

ATLANTA
Winner's Den

EPISODE 301

Earn tackles Denmark's Hip Hop landscape while Paper Boy
gives this country a taste of the south.

Written by Latasha

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JustLatasha404@gmail.com

COLD OPEN.

1 INT. COPENHAGEN. CONCERT VENUE MAIN STAGE - NIGHT

1

ALFRED looks out into a crowd of mostly white faces-- few Asian & Black while performing. The DJ, 20s, Black, is in the booth going crazy.

ALFRED

Muckin'!

The DJ stops the music & goes acapella for the crowd.

THE CROWD

MASSAGE AND FUCKIN!

ALFRED

That's what I'm talkin' 'bout! I ain't know niggas was gonna hold me down like that out'chere!

ASIAN GUY

YEAH, NIGGA!

Al peeps. He doesn't like it.

2 INT. BACKSTAGE. CONCERT VENUE - NIGHT. SAME TIME

2 *

CLARK COUNTY runs up to EARN and DARIUS, watching Al.

CLARK COUNTY

Ayo, Paper Boy got the crowd all warmed up for me!

(beat on Al)

Yo, coming overseas was a W! They don't even wanna talk business half the time, they just... like me. Might not even need a manager! Yoohoo!

Earn swallows the secret: *he's the reason Clark's manager isn't here-- per S2 finale.*

EARN

Seems like the music is really the focus out here. No clout chasing bullshit.

*

INTERCUT:

DJ

Ay, man! Give it up for Paper Boy!

The crowd roars.

ALFRED

Before I go, I just wanna thank each
and every one of you who streamed,
purchased, came out, all that shit! I
gotta thank my boy Darius for being
there from the beginning...

Darius acknowledges.

ALFRED

Of course, Clark Country for puttin'
ya boy on the bill!

Clark nods. Earn eagerly awaits. Alfred turns away.

ALFRED

Ayo, that's my time!

In silent offense, Earn watches Al exit the stage and join
them. Daps & congrats all around.

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CLARK COUNTY
Ayo, I gotta go get set up though,
this hologram's about to be fire.

EARN

Hologram? But you're here.

All face Earn THEN-- *laughter*. Earn forces one.

DARIUS

That's just it, Earn: none of us are
really *here*. Just projections of the
performances we think will receive
praise from society.

Darius holds up his hand to examine.

DARIUS

Now, transference through solid
matter... that's the next expedition.

Darius fails to pass his finger through the back of his hand.
Clark runs behind the stage to be adorned in tech by STAFF.

DJ

Aye-- WHAT YOU SAY, NIGGA?! You
bangin'?! Set you rep?!

The DJ eyes a confused DANISH KID, 16, who slowly drops his hands from cheering. The DJ throws up his set. The Kid lowers his hands, fearfully nodding "no." The guys stand at alert.

DJ

My bad, man... I ain't been out long.

(DEAD silence)

Aight, no more time wasted! Put your hands together, for Clark County!

A Hologram of Clark projects on stage and jumps into a song. The crowd goes **insane**.

Stage wires spell "ATLANTA" on the ground.

SHOW OPEN.

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ACT I

3 INT. BACKSTAGE. CONCERT VENUE - NIGHT 3

Two EUROPEAN WOMEN stare at Al. Darius points them out to Al. *

EARN

I wouldn't do that if I were you.

ALFRED

But you not me, nigga.

Alfred brings his attention back to the women but has frustratingly lost interest. With a sneer, he & Darius exit. Earn brings his attention back to Clark's hologram. A VENDOR, Danish, 40s, approaches Earn with small shots. *

VENDOR

Aquavit?

EARN

Excuse me?

VENDOR

Aquavit? Liqueur.

Earn takes the shot.

EARN

Thanks. How much do I owe you, man?

VENDOR

50 Krone.

EARN

50???

VENDOR

Taxes.

Earn reluctantly pays up.

VENDOR

You just paid for free healthcare.

EARN

I don't get how I can pay for something that's "free".

VENDOR

Welcome to Denmark.

4 INT. AL'S GREENROOM. CONCERT VENUE - NIGHT

4

Al and Darius smoke. Darius eyes a bowl of M&Ms.

DARIUS

There's way less brown M&M's than the colorful ones. We putting that in the rider. ALL brown M&M's, nigga.

They laugh and cough. KNOCK on the door. Al meets a GERMAN PHOTOGRAPHER holding a large camera with a red "MEDIA" tag.

GERMAN PHOTOGRAPHER

Paper Boy! Photo for the Copenhagen Streets website?

*

ALFRED

Fo sho.

Al hits a pose. Another. Thankful, the Photographer exits. Al rejoins Darius. KNOCK on the door. Earn peeks his head in.

ALFRED

Nigga, what is you knockin' for? You belong here!

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EARN

I know-- I'm just... being respectful.

Earn enters. Darius offers a smoke. Earn declines. Earn is about to speak, but is hesitant.

ALFRED

Oh my fuckin' God you about to start your bullshit--

EARN

I just wanna know--

ALFRED

Can we have ONE fuckin' night without you whinin' about some shit? I can just see it in your face you walkin' in here with some problem you got! Shit!

Silence. Earn already ruined the vibe.

ALFRED

Shit, nigga. WHAT?

EARN

It's nothin'... It's just... On stage... you were thanking people. Fans, Clark... and Darius for some reason-- you didn't thank me.

ALFRED

Earn, I ain't never performed for a crowd that big before. It must've slipped my mind.

(pause to smoke)

Do it even matter? I mean, do you ever *thank me for rapping?*

EARN

Yeah--no. No, you're right. Don't worry about it.

ALFRED

Nigga, I ain't worried about it.

Silence. A RINGTONE sounds. Earn & Al look at Darius, who's oblivious. Darius finally realizes it's his. He turns it off.

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DARIUS

Sorry, changed it this morning. The routine of habit tends to bind the capacity of human intellect. Funny.

EARN

I'll go talk to people I guess. Make the most out of our part of the tour.

ALFRED

Yes! Manage! "*Thank you*".

Earn bites the dig and exits. He peeks his head back in.

ALFRED

Oh, my fuckin' God-- What, Earn?

EARN

Just... stay here. If I need to introduce you to anybody or find you-- just call if you go anywhere.

Al tosses up the peace sign and smokes. Earn exits.

ALFRED

(to Darius)

Man, pass me some brown M&Ms.

ACT II

5 INT. BACKSTAGE. CONCERT VENUE - NIGHT

5

Earn meekly passes people wearing different colored tags. He wears an Orange "BACKSTAGE" pass. He's about to approach someone, but has an awkward start and backs out.

Earn pretends to get water from a cooler and spots two DANISH TEENS with blue STAFF passes watching Clark County's "Yoohoo" commercial on their cell phone.

DANISH GUY 1

They only paid this guy 6,000 Krone.
They want to replace him, though.

DANISH GUY 2

I can't wait to own Hip Hop one day.
So easy.

EARN

Excuse me.

The guys laugh at the commercial.

EARN

(a bit louder)
Excuse me.

The guys face Earn.

EARN

Who do you guys work for?

The guys look at Earn's orange tag. They're unimpressed.

EARN

Earn.

They're blank. Earn buffs up.

EARN

Paper Boy's manager. They don't make a
pass for that.

The Guys light up.

EARN

I can offer him as next up... for the
right price.

DANISH GUY 2

We love Paper Boy! But, we're just interns for the label.

DANISH GUY 1

I heard my boss talking about "Gabe Thomas". I think he's the booker. We sent him a VIP invite, so he should be around here somewhere.

EARN

Any idea how I could find him?

GUY 1

Just find the most important looking guy here? Can't be hard.

EARN

... Right. Also, you can't own Hip Hop. It's culture-- *like an idea*.

Guy 2 holds out his phone.

GUY 2

No, it's right here on Amazon... in my dad's cart.

He shows Earn a post for "Hip-Hop". It's priced for 45,000DK.

6 **INT. VIP LOUNGE. CONCERT VENUE - NIGHT**

6

Earn keeps a bit of distance from a VIP entrance roped off by a Black SECURITY GUARD. Tagless, well dressed people walk in easily, as the Guard unhooks the velvet rope. Earn attempts to walk in. The Security Guard ropes him off.

*

SECURITY

VIP.

EARN

I am VIP.

SECURITY

You're not. Wrong tag.

Earn looks down at his Orange "BACKSTAGE" tag.

SECURITY

Plus, you got... *sad shoulders*.

EARN
 ... "Sad shoulders"?
 (on a thought)
 I'm Paper Boy's manager.

SECURITY
 Cool.

Silence. A group of tag-less people enter VIP. Earn watches.

EARN
 Do you know who "Gabe Thomas" is? I
 think he might be in there.

SECURITY
 Nah, man. But I'm sure if he's in
 there, YOU'D better know who he is.

Earn spots the afro of a WAITRESS carrying food towards VIP:
 VAN. Earn's eyes light up. SOMEONE blocks Earn's view of her.
 Back in view, Van morphs into an A WAITRESS, who offers
 Security the last snack from her tray. Security eats it, then
 tosses the wrapper. The Guard daps up A JANITOR, who rolls a
 garbage bin into an "Employees Only" area.

A SUITED MAN (40s) exits the VIP.

EARN
 Gabe Thomas?!

Startled by Earn, the Suited Man rejects and keeps walking.

EARN
 Sorry!

The Security looks pitifully at Earn.

7 INT. GREENROOM. CONCERT VENUE - NIGHT

Darius catches and throws an object at the wall. Something
 slides under the door: a badly photoshopped mixtape featuring
 Danish Guy 1, dressed exactly as we've previously seen him.

ALFRED
 Everybody want a bit of paper, boy...

Darius resumes throwing the object at the wall.

ALFRED
 What the fuck am I doing in here holed
 up like a child?

(to Darius)
I'm fuckin' Paper Boy!

DARIUS
Muckin' Paper boy!

ALFRED
Nigga, I'm Muckin' Paper Boy! We out. *

They open the door to see Danish Guys 1 & 2 poorly acting "normal". They exit. *

8 **INT. KITCHEN. - NIGHT** 8 *

The Janitor rolls a garbage bin into the kitchen. Earn pops out of a it, items falling off of him. The KITCHEN STAFF & Janitor look at him as he evades the frame.

He returns, dumping his tag in the trash. Exits again.

9 **INT. VIP LOUNGE. CONCERT VENUE - NIGHT. CONTINUOUS** 9 *

Earn suspiciously enters into VIP. No one looks special, except-- a MAN (40s), Black. Expensively suited, talking to a group that listens to his every word: enunciated in a French accent. That's his guy. He walks over.

EARN
Excuse my interruption, I'm Earn.

Earn extends his hand. The crowd stares at him. The MAN looks at Earn, then... finally extends his hand.

MAN
Nice to meet you. Enjoy your evening.

The Man returns to his crowd of friends. Earn checks his shoulders. He straightens and cuts to the chase.

EARN
No. I'm Earn. Like "Paper Boy's manager" Earn. He could be a great asset to what you're looking for. We have an engaged Urban audience and a partnership would be great for the both of us. Although a relatively new venture, this is something we're more than ready for.

Offended, the group awaits Man's reaction.

EARN

Nice to meet you, Gabe--

A HAND drops on his shoulder. He turns to face Security.

SECURITY

I apologize ladies and gentleman. He seemed to slip right by me. I'll get him out of here--

GABE

-- Well hold on. He's alright.

Earn looks at his shoulder. The Security slowly releases.

GABE

Let's go somewhere and talk.

Gabe hands an empty glass to A PERSON in his group. *

EARN

Is security allowed the eat the snacks?

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GABE

I don't know.

EARN

That guy, he ate one. Just a heads up.

10 **INT. BACKSTAGE. CONCERT VENUE - NIGHT**

10

On the move, Al and Darius spot the European Women from earlier, Al giving them attention. The women walk over. *

DASHA

Dasha. That's Giselle. We like you.

ALFRED

Oh yeah?

GISELLE

We'll give you a "Paper Boy" discount.

Alfred stops cold. Realizing their profession...

ALFRED

Oh-- hell nah! Up outta here!

The women walk away. Alfred and Darius see they're being laughed at by two casually dressed Black Dutch Women, CAMILA

& JESSIE, early 30s. Al tries to play cool.

CAMILLA

Looks like Paper Boy was about to
become a Paper Man!

Camilla laughs again with Jessie. Alfred yells over.

ALFRED

I ain't into prostitutes!

Camilla faces him, confused. Alfred walks over & interrupts.

ALFRED

I'm sorry-- I just really want you to
know that I don't buy sex.

CAMILLA

Ok.

(a soft moment)

I'm Camilla. This is Jessie.

ALFRED

Paper B-- Al. This my boy, Darius.
What ya'll up to back here?

JESSIE

We were just--

CAMILLA

-- finishing up our goodbyes
before we get out of here.
Friends of the label. You
know how it goes.

*
*
*
*

ALFRED

Yeah, I ain't really into all the
shoulder rubbin' either...

Passerbys wave at Paper Boy. He gives a nod.

ALFRED

We just kickin' back here in case my
manager need me.

Soft silence. Camilla's eyes are alluring.

ALFRED

I ain't gotta stay here, though.
Believe that. I do what I want.

CAMILLA

Cool, Paper Man. Let's... go?

Jessie is shocked at Camilla's bravery. Al looks at Darius, who's unsure of this move.

CAMILLA

We'll take you for the best truffle burgers and draft in the city!

ALFRED

Nah. We need sumn' a lil' more...

Al and Darius look at each other in non-verbal confirmation.

ALFRED

Bet I'll put you on in yo city.

CAMILLA

... let's see it.

Camilla looks at his pants. Al pulls out a \$50. She smirks.

11 **EXT. CONCERT VENUE - NIGHT**

11

Darius, Alfred, Jessie & Camilla sprint from the venue.

12 **EXT. DENMARK STREET - NIGHT**

12

They slow down a dark street, stopping at two mopeds.

ALFRED

Ya'll don't lock 'em up, or nothing?

CAMILLA

God, no. Denmark is literally known as the happiest country in Europe. We trust each other. What's a community without that?

ALFRED

Shit, ATL.

Al and Darius dap. Jessie hands a set of keys to Camilla, then pulls out another. The Women grab the helmets. Jessie offers Darius to drive. He rejects, taking her helmet.

*
*

Camilla offers her helmet to Alfred, who rejects with pride and hops on the bike. Camilla hops on, fastening her helmet.

Jessie climbs on the front. She easefully starts it up and drives off. Alfred has a rough start.

*

CAMILLA
Softly. Just pull off--

ALFRED
I got it!

Another false start. Alfred tries again. They pull off.

13 **EXT. EURO HIGHWAY - NIGHT**

13

The four-some gleefully drive into the night.

14 **INT. BACKSTAGE. CONCERT VENUE - NIGHT**

14

Earn walks with Gabe, rambling nervously.

EARN
We've been doing local shows, got some radio play. We're close to cutting a streaming deal, but contracts are still being reviewed. And it's really undeniable how his single is resonating with fans and still gaining traction...

Earn is losing his interest.

EARN
We started working together right after my stint at Princeton-- I ended up having a child with my... uh...

GABE
(piqued interest)
Ohhh. I know that sound.

EARN
What sound?

GABE
The sound of heartbreak.

EARN
Oh, nah, man.

GABE
(stopping)
Oh yes, man! I always wondered why Americans do that.

EARN

Do what?

GABE

Run away from things that make you happy! It's like you all *savor misery*. The women here don't just like our accents... They like our hearts.

EARN

(beat)

That was corny.

GABE

Excuse me?

EARN

I'm sorry, it was corny! Sounds like something you'd hear Scarlett Johansson say while starring in a Rosa Parks biopic.

Tension. Gabe bursts into laughter. Earn is relieved.

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GABE

That's funny! I like that!

Gabe is impressed. He obviously likes Earn.

GABE

I have someone I want you to meet.

They resume down the hall.

EARN

I hope it's Scarlett Johanssen. What she's done for Asian Lives Matter movement is truly unmatched.

Gabe laughs harder.

15 **INT. SHITTY RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

15

The group laughs with a heap of greasy food on the table.

CAMILLA

Definitely not somewhere I would choose, but this was delicious!

Al stares playfully at Camilla.

ALFRED
Gotta hear you say it...

CAMILLA
...You were right. *

ALFRED
Go head and keep yo money. That's on
me! *

Laughter. Al holds up a wing to Darius, who holds up a wing.

ALFRED DARIUS
We made it, nigga. We made it!

Al and Darius dap wings. Another bite.

Fire reflects on their faces through a window. Al slows down at the sight. The night is brimming with people. Danish people celebrate as they walk carrying a *burning structure*.

ALFRED
...They hunt niggas out'chere?

JESSIE
God, no-- it's just tradition from a fairytale. Midsummer Sankt Hans: a celebration of joy.

Al and Darius stare at the commotion.

CAMILLA
We throw all of our misery to the burning witch and in return, she brings us peace.

Al longs at the flames, possibly believing the tale.

DARIUS
Feels familiar; I either read about this, or it's an epigenetic memory. *

They all stare at Darius.

16 INT. BACKSTAGE. CONCERT VENUE - NIGHT

16

GABE
Wait until you to see this. It's the only view in the house I swear by.

Gabe enters past two SECURITY. Earn easefully follows. *

17 INT. SKY BOX. CONCERT VENUE - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

17

Gabe walks Earn to a breathtaking view of the concert stage. Earn rejects A SERVER's drink offer as he watches a WOMAN rush the stage to tackle Clark's hologram, falling and grabbing at it frantically. Unknowingly to Earn, Gabe evades. Earn watches security remove her, kicking and screaming.

EARN

Who ever thought the intelligence of
future technology would make us
dumber?

(chuckles in silence)

Gabe?

Earn realizes he's alone at the window. Gabe is chatting with CREVUS DONELLY 50s, White. Dressed like a wealthy oil tycoon.

GABE

I'd like you to meet Crevus Donnelly.

CREVUS DONELLY

EVP for Impetus Entertainment. I hear
you're Paper Boy's manager.

Crevus extends his hand.

EARN

I am.

Earn shakes.

CREVUS DONELLY

Shall we?

18 INT. SHITTY RESTAURANT - NIGHT. SAME TIME

18

CAMILLA

Hygge!

JESSIE

Hygge!!!

Al and Darius are confused.

CAMILLA

All Copenhagen visitors have to try
hygge.

ALFRED

Well, shit.

(to cashier)

Excuse me!

ALFRED

4 hygges here, man.

The women laugh at his bad accent. The CASHIER ignores him. The women laugh harder. Camilla orders the drink in Danish.

CAMILLA

You cannot get Hygge without authentic Danish companions. It's to celebrate relationships amongst each other.

The cashier brings them over. They raise their glasses.

CAMILLA

"Midsommervisen": to the end of misery!

They shoot the drink. It's strong. A smile creeps across Al's face. This moment hits him different. The fire disappears.

19 INT. SKY BOX. CONCERT VENUE - NIGHT. SAME TIME

19 *

Earn chats with Crevus and Gabe on a lush sectional.

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CREVUS DONELLY

What financial targets do you plan to hit per quarter next year? I'm sure he's got a big year ahead of him!

EARN

Uh... we don't... we don't really work like that.

CREVUS DONELLY

You don't "work like that"?

(unimpressed)

No goals, no plans, no business! No business... no money. I guess looking successful matters more to you guys than actually executing. It's astonishing, really.

Crevus chuckles at Gabe. Earn's about to speak when LIL BROKE enters the room. He oddly looks like very young Paper Boy.

CREVUS DONELLY

Ahh! There he is!

LIL BROKE

(to Earn & Gabe)

How ya'll doin'? I'm Lil Broke.

(to Crevus)
Thanks for meeting, Mr. Donnelly. I'm
really excited to show you my music--

CREVUS DONELLY
We've heard it.
(staring intensely)
... This is the biggest deal you've
ever been offered. Am I right, son?

LIL BROKE
Yes... absolutely. I'm-- really
grateful and excited--

CREVUS DONELLY
Strip.

Earn and Lil Broke freeze. Is this a joke? It isn't.

INTERCUT: AL AND EARN

CAMILLA
Tell us more, Paper Man. Why are you
running from your manager... what's
his name?

ALFRED
Earn? *Good ole' Earn*... Just between
us, I damn near fired his ass. He
fumbling through all this shit.

CAMILLA
Aww! But the business can be hard.

ALFRED
Yeah, but you can't be stupid, and he
ain't stupid! Like--
(leaning in)
Clark's manager was supposed to be
here, not Earn. What kinda dumbass
forgets he got a gun on him? Brought
it with him to the airport on the way
here! *Dumped it on 'em*.

A moment grows with a bit of tension. Then--

JESSIE
May I grab this round?

CAMILLA
No! I got it.

Camilla opens her bag. Al spots the corner of a red pass. *

ALFRED *

Imma go get some air. *

Al leaves the table. *

Haunted, Lil Broke removes his chain. His durag. He awaits Crevus again-- still firm in the command. Earn shifts. Lil Broke removes his shirt. Then jeans. Crevus smirks a bit, with pride. Gabe drinks, unbothered. Lil Broke in underwear. *

EARN

Can I order a drink--

GABE

(to waitstaff)

Bring him hygge.

(to Earn)

You'll like it.

The server evades. Crevus motions-- Lil Broke isn't done. Lil Broke braces himself. Gabe sips, completely unbothered. Earn forces his calm, avoiding eye contact, glancing accidentally. *

Sitting on a curb, Paper Boy smells the burning air. A DANISH MAN SCREAMS in wild celebration of the night. The tiny glow of the departing burning witch dances far in the distance. Light ember in his eyes. On Al: *

CREVUS DONELLY (V.O.)

You were saying, Earnest? *

Back on Earn: *

EARN

Earn-- I was saying, we're getting back to the passion. Even though Hip Hop can provide a new life for us, it's much more than just a money grab.

Gabe drinks. Crevus keeps his eyes on Earn. The server returns with Earn's drink. Earn drinks hard. He chokes at the flavor, struggling with his point.

EARN

I understand the need to capitalize, but hip hop started from the grind-- for the love... the message. The power is back in the people's hands-- they're invested in personal stories

and they know they have control. Paper Boy gets to the heart of the people by telling their stories. That's why we're here, and I'm betting on that.

Reveal: Lil Broke stands just adjacent to their conversation... naked.

CREVUS DONELLY

And, Clark County... I hear he's out here alone until his manager can fly out. Where is he, by the way?

Earn makes a quick decision. He looks at Crevus.

EARN

You can contact me. I'll be the guy--

(Beat)

I am the guy.

Al rubs his eyes and breathes, contemplating his move. Suddenly-- a gun is pressed against his temple.

*

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GUNMAN
Ya wallet, spade.

Back to Earn. A tense moment... then--

CREVUS DONELLY

What do I know? I'm old school! Phone calls! Meetings! Paper! You remember paper, right Earnest?

EARN

Earn-- yeah I remember! It was like, a whole thing!

CREVUS DONELLY

Enjoy your night, gentleman.

Gabe walks off with Crevus.

Earn and Lil Broke glance at each other. Lil Broke rushes to get dressed and exits.

Earn sits alone.

ACT III

20 INT. CONCERT VENUE. PRIVATE LOUNGE - NIGHT

20

Earn and Gabe laugh hysterically.

EARN

Let me call Paper Boy. You gotta meet him!

Earn calls. No answer. Earn calls Darius. No answer.

EARN

Must be... bad service. But, are we good to book Paper Boy for the commercial?

GABE

... What commercial?

EARN

You're looking for someone to replace Clark County's campaign?

Gabe is confused. *Property of JustLatasha*

EARN

Some interns told me you book talent. "Look for Gabe Thomas."

GABE

...I'm Ryan Marsh. *

Earn is confused.

RYAN

I'm an Investor of the venue. I assumed you wanted to secure tour dates for Paper Boy next year.

(on Earn's panic) *

Hold on.

Ryan begins to text. On Earn: *another stupid mistake.*

RYAN

Gabe's just leaving. I'll let him know to expect you. RUN.

21 EXT. CONCERT VENUE - NIGHT

21

Earn is **running like his life depends on it.**

He sees the REAL GABE THOMAS, 55, Caucasian, frustrated from waiting. Gabe enters a limo, pulling off. Earn is sweating, determined to catch it. Red light. EARN pulls up and knocks on the back window frantically. Gabe cracks it. *

EARN

I'm Paper Boy & Clark's manager!

Desperation spews from his face as he gasps for air. A single BUSINESS CARD slips through the cracked window.

REAL GABE

Call me in the morning.

The window rolls up. The car pulls off. HE DID IT. *

Earn's phone RINGS.

EARN

This is Earn.

22 INT. HOLDING CELL - NIGHT

22

A COP, White, 40s, opens the cell. Darius walks past Earn with a head nod and bloodied lip. Alfred approaches him with blood on his eye. Words aren't spoken.

He's grateful.

Alfred exits. Earn follows, smiling.

EARN

Let's get you guys cleaned up. They got free healthcare out here. I paid for it.

FADE OUT.