

COMMUNITY SERVICE

"Pilot"

By Paige VanTassell

COLD OPEN

EXT. COMMUNITY CENTER - PLAYGROUND - DAY

A plain, concrete, one-story building, labeled by a sign: MATTHEWS COMMUNITY CENTER. In its front yard is a playground in desperate need of repair. But the small group of elementary-aged kids playing on it don't seem to mind.

FRANKIE (O.S.)

So then, my cell mate was all, "I know you stole my shiv", and I just couldn't believe she would accuse me, that bitch --

FRANKIE, 21 lazily grungy, hangs upside down on the jungle gym and talks to a small group of elementary-aged children. JOHNNY, 10 and chubby, munching on Twizzlers, raises his hand.

JOHNNY

What's a shiv?

FRANKIE

Great question, Johnny. This is a shiv!

Frankie lifts her pants to expose a knife strapped to her ankle. The kids GASP excitedly.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Pretty cool, right? I swiped it from my cell mate.

JEAN (O.S.)

Frankie!

Across the playground a straight-laced woman, early 20's, White, waves. This is JEAN. Frankie uses the bars to *slowly* climb over.

Jean crosses her arms and looks at Frankie: *really?*

FRANKIE

The ground is lava, Jean.

Jean flicks Frankie's hand.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Ow!  
(falls into wood chips)  
Great, now I'm dead.

JEAN

I fear for that day, when your soul is judged by the Lord.

FRANKIE

What did you want to see me about?

JEAN

I told you I don't want you talking to the kids. You're a bad influence.

FRANKIE

What?

They look at the kids. Johnny stabs a fellow kid with a Twizzler.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Yeah, okay.

JEAN

Did you clean all of the diarrhea out of the slide?

FRANKIE

Sure did, Jean.

JEAN

Good. Then you can go in --

A tiny voice SCREAMS from inside the slide.

JEAN (CONT'D)

Frankie, I swear --

KID (O.S.)

IT'S EVERYWHERE! OH NO! NOOOOOOOOOO!

JEAN

I --

KID (O.S.)

WHY HAS NO ONE CLEANED THIS UP?

Frankie stares innocently at Jean. The screaming finally stops.

FRANKIE

See ya inside, yeah?

Frankie sprints away. Jean looks out - some kids stab each other with pretend shivs, others try to help a poo-covered child.

JEAN

FRANKIE!!!!

**END OF COLD OPEN**

ACT ONE

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - GYM - DAY

A run-down, small gym with two basketball hoops and some peeling mats. In the center, an AEROBICS CLASS, where a smattering of middle-aged men and women follow the steps of their leader, PAM, slightly overweight, 50s, dressed in all 80's garb.

In the front of the class is MS. GUTIERREZ (MS. G), 40s, Hispanic, and powerful. Her eyes are focused. Shark-like.

INT. GYM - A LITTLE LATER

The class is over, and the classmates chat as they disperse. Pam approaches Ms. G as she wipes sweat off her forehead.

PAM

Ms. G - I'm a little behind on fees --

MS. G

It's fine, Pam. We'll figure it out.

Pam swoops in for a big hug. Her sweaty headband presses right up against Ms. G's cheek. Ms. G awkwardly pats Pam's back.

INT. WOMEN'S LOCKER ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Ms. G changes into her business attire - a professional power suit. She gives her reflection in the mirror a motivated look.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

She strides, her short heels clacking against the laminate floors. She glances through classroom windows as she passes.

In one room, an elderly man writes Spanish to English translations on a chalkboard for his Spanish-speaking students.

In another, a small theater troupe rehearses lines.

In the kitchen, a young black teen anxiously looks at his baking ingredients on the counter. This is WALLACE. Ms. G nods at him through the window. Once she's passed, he locks the door.

Ms. G smiles to herself as she walks. Everything is going fine.

She SCREECHES to a halt as Jean and Frankie turn the corner and appear right in front of her. Ms. G's smile falls.

JEAN

Ms. G. Good morning. I have a report.  
As Frankie's supervisor --

FRANKIE

You're not my supervisor.  
 (to Ms. G)  
 She's not my supervisor, is she?

JEAN

Frankie has not been --

MS. G

Jean.

JEAN

Yes, ma'am.

MS. G

Come with me.

JEAN

Yes, ma'am.

Ms. G walks through a door, and Jean follows, pulling Frankie.

INT. MAIN OFFICE - CONTINUOUS - DAY

A few desks, a copier, a small coffee maker and toaster populate this otherwise empty office space. ZACK, 17, a social media-obsessed Gen Z'er, plops a PopTart in the toaster.

KEVIN CUPPENTER (aka KCUP), 20s, Asian, and fratty as hell, shops online. He customizes a flat bill hat. He adds a splash of neon orange, and the whole thing comes together.

KCup looks up as Ms. G enters, and he quickly clicks on a more work-related tab. Jean pulls Frankie into the center of the room and keeps a tight grip on her arm.

MS. G

I would like your attention please.  
 (she gets it)  
 You all need to listen to these two words: not today. Not today. Do you know what today is?

Everyone shakes their head NO, except Jean, who NODS vigorously.

MS. G (CONT'D)

Today a city council member, Mr. Nick Wexler, is coming through our doors.

At that name, KCup's eyes go wide. He slides down in his seat.

MS. G (CONT'D)

By the time he has left, he will have decided if we deserve a budget - or not.

Ms. G notices KCup's face and body posture.

MS. G (CONT'D)

You're right to be worried, Kevin. But we can do this. We run this community center like a well-oiled machine every other day of the year.

A small fire erupts out of the toaster. Zack swats at it with a towel, and it goes out. He carefully takes the extremely burnt poptart and carries it over to his desk.

MS. G (CONT'D)

Kevin, how are sign-ups looking for activities today?

KCUP

(feebly)

'S all good, Ms. G.

MS. G

Zack, any updates on our social media?

Zack scrapes the burnt residue off his poptart.

ZACK

Oh, I'm on my way to youtube stardom, Ms. G. We're definitely going viral.

MS. G

We don't need to go "viral". We just want the people of Matthews, North Carolina to know the services we offer.

ZACK

There's this bird outside who for real sounds British when he squawks. But he only squawks when my camera's off.

MS. G

I'm not sure how that relates --

ZACK

I'll get him.

MS. G

(sighs)

Jean, are you prepared to answer his budgetary questions?

JEAN

I know all the numbers back and forth, Ms. G. I won't let you down.

MS. G  
 Good. See that you don't.

Jean nods, clearly nervous.

MS. G (CONT'D)  
 Francis, may I see you in my office.

Ms. G exits briskly. Frankie looks down at Jean's hand, still gripping Frankie's arm. Jean unlatches. Frankie rubs her arm.

FRANKIE  
 Goddamn, how are you so strong?

JEAN  
 Language, Frankie!  
 (touches her cross necklace)  
 The Lord gives me strength in all things. As he would you, if you let him.

Frankie rolls her eyes. Jean dramatically takes off her necklace.

JEAN (CONT'D)  
 Take this. And remember to be better.

Jean lifts the cross toward Frankie. Frankie dodges to avoid Jean's hands. It turns into an awkward wrestle. KCup and Zack watch; it looks weird.

Jean comes out victorious. The necklace now tangled around her neck, Frankie makes a break for a door. As she runs out:

FRANKIE  
 GOD, YOU'RE SO WEIRD!

INT. MS. G'S OFFICE - DAY

Ms. G, seated behind a desk, motions for Frankie to take a seat. Frankie pauses at a can-filled donation bin in the corner. She pulls out spaghetti and begins eating it with her fingers.

MS. G  
 Francis. You've been a volunteer here two months now.

FRANKIE  
 (mouth full)  
 And I'm killin' it, right?

MS. G

You're always late, you don't seem to care about any of your responsibilities, and I've heard from some afterschool kids that you started a workshop on pickpocketing?

FRANKIE

I mean, if Gordon Ramsay can have a masterclass...

MS. G

Francis, I have sympathy for your situation. But your review is due tomorrow. To your parole officer. And I intend to be honest.

FRANKIE

You wouldn't do that, Ms. G. You're like a mother to me!

MS. G

What's my full last name?

FRANKIE

I gotta be straight with you, anything I say is gonna sound real racist.

MS. G

Gutierrez.

FRANKIE

I was gonna say Gonzalez. Bullet dodged.

MS. G

Here is my request - stay out of the way today. Get your work done, keep your head down. No incidents.

FRANKIE

And, if I do this for you...

MS. G

I'll conveniently forget a few things on your review. And you won't have to go back to jail.

FRANKIE

I will be a model employee.

EXT. COMMUNITY CENTER - RUNNING TRACK - DAY

A group of pre-teen girls runs on the track, chatting and laughing. Beside the track, in a grassy patch, lies a sleeping Frankie. She SNORES so loud she wakes herself up with a start.

Frankie peers around the tree she rests upon - there lies KCup, eyes wide open.

FRANKIE

I had a super weird dream. Zack was chasing some bird around.

KCUP

Not a dream, bro.

KCup points up to Zack, who sits precariously in a tree, his phone out and recording a bird with impeccable posture.

ZACK

Come on, you British son of a bitch...

FRANKIE

Yeah, okay.

(beat)

What'd you dream about?

KCUP

Couldn't sleep.

FRANKIE

What? You love late morning nap time!  
Even more than mid-afternoon nap time!

Frankie turns onto her side to face him.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Something on your mind?

KCUP

(sighs)

That politician who's coming today -  
Mr. Wexler. We kinda used to be a  
thing. In college.

Frankie jumps up, excited.

FRANKIE

What??

KCUP

Yeah, we were in the same frat, and we  
just hit it off, mad styles.

FRANKIE

Fuck. He's super conservative, right?

KCUP

Yeah, if it got out it'd be bad for him. So no one can know, Franks.

FRANKIE

So you want to protect him.  
(sing-songy)  
You still like him...

KCUP

I mean - look at him.

KCup pulls up a picture of Wexler on his phone. Frankie SHUDDERS.

FRANKIE

God, he's hot.

KCUP

He doesn't know I work here, and it was kinda a rough breakup, so Imma bounce outta work early. What excuse d'you think I should use with Ms. G?  
(long pause)  
Franks?

Frankie is still staring at the photo. She snaps out of it.

FRANKIE

Huh? Sorry, I was fantasizing about the two of you together.

Frankie fans herself.

KCUP

You're a weird friend, dude.

Zack notices Frankie and KCup sitting below. He lowers his phone to wave.

ZACK

Hey, guys!

BIRD

GOV'NUH!

Zack whips his phone back around, but alas, it's too late.

ZACK

NO!

INT. HALLWAY - A LITTLE LATER

Frankie peers around the corner, focused. Down the hall: a man bends over at a water fountain. Beside him Johnny nervously munches on Twizzlers. Johnny looks over at Frankie. She nods.

A Twizzler in his mouth, Johnny puts his hand in the man's pocket.

FRANKIE  
 (to herself)  
 Come on, confident and quick, just  
 like we practiced.

But Johnny is too short, and he stumbles trying to reach down. The man looks down and sees a young child with his hand in his pocket.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)  
 Swing and a miss.

Frankie takes out a notepad and takes notes. She looks back up to see the man berating Johnny for stealing. Johnny begins to CRY.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)  
 But good fake crying technique.

MS. G (O.S.)  
 Francis?

Frankie spins around. Ms. G stands before her.

MS. G (CONT'D)  
 Staying out of trouble?

FRANKIE  
 (shrugs)  
 You know me.

MS.G  
 Mmm. Jean was looking for you.  
 Something regarding slide diarrhea.  
 I'll point her in your direction.

Ms. G walks down the hall. Frankie calls after her:

FRANKIE  
 Awesome. You're the best, Ms. G.

As soon as Ms. G has disappeared from Frankie's view, Frankie briskly walks in the opposite direction.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Frankie frantically rushes down the hall as if she's being chased in a horror film. She hears footsteps behind her.

Frankie tries a door, but it's locked. She looks around for other rooms, but she can hear a sickening noise closing in...

JEAN (O.S.)  
 (echoing ominously)  
 Frankie?

Frankie puts her shoulder into it...

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

And the door breaks off of its hinges and falls to the ground.

FRANKIE  
 (shocked)  
 Did I just rip a door off its hinges?

Frankie's eyes widen in amazement. She looks down at the cross around her neck. She opens her hands in front of her.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)  
 I have god powers.

Before her, Wallace cowers in fear.

WALLACE  
 What is happening right now?

FRANKIE  
 Oh, right, I'm hiding from -- weed?

Frankie notices the brownies and marijuana residue on the counter.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)  
 You're making weed brownies!

WALLACE  
 No, no, I'm not, they're just normal --

Frankie wipes residue off the counter and SNIFFS.

FRANKIE  
 -- DAMN, SON! That's some good stuff.

WALLACE  
 Please, don't tell anyone!

FRANKIE  
 (puts a finger on his mouth)  
 Shhh sh sh sh. I'm not gonna tell anyone. But I am gonna take one of these babies.

Frankie takes a brownie and lifts it to her lips...

JEAN (O.S.)

FRANKIE!

Frankie quickly stows the brownie in her back pocket. Jean stands in the open doorway.

JEAN (CONT'D)

Here you are! I am tired of this, I have enough on my plate, I can not worry about doodie in the slide --  
 (notices Wallace)  
 Oh, hi Wallace.

Wallace waves.

JEAN (CONT'D)

(gestures to Frankie)  
 Wallace, I seriously advise you steer clear of Frankie here. You know she's an ex-con, right?

Frankie considers Jean before her.

FLASHBACK - INT. MAIN OFFICE - DAY

Jean holds out a cardigan to Frankie, who wears a crop top.

JEAN

I just don't want people treating you like a floozy.

Frankie narrows her eyes.

FLASHBACK - INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Frankie sees a walkman and a *Harry Potter* book on tape on a shelf. She picks the tapes up. Jean appears and throws them in the trash.

JEAN

Witchcraft, Frankie!

Jean turns to leave, and Frankie mimes choking her.

FLASHBACK - EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY

Frankie snoozes on the top of a slide. Jean sneaks up the ladder with a priest and bottle of water in tow. The priest begins putting the water on Frankie's head. She wakes with a start.

JEAN

Surprise! You're getting baptized!

Frankie jumps off the top of the slide. Jean and the priest GASP in horror as she lands with a THUD.

BACK TO PRESENT - INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Frankie smiles maliciously at Jean.

FRANKIE

Hey Jean, you want a brownie?

Frankie holds out the full tray to Jean.

JEAN

If this is your form of an apology,  
then as a Christian, I do accept.

Jean takes one brownie. And another. And another. And she SCARFS. Wallace watches on in horror, Frankie in excitement. Jean finishes and lets out a small, polite BURP.

JEAN (CONT'D)

Oh, my. Sorry about that. I can be a  
bit of a stress eater. We all have our  
crosses to bear.

Embarrassed, Jean turns to leave. Before she does:

JEAN (CONT'D)

Clean that slide. Now.  
(Notices door)  
And fix this door!

Her posture regained, Jean exits the kitchen. Frankie and Wallace stand in silence for a moment.

FRANKIE

How strong are those brownies?

WALLACE

Strong.

FRANKIE

(excited)  
HOLY SHIT!

WALLACE (CONT'D)

(terrified)  
HOLY SHIT.

**END OF ACT ONE**

ACT TWO

JEAN'S FANTASY - INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - GYM - DAY

A focused Jean holds a basketball. Some youths look on. Jean LEAPS into the air like Michael Jordan in *Space Jam* and SLAM DUNKS. The teens celebrate, and Jean accepts the praise. She owns this court.

BACK TO REALITY - INT. GYM - DAY

Frankie and Wallace watch from behind a crate of balls. We see the scene from their POV: Jean lays on a gym mat, rolling around and holding a ball. The teens watch in confusion.

JEAN

And the crowd goes wild, ahhhh...

FRANKIE

This is the best day of my life.

WALLACE

Oh god. I can't go to juvie, my family needs me. We have to get her out of here!

FRANKIE

We? Dude, there's no "we".

WALLACE

But - you gave them to her --

FRANKIE

And you decided to make pot brownies in a community center.

WALLACE

(starts tearing up)

It was a huge mistake, there's this bully at school, he sells them, and he saw me baking in Home Ec...

Frankie pulls something from her pant leg and holds it to Wallace.

FRANKIE

You get ahold of yourself.

WALLACE

(sniffles)

Why are you poking me with a Twizzler?

Frankie looks down to see the Twizzler in her hand.

FRANKIE

What? Where's my shiv?

Frankie looks up to see Johnny, hiding behind some mats, Twizzlers in one hand and Frankie's shiv in the other. He waves and runs.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)  
Awww, he's learning! Atta boy, Johnny,  
quick and confident!

WALLACE  
Were you going to stab me?

FRANKIE  
I was gonna *threaten* to stab you. I'm  
not a monster.  
(beat)  
But, if I see you cry again, I will  
slap the shit out of you.

WALLACE  
Whatever. Go if you want. I'm used to  
people leaving.

Frankie thinks.

FLASHBACK - INT. FOSTER CARE - LOBBY - 11 YEARS AGO

A WOMAN (we don't see her face) talks to a receptionist. Ten-year-old Frankie stands beside her. A sign above the desk: ST. MARY'S FOSTER CARE.

WOMAN  
Yes, hello, what's the return policy  
on children?

Little Frankie crosses her arms and scowls.

FLASHBACK - EXT. BANK - A FEW YEARS AGO - DAY

SIRENS blare as Frankie hurries out to a running car, bags of money in her hand. She throws them through the open window to TYLER (20s, handsome, roguish).

TYLER  
Great job, babe!

Tyler kisses Frankie passionately... and then TAKES OFF. Frankie crosses her arms and scowls as the SIRENS approach.

FLASHBACK - INT. JAIL CELL - A FEW MONTHS AGO

A heavily tattooed, frankly scary-looking female inmate, TERRY, waves through the bars at a passing security guard.

TERRY

(whispers)

Yes, hello, what's the policy on exchanging roommates?

Frankie looks up from the toilet, which she was stirring.

FRANKIE

Really? I'm making us *wine*!

Terry scowls at her. Frankie gestures to an empty tin can.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

I gave you a can. Shit in there!

BACK TO PRESENT - INT. GYM - DAY

Frankie snaps back to reality.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Ugh. Fine. But next time don't let these bullies walk all over you.

Frankie walks over and gestures to the mat where Jean lays.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Am I gonna have to move this by myself?

Wallace springs up and drags Jean's mat. The basketball players watch him pull her away, confused. Frankie follows, not helping.

INT. MEN'S LOCKER ROOM - SHOWERS - DAY

Wallace pulls Jean into the shower section of the locker room. Frankie follows him in.

FRANKIE

For the record, I'm only helping you so I don't get blamed for this and sent back to jail.

WALLACE

Okay.

FRANKIE

And if we *do* get caught, I'm saying it's all your fault.

JEAN

AAHHH! Satan's scepter!

Jean, still on the mat, points up at a showering man's genitals.

FRANKIE

Alright, come on, be cool, Jean.

Frankie, Jean, and Wallace pass through the showers. Frankie pops her head back in, and speaks to the confused man:

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Good scepter, though. Nicely done.

The man looks down and smiles, pleased with himself.

INT. MEN'S LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Jean sleeps on the mat. Wallace takes her pulse. SIGHS in relief.

FRANKIE (O.S.)

Hey Wallace!

Wallace turns to see Frankie studying photos of sports teams and clubs on the wall, going back years. He walks over.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Are you in every one of these pictures?

Jean peeks an eye open - and sees the paper towel dispenser.

WALLACE

Yup. Pretty much.

In the background, Jean crawls over to the paper towels.

FRANKIE

Why? This place is gross. I should know, I'm supposed to clean it.

WALLACE

It's like a home. And not just to me.

Jean begins pulling out the towels, one at a time.

WALLACE (CONT'D)

(gestures to picture)

That's Jordan, you saw him out on the court - his mom works two shifts but they still can't afford the dues for club basketball. Macy lost both her parents last year and is having a real hard time. Got suspended from school. But she still gets free tutoring here.

FRANKIE

And you?

WALLACE

I just have never had anywhere else to go.

(getting emotional)

I think that's the point of this place - when no one else will take you in, the community center still does.

SLAP. Frankie's hand leaves a mark on Wallace's face.

WALLACE (CONT'D)

OW!

FRANKIE

I told you I'd slap you.

A muffled LAUGH. Frankie and Wallace turn to see Jean, on the ground, almost fully buried under loose paper towels.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Frankie and Wallace support a near-unconscious Jean. They peer around a corner, where Ms. G speaks with KCup. Frankie looks at a piece of paper in her free hand. She whispers:

FRANKIE

Okay, according to the schedule I found in Jean's pocket, if we can just get into that classroom, it's free for the rest of the day. We hide out until Jesus Jr. here sobers up.

Jean drools a little.

WALLACE

They're not moving. What are they even talking about?

INT. HALLWAY - AROUND THE CORNER - SAME

KCup puppy dog pouts to Ms. G.

KCUP

But I'm mad sick though...

MS. G

It can't happen. Mr. Wexler will be here any minute.

KCUP

But also my grandpa died...

MS. G

You are not leaving, I can't find any  
of your co-workers, not even that gosh  
darned intern!

EXT. PARKING LOT - SAME

Zack sits up in a tree and holds his phone out, recording the  
bird. He stares at it. It stares back.

ZACK

I hate you.

INT. HALLWAY - SAME

Back to Frankie and Wallace, spying. KCup holds up his phone to  
Ms. G, showing her a picture of a huge python.

KCUP

But my pet snake got loose...

FRANKIE

KCup's going through his list of  
excuses. This could take a while. We  
need a distraction.

OFF Frankie, thinking.

INT. HALLWAY - A LITTLE LATER

FIRE ALARMS ring out. Ms. G looks up in horror.

MS. G

Oh no! Not today!

She runs down the hall, leaving KCup. Around the corner, Frankie  
jogs back to Wallace, struggling to support Jean.

WALLACE

You pulled the fire alarm?

FRANKIE

(long pause)

Yup.

INT. WOMEN'S RESTROOM - SAME

A fire blazes in the trash can.

INT. HALLWAY - SAME

Frankie grabs Jean and pulls her into the office, Wallace close  
behind. She passes by KCup, who still holds out his phone.

KCUP

Franks! Cover for me, yeah? I'm dipping out before that politician --

FRANKIE

KIND OF BUSY, KCUP!

The struggling Frankie and Jean bump into KCup as they pass - causing him to drop and BREAK his phone. He looks at it, upset.

KCUP

NO! My mixtape was on there!  
(sighs)  
I need better friends, for real.

KCup looks around to see if Ms. G is really gone, then bolts.

INT. EMPTY OFFICE - DAY

Frankie, Wallace, and Jean pile in. Jean falls to the ground and begins rolling around.

FRANKIE

Let's make sure you don't go anywhere.

Frankie sits Jean down. She pulls handcuffs out of her pocket and cuffs one of Jean's hands to the chair.

WALLACE

You carry handcuffs around with you?

FRANKIE

You don't?

Wallace shrugs. After a moment, he remembers:

WALLACE

What was KCup saying about a politician?

FRANKIE

Oh yeah, that city council guy.

WALLACE

City council guy?

EXT. COMMUNITY CENTER - PARKING LOT - DAY

KCup hurries to his car. He's almost there - when a super hot, preppy gentleman runs into him. This is MR. WEXLER (late 20s).

KCUP

Shit.

NICK WEXLER

KCup.

KCUP

Nick, whattup man.

NICK WEXLER

What are you doing here? Do you work here?

KCUP

Nope I do not.

NICK WEXLER

You're wearing a badge.

He is wearing a badge.

KCUP

Yup. I do totes work here.

(awkward beat)

Listen, it's good to see you, I've been thinking 'bout you, like, a lot --

NICK WEXLER

-- KCup. Don't.

KCUP

(defeated)

Yeah, no worries, that's cool. Just - don't take any of this out on the community center, aight? Nobody knows we used to bone --

NICK WEXLER

Shut up about that!

Wexler briskly walks away. KCup hangs his head. Up in a tree, a bird SQUAWKS:

BIRD

CRUMPETS!

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - EMPTY OFFICE - DAY

Wallace paces back and forth. Jean watches, wide-eyed.

WALLACE

Oh god. Oh my god.

JEAN

(slurred)

Hey, he's everybody's God.

WALLACE

If Jean can't do the meeting, that means there won't be a meeting. And they'll close the center.

FRANKIE

I feel like you aren't appreciating how hilarious this situation is. Just relax, have a Twizzler --

WALLACE

Ah!

Frankie holds a shiv out at Wallace.

FRANKIE

What? When did I get this back?

Out the window, Frankie sees Johnny, holding the half-eaten Twizzler and waving. He giggles and runs away.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

What a fucking talent.

Wallace lays down, face first on the floor.

WALLACE

This is all my fault, I let everyone walk all over me, I let you drug Jean --

JEAN

(slow)

Whoa. Wait. You guys drugged me?

FRANKIE

Whatever. You needed to loosen up, this is good for you.

JEAN

You don't get to tell me what's 'good', you crazy demon-y person!

FRANKIE

Who else is gonna do it? You don't have any friends!

JEAN

And you do?

FLASHBACK - INT. HALFWAY HOUSE - DAYS EARLIER - NIGHT

Frankie lays on her bed listening to a walkman through headphones. A mousey woman sits down, suitcase in hand. This is BRITNEY.

BRITNEY

Hi, I'm new, fresh out of rehab. And looking for a friend.

FRANKIE

(takes off headphones)  
Holy fuck, shut up! I'm trying to listen to *The Goblet of Fire* on tape!

Frankie throws her walkman at Britney.

BACK TO PRESENT - INT. EMPTY OFFICE - DAY

FRANKIE

I'm very good with people.

JEAN

No, you're bad! I was wrong about you.  
No good, all bad! Gimme this!

Jean reaches up with her one free hand and clumsily snatches the cross necklace off of Frankie's neck.

FRANKIE

Hey!

WALLACE

She's right. We're bad people. Bad, weak people.

Frankie sits on Wallace's back (as he's still lying facedown).

FRANKIE

Come on, dude, you're freaking out over nothing. Jean hasn't been caught, no one knows what we did --

Frankie looks up and stops talking. For a long, silent beat.

WALLACE

Why did you stop talking?

FRANKIE

Jean's gone.

WALLACE

Of course she is.

Frankie notices the broken handcuffs on the Jean-less chair.

FRANKIE

Crazy god powers strike again.

**END OF ACT TWO**

ACT THREE

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - HALLWAY - A LITTLE LATER

Frankie, KCup, and Wallace hide outside the conference room. They can see through the window - Mr. Wexler waits, alone.

FRANKIE  
(whispering)  
Well, shit.

WALLACE  
(freaked out)  
What now??

FRANKIE  
He's even hotter in person.

Frankie fans her crotch, flustered. Wallace's face: *seriously?*

Down the hallway, Ms. G turns the corner with a FIREMAN.

MS. G  
Thank you for coming, I don't know  
what could have caused that fire...

Wallace looks accusingly at Frankie. She puts a finger to her mouth: *shhh*. The fireman leaves, and Ms. G enters the conference room. Frankie and Wallace hear them through the window:

MS. G (CONT'D)  
(to Mr. Wexler)  
I am so sorry about that.

NICK WEXLER  
That's alright. It gave me a little  
time to look around.

MS. G  
Oh. Well, good!

NICK WEXLER  
Besides the fire, there were paper  
towels covering the floor of the men's  
locker room. The kitchen door is off  
its hinges. And your staff has been  
less than accommodating.

Wallace sits back, defeated. They've destroyed the center.

NICK WEXLER (CONT'D)  
I think I've seen enough.

MS. G

The budget meeting is tomorrow, this is our only chance to present a proposal.

Mr. Wexler doesn't respond.

MS. G (CONT'D)

Please, wait here. I'll find Jean. We can change your mind.

Ms. G rushes out of the room and down the hall.

FRANKIE

Okay so, we find Jean, sober her up, and she'll be in there giving her nerd presentation in no time.

WALLACE

I'm going to tell Ms. G all of this was my fault. I won't narc on you.

FRANKIE

Wallace, NO.

WALLACE

You don't get it. This place was my home.

Frankie doesn't know what to say. Wallace gets up and walks away.

Frankie sits. She notices a lump in her back pocket - the brownie. She pulls out the crumbling treat and, needing some relief from this waking nightmare, takes a bite. Her eyes go WIDE.

FLASHBACK - INT. FOSTER CARE - DAY

Nine-year-old Frankie sits at a table with other children. She sourly eats a bowl of stew. She closes her eyes and imagines...

VISION - INT. SUBURBAN HOME - DAY

The sun pours through the windows of a quaint home. Young Frankie sits with a father who musses her hair. Her mother gives her shoulder a squeeze as she sets down a tray of baked goods. Frankie smiles at her imaginary parents and takes a brownie.

BACK TO REALITY - INT. FOSTER CARE - DAY

Young Frankie snaps back to reality. She scowls at her stew and aggressively knocks it onto the kid next to her.

BACK TO PRESENT - INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Frankie GASPS and stares down at this glorious brownie. She wipes a tear from her eye.

FRANKIE

That's a fucking good brownie.

Frankie carefully wraps up the rest of the dessert and places it back into her pocket. She stands up with new resolve.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Mr. Wexler collects his coat and stands. Frankie barges in:

FRANKIE

Hi! I'm Jean.

NICK WEXLER

Okay...

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY - A LITTLE LATER

Mr. Wexler sits at the table and looks up at Frankie.

FRANKIE

And then it was actually Barty Crouch Jr. the whole time!

NICK WEXLER

Yes, I've seen the *Goblet of Fire*.

FRANKIE

But have you listened to it on tape?

NICK WEXLER

The question I asked was about the breakdown of your yearly expenditure.

Frankie does an awkward hip hop dance.

FRANKIE

Break it down.

NICK WEXLER

Okay, I'm going to leave.

FRANKIE

No - wait.

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - KITCHEN - SAME

Jean sits and eats from a bag of chips. She looks at her phone and sees texts from Ms. G. Very slowly, she gets up.

FRANKIE (V.O.)  
 Yes, okay, I don't know about all the boring stuff you're asking me.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME

Frankie continues her speech.

FRANKIE  
 And yes, this place is falling apart.  
 And the kids aren't well chaperoned.  
 And there's diarrhea in the slide.

NICK WEXLER  
 (grossed out)  
 There is?

FRANKIE  
 But this is a community center. We don't care if everything looks perfect. And we're not about expenditures or whatever the shit. We're about people.

INT. HALLWAY - SAME

Wallace catches up with Ms. G. He looks at her, repentant.

FRANKIE (V.O.)  
 And people are fucking complicated.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME

Wexler considers Frankie as she talks.

FRANKIE  
 We all have... low points, you know?

EXT. COMMUNITY CENTER, PARKING LOT - SAME

KCup sits in his car, alone, thinking. He opens the car door.

FRANKIE (V.O.)  
 And when we do, we need support. A community. A home.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME

Frankie looks Wexler right in the eyes.

FRANKIE  
 I used to think this place was lame. But then some jerk-off kid explained it to me.

INT. HALLWAY - SAME

Zack passes by the conference room, looking at his phone.

FRANKIE (V.O.)

When no one else will take you in, the  
community center still does.

Zack hears Frankie through the window and looks up.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME

Frankie waits for Wexler to reply. He takes a moment.

NICK WEXLER

That's a really nice sentiment, Jean.  
And I think your audience would agree.

Mr. Wexler nods toward the hall - Ms. G, KCup, and Wallace eavesdrop. Zack is further down, his phone in his hands.

NICK WEXLER (CONT'D)

But I'm afraid it's not enough.  
(looks at KCup)  
I'm sorry, but I have to get going.

Mr. Wexler exits the room, leaving Frankie sullen.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Everyone watches as Mr. Wexler leaves without another word. Frankie follows into the hallway. She leans over to KCup.

FRANKIE

No offense dude, your ex is a dick.  
Still super hot though.

KCUP

He's changed. Fuck him.

FRANKIE

(gets an idea)  
Maybe we can. Do you have pictures of  
the two of you on your phone? The more  
compromising the better.

KCUP

(narrows his eyes)  
Why?

FRANKIE

Come on. I'm not gonna *jack off* to  
your illicit love photos.

(MORE)

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

(beat)  
Right now.

MS. G  
I can't believe it. We're done for.

FRANKIE  
Not yet, Ms. G --

KCup pulls up his phone - and it's broken.

KCUP  
Oh yeah, you fuckin' broke it!

FRANKIE  
PROVE IT!  
(beat)  
Sorry, knee-jerk reaction. Never mind  
Ms. G, I got nothing.

ZACK  
I might.

Everyone turns around to notice Zack.

ZACK (CONT'D)  
I'm guessing this might help you.

Zack holds out his phone to Frankie. She looks and smiles.

EXT. COMMUNITY CENTER - PARKING LOT - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Mr. Wexler rolls down his car window as Frankie waves him down.

FRANKIE  
Mr. Wexler. You're going to recommend  
that Matthews Community Center gets  
its full budget.

NICK WEXLER  
And why would I do that?

FRANKIE  
Because if you don't, I'll send this to  
every member of your political party.

Frankie plays him the video on Zack's phone:

ZACK (O.S.)  
(British accent)  
C'mon, speak, bird! I'm your mate!

FRANKIE  
Whoops. Hang on.

Frankie fast forwards. Wexler looks at his watch.

KCUP (O.S.)

Just - don't take any of this out on  
the community center, aight? Nobody  
knows we used to bone --

NICK WEXLER (O.S.)

Shut up about that!

Wexler's eyes grow wide.

FRANKIE

A gay conservative politician in North  
Carolina. It sucks this town isn't  
more progressive. You might get fired.

BIRD (O.S.)

CRUMPETS!

FRANKIE

(presses pause)  
Shit, forgot to pause.

NICK WEXLER

You wouldn't do that.

FRANKIE

No, *they* wouldn't do that.  
(nods inside)  
But *I*, my good sir, have been to jail.  
Blackmail is right up my alley.  
(beat)  
Once again, my name is Jean Grayson.

Wexler's eyes widen. Frankie reaches for something.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Also up my alley, violence -- come on.

Frankie is not holding her shiv, but a piece of pizza. Johnny runs  
past, giggling, holding her shiv.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

How did I not feel this in my pocket?

INT. MAIN OFFICE - NIGHT

Frankie opens a bottle of champagne. The piece of pizza lies on  
the desk next to her. Ms. G, Jean, and KCup stand around her.

MS. G

Why do you have alcohol at work?

FRANKIE  
 (chugs, swallows)  
 Oh, am I not supposed to?

MS. G  
 I do not understand what happened here  
 today. I'm not sure I want to.

FRANKIE  
 By the way, unimportant question. Am I  
 going back to jail?

MS. G  
 I haven't decided yet.

Ms. G exits. Frankie sits quietly, worried. KCup turns to Zack.

KCUP  
 Were you gonna upload that video?

Zack opens his mouth to talk, then closes it again.

KCUP (CONT'D)  
 We gon' have a chat about privacy.

JEAN (O.S.)  
 Can I have that pizza.

Everyone SCREAMS and turns to see Jean, who sits creepily in the shadowed back corner, clutching a now empty bag of chips.

FRANKIE  
 Fuck, I totally forgot about Jean.

INT. JEAN'S CAR - NIGHT

A SNORING Jean sits in the backseat, half-eaten pizza on her chest. Frankie drives, with Wallace next to her. Before them: an American Dream home, white picket fence and all.

EXT. JEAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jean and Wallace struggle to get Jean to the front door and RING THE BELL. JEAN'S MOTHER answers.

INT. JEAN'S HOUSE, JEAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Jean is passed out on her bed. Frankie sees Jean's mother wipe pizza sauce off Jean's face. It seems a tender moment. But then:

JEAN'S MOTHER  
 Such a disappointment.

Frankie looks at Jean sympathetically as she leaves.

EXT. JEAN'S HOUSE - FRONT YARD - NIGHT

Frankie and Wallace awkwardly pause.

FRANKIE

You did alright today, kid. But you  
suck as a drug dealer.

WALLACE

(mutters)  
I'm not a drug dealer.

FRANKIE

You know what you should really do?  
You should open a bakery.

WALLACE

For real?

FRANKIE

That brownie was hella good. I don't  
endorse things easy. But Wallace's  
bakery? That I could get behind.

(beat)

Anyway, see ya, nerd.

Frankie walks off.

WALLACE

(quietly, to himself)  
Wallace's bakery.

Wallace walks in the opposite direction, a smile on his face.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Frankie has a slight smile as well - but it fades as she reaches  
her destination: a HALFWAY HOUSE.

EXT HOMELESS COMMUNITY - NIGHT

Wallace's smile also fades as he looks at a small group of tents  
erected on a street corner.

INT. HALFWAY HOUSE - NIGHT

Frankie carelessly pushes beds aside to get to hers, waking up  
girls in the process. She settles into bed.

EXT. HOMELESS COMMUNITY - NIGHT

Wallace curls up next to his sister on the ground. He looks out at  
the town and sees the outline of the community center. He smiles.

INT. HALFWAY HOUSE - NIGHT

Frankie looks out her window and sees the same. She smiles.

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - MS. G'S OFFICE - DAY

Ms. G sits at her computer and stares at a form. On it: DO YOU RECOMMEND THAT THE PAROLEE CONTINUE HIS/HER COMMUNITY SERVICE?

Ms. G looks out her window - Jean watches as Frankie, wearing gloves and a mask and holding a sponge, approaches the slide.

FLASHBACK - INT. FOSTER CARE - LOBBY - 11 YEARS AGO

ON ten-year-old Frankie's face.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Yes, hello, what's the return policy on children?

Scowling, young Frankie is led away by a staff member. REVEAL the unknown woman giving her up - A YOUNGER MS. G.

YOUNGER MS. G

I thought I wanted to adopt, I just - I can't take her in right now.

The receptionist nods. With a last guilty look at the disappearing young Frankie, Ms. G turns to leave.

BACK TO PRESENT - INT. MS. G'S OFFICE - DAY

Ms. G looks at the present-day Frankie, the guilt still there.

MS. G

When no one else will take you in, the community center still does.

She checks yes.

FRANKIE (O.S.)

Holy fuck! WHAT ARE THESE KIDS EATING?

Ms. G looks back out the window.

JEAN

Get back to work, Frankie!

Frankie sticks her gloved hands into the slide and throws some poo at Jean. Jean SHRIEKS and runs. Frankie laughs MANIACALLY. Ms. G SIGHS.

**END OF ACT THREE**

**TAG**

INT. HALFWAY HOUSE - DAY

Frankie sneaks over to a row of lockers. She notices one with a large lock on it. She reaches under her shirt and pulls out a brand new crucifix necklace. She squeezes it in her hand.

FRANKIE

Here we go.

Frankie pulls on the lock.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Urrghhhhh

Nothing. She pumps herself up, gets better footing and tries again.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

God powers, activate! Agggghhh!

She pulls as hard as she can.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

COME ON!

Frustrated, she gives up.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Some good you are.

Frankie tosses the necklace on the ground as she walks away.

Zoom in on the necklace - there's a small Jesus engraving atop the cross. He winks.

**END OF EPISODE.**