

MEDIUM BROWN  
(PILOT)

Written by

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EXT. SUBWAY STATION/PLATFORM - MORNING

1

Impatient passengers scrum for position as the J train comes to a screeching halt. The door opens and MEDIUM BROWN (29, curvy) falls out and over way too many bags.

She piles them on her back and rolls some, end over end, towards the staircase as people bump pass her, and bump pass her, and bump then pass her again.

MEDIUM  
(slight Southern Drawl)  
Well Damn.

ON STAIRS- Medium chases several falling bags and boxes. She gathers everything back. As Medium rounds the corner,

MEDIUM  
Damn.

She notices the broken escalator and then finds the two flights of mountainous stairs. Welcome to New York.

2

EXT. SUBWAY STATION ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

2

Medium brings up the last bag and sits on one of her trunks. She notices a bag is missing. She counts and recounts. A bag is missing.

MEDIUM  
(shouts to no one)  
That box had my momma's prize  
winning gravy I brought for my man.  
I hope ya'll enjoy it.

She pulls out her flip phone, it is dead.

MEDIUM  
Well I be damn.

She notices CRACKHEAD CARL (40's, beady hair and tattered clothes) and his girlfriend CYNTHIA (20's, the former prom queen) vanity makes her adjusts the patch over her eye as the Southern Belle approaches.

MEDIUM  
Ma'am, Sir excuse me. My name is  
Medium, its my first time in New  
York and my phone died. Do y'all  
know how to get to Halsey Street?

CYNTHIA

(surprisingly proper)

Halsey? Yes I would love to help you with that.

Medium is confused. Carl taps his "change cup", shushing Cynthia.

CARL

If you want direction please liberate your pocket change into my slush fund or agitate the gravel.

Medium bends down eye level with the scheming vagrants knocking over an eligible card board sign. Medium grabs a sharpie from the slush fund cup and doodles.

MEDIUM

Well sir, I don't feel right about advocating your crack habit with money, being that I've never done drugs in my life (then) unless you count the time I mistook my cousin Dre's stash for Oregano and used it on my Herb and Garlic Mash Potatoes (sutto) Poor Nana never quite got that leg properly attached again.

Cynthia adjusts her patch for a better view. The antsy drug addict reads and chuckles.

MEDIUM

Take this sign and go near the financial district and read it to nerdy business men.

CARL

(pop lock dancing)

That'a get me activate medicine?

MEDIUM

You'll make enough money to buy Columbia if you like. Now, Halsey Street? I wanna surprise my man and kiss my baby before he leaves for work.

CARL

Ain't nothing good every happen from poppin' up on a man.

MEDIUM

I'm only a day early.

CARL

I'm sure your child is way past feeding time. I know titty milk when I seen't it, that's why my mouth is waterin'.

Carl hands her a filthy napkin. Medium notice the large spill on her shirt. Ugh!

3 EXT. MYRON'S APARTMENT - MORNING 3

Medium strolls up with the luggage in tow on a stolen toddler's wagon cart.

4 INT. MYRON'S BUILDING/LOBBY - MORNING 4

BILLY (50's, round, greasy face with an overgrown mustache which hides his top lip, laughs after everything he says whether its funny or not) stops Medium midway up the steps.

BILLY

Hey, hey, hey. If you here to turn tricks down at the basement steps I only have a late afternoon spot left.

Medium pays no attention to the self appointed doorman and looks to buzz the love of her life. She rings 5D.

FEMALE VOICE 1

(os, friendly)

Baby daddy got a door man, he's cute in a bumme Uncle Phil type of way.

WE HEAR two distinct, FEMALE VOICES os (*these are the internal thoughts of Medium, WE HEAR the different voices as she does*). Medium impatiently rings the buzzer again. Smiles at Billy.

BILLY

That thang don't work. Who you here for?

MEDIUM

Myron Mitchell? 5D? Do you have a mobile phone?

BILLY

Ohhhh you must be Lil' Bits momma?  
(looks at bags)

I guess he's not done been'a playa ways since you ain't got a key.

FEMALE VOICE 2

(impatient)

Tell fake Uncle Phil to move his fat ass out the way if he ain't gonna help with these bags.

Billy pulls out a bag of keys, opens the door.

MEDIUM

Is there a service elevator...?

They both look at the luggage, then at each other. Back to the bags and to each other. So much for help.

BILLY

Dis what ya call a walk up... Like walk yo ass up to the fif' flo', but I will help you out this time.

FEMALE VOICE 2

(os)

Ah man fake Uncle Phil is alright.

BILLY

I'll watch ya stuff while you take it to the 5th floor. Lotta thieves and crooked crumbs round here.

FEMALE VOICE 1

Uncle Phil can go dodge ball on the freeway.

5

INT. MYRON'S APARTMENT/HALLWAY MORNING

5

Medium checks herself in a nearby mirror, she's messy, but still cute. AT THE DOOR - She covers the peephole and knocks. WE HEAR scurrying and an inaudible female voice.

FEMALE VOICE 1

Wait that sounds like a chicka?

Puzzled, she fervently raps on the door. The scurrying stops for a quick moment then-

BERNETTA

(os)

Oh you yo got side hoes poppin' up over here now?!

She bangs. WE HEAR a mannish girly scream.

FEMALE VOICE 3

(os)

You betta swing on the first Yotch  
you see.

WE HEAR the chain come off the door Medium readies her fists  
in an under handed "fist to cuffs style".

FEMALE VOICE 3

This ain't the Titanic.

The door flies open. BERNETTA (20's, four foot nothing, spicy  
and Puerto Rican) introduces herself, butcher's knife first,  
backing Medium up against the hallway wall.

BERNETTA

You came to get cut?

FEMALE VOICE 3

Nope. Bye.

MEDIUM

(yelling towards the door)  
MYRON!!! Where's my daughter?

BERNETTA

(yelling to the door)  
Oh Biggie Smalls can be around your  
kid, but cuz I got a few felonies  
and a husband I can't?

STOLLEY, (30's, a sloppy built giant) limps out dripping wet,  
wiping hot grits that were just thrown on him off his face.

STOLLEY

Baby, baby, let me explain, that  
hoe...

BERNETTA

Let you explain what?

Hoe?

MEDIUM

Stolley squints at Medium still wiping grits.

STOLLEY

Who dis hoe?  
(to Bernetta)  
I don't know who this hoe is?

BERNETTA

Imma cut her a crooked smile then  
well see how much which hoe know  
who know who.

Huh?

MEDIUM

(quivering)

Lady, ma'am. I don't know this man from Adam. My name is Medium Brown and I'm just moved here from Mississippi, somebody stole my momma gravy and a, and a, and a-

BERNETTA

(southern drawl)

Spit it out or swallow Ms. Cellie.

MYRON

(os)

Stow', my dude?

MYRON MITCHELL (handsome 30's, grown man type, with cut muscles beaming from under his cinnamon skin) inches down the hallway with a baby in a one shoulder nap sack. Notices Medium.

MYRON

Babe?

He leaps between the knife wielding lover and Medium.

6

INT. MYRON'S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - MORNING

6

Medium gives her baby girl kiss after kiss, while Myron dashes back and forth putting the finishing touches on his well planned outfit. This conversation goes between the kitchen, bathroom and dining area of the small, but well manicured space, which is homely yet epicurean.

MYRON

Baby, I don't like that, you know I woulda came and got you.

MEDIUM

But it would have ruined my surprise and my introduction to such fine Brooklyn knife welding etiquette.

FEMALE VOICE 1

Courtesy of a Rhonda Rousey.

IN THE KITCHEN -

MYRON

I coulda sent a car or you coulda took uber- oh yeah you can't uber on a flip phone.

MEDIUM

The flip keeps me off the grid, my  
brotha, plus-

MYRON

(mocking)

I better be smart enough with two  
Master degrees and a certificate in  
Japanese Kite making from Japan.

IN THE BATHROOM -

Medium notices a ton of used shower and hair care products,  
some for men, many for women, while Myron plucks and trims  
his beard.

FEMALE VOICE 1

It's a Shave Club for Men in this  
joint.

MYRON

I just wanted to have everything  
set up for an easy transition. I  
didn't even get a chance to take  
the A/C out the window. You know  
how you catch a cold from a small  
breeze.

FEMALE VOICE 2

Aww he remember you get popsicle  
toes.

MYRON

It was on my list for tomorrow, but  
I'll take care of it tonight.

IN THE DINING ROOM-

MEDIUM

Now go conquer the world young man,  
go be (sings) *Young, gifted and  
black, Young, gifted...*

Medium hands him is messenger's bag.

MYRON

Okay, her bottles are in the  
fridge. There's meal prep lunches  
in the freezer. If she wakes up a  
little early just rub her butt, oh  
and Bobo the Bear is in the-



MEDIUM

I am her mother not the baby  
sitter, you're gonna be late.

MYRON

I don't answer to the white man's  
chime, since this young, hot, sexy,  
PYT helped me negotiate from salary  
to contract. Thank you baby.

Myron kisses his love. He's obviously smitten.

MYRON

Oh and I couldn't get Ms. Ophilia  
on the phone to cancel her so-

MEDIUM

Babe. Our baby ain't got no  
worries.

As the door shuts, Medium pops it open to kiss her  
(close/open) and kisses her and he's gone.

FEMALE VOICE 2

He's too cute.

7 INT. MYRON'S BATHROOM - MORNING

7

Medium flushes and eyes the products again. No big deal.

FEMALE VOICE 1

Look again Veronica Mars.

Medium notices a plastic Pink Rubber Cushion hair brush  
barely peeking out among other combs and night caps.

FEMALE VOICE 2

That's prolly Ms. Ophelia's brush,  
her old ass here every day.

As Medium exits the bathroom WE SEE, FEMALE VOICE 1 (dressed  
in a black hoodie (which reads PESSIMISM) leaning against the  
door seal.

*(From this point on WE SEE and HEAR all of Medium's inner  
thoughts and emotions played out as live characters. Medium  
can only HEAR them.)*

OPTIMISM

(os, Female Voice 2)

I doubt it, Myron is a man of  
character. It's prolly beard hair.

Medium walks into the kitchen and opens the fridge. WE SEE a chocolate cake with "WELCOME TO BROOKLYN MEDIUM" and a NOTORIOUS B.I.G. figurine atop. As the fridge door closes OPTIMISM (a tall and handsome woman, whose Chinese bangs almost touch her eyes) gushes.

OPTIMISM

AWWWW! See-

PESSIMISM

(formerly Female Voice 1)

Go back and look again.

As Medium walks down the hallway WE SEE Medium's inner emotion, Optimism and PESSIMISM (a dark and lovely gentle featured woman) walk a whisper's distance behind her while feeding her mind.

OPTIMISM

If you go down this road I'm out.

Medium goes back and checks the brush, pulling out a long bone straight hair.

PESSIMISM

(Jamaican accent)

That ain't no old Caribbean lady  
hair that's da Peruvian Super Silk  
Hair of a thottie thot thot.

8

INT. BOARDROOM - DAY

8

Myron unplugs his computer when MONICA RODRIGUEZ (her hazel eyes have a delicate, almost Asiatic, slant to them) saunters in and up to Myron. She sits and twists enough to expose her lace garter.

MYRON

Mrs. Rodriguez I presume.

MONICA

For the hundredth time, Monica.  
Just because I'm your boss now  
doesn't mean you need to act all  
*Twelve Years a Slave*.

MYRON

Sorry massah, I mean Monica.

MONICA

(flirty)

You killed that presentation. You  
banged them numbers good papi.

Monica uncrosses her legs wide enough for a gaze, but Myron kept his eyes focused on her face and nothing else.

MONICA

Meet us at the Soho House a little early tonight before McMillian and his idiot son get there.

Myron groans.

MONICA

Gisele will be there. We started here together and you're lagging behind. You want that management expense account, believe me.

MYRON

I've been ready for that 42nd floor since those mailroom jug heads rigged my stapler with a fart sprayer. But I likes my freedoms. Middle management, open contract.

She hands him his last folder making sure her finger rubs his hand.

MONICA

Don't stand us up tonight...I'll bring the snow candy and a little sticky icky.

9

INT. MYRON'S JOB BULL PIN - DAY

9

Myron slides in between cubicles of the large agency, high five-ing comrades and soaking up "You Da Man" at-a-boys. Everyone loves Myron, especially...

IN THE CUBICLE

MYRON

Janice?

Myron plops down in his well manicured workspace.

JANICE, (Cute, medium built 50-ish woman, with blueish black skin) rises over the wall and returns his stolen items.

JANICE

It's the rose water and peppermint oil that makes it intoxicating. (then) Robenski came by looking for you with that piece of white spit stuck in between his lips. Yuck.

MYRON

What the hell HR want? Was he  
scowling?

Janice imitates and they share a laugh. Myron leans in.

MYRON

(whispering)

Is Rodriguez still separated from  
her husband?

Janice comes around and into Myron's space.

JANICE

(whispering badly)

The new hot tea hee hee is that  
hubby found out about her and a co-  
worker (dramatic pause) Gisele from  
Marketing.

MYRON

GG was double clicking her mouse?

JANICE

Slurping her taco like its Tuesday.

10

INT. MYRON'S APARTMENT/BEDROOM - DAY

10

Medium inspects a few things around the spotless room, she  
can't even find dust. FEAR (Brutish, with Tattoos) helps her.

FEAR

All you need to know is down below.

Medium whips back the covers and inspects the bed sheets at a  
molecular level. She uses a 10x's vanity mirror and compact  
mirror to look for any evidence of Peruvian hair. Nothing.

FEAR

Ain't no man this damn clean. Keep  
looking. He mighta changed the  
sheets, but he can't hide the baby  
batter on the mattress.

OPTIMISM

(to Fear)

You are being ridiculous.

(to Medium)

*You got a good man Savannah.*

Medium rips back the sheets.

FEAR

Did you bring your blue light?  
That's how you find the vagi-ooze.  
All you need to do is magnify the  
light from a remote control and-

WE HEAR keys jiggle at front door open.

11 INT. MYRON'S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - SAME

11

Just as the door slams Medium and her "friends" (Fear, Pessimism and Optimism) reach the front.

MEDIUM AND FRIENDS

DAMMMNNNNUUUUUMMMM!!!!

MS. OPHELIA PETTIFORD (20's, pecan brown sun and toned, her almond shaped hazel eyes are kind and bubbly). MEDIUM'S RAGE (Beer Keg shape, with afro puffs) pulls up sleeves and takes off invisible earrings-

RAGE

(rapping)

Nuck if you Buck, Nuck if you-.

Ms. Ophelia's plush handbag swivels her attention.

RAGE

Is that a Black Quilted Chanel tho?

Ms. Ophelia hugs the life out of Medium.

MS. OPHELIA

(thick Caribbean accent)

Oh My God! Oh my God! You are so beautiful.

Medium studies her hair. FLEETING THOUGHT MEDIUM (nerdy, glasses) briskly walks by.

FLEETING THOUGHT

That hair is Peruvian.

MS. OPHELIA

Oh Medium, it is so good to finally meet you. (eyes her shape) You're dropping them pounds fast girl. What are you now a 23, 22-

MEDIUM

And you are--

MS. OPHELIA

Ms. Ophelia of course. Ron Ron told me to come by anyway to clean. You don't think this place stays spic n' spin by itself.

Ms. Ophelia drags in a huge bag and vacuum. WE HEAR a Video Chat chime from Medium's computer.

MEDIUM

Wait, wait, wait...

MS. OPHELIA

Answer that and I'll-

INSECURITY

(Faux Caribbean accent)

Clean up all my whorish leave behinds.

INSECURITY (glum and dramatic) sits on a nearby stool. WE HEAR the baby begin to cry.

MEDIUM

I got it.

MS. OPHELIA

I'll grab her.

The two women bump into each other both instinctively walking towards the baby.

MEDIUM

No you stay here I'll get the baby.

MS. OPHELIA

No you stay here I'll get the baby.

ON THE COUCH - MEDIUM'S INTUITION (A little pass middle aged older looking version of Medium) sits on the couch among her other feelings.

INTUITION

She sure is nice for no good reason.

AT THE DOOR - Medium and Ms. Ophelia are doing a side to side getting into each others way thing. Ms. Ophlelia "Euro Steps" and fakes her out while heading to the baby.

MS. OPHELIA

I think it's best we take a time out and I'll discuss this with Ron  
Ron --

Suddenly MEDIUM'S RACHET SIDE (very thin, very tall with facial tattoos and cheek piercings) appears out of no where loudly grabbing invisible words out of the air with one hand.

RAGE

Bout time you got here.

RACHET SIDE

(studies situation)

Un uh, un uh!

MEDIUM

MR. MITCHELL, will call after HE  
and I, discuss YOUR future helping  
OUR family.

RACHET SIDE

You better werk them adverbs.

PESSIMISM

Those are nouns.

RACHET SIDE

Ad-nouns.

WE HEAR the baby cry at an ear piercing level.

MS. OPHELIA

When she gets like this I put a  
little Lavender...

RAGE

Slam the door on that yotch.

Medium does, mid sentence.

12 EXT./EST. OFFICE BUILDING/OUTDOOR AREA - DAY 12

Hipsters hang around having lunch and glued to smartphones.

13 INT. HR OFFICE - SAME 13

Myron sits uncomfortably as he watches the white coagulated  
spit stretch and rests in the center the moldy mouth of  
ROBENSKI (balding, hairy and very Russian).

ROBENSKI

And that's how much if you add your  
kid to your insurance...and this is  
how much if you add them both.

MYRON

Jesus, do I get a parking spot at  
the hospital for this amount?

ROBENSKI

Look at it this way, if your  
 soldiers decide to storm her lady  
 parts again, you'll be taking home  
 just enough to buy an iced latte.  
 (eyes the paper)  
 A cold brew at least.

Myron is defeated.

ROBENSKI

Mitchell, Best way to beat the  
 system is to join the system or  
 start another family in Costa Rica.

14

INT. MYRON'S APARTMENT/NURSERY - SAME

14

WE SEE the huge lactating drizzle stain on Medium's breast as  
 she detaches the baby and places her down. Shhh! As she  
 begins to exit the room, Intuition and Optimism quietly creep  
 out in front of her.

INTUITION

She's gotten so good with this  
 little muffin.

OPTIMISM

I am so glad we came here. This  
 place is nice.

INTUITION

She's gonna be okay...just be  
 careful on this creaky-

Crack, Crack, Creek! WE HEAR the baby stir from the loud  
 squeaking floor.

MEDIUM

No, no, no.

WE HEAR the baby scream. WAHHHHHHH!!!!!!!

MONTAGE

Medium walking and rocking the baby. The baby screams.

Medium doing deep knee bends. The baby screams louder.

Medium claps, sings, does the running man. WAHHHHH!!!!



15 INT. MYRON'S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - SAME

15

Medium cracks open her laptop with a screaming baby on her lap. WE HEAR the FACETIME CHIMES. It rings.

OTHA

(os)

Naw what you done did to my little angel?

ON THE SCREEN - OTHA BROWN (50's, Asian, flawless milky skin, thick Southern drawl) pops up on screen, shoulder level up.

MEDIUM

Mommy?

Medium's "friends" pop up behind her and are happy to see Ms. Otha.

MEDIUM'S FRIENDS

Hey, Mrs. Otha, Hey girl, Ms. Otha in da house.

OTHA

(country accent)

What's wrong dear?

MEDIUM

(crocodile tears)

I can't. I can't.

PRENTICE

(os)

What the hell? I told that slick son of a- comin' down here with that cracka jack ring-

PRENTICE BROWN (60ish, asian silver foxed goatee and bald head) pops from the bottom of the screen.

MEDIUM

No daddy. He's perfect.

PESSIMISM

(sotto)

I wouldn't say perfect.

MEDIUM

I don't know what I'm doing? I haven't been here three hours and I've been lost twice and held at knife point.

OTHA

Shhh! Slow down. Breath. Stop operating in haste. Just remember baby loves with their heart and you just have to get both your hearts on the same rhythm.

Otha, starting singing a song in French and it instantly calms the baby down. On the second iteration, Prentice joins in harmonizing perfectly with his wife. Medium's "Friends" enjoy the impromptu concert.

Medium tries to join them, but harmony is way off waking soothed baby.

OTHA

(singing in French)

Put that baby down and go get some paper so you can write this down.

16

INT. MYRON'S APARTMENT/NURSERY - SAME

16

Medium wipes tears. WE HEAR the sweet sounds of the Brown's now accompanied with Banjo. She opens the desk drawer to find a beautiful unaddressed card with hearts and a cupid.

FEAR

Well looky looky who found a new cookie.

She opens it and a note falls out. She reads it.

OPTIMISM

Now, now, that card could go with the cake (Channeling B.I.G) *Baby, baby.*

FEAR

(reading card)

All things end. New things begin, but our love is the thread that keeps our souls attached-

OPTIMISM

Forever-

RAGE

For always. For love, Ty.

Medium hops up and paces flapping both the card and her hands. She takes a few breaths.

## OPTIMISM

Let's remember how sweet he is. Who wrote you those poems when you went to twitter jail?

## FEAR

It's not even his handwriting. Are those hearts over the "i's" (looks closer) oh my God them is hearts over the "i's".

## RAGE

Ron Ron penmanship worse than Steven Hawking. This is actually legible.

17

INT. MYRON'S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - SAME

17

The Baby is sleep as are Intuition and Ratchet Side. Otha and Prentice are singing sweet harmony.

Medium slams the laptop shut, mid song.

## OPTIMISM

Let's not be hasty Medium hold it together.

Rage shows them the card.

## RACHET SIDE

Hold it together? Somebody throw that broad out the window.

## RAGE

We shoullda packed our Lemonade bat and bleach.

WE HEAR Optimism's faint scream. Suddenly, a RED HOODED woman walks through the door and puts down her things.

## PERIOD

Sorry, I'm late. I shoullda been here this morning.

Just as Medium stands, Medium's Period whips out two knives and begins hacking and slashing the air ninja style. All the "friends" feel the pain in the uterus area. Medium's Period kindly takes a nearby seat.

## PERIOD

I miss anything good.

18 INT. BOARDROOM - SAME

18

Bored to death sitting around a table with other SUITS, Myron and Janice swaps notes via instant message from their computer. WE SEE the exchange on screen.

JANICE  
(her note)  
Snorefest.

MYRON  
(his note)  
Man, I got to get home to my girls.

JANICE  
You better go make friendly with  
the Pink Mafia or be ye banished  
into clerical abyss like I.

MYRON  
Yuckmouth told me that my contract  
may be under review.

JANICE  
(typing)  
You know what that means. Look up  
in the air...Pull

He does. Janice fingers her hand into a gun pointing it at a fictitious clay bird and silently mouths, Kaboom.

19 INT. MYRON'S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - SAME

19

Intuition stands in front of a clear board full of calculations eyeing the crew over her glasses.

INTUITION  
Now, if we are talking about  
irregular rotation, the amount of  
soap to water ratio, according to  
the latest Walgreens receipt found  
by Rachet Side, subtracting  
friction and adding Newton's  
psychometric theory. Mitchell  
either has two or three person's  
using that much soap or he is  
taking 8.7 showers a day.

WE HEAR a BANG!, BANG!, BANG! On the door.

AT THE DOOR - Medium opens it to find LADAVION (9, Spanish) and TRADAVION (9, Black, wears a hearing aid) shirtless and hungry. The baby cries.

TRADAVION

(toned deafed speech)

Who da nuck are nu? (*Who the Fuck are you?*)

MEDIUM

Who the nuck are you?

LADAVION

What my brother means is, where's Ms. Ophelia? She owe us three popsicles for killing those roaches in the kitchen.

MEDIUM

Roaches?

LADAVION

Lady we in Brooklyn, everybody got roaches.

Medium kneels to their level.

MEDIUM

Ms. Ophelia no longer works here. I'm Myron's fiancé and Lady of the-

TRADAVION

Nu nyin. (You're lying)

LADAVION

(to Tradavion)

Yeah Big Ron be havin' dime pieces and she about nine cents short.

MEDIUM

Where are your parents? Why aren't you in school?

LADAVION

All six of my brothers and sisters here all day at home school, long as that foster check keep coming they don't care what we do.

MEDIUM

Well I grew up in the system and educa-

TRADAVION

Nopilyah no nus tree nopnickels. (Ophelia owe us three popsicles)

LADAVION

(yelling)

Turn your hearing aid up. Ms  
Ophelia got the boot. Go tell Lil  
Dre to stop drilling that peep hole  
in the shower.

(to Medium)

Ain't nothing to see down here no  
more.

They growl nose to nose.

DEEP

(os)

Move youngins' move.

KYLE "DEEP" HENKINS (30's, runway model looks, demeanor and dress of a badboy) scatters the brothers with two huge bags of laundry.

DEEP

(to the kids)

Get y'all bad ass oughta here.

(notices Medium)

Oh snap! Medium? You here?

Hypnotized by his flawless skin, throat tattoo and beaming muscles, Deep scoops her up and gives her a huge hug.

DEEP

Welcome to Brooklyn, sis.

Medium's "friends" run and peek in at the "Urban Adonis".

RAGE

I knew he was fine from Myron's  
Instagram, but damn baby damn.

RACHET SIDE

He just has revenge sex written all  
over those biceps and juicy lips.

RAGE

Wait. Don't move y'all. I think we  
in a puddle.

IN THE LIVING ROOM- All the "friends" oogle from behind the couch.

DEEP

Yeah, Myron said it was cool to  
wash over here.

Glazed by his biceps Medium grabs his bags.

DEEP

I got it shorty. Now his text message makes sense. He's been trying to call you all day.

MEDIUM

Sometimes I have to make sure nothing is blocking windows so I can get a full three bars.

DEEP

(reads text)

He said don't wait up. He has to go to some event for work or something. And there some low carb dinners in the freezer. Must be important cause he doesn't ever stay late.

Deep grabs his bags from Medium and leaves.

RACHET SIDE

That just mean we got more time for a vertical joyride.

PESSIMISM

See, see. His ass is covering his tracks. He didn't know you were coming today, so he prolly letting Ms. Peruvian Silk down nice and easy over whiskey and candlelight.

RACHET SIDE

Or a break up dick down over Netflix and Hot Pockets.

20 INT. HALLWAY - SAME

20

Medium moves to the back bedroom with her "friends" in tow.

OPTIMISIM

Remember this is the same sweet guy who crunched numbers for your National Couture Doggy Fashion Show proposal...he read all 178 pages.

21 INT. BEDROOM - EVENING

21

FEAR

Bump that, let's find out where he's really going.

Medium picks up the phone. Suddenly, MEDIUM'S INNER WHITE GIRL (Perky, sandy blonde, sorority type) appears.

MEDIUM

(English Accent)

Ello, This is Matilda from accounting is Mr. Mitchell in. He's gone? Well his Am Ex just got flagged for fraud, I need to make sure he is not in Pensacola, Florida at some place called the Hot and Sticky steam room. Oh No, he's not in Florida? He's headed to drinks at the Soho House? Can you confirm the address? I'll hold.

OPTIMISM

Man you can get anything you want when you sound white.

Medium's Inner White Girl daps some of the girls.

22

INT. YELLOW TAXI VAN - DUSK

22

Medium sits and stares out the window, she is not happy. Medium's friends sit cramped up in the back row of the mini van.

RACHET SIDE

That was real slick how you got Deep to watch lil momma, while we on stake out.

FEAR

She left her daughter with a man she barely knows I'm official off her.

OPTIMISM

She has a Master's in psychology and sociology, our girl knows how to catch a predator. Trust me. Plus she installed to the Teddy Cam.

RACHET SIDE

Thirsty chicks love a man with a baby pics more than smizing.

INSERT - Deep taking pictures with the baby. Posing. Snapping. Counting his likes and giggling.



23 EXT./EST. SOHO HOUSE - DUSK 23

The sleek establishment has a few yuppies finishing cigarettes.

24 EXT. POPPY'S BODEGA - LATER 24

MEDIUM'S SNEAKY SIDE (olive skinned, dark hair beauty) walks behind Medium with some of the other "friends". Medium hides behind makeshift racks of an OLD MAN SELLING SOCKS.

SNEAKY SIDE

(to the group)

We here for recon only. Gather up information, build a better case for child support and bounce back to the Crooked.

PESSIMISM

I knew you can't trust a brother that uses words like *cacophony* on Words with Friends.

RAGE

Ohhh! Let me catch him with some chicks, I'm gonna rip his face off, peel Peruvian Silk cap back and if any of them hostesses try to help we gone stomp the muddy coco out of them.

She demonstrates.

25 EXT. POPPY'S BODGEA - LATER 25

Medium's "friends" are half sleep. Medium yawns and peeks through her binoculars, she's winces as she grabs her in gorged boobs.

PESSIMISM

We shoulda pumped before left the house, my back teeth are floating.

FEAR

(waking other girls)

We got action.

26

EXT. SOHO HOUSE - SAME

26

WE SEE through Medium's hazy binoculars. Myron carrying a sloppy and drunk Monica, standing her up against a Newspaper stand. She leaps back into his arm. She tries to kiss him, but he bobs and weaves, while hailing a cab.

AT THE BODEGA - The "friends" hold Rage back.

RAGE

(channeling Ludacris)

*Move Bitch, Get out the way. Get  
out the way bitch, get out the way!*

AT THE SOHO HOUSE - Just as a cab pulls up, another WILD WOMAN (mid 30's, curvy black) barrels out waging her finger in the face of Rodriguez then turns and hugs Myron tightly. Rodriguez hurls all over the two of them.

AT THE BODEGA - MEDIUM'S GOOD INTENTIONS (teeny bopper, her black hoodie is cut into a crop top and scoop neck) shrinks as she's yelled at.

RACHET SIDE

All the damn thirsty dudes sliding  
in our DM and you had to pick the  
Stebbie J of Words With Friends.

GOOD INTENTIONS

(singing)

*We were five steps, from eternity,  
five steps...*

AT THE SOHO HOUSE - As the Cab pulls up, he grabs the two ladies putting their hands together. Wild Woman refuses. Myron insists. He turns them toward each other as if they were getting married. Whatever he said to them worked, they hug and enter the cab.

Myron immediately hops on his cellphone. A few business men come out and shakes Myron's hands.

AT THE BODEGA - Some of Medium's "friend's" scratch their heads.

RAGE

Uh we got a problem. None of them  
got that Peruvian silk. Did we find  
any Latina bone straight?

RACHET SIDE

That still doesn't explain who the  
hell is TY. Can someone explain  
that? Who Ty?

WHORISH WAYS

(os)

I think I can.

MEDIUM'S WHORISH WAYS (dressed in trashy lingerie) files her nails on a nearby milk crate.

WHORISH WAYS

Remember when we went threw that  
*Game of Throne* cosplay phone sex  
stage thingy.

WHIP PAN:

MEDIUM'S BEDROOM - Medium sits in front of her laptop dressed full " Khalessi", spansks herself.

MEDIUM

(British accent)

Give it to me well Tyrin. A  
Lannister always pays their -  
oooooooo.

WHIP PAN:

AT THE BODEGA - Medium phone dings, freezing her and her "friends" in their tracks. Medium checks her voicemail.

MYRON'S VO

Babe I am so sorry I'm late. Wait  
until I tell you what the new boss  
and her girlfriend was trying to  
pull on each other. I'm taking an  
Uber home, nah the train will be  
faster. I should be there in like  
30 minutes. I love you babe so  
happy you are here.

Suddenly, Period shows up with a red rag all the friends wave "no-no's" and "stops".

As she wrings and twists the rag Medium and all the "friends" moan in pain.

27

EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE - NIGHT

27

All of Medium's "friends" walk with heads down crossing in front of Good Intentions and Optimism who wave "Bye-Bye nows" to all the negative "friends" a la airline attendants.

NEAR THE BRIDGE ENTRANCE - Medium and MEDIUM'S NEGATIVE ENERGY (darn near Medium's Twin) walks besides her.

## NEGATIVE ENERGY

(Thick Southern accent)

Welp we don fugged up good nah?  
Another'n bites the dust eh? Now  
what you gonna do?, ya man about to  
fa sure leave you now. Your phones  
dead. You don't know how to catch  
the trains. You left ya bra strap  
in ya bra, at the house.

Fleeting Thought crosses in front of her and keeps going.

## FLEETING THOUGHT

You better figure it out yotch.

Medium thinks. Suddenly, Good Intentions and Sneaky Side pop up behind her.

## GOOD INTENTIONS

(to Sneaky Side)

You thinking what I'm thinking?

## SNEAKY SIDE

I'm already on my way.

AT THE ENTRANCE- Medium frantically searches until...

## CARL

(os)

So if you just give me three  
dollars right now. I will have  
enough money to buy controlling  
interest in Google, then we are  
paid Captain. P.A.I. Double Diggity.

WE SEE Carl following lock step with a BUSINESS MAN who laughs and gives him money. Carl notices Medium.

## CARL

Girl you a genius. That little  
ditty you wrote for me got us paid.  
Cynthia getting us a few hours in  
the back of Larry's RV right now.

## MEDIUM

Carl, I need to get back to  
Brooklyn fast, but I don't know  
how.

## CARL

Them trains all jacked up on a  
count of Al Qaeda and them, but  
Carl can get you home fast on his  
Harley.

SNEAKY SIDE

Oh yeah.

WHIP PAN:

28 EXT. NEARBY ALLEY - NIGHT

28

CARL

Medium meet Harley.

Carl pulls back a tarp to reveal his "Harley", a rusty bike with no seat.

CARL

Hop on. We just got to make a quick stop.

WHIP PAN:

29 EXT. BACK ALLEY DOOR - NIGHT

29

Carl and Medium stand at the door. Carl does a secret knock.

CARL

I just need to activate and I'll get you home like (snap).

MEDIUM

I don't have a dime and you got two bucks.

CARL

And change. Two dollars and change.

JI FUNG (60's Asian man) whips open the door and starts yelling in a language no one understands, he brandishes a knife. Carl whips out a butterfly knife and answers aggressively in Korean?

MEDIUM

(answers in Korean)

Theres' no reason to talk about his mother sir.

Ji Fung smiles.

30 INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - NIGHT

30

Myron sits on the train, thumbing his phone. WE SEE the two of them in *Game of Thrones* cosplay.

CONDUCTOR

(vo)

We have a delay at the Myrtle  
Station due to a service dog  
chasing a rat on the tracks.

31 EXT. NEARBY ALLEY - NIGHT

31

Carl turns to Medium and whispers.

MEDIUM

I said, oh hell no. No. No. I am a  
Southern Belle, everybody knows-

RACHET SIDE

(to Good Intentions)

We better start checking bus  
tickets back to the M-I crooked  
letter.

CARL

We ain't got money so you need to  
buck up so I can activate. Don't  
you need to get back to your baby  
girl?

MEDIUM

Fine!!! But I ain't lickin' his  
ashy cheek.

(to Ji in Korean)

Close your eyes. Hands in your  
pockets.

Ji Fung obliges. Suddenly WE SEE breast milk squirt all over  
his face. Ji Fung's tongue laps and toothless childhood  
laughter show his appreciation. Medium's "friends" grimaces.

CARL

(screaming o.s.)

Dr. Do-It-All-Activate.

32 EXT. BUSY STREET - NIGHT

32

Medium screams on the handle bars while Carl frantically  
pumps the bike. They bob and weave through traffic. Medium is  
scared to death.

CARL

Scoot yo thick ass off my thumbs.  
Hold on baby girl we only bouta  
block awayyyy-

Suddenly, Carl hits the corner and his chain pops, catapulting Medium off the front.

Carl lands on a nearby parked car and rolls between them. He is out cold.

ON THE CURB - Good Intentions and Sneaky Side look over Medium.

SNEAKY SIDE

Uh no she's getting up.

(to Medium)

Stay down girl. It was a good run.

GOOD INTENTIONS

Ah damn here she comes. Get out the-

Suddenly MEDIUM'S ADRENALINE (Manly Woman) zip between the two a la *The Flash* knocking the "friends" over.

ADRENALINE

(fast talker)

Get up Medium. Dust off your tits and go save your family. GET UP CHILD! Follow me.

Adrenaline bolts away leaving a stardust trail. Medium pops up, grabs the bike kicks the chain while hopping on the bike in one swoop.

WHIP PAN:

33 EXT. SUBWAY PLATFORM - NIGHT 33

Myron exits the train and down the stairs.

34 EXT. STREET - NIGHT 34

Medium pumps fast. Good Intentions and Sneaky Ways scream for their souls while riding the handle bars and back bike rack respectively.

NEAR SUBWAY- Myron walks down stairs and drops his phone as he bends down WE SEE Medium in the b.g. He senses something isn't quite right.

35 EXT. MYRON'S STREET - NIGHT 35

Medium rounds the corner and sees Myron talking to a NEIGHBOR. They slap fives and he helps them get a couch to the street.

GOOD INTENTIONS  
No. No. No.

MEDIUM  
Damn. Damn. Damn.

Adrenaline zips pass.

ADRENALINE  
COME ON!

36 EXT. BEHIND THE APARTMENT - NIGHT

36

Medium squeezes through a crack in a gate and sees a mountain of junk between her and the fire escape. Damn. WE SEE a Adrenaline hopscotch leap from one trash heap to the next a la *AMERICAN NINJA WARRIOR*. Medium follows suite.

SNEAKY WAYS  
This is worse than that night we broke into Popeye's to dig our retainer out the trash.

IN THE FRONT- Myron makes his way up the stairway, the day has taken an emotional toll.

BACK TO:

37 EXT. FIRE ESCAPE/BACK OF THE APARTMENT - NIGHT

37

Medium and "friends" survey the battered fire escape.

GOOD INTENTIONS  
Only thing holding that together is rust, luck and prayer...mostly prayer.

Adrenaline zips in and stops.

GOOD INTENTIONS  
(to Adrenaline)  
Come on.

ADRENALINE  
Please. I'm a extreme junkie not a dumb junkie.

Medium hops up on the escape and shimmies her way up.

38 INT. MYRON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

38

Myron opens the door and puts down his bag.



39

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE/BACK OF THE APARTMENT - NIGHT

39

Just as Medium grabs the last rung, the rusty bannister breaks and she swings down nearly falling. She clutches onto the rail for dear life.

SNEAKY WAYS

Let's just fall and maybe well get some sympathy.

ADRENALINE

Get up Medium!

Sweat beads down her face, her hand trembles. Medium tries to reach for the other railing to no avail. She begins to whimper and slip, when-

TRADAVION

(os)

Nut Da Funk Nu Doin' Out n'ere? We nying to noke (*What the Fuck you doing out here? We trying to smoke?*)

Ladavion and Tradavion both peek their heads over the bannister.

LADAVION

Well well.

MEDIUM

Help me. I'm about to fall.

LADAVION

Like you helped us with them icy pops.

TRADAVION

Neahhh! (*Yeah*)

MEDIUM

Okay I'll give you the icy pops.

TRADAVION

Nix. Nicey Nops. (*Six Icy Pops*)

LADAVION

No nine...Each.

MEDIUM

Okay, okay nine nicey nops.

The boys grab her and pulls her up. Just as...

40 INT. MYRON'S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 40

Myron ends small talk with Deep and kisses his baby girl.

MYRON

Let me go check on Moma Bear.

He makes his way down the hall while thumbing his mail.

41 EXT. FIRE ESCAPE/BACK OF THE APARTMENT - NIGHT 41

Medium struggles to pry the window up. Nothing. She even starts kicking the air conditioner. Kick. Kick. kick.

ADRENALINE

Child you betta kick like them damn  
*Rockettes*.

42 INT. MYRON'S APARTMENT/HALLWAY - NIGHT 42

Myron knock, knock, knocks and enter to find Medium under the covers.

43 INT. MYRON'S APARTMENT/BEDROOM - SAME 43

As Medium peeks her head WE SEE beads of sweat turn to streams. He rushes to her side.

MYRON

Momma Bear, Deep told me you were coming back here because you weren't feeling well, I thought it was cramps.

(touches brow)

You're burning up and clammy, let me make you some soup honey. Get back under--

Myron tucks her in and notices the mangled A/C on the floor.

MYRON

I hope you didn't hurt yourself trying to move that thing out the window. Ai yi yi baby girl.

Myron leaves. WE SEE Good Intentions and Sneaky Ways fall onto the bed on opposite sides of our heroin, exhausted from the evening's near debacle. Myron pops back in.

MYRON

I got you a cake and dictated a  
love note to Deep so you wouldn't  
have to decipher my chicken  
scratch, but we'll celebrate  
tomorrow, if your feeling better.  
I'm so glad you trust me enough to  
move here and start our family.

ALL THE FRIENDS

(os)

AWWWWWW!

Myron leaves. She cracks a smile, but WE NOW SEE Medium in  
the bed with PERIOD next to her giving her one last THUMP to  
the uterus!

CUT TO BLACK!