

RANDO AND FRANDS: CHANGE

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COMEDY - RANDO AND FRANDS: CHANGE

EXT. LAUNDROMAT - MORNING

The sun begins to thaw out the downtrodden hood laundromat.

RANDO, 40-55, disheveled and wooly man rocking a kimono, enters the stage of laundromat backdrop, whistling, while CAP'N CHOWDER, a wheelchair-bound legless clown puppet in Army camo, rolls along beside him.

The two pals act nonchalant, as if they are casing the joint from either side. They meet back in the middle. Solemnly nod.

RANDO

Ready to change the world, Cap'n?

CAP'N CHOWDER

Ready for the jingle jangle, m'boy!

RANDO

Welp, laundromat's the last oasis of spare change in a digital hell.

CHOWDER

We bout to get the quarters and get CRICKETY CRUNK like a McMack Monk!

RANDO

That sounds like a derogatory shot at the Irish Catholic community.

CHOWDER

Didn't mean nothin' by it. I can't keep up with PC standards when I get my mainstream news from you!

RANDO

Touche, sir. Well, I'm no pro journalist. I'm a fucking rock icon! Let's just learn from our mistakes, OK? And don't let anyone hear you say stuff like that on these streets. I don't want your lil ass to get jumped. We all know you're useless in a fight!

CHOWDER

Yeah, well I fought your mother last night in a game of tug o' war!
(hears noises, paranoid)
Speakin' of war, enemies have us surrounded! They're in the trees!

Chowder hyperventilates. Checks bushes. Uses binoculars.
Calms down. Repurposes excess energy.

CAP'N CHOWDER

Anyway, you brought the pipes, I
brought the hype! Ready to rock?

RANDO

Ya bet your soggy bottom, bub!
Let's rage for this livin' wage!

The friends make eye contact. Get hyped. Jump up and down.
Rando does vocal warm-ups. Practices screaming.

RANDO (CONT'D)

Fa-lalala! Mimimi! DoReMiFASOLATI!
(switches to death metal
voice)
DO-RE-MI-FA-SO-LA-TI!!! ARGGGH!

Rando gags to the side. Throws up. Mostly dry heaves. Chowder
pauses his manic hype to check on Rando. Holds his hair back.

CAP'N CHOWDER

You OK, king? Need liquids?

RANDO

(stands up teary-eyed)
You know I perform better after at
least one Four Loko.

Marionette DEMON pops out from behind startled Rando's head.

DEMON

That's right, Rando. Get the money.
Get Four Loko. You want Four Loko!

Rando shakes the little demon away. Trembles.

RANDO

Pre-show jitters. Y'know how it is.

CAP'N CHOWDER

I have an obscure idea of how it
is, based on your vague
explanations of how it is.

RANDO

Shit, Chowder, it's this sick game!
I don't wanna play the game today!

Rando sobs. Chowder reaches out for understanding support.

CAP'N CHOWDER
 We're all in the trenches here.
 You're a rock icon, remember?

RANDO
 (sniffing)
 Uh... yeah?

CHOWDER
 Exactly! And do rock icons cry?

RANDO
 Uh, maybe sometimes they do?

CHOWDER
 No! Wrong! They don't! POP QUIZ!
 What do REAL rock n' roll legends
 do under the soul-crushing weight
 of late-stage capitalism, Rando?

Rando snuffles his last snuffle. Looks seriously at Chowder.

RANDO
 They... rage.

CHOWDER
 Didn't hear THAT! WHAT DO THEY DO?

RANDO
 (fever dream zoom-in)
 THEY... RAGE!!!!!!

CUT TO:

EXT. LAUNDROMAT - DAY

Rando is going full-blown beast mode tooting the blues on his rusty harmonica. Chowder is sit-dancing, doing crowd work. Rando poses like a messiah. Breaks into his lyrics.

RANDO
 (death metal voice)
 HIGHWAY TO THE DANGER ZONE! TAKE A
 RIDE INTO THE DANGER ZONE!

At this moment, the classic performance is cut short by the arrival of OFFICER BOLOGNE, 30-45, overweight uniformed male cop. He is automatically annoyed upon realizing it is Rando.

With triggered PTSD-based fear, Rando retreats quietly away from the cop and toward the corner of the building. He is ready to make a run for it. Bologne reaches for his gun.

OFFICER BOLOGNE
HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, RANDALL!

RANDO
For the last time man, it's RANDO!

OFFICER BOLOGNE
You think I don't know your legal name after bookin' ya down at the precinct what, 20 times?

RANDO
(stone-faced)
23 times.

Officer Bologne throws up his hands in laughter. Gets serious again and advances toward the flinching Rando. The cops face starts morphing into that of a swine demon.

OFFICER BOLOGNE
23 times. Wow! And you still haven't learned your lesson?

RANDO
What lesson is that? That my very existence is a crime?

OFFICER BOLOGNE
No, Randall, your existence isn't a crime, and unfortunately neither is your victim mentality!
(pauses for effect)
What is a crime, is you loitering and panhandling at the laundromat, butchering my favorite song!

RANDO
(hurt)
HEY! YOU TAKE THAT BACK! I'm breathing new life into that song! My fans appreciate my style!

Confused, Bologne, looks around to see no one else present. His face turns more into the beast. Advances. Rando recoils.

OFFICER BOLOGNE
Fans? You're a sad loser and a flat out bum. You don't have fans.
(MORE)

OFFICER BOLOGNE (CONT'D)

We got several 911 calls from people just trying to do their laundry in peace. Scared of YOU.

RANDO

Scared, of me? Why? What did I do? You're the actually scary one!

Chowder cowers down by Rando's feet. Hugs his leg.

CHOWDER

Don't push his buttons, battle bud. Remember what happened last time?

RANDO

Yeah Chowder, I remember. But don't tell me what to do. I don't take orders from you. I'll push all his buttons if I want. If he kills me this time, I'll become a rock n' roll martyr for my people.

OFFICER BOLOGNE

(full pig-demon form)

Who the hell are you talking to!?

(suddenly remembers)

Oh yeah, the clown! Better not be talking about ME. Just give me a reason to end your suffering!

Officer Bologne unholsters firearm. Aims.

OFFICER BOLOGNE (CONT'D)

Go ahead, make my day! I'll take care of the paperwork. The official report will just say "bath salts".

In a timeless Mexican standoff, Chowder pees himself.

KIKI (O.S.)

What do you think you're doing!

Rando and Officer Bologne, who returns to normal appearance, are both frozen. Their heads turn fast enough to trigger whiplash in facing the accusing voice.

The intervening speaker is KIKI DIAZ, 30, dark-skinned Hispanic woman with curly hair tied up in quick pigtails. With hands on her hips, she pierces Officer Bologne with intensely disgusted eyes. Shakes her head at him. Looks upon the otherwise helpless Rando with sincere sympathy.

Rando looks upon her as an all-powerful benevolent angel who somehow still looks horrifying with all black eyes, a glowing halo of lightning.

Rando is in love.

KIKI (CONT'D)

What kinda MAN, makes a living off taxpayer dollars, just to go around bullying the disenfranchised folks?

OFFICER BOLOGNE

Well, I... He's... I know Randall! OK? Everyone knows he's a nuisance! The people called in to complain!

KIKI

No! Officer... Bologne? You and the other public servants abusing their power, you are the nuisance!
(gestures around)
You been paying attention to the streets you patrol? The people are shouting many complaints about you!

Meanwhile, Rando is lost in the gooey-eyed admiration of this grotesque angel coming to his rescue. He doesn't hear a word.

OFFICER BOLOGNE

Oh yeah, well without me, these streets would be run amok with domestic terrorists like RANDALL!

Rando snaps out of it, offended when he realizes Officer Bologne doesn't respect his chosen name.

RANDO

It's RANDO, FOOL!
(offended gasp)
And domestic terrorist? I live in a tent! My BFF is a legless Vietnam vet! Tell em, Cap'n Chowder!

Rando gestures to Cap'n Chowder, who the two humans are unable to see. KiKi appears sad to hear about Cap'n Chowder. Officer Bologne chuckles with his "I told you so" at Kiki.

Cap'n Chowder shakes his head at Rando, flabbergasted.

CAP'N CHOWDER

Don't you know they can't see me?
I'm wearing state-of-the-art camo!
Can't believe you'd blow my cover!

OFFICER BOLOGNE

(to Kiki)

Clearly, the man needs help. He is also a threat to society. It's a Catch-22. I don't know what to do!

KIKI

I'm his social worker, so I do!

(sweetly to Rando)

Hey Rando, you need help sweetie?

Rando nods uncontrollably with a gaping mouth drooling.

KIKI (CONT'D)

What brought you to the laundromat today? Were you looking for change? Human connection?

RANDO

Uhh... both? Yeah...

KIKI

I know it's hard for you to get the spare change to survive out here now with all cash going digital.

RANDO

You got that right! But at least the dumpsters aren't digital! That's where I get my din-din!

KIKI

Oh lord. It shouldn't be like that in the richest country on earth.

(To Officer Bologne)

You know what that's like, Officer? To get din-din from a dumpster?

Officer Bologne shakes his head in shame.

KIKI (CONT'D)

You know how much it costs taxpayers to pay your salary and keep this human being in a cage?

Officer Bologne ignores her question. Pouts.

KIKI (CONT'D)

Lot more than \$10, which I'm sure you have in your wallet to tip extorted sex workers. Cough it up!

Reluctantly, officer Bologne fishes in his pocket and hands KiKi a crumpled ten. She then hands the money to Rando, who lights up like it's Christmas morning.

KIKI (CONT'D)

See, that was a lot easier than shooting and killing a man, huh?

Officer Bologne gives them both dirty looks. Holsters his gun. Exits scene.

Rando is delighted at the money still. Looks at it in the sun. KiKi shakes her head. Smiles at Rando. Checks watch.

Rando turns back to KiKi. Approaches like deranged Casanova.

RANDO

That was sexy as shit! You're my hero. An angel queen from Venus! Lemme take ya out on the town!

KIKI

(awkwardly distant)
I'm flattered! You're a sweetie. I'd love to, but I'm working! It's 11am. More folks to help out here!

RANDO

So... I'm not your only one?

KIKI

No, Rando. I'm sorry. The class warfare don't stop!

Disappointed, Rando goes in for a hug. KiKi obliges without pressing bodies together. Can barely stand his stench. Waves and walks away in a flash. Rando turns back to Cap'n Chowder.

RANDO

Mark my words, Cap'n: Someday, I'll marry that fairy! But, til then...

Rando holds up the \$10 bill again and snaps it.

CUT TO:

EXT. EMPTY LOT TENT CAMPSITE - DAY

Rando pops the top on a Four Loko, opens a can of Vienna Sausages, while Cap'n Chowder and all his available puppet pals join in on a dance party celebration of the simple life.