DEEZ NUTS

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INT. DEMITRIUS' HOUSE – MORNING

DEMITRIUS aka "D", a goofy early to mid 20s man is making a peanut butter and jelly sandwich. He is in a heated argument.

D

Tony, you ain't hearing me. I'm trying to tell you that that oily shit shouldn't be called peanut butter.

TONY, D's friend, roommate, and coworker is more invested in this argument than D is. He is mid to late 20s and a bit of a slob.

TONY

Shouldn't be called peanut butter?! It's realer peanut butter than that processed sugar paste we peddle to the masses!

D

When you go to grab a jar of peanut butter off the shelf, what do you look for? A [BRAND NAME] label, or two inches of oil sitting on top of the jar?

TONY

You're supposed to mix it up!

D

Oh well excuse me for not wanting to stir my goddamn peanut butter after I grab it out the cupboard.

TONY

You store it upside down and you mix it when you open it! It's not fuckin rocket science!

D

Or I just open the jar and spread it on my bread like a normal person.

TONY

Yeah and you’re gonna give yourself diabetes doing it, you know for a fact that shit is more sugar than peanut.

D

What’s with the anti-sugar shit today? Have you been talking to Dillon?

TONY

Hey, just because Dillon is a douche doesn’t mean there aren’t benefits to a low-carb diet.

Tony checks his phone.

TONY

Shit D we’re gonna be late!

D finishes packing up his lunch and quickly waters a potted plant. Tony and D run out of the house.

EXT. OUTSIDE DEMITRIUS’ HOUSE

Tony and D get into a car and drive off.

EXT. PEANUT BUTTER FACTORY

Wide shot of [BRAND NAME] peanut butter factory. We see D and Tony driving into the parking lot and rushing inside.

TITLE

INT. PEANUT BUTTER FACTORY

D and Tony run to the clock in machine and quickly punch in. They stop to catch their breath.

D

Holy shit that was close.

TONY

Never a day late to work!

TONY holds his hand up. D high-fives him.

BETTY [BRAND NAME], an early to mid 20s cute girl walks up to D.

BETTY

(Playfully) Hey D.

D

(Trying to regain his cool) Oh hey Betty, what's up?

BETTY

My dad wants to see you.

D

Mr. [BRAND NAME]? What does he want with me?

BETTY

Dunno, he just told me "when that Demitrius fella gets here send him up to my office, I'm fixin to parley with him."

D

Parley? What, are we enemies now? Are we high seas captains trying to come to an armistice or something?

BETTY

You know how he is. I'm sure it's nothing to worry about.

D

Well, I'll bring my flintlock pistol just in case.

BETTY

You're gonna shoot my dad?

D

Oh, no, I just meant, like, I was bringing it back to the captain thing and-

Betty laughs

BETTY

I'll see you around D.

Betty walks off.

D stares at her walking away. A jar of smooth peanut butter slowly moves next to his face.

TONY

Smooooooooth.

D

Man get outta here.

D pushes away the jar as Tony laughs.

TONY

Although that is a hell of a power move, threatening to shoot your crush's dad who's also the boss of the company you both work for? I know I'd be splooshing.

D

Splooshing? Really dude?

TONY

I'm just saying man, you show that kind of confidence and it is Splash Mountain down there.

D

Oh my god dude.

TONY

So what do you think Mr. [BRAND NAME] wants with you? It's certainly not related to your punctuality.

D

I know just about as much as you do man. Well wish me luck whatever it is.

D starts to walk to the office.

TONY

Don’t drink any suspicious mint juleps!

INT. MR. [BRAND NAME]’S OFFICE

D enters Mr. [BRAND NAME]’s office.

WAYLON [BRAND NAME], a late 50’s southern gentleman is sitting in a large office chair reading a newspaper that obscures his face.

D

You called for me sir?

Waylon pulls the newspaper away to reveal he’s smoking a comically long cigar.

WAYLON

Ah, Demitrius! Just the man I wanted to see! Have a seat son!

D sits down in front of the desk.

Waylon takes a long puff of his cigar then places it down on an ashtray.

WAYLON

How long you been working for me son?

D

Uh… about three years sir?

WAYLON

You like it here?

D

Yeah, it’s a good place to work. You pay us well, give us time off when we need it, never really had any issues.

WAYLON

You like peanut butter?

D

Excuse me?

WAYLON

You got the same passion for peanuts like I do?

D

Absolutely sir.

WAYLON

So, if that almond butter factory across town tried scooping you up, you wouldn't be getting any ideas of jumping ship now would you?

D

Absolutely not sir.

A pregnant pause. The two stare intently at each other.

WAYLON

Well that there's a load off my behind!

Waylon picks up his cigar.

D

Was… was that all you wanted to ask me sir?

WAYLON

Well normally I wouldn't be calling in every other tom, dick, and harry to set the record straight, but I already lost 4 employees to that blasted almond factory and I'm not intent on losing any more.

D

4 people? Really? Who?

WAYLON

Oh let's see, there was Matt, Liam, Tina, and… who was that last one? The one that was always eating pork rinds in the break room?

D

Dillon?

WAYLON

That’s the one! Frankly, he’s the only one I’m fine to be rid of.

D

How are you gonna manage?

WAYLON

Oh don’t you worry about that, you’ll barely notice anyone left. In fact I got a new hire coming in first thing tomorrow.

D

Glad to hear it sir.

WAYLON

Well I’m glad that you’re glad son! Good to see someone in the younger generation still cares about company loyalty! That doesn’t go unnoticed you know! I’ll let you get back to work now.

D

Thank you sir.

D gets up and leaves. Waylon gets back to his newspaper.

INT. FACTORY LINE

D joins Tony on the packaging floor, they’re putting jars of peanut butter into boxes.

TONY

So what did Doug Dimmadome want?

D

I guess that almond butter factory is starting to poach employees from here.

TONY

Really? From here? Why would anyone wanna leave?

D

Beats the heck outta me, but I know Dillon must have had a reason.

TONY

Dillon!? That son of a bitch! He’s supposed to cover for me in a few days!

D

Where are you going?

TONY

My dealer’s coming in from out of town.

D

I thought you didn’t smoke?

TONY

I don’t. Guy’s a chef who makes edibles on the side. He said he’s bringing a peanut brittle that sends you to another dimension!

D

Cool man, well Mr. [BRAND NAME] said he’s gonna be hiring some new people so I guess it’ll all work out.

TONY

You know what it sounds like to me?

D

What?

TONY

Sounds like a good time to tell Betty how you feel about her.

D

Dude, come on…

TONY

No, you come on! How long have we been friends? Since like freshman year? You've liked this girl the entire time I've known you! She's clearly into you, all you gotta do is go up to her and say-

Tony pulls D's cheeks out to make him pretend he's talking.

TONY

"Hi Betty, My name's D and I'm gonna show you the night of your life!"

TONY

And she's gonna be all like "ooh D give me a big wet sloppy kiss!"

Tony makes a big kissy face. D is unimpressed. He sighs.

D

Maybe you're right…

TONY

Damn right I'm right!

D

Maybe I will tell her!

TONY

There's the kid! That's what I'm talkin about!

D

Tomorrow.

Tony's face drops.

D

I want to look nice! I gotta be prepared! First thing tomorrow I'll go talk to her.

Tony gives D a doubting look.

D

C’mon, you know me. I promise!

TONY

Ohhh alright. But I’m gonna hold you to it!

SFX: GLASS SHATTERING

A jar of peanut butter has fallen off a very full conveyor belt. Tony and D give each other a look. Time to get back to work.

INT: DEMITRIUS’ HOUSE – BEDROOM

D is awoken by his alarm clock. He jumps out of bed and waters some nearby plants.

INT: DEMITRIUS’ HOUSE – BATHROOM

D is cleaning himself up to look nice for Betty. He shaves his face, showers, plucks hairs from his face, practices talking to Betty, and cautiously shaves his crotch area with a safety razor.

Tony bangs on the door.

TONY

You done jerking off in there?! I need to make a purchase!

D looks confused for a second.

INT: DEMITRIUS’ CAR

D

What the hell is “make a purchase?”

TONY

What?

D

Earlier you said you needed to “make a purchase” in the bathroom. What the hell

does that mean? It’s been bugging me all morning.

TONY

Oh that! In French, “purchase” translates to “achete”. Make a purchase, take achete!

D

I don’t speak French dude.

TONY

It’s take a shit! It was just a funny way of saying I had to take a shit! Anyway, you have better things to think about than what I call my bowel movements. I’m working in processing today so I won’t be seeing you till later but remember!

D

I know, I know. I didn’t get all cleaned up for nothing.

INT: PEANUT BUTTER FACTORY

Tony points at D intently, then walks away.

D psyches himself up.

D

Ok… ok. Just gotta find Betty and tell her how I feel. Just gotta walk right up to her and tell her-

D walks around a corner and bumps into VERONICA, a tall, buxom, attractive, muscular lady. She stands almost a good foot taller than him.

D

-how much I like… her…

VERONICA

Well now, you’re not too bad yourself! What’s your name?

D

D-d-d-

WAYLON

Demitrius!

Waylon walks up to the two of them.

WAYLON

I see you've met the new hire! This is Veronica. I'm putting you in charge of training her on packaging this week.

D

O-oh. Y-yes sir.

WAYLON

I'm sure you can handle her.

D

(Under his breath) I doubt it.

Waylon walks away.

VERONICA

So, Demitrius-

D

Y-you can just call me D…

VERONICA

Alrighty then D, what are we doing down here?

D

Uh… we mostly pack those boxes of peanut butter and move them over to the shipping area on that pallet over there-

VERONICA

You mean this one?

Veronica walks over to a pallet stacked high with boxes of peanut butter, bends down, and picks it up

over her head. She walks it over to a marked area of ground and places it on the floor. She dusts off her hands.

D

Mommy?

D slaps his hand over his mouth.

VERONICA

How was that?

D

Yeah, that was… that was good. I need to go uh… make a purchase. I'll be right back.

D runs off. Veronica smiles and raises an eyebrow.

INT: FACTORY BATHROOM

D splashes water on his face in the sink. Tony walks in.

TONY

Heyy! There's the kid! You talk to Betty yet?

D

No. and there may be a problem.

TONY

Problem? What problem? You lose your balls on the packing line or something?

D

Come see for yourself.

INT: PEANUT BUTTER FACTORY

D and Tony are walking into the packaging area

TONY

I can't believe this. What kinda weak ass excuse are you gonna-

Veronica is bench pressing a pallet of boxes.

TONY

Mommy?

Tony slaps his hand over his mouth.

VERONICA

Oh hey D! Friend of yours?

D

Yeah, this is Tony, my roommate. He also works here.

VERONICA

Well hopefully I'll get to see more of the both of you.

TONY

Would you excuse us a minute?

VERONICA

Need to make a purchase?

Tony pauses and smirks, then rushes D away into a nearby hall.

D

See what I mean?

TONY

Ok listen. Let's look at this logically. You still like Betty right?

D

Of course I do!

TONY

And you haven't given Linda Hamilton over there any wrong ideas right?

D

Well…

TONY

Oh no.

D

I might have said something to myself that she might have overheard that might have made her think I might be interested in her.

TONY

Madonna mia. Alright well the best thing to do is try and avoid her as much as possible until you can talk to Betty.

D

Mr. [BRAND NAME] put me in charge of training her.

TONY

AAAAAGH!

D

But you’re right! I just need to get to Betty first so I can get it all out in the open!

TONY

Well what are you standing around here for? Go find her!

D

What about Veronica?

TONY

Is that her name? Heh. That’s kinda funny, it’s like Betty and Veronica from Archie.

D

What??

TONY

Never mind, just go find Betty, I'll distract her.

D runs off.

INT: MR. [BRAND NAME]'S OFFICE

D bursts into the office. Waylon is writing on a document.

D

Excuse me sir?

WAYLON

How can I help you son?

D

You wouldn't happen to know where Betty's working today would you?

WAYLON

I'm afraid she's not in today. She was feeling a little under the weather this morning and I want her in tip top shape for tomorrow.

D

Tomorrow? What's happening tomorrow?

WAYLON

Well it's a bit of a mess if I'm being truthful. I finally booked an appointment at the almond butter factory to give their pretty boy boss LeChance a piece of my mind but then I remembered that tomorrow's the last day of the International Condiment Manufacturing Convention and I simply must make an appearance. I'm sending Betty over as an ambassador instead. I trust her to represent the company.

D

Can I go with her?

WAYLON

I appreciate the enthusiasm my boy but I need you here to train the new hire.

D

There's gotta be some way I can… uh… represent the company for you!

WAYLON

Hmm. Well, I suppose two mouths giving LeChance the business is better than one. Tell you what, if you can show me that Veronica has a handle on the job by the end of the day, I'll let you be my secondary ambassador.

D

I won't let you down sir.

D runs out of the office.

WAYLON

I got a good feeling about that boy.

INT: PEANUT BUTTER FACTORY

D runs on to the assembly line. Tony is laughing with Veronica. Tony turns and sees D.

TONY

Ay! There he is! One second, V.

Tony pulls D aside.

TONY

So what happened?

D

Long story short Betty's not here but if I can get Veronica trained by the end of the day I can see her tomorrow on a business trip to the almond butter factory. We gotta hurry and-

TONY

Hey, listen. Take a breath. You got nothing to worry about. I been talking to V over here and guess what? She told me she has a girlfriend.

D

Oh! Oh thank god!

TONY

You are off the hook my friend!

D

That makes this so much easier!

TONY

Just get her trained and you're in the clear.

D

Whew! You are a lifesaver.

TONY

Any time my man. Any time.

Tony and D walk back over to Veronica.

TONY

Well V, I gotta get back to my station. Nice meeting ya! I'll leave you in the capable hands of Mr. D here.

VERONICA

Seeya around Tony!

Tony leaves.

D

Well Veronica, are you ready for a crash course in peanut butter packaging?

VERONICA

There's a sentence I never thought I'd hear. Sure, show me what you got!

D

Well you see it’s like this…

D starts to show Veronica the basics. Tony watches on from a distance. He nods affirmatively and walks off.

INT: PEANUT BUTTER FACTORY

Waylon walks onto the packaging line where D and Veronica are finishing up.

D

And then I said “there’s no way you’re fitting a giraffe that big in a doorway that small”.

D and veronica laugh.

WAYLON

Well now, it seems like you two are getting along nicely!

VERONICA

Yeah, he really showed me the ropes!

WAYLON

Well everything’s packed up and nothing’s on fire so I’ll take that as a good sign. D, you’re my new co-ambassador. Veronica, you’ll be back here first thing tomorrow.

D and VERONICA

Yes sir!

Waylon walks away.

D looks pensive.

INT: ALMOND BUTTER FACTORY RECEPTION DESK

D and Betty walk up to the receptionist, TINA, an aloof valley girl type filing her comically long nails and chewing gum.

BETTY

So Tina, they got you working at the front desk?

TINA

Are you seriously talking to me right now? I'm literally about to take my lunch break.

D

We have an appointment with Mr. LeChance.

TINA

groans why does he make me actually work?

D

Just buzz us in and we'll be out of your… nails.

TINA

Don't tell me what to do. I will literally call the cops on you.

D and Betty look at each other confused. Tina types into a computer and a door buzzer sounds.

TINA

Last door on the right.

D

Thanks.

D and Betty start to walk away.

TINA

If you need me, don't.

INT: ALMOND BUTTER FACTORY CORRIDOR

D and Betty bump into DILLON, a chubby and unkempt fellow eating a beef stick. He wears an unrelenting sneer.

DILLON

Well well well, if it isn't captain dork. Come to work for the competition like the traitor you are?

D

Traitor? Competition? Dude, you're the one who left [BRAND NAME] to come work here.

DILLON

That's only because I couldn't stand to be around that contemptuous Mr. [BRAND NAME] and his antiquated southern mannerisms. If I had to spend one more day hearing about the history of his father's peanut plantation I was going to rip that moustache right of his face! Erm, no offense m'lady.

BETTY

Some taken.

DILLON

And regardless! I've long seen the light of the ketogenic diet, and I could not in good conscience continue to employ myself at any company that would deliberately sedate the masses with that saccharine tar it would purport to call "peanut butter". Here, look at our newest product formula!

Dillon pulls out a jar of almond butter. D takes a look at it.

D

It says there's 21 grams of sugar in this per serving.

DILLON

No no no, there's 21 grams of CARBS per serving. You see, you have to subtract the dietary fiber and-

D

Uh huh. Look, I can see we've activated your almonds so we'll just be going. C'mon Betty.

DILLON

That's right! Run away! You can run but you can't outrun your diet!

Dillon takes a big chomp of his beef stick.

INT: ALMOND BUTTER FACTORY INTERSTITIAL SPACE

D and Betty walk into a small empty room with a set of lockers on the side. A voice comes over an intercom.

LECHANCE (V.O)

Here from the [BRAND NAME] factory, are you? Well before I grace you with my presence, I will require you to absolve yourself of any legume-adjacent residue permeating your personage and garb. s il vous plaît, shed your habiliments and allow yourself to be deterged.

D

In English, please?

LECHANCE

Ugh, read the sign.

D glances over at a crude sign that reads "put all of your clothes in the locker and step under the sanitizer spray."

D gets a horrified look on his face. He turns to Betty to see her starting to take her shirt off.

D

W-whoa whoa wait, w-what are you doing?!

BETTY

What? This is the only way we're gonna get in. LeChance has like the hugest peanut

allergy in the world. If he even smells peanut, he’s liable to have a reaction.

D

But isn’t this a little… I dunno…

BETTY

D, come on. This is a business meeting. Don’t you want to show my dad that you know what you’re doing?

D

I… I guess so…

Betty finishes undressing and goes to put her clothes in the locker. D quickly undresses. As he walks over to the locker, Betty turns around and glances down at D’s crotch. She raises her eyebrows, impressed. D is too embarrassed to speak.

They both walk over to the doorway. A mist of sanitizer sprays them both. D sputters and spits while Betty allows it to cover her gracefully. The doors open.

INT: ALMOND BUTTER FACTORY LECHANCE’S OFFICE

We see a large, opulent office with various gaudy trophies and trinkets adorning the space. At the end of the hall sits LECHANCE, a lithe, foppish Frenchman with a pencil moustache and obviously fake hair in a very large and loud chair at his desk. He sits with his elbows on the table and his fingertips fanned out and touching each other.

D and Betty begin to walk towards him. We see behind the both of them, D is covering himself and Betty walks with a stride.

LECHANCE

Well well well, Waylon has sent his little girl to do his bidding for him. And who is this unimpressive specimen?

BETTY

This is D, and you best get to know him, because he’s gonna take you down.

LECHANCE

(Intrigued) Is he?

D

(Looking at Betty) Am I?

BETTY

We’re here to tell you that if you don’t stop stealing our employees, we’re gonna-

LECHANCE

Do what? You cannot do anything to me, con comme une valise sans poignée!

D

Oh yeah, how’s this for some French? Achete!

Betty looks at D with a shocked expression.

LECHANCE

Sacre bleu! You mean to purchase me?

D

Y-Yeah that’s right! What are you gonna do about it?

LeChance purses his lips. He reaches into his desk and pulls out a glove. He throws it on the floor in front of his desk.

LECHANCE

Bring this back to your owner like a good little lapdog and get out of here. Aller se faire cuire un œuf!

D picks up the glove and they both leave the office.

INT: ALMOND BUTTER FACTORY HALLWAY

D and Betty, now clothed, regroup in the hallway.

BETTY

D, do you have any idea what just happened in there?

D

We exposed ourselves in front of the world’s French-est man?

BETTY

No, D. LeChance just issued a challenge!

D

A what now?

BETTY

A challenge! That’s what the glove means! You threatened to buy him out so now he’s gonna declare a challenge for the factory!

D

What kind of challenge?

BETTY

That’s up to the parties involved. I’ll have to take this to dad and figure it out.

D

Was… was I not supposed to do that?

BETTY

It’s certainly not what I was expecting you to do, but I get the feeling it’s what dad would have wanted you to do.

D

So… meeting successful!

BETTY

It was really brave of you to stand up to LeChance like that D, but I'm not sure if we're ready for a challenge.

D

Nah, come on, we got this in the bag!

INT: DEMITRIUS' HOUSE

TONY

You did what?!?

Tony is up in D's face.

D

Yeah, so now she has to talk to Mr. [BRAND NAME] to see what happens next.

TONY

So lemme get this straight, you didn't confess to Betty, you us involved in some kinda weird French challenge, and you *didn't* kick Dillon's ass?

D

I'm just one man, Tony.

Tony paces around the house.

TONY

Alright, I'm done waiting for you to grow a pair. If you aren't gonna confess to Betty then I'm doing it for you.

D

Dude come on! Don't we have other things to worry about? Whatever this challenge thing is? The factory? Our *jobs*??

TONY

Never mind that, I'm not letting you turn into a weirdo loner who does nothing but water his plants all day.

D

Hey, leave my plants out of this!

TONY

You don’t even grow any food! What’s the point?!

D

I do grow food! And if you took more of an interest in my hobbies you would know that I’m growing my own strain of peanut!

TONY

You… you’re what?

INT: DEMETRIUS’ HOUSE: D’S PLANT ROOM

D and Tony stand in a room full of assorted potted plants.

D crouches near a peanut plant. His face lights up when he starts explaining his new strain. Tony walks around the room inspecting other plants while D explains.

D

So you’ve got the 4 basic types of peanut, right? Runner (the most common), Virginia (best eaten whole), Spanish (best for peanut butter), and Valencia (the fanciest and rarest). I managed to cross-breed a spanish peanut with a valencia peanut and then cross breed those with a carob since they’re both legumes and with any luck, it should create a peanut that’s not only perfect for peanut butter, but also has a chocolate flavor to it!

TONY

You’re telling me that instead of going on dates with Betty and having the time of your life, you were in here inventing a Reese’s peanut?

D

You don’t think she’ll be impressed?

TONY

I don’t think she’s gonna have the chance to be if the factory goes under.

D

So you’re gonna help me with the challenge?

TONY

D. Buddy. You’re my best friend. I’d walk off a cliff for you. We’re gonna take this challenge and kick it in the ass. But once we’re done, you gotta do what’s right. Capisce?

D

Yeah yeah I hear ya.

TONY

Besides, how hard can it be?

INT: PEANUT BUTTER FACTORY

Waylon addresses the staff of the entire factory

WAYLON

Ladies and gentlemen, this may be the hardest thing you’ll have to do in your lives.

Wide shot of all the employees looking at each other, worried.

WAYLON

As some of you might be aware already, the almond butter factory has issued “Défi à la noix” against us. For those of us who don’t speak frog, that translates to “the nut challenge”. It’s an old traditional gauntlet of peanut-based competitions that will test the mettle of every competitor involved. It’s against regulations for me to disclose the nature of these challenges, but I will tell you that it will require brains,

brawn, and good taste. I will need two volunteers for each challenge. If anyone wants to step up, now's the time to do so.

The crowd is silent for a moment.

WAYLON

Now I know this may seem like a frivolous extracurricular activity, but the truth of the matter is that all of our futures are on the line. Yours and mine. If LeChance and his almond goons take over the factory, you won't be able to get a decent jar of peanut butter in the entire tristate area ever again! Are we going to take that sitting down!?

CROWD

No sir!!

WAYLON

That's what I like to hear! Now, I'll be setting up a signup sheet outside the break room. Anyone who wants to volunteer, just write down your name to be considered. Let's show them that [BRAND NAME] spirit!

INT: PEANUT BUTTER FACTORY OUTSIDE BREAK ROOM

A small crowd of people have gathered around the signup sheets on the wall. There are three sheets, one for "brains", one for "brawn" and the last one for "good taste".

TONY

So we can sign up for any of these we want, right?

D

Seems like it. I'm signing up for brains.

TONY

Whoa Whoa Whoa, you're only signing up for one?

D

Well I sure as hell ain’t signing up for brawn.

TONY

Yeah that’s fair. But you should at least put yourself down for good taste!

D

Only if you do too.

TONY

Deal!

D writes down his name on the “brains” sheet, Tony writes down his name on the “brawn” sheet, and they both write their names on the “good taste” sheet. The sheets are full of names. D and tony exchange a firm handshake.

INT: TRIVIA ROOM

Waylon stands on a stage with two tables with two chairs and a buzzer each. The audience is a crowd of employees of both factories.

WAYLON

The first challenge is that of a score-based trivia contest. Knowledge of nut-centric information is crucial to maintaining your standing in this industry. We have chosen two competitors from each factory to participate. On team peanut, we have Pat and Demitrius. On team almond, we have Matt and Dillon. Everyone take your places and we’ll begin.

TONY

You’ve got this shit in the bag, D. your plant obsession is finally gonna pay off!

D

I dunno, Pat tends to be really loud and confident but consistently wrong about stuff.

TONY

Just try and get to the buzzer faster than him.

PAT, a short redheaded man, sits beside D.

PAT

You know, the only reason I even work at [BRAND NAME] is because peanut products are generally superior to almond products. Almonds on their own and placed into foods taste way better on average. On the other hand, almonds take like a million gallons of water to grow so fuck it.

MATT, a man wearing a beanie, makes faces at the two.

WAYLON

Officiator, you may begin.

OFFICIATOR, a bespectacled man, begins reading the questions.

OFFICIATOR

Question 1. Peanuts are neither peas nor nuts. What are peanuts classified as?

D hits the buzzer.

D

Legumes!

OFFICIATOR

That is correct. 1 point for team peanut.

TONY

WOO! GO D!

OFFICIATOR

Question 2. Where are almonds native to?

Pat hits the buzzer.

PAT

Canada.

OFFICATOR

I’m sorry, that’s incorrect. Team almond?

DILLON

The middle east.

OFFICIATOR

That is correct, 1 point for team almond.

D

What the fuck dude? Why did you say Canada?

PAT

They’ve got like maple syrup and shit, it’s all the same plant, who cares?

D

That’s not even-

OFFICIATOR

Question 3. How tall does the average peanut plant grow?

D

I know this! It’s 1 foot. Wait, isn’t it 2? It’s somewhere in between that, isn’t it? Does he want the answer in feet or centimeters? Are we allowed to ask-

Pat hits the buzzer.

PAT

18 inches.

OFFICIATOR

That is correct. 1 point for team peanut.

D

I didn’t know you knew that.

PAT

I didn't. You were just mumbling to yourself and nobody was pressing the button so I just took the average of what you said.

D stares at pat, dumbfounded.

PAT

If you’re not gonna give an answer I won’t hesitate to just copy yours. I don’t give a fuck dude.

D

O…k…, well just make sure we’re on the same page, alright?

PAT

Whatever.

Short montage. The officiator distributes points among both teams, D, Pat, Dillon, and Matt all give answers to nonspecific almond/peanut based questions. Some of Pat’s answers are ridiculously out of place.

OFFICIATOR

Alright, scores are tied up so we move on to the tiebreaker question. What is the difference in net carbs between one ounce of peanuts and almonds?

D gives a sharp look to Dillon. Dillon returns the sharp look, a wide grin and almost a twinkle in his eye. They both move to hit their respective buzzers as fast as possible. A slow motion shot builds tension as to who hits their buzzer first. It ends up being Dillon.

DILLON

Almonds have 6 grams of carbs and 3 grams of dietary fiber, resulting in 3 net carbs, and peanuts have 4.6 grams of carbs and 2.4 grams of dietary fiber, resulting in 2.2 grams of net carbs. The difference between the two being 0.8 grams of net carbs.

OFFICIATOR

That is correct! Team almond wins this challenge.

A loud groan from half the audience, light cheers from the other. Tony meets D in the audience.

TONY

Hey D, don’t worry about it. I know you could have won that if Pat wasn’t slipping you up!

D

Yeah that guy was really being a nuisance.

PAT

I’m standing right here!

TONY

Oh fuck off Pat.

Pat shrugs and walks off.

WAYLON

The next challenge will take place tomorrow at the fairgrounds. I suggest you take tonight to relax and rest up.

TONY

Way ahead of you Waylon!

D

You signed up for brawn, right? You gonna be ok for tomorrow?

TONY

I'll be good, I've just gotta finish my meeting with Eddie later.

D

Eddie?

TONY

Oh yeah. Eddie Bull!

INT: DEMITRIUS' HOUSE – AFTERNOON

Tony opens the door to greet his dealer, GREGG, a grizzled old chef wearing an eyepatch and carrying a small dog. Tony is initially excited to meet him but the eyepatch gives him pause.

TONY

Heeyyyyy…… Gregg?

GREGG

Yeah. What?

TONY

You uh… didn't have that eyepatch the last time we met, right?

GREGG

You're right, I didn't. and you'd better be damn grateful.

Gregg enters the house.

TONY

Me? What did I do?

GREGG

You didn't do anything. I was making your batch of cannabutter brittle when my dog knocked a bottle of potassium chlorate into a pot of molten sugar.

Tony reacts.

GREGG (cont)

The whole pot exploded right in front of me. Luckily I avoided most of it, but I got a direct hit in my eye here. Thinkin I might rebrand myself to captain cannabis.

TONY

That'd be a good gimmick!

GREGG

Thought you might like that. Anyway I'm getting rid of this dog, gonna trade him in for a parrot. You want him? No charge.

TONY

Uhhhhhh sure why not?

GREGG

Alright, here's the dog and the stuff.

Gregg hands Tony the small dog and a bag of peanut brittle. Tony plays with the dog.

GREGG (cont)

Now be warned, that's one of the strongest batches I've ever made. Just one piece'll send you to another dimension. I know you like to scarf down the edibles since I've made them weaker in the past but-

TONY

Uh huh, sure dude. Money's on the kitchen counter. Who's a good boy?

Tony continues playing with the dog, not listening to Gregg. Gregg gives a look as if to say "your funeral" and walks into the kitchen.

INT: DEMITRIUS' HOUSE - EVENING

The dog is laying down, asleep. Tony has the container of brittle and is chowing down on it while playing a video game.

TONY

These edibles ain’t shit and neither are these scrubs. It’s called a dodge roll you fuckin nerds!

Suddenly, something is wrong. Sprunkel by Chris Nordgren starts playing. Tony is transported to a spacelike dimension where he floats around observing various peanut-based hallucinations. Eventually he encounters the PEANUT GOD.

PEANUT GOD

Hello my child.

TONY

Who are you?

PEANUT GOD

I am the peanut god. Tell me your troubles.

TONY

Uhhh… I guess there’s this weird competition going on at my workplace. And my best friend is having trouble with his love life. And I have to learn how to take care of a dog now.

PEANUT GOD

Animals are very in tune with nature. Allow yourself to connect with them and you will find peace.

TONY

And what about my friend?

PEANUT GOD

Love and success are achieved through confidence and assuredness. When he’s sure of himself, he will be on the right path.

TONY

And what about the competition? I think it’s called the “Défi à la noix”.

PEANUT GOD

Ah yes, I can see the traditions are still alive. Well as far as that goes I have one piece of information that will surely win you the competition.

TONY

What is it?

PEANUT GOD

Deez nuts! Haha! Gottem!

Peanut god disappears into space. Tony is left floating in space.

TONY

I hope I come down from this soon.

EXT: CAMPGROUNDS - MORNING

A large pool/ring is set up in the middle of a large field.

Tony looks haggard. He pops an asprin.

D

You doin alright man?

TONY

I feel like I lived a thousand nutty lifetimes last night. I’m gonna need a minute to get back to normal.

Tony pops another asprin.

LECHANCE

For our next challenge, we have “lutte au beurre de cacahuète” or as you unsophisticated Americans call it, “peanut butter wrestling”.

D

This is supposed to be traditional?

Tony shrugs.

LeChance moves far away from the ring. The ring starts getting filled with peanut butter.

WAYLON

Our first competitors will be Tony and Reggie!

TONY

Aww shit.

D

You got this Tony, Reggie’s a total poser. You can beat him with your eyes closed.

TONY

I can still feel the peanuts flowing through my veins, man.

D

Use it! Now get in there!

REGGIE, a black man, stands on the other side of the ring. Tony has trouble standing up. He stumbles a bit, then his vision blurs as Reggie morphs into George Washington Carver.

TONY

George Washington Carver?

Reggie knocks tony to the floor. He’s out. Reggie turns around and showboats to the crowd.

D

Tony! You all right?

TONY

I saw... I saw... George Washington Carver...

D

What? Why? He didn’t invent peanut butter.

TONY

He didn’t?

D

No, man. It was John Harvey Kellogg. That was one of the trivia questions yesterday!

TONY

Then why...?

WAYLON

Our stand-in fighter will be... Veronica!

Veronica jumps into the ring. Reggie turns around and is stunned.

REGGIE

Mommy?

Veronica’s hand slaps over his mouth and Reggie is suplexed into the floor. He’s out.

LECHANCE

Our substitute will be... Tina[OR OTHER].

TONY

I may have lost, but if we’ve got Veronica on our team it’s a shoe-in.

D

I dunno man. I hear Tina[OR OTHER] learned how to mud wrestle on her vacation to India. That’s where they invented it.

Veronica and Tina[OR OTHER] enter the ring.

TINA[OR OTHER]

Nice jawline. Get it from your dad?

VERONICA

Nice tits. Get them from your surgeon?

Tina[OR OTHER] seethes.

The match begins. The girls wrestle for multiple rounds. The crowd cheers them on. LeChance watches from afar with binoculars. Eventually, Veronica wins.

Veronica exits the ring and the dog comes up to her and starts licking her leg.

TONY

Fluffernutter, what are you doing here?

D

Fluffernutter?

TONY

Well I had to name him something, right?

Betty walks up to D.

BETTY

Hey D!

D

Oh! Hey Betty!

BETTY

What a show, huh?

D

Oh, uh yeah. Great show!

Tony stares at D disapprovingly then pops another asprin and goes over to Veronica.

D (cont)

So what’s up?

BETTY

I just came by to tell you in person that we're gonna be the two contestants for the challenge tomorrow.

D

Wait, am I supposed to know that? And didn't I already compete in the brains challenge?

BETTY

No rule against it, I just can't tell you what the challenge is.

D

I guess that makes sense.

BETTY

My dad has a lot of faith in you D, he thinks you can pull through for us in the last challenge.

D

Oh really? Great…

BETTY

Yep, it'll be at [RESTAURANT NAME].

D

Oh wow, that's like right down the street from my house.

BETTY

Oh really? Well then when we win how about you host the afterparty?

D

Uh…

D looks over at Tony, holding up Fluffernutter to Veronica's face as it gets licked. Tony looks over at D and gives an affirmative look.

D (cont)

Yeah sure that sounds like fun!

BETTY

Alright then! Better get yourself some good taste for tomorrow.

D

Yeah, absolutely!

Betty walks away smiling. D stares on after her.

INT: [RESTAURANT NAME] – MORNING

The restaurant has many workers seated, with one table seating the Officiator[OR CELEBRITY GUEST].

WAYLON

The final challenge! Ever since the early 1900's, the peanut butter and jelly sandwich has been a staple of American cuisine. Your task today, is to prepare one for our judge. You must use the ingredients bread, jelly, and peanut butter, and the final dish must resemble a sandwich. Teams, begin!

D and Betty make a mad scramble around the kitchen, collecting ingredients and looking inside cookbooks for ideas. D starts to panic.

D

I can't think of anything! I've made PBJs my whole life but I've never had to impress anyone with it before!

BETTY

Just calm down D, I'm sure we can figure something out.

D

I ca- I can't I… I need to step outside.

D runs out of the kitchen. He bumps into Tony.

TONY

Hey hey D what’s going on? You feelin alright?

D

I can’t do it Tony. I can’t figure this out. God, please, I just wanna go home.

Tony contemplates.

TONY

Wait… god… home… D’S NUTS! D, I have an idea!

D looks hopeful.

INT: [RESTAURANT NAME] – AFTERNOON

Waylon looks at a watch.

WAYLON

And… Time! Teams, present your sandwiches.

Almond team, consisting of LIAM, a long-haired man and YVONNE, a European woman, present their dish.

LIAM

We would like to present a modern gastronomic take on the PBJ.

YVONNE

This is a deconstructed and reconstructed version of the classic, a french terrine!

LIAM

A layer of peanut mousse and a layer of strawberry pectin lovingly cradled between two chemically altered bread pudding slivers.

YVONNE

This is truly the apex of fine dining and the final evolution of American cuisine!

The judge looks at it quizzically.

JUDGE

How… do I eat it?

LIAM

Oh, just take a bit with your fork.

The judge reluctantly takes his fork and cuts out a bite of it. He eats it.

JUDGE

I must admit, this is quite exquisite.

Almond team and half of the audience gets excited.

JUDGE (cont)

Let’s see the other team’s dish.

Peanut team, brimming with confidence, presents their dish.

D

This… is a PBJ sandwich.

JUDGE

That’s it?

BETTY

That’s it.

The judge picks it up and takes a bite out of it. His eyes widen.

JUDGE

This is delicious!

The whole restaurant, save team peanut, is shocked.

JUDGE (cont)

I’ve never tasted anything like this! Such complex flavors in the peanut butter! Wait a minute… do I taste chocolate? You can’t put chocolate in a PBJ!

TONY

That’s ok, he didn’t. what you’re tasting right there my friend is a new type of peanut butter from an entirely new strain of peanut.

D

It’s cross-bred with a carob. Gives it a bit of a chocolatey taste.

JUDGE

You’re telling me you hand-made the peanut butter? From scratch?

BETTY

We hand-made everything. Even the bread it was served on. The secret ingredient is love and care.

JUDGE

Well I’ve made my decision! Any sandwich you can’t eat with your own hands is no sandwich to me anyway! Peanut team wins!

Whoops and hollers and cheers permeate the restaurant.

WAYLON

How about that LeChance! Looks like peanuts are back on the menu! Anyone who worked for him can come back and work for me no questions asked!

LeChance seethes in the far corner. Everyone cheers.

TONY

Everyone! Afterparty at D’s place! Follow me!

Everyone begins to leave.

Liam and Yvonne, dejected, toss their PBJ terrine behind them. It lands on LeChance, causing him to begin to have an allergic reaction. He pulls out an epi-pen but drops it. He crawls on the floor to get it but ends up looking up Tina's skirt.

TINA

Ugh! What is your problem, creep!

Tina spits on him. LeChance quickly grabs his pen and fixes himself. He lays on the floor crying pathetically.

INT: DEMITRIUS' HOUSE – NIGHT

Everyone is partying hard. Even Waylon is there having fun. D sits on the couch, cradling a solo cup. Tony sits down next to him.

TONY

Eyy! There he is! The man of the hour! What are you doing sulking around on the couch? You should be dancing or something!

D

Yeah, I know. Everything worked out in the end there but I still can't tell Betty how I feel.

TONY

Why the hell not?

D

Look around, Tony! How am I supposed to get some time alone with her when there's a million people here and I can barely hear myself think? And how would I know what to do? I've never even…

TONY

You really just look for every excuse, don't you? Alright I'm done messing around.

Tony gets up.

D

What are you doing?

Tony grabs D by the arm and pulls him into the plant room.

INT: DEMETRIUS' HOUSE: D'S PLANT ROOM

Tony shoves D into the room.

TONY

You stay right in here and wait 5 minutes. We're gonna get this whole thing sorted out.

Tony slams the door.

D wanders around for a few seconds. Suddenly the door opens again. It's Veronica. She's acting seductive.

D

D-uh… wh-wha-

VERONICA

Enough talk.

Veronica pins D against the wall.

VERONICA

Ever since I first saw you in that factory I wanted to ride you like a carousel. You're the first man to take an interest in me in a long time.

D

I-I thought you had a-

Veronica tears all of D's clothes off in one motion. She looks down.

VERONICA

Big man!

D

How did you do that?

Veronica throws D to the ground and begins to get on top of him. Suddenly the door opens. It’s Tony and Betty. They stare at the scene unfolding. D looks up and sees them.

D

Betty!

Betty marches off.

D somehow manages to push Veronica off him.

D

Betty wait!

D runs through the house almost completely naked. Every single person in the house watches him run outside to catch Betty.

D makes it outside. He’s out of breath and standing in the middle of the yard wearing nothing but his shoes. A crowd of people stares at the scene outside.

D

Betty! Betty please…

BETTY

What is it D? What could you possibly have to say to me?

D

I swear on my life, that wasn’t what it looked like.

BETTY

You mean you aren’t handing it out to every girl who wants it?

D

I… what?

BETTY

Ever since I saw that sausage of yours I figured you were just some slut who whores himself out! I wanted you for myself!

D

Whoa whoa whoa wait a minute-

BETTY

Is that big slab of a woman your next conquest?

D

First of all, she came on to me.

BETTY

And you didn’t push her away?

D

Have you seen her? I’m surprised I got out from under her at all.

BETTY

Hmph!

D

Betty, listen. It’s not like that. First of all, I’m not like that. In fact, I’m… I’m a virgin.

BETTY

What??

CROWD OF PEOPLE

What??

FLUFFERNUTTER

Arf!

D

I just never got around to it, y’know? And to be honest, I was kinda saving myself for you.

Betty softens a little bit.

D (cont)

You were always the prettiest girl who was ever nice to me. I've liked you ever since grade school, and now… standing here in front of all these people, I want to tell you. I love you, Betty [BRAND NAME].

BETTY

Oh D…

WAYLON

It's bringin a tear to my eye!

D and Betty embrace. The house cheers.

BETTY

Uh, don't mean to ruin the moment, but it's kinda poking me.

D

Sorry! Sorry! Let me go find some pants.

Tony and Veronica fist bump each other. Mission accomplished.

INT: FACTORY LINE

D walks in, a spring in his step.

TONY

There he is! Big D!

D

Come on Tony, would you stop calling me that? The new hires keep giggling.

Two new packer girls giggle.

TONY

Hey man, how was I supposed to know you were fuckin packing?

D

Well, everyone in town probably knows by now.

TONY

It’s nothing to be ashamed of! Tons of girls are way into that.

D

Yeah, but how will I know if Betty is?

TONY

I’m sure you’ll have the rest of your lives to figure it out.

Tony pinches D’s cheek.

Veronica walks in.

TONY

Hey V!

VERONICA

Hey Tony! Hey D…

D

Hey…

VERONICA

I don’t think I ever apologized for the party. Can you ever forgive me?

D

I mean I guess it all worked out so fine, I forgive you. One question though, I thought you had a girlfriend?

VERONICA

I do. We’re non-exclusive.

TONY

Plays for both teams bro!

A wave of realization washes over D.

D

Oh… oh wow…

VERONICA

In fact, here she is!

In walks NATALIA, a woman almost as buff and tall as VERONICA, carrying a lunch bag.

NATALIA

You forgot your lunch at home babe!

VERONICA

I was hoping to have my lunch at work.

NATALIA

You'll have to wait until we get home, tiger. I'm not that kinky yet. On that note, Tony, we still on for this weekend?

TONY

You bet!

NATALIA

I was kinda hoping to find out about the big D but…

TONY

Ah ah ah! That D is only for Betty! Rest assured; I can provide the both of you a passing grade myself.

NATALIA

Mmmmmm we'll see. Bye honey.

VERONICA

See you at home!

Natalia walks out. Betty walks in.

BETTY

Hey D!

D

Hi Betty!

They kiss.

BETTY

My dad wants to see you.

D

Well I guess he’s gonna be my dad too so…

BETTY

(laughing)You gonna ask for his blessing while you’re up there?

D

You know, I just might! I mean he’s already seen everything I have to offer.

BETTY

Just go see what he wants, you big dork.

D

Yes m’am.

D leaves.

TONY

I knew that kid was gonna turn out alright. Hey! That nozzle ain’t toy! Cazzo la miseria…

INT: MR. [BRAND NAME]’S OFFICE

Waylon, smoking yet another comically long cigar with his feet on the desk, welcomes in D.

WAYLON

Demitrius! Have a seat son! Here, take one of my [CIGAR NAME]s.

D takes one of the cigars and awkwardly puts it in his mouth, unlit.

D

You wanted to shee me shir?

WAYLON

I certainly did! Your little stunt drove LeChance all the way out of town and made us the premier nut butter provider in the tri-state area! If there's ever anything you need, don't hesitate to ask.

D

There'sh ackshully- (spits out cigar) there's actually something I wanted to ask you sir.

WAYLON

I think I already got an idea, son. She's all yours!

D

You really mean it?

WAYLON

Yyyep! The factory's all yours! You're in charge now!

D

Wh…wha?

WAYLON

Well y'see I was wandering around the ICMC looking at the newest models of oil extractors when I realized, I'm too old for this! I should be retired! Out there seeing the sights! Having fun! And you've proven yourself quite capable of handling things around here, so I figure why not put you in charge? Maybe you can start working on that fancy new chocolate peanut butter formula for distribution? You'll make more money than I ever did!

D

That's very kind of you sir, and I'd be honored to accept, but there's something else I wanted to ask you.

WAYLON

Sure, go ahead!

D

I was hoping to get your blessing. I want to marry Betty.

WAYLON

Sheeewt! I was wondering how long it was gonna take you to ask! I figured you were gonna do it at the party! You have my blessing. Welcome to the family, son!

The two share a firm handshake. Waylon pulls him in.

WAYLON

Just be gentle with her, will ya? I don’t think she’s built for that thing.

D

(blushing) Yes sir.

END

Credits: photos of D taking over the factory, getting married, rolling out his new formula, photo of Tony sleeping in a bed with Natalia and Veronica, various blooper clips.