

STILL GOT IT

(Pilot)

Written by

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COLD OPEN

EXT./INT. KINETIC INSTITUTE - DAY

Outside a sleek, state-of-the-art facility, the doors of a parked Escalade close to reveal EDIE [*pronounced E-Dee*], a Black woman in her 40s but looks 30s, but today-- looks a certified mess.

She's being pushed in a wheelchair by her husband JAKE, 45, Caucasian, a ruggedly handsome man with a splash of boyish charm.

Their son TYSON, 14, biracial, trails behind, already bracing for embarrassment, on top of having to carry his mother's purse.

EDIE

What is this, Jake?! You're checking me into an institution?!

JAKE

Edie, babe-- the sign says Institute. He recommends more than just physical therapy-- The doctor wants you to have recovery of both mind and body.

EDIE

It's great that nobody told me.
(talking to herself)
Oh, I'm sorry, Edie. I didn't tell you that your Happy Meal comes with--
a psychiatrist?!

TYSON

Mom. Chill out. You'll be in good hands. Even the GOATs recover here.

Edie's wheelchair starts to vibrate, making her wince and squirm uncomfortably in her chair.

EDIE

Ha. Good hands-- please. Speaking of... Jake, dear... could you not wheel me on the cobblestone? My undercarriage is about to fall out.

The doors marked Kinetic Recovery & Wellness Institute slide open to a lobby that's half clinic, half yoga retreat. Edie's voice carries as they enter, drawing side-eyes from patrons.

EDIE (cont'd)

And for the record, if the results say it's "game over"-- just pull the plug.

JAKE

Honey, you're causing a scene. Tyson, check your mom in while I park the car-- And text your Nana and cousins to be on standby-- it's your mother; this could take five minutes or all day.

EDIE

Um, you two are aware I'm not here for my hearing, right?

INT. WELLNESS SPECIALIST'S OFFICE - LATER

Eddie sits across from a DOCTOR disguised as a Therapy Coach-- logoed polo, calm music, and a wall quote: "HEAL YOUR BODY & MIND."

DOCTOR

So, Edie Everhart. I hear you may be a little skeptical of what we do here at Kinetic. I promise you, we've had nothing but success stories to share.

EDIE

Oh, I'm sure you do, Doctor McCaffrey. Can't wait to hear how my story begins.

The specialist picks up his tablet and begins to scroll.

DOCTOR

Let's see. Your ER results came back-- somewhat clean. No fibroids, no endometriosis. So, your body should recover nicely. That's great news.

EDIE

See? Told my husband. I just need a good stretch.

DOCTOR

Now your decision-making?... Not so great. That's why you're here, Edie-- we specialize in diagnosing what drives an athlete to blur the line between passion... and... having a death wish.

INT. WAITING AREA - SAME TIME

Tyson sits in a crowded waiting room, studying a wall of athlete photos-- also clients-- when a TEEN BOY beside him chimes in.

TEEN BOY

Cool, huh? Even some extreme-sports legends up there. Hey. Was that your mom earlier? She's got lots of fight.

TYSON

Yeah. It's becoming a full-time job.

TEEN BOY

I feel ya. My dad-- same way. Take a look at that spectacle.

He gestures to a man in the therapy room-- braced, bruised, and frankly-- pathetic, grinning as he struggles through an exercise.

TYSON

Jesus. What the--

TEEN BOY

Yeah. Thinks he's still skateboard champion.

INT. WELLNESS SPECIALIST'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

DOCTOR

Before we get into this other medical report that might complicate things-- Edie, have you considered changing careers? You know, something that won't land you back in the ER?

EDIE

Come on, Mr. McCaffrey. Do I look like a woman who's ready to take up knitting? No. I'd rather die on that field than live life on a couch.

INT. WAITING AREA - SAME TIME

TEEN BOY

Let me guess, your mom does extreme sports too?

TYSON

She's not exactly sports. Extreme?... yeah, that fits. But what she does for a living, if she ain't doing it-- You saw. No. Her everyday extreme brand is like-- man-- how do I even explain it?

EXT. UPSCALE NEIGHBORHOOD - DALLAS, TEXAS - DAY

SUPER: *Two Weeks Earlier*

As morning breaks over manicured lawns and luxury cars, a pair of vibrant sneakers pounding the sidewalk come into focus.

The faint synth of "Maniac" from Flashdance drives the sneaker's rhythm, until a chassé, kick-ball-change, pivot turn...

and from behind a hedge bursts EDIE: a vibrant blur of color and confidence, jazzercizing through the neighborhood.

She spots her pajama-clad NEIGHBOR grabbing the morning paper.

EDIE
Morning, Phil!

NEIGHBOR
Edie. Morning. What's with the extra pep in your step?

EDIE
Big day today, Phil. And there's nothing like jump-starting your engine with a little warm-up.

Out of nowhere, she delivers a high kick that screams: "Soccer Mom Joins the Rockettes."

NEIGHBOR
Warm up? Damn. I think my check-engine light just came on.

Edie just waves and prances over to the lavish home next door.

INT. EDIE'S HOME - MULTIPLE ROOMS - DAY

- MASTER BEDROOM: Edie taps her SMARTWATCH, switching from earbuds to a BLUETOOTH SPEAKER on a nightstand, now blaring the same jam.

Bolting upright from the covers, Jake is groggily hit by the sight of Edie dancing like she's straight out of the music video.

JAKE
Wait... Is it Daylight Saving Time?
Babe, even the sun isn't up for this!

EDIE
Oh no, she's up too. And so are you.

Edie flings open the blinds, sunlight blinds him. She yanks the comforter; he covers up like a scandalized debutante.

- Edie bursts into another room, doing bounce-dips and hair-whips, waking her niece, MAGGIE, 14, Caucasian, groaning for mercy.

MAGGIE
Aunt Edie, nooo. Can I trade this wake-up call in for a quieter model?

- It's a warmer reception in her adorable nephew's room, CASEY, 8, Caucasian, grooving out in bed as he cheers on her '80s dance moves.

- But the last room-- HONK! A startled body falls out of bed: Tyson wakes to see Edie in his doorway with a big-ass AIR HORN.

EDIE

Now that's how you hit the ground running. Let's seize the day, champ.

TYSON

Mom! Can we just have one morning without a dance number?! Just one!

After a slide down the banister-- the MUSIC STOPS-- and Edie's face-to-face with her mother, DOLORES, 75, who is clearly not having it.

DOLORES

Edie, I'ma need you to bring it down to here-- Earth One. It is way too early for you to be frolicking around here like a Mary Poppins greeting card.

EDIE

Shoot, that reminds me, thanks Mom-- I gotta get Claudia a card. Maybe after the gym? No, I've got dance classes: jazz, tap, hip-hop, ballet-- Ah, I'll do it right before work-- after Jerrica's "Best in Paws" talent show.

BARK! Her CHIHUAHUA at her feet gives its approval.

DOLORES

Honey, at some point, don't you think you should slow down? I mean, most women your age prefer a quiet wine night, and a good juicy book.

EDIE

What? Slow down?! And miss all the fun? Never. I'm just getting my second wind.

Edie taps her smartwatch; music resumes. She nails a step-up-and-over couch flip, landing perfectly beside a framed POSTER OF HERSELF, as a DALLAS LONESTAR CHEERLEADER, which she talks to.

EDIE (cont'd)

What's that, Edie? Why, thank you. You too, girl. See you tonight.

She wets her finger, gives the poster a sizzling touch, and exits.

DOLORES

Sweet Jesus, just put her in neutral.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

It's a symphony of chaos as dishes clatter and FAMILY MEMBERS chatter. Edie whirls between stove and counter like a Benihana chef moonlighting at IHOP, every pancake flip a performance.

DOLORES

You know what, Edie? I take it back.
If this promotion has you excited
about life after performing, I guess
I should be a little more supportive.

EDIE

Ha! First of all, Mom, there is no
life after performing. You remember
the last time I wasn't performing?

Jake and Dolores exchange a silent "oh, we remember" look.

EDIE

But the deal is: when Claudia makes
Director, she'll merge my Cheer Captain
with Choreographer-- so technically, a
girl still gets to bust a move.

She weaves through everyone, handing out lunch sacks and backpacks like a routine. Jake's phone buzzes. He declines.

JAKE

Either way, babe, I'm proud of you.
Won't it be nice having your own
spending cash? I know my wallet's
rooting for you.

His phone buzzes again.

MAGGIE

Are you gonna take that?

Jake steps out to the hallway, lowers his voice to answer the call.

JAKE

Hey... Yeah. I know, Carl. I get the
bank statements. No. Haven't told
Edie-- wanted to be sure this
promotion was solid first. Didn't
need her worrying, especially now
that my brother's kids depend on us.
Just need her first paycheck to
clear, then maybe the news, "We're
broke, folks," won't hit as hard.

Jake reenters, plastering on his smile.

EDIE
Everything okay?

JAKE
Just Carl. Frank lost the song deal.

EDIE
Probably 'cause you're not writing
the songs anymore. Jake. You were so
good. Put your producer hat back on.

JAKE
You know, babe... Maybe I will.

EDIE
Crap! Look at the time. Not about to
have you kids late on your first day.

CASEY
Aunt Edie, are we still doing hip-hop
class after school?

EDIE
Of course, Casey. Performing is our last
line of defense from roaming the Earth
like-- well... The Scrolling Dead.

She gestures to Tyson and Maggie glued to their phones. Edie nods to
Jake. He taps an app, locking their phones. The kids yell: "Hey!"

EDIE
Yep. Limits on screen time activated.
Think of it as a digital detox. Less
social media will save you in the end.

TYSON
Seriously, Mom?! Contrary to your
belief, Elon and Zuckerberg are not
alien overlords trying to make us
dumber to take over the world.

MAGGIE
And to be fair, Aunt Edie, the last
time you were on social media,
hashtags were still called pound
signs. These days, we use it for self-
marketing. So, as entrepreneurs, that
actually makes us smarter, not dumber.

EDIE
Then I guess the proof will be in
those report cards this fall, huh?

(MORE)

EDIE (CONT'D)

And remember, kids: in space, they say, "No one can hear you scream."

The kids look for adult backup, but Dolores signals to disengage.

EDIE

Ok! Up and at'em, everyone! Remember, life's a stage. So, let's get out there and choreograph our next adventure!

DOLORES

(to Jake)

I swear her college tuition covered more than just film and dance classes.

EXT. HUNTERS CREEK HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

The front drive is chaos with teen drop-offs. Tyson and Maggie exit Edie's Escalade, just as she's about to cut the engine...

TYSON

Mom, our agreement: High school-- no walking us to class now.

EDIE

Oh, you guys are no fun anymore. Where are all the cool kids at?

TYSON

Mom! I love you. We'll see you later.

As they make their way, Tyson's greeted by his best friend, CHARLIE before a GORGEOUS GIRL distracts him.

TYSON

Man, when did Trina get so smokin' hot?

They spot her laughing as phones come out. Tyson realizes they're all recording Edie, hijacking a team's double-dutch session.

TYSON

Oh my God, let's bounce.

CHARLIE

Tyson. Seriously. What's your Mom's secret? Is she sponsored by Meth?

TYSON

No, that's her *happy place* - her job. But as you can see, the show never ends. Shoot, I only got born during a rare intermission.

INT. CONCRETE TUNNEL - NIGHT

Edie stands at the end of a corridor, proudly looking up at the bright lights outside before a booming voice fills the air...

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

And now... Ladies and Gentlemen... Here they are, America's Darlings. Sweeter than a field of cotton candy. More sparkling than grandma's big hat on Easter Sunday. Please put your hands together for the World-Renowned, Dallas LoneStars Cheerleaders!

EXT. AT&T FOOTBALL STADIUM - FIELD - NIGHT

Edie, dressed in a sexy white-and-blue uniform with red patent leather boots, runs onto the field with thirty-one other NFL cheerleaders. Jake's in the stands shouting, "Let's go, babe!"

The squad breaks into a routine that ends with their world-famous KICK LINE and JUMP SPLITS, and Edie gets the honor of being on the end to split last. The crowd erupts with applause.

INT. CONCRETE TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

The squad marches off the field, where CLAUDIA, 33, Mexican-American, with clipboard in hand, spots Edie favoring a knee.

CLAUDIA

Oh no. Let me guess. The jump splits?

EDIE

No, this time I wiped out trying to exit a jump rope-- yeah, don't ask!

CLAUDIA

I won't-- Oh. Got your card. Thank you.

EDIE

I can't believe tonight's the night.

Two arrogant, SHOW-OFF cheerleaders, 20s, interrupt them.

SHOW-OFF #1

So, after Tricia leaves, um, any chance we get some routines from this century?

SHOW-OFF #2

Yeah, we could light this place up if we were doing tricks. Can we show you?

The Show Offs demonstrate high-impact acrobatic tricks. Claudia looks for Edie's reaction as she grimaces and comforts her knee with a rub.

EDIE

That's great, ladies-- but we're not competing in collegiate cheer. This is DLC; It's about tradition. So keep it simple, sexy, sassy. Take it from Mama Bear-- one wink says a thousand words.

The Show-offs sulk while two cheerleaders race to Edie, beaming.

EDIE (cont'd)

Alright, ladies. Are we ready?
Where's Tricia?

CLAUDIA

Over there...

They glance down the hall and see TRICIA, 60s, in her classy pantsuit, having a heated exchange with two suited EXECUTIVES.

CLAUDIA (cont'd)

But whatever that is-- can't be good.

INT./EXT. BROADCAST BOOTH - NIGHT

Three SPORTSCASTERS: two males and one female, call the game.

MALE SPORTSCASTER #1

Welcome to game day here in
Arlington, where the Dallas LoneStars
take on the Washington Commanders.

FEMALE SPORTSCASTER

And it looks like all the celebs are
out for this one.

BROADCAST cuts to Hollywood stars, then to THE OWNER'S SUITE: HARRY "H.Z.", 70s, Colonel Sanders vibes, sits next to MISTY, maybe 30s, lots of makeup, blinged out in her gaudy, sparkly, Texas Couture.

SUPER: DALLAS LONESTARS OWNER, HARRY ZONES

MALE SPORTSCASTER #2 (V.O.)

Oh, and there's H.Z., next to-- I
believe his granddaughter?

MALE SPORTSCASTER #2

Correction-- his new wife, Misty. Back
from their honeymoon. I think she's
some kind of makeup influencer?

FEMALE SPORTSCASTER

(under her breath)
God, I hope not.

MALE SPORTSCASTER #2
What was that?

FEMALE SPORTSCASTER
Oh, I said, glad they tied the knot.
And tonight is Misty's birthday. She
turns twenty-seven. Isn't that great?

MALE SPORTSCASTER #1
Okay, well--Speaking of twenty-seven,
LoneStars' number twenty-seven, Brock
Johnson-- What a season for him.

MALE SPORTSCASTER #2
Which is... now! Wait-- what's
happening down there?

ON THE FIELD, Tricia is being handed a BOUQUET by Edie and a SASH
reading "Retirement Baby!" before the cheer squad dumps a GATORADE
COOLER filled with glitter and confetti over her.

FEMALE SPORTSCASTER
Let's throw it down to Beth to find
out what's going on.

A SIDELINE REPORTER approaches Tricia for an interview. Edie and
Claudia stand behind her with pride.

REPORTER
I'm here with Tricia Tolliver,
retiring after eighteen years as
Director of the Dallas LoneStars
Cheerleaders. Tricia, any final words?

Tricia takes a breath, the crowd hushes, zoned in on the Jumbotrons.

TRICIA
I just want to thank the LoneStar
ownership and this incredible team of
women for their passion and
commitment through the years...
Which brings me to my next
announcement-- my replacement.

Edie grabs Claudia's hand in anticipation. Tricia takes a
nervous swallow before continuing...

TRICIA (cont'd)
Please welcome the new Director of the
Dallas LoneStar Cheerleaders... Misty Zones!

Claudia and Edie are stunned. Tricia turns to mouth: "I'M SO
SORRY." Broadcast cuts to Misty in the owner's suite. Her jaw
drops, she screams with excitement, before hugging Harry.

HARRY

Happy Birthday, my love.

MISTY

H.Z.! Oh my God! Are you serious?
This is amazing!

In the crowd, Jake is dumbfounded. On the field, Edie and Claudia stare up at Misty on the Jumbotron, frozen in disbelief.

EDIE

What in cheerleading hell just happened?

BOOM – the starting lineup bursts through the banner behind them; Edie and Claudia scream and dive aside as smoke and glitter swallow the frame.

INT. STADIUM BACKSTAGE HALLWAY - LATER

Edie finishes her call, "Honey, I'll call you back," as she and Claudia march down the hall, zeroed in on Tricia.

CLAUDIA

So, this is real? Not some kinda bad game-day prank?

TRICIA

I wish it were. Trust me, I was just as blindsided.

EDIE

So let me get this straight-- we spend years bleeding for this team, and now we're supposed to just smile and hand the reins over to Megaphone Barbie?... We built this program, Tricia. And now we're the ones getting punished for it... What if she wants to replace us?

TRICIA

I doubt it. She wouldn't know where to begin. Before H.Z., she was just a DLC groupie, applying for anything with us. But girl's never even held a real job, let alone managed people.

EDIE

Oh God. Well, please tell me she at least has a dance background.

TRICIA

I mean, if you consider line dancing at The Rowdy Rooster, dancing.

CLAUDIA
Jesus Christ! That bad?

TRICIA
Well, brace yourself. I've heard
she's already made herself at home.

INT. CHEER SQUAD REHEARSAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

They enter to find Misty teaching some cringe-worthy choreography.
One girl throws Claudia and Edie a desperate look, mouthing, "Help."

MISTY
Oh, Claudia, Edie-- my dream team! So
thrilled to finally meet you. Huge
fan. You're just in time to hear all
the ideas I got after my psychic
reading with my oracle...

Edie and Claudia's faces say, "Didn't see that in the crystal ball."

MISTY (cont'd)
... Her spiritual advice was to "shed
the old, embrace the new." So I
figured we'd update the routines. I
was just trying some of it out on the
girls. Did you see the part that went
"uh, uh, uh," then turn and hit?

CLAUDIA
I did. Yes. That's-- certainly a
choice. But definitely something that
will get people talking.

EDIE
(under breath)
If not leaving.

MISTY
Perfect. That's what I was going for.

TRICIA
Hey. On that note. Misty,
congratulations. I'll leave you to
get acquainted with your new team.

She hugs them and exits like a worried mom's first daycare drop-off.

MISTY
(to the squad)
Ok, ladies. Gather around. Time to
call our first team meeting.

As they sit on the floor, Edie & Claudia stay standing behind Misty.

MISTY (cont'd)
 You don't know how long I've dreamed
 of this day. Lots of changes ahead,
 but all exciting stuff, I promise.
 Okay. Let's start with policies.

As she fumbles through a binder, papers occasionally fall out...

MISTY (cont'd)
 Now, there was a crazy policy in here--
 - I had it bookmarked. No, that's not
 it. No, that's a *Whataburger* napkin--
 Ah. Found it! Not sure what Tricia was
 thinking here, but Maternity leave?!
 "There's no pregnancy in cheerleading!"
 So, let's give that the old heave-ho.

From everyone's looks, no one was even aware of such a rule.

MISTY (cont'd)
 I do have two fun amendments though.
 First, now you'll be required to have
 social media accounts to market not
 only yourselves but also the DLC brand.

EDIE
 (whispers to Claudia)
 Can this get any worse?

MISTY
 And on top of having cool new
 choreography, the second amendment--
 Oh. Sorry. Put away your gun, Tina. No.
 Second, we're adding tumbling to our
 routines! Whoohoo! You can thank Brandi
 and Tiffany who inspired that. Ladies,
 you wanna come show them some of the
 tricks they'll be required to do?

The SHOW-OFFS strut up, flash smug grins at Edie and Claudia,
 then unleash acrobatic wizardry that looks like a hyperactive
 kangaroo and a breakdancing octopus had a baby. Edie's aghast.

MISTY (cont'd)
 Impressive, right? If your tumbling
 doesn't scream "rabbit at a rock
 concert," it may be a wrap. But,
 boy.. What fun this is gonna be! So,
 ladies... let's bring the magic!

EDIE
 Holy hell, we're fucked.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. EDIE'S HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NEXT DAY

As birds chirp a sweet serenade, morning sunlight warms Jake's face. He smiles, until he jolts up, alarmed. "Edie?!" - Nothing.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

No music. No breakfast. No chaos. Just Edie on the phone, selling sunshine, but her fake smile screams overcast with a chance of tears.

EDIE

Claudia. It's going to be ok. And in the meantime, you need to do what I do; Go to your "Happy Place."

CLAUDIA (V.O.)

You mean the bar?

EDIE

No, Miss Wisecracker. I'm talking about channeling negative energy into positive. If you can take that and make someone else's day brighter...

Edie puts Post-It notes into lunch sacks and backpacks.

- GLIMPSES of the Everharts' routine, finding Edie's Post-its. Jake's reads: *"Write music that moves them. Love, E."* He smiles.

EDIE (cont'd)

... You'll almost forget you had problems of your own--

CLAUDIA

Wow. Prescribe me whatever you're on.

EDIE

Hey, Claudia. Family's up. Chat later?

She hangs up. Her smile fades as she grips the counter, breathes deep - in through the nose, out through the mouth - muttering to herself. But snaps upright - smile back on - just as family enter.

JAKE

Babe. Are you ok? I didn't even hear you come to bed last night.

TYSON

Shoot. I thought the world ended. First time I had my alarm wake me up.

EDIE

Yeah. Last night was a lot. But just so everyone knows, I didn't get the promotion. But that's ok. I at least still get to perform... I hope.

MAGGIE

What does that mean? What happened?

EDIE

Somehow, H.Z.'s wife has taken over as director. And, well...you know how at the top of a roller coaster you can see how steep the drop is gonna be? Great. Now picture at the bottom-- the Sasquatch ripping up the tracks.

JAKE

Babe. I'm sorry. You don't even know how bad I wanted this for you. Anything we can do to help?

EDIE

Not sure just yet. I was mapping out a plan for success. And so far... Yeah. I'll get back to you on that.

DOLORES

Honey, maybe this is a sign. I mean, your golden years are around the corner-- why not consider retiring?

EDIE

Mom. J-Lo was like fifty when she was dancing on that pole in that half-time show. I'll retire at death.

DOLORES

I'm just saying, you're married to Daddy Warbucks here. You don't have to work if you don't want to.

Jake laughs uncomfortably. Edie hands Dolores her keys.

EDIE

Mom, will you drive everyone in? I'm meeting up with Darnell today. It's time to call in the big guns.

DOLORES

Oh. He's actually gonna show up?

EDIE

Mom. I thought we had moved on.

CASEY

Aunt Edie. What about dance class?

DOLORES

Dance, shmance. Come to Bible study with Nana-- potluck night. Sister Ruth's bringing her "famous" loaf.

CASEY

Yeah. If you like dog food.

BARK. The Chihuahua perks up, wagging.

EDIE

Don't worry, Casey. Aunt Edie's got this covered-- we'll be back in dance class in no time.

They do their secret handshake. Jake and Dolores look unconvinced.

INT. HUNTERS CREEK HIGH - BOY'S LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Lockers clang. Showers hiss in the background. Tyson sits on a bench, lacing up his cleats. Inside one shoe, a Post-it note that reads: "Kick hard. Dream big. - Love, Mom." He smiles and slips on the cleat before his thoughts are interrupted.

ALPHA JOCK (O.S.)

Hey! Tyson!

Tyson looks up to see ALPHA JOCK in the center of the room, smirk locked, phone raised. When he taps it, other phones ping in unison. Laughter erupts. Tyson checks his, finding Edie's epic double-dutch fail, looped to trap beats on video. His smile dies.

ALPHA JOCK (cont'd)

Tell your mom thanks for the abs.
(lifts shirt: 6-pack)
Had me laughing so hard... my
confused Fitbit called 9.1.1.

EXT. BEHIND THE SOCCER FIELD / UNDER BLEACHERS - CONTINUOUS

Two PUNK KIDS, laughing and puffing on vape pens, crouched beneath the bleachers, notice Tyson stomp out the exit door, fuming.

PUNK KID #1

Hey! Looks like you could use a hit.

Tyson hesitates, then walks over. He takes the vape, inhales - and coughs hard. The Punks chuckle.

PUNK KID #2

Blue Razz. Smooth, right?

TYSON

Yeah... If you like your exhaust
straight from the tailpipe.

EXT. STARBUCKS - PATIO - DAY

On his phone, DARNELL, 45, African-American, stylish and fit,
watches the Show-Off Cheerleaders' tumble-for-Jesus clip. His eyes
widen; he lowers the phone, looking at Edie with deep concern.

DARNELL

Now, Edie... You got away with this
cheer charade this long because-- well--
let's face it-- Black don't crack.

He looks back at the phone and points at the video.

DARNELL (cont'd)

But girl... your black ass can't do that!

Edie shrugs and has no words.

DARNELL (cont'd)

Edie, you're forty-one! This is nuts.

EDIE

I know, but I have to figure it out. I
only have two weeks-- What are you--

DARNELL

Googling... Yep. That's what I
thought. Edie-- do you, know next
month, you'll officially be the oldest
pro football cheerleader-- ever?

EDIE

Well, no-- and nobody knows that. But
this exactly what I'm afraid of. If I
lose this job, who's gonna hire a
dancer at my age?

DARNELL

Look, Edie, because I care, I'll help
you on this. But for the record, this
obsession of yours is not healthy!
Now, this email you forwarded me with
Misty's new policies-- is this chick
smoking Pop Rocks?!

EDIE

Right? And did you see her minimum
requirement for followers? Twenty
thousand... per every year on the
squad!

(MORE)

EDIE (CONT'D)

Yeah, for me, that's three hundred and twenty thousand by the end of the month. Darnell, I don't even have a social media account.

DARNELL

Edie. If we don't get you some help soon, you're gonna find yourself on the bargain aisle for "Cheerleaders R Us."

EDIE

You're the publicist. What do I do?

DARNELL

It's clear we're gonna need a social media guru. But hiring one? Might as well plan for having yacht payments. So, we're gonna need someone cheap.

Darnell checks his phone contacts. Edie thinks long and hard.

EDIE

Hm. I could ask... but, no. I can just see it now...

INT. EDIE'S HOME - FOYER - AFTERNOON

Back from school, Tyson and Maggie are stopped by Edie.

TYSON

Wait. So, the alien truther wants to be an influencer? Seriously?!

MAGGIE

And you want Dumb and Dumber here to help you? Oh. That's pure gold.

EDIE

Yes. I know. Strike up the Irony Band. But kids, this is for my job.

MAGGIE

Well, unfortunately, Aunt Edie, we're still on a "digital detox." Remember?

TYSON

Yeah, Mom. So, unless you plan on lifting that ban, we can only tell you what you tell us for being on our phones: "Welcome to the real world."

EDIE

Oh, never mind! I'll figure it out myself.

INT. HALLWAY / HOME YOGA ROOM - LATER

Jake and Dolores peek through a cracked door to see Edie, exhausted from practicing round-offs into cringe-worthy, aborted back handsprings. As they close the door to give her privacy...

DOLORES

I don't know how in the hell she's gonna survive this one.

JAKE

Well, we had a great fourteen-year run.

DOLORES

Yeah, down from four to only one emotional support animal. But Jake... if this plays out how I think it might, we're in trouble.

JAKE

Yeah. I hope the good Lord's on call.

Inside, Edie takes a break, overwhelmed by her phone's maze of apps.

EDIE

Ok. Jake showed me how to do this--
Ah. There it is. Downloaded. Great--
Oh crap. Now, where did it go?

INT. CHEER SQUAD DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

The squad stretches. Claudia sees Edie, distracted by her phone.

CLAUDIA

Edith Louise Everhart! Are you really doing the scrolling thing?

EDIE

Yeah. This is not good, Claudia. This goes against everything I believe in.

CLAUDIA

Oh, girl. Not this alien nonsense.

EDIE

Come on, Claudia. Think about it. Elon and Zuckerberg were trailblazers-- One created a platform to bring people together, and the other revolutionized travel, to boldly go where no man has gone before. But did you notice?... Something changed. Now you've got a nation divided and drivers boldly trying to run over a bitch.

Claudia grabs Edie's phone and sees the two trailblazers.

CLAUDIA

Now that you mention it. Musk and Zucky do look kinda lizardy-like.

EDIE

See. I told you. And they're preying on the weak-- From the Super Bored-- to you're really screwed if you're born with the all-consuming "SELFIE-7 Narcissist Gene." Just look at her--

They look over to see one of the SHOW-OFFS, surrounded by a full photoshoot, ring light setup, arrogantly recording herself posing.

SHOW-OFF #1

Hey you guys. I'm taking a poll to see if you think this is my best side, or... is this my best side? I mean, all sides are pretty amazing.

EDIE

I hope they take her first.

EXT. HUNTERS CREEK HIGH - SOCCER FIELD - NEXT DAY

The team runs drills as COACH paces the sidelines, barking orders. CHARLIE jogs to the goal, passing TYSON as he lines up a shot.

CHARLIE

Don't look, but your dream girl's here.

Tyson glances toward the bleachers - TRINA, radiant, laughing with friends, watching. He swallows hard, lines up his kick - and whiffs it wide. The Coach blows his whistle.

COACH

Tyson! Sideline, now!

Tyson runs over, trying to hide his frustration.

COACH (cont'd)

You have missed practices and totally off your game. What's going on with you?

Before Tyson can answer, ALPHA JOCK strides up with a backpack.

TYSON

Hey, that's my bag!

ALPHA JOCK

Coach. It's probably 'cause he's too busy getting high on life.

He flips the bag upside down, spilling contents onto the turf. A vape pen rolls out. The Coach picks it up, confused.

COACH

What is this?

Alpha laughs. Tyson shoves him. Alpha shoves back.

COACH (cont'd)

Knock it off! Both of you! Tyson, come see me after practice. For now, get back out there and drill.

Tyson stalks off, humiliated. He plants a ball. Charlie braces for his shot in goal. On the sideline, Alpha, itching to comment.

CHARLIE

Just breathe. Make it count.

ALPHA JOCK

Man, Tyson-- maybe it's in the genes. You should be in entertainment, not sports. Aren't you, like, a closeted Swifty? If only your cringe mom had a pinch of Taylor Swift's talent.

TYSON

Oh, yeah? Swift this, you a\$\$hole!

He fires the ball at Alpha, but he ducks – Instead, it SMACKS a WELL-DRESSED WOMAN in the face. Everyone GASPS.

INT. EDIE'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Tyson watches his father read a letter from the school.

JAKE

Seriously? You hit the Principal?

TYSON

It was an accident. Dirk was being a total shit stain.

JAKE

There's also here: foul language, lack of focus-- and Vaping?! What? You're better than this, Tyson. What is this all about?

TYSON

Kids at school think Mom's a joke.

JAKE

Forget what people think. Your mom gives it everything-- nothing to be ashamed of. What you should be ashamed of is your behavior. Lucky you only have to write an essay.

Maggie passes by, sensing the tension in the room.

MAGGIE

What's going on? Everyone's been so off around here lately-- especially Aunt Edie. No more wake-up dances. No hot breakfast--

TYSON

Yeah. No Post-it notes today either.

JAKE

That's because Edie's seriously drowning in this mess at work, with no help in sight. Now, we didn't raise you kids to be self-absorbed-- we raised you to be selfless. If Edie can cheer on the field and for us, the least we can do is step up and help Stella get her Happy Place groove back. Capiche? The Everharts pick each other up.

TYSON

Sorry, Dad. I didn't know Mom was serious about the social media thing.

MAGGIE

Yeah. We'll help in any way we can.

LATER: Edie walks in to find Tyson and Maggie at the kitchen counter with laptops. They rush over excitedly and pull her in.

TYSON

Mom. We've been total jerk-faces. We're gonna help you with this cheer stuff. Give me your phone.

MAGGIE

Yes, Aunt Edie. And after my gymnastics practice tomorrow, you and I have a gym sesh to learn some new tricks.

EDIE

Wait. What is happening? Who are you kids?

TYSON

And Mom, as your new Social Media Manager, I got you set up on the top four social media platforms.

Edie gets teary-eyed as Tyson hands her back her phone.

TYSON (cont'd)

I even went ahead and tagged you in the videos the kids already have of you at school. Shoot. That alone should give you a head start.

EDIE

Ah. Yes. I see. This one of me here already has five thousand views. That's good, right?

TYSON

Yep. Now we need to convert those views into followers.

EDIE

Ok. Now I get it-- Oh. And people leave comments. How nice. But what do the peach and eggplant mean?

Tyson and Maggie look at each other before pretending to look busy.

INT. EDIE'S HOME - FOYER - NEXT DAY

Jake enters, pleasantly surprised to see Edie humming as she dusts the DLC poster of herself, finishing with another sizzling touch.

JAKE

Okay. Someone's in a better mood.

EDIE

Honey, the kids got me rebooted. Go ahead and cue my Rocky theme song.

JAKE

Yes. I'm on it-- Wait. Did your mom leave for her church function?

EDIE

Yep. About five minutes ago.

JAKE

Babe. When's the last time we had the entire house to ourselves-- to-- you know, rediscover the buried treasure?

He pulls her in closer, a mischievous grin under one raised brow.

EDIE
Oh, hello, Captain Jake.

JAKE
Hey, the kids don't get out of school
for another hour... What do you say?

She nods yes, giggling like a teenager, heart racing.

JAKE (cont'd)
Oo, you better batten down the hatches.

EDIE
Oh no, Captain-- you'd better ready
the cannon.

They laugh, fumbling with buttons as they stumble out the room.
LATER: They lie breathless on the bed, grinning at each other.

JAKE
I can barely catch my breath. Guess
the stamina ain't what it used to be.

EDIE
Yeah, you should work on that-- I've
got gymnastic training with Maggie.

She springs out of bed, leaving Jake both shocked and impressed--
before ultimately feeling deflated.

INT. HUNTERS CREEK HIGH SCHOOL - GYMNASIUM - LATE AFTERNOON

As the air buzzes with gymnasts' vaults and somersaults, Edie
wrestles a ring light, until Maggie steps in to help her record.

EDIE (cont'd)
Hi, I'm Edie Everhart--

MAGGIE
Cut! Aunt Edie, even GPS
directions sound more
exciting.

TAKE TWO

EDIE (cont'd)
Yo yo. It's your girl Edie in the house--
No? Too much? Like-- Kanye too much?

TAKE THREE

EDIE (cont'd)
Hello, world! Edie here, about to
embark on a gymnastic journey with my
favorite niece, Maggie! Spoiler: it's
not going to be pretty.

MAGGIE

That's right, Aunt Edie. We're about to transform you from a tumbleweed...

She points to a mat of little kids tragically doing cartwheels.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

... To a gazelle with speed to take on the Granddaddy of all apparatuses: The Blue Ryder Carbine Action 200-Whip Back Range Trampoline Track.

Edie spots the Holy Grail of gymnastics: a long blue trampoline where athletes tumble, twist, and dive into a pit of foam cubes.

EDIE

(claps like a kid)

Yay! It's like Chuck-E-Cheese.

Training is a rough start of epic fails and broken nails. Though frustrated, Edie perseveres, her determination felt SIMULTANEOUSLY:

- A GLIMPSE ON THE SOCCER FIELD: Tyson drills with Charlie, each shot blocked, his frustration building.

CHARLIE

Good. But let's go again. You got this.

- A GLIMPSE IN JAKE'S OFFICE: Jake plunks out notes on a keyboard, then, in frustration, crumples and tosses his music sheet away.

BACK TO SCENE: Maggie lights up as Edie nails her tumbling pass.

MAGGIE

Work, Auntie! That was great.

EDIE

Yeah, but nothing like those Wonder Twin Wind-Up Rockets. We may need to take this up a notch. I think it's time for the whopping mother lode.

Maggie follows Edie's gaze to the long blue trampoline. Edie steps up, psyching herself like she's about to face destiny. A breath, a quick sign of the cross- and she sprints.

However, the bounce launches her off-balance; a chaotic blur of flips and limbs- until SLAM! She crotch-plants a balance beam. The room gasps. Edie's face says it all.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

Darnell rushes in. He's greeted warmly by Claudia and the Everharts-- Well... except for one family member.

DOLORES	DARNELL
Darnell.	Mother.

Jake and Maggie roll Edie out in a wheelchair, sporting a neck brace and twat cushion. She's overwhelmed by everyone's concern.

DARNELL (cont'd)	DOLORES (cont'd)
Ah, let me guess. You were escaping the queen alien.	Wow. Even God is saying, "We can't take you anywhere."

EDIE

So much love. No. I'm fine, everyone.
Just a sprained neck and wrist--Ouch!
(winces on cushion)
Oh, and that smackdown to my lady cat,
I'm officially renaming Cinnamon Crunch.

CLAUDIA

Edie, this is bad. You have tumbling evaluations in, like, ten days!

EDIE

Yeah. I'm fully aware. I was hoping to be giving Simone Biles, but I may have to settle for Danny DeVito.

DARNELL

Hey. What if there was a way to sabotage some of Misty's policies?

EDIE

And how exactly do we do that, Darnell?

INT. EDIE'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Like a scene from Law & Order, the family gathers around Darnell and what appears to be a "crime board" - Misty's face at the center, surrounded by related photos.

DARNELL

So, I took a quick safari through Misty's social media jungle. And First of all-- Makeup Influencer?! I'm offended... We should all be offended?... But I digress.

Darnell walks around and hands everyone document folders.

DARNELL (cont'd)

I've got some ideas for building Edie's follower empire, but I'll need everyone's input to make sure little Miss Misty's tumbling tyranny comes-a-tumbling down.

(turns to Edie)

Edie, you and I have a gala date in three weeks. Harry Zones is hosting. Plenty of celebs to boost that flaccid following. But even if we derail this tumbling farce, you've got to start hitting that P.T., girl, because I need you strutting that red carpet, not hobbling it like Quasimodo on quaaludes.

He claps his hands to rally the troops.

DARNELL (cont'd)

Ok, people. You got your assignments. Now, let's go! Let's go! Let's go!

As the family clears out, the weight of reality hits Edie hard. Dolores notices her breathing spiral. She runs over to rub her back and talks her down to calm, slow, steady exhales.

EDIE

Mom, I don't think I can do this. What if this is game over?

DOLORES

I knew this was coming. Look, honey-- remember when the theme park let you go-- probably 'cause you were pushing thirty, dancing next to girls who looked like they still needed fake IDs? But did you give up then? No. You kept going-- auditioned for everything, despite rejection after rejection.

(beat)

Now... I know that one audition-- damn near broke you. Sent you spiraling back into a dark place I hadn't seen since you were five. And Edie-- it was like without performing, you weren't you anymore, baby girl. It scared me.

EDIE

Scared me too, mom-- Jake? You heard all of--

Jake appears in the doorway

JAKE

I did. But babe, remember-- in that dark time, we had Tyson. You weren't exactly chasing motherhood, but man... the new kind of joy he brought you-- lit a fire in you again-- got you back in the game-- You're a Dallas LoneStar Cheerleader! So, no, Edie-- you don't get to disappear again. Not now. The kids count on you-- I count on you. So I need you to pick yourself back up!

DOLORES

And if there's one person who can bounce back from all this, baby girl, it's you. The Edie I know doesn't just survive-- she thrives.

Tears of gratitude run down her face, her fears dissolving with the strength from both of their words. Casey peeks in, tentative.

CASEY

Aunt Edie... here. Your lion.

Casey steps closer and places a gold lion charm in her hand.

CASEY (cont'd)

You pinned it on me before my recital-- said it reminds you to be brave when you're scared. I thought you might need it back-- to remind you again.

That pulls a laugh through Edie's tears. Jake and Dolores share a look-- she's going to be okay.

INT./EXT. MULTIPLE LOCATIONS - NEXT DAY

CHEER COMEBACK MONTAGE

SUPER: 8 DAYS LEFT

DARNELL (V.O.)
(deep dramatic tone)
Edie Everhart, Cheerleader. A woman who's seen better days.

Amidst grueling physical therapy, Edie's rebellious Cinnamon Crunch still puts a crick in her get-along.

SUPER: 5 DAYS LEFT

DARNELL (V.O.)
... Ladies and gentlemen, we can rebuild her. We have the technology...

With intense keystrokes, Tyson uploads Edie's blooper videos and watches her profile rack up new followers.

SUPER: 3 DAYS LEFT

DARNELL (V.O.)
... We have the capability to
design the ultimate
cheerleader comeback...

Eddie slowly powers up from a barbell deadlift to emerge
victorious, as the family cheers her on.

SUPER: 1 DAY LEFT

DARNELL (V.O.)
... Eddie Everhart will be
that woman... Better than she
was before. Quicker...
Stronger... Flexible-- Well--
flexible enough.

Tyson types one final thing before hitting "Enter": *#STILLGOTTIT*

During her workout break, Eddie checks her phone and lights up.

EDIE

Oh my God. I have sixteen thousand
followers.

CLAUDIA

Nice. That's really good. At least
five percent of what you need.

EDIE

Oh, yeah. That's right. Shoot.
(sighs)
I'm gonna need a sign from--

She gets an epiphany before bolting out of the room. Jake, Claudia,
and the Everharts exchange puzzled looks.

LATER: Jake answers a FaceTime from Eddie as everyone crowds behind
him to see.

JAKE

(concerned)

Hey, babe, where are you?

EDIE (FACETIME)

Well, I couldn't just wait around for
some type of miracle. So, we're about
to D.I.Y. this bad boy ourselves.

CLAUDIA

Girl, what are you talking about?

DOLORES

And this is ethical, correct, dear?

EDIE (FACETIME)
Yes, Mom. I'll explain more later. But
I've spotted our target. So, Everharts--
- synchronize your watches-- this time
tomorrow-- it's showtime, synergy!

She tugs at her earlobe and ends the call before sending a photo text. Jake zooms in-- It's Misty exiting a commercial building.

INT. TYSON'S BEDROOM - NEXT DAY

Tyson does homework at his desk. Edie and Jake pause at his door.

EDIE (cont'd)
Tyson, we've got to head out early,
but we'll be back after the game.

JAKE
Oh. Son. How's that essay coming?

TYSON
Ugh. They want me to write about who
inspires me, blah, blah, blah.

EDIE
Um, that's easy. Cristiano Ronaldo.
Since you were a kid. Just let your
admiration do the talking.

TYSON
Wait. You're going back to work already?

EDIE
Well, I think I'm healed enough.

JAKE
Yeah, except in the head. Let's go,
babe. Son, we'll see you later.

EDIE
Oh, and Tyson... Thank you... For
the sixteen thousand followers.

She smiles at him lovingly before closing his door.

INT. MAMA ORACLE'S MYSTIC SALON - DAY

Misty enters a kaleidoscope of colors, draped with vibrant African fabrics, intricate masks, and flickering candles, creating an aura of mystique and ancient wisdom. But Misty appears confused--

MISTY
Excuse me. Where's Mama Oracle?

Looking up from under a colorful headdress, Darnell smiles, decked in Nigerian drag, accent on point.

DARNELL

Oh. I'm sorry. Mama is not feeling well today. I'm Sister Oracle. Don't worry. You're in good, younger hands.

MISTY

I mean... I guess it's fine if we keep it in the family.

As Misty sits, Darnell takes her hands and closes his eyes.

DARNELL

Ok. Let's see... Where are you? I know you're in here somewhere.

Behind the curtains, Claudia and the Everharts stifle snickers at the absurd scene. Edie, on headset, whispers cues to Darnell.

EDIE

Okay. Ease her in, Darnell. Don't overcook the ham on this one.

To summon the one true vision, Darnell hums a melody in a Mariah Carey-style riff that leaves Misty taken aback— then abruptly stops.

DARNELL

Ok. I'm in. Huh, this is interesting. Ah, there you are. Aww. You look so beautiful. Like Cleopatra. Yes. You are her. And you're there. Rome. And you're hosting a celebration.

MISTY

Wait. I'm Cleopatra? Score! And I betcha my party is fierce too.

DARNELL

Well, the food sure does look good— Oh. Here comes the entertainment. Oooo. Aah

EDIE

Now add in the tumblers.

DARNELL

Oo. And girl, people be tumbling. Nice. Work, chick! Oh No! Oh Crap! Don't do it! Oh my God! Everyone, Stoooooppp!

Eyes still closed, Darnell's verklempt from the nightmare.

MISTY

Oh no, oh no. What happened to my party?

DARNELL

Girl, there's blood everywhere...

EDIE

Yes, go full soap opera on her.

DARNELL

... Broken Necks and slashed-up pecs.
Impaled thighs and poked-out eyes. It's
carnage. And paper everywhere. Lots and
lots of paper. Oh-- Even a lawsuit paper.
Damn. They're all Lawsuit Papers.

MISTY

Wait. They had lawsuits then? That
escalated quickly. I just came in to
see if I should change my hair color.

DARNELL

Well, not today, sweetie. And- Uh oh.
Get out of there! It's coming down!
Run. Run. Caesar run. No. No. Nooooo!

Darnell snaps out of his trance and stares at Misty in horror.

MISTY

Jesus. What happened?

DARNELL

Girl listen. Rome wasn't built in a
day, but hot damn, you toppled an
empire in seconds.

Misty walks out of the salon, looking mortified beyond
recognition. Claudia and the Everharts come out of hiding.

JAKE

Darnell. Oh my God. That was frickin'
brilliant.

EDIE

Yes, thank you. See, it's in the
blood. My brother, the triple threat:
actor, dancer, singer extraordinaire.

DARNELL

Hey, if Publicist don't work out. I
may just rent myself out as a singing
psychic telegram: Birthdays,
breakups, you name it!

INT. CHEER SQUAD LOCKER ROOM - LATER

A shaken Misty enters, feeling the weight of the squad's eyes.

MISTY

Okay, Ladies, after a bit of... um, spiritual enlightenment, I have now seen the future-- or the past, it's all very confusing. So, let's just say we stick to what we know best. No more tumbling into the history books for us! Let's toss that policy out, along with the notion of pregnant cheerleaders.

They all CLAP. The SHOW-OFFS POUT. Edie and Claudia HIGH FIVE.

INT. CONCRETE TUNNEL - AT&T FOOTBALL STADIUM - NIGHT

At the end of the same corridor, Edie, in uniform, proudly looks up at the bright lights before Claudia steps beside her.

CLAUDIA

Edie, you freakin' did it. Like Cinderella-- You made it to the ball.

EDIE

Yeah, but Cinda didn't have Cruella's one-hundred-and-one damn policies.

CLAUDIA

So true. And I'm not sure how we're gonna get you through the rest of it. But hey, for now, welcome back, girl. Now, get out there and make us proud.

INT. TYSON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Underneath a poster of Cristiano Ronaldo, Tyson's interrupted by a DM from Trina: "**Hey, are you going to Taylor Swift's concert?**" He giddily grins before going back to writing his essay:

TYSON (V.O.)

You know, sometimes people need a hero to inspire the strength to endure. And I've come to realize--that inspiration is actually my mother...

- FOOTBALL STADIUM: Edie and the squad run out onto the field.

TYSON (V.O.)

... I mean, a woman who just never gives up, despite what people think...

(MORE)

TYSON (V.O.) (cont'd)
 So perhaps we all could use a little
 'Happy Place' to choreograph our next
 adventure. Hey, maybe that's
 rediscovering your love for music, a
 melody you thought was long forgotten...

- A GLIMPSE IN JAKE'S STUDIO: Jake hits play on the soundboard.
 He nods with excitement brewing over the song's potential.

TYSON (V.O.)
 ... Or maybe it's finally achieving
 that goal of a lifetime...

- A GLIMPSE ON THE SOCCER FIELD: Tyson finally lands a penalty shot
 that zips past Charlie. Their faces light up with quiet pride.

TYSON (V.O.)
 And maybe we're all a bit nutty for
 believing in our dreams. But if being
 nutty means following your heart like
 Edie Everhart, well-- then I hope we
 never find our sanity...

- On the FOOTBALL FIELD: The LoneStar Cheerleaders part way,
 revealing Edie smiling and dancing without a care in the world.

TYSON (V.O.)
 Because there she is, still
 performing, still shining, and yep...
 Still Got It...

In the climactic moment, Edie realizes-- CRAP! The Kick Line Finale.
 Each high kick twists her face into a love letter to pain-- signed,
 Miss Cinnamon Crunch. Then the final challenge looms: Jump Splits.

Perched at the end of the Kick Line, Edie has just enough time
 to send up a quick, silent prayer to the dance gods. As the wave
 of jump splits cascades towards her, she braces herself. And
 then, in the moment of truth-- She jumps, and then--

INT. KINETIC INSTITUTE - WAITING AREA - DAY

SUPER: *Present Day*

TYSON
 (still to Teen Boy)
 ... And so here we are, after two ER
 visits in two weeks.

INT. WELLNESS SPECIALIST'S OFFICE - DAY

EDIE
 I'd rather die on that field than
 live life on a couch.

DOCTOR
Well... about that couch...

INT. WAITING AREA - DAY

Tyson has his laptop open to an email.

TYSON
Which reminds me-- my essay. I totally forgot to send it.

JAKE (O.S.)
Tyson. Let's go.

Tyson fist bumps his new friend, turns to see Jake waiting, as a Wellness Assistant rolls Edie toward them with paperwork.

JAKE (cont'd)
So, what did the DOCTOR say?

EDIE
Believe it or not, he said, because I'm in such good shape for my age, I should make a speedy recovery.

JAKE
Edie, what aren't you telling me?

EDIE
Nothing. I got this-- locked and loaded, baby. Not about to give Misty a reason to cut me-- no siree.

Suspicious, Jake smirks and takes over, wheeling Edie toward the exit. Her cheerleader grin still plastered on. At the front desk, the Wellness Specialist hands a file to the nurse administrator.

DOCTOR
Everhart, Edie. Let's hold off on the meds and follow-up. We may need to adjust care if her other appointment confirms what the ER flagged.

The nurse looks confused.

DOCTOR (cont'd)
Yeah. She might be pregnant.

Jake exits with Edie as her grin grows more labored, the corners of her mouth tremble, her eyes betraying the storm underneath.

END OF SHOW