LARS

I'll be in the studio, if they ask.

Lars grabs a banana, scurries off.

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

You sound just like your uncle.

HAROLD

Did he patch things up with Ricky?

TAMMY

No. He's being pig-headed.

Lars appears from around the corner.

LARS

Dammit, Tammy, give me a break. I just need a.... Hi, Mom. Hi, Dad.

HAROLD
I noticed your chair out front.

LARS
Yeah. It was time to move on.

JUNE
That sounds healthy.

HAROLD
Are you gonna join us? I'll go easy on you.

Lars looks at all their faces.

LARS
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 pooped. That last round took a lot out of me.

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

TAMMY
Grandma, let it go.

HAROLD
I can't quite catch my breath.

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 ashen, 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

How's dad?

LOREN

He's doing fine.

LARS

Then why are you bawling?

LOREN

I'm not upset because... Randall
and I are going to lose our house.

LARS

The Russians, huh?

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 can always move in with me.

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

LARS

I'm kidding. That'd never happen.

Ricky approaches from down the corridor. Loren nudges Lars.

LARS

Shit. Mom must have called him.

Ricky timidly walks up, gives them a sheepish grin.

LOREN

I'll go see if mom needs anything.

Loren enters Harold's room.

RICKY

I was counting on you be here. Can we go someplace and talk?

INT. HOSPITAL STAIRWELL - MOMENTS 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

I wanted to tell you. I just felt--

LARS

- Don't explain. I know it didn't mean anything. But you said you loved me. And I believed you.

RICKY

I was young and stupid and horny. And just coming out. We both were.

LARS

But, I wasn't sleeping with Mandy.

RICKY

You were still married to her.

LARS

Fair enough.

RICKY

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

LARS
Yeah. You're right.

They remain QUIET a moment.

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

LARS
Still, it's costing me. A buttload.
I'll have to sell the house.

RICKY
You've never really liked it there.

LARS
I kind of got used to the brown
paneling and orange formica.

Ricky steps in front of Lars, kneels.

RICKY
Lars Larsson, you cranky old punk--

LARS
- Uh. What is this?

RICKY
I've been a complete idiot.

LARS
Can't 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. Get
off your knees.

RICKY
But I haven't even asked you.

LARS
You don't need to. I just know I'm
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 1

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

LARS

Possibly. But if people decide they can't support a gay musician, so be it. I welcome those who will stand with me as allies.

REPORTER 1

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 a revamped G.A.W.D. on tour and he's rereleasing *TOXIC CITY*. Will you see any proceeds?

LARS

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

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 embrace.

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... Tammy, it's your
news. 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 E.T.- The
Extra-Transitionals.

REPORTER 1

Lars, what's your role?

LARS

Guitarist, back-up vocalist and co-
writer, but Tammy's our 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 trans-feminine, so...

Tammy looks to Lars for support.

LARS

And I'm a sixty year-old queen. So,
it only makes sense. My whole life
I felt I needed to deny who I was,
shield my identity. I'm not hiding
behind a hetero rock facade that
renders me invisible. Not anymore.
Neither of us are.

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 even more
of a 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 pick up the
pace when we near the bridge.

Ricky comes outside with drinks, sets them down.

RICKY
Sounds great. I like the changes.

Lars sets his guitar aside.

LARS
Which one's mine?

RICKY
They're all virgin. We could all
cut back, lose a few pounds.

TAMMY
Boring.

They grab their drinks, take sips. 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 mocktail, 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 dad? He
 can never get his walker open.

RICKY
 Of course. 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, nearest the fire, under a blanket, watches, a proud smile on his face. June feeds him a toasted marshmallow.

LARS
How's it goin' there, Dad?

Harold gives him a wobbly thumbs up.

LARS
Go easy on the marshmallows.

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
That's my handy work. 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
Sorry about the wrapping paper. 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
We're invited?

TAMMY
Of course.

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 the Russians.

Loren, teary, goes to Lars, gestures for a hug.

LOREN
I know I've been an ass... you
know.

He stands. They hug.

LARS
Who hasn't?... Okay, who's 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. Listen. That's all.

TAMMY

Do you think they really came?

LARS

Ricky texted me they're all here... We've got this... Shall we?

The band form a huddle.

LARS

On three... One... Two... Three.

THE BAND

E.T.!!!

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.

JUNE

Here you are. I thought you were going to miss it.

RICKY

Had a couple technical issues. But all's good... Is everyone wearing their shirts?

Loren unfolds her arms, reveals the lettering.

Ricky nudges her.

RICKY

Nice. That means a lot.

Randall, his eyes lined with mascara, comes up to Ricky.

RANDALL

How is she? Nervous?

RICKY

A little. No worries. 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. Each finger nail is painted a color of the rainbow.

RANDALL

It was Tammy's idea.

RICKY

Too much for you, Loren?

LOREN

Give me time. I'll get there.

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. Show 'em honey.

Harold holds out shaky hands. Grins.

EXT. L.A. GREEK THEATER / STAGE - CONTINUOUS

Lars and Tammy move forward, meet at a single mic stand.

TAMMY

Thanks for coming out, Los Angeles. We're E.T.! And I'm Tammy.

LARS

And I'm Lars.

WHOOPS, APPLAUSE.

LARS

And, if you didn't know it already, we're queer!

The audience goes NUTS.

Tammy and Lars smile at one another.

They launch into a SONG.

FADE OUT.