

WHITE MEN CAN'T TRAP

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FADE IN:

1. INT. ATLANTA CONVENTION CENTER - BREAKOUT ROOM - MORNING

Corporate banners hang over a ballroom full of insurance professionals: NATIONAL INSURANCE BROKER SUMMIT - REIMAGINING RISK TOGETHER.

A DRY-AS-DUST SPEAKER clicks through a PowerPoint about deductible structures. Half the room scrolls phones. The other half pretends not to.

BRADLEY WHITEHALL, 40s, rumpled business-casual and visibly tired of his own life, sits in the second row with a convention tote bag between his shoes. His badge reads: BRADLEY WHITEHALL - REGIONAL ACCOUNT EXECUTIVE.

SPEAKER

When we examine emerging mid-market exposure, the question is no longer whether risk can be transferred--

Bradley quietly opens a tiny hotel jelly packet and squeezes it directly into his mouth.

SPEAKER

--but whether the client understands the architecture of that transfer.

Bradley's phone BUZZES.

ON SCREEN: MARTIN - REGIONAL VP: Call me. Now.

Bradley stares at it. Another message appears.

ON SCREEN: HR: Please make yourself available for a brief call.

BRADLEY

(under his breath)

Nothing good has ever followed 'brief call.'

He slips out.

2. INT. CONVENTION CENTER - SERVICE HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Bradley stands beside stacked banquet chairs, phone to his ear. Through the wall, the seminar continues without him.

MARTIN (V.O.)

Brad, I'm going to get right to it. The company is restructuring the regional sales organization.

BRADLEY

Okay. Restructuring how?

MARTIN (V.O.)

Your position has been eliminated.

Bradley waits for the punchline.

BRADLEY
I'm in Atlanta representing the
company right now.

MARTIN (V.O.)
We appreciate that.

BRADLEY
I paid seventy-eight dollars to
check the booth banners.

MARTIN (V.O.)
Submit it as an expense.

BRADLEY
To who? You just fired the guy who
submits expenses.

Silence.

MARTIN (V.O.)
HR will email your separation
package.

BRADLEY
Martin, I hit quota. I trained
Kyle. Kyle still says 'supposably.'

MARTIN (V.O.)
It's not performance-based.

BRADLEY
That's somehow worse.

The call ends. Bradley lowers the phone.
A BANQUET WORKER rolls past with a cart of muffins.

BANQUET WORKER
You good?

BRADLEY
Absolutely not.

The worker hands him a muffin without stopping.

BANQUET WORKER
Blueberry.

BRADLEY
Thank you.

Bradley looks at the muffin, then at his convention badge.
He rips the badge off.

3. INT. HOTEL LOBBY - MORNING

Bradley sits alone with his luggage. His flight home is not
until late tonight.

He opens a text thread with his ex-wife. Types: GOT FIRED.
Deletes it.

He opens the airline app. Same flight. No free change.

BRADLEY
Great. Nine hours in Atlanta with
unemployment.

He looks around, thinks, then searches his phone.

ON SCREEN: 'where to buy weed atlanta'

Search results. Reddit threads. Dispensary ads. A sketchy
post: WASHINGTON RD GAS. ASK AROUND.

BRADLEY
This is how documentaries start.

CUT TO:

4. EXT. WASHINGTON ROAD - CHEVRON - LATE MORNING

A beige rental SENTRA turns into the Chevron lot.

Bradley parks near the ice machine. He has removed his tie
but still looks like somebody's regional manager.

He rehearses in the rearview mirror.

BRADLEY
Hey, man. Looking for some weed.

BRADLEY
(tries again)
What's up, brother. You got...
loud?

He cringes at himself.

BRADLEY
Jesus Christ.

He gets out.

5. EXT. CHEVRON PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Bradley steps out of the Sentra. Immediately regrets it.

He looks around the parking lot, trying desperately to
appear like someone who regularly purchases marijuana from
strangers.

He does not.

A GUY in work boots pumps gas into a pickup. Bradley starts
toward him. Stops. No.

Two TEENAGERS come out of the store laughing. Bradley
considers them. Absolutely not.

Then he spots L BOOGIE, late 20s, posted near the side of
the building in house slippers, basketball shorts and a
clean T-shirt. Phone in one hand. Styrofoam cup in the
other.

Relaxed. Unbothered. Most importantly to Bradley - he looks
like he might have weed.

Bradley takes a breath. Quietly rehearses one more time.

BRADLEY

Hey, man. You know where I could--

Too formal. He resets.

BRADLEY

Yo. You got--

He cringes at himself.

BRADLEY

Jesus Christ.

Bradley finally walks over. Boogie watches him approaching from twenty feet away.

Bradley tries a casual head nod. It somehow becomes a small bow.

BRADLEY

Hey.

L BOOGIE

What's up.

A beat. Bradley looks around. Leans in way too close.

BRADLEY

Do you... sell marijuana?

Boogie just stares at him. Bradley immediately wants to disappear.

BRADLEY

Sorry. Weed. Obviously. I meant weed.

Another beat.

L BOOGIE

You police?

BRADLEY

No.

Too fast.

BRADLEY

I mean, I guess that's exactly what a police officer would say.

Boogie squints.

BRADLEY

I'm not a cop.

L BOOGIE

Why you talking like that?

BRADLEY

I don't know. This is my first time
doing this outside of a dispensary.

Boogie looks him up and down. Convention khakis. Polo shirt.
Rental-car keys. Easy money.

L BOOGIE
How much you need?

Bradley lights up. He did it.

BRADLEY
Forty dollars worth?

Boogie nods like this is completely normal.

L BOOGIE
Bet. Hold on.

Boogie walks behind the side of the building. Bradley stands
there alone. Proud of himself. Almost smiling.

Boogie returns with a small CROWN ROYAL BAG twisted shut.
Bradley takes it. Sniffs. Something feels off.

BRADLEY
Is it supposed to smell like...
Italian food?

L BOOGIE
That's that exotic.

BRADLEY
Oh.

Bradley nods like he understands exotic. Hands him forty
dollars. Boogie pockets it immediately.

L BOOGIE
You straight.

BRADLEY
Thank you.

Bradley starts back toward his car.

LIL SPOON (O.S.)
Damn.

Bradley stops. Turns. Lil Spoon leans against a white
Impala, watching the entire thing. Amused.

LIL SPOON
He got you for the forty ball and
gave you spaghetti weed.

Bradley looks down at the bag. Opens it. A closer look.
Oregano.

Bradley looks back toward Boogie. Boogie is already gone.

BRADLEY
...Motherfucker.

6. EXT. CHEVRON PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Bradley turns.

LIL SPOON, early 30s, white, tattooed, Braves cap, gold slugs, lived-in streetwear, leans against a sun-faded white IMPALA. He looks like he has been kicked out of every suburban HOA meeting he has ever accidentally attended.

BRADLEY

I'm having a difficult morning.

LIL SPOON

I can tell. You standing at a Chevron holding oregano like evidence.

BRADLEY

He said it was pressure.

LIL SPOON

It is. Blood pressure.

Spoon takes the bag, smells it.

LIL SPOON

McCormick. Premium.

BRADLEY

I got fired forty-five minutes ago.

LIL SPOON

Damn.

BRADLEY

Then robbed.

LIL SPOON

Technically finessed. Robbery got more paperwork.

BRADLEY

Is that supposed to make me feel better?

LIL SPOON

No. It's supposed to make me laugh.

Spoon laughs again. Bradley almost does too.

LIL SPOON

I'm Spoon.

BRADLEY

Bradley.

LIL SPOON

Yeah, I figured.

BRADLEY

What does that mean?

LIL SPOON
You look like a Bradley.

Beat.

LIL SPOON
Come on. Boogie ain't going far. We
can get your forty back.

BRADLEY
Why would you help me?

LIL SPOON
Because I'm bored. And this is
already funny.

BRADLEY
That's not reassuring.

LIL SPOON
You want your money or you want
reassurance?

Bradley looks at his rental.

BRADLEY
I have a rental car.

LIL SPOON
Leave it. You drive like you say
'excuse me' at yellow lights.

BRADLEY
I do not.

LIL SPOON
You absolutely do.

Spoon opens the Impala passenger door.

LIL SPOON
Get in, White Bread.

BRADLEY
Please don't call me that.

LIL SPOON
Get in, Bradley.

BRADLEY
Somehow worse.

Bradley gets in.

7. INT. LIL SPOON'S IMPALA - MOVING - LATE MORNING

Bass rattles a loose door panel.

BRADLEY
So you're from around here?

LIL SPOON

Born at Grady. Raised southside. My
mama still live ten minutes from
here.

BRADLEY
I just assumed--

LIL SPOON
That I moved here for a podcast?

BRADLEY
I was going to say nothing.

LIL SPOON
Good save.

Spoon points at Bradley's phone.

LIL SPOON
You really Googled where to buy
weed?

BRADLEY
What was I supposed to do, ask the
concierge?

LIL SPOON
Honestly? Probably would've gone
better.

Spoon's phone rings. Caller ID: COUSIN TRE.

LIL SPOON
(answers)
What up?

TRE (V.O.)
Where my car at?

Spoon's face changes.

LIL SPOON
What car?

TRE (V.O.)
Don't play dumb, Spoon.

LIL SPOON
I'm in my Impala.

TRE (V.O.)
Then who got the Hellcat?

Spoon looks ahead.

LIL SPOON
I'll call you back.

He hangs up.

BRADLEY
What's a Hellcat?

LIL SPOON
Nothing you need to worry about
yet.

CUT TO:

8. EXT. SMALL AUTO LOT / SIDE STREET - LATE MORNING

Spoon pulls behind a small auto-detail shop.

A black HELLCAT idles near the curb. A YOUNG GUY waves Spoon over.

YOUNG GUY
Tre said grab it before the tow
truck come.

LIL SPOON
Bet.

BRADLEY
What happened to the Impala?

LIL SPOON
We upgrading.

BRADLEY
Are we allowed to upgrade?

LIL SPOON
You ask a lot of permission-based
questions.

They switch cars.

9. INT. HELLCAT - MOVING - MOMENTS LATER

Bradley is impressed despite himself.

BRADLEY
This is nicer than my apartment.

LIL SPOON
Don't get comfortable.

They approach a Shell station.

LIL SPOON
There go Boogie.

Across the lot, Boogie is talking to another
confused-looking customer.

BRADLEY
Okay. We park. I approach him
calmly. I explain that fraud is a
crime.

LIL SPOON
Nah.

BRADLEY
Nah what?

LIL SPOON
We spin the block.

BRADLEY
What does that mean?

LIL SPOON
It means he see us twice.

BRADLEY
That's it?

LIL SPOON
Depends how the second time go.

Spoon accelerates around the block.

10. EXT. SHELL STATION - CONTINUOUS

The Hellcat rolls back into view. Boogie spots Spoon and immediately recognizes trouble.

L BOOGIE
Aw, hell.

Boogie takes off on foot.

BRADLEY
He's running!

LIL SPOON
See? Refund department open.

Spoon turns into the lot.

A POLICE CRUISER parked at a pump suddenly flashes BLUE LIGHTS.

BRADLEY
Why are the police lights on?

LIL SPOON
Could be anything.

The cruiser pulls behind them.

BRADLEY
It's us. The anything is us.

Spoon checks the rearview mirror.

LIL SPOON
Okay. Tiny issue.

BRADLEY
Define tiny.

LIL SPOON
I don't think Tre owns this car.

BRADLEY
YOU JUST SAID HIS NAME WHEN WE GOT IT.

LIL SPOON
That was confidence, not paperwork.

SIREN.

BRADLEY
Pull over.

LIL SPOON
Can't.

BRADLEY
Why?

LIL SPOON
Because now it'll look suspicious.

BRADLEY
NOW?!

Spoon punches it.

11. EXT./INT. ATLANTA STREETS / HELLCAT - CONTINUOUS

The Hellcat rockets down the street. Bradley grabs the overhead handle.

BRADLEY
I don't want to die in khakis!

LIL SPOON
Then stop dressing for death!

They whip through a QT parking lot, around a delivery truck, then down a residential street.

A MARTA bus HONKS.

BRADLEY
That bus had children!

LIL SPOON
Those children got a story now.

Spoon makes a hard right. The cruiser overshoots.

LIL SPOON
We got ten seconds.

BRADLEY
For what?

LIL SPOON
To become somebody else's problem.

They shoot through an open gate into a backyard packed with people.

12. EXT. BACKYARD COOKOUT - CONTINUOUS

Music. Smoke. Kids. Folding tables. The Hellcat rolls behind a shed.

Spoon kills the engine.

BRADLEY
Where are we?

LIL SPOON
Cookout.

BRADLEY
Whose?

LIL SPOON
Family.

BRADLEY
Your family?

LIL SPOON
Somebody's.

Spoon gets out.

LIL SPOON
Act normal.

BRADLEY
I haven't been normal since
breakfast.

CUT TO:

13. EXT. BACKYARD COOKOUT - EARLY AFTERNOON

Spoon immediately daps three men, hugs an older woman, steals a rib off somebody's plate, and becomes invisible in the crowd.

Bradley follows like a foreign exchange student.

LIL SPOON
Rule one: don't ask what's in the
foil pans. Just point.

BRADLEY
What's in that foil pan?

LIL SPOON
You already failed.

AUNTIE RONDA, 50s, sharp-eyed, gold bangles, runs a SPADES table with the authority of a federal judge.

AUNTIE RONDA
We need one.

She points at Bradley.

BRADLEY
Me?

LIL SPOON
He play.

BRADLEY

I do not play.

LIL SPOON
He humble too.

AUNTIE RONDA
Sit down, mayonnaise.

Bradley sits.

14. EXT. SPADES TABLE - MOMENTS LATER

Cards fly. Trash talk is immediate.

AUNTIE RONDA
How many books?

BRADLEY
Books?

The table goes silent.

AUNTIE RONDA
Spoon.

LIL SPOON
(from ten feet away)
He rusty!

BRADLEY
I thought this was like Hearts.

Everybody groans.

AUNTIE RONDA
Baby, Hearts is for people with
retirement plans.

Bradley studies his hand.

BRADLEY
Okay. I can do this.

He plays the wrong suit.

Ronda freezes.

AUNTIE RONDA
Did you just renege?

BRADLEY
I don't know what that means.

AUNTIE RONDA
It means you about to meet God at a
folding table.

The crowd around them erupts.

BRADLEY
I genuinely apologize.

AUNTIE RONDA
You can't apologize out a renege!

She stands. Bradley stands too, which makes it worse.

AUNTIE RONDA
Oh, now you standing?

BRADLEY
I thought we were done.

AUNTIE RONDA
We are. With your knees.

Spoon grabs Bradley by the shoulder.

LIL SPOON
Come on before she turn you into a
testimony.

15. EXT. FOOD TABLE - CONTINUOUS

Bradley stress-eats. Chips. A slider. Then a thick brownie.

LIL SPOON
Not that brownie.

BRADLEY
(mouth full)
Why?

LIL SPOON
That's Brenda's batch.

BRADLEY
Who's Brenda?

A woman across the yard raises a hand without looking up.

BRENDA
Don't eat the whole--

Bradley swallows.

BRENDA
--thing.

Beat.

BRADLEY
How bad?

BRENDA
Depends. You got plans tomorrow?

BRADLEY
I had a job this morning.

BRENDA
Then you free.

16. EXT. BACKYARD COOKOUT - TWENTY MINUTES LATER

Bradley sits rigid in a lawn chair.

BRADLEY

Spoon.

LIL SPOON

Yeah?

BRADLEY

The grass is loud.

LIL SPOON

Here we go.

BRADLEY

No, listen. It's yelling green.

Spoon waves a hand in front of Bradley's face.

BRADLEY

Don't do that. Your fingers have trails.

LIL SPOON

You high.

BRADLEY

I know what high feels like. This is above high. This is management.

Bradley checks his pulse.

BRADLEY

My heart is beatboxing.

LIL SPOON

You need water.

BRADLEY

Water knows too much.

Spoon tries not to laugh.

BRADLEY

Am I dying?

LIL SPOON

No.

BRADLEY

How do you know?

LIL SPOON

Because dead people don't complain this much.

Bradley looks toward Auntie Ronda. She catches him looking and points two fingers at her eyes, then at him.

BRADLEY

She still wants me dead.

LIL SPOON

That part might be real.

Spoon pulls Bradley up.

LIL SPOON
Come on. I know somebody that'll
get your head right.

BRADLEY
A doctor?

LIL SPOON
Basically.

CUT TO:

17. EXT. DR. CLIPZ BACKYARD BARBER SETUP - AFTERNOON

A tarp stretches between two trees. Clippers buzz. A cracked mirror hangs from a fence. Three customers wait on milk crates.

DR. CLIPZ, 40s, stocky, prison tattoos, Bluetooth headset, lines up a teenager with surgical concentration.

LIL SPOON
Clipz!

DR. CLIPZ
Don't yell while I'm on a corner.

Spoon points at Bradley.

LIL SPOON
Emergency.

DR. CLIPZ
I see that.

BRADLEY
I'm right here.

DR. CLIPZ
Unfortunately.

Clipz finishes the teenager and slaps the chair.

DR. CLIPZ
Sit.

BRADLEY
Do you sanitize?

Everyone waiting laughs.

DR. CLIPZ
Do you want a haircut or a
deposition?

Bradley sits.

18. EXT. DR. CLIPZ BARBER CHAIR - MOMENTS LATER

Clipz wraps Bradley in a cape.

DR. CLIPZ

What you want?

BRADLEY
Something conservative.

LIL SPOON
Nah. Clean him up.

BRADLEY
Corporate, but relaxed.

DR. CLIPZ
You ain't corporate no more.

Bradley remembers.

BRADLEY
Right.

DR. CLIPZ
Then we free.

The clippers start.

BRADLEY
That sentence terrified me.

Bradley's edible peaks. The clipper BUZZ stretches into a cosmic drone.

BRADLEY
Is my head vibrating or is that the machine?

DR. CLIPZ
Both.

Spoon records a few seconds on his phone.

BRADLEY
Do not put me on the internet.

LIL SPOON
Too late. Close Friends.

BRADLEY
We're not close friends.

LIL SPOON
We ran from police together. That's at least cousins.

19. EXT. DR. CLIPZ BARBER SETUP - LATER

Clipz spins Bradley toward the mirror.

The fade is aggressively uneven. A tiny soul patch somehow exists now.

BRADLEY
Why is my hairline italicized?

DR. CLIPZ

Custom.

BRADLEY
And the thing on my chin?

DR. CLIPZ
Complimentary.

BRADLEY
Please take it back.

DR. CLIPZ
Thirty dollars.

Spoon checks his pockets.

LIL SPOON
I got eleven, a MARTA card, and a
Chick-fil-A receipt.

BRADLEY
My wallet is in my rental car.

Clipz stares at both of them.

DR. CLIPZ
Then do me a favor.

He pulls a BLACK DUFFEL from behind a cooler.

DR. CLIPZ
Take this to my nephew Rico at
Morris Brown.

BRADLEY
What's in it?

DR. CLIPZ
You ask too many questions for
somebody with that haircut.

BRADLEY
Is it illegal?

DR. CLIPZ
It's a bag.

BRADLEY
That's not an answer.

LIL SPOON
It's the only answer you getting.

Spoon takes the bag.

DR. CLIPZ
Before the step show.

BRADLEY
What step show?

LIL SPOON

Apparently the next chapter of your day.

CUT TO:

20. EXT. MORRIS BROWN COLLEGE - QUAD - LATE AFTERNOON

Campus is alive. Students set chairs, test speakers, hang Greek-letter banners. Alumni arrive dressed like homecoming started early.

Bradley and Spoon cross the quad with the duffel.

BRADLEY

This is the first place we've been today where I feel like someone might have a first-aid kit.

LIL SPOON

Don't get comfortable.

RICO, 20s, frat hoodie, clipboard, sees Spoon.

RICO

Spoon! Where you been?

LIL SPOON

Living.

RICO

You got Uncle Clipz's bag?

Spoon hands it over.

RICO

Thank God.

BRADLEY

Can I finally ask what's in it?

Rico opens it. Inside: matching STEP TEAM JACKETS and custom sneakers.

BRADLEY

Clothes?

LIL SPOON

You thought it was drugs.

BRADLEY

Everybody told me not to open it!

RICO

Because these jackets cost money.

Bradley exhales.

RICO

Who is this?

LIL SPOON

Bradley. He got fired this morning.

RICO

Damn.

LIL SPOON

Then Boogie sold him oregano.

RICO

Damn.

LIL SPOON

Then Auntie Ronda caught him
reneging.

RICO

Damn.

BRADLEY

Can we stop doing my day like a
memorial slideshow?

21. INT. MORRIS BROWN - GYM HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Rico's phone rings. His expression drops.

RICO

What do you mean you at urgent
care?

He listens.

RICO

Man, I told you don't eat gas
station sushi!

He hangs up.

RICO

We short one.

LIL SPOON

Not me.

RICO

I didn't ask yet.

LIL SPOON

I know your face.

Rico looks at Bradley.

BRADLEY

No.

RICO

You know the routine?

BRADLEY

I don't know what fraternity you're
in.

RICO

Can you count to eight?

BRADLEY
Professionally.

RICO
Good enough.

BRADLEY
No, no, no. I am high, unemployed,
and my haircut is slanted.

LIL SPOON
That's stage presence.

BRADLEY
I played tuba in seventh grade.

RICO
Rhythm.

BRADLEY
Badly.

RICO
Humility.

Rico throws Bradley a jacket.

RICO
Put it on.

22. INT. CAMPUS REC ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Four STEPPERS drill a routine.

Bradley is one full beat behind everything.

STEPPER #1
Left. Stomp. Clap.

BRADLEY
I am doing left, stomp, clap.

STEPPER #1
You're doing tax audit, panic,
clap.

They reset.

RICO
Five, six, seven, eight!

STOMP. CLAP. TURN.

Bradley turns the wrong way and collides with another
stepper.

BRADLEY
Sorry.

STEPPER #2
Stop apologizing in the routine.

BRADLEY

Sorry.

Everyone stares.

BRADLEY

Right.

Spoon watches from the doorway, crying laughing.

LIL SPOON

This better than cable.

BRADLEY

You could help.

LIL SPOON

I am helping. I'm documenting your growth.

Rico steps close.

RICO

Listen. You don't have to be good.
You just can't look scared.

BRADLEY

That feels impossible.

RICO

Then look angry.

BRADLEY

I can do confused.

RICO

We'll work with confused.

CUT TO:

23. EXT. MORRIS BROWN STEP SHOW - EVENING

The sun drops behind campus buildings. The crowd is packed around the stage.

An EMCEE works the audience.

EMCEE

Morris Brown, make some noise!

The crowd ROARS.

Backstage, Bradley peeks through the curtain.

BRADLEY

There are too many people.

LIL SPOON

There were too many cops too. You survived.

BRADLEY

That's not motivational.

LIL SPOON

If you forget everything, just stay
in line.

BRADLEY
And if I lose the line?

LIL SPOON
Swag surf.

BRADLEY
You keep saying that like it's CPR.

LIL SPOON
In Atlanta, kinda.

24. EXT. STEP SHOW STAGE - MOMENTS LATER

The team hits the stage.

STOMP. CLAP. STOMP.

Bradley survives the first eight-count.

Then the second.

He smiles too early.

On the third sequence he misses a turn, improvises a stomp,
and somehow lands back in formation.

The crowd notices the white guy with the crooked fade.

STUDENT #1
Who is that?

STUDENT #2
I don't know, but he trying!

Bradley hears the cheers. His shoulders loosen.

The DJ scratches the record.

The opening of 'SWAG SURFIN'' hits.

The entire crowd surges to its feet.

BRADLEY
(to Rico)
This the thing?

RICO
This the thing.

The team starts to sway. Bradley follows.

Left. Right. Left. Right.

For the first time all day, Bradley is exactly where he is
supposed to be.

25. EXT. STEP SHOW STAGE - CONTINUOUS

The music cuts for half a beat.

The crowd SCREAMS as F.L.Y. bursts onto the stage for a
surprise live appearance.

Phones shoot into the air.

Bradley's eyes go huge.

BRADLEY
Oh, this is real real.

F.L.Y. performs as the whole yard swag surfs.

Bradley goes all in. No self-consciousness. No corporate posture. Just joy.

Spoon records him from the crowd.

LIL SPOON
Look at this fool!

A STUDENT turns her phone toward Bradley.

STUDENT
White boy got activated!

Bradley points at Spoon and keeps surfing.

26. EXT. SIDE OF STEP SHOW STAGE - LATER

Bradley stumbles offstage drenched in sweat.

BRADLEY
I think I blacked out.

LIL SPOON
You went viral.

BRADLEY
What?

Spoon shows him the phone. Clips are already spreading.

ON SCREEN: WHITE BOY SWAG SURFING AT MORRIS BROWN.

Views climb by the second.

BRADLEY
That's my bad side.

LIL SPOON
You only got bad sides with that
fade.

Bradley laughs. His phone buzzes nonstop with tags from strangers.

BRADLEY
I have never had this many
notifications in my life.

LIL SPOON
Don't let it change you.

BRADLEY
I got fired six hours ago. I
welcome change.

Bradley sees a post tagged MAGIC CITY MONDAY.

BRADLEY
Wait. Magic City.

LIL SPOON
What about it?

BRADLEY
It's Monday.

LIL SPOON
Correct.

BRADLEY
I've heard about Magic City for years.

LIL SPOON
From who?

BRADLEY
Rappers. Documentaries. Anthony Bourdain.

LIL SPOON
You want to go to Magic because of Bourdain?

BRADLEY
And the wings.

Spoon studies him.

LIL SPOON
You sure?

BRADLEY
I survived Auntie Ronda.

LIL SPOON
Fair point.

CUT TO:

27. EXT. MAGIC CITY - NIGHT

Neon glows. Cars stack the curb. The line bends down the block.

Bradley steps out, suddenly sober enough to be nervous.

BRADLEY
This is significantly more
intimidating than Reddit made it
sound.

LIL SPOON
Reddit ain't never been outside.

They approach the line.

A PROMOTER squints at Bradley.

PROMOTER
Hold up. You the step show dude.

BRADLEY
Apparently.

PROMOTER
WhiteBoyBrad!

BRADLEY
Please don't make that permanent.

The promoter laughs and waves them past the line.

PROMOTER
Bring him in. Viral boy good.

LIL SPOON
Look at you. Internet privilege.

BRADLEY
This is the first privilege I've
had all day.

28. INT. MAGIC CITY - NIGHT

Bass. Smoke. Money in the air. The room feels half
nightclub, half arena.

Bradley stops dead.

BRADLEY
Oh.

LIL SPOON
Yeah.

BRADLEY
This is... a lot.

LIL SPOON
Don't stare.

BRADLEY
Where do I look?

LIL SPOON
That's the test.

A server passes with a tray of lemon pepper wings.

BRADLEY
There they are.

LIL SPOON
You came to Magic City and spotted
chicken first.

BRADLEY
I have priorities.

They order wings.

Bradley takes one bite and closes his eyes.

BRADLEY
Okay. I understand Atlanta now.

LIL SPOON
No you don't.

BRADLEY
I understand this wing.

29. INT. MAGIC CITY - VIP AREA - LATER

The promoter returns.

PROMOTER
Come on. Everybody asking about you.

BRADLEY
Why?

PROMOTER
They think you somebody.

BRADLEY
I was unemployed this morning.

PROMOTER
That's the music business.

He pulls Bradley and Spoon into VIP.

A few LOCAL ARTISTS and industry people recognize Bradley from the clip.

ARTIST
You management?

BRADLEY
Insurance.

ARTIST
For who?

BRADLEY
Nobody anymore.

The artist nods like this makes sense.

YUNG PUDDLE, a local rapper with enormous confidence and modest streaming numbers, approaches.

YUNG PUDDLE
Spoon.

LIL SPOON
Puddle.

YUNG PUDDLE
You still owe me for that studio session.

LIL SPOON
I owe you an apology for listening
to it.

Puddle looks at Bradley.

YUNG PUDDLE
This your A&R?

BRADLEY
No.

LIL SPOON
Yes.

BRADLEY
Why would you say yes?

LIL SPOON
Because look at your shirt.

Puddle leans in.

YUNG PUDDLE
I got a record for you.

BRADLEY
I don't work in music.

YUNG PUDDLE
That's what all A&Rs say.

BRADLEY
Is it?

YUNG PUDDLE
Play my joint.

Puddle shoves a phone at him. Bradley listens for three
seconds.

YUNG PUDDLE
Well?

BRADLEY
It's... very Spotify-able.

Silence.

YUNG PUDDLE
What that mean?

BRADLEY
I don't know. I panicked.

LIL SPOON
He mean it's hard.

BRADLEY
I did not say that.

Puddle's crew reacts.

YUNG PUDDLE
So it's not hard?

BRADLEY
I don't have the vocabulary for
this conversation.

A shoulder bumps a table. A bottle falls. Somebody thinks it
was thrown.

Suddenly everybody is arguing at once.

LIL SPOON
Time to go.

BRADLEY
Agreed.

30. INT. MAGIC CITY - KITCHEN / BACK HALL - CONTINUOUS

Spoon and Bradley push through a service door into the
kitchen.

Bradley still has the wing tray.

LIL SPOON
You brought the wings?

BRADLEY
I paid for these.

LIL SPOON
Respect.

They hurry out the back.

31. EXT. MAGIC CITY PARKING AREA - CONTINUOUS

They reach the car.

A bright yellow BOOT clamps the front wheel.

BRADLEY
No.

LIL SPOON
Damn.

BRADLEY
No. Absolutely not. I reject this
plot development.

A BOOT ATTENDANT sits nearby in a folding chair, scrolling
his phone.

LIL SPOON
How much?

BOOT ATTENDANT
Two hundred.

BRADLEY

Two hundred dollars to remove
something you put there?

BOOT ATTENDANT
That's generally how business
works.

Spoon looks at the wings.

LIL SPOON
You eat yet?

The attendant looks up.

BOOT ATTENDANT
What kind?

LIL SPOON
Magic lemon pepper. Fresh.

Bradley hugs the tray.

BRADLEY
Hold on.

LIL SPOON
Bradley.

BRADLEY
These have been the most stable
relationship in my day.

LIL SPOON
You want the car or the flats?

Bradley looks at the wings. Then the boot.

BRADLEY
Take four.

BOOT ATTENDANT
Whole tray.

BRADLEY
Six.

BOOT ATTENDANT
Whole tray.

BRADLEY
You're a monster.

Bradley hands it over.

The attendant eats one, nods, gets up and unlocks the boot.

BOOT ATTENDANT
Y'all ain't see me.

LIL SPOON
Never met you.

BRADLEY

I will remember you forever.

CUT TO:

32. INT. LIL SPOON'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATE NIGHT

A small East Point apartment. Fan in the window. Sneakers by the door. A framed Outkast poster. The TV plays YouTube.

Bradley collapses onto the couch.

His phone shows: MISSED FLIGHT.

BRADLEY

There it is.

LIL SPOON

You can fly tomorrow.

BRADLEY

With what job?

LIL SPOON

Exactly. Schedule wide open.

Spoon hands him a bottle of water.

On TV, somebody has already reposted Bradley's step-show clip with dramatic sports commentary.

TV COMMENTATOR (V.O.)

Look at the footwork! He doesn't know where he is, but he refuses to quit!

Bradley watches himself.

BRADLEY

I look ridiculous.

LIL SPOON

You look happy.

That lands.

BRADLEY

I got fired. Got robbed. Was in a police chase. Almost murdered over spades. Ate enough weed to see sound. Got assaulted by a barber. Joined a step team. Met F.L.Y. Went to Magic City. Lost my wings to organized parking enforcement.

LIL SPOON

Productive Monday.

BRADLEY

And I still never got the weed.

Spoon smiles.

LIL SPOON

Oh.

He reaches into a drawer and tosses Bradley a small sealed bag.

LIL SPOON

I got you that at the cookout.

Bradley stares at it.

BRADLEY

You've had this all day?

LIL SPOON

Yeah.

BRADLEY

Then why did we do any of this?

LIL SPOON

You said you wanted your forty back.

Bradley stares at him.

Then starts laughing.

Spoon laughs too.

BRADLEY

Did we ever get my forty back?

LIL SPOON

Nope.

Bradley's phone BUZZES.

A notification: @LB00GIE tagged you in a post.

Bradley opens it.

ON SCREEN: Boogie posing with the forty-dollar bill.

Caption: TOURIST TAX.

BRADLEY

That son of a bitch.

LIL SPOON

Tomorrow?

Bradley considers it.

BRADLEY

Tomorrow.

Spoon raises a lemon-pepper-stained napkin like a toast.

LIL SPOON

You ATL now.

Bradley raises his water bottle.

BRADLEY

Let's not get carried away.

They clink.

FADE OUT.

THE END.