

PSYCHEDELIC FORECLOSURE

A Rock n Roll Comedy by

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Inspired by a True Story

FADE IN:

EXT. CALIFORNIA HIGHWAY - WOODCREST AREA - DAY - MOVING

Fall 1987. A pink, convertible Cadillac COUGHS and SPUTTERS along; a sick, smoky-white contrail, this junker deserves Hospice, not a highway.

EXT/INT. CADILLAC - TRAVELLING

The rusted out bumper is a "Who's who" rock 'n roll patchwork with a "Lose weight now, ask me how" stuck on top.

A poor excuse for an ELVIS impersonator ROCKS along as his gold cape flutters in the breeze. The white jumpsuit lost the battle of the bulge years ago. And what's with the full beard. Is he even trying?

RADIO DJ (VO)

If you've just joined us, you're listening to the 24-hour Rock-a-thon on K-MOST. Up next is Sammy Hagar with I can't drive 55.

Several "Rolling Stones" air fresheners hang from the mirror. Between verses, Elvis slurps on a super-sized soda.

ELVIS' POV

A large, home-made "House For Sale -- Cheap!" sign is spray-painted with bright, neon colors; a huge arrow nailed on points to a fast-approaching exit.

THE CADILLAC

Swerves across three lanes of traffic and exits the highway. Barely.

AT THE STOPLIGHT

Elvis' car BACKFIRES and GRINDS to a stop beside a shiny Lincoln Town Car. Elvis takes the opportunity to stuff his face with fries.

IN THE LINCOLN TOWN CAR

An ELDERLY COUPLE watches the grisly scene inches outside. The woman locks her door. Elvis rips open two ketchup packets with his teeth. They misfire and splatter all over her window. The horrified woman watches Elvis smear ketchup all over.

ELVIS POV

Just beyond the Town Car, Elvis notices another "For Sale" sign. The arrows point left. The light turns green!

THE CADDIE

GURGLES SICKLY as Elvis peels out, cutting off the Lincoln; turning left from the right-hand.

EXT. COURTHOUSE STEPS - DAY

MAYOR JAMES THOMPSON climbs the stairs with a mixed entourage of COWORKERS, SECURITY and the PRESS. Thompson is a man of the people -- sorry people -- and he's just shy of like 150 years old. Very spry, though.

He's half-interviewed, half-assisted up the stairs by KATIE MYERS, 32, ace reporter and all-around spitfire for KTLA-TV.

KATIE

Mayor Thompson will you be
accompanying the Governor for the
President's arrival on Thursday?

The whole entourage stops abruptly. Walking and talking would be too much of a strain. Thompson has no inside voice.

MAYOR THOMPSON

WHAT'S THAT KATIE-BUG?

She hates "Katie-bug."

KATIE

Will you get to meet with President
Reagan on Thursday?

MAYOR THOMPSON

YOU BETCHER SWEET TOOKUS! ME AND
THE GIPPER GO WAY BACK!

KATIE

With our current Real Estate crisis
will there be any discussion about
the tragic dip in California's
economy under his administration?

His balance wavers a bit, and her CAMERAMAN RANDY puts a hand out to steady him.

MAYOR THOMPSON

WHOA, NELLY! WAS THAT AN
EARTHQUAKE?!

Behind them, the pink Cadillac RATTLES by with the signature smoke-trail.

MAYOR THOMPSON (CONT'D)
 YES, WE WILL FOCUS ON WHAT YOU SAID
 BUT KATIE BUG YOU KNOW AS WELL AS I
 DO THAT THIS IS NOT SOMETHING THAT
 CAN BE FIXED WHAM-BAM OVERNIGHT.

The Cadillac BACKFIRES loudly. The entourage YELLS and drops to the ground. Security Officers surround the Mayor, guns in hand, bodily lift him and rush him inside.

INT. CADILLAC - TRAVELLING

Another "Home For Sale--Real Cheap" sign and another hard right turn. PEDESTRIANS scramble and TWO CARS slam on brakes to avoid the smoky pink projectile.

RADIO DJ (VO)
 And now, a Live recording from the
 man who took three decades of fans
 on a Rock and Roll, roller coaster
 ride of madness. Alex Lasher!

One of the cars bounces through a parking exit; 4-inch spikes, bursting all four tires.

EXT. TRAFFIC SIGNAL - CONTINUOUS

The Cadillac passes underneath as the light turns from yellow to red. The exhaust fumes fill the frame and as the smoke clears, PULL BACK to reveal a concert STAGE PROP.

INT. ROCK CONCERT - NIGHT

ALEX LASHER, 40s, a legendary, heavy-metal megastar performs during a concert.

INT. PAT KELLY'S GARAGE - DAY

The Alex Lasher concert plays on a corner TV in the three-car garage. Red paint splats the screen.

PAT KELLY, 30s, a mad scientist of the art world, is a chewed up version of the 70s Rock n Roll groupie he once was. He dips a bare hand into one paint can, then another, and flings the mixture onto a jumble of bolted together mannequin parts.

He stands back, unsure, then suddenly realizes, another masterpiece is finished.

TOMMY, 13, carefully picks his way through mannequin parts and clutter. He is a proud, 2nd-generation Rock n' roll.

Instantly drawn to the TV, he runs his fingers through his long, red dreadlocks.

TOMMY

Hey, Dad. I see you're playing your motivational tape.

Pat lifts up his safety goggles to see better.

PAT

What? Oh, hi Tom.

TOMMY

This piece is bizarro! Decided what you're gonna to call it?

PAT

No. But get a load of what I did last night!

Pat walks to the back of the garage and lifts a small canvas with mannequin fingers attached. It's covered with wild paint splashes.

PAT (CONT'D)

I call it... "Finger Painting"

TOMMY

That's out there. Real cool, Dad.

Tommy unrolls the newspaper in his hands.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Hey, Mom circled some more want-ads.

PAT

(off the paper)
Whatcha got?

TOMMY

(reads)
"Hardwood floor technician,
experienced only. Installing,
sanding and coating."

PAT

Called him yesterday, job's taken.
Next.

TOMMY

Here's one. "Top pay for top
people. Now accepting males in our
class act maid service."

PAT

Probably Porn! Keep that one!

They both laugh.

TOMMY

"East Side Welders. 2 years
experience, competitive salary."

Pat takes the paper.

PAT

Hm. Must've missed that one, yeah
I'll call them later.

EXT. VALLEY VISTA HOUSING DEVELOPMENT - DAY

The Elvis Caddie bellows past the fancy neighborhood sign,
but it's dwarfed by a bigger, gaudy: "House for Sale - You're
almost there!!!"

FURTHER UP THE ROAD

A GROUP of children plays kickball in their front yard. One
good kick sends the ball flying high, right into the back
seat of the passing Cadillac.

The kids chase after Elvis frantically trying to flag him
down.

IN THE CADILLAC

Elvis waves politely at the attention from his "adoring fans"
but drives on. The kids run after the car, YELLING.

INT. PAT'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

DEE ANN KELLY, 30-ish, the sensible Yin to Pat's Yang - this
petite redhead is living proof that opposites do attract.

She juggles a cup of coffee and a stack of bills as she commiserates with her life-long pal, PAMELA WHITMIRE. Pam, more often than not, is her one link to sanity.

INTERCUT WITH DEE AND PAM

DEE ANN (INTO PHONE)

I know, but I just got off the phone with our mortgage company. It's not looking too good.

PAM

Stone?

DEE ANN

As in "Heart of..."

PAM

That's so cute that you think A.J. Stone has a heart.

DEE ANN

I think I need to try one more time. In person. Put a face to the name. I'll beg, I'll grovel, whatever it takes to save the house.

PAM'S KITCHEN

Pam dunks a Lipton tea bag into her steaming cup of water.

PAM (INTO PHONE)

Don't worry, Dee! You and Pat are gonna grow old together in that house, just like you always talked about. And when you die, the kids will be fighting about it in court.

Dee Ann is genuinely touched.

DEE ANN (INTO PHONE)

Aw, Pam, you say the sweetest things.

(a beat)

It's just snowballing so fast. Pat's paychecks start bouncing, bills bills bills--

PAM (INTO PHONE)

Wait, what happened to Jake?

DEE ANN

Jake folded the business. Totally bankrupt. Never told Pat about it. He's leaving town and we can kiss all that money goodbye. Our only hope is to sell this thing before we lose it.

(a beat)

We'll just have to grow old somewhere else -- SLOW IT DOWN YOUNG MAN!

Tommy runs through the kitchen.

TOMMY

Hi, mom. Bye, mom.

FAMILY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tommy turns on the TV and flips through the channels. He stops on the TV show RENEGADE. He watches the opening credits -- Reno Reins rides his Harley in the desert.

TOMMY

Mom! Where's Kali? Her bounty hunter boyfriend is on.

Dee Ann pokes her head in, covers the phone with her hand.

DEE ANN

Can't you see that I'm on the phone?

TOMMY

Where's Kali?

DEE ANN

I don't know, Tommy, she's probably playing outside.

She retreats back into the kitchen.

TOMMY

Good, it's not like she hasn't seen every episode a thousand times.

Tommy changes the channel to MTV, cranks the VOLUME and rocks out to the video.

IN THE KITCHEN

Dee Ann looks out the kitchen window and sees Pat talking to JAKE, a stout mid-40s man in a green "Caterpillar" cap.

DEE ANN (INTO PHONE)
 Speak of the Devil! Jake just
 showed up in a brand new truck.
 Pam, can you believe these people?

EXT. PAT'S HOUSE - DAY

Jake leans against a big red 4x4 truck towing a U-haul trailer. Pat kicks at the curb.

PAT
 You bought a new truck, Jake?

JAKE
 Nice, huh? You know Louise, she'd
 be unbearable crossing that Arizona
 desert without air-conditioning.

LOUISE, Jake's snooty wife, sits inside with the window up anxious to get on the road.

JAKE (CONT'D)
 Pat, listen, I want you to know
 that once I get settled, a few
 contracts under my belt, I'll send
 you every penny I owe you.

PAT
 Aw, don't worry about me, Jake,
 just do what you have to do to get
 back on your feet. I know you're
 good for it. Besides--

Pat pulls out the rolled up newspaper from his smock pocket.

PAT (CONT'D)
 -- plenty of jobs right here so
 don't worry about me.

JAKE
 Okay, buddy, just know I am good
 for it. The reason I stopped by was
 to return your tools from the old
 truck.

Jake unloads a wheelbarrow and some tools.

INT. PAT'S HOUSE - KITCHEN DAY

Dee Ann, arms folded, stares Pat down as he enters from the garage. One of those powerful, wilting looks she's perfected.

DEE ANN

Well? Did you get our money, or did you settle for more of Jake's bull mallarky?

PAT

Now Babe, don't be so hard on him, you know he just lost his house and business. He said he'd send us a check just as soon as he lands a couple of contracts in Arizona. In the meantime -- while I'm looking for a job of course -- I was thinking maybe I could find an agent to sell some of my art work. That should bring in a few bucks.

DEE ANN

Oh, C'mon, where do you think an agent is going to find a buyer for those morbid monstrosities. The only people who would be interested in that stuff are probably on death row. So, you might wanna spend more creative energy trying to sell our house. We're running out of time.

PAT

I am trying, Dee! I mean who do I look like Dave Del-Dotto?

Dee Ann grabs her car keys from a hook on the wall.

DEE ANN

Well, do what you want. I have to take Kristin to work and then I am going downtown to see Mr. Stone and try to buy us some more time.

Pat thinks better of trying to stop her.

EXT. WOODCREST ROAD - DAY

A lumbering, smoky missile breaks the tranquility of the upscale neighborhood. Elvis' Caddie is followed by a group of kids falling further back.

Up ahead, the largest and gaudiest "For Sale" sign marks his destination in front of Pat's house.

The sign stands about five feet tall, lined by Christmas lights and six floodlights that spot the blazing neon atrocity.

ELVIS
Now that's cool!

The Cadillac pulls up to the curb, COUGHS and SPUTTERS and then dies out with a loud BACKFIRE.

EXT. ANDERSON'S HOUSE - DAY

A curtain yanks back. ELEANOR ANDERSON, 60s, Pat's nosey neighbor from across the street, spies out the window with a set of opera glasses.

IN THE LIVING ROOM

MRS. ANDERSON
Frank! Elvis is at the Kelly's house!

FRANK ANDERSON, 60s, reclines in his favorite easy chair, nose buried in the Sports section.

MR. ANDERSON
For once in your life, Eleanor, would you just mind your own business.

BINOCULAR POV

Eleanor watches Elvis as he climbs out of his car and kicks loose-fallen trash beneath it. Adjusting his ill-fitting pants, he wobbles up the sidewalk.

MRS. ANDERSON (O.S.)
I sure hope he's not over there to buy the house.

Frank looks up a little annoyed.

MR. ANDERSON
Well, if he does, Eleanor, I'm sure you'll be the first to know!

Eleanor waves him off.

EXT. PAT KELLY'S HOUSE - DAY

The kids run up to Elvis, gasping for air.

ELVIS

Well, hello kiddos. What can Uncle
Elvis do for you today?

DONOVAN, all-American kid, steps forward.

DONOVAN

Give us back our ball, Mister!

Elvis takes a step back at the curt demand.

ELVIS

I don't any balls.

The kids' faces turn angry. Elvis recoils even more.

KIDS IN UNISON

Give us our ball back! We want our
ball! BALL BALL!

DONOVAN

Give it back now!

Someone off to the side CLEARS THEIR THROAT loudly.

KALI KELLY, 6 going on 30, sits coolly astride her bike; a mini-replica of Reno Reins' Harley from Renegade; long duster, boots, shades, ponytail.

She glares at the trespassers. Removes a toothpick from her mouth.

KALI

Donovan, I thought we agreed you'd
never show your leave-it-to-beaver
face around here again.

The other kids all run off up the street SCREAMING.

Donovan stops, runs back, kicks Elvis in the shin, and darts away. Kali dismounts her bike and digs into the saddlebags. Elvis lets out a SIGH of relief.

ELVIS

Well, it looks like I owe you one,
little Lorenzo.

Kali pulls out a folded piece of paper and tosses it to Elvis without a word. Elvis opens it, sees a "Wanted" poster with Elvis Presley's picture on it.

ELVIS (CONT'D)
Between you and me, kid, my name is
actually Bob.

Kali reaches beneath her jacket and pulls out a pair of
handcuffs. She tosses them to Elvis.

KALI
You know the drill.

Elvis chuckles and takes a knee to Kali's eye level, handing
her the cuffs back.

ELVIS
I'd love to play with you, kid, but
I'm on a tight schedule. I'm here
to see your house and--

Kali stops him with a roundhouse kick to the head, quick as a
flash, spinning him around completely. She finishes with a
power-kick to his butt that sends him sprawling.

Elvis lands on his stomach, a little dazed. Kali, with one
foot on his back, slaps the cuffs on his wrists. Satisfied,
she stands up, whips out a Motorola MicroTAC and dials.

IN THE MASTER BEDROOM

The phone RINGS. Dee Ann walks in yelling over her shoulder.

DEE ANN
Kristin, I am leaving in 5 five
minutes so if you want a ride to
work you'd better get out of bed
and get moving!!

KRISTIN, 16, blond-haired and blue-eyed, has her mother's
figure and twice the attitude, if that is possible. She
enters, grabs a hairbrush off the night stand --

KRISTIN
Very funny, Mom. I've been awake
for, like, twenty minutes.

--and walks out. Dee Ann picks up the phone.

DEE ANN (INTO PHONE)
Hello?

INTERCUT DEE WITH KALI

KALI (INTO PHONE)
It's Reno. Tell Six-killer his
bounty is out front waiting.

Dee Ann walks over to the window and pulls back the curtain.

DEE ANN
Kali, what have you--

CLICK.

IN THE KITCHEN

Dee Ann runs into the kitchen where Pat fixes a cup of coffee.

DEE ANN
Pat, your daughter has Elvis
handcuffed on the front lawn.

PAT
Yeah, okay, Babe.

DEE ANN
No, seriously.

She brushes past and exits. Pat follows.

OUT ON THE SIDEWALK

Elvis, now on his feet, wiggles and squirms uncomfortably as Kali cattle prods him up to the house. He has the "Wanted" poster clenched in his hands.

Pat and Dee run to assist.

DEE ANN
We are so so sorry about this, Mr.
Elvis, Kali gets a little carried
away sometimes.

PAT
Yeah, I think this Renegade thing
has gone far enough. Kali, give me
the keys now!

KALI
But, Dad!

PAT
Kali. Keys. Now!

Kali presses them firmly into her father's hand and then turns to Elvis, looking over the top of her shades.

KALI

Don't think you've seen the last of me, Bob Presley.

Kali turns back toward her bike.

PAT

Kali!

Pat holds out his hand firmly. Kali rolls her eyes, mopes back, hands him the phone.

Then, she grabs her bike, rides over to the sidewalk where JERRY COLLINS, 5, waits on his own white Harley replica.

PAT (CONT'D)

Kali, I don't want you to leave the yard, we'll be leaving soon.

Pat struggles with the lock. Elvis grimaces but continues to watch Kali.

ELVIS

Cute kid. Reminds me a lot of my ex-wife, only taller.

Pat and Dee Ann exchange looks.

EXT. VALLEY VISTA NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Two boys, 14, with sunglasses, backpacks and a basket full of newspapers ride a single bike. RICKIE, tall and preppy, steers and passes papers from the front basket to--

CHUCK, much shorter and grungier with long unkempt hair, stands on the back foot pegs flinging the papers in hard to reach places.

Rickie pulls out one paper neatly folded with a scarlet ribbon around it. Chuck takes care to land that one on the front door mat. Right at the feet of CINDY MCLEAN, 20s, a statuesque woman of super-model proportions who smiles and blows them both a kiss.

Chuck lets out a huge sigh.

CHUCK

She wants me, man. She wants me bad.

Rickie rolls his eyes and lets out a contemptuous snort as they wobble their way up the road.

EXT. PAT'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - DAY

Elvis massages his red wrists as Pat and Dee lead inside. Kristin thunders out of the house.

KRISTIN

Here's keys, here's purse, let's go, I'm late.

DEE ANN

I'm coming, Kristin.
(to Elvis)
I'm so sorry, Mr. Elvis. I hope you enjoy your tour of our home.

She kisses Pat goodbye as Kristin tugs impatiently at her shirt tails.

PAT

Try to be reasonable with Stone, okay, Dee?

DEE ANN

Don't worry, I am completely centered...
(to Kristin)
Will you stop pulling my shirt before you stretch it!!

Pat and Elvis recoil.

EXT. ANDERSON'S HOUSE - SIDEWALK - DAY

Rickie hands Chuck another paper. He rears back and lands the paper right in the bird bath. Both boys crack up laughing as they ride off.

THE NEWSPAPER

Unfolds upon impact and slowly submerges. Front page headlines reveal "Real Estate Sinks to All-Time Low!"

EXT. PAT KELLY'S HOUSE - FRONT YARD

Rickie and Chuck ride across the street and onto the front lawn. Rickie grabs the last paper in the basket. Dismounting, they approach the family Minivan as Dee Ann unlocks her door.

RICKIE
Hey, Mrs. Kelly.

DEE ANN
Oh, hi boys. Is that mine, Rickie?

RICKIE
Yep.

Rickie hands her the newspaper. Dee opens it and glances over the front page.

DEE ANN
Oh, great. Pat will be thrilled.

She tosses the paper into the back seat of the car and climbs in. Kristin waits impatiently for her side to be unlocked, Chuck looks over the top of his shades to admire her short-skirted waitress uniform.

CHUCK
Hey, Kristin. I like your outfit.

Kristin looks at him, disgusted.

KRISTIN
Drop dead, pervert.

Jerking the car door open, she slides in quickly and slams it shut. Chuck turns to Rickie and smiles.

CHUCK
She wants me, man. She wants me bad.

Rickie smacks him on the back of the head.

RICKIE
C'mon, Moron, let's find Tommy.

INT. PAT KELLY'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Elvis nods appreciatively as he surveys what appears to be an ordinary room at first glance.

PAT
And the Master bedroom.

ELVIS
Is that...?

He crosses the room to a shelf, awestruck.

ELVIS (CONT'D)
An Alex Lasher head! You make this?

PAT
No, it's a stage prop I got at a concert in '74. It was thrown into the audience.

ELVIS
That's awesome!

Elvis points to another relic that appears to be an apple propped upright in a baby's arm.

ELVIS (CONT'D)
Another stage prop?

PAT
No, I made that.

ELVIS
What is it?

Pat shrugs.

PAT
Never could think of a good title.

Elvis picks up the glass-encased head.

ELVIS
Your wife doesn't seem like the type to, you know, does she like this stuff?

Elvis gently replaces the display.

PAT
She's more of an Elton John fan. But, we have a deal. If he ever throws a grand piano off the stage, she's welcome to show it off in the house.

IN THE FRONT FOYER

Chuck and Rickie show themselves in the front door and make their way to the stairs.

RICKIE
Yo, Tommy, it's time to ride, Bro!

Suddenly, they stop and see Elvis descend slowly, backlit from the hall light. Chuck and Rickie pull off their shades, reverently.

CHUCK

Whoa, check it! Stairway to Heaven!

They stand in awe for a moment before Tommy thunders down the hall, shoves his way past Elvis, breaks the religious moment.

TOMMY

Later, Dad.

The front door SLAMS.

EXT. WHAT-A-BURGER RESTAURANT - DAY

The teen destination hot spot. The place to dine, hang with friends, play arcade games, and for a fortunate few, to waitress and get paid for all three.

Kristin exits the car hastily and Dee rolls down the window and yells after her.

DEE ANN

I'll be back to pick you up around Eight.

KRISTIN

No, Mom, I'm getting off work early to go out with Peter Fenton. I'll be home before eight.

DEE ANN

Who's Peter Fenton?

KRISTIN

Bye, Mom, I'm late.

Kristin waves without looking back.

INT. PAT'S GARAGE - DAY

Pat completes Elvis' tour saving the *best* for last.

PAT

And this is a 3-car garage and my personal work space.

Pat proudly throws back the large plastic veil that divides his work space. Elvis GASPS at the gothic and grisly scene before him -- dismembered parts and other junk.

ELVIS

Aren't you taking this Alex Lasher thing a little too far?

PAT

Not quite as far as you're taking the Elvis thing.

EXT. A. J. STONE'S HIGH RISE OFFICE COMPLEX - DAY

The large office building looms prominently in the downtown skyline; two golden Lions perch menacingly at either side of the large front entrance.

Dee Ann pulls up to the gate at the multi-level parking deck and gets a parking ticket from the ATTENDANT.

IN THE LOBBY

Dee pushes her way through the revolving doors and enters the lobby. Glancing at the business card in her hand she heads for the elevator.

AT THE ELEVATOR

Dee steps aboard the spacious room with an OLD-FASHIONED OPERATOR. The coat-tails of his impeccable red jacket hang below his knees and his white-gloved hands are folded neatly before him.

OPERATOR

What floor, Ma'am?

DEE ANN

I need to get to Mr. Stone's office.

OPERATOR

Very good, Ma'am, that'll be the 42nd floor.

DEE ANN

Oh, wow. His office is on the 42nd floor?

OPERATOR

No ma'am, his office is the 42nd floor.

Dee swallows hard and then steps to the back of the elevator.

DEE ANN
(softly; to herself)
Mrs. Secretary, I understand that I
don't have an appointment, but I
really need to see Mr. Stone!

The Operator raises an eyebrow.

DEE ANN (CONT'D)
Please, Mrs. Secretary, it's a
matter of life or death--

OPERATOR
Miss Hollifield.

Dee looks up sharply.

DEE ANN
I beg your pardon?

The Operator half turns.

OPERATOR
Mr. Stone's secretary is named Miss
Hollifield, ma'am.

DEE ANN
Oh. Oh, thank you...

Dee begins to pace the elevator.

DEE ANN (CONT'D)
(firm, with attitude)
Miss Hollifield, I will see Mr.
Stone this instant!

The Elevator stops.

DEE ANN (CONT'D)
Can you hold the elevator? I won't
be long.

OPERATOR
Certainly, ma'am.

RECEPTION AREA - 42ND FLOOR

The elevator doors DING open and Dee strides forward
confidently. MISS HOLLIFIELD, sits positioned to intercept
visitors like Dee Ann right off the elevator.

She's on the phone, so Dee swerves right past her desk.

MISS HOLLIFIELD
 (into phone)
 Can you hold on a minute?
 (to Dee)
 I'm sorry, Miss, you can't go in
 there...

Dee Ann speeds up.

IN STONE'S OFFICE

A. J. STONE, 40s, sits comfortably behind his large desk in his \$3000 suit and power tie. He looks up at an intrusion.

Dee Ann throws open the custom built doors with the dark, stain-glass window.

DEE ANN
 Mr. Stone! I don't want to waste
 your time.

Realizing it's just another homeowner, Stone removes his finger from the security button.

MR. STONE
 Dee Ann Kelly, if memory serves me
 correctly. Come in. Have a seat.

She was going to, but now, on second thought. She'll stand.

DEE ANN
 Mr. Stone it's bad out there. Real
 bad. And, well, we need more time --
 just a couple months -- and we'll
 be caught up.

Stone rises, walks over to a giant, stuffed Black Bear.

MR. STONE
 Have you ever hunted before?

DEE ANN
 What? God no, gross! That's what
 grocery stores are for.

MR. STONE
 (undeterred)
 When you shoot a Bear, for example,
 never shoot the head. It can lose
 all its value. You don't shoot the
 legs or the body or you'll just
 make it angry, Mrs. Kelly.

DEE ANN

None of this is useful to --

MR. STONE

Or worse! You may wound it and it runs off, for days, bleeding out. Dying slowly. A long drawn out death. That would be cruel, don't you think.

DEE ANN

How about we not shoot bears at all?

MR. STONE

The heart, Mrs. Kelly. You shoot the bear through the heart. It's quick and painless and everyone moves on with their lives.

DEE ANN

Except the bear.

MR. STONE

Time... is something we no longer have, Mrs. Kelly. And honestly, in this market, six more months would not make a difference. I'm doing your family a favor. Ending this thing quickly.

DEE ANN

I don't believe you! Take a look around. It's not just our family. So many people are struggling. What do you want? You want me to beg?

She drops to her knees beside the desk.

DEE ANN (CONT'D)

Here I am begging on my knees.

MR. STONE

Oh, please Mrs. Kelly! Stand up and show some pride. I know it's not just the Kelly's--

Mr. Stone grabs a stack of files on his desk.

MR. STONE (CONT'D)

(reading)

--it's the Petersen's, the Miller's, the Sullivan's, the McBride's, the Thompson's. Need I go on? And that was just this week.

DEE ANN

You really are a monster.

MR. STONE

The Bank gives me no choice--

She stands to her feet, again.

DEE ANN

Listen here you pompous ass, you might get the rest of those houses, but you will never get the Kelly's house! I'll see it burnt to the ground before you get your grubby, bear murdering hands on it. And that... you can take to the BANK!

Dee turns and stomps out, slamming the door so hard the glass in it shatters behind her.

AT THE RECEPTION AREA

The Secretary looks up frightened as Dee approaches. Dee smiles politely, holding out a parking stub.

DEE ANN

Miss Hollifield, would you be a dear and validate my parking?

The Secretary looks back at the broken window and smiles.

MISS HOLLIFIELD

My pleasure!

DEE ANN

Thank you.

Dee Ann stuffs the ticket into her purse and boards the waiting elevator with a "Toodle-oo".

A voice bellows--

MR. STONE (O.S.)

Miss Hollifield!

A couple more shards of glass fall out of the window's frame.

EXT. WOODCREST - RAVINE - DAY

A single bike with three passengers, rockets down one side of the deep ravine. One stands on the rear pegs, one sits on the seat, the third is perched on the handlebars as it dodges branches and debris down the steep incline.

EXT. TOMMY'S FORT - DAY

Nestled in a riverbed on an undeveloped plot of land is a well-hidden but decent-sized cubicle made of plywood and 2x4s known as: "The Fort"

INT. TOMMY'S FORT - DAY

Tommy throws the fuse lever. Black lights, fluorescents, and lava lamps spark to life.

Top to Bottom it's a Rock n' Roll shrine!

Rickie and Chuck grab a handful of magazines off a three-legged card table and flop down onto some salvaged car seats.

TOMMY

Hey guys, y'know what time it is?

ALL THREE

Satriani time!!!

Tommy removes a dusty sheet from a wall of crummy, outdated audio gear. The tower is nestled between two four-foot speakers. He pulls a worn Joe Satriani tape and plugs it into the cassette deck and cranks the volume all the way up.

EXT. MS. ARNHARDT'S BACKYARD - DAY

MS. ARNHARDT, 50s, used to be film royalty of some sort but nobody remembers why. She reclines in pool-side luxury with her heir apparent - a white Pomeranian named, Fifi.

Unfortunately for both, the mansion sits above the riverbed and when TOMMY'S MUSIC kicks in, Fifi startles awake! Running up and down YIPPING loudly.

Ms. Arnhardt, fumbles for her phone and SPEED DIALS.

MS. ARNHARDT

(into phone)

Officer Cambridge! They are at it again.

(MORE)

MS. ARNHARDT (CONT'D)
 Those hoodlums and their devil
 music -- Fifi has a show this
 weekend and needs her rest!

She takes a drink from a fluted glass of champagne.

MS. ARNHARDT (CONT'D)
 Officer Cambridge, if you think for
 one minute that a woman of my
 influence is going to walk down
 there and get kidnapped and sold
 into sex slavery in Uganda, you've
 got another think coming.

Arnhardt's POOL MAN, 20s, enters the filter station on the
 far side of the pool. He goes to plug in his gear, but the
 outlet is occupied.

The cord goes through the wrought-iron fence and down into
 the riverbed. He unplugs it and the music stops.

INT. TOMMY'S FORT - CONTINUOUS

The music and lights are dead.

TOMMY
 Oh, no!

Rickie runs to the calendar on the wall and pinpoints today's
 date -- circled in red.

RICKIE
 Pool Day! We forgot to unplug!

CHUCK
 Man, ol' Miss Ironheart is probably
 calling in the National Guard.

TOMMY
 We better check it out.

EXT. RIVERBED - DAY

The boys creep to the ridge behind Arnhardt's villa - just
 beyond the fence.

BOYS POV

They see Arnhardt and the Pool Man.

MS. ARNHARDT

Kato, you left the pool as dirty as you found it last week so I am docking you \$5! I want this pool to sparkle.

POOL MAN

Yes, ma'am...

Arnhardt scoops up Fifi in one hand and dials her phone.

MS. ARNHARDT (INTO PHONE)

Betty? Hi, it's me. Oh, I've had the most horrendous day...

The Pool Man walks back over to collect his equipment and sees the boys in the bushes. They freeze.

The Pool Man smiles, picks up the cord and plugs it back into the outlet. Their music BLARES back to life.

Ms. Arnhardt startles so badly she loses balance and falls back into the pool, cell phone, Fifi and all.

The boys laugh hysterically as the Pool man runs dutifully to assist the flailing, irate woman.

MS. ARNHARDT (CONT'D)

Don't touch me! Get Fifi you idiot!
The chlorine will ruin her coat!

EXT. DOWNTOWN INTERSECTION - DAY

Pat dashes in and out of traffic as people stop at the light; he puts fistfuls "NICE HOUSE FOR SALE... REAL CHEAP" flyers under their wipers.

Kali works the sidewalk. No one can refuse the cute little girl. She holds a flyer out to a BUSINESSWOMAN.

BUSINESSWOMAN

What's this?

KALI

It's a really nice house for sale. Even has a tire swing in the back, but my Daddy said I get to take that with me when we move.

BUSINESSWOMAN

Aren't you precious! Are you out here all by yourself?

KALI

No, Dad's over there.

She points to Pat, who darts around from one car to the next handing out flyers. Several drivers hang out of their cars yelling at him, he turns and yells back, just as obnoxious.

INT. PAT'S HOUSE - FAMILY ROOM - DAY

Dee Ann and Pam eat lunch, not really paying attention to the soap opera on TV.

DEE ANN

If we can sell before the bank forecloses we'll be alright. Bless his heart, Pat's trying everything he can think of.

PAM

If just one of his thousands of hair-brained schemes could take off. Just one...

Pam and Dee both laugh.

INT. WHAT-A-BURGER RESTAURANT - DAY

Kristin sits in a booth, on a break, with two of her school friends, ERIN and LISA - think Claire and Ally from the Breakfast Club.

KRISTIN

This concert's gonna be so rad!

LISA

I have been waiting for this one, like, forever!

ERIN

Erin, I thought you were on restriction this month because of the whole Brad Finklestein scandal?

LISA

Oh please, Brad was so last month!

ERIN

(to Kristin)

How about Peter? Is he gonna go?

KRISTIN

Fingers crossed!

Pat and Kali enter and join them.

LISA
Dad alert.

KRISTIN
Oh, hey Dad, hey Kali!

PAT
Hi, girls. So what's new with the
Department of Youth?

ERIN
Duh, we've got the power!

KRISTIN
Dad, Erin and Lisa need a final
answer. Can I go with to the
concert?

ALL THREE
Pleeeeeeease?

Pat avoids their puppy dog eyes, searching for an out. At the counter he sees a CASHIER putting napkins into a bag.

PAT
Okay. Yeah, I guess so, but you
have to do me a favor.

KRISTIN
Um, what kind of favor?

PAT
You have to put one of my flyers in
every bag of food you pass out.

KRISTIN
Dad! I can't do that! You want me
to get fired?

PAT
Well, it's your concert.

KRISTIN
For real? Like, I'm s'posed to ask
my customers if they'd like a house
with their fries?

She folds her arms in a huff.

PAT
I wouldn't ask if it weren't
important.

Erin nudges her. With a frustrated SIGH, Kristin gives in.

KRISTIN
 Okay, then can I stay out until
 2am?

Pat hands her a stack of flyers.

PAT
 Midnight.

KRISTIN
 Dad! Alright.

The MANAGER, the most uptight 19-year-old you've ever met,
 walks past.

MANAGER
 Break's over, Kristin. We need you
 on Drive-thru, pronto.

LISA
 (under)
 Need you on drive-thru pronto.

Kristin shooshes her.

KRISTIN
 Later, gators.

Kristin heads back behind the counter. She see Pat is
 distracted so she stuffs all the flyers into one bag and
 takes it to the drive-thru window.

AT THE DRIVE THRU WINDOW

A BURLY BIKER pulls up to the drive-thru on his Harley.
 Kristin hands him the bag with a smile.

KRISTIN
 Enjoy your meal, have a nice day.

The Biker pulls forward to check his order and fishes out the
 flyers. Interest piqued, he pockets the first and dumps the
 rest into the Cab of an old beat-up truck, parked beside him.

The truck owner, a rotund PIG FARMER, stands at the back,
 feeding fries into a large crate of mud-covered pigs.

PIG FARMER
 You share those, Elroy. Elroy!

The farmer returns to the cab as the biker RUMBLES off and sees all the flyers on his front seat.

EXT. WOODCREST - RIVERBED - DAY

Tommy, Chuck and Rickie climb out of the riverbed with their bike.

TOMMY
Check ya later, guys!

RICKIE
Don't forget to get your sister's
Pearl Jam tape.

TOMMY
No problem-o!

Chuck and Rickie take off one direction, Tommy the other.

EXT. PAT'S HOUSE - STREET - DAY

The Pig Farmer's pickup rides up on the curb a bit and then bounces back down as he parks. The jolt knocks a pig into the rickety crate door which CRASHES open.

Frightened, the pigs jump out SQUEALING.

PIG FARMER
Tarnation!

The farmer scrambles after them.

IN THE LIVING ROOM

Dee hears SQUEALING and HOLLERING outside and checks the window. She sees the farmer chasing pigs everywhere.

DEE ANN
What the --

OUT FRONT

Dee runs out the door.

DEE ANN
Get those nasty things out of my
yard, this instant!

One little piglet runs through her legs and into the house. Dee Ann SCREAMS and takes off after the mud-covered runt.

IN THE KITCHEN

Pam carries a plate of cookies and some milk when the squealing pink blur hurtles toward her. She SHRIEKS, drops everything, and climbs to safety on the table.

The Pig races past, with Dee in hot pursuit, as they lap around the table.

AT THE STREET

Dee struggles out the door carrying the squirmy little piglet. The Pig Farmer stands with his cap in his hands, anxiously waiting by the truck.

Dee shoves the remaining pig into the front seat of the pickup. She notices Pat's flyers and picks one up.

DEE ANN

Listen up, Old MacDonald! You're gonna need an appointment like everyone else. Without the bacon!

She stomps away. One of the pigs GRUNTS loudly. The farmer smacks the cage with his hat.

PIG FARMER

Oh, shut up, Elroy. Just shut up.

IN THE GARAGE

Dee peels off her nasty clothes. Gagging, she stuffs it all - even her shoes - into the washing machine.

She grabs a box of detergent. Empty. So, she pulls up a stepladder to reach a new box from the top shelf.

IN THE DRIVEWAY

The Biker from the restaurant parks his Harley.

BIKER

Whoa! Three car garage! I bet I could fit 27 Harley's in there!

He walks over to the garage door and pulls it open.

IN THE GARAGE

Dee perches high atop the ladder in her bra and panties, hears the door, loses her footing and tumbles to the ground, knocking herself out.

The Biker runs over to help, shaking her gently.

BIKER

Ma'am, you okay? Hey, lady!

Tommy turns the corner, sees the Biker looming over his mom, and WHACKS him unconscious with a shovel.

TOMMY

Mom! Mom! What happened?

Dee wakens groggily, looks down at the Biker and sees the flyers clutched in his hand.

DEE ANN

Uh oh! Tommy, quick, grab me some water!

Tommy grabs the first cup by the sink. He fills it with water, which foams up from all the soap still in it. He runs back and throws the sudsy-bomb in the Biker's face.

The Biker jumps up screaming and rubbing his eyes.

BIKER

Augh! My eyes are burning! You people are crazy! Get the hell away from me!

He stumbles out of the garage, CRANKS the bike and scrams.

INT. PAT'S HOUSE - FRONT HALLWAY - LATER

Dee scrubs mud stains from the carpet. Pat enters and Kali runs past them into the den to watch TV.

PAT

Hey babe! I got some news that'll make you happier than a pig in shit!

Dee stands, picks up the bucket of water, and dumps it over his head.

DEE ANN

Okay, Pat. What news do you have that will make me so damned happy?

PAT

I forgot.

DEE ANN

You owe me new blouse! And a garage door opener!

She puts the bucket over his head and bops it once.

EXT. PAT KELLY'S HOUSE - STREET - NIGHT

A restored '69 Camaro pulls up to the curb.

INSIDE THE CAMARO

Peter, 17, shuts off the car. He smiles at Kristin who smiles back. It's all quiet except for a few thousand CRICKETS outside.

Peter nervously plays with the zipper on his "Team Camaro" jacket.

KRISTIN

I wish you could go to the concert.

PETER

Yeah. My boss can be a real jerk.

More awkward silence.

Peter looks out his window, on the sidewalk, two cats lick each other's faces. Like, a LOT. Kristin looks up at her brother's window. The words on his KISS poster glow in the dark.

Peter wipes at his mouth to casually remove the wad of gum he's chewing. He tries to shake it out the window, but it won't let go.

KRISTIN

You wanna see what's on the radio?

PETER

Yeah, yeah that's great.

Kristin reaches over and turns on the radio. Peter shakes his hand violently and the gum lands on the windshield.

DJ (VO)

And that was "A Long Kiss Goodnight" by the new group Silk and Satin.

KRISTIN
 (off his look)
 What's the matter?

PETER
 Nothing, nothing -- it's just that
 I, uh, well, I--

Kristin presses in a little closer.

KRISTIN
 Yes...?

PETER
 Um, that is...

Kristin and Peter's faces are inches apart.

IN THE HOUSE

Pat walks downstairs and reaches for the switch on the wall.

IN THE CAMARO

Kristin closes her eyes, Peter's lips part.

Annnnnnd the nuclear "For Sale" sign lights up! Peter pulls away, blinded.

ACROSS THE STREET

Mrs. Anderson sticks her head out her door.

MRS. ANDERSON
When you two lovebirds are done
sucking face tell your father to
turn off that damn light!

BACK IN THE CAR

The mood is broken. The moment has passed. Embarrassed, Kristin gathers her stuff.

KRISTIN
 I'm really sorry, Peter.

PETER
 I should probably be going, anyway.

ON THE SIDEWALK

Peter drives off. Kristin's sweet look morphs into pure teen hate as she stomps to the house.

KRISTIN

He just won't quit until he humiliates the hell out of me!

IN THE FRONT HALL

Kristin almost smacks right into Dee.

KRISTIN

Mom! Dad and his dumb "For Sale" sign are ruining my life! After tonight I wouldn't be surprised if Peter ever speaks to me again!

Kristin runs upstairs.

IN THE KITCHEN

Pat fixes himself a monster sandwich as Dee enters.

PAT

What is Kristin yelling about?

DEE ANN

Pat, your sign is really becoming an embarrassment to your oldest daughter. Maybe you could tone it down a little.

PAT

Oh great. My own family is turning against me!

DEE ANN

Well, I kind of have to agree. The sign's not really working.

PAT

Of course it's not working, nobody sees it except our neighbors. If I could get more people to at least look at it we might have a better chance of selling the house.

Pat takes a huge bite from his sandwich. Dee walks over to a drawer, digs to the back and pulls out an envelope.

DEE ANN
 Maybe it's time I showed you this.

PAT
 What is it?

DEE ANN
 It's a neighborhood petition asking
 you to take down your sign.

Pat almost chokes.

PAT
 What? Who signed this?

DEE ANN
 Everybody, Pat. The people trying
 to sell their homes even signed it
twice.

PAT
 The sign stays and that's that! I
 just need to be a little more
 creative to get the right people to
 see it, that's all.

DEE ANN
 Oh, boy. When you get creative, I
 get worried.

EXT. VALLEY VISTA NEIGHBORHOOD - LATER

Road flares, cones, and a detour sign reroute both lanes of
 traffic from the main road, into the neighborhood.

EXT. PAT KELLY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A long stream of cars creeps by Pat who wears a bright orange
 jumpsuit and a hard hat. He holds a stop sign and hands each
 car a flyer.

The DRIVERS wad up the flyers, YELL and speed away.

UP IN KRISTIN'S ROOM

She glares through the blinds.

KRISTIN (INTO PHONE)
 Kill me now, Erin! My god, he is
 driving me nuts!

INT. MR. STONE'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Stone sits alone at a formal table set for two. ROSITA, his Hispanic helper, waits off to the side while the grandfather clock TICKS away the moments.

The door latch opens and JENNIFER, 24, bounces in. On her heels is MADISON, her Chauffeur, loaded down with grocery bags.

JENNIFER

You can be so proud of me today,
Daddy!

MR. STONE

(to Rosita)

Rosita, do I pay you good money to
make nice hot meals?

ROSITA

Jes, Señor Stone.

MR. STONE

(to Jennifer)

So, don't you think you can be here
on time for dinner. You don't work,
you're getting married in less than
a month--

Jennifer pulls a couple of tuna cans from her purse.

JENNIFER

Oh, Daddy, when are you going to
realize that my efforts to better
our environment and help human
people far outweighs the good of
the one.

She kisses the top of his head.

MR. STONE

Excuse me?

JENNIFER

Okay, you know how some of those
stores sell Tuna from companies
that kill billions of Dolphins
every year? Well, Madison and I
went to 14 stores and bought all
their tuna so nobody else could.

Jennifer proudly displays her tuna. Madison continues to
bring in more bags throughout the scene.

Mr. Stone sits back in his chair.

MR. STONE

Jennifer, how many times do I have to tell you -- when you boycott a company, you don't buy their product. What are you going to do with five... six bags of tuna? You hate tuna. No one in this house eats tuna!

Jennifer mulls over the dilemma.

JENNIFER

I know! I'll give it to the homeless!

MR. STONE

So they get to eat dolphin-killing tuna? Listen, precious, last week it was the Rain Forest, the week before it was some parasite that grows in shoe fungus. Before that it was a monkey in Albania. Sweetie, why don't you look around and find a small project here in Central California that will benefit the most oppressed group of all -- the upper-class.

JENNIFER

Oh, Daddy!

Jennifer bounces from the room, full of purpose!

INT. PAT KELLY'S HOUSE - FAMILY ROOM - DAY

Pat, in his white painting smock, sits in the family room channel surfing. He stops on the local news channel where a NEWS ANCHOR reports on the President's arrival.

NEWS ANCHOR (ON TV)

..and so the President has just stepped from Air Force One and after a warm reception from the Governor and Mayor Thompson the three have entered the Limousine and are on their way to the Mayor's Mansion. There they hope to come up with a short term relief plan for the city's crushing real estate market problem.

(MORE)

NEWS ANCHOR (ON TV) (CONT'D)
 We'll continue our coverage Live
 from our chopper in the sky with
 Katie Myers...

Live coverage is shown of the Presidential motorcade driving
 down the highway.

Pat leaps from his chair.

IN THE GARAGE

Pat throws open the paint closet, grabs the black can.
 Spreading out a bed sheet, he begins spraying it.

IN THE FRONT YARD

Kali wipes down her bike. Dee rakes leaves and garbage from
 her flower bed. Pat flies out of the garage, bed sheet in
 tow.

PAT
 I'm gone, honey! Back in an hour.

KALI
 Can I go!?

DEE ANN
 Yeah, sure. Pat you can take her
 for a while.

They quickly jump in the van.

EXT. KBOP NEWS HELICOPTER - POV - DAY

The KBOP TV helicopter hovers over the caravan of limousines
 and Presidential escorts.

KATIE (VO)
 ...with less than 6 hours left in
 the President's visit, you can be
 sure the tension is high as, even
 now, plans are being made for
 federal relief.

INT. PRESIDENTIAL LIMO - DAY

The three men face each other. Heavy concentration.

MAYOR THOMPSON
 WELL, MR. PRESIDENT?

PRESIDENT
I'm sorry, what was that, again?

MAYOR THOMPSON
GO OR GET OFF THE POT, RONNIE! NOW
DO YOU HAVE ANY JACKS?

The LIMO DRIVER checks the rear view mirror. There is very plainly a Jack in the President's hand.

PRESIDENT
Go fish.

The Mayor draws a card. The driver shakes his head.

EXT. PINK CADILLAC - TRAVELLING

Elvis attempts to dig into a box of Girl Scout cookies as he drives.

KATIE (VO)
Certainly the California Highway
Patrol is to be commended for their
smooth handling of this high
security situation. That's got to
be a relief to the Governor.

Elvis plugs a "Black Sabbath" 8-track tape in. He upends the cookie box straight into his mouth.

INT. PAT KELLY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Dee finally has a sec to relax with a magazine. So, of course the phone RINGS.

DEE ANN (INTO PHONE)
Hello? Oh, Hi Pam. What? Okay,
okay, I will. Bye.

She fiddles with the TV remote.

ON THE TV

It's Pat on a bridge with his upside down sign flapping in the breeze so it's hard to read.

DEE ANN (CONT'D)
Oh my God.

INT. KBOP NEWS HELICOPTER - DAY

Katie directs her CAMERAMAN to focus tighter on Pat's sign.

KATIE (INTO HEADSET)
And look, someone has a welcome
sign out. Wait, no. It's actually a
house for sale, I think. It's
really hard to make out.

IN THE CADILLAC

Elvis' car swerves to the on-ramp and barrels toward the top.

AT THE TOP OF THE ON RAMP

A MOTORCYCLE COP steps out to flag the car down. Elvis fights
with his box for the last crumb.

The Cop leaps to safety as the Cadillac blows past onto the
open freeway, scattering the lead motorcycles in the
motorcade, the exhaust creates a foggy trail.

ON THE BRIDGE

Pat and Kali attempt to spin their sign right-side up. A gust
of wind tears it from their hands and it flutters onto
Elvis's car as he passes below.

ELVIS
Ahhhhhh! I'm gonna die!

Elvis panics and wrestles the sheet until it flies back onto
the lead Motorcycles, which skid out of control.

The Presidential Limo emerges from a wall of smoke and slams
on brakes to avoid the downed bikes. Each Limo wrecks the
previous limo as they exit the smoke screen.

IN THE CADDIE

Elvis grabs another box of cookies and continues casually on
his way.

EXT. ACHMED'S HOUSE - FRONT YARD - DAY

ACHMED, Pat's middle-eastern neighbor, stands outside with
his REALTOR who secures a "For Sale" sign in place.

REALTOR

There you go, Mr. Achmed. And remember our motto: 'If we can't sell it, we'll buy it ourselves!'

ACHMED

Very Good, Sir. Now you remember, your bonus check decreases with every week I have to stay in this God-forsaken neighborhood across from that lunatic.

He points toward Pat's house. As if on cue...

AT PAT'S HOUSE

A purple, 1960s Limo with tinted windows pulls up to the curb. A LARGE ITALIAN MAN, wearing shades and a double-breasted suit, steps out. His gaze locks on Achmed who - suddenly feeling conspicuous - rushes inside.

The Bodyguard moves to the passenger door and opens it. Out steps FOUR HOOKERS. They crawl out one by one, adjusting their leather skirts, leopard tights and assorted feathers.

IN THE ANDERSON'S HOUSE

Eleanor stands at her post, opera glasses in hand.

MRS. ANDERSON

Frank! Come here and look at the trash that's just pulled up across the street!

Frank, in the middle of a TV show, doesn't respond. Eleanor drags him to the window.

MRS. ANDERSON (CONT'D)

Frank! Look at that! I think we should call the police! What do you think?

Frank stands there gawking, a big smile on his face. Eleanor smacks him on the head and closes the curtains.

MRS. ANDERSON (CONT'D)

Oh, go watch your show, Frank.

ON PAT'S FRONT PORCH

The bodyguard stays with the car while the four ladies strut to the front door and RING the doorbell.

IN THE FRONT HALL

Cleaning day. Dee Ann - a rag in one hand and vacuum in the other - answers the door.

Hooker #1 steps inside, hands Dee a flyer.

HOOKER #1

Hi there, darling. We're here to look at the house.

Dee looks at the flyer.

DEE ANN

Where did you get this?

Hooker #2, a black woman, steps inside and presents Dee with another flyer.

HOOKER #2

Oh from the cutest little thing downtown.

Hooker #3 files in.

HOOKER #3

Said she was trying to help her daddy, so we just had to come check it out.

The fourth Amazonian hooker walks in. Her height and deep voice quite obviously are not her only masculine traits. (S)he takes a good look at Dee.

HOOKER #4

Sugar, that outfit has got to go! A pretty little thing like you is way above the "domestic" look.

Dee remains very controlled.

DEE ANN

Well, we do prefer appointments but since you're already here, we might as well take a quick tour. We can start upstairs.

IN THE MASTER BEDROOM

Dee leads the Hookers into the bedroom.

DEE ANN

This is the master bedroom, and it has its own bathroom and a full-sized closet as well.

Hooker #2 grabs the phone, sprawls onto the waterbed and begins making large ripples.

HOOKER #2

Honey, I could get used to this!

Two hookers admire themselves in the wall of mirrors on the closet exterior.

HOOKER #1

Sugar, you ought to mount one of these over the bed and take your man places he's never been before.

DEE ANN

Well, we kind of like them as closet doors.

The third hooker has crawled onto Dee's exercise bike and starts pedaling.

HOOKER #3

Gawd, it's been years since I used one of these things.

Hooker #2 walks out to examine the rest of the house, the others follow. Dee sprays and wipes everything that's been touched. She scoops up the bedspread and tosses it across the room into the hamper.

IN THE HALLWAY

The ladies inspect the closet. Hooker #4 turns as Dee approaches.

HOOKER #4

Would it be alright if I used the little girl's room?

DEE ANN

Sure. It's down on the right, second door.

HOOKER #1
 (off the closet)
 Is this where you keep the sheets?

DEE ANN
 Yes it's big enough to store all of
 our linens. We added the light and
 extra shelves ourselves.

Dee stops at the loud SOUND of Hooker #4 peeing in the
 bathroom. She looks puzzled a moment and then speaks up
 quickly.

DEE ANN (CONT'D)
 Anyway, the next bedroom is the
 smallest and makes for a good study
 or spare room.

IN THE BATHROOM

Hooker #4 applies lipstick at the mirror. She blots lightly
 with a tissue and, satisfied with the result, exits.

IN THE HALLWAY

Hooker #4 falls in behind the other three. Dee Ann, walks
 past the bathroom and sees the toilet seat up.

She follows them downstairs, wiping the rail as she goes.

DEE ANN
 Um, would you like to see the rest
 of the house?

HOOKER #2
 No, baby. We've seen the bedrooms.
 That's the important stuff.

HOOKER #1
 Yeah, we're going to have to
 discuss this with John and get back
 with you.

Dee Ann politely opens the front door.

DEE ANN
 Well, thanks for stopping by.

HOOKER #1
 Our pleasure, girlfriend.

HOOKER #4

Oh, by the way, this is yours.

She hands the lipstick to Dee who holds it like hazardous waste material. The door closes behind them and Dee makes a bee-line for the trash, stomps the lever and drops it in.

MONTAGE - PEOPLE RESPOND TO PAT'S FLYERS:

A series of shots shows Dee respond to the DOORBELL, open the door, grab Pat's flyer from, and immediately slam the door in the face of:

A) two PUNK ROCKERS with footlong, colorful mohawks, and a long silver chain from the guy's nose to the girl's ear.

B) A PYGMY witch doctor, with war paint, nose ring, grass skirt, and spear.

C) A dead-head HIPPIE wearing a full tie-dye outfit.

D) Two Circus CLOWNS, one extremely short, one really tall.

E) A shifty-eyed, CHARLES MANSON look-alike.

F) A DENNIS RODMAN look-alike.

INT. PAT KELLY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Dee Ann sits in front of a blazing fire in the fireplace with the box of flyers, feeding them into the fire.

OUT IN THE DRIVEWAY

Pat parks the van and notices Achmed's "For Sale" sign.

Kali runs over to Jerry as he rides up wearing every piece of safety gear known to cycling.

KALI

Daddy, I'm going to play!

PAT

Sure, sweetheart, don't go far.

Pat sees Achmed dragging his trash to the curb. He heads his direction.

KALI

Jerry Collins, how many times do I
have to tell you, Harleys and
helmets don't mix!

AT ACHMED'S DRIVEWAY

PAT

Hey Achmed, how's it going?

ACHMED

I should say not very well at all.
Your sign is incredibly tacky and
makes the whole neighborhood look
bad. Matter of fact, every time you
set foot on my property, the value
decreases.

Pat shakes his head.

PAT

Oh, Achmed, Achmed, Achmed. I know
what you're doing. You just don't
want anyone to see my place is for
sale now that you're trying to sell
yours because I'm offering a hell
of a deal for someone. You on the
other hand are trying to rip
someone off.

Pat turns and walks to his house.

ACHMED

There should be a law against
crazy!

INT. PAT KELLY'S HOUSE - FRONT HALL - DAY

Pat enters and sniffs the air. Smoke?

PAT

Dee?

No answer.

IN THE LIVING ROOM

Pat finds her at the fireplace, dumping the last of his
flyers into the flames.

PAT

A little warm for a fire, ain't it, babe?

Dee stands up and dusts off her hands.

DEE ANN

That ought to keep you out of trouble for a day or two.

PAT

At least they were half price. You know, I can't get that same deal twice.

DEE ANN

Exactly.

She kisses him on the cheek and walks away.

IN THE KITCHEN

Pat follows Dee.

PAT

By the way, did you see that Achmed has put his place up for sale?

DEE ANN

Yep. It must be contagious.

INT. MR. STONE'S OFFICE - DAY

Miss Hollifield squeezes past TWO MEN replacing Stone's door with a new one.

MISS HOLLIFIELD

Here are the final notice papers on the Kelly house.

Mr. Stone smiles.

MR. STONE

Ah, yes. Tell Jack I'll be making this delivery myself. I want to break it to them gently.

MISS HOLLIFIELD

Yes, Mr. Stone.

She exits. Stone turns around toward the bear.

MR. STONE

And see their faces when I tell
them they've only got 30 days left.

EXT. PAT'S HOUSE - STREETSIDE - DAY

A sleek, silver Rolls-Royce with tinted windows pulls up. The back door opens and a black, wing-tipped leather shoe steps out.

UP AT THE HOUSE

Kali - full Renegade - rounds the corner and skids to a halt. Her eyes narrow to slits when she see Mr. Stone.

From her pocket she pulls out his "Wanted" poster. From her saddlebags she pulls out a toy sawed-off shotgun; cocks it one-handed.

IN THE FRONT HALL

The door bell CHIMES and Dee pulls it open to see Mr. Stone gagged and cuffed. He has a suction-cup dart on his cheek and one on his forehead. Kali's "Wanted" poster is pinned to his chest although she is no where to be seen.

Dee tries not to smile while removing the gag, and pulling darts off his face with a POP.

DEE ANN

Head shots, Mr. Stone? This could
drive your value way down.

Mr. Stone is furious.

MR. STONE

I came to hand-deliver your 30-day
notice and was assaulted by Easy
Rider. That little brat ought to be
on a leash.

Dee snatches the papers.

DEE ANN

Are these the papers?

MR. STONE

Yes.

DEE ANN

Then you have no more business here, I suggest you leave.

Stone holds up the handcuffs.

MR. STONE

Wait --

The door SLAMS. Dee reads over the notice. Not good.

IN THE KITCHEN

Dee finds Pat entering from the garage.

PAT

Hey, Babe. Come outside with me, I have a big surprise for you.

Dee holds up the notice, but Pat grabs her and pulls her toward the door.

IN THE DRIVEWAY

Pat positions her squarely in front of the garage.

PAT

That's right. Right over here. Okay, stop! Yes, right there.

DEE ANN

Pat you're not listening to me. I said, Stone just delivered our 30 day notice.

PAT

Hold that thought, Babe! Now I know this is something I should have done two years ago, but as they say, better late than never.

Pat presses the garage door remote. Nothing happens. Dee rolls her eyes and turns back inside.

PAT (CONT'D)

Wait! Don't go. Maybe I didn't aim it right. I spent all day on this damn thing.

Pat holds Dee back with one arm trying to find the infrared sweet spot, to no avail.

DEE ANN

That's great, Pat! Now it won't open at all which wouldn't be so bad if my car wasn't stuck in there.

Pat lets go, very confused, clicking the remote. Dee turns around, notices the Anderson's garage opens, stops, and closes with each button push.

She laughs.

PAT

Oh, haha! Real funny.

DEE ANN

It's okay, Pat. At least we can park over in the Anderson's garage if we need to.

PAT

What?

Dee takes the remote from him, points it at the Anderson's garage and opens the door. They look at each other and laugh. Pat puts his arm around Dee Ann.

PAT (CONT'D)

Did you have some papers to show me or something?

DEE ANN

Oh, it can wait.

INT. TOMMY'S FORT - DAY

Tommy sets a special shoebox in front of Rickie.

TOMMY

Wait til you see what I've got.

RICKIE

Not another lava lamp.

TOMMY

I found this buried in the garage.

He dumps the contents onto the floor; a mound of Pat's old ticket stubs and backstage passes.

RICKIE

Whoa, look at this stuff! This is so cool! Back stage at the Stones!

TOMMY

Yeah, and front row seats to KISS.
That must have been killer.

RICKIE

Look at this, Ted Nugent,
Aerosmith, ZZ Top, Black Sabbath,
Tom Petty, The Who! He's even seen
the Monkee's!

EXT. PAT KELLY'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - DAY

Kristin and a Jeep-full of friends pull up. She climbs out
and Erin hangs her head out the window.

ERIN

Nice legs, Mr. Kelly.

Pat looks up from his project.

PAT

Thanks, girls!

Pat paints a mailbox mounted on two mannequin legs. Beside
him a can of red paint and a large box full of extra parts.

The Jeep pulls away with the girls laughing and waving as
they go. Kristin rolls her eyes as she hurries past.

OUTSIDE SERGEANT GRADY'S HOUSE

With regimented efficiency, Grady runs a flag up the pole.
Securing it, he steps back, salutes and does an about-face
bringing Pat and his mailbox legs into view.

GRADY

Civilians.

OUTSIDE ACHMED'S HOUSE

Achmed's Realtor and two guests pull up in a Lincoln
Continental. Achmed rushes to greet them.

REALTOR

Achmed, this is Mr. and Mrs.
Hershire. Is now a good time to see
the house?

ACHMED

Yes, yes! Come in, come in!

ACROSS THE STREET

Pat picks up the mannequin box, but the red paint topples, spilling down through the box, out the bottom. He turns, paint running down his legs, and sees Achmed.

PAT

Hey, Achmed! Looks like you might sell that house after all.

Achmed and the Realtor stand horrified at the gory scene before them. Suddenly the Towncar SQUEALS away behind them.

REALTOR

My Car! Stop! Come back!

INT. PAT KELLY'S VAN - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Pat smokes a cigarette. Kali opens the passenger door and climbs in.

KALI

What are you doing out here, daddy?

PAT

Thinking about ducks.

KALI

Ducks?

PAT

Yup. Trying to figure out how to put all my ducks in a row.

KALI

Daddy, mom knows about your cigarettes.

PAT

What are you talking about? This is the first one I've had in years.

Pat extinguishes the cigarette into the ashtray, overflowing with butts.

KALI

You've been trying to sell the house now for a million years! And I don't even want to move.

PAT

Now hold on a minute. What about that ugly teacher that you hate?

(MORE)

PAT (CONT'D)

And Jeremy McMoosehead that pulls your hair? And what about the school mascot that's a dolphin. I thought you wanted to move away from all that.

KALI

Yeah, I guess.

PAT

Okay. So step one, sell the house. Step two, move to Arizona. Step three, get a whole new set of friends and go to a way better school than this. One that has an awesome mascot, like a Pirate, or a Scorpion... ooh or a Rockstar!

KALI

Dad, my freelance rates as a bounty hunter cut in half as soon as I leave California. Arizona just doesn't have the supply and demand to support the industry.

PAT

I... did not know that. You're a bright little girl, Kali. You've got a lot more sense than most adults I know. Ooh! There's Mrs. Anderson! Watch this!

ANDERSON'S DRIVEWAY

Mrs. Anderson pushes a button and her garage door opens.

INTERCUT PAT AND MRS. ANDERSON

Pat points his remote at her door and clicks it, and the door closes back.

Mrs. Anderson slams on the brakes. Electronic tug of war ensues.

Finally, the door opens just enough and Mrs. Anderson guns it. Pat clicks once more and the car smashes right through it.

Dee sticks her head in the Van window, frightening Pat.

DEE ANN

Did you just see that?

PAT
Uh, yeah, looks like Anderson's
been hittin' the bottle again.

DEE ANN
Well, come on in. It's getting
late.

INT. KALI'S ROOM - LATER

Pat tucks Kali into bed with an Alex Lasher doll. Kisses her good night. When the lights go out, Kali reaches into the side drawer and replaces the Lasher doll with Reno Reins.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - LATER

2:30am. Pat, unable to sleep, pulls on a robe and exits.

IN THE LIVING ROOM

Pat turns on the TV and flops down onto the couch, flipping through the channels. One commercial catches his attention. He sits up and scrambles for a pencil and some paper.

ANNOUNCER (VO)
Has your dream house become a
nightmare? Are your bills piling up
higher and higher? Are creditors
pounding on your front door? Call
Stone's Home Loans.

Pat throws down his pencil and flips the channel, totally disgusted. The next channel has a cheesy Psychic Network ad.

PAT
Oh, what the hell.

He picks up the phone, mutes the TV and calls the 900 number at the bottom of the screen. A female voice answers.

PSYCHIC (ON PHONE)
Hello, welcome to the Psychic
Hotline! I've been expecting your
call.

PAT (INTO PHONE)
Yeah, cut the crap. I just wanna
know if I'm ever gonna sell my
house.

The Psychic responds without hesitation.

PSYCHIC (ON PHONE)
No, I'm afraid not. I see nothing
but dark clouds hanging over you.

PAT (INTO PHONE)
Dark clouds? Is that it?

PSYCHIC (ON PHONE)
Well, I see Eric Estrada working
again soon and things are looking
good for Phyllis Diller.

PAT (INTO PHONE)
That's it?

PSYCHIC (ON PHONE)
I wouldn't bet on the Angels
winning the pennant this year
either.

Pat slams the receiver down, mumbling...

PAT
Dark clouds! 5 bucks a minute and
all I get is dark clouds and Eric
Estrada?

He sees the message light on the phone and pushes playback.

ERIN (VO)
Kristin, it's me. Listen, I've been
talking to Lisa about what we're
wearing to the concert--

The message rambles on and on. Pat skips forward and stops.
She's still talking. He skips forward longer. Still talking.
He fast-forwards for several beats and the machine BEEPS and
a second, distinguished voice speaks.

DR. SMITH (VO)
Good Evening, my name is Dr. Smith
and I received one of your flyers
on my car and my wife and I are
very, very interested in your home.

Pat grabs the pencil and paper again.

PAT
Dark Clouds! Some Psychic you
turned out to be!

DR. SMITH (ON PHONE)
We're not sure how you feel about
cash buyers but we'd like to
discuss an offer. So if you could
call us at 3-1-0 -- BEEEEEP!

End of tape. Pat stares dumbfounded and then beats the living
hell out of the answering machine.

INT. KRISTIN'S ROOM - EARLY MORNING

Kristin peeks out her bedroom door. Coast is clear. She
closes it and runs back to the window with a pair of
binoculars. Picks the phone off the floor.

KRISTIN (INTO PHONE)
(whispering)
Erin. Everything is set. Hold on.

BINOCULAR POV

Sergeant Grady tosses a duffel bag into his Hummer. Kristin
checks the bumper where a long rope leads to Pat's "For Sale"
sign.

The Hummer fires up and pulls away. After a beat, the sign
is jerked from the lawn and bounces away up the road.

KRISTIN (CONT'D)
Yes, yes, yes!! Erin we did it!
It's gone! It's finally gone!

IN THE KITCHEN - LATER

Pat sets some coffee to brew. He pulls his robe around
himself and walks out the door.

ON THE FRONT PORCH

Pat squints into light, picks up his newspaper and scans the
front page. He's almost back to the front door when he stops,
slowly turns to see a hole in his yard.

Throwing down the paper he runs off the porch.

IN ACHMED'S YARD

Pat yanks the "For Sale" sign and begins smashing it. Achmed
runs outside.

ACHMED

Have you gone insane? What the hell
are you doing?

Pat snarls at him like an animal, waving the sign overhead.

UP THE STREET

Achmed's Realtor and a LOVELY COUPLE approach slowly, see Pat chasing Achmed with the sign.

REALTOR

It looks like Mr. Achmed is a
little busy right now, how about I
show you some nice Condos?

The Realtor guns the engine and their car speeds away. Achmed finally makes it to his front door.

ACHMED

You're a very crazy man! Crazy!

PAT

We're all crazy!

Pat turns to the whole neighborhood.

PAT (CONT'D)

I know you're all in on it! I'm
gonna get each and every one of
you! No more Mr. Nice Patrick!

Pat smashes the sign once more for good measure and then storms back into his house.

INT. PAT KELLY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

Dee Ann pours Pam another cup of coffee. Pat STORMS through.

PAM

So, what's with Pat?

DEE ANN

He's been stomping around the house
mumbling about neighbors and dark
clouds and Eric Estrada! Pam, I
think he's on the verge of a
nervous breakdown.

Both women sip their coffee and shake their heads, sadly.

IN THE DRIVEWAY

Pat torches the neighbors petition. It catches fire and he drops it onto the concrete and it burns to cinders.

Tommy, Chuck and Rickie ride up on their bike. Each one of them carries an arm load of "For Sale" signs.

CHUCK

That's all of them, Mr. Kelly.

Pat yanks open the van's door, pulls out a box, exchanging it for the signs.

PAT

And there you go, boys. As promised, one Pink Floyd collection on Vinyl.

CHUCK

Thanks a lot, Mr. Kelly!

RICKIE

Yeah, this is really cool, Mr. K.

Chuck stuffs the albums into Rickie's backpack.

TOMMY

C'mon guys, it's time for Godzilla.

The boys ride off as Pat forces the signs into a large blue recycling bin.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Kali's glued to the TV. Full Renegade. Pat sleeps with headsets on listening to an Alex Lasher CD. It's a fitful sleep.

Kali goes over, crawls up on his lap facing him and takes the headsets off. He STARTLES awake, face to face with her.

KALI

It's okay, Dad. Don't lose your head, smile instead!

Pat is fully awake now.

PAT

Don't lose your head, smile instead. Don't lose your head, smile instead.

He lifts Kali up.

PAT (CONT'D)

That's it!

He kisses her head and sets her down. Kali follows him out.

INT. BERNIE'S BLAST FROM THE PAST - DAY

Tommy, Chuck and Rickie slap a wad of money on the counter.

TOMMY

We've come for Godzilla.

In another life, BERNIE would be king of the Hippies. Long grey hair, love beads and a steel-riveted eye patch.

BERNIE

So you have, Little Rockers. So you have.

Bernie rips back a curtain. The boys GASP at the sight of Godzilla, a gigantic amplifier that bellows in and out as if it's breathing.

INT. TOMMY'S FORT - DAY

Tommy goes over to a large black safe and works the combination. Once inside, he pulls out a cherry-wood cigar box.

Taking a key from a string around his neck, he opens the lock and lifts out something wrapped in a white piece of cloth. Unfolding it, he pulls out a CD and blows off the dust.

TOMMY

Gentlemen, the boycott's over.
Diamond Dave is back!

Chuck and Rickie look at each other concerned.

RICKIE

(whispering)
Should we tell him David Lee Roth
isn't in the band?

CHUCK

(whispering)
No, I want to hear it, be quiet!

Tommy opens the CD player and puts in Van Halen's "1984" and selects track #3: Panama

TOMMY

Sammy's out. Diamond Dave is back!
Get a load of this..

He turns on Godzilla and cranks up the volume to 10. The system HUMS with energy.

IN THE RIVERBED

A HORSE COP trudges through the riverbed, "Panama" blasts out, the horse rears up and throws the Cop. The horse takes off down the riverbed and the Cop runs after him.

HORSE COP

Get back here, Lieutenant!

AT MS. ARNHARDT'S POOL HOUSE

Sparks shoot from the outlet at the filter station. The electric meter on the back of her house spins wildly, and begins to smoke.

Fifi, who is green now, digs under some towels to hide.

INT. PAT'S GARAGE - DAY

Kali watches Pat load a wagon with spray paint.

KALI

Why are you doing that, Daddy?

PAT

You were right, Kali.

KALI

I was?

PAT

Yeah. If you can't love leaving it,
then leave loving it.

KALI

I don't remember saying that.

PAT

Remember, don't lose your head,
smile instead?

KALI

Oh yeah.

She shrugs and helps Pat load the wagon.

EXT. PAT'S NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Mrs. Anderson tends to her garden, primping and pruning.

Sergeant Grady in a black cap and drab grey, military issue, shorts and t-shirt, busily lathers up his Hummer. Chained to the flagpole is his bulldog, CORPORAL.

Both look up to see Cindy Mclean, gym chic in her short shorts and tank top, strut by with her large french poodle.

CINDY

Good afternoon, Sergeant Grady.

Grady tips the brim of his cap.

GRADY

Afternoon, ma'am.

Corporal studies the French Poodle, Grady studies Cindy as the ladies wiggle merrily on their way.

GRADY (CONT'D)

Calm down, Corporal. That civilian is way out of your league.

Cindy sees Mrs. Anderson and makes her way over to her.

CINDY

Good afternoon, Mrs. Anderson. The yard is looking beautiful.

MRS. ANDERSON

Oh, thank you very much, Cindy, but I've got a ways to go. You know Front Yard Magazine is coming out to do a big article on it.

CINDY

Front Yard Magazine?

MRS. ANDERSON

Oh dear me, yes. Turns out you're not the only Supermodel on the block. As President of the Hummingbird Committee they want me for their Birds of Spring special. They'll be out in a couple of days for pictures and an interview...

IN PAT'S DRIVEWAY

The Garage opens, Pat stands there in full painting regalia. Smoke and light spill out from behind him.

He and Kali wagon around, grab the first bucket of paint and sploosh the whole thing onto the house corner.

He repeats the process further down with another neon color.

OUTSIDE ANDERSON'S HOME

Cindy's poodle begins whining incessantly. Cindy and Mrs. Anderson look over to see the problem.

CINDY

What's the matt -- oh my God!

Sergeant Grady stares in disbelief. His limp cigar falls out of his mouth and the water hose shoots right into the t-tops of the hummer.

AT PAT'S HOUSE

Pat pushes a ladder against the house, climbs up with a spray can and begins to write his new life motto:

"Don't lose your head, smile instead"

Pat turns to see a growing crowd of on-lookers and yells over to them.

PAT

Well, there goes the neighborhood!

Picking out a new color, he paints on.

IN PAT'S KITCHEN

Dee Ann talks on the phone with Pam.

DEE ANN (INTO PHONE)

I don't know, Pam. I just --

She looks out the window and sees all the neighbors.

DEE ANN (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)

Hold on, Pam, you're not going to believe this, but there's a coffee clutching lynch mob out front and they look like they want to string up my husband.

(MORE)

DEE ANN (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)
 (after a beat)
 Now, Pam, that's not very nice.
 I'll call you back.

Dee Ann exits.

OUTSIDE THE GARAGE

Kali hands colors up to Pat as he calls for them. She sees Dee and trots up beside her.

KALI
 Mommy, Mommy, look at what Daddy is
 doing! Doesn't it look neato?

DEE ANN
 Yeah, honey, real... neato.

Dee walks over to the step ladder, smiling politely at the neighbors.

DEE ANN (CONT'D)
 Pat? What on God's green Earth are
 you doing?

PAT
 Just a little painting, dear. As
 long as I'm gonna lose the house,
 might as well have some fun doing
 it.

DEE ANN
 Well... that's fine, but have you
 noticed this mob of upset neighbors
 over here? They don't look like
 they're having much fun.

That's an understatement. Dee turns to look at the crowd again.

CINDY
 I think he's gone mad.

ACHMED
 Your crazy family has gone too far
 this time!

GRADY
 Don't worry, the Homeowner's
 Association can just come over and
 paint it back.

And that's when Dee snaps.

DEE ANN
 Hey! You with the Monchichi
 haircut!

She stomps up and jams a finger into Grady's chest.

DEE ANN (CONT'D)
 I know my husband can be eccentric
 at times and I know he never quite
 grew out of the 70s, but this is
 our house dammit and we'll do what
 we want with it.

She slowly drives the crowd back to the curb.

DEE ANN (CONT'D)
 I am sick and tired of you butt-
 inskis getting all up in our Kool-
 aid! You --
 (to Cindy)
 -- Jessica Rabbit, do you realize
 this is the first time you have
 ever set foot over here?
 (back to all)
 Well, it's too late now, I'm
 kicking you off my property. And
 just try to paint it back and I'll
 sue your pants off! Haha! How funny
 would that be if I sued you all for
 painting the house white! Now
scram!

The crowd jumps at this last word and scurries across the street. Pat has stopped painting and watches Dee storm back by.

PAT
 Way to go, Babe!

DEE ANN
 Kali, back inside, now!

KALI
 Aw, mom--

DEE ANN
 Now!

INT. CONCERT HALL - NIGHT

Kristin, Erin and 3,000 of their closest friends walk out of the concert. They stop at a souvenir stand.

ERIN

How come your dad didn't come along? He's usually right there on the front row with us.

KRISTIN

I'm glad! He has been such a spaz!

ERIN

Yeah, but he's always looking out for your family. I mean, he's probably home right now doing something to help out.

KRISTIN

As long as it's not another dumb yard sign.

EXT. PAT'S HOUSE - FRONT YARD - NIGHT

Pat feverishly works his largest canvas yet. The crowds have long since dispersed due to darkness.

INT. MRS ANDERSON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Mrs. Anderson peeks out the window puffing a cigarette. She picks up the phone beside her and dials.

MRS. ANDERSON

(to herself)

Well you don't care what your neighbors think, let's see what happens when the whole world finds out about your little--

(into phone)

--oh hello, KBOP news? Well, one of my neighbors has done the most idiotic thing.

INT. JEEP WAGON - LATE AT NIGHT

The jeep pulls up with Kristin and Erin to the back of the house.

ERIN

You sure you don't want the front?

KRISTIN

No, this is good right here. I hope dad's not still up or I may be grounded for life! Wish me luck!

Kristin climbs out.

EXT. BACK OF THE KELLY'S HOUSE

She crouches low and runs between two houses and stops at the fence. Digging into her backpack, she calls out softly.

KRISTIN
Cider! Come here girl!

A brownish Lab emerges from the bushes. Kristin tosses her a handful of treats and then proceeds over the fence and across the backyard.

Pulling aside a loose board from the tall fence in back, she crawls through and replaces it.

INT. PAT KELLY'S HOUSE - LATE NIGHT

Kristin creeps in the back door and sees Pat fast asleep on the couch, his clothes covered in an assortment of colored paints.

She grabs a blanket to cover her dad, turns off the lamp beside him and heads upstairs. Victory.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NEXT MORNING

Dee's awoken by the DOORBELL and pulls on a robe. Pat enters from the bathroom, toweling his head dry.

IN THE FRONT HALL

Dee shuffles to the door, yawning as she goes. The door bell RINGS again.

DEE ANN
Hold on, I'm coming, I'm coming!

She opens the door and a surge of REPORTERS lunge forward in a flashing, electronic frenzy, shoving cameras and microphones in her face.

Dee quickly retreats and slams the door.

DEE ANN (CONT'D)
Pat! You better get down here, now!

Pat hustles down, struggling to pull on a T-shirt.

IN KRISTIN'S ROOM

She talks on the phone with Erin, flipping through the tv channels.

KRISTIN

No, everything was fine. I was like a ninja!

Kristin stops on this one crazy channel.

KRISTIN (CONT'D)

Oh my God, quick, Channel 9! Some idiot has painted his house some really trippy psychedelic colors. My dad would love this!

ON THE TV

The home resembles the front of a heavy metal magazine. Alex Lasher song titles and lyrics all over. Beneath "Don't lose your head," smile instead is a painting of a giant guillotine with Alex Lasher's head in it.

KRISTIN (CONT'D)

Wait a minut--

News coverage shows the front door of the house opening and out walks Pat.

Kristin drops the phone and SCREAMS.

OUT FRONT OF PAT'S HOUSE

The street is filled with vans, trucks and satellite dishes from every station in town. Pat stands in the middle of a drove of reporters.

The garage door has "We're all Crazy!" in three-foot letters painted on it. Nothing remains untouched, even the windows are colored in. One large portion of the house proudly reads: "Mad House Rock!"

REPORTER 1

Mr. Kelly, Mr. Kelly, why did you do this?

REPORTER 2

Did you do it to make some kind of a statement?

REPORTER 3

Why the Rock and Roll theme?

Photographers and paparazzi crowd around him, Kristin bursts out the front door. She wears a brown bag over her head with the eye-holes cut out.

She dodges and zig-zags around the photographers and runs off up the street.

IN THE KITCHEN

The phone RINGS, Dee picks up, first ring.

DEE ANN

Hello? Yes, Pam, it's our house.
No, he hasn't lost his mind.
Listen, I'll call you later. Bye.

EXT. ERIN'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - DAY

Kristin, no longer wearing the bag, knocks. ERIN'S FATHER answers. He's very professional in his coat and tie.

ERIN'S FATHER

Oh, hi, Kristin. Come on in, the girls are upstairs in Erin's room watching TV.

KRISTIN

Oh great.

Kristin brushes past him.

IN THE BEDROOM

Kristin enters and Erin and Lisa sit on the bed with paper bags over their heads, laughing.

KRISTIN

That's not funny!

Erin pulls the bag off.

ERIN

Oh, cheer up! Look at your dad!
This is so cool. I wish my dad were more like yours!

KRISTIN

Are you kidding? I'm so embarrassed! My whole family is a Jerry Springer show waiting to happen. Well, mom's okay, but --

LISA

What do you mean, Kristin? We think your family is cool.

ERIN

Yeah, normal dads aren't what they're cracked up to be. Believe me. At least your dad wouldn't mind you bringing home Axel Rose! Our dads won't settle for anything less than a Doctor or, God-forbid, a CPA!

KRISTIN

(relaxing)

Axel Rose? Puh-lease! Brad Pitt maybe, Bon Jovi on a good day, but Axel Rose? I don't think so.

INT. CHIP MULDOON'S OFFICE - DAY

CHIP MULDOON, 40s, Alex Lasher's long-time Manager. He wears an expensive dark suit and a long pony-tail. He's on the phone when the Psychedelic House story breaks.

He watches with growing fascination.

CHIP (INTO PHONE)

Listen, Dave, something's just come up. Yeah, I'll hit you back.

He hangs up and turns up the TV.

NEWSCASTER (ON TV)

Pat Kelly, another victim of California's failing economy, is apparently making some kind of statement, in a rock 'n roll fashion, about learning to cope in a hopeless situation. In doing so, he salutes childhood hero, Alex Lasher.

Chip's eyes widen. The footage shows several Alex Lasher album covers, posters, and mannequin parts are attached to the rock collage.

NEWSCASTER (ON TV) (CONT'D)

Mr. Kelly said earlier that while he is about to lose everything, he still has his family and his love for rock and roll which he can take with him anywhere.

(MORE)

NEWSCASTER (ON TV) (CONT'D)
 When asked what the Psychedelic
 House meant to him, he said--

Chip hits the mute button and calls out--

CHIP
 Mrs. Hammond! Get me Alex Lasher on
 the phone STAT!

EXT. GOLF GREEN - DAY

A golf ball rolls slowly across the green and finally drops
 into the cup. In the background we hear some CHEERS, a couple
 of GROANS, and a Cell phone RINGING.

Alex Lasher pulls the phone from his pocket .

ALEX LASHER (INTO PHONE)
 This better be good, Chip. I'm in
 the middle of a very important game
 here.

PULL BACK to reveal the Golf Course to be a Putt-Putt course.

ALEX LASHER (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)
 Okay, I'll watch it in the Limo and
 call you right back. Yes, okay,
 I'll call you right back.

Alex returns the phone and addresses his opponents.

ALEX LASHER (CONT'D)
 Well, gentlemen, business calls.

PULL BACK FURTHER to reveal further that Alex's opponents are
 Donovan and a few kids out miniature golfing for the day.

DONOVAN
 Hey Mr. Big-time Rock star, you
 can't leave yet. We have three
 holes left. A bet's a bet!

Alex surveys the course judging the distance of the three
 remaining holes.

ALEX LASHER
 Okay, what do we have -- the
 windmill, dinosaur village and the
 sea-side light house.

Alex drops three golf balls near his feet, then turns to
 address MAC, his full-time Chauffeur and designated caddy,
 who stands nearby with a bag of golf clubs.

ALEX LASHER (CONT'D)

Mac? Pitching wedge.

Mac hands Alex the wedge. Like a total Pro Alex thwacks the ball which sails across the park. It rolls through the windmill's entrance, down a maze of obstacles and finally across the green and into the hole.

Alex repeats with the second ball landing it just as perfectly. The third ball misses by a fraction of an inch. Alex hands a 20 dollar bill to Donovan.

ALEX LASHER (CONT'D)

So close. Here you go boys, 19th hole's on me. Enjoy your lunch. Gotta run.

INT. MR. STONE'S OFFICE - DAY

Miss Hollifield rushes into the office.

MISS HOLLIFIELD

Mr. Stone, turn on the news, you've got to see this!

She switches on his TV. Stone sees Pat in an interview with Katie and begins to turn red with rage.

MR. STONE

My house! What did he do to my house?! Get my lawyer on the phone! Now!

Miss Hollifield responds quickly. Within seconds, her voice comes through the intercom.

MISS HOLLIFIELD

Mr. Stone, Preston is on line one.

Stone snatches the phone.

MR. STONE (INTO PHONE)

Bill, are you watching the news?

(a beat)

Well I can't very well give it to Jennifer as a wedding present looking like that!

(a beat)

Well exactly what do you suggest I do--?

(a beat)

A toaster? You want me to buy my daughter -- Bill. You're fired!

He slams the phone down.

EXT. PAT'S HOUSE - DAY

Katie, Pat, and the Cameraman, Randy, all walk around to the front of the house. Katie continues her report.

KATIE

Pat, your artwork is both unique and inspirational.

PAT

Well, it's not like I planned any of this. I just started painting and this is what I ended up with.

INT. KBOP NEWS ROOM - DAY

STANLEY, the weathered Editor-in-Chief of KBOP News sits at his desk, watching the Pat Kelly Interview. Katie enters and tosses a videotape on it.

KATIE

Footage of the Psychedelic House, Chief. It's got a ton of human interest here. A guy who is losing everything, and how does he cope? Through Art. And Rock n' Roll. Family might be out on the street? Don't lose your head, smile instead. The guy trashes his own house and people can't get enough.

STANLEY

Katie, everyone gets 15 minutes of fame. Don't you think he's had his? Feels like the story's winding down.

KATIE

Winding down? Chief, I was there all day and had to stand in line with the other networks just to get an interview. Cars around the block. Angry neighbors. I'm telling you it's got angles.

Stanley leans back in his chair and studies her carefully.

STANLEY

I wonder what Alex Lasher makes of all this.

KATIE
I'm on it, Chief!

INT. STONE'S OFFICE - DAY

Mr. Stone reads another newspaper headline, and then dumps the whole paper in the trash.

MR. STONE
Why do I always come out looking
like the bad guy?

He swivels his chair to face a TV in the corner and switches it on with the remote. Beavis and Butthead. The moronic duo channel surf and hit coverage of the Psychedelic House.

BUTTHEAD (ON TV)
Woahh! Check this out! That's the
Psychedlic House!

BEAVIS (ON TV)
Yeah, yeah, don't lose your head,
smile instead! It rules! It rules!

BUTTHEAD (ON TV)
Huh huh, he said "head" --

Mr. Stone slams his fist down on the remote and the TV blinks off. Suddenly, his door is thrown open and his secretary is backed into the room by a small mob of REPORTERS.

REPORTER 1
Mr. Stone, is it true you're about
to throw the Kelly family out on
the street?

MR. STONE
I have no comment! Get the hell out
of my office!

REPORTER 2
Mr. Stone, is it true you hate rock
and roll?

Mr. Stone has had it.

MR. STONE
Get out of my office! No comment!

He successfully shoves the entourage out the door and closes it behind him. Slowly, he walks to his desk, his face red with rage. The door opens again behind him and he wheels around.

MR. STONE (CONT'D)
I said, 'Get out!'

JENNIFER
I'm sorry daddy...

Stone moves over to his daughter, and then notices her t-shirt: "Save the Psychedelic House!"

MR. STONE
What. Is. That.

Jennifer reaches into her Benetton purse and pulls out another one.

JENNIFER
I got you one, too, Daddy! This poor family is being conflicted by some big evil money grubbing corporation.

MR. STONE
Not you, too! I want you to take these back, immediately.

JENNIFER
You -- You don't like them?

MR. STONE
Immediately!

This time it's Jennifer's turn to explode. She throws down the shirt.

JENNIFER
Well, fine then, Daddy! I just can't win, can I? Nothing's ever good enough for you?!? Well have you ever stopped to consider how I feel? When you bought me the Red Corvette did you even stop to think just once that maybe I wanted the yellow one? No! And now Genevieve has run off with my tennis instructor and it's totally thrown my game, and what really hurts the most, Daddy, is that I'm getting married soon and you haven't even GIVEN ME AND ROBERT OUR PRESENT!

Jennifer runs out the door sobbing and slams it behind her. The glass window shatters, again.

EXT. PAT'S HOUSE - DAY

A long line of cars drives by the Psychedelic house very slowly. Drivers and passengers crane their necks out of their windows to get a good look, pictures are taken, camcorders record everything for posterity.

Katie Myers and her Cameraman, Randy, step up for a quick sound bite with two TEENAGE BOYS.

KATIE

So, what do you guys think about the Psychedelic House?

TEEN #1

Pat Kelly rocks!

TEEN #2

Yeah, the Psychedelic House kicks butt, man!

A car pulls up with a WHOLE FAMILY inside.

KATIE

Hi, any comments on everything you're seeing here?

FATHER

Yah, well we're out here from Minnesota. Today we were gonna spend a day at the beach, yah, but then we decided to come here instead.

The family drives on. Katie turns to address the camera.

KATIE (TO CAMERA)

You've heard it folks, from rock fans to family vacations, everyone is dropping by. Oh and it looks like Mr. Kelly is coming out now.

Katie and Randy move quickly up the driveway. Pat and Dee walk out as Kali rides up on her bike. They all stop and turn at the SOUND of a thunderous gang of bikers rolling up the street.

The biker on the lead Harley has been here before. He rides up to the Kelly's, takes the teddy bear attached to the back of his bike and hands it to Kali who straps it on her own.

BIKER

Nice bike, kid.

Katie moves in for a quick interview.

KATIE

Excuse me, sir, can you tell me
what all this means to you?

BIKER

Yeah, lady, don't lose your head,
smile instead.

Before she can speak again, the biker RUMBLES away. The rest of the gang follows.

MONTAGE - NATION'S RESPONSE TO PSYCHEDELIC HOUSE...

Various shots of Pat's impact on the nation - the new craze. Busses have large signs on them saying, Don't lose your head, smile instead. Similar bumper stickers, billboards, riverboats and t-shirts can be seen everywhere. Even the famous Times Square Marquee displays Kali's quote.

Overseas, a Japanese newscast shows two hosts talking back and forth. Dubbed in English at the bottom of the screen is the translation which says "Don't lose a head, grin." The last shot is a hippy-looking Afghan dog reclining lazily in his doghouse painted exactly like the Psychedelic house.

EXT. WOODCREST - ROAD SIDE - DAY

Chuck, Tommy, and Rickie sit in lawn chairs with a boom box, out by their sign: "Maps to the Psychedelic house - for sale cheep!"

All three boys stand up slowly as a long convertible stretch limo pulls up. CHEECH and CHONG sit in a giant jacuzzi surrounded by bikini BABES.

CHEECH MARIN

Hey man, either of you dudes seen a
Psychedlic House around here?

Chuck hands him the map but stares at the girls the whole time.

CHONG MARIN

Thanks, bros! Now lets go find out
what that dude was smokin'!

The girls giggle and wave and the car drives off.

CHUCK

Guess what guys?

TOMMY AND RICKIE

Yeah, yeah, we know. She wants you,
she wants you bad!

INT. KELLY'S HOUSE - FAMILY ROOM - DAY

Dee Ann, Pam, Kristin, and Kali sort through a very large
pile of fan mail.

DEE ANN

Would you just look at all of this!

KRISTIN

Look, he's got mail from
everywhere. Texas, Ohio, Arizona,
New York... it just doesn't end.

PAM

I must say, Pat really has outdone
himself this time.

DEE ANN

Oh, I know. Who would think his
obsession with Alex Lasher would
generate so much publicity. From
day one it's been nonstop traffic.

KRISTIN

Tell me about it! I have to use the
back door just to leave the house.

KALI

Mommy, look, Daddy got a letter
from Rosie O'Donnell!

DEE ANN

Let me see that.

Kali hands her the letter.

PAM

Don't tell me she wants him to
appear on her show?

DEE ANN

No, she wants him to paint a
picture of Tom Cruise on her house.

A SCUFFLING noise comes from the front door. Pat struggles
inside and finally gets the door closed. His clothes are
ripped and his face is covered with lipstick imprints.

DEE ANN (CONT'D)
Honey, what happened? Are you okay?

PAT
I was attacked out there by a group of women! They tried to tear my clothes off.

DEE ANN
Ok! That does it! No little groupies are going to be touching my husband!

Dee yanks open the door and a CROWD of silver-haired GRANNIES try to push their way in to see Pat.

Dee Ann closes the door quickly, laughing.

DEE ANN (CONT'D)
Ok, Mr. Popularity. Go get cleaned up or I'll send you back out to your fan club.

The phone RINGS and Pat heads to the kitchen.

PAT
I'll get it.

IN THE LIVING ROOM

DEE ANN
This is way out of hand.

PAM
Oh Dee, why don't you just admit that this got out of hand the day you said "I do." You were going to marry the Marlboro man, instead, you ended up with the Zig-zag man.

KRISTIN
How did you and Dad meet?

PAM
Oh I'll tell you how they met. It was at a Village People's concert.

KRISTIN
Dad went to see the Village People?

DEE ANN
Not exactly.

PAM

We were at the concert, the show had just ended and we were walking out the door when we saw your Dad.

Dee smiles at the fond memory. Dee and Pam paint the scene together, finishing each other's thoughts.

DEE AND PAM

Barefoot, bell-bottom jeans, a "Keep on Trucking" tank top, long, shaggy hair and a "Let's Boogie" ball cap. He was standing there holding a sign that said "Disco Sucks!"

DEE ANN

It was love at first sight!

KRISTIN

For who? You or Dad?

KALI

What's Disco, Mommy?

DEE ANN

It's a word we don't use when your father's around, Sweetie.

Pat enters from the kitchen.

PAT

You'll never guess who that was.

DEE ANN

(sarcastic)

Let me guess. The President of the United States?

PAT

Bigger! Alex Lasher! He wants to take us all out to dinner Friday night.

PAM

Count me out.

PAT

Oh, I did.

Tommy busts in the front door and runs straight into the living room holding a magazine high over his head.

TOMMY

Dad, look! You did it! You made the cover of "Rolling Stone!"

Pat takes the magazine and smiles.

INT. PAT'S HOUSE - MASTER BATHROOM - NIGHT

Pat stands at the mirror shaving and humming.

Suddenly an ear-piercing SCREAM echoes through the house.

IN KALI'S ROOM

The whole house arrives at Kali's doorway within seconds. Kali - wrapped in a towel - points to the bed.

KALI

Easter! You said I only had to wear this at Easter! You promised!

They see a lacy, flowered dress laid out for her.

DEE ANN

C'mon, Sweetheart. You know how important tonight is for your father. We all have to dress up.

PAM

That's right. Your mother's even making Tommy and your dad wear ties. So, you know it's a special night.

She's not happy.

INT. CLUB CHEZ MOI RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The packed-out restaurant CLATTERS busily with activity. A PIANIST plays softly in a corner of the fancy room. Alex Lasher, Chip Muldoon, and the Kelly family all sit around a large table eating.

As they dine, the neighboring table stares at them the whole time.

PAT

Does this happen everywhere you go?

ALEX LASHER

Yes. You never get used to the loss of privacy.

TOMMY

I could get used to it.

KRISTIN

Shut up, nerd. People already stare at you.

TOMMY

They do not, dork face.

Pat shoots them both the evil eye.

ALEX LASHER

I know how to handle this.

Alex wipes his mouth on his napkin, slides his chair back, and turns to the table beside them.

ALEX LASHER (CONT'D)

Excuse me, would an autograph keep you kids from staring?

KIDS ALL AT ONCE

Yeah!

As Alex clears a space in front of himself, the kids jump up and run over to Pat, instead, asking him for an autograph. Alex, smiles and hands the pen to Pat.

One of the little boys, smaller than the others, remains at Alex's side, unnoticed. Tired of waiting, he tugs on Alex's sleeve and holds up a pen and some paper.

AUTOGRAPH BOY

Can I have your autograph, Mr. Stern?

ALEX LASHER

I'm sorry, do you you think I'm Howard Stern?

Kali stands up in her chair; dishes rattle as she pounds the table.

KALI

Listen here, he ain't no silly shock-rock DJ! This is Alex Lasher! King of Creep, the Man of Madness, everyone's Rock and Roll nightmare. He's a heavy metal god.

(MORE)

KALI (CONT'D)

He would't be caught dead wearing a dress like that Stern germ, and if he did, it wouldn't be prissy and flowery like this one, it would be black, it would be leather, with razor sharp spikes, sharp enough to pierce an elephant's ear!

Everyone at the Kelly's table as well as several others nearby are frozen in shocked silence. The little boy runs back to his parents crying.

A man at a back table turns around. It is HOWARD STERN in a long trench coat and a T-shirt that reads: "I am NOT Alex Lasher!"

HOWARD STERN

Oh, no. Not again.

INT. ANDERSON'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Mr. Anderson rests comfortably in his easy chair reading a newspaper, paying the meeting no mind.

Cindy Mclean walks among them serving hors d'oeuvres. Achmed paces around the room and Mrs. Anderson is glued to the window.

ACHMED

This neighborhood's going to hell in a hand basket. I'd like to get my hands on the person who started this 3-ring media circus.

Everyone mumbles their agreement. Mrs. Anderson looks around nervously. They all jump when someone POUNDS on the front door. The secret knock.

Sergeant Grady enters.

GRADY

Good Evening, civilians.
(to Cindy)
Evening, Ma'am.

ACHMED

It's about time you showed up.

GRADY

Neighborhood watch is top priority. But rest assured, the perimeter is secure.

MRS. ANDERSON

It appears we have a quorum. Let's
get this meeting started, shall we?

Mr. Anderson stands and takes his paper to the kitchen.

INT. CONCERT HALL - PRESS ROOM - NIGHT

Katie and Randy stand ready with interview lights and camera
all set up. The door opens and Chip and Alex Lasher enter.
Alex wipes some sweat from his brow with a towel.

CHIP

Alex, this is Katie Myers and her
Cameraman, Randy.

KATIE

We're all set whenever you are,
sir.

ALEX LASHER

Lights camera action!

Everyone takes their places.

RANDY

Camera speed.

KATIE (TO CAMERA)

I'm here with Rock and Roll legend
Alex Lasher who has just completed
his Death Lovin' world tour. Well,
Alex, what you think about this
whole Psychedelic House phenomenon.

ALEX LASHER

I had the opportunity earlier today
to meet with the Kelly's and
they're a beautiful, beautiful
family. We are making plans on
Sunday to go visit their home and
see what we can do to help them
out. These are extraordinary times
Katie. And it calls for
extraordinary measures!

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE

The Mayor, perched on the edge of his desk, with some of his
staff watching the interview on a monitor.

KATIE (ON TV)
And what is it you have in mind?

ALEX LASHER (ON TV)
Tomorrow night, myself and some
friends, well we're going to visit
the Psychedelic House.

INT. ALEX LASHER'S LIMOUSINE

Mac the Chaffeur, sits in the back of the Limo with a bag of popcorn, watching the interview.

ALEX LASHER (ON TV)
Pat Kelly took a home and turned it
into a national treasure. I've got
a lot of friends who have gone out
secretly to visit and get pictures.
It's the buzz around Hollywood.

KATIE (ON TV)
And will your visit be in secret?

ALEX LASHER (ON TV)
You'll know it when I arrive.

INT. ANDERSON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The TV's on, but nobody pays attention. Everyone ARGUES loudly.

GRADY
5000 more hippies? This
neighborhood has just gone to
Defcon 2.

ACHMED
Nobody knows what that means! Look,
there must be something we can do!

On cue, the door swings open and in glides the evil presence of Ms. Arnhardt in a long black cloak. She's got green Fifi in one hand and a cigarette holder in the other.

MS. ARNHARDT
This nonsense has gone on long
enough.

She snaps and her CHAUFFEUR dollies in a 100 gallon drum of gasoline. He sets a silver briefcase on top.

MS. ARNHARDT (CONT'D)

I do NOT want to know details.
There's a 10,000 dollar reward
here, there's 100 gallons of
gasoline. You all can do the math.

With a cloaky flourish, she exits. Achmed opens the
briefcase, everyone holds their breath for the big reveal.
Instead, there's one sad-looking short-stack of \$100s.

Grady's more enthused over the Gasoline.

GRADY

Well, now we're talking!

CINDY

No, we're not gonna burn that
little girl's house!

MRS. ANDERSON

Oh get serious! Pat Kelly is a
ruthless rebel. He won't stop until
he's dragged our whole society down
with him.

She stomps over to a corner where there's a stack of Front
Yard Magazines four feet high.

MRS. ANDERSON (CONT'D)

You see these? I ordered these
because my home was supposed to
grace the front cover.

She holds one up. It's a glossy photo of Pat smiling proudly
in front of the Psychedelic House. Grady snatches it from her
and shakes his head.

MRS. ANDERSON (CONT'D)

My prize-winning tulips were
supposed to --

MR. ANDERSON

Ahhhhhhggg! I can't stand another
word!

Mr. Anderson stomps into the middle of the group and rips
open his pearl snap shirt. Everyone GASPS!

MRS. ANDERSON

You -- you -- you --

He turns to show off his "Save the Psychedelic House" tee.

MR. ANDERSON

You what, Eleanor? How about "You made 22-thousand dollars in t-shirt sales over the last 2 weeks" -- that's right! While you all complain about Tulips and Defcon 2 - - I'm getting 6 other ideas ready for the biggest sales event since the pet rock. Hey! That's another great idea! Neighborhood rocks painted Psychedelic colors! That's seven ideas! Now I want everyone out because I have a big day tomorrow! Out!

Everyone files out.

MR. ANDERSON (CONT'D)

And you, Full Metal Jacket, don't forget the barrel and the blood money.

GRADY

What am I supposed to do with it?

MR. ANDERSON

Frankly, Gomer, I don't care!

He exits. Eleanor starts to say something, sees the warning look on Frank's face and thinks better of it.

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The Mayor has clicked off the monitor and turns to address his staff and advisors.

MAYOR THOMPSON

GOOD GOSH! IT'S SETTLED! TOMORROW WE GO GIVE ALEX LASHER A BIG WOODCREST WELCOME! DO YOU THINK I'LL HAVE TO WEAR SPECIAL GLOVES, I DON'T WANT TO CATCH THE HERPES.

A couple of the staff squirm uneasily at the suggestion.

ADVISOR

No! What? No, but we are dealing with the King of shock-rock himself. This could be a PR nightmare.

STAFF MEMBER

That's true. He's no Elvis Presley!

MAYOR THOMPSON
 IF MEMORY SERVES ME CORRECTLY, WE
 WERE ALMOST KILLED BY ELVIS ON THE
 FREEWAY. NOW DO YOU TAMPONS HAVE
 ANY OTHER OBJECTIONS?

INT. PAT'S HOUSE - GARAGE - NIGHT

Dee Ann walks into the garage where Alex Lasher's MUSIC
 blares. From the other side of the plastic wall she hears a
 lot of movement.

DEE ANN
 (to herself)
 Well, he's at it again! Won't he
 ever stop?

She throws back the curtain. Pat feverishly finishes up a
 large object constructed solely of mannequin parts.

DEE ANN (CONT'D)
 Honey, I think that this may be
 getting way beyond our control.

Pat takes off his smock.

PAT
 What makes you think that?

DEE ANN
 Well, for one, there's people
 camping out in our front yard.

Grabbing a towel, Pat turns out the overhead light and walks
 with Dee back to the house, wiping his hands as they go.

PAT
 Babe, I don't think a few people
 showing up a little early for
 tomorrow's show is called getting
 out of hand. I can remember doing
 the same thing for Beatlemania
 tickets when I was young, and I got
 great seats for the show.

DEE ANN
 A few people??

Dee goes to the front door and flings it open.

ON THE FRONT LAWN

Hundreds of campers. A giant bonfire roars in the middle and everyone parties hard. A giant delivery truck with Bernie's "Blast from the Past" stops just short of a small tent.

The occupants stick their heads out, nervously close to the front bumper. As a crowd gathers, Bernie rolls the side panel up revealing a huge speaker. He grabs the power lever with both hands and turns to the crowd.

BERNIE

I wanna rock and roll all night!

He throws the switch and MUSIC blasts the front row of onlookers back onto their butts.

AT THE FRONT DOOR

Pat looks at Dee and shrugs as he closes the door.

PAT

Well, it ain't like they wanna come in the house.

As they walk away, the doorbell RINGS. Dee folds her arms and cocks an eyebrow.

DEE ANN

You were saying?

Pat opens the door MIKE MYERS and DANA CARVEY stand there.

PAT

Wayne and Garth!

MIKE MYERS

Hi Pat. We just came by to see if we could come and hang out with you and Alex at the benefit tomorrow.

PAT

Yeah! That'd be great! Dee, get them a couple of house passes, will ya?

Dee fetches two laminated passes. Mike and Dana look at the passes, slowly back away and bowing as they go --

MIKE AND DANA

We're not worthy! We're not worthy!

Pat looks over at Dee.

PAT
You were saying?

She just shakes her head.

INT. PAT'S HOUSE - KRISTIN'S ROOM - LATE NIGHT

PARTY NOISE from outside filters into the dark house.
Kristin yanks a pillow over her head. Her clock shows 1:47a.

IN TOMMY'S ROOM

Tommy sleeps peacefully with his headphones on. The MUFFLED SOUND of his music can be heard from the ear phones.

IN KALI'S ROOM

Kali sleeps soundly as well, only now she has her Reno Reins and her Alex Lasher doll in bed with her.

IN THE MASTER BEDROOM

Dee Ann stirs in the bed.

DEE ANN
Pat, what's that smell?

Still half asleep she rolls over.

DEE ANN (CONT'D)
Honey, wake up. What's that smell?

Still no response. She gently shakes the covers.

DEE ANN (CONT'D)
Pat can't you smell --

She yanks back the covers and stares directly at the Alex Lasher head. She SCREAMS and jumps from the bed ripping off the rest of the covers, revealing a lump of dirty laundry.

DEE ANN (CONT'D)
Oh my God! Where the hell is Pat?

IN THE FRONT YARD

Pat and Elvis jam out on top of Bernie's truck. With a broom and a rake, they dance around like maniacs and lip sync to the MUSIC.

Elvis does a cartwheel, gets too close to the edge and falls off the back. The party stops. Pat leans over and sees Elvis laying on top of a flattened pup tent, laughing. Beneath him, a young couple struggles to get free.

COUPLE

Hey, get off! Move it lard butt!

Pat walks to the front again and gives a big thumbs up!

PAT

Elvis lives! But Alex Lasher Rocks!

The MUSIC kicks in again and the crowd goes wild. Pat takes a running start and dives into them. They catch him and pass him overhead back to his front porch.

EXT. HIGH ABOVE WOODCREST - THE NEXT MORNING

The streets and sidewalks leading to Pat's house are filled for miles with thousands of people descending on his home. In their arms are blankets, coolers, beach chairs, and radios.

The KBOP helicopter passes by overhead.

INT. KBOP HELICOPTER

The pilot, JACK, circles the area.

JACK

This is the KBOP Chopper in the Sky here at the Psychedelic House where Woodcrest looks a lot like Woodstock. The roads are blocked off for miles. Let's go back to Katie on the ground.

EXT. WOODCREST - DAY

Katie stands in the middle of the street interviewing a WOMAN on roller skates with a 9 foot python wrapped around her body.

KATIE (TO CAMERA)

Thanks, Jack. We're here with Sheila, another fan of Alex Lasher. Sheila I see you brought a friend!

SHEILA

Yeah, his name's Angel. I had to bring him because we've never missed an Alex Lasher concert here in town!

Sheila waves and skates off.

INT. WAL-MART - DAY

Stone approaches the check-out counter with a toaster under his arm. BERTHA, the sales clerk, is a very large woman wearing a "Save the Psychedelic House" stretched across her huge torso.

MR. STONE

Excuse me, do you giftwrap?

BERTHA

Mmm-hmm.

She look him over disdainfully and pulls a mic close and announces loudly.

BERTHA (CONT'D)

I need giftwrap on Aisle 1 for Mr. A.J. Stone who's responsible for kicking out that poor family in the Psychedelic House.

She folds her arms and sits back. Stone glances around nervously as people from all over the store look his way.

EXT. WOODCREST ROAD - DAY

Stone's silver Rolls Royce pulls up to the back of the large crowd and stops. Out steps Jennifer in a wedding gown. She straightens her dress and then reaches back in for the groom.

JENNIFER

Hurry up, Robert. You were out all night and now we're so late.

Out of the car steps Elvis, dressed in a brand new white jumpsuit, he finishes a Jolt Cola and tosses it back inside.

ELVIS

I'm coming, sweet cheeks. Isn't this a perfect day to elope!

JENNIFER

Right? I am just full of great ideas!

ELWOOD

You are! What about this contract your dad wanted me to sign about no grand children?

JENNIFER

Later! Come on, it's starting!

The two join the rest of the crowd pressing toward the house as the Rolls pulls away with "Just Married" on the back.

AT ANDERSON'S GARAGE

Mr. Anderson walks to the garage door and pulls the door up. Hanging on racks are hundreds of t-shirts in every color and size that read "Don't lose your head, smile instead", "WoodCrest '97", and "Psychedelic House Party!"

He can't get them out fast enough to the greedy crowd.

AT PAT'S FRONT PORCH

A red carpet leads from the street to the front porch. It's roped off and one side has hundreds of fans and supporters, the other has reporters, cameras, and paparazzi. Mayor Thompson waits at the podium.

NEXT TO THE STREET

MTV Host, SASHA WATERS, stands with Pat and Dee. A PRODUCTION ASSISTANT crouches next to her CAMERAMAN counting down. They have to shout to be heard.

MTV PRODUCTION ASSISTANT

We're live in 5, 4, 3...

SASHA WATERS (TO CAMERA)

Welcome back to MTV's Psychedelic House Party!!! I'm Sasha Waters live from Woodcrest with Pat and Dee Ann Kelly. Dee, you look happy now, but tell us how you first felt when all this went down.

DEE ANN

Well, at first I was... well, if anyone knows my husband, when he puts his mind to doing something he always goes extreme.

SASHA WATERS

I'd say so! Pat, you went to sleep with your headphones on and woke up with divine inspiration. Anything you care to add?

Pat leans into the Microphone.

PAT

Don't lose you're head, smile instead!

Pat and Dee smile and wave their way up the carpet.

AT SERGEANT GRADY'S HOUSE

Sergeant Grady flips hotdogs on his super-deluxe trailer grill. Cindy works alongside. Both are dressed in camouflage shorts and Marine t-shirts. Cindy's apron reads:

"Sergeant's Gal"

Behind them, tied to the flagpole, Corporal and the french poodle share a hotdog. Cindy bends over to grab some more hotdog supplies.

GRADY

Hey! Nice buns, soldier.

Cindy giggles and then notices the Pig Farmer waiting in front of them.

CINDY

At ease, Sergeant. You've got another customer.

She hands the Farmer two hotdogs and takes a five dollar bill from him.

FARMER

Thank you, Ma'am!

OUTSIDE ACHMED'S HOUSE

Achmed, with a money changer around his waist and a Polaroid camera in hand stands by a large, painted, cardboard guillotine with a hole cut in it. A sign beside him reads Pictures -- \$6.00.

Girl Scout Troop 394 is lined up his driveway. One by one the girls stick their head through the hole, smile, and get a picture.

ACHMED

Okay, next. Who's next? No, let the little one stick her head through. No, no, one at a time please.

OUTSIDE PAT'S HOUSE

A long, white, stretch limo stops at the carpet, the door opens and hundreds of white doves flutter out. Immediately following this is OZZY OSBOURNE who steps out dressed like a demi-god in a long, white robe.

SASHA WATERS (TO CAMERA)

Do these guys know how to arrive in style or what?

The fans ROAR loudly as he walks up and greets Sasha.

SASHA WATERS (CONT'D)

Ozzy, welcome to the party! Any comment on tonight's celebration?

OZZY OSBOURNE

Well, from what I've heard, it's gonna be hard to top last night!

The crowd SCREAMS and CHEERS. Ozzy turns and takes in the adoration as he walks toward the house.

OUTSIDE ANDERSON'S HOUSE

Mrs. Anderson sits at a card table with a stack of Front Yard Magazines, proudly selling them to eager customers. Elvis bellies up to the table.

ELVIS

Have you got any signed copies? It's kind of a wedding present.

MRS. ANDERSON

Oh! Yes those are under the table.

She reaches below the table, taps Donovan on the shoulder; he signs Pat's name to a magazine and hands it to her.

MRS. ANDERSON (CONT'D)

That'll be \$5 bucks extra.

ON PAT'S FRONT YARD

Kristin, Peter, Erin, Lisa, and two BOYS approach Tommy and Rickie's Heavy metal face-painting table. In the chair sits the Old Nun.

OLD NUN

I want to look just like Alex
Lasher, you know this fundraiser
saved the poor family's house!

RICKIE

(to young nun)
Hey doll-face, would you like your
face painted, too?

YOUNG NUN

Oh heaven's no! If Mother Superior
knew where we were --

OLD NUN

Oh, loosen up, Mary Margaret!

Kristin watches Tommy paint for a moment and then SIGHS real big.

KRISTIN

Like father, like son!

TOMMY

Was anyone talking to you? I didn't
think so!

KRISTIN

You thought wrong, Dork. By the
way, where's your other little
pervy friend?

ALONG THE STREET

The Cheech and Chong limo has a jacuzzi full of PARTY GIRLS.
Chuck pops up out of the water gasping for air.

CHUCK

This is great! Boy if the guys
could see me now!

CHEECH MARIN

As they say, "Una mano lava a la
otra!"

CHUCK

Wha--?

CHEECH MARIN
 "One hand washes the other!"

Cheech turns right and massages the girl there who turns to massage Chong who turns to massage another girl. This last blonde girl whispers to Chong.

CHONG MARIN
 (to Chuck)
 Whoooooeeee, Primo! She wants you,
 kid! She wants you bad!

ON THE RED CARPET

Another Limo door opens and a FIREBALL shoots out! The crowd GASPS and GENE SIMMONS of KISS leaps out in full costume and makeup. Ignoring Sasha he walks past the camera hissing and flashing out his tongue before he makes his way up to the house.

SASHA WATERS (TO CAMERA)
 And for those of you who spent the
 70s in a coma, that was Gene
 Simmons of KISS!

EXT. BACK OF THE CROWD - SAME TIME

Elvis and Jennifer can't really see way back there. Elvis jumps up. Nothing.

Grabbing a lawn chair from nearby, he tries to step up on it but his foot sinks right through it. The chair's OWNER, a big, hairy dude yells...

CHAIR OWNER
 Hey! What are you doing to my
 chair?! You're gonna pay for that,
 Mister!

Jennifer and Elvis - one leg still trapped in the chair - quickly, run through the crowd to get away.

AT THE PODIUM

Katie finally squeezes to the front of the crowd to grab a quick sound bite from Mayor Thompson.

KATIE (TO CAMERA)
 We've worked our way back to the
 red carpet area where Mayor
 Thompson awaits our guest of honor.
 (MORE)

KATIE (TO CAMERA) (CONT'D)
 Mayor, I understand you and Alex
 Lasher are good friends now.

MAYOR THOMPSON
 WELL KATIE BUG, AS TRUMAN USED TO
 TELL JACK WARNER AND I, IF YOU WANT
 A FRIEND IN POLITICS, GET A DOG!
 AND THAT JACK WARNER KNEW HOW TO
 PARTY. NOTHING BUT SHOWGIRLS AND
 SMACK AS FAR AS THE EYE COULD
 SEE...

ON THE RED CARPET

A super stretch limo pulls up slowly. Swirls of psychedelic colors adorn the 37 foot long vehicle.

SASHA WATERS (TO CAMERA)
 Well, party people, here he is now,
 Mr. Alex Lasher!

The back door opens and Alex steps out wearing a white tuxedo and top hat dripping with fluorescent colors. The crowd goes wild. Sasha moves in to catch Alex before he gets by.

SASHA WATERS (CONT'D)
 Alex! Welcome to the Psychedelic
 House!

ALEX LASHER
 Thank you, Sasha. I'm just glad to
 see so many people showed up. No
 matter what else happens here
 tonight, this thing is already a
 success.

His BODYGUARDS surround him and walk him past a wall of arms and hands clutching and pulling at him.

AT THE PODIUM

Mayor Thompson shakes Alex's hand and leans into the mic.

MAYOR THOMPSON
 ALEX LASHER! WELCOME TO WOODCREST.
 ON BEHALF OF OUR COMMUNITY, I
 PRESENT YOU WITH THIS KEY TO THE
 CITY AND TO OUR HEARTS AND QUITE
 POSSIBLY TO OUR VIRGINITY.

The Mayor hands Alex a large, cardboard, gold key.

ALEX LASHER
 Uh, well, thank you, Mayor Thomas.

MAYOR THOMPSON
 THOMPSON!

ALEX LASHER
 Like it matters.

Alex holds the key above his head.

ALEX LASHER (CONT'D)
 I gladly accept this on behalf of
 the new party, the third party, the
Wild Party!

The crowd goes berserk. Alex's guards move him quickly up the red carpet and into the house. The crowd presses in as close as they can to the porch.

INT. PAT'S HOUSE - FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

Musicians and rock stars fill every room of the house drinking, talking, and playing around.

Alex sits on the massive throne that Pat built entirely of mannequin parts. He holds the end of a rope in his hands.

Tied to the other end, suspended from the ceiling are all three HANSON brothers. Alex raises and lowers them like a pinata as Kali, blindfolded, swings with a bat.

The guests CHEER her on.

ZACK HANSON
 Hey, guys, c'mon! Let us down. This
 isn't funny anymore! Alex, let us
 down.

The front door is kicked open and BILLY IDOL rides in on a Harley. He stops in the doorway and revs the engine.

BILLY IDOL
 I'm here with a Rebel Yell!

OUTSIDE ON THE FRONT LAWN

Katie stands her ground amid the mass of fans making their way to better seats.

KATIE (TO CAMERA)

The house looks wild as it glows in the dark and the crowds just keep getting bigger and bigger with every passing minute.

The anxious throngs begin to CHANT Alex's name, cigarette lighters raised high. Suddenly, Alex Lasher breaks through a second story window, out onto the roof with a Mic in hand.

Windows all over the house open wide as BAND MEMBERS and other rock stars crawl through with their instruments.

Smoke and fog machines kick on and lights illuminate the house as Alex kicks off his signature song. The whole assembly celebrates the biggest house concert of the 80s.

INT. PAT'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

The radio alarm goes off and Pat wakes up in a cold sweat and looks around to get his bearings.

RADIO DJ (VO)

In sports news today, the Anaheim Angels won the Pennant last night...

Pat shuts off the radio.

PAT

Oh, no don't tell me it was all a dream!

Pat runs from the room.

OUT IN THE FRONT YARD

Pat stops. The neatly manicured lawn, an immaculate house painted a crisp, white color, and no trace of anyone having been here. Very confused, he turns to see a black stretch limo pass by the house in SLO MO.

The tinted back window slides down to reveal Alex Lasher who winks and gives him a thumbs up. Pat turns back around towards the house to see that it is once again Psychedelic.

PAT

Now, that's more like it!

He smiles and walks back into the house.

OUTSIDE ACHMED'S HOUSE

Elvis and Jennifer, all cuddly-wuddly, walk out the front door with a six foot pink flamingo under one arm. They plant this firmly in place.

BINOCULAR POV

They attach something to the "For Sale" sign and walk back inside. The binoculars go back over to the sign which reads, "SOLD!"

INT. ANDERSON'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

Mrs. Anderson drops her binoculars and faints.

EXT. MS. ARNHARDT'S BACKYARD - DAY

ROCK MUSIC pours up from the ravine. Through the large house windows, Ms. Arnhardt stands with her back to camera, fussing someone out on the phone.

Out by the pool shed the giant gas barrel sits with the briefcase on top. A LOW ANGLE reveals a long steady leak which has gathered into a puddle, the edge of which reaches the sparking plug. Fifi stands there BARKING AWAY at it.

House windows SHATTER at the huge EXPLOSION that vaporizes the shed and sends a mushroom cloud of 100 dollar bills floating into the ravine.

Arnhardt turns slowly around and drops the phone. She sees Fifi climb out of the pool, smoky and charred...but alive.

FADE OUT

THE END