

ERIC

"Illson v. Illson"

By E.J. Rupert

Jimmy Rupe Productions  
Milwaukee, WI  
(414) 550-0547  
ejrupert@yahoo.com

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

ERIC NELSON, 16, black, wears a jacket and cap over his clothes and carries a backpack. He approaches a school building with a banner covering the words on the building. He reads the sign aloud.

ERIC

"Fetty Wap High S'Cool"? Sounds like somebody needs to go to high school.

PRINCIPAL NASH, female, black, and bears a resemblance to Principal Peters from Eric's school in Milwaukee, approaches him.

PRINCIPAL NASH

We did that on purpose!  
(chuckles)

We can hang with ya'll young folks, ya heard? But if the superintendent comes, we're "St. Paul Charter High School and Baptist Church". Anyway, welcome to Madison, and welcome to your first day! I'll show you around.

They walk inside the building. JASON, a husky-build bully who looks and acts like Jacob Jackson, grabs a kid by his collar.

JASON

I'm still waiting for that CashApp, punk!

PRINCIPAL NASH

Jason, what are you doing?

JASON

Making sure my fellow classmate is all squared away!

(to the kid)

Now run along!

PRINCIPAL NASH

You run along, too!

Nash and Eric walk away.

JASON

(to Nash, calls out)

Hey, is that a new kid? Duly noted!

INT. SCHOOL - LATER

MR. HALL, the teacher, addresses the class. He points to a map on the board.

MR. HALL

Now where on this map of Wisconsin can you find Waukesha?

ERIC

I hope you find Waukesha. She owes me \$10!

He and other students LAUGH.

MR. HALL

Wilson, I'm warning you!

WILSON, 16, Latino, replies.

WILSON

That wasn't even me! That was the new kid!

MR. HALL

Sorry, force of habit.

He walks over to Eric.

MR. HALL (CONT'D)

So, causing trouble already, huh? I'd like to get to know you better. After class!

He walks away. SHANNON, 17, black, and bears a resemblance to Shana Jones, talks to Wilson.

SHANNON

Wow, he gets in trouble just like you, Sweetie Cheeks!

WILSON

Stop calling me, "Sweetie Cheeks"!

ERIC

There's something familiar about this place.

MR. HALL (O.C.)

(to Eric)

Get familiar with a pencil and be quiet!

INT. HALL - DAY

CONNIE McDOWELL, 17, white, wears a blue dress. She sits in an audience of people, superheroes, and animals. FRANKFURT THE PIG, a six-foot pig, sits in a chair on a stage, where WINSTON THE SNAKE, who also wears a tie, crawls to a microphone. He stands up on his tail.

WINSTON

Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to the Roast of Frankfurt the Pig. Also known as, "Connie's Last Attempt to Hold On to Her Youth".

Connie, Frankfurt, and the rest of the audience LAUGH.

WINSTON (CONT'D)

We would've had dinner at this show, but Frankfurt...well, look at him!

The audience LAUGHS.

WINSTON (CONT'D)

He ate everything on the menu before it was printed!

Audience LAUGHS some more.

WINSTON (CONT'D)

I see a lot of people here today. Lots of people, old and very old!

Audience CHUCKLES.

WINSTON (CONT'D)

Connie's pet rock is even here! A pet rock! What happened, Sea Shell Smooth couldn't make it?

Audience LAUGHS.

WINSTON (CONT'D)

You're so old, Connie's parents got you from "Toy Is Me"!

Audience LAUGHS some more.

WINSTON (CONT'D)

Speaking of Connie, because nobody else does, she's our first speaker. Give it up for Connie McDowell!

Connie steps up to the microphone. The audience APPLAUDS. Winston sits in the audience.

CONNIE

Thanks for that, Winston. Listening to you reminds me that I need a new belt.

Audience OOOHS and LAUGHS.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

Yeah, for a dude with no feet, he always has them in his mouth. Same goes for his head and his ass!

Audience LAUGHS and APPLAUDS.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

But the man of the hour is Frankfurt. Although I can't understand how a guy's appearance can make the whole party fatter.

Audience LAUGHS. Connie's boyfriend, DENNIS "DIMMEY" ROBERTS, 16, white, KNOCKS on the door.

DIMMEY (O.C.)

Connie?

CONNIE

(to Dimmey)

It's open!

(to the audience)

Here comes my boyfriend, showing up late. He must've been hanging around Black Panther too long!

Audience GROANS and LAUGHS. Dimmey, wearing a shirt and tie, enters. The audience assumes the form of various toys, including Frankfurt, who reverts to a stuffed animal. Winston lies down and curls up. The hall reverts to Connie's bedroom.

DIMMEY

Hey, Connie. I can't wait for that pig roast! Mmm-mmm!

He rubs his stomach.

CONNIE

And here it is!

Connie points to Frankfurt and her other toys.

DIMMEY

Here what is?

CONNIE  
It's Frankfurt's roast!

DIMMEY  
I should have known.

CONNIE  
Go up to the mic! I already introduced you!

DIMMEY  
Are you serious?

CONNIE  
Yeah, don't worry! You'll be great!

She kisses him on the cheek. Dimmey, looking confused, looks back at her and walks to the mic.

DIMMEY  
Uh...well...hey. A bunch of toys here.  
Oops. I mean, "pawns".

SILENCE.

DIMMEY (CONT'D)  
I thought we would be roasting Frankfurt the normal way! That way, it would be no more competition for me and I'd be full!

Connie SNICKERS.

CONNIE  
You're doing great, honey!

DIMMEY  
Yeah. But it's alright. My dad is Timmy, so I'm used to being disappointed at dinner!

SILENCE.

CONNIE  
Klunk!

DIMMEY  
See, Timmy owns the restaurant, "Timmy's Place", and...

CONNIE  
Yeah, Dimmey, the funniest jokes are when they're explained!

DIMMEY

Alright, uh, enough about me, give it up  
for, uh, Frankfurt!

He heads for the exit. Connie APPLAUDS.

CONNIE

Dimmey, where are you going?

DIMMEY

To get some dinner! You really need help,  
Connie!

He exits and SLAMS the door. The room turns back into the  
hall, Winston sits up, and the toys become live again.  
Frankfurt steps up to the microphone.

FRANKFURT

Wow. That's the first time I've seen only  
one guy leave Connie's room!

The audience ROARS WITH LAUGHTER. Connie CHUCKLES and  
looks at the door disappointedly.

INT. MCDOWELL HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dimmey walks downstairs. Connie's PARENTS, 40's, sit at  
the dining room table and eat.

MOTHER

What's wrong, Dennis?

DIMMEY

Oh, nothing. Just your daughter playing  
games again!

FATHER

(sighs)

Yeah, I know.

Dimmey exits the house.

FATHER (CONT'D)

(to the mother)

We may need to have a talk with  
Constance.

A large green DRAGON, wearing a suit and tie, appears and  
sits at the end of the table. A plate of food sits in  
front of him. He speaks in a gruesome voice.

DRAGON

Well, it's about time!

FATHER

Mind your business, Dragon Lawyer!

MOTHER

(to Dragon Lawyer)

And you're not leaving until you eat your cabbage!

Dragon Lawyer picks up his fork and frowns.

DRAGON LAWYER

I'm gonna fight this!

INT. SCHOOL - DAY - LATER

Mr. Hall approaches a chalkboard and reads from it.

MR. HALL

"I will not disrupt class." "See back."

He flips the chalkboard over, which has a board in the back.

MR. HALL (CONT'D)

Hey! There's no back!

(calls out)

Mr. Nelson!

Eric walks down the hallway. Mr. Hall runs and grabs him.

MR. HALL (CONT'D)

Get back here!

Mr. Hall drags Eric back to the classroom. Wilson peeks out of another classroom and sneaks behind them. He peeks into Mr. Hall's room.

MR. HALL (CONT'D)

What is the meaning of this?

He points to the classroom.

ERIC

Well, you told me to write on the board, but you didn't say how many times!

MR. HALL

Mr. Nelson, that's...brilliant! That kind of forward, outside-the-box thinking will get you far in this school-slash-church. Go on now!



ERIC

Thanks!

Wilson stands to the side, while Eric exits. Wilson's girlfriend, DENISE, 17, black, who looks and acts like Berniece Williams, approaches Wilson.

WILSON

I don't get it, Denise. That kid got to leave detention early, and I had to stay and fill up the whole chalkboard!

He points to it.

INSERT - THE CHALKBOARD, WHICH READS REPEATEDLY:

"History does not keep repeating itself."

BACK TO CLASSROOM

DENISE

But you could have left a long time ago!

WILSON

No, the para was watching me!

DENISE

Who, Charles?

She points to CHARLES the paraprofessional, who, just like Chaz Trepur, lays on his stomach on top of his desk with his arms and legs hanging down. He SNORES.

WILSON

Let's get outta here.

Wilson and Denise exit.

INT. SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

Eric puts books in his locker. Walking past him are a NERDY BOY, dressed similar to the nerdy boys at Eric's old school, and MARLA, sexy-dressed girl who resembles Maureen Walker.

MARLA

Where are we gonna get a DJ for the dance at this short notice? Beyoncé School of the Arts will be dissin' us for years!

NERDY BOY  
 (in a nasal voice)  
 We don't need a dance, anyway! Only geeks  
 still go to those!

Eric GASPS and races to them.

ERIC  
 Need a DJ? You're in luck! DJ Illson is  
 at your service!

MARLA  
 For real?

ERIC  
 As long as you pay me!

NERDY BOY  
 Wow.

Wilson looks at them from afar and GASPS.

MARLA  
 (to the boy)  
 I can't wait to wear my latest, whorish  
 dress! Let's tell the committee!  
 (to Eric)  
 Thanks!

Marla and the boy race away. Wilson approaches Eric.

WILSON  
 Oh, so you're a DJ now?

ERIC  
 Always have been! DJ Illson,  
 internationally known! In Milwaukee.

WILSON  
 Man, that's my name! I'm DJ Illson!

ERIC  
 Really?

WILSON  
 Yeah! Don't you hear the resemblance?  
 Wilson? Ill son?

ERIC  
 Okay, well, my last name is Nelson. Nel-  
son. Get it?

WILSON  
 My name sounds better!

ERIC

Okay, whatever. You can be DJ Illson from Madison, and I'll be DJ Illson from Milwaukee!

WILSON

That won't work because you're here now! You can't just take my name!

ERIC

I'm not taking your name! I already had it!

WILSON

I'm sick of you trying to take everything from me! This ain't over, "Nelson"!

He holds up air quotes.

ERIC

I told you that's my name. You don't have to do air quotes.

WILSON

Whatever! Watch your back!

He storms away. Jason approaches Eric from the other direction.

JASON

Hey, squirt, you want me to take care of him? I know some guys.

ERIC

What? No, man!

JASON

Hey, don't give me no lip! Matter fact, gimme your CashApp!

ERIC

I'm a grade higher than you. I should be bullying you!

PAUSE.

JASON

Hmmph. Alright, wise guy, I'll be watching you.

Jason exits, then returns.

JASON (CONT'D)

Hey, man, can I roll with you?

ERIC  
Get outta here!

JASON  
Fine, then!

Jason jets away.

EXT. ROBERTS' HOME - DAY

Connie knocks on the door. OLIVER DUCK, who speaks telepathically, opens it from the other side.

CONNIE  
Oh, hey, Oliver. Is your owner here? I feel kinda bad.

OLIVER  
Feeling bad?  
("calling out")  
Hey, Syd, come on! We got another customer!

He grabs Connie's hand. DR. SYD the mole, wearing a white jacket, long, curly hair, and carrying a notepad, runs to them.

CONNIE  
No, wait, guys, I don't need advice!

OLIVER  
Let's go!

They exit. Connie GROANS.

INT. DR. SYD'S OFFICE - LATER

Connie lies in a hammock in Dr. Syd's outdoor office. Dr. Syd sits on a stoop and SCRIBBLES on his notepad.

CONNIE  
I think I may have scared Dimmey off. I just wanted him to accept me for who I am. Love me, love my Frankfurt!

Dr. Syd SCRIBBLES.

CONNIE (CONT'D)  
But I don't wanna lose him. I need to tell him all of this.

Dr. Syd SCRIBBLES. Connie gets up.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

This has been fun and all, but I gotta go.

Connie approaches Oliver's desk. Oliver wears glasses and sits behind his desk.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

You're not gonna charge me for this, are you?

OLIVER

Don't be silly!

Oliver SCRIBBLES on a pad, RIPS the paper from it, and hands it to Connie.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

Here!

Connie reads it, folds it, and SIGHS.

CONNIE

(sarcastically)

Thanks a lot.

Connie marches away.

OLIVER

Another day, another dollar!

INT. ERIC, RON, AND VANKA'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - SAME

Eric paces back and forth. RON TYSON, 20's, black, and his wife, VANKA SMIRNOV, 30's, white, who speaks with her Russian accent, sit on the couch.

ERIC

Guys, what am I gonna do? This kid at school keeps bothering me! Saying I stole "DJ Illson" from him! That's me all day!

RON

Wow, I wonder who would come after me if I was known as "DJ Nice Son"?

Eric stops pacing. He and Vanka stare at Ron.

RON (CONT'D)

You know, "Nice Son"? Tyson, my name?

Eric and Vanka continue to stare at him.

RON (CONT'D)

It's the same idea as your name,  
Eric...never mind.

ERIC

You guys are supposed to be my guardians.  
Any ideas?

RON

Sorry, we have enough issues of our own!

VANKA

Yeah. Apparently, it's a little hard to  
date when you have husband! Even when you  
tell them in advance!

RON

(to Vanka)

Wow. Actually, some girls told me that  
was a plus! By the way, let me borrow  
some money for my date.

Eric's big brother, BILLY, 20's, enters the apartment,  
carrying some papers.

BILLY

Eric, wanna hear good news or bad news  
first?

ERIC

(sighs)

Hit me with the bad news.

BILLY

Okay, you're being sued by that kid for  
stealing his name.

He hands Eric the papers.

ERIC

Sued?! Well, what's the good news?

BILLY

You stole it from me, so I guess I'm in  
the clear!

Billy CHUCKLES.

ERIC

Come on now, Billy! What am I gonna do  
now?

BILLY

Wow, if only you had parents back in Milwaukee to discuss this with!

ERIC

Oh, you can forget about that! I know who to call.

He pulls out his cell phone and DIALS.

INTERCUT - ERIC/DR. SYD'S OFFICE

Oliver picks up the phone on his desk.

ERIC

Hello?

SILENCE.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Hello? Is anybody there?

MORE SILENCE.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Is Dr. Syd there? I need to talk to him!

Oliver presses a button on the phone. Dr. Syd's phone RINGS. Dr. Syd picks it up.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Hello? Dr. Syd?

SILENCE.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Anybody?

MORE SILENCE.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Hello?

BILLY

This is getting old really fast. Hang up the phone!

Eric hangs up. Dr. Syd and Oliver SNICKER.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Eric, you want me to take care of that guy?

ERIC

No! What is it with you Madison people saying that?

VANKA

Yeah! Billy, you already know my cousin Vladimir?

BILLY

That's not what I mean. I got a plan. Listen.

Billy WHISPERS gibberish in Eric's ear.

ERIC

What?

BILLY

(regular voice)

I said...

Billy WHISPERS more gibberish.

ERIC

Oh!

Eric WHISPERS gibberish along with Billy.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Eric and Billy, both wearing suits and ties, sit at a desk.

ERIC

I hope this all works out.

BILLY

It will, because you counter-sued. The ball's in your court now.

ERIC

The judge is gonna come out any minute. Where's my lawyer?

BILLY

You're looking at him!

ERIC

Quit playing around, Billy.

BILLY

Don't you remember? I took a few law courses!



ERIC  
And what grades did you get?

PAUSE.

BILLY  
Look, you want my help or not?

The BAILIFF calls out.

BAILIFF  
All rise!

The boys stand up. A male JUDGE enters.

JUDGE  
Please be seated.

The boys sit down. Wilson, wearing a suit and tie, rushes in the courtroom.

WILSON  
Your Honor, sorry I'm late. Apparently, my summons papers told me that court was on September 31st!

Billy rolls his eyes and turns his head away. Eric looks at Billy and frowns.

JUDGE  
It's your fault for believing that. Especially since we're in November! Now, what's all this about?

BILLY  
Your Honor, if it pleases the court...

He walks around.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
...let me dispute the facts wherewithal per se that one Eric Thomas Nelson had stolen...  
(points to Wilson)  
...this man's DJ name!

WILSON  
Well, I did have it first.

JUDGE  
(to Wilson)  
You'll have a chance to give your argument.

WILSON

Objection!

JUDGE

You can't say that! It's my court!

WILSON

Oh. Strike that from the record.

JUDGE

Or that!

(to stenographer)

Strike that from the record.

ERIC

Uh, Mr. Judge, sir, I had the name "DJ Illson" for years. I've done concerts all around Milwaukee.

WILSON

Well, I've had it for years, too, and performed all around here, Madison! Where I'm from!

JUDGE

Have either of you guys trademarked the name?

ERIC

Huh?

JUDGE

You know, a trademark, to protect your name.

WILSON

Does putting it on my LinkedIn count?

JUDGE

No. I suggest you guys stop wasting the court's time and settle this by yourselves, or I will!

BILLY

Oh. I thought that's why we're here in the first...

Eric nudges Billy.

ERIC

Shhh!

JUDGE

Case dismissed!

He STRIKES the gavel. The boys exit to the hallway.

ERIC  
 (to Wilson)  
 The judge is right, Wilson. We should  
 find a way to solve this problem like  
 adults.

WILSON  
 Yeah. But I'm still a teen, so it's game  
 on! Ha!

Wilson walks away.

ERIC  
 Great! What am I supposed to do now?

BILLY  
 I guess this isn't a good time to bring  
 this up, but the clerk gave me this.

Billy hands Eric a slip of paper. Eric reads from it.

ERIC  
 Court fee?

BILLY  
 Yeah. Just add it to your bill.

ERIC  
 "Bill"?

BILLY  
 Yeah?

ERIC  
 I have to pay you, too?

BILLY  
 Hey, I gave five-star service!

Eric holds up his fist.

ERIC  
 You gonna be seein' those stars if you  
 don't get away from me!

Eric marches away.

BILLY  
 (to passersby)  
 Ya'll see that? He's trying to assault a  
 lawyer in a court of law!  
 (to Eric)  
 (MORE)

BILLY (CONT'D)

I should sue you!

(pause)

Hey, wait up! You're my ride!

Billy chases after him.

INT. ROBERTS' HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Dimmey opens the front door. Connie enters.

CONNIE

Dimmey, I wanted to talk to you about before.

DIMMEY

It's alright, Connie. I understand. You have your toy, I mean, "Frankfurt", and I gotta accept that.

CONNIE

So you're not gonna leave me?

DIMMEY

No! Never thought of it!

He shifts his eyes.

CONNIE

So where's Oliver?

DIMMEY

Right over there with Syd and Eric's nephew.

Oliver, as his alter ego, FRESH D, dons a black doorag, black leather jacket, and black sunglasses. He sits on the couch with Billy's baby boy, WILL, and Dr. Syd. Oliver nods up at Connie.

OLIVER/FRESH D

(to Connie)

What up, ma?

CONNIE

(to Dimmey)

We gotta babysit all of them?

DIMMEY

Not us. You!

CONNIE

What? But...

DIMMEY

Gotta go!

Dimmey quickly exits.

CONNIE

Aw, man!

OLIVER/FRESH D

Tell me about it. I know you been lookin' at me, but I can't do that to my owner.

Will, who speaks telepathically, like Oliver, addresses him.

WILL

Shut up! Besides, she saw me first!

OLIVER/FRESH D

Aw, you cappin', bruh!

INT. CONNIE'S CAR - LATER

Connie drives with Oliver/Fresh D in the passenger seat. Will sits in the car seat in the back with Dr. Syd sitting next to him.

WILL

Why's she drivin' all slow? We're supposed to be cruisin' for chicks!

Dr. Syd shrugs.

CONNIE

This sucks. I should've dumped him a long time ago.

She stops at a red light. A car pulls next to them. A lady sits on the passenger's side.

OLIVER/FRESH D

(to Will and Dr. Syd)

Watch this.

He jumps on Connie's head. Connie scrunches down.

CONNIE

Ow!

OLIVER/FRESH D

(to the lady)

What's goin' on, love? They call me "Fresh D". The "D" stands for "duck"!

Dr. Syd SQUEAKS.

OLIVER/FRESH D (CONT'D)

(to Dr. Syd)

No, it don't stand for that, and watch your mouth! There's a baby present!

WILL

Whatever.

The light turns green. The other car pulls off. Connie sits back up.

CONNIE

Get off of me, you idiot!

She tosses Oliver to the back. Oliver adjusts his sunglasses.

OLIVER/FRESH D

She just jealous.

EXT. ERIC'S CAR - DAY - LATER

Eric drives, with Billy in the passenger's seat. They pull up to a stoplight. Wilson's car pulls up next to them. Wilson nods up at Eric and cuts his eyes at him. Eric nods back to him. Wilson REVS UP his engine.

BILLY

Eric, put it in park!

ERIC

No, man! I ain't gonna stoop to his level!

BILLY

Your level is already the floor! Now just do it!

Eric SIGHS, places his car in park, REVS UP his engine, and looks back at Wilson, who REVS IT UP three times. Eric DOES THE SAME. The light turns green. Eric puts the car in drive and ZOOMS away.

SFX: Police SIREN!

A police car ZOOMS after Eric's car.

WILSON

(smirks)

Milwaukeeans always fall for that.

EXT. CORNER STORE - DAY - LATER

Connie stands next to Oliver/Fresh D, and Dr. Syd. Both Oliver and Syd lean against the wall with their hands in their pockets. Will sits in his stroller.

CONNIE

How much longer we have to do this?

OLIVER/FRESH D

(to Dr. Syd and Will)

Man, this chick is really killin' my vibe!

WILL

I know! If she don't like it, why don't she leave?

OLIVER/FRESH D

Well, she did drive us here.

WILL

Fine, she can stay, but more helping, less blocking.

Dr. Syd SQUEAKS.

OLIVER/FRESH D

Syd's right! Where'd she go?

The three stare at the empty spot where Connie was. Connie returns with a TEENAGE GIRL, her BABY SISTER in a stroller, and their FEMALE DOG. The sister and dog speak telepathically.

CONNIE

Look, guys! I brought these girls over that you were eyeing earlier!

OLIVER/FRESH D

Say what?

TEENAGE GIRL

Aw, look at them! They're so adorable! Even the duck with the doorag!

OLIVER/FRESH D

Oh brother!

BABY SISTER

(to Will)

Hi, what's your name?

Will pulls his blanket over his head.

FEMALE DOG  
 (to Dr. Syd)  
 Who's your feathered friend there?

Oliver tries to hide behind Dr. Syd, who in turn does the same thing.

OLIVER  
 (regular voice, nervously)  
 Uh, hi...This is Dr. Syd...and my, uh,  
 "boy", William.

WILL  
 (uncovers himself)  
 "Boy"? No, I'm just a baby! Gaga, googoo!

CONNIE  
 They're just shy. I gotta get them home.

Connie, Dr. Syd, Oliver, and Will exit.

WILL  
 (to Oliver)  
 Huh! Them broads couldn't hang with us!

OLIVER/FRESH D  
 (in his alter ego's tone)  
 Really doe!

Dr. Syd shakes his head in agreement.

INT. SCHOOL - GYM - EVENING

Eric PLAYS music from his DJ booth. Crowds of students  
 CHAT.

ERIC  
 (sotto voce)  
 Alright, this set is going good.

Wilson yells from the crowd.

WILSON  
 Man, this song sucks! Switch it up!

ERIC  
 Aw, not him again!

Wilson walks closer to the booth.

WILSON  
 You ain't a real DJ! He's lying, ya'll!



ERIC  
 (to Wilson)  
 Will you get outta here?

WILSON  
 (snickers)  
 Will you?

PRINCIPAL NASH  
 That's enough, Wilson!

She scoots him away.

PRINCIPAL NASH (CONT'D)  
 (to Eric)  
 Carry on, "my dude"!

She struts away in a goofy manner.

ERIC  
 Finally!

A hand taps Eric's shoulder. He turns around. The hand is Wilson's.

WILSON  
 There's only one DJ Illson in this town!

ERIC  
 (sighs)  
 You know what? You're right!

Eric FADES OUT the music and speaks into the mic.

ERIC (CONT'D)  
 Hey, ya'll havin' a good time?

CROWD  
 Yeah!

ERIC  
 Well, check it out, I was just warmin' it  
 up for the real DJ Illson! Here he is,  
 ya'll, Madison's own DJ Illson!

WILSON  
 Wait, but...

ERIC  
 (to Wilson)  
 Go ahead!

Eric pushes Wilson to the mic.

WILSON  
 (nervously)  
 Yeah. Word up. Good time.

SFX: CRICKET SOUNDS.

PRINCIPAL NASH  
 Reinhold, did you bring your crickets  
 with you again?

REINHOLD, 16, black, who dresses in nerdy gear and looks  
 like Arnold Allen, carries a shoebox with holes in the  
 top.

REINHOLD  
 They're the only ones who won't stand me  
 up!

WILSON  
 (to Eric, whispers)  
 I don't have any music!

ERIC  
 Just plug your phone in!

WILSON  
 Right.

Wilson plugs in his phone. Music PLAYS. The crowd dances.

SFX: Music abruptly STOPS. Wilson's phone RINGS. Crowd  
 GROANS.

WILSON (CONT'D)  
 (in the mic)  
 Hold on.

He unplugs the phone.

SFX: SCREECHING SOUND!

Eric and the crowd cover their ears.

WILSON (CONT'D)  
 (on the phone)  
 Hello?  
 (pause)  
 No, I'm not doing anything.

He turns to the crowd, who looks frustrated.

WILSON (CONT'D)  
 Oh, I guess I am. I'll call you back.

He hangs up and plugs the phone back in. Music RESUMES.  
The crowd dances.

WILSON (CONT'D)  
(to Eric)  
Hey, this ain't bad.

SFX: Music ENDS.

A commercial plays with an ANNOUNCER speaking.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
If you're having problems with erectile  
dysfunction, tap the banner and...

Wilson quickly unplugs the phone.

SFX: SCREECHING SOUND!

The crowd GIGGLES.

WILSON  
(to Eric, over the mic)  
Alright, Eric, you got me. I'm not really  
a DJ!

ERIC  
The hell you say!

WILSON  
Hey, I got skills, though! I can sing!

DENISE  
I didn't know you could sing, baby! Show  
'em what you got!

The crowd CHEERS.

WILSON  
Uh, sure!

He begins singing, "The Star-Spangled Banner".

WILSON (CONT'D)  
(off-key)  
Oh, say, can you see/By the dawn's  
early...

The crowd GROANS and BOOS.

ERIC  
Dang, you can't do that, either?

WILSON

Excuse me, but even Marvin Gaye had to practice first!

ERIC

I know you not comparing yourself to Marvin Gaye. You're not even Marvin the Martian!

The crowd LAUGHS.

WILSON

Okay, you win, Eric. I'm outta here.

ERIC

Win what? I don't wanna fight! I don't want any of the things you got! I just wanna be me!

WILSON

(sighs)

Dang. I've been trying to ruin your life, and you were trying to help me. Now what?

Two black Gothic sisters, LISA and LORNA, who act similar to Keisha and Kathy, stand in the crowd.

LISA

(in a dull voice)

Play some music! We wanna dance? Right, Lorna?

LORNA

(in a dull voice)

Yuh-huh.

ERIC

(on the mic)

Lemme see ya'll do the Cha Cha Slide!

He PLAYS "The Cha Cha Slide". The crowd CHEERS and runs to the middle of the floor.

ERIC (CONT'D)

(to Wilson)

That's a long-enough song. Now look, if you wanna help, start packing up my stuff and carrying it to the car!

WILSON

Alright.

ERIC

And don't stand too close. I have no interest in helping you with your ED problem.

WILSON

(sarcastically)

Ha ha.

INT. ROBERTS' HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Dimmey sits and watches TV.

SFX: Door OPENS off-screen.

Oliver/Fresh D and Dr. Syd ZOOM through the air and CRASH off-screen. Connie, looking exhausted, walks inside and approaches Dimmey.

DIMMEY

So, did you have a good time with them?

CONNIE

Okay, Dimmey, I get it. I won't force Frankfurt onto you, as long as you don't force your pet onto me.

DIMMEY

That's all I ask. Here, have a seat.

CONNIE

No, I've seen enough of those clowns for one day. I'll see you later!

She limps and exits. Dimmey peeks out the door, then closes it.

INT. ROBERTS' HOME - DIMMEY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dimmey runs into his bedroom and closes the door behind him. He looks at a group of bobbleheads standing on his dresser. He flicks a few of the heads, and they bob up and down. The bobbleheads become people in an audience. The bedroom becomes a large tent. Dimmey emerges wearing a brown gown and slicked-back hair. He holds a Bible in his hand. The center of his room becomes a stage.

DIMMEY

(in a Southern accent)

Oh, I feel the spirit comin' over me!  
Don't ya feel it, ya'll?

The audience nods their heads, CHEERS and APPLAUDS.  
Dimmey points to various members.

DIMMEY (CONT'D)

You got the power! And you got the power!  
And, have mercy, you have the power!

Oliver, as himself, walks down the hallway and hears  
Dimmey from the other side of the door.

DIMMEY (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Remember, church, there's a Reverend  
Dennis Roberts in each and every one of  
ya'll!

Oliver covers his ears and walks away.

OLIVER

I hate when he does that.

INT. ERIC, RON, AND VANKA'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Eric enters the apartment. Wilson follows him with a bin.  
He places it down.

WILSON

(pants)

Alright, that's the last of it. I'm out.

ERIC

Wait, stay, chill out for a moment.

WILSON

Fine. Got any beer?

ERIC

(sighs)

You don't know when to quit, do you?

(pause)

We're out. Here's a soda.

He tosses Wilson one. Wilson sits on the couch. Enter  
Eric and Billy's father, JUNIOR "WILLIE JR." NELSON,  
40's, black, from the front door. He slides to the middle  
of the floor. He wears a sequined jumpsuit and headband  
over his large afro.

JUNIOR

Whassup, my youngest Nelson son?

ERIC

(dryly)

What's going on, Dad?

JUNIOR

You called and said you needed help with a kid who was bothering you!

ERIC

What? Man, that was days ago!

JUNIOR

Oh, you needed an answer then? Sheesh!

Billy enters the apartment.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

(to Billy)

Oh, hey, son!

Billy turns back around and exits.

ERIC

Anyway, we're cool now. This is Wilson.

WILSON

Oh, don't call me Wilson no more. I got a new stage name for my singing career. See, my real name is Wilson Suarez, Jr. So, get this: "Willie Jr."!

JUNIOR

Hey, hold on, that's my...

Eric pushes Junior out the front door.

ERIC

Well, nice seeing ya, Dad, talk to you later.

JUNIOR

But...

Eric SLAMS the door.

WILSON

Hey, Eric, sorry again for all of this.

Eric sits on the couch.

ERIC

It's cool. Hey, we kinda work good together.

WILSON

Yeah, maybe we should do it more often.

They both nod in agreement and CHUCKLE. They turn their heads away from each other.

BOTH  
(sotto voce)  
Yeah, right.

They face each other again.

WILSON  
Oh, and sorry for punching holes in your condoms.

ERIC  
Wilson, my girlfriend's back home.

WILSON  
So? Isn't that what the condoms are for?

ERIC  
No, I mean I don't have any condoms up here!

WILSON  
Oh, then do you have the number to the audio crew? I gotta make some calls.

ERIC  
Hey, it's your school.

EXT. ERIC, RON, AND VANKA'S HOME - BALCONY - SAME

Junior stands in the pouring rain. He peeks at Eric and Wilson through the window.

SFX: FOREBODING BACKGROUND MUSIC.

JUNIOR  
(evilly)  
This ain't over, Willie Jr.!

SFX: Music STOPS.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)  
(regular voice)  
Wait, that's me!

SFX: Music CONTINUES.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)  
(evilly)  
This ain't over, new kid!



SFX: THUNDERCLAPS!

THE END