

THE WARWICK BOYS

'Pilot'

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The Warwick Boys

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EXT. FIELD POINT BAY, GREENWICH, CT - NIGHT

TWO BOATS power along on the water, approaching landfall. In the distance there's a shamelessly extravagant MANSION, lit up, like the fourth of July. Loud LIVE MUSIC blasts from the mansion, definitely some kind of party.

The two BOATS reach the dock. MEN come pouring out, dressed in suits and wearing an assortment of masks-- PANDAS, BEARS, LIONS, TIGERS and even a motherfucking CHURCH MOUSE. They all wield GUNS or BASEBALL BATS.

TITLE CARD: THE FURRY LITTLE FRIENDS

The masked men jump off their boats and march towards the party, led by the Church Mouse. As the Church Mouse gets closer he starts running, full on sprint. His pack follows suit. They storm the party, predators descending on their prey--

--PANDEMONIUM. These rich fuckers don't know what hit them.

PANDA

Nobody fucking move!

--The masked men flip over tables.

BEAR

Every rich fat fuck needs to find a chair and plant your ass down.

--The men smash bottles on the bar and obliterate expensive crystal centerpieces.

LION

We don't want your fucking money,
we're just here to have a
conversation.

--The Church Mouse hops onto the stage where the BAND MEMBERS are in complete disarray.

CHURCH MOUSE

Don't stop playing on account of
me. Come on, let's rock out. I want
to hear some fuckin' Guns n' Roses.

The band members exchange bewildered looks.

CHURCH MOUSE (CONT'D)
 Play fuckers! I wanna hear the hard
 shit.

The band members start playing 'Welcome To The Jungle.'

CHURCH MOUSE (CONT'D)
 Hell yeah, that's my shit right
 there. That's my fucking jam.

The Church Mouse starts headbanging for a minute then jumps
 off stage. His comrades have corralled the guests.

The Church Mouse keeps head banging, passing tables full of
 petrified people. Something catches his eye. He stops.

He walks backwards to one of the tables he just passed.
 There's a lone black man seated with a bunch of middle-aged
 white people-- CLEON WARWICK, 40, black, product of Harlem,
 too much on his mind. The Church Mouse tilts his head
 sideways then approaches the table.

CHURCH MOUSE (CONT'D)
 (singing)
 One of these fools is not like the
 others.
 (beat)
 Boo!

The guests at the table quiver.

CHURCH MOUSE (CONT'D)
 Scram everybody!

The guests disperse from the table faster than a sneeze.

CHURCH MOUSE (CONT'D)
 (re: Cleon)
 Ah, ah, ah, not you.

The Church Mouse points to the chair. Sit. Cleon obliges. The
 Church Mouse sits directly across from him.

CHURCH MOUSE (CONT'D)
 What's your name, my chocolate
 dipped friend?

CLEON
 (beat)
 Cleon Warwick.

CHURCH MOUSE

Cleon, I have an important question to ask you. Do you know why the turtle has a cracked shell?

CLEON

What?

CHURCH MOUSE

Do you know why the fucking turtle has a fucking cracked shell?

CLEON

(beat)

No.

CHURCH MOUSE

I'm going to tell you.

ANIMATION SEQUENCE:

The sky is full of birds gliding in all their glory. The birds enjoy a massive feast in the sky, drinks, music, MUSICIAN BIRDS jam out.

CHURCH MOUSE (V.O.)

A long time ago when the birds ruled the world, they would have lavish feasts and all the creatures of the world were envious.

Find A TURTLE walking about on two legs, looking like a hobo, carrying a bindle.

CHURCH MOUSE (V.O.)

The turtle, the lowest of the low, came up with a plan to feed himself so he became friends with an eagle.

The turtle shakes hands with an eagle.

CHURCH MOUSE (V.O.)

One day, the turtle asked the eagle if he could be a guest at one of these parties. The eagle agreed and gave some of his feathers to the turtle so he could fly, because the feast was in the sky.

The turtle and eagle sit at a bar having drinks and smoking. The eagle hands the turtle a golden invitation and a bouquet of feathers. The turtle flies in the sky with the rest of the birds, soaring, amazed at the view below.

CHURCH MOUSE (V.O.)

The turtle arrived at the feast and the birds asked what his name was so the turtle said my name is 'Everyone.'

A bird hands the turtle a name tag that says, 'Everyone.' An array of exquisite looking food is set out on an impossibly long dinner table. The birds look on, licking their beaks.

CHURCH MOUSE (V.O.)

The host brought out the food and announced that this food is for 'everyone,' and the turtle raised his hand and said, 'Ah, my name is everyone so this food must be just for me.' And the turtle ate all the food and didn't share.

The turtle proudly shows off his name tag then attacks the food. Scarfing it all down at the birds look on, pissed off.

Later, the table is bare, all the food gone. The turtle lounges on the ground with a an overly full belly. The eagle snatches his feathers away from the turtle.

CHURCH MOUSE (V.O.)

The eagle got mad and took his feathers back and that meant that the turtle was stuck. He couldn't fly back down to his home.

The turtle holds the eagle's leg, begging.

CHURCH MOUSE (V.O.)

The turtle pleaded with the eagle to fly down and tell his friends to put out all the mattresses and pillows they could find so that he would have a soft landing when he jumps.

The eagle talks to the TURTLE'S FRIENDS and they nod.

CHURCH MOUSE (V.O.)

Instead of delivering that message, the eagle told the turtle's friends to put out, tables, rocks and anything hard.

The friends pile up all the tables, chairs and rocks as instructed. The turtle shakes the eagle's hand then leaps out of the sky. The eagles eyes narrow, in a sinister way. We see the turtle falling back down towards earth.

CHURCH MOUSE (V.O.)
The turtle jumped and imagine his
surprised when he crashed down on
the hard surface.

**The turtle crashes onto the rocks. His shell breaks apart. He
has a black-eye and sees stars swirling around his head.**

CHURCH MOUSE (V.O.)
His shell shattered into pieces and
his friends had to glue it all back
together.

**The turtle's arm is in a sling and his friends use glue to
fix his broken shell.**

END ANIMATION SEQUENCE

We're back on the Church Mouse, looking at Cleon.

CHURCH MOUSE
Now what do you think the moral of
that story is?

CLEON
Don't be greedy.

CHURCH MOUSE
Fuck no! The turtle came up with a
great plan except he forgot to come
up with an exit strategy. If you
get greedy, always plan ahead,
that's the moral of it, plan
better.
(beat)
Anyway story time is over, it was a
pleasure to have met you, friend.

The Church Mouse cocks his rifle and points it right at
Cleon. In the distance, we hear SIRENS blaring. Cleon stares
down the barrel of the gun that's about to blow his head off.

FADE OUT.

EXT. WARWICK MANSION - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

The mcmansion screams new money. There's a golden statue of a
naked woman in front. The hedges have been neglected and a
silver plated 'W' crowns the doorway entrance.

INT. WARWICK MANSION - FOYER - NIGHT

SUPERTITLE: A FEW DAYS EARLIER...

The front door opens but is stopped by a huge STACK OF MAIL. The door swings back and forth, knocking all the mail over before it finally opens. Cleon barges in, trampling over the mail that's scattered on the floor. He's dressed in a dark suit with a cleric's collar.

CLEON
House meeting!

Beat. No response. He marches...

UPSTAIRS

He opens a bedroom door and peeks in, no one. He continues down the HALLWAY, it's a long hallway. He spots a HOVERBOARD against the wall. He climbs on and cruises.

CLEON (CONT'D)
Where the fuck is everybody? I said
house meeting right now!

He jumps off the hoverboard and peeks into another door, empty. He looks around, agitated.

CLEON (CONT'D)
House fucking meeting!

TITLE CARD: THE SAINT, THE SINNER, THE SOOTHSAYER

Cleon goes back DOWNSTAIRS. He walks into the...

LIVING ROOM

Barely even furnished just like the rest of the house, save for a 70 inch flatscreen and a couple of bean bags.

CLEON (CONT'D)
I said house fucking meeting!

Cleon hears COMMOTION coming from outside. He follows.

EXT. WARWICK MANSION - BACKYARD - NIGHT

A naked man, DEREK WARWICK, 35, white, decorated in ink and looks something like a failed pop star, runs up to the pool, leaps in the air, spreads his legs, grabs his nuts and SPLASH! -- Into the water.

A couple lounging, pool-side, crack up, taking pictures. TORI THOMPSON, 28, black, ex-roller derby enthusiast and self-preservationist and RIZWAN KHAN, 30, Indian-American, a finance guy with his mind on his money and his money on his mind.

CLEON
What the fuck is this?

DEREK
Oh hey, we're swimming.

CLEON
Who are these people?

DEREK
My old roommates. Tori, Rizwan,
this is my bro, Cleon.

TORI
You're the priest, right?

DEREK
Don't say priest, he doesn't like
that. He's a pastor.

RIZWAN
What's the difference?

DEREK
Yeah, Cleon, what's the difference?

CLEON
Get the fuck outta the pool, we
need to talk.

TORI
You're a potty-mouthed priest.

CLEON
Fuck you and I'm a pastor, not a
priest.

DEREK
(to Tori)
I just told you that.

CLEON
Derek, inside. Now.

Cleon spins around and stomps off.

TORI
What's with him?

DEREK
Hang tight. I'll be right back.

Derek climbs out of the pool and walks towards the house,
dripping wet, in his birthday suit.

INT. WARWICK MANSION - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Derek enters. Cleon just glares at him.

DEREK

What?

CLEON

Put some clothes on.

DEREK

I'm going to jump back in so...

CLEON

I don't want to be looking at all that.

DEREK

So don't.

Cleon delivers the evil eye. Derek uses his hands and covers himself, Adam and Eve style.

CLEON

(beat)

What the hell are they doing here?

DEREK

I invited them.

CLEON

You told them?

Beat. No answer from Derek.

CLEON (CONT'D)

We had an agreement. We made a pact.

DEREK

No you made a pact, like you're Joseph Stalin or something.

CLEON

Are you stupid? You want everyone we know lining up outside asking for a handout.

DEREK

We're in Connecticut now, no one's hauling ass all the way from Harlem.

CLEON
Do your friends at least have the
good sense to keep this to
themselves?

DEREK
If you trust me, you can trust
them.

CLEON
(beat)
Get them out now, I'm serious and
the mail's piling up by the door.

DEREK
That was not included in my
division of labor when we drew up
the house rules.

CLEON
Whatever, fine, but can you explain
that travesty outside?

EXT. WARWICK MANSION - NIGHT

Cleon and Derek stand in front of a TEN FOOT GOLD STATUE OF A
WOMAN excitedly exposing all her goods in the middle of the
driveway.

DEREK
Irene.

CLEON
What?

DEREK
Her name. It's Irene.

CLEON
You bought this tacky piece of
shit?

DEREK
For a good deal.

CLEON
With what money?

DEREK
The money we won.

CLEON
You don't have access to that
money, only my attorney does.

DEREK

Yeah and that's pretty fucked up so the guy gave it to me on loan, but I'm just small time, Erron bought a Ferrari.

CLEON

What the fuck is wrong with you guys? We talked about this. We're not spending anything until we find a way to deal with it discreetly, then everyone gets their cut.

DEREK

But you bought a house.

CLEON

For us. You just got evicted, Erron was living in a fucking commune and I needed a place to stay.

DEREK

But whose name's on it?

CLEON

Nobody. It's anonymous, through a shell company.

DEREK

Yeah see, I think that's a problem.

CLEON

Why are you going backwards on everything we talked about?

DEREK

So if I'm gonna buy anything, I have to ask you like you're my fucking babysitter accountant.

CLEON

What's the point of talking things over with you if you're going to renege later?

DEREK

It's not fair that we won all that money but somehow your China man controls it.

CLEON

You signed the documents. Next time read the fine print.

DEREK

That's never gonna happen. Anyway more importantly, the money belongs to the three of us. You're not the boss. You're just one of three. In fact, maybe we should take a vote because this arrangement is bullshit and I'm sick of living like a poor man when really I have 73.6 million to my name. My personal name--

VOICE (O.S.)

--Ahem!

Cleon and Derek spin around to find their neighbor, DYSON POMEROY, 61, white, bleeding old money, dressed in a silk house coat, holding a SMALL ENVELOPE.

DYSON

Evening gentlemen.

CLEON/DEREK

Sup.

DYSON

(re: golden statue)

Is that, uh, a permanent fixture we should expect to endure?

CLEON

No.

DEREK

Yeah.

Cleon and Derek exchange bitter looks.

CLEON

It's just temporary.

DYSON

Right. Well, uh, this is for you.

He hands them the small envelope.

DYSON (CONT'D)

We're hosting our annual summer fete Sunday night. Darlene insisted I invite the new neighbors but please don't feel obligated or pressured in anyway whatsoever to attend. I understand you're tremendously busy, so if you don't attend it will be just fine.

CLEON
 Alright, cool. Thanks.

DYSON
 Oh, I noticed your grass is getting a little long on the fringe. You might want to look at that, the length requirements can be found in our homeowners association bylaws, if you need a point of reference.

Dyson regards Derek with disgust then walks away. Cleon opens up the invitation. Derek snatches it from his brother.

DEREK
 Fuck these people. Are we gonna vote or what?

CLEON
 Fine we'll vote. Where the fuck is Erron?

EXT. TOWN HOUSE - BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

ERRON WARWICK, 31, black, dressed in a daishiki like one of those severely woke brothers, sits on the hood of a brand new FERRARI, eating a sandwich. His phone RINGS. He looks at it.

INSERT CALLER ID: 'CLEON WARWICK'

Erron ignores it and continues eating this sandwich. The back door opens and BOLA BALOGUN, 50, a Nigerian woman dressed in an elaborate attire steps out then looks at Erron, confused.

BOLA
 Whose car is that?

ERRON
 Do I look like the kinda guy that will sit on a random Ferrari just to look like an asshole?

BOLA
 How can you afford it?

ERRON
 That question elicits a none of your business type of response.

BOLA
 I pay your salary. You better not be doing consultations on the side, we signed a contract.

ERRON

You're really infringing on my lunch break.

BOLA

(beat)

There's a Jessie somebody here to see you. She said it's urgent.

ERRON

I'm on my goddamn lunch.

BOLA

So you want her to wait?

ERRON

This is a peanut butter and honey sandwich and if it's not eaten fast, it gets soggy, the honey leaks through the bread and gets all over your fingers. That's what I'm up against right now but no one respects anything anymore.

Erron gets up, tosses his sandwich in the trash can and walks into the townhouse. OFF BOLA, lusting after the Ferrari.

INT. PSYCHIC READING ROOM - NIGHT

AFRICAN ART covers the walls of the room. Candles and incense burn all over the room. Erron sits at a table across from JESSIE PARK, 26, a bright-eyed millennial.

JESSIE

Keith is dead.

ERRON

(beat)

Who's Keith?

JESSIE

You don't remember?

He looks at her with zero recollection.

JESSIE (CONT'D)

My ex-boyfriend. Well, technically he was my boyfriend but I was planning on breaking up with him.

ERRON

Thankfully that was taken care of for you.

JESSIE

You said leaving him would save my life. Why did you say that?

ERRON

I only channel what the spirits speak to my heart, I have no personal memory of the things I say.

JESSIE

Oh, OK, I guess that makes sense. You're a beautiful charcoal vessel the gods speak through. But the thing is Keith was going on this safari in Africa and wanted me to come and of course I really wanted to go because who doesn't want to run with the gazelles in Kenya but--

ERRON

--But you didn't go because of the truisms I spoke into your life.

Jessie nods.

ERRON (CONT'D)

You're lucky you didn't go or you would have died on the safari just like Keith, that's why I wanted you to leave him.

JESSIE

What? No. He went on the trip and came back. Anyway so a few weeks ago he was crossing the street--

ERRON

--Then he got hit by a car and died?

JESSIE

No. He was crossing the street then saw one of those trucks with the billboards and it had a picture of a gerbil on it.

ERRON

Ah yes, the gerbil, which I told you was your spirit animal.

JESSIE

Yes, but then I got confused. Why would someone you told me to break up with see my spirit animal?

ERRON

How exactly did he die? The spirits are being a bit fuzzy with me on that point.

JESSIE

He had terminal cancer. The doctor gave him six months to live, remember? He was the guy with the shaved head with no eyebrows.

ERRON

My dear, Jessie, don't you understand? If I didn't tell you to leave him, you would be super heartbroken right now. But because I had planted this seed of doom in your heart, you subconsciously dumped him and set fire to his car on a subliminal level. I saved you from being sad and depressed.

JESSIE

Huh, I didn't think of it like that.

ERRON

Do you know how many people suffer from depression? It's a lot and I protected you from that. That's why I said leave him, it was to prepare your mind for the inevitable.

JESSIE

Wow, you're right. Come to think of it, I went out on a date two nights ago and had the best time and I didn't even think about Keith once.

ERRON

Congratulations.

JESSIE

Oh my god, you have a real gift.

(beat)

You know what, I just thought of a wild idea. What if you came to speak to my group?

(MORE)

JESSIE (CONT'D)
We're developing this app to
inspire people and I think you
would be the best person to inspire
the team.

ERRON
I'm sorry, I don't do that.

JESSIE
I'll even pay you extra, whatever
you need, it would mean so much to
me.

Erron makes a face, might not be a bad idea.

INT. WARWICK MANSION - BATHROOM - DAY

Cleon brushes his teeth with an ELECTRIC TOOTHBRUSH. He talks
to someone off camera in between brushes...

CLEON
How many things have I asked you
for over the years...

BZZZ!

CLEON (CONT'D)
...Ten thousand? Fifty thousand?
Did you even respond to any of
them...

BZZZ!

CLEON (CONT'D)
...Not even one.

BZZZ--ZZ-Z-- The toothbrush powers down.

CLEON (CONT'D)
Goddamnit.

Cleon smacks up the toothbrush and tries again, no good.

CLEON (CONT'D)
You know this isn't funny. Can you
power this back up, please?

He pushes the button on the brush again. No juice.

CLEON (CONT'D)
Of course not. Why would you even
lift a finger for something like
this?

He tosses the brush in the trash can.

CLEON (CONT'D)
I can't even brush my teeth without
something catastrophic happening.

He walks into...

BEDROOM

CLEON (CONT'D)
So what do you have to say for
yourself? This time I didn't even
mean it but for some cynical reason
you decide this was an opportune
time to have a good cosmic laugh at
my expense.

PAN OVER AND REVEAL WHO HE'S TALKING TO. A CRUCIFIX ABOUT
THREE FEET TALL, WITH A DREAD LOCKED BLACK JESUS, HANGING ON
THE WALL.

TITLE CARD: RASTA JESUS AND THE HEDONISTIC TREADMILL

Cleon stands face to face with Rasta Jesus. Rasta Jesus is a
ceramic figure but his lips move ala Conan O'Brien talking
mouths.

CLEON (CONT'D)
So what do you have to say for
yourself?

RASTA JESUS
(slight Jamaican accent)
You ever heard the saying be
careful what you ask for you might
get it?

CLEON
You've never answered one prayer of
mine, ever.

RASTA JESUS
I'll advise against making such
blanket statements.

CLEON
Since we won this money it's been
nothing but problems, over and
over, just constantly coming down
on me like an avalanche of never
ending bullshit.

RASTA JESUS
Mo money, mo problems.

CLEON
You're not helping.

RASTA JESUS
I told you money wasn't going to
bring you happiness. Your real
problems haven't even begun, trust
me. You need to come clean. Tell
the truth.

CLEON
Yeah, yeah, it will set you free.
I'm sorry but I don't buy that.

RASTA JESUS
Your wife needs to know about the
money.

CLEON
Ex-wife.

RASTA JESUS
Ex-wife? You got divorced again?

CLEON
Yeah.

RASTA JESUS
Since when?

CLEON
Two months ago.

RASTA JESUS
OK, so a good month before you won
the lottery. You got lucky.

CLEON
It's not even like that.

RASTA JESUS
So that's what, three divorces from
the same woman?

CLEON
Aren't you supposed to be all
knowing?

RASTA JESUS

The word you're looking for is
omniscient, but that can be
interpreted in an infinite number
of ways.

CLEON

Jesus.

RASTA JESUS

Yes?

CLEON

I didn't mean it like that, it's
just an expression.

RASTA JESUS

I've told you about that. I don't
like it. But listen, hiding from
everyone the fact that you won 221
million might not work in your
favor, at least not in the way you
think.

CLEON

I just need to make sure my
brothers don't fuck it up before
I've come up with a sound plan.

RASTA JESUS

Now it's their fault?

CLEON

It's been a month since we won and
they're trying to spend money as if
they were born with silver spoons
up their asses.

RASTA JESUS

The Hedonistic Treadmill.

CLEON

What?

RASTA JESUS

You Homo sapiens have the keen
ability to adapt but it's a double
edged sword. You can adapt to an
ever changing climate and
circumstances. It's the same with
your relationship to money.

(MORE)

RASTA JESUS (CONT'D)

When you start making money, even if you never had it before, you adapt quickly and get used to that lifestyle and spend accordingly.

CLEON

That sounds like a bullshit trait we could have done without.

RASTA JESUS

My father's manufacturing was sound, you can blame this on the evolution department.

CLEON

I just need to convince Erron to vote to keep me in control of the money.

RASTA JESUS

The fact that your brothers handed power of attorney over to you is beyond me. But you need to remember it's their money too.

CLEON

Of course, I'm not going to scam my own blood.

Rasta Jesus gives Cleon a look.

CLEON (CONT'D)

I'm not my parents. My brothers will get their cut soon enough and I'll use mine to make sure Marisol and the kids are taken care of and then come up with responsible ways to invest the rest.

RASTA JESUS

What about the members of your church and let's not forget the two pink elephants in the room?

Cleon exhales, frustrated.

INT. WARWICK MANSION - KITCHEN - DAY

Derek, Erron, Tori and Rizwan sit around the kitchen bar having cereal. There's a HUMMING of a vacuum in the distance.

DEREK

I know you still haven't quit your job but, personally, I'm not going back to work at that fucking grocery store. I got big plans for my money. Rizwan hooked me up with an investment opportunity.

ERRON

Investment, huh?

RIZWAN

My cousin has a housecleaning service and there's unlimited money in it. It's foolproof. What about you, how will you make your money work for you? Surely you don't want to be a palm reader for the rest of your life.

ERRON

I'm a psychic, not a palm reader.

DEREK

Imagine a life when you don't have to keep correcting people about the specifics of your job.

RIZWAN

The lottery is financial independence, Erron, and that's a decision that grown men need to make on their own.

DEREK

We need to vote to undo that stupid ass document we signed. Don't forget it was your clairvoyance that came up with those lottery numbers, so in a way you should have a bigger say than Cleon.

ERRON

Yeah but Cleon lent me the dollar to chip in on the ticket.

RIZWAN

Now we're wandering off into the forest of unnecessary minutia.

ERRON

It's Derek's money. What do you two get out of it?

RIZWAN

I'm a private wealth manager. It's my job to make sure the money is sufficiently cared for.

Erron looks to Tori...

TORI

Derek, Rizwan and I are soulmates.

ERRON

All three of you at the same time?

DEREK

We're like the holy trinity.

ERRON

So you guys just, what, have orgies with each other?

DEREK

We're polyamorous but what the fuck does that matter? We're post labels. We need to think about our financial independence that Cleon is trying to steal from us.

TORI

Erron, I know you don't know me but I want you to look me in the eye and tell me you one-hundred percent trust Cleon with your winnings.

She looks Erron straight in the eyes. Erron looks back at her.

ERRON

There's a profound blackness in your soul, you should schedule a session.

DEREK

Hey that's rude.

CLEON (O.S.)

What the hell are they still doing here?

They all turn to see Cleon standing in the doorway.

DEREK

They moved in.

CLEON
Fuck they did.

TORI
It's very low of you to punish your brother because you're jealous that he's surround by people who love and deeply care for him.

CLEON
(to Derek)
Congratulations, you just got yourself a pair of first class leeches.

TORI
Excuse me? You're the one stealing your brother's money.

CLEON
What?

DEREK
Whoa, whoa, I wouldn't go that far.
(to Tori)
Quit pouring gasoline on an already combustible situation.

TORI
I'm just being honest and letting him know how we really feel.

CLEON
We?

ERRON
They're soulmates. All three of them.

CLEON
(to Derek and Erron)
Look, I need to talk to anyone with the last name Warwick in private.

Tori and Rizwan look to Derek.

DEREK
Give us a few minutes.

TORI
Don't let him bully you.

Tori lays a sloppy kiss on Derek, followed by another kiss from Rizwan. They both walk out.

CLEON
You're about to fuck this up a
thousand times sideways.

DEREK
Let's just take a vote and get on
with it.

CLEON
First things first, we can't go
around buying things like a Ferrari
or a stripper statue. You need to
return them.

DEREK
We have money. It's legal to spend
our own money.

CLEON
Look, money and materialism is not
going to make any of us happy.

DEREK
Well, I'd like to try and come to
that conclusion for myself.

ERRON
Yea me too.

CLEON
Can you just trust me?

DEREK
Nope can't do it. Not unless you
explain why you're guarding our
winnings like a Nazi squirrel.

They look at Cleon, anticipating a response. He mumbles out
then, mercifully--

--VARRRRROOOOM! A buxom TOPLESS CLEANING LADY walks in
operating a vacuum cleaner.

CLEON
What the fuck is this?

DEREK
Investment opportunity.

CLEON
What? Get her out.

DEREK
She's not bothering you. She's just
doing her job.

CLEON
I don't want her listening to our
conversation.

Derek rolls his eyes, exasperated.

DEREK
(to cleaning lady)
Hey, sweetheart.

She just keeps vacuuming.

DEREK (CONT'D)
Hey you, cleaning lady.

Derek snaps his fingers in her direction, still nothing.

DEREK (CONT'D)
See, she can't even hear us.

Cleon walks over and powers off the vacuum cleaner.

CLEON
Can you give us a minute here,
please?

She rolls her eyes and walks out.

CLEON (CONT'D)
OK, look, this situation isn't
ideal but this is about protecting
our family. It's about staying out
of the poverty cycle and--

--Cleon's PHONE RINGS. He looks at it and answers it.

CLEON (CONT'D)
Hello?--

DEREK
--Are you serious?

--Cleon puts a 'one minute finger' up to Derek.

CLEON
(into phone)
What? Say that again?... When?...
Shit, I'll be right there.

He hangs up.

CLEON (CONT'D)
We'll vote later. I gotta go.

DEREK
What? Why?

CLEON
Something happened at the house.

Cleon starts to head out then remembers.

CLEON (CONT'D)
(to Erron)
Oh and do something about the mail.
That's your job.

EXT. HARLEM BROWNSTONE - DAY - ESTABLISHING

An old block that has not yet succumbed to a hipster face lift.

INT. HARLEM BROWNSTONE - HALLWAY - SAME

Cleon walks with his ex-wife, MARISOL WARWICK, 40, Puerto Rican, operates with the efficiency that only a woman rearing three kids can.

MARISOL
He went missing two days ago. I told the kids it's what they do, they wander off. This morning after I dropped them off at school, I got back and was greeted with this.

They cross into the...

KITCHEN

Cleon stops dead in his tracks. Reveal the WINDOW SMEARED WITH BLOOD, like an animal was smashed up against it.

TITLE CARD: THE DEMISE OF MR. TWINKLES AND THE LETTER F

Cleon stares at the bloody window.

CLEON
Oh Jesus.

MARISOL
(re: back door)
You should see what they did to his body.

Cleon opens the back door and takes a peek. He sees their DEAD CAT, mangled, in the alley. It was smashed up against the kitchen window.

CLEON

Ah fuck.

MARISOL

I would have said it was just some sick twisted prank but on Monday some asshole lined up dead rats on the front steps, so any ideas?

CLEON

Ideas about what?

MARISOL

Our house is like a fucking Hitchcock movie right now. I tried reaching you at the church but Nadine said you've barely spent any time there the past couple of weeks. You know you can be straight with me right?

CLEON

Yeah. Of course.

MARISOL

So, are you in some kind of trouble?

CLEON

Some kind of trouble?

MARISOL

Gambling related?

CLEON

Gambling related?

She looks at him, not buying a word of it.

CLEON (CONT'D)

Of course not, I swear.

MARISOL

Are you seeing someone?

CLEON

Am I seeing someone?

MARISOL

Are we in some kind of echo chamber
right now?

CLEON

I'm not seeing anyone.

MARISOL

I'm fine if you are, I just don't
want you getting mixed up with a
psycho ex or something equally
dramatic.

CLEON

I haven't given up on us.

MARISOL

I have, so there, you're liberated,
go with God.

CLEON

You don't mean that.

MARISOL

No? Do you still frequent card
games?

CLEON

(beat)

Define frequent.

MARISOL

You know what, not today, Satan.

She exhales and regroups.

MARISOL (CONT'D)

I got a collect call from Rikers.

CLEON

Ah geez.

MARISOL

You haven't visited them at all.
At least let them know we're not
mad at them considering the
circumstances.

CLEON

We're not?

She gives him a look, knock it off.

CLEON (CONT'D)
Fine. I'll call.

She opens the kitchen PANTRY and takes out a mop and dust pan and hands them to Cleon. Cleon heads for the back door.

MARISOL
If you haven't been staying at the church then where have you been staying?

CLEON
(beat)
Long story. I'll fill you in later.

EXT. HARLEM BROWNSTONE - REAR - LATER

Cleon slaps a wet MOP against the WINDOW and smears the blood around.

LATER

He ties up a trash bag with the cat carcass. He walks down the ALLEY and tosses it in the trash. He looks around then takes out his phone.

CLEON
(into phone)
It's Cleon--

VOICE (O.S.)
--Pastor Warwick.

Cleon turns around and sees SISTER ODOM, 75, but still a ball of fire, walking her dog.

SISTER ODOM
You heard about my grandson's kidney?

CLEON
I heard. My condolences.
(into phone)
Hello?--

SISTER ODOM
--He was gonna get married you know. Now all the money is going to medical bills. My niece, Charmaine, you know Charmaine right? Well she set up one of those things on the internet where you ask people for money, kinda like a church offering and people really do give money.

CLEON

Sister Odom, I sorry but I'm on a call.

He starts to walk away but she grabs him by the arm.

SISTER ODOM

I'm wondering if the church can give a donation to my grandson. We could really use the Lord's help.

CLEON

Lets talk on Sunday.

SISTER ODOM

I'll be there. You know, I've never missed a service and a potluck in, Lord, I think it's been 40 years.

CLEON

Good for you. I really have to go.

Cleon breaks loose from her grip and speed walks away.

SISTER ODOM

(calling out)

See you Sunday, Pastor.

Cleon waves his hand without even turning back. He gets back on his cell phone.

CLEON

Hello?... Yeah, I told you I'll have your money soon... Soon, I'm working on it so stop dropping dead ass animals on my house.

He hangs up, steaming mad.

INT. CHINATOWN - BUTCHER SHOP - DAY

Find YU MA, 62, a butcher with a law degree, hacking up a leg of lamb. CUSTOMERS bustle in and out of the cramped shop.

Cleon walks in. Yu Ma clocks him.

YU MA

(in Mandarin)

Take over for me, I need a piss break.

A CO-WORKER takes over. Yu Ma signals for Cleon to follow.

INT. BUTCHER SHOP HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Boxes line the walls. Yu Ma and Cleon squeeze through the narrow pathway to the back where there's a large WALK IN FREEZER.

Yu Ma opens a small LOCKER by the door. He takes out his phone and puts it in the locker. Cleon does the same. Yu Ma closes the locker door then takes two COATS off a rack. He hands one to Cleon and puts the other one on then opens the walk in freezer. They go in.

INT. WALK-IN FREEZER - CONTINUOUS

Stacks of frozen MEAT line the walls.

YU MA

Let me guess, you want to make another withdrawal.

CLEON

Things are tight.

YU MA

As your attorney I think you're making a big mistake.

CLEON

Mr. Twinkles showed up dead, smashed on our kitchen window.

YU MA

Who's Mr. Twinkles?

CLEON

Our family cat.

YU MA

Oh, that's not that bad, I thought Mr. Twinkles was a neighbor. It's a dead cat, so what?

CLEON

It's an innocent animal.

YU MA

(re: raw meat)

I guess these lambs are all guilty.

CLEON

That's different. This is a cat. It's a family pet not meant for consumption. No one keeps a lamb for a pet.

YU MA
Mary had a little lamb.

CLEON
Jesus Christ.

YU MA
These people that you owe money to,
they're dangerous, yes?

CLEON
Fucking dangerous.

YU MA
OK. Dangerous. I've explained this
to you before but it seems your
uptake is problematic. How much do
you owe these dangerous people?

CLEON
(beat)
200 thousand, give or take.

YU MA
OK. You owe these dangerous people
200 thousand. They know you don't
have the means to pay. But they
hound you anyway, most likely to
send a message to the other
unfortunate individuals who find
themselves in your predicament. Am
I correct so far?

CLEON
I guess.

YU MA
OK, what happens when you walk in
with 200 thousand in cash and pay,
do you think they won't have
questions?

CLEON
I don't have to pay the full
amount. I can pay 10 to start.

YU MA
What's the most you ever paid them?

CLEON
1200 at most.

YU MA
Where did you get the money from?

Silence, Cleon doesn't want to respond.

YU MA (CONT'D)

I'm your attorney, there's nothing you can tell that's worse than the worst thing I've ever seen. So, where did you get the money?

CLEON

(beat)

My church.

YU MA

You're paying off your debts with offering money?

CLEON

Sounds like you're judging me right now.

YU MA

I'm sorry, I'm sorry. It's just more shocking than I thought.

(beat)

Well, OK, so why don't you do that again?

CLEON

It's hard to cover the books.

YU MA

Listen to me, if Tito De La Renta finds out how much you won in the lottery you'll never get rid of him. Trust me, he'll come after you, your family, and everyone else around you so he can get his claws into your fortune. You have to be discreet. Buying that big house was reckless enough, but I get that you and your brothers had no place to live. If it was me, I would have bought a place in a more humble neighborhood.

CLEON

Whatever, I don't like living backwards, how do we move forward?

YU MA

Do you have any assets?

CLEON

(beat)

Well, the house we bought.

YU MA

That's through a shell company so that doesn't help you and begs certain questions you want to avoid.

CLEON

What about my wife's house?

YU MA

You want to sell your wife's family home that her grandfather gave to her father then gave to her?

CLEON

Alright, well, I don't have anything else.

YU MA

This might be the worst advice I've ever given but you have to keep robbing your church, of course unless your debtors disappear, permanently.

CLEON

What? No, I can't do that.

YU MA

What can I say, you've reached the exit ramp of my entire legal advice.

CLEON

Ah fuck.

EXT. BELLE HAVEN, GREENWICH, CT - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

One of the wealthiest neighborhoods in America. These people basically shit gold bullions. I'm talking about homes the size of castles with private waterfronts.

FIND A CAB meandering through the neighborhood.

INT. CAB - NIGHT

Cleon sits in the back of the cab. The CAB DRIVER eye fucks each home he passes.

CAB DRIVER

This you?

CLEON

Yeah.

CAB DRIVER

Must be nice. So what are you, a
ball player, rapper?

Cleon grunts and gets out.

EXT. WARWICK MANSION - NIGHT

Cleon passes Erron's Ferrari and Derek's slutty golden statue, both proudly welcoming him home. He looks at them with disdain then opens the front door. CLUNK! It doesn't open. He pushes against the door repeatedly before it finally opens wide enough. He squeezes in through the space.

INT. WARWICK MANSION - FOYER/LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Cleon tramples over the mail cluttering the foyer. He hears voices and follows it to the living room. An army of people are waiting for him. Derek, Erron, Tori, Rizwan and F. GERRY DOOT, 45, a small-time lawyer moonlighting as a big time lawyer.

CLEON

This feels ominous.

DEREK

Cleon, this is F. Gerry Doot, our
attorney.

Cleon is taken aback.

CLEON

Attorney?

F. GERRY DOOT

I'm just here to have a preliminary
discussion. You're more than
welcome to have your own attorney
present if you wish.

CLEON

What does the F stand for?

F. GERRY DOOT

Excuse me?

CLEON

You said your name is F. Gerry
Doot, right? So what's the F?

F. GERRY DOOT

Oh, no one has ever asked me that
before. Nothing in particular.

CLEON

It doesn't stand for anything? You
just threw a random letter in front
of your name like you're playing
alphabetical Russian roulette.

DEREK

What does it matter what the F
stands for, it's just his fucking
name?

ERRON

Cleon has a point, a name speaks a
lot about a person.

DEREK

No it speaks to what fucking mental
state your parents were in at the
time of your birth. How are you
going to hold someone responsible
for their given name?

CLEON

F is abbreviated so sounds to me
like that was self-inflicted.

TORI

Why are we talking about the
fucking letter F? The real issue
here is that you're taking
advantage of your brothers and
they're hitting back.

CLEON

No, excuse me, this F thing matters
to me. You bring a bootleg lawyer
with a bootleg initial to
intimidate me?

F. GERRY DOOT

You're making a big deal out of
nothing. F is just an important
sounding letter. Lots of attorneys
and famous authors do it. F. Lee
Bailey, F. Scott Fitzgerald or F.
Scott Key.

CLEON

First of all it's Francis Scott Key, no one calls him F. Scott Key and if you wrote the star-spangled banner or an American classic or successfully defended the most notorious murderer in America then I'll let the F abbreviation slide but otherwise so far to me you sound like a pretentious little fuck.

F. GERRY DOOT

OK, fine if it bothers you that much I'll drop the F. From now on my name is Gerry Doot. No initial whatsoever, not even a middle one.

CLEON

See that, you guys bring in this half-pint practitioner and in just a couple of minutes I broke him down to the point that he'll change his entire business operation down to his letterhead and business cards because he lacks the conviction to commit to a random letter. Congratulations, this is going to go very smoothly for all of you.

RIZWAN

Can we drop the subject and talk about the financial situation?

ERRON

The spirits are starting to speak to me, it might not be the best course of action to sue our kin.

DEREK

Are you shitting me? We agreed on this.

RIZWAN

Remember the financial peril you'll be in.

CLEON

There's no peril. The money belongs to us, not you bloodsucking vampires.

ERRON

The spirits have made it clear that there will be karmic blowback with this intended course of action.

DEREK

Oh fuck your spirits. You're a fraud and no one's telling you shit about the future.

ERRON

Oh really? Well the spirits just told me you're going to make a big mistake.

DEREK

Oh please, I fuck shit up all the time, anyone here can predict that. Have you ever considered that maybe you don't have any special abilities and you're just a kook?

TORI

(to Derek)

Shut up! What are you doing? You need to get him on our side not push him away.

CLEON

Fuck it, let's vote!

TORI

No we're not ready to vote.

CLEON

Overruled, you have no say. You're not family. You're just a stray lizard. All the Warwick brothers in favor of the status quo raise your hand.

Cleon shoots his hand straight up, Erron does the same.

CLEON (CONT'D)

Great! Meeting adjourned and you assholes can get the fuck out of our house.

Cleon starts to leave, then remembers...

CLEON (CONT'D)

Oh, Mr. Attorney, I figured out what the F stands for, 'Fuck-off'.

Cleon flips them off and storms out.

INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

An appropriately shitty little watering hole intended for patrons who want to drown their sorrows.

Find Derek, Tori and Rizwan sitting around a table, nursing drinks, shell-shocked.

DEREK

This is all kinds of fucked up.

TORI

Because of the fucking letter F.

They sip their drinks simultaneously, then...

RIZWAN

What's Cleon's story?

DEREK

What do you mean?

RIZWAN

One thing I know from all my months working in wealth management, is everybody and I mean everybody has a pressure point. Maybe I'm reaching here but there has to be a reason he wants to keep that money quiet, it can't be because he doesn't want to be constantly hounded.

DEREK

So what are you getting at?

RIZWAN

Well what's his story? I'm sure he hasn't been religious his whole life, and if we can find his pressure point, it'll be helpful to twist his arm a bit. Churches generally frown on scandals involving their pastors.

DEREK

Yeah he's no Boy Scout but my parents get the full blame for that.

RIZWAN

So you're saying he's not
religious, this is all an act.

DEREK

No definitely not an act, I mean
the guy almost died but didn't and
probably should have. He found
religion after the accident, so I
mean, I can't hold that against
him. He has his convictions.

TORI

What accident?

DEREK

Remember I told you about how my
parents were second rate con
artists...

INT. BROOKLYN HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

YOUNG CLEON, 14, YOUNG DEREK, 9 and YOUNG ERRON, 5, are
asleep on the same bed in a cramped bedroom. We hear a
RUSTLING NOISE.

Derek sits up.

YOUNG DEREK

(shaking Cleon)

Hey, did you hear that?

YOUNG CLEON

Shut up. Go back to sleep.

There's a loud THUD. Cleon definitely hears it and so does
Erron.

YOUNG CLEON (CONT'D)

I'll check it out.

YOUNG DEREK

I'm coming.

YOUNG ERRON

Me too.

The boys all grab their BASEBALL BATS and sneak out the room.
They go DOWNSTAIRS and into the...

KITCHEN

They walk to the back door where they can hear RUSTLING.
Cleon looks at his brothers. They grip their bats ready for battle.

YOUNG CLEON
One, two, three.

Cleon yanks open the back door that leads into the...

CAR GARAGE

YOUNG CLEON (CONT'D)
Hya!

Reveal A MAN AND WOMAN IN SKI MASKS ripping a RED MUSTANG apart.

YOUNG CLEON (CONT'D)
Mom? Dad?

The couple take their masks off, revealing FREDDY WARWICK, 48, white, the look of a man who can never catch a break in life and MARY WARWICK AKA MAMA, 45, black, the swag of a black panther.

FREDDY
Oh hey boys, daddy and mommy
started our own auto repair shop
and we have to do some work on this
sweet ride.

MAMA
We're gonna be busy all night, so
go back upstairs, get some sleep
and daddy and mommy will see you in
the morning.

YOUNG CLEON
OK. Have a good night at work.

YOUNG DEREK
Good night.

YOUNG ERRON
Night.

The boys shut the door.

CUT TO:

THE GARAGE DOOR SWINGS OPEN

In a similar scenario as the last one, Cleon, Derek and Erron see Freddy and Mama with BAGS FULL OF CASH. A few BILLS float about.

FREDDY

Oh hey boys, daddy and mommy started an accounting business.

MAMA

We have a lot of money to count so go back up stairs and get some sleep and we'll see you tomorrow.

CUT TO:

THE GARAGE DOOR SWINGS OPEN

Cleon, Derek and Erron see Freddy and Mama carrying a man who's bleeding.

FREDDY

Oh hey boys, daddy and mommy just got our nurses license so we have to treat this patient tonight.

MAMA

So go back upstairs and if you hear any screams it means our patient is getting better. Get some sleep and we'll see you tomorrow.

INT. BROOKLYN HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cleon, Derek and Erron play Nintendo in their room. Mama barges in, ski-mask on top of her head.

MAMA

Cleon, honey, I need your help with something.

YOUNG CLEON

What?

MAMA

Your daddy has strep throat tonight so I'm gonna need you to drive.

YOUNG CLEON

What? I don't even know how to drive.

MAMA

It's real easy, I'll show you.
Easier than riding a bike even.

YOUNG DEREK

Can I come too?

MAMA

No, you stay home and take care of
your dad and brother.

EXT. BODEGA - CONTINUOUS

Mama takes two LARGE CHAINS, connected to a TOW TRUCK and hooks them up on the ATM MACHINE.

TOW TRUCK

Cleon sits in the driver's seat, nervously, as the engine runs, watching his mom work through the SIDE-VIEW mirror.

MAMA

OK, mash the gas.

Cleon steps on the gas and the wheels of the truck starts spinning. The chain starts yanking the ATM out of the wall. Mama grabs an axe from the back of the tow truck and starts hacking away on the wall around the ATM.

--CRACK! The truck lunges forward and the ATM comes flying out of the wall.

MAMA (CONT'D)

That's it baby, you got it!

The STORE OWNER comes running out of the BODEGA wielding a shovel.

STORE OWNER

You fucking thief! I'm gonna kill
you!

MAMA

Ah shit.

Mama chucks her axe at the store owner. The store owner ducks and the axe smashes into the store door. Mama hops on the tow truck.

MAMA (CONT'D)

Go, go, go!

Cleon slams on the gas and they take off, dragging the ATM with them.

LATER

Sparks fly as the ATM drags on the road, being pulled by the tow truck.

MAMA (CONT'D)

You did good back there, I'm real proud of you. Once we get back to the house your dad and I will show you how to crack open an ATM.

YOUNG CLEON

Cool!

--WHOOP! WHOOP! Sirens blare behind them.

MAMA

Shit.

YOUNG CLEON

Should I pull over?

MAMA

No, baby. Turn here.

Cleon makes a sharp turn.

MAMA (CONT'D)

Not so fast, not so fast.

Too late. The car takes the corner a bit too hard and wobbles. The ATM swings behind them taking out the trailing cop car.

The tow truck tips again in the other direction. A SEMI barrels towards them.

MAMA (CONT'D)

Watch out! Watch out!

Cleon tries to self-correct but the tow truck is all topsy-turvy. It tumbles and smashes into the oncoming semi.

Cleon is knocked out, bleeding profusely from his forehead. We hear more SIRENS BLARING in the distance.

INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

Tori and Rizwan are stunned listening to Derek's story.

DEREK

He was in the hospital for a long time, it seemed like years, but who knows, time is slow as hell when you're a kid.

RIZWAN

That's a pretty fucked up story.

TORI

That's why your mom's in jail?

DEREK

Oh no, my parents have been in and out of jail at least half a dozen times since then, but that's a whole other story.

RIZWAN

See this makes no sense. Your brother had a near death experience. You guys needs to seize the day with your 221 million. Life's too short. You have an obligation to enjoy the money and everything it brings.

TORI

Imagine if you end up in the hospital tomorrow, like your bro, can't walk, can't shit without a nurse shooting you up with laxatives. That sounds like a squandered existence to me.

DEREK

You're right.

TORI

Of course we're right.

RIZWAN

You're a millionaire, Derek. Look around this sad bar. You're the richest son of a bitch in here. Hell, you can probably even buy the whole damn bar and it won't even make a dent in your fortune.

DEREK

Fucking right, I can buy this whole damn bar. Fuck Cleon. Fuck Erron, I'm filthy fucking rich.

Derek leaps onto the table, fucking charged.

DEREK (CONT'D)

(shouting)

Listen up motherfuckers, my name is
Derek Warwick and I'm the richest
son of a bitch in here, wanna know
why, cus me and my brothers just
won the goddamn lottery.

The BAR PATRONS explode in CHEERS.

DEREK (CONT'D)

And I'm in a real generous mood
right now so drinks are on me for
the whole night.

Everyone in the bar goes crazy and starts cheering his name,
'DEREK! DEREK! DEREK!' Derek soaks up the adulation like a
rock star.

AT THE END OF THE BAR, find an Indonesian man, 42, BAYU
WINDU, jovial as they come, enjoying his drink, entertained
by the whole spectacle but with his eyes tracking Derek. Bayu
pulls out his CELL PHONE and makes a call.

BAYU

Hey it's me. Let me speak to the
big boss... Hello, sir, you won't
believe what I'm seeing right now.

INT. HARLEM CHURCH - DAY

Cleon stands at the podium in a humble neighborhood church
delivering a sermon. Marisol and her KIDS sits in front.

CLEON

And let me say this, I know we all
struggle with mounting problems and
we don't know where our help comes
from but we need to have faith
because God answers in the most
unexpected of ways and...

...Cleon clocks two STRANGE MEN, clearly not the church going
type, walk in and post up in the back, by the door.

TITLE CARD: THE GOSPEL OF POVERTY AND DESPAIR

Cleon stares at the strangers. Marisol follows her husband's
gaze and turns around. She sees the men at the door.

SISTER ODOM

Preach, pastor!

A spattering of claps, then Cleon refocuses.

CLEON

...Yeah um, so basically sometimes when God answers our prayers we realize maybe we shouldn't have bugged him so hard because the answer turns out to be a curse. So in conclusion don't ask God for anything, being poor ain't that bad. The end.

The MEMBERS in the church exchange perplexed looks. Cleon takes a seat as his members stare at him like he's an alien. A DEACON walks up to the podium, equally confused.

DEACON

Uh, thanks for that word, pastor. We're gonna take the offering now and I hope to see everyone downstairs at the potluck.

INT. CHURCH BASEMENT - LATER

CHURCH MEMBERS pile their Styrofoam plates with food from the buffet table. Cleon is by the entrance, welcoming guests. Sister Odom approaches in a her Sunday best, holding a phone.

SISTER ODOM

Bless you, pastor. I want to show you a picture of my sweet grandson.

CLEON

Sister Odom, I have to be honest, but I don't know if the church can help. We're spread real thin and it will be irresponsible to commit.

SISTER ODOM

The Lord will provide, you just have to believe that. I have faith.

Sister Odom hugs Cleon and moves off. Cleon sees Marisol marching towards him.

MARISOL

What are those thugs doing here? They're still standing by the door like a couple of zombies. I told them I'm gonna call the police if they don't leave and they didn't even budge.

CLEON
Call the police? Come on.

MARISOL
What's really going on, Cleon?

CLEON
How should I know?

MARISOL
I love you, you're a sweet man,
you're great with the kids but it's
always the same issue with you.
You're incapable of being honest.
You hide things and make them worse
by covering them up.

CLEON
Can we not do this here?

MARISOL
I bet they're the ones that killed
Mr. Twinkles.

CLEON
Stop jumping to crazy conclusions.
Let me talk to them. It's probably
some street thing they want me to
help with. I'll be right back.

INT. HARLEM CHURCH - DAY

The two strange men stand by the door. One of them is on the phone having a cryptic conversation.

Cleon walks out from the back.

CLEON
Are you Tito's guys?

Strange Man #1 ends his phone call and gives his comrade a curt nod. They turn around and walk out.

CLEON (CONT'D)
Hey. I'm talking to you.

Cleon follows them.

EXT. CHURCH - MOMENTS LATER

Cleon hurries down the steps, chasing after the two men.

CLEON
Excuse me.

The men get into their car. Cleon comes right up to their window. He taps it.

CLEON (CONT'D)

Open up.

Strange man #1 starts the car.

CLEON (CONT'D)

Hey! Tell Tito I'll get his--

--VROOM! The car peels away. Cleon just stares as they drive off. What the fuck?

INT. CHURCH OFFICE - LATER

Two church staff members count the offering money, NADINE BLACKWELL, 40, life dedicated to the church and STEVIE JOHNSON, 70, ex-convict turned community grandpa. Cleon enters.

NADINE

Hey, pastor.

CLEON

Have you eaten yet?

NADINE

We'll finish up here first.

CLEON

No please, get some food, Jerome's home on parole again and I can't guarantee there'll be any food left.

STEVIE

Oh hell, we better make a plate.

CLEON

Go on, I can finish up here.

STEVIE

Thanks, pastor.

The two staff members head for the door.

NADINE

Pastor Cleon, everything OK?

CLEON

Yeah, why?

NADINE

I don't know, your sermon, it was... Disheartening I guess.

CLEON

Sorry about that.

STEVIE

The truth be that way sometimes, ain't always gonna be hopeful.

NADINE

Yeah. I guess.

STEVIE

Alright, let's eat.

They leave. Cleon waits for a minute then he takes a little PENCIL CASE from a desk. He empties it out, counts out some of the offering money then stuffs it in the pencil case.

EXT. ROOFTOP GARDEN - DAY

Erron stands before Jessie and her group of HIPSTER MILLENNIALS who are lounging around on picnic blankets, drinking wine.

ERRON

My name is Erron Warwick. I grew up in a very rough part of Harlem as an only child. My mother actually birthed me while she was on death row. I was convicted of murder when I was just 15 and while I was in prison I had a spiritual awakening at age 27. I discovered I had the ability to communicate with spirits, channel them and look into the future. The spirits rewarded me by having the murder charge mysteriously reversed and I was released just a year ago. I'm here to inspire you about your lives and what's to come.

Millennials raise their glasses and swirl their wine.

LATER

Erron sits on a mat directly across from MIKE MATTMILLER, 25, skinny jeans, skinny everything. Erron's eyes are closed while holding Mike's hands.

The rest of the group look on intently. Erron finally opens his eyes and Mike looks at him expectantly.

ERRON (CONT'D)
Social anxiety has been a problem
for you.

MIKE
Yes, yes, I have a hard time in
public settings.

ERRON
It's why you prefer the tech aspect
of things, to avoid working with
people.

MIKE
Oh my god, that's so true.

ERRON
But beware you will miss out on a
key relationship if you avoid
people.

MIKE
Really? What relationship? With
who? Is it a girl? Is she hot?

ERRON
I'm sorry but the spirits are
withholding that information from
me right now. But when the sun
sheds a tear over the ocean then
it's time.

MIKE
What? What does that even mean?
Time for what?

ERRON
I'm sorry the session is over.
Next.

CUT TO:

ERRON WITH ANOTHER CLIENT, HEATHER CRAWFORD, 24, southern
belle type.

ERRON (CONT'D)
Your husband is cheating on you.

HEATHER
What?

ERRON

I'm sorry.

HEATHER

That's impossible?

ERRON

The truth is hard to accept
sometimes.

HEATHER

I'm a lesbian.

ERRON

It's what the spirits showed me.
Sometimes they show me the future.

HEATHER

How can I have a husband when I've
never been interested in men, ever?

ERRON

Your sexuality must be more fluid
than you realize. What can I say?

HEATHER

This is bullshit.

CUT TO:

ERRON WITH A DIFFERENT CLIENT, SHARON FISCHER, 25, slender,
frail looking.

ERRON

You're going to die.

Erron looks at her and she tears up. She gets up and runs
off, crying. Everyone looks on, depressed, no one is having a
good time. Jessie steps in tepidly.

JESSIE

The truth is hard to hear
sometimes. We all know Sharon has
been dealing with depression. We've
all had our reservations of her
involvement with this project. We
need positivity to inspire.

She looks at all the long faces then whispers to Erron.

JESSIE (CONT'D)

(whispering)

This isn't exactly what I had in
mind.

(MORE)

JESSIE (CONT'D)

You can see the future, don't you want to inspire people and give them hope. I mean, is there anything positive you can say, maybe something about the company that will improve morale?

ERRON

Yeah, sure.

JESSIE

Everybody, Erron has some positive news for us about the company before he departs.

ERRON

The spirits told me that this company will be a huge success. Bigger than even Facebook.

The group GASPS and they all clap enthusiastically.

ERRON (CONT'D)

But not before epic failure, in fact most of you won't be here for the success. The company will fail, lose its funding. Most of you will hate each other. Companies will come around and pick at the scraps like a bunch of vultures. One company in particular will buy the code built by Mike and use it as the basis to launch a massive company.

All eyes turn to Mike, raging with jealousy.

ERRON (CONT'D)

But don't worry, Mike won't see a penny. He'll be taken advantage of because he won't have an idea what he signed away. He'll be a miserable coder then he'll quit and take a job teaching Geometry at Havenworth High School. I hope I have inspired you all today. Thank you for having me.

Erron gets up and leaves everyone stunned.

EXT. TAXI CAR LOT - DAY

Find Cleon making his way through rows and rows of parked TAXIS. He walks into a small side office...

INT. RENTAL OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The two shady men from the church are in the office.

CLEON
I'm here to see Tito.

INT. RENTAL OFFICE - BACK ROOM - LATER

Cleon takes out the PENCIL CASE of money and slides it across a desk to TITO DE LA RENTA, 55, sloppy son of a bitch. Tito takes the pencil case.

CLEON
\$1215 in there.

Tito takes out a stack of chips from his desk and slides it across to Cleon. Cleon looks at Tito, confused.

CLEON (CONT'D)
What's this?

TITO
Chips. We got a good game going downstairs.

CLEON
What the fuck? I'm not here to play, I'm paying down my debt.

TITO
That's not my problem.

CLEON
What the hell do you mean that's not your problem?

TITO
You don't owe me anything.

CLEON
Stop fucking around, Tito. Take your money.

TITO
Your debts been bought.

CLEON
My debts been bought?

TITO
Yeah, someone bought it.

CLEON
What do you mean bought it?

TITO
You don't understand the basic
concept of buying something?

CLEON
I understand perfectly well.

TITO
So what's the confusion?

CLEON
I wanna know who bought it?

TITO
Din Tai Mai.

CLEON
What?

TITO
The guy who bought your debt, Din
Tai Mai.

CLEON
Din Tai Mai?

TITO
Yeah Din Tai Mai.

CLEON
Who the fuck is Din Tai Mai?

INT. BUTCHER SHOP - FREEZER

Open on Yu Ma's face, full of shock.

YU MA
Din Tai Mai?

Reveal Cleon talking to Yu Ma.

CLEON
That's what he said, Din Tai Mai.

YU MA
That's not good. That's not good at
all.

CLEON
You've heard of him?

YU MA

Oh yea, everyone here knows about
Din Tai Mai.

CLEON

Who the hell is he?

YU MA

Let me put it like this, you were
better off dealing with Tito de la
Renta.

CLEON

Fuck. So what do I do now?

YU MA

You're a religious man, right?

CLEON

Yeah?

YU MA

Pray.

CLEON

That's how I got into this whole
shit in the first place.

YU MA

No, gambling was your first big
offense.

CLEON

OK, let's not get accusatory. How
do I get in touch with Din Tai Mai?

YU MA

You don't. He gets in touch with
you.

INT. WARWICK MANSION - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rasta Jesus hangs on the wall, quietly. Loud LIVE MUSIC
filters into the room from outside. Cleon sits on the bed,
dejected.

CLEON

Feel free to offer me advice when
you have it.

RASTA JESUS

I told you to stop gambling but you
didn't listen.

CLEON
Yeah OK, what else have you got
that's pertinent to this current
predicament?

RASTA JESUS
Tell Marisol.

CLEON
What good is that going to do?

RASTA JESUS
She won't be stressed out, for one.

CLEON
That's the least of our problems. I
could be killed like tomorrow.

RASTA JESUS
You won't.

CLEON
Lucky me.

There's a KNOCK on the door.

CLEON (CONT'D)
Yeah?

Erron pops his head in.

ERRON
Who are you talking to?

CLEON
I'm on the phone.

Erron clocks Cleon's cell phone on a DRESSER, much too far
away to be having a conversation. Erron holds up a STACK OF
MAIL. He tosses it on Cleon's bed.

ERRON
I sorted through everything.

CLEON
Thanks.

ERRON
(beat)
There's a deposition letter from
the DA's office.
(beat)
You're the one that turned mom and
dad in?

Cleon doesn't say anything.

ERRON (CONT'D)

That's fucked up.

CLEON

They were using my kids' social security numbers for their scam.

ERRON

That's literally the least worst thing they've ever done.

CLEON

When you have kids you'll understand.

ERRON

A day after we win the lottery and police show up at their apartment from an anonymous tip.

CLEON

What are you trying to say?

ERRON

I not trying to say anything, just trying to figure out why?

CLEON

Why? You want mom and dad hanging around after we just won the lottery, that's a fucking disaster waiting to happen.

ERRON

I knew you were selfish but wow, you send our parents off to jail just so you can enjoy riches that you didn't even earn.

CLEON

Mom and dad are nothing but parasites, always with an angle. I don't know about you but I don't want to be one of those people that wins the lottery and in five years are out on the streets. Mom and dad will guarantee that for us.

ERRON

You don't know that.

CLEON

Aren't you supposed to be able to see future? Why don't you put that skill to good use for once.

ERRON

Do they know you're the one that made the call?

CLEON

No.

ERRON

Thanksgiving's going to be fun.

Erron turns around to leave.

CLEON

Where are you going?

ERRON

I need some spiritual food, I'm going to Popeyes.

CLEON

Have you seen Derek?

ERRON

Not since last night.

Erron leaves. Cleon looks at Rasta Jesus...

CLEON

Well, have anything to say?

RASTA JESUS

Sounds like a party outside. Is that the one you were invited to?

CLEON

Yeah, why?

RASTA JESUS

You should go, music will do your soul some good.

CLEON

You know what, Rasta Jesus, you're never helpful when you need to be.

RASTA JESUS

When I first met you at the hospital, what did I tell you?

CLEON
I have no idea.

RASTA JESUS
I told you I wouldn't impose myself
on you but if you actually listened
to what I tell you, your life would
be fulfilled.

CLEON
My life doesn't feel fulfilled, not
even close.

RASTA JESUS
That's 'cus you've never listened.

CLEON
OK, I'm listening, now. What should
I do?

RASTA JESUS
(beat)
Just go to the party. Have fun.
Tomorrow's another day.

Cleon just looks at Rasta Jesus, again not what he wants to
hear.

CLEON
Thanks for the non-advice.

EXT. POMEROY MANSION - BACK PATIO - NIGHT

WE'RE BACK TO THE PARTY FROM THE OPENING.

The party is on full blast. The BAND is jamming. The drinks
are flowing. People are getting frisky. A bunch of RICH WHITE
PEOPLE getting turned up.

Cleon walks in, sticking out like a sore thumb. He spots
DARLENE POMEROY, 40, one of those rich liberals that feels
guilty about their wealth.

DARLENE
Oh my god, neighbor, you came.

She kisses Cleon on the cheeks.

CLEON
Sup, Ms. Darlene.

DARLENE
Oh come on, this ain't some
plantation. Darlene will do.

CLEON

Alright.

DARLENE

I gotta introduce you to the rest of the neighborhood. Glad to get some much needed diversity around here. I mean really, oh my God.

Darlene waves down her husband, Dyson, a drink in each hand.

DARLENE (CONT'D)

Honey, look who came.

DYSON

Hey! Cleon, my man.

CLEON

Sup.

DYSON

Is your brother here? The white one?

CLEON

No.

DYSON

Oh thank God. I mean no offense, you're cool but your brother's a piece of work. Have you had a drink yet?

CLEON

Nah.

DYSON

Let's change that. Have a seat, right here and I'll be right back. What's your poison?

CLEON

Beer.

DYSON

Oh come on, elevate your palate a little bit.

CLEON

Uh--

DYSON

--You know what, just hang tight. I'll surprise you.

(MORE)

DYSON (CONT'D)
(to table)
Oh everybody, this is my new
neighbor, Cleon. He just moved in.
Have a seat.

Cleon sits down at a table. He smiles at the other guests,
nothing in particular to say.

GUEST #1
So you moved in next door?

CLEON
Yeah.

GUEST #1
How much did you buy the place for?

CLEON
(beat)
A lot.

The other guests laugh.

GUEST #1
So what do you do? You a rapper,
actor, maybe ball player?

CLEON
I'm a pastor.

--JUST THEN WE HEAR A LOUD SCREAM AND SEE MEN IN ANIMALS
MASKS STORMING THE PARTY.

Cleon and everyone at his table get up to get the fuck out of
there but a man in a TIGER MASK points his gun at them.

TIGER
Sit the fuck down.

They all slowly sit down. Some people at the table are crying
their eyes out.

Cleon scans all the commotion, seeing these animals wreck the
place. What the fuck is going on? A WOMAN next to Cleon
starts hyperventilating.

Cleon puts his arm around her.

CLEON
Calm down. Take a deep breath.

WOMAN GUEST
Oh my god. I'm gonna die. I'm gonna
die.

CLEON
Have some water.

Cleon gives her a glass and she downs it. Cleon sees a man in a CHURCH MOUSE mask pass their table. Beat. The Church Mouse walks backwards and stops right in front of their table.

Cleon stares right at the church mouse. The Church Mouse tilts his head side-ways then steps closer.

CHURCH MOUSE
(singing)
One of these fools is not like the
others.
(beat)
Boo!

JUMP TO:

WHERE WE LEFT OFF IN THE OPENING WITH CLEON STARING DOWN THE BARREL OF THE CHURCH MOUSES RIFLE.

SIRENS wail in the background. Cleon's HEART BEATING. Sweat on his forehead. This may be it. The church mouse pulls his rifle down.

CHURCH MOUSE
Haaaaaaa! I'm just kidding, I'm not
going to kill you. I just wanted to
put a face to the name. Your friend
Din Tai Mai sends his regards.
He'll be in touch very soon.

The Church Mouse gets up and whistles to his comrades.

CHURCH MOUSE (CONT'D)
(announcing)
Enjoy the rest of your evening good
people. This is one epic fucking
party.

Cleon watches the church mouse and his henchman retreat back into the night. He hears the loud RUMBLING OF BOATS fade further away.

Cleon just sits there stunned. He feels the eyes of all the party-goers tearing right into him. Shit just got even more fucked up.

END PILOT