

LIL QUEASY

Written by

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EXT. ROAD - MORNING

Overgrown grass surrounds a single lane road. Weeds grow over Sun-bleached cans of Arizona iced tea. The loud buzzing of mosquitos is interrupted by the sound of a small engine.

TITLE CARD: Yulee, Florida

This is not sexy Florida. This is Yulee, a town just north of Jacksonville in the middle of nowhere.

TANNER DIETERS (18) speeds down the road on his GAS POWERED SCOOTER. He has a mullet, wire-frame glasses and wears a Catholic School uniform, a blue polo and khakis. Despite it being over 90 degrees out, he has a red 80's glam rock fringe jacket. It's not about being cool, but looking cool.

A wagon tied to the back of his scooter carries stacks of his 'dope' MIXED CD'S. Tanner hits a bump in the road, sending one of the CDs overboard.

As he zooms by, we close in on the lone CD left in the dust. It features a picture of Tanner's rap alter-ego with the words **LIL QUEASY**. Definitely the product of Microsoft Paint.

CRUNCH. The tire of a Ford Truck rolls over the album, causing it to shatter.

EXT. SAINT THOMAS HIGH SCHOOL - MORNING

A Catholic high school that hasn't been renovated in decades. Students in matching uniforms trickle in.

Tanner zooms through the parking lot. He passes two students using a BLUE TARP and a HOSE to create a pool in the bed of their pickup truck.

TANNER

Mornin' boys!

They ignore him. Tanner notices a girl filming him from across campus. She crouches down behind the hood of a car, following him with an HD CAMCORDER. He does a double take.

Trying to impress, Tanner quickly whips his handlebars to drift. But he whips too hard. The scooter launches him and his CDs. He scrambles to protect the merchandise.

TANNER

(to no one in particular)
Don't worry, they're all good.

No one is worrying. Tanner is a small fish in a toxic pond.

INT. SAINT THOMAS HIGH SCHOOL - SCHOOL STORE

Students crowd the hallway, walking past the utility-closet-turned-general-store. Pens. Paper. Rosaries. Pickled eggs. The essentials.

Outside the store, off to the side, Tanner posts up with his wagon. A PRAYER CLOTH drapes over the merchandise, poorly concealing the CDs. BIBLES stacked on top.

A rando FRESHMAN holds one of his albums.

Tanner hits play on the \$30 BOOMBOX from Walgreens. A super compressed version of his song crackles through. We can't make it out.

TANNER

(proud)

Two full hours of this.

FRESHMAN

Can I get a refund?

TANNER

No.

The freshman tosses the CD onto the Bibles and leaves.

HUNTER (18), Tanner's best friend, turns the boombox off. He wears a letterman jacket that's too big for him.

TANNER

Hunter! OK, go, what'd you think?!

HUNTER

I thought it was better. Forreal.
How much are you charging?

TANNER

Twenty bucks for the standard.
Thirty for the Extra Queasy
edition. Also taking crypto once I
figure out what it is.

HUNTER

What's the Queasy one come with?

TANNER

My signature. And a bookmark.

Tanner reaches into his jacket and pulls out a stack of BOOKMARKS. They're cut poorly and covered in tacky, Microsoft Paint images of Tanner posing with flames.

HUNTER

You make these on MS Paint? And why are they covered in dirt?

TANNER

Frikkin paparazzi bro. Some fangirl blinded me with her camera. Click. Flash. Swerve. Curb. Aerial. Cleared the parking lot. Crash.

JAKE (18) approaches Tanner with a shit-eating grin. He wears a letterman jacket his mom had tailored to fit perfectly. His posse follows wearing the same jacket.

JAKE

What's *poppin* Tanner?

TANNER

Just selling the hottest thing to drop since my last album. Quintessentially Queasy, Volume 4. New school beats, old school flow. So sick, it'll leave you feelin'--

Tanner points to Hunter, waiting for him to finish his sentence. Hunter stares at the ground. Mouth SHUT.

TANNER

(disappointed)
Queasy, baby.

Tanner checks both ways before discreetly lifting the cloth to flaunt the merchandise. Jake and his posse snicker.

JAKE

Doesn't look like you sold a lot.

TANNER

I'm not in it for the money, Jake. In fact, I got a couple *free* copies for you and the crew. All signed.

Sniffing freedom, Hunter inches away when--

TANNER

Hunter loves it, right?

HUNTER

(mumbling)
Dunno what you're talkin' bout.

The jocks laugh. Hunter wishes he were dead. Jake pretends to trip, knocking the wagon over like an ass. The metal makes a loud BANG that echoes throughout the hallway.

JAKE

Whoopsie.

We follow the echo down the hall where it catches the attention of--

TANNER

Oh no. She's here.

She is SISTER HAYES (70s). The nun turns the corner like Michael Myers. She storms toward Tanner, arms crossed.

He quickly 'fixes' his faux Bible display by shoving as much as he can under the wagon. Not a Queasy CD in sight.

Be cool, baby. Be cool.

TANNER

You look ravishing, Sister Hayes.
Would you like to buy a Bible?

Tanner follows Sister Hayes gaze to the ground to find a lone copy of Quintessentially Queasy, Volume 4.

Sister Hayes picks it up with her finger tips, DISGUSTED. Tanner looks around at all the students staring at him.

TANNER

(whispers)
Shall we take this to your office?

INT. SISTER HAYES OFFICE - MORNING

An oak desk surrounded by crosses and way too many Jesus paintings. An army of PRECIOUS MOMENTS FIGURINES sit on a shelf with trinkets students have made over the years.

Sister Hayes's computer screen is on, displaying a Precious Moments storefront.

Tanner sits in a creaky, wicker chair. He slouches back, all too familiar with this routine.

SISTER HAYES

Mr. Dieters, what did I say about peddling secular music at school?

TANNER

My voice no longer belongs to God,
Sister. It belongs to the streets.

SISTER HAYES

It's unfortunate the "streets"
don't make the rules around here,
He does. If only you'd channel your
talen- ambitions toward something
productive.

TANNER

Like what? Simping for Jesus? In my
defense, I say "Bless Up," "God
Almighty," "On God."

SISTER HAYES

(reading from her notes)
Bless up to all my street soldiers.
God Almighty her waist is tiny. Her
butt cheeks clap/applaud, on God.

TANNER

They're clapping *for* God- Wait, you
listened?! Did you like it?
Favorite lyric, go!

Sister Hayes crosses her arms. She stares past her thin
reading glasses into Tanner's soul, the fear paralyzing him.

Silent tension. Tanner REFUSES to make eye contact.

TANNER

Well you're busy, let me get out of
your hair so you can do nun stuff.

SISTER HAYES

Not so fast, Beastie Boy.

Sister Hayes retrieves a form from a stack. Tanner sighs,
detention. She fills it out with alarming familiarity.

SISTER HAYES

I'm going to need an autograph from
Mr. Queasy's father on this
detention slip.

TANNER

Another example of the Catholic
Church stifling creativity.

Tanner rips the slip from Sister Hayes's desk and scrambles
to grab his wagon.

Sister Hayes tries to get back to her online shopping, but
sounds of splintering wood and creaking metal distract her.

She looks up from her desk to find the wagon suddenly airborne, wedged in the door frame.

SISTER HAYES
Get to class! Leave it!

Tanner ducks under the wagon to leave, but not before taking a handful of CDs.

SISTER HAYES
Leave those too!

He angrily slams the CDs back on top of the wagon, causing it to PLUMMET to the floor. Discs, plastic shrapnel and a wagon wheel go flying.

A furious Sister Hayes jumps from her desk.

Tanner SPRINTS down the hall.

SISTER HAYES
On my desk, signed, tomorrow!

EXT. DIETERS HOME - DAY

A small, two-bedroom home with a dry, unkept lawn. An AMERICAN FLAG flies below a FLORIDA GATORS FLAG on a rusty pole in the middle of the yard.

Tanner locks his scooter to the flagpole. He drags his broken wagon behind him. The corner missing a tire scrapes against the concrete.

INT. DIETERS HOME - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A wood-paneled living room stuck in the 90s. TIM TEBOW merchandise decorating the walls. Posters, Fatheads, etc.

DAN (50s), shirt stained with bacon grease and Pine-Sol, sits in his La-Z-Boy wearing a bathrobe. He sips a STEEL RESERVE while listening to a POLICE SCANNER next to him. A pile of DISCS and ALBUM INSERTS serves as an eyesore in the room.

POLICE SCANNER
10-38. A green Honda just pulled in to the Zaxby's on Flagler. Rolled a stop sign a couple streets back.

DAN
(muttering)
Get em. Get their ass. Stop sign rolling mother--

Tanner shuffles in with his wagon of CD debris, clutching the DISCIPLINARY SLIP.

TANNER

Yo dad, you gotta sign this.

Dan yanks the DISCIPLINARY FORM from Tanner, quickly realizes what it is, and hands it back.

DAN

Why the hell am I gettin' roped into this?

TANNER

Cause you're my dad.

DAN

That ain't mean nothing.

TANNER

But if you don't sign it I'll get detention.

DAN

You best forge my signature real good then. Seems fair after you jacked my discs up. You wanna tell me why my Jo Dee Messina albums sit UNPROTECTED?

TANNER

I needed a couple--

DAN

Come on over.

TANNER

(relieved)
Thanks Dad.

DAN

No! 'Come On Over.' Shania Twain.

Dan delicately lifts the Shania disc off the table.

DAN

This how you treat the 8th best selling album of all time?!

TANNER

Sorry. But also not sorry at all because I'm willing to do anything to make it. Physical media is in.

DAN

Stop acting like you know a damn thing about things. Obsessing over an industry that don't want you.

TANNER

(under his breath)

Better than obsessing over a 34-year-old man.

DAN

You leave Tebow outta this! That man won you two natties! Rush for 3,000 yards and you can do whatever the hell you want. Til then, touch my CDs and I'll kick your teeth in.

TANNER

Fine. Your music blows anyway. I'd rather listen to Kenny Chesney.

Dan slams his fist against the wall. It hurts, and it shows.

DAN

Do NOT say that man's name under my roof. You understand me?

TANNER

Yeah.

DAN

Yeah, what?

TANNER

Yeah, sir.

DAN

You're gonna put every CD back in its rightful case. Now.

Tanner goes to his room, shuts the door. Dan relaxes back into his chair. His SMARTPHONE has a Tim Tebow wallpaper. He unlocks it and opens TINDER.

Realizing he isn't done saying his piece—

DAN

You know who never got detention? The first Sophomore to EVER win the Heisman!

INT. DIETERS HOME - THE NEXT MORNING

Dan stumbles into the living room wearing a FLORIDA GATORS robe. He's greeted by a pile of DVD DISCS.

DAN
Dadgummit, Tanner!

Dan picks up the closest disc, a copy of FIELD OF DREAMS, with a mournful look on his face.

INT. SAINT THOMAS HIGH SCHOOL - MORNING

Tanner waves the 'FIELD OF DREAMS' case in one hand, a COUPON SHEET in the other.

He has a wagon full of DVD CASES, most of them from "The Midnight Special with Wolfman Jack" box set.

TANNER
Quintessentially Queasy Ultra
Deluxe Edition! Comes with a
Whataburger coupon.

His carnival barking trails off when he notices the commotion coming down the halls. POLICE OFFICERS split the sea of students. They escort BERNIE KLEVINS, your typical burnout. A hysteric Sister Hayes pleads with the officers.

SISTER HAYES
This has to be a mistake. Our
Bernie would never!

TANNER
(antagonizingly childish)
Ooooooo! Sister, what'd Bernie do?

SISTER HAYES
They think he robbed a Girl Scout.

TANNER
They had Thin Mints, didn't they?

BERNIE
I took their money, idiot.
(realizing incrimination)
Oh, wait... shoot.

Our 'camera girl' from the first scene is back. She keeps her face scrunched behind the lens, locked on Tanner. He doesn't notice her.

TANNER
Officers, wait! Please!

The police stop, reluctantly giving Tanner their attention.

TANNER
Do either of you listen to rap?

They roll their eyes and continue dragging Bernie, leaving a distressed Sister Hayes and a shocked student body behind.

SISTER HAYES
One day, he's working on our hype video. The next, dancing with the devil behind bars.

TANNER
Hype video? Elaborate.

SISTER HAYES
The video that plays before the homecoming game. He volunteered to make it, but now... Satan.

Tanner's BULGING eyes relay the inception of a big idea.

TANNER
We need to face facts. Bernie is gone, probably forever. You can't blame yourself for his actions.

SISTER HAYES
Thank you for those... words, Tanner.

TANNER
But you *can* blame yourself for trusting a criminal. Now you gotta find a student talented enough to make a music video in a week.

He proudly stares at the albums he's peddling, letting his words hang. Sister Hayes CANNOT BELIEVE he's doing this now.

SISTER HAYES
Don't you owe me a signed disciplinary slip?

TANNER
(ignoring her completely)
Alright, fine, yes, I'll do it.
What are we thinkin' budget-wise?

SISTER HAYES
God will open other doors for you.

TANNER

God just slammed a door on Bernie Klevin's face. Fortunately, it's a revolving door and here I come.

SISTER HAYES

Sometimes doors that look open are actually paintings on brick walls.

TANNER

Didn't you say I need to channel my talents into ambitions or some crap? Say no more, Sister.

Sister Hayes folds her hands, and quietly pleads into them.

SISTER HAYES

Lord, forgive me for the chaos this will surely cause.

TANNER

Hell yeah!

Off Sister Hayes disapproving look—

TANNER

Heaven yeah?

SISTER HAYES

I assume you have a camera? I can't help you with this, my hands need to be as clean as possible.

TANNER

Sister, I'm a multimedia savant signed to a label that I also own. Of course I have a camera.

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

TANNER (O.S.)

I need a camera. Once I get one, the video is happening.

Students cram into the plastic blue lunch tables.

Teachers watch over the students like wardens from a long table in front.

Hunter hangs off the end of the football players' table.

Tanner crouches down next to him wearing RUBBER GLOVES. He chows down on a CUP OF CHILI, with a garbage bag at his feet.

HUNTER

Does it have to happen? Can it not happen? Please. What if it sucks?

TANNER

It's not gonna suck. This is Queasy we're talkin' about.

HUNTER

I don't think Queasy needs visuals.

TANNER

Video killed the radio star,
Hunter. Killed it. When people see me, they see a rapper without a music video. And that's a problem.

Tanner looks past Hunter to find his stalker sitting by herself and filming him.

TANNER

This chick is obsessed with me.
(shouting)
GET A LIFE!

His shouting attracts everyone's attention, but they quickly lose interest when they realize it's just Tanner.

HUNTER

Jesus, dude, stop yelling. Have you tried *talking* to her?

TANNER

(scoffs)
No, why would I-

Tanner's eyes widen, another epiphany.

TANNER

You're saying I should use her for her camera. Great idea.

Hunter nearly chokes on his soda.

HUNTER

No. Not. Bad idea. Horrible-

TANNER

Time for me to put the moves on.
You done with your food?

Before Hunter can answer, Tanner dumps the half eaten lunch, plastic tray and all, into his garbage bag.

HUNTER

I guess so.

The girl with the camera, JENNIFER (18), doodles a squiggly line of ketchup on her CORNDOG.

Tanner plops down across from her with his chili. He swings his bag of trash onto the lunch table.

TANNER

Stop hogging the ketchup, new girl.

JENNIFER

You're eating chili.

TANNER

It isn't moist enough.

JENNIFER

Oh, we can't have that. Allow me.

Jennifer leans over the table toward Tanner. She holds the ketchup over his bowl of chili like an Olive Garden waitress.

JENNIFER

Tell me when.

Jennifer PUNCHES down on the red, rubber tube as hard as she can. Ketchup SPEWS into Tanner's chili. But he doesn't falter. He stares into her eyes, never saying when.

TANNER

I'm a rapper.

JENNIFER

You don't look like a rapper.

TANNER

Why, cause I'm white?
(rehearsed speech)
Hip Hop originated in Black neighborhoods as an expression of rebellion and discontent. It's a form of expression that resonates with me. I may be a culture vulture, but I'm not ignorant.

JENNIFER

No, cause you have a mullet.

Oh. He takes a step off of his defensive soap box.

TANNER

Well what do your favorite rappers look like?

JENNIFER

I don't like music.

TANNER

Then what do you listen to in the shower?

JENNIFER

True Crime podcasts.

TANNER

Can you dance to it?

JENNIFER

Sometimes.

Jennifer drains the bottle till it sputters. Ketchup droplets pelt Tanner's shirt. He doesn't care. She grabs another bottle. A bottle that was inches from Tanner this whole time.

JENNIFER

Still looks a bit dry.

Jennifer continues to make a ketchup mountain in his chili.

TANNER

I bet if you heard my music you'd start liking rap. Dropped my fourth album today. It's all everyone is talking about.

He pauses, allowing her to be impressed. She isn't.

TANNER

Still waiting on Pitchfork to review the first three.

(a beat)

When.

Jennifer puts the ketchup bottle down. Tanner stares at his bowl of ketchup.

TANNER

I'm not hungry anymore.

Silence.

TANNER

What's your name?

JENNIFER

Jennifer. My mom calls me Jenni.

TANNER

Tanner, everyone calls me Lil Queasy.

SISTER HAYES (O.S.)

(shouting)

Tanner! Leave that poor girl alone.

TANNER

(shouting)

We're talking about God!

(to Jennifer)

This school hates everything I stand for.

JENNIFER

What do you stand for?

TANNER

Freedom of expression, freedom of speech, Civil Rights, Women's Rights, Gay Rights. Pretty much all the rights.

JENNIFER

Even the rights granted under the Transportation Act of 1920 that protect the predatory privatization of our railway systems?

TANNER

(completely lost)

Absolutely. All of the rights.

DONG. The church bell signals for the students to pack up.

TANNER

Let's cut to the chase. Your camera. I want it. What's it going to take for you to hand it over?

JENNIFER

A federal warrant, signed by a judge. No one touches my camera.

TANNER

Excuse me, wouldn't want to interrupt your constant filming of me. Which is weird, by the way. Whatsup with that?

JENNIFER

I think you're interesting.

Tanner smiles.

JENNIFER

Like a baboon playing with its feces.

TANNER

Jerk.

He huffs, puffs, and storms off. Jennifer giggles.

JENNIFER

Take it easy, Lil Queasy.

Tanner smiles, finally hearing someone call him Lil Queasy.

INT. DIETERS HOME - NIGHT

Later that night. Archive footage of Tim Tebow's famous, emotional "I Promise" speech plays on the TV. Dan lounges in his LA-Z-BOY, huffs Flonase, sheds a few tears. Beer in hand.

Tim speaks after the tough loss. Dan mouths the speech, word for word.

TIM TEBOW

You will never see someone push the rest of the team as hard as I will push everybody the rest of the season, and you will never see a team play harder than we will the rest of the season. God Bless.

That final 'God Bless' opens Dan's floodgates. The emotional moment is ruined by Tanner's entrance.

TANNER

Dad, how do you get girls to give you stuff?

DAN

You don't, boy. Women don't give, they take. Trust me. You let one in, and she'll run off with everything you own 'cept the shirt off your back. And that's cause it's a double X-L.

DING. Dan looks at the TINDER NOTIFICATION on his phone. He aggressively wipes his tears and opens the app.

RENEW NOW! YOUR PREMIUM IS ABOUT TO EXPIRE!

Dan, aggravated, tosses his phone on the ground. He sits in silence, overcome with emotion. He finally re-engages Tanner.

TANNER

There's nothing I can do to get a girl to like me?

His father ponders hard, reminiscing on years of dating failures.

DAN

Fancy clothes.

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

The next day.

OPEN ON: Tanner wearing a STONE COLD STEVE AUSTIN VEST over his school uniform. He has a PESTICIDE TANK on his back, spraying the liquid indiscriminately in the buggy heat.

Jennifer films a butterfly playing on a bed of flowers.

The butterfly flies for safety when a monsoon of pesticide nearly drowns it.

Jennifer glares at Tanner for an explanation, but he turns his back to her in an attempt to flaunt his vest.

JENNIFER

What the hell are you doing?

TANNER

Detention. Sister says my vest is offensive. It's pretty fancy, huh?

The front of his vest reads "Austin 3:16." The back reads 'WHOO ASS.' He lowers the tank to give her a better look.

JENNIFER

I hate to admit it, but that is a pretty cool vest.

TANNER

It's homemade.

JENNIFER

Did your mom make it for you?

TANNER

I don't have a mom. I made it myself.

JENNIFER

Is your mom dead?

TANNER

Probably. She left when I was little to be a groupie for Kenny Chesney.

Tanner, dejected, stares at the ground as he unknowingly sprays pesticide into an open window.

TANNER

Yeah, it's pretty painful. Having a camera would really help though.

JENNIFER

Is that why you want to be a musician? Because your mom left you and your dad for one?

TANNER

Kenny Chesney is not a musician, he's a country artist.
(a beat)
People like rappers. People give them love, cars, bottle service.

JENNIFER

What's bottle service?

TANNER

I'm not sure. But I want it.

He silently sprays, looking over his shoulder every three seconds to gauge if she's interested.

JENNIFER

I want to be a documentarian.

TANNER

Like organizing files and stuff?

JENNIFER

No, but that would be fun. I want to make documentaries.

TANNER

Documentaries blow. You'll be great at making them.

JENNIFER

How do you know?

TANNER

I don't. You could suck at it. I was just telling you what I wish people would tell me.

Jennifer blushes, slowly coming around to the softer side of the irrationally confident rapper.

JENNIFER

I found one of your CDs in the trash yesterday. Well, actually, I found a lot of them in the trash.

TANNER

What'd you think?! What's your favorite song? I bet it was 'Quease Lightning.'

JENNIFER

That line you have about no one believing in you spoke to me. 'Nobody believe in me, feelin' like Casey Anthony.'

If this were animated, he'd melt into a puddle hearing someone recite his lyrics. And not in a mocking way!

JENNIFER

She's guilty, you know.

TANNER

Well, yeah.

A moment of silence for Florida's judicial system.

JENNIFER

I'll film your video, if you want.

TANNER

Really?! Why? Was it the vest?

JENNIFER

Nope. Well, maybe? Have you seen those Sarah McLachlan commercials with the sad, helpless animals?

TANNER

Yeah.

JENNIFER

Mhmm, so you get it.

She smiles blankly at Tanner. He doesn't get it.

JENNIFER

You handle the audio. I want full creative control over visuals.

TANNER

Hold it, lady. FULL?!

Tanner contemplates relinquishing control with a series of dramatic grunts and groans.

He stops grumbling and gauges her reaction. Not buying it.

TANNER

Fine, Director.

JENNIFER

I'm sensing you have problems with collaboration. Therapy could help.

TANNER

My dad says therapy is for people who don't watch football.

JENNIFER

Your dad sounds like an idiot.

TANNER

He is. You should come over and see what he does for work. I can give you a tour of my home studio too!

He excitedly tosses the pesticide tank into some bushes.

JENNIFER

What about class?

TANNER

Easier getting forgiveness than permission with Catholics. That's why they have Confession.

Tanner takes off his Stone Cold vest.

TANNER

You wanna wear it?

Jennifer blushes, nods her head. Tanner puts it on her.

JENNIFER

It's warm.

A beat.

TANNER
Ok, give it back now.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

After school, Tanner drives his scooter down the road. Jennifer stands on the back with her arms around his waist.

Tanner yells over the guzzling engine.

TANNER
There's a dead possum up here. Been there about a week.

Tanner's mullet blows in the wind, whipping Jennifer in the face. He swerves back and forth like an asshole.

EXT. DIETERS HOME - DAY

Tanner and Jennifer pull up to the house. A SUSPICIOUS CAR is parked across the street. TWO MEN in SUNGLASSES spy on them. Tanner is unbothered.

Jennifer does a concerned double take, following Tanner into—

INT. DIETERS HOME - LIVING ROOM

Dan peaks through the blinds. Tanner and Jennifer enter.

DAN
Quick, quick, shut the door.

JENNIFER
Hello Queasy Senior. I'm Jennifer.

DAN
(uninterested)
That's great. Here.

Dan hands Tanner a MEAT MALLETT.

DAN
Don't tell me--

Tanner SMASHES Dan's LEFT FOOT with the hammer. Dan screams. Jennifer shrieks.

DAN
Dgyah, Tanner! Wrong foot.

TANNER
Dang, I keep doin' that. Sorry.

DAN
It's fine. Now don't warn me when--

Tanner SMASHES his other foot. Dan fails to stifle a cry.

DAN
Great job, boy.

Dan grabs the bag of TRASH and hobbles out the door. Off Jennifer's very concerned face, Tanner explains.

TANNER
He's been collecting disability checks from work for months.

JENNIFER
Couldn't that do permanent damage?

TANNER
I think that's what he's hoping for. Come on, my room is this way.

JENNIFER
Why doesn't he just act injured?

TANNER
He can't act. He bought a book on acting, but quit when he realized 'Stan Slovaski' was Russian.

Jennifer doesn't follow--

TANNER
He still hasn't forgiven them for killing Apollo Creed.

Tanner heads to his room. Jennifer takes out her camcorder and does a sweep of the room. She zooms in on a collection of PHOTOS of Tanner and Dan. They're happy.

A FAMILY PHOTO of Tanner, Dan, and a woman. But the woman is covered. By a magazine cutout of Tim Tebow.

INT. TANNER'S ROOM - DAY

POSTERS of rappers cover the walls. An OLD MACBOOK sits on a desk. The bedroom windows open with mosquito screens on them.

TANNER

And this is where the magic happens. The music, I mean. Not sex. I've never done that, just rapped about it.

JENNIFER

I figured.

TANNER

Have you?

JENNIFER

I've dabbled.

Jennifer takes out her camera and starts filming the room.

She stops on a poster of rapper wearing a COWBOY HAT on top of RAINBOW DREAMS. TATTOOS everywhere. The words TIM MCRAW.

JENNIFER

This Tim McRaw fella looks interesting.

TANNER

He's the truth. Easily the best rapper of all time.

JENNIFER

I doubt he's better than Queasy.

TANNER

He's got a show in Jax this week.

But Jennifer couldn't care less about McRaw. She's here for Lil Q. She playfully winks, aiming her camera at Tanner.

JENNIFER

Rap for me.

TANNER

Right now? Like freestyle? I ate a bunch of ice earlier and got a brain freeze so I'm working at half speed. Plus the temperature in here-

JENNIFER

I'm waiting.

TANNER

Chillin' in my room with this shawty named Jennifer.

His brain stops. His eyes widen as he claws for a rhyme.

TANNER
 (mumbling)
 Her. Fur. Sir. Grrr. Ben-Hur.

Abort. Abort! Quick, grab an excuse.

TANNER
 I can't concentrate with that red
 light blinding me.

Jennifer skeptically inspects the faint red RECORDING LIGHT.

TANNER
 Let me show you something I already
 wrote. Without a laser beam burning
 my corneas.

He flips open the laptop and cranks his CHEAP ASS SPEAKERS.

TANNER
 I'll play a Queasy Classic for you.

He slaps the button where his spacebar should be. Impossible to tell if it's good through the CRACKLING SPEAKERS.

TANNER
 I made this after my dad yelled at
 me for saying Tim TeBlow. I do my
 best work when I'm in trouble, and
 I'm usually in trouble. I embrace
 my anger and anti-establishment.

Jennifer nods, grimacing. Lil Queasy starts rapping. The poor quality makes it sound like he's deepthroating a microphone.

Tanner bops his head, mouthing the words we can't make out.

JENNIFER
 It sounds like you recorded it on a
 Speak N Spell.

Tanner shuts his laptop.

TANNER
 I guess this isn't cutting it.

Tanner picks up the OLD, EARLY 2000'S BLUETOOTH HEADSET off of his desk. The kind gas stations sell next to the bananas.

TANNER
 Doesn't help that I keep sitting on
 it by accident.

JENNIFER

Just put it away when you're not using it.

He hadn't thought of that.

TANNER

Hindsight is outta the mind's sight. No more mediocre.

He slams the headset on the ground. It doesn't break so Jennifer STEPS on it, smiling as it CRUNCHES.

JENNIFER

Does anyone at school have equipment we can borrow?

Two seconds of deep thought and— *Of course!* Flinging the door open, Tanner runs out of his room. The door bounces off the wall and slams shut behind him.

INT. DIETERS HOME - LIVING ROOM

Dan lounges, listening to his police radio. He has FROZEN PEA BAGS on his feet. Tanner runs past him, Jennifer trailing.

DAN

Hey! Where you off to?

TANNER

To beg for studio time.

Dan cracks open a STEEL RESERVE and smiles, unphased.

DAN

Ignorance is bliss.

JENNIFER

Do you listen to that thing a lot?

DAN

(proudly)
Pretty much all day.

JENNIFER

Sounds boring.

DAN

When you get to be my age, you cherish boring.

JENNIFER

That's sad.

DAN
Don't I know it.

Dan takes a long, depressing swig of the malt liquor.

DAN
Ay, you happen to see a Bluetooth
headset in there?

He looks up to catch the tail end of Jennifer SPRINTING out of the house.

DAN
Great. Tweedle Dee found Dum.

EXT. ROAD - MINUTES LATER

Tanner and Jennifer chug along on his scooter.

TANNER
Hey, that possum is still there.

INT. MUSIC ROOM - DAY

Cheap MUSIC STANDS have an orgy in the corner of the room. Posters of Kirk Franklin give off a 'Bible camp' vibe. A PIANO commands attention at the front of the room.

Sister Hayes plays a lovely ballad as a means of finding peace after a long day of dealing with students.

Tanner swings open the door and charges in, out of breath.

Her cheery demeanor disappears.

SISTER HAYES
What?

TANNER
Let's get down to brass tax.
Sister, can I-- *may* I use the
recording studio?

SISTER HAYES
No.

An embarrassed Tanner checks in with Jennifer.

JENNIFER
(mocking)
She'll say yes. Bet, Jennifer. Bet.

Tanner refuses to go down that easily. He approaches the recording equipment, a MICROPHONE, SWITCHBOARD and LAPTOP.

An impressive setup 10 years ago. His fingers gingerly run along the equipment.

TANNER

Sister, Sister, Sister. Help me help you.

SISTER HAYES

Were you in sixth period today? I don't recall reprimanding you.

TANNER

Of course I was.

SISTER HAYES

What did we discuss?

TANNER

Fractions.

SISTER HAYES

I teach religion, Mr. Dieters.

JENNIFER

Why can't we record in here?

SISTER HAYES

Tanner has a history of downloading viruses and a habit of spilling sugary drinks.

Jennifer side eyes him as if to say 'seriously dude?' He acts like he has a tough time recalling.

SISTER HAYES

However, I may grant permission if you gave *Him* a feature. A certain savior who resides in the kingdom of heaven. Name starts with a J...

TANNER

Juice WRLD?

SISTER HAYES

Jesus.

TANNER

Oh, come on! Surely we can reach some sort of agreement that doesn't involve strapping me to the sinking ship that is Jesus music.

SISTER HAYES

Do you know what my job as a teacher is, Tanner?

TANNER

Brainwash the next generation of students to serve the man? Keep the jaws of capitalism fed?

SISTER HAYES

My job is to assess your talents and nurture them. I want to push you to use your passion for good.

Tanner rolls his eyes and turns to Jennifer for support, but all she has to offer is a shrug.

TANNER

Fine. I'll appease your lil puppet show and rap about God.

SISTER HAYES

Excellent. Remind your cohort who the real Homecoming King is.

Sister Hayes gathers her things and makes for the exit. She does a silent 'sign of the cross.'

SISTER HAYES`

The laptop password is 'God.'

And with that final act of being an accomplice, she exits.

JENNIFER

Well if anyone can make Jesus cool, it's Lil Queasy.

TANNER

Malcolm Robinson did a Stations of the Cross song last year. You know who that is?

JENNIFER

No.

TANNER

Exactly. Tupac, DMX, Kanye, Chance— There's a very select group of rappers who made dope Jesus tracks.

JENNIFER

Wouldn't you like to add Queasy to that list?

His breathing intensifies. *Challenge Accepted*. He whips open his notebook and licks the tip of his INK PEN.

TANNER

Yes. I would. And I will. You gotta leave though cause I can't rap in front of girls. Or guys.

JENNIFER

I'll get out of the kitchen so Chef Q can cook. See ya tomorrow?

Tanner is already lost in the process. He taps a beat on the desk with one hand, his pen at the ready in the other. As he shoves a FLASHDRIVE into the laptop, we smash cut to—

INT. DIETERS HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

TANNER

Song's done!

Tanner proudly displays the flashdrive. In all the infinite universes, you couldn't find a Dan who cared less.

DAN

This a school project or something?

TANNER

You could say that.

Tanner smirks as he shovels mashed potatoes into his mouth. Dan salts his food after every bite.

DAN

This wouldn't have anything to do with your rap, would it?

TANNER

Word is getting around, huh? Filming with Jennifer tomorrow in the cafeteria. Real prison vibe.

DAN

You ain't never been to prison.

TANNER

Not yet. But I will. Doing time is basically Baptism for rappers.

DAN

Don't rope that poor girl into your clown show. She's too naive to realize you're a bum.

TANNER

Could a bum write *and* record an entire song in an hour? Only thing missing is Hunter's verse.

Tanner and Dan both look to Hunter, who we learn has been here the entire scene. He panics. *I thought I had more time!*

Tanner slides the USB stick toward him.

Hunter raises his hands, allowing the flash drive to dive off the table. A tiny CLINK as it hits the floor.

TANNER

Catch, much?

Hunter laughs nervously, staring at a crack in the table, eating his food.

HUNTER

I'm real busy with football and school and life and yeah.

Hunter picks the flash drive up.

HUNTER

I'll get to it when I can though.

DAN

He's embarrassed by the idea. Why become more of an outcast, Tanner?

TANNER

I'm not an outcast. And if I were, it's better than listening to a police scanner all day.

DAN

You know how much time and effort it takes to sustain an injury for worker's comp?! No, you don't! Because you're a child who doesn't know how the real world works.

TANNER

If your life is what it's like living in the real world, than I'd rather stay in my fake one!

Tanner takes his mountain of mashed potatoes to his room.

We hear a door SLAM shut. Hunter chews faster. *GTFO, Hunter!*

DAN
Coach ever show y'all clips of
Tebow tearin' up defenses?

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

Tanner stands on top of a cafeteria table. He runs his fingers through his mullet, flaring it out. Mad. Determined.

Jennifer hands him a DENIM JACKET. Rhinestones across the back spell out **LIL QUEASY**.

JENNIFER
I had a few things lying around and
whipped this up for the video.

TANNER
Woah.

He quickly puts it on. Admiring it.

JENNIFER
Do you like it?

TANNER
(Giddy)
It's so obnoxious.

Jennifer cheeses from behind her camera. *He likes it. Eeeee-Compose yourself, woman.*

JENNIFER
Quiet on the set! Rolling... Action!

Tanner HOPS from table to table, whisper rapping, constantly drawing attention to the back of his jacket.

TANNER
*Feels like all my friends is Judas
looking to betray. Gettin paid,
thirty silver to-*

Tanner hops onto the next table, causing one of the legs to SNAP. The table collapses bringing Tanner down with it.

JENNIFER
Are you ok?!

TANNER
(groaning)
Mhm. You can fix that in post.
Ready to shoot the montage?

BEGIN MONTAGE:

Set to "**Freaks & Geeks**" by Oliver Tree.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

The church is quiet. Empty. Tanner and Jennifer sneak in.

She dips Tanner's mullet into the HOLY WATER cup near the entrance. He whips his hair and attempts a sexual smize.

Hmmm. Not wet enough.

They both look around for answers.

MOMENTS LATER

Jennifer removes the lid of the BAPTISM TUB. She DUNKS Tanner's head in it. He resurfaces soaking wet.

A quick series of glamour shots: Tanner posing on the altar. Madonna would be proud.

INT. DIETERS HOME - DAY

Dan throws DARTS at a crappy DART BOARD while seated. HOLES surround the wall around the board.

BZZZRT.

He grabs his phone.

ON SCREEN: **FINALLY! YOU'VE GOT A MATCH!**

Dan stands up to celebrate, forgetting his feet are busted. He immediately falls down out of frame.

INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

One of those places where everything looks sticky and smells like cigarettes.

Dan waits at the bar wearing his nicest TOMMY BAHAMA SHIRT. He waves to a woman as she enters. She waves back, smiling.

Her smile reveals a brutal METH MOUTH situation.

Dan downs his beer while ordering another.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Jennifer films Tanner rapping at a desk in the back of the classroom.

REVEAL: Class is very much in session. Students look up from their tests to check the commotion.

The teacher supervising the exam sleeps behind her desk. Head tipped back, mouth open, snoring at the ceiling.

'NO CHEATING' on the whiteboard behind her.

INT. DIETERS HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Tanner and Dan workout in the living room. They share a single TWENTY POUND DUMBBELL.

Dan's cellphone notification interrupts his weighted 'crunches.' More like walrus wiggles.

ON SCREEN: **YOU'VE GOT A MATCH!**

Tanner uses both arms to curl the dumbbell.

HOURS LATER

Tanner's shirt is off. He flexes his tiny arms for Jennifer. She dips the tip of a NEEDLE in a SHARPIE and looks at a PHOTO of the tattooed TIM MCRAW for reference.

The second the needle touches Tanner's arm we cut to-

MOMENTS LATER

Tanner admires the 'Q' on his arm. A volley of dried tears on his cheeks. Jennifer hands him the needle, rolls her sleeve.

Dan irons his Tommy Bahama on the table next to him. He doesn't seem to care about the impromptu tattoo parlor.

EXT. HOOTERS - PARKING LOT - DAY

Dan nervously waits in the parking lot of the local wings n titties joint. Tommy Bahama pressed and pristine.

His date taps him on the shoulder. *Hey!* An awkward yet friendly hug. As they separate, Dan finds-

A **GUN** pressed hard against his gut.

Scared, but mostly disappointed, Dan opens his wallet and offers her the \$13.75 inside it.

She scoffs. Laughs in his face. Lowers the gun. *Keep it.*

INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Football practice has ended. Players chat as they pack their stuff up. Tanner weaves between the team looking for Hunter.

No luck. Tanner leaves.

A pile of sweaty towels in a hamper begins to move. Hunter pokes his head out, ensuring the coast is clear.

One of the bigger offensive lineman retrieves a sweat rag that was lodged in his butt cheeks. He unknowingly plops it on Hunter's face.

INT. ALE HOUSE - NIGHT

It's romantic. Or as romantic as an Ale House can be. Dan shares a dessert with a woman way out of his league. Somehow, she's having a good time. Must be the Tommy Bahama shirt.

The check comes. Dan reaches for his wallet, but she stops him. And his poor ass gladly lets her.

His happy demeanor dries up like a raisin when he sees her credit card. A FLORIDA STATE SEMINOLES CREDIT CARD.

Dan rips his BBQ STAINED BIB off and slams it on the table as he leaves in disgust.

EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - DAY

Tanner and Jennifer enjoy ICE CREAM CONES using his scooter as a makeshift bench. Jennifer has her camera in one hand, dessert in the other.

A car going well over the speed limit races by. The scooter wobbles. Jennifer drops her ice cream into the dirt.

Before she can get upset, Tanner offers his cone to her. She blushes over the romantic gesture.

They lock eyes...

He leans in...

TANNER

May I?

Before she can answer, he reaches for her dirty ice cream cone. He removes a single blade of grass and eats it, ignoring the dirt garnish. Jennifer stifles a gag as we—

END MONTAGE.

INT. BOYS BATHROOM - DAY

We follow Tanner's footsteps walking past a row of bathroom stalls, stopping at the last one. It's occupied.

BANG. BANG. BANG.

TANNER

Open up.

HUNTER

No! I'm still wiping.

An impatient Tanner drops to the floor and crawls under.

HUNTER

What the hell are you doing?!

TANNER

I'm frickin' tired of you duckin' me. Let's talk this out like men.

Tanner towers over Hunter, both of them crammed in the stall. Hunter crosses his arms in defiance.

TANNER

Are you going to record a verse for the song? Yes or no. Give me a straight answer and I won't ask any more questions—

HUNTER

No.

TANNER

What, why? Is it the beat? My verses? Is it Jennifer? Why?

Hunter finds the pocket of his pants around his ankles and pulls out the flashdrive. He offers it back to Tanner.

HUNTER

Because I don't want to embarrass myself in front of everyone.

(MORE)

HUNTER (CONT'D)

Cause I like having friends. Unlike you, I care what people think of me.

A beat as the words sink in. Tanner's smile slowly evaporates. His best friend doesn't believe in him.

TANNER

You're wrong.

Hunter scoffs. Tanner yanks the flashdrive from him.

TANNER

I care what you think of me. But you'd rather be fake for people who don't like you than be real with the people who do.

HUNTER

That's ironic.

TANNER

I dunno what that means, and I don't care.

In a desperate attempt at retaliation, Tanner rips the toilet paper roll from the wall. He shoulders the stall door to make his escape, but his small frame bounces off. It's locked.

HUNTER

Just turn the lock.

TANNER

Shuttup.

Plan B: Tanner chucks the roll over the stall. THUNK.

RANDOM KID (O.S.)

Hey! You're lucky I'm prairie doggin', or else I'd kick yer ass.

Tanner hits the deck and slinks away. His raised middle finger is the last thing to leave the stall. Hunter scowls.

A DAINTY WATER DROPLET turns his scowl into a look of relief.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Tanner and Jennifer serve detention in the quiet church. They sit among pillars of Bibles, sifting through their pages.

JENNIFER

This one has a weiner on the first page. Didn't even try to hide it.

She shakes her WHITE-OUT container and gets to purifying.

JENNIFER

Some of these are really detailed.

A seething Tanner stares at an open Bible. Distracted. Jennifer leans over to see what's got his attention.

ON BIBLE PAGE: **Lil Queasy SUCKS**

JENNIFER

You know that's not true.

TANNER

Maybe it is.

JENNIFER

Are you seriously doubting yourself because of Hunter?

TANNER

Who's that?

JENNIFER

Hunter, your friend.

TANNER

Duh I know who it is. I'm trying to erase him from my memory, Jennifer. And you're not helping.

Tanner rips the derogatory page out, crumbles it, and shoves it in his pocket. He continues flipping through the pages.

JENNIFER

Who cares if he's not on the song?

TANNER

If I do a song without a feature, people will think I don't have friends.

JENNIFER

They already think that.

Tanner glares at Jennifer, passing her the Bible.

TANNER

Weiner in Matthew.

JENNIFER
What about Tim McRaw?

TANNER
Yeah, he probably has one too?

JENNIFER
No, what if he did the feature? Not
Hunter, but a *real* rapper.

His eyes widen. Back straightens. Breathing quickens.

TANNER
I could corner him at his show.
Convince him to do the verse.

JENNIFER
Yes! That's the annoyingly
relentless Queasy I know.

TANNER
We could sneak in disguised as
janitors. Or break in disguised as
terrorists.

JENNIFER
Or we could disguise ourselves as
fans and buy tickets.

Jennifer stops thumbing through the pages on a centerfold
sized penis. She dumps the white-out bottle into the book.

TANNER
Psh, how?! I already did the math.
I'd need to sell five CD's at full
price, or ten CD's at half price,
twenty CD's at quarter price, or-

JENNIFER
I got it, you need money. Let your
manager handle the tickets. You
focus on your sales pitch.

EXT. JENNIFER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The nicest house in a poor neighborhood. An AIRBOAT sits in
the driveway. A HOSE snakes across the pristine lawn.

INT. JENNIFER'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Perfectly spaced photos decorate the walls in the spotless
living room. Multiple CROSSES hang on the walls.

ISABEL (40s) cries on the couch watching an old wedding episode of Days Of Our Lives. Jennifer enters and stands in front of the TV.

JENNIFER
Mother, I have a request.

ISABEL
Go talk to your father.

JENNIFER
Richard wouldn't understand.

ISABEL
I'm watching my shows. Mira, this woman Kayla couldn't speak and then the day of her wedding--

Isabel chokes up. She can't get through her brief recap.

JENNIFER
This show started in the fifties, you're never going to catch up.

ISABEL
Not with you standing in front of the TV, I'm not. Now muevete.

JENNIFER
I want to go to a concert tomorrow night with a male colleague from the academy.

ISABEL
Is this a date?

JENNIFER
That is irrelevant and none of your business. I need two tickets.

Isabel pauses her show and stands up, irritated.

ISABEL
I'm about to make it my business. Talking back like that. You've been spending too much time around those back talking blanquitos.
(beat)
Do you like this boy?

Jennifer tries to remain headstrong, but a smile creeps across her face. She plays coy, nodding her head.

ISABEL
Well, what's his name?

JENNIFER
Lil Queasy.

Off Isabel's very concerned face we cut to--

EXT. ROAD - THE NEXT DAY

Tanner zooms down the road. Jennifer holds his waist tight. His mullet continues to whip her in the face.

They shout over the sound of the wind.

JENNIFER
I got you something.

TANNER
What did you say?

JENNIFER
Can you pull over for a second?

TANNER
Yeah, I can hear you just fine.

Tanner continues to crank the gas. Jennifer reaches for the BRAKE and squeezes it. They come to a SCREECHING stop in the middle of the street.

TANNER
The hell?! You just broke about four unwritten moped rules.

JENNIFER
I'm sure you'll forgive me when you hear what I have to say.

TANNER
If you're going to suggest a hologram Jesus, I already looked into it. I'd have to sell a lot of CD's. It's doable though.

JENNIFER
I told my mom about the concert, and she bought two tickets.

TANNER
Your mom is going to see Tim McRaw?

Tanner throws his head back and sighs.

TANNER
She's so lucky, man.

JENNIFER
She got the tickets for us. For
you. And me.

No. Way. She did it. He's near speechless, for once.

Jennifer goes into her bag and reveals TWO PRINTED TICKETS.

TANNER
Can I kiss you?

JENNIFER
Queasy, I don't-- We're friends--

TANNER
You're right! I'm an idiot. That
was unprofessional of me. You're my
manager. Plus I'm probably a bad
kisser, I don't want to disappoint--

They stare at each other. Middle of the empty road. Just the
sound of crickets and mosquito swarms.

JENNIFER
I've always wanted to kiss a
celebrity...

TANNER
I've always wanted to kiss a
person.

She slowly closes her eyes, leaning in. Tanner does the same.

Their lips are about to touch when--

A SHIRTLESS MAN emerges from the tall weeds.

SHIRTLESS MAN
Afternoon, y'all.

Tanner, centimeters from Jennifer's lips, COUGHS IN HER FACE.
A ploy to act like nothing is going on between them.

TANNER
Hey Steve. Good haul today?

Steve's smile exposes his near-toothless mouth. He proudly
displays a couple DEAD SNAKES.

SHIRTLESS STEVE
State payin' two hunnid a pop.

EXT. DIETERS HOME - LATER THAT DAY

Tanner soups up his scooter, wrapping CHRISTMAS LIGHTS down the neck. A bungee cord serves as a seatbelt.

FLICK. Tanner turns the colorful lights on, but their faded glow makes it hard to tell.

He's unimpressed.

His dad's car, however, catches his eye.

INT. DIETERS HOME - NIGHT

Tanner aggressively eats, excited for his big night. A dinnerless Dan stares at his son, animosity burning in his eyes.

TANNER
(mouth full of food)
Can I borrow the car tonight?

Dan refuses to answer. It should be obvious.

TANNER
Not hungry?

DAN
Trying to lose weight. Got a date.

TANNER
(shocked)
With who?

DAN
Nadia.

TANNER
Whose Nadia?

DAN
Nadia damn business.

TANNER
Probably getting catfished.

DAN
The chances of that happening twice
in one week are very slim.
(beat)
Her name's Olivia.

The pace at which Tanner devours his dinner slows.

TANNER

Were you nervous for your first date with Mom?

DAN

Course. I'm nervous before every date. She ain't special.

TANNER

Do you have any regrets?

DAN

Yeah, askin' her out in the first place.

Tanner forces a chuckle. But Dan senses the disappointment. *Ah, hell.* He decides to get vulnerable for a second.

DAN

I regret not bein' ready to commit. I hadn't grown as a man yet. This was B.T.

TANNER

Before Tebow?

DAN

Timmy taught me what it meant to put the team before the individual.

Tanner slowly nods, digesting the info.

TANNER

Do you really think I'm an outcast?

DAN

Eat your food, Tanner.

TANNER

Do you?

Dan can't bring himself to look at his son.

TANNER

I'm not hungry. Your gumbo tastes like deer crap.

Tanner gets up and stomps to his room.

DAN

You ain't hurting my feelings, it's from the can.

A couple beats of silence, until--

The opening chords to "WHEN THE SUN GOES DOWN" PLAYS.

DAN
Better not be who I think it is!

It is.

TANNER (O.S.)
*Sun-tanned toes ticklin the sand.
Cold drank chillin in my right
hand. Watchin you sleep, in--*

Dan SLAMS his phone down and runs after Tanner.

EXT. DIETERS HOME - NIGHT

An hour or so later. Dan's car next to Tanner's lit up wagon.

Tanner punches the mosquito screen out of his bedroom window. He rolls out onto the lawn wearing Dan's Tommy Bahama, and somersaults his way to the driveway like a bad spy.

INT. DIETERS HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The living room is still. Tanner's bowl of gumbo remains untouched on the table. Dan shouts from the other room.

DAN (O.S.)
If things go well, I'm gonna be
gone all night. Ay, have you seen
my Tommy B-Hommy?

Dan enters the living room in blue jeans and an undershirt.

DAN
Tanner?

He walks over to Tanner's room. It's empty. He runs to the front door and yanks it open to find-

EXT. DIETERS HOME - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

His car is gone. Tanner's blinking scooter taunting him.

INT. JENNIFER'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jennifer removes extra batteries from her camera bag, and hides them inside her comically large PROM DRESS.

Isabel enters.

ISABEL

Mi corazon de melon. So pretty. A little much for a concert though?

JENNIFER

That place is going to be swarming with groupies, mom. I need to make my presence known.

ISABEL

As long as he treats you with care and respect.

JENNIFER

He always does.

Right on queue, a CAR HORN BLARES. The horn is held for a good 15 seconds.

TANNER (O.S.)

Jennifer! Hurry up!

JENNIFER

(giddy)
He's here.

The car horn screams for another 10 seconds. Isabel can't hide her disgust. Tanner starts banging a beat on the horn.

INT. DIETERS HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Dan paces back and forth, periodically chucking darts at Tanner's door. He whips his phone out and dials 3 numbers.

DAN

I need to report a stolen vehicle.
(a beat)

Also, do you guys have emergency rentals for situations like this?

(beat)
No? Hmph. Not ideal.

Dan stares at the scooter and wagon through the open door.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

A dark single-lane highway surrounded by trees. Dan's car cruises down the road, the bumper held up with DUCT TAPE.

INT. DAN'S CAR - NIGHT

Jennifer sits quietly in her prom dress. Tanner nervously drives wearing his bedazzled LIL QUEASY jacket over his dad's tropical button down.

JENNIFER

It was nice of your dad to let us borrow his car.

TANNER

Mhmm.

Their teenage angst dances in the awkward silence. Tanner attempts to break it-

TANNER

You know the peg game at Cracker Barrel? I can beat it every time.

JENNIFER

I don't know what that is.

TANNER

Oh. Well it's impressive.

Jennifer keeps her palms tight in her lap. Tanner's eyes shift between the road and Jennifer at an unsafe pace.

She notices.

JENNIFER

What?

TANNER

I can't stop lookin' at you.

JENNIFER

Eyes on the road, sir. Give me the AUX. I'll put something on to temper those hormones.

TANNER

Put your favorite McRaw song on.

JENNIFER

I've never listened to him.

TANNER

What?! Why go to his concert then?

JENNIFER

To spend time with you.

Jennifer is too lost in her Spotify library to see him blush.

JENNIFER

Oh! This is a good one.

PODCAST VOICE (O.S.)

...Detectives realized this was no ordinary homicide. The victim would be the first of seventeen grisly, horrific acts. Each more unique.

An intrigued Jennifer listens closely. Tanner is queasy. He groans when he hears 'seventeen.'

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

OLIVIA (40s) stands outside her house in a cocktail dress. She holds her clutch, patiently waiting under streetlights.

LOUD SCRAPING can be heard as Dan enters riding the scooter. It stutters to a stop in front of her.

He wears his second nicest shirt: A 1996 FLORIDA GATORS NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP SHIRT tucked into blue jeans.

DAN

M'lady.

Olivia stares, contemplating her chances of being murdered.

Fuck it.

EXT. ROAD - MINUTES LATER

Olivia bumps along in the wagon missing a wheel, sparks jetting out from the busted corner. She acts like this is somehow normal. Inconvenient at most.

DAN

(shouting)

You doin' OK back there, Olivia?

Olivia gives a THUMBS UP.

OLIVIA

(shouting)

The Christmas lights are a nice touch.

The wagon comes to a screeching halt. Dan hunches over the handlebars SQUEEZING the brakes. He spreads his legs preparing for his third 'patdown' this week.

DAN
If you're gonna rob me, do it now.

Olivia is befuddled.

OLIVIA
And take what?

DAN
Cause ain't no way any sane woman
puts up with THIS.

He motions to the scooter. His shirt. His face.

OLIVIA
A man willin' to sacrifice his
dignity to see me? Sign me up. The
dating pool around here is brutal.
Hard enough finding a man who
didn't storm the capital.

DAN
Oh thank God. My son stole my fancy
shirt so I had to wear this.

OLIVIA
It's E-U-C. Excellent Used
Condition.

Olivia has a *guilty as charged* expression.

OLIVIA
Yup, I'm an eBay-er.

EXT. CONCERT VENUE - NIGHT

People line up outside the indie-sized venue. Staff and security slowly feed the crowd into the building.

INT. CONCERT - NIGHT

Colorful stage lights beam through the hazy, smoke-filled room. A crowd of concertgoers clog the entrance.

Tanner parts the sea by shoulder-checking his way through. Jennifer trails close behind, filming his grand entrance. Beer after beer spills on him with every careless bump.

They reach one of the few clearings in the venue. Tanner's shirt is drenched.

JENNIFER

Thank you for clearing the way.

She attempts to hug him, but he recoils.

TANNER

I'm covered in beer. And I may have dislocated my shoulder.

JENNIFER

Do you have it?

He reaches deep into his pants and retrieves an INDEX CARD.

TANNER

Needa be in the pit so he sees us.

ON INDEX CARD: Hey Tim, I'm your biggest fan but also your greatest peer. Perhaps one day rival? Like Naruto and Sasuke. I'm willing to let you be a part of the Legend that is Lil Queasy. Hop on a song and make history. Unless you're scared.

The text is WAY TOO small. And WAY TOO long.

JENNIFER

No way he'll be able to read this weirdly aggressive note.

TANNER

And you have a better idea?

Jennifer rolls her eyes, grabs a Sharpie from a nearby merch booth and scribbles '**COLLAB?**' on the back side of the card.

TANNER

OK, that's better.

INT. TACO BELL / KFC / PIZZA HUT COMBO - NIGHT

A Southern Staple: The holy trinity of fast food joints. Dan and Olivia stand at the counter, looking up at the menu.

DAN

Wasn't sure what you liked to eat, figure I take ya here. Mexican, Italian, Soul Food. Choice is yers.

OLIVIA

You're unbelievably thoughtful.
(to cashier)
Can I get a number three?

CASHIER
From which menu?

OLIVIA
All of 'em.

Dan cocks his eyebrow, slightly aroused.

DAN
I'm a sucker for a woman with an
appetite.

OLIVIA
Good. No need to hold back then.
(to cashier)
Make them all Large Combos, please.

DAN
I'll have the same damn thing.

He steps forward and holds Olivia's hand. He's not worthy.

A FAST FOOD FEAST LATER

Still holding hands, Dan and Olivia sit at a table in the
back with piles of empty wrappers. They BURP together.

An 'awww' moment.

OLIVIA
Tell me more about your son.

DAN
No need to ruin the night.

Olivia crosses her arms, refusing to let it slide.

DAN
I was having such a good time too.

OLIVIA
Come on. He can't be that bad.

DAN
He don't think things through. The
kid is incapable of feelin' shame.

She leans back and lets out a judgmental 'Hnnnnnn.'

DAN
What?

OLIVIA
Ironic coming from mister 'picked
me up in a gas powered scooter.'

Dan opens his mouth to explain himself, but—

OLIVIA
Mister 'had me sit in a busted up
wagon.'

Once again he tries to interject, but—

OLIVIA
Mister 'I forgot my wallet.'

DAN
Left it in the car...

OLIVIA
All that *shameless* behavior, and
yet I'm still here. Having a pretty
damn good time. Do you know why?

DAN
You got one of them weird
humiliation fetishes?

OLIVIA
No. Because you're a man who knows
what he wants and goes for it,
without shame. Shame is just fear.

DAN
Living in fear can protect you.

OLIVIA
By freezing you in a cycle of
playing it safe? That's surviving.
It aint living.

Olivia snatches Dan's last taco and takes a big bite out of
it. Smug, enjoying her mic drop moment.

DAN
You are one smart lady, man.

OLIVIA
Since this is a no shame zone—

Olivia stands up and turns around. She slowly lifts her shirt
revealing a TRAMP STAMP.

TRAMP STAMP: A TATTOO OF THE FLORIDA GATORS LOGO WITH THE
WORDS '**TEBOW TERRITORY.**'

Dan drools. He lowers his shirt, revealing the **#15 TATTOO** over his heart.

OLIVIA

When I saw your religious
preference was 'Florida Gators,'
well, I had to swipe right.

DAN

Can I take you somewhere special?

INT. CONCERT - STAGE/CROWD - NIGHT

The crowd goes WILD. TIM MCRAW (20s) takes the stage. A COWBOY HAT on top of his RAINBOW DREADS. TATTOOS everywhere.

TIM MCRAW

What is up, J-Ville?!

The crowd erupts. A HARD BEAT over a BANJO RIFF plays.

TIM MCRAW

Y'all mind if I get in my feelings
to kick this off?

A chorus of 'YASSS' and 'I LOVE YOU'S.'

TIM MCRAW

Sing along if you know the words.
This song is called 'SAD.'

Tim begins "rapping" over the beat. He mumbles into the mic. It's literal, in-cohesive mumbling. The crowd loves it.

TIM MCRAW

*Yuh, huh, huh, yuh, cause I'm sad.
Nuh, huh, huh, nuh, nah not mad.
Yuh, huh, huh, yuh, I said sad.
Nuh, huh, huh, nuh, nah not glad.
Yuh, huh...*

CRYING FANS surround an unimpressed Jennifer.

CRYING FAN

His lyrics are so deep.

Jennifer rolls her eyes. She nudges Tanner as if to say 'get a load of these people,' but realizes he's one of them.

TANNER

(sobbing)
He just gets it, ya know?

JENNIFER

Don't let your feelings get in the way of the mission.

Tanner wipes away his tears and raises his INDEX CARD.

We zoom out to find Tanner is basically an ant in the crowd.

TANNER

I don't think he can see me.

He checks his surroundings, scrambling for an answer. He watches a man lift his girlfriend up onto his shoulders.

TANNER

I have an idea!

INT. CONCERT - STAGE/CROWD - NIGHT

Moments Later...

Tanner sits atop Jennifer's shoulders. Index Card high above his head.

TIM MCRAW

For this next song, I'm going to need some help from one of y'all. Let me get the biggest McRaw Dogger up on stage. Who is it?!

Every hand in the audience shoots up. Tim surveys the crowd, egging them on. He begins to point to the woman on her boyfriend's shoulders when-

Jennifer SHOVES her foot into the back of the boyfriend's knee, causing his leg to buckle. The girlfriend SINKS.

TIM MCRAW

Ooof. Uhm, you. Kid with the mullet. Get on up here.

Tanner SQUEALS! The crowd surfs him to the stage. He is euphoric. Tim extends an open palm to DAP Tanner up. Tanner HUGS him instead. Tim, a little weirded out, plays it off.

TIM MCRAW

Aight, yeah. You know the first verse to 'Bandidies?'

LIL QUEASY

I can do the entire song.

TIM MCRAW

The first verse is fine.

Tim hands Tanner an extra microphone. His tight grip cuts the blood flow to his fingers. Nerves kick into overdrive.

The beat bumps. Crowd bumps with it.

Tanner finds Jennifer in the crowd thanks to the BLINKING RED LIGHT on her camera. She gives a THUMBS UP. A familiar sight.

He breathes deep. Eyes shut. Nods. *Go Time.*

TANNER

*I'm home alone playin' Fortnite /
My girl with him, nah it ain't
right / I'm givin GG's while she
droppin panties / Damn my heart
hurt, need me some bandies.*

The crowd is LOVING IT. They rap along, their energy fueling Tanner's fever dream. Lil Queasy has arrived. Tim McRaw throws his arm around the hottest rapper in the game.

The two rockstars hop stomp to the beat of the chorus.

TIM MCRAW & LIL QUEASY

*Bands! Bands! Bandies for my heart!
Money numbs the pain, stackin'
bands a la carte.*

TIM MCRAW

*You belong to Tim M-C. Woman,
explain yourself to me. / She
making up words, 'toxic
masculinity' / The audacity to dump
ME, sayin' I'm a brat / Top drop,
battle bus, her words go rat tat
tat. I need some-*

Jennifer crosses her arms, waiting for the gross song to end.

EVERYONE EXCEPT JENNIFER

*Bands! Bands! Bandies for my heart!
Money numbs the pain, stackin'
bands a la carte.*

The beat dies. Applause fills the space. Tim McRaw raises a humble hand to accept his praise. But Lil Queasy steals it. He slides on his knees to center stage, arms wide.

The crowd loves Q.

Tim McRaw raises Lil Queasy's hand in the air before instructing him to stage dive.

Halfway through his running start, Tanner returns.

He CANNONBALLS into the crowd. People wisely clear out. Tanner's body takes out a concertgoer the size of a bear.

EVERYONE

Oooooooh.

The man holds Tanner in the air like he's Simba.

TANNER

Ladies and Gentleman: Lil Queasy!

Relief and applause.

TANNER

OK, put me down.

EXT. SWAMP - NIGHT

Mosquitos. Mud. Humidity. Dan and Olivia sit on a LOG.

OLIVIA

It's perfect.

DAN

When my wife left, I spent five days straight out here.

OLIVIA

What about Tanner?

DAN

He was young, it wasn't safe for him to be out here.

OLIVIA

He stayed home? Alone?

DAN

Yup. Learned to cook for himself that week. You ever see a six-year-old make ramen? Some of my finest parenting.

(beat)

There's something you need to know.

OLIVIA

This ought to be good.

DAN

There's a chance I do jail time for possible disability fraud.

Olivia is taken aback. But comes around, taking his hand.

OLIVIA

I'm no stranger to dating behind bars. But what about your son?

DAN

He'll be fine. Hell, better off. The kid hates me.

OLIVIA

Does he know you?

'Obviously' hangs on the tip of his tongue. But the longer the question hangs, the more Dan sees her point.

OLIVIA

Do you know him?

DAN

Unfortunately, I know exactly who that boy is. Who he wants to be. The fool's walkin' the same damn path I did.

OLIVIA

The path that led you to a swamp with a beautiful woman?

Olivia's coy grin causes Dan to blush.

DAN

Can I OFF you?

OLIVIA

Such a gentleman.

Dan SPRAYS Olivia with a bottle of OFF! BUG SPRAY.

OLIVIA

You need to tell him about the path you've traveled.

DAN

Pft. Nothing will deter that kid.

OLIVIA

Not to deter him. To let him know you understand.

(MORE)

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

"If someone is there to believe in you, to care about you and support you, amazing things can happen." Do you know who said that?

DAN

Course I do.

Olivia rests her head on his shoulder.

DAN

God I miss Tebow.

SHIRTLESS STEVE (O.S.)

We all do.

Dan and Olivia YELP, scared shitless. Dan relaxes when he sees it's just Steve, dead snakes in hand.

DAN

Oh, hey Steve.

INT. CONCERT VENUE

Tanner squeezes out the back of the crowd. He locks eyes with a waiting Jennifer. They both squeal and embrace.

TANNER

They loved me.

JENNIFER

You looked so comfortable up there!

Tanner attempts to catch his breath, wanting to get serious for a second.

TANNER

Thank you for being here.

JENNIFER

Of Cou—

He KISSES her. Jennifer's hand finds his cheek. Her other hand guides his to her waist. It's as awkward as it is sweet.

TANNER

That was dope. We nailed that.

They kiss again, Jennifer initiating this time. A series of PUCKERED LIP PECKS.

REVEAL: The kissing teens block the line to the merch booth. Merch Bro from earlier instructs people to go around them.

TANNER

Kissing you is fun 'n all, but we gotta focus on the mission.

Taken aback by the sudden shift from kissing, Jennifer tries to joke the pain away.

JENNIFER

Gee, thanks for the kiss I guess.

TANNER

(sincere)

You're welcome. Come on, can't lose our chance to get this McRaw verse.

JENNIFER

The only thing I'm *losing* around Tim McRaw is brain cells.

TANNER

That's probably the weed smoke.

JENNIFER

You don't need him, Q. His toxicity will cloud the honesty you put into your songs. Plus, he sounds like a castrated ostrich.

Tanner's jaw drops in disbelief. He breaks his arm free of her grasp. *Who are you, and what have you done with Jennifer?* She refuses to compromise.

TANNER

This whole thing was *your* idea and now you're going to bail?

JENNIFER

That was before I knew he sucked.

TANNER

Jennifer, rap expert over here.

JENNIFER

I mean sucks as a person. He's sexist. And toxic.

TANNER

Get over it. For the video.

Two determined forces at a standstill. Neither willing to waver. Merch guy continues to instruct people to go around.

JENNIFER
 Congrats. You're more like Tim
 McBLAH than I thought.

TANNER
 How dare you. Real *opp* energy.

JENNIFER
 You don't know what an *opp* is!

TANNER
 I know they're bad! You're prolly
 worried models will want a slice of
 Quease Pizza after I blow up.

JENNIFER
 Ha, sure. You seriously think that?

His snarled lip and combative demeanor says he does. It gets
 him a cold shoulder from Jennifer. She's had enough.

TANNER
 Jennifer, wait.

She does—

TANNER
 If you're seriously not going,
 lemme get the camera. Can't turn
 down footage of a McRaw party.

JENNIFER
 Watch me.

TANNER
 Don't let feelings get in the way
 of our video. You were my director
 before you were my friend.

Dammit. Through gritted teeth, she fiddles with the camera
 settings and begrudgingly hands it over.

JENNIFER
 I'd rather sit in a swamp than hang
 out with that guy!

TANNER
 No need to sit in a swamp.

He tosses the CAR KEYS at her.

TANNER
 Don't run the AC. It wastes gas.

EXT. CONCERT VENUE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Fans surround Tim's TOUR BUS, unbothered by the RAIN. No umbrella or raincoat in sight.

Rain has to physically hurt for Floridians to care.

Tim McRaw exits the venue. His SECURITY creates a bubble to fend off the reaching fans. The brawny bubble gravitates to the bus, stopping for Tim to objectify groupies.

TIM MCRAW

Yes. Yes. No. No. No. Yes.

The groupies hot enough for a 'Yes' are granted access into the bubble. Tanner shoves the INDEX CARD in Tim's face.

TANNER

You're going to want to read this.

Annoyed at first, Tim softens up when he sees who it is handing him fan mail. Tim tucks the card in his pocket.

TIM MCRAW

Appreciate the love Lil Queasy.

TANNER

Tim McRaw knows my name.

TIM MCRAW

We finna chill with some bitties on the bus. You tryna slide?

Tanner squeals. He plows through groupies toward the bus. Tim carries on with his objectifying.

INT. TOUR BUS - NIGHT

People, mostly women, cram the bus meant for six people. Almost everyone has a bag of popcorn they're snacking on.

TIM MCRAW

So they hook the vault up to their cars, and they off.

Tanner eagerly waits for the perfect moment to interject, like Double Dutch.

TIM MCRAW

Vin drags the vault across town, busting up police.

TANNER

Tim! Can I get a feature?

TIM MCRAW

Yo, do you not see me explaining
the Fast Five plot?

TANNER

It's cool, I've already seen it.
I'm about to drop the single of the
Summer. What's it gonna take to get
McRaw on the track?

TIM MCRAW

Twenty K.

TANNER

Dollars?! How about a verse for a
verse?

His icon laughs in his face.

TANNER

I thought we were cool? We shared
the stage together. They loved us.

TIM MCRAW

I thought you were, like, a Make-A-
Wish kid.

A FUMING Tanner decides to prove him wrong. He turns the
camcorder. Holds it selfie-style. Wets his lips. Tim and his
posse lean back. *This aught to be good.*

TANNER

Mi, Me, Ma, Mo, Mu.
(rapping)
Rappin at a party with Tim McRaw--

Silence. Tanner is lost for words.

TANNER

The second bar is always the
toughest for me. One sec.
(mumblin)
Law. Saw. Bra. Wichita. Ru Paul.
Steven Seagal.

EVERYONE explodes in a fit of cackled laughter.

TIM MCRAW

Get this clown out of here. *You*, a
rapper? Talkin' out the side of
your neck.

TANNER
Why, cause I'm white?!

TIM MCRAW
Nah, cause you suck.

Tim SMACKS the camcorder to the ground. The all-too-familiar CRACK of an expensive item. Tanner picks it up and SHRIEKS.

TANNER
That wasn't mine, jerk!

Tanner takes a half step toward Tim before a SECURITY GUARD grabs him by the jacket. The guard, three times Tanner's size, slings the pariah over his shoulder.

TIM MCRAW
Everyone say bye to Little Queasy!
Don't give him a goodie bag!

TANNER
Expect a diss track!

BONK. Tanner's head bounces off the ceiling of the RV. Tim returns to his fans and 'yes men.'

TIM MCRAW
So Vin got the goods and The Rock
is pissed.

EXT. CONCERT VENUE - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Tanner holds the side of his head in pain as the bus door locks behind him. He looks across the empty parking lot to find the lone car: his dad's.

The rain picks up.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

A soaking wet Tanner hops into the driver's seat. He shakes his mullet dry like a dog. It splashes a stoic Jennifer.

The now wet Jennifer refuses to acknowledge him. Arms crossed and sealed tight in anger.

TANNER
They say never meet your heroes.
Boy, was that guy unreasonable.
Won't do the verse and had awful
snacks. What you been up to?

JENNIFER
Nothing.

TANNER
Sounds boring.

JENNIFER
Better than letting a doofus like
McBlah upset me.

Tanner's lips pucker as if to say 'well actually...' He reveals the busted camera. Jennifer's jaw quivers. Fire in her eyes.

JENNIFER
When I lent you my camera it did
not look like that.

TANNER
Tim broke it.

JENNIFER
OK.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

They cruise along a dark highway. Jennifer continues to mourn the mangled camera in her lap.

TANNER
Kinda feels like you're mad at me.

JENNIFER
Astute observation.

TANNER
You should be mad at Tim. He's the
one who broke it.

JENNIFER
Something tells me it was still
your fault.

TANNER
Huh?! How?!

JENNIFER
Do you know what boundaries are?

TANNER
(matter of factly)
No.

She turns to face him, ready to dig in.

JENNIFER

You're inconsiderate. Everything is about Queasy. I'm guessing your incessant pestering and lack of self awareness caused him to snap. Can't say I blame him.

A very telling silence.

TANNER

I tried to get him to like me.

JENNIFER

You can't get everyone to like you. Face it and stop tossing aside the ones who actually do. Did.

TANNER

Did?

A sudden BUMP stops the tears from falling. They both bounce after hitting something in the road.

JENNIFER

What was that?!

TANNER

Probably just a pothole.

CREEEEEEEEE--

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Tanner's front bumper SCRAPES loudly on the empty street.

An ALLIGATOR with a crushed tail writhes in pain behind them.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - NIGHT

OFFICER HORNFIELD (50s) sleeps in his cruiser on the side of the road. The sound of SCRAPING METAL wakes him up.

He wakes just in time to see Tanner SPEED past him. HORNFIELD turns his lights on and starts his pursuit.

OFFICER HORNFIELD

(into radio)

I've got a speeding vehicle in suspicious condition. Can you run the plates for me?

(beat)

T-One-M-T-B-Zero.

(MORE)

OFFICER HORNFIELD (CONT'D)

(beat)

Reported stolen?!

Hornfield bites his lip and steps on the gas.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Tanner sees the POLICE LIGHTS in his rear view.

TANNER

Crap, twelve. My dad prolly forgot
to pay the registration again.

Tanner pulls over onto the side of the road.

EXT. SIDE OF ROAD - NIGHT

The POLICE CRUISER parks behind the CAR. Officer Hornfield
adjusts his BELT BUCKLE and approaches Tanner.

He motions for Tanner to lower his window.

TANNER

What do you want, officer?

OFFICER HORNFIELD

You wanna tell me why you're
driving a car that belongs to a Dan
Dieters?

TANNER

Duh, I don't know, maybe because
he's my dad.

The officer is NOT AMUSED.

OFFICER HORNFIELD

Looks like we got a Mr. Jeff
Foxworthy on our hands.

JENNIFER

Sorry, Officer. He's an idiot.

OFFICER HORNFIELD

License and registration.

Tanner hands them over. The Officer steps away from the car.

OFFICER HORNFIELD

(into radio)

I got his kid here. Fresh mouth,
but not really a threat.

(MORE)

OFFICER HORNFIELD (CONT'D)

(beat)

Call his daddy up. See what he
wants to do.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - NIGHT

Cigarette smoke fills the bowling alley. A bar lines the FOUR
LANE ALLEY. Dan and Olivia bowl, smoking CIGARETTES.

DAN

One time I bowled 300. Got a
picture of the board to prove it.

OLIVIA

How about you stop yapping and take
your turn.

Dan grabs the bowling ball and lines up his shot.

DAN

Will history repeat herself?

He readies. Steadies. Aims. Fi--

RING! RING! Dan JERKS his body in a fit of surprise. The ball
flies immediately into the gutter.

DAN

Dang it, who is calling me!

He answers the phone.

DAN

Yeah?

Dan listens. His outburst turns to concentrated rage.

DAN

Take that piss ant back to the
station. I'll be on my way.

Dan goes to hang up the phone, but at the last second--

DAN

You have my permission to scare him
straight. Rough 'em up.

Dan hangs up. He gives Olivia a disappointed look.

DAN

I gotta go to the police station.

But not before he's finished bowling.

DAN
Reset that last one. Phone
interference, don't count.

OLIVIA
Nope, you gotta play through it.
This ain't the YMCA.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Tanner bites his nails nervously.

Waiting.

Waiting.

JENNIFER
Have fun in jail.

TANNER
Stop!
(beat)
When he puts the cuffs on me, can
you film it with your phone?
Horizontally.

EXT. SIDE OF ROAD - NIGHT

Officer Hornfield back at Dan's car.

OFFICER HORNFIELD
(to Jennifer)
Someone is coming by to pick you up
and take you home.
(to Tanner)
You're coming with me.

TANNER
Are you gonna put handcuffs on me?

OFFICER HORNFIELD
No.

TANNER
Please.

OFFICER HORNFIELD
This isn't a joke, kid. This is
serious.

A silent Tanner. Maybe he finally gets it?

INT. POLICE STATION - WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

The room is quiet. Empty. Peaceful. Tanner fidgets around in one of the plastic chairs, unable to find comfort.

TANNER

Rappers don't warn you about the chairs. Excuse me, miss. Do you have a softer seat?

NANCY (80s) working the front desk rolls her eyes. She has NO TEETH. Tanner doesn't understand a word.

NANCY

Thathurplasticcherisolyegit.

TANNER

Oh ok, got it. Thank you ma'am.

What the hell did she just say? Tanner fiddles with the RHINESTONES on his denim jacket. Officer Hornfield enters.

OFFICER HORNFIELD

Pops still not here yet?

NANCY

Lilboyasinfersumplaytasit--

OFFICER HORNFIELD

I can't understand a damn word out ya mouth, ma. Put your teeth in.

NANCY

Nuh uh.

Officer Hornfield leans in close to Nancy.

OFFICER HORNFIELD

(whispers)

If you don't put your teeth in, I'm gonna have to write you up. I don't wanna do that, mama.

Nancy begrudgingly puts her teeth in.

NANCY

They're uncomfy. I hate 'em.

Dan enters the small, run-down Police Station. He tucks his shirt in for some reason.

OFFICER HORNFIELD

Hey, what can we do you for?

DAN
I'm Dan Dieters. Father of the boy
who's bout to get whooped.

Dan motions for Tanner to come over. Tanner does with his head down. Hornfield sifts through papers.

OFFICER HORNFIELD
Dan, you wouldn't happen to partake
in worker's comp fraud, would ya?

DAN
(to Tanner)
You snitched?!

TANNER
Never!

DAN
(to Officer Hornfield)
How did you—

Hornfield stares at the very capable feet Dan walked in with. Dan pinches the bridge of his nose.

DAN
Done cost me my job, Tanner.

OFFICER HORNFIELD
Looks like you and I got a date
tomorrow. Bright and early.

Hornfield gives Dan a playful wink. Dan glares at Tanner.

DAN
Car. Now.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Dan's fingernails strangle the steering wheel. Tanner sits in the passenger seat with his LIL QUEASY JACKET in his lap.

TANNER
If I knew you needed the car, I
would've brought it back sooner.

Dan tightens his grip on the wheel.

TANNER
I'm sorry.

Dan turns the RADIO on. "When The Sun Goes Down" by Kenny Chesney plays.

Dan punches the POWER BUTTON on the stereo. Catching himself, he loosens his grip on the wheel with a shaky exhale.

DAN

It's not your fault. About time the consequences of my actions came 'round.

Silence.

TANNER

How was your date?

DAN

Oh, uh, well— It was nice. She's real smart. And sweet. She gets me. Tough to find. Ya know?

Tanner solemnly nods.

DAN

How was your date with Jennifer?

TANNER

Awful. I screwed everything up.

Dan softens up, giving Olivia's advice a try.

DAN

We all mess up. I'm sure Lil Queasy can make things right. Right?

Tanner snarls. *Fuck Lil Queasy.* He clenches his jacket and TOSSES it out the window.

DAN

Ay, come on now! Didn't know Lil Queasy was a litterbug.

TANNER

Lil Queasy is dead.

Too numb to cry, the shell of Lil Queasy sits motionless.

INT. DIETERS HOME - NIGHT

Dan watches a replay of the Florida Gators winning their 2008 Championship in his LA-Z-BOY. Tanner sneaks out of his room. He crouches low and makes his way to the CORDLESS PHONE.

INT. TANNER'S ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Tanner slowly shuts his door. He dials the number written on a GUM WRAPPER taped to his wall.

INT. JENNIFER'S ROOM - NIGHT

Jennifer hunches over her LAPTOP. The phone RINGS. She looks at the CALLER ID. Confused, she answers.

JENNIFER

Hello?

INTERCUT AS NEEDED

TANNER

It's me, Tanner-

CLICK. She hangs up.

A quick redial later...

JENNIFER

(annoyed)

Hello?

TANNER

I think the call dropped.

JENNIFER

It didn't drop. I did this-

CLICK. She hangs up again. Tanner's finger hovers over the redial button. But consideration prevails.

He flings the phone onto the ground. Throws his hands up. Falls back onto his bed. The TIM MCRAW POSTER taunts him from above. He RIPS it off the wall.

While punching the poster into a ball, he catches a glimpse of himself in the dirty mirror next to his door.

Embarrassment. Disgust. But most of all, *pity.* Tanner cries.

For once, he has nothing to say and no audience. Only tears.

His head whips to the now open door where Dan stares at the newly-blank space on the wall.

DAN

I thought you liked that guy.
C'mere, got something to show you.

INT. DIETERS HOME - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Dan motions for Tanner to sit in his throne. Tanner plops down in the LA-Z-BOY.

Dan presses play on the VCR remote. Sighs. Braces for impact.

ON SCREEN: Static... Static... The entrance to Saint Thomas High School. **20 YEARS AGO**. The camera zooms in to the sound of an acoustic guitar. It focuses on a SCHOOLGIRL reading a book.

TANNER

Is that mom?

Dan nods.

ON SCREEN: Tanner's mom throws her book into the bushes, smitten by the COWBOY approaching her.

TANNER

No way.

Wide eyed Tanner looks to Dan. His father begrudgingly nods.

ON SCREEN: Music Video credits appear in the bottom left:

Song: "Not a Cowboy"

Artist: Deputy Dan

Album: Flarda's Finest

ON SCREEN: Deputy Dan flirts with Tanner's mom. A second Deputy Dan FADES IN on the left side of the screen. He's shirtless, hairy, and singing.

DEPUTY DAN

*I'm not a CowBoy, I'm a CowMAN. And
I'm tryna make you m'lady. Dang
you're gorgeous, give me yer hand,
let's whip us up a baby.*

Dan gages his son's reaction from the corner of his eye.

TANNER

Incredible.

DAN

I know.

TANNER

Am I the baby you whipped up?

DAN

Mhm.

ON SCREEN: Deputy Dan emerges from a swampy lake wearing TIGHTY WHITEYS. He's sexy. Sensual. Wet—

CLICK. The screen cuts to black.

DAN

You get the point.

TANNER

Why didn't you tell me?

DAN

I didn't wanna add fuel to the same fire that burned me.

Humbled, the faux macho Dan takes a seat on the floor.

DAN

I gave music my blood, sweat and tears. And while it didn't give me the fame I desired, it gave me somethin' I could never dream of.

TANNER

Me?

DAN

That Bud Light mini-fridge.

Dan fails to hold back a slight smile.

TANNER

Why'd you stop?

Staring into his son's eyes, Dan knows giving the answer won't be easy. He drags his feet to the fridge. Opens it. Cracks a beer. Here goes...

DAN

You know why your mom left?

TANNER

Yeah, to be a group—

DAN

Wrong. She left because I failed her. I made becoming a star my only priority. Meanwhile, she's struggling to pay bills and care for a newborn. Only took a year till she said enough is enough. A week after she skipped town, the label canned my record deal.

(MORE)

DAN (CONT'D)

They signed Chesney the next day. I was left with nothing but resent.

(catching himself)

And you, obviously.

(a beat)

Prioritizing the fans you're chasing over the ones you already got ain't smart. This dream of yours... chase it, but don't abandon your people. The ones who like Tanner, not Queasy. Cause you're gonna need them to pick you up when the industry knocks you down. Ya?

The rhythmic nods of Tanner's head let us know Dan's wise words are resonating.

DAN

That means Jennifer.

TANNER

Think I already lost her.

DAN

So? You know where she lives.

His father's WINK assures Tanner everything will be alright.

TANNER

Can I watch the rest?

DAN

Absolutely not.

KNOCK. KNOCK. Dan downs his beer. A *foam filled burp*.

DAN

It's time.

EXT. DIETERS HOME - EARLY MORNING

"Only Time" by Enya plays as Dan is arrested. Slow motion.

The POLICE put a handcuffed Dan into the back of a SQUAD CAR. Dan seems at peace, accepting his fate. Tanner runs out.

TANNER

Dad! Wait! Stop! Dad!

The Enya stops.

Hornfield steps in front of Tanner, holding him back. The officer stops loading Dan into the car, allowing the father to have one last word with his son.

DAN
What is it, boy?

TANNER
What am I gonna do for breakfast?

Dan looks to Hornfield.

OFFICER HORNFIELD
We can take you to McDonald's?

TANNER
Eh. Cracker Barrel?

EXT. CRACKER BARREL - MORNING

A packed parking lot surrounds the cabin-like building. Old folks play checkers in rocking chairs on the porch that wraps around the Cracker Barrel.

The Enya resumes as we see--

Dan in the hot squad car with the windows cracked like a sad dog. Through the window, he watches Tanner and the officers enjoy a FEAST of Southern cooking. Tanner plays the peg game.

OFFICER HORNFIELD
Unreal. The kid gets it every time.

Off Dan's dejected face we cut to--

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

A small courtroom, not flashy at all. Dan stands before a JUDGE. Tanner sits behind Dan. The overweight BAILIFF sits in a MOTORIZED SCOOTER eating a SLIM JIM.

DAN
Your Honor, I was raised in a system that rewarded begging for forgiveness over askin permission.

The Judge rolls their eyes and carries on.

JUDGE
Mr. Dieters, you're charged with falsifying disability claims over a period of nine months amounting to--

The Judge double checks their notes.

JUDGE
\$2,315 in damages? That's it? You
were living off of that?

DAN
I wouldn't call it living, your
honor.

JUDGE
(to Tanner)
Are you being fed?

TANNER
Yup. Had a huge meal this morning.
Country fried steak, scrambled
eggs, bacon, sausage, biscuits.

DAN
I did not partake in the eating of
the breakfast, your honor.

The judge takes a long, hard pause.

JUDGE
Well it's clear to me you're a good
father who puts his son's needs
above his own.
(beat)
House arrest and a whole heap of
community service.

Dan hangs his head. Tanner whispers to Dan's PUBLIC DEFENDER.

TANNER
That's it?

DEFENDER
Celebrities play by different rules
than us common folk.

JUDGE
Dan, I know it's been rough since
Charlene left. But you gotta get it
together, for us Day One Deputy Dan
fans. The world has been waiting
for *The Swamp Chronicles, Part III*.

Tanner stares in admiration at Dan.

TANNER
(softly to himself)
Celebrity privilege.

JUDGE

Set a better example for your boy.
Let him know hard work pays off.
Bailiff-

The bailiff powers up his electric scooter. He tucks the half eaten Slim Jim into his UTILITY BELT, in between his taser and bag of cool ranch sunflower seeds.

BAILIFF

This way. No funny business.

INT. TANNER'S ROOM - DAY

Tanner writes vigorously in his notebook. We don't see what's on the page, only the locked in expression on his face.

TAP. TAP.

He looks up to find Hunter on the other side of his window.

HUNTER

(muffled)

Hey.

Tanner puts headphones on, keeps his head down, and continues writing. His growing snarl matches the intensity of his pen.

When he does finally look up, Hunter is gone. Instead he's greeted with his dirt-stained, now torn up Lil Queasy jacket.

EXT. JENNIFER'S HOUSE - DAY

Tanner ducks behind the airboat in the driveway. He carries a BOX wrapped in BURGER KING COUPONS.

TANNER

I made my bed... Time to unmake it.

Tanner sprints to Jennifer's front door. He BANGS it once.

The door opens.

ISABEL

Hello?

TANNER

Can you get Jennifer out here?

ISABEL

Excuse me. Who are you?

TANNER

Tanner. Guessing you're her mom?

Isabel begins to get a slight attitude.

ISABEL

How do you know Jennifer?

TANNER

Oh boy, where to begin? For starters, we're ex-lovers.

She connects the dots.

ISABEL

Would you happen to be Lil Queasy?

TANNER

Look, Jennifer's mom, I'm not doing autographs anymore. You seem like a nice lady, but--

Isabel SLAMS the door shut in his face.

He rolls his eyes. Sighs. Knocks.

TANNER

Fine, you can have an autograph.

No answer.

MOMENTS LATER

KNOCK. KNOCK. Isabel angrily SWINGS the door open, ready to yell but stops when she sees--

Nothing.

She looks both ways. Nothing.

We follow her gaze down to find Tanner's box at her feet.

INT. JENNIFER'S ROOM - DAY

Jennifer sits on her bed with the peace offering. She opens the box to find--

A BRAND NEW HD CAMCORDER.

A POST-IT on the camera reads 'PLAY ME.'

Isabel stands awkwardly by her door.

ISABEL

That boy is extremely rude.

JENNIFER

I know. He sucks.

Jennifer opens the camcorder viewfinder. She stares at Isabel, waiting for her to leave. Isabel rolls her eyes and shuts the door.

ON SCREEN: Tanner stands at a podium. The same podium the football coach gives his post game interviews at.

TANNER

Jennifer. This is the artist formerly known as Lil Queasy. AKA Lil Quease. Lil Q. Queasy-Bake Oven. Quease Witherspoon. The Quease-Cake Factory.

(beat)

But from now on, I'm just Tanner.

Tanner reads from a notebook.

TANNER

During a night full of debauchery, devious desire, and dastardly deeds that ended with me in the slammer, I broke your camera. Technically Tim McRaw broke it, but you're right, it's ultimately my fault.

(beat)

Nothing I say will make things right. But buying you a new camera should help. It was expensive. Some would say too expensive.

Jennifer inspects her new camera. She likes it.

TANNER

I was able to sell some of my things and buy it for you.

(beat)

On a related note, I haven't accepted your trade on Roblox because I no longer have a laptop. For that, I'm also sorry.

Tanner looks down the page of his notebook. He shuts it.

TANNER

I wrote down a bunch of super insightful stuff, but you deserve something from the heart.

He CHUCKS the notebook towards the camera. The camera jerks—and jump cuts to Tanner back at the podium.

TANNER

I've been so worried about pleasing others with my rap, I forgot to please the most important person in my life.

(beat)

Me. And what makes me happy is being friends with you.

(beat)

I'd rather be Tanner with Jennifer than be Lil Queasy without her.

Tanner pauses for dramatic effect.

TANNER

But I know you hate my guts, so I'm gonna give you space. You'll never see me again, promise. Goodbye.

The video ends. Jennifer shuts the camera.

She turns around to look out her second story window. Tanner's exasperated face is pressed up against the glass, the tips of his fingers gripping the windowsill.

SHIT. Tanner lets go, plummeting into the bushes.

ISABEL (O.S.)

¿Qué diantres fue eso?

EXT. JENNIFER'S HOUSE - FRONT YARD

Tanner fumbles out of the bushes. He gets to explaining himself when he sees Jennifer with her hands on her hips.

TANNER

Nice, sturdy shrubs. They'll def hold up during a hurricane. Aight, on to the next house.

(acting shocked)

Oh Jennifer, hi. You live here?

JENNIFER

Mhm.

He points to the HD CAMCORDER in her hand.

TANNER

I see you got my message.

JENNIFER

We're never getting back together.

TANNER

Duh. I don't deserve a good woman.
Queasy is dead anyway.

Tanner stares into her eyes, head bowed. Genuine remorse.

JENNIFER

I don't want you to give up Queasy,
it's who you are. I want you to
remember that other people exist.
Including Tanner.

TANNER

(impressed)
Damn. That was a hard bar.

JENNIFER

What are you gonna do about the
video? Assuming I destroyed
everything we shot.

TANNER

I found a gif of a football
spinning on PowerPoint. Was gonna
loop that a couple hundred times.

JENNIFER

I'm sorry.

TANNER

For what?

JENNIFER

For making you feel super guilty in
about ten seconds. I edited the
entire thing last night, hoping
you'd jump off a bridge in a guilt-
ridden frenzy.

Jennifer shocks Tanner with a FLASHDRIVE from her pocket.

In a fit of excitement, Tanner wraps his arms around her.

TANNER

Thank you. I'm not used to having
people in my corner. Still learning
to take care of the ones that are.

Jennifer lets the hug sink in.

JENNIFER
You'll get there.

Isabel scowls from inside the house. Tanner finally stops squeezing.

JENNIFER
I cut out the empty verse.

TANNER
Would there be time to add it back?

JENNIFER
Who? Hunter?

TANNER
Ever heard of Deputy Dan?

She's confused for a moment before remembering his dad's name. The second we see her eyes connect the dots we cut to—

INT. DIETERS HOME - DAY

DAN
Hell no. You lost your damn mind?

Dan lounges with his feet up, ankle monitor visible. Tanner pleads his case. Jennifer standing behind him, camera ready.

TANNER
We could be the best rap/country,
father/son duo Yulee has ever seen!

DAN
Someone else can have that title.

TANNER
Don't you miss performing? The
fans. The women. The cars. The Bud
Light mini fridges.

JENNIFER
The bottle service.

DAN
What's bottle service?

TANNER
I don't know. But we can find out
together. We're *already* outcasts.
Both felons. Might as well have
some fun, make some music.

Tanner can tell from Dan's expression he's not on board.

TANNER

That judge loved you. He *wanted*
your music. Don't you miss that?

His father looks away, hiding his contemplation.

TANNER

Fine. Keep living in fear. If you
can even call it living.

Dan closes his eyes. Puts his phone down. Sighs. Nods.

DAN

Get my boots out the garage.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - NIGHT

Friday. Night. Lights. High School Football in the South.
HOMECOMING. The stadium is AT CAPACITY. People of ALL AGES
jammed in the bleachers like sardines in a can.

Dan sits next to Olivia.

OLIVIA

How're you here if you're on house
arrest? Don't you have one of them
ankle things?

DAN

Turns out smashing your foot every
couple days with a hammer has its
perks. My ankle is like a limp
noodle. Slipped right out.

OLIVIA

So, where's this special surprise?

DAN

Patience. It's coming.

ON THE FIELD

Both FOOTBALL TEAMS stretch in the end zones. Jake nudges
some of his teammates and looks toward the sideline.

JAKE

Ay kicker, what's your boyfriend
Lil Queefy up to?

HUNTER

No clue.

Tanner wears his torn up Lil Queasy jacket and a fake mustache. He carries a basket of water bottles and towels.

INT. FOOTBALL BOOTH - NIGHT

A small AUDIO/VIDEO room. A NERDY MAN (30s) works as the operator. Jennifer enters.

JENNIFER

Coach told me to give you this.
It's the video for tonight's game.

Jennifer offers the FLASHDRIVE.

NERDY MAN

But, my wife has been working on
her intro video all week. Coach
said we could use it.

JENNIFER

He lied to you.

NERDY MAN

Why would he do that?

JENNIFER

I think you know why.

The Nerdy Man sadly nods and accepts the flash drive.

NERDY MAN

I told her no one likes Bon Jovi.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - NIGHT

The NERDY MAN comes through the stadium's speaker system.

NERDY MAN (O.S.)

(filtered)

Ladies and gentlemen, please turn
your attention to the big board for
a special presentation that my wife
did not make.

(reading off paper)

Little- sorry, *Lil Queasy* featuring
Flarda's Finest, Deputy Dan.

Dan takes the deepest breath and reaches for Olivia's hand.

SIDELINE

Tanner stands off to the side BITING his nails furiously. Jennifer, full of excitement, stands next to him.

She is also dressed as a WATER BOY with a mustache.

JENNIFER

Oh my God, your jacket...

Before he can explain himself—

JENNIFER

So grunge! I love it.

TANNER

My heart is racing. This must be what Kanye and Jay felt like dropping "Watch the Throne."

JENNIFER

Are you Kanye or Jay-Z?

TANNER

Neither. I'm Lil Queasy.

AIR HORN BLAST. The video begins.

I/E. MUSIC VIDEO

The camera moves down the aisle of the empty church toward the altar.

JENNIFER (V.O.)

God sent his only son to wash us of our sins. But sin still thrives, so obvi Jesus failed. Thankfully, God had another son.

Tanner rises from behind the altar with his back to the camera. He's in priest robes with his arms extended, as if he were nailed to a cross.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - BLEACHERS

Sister Hayes stares at the giant mistake she enabled. She performs a solemn 'sign of the cross.'

SISTER HAYES

Forgive me, Father, for I have sinned. It has been—

She looks at her watch as we cut back to—

I/E. MUSIC VIDEO

The beat builds.

JENNIFER (V.O.)

God's chosen one. Sent to save his
children with a plague of swag so
sick it left all in its wake
feeling a Lil... Queasy.

The beat DROPS. Tanner whips around and begins rapping.

**Tanner raps with an angry, Rage Against the Machine meets
XXXTENTACION energy.**

LIL QUEASY

*Queasy back, I'm the kid that won't
go away. "You can't rap, man you
trash," yeah that's all they say.*

Tanner HOPS UP onto the altar and raps down at the camera.

LIL QUEASY

*But the flow got 'em thumpin' to
they own dismay. It's lonely being
God's only protege.*

JUMP CUT: Tanner HANGS on the giant 'Jesus on the cross'
statue floating above the altar. No clue how he got up there.

LIL QUEASY

*Lil Queasy, the chosen one, the
second Messiah. But y'all treat him
like a social pariah. Bet ya never
heard the Good Word sound this fi-
yah. Gotta keep it spicy, jambalaya
thick, Mariah.*

JUMP CUT: Tanner raps in Sister Hayes's office. He kicks his
feet up on her desk.

LIL QUEASY

*Real one, Sister Hayes, das my
sensai. Told me praise God in these
bars, so thank ya for Beyoncé.*

JUMP CUT: In the Dieters' Living Room, Tanner raps to a photo
of his MOM holding him as a baby.

LIL QUEASY

*Mama left, streets taught me how to
rebel. Terrorizing glee like I'm
Lea Michele. The homie Jennifer
making sure I'm well. She holds me
down, the Kenan to my Kel.*

JUMP CUT: to the video of Tanner jumping lunch table to lunch table.

LIL QUEASY

*Feels like all my friends is Judas
looking to betray. Gettin paid,
thirty silver to sip haterade.*

The table Tanner is on SNAPS. He FALLS THROUGH THE FLOOR to-HELL. Tanner raps surrounded by poorly rendered flames.

LIL QUEASY

*Fake loyalty, hollow like paper-
mache. They pretenders, Broadway,
Timmy Chalamet.*

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - NIGHT

Jennifer nudges Tanner.

JENNIFER

I fixed it in post.

TANNER

It's better than I ever imagined.

JENNIFER

You think they like it?

TANNER

Who cares.

Tanner, mesmerized by Lil Queasy, mouths his own raps.

TANNER

Woah, I look ripped.

I/E. MUSIC VIDEO

Tanner raps shirtless in front of his dad's car. Jennifer pokes her head from behind the camera into frame.

JENNIFER

*I love you, Queasy, won't you be my
bae?*

LIL QUEASY

*Nah girl, I belong to God, it's a
Sunday. Father, Son, Holy Spirit,
that's a three-way. Matthew, Mark,
Luke, and John for some four-play.*

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The parking lot is FULL of cars but devoid of people.

The soft clicking of CLUNKY GRANDMA HEELS on the pavement.

Sister Hayes inconspicuously flees the scene of the crime,
quickly getting into her car and peeling off.

I/E. MUSIC VIDEO

Tanner raps in the end zone of the football field. The
football team can be seen practicing in the background.

LIL QUEASY

*Bullies actin' tough, hope that you
repent in mass. Stayin pissed cause
Queasy is yo mama's hall pass.
Jesus rode a donkey, he was tryna
save some gas. Tell yo girl to
'giddy up,' guess we both came
riding on an-*

A football SMACKS Tanner as we cut to-

Dan singing from his LA-Z-BOY. Pajamas and cowboy boots.

DEPUTY DAN

*If he's the son of God, what's that
make me? Deputy Dan is back, like
'08 Timmy T.*

Olivia stares at Dan, stunned, waiting for an explanation.

DAN

I'm living life. Fear free.

DEPUTY DAN

*Stacking disability checks while I
binge Austin Powers. Feds locked me
up and gave me forty hours.*

Tanner abruptly shoves his head into frame.

LIL QUEASY
Community Service!

Shirtless Steve in the bleachers turns to a random parent.

SHIRTLESS STEVE
They're definitely related.

DEPUTY DAN
*Thank you Olivia for cleansing me
of fear. The power to 'spit facts,'
colder than this beer.*

Jennifer tosses Dan two beers from behind the camera. He catches and cracks them.

DEPUTY DAN (CONT'D)
*The sky is blue, and Chesney is a
clown. I'll knock his ass out 'When
the Sun Goes Down.'*

Dan smashes the cans together and pours them simultaneously into his mouth like Stone Cold Steve Austin.

The beat stops. However, Lil Queasy isn't quite done. He a cappella freestyles in the living room.

Rapid fire bars. Automatic. The safety is off.

TANNER
*We playing football. No time to
stall. It's time to ball. Not gonna
fall! Send ya team to hell. Better
listen well. Finna make me yell.
From heaven I fell. Ref, ring the
bell. Boy's face startin' to swell.*

JUMP CUT: Montage of clips Jennifer took of Tanner without him knowing. Clips of him peddling CDs. Clips of him writing lyrics in his notebook. Clips of him recording the song.

And finally, the clip of Tanner owning the stage at the Tim McRaw concert.

TANNER (O.S.)
*Kindness got no fee. Livin'
judgment free. In Heaven you'll
see. Lil Quease got the key.
Winners we'll be. Crusaders on
three. One, Two, GLATT, GLATT,
GLATT-*

As Tanner stage dives: BOOM! An EXPLOSION goes off. The video cuts to— Jennifer's WEBCAM. She speaks to the stadium.

JENNIFER

While we root for the Saint Thomas
Crusaders tonight, I'd like to
remind everyone that MILLIONS OF
PEOPLE DIED DURING THE CRUSADES AT
THE HANDS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH!

Before Jennifer's rant can continue, the entire Jumbotron is SHUT OFF. Jennifer claps ecstatically.

TANNER

I love it. Very anti-establishment.

Tanner faces a SILENT crowd. Not a peep from the bleachers. He looks over to the football team. They're mildly amused.

JAKE

What the hell did we just watch?

A proud Hunter CLAPS. He's alone in his applause.

HUNTER

Let's go, Lil Queasy!

Dan, overcome with PRIDE, stands and ROARS.

DAN

Atta Boy! Best country/rap,
father/son duo in the world!

Tanner's attention shifts from Hunter to Dan, tears welling.

Triumphant music rises.

As does Olivia. She joins in on the applause.

Others add to the faint chorus of claps.

But that's it. The inspirational music stops. The eight or so people clapping also stop.

JAKE

Booo!
(to teammates)
Come on, 'Boo' him with me.

HUNTER

Leave him alone. For some reason,
he actually likes you guys.

JAKE
Look me in the eye and tell me that
wasn't cringe.

HUNTER
(mocking)
Oh no, King Jake finds it cringe.

JAKE
Bro. You know he's a bad look.

HUNTER
You know what else is a bad look?
Crying after the "Healing the Home
with Holy Habits" video. But Tanner
isn't insecure enough to tease you
over it. I am though.

Jake, tongue tied, looks to his boys for support.

JAKE
My parents are getting divorced.

The team sits in silence.

WIDE RECEIVER
You cried in class though?

JAKE
Define cried.

The RUNNING BACK stands up, heated.

JAKE
Like a tear. I found out they were
getting divorced that morning!

WIDE RECEIVER
Why didn't you say something? Oh
you poor thing.

RUNNING BACK
No wonder you've been lashing out.

Jake's teammates give him a warm embrace.

JAKE
I keep wondering if there's
something I could've done.

RUNNING BACK
You stop that talk right now. Their
responsibilities to each other as
partners got nothin to do with you.

Tanner runs around the field as if he scored a the winning World Cup goal. His shirt comes off before he slides on his knees toward the bleachers, pounding his chest.

TANNER
Quea-sy! Quea-sy! Quea-

A WHISTLE blows.

REFEREE
Get off the field, kid!

TANNER
Sorry. My B.

Tanner awkwardly runs back to where he was and does a victory lap around the field with his arms up.

He locks eyes with Hunter. They exchange a sweet smile and nod. Nods that signify they're going to be alright.

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

Saturday. Tanner and Jennifer stand in front of CLEANING SUPPLIES. Sister Hayes, hands on her hips, instructs them.

SISTER HAYES
Tables, floors, walls, windows.
This entire cafeteria needs to be
spotless.

Tanner and Jennifer stay quiet. Sister Hayes opens the door to leave. Dan SWEEPS the hallway floors.

DAN
Hey! Lil Queasy!

The door shuts before Tanner can respond. Jennifer gives Tanner a confused look.

TANNER
He has to do community service.

JENNIFER
Even adults get detention here?
Ugh, Florida honks.

Jennifer sighs and picks up the cleaning supplies.

JENNIFER
You think we can use that bleach in
your hair?

TANNER

You think I should go blonde?

JENNIFER

Just the mullet. It's time for Lil Queasy to enter phase two.

TANNER

This is the greatest idea you've ever had.

Tanner opens the BOTTLE OF CLOROX and hands it to Jennifer. He lays down on a table and fans his mullet out.

TANNER

I know Florida sucks, but I'm glad you're here.

JENNIFER

So am I.

Jennifer sprays his mullet. A LARGE QUEASY GRIN as we zoom out through the cafeteria window to—

EXT. YULEE, FLORIDA - CONTINUOUS

The schoolyard where Shirtless Steve hunts for snakes in the bushes. The empty parking lot. The emptier streets.

We continue to zoom out, getting one last look at the beautiful, spacious nothing that is Yulee, Florida.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END