

FOOTWORK

"Pilot"

by
Jim Search

Inspired by true events

49 Crown Street Apt.24D
Brooklyn, NY 11225
216-513-7985
Jamessearch67@gmail.com

COLD OPEN:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY- DAY

We see a bright spring morning in Manhattan. The skyline is in view. Instrumental of Gang Starr's "Work" is playing. The camera sweeps and then pulls in on the top floor of a skyscraper.

INT. BOARD ROOM

The room is filled with young corporate go-getters seated around a meeting table. At the helm of a table is ANDREW (white, early-30's, bro-ey). He's dressed impeccably. A step above everyone else.

ANDREW

It's good to see you young studs
and babes aren't too hungover. It's
time to make some money.

Entire table murmurs with excitement.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

We are in the business of finding
people jobs. Those jobs are
special. Because they are in fi-
nance. They make boat loads of
cash. So then we make boat loads of
cash.

MARTIN (mid-20's, black, idealist) shifts in his seat. He's not quite on board wit this.

MARTIN (TO SELF)

So I guess we are bottom feeders?

ANDREW

We landed a fucking whale of an
account last night. A deal that
stands to have every one of you
paying off those high priced
student loans. Or burning it up in
Bora Bora. Just pack some
penicillin. That shit can sting.

Cuts to AL (late 20's, smarmy asshole) with a light smile on his face.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Al-Dog knows what I'm talkin about.
So, anyone know who Rodney Stevens
is?

MARTIN

The CEO who's been in the paper for being a bit "handsy" on the job?

ANDREW

We aren't in the business of judgment young buck. Rodney's firm is in the middle of a massive restructuring. We've been tapped to staff the whole crew!

The room energy picks up. Andrew grabs dry erase marker and takes to the board. He starts doing some calculations.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

So 50 staff members at \$100K a year and 15% percent commission...

Andrew does the math. Writes "You fucks are paid!"

ANDREW (CONT'D)

After it's all said and done you're each taking home \$50K! That's why we are here!

MARTIN

This all sounds well and good but...he's got a slew of women who have filed harassment claims. This money feels dirty.

ANDREW

Marty...buddy. I understand you're all "heal the world." But do you think Sallie Mae is going to give a fuck when you hand her 50 large?

MARTIN

I'm not sure how the company identifies.

Stifled laughter from the room.

ANDREW

Look...I know you're new here and I can tell that because you're swimming in that suit. So I suggest you pipe the fuck down and enjoy havin a few commas in the bank.

MARTIN

He's a piece of shit! And that money has a lot of pain and silenced voices behind it!

Camera pulls in on just outside boardroom. Janitor is sweeping outside and hears Martin's voice raised. Janitor sweeps faster away from the door.

ANDREW

Well well...it looks like we have a revolutionary on our hands. You got a lot of heart which is cute.

MARTIN

It's not cute, it's having principles.

ANDREW

Ok, cute principles. Well guess what Martin? Here's what you get to do now...

Al starts to smirk.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

You get to go home and explain to your girlfriend that I, Andrew Green fired your ass. Then, you can have another conversation about how you don't feel like fucking her because your soft hearted ass needs to get up tomorrow to find another job!

MARTIN

But I-

ANDREW

NOW GET THE FUCK OUT OF HERE!

END OF COLD OPEN.

ACT ONE

INT. OFFICE

The space is an open air office set up. Recruiters are humming with activity. It has a boiler room energy. Martin is in the middle of clearing out his desk.

MARTIN

Andrew is a soulless fuck. He's about to re-staff a group of monsters under Rodney and doesn't have one qualm about it.

Martin holds up a paperweight he got from college graduation. He weighs it in his hand.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

He has zero integrity. It's clear that he can be bought with a dollar. Whatever happen to standards?!

OFFICE MATE

Oh. (gives minimal eye contact)

MARTIN

It's like I'm the last person in this city who cares about another person.

OFFICE MATE

Hm.

MARTIN

I appreciate the feedback. (then)
Now I gotta start a gofundme to pay the vet bill for Braxton. I can't wait to have that conversation with-

Faint hissing sound.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Is there a draft in here?

AL

Oh hey buddy!

MARTIN

Buddy? You've been hangin out with Andrew I see.

AL

Yeah...it's nice to actually have a boss who respects me. It's also nice to not have to wait on a bread line.

MARTIN

Don't you have boots to lick or somethin'?

AL

Clever! Look at the wit on Marty. You're probably gonna need it for your next job. You'll have to connect with all the demographically challenged kids you're gonna go work with. Making arts n' crafts and shit like that.

Al spots picture of Martin, his girlfriend and dog on desk.

AL (CONT'D)

Hey buddy...don't forget your family portrait. You'll probably need it for "inspiration." Or whatever you need to tell yourself.

MARTIN

I hope your Uber is late and your Seamless gives you food poisoning.

Martin gathers the last of his belongings and makes a bee line for the elevator. He doesn't turn around, that's how every black person dies in a horror movie. He can't get out of there fast enough.

INT. ELEVATOR

Martin is in the elevator. He unfastens his tie a bit. A wave of emotion is flowing through him. Relief, panic, joy, fear. It's all hitting him at once.

MARTIN (TO SELF)

Shit. What the hell am I doing? I've been fired before, but not like as an adult. This sucks. I have no idea what my next step is. Should I have done a 5th year in college? Those were definitely better days. Maybe I should hitchhike? Man, I'd probably get halfway through PA before the "Deliverance" banjos would play.

(MORE)

MARTIN (TO SELF) (CONT'D)

I'm not sure if that's a fart or desperation. Either way...I need more veggies.

Camera pushes in on older woman in elevator with blank expression. She's been in the elevator for Martin's monologue.

OLDER WOMAN

Sweetie, I'm not sure what the last hour of your life has been like. But one thing I can tell you is that it's a mixture of fart and fear. Veggies ain't gonna help.

MARTIN

Oh! I didn't see you were-

OLDER WOMAN

It's...ok...better days sweetie. Better days.

Phone buzzes in Martin's pocket.

MARTIN

Ah, excuse me for just one moment. (Checks phone) Fuck! \$150?! I definitely can't get Tiff this for the dog. Not with being in the red right now.

FLASHBACK.

INT- MARTIN'S APARTMENT

Martin and TIFFANY (mid 20's, teacher, loves dogs...a lot) are sitting on a couch in a cozy apartment. Martin is dressed in a Wu-Tang t-shirt and cargo shorts, Tiffany is in a tank top and shorts. Braxton, their pet beagle sits between them. He's just happy to be there.

TIFFANY

So babe...we need to talk.

MARTIN

If it's about last night, I was a little buzzed. It happens to a lot of guys.

TIFFANY

Well, that's another conversation. But we need to talk about Braxton.

MARTIN

Ok? What's up?

TIFFANY

I can't keep paying the vet bill. He's our responsibility. His ham sandwich smelling farts effect all of us.

MARTIN

Wait a minute, when this dog came into our lives you said "I got this." Which I thought meant you were financially going to hold 'em down.

TIFFANY

Ok, you can't hold everything I say against me. That's not fair.

MARTIN

I'm not! It's the agreement you made.

TIFFANY

Why are you mad at me?!

MARTIN

I'm not mad at all! I have the feeling this conversation is going to go left.

TIFFANY

It won't if you just contribute to OUR responsibility.

MARTIN

That's the whole point it's not my-

TIFFANY

You know what? Nevermind. I'll handle it. It doesn't matter.

Tiffany stands up, takes one step to her right. She's now in the kitchen. She takes a seat at the kitchen table. Their apartment is so small this how they "get distance" after an argument.

INT. LOBBY

Martin steps off elevator. The lobby has a few ferns dotted throughout. Expensive art adorns the walls. It's the symbols of capitalism.

Former colleagues mill about, talking about money and bullshit. A SECURITY GUARD (black, 60's, "somebody's daddy") surveys his post.

SECURITY GUARD

Hey youngblood! It's 10:30 AM! You callin it an early day?

MARTIN

I'm callin it somethin...

SECURITY GUARD

I respect that, since you headin out. Can you do me a solid?

MARTIN

Yeah, I don't know if I-

SECURITY GUARD

Can you grab me a pack of smokes? I can't leave the post right now.
(Hands Martin \$15)

MARTIN

Look I don't know if I can really do that because I'm not comin ba-

SECURITY GUARD

I really appreciate you helping me out with this. We gotta look out for each other ya know?

MARTIN

That's the thing, I want to help you with this but I-

SECURITY GUARD

Ya know, it's good brothers like you that really keep me goin. I was once young like you.

Martin stuffs the money in his pocket. It's clear he can't explain that he's fired and never coming back.

MARTIN

I appreciate your kind and thoughtful words. I'll be back.

SECURITY GUARD

God bless you sir! You are the dream Martin Luther King spoke of.

MARTIN

Well, that's my first name!

EXT. OUTSIDE OF OFFICE

The streets are at full tilt. Cars are whirring by, bikes are cutting through traffic and people are hustling to where they need to go. Martin holds his box at his side, standing in front of his former life as a corporate man.

Martin is in camera view, off camera we hear "Yo Martin! You don't smoke. What you doin outside?" The voice belongs to VIC (late-20's Puerto Rican man, has one foot in corporate world and one out). Vic enters frame smoking a cigarette.

MARTIN

I don't, but boy did the security guard damn near force me to buy him some.

VIC

Ha, yeah yo...he loves havin a conversation with you in it and out of it at the same time. He a talented dude. (then) By the looks of that box this is a long ass break you on?

MARTIN

Sure is, I just got canned.

VIC

Word? Why you do that? You wanted to pursue your dreams as a rapper? MC Paper Weight?

MARTIN

Very funny. Not quite how it went down. We are about to rep Rodney Stevens.

VIC

Oh...that dude! He stay livin boundary free. Let me guess...you felt some sort of way about it?

MARTIN

I sure did! He's a horrible man! It's messed up we are about to fill his company with either clones of him or women that will have to endure his harassment.

VIC

I feel you...yeah it's kinda messed up.

(MORE)

VIC (CONT'D)

But I got bills to pay and shit. I ain't as "I Have A Dream-y" like you fam.

MARTIN

Well, it looks like my dream has turned into waitin on the bread line. I'm about to be next level screwed.

VIC

You got principles though...I respect it. I got three of 'em...maybe four.

Vic puts out his cigarette.

VIC (CONT'D)

Which is why I'm tryin to help a young buck like yourself get right.

Martin has quizzical look on his face.

MARTIN

Young buck? Vic, you're 29 years old. I'm 25. A high school career is between us. Are you like my Yoda now? "Help is what one must do." (Yoda voice)

VIC

Well, this Yoda ain't gotta worry about the commas in his bank account? How about you?

MARTIN

Touche. So what's the help you've got for me?

Camera pushes in on Vic's face. Spy like music plays.

VIC

You ready to risk your freedom, my guy?

MARTIN

Huh? No! You know how quick they are to lock up people who look like me?

VIC

I'm just fuckin with ya, fam. I like ya...I wouldn't put you in that line of work.

(MORE)

VIC (CONT'D)

Besides, your old lady would fuck you up for that.

MARTIN

Alright, tell me man!

VIC

So..you're gonna be collecting unemployment, right?

MARTIN

I should be, Auntie Hochul will be footing the bill.

VIC

What if I told you that you could pad a couple extra dollars on top of that? Off the books of course.

MARTIN

Go on...

Vic scans along the sidewalk and spots a young man with a messenger bag and a clipboard. Nods his head over at him.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

If you're tryin to get me involved in Greenpeace, I'm gonna have to pass. The closest I've seen any of them being successful is I watched them stop someone and that person said "mmmmm no thanks!" And walked away.

VIC

I said I liked ya. That would just be cruel. What that guy is doing isn't Greenpeace. He's a foot messenger.

MARTIN

Foot messenger?

VIC

That's right, you'd hit the streets. Picking up packages and dropping them off around the city. It ain't glorious. But they most definitely move off the books. It's perfect for you.

MARTIN

I don't know man...that sounds a bit...rugged.

VIC

Rugged? Rugged is doin smash and grabs over in the Diamond District. Rugged is shootin dice at a house party in East New York. What you're doin is about as soft as baby shit.

MARTIN

Thanks for the visual.

Vic fishes around in his pocket and pulls out a business card. Flicks it to him smoothly.

VIC

Here's a number for the company I'm connected with. Call and ask for Carl. He grew up with my cousin's uncle's brother. Known 'em my whole life.

Martin is visually trying to plot the family tree Vic just explained.

MARTIN

So he's like...a family friend?

VIC

Ya know...you got a way with words.

MARTIN

I do? Well...thanks I suppose.

The revolving door Martin and Vic are standing in front of starts to spin. It's the security guard.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Oh shit, I gotta get out of here. He's probably looking for the pack of smokes I didn't buy. I need this \$15.

VIC

You're a complex character. Fighting the good fight in the office. But fleecing the security guard. I see you.

MARTIN

Exactly. I'm out of here.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. MARTIN'S APARTMENT- MID MORNING

Martin is sitting on the couch on his laptop. Braxton is laying down on the other side. The television is on, Judge Judy is playing. It's serving as a minor distraction. Martin is in the midst of looking for a job.

MARTIN

I guess it's time to get out there
and get somethin.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

Song "Hard Knock Life (Instrumental)" by Jay-Z plays. Martin is getting his ass kicked trying to find a job. A whole lot of "no's."

--Martin is in an interview, hiring manager shakes her head "no". They shake hands.

--Martin walks by diner and sees "help wanted" sign. As soon as he goes to walk in, the owner pulls the sign out of the window.

--Tiffany is wagging his finger at Martin as he sits on the couch. Martin is staring off into space.

--Martin is on his laptop, looking for jobs. Camera pans in on computer screen to an email. The subject line reads "Thanks for applying." Martin closes the laptop.

--Martin is on the couch, smoking a joint.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

This is brutal. Every job I'm
looking at is paying way less than
the soul sucking recruiter gig. I
don't know how anyone finds
anything out here.

Email ding. Braxton's ears perk up.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Maybe this could be it Brax. Let's
see what they have to say.

Martin scans the email. He's getting to the "yes" or "no."

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Damnit! Another "best of luck with your job search." They don't need to wish me luck on this. So condescending.

Braxton looks up at Martin and barks twice.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

You're right. I'm taking a break from this beatdown.(changes channel). Oh shit, Taxi Driver! Such a classic.

The film is at the scene in which Robert De Niro's character walks into the taxi dispatch to apply for the job. Camera pulls out on Martin on the couch. He has contemplative look on his face. The dispatch asks De Niro if he'll work across the city. "Anytime, anywhere." The words echo in Martin's head.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

...but minus all the shooting at the end. It's not THAT serious.

Camera pulls in on Vic's business card on the coffee table.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

But man...I don't know. The world of package delivery? Forget white collar...it's no collar. I gotta think about this.

EXT. WALKING TO BODEGA--AFTERNOON

Martin is taking a stroll to his local bodega, to give some thought to his next move in life. He passes by kids playing in the street, older folks with lawn chairs set up on the sidewalk. Typical Brooklyn spring day. Martin steps into bodega.

INT. BODEGA

The bodega has standard aesthetics. Flickering light, box of baking soda on the shelf with dust on it and a cat that lazily lies in the corner. Behind the counter is DIEGO (mid-50's, Puerto Rican, gregarious) the man who runs the shop.

DIEGO

Hey papi! Chu here for the garlic plantains?

MARTIN

Yeah, you know my chip.

DIEGO

I do I do, chu are very predictable.

MARTIN

Well these chips are the only thing I can rely on at this point. I don't know what's next. Global pandemic?

DIEGO

Nah nah papi, it'll probably be some murder hornets with Glocks or some crazy shit like dat. Heh. (then) you ok man? You ain't your usual self.

MARTIN

I'm good, just got a lot on my mind. Got a decision to make.

DIEGO

Let me give you some advice. When you aren't sure about doing somethin...you ask yourself "will I end up on a cell phone video?"

MARTIN

Cell phone video?

DIEGO

Sure papi! If what I'm about to do could end up on one of them YouTube videos or something? I say NO WAY!

MARTIN

I...I...never thought about it like that.

DIEGO

When you sit behind this counter all day, you get a lot of time to think chu know?

MARTIN

You're like one of the wisemen but instead of frankincense, you have Newport 100's.

DIEGO

HA! That's funny...instead of a
lamb I got my cat Sam.

Camera cuts to bodega cat, Sam. Sam raises his head, looks
around and then goes back to resting.

DIEGO (CONT'D)

I think sometimes Sam got this shit
figured out.

MARTIN

He's got a pretty easy work day I'd
say. Alright Diego, I gotta get
back home. Take it easy.

DIEGO

Ok papi, don't hurt 'em out there!

INT. APARTMENT- DAY

Martin puts his key in the lock, struggles with it for a
second and then enters. He's greeted with several large
moving bins on the floor. Tiffany is putting things in them.

MARTIN

Is this an episode of "Extreme Home
Makeover: Home Edition?"

TIFFANY

Yes, the season finale.

MARTIN

So...this is it?

TIFFANY

Nothing is getting past you today.
Yes, I can't do this anymore.

MARTIN

Wait, you don't want to talk about
this? This is kind of out of left
field.

TIFFANY

Is it though? We are in two
different places...you want to be
MLK. I want to be loved.

MARTIN

Huh? I love you-

TIFFANY

Not as much as Braxton does, he's
always here for me.

Knock at the door.

MARTIN

Of course now...(opens door)

Enters MOVER (early 20's, white, naive college kid). He's got
a lot of energy.

MOVER

Oh hey! You're the first move of
the day! Let's go!

TIFFANY

Excellent, you can get started with
this one.

MOVER

Perfect...so where is the happy
couple moving to? Queens? Long
Island?

MARTIN

Well kid, it's not quite like that.

TIFFANY

It's a different circumstance.

MOVER

Different circumstance? Oh you mean
like Staten Island? I've heard some
stories.

MARTIN

No, not like- wait, aren't you
supposed to be taking this bins
out?

MOVER

Yes yes, my mistake. I just get
caught up in the stories of
clients! You two...

Mover picks up two bins and exits.

TIFFANY

He's seeing something I'm not.
(then) So yes Braxton and I have an
apartment picked out.

MARTIN

You and Braxton? Are you splitting the rent?

TIFFANY

You wouldn't understand. What he doesn't have in money he has in love.

MARTIN

That's where I am! How is Braxton playing by dog rules and human rules?

Enters Mover.

MOVER

Oh, you two have a dog? Wonderful! I'm sure he'll be happy wherever you two land.

MARTIN

Ok kid, I appreciate your vested interest but I'm-

MOVER

Going to show me a picture of the dog? I'd love it!

TIFFANY

Well yes, here's a picture of Braxie. He's a pure angel.

MARTIN

If you'll excuse me, I need some air.

Martin steps outside. Camera pulls in on Vic's business card. Martin turns it over in his hands.

MARTIN (TO SELF) (CONT'D)

Any ham sandwich fart scents are on me at this point...**fuck it.**

NEXT DAY

INT. DISPATCH OFFICE- MORNING.

Dusty office. Foot messengers are chatting. Martin is talking with a few. MIKEY (40's, white, has been through some shit) TINA (30's, Puerto Rican, foot messenger veteran). There is a big desk against the wall. Seated there is CARL (60's, black, grizzled New Yorker)

MIKEY

Hey, yesterday did you have a drop over at Allianz?

TINA

Allianz?

MIKEY

The big money motherfuckers, Allianz.

TINA

Oh yeah yeah, grabbed a package there.

MARTIN

Allianz, yeah I used to work with them quite a bit.

MIKEY

Yeah man...we all work with them.

Mikey tosses empty water bottle to Tina.

TINA

Oh shit! I was lookin for that all day. Thanks man! How did you know it was mine?

MIKEY

The latch was off and it reeked of vodka and orange juice. That's your brand.

TINA

If those rich fucks on "Mad Men" can have an afternoon cocktail, why can't this dignified lady?

MARTIN

Wait a minute, you can drink on the job?

Both Mikey and Tina give pause and look at Martin.

MIKEY

Why the fuck not?

TINA

Why the fuck not?

MIKEY (CONT'D)

If you hit your numbers, you're good.

MARTIN

Hmm, so off the books and on the bottle?

MIKEY

HA! You're funny kid, write that one down.

TINA

Oh shit...it's 9:59.

MARTIN

What's that mean?

Camera pulls in on clock on wall. It ticks to 10:00. A loud bell rings. Carl stands up.

CARL

Alright, foot fucks. It's time to get crackin. Star Time Delivery doesn't leave a dollar on the table.

MARTIN (TO MIKEY)

Hey...Star Time Delivery. It's STD for short?

MIKEY

Heh, I know. Carl didn't realize that when he started it. It's an itchy topic for him.

CARL

Ok, let's go over the run down of this. We don't have a 401k, insurance or any of that shit. You eat what you kill out there. You want money? Don't worry, we have all the money you need!

Camera pans to poster from 70's on the wall. It's a man in a tuxedo in front of a Porsche with the caption "Don't worry, we have all the money you need!"

MIKEY (TO MARTIN)

He fucking works that in every pre-shift. It's his slogan.

CARL

This is how it goes. Drop the package, call the dispatch line and I'll send you on the next one. You get \$8 a drop. \$12 for a truck call.

MARTIN
What's a truck call?

CARL
A bigger package or off to some
place nobody wants to go.

MARTIN
Like Bensonhurst?

CARL
Exactly. (then) Make sure you log
where the hell you're going and
what time you drop.

Room buzzes with chuckles.

CARL (CONT'D)
Yeah...I know some of you foot
fucks are hittin an early happy
hour. Time is money. Don't make me
send you home...again.

Mikey and Tina motion to their water bottles and look at
Martin.

CARL (CONT'D)
Ok, line up. Grab your assignments
and let's go get some fucking cash.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

Song "That's Life" by Frank Sinatra plays. Martin is not
having a good go of his day of delivering packages.

--Martin is carrying a box and drops it down the stairs.

*--Martin takes phone call from dispatch; he's then waiting
for a subway and it passes him by...twice.*

*--He delivers a tattered box to an older woman's house. She
then yells at him.*

*--Martin is standing on corner with his delivery sheet. He's
only made two. One at 1 PM and one at 3:30 PM.*

--Slowly walking up to his friends house.

INT. STEVE'S HOUSE.--EVENING

Martin is sitting in Steve's house. STEVE is a trust fund kid
(mid-20's, white, bohemian vibe). Martin and Steve are
sitting around kitchen table

MARTIN

...and then she accused me of taking a dump in her mailbox. I'm just trying to deliver a package!

STEVE

That would dislodge my chakras bro. For real.

MARTIN

It's like, it's obvious this happened before. This is a monstrous world of delivering.

STEVE

I could imagine. That energy seems so turbulent.

MARTIN

Exactly! On top of that. I can't get around the city to make deliveries at all.

STEVE

Really? Why not just take an Uber around?

MARTIN

Because that defeats the purpose. That would cost me money. I'm trying to make cash.

STEVE

Oh yeah...that makes sense. (then) You should just borrow my bike. It might help.

Camera zeroes in on bike hanging on the wall. It has a baby seat on the back. Heavenly light shines on it.

MARTIN

For real? Dope!...but, what's with the baby seat?

STEVE

My father made his millions on building ergonomically safe baby seats. It's a tribute to him.

MARTIN

Oddly specific way to make a fortune.

STEVE

It was a real ride. He was on Shark Tank. They turned 'em down. Whoops.

MARTIN

For that reason, I'm in!

STEVE

Just be careful with it. It's a tribute to life and love.

TITLE CARD:

"...a couple of rides later."

INT. HALLWAY OF APARTMENT--DAY

Door shuts. Martin has just completed a delivery. He's smiling ear to ear and walking out.

MARTIN (TO SELF)

Steve you're a privileged life saver.

Camera pans in on Martin's delivery sheet. It is filled with completed drops.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

On to the next one.

EXT. OUTSIDE OF DELIVERY SPOT--DAY

Park Slope neighborhood setting. It's a lazy Saturday afternoon. Martin is all smiles and then his face immediately drops.

MARTIN

FUCK! ARE YOU SHITTING ME?!

Camera pans in on the spot where Martin's bike used to be. The lock was cut and the chain was left behind. Along with the baby seat.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

I'm getting one step ahead and then fourteen steps behind! Ok God..you win! Thanks for letting me keep the seat!

Camera pulls out and two stoops are in view. An older black MAN (70's, native New Yorker) is on one. An older aged white WOMAN (70's, wanna be neighborhood watch) is on the other.

MAN

Hey youngster, are you lookin for the bike?

WOMAN

Of course he is! He looks so crestfallen.

MAN

Well how do I know that? I don't keep tabs on the neighborhood.

MARTIN

I am! Did you see who took it?

WOMAN

I did, tall...kind of short. Heavy set...kind of skinny...white...kind of black.

MARTIN

So a shapeshifting Rachel Dolezal is on the bike? This isn't doin a lot for me.

MAN

Nevermind her, you're looking for that bike? I used to ride bikes all through this neighborhood. But that's when I was a young man.

MARTIN

Ok, I don't know what "who's on first" sketch I'm in but I'd really-

WOMAN

I can tell you...or maybe I'm not the best one. It was fifteen minutes ago...or maybe twenty.

MARTIN

...thanks...for all your assistance.

Camera follows Martin walking home, baby seat in one arm.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. DISPATCH OFFICE- ALMOST END OF THE SHIFT.

Mikey, Tina and Martin are sitting in their regular chairs.

TINA

She said what to you?!

MIKEY

I know! There I am, standing in Prada, waiting to pick up these shoes to deliver. Then this clerk goes "So, like, what if you like, get sick? Do you like, have like, sick days?"

TINA

That's one too many "likes."

MARTIN

I know exactly who this person is.

MIKEY

Really?

MARTIN

For sure. The same person who uses that many "likes" is the same person who calls the police on black folks as a hobby.

Mikey and Tina burst into laughing.

MIKEY

Mart, you're a funny dude. Here, take a swig. (Hands Martin his water bottle)

MARTIN

Hey man, it's almost quittin time. I can hold out.

TINA

This ain't shirt and tie land, take a pull on it.

MARTIN

...alright, why not?

Martin takes a swig, and struggles to pull it down.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

What the hell was that? I can feel my liver turn in its two week notice!

MIKEY

It's fireball, vodka and seltzer. I call it "Hard Walk Water"

MARTIN

Yeah? Why's that?

TINA

You take a swig of that, you'll stomp through the city and drop packages off no problem.

MARTIN

No shit. I think I'll stick with...water (then) So what did you say when Prada lady asked about the sick day?

MIKEY

Oh yeah, I looked at her and said "I don't have access to benefits because of stark inequalities that exist in the work force."

TINA

You did?

MIKEY

Nah, I just said "I smoke a lot of weed. I'm good."

Group starts laughing.

CARL

MARTIN! I got your last drop. Come grab it.

Martin walks over to the dispatch table.

MARTIN

Shit, The Chesterfield. Fancy.

CARL

Yeah, they probably got central air. Get goin!

EXT. OUTSIDE THE CHESTERFIELD

Typical new high-rise in Brooklyn. There is a courtyard in front where residents are gathered. Martin walks up with a box.

MARTIN (TO SELF)

Ugh, this building looks like it smells like Axe Body spray. Just get in and out.

As Martin approaches the building he hears a dog barking. It sounds familiar.

TIFFANY

Braxton, you have to calm down! If its not your ham sand toots its random barking.

Tiffany and her friend ALICE (mid-20's, Eat, Pray, Love vibe) are sitting at a table. Braxton picked up on Martin's scent.

ALICE

Braxton is super cute, but he has so much energy. What is he barking at?

TIFFANY

It could be anything. (Tiffany turns to the direction of where Martin is.)

Martin has the box on his shoulder. Obscuring his face.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

Hmph, just a delivery man. Maybe he has some yummy treats in that box.

ALICE

He looks like he's been working all day...I feel bad for him.

TIFFANY

Maybe...but I bet if he wanted a different job, he could get it.

Martin can hear the conversation. Camera pulls in on his face. The look on his face says "she is still the worst."

INT. THE CHESTERFIELD LOBBY

Brightly lit space. Loud music is playing. The residents are lounging there. There is a SECRETARY (white, mid-20's, too cool for school) at a desk in front of the elevators.

MARTIN

Good evening, I have a delivery for 26F. Tammy Peters.

SECRETARY

Excuse me?

MARTIN

I'm here for a delivery.

SECRETARY

So like, I don't know if directions are hard for you...but you people need to take your deliveries to the service entrance.

Flashback.

Martin's mind goes back to his office job. Sitting in the boardroom where he took a stand against Andrew. He takes a deep breath and blinks twice.

MARTIN

You're right...it's pretty sad though.

SECRETARY

And what might that be?

MARTIN

That you moved here with The Real Housewives of Park Slope dreams. But you're living a 2 Broke Girls nightmare.

Secretary is stunned.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry...more like 5 Broke Girls. Your shirt looks like you have roommates.

SECRETARY

But...they...are...my...friends.

MARTIN

I know....I know.

INT. OUTSIDE 26F

Martin gives a knock at the door. The door opens in slow motion. It's Al. Martin and Al are both completely shocked to see the other.

You.

AL

You.

MARTIN

MARTIN (CONT'D)

I'm here to drop off a package.

AL

You sure are pal. How's life treating you these days?

MARTIN

Are you signing for this?

Camera pulls in on Martin's sneakers. They're pretty beat up.

AL

Before we get to that. It looks like you've got the Nike "Homeless Men's Edition." Very nice.

MARTIN

I see you aren't taking a day off from being soulless.

AL

Soulless? Maybe. But part of me wants to do the right thing.

MARTIN

Really? You?

AL

Yup. It would be a shame if word got back to the office about unemployment AND a job.

Martin tenses up. This took a sharp turn. TAMMY (mid-20's, white, fitness instructor) appears from behind door.

TAMMY

Oh thank you baby for getting the package for me. (kisses Al on the cheek) You are so sweet!

MARTIN

Would you sign for this please?(smirk on his face)

TAMMY

Sure thing-oh shoot. The cookies! Al can you sign it for me? Thanks Mr. Delivery Man Person!

Tammy moves out of camera sight. Al signs for it. Light appears above Martin's head. His face perks up.

MARTIN

Hey Al...if I remember correctly... You're married, right?

AL

Hey-wait just a second.

MARTIN

And not to this lovely woman here.

AL

Ok...this isn't cool.

MARTIN

Oh I think this is beyond cool.
This is being served cold.

AL

What do you want?

Martin peeks over Al's shoulder. Sees the exact same make and model bike stolen from him.

MARTIN

I'll tell you what. I've got a copy
of your signature for a package at
a place you don't live. And I-

AL

Just get on with it...

EXT. MARTIN'S NEIGHBORHOOD

Martin is riding his "new/old" bike. The camera pulls in on the baby seat. There's a moving truck a few buildings down from his apartment. The truck fires off down the street, revealing a border collie tied to the fence.

MARTIN

Hey! Hey! You forgot your dog!

The truck takes off. Martin walks up to the dog to pet it.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

The week I had...I can't handle it
alone. (unhooks dog)

The dog looks overjoyed and sits next to Martin. Ready to travel wherever he goes.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

It's me and you now. No ham
sandwich farts, ok buddy? Let's
roll!

Martin and the dog travel off down the street. The dog is keeping up. Suddenly, Martin hits a pothole and spills out in the middle of the street.

END OF SHOW