

S.O.B.

Written By

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TITLE CARD:

For my father, Dr. Dibinga Wa Said. The most HUMAN man I've ever met...

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS...

INT. DR. BOOTH'S OFFICE - DAY

MAYOR MARCUS BROOKS, a distinguished Black man (50's), is sitting on a leather couch parked under a "NO SMOKING" sign.

He's wearing an expensive suit, decades of blue collar values and constant regret in his eyes. He nervously sits across from an empty leather bound office chair and a desk.

He takes out a cigar from a turbo, a lighter from his blazer pocket and lights it up.

He looks around at the swank office at all the mounted degrees for clinical psychology. He glances over to a big window with a fancy burgundy window curtain.

He hesitantly creeps over to it and peeks outside the curtains. He sees a handful of PHOTOGRAPHERS in the bushes outside taking pictures of the building.

One of the photographers looks to him and points. Brooks closes the curtain, annoyed.

DR. BOOTH (O.S.)

Mr. Mayor. Thanks for waiting.

Brooks turns to the door. A White man (60's) is at the door. Calm. Assuring. DR. RICHARD BOOTH. He's holding a briefcase and a Dunkin Donuts box.

MAYOR BROOKS

C'mon with that "Mr. Mayor" shit, Richie.

DR. BOOTH

I think sometimes you need to be reminded people respected you enough to actually vote for you. "Mr. Mayor".

Dr. Booth puts the briefcase and box of donuts on the desk as Brooks sits on the couch. He opens the box of a dozen "Homer Simpson's" and the briefcase.

It's a customized cooler that's casing ice, a bottle of Jack and two chilled glasses. Brooks hands him a cigar and lights it for him.

Dr. Booth pours them both a glass and hands one to Brooks.
Dr. Booth sits across from him sympathetically.

MAYOR BROOKS

So. You watched the debate.

DR. BOOTH

Who wouldn't watch a train wreck?
How do YOU think it went for you?

Brooks takes a deep sip of shame.

FLASHBACK

INT. HYNES CONVENTION CENTER - NIGHT

The convention center's full with SPECTATORS observing a debate on a stage. Brooks and SENATOR CAROLINE RANDOLPH stand behind pedestals across from MODERATOR KATHY ENOMOTO.

KATHY

Thank you Mayor Brooks and Senator Randolph for participating in our Gubernatorial debates. Hopefully the next and final debate next week will be as civil and compelling as this one. Thank you to the audience here and to the millions around the country. Goodnight, Massachusetts

As the audience cheers loudly, the two candidates shake hands in the middle of the stage.

Caroline turns back to her podium and she's met by her HUSBAND and three TODDLERS. She smiles and hugs them tightly.

Brooks looks to his podium and no one is there. He looks back to Senator Randolph laughing and playing with her kids. The crowd gets quiet when they notice that Brooks is crying.

Tears stream down his face. He's crying like a baby. He regains his composure and wipes his eyes. He starts regaining his cool but the tears start to pour again.

END FLASHBACK

MAYOR BROOKS

It could've gone better.

DR. BOOTH

So how are you fe-

MAYOR BROOKS

-How do you THINK I feel, Richie? I embarrassed myself in front of millions of people around the country! Bye bye, to being Governor. Bye bye to being President in six years. C-ya later everything I fucking worked for.

DR. BOOTH

Because you cried on national TV? You showed a bit of vulnerability. Maybe that could hel-

MAYOR BROOKS

-I showed WEAKNESS!

DR. BOOTH

Let's talk about the root of the problem. What was going through your mind when you started crying?

Brooks "poker faces" a stare.

FLASHBACK:

TITLE CARD: 30 YEARS AGO

EXT. BROOKS HOUSE - NIGHT

A mid 20's, thinner, strung out Marcus Brooks slinks toward his run down little house. He's scratching his wrist with one hand and caressing a half fucked bottle of Jack.

The closer he gets to the front door, the more he hears a baby crying. He pauses when he gets to the door and listens to the loud baby crying. He hears a woman's voice.

WOMAN

Shhhh, Joshua. Bed time, ok?

She sings "Through The Fire" by Chaka Khan. BABY JOSHUA continues crying. Brooks turns tail and drifts away from the house as the woman peers out through the window.

She's a very pregnant, mid 20's Black Woman with enough stress on her shoulders to feed a small nation.

THERESA BROOKS. Even strung out, Marcus can feel her gaze of disappointment. He freezes in his tracks and turns to them.

A six year old Black boy, MERITO, runs to Theresa. He smiles when he sees Marcus. Marcus takes a sip, turns, and sulks away.

END FLASHBACK

BROOKS

Nothing much.

DR. BOOTH

Uh huh. So why do you think that happened? Alicia took the kids away on vacation, right? Has that been effecting you?

MAYOR BROOKS

I uh, I don't know. I mean Seeing Senator Randolph and her husband with those kids...I don't know.

DR. BOOTH

Regrets?

MAYOR BROOKS

Fuck you. Have you met me?

DR. BOOTH

Well, your relationship with your sons from your PREVIOUS marriage is pretty damn complicated.

MAYOR BROOKS

Merito, Marlon and Magnus. Sigh. Those guys are living in three different worlds or something. It's tough to get through to them "Complicated"? Yeah. Yeah I'll say.

TITLE CARD:

MERITO...

EXT. SHANNAN PLAYGROUND - WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY

A dozen PLAYGROUND TODDLERS are playing. There are PLAYGROUND ADULTS playing along or talking amongst themselves.

MERITO CHEADLE, a rugged blonde haired and goateed Black man, mid 30's, is wearing sunglasses and a Bluetooth earpiece.

He's helping a blonde 6 year old Black girl draw with chalk on the floor under a small playhouse.

Sure he could be dressed a little neater. He could be a little less unkempt and he could be more welcoming but he doesn't owe anyone shit so why would he?

Merito looks around the park. He checks his watch, annoyed, and presses his earpiece.

MERITO

Your intel was bad.

FEMALE #1 (V.O.)

My intel is never bad. Usually. Be patient.

MERITO

Been here for an hour. I'm hungry.

FEMALE #1 (V.O.)

I'm not having dinner with you.

MERITO

What about-

FEMALE #1 (V.O.)

-or lunch.

MERITO

Ok then wha-

FEMALE #1 (V.O.)

-or sex.

MERITO

Anymore.

FEMALE #1 (V.O.)

Shut up. They're there.

He looks around some more and notices two CREEPY GUARDS standing near a bench wearing sweat suits. On the bench sits a cigarette smoking CHRIS RICHARDSON. White, 50's.

He's wearing a tacky velour (isn't velour ALWAYS tacky?) Nike sweatsuit, a half pound of hair grease, several gold chains and a cloak of shade and douchebagery.

Underneath the bench is a dark blue gym bag. An equally shady overweight Japanese man, TAKADA, sits down on the same bench. He's holding an identical gym bag that he plops on the floor.

MERITO

Sonofabitch. Like you predicted.

FEMALE (V.O.)

It's called me being damn good at my job, Merito. Do they have the items? Blue suitcase or something.

MERITO

Shows what YOU know, smart ass,
it's blue gym bags.

FEMALE (V.O.)

Uhh is Marisol with you?

MERITO

Yeah, why?

FEMALE (V.O.)

Doesn't your visitation time for
today expire at 2:30?

MERITO

Yeah, so?

FEMALE (V.O.)

You dummy. That's why you thought
the intel was off. Double check
your watch. You're behind.

He looks at a playground clock near him. It's 2:30.

MERITO

SHIT!

FEMALE (V.O.)

Hurry up and secure the items.

MERITO

Not enough time to do this subtle.

FEMALE (V.O.)

'Rito, don't-

MERITO

-I gotta take these guys ou-

FEMALE (V.O.)

-No you don't! Secure the items and
then let the authorities tak-

MERITO

-I'm gonna have to do a little
"shock & awe" I th-

FEMALE (V.O.)

-Can we PLEASE finish a mission
without killing mutha-

MERITO

-Look, we kill a couple of
terrorist, opioid dealers we're
doing the world a favor.

FEMALE (V.O.)

Merito! Listen-

He taps the earpiece off and takes out a Walther PPK handgun from his back holster. He fires into the air causing a panic.

Merito darts through the panicked crowd and the guards notice him getting close to them.

Richardson and Takada exchange gym bags as the two guards draw their Glock 17's.

Creepy Guard #1 leads Richardson and Takada to a large black SUV and opens the door for them.

Merito and Creepy Guard #2 exchange blows quickly but Merito's Muay Thai's too damn fast and too damn technically sound for him and knocks him out.

As Merito runs towards the SUV, Creepy Guard #1 aims his gun at him but Merito's quicker on the draw. He shoots him in the hand, forcing Creepy Guard #1 to yell and drop his gun.

Merito knocks him out with a fierce flying knee to the jaw. Richardson sits in the SUV waiving to Takada to get in. Marisol continues to draw, obliviously.

RICHARDSON

Let's go!

TAKADA

Fuck you! You set me up!

Takada runs away. Merito jumps towards the SUV and grabs the roof for leverage.

He swings in and kicks Richardson in the face with both feet, knocking Richardson's face through the opposite window.

Takada continues running away, holding one of the gym bags and looking back towards a smiling Merito.

Takada turns and is knocked back 20 feet to the street as he's hit by a black Corolla. The gym bag flies as well as a barely conscience Takada sees a woman's hand pick it up.

Merito darts back to the playground with the gym bag. He taps the oblivious Marisol's shoulder. They speak Sign language.

MERITO

Hey baby. Let's hang out with mom.

MARISOL

Yes! Can we get pizza?

MERITO

You got it, Sweet pea.

Merito hears sirens. He picks her up and hustles to the Corolla. They get in and peel off. The woman behind the wheel speaks with the same voice as the woman over the earpiece.

She's Black, 30's. Too cool to get worked up about all the violence and chaos but not too cool to put her foot down a muthafucka's throat if she needs to. JUDE-LYNNE JEAN.

JUDE-LYNNE

Damn, Merito! Can you do ANYTHING with LESS chaos?

He takes off his and Marisol's blonde wig. His beard also.

MERITO

I can do a lot of thi-

JUDE-LYNNE

-Not sleeping with you. "ANYMORE".

MERITO

C'mon, JJ. I thought we worked.

JUDE-LYNNE

We work better now. We can either fuck or we can get paid. Not both.

MERITO

Yeah. Yeah, sure. Hey can you drop me off at Anne's place?

JUDE-LYNNE

Sure. Uhhh...you watched the news?

MERITO

Have we met?

She hands him her phone. A CNN article's on the screen with the headline "MAYOR CRYBABY" above a picture of Mayor Brooks crying at the debate. Merito flashes regret.

JUDE-LYNNE

Might want to check on your dad.

MERITO

THIS motherfucker...

TITLE CARD: MARLON...

INT. WEAE RADIO STATION - BOSTON - MORNING

MARLON (JOSHUA) CHEADLE, a volatile, bombastic, charismatic Black man in his mid 30's, is sitting in a radio studio.

A Japanese American woman sits across from him. Late 20's with an endearing yet dignified sweetness. An island of chill in a sea of madness. His co-host CANDY FUJITA.

The room is plastered with pictures of Marlon on stage rapping and of him and Candy with Kanye West, Bono, President Obama and Mitt Romney.

MARLON

GOOOOD MORNING, BITCHES! We're back. It's your boy, Chromatic, and Candy Muthafuckin Fujita in the house. Holla at your boy. Caller #1 "Rick" from Cranston. What's up.

RICK (V.O.)

Damn, Marl, I usually like the show but sometimes you gotta bring it in, buddy. Why you always so hype this early in the morning? Why-

MARLON

-I smoke crack, bitch. Next caller.

CANDY

Yeah but damn, this early?

MARLON

Well, shit, it's 9am. How long should I wait?

CANDY

I'd be a noonish, if I did crack.

MARLON

You see, you strike me as more of a late night crack pipe type chick.

CANDY

Well that just shows you don't understand women at all.

MARLON

I DO understand women. Why do you think I smoke crack in the first place?

CANDY

Jack.ASS.

MARLON

Callers, holla at a brother. 617-555-3825. That's 617-555-F.U.C.K. "The Marlon and Candy Show" is brought to you by Big Bear Beer."Big Bear Beer. Beer for the ones who don't give a fuck." So how are folks feeling about this upcoming election? Mayor Brooks is polls numbers are dropping like drawers on a groupie. Fuckin' right I endorse Senator Randolph.

CANDY

Still mad he tried to censor us?

MARLON

Me?? That would be petty.

CANDY

I mean what's he supposed to do? You know this show ain't for everyone. He used to be a Catholic Priest for fuck's sakes.

MARLON

Bullshit. I don't need no preacher all up in my business telling me what to say. I don't go up in them churches telling them freaks to stop touching the kids, right? Ok who do we got on the line?

CANDY

"Vic" from Cambridge on, go.

VIC (V.O.)

I was talkin' with my buddy about you's guys. I says you know this guy Marlon is alright.

MARLON

Oh awesome. Then what did he say?

VIC (V.O.)

He says to me he doesn't think s-

MARLON

-Oh wow that's HILARIOUS. Then what did you say back?

Candy's trying not to laugh.

VIC (V.O.)

Well I say you guys are what the radio should be. I'm sick of this P.C. shit ya know?

MARLON

Fascinating. Then what did he say back to you?

VIC (V.O.)

He s-hey, you making fun of me?

MARLON

Fucking goodness, WHY ARE YOU ON MY RADIO?! WHAT ARE WE DOING?!

CANDY

Would you like another caller?

MARLON

Why yes I would, thank you.

CANDY

Ok we got "Sharon" from Southie. What's up?

SHARON (V.O.)

You know like, I think you're a real jerk. Like, You can still be funny or whatever without, like-

MARLON

-You know, like, YOU'RE like the reason I like, smoke alot of like, crack. Next caller please.

Candy's cracking up.

CANDY

Wait, you're not going to clown Brooks for that crying incident? Some good low hanging fruit for you.

MARLON

What "crying incident"?

CANDY

HA! Oh right, you didn't watch the debate. Check out this clip.

She hands him her phone. His obnoxious demeanor vanishes as he looks on it and sees the video of Mayor Brooks crying.

CANDY (CONT'D)

Ok, here we go! Have at him.

MARLON

I uh, like you said. "Low hanging fruit".

TITLE CARD:

MAGNUS...

INT. MAGNUS FARM HOUSE/SAN FRANCISCO - EVENING

A Black woman in her late 20's with lean muscles wearing a cloak of danger and enigma is staring into a mirror. She's wearing fitted jeans, a tank top and a large cowboy hat. This is REBECCA PORTIER.

She's dancing to herself in front of a large mirror, blaring "Hello" by KES. She turns around to look towards the kitchen.

A muscular Black in his late 20's is standing at the doorway on a stack of swagger and John Wayne. He's holding two six packs of Corona Extra. SHERIFF MAGNUS CHEADLE.

MAGNUS

Well, damn.

REBECCA

Hey, Magnus! I was just fooling over here. I didn't think you were going to be back so quickly. Uhh how much of that did you see?

MAGNUS

Enough to know that you're wearing way too much clothes. Getting the party started without me? I reckon you could make it up to me.

Magnus hands her a Corona beer and pulls her in close.

REBECCA

I uh "reckon" I could, Sheriff.

Magnus picks her up and puts her on the couch. He takes her hand and kisses it as he works his way up.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

While you were away, someone from the FBI came by for you.

MAGNUS

FBI? Damn it, they're harassing the hell outta me.

REBECCA

You do something wrong?

MAGNUS

Woman, I don't want to spend the night talking about the FBI. The only thing I want to hear from you tonight is...

He whispers in her ear. She laughs out loud.

REBECCA

But she was kinda serious, babe.

MAGNUS

They sent a woman? You get a name?

REBECCA

Starts with an "R" or something I think. Look we can't be messing around if you're in trouble with the FBI! That's pretty damn shady.

MAGNUS

Nah it ain't like that. Dummies probably just wanna see how a real lawman does it. Now where was I?

REBECCA

Wait, I heard stories about you, Magnus. We only met a few days ago and I'm already in your house. I don't want to be just another notch on your holster, cowboy.

MAGNUS

No way, darling. You're special. When I saw you in that pool hall, hustling all those fellas, I thought you were a special woman.

REBECCA

I was wearing a skin tight leather outfit that night, honey.

MAGNUS

Is that right? I didn't notice.

Magnus takes his shirt off and starts to kiss her neck. Until someone rapidly knocks on the door. Magnus ignores it.

REBECCA

Uh shouldn't you get that?

MAGNUS

Get what?

REBECCA

Uuumm, the door?

MAGNUS

Nah, I don't hear nothin.

The knocks get louder and faster.

REBECCA

C'mon Sheriff, what if someone needs your help?

MAGNUS

It's probably the wrong address. I get that all the time.

A loud panicked voice is heard from outside.

WYATT (O.S.)

C'MON SHERIFF! OPEN UP! IT'S WYATT!

MAGNUS

Sweet fuck. Please stay right here.

Magnus hustles over and opens the door. WYATT SHARPE'S a thin White man in his 50's that's drenched in constant fear, paranoia and is high on life and marijuana.

MAGNUS (CONT'D)

God dang it, Wyatt, not now.

WYATT

I'm sorry, Maggie, but it's a damn em-hey man! Put your shirt back on! You open the door looking like that? Damn, you always in the middle of fucking somebody or you just doing laundry?

MAGNUS

Keep your voice down, Wyatt!

Magnus nods his head towards the living room. Wyatt looks and sees Rebecca sitting on the couch. She waives at him.

WYATT

Hey there Connie. You do something different with your hair?

Magnus cringes and looks behind at an angry Rebecca.

He looks back at Wyatt furiously. He turns back around and Rebecca already has her jacket, shoes and purse on.

She stalks right by him and out the door, bumping Wyatt. Magnus opens his mouth to speak but has no words. They watch her walk away.

WYATT (CONT'D)

Damn, how'd she get dressed so fast?

MAGNUS

That...that wasn't Connie.

WYATT

Bullshit, she looked just like her!

MAGNUS

Why. Are. You. Here?

WYATT

Right! Well two things. I got a lead on that Senator's missing kid.

MAGNUS

Sure you do. And?

WYATT

Yeah and I wanted to see if you spoke to your dad after that little crying incident at the debate?

MAGNUS

What "crying incident"?

WYATT

I know you hate the guy but he's hurting right now. I-hey can you please put a damn shirt on? Your nipples are getting hard and it's distracting as hell.

Wyatt slinks in, not seeing the regret on Magnus's face.

INT. DR. BOOTH'S OFFICE - DAY

Brooks downs more Jack and loosens up his tie some more.

MAYOR BROOKS

Yeah. "complicated".

DR. BOOTH

Your guilt for leaving their mother when they were young is-

MAYOR BROOKS

-Of course I've been feeling guilty! She was a fucking junkie when I left her! When I left THEM!

DR. BOOTH

So were you if I recall. So was I. Look at us now. People grow. People change. Maybe the have too.

MAYOR BROOKS

I've never shed a tear a day in my life. Now in front of millions of people around the country?! I-

He starts breaking down crying again. He touches the tears on his face like he's trying to plug a leak.

MAYOR BROOKS (CONT'D)

The fuck is happening, Richie?

DR. BOOTH

A dam holds back so much water. Before becoming Mayor of Boston you were a Catholic Priest. So tell me. Why do people confess their sins?

MAYOR BROOKS

For forgiveness.

DR. BOOTH

Have YOU asked for forgiveness? From the people you hurt.

MAYOR BROOKS

They hate me too damn much for that. No. The final debate is next week! I need to focus on that.

DR. BOOTH

You can NOT take that stage until you make things right with them. Your poll numbers are tanking like a motherfucker.

MAYOR BROOKS

Richie-

DR. BOOTH

-Make things right. One way or the other before the next debate. Or your political career is over.

MAYOR BROOKS

...Fuck.

EXT. GEORGETOWN CONDOMINIUMS/ WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY

ANNE KOVACH, a white woman in her 30's who's steaming in passive aggressiveness and cynicism, stands in front of her doorway with crossed arms of disapproval.

This is Marisol's mother and his ex-wife, Merito quickly walks up to the place with Marisol.

Marisol smiles and jumps into her mother's arm's. Anne puts her down and they Sign to each other.

ANNE

Hey! Did you have fun with Daddy?

MARISOL

Yes I did, Mommy! Daddy didn't kill any bad guys today. He just hurt them real bad!

Anna cuts Merito a fierce look but smiles back to Marisol.

ANNE

Why don't you wash your hands and take a nap. I'll be right there.

Marisol skips into the condo.

MERITO

Now look, Anne, to be fair to me-

ANNE

-Why would I want to be fair to you?

MERITO

I thought she couldn't hear the-

ANNE

-Question. Do you think it's best to bring a child to a shootout?

MERITO

Well, no. Normally not. However-

ANNE

-Question. Would it be better for a child to be raised by someone who's NOT a psychotic thrill seeker with no regard for human life nor their own safety?

MERITO

I wouldn't say I'm a "thrill seeker" per se-

ANNE

-See you in court tomorrow. Don't be late. When you lose your partial custody I want you to be on time.

She goes back inside her condo and slams the door. Merito ashamedly stares at the slammed door as Jude-Lynne pulls up in a different car with the windows down. He walks to her. She's listening to Marlon's radio show.

MARLON (V.O.)

Yeah who the hell cares WHAT Mayor Brooks thinks about ANYTHING? TRUST me. He's a hypocrite.

MERITO

You switched to a clean car already? Wow you really are good. Is that Marlon's show? At night?

JUDE-LYNNE

It's a replay. He's really going after your dad pretty hard.

MERITO

I can't say I blame him. I'll call him later.

JUDE-LYNNE

C'mon. The packages have been picked up and our payment cleared. Onto the next one. How did it go?

MERITO

Hey let me hold a Corona.

She reaches in the glove compartment which turns out to be a mini cooler. She hands him a Corona Light.

MERITO (CONT'D)

She's fuck bent on making sure she takes all my rights with Marisol away. You know if I can't show that I'm financially stable by tomorrow I won't get full custody?

JUDE-LYNNE

A few more jobs you should be all set with that, right? Freelancing for the CIA should give you more respect than that. I'll forge an official temporary stay for the paper work. Buy you some time.

MERITO

Adopting Marisol...we thought we were providing her with something neither of us had. Stability.

JUDE-LYNNE

I thought you were going to say "love".

MERITO

Why would I say that? Let me holla at Burnie real quick.

She reaches in her shirt and pulls out a blunt. She reaches behind her ear under her long hair and hands him a lighter.

JUDE-LYNNE

You don't really know what love is. It's a foreign concept to you. Maybe you should focus on that.

MERITO

You think I don't love my daughter?

JUDE-LYNNE

I'm saying you don't know how to.

He ponders that. He reaches for the door but she locks it.

JUDE-LYNNE (CONT'D)

Walk it off, killer.

She peels off quick leaving Merito coughing off of exhaust smoke, marijuana and stupidity.

MERITO

Well damn...

INT. SPURLOCK COURTHOUSE - MORNING

Anne and Marisol are sitting in a small court room with LAWYER #1. The other seat is occupied by LAWYER #2. The JUDGE and everyone else is looking very impatient.

LAWYER #2

Your honor, I-

Merito barges in, wearing an unkempt suit and trying to tie on his cheap ass tie.

MERITO

Wait! Sorry I'm late, Your Honor!

He runs to sit next to his lawyer but two COURT OFFICERS stand in front of him. They get into a shoving match.

MERITO (CONT'D)

Hey back the fuck up!

JUDGE

It's ok, you can let him in.

The officers relent and Merito sits down with Lawyer #2.

JUDGE #1 (CONT'D)

Mr. Cheadle! If you-

MERITO

-Sorry, Judge I-

LAWYER # 2

-“Your Honor”.

MERITO

Yes, Your Honor, I am so sorry for being late. My work just wouldn't let me leave. My job can be a real killer. What did I miss?

ANNE

What did you...Are you fucking seri-

MERITO

-Can you please not fucking curse in front of Mariso-

ANNE

-You're such a BASTARD! You don't respect anyo-

MERITO

-Bullshit I don't respe-

The Judge bangs her gavel and they shut up.

JUDGE

Control your clients! If either of you disrespect my courtroom again I will have you spend the night in a damn cell. DO you understand?

LAWYER #1/LAWYER # 2

Yes, Your Honor.

JUDGE

Mr. Cheadle. Have you provided your financial statements to prove financial viability and stability?

Merito fidgets around his pockets, looking for the documents.

MERITO

Your Honor. I uh...I have a temporary stay on my financial documents here somewhere. Not sure...where I put them. Hold on.

He stands up and takes off his jacket. The court rooms gasps as there are large stains of blood all over his shirt.

JUDGE

Mr. Cheadle!

MERITO (CONT'D)

Oh wait, it's fine! It's not MY blood! It's not my blood!

The Judge bangs here gavel as their are more gasps and hub bub in the courtroom with the few COURT SPECTATORS there.

JUDGE

Order! Order!

INT. SCHOLAR'S BAR & GRILL - DAY

Merito's downing a large chalice of beer at the bar. There's a half dozen DRUG SMUGGLERS, taking up two booths and speaking to each other. Merito speaks on his earpiece.

JUDE-LYNNE (V.O.)

Sooooo it could have gone better?

MERITO

Yeah. Yeah I would have to agree with that assessment.

JUDE-LYNNE (V.O)

Why didn't you tell them you freelance for the C.I.A.?!
(MORE)

(CONT'D)

The Judge would have to respect your confidentiality. Maybe she would've cut you some slack.

MERITO

Yeah you're right. "Hey Your Honor-ness, I would really like to take custody of my daughter. I absolutely have time to help her with her homework between secretly killing scumbags for the C.I.A".

JUDE-LYNNE (V.O.)

So they're asking for a psych evaluation along with financial records now, right?

MERITO

Yup.

JUDE-LYNNE (V.O.)

So you're fucked.

MERITO

Yup.

JUDE-LYNNE (V.O.)

At least I found us some easy work.

MERITO

Thanks babe. After this I'm going to need you to falsify some records to make it seem like I'm an accountant or something.

JUDE-LYNNE (V.O.)

Damn you always want something, don't you?

MERITO

You know what I want, JJ.

JUDE-LYNNE (V.O.)

You got eyes on the targets?

He looks over to the smuggler's booth. They're two EXCEPTIONALLY SCUMMY SMUGGLERS talking over beer. SMUGGLER #1 is wearing a blue derby. The booths on either side of them have four SMUGGLER GUARDS each.

MERITO

Yup. Some guards too. Which fucker is the target? Please tell me it's the muthafucka with the derby.

JUDE-LYNNE (V.O.)
It's the muthafucka with the derby.

MERITO
Word.

JUDE-LYNNE (V.O.)
He has a notorious bad bladder. They've been there for more than an hour. I planted flash grenades all over the place this morning. When he gets up to go piss, set the grenade timers for 3 minutes. Grab him and haul ass through the front door. I'll be there for extraction. The bartender is gonna clear out for ten minutes and he put a sign on the front that they're closed.

MERITO
Uuuh why not just lock the door?

JUDE-LYNN
He lost the key the other night. It's a big ass sign, though so only a fucking jackass would ignore it.

MERITO
...Sure. Fuck it. He's getting up now and taking a guard with him. The flash grenades are going to cloud their vision for a minute?

JUDE-LYNNE (V.O.)
Yup. Light work for you, right?

Derby mofo gets up with one of the guards and goes to the restroom. Merito sets the timer on his watch for 3 minutes.

MERITO
Yeah ok. Setting timeeeeerr now.

Merito starts to get up but freezes when Mayor Brooks, wearing sunglasses and a baseball cap, sits down next to him.

MAYOR BROOKS
Hello Merito. Been a while.

MERITO
...DAD?!

JUDE-LYNNE (V.O.)
"DAD?!"

MAYOR BROOKS

Sorry to drop in on you like this.

Merito is bewildered and speechless.

MAYOR BROOKS (CON'TD)

I know, I know, you don't even know what to say to me, huh?

Merito glances at his watch. 2m:45s

MERITO

No-I-you can't be here right now!

MAYOR BROOKS

Anne tracked your emergency phone for me. So. You still work at the bank?

MERITO

...Yeah.

MAYOR BROOKS

Look, Merito. I know you hate me. I know that I haven't been the best father th-

MERITO

-Well yeah you left your kids to be raised by a raging alcoholic crack addict to join the Catholic Church on some sorta fucking retreat.

MAYOR BROOKS

Right. Not the best father.

Merito glances at his watch. 2 minutes. 15 seconds.

MERITO

Look, "Dad", I'm kinda of in the mid-

MAYOR BROOKS

-I fucked up, ok? I was scared. I-

MERITO

-YOU were scared?!

MAYOR BROOKS

That surprises you? That I'm human?

MERITO

Yes it does.

JUDE-LYNNE (V.O.)

Hey, get him the fuck out of there!

1 minute 55 seconds.

MERITO

What the fuck do you really want, huh? You have a nervous fucking breakdown on national TV and now you want fucking what exactly?

MAYOR BROOKS

Sigh. To ask for your forgiveness.

MERITO

My "FORGIVENESS"?! HAHA! C'mon.

JUDE-LYNNE (V.O.)

MERITO!

MAYOR BROOKS

When I left you, when I left your mom. I was a mess. I was an alcoholic and I was a meth addict when we had you. By the time Marlon then Magnus was born, I...I guess I ABSORBED her into my darkness.

1 minute 30 seconds.

MAYOR BROOKS (CONT'D)

She had become every bit the addict I was. You probably don't remember but one day you found her unconscious and strung out in the bath tub.

FLASHBACK

TITLE CARD: EXT. BROOKS HOUSE - NIGHT

Brooks is nervously approaching the house with a crappy bouquet of daisy's. He gets to the door, takes out his keys and his hand shakes as he puts the key to the door.

He thinks better of it and turns away. He only pauses when he hears Merito screaming. He unlocks the door and darts in.

INT. BROOKS HOUSE - NIGHT

Brooks sees Merito down the hallway in front of their bathroom. Water is overflowing from it.

Brooks runs to the bathroom and is aghast that Theresa is unconscious in the bathtub with a needle in her arm.

Brooks takes out the needle and picks her up out of the flooded bathroom. He jets out of the house with her.

END FLASHBACK

MERITO

I remember.

MAYOR BROOKS (CONT'D)

Yeah. Well, when I got to her and saw what...what I had done, I guess you can say I had a "Come to Jesus Moment". Literally.

MERITO

I-

MAYOR BROOKS

-After I brought her to rehab, I decided to leave you then because I was a danger to you all. I waited until she came back from rehab. I left because I loved you too much to let you have a father like me. I'm sorry. Forgive me? Please?

Merito says nothing. 20 seconds.

MAYOR BROOKS (CONT'D)

Well. Ok then. See you around.

Merito tearfully watches Brooks walk out of the bar as Derby Mofo walks out of the bathroom with his guard.

JUDE-LYNNE (V.O.)

MERITO!

MERITO

WHAT?!

JUDE-LYNNE (V.O.)

The fucking grenades, you idiot!

Merito looks at his watch.

MERITO

Shit.

The flash grenades go off and everyone is blinded. The guards clumsily pull out their guns and aim blindly.

Merito draws his gun and a furious blind shootout occurs with everyone missing each other. Derby Mofo's shoulder's grazed.

DERBY MOFO

Hey, put the guns away you fucking
idiot-AARRGH!!!

He can't speak as he's shot through the stomach.

JUDE-LYNNE (V.O.)

We need him alive, Rito!

MERITO

I fucking forgot, ok?!

The guards put their guns away as does Merito. Merito charges where he hears the guards and attacks with a vicious flying knee. Which lands him right through a table.

He staggers his way up and is grabbed by a guard. Merito and the guards engage in a brutal blind back and forth.

Merito's down to four smugglers and they're tearing up the bar. The smugglers split their focus.

Jude-Lynne, clad in leather and wearing a Baby Yoda mask, attacks them from behind with two tasers. Merito and Jude-Lynne take them down as his vision clears up.

JUDE-LYNNE

Hey are you ok?

MERITO

For so long I thought he hated us.
That he didn't love us. He left and
started a new family and forgot all
about us. But he said he left us
BECAUSE he loved us? What the fuck
does that even mean?

JUDE-LYNNE

Maybe that's something for YOU to
figure out. Maybe Anne has a point?

DERBY MOFO

Hey! I'm...I'm f-f-fucking bleeding
here! Hello?! Come the fuck on!

INT. MERITO'S APT - NIGHT

Merito's drinking a Corona in the shower.

FLASH BACK MONTAGE: VARIOUS LOCATIONS

-A young Merito finds his 30 something year old African American mother, THERESA CHEADLE, unconscious in a half full bathtub with a syringe sticking out of her arm.

-Young Merito's staring out of his bedroom window at Brooks getting into his blue pick up truck with a gym bag over his shoulder. He drives off.

-An adult Merito walks into "Origination Foster Home" with Anne. They're happy and Merito has his arm around her.

-Merito and Anne play with Marisol in a playground.

-Merito's doing battle with the guards at the playground while Marisol draws.

-Mayor Brooks is speaking to Merito at the bar.

MAYOR BROOKS

I left because I loved you too much
to let you have a father like me.

END FLASHBACK

MERITO

Fuck.

EXT. GEORGETOWN CONDOMINIUMS - NIGHT

Anne opens her door to Merito as it's pouring rain.

MERITO

Can I come in?

ANNE

No.

MERITO

Ok. You're not going to make THIS
easy for me either , huh?

ANNE

Make WHAT easy?

MERITO

I'm dropping my full custody claim.

ANNE

You what??

MERITO

I'm dropp-

ANNE

-Yeah, I heard you.

MERITO

But you just said-

ANNE

-I know what I said! Are you fucking with me?

MERITO

No. I'm just...I'm just not what Marisol needs in her life. Not yet. I'm a terrible father. My line of work is way too dangerous and I'm not quite ready to hang it up yet.

ANNE

Merito-

MERITO

-I'm gettting there. At least I'm trying to. I don't know. You're a good woman, Anne. A great mother. Our marriage tanked because we just don't jibe. But I need to love Marisol enough to know that she can do a hell of a lot better than me as a father. I'll settle for visitations. For now.

Merito turns to walk away.

ANNE

You're still her father, Merito.

Merito pauses.

ANNE (CONT'D)

Maybe in time we ca-

MERITO

-See you around, Anne.

He gets in his 1968 Dodge Challenger and peels off.

ANNE

Yeah. See you around.

INT. GRAND HOTEL - NIGHT

Brooks is talking to Dr. Booth via Skype on a large tablet. Both are drinking rum. Brooks is distraught and disheveled as he's fighting back tears and smoking a cigar.

MAYOR BROOKS

It was a fucking disaster, Richie.
Fucking disaster!

DR. BOOTH

These things take time. You can't
ask for forgiveness then get mad
because you don't get it right
away. If at all.

MAYOR BROOKS

Yeah. I guess I just was hoping. I
was hoping it would have gone
differently. I thought with him
being the oldest, he would have had
a bit more understanding or
something. I don't know.

DR. BOOTH

So now what? Maybe you'll have
better luck with Marlon.

Richie makes a "Good luck with THAT mutherfucker" look.

TITLE CARD:

MARLON...

INT. WEAE RADIO STATION/BOSTON - DAY

Marlon and Candy are doing their show.

CANDY

"Robbie", you're on "The Marlon and
Candy Show" what's up?

ROBBIE (V.O.)

I was wondering, Mr. Cheadle, are
you proud of the public discourse
you're participating in?

MARLON

Geez is this that fucking reporter
from channel 6? Robbie Pearson
ladies and gentleman. "Captain
Crusade himself". What the fuck do
you want, Stalker?

ROBBIE (V.O.)

I just want to know how you're
even still on the air? You're
exactly what's wrong with our
society. You think you're improving
the discourse in this country?

MARLON

Oh fuck you I'm exactly what's RIGHT about this country. I came from NOTHING, dude. You can't get poorer than I was coming up. I was pissing outside for 10 years, bitch. I'm fucking RICH now and it drives people like you crazy and I absolutely fucking love it.

ROBBIE (V.O.)

People like YOU don't realize how vital and powerful a voice like yours can be. You're just adding to the toxic discourse of this country these days.

CANDY

Why are you so obsessed with Marl?
We're not the only show on air.

ROBBIE (V.O.)

Because you're the only one that I think really does give a damn but you're too macho to show it. I think you can be better.

MARLON

I can "be better"?! Who the fuck are YOU to tell me a damn thing?! You're a loowwsssy reporter.

ROBBIE (V.O.)

I'M lousy? You sho-

MARLON (CONT'D)

-You harass me for click bait. No one would even be fucking talking about you if it weren't for me. Free speech applies to me too so you or Mayor Brooks or anyone else who thinks they can tell me what the hell to do can kick rocks and stay the fuck out my business.

ROBBIE (V.O.)

Yeah but you-

MARLON

-Aaaand time for a commercial break. Be back in a minute.

He takes off his headphones.

MARLON (CONT'D)

This fucking guy.

Marlon takes out a "Willie Nelson" and lights it up.

CANDY

He's not the only one who wants to take us off - air. He's not going to stop coming after you, you know? None of them are.

He takes a hit and walks over to the window. As Marlon opens the shades, he sees a large gaggle of FANS out there. They cheer and clap when they see him.

MARLON

Let them come. Fuck 'em.

INT. WEAЕ RADIO STATION HALLWAY - MORNING

Marlon's at the vending machine trying to get a soda. He gets the can out and hear's some commotion.

He looks down the hallway. Brooks walks out of the station manager's office with the station manager, FRANTZ REID.

MARLON

Oh what the fuck.

Marlon walks over to them.

MARLON (CONT'D)

Hello, "Mr. Mayor."

MAYOR BROOKS

Mr. "Cheadle". Speak of the devil.

FRANTZ

The Mayor came down here to invite you to a charity event on Friday.

MARLON

Is that right?

MAYOR BROOKS

Listen, we've been at this back and forth for a while now. It would be good for us to squash our beef. I'm asking you-

MARLON

-You petitioned to get me off the fucking air!

MAYOR BROOKS

Well I shouldn't hav-

MARLON

-See ya later.

Marlon walks away.

MAYOR BROOKS

He's a real piece of work, huh?

FRANTZ

Why does it always seem so personal
with you guys?

MAYOR BROOKS

It's not. It's nothing.

INT. MARLON'S ROLLS ROYCE - DAY

Marlon's being driven around by his muscle bound driver, HANK X. A tinted window separates them.

Marlon's going hard on lines of cocaine. Once he finishes, he reaches around the bottom of the seat and pulls up a half carton of Almond milk.

He downs the milk in two sips, spilling some of it all over the place. Marlon leans back and gazes out of the window.

He sees a group of STREET SPECTATORS cheering on two BUCKET DRUMMERS. He smiles, watching the people. He presses a button and rolls down the window separator to speak to the driver.

MARLON

Hey pull over, man.

HANK

Yessir.

EXT. PARK STREET - DAY

They pull over. Marlon gets out and walks over to the drummers. The crowd and drummers go crazy.

MARLON

What it do, fellas? You
guys down to play a little bit?

DRUMMER #1

Say. Less. Let's go!

DRUMMER #2

Word! What do you want?

MARLON

You lead, I'll follow. Just give me some Cindy Blackman type shit.

The drummer plays a fast, hardcore drum beat. Marlon pulls out a microphone from his jacket bops his head.

He raps an amazing FREESTYLE RAP. The crowd eats it up and cheers wildly. When he finishes, he throws a bunch of money into the tip bucket.

The crowd chants his name as he jumps back in his car and drives off.

INT. MARLON'S HOUSE - EVENING

A very pregnant Puerto Rican woman in her 30's with dignity and regales is sleeping on the couch near a large piano.

This is MARIA MARTELO and there's smoke coming from the kitchen. A 4 year old Blatino boy, MARLON JR., is playing with her phone. Marlon walks in.

MARLON

Hey baby! Hey what the fuck's burning in the kitchen?!

Marlon runs to the kitchen as Maria stirs.

MARIA

Hey honey, what's up? Say high to your father, MJ.

MARLON JR.

Hi, Daddy.

MARIA

What are you doing here already?

MARLON

Apparently saving your fucking life. You didn't smell the smoke?

MARIA

I was sleeping. How the fuck would I?

MARLON

You're a real peach, you know that?

MARIA

What does that even mean?

MARLON

Sigh. Never mind.

MARIA

How was your day?

Marlon pulls a Corona Extra out of the fridge.

MARLON

It was interesting.

MARIA

"Interesting" how?

MARLON

Well I-

MARIA

-Oh help me up, honey.

He rolls his eyes and helps her. She slaps him on the ass.

MARIA (CONT'D)

Thanks, babe. Hey, Merito called me. He was calling you all day but he said you weren't answering.

MARLON

I'll call him later. I just came to shower. We're doing a sit down for the show's 4 year anniversary.

MARIA

Candy, huh?

MARLON

For the last time, I didn't fuck Candy Reyes.

He puts down the Corona on the table.

MARIA

But you WANT to, don't you?

MARLON

What, you mean like right now?

MARIA

You're a jackass.

MARLON

Yeah I know it. Why don't you come on and join me in the shower. I'll rub your back.

MARIA

HAAHAH! Um no. You're too high and I'm too pregnant. I'm gonna go make some dinner.

She walks into the kitchen. Marlon shakes his head and runs up the stairs. Marlon Jr. drinks the left behind Corona.

INT. NBC SOUND STUDIOS - NIGHT

Marlon and Candy are sitting in folding chairs on a stage in front of a LIVE AUDIENCE.

They are being interviewed by a hip Mexican woman in her 40's, CAMARA TAYLOR. They're sharing a laugh with the audience as Marlon is telling a story.

MARLON

And so she says "but you told me Chromatic was your stage name"!

The audience erupts in laughter.

CANDY

My goodness I forgot that story.

CAMARA

So whatever happened to her?

MARLON

Oh we broke up after I made her get an abortion.

Candy glares at Marlon awkwardly. Camara's smile slowly ebbs. The crowds laughter quiets down.

CAMARA

What exactly do you mean by-

CANDY

-Hey so am I going to get any questions too?

CAMARA

Yes but-

CANDY

-It's ok. Just gotta get used to the secondary treatment. Always the side kick, never the hero.

CAMARA

Well. It would seem we're out of time. Thank you guys for

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

joining us tonight. (To the camera)
 And you can catch "The Marlon and
 Candy Show" Monday through Friday
 at 9am on Sirius Radio.

They stand up with Camara. Candy shakes Camara's hand. Marlon reaches out to shake her hand but she walks away. Marlon looks over at Candy perplexed.

CANDY

Maybe it was something you said.

MARLON

So what else is new? Aight, I gotta bounce. See you in the morning.

He struts away.

CANDY

Hell yeah. Can't wait.

INT. WEAE RADIO - MORNING

Candy's in the radio booth.

CANDY

Alright we gotta take a break. We got full lines and we will get to you after this ad. "The Marlon and Candy Show", WEAE.

She takes off her earphones and looks to the two way glass.

CANDY (CONT'D)

Where the hell is Marlon?

Marlon barges in, hurried. He puts on his headphones.

MARLON

I'm sorry I'm late. I had to bring Maria and MJ to the airport and I just couldn't get here on time. How are we doing?

CANDY

Yeah we got full lines. The people are HOT today. Thanks to you.

MARLON

What do you mean?

CANDY

You'll see.

Marlon ruffles through papers.

MARLON

Hey where's our Triple B's
sponsorship script?

CANDY

Aaaaand we're back. "The Marlon
and Candy Show" on WEAE. Look who
decided to show up.

MARLON

Hey, hey, hey people. Hey I didn't
mean to make you guys wait for it.
I was in the studio workin' on some
dope shit and I don't put clocks in
the studio. Damn our lines are lit
the fuck up! What did I miss?

CANDY

Just take "Stan" on line 1.

MARLON

Ok, Stan from Lawrence whatcha got?

STAN (V.O.)

Hey you feel like a man after doing
that shit to your girl?

MARLON

Uhhhh what the hell are YOU
talking about? What did I-

STAN (V.O.)

-I think it's B.S. that you're even
still on the radio. You're a real
fuckin' sleeze, ya know that?

MARLON

Yeah I know I'm a sleeze but what
the hell is YOUR problem? Hello?

CANDY

He hung up.

MARLON

What the hell was THAT about?

CANDY

It seems that you set off a little
firestorm with your abortion
comments last night.

MARLON
What abortion comments?

CANDY
...You...you don't remember??

MARLON
Nah I was high as fuck last night.
What did I say?

CANDY
Take "Sheila" on line 2.

MARLON
Sheila from Roslindale. What's up?

SHEILA (V.O.)
You seriously don't remember what
you said you pompous ass?

MARLON
The fuck are you-

SHEILA
-You think you can force a
woman to get an abortion and you
can just shrug it off?!

MARLON
Fuck you. I never said that shit!

Candy gives him a hard stare

MARLON (CONT'D)
I said that shit? Get the fuck
outta here, really?

SHEILA (V.O.)
You can't act like you don't know
what you said. The war on women is
serious. You're an absolute
disgusting DISGRACE. Fuck you!

MARLON
Hey kiss my ass with that high and
mi-what...she hung up too? Give me
another caller. I swear if you
fucking hang up on me I will
absolutely lose my shit. And where
the hell is my Triple B's script?!

CANDY
Hey look who we have on line 3.
It's "The Stalker" himself.

MARLON

For fucks sake...

ROBBIE (V.O)

How do you feel now about how you're adding to the public discourse now, Mr. Cheadle? I knew you were a despicable human being and your fall from grace is going to be so glorious.

MARLON

Thanks for reaffirming with me that abortion isn't always a bad thing. Please hang up on this bitch.

ROBBIE (V.O.)

Good luck finding the Triple B's script.

MARLON

What the hell does that mea-

CANDY

-He hung up. We gotta go to break.

MARLON

Yeah whatever. We'll be back in a minute. "Marlon and Candy" WAAE.

Marlon takes off his earphones.

MARLON (CONT'D)

Hey what the hell did he mean by that? Where's the Big Bear script?

CANDY

They suspended the sponsorship.

MARLON

You're not fucking serious. What the hell for?

CANDY

Because of your stupid ass comments, Marlon! What the hell did you think before you said that shit? I mean, shit, did you even fucking think at all?

MARLON

You think I have time to think
before I speak? That's what makes
me ME! What's the big fucking deal?
I do-

Marlon hears chanting outside. He peaks out the window and
sees a gaggle of PROTESTERS holding signs. Some of the signs
say "BABYKILLER" or "MONSTER".

MARLON (CONT'D)

Fuck.

INT. FRANTZ'S OFFICE - DAY

Marlon and Frantz are discussing the issue.

FRANTZ

Marlon, we gotta figure this out.
You really made a shit storm here.

MARLON

C'mon man, this is bullshit. People
will get over it. They always do.

FRANTZ

We're in a different time
now. P.C. culture is legit and I
get both sides of it. Nothing wrong
with treating everyone with respect
but at the same time freedom of
speech is freedom of speech. It's a
balance but it's also a business.
It's OUR business. Make this right.

MARLON

Make it right, how?

FRANTZ

I need you to apologize.

MARLON

Yeah ok. I'll tie my balls back and
get on the radio and betray
everything I've ever stood for.
Sure no problem.

FRANTZ

C'mon, Marl. We're losing sponsors!

MARLON

Because of that fucking reporter and Mayor Brooks! They've been harassing me for years. We're just gonna take it?! That's bullshit!

FRANTZ

Marl, we go way back. But I can't let you ruin the business. This guy is calling other sponsors and putting them on the spot. You see those protesters out there?!

MARLON

So it's ok for these freaks to call me a fucking "BABY KILLER"?! How is THAT ok?!

FRANTZ

Look, I don't have all the answers. All I care about is protecting this station. You have till Friday to make this right.

MARLON

Two days? Or what?

FRANTZ

Or you're fired.

MARLON

YOU THINK YOU CAN FIRE ME FROM MY OWN FUCKING SHOW?! BULLSHIT!!

Frantz ignores him and walks out of the office. Marlon takes out his cell phone.

MARLON (CONT'D)

Swing by the crib tonight. Bring the Honda. Need to take a ride somewhere on the low.

EXT. ROBBIE PEARSON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A sloppy millennial hippie, ROBBIE PEARSON, is sitting on his couch with his FRIENDS playing Words With Friends.

ROBBIE

You see, that's why I don't like playing with you guys.

FRIEND #1

Don't you have an English Degree?

FRIEND #2

Yeah shouldn't you be better at this, Robbie?

ROBBIE

I went to Columbia so I get a pass.

They laugh until a brick comes flying through the window.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)

WHAT THE HELL?!

The group gets up and runs outside. Robbie opens the door and Marlon is standing outside the door ready to knock.

MARLON

Oh my God are you ok?!

ROBBIE

What the hell, man?!

MARLON

I was driving by and I saw a brick go through your window. I thought you might be hurt. Are you ok?!

Marlon grabs him by his arms aggressively, patting him down to check for any injuries. Robbie pushes him off him.

ROBBIE

Hey what the hell is wrong with you?! Someone could have got hurt!

MARLON

You're right. I'm gonna see if I can catch up with the guy who threw that. He went that-away.

He points in opposite directions. Marlon hustles back to his car and pulls off. Jamie looks at the big hole where his window used to be.

ROBBIE

FUUUUUCK!!

INT. MARLON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Marlon walks in with a back pack. He puts the backpack on the coffee table and turns on the TV. Every channel has a chyron on the screen talking about him.

They say "DJ CROSSES LINE" "EX RAPPER FORCES ABORTION" "CALLS FOR RADIO HOST TO BE FIRED". "RADIO HOST OUT OF CONTROL".

He kicks his table over. He picks it up and throws it across the room. He picks up his back pack and pulls out two bricks of cocaine, Almond milk and a bottle of Jack Daniels.

INT. CANDY'S CAR - LATE NIGHT

Candy is talking on her cell phone as she pulls up in front of Marlon's house.

CANDY

Yeah I'm here now, Frantz. Yeah, no one else has heard from him. Maybe he just turned his phone off.

Candy gets out and walks up to his door. She rings the bell

CANDY (CONT'D)

Maria's out of town and I'm worried about him falling even further off the wagon. Ok...ok, see ya.

She keeps ringing the bell but no one answers. She bangs on the door loudly and she notices the door is cracked open slightly. She starts to panic and walks in.

INT. MARLON'S HOUSE - LATE NIGHT

The place is a mess. She looks over at the TV and sees an animated Japanese porno on. She looks on the floor and sees Marlon passed out, partially covered in cocaine.

He's still holding the empty bottle of Jack Daniels. Candy rushes over to him. She grabs him by his collar.

CANDY

MARLON! MARLON! GET UP! MARLON!

Marlon quickly wakes up and in one motion slams her to the couch with his right hand and with his left hand, reaches behind the couch cushions and pulls out a Heckler & Koch USP.

He's choking her with one hand and has the gun pointed at her face. He's crazed the fuck out. Candy shows no fear.

MARLON

WHO THE FUCK ARE YOU?!

CANDY

Baby. It's me. It's Candy.

MARLON

C-C-Candy?

CANDY

Yeah. Put the gun down, babe.

He holds it steady as a stock in her face, trying to figure out who she is. After a few seconds he puts it away and gets off of her. Candy slaps him fiercely.

CANDY (CONT'D)
What the fuck is wrong with you?!

MARLON
Sorry, babe. I...I had a set back.

CANDY
You think?? What the hell, Marl,
you're letting these people get to
you. You're not that damn weak!

She slaps him again even harder.

CANDY (CONT'D)
Get it the fuck together. We need
you to fight. Ok? They're gonna
fuck everything up if you can't
keep your head on straight. People
have been trying to get us off the
air for months. You need to get it
the fuck together.

MARLON
Yeah yeah I know. Ok? I know I
just...I don't know.

CANDY
C'mon. Let's get you upstairs and
into the bath tub. You smell like
burnt crack and spoiled milk.

She helps him up the stairs.

MARLON
This feels like old times, darling.
You still love me, don't you?

CANDY
Marlon, I'll always love you,
selfish dummy. You know that. You
think Maria will be pissed if she
finds out I'm in her house?

MARLON
Nah, I told her we fucked a long
time ago. I don't lie to my wife.

CANDY
Shut up, Marlon.

MARLON

Yes, ma'am.

They go upstairs.

INT. WEAE RADIO STATION - MORNING

Marlon and Candy are walking into the building lobby. They pull out their security badges. Candy scans hers and walks past the desk.

Marlon scans his but it's rejected. He tries again but is rejected again. Two SECURITY GUARDS walk to him.

MARLON

What the fuck? Guys, my badge isn't working. Let me in before I'm late.

SECURITY GUARD #1

Sorry Mr. Cheadle but Mr. Reid suspended your badge.

CANDY

What?!

MARLON

What the fuck are you talking about, open the fucking gate!

SECURITY GUARD #2

Sorry sir, no can do.

Marlon tries to force his way past them but they grab him.

CANDY

Hey let him go!

MARLON

Get the fuck off me!

They pull him towards the door. He headbutts one of them.

SECURITY GUARD #1

Ow! What the hell?

They throw him out of the building. He gets up and tries to go back in the building but it's locked.

MARLON

OPEN THE FUCKING DOOR!!

The guards shake their head.

MARLON (CONT'D)

Look, guys I dropped my wallet
right over there. Can you just hand
it to me please?

Security guard #1 picks up his wallet. He opens the door and reaches out to hand the wallet to Marlon. Marlon grabs his wrist and pulls him outside.

They tussle around. Security guard #2 comes to his friends aid and Marlon fights both of them.

The guards are brawling viscously with Marlon until three POLICE OFFICERS pull up. They jump out of their cars and raise their guns at him. Marlon throws his hands up.

OFFICER #1

FREEZE! GET ON YOUR KNEES!

MARLON

Fuck you.

The officers look to each other, unsure of what to do. Officer #2 handcuffs him. Protesters come closer to him and cheer. Marlon laughs and spits at the crowd.

MARLON

Yau'll love me! Yau'll fucking
love me!

INT. JAIL HOUSE HOLDING CELL - NIGHT

Marlon's pouting in his holding cell.

FLASHBACK

TITLE CARD: 20 YEARS AGO

EXT. ORTIZ BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

10 YEAR OLD MARLON/JOSHUA is playing little league baseball with a crowd of BASEBALL SPECTATORS and two LIITLE LEAGUE TEAMS playing. Marlon's at the plate with the bases loaded.

He looks to the stands and Theresa and a 15 YEAR OLD MERITO are watching from the stands.

A 6 YEAR OLD MAGNUS sits on Theresa's lap, with a sign saying "Go Joshua!" Joshua notices the empty seat next to Theresa.

Theresa offers an apologetic smile and Joshua returns a wink. The PITCHER pitches and Joshua swings a strike. Pitch number two is a swing and a miss.

Joshua peeks back at Theresa and she blows him a kiss. She raises her hand saying "RELAX". He takes a deep breath and launches pitch number three almost out of the yard.

Half the crowd goes crazy as Joshua can't believe he made the hit. He looks to the ecstatic family and they're gesturing for him to run.

He runs the bases and jumps for joy with the team when he gets to home base.

He gets confused when he notices most of the crowd, teammates and coaches are running towards a commotion. Suddenly Joshua is standing at home plate alone.

He runs over to the commotion and makes his way through the crowd. A high as fuck Brooks is arguing with Theresa as she is blatantly trying not to make a scene.

Brooks picks a bat and swings it their worn down Honda Accord LX. He smashes the windows and bangs the car. The bat mistakenly flies out of his hand and almost hits Joshua.

Theresa slaps the piss out of Brooks as Joshua breaks down crying. Brooks makes eye contact with Joshua.

He spits on the floor and slinks away. Merito runs over to Joshua to console him through his tears.

END FLASHBACK

INT. JAIL HOUSE MAIN DESK - NIGHT

Marlon's sitting up in his bed, face in hand. An OFFICER comes and opens up the cell.

OFFICER #3

Let's go, sir. You made bail.

MARLON

Fucking right.

INT. JAIL HOUSE FRONT DESK - NIGHT

Marlon's signing out at the front desk.

MARLON

Who posted my bail?

MAYOR BROOKS (O.S.)

You're welcome.

He turns and sees Frantz standing next to Brooks.

MARLON

You gotta be fucking kidding me. Surprised you didn't let me rot in here. You got alot of damn nerve, man. So do you, Frantz.

FRANTZ

Marl, what do you want me to do?! We're losing sponsors every day!

MARLON

It sounds like you got a problem because I ain't apologizing. I've been this dude my whole fucking career and I've made everyone alot of damn money. Don't act like you're better than me-

FRANTZ

-I never said I'm bette-

MARLON

-None of you fuckers are. I'm just giving the people what they paid for. Now they want a refund? Nah. I'm not the problem. I know who I am and I'm what these people WANT to be. Deep down they know they want to be me but they doin't have the balls. Sucks to be them.

Frantz waves him off and leaves. Marlon starts to walk away.

MAYOR BROOKS

Typical "Marlon Cheadle". Always blaming others for your problems.

Marlon turns and walks back to him.

MARLON

Excuse me? YOU'RE judging me?!

MAYOR BROOKS

You know this whole "Marlon" Cheadle persona is just to escape from your past. It's a mask. It's not who you are. HE'S a monster. JOSHUA BROOKS is a good man.

MARLON

Don't call me that! That name was given to me from a lying stack of shit that couldn't be bothered to be a real father. Or a real

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

husband. That's the past. I'm proud to go with mom's maiden name.

MAYOR BROOKS

I'm sorry, Jos-Marlon. When I left you and your mother-

MARLON

-Don't. Do NOT talk about Mom!

MAYOR BROOKS

I just couldn't be the type of father you needed. I'll answer to God for that, one day. But you and I are here now. Let me be your father again. Let me tell the people who you are. Who I am. I'm asking for your forgiveness. There's too much hate between us. There's no room for hate in the eyes of Jesus Christ, Marlon.

Marlon walks up face to face with him.

MARLON

Jesus isn't real, "Dad".

Brooks slaps him hard across the face and regrets it as soon as he does. Marlon is staggered and smiles.

MARLON (CONT'D)

See...THAT'S the "father" I remember.

MAYOR BROOKS

Marlon, I'm sorry! I-

Marlon barges away as Brooks can only stare off.

INT. MARLON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Marlon stalks in. Maria's back and is playing the piano. Marlon smiles ear to ear at the sight of her. She doesn't acknowledge him and belts out a BLUES SONG.

Marlon's eyes water as her voice rises. She's damn amazing. When she finishes, she reaches for a glass of wine on the small table next to her. Marlon claps.

MARLON

Damn, baby! You thinking of getting out of retirement? Thanks for reminding me why you sold more records than me.

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

You sounded like my Mom back in the day. What are you doing back so early anyway?

Maria takes her glass and hurls it at his head. He ducks just in time as the glass shatters right next to him.

MARLON (CONT'D)

Hey what the fuck?!

MARIA

How could you be such a fucking jerk, Marlon?

MARLON

What do you-

MARIA

-SHHHHH. You need to shut up and listen to me. Please. I came back early because I saw what's been going on. At first I tried to defend you until I heard what you said. I...when I was 15 my uncle rap... sexually assaulted me.

She pours herself another drink.

MARIA (CONT'D)

Twice. Rather than tell my father I ran away. I only came back when I realized I was pregnant. When I came back I had never seen my father so happy. Until I told him why I left. And he made my uncle hurt for it. He sure did. But when I told him I was pregnant...

MARLON

Please, Maria. Don't s-

MARIA

-He made me get an abortion. He made me get an abortion, Marlon! I would have kept it! It should have been MY decision! No one had the right to make that decision for me and I think about it every day!

MARLON

I'm so sorry, honey. I didn't know.

MARIA

Well...Now you know.

Maria gets up and starts to walk up the stairs.

MARLON

Do you hate me?

MARIA

No. Of course not. I just want you to remember that there are consequences for what you say.

MARLON

Since when?

Maria walks up the stairs. Marlon looks like a damn fool.

EXT. MAYOR BROOKS'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Brooks is having dinner with a Dominican woman in her 40's, his wife ALICIA, and two twin TODDLERS.

There are balloons around the table that say "Happy Birthday" and some of have "Ninja Turtles" and "Toy Story" characters on it. They're laughing it up and having a good time.

Brooks gets up to close the blinders and is frozen as he stares outside. Marlon's across the street leaning against his car and smoking a joint.

There are tears flowing down his face, locking eyes with Brooks. Marlon flicks his joint, gets in the car and drives off. Brooks bows his head in shame and closes the shades.

INT. SCHOLAR'S BAR & GRILL - NIGHT

Marlon's at the bar, laughing with the SCHOLAR'S BARTENDER.

SCHOLAR'S BARTENDER

You're crazy, Mr. Cheadle. That's the funniest shit I ever heard.

Marlon gets up and drops some money on the bar.

SCHOLAR'S BARTENDER (CONT'D)

Thank you, Mr. Cheadle. You need me to get you an UBER or something?

MARLON

Nah it's cool. My driver is going to meet me in a few. See ya around.

EXT. SCHOLAR'S BAR & GRILL - NIGHT

Marlon's FaceTiming on his phone with Merito.

MERITO

I'm just saying, maybe you should take some time off. You're getting too fucking reckless. Where are you? Are you at the damn BAR right now?? Are you that fucking stupid?

MARLON

I'm having a hard time hearing you. I'm going to move where it's quiet.

Marlon moves over to the alley next door.

MARLON (CONT'D)

Ok can you hear m-

Marlon's struck over the head with a bottle and falls to the floor. He looks up and is surrounded by four ALLEY MEN.

MAN #1

Hey, there's the Baby Killer now.

MARLON

D-don't...don't call me that.

MAN #2

What? "Baby Killer" ? You should be in fucking jail, Baby Killer.

Marlon charges at him.

MARLON

AAARGRGHH!!

The men starts roughing Marlon up and throw him around. Marlon's getting in some blows but they gain the upper hand and he's taking damage.

Until Hank X rushes to his aid and tackles ALLEY MAN #1 one of them off of Marlon. He pulls out a Walter PPK.

HANK

Get the fuck up outta here.

The men drop Marlon and start hustling away. Marlon gets up and tackles Alley Man #1.

He grabs the gun from his driver and pistol whips the man until he's bloody. Hank hears sirens and picks up a bloody and bruised Marlon.

HANK (CONT'D)

C'mon, Marl, we gotta go!

He throws Marlon in his car and they drive away.

EXT. PIER LANE PARK - DAY

A large crowd of CITIZENS are gathered around a microphone stand. Mayor Brooks stands behind the microphone. He begins to speak until a commotion begins.

He looks out to the crowd as it makes way for Marlon barging through. He's limping toward the stage using a cane and his clothes are shredded.

He hasn't changed since the bar attack. He's bleeding slightly from the top of his head and he's angry. Robbie Pearson is staring at him incredulously.

Robbie smirks at Marlon. Marlon sees this and slaps the shit out of him, staggering Robbie.

The police near Brooks step towards Marlon but Pearson waves them off as he holds his hurt jaw. Marlon walks up to the podium. He stares down Brooks and grabs the mic.

MARLON

Thanks for coming to this charity thing or whatever. Buckle up. I got something to get off my chest.

Marlon looks out to the crowd. He sees Maria and his driver leaning against his car. She winks at him.

MARLON (CONT'D)

He grew up around rats, love drugs & violence, grew up with one parent but looked to the streets for guidance. Started happy go lucky but the rage grew inside him. Loved his old man, afraid he'll grow to be just like him. Abandoning his family leaving tears behind him.

Brooks drops his head in shame. Marlon focuses on the people.

MARLON (CONT'D)

He never learned to sleep, lullabies was 45's and knives, kiddie cries from the victims still left behind. Streets is a hustle, now he's resisting the grind. Rich folks controlling the government controlling his mind. War on drugs, shit he grew up in dangerous times.

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

Don't worry though, if you're coked
up you'll be fine.

Mayor Brooks notices Maria. She shares a sympathetic glance.

MARLON (CONT'D)

The depression is systematic,
making back stabbing bastards
dramatic, using drama as a tactic
to make our progress go backward.
But he persevered, though he lost
most of his peers, depression came
to him young, crying those
invisible tears. He became rich
over the shit he spit, you're
offended NOW but his record sales
tell him you loved it. Told you his
story and you took it and hugged
it, he told you real shit for 10
records and NOW you're above it?!

Brooks fights back tears.

MARLON (CONT'D)

Thoughts of becoming a fire burning
the darkness, to be honest, he
became dark, selfish, lonely and
thoughtless. Regardless, despite
the odds put upon us, he'll
persevere because hope conquers the
darkness. He'll apologize after you
check yourSELVES and be honest.

He drops the mic and treks off the stage, leaving Brooks and
the crowd stunned.

He moves through the crowd and gets to his car. He holds the
door for Maria as she gets in.

He mouths "I'm sorry" to her. He gets in and they peel off.
Brooks stalks away, alone.

TITLE CARD:

MAGNUS...

INT. MAGNUS FARMHOUSE/ SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT

Magnus hands Wyatt a Corona Refresher with his shirt back on.

MAGNUS

Ok. Talk to me about the kidnapped
girl. Why the hell would you think
it's her?

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

That girl was nabbed in New York.
Why would she be here?

WYATT

So you know me, Magnus. I was
outside doing detective work.
Real super sleuth like shit.

FLASHBACK:

Wyatt's in the bushes.

His face grimacing and his right arm moving back and forth.
He's masturbating.

WYATT (V.O.)

I was out there looking for clues,
ya know? Then I heard some talking.

Two BURLY THUGS are standing next to a black van.

WYATT (V.O. CONT'D)

One of the guys said "Mr. Scott"
wants us back at 9 o'clock".

MAGNUS (V.O.)

You sure he said "Mr. Scott"?

WYATT (V.O.)

Yup. The other guy said "The girl's
gotta get her diabetes medicine
quick or she's useless."

END FLASHBACK

MAGNUS

Wait, what? Are you sure that's
what they said? C'mon Wyatt, you
know your memory is fucked up.

WYATT

Yeah I got it. Chronic short term
memory loss.

MAGNUS

And you drink too much.

WYATT

And I drink too much.

MAGNUS

And you smoke crack.

WYATT

Well shit, yeah I smoke crack but I wasn't smoking none tonight!

MAGNUS

C'mon Wyatt this ain't no game!

WYATT

Nah man I'm serious! Didn't I hear that little girl that went missing from New York is a diabetic? The Senator's daughter? That gotta mean something right? I did good, right?

Magnus' phone rings. Wyatt looks to the phone and the caller i.d. says "Jackass Brooks".

Wyatt nods to it and Magnus hesitantly picks it up. He presses "ignore". Magnus looks Wyatt up and down skeptically.

MAGNUS

Fuck it, let's go. Show me where you saw these guys. Plenty of diabetic girls out there but it doesn't hurt to check it out. My plans are already fucked up. Thanks

WYATT

Fuck yeah! "Magnus & Wyatt" on the case!

MAGNUS

Don't make me regret this shit.

EXT. PARK STREET PARK - NIGHT

Magnus and Wyatt pull up in Magnus' 2011 Chevy Silverado. They get out and walk around. Wyatt points to the bushes.

WYATT

I was, uh, doing my detective work right over there.

Magnus strides over to the bushes.

MAGNUS

Where were you exactly? I need to see what you saw. Were you actually IN the bushes?

WYATT

Yeah but I-

Magnus walks over to the bushes. Wyatt grabs his arm.

WYATT (CONT'D)

WHOOAH, NOW! You don't wanna go in those bushes. Uh yeah trust me. So I saw the van right over there.

Magnus looks around and sees security cameras for an ATM across the street.

MAGNUS

Alright. I'm gonna call the station and have them pull the cameras. Wait in the truck.

Wyatt walks over and gets in the truck.

INT. MAGNUS'S TRUCK - NIGHT

He pulls down the top mirror to check out his teeth and a bag of weed falls out. He picks it up and looks out for Magnus.

INT. MAGNUS'S TRUCK - NIGHT

MOMENTS LATER

Wyatt is waiting in the truck as Magnus gets in.

MAGNUS

Ok so the van is registered to a "Dr. Dirk Arby". Get this, he's a pharmacist who owns a pharmacy convenient store not too far from here. As a matter of fact the van just pulled up there now. SO le-

Magnus looks curiously at Wyatt. Wyatt's holding his breath so hard his eyes are bulging.

MAGNUS (CONT'D)

Man what the hell is wrong with you? Wait a goddamn minute...

Magnus pulls down his visor and opens his glove compartment.

MAGNUS (CONT'D)

Damn it, man, you're smoking my stash?!

Wyatt can't hold his breath anymore and coughs out a huge cloud of weed smoke.

WYATT

I'm sorry, man I'm sorry! I was looking for a lighter and I found your stash, man!

MAGNUS

How the fuck you lookin' for a lighter and you ain't got nothin to smoke?!

WYATT

Uuhhh, wait. Where am I? What are we doing here?!

MAGNUS

Don't play that amnesia shit with me!

WYATT

Ok, ok! My bad man you know you can't leave no weed 'round me! If you didn't want me to smoke it you woulda told me to wait outside!

MAGNUS

C'mon, Wyatt! You're lucky we got to go find this girl or I'd tear you up right now. Let's go. The van isn't too far from here.

They drive off.

EXT. ARBY PHARMACY - NIGHT

Magnus and Wyatt pull up and park across the street.

MAGNUS (CONT'D)

I don't see the van anywhere. I'll bet one of the guys is inside and the other is circling around. Ok look here, Wyatt. I don't need you getting in trouble here. I'm going to walk in, then YOU walk in 30 seconds after me. Just need you to point this fella out to me. Cool?

WYATT

Oh yeah, sure. Absolutely.

INT. ARBY PHARMACY - NIGHT

A few CUSTOMERS, and one of the Burly Thugs Wyatt saw earlier, are walking around shopping for different medicines. Magnus walks in, wearing his cowboy hat and sunglasses.

He starts looking at the door to see if Wyatt walks in but he doesn't. He looks at his watch and gets annoyed. Wyatt finally struts in. He walks up to one of the CASHIERS.

WYATT

Hello there, ma'am. Where can I find some mouthwash?

CASHIER #1

Aisle 6, sir.

WYATT

Thank ya ma'am.

Wyatt strolls to Aisle 6. He sees Magnus looking angrily at him. Magnus makes a gesture to ask him if he sees the guy.

WYATT (CONT'D)

Hey Sheriff Cheadle! Long time no see! Uh huh you done fucked around and got yourself the chlamydia didn't you?

Magnus looks incredulously at Wyatt. Burly Thug #1 whips his head around and makes eye contact with Magnus.

He's at the register, grabs a little bag off the counter and attempts to run out of the store.

Magnus rushes toward him. Burly Thug #1 takes out his GLOCK 17 and fires at Magnus.

He misses and Magnus gets close enough to punch him and knock the gun out of his hand. The CUSTOMERS panic outside.

MAGNUS

FREEZE! YOU'RE UNDER ARR-

They trade furious blows until Burly Thug #1 tackles Magnus to the floor. Magnus gets him in an arm lock and breaks his arm, making him scream out.

MAGNUS (CONT'D)

WHERE IS THE GIRL?! WHERE IS SHE?!

Magnus stands up and rains down blows on him. Rage drips out of his eyes now. He grabs various items off the counter and throws them on him. Magnus strangles him.

WYATT

Wait, Maggie! You're killing him!

Wyatt pulls Magnus away. Burly Thug #1 staggers to his feet barely and pulls out a knife. He stabs Magnus in his arm as Wyatt is holding him back.

Magnus yells in pain and Wyatt let's go. Burly Thug #1 grabs the prescription bag and runs outside.

WYATT (CONT'D)

You know what? I feel like this is
my fault somehow.

Wyatt runs outside and Magnus chases after him.

MAGNUS

WYATT!!

EXT. ARBY PHARMACY - NIGHT

Burly Man #1's black van pulls up. Wyatt catches up to him
and grabs his arm.

WYATT

Hey wait a damn mi-

Burly Thug #1 turns around and punches Wyatt out. He picks
Wyatt up, throws him in the van and drives off.

MAGNUS

WYATT! DAMN IT!!

INT. MAGNUS FARM HOUSE - NIGHT

Magnus barges in, still bleeding from his arm as he plops on
the couch. He pulls out a first aid kit.

He whips his head around but is already being strangled with
a thin wire by a hockey masked FEMALE ASSASSIN dressed in
black leather. He flails, trying to get her off of him.

He flips her over him and she lands on her feet. She attacks
him with quick, precise attacks. Magnus staggers.

He picks her up by her throat and slams her through his
coffee table. She wraps her legs around his arm and head and
chokes him with a triangle choke.

He lifts her up and slams her again but she stays attached to
him. He's passing out until she's shot twice in the chest.
Rebecca shows up with a Beretta 92FS and a smile.

MAGNUS

CONNIE?!

REBECCA

No, you dumb fuck it's Rebecca!

MAGNUS

...Damn, you DO look like Connie.

Rebecca kicks him in his bleeding arm.

MAGNUS (CONT'D)
ARRRRGH!! DAMN IT, WOMAN!!

REBECCA
See ya later. I got a van to catch.

MAGNUS
Wait a minute. What the hell are
YOU doing here?!

REBECCA
"R or something".

MAGNUS
"R or something"? Wait...wait, wait,
wait...YOU'RE the FBI agent?!

She picks up the bandages from the first aid kit and starts helping him wrap his wound.

MAGNUS (CONT'D)
Are you serious?? You were playing
me for a damn fool all week?! You
got a fuck ton of nerve. What the
hell's going on?

REBECCA
We got word that the kidnapper was
heading through your town. You've
been making a name for yourself out
here and caught our attention. We
thought maybe you could help us
out. But when you didn't return our
calls we became kind of suspicious
of you. We thought maybe you were
involved somehow. Turns out you're
just an asshole.

MAGNUS
So you decided to play me for a
fool and investigate me on the low?

REBECCA
I guess I'm kind of an asshole too.

She finishes the wrap and smacks him on the arm.

MAGNUS
OW!! Would you knock that off?! The
kidnappers have my buddy, Wyatt
too. I gotta get out there.

REBECCA
I know where they are.

MAGNUS

Huh? How the hell is that?

REBECCA

I put a tracker on you guys when I left earlier. I read your file. You're a fucking nutcase, Magnus. I don't trust you.

MAGNUS

Sonofabitch...

REBECCA

I know right?!

MAGNUS

Then why the fuck are you here?

REBECCA

You know you've had more citations than any officer in the COUNTRY?

MAGNUS

Yeah? How about that.

REBECCA

You've been in anger management and alcohol rehab almost half the time you've been Sheriff. You really jumped off a ten story building onto a dump truck to chase down a drug smuggler?

MAGNUS

The elevators were out.

REBECCA

You have fucking issues, Magnus! You take too many chances to trust on this. It's like you're on some sort of suicidal mission or something. I can't afford that right now. That little girl is relying on me.

MAGNUS

I want to help! This is MY town!

REBECCA

Look I NEED this ok?? I was working the Senator's detail when the girl got nabbed. I had a chance to take down the kidnapper but I...

MAGNUS

You missed.

REBECCA

I let that little girl down.
I have to make this right.

MAGNUS

Alright. Where's your back up?

REBECCA

They're coming. I like to keep
things close to the vest.

MAGNUS

Bullshit. You're here by your damn
self, aren't you? That gun isn't
FBI issue. You're here off the
books. You fucked up. Now your
failure brought you here needing my
help to save face. You NEED me
Rebecca. And I need you.

REBECCA

I don't need you for sh...fuck it.
Let's go. You're right. The FBI is
here but they don't know I'M here.
This is MY investigation. I'll let
YOU in because I need help
but I don't trust you. So YOU
follow MY lead. Ok?

MAGNUS

Fair enough. Let's go get them.

EXT. METROPOLITAN HOTEL - NIGHT

Rebecca's driving Magnus' truck as he's loading up his
Volcanic Repeater rifle. They park across the large hotel.

He's wearing earphones and FaceTiming with Merito and Marlon.
Magnus is laughing like hell.

MERITO (V.O.)

...So I'm at the bar, listening to
all this bullshit and I completely
forgot the fucking grenade! I'm
jumping around high kicking tables
and walls and shit. Yau'll it was a
fucking disaster!

Marlon and Magnus laugh hysterically.

MAGNUS

Get the fuck outta here! That's crazy! What the hell is going on with him?? What do you think he really wants, anyway?

MERITO

Honestly? I think he actually might want to...reconcile I guess.

MARLON

Yeaaaaah, no. I doubt that. He always has an ulterior motive. You know that better than anybody.

MERITO

I don't know. To be honest, I don't know what the hell to think. I-hold on a sec.

EXT. UNINDUSTRIAL COMPLEX - NIGHT

Merito's perched on a tall building aiming a Mathewgo707 tranquilizer sniper rifle at six OPIUM DEALERS. He quickly takes each of them down with several tranq shots.

EXT. METROPOLITAN HOTEL - NIGHT

MAGNUS

The hell was that? A Mathewgo707? You're using trangs now?? Jude-Lynne got you going soft now, huh?

MERITO

Hey you would be surprised how much a strong woman can make you want to be a better person.

Magnus peeks over at Rebecca and smirks.

MARLON

We're cursed to ruin our relationships with woman. Yau'll know that, right? It's the only thing Marcus Brooks gave to us. Well, I guess besides a fuck load of trauma.

MAGNUS

HA! Now THAT we agree on. Hey we're almost there.

MERITO (V.O.)

You need help? I can be there the next flight out.

MAGNUS

Nah it's cool. I got it under control.

MERITO (V.O.)

Ok cool. Remember to not let your anger cloud your judgement. It's about the girl. You're not seeking a fucking thrill, alright?

MAGNUS

Yes sir.

MERITO (V.O.)

Cool. Hit me up later. Peace out, fellas.

MAGNUS

Bet.

MARLON

Peace, bitches.

Magnus hangs up.

MAGNUS (CONT'D)

So y-

The phone rings. "Jackass Brooks" again. Magnus picks up.

MAGNUS

Will you please leave me the fuck, alone? Thank you. Have a great day.

He hangs up and turns the phone off.

REBECCA

Stalker girlfriend?

MAGNUS

Stalker father.

REBECCA

"Stalker father"? Oh ok. Now you make sense. Daddy issues.

MAGNUS

Yeah I'll say.

REBECCA

I never knew my own dad. Must be nice that he wants to-

MAGNUS

-Well I know my sperm donor too well. Let's just focus on the mission, ok?

REBECCA

Alright then. This is where I've tracked them. I think they pulled up out back. They must have a loading area or something. We have to move, NOW.

MAGNUS

Ok then. But keep this in mind. This ain't about us. You're looking for redemption. I get that. But redemption doesn't live here, darlin'. We're doing this for the girl. Not us. Got it?

REBECCA

Yeah. Yeah sure.

EXT. METROPOLITAN HOTEL DELIVERY BAY - NIGHT

They sneak to the hotel's shipping area and see the van. An exquisitely dressed, sleazy in his 50's, MITCHELL SCOTT, is surrounded by six WAREHOUSE GUARDS.

Scott's holding the hand of an eight year old girl, DELILAH. Rebecca and Magnus whisper to each other.

REBECCA

That's him. That's Mitchell Scott! He paid for the kidnapping.

MAGNUS

What's his beef?

REBECCA

You really don't know shit about the world, do you? Mitchell Scott lost millions of dollars when Delilah's father started cracking down on human trafficking. He exposed Scott's involvement in trafficking all over the east coast. Payback. Pure and clean. Ok then, it's your town. What's your play here?

MAGNUS

They kidnapped a little girl,
brought her through my town, tried
to kill me and kidnapped my friend.
I'm going to fuck these guys up
real damn good and I'm going to
enjoy the fuck out of it. You in?

REBECCA

Goddamn you know how to talk to a
lady. Too bad Wyatt showed up
when he did. Distract the guards.
I'll grab the girl.

MAGNUS

Yeah. I'll distract them alright.

Scott opens the back of the van and looks around. He smiles
and closes the door.

Scott turns and walks away with Delilah and WAREHOUSE GUARD
#1. The other guards stand by the van. Magnus walks towards
them and lifts his rifle.

MAGNUS (CONT'D)

HEY!!

The rest of the guards turn to him. Scott, Delilah and
WAREHOUSE GUARD #3 run towards the exits.

REBECCA

MAGNUS! Are you fucking crazy?!

Rebecca darts towards Scott who's standing in front of an
elevator door. Magnus and the guards engage in a massive
shoot out.

Rebecca draws her gun and exchanges shots with Guard #3. She
shoots his shoulder and he drops the gun.

They exchange swift blows briefly and she knocks him out with
a roundhouse. Scott pulls Delilah in the elevator and the
door closes it.

Rebecca looks down at her stomach and notices she's bleeding.
She also notices a side door marked "Stairs".

She kicks the door down and runs up the stairs. Magnus hides
behind one of the parked trucks. He draws a large modified
Mac 11 and presses a button on the side of it.

The gun splits in two and now he is holding two guns. He
returns fire and kills two of the guards.

Three to go. He runs over and finds shelter. He reconfigures the gun again until it's a small automatic weapon.

He stands up and returns fire. One guard left. He and Magnus's guns are empty.

They begin an extremely high level boxing fight. Magnus is taking some heavy blows but seems to be enjoying them.

Magnus's grabs him by his head and jump knees him to unconsciousness.

A bloody and bruised Magnus limps over to the van and unlocks the back door. He freezes when he opens it.

Wyatt is tied up with duct tape over his mouth and surrounded by a dozen YOUNG GIRLS who are also bound and gagged. Magnus takes the duck tape off Wyatt and unties him.

MAGNUS (CONT'D)

Oh my...Untie these girls, Wyatt!
You're a real damn hero now, ya
know that, bud?

WYATT

Fucking right. Now GO!

INT. METROPOLITAN HOTEL EXECUTIVE FLOOR - NIGHT

Rebecca gets to the top floor penthouse, bleeding. Scott's standing behind Delilah across the room. Rebecca creeps slowly towards them but falls to the floor in front of them.

Scott picks Rebecca up and throws her back to the floor. His back is turned to the entrance. Scott takes out a knife and puts it to Delilah's throat.

REBECCA

Y-y-y-our're udre--arresssstttt.

SCOTT

YOU again? You don't give up, huh?
You remember Agent Portier, right
Delilah? Say "Bye", Delilah.

Rebecca notices a reflection in a large window and laughs.

REBECCA

"Bye Delilah".

Magnus shoots Scott through the right side of his chest. Rebecca leaps and grabs the knife by the blade with her hand and disarms him. Scott hits the floor.

MAGNUS

NOW You're under arrest...fucker.

Magnus passes out. Rebecca hugs Delilah.

REBECCA

Help is coming. It's gonna be ok.
Hey it's ok, sweetie. It's ok.

Rebecca passes out too. Delilah looks at the passed out heroes and the passed out Scott.

DELILAH

What the fuck is even happening
right now??

INT. MAGNUS FARM HOUSE - NIGHT

Magnus is passed out on his couch.

He's bandaged up and wearing just his jeans.

FLASHBACK:

INT. BROOKS HOUSE KITCHEN - NIGHT

Theresa's sitting at the kitchen table pondering a stack of past due bills. She puts her head down on the bills and breaks down crying.

She leans back and reaches into her purse. She pulls out a dime bag of cocaine. She makes space on the table.

An 11 YEAR OLD MAGNUS can only watch on, helpless, from the kitchen entrance out of her sight. He winces with every sound of her snorting.

END FLASHBACK

INT. MAGNUS FARM HOUSE - NIGHT

Magnus springs to at the sound of metal clanging in the kitchen and jumps up. He's bewildered at the bandages he's wearing. He looks towards the kitchen suspiciously.

He reaches under the couch, drawing a Walther PPK. He aims it towards the kitchen and slowly walks towards it. He freezes. Brooks is cooking dinner. Magnus keeps his guns aimed on him.

MAYOR BROOKS

Don't worry, Magnus. It's me.

MAGNUS

I know it's you. Why do you think I have the gun out?

MAYOR BROOKS

Your gorgeous FBI friend brought you here at my request. They bandaged you pretty good. Hungry?

MAGNUS

Marl and Rito told me you might be paying me a visit. I told them you weren't THAT crazy.

Brooks puts out a plate of empanadas and two glasses of rum. Magnus lowers the gun.

MAYOR BROOKS

As crazy as you?

MAGNUS

How am I crazy?

MAYOR BROOKS

I saw you saved Senator McKinley's daughter. I'm so damn proud of you!

MAGNUS

How the fuck am I crazy??

MAYOR BROOKS

I read your file! I spoke to your FBI girlfriend-

MAGNUS

-She's not my girlfriend.

MAYOR BROOKS

She seems to care about you. She left her card. I wouldn't let her go if I were you.

MAGNUS

Of course you would. You left the greatest woman ever made when she was dealing with mental health and addiction issues. You let her raise three young sons on her own at the drop of a dime. You're a monster. You're capable of anything.

MAYOR BROOKS

...I deserve that. I'm sorry. That was...I'm sorry Magnus.

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

Agent Portier thinks you're putting yourself in danger on purpose. She said "you're on some sort of suicidal mission". That's a self destructive attitude, Magnus. You need help.

MAGNUS

HAHAHAHA!! I need help?! You got some FUCKING nerve!

MAYOR BROOKS

I've been there, Magnus! When I left you and your mother I was leaving because I was where you are right now! I didn't want to take any of you down with me! Please understand that!

MAGNUS

Wait, is this the part where you ask me for forgiveness?

MAYOR BROOKS

Hmph. You spoke to your brothers, huh? Should I even bother? If I had to do it over again I would have found another way. I was acting out of fear. Out of pain. Out of hopelessness. I was fucked up, Magnus!

Magnus listens on suspiciously.

MAYOR BROOKS (CONT'D)

You know something about that, right? You walk around feeling like you're in quicksand, made up of all the tears of people you hurt. You sabotage good things because you don't think you're worthy of good things. You punish yourself everyday because you think you're the only one who CAN punish you properly. You know where that leads you? It leads you to being me! I can't wish that on my worst enemy.

Magnus stares at him with empathy. He can feel the sheer emotional turmoil oozing from Brooks. Tears flow from Magnus's eyes. The tears don't however alter his vision as he shoots Brooks through his arm.

MAYOR BROOKS (CONT'D)
ARRGHH! FUCK!! What the...SHIT!! What
the fuck is wrong with you?!

MAGNUS
It's just a flesh wound. I'm going
to take a shower. Lock the door on
your way out. Leave the empanadas.

Magnus drags out of the kitchen. Brooks pours one of the
glasses of rum on his wound. It stings but he washes down the
pain with more rum the right way.

He slams the glass down on the counter, shattering it and
cutting his hand.

The glass doesn't cut as sharply as Magnus's eyre. Brooks
grabs his jacket off of a kitchen seat and walks out of the
house, dejected.

INT. WEST VALLEY HOTEL - NIGHT

Brooks enters his hotel room. He takes out a bottle of
Captain Morgan's from the minibar and plops on the couch.

He takes off his shirt and clean his small wound. He takes
out his tablet and Skype's Dr. Booth. Dr. Booth is trimming a
Bonsai on his desk and smoking a joint.

DR. BOOTH
Let me guess. Things didn't go
well, did it?

MAYOR BROOKS
Well no. He shot me so I would say
it didn't go as I had hoped.

DR. BOOTH
Just a scratch, huh? You got worse
growing up. Must've made you feel
like a kid again.

MAYOR BROOKS
Not quite. I failed, Richie. I
failed my sons! What the hell am I
even doing? What should I do?!

DR. BOOTH
Well there's one person you haven't
asked for forgiveness.

MAYOR BROOKS
...C'mon Richie.

DR. BOOTH

You're a fool if you thought all this was going to be easy. You know better than anyone how hard forgiveness is. Sometimes it's easier to confess in a pew because there's not somebody on the opposite side telling you to go to hell. Why haven't you asked before?

MAYOR BROOKS

Because I don't know how.

DR. BOOTH

Yes you do. Arrogance and pride is just getting in the way. Should I-

MAYOR BROOKS

-I get it.

DR. BOOTH

You like the new Bonsai?

MAYOR BROOKS

It's a fucking plant.

DR. BOOTH

I don't have any plants in my office. Most Psychiatrists do. Me? Not really a plant guy. I think it'd kind of pretentious to be honest. But recently I've been kind of stressed out.

MAYOR BROOKS

Tough clients, huh?

DR. BOOTH

Yeah you could say that.

MAYOR BROOKS

Of all the things to help you relax, why a Bonsai?

DR. BOOTH

You'd be surprised by how rejuvenating it could be to step out of your comfort zone from time to time.

Brooks thinks it over a bit as he swigs his beverage.

INT. BOYD ASSISTED LIVING - NIGHT

Brooks is sitting on a couch in a heavily padded living room environment. He's nervously shaking his knee and is vaping to calm his nerves.

He looks around on the walls and sees pictures of Merito, Marlon and Magnus. Some separately, some with them together.

There are also pictures with them hugging on a thin, strung out Theresa Cheadle. The main picture on the table is what freezes Marcus.

It's a picture of a much younger and lively Theresa with a younger Marcus and very young Merito, Marlon and Magnus.

They're dressed very humbly and smiling ear to ear. Brooks picks it up and can't help but smile also as his eyes water. He traces her face with his finger.

FLASHBACK: 20 YEARS AGO

EXT. PARK STREET BENCH - NIGHT

Brooks is melding with a park bench. There are dozens of empty liquor bottles strewn next to him on the bench as he gazes longingly at a picture of a happy him and Theresa.

A drizzle of rain wets the picture. He takes a small cigarette dripping white powder and he snorts a little bit of the poison.

The wind picks up and the picture flies out of his shaky hand. He reaches out to grab the picture and drops the crack wrap. He reaches down to the wet concrete to pick it back up.

His hand freezes before he can. His hand shakes more and he stares at the crack wrap like it's a stranger. He looks at the pick of Theresa and back to the crack wrap.

He leans back on the bench and screams to the skies. The rain and wind gets stronger like he pissed them off. He runs through the street, looking for shelter.

The rain is so powerful he can barely see three feet in front of him. He notices an open door and runs through.

INT. MARTIN LUTHER CHURCH - NIGHT

Brooks rubs his arms, trying to dry off. He's shaking as he seemingly needs another fix. He turns and pauses in awe.

We can't see what he's looking at. We only see the shadow of a cross on his face every time the lighting strikes outside the window. He trembles shamefully.

He tries to fight back tears but he's getting his ass kicked. He falls to his knees and breaks down.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. BROOKS HOUSE - NIGHT

He puts the picture back quickly. He puts the vape away and hustles towards the door.

RN #1 (V.O.)

Mr. Mayor.

Mayor Brooks freezes as he grabs the door knob. He turns around and an RN in her 30's is helping Theresa walk with a cane towards an empty wheelchair behind the couch.

Her eyes are slightly zoned out and she doesn't seem to be very present. The RN walks away to a different room. Brooks' hands shake and he slowly walks towards her.

MAYOR BROOKS

T-T-Terry? Oh my...Terry?

He kneels down to her and strokes her face.

MAYOR BROOKS (CONT'D)

You're so beautiful. You-you've barely aged a day. I came to say I'm sorry. I'm so sorry for ruining your life, Terry. You would have been SO much better had you never met me. You were a great singer. Remember? Remember when we used to dance after we put the boys to bed.

He fights back tears but they win easily.

MAYOR BROOKS (CONT'D)

I ruined you. I RUINED you! I...I left b-because I knew I was ruining you. I was making you become like me. I guess I was too late. I didn't want THIS for you. I came to ask for your forgiveness but I won't. Because I don't deserve it. I never deserved YOU.

He kisses her on the forehead.

MAYOR BROOKS (CONT'D)

If I could do it all again I would have stayed with you and found another way.

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

YOU raised some good young men,
Terry. They each do a lot of good
in their own way. Any good they or
I do for others is because of the
good you did for us. I love you,
baby. I always will.

Brooks guilt's his way to the door. He turns back when he
hears Theresa humming.

Her low hum becomes a beautifully whispered song. She begins
singing "You Don't Know Me" by Ray Charles.

She sings it as a whisper but loud enough for Brooks to walk
towards her and reach out his hand. He helps her stand up and
they slowly dance the night away.

INT. BRADLEY ARENA - NIGHT

The arena is packed for the final Gubernatorial debate.
MODERATOR JESSICA COTTO, is sitting in front of the ARENA
AUDIENCE. She speaks to the camera.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Thank you for joining the final
Massachusetts Gubernatorial debate
between Mayor Marcus Brooks and
Senator Caroline Randolph. Please
make sure to stay quiet during the
debate. Except for now when you
welcome the candidates.

Brooks and Senator Randolph enter the stage from opposite
sides of the stage. They smile at each other and shake hands
before they take their podiums.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Senator Randolph, we'll start wi-

MAYOR BROOKS

-Jessica, if I may interrupt you
please. I just have to say
something before we begin.

JESSICA

Yes Mr. Mayor.

MAYOR BROOKS

Senator Randolph, if you would
indulge me? You'll have plenty of
extra time. I promise you.

SENATOR RANDOLPH

Uhhh yeah, Of course.

MAYOR BROOKS

I...I am a failure. I was raised by my AMAZING mother and father who both paid the ultimate price for serving our country. I roamed America, often finding myself in some of the worst streets around. But I fell in love with it.

He nervously sips some water as his throat dries up.

MAYOR BROOKS (CONT'D)

It wasn't for several years later I fell in love again with an amazing woman named Theresa Cheadle. She was a jazz club singer with a voice made from the stars themselves. She uhh...

He stares out to nowhere.

MONTAGE: VARIOUS LOCATIONS

-Merito is in a large high end living room fighting a handful of CHEAP ASS THUGS with vicious efficiency. He finishes off the last thug and looks around at the pure chaos. The place is an absolute mess.

He grabs a bottle of wine off a table and sits on the couch. He turns on the TV and he sees the debate on. He's listening intently to Brooks and drinking out of the bottle.

-Marlon is smoking weed in his kitchen and writing lyrics. Maria walks by him with luggage packed and Marlon JR. walking behind her.

He jumps up and approaches her with his arms extended to hug her. She pushes him away and opens the door. Marlon Jr. hugs him and tears stream down Marlon's face.

Marlon Jr. catches up to his mom and they hustle out of the door. Before she closes the door behind her she darts a sympathetic look to Marlon.

He mouths "I'm sorry." She nods and closes the door behind her. He kicks over a table angrily but freezes as he notices Brooks' debate on the TV. He picks up the remote control and turns up the volume.

-Magnus is firing in a gun range. When he finishes we see that there's a picture of Mayor Brooks on the target. He takes out Rebecca's card and stares at it.

END MONTAGE

MAYOR BROOKS (CONT'D)

She fell in love with the wrong man. She fell in love with ME. Despite my...despite my addiction to drugs. As we had children and sought to raise them, my drug addiction grew. I was like a-I don't know. A kind of a sponge of despair I guess. A sponge that absorbed Theresa.

He pulls out a vape pen and smokes, surprising the crowd.

MAYOR BROOKS (CONT'D)

Honestly, I fucking ruined her. In desperation and because of my stupidity and cowardice, I left them because I felt like I would bring them down and they would be better without me. I was wrong. I was an addict. I was a coward. Nothing would mean more to me to get their forgiveness. I will spend forever trying to do good to make it up to them.

He looks around at the quiet, stunned crowd and Senator.

MAYOR BROOKS (CONT'D)

That being said...I'm dropping out of the Governor's race. I'm not a good father, husband or person. If God didn't literally leave the door open for me when I was in the middle of a literal and I suppose a literal storm, I wouldn't even be here talking to you right now. You can do better. I...Thank you.

He walks off the stage to the bewilderment of the arena, Senator Randolph and the Moderator.

INT. DR. BOOTH'S OFFICE - NIGHT

TITLE CARD:

ELECTION NIGHT

Brooks and Dr. Booth are watching the election results while smoking cigars and drinking rum. There's a table in the corner with food and Coronas. Brooks is pacing nervously.

DR. BOOTH

Sit down, man. I'm getting dizzy.

MAYOR BROOKS

Good. Serves you right for putting me through this shit.

DR. BOOTH

ME? What did I do?

MAYOR BROOKS

Making me confront my emotions and shit. I was perfectly fine being a reprehensible jack ass. Thanks.

DR. BOOTH

What are best friends for?

MAYOR BROOKS

...ONLY friend. You're the only real friend I got left Richie.

DR. BOOTH

Why are we even watching the returns? You dropped out.

MAYOR BROOKS

I'm a very stupid man, Richie. I always get nervous come election. Caroline will be good for Massachusetts at least.

DR. BOOTH

What else is bothering you? You said you were going to ask your boys if you can take over Theresa's care, right? They said no?

MAYOR BROOKS

They haven't even responded yet. The place she's at is nice but being Mayor has some perks. I can do a hell of a lot better for her and I will get her back to her real self. I owe that to her. But that's not what's bothering me.

DR. BOOTH

Then what?

MAYOR BROOKS

Let's just say a certain woman I'm currently married to isn't pleased with me. She wants "space". She didn't know about any of my past. She's going to leave me, Richie.

DR. BOOTH

Oh wow. I'm sorry that's going on, Marcus. I mean you had to know there would be consequences.

MAYOR BROOKS

I'm a dumb S.O.B., ain't I?

DR. BOOTH

Yes, Marcus. Yes you are.

The doorbell rings.

DR. BOOTH (CONT'D)

That's probably the rest of the food. Can you grab my wallet from the bathroom shelf?

MAYOR BROOKS

You ordered MORE food?

Brooks walks to the bathroom.

INT. RESTROOM - NIGHT

Brooks looks around for the wallet but can't find it. He glimpses at himself in the mirror until the glimpse becomes a guilty stare. He washes his face and slinks out.

INT. DR. BOOTH OFFICE - NIGHT

MAYOR BROOKS

Hey Richie, I don't...see the...

He freezes as Merito and Marlon are sitting on the couch. Magnus is over by a table in the corner making himself a plate. Brooks looks to Dr. Booth.

DR. BOOTH

You want to know the first step to forgiveness? Dialogue. I figured tonight's as good a time to start.

MAGNUS

Merito threatened to kill us if we didn't come. Sooo there's that.

Brooks voice is cracked up it's barely a loud whisper.

MAYOR BROOKS

M-my boys. I don't care why you're here. All that matters...is that you are.

Brooks breaks down in tears of joy so much he gets dizzy and starts to fall. Merito jumps up and grab him.

MERITO

It's ok, Dad. It's ok. We gotchu.

Merito stares intensely at his brothers. They begrudgingly drag over to Brooks. He grabs and bear hugs them seemingly for salvation. He's so caught up, he doesn't notice on the TV, he won the election. Dr. Booth sees this and raises a glass to his friend. The Governor Elect...

THE END