

NOW WE HERE

PILOT

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EXT. FOREST HILL, CANADA - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

A quiet suburb outside Toronto. This is the place everyone leaves to go chase their dreams.

CHYRON: 2003

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL SOCCER FIELD - SAME

THREE 18-YEAR-OLD BEST FRIENDS, in open graduation gowns, lie on their high school soccer field, staring up at the stars and dreaming...

RONNIE BORIS (Jewish, skinny, nerd, Yale sweatshirt) sparks a joint.

RONNIE

I'm really gonna miss you guys, but I'm getting pumped for Yale. And real life. Not to be a puss, but I feel like I can make a difference. Fuck getting rich. I'm gonna start a non-profit, do some good.

(takes a huge hit)

It only takes one person to change the world, right? Why not me?

He passes the joint to ALFONSO "ALF" BELL (black, handsome, hopeless romantic).

ALF

No doubt, Ronnie Ron. I'm pumped for the next step, too. I know people say going to college with your girlfriend is like bringing sand to the beach. But I've been in love with Courtney since 3rd grade. So fuck the beach.

(takes a huge hit)

That girl's gonna be my wife.

He passes the joint to AUBREY GRAHAM (half Jewish, half black, all charm, everybody loves him).

AUBREY

Cool, cool. So, um, I actually have some crazy news. One of those mixtapes I made got to Young Money Records and... they wanna fucking sign me!

ALF

Holy shit!

RONNIE

Dude, that's insane!

AUBREY

Right? They got me a penthouse in Miami to record the album, they're talking about me opening for Lil' Wayne! So I was gonna ask if you guys wanted to take a year off and come, like, be my crew. But after hearing how committed you are to your dreams, I realized I was being selfish. It's not like you're gonna walk away from all your plans to just, like, party with me.

Alf and Ronnie look at each other, they did not expect that offer. Beat.

ALF

...Of course not.

RONNIE

Yeah... it's like, *as if*. I mean, thank you for the generous offer--

ALF

So sweet of you--

RONNIE

But as I said, I am very committed to changing the world--

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. RAGING HIP HOP PARTY - **PRESENT DAY**

Ronnie (now 30 years old, huge beard, shirtless, out of shape, with a pet ALBINO PYTHON draped around his shoulders) pulls his face out of a mound of cocaine at a RAGING HIP HOP PARTY.

RONNIE

Fuck the world!

Ronnie claps his hands creating a CLOUD OF COKE a la LeBron.

RONNIE

I'm LeBron Cocaines!

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL SOCCER FIELD - **BACK IN 2003**

BACK ON the quiet scene of the boys on their high school soccer field 12 years earlier.

ALF
 And as I said, Courtney is the love
 of my--

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. RAGING HIP HOP PARTY - **PRESENT DAY**

Alf (**now 30 years old**, super high flat-top with "Alf" shaved on the side) fucks a STRIPPER while she makes out with ANOTHER STRIPPER in the middle of THE SAME RAGING HIP HOP PARTY.

ALF
 Giddyup, giddyup, giddyup-- Uh oh.
 (slowing himself down)
 Grandma, baseball, Roger Ebert's
 jaw... Ebert's jaw...
 (back in control)
 Whew, there we go. That was a
 close-- I'M CUUUUUMMING!

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL SOCCER FIELD - **BACK IN 2003**

BACK ON the quiet soccer field again. Aubrey stands up.

AUBREY
 I totally get it, guys. Sorry, I
 guess I just had this fantasy of us
 getting one more year together,
 and, like, partying at the highest
 level possible. But you're right,
 it's time to grow up.
 (takes a huge hit)
 Let's get some Wendy's.

Aubrey starts to walk away. Alf and Ronnie look at each other again. Beat.

RONNIE
 You know... after having a little
 time to mull it over--

ALF
 I'm in.

RONNIE
 I am also in.

AUBREY
 (laughs, then)
 Yeah, I was actually thinking of
 going by my middle name...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. DARK BEDROOM - **PRESENT DAY**

WHISPERING VOICE (O.S.)
 ...Drake. Drake. Drake.

Aubrey (now 30 years old, sleep mask, headphones) wakes up in a big bed. He removes his sleep mask to REVEAL: AUBREY IS HIP-HOP SUPERSTAR DRAKE. Drake squints up at his manager, CRAIG (45, suit and tie, dork).

DRAKE
 Cool man, I'm up.

Craig goes and opens the shades: REVEAL we're 30,000 feet in the air, in a luxurious bedroom on DRAKE'S PRIVATE PLANE. As Drake gets ready, Craig gives him a quick rundown:

CRAIG
 Wheels down in ten. And just a heads up, the Nike reps are already at the venue, they need you to sign off on the new Air Jordan x Drake collab; you've got a photo-op with the French Prime Minister - apparently, his mister is a big fan - apparently, mister is male for mistress; and you still haven't tasted the latest revision of your signature Pringle. We're already *four hours* behind schedule. So, it would be really super helpful if we could just try to maybe avoid any... *distractions?*

DRAKE
 Craig, don't worry. You know me, I'm all business.

CRAIG
 Yeah, it's not you I'm worried about...

Craig opens the bedroom door: REVEAL THE RAGING HIP-HOP PARTY ALF AND RONNIE ARE AT IS ALSO ON DRAKE'S PLANE. Ronnie stands up from the table with a fistful of sushi.

RONNIE

Drizz! Thank god you're awake.
Not to talk shit, but whoever
hooked up this sushi - *Craig* - does
not respect our crew from a toro
standpoint.

On a couch nearby, Alf untangles himself from the 2 Strippers
he had sex with as he pulls on Vuitton-print leather joggers.

ALF

Chill brah, we'll just have Craig
send one of his Craigs to pick up
L'Atelier on the way to Le Grand
Monceau. Feed this shit to Jake...

Alf grabs the gorgeous sushi platter, holds it up to the snake
around Ronnie's neck. Ronnie throws the platter in the trash.

RONNIE

Bro, Jake "The Snake" The Snake
Roberts is a fuckin' endangered
albino Burmese python. He eats
gophers and shit, not janky toro.
And honestly, L'Atelier again?
It's like every time we're in
Paris, bro. How bout Sacree Fleur?
Or fucking La Cordonnerie?

ALF

One: Robuchon is a friend, and I
like to support Joël when I can.
And two: tell me that the la boule
de boeuf at L'Atelier is not bomb.
Try to tell me that la boule de
boeuf is not bomb!

RONNIE

That la boule de boufe is not bomb!

Drake watches them go back and forth like a tennis match.

ALF

Well now I'm talking to a mental
patient. But I knew that because
you're dressed in a fucking snake.
Drake, will you please settle this
la boule de boufe beef?

They turn to Drake for a judgement. Beat.

DRAKE

Guys. Listen to yourselves.
You're arguing over which dish from
which Michelin star restaurant we
should get - as *take-out* - on our
way to the dopest hotel in Europe?
(the boys are ashamed)
The answer is all them from all
them, mothafucka!

Drake high-fives his boys! Craig sighs.

DRAKE

You know our crew is bout dem
multiple entrees!

ALF

Of course! And then we should do a
blind taste test before the show--

RONNIE

And the loser has to shit on Jim
Morrison's grave!

ALF

Yes! My boy's a genius!

CRAIG

Actually, we're on a pretty tight--

DRAKE

I fucking love this! Craig, can
you make it happen?

CRAIG

(beat, forces a smile)
Of course! Sounds fun!
(glares at Ronnie/Alf)
Anything for you, Drake.

RONNIE

Fuck yeah!

ALF

This is gonna be so fun!

All three boys pop champagne bottles and spray each other like
a championship celebration. Craig gets drenched, so annoyed,
as WE PULL OUT through the jet window...

RONNIE (O.S.)

Now Craig, this taste test's gotta
be perfectly orchestrated--

ALF (O.S.)

Cause if the dishes don't arrive
simultaneously--

RONNIE (O.S.)

Then the temperatures are all
fucked up--

ALF (O.S.)

And now we're talkin' apples and
oranges.

...the jet is wrapped in a PHOTO OF DRAKE. It descends over
the EIFFEL TOWER as Drake's "Started from the Bottom" KICKS
IN for the **LIFE WITH DRAKE MONTAGE:**

-- Drake, Ronnie, and Alf sit front row at FASHION WEEK. As
a MODEL struts by, the boys make it rain hundreds, laughing.

-- Drake performs on stage at THE GRAMMYS. Ronnie and Alf
cheer in the audience. Alf grinds up on BARBRA STREISAND.

DRAKE (INTO MIC)

*Started from the bottom now we
here...*

-- Drake presents Ronnie and Alf with matching SNOWBOARDS.
CUT TO: The boys jump from a chopper, HELI-BOARDING THE ALPS.

-- Drake gets out of a Lamborghini, joining Ronnie and Alf at
a packed VEGAS CLUB. As a BOUNCER ushers the boys to the VIP
area, HOT GIRLS swarm them. DRAKE LOOKS DIRECTLY INTO CAMERA:

DRAKE

I didn't always have this much
swag. As a kid, I was insecure...
because of my skin.

QUICK CUT TO A PHOTO: 13-YEAR-OLD DRAKE, with acne and a 'fro.

DRAKE

But then I discovered Proactiv.
And now my skin game, and my game
with the ladies, is on fleek.

It's a PROACTIV COMMERCIAL. Drake turns back to Ronnie and
Alf as they all do a big, poorly acted laugh!

-- Drake performs at an APPLE CORPORATE EVENT. Off to the
side, Alf and Ronnie greedily fill their backpacks with Apple
Watches, iPads, and laptops, as Craig shakes his head.

DRAKE (INTO MIC)

*Started from the bottom now the
whole team fucking here...*

-- Alf and Drake laugh their asses off as they watch...
Ronnie struggling to take a shit on JIM MORRISON'S GRAVE!
Flashlights in the distance! The boys run off, giggling!

-- Drake presents Ronnie and Alf with matching ATVs. CUT TO:
The boys race up sand dunes past the EGYPTIAN PYRAMIDS.

-- HOT GIRLS wait in a long line inside an ATLANTA MANSION
PARTY.

ALF

Is this the line for the bathroom?

HOT GIRL

No, it's the line for Drake's room.

ALF

(smiles)

I know a shortcut...

And Alf walks off with a Hot Girl on each arm.

-- Drake passes a blunt to PAUL MCCARTNEY in a studio, who
passes it to JERRY SEINFELD in a Maybach, who passes it to
Ronnie, who passes it to STEPHEN HAWKING in the Rose Garden
during the Correspondents Dinner, who passes it to MICHAEL
JORDAN on the 18th hole at Augusta National, who passes it to
Alf, who passes it to TUPAC'S HOLOGRAM, who performs with...

-- Drake at the NBA ALL-STAR GAME.

DRAKE

*...No new niggas, nigga we don't
feel that! Fuck a fake friend,
where my real friends at!?*

Drake points to Ronnie and Alf, both wearing "NO NEW FRIENDS"
JERSEYS. Alf dances with Hologram Tupac, while Ronnie twerks
in front of Toronto Raptors star, DEMAR DEROZAN, who laughs.

-- Drake presents Ronnie and Alf with matching DUCATI
MOTORCYCLES. CUT TO: The boys tear through the Hollywood
Hills at night, kings of the world. Drake yells to them:

DRAKE

It doesn't get any better than--

A COYOTE bolts into his path. Drake swerves, loses control,
flies over the handle bars, and SLAMS HEADFIRST INTO A
RETAINING WALL! The song ABRUPTLY CUTS OUT.

The boys stare at the accident, IN COMPLETE SHOCK. Beat.
They ditch their bikes and run to Drake, hysterical!

RONNIE
OH MY GOD OH MY GOD OH MY GOD!

ALF
HELP! HELP! SOMEBODY PLEASE!

But Drake is DEAD. Ronnie vomits.

TITLE CARD: **NOW WE HERE**

EXT. HOTEL BALCONY - DAWN

CLOSE ON: a coffee table littered with DEVICES (iPads, phones, laptops) BUZZING/RINGING/DINGING incessantly.

Ronnie and Alf sit silently, ignoring them all, eyes red from crying all night. So sad.

RONNIE
Fuck. I mean... *fuck*.

ALF
I can't-- I can't believe he's gone. It's just so... weird.

RONNIE
I didn't even know we could die yet, right?

ALF
Totally.
(beat, destroyed)
Fuck.

They both stare ahead, IN SHOCK, as the devices continue to buzz.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - LATER

Alf and Ronnie try to somehow pack, so dazed. They pass each other without a word. Craig enters, broken up.

CRAIG
Hey boys. How we holdin' up?

ALF
Shitty.

RONNIE
Super fucking shitty, Craig.

CRAIG
Yeah... So the funeral's gonna be tomorrow in Forest Hill.

RONNIE
God. The funeral.
(wipes his eyes)
Alright, tell the pilot we'll be
ready like 3 or 4-ish?

ALF
(trying to be helpful)
And as far as lunch on the plane
goes, just whatever's easiest.

RONNIE
We don't wanna put anyone out.

CRAIG
Oh, um, well there's not gonna be
any lunch on the plane cause--

RONNIE
Of course. Cause if it's wheels up
at 4, we're sorta in that no man's
land between lunch and dinner--

ALF
(wipes his eyes)
It is a bit of a tweener--

RONNIE
And who could even eat now, anyway?

CRAIG
No, guys, there's no lunch on the
plane, because there is no plane.
The label chartered it for Drake's
tour. And now that Drake is...

ALF
(realizing)
Oh shit. Of course, sorry, we're
totally cool flying commercial.

RONNIE
(chokes up)
All we care about is getting home
as soon as possible to be there for
Drake's family. So even if they
don't have first class, coach is
great. But not coach coach.
What's that other one called?

ALF
Business.

RONNIE

Thank you. So just to recap: aisle in first is our top choice. Then window in first, then if you *do* have to go business, a few seats a piece is preferable. After that, I guess...

ALF

Maybe like a row or two each in coach would feel like first?

RONNIE

Well not first first, but maybe-- remind me what it's called again?

ALF

Business.

RONNIE

Right! Sorry, I must have, like, grief brain. Is that a thing? Google that real quick, Craig.

CRAIG

(snaps at them)

I don't work for you!

(softens)

I mean, it's not my job to do stuff for you guys anymore. It never really was.

Beat. Then Ronnie just SLOW CLAPS...

RONNIE

Well, well, well. Congratulations, Craig. How long have you been waiting for this moment?

ALF

Yeah Craig, are you happy now, Craig?

CRAIG

What? No, I'm not happy. My friend just died too--

RONNIE

I thought we were family, dog. I gave you my sister's number.

CRAIG

She didn't even call me back--

ALF

(bursts into tears)

It's not our fault you're the only
guy that can't close Ron's sister!

Alf sits down, overcome by everything.

RONNIE

I think what Alf's trying to say
is, in this time of mourning, it's
essential that we-- you-- continue
to do our-- your-- jobs-- job.

CRAIG

Wow. Okay. Try to hear me here,
guys. All this... *everything*...
was for Drake. Not you. So all
the handouts--

RONNIE

Whoa whoa bro, *handouts*?

ALF

This motherfucker said handouts?

RONNIE

You really wanna do this *now*,
Craig?

ALF

We *work* for *salaries* from the many
successful companies we started.

CRAIG

With Drake. Look, the business
manager froze all the credit cards
and everything until he sorts out
the estate. Should only be a
couple days, but you're gonna need
to take care of yourselves this
week.

ALF

Okay, then how bout you just do us
a favor, as a *dear friend* who I
have hooked up with multiple
buttfucks over the years that you
could not have gotten on your own--

RONNIE

You have been fucking butts way
above your station, Craig--

ALF

And please just spot us a coupla
 tickets to OUR GODDAMNED--
 (voice cracks)
 BEST FRIEND'S FUNERAL!?

Alf KICKS a lamp, overcome by grief again. Ronnie comforts him, GLARING at Craig. Craig sighs and takes pity on these idiots:

CRAIG

Fine, I'll get you to the funeral.

ALF

Thank you!

RONNIE

Was that so hard?!

Exasperated, Craig heads out, but stops at the door--

CRAIG

Hey guys, can I give you a little
 piece of advice--

RONNIE

Nah, we're good, bro.

ALF

Just the tickets.

Craig shakes his head and leaves as A Tribe Called Quest's "Can I Kick It" begins for the **GOING HOME MONTAGE:**

-- Alf (harem shorts, Christmas sweater, flip-up shades) and Ronnie (hooded tank top, Toronto Raptors warm-up pants, Dracula cape) stand on a CRAMPED AIRPORT SHUTTLE, unaccustomed to public transpo. PASSENGERS stare. A LADY accidentally rolls her bag over Ronnie's new Jordans, leaving a big mark.

-- The boys struggle to carry a huge Vuitton trunk and dozens of other bags (promotional totes, garbage bags, shoe boxes, a terrarium with Ronnie's python, etc.) toward the AIRPORT. They've never had to carry their own bags/pack efficiently.

-- The boys stand at the AIR CANADA CHECK-IN COUNTER, surrounded by all their luggage.

CHECK-IN LADY

Okay, so... checking 23 bags at 50
 dollars a bag... is 1150 dollars.

The guys look at each other. QUICK CUTS: they shove everything into the Vuitton trunk; jump on it to close it; then lift it onto the scale with the help of two big SKYCAPS.

CHECK-IN LADY

Okay, so... 767.5 pounds at 75 dollars for every 50 pounds... is 1150 dollars and 50 cents. Huh.

The guys look at each other. QUICK CUTS: they throw out their superfluous shit: a basketball, a case of Vitamin Water, unopened iPads, two more basketballs, a set of dumbbells.

-- The boys ride in a PACKED AIRPORT TRAM, miserable. Ronnie checks the DEPARTURE MONITOR: "DELAYED". Alf yawns just as an OLD MAN sneezes in his mouth! Alf dry heaves.

-- The boys stand on a MOVING WALKWAY as it rolls past a wall of TVs showing coverage of Drake's death. They're so sad.

-- The boys wait in a LONG SECURITY LINE, then notice a DRUG DOG nearby. They look at each other. SMASH CUT TO:

-- Alf holds a jewelry box filled with DRUGS (pills, coke, weed, etc.) over the toilet in a BATHROOM STALL. He's about to dump it when Ronnie stops him. They look at each other. QUICK CUTS: The guys DO AS MUCH OF THE STASH AS THEY CAN, dumping only what they absolutely cannot ingest.

-- The boys, HIGH AS FUCK, ALL SMILES, enter the JET BRIDGE. Maybe flying commercial isn't so bad... SMASH CUT TO:

-- They're passed out on the EMPTY PLANE (it arrived 30 minutes ago). Ronnie is drenched in sweat, nose bleeding. A STEWARD pokes them awake with an umbrella. Alf stumbles up, his shorts are dark with piss. **MONTAGE ENDS.**

EXT. TORONTO AIRPORT - LATER

IT'S GREY AND SNOWING. The boys stand on the curb, shivering, way under-dressed for their hometown.

RONNIE

That was... *horrible*.

ALF

Do you remember when we visited the camps in Poland? Now I'm not saying that flying commercial is on the same level--

RONNIE

Tough area.

ALF

I'm just saying that I now have a greater understanding of their catchphrase, "Never Again."

RONNIE

Just calling it a catchphrase displays a staggering lack of understanding. But if we're already in that area... at least those trains ran on time!

ALF

Our plane was forty minutes late!

A 90's Dodge Caravan pulls up. GAYLE (Ronnie's suburban mom, very Canadian), gets out holding her beloved dog, TAFFY.

RONNIE

Hey Ma.

ALF

Hi, Mrs. B. Whatup Taffy?

She hugs Ronnie and Alf.

GAYLE

Welcome home, boys. I'm so sorry.
(re: the snake terrarium)
Snake's not coming in the Caravan,
Ron.

RONNIE

This snake costs more than your
life, Ma!

GAYLE

So get it a snake limo, why
don'tcha?

RONNIE

Get yourself a snake limo!

GAYLE

Why? I already have a nice snake-free car right here, and it's gonna stay that way.

Ronnie and Gayle stare at each other. Alf is uncomfortable.

RONNIE

Well, then it looks like Jake and I
will just have to find our own--

SMASH CUT TO:

RONNIE HOLDS HIS SNAKE OUT THE WINDOW as the minivan drives down the highway. Barbra Streisand's "Memory" plays on the car stereo as they enter...

EXT. FOREST HILL - CONTINUOUS

The boys watch their past roll by out the window. Forest Hill looks worse for the years. The boys look at each other.

RONNIE

Feels weird to be home. Without
him.

Alf nods, then sees the STREISAND ALBUM COVER on the floor of the dirty mini-van. They're a long way from the Grammys.

EXT./INT. ALF'S HOUSE - LATER

Alf gets out of the Caravan in front of his small childhood home, waves goodbye, and walks inside.

ALF

Hello?

He glances at an old FAMILY PHOTO: 8 YEAR-OLD ALF surrounded by his BEAUTIFUL MOTHER and VERY IN-SHAPE FATHER on a beach.

ALF

Anybody home? Dad?

He rounds the corner into the living room to find his dad, LAFONSO (500 lbs., "Friends" t-shirt, cheerful), in a bed where the couch should be. He's surrounded by 2 MINI-FRIDGES, TOASTER OVEN, MICROWAVE, COMPUTER, PRINTER/COPIER, etc.

LAFONSO

Hi kiddo! Welcome home!
(then sweetly)
Hey, I'm so sorry about Aubrey.

Lafonso opens his arms wide for a hug, without getting up. Alf leans down and gives him an odd, seated hug.

ALF

Thanks, Pop. So... did you do some
remodeling?

LAFONSO

Oh that's right, you haven't seen the ol' live/work command center! *Finally* moved my bed into the TV room. Along with my office and some essential appliances. Did you know the average Canadian wastes almost 3 years of their life going up and down stairs? Work smarter, not harder. Cool, eh?

ALF

Yeah. Cool.

LAFONSO

And there's no one to say boo, since your mother abandoned us.

ALF

Fifteen years ago.

LAFONSO

Wow, has it been that long? Welp, time flies when you're having fun.
(the microwave dings)
Uh oh! Who wants dinner? Pull up a study pillow.

Lafonso uses a GRABBER to all-too-expertly take out a microwavable lasagna, strip the plastic and serve it to Alf... who is horrified at this depressing tableau.

INT. RONNIE'S PARENTS' HOUSE - LATER

Ronnie opens the door to his room to REVEAL it has been converted into Taffy's room: dog beds, dog toys, "Hotel For Dogs" movie poster, etc. Ronnie shouts off:

RONNIE

Ma! What the fuck?! Where's my room?

GAYLE (O.S.)

It's Taffy's room now!

Taffy runs past Ronnie, hops on his over-sized doggy bed, then stares at Ronnie, GROWLING.

RONNIE

What kinda bullshit move is that?

GAYLE (O.S.)
 You always stay at the Four Seasons
 when you're in town!

RONNIE
 Well I'm not now!

GAYLE (O.S.)
 So sleep on the air mattress.
 (then)
 Burt! Get the air mattress!

BURT (O.S.)
 For who?

GAYLE (O.S.)
 Ronnie!

BURT (O.S.)
 Ronnie's home?

GAYLE (O.S.)
 Yeah!

WE STAY ON RONNIE'S EXASPERATED FACE as he listens to his
 Jewish parents yell from different rooms of the house.

BURT (O.S.)
 Why isn't he at the Four Seasons?

GAYLE (O.S.)
 Cause Aubrey died!

BURT (O.S.)
 What!?

GAYLE (O.S.)
 Aubrey died!

BURT (O.S.)
 What!?

Ronnie can't believe he has to hear this over and over.

GAYLE (O.S.)
 AUBREY DIED!

BURT (O.S.)
 Oh no. Brie who?

GAYLE (O.S.)
 No, Aubrey. Ronnie's best friend
 since second grade! He died in a
 horrific motorcycle accident!

Ronnie shakes his head, exasperated.

BURT (O.S.)

Oh no, he was so young. Why am I
the last to know everything?

GAYLE (O.S.)

Well you wouldn't be if you joined
Facebook!

BURT (O.S.)

I'M NOT JOINING FACEBOOK, GAYLE!

BURT (retired from work and life, his wife runs the show)
pops into Ronnie's room, compassionate.

BURT

Heyyyy, son. I'm so sorry about
Aubrey. How you holdin' up?

RONNIE

Not good, dad.

BURT

Yeah. I was crushed when I heard.

He hugs Ronnie, then sits. Beat.

BURT

Good to see you, good to see you...

He loves his son, but he's not a talker. Burt hands Ronnie
the AIR MATTRESS BAG and starts out, but stops at the door.

BURT

Hey listen, son...
(then)
The pump's in the bag.

INT. ALF'S DAD'S HOUSE - LATER

Alf walks down the hall. The WALL PHOTOS tell a story as he
goes: his family is a HAPPY THREESOME when he's young, then
his mom disappears, then Lafonso gets BIGGER and BIGGER...

Alf peeks into his dad's old BEDROOM. The carpet is LIGHTER
where the bed used to be.

He spots a bunch of UNOPENED BOXES OF WORKOUT EQUIPMENT
(Soloflex, Ab Roller, etc.) with gift bows still on them.
Alf sadly reads the CARDS: "Happy Birthday Dad! Love Alf";
"Happy Father's Day! Love Alf"; "Just Cause... Love Alf".

INT. TAFFY'S ROOM - LATER

Ronnie inflates the air mattress with the VERY SLOW, VERY LOUD pump, as Taffy BARKS at it non-stop. Ronnie's IN HELL.

INT. ALF'S OLD ROOM - LATER

Alf enters his old bedroom, it's UNCHANGED since high school: red silk sheets, black lacquer, and a lot of dragons - like an Asian sex dojo designed by a 16 year-old.

Alf opens his suitcase. Packed on top is a framed MADISON SQUARE GARDEN TICKET STUB. He stares at it, nostalgic...

CUT TO:

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - **FLASHBACK**

CHYRON: **2012**

Ronnie, Alf, and Drake smoke a blunt in the wings of Madison Square Garden as the packed stadium chants, "Drake! Drake! Drake!". The boys just marvel at the enormous crowd, in awe.

RONNIE

The fucking Garden.

ALF

You did it, Aubrey.

DRAKE

Fuck that. We did it. I never coulda gotten here without you guys. We gotta remember this moment. Right now, everything about our lives is perfect. Except Ronnie's vest.

REVEAL Ronnie is wearing a BULLETPROOF VEST.

RONNIE

What? This thing is tight.

ALF

Exactly dog, too tight. Your love handles are spilling out the sides.

Drake laughs.

RONNIE

It's a medium. I'm a medium.

DRAKE

When did you get big, though?

RONNIE

I don't know what to tell you guys,
I am, and have always been, a
bulletproof vest medium.

ALF

The only way you could be a bullet-
proof vest *medium* is if you had the
ability to communicate with dead
bulletproof vests.

Drake and Alf crack up.

RONNIE

Hilarious! Who invited Chris
D'Elia!? Is he opening for you!?

DRAKE

We're just saying, maybe your look
needs a re-think, Ron. The snake,
the vest - you wore a lion's head
to the VMA's.

ALF

You looked like King Jaffe from
Coming to America!

Now Drake dies laughing, high-fiving Alf.

RONNIE

(vulnerable)

I like to take big swings.

Ronnie finally gives in, laughing at himself, too. Then the
house lights dim and the crowd explodes. Drake looks out,
swallows, nervous now...

DRAKE

The fucking Garden.

RONNIE

(slaps his back)

Yo. You got this, Aubrey.

ALF

You fucking got this.

Drake nods, steely now. Then he runs out on stage...

CUT BACK TO:

INT. ALF'S ROOM - **PRESENT DAY**

Alf smiles at the memory, sadly. Then he calls "Ronnie"... but it won't connect. He tries again.

AUTOMATED VOICE
Your account has been disconnected.

Alf is confused. Then he hears a CRACKLE from his desk:

RONNIE (O.S.)
Stormshadow? Stormshadow, do you
copy? This is Pubes. Over.

More confused, Alf opens his desk drawer to find his childhood WALKIE-TALKIE. He picks it up:

ALF (INTO WALKIE)
...This is Stormshadow. Over?

INT. TAFFY'S ROOM - SAME

Ronnie talks on his walkie-talkie as he looks through a BOX OF HIS OLD HIGH SCHOOL STUFF that he pulled from the closet. INTERCUT AS NECESSARY.

RONNIE (INTO WALKIE)
Yes! Whatup, Stormshadow?

ALF (INTO WALKIE)
Wow, I forgot about these. I was
trying to call you to talk about
how depressing it is being home,
but I think my phone's broken.

RONNIE (INTO WALKIE)
Naw, mine's off too. We must've
been on Drake's Framily Plan.

ALF (INTO WALKIE)
Fuck, I can't believe his *funeral's*
tomorrow.

RONNIE (INTO WALKIE)
Right? It's so fucked.

Ronnie finds his OLD YALE SWEATSHIRT in the box. As he pulls it out, he spots some OLD PHOTOS OF THE THREE BOYS GROWING UP TOGETHER: 3rd grade soccer practice, Aubrey's bar mitzvah, dressed up for prom, etc. Ronnie leafs through them, sadly.

RONNIE (INTO WALKIE)
Not to be a puss, but I really miss
him, man.

ALF (INTO WALKIE)
Yeah. Me too.

RONNIE (INTO WALKIE)
Puss.

They laugh a little, sad. Ronnie lights a cigarette,
exhaling into a toilet paper roll/dryer sheet thing to hide
the smell from his parents, like a kid.

RONNIE (INTO WALKIE)
My parents gave my room to Taffy.
And are still insane people.

ALF (INTO WALKIE)
My dad is officially talk show fat.
But the fucked up part is I can't
tell if he's the saddest guy ever,
or if he's got it all figured out.

RONNIE (INTO WALKIE)
Thank god we only gotta be home a
few more days.

ALF (INTO WALKIE)
Once they straighten out the
financial shit, we're outta here.

RONNIE (INTO WALKIE)
The fuck out.

ALF (INTO WALKIE)
Hey, til then though, we should
probably watch our spending a
little, right? I only have 500
bucks left.

RONNIE (INTO WALKIE)
Yeah. I have like 650, but I
haven't checked all my pants.

ALF (INTO WALKIE)
We can totally make that last.

RONNIE (INTO WALKIE)
Totally.

ALF (INTO WALKIE)
Totally.

RONNIE (INTO WALKIE)

Totally.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. ALF'S DAD'S HOUSE - THE NEXT DAY

Ronnie, IN A TEAL LAMBORGHINI, honks in the driveway. Alf walks out, confused, as Ronnie hops out of the car, proud.

ALF

Whoa, whose is that?

RONNIE

Ours. Til midnight.

ALF

Tell me you didn't spend all your cash *renting* a teal 'Ghini.

RONNIE

I did not. I spent all *my* cash on the deposit, and will require all *your* cash upon its return.

(off Alf's look)

Bro, Drake would not want us to roll up to his funeral looking like idiots.

ALF

(beat)

Such a good call!

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST HILL SYNAGOGUE - LATER

Snow falls as SOMBER MOURNERS (bundled in big coats, gloves, hats) file into the synagogue, when... the Lamborghini SLOWLY SLIDES AND SLIPS around the corner, PRECARIOUSLY MANEUVERING the iced-over street.

The funeral goers are stupefied as the engine REVS wildly and the tires SPIN hopelessly. It takes A LONG TIME.

Ronnie and Alf finally make it up into the parking lot, when the Lamborghini BOTTOMS OUT HORRIBLY-- it SCRAPES the ground for 30 long, embarrassing, expensive seconds, til they park.

The boys get out of the car and give a sad knowing nod to the crowd, when...

Behind them, the Lamborghini (parked on a slight incline) SLIDES SLOWLY SIDEWAYS ACROSS THE PARKING LOT, AS PEOPLE STEP ASIDE TO AVOID IT, UNTIL IT SLAMS INTO A CURB.

Surprised, the boys turn back. Beat.

ALF	RONNIE
It's actually a much better spot.	I tried to put a little English on it.

The crowd just shakes their heads and resumes entering the funeral, when a PASSING WOMAN CATCHES ALF'S EYE...

ALF
Whoa, Courtney Riley?

She stops, sighs, then turns around... it's Alf's high school girlfriend, COURTNEY (30, even in a big parka she's GORGEOUS). Courtney is not happy to see Alf... is an understatement.

ALF

Wow. Hey, Court. It's me, your first love, Alf.
(winks)
And your first other stuff.

COURTNEY

Alfonso Bell. I knew you'd be here.

ALF

...which is why you came?

COURTNEY

Or I came to pay my respects to an old friend who passed away tragically.

ALF

Sure you did.

COURTNEY

Okay, I'm gonna head in. Sweet car. Really appropriate for a funeral. In a blizzard.
(coldly)
Ronnie.

She walks away. The boys admire her as she goes...

RONNIE

Damn. Shit stayed together.

ALF

Right? And is it me, or did it feel like she was just about to come around on old Alfy?

RONNIE

And the car!

CRAIG (O.S.)

Tell me you guys didn't buy that thing.

They turn to see Craig.

RONNIE

Uh, we're not idiots, Craig. It's a rental.

ALF

Yeah, Craig. God, Craig.

CRAIG

Look, you guys really need to conserve your capital. ...was the advice I was trying to give you the other day. Cause I spoke with the business manager, and since Drake was so young, he never did any estate planning. Everything is going to his mother.

ALF

Good. She deserves everything. Like we said, we'll be fine, Craig. Our salaries are more than enough.

RONNIE

Yeah, our piece of the OVO clothing line alone--

ALF

Not to mention our royalties on Drizz Body Sprizz--

CRAIG

No, all the beauty and apparel has been operating at a loss for years.
(breaking it to them)
Guys, look, they took me through it all. None of Drake's side businesses were profitable. Your "salaries" were coming out of his pocket. He was just paying you to... be you.

The boys are thrown, but try to recover.

RONNIE

Okay, so we'll just sell that condo building we all went in on in Kauai--

CRAIG

Underwater. From a mortgage perspective, and from a bottom two floors look like an aquarium due to Hurricane Sandra perspective.

ALF

But... we're still the co-CFO's of Drake's Flakes, right?

CRAIG

I would not advertise that too loudly. They're being recalled.

ALF

(spinning out)

Recalled by cereal historians as a gangster way to start your day?

Craig shakes his head no. It starts to finally sink in for the boys.

RONNIE

(desperate)

...My Beats by Drake idea?

CRAIG

Was never pursued. Because of Beats by Dre. Which is where you got the idea. While stoned.

ALF

So what exactly are you saying, Craig?

RONNIE

Yeah, I am not following, Craig.

CRAIG

There's nothing more coming to you. Nothing. Unless you wanna ask Drake's mom for money...

He nods toward DRAKE'S MOM, SO DESTROYED as she gets out of a limo, leaning on the RABBI for support. Alf and Ronnie GLARE at Craig. Craig's been waiting for this a long time:

CRAIG

But I'm sure you guys are gonna be fine. Judging by the fact that you *rented* a supercar, it's obvious you've saved and invested your money wisely over the years. Right...?

Alf and Ronnie look at each other, then--

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. SYNAGOGUE - LATER

ALF AND RONNIE CRY THEIR EYES OUT UNCONTROLLABLY in the front row of the funeral. Ugly crying. They can't catch their breath. Their lives are fucked on every possible level.

At the podium, Nicki Minaj begins SINGING "Shema Yisrael" in Hebrew. It's heartbreaking.

As Ronnie and Alf wonder what the fuck they're gonna do now...

CUT TO BLACK.