

Marshall & Me

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The First Five
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INT. KITCHEN - MORNING.

GRAM GRAM (Grayed hair, early 70s, wears a floral house dress, imagining a makeup aged Cheri Oteri) sweating and harried, hustles like Bobby Flay mid dinner rush. She chops like a maniac, then tosses the medley into a buttered frying pan.

GRAM GRAM

Dylan!

She swivels to the counter, pries a fresh Belgian from a waffle maker, a quick dusting of confectioner's sugar before she moves to an egg carton.

GRAM GRAM (cont'd)

Quit playing grab ass! Breakfast's almost ready!

She cracks five into a bowl then glances back toward the hall--

GRAM GRAM (cont'd)

What's he doing in there?? Dylan.
Dylan. Dylan. Dylan. Dylan. Dylan.
Dylan... Dylan. Dylan. Dylan. Dylan. Dylan.
Dylan.

A short beat.

GRAM GRAM (cont'd)

Dylan. **Dylan.** DYLAN!

A kitchen timer DINGS! She wipes sweat from her brow, removes a pan of cinnamon rolls from the oven, grabs a pastry bag full of icing, goes to work.

INT. DYLAN'S BEDROOM - MORNING.

WE PAN across a pre-teen boy's bedroom. Star Wars, Legos, Avengers bobbleheads, Dragonball Z bedspread.

DYLAN (O.S.)

(Feminine)

Oh Dr. Banner, sorry I meant Hulk,
Mister Hulk, I um, well I was just
wondering...

We PUSH PAST the bed. On the floor playing with a Hulk and Black Widow action figure is a grown man with a bulging gut. DYLAN KLESKY. Imagining Paul Rudd.

DYLAN
(Hulk-like)
It's okay. Many wonder. Few ask. Hulk penis. Also green, but unfortunately same size as regular man.

DYLAN
(Feminine)
I wasn't even thinking about that! Oh my gosh, *Hulk*! I think I'm blushing... Anyway, I was wondering... Just as a goof we should totally kiss, right? Wouldn't that be hilarious, and we don't even have to tell the other Avengers, you know? Let's just be spontaneous for once and throw caution into the wind? Like, why not right?

Dylan has headphones on, wears an over-sized t-shirt featuring a skateboarding T-Rex, and has a 5 o'clock shadow.

DYLAN
(Hulk)
Hulk agree. Spontaneous. Caution in wind. But you should know. Hulk prefer. Being bachelor. Hulk not big on titles.

DYLAN (cont'd)
(Feminine)
Totally. I'm like the same way. I was just telling Hawkeye last week, Titles, "schmitles". Let's kiss.

He slowly moves the dolls together, makes them "kiss".

DYLAN (cont'd)
(Feminine)
Mwah-Mwah-mwah... Oh Mister Hulk, I think we should move in together.

DYLAN (cont'd)
(Hulk)
Uh... Hulk just remember. Excuse. Gotta go.

Dylan makes his Hulk action figure run off when--

GRAM GRAM (O.S.)
(From the kitchen)
DYLAAN! Get your *tuchus* in here!

MARSHALL (O.S.)
(Closer)
Yo D? D?!

Dylan spins around, hearing the nearer voice.

DYLAN
Huh?

WE REVERSE to find THE ONE AND ONLY MARSHALL MATHERS AKA EMINEM.

MARSHALL
(Miming)
Headphones man, c'mon!

A playful guffaw as Dylan leans on the bed.

DYLAN
(Removing them)
Hey Marshall!

MARSHALL
Yeah, hey Gram Gram's yelling her head off, bitch is giving me a migraine.

DYLAN
Wha--?

GRAM GRAM (O.S.)
Dylan! Breakfast is ready!

Marshall nods. *That.*

DYLAN
Oh. Okay. Hey um Marshall, do you think one day I'll be as good a rapper as you are?

MARSHALL
Uh no. Probably not. Yeah. I don't see that happening...

Dylan drops his head, disappointed.

MARSHALL (cont'd)
But I mean, that shouldn't stop you. You know? You could still be a rapper, it's just, I'm like up here, at the literal top of the game, and you, you're not even on the register.

DYLAN

I'm not?

MARSHALL

Last I checked, but let's see where you're at, give me some bars.

DYLAN

Oh but I'm uh, think I have a cold, just now... Maybe phlebitis.

MARSHALL

Just let it flow. I'll give you a beat.

Marshall begins to beat box, while Dylan readies himself.

DYLAN

Mmkay. Let it flow. Here we go. *Here we go.* One, two and... NOPE. One, two, three annnd, DANG. Okay, here it comes, here it comes, and the next one is coming, it's coming right now, and I'm totally-totally-totally ready for it, and a one and a two and uh-SHUCKS!

Marshall shakes his head...

DYLAN (cont'd)

Okay. Okay. Okay. I'm ready, I'm ready, and--

MARSHALL

Will you just fucking go already?!

And Dylan jumps in, more out of fright than anything.

DYLAN

*I once had a hamster!
His name was Mister Bubbles!
I left his cage open...
He pooped in my shoe.
And then I got grounded!
I think it was Flag Day?
So then I ate a bug--*

MARSHALL

Hold up, hold up. Dylan, rule number one, a rap has to rhyme man.

Dylan flails his arms dramatically, like kids sometimes do.

DYLAN

Awww! I messed it all up!

MARSHALL

Relax. First off, R-I-P to Bubbles, I understand why you went there. I think the problem is you're trying too hard Dylan.

DYLAN

Oh yeah, I was thinking that's what I was doing, but I wasn't a hundred percent on that.

MARSHALL

You just- You have to tap into the present moment, images and words and ideas right at your fingertips, it's like a bridge is burning and you gotta run across it, you just keep moving, it's adrenaline and survival instincts, you understand?

DYLAN

Like Call of Duty, when you're on the hardest setting...

MARSHALL

Ah sure, whatever. Look, this time don't try so hard, let the words roll out, but don't force 'em. Use smaller ones and make them rhyme.

DYLAN

Got it. Smaller. Words. Make. Rhyme.

MARSHALL

C'mon.

Marshall begins to beat box again.

DYLAN

(Start/stop)

I don't know my mom...

...Or my dad

I was born in the body...

...Of a full grown man.

Dylan's eyes light up.

MARSHALL

Don't stop.