

HAVOC

PILOT

"Winning Ugly"

Written by

Chris Case

NETWORK DRAFT
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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. JAY'S POKER ROOM - SOME TIME IN THE FUTURE

Jay's sounding board and safe place. A poker table, TV, nice couches. At the poker table are **JAY "HAVOC" HAMMOND**, 40, Black, old school, tough, ex-NFL player, **MONTEZ WATSON**, 40, a smart, soulful 320 pound Black ex lineman, **CHARLIE PRUITT**, 35, white good old boy Texan, **DARRYL WILLIS**, 40, nerdy Black oil exec who wants to be cool, and a few other guys. Camera circles as **JAY TALKS TO THE GUYS, MID-STORY.**

JAY

So, I got a blast of the old adrenaline rush and just took off running.

MONTEZ

'Cuz Havoc Hammond ain't nobody's punk.

As we cut, BLEND with sounds of a man sprinting, huffing and puffing.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

A chyron reads: **12:37 A.M.**

Come up on: The Heights. Houston. Gentrifying. Craftsman homes next to tear downs. Find **JAY SPRINTING** down the middle of the street, **BAREFOOT AND SHIRTLESS WEARING RED BRIEFS.**

JAY (V.O.)

Wasn't a punk when I played for the Broncos, ain't one now.

He slows down, stops, looks around, then spots something and takes off across a yard.

JAY (V.O.)

Felt like my playing days, when I used to fly over guys.

He gracefully **JUMPS** over a medium-sized **HEDGE.**

JAY (V.O.)

Except I'm a little older now.

He catches his foot on a branch and goes AIRBORNE.
FREEZE ON JAY: mid-fall, a look of terror on his face.

INT. POKER GAME - FUTURE

Jay and the gang play and drink.

JAY

Only one reason a man would be running through yards and trying to jump hedges in his underwear at one in the morning. For love.

CHARLIE

(drawl) That's on you. You were the one who had to meet the kids.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT - **FLASHBACK**

Soft music. Romantic dinner, Jay and **CHRISTY COOKE**, 37, White. Depth behind her eyes, gorgeous without trying, smartest person in the room, always. Christy is her usual over-thinking kettle of turmoil.

JAY

Christy, it's been almost a year. I want to meet the kids. I want us to go... deeper.

CHRISTY

I don't know, Jay. I love us. I have two lives. One with my sons, my terrible beautiful awful hideous wonderful children, and one with you. It's perfect this way. I'm a single mom. I leave after we have sex. You want to give that up?

JAY

I hate it when you leave. (playful) It makes me feel used.

CHRISTY

Meeting the kids would change that dynamic. (upside) But maybe it would make us closer. (downside) But how would we even do it? (upside) But I love that you want to meet them. (downside) But what if they don't like you, or more likely, you don't like them?
 (MORE)

CHRISTY (CONT'D)

I'm scared. (beat) Yes, yes let's have you meet the kids. Even if we regret it forever. They both hate football, by the way. We should get champagne.

On Jay, now nervous.

INT. POKER ROOM - FUTURE

Jay looks at the guys.

JAY

Oh, we went deeper all right.

The guys laugh.

MONTEZ

Got married, moved in, you're in it now.

EXT. YARD - NIGHT

Post-fall. Jay gets up, adjusts himself, starts running again.

JAY

(to himself) Come on, Havoc, can't let them win, can't let them win, can't let them win!

CREDITS

INT. JAY AND CHRISTY'S BEDROOM - MORNING

A chyron reads: **TWO DAYS AGO.** Jay and Christy have just woken up. She nuzzles him. He turns over.

CHRISTY

(flirty) Hi.

JAY

Morning, boo.

They start to fool around, then: LOUD THUMPING DIRTY RAP MUSIC (CHIEF KEEF) BLASTS THROUGH THE ROOM, making them jump. Jay starts to get up. Christy stops him. They yell over the music.

CHRISTY

I got it, you stay here. (points to Jay)
Good cop. (to herself) Bad cop.

JAY

At some point you're going to have to let me step in. All I am is "fun Jay."

CHRISTY

The studies say it's better for the step-parent to be more of a friend, especially at the beginning.

JAY

It's been six months. And anybody can make friends. I want to make men.

CHRISTY

I'll handle this one. (off his underwear) Plus, bad cop is a little excited.

She gets up.

INT. HARRY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

HARRY, 12 going on 25, lazy yet confident, ladies man, charming, genius-level problem child, watches a Ghost Riding the Whip video on his phone and grooves along with the song. Christy bursts in. She yells, but we can't hear her. She picks up one of Harry's shoes and throws it at him, missing. Harry sees the shoe fly past, then turns and sees Christy. He turns the volume down.

HARRY

Sorry. I was just bumpin'.

She shakes her head and exits.

INT. KITCHEN - HALF HOUR LATER

Christy, a morning whirlwind, rushes to get breakfast together, pours smoothies from a blender into to-go cups, then spreads cream cheese on bagels. Jay has his phone.

JAY

(mutters to himself) Awful music. Kid's blacker than I am.

COLIN, 16, meek, awkward mama's boy, enters being chased by Harry, dressed in Supreme street wear, who swats at him with a belt.

COLIN

Ow, quit it, Harry!

CHRISTY

Here, breakfast.

She tosses them their bagels. Harry catches his with one hand. Colin fumbles his and it falls on the floor. He picks it up. The kids prep to leave for school.

HARRY

(off bagel drop) No way you make the tennis team. You're going to fail. Publicly. Which means Darcy Silverberg will laugh at your tiny loser penis.

Jay texts on his phone, Christy's phone dings. On the TV SCREEN we see JAY'S TEXTS TO CHRISTY: **"He shouldn't talk like that in front of you."** She looks at her phone.

COLIN

(blurts) Mom, Harry recorded a really sexually dirty and violent rap song! And it's even worse than the one he just played!

HARRY

Hip hop deals with social realities. Violence, racism, urban decay. Making music validates me and gives me confidence.

JAY

If anyone knows about urban decay, it's you.

Christy gives Jay a look, "I got this."

CHRISTY

Sweetie, I'm all for that, but you have to be careful.

Jay texts, we see it on the TV SCREEN: **"Make him delete the song."** Christy looks at the text, gives Jay a look.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)

Maybe you should delete the song.

HARRY

It's on Soundcloud. It's password protected. And it's my First Amendment right to express myself.

Jay texts, we see it. **"Which amendment gives you the right to whup his ass?"** Christy looks at it. Gives Jay a look.

COLIN

His song is terrible. Adele. That's music. Who would ever break up with Adele?

HARRY

Shut up, wussy. I have another song. It's called "I'm going to get laid way before my big brother!" The chorus is about how mine's gonna be with a girl!

The kids exit.

CHRISTY

(calls) Have a good day, guys! (then)
Can you please not text me like that?

JAY

Not to get all "shrinky" on the shrink, but it feels like you're overcompensating for the fact that their dad took off when they were little. They're twelve and fifteen now. They need a strong dad.

CHRISTY

I get it, but it's very distracting to have you second-guessing me in real time.

JAY

I'm not supposed to speak because I'm the good cop. But I can't just sit by and watch nonsense unfold. Growing up, if I ever disobeyed one of my parents, I'd be on the floor with head gravy oozing out of my skull.

CHRISTY

Your dad hit you growing up and you didn't talk to him for two years after college.

JAY

Yeah, but I turned out great. And I'm not saying hit them. I'm just saying be a little less white mom and a little more black dad about it.

CHRISTY

Parenting is more complicated than that. It's a labyrinthine maze of perplexing nuance.

JAY

Okay, you gotta send that sentence into the White Hall of Fame. (then) Look, I'm used to being in the game. Nothing ever kept me on the sidelines. Not a coach, not a torn ACL, not a broken collarbone sticking out of my skin.

CHRISTY

You might be a player, but I'm the coach. I assess the game, hang back, and see the whole field. My entire career, my reason for being, is to bring out the best in people. I know what I'm doing.

JAY

You need to put me in the game!

CHRISTY

Don't you want the kids to like you?

JAY

No! I want them to respect me! Any good coach knows that!

CHRISTY

Okay, I'm thrilled you're starting to announce football games, but can we stop with the sports metaphors?

JAY

Sure. (off fruit on counter) How about fruit metaphors? (then) This is like comparing apples and oranges... and the apple doesn't fall far from the tree... because it's low hanging fruit... I'm going back to sports metaphors.

CUT TO:

EST. HAVOC'S CAR WASH - DAY

Bustling, modern car wash owned by Jay. There's a big sign with Jay's likeness. Employees dry cars, customers sit in massage chairs on their phones. A TV plays ESPN.

INT. CAR WASH LOUNGE AREA - DAY - LATER (NOON)

Jay and Darryl hang out in the cashier's area.

DARRYL

So how's life as Black Daddy?

JAY

It's hard to blend a family. They're Christy's kids. And she won't let me step in because she wants them to like me. Can you imagine, a parent wanting a kid to like them?

DARRYL

My dad's eighty-six and I'm still scared of him. The other day he cracked me in the thigh with his walking stick.

JAY

There's definitely a big fear deficit in our house. I don't know how much longer I can stay on the sidelines.

DARRYL

Players gotta play! She should know that. She was your shrink. This is why brothers don't go to psychologists. Especially hot lady ones.

JAY

Life was simpler when I got my advice from an old football coach.

DARRYL

Or a preacher.

JAY

Or my Angry Uncle Ernie, who was my football coach and my preacher.

CUT TO:

INT. ANGRY UNCLE ERNIE'S HOUSE - **FLASHBACK** - DAY

Chyron reads: **2001**. Twenty-five year old Jay, high fade haircut, talks to **ANGRY UNCLE ERNIE**, 60, who wears a preacher collar under his football jersey.

ANGRY UNCLE ROBERT

(yelling in his face) I'll tell you what you gotta do! I'll tell you exactly what you gotta do! You wanna know what you gotta do? (beat) Here's what you gotta do!

INT. CAR WASH - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Jay and Darryl hang by the snacks, watching Jay's announcing practice video.

JAY (ON PHONE)

...and that's right, Johnson in the game for Green Bay, let's get ready to fumble!

DARRYL

It's kind of a rip off of that boxing guy. I think he has it trademarked.

Jay's phone dings. And we see a TEXT on the TV SCREEN FROM CHRISTY: **COME HOME NOW.**

JAY

I gotta go. (then, announcer) This has been Havoc Hammond for Fox Sports.

He exits.

EXT. STREET - LATER

Jay rolls up to the house in his Mercedes AMG, gets out. He sees Christy's Lexus SUV parked on the street. He approaches the car. Christy puts the window down. We hear BLARING MUSIC "BACK IN BLACK" by AC/DC. Cigarette smoke comes from the window.

JAY

Uh-oh. Your "trying not to cry" music.

She's holding a lit cigarette. She turns down the music.

JAY (CONT'D)

Since when do you smoke?

CHRISTY

Since I was in a session today and the principal and the cops called me. The COPS.

JAY

Harry?

CHRISTY

Harry played that awful song for some girls, who got scared and told a teacher. It was all about guns and drugs and sex, filthy, awful stuff. They suspended him for a week.

(MORE)

CHRISTY (CONT'D)

(beat) I am so sick of trying so hard.
I literally do not know what to do.
Besides this.

She produces a bottle of wine and takes a big swig from it.

JAY

Come on, put out the cigarette.

CHRISTY

I'm smoking the cigarette to cover up the weed smell.

She looks at him with the stare of a stoned, half-drunk woman who is out of ideas.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)

I was so good at this. They were little like a minute ago. And now, they're big and horny and stupid and vulgar. And I feel like I'm terrible at it. I'm good at other stuff, like my job. (then, realizing) Oh, no, what if I'm bad at that, too? (then) Hey, if I just quit as a mom, the kids are big enough to find food, right? When horses can't run anymore, they go to a nice ranch. I wanna go to a Mom ranch, Jay. Send me to a Mom ranch.

JAY

I'll be right back.

He starts toward the house. Stops, turns back.

JAY (CONT'D)

Is this what you meant by a labyrinthine maze of perplexing nuance?

She **FLIPS HIM THE BIRD** and puts up her window.

INT. POKER ROOM - FUTURE

Jay is at the table talking to his friends.

JAY

I felt like she gave me the go ahead to parent. And that was great because it's tricky living with a successful white woman and her family.

(MORE)

JAY (CONT'D)

All I could ever hope was that one day I would be as comfortable as that big dude from The Blindside.

We go **FULL SCREEN** TO A **PHOTO** OF **QUINTON AARON** HAVING DINNER WITH **SANDRA BULLOCK** AND HER FAMILY. Then we SWITCH TO: **EXACT SAME PHOTO**, but it's **JAY WITH CHRISTY AND THE BOYS**.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jay stands with Harry, listening to the song.

HARRY'S RAP

(on phone) *RIDIN' 'ROUND WITH THIS GLOCK OUT, 40 THOU IN MY LEFT POCKET, MOLLY/LEAN IN MY RIGHT POCKET/POPPIN' (BLEEP) LIKE A MOTHER (BLEEP)/GONNA HIT THAT LEAN/SPRAY THIS BITCH WITH A (BLEEP)*

Ending on a series of long bleeps. Jay turns it off.

JAY

The beat is dope. (then, catches himself) You think an ignorant song like this is cool? You think murder is funny?

HARRY

(weakly) No.

Jay shows Harry a scar on his calf.

JAY

See this? This is a bullet wound from when I was eleven. Gang-infested Lower Ninth Ward. New Orleans.

HARRY

Mom said you fell off your bike.

JAY

(lying) I told her that so I didn't scare her. (points to scar) Bullet. Hole. (then) The point is, this violent misogynistic crap isn't cool.

HARRY

It's no big deal.

JAY

No big deal? Your mom is out there in the car right now... upset in a way that I have never seen her.

HARRY

I'm suspended, so I'm going to have a week to sit in my room. This has been a really good talk. Thank you.

He starts to go.

JAY

Being suspended is not a punishment, it's a vacation. So I'm taking your phone. And you're grounded. Two weeks.

HARRY

What?! My whole life is in that phone! And what about my girlfriend?! Bae needs her man!

JAY

Your mom told you to delete the song. Now give me your phone and go to your room.

Harry hands Jay his phone, then:

HARRY

You're not my dad. You're just my mom's husband! And you know what those do? They leave!

He storms off. Jay is moved, then shakes it off.

INT. POKER ROOM - FUTURE

Jay talks to the guys.

MONTEZ

Little dude got game.

JAY

You have no idea.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. KITCHEN - LATER - NIGHT

Jay and Christy (still buzzed) talk.

CHRISTY

You just punished him? Just like that?
Without asking me?

JAY

Yeah. You were sitting in your car
drinking and smoking everything that's
possible to light on fire. I thought you
wanted me to step in.

CHRISTY

I was just venting. I didn't say take
things into your own hands.

JAY

How am I supposed to know that? I felt
like it was my chance!

CHRISTY

But sometimes I just need someone to vent
to. That's why I married you.

JAY

I thought you married me because I'm tall
and handsome and it pissed off your dad.

CHRISTY

I just don't think you should be doing
the punishing.

JAY

I did it. And look. (looks around) The
sun is still shining and the birds didn't
fall out of the sky.

CHRISTY

But taking his phone for two weeks is
really extreme. Maybe he should go work
with you at the car wash instead.

JAY

We're supposed to be punishing him, not
me. Look, I finally got to be bad cop.
And bad cop isn't going to change his
punishment because stoned cop was in her
cop car getting stoned.

CHRISTY

I know I coddle him. But I also know the grief about his dad leaving is real. I feel guilty about that, and I feel guilty that you have to deal with all of this, and I'm worried that we're not on the same page.

INT. POKER GAME - FUTURE

Jay talks while Darryl deals.

JAY

How come every time a White person has a feeling, it has to be an event? His dad left. He feels bad. She feels bad he feels bad. They're just feelings. They don't deserve their own White People's Feelings Parade.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY - **FANTASY**

The White People's Feelings Parade. Dozens of White people walk down the middle of the street carrying **yoga mats** and **cloth Whole Foods bags**. They carry signs with their feelings on them. **WHITE GUILT, GMO CONCERNS, ENNUI**, etc. The White Feelings Marching Band, dressed in all white marching band uniforms, marches, playing a peppy fight song version of FEELINGS by Morris Albert.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

We hear a car door.

CHRISTY

Finally! I am starving.

Colin enters with two big Taco Bell bags.

COLIN

Mom, you never let us get Taco Bell.

He puts the bag down. Christy grabs it and pulls out a burrito, quickly unwraps it, takes a huge bite.

CHRISTY

Mmm-mm-mmmmm. (beat) Mmmmm. Damn. Damn! If this ninety-nine cent burrito were a man I would make sweet love to it.

COLIN/JAY

Mom, yuck./Your son is here!

CHRISTY

He knows adults do stuff. (to Colin)
Adults have sex, Colin.

COLIN

So do teenagers. I'm just not one of them. (then) But I'm trying to change that. Can you train me after school today?

JAY

Hell, yeah! Look at that! Bringing the Havoc magic to the whole house! Better check with your mom. She may take issue with some of my methods.

CHRISTY

(to Colin) Just don't try to get in shape all at once there, Bruiser.

COLIN

I need it, Mom. I was out of breath walking back from Taco Bell. And the bags felt heavy. I ate a few tacos to lighten the load, but then the weight was in my stomach.

Jay rolls his eyes.

INT. POKER GAME - FUTURE

Jay tosses beers to the guys, sits.

JAY

Sweet kid, but you know why she calls him "Bruiser?" Because he bruises easily.

DARRYL

Kid is not coordinated at all.

JAY

This is you talking? You're a brother who can't even hoop.

The guys laugh again.

EXT. TENNIS COURTS - AFTERNOON - LATER THAT DAY

Jay stretches with Colin, who is dressed in **70's TENNIS GEAR**, short shorts and headband, like he's in a Wes Anderson movie.

JAY

Okay, little jog to warm up.

COLIN

Hang on, I'm allergic to grass.

JAY

It's a hard court.

COLIN

Just thought you should know. In case we ever get near grass.

Jay starts lightly jogging around the court with Colin. Colin gets halfway around and stops, hands on knees, breathing hard.

MUSIC UP: **ADELE**

-- Jay hits a ball to Colin. He flinches as it bounces off of him. He swats at it like he's trying to kill a fly. Jay rolls his eyes.

-- Jay shows Colin how to hit a ball. He throws him one. He misses it.

JAY

Close your eyes. Feel it.

Colin closes his eyes. Jay throws him one. He misses.

-- Jay and Colin run.

-- Close on Colin on his back on the court, breathing hard.

COLIN

I have a question about something while I'm resting. How do you start talking to women?

JAY

You just walk up and say hi.

COLIN

(incredulous) "Hi?" Are you insane? Then what?

JAY

Then you just start talking.

COLIN

About what? Because when I see Darcy, I get all, I can't make thoughts come out.

JAY

Tell you what. If you train really hard, you can ask me anything you want.

-- JUMP CUTS of Colin running. Jay berates him Whiplash-style.

JAY (CONT'D)

Do you want to touch Darcy Silverberg's boobs or do you want to die a virgin?

COLIN

(while running) What do boobs have to do with virginity? I'm supposed to put it in the boobs, too?!

-- Colin struggles to do one push-up as Jay yells at him.

-- A ball machine fires balls at a scared Colin.

-- Colin swings and finally connects with a ball. It flies over the fence, home run.

CUT TO:

INT. PARKING LOT - A LITTLE LATER

Colin limps to the car.

COLIN

Thanks for the help, Jay. I've never had anyone around to teach me sports games.

JAY

Sports. Not "sports games." Sports. Don't ever say "sports games" again. (then) I think you've earned your questions.

COLIN

Okay, first of all, my questions aren't all sexual because barring some sort of imminent apocalyptic event, I feel like sex is way down the road for me, but I have no game. I have anti-game. I'm terrified of these mysterious creatures.

(MORE)

COLIN (CONT'D)

Were you ever scared like that? About anything, not just girls?

JAY

Every single time I played a game I was afraid I'd get hurt or killed. But I had to get over that fear.

COLIN

How? Like what would you do? Because I need some techniques.

JAY

I'd stand in the mirror in the locker room and I would jump up and down and yell "Nobody can hurt me because I'm a sexy mother(bleep)er!"

Colin smiles.

COLIN

I like that. That's good. Did you ever like a woman who didn't like you back?

JAY

(beat) No. (then, thinks) Yeah, one. Your mom. But the good ones are worth fighting for.

COLIN

Then I'll keep fighting. One more thing. I just have to know... is there a hole in the boobs, too?

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Jay and Colin enter. Colin limps in.

CHRISTY

How was training?

COLIN

I got to feel what it's like to hit a ball. It feels sweet.

ANGLE ON: HARRY on the couch. HE IS TEXTING ON HIS PHONE. Jay sees him.

JAY

(to Christy) Why does he have his phone that I took away?

Christy looks caught. Harry gets up, approaches.

HARRY

I was really uncomfortable with my punishment, so we came up with a solution.

CHRISTY

Harry would rather go and work at the car wash.

HARRY

I haven't done a lot of manual labor, but I think it will build some much-needed character.

CHRISTY

And he'll be outside all day and that will be a better lesson than him not having his phone.

HARRY

I can even Snapchat about it, could be good for business.

Jay just stares at them, INCREDULOUS.

INT. POKER ROOM

Jay has just told the guys.

JAY

Gave him back the phone! Is that some cold ass shit, or what?

MONTEZ

You know what else is cold? (off his food) These wings.

Jay deals.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The kids are gone. Jay and Christy talk.

JAY

This is, I don't even know where to start. How am I supposed to have any authority when you undermine me like that?

CHRISTY

The punishment you gave him was too harsh.

JAY

How is that too harsh? The kid could have been arrested.

CHRISTY

You can't take everything away. Otherwise he'll have nothing left to lose.

JAY

This has gone way beyond black and white or old school and new school. This is now sane versus insane. And insane is up by thirty points in the fourth quarter.

CHRISTY

Jay, you over-stepped. I didn't ask you to punish him. And he made a very good case for needing his phone.

JAY

He's a twelve year old kid, not a Japanese businessman. Plus, the agent is coming to play hoops tomorrow. And it's Saturday, busiest day of the week. I don't want to have to worry about Harry.

CHRISTY

First of all, Adam reps a bunch of my clients. He is going to love you. And Harry will be fine. Take him with you. Make him work. I promise, it will be good for him.

Jay gets an idea.

INT. POKER GAME - FUTURE

Jay is at the table.

JAY

She wanted him to work? By the time I got done with him, Hollywood was gonna make a movie about his life. Harry Unchained.

WE GO FULL SCREEN to a **PHOTO OF HARRY** in a **DJANGO WIG** and **TATTERED CLOTHING**.

EXT. CAR WASH - MORNING - THE NEXT DAY

A Jay walks in the washing area with Harry under the already hot Houston sun.

JAY

...I just want you to know something, Harry. I'm not trying to be your dad. But hear me on this: I'm not going anywhere. Got it? No matter what happens, I am here to stay.

HARRY

(beat) I think you're trying to make me feel better, but it's having the opposite effect.

JAY

Ready to work?

HARRY

Yeah. Jay, if I work really hard could I please be un-grounded early? There's a party tonight and some douche is trying to roll up on my girl. I caught feelings for her bad, dawg.

JAY

"Roll up on my girl?" "Caught feelings?" You got some balls, kid. I have to give that to you. And now we're gonna try to work 'em off.

HARRY

Is that a yes to the party?

Jay tosses him a sponge and some drying rags.

FLIP TO:

EXT. CAR WASH - DAY

MUSIC UP: LOW RIDER by CYPRESS HILL. Harry walks in slow motion with a group of ten car wash employees behind him, bandana on his head. They carry drying rags, buckets, sponges. Reservoir Dogs style shot of them walking toward the cars.

EXT. CAR WASH - LATER

Harry works his ass off, drying an SUV with two workers, **DOMINGO** and **HUMBERTO**.

HARRY

So, it's really better here than in Mexico? Really?

INT. CAR WASH - LATER

Jay watches Harry work. Harry stops, approaches, disheveled and exhausted.

HARRY

So Jay, I'm really learning my lesson.
(beat) Can I go to the party?

Jay sees Darryl approach with **ADAM SHACTER**, 38, a sports agent (**DANNY STRONG**). Both dressed to play basketball.

JAY

No. Back to work, Django.

Harry walks off, dejected.

EXT. CAR WASH BASKETBALL AREA - A LITTLE LATER

Jay and his friends play a 3-on-3 pick-up basketball game at his parking lot basketball court. They're sweaty, it's mid-game. It's Jay, Montez, Darryl, Adam the agent, Charlie and Jay's old college buddy **MICHAEL STRAHAN**. Adam dribbles the ball. Jay "guards" him.

ADAM

I admire you, Havoc, raising someone else's kids. That's a hero right there. O.P.K., baby, others people's kids. Impossible. For a guy who wanted a simple life, that's huge.

JAY

Sometimes it feels hugely stupid.

Adam passes to Charlie, cuts to the hoop.

CHARLIE

Christy's worth complicating your life for. She helped me a ton. Got me off booze, cocaine, Klonopin, Oxy, 'roids, all of it.

DARRYL

Jail helped, too.

Charlie passes to Darryl, who throws up the ugliest jump shot in the world. It CLANGS off the backboard and rolls away and over to Montez, who eats a hot dog on the bench.

MONTEZ

Christy's been great with my eating issues.

He takes a big bite of the hot dog.

JAY

Really?

MONTEZ

It's my cheat day!

Montez puts down the hot dog, joins the game, tosses Charlie the ball. Charlie passes back to Adam.

MICHAEL

(to Jay) It has to be tough living with a woman who's that sharp.

JAY

She keeps me on my toes, for sure. I'm trying to step in with these kids, but--

MICHAEL

She's smarter than you?

They all laugh. Adam drives to the basket. Jay obviously lets him go right by him for an easy lay-up.

ADAM

And BOOM, he stays hot! I'll rep you, Jay. You don't have to keep letting me win.

JAY

Really? You'll rep me?

ADAM

I was kidding. Little joke. Quick water break?

The guys take a break.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CAR WASH BASKETBALL AREA - MOMENTS LATER

The guys now sit on chairs, drinking water.

ADAM

Havoc, I get that you need to get out of the house and away from those little monsters, but you really want to be an announcer? Lifestyle sucks. My guys have to start doing regional college games.

JAY

Michael didn't.

MICHAEL

Yeah, but I'm me.

They laugh.

ADAM

You really gonna be able to pretend to give a damn about Central Michigan?

JAY

(announcer mode) Central Michigan took Fort Valley State to double overtime this year. Love the QB, Josh Crosby, the kid out of Atlanta. I think he could go as high as the second round if he can stay out of bar fights and drag races.

ADAM

That's more impressive than letting me win five hands in a row. (to group) I like this guy. (to Jay) I will rep you. Not kidding this time.

JAY

Yeah?

ADAM

Yeah. And here's the thing guys don't get: the rules are the same as your playing days.

MICHAEL

Worse.

ADAM

(listing rules) Pay your hooker. Don't say anything racist. And whatever you do, do not get arrested.

JAY

Never been to a hooker. Never been arrested. And racist stuff? I almost signed with the Redskins once. Does that count?

They get up to continue playing.

EXT. CAR WASH - LATER

Harry hangs out by the entrance to where the cars go in. An EXOTIC car is about to enter. RAP MUSIC (**THE SAME SONG AS COLD OPEN**) blasts from its open doors. Harry looks at Humberto and Domingo, gets an idea. As the car approaches the car wash, Harry jumps in, shuts the door, and locks it.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

In the car wash. Harry rocks out to the music. Part way through, Harry jumps out, dancing beside the slowly moving car. Customers look on. Harry runs through the spray.

DOMINGO

He is ghost riding the whip!

EXT. BASKETBALL AREA - SAME TIME

Jay makes a shot. Humberto approaches.

HUMBERTO

Jay! Big problemo!

Jay heads toward the car wash, which he can't see from his basketball area.

EXT. CAR WASH - SAME TIME

Harry is at the end of the wash, soaked. The car comes out of the wash. Jay comes around the corner and sees what's going on. He moves toward Harry.

As he does, Harry jumps in the car as it comes off the tracks. He pulls off as the workers and customers all look at him. He hits the wrong pedal and guns it. Jay's friends watch. The car lunges forward, ripping the open door off of another car and crashing into the Car Wash sign. Jay's likeness falls onto a third car. On Harry: **PANICKED** and **SCARED**. On Jay. **FUMING**.

INT. LIVING ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Christy is in Harry's face, Jay nearby. Colin watches from the kitchen, loving every moment.

CHRISTY

What were you even thinking?!

HARRY

I'm sorry, I was just goofing around.

CHRISTY

You know what, Harry? There is no reward for being a parent. No tangible reward at all. Most of the time, it sucks. You're in service of a person who doesn't appreciate you, and if so, only in tiny doses and when you do get some gratitude, you gobble it down like a clapping seal that's just done a trick. The only possible reward is that maybe, after all the heartache and sacrifice, is that the kid turns out to be a moderately decent person. And I have to tell you, the way you're going, I see very little chance of that happening right now! Very little!

HARRY

Mom, you're hurting my feelings!

CHRISTY

Good! I've tried being nice. I've tried being all modern white mommy. Well guess what, bitch! I'm going black daddy on your ass! Jay, give me your belt!

She grabs at Jay's belt. Jay pulls away.

JAY

Let's not get carried away.

CHRISTY

(to Harry) All of your electronics are gone. You're grounded.

(MORE)

CHRISTY (CONT'D)

Now get up to your room and think about who you want to be in this world because I am (losing it) SICK AND TIRED OF BEING THE CEO OF ASSHOLE KID INDUSTRIES!

Harry starts to cry. On Colin, filming with his phone.

COLIN

....aaaand Snap.

Colin exits, thrilled.

JAY

Whoa, that was HARSH. What happened to "leave them something to lose?"

Christy sits down, emotional. We think she's going to cry. But instead, she smiles.

CHRISTY

I like being black daddy. That felt good.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Jay and Christy get ready for bed. Jay takes his shirt off. He is in his red briefs.

CHRISTY

I'm so happy Adam is gonna rep you.

JAY

He probably saw how much money I'm going to need to make to cover the damage.

CHRISTY

I'm so sorry I switched punishments.

JAY

Me, too. And my car wash is really sorry.

CHRISTY

I feel like we're terrible at this. Like together, we suuuuck.

JAY

It's because we're not together. And he knows it. He can sense it. He's like a shark, swimming quietly waiting for a little drop of blood in the water. And then he strikes.

CHRISTY

He seems genuinely sorry.

JAY

I think he may have started to learn his lesson.

She notices something out the window.

CHRISTY

Aaand he's running away.

Jay goes to the window, looks out, sees a figure moving through the night, away from the house. It's Harry.

JAY

Harry?!

Jay runs out.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT - LATER

Jay runs, shirtless in his red underwear.

JAY

Can't let them win, can't let them win...

A **COP** drives by, sees Jay. Turns toward him. Harry runs between two houses. **Jay doesn't see the cops.**

CLOSE ON: WHEELS OF A SKATEBOARD, moving fast. Reveal Harry has grabbed a skateboard and cruises down another street. ON JAY'S FACE, bulging neck veins as he runs.

HARRY TURNS DOWN A PARALLEL STREET

JAY sees him, takes another short cut. All good sense has been lost: THIS IS WAR. HARRY turns through a small walkway cutting between houses. Jay spots him, takes off. **THREE COPS** now cruise after Jay and Harry. Jay runs into the street. Under a street light. All is quiet. Harry is gone. Until: a TRUCK passes by, HARRY hanging onto the back of it. Jay takes off.

JAY (CONT'D)

Can't let them win.

As Harry lets go of the truck and goes down a side street, we go close on his FACE: He is having a blast. Now onto a sidewalk. Free. Winning this showdown. When from out of nowhere, WHAM! Jay emerges, tackling him into a bush. As they both writhe on the ground, Jay looks up to see: THE COPS, GUNS DRAWN!

COP

FREEZE! Get on the ground and get your hands on your head! NOW!

The other cops (now five total) also have their guns drawn. Jay puts his hands up. Harry does not.

COP (CONT'D)

Son, do you know this man?

HARRY

I was just walking home from reading to the blind. I've never seen this man before in my life.

Jay looks at him.

COP

Are you... Havoc Hammond?

JAY

Yeah, and I can't get arrested.

COP

Be quiet!

JAY

But you asked me my name!

COP

Shut up! (to Harry) Son, do you know this man?!

A tense beat: what will Harry say? Harry looks at the cops and then back at Jay.

HARRY

Yeah, I know him. He's... he's my Dad.

Close on Jay: he is moved. The cops look confused.

INT. HOUSE - A LITTLE LATER

Christy paces. Harry enters, dejected.

CHRISTY

Harry. Jay texted me. What were you thinking?

HARRY

You took everything away, so I wanted to see my girl one last time before my forever grounding.

CHRISTY

Don't ever do that again. Ever. You scared me. (beat, she softens) I'm sorry I called you a bitch and threatened to beat you with a belt.

HARRY

That's okay, Mom. Jay's outside. He's pretty shaken up.

He goes up the stairs.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Christy exits the house and sees Jay's car and approaches the window. Jay opens it. We hear BLARING MUSIC, "TODAY WAS A GOOD DAY" by ICE CUBE. Jay, still shirtless, smokes a cigar.

CHRISTY

What are you doing?

JAY

Listening to my "glad I didn't get shot today" music.

CHRISTY

I thought you hated rap.

JAY

New rap. Cube is dope.

He takes a sip from a bottle of Scotch between his legs.

JAY (CONT'D)

(singing along with Cube) *DRUNK AS HELL
BUT NO THROWIN' UP/HALFWAY HOME, PAGER
STILL BLOWIN UP/TODAY I DIDN'T HAVE TO
USE MY A.K./I GOT TO SAY IT WAS A GOOD
DAY.*

CHRISTY

Cigar to cover the weed smell?

JAY

Black man with five guns on him rarely ends well.

CHRISTY

Aw, Honey.

JAY

But hey! Bright side? Harry told the cops I was his dad.

CHRISTY

No. Really?

Jay nods, "yep." Christy is moved. She gets in the car with him, takes a swig of his Scotch.

EXT. SCHOOL TENNIS COURT - DAY - THE NEXT DAY

Tennis tryouts. A small group of parents mill about. Jay and Christy watch. A group of boys and a group of girls are lined up. We see a large-chested, heavy-set girl with glasses and braces in the group, **DARCY SILVERBERG**. A grouchy British COACH, **COACH MOFFETT** holds a clipboard. A **BIG MEAN KID** serves on one side of the net. A line of kids waits to return the serves. He ROCKETS ONE past a small kid. The kid moves out of line.

COACH MOFFETT

(calls) Colin Cooke.

COLIN, in his 70's tennis gear, steps up. He looks across the net at the BIG MEAN KID serving. Colin looks at Darcy, then back at the server. He preps himself, SCARED. He whispers to himself.

COLIN

(to himself) Nobody can hurt me because I'm a sexy motherf--

On Christy and Jay: From afar Colin looks crazy.

CHRISTY

What's he doing?

JAY

Just a little tip I gave him.

On Colin, whispering to himself.

COLIN

Nobody can hurt me...

On the **SERVER**, tosses the ball up. **SLOW MOTION:** the racket hits the ball, compressing it. The ball rockets at Colin. On **COLIN** wide-eyed. Oh shit! He takes his racket back and closes his eyes. **BACK TO REGULAR SPEED:** He SWINGS, eyes closed, and CONNECTS, sending the ball rocketing back down the line for a WINNER! Christy and Jay react. Colin opens his eyes.

COLIN (CONT'D)

Yes! Yes! I'm a sexy mother(bleep)er!
I'm a sexy mother(bleep)er!! Who's a
sexy mother(bleep)er?! I am! Yeahhhh!!!
Darcy! Hug me!

He runs to Darcy, who hugs him. The girls are amused.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - LATER

Jay and Christy walk down the hallway toward their bedroom. They pass by Colin's door and hear something. Christy opens the door. Reveal Harry and Colin, sitting on the bed, harmoniously watching a VIDEO ON YOUTUBE. It's video of Jay playing in a game.

ANNOUNCER (ON VIDEO)

And Jay Hammond with another HUGE hit.
He's carrying this defense on his back!

Christy and Jay watch for a beat, unseen by the kids.

CHRISTY

(sotto) This is the first time in years
they haven't been fighting.

JAY

(sotto) Big violent football player is a
calming presence.

Harry smacks Colin in the head.

COLIN

Ow!

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jay and Christy get ready for bed.

CHRISTY

Are we going to get better at this?
Please say "yes."

JAY

Can't get worse.

CHRISTY

You know, I think I resisted letting you
in because I'm so afraid of it not
working. Us, the kids, all of it.

JAY

Which ironically makes it not work. Let go a little, babe. We'll find our groove.

CHRISTY

I don't ever want to do it like that again. It was a horrible, awful journey.

JAY

Yeah, but we made progress with both kids. You know, sometimes you play a really bad game, but you end up winning because you hung in there and didn't give up. You kept fighting. And your mistakes were barely less than the other team's. They call it winning ugly.

CHRISTY

I guess both of our methods are a little flawed.

JAY

But if we stay together, get on the same page...

CHRISTY

We win ugly.

JAY

Together we win ugly.

She snuggles up to him.

INT. POKER GAME - FUTURE

Jay talks to his pals.

JAY

So the first time I step in, my car wash gets forty K worth of damage and I almost end up getting shot.

MAN (O.C.)

Would you shut up and deal?!

JAY

Let me finish, Uncle Ernie!

Camera WHIPS to REVEAL: Angry Uncle Ernie, wearing his preacher collar under his football jersey. Back to Jay.

JAY (CONT'D)

I'm scared as hell about how it's gonna end up with Christy and the kids.

ANGRY UNCLE ERNIE

I'll tell you how it's gonna end! You wanna know how it's gonna end?! (beat) It's not gonna end. You're not going anywhere.

JAY

Probably true. Today was a good day. Harry called me Dad, and that's a (choking up) small first step, but it feels so damn... makes me feel good...

He starts to choke up a little. Montez puts his hand on his shoulder.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY - **FANTASY**

The Black People's Feelings Parade. Black people fill the streets, celebrating, carrying signs that say **MAN UP**, **JAY SHALL OVERCOME**, **FIGHT THE POWER**, and **WHITE WIVES MATTER**. The Black Feelings Marching Band marches through, now all Black, playing a New Orleans-style Preservation Hall version of FEELINGS. As we go to a DRONE SHOT of the epic celebration, we;

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW