

FB COUNTY EPISODE 8 (DRAFT 1)

Written by

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Based on, If Any

Address  
Phone Number

Episode 8

From Episode 7

INT. WAREHOUSE

Frisco slumps into a chair.

FRISCO

Damn, who knew there'd be so much  
drama in this business?

At that moment, Benny and Derek enter.

DEREK

We closed everything up.

FRISCO

Thanks. Let me help unload the rest  
of the stuff.

DEREK

There is no stuff.

FRISCO

Fuck, don't tell me somebody jacked  
our shit again!

BENNY

No, we sold it all.

A pause as Frisco takes it in.

FRISCO

But when I left, customers were  
headed for the knockoff table.

DEREK

That's until they saw that shit. It  
didn't take long to realize that  
your stuff is the real deal.

BENNY

I went over and checked it out. It  
looked OK from a distance, but dude  
it wasn't even close quality-wise.

FRISCO

You sold everything??

He hands Frisco a huge wad of cash. Frisco smiles.

DEREK

The only thing we left behind was a bunch of customers who want to know when you're gonna have more.

Frisco turns to the room.

FRISCO

Gentlemen, I think the good times may finally be here.

START EPISODE 8

Go right into a Montage

**Note to Craig and Hunter: As before, set to upbeat music.**

MONTAGE

--In the warehouse, Frisco and the gang toast their success with 40s, raising them up, then drinking deep.

--Frisco at the factory, watching trucks unload boxes of merchandise.

--The crew at the swap meet, doing brisk business. Customers happy.

--Frisco hard at work at his table, holds up an FB County Baseball cap, then a football jersey, smiles.

-- Back at the swap meet, this time selling baseball caps and jerseys. Customers wearing FB County hats.

--Frisco counting a fat stack of money.

--Frisco driving on the freeway, past an FB County billboard.

--Frisco looks up and smiles, as the camera slowly glides over a wall brimming with new products: denim jackets, baseball jerseys, corduroy pants, Charlie browns, beanies.

END MONTAGE

INT. WAREHOUSE - A FEW MONTHS LATER

The same warehouse, but the digs have improved. Frisco sits behind a big handsome desk, his feet up, on the phone.

Benny, Derek, and Irene enter.

FRISCO  
 (into phone)  
 It's tempting, but I'm sorry I  
 can't. Thank you anyway.

He hangs up.

FRISCO (CONT'D)  
 Lowrider magazine just offered to  
 feature me in the magazine.

DEREK  
 Holy shit man!

BENNY  
 Score!

FRISCO  
 I turned them down.

BENNY, DEREK, AND IRENE  
 (simultaneously)  
 What?!

IRENE  
 Why?

FRISCO  
 They want to unmask the face behind  
 FB County. And that's not me.

The three kids look at each other.

BENNY  
 Then who is?

Frisco gets up and goes to the big office window, looks out  
 over L.A. The FB County billboard is visible in the distance.

FRISCO  
 The craziest shit happened the  
 other night. I was watching Cops  
 and the fucking pigs had these poor  
 homies up against the wall. And the  
 camera went by them, sort of at  
 waist level. And you know what  
 every one of those homies had?

IRENE  
 A giant spliff?

FRISCO

A pair of my pants. And that's when I knew that FB County was more than a brand. It was a lifestyle. And it belongs to the customer.

He turns to the three of them.

FRISCO (CONT'D)

FB County is you.

BENNY

Huh?

FRISCO

(to Derek)

And you.

DEREK

You crazy, dog.

FRISCO

(to Irene)

And you.

He turns to the camera, reaches up to his sunglasses. All of L.A. is spread out behind him.

FRISCO (CONT'D)

Who is FB County?

He slowly removes his glasses.

FRISCO (CONT'D)

Everyone is FB County.

As soon as his sunglasses are off, the montage of faces superimposed over Frisco's face begins - first slowly, then faster and faster.

After a number of faces go by, the camera slowly pans up and over to the window. We see the sun setting over L.A., and the FB County billboard like a beacon on the horizon.

FADE OUT

**Tom will work with Craig to decide how exactly you want the reveal to play, what kinds of faces you want to use, etc.**