

FB COUNTY EPISODE 3 DRAFT 1

Written by

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Based on, If Any

Address  
Phone Number

**EPISODE 3: FB COUNTY**

**From Episode 2:**

EXT. SWAP MEET - DAY

At the competitor's table, customers are practically fighting over the merchandise. A sign reads "2 for \$10."

FRISCO

No wonder! They're selling them for half what we are.

MARCELINO

They look exactly like ours too. We can't compete with that.

FRISCO

Yes, we can. Maybe not today, but I know what we need to do. Come on.

They start to leave when Marcelino suddenly stops.

MARCELINO

Look, Frisco! Aren't those...

A few booths down: Boxes of pants with FB COUNTY stamped on them are half-hidden underneath a table.

FRISCO

Motherfucker. Those are the missing pants from the first shipment!

MARCELINO

Let's get these cabróns.

Frisco grabs him.

FRISCO

Wait...I've got a better idea.

**Start New Material:**

EXT. SWAP MEET - DAY

As Frisco and Marcelino return to the FB County tent, they see Melanie and several other bangers clustered around.

FRISCO

Shit, looks like trouble.

They hustle over to find MELANIE and IRENE in each other's faces, getting ready to throw down. A crowd has gathered.

FRISCO (CONT'D)

Hey! Break it up!

He and Marcelino separate them.

MELANIE

Don't trust this bitch, Frisco.  
She's bad news in the neighborhood.

IRENE

Fuck you, cholla. You just jealous  
cause he gave me a job.

MELANIE

The only thing I'ma be jealous of  
is the fancy-ass coffin you get  
buried in.

FRISCO

Enough!

(addresses everybody)

Look, this business is in trouble  
and I need your help right now. We  
do this shit right, FB County is  
gonna' blow up and you'll get a  
piece. Now who's in?

IRENE

(indicating Benny and  
Derek)

We are.

MELANIE

I gotta' work with this bitch?

FRISCO

You might.

IRENE

(beat)

Fine. Whatever.

FRISCO

Alright, then here's what I need.

They all gather round.

EXT. PARKING LOT - LATER

Irene, Benny, and Derek watch from behind their van as the mystery pants thieves load up the last box of stolen pants.

BENNY

This seems kind of dangerous.

DEREK

All we have to do is follow them  
and find out where they're going.  
If they see us, we'll tear ass out.

BENNY

What if they catch us?

IRENE

You lucky you're not laying in  
pieces back by those fuckin'  
tracks, esse. Frisco is doing you a  
big favor. Don't fuck it up.

DEREK

He trusts us. Let's help him find  
whoever is behind this.

The truck pulls out of the parking lot and the kids get in their van and slowly follow.

INT. FB COUNTY WAREHOUSE - SAME TIME

Frisco, Marcelino, Melanie and a couple of the other BANGERS are back at the FB County warehouse.

MARCELINO

So, what's your big plan for  
competing with those knockoffs?

FRISCO

If there's one thing I've learned  
since I was a kid working in my  
parent's shop, then selling shit on  
my own - whether it was candy,  
comics, stereos, or body kits -  
it's that people want good value,  
but not at the expense of quality.

He pulls out a Charlie Brown, hands it to Marcelino.

FRISCO (CONT'D)

Check this out. I ordered something  
special - a heavier material...

MARCELINO

Damn, this feels like velvet.

He hands it to Melanie. Her eyebrows go up as she touches it.

FRISCO

It's superior in every way.  
Thicker, softer, finer knit, even  
the colors pop more. You vatos are  
my core customers. Would you pay  
more for this?

MALE BANGER #1

(feeling the shirt)  
Oh, hell yes.

FRISCO

(smiling)  
Of course, because you have good  
taste. Now, what else do customers  
want besides quality and value?

Nobody answers for a moment, then

MELANIE

Variety.

FRISCO

Exactly. That's where you come in.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Irene, Benny and Derek, crammed in the front seat of the van,  
follow the truck through a leafy, wealthy neighborhood.

The truck rolls to a stop in front of a big mansion. They  
stop a few houses back.

DEREK

Shit, these fools are rich.

BENNY

Why would they be fucking with a  
small fry like Frisco?

IRENE

How do you think rich people get  
rich? They steal from poor people.  
You guys wait here.

She starts to get out.

BENNY

Whoa. Frisco just told us to follow them, not to fuck with them.

IRENE

Don't be such a pussy.

EXT. STREET

She closes the van door quietly and creeps up the house. She looks through the gate and sees silhouettes of men talking in the window. She reaches down to open the latch when suddenly a gun is pressed to her head.

VOICE

You lost, little girl?

INT. VAN

Derek sees the man with the gun leading Irene inside.

DEREK

Holy shit, they got her!

INT. WAREHOUSE

Frisco and the others stand around the warehouse.

FRISCO

I'm not only increasing quality. I'm also expanding into a new sport-line. You guys know my customers better than anyone. I want your input on colors and designs.

MELANIE

I always wanted to go to design school, but I couldn't afford it.

While the bangers talk, Marcelino pulls Frisco aside.

MARCELINO

These are all great ideas, but I thought we were broke. How are you going to put this into production?

FRISCO

I'm not sure. But I do an idea...

MARCELINO

What's that?

Before he can answer, Benny and Derek burst in.

FRISCO  
What the fuck?

BENNY  
They got Irene!

FRISCO  
Who did?

DEREK  
Whoever's trying to ruin your  
business.