

GO FOR GREEN

"Mob Boss Takes A Hit"
Pilot

by
Michael Howard

619-481-1714
elcajonca@yahoo.com

COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

INT./EXT. GO FOR GREEN DELIVERY CAR (DRIVING) - DAY

DEREK DEVINE, 31, white, with hair of an orangutan and the fashion sense of SpongeBob, belts out lyrics while he drives on the I-295 Southbound in Anacostia, MD.

DEREK
I LOVE YOU SWEET LEAF...

Nodding to the music, window down, strands of red hair blow about his face like spaghetti clinging to a bowl in a wind storm.

DEREK (CONT'D)
THEY PUT YOU DOWN, AND SHUT YOU
OUT...

Looking up, he sees his offramp SUITLAND PARKWAY, and merges onto it.

DEREK (CONT'D)
YOU GAVE TO ME... A NEW BELIEF.

Approaching the signal, he squints ahead and spots a black man panhandling for money, holding a sign. It reads:

"I QUIT SPEED, NOW I JUST SMOKE
WEED"

Derek leans out the window.

DEREK (CONT'D)
What happened to your "Booze,
Smooze, or Food" sign, A-Bright?

ALLEN ALLBRIGHT, 33, a smooth talker with pearly whites and velvet bowling ball head, he's got the heart of a saint, but the tongue of a snake.

ALLEN
You kidding me? These suckers
thought "smooze" meant lip-
smacking, not green-back slapping.

DEREK
You want your order of weed --

Derek reaches over the seat and grabs a cooler.

DEREK (CONT'D)
 -- I got it right here.

ALLEN
 Oh, yeah, about that. I called and cancelled that last week. I'm sober now! It's been thirty days.. Look --

Allen opens his jacket enough to reveal his t-shirt:

"AA IS LIKE SEX - IT DOESN'T GET GOOD UNTIL IT GETS HARD!"

DEREK
 Wow, that's special --

A horn blares behind Derek.

DEREK (CONT'D)
 -- OK, then, I better get going, congrat's on --

ALLEN
 -- Hold up, D. I wanted to talk to you about something. Can I get a ride?

DEREK
 I don't know --

Another angry blast from backed up cars behind him.

ALLEN
 -- No, no, listen, man, I just need a ride to my AA meeting. It's right up there on Howard Street.

Derek glances anxiously at the line of cars behind him.

DEREK
 OK - hurry up, get in.

INT. GO FOR GREEN DELIVERY CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Derek and Allen ride in silence, then --

ALLEN
 Here's the thing. Straight up. With thirty days sober, I saved up six hundred bucks from hustling.

DEREK

Whoa, man, that's great. What you gonna do with it?

ALLEN

Give it to you.

DEREK

What? What for?

ALLEN

That spare room you got. I know you need the money, too.

DEREK

I don't know, A-Bright --

ALLEN

-- You just got this job and your trust fund money's not enough. I know how your mom is. I know rent's not easy.

DEREK

Yeah, that's true, but I do smoke weed, AB. That's the thing. Now that you're sober, I don't think it'll work.

Derek pulls to a stop a light.

ALLEN

Double-D, I need this man. This is my chance. I'm good for it, you know me. Thirty days sober! That's gotta mean something.

DEREK

I'm proud of you. It's big.

ALLEN

Sobriety would look good on you too, you know.

DEREK

I haven't drank since twenty-seventeen.

ALLEN

Yeah, but you smoke weed. That's not sober.

Allen pulls a vulgar wad of cash from his pocket and thrusts it at Derek.

ALLEN (CONT'D)

Come, on man, what do you say?

Derek looks down at the money. Looks up at Allen's lopsided wide grin and dopey good-natured smile. And then --

SNATCH! Derek yanks the money from his hand and pronounces --

DEREK

You got yourself a roommate.

EXT. ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH -- MOMENTS LATER

Derek pulls into the parking lot of a church where men and women are smoking, holding Styrofoam cups. A sign reads "EARLY BIRD AA MEETING 7AM."

ALLEN

You won't regret this, D. This will be great!

DEREK

I've known you my whole life, Al. Let's get one thing straight. No preaching to me about quitting weed.

ALLEN

Look, now that you mention it, you should catch this meeting. You already stopped drinking. Why don't you come in check it out?

Derek stares out the window. People are gawking and pointing at them.

DEREK

Like I said, no. Not in a million years. And don't bring it up again, alright?

Derek puts the car in gear and drives off.

AA members point as the lime green Prius with marijuana leaf roof ornament, "800-GO-4-Green" sign and exhaust pipe made into bong, blazes its way down the road.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT I

FADE IN:

INT./EXT. NANCY'S APARTMENT - DAY

An apartment door's eye slot swiftly slides open. A pair of medical-grade wraparound sunglasses stare out the slot.

NANCY
Who's there?

DEREK
Mom! It's me.

NANCY DEVINE, 54, an angry Lucille Ball type, with wrecking ball behavior and fingernails along the chalkboard personality swings the door open a few inches.

NANCY
Hurry!

Derek squeezes against the door. Nancy presses the door back against him. He stumbles --

-- she pushes, he lurches, skips, then --

-- the door slams, slinging him into the apartment.

Derek recovers, looks at his mom.

A drink in her hand, she wears a face mask, medical glasses, carpal tunnel wrist braces and hospital gown.

DEREK
You look nice.

She looks down at her gown. Her eyebrows furrow.

NANCY
(wiping)
You made me spill my drink!

DEREK
Sorry, Mom, I --

NANCY
-- What are you doing here?

DEREK
Well, I ... you mean ... didn't you
--

NANCY

-- out with it! Bacteria is swirling around like the legions of hell out here.

DEREK

Hey, just because I'm not a daily bather doesn't mean --

NANCY

-- Sweet baby Jesus! I don't have time to lollygag like two whores with a yeast infection.

(pushing)

Come into the living room ... at least I have air filters there.

Plastic sheets extend floor to ceiling. Nancy unzips an opening, pushes Derek in, zips back up.

ZAP! CRACKLE! Six air filters crackle and pop the ozone of the room. Derek winces each time a machine produces a ZAP.

DEREK

I like what --

(ZAP!)

-- you did with the couch.

Nancy waves at the plastic covered furniture.

NANCY

Can you imagine millions of mutant dust mites procreating like horny little bunnies inside every crease and crevice of that thing!

(shudders)

Sweet mother of God!

Derek nods his head. Smiles. Winces at a ZAP.

NANCY (CONT'D)

So what brings the prodigal son to my doorstep wearing RuPaul pants the color of my liver?

DEREK

Didn't you order weed?

NANCY

By God, I did! Don't tell me you work there?

DEREK

Been there --
 (ZAP!)
 -- a week.

NANCY

Praise the dirty blessed Trinity!
 My own son bearing manna from
 heaven.

DEREK

Did Dr. Verde prescribe it for your
 glaucoma?

NANCY

That witch? She wouldn't recognize
 herpes if it banged her in a
 jacuzzi and said it was just a
 blister. No. I researched on the
 internet. For my Nummular Headache
 and Exploding Head Syndrome.

DEREK

The internet...? Mom, you should -
 -

NANCY

-- Don't you start with me. I've
 told you these doctors are as
 worthless as an altar boy with a
 small dick.

Derek frowns at this.

DEREK

They're doctors!

NANCY

Doctors who refuse to --

Nancy chokes on the word.

NANCY (CONT'D)

-- believe that I'm in pain!

Nancy belts back the rest of her drink in a single motion.

DEREK

OK. Alright.

She pops up to replenish her drink.

NANCY

So you've got Purple Eggplant?

DEREK

Uh ... what?

NANCY

Purple Eggplant. The internet said what I need is some swoll' ass dank Purple Eggplant.

Derek looks uncomfortable. Shifts in his seat.

DEREK

You ... you can't mean -- Wait. The internet? What site?

NANCY

Cures what ails you dot com.

DEREK

OK ... you know Purple Eggplant can mean something else, right?

NANCY

Good Mary mother of God! You are driving me to drink. Stop speaking in tongues. You got the weed or not?

DEREK

Yes, I got it. Not sure if it's the "Swoll' ass dank Purple Eggplant" you're looking for, but I got the weed.

NANCY

Purple Eggplant Delight.

DEREK

Delight?

NANCY

Yes, delight! Hells bells! Out with it! Give it to me!

Derek nods with an air of importance. Gets to work.

MONTAGE OF DEREK DELIVERY ROUTINE

- Derek snaps first surgical glove on. Then second.
- Opens six-pack cooler revealing sealed packages with names
- Carefully examines each package label until finds one marked "Devine"

- Nancy impatiently showing set of numbers on her phone that match numbers inside package (security measure)

- Derek carefully cross-referencing order with --

END OF MONTAGE

-- SNATCH! Nancy snatches the package from Derek's grip.

NANCY (CONT'D)

This doesn't say Purple Eggplant
Delight!

DEREK

That's right. We sell weed. Not
Eighties-moms-get-their-groove-back
on.

NANCY

I paid for Purple Eggplant Delight,
not...

(reading)

"Purple Handy Just Right"

DEREK

It's often just as good, Mom. Trust
me.

Exasperated, Nancy rips both carpal tunnel braces off,
produces weed-rolling plate and begins to roll a joint.

NANCY

(while rolling)

Why the career change, anyway?

DEREK

For once, I wanted a job that has a
future.

Nancy snaps her facemask off, licks the rolling paper.

NANCY

Oh?

DEREK

Yeah, it's in the medical field.
And - you know too, Mom - an area I
have a boatload of experience in.

Nancy frowns, her tongue appears and disappears then --

TWAA! She spits a seed out of her mouth it --

-- bounces off the plate --

-- ricochets off Derek's cheek (he flinches) --

-- squirts through the grill of an air filter, then --

ZAAAAAP! CRAAAACKLE! Derek's face contorts into painful twitching pain with the prolonged ZAP until finally --

-- he jumps up and paces to shake it off.

NANCY

(glancing at him)

Plagues and pestilence, Derek. Sit down, why don't you... you do have a boatload of something.

DEREK

Hey! You should be proud of me, Mom. I'm helping people... Like you.

Off come the wraparound glasses. Nancy squints at the joint she has rolled.

NANCY

You want to help? Look at this. In your professional opinion is it too tight?

Derek walks to Nancy, puts hand out. She drops into his palm.

With an air of importance, examines the joint carefully. Rolls it between his fingers. Puts in mouth, puffs on it.

DEREK

This will burn nicely, Mom.

NANCY

Then help your mom feel better and light it. My Nummular Headache symptoms are acting up.

Derek pulls lighter, about to light joint in his mouth, frowns then gives it to Nancy.

DEREK

Here Mom, I'll light it for you.

She accepts light, puffs, inhales with loud sucking sounds.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Anyway ... I'm going to open my own dispensary one day.

Nancy leans back. Takes another long hit with loud sucking sounds. Holds breath deeply. Blows out slowly. Studies Derek carefully.

NANCY

Are you asking for money from your father's trust fund?

DEREK

No. I'm going to --

NANCY

-- Good, because that money isn't for the devil's work --
 (in between hits)
 -- like some school yard drug pushing pagan store --

DEREK

-- that you just bought --

NANCY

-- and while we're on the subject of your father's trust fund --

DEREK

-- enough to get the entire church choir high... Wait. What about the trust fund?

Nancy holds the joint to Derek, who shakes his head. She keeps the joint held high in the air. Leans toward him.

NANCY

I'll make you a deal... You find me the right... medicine... that stops my Exploding Head Syndrome and eases my Nummular Headaches... I'll consider releasing funds for a business venture. This Handy Pansy junk isn't working.

DEREK

Deal. I'm glad to --

NANCY

-- but, if you don't get me what I want, I'll yank your monthly allowance faster than David's unholy slingshot on speed.

DEREK

I don't think you can --

NANCY

-- don't think I won't. I can't imagine this job is paying enough for an apartment in Historic Anacostia.

DEREK

It's not, and I'm counting on the trust fund. Dad would not allow this.

NANCY

Bless your bleeding heart, Derek. Your dad was a booze loving, whore chasing heathen. The only thing he didn't allow was an orgasm.

Derek opens his mouth, snaps it shut. Then --

DEREK

He was a U.S. Senator, Mom. Christ Almighty!

NANCY

I've told you not to speak of your father in vain. Consider the funds frozen.

Derek grabs cooler, heads to zipper opening.

DEREK

I'll ask about the strain you want, Mom. But don't mess with my allowance. It's not the... Christian thing to do.

NANCY

(shouting as he leaves)
We're Catholic, son. Far from Christian!

INT. GO FOR GREEN (SALES FLOOR) - DAY

Derek is talking with JADA, 24, black, sales associate at Go For Green. Sassy, smart and sophisticated, she'll as soon smack a man than listen to fools.

JADA

You better just back --

DEREK

-- You know that's not what I meant.

JADA

Oh, I know what you meant. I know exactly how white-boy asks a sister for booty.

DEREK

Not true. I'd be more like "Yo, little doe, from another mo, wanna get down with a super white --
(eyebrows raised)
fine ass ... so... ul?"

Jada rolls her eyes, shakes her head, and stomps off.

Derek spots COLE, 26, middle-eastern, also sales associate. A sincere man with impeccable taste, his appetite for men is only surpassed by his disdain of them. Derek trots to him.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Hey, Cole? How's the virus coming along?

COLE

(fierce whisper)
Dude, I told you to keep that on the DL.

DEREK

Don't worry, I won't say who you caught it from.

COLE

You can't catch it from anyone, man. It's software.

DEREK

Yeah, I know... I knew that, Cole. Come on. It's me, Derek.

COLE

Sorry. I've been stressed with the new boss and all. You know she's been asking for you.

DEREK

Shit. Really? What for?

COLE

She's got a top-secret delivery or something.

DEREK

Top Secret? Yeah. Right up my ally, secret --

(MORE)

DEREK (CONT'D)

(whispered)

-- virus man.

(normal)

Hey, I need your help, Cole. Top
secret pot strain. Ever hear of --

Derek shifts, looks toward Jada, rubs his neck.

DEREK (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Purple Eggplant Delight?

Cole laughs out loud.

COLE

Man, you've got to be the most --
no, there's no shit like that. What
are you -- switching teams or
something?

DEREK

No... Hell no. I said it was top
secret, right? Just like your
virus. OK?

COLE

Whatever you --

ANGELA PODEROSA, 31 glides onto the sales floor. Dark
haired, poised as a ballerina, precision sharp wit, she'll
slice your ego in two, but with a sweet smile that melts.

She spots Derek.

ANGELA

You must be Derek.

Derek straitens, juts his chin out and puts on an air of
importance.

DEREK

That's me.

ANGELA

Do you have a few minutes? I'd
like to understand your concerns
and challenges.

DEREK

I was just about to walk into your
office and share those exact
things.

Leans back, examines Derek. Somewhat off-put.

ANGELA
Oh. OK, good. Let's do that.

Cole grabs Derek's arm.

COLE
(whispering)
Whatever you do, don't mention that
eggplant shit, man. That's
"#metoo" trouble.

DEREK
Dude. I know. Come on. It's me.

INT. GO FOR GREEN (ANGELA OFFICE) -- MOMENTS LATER

ANGELA
So, what was it you were going to
share when you walked right into my
office?

Derek shifts in his chair. Straightens up.

DEREK
This job is only temporary for me.

ANGELA
Oh?

DEREK
Yeah. Until I get my trust fund
money and open up my own
dispensary.

ANGELA
I see. Good to know... In the
meantime, is there anything I can
help with doing your job... how's
the deliveries going?

DEREK
You don't have to worry about that.
I got that on lock. I run a tight
delivery ship.

ANGELA
I see. You seem very confident.

DEREK
You got that right. You got a
bumpin' need, I deliver with
humpin' speed.

ANGELA
Say again?

DEREK
You know, we can be partners, you
and me.

ANGELA
Partners?

DEREK
I mean, I'm going to open my own
place. Until then, anything you
need --

ANGELA
-- you'll deliver with humpin'
speed?

DEREK
Yes. Your needs. Me speeds.

Derek smiles innocently.

ANGELA
There is something I need, now that
you mention it.

DEREK
Anything.

Shuffles papers, finds the one she's looking for.

ANGELA
There's a... sensitive delivery I'd
like you to make for us.

DEREK
Sensitive is my middle name.

ANGELA
I would have never guessed.

DEREK
What's that?

ANGELA
Nothing. I need you to make a
delivery into DC Jail.

DEREK
DC Jail? Could be a joke.

ANGELA

Yeah, I thought that too, but I confirmed with the warden. Seems a certain inmate has won a court order for his medical marijuana to be delivered to him.

Derek's chin juts out. He straightens.

DEREK

Santa Cruz v. Bureau of Cannabis Control.

ANGELA

No, this guy's name is... Spicoli.

DEREK

Sure, his name... Spicoli? Really? Anyway, no, of course I didn't know this specific case, but the Supreme Court ruled in Santa Cruz v. Bureau of Cannabis Control that marijuana deliveries can be made anywhere, even controlled government facilities.

Angela looks at Derek with impressed interest.

ANGELA

You do know your stuff, don't you?

DEREK

Like liver spots on a drunk's ass.

Angela frowns.

DEREK (CONT'D)

I mean, like the back of my hand.

ANGELA

There is something else... of concern. Something you should know.

DEREK

Hit me with your best pot.

Slight smile appears on Angela's face. She continues.

ANGELA

The inmate you will deliver to is an alleged mafia boss.

Derek snorts.

DEREK
Pfft, whatever. Mafia... smou-fia.

ANGELA
OK, you sure?

DEREK
Yeah, you know I grew up in the
Shaw, right?

ANGELA
No, really?

Angela smiles politely and continues without letting him
answer.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
I'm from Woodley Park.

DEREK
Wooww. Woodley Park?

ANGELA
Yes, my daddy -- my father -- he
well, he gives me money and a
townhouse. A trust fund too...
Maybe I can help with yours. You're
waiting for the money?

DEREK
Sort of. It's my mother. She holds
the strings.

ANGELA
I see. So what's the hold up?

Shifts in his seat.

DEREK
It's complicated.

ANGELA
I want to help... partner.

DEREK
Well... ok. She's sick and wants
me to find her a particular strain
of medical marijuana that she feels
will cure her.

ANGELA
Well, what's the problem, then?
You seem to be quite the expert.

(MORE)

ANGELA (CONT'D)

And we do work at a dispensary,
after all.

DEREK

Yeah, the problem is, you see,
she's sort of peculiar. About these
things. You know? Like her
illness. Well, illnesses.

ANGELA

I'm sorry, Derek. It must be hard.
What do mean?

DEREK

She tends to always be sick. With
one thing or another. Things you
haven't heard of and need to look
up.

ANGELA

Oh? Ok. But whatever strain she
needs, we probably have. Or can
get, right?

DEREK

I'm not sure.

ANGELA

Let me look it up, what is it?

DEREK

It's really obscure, I'm
researching it on my own, actually.

ANGELA

Come on, Derek. We need to start
working together. You help me, I
help you.

DEREK

You sure?

ANGELA

Absolutely.

DEREK

OK, then. Purple Eggplant.

Pause. Re-listening in her brain to be sure she heard
correctly. Unsure how to proceed.

ANGELA

Like the...?

DEREK

Yes.

ANGELA

And we're still talking about your mother's pot strain, not...

DEREK

Bingo.

Amused, but determined, looks on computer --

ANGELA

Alrighty then, let me see... I have purple haze, purple faze, purple cookie monster, purple --

Raises her eyebrows, shoots Derek a glance --

ANGELA (CONT'D)

-- handy, oh my purple god, purple kool-aid, and purple craze... Nothing on eggplants at all.

DEREK

I know, I looked in the system. It's actually Purple Eggplant Delight --

Angela chokes back a laugh.

DEREK (CONT'D)

-- and don't look it up, the "delights" go longer than a horses hose, the deeper I looked, the more jealous I got.

Stifling a laugh, Angela spins her chair a half turn to not face Derek. Returning, her face is forced neutral.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Anyway, I'm working on it. As soon as I can get it, she'll release the funds.

ANGELA

Well... if there's anything I can - - wait, I wouldn't usually say this, but under the circumstances...

DEREK

What?

ANGELA

Why don't you ask our mafia friend Spicoli? Off the record of course, not as an employee of Go For Green, but in passing?

DEREK

I wouldn't do that on company business.

ANGELA

No, it's OK. As long as it's informal. After you deliver, on your way out. The way a just out of college check stand girl would say nice overalls to a cute guy after he's paid for condoms and beers.

DEREK

OK, I can see that. If I had a dime every time that has happened, boy... I'd have my dispensary already!

ANGELA

That's what I figured, Derek.

Derek stands up. Adjusts too tight, rising overalls.

DEREK

OK, well... partner. I look forward working with you closely. Until I get my trust fund money of course.

Angela stands too. Glances at Derek.

ANGELA

Listen, I've been thinking. We should spend some time talking about the store and deliveries. There might be a need in the future for an assistant manager.

DEREK

Oh?

ANGELA

Yeah, sure. Why don't you swing by my place after work for some drinks to discuss further. If you're hungry, we'll get jumbo slices from Boli's.

DEREK

Like I always say, I got the face,
you've got the place... won't be a
waste.

ANGELA

I'm counting on it.

END OF ACT I

ACT II

FADE IN:

INT. DC JAIL (INTAKE) - DAY

Bustling intake center with officers, jailers, arrestees, prisoners and visitors hustling about with purpose.

Derek takes it in. The confusion, the loud din of it all. Unsure what to do.

Approaches a counter where a CRANKY FEMALE JAILER speaks loudly into a phone.

CRANKY FEMALE JAILER

If you took it from his anus, it's not tainted. No! Did you pull it out? He did what? Yeah, sure, must have a shitty diet. You know what I meant!

She slams phone down and stares at Derek standing before her.

CRANKY FEMALE JAILER (CONT'D)

And what brand of cock-eyed dumbass shit are you delivering?

DEREK

Begging your pardon, Ms. Jailer Lady, we don't deliver shit. We've only got the best.

CRANKY FEMALE JAILER

You don't say. Best what?

DEREK

Marijuana.

She smiles snidely, just what she figured, another dumbass.

CRANKY FEMALE JAILER

You realize you're in the DC jail, right? We didn't order any marijuana and bringing controlled substance into a detention facility is a class one felony.

Derek's chin juts out, his shoulders straighten.

DEREK

I understand your concern, ma 'me.
However, an inmate Spicoli was
awarded the right to medical
marijuana pursuant to Santa Cruz v.
Bureau of Cannabis Control. Here's
the court --

SNATCH. She yanks it from his hand.

CRANKY FEMALE JAILER

-- give me that. In that room over
there. Take your lunch pail with
you.

INT. DC JAIL (SEARCH) - MOMENTS LATER

Abruptly, a door swings open, the Cranky Female Jailer
enters, slamming the door behind her.

CRANKY FEMALE JAILER

OK, strip.

DEREK

Strip?

CRANKY FEMALE JAILER

What are you deaf as well as dumb,
ginger? Take your girly man pants
off and lets see if you're as red
down below as you are on top.

DEREK

Wait. We don't have to do this,
right? I mean, I am bringing in
drugs. Look -- they're right here.
No need to search.

CRANKY FEMALE JAILER

Honey, if I had dollar for every
man's dong I've seen, I'd pass them
out at Mardi Gras like beads. Now
come on, I've got criminals to
book.

INT. DC JAIL (LAWYER ROOM) - LATER

Derek stares at a blank wall. His forehead is wrinkled, his
eyes are in pain, his jaw is slack. He's been violated.

Door unlocks, a dapper man in chains, SPICOLI, enters
followed by an ITALIAN AMERICAN OFFICER.

SPICOLI

That spit ball at intake got youse,
didn't she?

Derek nods.

SPICOLI (CONT'D)

She takes liberties she shouldn't.
Can't tell you how many times she
called my jimmy an Italian sausage.
Figurati! Forget about it, she'll
get hers.

Derek nods. Stares. Spicoli slams his hands on the table,
rattling his chains and startling Derek and the officer.

SPICOLI (CONT'D)

Che cavalo! Come on, snap out of
it, did youse bring the product?

Derek's shoulders straighten. His chin slowly rises. It
juts out. He's back.

MONTAGE OF DEREK DELIVERY ROUTINE

- Derek snaps first surgical glove on. Then second.
- Opens six-pack cooler revealing one sealed package.
- Carefully examines package label marked "Spicoli"
- Officer produces phone, displays matching numbers on label.
- Spicoli preens himself. Runs fingers down orange jumpsuit
creases. Examines fingernails.
- Derek carefully cross-referencing label with document
- Derek ceremoniously breaks seal of package, revealing --

END MONTAGE

SNATCH! The officer rips the bundle of weed from Derek.

ITALIAN AMERICAN OFFICER

I'll take that.

Derek looks to Spicoli. He shrugs, waves it off.

SPICOLI

He's a Mook. Like the spit ball in
intake, he takes liberties. He's
supposed to be my Goomba, my
friend, but look at him.

The officer shoots him a dirty look, Spicoli stares at him with disdain.

The officer sniffs the weed. Raises eyebrows. Shuffles half into a Ziploc bag from his pocket. Returns remaining to Derek. Nods.

ITALIAN AMERICAN OFFICER
OK, you can give it to him.

SPICOLI
Fregatura! And you call yourself Italian.

Makes a show of spitting on the ground.

Derek rises, prepared to leave.

DEREK
Okay, Mr. Spicoli, are we good?

SPICOLI
Whoa there Snoop Dog! How do I know youse didn't pass me sour pesto sauce without the garlic. Give me a minute, will youse?

Derek sits back down. Looks uncomfortable. Watches officer give Spicoli rolling papers. Shifts again. Speaks up.

DEREK
Mr. Spicoli?

SPICOLI
Yeah, yeah, hold on, I'm doing this as fast as I can.

DEREK
No, it's okay, take your time. I wanted to talk to you about something.

SPICOLI
I'm all ears.

DEREK
You see, it's my mother. She has a peculiar illness that she believes can be cured by a -- well, a specific strain of marijuana that might not be --

TWAA! Spicoli spits a seed from his mouth it --

-- ricochets off the metal table --
 -- Derek jerks uncontrollably --
 -- it bounces onto the floor --
 -- the officer's, Derek's and Spicoli's eyes follow it --
 -- it rolls to a stop in the corner.

DEREK (CONT'D)

-- uh, hum... like I was saying
 it's a strain of weed that might
 not be in the retail market.

SPICOLI

I see. Say no more. We are friends
 here. Youse have been of great
 service to me by delivering this
 god-send medicine. What is the
 strain you're looking for?

DEREK

It's an odd name. I mean no
 disrespect by it. It's called
 Purple Eggplant Delight.

Spicoli waves the joint to the officer who lights it.

SPICOLI

(while toking)

Disrespect? Are youse kidding me?
 Disrespect would be going light on
 the ricotta on eggplant rollatini -
 -

Derek tilts his head and nods in agreement.

SPICOLI (CONT'D)

-- no, no disrespect. But what
 kind of name is that anyway?

DEREK

It's an internet thing.

SPICOLI

Umm, okay, I hears ya.

(toking)

I tell youse what.

(leans in, whispers)

I'll get youse the people you need
 to talk to, but I will ask a favor
 in return. That's hows this works,
 youse knows this, right?

Derek lifts his shoulder, straightens his chest, juts his jaw.

DEREK

I'm well aware of how this works.

SPICOLI

Good, because I can tell you, this stuff you brought, it -- OUCH!

PWWEET! Spicoli flings the roach --

-- it lands in the officer's hair --

-- who screams and dances around brushing at his hair --

-- while Spicoli stuffs an envelope into Derek's cooler --

-- who waves his hands and shakes his head at Spicoli, "don't put that in there" then --

-- the officer brushes the roach to the ground and stomps on it.

ITALIAN AMERICAN OFFICER

What's a matter with you!

SPICOLI

It burnt me!

DEREK

What are you doing?!

SPICOLI

What I always do. Take care of myself. And --

Shoots Derek a side, knowing look.

SPICOLI (CONT'D)

-- my friends... That is some good stuff. I'll be ordering more soon... Meanwhile --

Shifts his eyes repeatedly to the cooler.

SPICOLI (CONT'D)

-- visit my friends for your... problem. I'm sure we can take care of you.

Derek smoothes his shirt, gathers the cooler.

DEREK
OK, I will.

SPICOLI
That would be a good idea. After
all, we're in this together now,
aren't we?

DEREK
Yes, sir, I guess we are.

INT. GO FOR GREEN DELIVERY CAR - DAY

Derek slams open the cooler and yanks out the envelope. It
reads:

FOR GENO'S EYES ONLY! DO NOT OPEN!
DELIVER TO ANACOSTIA SOCIAL CLUB.

Derek pulls his phone and dials.

INT. NANCY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Nancy answers the phone wearing full protective gear -- wrap
around glasses, face mask, hospital gown and carpal tunnel
wrist braces.

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

NANCY
Who's this?

DEREK
Mom, it's me.

NANCY
For the love of frankincense and
myrrh, what is it now?

DEREK
I'm going to get the stuff you
need, don't do anything with the
trust money.

NANCY
It's already done.

DEREK
You need to un do it.

NANCY

I will. When you get me something for my ABL syndrome -- my fat absorption is declining like Job's trust in God. My --

(high pitched)

-- red blood cells will curl,
Derek!

DEREK

OK, Mom. What about your Nummular Headache?

NANCY

(panicked)

What about it?! I'm using the Handy Pansy dirt you brought me, but it just brings on my Exploding Head Syndrome like fire and brimstone at a pagan rite!

DEREK

OK, Mom. I'm taking care of it.

NANCY

Hurry, son!

INT. GO FOR GREEN DELIVERY CAR - CONTINUOUS

Derek dials another number.

INT. GO FOR GREEN (ANGELA OFFICE) - CONTINUOUS

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

ANGELA

Hi Derek, you out on parole?

DEREK

Yeah, it was nothing. Piece of cake.

ANGELA

I'm impressed. What's up?

DEREK

The client gave me a lead on that stuff I need for my mother. I need to run an errand.

ANGELA

You got it. The extra time you'll spend at my house tonight -- talking business -- will make up for it. Bring red wine. Zin. It's my favorite.

DEREK

Zin for the win, on it.

EXT. ANACOSTIA SOCIAL CLUB - DAY

A group of well dressed men loiter about the entrance of the Anacostia Social Club. Three men sit at a small table sipping cappuccino from small ceramic cups.

A man with slicked back, dark hair and gold chain eyes Derek, speaks up.

SMARMY MEATBALL GUY

Hey buddy. What can I do you for?

DEREK

I'm here for Geno. Spicoli sent me.

The men exchange looks. Look at Derek.

SMARMY MEATBALL GUY

Oh yeah? You don't say? Spicoli huh?

DEREK

Yeah, that's right.

SMARMY MEATBALL GUY

Well, Geno's not here right now. What's it about?

DEREK

I have... something for him.

More looks.

SMARMY MEATBALL GUY

Something for him? Sounds ominous. You a hit man or something?

Laughs all around.

DEREK

No. Just got this --

Reaches for the envelope causing --
 -- several men to reach for their guns and --
 -- two men stand up. Derek stops. Then --
 -- slowly pulls the envelope and displays it.
 The men sit down, everyone relaxes.

SMARMY MEATBALL GUY
 OK, I'll take it. Hand it here.

DEREK
 There's something else.

SMARMY MEATBALL GUY
 There always is.

DEREK
 Spicoli promised Geno would help me
 with... a problem.

Smiles and knowing nods among the men. Smarmy Meatball Guy
 stands up.

SMARMY MEATBALL GUY
 I understand. I'm sure we can
 help. Come on, lets go inside.

INT. ANACOSTIA SOCIAL CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Derek is escorted through club. Men sit at a bar, some play
 pool. A card game is in progress. Everybody watches Derek.
 A couple snicker.

Derek holds his head high. Nods importantly to each man.
 Into a back room with a table and a few chairs.

SMARMY MEATBALL GUY
 Have a seat. Give me the envelope,
 I'll give it to the boss.

Reaches hand out. Derek moves to give it to him, but stops
 mid-motion. Smarmy Meatball Guy frowns, then glares at Derek.

DEREK
 Spicoli said Geno only. I really
 need this favor.

SMARMY MEATBALL GUY
 Forget about it. Like I said, Geno
 isn't here. The boss, he'll take
 care of it.

DEREK
 OK.

Hands it over.

SMARMY MEATBALL GUY
 You wanna beer or something?

DEREK
 Water. Thanks.

SMARMY MEATBALL GUY
 OK, I'll be right back. Make
 yourself at home.

Derek looks about. Dogs playing poker painting. Picture of
 Sicily, Italy. Empty keg containers, chairs stacked.

A BARTENDER WITH MISSING TOOTH enters, plops a frosted mug of
 clear liquid on the table.

BARTENDER WITH MISSING TOOTH
 One water.

Derek nods, sniffs the glass, drinks. Glances through doorway
 as bartender leaves.

He's surprised to see a tussle and commotion in the other
 room. Two men grab another man who struggles and shouts.

The door shuts. More commotion heard beyond the door.
 Scuffling. Then --

-- the door bursts open, revealing --

-- a ROLLEYPOLLEY OF A MAN struggles and jerks in the grips
 of Smarmy Meatball Guy and THICK SAUSAGE MAN who --

-- slam him into a seat, then --

WOOF! Smarmy Meatball Guy punches his balloon of a belly,
 causing it to --

-- reverberate loudly like a hallow watermelon.

Derek jerks up startled.

SMARMY MEATBALL GUY
 Sit down!

Derek drops onto his seat.

In walks THE BOSS. Barrell chested, hairy, bulbous red nose, he's the Pillsbury Dough Boy rolled in butter, garlic and a bagful of curly black hair.

THE BOSS
(to Smarmy)
This him?

SMARMY MEATBALL GUY
Yeah, that's him.

THE BOSS
(to Derek)
Spicoli gave you the envelope?

DEREK
Yes.

THE BOSS
(to Meatball Man)
This worm working with you, Geno?

DEREK
Hey, wait --

Smarmy Meatball Guy points an angry finger at him. Derek's mouth snaps shut. The ROLLEYPOLLEY OF A MAN who we now know is Geno sputters --

GENO
You g-- got this all wrong, B -- boss. Jim-- Jimmmy and I got no contact with the Feds. Come on!

THE BOSS
Yet, here we are --

Points thick meaty finger at Derek.

THE BOSS (CONT'D)
-- this guy is bringing you --

Shoves crumpled envelop in Geno's face.

THE BOSS (CONT'D)
-- this! Why Geno? For the love of Saint Giovanni, why?

GENO
It's a script for a movie, for God's sake!

(MORE)

GENO (CONT'D)

We're writing a goddamn movie.
There I said it. Fungoo. A movie!

THE BOSS

Don't give me that load of crap,
Geno. I know what "POV" means. And
"Coda" is Italian, you lump of
provolone, how'd you think I
wouldn't recognize that!

GENO

No, no. It's a story about --

Derek thinks now's the time to speak up, he blurts out --

DEREK

Do you have purple --

THE BOSS

(unison with Smarmy)
-- Shut up!

GENO

This bischero, I don't know him.
All I know is, I'm no rat.

THE BOSS

Mi Fa Cagare! Get him outta here.

The boys jump toward Derek. Startled, Derek prepares to
struggle and fight, but then --

THE BOSS (CONT'D)

Not him, idiots! Geno, the rat!

School body left, they dutifully shuffle to Geno, manhandle
him to, and out, the door, SLAM!

Smarmy Meatball Guy is left glaring at Derek, the boss is
staring at the picture of the city Sicily.

SMARMY MEATBALL GUY

What about him boss?

The Boss continues to stare at the picture.

THE BOSS

You know, we're still getting the
boot?

SMARMY MEATBALL GUY

What's that boss?

THE BOSS

The boot. This thing of ours, it started in Sicily. Right here --

He points to the portion of Italy that looks like it's being kicked by a woman in heels.

THE BOSS (CONT'D)

-- and look, there we are, getting the boot for all of eternity.

Derek straightens in his chair. Musters saliva into his mouth, juts his chin up.

DEREK

I, um, would like to know if you've heard of Purple Eggplant Delight?

A gulp turns into a gag in the throat of Smarmy Meatball Guy, which he manages to turn into clearing his throat.

The boss turns to Derek, considers his question.

THE BOSS

Is it a parmesan dish?

DEREK

No, sir. It's a strain of marijuana that my mother needs for her Nummular headaches. And Exploding Head Syndrome. And now her ABL fat absorption syndrome.

THE BOSS

I see. Geno is... was our drug trade man. Is this the thing you need our help with?

DEREK

That's right. I'd appreciate it if you'd understand I am no part of this --

Derek motions toward the door where Geno's screams can be heard just beyond it.

DEREK (CONT'D)

-- predicament. I was doing my job, Spicoli needed a favor, I need help in return.

THE BOSS

I'm favorable to your position, young man.

(MORE)

THE BOSS (CONT'D)

I look at you and know in all of God's green earth would any of my men work with you, with your lady shorts and hobo socks.

Derek nods in emphatic agreement.

THE BOSS (CONT'D)

In fact, I see a mutually beneficial arrangement between us, if you are amicable.

DEREK

(still nodding)

Yes, I would like that.

The boss motions Smarmy Meatball Guy to him, they exchange whispers, Smarmy Meatball Guy exits.

THE BOSS

One moment please.

Momentarily, Smarmy Meatball Guy returns, handing the boss an object wrapped in brown paper bag.

THE BOSS (CONT'D)

When you delivered Spicoli's... medicine to him, was he with an Italian American guard?

DEREK

Yes! Yes, he was.

THE BOSS

Good. That's our man. He's a friend of ours. Deliver this package to him and I give you my word, I will get the marijuana you need to help your mother.

DEREK

There's this intake officer, she --

THE BOSS

-- say no more. That fly in our soup has been dealt with. She'll call you in, you tell her there's no sausage in this calzone. She'll give you no problem.

DEREK

There's no sausage in this calzone.

The boss nods, hands Derek the package. He fingers it, turns it over, presses the paper against the object inside.

THE BOSS
Do we have a deal?

DEREK
And you will get me Purple Eggplant
Delight?

THE BOSS
You have my word.

DEREK
OK, then, yes. We have a deal.

The two men shake on it.

THE BOSS
Now there is this matter of what
happens if you do not hold up your
end of the bargain.

Derek pulls back his shoulders, juts his chin out and replies with his most important voice.

DEREK
I will deliver. You take care of
the penis peeper, I'll get it done.

THE BOSS
Yes, I believe you have every
intention to deliver. But I've
been --

The boss motions to the picture of Sicily on the wall.

THE BOSS (CONT'D)
-- getting the boot for too long to
leave things to chance.

Derek shifts in his chair and swallows.

DEREK
There's no reason to --

Smarmy Meatball Guy pushes Derek deeper into his chair, effectively turning the mouth valve off.

THE BOSS
-- It's not personal, ginger snap
man, it's business.

Smarmy Meatball Guy tightens his grip on Derek's shoulder, squeezing it until Derek yelps --

DEREK

Awww -- owwee! Hey!

THE BOSS

Should you fail to keep your end of the bargain, I will be forced to levy a protection and travel fee on your work.

DEREK

Wait! That's not my --

A sharp, deep pinch by Smarmy Meatball Guy snaps Derek's mouth shut.

THE BOSS

This will comprise of monthly one thousand dollar protection fee to be picked up on --

The boss glances to Smarmy Meatball Guy.

SMARMY MEATBALL GUY

The fifth.

THE BOSS

-- the fifth of each month. Further more, we will read your odometer and be assessed a dollar a mile fee to cover your delivering in what is essentially our territory.

The boss pulls a chair up close to Derek, sits down and leans in.

THE BOSS (CONT'D)

Now, we could do this anyway, right now, regardless of any deal we make. Isn't that right, red snapper?

DEREK

(nods)
Yes, you could.

THE BOSS

But I'm a fair man. And like I said, I'm favorable to your position.

DEREK

You are a fair man.

THE BOSS

Good. So we understand each other.

DEREK

Yes, we do.

The boss reaches his hand out. Smarmy Meatball Guy releases his grip on Derek, who shakes hands with the boss.

THE BOSS

It's good to make new friends. An old Sicilian proverb says only real friends will tell you when your face is dirty. Let's not get our faces dirty, shall we?

DEREK

Not in a million years.

END ACT II

ACT III

INT./EXT. ANGELA'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

Angela yanks the door open and smiles broadly at Derek.

ANGELA

Derek! Wow, it's good to not see you in knee high socks and overall shorts!

DEREK

It's good to be seen.

ANGELA

(laughing)
It is! Come in.

Derek takes in the scene. A few candles are lit. A fireplace blazes. Roses on table. He gulps.

DEREK

Nice place. Something smells real good.

ANGELA

Thank you, Derek. It could either be the garlic cheese breadsticks from Boli's or "Tantrum" from Boy Smells.

DEREK

No, it's you. Your perfume, what is it?

ANGELA

Tantrum. From Boy Smells.

Derek look of desperation reveals he doesn't get it. Not making sense of the words coming from her mouth.

DEREK

Boy, it sure does smell! Smells great!

ANGELA

Thank you Derek. Can I take this?

He looks at the bag in his hand with surprise, as if he just realized he had it.

DEREK

Oh! Yes, the wine. Listen, I'm no wine connoisseur -- in fact, I haven't had a drink in three years -- but I couldn't help buying "Partners in Wine" Zin, where "Sip happens."

ANGELA

(laughs)

Oh! I didn't know you didn't drink, Derek. How about I drink ... "Sip Happens" and you can partake in a little product that fell off the truck I brought from work for you?

Angela waves to the table where a bong and pot sit along with two wine glasses and a lit candle.

DEREK

Sip happens!

INT. ANGELA'S TOWNHOUSE (BALCONY) - LATER

Angela and Derek's shoes are off, feet on a table, three-quarters of the wine bottle drained and the laughs are on.

DEREK

... and she said, "No, a pair of butt cheeks!"

Angela laughs hilariously, holds her sides, Derek rolls off his chair and grabs onto her arms.

ANGELA

Butt cheeks! A pair! Come together! Ahh, ha ha ha.

The laughs die down, and their heads rest against each others as they catch their breath.

Angela's hand reaches behind Derek's and she brings him for a kiss. Derek's right leg starts to quiver then outright convulse as the kiss deepens.

They break away and it's Angela who speaks first.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

You know, I could really use a pair of butt cheeks about right now.

DEREK

You mean so we can come together --

ANGELA
-- yes, exactly.

DEREK
Funny you mention it, mine are
clenched tighter than a lock jaw
wrench in a car crash right now.

ANGELA
Nothing like a good car crash to --

DEREK
-- get a bang out of the ride?

ANGELA
(laughing)
-- exactly. Come on...

Angela stands up and leads Derek to the bedroom.

INT. ANGELA'S TOWNHOUSE (BEDROOM) - MOMENTS LATER

SUPER: Moments Later...

Derek rolls off of Angela and exhales loudly.

DEREK
Whooa! That was dyno-mite!

ANGELA
If you mean a short fuse.

DEREK
Hey! I can't help it! It was that
weed you had. I was ready to...
blow a fuse as soon as I... plugged
it in.

ANGELA
OK, then firecracker, I still have
a lot of juice left --

She pushes Derek's head down the sheets.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
-- so get to blowin'

INT. ANGELA'S TOWNHOUSE (BEDROOM) - LATER

SUPER: Hours Later...

Angela rolls off of Derek.

ANGELA

Whooa. Now that's what I call a
car crash!

Derek lies incoherent and with barely discernable signs of
life.

DEREK

(indistinguishable)
Blurb a blurb. Gurgle.

ANGELA

Oh, it's OK, you didn't know how to
whistle while you wetted while I
waited, but when I wanted it, you
woke and I wasn't... well wrong.

DEREK

(indistinguishable)
Ahh. Eewe. Ish. Augh.

ANGELA

About you, I mean. I can call 'em,
that's what I always told ma --
(sob)
-- my daddy.

Angela cries and sobs, Derek is oblivious and begins to
snore. She stops, looks at Derek and shakes him violently.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Wake up! Wake up, you still got a
lot of work to do you, you know!

INT. ANGELA'S TOWNHOUSE (BEDROOM) - LATER

SUPER: Hours Later...

Angela rolls off Derek.

ANGELA

Whewwww! Now that's nothing to
"wine" about. Why don't you get me
a glass, won't you darling?

Derek's face is soaked with sweat. His hair is plastered
against his face, his beard is tangled. He plops down onto
his back.

INT. ANGELA'S TOWNHOUSE (BEDROOM) - MOMENTS LATER

SUPER: Moments later...

Both Angela and Derek are sitting up in bed. Derek takes on a joint, Angela sips at her wine.

ANGELA

You know, if you're this good at work as you are in bed ...

Derek's chin juts out.

DEREK

Gold star rating then?

ANGELA

Primo. Like the god father of weed once proclaimed, it's the stick-icky.

DEREK

A good partner is like good sex.

ANGELA

Their satisfied when it's over?

DEREK

No, it's harder to pull out once you're in.

ANGELA

(laughs)

Well, when I get approval for assistant manager, you'll have to come back over to apply.

DEREK

This doesn't count?

ANGELA

All good jobs take more than one interview. What is this, a fast food restaurant?

DEREK

One hell of a drive-thru experience, if it is.

ANGELA

You forgot your desert.

Angela pushes him down onto the bed and climbs on top of him.

INT. GO FOR GREEN DELIVERY CAR - DAY

Derek pulls out and looks at the brown package the mafia boss gave him. Unwraps it.

Inside are several plastic pieces of what is obviously a hand gun.

DEREK

Shit!

Derek shoves the pieces down in his lap and looks around. Across the parking lot is the entrance to the DC Jail.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Shit, shit, shit.

He re-wraps the package inside the pot wrapping, places it inside a Go For Green envelope, seals it, and puts it in his cooler.

He pulls his phone out and dials.

INT. NANCY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

Nancy answer's her phone with low-energy, low volume.

NANCY

Hello?

DEREK

Mom, it's me!

NANCY

Derek. Where is the medicine,
Derek? The father, my son and the
unholy spirit have all left me. Et
Tu Brute?

DEREK

Oh no. You're in shut-down mode.
How long do I have?

NANCY

I don't know son. My blood cells
have curled, my nodes have swelled,
I'm on broken enzymes.

DEREK

I'm calling to tell you I'm
delivering something now that will
get me your medicine. Soon, Mom.
I'll get it soon.

NANCY

If haven't told you, I love you
son.

Derek pulls the phone from his head and looks at it. His look
is as shocked as it is worried.

DEREK

I love you too Mom.

NANCY

If you have to pull purgatory's
panties to its knees, Derek, you
get God's love to me.

DEREK

Not the way I'd say it Mom, but I'm
on it.

INT. DC JAIL (INTAKE) - MOMENTS LATER

The familiar chaotic and frenzied activity of a city jail
intake center.

The cranky female jailer sees Derek just as he walks in.

CRANKY FEMALE JAILER

You! Over there -- now!

INT. DC JAIL (SEARCH) - MOMENTS LATER

Derek holds his cooler in his hand and shifts from one foot
to the other.

The door slams open and the woman storms in.

Derek blurts it out in a rush.

DEREK

There's no sausage in this calzone!

The woman jailer glances at her prey with the confident
amusement of a cat toying with a mouse.

CRANKY FEMALE JAILER
Oh, I talked to your friends, candy
apple on a stick man. Don't worry.

Derek breaths out and his shoulders slump.

CRANKY FEMALE JAILER (CONT'D)
I'm not going to look in your
cooler. But...

Derek shoots her an anxious look.

CRANKY FEMALE JAILER (CONT'D)
Doesn't mean your wanker's not
coming out. 'Cause it is.

Derek drops the cooler with a crash.

CRANKY FEMALE JAILER (CONT'D)
Now drop those drawers red vine,
let's get a look at momma's fire
hose.

INT. DC JAIL (LAWYER ROOM) - LATER

Derek is broken and dazed. Stares once again at a blank wall
with mouth agape, black holes for eyes.

Sound of rattling chains and clanking keys, then door
unlocked and Spicoli and Italian American Officer enter.

SPICOLI
She got him again.

Spicoli kicks Derek's chair, Derek slowly pulls out of it.

SPICOLI (CONT'D)
She has an appetite for 'em I wish
some of my dames had. Youse know.
Too bad that interest is packed
into that package.

Derek nods, sits up straight.

DEREK
Nothing I can't handle.

SPICOLI
Not by the looks of you, sport.

DEREK
I'm getting there.

SPICOLI

OK, while you do, how about my package. You get it to Geno?

DEREK

Yes, I did.

SPICOLI

And how is he?

DEREK

He's surrounded by friends.

SPICOLI

Yeah, that's Geno. Did he say anything about what youse gave him.

DEREK

Yeah. He did. Something about "POV" and "Coda."

SPICOLI

He didn't like the ending.

DEREK

You can say that again.

SPICOLI

Whoa, whoa. What are youse saying here? I detect a tone.

DEREK

Look, I've still got that she-devil's digits tickling my taint, I'm not right in the head right now. Let me just get your stuff.

MONTAGE OF DEREK DELIVERY ROUTINE

- Derek snaps first surgical glove on. Then second.
- Opens six-pack cooler revealing one sealed package.
- Carefully examines package label marked "Spicoli"
- Officer produces phone, displays matching numbers on label.
- Spicoli preens himself. Runs fingers down orange jumpsuit creases. Examines fingernails.
- Derek carefully cross-referencing label with document
- Derek ceremoniously --

END MONTAGE

SNATCH! Spicoli snatches the package from Derek, who --

-- YELPS! Then, swipes at it, causing the Italian American officer to --

-- jump up and grab at it too, causing Spicoli to yell --

SPICOLI

Give me my stuff, you dirty guinea!

-- the officer and Spicoli both tug at the package, they --

-- tumble, and roll onto the floor, chains rattling, keys clanking, a blur of orange and green when finally --

-- they stand and both yank at the package, causing it to --

-- explode into a cloud of green leaf and --

-- plastic gun pieces clatter and bounce on to the floor.

Everybody breaths hard and stare at the floor.

It takes a moment to sink in what lies on the floor. The Italian American officer is first to act. He --

-- lands on his knees begins plucking the pieces from the floor, frantically putting them together.

Spicoli is still breathing hard. Can't seem to catch his breath. He --

-- clutches at his chest, stares with wild eyes at Derek.

SPICOLI (CONT'D)

Wha -- what is this?

It's the Italian American officer who replies.

ITALIAN AMERICAN OFFICER

It's your death sentence, rat.

SPICOLI

No! Arrgh. My chest. It was a movie! Just a movie!

Spicoli drops to his knees. Both hands now clutch at his orange jump suit where his heart is.

SPICOLI (CONT'D)

It wasn't that bad! I'm wri --
writing with pe-- pencil and paper
for the lo-- love of Saint
Giovanni.

The Italian American officer has stopped picking up plastic pieces. He and Derek stare at Spicoli.

SPICOLI (CONT'D)

It -- it's ab-- about...

Spicoli's eyes roll into his head, his breathing come in gasps.

SPICOLI (CONT'D)

I... I.. ca--

Spicoli goes limp. A moment passes. Derek looks at the Italian American officer, he looks back.

The officer gets up checks Spicoli's pulse. Looks at Derek and shakes his head.

He's dead.

DEREK

Wait! He can't die! I need the
Purple Eggplant Delight!

The Italian American Officer shrugs.

ITALIAN AMERICAN OFFICER

Talk to the Boss.

Derek slams his cooler shut, gets up to leave.

DEREK

Yeah, why not. I mean, I
delivered, the guy died, everyone's
happy.

INT. GO FOR GREEN DELIVERY CAR - LATER

Derek plops down in the driver's seat. Exhales. Looks at his phone. Missed calls from his roommate Allen. Text from Allen:

ALLEN

CAN YOU PICK ME UP FROM MY MEETING?

Derek fires up the car and putters off the DC Jail parking lot, smoke pouring out from the oversized bong for-an-exhaust-pipe.

EXT. ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH -- LATER

Derek pulls into the church parking lot. A sign reads "AA AFTER DARK MEETING 5PM."

The dashboard clock reads 5:17 PM. Derek sighs. Gets out and goes inside.

INT. ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH - MOMENTS LATER

The room is packed. A woman is at the podium speaking, everyone listens intently. Small line at the coffee pot.

Derek makes his way to the coffee line. A twenty something woman smiles.

FLIRTY AA WOMAN

Nice overalls.

DEREK

Thanks. For work.

FLIRTY AA WOMAN

I see. That you with the pot mobile?

DEREK

Yeah. Haven't drank since twenty-seventeen though.

FLIRTY AA WOMAN

Congrats! That's awesome. Do you smoke pot?

DEREK

Yeah, just don't drink.

She turns her shoulder to him, faces the line.

FLIRTY AA WOMAN

Keep coming back.

INT. ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH - LATER

Derek plops down in a seat. At the table next to the podium his roommate Allen eyes him and winks. Derek nods back.

The man at the podium finishes speaking, the AA crowd claps.
Allen stands up.

ALLEN
Derek, would you like to share?

Panic deer in the headlights expression plasters Derek's face.

DEREK
I, um, I would --

The AA crowd begins to chant.

AA CROWD
Derek! Derek! Derek!

Derek's shoulders straighten, his chin juts out.

DEREK
What the hell, why not?

The crowd cheers and claps. Derek makes his way to the podium.

Derek stands at the podium and looks out. The crowd is dead silent, all eyes, so many eyes, look at him expectantly.

DEREK (CONT'D)
Hi. I just wanted to say --

Several in the crowd in unison shout out --

AA CROWD
Who are you?

DEREK
Oh, yeah, I'm Derek... I'm, well,
I'm kinda --

Allen shouts out --

ALLEN
He's an alcoholic.

The crowd was waiting for this and responds --

AA CROWD
Hi Derek!

DEREK
Hi. Thanks --

Shoots Allen a dirty look

DEREK (CONT'D)
-- Allen for that.

Derek is at loss for words. He stares out at the crowd. They are patient. They wait. He shifts his feet.

DEREK (CONT'D)
OK, well, my roommate and I have been talking about my smoking pot.

A few in the crowd boo. Several shout --

AA CROWD
Outside issue!

This jolts Derek for a second. But with no follow-up instruction, he continues on.

DEREK
And, so, he says I'm not sober. But the thing is, my problem was drinking not the pot. I mean, weed has been in my life since I was like, fourteen.

Begins to gain momentum, speaks more confidently.

DEREK (CONT'D)
My dad drank. Boy did he ever. And when he died, my mom started drinking too. I don't want to be how they are, drinking to wash away their problems, so I stopped drinking in twenty-seventeen. Not a drop.

Some smattering of claps a few say --

AA CROWD
Keep coming back!

DEREK
But today, something happened at work. I admit, it shook me. I watched a person die. Just fell down and died. It got me thinking. What's this all about anyway. You know. Life. And I instantly thought about my mom. She's sick. Not just normal sick, but --

Derek sees in the doorway of the church a familiar figure enters.

DEREK (CONT'D)

-- the kind of sick where if it's not one thing, then it's another. And it kind of never ends. So this pot is medicine for her. And I have an opportunity --

Derek squints and recognizes the figure in the back of the room. It's the Smarmy Meatball guy. He nods at Derek. Then he --

-- pulls from his pocket a wrapped bag of leafy substance looks back up to Derek and --

-- smiles and nods.

Derek smiles back and continues.

DEREK (CONT'D)

-- I have an opportunity to make a difference in her life. You know. I can actually help her. And today, after seeing someone die, I don't want that to happen to my mom. And if I can save her, if I can make her life better... well then, I am going to do that... Thank you.

The crowd claps, and Derek sits down.

INT./EXT. ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH - LATER

The meeting has ended and people are milling about, talking in small groups.

Allen makes his way to Derek, who has just turned away from talking to the Smarmy Meatball Guy and put the weed in his pocket.

ALLEN

Nice share, Derek.

DEREK

Thank you.

ALLEN

You know, not drinking is great, but you're still not sober.

They make their way to the parking lot and the Go For Green delivery car.

DEREK

That's alright, I'm something better.

ALLEN

Oh, yeah, what's that?

DEREK

I'm being of service to my mom, who needs me.

Getting in, Allen nods, says nothing.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Do you mind we take a detour...? I have a delivery to make. To my mom.

ALLEN

It's your ride.

Derek nods, fires up the car. It jerks forward, smoke billowing from the exhaust pipe bong as it sputters and lurches into the distance.

END OF ACT III

END PILOT