

STEALING PHILADELPHIA

"Pilot / Dead Ringer for Jimmy Carter"

written by

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COLD OPEN

INT. POLICE STATION - HOLDING CELL - NIGHT

A holding cell in a police department. There are five men inside. Two of which, TREVOR and KEVIN, are seated together.

Trevor is a 19-year-old black boy from a rough part of North Philadelphia. KEVIN is a white 25-year-old, raised in the prissy Main Line suburbs and living in an expensive Philly apartment.

As the men in the holding cell kill time, a NARRATOR speaks.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Kevin is the only white man in the holding cell, but he hasn't registered that yet. He is, by coincidence, colorblind, but that's not why. He's just self-absorbed. So self-absorbed is he that he'll be mildly surprised to learn that the names of the other people in this holding cell are not also Kevin. You'd think a man this selfish and ignorant would be unpopular, but he's actually very well liked. He has a sort of magical charisma. I say magical because it can in no way be accounted for in a review of his words and deeds. In fact, almost everyone manages to treat Kevin even better than people of his particular combination of race, gender, sexuality and income are already treated. What's fun for me is that Trevor, the 19-year-old boy sitting next to Kevin, is not one of those 'almost everyone.'

CARL, 60s, the police captain and a gentle man with harsh, conservative views, passes by the holding cell. Kevin springs up, as if he had been expecting Carl to pass.

KEVIN

Hey, excuse me.

CARL

Yes, son?

KEVIN  
Hi. Just curious. Did my dad stop  
by yet?

CARL  
I don't think so.

KEVIN  
Hm. That's weird. This isn't a  
piano recital. Kidding, but would  
you look out for him?

CARL  
(starting to leave)  
Sure thing.

KEVIN  
(calling him back)  
Do you know who to look out for?

CARL  
(leaving)  
I'll ask around.

KEVIN  
He goes by Kevin Weaver.

Carl stops and walks back to the cell.

CARL  
I'm sorry?

KEVIN  
Hi.  
(introducing)  
I'm Kevin Weaver... *Junior*.

Carl starts unlocking the cell. The others inside it,  
including Trevor, look on in angry disbelief.

CARL  
Come with me a minute. Let's talk  
about your situation.

Carl lets Kevin out, and the two start walking away.

TREVOR  
(calling after angrily)  
Hey.

CARL  
Yes, son?

TREVOR  
Do you know who *my* father is?

CARL  
I'm afraid I don't...

TREVOR  
Well, if you hear anything, let me know.

The men in the cell all laugh.

OPENING TITLES

A STYLIZED, ANIMATED MUSIC VIDEO

MUSIC UP: WE DON'T CARE BY KANYE WEST

INT. BUILDING HALLWAY - DAY

We follow Kevin down the hallway of his office building. He opens the door to his company office, and we cut to--

EXT. NORTH PHILLY - DAY

We follow Trevor down a North Philly block. Trevor peeks over his shoulder, and the camera whips away from him like someone pretending not to follow. When the camera looks back ahead, Trevor is in the distance, sprinting away.

Trevor turns a corner, and we cut to--

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Kevin walks through his office's open floor plan, cradling a bunch of office supplies and swiping something from every desk he passes, until he bumps into a large security guard. He throws everything in the air and takes off into a stairwell. There's a second security guard blocking the stairs down, so he turns up instead.

INT. NORTH PHILLY - DAY

Trevor sprints away from a man chasing him. He hops a fence, then squeezes through a loose panel in another, then seamlessly slips through the closing doors of a departing bus. He plops down on a seat and unfolds a large newspaper. The headline facing out reads, "LOCAL BOY HIDES FACE."

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

Kevin sprints along the roof of his office building, items spilling out of his pockets, followed still by the security guards. He leaps from one roof to the next; the men chasing don't attempt the jump. Kevin slides down a pipe to the ground, but halfway down, the pipe breaks, and he plummets into a dumpster and lands next to a homeless man eating a piece of pizza. He steals the pizza and keeps running.

INT. BUS - DRIVING - DAY

Trevor finally starts to relax and lowers his newspaper. To his shock, the man sitting next to him is the same man who had been chasing him. The man flips out a switchblade. Trevor puts his hands up high and slyly pulls the cord to request a stop. The bus halts, and Trevor takes off onto crowded Philadelphia streets.

A white woman looking out her apartment window sees Trevor running and makes a phone call. Two cops immediately join the chase.

INT. FOREVER 21 - DAY

Kevin looks like the Michelin Man under about 1,000 layers of Forever 21 clothes. He walks faux-nonchalantly past the register and out the door. The employee, fully aware of the ongoing theft, follows him out. Kevin tries to take off out the door, and the employee grabs his neckline, stripping him down to his work outfit. The men chasing Kevin recognize him again and take off after him.

EXT. BROAD STREET - DAY

The two chases link up to form one large chase, with Kevin and Trevor running side-by-side away from a small mob. Trevor's outfit keeps changing to different work uniforms as he passes those workplaces. For example, when he disappears momentarily behind a hotdog stand, he emerges in an apron with tongs in hand.

They all run down Broad Street towards city hall as we fade to black.

ACT ONE

INT. TREVOR'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Trevor lives in a cramped rowhouse in North Philadelphia. At the moment, he's in the living room with DAE, 12, his toxic, video gamer brother, and ANGIE, 7, his still-innocent sister. Dae is gaming, while Angie lies beside Dae, drawing.

Trevor is seated by the window. He's got a book in his hand but is not focused on it. He's looking out, monitoring the nearby street corner, where three men are being shady.

DAE (O.S.)

You were camping the whole game.  
Yo, sub to my Youtube. Sub to my  
Youtube. Shut up, bro, I'll fuck  
you up.

One of the men on the corner looks in Trevor's direction. Trevor jolts his head away and fakes reading.

DAE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

No, bring that same energy. Say  
that to my face. I'll fuck you up,  
pussy, on God.

MAMA, their on-and-off-lucid grandmother, storms in. Dae immediately hushes and rips off his gaming headset.

MAMA

(at Dae)

Hey! Trevor.

DAE

I'm Dae.

MAMA

You know who you are. What did I  
just hear?

DAE

Nothin'.

MAMA

Oh, so I'm hearing voices, am I?

ANGIE

Again?

MAMA

I hope so, because I thought I just heard Dae threatening physical violence. And if that happened, I would have to beat his ass. So, Dae, did you threaten a man?

DAE

He ain't a man. He like six.

From Dae's headset comes the tinny squealing of a young boy.

BOY IN HEADSET

(barely audible)

Yes he did! Beat his ass! Beat--

Dae unplugs the headset to shut it up.

MAMA

Let's ask your brother.

(to Trevor)

James? Did Dae just threaten a man?

TREVOR

I'm Trevor.

MAMA

Then who's James?

Trevor shrugs.

MAMA (CONT'D)

Trevor. Did I just hear him threatening physical violence?

TREVOR

(showing mercy)

No, Mama. He's good.

MAMA

Good. No child of mine will be violent. Threaten violence in this house, it's your ass. Trevor, can I talk to you in the kitchen for a minute?

Mama returns to the kitchen. Trevor gets up to follow, stopping to look at Dae disappointedly.

TREVOR

You have summer reading to do.

DAE

Nah.

Trevor reaches to the coffee table, grabs a fresh-looking copy of *The Sun Also Rises*, and throws it by Dae's side. Dae's headset is half on, covering one ear.

TREVOR  
It's a great book.

DAE  
Nah. Boring.

TREVOR  
How would you know?

DAE  
I read the Sparknotes. Nothing happens.

TREVOR  
Plenty of stuff happens.

DAE  
Oh word. What happens?

TREVOR  
They... go fishing. They... Shut up, just read it. Reading is what's going to get you off this block.

DAE  
Who's leaving the block?

Dae puts his headphones the rest of the way on, ending the conversation. Angie picks up the book and looks at it.

ANGIE  
I'll read it.

TREVOR  
Good.

ANGIE  
Will you read it to me?

TREVOR  
I'd love to.

Trevor heads toward the kitchen.

DAE  
(to game, mockingly  
polite)  
Hello, gentlemen, would you mind holding this grenade for me?

The grenade explodes, getting Dae two kills.

DAE (CONT'D)  
 (mockingly polite)  
 Thank you, kind sirs.

INT. TREVOR'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Trevor enters. Mama doesn't remember having called him in.

MAMA  
 Hey, Tre. You need something?

TREVOR  
 Uh, no... Do you?

MAMA  
 Think I'm all set here. Oh,  
 actually, while I have you. Dae and  
 Angie start school in a few weeks,  
 and they both need new shoes, and--

TREVOR  
 Yes. Yeah, no problem. I can get  
 them shoes.

MAMA  
 Can you? Because today I went to  
 that new thrift store about 10  
 blocks up, and I thought it was a  
 normal thrift store, so I went up  
 to the counter with two pairs of  
 shoes, and she said, '100 dollars,'  
 and I said, '100 dollars? How on  
 Earth could it be 100 dollars? It's  
 two pairs of used kids shoes.' And  
 she said--

INT. THRIFT STORE - DAY

The CASHIER is a crunchy-granola young white woman. Mama has  
 Angie next to her.

CASHIER  
 I'm sorry, I don't set the prices.

MAMA  
 Well, that's ridiculous, and I  
 can't pay it. I am 80 years old, I  
 have occasional neurological  
 issues, and I am 80 years old.

(MORE)

MAMA (CONT'D)

I can't work anymore, but by the grace of God, I have three children to raise, and two of them need shoes for grade school. Now, where -- in my very limited government income -- am I supposed to find *100 dollars* for *used* kids shoes?

The cashier wagers a self-doubting guess.

CASHIER

Food stamps?

MAMA

Food stamps are for food, and I buy food with them. You think I get Jordan stamps?

The cashier is pretty sure no, but looks to her MANAGER, a slightly older woman of similar style, to confirm. The manager subtly shakes her head.

CASHIER

No.

MAMA

No is right. Have a good day.

Mama turns to leave with the kids.

CASHIER

Wait, wait. You know what? I hear you, and I know things aren't always fair for... everyone. I wanna buy the shoes for you.

The cashier looks very proud of herself as she swipes her credit card and slides over the shoeboxes. Mama looks at them and pauses a beat, then slides them back.

MAMA

No thank you.

Mama walks away, leaving the cashier dumbstruck. Angie follows alongside Mama.

ANGIE

(calling back)

Thank you, have a nice day.

The cashier turns to the manager.

CASHIER

Will you buy these?

The manager inspects the shoes.

MANAGER

I can do forty dollars.

INT. G.L.A. TOWER - DR. WATER'S OFFICE - DAY

Kevin is in therapy. It's a particularly fancy office in a fancy highrise in Philadelphia. The therapist, DR. WATERS, is a cold, middle-aged, elitist woman.

DR. WATERS

Let's talk about your work. How are things there?

KEVIN

All good. Great, really.

DR. WATERS

Steady growth?

KEVIN

Yep.

DR. WATERS

No demotions, income shocks...

KEVIN

Nothing like that.

DR. WATERS

Healthy, regular bonuses.

KEVIN

Oh yeah.

DR. WATERS

(making note)

That's great to hear.

They sit in silence. Kevin looks around the office, taking everything in. Dr. Waters looks proud. A set of fancy pens prominently displayed on the desk catches Kevin's eye for a split-second too long.

DR. WATERS (CONT'D)

I collect. Some are valuable on their own. Others belonged to valuable people.

KEVIN

Wow.

DR. WATERS  
So, what do you do?

KEVIN  
I'm in commercial real estate. You know Holland Group?

Dr. Waters's is impressed.

DR. WATERS  
I see. Do you own property? Personally?

KEVIN  
I do.

DR. WATERS  
Do you have savings?

KEVIN  
I do.

DR. WATERS  
How much?

Kevin nods a nod that says "a lot." Dr. Waters makes a note.

DR. WATERS (CONT'D)  
The truth is, Kevin, you sound plenty healthy to me, so I don't see why you came here.

KEVIN  
I don't know.

DR. WATERS  
You don't know?

KEVIN  
I guess not.

DR. WATERS  
(a tad suspicious)  
You're saying you came here for no reason?

KEVIN  
I guess... I sometimes feel bored? Corporate life, the beaten path. Sometimes I wanna take the Benz out onto the highway at 2am and just floor it, you know? Boredom.

DR. WATERS  
That's great to hear. What model?

KEVIN  
Excuse me?

DR. WATERS  
What Mercedes? I have an S450.

KEVIN  
Why is that great to hear?

DR. WATERS  
Oh. Boredom, anxiety, depression, these all belong to a class of "afflictions" that definitionally occur in the absence of concrete problems. No one in Africa has ever been bored of starvation. That's a real problem.

Kevin is actually happy with the logic. He perks up.

DR. WATERS (CONT'D)  
The man who had this time slot until last week -- he never had a single concrete problem to speak of. Right up until the day he died.

KEVIN  
Lucky man.

DR. WATERS  
You know what he did have?  
Catamaran.

Kevin's impressed. Loosened up now, he continues.

KEVIN  
When I was younger, I liked to steal things. I liked the thrill. What does that mean?

DR. WATERS  
It means who cares? So you stole a t-shirt, a watch, your friend's brooch that she inherited from her Polish grandmother during world w-... You're at Holland Group now. You want a brooch, you buy a brooch. Let's talk about your home life... What neighborhood do you live in?

INT. G.L.A. TOWER - ELEVATOR - DAY

Kevin rides down the elevator behind two BUSINESSMEN. He fixates on the wallet poking out one of their back pockets. The man turns slightly to speak to the other, and Kevin exaggeratedly looks away. The man eyes Kevin a second, then speaks to the other businessman.

BUSINESSMAN

Bryson switched sports, you know.  
He was doing shot put. Switched  
over to competitive bocce.

BUSINESSMAN 2

He doing well?

BUSINESSMAN

... No.

The elevator opens to the--

INT. G.L.A. TOWER - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Kevin and the businessmen head through the lobby to the exit. Seated at the front desk, working security, is Trevor, with his head buried in a book. As they pass, one of the businessmen rudely smacks the desk a couple times.

BUSINESSMAN

Look alive, kid.

Trevor jolts up, then watches the businessmen bitterly as they leave. As Kevin exits behind them, he gives a big, polite nod to Trevor. Trevor blows him off and goes back to his book.

INT. HOLLAND GROUP - ASPEN'S OFFICE - DAY

Kevin enters the beautiful office of his boss, ASPEN, a smarmy, fake-nice, high-powered man in his 40s.

ASPEN

Kevin. Thank you so much for  
joining me. How are you?

KEVIN

Doing well, how ab--

ASPEN

(barreling past)  
Great.

(MORE)

ASPEN (CONT'D)

Hey, listen, what do you know about the Philadelphia Badlands?

KEVIN

I'm gonna go out on a limb and say they're bad.

ASPEN

That is absolutely correct. Very perceptive. They are bad *right now*, but we're actually going to change that. We're beginning to target that area for redevelopment. We think we can... *illuminate* the area. Really make it... *lighter*. Lightness is good, isn't it?

KEVIN

Oh, for sure. Some people prefer darkness, but I don't see it.

ASPEN

Hahaa. There he is. Now, what do you know much about Nicetown?

KEVIN

I'm gonna guess... it's nice?

ASPEN

No, it's actually very bad. Violent-crime-rate-of-3,000 bad.

KEVIN

Wait. Every single year, each person there has a 3% chance of being the victim of violent crime?

ASPEN

Or perpetrator.

KEVIN

Jesus. How does that stack up against other neighborhoods?

ASPEN

Give me a neighborhood.

KEVIN

Rittenhouse Square.

Aspen starts typing in Google.

ASPEN  
 (typing aloud)  
 Violent crime Rittenhouse Square.  
 (reading results)  
 A man named Jeremy was mugged there  
 in April.

KEVIN  
 Jeremy Goldsmith??

ASPEN  
 Jeremy... Berman.

KEVIN  
 Thank God.

ASPEN  
 Anyway, one of our new retail  
 spaces in Nicetown is soon to be  
 the home of a new cafe. Amazing  
 stuff there -- single-origin  
 espresso, latte art... The only  
 cow's milk in the place is from  
 almond-fed cows.

KEVIN  
 Cool, I guess.

ASPEN  
 They're prepping the grand opening.  
 Your task. Just go over there --  
 while it's light out -- and check  
 in on things.

KEVIN  
 Alrighty. Will do.

ASPEN  
 (exaggerated, too much eye  
 contact)  
*Thank you.*

INT. BANK VESTIBULE - EVENING

Trevor is at an ATM in a bank vestibule in a rich area of Philadelphia. Nervously, he clicks 1-0-0, attempting to withdraw \$100. Insufficient funds.

He tries \$60 this time. Again, insufficient funds. He steps away from the ATM and just stands there for a moment, frozen by disappointment.

A fancily-dressed OLD WOMAN holding a small dog is at the ATM next to him.

OLD WOMAN

Young man. Can you turn the volume down on this thing? I swear, it beeps like hell. *Young man.*

Trevor realizes she's talking to him.

TREVOR

What?

OLD WOMAN

Can you turn this thing's volume down?

TREVOR

Not my job.

OLD WOMAN

I don't care *your job*. You work here, and--  
(referring to self and dog)  
We're customers.

Trevor realizes he's still in his security uniform and, thinking quickly, changes his tune.

TREVOR

You're right, ma'am. You know what, you can't turn down the volume, but if you'd like to step up to one of our tellers, we have them speak very politely, and they're expressly forbidden from beeping. I can close out your session securely for you.

Trevor holds the door open, and the woman enters the bank with a look of smug satisfaction about having made him so nice. Once she's at a teller, Trevor peels over to her ATM, looks both ways, quickly withdraws a wad, and exits.

He gets in line at a food truck across the street, fake studying the menu while really watching the bank window.

MOMENTS LATER

Seeing the old woman finishing up her transaction with the teller, Trevor walks briskly but calmly back to the bank, enters the vestibule, and pretends to use the machine until the woman has almost arrived in the vestibule.

When the woman reaches the vestibule, he turns around, taking on the air of an on-duty security guard.

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
You have a good evening, ma'am.

OLD WOMAN  
Yes, and you.

She stops before reaching the door.

OLD WOMAN (CONT'D)  
You know, you remind of a certain former president. You know that?

TREVOR  
(struggling to stay  
polite)  
Oh really. And which one would that be?

OLD WOMAN  
Dead ringer for Jimmy Carter.

She shuffles out, leaving Trevor surprised.

INT. CAR - DRIVING - DAY

MUSIC UP: SAILING TO PHILADELPHIA by MARK KNOPFLER

Shots of Nicetown from Kevin's car as he travels through Nicetown. Street signs, a cornerstore with a few men hanging out front of it, two men throwing old belongings into the bed of a pickup parked half on the road. Kevin looks, and clearly feels, well out of place.

He parks. The music stops as his car door opens.

END MUSIC.

He gets out of his car with a hint of nerves, which he overcompensates by aggressively pretending all is great. A man passes, and Kevin forces too much eye contact and a smile. He half does a weird tipping of the hat and bowing motion.

KEVIN  
(too polite)  
Hello there.

He walks up to the door of the coffee shop, which is, like him, out of place here. As he's unlocking the door, he notices a couple pieces of paper taped to the front window. He pulls one down and looks at it.

It reads, "DO NOT PATRONIZE." At that moment, a woman of around 50 calls out from slightly down the road.

WOMAN

Hey!

KEVIN

Hello.

She's briskly approaching him.

WOMAN

Are you the owner?

KEVIN

Sort of. My company owns the property.

WOMAN

Okay, well we need to talk. What the hell is wrong with you?

KEVIN

I'm sorry?

WOMAN

What is wrong with you?

KEVIN

Why?

WOMAN

First of all, no. We don't want this in our neighborhood. We don't want it; we don't need it. Coffeeshops with this aesthetic always come with a mission statement about being a--  
 (mocking tone)  
 safe space for every walk of life that we met at Vassar. But even if that were not the case, and this neighborhood really wanted your matcha-infused, double-breasted, mocha beta bullshit, why would we ever spend that eight fifty at a shop with such a horrible, racist name?

Kevin looks at the sign above the shop: "JUNGLE CAFE."

KEVIN

What's wrong with the na--  
 (realizing)  
 Oh, no. No no. Wait. That's not--

WOMAN

(mocking)  
 No, its-- it's-- it's not like  
 that.

KEVIN

It's really not like that.

WOMAN

Oh isn't it?

A few more passersby have begun to gather around the heating exchange.

KEVIN

Wait, listen. I didn't name this place. I just work for the leasing company, which by the way is by no means all white... on purpose. The cafe brand -- with that word in the name -- is owned by a totally separate, different, non-me group from Japan... Maybe Korea.

WOMAN

Oh, and you just sold them the space.

KEVIN

Yes.

WOMAN

Without seeing a problem with the name.

KEVIN

Exactly.

WOMAN

And all the connotations and historical usages of that word, including by Joe Biden, referring specifically to neighborhoods like this one, you overlooked out of pure, white ignorance.

KEVIN

One hundred percent.

WOMAN

You should get out of here.

Some of the passersby start chiming in.

PASSERBY 1

Get the hell out of here!

PASSERBY 2

You have a lot of nerve.

PASSERBY 3

You see us coming to your neighborhood and opening up, like, a Cracker Barrel?

PASSERBY 1

White Castle?

KEVIN

I would welcome that.

PASSERBY 3

That your car over there?

Kevin starts backing away to the car.

KEVIN

You know what, why don't I just see what we can do to get that name changed? Any name suggestions?

Kevin's Apple Watch chimes.

WOMAN

Hey, Mr. Daddy Got Me A Real Estate Job, your watch is ringing.

KEVIN

That one's a bit long. Nothing else? I'm sure we'll brainstorm something great. Bye!

Kevin slinks into his car and peels away. The crowd disperses, leaving just the first woman to confront him. She watches him leave, feeling shame for him. She looks at the cafe and sees a large sign advertising an upcoming grand opening party.

ACT TWO

INT. KEVIN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Kevin and his friend, ERIC, 29, a quick-witted coder with debilitating social anxiety who only feels comfortable around Kevin, are watching Ocean's Eleven. Kevin is half watching the movie and half watching Eric watch the movie.

Eric looks at the movie's casino-owner antagonist.

ERIC

Imagine being that guy. He would be blown away to discover he's the antagonist of this movie.

They watch a bit longer.

KEVIN

It looks fun, doesn't it?

ERIC

Gambling? Too stressful, too stupid. I'd be at the roulette wheel putting 50 cents on red and 50 cents on black while also investing in the casino.

KEVIN

I mean the heist. Imagine being one of those guys. The recon, the lying, the execution.

ERIC

Dude. It's a silly little vehicle for some sexy actors. Let's not cum on our stomachs here.

(beat)

If you looked like any of these guys, why would you turn to crime?

KEVIN

'Cause it's cool.

ERIC

I guess.

They watch a tad more.

KEVIN

You know, with your coding skills, you'd probably be a coveted member of a heist team these days.

Eric turns and stares at Kevin, who pretends not to see him staring.

ERIC  
Heist team.

KEVIN  
Hypothetically... What if that's something you and me got involved in? What if we... heisted?

Eric pauses the movie.

ERIC  
KEVIN. *YOU'RE IN REAL ESTATE INVESTMENT. HOW MUCH MORE DO YOU NEED TO STEAL?*

Silence for a while. Eric finally restarts the movie.

KEVIN  
Just do this for me. Next time you're at Wawa, and you get your stuff, don't pay. Just walk out. See if you find it thrilling.

ERIC  
When you have as much social anxiety as I do, no amount of theft is as scary as talking to a cashier.

They watch the movie for a few seconds in silence.

ERIC (CONT'D)  
You ever notice that in the female remake of this movie, the women got 77% as many thieves?

INT. TREVOR'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Dae is playing video games as Angie watches. Trevor enters with two shoeboxes.

TREVOR  
Yo. I got you guys something.

ANGIE  
Shoes!

TREVOR  
Oh yeah. Shoes.

Dae peaks away from his game for a second. Angie is already tearing into her box.

DAE  
Oh word?

Dae grabs his box and looks inside. He's impressed.

DAE (CONT'D)  
Yep.

TREVOR  
How's Mama right now?

DAE  
She's good today.

Trevor heads into the kitchen as Mama peaks out into the living room. They head back into the kitchen together.

MAMA  
You bought them shoes?

TREVOR  
I did.

MAMA  
That's great, Tre. Thank you.

TREVOR  
It's nothing.

MAMA  
How'd you afford them? Payday's not for a week.

TREVOR  
No, I actually, uh... I got a bonus.

MAMA  
You got a bonus?

TREVOR  
Yes ma'am.

Trevor takes out the stack of 20s and puts it on the kitchen table.

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
For the rainy day fund.

Mama looks at the stack, shocked.

MAMA  
How much did they give you?

TREVOR  
A good amount.

She swells with relief, but then it mostly disappears, as she realizes the money was ill-begotten.

MAMA  
You got that all from work?

TREVOR  
Yeah.

Mama grabs the money and fans it.

MAMA  
How much?

TREVOR  
2,000. Before the shoes.

MAMA  
Good.

TREVOR  
(changing subject)  
You need help with dinner?

MAMA  
Yes please. Dice the tomatoes.

Trevor grabs a cutting board and knife. Creating space on the table to work, he moves a letter, which he picks up and glances at. It's a notice that their rent is going up 5%. He puts it to the side with a shake of his head.

MAMA (CONT'D)  
Tre, you know what would happen to this family if you weren't here?

TREVOR  
The tomatoes would be whole?

MAMA  
Exactly. I don't like 'em that way.  
So be careful.

TREVOR  
Of course. When have you known me not to be care--

Looking at Mama instead of the tomatoes, he slices his own hand.

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
MOTHERFU--

MAMA  
Hey!

He sucks his finger.

TREVOR  
Don't worry. I don't carry a knife  
at work... No tomatoes either.

Mama smiles. She slides the money back to Trevor.

MAMA  
You keep this.

Trevor knows why she doesn't want it. He picks it up.

MAMA (CONT'D)  
(motioning to his bleeding  
hand)  
It's bloody.

INT. G.L.A. TOWER - DR. WATER'S OFFICE - EVENING

Dr. Waters is somewhat briskly escorting a patient out the door.

DR. WATERS  
I assure you there are plenty of  
people who care deeply about you  
and want you around.

She closes the door behind the patient. Her phone rings.

DR. WATERS (CONT'D)  
Hello?

EXT. SIDE STREET - EVENING

Kevin is wearing a black hoodie and AirPods in a fancy alleyway.

INTERCUT KEVIN/DR. WATERS

KEVIN  
Dr. Waters. It's Kevin Weaver.

Dr. Waters continues to pack up and leave.

DR. WATERS  
Hello, Kevin.

KEVIN  
Can we talk?

DR. WATERS  
Right now?

KEVIN  
Yeah, a quick session would be great.

DR. WATERS  
What happened? You didn't get fired.

KEVIN  
No, I just need to talk.

DR. WATERS  
I'm leaving right now actually.

KEVIN  
Just five minutes.

DR. WATERS  
(considering)  
You know sessions are invoiced at an hour minimum?

KEVIN  
Yeah.

DR. WATERS  
(deciding against it)  
No, I can't.  
(annoyed)  
I have my children tonight.

KEVIN  
C'mon. You see your children plenty.

DR. WATERS  
(as in, "*finally*, someone agrees")  
Thank you.

KEVIN  
Something quick?

DR. WATERS  
Schedule it for next week. Bye,  
Kevin.

Kevin peaks around the corner of the side street and sees G.L.A. Tower. After a couple seconds, Dr. Water's walks out. He watches her turn the other way, then plops down on the curb.

He navigates to Spotify and plays the album RUMORS BY FLEETWOOD MAC.

We speed through a RUMORS MONTAGE of Kevin listening to a tiny snippet of each song on the album.

Then Kevin gets up and walks out of the alley. He walks past G.L.A. Tower and glances inside at the security desk, where Trevor is seated. Kevin pauses.

After a moment, Trevor gets up and walks away from the desk. As soon as Trevor's out of sight, Kevin puts up his hood and enters. He walks straight to the stairwell.

INT. G.L.A. TOWER - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Trevor sings softly as he pees.

TREVOR  
(singing)  
You can go your own wayyy. Go your  
own way. You can call it another  
lonely day.

INT. G.L.A. TOWER - STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Kevin emerges from the stairwell, his hood low over his face, and walks to Dr. Waters's door. The lock is electronic. He taps in four digits and hears the lock undo. He nods, impressed.

KEVIN  
Smart kid.

Once inside Dr. Waters's office, Kevin pauses to let out a deep sigh of pleasure. He spreads his arms wide and walks around like a victorious gladiator.

INT. DR. WATERS'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Dr. Waters is staring at her phone, mouth ajar, as it live-streams security footage of her office, in which Kevin is doing his gladiator schtick.

KEVIN  
(in footage)  
Are you not entertained?

One of Dr. Waters's two SONS, about 8, is pestering her, but she's engrossed by her phone.

SON  
Mom. Mom. Mooomm.

In the phone video, Kevin inspects the pens and puts them in his pocket. He smells one.

BOY  
Mom? MOM.

DR. WATERS  
HONEY. Would you hold on? Mommy has a very serious situation with a wackjob from work.

She dials a number.

INT. G.L.A. TOWER - LOBBY - NIGHT

The phone at the front desk rings. Trevor answers.

TREVOR  
G.L.A. security.

INTERCUT DR. WATERS/TREVOR

DR. WATERS  
HELLOOO?! ARE YOU EVEN THERE? MY OFFICE IS BEING ROBBED.

Trevor is immediately horrified.

TREVOR  
Wait. What??

DR. WATERS  
ROOM 715. WHAT ARE YOU EVEN--

The word "doing" doesn't reach Trevor, who has already dropped the phone and is taken off toward the elevator.

INT. DR. WATERS'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Dr. Waters hangs up.

BOY

Mooooomm.

DR. WATERS

*What honey? What.*

BOY

Parker ran into the coffee table  
and fell asleep.

INT. G.L.A. TOWER - LOBBY - NIGHT

Trevor is hammering the call elevator button. It won't come. Finally, he gives up and runs to the stairwell. As he's just starting up the second flight, he hears the elevator open. He runs back to the elevator just in time to see it finish closing. He mashes the call button again and finally gets in. He mashes the door close button for what feels like ages.

TREVOR

C'MON. C'mon, c'mon, c'mon.

It starts closing. He keeps mashing, and just once his hand accidentally hits the door open button. It crawls back open.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

ARE YOU SERIOUS?

INT. DR. WATERS'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Dr. Waters is on the phone again, now doing more of a damsel in distress routine.

DR. WATERS

*There's an emergency! My office at  
G.L.A. Tower downtown is being  
robbed. It's on the seventh floor,  
suite 715. Hurry please!*

BOY

Mom.

DR. WATERS

(less frantic)

Right, and also I need an ambulance  
at 250 South Van Pelt Street. No,  
separate thing entirely.

INT. G.L.A. TOWER - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Kevin closes Dr. Waters's office door behind him and strolls to the elevator. As he's about to hit the button, the door starts opening by itself and reveals Trevor. Kevin stares in half confusion, half fear for a beat. Then he takes off toward the stairwell, Trevor hot on his heels.

INT. BARRY'S COP CAR - DRIVING - NIGHT

A cop car turns onto the block of G.L.A. Tower, driven by BARRY, 35, an intense, immature man obsessed with detectives and determined to become one. He's on the radio with DISPATCH as he scopes out the block exaggeratedly.

DISPATCH (O.S.)

The room is on the seventh floor.  
Room 715, that's seven one five.

BARRY

What do we know so far? Are there any clues established?

DISPATCH (O.S.)

... Say again.

BARRY

I say again, are there any clues established?

No response.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Come in, dispatch?

DISPATCH (O.S.)

(like this happens often)  
No clues, Barry.

He parks in front of G.L.A. Tower.

BARRY

Copy. Arriving now. Will assess any and all clues.

(noticing no other units  
around)

Am I first on scene?

DISPATCH (O.S.)

Affirmative, unit 514 arriving.

Barry doesn't leave the car. He's nervous.

BARRY  
... Is the suspect armed?

DISPATCH (O.S.)  
Unknown.

BARRY  
Copy...

INT. G.L.A. TOWER - STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Kevin is booking it down the stairs with Trevor close behind. They reach the bottom of the stairwell. Kevin turns them toward a back door. Plowing through it, he leads into a small side street.

INT. BARRY'S COP CAR - NIGHT

Barry's still slow-playing it.

BARRY  
Let's run over what we know one more time.

At that moment, Barry sees Kevin and Trevor emerge from the side street at a full tilt.

BARRY (CONT'D)  
(scared)  
AH! Two men!

Barry gets out and starts chasing them on foot.

BARRY (CONT'D)  
STOP! STOP THOSE TWO MEN!

TREVOR  
(confused, over shoulder)  
TWO?? WHAT DO YOU MEAN TWO??

BARRY  
(into radio)  
PURSUING TWO SUSPECTS ON FOOT DOWN WALNUT.

TREVOR  
ONE! ONE SUSPECT!

BARRY  
YOU HAVE THE RIGHT TO REMAIN SILENT!

A second cop car turns onto the block in front of them, pinning Kevin and Trevor with cops on both sides. Kevin gives up, putting his hands up and slowing down. Trevor reaches him and holds him by sweatshirt.

A few seconds later, both cops, neither of which having slowed down a fraction, plow into Trevor at the exact same moment, obliterating him. Kevin looks at the pile of three men squirming on the ground.

KEVIN

*Jesus Christ, guys. He's security.*  
It's me. I'm the guy.

TREVOR

Get off me!

Barry works Trevor to his feet, still holding him tightly, while the other cop leaves Trevor and begins cuffing Kevin. Trevor tries to rip his arm free, but Barry won't let go.

BARRY

No, no, not so fast, buddy. I've got some questions for you.

Finally, in a big jerk, Trevor frees himself. Losing grip, Barry's hand flies back, whacking Barry in the face.

Everyone stares at each other in shock for a beat.

INT. POLICE STATION - HOLDING CELL - NIGHT

Kevin and Trevor are where we found them in the cold open, seated alongside each other on a bench in a holding cell.

KEVIN

Well, it was fun for me. Was it fun for you?

TREVOR

Shut up.

KEVIN

A lot of fun.

TREVOR

Don't talk to me. As a matter of fact, why are you sitting next to me?

KEVIN

Good a place as any, I figured.

TREVOR  
By what measure?

INT. POLICE STATION - DETECTIVE BREAK ROOM - NIGHT

In the detective break room, police captain Carl and JENNA, 30s, a smart, sweet, black detective who Barry admires, are getting coffee.

Barry enters with about a pound of bandage holding an icepack on his eye. The skin around it is deep purple. He looks very proud of himself.

BARRY  
Hey there, Cap. Jenna. I'm fine,  
don't worry. Doesn't even hurt.

Carl hasn't gotten his coffee yet, having just grabbed a mug from the cabinet, but now that Barry's there, he beelines to the door.

CARL  
You know what, too much caffeine is  
bad for you.

BARRY  
No, good news, Cap. They disproved  
that.

CARL  
(never slowing down)  
Don't want to risk it.

Jenna watches Carl leave, clearly wishing he wouldn't.

JENNA  
Hi Barry. Do you need something?

BARRY  
Just grabbing coffee.

JENNA  
I think you guys have a coffee  
machine too?

BARRY  
Yeah, but the detective coffee is  
better. I've ascertained that.

JENNA  
Oh.

Barry reaches for the coffee pot. Since one eye is covered and his depth perception is off, he misses the handle a few times. Then he spills some while pouring.

BARRY

You saw the two guys I caught?  
They're all in the system?

JENNA

Uh... Did you put them in the  
system?

BARRY

I did, yeah. Yes ma'am. Caught 'em  
on foot. Even the bla-- the younger  
one.

Jenna's putting sugar in her coffee.

JENNA

You must've been a real ringer in  
cops and robbers at birthday  
parties.

BARRY

I didn't play that. Wasn't allowed  
to run. You know what I did play?  
*Detectives* and robbers. I would  
investigate my friends for months  
on end and then subject them to  
intense questioning about my  
findings.

JENNA

(half responding to Barry,  
half *about* Barry)

Wow.

BARRY

I got my friend Andre to come out  
as gay two years before anyone  
knew. Including Andre.

JENNA

I should go handle some paperwork.

BARRY

Oh, okay. Bye, Jenna.

He watches her leave as he sips of coffee. He misses his mouth and pours hot coffee on his nose. He licks it off his upper lip. He clearly loves the taste.

BARRY (CONT'D)  
Definitely better.

INT. POLICE STATION - HALLWAY BY HOLDING CELL - NIGHT

Carl is walking past the holding cell. Kevin calls after him.

KEVIN  
Excuse me, sir.

CARL  
Just a moment, son.

INT. POLICE STATION - POLICE BREAK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Carl enters the police break room. A few cops are lounging.

CARL  
Hey folks.

COP  
Hey Cap. What brings you over here?

CARL  
Just outta joe up there.

He pours himself a cup and leaves.

CARL (CONT'D)  
Cheers.

INT. POLICE STATION - HALLWAY BY HOLDING CELL - NIGHT

These are the lines we saw delivered in the cold open.

KEVIN  
(springing up)  
Hey, excuse me.

CARL  
Yes, son?

EXT. CURTIS'S STOOP - EVENING

Trevor and CURTIS, early 20s, Trevor's childhood friend who diverged down a more criminal path than Trevor, are hanging out on Curtis's stoop. They're passing a blunt back and forth and watching over Curtis's three-year-old daughter, LANIE.

CURTIS

I still don't understand how you got out on no bail.

TREVOR

I guess they decided they were wrong to arrest me in the first place.

Curtis doesn't buy that response and keeps questioning.

CURTIS

Did you threaten someone?

TREVOR

Are you fucking crazy?

CURTIS

Hey. Your language. In front of Lanie.

TREVOR

My language? We're smoking drugs. There's a firearm right there.

Trevor points to a gun just sitting next to Curtis on the step.

CURTIS

That gun is licensed, I'm pretty sure. And it's here to protect her.

Trevor gives up. He watches Curtis take a puff and comments on the tattoo of a street sign (SAMSON ST) on Curtis's arm.

TREVOR

Why would you pay for that?

CURTIS

To represent my street.

TREVOR

Why would you represent this street?

CURTIS

It's a part of me.

TREVOR

So? Irritable bowel syndrome is a part of you. I don't see you getting a stomach tattoo of diarrhea.

CURTIS  
It's a part of you too.

TREVOR  
No. Fibrous, regular poops for me.

CURTIS  
You hate Samson, you hate yourself.

TREVOR  
I'm not Samson. I love you guys,  
but I'm not you.

CURTIS  
You should be. You're smart. We  
could use you. Matter of fact, we  
need you. If nothing else, to  
replace Andy. That motherfucker  
could not be more fraud, with his  
private school ass. Last week, he  
said we need to stick together  
"like sliced prosciutto."

Trevor smiles.

TREVOR  
Nah. I've got a family.  
(motioning to Lanie)  
So do you. Gotta be safe.

CURTIS  
We are what's safe. You either get  
down with it... or you get *down*  
with it.

A cop car pulls onto the block. The boys quickly hide the  
blunt the only place they can think, inside the barrel of the  
gun. They act natural as the car comes toward them. It comes  
to a stop in front of them.

CURTIS (CONT'D)  
Lanie. Lanie, come here.

The cop passenger door opens, and out steps Kevin.

KEVIN  
(joking)  
Hey, thanks again. Five stars.

The COP stares down Curtis. He sees Curtis's gun and rolls  
down his window.

COP  
Is that yours?

CURTIS  
Yeah. It's licensed.

COP  
Why is it smoking?

Curtis is stunned for a second. He finds some words.

CURTIS  
Uh. We were just shooting it.

The stare-down continues.

COP  
... It better not be drugs.

CURTIS  
Of course not.

The cop pulls away, still eyeing Curtis. He's so fixated on Curtis that by the time he looks toward the road, he has to swerve to miss a parked car.

Kevin approaches the stoop. Trevor catches the way Curtis is looking Kevin up and down.

TREVOR  
It's cool. He's cool.

CURTIS  
Oh, you're not Samson. You're that.  
Cool. Lanie, come on.

Curtis and Lanie head inside. As he heads in, Curtis stares down the barrel of the gun, looking for the blunt. He smacks the barrel a few times on his hand trying to get it out.

CURTIS (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
(entering, impressed)  
This dude rolled a perfect 22-  
caliber blunt.

It's just Kevin and Trevor now.

KEVIN  
Good to see you out here, huh?  
Fresh air. Freedom. You, sir, are  
welcome.

TREVOR  
You're actually incompetent, you  
know that?

Trevor gets up and starts walking to his own place a few houses over. Kevin walks alongside.

KEVIN

What, I got us out, didn't I?

TREVOR

I find the target. I make the plan. I work the inside. I figure out the door code -- the year she got divorced, by the way, you're welcome. All your Harvard ass has to do is scope out the inside for cameras, and you miss *three of them*.

KEVIN

Dartmouth. And I did not miss the cameras. I saw them... I thought they were speakers.

(off Trevor's face of disbelief)

They were right there on the desk.

TREVOR

You're actually useless. I should work on my own.

KEVIN

I got us out of trouble! There were zero repercussions.

Trevor stops and stares at him.

TREVOR

I lost my job.

KEVIN

True, I forgot. But in general, let's remember, what you bring in smarts, I bring in connections, capital, political cover.

TREVOR

White shit.

KEVIN

Stereotypically white shit, yes.

TREVOR

By the way, be careful looking so white in this neighborhood.

KEVIN  
That's so racist.

TREVOR  
No it's not.

KEVIN  
How would you feel if I told you my  
neighbors didn't like black people  
in our building?

TREVOR  
Unsurprised.

KEVIN  
Well, we welcome them.

TREVOR  
Cool, so you've got a lot of black  
people there?

KEVIN  
We would be very open to that.

They've reached Trevor's house. The front door swings open.  
It's Mama.

MAMA  
Tre, dinner's-- Oh, hi there. Is  
this your friend, Tre?

No.

TREVOR

Yes.

KEVIN

MAMA  
(to Kevin)  
We're about to sit down. Are you  
hungry? We could split it one more  
way.

TREVOR  
He can't. If he doesn't show up at  
Sweet Green by 8, the workers get  
worried.

KEVIN  
I'd love to. What's on the menu?

MAMA  
Spaghetti with cranberry sauce.

Kevin does a bad job hiding his confusion and surprise.

MAMA (CONT'D)  
 We'll be in the kitchen. You guys  
 come in when you're ready.

She goes inside. As soon as the door closes, Kevin starts in.

KEVIN  
 Look, I want to respect all  
 cultures, but I can't eat that.

TREVOR  
 Man, shut up, that's not a black  
 thing. She has Alzheimer's.

KEVIN  
 (lying)  
 Of course, yeah, I was kidding.

Trevor starts inside.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
 Wait. Can I come inside while I  
 wait for an Uber? It's pretty dark  
 out.

TREVOR  
 Ubers don't come here after dark.

Concern washes over Kevin's face.

KEVIN  
 Maybe you could give--

Trevor shuts the door. Kevin turns around and, after a beat's  
 pause, starts power-walking down the middle of the road. We  
 zoom out as music picks up.

MUSIC UP: WE DON'T CARE BY KANYE WEST

Just when it seems like we'll fade to black, we hear a man's  
 screams getting louder. The man, dressed in a monkey costume  
 and holding the monkey head in his hand, is being chased on  
 foot by a small mob. The chase goes right past Kevin.

MONKEY MAN  
 (running)  
 I'M JUST THE MASCOT! IT WASN'T  
 MEANT LIKE THAT! THAT'S JUST THE  
 THEME OF THE CAFE!

Kevin keeps walking.

TAG

INT. TREVOR'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Dae is gaming. Trevor goes over and stands by the TV. Dae pays him no mind.

TREVOR

Listen up. When I got laid off, I got a \$2,000 severance package. A gaming PC has eight main parts. For every book you read, I'll buy you a part. If you don't want to read the books from school, you can read what I give you. Here's book number one.

Trevor throws a copy of *Down and Out in Paris and London* into Dae's lap. Dae stares wide-eyed at Trevor as he walks away and into--

INT. TREVOR'S HOUSE - KIDS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Squeezed in the small room are a set of bunkbeds and a twin. In the bottom bunk is Angie, illuminated by a reading lamp by the twin.

TREVOR

Good evening.

ANGIE

Hiii.

Trevor pulls a small chair from the corner of the room to Angie's bedside and pulls out *The Sun Also Rises*. He cracks it open.

TREVOR

You ready?

Angie nods big.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

(amping her up)

Are you?

She nods even bigger.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Me too. And here we go.

(reading)

(MORE)

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Robert Cohn was once middleweight boxing champion of Princeton. Do not think that I am very much impressed by that as a boxing title, but it meant a lot to Cohn. He cared nothing for boxing, in fact he disliked it, but he learned it painfully and thoroughly to counteract--

He's interrupted by Angie's loud SNORING. Annoyed, he continues more loudly.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

(reading more loudly)

But he LEARNED PAINFULLY and THOROUGHLY TO COUNTERACT...

Seeing Angie not stir, Trevor gives up and leaves.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

C'mon.

END OF EPISODE