

Tracy Morgan is

**THE O.G.**

INT. PRISON VISITATION ROOM. DAY.

CHYRON: 2001

SHAY CARVER (African American, 25) sits on the visitors side of the glass divider. She looks like she's had a rough week.

Convict TRAY ARMSTRONG (Tracy Morgan) sits on the other side. He's also had a rough week but is cool, calm, and collected.

SHAY

I put money on your books. Should be enough for the month but Imma come back next week to make sure...

Tray is solemn.

TRAY

You got them pizza flavored Combos?

SHAY

Yes. I got them pizza flavored Combos... What? Why are you lookin' at me like that?

TRAY

You got my Skittles?

SHAY

Negroid, yes! I got the damn purple Skittles. Everything you asked me to bring is in there. Why are you looking at me like that?!

TRAY

You using?

SHAY

You know, it's hard out here too. Thinking about the man I love behind bars. Worrying.

TRAY

You think I need you?

Tray's coldness alarms Shay.

SHAY

What?

TRAY

Forty years, Shay. I might die in here--

SHAY

And I'm gonna be here for you. I'm your ride or die remember?

TRAY

Nah, we're done. When you leave today, I don't want you to come back.

Tray's delivery is blunt. Mean. Shay can't believe it.

SHAY

What?? Say that again.

TRAY

When you leave today, I don't want you to come b--

SHAY

I hate you!!

Shay flips out. She pounces at the glass like she's about to kill Tray. Screaming.

Tray gets up and walks away, stone cold. Shay sobs as guards pull her away. With his face now turned away, Tray loses his cool and stifles an intense ugly cry.

INT. PRISON CELL. DAY.

CHYRON: 15 years later

TRAY packs up his belongings while his cell mate TEAR DROP (20's, face tattoo) looks sad.

TEAR DROP

Damn, see I gotta get me on an early release.

TRAY

What you need to continue focusing on young brother is inner peace. Then and only then can you become a positive member of your community.

TEAR DROP

What 'choo gonna do first?

TRAY

Me? I'm gonna go back to Brooklyn, get me a hot buttered bagel at Papi's Bodega, then Imma fix a mistake I made 15 years ago.

TEAR DROP

What, you gonna try to un-sell all that crack?

TRAY

Nope. I'm gonna get my girl back.

The two lock up in a fraternal two-handed shake.

TEAR DROP

Don't forget your soap Halle Berry.

Tear drop holds up a crudely sculpted piece of soap shaped like a nude Halle Berry.

TRAY

She's yours.

Tear Drop is touched.

TEAR DROP

I love you, man.

A PRISON GUARD arrives.

GUARD

Armstrong. You ready?

TRAY

Shut up, Mick. You know I'm ready, dumbass.

The Guard laughs and opens the cell.

INT. PRISON HALLWAY. DAY.

The guard escorts Tray down the cell block. The prisoners salute and applaud from their cells as Tray passes.

INMATE #1

I don't wanna see you back here, Tray.

TRAY

You and me both, Reggie.

INMATE #2

What's the secret to that prison pad Thai recipe?

TRAY

Pork flavored ramen, and don't go  
overboard on the peanut butter.  
"Two packets is too much".

INMATE #3

T-Money leaving the building. Tray,  
Tray, Tray...

INMATES

Tray! Tray! Tray!

EXT. OUTSIDE PRISON. DAY

Tray dressed nerdy in a button-up and Dockers, exits the  
front entrance of the prison. He takes a deep breath.

**TITLE CARD: THE O.G.**

INT. METRO BUS (MOVING). DAY.

The bus is crowded with New Yorkers. Tray stares out the  
window with a new lease on life. He notices a tiny Smart Car  
and is quietly astonished.

TRAY

2017 got cars for little people.

Tray looks around. Everyone on the bus avoids eye contact. He  
notices the TEEN sitting next to him playing on his phone.

TRAY (CONT'D)

Thin-ass GameBoy, mah dude. Let me  
get next?

TEEN

It's an iPhone.

TRAY

I know that, and sometimes you need  
to watch how you talk to people,  
young man.

Tray starts grabbing for the kid's phone. The Teen is weirded  
out and moves to another seat.

An OLD WHITE LADY sitting across the aisle makes eye contact  
and smiles. Tray tips an imaginary hat.

TRAY (CONT'D)

How do you do, Madame?

OLD WHITE LADY  
Very well. How about yourself?

TRAY  
Magnificent, thank you for asking.

OLD WHITE LADY  
So sweet. I have to say, I love to see an African American man dressed nice. Are you military? You look like Obama when he's on vacation.

TRAY  
That sounds a little racist, but I'm gonna let it slide because I been away a long time, and you looking fine right about now.

Tray gives a lecherous laugh. The Old White Lady shifts uncomfortably in her seat.

EXT. BROOKLYN BUS STOP. DAY.

Music cue: "Brooklyn Zoo" by O.D.B.

Slow motion.

The bus doors open and Tray steps out. He's in a gritty neighborhood of 1999. Tray inhales a deep breath of Brooklyn air, taking it all in.

He walks past the good old 1999 neighborhood types with nostalgia and pride. The Italian Ice guy, dudes playing dominoes, kids playing in a fire hydrant, Some loitering thugs. Tray nods as he passes everyone and they nod back.

Tray walks right up to Papi's Bodega.

All of a sudden the neighborhood snaps back to regular speed and Papi's Bodega changes to what it really is now, a hipster speakeasy called "Kelsey's Regret."

TRAY  
Kelsey's Regret? Yo...

He looks back up the block and nothing he just saw is actually there. Instead, it's filled with art students, Millennials. The neighborhood has lost its NY charm and has completely gentrified.

TRAY (CONT'D)  
(Under his breath)  
Hold up.

A KID ON A HOVERBOARD with blacklights glides by smoothly. Tray dramatically jumps out of the way. And throws his arms up ready to fight.

TRAY (CONT'D)

Ghost!

EXT. BETHANY HOUSES. DAY.

A disoriented Tray comes upon a cluster of brick buildings.

INT. APARTMENT DOOR. THE BETHANY HOUSES. DAY.

Tray pounds on the door to Unit #306.

TRAY

Hey yo, SHAY SHAY! Guess who's...

The door swings open to reveal it is not Shay but instead a STONED HIPSTER in obnoxious Buddy Holly glasses, beard and twisted moustache.

DRY HIPSTER

Uh... What's up?

TRAY

Who you?

DRY HIPSTER

Bruh. I live here.

Tray sees the apartment has been remodelled. He steps inside.

DRY HIPSTER (CONT'D)

Hey, whoa. WTF? Dude. You're trespassing.

TRAY

Where's Shay at?

DRY HIPSTER

Yeah, I don't know who that is.

Tray walks around his apartment as if searching for answers.

TRAY

How long you lived here?

DRY HIPSTER

Since the beginning of the semester. I gotta go do lights for a stage reading. You gotta bounce.

TRAY

This was me and my girl's place.  
Everything's different.

DRY HIPSTER

Thanks. Yeah, vintage wallpaper is  
a thing right now.

The dry hipster's words drift into the background as Tray  
looking at the kitchen and spaces out.

FLASHBACK...

17 years ago. The place is a pigsty. YOUNG TRAY shaves at the  
kitchen sink.

YOUNG TRAY

For the record. Your mom was  
looking good today. If that's what  
the future holds? I'm a happy man.

YOUNG SHAY comes up behind him and stabs him in the shoulder  
with a fork.

YOUNG SHAY

I wish a nigga would look at  
another bitch again!

Young Tray screams and runs out of the kitchen, the fork  
still stuck in his shoulder. Young Shay runs after him.

PRESENT DAY...

Tray feels his shoulder.

TRAY

If these walls could talk.



ACT 2

EXT. STREET CORNER OUTSIDE KELSEY'S REGRET. DAY.

Tray stands around, looking lost. He sees a group of MILLENNIALS in hoodies and skinny jeans and approaches them.

TRAY

Wassup wassup. Yo, you know Shay  
Shay?

SKINNY JEANS #1

Shay Shay? No, man. Sorry.

Skinny Jeans #2 tries to be covert.

SKINNY JEANS #2

Was going to ask you if you know  
Molly or Tina.

Skinny Jeans #2 winks.

TRAY

Molly and Tina? Them hoes? I ain't  
seen them in a minute.

SKINNY JEANS #2

Not hoes; drugs. We just thought...  
never mind.

TRAY

You just thought what? You assuming  
I'm out here slingin' rock?

SKINNY JEANS #1

Rock? Whoa. Like crack?

TRAY

That's the problem with white  
people. All of you generalize and  
stereotype always.

SKINNY JEANS #1

Dude. Crack is like extinct. It's  
90's.

SKINNY JEANS #2

More like 80's. I've never even  
seen actual crack.

They walk off. Tray shrugs.

Suddenly, Tray feels a HANDGUN PRESSED AGAINST HIS NECK.

COUSIN BOBBY (O.S.)  
This is my corner, punk. Turn your  
mark ass around. Slow!

Tray puts his hands up.

TRAY  
Easy now....

As Tray turns around, he sees it's his COUSIN BOBBY. He's  
around 30 and dressed absurdly trendy (think Wiz Khalifa). HE  
doesn't have a gun, it's just a vape pen.

TRAY (CONT'D)  
Cousin Bobby!

They hug. It's obvious these two go way back.

COUSIN BOBBY  
AAAHH! Tray!! When did you get out?

TRAY  
This morning! Fresh out the box!  
Look at Cousin Bobby, all grown up!  
Last time I saw you, you were--

COUSIN BOBBY  
Fifteen, man. Look at you. You  
lookin' old as hell!

Tray laughs.

COUSIN BOBBY (CONT'D)  
Why you out here dressed like  
church?

Tray laughs harder.

COUSIN BOBBY (CONT'D)  
I mean, damn! You smell like socks.

Tray begins laughing but gets serious fast.

TRAY  
Aaight, shut your fucking rude ass  
up, I got a gland problem.

Cousin Bobby stops laughing.

INT. GASTROPUB. DAY.

Tray and Cousin Bobby dine at a trendy gastropub. Cousin  
Bobby watches Tray polish off a burger.

COUSIN BOBBY

Damn, you hungry, huh?

TRAY

Too much extra on this burger.  
Arugula? The hell is arugula? Sound  
like one of the green bitches  
Captain Kirk got busy with.

COUSIN BOBBY

This whole neighborhood leveled up.  
Lot of people with money moved in  
on that gentrification flow.

TRAY

Yet Cousin Bobby still livin' the  
trife life. You still slingin'?

COUSIN BOBBY

Trying. Pills, MDMA. Little bit of  
weed. Business is slow at the  
moment. Crack is dead.

TRAY

Bobby, Bobby, Bobby. What you need  
to think about is your future and  
how to become a positive  
contributor to your community.

COUSIN BOBBY

Okay...

TRAY

You gonna get yourself in trouble,  
young man. Find yourself locked up  
in the federal pen like your Uncle  
Tray. And that ain't no joke.

COUSIN BOBBY

I ain't scared of prison. In fact,  
everybody I know is up in there.

TRAY

I ain't gonna lie, I had some fun.  
Books, rap circles, a TV in the  
common room. On the good days it's  
basically a liberal arts college  
except people throw their poop  
sometimes.

COUSIN BOBBY

That sounds all right.

TRAY

Not for you though. For a pretty boy like you, prison would be a year around all expense-paid vacation to hell.

COUSIN BOBBY

Damn.

TRAY

But more importantly. Where Shay at? Remember my girl Shay Shay? I'm trying to find out where she stay but I can't find a phone book.

COUSIN BOBBY

Ain't no phone books.

TRAY

Really? Damn!

COUSIN BOBBY

You try Google?

TRAY

Who?

COUSIN BOBBY

Google. You just type her name in the internet, and it looks her up.

TRAY

Oh word? You got a computer at your house, youngblood?

COUSIN BOBBY

I can use my smart phone.

TRAY

A smart phone. Look at ya! So everybody walking around with like Inspector Gadget's niece's computer book out this bitch.

COUSIN BOBBY

(getting out his phone)  
What's her full government name?

TRAY

Shannon Cherish Najafi Carver. She's one quarter Persian, that's how she got that good hair.

Cousin Bobby speaks into his phone.

COUSIN BOBBY  
Look up Shannon Carver.

PHONE  
*Looking up Shannon Carver...*

Tray gets up and walks around the table excitedly.

TRAY  
This nigga got a smart phone and she sounds fine as hell!

PHONE  
*Here are the results of your search.*

COUSIN BOBBY  
Here she go. She's on Facebook.

TRAY  
Let me see what she looks like.

COUSIN BOBBY  
Her page is set to private so all we can see is the profile.

Tray leans in to look at Cousin Bobby's phone. We see her PROFILE PIC. She's as beautiful as ever.

TRAY  
Yup. Look at her pretty ass, all smilin'. That girl's my soulmate.

COUSIN BOBBY  
Yo.

TRAY  
What?

COUSIN BOBBY  
Her relationship status says "married."

Bobby cracks up. At first, Tray thinks Bobby is joking but then the truth hits him like a truck. Tray leans in to get a closer look.

EXT. BROOKLYN SIDEWALK. DAY.

Cousin Bobby is still laughing like it's one big joke. He stops when he realizes Tray is truly crestfallen.

COUSIN BOBBY

Yo. My bad. So what? She moved on. She's married, so at least she's miserable.

TRAY

Nah, that's not what I want though. I'd never wish misery on Shay. It's my fault. I thought I was locked up for good. I turned her away.

COUSIN BOBBY

It's like the whole world went and changed on you, man. You like a relic from a lost time.

Tray jolts, like he suddenly remembers something.

TRAY

Time. Shit! What time is it?

COUSIN BOBBY

Huh? It's like... 1:18.

TRAY

I'm supposed to report to the Halfway House. Peace brother!

Tray leaves. But then he comes back real quick.

TRAY (CONT'D)

Yo, let me hold five dollars.

Cousin Bobby gets out his wallet.

EXT. BROWNSVILLE HALFWAY HOUSE. DAY.

Tray stops in front of a trashy little building. A sign in front says *The Mullins House*. Tray rings the buzzer. An AGITATED VOICE replies from a crackling intercom.

AGITATED VOICE (V.O.)

Yeah what is it?!

TRAY

Armstrong, reporting in. I'm a little late.

AGITATED VOICE (V.O.)

You the new dicklicker?

Tray is taken aback.

TRAY

I'm sorry, come again? The sound is kinda fuzzy and messed up.

AGITATED VOICE (V.O.)

I asked if you the dicklicker?

TRAY

Okay, that's what I thought you said. No sir, ain't no dicklickers here, you must be thinking of somebody else. I'm the new resident coming in from Ray Brook.

AGITATED VOICE (V.O.)

Come on in, dicklicker.

BUZZ! Tray is buzzed in.

INT. SECURITY CHECKPOINT. HALFWAY HOUSE. DAY.

Muscular security guard GABRIEL runs a metal detector wand over Tray's body while House Monitor MINIARD MULLINS (older, hard-nosed Charles Dutton type) gives him the rundown. It is obvious that Mullins was the Agitated Voice on the intercom.

MULLINS

Only reason you're not going back to jail is because I'm being nice.

TRAY

My bad. I ain't got a watch yet, that's why I'm late.

MULLINS

Save your lies and excuses. I don't want to hear jacksquat out of you. Is that clear?

A pause. Mullins looks at Tray expectantly.

TRAY

Was that rhetorical or do you want me to answer?

MULLINS

Gabriel, scan him nice and slow. Make sure his body sucks up that radiation. Especially around the nut area. If anybody deserves a nut tumor it's a dicklicker like this.

Gabriel stops scanning, taking offense to Mullins.

GABRIEL

I'm sorry. That's not right. I am not doing that. You say some really awful things sometimes, Miniard.

MULLINS

Aw, I'm tearing up over here! Poor late dicklicker and poor Gabriel, who can't even take a joke.

GABRIEL

It didn't sound like a joke.

TRAY

No, it did not. It sounded serious. Good for you, Gabriel.

MULLINS

Something up your butt?

TRAY

I was gonna ask you the same question.

MULLINS

Tell me, boy. Are you keestering something up there? I got a good mind to fish it out myself.

TRAY

You gonna have to buy me dinner first.

Miniard is taken aback. Gabriel laughs.

MULLINS

Keep it. You wanna stuff things up your ass, that's punishment enough as far as I'm concerned.

INT. BARRACKS. HALFWAY HOUSE. DAY.

Mullins shows Tray a room filled with a bunch of numbered bunk beds. They're all empty except for one VERY OBESE WHITE MAN on a top bunk, reading a paperback.

MULLINS

The barracks. You're bunk #18.

Tray notices #18 is the bottom bunk under the OBESE WHITE MAN. He gives Tray a friendly wave.



OBESE MAN

Hi, I'm Jason.

TRAY

Yo Jason, we gonna have to swap bunks. I ain't tryin' to die tonight.

MULLINS

Nope. No swapping. You're bunk #18, Jason's bunk #19.

TRAY

All these empty beds and you put me underneath Big Jason? That's a safety hazard.

MULLINS

Those are taken. Everybody else is at work. You're gonna have to get a job too. No lazy shits in my house.

TRAY

What about Jason? How come Jason don't need no job? He over here reading Dean R. Koontz novels.

JASON

I'm on disability.

Mullins gets right in Tray's face.

MULLINS

You got a smart little comment for everything, huh? See how smart you are when I ground you to the house. Keep cracking wise.

TRAY

Then how am I supposed to get a job if I can't leave the house? It's a catch 22, a logical paradox.

MULLINS

Ain't no skin off my dick what you do. Go back to jail for all I care. You'll figure it out. We got a computer in the common area with internet. Start there.

This sparks something in Tray.

TRAY

Does that computer have Google?

ACT 3

EXT. STREET CORNER. NIGHT.

Bobby is sitting on a stoop when Tray walks up.

TRAY

Bobby.

BOBBY

Tray.

TRAY

Walk with me, mah dude.

Bobby joins Tray in motion. They walk to the Bethany Houses.

INT. LOBBY. THE BETHANY HOUSES. NIGHT.

TRAY

Did some online research, I still don't know where she lives but I found out where Shay gonna be next Sunday. Hosting a fundraiser at this art gallery in Williamsburg. See, I printed out this flier.

Tray holds out a printed flier for a fundraiser event hosted by SHANNON NAJAFI CARVER. The two get in the elevator.

INT. APARTMENT DOOR. THE BETHANY HOUSES. NIGHT.

Tray and Bobby exit the elevator and approach the door of his old apartment.

COUSIN BOBBY

Hold up. She's *hosting* a fundraiser? Shay's rich now?

TRAY

I think she does very well, yes.

COUSIN BOBBY

So she's married and rich? And you still think you gonna win her back?

TRAY

It's a \$5000 donation to get in.

COUSIN BOBBY

\$5000 your broke ass don't have.

Tray knocks on the door. The dry hipster opens it.

DRY HIPSTER  
Hello? Hey!

Tray barges in past four hipsters playing Apples to Apples. Tray goes straight to a wall.

TRAY  
Sorry to interrupt, sorry to interrupt. But like I said before, if these walls could talk...

Tray suddenly PUNCHES THE WALL, busting a hole right through the drywall. The dry hipster jumps, frightened.

DRY HIPSTER  
Whoa!

Tray roots around inside the wall before pulling out a SOFTBALL SIZED STASH OF CRACK all bundled in plastic wrap.

TRAY  
They'd probably be tryin' to cop some rock..

Tray kisses the bundle of crack and smiles wide.

EXT. STREET CORNER. NIGHT.

Tray and Bobby look at a huge old bag of yellow crack.

COUSIN BOBBY  
That's some yellow ass crack! What happened to being a positive member of your community?

TRAY  
This ain't my community. My community is gone. These people took my community and turned it into a Starbuck.

COUSIN BOBBY  
There's an "S" at the end.

TRAY  
I don't care.

COUSIN BOBBY  
Look. You can't sell all this rock by Sunday.

(MORE)

COUSIN BOBBY (CONT'D)

Everybody who was addicted to it is either dead or locked up. Crack is wack!

TRAY

Then we rebrand it.

COUSIN BOBBY

What?

TRAY

Betchu didn't know I got my GED while I was away. Our product works, it's just the perception of the product that's tainted. There's a stigma to it. So we can't call it crack no more. This is something new, something yellow, something with a cute name that brings you back to childhood.

COUSIN BOBBY

Looks kinda like Lemonheads.

TRAY

A-ha! And so Lemonheads, it shall be. And the young nimrods will buy it. And it is socially acceptable for white people to use.

COUSIN BOBBY

...But it smokes just like crack.

TRAY

You'd only know that if you've smoked crack. They don't know!

COUSIN BOBBY

Okay. Let's try it. But I got one idea to add to the marketing.

TRAY

Let me hear it.

COUSIN BOBBY

Yellow wrappers. I think Lemonhead should have yellow wrappers.

TRAY

That's using your mind, young man. Brilliant. Crack may be wack, but now... Crack is back.

BEGIN MONTAGE

-- Tray and Bobby wrap the crack in little yellow wrappers.

-- They create tweets, Instagrams and Snapchats to advertise.

-- They sell to curious hipsters in the park.

-- Tray counts the first money in front of Bobby.

-- The bundle is a little smaller when Cousin Bobby puts it back in their hiding spot inside a rooftop pigeon cage.

-- Tray lies awake in his bunk, counting money. Above him, Big Jason sleeps. The mattress buckles under his weight.

-- Tray and Cousin Bobby are back in the park, selling Lemonheads. There are more people now. A couple repeat customers, looking worse for the wear.

-- The number of "followers" on the Lemonhead Twitter account gets bigger and bigger as their popularity grows.

-- Cousin Bobby puts the crack stash back in the pigeon cage hiding spot. It's much smaller now. They've sold a lot.

-- Tray and Bobby are in a clothing store, buying nice clothes. Tray has a played out style: oversized jeans and jerseys. They also buy reasonably modest chains.

-- They sell the last of the crack. One previously preppy kid now is a full-on crackhead with chapped lips and filthy clothes. He eagerly buys the Lemonhead and scurries off.

END MONTAGE

EXT. WILLIAMSBURG ART GALLERY. NIGHT.

WELL DRESSED PEOPLE mill around outside. Tray arrives dressed in a velour running suit. Something Russell Simmons or Samuel Jackson might wear. He sees a photo of SHAY with an ARTIST posted outside. He looks at it and takes a deep breath.

INT. WILLIAMSBURG ART GALLERY. NIGHT.

Tray walks around inside the art gallery, holding a glass of wine. He tries to be inconspicuous as he looks for Shay. Tray doesn't exactly fit in with this crowd, but it's an eclectic enough group where he doesn't stick out either.

A WAITER with hor d'oeuvres appears. Tray stops him.

TRAY

What are we looking at here, mah dude? What is this?

WAITER

Seared ahi lettuce cups. Would you like one?

TRAY

No. I'd like three.

Tray grabs the lettuce cups and stuffs them in his mouth.

TRAY (CONT'D)

(mouth full of food)

These got fish in 'em?

WAITER

Yes sir, seared ahi.

TRAY

Not bad, not bad. Know what would make it pop though? Some sweet and spicy. A dash of Tabasco and a few drops of Cherry Dr. Pepper would do the trick.

The Waiter smiles politely. Suddenly, FEEDBACK from a microphone. Tray looks up to the podium area.

TRAY (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Shay Shay.

There she is: It's SHAY, looking every bit as beautiful and put together as her photos. She speaks with confidence, refined and polished with perfect etiquette and diction. A total 180 degree flip from before. Tray is entranced.

SHAY

Welcome, everyone. First let me thank you all for coming, for supporting this wonderful artist and this wonderful cause. Here in the U.S., one of the wealthiest nations in the world, we have over 600,000 homeless sleeping in our parks, under our bridges, and in our streets. These are our friends, our family members, our veterans. They are us. That's why I am so very proud to be a part of the Rest Easy Initiative.

(MORE)

SHAY (CONT'D)

We've already bought over two thousand brand new mattresses for shelters and group homes. We can all be proud of what we've accomplished, but there is so much more to do. We will eradicate the scourge of homelessness, one bed at a time. Thank you!

Everyone claps. Tray claps the loudest. He follows Shay with his eyes as she walks over to a group of donors.

INT. ANOTHER PART OF ART GALLERY. NIGHT.

Shay talks to the donors, laughing and mingling.

DONOR #1

You should really think about politics. You have a gift, you really do.

SHAY

Yeah, no. Thank you. I'm just passionate about this issue.

A FAMILIAR VOICE interrupts.

TRAY (O.S.)

I'm baaaack.

Shay instinctively whips around and punches Tray in the arm. She quickly composes herself as the donors raise eyebrows.

SHAY

(shocked)

Oh! Tray? What are you doing here?

TRAY

Damn, you still got that straight punch. C'mere, girl. Give me some love. I got released early!

Tray grabs her in a hug but holds on too tight and too long. The other guests stare at him, judging. Shay pushes him off.

SHAY

Uh, you can't be here right now.

TRAY

The hell I can't. I paid \$5000 for a ticket. I probably bought y'all like 100 hobo mattresses. Haha!

SHAY

Could we discuss this elsewhere?

TRAY

What's wrong with your voice? Why you talkin' like that?

SHAY

This is how I talk.

TRAY

No it's not. You sound like Claire Huxtable.

SHAY

I sound like myself. Can we please--

Shay grabs Tray by the arm to pull him away but is stopped by a middle-aged white guy, JOSH. His clothes are expensively casual and he has graying hair that still looks cool. A hipster God.

JOSH

Hey. Everything good? You okay?

SHANNON

Yeah. Josh, this is my friend, Tray... from a long time ago.

Josh registers a weird look of recognition.

JOSH

(offering his hand)

Oh wow. Heard a lot about you, man. Josh Birkeland, Shannon's husband.

TRAY

Oh snap! You married a white dude!

Shay pulls Tray away and starts to walk off.

SHAY

Excuse me, Josh. We're going to take this outside. I'm fine, just give me a minute okay, hun?

JOSH

(waving as they leave)

Nice meeting you, Tray.

TRAY

The pleasure was all yours!



EXT. ENTRANCE TO ART GALLERY. NIGHT.

Now that they're away from the crowd, Shay's refined manner of speech has fallen to the wayside.

SHAY

You think you gonna come up here and just pop back into my life after 15 years? No phone call, no heads up? Nuh-uh. I don't think so!

TRAY

There's old Shay. That's my girl!

SHAY

I am not your girl. Remember? You didn't want me coming around no more.

TRAY

I just said that. I didn't think you would actually stop coming.

SHAY

You a fool, then. I was heartbroken. I loved you.

TRAY

I never stopped loving you, Shay.

SHAY

Well I did.

TRAY

Now you doin' you. I thought you ain't wanna get married.

SHAY

Josh is a good man. With a good job. He writes the voice over for Anthony Bourdain's show.

TRAY

But a white dude though? I'm like "damn!" Do you have any idea how much that hurts my feelings?

SHAY

I married the man of my dreams.

TRAY

Ain't no way he satisfies your needs like Big Tray Diesel used to!

SHAY

You have no clue what--

SHAHZAD (O.S.)

Mom?

Tray turns to see two 15 year old fraternal twin boys, SHAHZAD and AMIR. Both are in private school uniforms. They are unmistakably Tray's children. Tray is stunned. Shay goes back into etiquette mode.

SHAY

Go back with your father. I'm talking to someone here. Go!

AMIR

We wanted to check on you, see if you're okay.

SHAY

I'm fine, now go!

The boys do as they're told, hesitant. Tray is dumbfounded.

SHAY (CONT'D)

Tray. Even if I wasn't married, it's different now. I have my career and--

TRAY

How did you and a Caucasian man have full African American children?

Shay is stuck.

SHAY

Do you know how hard I had to work to pull myself out the gutter? Do you have any idea?

TRAY

I'm asking you, how did you and a Caucasian man have full African American children?

SHAY

There are a few people who could be their father.

Tray looks over to the kids. They play fight with each other and have Tray's exact physicality.

TRAY

Ain't no few people that move like that. There's only one. Me.

SHAY

Tray. Listen to me. Those kids didn't come up the way we did. They go to a nice school, have nice friends. You bring chaos with you wherever you go.

TRAY

I do not bring chaos!

COUSIN BOBBY (O.S.)

2-3-4.

Bobby and TWO HOMELESS GUYS pop out from behind a corner and start singing back up for "I'm Gonna Sex You up." Tray was supposed to take the lead, but it is clear that this is no longer, nor was it ever, the time and place.

When Tray doesn't sing, the backup singers wilt away. Bobby gives the other guys \$10. Tray's look doesn't waiver from Shay while Bobby tries to usher them away.

HOMELESS GUY #1

Hey, you said \$20.

COUSIN BOBBY

\$20 for both; not each.

HOMELESS GUY #2

Nah you said \$20.

BOBBY

Okay guys, let's talk about this someplace else.

HOMELESS GUY #1

Like hell!

The Homeless Guy swings at Bobby, who swings back. The three engage in the sloppiest brawl ever. Tray never looks back. He stays locked on Shay who looks at him like "told you so."

The fight behind Tray escalates and dribbles into the street. A car swerves to avoid them and hits a parked car. Flames erupt.

COUSIN BOBBY

Oh shit!

COUSIN BOBBY (CONT'D)

(leaving)

Sup, Shay.

SHAY

Hi, Bobby. Tray, come find me when  
you get your life together.

Shay turns to escort her kids, who are watching the fire  
grow, back inside. Before she can, Amir makes eye contact  
with Tray. Somehow he knows. Amir raises his hand to wave  
goodbye, but his mother grabs him and pulls him inside.

Tray raises his hand to wave too.

TRAY

(to himself, happily)

I'm a father. I'm a father!

Sirens approach.

**END OF PILOT**