

BAD ROCK STAR: THE ADVENTURES OF JIMEY ZAINER

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"BAD ROCK STAR: THE ADVENTURES OF JIMEY ZAINER"

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM, HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

Soft, dim lights. A slender WOMAN in perfect shape, lies face down in bed - NAKED.

Empty CHAMPAGNE and BEER BOTTLES everywhere.

A FACE slowly rises up from under the foot of the bed.

Eyes shut, long, black hair in disarray, this is JIMEY ZAINER, 35, singer for the wildly popular British band - The Missing Links.

Jimsey laps his tongue in and out. Eyes open a sliver, then widen as he sees--

A RED, SODA STRAW resting in the crack of her BUTTOCKS.

Jimsey leans over, puts the straw up to his nose. Peeks on top of her buttocks: No coke. Disappointment sets in.

Spreads her butt cheeks apart, looks closer. Dejection. He shakes her. No movement.

JIMEY

Wake up, ya wanka! Your arse is
outta coke again!!

A NAKED Jimsey gets to his feet, careens out the door and into the adjoining--

LIVING ROOM

Window drapes wide open to a large, beautiful PANORAMIC VIEW of the nighttime city lights.

He teeters over to the refrigerator in the kitchenette.

Opens the door, grabs a large bottle of DOM PERIGNON CHAMPAGNE, takes a big swig.

JIMEY

Gotta bloody pee!

With bottle in hand, Jimsey careens around the corner--

HALLWAY

The dimly lit hallway leads to two doors. Jimey looks at each, then opens the door directly in front of him.

INT. HOTEL, PUBLIC HALLWAY - NIGHT

A fancy, room service FOOD CART sits unattended to his left. A SILVER ICE HOLDER hangs off the side.

Jimey, with champagne bottle firmly gripped, walks over and PEES into the ice holder.

A FEMALE FOOD SERVER walks out from the room next door. She FREEZES. Jimey notices.

JIMEY

You like watchin'? Ya kinky thing,
ya. You want me to pee on ya?

He walks towards her and PEES.

FOOD SERVER

SECURITY!

She bolts off.

JIMEY

SECURITY!! Some crazy bitch is in
me loo watching me pee!!!

He turns around to open his door, but it's locked.

JIMEY

What the bloody 'ell?

Confused, Jimey wobbles down the hallway.

JIMEY

Bloody 'ell, I need some coke.
HELLO...!! ANYONE HAVE COKE AROUND
HERE?!!

He heads around the corner.

ELEVATOR ENTRANCE

Near the elevator, Jimey sees a large, red SODA MACHINE sporting the letters - "COKE". He approaches.

JIMEY

Me prayers been answered!!

Jimsey stares, lets out LAUGHS that get LOUDER. Bends over to get a closer look, then--

FALLS HEAD FIRST INTO THE OPEN ICE TRAY.

Bent forward, head completely immersed in ice and BUTT IN AIR, Jimsey still clenches the bottle.

The elevator doors open--

MOM, DAD, TEENAGE SON and DAUGHTER walk out. Frozen, they stare - DUMBSTRUCK - at the surreal spectacle.

Daughter pulls out her cell phone and takes pics. They all stare, slack-jawed, until--

Jimsey YANKS his head out of the ice.

JIMSEY

WOOOOO!!!

And, FLAILS his head around, like a wet dog. Opens his eyes, sees Mom and the gang with wide-eyed stares.

JIMSEY

'Ello lovies. You all wouldn't
happen to have any coke on ya?
I've got a bit of the collywobbles
in me brain.

He staggers a step towards them. The kids SCREAM and take off running. Mom and Dad follow after.

MOM

(to Dad)

We had to stay in Holly-weird,
huh?! You're fired!

Jimsey stumbles over to the elevator door, knocks.

JIMSEY

'Ello. 'Ello... Anyone home?!

DING! DING! The elevator rings.

Oblivious, Jimsey throws a hard knock as the door slowly opens. The momentum carries him forward, into the elevator--

Where he FALLS - FACE FIRST. The doors close.

INT. HOTEL, LOBBY -NIGHT HALLWAY.

Jimmy stumbles out the elevator. A DOZEN PEOPLE meander. With bottle of champagne, Jimmy staggers behind the group as they walk ahead.

TWO SECURITY GUYS in fancy suits and walkie-talkies make their way out from around the corner, approach Jimmy.

SECURITY GUY 1
Mr. Zainer. Come with us, please.

Jimmy SWINGS his bottle at them. They retreat.

Jimmy, crouched down, one foot in front of the other, and using his bottle of Dom as a sword--

Does WILD FENCE LUNGES at them. Champagne spurts out.

SECURITY GUY 2
No need to make a scene, Mr.
Zainer.

Jimmy continues his sword-lunges.

SECURITY GUY 1
(to front desk)
CALL THE POLICE!

Jimmy looks around, ponders his next move.

EXT. HOTEL ENTRANCE/EXIT - NIGHT

Resting in valet parking, sits a BLACK STRETCH LIMOUSINE.

Above the hotel entrance doors reads - "Sunset Marquis"

INT. LIMO - NIGHT

PAM, ERIN, DWIGHT & BEN, mid-20s, all dressed touristy, sit across from each other in leather seats.

They stare out the tinted window, not saying a word.

BEN
(to limo driver)
How come we haven't seen any famous
people yet? It's almost two hours.

The LIMO DRIVER slowly turns towards them.

DRIVER

Be patient. It's not even two A-
em. When they hit, they'll hit!

EXT. HOTEL ENTRANCE/EXIT - NIGHT

WHOOSH! Jimey FLIES out the hotel and flattens himself -
SPREAD-EAGLE - on the outside door of the limo.

He claws himself to the top, and squirms face-first in
through the open moon window.

INT. LIMO - NIGHT

Jimey's HEAD THRUSTS into the limo. With bottle of Dom in
hand, arms FLAIL as he shinnies himself in.

The gang inside the limo stare - FLABBERGASTED.

PLOP! Jimey CRASHES to the floor.

Limo driver does a double take. Everyone with mouths agape.

PAM

Oh, my God! Are you Jimmy Zainer?!
I love the Missing Links!

JIMEY

It's Jie-Mee! Too many fuckin'
Jimmies in the world. Shall we
keep the party rolling, mates?!

He lifts up the bottle from between his legs, takes a swig.
All eyes zoom in on his crotch. The girls smile.

Jimey puts the bottle back down between his legs.

JIMEY

You wouldn't happen to have any
blow on ya, would ya?

Through the window, Jimey spots the two security guys.

JIMEY

Seems I've got a couple of twats
after me arse. DRIVER, LET'S ROLL!

The limo SCREECHES away.

EXT. HOTEL ENTRANCE/EXIT - NIGHT

The security guys look around: No limo.

INT. LIMO - NIGHT

Windows roll down as the limo drives down the street.

Enthralled, the gang are into Jimmey's every move. He points.

JIMMEY

Blimey! See that bus stop over there? Where I got me first beejay!

The girls lean out the window, take pics.

JIMMEY

That thieveryous bugger was bloody talented with her hands. Ambeedextelerous you could say. While she was gobbling me tallywhacker, she was nicking me wallet.

The limo stops at a red light.

Jimmey stick his head out the window. Notices a sign that says - "ROXY SHORT BUS TONIGHT".

JIMMEY

Short Bus! Me prayers been answered. Them wankas have the best blow.

Jimmey opens the door. As he's about to get out--

ERIN

Jimmey, can we have your autograph?

JIMMEY

If you score any coke, leave it at the front desk of the Marquis. Give 'em your names and address. I'll send ya an autograph.

Looks of confusion.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Naked, with bottle in hand, Jimmey STAGGERS across the street. Cars SWERVE, SCREECH and BEEP to avoid him.

Jimey walks up in front of the Roxy. PEOPLE gather around. SCREAMS, LAUGHTER AND CELL PHONE PICS hit the air.

JIMEY

You wankas got got any blow on ya?!

POLICE SIRENS fill the air. GUY on a VESPA pulls up.

Down the street, THREE POLICE CARS - LIGHTS BLARING - make their way towards the crowd. Everyone turns.

Jimey PANICS. Runs to the Vespa, BOUNCES the driver off the seat and SPEEDS off down the road.

Vespa guy runs after him.

VESPA GUY

HEY!! ASSHOLE!!

INT. LANDING STRIP - NIGHT

Sitting around a bar, a FEW GUYS and a DOZEN GIRLS in LINGERIE, point in amazement at a large screen TV.

On the TV(aerial POV): Heading down the freeway, SIX POLICE CARS, sirens BLARING, chase behind Jimey on the Vespa.

PEOPLE gather on a freeway overpass, WAVE their arms and do the universal, two-finger rock and roll salute.

At the bar: The commotion around the TV gets LOUDER.

EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT

Jimey on the Vespa. His HAIR THRASHES in the wind, EYES BUG OUT. He's completely DERANGED as he swigs some champagne.

INT. LANDING STRIP - NIGHT

The crowd at the bar CLAP and YELL in delight.

On the TV(aerial POV): Jimey on the Vespa pulls into a business parking lot. The large sign reads - "The Landing Strip Gentleman's Club".

Looks of TOTAL AMAZEMENT as the club patrons BOLT out.

EXT. LANDING STRIP - NIGHT

Jimey and Vespa CRASH to the ground.

TWO GIRLS, topless and in g-string, JUMP UP AND DOWN in excitement.

A naked Jimey - bottle in hand - gets to his feet and heads toward the entrance.

FEMALE REPORTER (V.O.)
I see we've just discovered
what The Landing Strip is. And,
apparently our suspect is not
wearing any clothes, either.
We apologize for all the nudity
folks. We may have to cut away.

Police cars, sirens BLARING, pull up to a SCREECHING halt.
COPS STORM OUT, point guns at Jimey.

FEMALE REPORTER (V.O.)
He may get killed right here!
We'll keep the live coverage going!

Jimey FLIPS OFF the cops, walks a bit, then stops in his tracks and SPAZZES OUT. The crowd CHEERS.

He falls down, FLOPS AROUND like bacon in a frying pan, but manages to keep the bottle upright in his hand.

Was he shot? Was he tasered?

FEMALE REPORTER (V.O.)
We've just confirmed - our suspect
is indeed Jimmy Zainer - the wildly
popular but oft arrested lead
singer for the Missing Links.
Oh... I've just been informed -
it's pronounced Jie-me.

The cops POUNCE on him. Jimey refuses to let go of the bottle as the cops try to wrest it from him.

A game of keep-away takes place.

As he takes one last swig, the cop TASERS him again.

With bottle to his mouth, Jimey FLOPS around, as the crowd watches in ASTONISHMENT.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COURTHOUSE ENTRANCE/EXIT - DAY

Sign in front reads - "Los Angeles County Superior Court".

Jimey, with BAND-AID over his nose and dark sunglasses on, exits quickly with his attorney, BART MIAGATTI, 55.

A THRONG of REPORTERS stick microphones at him.

REPORTER

Jimey, will you be going to jail?
Can you tell us what happened?

JIMEY

Well... All I'm saying is uh...
Give peace a chance, mates!!

Jimey and Bart duck into an awaiting limo.

INT. LIMO - DAY

Bart sits across from Jimey, peruses paperwork.

BART

Congratulations! You're not going
to jail. And, all your nine lives
are now completely exhausted.

JIMEY

Thank God. With me beautiful hair
and me fit looks, the savages would
have been all over me like monkeys
on a cupcake!!

BART

You've crossed the line for the
last time, hope you understand.

JIMEY

Lines here... lines there. It's
quite arbitrary. Have you read any
Descartes lately?

Bart shoots him a long stare.

BART

Jimey, you screw up one more time,
you've got a minimum of three years
in the slammer.

JIMEY

Yes, your Majesty.

BART

You have weekly NA meetings for a year. An ankle bracelet for six months. Don't take it off. It notifies them if you're doing things you shouldn't be doing.

JIMEY

Like playing with meself?

BART

It doesn't have a camera on it, okay! You have a thousand hours of community service to do over six months at The Los Feliz Retirement Community For the Arts.

JIMEY

Bloody 'ell! A bunch of ol' beans to cater to all day? Though, I do prefer older women. They're like li'l pygmy goats - gobble on whatever you stick near their mouths.

Bart, displeased, shakes his head.

JIMEY

I'm sure there are some retired musicians there to talk shop. It'll be good for you to be around people who play music for reasons other than sex and drugs.

JIMEY

Such as...?

BART

That's the point of all this.

JIMEY

I'm afraid I might have meself a breakdown. Don't know if I can be restored to any level of sanity.

BART

Or, maybe, you'll feel happy for a change.

JIMEY

The only people I've met who seem happy are children and the mentally impaired.

EXT. JIMEY'S HOUSE - DAY

The limo arrives in a circular driveway in front of a LARGE, BEAUTIFUL HOUSE.

INT. LIMO - DAY

Jimey opens the door. As he's halfway out--

BART
Don't let me down. I know you can do this.

JIMEY
You are indeed me friend... For reasons I'm not quite sure of.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY

The limo takes off. Jimey watches for a beat.

INT. JIMEY'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

Large kitchen. Jimey's mom, EMMA, 65, short and frail in stature, sits at the table, reads her magazine.

Jimey walks in with his court stuff. Emma ignores him.

Jimey, perplexed, lifts his nose up.

JIMEY
You smell that?

EMMA
Must be me new incense.

Emma, engaged in her magazine, as Jimey sniffs around--

JIMEY
Aahh... Bloody 'ell, Mum! Have you been nickin' me weed?!

Emma's EYES BOUNCE back and forth. Silence, then--

She rolls up her newspaper, BOLTS to her feet and SMACKS Jimey with it - over and over.

EMMA
(high, shriek voice)
You're never here!!
(MORE)

EMMA (CONT'D)

Leave me alone all the time with
bugger to do all day!! No one to
help me with me crossword puzzles!!

She SMACKS away. On the table, Jimey notices empty wrappers
of CHEETOS and HO HOS.

JIMEY

Bloody 'ell, Mum! This is worse
than when me dog got into me bong
water!

Emma SMACKS him - FASTER.

EMMA

(high, shriek voice)
That's cuz you left him alone
all the time, too!!

JIMEY

Why...? Look at this castle I put
together for you! You live here in
me palace like a queen.

EMMA

And, I have no king to occupy me
time! Me prince spends all his
time gallivanting at that ho-hut
you stay at. I know what you do!

JIMEY

It's a Chateau, not a hut! It's
quite lovely. Pool service. No
one to yell at me. Cinemax. No
one to yell at me. Free champagne.
And, they fold their towels in the
shape of these li'l seabirds. Did
I mention - No one yells at me?!

She opens up the magazine in her hand, sticks the page in
front of Jimey's face. On the page--

Jimey - in limo - naked - with bottle between his legs.

EMMA

You do remember this?

Jimey, confused, stares at the pic. Emma WACKS him.

JIMEY

Well, you'll be seeing a lot less
of me these days.

(MORE)

JIMEY (CONT'D)

I've got six months of 'ell doing community service in a bloody senior center. I'll have you know.

EMMA

Good! You'll learn how to change diapers. Practice you'll be using on me one day, I'll have ya know!

He throws his arms in the air and looks up.

JIMEY

I give up, God. It's all gone to pot. The norms and rationales of society win again.

He walks towards the living room, fireplace mantle.

LIVING ROOM

In a picture resting on the mantle: A younger Jimey, all smiles, stands next to his mom.

In another picture: An 8 year-old Jimey with cricket bat in hand, wears an over-sized helmet with face guard.

Emma approaches a distraught Jimey.

JIMEY

I'm not doing this! Can you do community service for me?! Wear a wig? Stand on your lil' tippy-toes?

He grabs his hair.

JIMEY

I'm afraid me posh lifestyle has gotten me a bit soft in the underbelly.

EMMA

Jimmy--

JIMEY

It's Jie-me!

Emma's eyes get big. She stares down Jimey, then--

GRABS HIM IN THE CROTCH AND SQUEEZES HARD.

JIMEY
(eyes bulging)
OW! EEY! What the bloody 'ell's
got into ya?!!

Emma squeezes harder.

JIMEY
I mean - STOP! PLEASE! With sugar
on top! MUMMY DEAREST!

She lets go.

EMMA
Just checking. I've been reading
about these famous twits getting
their bollocks removed, lately.

JIMEY
I need to get me head screwed back
on right.

Jimsey storms out of the room.

BEDROOM

Jimsey enters his bedroom and plops himself down in bed.

Total rock star, ambiance: velvet bedspread, brothel-style
fringe lamps, mirror above bed, video camera on stand with
bra hanging on it.

Jimsey opens a drawer in the night stand next to the bed.
Pulls out a hard-cover bible.

JIMEY
You have always comforted me in me
times of dire need.

Places it over his heart, opens it at a bookmark and reads.

JIMEY
Jeremiah, chapter twenty nine,
verse eleven... For I know the
plans I have for you, declares the
Lord. Plans to prosper you and not
to harm you. Plans to give you
hope and a future. Thank you
Lord... And, now my favorite part.

Jimsey opens the bible at the next bookmark--

In the middle of the pages: a hollow square stuffed with a JOINT and a BAGGIE FILLED WITH COKE, RAZOR BLADE AND STRAW.

JIMEY

(hands in prayer mode)
Thank you God for so graciously
providing me the ability to do, in
your image, Dear Lord... uh... far
more mind enhancements than what
you recommend for yearly human
consumption. Amen.

He lights up the joint, takes a long hit. Then, cuts a line of coke on top of his bible.

JIMEY

He who sins, let him first get
stoned... Or, something like that.

He snorts away, tilts his head back, closes his eyes.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LOS FELIZ SENIOR CENTER - DAY

Establishing shot.

INT. LOS FELIZ, REC ROOM - DAY

In the activities room, SENIORS mingle, keep themselves busy--

One one table - a group of seniors slap down dominoes.

In front of a TV, in leotards, MARTHA, 75, slowly squats up and down as she watches the "Price Is Right".

Off to the side--

WOMAN 1

YAHTZEE!! YAHHHHT...!! ZEEE...!!

The MAN next to her puts his finger in his ear.

MAN 1

For crying out loud...! You blew
out my hearing aid again!

WOMAN 2

Quit doin' that! We've told you
a million times - you gotta shake
the dice and roll 'em! Droppin'
'em don't count!!

Jimney, long hair tucked inside his baseball cap, SHINER under his eye and SUITCASE in hand, walks in.

Bewildered, he surveys.

With natural good looks, and oozing of Southern charm, SUMMER RAYNE, 35, manager at Los Feliz, approaches.

SUMMER

Hi, I'm Summer, the manager. You must be here for the court ordered thing, right?

Jimney gives her a once-over that Summer notices all too well. He's all smiles.

JIMEY

And You must be the lovely li'l dishy concierge they told me about.

SUMMER

Well bless your li'l pea pickin' heart. Though I don't do dinner reservations for y'all at our all inclusive resort here. You cut your hair?

Jimney's all smiles. He lifts up his cap.

SUMMER

Incognito. Cool beans. Folla me. Time for a quick tour of the activities room. We'll be keeping ya busier than a one legged cat in a sandbox 'round here.

She giggles. Jimney is at a loss for words. As they walk, PEOPLE observe.

SUMMER

We try to keep our seniors entertained with different activities. I know this all is outside your comfort zone. I understand. So, just try your best to attend to all their needs.

JIMEY

Needs? You don't mean helping them with their, uh... Ba-doop?

Summer's confused.

JIMEY

The dirty squirties, lovey.

SUMMER

Heavens to Betsy... You won't be changing diapers, I promise you. This is a retirement community, not a nursing home. Look around. You can see they're active.

Jimney turns to see HAZEL, 70, sitting on a floor matt, legs upright, head peeking out above her crotch

SUMMER

I think that's called Yoga. At least that's what Hazel calls it.

Hazel shoots Jimney a FLIRTY GLANCE, as they walk past a table of seniors playing dominoes.

JIMEY

Would you like me to entertain them with some of me skills?

SUMMER

How's your gopher skills?

JIMEY

You've got a varmint problem 'round here you want me to fix... Yeah?

SUMMER

No... We need you to be this kind of gopher: You go fer this. You go fer that. Grab them this. Hand them that.

JIMEY

Ahhh... I see, now. You're a clever li'l duck, too, aren't you?

She smiles, shrugs her shoulders

SUMMER

Well butter my butt and call me a biscuit. Quack, quack! Ya got me. I do declare.

She throws her hands up in the air. Is Jimney taking a fancy to her? He and Summer approach SAL, 80, who paints in front of his easel.

SUMMER

He won't ever show me his painting
of me. I just don't know why.

Jimsey walks over behind Sal and observes. On the canvas--

A NAKED WOMAN, very similar to Summer, sports a HUGE, RETRO
70's PUBIC BUSH.

Jimsey's eyes get huge. He looks at the painting, then back
at Summer, then back at the painting. Then at Sal.

SUMMER

Well....?

He whispers in Sal's ear and points.

JIMEY

Bloody 'ell. Trim that bush there,
will ya! Looks like Chewbacca's
trying to crawl out her gash!

Sal smiles. Summer, confused, motions to Jimsey.

They stop in front of a large bookshelf. BOOKS AND MAGAZINES
are scattered on a large table in front.

SUMMER

If you can put these books back
in alphabetical order, not all
cattywampus, that'll be much
appreciated. The unit you're
staying in down yonder will be
ready in a bit.

JIMEY

Lovey, it would be great if you can
keep me incognito. You do know who
I am.

SUMMER

Trust me... I reckon they're not
ever gonna find out who you really
are... mister wild and crazy
rockstar. And, in the process
hopefully you'll discover who you
really are.

Jimsey, perplexed, admires her butt as she walks away.

Nearby, four SENIORS at a table play dice.

JOHNNY TURNER, 70, African-American, blind and wearing dark shades, lets out a huge, endearing, gap-toothed smile as he rolls the dice.

LENNY MACHADO, 72, short, skinny, of Cuban decent and sporting a gold chain around his neck, turns over a couple of the "sixes".

Johnny moves his hand around, looking for the dice.

JOHNNY
What I roll?

LENNY
Shit on a hot, tin roof.

Lenny laughs as Johnny tries locating his dice.

Big, female and sporting a butch crew-cut, JAK, 73, punches Lenny in the shoulder.

JAK
God'll make that pecker a yours
stop workin', you keep doin' that.

LENNY
Feel like sword fightin'...?

Lenny reaches over and steals one of Johnny's fries.

Next to Lenny sits WALT LAYNE, 68: Tall, skinny, wearing a conservative, pin-striped, short-sleeved shirt.

WALT
You mean like p-p-pirates, with
swords?

LENNY
No, I mean - with her s-s-strap-on!
Took my Viagra and Geritol this
morning. I'm ready to rumble!

Lenny gyrates his hips around. Johnny still searches for his dice. Walt rolls his eyes.

From across the way--

Jak spots Jimey helping a FEMALE SENIOR. She points.

Jimey reaches up to grab a book on the top shelf. Uh-oh: A dozen books CRASH to the ground. Jimey picks them up.

JAK (O.S.)
Community service for sure. Wonder
what that degenerate did?

WALT (O.S.)
Look at that black eye

LENNY (O.S.)
Bet he hits women who fight back.

JAK (O.S.)
That skinny twig? Karen Carpenter
could've kicked his ass.

Back at the table, everyone shoots her looks.

JAK
What? Too soon?

WALT
Whose turn is it to roll?

JAK
The hell with your fucked up dice
game, Walty. HEY, LURCH!!

Nothing from Jimsey. She lets loose a LOUD WHISTLE.

JAK
HEY! YOU OVER THERE WITH
THE BOOKS!

Jimsey turns. Jak motions for Jimsey to come over.

JIMEY
What can I do for ya?

JAK
I need my teeth cleaned. Can't
move around like I used to.
Arthritis.

JIMEY
You want me to go grab ya a
toothbrush, do ya?

Jak pulls out her DENTURES from her mouth, extends to Jimsey.

JAK
Brushed, please. Oh, I just
remembered... They need to be
flossed, too. In a sink.

Jimsey stares at them. The guys hold their laughs in.

JIMEY
Ya off ya bloody trolley?!!

JAK
I can tell the court you're
not doing your community service,
if that's easier for ya!

LENNY
Hey Diesledyke, you wanna impress
me: See if you can get him to clean
that vibrating butt plug a yours!

WALT
Only someone who uses those things
would know about those th-things.

Jimey, reaches for the dentures as Summer arrives.

SUMMER
Madame, must you always do these
things to our new volunteers?

JAK
Welcome to the old folks home.

JIMEY
Bugger off, ya ol' loony duffa.
You buzzards have any idea who I
am?!!

SUMMER
Okay, I'll tell you who he is right
now. This is uh... Jimmy.
Jimmy, meet our gang... Also known
as - our li'l ol' rascals.

Jimey is befuddled.

SUMMER
Jimmy, I have a project for ya.
Come with, please.

The gang laugh and get back to their games.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LOS FELIZ, REC ROOM - NIGHT

The rec room has emptied out as the day's about to end. The
gang sit, conversing. Jimey, nearby, folds chairs.

JAK

Hey, Johnny... Should we get the
juvie to clean your glass eye?

The gang, pleased with themselves, bust up laughing.

JIMEY

(singing)

*Old people got little ol' hands...
Li'l ol' eyes. They sit around
tellin' li'l ol' lies...*

(a beat)

Hey... Isn't it time for your group
enemas?

JAK

Our friend, Alfred, had an
abundance of peculiarities, like
you. Let us pick on him often.

LENNY

We've no one to pick on anymore.

JAK

We lost dear Alfred last year.

JIMEY

Have you tried looking for him
behind the refrigerator? Mind
boggling the stuff ya find there.

JOHNNY

He got stabbed in the eye at a
cockfight in Zanzibar, young man.

LENNY

The fuckin' bird did it!

WALT

It had a li'l knife tied to its
li'l feet and was a bit disturbed.

JIMEY

Does everyone suffer from dementia
around here, or just you wankas?

(singing)

*Hey, hey, you, you! Get off a me
cloud! And, don't hang around cuz
two's a crowd!!*

JOHNNY

Hmmm... He can sing. Young man...
You heard a Willie Dixon?

JIMEY

Did you pick on him, too?

JAK

He's that blues guy who sues everybody for stealing songs he stole.

JOHNNY

Yessir. I wrote - Wang Dang Doodle - and that possum-eatin', banjo-lipped scrounger stole it from me.

JAK

We haven't been doing our weekly jam sessions since we lost Alfred.

LENNY

Only singer 'round here who didn't have to relieve himself after every fuckin' song.

JOHNNY

You available to sing, young man?

JIMEY

I have no desire whatsoever to sing with you ol' pissas a bunch of ol' pissa songs.

Jimsey finishes folding up the chairs.

JIMEY

Piss off, all a yas!!

Jimsey heads out. The gang shrug shoulders.

INT. LOS FELIZ, JIMEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Large, studio room, bed in middle. TV on in the background. Jimsey takes clothes out of his suitcase.

NEWS REPORTER(O.S.)

We have some breaking news... The Missing Links rock band have fired their enigmatic and oft arrested singer, Jimsey Zainer, after his last epic brush with the law. We're going to take you live to their press conference right now.

EYES BUGGED, Jimsey slowly turns around.

On TV: A large crowd congregates around a stage amidst a large outdoor shopping and entertainment collective.

On stage in front of microphones reside THE MISSING LINKS - PHILO, SPIDEY, GEEZER, MICK: Late thirties, all decked out in prototypical, rock star attire.

PHILO

We just couldn't go on anymore with Jimey. We're auditioning for a new singer, now. This had to be done.

MICK

That's right, Philo. His drug use was getting out of control.

SPIDEY

It wasn't under control like ours.

GEEZER

Too many cancelled tours. And, now this latest debacle. Who knows how long he'll be sidelined for.

JIMEY

You can't even call to talk about shit?!

SPIDEY

He's probably wondering why we didn't call to talk about shit, but the wazock never answers his phone.

PHILO

Yeah, he never calls me, either.

JIMEY

Oh, you think you're all bigger than me, now... Do ya?!!

MICK

The Missing Links are bigger than just one person, ya know.

GEEZER

That's right, Mick!!

Jimey, a bit confused, surveys the room.

JIMEY

You mad twats, it's me, not you,
that bring the bitches to our
milkshake! Me milk shakes, yours,
yours... DOESN'T FUCKING SHAKE!!

He SHOUTS at the TV as the interview continues--

JIMEY

I can sell more tickets playing
with a bunch of retards with li'l
matching helmets than you can with
some Jimey wannabe! Better yet...
I can sell more tickets with a band
of invalids in rocking chairs to
prove me point! And, once I prove
me point, the record label will woo
me back with even more money! And,
I'll hire real musicians. Now, if
I could just find me some ol'
geezers to go on the road with to
properly make me point.

SPIDEY

Then, we find out he's been
sentenced to some home for ol'
geezers.

Geezer shoots Spidey a look.

SPIDEY

Oh, sorry, Geezer. I mean - them
geezers.

MICK

Maybe, he can start a band there.

Jimey has an - "ah-hah" - moment and hightails it out.

INT. LOS FELIZ, REC ROOM - NIGHT

The gang are in mid-conversation. Jimey bolts in.

JIMEY

So, I was doing some of that uh...
Kundalini Meditation! Got me brain
waves in a highly tuned state and
an epiphany hit me: It may have
been a bit premature to turn down
the lovely opportunity to sing with
you all. You're all musicians?

They all shoot each other looks for a beat.

JOHNNY
You heard a B.B. King?

Jimey grabs a seat. He's all ears.

INT. MUSIC CLUB - NIGHT

A B.B. KING LOOK-ALIKE plays the iconic "LUCILLE" guitar and sings- "Everyday I Have The Blues".

JOHNNY (V.O.)
Was a good gig till I got all
messed up on hair-win.

A younger Johnny plays keyboards. Hands slow, as his head PLOPS down on the keys, making HORRIFIC NOISE.

JOHNNY (V.O.)
Used ta tell folks the only dope
worth shootin' was Richard Nixon.
Then, I shot up some.

The SAX PLAYER taps Johnny on the shoulders. Nothing.

JIMEY (V.O.)
What happened?

INT. LOS FELIZ, REC ROOM - NIGHT

All eyes on Johnny.

JOHNNY
I voted for Nixon and got fired.
That's what hair-win do to ya!

WALT
I voted for Pat Paulsen, if that
makes you feel better, Johnny.

LENNY
Hey... I used to play bass in a
Cuban, Salsa-Polka band.

INT. MUSIC CLUB - NIGHT

Place is HOPPING. LOTS OF CUBANS salsa dance. A GIRL approaches a young Lenny on bass, whispers in his ear.

LENNY (V.O)
 This hot to trot Polish bitch
 wouldn't let me shtup her unless I
 played her stupid polka songs.

The band segways from salsa to polka. The crowd throw their
 arms up in disgust as polka girl dances away.

LENNY (V.O.)
 They fired us for some reason.

INT. LOS FELIZ, REC ROOM - NIGHT

Jimey's entertained.

JAK
 Hey... Remember the Marilyn Monroe
 movie - Some Like It Hot?

INT. MUSIC CLUB - NIGHT

TWO GUYS, mid-thirties, in wigs, DRESSED AS WOMEN in outfits
 from circa 1960, play a sax and an upright bass.

A MARILYN MONROE LOOK-ALIKE bops her head to the beat.

A younger Jak with long hair, smacks the drums.

JAK (V.O.)
 I was an eighteen year old drumming
 machine. Marilyn was always
 hittin' on me.

Jak sticks her tongue between her index and middle finger at
 Marilyn who freaks out and skedaddles away.

The DIRECTOR throws his arms up.

LENNY (V.O.).
 Bet ya - she thought you were one
 of the guys in drag.

INT. LOS FELIZ, REC ROOM - NIGHT

Jak flips off lenny.

JAK
 Whatever, lez-bro. I was a looker
 back then. Watch the movie.

WALT
I teach guitar.

LENNY
Walty's wife didn't let him come
out and play much. Kept his
panties all in a bunch.

INT. WALT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A younger Walt, wearing the exact same pin-striped shirt he
has on now, stands in the living room, guitar on the floor.

Walt's wife, MARY, stands nearby, shoots him glares.

Doorbell rings. Walt walks around in a square.

MARY
Is it me or the doorbell that sets
off that obsessive-compulsive crap
you do all the time?

Mary opens the door, stands behind it.

A younger Lenny, with afro and decked out in 70's, "night out
on the town" - PARTY CLOTHES - stands in the doorway.

LENNY
Let's keep on truckin' before your
crazy bitch finds out and cuts your
nards off. Dig?

Mary SLAMS the door shut, deadbolts it locked.

MARY
You ain't going nowhere!!

INT. LOS FELIZ, REC ROOM - NIGHT

Walt points to Lenny.

WALT
It was only you she wouldn't let me
p-p-play with.

JIMEY
Well... It does appear you are all
well-seasoned musicians.

JAK
A bunch of almost-beens who never
got a second chance. That's us!

JOHNNY
You know our songs, young man?

JIMEY
I was weaned on all them oldies.

Summer approaches, unbeknownst to Jimey.

JAK
You'll have to get the okay from
our dearest Summer.

JIMEY
I was gonna get in her pants first.
But, as this is now our top
priority.

SUMMER
(clears her throat)
Uh, humm...

JAK
Your juvie here wants to get our
weekly jam sessions going again and
sing with us.

JIMEY
Feeling their pain, ya know...
Having lost their Alfred and all.

Summer tilts her head. She's not sure.

JIMEY
Look at them... Like me dogs -
they're bored out of their minds
with nothing to do all day but
annoy the crap outta me. We don't
help them now, they'll be chewing
on their legs in no time.

Summer rolls her eyes.

SUMMER
Really...?! Well... I suppose we
can try this all out as an
experiment. See how it goes and
take it from there.

Smiles and nods of approval.

SUMMER
But, not till Friday. I need a
couple days to sleep on this one.

Her long gaze at Jimey: "I'll be carefully watching you."

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LOS FELIZ, REC ROOM - DAY

A group of a DOZEN SENIORS sit in chairs in front of a small make-shift STAGE in the corner.

SUPERIMPOSE: Friday

On stage, the gang get situated with their equipment. Jimey strolls over. They all stop on a dime.

WALT

We didn't realize we were around a world famous rock and roll celebrity.

LENNY

(English accent)

Blimey! I'm naked and me head's in an ice machine! Blimey!!

JAK

Everyone's seen it.

JOHNNY

(looking at magazine)

Shocked the shit out of me, too!

Johnny tosses the "National Examiner" to Jimey. On the page--

Jimey: Naked and bent over - his head in an ice dispenser - his hand clutches a bottle of Dom Perignon - the crack of his ass blurred out.

Jimey FLIPS the magazine up in the air.

JIMEY

Photoshop rubbish, it is.

LENNY

Hey, if you gotta pee, the hallway's over there... Jimmy.

JIMEY

It's Jimey to you. And, you buggas can all blow me.

JAK

Yeah, we've heard you're into that group stuff.

LENNY

We've been practicing Tiny Bubbles.
Figured you'd like that one.

WALT

It's a song about drinking
champagne.

JIMEY

Yeah, I got that, ya nutter.
Alright, you mad cows are all
making me want to get back on the
piss. Back Door Man. Let's go!

Jimsey takes the microphone.

JIMEY

On the one. One--

They play. Jimsey waves his arms around.

JIMEY

No, no! The one after the
four, not before the four. God,
help me! Ready...? One, two,
three, four--

Everyone comes in together. Johnny beats his stick on
the floor. After a measure they all stop--

LENNY

(to Walt)

You're outta tune. As usual!

WALT

Give me a second. I think my g-
string needs some adjusting.

JAK

Walt's into wearing womens'
underwear.

WALT

It's because I can't hear myself.
Lenny's too l-l-loud... As usual.

LENNY

You know why I always turn my bass
up too fucking l-l-loud around
you...? So, I can't hear you play
out of t-t-t-tune, as usual.

JAK
 (to Jimey)
 They're like brothers. They love
 each other!

Martha, in her leotards, walks up in front of Jimey.

MARTHA
 If you play Mustang Sally for me,
 I'll show you my ta-tas.

She starts to lift up her shirt. Jimey waves his arms.

JIMEY
 Please!! No!! Stop!! God, they
 didn't tell me this is a retirement
 home for the insane!!

He covers his eyes. Turns around to the gang--

JIMEY
 All right, you mad cows. Here we
 go. One... two... three... four--

They play. It sounds really bad! Jimey waves to stop.

JOHNNY
 (to Lenny)
 What key you in?

LENNY
 I'm in the key of - just play the
 fucking song and I'll figure it
 out.

WALT
 How can you play a song if you
 don't know what key it's in?
 You're not Frank Z-Z-Zappa.

JIMEY
 It's - E.

JOHNNY
 E? I thought you said - B.

LENNY
 B, E... Whatever. Close enough.
 Pop a fuckin' Xanax, will ya?!

Jimey's gonna lose it. He pulls on his hair.

JIMEY
 Okay... Key of - E. From the top.

They start jamming. Everyone's rusty. Jimey howls--

JIMEY

*I am the backdoor man. Wha, yea!
C'mon, yeah! Yeah, I'm a back door
man! I'm a back door man! The men
don't know, but the little girl
understand!*

Johnny waves his stick around. The band stops.

JOHNNY

Anybody call 9-1-1 'round here?

Confused looks.

JOHNNY

Thought I heard an ambulance.
Guess that was you singing.

JIMEY

We're back to picking on me
peculiarities, are we?

JOHNNY

You say you're a singer, but I
ain't feelin' it. Dig deep, young
man, and sing like you got some
heavy stuff in that soul a yours.
Or, maybe you just better at crazy
antics than singing?

Jimey throws his arms up in the air.

JIMEY

I'm Jimey fucking Zaina! Piss
off!! You can all go play with
yourselves... Which I hear you
buzzards do alot 'round here. I
quit!!

Jimey storms off. The gang argue with each other.

EXT. LOS FELIZ, BACK DOOR - DAY

Jimey, leans up against the wall, smokes a cig.

JIMEY

God, I don't know if I can do this.

Stressed out, he reflects.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

EXT. CRICKET FIELD - DAY

On the sidelines, while the team plays, a ten year-old Jimey wears his cricket attire: Helmet, cricket bat, shin pads.

A younger Emma, hands on hips, glowers at Jimey.

JIMEY

I can't do this, Mum.

EMMA

Bloody 'ell, you can't! Quitting is for Nancy Boys! Are you a Nancy Boy?!

Jimey shakes his head.

EMMA

Then get back out there, before I wack your bollocks off with a blunt knife and put it in your chutney pudding!

Scared, he hightails it back out to the field.

END FLASHBACK:

EXT. LOS FELIZ, BACK DOOR - DAY

Jimey's energized. Puffs hard on his cig. Looks directly into the camera--

JIMEY

Fuck all that. I'm Jimey Fucking Zaina! Greatest front man in the world! Must get back to me brilliant plan with these insane ol' buzzards!

Summer approaches.

SUMMER

What's going on? They told me you quit?

JIMEY

Just getting used to new things... Like dealing with pain in the arses while sober. That's all.

SUMMER

Please don't quit. I know you probably think I haven't exactly warmed up to this idea of yours, but you have no idea how excited they've been. It would mean a lot to me if--

JIMEY

Yeah, was thinking of quitting...

Jimsey turns to face the camera directly, lets loose a fiendish grin, then turns back to Summer--

JIMEY

But, lovey, if it means that much to someone as wonderful as you... I will continue to push on. For you. Not me. For you and them!

She hugs Jimsey. Jimsey doesn't release. Summer drops her arms, shrugs her shoulders, resumes hugging.

JIMEY

There's more to this life on earth than me thinking about me all the time. So, I've been told.

Jimsey WIGGLES HIS TONGUE at the camera.

INT. LOS FELIZ, REC ROOM - DAY

The gang still argue. Jimsey approaches.

JIMEY

All right... I've changed me mind. Let's get back at it. Practice makes perfect, they say.

The gang are all smiles. They start jamming. Jimsey shoots an expression that says: "This doesn't sound good."

DISSOLVE TO:

The screen splits: On the left, a montage of Jimsey's time at the center. On the right, Summer lets loose a variety of facial expressions.

SCREEN 1

MONTAGE

Jimey--

-- Plays dice games with the seniors. High-fives back and forth.

-- Jams on stage. High-fives and flip-offs back and forth.

-- In bathroom - pulls on his hair in front of mirror. Flips off his ankle bracelet.

-- More stacking of books, picking things up, folding chairs

-- Helps Hazel get untangled from a variety of crazy yoga positions.

-- At Sal's painting, points, laughs, shakes his head.

-- On stage, stands in front of the band with Johnny's stick - waves his arms about like an orchestra conductor. Big smiles on the ol' rascals. Everyone thoroughly enjoying themselves.

Jimey's been a hit with the seniors!

SCREEN 2

A full spectrum of facial expressions from Summer, observing:

-- She smiles - shakes her head - frowns - laughs - nods

Ending with an expression that says: "I'm impressed".

She twirls her hair with her finger real quick. Is she starting to take a fancy to Jimey?

END OF SPLIT SCREEN MONTAGE

INT. LOS FELIZ, REC ROOM - DAY

Jimey and the gang finish playing an oldie. They sound more tight and in sync. A dozen people, near the stage, applaud.

SUPERIMPOSE: Two Months Later

Jimey walks off the stage into a smiling Summer.

SUMMER

Hey, I was thinking... You and I haven't had much time to kinda get together, ya know, with all the stuff's been going on 'round here. I'm fixin' to tell ya my idea of what we can do right now.

JIMEY

Here?

SUMMER

No... Somewhere else, private.
Just you and me. It'll be quick.

JIMEY

Ooh, even better.

EXT. LOS FELIZ, ACTIVITIES BLDG. - DAY

Summer opens the door. Lights come on. The room is full of workout equipment.

Jimsey pokes his head in and surveys--

JIMEY

Never been much for sweat-ivious activities. But, if there's an orgasm at the end... I suppose--

SUMMER

I've got another idea.

INT. LOS FELIZ, ACTIVITIES BLDG.- DAY

At a foosball table--

SUMMER

My gramps and I would play this all the time when I was younger.

They're on each side of the table.

SUMMER

Okay, here's how it goes: Whoever loses a point has to... Guess!

JIMEY

Strip?

SUMMER

I just told you - I would play this with my grampa... Ya sicko!

She laughs.

SUMMER

When you lose a point, ya have ta answer a question. But, ya have to tell the truth. You can't lie.

JIMEY

How would you know?

SUMMER

If you lie you don't get any magic powers of insight and you won't win. Get it?

JIMEY

Magic, you say? Are you one of them witches?

SUMMER

The magic's within you, not me.

Summer puts the ball in play.

Handles TWIRL as players SPIN around. The ball FLIES all over the place, until--

WOOSH-CLANK! She scores.

SUMMER

Okay... So, we're diving right in... Why do you do all your, like, crazy sex and party stuff? Let's play. Easier to answer.

She drops the ball. Play resumes. Handles twirl.

JIMEY

If you're referring to me sexual-acious endeavors in the monastery of the rock star... I'm actually just trying to find the one.

Summer's confused.

JIMEY

I figure if I audition two or three women at a time... I'll find the right one quicker.

She rolls her eyes.

SUMMER

C'mon, I'm tryin' to be real, here. What's up with all the drug craziness?

JIMEY

Me fans pay good money to see all me crazy, rock star antics, lovey.

SUMMER

You think no one's gonna want to hear you sing if you don't act all crazy on drugs all the time?

JIMEY

People will put up with all manner of bad behavior, craziness and mayhem so long as you give them what they want. But, the minute you're not doing your job well, they'll wipe their hands of you without a second glance.

SUMMER

Blimey! Is your job to sing or create mayhem? Ya wanka!

Jimmy acknowledges Summer's Brit slang with a nod and smile. He returns the favor--

JIMEY

Well, bless your li'l pea-pickin' heart! Ya wanka!

They both laugh.

SUMMER

When you figure that last question out, life's answers will fall in your lap.

Jimmy's perplexed.

SUMMER

For now, seems you've got all your rock star rationales in place.

Jimmy's irritated. WOOSH-CLANK! He scores a goal, whipping the handle with extra speed.

SUMMER

Okay, your turn.

JIMEY

So... what keeps you here all the time with these ol' beans?

SUMMER

These ol' beans make me feel good, I guess. Think it helps me deal with things I couldn't do for my grampa before he died.

A beat, as Summer collects her thoughts.

SUMMER

Gramps was a musician. Spent a lot of time on the road. Gramma suspected he was cheating on her. Mom could never forgive him. Left him in a bad nursing home.

JIMEY

You were close to him, yeah?

SUMMER

When I was young, it felt like he was the only one who really, kinda understood me. Special connection we had. Taught me to play piano, he did. Think of him all the time.

Summer stops playing. Looks around, a bit spooked.

JIMEY

What's wrong?

SUMMER

It's weird. Sometimes I feel him around me. Like now.

A couple of overhead lights FLICKER. POP! A light blows out. Silence.

Jimsey's freaked. Summer, with wide eyes, links her arm in his and scoots him away.

EXT. LOS FELIZ, WALKWAY - DAY

Jimsey and Summer walk back to the recreation room.

SUMMER

Your getting them excited about music again has made a world of difference. I just appreciate it a lot... You probably wanted to keep your head away from music.

She hands him a letter.

SUMMER

Wrote this for you. Don't read it till after you leave here. Promise?

JIMEY

Promise! Well this is a first: A lovey trying to get into me head instead of me pants. Not that I'm opposed to that particular modus of operandi.

Summer rolls her eyes.

EXT. LOS FELIZ, BACK DOOR - DAY

He turns to her, sticks his chin out, puckers his lips, closes his eyes. She rolls her eyes, walks inside.

Jimy opens his eyes: Summer's gone. Turns to the camera--

JIMEY

Total bollocks! The only balls flyin' around back there should'a been mine!! Bending over that lovely duck every which way!!

He does a doggie-style thrust of the hips.

JIMEY

But, no... The bloody twit who's telling me story here, didn't want me doing that, yet. Some shit about me needing to be redeemable. And, I'm the star of this show! Me... Jimy Fucking Zaina!!! Not the fucking writer!!

Up to his head his fingers go.

JIMEY

Okay, real quick, I'll let you wankas go inside me head for a second and show ya what would'a happened if I was the one making this movie about meself.

JIMEY'S VISION:

INT. LOS FELIZ, ACTIVITIES BLDG. - DAY

He and Summer at the foosball table.

SUMMER

You ever play this?

JIMEY

No, but would you like to turn off
the lights and play - Guess What's
In Me Mouth?!

Summer grins and puts her finger in her mouth - seductively -
like a naughty girl.

MONTAGE

All scenes - In fast forward, within R-rated guidelines - set
to the song - YAKETY SAX - popular as the theme music for the
Bennie Hill show.

-- Summer plays foosball, while Jimmey bangs her doggie-
style.

-- Summer on the thigh machine. Her legs in the stirrups.
Jimmey with his head between her legs. She tilts her head
back in ecstasy, while her thighs smack him, repeatedly, on
his ears.

-- Jimmey does pull ups while summer gives him a blowie.

BACK TO SCENE

Jimmey lets loose a diabolical grin.

JIMEY

(on camera)

Feel free to go take a piss, grab
some popcorn. I've got four more
months of hard time, here, to get
me ingenious plan with the ol'
codgers off the ground. Probably a
good idea I tell them a little
about me plan. Not the entire
plan. Just the part they'll like.

Summer pokes her head out and YANKS Jimmey in.

INT. LOS FELIZ, REC ROOM - DAY

Jimmey approaches the gang.

JIMEY

Hey, everyone, I've been tossing
around this idea in me head... When
I'm done here I'd like to start a
new band.

LENNY

Mighty proud a ya. Why the fuck
you tellin' us?

JIMEY

As I was saying... I'd like to
start a new band. With you...
(pointing)
And, you... And, you... And, you.

A beat. The gang laughs.

JIMEY

I'm serious. You'll be me new
band. Why not...? We'll play all
these oldie songs we've been
practicing. Take it on the road.
Have fun. See how it goes

The gang look at each other, then laugh.

LENNY

I'll tell ya how it'll go... Like a
fresh turd in the community pool at
a black tie soiree at the Ritz
Carlton on a Sunday afternoon.

JOHNNY

Spoken from experience.

JAK

Who in their right minds wants to
see a bunch of old farts? We gonna
do an assisted-living-home tour?

JIMEY

People only really show up to see
me play, anyway. Just inviting you
all along for some fun times.
Life's not only about me... So I've
heard.

Walt

What about your former band of
chimpanzees who fired you?

JIMEY

Missing Links? I'm ready for
something new. If this doesn't
work, then we all had fun.

JOHNNY

I don't know... Should we believe
this jive turkey?

Jimsey waits. They're still not completely sold.

JIMEY

You're right. What was I thinking - trying to share with you all - that amazing feeling ya get when ya have people yell... Scream... Applaud... Make ya feel like you're the most special person on the bloody planet. Forget I even brought all this Kumbaya tosh up. I'll just start a new band with, uh... ya know... Real musicians.

LENNY

You sayin' we ain't real, pro musicians?

JOHNNY

I did time touring with Ray Charles. You sayin' that's not some real shit?

JAK

Just because we haven't been in the recording studio doesn't mean--

JIMEY

Guys... this is all your second chance in life to show the world what amazing musicians you are!

The gang all look at each other with wide-eyes of excitement.

LENNY

All right, fuck off! We call your bluff, bitch!

Jimsey lets loose a smile as Summer strolls up.

WALT

W-W-What do you think, Miss Summer, about us all going on the road with this loony duffer?

SUMMER

On the road?! Well, that just dills my pickle!

LENNY

Rock star here wants to take us on the road with him.

Summer, skeptical, throws a hard glare at Jimsey.

SUMMER

With all the musicians you can
choose to be with... Why our li'l
ol' rascals, here?

JIMEY

I think it'll be a fun little
experimental field trip. By the
way - when was the last time you
took them on a field trip?

LENNY

Yeah...?!

EVERYBODY

YEAH!!

Jimsey winks at the gang. Summer's incredulous.

SUMMER

Listen... I can't stop anyone here
from doing what they want to do
outside of Los Feliz. I just don't
have a good vibe about this. If
you screw this up, I'll never
forgive you. And, neither will my
grampa!

JIMEY

All right, mates, are we all on
board?!

NODS OF APPROVAL from the gang.

JIMEY

We've got work to do to get in tip-
top shape. Back at it, we go!

Summer keeps a long glare on Jimsey.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TWO TIME RECORDS - DAY

Establishing shot.

SUPERIMPOSE: Four Months Later

INT. TWO TIME RECORDS, CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

At a conference table, sit CLIVE BARROW, 50, CEO of Two Time
Records, and RICHIE PECCANCY, 40, Head of A&R.

Clive, PISSED, SLAMS a report down on the table.

CLIVE
You read this?

RICHIE
Second straight year-end loss. I
think the board's gonna fire us.

CLIVE
What's the latest with Jimey?
We'll lose millions on stadium
shows, we don't get him back.

RICHIE
He's one of the few acts we have
that pay the bills 'round here.

CLIVE
Whose brilliant idea was it to fire
him and get a new singer?

Richie flips him off.

RICHIE
Philo says that's why he's not
returning our calls. Says he's got
something up his sleeve.

CLIVE
Should we try another Jimey, again?
I mean - how bad did it really go
with that Chester guy last time?

RICHIE
Well...

INT. MUSIC CLUB - NIGHT

Philo and the Missing Links on stage finish playing a song to
APPLAUSE, BOOS AND SHOUTS.

Singer, CHESTER TENNING, 35, channels Jimey.

CHESTER
Are we having fun, yet? Oh, sorry.

Chester switches up his accent.

CHESTER

(British accent)

I mean - are we bloody ready to let loose, me lovie, for some rumpy pumpy with me stumpy? I've got a happy meal in me pants. Would you like to see me Big Mac?!!

Chester does a comedic shake of his hips, lets loose the "white man overbite" on his face.

People yell--

CROWD

JIMEY...!! JIMEY...!!

Chester tries dancing, but looks like he has to pee. More BOOS and SHOUTS for Jimey from the crowd.

Philo and the gang roll their eyes. People YELL.

CHESTER

Okay. How about we play one of our hits - If Me Arse Were Full Of Money, I'd Blow It All On You?!

FLIP-OFFS from the crowd.

Chester TWERKS his ass all around. UH-OH: HIS WIG STARTS TO ROTATE. Hair covers the front of his face. Ears stick out.

Missing Links walk off stage as PLASTIC CUPS FLY everywhere. Chester ducks, looks around, HIGHTAILS it off the stage.

INT. TWO TIME RECORDS, CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

An astonished Clive stares at Richie.

CLIVE

What's next move? He's not returning calls.

RICHIE

Let's sick our attorneys on his ass. Threaten to take away that rockstar mansion him and his mum live in.

CLIVE

I'll send him a certified letter. I'll just say it's about money. Don't think he has any idea he owes us a few million dollars.

CLIVE

Tell him - we've got coke for him,
too. He'll show for sure.

Richie points at Clive: "That's smart".

INT. LOS FELIZ, REC ROOM - DAY

Jimmy and gang nail an oldie. Tight and in sync - Jimmy
sings with heartfelt emotion. They SOUND GREAT.

A crowd of THIRTY SENIORS CLAP their hands across the room.

Summer, with a huge smile, walks up to the microphone--

SUMMER

This is Jimmy's last day here. So,
we want to wish him the best and
also thank him for not completely
discombobulating our center.

Jimmy shoots her a look.

SUMMER

Lord willin' and the creek don't
rise... I hope his music experiment
with our li'l rascals on the road
goes over well.

Applause from the seniors in the crowd.

JIMMY

Well, gang... I think it's time I
line up a secret show. And, I know
exactly just where, mates.

JOHNNY

I need my Hennessy and things. I
have special needs.

LENNY

Here are my needs... Viagra! And,
don't get the generic shit. Get
the blue pills. They're blue cuz
they make your balls blue 'til you
get off!

A big smile hits Jimmy's face.

JIMMY

Covered! All a ya, just write down
your, uh, personal thingees.
(MORE)

JIMEY (CONT'D)

And, I'll get a rider for the clubs
to cover it. I'll be back with
details soon!

He FLIES out the room. The gang shoot each other looks.

EXT. ROXY, ENTRANCE - DAY

Jimey, underneath the "ROXY" sign. With cell phone to his
ear, he tries opening the entrance door, but it's locked.

JIMEY

Rusty, ol' chap... It's Jimey. You
upstairs? Come on down. How does
a Missing Links secret show at the
Roxy rattle your bollocks?

INT. ROXY, RUSTY'S OFFICE - DAY

RUSTY, 40, in recliner chair, at his desk in an office--

RUSTY

This fake British accent of yours
is bloody rubbish. Nice try,
wanker.

INTERCUT PHONE CALL--

JIMEY

Wait! Hey, hey! It's me, Jimey!!

RUSTY

You know how many of these fucking
calls I get here all the time?

(mock British accent)

Hey, it's me, Jimey! I need you to
leave two tickets at will call for
me friends - who-the-fuck-evah.

Rusty, bloody 'ell, it's me,
Jimey... Got any blow on ya? Blah,
blah, bloody fuckin' blah.

JIMEY

Rusty, bloody 'ell, it's me,
Jimey!! I'm not looking for blow!

Jimey does - JUMPING JACKS - in front of the Roxy.

JIMEY

Can you see me? I'm out front.
Remember the ol' days when we'd
hang after the shows and do eight
balls off the toilet seats.

RUSTY

Everybody did coke off the toilet
seats. My mom did coke off the
toilet seat.

JIMEY

Jesus! That ol' flirty cokehead
always hangin' 'round there was
your mum?

RUSTY

What'ya saying? Ya saying - you
fucked my mum?

JIMEY

Uh... Uh, no, no! That wasn't me
with your mum that one time in the
kitchen in the walk-in cooler
behind the wine rack!

Jimsey looks guilty. Rusty's eyes BOUNCE back and forth.

RUSTY

Errr... Wrong! It was the
washroom. Allegedly. Nice try!

Jimsey's eyes BOUNCE back and forth.

RUSTY

Okay, let me ask you a question
only thee Jimsey Zainer would know.
We're all partying at the Riot
House one night and this crazy
groupie brings this fish up to the
suite. Plays with herself with the
damn thing in the bathtub till she
came like twenty fuckin' times.
What kinda fish was it?

JIMEY

Oh, yeah. I remember! It was this
big, orange lumpsucker!

RUSTY

Nope. It was a mud shark.

JIMEY

No, no... I have the pictures on me
phone. Was this the one from the
Hyatt...? Or, was it the Chateau?!

RUSTY

I think we're done here. Nice try.
Work on the fake accent, ya wanka!

JIMEY

Hey, wait! Remember that time we
all got snookered off our arses
with Lemmy and snorted up all the
ants around his pad?!!

Rusty's eyes LIGHT UP.

RUSTY

Jimiey... How you been?!

JIMEY

I'm fancying to do a secret show
this weekend. Missing Links!
Roxy!

RUSTY

That's huge!! Friday, Short Bus
are playing. I'll bump 'em. Let's
do it!! I'll send ya over the
contract. Let me know rider stuff.

JIMEY

On it, mate! Cheerio!

He lets loose a devilish grin and hangs up.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ROXY, OFFICE - DAY

Roxy Manager, MINGO, 40, and assistant, DAVIS, 30, mull about
in their office. Davis hands a paper to Rusty.

SUPERIMPOSE: FRIDAY

DAVIS

Chief, look at what just strolled
in, will ya? Supposed to be the
rider for the secret Missing Links
show. You tell me - there's some
real crazy shit here.

Mingo looks it over--

MINGO

Hennessy, prune juice, Ben Gay,
whipped cream, extra soft toilet
paper, condoms, and Luvena. What
the hell is a Luvena?

DAVIS

Don't know. Google it.

Mingo on his laptop, while Davis reviews the rider.

MINGO

Luvena... The restorative vaginal
moisturizer?

DAVIS

Kool-Aid and barbecue ribs?

MINGO

What the hell...? You sure Gladys
Knight And The Pips didn't send
this to you by mistake?!

EXT. ROXY - NIGHT

The sign in front says: "NO SHOW TONIGHT".

A long line of FANS at the entrance, slowly files in.

INT. ROXY, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jimmy and Lenny lead the way down a hallway. Summer and the
rest follow suit. Jimmy stresses.

JIMMY

I need a fucking drink and an eight
ball. Not sure if sobriety and
music mix well. Gonna hit the
pissa real quick.

LENNY

Any hot bitches in there, let me
know. I haven't had a proper
orgasm in twelve hours.

Jimmy shoots him a look as he approaches the mens' room--

Whoa! Out POPS A HEAD from the womens' restroom. Young and
ditzy, this is MADISON, 25.

MADISON

O... M... G! Like perfect timing!

Thoroughly EXCITED, she grabs Jimsey by the arm.

MADISON

I have to show you the surprise I
just made for you in the bathroom.
I just finished.

Jimsey, wide-eyed, stars at her, flabbergasted.

JIMSEY

You are a creative li'l dish,
love. Leaving surprises for me in
the toilet. Only a true fan would--

MADISON

No, silly... Not in the toilet. I
left it on top of the toilet. That
way you can take it home with you.
It smells just like me.

A moment of confusion for Jimsey.

JIMSEY

Have you gone fucking mad?!!

She yanks him inside. Summer stops in disbelief.

INT. RESTROOM - NIGHT

Jimsey, fingers holding his nose, watches her lock the door.

On top of the toilet rests a home-made, red, paper heart with
- "Jimsey" - hand written in the middle. She puts the heart
up to Jimsey's nose.

MADISON

See... My favorite perfume. It has
my Madison scent all over it. Just
for you!

JIMSEY

Oh, I see now. Thank God! That's
special, but I really have to pee.

She grabs a SHARPIE pen, hands it to him and smiles.

MADISON

Can you sign something for me?

JIMSEY

Sure, I'll sign your li'l heart.

She whips her BREAST out and giggles.

MADISON

I got a tatoo of you. Look... I
can make you talk!

She squeezes her breast, making Jimey's mouth move around.

MADISON

I love you, Madison. Will you
marry me? Kiss me, Madison...!!
Kiss me!!

Madison lifts her breast up to her mouth and deep-tongues
Jimey's face on her breast.

MADISON

Sign right next to your face,
please.

Jimey signs her breast as he lifts his feet up and down.

MADISON

Now, close your eyes.

Jimey does so. Madison drops to her knees in front of Jimey.

Holding her phone out in front of her, she zips his fly down
and sticks her hand inside his pants.

MADISON

Where is it?

Jimey looks down. The FLASH goes off.

MADISON

How are any of my Facebook peeps
gonna believe I'm about to give
Jimey Zainer a blowie?!

Jimey steps back. Madison's confused.

JIMEY

It's just that these thinga-
majiggies we have aren't really
designed to do more than one task
at a time. Now, I apparently don't
have to pee, anymore. Cheerio!

Jimey heads out. Madison's jaw drops.

INT. ROXY, HALLWAY - NIGHT

A DOZEN people gather. Jimey walks right into Summer.

MADISON (O.S.)
 (muffled through the door)
 HEY... I'M NOT DONE WITH YOU YET!!

The group CHEERS. Summer notices Jimey's OPEN FLY.

JIMEY
 Me service was requested. Just
 takin' care of me fans. Autograph
 stuff, ya know.

Summer motions for Jimey to look down. He does and
 embarrassingly zips up.

SUMMER
 You give autographs with your
 penis? Well, bless you heart.
 Quite a talent you have. And, the
 sun comes up every day just to hear
 you crow, I bet!

Summer, displeased, walks away. Jimey shouts at her--

JIMEY
 GOD'S GIVEN US BRITS SPECIAL GIFTS
 FOR MESSIN' UP OUR TEETH, YA SEE!!

He smiles wide, then pops into the men's room.

INT. ROXY, BATHROOM - NIGHT

Madison keeps pushing the door FORWARD, but it won't open.

MADISON
 O... M... G...! HEY... SOMEONE LET
 ME OUT...!!

WHOOSH! The door flies open INTO the restroom, SMACKS her in
 the head. DOWN goes Madison, as a LADY walks in, over her.

INT. ROXY, GREEN ROOM - NIGHT

On the table, neatly arranged in a large basket: a bottle of
 Hennessy, prune juice, Ben Gay, whipped cream, super-soft
 toilet paper and Luvena.

Johnny pokes his stick over everything. Then, slowly
 caresses the HENNESSY bottle - from top to bottom.

A BIG SMILE hits his face. He grabs the bottle.

An ANXIOUS Jimey BURSTS in.

JIMEY

If this experiment is gonna work...
We've gotta nail this first show
bloody perfect - like Noah nailed
that bloody yacht of his. If we
don't nail this perfect, we're all
gonna drown, mates!

Jimmy paces.

JIMEY

We've got to be tight and well-
oiled. Tight and well-oiled!!

LENNY

(surveying)

Speaking of tight and well-oiled...
Where's all the fucking groupies?!!

Walt walks in a square: Two steps forward, two steps to the right, two more steps to the right, then two more steps back to where he started.

Everyone watches, confused, as Walt does it again--

JIMEY

Has he gone mad?!! Can someone
please get Walty back on the
trolley? Ding, ding! Trolley's
here, Walty!!

JAK

Uh, oh! He's stressing big time.
He's got oh-gee-dee. Obsessive
compulsive disorder.

JIMEY

Is he obsessively compulsed with
the Hokey Pokey or something?

LENNY

If he doesn't complete his ritual,
he thinks bad things will happen.

JIMEY

Okay... Okay... I've got it!

Jimmy walks over to Walt.

JIMEY

Walty ol' chap... Watch.

Jimmy takes one step forward, then one step backwards.

JIMEY

See...?!! Right back to where you started. Just take one step forward, then one step back. It'll make you look less... How should I say this? Bat shit crazy!!

Walt proceeds to walk in a square. This time - FASTER.

JIMEY

God, kick me in the bollocks!
Okay, walk in a triangle, then.
You'll get back quicker.

WALT

No, can't be three sided. Has to be a rhombus. Not a rectangle. A r-r-rhombus.

JIMEY

A rho-rho... What the fuck?!!

WALT

All four sides equal.
Parallelogram. Quadilateral. Can be a square. Can't be a re-rectangle. All four sides equal. Can be a d-diamond...

JIMEY

WALT! GET THIS BLOODY MADNESS OUT OF YOUR SYSTEM. NOW! I BEG OF YOU!! We can't have you doing all this crazy - Rain Man - square dancing - bloody nonsense on stage!!

Walt's engrossed in his rhombus walk.

JIMEY

Do you want to spend the rest of your life playing guitar behind your back in a white room - wearing this very uncomfortable jacket...?! So, I've been told!

Walt strains his neck at Jimey.

JIMEY

WELL THEN, BLOODY GET YOURSELF TOGETHER, MATE! You're starting to lose the plot on us! NOT NOW!

Walt pushes down on his right leg. It stops moving, but his left leg takes a step forward.

He reaches down to stop his left leg, but his right leg takes a step forward.

Finally, both hands make their way to his legs.

Walt's motionless. All eyes upon him, then--

HE LEAPFROG JUMPS - BOTH FEET FORWARD!

JIMEY

We do have Rain Man on the bloody guitar.

His TONGUE LAPS in and out of his mouth--

WALT

I can't swallow. I can't br-br-breathe!

JAK

Quick! Get him something to drink!

Flustered, Jimey grabs the glass in front of Johnny, takes a quick sniff, then hands it to Walt.

Walt, in a panic, LEAP FROGS while he SIPS.

JIMEY

No!! Please don't drink all of that!

WALT

Once I have a glass in m-m-my hand, I can't put it down. I have to finish it all, or--

THE GANG

Bad stuff will happen!

JIMEY

Here's some news for you, Walty ol' chap: BAD STUFF IS ALREADY FUCKING HAPPENING! NOW! NOT IN THE FUCKING FUTURE, BUT RIGHT FUCKING NOW!

The drink splatters all over Walt as he leap frogs.

JIMEY

Fuck! We need to find a fucking exorcist, right fucking now!
(MORE)

JIMEY (CONT'D)

FUCKING FUCK! Now, I think I've
fucking caught this fucking oh-gee-
dee thingy from you now and I can't
fucking stop saying - FUCK!

THE GANG

Or, bad shit will happen!

Walt finally finishes the drink.

WALT

Okay... Okay... I'm good now.

Walt, with a "yucky" face, hands the glass to Jimey.

WALT

W-what was that?

JOHNNY

Hennesys, Kool-Aid and prune
juice. The cognac helps the food
slide on down to the party. The
Kool-Aid keeps the festivities
going. And, them prunes help
deliver it all to the light at the
end of the tunnel.

He laughs.

JOHNNY

I call this drink - the kool-poopa-
shoot-aid.

JIMEY

Bloody good visual there, Blind
Lemon Magoo.

Lenny takes a swig of Hennessy as Johnny reaches for it.

A GUY'S HEAD pops through the door.

GUY

You're on in five minutes, guys.

"Uh-oh" looks from the gang.

INT. ROXY, STAGE - NIGHT

The floor is PACKED. Stage curtain closed. HOWIE SCHULTZ,
60, the manager, gets on stage.

HOWIE

Welcome to the secret show that's
not a secret, anymore. We've got
the Missing Links, here, tonight!!

SCREAMS from the audience.

HOWIE

Without further ado...

Curtain opens to Jimmey and the gang.

JIMMEY

Welcome kiddies...

Applause and screams turn to CONFUSED RUMBLINGS.

JIMMEY

If you all are wondering where me
Missing Links are... Seems that
after a disastrous debacle with
that barmy Jimmey imitator of
theirs... they've all now, uh...

Jimmey searches for an answer.

JIMMEY

Discovered the Lord. That's it!
Instead of being all messed up on
sex, drugs and rock and roll...
They're all, uh, uh...

Jimmey searches again.

JIMMEY

Messed up on the Lord!

He motions to the gang.

JIMMEY

As me new bandmates are all very
seasoned musicians... We're gonna
do a bunch of new songs been around
since the dawn of man.

People in front of Lenny point and yell - "PHILO"!!

Lenny flips them the bird.

JIMMEY

So, here's a new one for ya.

Uh-oh: Jimmey catches a panicked Walt - CLENCHING HIS BUTT
CHEEKS and walking around like CHARLIE CHAPLIN.

JIMEY

Oh, God... Johnny's bloody, poop-shoot, nonsense drink!!

Panicked, Walt sniffs around the drum riser - like a cat looking for somewhere to go.

JIMEY

Ahh... Bloody 'ell... If anyone has a fucking litter box around here, please bring it to the stage... IMMEDIATELY!!!

Walt see a large, open equipment case, at the back of the stage, with instrument cords hanging over the top.

On the outside of the case, in white letters: "LENNY".

Walt goes over, squats over the case, and like a dog--

SCRAPES HIS RIGHT FOOT BACKWARDS, THEN HIS LEFT.

JIMEY

WALT!! NO, NO!! There's a bathroom down the hallway!!

WALT

I c-c-c-can't wait!!

JIMEY

God, I'll pay for cleft lip surgeries in eternity for all your li'l impoverished wankas, if you don't forsake me, now!!

Everyone stops and watches as Walt quickly unfastens his belt, drops his pants to his ankles and--

SETS HIS ASS DOWN ON TOP OF LENNY'S EQUIPMENT CASE.

His face CONTORTS. Thoroughly pissed, Lenny drops his bass and LEAPS towards Walt. The curtain quickly closes.

Standing against the wall at the back of the room, Summer shakes her head in complete disappointment.

INT. ROXY, VIP LOUNGE - NIGHT

Clive and Richie observe from their booth, upstairs.

RICHIE

What the hell's he doing? Where's Philo and the gang?

CLIVE

Don't know. This is like some
deranged, senior citizen,
performance art. Is he friends
with Yoko Ono?

RICHIE

I think Jimmey's been dipping into
the old timers' Alzheimer's
medication, or something.

They shoot each other confused looks.

INT. ROXY, STAGE - NIGHT

The curtain's closed. Jimmey stands alone, in front.

A few girls yell - "WE LOVE YOU!!"

JIMMEY

Well, kiddies... Looks like the
thought of ol' Walty playing all
those Missing Links songs made ol'
Walty wanna crap his pants.

Uh-oh: Up walk Philo, Geezer, Spidey and Mick.

LOUD CHATTER as everyone captures it all on smartphones.

SPIDEY

You should know, Jimmey - there's no
such thing a secret show in
Hollywood. You didn't think we'd
find out about your new band of ol'
geezas?!

GEEZER

Hey, everyone! You wanna hear
these ol' buzzards play?!

MICK

Or, would you like to hear some
Missing Links?!!

HOLLERS and CHANTS for - "MISSING LINKS".

PHILO

I think the audience has spoken
there, Jimmey. Would you all like
to hear one of our famous love
songs - If You Can't Live Without
Me, Then Why The Bloody 'Ell Aren't
You Dead Yet?!!!

LOUD CHEERS from the crowd. The guys chit chat--

MICK

I always thought our long song
titles were a bit boorish and self
indulgent.

GEEZER

Isn't that who we are?

PHILO

I thought that's why we put the
last part of our long song titles
in parentheses.

SPIDEY

Yeah... The parentheses part is
optional. Not self indulgent.

MICK

Hey, let's do our famous anthem
about the great dilemma facing
today's disenfranchised youth!
(to the crowd)
You all wanna hear - Don't Know
Whether To Kill Meself Or Yank On
Me Dinkle?!!

PHILO

So, I Think I'll Do Both!!

CHEERS from the crowd. Philo looks over at Mick.

PHILO

Sorry... You forgot that last part
in parentheses. Kinda important.

GEEZER

Not to be self indulgent... But, if
you choose to both yank on your
dinkle and also kill yourself...
Then, where's the dilemma?

MICK

Jimy, help us. You've read
Sophoclese.

Jimy GLARES HARD at them for a couple beats.

JIMEY

Have you uncouth simians no sense
of PROPER FUCKING CIVILITY?!!
There's your new band name: The
Uncouth Simians!!

As Jimey heads off the stage--

JIMEY

Guys... Play something, will ya?!

The ol' Rascals start jamming. The Links shake their heads and walk off the stage.

INT. ROXY, BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

A small corridor backstage. Jimey, stressed out, lights up a cig just as Clive and Richie approach.

CLIVE

What's next, Jimey? Change your name to... The Artist Now Known As - I Have My Head Up My Ass?

JIMEY

No... That would properly be - Me Head Up Me Arse.

RICHIE

Replacing your bandmates with some old farts with spastic colons and severely repressed emotional issues...? I'll give you an - A - for originality.

CLIVE

You gonna get Geritol to sponsor the tour? Call yourself - Jimey And The Spastic Colons? Sell catheters and Depends underwear?

JIMEY

I was gonna hire a bunch of retards in matching leather helmets... If that makes you feel any better.

RICHIE

Be careful... The R-Word is the new N-Word.

JIMEY

Do you recall firing me?!! You think I'm the tail and you're the dog? Well... You're the tail, I'm the dog!! Coked-up fleas and all!!

CLIVE

Fired? That is not proper context.

RICHIE

Technically, you were temporarily substituted for while unable to fulfill your contractual obligations. That's all. Big difference, there, Jimey.

CLIVE

What concert venues are gonna hire your band of invalids? Your contractual obligations are with the Missing Links, not with the drooling dotards.

RICHIE

Can you say - invalids? Or, is that the I-Word?

Jimey gets in Richie and Clive's faces.

JIMEY

Why don't you two R-Words go F-Word yourself. And, when you've successfully completed that task, each of you can suck my D-Word while you stick your fingers up each other's A-Word... Ya bunch a gimpy, midget, fags!!

RICHIE

We need to talk numbers, Jimey. Sent ya a letter. See ya soon.

Philo approaches Jimey as Clive and Richie leave.

PHILO

Long time no see, ya crusty ol' bugga, ya. Yes, we've found the Lord, Jimey, and he's got a little surprise for ya.

JIMEY

A little surprise you say? Like finding out on the ten o'clock news I've been fired from me own band. That kinda li'l surprise?!

PHILO

For ol' times sakes, Jimey, let's let bygones be uhm... uhm... However that rubbish goes.

Jimey rolls his eyes.

PHILO
C'mon... Let me show ya what
treasures the good Lord has giventh
to our limo out back.

Jimey ponders as Jak approaches.

JAK
Hey, Walt's almost ready.

JIMEY
Uh... Okay. Just play some oldies
and I'll be right back.

Jimey and Philo take off. Jak shrugs her shoulders.

INT. HUMMER LIMO - NIGHT

The interior is tricked out: Leather seats, bar, neon
lights, video screens.

Spidey and Geezer sit next to each other. Across, sit Mick,
Philo and Jimey.

Geezer yells at the driver--

GEEZER
TAKE OFF, WILL YA?!!

The limo drives away. Long, uncomfortable silence.

MICK
So... How ya been, Jimey?

Jimey shoots him a hard glare.

JIMEY
Can anyone tell me what I need you
wankas for? Have you seen me new
band in there, that's about to hit
the road with me, very soon?

MICK
That's what got us concerned.

GEEZER
It wasn't us, Jimey. The label
made us fire you.

MICK
Temporarily replaced, actually.

SPIDEY

Or, they wouldn't pay us our
monthly stipend. We can't survive
without our bloody stipend.

PHILO

We're here to tell ya - we want ya
back. Fuck our record label!

GEEZER

We all care about ya!

MICK

Yeah...! And, who's gonna pay to
watch you just stand there and
croon with a bunch of ol' geezas.
Sorry Geeza... You know what I
mean.

Jimey - wide-eyed - in perplexion. .

SPIDEY

What? You think we're all just a
bunch of narcil... Narcilist...?

JIMEY

Narcissistic.

SPIDEY

Yeah... them kinda wankas.

PHILO

Jimey... We all got pissed outta
our minds the other night and
watched this show like fifty times.
What show we watch again?

GEEZER

Intervention.

PHILO

Yeah! Bloody inspiring it was!!

A moment's silence, then they all nod at Mick.

Mick reaches down, brings up a MIRROR with a PILE OF COKE in
one hand, BOTTLE OF WHISKY in the other. Hands it to Jimey.

MICK

Here, hold this a second, will ya?

Jimey - bewildered - stares at the cache in his hands. Mick
pulls out a letter from his pocket.

MICK

I'll go first. Jimey... I've known and loved you as a brother for half me life.

He looks Jimey in the eyes.

MICK

But, this sobriety kick you're on has turned you into uh, uh... a mad, sober cow.

Mick shakes his head, sniffles.

MICK

Six months of sobriety must have affected that, uhm, temporary lobe thing in the frontal vortex of your brain. A new band of ol' geezas? I c-c-can't...

He crumples up the letter, rubs the tears from his eyes.

PHILO

We decided an intervention was necessary. See... Sobriety cannot be abused on a daily basis. Too bloody dangerous. All we're saying.

Jimey looks down at the cocaine and whisky in his hands--

JIMEY

Me thinks I may have a problem with me coke and booze, mates.

They all look at each other. Silence. Then--

PHILO

Wouldy'a left your hovel all rat-arsed naked running around looking for coke if you hadn't run out?

Jimey ponders on that.

PHILO

Drugs isn't the problem. Running out's the problem! It's the big secret they don't tell you at those N.A. meetings.

GEEZER

All we have to do is make sure you -
and all of us - never run out of
coke or alcohol, again.

Mick grabs the bottle, puts in front of Jimey's mouth and
makes a SILLY AIRPLANE SOUND with his lips.

MICK

Open up the hanger. The little
airplane needs to land.

Mick SNORTS SOME COKE, holds a spoonful up to Jimey.

MICK

(old, nanny voice)
How can you have any pudding if you
don't eat your meat, Jimey?!

Jimey grabs the bottle, holds up to his nose, takes a sniff.

JIMEY

So, it really wasn't you wankas who
fired me, after all?

They all give a half-hearted shake of their heads.

Jimey takes a really huge swig of whisky then--

SLAMS HIS FACE INTO THE PILE OF COKE AND SNORTS AWAY!!

WIDE EYES from the gang as Jimey slowly lifts up his face--

-- IT'S COVERED IN WHITE POWDER!

JIMEY

Have you wankas been out there in
society recently? It's some bloody
turgid shit!!

LAUGHTER and APPLAUSE as Jimey CHUGS the rest of the bottle.

JIMEY

As the scientists say - you only
use ten percent of your brain. I
may have a few cells left before me
quota's up.

MICK

That quota rule doesn't apply to us
musicians. We don't even need that
ten percent.

SPIDEY
 Let's go back and tell 'em - the
 world's greatest front man's back
 with the Missing Links.

Spidey yells up front to the driver--

SPIDEY
 CHARLIE... DRIVE US BACK TO THE
 ROXY.. WILL YA?!!

MICK
 Looks like our Jimey's back!

Mick winks at Philo, gives a quick nod to Geezer.

JIMEY
 Bloody right, Mick!!

MICK
 I prefer to be called - Mike - now.

GEEZER
 You don't look like a - Mike.

MICK
 What? Jimmy's the only one allowed
 to change his name? There are more
 Micks in rock and roll than
 Jimmies. Fuckin' Google it!!

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The limo heads on down the road.

MICK (V.O.)
 I'm getting all me dirty blood
 changed next week.

PHILO (V.O.)
 That's rubbish.

MICK (V.O.)
 Bollocks! It's rather elementary.
 First, me blood is separated from
 sterile dialysis fluid by a
 semipermeable membrane. Toxic
 substances are diffused out and
 into dialysis fluid, instead. And,
 Bob's your uncle... I'm good for
 another 3,000 whiffs, mates!!

The limo drives off to the SOUND of Mick SNORTING A LINE.

INT. ROXY, STAGE - NIGHT

Jak, Johnny, Walt, Lenny belt out a blues oldie.

YELLOW POLICE CAUTION TAPE surrounds Lenny's case.

Jimey, BOTTLE OF WHISKY in hand, strolls up, as do the Links.

Crowd goes WILD. Jimey swaggers, takes a big swig.

People CHEER. Jimey with WHITE POWDER on his face, slurs--

JIMEY

Hey...! Hey, shoosh your arses,
will ya! No one knows this fucking
song. It's older than the Queen's
knickers. Though, I hear she gets
a bit naughty and doesn't wear them
much these days.

An exaggerated - "yucky face" - from Jimey as the band stops.

JOHNNY

Y'all wanna hear Wang Dang Doodle?

JIMEY

Or, do you wanna hear - there's a
raging Missing Links wing-ding in
me pants and you're all invited?!!

CHEERS from the crowd as the Missing Links take the stage.

JIMEY

(to the gang)

Go take a potty break, will ya?!

They shoot looks, but resign and give up their instruments.
Philo tugs on Lenny's bass. Lenny won't let go.

JIMEY

I heard - some mad wanka's been
spreading rumors about me starting
a new band. Please tell me who's
been saying such rubbish! I shall
have to kick their arse!!

People yell - "YOU SAID IT".

JIMEY

Oh, oh, yeah... Me did say that,
didn't me? Guess I'll have to kick
me own arse, then.

JIMEY JUMPS UP AND DOWN, KICKING HIMSELF IN THE ASS WITH THE HEELS OF HIS FEET!!

Lenny flips him off. Walt's gonna cry. Jak's pissed.

JIMEY

To that dishy, blond, li'l pygmy
goat I met in the loo... You still
here? I bet you're a gobbler and a
squirter!

Jimsey thrusts his hips around like a young Elvis.

JIMEY

I'll introduce you to Mr. Squiddly
Diddly. Best not have any stretch
marks on your lips.

Jimsey takes a monster swig and passes it to the crowd.
People take SWIGS, CHEER AND PASS the bottle around.

The Missing Links and Jimsey GROOVE on a song.

EXT. ROXY, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Summer and the ol' rascals head towards the exit. Looks of
THOROUGH DEJECTION on their faces. Summer puts her arm
around Jak and Johnny.

JOHNNY

Well, there goes our second chance
in life.

SUMMER

This is all my fault.

Summer's eyes well up.

INT. ROXY, STAGE - NIGHT

The Missing Links are GROOVING! Jimsey does a quick homage to
Pee Wee Herman's Tequila dance--

On his tip-toes, knees bent, he CROUCHES down and SWINGS his
arms in front and in back of him. The place goes WILD.

Things get crazy---

KIDS VAPE on E-CIGS. A JOINT gets passed. As does Jimsey's
bottle of WHISKY.

Jimney does a silly TWERK with his ass: rapidly GYRATES his butt cheeks up and down, back and forth, and all around.

Uh-oh: JIMEY'S PANTS FALL DOWN. Good thing he's wearing his PINK SPEEDOS. Craziness ensues--

Manager Howie, runs up, grabs the mic from a twerking Jimney.

HOWIE
I'm shutting this show down! I'm
calling the police!!

A GIRL FLASHES Howie her BREASTS. Kids FLIP HIM OFF.

Jimney grabs the mic back from Howie.

JIMEY
Children rebel! I urge you! We
need to fight the pomposity of
conformity with which they seek to
smother all your magnificent glory!
YOU HEAR ME... PEOPLE!!!

LOUD CHEERS. Howie unplugs the amps. CUPS FLY.

The COPS show up! Jimney FLIES out the door.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Everyone SCATTERS OUT. Jimney with pants at ankles, skedaddles down the street, as best he can.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BART'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jimney, asleep on the couch. A GOLDEN RETRIEVER approaches and LICKS his face.

Still asleep, Jimney puts his arm around the dog's neck and sticks his tongue out. They're MACKING. It's GROSS!

Jimney, in his pink Speedos, slithers to the floor, gets on his knees behind the dog, puts his arm around him, and--

HUMPS AWAY - DOGGIE-STYLE.

Bart's daughter, KYLIE, 21, walks in and SCREAMS. Jimney's eyes BOLT OPEN.

In walks Bart's wife, LAURA, 50, who SCREAMS. Now, Jimney SCREAMS.

They both stare at Jimey as he gets back on the couch.

LAURA

Hi, uhm... Jimey. Can I get you anything...? Legal? Maybe some water? Advil?

Jimey nods, tries to wake up.

JIMEY

You didn't call me - Jimmy. You addressed me in me proper rock star name. Where do I know you from?

Jimey gives her the once-over - a bit too long.

LAURA

I'm Bart's wife, Laura.

JIMEY

Bloody 'ell. I was having some very obscene thoughts right now. I'm sorry. Do apologize to Bart for that. Would you like to hear the obscene thoughts for which I'm offering to apologize for?

She puts her fingers in her ears and walks out.

LAURA

La, la, la, la... Bart will be right back. La, la, la, la...

Jimey puts his pants on, spots some pictures over the fire mantle. Curiosity has him. He heads over.

In one pic - a younger Bart has his arm around a guy in rock star attire, holding a guitar.

Laura approaches with a glass of water and ADVIL in hand.

JIMEY

Hey, who's the rock star next to Bart?

LAURA

Oh, that's his brother.

JIMEY

He still play?

LAURA

No. He, uh, passed away some time ago, Jimey.

JIMEY

Sorry about that. Well, I hope he passed with his guitar around his neck, because--

LAURA

He died of a drug overdose.

A moment from a confused Jimsey.

LAURA

He has a hard time talking about it, really. I think he feels like he wasn't there for his brother in a time of need.

Jimsey downs the Advil with water. Bart walks in, nods and smirks at Jimsey.

BART

What better way to celebrate a half year of sobriety than going on a drunken, drug-fueled rampage.

JIMEY

That what I did? You know I love celebrating everything that makes me feel alive on this wonderful planet. How'd ya find me?

BART

This, uh, social media thing. Quite amazing. One minute you're M.I.A... Next minute you're on Facebook in your pink Speedos, twanking on stage, somewhere.

KYLIE

Twerking.

JIMEY

Just letting ya know - it was a bit chilly out. Things shrink.

BART

Maybe it's time to talk to a professional about your drug use? Obviously N.A. meetings and probation aren't working.

JIMEY

I saw a shrink, once, who told me I need to lay off me drugs and talk about me feelings.

(MORE)

JIMEY (CONT'D)

And, after he heard what I had to say about me drugs and me feelings, he put me on his drugs, instead of me drugs.

BART

Jimsey, what I mean is--

JIMEY

I know what you mean. But, me bandmates were telling me that the problem with drugs isn't the drugs, it's the running out part. Which, on a metaphysical level, is quite deep. Think about it...

Bart shoots him a look.

JIMEY

Like life itself. The problem with life isn't - life. It's the running out of life part.

BART

Stop!

JIMEY

Some people say you can't always get what you want. But, if you never run out of what you need--

BART

STOP! Just stop talking...!! For one second, please!! Do you ever listen to yourself?

JIMEY

What would be the point when I'm doing the talking and you're the one doing the listening... I'd have to tape record meself in between talking. Quite problematic.

Bart puts his head in his hands.

JIMEY

Me bandmates tempt me with such wanton disregard. And, groupies...
(singing)
Girl... When you call me name, I salivate like a Pavlov dog!

Bart rolls his eyes.

JIMEY

Think I need to get home. Me
head's splitting.

LAURA

Advil didn't help?

JIMEY

You have anything that's
illegal...? Or, better yet -
requires a prescription?

BART

If you stay on this hedonistic path
of yours, my friend... I'm afraid
you're not going to make it.

Bart gets up and shakes his head.

BART

C'mon... I'm officially off
chauffeur time in an hour.

Jimsey gets up and falls face-first over the coffee table.

INT. JIMEY'S HOUSE - DAY

Emma, at the table. Jimsey STAGGERS in. She bolts up and
SMACKS him all over with her magazine.

JIMEY

Hey, Hey...!! What I do now?
Break me bloody curfew?!!

Emma GRABS HIM BY THE EAR, leads him to the table.

EMMA

Look at this!!

On the laptop computer screen--

Jimsey on stage: In pink Speedos, pants at his ankles, bottle
of whisky in hand, ass stuck out like Beyonce.

JIMEY

All photoshop rubbish. The
creation of the anti-Christ, the
internet is. Bloody Google it!!

Emma yanks down Jimsey's pants.

EMMA

And, what a coincidence. These satanic photoshoppers knew about your pink Speedos?

A young GIRL, TOPLESS and wearing a g-string, pushes a vacuum around while feather dusting.

Emma runs over to her, grabs the feather duster, SMACKS her all over with it.

EMMA

Show some respect and put your clothes on! What in bloody 'ell is wrong with you?!!

GIRL

I'll get fired if I do!

JIMEY

Mum... I hired 'em. They match better with the decor 'round here than those crusty hens you hired.

Jimsey pats the girl on her ass. Emma hands Jimsey a letter.

EMMA

Hand delivered. Must be important.

Jimsey grabs letter, heads out to the patio. Emma storms off.

EXT. JIMEY'S HOUSE, PATIO - DAY

Jimsey - cell phone to ear - letter in hand - on his outside deck - overlooking a beautiful back yard.

JIMEY

Barty ol' chap... I need your help right now.

(a beat)

No... I, actually don't have to try hard to inconvenience you. Listen, me record label sent me a very official letter. As bad as our show was the other night, looks like they wanna woo their star back with money they owe me.

(a beat)

No... I don't write shit down - I'm a rock star. You're a bloody, good man, Charlie Brown. Apologize to your wife for violating your dog without his consent.

(MORE)

JIMEY (CONT'D)

Think they owe me about three million. Need ya to meet me ASAP. I'll text ya the address.

Jimney lets loose a huge smile.

INT. TWO TIME RECORDS, CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Jimney sits next to Bart in this large, beautiful conference room with amazing AERIAL VIEWS of Los Angeles.

Jimney stares - SLACK-JAWED at Clive and Richie, across from them, at a big, conference room table.

JIMEY

I owe you three million dollars?!!

RICHIE

Jimney... Every time you and the band ask for money, we loan it to you as a lien on your mansion.

Silence, as Jimney and Bart, sit - DUMBFOUNDED.

JIMEY

Loaning me money? I've sold four and a half million albums over the last eight years including downloads! Where's all that money?

CLIVE

Standard arrangement, Jimney: Sixty percent goes to the record label. Twenty percent to distributors. Five percent to lawyers and managers.

JIMEY

What in bloody 'ell do I make?

Bart has his calculator out.

RICHIE

Out of the band's fifteen percent, you personally make about thirty cents per CD or download. But, that's before we have to subtract out production costs.

Jimney's speechless. Bart on his calculator.

RICHIE

We have all the receipts for you.
Studio time, radio money, blah,
blah, blah. And, the topless
cleaning crew you ordered every day
in the studio... Not cheap!

Jimsey's eyes bounce back and forth.

CLIVE

When we subtract out all these
costs from your take over the
years... You actually owe us four
million.

RICHIE

A million more since last year.

Bart's in shock.

CLIVE

But, here's the good news, Jimsey.
We love you! So, we decided to
make this last one million you owe
us, disappear. Musicians United!

He rubs his hands together.

RICHIE

You just made a million dollars
today!! How that sound?!!

Clive holds up a hand to high-five Jimsey. No response.

BART

So, Jimsey's made you about thirty
million dollars... But, because you
subtract out all the production
costs from his measly net, and not
from the gross... He actually owes
you three million dollars?

RICHIE

It doesn't sound as sexy when you
say it that way.

CLIVE

Only way we can pay for all the
bands we sign that cost us money.

RICHIE

If you quit on us now... you know,
with these crazy avant garde
experiments of yours...

(MORE)

RICHIE (CONT'D)

we'd have to sell the house to get
our three million dollars back.

CLIVE

And, sue you for another six
million for breach of contract.

BART

This is egregious! Slavery!! Have
you all not heard of the
Emancipation Proclamation?!

JIMEY

Yes, yes!! It's in me contract!!

CLIVE

Jimey, relevance in the music biz
doesn't last long. You only have a
few more years left before people
won't care about you anymore. You
gotta milk it.

RICHIE

Yeah, remember that Amy Winehouse
chick? People forgot about her
overnight. Where's she now?

JIMEY

She killed herself, ya daft twat.

CLIVE

See... That's our point, Jimey:
You gotta do some big stadium
tours... Make money, and get
yourself out of this hole you dug.

RICHIE

Before you kill yourself!

Jimey and Bart shoot looks of disbelief. Richie with an
expression: "Was that callous?"

EXT. RAINBOW BAR AND GRILL - DAY

Establishing shot.

INT. RAINBOW BAR AND GRILL - DAY

Jimey and Bart in sit in a booth. Bart peruses paperwork.

BART

Unfortunately, they can legally foreclose on your house and sue you for breach of contract if you don't fulfill your contractual obligations. Because of your unavailability to front the band during your time at the senior center, they technically exercised their right to temporarily replace you... Not fire you.

Jimmy stresses - big time. Grabs his hair.

JIMMY

I can't go back. The label are evil slave owners and me bandmates will tempt me down the decadent path towards death. But, I can't have me mum living in an ol' folks home, either. They use that single-ply, sandpaper rubbish for toilet paper. You ever use that? You get second degree burns on your arse before the first roll--

BART

Relax! Okay?! You ever heard - what you lose in the material world you gain in the spiritual?

Silence. Then--

JIMMY

Well, hail to you, Ghandi. I'd kiss your feet, but I know you get that nasty gout. You need to quit watching Oprah.

A cute waitress, CHELSEA, 30, arrives and blushes at Jimmy.

CHELSEA

Hi guys... What can I do for you, today? If you're hungry, we have a hamburger special going.

JIMMY

Don't eat meat. I'm a vegan, lovey.

BART

You'll do obscene amounts of cocaine, but God forbid you eat a hamburger.

JIMEY

Coke doesn't have a head on it.
I'd like a pepperoni pizza... And,
to insert me penis in you at your
earliest convenience.

BART

I don't see that particular special
on the menu anywhere.

She shoots Jimey a flirty glance and heads off.

In walks REESHA DEMCO, 40, from Triumphant Tours. She
surveys, spots Jimey and gets excited.

REESHA

(approaching Jimey)

Oh, my God... They told me you
almost like live here. And, here
you are! And, here I am... Oh, hi,
I'm Reesha, concert promoter for
Triumphant Tours! Don't want to
bother you all...

Jimey motions for her to take a seat. She obliges.

REESHA

Thanks. Wanted to talk to you
about your show the other night.

JIMEY

If you're looking for a refund--

REESHA

No, no... I wasn't there. Refund.
Oh, that's funny! No, I heard
about you busting out the oldies
and I think I can get you guys
booked, now, at like small to
medium size clubs. We specialize
in oldies but goodies tours.

JIMEY

Sounds like fun, but as I found out
- fun - is not in me contract.
Contractual obligations are.

BART

Here's something interesting I do
see here: You, not your label,
have the right to choose who you
want as your bandmates, to fulfill
your contractual obligations.

Bart and Jimey stare at each other for a beat. Jimey's wheels are spinning. A big grin hits his face.

JIMEY

Let's do this, lovey! Cheerio!

Jimey grabs Reesha's business card as he bolts out the door. Chelsea returns.

CHELSEA

Where's Jimey? I just took my break at my earliest convenience.

Bart shakes his head.

INT. LOS FELIZ, REC ROOM - DAY

Jimey stands in front of the ol' rascals.

JOHNNY

Where they find you naked at this time? Takin' a foam bath at the car wash?

JIMEY

Gotta stay sane, just sing. Want you all back as me bandmates. Them Link wankas got me all wacked out. Can y'all bloody forgive me?

LENNY

We recommend you call one-eight-hundred... Who gives a fuck!

JAK

I cancelled an appointment with my ass doctor to play that gig with you the other night. Big mistake.

JIMEY

But, I've already fired them all--

JAK

I thought they fired you!

JIMEY

You heard of Triumphant Tours? Well, they just offered to promote an oldies tour with us.

LENNY

You heard of fuckin' Yahtzee?!

The gang shrug their shoulders and resume their dice game.

Jimmy gets impassioned.

JIMMY

C'mon mates....!! Time to free
yourselves from the shackles of
this ol' codger plantation you live
on! Let's jump on the Underground
Railroad outta here, towards
musical freedom and party like
we've got forty acres, a mule and a
kilo of... Uh, forget the kilo
part!

The gang stare at him - expressionless.

JIMMY

Bollocks, all a ya! Are you gonna
make me hire these pro musicians
out there who have been calling me
all the time and--

LENNY

This reverse psychology crap ain't
cuttin' it no more, Jack.

JOHNNY

What they's saying is... We don't
think you got what it takes to sing
your ass off in front of people
without acting like some kind of
uh... Uh...

WALT

A coked-out, anorexic b-b-baboon!
What people been calling you all
these years.

JAK

We've been getting a lot of calls
from these pro singers out there
requesting our services.

LENNY

You know... The kind that know how
to really sing without prancing
around on stage like a, uh...
Fuckin'...

WALT

Coked-out, anorexic b-b-baboon.

Walt and Lenny high-five.

JOHNNY

That's what we sayin', young man!

JIMEY

You loony duffers sayin' you don't think I can sing? Oh... Is that it? Do you know I was nominated for a Grammy for best vocal performance once--

JAK

While twerking in pink speedos?

Jimmy turns right into an eavesdropping Summer. Summer, with her finger, motions to follow. They leave.

JAK

Two to one he comes back crawling on his hands and knees!! Five pays ten if he don't! You watch!!

Jak sticks her hand out. No takers.

WALT

I won't be d-d-drinking Johnny's drink, anymore.

LENNY

Shithead needs checkin' for worms.

They all high-five.

EXT. LOS FELIZ, PICNIC TABLE - DAY

SUMMER

Would you like to know what I told the police?

Jimmy, stunned, and speechless.

SUMMER

I promised them I'd do my best to keep you away from them. When Los Feliz found out I was the one who encouraged this whole music thing that got out of hand... They almost fired me!

JIMEY

Would you like me to talk to the police on your behalf?

Summer shoots a look.

SUMMER

I had faith in you.

JIMEY

What's hard ta understand, lovey,
is that a man is only as faithful
as his options... Of which I have
far more, now, than I did in here.

SUMMER

Don't piss down my back and tell me
it's raining!

JIMEY

Oohh! Didn't know you're into that.
What would you prefer I tell you
while I piss down your back, lovey?

SUMMER

Oh, you just make my ass itch
sometimes! I don't wanna hear your
bee-ess 'bout how you justify your
behavior 'cause you have so many
options. Or, I'll exercise my
option to jerk a knot in that
highfalutin tail a yours... Mister
rock star and his rockstar options.

JIMEY

Hmmm... Sounds like you're yappin'
a bunch of tosh you wished your
gramma shoulda said to that
womanizing grampa a yours!

Summer's pissed.

SUMMER

Oh, now you're Sigmund Freud?!

JIMEY

He was a coke-head, too. Google it!

SUMMER

I can't stop them from doing what
they want. This is all like their
big second chance in life. You
have no idea how much this means to
them. If you sink like the Titanic
and take my beloved ol' rascals
down with you, you'll forever take
away...

Summer's eyes well up. A beat.

SUMMER

... My being able to see the best
in people. And, I don't ever want
to lose that.

A tear rolls down Summer's face. Jimmey's affected.

JIMMEY

Please! I need you to keep
believing in me for this to work!
They'll keep me on the straight and
narrow. Promise! No more Missing
Links and limo rubbish.

SUMMER

I swear... Sometimes I wonder if
this is all some twisted, snake in
the grass plan of yours to
renegotiate a better record deal at
our li'l ol' rascals expense.

Summer looks away as Jimmey bounces his eyes back and forth.

JIMMEY

This oldies tour thingee will all
work out fine. I can see it all
unfolding right now...

Jimmey shoots a "mile long stare".

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

News reporter, SCARLETT, 40, microphone in hand, stands in
front of a LINE OF FANS waiting outside a music club.

SCARLETT

Well... The word these days is that
Jimmey and the Li'l Ol' Rascals
sound great! Is that right,
y'all?!!

APPLAUSE and SHOUTS from the fans in line.

SCARLETT

Looks like Jimmey and his band,
comprised of senior citizens, has a
small but loyal legion of new fans,
both young and old.

Scarlett approaches a TEENAGER.

SCARLETT

What do you make of being able to go to a concert to hear oldies you can take your grandparents to?

TEEN

Oldies...?! These their new songs, man. Totally legit!

Teen shoots a - "you're an idiot" - look.

SCARLETT

Okay, Brook... I've heard - we no longer have a crazed singer who prances around like a coked-out anorexic baboon. Peeps are saying they haven't seen Jimsey this happy in quite some time.

INT. NEWSROOM - DAY

News reporter, BROOK WATERS, 40, at her desk.

BROOK

Thanks, Scarlett. We've got some fun video clips to show you of Jimsey and his new band.

MONTAGE - VARIOUS

A) INT. MUSIC CLUB, STAGE - NIGHT

-- Lenny throws his bass up in the air. Looks up and WHAM! The bass CRASHES down on top of his head.

-- Jimsey leans up against Lenny, who sees a girl flash her breasts. Lenny scoots forward. Jimsey falls face-first. Lenny, scoots himself closer and FALLS off the stage.

-- Walt does his "rhombus walk", with a smile and flair.

-- Lenny's equipment case has a toilet seat on top.

-- Johnny plays the keys, smiles, twirls his head around like Stevie Wonder. He's thoroughly enjoying it all.

-- Jimsey and the band, with huge smiles, arms around each other, take a bow to a small but enthusiastic crowd.

B) INT. JIMEY'S HOUSE - DAY

A TAPED TV INTERVIEW:

Jimmy sits on a sofa. Female TV personality, MARY RICHARDS, 40, sits next to him.

Nearby, A TOPLESS GIRL feather dusts, breasts blurred out.

MARY

Can you make enough money to keep doing this? And, do you miss the big crowds?

JIMMY

What you loose in the material world, you gain in the spiritual... Who needs money?

EMMA

(screeching, high voice)
We need it! How am I supposed to live at a nursing hovel? The toilet paper there scrapes all the skin off your arse! I hear!

Jimmy gives Emma - BIG, PUPPY DOG EYES - then, lets loose with f-bombs that get bleeped over--

JIMMY

Mummy, dearest, please shut the fuck (bleep) up, right now! I'm being fucking (bleep) interviewed, can't ya see?!! Go puff on some a me happy fags, will ya?

Jimmy smiles wide - directly into the camera--

JIMMY

America... If that may have sounded a bit deviant or homosexual... It's just the British in me.

Jimmy lets loose a DEVILISH SMILE.

END OF MONTAGE

INT. TWO TIME RECORDS - DAY

In a conference room, Clive and Richie watch the end of the show on a large, hi-def TV on the wall.

On the TV: Brook at her desk--

BROOK

Looks like Jimey's crazy idea for a new band is starting to catch on. How popular his new band can get remains to be seen. For now, it looks like everyone's having fun!

Clive, with remote in hand, turns off the TV.

CLIVE

Fun...? Fun doesn't pay the bills. We're set to lose millions on huge stadium shows. And, promoters won't pay for the Missing Links without Jimey.

RICHIE

Let's drop the three million lien, renegotiate and bribe him back?

CLIVE

You could never play poker worth a crap. Board Of Directors will be up our ass. Let's wait a bit. Get some intel. I'm sure we can find a way to get rockstar to screw up.

They shoot each other looks and a smile.

EXT. JIMEY'S HOUSE, POOL - NIGHT

On the outside patio of a beautifully-lit swimming pool, the gang sit in a circle, around a gas fire pit.

JIMEY

Hey, guys... Thought I'd share some bloody good news just hit today.

LENNY

You heard about the Zumba gym bitch who rode me like she stole me?

JIMEY

No, but our presence has been requested on that big Storyteller's show they do live. Could be our big break. Bloody huge audience. We kick arse, new doors may open. Just keep hot groupies away from me and I'll be fine. Promise.

The gang are JAZZED!

JIMEY

This calls for a celebration! Why
we're all here, mates!

Jimey lights up a joint, takes a hit, passes it to Johnny.
The gang bond as they sling insults back and forth--

JOHNNY

This wacky tobaccy best not have
any a that pee-cee-pee nonsense.
What did that Rodney King in.
Smoked some a that pee-cee-pee.
Found him at the bottom of a
swimming pool doin' yoga.

Johnny takes a hit and passes it to Jak. Jak's unsure--

JAK

Last time I got really stoned -
woke up naked with a penis in my
mouth. Scared the livin' bajeezus
outta me.

JOHNNY

Me too. I looked down, saw you...
And, done went blind!

LENNY

Why lezbos shouldn't smoke weed.
Wrong shit winds up in their mouth.

Jak exhales smoke into Lenny's face.

JAK

Yeah, well at least I don't stick
Ben Wa Balls up my ass and listen
to Englebert Humperdink!

LENNY

(singing)
*Release me, let me go... For I
don't love you anymore...*
(takes a hit)
Bitch!!

Lenny blows smoke back at Jak. They laugh and high-five.
The joint makes its way to a scared Walt.

Everyone chants: "Walt, Walt, Walt".

He slowly takes a hit, holds it in, then COUGHS OUT A HUGE
PUFF OF SMOKE as he HICCUPS. Jak and Lenny high-five him.

Walt hands the joint to Jimey. As Jimey's about to take a hit - A HAND YANKS IT OUT OF HIS MOUTH.

With joint in hand, Emma EYEBALLS each of them.

EMMA

Since when am I not invited to a party at me house?! Everyone's all tickety-boo with Woodstock going on here, while I've got buggar to do all day besides chin wag with meself!

No one dares say a word.

EMMA

Bug off, ya bunch a wazocks!

Walt LAUGHS UNCONTROLLABLY. Emma glares. She puts the joint in the side of her mouth, like CLINT EASTWOOD with a stogie.

She inhales and exhales like a pro, locks eyes with Lenny. Emma smiles. Lenny gives her a quick WIGGLE OF HIS TONGUE.

Jimey notices - all too well.

JIMEY

Oh, no, no!! Mum, we're having a band meeting here, please!!

Emma puffs away.

EMMA

Fine!! I'll finish gluing up me bird house. Next time you're in bed crying for your lardy cake... Get it your fuckin' self!!

Jimey grabs the joint away. Emma storms off. Walt CRIES WITH LAUGHTER.

LENNY

Oh, shit! I took a Viagra today. Weed and Viagra... I'll have a raging hard-on for two days. Whatd'ya say your mum's name was?

Jimey throws him a DEATH STARE.

LENNY

Okay, anybody know any phone apps that tell ya where to find bitches who love face frosting?!

WALT

An app about girls who like to eat cake? I don't get it.

JAK

Lenny needs a phone app that stops him from chokin' himself to death when he jacks off while hangin' himself!

Johnny raises his eyeglasses up at Lenny.

JOHNNY

Is this some shit white people invented? Never heard of a brutha plumb-ass dumb enough to try to hang his self while buffin' his banana.

Walt, stoned, LAUGHS and FALLS off his chair.

Lenny passes the joint to Johnny, who takes a hit and does a soul handshake with Lenny.

JOHNNY

In the hood, brutha try doin' that devil shit, we'd sick an exorcist on his ass.

LENNY

Walty's wife told me she chokes him all the time when they have sex. Helps him get off.

"OOOHS" - from the gang.

LENNY

From on top of her. Walty... Please get off... of me, now!! Or, I'm gonna choke the shit outta ya!

WALT

(laughing)

You peeping through my windows again?

Walt high-fives Lenny, who's still on the ground.

JIMEY

I bet, Rain Man, here, gets that oh-cee-dee thing when he milks the lizard. Walty... does it matter whether you stroke an even or odd number of times?

JAK

Please don't give him any ideas.
He does enough weird shit on stage.

JOHNNY

When I was a little boy in grammar
school, always went by the very
best rule. But, every time the
bell would ring, you'd catch me
playing with my ding-a-ling.

(singing)

My ding-a-ling, my ding-a-ling... I
wanna play with my ding-a-ling. God
bless that pervert, Chuck Berry!

EVERYBODY

My ding-a-ling, my ding-a-ling! I
wanna play with my ding-a-ling!

JIMEY

Here, here... Time for a toast! To
the Li'l Ol' Rascals! ALL FOR FUN
AND FUN FOR ALL!!

The gang all CHEER and raise their beers up together.

LENNY

You all wanna see my ding-a-ling?
It has special powers. Got it when
I stuck it in a light socket once.

He unzips. Jimey grabs him and TOSSES him in the pool.

Jak grabs Jimey and THROWS him in. Johnny shoves Walt in
with his blind stick.

Jimey, underwater, somehow manages to keep his hand with the
lit joint above water. He emerges, takes a big hit.

FUN IN THE POOL is being had by all.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TWO TIME RECORDS - DAY

In the conference room, Richie and Clive pace.

RICHIE

What intel we get on him?

CLIVE

He's been staying relatively sober.

RICHIE

This fuckin' sobriety trend goin'
on with musicians isn't good.

CLIVE

Makes them think they have new-
fangled decision-making
capabilities.

RICHIE

Check this out - heard they lined
up a slot on that Storytellers show
this Friday. Confirmed.

CLIVE

Alive Nation just upped their price
for a big Missing Links reunion
tour... Thirty million dollars!

RICHIE

Of which we get a third. We need
to do something quick, or we may
never get him back.

CLIVE

Hey... I've got an idea...

Clive smiles. Richie is "all ears".

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. STORYTELLERS SHOW, BACKSTAGE HALLWAY - NIGHT

Surrounded by FOGGY MIST and BRIGHTLY COLORED FLASHING
LIGHTS, walk FIVE, VERY HOT WOMEN in their twenties.

SUPERIMPOSE: Storyteller's Show

Dressed for jaws to hit the floor in F-Me pumps and mini
skirts - the hotties - like superheroes - stride with
supreme confidence down the hallway.

The girls approach the green room door. Manning the entrance
is innocent, security guy, BRADY, 25.

LAFFY

Hi, there. You must be the
gatekeeper.

Brady, slack-jawed, nods, gives them the once-over.

BRADY

Can I help you?

Hershey tickles him, then gently squeezes his crotch.

HERSHEY

We spent all day making Jimey his
favorite chocolate pudding. We go
way back. You gotta try some.

She dips two fingers into the bowl of pudding and SEDUCTIVELY
INSERTS a healthy sampling into Brady's mouth.

GOOD knocks hard on the door and yells--

GOOD

JIMEY...!! YOUR FRIENDS ARE HERE!!

Brady's irritated. The door opens. Jimey's head pops out.

JIMEY

Matey, I told ya - friends are to
meet us after the show, not before--

Jimey spots the Fab Five, lined up next to each other.

TAFFY, hand near her mouth, imitates giving a blow job while
puffing out her cheek. Each girl follows suit.

BRADY

Please don't get me in trouble. I
told them - friends are to meet you
after, not--

JIMEY

Yes, those friends, not these
friends.

BRADY

These friends...?

JIMEY

Yes, yes... theeese!

Jimey wiggles his tongue around.

JIMEY

Not those.

Jimey makes an "icky" face.

JIMEY

These good... Those bad. See?

BRADY

Oh, I think I get it, now.

Brady smiles and nods.

JIMEY

Spectacular job of leading these friends to me lair. That bloody pineal gland of yours must be on overdrive. Sublime it is! Jesus loves you!

Jimey opens the door.

INT. STORYTELLERS STUDIO, GREENROOM - NIGHT

The girls walk in.

All eyes - FULL ALERT - as everyone stops what they're doing and stare. Lenny's smile gets bigger and bigger.

LENNY

God, bless America!!

He gives the girls a salute.

HERSHEY

We brought some yummy stuff to put in your mouths.

Lenny gives them the once-over. His tongue hangs out.

LENNY

I can see that!

JIMEY

Someone get Ricky Ricardo, here, a bib, please.

Laffy holds up the container of chocolate pudding.

HERSHEY

We made you yummie chocolate pudding.

JIMEY

Lovies... Please introduce yourselves.

HERSHEY

I'm Hershey Kiss. But, you can call me - Hershey.

LAFFY

I'm Miss Taffy. Call me Laffy.

BUTTERFINGER
Finger! Butterfinger!

PLENTY
I'm Plenty.

GOOD
And, I'm Good.

GOOD
We're Good and Plenty!

PLENTY
We're Good and Plenty!

JIMEY
Right-ee-o! No arguments, here!

Jak turns her head sideways in confusion.

Johnny caresses Taffy with his blind stick: At her waist,
around her crotch and breasts.

JOHNNY
Thirty six, twenty four, thirty
six. My lucky numbers.

TAFFY
I love a man with a big, hard
stick. And, knows how to use it.

She PLOPS down in Johnny's lap. Rubs his inner thigh, plants
a kiss on his cheek, pulls down his glasses.

JOHNNY
I can see!! You're beautiful!
It's a miracle!! Halleluja!!

HERSHEY
Yummies time!

Hershey spoons chocolate pudding onto small plates. Taffy
grabs one, dips her fingers in the pudding and maneuvers it
into Johnny's mouth.

TAFFY
Open wide, Daddy-O!

The girls FLIP their high-heels off. A beat, then--

Hershey does a gymnastics routine: CARTWHEELS, HANDSPRINGS
and a SPLIT LEAP right into Lenny's lap.

Butter does a TUMBLE ROUTINE and lands upside down on Jimey.

Her CROTCH IN HIS FACE - she wraps her legs around his neck -
dismounts on the floor - arms up in the air.

LENNY

Holy crap...!! They're like
superheroes!! We gotta take these
bitches on the road with us!!

Hershey grabs a plate and does her pudding magic on Lenny.
He laps every last drop off her fingers.

Butter does the same with Jimmy. He's a glutton.

Good PIROUETTE TWIRLS all the way into Jak's lap.

GOOD

I can swirl my tongue upside down
and all over the place. Watch!!

She does. Jak's EXCITED.

Over at Lenny, Hershey's on his lap. Grabs his crotch.

HERSHEY

I want some candy, Grandpa! Fuck
me, Grandpa!

WALT

Don't you all find it just a little
p-p-peculiar that they walk in here
calling themselves names of candy
bars? And, then they start feeding
us pudding. And, they're not
eating any. D-D-Don't you all find
that just a bit p-p-peculiar?

LENNY

P-P-Peculiar, you say? Waltee, you
know I love ya, but can you pretend
once to have hair? And, just let
it down... For once?!

JIMMY

Walty... Let me share with you a
rule of thumb that's been around
since the dawn of man: You just
don't look a gift twat in the
mouth. Not this fine!

Plenty approaches Walt. Walt, petrified, BACKTRACKS.

PLENTY

Don't be shy.

Walt's view--

Plenty resembles the Martian Girls from the movie - "Mars Attacks". She slithers, side to side toward Walt--

PLENTY
Ack, ack, ack, ack!!

WALT
No, no, no...!!

Walt rhombus-walks away from her. Then, grabs a FLY SWATTER and holds it up in the air to shoo her away.

PLENTY
How come you're not being a good boy and eating your desert?

She tries to sneak some pudding into Walt's mouth.

WALT
P-P-Please don't put that in my mouth or I'll have to eat the whole thing!

PLENTY
If you don't want to take your medication orally, I'm sure we can arrange that you can have it some other way. But, I don't think you'd like it.

Plenty yanks Walt's pants down. In his boxers, Walt JUMPS onto a chair and SWATS her away.

Now, EVERYTHING FREEZES in time. Nobody moves except Plenty.

She turns to face the camera--

PLENTY
I'm sure y'all can figure out the fun that happens to them next. Well... almost all of them. So, let's fast forward a little. Let the pudding kick in, shall we?

In fast forward: The shenanigans continue for a few beats.

Back to real time--

The ultra-eerie - "One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest (opening theme) song" - plays in the background.

THE AMBIANCE IS SURREAL--

-- Wearing only TIDY WHITIES, Lenny BALLERINA LEAPS around the room sporting a BRA on top of his head.

-- Good Plays PAT-A-CAKE with Jak as she LAUGHS and SPINS around on her drum stool.

-- Plenty, on Johnny's lap, wears his dark sunglasses. Johnny's shirt is wrapped around his head like a TURBAN.

-- Jimey, gets a BLOWIE from Butter under the table cloth while Butter, her hand out, takes a VIDEO of it.

-- Walt, stands on top of a chair, pants at ankles, FLY SWATTER in hand and CHOCOLATE smeared all over his face.

A STAGE HAND pokes his head in the door.

STAGE HAND

We're live in five minutes, guys!

Jimey pokes the top of Butter's head.

JIMEY

You hear that, lovey? You've got five minutes. One your mark, get set, GO!

INT. STORYTELLERS, HALLWAY - NIGHT

In the hallway, Summer approaches Brady.

SUMMER

Hi there. I'm friends with the band. Just want to say - hi.

Brady, with chocolate smears around his lips, gives her a really long once-over. Summer's taken aback. Brady smiles.

BRADY

Are you one of those friends? Or, one of theeese friends?

SUMMER

Excuse me? What are these friends?

Brady, who appears wasted, does the same blow job imitation the girls did. Laughing, he holds his hand up to high-five.

Summer, repulsed, walks backwards, slowly.

SUMMER

What is wrong with you people?

OOPS! The hotties come storming out the door into Summer!

LAFFY

I wouldn't bother. They have nothing left.

Summers is aghast. Pissed, she strides off.

Cellphone RINGS hit the air. Phone to ear--

LAFFY

Hi, Charlie, I mean Clive... Your angels are here.

(a beat)

Yes, we fed them that Bill Cosby pudding you had us make, but my friends don't use date rape drugs. So, we put in Ritalin and some...

(to Hershey)

What's that other stuff you put in?

HERSHEY

Lysergic acid diethylamide.

LAFFY

Lsd, baby! We looked up an old recipe from this Timothy Leary guy. It won't put 'em to sleep, but they'll be like way, totally, out of their minds to know what they're doin'. Better that way. You told me they're all senile, anyway. Luh, ya, Papi!

She blows a kiss to the phone, sticks it in her pocket.

INT. STORYTELLER'S STUDIO, STAGE - NIGHT

The LIVE AUDIENCE awaits the show to start. Cameras and STAGE HANDS everywhere.

A male MC, 60, takes the stage. Camera light turns red. LOUD SCREAMS and APPLAUSE from the audience.

MC

Without further ado. Everyone... Welcome to Storytellers, the show that's broadcast live. Ladies and gentlemen... It's Jimey and The Li'l Ol' Rascals!!

The curtain opens. Jimey with dark shades on, busts out some Tai Chi moves--

JIMEY
Wax on. Wax off.

Jimey TWIRLS his fingers, smiles in amazement.

JIMEY'S VIEW--

A colorful RAINBOW FLUME shoots out from his fingertips. The LSD must be kicking in.

He sticks his finger in his butt crack. A STREAM OF RAINBOWS radiate outwards.

JIMEY
Bloody phenomenal! I may have a
leprechaun with a pot of gold
hiding up me arse.

He spreads his butt cheeks apart, bends forward real low and in a wildly contorted manner--

STICKS HIS HEAD UNDERNEATH HIS LEGS AND CROTCH.

Total ASTONISHMENT and LAUGHTER from the TV audience.

INT. STORYTELLERS STUDIO, CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

EMILY HARTLEY, 40, sits with a half dozen of her PRODUCTION CREW in the control room. She looks over at MELANIE, 30, her assistant, as they throw each other CONFUSED LOOKS.

INT. STORYTELLERS STUDIO, STAGE - NIGHT

Jimey uprights himself.

JIMEY
I've got a question? If you're
homeless, where do they make you do
house arrest at?

YELLS from the crowd.

JIMEY
Do they chain ya to some fucking
tree in the park? Reason I ask -
in case I'm on Jeopardy one day and
the category is - Famous Rock and
Roll Singers Who Got Fucked In The
Ass By Their Record Label And Who
Now Live Chained To A Tree In A
Fucking Park.

SCREAMS and LAUGHS from the crowd.

JIMEY

Five hundred for fuck's sake, Alex!

INT. STORYTELLERS STUDIO, CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Emily shakes her head and mouths - "No, no, no".

EMILY

Please tell me - you bleeped all
those - fucks - within six seconds!
PLEASE?!!

MELANIE

I think...?

INT. STORYTELLERS STUDIO, STAGE - NIGHT

Jimmy gets DEMONSTRATIVE--

JIMEY

Are you all ready for a show?

LOUD APPLAUSE.

JIMEY

You want me to rock you... Roll
you... Get you dancing in the
aisles, don't you?! Jazz you and
razzmatazz you with me crazy rock
and roll over the top styles!

Some SCREAMS and smattering of SHOUTS.

JIMEY

Well... Y'all can piss off! I've
got a new shtick for y'all... Ready
guys?!

The gang play. It's a complete mess: A whirlwind cacophony
of DISSONANT NOISE--

-- Jimmy twirls around Johnny's blind stick like an orchestra
conductor.

-- Johnny makes horrific noise on the keys.

-- Lenny, in tidy whites, ballerina-twirls with his bass.

-- Jak laughs, spins on her seat, hits drums sporadically.

-- Walt just stands - petrified.

Jimey motions with his conductor stick to stop. They all do, except Johnny who hits the keys with his head.

From the crowd: SILENCE AND LOOKS OF CONFUSION.

A very delighted Clive and Richie, laugh.

JIMEY

That was some, uh... Frank Zappa.
Yes! The creative, mad, genius
bugga he was! Hard to understand
him if you're not on psychotropics.
Kiddies, don't eat yellow snow!!

Walt is very puzzled. Camera closes in on Jimey, who STARES STRANGELY at it.

JIMEY

You looking at me?! Don't be
looking at me!

He FLIPS OFF the camera. JIMEY'S VIEW--

The TV camera with, its RED TALLY LIGHT ON, looks like a DRAGON MONSTER with BRIGHT, RED EYES. Where Jimey moves, they follow.

INT. HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Teenage DAUGHTER, SON, MOM and DAD watch. On TV--

Jimey ACTS MANIACALLY: Runs from the camera, right into the view of another, then HIGH-TAILS the other way.

JIMEY

AAAAHHHHHHH...!!!

Jimey, COMPLETELY CRAZED, grabs a guitar and SLASHES IT ALL AROUND at the TV audience.

JIMEY

GET AWAY FROM ME! GET AWAY...!

Mom and Dad sit on the couch - SLACK-JAWED. The kids laugh.

JIMEY

There are highly covert forces
spying on me. It's the same people
who killed the Kennedys. And, it
wasn't you and me!

(MORE)

JIMEY (CONT'D)

They're gonna abduct me and take me
to Area Fifty One and remove all me
sperm!!

Jimey drops the guitar, PUTS HIS HAND OVER HIS CROTCH, RUNS
AROUND and SCREAMS like a girl--

JIMEY

Please don't abduct me and take all
me sperm!! I'll wack off right now
in a li'l paper cup if that's what
you want! AAAAAHHHHH!!

Jimey does a silly wacking-off motion. Mom and Dad's JAW'S
DROP FURTHER. The kids laugh, hysterically.

INT. STORYTELLERS STUDIO, STAGE - NIGHT

Emily BOLTS onstage. Puts her arm around Jimey to calm him.

EMILY

Okay, okay.... Can we try another
song? Something... Anything?

JIMEY

Something, anything? Is that Perry
Como? Or, is that Michael Buble?

EMILY

Well... Just tell a story, then.
But, you gotta keep it clean. We
have a younger, skewed demographic.
We can't say the f-word on TV.

JIMEY

Promise. Only clean stories for
your younger, screwed demographic.

Jimey ponders.

JIMEY

Kiddies... I ever tell ya the story
about them bloody twats - AKA - The
Filthy Peacocks?

Emily, frazzled, runs back into the control room.

JIMEY

One night after a show we did
together, they shag this chick...
them Filthy Peacocks did.

(MORE)

JIMEY (CONT'D)

And, they all unload in her without a con-dum. Then, they have the gall to send her down the hallway to me.

INT. HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

On TV--

JIMEY

How disrespectful is that? That's beyond filthy. They should call themselves the Abhorrently Repugnant Peacocks... Nasty bastards they are! Oops... I mean unsavory illegitimates. Musn't fuckin' (bleep) swear. Sorry!

Mouths agape from Mom, Dad and the kids.

JIMEY

I had to use a turkey baster and Windex to get her gash into any semblance of proper working order.

Mouths AGAPE to the MAX. Eyes ENORMOUS.

INT. STORYTELLERS STUDIO, STAGE - NIGHT

On the side of the stage, Emily pulls on her hair. She's about to lose her mind as TWO SECURITY GUYS, wearing DARK SUITS, approach Jimey.

JIMEY

Oh, God, no!! The men in black!! Please stop them!! These mad bastards are gonna put micro chips in me testicles!! PLEASE...!!

The security guys grab Jimey by the head and feet, escort him off the stage - HORIZONTALLY.

Lenny jumps onto the back of security guy, pulls the bra on his head over the guy's eyes.

Walt looks around - SCARED.

Johnny passes out. His head plops on top of the keyboards. A MAD CACOPHONY of KEYBOARD SOUNDS roar on--

The security guys try unsuccessfully to grab the mic away--

JIMEY

God, if you help me... I swear I'll
dedicate me life to solving your
world's problems: pestilence,
famine, racial injustice, locust
infestation... Kanye West!!

On main stage-- The gang sing - "My Ding-A-Ling".

At side stage-- A HALF DOZEN SECURITY GUYS TASER Jimey, who
flops around like FRYING BACON. As he's being tasered, Jimey
has one more thing to say - delivered precisely in late-years
Katharine Hepburn form--

JIMEY

Ki-i-i-ddies... if you can ma-mail
me co-o-o-oke to the Sunset
Marquis... eight, two, two, one
Hollywood Boulevard... Go-o-od will
make all your li'l prayers come
true-ue-ue.

INT. HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Mom, Dad and the kids - ASTONISHED with SLACK JAWS!

On TV: The live feed's gone. Just the Storyteller's logo.

Everyone slowly looks at each other.

MOM

And, to think - they couldn't show
Elvis from the waist down.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CLIVE'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Clive, Richie and the Links sit around, watch TV.

Jimey staggers in. He wears FLEECE PAJAMAS with a red top
sporting a large WONDER WOMAN LOGO.

Laughter erupts. Jimey observes his outfit.

JIMEY

What's the date?

PHILO

Saturday, the twenty-first of May.

JIMEY

I mean - what year, mates?

Everyone laughs.

CLIVE

So, Jimey... Congratulations on that nice little run you had with your li'l ol' incontinents. Wasn't meant to be, I guess.

RICHIE

All water... Or, should I say... Money under the bridge... as far as we're concerned.

CLIVE

And, now we have a Missing Links reunion tour offer you can't refuse.

MICK

Jimey, check this out - we've got big money, super-huge, outdoor stadium tours lined up.

RICHIE

Three... Million... Dollars... A... Piece!!

CLIVE

It'll get yourself outta this hole you dug. All you gotta do is just walk away from that li'l senior citizen obsession of yours.

RICHIE

Mum gets to stay in her palace.

Richie reaches for paperwork. Jimey ponders.

JIMEY

I think I still may have a problem with me coke and booze, mates.

The guys shoot each other looks of disappointment.

GEEZER

Jimey... This time we really got it all figured out!

PHILO

Not like last time when we thought
never running out of drugs was the
solution.

MICK

This time it's all about proper
administration.

Jimmy's confused.

MICK

(singing)

*If you're down he'll pick you up,
Doctor Robert.*

GEEZER

(singing)

*Take a drink from his special cup,
Doctor Robert.*

PHILO

We found our Doctor Robert to
properly administer our drugs under
controlled, expert supervision.

GEEZER

Adderall... Xanax... Percocet...
Oxy... Dilaudid... Propofol...

MICK

Ooh... He's even got Fentanyl gummy
bears. You know how you love gummy
bears.

SPIDEY

Proper administration. It's how
God intended rockstars to do drugs.

PHILO

If only Jimi, Janis and Mr. Mojo
Risin' had thought of this.

MICK

We're all thinking of you, Jimmy.

GEEZER

With all our li'l hearts squeezed
together... To make one big heart.

Geezer makes a - large, heart shape - with his hands. Jimmy
shoots him a "pathetic" look.

CLIVE
(hands paperwork to Jimey)
Here's the paperwork. Three
million dollars, Jimey!

RICHIE
Whatd'ya say, Jimey...?

A moment of reflection for Jimey.

JIMEY
I think I still may have a problem
with me drugs and booze, mates.
Have I ever mentioned that?

Looks of disappointment from the gang. Awkward silence.

GEEZER
I think the problem here is we
forgot to show Jimey the - can't
refuse - part. Mick...?

Mick grabs a seat next to Jimey. On a laptop--

-- Jimey gets a blowie from under the table cloth. Butter
lifts her head out and smiles.

-- Butter and Jimey lean over and snort a fat rail of coke.

PHILO
Luckily, Mick found out and was
able to get a hold of the video
before they could sell it to the
Examiner.

MICK
Imagine what would happen if the
authorities got a hold of this.

GEEZER
Probation violation. Jail time,
Jimey. Big league.

Geezer's got Jimey's full attention.

MICK
Don't worry Jimey... Do we look
like the kind of wankas that would
turn this into the police...?

PHILO
As long as you're playing large
stadium tours with us.
(MORE)

PHILO (CONT'D)
 Sorry Mick, you forgot that last
 part in parentheses. Important!

MICK
 Catch our drift, there, Jimey.

Jimey looks each of the Links in the eyes.

JIMEY
 Never fancied meself - mental.
 So... God save the Queen!!

Jimey signs the agreement. Everyone applauds. Mick and
 Philo put their arms around Jimey.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. NEWS STUDIO - NIGHT

At her desk - Celebrity Tonight Show host, Brook.

Superimpose: Three Months Later

BROOK
 Well, the day is here not a lot of
 people thought would happen... The
 Missing Links Reunion Tour, kicking
 off a big night out in the desert
 in Coachella. Let's check in with
 our field correspondent, Scarlett.

EXT. COACHELLA OUTDOOR CONCERT - NIGHT

Split screen: Brook in studio and Scarlett in the crowd.

BROOK
 Hi, Scarlett...

Nothing. Scarlett has no idea she's live.

A KID next to her hands her a joint. She QUICK-TOKES.

BROOK
 Scarlett... We're live now. Uh-oh!

SCARLETT
 (to cameraman)
 Let me know when we're live.

She takes another quick hit, hands it back to the kid.

BROOK
Scarlett! Scarlett! Oh, boy!

SCARLETT
Oh, I hear you now... I don't know
if you can see how many people are
here or not?

SMOKE BILLOWS out her mouth. Cameraman does a 360 panorama:
The ENORMITY OF THE CROWD is apparent.

SCARLETT
As you can see... there's a
projected eighty thousand people
here at this all day festival. The
Missing Links will be on stage in
just a few minutes.

The crowd CHEERS. There's a haze of POT SMOKE as kids pass
around a joint that makes it's way back to Scarlett.

Not thinking, Scarlett grabs the joint to take a hit.

SCARLETT
Oh, shit! Sorry, I mean - shoot!

INT. NEWS STUDIO - DAY

Brook- embarrassed - holds in her laughter.

BROOK
Looks like we lost our feed there.
We'll have more footage for you
later, right after the show.

EXT. COACHELLA CONCERT, GROUND - NIGHT

A HUGE CROWD - CLAP AND CHEER - in anticipation.

EXT. COACHELLA CONCERT, STAGE - NIGHT

The Links make their way on stage. The crowd ROARS!

They all stand, soak in the applause. Where's Jimey?

Shirtless with ANKLES SHACKLED together, Jimey shuffles his
way to the front of the stage. The crowd goes NUTS!

Jimey has a strip of DUCT TAPE over his mouth. Written on
his chest in black letters: "DISOBEDIENCE".

The super-huge VIDEO SCREENS display it all to see.

He turns around. On his back in smaller, black letters is written: "IS THE TRUE FOUNDATION OF LIBERTY".

Lots of YELLS and CHEERS. The Links shoot him looks.

PHILO

Well... 'Ello everyone. Good to be back with everyone's favorite entertainer. That right, Jimey?

Jimey slowly peels the tape off his mouth.

JIMEY

The obedient must be slaves... Henry, David, Thoreau.

PHILO

Is your Henry guy around here, mate... In case we need him to sing? Shall we all begin?

The Links play for a few beats. The crowd gets into it. Jimey doesn't sing. Philo motions to stop.

PHILO

Well, I think you've made a point there, Jimey. Whatever that point may fucking be. Are we ready?

JIMEY

I'm not dead and I'm not for sale.

The crowd gets restless.

MICK

We don't know that one. Shall we play - Get Your Tongue Outta Me Arse...?

PHILO

CUZ I'M KISSING YOU GOODBYE!
(to Mick)
You forgot that last part in parentheses!

GEEZER

Guys... Let's go!!

The band plays. Nothing from Jimey. They stop.

JIMEY

Two Time Records is an anti-musician, terrorist regime!!

PHILO

Any particular reason you chose today of all days to be such a naughty toddler? I think you may need some proper administration.

(to the crowd)

DOCTOR ROBERT TO THE STAGE!

CALLING DOCTOR ROBERT!!!

Jimey pulls out an envelope from his pocket with - "Jimey" written on it. Opens, takes a letter out to read--

JIMEY

PEOPLE...!! Fame is not the reward. The reward is doing what you fucking love!! Me bitch was right!

LOUD CHEERS from the crowd.

JIMEY

I'm done with selling me soul for sex, drugs and rock and roll! Well, maybe not all three for now. I'm still uh... in progress.

The tape goes back over his mouth.

Mick, pissed, yells at Jimey. Geezer gets in Jimey's face, tries pulling the tape off his mouth.

Jimey does KARATE MOVES with his hands, FLIPS HIM OFF.

The Links stand there - confused. Then, look at each other, shake their heads, walk off the stage.

The crowd's AGITATED. Jimey stands still, does NOTHING.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COACHELLA CONCERT, STAGE - LATER

Jimey stands there - still doing nothing.

A COUPLE OF PISSED-OFF STAGEHANDS approach. As they near, Jimey hops around, does more KARATE GESTURES.

LOTS OF STUFF FLY EVERYWHERE ON STAGE: Shoes, cups, water bottles, trash. It's a MADHOUSE.

POLICE hit the stage and carry him off - HORIZONTALLY.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Establishing shot.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Clive and Richie in a police station hand over a DVD and SMARTPHONE to a smiling POLICE CHIEF.

They shake hands before they walk away.

INT. NEWS STUDIO - DAY

Brook, sits at her desk. She's on air.

BROOK

Jimney Zainer, former singer for Missing Links has been missing for a week, now, as he faces jail time for probation violation. No one is sure where he's at. We've had Jimney sightings everywhere from Machu Pichu to the Ice Castle Festival in Kalamazoo.

INT. MEXICAN BAR, MEXICO - NIGHT

Jimney in blonde wig, mini skirt, high heels and beer in hand, KARAOKE SINGS a song in Spanish, reading lyrics off the screen of an old-fashioned TV. He's so bad, it's funny.

The crowd - mostly guys dressed in old-school-style MEXICAN SOMBREROS and PONCHOS - LAUGH their asses off!

Jimney TWERKS as the song ends to LOUD CHEERS and WHISTLES.

He staggers over and sits down on a bar stool.

TWO MEXICAN GUYS bicker over who sits next to him. One guy pulls a KNIFE on the other. Knife guy snuggles up to Jimney.

KNIFE GUY

Que pasa, puta loca que no puede cantar?

PEOPLE gather around.

KNIFE GUY

I want to know, Blondie, does the
carpet match the drapes?!

Jimey's eyes open wide. He crosses his legs as Knife Guy
looks down at his crotch.

KNIFE GUY

Put a Americana timida... Si...?

He shoves his hand under Jimey's skirt. Jimey's eyes BULGE.
Mexican guy's eyes BULGE LARGER.

Pissed, he yanks his hands out from under Jimey's skirt,
looks Jimey dead in the eyes, with knife to his throat.

JIMEY

(high, female voice)
Please, don't kill me!!

KNIFE GUY

I no kill you, Blondie. I just cut
off all your junk... Blondie!

He reaches down with his knife. Jimey HIGHTAILS it out, as
the guys CHASE after him.

EXT. STREET, MEXICO - NIGHT

Jimey runs as best he can in his high heels, as they dangle
off the side of his feet. The gang chase after.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. NEWS STUDIO - DAY

Brook reports from her desk--

BROOK

Just in... We have breaking news...
The police have rescinded their
arrest warrant for Jimey Zainer.
Seems, the infamous back stage
groupies, purportedly named after
candy bars...

Brook pauses to smile--

BROOK

...were able to present evidence to the authorities that they were paid by the record label to give Jimey and the band chocolate pudding laced with LSD and Ritalin?

She pauses to laugh--

BROOK

This story couldn't get any stranger... Or, could it? Jimey, if you're out there, come back home! Your fans love you and you're not going to jail.

INT. LOS FELIZ SENIOR CENTER - DAY

A DOZEN SENIORS keep busy. The ol' rascals sit at a table.

In MINI SKIRT and HIGH HEELS dangling from his feet - Jimey BOLTS in.

The gang stop what they're doing, stare in amazement.

LENNY

You need to go back in the closet where you belong... And, don't ever come out!

JIMEY

Before I hit the slammer, mates... Just wanted to say - good-bye. Really love you all... What we had going... Why I couldn't sing with them Missing Links, anymore.

The gang shoot each other looks.

JIMEY

If you're all still alive when I get out of jail... Let's keep the oldies show going. Yeah...?

The gang's unconvinced.

LENNY

Since you're going to jail for a while, maybe you should be a little more sincere... Bitch!

JIMEY

Bollocks! Okay, you mad wankas made me enjoy singing, for the first time, more than wanting to bang a lovey with fresh cut grass and an eightball of nose candy!!

Jimsey stops and awaits. They all shrug their shoulders.

JIMEY

Serious? You're gonna keep pounding me arse before me arse gets pounded in jail?

Jimsey puts his hands together and forms a small circle. Then, makes the circle bigger. Then, bigger--

Confused looks.

JIMEY

This will be me new bum-hole after a year. Pisser!! I have to hear meself fart. It's the only way I know when I've consumed too much cruciferous vegetables in me me fiber-rich diet. Me smell is quite wonky.

JAK

All right!! Enough, already!! You ain't goin' ta jail, moron. Your record label had those candy bar bitches spike our pudding and set ya up with coke.

JIMEY

You takin' the piss outta me?

JOHNNY

If you gotta piss, hallway's that way...! Time for you to - Wang, Dang, Doodle... Young man!

Jimsey takes a couple of beats to soak it all in.

JIMEY

Well... I take back everything I just said, ya wankas!!!

Jak pulls out her dentures.

JAK

Here, you can clean these for me.

Emma and Lenny stroll in - HOLDING HANDS. They MAKE OUT.

Jimsey stares at them - PETRIFIED! Emma glimpses Jimsey.

JIMEY

OH, NO, NO, FUCK NO!! God, have I
crawled through one of your
beautiful wormholes to some
alternative dimension?!!

LENNY

Hey... You got any more of that
chocolate pudding those bitches
made?!

Emma gives Jimsey the once-over--

EMMA

(screeching)

What in bloody 'ell is wrong with
you?! Did you run off and get one
of them L-G... B-L-T... Whatever
surgeries?!!

She SMACKS him all over and reaches under his skirt.

JIMEY

No, no, no!!! Please, no more! Me
manly goods are bloody copacetic!!

EMMA

You had us all scared outta our
minds, ya bloody twat!!

Jimsey, totally FREAKED OUT, walks backwards towards the door.

EXT. LOS FELIZ, SENIOR CENTER - DAY

Jimsey backs into Summer. He turns around. Silence, as she
gives him the once-over, then laughs.

JIMEY

Is it true - I'm not going to jail?
You know how them ol' wankas love
takin' the piss outta me.

SUMMER

If you stay in this outfit for more
than a day... I'm not so sure.

They walk down the sidewalk. She notices the high heels
dangling off the sides of his feet.

SUMMER

Well... I do declare. Would you like some proper advice on how to walk in high heels? Over some foosball, perhaps?

Jimey and Summer walk off. Jimey slides his hand down over Summer's ass. Summer knocks his arm off.

SUMMER

You're not there yet. But, you're getting a li'l closer.

They put their arms around each other, as they walk off.

SUMMER

So... What's next, ya wanka?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CLUB, STAGE - NIGHT

Jimey and the ol' rascals jam out to an oldie on stage. All thoroughly enjoy themselves. The crowd's into it.

Bart and Summer, with smiles, watch from side-stage.

FADE OUT.

THE END