

ROOK

Pilot Episode

"The First Move"

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& Alex Hastings

WGAW#: 1784970

**EXT. DETROIT SKYLINE - NIGHT**

A vibrant city-scape looms large over the Detroit River, a beacon of hope in an otherwise bankrupt world.

**EXT. DETROIT RIVER SHIPPING YARD - NIGHT**

An endless row of SHIPPING CONTAINERS with a narrow alleyway stretching into eternity on the Detroit River.

One of the Container's is noticeably *OPEN* revealing:

ANDY FOSTER (20) skinny and wearing a hoodie, on his knees in front of a CADILLAC with a GUN in his mouth.

ANDY

I ohh ah ooo ehh, ooo eh.

The gun is held by DARREL WASHINGTON (22) athletic, wearing a black varsity style jacket and sweatpants.

DARREL

I didn't catch that...

Darrel takes the GUN out of Andy's mouth and Andy spits out the taste of gun metal.

ANDY

I said I used my phone to do it.

DARREL

You better start making more sense little boy. That's the new 2017 XTS with state-of-the-art security.

Andy reaches in his pocket with his right hand.

DARREL (CONT'D)

Whoah! Whoah! Whoah!

Darrel shoves the gun back in Andy's face. Andy looks up at Darrel with defiant eyes.

ANDY

Do you want me to show you or not?

Andy brings his hand out and shows Darrel his SMART PHONE with an ELECTRONIC DEVICE at the base of it.

Andy presses a button an ENGINE ROARS TO LIFE.

Darrel looks stunned as his beautiful CADILLAC XTS PURRS inside the shipping container.

DARREL  
How in the...

ANDY  
Cool, right?

DARREL  
Man, shut the hell up!

Darrel points the gun at Andy's head.

DARREL (CONT'D)  
Get up! Get your ass in the car!

ANDY  
(nervous)  
Whoa, hey. You got your car back. No harm, no foul. Let's call it even.

DARREL  
You must be out your damn mind if you think I'ma let you walk away from this. Get in the car!

Andy looks down the barrel of the gun at Darrel and sees that he's serious. He gets up and gets in the car slowly.

Darrel climbs in the driver's side and shuts the door.

**INT. DARREL'S CADILLAC - CONTINUOUS**

Darrel keeps the gun on Andy while he STARTS the car.

ANDY  
What happens next?

DARREL  
I'm taking you to the police station.

ANDY  
That's not a good idea.

DARREL  
Well there's no way in hell I'm calling blue-lives-matter to come drive up on my black ass pointing a gun at you.

Andy looks really frightened for the first time.

ANDY  
You don't understand, I'm on parole. They'll lock me up for the next ten years if it goes down like this. Please.

DARREL  
Parole? What are you-

VROOM! High beams hit Darrel and Andy in the face.

Darrel looks terrified at what he sees driving their way.

DARREL (CONT'D)  
Shit.

ANDY  
There's something I forgot to tell you!

DARREL  
Yeah? Me too!

Darrel throws the CAR into gear and MASHES the GAS.

They take off out of the container, burning rubber with American v8 muscle, speeding away from their pursuers.

**EXT. DETROIT RIVER SHIPPING YARD - NIGHT**

A BLACK LINCOLN TOWN-CAR speeds behind the Cadillac.

BANG! BING! TING! Bullets ricochet off of the Cadillac as both cars SPEED OFF INTO THE DISTANCE.

**INT. DARRYL'S CADILLAC - CONTINUOUS (TRAVELLING)**

Darrel drives fast, checking his read-view mirror as Andy keeps his head down and struggles to keep cool.

ANDY  
I don't feel so hot!

Andy THROWS UP and Darrel looks pissed about it.

DARREL  
Are you serious right now!

Andy wipes his mouth and takes out his phone, a new look of determination on his vomit-covered face.

ANDY  
Let it get closer!

DARREL  
What the hell are you talking about?

ANDY  
 (matter of fact)  
*Let the car -- get closer.*

Darrel and Andy stare at each other intensely as Darrel continues to accelerate down the narrow corridor.

DARREL  
 Hell no, you crazy little bitch!

ANDY  
 Fine. I'll do it.

Without hesitation, Andy YANKS Darrel's hand brake up.

The car's brakes lock up, and they are almost immediately SMASHED FROM BEHIND by the Lincoln Town Car.

The Cadillac SLIDES into a full TAILSPIN.

SLOW MOTION:

Andy's VOMIT travels through the air heading for Darrel's face as he struggles to grab a hold of the hand brake, right the car, and somehow avoid the vomit.

GLASS SHARDS are SUSPENDED in the air perilously close to Andy's eyes as both Andy and Darrel share a brief, surreal moment of mutual eye-contact as their lives literally spin out of control towards an unknown fate.

They're fucked alright. But they're fucked together.

TITLE CARD: "ROOK"

**END TEASER**

**INT. ANDY'S ROOM - MORNING**

"72 Hours Earlier"

The room is dark, a black sheet tacked over the window blocks the morning light.

Andy's empty bed is a tangle of black sheets. A pile of dirty clothes lie neatly in the corner.

Andy sits hunched over his computer desk, the digital light from his dual monitors illuminate his tired face. It's obvious this is where he spends much of his time. The room is mostly barren, but his desk is covered in wires, random computer parts, and junk food. The small trash can by his feet is overflowing with trash.

Andy has a gamer's head-set on with a microphone attached as he plays "QUAKE" on one monitor, and runs a SCROLLING SEARCH function on a TOR BROWSER in the other. His computer tower sits on the floor, resembling something closer to a sci-fi art piece, with its neon lights and glowing antifreeze tubes. He built this one himself.

ANDY  
(into headset)  
Ok, flag coming on your left side... Wait for it... Now!

ON THE SCREEN: Andy's teammate gets the final kill and the game ends. GRAPHICS indicate Andy's team has won.

ANDY (CONT'D)  
(into headset)  
Man, Flux, that was too easy. I thought these guys were supposed to be good.

FLUX (V.O.)  
(over headset)  
I dunno, dude. They're apparently like top twenty.

Andy sighs.

ANDY  
Is it weird that I really don't care about winning? I just HATE losing.

FLUX (V.O.)  
Nah, it's not weird. That's life. You can be happy or great, but not both.

Andy leans back in his computer chair and stretches.

ANDY  
Happiness is overrated.

FLUX (V.O.)  
You're preaching to the choir, man.

He looks at his other monitor at the TOR search.

ANDY  
Hey, still nothing coming back on that name you gave me. Either she's some sort of off the grid... You now where that conversation goes, or it's a fake name and she was just blowing you off.

FLUX (V.O.)  
Man, are you serious?

ANDY

Sorry, dude.

FLUX (V.O.)

So what are you still doing up? Isn't it like, morning where you are?

Andy looks at the clock and gnaws on a red twizzler.

ANDY

Yeah... but I already stayed up all night working on my presentation, and going to sleep now will just screw the pooch. I repped on my addy's, I'll be fine.

FLUX (V.O.)

Lucky. I'd have to keep pounding coffee until my nerves fried or I shit myself.

ANDY

Anxiety-inducing laxative in a cup. Branding is everything.

Andy's bedroom door opens suddenly and he's dragged out of his comfort zone by the arrival of his sister, JESSICA FOSTER (16) wearing too much make-up, emotions on her sleeve, but tough as nails underneath all that.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Gotta go. Talk soon.

Andy taps an emergency button on the side of his keyboard that SHUTS DOWN his computer monitors, turning around to Jessica with an annoyed look on his face.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Don't you ever knock?

JESSICA

Don't you ever sleep?

She studies his bloodshot eyes. He takes his headset off.

ANDY

The human body only needs four hours of sleep a night, Jess. You're sleeping your life away because a mattress company wants you to float on a cloud all night.

JESSICA

You realize that staying up all night playing computer games and then pumping your body full of amphetamines is a lot less healthy than normal sleep, right?

ANDY

I was working...

JESSICA

Right. Well, mom's home from her night shift. Wants to have a big ole family breakfast or something. Unless that's all you planned on eating this morning?

Andy regards his Twizzler.

ANDY

No -- this is just -- never mind.

Jessica rolls her eyes.

JESSICA

Try to be nice to Mom. She's been taking a lot of shit at work recently.

ANDY

More like starting a lot of shit.

Andy gets up from his desk, grabs his back pack, and brushes past Jessica as he marches into the hallway.

JESSICA

Andy -- come on. Shit...

**INT. ANDY'S HOME - KITCHEN - MORNING**

Andy's mother, EVA FOSTER (35) strikingly young for her children's age, we sense a rough life behind tired eyes.

She's wearing a blackjack dealer's uniform as she flips PANCAKES onto some plates when Andy and Jessica enter.

EVA

Morning sunshines. I made pancakes.

ANDY

...Pancakes? I don't like the sound of that. What did you do this time?

EVA

Oh hush. A mother can't do something nice for her kids once in a while?

Andy grabs a pancake and smells Eva's general aroma.

ANDY

Polaski Vodka? It has that distinctly cheap metallic smell that's a result of the distiller trying to cut corners when removing the methanal in the foreshot.

EVA

Alright scientific America, you got me. But if I don't drink with the clients then I don't get a good tip. So sue me.

ANDY

Clients? They're blackjack players, mom. Degenerate gamblers, plowing through their retirement money on a Monday night.

EVA

Well, we call them clients, Andy. What would you know about it...

ANDY

Same story. Jess, come on. I've got a presentation I can't be late for.

JESSICA

Andy, she made us pancakes. Least we can do is have breakfast with her.

ANDY

I'm fine with you taking the bus.

Andy exits the kitchen and walks towards the front door. Jessica shrugs and grabs a pancake off Eva's plate.

JESSICA

Sorry, Mom. I can't be late.

EVA

Just, hear me out for a second.

Eva looks down at the floor, trying to find the words.

JESSICA

What?

Eva takes a deep breath and looks up at Jessica, ashamed.

EVA

I messed up, Jess. Really bad this time.

JESSICA

What are you talking about?

Eva's face looks tortured as she tries to find the words.

EVA

You know I never read the fine print on things, I mean, who does?

Jessica puts her hands on her mother's shoulders warmly.

JESSICA

Mom. What happened?

**INT. ANDY'S CLUNKER - DAY**

Andy BANGS on his steering wheel in a fit of anger.

ANDY

Thirty three thousand dollars! Tell me this is a terrible joke! Please!

JESSICA

It's a hospital bill, Andy. What did you want to her do, roll over and die?

ANDY

I wanted her to go to the right goddamn hospital that her shitty union insurance covers! The fine print! That's some pretty goddamn important fine print. How does a person even get Hep C?

Andy swerves into the other lane and PUNCHES THE GAS.

JESSICA

Calm down. You're scaring me.

ANDY

I swear to god, why did she wait to tell us about it now? She's probably known about this four the past six months!

JESSICA

Mom was embarrassed. It's a serious disease and she had to get treatment.

ANDY

This is my fault. I never should have trusted her. You know we're going to lose the house over this, right? Did she mention that to you?

JESSICA

You don't know that.

ANDY

Like hell I don't. That's our only collateral, don't you get it? That, and this piece of shit car.

JESSICA

Watch out!

Andy swerves and barely misses a PEDESTRIAN.

ANDY

Whoh!

JESSICA

I can't even with you right now.

Andy slows down and centers himself.

ANDY

That house is the one thing we had that was a constant. Everything else in our lives has come and gone to shit, but we had that house. Now we've got nothing...

JESSICA

You talk like it's already happened.

ANDY

Thirty three thousand dollars, Jessica. There's only one way I know how to get that much money in two weeks, and it's the reason I have a probation officer.

Andy comes to a stop at a stop light and SHIFTS GEARS.

JESSICA

There's *always* something we can do. We just haven't thought this through yet.

(thinking to herself)

If I was eighteen, I could strip.

ANDY

Goddamnit, Jess. Don't say that to me right now. I don't even want to hear it.

JESSICA

Sorry, dude. Just being real.

ANDY

(collecting himself)

I'm not -- look -- the only way we don't end up a like mom is if we go to school, get careers, and all that good bullshit...

JESSICA

You don't believe that at all.

ANDY

How are we supposed to do anything when  
shit like this keeps happening to us?

Andy stops at a red light and they both sit in silence.

The traffic light in front of them turns green and Andy  
drops the car down into first, but the ENGINE STALLS.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Don't do this to me right now.

SMOKE starts to billow out from the hood.

JESSICA

I told you not to drive like such a pig.

ANDY

Why not? Just *pile* it on!

Andy continues to try to CRANK his car back up. No luck.  
TRAFFIC behind them begin to HONK.

Jess turns around in her seat and flicks the cars off.

JESSICA

Shut up, bitches! We hear you!

Jessica gets out of the car and starts waving to the cars  
and motioning wildly for them to pass.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Move it along people!

ANDY

Start! You piece of shit!

Andy CRANKS the engine one last time before giving up.

He opens his door and gets out of the car.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Help me push this thing.

JESSICA

Are you kidding me right now?

ANDY

I told you I have a presentation! Just  
help me push the damn thing!

JESSICA  
 Alright, alright... Sorry.

DRIVERS continue to HONK and YELL at Andy and Jessica as they push the car off the road into a PARKING LOT.

**INT. BUS - DAY (TRAVELLING)**

Andy pushes his way past ANGRY BUS RIDERS to try and get off of the bus in time.

BUS DRIVER  
 (announcing)  
 This is university station! Get off here  
 for university station!

"Hey" "Watch it" "Fuck you college-ass-mother-fucker"  
 etc...as Andy makes his way to the front of the bus.

**EXT. UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - DAY**

Andy runs through a bustling University full of STUDENTS.

**INT. COLLEGE LABORATORY - DAY**

A small classroom with 8-10 STUDENTS watches PROFESSOR GRAHAM, (32) a balding hipster in glasses, teach a lesson using his iPad connected to a projector.

PROFESSOR GRAHAM  
 And this line of code here is an example  
 of what last night's reading discussed.  
 Can anyone tell me the name and  
 application of this line of code?

NOBODY raises their hands. STUDENTS stare blankly.

THE DOOR BURSTS OPEN and Andy stumbles in.

PROFESSOR GRAHAM (CONT'D)  
 Mister Foster. Thanks for coming in  
 today, you only missed half the class.

ANDY  
 I'm sorry, my car-

PROFESSOR GRAHAM  
 I don't care, or have the time. Tell me  
 why I shouldn't fail you right now?

ANDY

Because that would be a huge mistake.

Andy glares directly into Professor Graham's eyes.

PROFESSOR GRAHAM

Excuse me? Is that a threat?

ANDY

I'm ready to start my presentation despite exceedingly bad circumstances that conspired against me this morning, I'm deeply sorry for my tardiness, I assure you that I have a reasonable explanation.

PROFESSOR GRAHAM

Mister Foster, we are in the middle of a lesson. You cannot hijack my classroom just because you can't get out of bed.

STUDENTS LAUGH as Andy ignores Graham, takes off his backpack, opens it, and starts digging around inside.

ANDY

I never went to bed last night, Professor. Let me show you why.

Professor Graham finally relents, his curiosity piqued.

PROFESSOR GRAHAM

Fine. This ought to be good.

Andy CLEARS his throat and faces the class.

He takes his PHONE OUT, demonstrating what he describes.

ANDY

(projecting)

So, the assignment was to write a rudimentary code that could accomplish an everyday task. I decided to take it a step further and integrate an external piece of hardware my smart phone to enhance the basic function of the app.

Andy inserts the external HARDWARE into the smart phone.

ANDY (CONT'D)

(demonstrating)

So. It's a little lightning cable insert that attaches here at the base.

(MORE)

ANDY (CONT'D)

Now, the objective of this device is to intercept signals from any transmission and clone it, giving you the ability to mimic the transmission code of the O-S that connects to the signal.

The class stares blankly at Andy.

Even Professor Graham seems confused.

PROFESSOR GRAHAM

Mister Foster, this was not part of the assignment you were to present.

ANDY

It's an every day function. That was the assignment. What it does is turn your smart phone into a universal remote control, and who doesn't need that? Like a spare key. You just set it to search for nearby signals...

ON THE APP: Andy presses a button and the screen reads "SEARCHING FOR NEARBY SIGNALS".

ANDY (CONT'D)

And then you can select the signal you want to clone...

Andy presses a button indicating Professor Graham's COMPUTER REMOTE. Andy's app reads "CLONING"

ANDY (CONT'D)

And in just a moment...

ON THE APP: It still just reads "CLONING", as if the software locked up.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Uh... Sometimes it can take a minute.

Professor Graham has lost his patience for this charade.

PROFESSOR GRAHAM

I think I've seen enough. *That's enough,* Andy.

ANDY

(to himself)

Come on, come on, you piece of shit.

Professor Graham starts to move towards Andy when the app finally DINGS and Andy's phone screen reads "CLONED".

ANDY (CONT'D)  
There it is. Now check it out.

From his phone, Andy hijacks Graham's presentation and begins scrolling through the slides of the class.

ANDY (CONT'D)  
See, I've now got control just through a quick search on my phone. I can even access the source directly.

Andy downsizes the presentation window. He opens an internet browser, which much to everyone's surprise, brings up an image on

FACEBOOK: An ATTRACTIVE GIRL in a bikini who also happens to be a student sitting in the front of the class.

For a moment no one says a word. The class all turns to look at the girl, who wears a horrified expression.

PROFESSOR GRAHAM  
(panicking)  
Umm...

Professor Graham clumsily pulls the projector's power cord directly out of the wall and nearly falls over.

PROFESSOR GRAHAM (CONT'D)  
How did you do that?! What the hell is wrong with you, Andy! Class is over!

Andy looks stunned at the announcement.

The students just sit there, not knowing what to do.

PROFESSOR GRAHAM (CONT'D)  
Did you hear me! I said class is dismissed for the day! Everyone but Mister Foster can leave.

The class clears out awkwardly.

As the last student exits, Professor Graham sits down at his desk, massages his temples, and looks up at Andy.

PROFESSOR GRAHAM (CONT'D)  
What are you thinking?

ANDY  
You didn't like it? I thought by the look on your face that you were gonna invest your whole TA salary into the idea.

PROFESSOR GRAHAM

EVEN if that was the assignment, which it WAS NOT, I don't know how you expect me to believe you did all this alone.

ANDY

...What?

PROFESSOR GRAHAM

I don't like show-offs and I don't tolerate cheaters. I'm giving you an F on your presentation.

ANDY

An F?! Are you serious? I didn't cheat!

PROFESSOR GRAHAM

Save it. I've made my decision.

ANDY

You don't know what the hell you're talking about. You think I don't know about how you couldn't cut it in the real world? 'Those who can't do, teach' and all that cliché truth, right? I should be teaching you right now.

PROFESSOR GRAHAM

Get out. NOW!

Andy angrily grabs his backpack and turns to leave. He takes a couple steps and then abruptly stops.

He takes a big deep breath and turns back around.

ANDY

I may have overreacted just now. You don't understand the kind of day...

Andy shakes his head somberly.

PROFESSOR GRAHAM

It's only 10:30 in the morning.

ANDY

If you give me an F, I'll lose my financial aid, and if I drop out of this school, I go back to *prison*.

Professor Graham studies Andy.

PROFESSOR GRAHAM

You think I don't know all that?

ANDY

I know you know all that. All I'm asking for is a little understanding.

PROFESSOR GRAHAM

How about we work out a deal, then?

ANDY

Okay.

PROFESSOR GRAHAM

There's a basketball player taking my CIS 101 class that's been struggling. Guy's a pain in my ass, so I figured you two might get along. The university is putting pressure on me to make sure he passes this course because they have the tournament coming up and he needs to remain eligible to play through it.

Andy furrows his brow, unsure where this is going.

ANDY

So just pass him. Why do you need me?

Professor Graham glares at Andy.

PROFESSOR GRAHAM

While you might not care about the rules of this institution, I do, mister Foster. I need you to tutor this kid. Five times a week from five until six PM, it's that - or like you said, *prison*.

ANDY

Okay. I can tutor this. But I do this, I'm getting a four-o in this class.

PROFESSOR GRAHAM

You get that kid to pass? I don't care what you do.

Graham tosses Andy a CIS 101 TEXTBOOK.

ANDY

What's he like? This guy I'm tutoring?

Professor Graham smiles and Andy looks worried.

**INT. LAW OFFICE LOBBY - DAY**

DARREL WASHINGTON - dressed in a sharp suit and tie, sits in the lobby of a posh Downtown Detroit law firm.

A RECEPTIONIST (43) comes out in a business suit.

RECEPTIONIST

Darrel Washington, Mister Turner and  
Mister Ackerman are waiting for you.

Darrel gets up and walks towards their office.

**INT. ACKERMAN & TURNER LAW OFFICES - DAY**

LOUIS ACKERMAN (56) bald, short, muscular, no-bullshit  
polish gentleman, and MASON TURNER (46) a buttoned-up  
wasp, exuding condensation and superiority sit politely.

They're listening to Darrel, but not really...

DARREL

(making his point)

And so that's what I think you guys  
should go in with. I mean go in strong  
and we get this appeal.

Ackerman and Turner look at each other skeptically.

LOUIS ACKERMAN

You are aware that our services are not  
free, correct? You being here right now,  
just sitting in that chair speaking -- us  
listening -- do you know how much we  
would be charging a normal client?

DARREL

Yeah, but I'm not a normal client, Mason.  
You're aware of that, aren't you?

MASON TURNER

We want to do everything that we can to  
help your father, Darrel. But this is a  
long process and the case isn't a slam  
dunk right now. We've got other cases.

DARREL

What's your lowest offer to help me bring  
one more appeal to trial? I can do a lot  
of the leg work for you guys, I just need  
your help.

Mason and Louis look at each other, feeling it out.

LOUIS ACKERMAN

Can you get twenty-five together?

Darrel's face loses its luster as his hope deflates.

DARREL  
Twenty five *thousand*?  
(off their look)  
Twenty five *G's*?

MASON TURNER  
We could maybe do it for twenty. But  
that's the last favor we'll do for you.

DARREL  
(seeming confident)  
Okay. Uncle Rodney could agree to that,  
right? It's his brother...

Louis and Mason exchange a knowing glance.

LOUIS ACKERMAN  
Good luck trying to convince him.

DARREL  
Yeah, maybe one of y'all convincing  
motherfuckers could help me out there.

Louis and Mason laugh on cue, but Darrel isn't smiling.

LOUIS ACKERMAN  
Well, I'm glad you came down to see us.

The men get up to shake hands.

MASON TURNER  
You still playing ball at Tech?

DARREL  
You a basketball fan?

MASON TURNER  
My son is. Play's on a club team.

DARREL  
Call me if you need any tickets. I'll  
throw in a season pass if we can get it  
down to ten thousand?

Ackerman and Turner aren't having more negotiation.

DARREL (CONT'D)  
No can do? *Alright*. Hey. One more thing,  
do you guys validate parking tickets?

Darrel holds out his parking ticket.

LOUIS ACKERMAN  
It's actually for current clients only.

MASON TURNER  
Not our rule, sorry bud.

Mason pats Darrel on the arm, leaving him high and dry.

**INT. USED CADILLAC DEALERSHIP - BATHROOM - DAY**

Darrel Washington stands in a small bathroom. He adjusts his tie in the mirror and shakes his head.

**INT. USED CADILLAC DEALERSHIP - RODNEY'S OFFICE - DAY**

RODNEY WASHINGTON (58) Darrel's uncle, a gregarious character wearing an impeccably LOUD SUIT, GOLD WATCH, and TINTED GLASSES speaks on the phone.

RODNEY WASHINGTON  
(into phone)  
Oh *yeah*, you sexy little thing. You know just what he likes...

Darrell knocks on his door and walks into the office.

RODNEY WASHINGTON (CONT'D)  
(erupting)  
Hold on just a damn minute!  
(into phone)  
Not you baby, I got to go.

Rodney hangs up the phone and stands up in a fit.

RODNEY WASHINGTON (CONT'D)  
What the hell you doing walking in on a man like you don't know better?

DARREL  
I was at Ackerman and Turner this morning.

RODNEY WASHINGTON  
That so?

DARREL  
We were discussing the new appeal and they made us a solid offer.

RODNEY WASHINGTON  
Solid offer for what?

DARREL  
Twenty grand gets us an appeal, with the new evidence we can get Dad out.

RODNEY WASHINGTON

Hol, hol, hold on now. Your daddy had his appeal, and we lost, Darrel. I supported his appeal and man oh man I wanted him to win. But he didn't. Now it's his problem.

DARREL

Just like that? He's your brother.

RODNEY WASHINGTON

You're eating off my plate already. I chose not to have children for a reason.

DARREL

What does that have to do with anything?

RODNEY WASHINGTON

It means I still love you, Darrel. I still love my brother, your daddy. But this is about our family surviving. Only way we gonna do that, is if you and I get out there and sell these cars.

DARREL

Fine, then I'll donate my commissions to funding his appeals?

Rodney takes that one in with some consideration.

RODNEY WASHINGTON

You can do whatever you want with your own money. I'd just hate to see you piss it away on that. Come here now.

Rodney hugs Darrel and shoves him out of his office.

RODNEY WASHINGTON (CONT'D)

Knock next time.

**EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY**

It's lunch at a typical inner-city high school. HIGH SCHOOL KIDS mill about, eat their bag lunches on the dead grass, and talk in small groups.

Jessica and her friend APRIL (16), a sarcastic, post-punk girl wearing powder white make-up, talk on the grass.

APRIL

You don't have to worry, you can always stay with me.

JESSICA

Don't even say that right now.

APRIL

You know what I mean. My parent's love you. It's more me they're worried about.

April LAUGHS to herself and CRUNCHES on a CARROT.

JESSICA

I know -- just -- the very thought of it makes me cringe. I honestly can't anymore. It's gotten to be too much.

APRIL

Your mom's just a crack head.

JESSICA

Hey now. Alcoholic, pill-popping, but never crack smoking. That's -- not cool.

APRIL

Sorry. You know what I mean. So, what are you gonna do? For *realsies* though?

JESSICA

I don't know how to get that much money in two weeks. I could ask my manager at H&M for a loan, but god knows what I'd have to do in return for it.

APRIL

Gross, ew. He doesn't have that kind of money anyway. Hell no.

JESSICA

See what I mean? Like, sell drugs? Rob a bank? Win the lottery? I have no idea.

APRIL

Have you ever seen "Go"?

JESSICA

"Go?"

APRIL

Stupid movie from the nineties where this girl sells rave kids aspirin and tells 'em it's Molly. We do could something like that. Sell it to eighth graders. They'd never know the difference.

JESSICA

Ugh, not worth it. You saw what happened to my brother. He was like, on his way, Ivy League School, full scholarship, everything. And it all ended for him -- over one illegal decision.

APRIL

You make a good point. I'll keep thinking about it...

**INT. PAROLE OFFICER KEEGAN'S OFFICE - BATHROOM - NIGHT**

PAROLE OFFICER KEEGAN (56) a big, bald, powerful man, stands next to Andy in a dirty bathroom as Andy pees into a cup in front of him.

KEEGAN

Been staying out of trouble, Andy?

ANDY

Best I can, Officer Keegan.

KEEGAN

Drinking or using any illegal substances?

ANDY

Never touched the stuff. You know that.

KEEGAN

Had any contact with known felons through any form of communication, now known, or yet to be discovered?

ANDY

You realize how ridiculous that last part sounds, right.

KEEGAN

These questions were written specifically for skiddies like you who know how to get around our system. Lose the attitude.

Andy finishes peeing in the cup and hands it to Keegan.

ANDY

Nice and warm for you...

Andy smiles and Keegan snatches the pee cup from him.

KEEGAN

Is that *all* you got for me?

Keegan stretches his hand out to Andy. Andy digs into his pocket reluctantly and hands him a 32GB THUMB DRIVE.

ANDY

We good? I've got somewhere I need to be.

KEEGAN

Yeah, we're good. You know the way out.

Andy walks out of the Bathroom while Keegan takes the thumb deive and sticks into a port on his laptop.

**EXT. COLLEGE GYMNASIUM - DAY**

Andy has his headset on, typing into his phone as he talks into the microphone.

ANDY

(into head phones)

So, any thoughts for me or am I just totally screwed?

FLUX (V.O)

Nothing yet. But I'm looking. You're not screwed though. We'll figure it out.

Darrel exits the Gymnasium carrying his gym bag.

ANDY

(into head phones)

Let's talk later on a closed network.

FLUX (V.O)

Sounds good...

Andy closes his laptop, stands up, and walks toward Darrel in the parking lot of the gym.

ANDY

(shouting out)

Darrel Washington right?

DARREL

Sorry, I'm not doing autographs tonight, kid. Come back tomorrow.

ANDY

No, I'm Andy, your new CIS 101 tutor.

Andy sticks out his hand. Darrel just stares at it.

ANDY (CONT'D)

They didn't tell you I was coming?

DARREL

Nah, Andy Griffith. Where's my Asian homie? He wasn't down with this?

ANDY

I don't know, but it's me now.

DARREL

Alright, it doesn't matter. Here's the deal, I need you to write down that we did the full two hour study session in that note pad of yours. Give that to my coaches at the end of every day, Then we got no problems. Capisce?

Andy glares at Darrel.

ANDY

We already got a problem. And it's me having to be here because you can't figure out how to pass a 101 class.

Darrel shoots Andy an angry look.

DARREL

Boy, you better watch what you say before you get hurt.

Andy eases up, but doesn't back down.

ANDY

This is real simple. If I let you fail, I get screwed. So, I'm going to make this as easy as possible. I can get a hold of the multiple choice answers ahead of time, but the challenge is going to be oral presentations and essay questions. *That's* why I need you to study.

DARREL

Nah, that's not how this is going to go. Get me another tutor like my mini Bruce Lee. I don't have time for this bullshit.

Darrel turns and starts walking away.

ANDY

This is not a smart move, Darrel. They're going to fail you. You'll lose your eligibility to play.

DARREL

They ain't gonna fail me, brah.

Andy watches as Darrel gets into a brand new CADILLAC.

Darrel STARTS THE ENGINE and BASS NOTES ERUPT from the SPEAKERS. It's Rachmaninoff.

Andy looks surprised at the musical choice as Darrel BLASTS the SYMPHONY MUSIC and PEELS OUT of the lot.

ANDY  
(to himself)  
Nice car.

**INT. PRISON - EVENING**

JULIUS WASHINGTON (52) distinguished even in a prisoner's uniform, places a collect call on a pay phone in prison.

**INT. DARREL'S CADILLAC - EVENING**

Darrel is on the phone with his father, Julius.

DARREL  
(into phone)  
I got it all under control. They agreed to work on your appeal, all I gotta do is get some more money. I'm crushing it out on the sales floor at Uncle Rodney's.

**INTERCUT PRISON/DARREL'S CADILLAC -**

JULIUS WASHINGTON  
Boy, listen to me. I'm running out of favors in here. We need to get this new information into the judge's hands.

DARREL  
I know that. I'm trying my damndest.

Julius SIGHS and leans into the pay phone.

JULIUS WASHINGTON  
I know you are, son. But if we are going to make this happen, you're going to need some help. And I know a guy that could...

Darrel squints his eyes skeptically at his father's tone.

DARREL  
Oh yeah? What kind of help?

JULIUS WASHINGTON

Darrel, I need you to listen to me. I've got someone who can help you get the money, but he ain't exactly a bank. Do you understand what I'm saying to you?

DARREL

Dad -- I -- I can't do anything like that. I get caught and the NBA is...

JULIUS WASHINGTON

You needed to cut that fantasy out yesterday. You got skills, no one is saying you don't, but be real. You're five nine, son. You won't play pro.

DARREL

(dejectedly)

There are some short guys in the NBA. Why are you saying this to me right now?

JULIUS WASHINGTON

For every Nate Robinson, a thousand burnouts who end up with nothing. Hell, half the guys locked up in here had dreams of going pro one day. It's important to know when to fold, even if you're deep into a hand.

Darrel shoots back.

DARREL

You mean like mom did? You teach her that too? Is that why she left with all of your money?

Julius lets that sink in for a moment.

JULIUS WASHINGTON

Son, you're my only hope of getting out of here. But as long as I'm in here I can't do anything to help you or your mother or any of us out.

Darrel doesn't respond.

JULIUS WASHINGTON (CONT'D)

Son, you need to do the right thing here.

Darrel clenches his jaw, struggling with the decision.

DARREL

...Yea, ok. I'll meet with the guy.

Julius grins, a shark's smile.

**EXT. GOLDEN PONY STRIP CLUB - NIGHT**

Darrel's Cadillac XTS pulls up to the valet of a high-end MALE STRIP CLUB. GOLDEN PONY STATUES stand guard.

A VALET comes over and helps Darrel out.

DARREL

I'm here to see Jeffery Sinclair.

VALET

Darrel Washington?

DARREL

Yeah.

VALET

I've been asked to instruct you to park around back and use the kitchen entrance. Someone will be waiting for you there.

Darrel glances to a few LARGE BOUNCERS approaching behind the Valet.

DARREL

Yeah. Okay.

Darrel drives out of the valet lane as the BOUNCERS all exchange curious looks.

BOUNCER 1

Cute haircut.

BOUNCER 2

Way too much of a bro for my taste...

**INT. GOLDEN PONY STRIP CLUB - BACK OFFICE - NIGHT**

The room is decorated with SIGNED SPORTS MEMORABILIA and a few NEO-CLASSICAL MALE NUDE PAINTINGS.

WALLACE (30's), a brute in a nice suit with an expressionless face, silently stands guard at the door.

JEFFREY SINCLAIR (45) a well dressed and perfectly put-together black gentleman, sits behind his mahogany desk. He wears a dark gray suit and sits with his legs crossed, scrolling through an E-ledger of BETTING ODDS on a TABLET. Sinclair's gestures and posture are effeminate, but his power in this room hangs like smoke in the air.

DONALD RAMSEY (59) a heavy-set man with a shaved head and a HUBLOT WATCH on his wrist, runs down the betting lines with Sinclair as they discuss the odds.

JEFFREY SINCLAIR

Thoughts on the Gonzaga game Saturday? I don't think they cover the line.

DONALD RAMSEY

Marquette's point guard is playing hurt with his right wrist.

JEFFREY SINCLAIR

Not last Sunday. Had a triple-double, didn't he? Wrist looked fine to me.

DONALD RAMSEY

I spoke with their PT. Right wrist is clear-taped after punching the wall at his girlfriend's house. Keeping it under wraps from the press. No pun intended.

Sinclair grins.

JEFFREY SINCLAIR

That is why I hired you, Donald.

Sinclair takes some notes in his ledger.

DING. A polite BELL goes off on Sinclair's desk. He looks up at the SECURITY CAMERA MONITORS on his wall.

JEFFREY SINCLAIR (CONT'D)

Prime time makes his appearance.

DONALD RAMSEY

Who's that?

JEFFREY SINCLAIR

You don't recognize him?

DONALD RAMSEY

Should I?

Sinclair smiles wide.

JEFFREY SINCLAIR

You ought to. Point guard at Tech. And guess who that nigga's father is?

DONALD RAMSEY

Enlighten me.

JEFFREY SINCLAIR  
The illustrious, Julius Washington.

DONALD RAMSEY  
Our friend from city council? No...

JEFFREY SINCLAIR  
God's honest...

DONALD RAMSEY  
Unbelievable.

JEFFREY SINCLAIR  
(to the door)  
Show him in for me, Wallace.

Wallace nods obediently and presses a button that OPENS THE DOOR. Darrel walks in. Wallace closes it behind him.

JEFFREY SINCLAIR (CONT'D)  
Mister Washington. Welcome. Glad to have you with us here tonight.

Sinclair gets up and shakes Darrel's hand sincerely.

JEFFREY SINCLAIR (CONT'D)  
I think you may know Donald Ramsey? He was a dear friend of your father's.

DONALD RAMSEY  
Sorry to hear about your dad, kid.

DARREL  
Please don't talk about him in the past tense. He's still alive.

JEFFREY SINCLAIR  
How rude of you, Donald.

DONALD RAMSEY  
Of course, I'm sorry.

JEFFREY SINCLAIR  
There that's better. I understand you're here for help with some legal fees that might shed light on new found evidence.

DARREL  
That's correct.

Sinclair picks up a golf club out of an ornate golf bag behind his desk and shimmies with the club.

JEFFREY SINCLAIR

I'm not usually in the business of supporting criminal defenses, even if it is for a dear old friend like your daddy.

DARREL

I'm not asking for a handout. I would work it off. There must be something you need that I could do for you...

Sinclair smiles and exchanges eye-contact with Donald.

JEFFREY SINCLAIR

Something you could do for *me*. Yes. I suppose there is something you could do. But I don't think you'll like it...

Darrel looks around the room nervously noticing the blatantly homosexual decorations.

DARREL

Look I'm not -- I don't mean any disrespect, I can give private dances or something for people, but I've got a public reputation right now.

Sinclair looks up at Darrel surprised.

He makes stern eye-contact with Donald. Then Wallace.

Sinclair erupts into hearty and sincere LAUGHTER. Donald and Wallace join in with their own LAUGHTER as Darrel looks around the room awkwardly.

Finally Sinclair stops the laughing and the room quiets.

JEFFREY SINCLAIR

Oh my goodness, Darrel. What do you take me for? It's nothing like that, dear boy. *Although*, I'm glad to hear you're game.

Darrel lets out a cautious sigh of relief.

JEFFREY SINCLAIR (CONT'D)

No, it's that public reputation that I want to take advantage of. I've seen you on a couple of games. You have skills.

DARREL

Yeah. I guess so...

DONALD RAMSEY

You're fourth in your division in field goals and second in assists.

DARREL

I haven't really been keeping track.

JEFFREY SINCLAIR

And why should you with a record like *that*? It wouldn't kill you to miss a few points here or there in the next one would it? Throw a few bad passes?

DONALD RAMSEY

Spread on O-H-B is plus fifteen big ones in y'all's favor.

JEFFREY SINCLAIR

All you gotta do is make sure you win by less than that.

DARREL

I can do that.

JEFFREY SINCLAIR

And how much is it exactly that you're looking for?

Darrel takes a deep breath.

DARREL

Twenty thousand dollars.

Sinclair smiles and takes a MOCK SWING with the golf club.

JEFFREY SINCLAIR

*Twenty G's* -- my oh my, that's a lot of cheddar for such a young little mouse.

DARREL

... I know.

JEFFREY SINCLAIR

Well, I'm gonna have to have you meet us halfway on that one then. Our margins simply depend on it.

DARREL

What do you mean *halfway*?

JEFFREY SINCLAIR

What are the odds of Tech losing outright?

DONALD RAMSEY

Twenty three to one.

JEFFREY SINCLAIR

Ah, now those are the kind of numbers I like. Twenty three to one. My-my...

DARREL

(protesting)

They're the worst team in our division. If we lose, we don't clinch the tournament, and have to win the next two just to stay alive.

JEFFREY SINCLAIR

Well then you have a decision to make.

DARREL

There *has* got to be another way. What about the original offer?

JEFFREY SINCLAIR

There was no original offer for twenty G's. Consider this the only offer.

Sinclair takes another practice swing.

DARREL

I do this, it's twenty thousand dollars cash and nobody hears a thing about it?

DONALD RAMSEY

Our lips are sealed, Darrel.

Donald makes the "lip-zipper" motion on his mouth.

JEFFREY SINCLAIR

If you agree to go through with this, you'd be wise to you that conscience from crawling up your negro spine. If you screw me on this, you'll have a lot more to lose than just your daddy's shot at an appeal. You understand what I'm saying?

Darrel swallows hard, realizing he's in over his head.

DARREL

... Ok. Fine. It's just a one time thing.

Sinclair walks over and gently caresses Darrel's face.

JEFFREY SINCLAIR

That's a fantastic way of looking at it.

**INT. ANDY'S ROOM - NIGHT**

It's 4:14 in the morning and Andy sits at his computer with his headphones on. He scrolls through the dark web on one monitor while South Park streams on the other.

ANDY

(into headset)

Yea, and then he flipped his shit and pulled the plug, but everyone saw it.

FLUX (V.O.)

So it actually works, huh? Have you tried it on anything else?

ANDY

Yeah, remote controls, garage door openers, phones, key fobs for apartments and gyms, that's about it.

FLUX (V.O.)

You said, key fobs? That's interesting...

ANDY

I've already thought about it. Most of these things only get you into buildings, then you need actual keys, pin codes, finger prints, voice recognition...

FLUX (V.O.)

Easy Ethan Hunt, I'm not saying you have to go all "Mission Impossible" for this thing. But what about like, a car? Or something else easy like that?

Andy stops typing and actually considers that option.

FLUX (V.O.)

I mean, car keys these days, all you need is the electronic signal...

ANDY

You're right about that...

FLUX (V.O.)

If you're saying you can clone any signal, then you could get into someone's car, start it, and do whatever you want. Right?

ANDY

Okay -- and then what?

(sarcastically)

Put it up on eBay?

FLUX (V.O.)  
Actually, I know a site.

ANDY  
What do you mean *you know* a site?

FLUX (V.O.)  
I don't know about cars specifically, but  
type in "White Picket Fences Dot R-U."

ANDY  
Russian?

FLUX (V.O.)  
Relax. Search for Detroit, vendors,  
durable goods, and a list of offers  
should pop up. Find someone looking for a  
fully intact automobile. They'll probably  
pay you in bitcoin, but it's super-legit,  
I've used it for other stuff.

ANDY  
Doesn't sound *super legit* at all. And  
since when are you stealing stuff?

FLUX (V.O.)  
Buddy of mine stole his girlfriend's  
grandmother's Cartier Watch when he was  
drunk. I stumbled across White Picket  
Fences when I was trying to help him sell  
it so she wouldn't find out it was him.

ANDY  
Naturally. So, how can I be sure I'm not  
talking to a cop?

FLUX (V.O.)  
Never deal with a guy who doesn't have  
five stars from a bunch of peer reviews.  
It's just like Yelp.

ANDY  
I do love the peer review system.

FLUX (V.O.)  
You and me both.

Andy searches a database of "Durable Goods Vendors."

FLUX (V.O.)  
Are you gonna cut me in on this if it  
works? I mean, you gotta give me a little  
credit for the idea at least.

ANDY

How about this, *if* I do decide to do this idiotic thing, *and* I don't get killed or arrested in the process, I'll do something real nice for you, how's that?

JESSICA (O.S.)

What are you talking about, dude?

Andy turns around, startled to find Jessica standing behind him. How long has she been listening?

ANDY

I gotta go. Talk soon.

Andy takes off his headphones and closes his computer.

ANDY (CONT'D)

(to Jessica)

Still with the no knocking thing?

JESSICA

What are you doing that you're going to "get *killed* or *arrested* in the process"?

ANDY

Just gamer stuff. You know, slang, lingo.

JESSICA

You don't have to lie to me.

ANDY

I'm still trying to figure out how to get out of our shitty situation. Okay?

JESSICA

I'm down to help you, but I don't want you to do something you're going to regret again...

ANDY

I know. I'm not.

JESSICA

Even if we lose the house, we'll be okay.

ANDY

You act like we're okay now.

Andy turns away from Jessica and she looks let down.

JESSICA

Andy...

ANDY  
 (annoyed)  
 What?

JESSICA  
 Nothing. Just -- be careful.

ANDY  
 Close the door on your way out. Please.

Jessica reluctantly turns, exits, and closes his door.

**INT. ANDY'S HOME - KITCHEN - MORNING**

Andy sits in the kitchen in front of a collection of PRESCRIPTION BOTTLES going over FINANCIAL BILLS.

The front door opens and Eva walks into the house LAUGHING and out of breath with RON KELLER (42) a charming but hopelessly disheveled man.

They both stop laughing when they see Andy staring.

EVA  
 (tipsy)  
 What are you doing up?

Andy sets down his pen, silently boiling with rage.

ANDY  
 It's six in the morning.

Eva attempts to hang her keys up. They fall to the floor.

EVA  
 I just got off my shift. *Ron here* was kind enough to drive me home.

RON KELLER  
 Hey Andy, good morning to you. Your mother and I were just -

ANDY  
 Ron. Get out of my house. Eva, you and I need to have a chat.

RON KELLER  
*Your* house? Is that so?

EVA  
 Ha! That's news to me.

ANDY

Ron, I SWEAR to GOD if you don't get the hell out of here right now, I'm gonna...

RON KELLER

You're gonna *what*?

Andy and Ron exchange tense eye-contact.

ANDY

You don't want to push me today, I promise you that.

There's something crazy in Andy's eyes. Ron puts his hands up in resignation.

RON KELLER

I was just trying to help your mother out. Eva, I'll see you soon.

Ron kisses Eva and flicks Andy off behind her back. Andy just nods his head, taking photogenic notes for later.

Ron leaves and Andy shoots Eva a look of disappointment.

ANDY

So that's happening again?

Eva's pretty far gone, slurring most of her words.

EVA

I just wanted to see an old friend. It's hard working these nights all the time, and without a car. I needed a ride.

Andy waves his hand to get to the point.

ANDY

Mom, forget about it. It's okay.  
(centering himself)  
I just want to talk to you.

EVA

I hate that tone of your voice. I've heard it so many times.

ANDY

This is some serious shit, Mom. Okay?

Andy stands up and gestures to the Prescription Pills.

EVA

I was going to tell you.

ANDY  
Why wouldn't you? How could you let it  
get this far?

EVA  
I don't know, honey.

ANDY  
We could have helped you earlier. All you  
had to do was ask me. Ask *us*.

EVA  
I know that now. I'm sorry. I really am.  
You don't know how sorry I am.

Andy and Eva meet in an embrace. Eva BREATHES DEEP.

ANDY  
It's Ok. I'm going to fix it.

**EXT. COLLEGE STADIUM PARKING LOT - DAY**

Andy waits nearby on a student bench. He has his phone  
out with the electronic device attached to the base.

Darrel's Cadillac pulls up. Andy sees him and opens his  
app. It reads: "SEARCHING FOR NEARBY SIGNALS". Andy jumps  
up and quickly approaches the car.

Darrel gets out and grabs his gym bag. He pulls out his  
keys, and LOCKS his car with his FOB.

Andy checks his phone: "SIGNAL FOUND - CLONING".

Andy puts his phone into his pocket and walks toward  
Darrel, trying to head him off before he enters the gym.  
Darrel sees Andy coming his way and quickens his pace.

ANDY  
Darrel, just give me a minute.

DARREL  
I told you we ain't doing this. It's game  
day, I can't deal with your bitch ass.

ANDY  
It's not even about that right now.

Andy checks his phone, it still reads: "CLONING". He  
hurries to stay in step with Darrel.

DARREL  
Not listening little boy.

Andy tilts his head to the side, changes tactics.

ANDY  
Ackerman and Turner.

Darrel stops.

DARREL  
What did you say?

ANDY  
The law offices of Ackerman and Turner. I asked myself, what is Darrel doing spending so much time and so much money at one of the top law offices in Detroit?

Darrel turns around and sizes Andy up.

ANDY (CONT'D)  
And that's how I learned about your dad, Mister Julius Washington. Such a shame when we can't even trust our city councilmen not to steal from us.

Darrel gets up in Andy's face.

DARREL  
You keep my father's name out of your mouth, you hear me? Dad's innocent and I'm going to prove it you little shit.

ANDY  
Would you really consider any of us "innocent" though?

Darrel grabs Andy by the collar.

DARREL  
You're pushing your luck, little boy.

ANDY  
Take it from me, Darrel. Parents don't always know what's best for us.

There's a brief moment where Andy doesn't know if Darrel is about to beat the shit out of him or not.

Then, Andy's phone VIBRATES in his pocket and he suddenly ducks out of Darrel's grip. Andy turns and quickly walks away. Darrel doesn't understand what just happened.

DARREL  
Hey man, what the fuck!

Andy calls over his shoulder.

ANDY  
Think about it!

Andy takes out his phone. It reads: "CLONING COMPLETE".

Andy shakes his head, annoyed at the slow device.

ANDY (CONT'D)  
Beta's always a bitch.

**INT. PUBLIC LIBRARY - NIGHT**

Andy sits at a computer stall at a public library.

He has a TOR BROWSER pulled up on the PC computer.

He reads from a CHAT WINDOW and decrypts a new message from "DTR-AUTO869."

"The finder's fee is 100 Bitcoin. Do you wish to proceed?"

Andy performs a Bitcoin to Dollar conversion on-screen.

100 Bitcoin = \$48,632.64

ANDY  
Damn...

Andy types a response: "Agreed"

DTR-AUTO869: "15 Great Lakes Ave. Zug Island. Container Number 325. Between 9:30 and 10:00PM. Late or early deliveries or uninvited guests will terminate this arrangement and our terms shall be void ab initio."

Andy rocks back and forth in his chair, nervous.

ANDY (CONT'D)  
(to himself)  
Void ab initio? Intense.

**INT. BASKETBALL STADIUM - COURT - NIGHT**

The basketball gym is packed with CHEERLEADERS, FANS, PLAYERS, and COACHES, everyone is jacked up for the game. Both TEAMS warm up and shoot around on the court.

Darrel is practicing his three pointers. He sinks three.

Franklin claps enthusiastically for Darrel's shots.

FRANKLIN

Ata way dog! No one stopping us tonight.

Franklin and Darrel bump elbows with respect.

DARREL

We got this on lock.

Darrel's confidence turns to uncertainty as he lines up another practice shot from the three point line.

He shoots, the basketball glides off of his finger tips and into the air, floating with all the hope in the room.

The BALL hits the backboard and MISSES.

Darrel's face betrays his torn conscience as he comes to terms with throwing the basketball game ahead of him.

Darrel looks up into the stands and sees Wallace and Donald Ramsey (the goons from the club) take their seats.

**EXT. BUS STOP - NIGHT**

Andy and Jessica sit at a bus stop next to a run down GAS STATION. They're the only ones around and the night is quiet aside from the gas station's buzzing fluorescent lights. Andy hands Jessica a CREDIT CARD.

ANDY

All I need you to do is take my card and go buy yourself dinner on the South Side, anywhere you want.

JESSICA

Are you still not going to tell me what this is all about?

ANDY

Trust me, it's better you don't know.

Jessica rolls her eyes.

JESSICA

Fine -- assuming this bus ever shows up.

**EXT. BASKETBALL STADIUM BUS STOP - NIGHT**

A BUS pulls up and Andy is the first one off it. He sprints towards the parking lot, checking his phone.

ANDY  
 (to himself)  
 I'm so freaking late.

**EXT. PLAYERS PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS**

Andy jogs towards the "Players Only" parking area, when he abruptly stops cold and quickly ducks around a corner.

Sitting directly across from Darrel's Cadillac XTS is an idling POLICE CAR. Two OFFICERS sit in the front seat, playing on their phones.

ANDY  
 (to himself)  
 You gotta be *kidding* me.

Andy looks around, his mind racing.

ANDY (CONT'D)  
 Shit, shit, shit.

**INT. BASKETBALL STADIUM - LATER**

The GAME CLOCK has only 2 minutes to go in the last half. It's "71 to 73" with Tech winning by a small margin.

**INT. BASKETBALL STADIUM - COURT - CONTINUOUS**

Darrel's TEAM is huddled together as COACH WINSTON (63) talks strategy with them. Darrel can't hear his words. All he can hear is the HUM of the CROWD.

Darrel SCANS THE STANDS as Winston talks. He makes eye contact with Ramsey and Wallace.

Ramsey whispers something to Wallace and they both laugh. The tension is building to a boiling point for Darrel.

COACH WINSTON  
 Washington! Did you hear what I just said? Formation B. Got it? Look alive!

DARREL  
 I got it, Coach.

FRANKLIN  
 Focus, homie. Come on now. Bring it in.

The whole team puts their hands in the middle.

DARREL  
One, two, three...

EVERYONE  
WIN!

The GAME BUZZER CHIMES and the teams line up for an inbound pass from Darrel.

The Referee hands Darrel the ball and he SLAPS it with his palm signalling the beginning of a play.

The PLAYERS scramble to get open.

Darrel throws the ball away to an OPPOSING PLAYER (20), he takes a few dribble and easily drains a lay-up.

RAMSEY - pumps his fist, ecstatic with that outcome.

COACH WINSTON - throws his hands up in the air, furious that Darrel lost them their tight lead.

COACH WINSTON  
Washington! Get your head out of your  
ass! Dig deep and show me something now!

Franklin shoots Darrel a glance from across court, a glance that clearly says, "stop fucking this up."

**EXT. COLLEGE STADIUM PARKING LOT - NIGHT**

Andy is illuminated by the glow of his phone as he frantically searches Google Maps. He finds the address of a nearby house: "6938 Robin Willow Drive".

He then opens an "Identity Blocking" app, allowing him to place an anonymous call, and dials three numbers: 9 1 1.

ANDY  
(into phone)  
Hello, I'd like to report a robbery in progress. I'm right across from Worley Stadium at 6938 Robin Willow Drive...  
Thank you very much.

Andy hangs up and then goes to watch the officers sitting in the police car. A moment passes before they get the call and the police car pulls away.

Andy puts on LEATHER GLOVES and a throws a PLASTIC HAIR NET under a BASEBALL CAP.

He checks to make sure the coast is clear and then jogs through the parking lot towards Darrel's Cadillac.

Andy CHIRPS the door unlocked with his phone, and the engine ROARS to life.

Andy gets into the car casually and closes the door.

**INT. BASKETBALL STADIUM - COURT - NIGHT**

There's only 00:11 seconds on the game clock and Tech is losing by just one point. Franklin pulls Darrel off to the side after they break from their final time out.

FRANKLIN

This is it right here man. This is our season. Maybe our last one together. You need to focus, homie.

DARREL

I know.

FRANKLIN

Put this goddamn ball in the basket and let's get to the tournament. Come on, man. We need you here.

DARREL

Just get me the ball.

Franklin looks concerned.

FRANKLIN

You alright?

DARREL

I'm fine. I got this.

FRANKLIN

Aight man. Here we go!

The TEAM breaks from the huddle and returns to the court.

The REFEREE (43) hands Franklin the ball to throw in.

It's a tough full court press, and Franklin taps the ball softly, breaking the team into a play.

Darrel gets open and Franklin passes it in to him.

Darrel takes off down the court.

He expertly dodges a Player on the opposing defense.

The game clock winds down to 00:05 seconds.

THE CROWD IS ON THEIR FEET, GOING WILD

RAMSEY - stands up with a smug look on his face.

DARREL - dodges an OPPOSING PLAYER, pivots, and lines up for a three-point shot in the same place he was shooting from in the practice earlier.

He lets the ball fly. The basketball glides effortlessly off of his fingertips and FLOATS towards the rim.

FANS watch breathlessly as the ball floats in the air.

THE BASKETBALL SWISHES INTO THE NET. The CROWD GOES WILD.

FRANKLIN - jumps up and pumps his fist.

TEAM MATES - leap in the air with excitement.

DARREL - takes in the moment before his face changes from satisfied to horrified. He turns immediately and sees:

RAMSEY & WALLACE - the only two people not celebrating in the entire stadium. Their arms crossed. Heads shaking.

RAMSEY - takes his cell phone out and dials quickly.

WALLACE - just stares at Darrel in a threatening manner.

THE TEAM mobs Darrel and diverts his attention away.

DARREL fights his way out from the center of his celebrating team, but by the time he gets a clear line of sight to his adversaries in the stands:

RAMSEY & WALLACE - walk up the aisle out of the stadium.

DARREL - immediately breaks away from his Team Mates and sprints towards the locker room to try and get out ahead of them. He's screwed himself bad this time.

COACH WINSTON & FRANKLIN - look at each other confused.

COACH WINSTON

Where the hell is he running off to?

**EXT. DETROIT STREETS - NIGHT**

Darrel's Cadillac drives swiftly down an industrial shipping section of Detroit.

**INT. DARREL'S CADILLAC - NIGHT (TRAVELLING)**

Andy is driving as quickly as he can without breaking the speed limit. He checks the clock, it's 9:46.

ANDY

Come on goddamnit.

Andy presses his foot to the GAS and the car accelerates faster and faster in this abandoned part of Detroit.

**EXT. BASKETBALL STADIUM - NIGHT**

Darrel runs out of the side entrance of the stadium and sprints towards the space where he parked his car.

He slows down when he sees that his CAR IS GONE.

DARREL

Oh hell no -- *hell* no!

Darrel continues running towards the space in denial, as if something might change the closer he gets.

Darrel takes out his cell phone and opens a LOW-JACK GPS TRACKING APP. The location of his car PINGS on a MAP.

DARREL (CONT'D)

Found you motherfucker...

Darrel opens up his UBER APP and hails an UBER.

**INT. BLACK LINCOLN TOWN CAR - PARKING LOT - SAME**

Wallace sits behind the wheel while Ramsey sits in the passenger watching Darrel as he gets into an UBER CAR.

DONALD RAMSEY

What's the move here?

WALLACE

We just keep an eye on him for now.  
Mister Sinclair is considering his fate.

Wallace follows behind at a safe distance from the uber.

**EXT. DETROIT RIVER SHIPPING YARD - NIGHT**

Darrel's Cadillac ROARS past a never ending row of shipping containers in a storage yard by the river.

Suddenly the Cadillac SCREECHES to a stop and reverses.

**INT. DARRYL'S CADILLAC - CONTINUOUS**

Andy reverses the car until he comes to a shipping container matching the numbers of the one he wrote down.

ANDY

Please, please, please...

Andy looks at the clock. It reads 9:59.

**EXT. DETROIT RIVER SHIPPING YARD - CONTINUOUS**

Andy gets out of the car and walks up to the container.

He enters a numerical combination into the pad lock at the container's base and the container UNLOCKS.

ANDY

Thank god.

Andy takes the lock off and lifts the container's gate, revealing an empty compartment, perfect for the car.

**INT. UBER CAR - NIGHT (TRAVELLING)**

Darrel rides in the back of the Uber car with a HIPSTER UBER DRIVER (20's) wearing a beanie and a moustache.

HIPSTER UBER DRIVER

So we're just working on that album, trying to drop that sometime before Easter. It's dub-calyпсо trap. Driving this thing is just a side-hustle of mine.

DARREL

Great, dude. Take a left down that row of containers there for me, and hurry up.

DARREL'S PHONE (with the LOW-JACK SYSTEM guiding him) is getting closer and closer to the blipping dot of his car.

HIPSTER UBER DRIVER

Where are we anyway, my brosefarian?

DARREL

Just drive, man.

**EXT. DETROIT RIVER SHIPPING YARD - NIGHT**

Andy backs Darrel's Cadillac up into the container.

HEADLIGHTS from the UBER light up the front of the car just as it disappears into the darkness inside.

**INT. UBER CAR - CONTINUOUS**

Darrel sees his car backing into the container.

DARREL

Right there, right there. That's good.

Darrel hops out of the car as it is still moving.

HIPSTER UBER DRIVER

Hey man! Take it easy!

DARREL

Get the hell out of here. I'll give you five stars.

HIPSTER UBER DRIVER

Right on. All you had to say...

Hipster Uber Driver puts the car in reverse and backs out of the long corridor of containers as Darrel runs fast.

Andy exits out of the container and Darrel dives out of the way to avoid being seen.

**CONTAINER ALLEY - CONTINUOUS**

Darrel takes a SMALL PISTOL out of his gym bag and pulls the trigger, it's nothing but a FAKE GUN LIGHTER.

He shakes his head, it's all he's got. Darrel creeps towards Andy as he bends over to lock the padlock.

Andy is so focussed, he doesn't hear Darrel behind him.

Darrel places his fake gun against the back of Andy's head and turns on his best tough-guy persona.

DARREL

You picked the wrong mothafucka to steal from today, little boy.

Andy puts his hands up in the air out of instinct and turns around, surprised to find Darrel standing over him.

ANDY

Darrel?

Darrel grabs Andy's chin and pulls open his mouth.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Wait, nuh...

Darrel shoves the gun directly into Andy's mouth.

**INT. BLACK LINCOLN TOWN CAR - CONTINUOUS**

Wallace and Donald are about a hundred yards away from the two boys with their lights off, watching the scene unfold with some sick delight. Wallace is on his phone.

WALLACE

(into phone)

Sir, things just got really interesting over here. We've found Washington, but there's another kid, looks like he might have been trying to steal his car.

Wallace listens as Sinclair gives him instructions.

WALLACE (CONT'D)

Uh huh. Yes sir. It is a hell of a thing to get gunned down by a car thief.

The last line really catches Donald's attention. Wallace hangs up the phone.

DONALD RAMSEY

What? Wait, who's gunning who down?

WALLACE

Buckle your seat bet.

DONALD RAMSEY

Are you serious? Hold on here just a second. Let's think about th-

Wallace takes out a PISTOL and CHAMBERS a round.

This shuts Donald up fast and he does as he's told.

Wallace SLAMS on the GAS before Donald can fully put his seat belt on. Wallace tightens his grip on the steering wheel as he PUNCHES the gas down faster and faster.

DONALD RAMSEY (CONT'D)

What are they doing? Watch out!

Donald braces for impact as we:

**CATCH UP TO THE TEASER OPENING:**

**INT. DARRYL'S CADILLAC - NIGHT (SPINNING)**

SLOW MOTION - Andy's VOMIT travels through the air heading for Darrel's face as GLASS SHARDS are SUSPENDED in the air perilously close to Andy's eyes.

Andy and Darrel hold on for dear life as DARREL TRIES TO STRAIGHTEN THE CAR OUT from the devastating hit.

**EXT. SHIP YARD EXIT - CONTINUOUS**

Darrel's Cadillac finally spins into control and he SPEEDS UP, pulling away from the Lincoln Town Car.

**INT. DARRYL'S CADILLAC - NIGHT (TRAVELLING)**

Darrel looks over at Andy angrily.

DARREL

Are you out of your *goddamn* mind!

Andy is focussed on his phone screen.

His app reads: "CLONE COMPLETE".

ANDY

(quietly to himself)  
I got it.

DARREL

What did you say?

A volley of BULLETS RIP into Darrel's Cadillac.

DARREL (CONT'D)

SHIT! You got what!?

ANDY

Hard right at the light, drift into it!

DARREL

*Drift* into it? What do I look like?

ANDY

Don't hit the brakes 'till we're close.

Andy scrolls through the Lincoln's CONTROLS on his phone.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Five -- four -- three -- two -- and one,  
HIT IT!

Tires screech and the Cadillac takes a tight right turn into what looks like an empty intersection.

**INT. LINCOLN TOWN CAR - CONTINUOUS**

Wallace prepares to follow the Cadillac's tight right.

WALLACE

Hold onto your shit!

Wallace starts to whip the car to the right when:

THE ENGINE SHUTS DOWN - Donald and Wallace freeze.

DONALD RAMSEY

What just happened!

**EXT. BUSY DETROIT INTERSECTION - CONTINUOUS**

The Town Car, glides through the intersection when:

BOOM! A DUMP TRUCK - SMASHES into it, T-BONING Wallace and Ramsey head on and sending the Town Car TUMBLING.

The Town Car finally it comes to a stop.

It's completely destroyed. Debris is everywhere.

Wallace was killed by the impact.

Donald Ramsey's FINGER twitches. Is he still breathing?

**INT. DARREL'S CADILLAC - CONTINUOUS**

Andy looks at the horrific scene behind him with a dumbfounded, almost emotionless look on his face.

He turns back around in his seat and looks at Darrel.

Both are trying to stifle levels of fear and disbelief.

DARREL

They still behind us?

ANDY

No. They're gone.

Those words linger in the air like stale bread.

ANDY (CONT'D)  
Who was that back there?

Darrel shakes his head and tries to center himself.

DARREL  
You picked the wrong day, Andy.

**EXT. DETROIT STREETS - CONTINUOUS**

Darrel's Cadillac drives toward a seemingly never-ending row of red lights towards the Detroit Skyline.

**EXT. BUSY DETROIT INTERSECTION - NIGHT**

POLICE and FIREMEN have the site of the crash roped-off

MILLA GUSACHENKO SNAPS PHOTOGRAPHS of Wallace's CAR.

She looks up at a TRAFFIC CAMERA nearby. Milla SNAPS a photo of the traffic camera

She looks at her monitor to make sure it was in focus.

Milla looks up from the monitor right at us.

A smile begins to form at the corners of her mouth.

A smile that says, "I've got you..."

**END PILOT**