

THE GAME

"A Taste of Vegas"

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COLD OPEN

FROM BLACK: a spinning logo with the letters "VF" emblazoned on a warrior's shield gives way to a well-produced ESPN video unveiling the league's newest team: **The Vegas Fury**.

ON VIDEO: The Fury's brash and bold and southern-bred owner, **COLONEL ULYSSES S. THATCHER**, sits on a GOLDEN THRONE.

THE COLONEL

My name is Colonel Ulysses S.
Thatcher, but my friends call me
The Colonel. And this billion-
dollar palace is Viacom Stadium...

REVEAL, he's in a mega-dome, his image on every screen.

...home to the best thang since
sweet-butter cornbread, the league's
newest franchise: The Vegas Fury.

Quick Cuts: A vicious tackle. A strip sack. A Pick-6. Meet **GARRET LOGAN**, a 6'3, African-Adonis being showcased with the title: **3 Time All-Pro & 2020 Defensive MVP**. British accent:

GARRET

So join us for Fury Week. Seven fun-
filled days of fan events and team
functions, where we get to meet Sin
City, and Sin City gets to meet us.

Garret stands with **TEAMMATES** as the video connects us to --

1

INT. MALIK'S MAN CAVE - DAY

1

-- a set of **SEXY TWINS** wrap up a dope dance routine for **MALIK (OG CAST)**, 37, superstar quarterback, and his boy, **CALEB**. They applaud as the video airs on the 80-inch.

MALIK

Man, I'm feelin' it. You feelin' it?
(Caleb rolls a blunt, nods)
We feelin' it. Now, this event is
classy. You got degrees, right?

TWIN #1

I have a BA in Finance. She has
one in Marketing.

MALIK

(Caleb leans in, whispers:)
Right. You been vaccinated? Can't
be brinin' COVID on the plane.

TWIN #1
Once in each cheek.

But Malik's eye is drawn from the booty to The Colonel, on TV:

MALIK
A'yo, check it, Fury Week.
(as Caleb does:)
Thanks, Ladies. Got a few more
interviews, I'll be in touch.

They go as The Colonel poses with the championship trophy:

THE COLONEL (ON AIR)
Won two of these in St. Louis, I'll
do the same for Vegas. So get ya
popcorn ready, 'cause it's time...

Garret stands, proudly twirling a football on his finger:

GARRET (ON AIR)
That's right guys, it's time...

A CROWD OF FANS on the Vegas Strip:

CROWD OF FANS (ON AIR)
Vegas, it's time...

Finally, Malik exits a limo, casual cool, all smiles:

MALIK (ON AIR)
It's time... to Unleash The Fury.

ON TV: Video down, SportsCenter up. Caleb passes the blunt.

CALEB
This shit is real, yo'. You a
minority owner of the Vegas Fury.
From working the field to owning
the plantation. Say it: 'Merica!

MALIK
Kill that, Caleb. 'Til the Board
approves my application, I'm still
in the field.

CALEB
Board my ass. You in they video,
negro... on E-S-P-N. They need
black owners. You that guy.

MALIK
I am, ain't I? Damn. I own five
percent of a pro football team.

CALEB

True. But you love the game, and
you can still ball. So my question
is: are you really ready to retire?

OFF Malik, wondering why he's even wondering, we move to --

2

INT. BRITTANY'S MIAMI CONDO - LIVING ROOM - DAY

2

-- ladies' night. **BRITTANY PITTS**, 24, rich girl gorgeous,
with a gang of her besties, headlined by **TRACEE** and **SHEA** on-
site, and **RAQUEL** via video. Mid-toast. Shots raised.

BRITTANY

To a successful run of Platinum
Nights. Girls of the bubble. Just
know, the NBA couldn't've done it
without us. To the 8-2-8, y'all!

LADIES

The 8-2-8!

They drink. It burns. WHEW!!! Cheers go up until:

TRACEE

Ok, ok, Brittany, I gotta name my
firstborn after you. 'Specially
since Shaquon gave me this --

She shows her hand. Gasps all around. On it is a ring:

TRACEE (CONT'D)

Five carats. Princess cut.
Flawless. And no prenup, bitches.

SHEA

RAQUEL

That's that NBA money, girl. Show me, show me...

TRACEE

Brittany, if it wasn't for you and
Platinum Nights, I never would've
met Shaquon, I love him. And I love
you, girl. To Brittany, 8-2-8.

Brittany's touched. She raises her glass, her girls follow:

BRITTANY

THE LADIES

8-2-8!

8-2-8!

Another shot. Another burn. WHEW!!! As they recover, the
DOORBELL calls Brittany to action:

RAQUEL

Why you playing, Brit, you need to bring your talents to Vegas, where the real players play.

BRITTANY

Girl, keep Vegas. Only thing I love more than making money is not losing it. I can't be chasing chips.

As they all laugh, we follow Brittany to --

3

INT. BRITTANY'S MIAMI CONDO - FOYER - DAY

3

-- the front door. She peeks, then opens to a **BY-THE-BOOK SUIT** flanked by TWO COPS. Brittany instantly takes charge:

BRITTANY

Sorry 'bout the noise, officers. I promise we'll keep it down.

SUIT

Are you Brittany Pitts?

BRITTANY

Actually, you just missed her.

SUIT

(hands her a DOCUMENT:)
Nice try. Your condo is officially in foreclosure. Escort her out boys.

BRITTANY

Whoa, hold up, this's a mistake.

SUIT

No mistake. You're 90-days due, and the bank wants you out. Now.

BRITTANY

But, I just made a payment.

SUIT

You didn't.

BRITTANY

I will.

SUIT

You won't. They never do. Take what you can carry. We'll store the rest, at your expense.

BRITTANY

Come on, there's gotta be some way
to work this out. I got company.

As the cops move to take possession, Suit notes a custom-framed autographed portrait of JASON PITTS on the wall:

SUIT

Wowzers. An original portrait of
Jason Pitts catching the winning
touchdown in the '08 Championship.

BRITTANY

Nice eye, he's my dad. And I'm
sure he'd loved to meet you, Mr...?

SUIT

Call me, Cecil. I'm a BIG fan. We
actually did the Pittsy Shuffle as
our wedding dance.

Then he does it... right there... the Pittsy Shuffle:

SUIT/CECIL

And Pitts and dip and Pitts and dip and
Pitts. And dip and Pitts and dip...

BRITTANY

Wow, that's... wow. You are a fan.
(turning up the charm)
And this one-of-a-kind masterpiece
is something a man like you needs.

SUIT/CECIL

Tell you what, give me the painting,
I'll give you twelve hours to pack.

BRITTANY

I need a week.

SUIT/CECIL

I'll make it a day. Final offer.

OFF Brittany, the struggle is real, we return to --

4

INT. BRITTANY'S MIAMI CONDO - LIVING ROOM - DAY

4

-- the fun. Her crew none the wiser, but Brittany's eyes
bear it all, she has no clue what to do. Until, she does:

BRITTANY

Raquel, you may be right, I might need
a taste of Vegas after all.

OFF that revelation, we set our sights on --

5 INT. TASHA'S PRIVATE JET - INNER CABIN (IN FLIGHT) - DAY 5

-- **TASHA MACK (OG CAST)**, ageless, a preeminent sports manager and Malik's Momager, flying the friendly skies in her multiple cabin, personal Gulfstream. This be that jet-life.

Feet being scrubbed. Nails gettin' done. TV muted on ESPN. But Tasha can't see a thing 'cause of them cucumber slices on her eyes. Her assistant, **JAMEELA**, arrives drink-in-hand:

TASHA

Umm, thanks girl, mama need this.

JAMEELA

My pleasure. Now to your calendar. Garret wants a contract update. You have a 2:30 Zoom with Nike. And your husband called, twice.

TASHA

Aw, hell. Set a call with The Colonel. Reschedule Nike. And I'll call Pookie later.

JAMEELA

Oh, and Malik wants to bring a few extra female friends to Vegas.

TASHA

Nope, ain't no trifling ass tricks I don't know gettin' on my plane.

JAMEELA

And that's what I told him.

But Jameela says it with a smile that's way too extra.

TASHA

Girl, why are you smiling like somebody just rubbed yo' feet?

JAMEELA

What? I'm not. It's just funny.

TASHA

Aw hell, Jameela. I shoulda known. You and Malik creaming and screaming, ain't ya?

Jameela's caught off guard. She wants to deny it, but doesn't:

JAMEELA

Tasha, Malik and I are grown. If we are "creaming" together, it's our time and our business.

TASHA

You right, you grown. And you fired.

JAMEELA

Fired? Why?

TASHA

What you do reflects on Tasha Mack Management. Sleepin' with a client looks bad and that is my business.

JAMEELA

You can't be serious.

TASHA

As a case of chlamydia, heifer. Now, get out my face. Gone, get. Better be glad we thirty thousand feet in the air. Fast ass.

As she goes, Tasha unmutes ESPN where **MARIA TAYLOR** interviews The Colonel. OFF Tasha, eating her cucumber, we move to --

MARIA TAYLOR (ON AIR)

Reports say you're in talks to sell five percent of The Fury to a Black partner. That's big news. Care to share?

THE COLONEL (ON AIR)

Nice try, Maria. But like Mama always said, a smart man only talks when it's time. And it ain't time.

6

INT. CLUB NIGHTINGALE - DRESSING ROOM - DAY

6

-- **JAMISON FIELDS**, 22, a battle-tested hero in the making, dons a security guard uniform, watching the interview on his cell.

MARIA TAYLOR (ON AIR)

Some would argue, since Blacks account for seventy percent of rosters but zero percent of ownership, talk is cheap.

THE COLONEL (ON AIR)

And they'd be right. What I can say, be it today, tomorrow or next year, my team will have an African-American as part of ownership. Book it.

As Maria wraps the segment, A VOICE calls out:

VOICE (O.S.)
Yo' Jamison, thirty seconds.

JAMISON
Thanks, Lou.

Jamison keeps watching as Maria's **CO-HOST** challenges her.

CO-HOST (ON AIR)
No offense, Maria, but you missed the real story. Why is the owner of a brand new franchise willing to give Jamison Fields a tryout?

MARIA TAYLOR (ON AIR)
Real talk, Marcus. For our viewers, Fields was the top-rated high school player before going to jail for sexual assault. Now he's out, and trying to make the league.

CO-HOST (ON AIR)
A league that don't need him.

MARIA TAYLOR (ON AIR)
It's an open tryout. He did his time. And many people think he was wrongly convicted. Maybe he deserves a shot.

CO-HOST (ON AIR)
He deserves to be in jail, and fans agree. Look at this poll, 62% of--

CLICK. Jamison shuts it off and goes. Down a hall. Round a corner. And into darkness, where silence stops him. Then:

BOOMING VOICE (O.S.)
And now, get ready for the sexiest man on the Vegas Strip. Ladies, give it up for J.J. Jiggles!!!

A spotlight shines. Music drops. As Jamison rips off his shirt, REVEALING a chiseled and flawless frame.

Girls go wild as he does a drop-it-like-it's-hot-can't-look-away striptease that leaves us all like WHOA! OFF this...

SMASH TO TITLES:

THE GAME

7

INT. CLUB NIGHTINGALE - DAY

7

Open Mic Night. Raquel works the piano with a contemporary version of Lauryn Hill's "***That Thing.***" This Latinx is fire.

RAQUEL

***Girls, you know you'd better watch out,
Some guys, some guys are only about...
That thing, that thing, that thing...***

As the rap flow begins, Brittany enters, Chanel travel bag in hand. She locks eyes with Raquel who points to a VIP table. Brittany sits as Jamison, now in waiter-mode, approaches:

JAMISON

Can I offer you anything to drink?

BRITTANY

The mimosa is fine.

He nods, pours mimosa from the carafe and goes. Raquel wraps the set in style and beelines for Brittany. Hugs abound.

RAQUEL

Girl, I didn't think you'd come.

BRITTANY

I'd rather be broke in Vegas than a failure in my father's house.

RAQUEL

You'd rather be ballin' in Miami.
But life happens and here you are.

As Jamison returns, Brittany raises her glass:

BRITTANY

Here's to slappin' life in the face
and takin' what's ours: 8-2-8.

RAQUEL

I'm with that, girl, 8-2-8.

JAMISON

Ladies, any interest in dinner?

RAQUEL

Thanks, Jamison, just close me out.

BRITTANY

Jamison. Oh snap, Jamison Fields, the guy who went to jail for having sex with his girlfriend. I mean, allegedly.

Raquel quickly elbows her, then makes a real introduction:

RAQUEL

Jamison this's my girl, Brittany.
Brit, this's Jamison, my co-worker.

BRITTANY

Do over. I'm a huge football fan.
You're the best prep player I've
ever seen. And tons of athletes go
to jail, you can still make it.

JAMISON

Thanks, Brittany. It was a true
pleasure not meeting you. Raquel,
I'll cover you 'til you're done.

He goes. Raquel giggles as she shifts to waitress-mode.

RAQUEL

Girl, where you staying? I'm done
with these tables at ten.

BRITTANY

You invited me, you puttin' me up.

RAQUEL

One hundred. But if you crash you
pay half. Rent, food, utilities.
Two grand a month... by Friday.

BRITTANY

I got one card that's not maxed and
six hundred dollars to my name.
How do I turn that into two grand?

RAQUEL

Hit the slots, sell that bag, I don't
know. But if you stayin', you payin'.

BRITTANY

No wonder you still doin' open mic,
your writing skills are awful.

RAQUEL

Then get a job. Cause if we
roommates, Friday's yo' pay-date.

As these friends crack up, their laughter merges with --

THE BOARD OF GOVERNORS, COACHES, PLAYERS and select FAMILY.
Garret, clad in Armani, at a podium, addresses the room:

GARRET

Like all of you, I was sad to leave
St. Louis. I was drafted there,
became a man there. And made
millions of dollars there. But
this team, who we are, how we play,
there's no doubt we are home.

Raucous applause. Tasha, with The Colonel and an EMPTY SEAT,
IMs Malik: **Where you at???** It falls silent, like the others.

12:07: 911 \$\$\$

12:11: **They changed the offer.**

12:12: **Dammit, Malik!!!**

THE COLONEL

Your client's MIA?

TASHA

Don't worry about Malik. He'll be
here. All you need to worry about
is making Garret Logan the highest
paid defensive player of all time.

THE COLONEL

One thang at a time, Ms. Mack.
First, give me what I want, then
I'll give you ever'thang you need.

Wait, is he flirting? But before she can check him, Malik
enters near the podium, a Twin on each arm. Tasha spots him:

TASHA

No. No. Don't do it.

AT THE PODIUM: Malik sports a black trench, Nike sweatsuit
and Kangol. The Twins are dressed like high-priced hookers.

GARRET

In closing, I'm reminded of what my
father said when we found refuge in
this country. If we do what we're
called to do, the best we can do it...
we will be better fathers and husbands
and sisters and sons. Better daughters
and wives and brothers and Mums. If we
do our jobs, and do it well... we may
not get all we want, but we will be
better. Unleash The Fury.

As the crowd cheers, Malik abruptly snatches the mic.

MALIK

Give it up for Garret Logan, y'all,
best defender in the league. And that
accent, damn. Talk about vocal
aphrodisiac. Am I right?

A spattering of agreement gives way to awkward silence.

TASHA

My God, he done had a stroke.

MALIK

I wanna take a moment to thank The
Colonel, Board of Governors and the best
rep in the world, my Mom. As a kid from
the hood, I never thought I'd be here.
Team Owner. Just goes to show, never
judge a book by its cover. Hit it!

With that, Malik points to Caleb who's with the **SOUND GUY**, who
drops a dope-elicious beat. As The Twins start their routine:

MALIK (CONT'D)

Ah, yeah. Don't judge me. Um, um,
um, um. Say it with me, y'all --

He turns the mic to the audience, who reluctantly respond:

AUDIENCE

Don't judge me.

MALIK (CONT'D)

Don't judge me. Yeah. Yeah.

Then Malik proceeds to spit a hardcore rap about who he is,
and why he is who he is. He spent time in jail. Been
addicted to drugs. And once beat up a man in a wheelchair.

But he's the same guy who overcame his failures. Employs
thousands through his Fatty's Burger chain. And sent
hundreds of kids to college by his Teach One Foundation.

The Twins back him with smooth vocals and precise moves.

It's all awkward and uncomfortable, surprisingly lit and
hilarious. White folks rock' offbeat. Black folks feelin'
it. Tasha buries her head as Malik targets The Colonel:

MALIK (CONT'D)

Say it with me, Colonel...
Don't judge me. Uh. Uh.

THE COLONEL

(joining in)
Don't judge me. Uh. Uh.

The moment climaxes as Malik rips off his tear-away sweats to
REVEAL tailored Versace. Best suit in the house. The Twins
adjust their attire, tie their hair.

From hood to boardroom in an eye blink. Malik at the podium:

MALIK

Give it up for Hope and Faith, my
accountant and publicist, ya'll:

(Then all business:)

I'll never be ashamed of my past but we
all grow. I made mistakes, I learned
from 'em. And I'll bring all that
knowledge and a helluva work ethic to
Ownership. Today, I officially retire
from football. I'm ready to sign.

As the Crowd erupts with love, Malik and Garret head over:

THE COLONEL

You didn't tell him.

TASHA

I didn't tell him.

THE COLONEL

Well, this should be fun.

MALIK

So, what you think?

GARRET

I think if you're our new QB, it's
gonna be one helluva season.

MALIK

What is he talkin' about?

TASHA

Baby, I tried to call you.

THE COLONEL

Malik, the Board voted to approve
your application for next year. This
year, we want you as our quarterback.

MALIK

(fighting back anger)

Ok, but if I was a white boy with 2
MVPs, 3 championships and millions
of dollars in my pocket, would we
be havin' this conversation?

OFF this assertion, hanging in the air, we move to --

INT. THATCHER HOUSE CASINO - LOBBY - DAY

-- the gaming area. The floor's packed. The joy of victory.
The pain of loss. But the game is in full effect. Brittany,
scans the scene and picks her poison. The craps table.

She takes a seats. Pulls cash. Then hands over her last:

BRITTANY
Six hundred.

The **BOXMAN** gives her chips. The **CROUPIER** calls for bets. Brittany wagers. A **SHOOTER** rolls. And:

CROUPIER
Two craps two.

Damn. Another bet. Now Brittany's the shooter. The **STICKMAN** slides the dice over. She takes them, and rolls:

CROUPIER (CONT'D)
Seven heaven. Pay the line...

The table erupts. She's paid. And she gets the dice again.

BRITTANY
Now, let's do that ten more times.

She kisses the dice, rolls. And off of a second winner --

9

INT. THATCHER HOUSE CASINO - FRONT LOBBY - DAY

9

-- Malik heads out, Tasha runs to stop him, Caleb stands by.

TASHA
Malik, we need to talk about this.

MALIK
Nothin' to talk about, Mama. They played me, I don't like bein' played.

TASHA
Malik, you been in this game long enough to know this's business. One season. See it as a farewell tour; like Dwayne Wade. You'll get mad love and expensive gifts every game.

MALIK
(ego check:)
D. Wade, huh?

TASHA
D. Wade. One game he even got a camel, gold-plated saddle and all.

MALIK
I don't need no damn camel. What I need is my respect.

TASHA

What you need is to swallow yo'
pride and get this paper. Unless,
something else wrong?

(then, hushed:)

You still havin' them headaches.
Doctor said if you--

MALIK

I'm fine, mama, never felt better.

TASHA

I'm talkin' mentally. Cause if you
turn down 1-year, 30-Million
dollars and guaranteed ownership
then you crazy as hell.

MALIK

(as he goes:)

Well, call me crazy... cause I'm
done working for the white man, and
I'm done with football.

TASHA

(calls after him:)

Malik! Come on. What you gone do,
wander around Vegas alone?!

With that Caleb looks at Tasha, shrugs and follows his boy.

10

INT. THATCHER HOUSE CASINO - CRAPS TABLE - DAY

10

The CROWD has grown. Brittany rolls again, wins again.
Cheers go up as a **HANDSOME GUY** joins the table, takes note.

CROUPIER

Stack 'em or rack. Here we go.

Brittany grabs the dice, checks her chips, goes all in.

BRITTANY

I'm leavin' with rent in my pocket,
or broke as a joke. Scared money
don't make money. Who's with me!

The TABLE cheers, and places bets as Handsome Guy answers:

HANDSOME GUY

I don't think you're ever scared.
(he bets two orange chips)
One for you. One for me.

BRITTANY

A gambler and a gentleman. Nice.

Brittany smiles. Eyes him as she kisses the dice, rolls:

CROUPIER

Yo-Eleven. Winner!

The entire casino seems to erupt. Brittany and Handsome Guy lock eyes. OFF them flirty-flirty, we make our way to --

11

INT. THATCHER HOUSE CASINO - LOBBY - DAY

11

-- Brittany cashing out. As she does, Handsome Guy appears.

HANDSOME GUY

You know, going all in is dangerous.

BRITTANY

Good, I like living dangerously.

HANDSOME GUY

Duly noted. I'm Brian, I was hoping I'd get you alone.

BRITTANY

Here I am, Brian, what you got?

HANDSOME GUY/BRIAN

I got this...

(hands her a document)

...a statement of claims from First Federal and I'm here to collect.

BRITTANY

Y'gotta be kiddin', twice in a week?

HANDSOME GUY/BRIAN

You have a mortgage, personal loan, two car notes and a black card all past due. Total arrears: Nine hundred thirty-two thousand, four hundred ten dollars and six cents.

BRITTANY

You took my condo. Repoed my cars. You can't get somethin' from nothin'.

HANDSOME GUY/BRIAN

Oh, but I can. And I'll start with that Cartier diamond choker.

Brittany instinctively protects her necklace.

BRITTANY

This is handcrafted platinum. Each diamond is engraved with a letter of my name. This necklace is me.

HANDSOME GUY/BRIAN

Give it up, or I call the law. We've had a hard time contacting your supposed cosigner, Kelly Pitts. Did you know it's a federal crime to forge loan documents.
(she gives it up, then:)
And I'll take your casino winnings.

BRITTANY

That's all the money I got in the world. I'll die first.

HANDSOME GUY/BRIAN

Fine by me.

He grabs her winnings, she resists. They spar, UNTIL:

TASHA

Brittany? Girl, what are doing and why's this man draped all over you?

It's Tasha with several Board Members who she waves on.

BRITTANY

Tasha, what are you doing in Vegas?

TASHA

I'm on business.
(to Brian)
Who the hell are you and why you manhandling my best friend's child?

HANDSOME GUY/BRIAN

You'll have to talk to Ms. Pitts about that, ma'am.
(to Brittany)
Here's your receipt and payment plan. First installment is due in my office at the end of the week.

As he goes, Tasha pulls her cell. Dials:

BRITTANY

Who are you calling?

TASHA

Ya mama. Maybe you'll talk to her.

BRITTANY

He's a debt collector. I owe the bank money, my parents don't know.

TASHA

How much?

BRITTANY

Not much. About a million dollars.

TASHA

How is a girl, two years out of college, a million dollars in debt?

BRITTANY

I don't know. Some of my friends are rich, they think I'm rich. Before long I was keeping up with the Kardashians. I had a condo, a black card, took a trip to Italy.

TASHA

Rome?

BRITTANY

Tuscany. It was nice.

TASHA

You are your mother's child.

BRITTANY

I am. And like her I was a boss. Then the lockdowns hit, my business died and things snowballed. Please don't tell my parents, I couldn't face 'em like this.

TASHA

You a grown ass woman with grown ass problems, this not my business.

BRITTANY

Thanks Aunt Tasha, you're the best. Maybe you should invest in my company.

TASHA

Oh, Lord, here we go.

BRITTANY

Hear me out. Most elite athletes and high-rollers have their days booked, leaving little time for other things.

Brittany shows her cell, on it a website: PLATINUM NIGHTS.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)

Enter Platinum Nights. For a small fee, we provide cultured, educated and beautiful women who offer special services: Maid service. Braid service. Massages. Even dates.

TASHA

Mmm hmm. Sound like a ho house.

BRITTANY

It's not. The women are pre-vetted and there's no sex. Me and my girl's did it in Miami.

TASHA

Women getting paid to service men's needs... HO. HOUSE.

(Brittney starts to object)

The answer's no, dammit, but if you need a job, I need an assistant. Pays eight hundred dollars.

BRITTANY

I can do eight hundred an hour.

TASHA

Eight hundred a week, fool. Take it or leave it, I got thangs to do.

BRITTANY

I'll take it.

TASHA

Good. Now, here's your first task.

OFF Tasha and Brittany, a match made in Hell.

12 EXT. LAS VEGAS CITY STREETS - DAY

12

Jamison runs. Music Blares. As he does, we get a first-hand view of Sin City: Fremont Street. The Bellagio. The Vegas Eiffel Tower. And Viacom Stadium, home of the Fury.

As he finishes, Jamison digs deep. Throws his hands up and wins the imaginary race. It's obvious he wants this, bad.

13 INT. MALIK'S BENTLEY - DAY

13

Malik drives. Caleb shotgun, blazes up, passes the joint.

MALIK

Am I ok, mentally, shid, I'm great.

CALEB

They tried to play you, but you da player, you don't get played.

MALIK

Know what I'm gonna do? I'm gonna take Fatty's Burger, turn six into six hundred. Buy my own damn team.

CALEB

Cause you Malik El Debarge Wright.

MALIK

I am Malik El Debarge Wright.

As Malik makes the declaration, sirens sound. It's the COPS.

MALIK (CONT'D)

Aw hell, take this. I can't get caught smokin', I'm Malik Wright.

CALEB

Yo, you on your own with the Po-Po.

Malik pulls over, panicked, searching for an out. As a **BLACK COP** approaches, he makes the call, and eats the blunt. Then:

MALIK

There a problem officer?

BLACK COP

You failed to signal at the turn. Sir, is that marijuana I smell?

MALIK

Naw, that's air freshener, Herbs of the Earth. Me and my boy here, was--

BLACK COP

Your boy? Step out the car, sir.

He does, Caleb follows, but as the doors shut, Caleb bolts.

MALIK

A 'yo, what the hell.

The sudden outburst forces the cop into defense-mode. He takes Malik's arm, twists it, and pins him to the car.

MALIK (CONT'D)

Aww! Be careful, man, my arm!

BLACK COP

Sir, calm down. Now.

Just then, Jamison, still on his jog, approaches.

JAMISON
Officer Keys... everything cool?

BLACK COP
Yeah. Just booking this pothead.

JAMISON
That's no pothead, Officer Keys,
that's Malik Wright: All-Pro QB and
soon to be, part-owner of the Fury.

BLACK COP
For real? Why didn't you say so?

MALIK
Why don't you try doing your job?

JAMISON
Thanks, Officer Keys. He'll be
fine from here.

BLACK COP
(nods, releases him)
How's your probation going?

JAMISON
It's going.

BLACK COP
Keep at it, it gets easier. Hey,
think I can get an autograph?

Jamison looks at Malik who reluctantly agrees. Takes the
Cop's ticket pad and signs it. As he goes:

COP
Thanks. Unleash the Fury!

JAMISON
You good?

MALIK
I think so.

JAMISON
Keys is a good cop. I played high
school football with his son.

MALIK
You played ball? What position?

JAMISON

Running back, DB. Actually, I'll be at tryouts tomorrow. If you're there, maybe you could throw to me.

MALIK

I would, kid, but... I just retired.

JAMISON

Yea, I get it. Never hurts to ask.

As Malik gets in his car:

MALIK

What's your name?

JAMISON

Jamison. Jamison Fields.

MALIK

Good lookin' out, Jamison.

Malik goes. OFF Jamison, watching and dreaming.

14

INT. GARRET'S MANSION - GAME ROOM - DAY

14

All swag. Garret and his **BOYS** play video games as Brittany enters with the **BUTLER**, who carries a crate.

BRITTANY

One case of Hennessy compliments of Tasha Mack Management.

GARRET

Sweet. Quint.

One of his Boys hands her a cash-stuffed envelope. Confused:

BRITTANY

What's this?

GARRET

Thirty grand. You need more?

BRITTANY

What I need is an explanation.

GARRET

Thought you knew. My party planner's draggin'. She needs a kick start. Contact's inside.

BRITTANY

I am not your gopher.

GARRET

Should I tell Tasha that?

(silence)

Right. And we need live music,
someone dope. I want it lit.

BRITTANY

Wait, so she gets thirty grand and
all she does is make sure there's
food and fun at the club, tomorrow?

GARRET

Facts.

BRITTANY

Alright. I'll take care of it.

As Brittany goes, wheels are spinning, she takes the card
from the envelope... dials a number... and:

BRITTANY (CONT'D)

Hi, is this Lisa with Lisa's Party
Palace? I'm calling on behalf of
Garret Logan, you're planning an
event for him. I wanted to let you
know your services are no longer
required. Yeah, you're fired.

Brittany disconnects, eyes the money and smiles. OFF this...

15

INT. CLUB NIGHTINGALE - DAY

15

Dinner rush. Raquel in waitress-mode, Brittany on her heels.

BRITTANY

I got thirty grand to work with.
What I don't spend, I keep.

RAQUEL

Girl, I love you, but you are not a
party planner.

BRITTANY

I don't need to be. It's the same
thing we did with Platinum Nights.
See a need, fill a need.

RAQUEL

Brit, I'm focused on singing now.

BRITTANY
You're waiting tables.

RAQUEL
I'm paying my dues.

BRITTANY
I'm just saying, do it with cash in your pocket. I need a performer. I book you, pay you. Rent for the month is done.

RAQUEL
Keep talking.

BRITTANY
Call the girls, book 'em on the first flight to Vegas. And, one more thing, think I can get a discount if I move the party here?

RAQUEL
Pro-football players in this place, Frank's gonna love you.

BRITTANY
Here we go, girl. We gonna milk this town like a cow.

As she goes, "**Run This Town**" by Jay-Z drops and takes us to --

16

INT. VIACOM STADIUM - PRACTICE FIELD - DAY

16

-- a banner that reads: **VEGAS FURY OPEN TRYOUTS**. PLAYERS prep. COACHES confer. REPORTERS swarm. And FANS wave signs. As The Colonel, mic in hand, welcomes them:

THE COLONEL
Welcome to the open tryouts for your Vegas Fury. I got one question, in the words of my favorite poet, Jigga, "Who's gonna run this town tonight!"
(Fans scream: "We are!")
Unleash The Fury!

Pandemonium. Done. Tasha watches as The Colonel approaches.

THE COLONEL (CONT'D)
Ms. Mack, Ms. Mack, all dressed in black. What brings you out today?

TASHA
I go where the talent goes.

THE COLONEL

Seems we're swimming in the same sea. We should grab some dinner at my place later, compare notes.

TASHA

A, I'm married. B, I don't mix business with pleasure. And C, not this girl, white ain't right, not between these thighs.

THE COLONEL

A, you're separated. B, I'll make it my business to pleasure you. And C, I'm 1/16 Nigerian. Don't let the lack of melanin fool ya'.

TASHA

You a fool, Colonel. But if you ain't talkin' business, move on.

THE COLONEL

Fair enough. You get your eldest to be my QB one, I'll make Garret the richest man in the league.

TASHA

Now that's an offer I can't refuse.

THE COLONEL

Alright. Call me when it's done.
(hands her a card)
And take this for safe keepin'.

TASHA

What's this?

THE COLONEL

My divorce lawyer. She's meaner than a wet skunk, and worth every dime.

TASHA

Thanks, but I don't need this.

THE COLONEL

Yes, you do.

He goes. OFF Tasha, eyeing that card, we find --

17

INT. VIACOM STADIUM - TUNNEL - DAY

17

-- Jamison in a handstand, shorts and a makeshift number 18 taped to his jersey. Brittany walks by, stops.

BRITTANY

Is this some new age stretching
technique I never heard of?

Embarrassed, Jamison gets up.

JAMISON

Not exactly.

BRITTANY

That's all you got? Not exactly.

JAMISON

As a kid, when I felt nervous, mom
would make me do a handstand till
my nerves went away. It works.

BRITTANY

Your mom sounds like a really weird
lady. Hope I can meet her someday.

JAMISON

That would be nice, but she passed
away while I was in prison.

BRITTANY

I'm so sorry, Jamison.

JAMISON

No worries. She lives on...
(he flips back over)
... through the handstand.

BRITTANY

Now I got two things to make right.
I'm hosting a party tonight at The
Nightingale. Drop in, let me buy
you a drink and apologize.

JAMISON

Thanks, but I got a lot to do.

BRITTANY

Your loss. Oh, and you should
smile more, I bet it's really nice.

She's out. OFF Jamison, upside down, just like his world.

18

INT. VIACOM STADIUM - TRACK AREA - DAY

18

A physical gauntlet. PLAYERS kick, pass, block and catch.
Others run the 40. Times post digitally. **PLAYER #81** wins.

One heat down, the next begins. As it does, Malik, business casual, and Caleb, join Tasha and Brittany.

MALIK

Brittany Pitts, all grown up.
(quick hug, cheek kiss)
Heard you were in town.

BRITTANY

Yeah. It's home, for now.

TASHA

Come here, Boy. How you doing?

MALIK

Pissed, but I'm not returning my
appearance fee... so I'm here.

TASHA

Never give it back. And that
thirty mill is still in play. The
Colonel's here, we can cash out.

Malik sees The Colonel, but eyes Jamison, next up to run.

MALIK

What you know about that kid,
Jamison Fields?

TASHA

I know he's a diddler.

BRITTANY

He's not a diddler.

TASHA

He was 19, she was 16. She went to
college, he went to jail. Diddler.
And, she was white. Dumbass diddler.

BRITTANY

He's a nice guy, looking for a
second chance. We could do worse.

TASHA

And we could do a lot better.

A whistle blows and Jamison kills his 40, crushing the field.
"Ooos" and "Ahhs" abound. Times post. 4.2 flat.

MALIK

Not much better than a 4.2 forty.

Malik smirks, grabs a ball from Caleb and heads over to --

-- THE TRACK and JAMISON. As Malik arrives, FANS scream his name. Then he rifles a pass to Jamison, who snags it:

MALIK (CONT'D)
Still need a quarterback?

OFF Jamison, dreams coming true, we SMASH to --

19

EXT. VIACOM STADIUM - PRACTICE FIELD - DAY

19

-- passing drills. OTHER PLAYERS catch passes from OTHER QBs. Malik huddles the players, calls a play and breaks. Shotgun formation. Jamison, motions from running back to receiver.

MALIK
Blue. 42. Set. Go.

Malik drops back, looks the part, even in slacks and golf shirt. Jamison runs a nice route, beats the DB and Malik hits him in stride. Coaches nod. Fans cheer. Brittany smiles.

They line up, go again. Tasha watches as Malik calls out:

MALIK (CONT'D)
Omaha. 2-Omaha. Set. Go.

This time, Jamison runs a wheel route from the backfield. Perfect pass. Brilliant catch. Touchdown!

But the once rabid cheers are now drowned out by chants of:

CROWD
Rapist go home! Rapist go home!
We don't want you, rapist go home!

PROTESTORS wave "**Rapist Go Home**" and "**MeTooLives**" signs while SECURITY works to push them back.

As Jamison lines up the chants grow. Malik fires another pass and Jamison makes a one-handed catch. Coaches confer. Jamison looks over as The Colonel nods. A whistle blows, then:

THE COLONEL
That's it, fellas. Great job. S'tough call but the winner of the tryouts and the player invited to training camp is -- number 81, Dennis Doyle.

Fans explode. Jamison looks on, stunned, then runs off the field. Malik rejoins Tasha and Brittany:

MALIK

Guess, you're right, Ma, we can do better. It's time to get the hell out of Vegas.

Malik hands her the ball, goes. Caleb follows. As we hit --

THE COLONEL

Don't forget, Garret Lawson is ending Fury Week with a party at the Nightingale!!!

20 INT. CLUB NIGHTINGALE - NIGHT

20

-- the CLUB is lit. Raquel kills it. Drinks flow like the Mississippi. Garret signs autographs as Brittany stands proud in the midst of it all, encircled by her Miami Crew, handing each of them MINI DESIGNER PURSES, inside there's CASH.

BRITTANY

You ladies' are life savers. I couldn't do this without you.

TRACEE

Wouldn't miss it for nothing'... and what Shaquon don't know, don't matter.

BRITTANY

Mix, mingle, make 'em drop cash. Get the guys to suck that bar dry, and your money triples.

SHEA

Well, let the sucking begin.

As they fan out, REVEAL **FRANK**, the club owner, watching.

21 INT. TASHA'S PRIVATE JET - INNER CABIN (PARKED) - NIGHT

21

Tasha boards mid-argument between Malik and the **PILOT**.

TASHA

Hey. Hey. Why in the hell is you yellin' at my pilot? This Mama's plane, it don't go without Mama.

MALIK

So, you here now. Let's get wheels up. I wanna be in San Diego by nine and in Shannon by ten.

Malik smiles, takes a toke of his blunt. Tasha snatches it.

TASHA

What is wrong with you, a
recovering addict smoking weed?
(she hits it)
This is some good shit though.
(hands him a binder)
Look, offers from six teams.
Dallas. Atlanta. LA. But none as
big as Vegas.

MALIK

Good, cause I'm retired and happy.

TASHA

Bullshit, Malik. Football is your
life, and ownership is your dream.
You wanna help people like Jamison
Fields, this's how you do it.

MALIK

It wasn't my dream, it was Caleb's.

TASHA

Caleb Jones? Your college teammate?

MALIK

Yeah. Just been thinkin' 'bout him a
lot lately. The hit that paralyzed
him. That day he died. Since this
ownership thing started, it's like
he's here with me, ya know, cheerin'
me on, tellin' me what to do.

And as he says those words the CAMERA ROTATES to REVEAL,
Caleb sitting beside Malik, smoking that blunt.

TASHA

When you say "with you" what do you
mean? Have you been hallucinating?

He wants to tell the truth, but knows better.

MALIK

Naw, nothin' like that. I just
miss him, that's all.

Malik looks at Caleb who offers the joint, Malik looks away.

TASHA

Baby, I know all this is stressful,
and I know you're scared. But the
best way to honor Caleb's memory is
to finish what you two started.

Malik considers her words, then:

MALIK

I just don't know if I can. But
when I do, I'll let you know.

Malik takes one last pull, hands the blunt to Tasha, heads to
the back. Caleb too. OFF Tasha, taking one more hit:

TASHA

Lord, I'm smokin' weed with my son.
I am officially po' white trash.

22

INT. CLUB NIGHTINGALE - BAR AREA - NIGHT

22

Raquel and Brittany at the bar, drinks in hand.

RAQUEL

Girl, I gotta give it up, this's lit.

BRITTANY

And you is paid.

As they shout for Joy, Garret chimes in:

GARRET

You fired my party planner.

BRITTANY

You're welcome. Raquel, Garret
Logan. This's his party.

GARRET

I love your voice, Raquel.

RAQUEL

I love your ass, Garret.

GARRET

You two are serious trouble.
(hands Brit an envelope)
Your balance. From now on you plan
all my parties. Ladies.

RAQUEL

(as he goes:)
Um, that boy finer than frog fur.

BRITTANY

I'll drink to all that, 8-2-8.

RAQUEL

8-2-8, girl!

As they drink, Jamison arrives, then:

JAMISON

That's the second time I heard this toast, what does it mean?

RAQUEL

You got this, I need to prep my set. Hi, Jamison. Bye, Jamison.

BRITTANY

Glad you came. And, sorry about tryouts.

JAMISON

All good. Maybe I'll go to Canada, I can play ball without the haters.
(hiding his hurt:)
So the toast, what is it, an area code?

RAQUEL

It's sorta of our girl's creed.
(Jamison wants more)
When Raquel and I met we hated each other, almost got into a fight over some guy. Turns out, not only was he married, he dated two of our girls. So we realized how stupid we were and became besties. Freshman year, August 28.

JAMISON

Month and day. 8-2-8.

BRITTANY

You know how you guys say, "Bros before hoes?" Well with us it's, "Chicks before dic--"

JAMISON

-- Ok, I get it, I get it.

BRITTANY

It reminds us that friendship comes before anything and everything. Especially boys. Even stripper boys with rippling six packs.

JAMISON

Got it. Well, to the 8-2-8.

BRITTANY

Naw homie, ladies only.

She smiles, he smiles. Glasses CLINK. They drink. Then:

BRITTANY (CONT'D)

For the record, I'm really sorry I
keep putting my foot in my mouth.
It's a bad habit. I'm working on it.

JAMISON

That's it. That's the apology I
came all the way down here to get?

BRITTANY

Stick around, it gets worse.

Jamison can't help but laugh out loud, genuine, warm:

BRITTANY (CONT'D)

Wow. That's the first time I've
heard you laugh. I like it.

Their eyes kiss and sparks fly as Frank arrives and disturbs
the moment. Frank to the BARTENDER:

FRANK

Her drinks are on the house.
(to Brittany)
I'm Frank Whitney.

BRITTANY

Thanks for the drink, Frank.

FRANK

Keep packing my club like this and
you can drink all you want.

And just like that he goes. Jamison takes note:

JAMISON

Be careful. Frank don't play.

BRITTANY

Thanks for the chivalry, Mr.
Jiggles, but I can handle myself.

She drinks as a **BAR GUY**, with his CREW, calls out to her:

BAR GUY

Yo, be careful, you may get roofied
and raped hanging with that one.

JAMISON

Excuse me?

BAR GUY

It's cool. You'll be ok, shorty,
you're not white enough for him.

They laugh as Jamison grabs Bar Guy, punches him. His boys rush Jamison as **SECURITY** quickly breaks up the skirmish and the party grinds to a halt. Frank arrives:

FRANK

Get 'em both the hell out of here.

JAMISON

But, Frank, he started it.

Jamison objects as he's pulled out. But Brittany's already in action. Mic in hand she calls the club to attention.

BRITTANY

Ain't no party like a Vegas Fury
Party, Y'all!!! So, let's keep it
going with my girl, Raquel Navarro!

Applause. Raquel does her thing. As the vibe returns, the song takes us to a final round of vignettes. First up --

23

INT. MEDICAL OFFICE - DAY

23

Malik, flat on his back, gets a CT Scan. Anxious. Afraid. His career. His future. His life, hangs in the balance.

Complete. As Malik, buttons his shirt, the **DOCTOR** holds up the image, gives the results.

MALIK

I'm just anxious all the time. The weed's the only thing that helps.

DOCTOR

Well, I see no tumors, blood clots or abnormalities. Most likely the visions are from stress. I can refer a psychiatrist but physically, Malik, you're one hundred percent healthy.

MALIK

So wait, you're saying, I can play?

DOCTOR

I'm saying, the decision is yours.

OFF Malik, decision looming as Raquel's Melody escorts us to --

24

INT. TASHA'S PRIVATE JET - INNER CABIN - NIGHT

24

-- Tasha FaceTimes HOME. It rings and rings. And rings. Then her daughter, **KIA**, 7, answers:

KIA

Hey, mama.

TASHA

Hey, baby girl. Where's daddy?

KIA

He told me to tell you he's not home.

Tasha's hurt, but hides her pain.

TASHA

That's ok. I'd rather talk to you anyway. How was your tennis match?

KIA

It was fun. I won, 6-2, 6-love...

Kia continues, Tasha dabs an eye as Raquel transports us to --

25 INT. GYM - DAY

25

-- Jamison, benching 225. Blows through reps. He struggles, gets the last one. Flexes. Then screams from the depths of his soul as we rejoin --

26 INT. CLUB NIGHTINGALE - BAR AREA - DAY

26

-- Raquel, different day, same song. Brittany and Frank talk:

BRITTANY

For twenty percent, I'll bring in pro players, top music talent and double your bottom line.

FRANK

So you're what, my silent partner?

BRITTANY

The best kind.

FRANK

And, are the girls part of the deal?
(she smiles, busted:)
I saw you pay 'em to work the guys.

BRITTANY

They'll be here, as needed. Last thing, Raquel's done waiting tables, she's the new house act.

Frank smiles, shakes her hand but he doesn't let go.

FRANK

Don't mess this up, I hate losing.

OFF Brittany, making a deal with the devil...

27 INT. VIACOM STADIUM - DAY

27

A presser in progress. Malik commands the stage. Tasha and The Colonel are seated behind him. CHEERLEADERS. Players. Press. And Garret, help make up the audience.

MALIK

After much prayer and deliberation,
I've decided what's best for me and
my family is to defer ownership one
year, and lead this team to a
title. Unleash The Fury!

The crowd explodes. Malik soaks it up. A handshake from The Colonel. A hug from mom. But as he smiles, he sees CALEB in the crowd cheering wildly.

OFF Malik, thrilled to be back, but worried he's destined to pay the ultimate price...

28 INT. CLUB NIGHTINGALE - STAGE AREA - DAY

28

A slow day. Jamison and **TWO MALE STRIPPERS** perform, each claiming a third of the stage. When:

TASHA

JJ! Jiggle it, JJ! Come on, come on, shake what your mama gave ya!

Tasha tosses singles on stage. Jamison eyes her, knows her.

JAMISON

You were at the tryouts yesterday.
Why are you here?

TASHA

I'm here to see the show. Five dollars for a table top.

JAMISON

Let's get somethin' straight, I don't want your money or sympathy.

TASHA

Okay, ten dollars for a table top?
(more cash, he ignores it)
Dammit, twenty's my final offer.

Throws more cash. **ANOTHER STRIPPER** comes over, claims it.

JAMISON

Whatever, lady. You may see an ex-con or a stripper but I'm a football player. And whatever I gotta do, I'll prove it.

He takes the cash from the stripper, holds it for Tasha, a little too close for comfort:

JAMISON (CONT'D)

Now take your money and get out.

TASHA

Ay', back yo' junk up. You gotta learn to take a joke. Especially when it comes from your new rep.

JAMISON

Wait. For real?

TASHA

I'm Tasha Mack with Tasha Mack Management. I'd shake your hand but no telling where it sleeps.

JAMISON

Thank you. But, why me?

TASHA

My assistant thinks you're a nice guy who needs a second chance. I think she's right.

JAMISON

Just like that?

TASHA

Just like that.

JAMISON

Ok. So, uh, what's next?

TASHA

Next, I use my skills to get you into some team's training camp.

(tosses more bills:)

But first, you need to get yo' ass back up there and get to jigglin'.

I'm here, may as well see the show.

Jamison smiles, and starts to shake what his mama gave him, double time. OFF Tasha making it rain...

29 INT. FIRST FEDERAL - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

29

Brittany waits. As Brian enters, she wastes no time:

BRITTANY

First loan payment, twenty grand.
Back payment on my Black Card, five
grand, I need to keep it open.

Brian takes the money.

BRIAN

I'm surprised and sorry. I put the
account into collections yesterday.

BRITTANY

But I'm only one day late.

BRIAN

The suits been filed. Everyone's
been notified. My hands are tied.

BRITTANY

Wait, Brian, please, you can't do
this. I can't go to jail. I've
seen *Orange is the New Black*.

But what's done is done. He takes the money, goes. As he
does he opens the door just as Brittany pleads:

BRITTANY (CONT'D)

For the love of life, Brian,
please, I can explain...

And that's when a familiar voice replies:

JASON

Good. Cause I damn sure wanna hear
why you stole from us.

That's when Brittany looks up to see:

BRITTANY

Daddy?

OFF **JASON PITTS**, her father and one of our **OG CAST**, WE:

SLAM TO BLACK:

END OF PILOT