

SOUTH SIDE

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Comedy Central
Emerald Street Entertainment
The Riddle Entertainment Group
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INT. NEWS STUDIO - DAY

An ANCHOR talks to camera. An OTS graphic reads: Tragedy In Englewood.

ANCHOR

Another senseless act of violence
that has left authorities baffled.
We go now to the scene were April
Scott has more. April?

EXT. KENNEDY KING COMMUNITY COLLEGE - EXIT DOOR - DAY

A reporter APRIL SCOTT (30s) talks to a news camera near an field where recent graduates cheer and hug family members.

REPORTER

Behind me, you see the happy
graduates of Kennedy King Community
College. But last night, this
intersection was no place for
celebration--

SIMON JAMES (30s) and his chubby best friend KAREEM "K" ODOM (30s) see the camera and rush it.

SIMON

We did it! Your boys graduated!

REPORTER

Excuse me, sir, you're in my shot--

SIMON

Excuse me, but we're celebrating.
It's a beautiful day. South Side!

VOICES O.S. echo, "South Side."

SIMON (CONT'D)

It's your man, Simon James here.
Business Administration ya dig! Got
the piece of paper, ya dig! Look at
the pin on my lapel, ya dig! And my
man K...

K

"Remote Planetary Studies." I'm
going to be an astronaut.

SIMON

You gon' make a great astronaut, K.

REPORTER

Sir!

SIMON

The world is ours!

MUSIC CUE: "AWW MAN" BY LIL BIBBY

What follows is a 60 second MONTAGE of YouTube clips uploaded by irate Rent-To-Own customers (similar to the sizzle reel).

A YOUNG MAN IN HIS CAR, RECORDING A VIDEO ON HIS CELL PHONE.

YOUNG MAN

Hey what's up. This is just a quick rant, or my thoughts and expressions about Rent-To-Own.

A GIRL IN GLASSES TO THE CAMERA, STREET INTERVIEW STYLE.

GIRL IN GLASSES

Rent-To-Own is a place where you can rent couches and television sets and computers and whatnot.

AN OLD GUY GRILLS STEAKS ON HIS BACK PORCH.

GUY

I got a lot of stuff from RTO. It's easy. They don't ask for credit.

A HOMEOWNER SURREPTITIOUSLY FILMS FROM HIS FRONT PORCH AS AN RTO COLLECTION TEAM ARGUE WITH HOMEOWNERS ACROSS THE STREET.

HOMEOWNER

RTO, doin' what they do...sellin' people furniture for over the top rates then repo'in it. Because these people are the same people that can't afford to buy it.

END OF MONTAGE.

EXT. RED LOBSTER - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A Rent-To-Own van sits with the other cars.

INT. RED LOBSTER - NIGHT

Simon and K still wear their cap and gowns as they sit with Simon's four kids (ages 6 - 10), his GRANDMOTHER (60s), his UNCLE SPIKE (50s) who wears an army jacket, and others.

SIMON

I want to thank my family and everybody from my block for sharing this momentous occasion with me.

(seeing)

My grandmother Ernestine, my Uncle Spike.

UNCLE SPIKE

I'm proud of you, nephew. Now that you got that paper, you gon' have a fine class of women trying to juggle them family jewels.

SIMON

Thank you.

UNCLE SPIKE

I got a connect at the VA if you ever need any viagra.

SIMON

While I appreciate the offer, in front of my kids, tonight is about more than hours of sex. It's about finally following my dreams.

K

And finally getting a new job.

SIMON

It's going to feel like slow-grinding with a big booty freak in a summer basement party when I quit Rent-To-Own. Speaking of, thank you Q, for letting us come in late to work tomorrow.

Sitting next to K is his twin brother QUINCY "Q" ODOM who wears his "Branch Manager" Rent-To-Own fleece.

Q

I never said that.

K

I want to say something. The universe is a big and mysterious place. Darkly we go into it. Unknowing yet unafraid. Carl Sagan.

SIMON

My man loves science. I wanna thank my man Chase AKA the one white guy on my block for talking to the hostess when she couldn't find the reservation.

A slightly crunchy-looking white guy, CHASE NOVAK (think Ike Barinholtz) nods graciously.

CHASE

I was happy to help. I'm proud of you, Simon.

SIMON

I wanna thank Travis and Tha Capone Boys for falling through.

Teen gang members and their leader TRAVIS (19) applaud.

SIMON (CONT'D)

I know y'all activities are mainly at night so this means a lot that you would take the time to be here.
(a la Tupac)
"You are appreciated."

TRAVIS

We love you, bruh.

Travis hands Simon a Nike shoe box.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

A little something we decided to come up on, for ya, joe.

Simon opens the box. It's a brand new pair of Jordans.

SIMON

Negro. Are these even out yet?

TRAVIS

Hey... for you? They are.

SIMON

Even though y'all need to quit that street life like I did, I love y'all. No pressure.

The boys nod respectfully.

SIMON (CONT'D)

But we do what we can to survive. I understand that. We come from a brutal place. In some ways, I feel like the South Side's been trying to kill me my whole life.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOSTER PARK - DAY [FLASHBACK]

YOUNG SIMON (9) rides his bike past lots of scary gang members. Once he gets across the street, he's hit by a 1987 Tan Buick Skylark driven by a MAN with wild hair. As Simon flies through the air, we...

MAN WITH WILD HAIR

My bad, joe.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. RED LOBSTER - DAY

Simon addresses the dinner party.

SIMON

The hunt for that Tan Buick continues.

Wait staff arrive with appetizers.

K

Cheddar biscuits are here, we should wrap this up.

Two COPS enter the restaurant, unseen by Simon.

SIMON

Like Rick Ross says in the song "Buy Back The Block," we must control our own financial destiny. That's what I plan to do. And to my kids. I promise you I'm going to work my ass off. And one day, when daddy's money is right, you're all going to come live with me in a big fancy house!

The kids swarm Simon for a group hug. The cops approach Simon, pulling the kids off. A few Capone boys quietly leave.

COP #1
Simon James?

SIMON
What's this about?

COP #1
You're under arrest for failure to
pay child support.

SIMON
There must be some mistake,
officer. I'm very prompt in my--

Simon takes off running, knocking over tables, trying to
shake the cops but they eventually grab him.

INT. COURT HOUSE - DAY

A PUBLIC DEFENDER confers with a JUDGE. Then he heads to the
defendant box and speaks confidentially with Simon.

PUBLIC DEFENDER
You need to plead "no contest."

SIMON
What? But I'm innocent. I pay Tasha
and Limiko every week. I give my
baby mommas cold hard cash.

PUBLIC DEFENDER
Limiko and Tasha say you don't.

SIMON
They're lying.

PUBLIC DEFENDER
Maybe they are. But it doesn't
matter, Simon. There's no proof you
pay them. No paper trail.

SIMON
My word don't count?

PUBLIC DEFENDER
Bruh. I'm from Englewood. I'm being
real with you. This the best you
gon' do.

SIMON
Ok...What does "no contest" entail?

PUBLIC DEFENDER

It's no biggie. The court is just gonna take a lot of your paycheck. I'll be honest, they're gonna take most of it.

SIMON

I won't have enough to live on! Can you tell the judge--

PUBLIC DEFENDER

I'm a public defender, not a miracle worker. You saw me up there. I spoke to the judge for what, ten minutes? Long minutes. Now I really want to discuss your case, but it's three o'clock and I also really want to beat traffic.

Simon is stunned.

PUBLIC DEFENDER (CONT'D)

Maybe we continue this discussion another day and both beat traffic?

SIMON

Fine.

PUBLIC DEFENDER

(to the judge)
Your honor...

JUDGE

Mr. James, how do you plead?

SIMON

No contest.

INT. RENT-TO-OWN TRUCK - DAY

Simon and K park in the Rent-To-Own loading dock.

SIMON

My life sucks.

K

Not to be devil's advocate, but you brought it on yourself. You the only nigga I know to get two first cousins pregnant.

SIMON

They both seduced me!

K
You wanted it too.

SIMON
Whatever. I just have to stay
focused. Make enough bread so I can
have my babies come live with me.

K
You think their moms will like
that?

SIMON
If I make enough money they won't
have a choice. Never should have
messed with those women.

In reaction, K breaks in to "Poison" by Bell Biv Devoe. Simon
can't help but join in for a few bars.

SIMON (CONT'D)
No more young girls. From now on
I'm only dating chicks over sixty
who can't get pregnant.

INT. RENT-TO-OWN - DAY

The store looks like a smaller-scale version of Sears: TVs,
living room sets, washer dryers, Xbox's. The patrons are
mostly black and brown folks with a few white people mixed
in. At the front counter, Q sees Simon and K enter.

Q
Welcome home, Shawshank.

INT. RENT-TO-OWN - BREAK ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

People mill around before the staff meeting. Simon, K, STACY
(20s) who chats with KEISHA (30s), RUBEN (20s) a Panamanian
"player" who barely speaks English, ESMERELDA (20s) Latina
and goth, and Simon's arch-rival BISHOP (30s). Q enters to
start the meeting. Everyone takes their regular seats.

Q
I was supposed to be congratulating
my brother and Simon for graduating
last week, but then Simon had to do
a bid.

SIMON
Bid? I was in jail for ten hours.

Q

Ten hours more than the rest of us.
Anyway, Simon, K, good job.

BISHOP

It only took you eight years to graduate from community college. Congratulations. Let's clap for retardation, everyone.

SIMON

Thank you, Bishop, I can always count on you to push hateful words out of those ball-kissers you call lips.

Q

Damn, Bishop, you took that like a man.

SIMON

I have a question...

Simon points to black cops OFFICER GOODNIGHT (late 30s) and his laid back superior officer SERGEANT CHANDRA TURNER (early 30s) who stand by a wall.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Why are they here?

GOODNIGHT

Is there a problem?

SIMON

I don't know, is there?

GOODNIGHT

I don't know. Is there?

SIMON

I don't know.

GOODNIGHT

Neither of us know. Nobody knows.

SIMON

Then good.

Q

(to the cops)
Sorry, officers, he's "fresh out."
(to Simon)
They're not here for you, Cool Hand Luke.

(MORE)

Q (CONT'D)

They're here because I listen to you guys. I know it's dangerous out there. To that end, I'd like to introduce officers Turner and Goodnight. They patrol our major delivery zones. They'll be on the ready if we need help with any uncooperative clients.

(as he types)

I'm group-texting you their numbers now.

(to the cops)

Thanks, guys.

TURNER

Glad to be of service. Don't hesitate to call us, guys. I'm from here. I was born right over on Seventy-sixth and Damon. Went to Hirsch. I know how grimy these streets can be. I'm one of you. And we're all in this together.

The cops leave.

Q

Chicago cops ain't cheap. That'll be ten bucks each everyone.

Everyone groans. Bishop goes to each worker collecting money.

Q (CONT'D)

Everybody stop acting all brand new. You know the deal.

SIMON

This is so wrong.

Q

Those cops are supposed to be fighting big crimes. So if we need help, they need a small honorarium.

SIMON

Then you pay it! Or the store!

Q

Fine, don't pay. You won't get protection.

SIMON

Good.

Q

And you know what else, Mr. Smart
Pants? Since you got so much to
say, I think you and K should go
talk to Michael Owens...

Q references a cork board with pictures and "crimes" of their
worst customers, connected by lines, like an FBI board.
MICHAEL "SHAW" OWENS, 30s, at the top of the pyramid.

Q (CONT'D)

You might know Michael as "Shaw".
(to Bishop)
How long has he had that Xbox now?

BISHOP

About two years.

Q

That's two years too long. I want
you and K to go get it back.
Without the cops.

SIMON

Shaw's too dangerous. He made Greg
quit. And Greg was a marine.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHICAGO FOREST PRESERVE - DAY [FLASHBACK]

A muscular guy, GREG, sweaty and desperate runs through the
park. An arrow pierces his leg. He falls. Shaw and his goons
emerge from the brush, Shaw toting a compound bow.

SHAW

Bull's-eye, nigga.

Whip pan to a pair of white joggers. They're shocked.

SHAW (CONT'D)

There's parks on the north side!

CUT BACK TO:

INT. RENT-TO-OWN - BREAK ROOM - DAY

Simon faces off against Q in front of the staff.

SIMON

I ain't going over there.

Q
Go get that Xbox, or you can
discuss your cowardice with
strangers in the unemployment line.

SIMON
I don't care about this rat bastard
job. I just graduated fool! My
stock is all the way up. We quit.
(to K)
Come on, K.

K
This is foolish. But you my boy.

Simon and K leave.

INT. COP CAR - SAME

Turner and Goodnight finish up a box of Harold's chicken.

TURNER
It's like, if I'm being honest,
there's just so many fake people on
the force.

GOODNIGHT
Oh yeah?

TURNER
All the lies. All the little smart-
ass looks. The comments. It's like
when I'm off the clock, and Phillip
or Wendy or any of those guys call
me to get a beer? No thank you. I'd
rather hang with the people I grew
up with.

Turner sees a HOT GUY pushing his son in a stroller.

TURNER (CONT'D)
Oh, he is too cute. I should go
give him a baby to go with that one
he's pushing.
(then)
I don't even know why I put up with
this dumbass job anymore.

GOODNIGHT
To clean up these streets.

TURNER
Waste of time.

GOODNIGHT

Nah.

TURNER

Did they tell you what happened to my last partner?

GOODNIGHT

He got hit by a car chasing a perp on foot.

TURNER

No. He got held down and repeatedly run over by a group of fifteen year olds. Then they buried him in snow.

GOODNIGHT

I ain't pressed. This place, these people, just need a firm kick in the ass. That makes folk listen.

TURNER

And what you don't understand is that this is a savage community and nobody is gonna listen to you. Your little Downer's Grove--

GOODNIGHT

Buffalo Grove.

TURNER

Your Buffalo Grove mentality is going to get you killed.

Simon and K exit the store. Simon scowls at Turner.

SIMON

You know you ain't right!

TURNER

Keep it moving, sir!

INT. R.R. DONNELLY & SONS - OFFICE - DOWNTOWN - DAY

Simon is being interviewed by MARTIN, 30s.

SIMON

I'm not leaving here without a job today. Sir? Marty? Can I call you Marty?

MARTIN

Go for it.

SIMON

Marty, I'm gonna be the hardest working bastard you got. I'm gonna be the earliest bastard here in the morning and I'm gonna be the last bastard to leave each night.

MARTIN

Ok, ok.

SIMON

Pardon my language.

MARTIN

No, it's fine. I was actually born on sixty second and Kedzie.

SIMON

Oh, so you know the deal?

MARTIN

I know a few things.

SIMON

Well, I'm from the wild hundreds. This job is my chance to turn the lemons life threw at me into lemonade. That's why I got my degree.

MARTIN

How fast can you type?

SIMON

I minored in typing. Seventy words a minute. Watch.

Simon stands and goes to Martin's computer. Opens a blank document and types incredibly fast.

MARTIN

Wow. What are you writing?

SIMON

Everything we've said in this meeting so far.

Martin is impressed.

EXT. STREET - SOUTH SIDE - NIGHT

Simon and K walk through a neighborhood.

SIMON
Victory!

K
Corporate America. You did it.

SIMON
We're a team. We both did it.

Simon and K approach the door of a run-down house.

K
Not me.

CUT TO:

INT. ADLER PLANETARIUM - DAY [FLASHBACK]

K chats with a CURATOR.

CURATOR
Kennedy King College? Where is that located?

K
You know where that Walgreens is? On Halsted?

CURATOR
No.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. STREET - SOUTH SIDE - NIGHT

Simon and K walk.

K
Why won't someone hire me on this space shit? My dreams are like the stars. Right in front of my eyes, but light years away.

They arrive at a house. Simon does a secret knock. A doorman appears.

SIMON
Got two cowboys for the rodeo, chief.

The doorman lets them in.

INT. NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSE - SOUTH SIDE - NIGHT

This house is a ghetto strip club. Guys throw ones at "around the way" girls. Simon chats up an older stripper MYRNA (50s) who sits on his lap. Uncle Spike enters and greets the gang. Myrna orders from a passing waitress.

MYRNA

Double Hennessy straight.

(to Simon)

I'm more fun after Hennessy.

SIMON

I'm gon' do some nasty shit to you later--

(seeing)

What's Q doing here?

K

Oh, he texted me he was bored so I told him he should fall through.

Q enters and joins them.

Q

What's up, Spike? What's up, entrepreneurs? How's business going?

SIMON

It's going great. I start tomorrow in the administrative assistant floater pool at a huge corporation downtown. I won, asshole.

K

I got nothing.

Q

You didn't win shit.

SIMON

I believe I did.

Q

Whatever, you'll come crawling back.

(to K)

Where's my girl Diamond?

K

She was boxing some girl then just boned out.

SIMON

You ready to get out of here,
Myrna?

MYRNA

Yes. Let's go to my place so I can
see if your python will choke me.

Spike offers Simon a viagra.

SPIKE

Here ya go, nephew. Like the Boy
Scouts say, "always be prepared."

SIMON

Don't need it, unc.

SPIKE

Take it. I got plenty.

SIMON

Thanks, but no thanks.

Simon and Myrna head to the door.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Wait, how old are you, baby?

MYRNA

Fifty eight.

SIMON

That's younger than I'm looking
for. But I'm in a good mood so I'll
give you an A.A.R.P. pass on these
nuts tonight.

INT. R.R. DONNELLY & SONS - OFFICE - DAY

Simon delivers coffees to his co-workers, office to office.

SIMON

Miss Lisa, your mocha double with
splenda. And you can tell Charmaine
that I'll have two boxes of those
Thin Mints, thanks.

(to another)

Chai latte with half and half for
my man Kevin. Go Bulls.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Now, Bill, I couldn't remember if you said you wanted a green tea or a mint tea. Got ya both!

Martin approaches looking stern.

MARTIN

Simon, can we chat?

INT. R.R. DONNELLY & SONS - OFFICE - DAY

Martin goes over a printout with Simon.

MARTIN

I don't mean to be the evil white guy, but goddamn. Your background check was a nightmare!

SIMON

No. Really?

MARTIN

(reading)

Paternity suits. Multiple evictions. Illegal fireworks. Improper disposal of hazardous waste materials--

SIMON

One of my side-hustles is doing oil changes for cars and tractor-trailers.

MARTIN

And why didn't you tell me you were recently arrested?

SIMON

Oh, right.

INT. MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY - ENTRANCE - DAY

Saturday at this iconic Chicago museum. Crowded. Simon talks to a museum MANAGER while K hangs back with Simon's kids. The kids all wear matching black t-shirts.

SIMON

I appreciate you understanding, man. These kids only have about a month to live. They all love you now, man.

The kids and K follow Simon inside.

INT. MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY - NASA EXHIBIT - DAY

Simon and K watch over the kids who love the exhibits.

K

All this NASA crap bums me out.

SIMON

Yeah I know.

K

So how bad was your background check?

SIMON

Oh, man, it had shit on there from high school. Remember that time our baseball team fought the team from Calumet?

K

That was on there?

SIMON

I didn't think those arrests would count. Corporate America might be off my list. How's your job hunt going?

K

It's sucking Columbian donkey balls. I'm back at RTO.

SIMON

I can't blame you. I may have to go back there myself.

K

Can't you tough it out a little longer? At least one of us should win.

SIMON

My prospects are grim. I even asked Chase and them for help.

CUT TO:

INT. CHASE'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - DAY [FLASHBACK]

In his home studio, Chase works the sound board as Travis raps for a group of onlookers. Chase is feeling it the most.

TRAVIS
*...fuck yo white daughter / Kill yo
white father...*

CHASE
Yes!

Simon enters.

SIMON
Guys, guys, I need your help!

INT. CHASE'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - DAY [FLASHBACK]

Chase, Travis, Simon and the other sit in a circle.

SIMON
Alright, let's go. Brainstorm
session. I need a job. Travis, what
you got?

TRAVIS
Well--

SIMON
That's legal.

TRAVIS
You're tying my hands, Joe.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY - NASA EXHIBIT - DAY

Simon and K with the kids

SIMON
I just don't understand why the
universe is kicking me in the ass
again.

K
I'd love to tell you, but they
won't let a nigga even visit the
universe.

SIMON

Why can't niggas have anything?

K stares at a lunar orbiter in catatonic awe.

INT. RENT-TO-OWN - DAY

Q does paperwork at the front register. Simon approaches.

Q

May I help you, sir?

SIMON

I need my job back.

Q

Need. A small word. An important word. We all have needs. I knew your sweet and sour, paper cup soft ass was going to come back.

K emerges from the back area to man a register.

K

Q, stop acting like a hoe and give him his job back. Damn.

Q

Enough out of you, employee.

SIMON

I apologize for the way I quit. Now come on, man.

Q

We all have needs, Simon. You need a job. I need that Xbox from Shaw. The new 2K is out. You remember 2K don't you?

SIMON

I taught you how to play it.

Q

You taught me well. But every minute I'm not playing, I get weaker and them young guys online get stronger. Don't you see what I'm going through? For once think about somebody other than yourself.

SIMON

I should have let them Disciples
kick yo ass in high school.

Q

Maybe you should have. But it's too
late for that. If you want your job
back, get that Xbox back from Shaw.

EXT. STREET - SOUTH SIDE - DAY

Simon and K sit on the back of a truck in their Rent-to-own
uniforms smoking a blunt. They pass it back and forth.

SIMON

You know what hurts the most?

K

What's that?

SIMON

Those four hours at R.R. Donnelly
were the best hours of my life.

CUT TO:

INT. R.R. DONNELLY & SONS - DAY [FLASHBACK]

Slow motion shots of Simon around the office.

SIMON (V.O.)

Everybody was so nice. The break
room was spotless. The microwave
worked. The plants were alive. So
alive. The bathrooms were
immaculate. No wet toilet paper.
They had doughnuts. I had my own
email address. "S dot James at RRD
and sons dot com." All one word. It
was heaven.

Simon poses for an office selfie.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. STREET - SOUTH SIDE - DAY

Simon and K finish their blunt.

SIMON

Let's get this over with it.

Simon and K head toward a front porch, where Shaw speaks to a street hustler, SECONDS, while his goons look on.

SHAW

My man in Atlanta said you good people, so you gon' love it here.

SECONDS

Already do, Shaw. Finna get my hands dirty, ya feel me?

Simon interrupts them.

SIMON

Mr. Shaw, how are you? We're from Rent-To-Own.

SHAW

Never heard of it.

SIMON

Ok. Well, we believe that you are in possession of an Xbox. One of ours.

SHAW

Nah, you wrong.

A few of the gang members stand.

SIMON

Ok. You take care of yourself.

Simon and K walk back to the truck.

SIMON (CONT'D)

It's over.

K

It's not over until I say it is.

K pulls out his cell phone and makes a call.

EXT. SOUTH SIDE - CORNER - EVENING

Simon and K talk to Goodnight and Turner.

TURNER

Sixty dollars?! You said you had a hundred.

K

I was mistaken.

GOODNIGHT

Let's go.

K

Wait. That's all I have. Please help us!

Turner starts to drive, K gets in front of the car.

K (CONT'D)

Guys, I know at some point, a long time ago, in a galaxy far away, when you joined the force, you wanted to do good.

SIMON

This is a waste of time, they don't care.

GOODNIGHT

I agree. We don't.

K

(to Turner)

Didn't you say you was from around here? You know how it is for us. Have a heart, sister... Black Lives Matter?

TURNER

Don't start with that shit...Ugh. Fine.

EXT. SHAW'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - EVENING

Shaw and his boys face off with Turner. Simon and K stand behind her. Goodnight waits impatiently in the car.

TURNER

You're going to let these guys come in and get their merch.

SHAW

Come on, officer.

TURNER

I said, you're going to let these guys come and get the X-Box.

Shaw takes a step away from his door, rolling his eyes. Simon and K walk past him, entering the house.

SIMON
Sorry, man.

K
Excuse us.

Shaw stares at Turner.

INT. SHAW'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Simon and K enter. They're shocked to see Shaw has surprisingly middle-class tastes. Everything is suburban nice. They see the Xbox and start to disconnect it.

EXT. SHAW'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Shaw is still staring at Turner. Then he nods, realizing...

SHAW
How much you need?

TURNER
A hundred.

Shaw pulls out his large bill-fold and give her a hundred.

SHAW
And so these dudes in my house--

TURNER
What dudes?

Turner leaves. Shaw and his boys go inside.

INT. SHAW'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Shaw enters with a few of his goons who surround Simon and K.

SIMON
We're almost done. Is everything
ok?

K
(to Offscreen)
Officer Turner!

SHAW
Oh, she left you in my care.
(to one of his goons)
Get me Lucille Muhammad.

A goon, BLUTO, hands Shaw a baseball bat with nails hammered into it.

SHAW (CONT'D)
Y'all watch The Walking Dead?

K
Oh God.

SHAW
Oh God is right. I told y'all not to touch my xbox. Y'all ready to get fucked up over some merchandise?

We push in on Simon, his moment of choice. Suddenly, a plan forms in his mind.

SIMON
Keep the damn xbox.
(to K)
He probably can't play 2K anyway.

SHAW
What'd you say?

SIMON
Probably best you do hurt us so you don't have to get whapped on the sticks. In front of all your boys.

The goons erupt at this direct challenge. We see Shaw weighing his options. Simon stares back in defiance.

TIME CUT: Shaw and Simon are playing NBA 2K17 and shit talking each other.

SIMON (CONT'D)
To the net... COOKIES!

Simon Dunks on Shaw. We see the replay. Simon is in his element, no fear.

TIME CUT: Shaw hits a 3 pointer.

SHAW
(in Simon's face)
Eat some of these nuts
motherfucker!

TIME CUT: Simon and Shaw continue to play, watching the screen.

SHAW (CONT'D)

(to his goon)

Bluto? Make me two Remy's and bring these hoes some sex on the beaches.

(to Simon)

So when you was a little boy you dreamed about growing up and harassing black people for appliances?

SIMON

I'm doing the best I can.

SHAW

Well you ain't doing enough. I'm like Diddy, my hustle is beyond your imagination. For instance, most people have one or two things from RTO. But look around...

Simon looks around the room.

SHAW (CONT'D)

All this shit is RTO. And I haven't paid for a thing in sight. I've gone beyond what was expected. I keep blowing the world's mind. That's why I win.

This registers with Simon.

EXT. SHAW'S PORCH - NIGHT

Simon and K are leaving. Shaw is in the doorway.

SIMON

So even though I won, you ain't giving me the xbox?

SHAW

I'm giving you yo' life.

SIMON

Well, thanks. Truthfully, I appreciate the second chance.

SHAW

You ain't off the hook completely. I'ma need them Jordans.

Simon looks down at his Jordans one last time.

INT. MYRNA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Simon smokes weed in bed with Myrna and her girlfriend PORSHA (60s). They just had a threesome.

SIMON

Ladies, I appreciate you so much. You made me feel like a Marlboro Man. I almost got killed on the job today but your delicious sex has helped me reach a place of serenity.

MYRNA

Anything for you, Daddy.

SIMON

Call me Grandson.

PORSHA

We'll always be here for you, Simon.

SIMON

Always? Yeah right.

MYRNA

You got that young pole that stays up and you know how to work it. Guys our age are useless. And Viagra too expensive. Now all we have is a bunch of limp dicks and saggy balls.

SIMON

You don't say.

INT. UNCLE SPIKE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Simon and K sit with his uncle Spike. He hands them two cartons of Viagra.

SIMON

Shaw was right, I have to take my hustle to the next level.

SPIKE

So how's this work again?

SIMON

Easy, you keep getting these little blue boys at the VA. I'll sell them on the Rent-To-Own route.

K

First thing we gotta do is buy my
brother an Xbox so you keep that
route.

SIMON

Thank you, unc. The world dealt me
some shitty cards, but I'm about to
play a royal flush.

K

We about to get paid!

Simon and Spike high five. Simon holds aloft two vials.

SIMON

(a la New Jack City)
Damn, Viagra.
(then)
To Entrepreneurship!

K

To Infinity and Beyond!

We push past them to the living room window. Outside, the
1987 Tan Buick Skylark passes by ominously, driven by a now
older MAN with wild hair.

END OF SHOW.