

TREMONT TIMES

Written by

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COLD OPEN:

EXT. CLEVELAND- DAY

We see a Cleveland skyline with the Key Tower standing tall as the song Smiff-N-Wessun's "K.I.M" plays. The sun is shining bright as the city is moving. The camera cuts to the front of an apartment building.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING- DAY

It's morning and people are heading to work. We see a bright red pick up truck filled with boxes on the slat. JIM (Black, mid-20's, idealist) is placing the last box on while BO (30's, white, blue collar) is standing next to the drivers side door.

BO

Hey shithead, you ready to hit the road? I wanna get back to Bingo in time for a couple of tastes.

JIM

Ok ok, I'm just soaking in the last of what Carlton Arms has to offer.

Jim taps his pockets.

Oh shit, I gotta turn in the spare key.

BO

That's a sure way to fuck yourself out of a security deposit.

JIM

You're tellin me, they'd charge me for pissing on the toilet seat if they could.

INT. CARLTON ARMS- DAY

The lobby is dingy with a scuffed carpet and tacky ferns dotting the space. A trio of elevators are in the back. At the island receptionist desk is the RECEPTIONIST (50'S, white, Clevelander).

RECEPTIONIST

Hey there young man, you change your mind about Cleveland?

JIM

No way! Not even if Bone Thugs made me an honorary member.

RECEPTIONIST

You know, we have more to offer than that. We have three sports teams. Three!

JIM

I am quite aware of this. But my ex found a nice place to hang out, right on my boss's dick. So I'm moving on.

Receptionist fumbles through some pamphlets. Hands one to Jim.

RECEPTIONIST

(Visibly flustered) Err um...here is a list of the sights and the lights this town has to offer. In case you are having second thoughts. I really love this city.

JIM

Sure, I'll review it as I'm driving the hell out of town. Never to return.

Jim folds pamphlet and places it in his pocket as he walks into the leasing office.

INT. LEASING OFFICE- DAY

The leasing office has several people seated waiting to be helped. We see a woman standing at the counter, visibly annoyed. The leasing office agent is barely engaged with the conversation.

WOMAN

Yes, that is what I am saying. One of the maintenance men is coming into my apartment during the day and eating my meal prepped meals and smoking marijuana sticks!

LEASING AGENT

What kind of meals are they?

WOMAN

It was salmon sticks and long grain rice! What does that have to do with this?!

LEASING AGENT

All of our maintenance faculty are anti-pescatarians, it's a tax credit for the building.

WOMAN

That is complete bullshit, you are full of-

LEASING AGENT

If you want to file a complaint the clipboard is on the wall. Next please.

Woman storms over to clipboard and furiously begins writing.

JIM

Hello, I'm moving out today. I almost forgot to give y'all this.

Jim hands over the spare key.

LEASING AGENT

You're moving out, ok. What's your name again?

JIM

I'm Jim, apartment 13F.

Leasing Agent sizes Jim up. Furrows brow and checks paperwork.

LEASING AGENT

Are you sure you're moving out?

JIM

Uh, yeah. I've got a truck outside with all my things ready to go.

LEASING AGENT

You said 13F?

JIM

Yes, 13F. I was there for the last two years. I used to call downstairs because I could hear 13E whenever he was shitting.

WOMAN (O.C.)

It was probably the maintenance man
shitting after eating my food!

LEASING AGENT

Oh yes! 13F, my apologies Jim. We
had you listed as Malakai.

JIM

What a strange way to pronounce
"microaggression." He's the only
other Black person on the floor.
Honest mistake.

LEASING AGENT

It's not unreasonable you know, we
are only human. It's just you both-

JIM

Fit a description? Look, just send
me my deposit and let the 13E know
if he stopped ordering panini's
every night he wouldn't have that
problem.

Jim strides out of office past the receptionist towards the
door.

RECEPTIONIST

Before you go you should check out
the Rock-

JIM

No! Fuck no! I'm not going to the
Rock n' fucking Roll Hall of Fame!
My ex would bring me there every
Sunday for some bullshit exhibit!
I'm going home!

EXT. CARLTON ARMS- DAY

Bo is leaning against his truck adjusting his hat. He sees
Jim moving quickly towards the truck. A weight has been
lifted off his shoulders.

JIM

Let's get the fuck out of here.

BO

You got it!

Jim's phone rings.

JIM

Hey, what's going on? We are getting on the road, heading to your spot...Wait, what?! You got locked up?! For what?!...Yeah, we shouldn't talk about why you're locked up on a jailhouse phone.

BO

So that doesn't sound like a great conversation. Are we heading to Kev's?

JIM

I guess man, Kev got locked up but I don't have anywhere to go...fuck!

As they drive off, they hit a red light. Something catches Jim's eye. A homeless man is asking another homeless man for change. They both stand there...not sure what to do next. Jim shrugs his shoulders. Jump cut to wide angle of the truck on the highway as "Stress" by Organized Konfusion instrumental plays.

END OF COLD OPEN.

ACT ONE

INT. TRUCK - DAY

The scene opens with the camera pointing from the dashboard of Bo's truck. They are a few blocks away from Jim's new place to stay.

BO

So what's your plan gonna be now that you're back in the Bing? You're gonna get a job in the seafood department of Price Chopper and sell weed on the side?

JIM

Oh you mean the Southern Tier handcuffs? I should probably get a white woman pregnant while I'm at it.

BO

And what, name your kid Dashiki?

JIM

Very funny. I can tell you're watching B.E.T now. I gotta see what fucking mess is over at Kev's house. He was my only plan for somewhere to stay. As far as work goes, my friend Tony told me he has a "phenomenal job with growth potential" lined up. So I'm gonna roll with that.

BO

Heh, so how much for a quarter pound of hydro?

JIM

If it comes down to it...

They pull up to a stop light. The neighborhood has a quiet decay. A few buildings with fucked up front porches and beat up cars out front.

JIM (CONT'D)

Man, was it always like this?

BO

Hell yeah it was, we were just too young to see it.

JIM
It's live and in rusted color now.

BO
Hey...you got the cash and the
'snacks' for the ride back?

Jim reaches into his pocket for a half filled bottle of prescription pills and then into his other pocket for a wad of cash and hands it over.

JIM
It's wild how they hand these out
in the Midwest. I had a toothache
and they gave me (reads bottle)
Percocsets. Have at 'em.

BO
Hells yeah, I got a night ahead of
me.

Bo takes the cash and pills and stashes them in his car. They pull up and park.

JIM
Oh yeah, I can't move into an
episode of Making of A Murderer.

We see outside of Kev's house, which is now an active crime scene. Complete with DETECTIVES milling about.

BO
This looks like a pile of bullshit
on top of catshit sprinkled with
dogshit.

JIM
If there was ever a Binghamton
greeting. It's this.

Jim gets out of the car to take it all in. It's going to be an uphill battle. The neighbor's door opens, to reveal an older woman, BETTY (50's, smokes cigarettes, nose). She approaches Jim. Ready to dish.

BETTY
I was sittin on the porch, drinkin
a beer...and what had happened was,
them boys ran up in Kev's house and
snatched 'em up. In and out. Kev
didn't fight 'em off though. He
went straight up.

JIM
What did he do?

The Detectives give Jim a stare, he feels it.

BETTY
They say Kev was workin for this
dude, Large Ricky P, LRP for short.
Sellin who knows what. LRP is on
the run right now though...bonkers.

DETECTIVE 1
Hey pal, keep it mooovin. Hey you
kind of fit a descrip-

JIM
Nope, not at all. Have a nice day!

Jim jumps back into Bo's car as the lights of the cop car
fades out in the distance. He's fucked for housing.

JIM (CONT'D)
Fuck. Me.

BO
Well dude, I can give you a day or
two with your shit on my flatbed
here. Do you need a ride somewhere?

EXT. BAR- DUSK

The camera brings into view the outside of a regular dive
bar. MF DOOM'S "Doomsday" is playing. The exterior is
weathered, a few patrons are coming in and out. We fade to
inside the bar and see Jim sitting at the bar with a beer in
front of him with TONY (mid 20's, white, dressed semi-
trendy). A BARTENDER is polishing a glass.

BARTENDER
So you showed up to an active crime
scene? Well, that's not the best
foot to step with.

JIM
Especially when you have nowhere to
stay!

TONY
This sounds like a real
rollercoaster man!

JIM

A full ass crime scene dude, I got my stuff parked in Bo's garage until I figure it all out. So...tell me about this gig you got for me.

TONY

Well...it's a little different.

JIM

Am I going to be harvesting kidneys in the Binghamton streets?

TONY

Not quite...how familiar are you with...NASCAR?

The needles skips off the record, Jim does a spit take with his beer.

JIM

NAS-what? Not at all dude, I don't really know anything about race cars.

TONY

You're not going to be racing cars, but you'll be boxing up the merchandise and sending it off to the Jamie-Lynn's and Bobby Joe's of the world.

JIM

I had no idea it was going to be all that! I thought I would be working a job that didn't involve emotionally dragging me below the Mason Dixon line! What type of stuff is it anyway?

TONY

Don't worry man, it's not as crazy as you think.

The Bartender overhears the tail end of the conversation and interjects.

BARTENDER

Sounds like you two could use a shot, you don't mind if they come in a Dale Earnhardt shot-glass?

JIM

Heh, very funny.

EXT. BAR - DUSK

The camera focuses on the outside of the bar at the corner. Jim enters the frame and leans against the corner. He's got his hands in his pockets, catching some air.

JIM
(to self) Fucking redneck race cars? What the fuck am I getting myself into?

WOMAN (O.C.)
Isn't it awkward to share a space with someone and not say anything?

The camera pans out. Jim slightly turns to see a young white woman, dressed in 90's grunge apparel. She looks like she's living a fast life.

JIM
I don't really talk to complete strangers so...

WOMAN
You're humble, I totally get it...someone of your stature that is a pleasant surprise. I'm Cassie.

CASSIE (early 20's, white) definitively sticks her hand out.

JIM
I'm...Jim.

CASSIE
So...you're under an alias now.

Cassie points to a banner hanging on a street lamp.

We see a banner of a tall, incredibly muscular, tattooed Black man in a college basketball jersey holding a basketball. Underneath it, it reads "Calvin Jones, Power Forward." He looks nothing like Jim. A lightbulb goes off over his head.

JIM
Yeah, I uhh...try and keep a low profile, ever since my housing situation got totally fucked up.

Cassie moves in a bit closer as the camera moves in on her getting nose to nose with Jim.

CASSIE

That sounds absolutely horrible.
What happened?

JIM

So you won't believe it...I was staying in the student housing and one day I head to my room and I see a notice on the door. My room has been "condemned" because of excessive farting on the premises. My roommate wouldn't stop eating those damn philly cheesesteaks. Put us out on our asses.

CASSIE

You can come live with me, it is like destiny.

JIM

(slightly chuckles)Yeah...totally.

Cassie slowly backs away, keeping her eyes locked on Jim. As she is backing up, she slams into a garbage can knocking it over and does a spin move.

JIM (CONT'D)

Be careful out there.

CASSIE

Just like you on the court, you stud!

EXT. OUTSIDE WAREHOUSE-DAY

The camera shows the outside of the NASCAR merchandise warehouse. There is a parking lot in front with dinged up vehicles and a lone cherry red BMW. Jim takes a deep breath and opens the giant wooden doors.

Inside the warehouse it is humming with activity. The camera swings to Tony in a conversation with a short, nerd looking man named JEFF (mid 50's, Jewish). Jeff is feverishly pointing at a clipboard as Jim walks over.

JEFF

And that's why we can't keep ordering the Dale Earnhardt diploma holders. The target market doesn't exist!

TONY

Ok, copy that. (To Jim) Hey dude,
welcome to the race car paradise!

JEFF

You're new. I'm Jeff. I own this
place. We're gonna have you on
boxes. Tony will show you the
ropes.

Jeff's cell phone rings. It's a brick phone. A true vintage
piece. Jeff walks off and starts arguing with whomever is on
the other end.

TONY

He's a man with purpose.

JIM

High octane?

TONY

Sort of. Let me show you the drill.
This shit is not rocket science.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

"Dirty Deeds/Done Dirt Cheap" by ACDC is playing. Tony is
walking Jim through the steps of boxing up the merchandise.
It highlights some of the absurd things they sell.

--Tony holds up a Holy Bible with Jeff Gordon on the front.

--Jim scratches his head, shows Tony a Richard Petty syringe.

--Tony laughs as he holds up a box of Fireball Roberts
condoms.

--Jim dry heaves as he holds of a Jeff Gordon catheter.

--Tony examines a jar of Jimmy Spencer mayonnaise and wraps
it in bubble paper.

The montage music fades and Jim and Tony's laughter can be
heard. Tony starts to straighten up and get back to work as
Jim catches the cue and follows suit. The reason behind
Tony's heel turn becomes apparent. An older white woman
DARLENE (60's, middle America vibes) walks over with a
cigarette dangling out of her mouth.

DARLENE

Here.

Darlene hands Jim an envelope.

JIM
This is for me?

TONY
That's for him?

DARLENE
Yes, you. Your work has been very
consistent this past month.

JIM
Um, how could that be I-

TONY
(nudges Jim)He is so modest, I can
tell you. He really shows up early
and stays late.

JIM
I uh, yeah! Yeah I'm here because I
have a job to do.

DARLENE
That. And also you aren't eating
peoples lunches from the break
room. That's crucial. So, I'm here
to present you with the Employee of
the Month award.

JIM
But-I-well...ok then!

DARLENE
This is a very prestigious award
Jam-al. It is a true honor to
receive this.

JIM
Well, I am humbled to accept it. As
a kid growing up on the West Side
of Binghamton, I never thought this
could be possible.

TONY
It's been a pleasure to serve next
to you this past month.

DARLENE
Ok fellas, back to work. These
luxurious items won't make it out
of the warehouse alone!

Darlene walks away. The cloud of cigarette smoke slowly
dissipates.

TONY

Welp, not a bad way to end the day.
It's 5 o'clock. It's time to roll
out.

JIM

Dope! We're gone.

EXT. OUTSIDE WAREHOUSE-NIGHT

The sun is sinking in the sky. The employees are slowly trudging towards their cars. Jeff is scanning around his BMW, taking pictures with a disposable camera. Probably related to the tense conversation earlier. Jim and Tony hot step it away from the building.

TONY

Alright alright, let's see what you got. I bet they gave you a "pin of appreciation" or some bullshit.

JIM

If it's that, I'm givin that shit to Jamal.

Jim opens the envelope. The camera is angled underneath the envelope and a gold glow shines on both their faces. A la "Pulp Fiction."

TONY

Yo...

JIM

Dude...

TONY

It's...

JIM

\$500 in \$20 bills! This shit changes the game. Fuck Jamal!

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. TONY'S APARTMENT-NIGHT

Jim and Tony are lounging in Tony's living room. "Dr. Funkenstein" by Parliament Funkadelic is playing in the background. It has a thrift store vibe. Mismatched furniture and a dinged up coffee table. Weed smoke and funk music mix in the air.

TONY

Calvin Jones?! A community college basketball player?! That dude is 6'huge! You're...not.

JIM

I'd never seen anything like it. She was hell bent on me being a...what's the team name?

TONY

(exhales joint smoke) They're the Triangles.

Jim chuckles and takes a slow sip of beer.

JIM

Wait wait, like the shape? In actual atomic real life? What type of trigonometrical bullshit is that?

TONY

Your guess is as good as mine.

JIM

Well, either way. I live with her now and she's my "baby boo."

Tony's cellphone rings. It's a soft jazz ring.

TONY

Hang on a sec. (Answers phone)
Hey...yeah...tonight's not the best night...my friend just got in from out of town, was going to move into an active murder crime scene but now lives with his stalker or somethin. Let's do it next week.
(hangs up)

JIM

First off, that is not what happened, no one got killed, it was drugs. Second, who are you telling this to? And third, what are you gonna "do?"

TONY

Well, I don't know what happened there so I filled in the crime scene. And that was these two waitresses who work at the IHOP. They come over every other week for "slapjacks."

JIM

Man, you are livin a den of vice over here. So I gotta ask. How did you land this gig anyways?

TONY

You wouldn't believe it if I told you.

JIM

Try me- I have a 'crush' that thinks I am a power forward on a community college basketball team and I live with her.

TONY

Ok, so dig it. I went to this job fair and-

Before Tony can finish the story. The front door flies open. A disheveled woman in a fucked up trench coat forces herself onto the scene. TARA (mid-20's, parties hard) throws her hands up in the air.

TONY (CONT'D)

So...I'm kind of seeing someone.

TARA

TONY! I'M THROUGH WITH THIS!

Tara stumbles into the kitchen. The stove starts clicking.

JIM

Yo...I can smell the toxicity, along with the gas from the stove.

Tony leaps up and is heading towards the kitchen.

TONY
Stay "single", James.

Tony and Tara are off camera, embroiled in argument. The camera stays on Jim. His facial expression is reflecting whether life in Binghamton is a good idea. Tara comes back into frame.

TARA
And that's why my dog pissed on
your coat last time you came over!
Fuck your friend too! Who does he
think he is?!

JIM
I'm Jim it's-

TARA
Fuck you! Your friend Tony eats
rabid mule dick and so do you!

Tara slams door.

JIM
Holy. Shit.

TONY
Well...she loves very hard.
(Regains composure) So, the way I
got the job. I went in and-

Crash! The front door glass window pane shatters as a stone flies through. It doesn't take a rocket scientist to figure out the culprit. Screeching tires can be heard in the distance.

JIM
So...have you proposed yet? Will
the IHOP waitresses be the maids of
honor?

TONY
No...not quite yet.
Tony gets broom and dust pan and sweeps up.

Well, I'm gonna get some sleep.
I've got a new day in the world of
high octane merchandise.

INT. CASSIE'S APARTMENT- NIGHT

The camera opens in a typical college girls apartment. Various candles dot the space, posters with inspirational

quotes line the wall. Jim and Cassie are sitting on opposite ends of the couch.

CASSIE

And that was the time I was on Judge Judy, for the second time.

JIM

Whoa, that sounds pretty intense.

CASSIE

It really was...I'm so happy we have our own space.

Cassie slides a bit over towards Jim. He slides in the opposite direction.

JIM

Yeah, I'm totally glad it worked out.

Cassie slides her hand over Jim's thigh. He jumps up and looks at the wall.

JIM (CONT'D)

Man! Wouldn't it be nice to have a floating shelf right in this area. It would totally be great for your lavender candles.

CASSIE

Yeah totally...I'm sure we can find some good use for those...candles.

Jim furtively moves towards the television area.

JIM

Oh wow! How great would an entertainment center look right here! It would really tie the living space together for us.

CASSIE

You have such sharp eyes for...where things are supposed to go.

JIM

I should get to purchasing these luxurious items, I know the perfect website to find 'em. While I'm at it, I should probably pick up a rug as well. Really gives us the at home feel.

CASSIE

Wow babe, I love how you're investing in our future. But...this sounds expensive how will you-

Jim pulls out his \$500 windfall and fans it out.

JIM

Don't worry about it babe, I've got it covered.

CASSIE

(whispers) I feel so safe with you.

JIM

Boy would you look at the time!
7:30 PM! I've had such a rough day during basketball practice and the other things I did today. I'm gonna turn in for the night.

Jim exits off camera to the bedroom. Cassie looks off in the distance, infatuated.

INT. NASCAR WAREHOUSE- DAY

Jim is sitting in the breakroom having lunch with JAMAL (mid-30's Black, rough around the edges). Jim is opening a sandwich wrapper and Jamal is having a cup of coffee.

JIM

Damn yo, you've been at this for 15 years?

JAMAL

Yeah good brother, I saw a lot of shit go down on the merchandise line. But ya know, it's a livin.

JIM

I would say so. I saw a Dale Earnhardt dildo...like...why?

JAMAL

Who are we to deny them nahmean?

JIM

I suppose so...

JAMAL

With out 'em, we don't have a job!
And I damn sure need this money.

(MORE)

JAMAL (CONT'D)

I also work another gig too.
Cleaning offices at night.

JIM

Damn, sounds like you're burning
the candle at both ends.

JAMAL

And that ain't the half of it...

Jim shifts a bit in his seat. He didn't sign up for a therapy session.

JIM

Oh.

JAMAL

Yeah good bro, I was just at the
doctor...and got diagnosed with the
big C. Our insurance here ain't
covering the biopsy. So I have no
idea how the hell I'ma pay for it.

JIM

Man...that really sucks.

O.C.

Hey Jamal! Congrats on the award!
You deserve it.

JAMAL

(looks confused) Man, the hell he
talkin about? I ain't win shit.
Wish I did though. Maybe some cash
would come with it. Help turn
things around.

JIM

(coughs a bit) Maybe shit will turn
around for ya, my man.

Jim jumps up out of his seat in a hurry. He realizes the mistake Darlene has made with the money.

EXT. STREET- DUSK

The scene opens with Jim and Tony walking down a tree lined street. The camera angle is from the road.

JIM

This is a fucking mess. Jamal is a good dude, he needs the money and I spent it on some bullshit furniture.

TONY

Well, it's not like you KNEW he was fucked up like that.

JIM

C'mon man, that shit is a cop out. We gotta figure out how to get that money back.

TONY

We? How did this become we? You spent that money, man.

Jim stops walking. Tony takes a few steps ahead and realizes he's alone. Stops and turns around.

JIM

Remember when you asked me to pretend to be a doctor and write a fake medical release because you were too hungover to go to work?

TONY

Yeah...

JIM

Does it ring a bell when we were in high school and I lent you my only extra pair of shorts because you shit yourself running?

Tony nods yes.

JIM (CONT'D)

So yeah, this is now a "we" situation. Also, you got me into this redneck riviera of a job.

INT. TONY'S APARTMENT-NIGHT

There is a jump cut to Tony's apartment. Jim and Tony are sitting on the couch, in deep thought.

TONY

Do people still donate sperm?

JIM

A marginally employed man who is squatting in his stalkers apartment? I don't know if that's prime stock. I also jerk off for the love of the game.

TONY

What about a gofundme for Jamal?

JIM

What if people at work find out? Darlene might start poking her nose around and then it falls back on me.

TONY

Fair...fair.

We look from Jim's perspective, he looks up at the mantle and see four "The Golden Girls" commemorative plates.

JIM

Fuck. Yes.

Jim points at the mantle.

TONY

What are you thinking?

JIM

What if we...get those to the pawn shop and turn 'em over for cash?!

TONY

I don't know if I-

JIM

Am going to get to thank you for being a friend?!

Jim walks over to the mantle. Dusts one of them off and holds it up.

JIM (CONT'D)

They are in a dust bunny ranch right now. Let's do it for Jamal.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. PAWN SHOP- DAY

The scene opens in a very clean and well kept pawn shop. The camera angle is facing the counter with Jim and Tony's back to it. We see the pawn shop OWNER (60's, white, been through some shit) holding up one of the plates.

OWNER

Best I can do is \$80.

TONY

These plates are the finest tribute to one of the greatest shows on television!

OWNER

And that tribute, is worth \$80.

O.C.

OH IT'S THIS MOTHERFUCKER!

The camera swivels to two women standing in the doorway. TINA (Black, early 20's ghetto fabulous) and TONYA (Black, early 20's equally ghetto fabulous) stare directly at Tony.

TINA

You seriously out here lookin like this?!

TONYA

We ought to fuck you up on sight, baby boy.

JIM

Tony, can you tell me why we are now on an episode of Love and Hip Hop-Binghamton Edition?

Tony holds a plate up as a shield.

TONY

Hey look, if it's about what I said last week on my way home...I didn't mean it like that.

Jim's ears perk up at this. Historically, that statement never ends well.

TINA

You serious?!?

TONYA

You said what the fuck you said,
and I knew we was gonna catch you
one day.

TONY

Look, I'm really sorry you felt
that way. But it's how I grew up.

JIM

Ok dude, what the fuck did you say
to these girls?! Because the way
this is lining up...I'm about to
fuck you up too.

TONY

Ok, I was walking home and they
were on their porch talking about
the show "Living Single." I said
'Oh I heard of that show. It's just
like Friends. The second greatest
show ever created.'

TINA

YOU KNOW FRIENDS IS TOTALLY BASED
ON LIVING SINGLE, MOTHERFUCKER!

Tonya picks up a small record player.

TONYA

WE ARE NOT GONNA LET THAT
WHITEWASHIN OF TELEVISION ROCK LIKE
THAT!

Tonya hurls the small record player at Tony. "Down 4 My
Niggas" by C-Murder starts playing. Tony blocks some of the
force with the plate, shattering it.

JIM

This can't be real fucking life!

Bedlam ensues. Tony grabs a stack of Mad Magazines and throws
them at the girls. Junk is being thrown at each party. The
Owner ducks behind the counter and gets on the phone.

OWNER

Yes, police! Please hurry!
It's...it's pure chaos.

JIM

Tony! We gotta get the fuck outta
here!

Tony and Jim break north out of the store and hear the faint yells of Tonya and Tina behind them.

TINA

That's right! Friends ain't shit!

The camera fades to Jim and Tony sitting on the curb.

JIM

We are fucked.

TONY

I had no idea the cultural ramifications of what I said to them. I just grew up like that.

JIM

Now you know. Friends is kind of trash to be honest. They tried so hard to make Rachel attractive...and she just wasn't.

TONY AND JIM

Bar.

INT. BAR- NIGHT

Jim and Tony are huddled at a hightop table. It's loud and buzzing with celebration. The Triangles just won their game and are at the bar pouring it up. At the center of the action is CALVIN (late teens, 20's tops, Black, athletic) holding court.

TONY

I had a crush on Rachel, you know.

JIM

Wonderful, we'll have to let her know. Our one shot at least getting some money shattered on the floor of a pawn shop. I'm not sure how much more shit pellets are going to fall out of the sky on us.

TONY

When it rains it shits.

JIM

...oh fuck me.

Cassie has flung the bar door open. She is surveying the room.

JIM (CONT'D)

Get the open air market fuck out of here.

TONY

So...if you're Calvin, star basketball player...and Calvin is ALSO here...how will Cassie, the love of your life...feel about that?

JIM

Well, we are not going to let that happen.

Jim pops up in front of Cassie, bright eyed and excited.

JIM (CONT'D)

Hey babygirl!

CASSIE

Oh hey Cal! I was coming by to see if you were here. I was outside the gym. I heard you played so well. Congratulations...I can't wait to ahem, celebrate when we get home.

JIM

Yeah babe, it was a hell of a game. I'm like, super sore from running around a lot during the basketball match. Hey, can we talk outside for a second? There is something I need to ask you.

Cassie starts to swoon. She nods her head and heads outside. As quick as lighting, Jim spots the beer Calvin is drinking and orders the same thing. Jim crushes up a laxative and swishes it around. He takes a deep breath and runs up to Calvin and pushes it in front of him.

JIM (CONT'D)

WE DID IT! WOOOOO! TEAM!

CALVIN

(a little tipsy) We did brother, cheers! (takes a sip)

EXT. OUTSIDE THE BAR- NIGHT

Jim hustles it outside to find Cassie, staring up at the moon.

JIM

So, I wasn't sure how to ask you
this...So I'm just going to go for
it...Cass?

CASSIE

Yes, babe?

The camera cuts back to the bar, Calvin is running out the
back door. His pants covered in shit.

JIM

Do you want to...have a drink with
me?

CASSIE

YES BABY! I DO!

Any attention is good attention in Cassie's world. She hugs
him and they enter the bar.

EXT. TONY'S BLOCK- NIGHT

Jim and Tony are walking down their block. It's a Saturday
night, so the buzz of gatherings at homes and parties can be
heard and felt. Jim and Tony look exhausted, given
everything.

TONY

This shit is gonna end like Kim and
Kanye if you keep running circles
with this girl. But like, she's
Kanye.

JIM

I don't have a sex tape, I don't
think...but I see where you're
going.

TONY

I'll give ya one thing, you sure
know how to fly close to the sun
with that one, Calvin and Cass have
yet to cross paths.

Jim and Tony chuckle in unison.

O.C.

THE FUCK YOU LAUGHIN AT, BITCH?!

It's coming from Tonya, she and Tina are sitting on their
porch.

JIM

Look, you hood booger ass broads,
nobody is lookin at your dusty
asses! Roll up another one and
pretend like this won't be the rest
of your life!

TINA

So you want that smoke? We fucked
y'all up in the pawn shop but we
got more. Wait right here. I'ma get
my boyfriend to fuck you up.

Tina goes inside.

TONY

Dude, I live next door to this
mess. This is not good. Jim, this
is now every time I fucking come
home.

TONYA

I'll be honest, I thought y'all
were cute...but I guess we gotta
get you fucked up.

Two rough and tumble men come outside. Both look like they
have no problem with an assault charge, or worse. They look
Jim and Tony up and down. Getting ready for combat.

TINA

There they go right there. See, now
y'all are in a world of shit.

MAN 1 (Mid-40's, Black, in the streets) reaches in his
waistband and pulls out a knife. He makes a step forward and
stops. MAN 2 (Mid-40's, Black, a bad looking dude) points at
Tony. Tony turns to look to see if it's anyone else on the
planet except for him.

MAN 1

Large Ricky P?! That you?! Oh shit!
What up man?! I was 'bout to stab
your ass too!

JIM

(Finally gets that no one
recognizes him) Yeah man! It's me!
We were walkin by the crib and one
of these birds started in on us.

MAN 1

Yo man...I thought you'z on the run,
so why you back in town?

Jim, thinks quickly and points to his shirt that has the letters PRL(Polo Ralph Lauren) on it.

JIM

I'm on the run and I gotta rebrand.
I'm back up in this bitch.

MAN 2

Hey man...I wanna apologize for comin
up short the last few packs. Here,
take this.

Jim gets handed \$500 in \$20's, \$10's and \$5's. Jim is trying to keep his composure.

JIM

Aight, bet. Let's not have it
happen again.

TONY

Yeah P, this was about to get
hectic man.

MAN 1

Yo P...our apologies out here. We
sorry.

The two men then turn to the instigators and argue with them. As this situation unfolds, Jim and Tony slide off.

INT. CASSIE'S CRIB-NIGHT

Jim is on the couch. The shower is running, Cassie is in there, rebuffed from her attempts of having sex with Jim. Jim is reflecting on the insanity of the last few days, and turns on the news.

ANCHOR

A man wanted in connection with
distribution of pounds of cocaine
is wanted by local authorities. The
man, who goes by Large Ricky P, is
allegedly responsible. Here is the
most recent picture.

A picture flashes on the screen of Jim, standing outside of Kev's house.

JIM

Oh....fuck.

Jim, is frozen for a beat then turns off the TV.

END OF SHOW