

The Contract Year

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FADE IN:

EXT. SOUTH BEACH - EVENING

It's another dazzling night in NEON-LIT South Beach.

INT. SURF ARENA - SAME TIME

A CAPACITY CROWD watches a BASKETBALL GAME played by TWO TEAMS of a FICTIONAL NBA-like league.

ANNCR 1 (V.O.)

Welcome back to game seven of the Great American Basketball League's eastern conference finals! It's half-time and we're all knotted up at fifty-two between the Chicago Towers and South Beach Surf. The winner moves on to play the LA Legends for the championship.

ANNCR 2 (V.O.)

And if you're the Surf you really want this one. They've been here the last two seasons and have come up short both times. A loss tonight would be devastating.

ANNCR 1 (V.O.)

And this capacity crowd knows it. They have been absolutely electric all night.

ANNCR 2

Speaking of electric, I think it's just about time for another electrifying performance by the Surf's incredible dance team.

INT. SURF ARENA TUNNEL - SAME TIME

Twenty gorgeous FEMALE DANCERS are huddled around their MALE DANCE DIRECTOR, D.J. BECKETT (35), as he addresses them at the mouth of the tunnel.

D.J.

Half-time is our time! The middle of that court belongs to us! That's because you're more than dancers! You're divas! No. No. Fuck that.

(MORE)

D.J. (cont'd)  
 You're more than divas. You're goddesses! Pelvis-thrusting, bootie-shaking goddesses, and you own every eyeball and low ball in this arena. When you go out there and tear it up, men want to be alone with their wives and their wives want to be alone with their treadmills. There has never been a dance team like this one! And why?

The dancers' expressions: here it comes.

D.J. (cont'd)  
 Because I'm the best damn dance director in this league!

They roll their eyes. He'll never change.

D.J. (cont'd)  
 Now get out there and show me how right I am!

They break huddle and make their entrance to LOUD APPLAUSE.

ARENA ANNCR (V.O.)  
 Surf fans, please welcome back the most exciting dance team in the league, the Surfsations!

INT. SURF ARENA COURT - CONTINUOUS

The Surfsations take their position at mid court. A POPULAR SONG begins to play and they launch into an AMAZING ROUTINE unlike anything normally seen in the real-world NBA.

INT. SURF ARENA TUNNEL - SAME TIME

D.J. watches his creation with puffed-up pride. The Surfsations are INCREDIBLE. Every eye in the arena is glued to their moves and curves. They're scintillating. Titillating. In a word:

D.J.  
 Perfection...

INT. SURF ARENA COURT - SAME TIME

The Surfsations finish their routine to WILD APPLAUSE. They were awesome and they know it. They continue to PUMP UP the crowd as they exit into the tunnel.

ARENA ANNCR (V.O.)  
Give it up for the Surfsations!

INT. SURF ARENA TUNNEL - SAME TIME

D.J. shifts into bitch mode as the Surfsations return.

D.J.  
You thought that was good?

It knocks the smiles off their faces.

D.J. (cont'd)  
You looked like a dance recital at Litchfield. Chelsea, you're still a hair late on the second jump. Kristina, no one is buying your smile. You look like you're at a royal wedding. Watch me.

He demonstrates how to smile and not smile.

D.J. (cont'd)  
This. Not this. This. Not this. See? Real smile. Kristina's bullshit smile. And Shayna, I'm seeing a little too much drift around your mid. Just a little.

Shayna is a freaking goddess. There isn't an ounce of fat on her. He bends down to point out what isn't there.

D.J. (cont'd)  
Just a smidge of fat right here, between this rib and this one.

The Surfsations tune him out. This shit got old long ago. He stands up.

D.J. (cont'd)  
Every dancer in this league would Nancy Kerrigan any one of you to dance for me. I could get on my phone right now and have a new group of Surfsations by the end of the game. Am I crystal?

The Surfsations walk away with eye rolls and head shakes.

D.J. (cont'd)  
(sotto)  
Cows.

INT. SURF ARENA - SOMETIME LATER

The game is now in the fourth quarter. We see the SCOREBOARD. Final 10 seconds are ticking down. The score is tied at 98. The fans are at a FEVER PITCH.

INT. SURF ARENA COURT - CONTINUOUS

The Surf run a play. The ball is passed to number ZERO, JANIS BERKIS (23) (pronounced Yah-niss), for a three-point attempt. He is quickly DOUBLE-TEAMED.

ANNCR 1 (V.O.)  
Ten seconds to play. Pass to Berkis  
for a three. Two defenders quickly in  
his face.

Janis passes the ball to veteran journeyman, number ELEVEN, JOE JEFFRIES (40).

ANNCR 1 (V.O.) (cont'd)  
He finds Jeffries wide open on the  
wing.

Joe takes the uncontested shot and it rattles IN AND OUT!

ANNCR 1 (V.O.) (cont'd)  
Jeffries for the lead! Rattles in and  
out!

A Towers player named COOPER grabs the rebound and quickly RACES up the court with two seconds remaining.

ANNCR 1 (V.O.) (cont'd)  
Rebound, Cooper. In transition. Two  
seconds left.

Cooper HEAVES up a shot from beyond mid court...and NAILS IT at the buzzer!

ANNCR 1 (V.O.) (cont'd)  
Cooper puts up a prayer...and it's  
GOOOOOOOD!

ANNCR 2 (V.O.)  
Are. You. Kidding me!!!!

The Towers bench clears as TEAMMATES surround Cooper. The Surf PLAYERS are crushed, some falling to the floor. Janis puts his arm around Joe.

ANNCR 1 (V.O.)  
Cooper with the miracle buzzer-beater  
that sends the Chicago Towers to the  
Great American Finals!

ANNCR 2 (V.O.)  
Just a heartbreaking loss for the  
South Beach Surf, who come up short  
for the third straight season. You  
have to wonder what it's going to  
take to get this team over the hump.

The air has gone out of the arena as the celebrating Towers players and COACHES exit the court. Fans are shocked. You could hear a pin drop with the exception of an out-of-place:

D.J. (O.S.)  
YES! YES!

INT. SURF ARENA TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

D.J. is looking at his bedazzled phone, reacting like he won the lottery.

D.J.  
WE WON!

The Surfsations, who are also sad, don't understand.

SHAYNA  
D.J., we lost.

D.J.  
No we didn't.

SHAYNA  
Yes we did. We lost the game. The  
season's over.

D.J.  
Yeah, okay, whatever. "Basketball."  
Look, I just found out that we've  
been voted best dance team in the  
league! It's everything I've been  
working for!

(MORE)

D.J. (cont'd)  
(quickly correcting)  
We've been working for.

The Surfsations walk away disgusted.

D.J. (cont'd)  
(playing it off)  
Right. Lit. Go get changed. See you  
at the party!

INT. SURF ARENA COURT - CONTINUOUS

The Surf's brash and surgically-enhanced owner, ISABELLA GARCIA (45), walks onto the court with a mic in her hand as fans begin to exit.

ISABELLA  
Don't anybody move!

Everyone suddenly STOPS. She has that kind of power.

ISABELLA (cont'd)  
This is not the way this season was  
supposed to end. Believe me. I'm just  
as pissed off as you are. As your  
owner I vow to make any and every  
sacrifice to bring a championship to  
South Beach next season. That means  
NO ONE is safe. I will rip out the  
eyes and piss on the brain of anyone  
who gets in my way!

Joe and Janis look at each other in fear.

JANIS  
She must have great aim.

A beaming D.J. flitters over to Isabella and takes the mic  
from her.

D.J.  
On an up note...

ISABELLA  
(perturbed)  
What are you doing?

D.J.  
(ignoring her)  
Hey! It's me! D.J. Beckett in the  
hizz-ouse!

(MORE)

D.J. (cont'd)  
I just heard that my Surfsations were  
voted the number one dance team in  
the entire league! Isn't that fire?

The fans respond with SCATTERED APPLAUSE. D.J. reacts,  
"What's with them?" Isabella rips the mic away from D.J.

D.J. (cont'd)  
You people need to get your  
priorities straight...

He huffs off as she gives him a death stare.

INT. D.J.'S TINY CONDO - LATER THAT EVENING

D.J.'s celebration is in full swing. He's holding court with  
HOT GUYS and FABULOUS DRAG QUEENS, but not a single  
Surfsation.

D.J.  
Number one, bitches!

ALL  
Woooooooooooo!!!!!!

HOT GUY  
D.J., when do the dancers get here?

D.J.  
They're not. And after all I've done  
for their ratchet asses.

Everyone shakes their head, "You said it."

D.J. (cont'd)  
I made them number one. Me. Let's see  
Brooke Babbashaw do that.

HOT GUY  
(tipsy)  
Who's Brooke Babylon?

D.J.  
It's Babbashaw, gaywatch. She's the  
dance director in LA, and I just  
destroyed her. She's also the highest  
paid director in the league. And her  
team has never even finished top two.  
Pssshhhh.

More head shakes and an audible, "That's just wrong."



D.J. (cont'd)  
Well that shiz is going to change  
because one day I'm going to get  
paid. D.J. Beckett is all about the  
Benjamins.

ALL  
Wooooooooo!!

D.J.  
No, for real. I'm all about the  
Benjamins. Any boy here named  
Benjamin? Or, Bend-a-man?

DRAG QUEEN  
Come on now, D.J. You know money  
can't buy you happiness.

They all look at her like, "Is she for real?" She's not.  
They all BUST OUT LAUGHING. The party rages on.

TITLE CARD: TWO MONTHS LATER

EXT. STREET - DAY

D.J. catwalks down the street SINGING with his headphones  
on. He has A GREAT VOICE. We can hear the POPULAR SONG he's  
singing to. Then SOMETHING catches his eye.

A GROUP of BOYS and GIRLS in their EARLY TEENS are getting  
into a SCUFFLE on a covered basketball court. D.J. removes  
his headphones and can hear them calling each other "fag."  
He hurries over.

EXT. COVERED OUTDOOR COURT - CONTINUOUS

D.J.  
Hey, stop that! Nobody calls anybody  
fag!

TEEN 1  
Why not? He is a fag.

TEEN 2  
(openly admits)  
I am. So is he.

D.J.  
You are?

TEEN 1  
Uh-huh. We're all gay.

The teens all nod.

D.J.  
Oh. Well, hey!

They all "SISTER SNAP" (clapping by snapping your fingers).

D.J. (cont'd)  
But it's still not nice. Now why were  
you fighting?

TEEN 3  
(re: Teen 2)  
He keeps messing up our steps.

D.J. spots their boombox.

D.J.  
You're dancers.

TEEN 1  
Duh.

D.J. shoots him a look.

D.J.  
Alright, smartass. Show me whatcha  
got.

The teens instantly sense his authority and fall in line.  
D.J. presses play. A POPULAR SONG begins. D.J. carefully  
watches the teens. They quickly mess up. He hits stop.

D.J. (cont'd)  
Okay, hold up. Hold up. Your  
continuity is all jacked up. And your  
arm styling is out of sync. I'll do  
it in half speed. Watch and learn.

He hits play, turns his back to them, then expertly performs  
what they were attempting. They're instantly impressed.

TEEN 1  
Man, you're good.

D.J.  
Duh. Now do it like I did.

He resets the track and the teens begin to dance, this time better. He walks among them, adjusting moves and body angles.

The dance ends. The teens know they just experienced something on a whole other level.

D.J. (cont'd)  
And that's how I made the Surfsations number one.

TEEN 3  
For real? You run the Surfsations?  
Yo, teach us something new.

D.J.  
Nuh-uh. It's not ready.

TEEN 2  
Aw, c'mon.

They beg and plead.

D.J.  
Can't do it. I'm still cooking it.  
Not even the Surfsations know about it, and they're the only dancers alive good enough to pull it off.

TEEN 2  
Oh, man! I can't wait to see it now.  
What's it called?

D.J.  
Well, I'm never one to brag, but it's called Becky Style. And when I unveil it, the world is going to be shook.

The teens freak with anticipation.

TEEN 3  
This is so cool. I can't believe you really run the Surfsations.

D.J.  
Like a boss.

INT. ISABELLA'S OFFICE - EVENING

Isabella is behind her desk in her posh office, fuming. Sitting across from her is her beleaguered GM, NATE FISHER (45), and Head Coach, BILL COLLINS (50).

ISABELLA

What the hell am I overpaying you numb-nuts for? I want a championship! So you better come up with a solution for one!

NATE

We're one star player away, Isabella. One.

BILL

Nate's right. I've done everything I can with the roster we have. We're this close.

ISABELLA

And you're both "this close" to being out of jobs again.

NATE

Demarcus Price. He's made it very public that he wants out of Travisburg.

ISABELLA

Anyone worth anything wants out of that backwater shithole. The Travisburg Twisters have been the worst franchise in the league for years. Fucking expansion. They'll let anybody in.

NATE

He has a summer place here. And he's about to become a free agent. The Twisters have to trade him for equal value or they lose him and get nothing.

ISABELLA

Think they're willing to deal?

NATE

They have no choice.

INT. LOWELL'S OFFICE - SAME EVENING

LOWELL RICHARDS (60), the owner of the Twisters, is sitting in his modest office, worried. Across from him sit his beleaguered GM, BARRY STUTTS (55), and Head Coach, RON AVERY (40).

BARRY

I'm sorry, Lowell. There's just no way we're keeping Price. He wants out. And we couldn't afford him even if he did want to stay put.

LOWELL

I know, I know. I was just hoping that for once we could convince a star to stick with us. It ain't that bad here, is it?

Barry and Ron look at each other like, "Yeah..."

BARRY

My dog ran off. I don't have the heart to bring him back.

RON

I have a bleeding ulcer and I'm actually starting to enjoy the pain.

Lowell stares at them. It's hopeless. His desk phone RINGS. He answers.

LOWELL

Lowell Richards. Oh, hey there Isabella. How's things in South Beach? Glad to hear. Oh, things are just fine and dandy. Nothing but sunshine and rainbows here in the 'Burg. Demarcus Price? Well, we might be.

Barry and Ron suddenly look hopeful. They pick up a nearby phone to listen in.

LOWELL (cont'd)

I mean, he sure does consider this place home, but we always keep our options open.

INT. ISABELLA'S AND LOWELL'S OFFICES - CONTINUOUS

ISABELLA

Cut the shit, Lowell. You're about to lose Price and you know it. Let's make a deal before he leaves you with your dick in your hand.

Lowell stiffens.

LOWELL  
Alright, little lady, I'm listening.  
Make me an offer.

Nate and Bill are looking at a piece of PAPER that Nate is writing on. They nod in agreement and Nate passes it to Isabella. She studies it a beat then:

ISABELLA  
I'll give you Qyntel Morris, Janis Berkis and Joe Jeffries.

LOWELL  
Let me put you on hold.

He hits hold and looks to Barry and Ron.

BARRY  
Morris was their number one pick in the draft. A lot of upside. Berkis is a great three-point shooter. And Jeffries is a pro's pro. It's a pretty solid deal.

RON  
Damn, it might even make us competitive.

Lowell chews on it, then releases the hold.

LOWELL  
I think we could agree to that. But I want something more, just to sweeten the deal.

Nate and Bill, who have also been listening in, are waving their hands at Isabella and mouthing, "NO!"

ISABELLA  
You think I'm stupid, Lowell? I'm giving you two young studs and a playoff-tested veteran. I'm InStyle magazine's businesswoman of the year, Lowell. An icon. Not some farm girl you can push around.

LOWELL  
You also happen to be a foul-mouthed little tart. And I don't like you. Sweeten the deal...or my next phone call is with Chicago.

Isabella is peeved. Nate and Bill look tense. Isabella looks through the glass wall of her office and sees a Surfsations POSTER in the hall.

She ZEROES IN on a smiling D.J. standing front and center, surrounded by the dancers like a pompous peacock. Her eyes narrow. Then, with a devilish grin asks Lowell:

ISABELLA  
How's your dance team?

EXT. HOTEL POOLSIDE PARTY - LATER THAT EVENING

D.J. is drinking champagne, happily buzzed, and lounging by the swanky pool. Music is THUMPING. Sexy PARTY PEOPLE are everywhere. He's talking to no one and everyone at once.

D.J.  
You'll see! One day they're gonna  
erect a statue of me outside the  
arena. In pink gold! Just like this  
champagne.  
(tipsy sing-song)  
Champagne. Make it rain. What does  
Superman see in Lois Lane...

His phone RINGS. He answers and has trouble hearing over the music.

D.J. (cont'd)  
Hey, Isabella. Sorry, you have to  
speak up girl. What? I'm being  
raided? Oh my god...  
(shouts to all)  
RAID! We're being raided! CODE PENCE!

Everyone SCREAMS. People scramble. CHAOS erupts.

D.J. (cont'd)  
Take anything you couldn't afford  
before the affair!

Everyone STOPS to take something expensive. D.J. grabs a BOTTLE of Louis Jadot. The chaos resumes. The music stops. He puts his ear back to the phone as he looks for an escape.

D.J. (cont'd)  
Isabella, I'm heading for the safe  
house! Wait, I don't have a safe  
house! I'm coming to your place! I'm  
bringing good champagne! Order sushi!  
(MORE)

D.J. (cont'd)  
(listens)  
What?

He stops running.

D.J. (cont'd)  
Ohhhh...  
(to all)  
Wait! Hold up, everyone. My bad. My  
bad. We're not being raided. I'm  
being traded...to Travisburg.

The few remaining party goers stop and look at him because they just heard something even more HORRIBLE than a raid. And, as it finally hits him, so has D.J. The phone and bottle FALL from his hand as he PASSES OUT into the pool.

INT. ISABELLA'S OFFICE - DAY

A grief-stricken D.J. paces the floor as a smug Isabella watches. Nate stands off to the side.

D.J.  
You can't do this to me! Travisburg?!  
That place is straight-up pre! And  
the Twister Girls? Those bottom  
feeders come in dead last every year.  
Besides, dance directors can't get  
traded! Can they?

He turns to Nate for help. Nate shrugs helplessly. Isabella SLAMS A CONTRACT on her desk.

ISABELLA  
I slipped a trade clause into the  
fucking contract that you insisted we  
agree to. Next time, read the fine  
print, fruit loop.

D.J. leans in to look at the contract.

D.J.  
(bullshitting)  
That's not my signature. It's a fake.  
Who signs a contract in glitter ink?

ISABELLA  
Pack your Hello Kitty bags, munch-  
butt. Your ass belongs to the  
Twisters now.



D.J.  
You're evil! And you're being  
incredibly homo-ffensive to such a  
beloved member of our LGBTQhalfC  
community.

NATE  
What's "half C"?

D.J.  
It's when one conjoined twin is gay  
but the other one isn't. We just  
added it.

ISABELLA  
Have fun in Mayberry, La La Land.

D.J.  
Are you hearing this?

NATE  
I only hear what I'm paid to hear.

D.J. shoots him daggers then turns back to Isabella.

D.J.  
Who's going to run the Surfsations?  
You know you'll never find anyone  
better than me.

ISABELLA  
Oh, please. I could throw one of my  
old implants down Ocean Drive and hit  
someone better than you.

(a beat)  
You really think the Surfsations are  
number one because of you? This is  
South Beach. Every puta out their  
practically J.Lo'd out of her  
mother's chocha. You're just a  
pretentious pain in my ass who got a  
lucky break.

D.J. is shaken. The first sign of self-doubt we've seen. He  
tries to maintain his composure.

D.J.  
If that's the way it's going to be,  
fine. You'll never be number one  
again.

He turns to go then quickly SPINS back and THROWS HIMSELF at  
Isabella, begging.

D.J. (cont'd)  
PLEASE! Please don't send me to  
Travisburg! I promise to be a good  
boy!

ISABELLA  
Out!

He admits defeat. He straightens himself and begins to walk  
out. As he goes:

D.J.  
Nate and I had mad sex in your luxury  
box.

He exits with a FINGER SNAP. Nate looks panicky.

NATE  
I swear, I never touched him. I'm a  
happily married man.

ISABELLA  
Give it up, imitation game.

EXT. TRAVISBURG MAIN ROAD - DAY

The Twister's TEAM VAN travels down a RURAL main road in a  
deep-red state. We hear a MAN bitching loudly.

MAN (V.O.)  
Man, this is some stank-ass bullshit!

INT. TEAM VAN - CONTINUOUS

The man is rookie QYNTEL MORRIS (21). He's in the rear.  
Janis sits in front of him. Joe and D.J. sit a row ahead.  
D.J. is thumbing through his phone, trying to ignore Qyntel.

QYNTEL  
Motherfuckers traded me before I even  
suited up. How am I supposed to  
launch my brand when I'm playing in  
roadkill county? No shoe company's  
gonna sign me if they can't even see  
me play. I'll show them South Beach  
cocksuckers. I'm going to light their  
asses up.

JANIS  
What's the name?

QYNTEL  
Name of what?

JANIS  
Your brand. Is it good name?

QYNTEL  
See, I don't know. I need a dope  
nickname like yours. Agent Zero. That  
shit's tight.

JANIS  
I don't like that name. Make me sound  
like Russian spy. I'm Latvian. Not  
Russian.

QYNTEL  
Whatever, man. Agent Zero is legit.  
Hey, how 'bout something like, "The  
Question." 'Cause ain't nobody got an  
answer for my game. Or, "The  
Spinmaster" 'Cause I put suckas on  
spin cycle.

D.J. rolls his eyes. He's heard enough.

D.J.  
How about Maalox?

QYNTEL  
Maalox?

D.J.  
For all that shit spewing from your  
mouth.

Joe and Janis let out little chuckles.

QYNTEL  
Hey fuck you, fairy dust. Yeah, I see  
you. They gonna love you here.  
Welcome your silly ass with open  
firearms.

Hearing it makes D.J. uneasy.

JOE  
Take it easy now young blood. Save  
all that hostility for November  
twelve.

QYNTEL  
What's that?

JOE  
(serious)  
The first time we play the Surf.

This quiets Qyntel. Joe turns his attention to D.J.

JOE (cont'd)  
I take it this is your first time  
being traded.

D.J.  
First and last. Why? You been traded  
before?

JOE  
Six times. This makes seven.

D.J.  
Seven?! Oh my God! Why do you put up  
with it?

JOE  
Because I make four mil a year when a  
lot of folks in power tried real hard  
to uneven the playing field.

JANIS  
Joe has been in the league sixteen  
years. And he's made the playoffs  
every single year. I would be lucky  
to have a career like that.  
(to Qyntel)  
So would you.

Qyntel gives him a "whatever" face.

QYNTEL  
(to Joe)  
Yo, how many rings you win?

JOE  
None. Never even been to the finals.

QYNTEL  
Sixteen postseasons and no finals?  
Damn.

JOE  
It's why I've bounced around so much.  
Everybody wants veteran experience. I  
don't mind.

(MORE)

JOE (cont'd)  
I've gotten to see more of this country than most people ever think to. It's not a bad place if you know what you're looking at.

JANIS  
(looking out the window)  
This doesn't look so bad.

QYNTEL  
It's a dump. I'm gonna play out my rookie contract then go sign someplace real.

Joe turns to D.J. and says in a hush:

JOE  
You know, Maalox is starting to grow on me.

They share a quiet laugh.

EXT. TWISTERS HEADQUARTERS - SOMETIME LATER

The van arrives. Waiting for it is EMMY (24), a perky employee who is sweet as apple pie and always in KHAKIS and a TEAM POLO.

D.J., Joe, Janis and Qyntel get out. We see that D.J. actually does have HELLO KITTY LUGGAGE.

EMMY  
Hey guys! Welcome to Travisburg. My name is Emmy. I'm your team liaison. I'm also a ticket sales rep, kids club coordinator, social media contributor, guest relations manager and dance team assistant.

D.J.  
When do you find time to cure cancer?

EMMY  
How'd you know I want to cure cancer?

The guys don't know if she's kidding or not.

EMMY (cont'd)  
We're a small market team, so we wear a lot of hats around here.  
(MORE)

EMMY (cont'd)

So if you ever need anything, like a babysitter, or dog walker, or number for a bail bondsman, don't be afraid to give me a ring-a-ding. Go Twisters!

JANIS

You pack a lot of energy into that little body.

EMMY

Uh-huh!

(then)

Now, Joe, Janis and Qyntel, the press conference is just through those doors and down the hall. They'll be waiting for you.

The three players enter the building, leaving a confused D.J. behind.

D.J.

Where's my press conference?

EMMY

Oh, um, dance directors don't get a press conference.

D.J.

But I was part of the trade.

EMMY

I know! Nothing like that has ever happened before. They must have been real sad to see you go.

D.J.

Well, if I don't get a press conference, what do I get?

EXT. TINY HOUSE - SOMETIME LATER

D.J. and Emmy stand outside a TINY HOUSE in the WOODS. D.J. looks horrified. The house has seen better days.

EMMY

It's the best we could do on short notice.

D.J.  
Great, the players probably get McMansions and I'm stuck with little house on the scary.

EMMY  
Oh, come on now. Never judge a book by its cover.

D.J.  
You don't read a lot of Stephen King, do you?

EMMY  
No, not since the book burning. Do you want to look inside?

D.J.  
Right after I douse myself with Purell.

INT. TINY HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

D.J. and Emmy enter. The interior has been DECORATED as if a ten year-old girl is living there. A lot of bright pink, teal, yellow, etc.

EMMY  
I stopped by last night and spruced it up. I wanted you to feel at home. Do you like it?

D.J.  
It looks like Katy Perry blew up.

Emmy isn't sure if that's good or bad.

EMMY  
It's only temporary until you find something permanent.

D.J.  
Believe me, there is nothing permanent about any of this. I listed my condo on Airbnb and I'm moving back to South Beach as soon as this nightmare is over.

EMMY  
Oh, that's right. You're in your contract year.

D.J.  
What's a contract year?

EMMY  
It's when players are in the last year of their contract. They usually perform at a high level so they can get a max deal when they're eligible for free agency. I read your contract. You're in your last year.

D.J.  
I am?

EMMY  
Didn't you read it?

D.J.  
(bullshitting)  
Of course I did. I signed it, didn't I?

EMMY  
Uh-huh. It's why I bought you glitter pens.

She motions to a CUP OF GLITTER PENS on a table.

D.J.  
So I'm free after this season?

EMMY  
Yep.

D.J.  
And if I perform at a high level I could sign a "max deal" with another team?

EMMY  
As long as someone needs a new dance director...yeah.

D.J.'s wheels are turning.

D.J.  
So all I have to do is make the Twister Girls better.

EMMY  
I guess. I mean, they're pretty good now.



D.J.  
They're a shit show.

His insensitivity puts her off.

D.J. (cont'd)  
The Twister Girls are the worst dance team on the planet. They're wretched. You call coming in dead last every year "pretty good?" You people have no idea what real entertainment is.

Emmy does her best to hide her hurt feelings.

D.J. (cont'd)  
(thinking)  
No. No. If I'm going to get out of here and earn a max deal I have to make the Twister Girls better than good. I have to make them the best.

EMMY  
(a dig)  
Sounds like that shouldn't be a problem for you.

D.J.  
Oh, it won't be, sister. I made the Surfsations number one. And not because the dancers "J.Lo'd out of their mother's chochas."

Emmy is deer-eyed. She's not accustomed to such language.

D.J. (cont'd)  
I did it because I'm number one.

EMMY  
So what's your plan?

EXT. BBQ JOINT - SOMETIME LATER

D.J. and Emmy are eating at an outdoor table. He can't shovel in the food fast enough.

D.J.  
I made the Surfsations number one.

EMMY  
Yes, you mentioned that.

D.J.  
Which means every dancer in the league would kill to dance for me. So I'm going to make some calls and put together a team.

EMMY  
But we have a team.

He shoots her a look then continues to chow down.

D.J.  
This food is amaze balls. Look at me. I'm eating this pulled pork like a pig.

She smiles. It's the first nice thing he's said. He picks up his phone to make his first recruitment call.

D.J. (cont'd)  
(listens, then)  
Hey, Candice! It's D.J! Oh, you heard about me being number one? Thank you! I mean, it seems like forever ago. I hardly even think about it now.

Emmy rolls her eyes. She's on to his act.

D.J. (cont'd)  
So, hey, listen girl. I'm putting together a new team and you're literally my first phone call. Well, no, not the Surfsations exactly. I'm running a new team now. The Twister Girls. In Travisburg. Oh no, you would love it here. The barbecue is the bomb. What's that now? Your grandfather? He was? Oh, I don't think they do that now. No, they don't even wear the hoods anymore. Hello? Bitch hung up.

EMMY  
Now what?

D.J.  
It's only the first one. I'm just going to make more calls. You'll see. Everyone wants to dance for D.J.

He makes numerous calls as the hours pass. He gets turned down each time.

-- A call.

D.J. (cont'd)  
I'm serious, you are literally my  
first call. When I think Twister  
Girl, I think you. Wait, don't--

-- And another.

D.J. (cont'd)  
What? Ridin' with Dua Lipa now? Is  
she looking for any boy dancers?

-- And another.

D.J. (cont'd)  
Travisburg. T-r-a-v...

-- And another.

D.J. (cont'd)  
Of course they do!  
(to Emmy)  
Smile big for me, sweetie.

She does as asked.

D.J. (cont'd)  
I am sitting across from my very  
pretty assistant and not a single  
tooth is missing.

-- And another.

D.J. (cont'd)  
She said what about me?! She's a  
lying piece of trash! I treat my  
dancers with respect!  
(gasps)  
That skank!

-- And another.

D.J. (cont'd)  
Hey, Shayna! How are things in South  
Beach? No, don't hang up! Please. I  
need you to dance for me. I never  
called you fat!  
(remembers)  
Okay, I did do that. I'll listen to  
you hang up now.

EXT. BBQ JOINT - SOMETIME LATER

It's dusk. D.J. is SLOUCHED OVER with his head on the table.

D.J.

No one wants to come to this redneck outhouse. They don't want to dance for me.

EMMY

It sounds like you were kind of mean to some of them. You catch more bees with honey than vinegar.

Without lifting his head, he grabs a BISCUIT and THROWS it at her.

D.J.

I don't have a team and my only option is to audition the hill women of Hee-Haw Junction.

EMMY

We don't have auditions.

This gets his head off the table.

D.J.

Say what now?

EMMY

We formed the current team when we got the franchise and stuck by them ever since.

D.J.

So there could be better dancers out there?

INT. LOWELL'S OFFICE - DAY

D.J. is making a pitch to Lowell. Emmy is also in the room.

D.J.

I need to have auditions.

LOWELL

Well, alrighty. It's your dance team now.

D.J.

The current squad only has eight. I need more than that. The Surfsations had twenty.

LOWELL

No can do. Can't afford a number that high. We're barely making it work with what we got.

D.J.

But you just said it's my team!

LOWELL

It is. Look, we're a small market team with a history of losing. The fans just aren't as interested as they were the first season. I'm afraid eight is the best I can do.

D.J.

Then why did you bring me to this dust pan! I was happy in South Beach!

LOWELL

Because we thought you could improve the Girls. Now if you wish to refuse, we can start talking about breach of contract.

D.J. feels trapped. He thinks of a way out.

D.J.

I made the Surfsations number one.

EMMY

Get used to hearing that.

He gives her the side-eye then:

D.J.

Not only did I make them number one, but I also made them a huge money maker.

LOWELL

(interest piqued)

Go on...

D.J.

Posters. Calendars. Appearances. Attendance. All of it increased because of me.

(MORE)

D.J. (cont'd)  
My Surfsations put butts in seats and money in the owner's pocket. My Twister Girls will do the same. But I need more than eight.

Lowell likes what he hears.

LOWELL  
Alright. Tell you what. Find a sponsor for the Twister Girls and I'll find the money for a bigger squad.

D.J.  
A sponsor?! Why do I have to find one?

LOWELL  
For calling this place a dust pan.

Emmy smirks.

LOWELL (cont'd)  
Do we have a deal?

D.J. finds himself with no choice.

D.J.  
Deal.

He extends his hand to SHAKE on it. Lowell is apprehensive to touch the hand of a gay man.

D.J. (cont'd)  
Really?

Disgusted, he leaves with Emmy right behind him. Lowell is left alone, feeling surprisingly regretful.

EXT. TWISTERS HEADQUARTERS - MOMENTS LATER

D.J. STORMS OUT with Emmy catching up.

EMMY  
Now what?

D.J.  
Round up the Twister Girls.

EMMY  
(pleased)  
Oh, good! Trust me, you're going to  
love these girls.

INT. TWISTER GIRLS REHEARSAL SPACE - LATER THAT EVENING

D.J.  
You're all fired.

We reveal to see a MOTLEY-LOOKING squad of EIGHT DANCERS  
standing in the middle of an OUTDATED rehearsal space.

D.J. (cont'd)  
Not having to audition made you  
entitled and lazy. If you want to  
dance for me, you have to audition.  
Every season. Without exception. Am I  
crystal?

They are too stunned to respond.

D.J. (cont'd)  
Emmy will send out a notice when  
auditions will be held. Until then,  
learn the latest dance moves. Your  
dosey-doe days are over.

The dancers slowly walk toward the exit. One of them, a cute  
and SOCIALLY AWKWARD girl named MANDY (25), begins saying  
"Busted" and "It's all busted." Emmy comforts her as she  
leaves.

Another dancer with the physique and attitude of a WWE Diva  
gets in D.J.'s face. This is AMBER-LYNNE (30).

AMBER-LYNNE  
You better reconsider your decision.

D.J.  
You better start tweezing those two  
caterpillars above your eyes.

AMBER-LYNNE  
I'm dead serious.

D.J.  
So am I. You have some rogue hairs.  
It's really distracting.

AMBER-LYNNE  
(threatening)  
I'll be seeing you.

She walks out.

D.J.  
Not if those eye-staches keep  
growing!

EXT. TUCK'S COFFEE & SUCH - EARLY MORNING

D.J. crosses the street and enters a local coffee shop.

INT. TUCK'S COFFEE & SUCH - CONTINUOUS

D.J approaches and scans the selections. The owner, TUCK (50), stands behind the counter. He looks uncomfortable due to D.J.'s presence.

D.J.  
Can I get a tall Kenyan with light  
cream?

D.J. casually begins to thumb through his phone. Tuck doesn't move. Not a word. After a beat, D.J. looks up and sees Tuck staring at him.

D.J. (cont'd)  
Um, tall Kenyan with light cream,  
please.

Tuck still doesn't move a muscle.

D.J. (cont'd)  
I guess we both need our caffeine  
this morning. If I could just get a  
tall--

TUCK  
(terse)  
I heard you.

He just stares at D.J., who finally gets it.

D.J.  
Mmmmkay...

PAYTON (21), a wholesome-looking co-ed, emerges from the kitchen.



PAYTON

Dad! What are you doing? Give the man his coffee.

TUCK

(conflicted)

I'm not 'sposed to.

PAYTON

He's the new director of the Twister Girls.

TUCK

It wouldn't matter if he was Garth Brooks.

PAYTON

Like hell it would. You love Garth Brooks.

TUCK

You watch your talk now.

D.J. has had enough.

D.J.

You know what? Forget it. I'll take my chances at Chick-fil-a.

PAYTON

No, wait. Please don't leave.

TUCK

Let him go.

D.J. turns to go. Payton, desperate to make peace, begins to SING Garth Brooks' "THE DANCE."

PAYTON

LOOKING BACK, ON THE MEMORY OF / THE  
DANCE WE SHARED, BENEATH THE STARS  
ABOVE...

Her SUGAR-SWEET VOICE stops D.J. in his tracks. Tuck begins to weaken. Garth is his kryptonite.

TUCK

Whatcha' doin' Payton...

PAYTON

FOR A MOMENT, ALL THE WORLD WAS RIGHT  
/ HOW COULD I HAVE EVER KNOWN, YOU'D  
EVER SAY GOODBYE...

D.J. can't resist. He does a 180 and JOINS IN, harmonizing.

PAYTON/D.J.  
 AND NOW, I'M GLAD I DIDN'T KNOW / THE  
 WAY IT ALL WOULD END, THE WAY IT ALL  
 WOULD GO...

They are surprised by how beautiful their voices sound.  
 Suddenly, a THIRD VOICE joins in. It's Tuck.

PAYTON/D.J./TUCK  
 OUR LIVES ARE BETTER, LEFT TO CHANCE  
 / I COULD HAVE MISSED THE PAIN / BUT  
 I'D HAVE TO MISS THE DANCE...

They are overwhelmed by the power of their three-part  
 harmony. They move a step closer to each other and close it  
 out with the final lyrics.

PAYTON/D.J./TUCK (cont'd)  
 YES MY LIFE IS BETTER, LEFT TO CHANCE  
 / I COULD HAVE MISSED THE PAIN / BUT  
 I'D HAVE HAD TO MISS THE DANCE.

There's a long beat. The moment has them MISTY-EYED.

TUCK  
 How did you learn to Garth like that?

D.J.  
 I was born in Barfield, Alabama.

TUCK  
 (surprised)  
 I was born in Lineville.

D.J.  
 Howdy, neighbor.  
 (a beat)  
 My mother would play Garth and sing  
 me to sleep. I know every word to  
 every song that man ever wrote.

TUCK  
 Your mom sounds like a good woman.

D.J. nods slightly. It's an uncomfortable subject.

PAYTON  
 I hear you may be having tryouts. I  
 dance.

D.J.  
Do you dance as good as you sing?

PAYTON  
I don't know about that. But I  
promise to work real hard if you give  
me a chance.

D.J.  
I'm sure you would. But it really  
doesn't matter. I won't have much of  
a team if I can't find a sponsor.

TUCK  
What kind of sponsor?

D.J. didn't see that coming. He looks at a beaming Payton.  
Could this really be happening?

PAYTON  
Now how 'bout that coffee?

INT. TINY HOUSE LOFT - EVENING

D.J. is asleep in the loft.

EXT. TINY HOUSE - SAME TIME

A PICKUP TRUCK with a confederate flag decal in the back  
window quietly BACKS UP to the house. It's driven by a young  
man named RUSS (30). Next to him is Amber-Lynne.

Russ gets out and begins HOOKING UP the house to the truck  
as quietly as he can.

AMBER-LYNNE  
Hurry up, Russ.

RUSS  
Shhhh. You'll wake him.

Russ completes the task and hops back in the truck. They  
slowly begin to PULL AWAY with the tiny house in tow.

INT. TINY HOUSE LOFT - CONTINUOUS

The house begins to SHAKE a little, but not enough to wake  
D.J.

INT. PICKUP TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

RUSS  
Let's teach this son of a bitch who  
he messed with.

He hits the gas and the truck TAKES OFF, BOUNCING all over the uneven dirt road.

INT. TINY HOUSE LOFT - CONTINUOUS

D.J.'s body begins to BOUNCE around the loft. He wakes up in a panic.

D.J.  
Sweet Patti LaBelle, it's an  
earthquake!

He reaches for his phone, but it BOUNCES OUT of the loft. He makes an attempt for the ladder but it also shakes loose and FALLS to the floor.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The truck hits a big BUMP and the house does the same a second later.

INT. TINY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The bump LAUNCHES D.J. out of the loft and onto the floor below. Things are FALLING everywhere.

He recovers and hears the truck's engine REVVING. He crawls to reach the phone then stumbles to the window and peers through the blinds. He dials the phone.

INT. TWISTERS OFFICE AREA - SAME TIME

Emmy is the only employee in the building. She's inflating helium BALLOONS for a kids club event. She SNEAKS a hit of helium.

EMMY  
(helium voice)  
Hufflepuff.

It makes her giggle. Her phone RINGS. She answers to hear high-pitched SCREAMING:

D.J. (V.O.)  
RING-A-DING! RING-A-DING!

EMMY  
D.J.?

D.J. (V.O.)  
EMMY!!

EMMY  
What's happening?

INT. TINY HOUSE / TWISTERS OFFICE AREA - CONTINUOUS

D.J. is on the floor, trying to brace himself with one hand and hold his phone with the other.

D.J.  
I'm being house-napped!

EMMY  
Just calm down. Where are you?

D.J.  
CALM DOWN?! I'm a gay man in a toy house that's being dragged by the Dukes of Hazard!  
(then)  
Why do you sound like a chipmunk?!

EXT. TRAVISBURG MAIN ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The truck pulls onto the main road, which smooths out the ride. It ACCELERATES.

INT. TINY HOUSE / TWISTERS OFFICE AREA - CONTINUOUS

D.J. reports it to Emmy.

D.J.  
We just pulled onto a main road. Oh God, Emmy! What are they going to do to me? I'm too beautiful to die an ugly death!

EMMY  
Hold on tight. I think I know where you are. I'm coming to get you.

D.J.  
Hurry! And bring Simon and Theodore  
with you!

EXT. TRAVISBURG MAIN ROAD - EVENING

The pickup truck passes A SIGN that says, "Thanks for  
visiting Travisburg. See y'all soon!" It pulls over to the  
shoulder.

Russ jumps out, unhooks the tiny house with the speed of a  
pit crew, and jumps back in. He pulls back onto the main  
road, spins the truck around and begins to HAUL ASS toward  
town.

RUSS (O.C.)  
Don't come back, asshole!

INT. TINY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

D.J. is sitting on the floor, clearly shaken and breathing  
heavy.

EXT. TRAVISBURG MAIN ROAD - EVENING

Emmy arrives in her car, quickly jumps out and RUSHES to the  
tiny house.

EMMY  
D.J.! D.J.! It's me, Emmy!

D.J. (O.C.)  
Up here.

She looks up. D.J. is sitting on the roof.

EMMY  
What are you doing up there?

D.J.  
Listening for banjos.

He makes his way down as she surveys the house for damage.  
D.J. approaches her as she starts to dial her phone.

EMMY  
I'm going to call the police. I know  
it was Amber-Lynne, and probably her  
knucklehead boyfriend Russel. Pardon  
my language.

D.J. stops her.

EMMY (cont'd)  
What are you doing?

D.J.  
Amber-Lynne. Was she one of the Girls  
I fired?

EMMY  
She was the one who got in your face.

D.J.  
She any good?

EMMY  
She was our best.

D.J.  
Don't.

EMMY  
D.J., they could've hurt you real  
bad! They committed a serious crime.

D.J.  
She's no good to me in jail. I need  
every capable dancer I can find.  
(a beat)  
Please.

Emmy reluctantly puts away the phone. A beat.

EMMY  
Why were you listening for banjos?

INT. EMMY'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Emmy and D.J. enter, carrying his bags.

EMMY  
It's a little small, but you're  
welcome to stay as long as you like.

She walks into the kitchen and turns on the sink. He walks  
around the room and sees CANCER RESEARCH BOOKS on a table.

D.J.  
You weren't kidding about curing  
cancer.

EMMY (O.C.)

My mother went home to the Lord when I was little. I'm reading everything I can just in case college doesn't work out. It's really expensive.

D.J.

What about your dad?

EMMY

He moves around a lot. Has to go where the work is.

She returns with a GLASS OF TAP WATER for D.J.

EMMY (cont'd)

Did you go to college?

D.J.

Me? No. I left home when I was sixteen. Made my way to South Beach and started dancing on the streets then worked my way into the clubs. Memphis Jookin'. Krumpin'. The Whip. That was my formal education. Been hustling ever since.

EMMY

Why'd you leave home? Is it because you're gay?

He's surprised by her question.

EMMY (cont'd)

Oh, God. I'm so sorry. That was rude. It's just...you're my first, you know...

D.J.

You don't say.

EMMY

Is it that obvious?

D.J.

Honey, you people are so in the dark ages it's a miracle you haven't been eaten by dragons.

A beat.



EMMY  
I think I'll take a shower now.

She crosses to the bathroom door then stops.

EMMY (cont'd)  
D.J.?

He looks at her.

EMMY (cont'd)  
I know it isn't perfect. But when you  
make fun of this place...it hurts.

She closes the door. He brushes it off, then SCRUTINIZES the  
quality of THE WATER in the glass.

INT. HARDWARE STORE PAINT AISLE - DAY

Amber-Lynne is stacking CANS of paint. Her muscular arms  
look imposing through her sleeveless store uniform. D.J.  
approaches.

D.J.  
I know it was you.

She's not happy to see him.

AMBER-LYNNE  
I don't know what you're talking  
about. Even if I did, it would be  
your word against mine. Who do you  
think they're more likely to believe  
'round here?

D.J. holds up his phone and plays VIDEO of the abduction. On  
his screen we see the back of Russ' pickup truck through the  
tiny house's window. We also hear D.J. SHRIEKING like a  
girl, which clearly embarrasses him.

She furrows her brow. He's got her.

AMBER-LYNNE (cont'd)  
You going to the cops?

D.J.  
No. I'm going to make you a deal. You  
audition for me and I delete this.  
Don't show up, and I test to see if  
they actually prosecute hate crimes  
"round here."

He takes a step toward her.

D.J. (cont'd)  
Let's see if you're as good as Emmy  
says you are.

She takes a more menacing step toward him.

AMBER-LYNNE  
And let's see if you're as good as  
you think you are.

They are just about face-to-face. He's a tad nervous.

D.J.  
You tweezed your brows.

AMBER-LYNNE  
I didn't do it for you.

D.J.  
Of course not.  
(a beat)  
Can you tell me where the plungers  
are? I left a floater in Emmy's  
toilet and I want to take care of it  
before she gets home.

AMBER-LYNNE  
Aisle ten.

D.J.  
Thank you.

He carefully inches around her to make his escape.

INT. TWISTERS ARENA COURT - EVENING

D.J. is alone. He's working out steps to BECKY STYLE. We  
only get A GLIMPSE, but it's really cool. He finishes...to  
single APPLAUSE. He looks up. It's Janis.

D.J.  
So you are a spy.

JANIS  
You are very good. Why are you not a  
dancer?

D.J.

I am. Was. I used to dance on the cruise ships, shaking my thing for all-you-can-drink passengers on the Norwegian "booze lines." Then I tweaked my knee. One day, a dance director friend asked me to fill in for her while I was rehabbing, and the rest is historic.

Janis comically performs a quasi soft shoe.

D.J. (cont'd)

Oh, you dance too?

JANIS

Every game. The court is my dance floor. I show you. Stand over there.

He motions to the area under the basket. D.J. is intrigued, so he plays along. Janis moves to the top of the key.

JANIS (cont'd)

You see, beautiful basketball isn't about what you do when you have the ball. It's about the movement away from the ball.

He begins to MOVE around the court, performing a GRACEFUL series of steps and cuts. D.J. watches Janis' feet as he FLUIDLY moves closer to the basket, and to him. Janis stops right in front of D.J. Exactly how HE PLANNED IT.

JANIS (cont'd)

It's all about making yourself open to opportunity when the time is right.

D.J. is flattered, but plays it cool.

D.J.

Very smooth. But it's not going to happen.

He begins to walk away.

JANIS

I'm not your type?

D.J.

You're not a problem I need right now.

JANIS  
I wouldn't be problem.

D.J.  
No. And that's the problem.

INT. TWISTER GIRLS REHEARSAL SPACE - DAY

It's audition day. A SIGN on the door reads: Twister Girls Audition Today. Sponsored by Tuck's Coffee & Such.

Hopeful DANCERS of all shapes and sizes fill the space.

Emmy stands near a table with a neatly stacked pile of forms. D.J. is looking at another nearby table with coffee and PASTRIES.

D.J.  
PAYTON!

Payton hurries over.

D.J. (cont'd)  
Honey, I'm letting it slide that you're on the team because your daddy's the sponsor. But bringing pastry to my audition is out of bounds. You want to bring food, bring a vegetable tray because nobody eats that mess. After a while it's just a bunch of sad little carrots that look like orange chalk. You girls need to be skinny. Like Ariana Grande skinny. Grande skinny! Am I crystal?

She nods, too scared to say anything.

D.J. (cont'd)  
Now get these things out of here.

She quickly takes the tray of pastries and turns to leave. He grabs a CRONUT before she goes.

D.J. (cont'd)  
Wait, just-- Your daddy's cronuts are heaven.

Mandy, the socially awkward girl, approaches and begins repeatedly SHAKING D.J.'s hand.

MANDY

(very fast)

I'm Mandy. You're D.J. I know because I looked you up on the internet. You really like to have your picture taken. I do too. But only when I know it's happening. Candid photos make me anxious. I really want to dance for you, so please don't fire me again. Have you ever been fired before? It hurts. You have soft hands. Do you like otters?

She finally stops shaking D.J.'s hand then, without warning, places a colorful handmade BRACELET on his wrist.

MANDY (cont'd)

I made this for you last night. It's all the loose strands from my favorite sweater. It's fuzzy and looks like Fruity Pebbles which is why I call it my Fruity Pebbles sweater. Promise me you'll always wear it.

D.J. desperately wants this to end, so:

D.J.

Always.

She smiles and walks away as Emmy arrives at his side.

D.J. (cont'd)

What the what?

EMMY

That's Mandy.

(hushed)

She has autism.

D.J.

And she can remember the routines?

EMMY

Oh, yeah. She remembers everything.

D.J. sighs.

D.J.

Okay, let's get down to bitchness.

(to all)

Listen up, ladies.

He has their attention.

D.J. (cont'd)  
My name is D.J. Beckett.

EMMY  
(before he can)  
He made the Surfsations number one.

He gives her a sideways stink-eye.

D.J.  
Your only reason for breathing today  
is to impress me. Each of you will be  
given a chance to dance solo, then  
I'll pair you into groups. Only the  
very best of you will get to be one  
of my Twister Girls. For the rest of  
you it's back to the assembly line,  
or whatever the hell you people do  
around here.

GABRIELA (18), a cute Mexican girl, raises her hand.

D.J. (cont'd)  
(annoyed)  
What.

GABRIELA  
Hi. My name is Gabriela, and I just  
wanted you to know that it's been my  
dream to be a Twister Girl. And now  
that I'm eighteen, I'm old enough. So  
here I am.

D.J.  
Gabriela is it?  
(off her nod)  
I don't care.

One more dancer enters. It's Amber-Lynne with her game-face  
on. She takes her place with the other hopefuls as she and  
D.J. eye each other.

D.J. (cont'd)  
Let's get started.

BEGIN AUDITION MONTAGE:

It's the good, the bad and the ugly of dance auditions. We  
see:

-- QUICK CUTS of women who have no business being there and some who show promise.

-- Mandy NAILING every step in her routine as Emmy said she would. She's really good, but slightly ROBOTIC.

-- More dancers who are just awful. D.J. throws up his hands in frustration.

D.J. (cont'd)  
I feel like I should have a gong. Can  
someone get me a gong?

-- Amber-Lynne absolutely CRUSHING her solo. She dances with ferocity.

-- A sexpot named CHARLOTTE (28) gets ready to audition as D.J., Emmy and Payton look on.

PAYTON  
That's Charlotte. She dances at the  
Buck Drop Truck Stop.

EMMY  
It's a topless diner just outside of  
town.

PAYTON  
(off D.J.'s look)  
"Tits and grits."

Charlotte dances exceptionally WELL. She gets really into her audition and begins to REMOVE HER TOP.

D.J.  
(stopping her)  
Whoa! Save the flotation devices for  
the water landing.

-- More dancers. Some more hopeless than hopeful. D.J. hangs his head in DESPAIR.

-- Then Gabriela auditions and BLOWS THE ROOM AWAY with her EXCITING routine. D.J. is wowed and sees some light at the end of this dark tunnel.

D.J. (cont'd)  
Oh my god, Gabriela. Princessa! Where  
have you been all my life?

GABRIELA

Well, I was born in Los Cabos. But we had to flee the violence when I was very little. We paid these men who said they could help us. Then we walked for many days and had to dig a tunnel under this big fence and--

D.J.

Thank you! I think we can just stop you right there.

EMMY

How about we break into groups?

D.J.

Yes! Groups. Good idea. You all do your thing while I go barricade the door.

END OF MONTAGE

INT. TWISTER GIRLS REHEARSAL SPACE - EVENING

D.J. is alone and TOTALLY WIPED from the long day. ANNE LUNDY, a no-bullshit woman in her late 50's enters wearing a track suit.

ANNE

Sorry I'm late.

D.J.

Auditions are over. If you're here to pick up your granddaughter she's probably outside.

ANNE

I'm here to audition.

D.J.

Sorry hon, but I have an age restriction and you clocked past it a few centuries ago.

ANNE

That's discrimination.

D.J.

That's life.



ANNE  
What's the matter twiggy, afraid I'll  
prove you wrong?

D.J.  
I'm afraid you'll break your hip.

She begins to remove her track suit...

ANNE  
Maybe I'll just break your heart  
instead.

...and reveals one of the BEST BODIES we've seen all day.  
His interest is suddenly piqued.

D.J.  
Damn, golden girl. Okay, I'm feeling  
you.

He moves to the stereo as Anne moves to the middle of the  
room.

D.J. (cont'd)  
I expect my girls to do hip-hop,  
break, twerk, shmonee...none of your  
"Arthur Murray" box-step bullshit.

ANNE  
Just count me down, smart-ass.

He hits play.

D.J.  
Five, six, seven, and...

Anne begins to dance and is AWESOME. She moves like a  
twenty-year-old, never missing a step in her ULTRA-MODERN  
routine. D.J. does his best to mask his delight.

Anne finishes. She's a little winded, but knows she nailed  
it. She grabs her stuff and begins to walk out.

D.J. (cont'd)  
What's your name?

ANNE  
Anne Lundy.

D.J.  
Where'd you learn to dance like that?

ANNE  
(as she exits)  
Arthur Murray.

INT. TWISTER GIRLS REHEARSAL SPACE - EVENING

Emmy watches closely as D.J. scans the dancer PHOTOS spread across two tables. He's RUTHLESS as he tosses away his rejects.

D.J.  
Too fat. Too flat. Two left feet.  
(grabs one we don't  
see)  
Too--

EMMY  
(grabs his wrist)  
Please, don't.

He tries to release her grip. She pleads with her eyes. He relents and returns the photo to the table. We see it was MANDY'S.

He continues to move photos around until he finally has a selection group of TWELVE. We see familiar faces such as Payton, Amber-Lynne, Gabriela, Charlotte, Mandy and Anne. He sighs.

D.J.  
Twelve. Eight less than the  
Surfsations.

EMMY  
(always on the bright  
side)  
But four more than eight.

D.J.  
I binge-watch Forensic Files. I could  
make you disappear and no one would  
know.

EMMY  
Do you want me to send out the email?

D.J.  
Might as well.  
(a beat)  
Lord help me.

Emmy promptly DROPS to her knees, then quickly PULLS DOWN a surprised D.J. She begins to PRAY.

D.J. (cont'd)  
What are you doing?

EMMY  
Asking the Lord to help you.

D.J.  
This isn't what I normally do when I kneel.

She goes wide-eyed.

EMMY  
I'll pray for both of us.

INT. EMMY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Emmy is on the couch with her laptop as she sends out the congratulation email. A sleeping D.J. is peacefully curled up next to her.

EXT. BUCK DROP TRUCK STOP PARKING LOT - DAY

Charlotte is leaning on her old car as she looks at her phone. She smiles and slides down the side of her car with relief.

INT. MANDY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Mandy sees the email on her phone. She SQUEALS with delight and begins HOPPING around in a joyous circle.

INT. HARDWARE STORE PAINT AISLE - DAY

Amber-Lynne pulls her phone from her pocket. She sees the email, half-smiles then puts the phone back like she expected it to happen. Then, she looks around, and cracks an even bigger smile.

EXT. PIG FARM - DAY

Gabriela, surrounded by her FAMILY in the middle of their small farm, react with CHEERS as they read the email on her phone.

INT. ANNE'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Anne is sipping a glass of wine as she reads the email on her phone. She smiles.

ANNE

Well I'll be damned. Way to go,  
smart-ass.

INT. TWISTERS ARENA COURT - DAY

It's the first day of rehearsals for the new Twister Girls. The squad of TWELVE (the six we know, plus six other dancers without speaking parts) STRETCH at mid court. Amber-Lynne and Mandy are the only two of the original eight.

MANDY

(worried)

Where are the other girls?

AMBER-LYNNE

We're the only ones he picked.

D.J., wearing a LONG-SLEEVE gym shirt, enters with Emmy and Lowell.

LOWELL

I thought you wanted a bigger group.

D.J.

And I thought that whole thing about  
inbreeding was only a myth.

(then)

Look alive, ladies!

They stand at attention.

LOWELL

Hello, girls. I know you'd normally  
be doing this in your rehearsal  
space, but I was so excited about  
this I thought I'd let you use the  
arena. I just can't wait to see what  
D.J. has in store for us.

(to D.J.)

Just nothing too racy now. Hear?

D.J. tries to ignore this as he approaches the Girls. Emmy and Lowell take seats.

D.J.

As of this moment, you twelve are the new Twister Girls. I have one goal and one goal only: to turn you last-place losers into the number one dance team in the league.

Lowell quickly approaches, just behind D.J.

LOWELL

Aren't you being kinda harsh?

D.J.

(can smell him)

Aren't you being kinda heavy-handed with the Aqua Velva?

Lowell RETREATS just as quickly.

D.J. (cont'd)

As you know, judging begins immediately after the All-Star break. The league secretly sends judges--

Mandy raises her hand. He's annoyed.

D.J. (cont'd)

What.

MANDY

There are judges?

D.J.

Yes, Mrs. Roboto, there are judges. That's how they judge which team is the best. Didn't you guys know that?

They all shake their head. No one knew. He turns to Lowell and Emmy. They also didn't know.

D.J. (cont'd)

Seriously, why do the aliens choose to abduct you people?

(then)

The league secretly sends three judges to one home game after the All-Star break. One. We don't know who they are or when they're coming. That means every game could be the game that determines who's number one and who's Khloe. So we need to achieve perfection before the break. Am I crystal?

Mandy is about to raise her hand. Amber-Lynne stops her.

AMBER-LYNNE  
Clear as a tinkerbell.

D.J.  
(glares, then)  
Emmy sent you steps. Let's see what  
you remember. Um, Cassandra. Let's  
get you to the front.

CASSANDRA (25), one of the dancers with a non-speaking role,  
does as instructed. Emmy gets up and hurries to the stereo  
as the Girls take their positions. She hits play.

D.J. (cont'd)  
Five, six, seven, and...

The Girls begin to DANCE. It's PROVOCATIVE. But it's also  
not working. Lowell looks worried. The Girls look unsure.  
D.J. just looks like he's in for a long season.

D.J. (cont'd)  
STOP! Just...stop.

Lowell approaches again.

LOWELL  
Don't you think it was a  
little..."much."

D.J.  
No. I think it was a little "megh!"

LOWELL  
I just think that maybe--

A stern-looking WOMAN in her 70's SNEAKS up behind Lowell,  
GRABS his arm and starts SWATTING him in the ass like he's a  
naughty little boy. This is MOTHER RICHARDS.

MOTHER RICHARDS  
(with each swat)  
How. Dare. You. Bring. This. Filth.  
Into. My. Home!

Everyone is shocked. Except Lowell.

LOWELL  
Hello, mother.

MOTHER RICHARDS  
That kind of dancing is a perversion!  
I demand you put an end to it.

Lowell tries to hold his ground.

LOWELL  
Now mother, you signed over majority  
control of the franchise to me. And  
D.J. and I, we have big plans for the  
Girls.

MOTHER RICHARDS  
D.J. Is that this "person?"

D.J.  
Hey lady, watch who you're calling  
"person."

MOTHER RICHARDS  
I want that little piece of vulgarity  
gone. Now.

LOWELL  
I can't. We're an equal opportunity  
employer. I'm afraid it's the law.

She scowls at Lowell, then the rest. She MARCHES out without  
another word. Lowell gets close to D.J.

LOWELL (cont'd)  
Tone it down.

He leaves. With a slight limp.

INT. TWISTERS ARENA COURT - SOMETIME LATER

The Girls rehearse another number with the same lackluster  
results. D.J., now feeling more pressure, isn't happy. Mandy  
is nailing her steps, but it's still LIFELESS.

D.J.  
STOP! Come on, Mandy! Give me  
something I can feel! Put some soul  
into it!

AMBER-LYNNE  
Cut her some slack. It's our first  
day.

Mandy gets visibly RATTLED. Sometimes the world is just too  
big for her.

MANDY  
Busted! It's all busted!

D.J. loses it.

D.J.  
YOU'RE BUSTED!

Mandy freezes. Everyone does. She has a frightened look on her face that will be hard to forget. D.J. knows he crossed a line.

She RUNS OFF in tears. Emmy chases after her. Before D.J. knows it, Amber-Lynne POUNCES! She has him on the ground and locked in a painful ARM BAR.

AMBER-LYNNE  
I'll stomach a lot 'cause I really want this. But talk to her like that again and I'll rip off your crystal balls.

D.J.  
(grimacing)  
Got it.

She releases the hold. He gets up. The rest of the Girls stare at him COLDLY then walk away. Rehearsal is over.

INT. TWISTER GIRLS DRESSING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Emmy is consoling Mandy. D.J. enters.

D.J.  
How's the humble pie around these parts?

Emmy gives him the stink-eye, rises and steps up to him.

EMMY  
How could you?

She leaves. He sits next to Mandy. He chooses his words carefully.

D.J.  
I've been called names my whole life. Some I've heard so many times they feel new again. Probably why I'm so good at it. I guess an apology wouldn't--



MANDY

Amber-Lynne tossed you, didn't she?

D.J.

Her aggression level is so high!

(a few beats)

It's not why I'm here. I've done some things in my life I'm not proud of. But I've never been more ashamed of myself until I saw that look on your face.

(a beat)

I know what it's like to be different. That's why it was so hard to come out to my parents. Telling them I was gay only made it official. They had the same look on their faces. That's why I promise I will never hurt you again. And why I am never, ever taking this off.

He pulls up his sleeve to show her he's wearing THE BRACELET.

D.J. (cont'd)

I really couldn't. You put it on so tight.

She smiles and rests her head on his shoulder. A beat.

MANDY

You're gay?

INT. TWISTERS ARENA COURT - SOMETIME LATER

Joe is alone practicing jumpers. D.J. enters to retrieve a bag he left. He's emotionally drained.

JOE

Tough day at the office?

D.J.

(as if ordering)

Yes, I'll have a cyanide on the rocks with a hemlock chaser.

Joe smiles and passes D.J. the ball. D.J. dribbles once, SHOOTs and SWISHES IT like a pro.

JOE

(surprised)

Nice!

Joe passes him the ball again.

D.J.  
You were expecting something like  
this?

He takes a shot like a GIRLY GIRL and misses badly.

JOE  
Guess I don't know what I was  
expecting.

D.J.  
Me neither.

JOE  
The dance team?

D.J.  
I messed up. They're practically  
amateurs. I don't know...maybe I am  
too.

JOE  
I've played for every kind of coach  
there is. Veterans. Rookies. Some I  
hated. Some, I'd run through a brick  
wall for. They're the ones who knew  
how to adapt. They didn't try to  
force us to be something we weren't.  
Once they accepted what they had to  
work with, the team was willing to do  
the same. And we got better. It made  
the game fun again.

D.J.  
I never had a coach.

JOE  
Maybe not. But it sounds like you got  
one hell of a brick wall.

D.J. lets in sink in. He gets it.

D.J.  
Thanks, coach.

They continue taking jumpers as we:

BEGIN REHEARSAL MONTAGE

-- D.J. and the Girls continue to rehearse. They're not  
nearly the Surfsations. But they're getting BETTER.

-- Amber-Lynne is a dynamo, Payton is working her butt off, and Gabriela is a revelation.

-- Lowell sneaks a peek and looks pleased.

-- D.J. helps Mandy add SWAGGER to her precision. She's getting it.

-- He stops Charlotte from exposing her breasts when she gets too in the moment.

-- He shows them something a little more ADVANCED, but they can't quite master it. He's surprisingly okay with it.

-- They try on different COSTUMES. Some he likes. Some, not so much.

-- They're finding routines that work for them. He finally looks confident.

-- They POSE for the Twister Girls poster with D.J. right in the middle. The proud peacock. CAMERA FLASH.

END OF MONTAGE INTO:

INT. TWISTERS ARENA - OPENING NIGHT

The place is HALF FULL. Another season of low expectations. Emmy is performing one of her many jobs.

INT. TWISTERS ARENA TUNNEL - SAME TIME

D.J. HURRIES down the tunnel toward the back. Joe passes on his way to the court.

D.J.  
Good luck, Joe.

JOE  
You too.

Then he passes Janis, who greets him with flirtatious eyes.

D.J.  
Give it a rest, Drago.

INT. TWISTER GIRLS DRESSING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

D.J. enters.

D.J.  
Tuck it in, ladies!

The Girls are all there, fully in costume.

PAYTON  
Hey! What if we were dressing?

D.J.  
For reals?

CHARLOTTE  
Wouldn't bother me.

ANNE  
Would've been the first time a man  
saw my "girls" in a year.

AMBER-LYNNE  
With that body?

CHARLOTTE  
You and me need to hang out.

GABRIELA  
How do we look?

D.J.  
Like a work in progress.

Not exactly the answer she was hoping for.

D.J. (cont'd)  
But, you're a whole lot better than I  
thought you would be at this point.  
And it's a long way to All-Star  
break. So let's get out there and  
breathe some life into this place.  
It's half empty and the walking dead  
are half awake.

ANNE  
You're an inspiration.

INT. OUTSIDE TWISTER GIRLS DRESSING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

D.J. and the Girls exit. Mother Richards and a TEAM OF OLDER  
ADULTS in sparkly jumpers stop them.

D.J.  
Oh, look. It's Miss Daisy. What's all  
this?

MOTHER RICHARDS

This is my equal opportunity. To wholesome entertainment.

PAYTON

(to D.J.)

It's the Travisburg Tappers. They're legendary.

ANNE

I thought they broke up.

MOTHER RICHARDS

I find that monetary incentive is the best tool for mending fences.

MANDY

Oooo! I love the Tappers! Are you going to dance tonight?

TAPPER 1

Yeah. On your graves.

MOTHER RICHARDS

You see, I feel my liberties are being infringed upon by having your immorality shoved in my face. I'm being persecuted.

D.J.

You're being persecuted?

Fuse. Lit.

MOTHER RICHARDS

Yes. So, why don't we let the fans decide who they want as their dance team. The Tappers. Or the strippers.

D.J.

You're on, Cruella.

AMBER-LYNNE

What?

D.J.

Excuse me for a moment. She's been breathing in too many paint fumes.

(turns to Amber-Lynne)

What's with "what"?

AMBER-LYNNE

They're really good.

D.J.  
 They're just a bunch of old tappers.  
 But you are one fierce bitch.  
     (also to the others)  
 If you can't beat them, then you'll  
 never be number one.

He searches their eyes for any confidence he can find. They  
 nod. They're in. He turns back to Mother Richards.

D.J. (cont'd)  
 Age before beauty.

MOTHER RICHARDS  
 More like, the worthy before the  
 wicked.

INT. TWISTERS ARENA - LATER THAT EVENING

The game is nearing the end of the first. The Twisters lead  
 the NEW YORK EMPIRE 52-40. Qyntel is having a breakout game  
 as evidenced by his hitting a DEEP THREE.

ANNCR 3 (V.O.)  
 Qyntel Morris again! From way down  
 town! He puts the Twisters up by  
 fifteen.

ANNCR 4 (V.O.)  
 This kid is on fire! But we've seen  
 this story before. Enjoy him while it  
 lasts.

The horn SOUNDS, ending the first half.

INT. TWISTERS ARENA COURT - EVENING

The ARENA MC (50) steps to center court.

MC  
 Alright, Twister fans! What an  
 exciting first half! Now, we have a  
 special treat for y'all. For the very  
 first time, you get to pick this  
 season's dance team. Will it be the  
 Twister Girls? Or...the reunited  
 Travisburg Tappers!!

Fans look surprised and pleased. The Tappers are back?

MC (cont'd)  
 Okay! First up, making their  
 triumphant return, the legendary  
 Travisburg Tappers!

The Tappers take the court to WELCOME APPLAUSE. Mother Richards stands courtside.

INT. TWISTERS ARENA TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

D.J. and the Girls witness it all from the tunnel. Lowell and Emmy arrive.

LOWELL  
 What were you thinking?

D.J.  
 That your mother needs a spanking.

INT. TWISTERS ARENA COURT - CONTINUOUS

The Tappers hit their marks. A POPULAR SONG plays and they begin a SURPRISINGLY HIP tap routine. It's more Savion Glover than Fred Astaire.

INT. TWISTERS ARENA TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

D.J. and the Girls are understandably nervous.

ANNE  
 They're a lot better than I remember.

MANDY  
 I always wanted to be a Tapper.

PAYTON  
 Pray they hold auditions.

INT. TWISTERS ARENA COURT - CONTINUOUS

The Tappers kick it into high gear then finish with a flourish to LOUD APPLAUSE. They join Mother Richards.

INT. TWISTERS ARENA TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

LOWELL  
 Your Girls better be good.

D.J.  
I don't think good will be good  
enough.

INT. TWISTERS ARENA COURT - CONTINUOUS

The MC has returned to mid court.

MC  
Wow! Wasn't that fantastic? Alright,  
next up is your one and only Twister  
Girls!

The Girls enter the court to mildly POLITE APPLAUSE. They  
look at each other. This is it. Do or die time. Literally.

A POPULAR SONG plays and they begin to DANCE. They're a  
little tentative, but then the track kicks in and they find  
another gear. And they're GREAT. Not Surfsations great, but:

INT. TWISTERS ARENA TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

D.J.  
Not bad...

INT. TWISTERS ARENA COURT - CONTINUOUS

The Girls give it their all. The fans, especially the  
YOUNGER ONES, are really into it. The Girls finish. To  
LOUDER APPLAUSE. They soak it in. D.J. and Emmy arrive.

The Tappers, Mother Richards and the MC return to mid court.  
It's time for the verdict.

MC  
Un-be-lievable! What a tough decision  
y'all have. But we can only afford  
one team. So, by round of applause,  
will it be the legendary Tappers?

They receive loud, but NOT OVERWHELMING APPLAUSE.

MC (cont'd)  
Or the new and improved Twister  
Girls?

They receive wild, RAUCOUS APPLAUSE.

MC (cont'd)  
It's the Twister Girls!



The Girls can't believe it. They're practically in tears.  
Mother Richards fumes and GRABS the mic.

MOTHER RICHARDS  
(to the fans)  
Sick! You are all sick!

The MC manages to get it away from her. She steps up to D.J.

MOTHER RICHARDS (cont'd)  
You will burn in hell.

D.J.  
Don't use all the sunscreen before I  
get there.

She STORMS off, followed by the Tappers.

D.J., Emmy and the Girls leave the court to CHEERS and meet  
Lowell in the tunnel.

LOWELL  
Heck of a job, Girls!  
(to D.J.)  
And you. You sure are a gambler.

D.J.  
Does that mean I can have more house  
money to play with?

LOWELL  
Not a chance in hell.  
(then)  
Looks like we got ourselves a dance  
team!

Everyone gets the feeling that things are looking up. And  
THEY ARE, as we:

BEGIN REGULAR SEASON MONTAGE:

-- The Twisters get off to a blistering start thanks to  
Qyntel's FLASH, Joe's LEADERSHIP and Janis' sharp SHOOTING.

-- The Girls DAZZLE fans with their performances, even  
though they are still not as advanced as the Surfsations.

-- More and more fans attend games.

-- We see the Girls waving to fans during a game. Anne  
notices a section of MALE GROUPIES her age holding SIGNS  
saying things like: "I (heart) Lundy" and "I Want To Be  
Anne's Man". She blushes.

-- We see GLIMPSES of townsfolk with "Twisters fever".

-- Fans FLOCK to a meet-the-team event. They line up for autographs. They buy Twister Girls posters and calendars. Lowell looks pleased; cha-ching. Emmy works like a busy beaver.

-- The Girls deliver another GREAT PERFORMANCE as D.J. watches from the wings. He looks more confident than we've seen him since he arrived in Travisburg.

END OF MONTAGE

INT. TWISTER GIRLS REHEARSAL SPACE - EARLY MORNING

D.J. approaches the door. Through the window he sees Amber-Lynne working with Payton. The eager rookie learning from the veteran warrior. He watches their interaction, thinks a beat, smiles, then walks away.

INT. TWISTER GIRLS DRESSING ROOM - DAY

D.J., Payton and Amber-Lynne are looking at COSTUME CHOICES. Charlotte enters. She has bad news.

CHARLOTTE

Guys, I just got off the phone with Cassandra. She's quitting the team.

PAYTON

What? Why?

CHARLOTTE

She may or may not have embezzled some money and she's fleeing the country.

D.J.

It's always the quiet ones.

PAYTON

I guess we're down to eleven.

D.J.

No, we need to be twelve. We're too small as it is.

AMBER-LYNNE

Let me call one of the original Girls.

D.J.  
Nuh-uh. I don't do rejects.

They hear SINGING and look over at Emmy, who has been on the other side of the room the entire time. She's rolling up posters. While wearing headphones. And DANCING to the music.

Amber-Lynne can see D.J.'s wheels turning.

AMBER-LYNNE  
No.

D.J.  
Yes.

AMBER-LYNNE  
She's not a dancer.

D.J.  
She knows what you did to my matchbox house.

AMBER-LYNNE  
(faux delight)  
Emmy!

Emmy, still dancing, turns to see them SMILING at her.

EMMY  
(over the music)  
I love this song!  
(then)  
What...

INT. TWISTER GIRLS DRESSING ROOM - SOMETIME LATER

Emmy is ROCKING a Twister Girls COSTUME. It's the first time we've seen her out of her polo and khakis. And she looks HOT. But also self-conscious.

EMMY  
It feels a lot smaller than it looks.

CHARLOTTE  
You think that feels small?

EMMY  
Pasties would feel big on you.

D.J.  
You look great. And such a cute little tush.

EMMY

Stop! D.J., I'm serious. I don't want to screw this up for everyone. I'm not a dancer.

D.J.

No, you're Super Emmy. Team liaison, ticket sales rep, kids club coordinator, social media contributor, guest relations manager, dance team assistant and the woman who's going to cure cancer. If you can do all that, you sure as hell can shake your thing.

Emmy is touched by his trust.

D.J. (cont'd)

I'll work with you at home. And Amber-Lynne will make sure you know your steps.

AMBER-LYNNE

Why me?

D.J.

Because you're team captain.

AMBER-LYNNE

Since when?

D.J.

Since now. Got a problem with that?

She's honored, but doesn't let on.

AMBER-LYNNE

No.

D.J.

Good. Because captains buy the first round.

INT. DIVE BAR - THAT EVENING

D.J., Emmy, Payton, Anne, Charlotte and Amber-Lynne sit at a table, celebrating.

ALL

To the captain!

D.J.  
 (looking around)  
 Amber-Lynne, when I said let's go for  
 shots, I didn't mean tetanus.

AMBER-LYNNE  
 Shut up and drink, Shirley Temple.  
 Captain's orders.

PAYTON  
 So, Anne. Have you chosen a man from  
 your many suitors yet?

ANNE  
 Who said anything about choosing just  
 one?

They all laugh and whoop it up.

D.J.  
 Get it, girl!

More laughing. Then, D.J. looks across the bar and sees a  
 scruffy GUY named LUCAS (28) getting a little too close to  
 Mandy near the jukebox. She isn't aware of the danger. D.J.  
 leaves his seat and approaches.

D.J. (cont'd)  
 Hey, Mandy. Come join us. There's a  
 virgin daiquiri with your name on it.

LUCAS  
 She'll drink it later.

D.J.  
 It's bad luck to keep a good drink  
 waiting. Come on, Mandy.

LUCAS  
 Why don't you just go on without her.  
 This busted little belle is going to  
 give me a private performance.  
 (to Mandy)  
 Ain't that right darlin'?

Oh no he didn't. D.J. steps up to him.

D.J.  
 Don't ever call her that.

LUCAS  
Out of my business queer boy or I'll  
give you the ass whippin' you  
deserve.

D.J.  
I've been punched by better trash  
than you.

LUCAS  
Warned ya.

Lucas throws A PUNCH that is CAUGHT by the hand of a very  
angry Amber-Lynne.

LUCAS (cont'd)  
Amber-Lynne.

AMBER-LYNNE  
Lucas.

She RAG DOLLS him to the ground and locks him in an ARM BAR.  
He HOLLERS and starts TAPPING OUT.

LUCAS  
C'mon, Amber-Lynne! You're breaking  
it!

She begins to release the hold when:

LUCAS (cont'd)  
(mutters)  
Crazy bitch.

On this, she gives a fast TWIST and SNAPS IT! He SHRIEKS in  
pain. She gets in his face.

AMBER-LYNNE  
Don't ever fuck with my team again.

D.J. leans down to get in a dig.

D.J.  
Captain's orders.

They collect Mandy and head for the exit with the others.

INT. EMMY'S APARTMENT - LATER THAT EVENING

Emmy is sitting in bed with cancer BOOKS and her PHONE. D.J.  
is on the couch not far away.

EMMY  
I still can't believe she just  
snapped it like that.

D.J.  
I know.

BOTH  
Her aggression level is so high.

They laugh.

BOTH (cont'd)  
Jinx.

They laugh again. Then, she shows him a PHOTO of shoes on  
her phone.

EMMY  
What do you think of these?

D.J.  
Oooo. Snatch.

EMMY  
Is that good?

D.J.  
Totes.

EMMY  
(pleased)  
Snatch.

His phone BINGS. He looks at it. We see on his screen: GABL  
UPDATE. BROOKE BABBASHAW TO RETIRE AT SEASON'S END.

D.J.  
(stunned, sotto)  
What?

INT. TWISTER GIRLS REHEARSAL SPACE - DAY

A stunned Payton asks:

PAYTON  
What?

D.J.  
(repeating)  
We're doubling the number of  
practices.  
(MORE)

D.J. (cont'd)  
All-Star break is a week away and Emmy needs all the time she can to get up to speed. You want to be number one, don't you?

We now see that all the Girls are there. And they are not pleased.

AMBER-LYNNE  
Yeah, but you already have us practicing four days a week. What are you going to do, create an eighth day?

D.J.  
If I have to.

AMBER-LYNNE  
Fine. Double the piss-ant money we're making.

D.J.  
You know we can't do that.  
(to Emmy)  
Can we?

EMMY  
Are you really asking me that?

AMBER-LYNNE  
Then forget it. I have bills to pay.

ANNE  
Yeah, D.J. I work full-time. And I still drive for Uber and Lyft.

The Girls begin talking over each other.

PAYTON  
I need to help my dad.

CHARLOTTE  
I need my shifts.

EMMY  
I'm already stretched thin.

MANDY  
They'll miss me at the nursing home.

D.J.  
OKAY! I get it.

GABRIELA  
We all want this just as bad as you do, D.J. But how can we be in two places at once?



He thinks about it. He has a way out. And he isn't thrilled.

EXT. PIG FARM - DAY

D.J., in hip waders and gloves, stands in the slop and tends to a swarm of PIGS as Gabriela's amused family looks on.

D.J.  
(to pigs)  
Ah! Leave me alone! I swear I'll go  
vegan!

Pigs rush by his feet, causing him to lose his balance and FALL in the slop.

INT. ANNE'S CAR - EVENING

D.J. is in Anne's Uber/Lyft car, trying to navigate his way around town. He pulls up to the dive bar and two scary looking DUDES get in. He whimpers.

INT. HARDWARE STORE PAINT DEPT. - EVENING

D.J. places a can of paint in the paint shaker, closes the lid, hits power and turns to go. But his store apron is caught in the shaker as it begins shaking, dragging him to the ground.

INT. TWISTER GIRLS REHEARSAL SPACE - EVENING

The Girls, being directed by Amber-Lynne, practice. Amber-Lynne gives special attention to a determined Emmy.

INT. NURSING HOME - DAY

D.J. is trying to teach the RESIDENTS how to dance. But it's not happening.

INT. TUCK'S COFFEE & SUCH - DAY

D.J. is hard at work, grinding beans, rolling dough, displaying pastries, wiping tables, etc. as an impressed Tuck looks on.

INT. TWISTERS OFFICE AREA - DAY

A frazzled D.J., in team polo and khakis, is running a kids club event for a group of rowdy kids. Joe, Janis and Qyntel walk in and the kids cheer. D.J. catches Janis' flirtatious smile. He mouths, "No."

INT. BUCK DROP TRUCK STOP - EVENING

D.J. emerges from the kitchen to serve three plates of food to TRUCKERS sitting at the counter. One of them looks at him and says:

TRUCKER  
What's with the shirt?

D.J.  
What?

TRUCKER  
You're supposed to be topless.

D.J.  
Uh, no.

TRUCKER  
Rules are rules. Let's see it.

The other truckers nod. They don't mind. D.J. glares at them then takes off his shirt. The truckers smile. D.J. kind of likes the attention and grabs the coffee pot.

D.J.  
Who wants a refill?

INT. ANNE'S CAR - DAY

D.J. pulls up to a large house. Waiting at the curb is a smiling Janis with FLOWERS in his hand. D.J. just keeps going.

INT. TWISTER GIRLS REHEARSAL SPACE - DAY

The Girls, still being directed by Amber-Lynne, continue to work hard and are getting better. Even Emmy is nailing her steps.

EXT. PIG FARM - DAY

D.J. tends to the pigs and he's got the hang of it. It even looks like he's enjoying it. Gabriela's family is impressed.

INT. HARDWARE STORE PAINT AISLE - DAY

D.J. uses his sense of style to help a COUPLE settle their differences over a paint color. He and the wife fist bump.

INT. BUCK DROP TRUCK STOP - DAY

A bare-chested D.J. dances and laps up the attention of thrilled truckers as he delivers plates of food with skill.

INT. TWISTERS OFFICE AREA - EVENING

D.J. carries a box of brochures through the office and into Emmy's cubicle. He sets down the box. Sees a cute PHOTO of he and Emmy, and smiles.

INT. ANNE'S CAR - DAY

D.J. has a blast with various passengers as they sing along to a POPULAR TUNE ala "Carpool Karaoke." We see CHURCH-GOING WOMEN, COLLEGE-AGED KIDS, INDUSTRIAL WORKERS, MILITARY PERSONNEL, etc.

INT. NURSING HOME - DAY

D.J. and the residents have had a breakthrough. He's taught them how to TWERK. And they're LOVING IT.

INT. TUCK'S COFFEE & SUCH - DAY

D.J.'s behind the counter. He's writing something -- presumably a name -- on a CUP of coffee. He approaches the customer. It's Janis. He sets the cup down and walks away. Janis picks up the cup and sees: NEVER! He smiles, undeterred.

INT. TWISTERS ARENA - DAY

A beaming Qyntel holds up his ALL-STAR JERSEY as he POSES for the LOCAL MEDIA.

REPORTER (O.C.)  
Qyntel! How does it feel to be an  
all-star?

QYNTEL  
Feels great. Proud to represent  
'cause we're going all the way this  
year. Write it down. Cinderella's got  
nothing on this team.

INT. TWISTER GIRLS REHEARSAL SPACE - EVENING

Amber-Lynne and Emmy are alone as Amber-Lynne watches Emmy  
NAIL every step of a routine. She finishes. She's wiped.  
Amber-Lynne gives her a HIGH-FIVE and:

AMBER-LYNNE  
You're ready.

INT. EMMY'S APARTMENT - LATER THAT EVENING

An exhausted D.J., in POLO AND KHAKIS, and an equally  
exhausted Emmy, in DANCE ATTIRE, enter and collapse on the  
couch.

D.J.  
How do you do it?

EMMY  
I was going to ask you the same  
thing.

They sit for a moment.

EMMY (cont'd)  
You want to watch Drag Race?

D.J.  
Okay.

They see the REMOTE a few feet away on the coffee table.  
Neither of them have the strength to get it.

D.J. (cont'd)  
We could just talk.

EMMY  
Yeah. Talk. Talking is good.

INT. TWISTER GIRLS REHEARSAL SPACE - DAY

D.J. is in the space for the first time in what feels like forever. He's working on BECKY STYLE. Lowell enters.

D.J.  
Mr. Richards...

He turns off the music.

LOWELL  
Aw, call me Lowell.

D.J. nods.

D.J.  
What's up?

LOWELL  
I just wanted to check in and see how Emmy's doing. I understand we added another function to her long list of responsibilities.

D.J.  
She's doing great. Please don't take her away from me.

LOWELL  
No, no. Wouldn't think of it. I figured she'd fit in. She's a special kid. Speaks very highly of you.

D.J. smiles.

LOWELL (cont'd)  
In fact, lots of folks around town have been singing your praises. I hear you've been working a little overtime yourself.

D.J.  
Second half of the season starts tomorrow. The judges could be at any game. Sometimes you just have to do what's necessary.

Lowell nods in agreement.

LOWELL  
Well, I just want to say thanks for all you've done so far, in spite of the challenges.

(MORE)

LOWELL (cont'd)  
I'm real glad you're here D.J. And  
I'm glad to see this ol' dustpan is  
growing on you. We sure have a tough  
time holding on to our stars.

And with that, he leaves. D.J. looks conflicted.

EXT. AIRPORT - DAY

Three ADULTS with luggage wait for their Uber to arrive.  
They're too HIP-LOOKING to be locals. Anne pulls up wearing  
a baseball CAP. She gets out to help load their bags.

ANNE  
Hey, guys. Welcome to Travisburg. Let  
me help you with those.

Some BINDERS fall out of one of the bags. Anne notices a  
cover that reads: GABL DANCE TEAM SCORING. Holy shit. The  
judges.

She helps to pick it up and the bags are loaded. They all  
get in the car and she LOWERS her cap to hide her face. They  
pull away.

INT. TWISTER GIRLS REHEARSAL SPACE - SOMETIME LATER

Anne shares the news with D.J. and the Girls.

CHARLOTTE  
Are you sure it was them?

ANNE  
Positive.

GABRIELA  
The game's tomorrow afternoon. What  
do we do?

PAYTON  
What can we do? We just have to go  
out there tomorrow and crush it.

AMBER-LYNNE  
No. We need something more.

MANDY  
Ooo! We could do the dance D.J.  
taught them at the nursing home!  
(MORE)

MANDY (cont'd)  
(innocently)  
They say the residents have been  
"very stimulated" since he did.

AMBER-LYNNE  
Mandy's right. We need something  
crazy. Something they've never seen.  
D.J.? Any ideas?

D.J.'s been quietly thinking the entire time. He isn't sure  
he should say it, but:

D.J.  
There is something I've been working  
on. I mean, it's so good it'll throw  
the world off its axis.

GABRIELA  
What is it?

D.J.  
It's called, "Becky Style."

ANNE  
Have you always lacked an ego? Or did  
it just vanish over time?

GABRIELA  
Will you teach us?

D.J.  
By tomorrow? No way. The Surfsations  
are the only dancers who could pull  
it off. And they would need way more  
than a day to learn it. And Emmy just  
learned our best routine. Let's stick  
to that.

PAYTON  
Do you think our best is good enough  
to make us number one?

He hesitates, which is all the answer they need.

PAYTON (cont'd)  
Then what do we have to lose?

He's still hesitant.

GABRIELA  
Please.

MANDY  
(in his face)  
Please. Please. Please. Please.  
Please. Please. Please. Please.

D.J.  
Okay. Okay. But we're going to have  
to work all night.

GABRIELA  
I'm in.

PAYTON  
Count me in.

AMBER-LYNNE  
Let's do it.

He looks to Emmy. It's a lot to ask of her.

EMMY  
I wouldn't be Super Emmy if I  
couldn't.

D.J.  
Alright. But, if we don't nail it, we  
stick to the other routine. Deal?

ALL  
Deal.

They begin to move around the space.

CHARLOTTE  
(composing a text)  
Is there a polite way to cancel a  
threesome?

ANNE  
(reaching for the  
phone)  
Here, let me...

BEGIN THE BECKY MONTAGE:

-- D.J. teaches them BECKY STYLE, and it's a struggle.

-- They continue to FAIL, but refuse to give up.

-- They force themselves to stay awake as they work into the  
late hours.

-- Slowly, they begin to GET IT.



-- We see FLASHES of it, but we never see it fully.

-- Finally, we see them perform THE FINAL STEPS. They smile. Did they nail it? D.J. smiles. THEY DID!

END OF MONTAGE

INT. TWISTERS ARENA - GAME DAY

Fans are pouring into the arena. The players are warming up. The three judges sit in different sections so they can each have a unique vantage point.

INT. OUTSIDE TWISTER GIRLS DRESSING ROOM - SAME TIME

D.J. is pacing. Janis walks up. The last person he wants to see right now.

D.J.

Janis--

JANIS

Let me be your Latvian lover.

D.J.

You did not just say that.

JANIS

Why not? Is it my hair? Too short?  
Too long? You like Mohawk?

D.J.

Go away.

JANIS

Why you push me away? Tell me.

D.J.

Look, Janis. You're really cute. I could skinny-dip in those dimples all day. And Lord knows I have a soft spot for Euros.

JANIS

I have soft spots.

D.J.

Would you please...  
(MORE)

D.J. (cont'd)

(a beat)

I just spent the last week grindin' coffee, dishin' grits, piggin' slop and drivin' every back road of this town so my Girls could be ready for this moment. I'm going on two hours of sleep and feel like a cramp. So the last thing I need in my life right now is a sexed-up baller COMPLICATING THINGS!

This hurts Janis.

JANIS

You're right. Two men loving each other. It's too complicated.

He walks away. D.J.'s nerves are fried. Then, Emmy approaches with TWO ADULTS (60s) straight out of an old Sears-Roebuck catalog.

EMMY

D.J.! Look who I found outside!

He is ROCKED by the sight of HIS PARENTS. Things just went from bad to worse.

D.J.

Mom. Dad.

MRS. BECKETT

Hello, Delbert.

EMMY

(snickers)

Your name is Delbert?

MRS. BECKETT

Junior. After his father.

D.J.

Why are you here?

MRS. BECKETT

We're driving the camper to visit your Aunt Franny and thought we'd stop and see you.

MR. BECKETT

Your mother wanted to surprise you.

(to her)

I told you this was a bad idea.

D.J.  
He's right. This is like the worst  
time ever, so...

He gives them the hint to leave.

MRS. BECKETT  
Oh, well, Emmy here gave us tickets  
to the game. So we could see your  
dance team.

He gives Emmy a look. She gives him one back.

D.J.  
Yeah. Sure. Enjoy the game.

EMMY  
I'll show you to your seats. Oh,  
D.J., I have to stay late, so could  
you pick up some rocky road on the  
way home?  
(to his parents)  
I've been really been craving sweets  
lately.

His mother's eyes LIGHT UP. She has the wrong idea.

D.J.  
Seriously? She's letting me stay at  
her place.

MRS. BECKETT  
I'm sorry. I just thought--

D.J.  
What? That I converted?

MR. BECKETT  
That's not fair. We never asked you  
to--

D.J.  
But you wanted to.

Their expressions give them away.

MRS. BECKETT  
We were confused. It's not like you  
came out with a user's manual.

D.J.  
I'm not an adjustable bed, mom. I'm  
your son.

(MORE)

D.J. (cont'd)  
And how do you think I felt? One day  
I'm going to war with G.I. Joe, the  
next day I'm planning our wedding in  
St. Barts.

MR. BECKETT  
How would we know?! You came out, but  
never let us in! You just left!

D.J.  
Oh, give me a break! You were happy  
to see me go so you wouldn't have to  
admit to people you have a gay son!

A beat. It's tense.

MRS. BECKETT  
We'll go to our seats now. Thank you,  
Emmy. We can find our own way.

They walk away.

EMMY  
(to D.J.)  
Why do you have to be so mean?!

She STORMS into the dressing room.

INT. TWISTER GIRLS DRESSING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A somber D.J. enters. Emmy can't even look at him. The other  
Girls look to him for encouragement, but he has none to  
give. Just:

D.J.  
Let's get out there.

INT. OUTSIDE TWISTER GIRLS DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

D.J. and the Girls exit and are faced by Mother Richards, a  
broken-armed Lucas, and a POLICE OFFICER.

D.J.  
Now what?

MOTHER RICHARDS  
My gazebo needed repair and I come to  
find that someone broke the arm of my  
favorite handyman when he had already  
conceded defeat.  
(MORE)

MOTHER RICHARDS (cont'd)  
Now, I'm no lawyer, but my lawyer  
tells me that is a prosecutable  
offense.

D.J. slide steps in front of Amber-Lynne to SHIELD her.

MOTHER RICHARDS (cont'd)  
I want her arrested.

Lowell arrives.

LOWELL  
Mother...

MOTHER RICHARDS  
Shut up, Lowell.

D.J.  
You don't have to do this.

MOTHER RICHARDS  
I do what's necessary.

She steps up to him.

MOTHER RICHARDS (cont'd)  
Leave my town. Never come back. And  
I'll forget the whole thing. Or do  
you also want me to start wondering  
about the status of the pretty  
Mexican girl?

D.J. looks at sweet, innocent Gabriela. He has no choice.

D.J.  
You win.

He turns to the Girls, wants to say something, but can't. He  
leaves. Mother Richards addresses the Girls.

MOTHER RICHARDS  
Well, since you no longer have a  
leader, you are hereby disbanded.  
Forever.

They suddenly hear the SOUND of tap shoes. The Tappers  
arrive, dressed to perform.

MOTHER RICHARDS (cont'd)  
That was the sound of "taps." Just  
for you.

The Tappers snicker.

MOTHER RICHARDS (cont'd)  
Back to the brothel now.

The Girls, defeated, confused, angry...leave.

LOWELL  
(deeply disappointed)  
We finally had a good thing going.  
Why can't you just let people be?

He follows the Girls, leaving his mother slightly stung.

EXT. TRAVISBURG MAIN ROAD - SOMETIME LATER

Emmy is driving D.J. to the airport. She's still not talking to him.

INT. TWISTERS ARENA - SAME TIME

The arena is PACKED. The judges are in their seats. The game has reached the half. Twisters lead the DALLAS RAMBLERS 62-60. The Girls, now in STREET CLOTHES, gather in the tunnel. The MC walks to mid court. He looks nervous.

MC  
Hey, Twister fans! Well, we uh, got a special surprise for ya. A new dance team for the remainder of the season--

Mother Richards, at courtside, shoots him a look.

MC (cont'd)  
--and for all eternity. Here they are, the Travisburg Tappers!

The fans are DEAD SILENT and confused. So are the judges. There are a few BOOS and a, "WE WANT THE TWISTER GIRLS!" The Tappers don't move as THEIR SAME SONG begins to play.

TAPPER 1  
(to Mother Richards)  
What do we do?

MOTHER RICHARDS  
Tap, you jackass!

The begin to tap, trying to catch up to the music. But they are too THROWN OFF. It's a DISASTER.

INT. EMMY'S CAR - SAME TIME

Emmy and D.J. still sit in silence. He's rubbing the BRACELET Mandy made.

A SMALL OBJECT BOUNCES off the hood. Then ANOTHER. And ANOTHER. It's HAIL. A STORMCHASER truck ZOOMS past them. Emmy looks to the horizon. It's a TORNADO!

EMMY

Oh, no...

D.J.

Is that a tornado?!

EMMY

Why do you think we're called the Twisters?

D.J.

I just thought you people liked alliteration!

EMMY

Stop saying "you people."

D.J.

This is not the time to get Michelle Obama on me!

She SPINS the car around.

D.J. (cont'd)

I swear, this is not God punishing me!

Emmy can see the twister in the rear-view mirror. It's HUGE.

D.J. (cont'd)

Where are we going?

EMMY

The arena. We'll be safe there.

D.J.

Yeah, good. The arena. My parents are there. My dad will know what to do.

(a beat)

My dad...

Suddenly, he feels like a boy again... who needs his parents.

D.J. (cont'd)  
My parents are at the arena! Can't  
this thing go any faster?!

EMMY  
Oh, now you're worried about them?

She GUNS IT.

EXT. THE TORNADO - SAME TIME

The tornado is doing what tornadoes do: TOSSING STUFF.

INT./EXT. BBQ JOINT - MOMENTS LATER

DINERS, including Russ, are huddled together as they watch  
stuff FLYING AROUND through a window. Out of nowhere, the  
TINY HOUSE LANDS on RUSS' TRUCK, CRUSHING IT.

RUSS  
(whimpers)  
Lucille...

INT. TWISTERS ARENA - DAY

News of the tornado has reached the arena. The game has been  
SUSPENDED. People are PANICKED. Lowell is at midcourt with  
the mic.

LOWELL  
Everyone please, remain calm. They're  
saying it turned east, so we may not  
get the brunt of it. But this is  
still the safest place to be until we  
know more.

The Girls and players are doing what they can to comfort  
worried fans. Even Mother Richards and the Tappers are  
helping out.

D.J. and Emmy arrive, looking in all directions.

EMMY  
I have to check on the kids.

D.J.  
I'm going to look for my parents.

They start to split up, then:



D.J. (cont'd)

Emmy!

She stops. Turns. Then, with all sincerity:

D.J. (cont'd)

I love you.

She knows, and:

EMMY

I'm not the one you should be telling.

INT. OUTSIDE TWISTER GIRLS DRESSING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

D.J. finds his parents outside the dressing room.

D.J.

Mom! Dad!

They embrace.

MRS. BECKETT

Oh, Delbert! Thank God. We were so worried. When your dancers didn't perform...we didn't know what happened.

D.J.

It's a long story. I'm just glad you're still here. It's a mess out there.

MR. BECKETT

We were starting to think you left. We couldn't stand the idea of losing you again.

This hits D.J.

D.J.

You didn't lose me. I left you. I was just so scared. I love you guys. I'm sorry I didn't give you a chance.

MR. BECKETT

Maybe we can try being scared together.

D.J.

I'd like that.

He hugs his dad.

D.J. (cont'd)  
And dad? I'd really like to learn how  
to play golf. I'm good at using my  
hips.

MR. BECKETT  
I'm just gonna think you mean  
dancing, son.

They smile.

MR. BECKETT (cont'd)  
And Delbert? I would really like to  
see my boy perform.

D.J.  
You would?

They release the hug. D.J. is now crying.

D.J. (cont'd)  
Boy, look at me. Waterworks. Hooo. I  
need to--

MRS. BECKETT  
You go right ahead. We're going to  
see if there's anything we can do to  
help these poor people.

Their charity makes him BLUBBER even more.

D.J.  
(gushing)  
God, you're like a Rockwell painting.

INT. TWISTER ARENA HALLWAY - SOMETIME LATER

D.J. exits the men's room into an empty hallway. He hears  
the SINGING of a TENDER SONG. It's ANGELIC. He follows it.

INT. TWISTERS ARENA STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

D.J. opens the door to discover SEVEN CHILDREN SINGING  
beautifully. They stop when they see him.

D.J.  
Please, don't stop.

They sing a few more bars then finish.

D.J. (cont'd)  
That was lovely.

CHILD 1  
It's what we do when we're scared.

CHILD 2  
What do you do?

D.J.  
I dance. But mostly I behave like a  
real--

He censors himself.

CHILD 1  
Shit burger?

CHILD 2  
Peckerwood?

CHILD 3  
Dickweed?

CHILD 4  
Fart knocker?

CHILD 5  
(the youngest)  
Son of a motherless goat?

D.J.  
All of the above.

CHILD 5  
Are you scared now?

D.J.  
Not anymore.  
(thinks, then)  
Hey. How far do your voices carry?

INT. TWISTER GIRLS DRESSING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

All of the Girls are packing up some of their remaining  
things. D.J. enters ON A MISSION.

D.J.  
Hey.

Gabriela, Payton and Mandy RUSH to embrace him.

PAYTON  
We're so glad you're okay.

D.J.  
I'm so sorry I left. I just--

GABRIELA  
We know.

He looks at the Girls. His loves.

D.J.  
You're the best dance team I've ever known. And it had nothing to do with me. It was all you. You worked your asses off not because you wanted to please a raging diva like me. You did it because you love this place. And it loves you. You're not my Twister Girls. You're theirs.

MANDY  
But we're not. Mother Richards--

D.J.  
I think I have a solution.

The children from the stairwell enter.

CHILD 1  
Hey, shit burger. Are you ready?

ANNE  
Nice mouth. You didn't tell us you had kids.

D.J.  
They're not my kids. They're our vocals.

The Girls react, "What?"

D.J. (cont'd)  
We owe these people a show.

INT. TWISTERS ARENA - SOMETIME LATER

Semi-nervous fans, staffers, and others are in their seats, milling about, on their phone, etc. They need A SPARK.

The arena lights LOWER, unnerving everyone for a moment until: a SPOTLIGHT at midcourt on THE CHILDREN from the stairwell. They begin tenderly SINGING a POPULAR SONG. They have everyone's attention.

The Girls, BACK IN COSTUME, JOIN THEM, with Payton adding VOCALS. It's moving people to TEARS. Lastly, D.J. JOINS THE GIRLS, the music kicks in and they launch into BECKY STYLE! The fans are in AWE. The judges are WOWED. People record it with their PHONES. This performance will surely go viral.

Even Mother Richards moves closer to the court, caught up in the moment. She BRUSHES against someone. It's the Becketts.

MR. BECKETT  
(re: D.J., proud)  
That's our boy.

She gives them the once over.

MOTHER RICHARDS  
That's your boy?

MRS. BECKETT  
Isn't he a miracle?

Mother Richards watches him. Performing his heart out. Bringing joy. She's conflicted.

The Girls, D.J. and the children approach the nearest fans and lead them ONTO THE COURT. It's now a DANCE PARTY.

The Girls come face-to-face with the Tappers, who BOW with reverence. "We're not worthy."

Mother Richards comes face-to-face with D.J. Their exchange is very fast and businesslike.

MOTHER RICHARDS  
I like what you did. The Twister  
Girls are hereby reinstated. No legal  
actions will be taken.

D.J.  
Thank you. I know the Girls will be  
thrilled.

MOTHER RICHARDS  
Your parents are lovely people. But I  
still disagree with your lifestyle.

D.J.  
And I disagree with your fashion  
choices.

MOTHER RICHARDS  
What's wrong with them?

D.J.  
They do nothing for your figure.

MOTHER RICHARDS  
Thank you. No one's ever had the  
courage to tell me before.

D.J.  
Maybe it's because your hard-line  
views alienate people.

A beat.

D.J. (cont'd)  
Wanna dance?

MOTHER RICHARDS  
I'm self-conscious about my dancing.  
Would you consider private lessons?

D.J.  
Let me get back to you.

They part ways.

Meanwhile, the DANCING continues and the cheers get LOUDER  
as we audibly transition to:

TITLE CARD: CONFERENCE FINALS GAME 7

INT. TWISTERS ARENA - EVENING

The fans are GOING CRAZY. The Twisters are hosting the South  
Beach Surf. Twisters lead 95-94 in the final minutes of the  
game. Even Isabella is there.

ANNCR 3 (V.O.)  
Surf up by one with time winding  
down. Winner takes on the Legends for  
the championship. What a series this  
has been!

ANNCR 4 (V.O.)  
Listen to this place! The roof is  
gonna come off!

ANNCR 3 (V.O.)  
It's been a historic battle between  
Qyntel Morris and Demarcus Price.  
Price is the only answer the Surf's  
had for, "The Question."

ANNCR 4  
You know these two young men want  
this bad. And so do these fans. With  
everything Travisburg's been through  
this season... no one would have  
picked them to be here.

INT. TWISTERS ARENA TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

D.J. watches the action on the court. He's really getting  
into it.

D.J.  
Come on guys!

A MAN in a well-tailored suit approaches. This is BEN  
EDELMAN (55).

BEN  
It's quite the turnaround.

D.J.  
(into it)  
They're an amazing team.

BEN  
They are. But I was talking about  
your Twister Girls.

He now has D.J.'s attention.

BEN (cont'd)  
Ben Edelman. I own the LA Legends.

He offers A HANDSHAKE without hesitation. This is not lost  
on D.J. They shake.

D.J.  
You here scouting your next opponent?

BEN  
That...and my next dance director.

Now he really has D.J.'s attention.

BEN (cont'd)

Brooke Babbashaw is retiring. She was good. But you're great. I gave her the best dancers in Hollywood, but she never could have accomplished what you did with your girls. I like winning, D.J. And not just rings. I want my Lady Legends to be number one. So I'll make this simple. I want the man who created Becky Style. I'll supply you with the best of everything. Facilities. Staff. Talent.

D.J.

Is that all?

Ben smiles. He knows what D.J. means.

BEN

And you'll be the only dance director in the league with a seven-figure contract. So, are you ready to become a Legend?

D.J. was certain once. But not now.

BEN (cont'd)

I'll expect your "yes" by the end of the week. The clock's ticking.

He makes a head motion to the GAME CLOCK and walks away.

INT. TWISTERS ARENA COURT - CONTINUOUS

The clock is literally TICKING DOWN. Just six seconds remain with the Twisters now down 106-105.

Qyntel has the ball and is closely guarded by Demarcus. He wants the last shot. He tries to create a little space with his dribble. All Joe and Janis can do is watch.

ANNCR 3 (V.O.)

Morris iso'd on the wing. One-on-one with Price.

ANNCR 4 (V.O.)

You knew it would come down to these two.



ANNCR 3 (V.O.)  
Two seconds on the clock...

Qyntel jukes, SLIPS, then takes an OFF-BLANCE SHOT that CLANGS off the front of the rim just as TIME EXPIRES!

ANNCR 3 (V.O.) (cont'd)  
He takes an off-balance shot! No good!

ANNCR 4 (V.O.)  
Nooooo!

The Surf win and RUSH onto the court. Isabella JOINS THEM in celebration.

Joe and Janis put their arms around a deflated Qyntel.

ANNCR 3 (V.O.)  
Qyntel Moris comes up short at the buzzer, and the South Beach Surf have finally punched their ticket to the GABL Finals.

ANNCR 4 (V.O.)  
What a season for these Twisters.  
What. A. Season.

INT. TWISTERS ARENA TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

D.J. also looks heartbroken. His phone BINGS. He looks at an email. Oh no.

INT. TWISTERS ARENA COURT - CONTINUOUS

The Surf and Isabella leave the court. The fans, who have been ON THEIR FEET the whole time, don't leave. Instead, they begin APPLAUDING their Twisters. LOUDER AND LOUDER. The players, who were hanging their heads, look up.

Lowell is standing courtside next to an arena EMPLOYEE.

ARENA EMPLOYEE  
So much for the confetti.

LOWELL  
Hell, after all we've been through this season? Son, make it rain.

ARENA EMPLOYEE  
 (into his walkie-  
 talkie)  
 Release the confetti.

Confetti RAINS from the rafters. Everyone looks up. It adds to the celebration. The Girls hit the court and help lead the CHEERS.

Lowell steps to mid court with a mic.

LOWELL  
 Was that a great game, or what?  
 Congratulations to the Surf. And how  
 'bout a hand for your Twisters!

The fans ERUPT with cheer. The players and coaches appreciate it.

LOWELL (cont'd)  
 Some people might say this was a  
 flash in the pan. But we'll prove 'em  
 wrong next year! We're on the road to  
 greatness! We know the way now!  
 (a beat)  
 Boy, I tell ya, as I look around...  
 Travisburg had always been a strong  
 community. But this year--  
 (he spots D.J.)  
 --this year we opened our hearts to  
 the idea of what it really means to  
 be family.  
 (a beat)  
 I want to bring out someone who's  
 done so much for us this season.  
 Turns out we're not so different  
 after all. Mr. D.J. Beckett!

The fans cheer WILDLY as D.J. reaches midcourt. Lowell offers A HAND SHAKE. D.J. ACCEPTS, then plants a BIG KISS on Lowell's lips! Lowell, stunned, walks away in a daze and takes his place next to an AMUSED Mother Richards.

D.J. takes a moment as he looks around at the fans, the players and the Girls.

D.J.  
 (to all)  
 Hey...

ALL FANS  
 HEY!

He wasn't expecting that. He gathers himself.

D.J.

I came to Travisburg because Lowell wanted me to teach the Girls how to be a better team. But I'm the one who had a lot to learn. Mostly about accepting people for who they are, so they could have a chance to accept me. Your Twister Girls have been the greatest teachers in the world. But they're so much more than that.

He pulls out his PHONE and HOLDS IT UP high.

D.J. (cont'd)

Because they've been voted THE NUMBER ONE DANCE TEAM IN THE LEAGUE!

The Girls can't believe it. The fans GO NUTS. The Girls RUSH to D.J. who greets them with OPEN ARMS.

EMMY

(to D.J.)

We did it!

D.J.

You did it. I never doubted it for a second.

EMMY

You are a terrible liar, Delbert Beckett.

D.J.

You're really enjoying that, aren't you?

EMMY

Uh-huh.

They HUG. Music PLAYS. Fans RUSH onto the court. It's another DANCE PARTY!

FADE TO:

INT. TWISTERS ARENA - LATER THAT EVENING

The party is over. The arena is EMPTY. Traces of confetti everywhere. D.J. and Joe are sitting on the scorer's table.

D.J.  
So what do I do, coach?

JOE  
You take the max deal.

D.J.  
Is that what you would do?

JOE  
It's what we all do. Rings aren't guaranteed. The money is. Besides, you're made for Hollywood. You belong there.

D.J.  
What if this is where I belong?

JOE  
Every time I've been traded they say the same thing. "Joe, you'll always have a place here." It's just something they say to make themselves feel better. So it's on me to make it mean something. You gave this town something it never had. This is where Becky Style was born. That's history. That's your place here.

(a beat)  
Take the deal. Sometimes we don't get a choice.

D.J. lets it sink in. He's made his decision.

D.J.  
I'm gonna have a hard time quittin' you.

Joe smiles. A beat.

JOE  
What are you going to do about Janis?

D.J. is surprised he knew.

JOE (cont'd)  
It's cool. There's more of you in the league than you know. We're just not as out in the open as we could be. But we'll get there.

D.J.  
 (about Janis)  
 I don't know. He's really cute. And  
 goofy. But the distance...

Joe nods. He understands. The Girls walk in DRESSED TO  
 PARTY.

JOE  
 Looks like it's party time.

D.J.  
 You coming?

JOE  
 I'll catch up with later...Delbert.

D.J. hops off the table and begins to walk toward the Girls.  
 He stops and turns to look at the man who has become more  
 than a life coach. He's a big brother. One last nod of  
 mutual respect before making it to the Girls.

MANDY  
 D.J.! Charlotte is taking us all to a  
 gay bar!

CHARLOTTE  
 It's not technically a "gay bar."  
 They just play a lot of Nickelback.

D.J. doesn't react.

ANNE  
 D.J.? What's wrong?

His expressions says it all.

EMMY  
 You're leaving.

D.J.  
 The Legends. I couldn't say no.

PAYTON  
 What about us? Family?

D.J.  
 It's a lot of money.

ANNE  
 There are more important things in  
 life than money.

D.J.  
It's a million dollars.

ANNE  
Promise you'll write us every day.

They all look at each other. So much love and respect. Then:

AMBER-LYNNE  
Don't you want to sleep on it?

D.J.  
It's a million dollars.

AMBER-LYNNE  
Yeah. Okay. That's a lot to sleep on.  
(then)  
Well, then, you're buying. Captain's  
orders.

As they begin to exit the court area:

D.J.  
Uh, hello? Captain buys the first  
round.

AMBER-LYNNE  
Captain gets paid minimum wage and  
can break your arm.

D.J.  
I'm buying! I guess that's what I get  
for making you number one.

EMMY  
Oh, don't start that again.

FADE TO:

EXT. AIRPORT - DAY

The seven main Girls are there to see D.J. off.

ANNE  
What are we going to do without you?

D.J.  
That's up to your new dance director.

He looks at Amber-Lynne. She's stunned.

D.J. (cont'd)  
 Lowell will be expecting your "yes"  
 by the end of the week.

Her look says she accepts.

AMBER-LYNNE  
 (playful challenge)  
 We're going to kick your Legend ass.

D.J.  
 Don't and I'll come back here and  
 kick yours.

She and Anne step to the back. Charlotte steps up and  
 without a word, FLASHES HIM. He goes wide-eyed.

D.J. (cont'd)  
 Gigi Hadid! Those are spectacular!  
 Totally worth the wait. Have you seen  
 these?

The Girls all nod and "yes." They've definitely seen them.

ANNE  
 I can't not see them.

Then Mandy steps up, misty-eyed.

MANDY  
 You're the meanest person who's ever  
 been nice to me.

Without a word, D.J. places a NECKLACE around her neck with  
 a crystal PENDANT of TWO OTTERS.

D.J.  
 Two otters. It's made of crystal. I  
 bought it. It only sounds like I'm  
 good at making stu--

She HUGS HIM FAST AND HARD.

MANDY  
 I'll never take it off. And I'll  
 never, ever forget you.

She moves to the back of the line. Gabriela steps up. He  
 lowers his voice.

D.J.  
 Come with me. You'll be a star.

GABRIELA  
I couldn't. This place has given my family so much. Being a Twister Girl is my chance to give back. It's home.

D.J.  
I know. Just thought I'd ask.

She KISSES him on the cheek and steps to the back. Payton steps up and begins to sing "THE DANCE."

PAYTON  
FOR A MOMENT, ALL THE WORLD WAS RIGHT  
/ HOW COULD I HAVE EVER KNOWN, YOU'D  
EVER SAY GOODBYE...

D.J.  
(starts to tear-up)  
Don't. Ugly cry. Ugly cry.

Payton also cries and steps to the back. Finally, Emmy steps up. There's a long beat.

D.J. (cont'd)  
I've had many "sisters" in my life.  
But you're the only sister I've ever  
known. I want you to have this.

He hands her an ENVELOPE. She opens it. It's A CHECK.

EMMY  
HOLY SHIT!

She covers her mouth in horror.

D.J.  
You are the first and last recipient  
of the Delbert Beckett Jr.  
Scholarship.

EMMY  
Wha...?? How??

D.J.  
I sold my condo. Now go cure cancer.

They share the WARMEST HUG in the history of hugs as we:

FADE TO:



EXT. HOLLYWOOD SIGN - DAY

We see the famous sign high above the fabled city.

INT. LEGENDS ARENA DANCE FACILITIES - DAY

D.J. explores his new work environment alone. It's everything Ben said it would be and more. It's A PALACE.

-- The Lady Legends have their own workout facility.

-- The rehearsal space is MODERN and enormous.

-- The dressing room is TO DIE FOR.

-- D.J. looks at large POSTERS of each Lady Legend. All PERFECT TENS.

INT. LEGENDS ARENA COURT - MOMENTS LATER

D.J. stands alone at midcourt. The arena is state-of-the-art. It's the big time. Suddenly, the JUMBOTRON comes to life and plays a PLAYER'S INTRODUCTION.

INTRO ANNCR (V.O.)  
At forward, from Valmiera, Latvia,  
Agent Zero, Ja-nis Ber-  
kisssssssss!!!!

D.J. is confused until he sees Janis walk onto the court in LA LEGENDS GEAR. He's happy to see him.

D.J.  
I thought you hated that nickname.

JANIS  
Hate is a complicated emotion. More like, annoyed. The fans like it so, let them have it.

D.J.  
Why are you here?

JANIS  
I got traded. You're not the only one who was in a contract year.  
(looking around)  
So this is Hollywood.

D.J.  
Land of make believe.

JANIS  
It could also be the land of  
something real. Like love.

D.J.  
Wow, you are smooth.

JANIS  
Like dancer.

He does a playful little DANCE.

D.J.  
Eh...not that smooth.  
(about his feet)  
Not with those boats.

They begin to circle each other.

JANIS  
Oh, come on. You've seen me move on  
the court.

D.J.  
And you've seen me move on the court.  
No contest.

We begin to pull back as their flirtation continues.

JANIS  
You know what they say about men with  
big feet.

D.J.  
Yes I do. I also know what Joe told  
me he saw in the locker room.

JANIS  
No. No. It was winter. The heater was  
out. Small market team.

D.J.  
Mmmmm...that's not the "small" he was  
talking about.

JANIS  
He's old man. Has bad eyes.

D.J.  
Trust me. That man sees more than you  
know...

FADE TO BLACK