

DUNKED

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INT. CHURCH - DAY.

The youthful, smiling face of a handsome teen boy in white robes ERUPTS from the water of a Baptistry (*a discreet tank built into the wall or floor, for full immersion baptism*). Pipe Organ Music fills the air.

PASTOR ROY, 45, rugged, but nebbish, guides him out of the tank. A radiant, blonde, teen girl steps into the tank.

REVEALING BEHIND HER: SIMON - 16, tubby, and terrified. EMMA - 15, his girlfriend, puts a hand on his shoulder.

EMMA

I love you.

She pecks him on the cheek. He turns back to the tank.

SIMON

You too.

Across the tank, the first boy smiles and gives Simon a double thumbs up. Simon steps in, unsteady. Roy reaches out to guide him. They get in position, Roy's arms around Simon.

ROY

Simon Turner, I baptize you in the name of the Father -

He tries to tip Simon, but nothing happens. He looks Simon in the eye and applies some pressure. Simon is stiff as a board.

ROY (CONT'D)

...the Son...

The Reverend leans in, and Simon gives a little.

ROY (CONT'D)

Just relax...

SIMON

I can't.

ROY

It's just like going to the pool...

SIMON

I can't swim.

ROY

You don't have to swim...just...

The singing tapers off as church-goers notice the delay. Roy pushes, but Simon fights back, like arm wrestlers.

ROY (CONT'D)
(gritted teeth)
...float into the arms of Jesus.

Simon's mother, KAREN, 50, mousey, stares, gripping a bible.

Simon's head recedes below the edge but his hand SNAPS up, grabbing the lip of the tank. The crowd gasps. The organist cranes his neck to see the battle.

In the tank, Simon's hair is starting to dip into the water. He's breathing heavily through his mouth.

ROY (CONT'D)
Okay. Let's start over. I'll help
you up...nice and easy.

Simon's fingers unlock. Roy raises him a little, then PLUNGES him down. Simon's free hand SLAPS Roy in the face.

TITLE CARD: **DUNKED**

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT.

The tub water runs hot and strong. Through the shut door:

KAREN
Sy, what are you doing in there?

Simon sinks low into the tub.

SIMON
I'm baptizing myself. In the name
of the humiliation, the
mortification, and the
condemnation. Ah-men.

KAREN
Ah-men. Would you come talk to me?

He puts his feet up on the wall and sinks into the tub.

KAREN (CONT'D)
I'm helping. And I don't deserve
the silent treatment -

Simon leans back, dipping his ears under the water, and his mother becomes a muffled rumble. He doesn't hear her say:

KAREN (CONT'D)
- well if you're not coming out,
I'm coming in.

The lock pops, the door creaks. Simon whips the curtain shut.

SIMON
Cheese and Rice MA!

KAREN
What are you doing in here?

SIMON
It's a bathroom. I'm bath-ing.

KAREN
Well you shouldn't be doing anything you need a locked door for anyway. What if there was an emergency? I'm not strong enough to break down a door.

SIMON
Yes, ok, I'm sorry.

KAREN
I talked to Pastor Roy. HE told me you told him you can't swim. Which I don't think is entirely true -

SIMON
I can't -

KAREN
- but, I homeschooled you, so I'm responsible for it. It's entirely on me. And I failed.

She holds for applause.

KAREN (CONT'D)
I bought you something.

She extends a pair of powder blue, floral print bathing trunks behind the curtain.

KAREN (CONT'D)
I know it's a little...

She raises her eyebrows, even though he can't see her.

KAREN (CONT'D)
Well, you know.

He waits for what he's supposed to know.

KAREN (CONT'D)
...floral. But it's all they had.