

1 EXT. STREET - MORNING**1**

JESSE MCJAMERSON, a 20 year old office worker, is walking down the street. His work bag is slung over his shoulder. He hears intermittent squeaking noises that seem to be speeding up.

SQUEAK. SQUEAK-SQUEAK.

Across the street, he sees a mugging. A pair of CRIMINALS are smacking a person with plastic squeaky mallets. Both criminals are dressed in all black, despite it being the middle of the day. Jesse looks over at them briefly but when one of the criminals pauses his squeaking to glare at him, he shoves his hands into his pockets, looks at the ground, and walks on.

SQUEAKSQUEAKSQUEAKSQUEAKSQUEAKSQUEAK-

2 INT. OFFICE - DAY**2**

Jesse is sitting at his cubicle. His desk is cluttered with papers. The walls have are decorated with photos of him with his grandmother, his grandmother with her horse, etc. Jesse is staring forlornly at a newspaper article with the headline reading "90 YEAR OLD RODEO STAR AND PHILANTHROPIST DIES DURING SICKNASTY STUNT". A portrait of said rodeo star is featured above the article. It is the same woman as in the pictures with Jesse.

Strolling through the office with an air of authority is HUGHBERTICUS MCJAMERSON, a rather stout mustachioed man in his late 50's, somewhat resembling the monopoly man with a hat to match. Hughberticus walks up to Jesse's cubicle and tosses a brown paper package and a slightly crumpled envelope onto the desk and immediately turns and starts walking away. Jesse is startled by the items and looks up and calls after him.

JESSE

Wait dad, what's this for?

Hughberticus does not turn around to respond, he just keeps walking.

HUGHBERTICUS

Your Grandmother left it to you.
Try not to let it distract you from
work, my boy.

Hughberticus lowers his voice so Jesse can't hear him and scowls at the ground.

HUGHBERTICUS (CONT'D)

It's probably worthless anyway.

As he speaks, Jesse nods quickly and tips an imaginary hat. He speaks with an exaggerated southern accent.

JESSE

Yes sir, right away sir!

HUGHBERTICUS

(sharply)

And quit it with that ridiculous accent.

Jesse turns his hat tipping into a weak salute while shrinking in on himself and turning back to his desk. He loses his accent.

JESSE

Right. Sorry.

Jesse gets back to work, trying to ignore the envelope. His attention keeps drifting towards the envelope and package and he has to force himself not to reach towards them. He looks around at the rest of the office, who are working studiously.

Jesse sighs and snatches the envelope and package, hunched over them protectively. He smooths out the envelope and opens it carefully. He starts reading.

GRANDMA (V.O.)

Jesse,

If you're getting this letter, I've yee'd my last haw. I was supposed to guide you into this life like a mare with her foal.

But, with or without me, you need this. I know your Pa has an idea of what he wants you to be and I know you wanna make him proud, but I also know that's not a life that'll make your spurs jingle.

Our family has always been... odd.

We're no good in cubicles or behind desks. We've always been a little too country wild for that. Always been a little more free roaming.

That pattern may have been broken with your father, but something tells me you'll fit in the hat. Your Pa, he may not be happy with that,

but you've gotta listen to your heart.
 People like us? We're meant for more. When your heart lassos something that truly matters, pull tight and hold on.

Jesse blinks slowly, shaking his head in confusion/disbelief. He unwraps the package and finds a harmonica. He takes a deep breath and gets ready to play it before looking up and seeing the COWORKER across from him glaring at him.

Coworker points at a sign saying "Absolutely NO harmonicas under ANY circumstances"

He grabs the harmonica and the letter and walks into the bathroom.

3 INT. BATHROOM

3

Jesse locks the bathroom door behind him. After setting the letter down next to the sink, he plays a single note on the harmonica.

TOOT

He pulls the harmonica away from his mouth and stares at it. He's about to take his things and get back to his desk when multicolored lights fill his vision, temporarily blinding him. His body is covered in a white light in *classic anime girl* fashion. Jesse starts flailing around wildly.

JESSE
 WHAT'S HAPPENING?! WHERE'S MY ARM?!
 AAAAAAAA

CUT TO:

4 INT. OFFICE

4

From the cubicles, you see flashing lights coming from the crack at the bottom of the bathroom door. Other office workers seem unbothered.

MUFFLED SCREAMING FROM JESSE

5 INT. BATHROOM

5

Back inside the bathroom, the light suddenly vanishes. Jesse is now wearing cowboy attire and a neon pink bedazzled cowboy

hat. A lasso with his work card is clipped to his belt. Jesse stops flailing around and blinks slowly.

JESSE
 (out of breath)
 AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAaaaaa...aa...a? Oh my
 god. I'M ALIVE! I LIVED! I'M
 UNSTOPPABLE! I'M-

Jesse catches a glimpse of himself in the mirror

JESSE (CONT'D)
 -a cowboy?

Jesse stumbles back from the mirror.

JINGLING SOUNDS

Jesse notices the sounds and looks down to find that there are spurs on the backs of his shoes.

SCREAMING STARTS AGAIN

The screaming fades into hyperventilating.

JESSE
 A cowboy... like from the Wild
 West... wild...

Jesse yanks out the letter again and looks over it again.

JESSE (CONT'D)
 (sarcastically)
 "Always been a bit too country
 wild..." Thanks for the warning,
 Gran.

KNOCK ON THE DOOR

Jesse looks down at his cowboy attire and cringes.

JESSE
 (shakily)
 Uh, gimme a minute!

Jesse tugs at his outfit, trying to take it off. Nothing will come off. Not even the hat. The knocking at the door comes again, more irritated. Jesse grimaces and opens the door. He sees the coworker from before poised to knock again with an annoyed look on their face. They stare for a minute at

Jesse's outfit before he shuffles past them awkwardly. The coworker rolls their eyes and sighs.

COWORKER
(Grumbling)
Nepotism

6 INT. OFFICE - DAY

6

Jesse makes his way back to his cubicle. The office is silent save for a jingling sound, presumably from his spurs. He passes by the workplace band, where someone on the tambourine is producing the jingling sound. The band glares at him as they begin playing a little cowboy ditty.

Jesse continues past them, and glances over to his father's office.

Hughberticus is facing away, gesturing with one hand as the other presses a phone to his ear.

Jesse sighs, grabs a bag from his cubicle, and the ditty plays him out.

7 EXT. STREET - SAME DAY

7

Jesse is walking back home in his cowboy attire. He's looking around nervously.

The block empty except for him.

He turns the corner and sees two people standing with their backs facing him at the end of the block. He tilts his head and walks closer to investigate. As he approaches, he hears their conversation.

ANTI-CORNER VANDAL
Man, why do I have to hold up this
stupid mallet? My arm's tired.

PRO-CORNER VANDAL
Shut up, we gotta keep an
intimidating pose for when someone
walks by.

ANTI-CORNER VANDAL
We've been at this corner all day.
Literally no one has come by. Are
you sure you know what you're doing?

PRO-CORNER VANDAL

I don't make the calls, the boss
does and the boss always knows.

Jesse walks up and taps one of the vandals on the shoulder. The vandal screams, startling his partner and they cling to each other. Still holding on to each other, the vandals shuffle around to face Jesse. Jesse waves awkwardly.

JESSE

Uh...Hi? Are...are you guys okay?

The vandals look at each other and then let go, turning to Jesse with intimidating stances. Anti-Corner vandal smacks the mallet into his palm menacingly. Pro-Corner vandal lets out an evil chuckle.

PRO-CORNER VANDAL

Oh we're just fine kid, can't say
you will be though.

Jesse's eyes widen and he turns to run away, barely getting 5 steps in before Pro-Corner Vandal grabs the strap of his bag causing him to fall over. Anti corner Vandal walks around in front of Jesse, brandishing the mallet like a knife.

ANTI-CORNER VANDAL

Nowhere to run now, punk.

Jesse tries to crawl backwards but hits something solid. Looking up, he sees Pro-Corner Vandal grinning at him. Jesse starts to look around, seeing if anyone is nearby. He spots someone across the street staring at him. As they make eye contact, the person turns their head to the ground and quickly walks away. Pro-Corner Vandal barks out a laugh.

PRO-CORNER VANDAL

No one's gonna help ya kid, you're
all alone.

Jesse hangs his head and spots the lasso hanging off his belt. Reaching forward, he takes a deep breath, grabs it and slowly gets to his feet. He unclips the lasso and holds it up to each of the vandals like a cross as he scampers to the side, forming a triangle. The vandals are in awe as he stands. They are witnessing the rise of not a cowboy, but a cowman. Jesse swings his lasso and tries to throw it at the vandals who are now battling at each other, whispering to each other. The rope falls 3/4 of the way to the vandals. The two look down at the rope, then back up at Jesse.

ANTI-CORNER VANDAL

(Deadpan)

Ow.

The two vandals collapse into hysterics and Jesse begins to tear up from embarrassment. As the vandals are busy laughing, Jesse reels in the rope and runs away sobbing.

CUT TO:

8 INT. APARTMENT - EVENING

8

Jesse is curled up on his bed, sobbing. His wallowing is disrupted by a poster falling onto him. He snuffles and picks up the poster to see it. The poster is your average "hang in there" cat poster but with his Grandmother's face photo-shopped onto the cat head. Jesse wipes his tears and looks up to where various other posters hang from the ceiling. One reading "The Cowboy Grind Never Stops" with a picture of his Grandmother's face photoshopped on to a bodybuilder. He sniffs again, wiping more tears from his eyes and nodding.

JESSE

You-you're right Gran. The Cowboy grind *never* stops.

9 MONTAGE - VARIOUS

9

9A INT. JESSE'S ROOM

9A

A computer screen shows a wikihow tab on "How to become a lasso master." Jesse is furiously taking notes on the article.

9B EXT. STREET

9B

A vandal is kicking an innocent person as they're curled up on the ground.

9C EXT. ALLEYWAY

9C

Jesse is in a secluded alleyway, attempting to lasso a trash bag. He is failing miserably. Behind him, we can see a sneaky vandal peeking around the corner to watch Jesse.

9D EXT. STREET

9D

There are now two vandals kicking the innocent on the ground.

9E INT. JESSE'S ROOM

9E

Jesse is in his room, practicing his swaggy cowboy walk. He will occasionally stop, spin around, and pull out finger guns as though simulating a stand off.

9F**9F**

A newspaper with the headline "Increased crime rates driving residents out of the area."

9G**EXT. ALLEYWAY****9G**

Jesse is back in the alleyway, practicing his lassoing. He's getting better. He's at least getting close to his target. The vandal is still at the corner, this time taking notes on a notepad while he watches.

9H**EXT. STREET****9H**

There are now three vandals kicking at the person on the ground.

9I**INT. OFFICE****9I**

Jesse is at work, rubbing his eyes at the paperwork piling up on his desk. Huberticus passes by his cubicle and gives Jesse a disappointed glare. As soon as his father passes, Jesse switches tabs on his computer to reveal an article titled "How to master a Southern accent."

10**EXT. ALLEYWAY****10**

Surprise, it's the alleyway again. Jesse is actually successfully lassoing his target at least half the time. The vandal is still there, this time with a camera.

The sneaky vandal takes a photo, resulting in a loud click and a bright flash. Jesse whips around at this and throws his at the fiend. It successfully falls around them, much to Jesse's delight. But in his celebration, he forgets to pull it tight and the vandal steps out of it.

JESSE

Uh- sorry. That was the first time I'd really caught a criminal and you kinda ruined my big moment. So if it's not too much trouble, would you mind-?

Jesse gestures to the lasso. The vandal sighs, steps back into the lasso, and lets Jesse pull it tight.

JESSE

Great, thanks. Really kind of you, pardner. Right then-

Jesse clears his throat.

JESSE (CONT'D)

You yellow bellied scoundrel, what business do you have round these parts? You've gotta a lot of nerve to show your face, so spit it out.

SNEAKY VANDAL

Ever since the boss caught word of a pink cowboy prancing around, he's had us keep a close eye on you. Trying to figure out if you're worth his time - either as an ally or a threat. And now, he's gotta message for you.

The vandal shuffles around in the ropes, grunting with effort as he attempts to take something out from the waistband of his pants. Still tied up by the rope, he holds out a very crumpled envelope. Jesse stares blankly as the vandal attempts to gesture for him to take it.

Jesse slowly reaches his hand out to pinch the letter by a corner and makes a face as he finds that the letter is slightly damp.

JESSE

Uh, thanks? Was this in...your pa-

SNEAKY VANDAL

Yeah it was in my pants. I don't get paid enough for pockets, why do you think I'm doing this?

Vandal sighs and slouches down with a dejected expression. Jesse has a look of concern.

JESSE

Oh...sorry about this then? I don't-do you wanna talk about it?

As the vandal responds, Jesse reaches a hand out to pat his back in a comforting gesture.

SNEAKY VANDAL

As a kid, my family wasn't rich enough to afford pockets. I started working for this shady organization in order to earn enough to provide pockets for me and my family. It was never enough. Now I'm just stuck working here until I can pay back my children's pocket debts. Anyways, good work kid.

Vandal nods towards the letter in Jesse's hand

SNEAKY VANDAL (CONT'D)

Not sure what the boss wants with you but hopefully you'll be able to afford pockets after.

Jesse opens the envelope and starts reading aloud.

JESSE

Listen here kid. Right now you're just a pebble in my luxury wool lined leather loafers. Sure, you'd be a minor inconvenience right now. But if you go unchecked, you may become a sewer rat crawling up my slacks to chew up my pockets, and we just can't have that now can we? Luckily for you, I'm a reasonable man. You've got potential and I'd be a fool throw that away. I'm sure we can work out something that's...mutually beneficial. Meet me at the abandoned lot on the west side of town tomorrow. High noon.

Jesse considers the letter for a minute. He appears conflicted.

JESSE

(without accent)

I guess I really don't have a choice, do I?

SNEAKY VANDAL

I guess you could say he's got you-

JESSE

(wearily)

Please don't.

SNEAKY VANDAL

He's got you in his POCKET!

The Vandal bursts into laughter while Jesse sighs. Jesse glances at the letter with a nervous look on his face.

FADE TO:

11 EXT. ABANDONED LOT - THE NEXT DAY, HIGH NOON

11

In an open area, Jesse walks toward a figure with their back turned. Jesse is in his Yeehaw Apparel and his lasso is clenched tightly in his hand.

JESSE

Who are you? What do you want?

The figure chuckles menacingly and begins to turn around in a manner that is clearly intended to intimidate Jesse. He loses all composure when he actually sees Jesse. When Jesse sees his face, he understands why. Hughberticus McJamerson, his own father and the ringleader of the local crime syndicate, stands before him, looking just as surprised as he is. They point at each other in shock.

HUGHBERTICUS

Jesse? It's been you all this time?

Hughberticus shakes his head in an attempt to regain himself. He straightens his posture and continues.

HUGHBERTICUS

Of course this is why you've been slacking off at work. No doubt that my mother is to blame for this.

JESSE

Wait you knew? About the cowboy thing?

HUGHBERTICUS

Who do you think your grandmother tried to sway into being the next cowboy? That old fool always wanted to see the *legacy* continued.

JESSE

But why? Why turn down the Yeehaw? And why are you controlling the vandals?

Hughberticus laughs maniacally.

HUGHBERTICUS

The answer is obvious, my boy. It's about money.

Hughberticus pauses to clear his throat, an indication that he is about to launch into a villain monologue. Jesse picks up on this signal and sits criss-cross applesauce on the ground and looks up at his father like a seven year old awaiting a bedtime story.

HUGHBERTICUS (CONT'D)

It all started with the first time my mother took me to a farm. She wanted to show me the Yeehaw, no doubt. Wanted me to be a dirt loving country simpleton. And maybe I would have been. If it were not for that horse.

Hughberticus shakes his fist in anger at the sheer idea of a horse.

HUGHBERTICUS (CONT'D)

The moment that filthy beast looked me in the eyes, I knew it had no concept of money. I held up a twenty dollar bill, but it ignored the proffered wealth, instead gnawing at my pockets for carrots.

Jesse nods solemnly.

JESSE

And you don't mess with a man's pockets!

HUGHBERTICUS

Precisely. Jesse, you understand the importance of money. You shouldn't be limited by this scam your Grandmother called a tradition. It will never get you anywhere in life. Reject this silly magic, just as I did, and embrace its antithesis: Capitalism.

JESSE

But...why did you hire those vandals?

HUGHBERTICUS

No one wants to live in a neighborhood targeted by thieves and criminals. And that sort of land sells for cheap.

JESSE

But you're driving people out of their homes. How can you do that?

HUGHBERTICUS

Every occupation comes with a cost, boy. Those with the highest costs often come with the highest rewards.

Hughberticus extends his hand towards Jesse expectantly.

HUGHBERTICUS

Join me. We can earn so much money.

Jesse stands up and in somewhat of a trance, walks towards his father.

JESSE

So much money... I can use that to help people, can't I?

HUGHBERTICUS

Whatever your heart desires, my boy.

Jesse takes a deep breath.

JESSE

I can make something of my life.

Jesse reaches out to his father's hand, it seems that he is about to take it.

HUGHBERTICUS

That's right my boy. Leave behind your life of a working class peasant. You were made for more than that.

Jesse hesitates for a moment, as though his father's words have given him pause. In a flash of movement, he pulls out his lasso and whips it to his father's feet. Hughberticus leaps away, only to have the lasso wrap around his leg. Jesse pulls back on the lasso, and Hughberticus falls to his knees. Jesse tosses the lasso one last time, landing it around Hughberticus' arms and torso. He tightens it. Jesse now stands defiantly over his father.

JESSE

I will never join you. You will never keep me caged in an office. I am meant for more than that. I am more than what you want me to be. I rebuke Capitalism. I embrace...the Yeehaw.

12 INT. JESSE'S ROOM - DAY**12**

Jesse is sitting at his desk with a pen in hand and a piece of paper in front of him. Next to is a newspaper with the headline "CEO Has Been Found Guilty of Like So Many Crimes Dude." Jesse begins to write.

JESSE (V.O.)

Hey Gran. A lot's happened since I got your letter. Dad's in jail now. - well, maybe that's not a great place to start. God, where do I even begin? Well, uh, first of all, I got your harmonica.

12A EXT. ABANDONED LOT**12A**

As Jesse writes, the image of him fades out into a scene of him fighting criminals before getting on a horse and riding off into the sunset.