

# Effed Up!

a family saga

a screenplay  
by  
russ woody

**"EFFED UP!"**

**A Family Saga**

Russ Woody

**FADE IN:**

**EXT. STREET - DAY**

A BMW cruises down a lower-income street on the outskirts of Sacramento...

*RUSSELL (V.O.)*

*This is a story about family.*

...where fences droop like dirty ocean waves and lawns have died tragic deaths.

*RUSSELL (V.O.) (CONT'D)*

*And, just so you know, I've made every conceivable effort to avoid mine.*

Faded paint cracks and curls beside broken windows.

*RUSSELL (V.O.) (CONT'D)*

*But my father called last night, asked me to talk to my brother and sister. By the way, this was before everything got so fucked up.*

The car comes to a stop in front of a house where a rusted Ford beater sits on a grease-stained driveway.

*RUSSELL (V.O.) (CONT'D)*

*My brother Lenny lives here. He lives here because, at 46, he's holding strong to his undying dream of rock 'n' roll stardom.*

**INT. RUSSELL'S CAR - SAME TIME**

RUSSELL NIRTH, early-to-mid thirties, average-to-good-looking, medium-to-very beleaguered. He turns the engine off and considers not getting out.

**INT. LENNY'S BEDROOM - A MOMENT LATER**

A thumb-tacked sheet covers a window. A "PINK LLOYD" POSTER clings to the wall, a corner of it sags limply.

RUSSELL (O.S.)  
(calling)  
Lenny?

On the bed, TWO BODIES SNORE beneath a tangled sheet.

RUSSELL (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
(calling)  
Lenny!

The sheet comes down, we see the face of RUSSELL'S OLDER BROTHER, balding, long graying hair.

LENNY  
(to the ceiling)  
Aw, fuck.

Russell appears at the open doorway, sees his brother.

RUSSELL  
Lenny?  
(checks his watch)  
It's two o'clock.

LENNY  
What'd you want, dickhead?

Russell sees a SCHOOLGIRL'S UNIFORM on the floor.

RUSSELL  
Aw, fuck.

He picks up a PLAID SKIRT, holds it out for his brother.

LENNY  
Aw, fuck.

Lenny turns, flips the sheet back to reveal the open-mouthed SLEEPING "SCHOOLGIRL," who may have attended school once, but long ago.

LENNY/RUSSELL  
(recoiling)  
Aw, fuck.

Lenny flips the sheet back over her head, sits on the side of the bed and holds his face in his hands.

LENNY  
My fucking head.

RUSSELL  
 (pulling up a chair)  
 Boy, I'd never get tired of this.

LENNY  
 I had a gig last night, asswipe.

RUSSELL  
 (re: woman)  
 Where, a nursing home?

LENNY  
 Fuck you. And, in my defense, I have  
 no idea who that woman is.

RUSSELL  
 An incredible defense.

Lenny stands, naked, looks around for clothes. He reaches  
 beneath his sagging belly to scratch his testicles.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)  
 (cringes)  
 Jesus, Lenny...

LENNY  
 (scanning the floor)  
 You know, the band might be a big  
 fuckin' joke to you, but it's startin'  
 to take off, for real. This could  
 really be it, man!

Lenny sees a sock, bends over to pick it up, giving Russell  
 a physician's view of his brother's naked ass.

RUSSELL  
 Mother of God...  
 (turns away)  
 Could you just please...

LENNY  
 We got some definite gigs comin' up  
 that could very well pan out.  
 Seriously.

RUSSELL  
 (trying)  
 That's great. Where you playing?

LENNY  
 Hey, I don't need the fuckin' third  
 degree from some piss-ant lawyer!

RUSSELL  
 Lenny, I'm not a lawyer. I'm a claims  
 adjuster.

LENNY  
 (jabbing a finger)  
 People love Pink Floyd, man! Pink  
 Floyd's perennial. Pink Floyd speaks  
 to the ages!

RUSSELL  
 Right. Anyway...

LENNY  
 Fuckin' ay, right! Pink Floyd is for-  
 fucking-ever, man!

RUSSELL  
 Okay... but, Lenny...  
 (cautiously)  
 ...you do realize you're not actually  
 in Pink Floyd. You're in Pink *Lloyd*.

LENNY  
 Is there a reason you're here?

RUSSELL  
 Yeah. Dad called.  
 (beat)  
 I think Mom is dying.

LENNY  
 (takes it in)  
 Aw, shit...  
 (sits)  
 Shit.

RUSSELL  
 (surprised by this)  
 I'm sorry, I didn't think you'd be  
 so--

LENNY  
 You fuckin' woke me up for that?

**EXT. DARLINGTON HOUSE - FLASHBACK - DAY**

A stunning two-story home in an nice section of Sacramento.

RUSSELL (V.O.)  
*My sister Darlene, on the other hand,  
 is very... well, I'll just say it:  
 Christian.*

Dew sparkles on a well-manicured lawn, surrounded by a white  
 picket fence that juts up like shark's teeth.

RUSSELL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

*I don't mean that in a derogatory way.*

*(then)*

*No, I do.*

RUSSELL'S BMW PULLS UP in front of the house. He turns off the engine and considers not getting out.

**INT. DARLINGTON'S DINING ROOM/KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

Jesus smiles down from a framed picture on the wall beside a breakfast table covered with plates that were, moments ago, brimming with scrambled eggs, bacon, toast, homemade jelly. DARLENE DARLINGTON -- Russell's older sister by a few years -- sits at one end of the table, opposite her HUSBAND DARRYL, early forties, white shirt, tie, newspaper in front of his face. They are flanked by DAUGHTER DEBBIE, 12, and SON DANNY, 10 -- two symmetrically perfect children.

DARLENE

Now remember, Deb, Bible study at 3:15, pep squad at 4:30 and then back here for piano, right?

DEBBIE

On it, Mom.

DARLENE

And, Danny...

**FREEZE FRAME on Danny:**

RUSSELL (V.O.)

*Okay, this kid, Danny... he was about to become the most important thing in my life.*

**RESUME SCENE:**

DANNY

I know, Mom, I know. Bible study, band practice, homework.

Husband Darryl checks his watch and folds the paper -- prompting a sudden flurry of plates/dishes being swept away by Darlene and the kids.

**SFX: DOORBELL**

**INT. DARLINGTON ENTRY - SECONDS LATER**

Darlene opens the door to see Russell.

DARLENE

Russell? Oh, my gosh. What a surprise.