

ROB, 30's, mixed race, ripped is walking hand in hand with MIA, 30's, Latino American firecracker. They pass a jewellers. Rob pulls her to the window, they press noses against the shutters.

ROB

One day babe.

Mia flashes a 'yeah sure' look, and tries to walk on.

ROB (CONT'D)

Don't be like that, indulge me.
Pretend I'm like one of those
Rothschilds, what ring would ya
pick?

Mia stares through the metal barrier - hypnotised by a range of glittery diamonds, she sighs.

MIA

Easy - It has to be that one.

She points to an expensive platinum diamond ring. Rob gulps staring at the ten grand price tag.

ROB

Guess my childhood sweetheart had
better leave me then.

They play fight and run past the shop laughing. Mia's phone pings. She checks the text message.

MIA

Oh cool, tha was Nellie, I'm on
half shift tomorrow so we can have
dinner early for once, promise me
you'll be home right? Let's have a
nice romantic dinner - say six pm.
You won't be meeting those goons?

Rob checks his phone, it's a message from one his goons. He doesn't read it. A group of glammed up girls wiggle past, Rob avoids looking and squeezes Mia then kisses her.

ROB

Love you, you'll always be my girl.

Mia sighs contentedly

MIA

Love you too.

She eyes him with slight suspicion.

MIA (CONT'D)
 So? Romantic dinner at six
 tomorrow?

Rob slips his phone in his pocket - Lifting her up, twirling her like a little girl. She squeals, he lets her down.

ROB
 If my girl wants a romantic dinner
 at six she shall have one. I'll
 even bring some flowers how bout
 that? But, I wish you's stop
 calling em goons. They have my back
 ya know. C'mon, it's getting late
 gotta be up at 5am, let's go home,
 we got some cuddling to do.

2 EXT. SUNSET BOULEVARD - MORNING

2

Three builders: Rob, TREV (30's) British, tough guy, CHAD (30's), intellectually challenged - cruise Sunset Blvd in Robs Hummer, on the way to work, stereo jacked up. A silicon enhanced blonde jogs past.

TREV
 Bleeding hell, mega hot pair of
 double D's bouncing to the left.

ROB
 Nah dude, she aint that hot!

TREV
 Aint that hot? You got shit in your
 eyes or what?

Trev double takes Robs love sick expression and sighs.

TREV (CONT'D)
 You gotta let go of this love shit,
 its a disease. Men aint supposed to
 be homogeneous anyway.

ROB
 Monogamous.

TREV
 Exactly, that as well. C'mon, get a
 load of them knockers.

Rob gets an eyeful - half heartedly wolf whistles.

TREV (CONT'D)

Bleeding gorgeous ay? What more does a bloke need? Beer, football on telly and a pair of huge knockers for a pillow.

CHAD

I know right? Dude - when are you gonna pop the question to Mia?

Trev smacks Chad around the head.

TREV

She's fit but he aint that stupid, or are ya?

ROB

Dude, do I look stupid? C'mon step on it, Cold spine will be on our case if we're late again.

They play punch and giggle like schoolboys.

CHAD

Howdya know so much about boobs anyway?

ROB

He's a boobologist.

CHAD

Cool, I didn't know you went to college.

Rob winks at Trev.

ROB

Yeah, he went to the Lake Titicaca University when he left old Blighty

Trev hides his laughter as Rob nudges his ribs.

CHAD

No shit? Awesome.

They curb crawl a girl walking. CINDY, (20's)barbie lookalike. Chad flashes, seriel killer smile, she walks faster.

TREV

Don't scare her away you wanker. Silicone enhanced F, proper footballs, extra sports hold. I'd like to score a few goals with those milkers. Okay, my fellow slaves to the almighty tit, watch, listen and learn.

Trev leans out of the window smiling innocently. He adopts a posher British accent.

TREV (CONT'D)

Please excuse me Madame, could you possibly help us? We're a little lost. Are you perchance familiar with the local Catholic Church?

Cindy bounces over all tits and smiles. Leaning in the car. Big Mumma boobs dominate the window, staring at the bulging outline of her silicon implants. All craning necks reading the bra label - F, extra sports hold.

CINDY

Sure, go two blocks north and make a right, St Edmunds is on the corner. Go with God.

Cindy, serene, trots away, the boys - Stupified.

CHAD

F - extra sports hold. Wow dude, D'ya get honors?

They pass a Brunette, Chad has a go.

CHAD (CONT'D)

Don't tell me, don't tell me. D, no, C, silicone, bra-less.

Trev shakes his head sadly.

TREV

Ya didn't spend four years at uni mate.

Trev trancelike recounts vitals - one breath.

TREV (CONT'D)

Victoria Secret, B, push up job, black lace, crimson trim, panties to match. Don't fuck with her, got her monthly's.

Girls expression says 'get lost'. They stare at crimson trim peeping out on black lace bra straps - tampons in her shopping bag. Rob whispers to Trev in awe.

ROB

Dude - seriously, how d'ya do it?

Trev whispers back.

TREV

She's my sister.

Rob - grossed out.

CHAD

Guys, guys, here we go, eyes right,
this one's mine. I'll show ya who's
boss, Professor Titicaca.

A tall woman - heels, Madonna style pointed tits project
rudely from the side angle. They pull over, Chad leans out of
the window casually.

CHAD (CONT'D)

Yo gorgeous, babe, can ya tell us
the way to the church of, my GOD!.

NICKOLA (30's) Drag Queen, morning after stubble, leans in
the window. Rob floors the gas - burning rubber inertia -
heads snap back. Nickola runs awkwardly on platforms.

NICKOLA

Hey, wait, guys, come back! Come
back! You're going the wrong way!

3

EXT. AMERICAN CONSTRUCTION COMPANY SITE - DAY

3

Rob, Trev, and Chad digging a trench.

TREV

My bloody back's killing me.

ROB

Yeah? Out of condition dude.

CHAD

Yeah!

TREV

What? You two looked in the mirror
lately?

Rob rolls his body seductively. Knocking over paint.

ROB

Ma bitches would disagree dude.

TREV

Yeah, four legged ones!

MARCUS GOLDSTEIN THE 2ND (50's) slick backed game show look-a-
like approaches, he shakes his fist.

ROB

Look out, cold spine approaching.

GOLDSTEIN

I didn't get where I am today by
having fun at work. What's going on
with this paint? Docking that from
your pay.

(MORE)

GOLDSTEIN (CONT'D)

Rob I'm seriously reconsidering
your foreman position with this
company.

As Goldstein leaves, they all flip him the bird.

TREV

Fuck this shit, it's beer o'clock.

CHAD

I know right!

ROB

I can't, gotta be home for six.

Trev and Chad play box Robs ears.

TREV

You pussy whipped wanker, she's
proper got you under the thumb.

ROB

No she aint! a man needs his bitch
to make dinner, that's all.

TREV

We're only gonna sink a few beers,
don't worry pussy boy, we'll get
you home on time for din dins.

4

INT. ROBS CRAPPY RENTED SHACK - NIGHT

4

Mia is staring at a cold dinner on an extravagant romantic
candle lit laid table. She stares at her watch 10pm, cursing
fast under her breath in Spanish.

Keys rattle in the door. Mia fluffs up her hair and lippy.

Rob, Trev and Chad - wasted, are singing out of tune.

ROB

Yo my delicious babe, can ya rustle
up something for some hungry guys?

Trev grabs a roll and butter from the table.

TREV

Looks like she already has.

WHAM! Mia slaps Rob in the face.

MIA

Sure, there's a cold roast for you
pigs to share.

Trev and Chad giggle as Rob pleads.

ROB

C'mon baby. We only had a few cos
Cold spine was on my case again,
you know how it is - right?

MIA

Oh I know how it is alright. And
what about my damned day? You think
working in a cafe serving coffee
and fudge all day is easy for me?

ROB

(laughing)

Duh, yeah, sure beats working on a
construction site dude.

Mia throws everything she can grab at him.

MIA

What part of me suggests to you
that I'm a dude? HUH?

Mia stomps to bed. Feet up, Trev switches baseball on TV.
Chad and Rob pick at the cold dinner.

TREV

I could kiss the guy who invented
friends with benefits, it's all you
need mate. Relationships suck.
Women are always bloody moaning.

ROB

Don't I know it.

Mia shouts from upstairs.

MIA (O.S.)

Heard that!

5

INT. JEWELRY SHOP ON WILTSHIRE BOULEVARD - DAY

5

LI CHEUNG(70's) Fu manchu look alike, approaches Rob looking
him up and down.

LI CHEUNG

Come to see what you can't afford?

He reads a name tag on Robs construction uniform tee shirt.

ROB

I want a ring from the front tray.

Li removes a tray full of platinum diamond rings. Rob picks
Mia's favourite - he is holding it up as Li describes it.

LI CHEUNG

Good choi. Princess cut, platinum
off set, rare white E , half
carat. Special ring, at very
special pri, woman love long time.

Li snatches it from Robs fingers.

LI CHEUNG (CONT'D)

But, yo poor man, no love for yo.

Li tries to put it away but Rob snatches it back.

ROB

Oh yeah, well what if I said I've
got ten thousand special ones
burning a hole in ma back pocket?

Li lets out a big contemptuous belly laugh.

ROB (CONT'D)

Dude, I'ma serious, I got greens.

Rob is counting a wad of notes. Li looks around, scared.

LI CHEUNG

Wha bank you rob? Is this why they
call you Rob?

He laughs at his own joke then pulls a serious face.

ROB

Relax, dude, so I skipped a few
months payments on the car and
rent and got a small loan. Okay, ya
got me, so I'm in hock up to my
neck, but my queen, she's worth
it. A few months overtime, I'll be
straight. Wrap it up kung fu.

LI CHEUNG

Yo good boy yo velly lucky, you get
some real good lovin tonight.

6

INT. ROBS CRAPPY RENTED SHACK - NIGHT

6

Rob bursts in, excited, white knuckling the jewelry box
behind his back. Mia, throwing her clothes in suitcases.

MIA

You care more about those goons
than me. All the promises of us in
our own place. Our own place? You
spend more time with them.

ROB
 C'mon babe, you know how it is.
 We're guys, young, dumb and full
 of...

Mia continues throwing clothes in her cases. Rob pleads.

ROB (CONT'D)
 ... fun. They don't mean nothing.

MIA
 No, I, don't mean nothing! You and
 your goons are immature fools, you
 are not, twenty anymore.

ROB
 Babe, listen up, okay I get it, I
 was an asshole last night, but I
 was gonna ask you something
 important so just calm down yeah?

MIA
 Don't you tell me to calm down, I
 mean, this guy thing is out of
 control. We all like the Lakers,
 who doesn't? But this?

She points at posters everywhere, Lakers T shirts draped over
 the sofa, baseball bats and signed balls in cases.

MIA (CONT'D)
 Whatever it is you want, the
 answer's No! No, I can't stomp up
 another twenty for dead rats to
 feed that horrible god damned
 snake of yours! Look at this shit
 hole. I love you, you know I do,
 but you, a snake and your
 neanderthal goons, not exactly a
 love nest, more like a rats nest.

Tears streaming, Mia grabs her cases and slams the door into
 Robs face. Upset - Rob talks to the back of the closed door.

ROB
 Will you marry me? No? FUCK!

Rob surveys the shit hole apartment. He throws the ring at
 the wall, it flies out the open window. Rob rushes to the
 window. A bum is holding the ring in the air. He sees Rob, a
 gold tooth glints as he grins before he runs for it.

7 EXT. JARDINE AVE - NIGHT

7

PIZZA FACE (late teens) Kentucky red neck, is playing air
 guitar with AARON (20'S) all round meat head.

Rob runs up to them.

ROB

Hey! Guitar heroes! Did you see that bum? He's got my ring.

They grin stupidly at him. Rob runs down the street. The bum has vanished, a souped up BMW burns rubber past him, looks like the driver was the bum. Angry, Rob kicks the dumpster. Hurt his foot - now hopping after the car in pain.

Aaron and Pizza Face, laughing, pull out their cells. Filming.

PIZZA FACE

Awesome.

AARON

A cripple after a bum in a beamer - major dope.

8

EXT. AMERICAN CONSTRUCTION COMPANY SITE - DAY

8

A siren screams knock off. A PA calls all staff to assemble before they leave. Goldstein is addressing the men.

GOLDSTEIN

You've all heard that the pandemic has caused global economic uncertainty and our company is in financial trouble. Well, I'm here today to tell you, this is just a rumour - we're fine and dandy.

The crowd cheer.

GOLDSTEIN (CONT'D)

Of course, we have to stop overtime and let some of you go, just as a preventative measure of course.

The workers are irate.

GOLDSTEIN (CONT'D)

Okay, okay, I don't like it any more than you do. Rob'll give you further details. Any questions or problems, see him.

He rushes into his office and calls out to Rob.

GOLDSTEIN (CONT'D)

Rob, get your ass in here.

9

INT. GOLDSTEINS OFFICE - DAY

9

Meagre office 70's style - The CEO and company director portraits hang around wood panelled walls. Rob stares out the window.

GOLDSTEIN

You remind me of myself when I was young. But I didn't get where I am today by enjoying myself, no siree.

Rob bites his tongue - spitting out blood.

GOLDSTEIN (CONT'D)

Son, lets just say life's a challenge but it does ya good to lose out. So, I'm doing you a favour. Get out there, fight to survive - make you a real man.

He gives Rob a playful punch and follows Robs line of sight. Rob and Goldsteins' (POV) a shiny new Hummer.

GOLDSTEIN (V.O.)

Don't look so shit faced, I know that car's your pride and joy but hey, let's face it son, no one really, needs, a car like that.

ROB

So you're giving me the bullet?

GOLDSTEIN

Course not.

Goldstein thumps Rob on the back like he has won a prize. Opening the door, shoves a list in his hand pushing him outside shouting instructions as he closes the door.

GOLDSTEIN (CONT'D)

Tell the men on this list to finish up Friday, everyone else, all overtime is canned with immediate effect, and that includes you.

Rob is shouting at the closed door, Trev is approaching.

ROB

You're canning my overtime? You can't I need it, my Hummer, my rent, I'll lose everything I got!

TREV

Blimey, don't tell me golden balls is in trouble.

ROB

Golden balls? You no good muvva...

Rob swings at Trev, who ducks and holds Rob down.

ROB (CONT'D)

He's stopping my overtime. And I blew everything I had on Mia's ring. Now she's left me, I lost the ring and I was counting on that overtime to pay the rent and car.

TREV

What the...? Wasn't it Cold spine that said to go into hock for your car in the first place? Some bollocks about public status?

ROB

Yep! He's a real piece of work. No girl, no overtime, no cash. I'm totally fucking screwed.

10 INT. BEADLE & JEROME LAWYERS OFFICE - DAY

10

Guitar Heroes Aaron and Pizza face sit opposite BEADLE(60's)lawyer, DeVito look alike, and JEROME (40's) lawyer, invisibly average. Laughing at the video of Rob chasing the bum.

JEROME

Yeah, he's the perfect desperado.

AARON

Yeah that dude is like, dumb man.

BEADLE

Try not to think son, you'll get ill.

JEROME

That was some lucky bum.

PIZZA FACE

So what's the deal with this guy?

BEADLE

Let's just say, his luck is really about to change.

11 INT. ROBS CRAPPY RENTED SHACK - NIGHT

11

Rob updates his Meta FaceBook profile from "in a relationship" to "single" then back again. Chad and Trev hand out beers.

TREV

You got a face like a slapped arse,
get online, there's loads of birds
out there just gagging for it.

ROB

Nah. I'm done with women.

Rob stares at his facebook profile picture - Mia and Rob laughing together. He changes it to a picture of his snake Palevsky. He logs onto an online job board.

ROB (CONT'D)

Not one fucking job, out there.

TREV

You're such a dopey turd. I say,
we find that fucking tramp, give
him a right good British style
kicking and get your bloody ring
back.

CHAD

I know right, let's beat up the
homeless!

ROB

Nah, fuck the ring, if I've lost
Mia, I won't need it.

TREV

Your problemo mate, is you never
listen to Uncle Trev. Women aint
nothing but trouble why do you
think I aint got one? Never mind
about Mia, you need that bloody
ring back so you can pay your rent
numb nuts. She's right, it's a shit
hole shack, but lose it and you
really would be a number one loser.

BANG BANG BANG-front door. Rob jumps, and opens it. Two
ARROGANT MEAT HEADS (30'S) bouncer types dominate the door.

ARROGANT MEAT HEAD 1

You Rob King?

ROB

Yeah, wassup dudes?

Meat heads grin - one slaps a writ into Robs hands.

ARROGANT MEAT HEAD 2

You've been served. Have a nice day
sir.

Rob opens the letter, an eviction notice. Rob shouts after
the meat heads as they leave.

ROB

Are you shitting me? Oh yeah I'ma gonna have a real nice fucking day. Bet ya get real job satisfaction! Hey wait, got any jobs?

Rob throws himself, deflated on the sofa.

ROB (CONT'D)

I got 48 hours to get out, this number one loser, needs a fucking good drink.

12

INT. DANDY CANDY'S FUDGE GALORE FACTORY - DAY

12

MARTY (30's) Gay, smart, clean freak, germ phobe, stands before the STAFF of Dandy Candy Fudge Galore. He's twiddling his hair nervously standing under a large portrait of the CEO of the company. He is pointing to it.

MARTY

You all know and love our beloved leader, Clive Everitt. I just got word, that he sadly lost his battle with -pause- whatever he was secretly battling with. He passed away on Sunday.

The staff are shocked by the news. Marty stares at the floor. Tears coursing down his face. He tries to deflect his pain.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Who did the floors last night? Horrific, if Clive could see this floor he'd drop dead with shame.

JOELINE (30'S), gender fluid, joker, quips.

JOELINE

Sounds like he's already seen em then.

Marty glares at Joeline.

MARTY

Bad taste humor is neither appropriate nor appreciated.

The staff hide shameful smiles. Joeline hangs her head. Nickola wails dramatically - echoing through the factory.

MARTY (CONT'D)

I know Nickola, it's a shock. He was the best boss, and friend. Not even 50, too young to just die. Clean up this floor, out of respect.

13 INT. MARTY'S WEST HOLLYWOOD PENTHOUSE APARTMENT - NIGHT 13

Joeline pours wine - Marty mops up drips.

MARTY

I thought we were close - why
didn't he tell me he was sick?

JOELINE

He was a proud brave man babe, he
was just like you, my hero.

Joeline tries to kiss Marty, he avoids, she kisses thin air.

JOELINE (CONT'D)

You hate the dress that much? Or is
it the blonde wig?

Marty twiddles his hair, tears rolling - he lets out a deep
anguished sigh.

MARTY

How can you be so cold, not even
one tear?

JOELINE

You know I can't cry, never have.
Sorry! I thought you'd need me
right now, I'll leave you alone.

MARTY

Of course I need you - as Joel.

Awkward silence, Joeline looks at the floor.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Sorry. I could do with your company
though, if you'll stay awhile?
C'mon, gimme your hand.

Marty kisses Joeline - she puts her hand in his, he squirts
hand sanitizer into it and demonstrates how to rub it in.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Just remember to clasp your hands
like this, no bacteria for 24 hrs!

JOELINE

What's wrong with bacteria, at
least it enjoys my company.

Marty yawns and picks up VINNIE, a well fed pug dog.

MARTY

Come on Vinnie, time for beddy
byes, me and Aunty Joeline are
gonna get down and dirty tonight.

JOELINE

Really? Even with the dress?
Awesome!

Marty looks at the floor.

MARTY

Hell yeah. That dirty floor is a
two man job!

14 INT. ROBS CRAPPY RENTED SHACK - DAY 14

Rob wakes up clutching Mia's I love you teddy. SAD-He checks his messages - nothing - he takes a picture of the Teddy and sends to Mia. He kisses his snake PALEVSKY throws him a thawed rat. Fighting tears, he dresses and leaves.

15 EXT. ROBS FRONT GARDEN - DAY 15

Visibly downtrodden, he drags himself up the garden to the mail box and collects his mail. A letter, posh parchment. He delicately opens it and reads, several times. He starts running, holding the letter up like a winning lottery ticket.

ROB

They gotta be shitting me.

16 EXT. STEFANOS PIZZA ON SUNSET - DAY 16

Rob bursts into the pizza shop grinning like an idiot. Trev is already there.

TREV

Bloody hell, let me guess, you've
just spotted another F cup.

ROB

Better than that dude!

TREV

No way, really? A G?

ROB

No tit head! I got a letter about a
long lost relative that's kicked
the bucket, I'm a beneficiary!

TREV

Beneficiary my arse. That's a good
one! With your luck, you'll
probably inherit a debt.

17

INT. BEADLE & JEROME LAWYERS OFFICE - DAY

17

Beadle and Jerome sit at a conference table it's more like a wake. Marty is already seated opposite them. Rob arrives late, - paint splattered overalls.

BEADLE

Mr King can you give me your ID. As you're ten minutes late, I suggest we get straight into it. Jerome?

JEROME

We've been hired to execute the will and testament of a relative of both Rob King and Marty Chapman.

Marty looks Rob up and down in disgust. He pulls his face mask closer to his face.

MARTY

This is a clear mistake, look at us! It's obvious we're not related.

Rob top to toes Marty - the disgust is mutual.

ROB

This bumba clot? He defo don't share none of my dna.

Beadle frowns - Jerome grins.

JEROME

The important thing is, you've both been named as potential beneficiaries of a last will and testament. We have to ensure that our clients' last will is executed to the letter.

BEADLE

Please listen carefully. At this juncture, our client wished to remain anonymous - highly irregular I might add, but this man was also a rather wealthy eccentric.

Jerome opens a file and hands papers to Beadle.

BEADLE (CONT'D)

The real estate sum of worth in question is approximately eight million American dollars and...

Rob leaps up and roughs up Jerome, laughing hard.

ROB

Nice one ass holes, You been punked? I got ya!

(MORE)

ROB (CONT'D)

Where's the cameras? It's gotta be Trev. I'll kill that son of a bitch.

BEADLE

I can assure you this is not a joke. Sit down please.

Rob sits down as Marty lets out an overstated sigh.

BEADLE (CONT'D)

The West Hollywood Penthouse estate is valued at eight million American dollars with a further twenty five million in accumulated company shares and assets.

ROB

WEHO? Okay jokers, you've had your fucking laugh. Are you in on this Mary or whatever ya name is.

MARTY

Certainly not! Please shut up and let the man speak.

Marty puts on a facemask, breathing hard.

BEADLE

Thank you Mr Chapman my sentiments exactly. This is the net worth of the estate and you are both named as sole beneficiaries, however...

ROB

Yup, here it comes, lemme guess, to get our hands on it we gotta pay you two jumped up mofo's a big fat fee, well no way jose. Is the word stupid, tattooed on my head?

MARTY

Affirmative.

Rob rises fists clenched.

ROB

I oughta kick your pussy ass.

JEROME

No need for violence Mr King, I can assure you we're a reputable firm of lawyers and have practiced here in these very offices for 25 years. If you wish to walk away from your potential inheritance, acknowledge it now - sign the waiver on your way out, otherwise, SIT.

Rob slumps back on his chair - sheepish.

ROB

If you knew my situation you'd understand I can't be messed with. I'm emotional-my girl just left me.

MARTY

(under his breath)
Clever girl!

Rob and Marty eye each other - it's hate at first sight.

JEROME

This is a highly unusual bequeath in fact we've never seen anything like it, however if you satisfy the conditions of this request one of you will become very, very wealthy.

MARTY

I'm sorry to interrupt, did you say, one of us?

BEADLE

Correct. You each will receive a set of instructions. We'll go through them with you, individually - Mr King first. But, let me warn you. Should you both fail the task, you both lose and the funds will be held in trust for charities.

MARTY

Who are the trustees?

JEROME

We are, we administer many trust funds for various affluent families. It's a standard arrangement for affluent clients.

ROB

So what do we have to do?

BEADLE

Good question Mr King, We will explain to you now, and Mr Chapman if you can come back in an hour we will go over your task.

Jerome shows Marty out. A blind homeless veteran trips Jerome with his white stick on the sidewalk.

JEROME

Go on, beat it, damned dirty war
heroes littering the streets,
what's the world coming to?

18 INT. DANDY CANDY FUDGE & COFFEE SHOP - DAY

18

NELLIE, (50's) Carribean, Mia and JAMES (30'S) Aussie, ripped sleaze bag, are busy - Marty walks in - it's heaving.

MARTY

Greetings my sugary slaves. Just a
flying visit.

Marty runs his fingers across the counter and frowns.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Dust - someone attend please?

NELLIE

Marty, we're run off our feet, we've
sold the vanilla, rum and walnut
and almost out of mocha!

Marty reads the till roll. He's perplexed.

MARTY

That's odd - sales are outstanding!

James approaches from the back of house.

JAMES

Outstanding? Talking about the
size of my didgeridoo again Marty?

James pinches Marty's ass as they embrace.

MARTY

Don't do that
(pause)
at work!

Marty whispers to James.

MARTY (CONT'D)

If only you hadn't slept with that
muscle bound idiot, we could have
been so much more and...

JAMES

It's history. You know me, I can't
do relationships.

Marty pins a flyer to the notice board.

MARTY

I've entered the factory including Dandy Candy in the first WEHO Pride Mardis Gras. Mr Everitts sudden passing makes me realise we need more fun and togetherness.

(pause)

Dirty cups on table 5, please?

Mia cleans the table with Nellie.

NELLIE

I love a mardis gras, full of color joy, music and dancing -I'm in. Before I forget, the special madagascan vanilla essence arrived.

MARTY

Great! I was sweating over that. Bloomingdales order is critical. I'm gonna be at the lawyers office for an hour or so, if you need me leave a message on my cell .

Marty grabs the essence and leaves. The staff discuss him.

MIA

Fun and togetherness? What's got into starchy pants marty?

NELLIE

He was close to Clive Everitt, it was a shock - he's just upset. I do wish he'd get that stick out of his ass though.

JAMES

I think I was the one that put it there!

19 Mia sits down staring at her phone, Nellie approaches. 19

MIA

Look, he sent me the picture of the first Teddy he bought me, when we graduated.

NELLIE

Don't you dare text him, I told you, men need to feel pain. You have to torture him until he's ready to crawl. Ignore it.

MIA

OK, but I miss him so much. He thinks it's money that makes me happy but all I want is his time.

Rob is arguing with Beadle and Jerome.

ROB

So lemme get this straight. I move into an 8 million bucks penthouse that a random dude is renting. I have to convince him to leave of his own free will within 30 days, No threats, then it's mine. But if he refuses, that Marty dude inherits it instead of me.

JEROME

Correct. I'm afraid your benefactor was a notable game player, eccentricity often partners extreme wealth. We argued the terms on your behalf but he was adamant.

ROB

And what's this tenant dude like? If he's a jerk like that Marty guy, it'd be game over for him.

Mr Beadle and Jerome look at eachother smothering laughter.

ROB (CONT'D)

Seriously dude, how can he be my relative, must be very distant!

JEROME

We are not at liberty to elaborate any further I'm afraid. As for the existing tenant you will find out his identity when you move in, if you accept the task.

ROB

So what if I don't move in?

BEADLE

Simple, you lose and Marty gets your share - are you willing to decline? Less admin for us, would certainly make our lives easier.

ROB

That jumped up prick get my dues? No fucking way! What's he gotta do?

BEADLE

That's confidential. I suggest you focus on your brief.

(MORE)

BEADLE (CONT'D)

But I must warn you, if you coerce the tenant in any way, or if the tenant cant pay the rent and gets evicted, you lose the lot to the trust.

JEROME

There are specific guidelines as to the form your tenant must sign if he agrees to leave. And when and where you have to lodge it. Satisfy those exact conditions, and you will inherit not only the apartment but a considerable asset in shares.

ROB

Hey, I got nothing to lose. I'm in bro.

21 INT. ROOSEVELT HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

21

Rob, Trev and Chad prop up the bar.

ROB

Dudes, you won't believe what's going down in WEHO.

TREV

Boys town? I knew it, you've finally come out?

ROB

Shut it. I saw the lawyers, there's a pad worth 8 million bucks there, I gotta move into it with some random dude who lives there. I got 30 days to get him to leave, and if he agrees, I get the pad, and something like 25 million bucks.

TREV

Sure you do - you believe this shit? Stuff like this don't happen to you.

ROB

That's what I thought but its real. Lawyers said an eccentric relative. But there's a guy called Marty, he has a task too and if he loses and I lose - then it all goes to charity. I mean, what better charity could there be than me?

CHAD

I know right, I've always said Rob is a charity case for sure.

Trev brandishes his fist - a wicked grin.

TREV

We'll soon get this tosser out.

ROB

That was my first thought, but we can't threaten the prick and he can't be evicted either.

ROB (CONT'D)

If this benefactor is a relative of mine, what kind of fucked up mother is he or she?

TREV

Fucked up you say? I'd say it's definitely a relative of yours.

ROB

Very funny. Best of all...

TREV

We can all move in?

CHAD

We can stay up late and have orgies.

ROB

I could get Mia back - She'd love a flash penthouse apartment in West Hollywood! I can give her the love nest she deserves. Finally some good luck.

22

INT. BEADLE & JEROME LAWYERS OFFICE - DAY

22

Beadle shoves a sheath of paperwork into Robs hands.

BEADLE

I've got your signed forms, so only thing left for me to do is wish you luck. Oh and here are the keys. Remember, you have to give the existing tenant 48 hours notice in writing before you move in.

ROB

C'mon, tell me who my mystery benefactor is? Who could I be related to that's filthy rich?

JEROME

No can do. Just focus on your own brief.

(MORE)

JEROME (CONT'D)

Remember the contract is extremely specific, you mustn't threaten that tenant. If you do, it's curtains!

ROB

I'm down with that, I'm a cool, likable kind of guy you know.

Beadle almost chokes on his coffee and mops it off his tie.

ROB (CONT'D)

I'm sure he'll be reasonable and happy to find somewhere else once I explain it all to him.

23

INT. MARTYS WEST HOLLYWOOD PENTHOUSE APARTMENT - NIGHT

23

Rob, Trev and Chad are standing in Martys lounge. Marty is irate standing defiantly hands on hips.

ROB

You?

MARTY

I don't care what the stakes are, You're NOT moving in!

ROB

Good, so sign the form, I win.

MARTY

Over my dead body.

TREV

That can be arranged.

Marty looks at their feet in horror - dirty boots! He gestures for them to remove them. Rob tries to calm the situation.

ROB

No problemo, we'll take em off. We work in construction, building sites and shit.

MARTY

I've got no time for this, I'm knee deep in fudge packing right now.

The guys exchange dirty laughs and looks. Rob grins.

ROB

I bet you are, it's kinda obvious.

MARTY

You haven't ever heard or seen the adverts? Dandy Candy Stores - home of the fudge that packs a punch?

The guys giggle like schoolboys. Marty is irritated.

MARTY (CONT'D)

We have a large order that requires packing and I need to supervise, so if you will just step aside please.

Marty fumbles for his inhaler, breathing frantically Chad investigates a naked white statue.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Don't touch my Adonis, it's expensive, and urgh, you've got, god knows how many germs.

The atmosphere - brittle. Marty pushes them out.

MARTY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry but you need to go, now. This whole thing is clearly a mistake, I'll talk with those lawyers in the morning. We're not related and you are not moving in.

The men stand their ground hackles raised.

TREV

Oh dear, here we go boys.

Chad chuckles as Rob throws them a sideways glance, his fists clenched ready for a fight. Marty's cell interrupts the mood. He leaves to answer it. Trev whispers to the boys.

TREV (CONT'D)

Wicked apartment mate, worth fighting for.

CHAD

I know right!

ROB

Hey, Dandy Candy Fudge, Mia works in the one on the Boulevard, wonder if she knows him.

CHAD

Maybe she can talk to him for you?

ROB

She's never mentioned this prick, guess he just runs the factory.

(MORE)

ROB (CONT'D)

One things for sure, I aint gonna move in with his type - did ya see the way he looked down at me! Up himself, is what he is.

TREV

He'll be right up you if you move in with him. But you've got to stick to the plan, you can't lose this place, it's bloody amazing.

Vinnie trots in, jumps up at Rob. Rob bends down to play wrestle with him. They laugh at Vinnie's fart till they smell it. Marty approaches them hurriedly.

MARTY

I thought I asked you to leave. Oh, I see you've met Vinnie.

ROB

Yeah, cool dog, whatcha feed him? Cabbage? He stinks worse than Chad.

MARTY

Oh I doubt that! I've gotta go out. The bottom line is, you won't be getting me to leave, any time soon, just give up now and go, Sorry.

Rob sighs as he slaps a written notice into Marty's hand.

ROB

I don't believe in goodbyes, makes me sad. Here's your 48 hours notice. Hasta la vista, Mary!

24

INT. MARTY'S WEST HOLLYWOOD PENTHOUSE APARTMENT - DAY 24

The Dandy Candy staff are meeting to practice a dance for the LGBTQIA+ Mardis Gras float competition. Joeline, Nickola, James, Mia and Nellie are listen to Marty lamenting.

MARTY

Muscle bound construction worker brute, he's so disgustingly inappropriate! I can't live with his type.

Joeline hugs Marty, shooting hostile eyes towards James.

JOELINE

And what is your type, handsome?

NICKOLA

Ooh, I'd love to live with a
straight disgustingly inappropriate
muscle bound construction worker.
Are you sure it couldn't work?

MARTY

It'll never work, him and his -
homies - we're chalk and cheese.

Mia and Nellie are handing out fancy cocktails.

NELLIE

Did I hear right? Construction
worker homos?

MIA

Homies!

Mia's phone pings several times. She is about to respond.
Nellie grabs it, looks at Robs messages and deletes them.

NELLIE

I know you love him, but you have
to listen to me girl, make that boy
suffer, ooze with pain, if you
really care about him of course.

They practice dance steps from youtube - they're rubbish.
Marty's hands are planted against his face.

MARTY

We're gonna be a laughing stock.

JAMES

Don't worry, by crikey I'm gonna
shake my tail feathers just for
you ya know. Anyway it's only a bit
of fun - no point stressing.

James pinches Marty's bum - Joeline jealously wedging
herself in between James and Marty.

JOELINE

We go back such a long way babe. I
mean, we've got something more
special than Crocodile skin Dundee.

MARTY

Be nice, you know I still love him.
Nellie has created a grand finale
dance just for you and me, happy
now? You tempestuous mare.

Joeline kisses Marty's hand glaring at James, who is pouring
drinks - he glares daggers back.

JOELINE

Let's practice cheek to cheek.

Marty pushes Joeline away gently.

MARTY

Cheek is something you don't need to practice. It's late, we should wrap this up. I've got to prepare the spare room for that monster! I'll see you all tomorrow.

JOELINE

If that's what you really want.

Joeline shoots an icy glare at James as she leaves with Nellie and Mia. James stays behind, alone with Marty.

MARTY

Glass of red?

JAMES

Just poured it cobber.

Marty becomes distant.

MARTY

James, I need to tell you something, but you gotta promise faithfully to keep it a secret.

JAMES

No worries mate, spill em.

MARTY

Clive told me we were in financial trouble but he never mentioned he was terminally ill - why!

JAMES

Dandy Candy in financial trouble? Thats weird - the shop is so busy.

MARTY

That's what I thought, Clive said the Bloomingdales order will buy us a few months. Now he's gone, and then I get this chance to own the apartment and financial assets the this Rob guy shows up - to take it. So you see, it's not a bit of fun, we have to win the pride float competition money or the factory closes and we all lose out.

25 EXT. IMPERIAL STREET - NIGHT

25

Sad, Joeline watches the silhouette of Marty and James embracing by the window. she rides away on her lambretta - her dress balloons behind her. Her blonde wig flies off with a red patent high heel.

JOELINE

Fuck it!

26 EXT. WEST HOLLYWOOD IMPERIAL APARTMENT BLOCK - DAY

26

A rust bucket truck back fires like an Uncle Bucks re-run. Trev and Chad help Rob unload battered possessions.

ROB

Mia hated these Lakers prints, god
I miss arguing with that bitch.

TREV

(rolling eyes)
Love aint just blind, its also deaf
dumb and stupid!

BUILDING MANAGER (50's), pompous, approaching like a steam engine. He points a sausage like finger at Rob.

BUILDING MANAGER

You there, who're you delivering
furniture for? This is highly
irregular you know. It says quite
clearly in section one of the...

ROB

Dude, I don't give a shit about
section whatever. I'm moving in.

Rob points to the penthouse, the manager raises an eyebrow eyeing Rob and the boys contemptuously.

BUILDING MANAGER

(laughing scornfully)
I think you have the wrong building
dude.

(pause)

Make a right, budget home rentals
dot com are the first block. Or the
trailer park is...

Rob grabs him by his collar.

ROB

Budget home rentals, trailer park?
Didn't yo momma ever tell yo never
judge a book by its' cover?

Rob lets him go. The building manager, buzzes Marty's apartment - he is whispering into the intercom. Rob and the boys are laughing as they listen to a very loud Marty.

MARTY O.S.

Hello? What? Right now? Yes, I know he is, Yes it's for real and yes it's a nightmare. I assure you, it'll be very temporary.

27 INT. MARTY'S WEST HOLLYWOOD PENTHOUSE APARTMENT - DAY 27

Trev and Chad stack boxes into a room. Rob unpacks.

TREV

This place is bloody fantastic.

ROB

Yeah, but I ain't staring at none of them pictures.

Chad and Trev burst out laughing. They replace some naked male artistic impressions with block mounted Lakers posters.

TREV

Mia will be all over you like a rash now.

ROB

I've texted her every hour, she just ignores me. It's eating me up.

TREV

The only way to get over someone is to get under someone else.

CHAD

Yeah, I've been trying to get over someone for ages.

ROB

Who?

CHAD

Anyone who'll let me.

TREV

Twat.

Marty is approaching angrily.

MARTY

What the hell do you think you're doing? Those are greek impressions.

CHAD

I havent seen Greek ones but I do a good impression of Bon Jovi.

ROB

You've had your notice, you can always move out bro.

CHAD

I know right. Trev says it's gonna be our new shag palace.

MARTY

Urgh, that's disgusting.

ROB

Why not save us both the pain, just find somewhere else.

Rob holds up the consent form - Marty grabs it, rips it up throwing confetti in his face. Trev and Chad chuckle. Rob points to a room. The beds made, guest towels folded on top.

ROB (CONT'D)

That's my room, yeah?

MARTY

Yes but I don't want YOU in any room. This is a classy neighbourhood. I can't breathe...

Marty waves his arms, panting, looking around helpless.

ROB

Dude, chillax, I'm a good guy. I'll do all I can to help you find somewhere else. No hard feelings.

Rob holds out his hand to shake, Marty snorts and stamps his foot in anger. Rob visibly hardens as he retracts his hand slowly. He faces Marty nose to nose, fists clenched.

ROB (CONT'D)

Listen up Mary, this is the only break I've ever gotten in my miserable life. I aint losin it.

Rob shows Marty his fist, Marty grabs it, they clench hands and attempt an arm wrestle in the air, but Marty wins.

MARTY

Mary huh? Let me break it down for you again, Nob! I've got a lifetime lease, I'm not going anywhere.

Awkward silence: Vinnie jumps around excitedly he pisses up Trevs leg. RING: Martys' silly ring tone breaks the ice, he answers the phone.

MARTY (CONT'D)
Hello, yes, what? At the factory?
You're kidding, now?

Chad brings in more boxes. Marty screams down the phone!

MARTY (CONT'D)
Please call James, I'm in the
middle of a situation - I can't
deal with it right now.
Well tell Nickola not to do it!
Whadya mean she won't listen? Okay,
okay, I'm coming.

Marty struggles to dress himself while still on the phone.
Rob hangs up his clothes, Marty approaches.

MARTY (CONT'D)
Emergency at work, gotta go. I
concede you have a right to stay
but your gang of reprobates have
gotta go!

Trev and Chad make faces behind Marty's back. Rob nods and
smiles amicably.

ROB
It's cool - they're just helping,
me move in then they'll be off.

MARTY
Gee thanks, you're all heart!

Marty squirts his hands with hand sanitizer and pushes it
into Robs hands. He runs out the door. Flustered.

Rob is excited, he is running around the massive apartment.

ROB
Who's got the beers?

They clink bottles and crank up the stereo.

28

INT. BEADLE & JEROME LAWYERS OFFICE - DAY

28

Beadle and Jerome brief Pizza face and Aaron.

BEADLE
When we make the call to Marty,
he'll drive to New York.

AARON
What if he flies? Or don't even go?

JEROME
He'll go, he's predictable he's got
a germ phobia and fear of flying.

BEADLE

That's not your problem, all you gotta worry about is getting ahead of him and making his life shit wherever you can. And above all delay him, he'll crack under the pressure.

29

INT. DANDY CANDY'S FUDGE GALORE FACTORY - DAY

29

JUAN (30's) gender fluid Black Brazillian stands with Joel aka Joeline now dressed in safety gear as a man. They're shouting at Nickola who is climbing a high ladder in heels.

JOEL

Come down, Marty said not to do it!

JUAN

Cuidado! Nickola you're no clipped into de safety harness. Or wearing de health and safety outfit.

Nickola ignores them.

NICKOLA

I don't like those health and safety trousers, I can do it in my dress. I'll show you.

Nickola misses a rung in the ladder she wobbles then regains her balance. A necklace breaks, the beads one by one fall PLOP, PLOP, PLOP into the cooling creamy fudge mix. Flailing arms to catch beads - SPLAT - Nickola nose dives into it.

NICKOLA (CONT'D)

You can really taste the vanilla.

Juan is fishing with a giant net. Covered in cooling fudge, dress around neck, knickers on show, Juan hauls Nickola out. She crawls to a chair - now a screaming mess.

Marty arrives - worried.

MARTY

C'mon now, just relax. What a state! Tell me, what happened?

Nickola coughs and splutters. Juan explains while Joel brings Nickola a coffee and factory overalls.

JUAN

Nickola was up de ladder adding de new madagascan essence to de vat, but her heel, it get stuck, her beads they break and go into de vat, like a diving bird she goes.

Juan starts to laugh, Joel giggles. Nickola wails. Marty's face contorts with rage.

MARTY

Madagascan essence? Which mix did you fall into?

JOEL

Vat two, she lost her heel and pearls in it. We're draining it now, she's lucky she didn't get burnt, the mix was cooling, so it was like a sweet warm wax bath.

Nickola screams with hysteria.

NICKOLA

My Albert bought me those pearls.

Marty runs to Vat two then screams.

MARTY

Vat two? The New York Order! It was Bloomingdales, special - high profit. We'll never fulfill it in time now.

The factory floor is silent, heads hanging with guilt. The rest of the factory workers congregate.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Don't you get it? We needed that order. We ALL needed that order! Oh my god we're all totally FUCKED!

Marty clamps his hands across his eyes and slumps into a chair. He glares at Nickola trembling with fear.

MARTY (CONT'D)

How many times have I told you to present yourself at work in safety gear. Yes you have to wear the male ones because of your size. Don't ever present to work wearing those ridiculous high heels and jewelry! And that wig is a god damned joke!

A collective intake of breath as Nickola bows her head with shame. Marty strides out of the factory. His car burning rubber.

Joel stares after him starry eyed.

JOEL

He's so sexy when he's angry.

30 INT. MARTYS WEST HOLLYWOOD PENTHOUSE APARTMENT - NIGHT 30

Marty is surveying the wreckage. Empty bottles, take away boxes and rubbish everywhere. Trev, Chad, and Rob are singing out of tune to rock music. Marty totally flips.

MARTY

Papa Roach? No way. Why are your friends still here?

ROB

Yo it's Mary!

Vinnie ambles up wagging his curl, Marty whispers to him.

MARTY

Don't worry boy, we won't let him get away with this, your daddy will think of something, he always does.

31 INT. DANDY CANDY FUDGE & COFFEE SHOP - DAY 31

Marty is sipping a latte outside under an umbrella. Joeline is approaching, cleopatra style wig, wearing overstated sexy clothes. Exaggerating her moves and enjoying male admirers. She kisses Marty on the cheek in an over the top fashion.

JOELINE

What's so terrible you actually bother to text me for an early morning coffee? James's didgeridoo didn't do the trick?

MARTY

I could jump off the top of that Hollywood Sign.

JOELINE

Oh babe, what's wrong?

Joeline leans in close as Marty whispers.

MARTY

My home's been violated, and the factory... We're finished!

JOELINE

I told her not to do it. I could kill Nickola.

MARTY

I can't think straight, my head hurts, I'm gonna lose everything.

JOELINE

I won't let that happen.

MARTY

I was told that in order to win the inheritance, I have to get him to move out of his own free will. That's never gonna happen.

JOELINE

C'mon let Joeline cheer you up, stay with me till we sort it out. Me and you...

MARTY

For the last time, there's no me and you! Can't you make up your mind what you are. I don't like the female thing. I'm a gay man, I like men. You looked so good yesterday in those overalls, but today ... I need your friendship, not to be hit on by a...

JOELINE

By a what? A gender fluid confused freak like me? Okay, I'm down with that, freak me baby, oh yeah.

MARTY

Okay, I hear you, but can't you be serious for one minute?

JOELINE

You said the factory had a month at best? Why? I don't understand?

MARTY

To be honest, neither do I. Sales are excellent and our overheads are low. But Clive showed me the figures, we're going bust. I'm just not getting it.

JOELINE

Yeah, I know that feeling.

Marty stands up angry, Joeline pulls him down.

JOELINE (CONT'D)

Okay, okay, Perhaps it's a mistake?

MARTY

That inheritance came like a breath of fresh air and would've saved us all. Rob and his macho mugs are ruining it. I'm not gonna be able to pay the wages and that includes my rent at the end of the month. Rob will win the apartment.

(MORE)

MARTY (CONT'D)

That's why I entered us in the pride float competition - winning it, is our only hope.

JOELINE

Well we gotta get Nob to move out.

32

INT. MARTYS WEST HOLLYWOOD PENTHOUSE APARTMENT - NIGHT 32

Rob's wasted on the white leather sofa, beer bottles around him. Heavy metal greatest hits DVD is playing on continuous, Vinnie snores in his sleep next to Rob. Marty shuts the music off unimpressed. He collects the bottles, Rob wakes up.

ROB

Yo dude, How's it hanging?.

MARTY

By a strangulated noose.

ROB

Yeah, whatever.

MARTY

I can't deal with anything anymore.

Marty sighs - exhausted.

MARTY (CONT'D)

You win, I lose, you've officially ruined my life.

ROB

Dude, I aint in the business of ruining lives, but for once I gotta think of my own. If you agree to go that would be cool.

MARTY

Not so cool for me though. I can't pay the rent due at the end of this month, and my lease is strict, one missed payment by even a day and I breach contract - I'll be evicted, so you'll win by default anyway.

ROB

Seriously? What about the fudge that packs a punch I thought you had a big business and all that.

MARTY

It's a long story, the company has serious financial problems. Unless I find twenty grand by the end of the month, it's all over for me.

ROB

Hold up, hold up, if you get evicted, I lose too! Those money grabbing lawyers take it. You better fucking find that money for the rent or it won't just be your fudge that packs a punch.

MARTY

Typical of your type always resorts to violence. If my company goes down, I can't even pay my workers.

Marty kicks at empty beer cans and pizza boxes.

MARTY (CONT'D)

I'm really tired, I can't even think in a mess like this.

ROB

Yeah, we did kinda get rowdy. Go to bed, I'll do it first thing.

Marty snorts rolling his eyes.

MARTY

Forget it, I'll do it now, myself.

ROB

Stop stressing like a sad assed girl. C'mon many hands make light work and all that shit! We gotta think of a solution, you gotta pay your rent dude, or we both lose.

Rob rolls up his sleeves, and puts on rubber gloves. Marty does exactly the same in the same way - laughing at each other they work together. Marty relaxes - the place is clean.

ROB (CONT'D)

Okay, so aint you going in for one of those gay pride float things? P'raps, we can help.

MARTY

I can see it now, Trev, Chad & Rob the silacious sinners dancing trio. I appreciate the thought but, how can you possibly help?

ROB

To be honest, I aint got a clue...

Marty sighs in woe at Rob who grins.

ROB ((CONT'D)

...but I'll think of something.

Marty smiles at Rob and wanders off to bed he turns back to address Rob.

MARTY

Thank you, for tonight, I feel more relaxed now, the stress has been taking its toll. Perhaps we can start again tomorrow, work out a mutually beneficial solution, like adults - a new beginning.

ROB

Okay by me dude - new beginnings.

33

INT. MARTYS BEDROOM - NIGHT

33

Marty turns over in his sleep, he feels for Vinnie - he wakes. A huge one eyed carpet python slowly unwinds and stares Marty straight in the eyes. Marty screams. Vinnie wakes and barks at the snake. Rob bursts in.

MARTY

Rob, don't make any sudden moves!
Call 911! Tell them there's a
fucking mutant snake in my bed.

Rob laughing picks the snake up, hanging it around his neck. Marty is shivering - terrified.

ROB

Meet Palevsky, he must of snuck outa my room, bad ass mother! He's not poisonous, but don't let Vinnie get too close, he'd be delicious.

Marty clutches Vinnie to his chests gasping for air. He reaches for his inhaler.

ROB (CONT'D)

If ya wake up and he's clamped around ya leg just sing out! He's a constrictor. Once he gets to know ya he won't see you as prey.

MARTY

Prey? Get that slimy motherfucker out of here, now!

ROB

Whoa chill out dude, he's harmless. Snakes aint slimy, they're smooth like me. As I said, he ain't toxic, he likes to crush his meals.

MARTY

Oh great! Well that's okay then, we won't get poisoned, we'll be harmlessly crushed to death!

Rob laughing, approaching Marty with the snake.

ROB

C'mon dude, you got Vinnie, I got Palevsky. He's the coolest snake, Look, he only has one green eye!

MARTY

Stay back, stay back, I tell you!

Marty makes a flying dash across the bed with Vinnie. Slamming the bathroom door locked, high pitched screaming.

MARTY (CONT'D)

You and that, that hideous creature get out of my apartment right now.

Rob is highly amused. He approaches the door.

ROB

Just cool it dude, as I said, you've got your pet, I've got mine.

MARTY

Only the devil incarnate likes serpents. Get it out of here, now!

ROB

No can do, Love me, love my snake.

MARTY

I don't love you and I hate your snake! And what sort of stupid name is Palevsky?

Rob laughs loudly. Marty is crying behind the door.

MARTY (CONT'D)

I'm begging you, I'm a grown man, on my knees, get it out of my room, please, and get my inhaler!

Rob enjoying himself.

ROB

You're such a scaredy cat, me and Palevsky are going, adios amigo.

Rob makes pretend foot steps closing the door but stays in the room. Sneaking to the bathroom door, he's waiting. The door inches open, Marty fearfully sticks his head out, terrified eyes sharp to his left - he sighs with relief.

Stepping out gingerly, turning to his right he faces Palevsky. He lunges back into the bathroom, screaming at the door.

MARTY

You son of a bitch! You're the devil! I don't know who's slimier that devils serpent or you?

Rob falls on Martys' bed in hysterics.

ROB

Don't worry Mary, I'll keep him in his tank when you're home. Good night, sleep tight. Hope the devils serpents don't bite!

Rob leaves. Marty inches out with Vinnie. Shouting and barricading the locked door.

MARTY

I don't want your help, I don't care if I get evicted, at least I'll have the comforting thought that you and that serpent lose out too!

34 INT. MARTY'S DANDY CANDY FUDGE FACTORY OFFICE - DAY 34

Marty is frantically adding up figures. Joeline calls in.

JOELINE

Neil wants to know what time the toy party can start tonight?

MARTY

Toy Party? All this crap going on I can't face any kind of party. Red wig? Why're you in drag again?

JOELINE

I don't know, I just have to sometimes. Sorry, I'll call everyone and cancel it. It would likely upset your lodger anyway.

Marty springs up kissing Joeline profusely.

MARTY

That's it! You're a god damned genius. It's time we taught Rob a thing or two about living.

JOELINE

What're you up to?

MARTY

Dress weirder, make sure Nickola comes and bring friends, crazier the better, tell Neil we want him to bring all his most sadistic toys. Let's show the East side boys how the West side girls do it.

Marty watches Joeline leave leaning back in his chair smirking wickedly.

35

EXT. AMERICAN CONSTRUCTION COMPANY SITE - DAY

35

Rob and Trev sweat as they fit doors.

TREV

Batting for the other side yet?

ROB

Nah, but I scared the shit out of Farty last night. What a riot.

TREV

Good, Whaddya do? Show him your weaner or lack thereof?

ROB

He met Palevsky! He's kind of alright sometimes, reminds me of Mia on her monthly's.

TREV

He's kind of alright? Matey you're going bleeding soft in the bonce!

ROB

I'm trying to be nice that's all.

TREV

You're not there to be nice, pillock for brains.

ROB

I feel kinda sorry for him, and I love lil home boy Vinnie.

Trev mimicks Robs words in a high pitched girly voice.

TREV

I feel kinda sorry for him, and I love lil home boy Vinnie.

He drops the high pitched voice.

TREV (CONT'D)

What the bloody hell planet are you on mate?

(MORE)

TREV (CONT'D)

You let him stay and you lose everything including Mia, you total twat!

ROB

Well, get this, he's as broke as we are, and he dont think he can pay next months rent.

TREV

Blimey - that's great news.

ROB

But here's the thing, if he gets evicted, so do I - and we both lose. We gotta find a way to help him pay it, or it goes to charity.

Goldstein is approaching.

GOLDSTEIN

Will you two be done by 4pm? No! Get it done, less talk more work.

Goldstein storms off.

ROB

That bloke is something else. I hate to say it, but we gotta help Farty win this gay float thing - he wont be evicted and if he gets the cash, he might give in to me.

TREV

You're a lost cause, and so thick sometimes. Can't you see? The answer's staring you in the face.

ROB

Go on.

TREV

Get him to leave that apartment, BEFORE he gets evicted, Surely real blokes like us can persuade a fairy in his grotto to relocate his cave!

Rob grabs Trevs' head and kisses it.

ROB

Freaking genius! Let's shut this mofo down - tonight - for good.

36 INT. MARTYS WEST HOLLYWOOD PENTHOUSE APARTMENT - NIGHT 36

Banging chart music - bizarre dressed guests. Sex toys, outfits, gimp masks, whips, wigs and handcuffs on display. Nickola dressed as a sexy female vampire, jumps on the table.

NICKOLA
Lets' get this par-tay started!

A gothic witch with a dildo necklace and a shaved head fairy in leather shorts argue over a rubber foot.

MARTY
This is just what I needed, being surrounded by normality.

JOELINE
I know right.

A commotion at the door. Nickola opens the door. Rob, Trev, and Chad fall in with two muscle heads, JOHN (40's) meat head, wasted, and IMRAN (40's) meat head, dumbstruck, stunned.

ROB
Oh my god

TREV
Oh my god

CHAD
Oh,

IMRAN
my,

JOHN
god

Marty waves as Nickola curtsies.

NICKOLA
Welcome to the house of God.

TREV
Bloody hell.

Drunk Marty and Nickola cha cha in front of the boys.

MARTY
Beer and pizza, how thoughtful.

Nickola whisks away the beer and pizza to the kitchen. The boys stand, swaying, open mouthed. Rob side whispers.

ROB
Guys, balcony, air, now!

MARTY

Balcony? How boring, are you sure you don't wanna join us.

TREV

Never been freaking surer!

Marty slaps a rubber fist in Trevs' hand, who drops it like a hot potato.

Beadle & Jerome dressed as women are clutching bottles of champagne. Rob bumps into them, drunken stares - confused.

ROB

I'm sure I've seen those two somewhere before.

TREV

Now the truth is coming out! Or is it you coming out? I haven't had enough grog for this shit, c'mon you bloody shirt lifter.

They laugh and stagger to the kitchen. Beadle and Jerome find a corner. Beadle scratches his crutch and whispers to Jerome.

BEADLE

Did we have to wear womens' panties?

JEROME

You don't wanna be sniffed out.

BEADLE

This was a stupid idea.

JEROME

You said we need to keep a close eye on them.

Beadle shoots him a concerned look as they mingle. Beadle is pawing at his crutch.

BEADLE

My nuts are itching like hell, I don't know why I listened to you.

JEROME

I think you may be wearing the G String the wrong way round. By the way, I love your perfume.

BEADLE

Sometimes I really worry about you!

37 EXT. BALCONY - NIGHT

37

Rob, Trev and Chad necking shots. Rob sees double swaying side to side.

ROB
I'm feeling a bit queer.

TREV
Don't even get me started on that one.

Rob grabs Vinnie he's got Beadles false teeth in his mouth.

ROB
Hey dude, have we met before?

BEADLE
Maybe, do you go to Pink Punters on a Monday night?

Rob screwed his face up shaking his head. Rob hands Beadle his false teeth. Watching him put them back in.

ROB
I think you may wanna wash those first dude, Vinnie's got a dirty mouth, know what I'm saying?

They watch Vinnie lick his genitals. Everyone laughs.

IMRAN
Urgh, thats the ultimate in gross.

JOHN
Yeah, don't ask me to pash ya till you've cleaned those choppers lady.

TREV
Are you two hiding a terrible secret? C'mon it's time for real men to upset these weirdoes.

38 INT. LOUNGE - NIGHT

38

The guys burst into the lounge deliberately bumping into dancers tripping some up and piss taking their flamboyant ways rudely. The laid back party goers appear to enjoy it.

CHAD
Wow, this place is massive, I think they've got a lot of bathrooms. I heard that Pilot saying he's brought six Bath Plugs.

The guys roar with laughter. Rob dangles a rubber thing.

ROB

Think they're talking bout these,
Butt Plugs.

The men sit out of breath on the sofa watching the flamboyant gay party dance around them.

ROB (CONT'D)

We're not upsetting them at all,
we've failed as men. Maybe we
should all just bend over and take
it up the tailpipe.

TREV

Well plenty of arse bandits here so
you're in the right place for that
one.

ROB

I can't lose this place Trev, it's
my only hope of getting Mia back.

TREV

No more softly softly, we gotta get
tough with this bunch of clowns.
Text Noord and Sammy, the Compton
boys, get em here. He'll leave in a
second. But watch listen and learn.

Trev swaggers to the stereo, he slips in a CD, a British Sex Pistols track - head banging toward a group of guests.

As he's dancing, he swings at a guy - misses, tries again, and again, they dodge him each time. Looks like a new dance craze. They copy his movements to the music. Nickola and Joeline copy the dance move together perfectly. John and Imran join in.

NICKOLA

(to Joeline)

I love this song, and that huge
hulk of a British guy, fresh moves,
he's breathtaking, don't you think?

Nickola plants a lipstick red kiss on Trevs' cheek, the crowd cheer as Trev staggers back to Rob and Chad.

ROB

Oh, you sure showed them clowns.
John and Imran have fucked off now.
Chad did you text the Compton boys?

CHAD

Started to, but battery died.

ROB

Okay, don't bother, this is a waste of time, it's obvious, I'm like, totally fucking screwed anyway.

39 INT. DANDY CANDY'S FUDGE GALORE FACTORY - DAY

39

It's the end of the day. Marty speaks to the workers.

MARTY

Listen up, float dance rehearsals 6pm every night. Let's get serious.

NICKOLA

I heard the factory is in trouble. Is it true?

MARTY

Oh Nickola! Okay, I really didn't wanna tell you yet but, yes you could say that. I gotta find twenty grand in two weeks or we won't get paid this month or any other month.

The workers gasp in shock.

NICKOLA

Are you saying the Dandy Candy Fudge Galore factory and cafes will go bust, unless we win the pride float competition?

MARTY

That's exactly what I'm saying.

40 INT. MARTY'S WEST HOLLYWOOD APARTMENT - NIGHT

40

Marty answers the doorbell to a Marilyn Monroe style Joeline.

JOELINE

I thought you'd like some moral support, assuming that crocodile skin dundee isn't giving it to you in more ways than one!

Awkward silence - Joeline turns to leave. Marty grabs her.

MARTY

Wait! I'm starving, fancy Cuban?

Joelines' face lights up, swinging hips.

JOELINE

I'm just a girl that can't say no!

MARTY

How could I forget?

Marty picks up Robs clothes off the floor throwing them into his bedroom. He smells dead rats in the snakes tank.

MARTY (CONT'D)

I cant believe he has dead rats in his bedroom! He's a dirty beer swilling pig. I wish he'd leave.

JOELINE

I know someone who could make him disappear.

MARTY

Now there's a tantalising thought, but he'd probably haunt me!

JOELINE

Well,our beer swilling pig needs a lesson,I've got an idea.

Joeline rushes to Marty's first aid kit pulling out a large bottle of laxatives - laughing hysterically with Marty she prepares Rob's special surprise meal.

TWO HOURS LATER

Marty and Joeline - tipsy on champagne. Costumes are spread all over the floor. Rob falls through the door - wasted.

JOELINE (CONT'D)

Look it's Rob, p'raps he could join our float as a dancer.

Marty and Joeline snigger. Rob drunkenly laughs.

ROB

Yeah, whatever dud-esses.

MARTY

Would you like some Cuban? There's some in the fridge - the red plate.

JOELINE

Yeah, it's awesome, we saved a big portion, we know you like a feed.

Joeline and Marty are giggling, watching Rob - feeding like a pig at a trough. He tries speaking with a full mouth.

ROB

Why don't you two lovers run off into the sunset together and just find a nice place to live? I need this place to get my girl back.

JOELINE

That's the best thing I've heard
you say Rob, I'm down for that.

MARTY

No, we have work to do. We're
working out how we're gonna win
the Pride float competition.

JOELINE

Our finale dance is awesome Rob, me
and Marty, it's so romantic. I do
a dirty dancing dive.

Rob lets off loud farts. Joeline coughs to hide her laughter.

MARTY

You said you're gonna help us win,
so I found a costume for you.

Marty holds up a lycra outfit, Joeline explodes with
laughter. White faced - Rob grips his stomach it's gurgling.
He stands bolt upright then scoots to the bathroom. He
returns for two seconds but sashays back holding his ass.
Marty and Joeline cry with laughter. Joeline calls out.

JOELINE

Are you alright in there Rob, or
are you stuck on the can?

ROB (O.S.)

I'm fine, really, just fine.

41 INT. MARTY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

41

Joeline and Marty are pulling out performance costumes.

JOELINE

Have you still got that white cat
suit and leggings?

MARTY

Ooh yes, It'd be perfect for our
finale!

Marty rummages drunkenly in the closet. Clothes all over the
floor, he emerges triumphant.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Found em!

Marty helps Joeline get into the leggings.

42 INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

42

Rob staggers to the toilet he hears voices. He places his ear to the wall and listens.

JOELINE O.S.
Oh wow! It's so small. Pull it up
and down, that will make it bigger!

MARTY O.S.
Oh my god! I can't believe how
tight that is, how did you ever get
in there before?

Disgusted Rob leaves the bathroom a large fart makes him run back. He listens again.

JOELINE O.S.
I don't know how I ever managed
it. Sure is a tight squeeze babe.

MARTY O.S.
Push harder. Not that fast. Slowly
does it, that's it.

Horrified, Rob burps and clutches his stomach. He clamps his hand over his mouth, his ass is on the toilet ear on wall.

43 INT. MARTYS BEDROOM - NIGHT

43

Joeline struggles with the tights. Marty pulls fiercely from behind.

MARTY
You're almost all the way in, keep
going! That's great!

JOELINE
Its hurting. Try it from the front.

MARTY
No, I can push harder from behind.
I know you can get in there,
you've done it before. Do you
think a bit of vaseline would
help?

44 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

44

Rob finds a glass and holds it against the wall, pulling expressions of total disgust.

JOELINE O.S.
Vaseline's too messy! I'll take one
big breath and then you push it
all the way up in one go.

MARTY O.S.

That's it, It's coming, I can feel
it coming! Yes, Yes, Oh YES!

45 INT. THE BATHROOM - NIGHT

45

Rob listening: Marty and Joeline finally yank the tights up
over Joeline's hips. R-R-RIP: - the tights have split.

MARTY O.S.

Oh no!

JOELINE O.S.

What?

MARTY O.S.

I've torn it!

JOELINE O.S.

Gimme a mirror so I can see my ass!

Rob throws up, then rushes back to the wall.

46 INT. MARTYS BEDROOM - NIGHT

46

Marty gives Joeline a hand mirror. Joeline wails as she looks
behind into the mirror.

JOELINE

It's a huge gaping hole! Now what?

MARTY

We're gonna need a gaping hole
specialist to stitch that one up!

BANG BANG BANG, on the bedroom door. Joeline opens it wearing
a white masked outfit. Robs expression twists as his bowels
gurgle. Embarrassed, Rob staggers away - wind assisted.
Joeline & Marty high five laughing hard.

47 INT. MARTYS WEST HOLLYWOOD PENTHOUSE APARTMENT - DAY

47

Rob falls out of bed, draping Palevsky around his neck. He
approaches the lounge - he hears music and curses.

ROB

Sick freaks playing shit this
early?

He passes a wall clock in the hall and stops dead.

ROB (CONT'D)

Midday? Geez! oh my head!

48

INT. THE KITCHEN - DAY

48

Looking like a bum with Palevsky around his neck, Rob raids the fridge searching for food. He discovers an omelette with a note reading "ROB, BREAKFAST - HEAT UP."

ROB
Nice one Mary.

He stops to text Mia, telling her he loves her. He puts microwave on, then makes coffee. His phone pings, she messaged him back. Grinning he sips on his coffee and reads.

MIA
(text message)
What are you doing babe?

Rob texts her back grinning happily.

ROB
(text message)
Just hanging with Palevsky - we miss you babe.

MIA
(text message)
Miss you too babe xx

A familiar girly screech draws his attention to the lounge. Peeping - Mia is twerking with Nellie - he misses his mouth pouring hot coffee all over his genitals.

ROB
Fucking hell, my balls are on fire.

He wrenches open the fridge and tips ice cold water on the burnt area. He shrieks louder, leaping like a gymnast.

ROB (CONT'D)
Holy mother of god!

Juan jogs through the kitchen he crosses himself and appraises Rob for a few seconds.

JUAN
Muy bueno. You holy man, you have de good ballet moves. You are new and here for de practice - no?

Rob is grinning stupidly, Juan goes back to the lounge where Nellie is teaching a twerking lesson.

JUAN (CONT'D)
We should give the new guy a part he sure can pirouette and leap into de air.

Rob is leaning against the bench holding frozen peas against his family jewels talking to Palevsky.

ROB
What the fuck's she doing here?

He peaks at Mia twerking - she stops and texts. Then approaches the kitchen. Rob grabs Palevsky - frantic - gotta hide.

ROB (CONT'D)
Oh no, bouncing C cup approaching.

He darts left to right and jumps in the pantry, pulling the door shut-peeking through the louvred slats. Mia, takes an ice cube running it over her body in time to the music. Hypnotised - an erection begins to rise, and rise, and rise.

ROB (CONT'D)
Down boy, not the beast, not now!

Nellie shouts out to Mia.

NELLIE O.S.
Girl, can you grab Martys inhaler?
It's in the pantry, middle shelf.

Rob holds the louvres closed with his fingertips.

ROB
Oh please lord, show me SOME mercy!

YANK: Mia pulls the door - Ding - his phone signals a text. Robs fingers white knuckles holding it shut. Mia puts a leg up and pulls harder. CRACK: The louvre door rips off. Mia stumbles back - Rob grinning Palevsky around his neck, his erection points straight at her.

ROB (CONT'D)
I can explain, you see, I spilt
coffee on my...

Mia's eyes focus on Robs erection. Marty runs into the room.

MARTY
Get that wretched serpent out of
here.

Marty spies Robs erection poking through his shorts.

MARTY (CONT'D (CONT'D)
You're a shameful, very sick man.

Rob steps away humiliated. Marty comforts Mia - shocked.

MIA
I can't believe Rob is here, and, it
was, so, so big!

MARTY

You know him? Oh god, he's Rob the ex you split from? Thank god you came to your senses. And yes, that snake of his is horribly big.

MIA

I wasn't talking about the snake!

49 INT. THE KITCHEN - DAY

49

Mia begins crying, comforted by Joeline & Marty.

NELLIE

He's a good looking boy, maybe it's time to forgive, are you sure you don't wanna tell him about the baby?

JOELINE

If he knows, you'll never get rid of him. Better he doesn't know.

Mia flees to the bathroom. Joeline whispers to Marty.

JOELINE (CONT'D)

We have to do something radical about him once and for all.

50 INT. BEADLE & JEROME LAWYERS OFFICE - DAY

50

Jerome holds a cloth over the phone and telephones Marty. He disguises his voice. Beadle and Pizza face watch.

Marty answers the phone.

MARTY O.S.

Hello.

JEROME

Can I speak with Mr Chapman please.

MARTY O.S.

Speaking. Who is this?

JEROME

My name is Doctor Paul Claude from the New York Memorial Hospital. I've been given your number by records department, it would seem you are the only living relative of a Mr Charles Chapman, your father?

MARTY O.S.

Yes, but I haven't spoken to him for years, we had a falling out you see. Is he okay?

JEROME

I'm afraid not, hence the reason for my call at this very early hour. I'm sorry, but he's had a cardiac arrest, currently stable but assisted by a life support machine, there's no easy way to say this Mr Chapman, but he has a few days at the most, and he's asked to see you.

51 INT. MARTY'S WEST HOLLYWOOD APARTMENT - DAY

51

It's morning still dark, a letter slides under the door. Rob wakes up and heads to the door. Marty suddenly appears.

MARTY

Rob!

ROB

Damn! You scared the sperm outa me! About yesterday...

Rob stops abruptly, Marty looks distressed.

ROB (CONT'D)

You okay?

MARTY

I've gotta go to New York. Can I trust you to look after Vinnie for me?

ROB

Sure, say hello to the big apple for me bro, partying with the trannies?

MARTY

You really haven't known a gay man before have you Rob. It's my father we haven't spoken for ten years, he couldn't accept who I am. He's dying and wants to see me.

ROB

Oh shit, that's hardcore -sorry.

They extend knuckles and pad them together.

ROB (CONT'D)

I won't let Palevsky near Vinnie boy, besides he prefers Chihuahua.

MARTY

Don't even joke about that
serpents' eating habits, or I won't
go! Vinnie is everything to me.

ROB

Just kidding dude. Wanna lift to
LAX?

MARTY

I'm plane phobic, driving there but
cos of time I'll have to brave the
flight back. I'll get Joeline to
drive my car back. Can you get
your guys to maybe help fix up the
float, we've got two weeks that's
all, it's like boom or bust.

Marty sees the letter under the door, he picks it up and
shoves it in his pocket. Rob rubs his hands with glee.

52 INT. JOELINES APARTMENT - DAY

52

Joeline is just going out, her cell is ringing.

JOELINE

Buenos dias Victorio you naughty
boy. I'd know that heavy breathing
anywhere.

MARTY. O.S.

It's me. Would you come to New
York with me?

Joeline jigs a silent crazy dance with joy.

JOELINE

You phoned me this early to ask me
to go to New York, baby, that's so
romantic. When dya wanna go?

MARTY

Now!

JOELINE

I know I said be spontaneous but...

MARTY

My dads' sick. I can't leave the
factory for long at this critical
time, so I'll have to fly back, we
can drive there, but I need you to
drive the car back for me, okay?

Joeline's face drops.

JOELINE
I'll be ready in five.

MARTY O.S.
I'll be there in four!

53 EXT. SUNSET BLVD KOWLOON APARTMENTS - DAY

53

Joeline waits on the sidewalk - Marty's BMW Z4 convertible sports car, top down, screams to a halt.

Marty throws cases in the boot cursing.

MARTY
Couldn't you've been Joel for me?

JOELINE
I was going to the monthly drag queens breakfast with Victorio!

MARTY
I'm sorry, ignore me, too much shit going on in my head. Forgive me?

JOELINE
Always and Forever.

Marty puts his driving gloves on. He cleans the steering wheel and squirts sanitizer into Joelines hands.

JOELINE (CONT'D)
Can't you forget sanitiser, just live a little, be dirty for once.

MARTY
Germs Joeline, they're all around us, everywhere, invading your inner spaces, on money, on everything, they're crawling on you right now!

JOELINE
If you say so boss.

Marty laughs at Joelines face.

MARTY
Don't know what I'd do without you.

JOELINE
You'd have to do the washing up and clean the floors by yourself!

MARTY
You're cruel! Stick this letter in your bag, probably a final demand.

Stereo on, they head onto the freeway into the sunrise.

INT. BEADLE & JEROME LAWYERS OFFICE - DAY

Jerome is on the phone to Pizza face

BEADLE

Marty is heading out now, he's with a woman. Get on the plane in an hour. Tickets are at check in. When they show up mess with them like we said. A trip like this is another expense he can't afford, if Marty's evicted we all win.

54

INT. MARTY'S WEST HOLLYWOOD APARTMENT - NIGHT

54

Mia is stroking Vinnie on the sofa. Rob hands her a coffee.

ROB

Strong and sweet like me. You know I texted you like a thousand times, Facebook, Wattsapp and Telegram! My heart aches boo.

Rob sits down, Mia snuggles up to him.

MIA

We're not twenty anymore babe, you got to grow up, be responsible. I couldn't believe my eyes when I saw you here at Marty's, with Palevsky.

ROB

Well the way it's going it won't be his for long. Martys' gonna get evicted if he can't pay his rent.

MIA

Yes, the factory is in trouble.

ROB

Only thing we can do is try to get Farty to leave before he gets evicted. I've been as obnoxious as I can but the awkward little prick is still hanging on.

MIA

Marty is a lovely man, what's wrong with you, we need to help him.

ROB

Fuck Marty, he can look after himself. You know I told you about the inheritance thing, well if he gets evicted, its all over.

(MORE)

ROB (CONT'D)

But if I get him to move out before he's evicted, its ours - we win babe. Me and you, here, no more rats nest.

MIA

Don't even go there, you've no heart and such a cruel mouth; I wouldn't hurt Marty for the world. You haven't changed a bit.

Mia slaps Rob around the face and leaves. Rob picks a letter up from under the door. He stuffs it in his pocket and speaks to the closed door.

ROB

Getting back together out of the question then babe?

55 INT. MARTYS CAR - NIGHT

55

The low fuel light is on.

MARTY

That's odd, the gas light is on again, we only filled up 20 miles back, we should have another 300 miles in the tank, somethings wrong. We'd better find the next gas station. This is costing a fortune we don't wanna run out.

Joeline fiddles with the sat nav.

JOELINE

Hey it says in Cliftonville there's a 24 hour Gas and Diner. It's five miles away on this road. I need a bathroom break and a coffee in that order, let's stop here, fill up and I'll do the last ten hours.

56 EXT. CLIFTONVILLE 24 HR GAS & DINER - NIGHT

56

Marty pulls in at a rough as guts 24 hour gas station and diner in Cliftonville Township. The pumps are in darkness.

MARTY

The pumps are locked, C'mon I'm tired, we'll ask inside perhaps someone can look at the gas tank while we have a bite to eat.

57 INT. CLIFTONVILLE 24 HR GAS & DINER - NIGHT

57

They stare in disbelief at the dirty diner. Marty puts on his gloves and takes frantic deep breaths on his inhaler before masking up. They look at a cake counter.

JOELINE

This puts a whole new meaning on the term junk food!

MARTY

Jesus, this place should be condemned, it's more likely to put us in the hospital, look at the filth, the germs. Let's split.

JOELINE

I need the can and we gotta sort the gas, let's at least have a coffee and a bathroom break.

Pizza face stares at them with contempt from behind the counter. He speaks with an exaggerated whistle through a few protruding teeth.

PIZZA FACE

Well lookey here. A hot night accompanied by a wet weekend. So what can I do you two for?

JOELINE

Two lattes, twist of vanilla please.

PIZZA FACE

None of that fancy shit here, we're just simple folk.

JOELINE

No kidding!

PIZZA FACE

We got coffee with water and milk, it's all over there just help ya self. I'll be back in a mo.

58 INT. TV ROOM - NIGHT

58

Pizza face walks into the TV room. Pizza face greets MACE, (20's) short, bearded layabout, Aaron and JORDAN (20'S) hates the world. The 2023 Air Guitar Championships is on TV. The CRAZY TV PRESENTER (30)'s is presenting .

CRAZY TV PRESENTER

Competing tonight its Michael
 "Operation Rock a Pussy" Lovely ,
 versus Matt "Airistotle" Burns,
 but hold your breath cos for the
 first time in the history of the
 air guitar championships on this
 23rd year, Germany's, it's 4reel
 "Your Daddy" sourkraut has thrown
 the challenge down.

Mace, Aaron, Jordan and Pizza face, cheer, smash up chairs
 and play loud music. Pizza face returns to the cafe.

PIZZA FACE

So you gotten your coffee or what?

MARTY

Thanks, we just poured it. You got
 a party going on in there?

Joeline took a sip and promptly spat it out on the floor.

PIZZA FACE

Yep, we like to party. What about
 some nice carrot cake, I made it
 myself, fresh, last week.

Marty and Joeline gawp at zits about to pop and warty hands
 as he opens the cake counter.

MARTY

NO! Sugar, yes we're on a carb free
 diet, what a shame.

JOELINE

I think times getting on. I just
 need to use the bathroom please.

MARTY

Err yeah, you got any gas? I've a
 problem with my tank, fuel light on
 but I filled up 20 miles back.

Pizza face grins stupidly.

PIZZA FACE

That's cars for ya, sometimes they
 work and sometimes they don't. BMW
 convertible, nice set of wheels, so
 you folks aint short of a buck or
 two. Shame we're out of gas.

MARTY

Well time to get back on the road.

Marty whispers to Joeline.

MARTY (CONT'D)

These people are nuts, go to the washroom, quick! I'll be in the car.

Joeline looks for the bathroom as Marty leaves.

PIZZA FACE

Hey, if you wanna use the bathroom, you gotta play some guitar with us.

Joeline jigs - she's desperate.

JOELINE

I'll have a go at playing some guitar after I've used the bathroom or I'll wet my knickers doing it.

PIZZA FACE

Then you'll need this.

Pizza face gives her a key attached to a truck tyre. She struggles to lift it and wheels it to the bathroom.

59

INT. MALE BATHROOM - NIGHT

59

Joeline enters the male bathroom. Jordan, Aaron and Mace follow, Jordan blocks the door. He plays with his flick knife menacingly, but cuts himself and runs to the first aid for a band aid crying like a girl.

JORDAN

It really hurts, look at all the blood, I think I'm gonna faint.

Aaron and Mace watch Joeline peeing like a man at a urinal. Joeline turns around slowly, peeing on her stilleto.

MACE

What kind of freakzoid are you?

JOELINE

It's not what you think, I meant to use the ladies bathroom but..

Mace drags Joeline out by her hair - it comes off.

AARON

You sure got freakzoid written all over yo face. I kinda like it tho.

MACE

She's having a hair raising time.

The boys play football with the wig. They frizz it up then place it carefully back on her head. Joeline is silent.

MACE (CONT'D)

Now that's way better, you lookin
more like a rock chick now.

PIZZA FACE

Our new rock chick is gonna play
guitar. Fire up the tunes.

They pull out a podium, and a big sound system. Pizza face turns the music up as Mace starts his air guitar routine. Joeline tries not to laugh. She sees Marty peeping through the window - she mouths "air guitar" trying not to look at him. Jordan sees her, he pulls Marty inside roughly.

JORDAN

Hey Martha come join the party.

Pizza face pushes Joeline onto the podium.

MACE

Yeah, Beat that freakzoid.

Mad rock music plays Joeline snarls and twirls. On her knees and toes, contorting, cavorting and moonwalking.

She finishes by mock smashing her pretend guitar then dives into their arms. They cheer and back slap her.

MACE (CONT'D)

Yeah way to go man, babe, whatever!

Marty grabs Joelines hand and pulls her towards the door.

MARTY

Let's get the fuck out now.

Rough arms grab both of them. Aaron and Jordan are holding Marty and Joelines arms behind their backs.

PIZZA FACE

C'mon ya didnt think we was really
gonna let youse two go did ya?
Freakzoid, you can join our group,
you're not perfect but I think we
can mould ya.

Marty struggles, but Joeline smiles at them.

JOELINE

Oh gawd, I'd love to join your
group, that was the best thing I've
done for ages. Let him go first
though, he's pretty useless anyway!

The boys cheer. Marty is ushered away - confused. They watch Marty leave.

JOELINE (CONT'D)

Right on boys, c'mon lets see what the rest of ya got, and where's the beers, boys and girls can't air guitar without beer.

The boys carry out crates of Budweisers.

JOELINE (CONT'D)

Buds, my favourite, let's strum.

Aaron performs his set while Joeline slips a Rohypnol into each of their beers.

AARON

I wanna see that himbo play again.

Joeline jumps back on the podium and gives it her all "The final countdown" screams around the room. The boys sink their drinks, enjoying the show.

JOELINE

Europe, How appropriate

One by one, the boys drop to the floor. Marty bursts back in They leave singing the final countdown laughing.

MARTY

I dig the new hair do. Sexy rock chick. One thing though...

He points to the boys on the floor.

MARTY (CONT'D)

How did ya?

JOELINE

Lets just say, you should never mess with those that cross dress.

60 INT. MARTY'S WEST HOLLYWOOD PENTHOUSE APARTMENT - NIGHT 60

Chad is playing Call of Duty in the meta verse. Half eaten food is ground into the carpet, the place is littered with bottles. Trev hands two strippers a wad of cash.

TREV

You two can come again, forgive the pun.

The strippers count a wad of notes as they leave.

ROB

Don't tell Mia about this.

TREV

You're not still serious about this marriage shit with her are ya?

Rob ignores Trev, scanning the room.

ROB

Alright, party's over, better clean up. Marty'll blow a gasket. I've got an early start on site tomorrow cold spine'll fire me if I'm late.

TREV

Never mind about cold spine, daft bloody wanker, You need farty pants to blow a gasket so he'll clear off and you'll win it all!

ROB

You're right. I'm such a mug.

Rob jumps on the table and pretends to strip.

ROB (CONT'D)

Oh shit, I forgot, I need to pick up another acceptance form. That prick ripped it up. And I need to check the Santa Monica address, time is ticking.

TREV

I'm on late shift I'll go get it first thing in the morning.

61 INT. BEADLE & JEROME LAWYERS OFFICE - DAY

61

Beadle is arguing with Jerome.

BEADLE

I've caught something its a red rash, I knew I shouldn't have worn that ridiculous g-string thing.

JEROME

Show me, it'll just be chaffing.

BEADLE

Here? Do I have to?

JEROME

It's early, receptionist isn't in for another hour. If I see the rash I'll know what it is. And I'll get the right cream. Just drop em.

Beadle drops his pants, Jerome gets on his knees to examine Beadle's genitals. Trev walks in - stunned.

TREV
Bleeding hell.

He leaves, running, and falls over a bum on the street.

62 INT. HOSPITAL FOYER - NIGHT

62

Marty and Joeline are speaking to a NURSE (20'S).

MARTY
So this is a psychiatric hospital,
and there's no Dr Claude, so my
father Mr Chapman isn't here?

NURSE
I'm so sorry, It's such a cruel
hoax, who would do such a thing?

MARTY
And why would anyone do this?

JOELINE
I know who would do it. Who wants
you out more than anyone else?

MARTY
Rob? He can't be that evil.

JOELINE
I'm sorry babe, money is the root
of all evil. C'mon go in the
waiting room. I'll get us a coffee.

MARTY
That letter, give it to me.

Joeline leaves Marty distressed pacing the waiting room.
Marty reads the letter - he scribbles a note and pins to the
chair for Joeline. He is hyperventilating.

MARTY (CONT'D)
Oh My god! I gotta get out of here.

Joeline returns to the foyer - she drops a tray of food and
drinks - Marty's gone. He left a note pinned to the seat.
Joeline ripped it up.

JOELINE
You couldn't wait, to say goodbye?

Joeline sits, bursts into tears. Head in hands sobbing.

10 HOURS LATER

63

INT. MARTY'S WEST HOLLYWOOD APARTMENT - NIGHT

63

Exhausted, Marty enters his apartment masked up and dragging his feet. He stops short in despair. Marty (POV) Pizza on the carpet, beer bottles and cans scattered randomly. Marty's posters torn, vandalized. Trev and Chad snoring like pigs. Marty can't see Vinnie - he loses it.

MARTY

Rob? Where's Vinnie? Where are you boy?

Palevsky is laying on the sofa. Marty screams.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Oh my god that repulsky thing!

Everyone is awake. Marty points at the Snake.

TREV

Bloody hell, you look like shit!

Marty is enraged and scary, he decks Trev right in the face.

TREV (CONT'D)

Okay mate, it was only an observation, no need to get mad.

Vinnie is out on the balcony un-noticed. Marty sees a huge lump half way down Palevsky's body.

MARTY

Oh my god! Vinnie, look, that monster has swallowed my baby!

Trev rubs his bruised face as Chad inspects Palevsky.

CHAD

Vinnie, Bark if you're OK.

TREV

Get up stupid, he's dead if he's in there. Pythons crush their food!

Marty falls into a faint, Trev throws a glass of beer in his face and slaps him hard. Marty comes too.

TREV (CONT'D)

No one meant to harm him, I'm sure Rob'll get you another one.

MARTY

I don't want another one! My business has gone to shit, someone sends me on an expensive cruel wild goose chase for the father who can't accept me, my apartment is ruined, I'm dripping with beer, and worst of all...

Rob walks towards them, hung over, looking shit house.

MARTY (CONT'D)

...worst of all, is the notion I am related to an utter, filthy, no good, disrespectful slob. I don't want YOU as a brother!

ROB

Well, you aint no brother of mine dude. It's been obvious from the getgo.

Marty sucks frantically on his inhaler.

ROB (CONT'D)

Look, I aint heartless - How's the old man? Is he...?

MARTY

There's nothing wrong with my father, you know full well you evil creature from hell.

ROB

I was gonna get this shit cleaned up before you got here, but you're early. Chillax dude we're cool.

MARTY

CHILLAX dude? We're NOT COOL! Your REPULSKY has killed Vinnie.

ROB

Now you're being a hysterical girl.

Rob investigates the bulbous snake.

ROB (CONT'D)

Shit, this is an unusually large lump in Pals digestive tract, Vinnie please don't say this lump is what's left of you?

CHAD

Vinnie? Can you hear me boy?

Chad whistles - eyes roll. A wet patch grows on Trevs leg.

TREV

Look you bloody numbskulls!

Vinnie is pissing up Trevs leg. Marty hugs him. He faces Rob - angry.

MARTY

Okay, I was wrong, your serpent didn't devour my dog, but it could have happened, can't you see that? I'm here early, cos of the evil hoax you pulled and the letter.

ROB

Hoax? Letter? What're you on dude?

Rob paces - thinking. Marty slaps the letter in his hand.

MARTY

I suggest you read it - you won't like it any more than I do. It's got to be another hoax. Tell me why you did it and then you and your buds can get out-for good. GAME OVER.

Trev stands, aggressive, fists clenched.

TREV

Put a bloody sock in it, faggot, it ain't your place no more - you go.

MARTY

If you must know I'm not a faggot you uneducated British imbecile!

ROB

Dude, I'm sorry for his mouth, it's out of order. But, Vinnie is fine. We'll clean up the place right now.

TREV

So now you're his little bitch?

Trev faces Marty poking him on his chest.

TREV (CONT'D)

I let you get away with slapping me once, but you clean this shit up faggot or I'll deck ya and you won't get up again.

ROB

Woah, that's harsh dude.

TREV

You batting for the other side
these days or what? Fucking pillow
biters make me sick.

Rob shoves the letter in his back pocket and compares Marty's fearful face with Trevs twisted expression of hatred. He turns away but lunges forward to punch Trev. Trev ducks and CRACK: Marty's nose gets it.

ROB

Holy Shit - no!

Mia is standing arms folded in the doorway. She screams.

MIA

Rob - how could you?

ROB

This aint what it looks like.

MIA

Don't lie to me. I saw you hit
Marty? You're a complete asshole!

Mia hugs Marty who holds a tissue on his bleeding nose.

MARTY

He's a pig and I can't stand him
but it's not his fault.

MIA

It is his fault. I'm embarrassed I
ever loved this idiot!

ROB

I didn't mean to hurt anyone.

MIA

Get away from me, outa my sight
you're not fit to be a...

Marty stands up blood streams down his face.

MARTY

I concede defeat, I'm moving out
before I get evicted, not to help
you, it's because I need to retain
my credit score. Happy now bro?

MIA

Look what you've done! Marty I
won't let you leave. Rob, I never
want to see your sorry ass again;
and this time, I mean it!

The men play cards. Goldstein approaches Rob angrily.

GOLDSTEIN

Did I make a mistake not firing you? Seems to me you can't manage a piss up at a brewery!

ROB

I'm riding em boss, we're just waiting on materials.

GOLDSTEIN

Excuses and more excuses. I'll have to reconsider your position within this company, yes siree I will.

Goldstein marches off as Trev arrives.

CHAD

You got nice dodging skills bud, you should play for the Dodgers.

TREV

It's a dirty job but someone has to do it. That Marty had it coming. Him and his mates are just way too different to us.

Rob looks thoughtful.

ROB

You're right Trev, Marty is very different - he's cleaner, nicer, friendlier and has more respect!

CHAD

Yeah, Marty and his friends are cool. The tall one, Nickola is into martial arts, she's gonna pick me up next Tuesday for a Macrame class.

They laugh.

TREV

Yeah well she's a bit special.

ROB

Dude, you know what I think? Everyone is into something, bondage, rubber, swinging, spanking, dogging, cross dressing-and I aint got nothing against it, in fact I'm all for it.

TREV

I knew it, you've turned.

ROB

Most of our friends do worse things to their girl friends, including me, so who gives a shit about gay or gender fluid identities - it's what makes the world a creative and exciting place to be in - as long as no one gets hurt.

CHAD

What about Bondage? That hurts.

Everyone laughs. Rob notices a parked white convertible parked opposite the site.

ROB

What the fuck? It's that thief, that bum in the car, he's got my ring, get him!

Rob and Trev run after the car it screams a getaway - They return panting. Chad hands Rob a letter.

CHAD

This fell out your back pocket.

Rob opens the letter and reads it.

ROB

Fuck it - I gotta go.

65 INT. MARTYS FUDGE FACTORY OFFICE - DAY

65

Rob walks in - Marty has his head in his hands - eyes shut.

ROB

I read the letter.

Marty's neck snaps up, he stares at Rob - tired.

MARTY

Such a laughable sad twist of fate. You, my opposite - can't be my brother it's probably some ones' idea of a horrible joke like my father dying. I mean who wrote it?

ROB

It looks pretty official. I'm getting pretty fucked off with mystery benefactors right now tho. Anyways, you can't be MY brother, you're too damned clean and tidy.

MARTY

Now that, I can't deny.

They laugh, the same laugh - fold arms - the same way, then hug and quickly un hug.

ROB

We gotta fix all this. But before we do, there's something you need to know about me I've got a confession to make. I also like a bit of country music and I watch Glee! But I do draw the line at boot scooting.

MARTY

You really don't know about gay men do you Rob? Even I wouldn't be seen dead boot scooting!

They laugh and hug and un hug again. Marty pushes an envelope in Robs hand.

ROB

What's this?

MARTY

Your signed papers.

ROB

But, you ripped it up and I thought...

MARTY

I had a set too. I'm not letting you lose the apartment, you can say I've moved out of my own free will before I get evicted. I can stay with Joeline for awhile if she ever forgives me for leaving her and comes back with my car!

ROB

All I want is to marry Mia.

MARTY

And she wants to marry you, you idiot.

ROB

Why don't you date tranny's?

MARTY

It's complicated Rob, gay men like gay men, not trans women and trans women, generally like straight men - you know there's not really any rules. I bet you don't get that.

(MORE)

MARTY (CONT'D)

Joeline is confused, he loves me but cross dresses some times, lately, a lot. I can't accept it but I love him. And I left him with a note, didn't even stop to say goodbye, that will have hurt him bad, I've pushed him too far. I've made so many stupid mistakes.

ROB

Amen to that brother. I feel like an ass, I've treated Mia bad, real bad. Me and my homies, we don't wanna grow into old men, so we joke around. But we overdid it, time to say goodbye to our youth. But it's too late, I've already lost her.

MARTY

It looks like losing loved ones is genetic.

66

EXT. AMERICAN CONSTRUCTION COMPANY SITE - DAY

66

Rob and Chad talk instead of work.

CHAD

What did that letter say?

ROB

Dude, my whole life is upside down.

CHAD

No way! You're moving to Australia?

Goldstein marches over pointing his finger in anger.

GOLDSTEIN

You lazy bastards, you can all report to me on Monday morning I'll have to strongly consider firing each and every one of you. As for you Rob, useless is the word.

Rob stands up, fists clenched.

ROB

Cold Spine, just shut, the fuck, up.

Goldstein turns purple and marches away.

ROB (CONT'D)

Don't worry about cold spine, he'll fire me not you.

(MORE)

ROB (CONT'D)

I gotta tell you, this is crazy I know, but me and Marty, I think we're half brothers.

CHAD

Yeah, it don't surprise me, you got the same swagger.

Trev arrives with a bag of tools.

ROB

Marty's signed the form but I have to get it to some random office on time. After 11pm and before 12pm and I can't help feeling it's all part of some con and we will likely both get fuck all. So the least we can do is help Marty with his float, did ya check the Santa Monica address with Beadle?

TREV

Err, yeah mate, it's all good.

ROB

Okay guys, get ya tools, those Dandy Candy Fudge packers need us, cos now it's personal, it's family!

67

INT. BEADLE & JEROME LAWYERS OFFICE - DAY

67

Beadle recaps with Jerome and Aaron.

BEADLE

I've just heard, Marty has signed the form and is moving out within the desired time period. Aaron, you were supposed to seriously delay Marty. What's going on?

JEROME

Marty is impossible to control, he's smart. They seem to have become close, I think they've worked out they're brothers - not sure how though. We should have thought of that potential.

Beadle smacks Jerome around the head.

BEADLE

Yes, YOU should've thought of that! So now we resort to plan B eliminate the threat, at all costs.

JEROME

I got the thugs to shadow Rob. He won't get anywhere near that office with that form. Time to ruin Marty and Rob's dreams once and for all.

BEADLE

Of course, we have to be fair about it, and give those two no-hopers two more chances, no chance and fat chance.

68

INT. DANDY CANDY FUDGE GALORE FACTORY - DAY

68

Nickola is comforting a depressed Marty.

NICKOLA

We're here for you. Joeline, will be back, anyway she's got your car.

Marty hugs Nickola.

MARTY

I'm sorry for shouting at you and saying what I said. I care about you, you're beautiful. Today I've realised that there's always been just one person who's really loved me, through thick and thin - always happy to be by my side.

NICKOLA

Vinnie?

MARTY

Joeline you idiot!

Nickola clip clops away and goes over on her heel cursing. Marty laughs. His cell rings.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Joeline?

ROB (O.S.)

Uh, No dude, its Rob.

Marty drums his fingers impatiently.

MARTY

I can't talk I need the line to be clear in case Joeline calls.

ROB (O.S.)

I need a big favour.

Rob talks but Marty doesn't listen.

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

That dude the pilot, the eccentric guy, gold tooth, does he drive a white 4 seater convertible BMW?

Marty snaps out of it.

MARTY

The pilot, oh that's Neil, BMW, yes he does, he's the owner of the toy boy company - sells sex toys, very eccentric playboy - seriously rich. Why? You want a butt plug - he left three in the...

ROB (O.S.)

Hell no! It's just that, I know this sounds crazy, but have you ever seen him dressed as a bum? I think he's been following me and stole my ring. Is he gay? Could he have a thing for me?

Marty laughs a big belly laugh.

MARTY

Oh you do crack me up Rob, Don't be ridiculous -he's a multi millionaire - he can have anyone he wants, and no he's not gay.

ROB (O.S)

Okay, I feel stupid now. How's everything going? We're finishing the float this morning for ya.

MARTY

Oh fab, Would you be our driver?

ROB (O.S.)

Yeah, I'll do it. But Beadle says I gotta deliver that acceptance form to Santa Monica and it's gotta be no earlier than eleven and no later than midnight, so I'll do the drive, and then split okay?

MARTY

Really? I could kiss you! You know Mia looks amazing in her costume.

ROB (O.S.)

Mia makes a garbage sack look good. She's my queen. Wish I hadn't blown it.

MARTY
Blowing Queens is my specialty.

69 EXT. WEHO LGBTQIA+ PRIDE MARDIS GRAS - DAY 69

Trev, and Chad wearing "We pack a punch" T shirts add final touches to a decadent and magnificent float that looks like a candy store.

CHAD
This is cool.

TREV
No, it's hot.

70 EXT. WEHO LGBTQIA+ PRIDE MARDIS GRAS TRAIL - DAY 70

The Leather Lovers float kicks off the parade. Crowds screaming, scantily clad dancers march to Jeffrey Star. A troop of pink male angels skip in unison, all feathers and sequins. The Celibate Lesbians Club makes a stir throwing jelly beans to the crowd.

71 EXT.DANDY CANDY FLOAT - DAY 71

James, Nellie, Nickola, Juan, Mia and Marty stretch out on their float a huge Candy Store - they are dressed as types of candy.

JUAN
Mmm, I wish I could suck some of these candies, my mouth, it so dry.

NICKOLA
(eyeing men in the crowd)
Some need sucking for sure!

Rob sits ready in the cab awaiting the signal. Two pairs of THUGS, strong arms, apply a chloroform pad to his face, he struggles momentarily, and is then dragged out of the cab unconscious and whisked through the crowds.

72 EXT. WEHO LGBTQIA+ PRIDE MARDIS GRAS - EXT 72

Beadle and Jerome are waddling awkwardly in honey bee costumes.

BEADLE
Couldn't you have got a less conspicuous costume?

JEROME
I told Aaron to get us something sweet. Stupid Boy.

A bum whacks Beadles leg hard with his white stick.

BEADLE

Oww, watch where you're going.

The bum slams into Jerome, his hands quickly frisk his bee man bag. He disappears into the crowd. Jerome pats himself down and realises.

JEROME

Oh shit! He's had our wallets.

They push and fight through bizarre dressed crowds to search for the thief.

BEADLE

Get that blind thieving son of a bitch, I saw him, he went that way.

Jerome points in the opposite direction.

JEROME

I thought he went that way!

BEADLE

Who cares? The boys have Rob, we won't need credit cards any more - our ship just came in.

JEROME

But what if Rob left the form with Marty. We should go to Santa Monica, just to make sure - there's too much at stake to risk it.

BEADLE

Good thinking, for once, let's go.

They push their way to where Beadles pride n joy a 1958 Pontiac Bonneville was parked - it's missing. Beadle has a melt down, he kicks the tyres of a nearby Mr Whippy ice cream van, hopping in pain.

BEADLE (CONT'D)

My fucking gout.

Jerome smothers a grin.

BEADLE (CONT'D)

Wipe that smile off your face, damned gout hurts you know.

Jerome stops in his tracks.

JEROME

Do you see what I see?

Beadle ignores him, rubbing his foot. Jerome opens the drivers door of an ice cream van - he waves a set of keys.

JEROME (CONT'D)

Fancy a cone?

Beadle limps in, they struggle to get in as bee outfits are round and the doors were small. Eventually, Jerome starts the engine, an annoying ice cream tune plays, they press buttons but can't stop it. The irate owner runs after them, shouting in Italian.

ITALIAN

quelle due api hanno appena rubato
il mio camion dei gelati

BEADLE

Never mind about the tune, GO!

Jerome floors the gas.

73

EXT. WEHO LGBTQIA+ PRIDE MARDIS GRAS TRAIL - DAY

73

The parade in full swing, marching bands precede The Oral brothers - dancing dentists with big drills.

Marty dressed as a peanut is staring sadly at his phone.

MARTY

Joeline hasn't made contact since New York, I'm worried. We gotta start without her. Mia, can you do Joelines part and get into this cat suit - you're a Pecan Nut.

MIA

Sure Marty, don't worry Joelines a big complicated girly boy, she'll surface when she's ready.

Music pumps, crowds laugh and cheer. TV cameras swing with the action, a panel of judges make notes.

The signal is given Dandy Candy Fudge are up next. Rob isn't in the cab. Marty is frantic. STRESSEY FLOAT OFFICIAL (40'S) requests them to start.

STRESSEY FLOAT OFFICIAL

Dandy Candy Fudge, start rolling please.

MARTY

Where the hell is Rob?

STRESSEY FLOAT OFFICIAL

You'll ruin my timings, GO NOW or you're out.

Marty grabs Trev.

MARTY

I need your help. Rob's gone, can you drive the truck?

TREV

OK but it don't mean I'm into your weird shit you know.

Marty hugs Trev. Nickola jumps down and plants a big red kiss on his cheek. Grinning Trev starts the float up.

Slowly rolling - blacked out. Judges crane their necks - people whispering SILENCE: looks like a problem. WOW: The music explodes. BAM: the stage comes to life. The crowds scream with excitement - Nellie leads the dancers all dressed as candy, as they dance to a mad light display. It's a hit.

74

EXT. LGBTQIA+ PRIDE MARDIS GRAS CROWD - DAY

74

Joeline pushes her way through the crowd. James dressed as a toffee spots her, he pulls Marty away to the other side of the float.

JOELINE

Wait, James, tell Marty, I'm here, wait for me, wait!

The crowd push and jostle for position. Strong hands reach out she's hoisted up. Laughing she twists to thank the men who lifted her up. Pizza face and Mace grin up at her.

PIZZA FACE

Well howdy doody little lady, we meet agin. Now, we got some unfinished business with y'all!

Joeline struggles as Jordan and Aaron carry her away.

JOELINE

What the fuck, I'm in the...

Mace clamps a hand over her mouth, digging a gun in her back.

PIZZA FACE

Shut up freakzoid, we got a guitar to pick with you!

Joeline is thrown into a beaten up transit van - tailpipe duck taped on - black smoke billowing - crowds cough. Joeline fights but Pizza whacks her with the gun. The boys are laughing head banging to guitar music as they drive - Joeline semi-conscious.

75 INT. INTERIOR OF WHITE NISSAN SUV - NIGHT 75

Rob comes round to glimpses of Hollywood Boulevard and the walk of fame. He pretends to be unconscious until he sees his opportunity. THUGS(20's)in scream masks stare at him.

ROB

Hey, isn't that Brad and Angelina?

The thugs stare out the window and BAM, Rob smacks both of their heads together.

76 EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - NIGHT 76

Leaping from the car, Rob rolls falling heavily - runs for his life. Tourists clap. He runs into 'Ripleys Believe it or not', the thugs are in hot pursuit.

77 EXT. LGBTQIA+ PRIDE MARDI GRAS TRAIL - NIGHT 77

Tears running down Martys face as Mia leaps into his arms in the dirty dancing style finale. Chad shouts from the crowd.

CHAD

Wow, so flexible - proper benders.

78 INT. LGBTQIA+ PRIDE FLOAT ENTRANTS LOUNGE - NIGHT 78

The Dandy Candy Fudge crew fidget at their table.

CHAD

They're announcing the winner.

TREV

Yeah but where's bleeding Rob?

MIA

I'm worried, he hasn't answered my texts, calls go to voicemail.

MARTY

Something smells bad to me. Do you think Rob went to Santa Monica?

TREV

But he was gonna do it after the mardis gras. He was in the truck ready to drive, the next minute gone. But don't worry, he's big enough and ugly enough to look after himself, wherever he is.

79 INT. RIPLEYS BELIEVE IT OR NOT - NIGHT

79

A fat Darth Vader takes a bathroom break, Rob is behind him. BAM: Rob knocks him out with one punch, he fights to undress him and bundles him into bathroom stall.

ROB

Sorry dude. No more burgers ok.

He locks it from the inside then climbs over the top. Dressed as Darth Vader he stands in the entrance to 'Ripleys Believe it or not' handing out leaflets. The thugs run past, they buy tickets. Rob is dragged inside by a TIRED MANAGER (40's).

TIRED MANAGER

Hey Leon, I need your back up,
John's sick, you know the routine.

Rob is muscled backstage - the curtain goes up. It's a scene from Star wars. He uses a light sabre in a fight for his life with Luke Skywalker.

Rob is playing to win, the fight is realistic, Rob is beating Skywalker - it's not in the script. He slips over, Skywalker pounces on him and wins. The crowd erupt. SKYWALKER (20'S) actor pats him on the back.

SKYWALKER

Dude, you had me worried there,
that was sick, way better than
John.

They bow to the audience - Robs mask falls off, he attempts to get it back on but the thugs see him. Rob splits.

80 EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - NIGHT

80

Rob is running back on the boulevard. A bus destined for Santa Monica pulls away. Rob chases it - tourists cheer Darth Vader on.

81 INT. INSIDE BUS - NIGHT

81

Rob leaps onto the bus, passengers clap. Out of breath he breaths like Darth Vader, a MISERABLE BUS DRIVER (30'S), clocks him in his mirror and calls out aggressively.

MISERABLE BUS DRIVER

Hey you, dick in the mask, a dollar
fifty or back to the dark zone.

Rob pats his pockets, no cash. The bus halts abruptly - the driver stands up, Rob leaps off the bus and keeps running.

82 EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - NIGHT 82

The thugs are still in pursuit. He crosses the road and runs back towards the Chinese Theatre, knocking over tourists on the walk of fame.

83 EXT. MADAME TUSSAUDS HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - NIGHT 83

Rob dives in and runs right past the ticket office who call security.

Thugs in hot pursuit. Rob searching for a hiding place.

Two bums appear from no where - one prods him with his white stick, the other pushes Rob towards a door grinning - a gold tooth glints. Rob grabs him by his throat.

ROB

You? Gimme my ring

A commotion outside, Rob uses the door - its the staff room. Seriously out of breath, he thinks out loud.

ROB (CONT'D)

Jesus, how am I gonna get to Santa Monica in time with no cash?

He fingers coat pockets in the staff room He pockets a few coins from each coat. BAM: The door bursts open. A mean security guard and two LAPD cops dominate the doorway.

ROB (CONT'D)

This really isn't what it looks like dude. Thugs, chasing me, ask those bums, they're part of it.

No bums to be seen. Rob struggles as he's cuffed and pushed into the back of a police car.

ROB (CONT'D)

No, don't do this, you don't understand. I'm on a mission, I mean I gotta be somewhere. Fuck this man, gimme a break!

84 INT. LGBTQIA+ PRIDE MARDI GRAS PRESENTATION HALL - NIGHT 84

A spotlight is shining on PRISSY PRESENTER (50's) cheesy in light up bow tie. He is prancing as his cue music is playing.

PRISSY PRESENTER

Hey folks, first off, we've got ourselves a unanimous winner!

The crowds cheer.

PRISSY PRESENTER (CONT'D)

To recap, the winner will receive twenty five thousand dollars in cold, excitingly hard cash. And we thank our sponsor The Abbey Group of nightclubs for their generosity!

NICKOLA

Oh I can't stand this - it hurts!

NELLIE

We got it in the bag we were awesome, the crowd was wild!

JUAN

Si, tis an easy win for us.

Trev shouts at the presenter.

TREV

Get off or get on with it!

The crowd love it.

PRISSY PRESENTER

I hear you man. The suspenders are killing me too! So, let's go. Can I have the drum roll please?

The drum rolls - excited tension.

PRISSY PRESENTER (CONT'D)

The winner of the first and most fabulous WEHO LGBTQIA+ Pride Mardis Gras float competition, who will tonight be given a briefcase full of used greenbacks to the tune of twenty five thousand smackeroonies is...

Drum continues to roll. Marty whispers to James.

MARTY

Everything is riding on this. If we don't win, we're finished.

85

INT. HOLLYWOOD POLICE STATION - NIGHT

85

Rob is in a holding cell with four other rough looking criminals. HAILE, (40'S) African American, tough nut, RODRIGUEZ (20'S) Mexican Gang member, RYAN (20'S), Methadone addict and TINY TONY (40'S) likes blood, little man syndrome. Arguing they stop abruptly as Rob is pushed inside by a HALF DEAF COP (50's) out of condition.

ROB

Yeah, yeah dudes, I'm a bad ass mother like you. I aint messin with yo shit, so I'm a just standing here minding my own biz.

They stare awhile, then continue to argue. They are planning an escape.

ROB (CONT'D)

If you're breaking out, I want in.

They laugh at him, Haile approaches and pokes his chest.

HAILE

Such a bad ass brother. What say I gut yo milk chocolate ass like a fish.

ROB

Listen up shit for brains. What about I help your dark chocolate ass get out of here.

Haile grabs Rob.

TINY TONY

Cut his throat, make him bleed.

Haile pushes Rob away and snorts with contempt. The inmates circle Rob - scary. The half deaf Cop approaches, the inmates - innocent lambs.

HALF DEAF COP

What's going on in here, I'm trying to watch the X factor you know, Simon Cowell is on it!

TINY TONY

We were fine officer, this motherfucker wants to gut ya.

The cop appraises Rob.

HALF DEAF COP

Eyes of a murderer for sure, leave these good citizens alone or you'll be in solitary.

Rob stares down the inmates one by one - serial killers.

ROB

You gotta be freaking kidding me, these good citizens here were offering to cut my throat.

HALF DEAF COP

Threatening to cut my throat huh.
when the superintendent gets back
we're gonna show you some police
brutality, Hollywood style.

The cop struggles with the key in the lock.

TINY TONY

Fat ass motherfucking cop.

The cop smacks Rob as he pulls him from the cell.

HALF DEAF COP

Call me a fat ass would ya?

BUCKEROO: Rodriguez leaps on the cops back. One by one they
jump on his back riding him, mad - yahooing like broncos.

RODRIGUEZ

Amigos, we must tie de grande torro
down and vamanos!

Ryan rides the cops back, laughing hysterically.

RYAN

Torro, torro this is the bomb.

Rob rips his cloak up - Haile uses it to tie up the cop. They
high five, laughing at the hog tied cop, then split.

86 INT. LGBTQIA+ PRIDE MARDIS GRAS PRESENTATION HALL - NIGHT 86

PRISSY PRESENTER

The winner for the best float along
with the most entertaining and
unique, dance routine is...

NICKOLA

This is agony!

The drum continues to roll, the audience screams at the
presenter who jiggs dramatically across the stage. He nods -
the drum roll stops. Marty and the staff of Dandy Candy fudge
cross themselves.

PRISSY PRESENTER

Is, the Quacking Queens.

Eight camp guys dressed as ducks kiss each other and skip
with joy. Marty holds his head.

MARTY

It's over, we're all finished.

JAMES

C'mon, there'll be something you can do! If you're lucky I might let you blow my didgeridoo for good; think it's time for me to do that relationship thing, move in with me. I want you Marty.

MARTY

This was our only hope, the bank will foreclose on Wednesday.

Trev comforts Mia and Nellie who are crying.

TREV

I saw those nincompoop ducks they looked like a right bunch of pussy's to me.

MIA

That was the point Trev!

Nickola sidles up to Trev and gazes, lovestruck.

TREV

So, are you gonna lose your jobs?

NELLIE

I can't believe it, we won't get paid this month either. Not cool.

CHAD

I know right. But there's hope, cos they say it's not over till the morbidly obese chick sings.

A ten ton Tessie climbs on stage and sings a medley of songs. They stare in stunned silence.

NICKOLA

It's all my fault.

TREV

Don't worry babe, Rob'll think of something, if he ever shows up.

Nickola whispers words to Mia.

NICKOLA

He called me babe!

MARTY

Rob's phone's off. He's gone to Santa Monica to claim my apartment. Even Joeline deserted us.

MIA

She'd never desert you. And Rob may be an immature, low life beer guzzling boob obsessed bigot, but he isn't selfish. He must be in trouble, because he wouldn't leave me or us like that. If you think he's gone to Santa Monica, I say we should take the truck and find him.

NELLIE

She's right Marty, Rob got the boys to help. Trev, can drive the truck, I'm up for going, C'mon what're we waiting for?

Marty lifts his head up for the first time - teary eyes.

MARTY

You're right. Chad unhook the float, the rest of you, hop on, Dandy Candy Fudgepackers, to the rescue.

James and Nickola are on the float.

NICKOLA

My handbags here somewhere.

JAMES

Where the hell did you put it?
Hurry up, they're about to leave.

Chad struggles to disconnect the float linkage - it clicks. Satisfied he climbs in the cab.

TREV

Everyone aboard?

CHAD

Good to go Trev.

With float still connected - they screech away. Nickola and James hang on for dear life.

87

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - SYCAMORE ST - NIGHT

87

Rob and the inmates run past the Chinese Theatre, past LA Fitness on the corner and turn right onto Sycamore St. A couple are loading their campervan but return to their apartment - Rob spots keys in the ignition. They pile in, Haile takes the wheel, burning rubber - he can't drive.

ROB

Whoa dude! You're on the wrong side
of the road - slow the fuck down!

RODRIGUEZ

He don't do the driving, he aint
got no licence, but neither do I.

Rob wrestles the wheel from Haile.

ROB

Gimme the goddamned wheel,listen up
guys, I owe ya for getting me out,
but I gotta be in Santa Monica, so
hang on, enjoy the ride cos we're
going to the beach!

Rob takes control, weaving in and out of traffic. Highway
patrol now in pursuit. Sirens wailing.

Haile and Rodriguez scared faces plastered to the windows,
Tiny Tony making abusive hand signals out the back window.
Ryan is high,up front, enjoying the chase.

TINY TONY

We shoul'da cut that cop up, now his
mates are after us.

ROB

Hold on guys, it's gonna get hairy.
We're crossing lanes on the 1-10.

They skid from lane to lane, but another spectacle joins
them. Rodriguez and Haile cross themselves, crying.

A truck towing a gay float speeds along by the side of them.
A drag queen and a guy dressed as a toffee dangle
precariously from the back of the float.

RYAN

Holy shit dude, its a motherfucking
mardis gras, what a trip. This is
the coolest night ever. Thanks man.

Ryan hugs Rob who pushes him away.

ROB

Get off dude, I gotta focus.

Helicopters overhead, shine lights. TOUGH GUY PATROL COP
(30'S) uniformed, speaks through a PA.

TOUGH GUY PATROL COP

Pull over, this is the Californian
Highway State Patrol, I'm ordering
you to pull over - NOW.

Both float and campervan are taking the 4th street exit, waiting police miss them. Speeding on Pico Blvd, a crowd assembles, cheering them on like Olympic runners.

89 EXT. INSIDE KTLA HELICOPTER - NIGHT

89

A KTLA helicopter reports the chase. TV presenter LUCY LASTIC(30's),born again bimbo is commenting on the chase.

LUCY LASTIC

Well, stay tuned people, this one's a dousey. Looks like we have a black truck towing a float fresh from the LGBTQIA+ mardis gras - complete with a drag queen and boiled candy look a like. It's speeding from West Hollywood, now on the West 1-10, could be going towards Santa Monica, the reason, we don't know. Oh wait, news just in, it appears a stolen campervan, yes I said campervan, full of escaped criminals are ahead, on the same course. Police suspect they are linked as there's been hand signals between the two. Road chase fans stay tuned, O J, has nothing on this one. This is Lucy Lastic for KTLA, now a word from our sponsors.

90 EXT. PIER AVENUE, SANTA MONICA - NIGHT

90

The float is neck and neck with the campervan but another van screams up between them. Joeline is at the wheel of a beat up transit van, black smoke pouring out the tail pipe which is banging and sparking on the road. Mace, Pizza face, Aaron and Jordan are tied up and gagged - terrified faces planted at all windows. Marty shouts at Joeline through the open window.

MARTY

Joeline! What the hell are you doing? Are you okay?

JOELINE

Babe, I'm sorry, I...

ROB

Marty, Joeline, Look out! There's a mother fucking ice cream van...

91 INT. INSIDE KTLA HELICOPTER - NIGHT

91

LUCY LASTIC

Oh lordy lordy, for those that can't see, there appears to be a Mister Whippy Ice cream van playing a sick tune and get this, its being driven by two honey bees, yes you heard it first here on KTLA. It's approaching from the rear- OMG the driver is ramming the float - boy he looks peeved - perhaps the van driver didn't pay for his cone. Wait a minute now there appears to be a reported stolen '58 Pontiac Bonneville joining in, hashtag whacky races, if the Adams Family join in now, we won't be surprised. Now let's cut to Jackie with tonights weather.

92 EXT. PIER AVENUE, SANTA MONICA - NIGHT

92

Beadle and Jerome, ram the float - it veers into the van. Joeline loses control and heads towards the pier, Trev battles with the float but also loses control.

Rob manages to stop the campervan short - the inmates watch the float and van fly through the air. Terrified faces plastered to the windows as PLOP: they plunge into the sea.

ROB

Nooooo!

RYAN

Yeeaah!

Jerome and Beadle drive past laughing at the spectacle.

BEADLE

Mission accomplished! We're rich!

BANG: The tyre bursts, Jerome wrestles the wheel. They crash into a fishing shop - the vans a wreck - the tunes still playing. A huge wax fish falls on Beadle and Jerome - their outfits buzz.

Rob is running toward the pier shouting back to the inmates.

ROB

C'mon dudes, we gotta help.

Inmates look at each other, smile and run away.

ROB (CONT'D)

Sons of bitches.

Pizza face and the red necks wriggle free of their duck tape, leave Joeline unconscious at the wheel, and swim to shore.

93 EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER - NIGHT 93

Wading in the sea, Rob dives toward the sinking float. Nickola and James are free and also diving down. Nellie, Mia, Trev and Juan are struggling, their costumes keep them trapped.

Joeline's van is stuck on a sandbank, she's unconscious.

Police helicopters flood light the area. Ryan, Rodriguez, Tiny Tony and Haile run as fast as they can. A '58 Pontiac screams after them - a bum at the wheel. Beadle clammers out of the fish shop dazed, screaming at the Pontiac.

BEADLE

My car - he's got my baby.

JEROME

Shut up, we need to get away quietly or we'll be going to jail.

The Pontiac corners Ryan. The cops arrest the rest of the inmates. Beadle and Jerome take off their bee costumes. Beadle jumps on them but they are still buzzing. They put on fishermans trousers and jackets, take rods, and slink into the background.

94 EXT. SANTA MONICA OCEAN - NIGHT 94

Rob surfaces for air and dives again. Under water, he yanks open the door and frees Mia, Nellie, Chad and Trev. They float lifeless. Marty and Juan rescue Joeline now conscious.

95 EXT. SANTA MONICA BEACH - NIGHT 95

Paramedics work on lifeless bodies laid out on the beach. LAPD manage the crowds as KTLA helicopter reports.

LUCY LASTIC

Folks, looks like our improptu carnival is over. But wow what a mess. Mr Whippy eating Fish and Chips, and it seems our Mardis Gras losers have nothing to feel gay about as excuse the pun - their float has sunk!

Tears stream as Rob watches paramedics pump Mia's chest.

ROB

You beautiful, crazy, argumentative bitch, I love you.

GURGLE: Rob moves closer SPLAT: She pukes in his face.

MIA
I'm not argumentative!

96

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER - NIGHT

96

Ambulences take survivors away. A parked police riot van rocks side to side - inmates fighting each other.

Bedraggled, Marty staggers to Rob, they sit on the bank. Marty breaks the silence and points at Robs clothes.

MARTY
Why are you dressed as Darth Vader?

ROB
You're asking me that, dressed as a Peanut?

MARTY
Touche!

FBI agents THOMPSON (50'S) and FBI AGENT SWADLING (60'S) approach, serious faces, flash badges. Rob is panicking.

ROB
It aint what it looks like. I aint no thief, ya see I needed to ride the bus, I was in jail, these guys broke me out and ...

Rob gasps for breath, coughing up some water.

AGENT THOMPSON
You're in shock, take a breath.

ROB
I want my life back, my crappy shack and my girl to be okay. And Marty, even if he aint my bro - we're blood.

Agents grimace, Marty and Rob stare in confusion.

MARTY
If you're gonna blame anyone, I take full responsibility.

ROB
Thanks Bro but it's actually MY fault. Anyway, where's my girl?

FBI AGENT THOMPSON
She's being taken to Ceders, she's gonna be okay - don't worry.

A man walks towards them.

MARTY

Neil?

Rob stares open mouthed.

ROB

The butt plug Pilot?

Neil smiles, a gold tooth sparkles under a spotlight. Rob runs at him and grabs him by his neck.

ROB (CONT'D)

You? It is you! You stole my ring, you, you followed me, everywhere, you're the bum? And there's another one a blind one. What the fuck is going on here dude?

The agents pull Rob away.

MARTY

Neil, is the bum?

Neil flashes a badge at the boys.

NEIL THE PILOT

It's okay Marty, I'm sorry, I've been working on this fraud case for fifteen years, almost since I graduated! And yes, Rob, I'm one of the bums and yes, it was me, but I've been helping you all along.

Agent Thompson let Rob go as Neil hands him his ring.

AGENT SWADLING

You've been instrumental in helping us bring fraudulent perpetrators to justice, you should be very proud.

ROB

Oh well that makes it all fine then, Fuck you all, my girl almost died tonight, we could have all died. All this, for what?

NEIL THE PILOT

Beadle and Jerome have been embezzling money, laundering and financing organised crime in LA for years. Beadle was so good at cooking the books he could've won master chef.

ROB

More like Hells Kitchen! Lemme get this straight. We went through all this shit like a couple of dumb ass mothers, to help catch crooks taking your money? Gee thanks.

MARTY

I saw Beadle and Jerome in an ice cream van, did you arrest them?

AGENT THOMPSON

They escaped, but we'll get em. We have the evidence we need now.

ROB

Great, Marty's lost his factory and cold spine's gonna fire me. And it was all for nothing.

97

INT. THE OXFORD INN - VAN NUYS - NIGHT

97

Beadle and Jerome sit at the bar - dressed in womens clothes. Beadle scratches at his crutch and his curly red wig.

BEADLE

I feel stupid. This is all your fault. I never should have listened to you.

JEROME

Oh just shut up.

A woman as wide as she is tall with huge feet is approaching. Beadle and Jerome look the other way. She sits next to Beadle, slams a pint glass on the bar and burps, her arms are hairy - very.

BEADLE

Do we have to stay here? Dressed like this?

JEROME

You got any better ideas?

BEADLE

South of France! We should have been able to beat those two dipshits, instead we're looking at 20 years.

JEROME

Don't you worry pretty lady, the syndicate are organising things.

(MORE)

JEROME (CONT'D)

But for now, they said we gotta lay low and act the part, cops'll never look for us here.

Music plays - weird and bizarre people dance. Two guys grab Beadle and Jerome, they dance cheek to cheek. Jerome is happy. Beadle shoots Jerome an angry look and hisses at him.

BEADLE

Sometimes I really worry about you!

98 INT. CEDARS SINAI HOSPITAL PATIENTS WAITING ROOM - DAY 98

Joeline, now Joel buff as a male jogs into the waiting room. James, Chad, Trev and Nickola, Nellie, Juan and Mia backslap him.

Marty and Rob arrive with Neil and the FBI agents, Rob grabs Mia holding her tight, and Marty and Joel hug eachother.

MARTY

I rather liked your Monroe look.

NICKOLA

Neil an agent?

Neil laughs. There is a collective intake of confused breath.

NEIL THE PILOT

God I love you guys and that was a great party the other night. I apologize for the deceit and running around dressed as a bum however it was a necessary ruse. You've all been part of a sting to take down corrupt lawyers Beadle & Jerome.

AGENT SWADLING

We owe Marty and Rob an explanation regarding their inheritance.

ROB

Fuck your explanation, this is bullshit. I'm about to be jobless and homeless, but glad to be of service to the elite.

MARTY

For once I agree with Rob, fuck your explanation!

NEIL THE PILOT

There's a few more details you need to know.

Rob whispers under his breath to Marty.

ROB

I smell BS about to drop.

AGENT THOMPSON

First, Dandy Candy Fudge is alive
and well and will not be closed.
All workers will receive a huge
bonus in this months pay.

Everyone cheers. Rob and Marty look confused.

NEIL THE PILOT

And Rob and Marty you do share the
same father and he's a gifted and
wonderful man.

More cheers - Trev is perplexed.

TREV

So if you're half brothers, then
who's your daddy?

BANG - Pizza face, Jordan, Aaron and Mace burst into the
waiting room. Jordan is brandishing a hand gun which he aims
at the crowd.

Mace swaggers in with a beatbox. Aaron takes the FBI guys
guns, then WHAM: knocks them out with a smack over the head
he gags them with duck tape.

PIZZA FACE

Why do youse need to know about
'Your daddy'? He's our hero!

Nickola whispers to Juan and Nellie.

NICKOLA

Call me stupid but how can Marty
and Robs father be these red neck
looney tunes hero?

Mace pulls Nickola to the front. BAM - Jordan hits her with
his pistol. Nickola falls to her knees.

PIZZA FACE

Geez, what a sad sack of shit, but
while you're down there doll.

Trev pushes everyone out of the way.

TREV

Leave her alone, she's my...

Jordan cocks the barrel and digs the gun in Trevs temple.

AARON

She's your what? Your girlfriend?

They mock and jeer as Trev helps Nickola up.

TREV
Yeah, so what?

Nickola beams. Trev kisses her - they hold hands. Joel lunges forward.

JOEL
C'mon I know what you want. Let's have a guitar off.

MACE
Hey, freakzoid, where's your wig?

Mace scratches his head in stupid confusion. Pizza face turns the beatbox on.

PIZZA FACE
yeah, a guitar off, good idea.

AARON
Cos if you don't, you're dead.

BANG: Aarons' gun goes off, everyone hits the deck.

PIZZA FACE
Don't kill em yet stupid.

Pizza face turns to Marty.

PIZZA FACE (CONT'D)
Wet weekend, it's your turn, air guitar for freakzoids life.

WHIRRING: Helicopters over head, LAPD shout on a PA.

LAPD
Evacuate the building you are surrounded, this is the LAPD...

Mace cranks up the music. Pizza face prods Marty who attempts to air guitar - he's really rubbish, everyone giggles.

BOOM - The door bursts open and a bum with a white stick slides in on his knees - he air guitars on his stick.

PIZZA FACE
Who the fuck is this joker?

The bum strums the air like his life depends on it. The crowd clap him on. The bum performs acrobatic flips - he's good.

ROB
The blind bum? What the fuck?

Rob stares open mouthed.

TREV

Who the fuck is this?

The man grins as he strums - he's into it.

PIZZA FACE

I've got the gun I ask the
questions. Who the fuck IS this?

The man continues, but pieces of his face start to drop off.

PIZZA FACE (CONT'D)

What is this shit?

The crowd lean in as the bum rips off his old clothes revealing an Armani suit. Rubber prosthetics fall off his face and he rips off his matted wig.

Clive Everitt stands in front of the crowd. Marty and Joel faint. Chad and Trev slap them out of it.

MARTY

Clive? You air guitar? You're dead!
What the fuck...?

Nickola shouts.

NICKOLA

OMG. Now I see dead people!

CLIVE EVERITT

My loyal workers and friends please
forgive this terrible deception.

Jordan and Aaron shoot their guns into the ceiling to regain control. LAPD have gone silent outside. The air is heavy.

CLIVE EVERITT (CONT'D)

There's one more thing I need to
tell Marty and Rob. Forgive me but,
I'm your daddy!

The rednecks stare and grin and look as stupid as they are.

PIZZA FACE

Now wait a cotton picking moment,
that aint 'your daddy! Is it boys?

AARON

Can't be, he aint even German, is
he?

JORDAN

He's got your daddy's style.

MACE

He's got your daddy's grace.

Clive Everitt approaches his arms raised in surrender.

CLIVE EVERITT
Now boys, let me explain ...

Pizza face grabs Clive and bear hugs him. Jordan, Aaron and Mace crowd around Clive and let out girly sighs.

BOOM: LAPD chose their moment and blow the door in, release the agents still tied and gagged and pull the rednecks off Clive then cuff em.

Joel girly slaps each of the rednecks faces.

JOEL
Take that, and that, freakzoids!

JORDAN
Wait, no, I wanna see 'Your Daddy'.

MACE
Yeah, we watched the championships on TV, we're your number one fans.

MIA
You're all sick in the head.

ROB
You tell em baby.

PIZZA FACE
Your Daddy, can't ya just give us fans an autograph. Or a selfie?

The police and crowd laugh. Nellie whispers to James.

NELLIE
Why are they calling him your daddy?

JAMES
They think Clive is an air guitar champion called 'your daddy'.

Rob goes down on one knee holding the ring up to Mia.

ROB
I can't promise that life will ever be normal with me, but I promise it'll never be boring and you'll always be loved. Marry me babe?

Mia leaps into his arms. The crowd ooh and aah as the happy couple kiss and the rednecks are muscled away.

CLIVE EVERITT
Marty, I've loved every minute of working with you.
(MORE)

CLIVE EVERITT (CONT'D)

I've wanted to tell you so many times how proud I am to have you as my son, but I had to pick my time. Son, that apartment is already in your name. And the one next door is in Robs.

Tears in everyone's eyes. Mia whispers into Clives ear.

CLIVE EVERITT (CONT'D)

Rob, you're the new owner of another of my companies, the American Construction Company to do with what you will. Oh and there's one more thing - Hot off the press, I'm going to be a grandfather!

Rob passes out, quickly revived by Trev and Chad.

Nickola stands in front of everyone, she re arranges her fake silicone breasts and then her wig. She pulls up her stocking tops to show hairy thighs, and drags on hot red lip stick.

NICKOLA

Well, I don't know about you guys, but I can't wait to get back to normality. Let's go home.

99

EXT. STREETS OF WEST HOLLYWOOD - DAY

99

Rob, Trev and Chad tuxedo'd up are cruising, stereo jacked up. They sit in the back seat of a limo driven by Goldstein.

A silicon enhanced blonde jogs by. They ignore her. Chad double takes a tall woman in heels, Madonna style pointed tits project rudely from the side angle. They pull over, Trev leans out of the window casually.

TREV

Hey beautiful, wanna lift?

Nickola climbs in, Rob checks his watch.

ROB

Shit! Cold spine, step on it, we'll be late!

100

EXT. CHAPEL OF LOVE CARPARK, WILTSHIRE BOULEVARD - DAY

100

Car arriving: Goldstein - dressed as a chauffeur, burns rubber into the Church carpark.

Mia - wearing full bridal gear, pacing outside with Neil, and Marty.

Goldstein with a face like a slapped behind opens the car door for Rob, Trev and Nickola. Rob gets the last word.

ROB

Don't look so shit faced cold spine, after all, I didn't get to be a multi millionaire by having a shit face, no siree. Smile, or I might have to seriously consider your future with my company! But for now, I'm late! I've got a beautiful pregnant woman to wed.

MIA

Thank god youre here! Clive's not here yet,who's walking me down the aisle?

A white BMW convertible screams in - it's Clive Everitt with three stunning young girls in the back seat.

CLIVE EVERITT

Sorry I'm late, had to pick up your sisters.

Rob and Marty look at eachother with panicked expressions.

ROB AND MARTY

(in unison)

SISTERS?