

FB COUNTY EPISODE 5 (DRAFT 2)

Written by

Michael Green

Based on, If Any

Address
Phone Number

From the end of episode 4

EXT. FB COUNTY FACTORY, LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

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 ANGEL (Banger #1). They step aside.

FRISCO (CONT'D)

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

ANGEL

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.

ANGEL

Meet me at our place tomorrow night. Bring one of your trucks.

Start Episode 5

EXT. ANGEL'S HIDEOUT, BOYLE HEIGHTS - NIGHT

A dilapidated building near some ancient train tracks by the L.A. River. Several abandoned box cars sit on the tracks, covered in gang graffiti. A rusty bridge crosses the river nearby. The city rises in the distance.

Frisco, Marcelino, and Angel stand next to an FB County truck parked outside of the old building.

ANGEL

Ok, here's the deal. My homies are sitting on a shipment up north, but there's too much heat on them to move it. We need you to go up there, hide the shipment in your truck, and bring it back here.

FRISCO
We can do that.

MARCELINO
(to Frisco)
Are you sure you want to do this?

FRISCO
One shipment and we're out. It's
not like I'm going full Scarface
here - even though he IS my hero.

Frisco and Angel LAUGH and BUMP fists.

ANGEL
One last thing. If you get caught,
that's on you. You lead the law
back to us, you're going to have
some new problems. Understand?

FRISCO
Absolutely.

INT. TRUCK CAB - LATER

Frisco and Marcelino drive through the desert north of L.A.
Frisco notices that Marcelino still looks worried.

FRISCO
If it makes you feel any better,
this isn't the first time I've had
to...bend the rules a little to get
a business going.

MARCELINO
What do you mean?

FRISCO
By high school, the kids had moved
on from candy and comic books. I
had to expand my market.

MARCELINO
To what?

FRISCO
What was the big thing when we were
in high school?

MARCELINO
Wine coolers?

FRISCO

No, moron. Pullout stereos. But I wasn't exactly selling them at Radio Shack. I was getting them from guys in the hood. I knew where they came from. But that only lasted so long.

MARCELINO

What happened?

FRISCO

Everybody and their brother started moving jacked stereos. So next up, was body kits. Wheels, rims, lowered suspensions, all of it. Some of that was hot too. But ultimately I made it legitimate - bought everything wholesale and did the installing myself, made a shit ton of money. Even bought myself a 64 Impala, decked it out, put in the hydraulics myself. In the end, what makes a business last is something you can't steal, something you have a vision for.

MARCELINO

Like FB County.

FRISCO

Exactly. Which is why my rivals are trying to rip me off. They have no vision of their own.

MARCELINO

What happened to the Impala?

FRISCO

I sold it to fund FB County. Same as I'm gonna do when we get paid for this. I promise everything will be back on the up and up soon. Being legit is always the end goal.

MARCELINO

I think this is it.

They enter a run-down industrial area, pull up to a warehouse and cut their lights. After a moment, two MEN emerge from the warehouse. One signals twice with a flashlight.

FRISCO

You wait here. I'll load it up.

MARCELINO
You don't want me to help?

FRISCO
The less you know about what's
going on, the better.

He gets out.

EXT. TRUCK

Sirens WAIL in the distance and a ghetto bird circles not too far from them. The two men are mean-looking, covered in ink.

FRISCO
(to himself)
Doesn't seem sketchy at all.

Frisco approaches them.

FRISCO (CONT'D)
Gentlemen, I've been told I can
help with some transportation.

They nod.

INT. TRUCK - LATER

They pass a sign that reads "Los Angeles 95 miles."

MARCELINO
That was quick.

FRISCO
Like I said, no reason to worry.
(beat)
Shit. Might have spoke too soon.

MARCELINO
What is it?

FRISCO
Cops.

Police lights appear in the mirror. Frisco pulls over.

OFFICER WHITE gets out of his car and approaches the window.

FRISCO (CONT'D)
Is there a problem, officer?

OFFICER WHITE
Haven't seen you around these parts. Making sure strangers in my town ain't up to no good.

FRISCO
I own a clothing company in L.A. I was picking up a load of defective materials I need to return.

OFFICER WHITE
Yeah, I recognize the label. Gang clothing, right?

FRISCO
I sell to anybody, officer.

OFFICER WHITE
But gangbangers wear your stuff.

FRISCO
I try not to pry into my costumers' private lives.

WHITE shines his flashlight into the cab, blinding Marcelino.

OFFICER WHITE
Bullshit. You guys look like bangers yourselves. Your whole operation is probably a front.

FRISCO
Like I said, I'm a businessman.

OFFICER WHITE
Every dealer says that.

Suddenly another pair of police lights appears behind them.

OFFICER WHITE (CONT'D)
Cut your engine and wait here.

He goes back to greet the new cop.

MARCELINO
We're fucked now.

FRISCO
I don't think so.

MARCELINO
How can you be so confident?

FRISCO
You'll see.

Officer White returns with his partner, OFFICER BILLYCLUB.

OFFICER WHITE
Mind if we take a look in the back?

MARCELINO
Don't you need a warrant for that?

OFFICER BILLYCLUB
You have something to hide?

FRISCO
We'd be happy to show you what
we're hauling, Officers. But I warn
you, it's pretty toxic back there.

OFFICER WHITE
I think we'll survive. Open it up.

EXT. BEHIND TRUCK

Frisco lifts the back door and the officers shine their
lights inside, illuminating stacks of FB County boxes.

Frisco pulls one of the boxes forward.

FRISCO
You sure you don't want me to open
it? Like I said, it could be toxic.

OFFICER CHOKEHOLD
Sounds like some bullshit to me.
Stand over there and don't move.

Frisco and Marcelino step aside. The two officers open the
box and look in...

OFFICER WHITE
Holy shit!