

FB COUNTY - EPISODE 1 (DRAFT 3 WITH NEW DIALOGUE)

Written by

Michael Green

Based on The History of FB County

Address
Phone Number

EXT. FB COUNTY WAREHOUSE - NIGHT (CIRCA 1991)

FRISCO(FB) paces his warehouse, as his employee MARCELINO waits nearby, looking nervous.

MARCELINO

Don't worry, dog. That shit will be here soon

The phone rings and FB jumps to answer it.

FRISCO

(into phone)

Yeah, this is Frisco.

(beat)

\$^%&!*...and you have no idea who took it?

(beat)

Alright, then.

Frisco hangs up the phone, looks pissed.

MARCELINO

What's up?

FRISCO

Some fools jacked the first pants shipment. Cops found the truck near the border. All the money I sank into materials and design...just when we were about to launch the new brand.

MARCELINO

There's still one more shipment coming in to the factory tonight. We'll get it safe here, bro.

FB sits down...head in his hands.

FRISCO

We better. I've been through too much shit in my life to fail now.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

EXT. L.A NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY (CIRCA 1979)

Young Frisco is walking alone through the ghetto.

FRISCO (V.O.)

For a long time, I didn't fit in -
the buster who had to work at his
parent's clothing store every day.

We see the store across the street. Before FB can cross, a
group of young bangers cut him off.

They rush and jump him. FB disappears under a pile of fists.

FRISCO (V.O.)

I had no friends. The kids in the
hood whooped my ass like clockwork.

Afterward, he lays in a cloud of dust, scratched and bruised.

FRISCO(V.O.)

But I never laid down.

He gets up, brushes himself off, heads into the store.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

FRISCO(V.O.)

And I wasn't about to start now.

Frisco exits the warehouse, goes to the truck, cuts off
Marcelino before he can get in.

FRISCO

Just chill here, Marcelino. In case
the cops call back.

MARCELINO

What about the second shipment,
bro?

FRISCO

I got this.

Marcelino steps aside, and FB climbs into the truck.

INT. TRUCK CAB - CONTINUOUS

FB starts the truck.

FRISCO (V.O.)

I didn't know who I was dealing
with. But I wasn't about to go down
without a fight.

He pulls a PISTOL from his waistband, lays it on the passenger seat

FRISCO (V.O.)
I've always been good at taking care of my own problems. I had to be, to survive.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

EXT. NEIGHORHOOD STREET - DAY

FB laying on the ground, the aftermath of another jumping.

As his assailants walk away, FB notices their clothes.

FRISCO (V.O.)
They kept coming after me until one day I had the idea to start dressing thug-style. It was easy enough. My parent's store was basically O.G. central.

INT. STORE - DAY

FB in his parent's store, trying on hood clothes, checking himself in the mirror. He is satisfied with what he sees.

EXT. STREET - DAY

FB strolls through the hood, this time in the company of two FRIENDS. They are all dressed like the banger kids.

FRISCO(V.O.)
Suddenly I had a few homies, all because of my new threads. Clothes were a path to acceptance, especially in neighborhoods where you had to constantly prove you were down. And I did feel a little harder...more like I belonged.

FB and his friends turn the corner, run into the gang. His friends bolt while the gang approaches FB. They face each other down in the street.

FRISCO (V.O.)
Not that everybody was cool with it right away.

LEAD BANGER gets in Frisco's face, gives him a hard look, then looks down.

LEAD BANGER

I'd straight jack you for those pants if they weren't extra small, pinche Smurf.

His friends laugh.

FRISCO

How about I show you some in your size?

END FLASHBACK

INT. TRUCK CAB

FB drives the truck through industrial L.A. - warehouses and steel yards, refineries, gratified freeway overpasses.

FRISCO (V.O.)

I had used the clothes to save my ass back in the day. And I could do it again.

He pulls the truck over to a phone booth, gets out.

INT. PHONE BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

FRISCO

(into phone)

Hey, dog, it's Frisco. You and your homies want first dibs on those new work pants?

(beat)

Then bring a crew and meet me at the downtown warehouse right now. And roll heavy. I need back-up.

EXT. DOWNTOWN - NIGHT

Dark, sketchy, sweatshops. A few street-lamps shine weakly.

Frisco has parked the truck a block away from the factory. He stands near it, careful to stay hidden.

He watches as a long van pulls up. Three men exit, look around surreptitiously, then enter the factory.

Frisco looks down the street, nervous.

FRISCO BEN
Come on, come on.

Suddenly, headlights appear, and two Vatomobiles (Impalas, etc.) roll up just as the thieves are exiting the factory, throwing armloads of pants in the truck.

The Cholos exit their vehicles and Frisco runs over to them.

FRISCO
Light those fools up! They're
jacking your pants!

The thieves look up, then leap in their van, take off.

FRISCO (CONT'D)
Get those cabrons!

The bangers double back to their cars, but the van disappears around a corner.

Frisco stares after them.

FRISCO (CONT'D)
Shit!

It seems that all is lost...Or is it? Find out next time!