

SURVIVOR'S REMORSE

Written by

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Pilot

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**INT. TRIPLE DECKER HOME - DORCHESTER, MA - MORNING**

In a recently redone Triple Decker home in a half-gentrified neighborhood in Dorchester, MA--CASSIE CALLOWAY, 45, reclines on a papasan chair and sips on a can of Diet Orange Crush. She points a remote at a TV, flipping through the channels.

Two MOVING MEN walk through the room carrying furniture. A SQUAT, POCKMARKED HISPANIC MOVING MAN tries to unplug the TV.

Cassie, who has a tough and regal air about her, balks.

CASSIE

No, no. TV goes last. Important shit coming up. The reason I'm moving coming up. The reason you are doing this job coming up. So, can't be unplugging and packing the TV just yet. Patience. A virtue, and your current instructions.

The squat mover exits as A TATTOOED MOVING MAN, 30, enters, carrying a garish lamp and a five foot-tall stuffed cheetah.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Lamp goes in the "Yard Sale" pile.  
Cheetah is "Take-to-Atlanta" pile.

Cassie flips to ESPN.

**INTERCUT:** A male, 30ish, ESPN REPORTER. Less smug than most. Kinda refreshingly sincere, actually. He stands with a mic.

ESPN REPORTER.

We're moments away from Cam Calloway's first press conference as an Atlanta Hawk.

An image of NBA Star CAM CALLOWAY, 24, appears.

CASSIE

That's my baby boy buying me my new house in Atlanta!

ESPN REPORTER

Calloway, the Boston native who entered the NBA as an unheralded and undrafted free agent, has only earned the league minimum since his debut four years ago.

CASSIE

That was then--tell 'em 'bout now.

The movers stop, and watch.

ESPN REPORTER

But Calloway blossomed in Memphis, leading the Grizzlies to this year's NBA finals and landing him a massive new contract as a Hawk.

CASSIE

Deserves every cent o' that massive!

ESPN REPORTER

Pundits believe that the acquisition of "C-Squared" makes the Hawks an instant contender.

CASSIE

Pundits know their shit.

Cassie sparks up a cigarette, a proud Mama Bear.

ESPN REPORTER

Calloway's signing was announced weeks ago--but the details took time. But now the ink is dry, and Atlanta breathes a sigh, as Calloway approaches the podium...

CASSIE

Go baby! Tell the world 'bout yourself. They finally getting to know what I known since you dropped outta me. You a *world changer!*

**INT. ATLANTA HAWKS' PRESS CONFERENCE - DAY**

CAM CALLOWAY, at the podium. Beaming.

CAM

I want to thank Hawks owner Alex Wong for bringing me to Atlanta.

**ANGLE ON:** The Hawks' owner, ALEX WONG, 45, Chinese-American, preppy, and proud of having amassed the kind of individual fortune that causes certain societies to consider legislated wealth redistribution. He's giddy and drunk. Waves.

CAM (CONT'D)

Mr. Wong, you'll be proud you made me the face of your franchise, despite my crooked teeth.

Cam smiles his crooked smile. The audience loves it.

CAM (CONT'D)  
 Ain't getting 'em capped now! I stand here, a lucky guy. Which is unusual. See, where I grew up, luck was just some uncertain something people wished for while hunched over a Lotto Ticket. Or a paternity test.

More laughs from the crowd.

CAM (CONT'D)  
 Luck was a foreign grace that God bestowed on others *unlike* me.

Cam looks toward his cousin: The steely, composed, REGGIE VAUGHN, 27. Cam's eyes water. These two have been through a real hell to get to a moment like this. Reggie tries to impart strength to Cam with a nod from across the room.

REGGIE (SOTTO)  
 Hold it together, cousin.

**ANGLE ON:** Cam's sister, MARY CHARLES CALLOWAY, AKA M-CHUCK, 29. M-CHUCK, taller than most men, and always on the prowl for a woman to bed, seems unimpressed with this gathering.

M-CHUCK  
 He's gonna blubber like a wuss. Watch.

Reggie shushes her and motions for Cam to breathe.

CAM  
 In my neighborhood, poverty won the day, daily. Good things were scarce. Dreams were limited to food, heat, rent. Drugs weren't a road to ruin, but rather, a reasonable way out of a slum where no one should have to come of age.

**ANGLE ON:** Reggie proud, and M-Chuck, increasingly cynical.

REGGIE  
 I wrote that.

M-CHUCK  
 No wonder it sounds written.

CAM  
 But there's four people who forced me to believe that I, and they, were *worthy* of a dream.

(MORE)

CAM (CONT'D)

A good thing. And that if a good thing ever entered our orbit, we'd ride that thing to one of those far-off lands where good things get to grow into something great. That good thing was *basketball*. That land of goodwill is *Atlanta*.

The audience applauds wildly.

CAM (CONT'D)

Those four people who believed in me are my family. I love them! Mom, I know you're watching--Thank you for not aborting me.

Silence from the crowd.

CAM (CONT'D)

Exactly. That woulda sucked not just for me, but for y'all. Truth is, back in Dorchester, people get abortions like y'all get manicures.

Reggie buries his head, half-laughing at Cam's audaciousness, and glance-scolding Cam for uttering this comment in public. But if one could pull out of a tailspin, it's Cam.

CAM (CONT'D)

Mary Charles, my sister, my idol. Thanks for dunking on me from the day you turned 13. *Every* one of those dunks was an offensive foul.

The audience laughs. M-Chuck flips Cam off.

CAM (CONT'D)

Uncle Julius, thank you for making me eat the occasional vegetable and teaching me to be a stand-up man despite my flaws. I love you.

**ANGLE ON:** UNCLE JULIUS, 45, overweight, sweaty, and cuddly. From a buffet table where he loads his plate, he waves.

CAM (CONT'D)

And Reggie Vaughn, my cousin. Dude, you've taken the word "cousin" and blown it up to include all these *other* amazing human words the best of us long to know: Advocate. Corner Man. Confidante. Loyalist. Best Friend. All I got is because of you.

Reggie is welling up. Cam is now in hide-your-face blubbering mode. But he doesn't hide his face, he leans into it, and blubbers on. Authentic and revealing. The audience adores this display of gratitude. Reggie and Uncle Julius are crying too. In fact, there's not a dry eye in the house.

Except for M-Chuck, who mutters:

M-CHUCK

Am I the only one here with a  
working set of testicles?

Reggie hands Cam a handkerchief. Steps to the mic.

REGGIE

Thank you everyone. Go Hawks!

The two cousins embrace. The audience applauds as if they've just witnessed a championship banner raised to the rafters.

**INT. A BLEAK URBAN PROJECT APT - DORCHESTER, MA - DAY**

In a bleak neighborhood in Dorchester, MARCUS PIERCE, 27, stands in an apartment that exudes poverty. Yet it's an American poverty--one where the presence of some appliances and cable TV seems to offset the hunger and unemployment.

On an old television, the end of the press conference plays.

ESPN REPORTER

Calloway's journey to the ranks of  
the elite continues with a trip to  
Los Angeles for the ESPYS tomorrow  
night. Will he take home the  
hardware for Best Male Athlete?

Marcus shuts the TV off and opens the fridge to find nothing but mayonnaise and Mountain Dew. He hands the Dew to a TODDLER, 3. There's a knock at the door.

MARCUS

Busy. Fuck off!

**ANGLE ON:** A diminutive, skinny man on the other side of the door. This is DIRTY PAUL, 27. He doesn't look like he'd hurt a fly. Looks don't matter in this part of town.

DIRTY PAUL

Marcus, it's Dirty. How 'bout you  
open the door, I fuck you up, and  
then I fuck off?

MARCUS  
I'm good, thanks.

Dirty Paul pulls a gun and shoots at the doorlock. The bullet ricochets around the hallway.

DIRTY PAUL  
Was hoping that'd blow the hinges off Hawaii Five-O style, but that backfired, literally--so, open up.

MARCUS  
The gunshot has me concerned.

DIRTY PAUL  
If I wanted to shoot you, I'd shoot the super, steal his keys and open the door myself. *Then* shoot you. I'd prefer to avoid that scenario. Dealer Joe wants his money.

Marcus opens up. Dirty Paul enters, and puts the pistol to Marcus' head. Marcus put his hands up, disappointed.

MARCUS  
No need to scare my son.

DIRTY PAUL  
Ain't a day since his momma turned 13 she hadn't had a dick in her. How you know he's not mine?

MARCUS  
Not ugly enough.

Dirty Paul punches Marcus. Hard.

DIRTY PAUL  
Find the money, steal the money, or make the money. Do one of the three quick, fuckstick, or you'll be making it up to Joe in a way you don't wanna.

Marcus is humiliated, but smart enough to shutup.

DIRTY PAUL (CONT'D)  
Course, now I feel like leanin' in and sayin' something all boss like: "Understand?" But I know you do. So I won't.

Dirty tousles the hair of the Toddler and exits.

**INT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES RITZ-CARLTON - SUITE - DAY**

**ANGLE ON:** A hotel room night-stand, with an ESPY Award engraved to "Cam Calloway: Best Male Athlete"

In a billowing bed, Cam is reclined, on his iphone.

CAM

Mom, I'm checking in to see how the packing is going. Hit me later. I'll be flying from LA later today. Got my ESPY! Land in Atlanta around 4. Can't wait to have you with me.

He makes a smooching sound into the phone, and ends the call.

**PULL BACK TO REVEAL:** KIMBERLY HERNANDEZ, 24, petite, undressed, and astride Cam in the reverse cowgirl position.

KIMBERLY

Did you just call your mother?

CAM

She's having a yard sale today.

KIMBERLY

Does the way I fuck remind you of your mom? That would bum me out.

CAM

I will admit that I have an issue with inappropriate multi-tasking.

He smiles. She turns around, facing him. Non-judging.

KIMBERLY

Task your thumb with a little extra effort, and this'll be over in time for you to make your flight.

She grabs his hand and puts it where it's useful.

CAM

I fly private, I can be late.

They laugh and get after it, like young beautiful people do.

KIMBERLY

You're a millionaire and your mother is having a yard sale?

OFF CAM: Considering the absurdity of this.

**INT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES RITZ-CARLTON - REGGIE'S SUITE - DAY**

In another palatial suite at the Ritz, a lithe, redheaded 21-year-old STUNNER eats room service scrambled eggs, naked. ESPYS swag and Atlanta Hawks swag litter a coffee table.

**REVEAL:** Reggie doing pushups, also naked. Stops.

REDHEAD

Eggs are soooo good.

Reggie's phone rings. Caller ID reads: "Wife"

REGGIE

Finish in the shitter. Got a call.

Redhead enters the bathroom. Reggie takes the call.

**SPLIT-SCREEN:** Reggie's wife: MISSY VAUGHN, 28, in the massive "Great room" of an opulent modern home in Atlanta. Penn-educated, suspicious, Missy's never lost an argument about anything, ever. She's grumpy. And sweaty.

MISSY

Living in Atlanta is like living on the surface of the fucking sun.

REGGIE

In a three million dollar palace.

MISSY

In *Atlanta*. A city our ancestors came to in chains and lived like mules.

REGGIE

I can't wait to get home and go down on you.

MISSY

I'll still be in Atlanta.

REGGIE

How can I get you to love Atlanta?

MISSY

Burn it down like Sherman did.

Reggie opens the bathroom door, and ushers the redhead out, but not before making sure she is gifted with the sample size shampoos and soaps from the hotel. Meanwhile, Missy walks outside to an Olympic sized pool.

MISSY (CONT'D)

You shoulda made Cam sign in New York or LA. Somewhere the underground railroad actually went to instead of *away from*.

REGGIE

Tubman's last stop was in Malibu?

MISSY

Wasn't Peachtree street

REGGIE

Plane leaves in two. We'll be naked together in seven.

MISSY

Don't act like getting to fuck you makes me some sweepstakes winner.

REGGIE

Love you, bye.

He hangs up, and starts packing.

**EXT. BLEAK APARTMENT - PARKING LOT - DORCHESTER, MA**

Cassie Calloway rolls up in a town car. The driver opens a door, and she exits as if she's the returning member of some forgotten royal family. A moving truck pulls in and the moving men gather by her in the parking lot.

CASSIE

Gentlemen, as you know, I was gonna have a yard sale today, but my son called--and reminded me of our need to have gratitude for our many blessings. So I'm gonna give away the stuff I was gonna sell. Today we remind ourselves that though some people may be less than fortunate, my son and myself can bring a little fortune their way.

**QUICK CUTS:** Various people flock to Cassie's "Give-away" truck. Grabbing stuff, showing their appreciation...it's very pleasant and amicable.

A TOOTHLESS WOMAN, 64, in a hairnet hugs Cassie.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

With Cam's new contract, my tastes  
have got more expensive. The  
Lord's blessed us with abundance.

TOOTHLESS WOMAN

I'll start going to church again.

CASSIE

Read scripture. A lot makes sense.  
Ignore the stuff that don't.

An older man, CHARLES, 52, tries out a leather recliner.

CHARLES

Now I'll be able to watch Jeopardy  
in a reclined state.

CASSIE

Charles, always the smart one!

CHARLES

Not smart enough to knock you up in  
middle school. I'd have myself an  
NBA star for a son.

Charles guides his sons to walk off with the chair.

Marcus approaches with his toddler.

MARCUS

Anything good left?

TATTOOED MOVER

Ghetto storage wars ain't my thing.

MARCUS

Watch what you're calling "Ghetto."  
Someone might be offended, Mijo.

Tension rises. The Squat Mover comes over, to broker peace.

SQUAT MOVER

I got a mini-trampoline, a VCR, and  
some other junk I threw in this  
box. That's it. Take or leave.

Marcus takes it begrudgingly.

TATTOOED MOVER

Say thank you, *Mija*.

MARCUS

Ah, ya wanna bare knuckle it, eh?

Marcus throws a jab at the Tattooed mover. Tattooed mover doesn't know what hit him. Collapses and grabs his clearly broken nose. The Squat mover tackles Marcus. The toddler starts crying. It's bedlam. It's an all out brawl with the movers kicking Marcus. Cassie starts pulling them apart.

CASSIE

Jesus, Lord, you try to do something nice!

The town car and the truck peel out, and a couple boxes tumble off the back into the street.

**OFF MARCUS:** Bloody-lipped, broke, desperate, and laying in the streets of the town he wishes that, he too, could flee.

**INT. ALEX WONG'S PRIVATE JET - DAY**

Cam, Reggie, Julius and M-Chuck on Alex Wong's Lear Jet.

**ANGLE ON:** Cam thumbing a car magazine. Reggie on email.

CAM

Think I'm going Aston Martin. '93.

Cam shows him a picture of a '93 Aston from the magazine.

REGGIE

I will look so good driving that when you're playing road games.

CAM

Yeah, you will. Especially once I throw new rims on it.

REGGIE

Rims are not part of the plan.

CAM

Then I'm amending the plan.

REGGIE

You're Cam Calloway. Not some same-old-story idiot who's gotta prove he's rich by making expensive shit *seem* more expensive. You don't need after-market stones in a Rolex. Don't rim up an Aston!

CAM

It's my money.

REGGIE

Fuck you "my money." We've been over *this*.

CAM

Why I gotta hide from wanting an Aston since I was a kid?

REGGIE

Please. You didn't know what a motherfucking Big Wheel was.

CAM

I'm talking about the rims!

REGGIE

Rims are like Big Wheels. Toys. For children. Not men.

CAM

What's the point of forgetting all you wanted when you first wanted it now that you finally can afford it?

REGGIE

We're re-calibrating and readjusting. Not forgetting.

CAM

I know but, we're gonna save money, the investments, the stuff, you're gonna set up the whole plan...

REGGIE

I'm giving you the plan! We've talked about the plan. What's the use of talking about the plan and planning the plan if you ain't gonna stick to the plan? The plan is no rims on your Aston!

CAM

I can't believe you're making me feel like shit about wanting to put some rims on a cool car! Gawd!

Cam throws the magazine across the plane. It lands in between M-Chuck and Uncle Julius, both passed out. Cam throws his Dre Beats headphones on, like a kid resigned that his tantrum's failed.

**INT. MARCUS'S BLEAK APARTMENT - DAY**

The Mountain Dew toddler is jumping up and down on the exercise trampoline, as Marcus digs through the boxes.

He pulls out an oversized sweatshirt that reads "University of Rhode Island." Too big. Some old socks still in packaging. An old camcorder. A couple of unwrapped youth basketball trophies from CYO leagues. A composition notebook that reads: *Cam Calloway*--in bubble letters.

He opens it: Quick glimpses of lists Cam made as a kid.

*1. Fall Goals: Eat better. More free throws. Pass history. Take Tracey Mariano to the Hatch Shell.*

He continues to flip through. It's a treasure trove of 8th grade boys musings and fantasies--all never meant to be published. Marcus takes his phone out. Snaps a shot.

**OFF MARCUS:** Is this a treasure trove of memorabilia?

**INT. ALEX WONG'S PRIVATE JET - DAY**

Cam still pouts with his headphones on. Reggie tries to get his attention.

REGGIE

Cam?

Cam pulls his hood over his headphones and head and leans back. Not in the mood to talk.

**ANGLE ON:** Uncle Julius and M-Chuck looking at a basket of snacks offered by a Ukrainian flight attendant, TASHA, 23.

UNCLE JULIUS

This stuff free or we gonna get billed? I like Fritos, but not a fifteen dollar bag of Fritos.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Fritos are courtesy of Mr. Wong. Can I get you anything?

M-CHUCK

How bout a peek at your panties?

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

We'll be landing shortly.

M-CHUCK

So when we're taxiing?

**OFF TASHA:** She never considered bedding a woman 'til now.

**INT. DORCHESTER LIBRARY - COMPUTER ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS**

At a library computer, Marcus creates an ebay account.

**EXT. PENTHOUSE ROOFDECK - NIGHT**

Cam sulks as he overlooks the city of Atlanta. Reggie walks out, slowly. Regards the lights of the town that he came to conquer with his beloved cousin. Tries to speak, and then stops. Reggie feels like shit, because he's made Cam feel like shit. But they both know that one another is all they have that they can fully trust.

REGGIE

Look--I didn't mean to sound like a motherfucking dad.

CAM

Well, then you're not great at doing what you don't mean to do.

REGGIE

I'm not saying it like I'm all disciplined myself. It's me saying it to me too, you know--like when I say--We gotta lock down new rules for our budget, monitor flow--what we buy, what we give away--

CAM

I'm generous. That's who I am.

REGGIE

You can be generous. But you don't have to feel bad about asking people for accountability. Hell, you don't have to ask them. I'll ask them. That's what I'm there for. To manage the noise. To fix shit. We're here now. We're here with disposable income--but we can dispose of it so easily and then before you know--it's gone. You're not a bottomless ATM.

CAM

Just make sure I got enough left over for a mansion in Fiji.

REGGIE

You ain't gonna own a Clam Shack on Revere Beach if you don't commit to some rules for gifting. We both got cousins we ain't sure are really cousins begging for money and we *can't help 'em all.*

CAM

We help til we can't. We're lucky.

REGGIE

We made our luck.

CAM

Not always. It's like we left the Titanic in a lifeboat, yet the ship's not fully sunk, so we can still help more people.

REGGIE

What has anyone else who is not currently moving to Atlanta done for you? Nothing.

CAM

Don't matter. Schindler had his list. People he knew plus people he didn't know.

REGGIE

Fuck Schindler's list.

CAM

Fuck Schindler's list?

REGGIE

Fuck your version of Schindler's list. It don't apply. Some tweaker in Dorchester don't deserve a spot on your generosity list just cause he grew up two doors down.

CAM

Schindler's list wasn't restricted to just those who helped him.

REGGIE

You don't know that. Movies are always half horseshit. For fuck's sake you're talking about the Titanic and Schindler's list? First off, the Titanic was a boat for fucking rich white people.

(MORE)

REGGIE (CONT'D)

Fuck them. They can all freeze the fuck to death and drown. I could give a shit. If they'd had the good sense to invite a black man down to the docks in England, that black man woulda told 'em all what getting on a boat to America means. *Nothing good.* Ship never woulda sailed.

CAM

Giving a shit makes us unique.

REGGIE

And giving *too much* makes ya an ESPN 30 for 30 cautionary tale. You're the Titanic, Cam. A massive talent with self-serving icebergs lying in wait, ready to bump into you and sink you. Stay alert.

Cam's laughing. Loves seeing Reggie wound up.

REGGIE (CONT'D)

Enough of this conversation! I'm starving. Let's order something. For fuck. Titanic? Schindler's List? We gotta Netflix some fucking Anchorman 2.

**OFF CAM:** Happy to have Reggie looking after shit after all.

**INT. BLEAK APARTMENT PROJECT - NIGHT**

Marcus takes out the old VCR that was in the box. His toddler is there. He's got a bunch of videocassettes.

MARCUS

This is a VCR--it plays movies. The Lion King. Home Alone. Pulp Fiction. You're gonna like them.

He plugs in the VCR. He presses play. There's a video stuck in there. Marcus jams his finger in there. The video starts to play of a 14 year-old young Cam smoking a huge blunt and eating some Chinese food. He is cocky, giddy, and filled with the bravado of a young, high, 14 year-old.

YOUNG CAM

I can't believe we stole this camera from the school. We gonna get expelled. I don't give a F\*\*k.

(MORE)

YOUNG CAM (CONT'D)

I am Cam Calloway--and I am gonna take over the world! And the first thing I am gonna do is tell them motherfucking Chinese how to make Chinese food. Cuz this stuff is Shat. Fuck them Ch#\$ks.

He starts laughing.

YOUNG REGGIE (O.C.)

That sounds like a rap.

Cam starts improv-rapping to his song "Fuck them Ch#\$ks."

**OFF MARCUS:** Sitting on a scandalous GOLDMINE.

**EXT. PENTHOUSE ROOFTOP - NIGHT**

Cam and Reggie eat some takeout sushi. Uncle Julius is there, M-Chuck too.

CAM

No way Atlanta should have sushi this good. I am tweeting this.

Cam reaches into his pocket looks at his phone. Scrolls through his Twitter feed. It is blowing up.

CAM (CONT'D)

What the hell?

He hands Reggie his phone. Concerned.

M-CHUCK

What?

CAM

Story on Deadspin.

Reggie clicks a link: *"Cam Calloway's Childhood Treasure."*

REGGIE

"Cam Calloway's love letters?"

CAM

Alright, Fix it Man. Put on your fucking cape and get in your fucking Fix it Mobile. This doesn't look like something I'm gonna be happy about.

**OFF REGGIE:** What the hell is this all about?

**INT. ESPN'S "PARDON THE INTERRUPTION" SET - DAY**

TONY KORNHEISER and MICHAEL WILBON are in mid-debate.

MICHAEL WILBON

This is not earth-shattering--a 13  
year old with an active libido--

TONY KORNHEISER

Is it respectful to women?

MICHAEL WILBON

Everything you did at 13 was  
saintly?

TONY KORNHEISER

What'd I do? Break a window  
playing stickball? I was a virgin  
long past 13. Long, long past 13.  
Almost a criminally long time.

**INT. ATLANTA AIRPORT - NEXT DAY**

Reggie sits at the airport watching PTI. Knows this story  
has gone wider and faster than he ever expected it to. He  
takes out his phone. Dials. Marcus answers at the cafe.

**SPLIT-SCREEN:**

REGGIE

Marcus, it's Reggie, long time.

MARCUS

Not that long.

REGGIE

Long enough for you to become an  
antiques dealer.

MARCUS

Twitter is a wonderful marketing  
tool. Interested in my auctions?

REGGIE

I'm interested in you ripping off  
Cam's mother.

MARCUS

She came to us like some arrogant  
bitch Santa on her fat fucking  
sleigh. Shit literally fell off  
the truck! Possession is 9/10ths  
of the law.

REGGIE

Hey Judge Judy, I'll take the last tenth and ram it up your ass.

MARCUS

Talk to Dealer Joe about it. He's my business partner on this one.

REGGIE

He still going by Dealer Joe? Very low profile.

MARCUS

He ain't trying to act like something he ain't. He knows what he is, and where he came from. He ain't fucking fancy like you.

REGGIE

Take the auction down, and I'll wire you a grand.

MARCUS

I got a bid for two grand. You want it, bid. Shipping's extra.

REGGIE

I'm flying up there to ship your smug punk ass little prick.

MARCUS

You know where I live. Where you used to live.

Marcus ends the call.

**INT. PALLADIUM TOWERS - BASKETBALL COURT - AFTERNOON**

Quick cuts of Cam shooting, running up and down the court, dunking, going through drills, pushing himself to the limit.

**EXT. ALEX WONG'S SPRAWLING ESTATE - AFTERNOON**

Alex Wong, drunk in his backyard, in front of his laptop. He's on Ebay. Three hookers sunbathe naked by his pool.

ALEX WONG

Cam--I longed for many a young lady when I was an adolescent. Not one paid me any mind. I will make this nuisance go away. You just worry about getting into shape.

Alex Wong hangs ups and places a bid on Ebay.

**EXT. BLEAK APARTMENT PROJECT - DORCHESTER - AFTERNOON**

Reggie pulls up in a rental car. Parks. Back in the place he fled. He looks up at the foreboding cement apartment towers he left years ago. Can't believe he's back here. Steels himself, and walks toward the tower.

**INT. PALLADIUM TOWERS - GYM - AFTERNOON**

Cam works out. M-Chuck stands alongside.

M-CHUCK

Call Mom. She feels bad. Thinks you're mad.

CAM

I am mad! Gotta treadmill.

Cam gets on the treadmill. Puts headphones on.

M-CHUCK

Hey, real quick, wondering if I could get some float to take that flight attendant out to dinner.

CAM

I thought she was straight.

M-CHUCK

Every straight woman is straight til my head gets between her legs.

CAM

You've already had her today?

M-CHUCK

No, she's the classy type. Needs a meal before she spreads eagle.

Cam pauses. He's gonna take this head on.

CAM

We gotta lay down new ground rules.

M-CHUCK

Ground rules are well established. Wine her, dine on her. Then bask in the glow of her conversion.

CAM

Reg thinks I need a budget.  
Monitor the in and out.

M-CHUCK

He should monitor his own business.

CAM

His business is protecting, and  
transitioning us toward new ground  
rules of *accountability*--

M-CHUCK

Shut yourself and gimme the money.

CAM

Wanna make sure things are tracked  
so you and Uncle Julius and Mom get  
on a set salary you can live off.  
It's the better way to go.

M-Chuck's eyes narrow.

M-CHUCK

Is it? Cool. Expect a bill from  
me to cover my services.

CAM

For what?

M-CHUCK

Teaching you how to walk. And how  
to eat. And read. And shit  
somewhere other than your pants.  
How to talk. Tell time. Like a  
good sister does!

CAM

Alright, calm down.

M-CHUCK

Expect an itemized bill for every  
ass I kicked defending your pussy  
ass every day you went to school  
your face covered in snot. Which,  
by the way, was every day!

CAM

You don't hear what I'm saying.

Cam is trying to remain calm, but M-Chuck is pissed.

M-CHUCK

YOU don't know what you're saying.

CAM

I do.

M-CHUCK

Then don't be alarmed at my bill  
for that time I saved you from Mr.  
Chambers going all Sandusky on you.

Cam is stunned that this has devolved into this.

M-CHUCK (CONT'D)

Yeah, you remember that don't ya?  
Mom, passed out, drunk. Mr.  
Chambers, his pants down and middle-  
aged dick up. You and your eight  
year-old mouth ready to take him  
on, tears, fears and all. 'Member  
you, all mouth open, crying? Then  
I walked in. In the nick of time.

M-Chuck, insulted and injured, still bursts with pride over  
her effort at being her brother's childhood protector.

M-CHUCK (CONT'D)

I tackled that fuck good. Kicked  
him in the cock with my Doc  
Martens. 'Member that? Got a  
coupon from a cop to go to Baskin  
Ribbons. You got Berry Blast. I  
got Vanilla with rainbow sprinkles.

Cam is crushed by the memory. M-Chuck wells up.

M-CHUCK (CONT'D)

You cut a check, we'll be square.

M-Chuck leaves.

**OFF CAM:** That went badly.

**INT. THE BLEAK APARTMENT - AFTERNOON**

Dealer Joe, Dirty Paul and Marcus stand opposite Reggie.

DEALER JOE

You're staying trim.

REGGIE

Stopped eating cereal. How much  
this gonna take?

MARCUS

More than you think.

REGGIE  
I'm talking to Dealer Joe.

Missy calls. Reggie puts his finger up, takes the call.

REGGIE (CONT'D)  
Can't talk.

MISSY  
Three club chairs arrived. Why?

REGGIE (SOTTO)  
For my man cave downstairs.

MISSY  
I told you. A *family* room's going downstairs--Not a man cave.

REGGIE  
Missy, I can't talk now.

MISSY  
Caves are where bears sleep, bats shit, and men rape women. I can't relax in that atmosphere.

REGGIE  
Let the fucking chairs be!

MISSY  
I'm returning them. Enjoy Boston.

He hangs up. Pissed.

REGGIE  
Five grand! Final offer.

DIRTY PAUL  
You don't start with "final offer."

REGGIE  
Just did.

DEALER JOE  
Fifty and we'll let it go.

REGGIE  
Fuck you fifty. Five thousand and fifty cents. Fuck you and take it.

MARCUS  
I'll take it to TMZ. Or ESPN.  
They'll pay. More.

REGGIE

Marcus, you still sore about the time I rolled you in in-betweens? Don't blame my hustling you in high school, for the state of your life.

MARCUS

Is that what betraying a friend is called--"hustling?" Love this motherfucker all bravado acting like he did something to be born a superstar's cousin.

REGGIE

I been a hustler long before Cam could touch the rim. Joe, Dirty--I got no issues with y'all. Marcus--apologies you were so fucking stupid in 10th grade and you still holding onto it. Here's ten times what I rolled you for. Keep the fucking diary. I could give two fucks. We'll take what comes.

DEALER JOE

What's coming is gonna be fun. For everyone but you and Cam.

Reggie opens the door, ready to exit. Stops.

MARCUS

Lotta shit in that box. Just gotta make the time to go through it.

**INT. CAM'S PENTHOUSE - GYM**

Cam alone, playing Wii. Uncle Julius enters wearing a pair of old-school vintage Nike waffle racers.

CAM

Don't tell me you took those shoes out of my closet.

UNCLE JULIUS

Okay.

CAM

Did you take those out of my closet?!

Cam's sudden anger--uncharacteristic of him--startles Julius.

UNCLE JULIUS  
 You got a million free shoes.  
 Boxes show up every day--

CAM  
 Addressed to me! Not you! You  
 have any idea what those are?

UNCLE JULIUS  
 Nikes.

CAM  
 Those are priceless Steve  
 Prefontaine waffle racers! The  
 only other pair in existence is  
 owned by Jordan.

UNCLE JULIUS  
 Geez--next time put up a sign--

CAM  
 It's my shit! My shit is my shit,  
 not your shit.

UNCLE JULIUS  
 It's your own fault! You and  
 Reggie are always calling me fat!  
 I finally decided to do something  
 about it!

CAM  
 Take the shoes off!

He takes them off and throws him at Cam.

UNCLE JULIUS  
 FYI--not so comfortable. My ankles  
 got all swole up.

Uncle Julius leaves. Reggie calls. Cam answers.

CAM  
 What the hell is going on?

REGGIE  
 Remember when we stole that  
 videocamera in high school?

**FLASHBACK:**

Reggie and Cam, ten years prior, both acting and singing in a detailed, staged and choreographed music video for a rap song they wrote called "Fuck them Ch\*nks". It's rude, crude, offensive, and the work of two teenage idiots.

But it is also not off the cuff. And the beat is not half-bad. But it is completely apparent that if a video like this were to be released to the general public it would never be lived down--and would be a media story for MONTHS.

**END FLASHBACK**

**OFF CAM:** His whole life ready to unravel.

CAM

Why can't you fix it, like you said  
you were gonna fix it?

REGGIE

I didn't know I was tasked with  
fixing this kinda fix!

CAM

That fucking song was your idea!

REGGIE

You coined the phrase, bitching  
over Chinese food.

CAM

You suggested we turn into a rap!

REGGIE

I was high, what can I say? Why're  
we arguing about this? We live in  
the modern world, a world where  
hoop stars can't call people  
Chinks!

CAM

We were kids!

REGGIE

Kids ain't allowed to be racist  
anymore either. Shit, kids can't  
even be bullies. Get on a plane.

**OFF CAM:** Wondering how he can fix this.

**INT. ATLANTA RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

M-Chuck sits with Tasha, who looks stunning. They eat.

TASHA

This food is amazing.

M-CHUCK

How bout we stop eating and just go  
somewhere and fuck? And eat after?

**OFF TASHA:** Yup.

**EXT. THE BLEAK APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Cam is there. With Dealer Joe, Reggie, Marcus, Dirty Paul. Cam might be a clean cut impressive dude now, but he is not scared nor threatened by these men he grew up with. He is on their level--even though he's surpassed them. He stands in front of them, a bit pissed.

CAM

I come here out of respect. For our shared past. But essentially, I'm here because my mom has a generous side. And now I'm paying for it. So fuck you for taking advantage.

MARCUS

Who took advantage of who?

REGGIE

Oh, here we go.

MARCUS

Yeah, here we go down memory lane. You brought me to that game and I trusted you--I pulled out the money I'd been saving for years for Robert Parish's basketball camp.

REGGIE

Gambling's gambling.

MARCUS

And friends ain't friends. Not when two hundy can be yours, and your so-called friend ain't never heard of a stacked deck.

Marcus wells up. This long held hurt no joke to him.

CAM

Marcus, if it makes you feel any better, we were rolling you because Tammy Laplante said she'd strip for us if we paid her. We paid her.

REGGIE

And then her brother beat the shit out of us.

CAM

Before she got her shirt off.

Reggie, Dealer Joe and Dirty laugh. Marcus doesn't.

DEALER JOE

Tammy Laplante was fine!

They all laugh. Marcus stares daggers. It dawns on Cam and Reggie--who've become a bit more enlightened these last few years--that they really did injure this guy long ago in a disloyal, cruel way.

CAM

Marcus, I was an idiot much of my life. You got evidence of that and more on that video. Sorry. You deserved better.

Marcus wells up a little. It makes everyone uncomfortable.

DIRTY PAUL

Fuck Robert Parish. Shoulda let all us fuckers go to his camp for free. I could stick threes like Ray Allen. I coulda played at Duke.

DEALER JOE

Fuck Duke. I need my money.

REGGIE

Here's the 2K Marcus owes you plus ten more. Here's five for Dirty.

Reggie hands Joe and Dirty envelopes of cash. Reggie then hands Marcus a thick envelope of cash. Marcus balks. Pulls out a gun. Reggie and Cam are poised to shit their pants.

MARCUS

I put your shit online because I had a debt. Debt is paid. I don't need more money from you. I didn't make copies. That ain't me. I ain't trying to ruin a man. I know how explosive that tape was.

Marcus ejects the tape from the old VCR and throws it to Cam.

REGGIE

Take the money fool.

MARCUS

Call me a fool 'gain, I'll shoot you. Won't kill ya. Just maim ya where you'll remember me.

CAM

Marcus--we remember you. We fucked up back then. We're sorry. Truly. If I sent y'all some tickets, would ya come down to Atlanta? Have the time of your life.

DIRTY PAUL

Floor seats?

CAM

You can't be heckling me.

They all laugh for a moment.

CAM (CONT'D)

Marcus? I'll fly ya down, put ya up.

MARCUS

I'm good.

Marcus puts the gun away, turns to leave.

CAM

Marcus. Take the money.

Cam takes the envelope from Reggie. Hands it to Marcus. Marcus takes it. Goes. Out of their lives again.

**INT. CAM'S PENTHOUSE APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Uncle Julius works to scrub one of the Prefontaine shoes clean. Cassie sits with him, helping scrub the other shoe.

**EXT. BLEAK APARTMENT PROJECT - NIGHT**

Cam and Reggie lean against their rental car, looking at the bleak neighborhood they once called home.

REGGIE

Sorry, I couldn't fix it myself.

CAM

Felt like old times, you and me up against something. With stakes.

REGGIE

This place didn't teach us a lotta good things very well, did it?

CAM

Taught us to stand still when a gun gets drawn. Taught us to be hungry so we ain't around a lotta situations where guns get drawn.

REGGIE

You hungry now?

CAM

Need a drink.

RE

It's 2 AM. We missed last call at the hotel.

CAM

You think a city as constantly drunk as Boston would serve drinks after two.

They look up again at the ghetto they left. And are about to leave again, with no intention of returning.

REGGIE

Awww shit.

CAM

What?

REGGIE

Where do they serve after-hours alcohol in Boston?

CAM

Nowhere.

REGGIE

Not true. They pour beer after hours in one part of town, you just gotta ask for it "cold."

Cam smiles that smile that advertisers are learning to love.

CAM

"Cold tea." I forgot about that.

REGGIE

Cousin, get in the car, we're gonna drink some cold tea in "Chinatown."

CAM

I love everything Chinese.

They get in the car and head towards Chinatown, two best pals, ready to raise a glass to leaving town, starting anew, leaving the worst of the past behind, and glad that they're taking the best part--their friendship--into the future.

**INT. HOTEL ROOM - ATLANTA - NIGHT**

Tight on M-Chuck, in a hotel bathrobe, sitting on a bed. She talks into the phone with a contrite tone.

M-CHUCK

Hey, baby brother. I--I love you.  
And I will always be there for you.  
Sorry for earlier. I lost my head.  
You and me, together forever,  
right? So...that. Hey, when you  
get a chance, hit me back. I'm at  
the Westin Hotel downtown. Had a  
great time with Tasha and--we got  
some of her friends to join us, and  
we, we--had some fun. So call me.

**PULL BACK** to reveal two ATLANTA COPS, in a completely trashed hotel suite and Tasha, passed out sitting up in a chair.

M-CHUCK (CONT'D)

I'm in a bit of a situation.

**FADE TO BLACK.**