

STILL GOT IT

(Pilot)

Written by

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COLD OPEN

EXT. LUXURY HOME - DAY

As morning breaks upon the idyllic suburban life of wealth, a MALE NEIGHBOR comes out in his robe to grab the morning paper.

On the sidewalk, he spots EDIE, 40s (but looks 30s), a vivacious Black woman, physically fit, with headphones on, jogging-- or perhaps dancing-- very animatedly to "Maniac" from *Flashdance*.

Eddie awkwardly greets him with a wave and a flexible high kick that looks like The Rockettes meets Mary Poppins.

EDIE

Oh. Hi, Mr. Needleman. Nothing like a little warm-up to start the day.

He cautiously waves back as she prances into the lavish estate next door.

INT. HOME OF THE EVERHARTS - MULTIPLE ROOMS - DAY

MONTAGE - WAKE UP CALL

- Master Bedroom: A CLOCK RADIO on a nightstand lights up, blaring the same jam. The blankets are yanked off her husband, JAKE, 51, Caucasian, with rugged good looks, who is groggily hit by the sight of Edie dancing on spin cycle in the covers.

JAKE

Ugh. Babe. Can't we just have one morning that doesn't start with a dance number? Just one.

EDIE

Oh, no, Jake. We about to turn this day up!

- Edie bursts into a room doing jazz skips and hair whips, waking her niece, MAGGIE, 15, Caucasian, pretty and smart, but not this early.

MAGGIE

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

- In the next room, Edie does the famous *Flashdance* trot. CASEY, 5, Caucasian, her adorable nephew, cheers her on, grooving out in bed.

- Last room-- HONK! A startled body falls out of bed: TYSON, 16, biracial, 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! Even the sun isn't up for this.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

It's a symphony of chaos as dishes clatter and FAMILY MEMBERS chatter. Entering the bustling scene is DOLORES, 75, Edie's mom, exuding the class of Dionne Warwick, and the patience of Mother Teresa, before a CHIHUAHUA growls at her ankles.

DOLORES

Edie, you betta come get this four-
legged demon. And Lord! Why does
breakfast every morning have to feel
like the NASCAR of family bonding?

EDIE

Sorry, Mom, but breakfast is all
about speed - it's even in the name!
Eat fast, move fast, live fast -
that's our motto!

JAKE

Edie, babe. You realize fast means--
Ah. Never mind.

Edie cluelessly continues on, weaving through everybody like a choreographed musical, handing out lunch sacks and backpacks.

DOLORES

(to Jake)

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

Everyone whistles and catcalls, when MILES, 42, Caucasian, strides in, sharply dressed in a suit and tie.

CASEY

Yeah. You got this, Dad.

JAKE

Yeah, boy! Interview time! Except, my
pants are a little high on you.

MILES

Um. Especially in the crotch. I mean
it's literally invading my privacy.

Miles picks his wedgie.

JAKE

Remember, when they ask where you see yourself in five years, "Still living with my brother" is the wrong answer.

EDIE

Speaking of interviews-- Claudia gets promoted tonight. Yay-- Shoot. I still need to get her a card. Maybe after the gym? No, I've got dance classes: Jazz, Tap, Hip Hop, Ballet-- ah, I'll do it before work, right after Jerrica's dog pageant.

BARK! Her Chihuahua approves.

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

The kids follow her out. Dolores looks to Jake.

DOLORES

Yep. My tuition checks were just expensive donations.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

EXT. HUNTERS CREEK HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Tyson and Maggie hop out of Edie's MINIVAN. Tyson greets his good friend CHARLIE before a BEAUTIFUL GIRL distracts him.

TYSON

Man, Zoe looks smoking hot today.

He sees her laughing, and other students whipping out their phones, before realizing they're recording Edie playing air drums and air guitar, rocking out to "*Heartbreaker*."

TYSON

Oh my, God, let's bounce before Zoe realizes that I'm related.

They quickly march onto campus as Edie's theatrics escalate.

CHARLIE

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

TYSON

No. That's called sixteen years at the best job of your life. Not even a monsoon can dampen her spirit.

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, and 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, waving pom-poms.

They break 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./EXT. BROADCAST BOOTH - NIGHT

Three SPORTSCASTERS: two males, and one female, break commentary to take notice of the antics happening on the sideline.

MALE SPORTSCASTER #1

What's going on out there?

FEMALE SPORTSCASTER

That's Tricia Tolliver, who just officially announced her retirement as Director of the Dallas LoneStars Cheerleaders, after eighteen years.

Broadcast cuts to TRICIA, 60s, classy, 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.

MALE SPORTSCASTER #2 (V.O.)

Wow. That's going to be quite the shoes to fill.

CUT TO THE OWNER'S SUITE: A shot of a MAN in his 70s, giving KFC Colonel Sander vibes, perched like a king surveying his kingdom.

MALE SPORTSCASTER #1 (V.O.)

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

SUPER: DALLAS LONESTARS OWNER, HARRY ZONES

Harry sits next to MISTY, maybe 30s, blonde, with lots of makeup, blinged out in her gaudy, sparkly, Texas Couture.

MALE SPORTSCASTER #2

No. That's his new wife, Misty. Both back from their honeymoon. I think she's some kinda 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.

(fighting sarcasm)

Maybe this fifth marriage will be the charm. Oh. And I heard tonight is Misty's birthday. She turns twenty-seven. Isn't that special, folks?

MALE SPORTSCASTER #1
 (breaking the awkwardness)
 Ah. Yeah, well-- speaking of twenty-seven, LoneStars' number twenty-seven, Brock Johnson, is having an outstanding season.

(to camera)
 So, fans, get ready to stick your foam finger where the sun don't shine, as the Dallas LoneStars take on the Washington Commanders.

INT. CHEER SQUAD DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

CLAUDIA, 38, Mexican-American, dressed in business casual with a clipboard in hand, sees Edie enter the room with a mild limp.

CLAUDIA
 Oh, Lord, girl. Not them knees again.
 How many ligament sprains are we on?

EDIE
 Maybe nineteen, but who's counting?
 Anyway, Claudia, I got you something.

She hands Claudia a card, which Claudia reads before hugging Edie.

CLAUDIA
 Aw, thanks, Edie. That was so nice.

EDIE
 Feels like it was yesterday I thought, "Who's this little diva, three years on the squad, thinking she should be Choreographer?" And yes, I was wrong-- not as wrong as pineapple on pizza-- but here she is, soon-to-be Director.

CLAUDIA
 Yeah. Two roles that should've been you.
 But I know, "If Edie ain't performing..."

CLAUDIA & EDIE
 ... Life's just a slow dance with the Grim Reaper."

CLAUDIA
 Yes. Which got me thinking. Edie-- what if I combine Choreographer with your Cheer Captain role? That way, a girl can still bust a move-- Or maybe in your case, shatter a hip.

EDIE

Oo. Now that's brilliant- and just the extended warranty a vintage beauty needs for job security. Shoot. A real job! Now my mother can stop calling me a "professional hobbyist."

Two perky, SHOW-OFF cheerleaders, 20s, interrupt Claudia.

SHOW-OFF #1

I think it's safe to assume that you'll be taking over for Tricia. Um, any chance we could get some new routines from this century?

SHOW-OFF #2

Yeah, can we add in some front aerials?

SHOW-OFF #1

And everyone loves a good chaîné switch leap.

Eddie rubs her knee, as if to console it, after witnessing the high-impact tricks being demonstrated.

CLAUDIA

Um. Your thoughts, soon-to-be Choreographer?

EDIE

That's great and all, ladies-- if we were competing in collegiate cheer. But this is DLC-- we're all about tradition. So, let's keep it "simple, sexy, sassy." Take it from Mama Bear-- one wink can say a thousand words.

The Show-offs frown in disappointment. Tricia enters and calls for everyone's attention.

TRICIA

First, I want to thank you all for your many years of passion and friendship. It truly means the world. Oh. And I have an announcement...

Eddie grabs Claudia's hand in anticipation. Tricia turns back.

TRICIA (cont'd)

Ok. Come on in!

Harry walks in with a blindfolded Misty. He pulls off her blindfold. Tricia takes a nervous swallow before continuing...

TRICIA (cont'd)
 Please welcome your new Director of
 the Dallas LoneStars Cheerleaders,
 Misty Zones!

Claudia and Edie are stunned. Tricia mouths: "I'M SO SORRY."

HARRY
 (to MISTY)
 Happy Birthday, my love.

MISTY
 (mousy voice)
 H.Z.! Oh my God! Are you serious?
 This is amazing!

EDIE
 (to Claudia)
 What in cheerleading hell just
 happened?

INT. HOME OF THE EVERHARTS - KITCHEN - NEXT DAY

Without missing a beat in her morning breakfast prep, Edie is a multitasking genius, all while being a calming spirit on the phone.

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

CLAUDIA (V.O.)
 You mean denial?

EDIE
 No, Miss Wisecracker. I'm talking
 about finding your light within-- a
 space of pure, upbeat positivity. If
 you can channel that energy into
 lifting others and making their day
 brighter...

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

- FANTASY SEQUENCE: The Everharts in their daily routine, pull out Edie's Post-it letters. Tyson's Post-It: "*Kick Hard, Dream Big. Love Mom.*" Before he runs off to Soccer practice.

EDIE (cont'd)
 ... You'll almost forget you had
 problems of your own--

Jake enters unbeknownst, sifting through the mail, discarding junk, but pauses at a 'BANKRUPTCY' AD. He quickly folds it and tucks it into his pocket before Edie acknowledges him. He grins.

EDIE (cont'd)
Hey, Claudia. I got to go. But we'll discuss it more later today.

Jake sneaks up behind Edie and pulls her in for a close dance while singing a custom melody.

EDIE (cont'd)
Aw, honey. Your song. You know, you should really get back into writing and producing. You were so good.

JAKE
You know, you may have something there. Hey, babe, when was the last time we had the house to ourselves? I'm talking some "us" time. You know, rediscovering some of the buried treasures around here.

EDIE
Oh, treasures. Yes. It's been a hot minute since we buried the treasure. And you remember that last time-- Whew! I was shipwrecked. Took me a week to get my equilibrium back.

JAKE
Well, this Saturday, everyone's out of the house. And I got the map. So, let's end our month-long drought with a romantic storm, shall we?

He pulls her even closer.

EDIE
Oh. Hello, Captain Jake.

He gives her a passionate kiss until-- Enters...

TYSON
Ew! Seriously. People eat in here.

As family trickle in, the commotion begins.

CASEY
Dad! Maggie's ignoring me again.

Miles spots Maggie and Tyson fully engaged on their phones.

MILES

Maggie. Please acknowledge your brother.

EDIE

Ok, screen time's over. What did I say about too much social media?

TYSON

Contrary to your belief, Mom. Elon and Zuckerberg are humans-- not alien overlords undercover, trying to make us dumber to take over the world.

MAGGIE

Yeah, Aunt Edie. We also use Social Media for self-marketing. So, as entrepreneurs, that would actually make us smarter not dumber.

EDIE

Well, I guess the proof will be in those report cards this fall. And remember, kids: in space, they say, "No one can hear you scream."

Catching their eye rolls, Edie's not having it. She fumbles for an app on her phone and locks the kids' phones; they yell in protest.

EDIE (cont'd)

Yep. Activated. Screen time limits. Five days. Call it a digital detox.

Chuckling, Jake kisses Edie goodbye and whispers...

JAKE

Saturday-- you better batten down the hatches.

EDIE (cont'd)

Oh no, Captain-- you better ready the cannon.

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

Tyson bends to tie his cleats before an ALPHA JOCK "STRAP" shoves a cell phone in his face. It's a video of Edie rocking out in her minivan. All the boys in the locker room laugh.

ALPHA JOCK

Dude, your mom's like a one-woman flash mob. She's got more moves than you on even your best day. Maybe we should swap you out for her.

TYSON

Oh, eat grass, Dirk. Even Ronaldo has off days. Yesterday was just a warm-up.

ALPHA JOCK

Bro, you've been "warming up" since puberty hit.

TYSON

Oh, yeah, nut munch? Why don't you put your puberty where- your- mouth--
(realizes derailment)
Never mind. Tomorrow. You and me. Penalty Shootout before practice. I'm about to unleash the beast mode you've only seen in video games.

All the boys "Oooo."

ALPHA JOCK

Dude. Not sure if you're brave or just stupid... Either way, I'm game.

EXT./INT. EVERHART RECORDS - DAY

A MAN and a WOMAN exit, crying as they carry out packed boxes. INSIDE, the unattended reception desk and the hallway of vacant offices echo the hum of a business not quite bustling.

In an OFFICE, Jake blows dust off a keyboard before plunking out a tune and jotting down lyrics. He's startled when his accountant storms in- Carl, 65, a fidgety man with bifocals thick enough to spot a flea on a moose from across the room.

CARL

Jake, Jake! How are you playing love songs right now? Did you see our financial forecast? It looks like the plot to a horror movie.

JAKE

I know, Carl. I know. Calm down.

CARL

And I crunched the numbers again. I mean, so hard they're in crumbs.

JAKE

Yes, that's why I came in early-- to make more cuts. I just let Frank and Leslie go this morning.

CARL

Oh, God. I'm next, aren't I? My wife is gonna kill me.

JAKE

No, but I might have to downsize you to part-time until things pick up.

CARL

Oh, man. I should've seen this coming. Our last hit-- actually, our only hit-- was when CDs were a thing. Speaking of one-hit-- Donovan Nash? Can we reboot his career?

JAKE

Nah, Carl. That ship didn't just sail; it hit an iceberg and sank. Remember that crazy bath salts incident in Florida?

CARL

Oh, yeah. That guy so high on bath salts he tried to gnaw off another man's face--that was crazy! But wait, you're not saying that was Donovan--

JAKE

No. But close. No. Donovan's victims-- yes plural-- were a flock of flamingos.

- A SHOT in the FLORIDA EVERGLADES: DONAVAN NASH, 30s Caucasian, with rotted-out teeth, barely clad in a make-shift Viking warrior costume, drives an airboat like a madman. He holds up his imaginary sword before exclaiming...

DONAVAN NASH

I! Have! The Powerr!

He belches up pink feathers, passes out, and crashes the boat.

BACK TO SCENE

CARL

Oh, man. We're like one step away from holding auditions at karaoke night, huh? Shoot. Have you told the family?

JAKE

No, and I'd like to keep it that way. That's why I'm putting my producer hat back on, Carl-- we need a win. Now, if only I could convince Edie to take that Choreographer position so we have another big income coming in, then maybe breaking the news-- "We're broke, folks"-- won't go as badly.

INT. BACKSTAGE HALLWAY - AT&T FOOTBALL STADIUM - DAY

Eddie and Claudia march down the hall, venting.

CLAUDIA

Tricia said she was blindsided, and Harry had the final say. So, you know what? I did some digging on little Miss Misty Zones.

EDIE

Good. I'ma need the full chai tea.

CLAUDIA

Well, Edie-- It's not good. She's never even held a real job, much less managed people.

EDIE

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

CLAUDIA

Well, if you consider Thursday night line dancing at The Rowdy Rooster dancing.

EDIE

Jesus Christ! Well, let's pray it's nothing like that.

INT. CHEER SQUAD REHEARSAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

They turn into the room to see Misty teaching the girls some cringe-awful choreography. One of the girls discreetly throws Claudia and Edie a desperate look, and mouths the word "HELP."

MISTY

Oh, Claudia, Edie, glad you made it. About choreography-- after my psychic reading with my oracle...

Eddie and Claudia exchange glances that telegraph "Didn't see that one in the crystal ball."

MISTY (cont'd)

... Her spiritual advice was to, "shed the old, embrace the new." So, I figured we update the choreography with a little pizzazz. 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. So, you and I, Claudia, will be working closely on new choreography.

Claudia's face hurts to gesture "Yay."

MISTY (cont'd)

Ok, ladies. Gather around. Time to call our first team meeting.

All the ladies take a seat on the floor in front of Misty. Edie and Claudia stay standing next to her.

MISTY (cont'd)

Ok. Ladies. There's gonna be lots of changes. But all exciting stuff. So, let's start with policies.

She starts combing through her bedazzled, messy purse.

MISTY (cont'd)

Now, what did I do with them? No.

That's not it. No. That's a

Whataburger Napkin--

(losing focus)

Hey. Have you guys tried their Taquitos with cheese? Oo, dipped in some of that Picante sauce? Oh. It'll make you wanna bling out your pickup truck and drive on over to The Rowdy Rooster.

Claudia hits Edie with her "I told you so" face.

MISTY (cont'd)

Ah. I found them! Ok. Here is that one policy that I was like, Maternity Leave?! "There's no pregnancy in cheerleading!" So, let's give that the old heave-ho.

She balls up the paper and tosses it over her shoulder. Off everyone's look, nobody was even aware of such a rule.

MISTY (cont'd)

But I have a couple of fun amendments that I'll be adding. First, you'll all now be required to have social media platforms to market not only yourself but the LoneStars Brand.

EDIE

(to Claudia)

Is she serious right now?

MISTY

And on top of the cool changes we have planned for 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 idea. Brandi. Tiffany. You wanna come up and show them some of the tricks they'll be required to do?

The same perky SHOW-OFFS step up to the front of the room and shoot Edie and Claudia a smug grin before whipping out some acrobatic wizardry that looks like a cross between a hyperactive kangaroo and a breakdancing octopus. Edie's dumbfounded.

MISTY (cont'd)

Impressive, right? If your tumbling doesn't scream "rabbit at a rock concert," you may find yourself on my "Maybe-Next-Year Roster." And yes, that applies to anyone starting to gain that extra 'oomph' before weight check-ins.

The girls begin to talk amongst themselves.

MISTY (cont'd)

But the great news is; you get almost a full two weeks before our tumbling evaluations. And then the following week, we'll do our social media audit. Isn't that wonderful? Oh, this is going to be so much fun. So ladies... Let's go bring the magic!

EDIE

(to Claudia)

Holy hell, we're fucked.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. HOME OF THE EVERHARTS - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

A sunbeam dances through the curtain to warm Jake's face. The sweet serenade of birds chirping makes him grin blissfully-- until he pops up, alarmed. Something's wrong. No Edie dancing around like a tornado in a tutu.

INT. KITCHEN

Edie stares at a wall calendar, stressed, talking to herself while petting her Chihuahua. The family trickles into the room.

JAKE

Babe. Are you ok?

EDIE

Yeah. Honey, I'm fine.

JAKE

Oh, good. I thought the world ended.

TYSON

Yeah. What happened? Did Nana finally garage-sell your boombox?

Dolores enters.

DOLORES

Wait. What did I sell? And why is it so quiet in here? If this hearing aid went out again, I swear--

EDIE

No, Mom. It's not your hearing-- it's quiet so I can think. We just found out that H.Z.'s wife is taking over the cheer squad. 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

Geez, babe, I'm sorry. Is there anything we can do to help?

EDIE

Not sure yet. But, I need to map out a plan for success. And so far-- Well, I'll get back to you on that.

DOLORES

Well, honey. You are approaching your golden years. Maybe you should consider retiring?

EDIE

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

DOLORES

Well, 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 Miles her car keys.

EDIE

Miles. Will you drive everyone in? I'm meeting up with Darnell today. Maybe he can advise on this fiasco.

DOLORES

Oh. He's actually gonna show up?

EDIE

Mom. I thought we moved on.

CASEY

But Aunt Edie. Who's gonna take me to dance class after school?

MILES

Well, son. How about you and your old man play a nice game of catch instead?

CASEY

But that sounds like fetch, something only dogs get excited for.

BARK. The dog perks up. Miles turns sad. He whispers to Edie.

MILES

This is your fault. Turning my Father and Son "Field of Dreams" to ashes in my mouth.

Edie tries to console him but he pouts off. She continues on.

EDIE

Well. Don't you worry, Casey. Your Aunt Edie will fix all of this. We'll be back in dance class in no time.

EXT. STARBUCKS - PATIO - DAY

On a cell phone, a video that captured the two SHOW-OFF CHEERLEADER'S tumble-for-Jesus spectacle, widens the eyes of DARNELL, 45, African American, stylish, who clutches his invisible pearls before looking back at Edie with the utmost 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

I know. I'm like forty-seven now.

DARNELL

Um, yeah, you are. And hopefully no one knows your real age.

EDIE

No. Just Claudia.

DARNELL

Good. Then happy thirtieth birthday. And this email-- with Misty's new policies... What's this nonsense about "A stagnant social media following means you're no longer relevant" Who says this crap? Is this chick snorting Pop Rocks?

Edie grabs her phone back from him to read more.

EDIE

And did you see her minimum requirements for followers? A new person needs five-K just to audition. For Veterans-- it's twenty-K for every year on the squad. Darnell-- I don't even have a social media account.

Darnell starts calculating on his fingers.

EDIE (cont'd)

No. I already did the math. For me, that's three hundred and twenty K, needed in a few weeks. Impossible Burger!

DARNELL

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

EDIE

Shoot. Well, you're the publicist, Darnell. What should I do?

DARNELL

Ok. It's clear we're gonna need a social media guru. But hiring one? Geez. Might as well plan for having yacht payments. Let's see if we can find someone on the cheap first.

They both look up to think long and hard.

EDIE

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

INT. HOME OF THE EVERHARTS - FOYER - DAY

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. This is rich.

EDIE

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

MAGGIE

Well, unfortunately, Aunt Edie, Tyson and I are 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. HOME YOGA/DANCE ROOM - LATER

Jake opens the door but then cracks it to see Edie, exhausted from practicing roundoffs into cringe-worthy, aborted back handsprings. As he leaves to give her privacy, she takes a break and becomes overwhelmed while navigating through her phone apps.

EDIE (cont'd)

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

As the squad stretches for rehearsals, Claudia approaches Edie who is distracted by her phone.

CLAUDIA

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

EDIE

Yeah. This is not good, Claudia. This goes against everything I believe in. Because you know... they are coming.

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... See, I think they were too smart, so they got replaced. 'Cause now you've got a nation divided and drivers trying to boldly run over a bitch.

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

CLAUDIA

Well, now that you mention it. Musk and Zucky do look kinda lizardy-like.

EDIE

See. And we're probably starring right now in their reality series: "ALIEN PRANKS - The Quest For Earth's Most Galactic Idiots."

CLAUDIA

Let me guess. Streaming on Spaceflix?

EDIE

It's true. And they prey on the weak:
from the Super Bored to even those born
with the all-consuming "SELFIE-7
Narcissist Gene." That's when you're
really screwed. Just look at that one--

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.

Eddie rolls her eyes.

EDIE

I hope they take her first.

EXT. HUNTERS CREEK HIGH SCHOOL - MULTIPLE LOCATIONS - DAY

- LOCKER ROOM: Tyson checks his bag for Edie's Post-It but finds
only balled-up old ones. He shuts his locker and jets out.

- HALLWAY: A ripple of excitement fills the air as students
whisper rumors to each other.

- SOCCER FIELD: Tyson and Charlie strut onto the field in ACTION
HERO SLOW-MO. Alpha Jock and his boys enter opposite. It's the
ULTIMATE SHOWDOWN. Alpha gives a snarl. Tyson gives-- perhaps a
cat struggling to get a hairball out of its teeth?

As Tyson looks left-- RECORD SCRATCH. He is shocked to see, up
in the bleachers that Alpha's invited half of the junior class,
including Tyson's crush Zoe. NO PRESSURE.

It's Domination vs. Humiliation. While every goal of Alpha
whizzes past the goalie, striking the net with precision,
Tyson's attempts avoid the net like a vegan dodges a steakhouse.

- One ball makes a splashy exit into the lake.

- Another evades his foot entirely, creating a dance of its own,
triggering Alpha and his boys to keel over in laughter.

ALPHA JOCK

Man, Tyson. Maybe it's in the genes-- you should be in entertainment, not sports. Aren't you even a closeted Swifty? If only your weird Mom had a pinch of Taylor Swift's talent.

TYSON

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

Tyson kicks the ball hard at Alpha, who dodges it. Instead, the ball SMACKS a WELL DRESSED WOMAN in the face. Everyone gasps.

INT. HOME OF THE EVERHARTS - KITCHEN - DAY

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

Well, there's also here: foul language, and lack of focus and determination. You're better than this, Tyson. You're lucky they're just making you write an essay. God, everyone's just been so off around here lately. Especially your mom.

Maggie enters and interjects.

MAGGIE

Yeah. No morning wake-up dances.

TYSON

And no Post-Its from Mom either.

JAKE

That's because your mom is 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. And the Everharts pick each other up. So, if Edie can cheer on the field and still cheer for us and our endeavors, the least we can do is step up and help Stella get her 'Happy Place' groove back. Capiche?

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.

EDIE

What? That's so sweet. Thanks guys.

MAGGIE

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

EDIE

Oh. I just love you.

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

Oh. 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 does the peach and eggplant mean?

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

INT. HUNTERS CREEK HIGH SCHOOL - GYMNASIUM - NEXT DAY

As thuds of gymnasts' vaults and somersaults fill the air, Jake and Tyson stand with Edie at the entrance, dressed in her long tweed coat, ponytail and sunglasses.

JAKE

We'll pick you up after. You good?

EDIE

Oh, I got this.

She tosses her hair, checks her nails, and unrobes to reveal her loud '80s-style leotard before marching off with confidence.

JAKE

See, son. That's determination.

MOMENTS LATER: Edie wrestles with the rebellious arm of a ring light, resembling a UFC cage match until Maggie intervenes. When Edie takes her position, Maggie presses record on the phone.

EDIE

Hi, I'm Edie Everhart--

MAGGIE (O.S.)

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

TAKE TWO

EDIE

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.

Eddie spots the Holy Grail of gymnastics, as gymnasts tumble down a fierce blue trampoline track before whirling into a grand finale: a plunge into a pit of foam cubes. She claps like a kid.

EDIE

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

Training is a rough start of epic fails and broken nails, but Edie's unfazed, and that perseverance is felt SIMULTANEOUSLY:

- A SHOT in JAKE'S OFFICE: Jake hammers out a mean melody on the keyboard while Carl stands at his door, nodding with approval.

CARL

Wow. I like that, Jake. That could be something big.

- A SHOT on the SOCCER FIELD: Tyson drills with his best friend Charlie, making the ball strike the net every time.

CHARLIE

Man, if you keep kicking like that, you're gonna be like, "Zoe, who?"

BACK TO SCENE

Maggie lights up when Edie completes a nice, clean 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 slowly follows Edie's gaze as she turns to face the intimidating blue trampoline track. Edie walks over and takes to the track like a poet takes to a pen.

Now, this is the moment, her goal is in sight. Just a round-off, back handspring, to soar into flight. She takes a deep breath and makes the sign of the cross. Before nervously sweating like she owes the mob boss.

She sprints and then flips, with great speed and sheer force. But the track is so bouncy, she starts veering off course. It's a tragic kerfuffle to create the perfect meme, that sends Edie careening before-- SLAM! She crotchplants a balance beam. The entire room gasps. Most run to her aid. But the look on Edie's face- GEEZ. She may not walk for days.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. HOSPITAL - WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

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

DARNELLS 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)
Oh, let me guess. You were escaping the queen alien. Wow. Even God is saying, "We
can't take you anywhere."

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

CLAUDIA
Edie, this is bad. You have tumbling
evaluations in, like, ten days!
There's no way.

EDIE
Yeah. I was hoping to be giving Simone
Biles, but I may have to settle for
Danny DeVito.

DARNELL
Well... What if there was a way to
sabotage some of these pesky policies?

EDIE
And how exactly do we do that, Darnell?

INT. HOME OF THE EVERHARTS - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Like a scene from Law & Order, the family assembles around Darnell
standing in front of what looks like a "crime board." At its
center: a photo of Misty's face surrounded by correlating photos.

DARNELL
So, I took a quick safari through
Misty's social media jungle.
(MORE)

DARNELL (CONT'D)

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 Jake is finalizing some plans to ensure that little Miss Misty's tumbling tyranny comes-a-tumbling down.

(turns to Edie)

Edie, you and I have a Gala date in two weeks. Harry Zones is hosting, and there'll be plenty of celebrities to boost that flaccid social media following. Now, even if we manage to derail this ludicrous tumbling, you've still got to cheer that day. So, start hitting that P.T. 'Cause I also need you strutting on that gala red carpet, not gimping-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!

The family hustles out, leaving Edie and Dolores to themselves.

EDIE

Mom, what if I can't do this and it's game over? Performing is my life. And who's going to hire a dancer my age?

DOLORES

Well, Lord, I never thought I'd see the day. Look, honey, remember when the theme park let you go at thirty-one? You didn't listen to anyone who said you were too old-- not the doctors, and certainly not me. And no matter how many doors slammed in your face, you kept auditioning for every gig, and it paid off-- you became a Dallas LoneStar Cheerleader. So, honey, if there's one person who can bounce back from this, baby girl, it's you. The rest? That's just noise. The Edie Everhart I know doesn't just survive--she thrives.

Eddie's eyes well up with gratitude and determination, her fears melting away as her mother's words take hold.

DOLORES (cont'd)
And remember, if all else fails...
You can join my church's book club.

INT./EXT. MULTIPLE LOCATIONS - DAY

THE BIONIC CHEERLEADER MONTAGE

SUPER: 8 DAYS LEFT

DARNELL (V.O.)
(deep dramatic tone)
Eddie 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: 4 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: 2 DAYS LEFT

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

Edie slowly powers up from a barbell deadlift, to emerge victorious, as family cheer her on.

SUPER: 1 DAY LEFT

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

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

During Edie's workout break, she pulls out her phone and opens an app. She 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.

Her phone then rings. She puts it on speaker for everyone to hear.

EDIE (cont'd)

Hey, Babe. Where are you?

JAKE (V.O.)

Oh, just making my rounds. But I spotted our target. And I cooked up the ultimate plan. So Team Edie, synchronize your watches for this time tomorrow. It's showtime, baby.

Edie gets a picture text from Jake. She zooms in. It's a shot of Misty leaving a commercial building.

INT. TYSON'S BEDROOM - THE NEXT DAY

Tyson does homework at his desk. Edie and Jake check in.

EDIE

Tyson, we've got to head out early, but we'll be back after the game.

TYSON

Wait. You're going back to work? Isn't it a little soon?

EDIE

Well, I think I'm healed enough.

JAKE

Well, maybe not in the head-- Oh. Son. How's that essay coming?

TYSON

Ugh. They want me to talk about my ambitions and who inspires me.

EDIE

Well, that's easy. Cristiano Ronaldo. Since you were a kid. Just let your admiration do the talking. Whatever you write, I'm sure it'll make us proud.

TYSON

Mom... I don't care what the kids at school say, I think you're kinda cool.

EDIE

Alright, no need to suck up. I already restored your screen time-- Oh and, Tyson... Thank you... For the sixteen K 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's taken aback--

MISTY

Oh. 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

Well-- OK. I guess it's fine if we keep it in the family.

Misty sits. Darnell reaches out to hold 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

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

However, Darnell begins fiercely singing like Mariah Carey to summon the one true vision-- Then he stops.

DARNELL

Ok. I'm in. Well, this is interesting. Oh, there you are. Aww.

(MORE)

DARNELL (CONT'D)

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, Stoooooopp!

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.
Well, 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

Oh, Jesus. What happened?

DARNELL

Well, girl, Rome wasn't built in a day, but honey, you toppled an empire in seconds.

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

EDIE

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

DARNELL

I mean, I was a triple threat in college: actor, dancer, singer. 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!

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 did it. It's like Cinderella-- you made it to the ball.

EDIE

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

CLAUDIA

Well, let's enjoy the one victory for now.

(MORE)

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)

Hopefully, that gala next week boosts your social media following. But man... three hundred and twenty K? That's sex-tape-level trending.

EDIE

Well, when life throws spaghetti at you, I say don't dodge it. No. You twirl in it until you're covered in marinara sauce. That's when you're ready for the big stage.

CLAUDIA

God, you're such a weirdo. But, 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 Zoe: "**Hey, are you going to Taylor Swift's concert?**" He giddily grins before going back to writing his essay.

TYSON (V.O.)

But I've come to realize that it's my mother who inspires me. A woman who just never gives up, despite what people think. So, perhaps we all need a little 'Happy Place' bubble, to choreograph our next adventure... Hey, maybe that's rediscovering your love for music, a melody you thought was long forgotten...

- FANTASY SCENE: Jake nods to the beat, hyped, as Darnell belts it out in a recording booth. A song skyrockets up the Billboard charts. They break into a Kid-N-Play dance as dollar bills rain from the sky.

TYSON (V.O.)

... Or maybe it's finally achieving that goal of a lifetime...

- FANTASY SCENE: Tyson scores the winning goal, and his teammates hoist him up in triumph. Zoe blows him a kiss; he lunges to catch it and tumbles out of their hands.

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.

- A LIVE SHOT 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 cheering,
still shining, still loving it, and
yep... Still Got It...

In the climactic moment of the routine, Edie's faced with a daunting realization-CRAP! The Kick Line Finale. With each high kick, her face contorts into a love letter to pain-- Signed by Miss Cinnamon Crunch. But then, the ultimate challenge looms: the 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. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Edie sits in a hospital bed, legs in stirrups, grimacing in pain.

EDIE

Oo-Ouch! Still tender.

A DOCTOR rolls his chair out from behind her gown.

DOCTOR

Okay. The ultrasound didn't show any fibroids or signs of endometriosis. So, maybe Miss LoneStar won't have to eighty-six those high kicks.

EDIE

Great. The faster I recover, the quicker I pas-de-bourrée back onto that football field.

She takes a drink of water.

DOCTOR

Yes. But we normally want to schedule an X-ray and make sure you don't have any pelvic fractures, but Edie, unfortunately, I can't for you. Um... You do know you're pregnant, right?

EDIE

(spits out water)
What?!

END OF SHOW