

FB COUNTY EPISODE 4 (DRAFT 3)

Written by

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Based on, If Any

Address  
Phone Number

EXT. MANSION, WEALTHY NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

FRISCO and MARCELINO hide in the bushes on the tree-lined street. Marcelino peers into the house with binoculars.

MARCELINO

I see Tania, boss. They got her.

FRISCO

How many assholes?

MARCELINO

Hard to say. Maybe six or seven.

FRISCO

We got this. You ready?

He turns and we see DEREK beside him, wearing a pizza delivery hat and shirt. He holds two pizza boxes.

Derek nods.

EXT. MANSION, FRONT PORCH

Derek makes his way up the walk to the fancy portico, steps up, rings the bell on the enormous front door.

The door cracks open and GOON #1 sticks his head out.

GOON #1

Nobody here ordered pizza.

He starts to close the door.

DEREK

Wait!

Goon #1 pauses, opens the door a little wider.

Derek can see Tania tied to a chair. Several GOONS flank her. The BOSS in a fancy suit stands nearby.

DEREK (CONT'D)

You might as well take it. It's just going to get thrown away.

GOON #1

Better not have onions. The boss don't like onions.

He opens the door wide and Derek hands him the boxes.

INT. MANSION, FRONT ROOM

Goon's POV now: He lifts up a box lid, obscuring his view.

GOON #1  
Hey...these are empty.

He lowers the lid to see Frisco and crew - 6 BANGERS, MELANIE, BENNY and DEREK - rushing him. They are variously armed with bats, bike chains, etc.

They CHARGE through the foyer and surge into the front room, ATTACKING the goons, who are slow to respond.

The room ERUPTS in fighting, fists, bats, and chains flying.

As Frisco is whipping one goon's ass, he sees the Boss rush through a door into another room.

FRISCO  
(to Marcelino)  
Don't let the boss get away!

Marcelino punches out the guy he's fighting and disappears through the door after the Boss.

Within a minute, the goons are all subdued.

Frisco goes over to Tania, unties her. She rubs her wrists.

TANIA  
Oh my God, thank you. I'm so sorry  
I got you into this mess.

FRISCO  
Don't worry about it. I always take  
care of my own.

Marcelino sticks his head in from the kitchen.

MARCELINO  
Hey, Frisco, you need to see this.

KITCHEN

Frisco enters. Marcelino is holding a backpack.

FRISCO  
Did you get that fucker?

MARCELINO  
No, he got away. But look at this.

He opens the bag. It's full of FB County gear.

FRISCO  
So what? We already know they stole  
our stuff.

MARCELINO  
This is Tania's bag.

He stares at it for a second.

FRISCO  
Fuck me. After I gave her a chance.

MARCELINO  
And look at this.

He leads Frisco over to a counter. It's covered in knockoff  
FB County designs, logos and products that read LA County, BD  
County, FB LA, etc.

FRISCO  
These assholes are coming at me  
from every angle. They're not just  
stealing my shit. They're trying to  
knock it off, flood the market.

FRONT ROOM

Frisco and Marcelino re-enter. The goons are secured with  
duct tape now, lined up against the wall. A few bangers paste  
strips of tape over their mouths.

FRISCO  
Where's Tania?

Everybody looks around, but she's gone.

MELANIE  
She must have slipped out.

FRISCO  
Fuck.

BENNIE  
What's wrong?

FRISCO  
Tania fucked us. She was behind  
this the whole time.

MELANIE  
I told you not to trust that bitch.

BANGER #1  
(smacking his palm with  
his fist)  
Skank better be on her way back to  
El Salvador if she's smart.

FRISCO  
But why would she go to the trouble  
to lure us all here unless...

MARCELINO  
Unless what?

FRISCO  
Shit! Come on!

INT. VAN

Marcelino, in the driver's seat, guns the engine.

MARCELINO  
Where to? The warehouse.

FRISCO  
No. The factory.

MARCELINO  
You think-

FRISCO  
Just drive!

EXT. LOS ANGELES - NIGHT - AERIAL SHOT

A caravan of vehicles - the vatomobiles the van, etc. - race  
across the city.

EXT. FACTORY

The caravan snakes through the industrial district where it  
all started, and pulls up to the factory.

The cars stop and everybody jumps out.

Frisco goes up to the front entrance to discover that the padlock has been smashed and the door is open.

He pushes the door open and enters. Marcelino is behind him.

MARCELINO  
 (plugging his nose)  
 Jesus, what's that smell?

They file in and everybody reacts to the smell. Some cough. The bangers cover their noses and mouths in bandanas.

Frisco switches on an overhead light and they can see faint wisps of smoke emanating from piles of boxes and materials around the factory.

Frisco pulls his shirt over his mouth and nose and slowly goes over to a box. The top seems to be melted and he can see that the denim material inside is likewise dissolving.

FRISCO  
 Son a bitch.

BENNIE  
 What is it?

FRISCO  
 Acid.

Long shot shows the others inspecting boxes around the space.

MARCELINO  
 Same over here.

MELANIE  
 (coughing)  
 And here.

FRISCO  
 Let's get the fuck out of here  
 before we get poisoned to death.

EXT. FACTORY

They stand around, bandanas down. They are silent, forlorn.

FRISCO  
 They really hit us where it hurts  
 this time. Taking finished pants is  
 one thing. But I needed those  
 materials for the redesign.

Marcelino puts his hand on Frisco's shoulder.

MARCELINO

Maybe we should just pack it in,  
admit that we're beat.

Frisco gives him a fierce look.

FRISCO

Not as long as I'm breathing.

MARCELINO

They've depleted our inventory. We  
have nothing to sell. We can't  
afford to replace our materials.

FRISCO

Don't be so sure about that.

Frisco motions to Banger #1. They step apart from the others.

FRISCO (CONT'D)

Your crew still need help  
transporting that...product?

BANGER #1

Yeah, we do, Homes, but that shit  
is real risky...and not exactly  
legal. You sure you want to get  
involved in that?

FRISCO

More than ever.

End Episode 4.