

FLATBUSH MISDEMEANORS

"Pilot"

by

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AVALON TELEVISION

EXT. BEAUFORD DELANEY HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

KEVIN (24, black, grown-up military brat who always feels out of place, stubborn, poker-face) and DAN (25, white, anxious, sensitive, loyal) sit behind a school building. An insulated bag sits next to Kevin. Standing over them is an OFFICER (40, black, fat, male).

OFFICER

I'm not going to say it again, do not move! What're you doing here?

DAN

He's bringing-

OFFICER

I'm not talking to you!

KEVIN

I'm making a delivery.

OFFICER

So why didn't you go through the front?

KEVIN

I always go through the back...

OFFICER

You understand that you're trespassing?

KEVIN

Sure.

Officer turns to Dan, confused what he's dealing with.

DAN

It's not his fault. I propped the back door open for him.

OFFICER

(to Kevin)

Let me see your ID.

KEVIN

Nah. Let me see your badge.

OFFICER

(into radio)

I need backup.

Kevin hands over his ID.

OFFICER (CONT'D)

What's in the bag, Kevin?

Kevin reaches for the bag. Officer places a hand on his waistband. Kevin throws up his hands.

OFFICER (CONT'D)

I said don't move!

OFFICER'S RADIO (V.O.)

Warren, Marcus is peeing in the library.

On-screen subtitle: **"(dude's just a school security officer)"**

OFFICER

(into radio)

I got a 602, trespasser: maybe weapons dealer, kidnapper, or child predator.

(to Dan and Kevin)

I need to search you. You too, Dan.

DAN

I've been teaching here for two years-

OFFICER

Yet you still managed to put every kid in danger by propping that door open.

DAN

Well- my bad there.

Officer cautiously picks up the bag. He opens to find: beef patties, rice, and chicken.

KEVIN

You really think I'd commit a crime in a neon traffic vest?

Officer, unconvinced, rummages his hands through a patty.

DAN

Dude, that's my lunch-

OFFICER

I'm just doing my job.

Officer fingers through all of Dan's food.

OFFICER (CONT'D)

Just last month this neighborhood had 28 burglaries. 15 robberies. 22 assaults.

DAN

None of that happened in my rice... Look, can you not report this? I need a clean record for the basketball team-

OFFICER

I don't care. Tell me exactly what's going on or I'm reporting this.

DAN

Kev's not a threat. He's my best friend, bringing me food. He's new to Flatbush. He's just an honest struggling artist-

KEVIN

Don't say 'struggling'- just say artist.

DAN

I just meant like, we're all struggling, like, life's a struggle, y'know? Anyway, he's trying to save money to move off my couch and he needs to get back to work. Let him go. Please.

Officer stares, considering, until-- MARCUS (15, pants down to knees), chased by LIBRARIAN, BURSTS out the door and runs into the courtyard.

OFFICER

Stupid boy. Marcus! Marcus!

Officer drops food bag and Kevin's ID, joins the Marcus chase, as the door SLAMS shut. Kevin picks up his ID and hands Dan a bottle of Xanax, labeled "PRESCRIPTION".

KEVIN

You left this at home. I'll see you. I gotta drop off more food.

DAN

Okay. Yeah, thanks. I should get back to class before the kids-

Officer dives at Marcus, but only catches the asphalt.

KID (O.S.)

YOOOOOOO!

Dan looks up and sees all his STUDENTS LAUGHING through the window. He tries to re-enter school, but the door is now LOCKED SHUT. He yanks the handle, panicked.

DAN

Shit, I need to-

Dan sees Kevin already riding off on his bike. Marcus runs circles around Officer and Librarian. Another day.

END COLD OPEN

SUPER OVER BLACK: "part i: drew"

INT. DREW'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - DAY

CU: Two open bottles of promethazine lie in the sink. The syrup-like liquid slowly pours down the drain. We hear fast-talking conversation in the background...

DREW (O.S.)

She work at Vice now. She doing an exposé on all the hoodies A Boogie own.

BLUE (O.S.)

That's how I'm tryna be. Leveling up.

Kevin, oblivious, stands by two bags of food on the counter. In the sink, promethazine seeps into a half-eaten biscuit. DREW (30s, imposing but contained) and BLUE (huge, aloof) sit on the couch. Blue plays NBA 2K.

DREW

Nigga, how? All you do is play this game.

BLUE

I'ma be a professional 2k player-

DREW (CONT'D)

Son, nobody is paying money to watch you play 2K, quit sayin' that shit.

JON (wiry, obedient) approaches Kevin, counts bills.

JON

Food should be free, how late you were.

Kevin takes the money, starts to leave. Jon quickly opens the bags of food, then glances into the sink.

JON (CONT'D)

No. No. No. Son. Yo, Son!

Kevin stops, doubles back.

JON (CONT'D)

Look what you did. Drew, see this shit.

Drew stands up. Jon lifts the now-empty promethazine bottles, which Kevin observes.

KEVIN

I didn't do that?

JON

Yes, you did, nigga! You was the only one standing there!

Jon digs into the sink, cups liquid in his hand, licks whatever is left. Drew stares into the sink, clenching.

DREW
Blue, get my nine.

KEVIN
Look man, I'm sorry, I-

Like an attack dog, Drew jolts, GRABS Kevin by the collar, SHOVING him into a wall.

DREW
Fuck is wrong with you, nigga? You know what the fuck you just did? Yo, get my gun, Blue!

Blue continues to play NBA 2K.

KEVIN
Please. Chill out!

DREW
Chill out? Nigga, you know how much that shit cost? You got three racks on you right now?! What you got on you?

Drew SLAMS Kevin back into the wall and takes his wallet, four dollars, two key sets, and a gold NAVAL FLIGHT SURGEON MEDAL, which makes Kevin's eyes widen.

KEVIN
Yo, I need that, that's-

Drew wraps his large hands around Kevin's neck.

DREW
Shut the fuck up-
(to Blue)
Yo, where my gun at, nigga?!

Blue pathetically checks underneath a magazine and an ashtray, while he continues to play his video game. Kevin, struggling, desperately utters:

KEVIN
I get off work at 9. 9:30, I can pay you back. I promise.

DREW
You got until 9:50. Or I'll find you and fuck you up. You heard me?

Drew SLAPS Kevin.

DREW (CONT'D)
 You heard me??? Fuck outta here.

Drew SHOVES Kevin out the door.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Kevin holds his face in pain, as door SLAMS. He passes MAN IN HALLWAY (sad, "monogamous"), who bangs on a door.

MAN IN HALLWAY
 (to O.S. GIRLFRIEND)
 Alicia! We wasn't doing nothing. Alicia,
 I told you she's my cousin.

Kevin pulls a paper menu from his pocket. Frustrated, he slaps the menu and turns back to Drew's door.

INT. DREW'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Drew looks at Kevin's ID, then looks up at Blue.

DREW
 This nigga's a Virgo, man. I don't even
 fuck with Virgos.

He throws the ID in disgust, sits down on the couch.

INT. DREW'S APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Kevin knocks on the door, tepidly. Drew answers.

KEVIN
 Sorry to knock again, but the job makes
 me give these out. We got Oxtail specials
 every Tuesday from 8 to 9 AM, half-off-

BLUE (O.S.)
 Aw, there go the gun!

Kevin walks away.

EXT. DREW'S APARTMENT - DAY

Kevin takes his phone out of his shoe and scrolls to call "GEORGIA (sister)". One RING, then sent to voicemail:

GEORGIA (V.O.)
 "It's Georgia, I'm busy."

Kevin hangs up, anxiously paces back and forth. He nudges his bike, locked to railing, reaches for keys Drew took.

KEVIN

Fuck!

Kevin's phone rings. He rushes to answer it:

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Georgia!

WINSTON (V.O.)

WHO? Where are you? We have more deliveries.

KEVIN

Oh my bad- Yeah, I'm on my way...

He pockets his phone and sprints through a back alley that takes us from a quiet street and leads us to...

EXT. FLATBUSH AVE - CONTINUOUS

A busy Flatbush Avenue. People carry laundry, groceries. GREASY SALESMAN sells watches. Kevin side-steps, spins around people like Kyrie Irving. He passes a bridal shop, jukes past a BRIDAL PARTY, holding wrapped dresses.

A bus drives past Kevin. His bus.

KEVIN

Shit.

Kevin sprints, briefly halted by LATINO churchgoers lined up outside a Spanish church. A sermon BLARES as he slows down, respectfully, yet urgently pushing through.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Excuse me, excuse me.

Kevin looks behind him. Luckily, the bus is held at a RED LIGHT. Kevin sprints through oncoming traffic, unfazed. Finally, he reaches the bus stop, panting, exhausted. Kevin smiles as bus approaches, but it skips his stop.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Fuck!

A MIDDLE EASTERN WOMAN holds her DAUGHTER's hand.

MIDDLE EASTERN WOMAN

Watch your language!

A MAN IN WHEELCHAIR, selling hats, LAUGHS at Kevin.

INT. PATTY SHOP - FRONT - MOMENTS LATER

Kevin walks through a busy patty shop, past DIVERSE CUSTOMERS. He proceeds behind the counter, back into...

INT. PATTY SHOP - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Dishes run, as DISHES (30), JUNIOR (25) speak jovially in Creole. Soca music plays as WINSTON (40, rude, boss) sits by the radio, singing along.

KEVIN

Mr. Winston, can we talk for a second?

WINSTON

(lowers music)

Mister, what you want from me?

KEVIN

Okay. Well, I was wondering- Can I get paid early this week?

WINSTON

(smacks lips, in Creole)

Have I ever paid anyone early?

JUNIOR

No, sir.

DISHES

Ya rarely pay us when we supposed to be paid.

KEVIN

I'm gonna come in and do the work anyway.

Winston turns the MUSIC up. He resumes singing.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Dishes, can I borrow your bike?

DISHES

Me not no Citi Bike.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE MS. GREEN'S APT. - LATER

Kevin, drenched in sweat, BANGS on apartment door.

KEVIN

Ms. Green, it's Kevin with your food!

MS. GREEN (O.S.)

Oh. Hold on, sweetie.

(to Boy)

Boy, get up and go open that door before
I beat you with this chair!

INT. MS. GREEN'S APT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

BOY (4, dirty) watches cartoons a little too close to the television as Kevin unwraps MS. GREEN'S (70s, wheelchair-bound, compassionate) food.

MS. GREEN

You know, they said New York's hotter than the South on the news today. Your parents must be worried. When's the last time you were down there?

KEVIN

About two months. Not since I moved...
You still keep the money above the
fridge, right?

INT. MS. GREEN'S APT. - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Kevin holds a cereal box containing at least \$500 cash. He takes out \$20. He could take more. He needs more. He puts the box back.

JASMINE (Ms. Green's granddaughter, 22, short, playful, but can turn it off quick) walks past the kitchen, holding a laundry basket. Kevin turns to see her.

KEVIN

Hey Jas.

JASMINE

Hey Kev.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE MS. GREEN'S APT. - MOMENTS LATER

Jasmine, with her laundry basket, leans against the wall as Kevin stands close. They both smile, flirtatiously.

JASMINE

We still hanging out this weekend?

KEVIN

Only if you wear this.

Kevin pulls Jasmine's thong out of her laundry basket.

JASMINE
(laughing)
Stop... Let me hold some money.

KEVIN
Word? I was just gonna ask you for bread.

JASMINE
Why you need my money?

KEVIN
Why you need *my* money?

JASMINE
I asked you first.

KEVIN
Umm, I just finished this delivery and this apartment had like twelve niggas in it. I walk in, put the food down, niggas immediately start swinging. They couldn't touch me. Then this big dude put his gun to my head and said "don't move." I'm like "if you gon shoot, shoot." He shoot. No bullets. But by then, they had already got me for my wallet. I'm finna buy a gun and get my shit back.

JASMINE
(sucks her teeth)
You're cooomeedy.

KEVIN
I'm forreal. They got me for my bike.

JASMINE
Kevin, that did not happen.

KEVIN
Not like that, but I owe niggas money.

Jasmine stares into Kevin's eyes, noticing he's serious:

JASMINE
...you deadass?

Kevin nods. Jasmine hands Kevin \$100 from her pocket.

KEVIN
I can't take that...

Jasmine shrugs, starts to pocket, but Kevin snatches it.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
I'll pay you back.

SUPER OVER BLACK: **"part ii: zayna"**

EXT. STREET - AFTERNOON

The block buzzes with activity: MAN does pull ups on a crosswalk post. CROSSING GUARD on his phone as a FAMILY jaywalks past. At the center: ZAYNA (15, chubby, strong-willed, passionate). She stands with AMAYA (15, tall, talkative), TRISTAN (15, cool, loud) & WILL (15, cool, quiet), CHATTING against PEACE MURAL in front of a DINER.

ZAYNA
Don't play with me.

AMAYA
Girl, what I got to lie for?

ZAYNA
But why would she do that?

AMAYA
'Cause that's who she is. Watch, you'll see when she show up. She prolly-

TRISTAN
So youse eating or youse talking? Wassup?

ZAYNA
I'm not hungry.

TRISTAN
Cappp. You always hungry.

ZAYNA
Shut yo duck-lip ass up.

Tristan and Will enter diner, laughing. Zayna and Amaya wait outside, whispering.

INT. DINER - SIMULTANEOUS

Dan grades scattered papers across from JESS (Assistant Principal, authoritative, youthful, tired). Jess types on a laptop, drinks tea. Her side of the table is more organized. Dan's phone vibrates, which reads: "KEVIN." Dan ignores. They're mid-conversation:

JESS
You can't leave kids alone in class, Dan-

DAN

I was just outside to help chase Marcus. The kids were fine, I had them fill out the teacher surveys you made us do.

JESS

I mean, it doesn't really matter to me which teachers the kids like. But the Principal likes to know.

DAN

Yeah, those evaluations just feel like, I don't know, popularity contest bullshit.

JESS

Your students rated you pretty high.

DAN

It's good to know, though, like it's good we do them.

JESS

I wouldn't rate well in popularity.

DAN

You're easy to like.

(off Jess's look)

I just mean- you'd rate higher than the other two Vice Principals. Or Principal Douglass.

JESS

Why do you say that?

DAN

You know- Douglass is like- what do you think of him?

JESS

Are you asking what I think, because if I like him, then you won't insult him?

Diner door OPENS as Zayna and Amaya walk in. Amaya sees Dan and Jess across the room.

AMAYA

(laughing)

Yoooo! What y'all doing here?

Amaya hustles across to Dan and Jess. Zayna follows her.

DAN

School's two blocks away, it's not like-

JESS
You didn't find us in the Yukon.

AMAYA
Are y'all dating?

DAN
We're not dating.

ZAYNA
They dating.

DAN
No one's dating.

DAMI (15, small, confident) walks in alone.

JESS
Why don't you two go hang out with Dami?
Zayna stares at her, then rolls her eyes. Amaya laughs.

AMAYA
(looking at Dan's papers)
Those our tests from today? How'd I do?
Dan shields them from view as Amaya reaches over to see.

DAN
Yes, but you can't-

AMAYA
Yo, that's some low scores. Zayna so bad she didn't get a number?

ZAYNA
I don't care, I didn't even finish.

Jess looks at Dan, concerned. Dan turns to Zayna.

DAN
Okay, since we're doing this here, Zayna, I don't know why you're half-assing these tests, like, you're smarter than this.

ZAYNA
Amaya got an "F," too-

DAN
Yeah, but she did her best. But you can-

ZAYNA
Oh my god, shut up-

DAN
 Okay.

JESS
 Hey, Zayna-

Tristan sees Dan and Jess together from across the diner.

TRISTAN
 Yoooo, Ms. Helton out here getting her
 back blown out by Mr. P!

A group of KIDS laugh. Jess stares, waves Tristan over.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)
 ...I was just playing- I'm sorry. Don't
 tell my coach. I'm sorry, miss.

Jess waves him off. Relieved, Tristan exits with others.

STUDENT
 Make sure you strap up, Mr. P! You gonna
 be wet at practice today!

Kids laugh as they leave. Zayna sees Dami giggling along.
 Zayna exits without saying a word, Amaya follows.
 Dan crosses out a grade. Jess continues to type.

JESS
 How's the basketball thing going?

DAN
 Oh, it's fun. Come watch practice today.

JESS
 I don't know- I can't, Dan.

DAN
 Why not? Is it because- like, I don't get
 why they think we're dating.

JESS
 I get why, all they think about is sex.

DAN
 (sarcastic, then serious)
 Yes. Only them... Okay, so come hang.

JESS
 Maybe. Can I ask- why'd you volunteer as
 equipment manager when they turned you
 down for Coach?

DAN
 Um. I don't know, I just like basketball.
 Like, in teaching, I have to stick to
 textbooks, and I keep having to fail them-

JESS

Wait, are a lot of your students failing?

DAN

Oh, no. Let's not- they're great... The point is, if the kids fail a test, I have to be the one to fail them. But in basketball, win or lose, we all kinda get the same grade. We're all a team, instead of... I just know how much it sucks when one person has the power to fail you.

JESS

...Who failed you?

Dan hesitates. Jess looks outside the WINDOW to see Zayna yelling at Dami. A CROWD OF STUDENTS forms. Jess beelines out. Dan turns, sees FIGHT breaking out, takes a Xanax.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Zayna and Dami play tug-of-war with a LOUIS VUITTON BELT. Zayna stands over Dami who skirmishes on her back.

ZAYNA

You gon break it! Bitch, let go!

Zayna's foot rises over her face. Dami braces for more.

JESS

ZAYNA!

Zayna, startled, lets go of the belt. Dami wraps it in her arms. Seeing Dami's battered face, Jess tends to her.

JESS (CONT'D)

Jesus, are you okay?

ZAYNA

Miss, she stole my-

DAMI

(to Zayna)

I hate you!

JESS

I don't want to hear it!

(seeing Dami cry, bruised)

Dami, I'm taking you to the ER, okay?

ZAYNA

She took my fucking belt!

JESS

Zayna, you are in big tr-

Zayna storms off, pushing past the Crossing Guard's half-hearted effort to halt her. Jess consoles Dami, who leans her head into Jess's chest. Dan tepidly walks over.

DAN

You need help, Jess?

JESS

I got it. Just make sure they go home.

Dan turns to see the kids leaving already.

DAN

Umm. Done. Anything else?

JESS

No, we're okay, Dan. Tie your shoes.

As Dan ties his laces, he feels his phone vibrate. Dan looks at his phone: "Five (5) voice mails - KEVIN."

SUPER OVER BLACK: "**part iii: frenz**"

INT. HALLWAY OF DAN AND KEVIN'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

Kevin lays slouched against the apartment door. He drinks from a tequila bottle. Dan approaches.

KEVIN

I messed up, man. Dude took my key.

DAN

I got your messages, I ran straight here.

Dan opens the door. Kevin falls backwards, then jolts back up. He reaches to take another drink.

DAN (CONT'D)

What are you- come in. Yo, come in.

Dan pulls Kevin into...

INT. DAN AND KEVIN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Dan shuts the door behind Kevin, who stumbles in. Dan walks into his room, dropping off his bag.

DAN

You okay? You wanna talk about it?

KEVIN

Man, I just wanna cry in my room.

Kevin looks around empty floor-space, confused.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Where the fuck is my bed?

DAN
Kareem took the couch for a block party.

KEVIN
You just gave my bed away?

DAN
My mom made me. I'll pick it up soon.

Kevin hisses, crouches on the floor cradling himself, drinks heavily. Dan, concerned, takes bottle from Kevin.

DAN (CONT'D)
Yo, stop, chill. Let me help you.

KEVIN
I'm good, I've been working on some shit.

INT. SUBWAY - FLASHBACK - ONE HOUR EARLIER

Kevin stands mid-train car with bags of candy for sale.

KEVIN
Ladies and gentlemen-

A GRUMPY MAN stands up-

GRUMPY MAN
Hey, shut the fuck up, yo!

INT. DAN AND KEVIN'S APARTMENT - BACK TO PRESENT

Kevin and Dan stare at each other. Dan processes how stupid Kevin's approach has been.

DAN
Maybe just call the cops?

KEVIN
I'm not calling the cops, man. I'm not a snitch. You do it.

DAN
You want me to?

KEVIN
No. Na. Cops would come shoot all of us.

DAN

Yeah maybe. How 'bout your sister?

KEVIN

Georgia won't answer the phone and her stupid ass been tweeting all day...
Whatever, I already got two hundred and-

KNOCK. KNOCK. Kevin opens door for ROOSEVELT (30s, thick glasses, full beard, focused).

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Wassup man. Come in. Roosevelt, right?

ROOSEVELT

Yeah. Crazy, I was headed to Blick's to get a new paint set when I saw your post.

Roosevelt proceeds inside as Kevin shuts the door.

KEVIN

Word. This is Dan.

Dan waves. Kevin lays out five 225 ml tubes of Michael Harding paint. Two unopened, three moderately used.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Two hundred for the new ones. Thinking like one twenty for the open ones.

Roosevelt picks up a tube and sniffs the paint.

DAN

(to Kevin, concerned)

You're selling your paint?

Kevin nods while confused at Roosevelt's sniffing.

ROOSEVELT

Ah! Definitely Michael Harding. Let's say six hundred for the five. Final offer.

KEVIN

Alright.

As Roosevelt pulls out a wad of cash, he double-takes to see a PAINTING on the wall. Roosevelt approaches it.

ROOSEVELT

Whoa! Is this painting for sale? I'll give you a thousand dollars right now.

KEVIN

Oh? Okay, cool...

ROOSEVELT

The colors, the depth. Groundbreaking...
This is a Charles White, right?

KEVIN

(excited)
Actually, I made it.

ROOSEVELT

Oh... I'll just take the paint.

Roosevelt hands Kevin six hundred dollars, then exits.
On-screen subtitle: "\$2,200 to go."

Kevin stares at his art, lost in thought.

KEVIN

The thing I hate about the art world is
that it's not about the art, it's a
popularity contest. People don't want
your shit until everyone else does. A
nigga was selling a banana for 120k,
meanwhile Van Gogh died broke.

Dan's phone reads: "INCOMING CALL: JESS". Dan ignores.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

I'm not Van Gogh, but shit...my shit's
better than a fucking banana.

DAN

It is. You shouldn't have sold your
paint.

KEVIN

What else I'ma do?

DAN

I know I've said this, but a therapist
would help-

KEVIN

"Therapist"? I'm about to die and you're
telling me I need to see a therapist?

DAN

Not like now, but you have depression-

KEVIN

Now I'm depressed. Why you think
everybody's depressed? Just 'cause you
depressed don't mean the world's
depressed. It's just you.

DAN

It's not "just me." There's other guys in the waiting room--you really think you're not depressed, dude, you're drunk at 3PM. You eat once a day. You play chess with yourself.

(off Kevin's look)

I'm just trying to help you, man.

KEVIN

Yeah, but when shit gets real, you get too scared to help.

DAN

What does that mean?

Kevin's phone rings: "UNKNOWN NUMBER." He peaks out the window, concerned.

DAN (CONT'D)

Is that them calling?

KEVIN

Yeah, they won't leave me alone... Man, I don't know if New York is for me.

DAN

That's why I'm pushing therapy, you can't just keep moving away from your problems.

KEVIN

Polanski did.

Dan takes a shot of Kevin's drink.

DAN

Is this water?

KEVIN

Yeah, I wanted to be dramatic... Maybe Kareem can help.

Dan nods. Kevin's painting falls off the wall. **THUD.**

SUPER OVER BLACK: **"part iv: kareem"**

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A run-down patio area at a project building entrance. Sneakers hang over the light-post that brightens the area. An open grill, packed-up chairs, trash bags full but untied.

SOMEONE'S CHILD, we'll never know whose, is passed out in a lawn chair. OLD COUPLE drunkenly slow-dances in the quiet street.

Kevin sits alone on the curb. His hood shields his face. He chalk-sketches on the ground the GRIM REAPER from The Grim Adventures of Billy & Mandy. Kevin's phone rings: "UNKNOWN NUMBER." Kevin ignores, bites his nails.

Nearby, KAREEM (40s, Dan's stepdad, uncompromising alpha-male) eats roasted marshmallows off a skewer, distracted. Dan stands across, impatiently waiting for his attention.

DAN

Can you just help us, Kareem, please?

KAREEM

First of all, "Kareem"? Why you calling me "Kareem"? When you gonna start calling me "Daddy"? Call me "Daddy" first.

DAN

You know I'm not calling you "Dad"-

KAREEM

Man, how long I gotta be married to your mother before you respect our union?

DAN

I'm not calling you "Dad", man.

KAREEM

I'm your dad! Call me "Daddy" and I could find it in my heart to help you.

Kareem bites his marshmallow as Dan considers this offer.

DAN

Okay. Can you please help- Help us, Dad?

KAREEM

Hmm?

DAN

"Dad"!

KAREEM

Alright. All of a sudden, you need my help, I'm your daddy now? Now that you need something? Goddamn millennian-ins. Yeah, I'll help you out. Your daddy's gonna help you. But don't call me "Big Daddy." That's what your mama calls me.

DAN

Alright- this is why I didn't want to get into the dad shit. Jesus.

Back to Kevin, whose phone continues ringing: "UNKNOWN NUMBER." He looks around to see WOMAN (neck tattoos), then MAN (KOBE jersey), both on their phones. He studies every face, every movement. The only change is his blood pressure, his tension, his anxiety, his fear. Across the street, through a second-story window: a COLORFUL MAN stares directly at Kevin, who locks eyes, frozen.

Nearby, Kareem continues to help Dan, oblivious to Kevin.

KAREEM

How you know this boy again? I just started seeing him, y'all dating?

DAN

Kevin? What? No, we were best friends in middle school. Then he moved - his mom was in the Navy. He just moved back from New Orleans, but yeah, we just like, stayed close.

KAREEM

Ah hah! "Make new friends, but keep the old; Those are silver, these are gold."

DAN

Okay, yeah- good quote. Can you help now?

KAREEM

What's the man's name?

DAN

Drew. He's off Ditmas and East 30th.

KAREEM

Ah, Drew? I know Drew. Yeah. Nigga from Park Slopes. Why you scared of a nigga from Park Slopes? What's wrong with you?

DAN

He said he was gonna kill him-

KAREEM

He ain't gonna do nothing. Y'all shoulda called me sooner. How you scared of a Park Slopes nigga? C'mon, that's crazy.

Kareem wipes marshmallow off his face.

KAREEM (CONT'D)

Listen, man. I'm gonna handle this for you now. Hold this shit, don't eat it.

Kareem hands Dan a stick of mostly-eaten marshmallows, as he pulls out his phone to call Drew.

Kevin continues his stare-off with Colorful Man through the window. Suddenly, Colorful Man raises his pistol finger at Kevin and shoots: **BANG!**

Kevin JUMPS behind trash bags. He turns to see KIDS running from a fire-cracker. Kevin looks back at the window: Colorful Man is just a BLACK UNCLE SAM poster.

JASMINE (O.S.)

Where is it?

Kevin, still shaken, turns to see a furious Jasmine.

JASMINE (CONT'D)

The money. On my grandmama's refrigerator. I know you took it, stupid.

KEVIN

What the fuck are you talking about?

JASMINE

You're the only one who was in the apartment today, Kevin. You're the only one who asked me for money today, Kevin.

KEVIN

Why would I ask you for money and then go steal it? That doesn't even make sense.

JASMINE

Then who the fuck took it, Kevin?

KEVIN

How the fuck am I supposed to know?

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Fuck I look like stealing from a old lady? I'd rather die getting shit on my own before I take something from you. You need to watch- Word? That's how you feel? Matter fact- take your money back.

JASMINE

I don't believe you because you're a liar, Kevin. I know you made up that bogus story just to get money from me. You ain't shiiiiit. I pray you were telling the truth and them niggas blow your brains out.

Kevin hands Jasmine a \$20 bill.

JASMINE (CONT'D)

I gave you \$100.

KEVIN

I owe you \$80.

On-screen subtitle: "\$2,220 to go :("

DAN

Yo! Kev!

Fed up, Kevin jogs to Dan. Jasmine, shocked, exits.

DAN (CONT'D)

We're good.

KEVIN

Yeah?

DAN

Yeah. He knows Drew. He's calling him.
It's okay.

KEVIN

Thank God, man. You got the coolest
stepfather ever, bro.

Kevin, overwhelmed with relief, exhales. Kareem hangs up.

KAREEM

Alright. You good.

KEVIN

Thank you so much.

DAN

Kareem, sincerely, thank
you.

KAREEM

I got you... an hour.

Dan and Kevin stare, confused.

KEVIN

What?

KAREEM

I got you an extra hour, til 10:50!

KEVIN

You are crazy- you're supposed to save my
life. What am I gonna do with an hour?

KAREEM

What are you asking me for? All I know is
you're wasting time.

(MORE)

KAREEM (CONT'D)

Go take a stroll along a beach for the hour, I don't know. Start a GoFundMe. Join ISIS. Dig your grave. Start a paper route, pay the nigga back. Watch Billions! I don't know what to do with your goddamn hour, but you better do something with that hour, 'cause you gonna be dead. Come on, man. Take your couch back. Gimme this shit.

Kareem grabs his marshmallows. Dan notices their couch has a FISH TANK with TWO RED DEVIL FISH sitting on it.

DAN

Whose fish are these?

KAREEM

Yours now! You not gonna be grateful for that either? Goddamn milenyamil.

DAN

You said you were gonna help, dude.

KAREEM

I am helping, man. You know what, you can help me: tell your mom I'll be over by eleven, all right?

(gestures to Kevin)

'Round the same time he'll be dead. And you shouldn't be out past eleven. 'Cause he gonna be dead, ain't no need for you to be out here. And feed them goddamn fish! Feed the fish!

Kareem walks away. Kevin, frustrated, KICKS the couch.

DAN

I'm sor- I'm not calling him "Dad" again.

SUPER OVER BLACK: "10:01 PM"

INT. APARTMENT LOBBY - NIGHT

Dan and Kevin weakly carry the couch through lobby, with the fish balanced on top. They hit the narrow staircase.

DAN

First floor's the easiest.

SUPER OVER BLACK: "10:03 PM"

INT. STAIRWELL - TWO MINUTES LATER

Dan and Kevin sit on the couch, fish tank in between them. BILLIONS plays on a laptop labeled "Department of Education". The couch is on an incline on the staircase.

DAN

I'd sell the laptop, but it's the school's, so-

KEVIN

I know, man. I wasn't gonna ask you.

DAN

You don't have to go there, you know?

KEVIN

What else I'ma do? I can't run. They got my ID. They know where I work. They're always in there. I got no other options.

DAN

So, why don't we just call the cops?

KEVIN

Dude, shut up with the police thing, man.

DAN

They *could* help. How much do you have?

KEVIN

Same eight-hundred... Minus twenty now.

Kevin's phone vibrates: "UNKNOWN NUMBER." Kevin ignores, then puts his head in his hands.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

They calling again... I should go soon.

DAN

Why are you like, rushing? He's not gonna spare your life because you're punctual. He's not gonna be like, "Oh, I was gonna beat you, but you're here early, so let's play Madden." Why walk in there?

KEVIN

Cause I can't avoid 'em. If I don't deal with them today, I'll see them tomorrow.

DAN

Just don't go until you have the money.

KEVIN

Stop trying to tell me what to do.
You're not from here-

DAN

You're not from here either-

KEVIN

No, you're not from *here*. You grew up
Upper West Side. Stable. I grew up a lot
of places, *not* Manhattan. You're close to
your mom here. I don't have your luxury.

DAN

Don't fucking talk down to me, I live in
the same spot as you, we're in the same-

KEVIN

I'm on your fucking *couch*-

DAN

That's just for now, you'll-

KEVIN

Stop making everything sound like it's so
goddamn easy. It doesn't matter what I
do, I'm done. My job won't help, Kareem
can't do shit, my sister won't even
answer the fucking phone.

(wryly laughing)

Niggas really don't give a fuck about me.

Dan looks at Kevin, whose eyes are down, broken.

DAN

Man, what are you saying? I'm right here.
I skipped practice today to help you.

KEVIN

You pump balls! I almost got arrested
bringing you lunch today and now you're
talking about you skipped practice.

DAN

I did what you asked-

KEVIN

You do what everybody asks. You took
these fuckin' fish 'cause Kareem asked
you. You don't care about helping, you
just do shit so no one's mad at you.

DAN

Well, what do you want me to do?

KEVIN

Nothing, bro. I'm going by myself.

DAN

Yo, cut the fucking pride for one minute.

KEVIN

I'm being prideful? When's the last time you called your dad? Sixth grade?

DAN

Yeah, okay. And your sister won't pick up your call 'cause she gave up on you.

KEVIN

Man, watch out-

DAN

Why's Georgia doing so well? She's not better, she's not smarter, she just goes for what she wants-

We hear a BANGING.

LANDLORD (O.S.)

Ay, shut up!

Kevin stands up, done with Dan, done with all of this.

KEVIN

Man, watch out. You got it.

Kevin pushes through narrow corridor on stairwell. He hits Dan's legs, which Dan instinctively raises, mutters:

DAN

Sorry-

Dan holds knees to chest as Kevin walks past. Dan's phone LIGHTS UP: "JESS." Dan answers, walks down steps.

DAN (CONT'D)

Hey.

JESS (V.O.)

I kept calling- I'm with Dami at the ER. Can you come here now? Like right now?

Kevin turns to see Dan on phone, turns to exit.

DAN

Okay. Okay, I'll be right there.

Call ends. Dan, now in lobby, sees Kevin storming out.

DAN (CONT'D)

Kev! Kev!

Kevin ignores Dan as he leaves. Apartment door SWINGS open. LANDLORD (50s, Latina, curt) emerges.

LANDLORD

Ay, get that fucking couch off my stairs.

DAN

Sorry. Yeah, I will right now.

Landlord SHUTS door. Dan exits, leaves couch on stairs.

SUPER OVER BLACK: "**part v:**"

EXT. DREW'S APARTMENT - MAIN ENTRANCE

Kevin paces back and forth on the phone in front of the building. The call goes straight to voicemail.

KEVIN

Georgia, I fucked up. I um, I been trying to tell you, I lost mom's medal. Some niggas in Flatbush took it from me and won't give it back unless I pay em three racks tonight... Look, I know I fuck up a lot. I'm not askin' you to come here- I called to say I promise you I'ma get that shit back even if I have to join the Navy myself.

Two YOGA GIRLS (20s, white) walk by, with yoga mats.

YOGA GIRL

Ya no, Kombucha dries my vagina right up.

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

Dan arrives to see Jess and Dami seated together. Dami holds an icepack to her bruised face. Upon seeing Dan, Jess excitedly stands up, picks up her purse.

DAN

What's going on? Dami, you okay?

JESS

No doctor's seen her yet. Her parents are still at work, and I need to leave, but she's a minor, so I just need you to-

(off Dan's look)

I'm sorry, should I not have called you?

DAN

No, no. I was just in a serious kind of-
it's fine. I got it.

JESS

Thank you. Sincerely. Lunch tomorrow?

DAN

Yeah, might have lunch plans, but dinner?

JESS

We should just keep it to lunch, right?..
Sorry. How was practice today?

DAN

I- good...Good practice. Get home safe.

Jess nods. Dan sits with Dami, watches Jess exit.

DAMI

You have absolutely no game.

Dan glances over to Dami, knees to chest, on her phone.

DAMI (CONT'D)

Zayna got everyone calling me a liar
under my posts. Ughhhh, I hate her!

DAN

Yeah- what happened there? You don't have
to get into it, but I know you're close-

DAMI

No, she's a selfish bitch. Period.

DAN

Yeah, I mean, to try to steal your belt-

DAMI

(uncomfortable)

Yeah...

Dami adjusts her Louis V belt, which is MUCH TOO LARGE.
She covers the belt with her jacket.

DAN

Is that your belt?

DAMI

Yes, it's on me right?

DAN

Did you steal that from Zayna?... Did you
steal it?... Dami?

DAMI

She said she was gonna give it to me. She promised, cause her bum ass stay using my makeup *and* my mom always cooking her dinner, because her uncle ain't shit, and she never says thank you. So-

DAN

Dami, you need to give me her belt.

Dan sticks his hand out. Dami grumbles, takes off the belt, hands it to Dan.

DAN (CONT'D)

Why would you ruin your friendship over something that doesn't even fit you?

DAMI

A Louis V belt, she shouldn't even-

AN INJURED PERSON in the waiting room jolts up.

INJURED PERSON

Louis Vuitton? That shit's expensive.

DAN

Really? How much?

INJURED PERSON

Shit, two, ten-thousand? Plus tax?

Dan studies the belt, considers its value. NURSE emerges.

NURSE

Dahm-eye? Daim-eye?

Dami exits with Nurse. Dan continues to stare at the belt, weighing his options.

INT. DREW'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - NIGHT

Kevin stands in front of Drew, seated middle of the couch, imposing. Drew holds Kevin's measly \$800 and coins, then drops it on the ground.

KEVIN

I can get you the rest, I promise. I just need a couple more months to years. I just had to pay rent. My mom got cancer-

Drew shoves Kevin aside and exits to the back room. Jon stares at Kevin. Blue, seated, plays NBA 2K, like always.

BLUE

Looked you up on Instagram, you paint?

KEVIN

I'm tryin'- Where'd he go?

BLUE

I like one of 'em. Had a lot of blue.

KEVIN

Would you wanna buy it?

BLUE

Na, I don't like abstract. Drew put me on fauvism back in his graffiti days...

Jon grabs a machete from nearby drawer. Kevin jumps back.

KEVIN

Whoa! Nigga! Wait! I can get you the rest-

JON

Let's go, nigga!

BLUE

I don't know why you didn't call the police. Stupid nigga.

KEVIN

I just need more time-

Jon punches Kevin in the stomach. Kevin hits the floor. He turns to Blue, still on the couch playing NBA2K.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Help me.

BLUE

Wait 'till this game's over.

KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK.

JON

Who the fuck-

KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK. Jon hides machete in his pants. He opens door to see... Dan.

JON (CONT'D)

What you want?

Dan points to Kevin on the floor. Jon drags Dan inside, SLAMS the door. Drew emerges from back room wearing gloves, surgical mask, and an apron.

DREW
Who- Why you answering the fucking door?

JON
He knocked twice!

DREW
You niggas think I'm playing.

Drew grabs Kevin.

DAN
(waving Louis V belt)
Yo, I got-

JON
Shut the fuck up.

Jon turns from Dan, then joins Drew. He forcefully pulls Kevin towards a closed-door, SLAMMING him aggressively.

DAN
Yo, listen to me, I got this-

Jon PULLS his machete on Dan.

JON
Stop. Talking.

Dan, intimidated, falls silent, and lowers the belt.

KEVIN
Don't do this. You don't have to do this!

Drew turns the bathroom door, which is locked.

DREW
Who's- Zay, get out the bathroom!

Door OPENS. We see... Zayna, Dan's student, wearing headphones.

ZAYNA
What?!

DREW
Get in your room. Don't "what" me.

Zayna notices Dan, shocked. She gestures to Dan.

ZAYNA
What is he doing here?

Dan looks back and forth, piecing everything together.

DREW
What? You know him?

ZAYNA
He's my teacher.

DREW
That's your teacher?

Zayna nods. Drew processes this information. On-screen subtitle: "**(drew really values education)**"

DREW (CONT'D)
You gonna make sure she does good in school, right?

DAN
Yeah. Yeah, I, uh- I don't need to do her any favors. Like... The kids took a test today, almost everybody failed: Zay got the highest score. She's smart.

ZAYNA
Really?

DREW
(to Zayna)
You got the highest score? Why you ain't tell me?

DAN
I just graded it a second ago- in my head.

Zayna notices the Louis V belt in Dan's hands.

ZAYNA
You got my belt?

DAN
I- yes. Yes. She lost her belt. That's why I'm here. To return her belt.

ZAYNA
That shit was stolen-

DAN
Right, yes, I know. And I got it back and it couldn't wait 'til morning, so here I am, bringing your belt.

Zayna takes the belt, appreciative. Drew turns to Dan.

DREW

She was real upset today, I didn't know why. Appreciate you bringing that shit.

Zayna walks to the couch, joining Blue, playing 2K.

ZAYNA

(to Blue)

I got my Louie V belt back.

DREW

(quietly, to Dan)

She don't even know it's fake... You can go.

Dan nods. Kevin breathes a sigh of relief.

DAN

Thank you.

KEVIN

Yeah, thank you, man-

Drew grabs Kevin by his shirt.

DREW

Where the fuck you think you're going?

DAN

You said we could go.

DREW

You can go. I'ma fuck him up.

DAN

But- but I'm Zayna's teacher.

DREW

What the fuck that got to do with him?

Drew SLAPS Kevin, while Zayna films herself on her phone.

KEVIN

Fuck. Help!

ZAYNA

Man, you messed up my Boomerang-

Jon lifts machete. Drew grabs Kevin's neck, squeezing him like a bottle of ketchup.

DAN

Wait! Kevin helped me find the belt. For Zayna! That's why he couldn't get your money. That's what we were doing all day.

Kevin GASPS for air as Drew glances at Kevin, then Zayna, deciding. Jon awaits Drew's cue, his machete wound up. Drew looks at Zayna's concerned eyes, releases Kevin. On-screen subtitle: "**(drew also values a child's innocence)**"

Drew hands Kevin his ID, keys, and Naval Medal.

DREW

I still need two racks from you.

Kevin nods, sighs, pained. Dan opens the door, but Drew moves in front of him.

DREW (CONT'D)

And you gonna help Zay in school, right?

DAN

Yeah, she just got an A on tomorrow's test also!

Dan and Kevin desperately move to exit the apartment.

DREW

Ain't it "Oxtail Tuesdays" tomorrow, we getting em free now, right?

KEVIN

Free? Uh, for sure. See you tomorrow...

Dan and Kevin duck past Drew, into hallway. Drew LIFTS his hand. Kevin FLINCHES, but Drew just scratches his own head and SLAMS the door. Dan and Kevin are safe tonight.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The two take a deep breath of relief and walk past: Man in Hallway, drunk, pleads to O.S. Girlfriend behind door.

MAN IN HALLWAY

Baby, don't do this, I loooooove you!

They avoid Man in Hallway, as they walk down the stairs.

KEVIN

Thanks for-

DAN

It's fine, you're- it's cool.

EXT. DREW'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Dan and Kevin walk. Kevin's phone rings: "FaceTime: Georgia." Kevin answers. On his screen, we finally see: GEORGIA (30s, well-dressed, successful/self-interested), in a silk robe, with a glass of Cognac. IMANI (20s, Georgia's girlfriend, beautiful) kisses Georgia's neck.

GEORGIA

How you gon lose our sick mom medal?!

KEVIN

Thanks for calling. I almost died.

GEORGIA

I been calling you all day from work. You alright? I left my cell at home.

KEVIN

Oh shit. That was you calling "Unknown"! (flashing medal)
Look, I got it back. Dan saved my life.

GEORGIA

You got it? That's wassup. Bring it to me Sunday. I'ma be at La Marina.

KEVIN

Man, I'm busy Sunday. I'ma hold on to it.

GEORGIA

No, you won't. La Marina. Sunday. Later-

KEVIN

Wait, hold up, you talk to mom today?

GEORGIA

(softens)
Yeah. Yeah, she's okay... I'll see you Sunday. Don't wear your fucking backpack this time.

FaceTime ends. Kevin and Dan continue to walk down the quiet block, dimly brightened only by street lights.

DAN

Why didn't you just sell your phone?

KEVIN

I didn't even think of that.

END.