

Franchise  
Episode 1.1  
"Pilot"

by  
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EXT. LUXURY HOTEL ROOM -- DAY

ESTABLISHING -- NEW YORK CITY SKYLINE via double windows.

MUSIC: "Pretty Wings" by Maxwell.

PAN TO 57" TV playing highlights of MITCHELL MARCUS, 6'6, 225 pound guard of the Los Angeles Clippers. The clips on TV change to Mitchell walking through a neighborhood with kids. Mitchell looks out a window, basketball in hand:

MITCHELL MARCUS (ON TV)

The Boys and girls club made me the man I am today. And they will continue to inspire the youth of tomorrow.

BOYS AND GIRLS CLUB GRAPHIC-

MITCHELL MARCUS (VO)

The boys and girls club. A mind is a terrible thing to waste.

We hear MOANING-- Female voice:

KALI (O.C.)

Fuck my brains out nigga hit that- Fuck-!

A PAN REVEAL- DONOVAN "DONNIE" MCKNIGHT, 25, black, 'usually' well dressed, music manager, is fucking KALI KLEMENTINE, 25, tatted, sports groupie and influencer. He fucks at a porn star's pace. Donnie finishes. Kali jumps up and into the bathroom.

DONNIE

What you doin'?

KALI (O.S.)

Not a line unfortunately. Running on fumes ova'ere.

KNOCKS.

DONNIE

Speak it and it shall appear.

Donnie answers the door to COOPER, 16, Latin backpacker.

COOPER

(sees Donnie naked)

Hey Donnie...

DONNIE

Calmate it's like yours but bigger. Got the shit?

Cooper opens his backpack, hands Donnie TWO BAGGIES OF GOLD-DUST HEROIN.

DONNIE (CONT'D)

Dos!

We hear PEEING.

DONNIE (CONT'D)

(miffed; to Kali)

Hey!

Peeing stops. Kali sticks out her head out the bathroom.

KALI

Shit forgot! But you came so...

Kali retreats back, continues peeing. Cooper is confused.

DONNIE

Too young for that. Call me after your first girls gone wild video.

COOPER

I grew up on the internet.

DONNIE

(pays Cooper)

Right. Sorry. Keep the change.

Donnie closes the door. He checks his LOUIE-V WATCH.

ANGLE- WATCH: 'He's late.'

DONNIE

(dresses)

Shit having me runnin' now.

KALI (O.C.)

Betta clean yo dick first.

Donnie drops trou and runs into the bathroom.

DONNIE

Finish on me!

KALI

(giggles)

Freak!

COLLINS (V.O.)

There needs be awareness. More people in the rap game speaking in support.

INT. GOOD MORNING AMERICA STUDIO -- DAY

We're in the midst of an televised interview with MICHAEL STRAHAN and COLLINS, 20s, black, hip-hop artist.

COLLINS  
You've seen it in football, recently the first active player came out...

Near the cameras, Donnie texts and listens.

DONNIE  
(hears Collin's words)  
Good good...

A CAMERAMAN stares at Donnie.

DONNIE  
(to Cameraman)  
Relatable. Hot topic.

Cameraman shakes his head. Donnie finishes his text:

ON SCREEN: To RR, quick drive-by and @ school.

COLLINS  
And if they feel that in their heart, I think they should express it in a way that's healthy. Homophobic violence in the black community needs to end.

MICHAEL  
Amen to that. Performing after the break?

COLLINS  
(smirks)  
Maybe. Let's keep 'em guessing.

MICHAEL  
Alright we MIGHT have a performance by Collins when we return. This is GMA Live.

Commercial break. Collins and Michael stand and embrace.

MICHAEL  
Good stuff putting that message out there. Proud of you.

COLLINS  
Thanks for the platform.

MICHAEL  
Anytime.

Donnie greets Michael.

DONNIE  
Mike, thanks for the come up.

MICHAEL  
Make sure you thank Robin too.

DONNIE  
I will, via email.

MICHAEL  
Don she's over it. Acting like she'll  
whoop your ass or something.

DONNIE  
Mike she said, 'on sight'.

MICHAEL  
On sight?

DONNIE  
(claps hands)  
On - sight.

Donnie's phone rings.

MICHAEL  
Yeah I would stir clear of her for a  
month, or six.

DONNIE  
(checks phone)  
About that time.

COLLINS  
Yo go! Go!

DONNIE  
(embraces Collins, runs)  
Did good. Kill it after the break.

DONNIE  
(to Michael)  
Owe you one!

EXT. ABC TIME SQUARE STUDIOS -- DAY

Donnie is on his phone. His DRIVER opens a BLACK SUV.  
Donnie enters.

INT. BLACK SUV -- DAY

Donnie talks:

DONNIE  
(on phone)  
Alright, slow it down.

EXT. POOL, MANSION -- DAY

RICH DOUGLAS (his rapper name), 21, Latino, codeine addict paces near a pool where a dude swims.

RICH  
Nothing ma dude. It's whats on YouTube!  
Sending you the link.

INT. BLACK SUV -- DAY

Donnie gets the link. He plays it:

ON PHONE- A VIDEO:

THE MANNY FRIEDKEN PODCAST with MANNY, 45, Latino, bald and tatted. His guest are TWO GROUPIES, GINA JULIE, 20s, Burnette, shameless and Kali, in a fly girl outfit. We're at the midpoint of the podcast:

GINA  
The marshmallows in your ass would melt and unblock it. But it creates a mess.

KALI  
But, no lie, I knew dudes who would get off on that. Like a melted smore!

MANNY  
Ever came out green?

KALI  
Came out yellow once. Smelt bad. But yo, there's this one dude,  
(changed mind)  
Nah, no one's business.

GINA  
Say it mommy, that's what we're here for.

MANNY  
Spill the tea ma.

KALI

Nigga had me eatin' two cans of spaghetti-O's hours fore our hookups. No cap!

GINA

What-a-sicko!

KALI

Like why Spaghetti-Os? Child trauma shit? No lie he called for his mom while I was hovering over him and... you know!

GINA

Said his mom's name-?

KALI

Yeah and I wasn't soft either! Ate some tortas and tamales the night 'fore too ma! Clogged the spaghetti-Os!

Manny gags.

GINA

(laughs)

Fuckin' perv.

MANNY

Give us a hint. Nigga earned his flowers give us something.

KALI

Nah. Nah.

MANNY

Come on, let the twitter sleuths do the job for you! A hint. Anything.

KALI

(answers)

--

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE -- DAY

JONA BORG, 60s, stubborn and balding German, is behind his desk, on his phone:

JONA

R-D. Initials. Who would know from initials? Who gives a fuck bout initials?

INT. BLACK SUV -- DAY

Donnie talks with Jona on his phone.

DONNIE

Rich Douglas gives a fuck. So much of a fuck he's threatening violence.

INTERCUT WITH DONNIE AND JONA--

JONA

(sits up, angry)  
Did he say that publicly?

DONNIE

No!

JONA

On MySpace?

DONNIE

Jesus you're off.

JONA

Well if he's that bothered tell him to stop paying whores to shit on him. That's not normal sexual behavior!

DONNIE

He didn't pay for it.

JONA

SHE DID IT FOR FREE!? What's her name?

DONNIE

Jona got a stop 'fore the recital, call you back.

JONA

Oh today's the day!? Well good-!

Donnie hangs up.

JONA

(looks at phone)  
-Luck.

EXT. BROOKLYN MUSIC STUDIO -- DAY

ESTABLISHING: A six story building in the heart of the Brooklyn. The SUV parks. Donnie exits.



INT. SIX FLOOR LOBBY, BROOKLYN MUSIC STUDIO -- DAY

Donnie exits the elevators, and to a door where PETE, 33, black, hulking guard armed with a SEMI-AUTOMATIC waits.

PETE

(smiles)

Donnie when you puttin' me on a track?

DONNIE

I'm not the guy Pete. I make sure the jeans aren't too tight and they get to the booth on time. Who you want is behind this door.

PETE

Nigga won't look in my general direction, thinks I'm unsightly! At least put in a good word, look:

Pete sings a couple of bars, not rap, actually sings. Donnie is impressed.

DONNIE

Okay okay, I'll put in a word.

PETE

Not bullshittin' me?

DONNIE

Remember Pete:

PETE

You can't lie.

Pete opens the door, huge clouds of smoke slams him.

INT. RECORDING STUDIO, BROOKLYN MUSIC STUDIO -- DAY

THUMBING BASS, SMOKE, LAUGHTER.

Donnie enters to A CROWD, high, drunk, grooving.

Pete escorts Donnie past human traffic, to the booth:

GERM-EX, 19, black, dread-locked, sociopathic rapper, sits inside, headphones on, peering out with contempt.

Germ-Ex spots Donnie and opens the door.

GERM-EX

Sup.

DONNIE  
Germ. Who are all these people?

GERM-EX  
Recording a track. Room's mic'd.

DONNIE  
(nods)  
Like Marvin Gaye's what's going on.

GERM-EX  
Never heard of 'em. Got the shit?

Donnie hands Germ-Ex a BAGGIE OF POWDER.

DONNIE  
Let it inspire you...

GERM-EX  
Now let me inspire you...  
(points to Donnie's heart)  
To open this.  
(embraces Donnie)  
Good luck brother.

EXT. BLACK SUV -- DAY

Broadway Street traffic-

INT. BLACK SUV -- DAY

Donnie takes a snort on his thumb.

DONNIE  
(cough, relief, laughs)  
Alright.

Driver looks at Donnie in the rearview. Donnie sees.

DONNIE  
(wipes nose)  
Problem?

No response.

DONNIE  
My medicine. Want a bump?

DRIVER  
(long pause)  
Don't mind?

DONNIE  
 (claps)  
 My man!

Donnie leans into the front, pours powder on his thumb-

DONNIE  
 I'm holding the football Charlie Brown.  
 Through the uprights!

Driver takes the bump off Donnie's thumb. He coughs, laughs. Donnie pats him.

DONNIE  
 Opposing team called time to ice the  
 kicker! That was a practice kick, now  
 it's for the game, ready!?!

DRIVER  
 I can do it coach!

Driver does another bump-

EXT. BLACK SUV -- DAY

Clear of traffic- They burn down Broadway.

DONNIE (O.C.)  
 Through the uprights and it's good!

EXT. AUGUST WILSON SCHOOL OF ARTS -- DAY

ESTABLISHING- The school sign.

SUV enters the lot, passes another sign:

1814; BASED ON RHYTHM NATION BY JANET JACKSON.

MUSIC CUE: Rhythm Nation by...

INT. THEATER, AUGUST WILSON SCHOOL -- DAY

TEENAGERS dressed in the black Military uniforms perform the last song, Rhythm Nation reprise.

The AUDIENCE is filled with family; clapping along, filming with phones.

A BAND performs. KIM, white, mid 30s, this generation's Lady Aberlin shadows the kids off-stage.

ESSIE, black, late 20s, dancer turned teacher, taps Kim.  
Kim hugs her. POV- Donnie is in back, clapping.

ON STAGE- The Finish; standing ovation. Cast bows, so  
does the support, and finally Essie, the director.

INT. THEATER, WILSON SCHOOL -- LATER

Kids are with families. Donnie is with Essie, and Kim:

KIM

And Ruth's footwork! She was so happy!

ESSIE

(to Donnie)

So did you show up in the middle of the  
last song or at the very end?

DONNIE

Sorry.

ESSIE

It's Good Morning America. Proud of you.

DONNIE

Proud of you! Getting Janet not to sue  
was a miracle in itself. You killed it.

ESSIE

From the two minutes you saw.

DONNIE

Yes lets call it two minutes.

NATHAN, 14, finds Donnie with his parents behind him.

ESSIE

Hey Nathan, what's up?

NATHAN

Said to take my shot Miss Manning. So...

DONNIE

Whow she's mine- well I'm hers-

(to Essie)

What's the right way of saying it?

ESSIE

Second.

(to Nathan)

What do you mean shoot your shot?

NATHAN

(to Essie)  
If you don't mind.  
(to Donnie)  
Heard you manage artist.

DONNIE

Oh, yeah kid, managing and producing-

NATHAN

Give me ten seconds. That's it.

DONNIE

(looks to parents)  
Alright. Give you ten. Lets hear it.

Nathan starts:

NATHAN

*Our friends think we're opposites,  
falling in and out of love. They've all  
said we'd never last, still we manage to  
stay together.*

Donnie's teeters. Essie pinches Donnie's shoulder. He gives it chance. The theater grows silent as he sings:

NATHAN

*There's no easy explanation for it, but  
whenever there's a problem, we always  
work it out somehow. Work it out somehow.*

SUDDEN- ALL THE TEENS IN THE THEATER SING:

*"Love will never Do" by Janet Jackson.*

TEEN SINGERS

*They said it wouldn't last, we had to  
prove them wrong, cause I've learned in  
the past, that love would never without  
you!*

They harmonize. A TEEN hands Essie BOUQUETE OF ROSES. She look to Kim. Kim points to Donnie... on his knees. Essie knows, she starts to cry. He takes out a box:

Donnie opens: HOLY SHIT.

Essie's face says... HOLY SHIT.

ESSIE

(glints off her eyes)  
How could you afford-

DONNIE

Essie, you're my north star, my ride or die since junior high. I love you, always, forever.

(scared)

Will you marry me-?

ESSIE

Yes! Yes!

Everyone cheers. Donnie puts on the ring. They hug and kiss past the bouquet in Essie's arms.

ESSIE

(excitedly happy)

Why give me a bouquet-!

Kim grabs the bouquet from Essie.

ESSIE

(to Kim)

Thank you!

Donnie and Essie kiss. Singers end on a high note:

TEEN SINGERS

*They said it wouldn't last, we had to prove them wrong. Cause I've learned in the past, that love will never do without, do without, you- you- YOU- YOU-*

HUGE CHEERS from everyone.

ESSIE

(whispers, tears)

How'd you-

DONNIE

(points to Kim)

The homie helped a lil, well, a lot.

ESSIE

(hugs Kim)

You knew!?

PHONE BUZZ. Donnie extracts his phone.

DONNIE

(to Essie, answers)

Strange.

(on phone)

Yeah.

(MORE)

DONNIE (CONT'D)  
(confused)  
What happened?

TO CREDITS

END OF ACT 1.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM -- DAY

Germ-Ex is unconscious in the bed, tubes in him. His MOTHER, 40s, bedside. Donnie runs into Pete at the door.

DONNIE  
Pete man-

PETE  
Harbo and his boys will be here any minute, you can't be here.

DONNIE  
What happened?

PETE  
Doc thinks his shit was laced. Fentanyl.

Donnie processes this.

PETE  
Never seen so many niggas bail. No loyalty.

Mother sees Donnie, he enters, hugs her.

MOTHER  
Doctor says he's critical but stable. Thinks he'll pull through.

DONNIE  
Good. I'll keep it nil in the press.

MOTHER  
Couldn't care less about the press right now honestly.

Donnie touches Germ-Ex's hand.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTROOM, HOSPITAL -- MOMENTS LATER

Donnie, phone-to-ear, dumps his powder in the toilet.

DONNIE

(on phone)

Do not let TMZ get this! Not for the next several hours. Who knows, he'll recover quickly, and... yes, the album's coming,, he was just finishing- sure and see if we don't make a shit album to fulfil our contract and go over to WME.

Donnie hangs up. He flushes the toilet, watches the drugs go down. His phone buzzes, answers.

ESSIE (V.O.)

(on phone)

Hello future husband.

DONNIE

Hey Babe.

ESSIE (V.O.)

(on phone)

What's the update?

DONNIE

Oh you know...

ESSIE (V.O.)

(on phone)

Not good huh?

DONNIE

No it's fine. Just got off the phone with the label and his agent.

ESSIE (V.O.)

(on phone)

Parasites?

DONNIE

Their default setting.

(stands)

But I do like how future husband sounds. A dope change from Donnie Dingo.

ESSIE (V.O.)

(on phone)

Dingo's are adorable and economical.

DONNIE

Dingo's are also violent carnivores that eat babies... slowly.



ESSIE (V.O.)  
 (on phone)  
 Miss you. It'll work out.

DONNIE  
 Like the prophet Kendrick said, 'we gonna  
 be alright'.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. BURIAL, FUNERAL -- DAY

A COFFIN is lowered. A BOYS CHOIR sings. A CONGREGATION  
 of hundreds in attendance, dressed in WHITE. GERM-EX's HS  
 PHOTO sits on an easel, surrounded by flowers.

Donnie and Essie stand in the congregation. Germ-Ex's  
 mother cries. Behind her:

HARBO, 20s, size of a linebacker, Queens city gangster,  
 with his entourage that run twenty deep. He stares at  
 Donnie across the procession.

In attendance are women, in white, dressed inappropriate  
 for a funeral. Among them, in sunglasses, is KALI.

EXT. LOT, FUNERAL -- DAY

Mourners disperse. Donnie and Essie walk.

KALI  
 (finds Donnie, walks up)  
 You approachable?

ESSIE  
 That depends.

DONNIE  
 (reassures)  
 Give us a minute.

Essie enters a BMW, hard stares Kali.

DONNIE  
 The FUCK you doing blowing up my spot?

KALI  
 Why is Rich's boys making threats?

DONNIE  
 Making threats? Rich Douglas make Lil  
 Dicky look like Mike Tyson.

KALI

Didn' say Rich, said his boys, listen!

DONNIE

Jesus Kali, you came here for this?

KALI

Fuck you, me and Germ was casual! He was a lyrical genius!

DONNIE

He was 19.

KALI

Like you haven't been in barely legal-

DONNIE

(motions to fiancé)

Not - now.

(sly dig)

Hear me talkin' bout you and the four Knicks players?

KALI

Brooklyn Nets, and it was eight.

DONNIE

Nice.

KALI

(looks at Essie, smiles)

And you shouldn't, ever, be the one to slut shame anyone.

(walks but comes back)

Oh and she knows. They always do.

DONNIE

(riot act)

Rich or any of my clients are now West Berlin. Stay away.

Donnie goes to leave.

KALI

From them. Or you?

Donnie enters. He drags out the lot.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGH RISE -- NIGHT

ESTABLISHING-

INT. PENTHOUSE HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Elevator doors open. Donnie exits with Louie-V shopping bags. He spots: DOWN THE HALL- FOUR MEN dressed from the BRONX - Jeans, Timberland boots, hoodies and NY caps. One of the four men is Harbo.

DONNIE  
(reaches them)  
Yo look-

Harbo elbows Donnie in face. Donnie drops- bags crashing.

DONNIE  
Not even a hello Harbo?

Harbo's boys grab him. Harbo punches Donnie's stomach. Harbo punches him again.

DONNIE  
Fuck sakes Harbo!

HARBO  
(hits him again)  
Don't SAY MY NAME when I'm doing work.

DONNIE  
Too personal?

HARBO  
(concedes)  
Honestly? Yeah.  
(to his boys)  
Spread his legs.

DONNIE  
(defiant, grabs own crotch)  
No! No! Rather you gauge my eyes.

HARBO  
(nods)  
Respect that.

Harbo punches him again. Donnie drops.

DONNIE  
Make enough noise, she might hear?

HARBO  
(leans in)  
She ain't home cuh. And I would never harm an Sahara queen like her, much less step out, bitch-made nigga.

DONNIE  
(trying to understand)  
So you're just blowing off steam or...?

HARBO  
Whose the dealer?

DONNIE  
(shakes head)  
Dude can't count to ten. He ain't making  
the sauce, just a seller.

HARBO  
And I'll ask him myself, after you tell  
me where he lives.

DONNIE  
He's a fuckin' kid man.

Harbo takes out his gun.

HARBO  
Someone pays for Germ. Either down the  
line, or right now.

DONNIE  
Cooper. Don't know a last name.

Harbo snaps his fingers. His boy removes Donnie's phone.  
They hand it to Harbo.

HARBO  
Password?

DONNIE  
Six-nine-six-

HARBO  
It's six digits.  
(realizes)  
Password is just sixty-nine three times.

Donnie shrugs. Harbo looks through his phone. He nods and  
smashes it on the hall floor.

DONNIE  
Come on-

HARBO  
Let's roll.

Harbo and his boys walk to the elevator.

DONNIE  
Not gonna write it down.

HARBO  
(enters elevator)  
Photographic memory.

They enter, doors close. Donnie leaps up and stumbles to the stairs.

INT. STAIRS, HIGH RISE -- CONTINUOUS

Donnie limps down the steps.

INT. LOBBY, HIGH RISE -- NIGHT

Harbo and his boys exit and enter into an SUV at the entrance. Donnie erupts out a door, and sees the men leave. He runs over to the front desk.

DONNIE  
(to desk clerk)  
Phone please?

Clerk hands him the phone. Donnie dials and waits.

DONNIE  
(on phone)  
Hello?

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. BROOKLYN BROWNSTONES -- NIGHT

POLICE escort a handcuffed Connor out his house; family watching in tears on the steps. Harbo and his boys arrive. They watch him enter the squad car.

INT. PENTHOUSE -- NIGHT

Donnie enters, hurt. His broken phone in hand. He walks to the desktop computer and plugs in his phone. The computer starts uploading his images and data.

DONNIE  
(sighs)  
Thank God.

FADE TO:

INT. PENTHOUSE -- NIGHT

Essie nurses Donnie on the couch.

ESSIE

Oh God. And who did this?

DONNIE

Asian gangsters. I think. Didn't get a good look.

ESSIE

(enters kitchen)

And where?

DONNIE

Outside the coffee shop. Don't worry about it.

Essie returns with a FIRST AID KIT.

ESSIE

Don't tell me not to worry.

She tends to his wounds.

ESSIE

Not feeding me lies like the last time.

DONNIE

You serious? Essie, I'm not fucking around again. Do these look like hickeys to you?

ESSIE

But Chinese gangsters in Spanish Harlem?

DONNIE

Said ASIAN gangsters. Chinese Essie, really? Wow...

ESSIE

(pops his head)

Shut up.

DONNIE

I promise then like I promise now.

ESSIE

Remember what I said, I mean.

DONNIE  
On our love, I'm not fucking anyone.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM -- MORNING

Kali fucks Donnie with a strap-on. He comes.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - LATER

Kali and Donnie sit naked in bed, drenched in sweat, sharing a joint.

KALI  
Think you're ready for ten inches?

Donnie's phone buzzes. He answers.

DONNIE  
(exhausted sigh)  
Yeah Rich.

INT. RECORDING STUDIO -- THAT MOMENT

Rich paces, watching TV in the booth, entourage nearby.

RICH  
(on phone)  
Turn the news!

INTERCUT - RICH and DONNIE

DONNIE  
What? Speak English for once.

RICH  
TURN - THE - NEWS!

Kali grabs the remote, turns on TV.

ON TV

She flips through... BREAKING NEWS.

National News Network broadcast; morning anchor, MAY-MARIE MARGOLIS reports:

MAY-MARIE

Once again, breaking news coming into the desk, the alleged dealer arrested in the fentanyl death of iconic Long Island rapper Germ-X, has been found dead-

Donnie sits up.

MAY-MARIE

-in his cell this morning. Minors name still being withheld till all family members are contacted. He was 16.

RICH

Heard he was your connect. A fucking minor!? The fuck is wrong with you cuh?!

Donnie hangs up.

KALI (O.C.)

Jesus Donnie.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Donnie hurries down the hall. Another buzz, he looks at his phone:

OB PHONE:

Rich: "You're FIRED"

DONNIE

Like I give a fuck.

Another buzz; a call.

ON PHONE:

Collins: Gotta talk.

Donnie stops. He sighs deep, makes a call...

DONNIE

Yeah. No. No I'm new. Homies with Ralph Barnes. Ralphie Barnes! Yeah! We kicked it at the KC joint years back. Yeah! Alright where?

CUT TO:



EXT. HARLEM BROWNSTONES -- NIGHT

Donnie rolls up and exits. A GROUP OF MEN lean back against the gate of a brownstone. Donnie approach them.

DONNIE

Yo I'm Donnie. Ralphie Barnes' friend.

One of the men steps up, FRED, 30s, white, bald, bridge-and-tunnel hood. He dabs up Donnie like they homies.

FRED

Any friend of Ralphie's a friend of mine.  
How much you need?

INT. PENTHOUSE -- NIGHT

ON TV:

Mitchell Marcus and the LA Clippers are blowing out the New York Knicks.

Donnie watches from his velvet couch, high.

His phone BUZZES.

ON PHONE: IT'S COLLINS

"Hey hit me up!"

We hear the door unlock. Donnie turns off the TV and runs in the bedroom. Essie enters, looks.

INT. BATHROOM, PENTHOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Donnie enters and turns on the shower. A knock.

ESSIE

Babe you alright?

DONNIE

Yeah I'm fine. About to shower.

ESSIE

Right when I entered?

DONNIE

How you know when I came in here?

ESSIE

Heard you running.

INT. PENTHOUSE – CONTINUOUS

Donnie erupts from the bedroom.

DONNIE

Shit almost forgot he needs me! It'll  
only be a couple of minutes.

(under breath)

Walk it off- walk it off-

Donnie exits. Essie sits at the desktop and starts it up.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. BROWNSTONE HOMES, NYC -- NIGHT

Donnie sit on the steps. Jona walks up; Sees him, passes him without a glance, unlocks his door, enters and shuts it. Donnie stands and walks the street.

INT. PENTHOUSE -- NIGHT

Donnie enters. The room is darkly lit. In the doorway of the dining room, a dim light illuminates from inside.

INT. DINING ROOM, PENTHOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

The room is candlelit. Donnie finds Essie seated, a nice meal is prepared atop... pieces of printed paper?

DONNIE

Hey bae.

ESSIE

You looked stressed when you ran out so I  
wanted to do something for you.

DONNIE

All looks fantastic.

Donnie sits. Essie eats. Donnie starts. Essie sees:

ANGLE ON DONNIE'S HAND: SHAKES

HOLD ON ESSIE

ESSIE

Too wound up?

DONNIE

You can say that. Rich being Rich.

ESSIE  
Rich huh. And how's Collins?

DONNIE  
How were the kids today?

Donnie noticed the pieces of paper underneath the trays.

ESSIE  
It's a surprise.

A SOUND. Donnie turns- THE PRINTER at the desk, prints paper. The iMac screen is dark.

DONNIE  
(intrigued)  
A new musical? Janelle letting you do Dirty Computer?

ESSIE  
(to Donnie)  
Kinda.

Papers overflow and fall to the floor. Too far away. Donnie looks at the paper under his plate.

ESSIE  
Aren't you gonna eat?

Donnie sees the edge of a photo.

ESSIE  
Backed up your phone recently?

Donnie remembers. He looks to the iMac.

ESSIE  
Never seen you use the desktop since we bought it. Not once.

Donnie slides his plate. He sees what is printed:

ANGLE, EX CU: FLESH, TITS, ASS.

Donnie closes his eyes, he collapses into his hands.

ESSIE  
(stands up)  
No no. Look. You saved these.

Essie slides her plate, another photo-

ANGLE, EX CU: FLESH, TITS-

ESSIE  
Kept them as your FUCKING-  
(throws plate)  
-TROPHIES!

ANGLE, EX CU: PHOTO OF DONNIE FUCKING KIM, HER FRIEND.

ESSIE  
And now I need to get checked.

DONNIE  
Babe-

ESSIE  
Fuck off piece of shit, Told you what  
would happened if you cheated again.

DONNIE  
Essie this-

ESSIE  
Eat.

Donnie is confused. Essie hurries over and smashes the plate into Donnie's chest.

ESSIE  
Eat.

Donnie settles the remnants back on the plate. He looks at the food, sees and picks out ESSIE'S ENGAGEMENT RING.

Essie grabs her purse and walks to the door, opens.

ESSIE  
Wanted you to choke on it. But now it  
seems you'll need it more than me.

Essie exits. Donnie sprints to the door. He slips on a piece of paper, hits his head on the corner of the desk. He quickly stands, blood pooling from his fresh wound.

INT. HALLWAY, PENTHOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Donnie runs down the hall. Essie is in the elevator-- doors close. Donnie collapses.

DONNIE  
...please...

MUSIC FADES: '2 Becomes 1' by Spice Girls.

FADE TO:

INT. ESSIE'S VEHICLE -- NIGHT

Essie drives, cries.

PAN TO; DRIVER'S SEAT

A PLAYBOOK: 2 BECOMES 1: A SPICE WORLD LOVE STORY BY  
ESSIE MANNING-MCKNIGHT.

INT. HALLWAY, PENTHOUSE -- NIGHT

Donnie is passed out; gash now a swell...

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM -- LATER

Donnie awakens. Jona sits beside him. He stands and goes  
to leave. Donnie slowly sits up-

DONNIE

Essie.

Jona stops. Donnie tries to speak. He cries.

JONA

Booked a flight. Los Angeles.

DONNIE

But Essie.

JONA

New York isn't safe for you. LA kid. LA.

DONNIE

Gotta talk to-

JONA

(remorseful)

Fuck off. I saw the photos in your place!  
Some of them I can't unsee! Sun and some  
veggies will do ya good, whadda say?

CUT TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES -- ESTABLISHING

Plane lands.

INT. UBER -- DAY

Donnie is in the backseat, sweating. The DRIVER notices.

UBER DRIVER  
Where you coming from? Greenland?

DONNIE  
What?

UBER DRIVER  
It's breezy today.

DONNIE  
Not use to the humidity.

UBER DRIVER  
(sarcastic)  
Not use to zero humidity either.

EXT. ABBOT KINNEY BLVD -- DUSK

FASHION AND EATERIES.

Uber parks. Donnie exits with his case and backpack. He looks around, confused. The Uber drives off.

DONNIE  
(takes out phone, dials)  
Yo? Yeah I think I got the wrong address?

Sudden- A WOMAN, MID-30s, blonde, blue eyes, erupts from the side of a brickenmore. This is YANUS. Donnie jumps.

YANUS  
Namaste. I'm Yanus. You must be Donnie.

DONNIE  
Yeah hi.

YANUS  
Must've been a long journey, lemme show you your home.

INT. WALK-UP LOFT -- DUSK

A spacious loft above a shop. An entire wall is a window view overlooking Abbot Kinney and the ocean. Donnie is smitten by the view.

DONNIE  
Damn.

YANUS

I know right? This was my serenity during sundown yoga.

DONNIE

Why rent it out?

YANUS

Went under during the pandemic, after a situation.

DONNIE

(jokes)

An instructor got handsy?

YANUS

(serious)

Asking as a renter or out of curiosity?

DONNIE

Curiosity?

YANUS

Oh. Well the place comes fully furnished, the fridge will be installed Monday.

(playfully whispers)

No drugs on the premises.

(serious)

And no pets allowed whatsoever!

DONNIE

Not even fish.

YANUS

(happy)

Fish are great! Definitely brings positively and affirmation into a home. Dogs and Cats? Boomer pets. No go.

Donnie approaches the windows.

DONNIE

Question: Where's the curtains?

EXT. HOUSE -- AFTERNOON

An uber ride up. Donnie exits.

EXT. FRONT DOOR, HOUSE -- MOMENTS

Door opens. NATHANIEL MCKNIGHT, 30s, bald and in a police uniform stands, beer in hand. Donnie goes to speak. Nathaniel hands him his beer, lets him inside.

INT. KITCHEN, NATHANIEL'S HOUSE -- AFTERNOON

Donnie sits and watches OPHELIA, 4, his niece, draw at the coffee table. Nathaniel hands Donnie a plate of food.

DONNIE

Not hungry-

NATHANIEL

(sits)

Eat.

DONNIE

(eats)

Who told?

NATHANIEL

Your fiancée unfriended me on Instagram, and I'm pretty sure she likes me.

DONNIE

She loves you.

NATHANIEL

So you really fucked up.

(to Ophelia)

I didn't curse again!

Ophelia laughs.

NATHANIEL

Don't go rat to your mom or we'll both get the belt!

DONNIE

(to Ophelia)

And only one of you will like it!

NATHANIEL

(wtf)

DUDE!

DONNIE

Wha- Oh shit-

(to Ophelia)

What I meant was...



NATHANIEL  
 (to Ophelia)  
 Other room love.

His daughter leaves.

NATHANIEL  
 Dude did you just suggest to your fuckin'  
 niece, that one of us will get sexual  
 pleasure from being punished?

OPHELIA (O.C.)  
 That's what he meant?

Ophelia stands in the doorway.

NATHANIEL  
 (covers face)  
 Ophelia for fuck...  
 (smiles)  
 Grown up talk dear. Don't go around being  
 a noisy nelly.

Ophelia exits.

NATHANIEL  
 Prison snitch. Dimed me to Rita for  
 eating her cereal that I paid for.

DONNIE  
 I messed up Nate.

NATHANIEL  
 How many? How frequent?

DONNIE  
 Remember after mom died?

NATHANIEL  
 (leans back)  
 Shit.

Nathaniel stands.

NATHANIEL  
 Shit Donnie. I can make a call-

DONNIE  
 Not here for that.

NATHANIEL  
 I'm sorry. But, if you are, mentally,  
 where you say you are... can't have you  
 around the kids.

DONNIE

Dude I get it. I have a place in Venice.

NATHANIEL

Good! Not saying I don't want you in there life, come around, please, just-

DONNIE

I understand, and I know. Thanks.

NATHANIEL

Need any money?

DONNIE

(smirks)

Huh?

NATHANIEL

Need any money? Are you cash strapped?

DONNIE

No! Why would you think that?

NATHANIEL

Just asking one brother to another.

DONNIE

(condescending)

Not a charity chase brother.

NATHANIEL

(confused)

Never said you were.

DONNIE

I have a place in Venice. That's where I'm staying. If I'm in Venice Beach, why would you think I'm cash strapped?

NATHANIEL

What's going on here?

DONNIE

Just came to talk, no hand outs, no fuckin' sympathy.

NATHANIEL

Never said you needed it. I offered.

DONNIE

(stands)

Good cause I earn my fuckin' keep!  
Handling the affairs of fuckin' assholes.

NATHANIEL

Where you headed?

DONNIE

Gotta thing I have to see. But thanks for offering me a handout, much appreciated.

Donnie leaves.

EXT. VENICE BEACH BROADWALK -- NIGHT

Alternative nightlife from TIME SQUARE; Sex workers, young, weathered and bikini clad paired with beach casual pimps exist amongst the dealers, addicts, and transients.

Donnie is among them, looking for a fix. He finds a dealer and chats-

EXT. VENICE BEACH BROADWALK -- MONTAGE

Donnie is high, now part of the Venice 'scenery'.

FADE TO:

INT. WALK-UP LOFT -- AFTERNOON

Donnie awakens, naked with two nude women in his bed. His door is open. Most his shit is gone.

PHONE RINGS; muffled.

Donnie leaps to his feet and looks.

INT. BATHROOM, WALK-UP LOFT -- CONTINUOUS

Donnie pukes in the toilet. He looks inside...

IN TOILET- HIS CELL PHONE COVERED IN PUKE AND PISS.

Donnie picks it out; SIX MISSED CALLS and MESSAGES.

"JONA: CALL ME YOU DUMB FUCK!"

EXT. ABBOT KINNEY BLVD -- DAY

Donnie sits in his jeans, shirtless, on the curb.

DONNIE  
 (on phone)  
 Who again?

INT. JONA'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Jona nurses a bloody nose he keeps at bay with a bandana.

JONA  
 An up and coming artist whose defecting  
 from some stupid street gang out there,  
 wouldn't know shit bout that.

INTERCUT

DONNIE  
 Weren't you an OG Wanderer?

JONA  
 Yeah during a time when we used our fist  
 and pinched cheeks. Not rape and murder  
 like we're goddamn pirates!

DONNIE  
 Jesus Jona overkill.

JONA  
 Look-- Chateau Mormont, seven. You don't  
 have a pot to piss in, and this dingus is  
 offering you a pot. Piss in it.

Jona hangs up. He sighs.

JONA  
 (throws bandana)  
 Never thought you'd be this fucked up.

Harbo sits across the desk with his boys behind him. He  
 picks up his bandana from the desk.

HARBO  
 Ain't me OG.  
 (holds up bandana)  
 Nothing's thicker than blood.

JONA  
 Lots of shit is thicker than blood.  
 (under breath)  
 Fuckin' nut.

Harbo exits with his men. He stops at the door.

HARBO

Please. No heads up. Or you're head is up. Get me?

JONA

Jesus Christ stick to gangbangin', rapping ain't it.

Harbo smirks and exits.

JONA

Fuck.

EXT. CHATEAU MORMONT -- ESTABLISHING

Donnie, dressed his best, enters.

INT. CHATEAU MORMONT -- NIGHT

Donnie finds a seat at the bar. The bartender approaches.

DONNIE

Whiskey, no ice.

Kali, in a stunning gown, is in the lobby with A YOUNG MALE, athletic, tall. Kali sees Donnie at the bar.

KALI

(taps his shoulder)  
Stalking me?

DONNIE

(turns, sees Kali)  
What are you doing out here?

KALI

Asked first.

DONNIE

(sees the athlete in lobby)  
If I'm not mistaken...

KALI

He's going to USC.

DONNIE

Nah that ain't... EW!

KALI

Grow up.

DONNIE

(whispers)

He needs to grow up! That's Theon Barksdale! Nigga's still in High School.

KALI

He's a senior!

DONNIE

And the school year's just started! If St. John Bosco sees him with you...

KALI

Trust me they won't mind. Ever since this state allowed student athletes to get bags, LA's become an untapped gold mine.

DONNIE

More like a Petri dish.

KALI

Unlike these ratchets, I'm on the pill. Ain't wanting to have a baby with a baby.

DONNIE

Do you HEAR yourself right now?

KALI

And you're here for the drinks? I know you meeting wit someone.

DONNIE

Mazin' Yead wants me to manage her.

KALI

Mazin' Yead? From Crenshaw Mafia?

DONNIE

I think.

KALI

(switchblade eyes)

Meeting you here?

DONNIE

Yeah, why?

Kali backs up.

KALI

Yead and Germ were cousins. And I'm not going to be here when she arrives.

DONNIE

(scared)

What!? But she wont pop off anything at the Chateau. Right?

KALI

She did at the Automotive Museum. Bye!

Donnie looks- In the lobby; a dude dressed in red and black gang attire enters, he stands in the bar doorway.

Donnie looks out to the 2nd exit- A MAN is there.

DONNIE

(downs drink, to bartender)

Another please.

Bartender serves him a drink. Gangsters in the doorway move in and sit at a table behind him.

DONNIE

(quickly downs it)

Another.

BARTENDER

Easy, easy.

DONNIE

Please.

BARTENDER

One more and a break okay?

Donnie nods. In the lobby, A WOMAN enters with additional men; her light tatted skinned with bright blue eyes, braided brown hair and diamond grill. This is YEAD.

Yead sits next to Donnie. Bartender serves Donnie.

YEAD

Jager in a glass, three fingers.

Donnie sips his whiskey.

YEAD

Donnie right? Your name Donnie?

DONNIE

I'm Donnie.

YEAD

With a 'y' or a 'ie'?

DONNIE

'ie'.

YEAD

Book smart?

DONNIE

One word questions?

YEAD

(smiles)

Yeah. Book smart. Heard Germ's posthumous third album is gonna be a masterpiece. His 808 and Heartbreaks. I should know, I'm set to feature on it.

(leans in)

Even open on his - first - world - tour.

Bartender serves Yead.

YEAD

(to Bartenders)

SAID THREE FINGERS NIGGA!

Bar is quietly alarmed. Donnie is frightened. He looks below his belt... Yead has a DESERT EAGLE on her lap.

Bartender pours in another shot.

BARTENDER

Watch your tone girly. Chateau's darker than your mind.

YEAD

Sorry my guy didn't mean to blow up your spot, some folks just have me hot...

(to Donnie)

...while my dude, my blood, lay cold in a yard in Yonkers.

DONNIE

I didn't... I didn't...

YEAD

Could give a fuck about a street rat drug dealer. But a nigga like you should know better. Gotten from better sources...

(grips gun)

Now Germ, who was a fuckin' coloring book; magic with bars, is worm's meat my dude. While you eat, sleep and fuck? Nah here's what we do...

Yead presses the gun into Donnie's side.



YEAD

(regular)

I got some demos you need to hear at the studio. Some exclusive shit.

DONNIE

I'll scream.

YEAD

(low)

You scream. I shoot you, and get Germ's east coast fam to do things to your bird. Essie right? Saw her in her tu-tu on youtube. Things I'd do. Straight beastly.

Donnie looks around the room-

YEAD

Come with me, polite, and I promise I'll leave nothing to find. Won't put your family through the nightmare of details.

DONNIE

You're sick, you...

Donnie pukes on the bar. The bartender turns and sees. Yead quickly tucks her gun.

BARTENDER

See! Knew that shit would happen!

DONNIE

I'll clean it up.

The gangsters stand from the table. Yead smirks.

BARTENDER

No just pay your tab and leave.

Donnie takes out his card. Bartender takes it.

DONNIE

And max the tip for yourself.

BARTENDER

(sarcastic, cleaning)

Thanks.

DONNIE

Restroom?

Bartender points while cleaning. Donnie stands.

YEAD

On the street in ten, or we play trains  
with your bitch.

Donnie enters the restroom. Down the bar, a WOMAN, black,  
20s, spots Donnie. This is ALICA. She finishes her drink.

INT. RESTROOM, CHATEAU MORMONT -- CONTINUOUS

Donnie enters a stall. His feet shake. Alica enters.  
Sudden- Donnie kicks open the stall door- sees the woman.

DONNIE

What...? Shit. Gender neutral.  
(sits on toilet)  
Fuckin' LA...

ALICA

Don't remember me do you?

DONNIE

If I don't I apologize.

ALICA

We meet at the Source Awards a while  
back. Alica Marcus.

DONNIE

Alica Marcus. Alica... that wasn't your  
last name at the time.

ALICA

No it was Campbell.

DONNIE

And you were dating Mitch.

ALICA

Mitch Marcus.

DONNIE

So you... Sorry, what does that mean? I  
just mainlined whiskey so...

ALICA

Mitchell Marcus is my husband. I'm his  
wife. We are married.

DONNIE

Starting to get it.

ALICA

Are you taking a shit?

DONNIE  
Nope. Hiding from inevitable oblivion.

ALICA  
You manage rap artist right?

DONNIE  
Used to.

ALICA  
(cautious)  
Sex crime?

DONNIE  
Nope!

ALICA  
Beat your spouse?

DONNIE  
Not physically.

ALICA  
But mentally?

DONNIE  
Giving me my final rites?

ALICA  
What?

DONNIE  
Cause I'm cool with you giving me my  
rites, cause I know what happens when I  
step onto that street.

ALICA  
What will happen?

Donnie washes his hands slowly.

DONNIE  
Take my final breath of sweet air I once  
thought of as stale, appreciate the  
miracle of life, fore my brains end up on  
the pavement mixed in with some vagrant's  
spit. Those final moments just dying  
electrical currents of viscera soaking  
into the cement.

ALICA  
Sounds grim.

DONNIE  
Pay you to smother me to death.

ALICA  
(jokes)  
With what?

Donnie doesn't want to say. Alica knows.

ALICA  
Ew. You're definitely who I need.

DONNIE  
Flattering but you really don't know how much shit I'm in right now.

ALICA  
Yead is gonna kill you, yeah I know.

DONNIE  
You know? So she's bluffing!

ALICA  
She won't shoot you.

Donnie sighs, relaxes.

ALICIA  
(continues)  
Not in front of the chateau, too high profile. No you'll go with her at gunpoint, where her boys will rape, torture, disembowel you, and feed your remains to her pigs at her weed farm in Madera.

Donnie nods, and gags.

ALICA  
But I need your help, badly.

DONNIE  
Help me out and I'll consider.

INT. LOBBY, CHATEAU MORMONT -- LATER

Alica and Donnie walk. Alica walks to the front door.

DONNIE  
What are you doing!

ALICA  
Helping you leave.

DONNIE  
Through the front?!

Alica scoffs. She exits. Donnie decides. He exits.

EXT. CHATEAU MORMONT -- CONTINUOUS

SUV pulls up. A DRIVER exits and opens the door for Alica. Donnie sprints to the SUV.

A MASKED Yead slips in from the darkness, presses barrel to Donnie's medulla:

Yead  
...coward...

ANGLE, TRIGGER FINGER

Yead barely pulls-

ALICA  
Yead!

Yead lifts the barrel- pop- Donnie shrieks.

ALICA  
He's cool. For now.

Yead  
Alright.

Donnie shakes as he enters the SUV.

The driver enters. They ride off.

EXT. FREEWAY -- NIGHT -- ESTABLISHING

SUV drives down the freeway. A MOTORCYCLE moves in front of them. The SUV keeps pace with the motorcycle.

INT. SUV -- NIGHT

Donnie has a panic attack. Alicia opens a can of soda-  
-pop-

Donnie ducks, shell shocked. He drinks the soda, sees the driver following the motorcycle.

ALICA

Scout so he can drive fast. Where you staying?

DONNIE

Abbot Kinney.

ALICA

Where off Abbot Kinney?

DONNIE

No ON Abbot Kinney. Live above a brickenmore that use to be a Yoga studio.

ALICA

Yanus! Use to go there on Wednesdays! Sad that it shut down but after the eight-ish member died...

DONNIE

Wait!? Died?

ALICA

Covid. She kept the place opened, and it did help my anxiety. But hot yoga in an enclosed room is kind of a 'super spreader event'. And Nancy just snuck back in from India during lockdown.

DONNIE

Eight-ish?

ALICA

Oh Nancy. It'll be her eighth month in a coma ironically. Doctors say there's no chance, but her family...

DONNIE

Think I have to move.

EXT. INUIT DOME -- ESTABLISHING

Packed lot. The SUV enters the VIP parking garage.

PAN UP: THE INTUIT DOME.

Lit up and ready.

INT. TUNNEL, INTUIT DOME -- LATER

Donnie and Alica move past agents, publicists, employees and trainers-- They make the tunnel's end;

HOWLING OF THE CROWD- GAME IN PROGRESS-

INT. STADIUM, INUIT DOME -- CONTINUOUS

Packed house. LA Clippers lead by Mitchell Marcus are up big against AJ OISEAUX and the Timberwolves.

Alica leads Donnie to court side. They sit.

ALICA  
(sees Donnie's look)  
Never sat up front?

DONNIE  
Never after almost dying.

REFEREE BLOWS THE WHISTLE; GAME IN PROGRESS

-- BALL GAME --

FORWARD inbounds to Mitchell. He brings the ball up the court, guarded closely by Oiseaux:

MITCHELL  
(dribbling)  
Want me to call for a screen and give you an excuse?

OISEAUX  
Like you've been doing all night?

MITCHELL  
Just waiting for you to man up.

OISEAUX  
Fuck you.

MITCHELL  
That-it? I just drop twenty-five 'fore the half and all you have is fuck you?

OISEAUX  
On GOD, hope your Achilles pops.

MITCHELL  
That's how it is?

OISEAUX  
Leave big bitch in the box. I got you.

MITCHELL  
(waves off screen)  
Alright. Twelve on the clock.  
(MORE)

MITCHELL (CONT'D)

At three I'll pump mid, fake right, pull up for the fade and blow a kiss to my wife.

OISEAUX

Not the only thing you'd be blowing.

MITCHELL

(looks at shot clock)

Cute.

Mitchell fakes right, turns and pulls up for the fade.

ANGLE, BASKET; SWISH-

Mitchell hop up the court. He spots Alica, blows a kiss. Alica returns the gesture.

HOLD on Donnie. He sees this.

EXT. BRENTWOOD MANSION -- NIGHT

Driveway akin to *The Fresh Prince*. SUV pulls up.

EXT. BACKYARD PATIO, BRENTWOOD MANSION -- LATER

Donnie sits at a fire pit. Alica exits with whiskey; hands it to Donnie.

DONNIE

So when am I going to see the music studio? That's why I'm here right?

ALICA

(scoffs)

Mitchell can hardly tie a knot much less bars. I'm lookin' for someone to manage his affairs.

DONNIE

Hiring a manager with a hit on him, honestly, shows a poor judgment. Maybe mental illness.

ALICA

You did some irresponsible shit.

DONNIE

Understatement of the century.



ALICA

But Germ was gonna get grounded whether it was from your shit or someone else's.

DONNIE

But the kid, Cooper? He was making a living. Didn't...

ALICA

No heart in the game.

DONNIE

(upset)

No, THAT. Everyone's so fuckin' cold about it! Like Germ is to be mourned but fuck Cooper? Fuck the teenager?! Except when it pertains to me cause 'I bought drugs from a kid', so I'm fucked up?

ALICA

No one knows his face. That's celebrity Donnie, deal with it.

DONNIE

(stands)

Fuck you. You deal with it. Or don't. Heartless fuckin' city.

ALICA

See. Facing certain death, you give a shit. Saw it then, see it now.

DONNIE

From a night at the Source awards?

ALICA

You don't remember that night?

(shrugs)

If you're not already looking out for my husband's best interest...

DONNIE

(leans in)

If you can get me into Mexico-

Alica smiles. Patio doors open:

MITCHELL MARCUS exits onto the patio. Alica kisses and hugs her husband.

ALICA

Baby.

MITCHELL

Who is this brotha?

Donnie extends his hand. Mitchell accepts warmly.

ALICA

Mitch this is Donnie McKnight.

MITCHELL

Source awards! DMX tribute!

DONNIE

(remembers, smiles)

Oh shit... Oh shit! It's all coming to me now. Man I can hardly recall those days.

MITCHELL

Drug addiction?

DONNIE

No. Sobriety!

Mitchell and Donnie laugh.

MITCHELL

Yeah Jay-Z got on stage and started rapping X's verses.

(to Alica)

Right babe?

ALICA

Never forgets a face. We talked about a new manager right?

MITCHELL

(groans, to Alica)

A grown man managing my life?

ALICA

And Uncle Rob wasn't a grown man?

MITCHELL

He's different. He's family.

ALICA

He was and he's gone now.

MITCHELL

(nods)

I know. But I have you, I have a team, both on and off the court; Publicist, agents, a personal train-

ALICA  
Is that all he do? The personal trainer?

Donnie gives Mitchell a look.

MITCHELL  
(to Donnie)  
Only DL I know is download.  
(to Alicia)  
Making him think...?

A man walks onto the patio: 30s, mixed, toned with a mustache, bright smile and a huge cross hanging from his chest. This is GABRIEL. He hands Mitch a smoothie.

GABRIEL  
Egg white, oats, goat cheese, vanilla protein and milk of magnesia.

MITCHLL  
Amen.

Mitchell downs the smoothie.

MITCHELL  
Warm.  
(nonchalant)  
Donnie this is Gabriel, Gabriel, Donnie.

Gabriel extends his hand. Donnie accepts the handshake.

GABRIEL  
What the relation? Kin?

ALICA  
No. Friend.

MITCHELL  
Potential manager.

GABRIEL  
Really? Property? People?

ALICA  
Musicians.

GABRIEL  
Musicians are people. What genre?

ALICA  
Rap right Donnie?

DONNIE

Don't have to ask for him Alica. Go on ahead answering for me.

GABRIEL

Didn't mean to be rude, thought this was a job interview.

ALICA

Didn't know you were doing the interviewing, personal trainer.

MITCHELL

Alica come on.

GABRIEL

She's right. I overstepped. Have to be on my way. Morning studies.

Mitchell hugs Gabriel.

GABRIEL

(shakes Donnie's hand)

Great meeting you. Good luck on your future job prospects.

Mitchell walks Gabriel in. Donnie watches:

POV: In the house, Gabriel and Mitchell are at the front door. Gabriel hands Mitchell...

ALICA (O.C.)

See who I'm dealing with? Look I'm sorry but if Mitchell won't even entertain-

...PILLS.

DONNIE

You need a manager?

Alica smiles. Donnie shrugs.

TO BLACK