

SWEET SHIRT TALES

Written by

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EXT. DAYTONA BEACH, FLA - DAY - 2005

An old red t-top Camaro sits on top of bricks in the front yard of a run down duplex. Airbrushed on the Camaro's hood is a sunset of Daytona Beach. The license plate is from the Garden State.

DAYTONA WRANGLER (early 40s) steps out of the duplex clad in old tattered Reeboks and a matching pink Hypercolor shorts-and-windbreaker ensemble. His head is a mop of blond hair and his mirrored Oakley Blade sunglasses reside over a big blond mustache. It is awesome. He notices fresh graffiti on the car door: "Go back to Jersey, Yankee Pussy!"

DAYTONA WRANGLER
Daggum, that ain't right!

He shakes it off and unlocks his BMX bike chained to the water meter. The lock combination is "6-9-6-9". The bike is too small for the man.

He pedals to the main boulevard, rides under a banner reading "WELCOME SPRING BREAKERS," passes ladies in tiny bikinis, meatheads shotgunning beers, bro-hugging, fighting.

He rides past "Daddy's Smoke Shop," where DADDY stands in the doorway. An old man, fat, arms crossed.

DADDY
Daytona Wrangler!

DAYTONA WRANGLER
Keep 'em high, Daddy!

He continues past countless airbrush shops, all out of business, until he arrives at "SWEET SHIRT TALES." Another airbrush shop. He eyes it with pride and then opens the shop door, which chimes a familiar cat call: "Reet reee-err!"

INT. SWEET SHIRT TALES - DAY

The walls are covered in his art - shirts, towels, koozies airbrushed with images of tigers, muscle cars, ladies, weed. He flips the sign to OPEN. And then... silence.

The clock - its hands in the shape of boners above the clever tagline, "BONER TIME" - reveals that time passes ever so slowly. Finally, the door chimes, "Reet reee-err!"

DAYTONA WRANGLER
Whaddya say, party goers! Welcome
to Sweet Shirt Tales.

Three 15 year olds enter, overwhelmed by the visuals.

DAYTONA WRANGLER (CONT'D)

What can I do ya for?

TEENS

Oh...um... we want... uh...

DAYTONA WRANGLER

I know what y'all want. A lil' souvenir. Lil' keepsake. Somethin' to remember this badass vacation for. I hear ya.

TEENS

Yeah! That's it!

DAYTONA WRANGLER

What are y'all into... America? Like a bald eagle and shit? Vladimir Putin takin' it in the pooper? No? Alright, y'all into ladies? Cold beer? Snakes?

WRANGLER grabs his airbrush guns and showcases his genius - crafting onto a canvas an image of a hissing cobra.

DAYTONA WRANGLER (CONT'D)

That's tough as all, ain't it? What y'all want it on? Shirt? Towel? Bandana?

TEEN #1

Can you make that snake, like, wasted? Like totally fucked up?

DAYTONA WRANGLER

Who you talkin' to, boys? Shitchea I can. This is the #1 shop for all things FUBAR. Fucked Up Beyond All Recognition.

TEENS

AWESOME!

He works his magic. Adds a beer can between the snake's coils. Puts two holes to serve as teeth marks in the can.

DAYTONA WRANGLER

Check it, young studs. This cobra straight shotgunned that beer!

TEENS

Awesome!

DAYTONA WRANGLER

Yeah it is. What y'all want this on? Tank top? Beer bong? License plate?

TEEN #1

Can you draw that thing taking a shit?

DAYTONA WRANGLER

Dude, what? I don't know what kinda shit a snake takes!

The door chimes. Enter a middle-aged soccer mom.

SOCCER MOM

Jackson! Logan! What are y'all boys doing in here?

Horried at the artwork, she grabs the teens and pulls them out the door.

DAYTONA WRANGLER

Adios, little hombres! Tell your friends about Sweet Shirt Tales. Airbrush wizardry for Daytona Beach since nineteen ninety damn four. And mom, come on back with your fellow brunch squad beauties and I'll get y'all in matching GOT MILF sun dresses for...

Door slams. Silence.

EXT. NEW JERSEY BACKYARD - DAY - LATE 1970S

WRANGLER'S MOM hangs laundry on a clothes line outside a modest home. A shirtless little boy comes running out, clutching a gift.

YOUNG DAYTONA WRANGLER

Momma! Momma! Happy Mother's Day!

WRANGLER'S MOM

Oh sweetie, whatcha got here?

She unwraps the gift to find a dirty pit-stained undershirt with a Puffy Paint design of Underdog humping a Mr. Potato Head.

WRANGLER'S MOM (CONT'D)

Oh that's just wonderful, sweetheart! Are they wrestling?

YOUNG DAYTONA WRANGLER
 No, momma! They're boofin! See,
 he's got a red rocket!

WRANGLER'S MOM
 Why yes he does!

YOUNG DAYTONA WRANGLER
 (Proud)
 You like it, momma?

WRANGLER'S MOM
 I... I love it, darling. You're so
 talented. It's like a little
 Picasso.

She pauses, then begins to get worked up.

WRANGLER'S MOM (CONT'D)
 Except it's not totally shitty like
 a Picasso. It actually shows
 genuine artistic talent and
 creativity and fake assholes won't
 have to pretend to like it to
 impress their neighbors.

YOUNG WRANGLER smiles widely, a milk mustache gracing his
 lip.

EXT. DAYTONA BEACH MAIN BOULEVARD - DAY - 2005

WRANGLER and DADDY stand outside Sweet Shirt Tales as a
 massive tour bus drives by. Wrapping the side of the bus is a
 picture of a woman teasingly preparing to lift her shirt, and
 below her the slogan, "Totally Joe's Totally Spring Break."
 The back of a bus is one big photo of TOTALLY JOE (early
 30s), cupping his hands in front of his chest like he's
 honking his boobs.

DAYTONA WRANGLER
 Something wicked this way comes,
 hoss.

DADDY
 This town's 'bout to go to hell
 again, Wrangler.

DAYTONA WRANGLER
 And that dumb ole' bus just carried
 back in everything that is
 unnatural and impure about Spring
 Break.

EXT. PARKING LOT OF J. FRANCIS RESORT - DAY

The bus pulls up to a massive hotel. Its doors open and out pours a river of body guards, skantily-clad women in trucker hats, and TOTALLY JOE, dressed in a black Ed Hardy tee and black slacks. They're immediately swarmed by fans and photographers.

NATASHA (late 30s) exits the bus. Pretty. Straight black hair. Glasses. Clipboard in hand. All business.

NATASHA

Okay, Joe. We've got five minutes to get you up on stage.

The party walks through the hotel lobby and pushes open the double doors marked "Pool. Guests Only," where chaos awaits: loud music, drinking, packed bleachers surrounding a catwalk that stretches over a massive pool.

EXT. J. FRANCIS RESORT POOL - DAY

NATASHA barks out instructions as TOTALLY JOE steps out onto the catwalk, microphone in hand.

CROWD

(Completely nuts)

TOTALLY JOE! TOTALLY JOE! TOTALLY JOE!

TOTALLY JOE

What's up, Daytona Mother Fuckin' Beach!

The crowd erupts. He turns to his left.

TOTALLY JOE (CONT'D)

What's up, West Coast!

Screaming. Cheering. He turns to his right.

TOTALLY JOE (CONT'D)

What's up, East Coast!

More screams. Louder. He looks straight ahead.

TOTALLY JOE (CONT'D)

What's up, North Shore!

Louder. Feet stomp bleachers.

Contact Bones or Chris Fisher for the full screenplay