

UNTITLED

Written by

Eric Newman

11.1.19

FIRST DRAFT

HARTBEAT PRODUCTIONS
SCREEN ARCADE

NOTE: The following prologue doesn't have a definite home yet. It could be placed in a couple of different spots. It could come as it does here, in the opening of the pilot, or it might also come at a later point of the season, perhaps as an opening teaser in a future episode. It may also be expanded upon and doled out in pieces throughout the show, illustrating important past, and defining the dynamic born of it. Wherever it lands, it's good info to have in this first read.

FADE IN:

EXT. PHILADELPHIA HOUSING PROJECT - 1984 - NIGHT

A late-night snow falls on a large but newish housing project. A row of basketball courts, a playground, a common area, all lit by the pale flicker of yellow xenon street lights. It's beautiful, and empty. It's well after midnight. It's 1984.

EXT. PHILADELPHIA HOUSING PROJECT - RESIDENCE BLOCK - NIGHT

A light on in a third-floor window. The only one on in the whole building. On the ground floor, a metal door to a stairway access vestibule opens, and a BOY (12), young but with the burgeoning physique of an athlete, peeks out before quickly closing the door again.

A beat later, the door opens again and the boy emerges, this time followed by another, YOUNGER BOY (5). Wide-eyed, the younger boy, whom we will call THE KID, in awe of the silent world under its blanket of snow.

BOY

Alright. We're doing this quick.
When I say done, we're done.

The Kid smiles as he moves past the older boy and steps out into the snow. He wears a Sixers starter jacket which the older boy notices.

BOY (CONT'D)

Hey, I told you not to wear that
around here. Somebody'll snatch it
from you.

THE KID

Who? You said only a crazy person
would be out here in the snow like
this. At three in the morning.

The Boy smiles. Good point. The Kid continues out, but then pauses, a look of worry on his face.

THE KID (CONT'D)
What if we run into mom?

BOY
We won't. She doesn't get home till
the sun comes up.

That works for our kid, who goes off, stomping through the snow, a huge grin on his face.

BOY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
It doesn't happen like that. It
melts and you just get wet.

EXT. PHILADELPHIA HOUSING PROJECT - BASKETBALL COURTS - LATER

The pair stand in the center of one of the basketball courts. The Kid, arms outstretched, eyes closed, letting the snow fall onto his face.

BOY
But keep trying.

The Boy watches him. The Kid opens his eyes and turns toward him. A thought occurs to him.

KID
Hey. Will you get to play football
in the snow?

BOY
Yeah. Especially if you play for
one of the teams where it snows a
lot.

KID
Like the Eagles?

BOY
Yeah.

KID
Well, I hope you do play here. You
can still live with me at mom's
house.

BOY
Nah.
(a beat)
(MORE)

BOY (CONT'D)
You and mom can live with me. In
the big house I'm going to buy us.

The Kid smiles, closes his eyes again, and turns his face upward with renewed focus while the Boy smiles, and thoughtfully scans the snowy landscape.

BOY (CONT'D)
I love when the snow shuts down the
city. I love the quiet of it.

The Kid opens his eyes and looks over at the Boy.

THE KID
What about now?

There's nothing. Just a face wet from melted snow.

BOY
A little bit. Yeah. I see it.

The Kid smiles. But then something else occurs to him.

THE KID
Hey. Are we crazy persons?

BOY
Man, we're the *craziest* persons.

They share a laugh. And then. BOOM. BOOM. BOOM. Three gunshots in quick succession shatter the silence. A fourth follows a beat later.

THE KID
Was that gunshots?

The Boy doesn't answer, but his whole demeanor has changed.

BOY
We're going back now. Stay right
behind me.

The Kid looks scared.

BOY (CONT'D)
We pass somebody? Don't even look
at them. Don't look at nothing but
the ground. Understand?

He nods. He does.

BOY (CONT'D)
We're going to be alright. Let's
go.

He moves quickly off the basketball court, followed closely by the Kid.

EXT. PHILADELPHIA HOUSING PROJECT - COMMONS - CONTINUOUS

The boys move down a tree-lined path. The Kid keeps his eyes turned down, as instructed. The Boy scans his surroundings, now much more ominous for their silent shadows.

Somewhere close-by we hear FOOTSTEPS echo off the buildings. Heavy boots on snow. Like they are being followed.

We stay on the Boy until we realize the Kid is no longer behind him. He has stopped a few paces back, where he stands staring at the ground. The Boy walks back to him, follows his gaze. As do we.

Lying on the ground is A BODY. That of a young man. Snow has begun to accumulate on his face, his arms, and legs. But on his chest, where he has been shot multiple times, there's a bloody slush.

The Boy grabs the Kid's hand, and pulls him away.

EXT. PHILADELPHIA HOUSING PROJECT - RESIDENCE BLOCK - MOMENTS LATER

The boys are back to where they started. We still hear the FOOTSTEPS, but can't tell from where. They seem to come from all over. The Boy opens the stairway access door and ushers the Kid inside.

BOY

You get upstairs fast and lock the door.

THE KID

I don't want...

BOY

Just do it. I'll be right up.

(a beat)

I promise.

He closes the door. Now alone, outside. On a nearby bicycle rack he finds an abandoned length of chain. He wraps one end around his hand, ready to strike. He stands in the shadows, his hands shaking, as he listens to the approaching footsteps, waiting for a killer to round the corner.

But it never happens. The footsteps fade. And it is silent again. The Boy is relieved as he drops the chain, opens the stairwell access door, and enters.

INT. PHILADELPHIA HOUSING PROJECT - STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

The Boy enters to find the Kid still standing in the stairwell, staring at the ground as if in shock.

BOY

I told you to wait upstairs.

The Kid doesn't look up. He doesn't even seem to have heard him. The Boy looks down to see that the Kid's hands are opening and closing rapidly in an involuntary movement.

BOY (CONT'D)

Hey. It's all good. There's nobody out there.

Nothing. Just the flutter of the Kid's hands. And then the Boy realizes that they are not alone. He slowly looks up to find A MAN, standing in the shadows under the stairs.

The Man wears a hoodie that hides much of his face, but not enough. We see his dead eyes and thin smile too clearly. In his hand, held low at his side, is a 9mm pistol.

MAN

(to the Kid)

So, you ain't said, little man. You think the Sixers can do it again?

The Kid doesn't answer, but the Man isn't expecting an answer.

MAN (CONT'D)

Me? I'm thinking Celtics take it.
The Doctor just ain't in. You know?

He now looks at the Boy.

BOY

We didn't see anything.

The Man isn't buying that.

BOY (CONT'D)

He's just a kid.

MAN

You a kid. You a kid, too. Right?

The Man looks out the window behind the Boy. He's eerily calm, cold even, getting ready to make a move, to do something. The Boy tries a different approach.

BOY

I'm friends with Quentin. He works the corner for you. North side of the block.

(a beat)

My name's Carlton.

The Man takes the Boy in, thinking as he does.

MAN

Quentin's friend. Yeah. I think I seen you. You the football player, huh?

(a beat)

He your little brother?

The Boy nods.

MAN (CONT'D)

Upstairs, that light? That where you stay?

The Boy nods again.

MAN (CONT'D)

Then we straight. Carlton who plays football. With the little brother. Who lives upstairs.

(a beat as he lets it sink in)

Tomorrow you come find me. We gonna put you to work. See what's up.

He turns to the Kid.

MAN (CONT'D)

Alright, little man. You get on upstairs. Tomorrow a school day.

The Kid doesn't look up as he answers.

THE KID

No.

(a tense beat)

Tomorrow is Sunday.

The Man chuckles.

MAN

Right. Sunday. See you, Carlton.

He looks cautiously out the window before slipping out into the snowy night. Leaving the two brothers alone.

The Kid begins to shake. And then cry. He is sobbing by the time the Boy takes him in his arms.

THE BOY

It's OK. It's all going to be OK.

He holds him tight as we go out off his face.

FADE OUT.

INSERT: TITLE

VOICE ON SPEAKER PHONE (O.S.)

*Get ready for the best part... Kid?
You ready?*

FADE IN:

INT. CADILLAC ESCALADE - LOS ANGELES - DAY

A luxury SUV winds its way through traffic as it approaches LAX. A heavy-set driver, ALBERT (50) behind the wheel. In the backseat is our hero, THE KID, now somewhere approaching middle age. He is listening to a conversation through his iphone speaker. It's very clearly 2019. Or close to it.

VOICE ON SPEAKER PHONE (O.S.)

He's going to love it.

SECOND VOICE ON SPEAKER PHONE (O.S.)

*OK. Check this out: The movie is
going to hit a billion dollars on
Sunday....*

The Kid takes this in, but his reaction is not immediately clear, he fidgets a bit. Anxious.

VOICE ON SPEAKER PHONE (O.S.)

A billion fucking dollars....

THE KID

Cool. That's great.

THIRD VOICE ON SPEAKER PHONE (O.S.)

Congrats kid. That's huge.

SECOND VOICE ON SPEAKER PHONE (O.S.)

*The studio is issuing a press
release...*

THE KID

Uh huh.

VOICE ON SPEAKER PHONE (O.S.)

Announcing the sequel...

SECOND VOICE ON SPEAKER PHONE (O.S.)

And the overall deal...

There is silence as they wait for a reaction from our guy.

THE KID

You guys are doing that thing again, you know that right? You're not telling me the only thing I really want to know cause you're all hopped up on the shit that you care about.

VOICE ON SPEAKER PHONE

We were getting to that, boss...

SECOND VOICE ON SPEAKER PHONE (O.S.)

It'll shoot in the Summer. We told them it has to be after Christian gets out of school. They said yes.

SECOND VOICE ON SPEAKER PHONE (O.S.)

(CONT'D)

It wasn't easy. We had to go a few rounds.

VOICE ON SPEAKER PHONE (O.S.)

Yeah, but they also love you. And they want you to be happy.

SECOND VOICE ON SPEAKER PHONE (O.S.)

Oh yeah. No they were happy to do it. Once they did it.

THE KID

And the TV show. Shoots in LA right? That's not changing. Or I'm out. Cause I can't be gone that long.

Another VOICE chimes in, one perhaps a touch more senior.

THIRD VOICE ON SPEAKER PHONE (O.S.)

Yeah, Kid. The network knows that. We got it. Don't even think about it again. We're on it. OK, guys. Let's go through some other stuff here...

The Kid, relaxes a bit, puts the phone on mute as the THIRD VOICE takes over. The conversation drones on in the background as the three voices discuss schedule, money, and bullshit.

THE KID
How you doing, Albert? You good?

ALBERT
Oh yeah. You know. Doing good.

THE KID
That thing with your son? It clear up?

ALBERT
Day to day. You know. He's gonna live with us for awhile. Keep doing the steps. So, you know...

THE KID
Uh huh. I'm sorry.

Awkward silence as the phone conversation continues in the background.

ALBERT
Those guys sure take good care of you.

THE KID
Yeah. They do.

ALBERT
Where you off to this time?

THE KID
Philly.

ALBERT
Going home? Home is good.

THE KID
Yeah. It hasn't been home in awhile.

ALBERT
Yeah. But it'll always be home, right?

The call, having been for a while just indecipherable drone, becomes very audible again.

THIRD VOICE ON SPEAKER PHONE (O.S.)
*...which you'll want to take up
with your brother.*

At the mention of his brother, the Kid quickly picks up the phone handset.

THE KID
What about him?

THIRD VOICE ON SPEAKER PHONE (O.S.)
*I was just saying that you need to
talk to him on this trip, make it
clear that our liability has to be
over.*

THE KID
Liability?

It is slight, a small gesture, but we may notice the Kid's
hands opening and closing.

THIRD VOICE ON SPEAKER PHONE (O.S.)
*With the restaurant. Yes, it's out
of business, but until the LLC is
closed, you're still on the hook
for any... additional expenses.*

VOICE ON SPEAKER PHONE (O.S.)
*This one is out of my area, I'm
dropping off. Fly safe, Kid. Crush
it tonight.*

SECOND VOICE ON SPEAKER PHONE (O.S.)
*Me too. So long kid. We're here if
you need us. Kill those shows.*

THE KID
Ok. Yeah. Later.
(and then)
So I gotta talk to him?

THIRD VOICE ON SPEAKER PHONE (O.S.)
*Yeah. Just make sure he knows that
any accounts associated with that
place are closed. And that he
shouldn't be running up any new
charges.*

THE KID
Got it.

THIRD VOICE ON SPEAKER PHONE (O.S.)

*And Kid, he may try to talk you
into floating some more money for
it. He said something to Terry
about it. But we have to shut that
down. It's over.*

THE KID

Uh huh.

THIRD VOICE ON SPEAKER PHONE (O.S.)

*God knows you've sunk enough money
into that deal.*

They pull up to the curb where three people are waiting. One of them is TODD (30s), hipster, tour manager, a little spectrum-y. The second is HERSCHEL (30) enormous and largely silent security guy. The third is a representative of the airline. Herschel quickly opens the door for our guy.

THE KID

Yeah. OK. I'll talk to him.

(a beat)

I'm at the airport. Gotta go.

THIRD VOICE ON SPEAKER PHONE (O.S.)

Fly safe.

The Kid hangs up.

ALBERT

Watch your step getting out. Have a great trip. See you Sunday.

THE KID

Thanks, Albert.

The Kid exits the car. Todd grabs his bag, the stone-faced Herschel keeps an eye out for threats, a few fans notice as the Airline Rep ushers them quickly into the terminal.

PILOT (O.S.)

We watched it twice. Not kidding.

INT. COMMERCIAL AIRPLANE - FIRST CLASS CABIN - LATER

Our guy in a first class window seat getting fanned by the pilot. He is alone in the empty plane save for Todd, who stands nearby arranging the bags in the overhead compartment, and Herschel, who sits one row in front of them.

PILOT

We laughed just as hard the second time. And you know what? I cried. The stuff with that little kid?

THE KID

Oh. Wow. Thanks. That means a lot. I had fun making it. You know that kid was actually German.

PILOT

No way. I had to check the credits to see if he wasn't actually your real son.

A smiling STEWARDESS signals to the pilot.

PILOT (CONT'D)

OK. Well, we're going to start boarding now. You need anything at all just let them know and they'll get to me.

THE KID

Yeah, you know there is something.

The obliging pilot waits for it.

THE KID (CONT'D)

Can you take us over Houston? I want to open the door and throw a bunch of shit out.

The pilot isn't sure if he's kidding.

THE KID (CONT'D)

Nah man. Just fly the plane. I'm good.

The pilot laughs like it's the funniest thing he's ever heard before returning to the cockpit, passing an elderly woman with a walker, and a few other disabled passengers as they make their way down the aisle. Todd takes his seat on the aisle.

The Kid puts his head phones on, his hoodie up, and closes his eyes. We hear his MUSIC through his phones, and then, faintly...

WILL (O.S.)

I'll never understand why they let the handicapped people on first.

WILL (45) a well-heeled Wall Street type slides into the seat right next to Herschel.

WILL (CONT'D)

I mean, I can get out of their way
much faster than they can get out
of mine.

(a beat)

Hey, can someone hang this?

The Stewardess takes his coat, and doesn't get a thank you. Will takes a quick look at Hershel. Checks his ticket. Then an even closer look at his seat-mate.

WILL (CONT'D)

Hey, is that your seat?

Hershel silently looks at his ticket. Then nods affirmatively. Will shrugs, but then he sees The Kid in the next seat back.

WILL (CONT'D)

Holy shit. Hey, man. It's you.

(a beat)

Now I get it. He's with you. I was
like, "look at this guy in first
class".

The Kid politely removes his headphones. Offers a quick wave.

THE KID

Yeah. How you doing?

WILL

Fucking awesome. Hey, You're from
Philly? Right? I remember seeing
you at - what the fuck was it? -
the Laff house. When I was in
school. So fucking funny.

Will sits on his knees in his chair, facing backwards. The Kid just wants to put his headphones back on.

THE KID

Oh yeah. Cool. Thanks.

WILL

What part of the city you grow up
in?

THE KID

Uh. North.

WILL

North. Sure. Didn't spend much time in that area. No thanks, right? Pretty horrible. Bet your glad you're out of there.

THE KID

Wasn't all bad.

WILL

Uh huh. I was at Penn. In the business school anyway. It's like Penn, but way better.

THE KID

Yeah. Wharton. I know.

The guy is surprised.

WILL

That's right. You've heard of it?

THE KID

Couple guys who work for me went there.

Touche. Not that this guy gets it.

WILL

I'm going out for a class reunion.
(a beat)
Also, kind of a funeral. Some dude from my year killed himself.

THE KID

I'm sorry. That's a shame.

Will shrugs. What are you going to do?

WILL

Guy had it all. Got through all the hard stuff. 100 hour work weeks for 10 years. Made partner. Touched some huge deals. And chucked it all away cause he felt sad. Fucking loser.

THE KID

Jesus. He have kids?

WILL

No idea. We never talked about that.

(a thoughtful beat)

(MORE)

WILL (CONT'D)

Not everybody is supposed to make it I guess. I bet you know a lot of people who didn't make it, right?

THE KID

Yeah.

WILL

You gotta be built for it. And if you're not...

He trails off as he contemplates his own wisdom. And then...

WILL (CONT'D)

That reminds me. I saw your Ted Talk. Fuck man, it was awesome. It was so... fluent.

THE KID

Uh. Thanks.

WILL

Hey, one more thing, we need to get some girls for this thing tomorrow night. Not the funeral thing, but the after thing. You got a hook-up? Maybe from the old days?

THE KID

Uh, no.

Our guy wants out of the conversations and so he pretends to check his phone, maybe starts to write an e-mail. It takes a beat but Will sits down.

INSERT: The battery on his iphone is low. A quick check of his backpack doesn't yield what he's looking for.

The Kid motions to Todd.

THE KID (CONT'D)

You got an iphone charger? I forgot mine.

TODD

Sorry. I got a Galaxy.

(then quickly)

Not the kind that blows up.

(a beat)

But I'll make sure one is waiting at the hotel.

Todd makes a note on his ever present tablet (also a galaxy) with a bulky stylus.

Will returns, peeking over his seat, with a brand new white iphone cord.

WILL

Use mine.

THE KID

Thanks.

The Kid takes it and goes to plug the charger into the seat outlet, Will watches from his perch.

WILL

Man, these guys are fucking smart.
That little piece of wire and
plastic, made by Chinese toddler
hands for 25 cents, costs 35
dollars. And I lose one a month.
Gotta respect that.

(a beat)

Hey. Make sure you give it back
when we land. Not that I don't
trust you. You're you!

Our guy nods. Of course he will, as he finishes plugging it in.

TODD (O.S.)

Sound-check at 4. Show at 9.

EXT. LINCOLN NAVIGATOR - STREETS OF PHILADELPHIA - AFTERNOON

A MATCH-CUT: we are CLOSE on our guy as he plugs the same iphone cord into an outlet in the back of the navigator as it moves through the streets of Philadelphia. He's stolen it. Herschel sits in the front seat. The Kid alone on the large middle bench.

THE KID

Cool.

Todd clocks the phone charger and crosses out the words GET IPHONE CHARGER on his tablet.

TODD

The 76ers are having some kind of
team meeting in the arena before.
They asked if you want to come say
hi. They have a big game Sunday. I
guess.

The DRIVER pipes up.

DRIVER

First home game of the season.

Todd shoots a look at the driver. Excuse me?

TODD

Well. There you go.

(a beat)

Hey, Joel told me to try and schedule some time for you with your brother. You got something in mind?

The Kid sighs.

TODD (CONT'D)

Anything I can handle for you?

THE KID

Nah. I gotta take care of it myself.

(a beat)

Hey, you got a brother right?

TODD

I'm one of 5.

THE KID

You ever loan any of them money?

TODD

I'm the biggest loser in my family. By far. Two of my brothers are brain surgeons. So... no.

The Kid turns back to the window. Todd is no help.

TODD (CONT'D)

But also I would never loan anyone anything. Especially family. They'll only resent you. And never pay you back. Loans are for suckers.

(a beat)

Hey, why are you asking me this?

THE KID

Never mind, man.

Todd realizes he may have fucked up.

TODD

Shit. I'm sorry. Relationships
aren't really my thing. Neither is
advice. Or family.

The Kid makes a phone call, clearly gets voice mail.

THE KID

Yo. It's me. I'm here. OK. Bye.

CUT TO:

INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - LOBBY

The Car arrives downstairs at the hotel. A few fans in the know are waiting a safe distance from the hotel entrance. One of them, ALAN, a short superfan (25) with a backpack, waves to our guy while telling the HOTEL SECURITY GUY who blocks his path...

ALAN THE SUPERFAN

It's OK. He knows me.

(to the Kid)

Welcome back! So nice to see you
again.

(a beat)

It's Alan!

The Kid smiles perfunctorily and waves, before being ushered quickly inside. Alan's face lights up. He's a real fan. And maybe a little crazy.

DITMAR (O.S.)

And inside we will find our
presidential suite...

INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - ENTRYWAY-LIVING ROOM - PRESIDENTIAL SUITE

The door opens as our contingent enters the room, lead by a uniformed bellman, DITMAR. Ditmar is German and speaks with an accent. He is also a bit robotic, as if he was programmed at some Swiss hotel management school (he was). Todd and Herschel enter first, followed by The Kid.

The room is enormous, consisting of a front hall and a giant living room with a grand piano and bar. Two doors on opposite ends lead to two separate bedrooms.

DITMAR

There are two bedrooms, but perhaps
you will only use one?

The Kid is unsure if it's a real question. It is.

THE KID

Uh. Yeah.

DITMAR

In this case. It would be this one.
It is the master.

He motions to the larger room, which he enters with the bags.
The Kid takes in the living room. He sniffs the air.

THE KID

Hey, this a non-smoking room right?

DITMAR

Yes. Although it seems as though a
prior guest did not obey. It is
perhaps not cigarettes.

THE KID

Smells like weed.

DITMAR

I'm so sorry. Will that be a
problem for you?

THE KID

Nah. It's cool.

Ditmar smiles and nods, but we can see he is profoundly
disappointed that rules were broken. He heads into the master
bedroom with the Kid's bag. The Kid notices Hershel bouncing
up and down a bit.

THE KID (CONT'D)

Herschel, you gotta use the
bathroom? Just do it man. I'm safe
in here.

Herschel nods, gratefully, and steps into the powder room as
Ditmar returns from the bedroom.

TODD

(regarding Hershel)
He's one of Gavin's new guys.

The Kid nods.

DITMAR

Would you like me to demonstrate
the bedroom lighting scheme?

THE KID
No. It's cool.

DITMAR
It's really quite complex.

THE KID
It's OK. I'll figure it out.
Thanks.

(a beat)
You know, maybe I should check out
the other bedroom. You know, in
case the other one gets fucked up
or something.

Ditmar doesn't think that this sounds unreasonable and
motions to the Kid "after you". The Kid strides off toward
the second bedroom.

DITMAR (O.S.)
The room is smaller, but you will
find it quite comfortable...

INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - SECOND BEDROOM

The Kid enters the room, Ditmar close behind him. The room is
dark, curtains closed. We can make out a large bed in the
darkness, but little else.

DITMAR
Oh. Apologies. This is not
standard. To be so dark.

THE KID
It smells funny in here, too.

Ditmar moves quickly to open the curtains while the Kid turns
on the lights. Both happen at the same time, filling the
place with light, and revealing A MAN (50) who until that
moment appears to have been asleep. But now he springs up,
leaping out of bed, revealing his total nakedness.

NAKED MAN
Ahhhhhhhhh!!

THE KID
Holy shit!!! Ahhhhhh.

Ditmar is a beat behind as he struggles to process the naked
intruder.

DITMAR
Ahhhhhhh!!!!

THE KID

What the fuck are you doing in my room!???

NAKED MAN

What the fuck are YOU doing in MY room?

DITMAR

Ahhhhhh!

THE KID

(to Ditmar)

What kind of hotel is this??

NAKED MAN

(also to Ditmar)

Yeah! This shit is absolutely unacceptable.

Herschel, fresh from the bathroom, runs into the room with Todd safely behind tucked behind him. More screaming.

NAKED MAN (CONT'D)

Ahhhh!!!

DITMAR

Ahhhhh!!!

Herschel is trying make sense of this, a panicked beat as the implied threat of a naked man sinks in, he moves to pull the Kid out of the room. Todd on the other hand, takes in the Naked Man, and completely nonplussed, without surprise says..

TODD

Hey, Carlton.

The Kid is laughing. Ditmar is trying to figure out what the fuck is going on.

DITMAR

You know this man?

TODD

Yes. He does. That's his brother.

He continues to stand there, totally naked and straight faced.

CARLTON

Yeah. So, I'm going to need a key because I had to talk housekeeping into letting me in this time.

Ditmar doesn't know what to do. He's still in shock. He looks at The Kid, who is still laughing.

THE KID

Yeah. It's OK. He's going to be staying here.

Ditmar's autopilot kicks in again, and he's back to unflappable bellman.

DITMAR

I see. Well, a warm welcome to the Four Seasons, Philadelphia.

CARLTON

That's more like it.

(a beat)

Now, I'm going to hug somebody, and I ain't choosy.

INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - LATER

The brothers are alone in the suite's palatial living room. Carlton wears a bathrobe and rummages through the pricey shit from the mini-bar.

CARLTON

Man, I was going to get into the bathtub, wait for you motherfuckers in there. In a bunch of bubbles. But I couldn't figure that shit out.

THE KID

Nah man, the bed was cool. That was funny. I thought you were going to come out of the closet wearing a laundry bag or something.

CARLTON

You know they put the room rate on the wall over there. It's \$5000 a night.

THE KID

We don't pay that. The promoter does. And it's a lot less. Not sure why they do that.

CARLTON

Yeah. Cause I was like, why do you need to know what it costs if you already rich enough to be in it?

(MORE)

CARLTON (CONT'D)

(a beat)

Or dumb enough.

THE KID

It's good to see you, man.

CARLTON

It's good to see you.

THE KID

You good?

CARLTON

Me, oh yeah. Man, I'm great. Just doing my thing. How you doing?

THE KID

I'm good. You know. Really good.

CARLTON

Yeah, you look good. I saw your last jam. Took me awhile but I saw it. It's great man.

THE KID

Ah yeah. Thanks.

CARLTON

Proud of you.

THE KID

Thanks, man.

CARLTON

Yeah, man, people love that kiddie shit right?

The Kid smiles at the subtle dig. An awkward moment passes between them.

CARLTON (CONT'D)

Hey, I'm sorry the spot didn't work out for us.

And there it is.

THE KID

You kidding? Look. I'm not even thinking about it.

CARLTON

Cool. Yeah, I mean, turns out that spot was jinxed, man.

(MORE)

CARLTON (CONT'D)
Every joint that ever went in that location failed.

THE KID
Uh. Yeah. I don't think I knew that. Huh.

CARLTON
Yeah. But here's the thing: my partners - you going to meet some of them tonight - they said that if we keep the liquor license current, and keep some payroll going, we can wait for a new spot to open up. A better one. I mean we got a kitchen full of the best high-end shit, just sitting there.

Another awkward beat.

THE KID
Yeah. About that. So, as long as shit is still up, I'm like, responsible for it.

CARLTON
Ah, it's all good. I will be responsible for it. Right here, from now on, "I got it".

THE KID
Well, it isn't just responsible. It's more like, "liable".

CARLTON
Then I'll be "liable".

THE KID
I can't let you do that. It's an economic thing. It leaves me....

CARLTON
What?

THE KID
Exposed. Like for money. And insurance.

CARLTON
Exposed?

Carlton does a show of looking around, under tables, behind the couch.

CARLTON (CONT'D)

Wait man, is your team here? Cause it sounds like them talking.

Carlton still appears good natured.

THE KID

I just gotta be careful that's all. Having a closed down restaurant full of equipment and a bunch of open accounts puts me at risk.

CARLTON

At risk? Man, you getting all legal on me. Wow.

The Kid starts that shit with his hands. Carlton notices it.

THE KID

Nah, man. I just got to protect myself.

CARLTON

What? From me?

(a beat)

Look, I get it. We're in pretty deep. But we have to keep the liquor license. It's not transferable and it's really valuable. It's worth a couple hundred grand...

The Kid snaps a bit.

THE KID

Not 'we', 'me'. I'm in too deep. And I don't need a couple hundred grand, man.

(a beat as he calms)

I need it all shut down. And sold off. As soon as possible.

Carlton looks hurt.

THE KID (CONT'D)

Look, I know you put a lot of time into it. And I'm sorry it didn't work out, but it's got to be over.

It is said a little too forcefully. And it lands. The brothers are quiet for beat.

CARLTON
OK. I got it. I'm grateful, bro.
And I'm sorry you took a loss.

THE KID
It's OK. It's fine. Don't be sorry.

CARLTON
I know I fuck a lot of shit up,
man. And I know you've always been
there for me. I never wanted to be
a burden to you.

The Kid gives his brother a hug. Moved by his honesty.

THE KID
You're not. Never have been. I love
you. And I always have your back.
(a beat)
We going to have fun tonight?

CARLTON
Oh. Shit yeah. All the old crew
gonna be there.

THE KID
Cool. I'm going go get set. Make a
few calls.
(takes in his brother's
bathrobe)
You gonna wear that?

CARLTON
I might. Man, I'm your big brother,
I can wear whatever I want.

The Kid smiles and exits. Carlton watches him go. A sadness
we haven't seen before.

MONICYA (O.S.)
They explained it this way...

INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - MASTER BEDROOM
- LATER

Our guy lays on his bed, shoes off, talking on his cell
phone.

MONYCA (O.S.)
His old school "valued a different
curriculum" and so he is behind in
a few subjects.

THE KID

Already? He hasn't even started.

MONYCA

They got a tutor they can provide.
Get him caught up.

THE KID

I'm sure they do. That included in
the 60 thousand dollars we're going
to pay them?

MONICYA

That reminds me, he said he brought
some paperwork home to your house.
You see it?

THE KID

It's in his backpack. So is the
check.

MONICYA (O.S.)

I knew we could count on you.

THE KID

I'm just trying to stay out of
court, lady.

She laughs.

MONICYA

We're not supposed to joke about
it.

THE KID

I know. But I can't help it.
Divorce is so hilarious.

(a beat)

Tell him I love him. Home Sunday.

MONICYA (O.S.)

You know, it's hard on him when
you're gone.

THE KID

(a beat)

I'm doing everything I can.

MONICYA (O.S.)

I know. And I don't ever want to
make you feel bad.

THE KID

I know.

(a beat)

I saw Carlton. He says hi.

MONICYA (O.S.)

How was it? Seeing him?

THE KID

It was good. I mean, he's Carlton you know. He's the same.

MONICYA (O.S.)

I'm sure. But Carlton's not the one who struggles with who Carlton is.

THE KID

Yeah. It was fine. I was fine.

We hear the hotel door open in the adjacent living room.

THE KID (CONT'D)

Gotta go.

MONICYA (O.S.)

Ok. Good luck. Baby needs new shoes.

THE KID

That never gets old, huh? Goodbye.

MONICYA (O.S.)

Goodbye.

He hangs up the phone. We sense his sadness.

INT. WELLS FARGO CENTER - NIGHT

The show. NOTE: It would be great to use real concert footage. Even if we film our own show. In it the Kid talks about family. Maybe even takes good natured shots at his brother. We will film the brother in the crowd, laughing, but under it all, he's also wounded, and we see it.

INT. WELLS FARGO CENTER - GREENROOM - NIGHT

A greenroom has been set up like a lounge and it is full of revelers and well-wishers. Quick shots of Carlton, welcoming guests, shaking hands, high-fives, in his element. He loves being our guy's brother.

The Kid makes his entrance from the dressing room area, Herschel close-by, a few other VENUE SECURITY GUARDS take up positions nearby as he greets some fans, a quick 'hello', and on to the next one. He's a real pro.

Across the room he spies Carlton, leading a group of his friends into a "VIP section" that has been created in a corner of the green room. The Kid smiles, genuinely happy to see his brother having a good time.

INT. WELLS FARGO CENTER - GREENROOM - VIP AREA - LATER

Carlton plays host to a few of his friends, like Carlton they are a little beaten-down, weathered, looking older than they should. On the table sits a premium bottle of vodka, an ice bucket, mixers. The Kid walks up just as the Carlton has finished telling a story and the small group of men erupt in laughter.

Carlton looks up to see his little brother.

CARLTON

And here he is now!

It's clear that story was about The Kid. But he's cool with that and smiles gamely, letting his brother be the star for a minute.

THE KID

And here I am. What up, Alvin?
Fellas?

The Kid knows these guys, handshakes all around.

ALVIN

What up, Kid? That show was dope.
(a beat)
Sit down, man.

THE KID

Yeah, thanks. How you boys been?

ALVIN

Not as good as you, man!
(a beat)
But better than Carlton.

Again, the crowd laughs. Carlton smiles, thinly.

CARLTON

Yeah. But I'm the good time
brother.
(a beat)
(MORE)

CARLTON (CONT'D)

Say, that gets me thinking. What's poppin' tonight? Should we hit up the club?

ALVIN

(to the Kid)

What about you, young man? You in?

THE KID

Yeah, no. I ain't really one for the club.

CARLTON

My brother? With you bums? Not a chance. He always knows when to split. Never in the wrong place at the wrong time. Not once.

(a beat)

Always the right place.

ALVIN

Not like you, C. If there was one pile of shit around in a 1000 miles, you'd step in it.

The crew all laugh again. Carlton trying not to show that he's stung. The Kid sees his brother's pain and feels for him.

ALVIN (CONT'D)

You gonna stay for a drink at least, right? You the main event, Kid.

THE KID

Sure. Yeah, maybe I'll grab a beer.

CARLTON

Hell no. You having a vodka. And maybe more than a couple. We celebrating!

Carlton hands him a big gulp full of vodka. The Kid takes it. Looks at it. Yikes.

CARLTON (CONT'D)

To my big-time, little brother. Who always has my back. Always.

THE CREW

Ah yeah! We'll drink to that! Hear hear!

They each throw their drinks back. The Kid included.

Just then, a group of 4 great looking, minimally dressed, GIRLS (20s) approach the table and all attention turns to them. They all seem to know Carlton, but are particularly excited to see The Kid.

CARLTON
And there they are.

THE GIRLS
Hi! What's up y'all! How you doing?

CARLTON
Welcome ladies. Don't be shy, come on and take a seat.
(pointing to the Kid)
There's the man right there.
(and then to his boys)
Told you they were fine.

DAPHNE, the prettiest of the bunch makes aggressive eyes at our guy. The Kid seems more uncomfortable than anything else as she squeezes into a seat next to him.

CARLTON (CONT'D)
Who needs a club when Carlton has made y'all one right here?

Carlton looks over at his little brother, seated awkwardly next his new friend, Daphne, and winks. The Kid looks back and sees Daphne smiling intently at him.

DAPHNE
Can I take a picture with you?

THE KID
Uh. Sure.

She slides close to him for a selfie, he smiles. She poses. Click. We freeze on that picture, his professional, if slightly stiff smile, her lusty pout. Uh oh.

INT. WELLS FARGO CENTER - GREENROOM - VIP AREA - LATER

MONTAGE: A series of photographs, all selfies taken by the girls, tell the story of the last couple hours. Daphne moves closer and closer to the Kid. The Kid has a few more vodkas. There are a few more toasts. The final picture is a hazy looking Kid, with Daphne in his lap.

THE KID (O.S.)
Yo. I gotta get out of here.

The Kid has moved next to Carlton. He's more that a little drunk. He sees Daphne across the table, chatting with her girlfriends. We might maybe see her mouth the words: 'I'm going to fuck him tonight'.

CARLTON

Man, you about to ride that all night, and you're out?

THE KID

It's late. I'm a little faded. You know...

CARLTON

Stay with me man. Don't leave me. I need a wing man.

The Kid considers.

THE KID

Ah man, I got a radio thing to do in the morning.

Carlton looks intently at his little brother. Pleading.

CARLTON

You leave, everybody leaves. And I'm not ready for that yet.

The Kid sees the look on his brother's face.

THE KID

Yeah, sure. I can hang a bit.

Carlton smiles sadly, perhaps a bit embarrassed by his neediness.

CARLTON

Yo. You know I love you right?

(a beat)

And you know that I didn't want it to be this way. I didn't think it would ever turn out like this. Where I would let you down like I have. And I'm sorry. For all of it.

THE KID

Don't be. You've never let me down, man. I'm sorry if you ever felt that way. And I love you too.

They hug, and then...

CARLTON
Time to reload. We celebrating.

Carlton moves to mix another drink. The Kid settles back in the couch, looks up to see Daphne. Looking right back at him. He smiles, uncomfortably, but perhaps a little less so than before.

CARLTON (CONT'D)
We celebrating you.

Move in even closer on the kid, getting a littler hazier, Carlton's words begin to slur for us as we push.

CARLTON (O.S.) (CONT'D)
We celebrating you, man.

CUT TO:

CARLTON (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Wake up, wake the fuck up!

OVER BLACKNESS: SMACK. SMACK. SMACK.

INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - BEDROOM -
LATER

We come into focus a bit. It's dark but we can make out a few things in the light that spills in from the next room. A tangle of sheets. The SOUND of a hand hitting a face. In the semi-darkness, we see Carlton standing over The Kid. Trying to wake him up.

CARLTON
You gotta wake up, man. Right now.

Eyes open, but still groggy, the Kid looks at his brother, trying to process what's happening.

THE KID
What? What? What the fuck man?

CARLTON
You gotta wake up and get out of bed.

Carlton pulls The Kid out of bed, nude and confused, and onto the floor.

THE KID
What the fuck are you doing man?

The Kid looks up and back at the bed from the floor. In his POV we catch sight of Daphne, in bed in the half-light, her eyes wide open. Staring blankly. Carlton moves quickly to her, he feels her neck for a pulse, he looks closely into her unseeing eyes.

CARLTON
Jesus fucking Christ. Oh man.

THE KID
Hey!
(a beat)
Hey, man! Carlton?

Carlton doesn't answer, he grabs the Kid and drags him across the floor towards the bathroom.

INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - MASTER
BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Carlton pulls the Kid into the large, opulent bathroom, he tosses a towel over him, covering his nakedness, props him up, and begins running the water in the sink.

CARLTON
You take anything man? You take something?

THE KID
What?

CARLTON
She give you anything?

THE KID
Huh? What?

CARLTON
Any fucking dope? Anything?
(a beat as the Kid fumbles)
Come on man! Get your fucking shit together.

THE KID
I don't think so.

CARLTON
You sure?

THE KID
I think so. Yeah. I mean, no.
Nothing.

Carlton looks hard at his brother. Leaves the room for a second. The Kid is alone. We are CLOSE on him as he begins to come around, trying to get his bearings.

Carlton returns with what appears to be Daphne's purse. He starts rummaging through it.

THE KID (CONT'D)
Is that, that girl? Is she?

Carlton doesn't answer. He removes a pill bottle from the bag. Reads the side.

THE KID (CONT'D)
Carlton, what the fuck man? Answer me. Is she...

CARLTON
She's dead.

THE KID
What? She's... she's dead?

Carlton holds up the bottle.

CARLTON
Oxy. Big ones. Liquor didn't help.

THE KID
Are you sure?

CARLTON
Ice cold. Dead awhile.

THE KID
We got to call an ambulance or something.

CARLTON
Won't help. She's gone.
(a beat)
Dead body you gotta call the cops.

THE KID
The cops?

On the Kid's face. Wait, the what?

THE KID (CONT'D)
Call the cops?

CUT TO:

INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - MASTER BEDROOM
- LATER

The room, still in semi-darkness. Daphne's body now covered by a sheet.

CARLTON (O.S.)
I'll own this one.

CUT TO:

INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - LIVING ROOM -
CONTINUOUS

The Kid is in a stupor. Devastated. He sits on a couch in the large living room. He wears shorts, and a T-shirt inside out. Carlton paces around.

CARLTON
We tell the cops that I brought her home. She OD'ed. And died in my room. It happens. We can leave you out of it.

The Kid doesn't seem to have heard him.

THE KID
Did you know her well?

CARLTON
Nah. Not really. She came into the spot a few times. Said she was a fan of yours. Guess she was.

THE KID
She have kids?

Carlton looks at his brother. Are you serious?

CARLTON
Yo man, you with me here? We got our own problems here.

THE KID
Huh?

CARLTON
We make that call we gotta have a plan. I can take this kind of heat. You can't.

THE KID
Heat?

CARLTON

We make sure this doesn't stick to you. We gotta leave you out of it.

(a beat as he notices his brother isn't engaging)

Hey, man. You gotta get in this game. This is your life here. And you ain't hearing me.

THE KID

My life?

The Kid is sobering up. Fast. His hands start to flutter.

THE KID (CONT'D)

My life is over man. This will end me. End me.

(a beat)

And yeah, I'm hearing you. Every word. Leave me out of it? This is my room. You think that stays out of the press? You think there is any fucking way that anyone let's you "own this"? This isn't fucking 'R. Kelly, the brother did it' shit. This is 'dead girl' in my room shit. Fucking period. That's the headline on CNN. You don't even make it in the story!

CARLTON

Man, I'm not a publicist. I don't know how it works.

THE KID

And she probably already posted those pictures. On Instagram or whatever the fuck. This girl that you brought into my life, because you were going to have to have some role in taking me out.

Carlton takes the abuse. He knows his brother is right. The Kid starts to dial the phone.

CARLTON

Who you calling?

THE KID

Todd. I gotta get my people in front of this.

CARLTON

In front of this? How do you get in front of this?

The Kid hangs up the phone. The abject terror settles in. He puts his head in his hands.

THE KID

This is going to take me down. This is going to ruin me. Everything I've built. Everyone who relies on me.

(a beat)

I'm going through a divorce man. Monyca left me. For some stupid shit that I been trying to put behind me.

Carlton watches his brother in his pain. His face is at first unreadable, but then it seems to soften.

CARLTON

You didn't tell me that, man.

THE KID

I'm going to let her down. My kid too. It's all over.

He feels for his little brother. He looks at him in his suffering for a long beat.

CARLTON

No. It's not. Not if we make it go away.

THE KID

What the fuck are you talking about?

CARLTON

We don't call the cops. We call somebody else. Some people I know.

THE KID

Those fucking knuckleheads you hung-out with back in the day? Alvin? Fuck no.

CARLTON

No. Not them. Some connected dudes from the restaurant business.

THE KID

Mafia shit? Are you nuts?

CARLTON

Nah man. These guys are Greek or something. Cats are cool. Serious. They handle this kind of shit for fancy people. They clean it up.

The Kid is listening now.

CARLTON (CONT'D)

And these guys love me. I've come through for them before. I'm important to them.

THE KID

Jesus, Carlton. That's... man I don't even know what that is.

CARLTON

You got a better idea?

The Kid clearly doesn't.

CARLTON (CONT'D)

Let me call him. Get him over. Hear what he has to say. You don't like it, there's still time to call the cops. And see what happens.

(a beat)

Man, I know that I fuck up a lot. But I'm not stupid. I know that this is some heavy shit. I know what it means for you. Everything you've built.

The staggering weight of those words on The Kid's face.

CARLTON (CONT'D)

And I'd do anything to protect you. I always have.

The Kid takes this in. It's the truth. The Kid stands there. His hands fluttering, tears welling up in his eyes. Carlton goes to him. Hugs him tightly and his little brother collapses into his arms.

CARLTON (CONT'D)

It's going to be OK, man. It's all going to be OK.

INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - LATER

The Kid and Carlton sit across from one another in the spacious living room of the suite.

Carlton is calm, the Kid anxious. He jumps at the KNOCK at the door. Carlton rises to open it.

There in the doorway is a heavy-set, average looking guy in slacks and a yellow dress shirt. This ARI (50).

CARLTON

Anybody see you come up?

ARI

Are you kidding? Carlton, I'm a professional.

Ari is funny, disarmingly pleasant, eccentric. He is Greek with a very mild accent. He spies The Kid on the couch. Looking very much like a guy who has just woken up with a dead girl in his bed.

ARI (CONT'D)

Is this him? Perfect. I could carry him out in my pocket.

The Kid looks at him confused.

THE KID

Uh, what? No....

ARI

It can't be this one. He's alive!

He laughs. The Kid looks to Carlton, what the fuck?

ARI (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I find that humor makes these situations a little easier.

CARLTON

Yo, this is Ari. Ari, this is my brother.

ARI

Hello, Carlton's brother.

(a beat)

Where's sleeping beauty?

Carlton points towards the master bedroom. Ari disappears into the room.

CARLTON

I'm telling you, man. This guy is for real. He's done this exact thing before. He's a pro.

ARI (O.S.)
Yep. She's dead all right.

The Kid looks at his brother, a pro? Ari returns to the living room.

ARI (CONT'D)
OK. Here's how this is going to work. Carlton, I want you to order room service. For two people. Two steak and eggs. Hash browns, bacon, tea and coffee.
(a beat)
And a cheeseburger.

The Kid and Carlton exchange a look. Carlton holds up a hand, 'just go with it'.

CARLTON
Got it.

ARI
Then, Carlton, I want you to go to the corner of 20th and Commerce.

He tosses Carlton a set of keys.

ARI (CONT'D)
There you will find a beige Chrysler 300. Please drive it to the Cuthbert street service entrance of this hotel, park facing west. About twenty feet from the yellow double doors. Reverse in from 19th so as to avoid the security cameras at the Chase bank on the corner.

Carlton nods, he's got it, and picks up the phone and dials room service. Ari looks at The Kid. He smiles.

ARI (CONT'D)
This will all be over soon. Like a nightmare, you'll wake up and tell yourself it wasn't real.
(a beat)
Are you religious?

The Kid nods, no.

ARI (CONT'D)
That's OK. You don't need to believe in God to believe in angels.

(MORE)

ARI (CONT'D)

I will be like an angel, who came into your life, in your darkest moment, and guided you through it, before fading from memory.

(a beat)

Doesn't that sound nice?

Carlton finishes the order.

CARLTON

OK. Done.

ARI

When it comes, sign for it. Place all the dishes on that table. Leave the cart. And then go get the car. I'm going to get started in there.

THE KID

What do I do?

Ari smiles.

ARI

Absolutely nothing. Consider this handled. Go lie down in the other bedroom. And begin living the first day of a life where none of this happened. Maybe even get some sleep.

THE KID

Sleep?

ARI

You'd be surprised what you are capable of.

The Kid stands up, gets a reassuring look from his brother, and walks into the other bedroom. He turns back one last time to Ari who winks and motions for him to close the door, which he does.

INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - BEDROOM/LIVING ROOM - LATER

The Kid lays on the bed. He HEARS doors opening and closing; the wheels of a room service cart; the occasional thud; Ari's laugh from time to time. He moves closer to the door, and listens. But now there is only silence.

Eventually he loses his patience. He opens the door and exits the room.

INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - CONTINUOUS

The Kid exits the second bedroom and enters the living room. The table is neatly set with the abundance of food that Carlton ordered. Nothing else is out of place. Ari emerges from the bathroom, drying his hands with a towel.

ARI

Have a seat.

The Kid sits down on the couch. Ari begins singing a few bars of Michael Jackson's "She's out of my life"

ARI (CONT'D)

She's out of my life.....

The Kid gives him nothing.

ARI (CONT'D)

Too soon?

(a beat)

OK. Here is what happens next. When Carlton comes back, the two of you should eat that food. Or flush about half of it down the toilet. Whatever. Just make sure it looks eaten. We can't change the linen because we can't access new sheets without housekeeping, so take the old stuff, which is on the floor in your room, and put it in the tub. Empty a bottle of the shampoo they got in there into the tub and run hot water on it. They will think you shit yourself or something. Happens all the time. Make sure the drain is closed.

The Kid nods. Still a little dazed.

ARI (CONT'D)

Should I write this down?

The Kid isn't sure how to respond.

ARI (CONT'D)

I'm kidding! Write it down? This is a felony! That would be insane!

(a beat)

OK. So that's it. That's all. Somebody asks you about this girl, you say 'I have no fucking idea who you are talking about'.

THE KID

What if somebody saw me walk in
with her?

ARI

One rule in this game - and
remember it: No body no crime.
Girls like her disappear all the
time. And nobody comes looking.

THE KID

Jesus.

ARI

You got all this?

The Kid nods.

ARI (CONT'D)

Good.

(a beat)

OK. Now it's time to talk about my
payment.

THE KID

Payment?

ARI

You didn't think this was free, did
you? I mean, this is my job.

Ari smiles thinly. There is an edge to him we haven't seen
before and The Kid feels it.

ARI (CONT'D)

I mean, I wouldn't ask you to come
and do a set at my house for free
would I?

THE KID

No. I mean, I don't...

ARI

Especially with what you make.

(a beat)

I've read about that.

Uh oh.

ARI (CONT'D)

So, I guess if you are keeping
score, you would think that 500
thousand...

THE KID
500 thousand?

ARI
A month. For the next year...

THE KID
A month? For a year? That's 6..

ARI
6 million dollars. Yes. A small price to pay for keeping your entire career from falling off a fucking cliff.

THE KID
But Carlton said...

ARI
I've known Carlton for two years and even I have figured out that Carlton doesn't know what the fuck he is talking about. I can't imagine you haven't figured that out in a lifetime.
(a beat)
Pay me. Or 'somebody' calls the cops and tells them where to find that dead girl. First installment is due Monday.

The Kid is in shock as Ari stands up to leave.

ARI (CONT'D)
My number is on a piece of paper there on the coffee table. Think about it. Pros and cons. And call me when you've decided. I don't hear from you by 7 am? You can read about it on TMC. Or is it TMZ? One of those. Not sure which is real.
(a beat)
And also the cops will probably come here. That would be first I guess.

He exits. Leaving the Kid in a nightmare that just keeps getting worse.

INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - PRESIDENTIAL SUITE

The Kid back pacing in the living room of the suite. In a panic. Oh shit. Carlton returns.

CARLTON

He took her. She's gone. It's all going to be OK.

THE KID

OK?!?!? Who the fuck is this guy?

CARLTON

I told you, man. A friend. One that just came through in a big way, man.

THE KID

He's not a fucking friend. He wants six million dollars. Or he calls the cops.

Carlton is shocked.

CARLTON

What?!? Six million dollars? No. He wouldn't do that.

THE KID

He did, Carlton. He did do that.

Carlton puffs up a bit, he's angry.

CARLTON

Motherfucker. I'll handle this. I'm not saying it won't cost something. But it ain't..

THE KID

You aren't handling shit. You can't handle shit.

CARLTON

Look man, I know this guy. I can talk to him. I got this.

THE KID

You got this? You GOT this??

(a beat)

Man, Carlton, you don't got shit. And you never have.

A hard shot that lands.

THE KID (CONT'D)

You ever notice that nothing you ever try to do works out? Nothing. Man, you are 0 for 100.

(MORE)

THE KID (CONT'D)

You know how I know? Because I got people in LA keeping score. In dollars.

CARLTON

Careful man. I don't work for you.

THE KID

Nah man. If you worked for me I'd get something out of it. Or have fired your ass a long time ago. You just got your hand out and because we're blood, I keep paying.

(a beat)

Carlton is in trouble. He needs a lawyer. Paid that. Carlton wants to go to school to learn how to sell real estate. Paid that. Carlton wants to open a recording studio. Paid that. Bar, restaurant, whatever the fuck else, I paid that.

Carlton silently absorbs each blow.

THE KID (CONT'D)

You're my big brother and I been taking care of you my whole life.

CARLTON

Nah man. You got it wrong. I been taking..

THE KID

Taking care of me? That bullshit again? Cause you worked a corner? Fuck that. Jay-Z worked a corner. He did dirt. A lot of people did. And they ain't showing up for work with a fucking name tag. They made it. And you didn't. Because you didn't deserve it.

Silence.

THE KID (CONT'D)

And now your loser act finally rubs off on me. You took me from a bad fucking spot to some shit where I can lose a whole lot more than my fucking career. Jail, man. Well, no thanks, you done 'handling' shit. I will do what I do and what you never could. I will handle it.

Carlton is quiet for a good, long beat.

CARLTON

You don't want my help. Cool. You make any move you want. You decide you want to pay this to go away. Do it. But remember, this time you ain't paying for my fuck up. This one is yours.

Carlton leaves the suite, and the Kid is alone.

PRELAP: A ringing phone. A few rings and then a voice answers. It's one we recognize from the beginning.

THIRD VOICE ON SPEAKER PHONE (O.S.)

Hello?

INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - MASTER BEDROOM

The Kid sits on the stripped bed in the master bedroom, the sheets and lines in a pile in the corner.

THE KID

Yo. It's me.

THIRD VOICE ON SPEAKER PHONE (O.S.)

What time is it?

THE KID

Late.

THIRD VOICE ON SPEAKER PHONE (O.S.)

Are you OK?

THE KID

Yeah. Listen, I think I need to do more for my family.

(almost chokes as he says)

For my brother.

THIRD VOICE ON SPEAKER PHONE (O.S.)

You didn't talk to him, did you?

THE KID

I did. But I'm not talking about that.

THIRD VOICE ON SPEAKER PHONE (O.S.)

Uh huh. Are you sure you're OK?

THE KID
I'm fine man. I told you.
(a beat)
I need to help set my brother up.
One last time.

THIRD VOICE ON SPEAKER PHONE (O.S.)
I don't recommend...

THE KID
I'm not asking what you recommend,
Joel. I'm telling you to set it up.

A sigh on the other end of the phone.

THIRD VOICE ON SPEAKER PHONE (O.S.)
Ok, Kid. How much and when?

THE KID
Half a million. Every month. For a
year.

And now silence. The Kid waits.

THIRD VOICE ON SPEAKER PHONE (O.S.)
(with a new urgency)
Kid, do you need me to send the
police to your room right now? Just
give me some sign. Is your brother
there?

THE KID
What? No! I don't need cops. He's
not here. And I'm fucking serious.
Can we do it?

THIRD VOICE ON SPEAKER PHONE (O.S.)
OK. Well, you can afford it. That's
not the problem.
(a beat)
Hey, can we get Todd up and..

THE KID
Stop fucking changing the subject,
Joel. I'm not crazy, nobody is
pointing a gun at me, and Carlton
has nothing to do with this.
(a beat)
This is a one time gift to my
brother and then we are done.
Forever.

THIRD VOICE ON SPEAKER PHONE (O.S.)
Understood. Yes, OK. The problem
isn't the money. It's how to
classify the money.

THE KID
Classify?

THIRD VOICE ON SPEAKER PHONE (O.S.)
You can't just give someone that
kind of money. You have to report
it. Declare it. It's the law. And
we get audited every year.

This is bad news for the Kid. He looks over at the pile of
linen from his bed, which once covered the dead girl.

THE KID
Get it ready. For when the banks
open. 500 thousand. The first
transfer we can make.

THIRD VOICE ON SPEAKER PHONE (O.S.)
OK. Kid, let's talk about this
tomorrow? Please? And get some
sleep....

THE KID
Just fucking be ready.

He hangs up the phone. And picks up the business card that
Ari gave him. He sighs. And dials.

ARI (O.S.)
You're doing the smart thing.

INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - LIVING ROOM -
NIGHT

The Kid, now dressed in T-shirt (right way around) and a pair
of ADIDAS sweats, shows Ari in. There is a smugness to Ari,
the air of a man who knows he has won, a swagger. He enters
the suite and takes a seat on the couch.

ARI
I know it's not particularly
pleasant for you. But it beats the
alternative.

The Kid sits down across from Ari. There is something
different about him. A seriousness about him. A game face,
maybe. He looks intently at Ari. Ari smiles back at him.

ARI (CONT'D)

I'm guessing this is where you start negotiating.

THE KID

No. I don't negotiate. But I do make sure I get what I pay for. You want 6 million dollars from me? You're going to have to do better than telling me 'it's all good'.

ARI

Sure. How can I put your mind at ease?

THE KID

How do I know you can deliver what you're selling? And that even after I live up to my end of the deal, you can live up to yours?

ARI

I told you....

THE KID

Fuck what you told me. Who else did you tell? Who else knows you came here? Who else knows about me?

ARI

Nobody.

THE KID

You going to have to sell that a little harder, Ari. Cause if you don't put my fucking mind at ease I'm going keep my money and take my chances with the cops. Maybe take you out with me.

Ari starts straightens up in his chair.

ARI

Well, look at you. Hollywood guy. OK. How's this: in my line of work, somebody finds out you got your hooks into something fat, and you my friend are 'something fat', they may try to get in on the action. And I can't have that. You strike gold, you don't tell everybody where. You keep it to yourself. Right? And I am keeping you very much to myself.

The Kid nods. This makes sense to him.

THE KID

OK. And that body? What makes you so certain that the cops don't find that body on their own.

ARI

What am I, an idiot?

THE KID

Where is it?

ARI

That one you're not going to get. Just assume that it's worth \$6 million to me that they don't find it.

(a beat)

It's somewhere safe. Where nobody will find it.

The Kid nods. That will have to do.

THE KID

How do I know that you don't decide next month that the number goes up? Maybe this shit never ends?

ARI

Please. Even I have my standards. Also, once this transaction begins, once I cash that first check, I'm your partner. I'm at risk too.

THE KID

OK. Lastly, you gotta tell me how you got that body out of this hotel. There are cameras everywhere. I gotta know that this isn't over before it even begins.

Ari grins like a cat.

ARI

That was a piece of work. First, that room service cart? I folded her up like a ball and stuffed her under the cart. Then I wheeled her to the service elevator. The cameras are out on level 4, so I got off there. The trash chute on 4 leads to the dumpster on Cuthbert.

(off of The Kid's look)

(MORE)

ARI (CONT'D)

We used to have the trash contract for this place.

(and then)

I wrapped her in a tarp, pulled her from the dumpster and loaded her into the trunk of the car. Your brother helped with that one. And off we went.

The Kid nods. Got it.

ARI (CONT'D)

So, know you know what you need to know. So let's talk money. And how you are going to pay it. Maybe we even start with a check?

THE KID

Yeah. I was thinking wire transfers but a check works.

Ari nods. There we have it.

THE KID (CONT'D)

But first I need you to understand something.

Uh huh.

THE KID (CONT'D)

You know I grew up in this city. We lived in North Philly. Me and my brother. It was hard. I came a long way from there. I built a big business. All me. Working in places that you wouldn't fucking set foot in. Fighting for every minute of time I could get on a microphone, in some shitty fucking club. I made myself into something. I never had my hand out. But I also never took something that wasn't mine. And I'm proud of that. Everything I got I earned. I never hurt anybody to get where I am. Never stepped on anyone's back. And I took a lot of people with me, people who rely on me.

Ari nods, he thinks he gets it.

ARI

I get it. You have a lot to protect.

THE KID

Now somebody like you might think
I'm weak for that. That you can
take advantage of me. But you would
be making a mistake to think that.

ARI

Oh yeah. Sure. A mistake.

The Kid nods. He stands up.

THE KID

What you should take from my story
is that I did what I had to do to
get out. I told myself again and
again I would rather fucking die
than not make it. And I know that I
meant it.

Ari nods.

THE KID (CONT'D)

So, because you got me where you
got me, I'm going to give you what
you're asking for. I'm going to
make the whole payment right now.
First and final. All at once. Cause
I don't ever want to see you again.

We are close on the smiling Ari as the Kid has risen and is rummaging through his backpack in the background. He is just out of focus.

THE KID (CONT'D)

And now that you told me how to get
a body out of here, I don't have
to.

Ari's eyes go wide on this line, as the Kid moves back into focus and slides the brand new iphone cord around Ari's neck. Each end is wrapped around the kid's hands and he loops it around Ari's neck and pulls tightly. Ari begins to kick, and buck. The Kid's face is a strained grimace; but it is also calm at first; focused, Ari's face bloated; blue; panicked. It is an ugly death and we must watch the whole thing. It takes a few minutes for Ari to die. As he does, we move CLOSER in on The Kid's face. Tears begin to form in his eyes, but they are tears of anger. A rage that surprises us. We go out on this face, close-up.

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE 1