

Civil Service
(PILOT EPISODE)

by

Draft revision: 4/16/2016

EXT. CITY PARK - DAY

Staring point blank at a fleshy, needle-eyed, panting PIT BULL. Its jaws hanging open, spit dripping. Its tongue slipping up and down. Hard to tell if it's tired or angry.

SPLITS (OS)

You know why people are scared of pitbulls?

Pulling back, we see the dog is CHAINED with heavy links to a PARK BENCH.

SALOMON (OS)

'Cause they eat people's faces.

As if listening, understanding, reacting, the Pitbull's panting stops. Its face tightens. Its head tilts to the side.

SPLITS

Because people call them pitbulls.

SALOMON

... What else you gonna call it?

OPPOSITE THE PITBULL

sits DEBBIE SPLITS(35). Attractive with a Chicana and Irish blend, her face high cheek-boned and intelligent with darling green eyes that carry with them the weight of single-motherhood and a past riddled with substance abuse.

Next to her sits SALOMON(39), sturdy, bald, West Indian black. He's an ex-Raymond Crip with scars to show, and he's paid for it with prison time. He's gangster, but clean and pressed-- a man trying to move away from those old demons. But you can still see it in his body movements and eyes.

Both of them chomp through hearty STEAK BURRITOS.

SPLITS

(mouthful)

I'm sorry? What else are you gonna call an American Staffordshire Terrier?

SALOMON

Wow. That takes way too long to say.

SPLITS

It's a state law now that you get fined if he's not muzzled or chained up when he's out in public.

SALOMON

Good. Only thing those dogs do is bite. Born'n'bred fuck-you-up machines, built to kill. That'd be it.

SPLITS

Cause people breed them to fight. Generation after engineered generation of these dogs produce poor bags of teeth and meat like this little guy right here, through no fault of his own.

Sal finishes his burrito and stands, tossing the wrapper in the trash.

SALOMON

... Dare you to stand next to it.

Splits accepts the challenge. She rises, approaching the dog. No fear. Kindness in her eyes. She moves face to face with it.

SALOMON (cont'd)

Fucker'd glut the jaws of death with ya blood if it wanted. What's left of you'd look like cherry applesauce.

Splits pets the dog, scratching under its chin, behind its ears.

SPLITS

Mmm. That sounds delicious.

SALOMON

I've seen it happen.

SPLITS

No you haven't.

SALOMON

The hell I-- you know what?

Splits lifts the chain, examining it.

SPLITS

You know what? I'm stealing this purdy mutt if he's still here when we're done.

Salomon walks away, shaking his head.

SALOMON
 (sarcastic)
 Right. That's well thought out...
 For now, let's get this finished.

SPLITS
 Prob'ly not gonna be home anyway.

SALOMON
 Not gonna stop me from knockin'.

Reluctantly, Splits finally follows Sal.

The dog pulls tight on its chain, wanting to follow her, compelling Splits to stop.

SALOMON (cont'd)
 (walking away)
 ... You don't gotta save the dog,
 Splitty.

Splits looks down at the dog. Conviction in her eyes. We stay on her for a beat. Then:

CUT TO:

BLACK.

Then loud KNOCKING. A beat. More KNOCKING-- LOUDER.

TITLE CARD: **CIVIL SERVICE**

Over the Titles:

SALOMON (O.S.)
 Gerry! It's us. Open up.

CUT TO:

INT. GERRY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Knocking on a door in a dimly lit hallway is Salomon with Splits to his left.

A moment passes. No response. They KNOCK again.

SALOMON
 Gerry! Let's go, man!

Now Splits KNOCKS. We hear something RUB against the door from the inside.

SPLITS
Gerry, is that you?

SALOMON
Gerry, you gotta answer, or we
gonna have to use the skeleton key.

We hear a COUGH right next to the door.

SPLITS
(whispering to Sal)
His chair's pinned up against the
door again.

SALOMON
What set him off?

SPLITS
(shrugs)
... It's Gerry.

SALOMON
(to door)
Gerry, we need to know if you're
safe--

From behind the door we hear:

GERRY (O.S.)
(behind door)
No! You think I'm messin' around?
I'm not messin' around with you
guys!

Splits and Sal exchanged confused looks.

SALOMON
Watcha talkin' 'bout, Gerry? How
did we mess with you?

GERRY (O.S.)
Kick it!

A beat.

SPLITS
Gerry, what the hell does that
mean?

GERRY (O.S.)
... Kick it!

Splits and Salomon look at each other nonplussed until:

We hear the door LATCH, then CLICK-- unlock. It opens slightly. Just under the chain link, Gerry's mean-looking EYE peers out into the hall.

GERRY (O.S.) (cont'd)
 I've been getting all these people
 I don't know knocking on my door.
 If I need to kick it, Les told me
 that I could kick it. I spoke to
 Les... on the phone!

Splits and Salomon exchange curious looks.

SPLITS
 (to door)
 We don't know anything about that,
 Ger. Can we talk inside--

GERRY (O.S.)
 People are comin' over, asking me
 questions about my money, trying to
 sell me Oxy-- I'm not doin' Oxy!

Another round of curious looks between Splits and Salomon.

SALOMON
 Gerry, you been drinking today?

A beat. Silence.

SALOMON (cont'd)
 You missed therapy last week. You
 taking your meds?

GERRY
 No. I'm not taking the Seroquel
 because if I want a beer, the
 Seroquel won't work. So, I'm not
 takin'em anymore.

The door is slammed shut. We hear the CLICKING of engaging locks.

SALOMON
 We can talk about that, but for
 now, you gotta get that rent paid.
 If you have a check, we need it.

GERRY (O.S.)
 They sent it, but they're still
 spelling my name wrong. You lied to
 me. You said you'd take care a
 that!

SALOMON
Let us in. We'll take a look at it.

GERRY (O.S.)
Kick it!

A beat. Silence.

GERRY (O.S.) (cont'd)
Don't touch the door. I gotta gun!

SALOMON
Gerry, you don't have a gun.

SPLITS
Gun jokes aren't funny, Ger!

GERRY (O.S.)
Yes they are!

An idea flashes in Splits' head.

SPLITS
OK. You're right. Sometimes they
are.
(quietly, to Sal)
Let's see those big black boots.
(winks at Sal)
... Gerry, what time is it?

GERRY (O.S.)
It's after eleven. Idiot!

SPLITS
I can't hear you, darlin'. There's
a big door in the way.

Locks CLICK, and the door is slowly opened, but before the
chain link can fully extend:

Sal KICKS the door hard.

INT. GERRY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The chain link SNAPS off as the door SWINGS opened hard,
knocking GERRY(60s) to the ground.

Salomon and Splits enter the apartment. Gerry is frozen with
fear.

SALOMON
 (to Gerry)
 Not as al dente as you thought you
 was, cuzz.

Gerry won't budge apart from some shaking. He's curled up into a little ball on the ground. We can see he's a man whose face and body have been withered away by drugs and hard drinking

SALOMON (cont'd)
 (to Splits)
 Get his scrips in the bathroom.

Splits disappears around a corner.

Salomon gets a whiff of Gerry's alcohol breath.

SALOMON (cont'd)
 (to Gerry)
 You reek, man! Goddamn!

Salomon holds Gerry in place, checking his eyes for dilation.

SALOMON (cont'd)
 We're getting your meds right now.
 You're gonna take them.

Splits appears again. Something in her hands.

SPLITS
 Sal.

As Sal looks up, TWO PILL BOTTLES are thrown at him, one after the other. He catches both. His face wrinkles after smelling something fierce.

Splits scans through the apartment. She fingers through papers on the kitchen table, the kitchen counter, etc.

Salomon presses pills against Gerry's lips. Gerry resists.

SALOMON
 C'mon, Ger! Open up!

Splits finds an ENVELOPE-- the one she needs. She takes it.

SPLITS
 Yoink.

Sal pinches Gerry's nostrils together. Soon his mouth sputters open. Sal slams the pills in his mouth, covering it with his palm. With his other hand on the back of Gerry's head, he gives his skull a few good SHAKES.

SALOMON

Swallow!

A Beat.

SALOMON (cont'd)

Did you swallow?

No response from Gerry. Splits casually reads from the letter in the envelope.

SALOMON (cont'd)

If you didn't, we're gonna do this all over again, so I hope they're in there.

Sal releases his hold.

SALOMON (cont'd)

I'm gonna get up--

SPLITS

We've got a check.

Salomon stands up slowly.

SALOMON

(looking at Gerry)

That's good news... We'll get that cashed soon.

Gerry still hasn't moved a muscle-- he's scared shitless. Splits starts to look through Gerry's kitchen cupboards.

SPLITS

Gerry, stop being a baby. You've been getting a little too brave for your britches lately and you know it. Where's the booze?

Splits pauses and looks over her shoulder to Gerry. No movement, or response of any kind.

SPLITS (cont'd)

Let's take a look here.

An old SNOOPY THERMOS catches her eye. She unscrews its bright red CAP and winces.

SPLITS (cont'd)

Yikes.

She pours all the thermos' dark brown liquid into the sink.

SPLITS (cont'd)
Ya makin' a Cuba Libre there, Ger?

SALOMON
Gerry. Sorry about the door. Will you tell us what made you barricade it? Do you know who these people harassing you are?

No response.

SALOMON (cont'd)
Not gonna talk to us?

A beat. Gerry ain't saying shit.

Splits is opening cupboards. We see loads of canned goods. The refrigerator is fairly full of food too.

SPLITS
(to Sal)
Well, he's alive, stocked up, and we got ours.
(to Gerry)
We'll come back tomorrow or the day after to follow up, and workshop how to get around confrontations like this next time. Okay? And Sal'll bring you a new latch for the door. And maybe a Dubs jersey?

SALOMON
New season. Gonna be that fire.

Gerry's not biting. He's staying tight and curled up on the floor.

SPLITS
(to Sal)
Here we go.

SALOMON
Leave him on the ground?

Splits and Salomon regard Gerry on the ground for a beat.

SPLITS
Ya... I think he likes it.

Splits and Salomon step over Gerry to leave.

SALOMON
Holler, Ger.

SPLITS

Let's go see Joe and Judy.

CUT TO:

INT. JOE AND JUDY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

A white door with an outdated Mighty Mouse CALENDAR hanging crookedly by a thumbtack. It shakes on the sound of heavy KNOCKING, from the outside.

We hear TV CHATTER from a nearby set. We start pulling out from the door to reveal a meager kitchen table. Sitting there is a RAYRAY(20s), a thug in a long black T-shirt, Dickie slacks and crisp new Nikes. He texts on his phone.

We hear three more loud BANGING KNOCKS.

A tall and lanky, JOE(30s), with a dirty ponytail, screwy eyes, and a smarmy rat's face hurries around the apartment. We follow him closely as he picks up Corona bottles and cleans up scattered wrappers and clothes from around his apartment.

JOE

If they mention shit about the phone, tell 'em they broke that too.

A TELEVISION SCREEN IMAGE of a PEOPLE'S COURT CASE in progress. We hear a female YELLING at somebody on the TV.

Two raggedy looking males, GARY and MEMPHIS(40s), sit slumped on a mangy couch, watching the program, both high as kites.

JOE (cont'd)

(to Gary and Memphis)
Turn that off and get in the bedroom.

Joe throws away some crumpled napkins. He stashes a glass straight-shooter and some cash in his pockets. Memphis and Gary don't move an inch.

MEMPHIS

Five minutes, my dude.

More KNOCKING at the door.

JOE

(to Gary and Memphis)
Bitches! I'mma get my ass kicked outta here cuzza you jeezy-sluts.

SPLITS (O.S.)
 (behind door)
 Umm, We can hear voices, so
 obviously someone is home... like
 Joe.

Joe hurries to seat himself at the kitchen table. He sets down a coffee MUG and small bottle of HAND SANITIZER. He settles into his chair like he's been there for hours. A moment later, somebody throws him a NEWSPAPER. He spreads it open on the table. He pretends to read.

JOE
 ...Door's open!

The door knob is jiggled several times.

SPLITS (O.S.)
 Apparently, it's still locked.

JOE
 Jeez...

Joe motions for someone to unlock the door.

A disheveled WOMAN with sores on her lips, JUDY(50s) wanders into frame, eyeing Joe. She unlocks the deadbolt and opens the door to reveal:

SPLITS and SALOMON. Salomon's face now shadowed by a Raiders baseball cap. Splits shapes a quick, hard smile.

Note: Sal and Splits' back a forth is quick, razor sharp. Like Cary Grant and Rosalind Russel.

SPLITS
 Hiya, everybody. I'm surprised
 you're home.
 (to Sal)
 And, I just said they prob'ly
 weren't gonna be home.

SALOMON
 Uh-huh. Thought ya'lld be gone.

SPLITS
 Someplace else.

SALOMON
 'Specially on check day.

SPLITS

Mmmm-- Good point, Sal... But notice, it can't be happy check day when the check doesn't come. Pesky, postal service, no? Always late on check day.

(gestures to RayRay)

Bet that's why Sir-cuffs-a-lot's pulled himself up a chair. Hopefully it's for Party Pizzas, but I'm starting to think... no.

JUDY

What are you talking about? C'mon in here. We've been right here waiting for you guys. But since the phone's broke, it's been tough to get a hold of anybody... not that we'd wanna get a hold of anybody.

Splits and Salomon walk in. They look around, quiet observations made. Salomon stares down RayRay, and RayRay's not backing down from the challenge.

SALOMON

(to Joe)

Broken? Thought one of your boys stole it?

Eye contact by Joe and Judy. Splits and Salomon sit at the table.

SALOMON (cont'd)

That's what you said a few days ago.

JOE

I doubt we said that.

SALOMON

You definitely said that.

JOE

What? Joke's on them if they wanna steal a broken phone.

SPLITS

Okay, let's move past the phone... and stop acting like you're reading the newspaper.

JOE

I'm reading the sp--

SPLITS

No you're not.

(simulates speed reading)

You're just movin' your head around like this...

(to Joe)

So, you gotta visit from the constable a few days ago, yes-yes? Lemme see it.

A packet of papers rests beneath the newspaper. Joe flings them across the table, right in front of Splits.

JOE

Asshole just shoves it all under my door with no nothin'.

SPLITS

Hmmm, 'cause ya weren't here?

Splits reads the front cover.

Joe grabs the hand sanitizer, squeezes out a few dollops of gel onto his hand, and applies it to his neck, arms, legs-- all over himself like body soap.

JOE

... I was asleep. Ya know, you're making quite a lot of accusations over there. And, you know, Splits, you're not being particularly motivational right now.

SPLITS

Really? Have the SSI checks been coming, Joe?

JOE

Yes.

SPLITS

Yes. Are you paying your rent, Joe?

JOE

No.

SPLITS

No... Are you paying us, Joe?

JOE

No.

SPLITS

No... Understand why motivation has no place here? I'm all about harm reduction, Joe. You get a pretty long leash. You know that. But a little bugaboo in my head's telling me we're gonna need to tighten things up.

JOE

OK... First of all,
(points to Sal's cap)
the Raiders can suck down all twelve inches of my scabby fuckin' scrotum pole. Glug, glug.

SALOMON

Easy...

JOE

Secondly... This one's for all you hypocrites out there with your own skeletons trying to bark and piss on me. I--

In a flash, Salomon grabs the back of Joe's head and SLAMS it hard onto the table.

GARY

(eyes on Sal)
Oh, shit!

RayRay jumps like he might do something, but Salomon points directly at him, daring him to make a move.

SALOMON

(to RayRay)
Let it be, pahdna. Sit y'ass back down, do like a Beatle do, and let it be.

Joe is caressing his face, trying to deal with the pain.

JOE

I can't make a fuckin' point, man?

SPLITS

Shut up, Joe... What's your point about being served a notice for court?... Which you'll probably lose, and what's the point with all the people you've got moving in and out of here constantly?

JOE

What are you talkin' about? Those
guys--

SPLITS

(going for the kill)
What guys?

SALOMON

(follows her lead)
Guys?

SPLITS

More guys? Comin' over?

JOE

What? No, I got--

SPLITS

You said 'those guys'.
(to Sal)
Sal?

SALOMON

He said, 'Those guys'.

SPLITS

Hmmm...
(points to Memphis & Gary)
Other than those guys?

SALOMON

Different guys.

JOE

(getting confused)
I got--

SALOMON

(points to RayRay)
What about this guy?

SPLITS

Make it be good, Joe. Think fast.

Joe can't think of an answer. His head looks like it's about
to explode.

JOE

I got... guys comin' over so I can
help 'em with their cars. They're
bringin' their cars to me.
(gesturing to RayRay)
I'm helpin' him too.

SPLITS
Really? Are you a mechanic?

JOE
... I can be mechanical.

SPLITS
Is it making you money?

JOE
Fuck you.

Splits eyes Salomon.

Splits flips through the packet of papers in front of her.

SPLITS
Get Judy back in here so we can go
over this motion right quick.

Joe throws the hand sanitizer bottle and BANGS it off a
closed bedroom door.

JOE
Judy!

Judy carefully opens and closes the door, twisting herself
sideways to ensure that what can be seen inside is minimal.

JUDY
Why are you throwing stuff at the
door, crazy?

JOE
'Cause we're getting served, ya
bonehead.

Judy slides over a chair next to Joe and slumps into it.
Meanwhile, Splits pulls out a few packets of paper.

SPLITS
Both ears, Judy.

Memphis and Gary continue watching TV. RayRay sucks his
teeth.

Splits slips on a pair of reading glasses.

SPLITS (cont'd)
Cool. Ok, it says--
(reading)
'Notice to Quit, blah, blah, bl--
you are hearby notified to quit the
premises which you occupy...
(MORE)

SPLITS (CONT'D)

Your tenancy's being terminated, blah, blah, for criminal activity... You have been observed engaging in illegal behav-- On May 10th, at approximately 6:55pm, you were observed letting a male guest into the building... then... an hour later you let a different male guest inside'.

(to Joe)

With nobody signing in, I'm sure...

(reading)

and when questioned about this by the building manager, you stated that you had, quote, 'One man in my bed and one man in my shower'-- oh, that's hot. Pretty hot, huh, Judy?

Judy is staring off into space when the sound of her name snaps her back to.

JUDY

What? Sorry. Now, I'm ready... Go.

SPLITS

(reading)

And that when you were told that these comments were inappropriate, you start screaming up the stairs that you, quote, 'Didn't give a fuck because you pay rent'--

(to Joe)

which isn't true--

(reading)

'and you could bring as many tricks to your room as you like', thereby freely admitting to prostitution.

JOE

Which I believe is accurate.

SALOMON

(to Joe)

You makin any money off that?

JUDY

(rolls her eyes)

Course not.

JOE

(to Judy)

Shut. Up.

SPLITS

Then a few days later, management receives complaints about loud music coming from your unit, and when a staff person asked you to turn it down, you stated that you were, 'Sick and tired of busters being jealous of my bumping system!'

Splits looks at Joe, then turns to see:

An old, beat up BOOM BOX with twin cassette tape players. Stickers, and nail polish smeared all over it.

JOE

It gets pretty loud.

A beat. Joe stares blankly at Judy, then to the ground.

SPLITS

...And that's your response. Gloom. Will you at least admit to the high amount of traffic in here?

JOE

There isn't traffic. It's just me and Judy... And sometimes these guys.

JUDY

Yeah, that's true, Splits...We're pretty good about making sure th--

Suddenly-- The front door swings open and four HAITIAN MEN and a strung out HAITIAN WOMAN, TY(30s), file through the room, nodding 'what's up' to Joe. Joe buries his head in his hands. Ty leaves a set of KEYS on the table next to Joe. Ty kisses Judy on the forehead as she walks by.

TY

(to Judy)
Wha's good, Love?

JUDY

Hey, Ty.

As if they'd done it a hundred times before, The Haitian Men and Ty make their way into another room down the hallway. Once they've all entered, they shut the door.

A beat. Salomon CLICKS a pen the whole time.

SPLITS

... I'm going to pretend I didn't see that.

Then the phone RINGS. Splits pinches the bridge of her nose-- she's pissed.

JUDY

(feigning surprise)
Hey! How 'bout that?

SALOMON

Damn.

SPLITS

(to Joe and Judy)
Damn. Is. Right... Look, I love you two... Honest. Sal does too.

(to RayRay)
You can go get hit by a garbage truck on fire... I'm okay with that.

(to Joe)
But we have much love, and that's why we case manage you fuck-ups... But I love my daughter more, and I need that extra bit we get to provide for my little princess. I'm not asking you to understand that, but I need you to understand that that's how things are.

JOE

... I don't understand.

Salomon still CLICKS his pen over and over.

SALOMON

Moving forward...

SPLITS

Joey... You use to be a homeless prick doing nothing but costing the city and federal government buckets of money, but then you got housed, and now you cost less, and that money comes in a little present called a check, and me and Sal squeeze out our bit from those. It really makes the ends meet...

(MORE)

SPLITS (CONT'D)

And so, when our little system gets threatened, we're forced to get abrasive to convince you of the importance of maintaining all this, and, unfortunately, at some point in the continuum, it is the only way.

JUDY

Ah, c'mon, Splits. It's not-- we're not trying to hurt anybody.

SPLITS

Oh ya... You guys are just like a couple modern hippies... except without, ya know, trust funds-- Look, most of us are one or two paychecks away from being right where you're at, I s'pose, but you take everything too far.

Joe sits slack-jawed. He feels like he's been busted for something, but he's not sure what until he hears the name, 'Carl'.

SALOMON

Take Carl, for example.

SPLITS

Ah, your old roommate Carl... Had to checkout, and why was that?

JUDY

Oh, geeze, don't get him goin' on that--

JOE

We're different kinda drinkers, me and Carl. I drink, I screw the lid back on. He drinks... oceans.

SPLITS

Your claws dug into him, and now he's wilting away in a 30-day which wasn't easy to gettin into-- Goddamnit, Joe... He just showed me his two month key chain, proud as a sober monkey and you flushed him.

RayRay brushes himself off and stands up.

RAYRAY

(to Joe)

I'm outchea, Jay... I'll see you
when I see you--

Salomon stands up too-- right up into RayRay's space. They're almost bumping chests.

SALOMON

Pump ya brakes, son... You should
hear this.

RAYRAY

You don't fuck w--

Salomon SMASHES RayRay in the face with a hard right jab. Joe jumps up reactively. RayRay crumbles to the floor-- he's knocked out. Salomon stares down at him.

SALOMON

...Come again, n'ga? What's good.

A beat. Joe is nervous, yanking at his hair. Gary and Memphis on the edge of their seats, focused on Salomon.

SPLITS

(eyeing Memphis and Gary)

Joe, you tell Frick and Frack to
chill.

GARY

Who you callin' fuckin' Fick and
Fack?

SPLITS

I said Frick and Frack.

GARY

Flip and Flack.

SPLITS

Fiddlesticks.

GARY

Man, fuck you.

SPLITS

(winks)

... Almost.

JOE

Is this what peoples' tax dollars
pay for? For strong-arm, mean shit
like this in their own apartment.

SPLITS

You just got a fourteen day notice.
There's not a taxpayer on Earth
who'd let you get away with this.

Salomon bends down to haul up the RayRay's motionless mass.
He dumps him face down from the waist up on the table top.
Salomon searches through RayRay's pockets.

JOE

Fuck off, Splits, with your smug,
slick face. You act like you know
everything, but you'll be reaping
what you are sowing, and you are
sowing some serious shit, pal-- And
you can't help me. You don't help
me. You don't know anything about
me to be able to help me.

SPLITS

Oh, please.

Salomon pulls out an ID from the RayRay's wallet. He looks at
it, and seems to make a recognition. He flings the ID to
Splits who catches it in her hands. She reads the ID.

SPLITS(cont'd)

...When baby Suge Knight wakes up,
you tell him we have his license
and if he decides he wants to
retaliate, I'll make sure this
winds up with you-know-who, and
that's gonna hurt.

Splits puts the ID in her bag, she looks up at Joe, a look of
genuine disappointment.

SPLITS (cont'd)

You're killin' me. How much d'you
owe him?

A beat. Judy, clearly losing composure, shoves Joe's
shoulder.

JUDY

Open your mouth, bozo.
(to Splits)
I'm getting real tired a this...

SALOMON

Joe.

JOE

Disability, times twenty... What do you want? It either goes to you or him and you guys hook up a lotta shit, but you can't exactly blow my fuckin' mind.

SPLITS

Who got you on the list for Ciboxone treatment when you started dealin' off your methodone? Know how long you gotta wait for that?

SALOMON

The A.C.

SPLITS

Right?

(to Joe)

Who got you that A.C. unit?

Splits is looking around the apartment towards the windows. The air conditioning unit that should be placed there isn't.

SPLITS (cont'd)

Wha'ja do with it?

JOE

Yeah, I lost that.

(pointing to RayRay)

And by lost, I mean sold.

SPLITS

(shaking her head)

... You suck, Joe.

RayRay starts to stir and moan. Salomon bends down. He grabs RayRay and shows him a tattoo in Old English script on his forearm: **52 Raymond Blue Dog**.

SALOMON

See that? Tha's Five Duece Gangsta, son. Means you take a beatin' and head on home. Next time I see ya here, I take my phone and go beep-beep-beep-beep-beep-beep and you get deleted from the game for good.

RayRay barely nods, bloody nose and all.

SALOMON (cont'd)

You don't wanna bang meat with me.

Salomon stands. RayRay starts to get up too. Sal grabs him by the neck and belt.

SALOMON (cont'd)
(to Splits)
Door.

Splits opens the door and Sal leads RayRay out.

SALOMON (cont'd)
(to RayRay)
Next time you need ends, go get
your fuckin' shine box, nigga.

Sal slams the door shut leaving RayRay outside.

SPLITS
Okay, we've done our part here
today. I'm feeling pretty good
about myself. You?

JOE
All you did was yell at me.

SPLITS
We had every intention of going
over your goal sheets, but... were
we really able to do that today?

JOE
I have a life too, ya know.

SPLITS
You sure do, but because we are
inhabitants of a world with other
people in it, you have to lose
rights... You lose rights until you
display a li'l self-restraint like
the rest of us. Rights equal
responsibility.

Splits spreads her arms out wide.

SPLITS (cont'd)
Now gimme a hug... Come here, now.

Splits gives Joe a big hug. He reluctantly hugs back.

SPLITS (cont'd)
You too, Jude... C'mon.

Splits and Judy hug. Judy looks like she's about to cry.

SALOMON

Don't worry. That homeboy out there, he's been dealt with. Pay your rent-- us first, then whatever-- but us first... And you betta get on that jack when we call too. I hate the sound of phone rings.

SPLITS

(to Judy)
Okay?

Judy nods, wiping away the tears.

JUDY

Okay...

Splits looks down to Judy's arms, seeing BRUISES over them.

SPLITS

(to Judy)
...Stop banging into stuff so much.

Judy's eyes shift to Joe, then back to Splits.

SPLITS (cont'd)

(looking at Joe)
... if you can help it.

Judy nods.

SPLITS (cont'd)

(to Judy)
We'll be in touch in a few days to see if we can't round up some no-trespassing orders against your guests here.

Salomon opens the door to leave.

JOE

...I'm not gonna live in a fuckin' prison. I don't give a fuck who you love or who you wanna hug.

INT. OUTER HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Holding the door open, Salomon and Splits step outside.

SPLITS

...Bye. We love you guys.

JOE
We love us too.

The door shuts.