

TRUE STORY

"THE PRICE OF FAME"
EPISODE 101

By
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Directed by
Stephen Williams

OVER BLACK: We pre-lap...

KID
People think they know me...

FADE IN:

INT. UNKNOWN LOCATION - UNKNOWN TIME

We are close on the man we will come to call KID though we can't know that now. We do know the face, however. Everyone does. As he speaks to us we should notice something about him with which we are unfamiliar. A weight to his words, pain in his eyes, exhaustion on his face.

KID
They think cause they've seen my
shit, cause I've made them laugh,
that they know who I am. But they
don't. They don't know what it took
to get where I am. And what it
takes to stay here.

We begin to push-in on Kid.

KID (CONT'D)
They don't know how hard it is when
every eye is on you. When every
hand is trying to get in your
pocket. When you got nobody to
trust. Haters everywhere.

We get closer and closer.

KID (CONT'D)
Don't get me wrong. A lot of people
work just as hard for a lot less.
But you all see the parts you want
to see. The money. The fame. And
that shit is meaningless when
someone is trying to take all you
got away from you. That's when you
find out who you really are. That's
when you find out what you're
really capable of.

Kid pauses for a second. Lost in some dark reverie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KID (CONT'D)

Know that, and maybe then you can
say you know me. But know that, and
maybe you won't want to.

FADE OUT.

OVER BLACK.

STUDIO MANAGER (O.S.)

And we are back in, three, two...

FADE IN:

1 **INT. WARNER BROS. SOUNDSTAGE - THE ELLEN DEGENERES SHOW - DAY 1**
 (D0)

The crowd revs up. The manic energy of a daytime talk show.
Television host ELLEN DEGENERES can suddenly be heard --

ELLEN (O.S.)

Comedy star. TV star. Movie star.
Entrepreneur. Mogul.

2 **INT. WARNER BROS. SOUNDSTAGE - THE ELLEN DEGENERES SHOW -** 2
 STAGE LEFT - CONTINUOUS (D0)

In the darkened wings, behind THE KID as Ellen continues.

ELLEN (O.S.)

Philanthropist. Dreamboat.

Her monologue becomes an indecipherable drone. We come around
onto a FACE we know very well, but something's different.
There's a pain inside and in his eyes.

He locks eyes with a MAN IN A HEADSET who shows him both
hands, "ten seconds." The Kid then looks down at his phone.
INSERT: iPhone. Text messages. Three bubbles, all blue.

"YO."

"I'M THERE TONIGHT..."

"C???"

No response to any of the texts. The Kid sighs. Puts the
phone back in his pocket. The Headset Man gives a thumbs up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELLEN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Let's give a warm welcome for....

We don't hear her say his name as the roar of the crowd mixes with a well-timed SQUAWK from the Man's headset.

A transformation takes place. A smile replaces the weight. 10,000 watts. Kid steps out of the wings and into our show.

TITLE INSERT: **TRUE STORY**

ALEX (O.S.)

Ready for the best part? Kid...**INT. CADILLAC ESCALADE - LOS ANGELES - DAY (MOVING) (D0)**

The Kid's in the backseat, winding through traffic, approaching LAX. A heavy-set driver, ALBERT (50), behind the wheel. In the front passenger seat next to him is HERSCHEL. He's reading an article about Kid's success on his iPad. At the top of the article is a big pic of Kid smiling, sitting on a stack of money, lighting a cigar with money.

Our guy listens to a conversation through his iPhone speaker as he looks at INSTAGRAM. The screen: #WHATDIDITELLYOUTOUR (*What Did I Tell You Tour*).

In the right corner of the phone screen is a video of The Kid talking directly to the camera. Animated. Excited. He stares at himself, measuring this "performance." While he does --

GRANT (O.S.)

The movie will hit a billion dollars by next Sunday...

That gets Kid's attention, but his reaction isn't immediately clear, he fidgets. Anxious. He hates these conversations.

ALEX (O.S.)

The studio's issuing a press release... Announcing plans for an Anti-Verse sequel...

KID

Cool.

GRANT (O.S.)

...they want to be able to say you can go in three months...

KID

No.

(CONTINUED)

ALEX (O.S.)

No...

GRANT (O.S.)

**You sure? They're being aggressive.
And that means they will pay you
big money.**

There's awkward silence. Off Kid's unreadable face --

KID

Alex, you forgot?

GRANT (O.S.)

What did you forget, Alex?

KID

You forgot too, Grant.

Silence from both of them.

KID (CONT'D)

I broke up the east coast part of
the tour on purpose. Why?

GRANT (O.S.)

Because three months from now--

KID

Is Christian's TENTH birthday. I
promised Monyca. I bought out Magic
Mountain for him and his friends.
Disneyland for me and him. Michael
Bay is letting me bring him to the
new Transformers so he can be an
extra. None of that is going away.

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

THIRD VOICE ON SPEAKER PHONE (O.S.)

Hey, Kid. Sorry. Just jumped on.

ALEX (O.S.)

**Hey Todd, uh, Kid's not gonna be
available to start when the studio
is thinking about...**

TODD (O.S.)

It's three months from now, K.

(CONTINUED)

KID

I'm gonna let you think about what you're saying, manager of mine who happens to be my son's godfa...

TODD (O.S.)

It's Christian's tenth birthday!!!

The Kid smiles. Todd is his guy and knows him well.

TODD (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Alex, Grant. We can talk sequel when Kid's ready. And not before.

The Kid relaxes a bit as Todd takes over.

TODD (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Let's go through some other stuff...

Kid puts the phone on mute as the conversation drones on in the background. The Kid checks his text messages again.

INSERT: The same three sent messages still with no response.

He looks up, and makes eye contact with Albert the driver in the rearview mirror.

KID

Albert? How's your son doing? He get all that stuff I signed?

ALBERT

Yeah. He did. It's really nice of you to always ask about him.

KID

I know he's nineteen, but if he wants to get in on this Disneyland thing when I get back...

ALBERT

That's awesome, Kid. But he's going through it this time. It's costing us but, he's worth it.

Kid's phone pings. A message from the previously mentioned "C." Just a **THUMBS UP emoji**. Kid shakes his head.

KID

Understand. Family is important.

(CONTINUED)

Just then, a giant-sized picture of CHRIS HEMSWORTH slides into view, distracting The Kid. The moving car slowly reveals that next to him is one of The Kid, which stops perfectly framed in the window for him, and us, to behold.

Reveal it's a one-sheet for the film approaching a billion dollars, 'THE ANTI-VERSE' mounted on the side of a bus. It's surreal as he stares at it before it drives off.

The call dips back in, becomes very audible again.

TODD (O.S.)

**...which you'll want to take up
with Carlton.**

At the mention of his brother, The Kid unmutes the phone.

KID

What about him?

Herschel looks back and they lock eyes for a second. Kid shakes his head, he's dealt with his brother before.

TODD (O.S.)

**I was just saying that you plan to
talk to him and handle the
nightclub stuff.**

KID

Not a nightclub. This one's a
restaurant.

TODD (O.S.)

**Right. Restaurant. I can't keep
track.**

Sensitive subject for all. So much so that...

ALEX (O.S.)

**I'm dropping off. Fly safe, Kid.
Crush it tonight.**

GRANT (O.S.)

We're here if you need us.

They drop off --

KID

Todd, Carlton know this talk is
coming?

(CONTINUED)

TODD (O.S.)

He wanted money. Terry told him to hold a beat. So... yeah...

KID

Uh-huh.

TODD (O.S.)

Based on the conversations we've had, I believe it's time for that talk, Kid. See you at the airport.

Kid hangs up. Sits with this conversation, something making him uneasy. He's not done with it.

KID (PRE-LAP)

That's my guy Herschel. My protection. And this is Billie..

INT. COMMERCIAL AIRPLANE - FIRST CLASS CABIN - LATER (D0)

We are close on a young woman's face as we continue to HEAR Kid speaking to an unseen audience. This is BILLIE.

PILOT

(barely being friendly)
Herschel. Billie...

KID

She writes with me. Helps me work out my jokes in my movies and when I'm on tour.

Kid in an empty first class section talking to the PILOT. Herschel sits in a seat just in front of Kid while Billie stands awkwardly in the aisle.

PILOT

Uh huh. Well, then we saw 'Stolen Money.' My wife and I couldn't stop laughing. We stayed in the theater and watched it twice.

Billie attempts to interject.

BILLIE

I worked on that...

But the Pilot only has eyes for The Kid.

(CONTINUED)

PILOT
(ignores her)
And you know what, Kid? I cried the
second time, too. The stuff with
that little kid?

On Billie. Ok. Fuck this guy.

BILLIE
(mock-serious)
Powerful.

PILOT
Absolutely.

She eyes Herschel. He stifles a laugh.

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

PILOT
German!? Wow. A...

BILLIE
Black kid! From Germany! Kinda hard
to imagine, right? Most people you
see with Black faces in Germany are
like that because they paint it on.

Herschel and Kid are about to lose it. A smiling STEWARDESS
signals to the uncomfortable Pilot.

PILOT
OK. Well, we're going to board. You
need anything just let 'em know.

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

TODD (O.S.)
Hey, I heard that.

Reveal TODD (40) making his way down the aisle. Todd is
middle-aged, slightly overweight, with a little too much
hair, a little too much facial hair, and \$2000 sneakers. A
Jewish Texan.

The confused Pilot isn't sure if he's kidding.

(CONTINUED)

PILOT

I can't... It's illegal to open...

KID

Nah, man. I'm joking.

The Pilot starts laughing like it's the funniest thing he's ever heard before returning to the cockpit. Billie expertly imitates the laugh. It makes Kid laugh.

BILLIE

You know he was actually considering it. That's some celebrity mind-trick shit.

That wrecks Kid.

TODD

Hey, Billie.

BILLIE

So, I was right. Everybody's in first, but the person who makes Kid funnier.

Todd is Kid's manager and his friend.

TODD

Make him hilarious and first class is yours.

(to Billie)

You got jokes for us?

BILLIE

When don't I have jokes for you, but I'm not gonna audition them when I'm on my way to coach.

Todd turns to Kid --

TODD

How was Ellen? You say anything crazy I need to clean up?

KID

You know the last twenty times that I did it? It was kind of like that.

TODD

Then it was great.

(CONTINUED)

KID

Hey, before I forget, I want to talk about Albert. This situation with his son, gotta be killing him. Make sure all the hospital bills are paid.

TODD

Really?

KID

He's always there for us, we should be there for him.

TODD

This is why you're my guy.

BILLIE

Hey, before Brofest begins, and you two start singing Ebony and kinda Ivory, can we talk about something. I got an off(er)...

WILL (O.S.)

Excuse me?

Billie turns to see one of the passengers, WILL (38), a well-heeled Wall Street type.

WILL (CONT'D)

That's not your seat is it?

Billie shoots him a look, but backs up, as Will slides in. She looks him over, from head to toe --

BILLIE

Boat shoes, Armani glasses, Lee...
Wow, Lee jeans? You Ivy League?

WILL

No, I...

BILLIE

Thought so. Your attitude says fake Ivy, but I had to make sure.

(to Todd and The Kid)

Gentlemen...

(re: Will)

If a joke was actually a person...

STEWARDESS

Ma'am, if you can take your seat.

(CONTINUED)

Billie waves at Herschel, then disappears into coach. Kid dons his headphones as Will takes a look at Todd, another white guy, and nods. This guy is an asshole. Todd takes out his phone and proceeds to get lost in it. Will takes a look at Herschel.

WILL

Hey, is that your seat?

Herschel stares at Will, his look says, "Sit down, motherfucker." Will starts to say something else, but then he sees The Kid in the next seat back.

WILL (CONT'D)

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

The Kid politely removes his headphones as Herschel exchanges a look with The Kid --

WILL (CONT'D)

Now I get it. Bodyguard? Right?

KID

Yeah, he's with me.

WILL

Right. You're from Philly! I remember seeing you at the Laff House. When I was in college. So fucking funny.

Will stands over The Kid, not minding that he's intruding on his space. The Kid just wants to put his headphones back on.

KID

Oh yeah. Cool. Thanks.

WILL

Fuck, man. My favorite bit of yours? The 50 different meanings when Black folk say n\$gga. Funny.

That word, out of a white man's mouth -- ouch. He presses on and even affects a sing-song "street voice." A loud one.

WILL (CONT'D)

'N\$gga!?! N\$gga?!' N\$\$\$g\$ggaaaa...
(a beat)

It's all me and my friends say
whenever we get on the phone.

Herschel starts to rise from his seat --

(CONTINUED)

HERSCHEL

Yo, you need to shut the fuck...

KID

Hersch, chill. He's a fan. He's a little too excited. You know how it is... I did the skit, sooo...

(to Will)

It's a little rude doing it now, but I get it, you wanna make an impression. Trust me. You did.

Will doesn't detect the stink in Kid's voice.

WILL

(to Herschel)

Relax. I said "ah" not "er."
There's a difference. Right, Kid?

KID

That girl you just bounced out of your seat? She wrote that bit.

WILL

So funny.

(a beat)

Flying commercial, huh? I had your money, I'd always fly private.

TODD

Lee jeans. Take your seat.

WILL

You the manager? Gotta be, right?

(back to The Kid)

You tell jokes, he makes you rich.

We hear the DOOR close. The Stewardess approaches again.

STEWARDESS

Sir, if you could take your seat.

Todd smiles at Will -- "Told you." Will sits. Kid and Todd exchange a look. **"This fucking guy."**

INSERT: The battery on Kid's iPhone is low. A quick check of his backpack, then Kid motions to Todd.

KID

You got a charger? I forgot mine.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (6)

4

TODD

Sorry. We can make sure one is
waiting at the hotel.

Will peeks over his seat, with a brand new white iPhone cord.

WILL

Use mine.

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

WILL (CONT'D)

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

Our guy finishes plugging it in. We hear Will chuckle, then --

WILL (CONT'D)

...N\$gggaaaaaa.

HERSCHEL (O.S.)

Shut yo dumb ass up.

5 OMITTED

5

6 OMITTED

6

7 **EXT. FOUR SEASONS - LOBBY - LATER (D1)**

7

The Sprinter arrives. A FEW FANS wait a safe distance from
the entrance. GENE, a short super-fan (35), waves to our guy
past the HOTEL SECURITY GUY blocking his path...

GENE THE SUPER-FAN

Kid! So good to see you after all
this time!!! It's Gene!

The Kid smiles perfunctorily and waves.

KID

Wassup, Gene!? You good?

GENE THE SUPER-FAN

Had some work stuff to finish, but
now that you're on tour, I'm great!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Billie eyes Kid as he throws Gene a thumbs up before being ushered quickly inside. Gene's face lights up. He's a real fan. Which could mean maybe he's a little crazy.

GENE THE SUPER-FAN (CONT'D)
Congrats on Anti-Verse hitting
almost a billion! I've seen it 5
times! You gotta do another one!

The fandom is so normal, Kid doesn't let it phase him. Todd takes one more run at work shit --

TODD
I just wanna say one thing about
the sequel and then I'm done.

KID
Sequel? What sequel?

TODD
The one they want to pay you twenty-
five million for.

KID
Twenty-five!? Damn. That's a lot
for a boy from Philly.

Todd's hesitant, but knows he has no choice right now.

TODD
They're matching Hemsworth's
salary.

KID
Matching? I want a dollar more. And
I'm gonna call him and tell him
that.

DITMAR (PRE-LAP)
In here we will find our
presidential suite...

INT. FOUR SEASONS - PRES SUITE - LIVING ROOM - LATER (D1)

Herschel and Kid enter, led by a uniformed bellman, DITMAR. Ditmar is German and speaks with an accent. He's also a bit robotic, as if programmed at some Swiss hotel management school (he was).

The room is enormous. A giant living room with a baby grand and bar. Doors on opposite ends lead to separate bedrooms.

(CONTINUED)

DITMAR

There are two bedrooms. This is the master.

He motions to the larger room. The Kid eyes Herschel.

KID

Herschel, where they got you?

HERSCHEL

A couple rooms down the hall. 1443.

Herschel's phone rings. He checks it, then:

HERSCHEL (CONT'D)

I'm gonna take this. Be right outside.

The Kid nods and Herschel heads out of the suite. Ditmar stays focused --

DITMAR

Would you like me to demonstrate the bedroom lighting scheme? It's really quite complex.

KID

I'll figure it out. Thanks.

(a beat)

On second thought, maybe I should check out the other bedroom. You know, in case the other one gets fucked up or something.

Ditmar 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 also quite comfortable...

INT. FOUR SEASONS - PRES SUITE - 2ND BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS
(D1)

The Kid enters, Ditmar follows. The room's dark, curtains closed. We can make out a large bed, but little else.

DITMAR

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

(CONTINUED)

Ditmar moves to open the curtains while The Kid fumbles with the lights. Soon, both fill the place with light revealing a BLOW-UP doll, on her knees, handcuffed.

KID

Holy shit!!! Ahhhhhh.

DITMAR

Ahhhhhhh!!!!

A toilet flushes. The bathroom door opens and a MAN (50) in his robe and underwear steps out --

KID

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

MAN

The fuck YOU doing in me and my lady's room?!? Get the fuck out of my room before I fuck you and your valet up.

It's a stand-off. Sergio Leone style. The Kid stays eerily calm, his words slow and deliberate.

KID

This is real, Ditmar!

Ditmar looks at The Kid.

KID (CONT'D)

Don't look at me! Look at him! We attack together. It's the only way.

DITMAR

Attack?

MAN

I just did six years for murder! Touch me if you want!

KID

What the fuck you gonna do!? Ditmar! We move at the same time. On three.

We push in on Ditmar. Does he have what it takes?

KID (CONT'D)

One... Two...

PUSH in on the Man, he clearly does.

(CONTINUED)

MAN

Y'all trying to show me up in front
of my chick! Bring it!

DITMAR

I don't want anything to do with
this!

KID

Bitch, this is street shit! You in
it! Three!

MAN/DITMAR

Ahhhh!!!

Nobody jumps. Herschel runs in, ready for action. But the
urgency immediately dissipates when he sees the Man and the
Doll.

HERSCHEL

Hey, Carlton.

Kid laughs. Ditmar wants to know what the fuck's going on.

DITMAR

You know this man?

HERSCHEL

Yes. That's his brother.

CARLTON, The Kid's brother, grins, straight faced. Ditmar's
still shocked. He looks at The Kid, still laughing.

KID

It's OK. He's staying here.

CARLTON

Me and my lady friend.

Ditmar's autopilot kicks in again. He's back to unflappable.

DITMAR

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

CARLTON

(to Kid)

Hey. Tip him big. He was gonna do
whatever was needed.

(to Ditmar)

You woulda got your ass whipped,
but you got heart.

10

INT. FOUR SEASONS - PRES SUITE - LIVING ROOM - LATER (D1)

10

The brothers are alone. Carlton, still in a bathrobe, rummages through the pricey shit from the mini-bar.

KID

The doll was a nice touch.

CARLTON

I almost lost a lung blowing that shit up.

He begins mixing a drink.

CARLTON (CONT'D)

You know they put the room rate on the wall? It's \$5000 a night for this funky ass place.

KID

Not for me. The promoter pays. I ain't paid for a room in years.

CARLTON

Maybe they put the rate up there to remind people this is the good shit most regular cats can't afford.

The Kid tries to pretend he can't hear the tinge of jealousy in Carlton's voice.

KID

They ain't just give me this room, Carlton. I'm working for it.

CARLTON

Who said you weren't? Don't get sensitive.

Carlton chuckles, but it's awkward. Sips his drink. Kid tries to turn this conversation around.

KID

Good to see you, C.

CARLTON

Good to see you. Especially on top of your grind. Back on tour, your kiddie movie's doing big...

Jab.

(CONTINUED)

KID

It's a superhero movie. Almost at a billion dollars.

Jab returned.

CARLTON

I didn't see it myself. Meant to. Not my thing, you know.

KID

Then how do you know it's a kiddie movie?

Right cross.

CARLTON

(covering)

Has to be. You don't make billion dollar movies.

(a beat)

Did Christian like it?

A loaded set-up, but Kid doesn't take the bait.

KID

Chris likes everything I do.

CARLTON

Really? Or is he just being nice?

KID

Damn. Why would I lie about my son?

(redirects)

Whether you like it, or saw it or whatever, the studio wants to pay me twenty-five mil for the next one.

Right cross back at you.

CARLTON

I bet they do. Little kids love that shit.

KID

Uh-huh. Sorry about the restaurant.

Boom. Left hook.

CARLTON

We ain't dead yet. Just figuring some shit out.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CARLTON (CONT'D)

(with some pride)

And I still got my liquor license.

KID

But no restaurant.

Carlton scoffs, but stays positive.

CARLTON

If I ain't lost my liquor license,
I can come back.

KID

A liquor license is the least of
your worries. The restaurant was
1.3 mil... It is over.

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

CARLTON

Look, I get it. We're in deep. But
we have to keep the liquor license.
It's not transferable and it's
worth four to five hundred grand.

KID

Gotcha.

(beat)

Terry said you called about
borrowing six hundred grand?

Carlton stares off, tries to keep an even tone.

CARLTON

Terry had attitude. I wanted to
check him, but I didn't.

KID

Carlton. Six hundred thousand?

CARLTON

Yeah. Takes money to make money.

KID

When have you made money? You owe
me four-point-five million, C. The
car wash, the check cashing place
that kept getting robbed. The
restaurant... I'm not worried about
the money, I'm worried that you
can't put yourself in the position
to get settled.

(CONTINUED)

Carlton is quiet a beat as he absorbs the blows. Then --

CARLTON

Look, I know I've fucked a lot of
shit up. I never wanted to be a
burden to you.

The Kid's moved by his honesty. Plus, he really doesn't want
this moment to continue right now.

KID

Look, fuck the money talk. Tonight,
we're gonna have fun.

Carlton's relieved to push this conversation in another
direction.

CARLTON

Shit yeah. All the old crew gonna
be there.

KID

Oh, yeah? Gus, too? I was just
thinking about Gus the other day,
man. I miss hearing him talk shit
about being funnier than me.

CARLTON

Gus died. About two years ago.

KID

He did? Shit.

CARLTON

Nah. He's good. He'll be there.

KID

Motherfucker, stop. C'mon.
(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.

KID

Luckily, I don't have anything that
matches. Gotta get ready...

The Kid smiles and exits. Carlton watches him go. Perhaps we
see some disappointment on his face.

(CONTINUED)

MONYCA (PRE-LAP)

They said Christian's old school
valued a different curriculum...

INT. FOUR SEASONS - PRES SUITE - MASTER BEDROOM - LATER (D1) 11

Kid paces around his room, shoes off, talking on his cell phone as he spreads out index cards on the bed with jokes on them. He glances, talks, tries to remember the jokes.

KID

Uh-huh. So what, he needs a tutor?

MONYCA (O.S.)

Yeah. I'm on it.

KID

He's finally starting to get
comfortable with us being apart?

MONYCA (O.S.)

Seems so. But he wants to come see
you on the road.

KID

We'll work something out. I don't
want him to think I'm not focused
on his needs, especially now. Now
that you're a baby mama, I gotta
make my presence known.

She laughs.

MONYCA (O.S.)

And the award for best divorced
couple goes to...

KID

No matter what we do, we do it
right.

(a beat)

Tell Chris I love him.

MONYCA (O.S.)

I will. You nervous? First time
you've been out in awhile.

KID

Concert's not the problem. I gotta
do damage control with Carlton.

(CONTINUED)

MONYCA (O.S.)

Just tell him we didn't have a pre-nup and I'm taking it all.

KID

(chuckles)

He'd know that's a lie. He's the one who made me get the pre-nup.

We hear the hotel door open. Herschel calls out --

HERSCHEL (O.S.)

Yo! We gotta make soundcheck!

KID

Gotta go, Mo.

MONYCA (O.S.)

Good luck... Baby needs new shoes.

KID

Stop it. You used to need new shoes. Now you got a seventeen million dollar house.

A12

INT. SPRINTER VAN - PHILADELPHIA - NIGHT (MOVING) (N1)

A12

We are CLOSE on KID as he plugs the same iPhone cord into an outlet -- he's stolen it. Herschel drives. Billie next to him with her laptop out. The Kid next to Todd in the back. Todd notices Kid has kept the cord from the guy on the plane.

TODD

What do you mean Carlton was in your room? I'm going to get whoever let him in fired.

KID

It's fine. You're gonna let Carlton give you a stroke.

TODD

The stroke was two years ago. The aneurysm is what I'm worried about.

KID

Todd's being neurotic again.

Todd nods, gives in --

(CONTINUED)

A12

CONTINUED:

A12

TODD

We've got a packed three days, you
wanna go over them?

KID

Let's do it.

BILLIE

Jokes. TV. Fans. Jokes. Sponsor
handshakes. There you go. Done.

TODD

(chuckles)

The 76ers have a big game Saturday
and are wondering if you would come
and... do something. Like throw the
ball out??

HERSCHEL

That's baseball.

Todd shrugs. No idea. No shame.

KID

Man, you got every pair of Air
Jordans they make and you don't
know shit about basketball.

TODD

Jordan was bigger than basketball.

(a beat)

Plus, the studio's hoping you'd
make a surprise appearance at a
showing of the movie, get the fans
hyped. ...Tomorrow is the
Children's hospital. Cancer ward.

Kid throws his hands up --

KID

You do realize I'm about to go do a
concert in front of twenty thousand
people???

Todd throws his hands up. Billie moves in --

BILLIE

You wanna run through the material
when we get to the arena? Talk
about stuff you like or don't like?

(CONTINUED)

A12

CONTINUED: (2)

A12

KID

Nah. I'm locked in. Tonight's gonna be fantastic.

The Kid stares out the window. Sees another movie billboard. Even here he can't escape 'THE ANTI-VERSE.'

12

INT. WELLS FARGO CENTER - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT (N1)

12

Kid comes out of his dressing room, dressed for stage.

KID

Showtime!

On the wall is a MONITOR with a clock winding time down. We see GRILLA, the opening act, is on stage.

GRILLA (ON MONITOR)

...yo, believe it or not, that's my time, y'all! I love ya' Philly, thank you for laughing at my shit! Ya'll know who's next. One of the funniest mothafuckas on the planet. He's in billion dollar movies, comedy specials, I even saw his ass on a cereal box, smiling and shit because he's so goddamn rich! Do me a favor and give him a hell of a welcome because if you don't I'm gonna get fired and have to start robbing y'all asses! Show ya love and give this superstar a superstar's welcome! Give it up for The Kid!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Kid gives him a look as Kid's personal CREW (stylist, hair, etc., Todd and Billie) gathers and applauds! (It's their ritual.) Kid joins them. They huddle for a prayer. Kid looks at Herschel, nods.

HERSCHEL

God, let these jokes be funny and the reviews good!

EVERYONE

Amen!

We hear APPLAUSE from the CROWD off-screen. A mic is handed to Kid and he begins to head to the stage. GRILLA, the opening comedian -- yes, he has stupendous gold grills on his teeth -- comes off the stage.

(CONTINUED)

12

CONTINUED:

12

GRILLA

I warmed them up, baby! They're all yours!

KID

Appreciate you, my G.

We follow Kid all the way to the stage. He pulls the mic in before he hits the stage --

KID (CONT'D)

I hope you motherfuckers are ready to laugh!

The crowd EXPLODES.

He walks out to thunderous, rapturous applause. And goes right into his routine.

We catch the first minute.

A13

INT. WELLS FARGO CENTER - - BACKSTAGE - VARIOUS - SAME (N1) A13

We cut around as Billie, Todd, and Herschel watch their boss on stage. Billie on a small monitor in the greenroom. Todd from the wings. Herschel on a mounted TV in a hallway just off stage. We get snippets of his act, we can HEAR it and the roar of the crowd, but our show isn't about what happens on stage.

13

INT. WELLS FARGO CENTER - DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT (N1)

13

Alone in his dressing room, The Kid changes, comes down off of the high of being on stage. Todd enters.

TODD

That was fucking unbelievable.

KID

Thanks man. Yeah, it felt good.

TODD

People can't stop talking about it out there.

(beat)

Just know, your brother and his crew made it backstage immediately after. I didn't say anything to him, I let him have his way...

(winding up)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

13

CONTINUED:

13

TODD (CONT'D)

This is when Carlton becomes Carlton. The asking for money. The VIP wasn't good enough so now he has a V-VIP section for him and his buddies. I don't know why you take baby steps with Carlton because you don't let anyone else do this...

KID

Todd, leave it the fuck alone. I know how to deal with my brother.

TODD

You do.

The Kid knows an exit when he sees one.

KID

I know dealing with Black family politics is hard...

TODD

I'm a Jew from Texas. I'm good at dealing with crazy family.

That cracks Kid up.

KID

Todd, it'll be all good. Carlton's not gonna fuck up anything else in my life after tonight.

14

INT. WELLS FARGO CENTER - BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS (N1)

14

Todd exits into the backstage area where he runs into Billie, who waits outside. Herschel loiters nearby.

BILLIE

He cut almost all my jokes tonight. Why?

TODD

(off her look)

It's nothing new, Billie. He goes with the flow and you always act like it's the first time he's done it. Go with the flow.

Todd starts to move on. Billie calls out --

(CONTINUED)

BILLIE

Todd... I may have a different flow.

TODD

Clarify.

BILLIE

It's what I was trying to tell you on the plane.

(beat)

I don't wanna keep writing discarded material. Not when I can focus on a new job offer.

TODD

What new job offer?

BILLIE

Writing a movie for Will Ferrell. He read a script I wrote and dug it. Wants me to rewrite one for him. I feel like I need to tell Kid.

TODD

You're leaving the show?

BILLIE

If he's not using my material...

TODD

You can't leave him.

BILLIE

Because he's so dependent on my jokes.

Todd rolls his eyes.

TODD

It's about more than the jokes. It's the banter, and your presence, and how you give him shit. It makes him feel "normal." And it keeps you paid -- very well. You want my advice?

BILLIE

You tell me to "have a drink" or "chill" and I will poke your eyes out.

(CONTINUED)

TODD

You can do both. Take the job, keep your mouth shut about it, and keep arguing for your jokes.

BILLIE

Only if he knows I'm doing both.

TODD

Okay, but let me figure out when's the right time to tell him that.

(a beat)

Have a good night.

Todd walks off. Billie shakes her head, eyes Herschel who shrugs.

INT. WELLS FARGO CENTER - THE VIP ROOM - NIGHT (N1)

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.

We catch sight of Billie in some corner of the party as she gets chatted up by some HANDSOME DUDE. She makes eye contact with Herschel who remains stone-faced; doing his job close to the Kid. Billie makes a face at him.

Carlton watches Kid from across the room. Something unreadable on his face. Maybe pride, maybe jealousy. Maybe both.

THE REVERSE: Kid sees Billie getting dragged in deeper by the Handsome Dude. As she mouths "Help." Kid spies Carlton and his FRIENDS in a "V-VIP section" created in a corner of the greenroom. Like Carlton they're a little weathered, older. The table has premium vodka, an ice bucket, mixers.

KID

Hersch, let me get some time with Carlton.

HERSCHEL

All you, boss.

Kid calls out --

(CONTINUED)

15

CONTINUED:

15

KID

Billie, you wanted to talk to me?

Billie nods, turns to the Handsome Dude --

BILLIE

Duty calls. Good meeting you.

(she doesn't wait for an
answer)

Bye.

16

INT. WELLS FARGO CENTER - V-VIP AREA - LATER (N1)

16

Kid and Billie head over to Carlton.

KID

You don't have to thank me for
saving you.

BILLIE

From him? He was thinking of a
hundred ways to get away. Hit him
with the alien possession story.

KID

Damn, how do you get people to buy
that shit?

BILLIE

Can I ask you a question? Why'd you
drop the jokes tonight?

KID

Didn't drop them. Just shifted.
I've done it before. You know that.
I did the same thing when we were
on tour a year and a half ago.

BILLIE

Yeah, but you told me before you
did it.

KID

You're right. My bad.

BILLIE

Do you need me anymore?

That was out of the blue. He considers her --

(CONTINUED)

KID

Yes. Yes. B, when my gut tells me to go in a different direction I gotta go in that direction. I gotta follow the comedy. Are you okay?

BILLIE

Yeah. Uhm. Yeah... I just want to make sure you need me.

KID

(beat)

Tell you what. Write me some jokes for the next show and I will do them. I put that on Black Jesus.

BILLIE

I need Puerto Rican Jesus and Jewish Jesus to believe you.

KID

All of 'em.

BILLIE

Okay.

(eyes Carlton)

I'm gonna leave you to this situation you about to go into. But I need you to do me a favor.

KID

Name it.

BILLIE

I know Todd's your right hand, but don't let him be a hatchet man with your brother. If Carlton needs to be straightened out, be kind enough to do it yourself.

(sincere)

He can't see the world through your eyes, but you damn sure can't see the world through his.

KID

I hear you.

(heads over)

Pray for me.

They hug. Kid walks up as the small group of men erupts in laughter. Billie lingers as Carlton sees his little brother.

(CONTINUED)

CARLTON

And here he is now!

KID

Here I am. What up, Julian? Gus?
Fellas?

The Kid knows these guys, handshakes all around.

JULIAN

What up, Kid? That show was dope.

KID

Yeah, thanks. How you guys been?

GUS

Not as good as you, better than
Carlton.

CARLTON

Whatever. Look, what we into
tonight?

JULIAN

Should we hit up the club? You
rolling, superstar?

CARLTON

My brother? With you suckas? Not a
chance. He always knows when to
remove himself from the scene of
the crime.

JULIAN

Unlike you, C.

The crew all laughs again. Carlton acts like he's a good
sport. But The Kid can tell he's stung.

JULIAN (CONT'D)

You gonna stay for a drink, right?

KID

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

CARLTON

Soda my ass. We drinking vodka. We
celebrating! You the main event.

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

(CONTINUED)

CARLTON (CONT'D)

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

Carlton raises his glass. The Kid doesn't.

KID

(in confidence)

C, I gotta go easy on this stuff. I
got five months sober...

CARLTON

As many times as you've fallen off,
I completely forgot. Come on, we
can't toast without you taking one
little sip.

Kid reluctantly raises his glass. They clink. And Kid takes a
small sip. Carlton downs his.

CARLTON (CONT'D)

There we go! There's my man.

Carlton notices a group of 4 great-looking, minimally dressed
GIRLS (20s) arrive at the entrance. He acknowledges them and
says as he walks away leaving Kid with the drink in his hand--

CARLTON (CONT'D)

Be right back.

As Carlton moves across the room towards the Girls --

JULIAN

Yo, went to see your latest movie.
Missed half the jokes because
Carlton was laughing so hard. Like
a fucking donkey.

The Kid looks at Carlton, as he hears that his brother lied.

KID

That right?

JULIAN

What, he didn't tell you he saw it?

KID

(lying)

He did. He told me y'all loved it.

Carlton approaches with the women who are excited to see Kid.

(CONTINUED)

CARLTON

Ladies, don't be shy, come on and take a seat.

(pointing to The Kid)

Y'all know who that is.

(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 I made y'all one right here?

Carlton eyes his little brother, seated awkwardly next to 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?

She doesn't wait for an answer. She slides close for a selfie. CLICK. We freeze on that picture, his professional, if slightly stiff smile, her lusty pout. Uh-oh.

INT. WELLS FARGO CENTER - V-VIP AREA - LATER (N1)

MONTAGE: A series of photographs, all selfies taken by the Girls, tell the story of the last couple hours. Daphne moves closer to The Kid. Gets Kid to take a sip of vodka. He doesn't want to be the only one not drinking. There are a few more toasts. The final picture is a hazy-looking Kid, with Daphne in his lap.

KID (O.S.)

Yo. I gotta get out of here.

The Kid, more than a little drunk, has moved next to Carlton. He sees Daphne chatting with her girlfriends. She mouths the words: 'I'm fucking him tonight.'

KID (CONT'D)

You know I shouldn't be drinking.
This is the longest I've been dry.

CARLTON

You took that first sip, though.
It'll stay between us. I need a wing man... Just stay.

(CONTINUED)

Kid looks in Carlton's eyes. Sees he's trying not to plead.

KID

Yeah, sure. I can hang a bit.

Carlton smiles sadly, perhaps embarrassed by his neediness.

CARLTON

Yo. You know I love you right?

(a beat)

I didn't think I would let you down
the way I have. And I'm sorry. For
all of it.

(a beat)

Can we talk some more about that
money tomorrow? I can save this
restaurant, K.

KID

You've never let me down, man.

(a beat)

But you don't need it. You want it.
That's not the same thing. Maybe
the best thing for you, this time,
is not to get it.

It's said somewhat casually, but the impact is felt deeply by
Carlton. The two brothers sit in silence together --

PHOTOGRAPHER (O.S.)

Can I get a picture of you two?

It's the event PHOTOGRAPHER, chronicling the evening.

CARLTON

Hey, ain't nobody taking pictures.
Give my brother space. Back off.

KID

C, calm down. Take the picture,
dude.

Kid gets closer to Carlton, dons that smile. In contrast,
Carlton looks like he's been punched in the stomach.

FLASH: We freeze on the two brothers.

We stay with Carlton as he recovers. Carlton seems to
transform. Smiles as if he's moved on beyond his hurt.

The Kid turns to Carlton who pulls him into a big hug. The
Kid seems surprised, but gives in. They hold each other.

(CONTINUED)

CARLTON

Well, doesn't mean we gotta stop
having a good time.

The Kid settles back in the couch, looks up at Daphne. He
smiles, uncomfortably, but a little less so than before.

Move in even closer on The Kid, as Daphne puts her drink to
his lips. She's too gorgeous to fight.

CARLTON (O.S.) (CONT'D)

We celebrating you, man.

CUT TO:

CARLTON (PRE-LAP) (CONT'D)

Wake up, wake the fuck up!

OVER BLACKNESS: SMACK. SMACK. SMACK.

INT. FOUR SEASONS - PRES SUITE - MASTER BEDROOM - LATER (N1) 18

It's dark but we can make out a few things in the light that
spills in from the next room. Tangled sheets. The SOUND of a
hand hitting a face. Carlton over 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. Carlton yanks Kid, nude
and confused, to the floor.

CARLTON (CONT'D)

Wake the fuck up.

KID

What the fuck are you doing man?

The Kid sees Daphne, in bed, lying on her stomach, in the
half-light. Not moving. Carlton feels for a pulse.

CARLTON

Jesus fucking Christ. Oh man.

KID

Hey! Hey, man! Carlton?

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

19

INT. FOUR SEASONS - PRES SUITE - MASTER BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS 19
(N1)

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... Any
fucking dope? Anything?

Carlton leaves the room for a second. The Kid is alone. We are CLOSE on him as he begins to get his bearings.

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

KID
Is that, that girl? Is she?

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

CARLTON
She's dead.

Carlton holds up the bottle.

CARLTON (CONT'D)
Oxy. Big ones. Liquor didn't help.

KID
We got to call an ambulance...

CARLTON
As soon as they're here, they'll
call the cops.

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

KID
Call the cops?!

SMASH TO BLACK.

OVER BLACK:

KID (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I didn't do anything to her... Did
I?

FADE TO:

1

INT. FOUR SEASONS - PRES SUITE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (N1)

1

We find CARLTON, watching over his little brother. KID sits on a couch, devastated. The bedroom door slightly ajar, leading to the dead girl. Kid wears shorts and a T-shirt inside out. Head in his hands.

KID

Carlton, how did this happen?

CARLTON

Before I could stop you, one drink turned into too many, K. Then you brought her back here. When I figured she wasn't trying to rob you, I went in the other room and passed out...

KID

Who saw me bring her in?

CARLTON

Todd, Herschel, they both saw you bring her in, but Todd told me to keep an eye on you so that's what I did. But I wasn't gonna watch you and her fuck.

(beat)

I got up to take a piss and peeked in to make sure you were good and... I saw she wasn't breathing.

Kid can't process all of this. Carlton stands over him.

KID

Do you know if she took pictures of us? Who saw us leave with her?

CARLTON

People saw us leave. People saw us come into the hotel. So, you gotta be real smart about how you move next.

The Kid looks up.

CARLTON (CONT'D)

I can get us through this, but you gotta let me handle it. Not Herschel, not Todd. Me.

(CONTINUED)

A slight nod from Kid. He seems to understand, but then, on autopilot, he searches for something, then stands and heads toward the room where Daphne's body is --

KID

No. I need my phone. I gotta call...

Carlton pushes his brother back as he starts to pass him.

CARLTON

Who the fuck you calling? This ain't a DUI or some bullshit you said on Twitter. She's dead.

KID

You think I ain't aware of the situation I'm in?
(drifts)
Todd will...

CARLTON

This isn't something you can get your counsel together and fucking discuss it for a few days. She's fucking dead and she died in your bed, next to you.

Those words hit Kid like a sledgehammer.

KID

I fucked... Holy shit. I fucked up.

He paces. Rubs his face. Carlton watches him for a long beat.

CARLTON

But I'm going to fix it.

The Kid is starting to spin, in abject terror.

KID

Fix it? This is going to ruin me and everything I've built.

(a beat)

What about Mo? Or Christian? My son won't understand any of this. I'll be sitting in fucking jail...

Kid begins to sob.

KID (CONT'D)

I need to call... someone... who can figure this shit out...

(CONTINUED)

Carlton slaps his brother! The Kid's body tenses, but Carlton's in his face, trying to make him focus --

CARLTON

Shut the fuck up. I can take care of this.

Kid can only ask, in a hollow, slightly taunting voice --

KID

What can you do, Carlton?

CARLTON

(searching; thinking)

...We tell the cops I brought her back here... You went in one room, I went in the other with her... She OD'd in my room. You didn't even know about it.

It all sounds absurd, but... Kid's silence means he's listening. Carlton gathers steam --

CARLTON (CONT'D)

If they arrest someone, it'll be me. Nobody going to be surprised that I fucked something up, right? But it leaves you out of it, man.

KID

(scoffs)

That's your fucking plan?

He begins to pick Carlton and his plan apart.

KID (CONT'D)

You think anyone lets you "own this?" The press will spin this even if the cops believe you. "Dead girl" and "Kid's room" are the only words that'll be on CNN.

It's a gut-punch, but Carlton recovers. Calmly.

CARLTON

Then come up with something better.

KID

I should have done what I was supposed to--

CARLTON

What were you supposed to be doing?

(CONTINUED)

KID

Staying sober. Being truthful,
telling you to do better. Be
better. To forget a damn liquor
license and tighten your shit up!
But I didn't... now I'm here! My
gut told me to leave when she came
my way!

CARLTON

Don't confuse your gut with your
dick, dude.

True.

CARLTON (CONT'D)

I'll say it again. Come up with a
better plan.

(beat; nothing from Kid)

If you're gonna bullshit, you can
do it without me.

Carlton walks in the room with dead Daphne and comes out with
Kid's phone. Holds it out to him.

KID

They're not going to believe your
story, C.

(beat)

But you're right. I can't take this
to Todd.

A beat, then --

CARLTON

There might be another way.

KID

What do you mean?

CARLTON

We call somebody. Someone I know.

Kid looks hard at his brother, grows concerned.

KID

Carlton, you just said we shouldn't
call anybody.

CARLTON

Nah, man. This cat is cool. Greek.
Gangster. Makes shit like this go
away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Kid's silence means he's listening, but he's still not convinced.

CARLTON (CONT'D)

This dude loves me. Owes me. I've come through for him before...

KID

Jesus, Carlton, I don't know.

CARLTON

You ain't got no faith in me. Just say it.

The silence is heartbreaking.

CARLTON (CONT'D)

(softens)

Seven hours ago, you were the biggest star since Eddie. If you let this go the wrong way, you're gonna be the most scandalized. I know you'll do anything to not be hated for the rest of your life and I can guarantee you your fans will abandon you for this.

(sincerely)

...no matter how much I fuck up, I'd do anything to protect you.

KID

I can't be connected to this.

Carlton sits and hugs him tightly and Kid collapses into his arms. Kid's hand flutters, tears well up in his eyes.

KID (CONT'D)

Does Daphne have kids? A husband?

CARLTON

I don't really know her.

KID

(needs to believe)

You can make this go away?

CARLTON

I can.

Another beat. Kid nods. Carlton pulls out his phone, dials:

(CONTINUED)

1

CONTINUED: (5)

1

KID

Carlton, you can't fuck me on this one. Not this. You understand me? You can't fuck this up...

CARLTON

Let me deal with it. God ain't never put anything on us we couldn't handle.

CUT TO:

2

EXT. PHILLY HOUSING PROJECT - RESIDENCE BLOCK - NIGHT (FB1)

2

A late-night snow falls on a large housing project. A row of basketball courts, a playground, a common area. It's beautiful, and empty. It's well after midnight. It's 1984.

A metal door to a stairway access vestibule opens, and TEEN CARLTON (13), young but with the burgeoning physique of an athlete, peeks out before he beckons someone to follow.

A beat later, Teen Carlton emerges, followed by a YOUNG KID (7). Wide-eyed, in awe of the silent world blanketed by snow.

TEEN CARLTON

We ain't out here all night. Ya hear? You play for a second, then back inside.

Young Kid smiles as he gears up to run through the grass. He wears a Sixers starter jacket which the older boy notices.

TEEN CARLTON (CONT'D)

I told you not to wear that. Somebody'll snatch it from you.

Young Kid continues, then pauses, worried.

YOUNG KID

You think Aunt Joyce will catch us? 'Cause she'd be mad we snuck out.

TEEN CARLTON

She doesn't get home 'til the sun comes up. So fuck her evil ass.

That works for Young Kid, who stomps through the snow, smiling like a Cheshire cat. His smile is soon matched by Teen Carlton, who watches him for a beat before following.

(CONTINUED)

2

CONTINUED:

2

TEEN CARLTON (PRE-LAP) (CONT'D)
A bird's gonna crap in your mouth.

3

EXT. PHILLY HOUSING PROJECT - BASKETBALL COURTS - LATER (FB1) 3

They stand in the center of one of the courts. Young Kid, arms outstretched, eyes closed, lets snow fall onto his face. Young Kid opens his eyes and turns. A thought occurs to him.

YOUNG KID
When you turn pro will you play
football in the snow?

TEEN CARLTON
I'm gonna play for the Eagles, so
I'm playing in snow.

YOUNG KID
What if you don't play for them?

TEEN CARLTON
Bug, don't shit on my dream.

YOUNG KID
Quit calling me that!

TEEN CARLTON
As long as you bug me, I'm calling
you that.

Four gunshots in quick succession shatter their laughter. Young Kid is shocked by the noise, he looks around. Teen Carlton's whole demeanor changes.

TEEN CARLTON (CONT'D)
We need to go.

Teen Carlton drags Young Kid by the arm off the court.

4

EXT. PHILLY HOUSING PROJECT - COMMONS - CONTINUOUS (FB1)

4

Young Kid keeps his eyes turned down. Teen Carlton scans his surroundings, now more ominous, for silent shadows.

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

We stay on Teen Carlton until we realize Young Kid is no longer behind him. He has stopped a few paces back, staring at the ground. Teen Carlton walks back to him.

(CONTINUED)

4

CONTINUED:

4

Lying on the ground is a YOUNG MAN'S BODY. Snow mixes with his BLOOD on his chest. He's been shot multiple times.

Teen Carlton grabs Young Kid's hand, and pulls him away. The camera stays behind with the dead body.

5

EXT. PHILLY HOUSING PROJECT - RESIDENCE BLOCK - MOMENTS LATER (FB1) 5

Back where they started. More FOOTSTEP sounds, but they seem to come from all over. And they're getting CLOSER. Teen Carlton opens the access door and ushers Young Kid inside.

TEEN CARLTON

Get your ass upstairs, lock the door.

YOUNG KID

No, Carlton!

TEEN CARLTON

Do what I tell you!

Young Kid disappears through the front door held open by a CINDER BLOCK. Teen Carlton sees a nearby bicycle rack with an abandoned length of chain. He grabs it, wraps one end around his hand, ready to strike. He backs into the shadows, his hands shaking, waiting for a killer to round the corner.

The footsteps fade. And it is silent again. A relieved Teen Carlton opens the stairwell access door and enters.

6

INT. PHILLY HOUSING PROJECT - STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS (FB1) 6

He enters to find Young Kid standing in the stairwell, staring at the ground as if in shock.

TEEN CARLTON

Bug, I told you to wait upstairs.

Young Kid doesn't argue about his name which concerns Teen Carlton. He sees that Young Kid's hands are opening and closing rapidly in an involuntary movement.

TEEN CARLTON (CONT'D)

Hey. We're good. There's nobody out there.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Out there ain't your problem.

(CONTINUED)

Teen Carlton realizes 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 Young Kid)

So, Bug, you ain't answer me. You think the Sixers can win this year?

Young Kid doesn't answer, but The Man isn't expecting one.

TEEN CARLTON

We didn't see anything.

(softly pleads)

He's just a kid.

The Man sucks his teeth. He isn't buying that.

MAN

He's a kid? You a kid, too. Right?

The Man's eerily calm, cold even, getting ready to make a move. Teen Carlton tries a different approach.

TEEN CARLTON

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

(a beat)

I'm Carlton.

The Man takes Teen Carlton in, thinking as he does.

MAN

I think I seen you play football.

(a beat)

'Lil man your brother?

Teen Carlton nods.

MAN (CONT'D)

Your mama okay with y'all being out here late at night with the wolves?

YOUNG KID

We live with our--

TEEN CARLTON

K...

(CONTINUED)

YOUNG KID
--auntie. But she's at work.

MAN
So y'all home alone?

Teen Carlton nods again. The Man considers that. Says a little too calmly --

MAN (CONT'D)
Then we straight. Head on up the stairs. And remember "you didn't see anything." Go get ready for school tomorrow.

Young Kid doesn't look up as he answers.

YOUNG KID
(a tense beat)
Tomorrow is Sunday.

The Man chuckles.

MAN
Right. The Lord's day.
(menacing)
You and lil man should head on up, Carlton.

Teen Carlton pushes past his fear. He grabs Young Kid by the Sixers jacket and ushers him toward the stairs. They get a few steps up the stairs before...

TEEN CARLTON
...have a good night.

MAN
How am I gonna do that, when y'all saw my man out there in the snow?

The world stops moving. Teen Carlton knows everything's gone to shit.

YOUNG KID
(says the wrong thing)
The dead one?

Teen Carlton wants to slap the shit out of his brother.

MAN
Yeah, Quentin's older brother.

(CONTINUED)

6

CONTINUED: (3)

6

He raises his gun to fire when Teen Carlton swings his arm, revealing he still has the bicycle chain in his hand. The chain arcs across the space. Before the Man can shoot or Teen Carlton can make contact --

CUT TO:

7

EXT. PHILLY HOUSING PROJECT - RESIDENCE BLOCK - CONTINUOUS
(FB1)

7

We're outside now and HEAR the report of a pistol. There's a quick flash of light in the high transom window. It's silent as we PULL BACK.

KID (PRE-LAP)

So, what's your friend gonna do?

8

INT. FOUR SEASONS - PRES SUITE - LIVING ROOM - LATER (N1)

8

We're back in the present. Kid paces, anxious, his body language different than we've seen. He's the little brother again.

CARLTON

The less you know the better.

The Kid jumps at the KNOCK at the door. Carlton rises to open it. HERSCHEL is on the other side.

HERSCHEL

Wanted to check in on Kid before I
crashed for the night.

Kid freezes. Carlton tosses a look back over his shoulder to make sure Kid's out of sight.

CARLTON

He's good. In there with old girl.
You know how he gets when he gets
lit and he got a hot one.

Herschel nods, something on his chest. He sighs --

HERSCHEL

We're trying to distance him from
that type of stuff, Carlton. You
know, soon-to-be billion dollar man
and all.

(CONTINUED)

CARLTON

Guess he don't listen to y'all any more than he listens to me.

(smiles)

I'll let him know you came through though. I, uh, got a little sumthin' in here myself. Sooo...

HERSCHEL

Cool. He needs to be up and out at 8. We gotta screening to go to.

CARLTON

All good.

(beat)

Tell Todd K's down for the night. He and ole girl really hit it off.

Herschel nods. Carlton closes the door, heads to his brother.

CARLTON (CONT'D)

Dry-ass nigga. What screening is he talking about?

KID

Shit. Boys and Girls Club. Showing ANTI-VERSE to them. Goddammit.

Carlton's PHONE rings. Kid stares at it.

CARLTON (INTO PHONE)

Hello? Yeah, room 1437.

(hangs up)

He's here.

KID

Who is this dude again?

INT. FOUR SEASONS - PRES SUITE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER
(N1)

The door is opened and a heavy-set, average-looking guy in slacks and a yellow dress shirt appears. This is ARI (40s).

ARI

Now, the party's started. What's up, Carlton?

CARLTON

Anybody see you?

(CONTINUED)

ARI

Yeah. But they don't know why I'm
here so fuck 'em.

Ari is funny, disarmingly pleasant, eccentric. He's Greek
with a very mild accent. He spies Kid looking very much like
a guy who has just woken up with a dead girl in his bed.

ARI (CONT'D)

All this time I thought you were
lying that he was your brother.

(a beat)

And now I get to meet him 'cause he
killed somebody.

KID

Yo, that's not... true.

ARI

(to Carlton)

He didn't kill someone?

Carlton shakes his head. Kid feels his stomach fall to his
ass. Ari laughs. The Kid looks to Carlton, what the fuck?

CARLTON

Ari's got a weird sense of humor.
K, 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 nods.

ARI (CONT'D)

Accident or some tabloid type shit?

KID

An accident.

ARI

That's what they all say. Until
they clear charges and write their
memoirs. Celebrities are funny.

Ari disappears into the room. Kid stares at Carlton.

CARLTON

He's dealt with this exact thing
before, K. He's a pro.

(CONTINUED)

KID

You sure? 'Cause the motherfucker
thinks he's a comedian.

Ari returns to the living room.

ARI

She's dead as dead can be. Carlton,
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.' Ari tosses Carlton a set of keys.

ARI (CONT'D)

Then, go to 20th and Commerce. You
will find a beige Chrysler 300.
Drive it to the Cuthbert Street
service entrance, 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 house phone and
dials room service. Ari looks at The Kid. He smiles.

ARI (CONT'D)

Are you religious?

The Kid nods, no.

ARI (CONT'D)

You don't need to believe in God to
believe in angels. I will be like
an angel, who came in your darkest
moment, and guided you through it,
before fading from memory.

(a beat)

Doesn't that sound nice?

KID

Not the way you put it.

ARI

But it will be nice when I pull it
off.

Carlton finishes the order.

(CONTINUED)

CARLTON

OK. Done.

ARI

Kid, I need you to have your shit together by the time the food gets here. That guy sees that look on your face, it won't be good for us.

KID

What look?

ARI

Like you just let a woman die in your room after you had sex.

Hearing that makes Kid look even more like that.

CARLTON

He's staying out of this, Ari. I got it.

ARI

Clear the cart, then get the car. I'm going to get started in there.

KID

What do you mean get started?

ARI

Gotta make sure she can fit on the cart. Care to watch, Kid? It won't be pretty, but it might get your dick hard.

CARLTON

Stop, Ari. K, go in my room.

Carlton pushes Kid toward the other bedroom, the one Carlton was found naked in. Opens the door and leads Kid inside.

CARLTON (CONT'D)

Lie down. Maybe get some sleep.

KID

Sleep? I don't think I could.

ARI

You'd be surprised what you are capable of when shit gets this bad.

Ari winks and heads into the other room.

(CONTINUED)

CARLTON

Do not come out of this room.

INT. FOUR SEASONS - PRES SUITE - 2ND BEDROOM - SAME (N1)

Carlton closes the door, folding the room into darkness. Kid stares at the door, almost opens it but doesn't. He opens his phone. Sees many unanswered texts and calls. Sees Todd's number. His finger hovers over it, until he decides not to call. He moves to the bed. Sits.

KID

How the fuck did I get into this?

He starts going through social media. Sure enough, he sees PICTURES Daphne has posted of the two of them. He stares at them. This shit is bad.

KID (CONT'D)

Who the fuck is gonna care if I'm in a sequel now?

LATER

The Kid, in complete darkness, HEARS doors open and close; the wheels of a room service cart; Carlton moving dishes; Carlton and Ari talk; Ari's laugh. Carlton leaving. Kid stares up at the ceiling. A moment's thought brings tears to his eyes, but then he steels himself. Regains composure.

KID (CONT'D)

I can survive this.

He closes his eyes. Just for a second.

Then SNAPS upright in the bed. He looks at his phone. It's 3 AM. Hours have gone by. He sits, trying to hear something. Anything. He hears a TV drone on, which makes him --

INT. FOUR SEASONS - PRES SUITE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS(N1)

-- exit the second bedroom. The abundance of food Carlton ordered sits neatly on a table. Nothing else is out of place. Ari is working his way through the cheeseburger.

ARI

Hey. Slept like a baby didn't you?

KID

Where is she?

(CONTINUED)

Ari sings a few bars of Michael Jackson's --

ARI

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

The Kid gives him nothing.

ARI (CONT'D)

Too soon?

(a beat)

OK. When Carlton comes back, the two of you should eat that food. Or flush about half of it down the toilet. 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. Make sure the drain is open. Gets rid of her hair, scent, etc. They will think you shit yourself or something.

(off a dazed Kid)

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. Seriously? Somebody asks about this girl, you say 'I have no fucking idea who you're talking about.'

KID

What if somebody saw me with her?

ARI

Something tells me she's not your first groupie who you only knew by her first name. That's probably why you're getting a divorce.

(off Kid's look)

It's in the papers. Anyway, there's one rule in this -- remember it: No body no crime. Girls like her disappear all the time. And nobody comes looking.

(CONTINUED)

KID

Jesus.

ARI

You got all this?

The Kid nods.

ARI (CONT'D)

Good.

(a beat)

Now let's talk about my payment.

KID

Carlton said you'd hook him up...

ARI

I am hooking him up, but you're a whale and a whale has to pay something.

(no smile)

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

There is an edge to him we haven't seen before.

ARI (CONT'D)

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

KID

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

ARI

Especially with what you make.

Uh-oh.

KID

So, how much does something like this cost? Fifty grand?

ARI

Fifty? Not even for people who can't afford it.

(chuckles)

You, my friend, are rich. Sixty-eight mil in tours, appearances, and movies, last year alone. So fifty is not what I was thinking.

KID

How much?

(CONTINUED)

ARI

Five hundred thousand. A month.
(smiles)
For the next year...

KID

A month? For a year? That's...

ARI

6 million dollars. Yes. You think
that's a lot? You made that for
that movie with Meryl Streep.
(thinks)
You were cool with playing her
butler?

KID

Are you Carlton's friend or not?

ARI

Being friends don't get you a
freebie.

KID

But six mil?

ARI

Yeah. Knowing your brother, and
everything you've helped him with --
I'm of more value dollar for dollar
than he is.
(a beat)

Which means you're going to pay me.
First installment is due Monday.

The Kid is in shock as Ari's phone buzzes.

ARI (CONT'D)

My number is on a card on the
coffee table. I'd say 'think about
it,' but you really shouldn't. I
don't hear from you by 7 AM? The
story that ends up on TMZ will be
one nobody'll forget.

(a beat)

If you think I'm gonna call the
cops, you don't have to worry about
that. What I got waiting, if you
don't pay, is way worse than them.

He exits as Kid's nightmare just keeps getting worse.

12

INT. FOUR SEASONS - PRES SUITE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (N1)

12

A half-hour later, The Kid back pacing in the living room of the suite. In a panic. The door opens and Carlton walks in.

CARLTON

Everything's taken care of. It's all going to be OK.

KID

OK?!?! He wants six million dollars!!!!

Carlton is caught off-guard by that. Shocked.

CARLTON

Six mil... No. He wouldn't do that.

KID

He did, Carlton. He did it while you were gone.

Carlton puffs up a bit, he's truly angry.

CARLTON

This motherfucker. It's gonna cost you, but not that. I got this.

KID

Carlton, whenever you say that I end up in more fucking trouble.

CARLTON

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

KID

You ever notice that nothing you ever try to do works out? You are 0 for 100. You know how I know? Because I got people in LA keeping score. In dollars.

CARLTON

Careful.

KID

Carlton, if Friday the thirteenth was a person -- it'd be you.

Carlton silently absorbs each blow.

(CONTINUED)

KID (CONT'D)

You're my big brother and I been taking care of you my whole life and this is the best you can do for me?!!

CARLTON

Fuck you with that bullshit. Me playing pro ball went south taking care of you!

KID

You didn't play football 'cause you got caught working a corner! Jay-Z worked a corner. Biggie worked under his mama's window. But they went up, unlike you! Which shows what type of guy you are! You're bringing up football when we're about to be exposed for some death I had nothing to do with!

Silence.

KID (CONT'D)

Now your loser act finally rubs off on me and I can lose a whole lot more than my fucking career.

Carlton is quiet for a good, long beat.

CARLTON

Bitch-ass gonna get bold now that the body's gone. Since you think I fucked up, you deal with Ari however you choose. Just remember, this time you ain't paying for my fuck up. This one is yours.

Carlton leaves the suite, and The Kid is alone.

PRE-LAP: A ringing phone. A few rings and then a voice answers -- TERRY, Kid's business manager.

TERRY (O.S.)

Hello?

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

(CONTINUED)

KID

Yo. It's me.

TERRY (O.S.)

What time is it? Are you OK?

KID

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

(almost chokes as he says)

For my brother.

TERRY (O.S.)

You didn't talk to him, did you?

KID

We had a good long talk. Trust me.

(a beat)

I need to help set Carlton up. One last time.

A sigh on the other end of the phone.

TERRY (O.S.)

OK, Kid. How much and when?

KID

Half a million. Every month. For a year.

And now silence. The Kid waits as he walks back out to --

TERRY (O.S.)

(with a new urgency)

Kid, do you need me to send the police to your room right now? Just give me a sign. Is he there?

KID

What? No! I don't need cops. And I'm fucking serious.

TERRY (O.S.)

Hey, can we get Todd up and...

KID

I called you, not Todd! Stop fucking changing the subject, Terry.

TERRY (O.S.)

Understood. Yes, OK. The problem isn't the money. It's how to classify the money.

KID

Classify?

TERRY (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.

KID

We can figure that out later, just get it ready when the banks open. 500 thousand.

TERRY (O.S.)

OK. Kid, look, if you give him money, I just want to make sure your brother's never going to ask you for another dime. Otherwise, you're stuck with this for the rest of your life.

KID

You're right. I'm... I'm gonna call you back. Don't talk to anybody 'til you hear from me.

He hangs up, deeply considers what Terry has said. Looks around the living room. Sees a NEWSPAPER sitting on the coffee table. A picture of his head is at the bottom of the page, he unfolds it and sees it's from a long ago CONCERT -- owning the stage. He stares at it for a long time. Something adjusts in his thinking.

Then he moves to the business card Ari gave him, picks it up.

ARI (PRE-LAP)

You want my advice...

The Kid, now dressed in a T-shirt (right way around) and a pair of ADIDAS sweats, is with Ari, who's on the couch. There's now a smugness to Ari, the air of a man who's won.

(CONTINUED)

ARI

Re-open the restaurant. Run the money through there. Boom. It's declared. Celebrities always go stupid with their money and restaurants. It's easy to explain.

(beat)

Oh, Carlton's very pissed at you by the way. I told him he needs to come back and clear the air.

The Kid sits across from Ari. There is something different about him. A seriousness about him. A game face, maybe.

KID

You a jack of all trades, huh? Dump bodies, crack jokes, family counseling...

ARI

I'm versatile. But, this is about you. How are we doing this?

KID

I'm gonna pay you. But if you want 6 million dollars? You're going to have to do better than telling me 'it's all good.'

ARI

How can I put your mind at ease?

KID

How do I know this ain't coming back to me? Who else did you tell? Who else knows you came here? Who else knows about me?

ARI

Nobody knows other than your brother. You'll have to trust me.

KID

That's not good enough for me. You going to have to sell that a little harder, Ari. Cause if you can't put my mind at ease I'm gonna keep my money and take my chances with the cops. Maybe you and I end up sharing a cell.

Ari straightens up in his chair.

(CONTINUED)

ARI

You're not a good actor, you know that? But, I'll play along, Hollywood guy. OK. How's this: in my line of work, somebody finds out I got my hooks into something fat, and you my friend are 'something fat,' they try to get in on the action. I can't have that. You strike gold, you don't tell everybody where it's buried. You keep it to yourself. Right? I am keeping you very much to myself.

The Kid nods. This makes sense to him.

KID

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

ARI

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

KID

How do I know that you don't jack the number up next month?

ARI

Once I cash that first check, I'm your partner. I'm at risk too.

KID

OK. I guess I gotta trust you.

ARI

Yes, you do.

KID

I'm gonna go with the restaurant idea. Put it in you and Carlton's name. But, I don't want to hear from your ass anymore, okay?

ARI

I can't promise it. I mean, I've always wanted to act. Maybe you get me a role in one of your movies.

KID

You can play shithead number three.

(CONTINUED)

Ari grins. Appreciates the gut shot.

ARI

Must be nice being a celebrity. You looking down on me, but even with all your money, you're the one who fucked up. Right now -- you ain't no better than me or your brother.

KID

So, you just think you can shit all over me, huh? Just because I need your help?

ARI

I get it, now. Even in the worst situation, you think you're supposed to be treated like a star.

(stands)

Well, my friend, tonight I'm the star.

He stands up and extends his hand. Kid reluctantly takes it.

ARI (CONT'D)

And you're my biggest fucking fan.

It doesn't take long, but Kid's whole perspective changes. A coldness comes over him as he shakes Ari's hand. Ari looks out the window, sees the sun is starting to break the horizon.

ARI (CONT'D)

(in Greek)

Kalimera.

(off Kid)

Means good morning. Look, Kid, take a shower, a good shit, and don't wake up with any more dead women, and this'll never happen again.

Kid nods, pulls his hand away. Then --

KID

Let me ask you one more thing. How'd you get that body out of this hotel? There are cameras everywhere.

(CONTINUED)

ARI

That was a piece of work. I broke some bones, then folded her up like a ball and stuffed her under the cart. Then 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)

Used to have the trash contract for this place.

(and then)

I wrapped her in a tarp and loaded her into the trunk of the car. Your brother helped. And off we went.

KID

Got it. Thank you.

Kid gets up and moves to his bag. Rummages through it and sees a checkbook. It's right next to Will's iPhone cord.

ARI

Now, let me ask you a question.

(Kid nods)

How's it feel to be rich?

Kid considers that question. He pulls out the checkbook.

KID

It's complicated.

ARI

I've got time.

Ari sits again. Kid nods, agreeable to telling the story.

KID

Carlton and I lived in North Philly. And, it was hard. It didn't get easier once I started doing comedy. But everything I got is all me. Working in places most comedians wouldn't fucking set foot in. Fighting for every minute of time I could get on a mic. Until I made myself into something. And, I never had my hand out. I never took something that wasn't mine. And I never hurt anybody to get where I am. And I took a lot of people with me, people who rely on me.

(CONTINUED)

ARI

And now you rely on me. Damn, I may have sold myself short on this. Maybe I make myself into something off of you.

Kid stares at him, then goes back into his bag.

KID

Where's my pen...

Kid pulls the iPhone cord out, holds it in his hand. Starts looking through the room for a pen.

KID (CONT'D)

Being rich ain't simple, Ari. Just like getting that woman out of here, there are twists and turns.

Ari yawns. Another insult to a series of them.

KID (CONT'D)

The funny thing? The more money you make, the more you realize money is secondary to your decisions. If you make bad decisions being rich doesn't mean shit. If you make the right ones, you will never have to worry about the money.

ARI

You really do believe this shit. When I see you on TV doing this motivational shit I thought it was a gimmick. But you really believe.

Kid stops behind Ari, sees a pen next to a notepad.

KID

I do. That's why when I run into people who talk shit and think I'm supposed to take it, I get pissed off. They don't understand that it's what I believe in that keeps them from taking advantage of me.

ARI

If only you didn't need me, huh?

Kid slides Will's iPhone cord around Ari's neck, each end wrapped around Kid's hands as he pulls it tightly.

(CONTINUED)

Ari begins to kick and buck but Kid is strong and he doesn't react to getting dragged over the couch as long as he keeps the cord tight around Ari's neck. Ari's face turns blue; panicked. It is an ugly death, nothing easy about it, and Ari fights as best as he can as he falls to the floor, taking Kid with him. We watch Ari realize he's dying. Kid tightens the cord --

KID

You sound like my agents.
Constantly selling me on how
important they are. But, you're not
them, because you made one mistake.
You told me how to get a body out
of here...

We move CLOSER in on The Kid's face. Tears of rage fall.

KID (CONT'D)

Which means I get to make you shut
the fuck up.

Ari slumps, lifeless. Kid drops the cord and pushes himself away. He stands and stares at Ari's dead body. Suddenly...

RING. RING. RING.

Kid almost pukes, but realizes this isn't the time. The ringing continues. He pulls his phone out of his pocket. Looks at it. It's a FACETIME call from CHRISTIAN, his son. The Kid is horrified. A beat before he presses decline.

The screen goes dark. But a beat later the phone rings again. This time Kid calms, distances himself from the murder he just committed and answers it.

KID (CONT'D)

Hey, boy, it's two AM there, what
you doing up?

We see CHRISTIAN. A sweet, smiling 8-year-old with glasses.

CHRISTIAN

Patrick spent the night and we
watched a scary movie.

KID

OK. You know you're not supposed to
watch scary movies.

CHRISTIAN

I know, but I did. Patrick's asleep
and I'm afraid.

(CONTINUED)

KID

Movies ain't real, Chris. And movie monsters only come out if they know you're scared.

CHRISTIAN

(doesn't want to hang up)

OK. You having fun?

KID

Nope. Go to bed... I'll call you tomorrow.

CHRISTIAN

OK. Well. I love you.

KID

I love you. I miss you.

CHRISTIAN

I miss you, too. Go to bed, Dad.

The DOOR is shoved open. Carlton walks in and sees Ari on the floor dead. His reaction is immediate --

CARLTON

What the fuck happened!? K, what the fuck did you do!!!

KID

Decided I didn't want to pay him six million dollars.

SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE