

COLD OPEN

EXT. FLATBUSH AVENUE - DAY

Music cue: "Brooklyn Zoo" by O.D.B.

Slow motion.

We are close on the intense faces of TRAY and BOBBY as they pound the pavement like two dudes on a mission. Their hands are pinned behind their backs, concealing something.

TRAY (V.O.)
There are three momentous days in a
Black man's life...

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

EXT. FEDERAL PENITENTIARY - DAY

Dressed like a "Geek Squad" tech, Tray glides outta prison.

TRAY (V.O.)
The day he pops the box after
fifteen years.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Tray passionately pushes POOH CAT onto the bed and mounts the frisky feline.

TRAY (V.O.)
The day he lays his first pipe in
fifteen years.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. CHEFS' CORNER STORE - DAY

Tray and Bobby post up in front of the supply store.

TRAY (V.O.)
And the day he gets his crispy new
personalized chef's jacket outta
layaway.

INT. CHEFS' CORNER STORE - COUNTER - DAY

Tray slams a PIGGY BANK onto the counter.

TITLE: THE LAST O.G.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT 1

INT. CHEFS' CORNER STORE - DAY

Tray is perched atop a wooden box being fitted by a WHITE HIPSTER TAILOR, 20s, who's mos def popping Zoloft pills. He slides the chef's jacket over Tray's arms and plops the chef's hat on his head. Tray tilts the hat to the side.

BOBBY

Son, you stuntin' on 'em! Shorties gon' be eating outta yo hands, believe that. You gon' be lining 'em up and knocking 'em down.

TRAY

It ain't about that, Bobby. It's about business. I got a daughter and son. Gotta set an example. Can't be running through women. Besides "Me too" has changed the whole dating game. Gotta ask for consent on every base now.

BOBBY

It is confusing. "May I please ask you to play with these NUTS?!"

They laugh.

INT. MULLINS HOUSE - MULLINS' OFFICE - DAY

MULLINS is forcing himself to declutter his office; it's a hoarder's paradise. The phone rings.

MULLINS

(to self)

Saved by the bell.

He answers the phone in speaker mode.

MULLINS (CONT'D)

Mullins House. Miniard Mullins speaking.

A distinguished James Bond-like voice booms out.

MALE VOICE

Mr. Mullins, this is Pierce
Harrington from the Berkshire
Foundation.

Mullins straightens his posture.

MULLINS

What can I do for you, Mr.
Harrington?

PIERCE HARRINGTON (O.S.)

Correction. It's what I can do for
YOU, Mr. Mullins. Two weeks prior I
sent correspondence stating that
you are a finalist for the ten
thousand dollar **Do-Gooder Grant**.

Mullins tosses papers on his desk searching for the letter.
He finds it, rips it open and confirms the grant info.

PIERCE HARRINGTON (O.S.) (CONT'D)

In the same correspondence, I
informed you that I'd drop by The
Mullins House today at 3:30 post
meridiam for an interview.

Mullins checks his watch; it reads 12:52 p.m.

MULLINS

Oh, um, yes...of course. Of course!

PIERCE HARRINGTON (O.S.)

Great, then I'll see you soon.

INT. MULLINS HOUSE - COMMON ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Mullins dashes through the door to bark orders at BIG
COUNTRY, FELONY, JAYBIRD AND GUSTAVO.

MULLINS

Alright, dicklickers, a white man
is on his way to give us a whole
bunch of money. It's time for
"Operation Code Switch."

BIG COUNTRY

Operation Code Switch?

FELONY

Yeah, it's when Black people act
white around white people and black
around Black people.

MULLINS

That's right. All ya'll gotta sink
deep into the sunken place. Act
white, talk whiter.

BIG COUNTRY

But I am white.

JAYBIRD

Just talk less Jason Williams white
and more Tiger Woods white.

MULLINS

And hang white Jesus on the wall.

GUSTAVO

My abuela said Jesus is white.

FELONY

Jesus fed five thousand people with
five loaves of Wonder Bread and two
pieces of catfish. Only a Black
mama can pull that off.

JAYBIRD

Facts.

MULLINS

No Spades playing or 'yo mama'
jokes until after he's gone, and
replace those dominoes with Jenga.

BIG COUNTRY

My people love that shit.

MULLINS

I want your rooms clean as a
maternity ward with beds Army
inspection ready. And for the love
of Al Green, drink a bottle of
Listerine. Somebody's breath smells
like Spam and Doritos.

The men check their breath.

INT. CHEFS' CORNER STORE - COUNTER - DAY

Tray pulls money outta the plastic pig's belly to pay for his
merch. He counts the cash and hands it over to the CASHIER
who doubles as the TAILOR. He bags the items up.

INT. CHEFS' CORNER STORE - SECURITY DESK - MOMENTS LATER

Tray and Bobby attempt to exit. The SECURITY GUARD who triples as the CASHIER and the TAILOR stops them.

SECURITY GUARD/CASHIER/TAILOR
May I see your receipt, please?

BOBBY
Come on, man. You literally just bagged this up.

Tray calms Bobby.

TRAY
Bobby, it's cool. I'm on some new yoga shit. Just gotta unblock your chakras, push out the negative energy with a "woosah" and everything will be ok.

Tray leads Bobby through a woosah exercise. Bobby retreats.

Tray hands the receipt to the Security Guard/Cashier/Tailor; he and Bobby bounce to the exit.

EXT. CHEFS' CORNER STORE - DAY

Tray doesn't get far before stopping.

TRAY
Damm, I forgot the white gloves.

BOBBY
Why you need white gloves?

TRAY
I'm running a classy establishment.

BOBBY
Son, you selling macaroni and government cheese balls and Flaming Hot Cheetos-laced lasagna out of an old ass truck. Ain't shit classy about that.

TRAY
Bobby, the only thing you know about class is you never went.

BOBBY
That's cold, son. True, but cold...

They re-enter the store.

INT. CHEFS' CORNER STORE - SECURITY DESK - MOMENTS LATER

SECURITY GUARD/CASHIER/TAILOR
Check your bags, please.

BOBBY
We LITERALLY just bought this
stuff. Yo, I swear fo' God and
three old people...

TRAY
He's just doing his job, Bobby.

Tray calms Bobby again with a woosah. Bobby retreats.

Tray hands his bag to the Security Guard/Cashier/Tailor and receives a ticket. He and Bobby enter the store.

As soon as Tray and Bobby leave the security desk, a DISHEVELED CUSTOMER slithers up. He checks a TINY DOLLAR THRILLS BAG and receives a ticket.

INT. CHEFS' CORNER STORE - COUNTER - LATER

Tray pulls out a few dollars from the pig's belly to pay for the gloves. The Security Guard/Cashier/Tailor bags them up.

TRAY
Be easy.

Bobby forces a head nod. He's still tight from earlier.

INT. CHEFS' CORNER STORE - SECURITY DESK - MOMENTS LATER

Tray hands his ticket to the Security Guard/Cashier/Tailor. In return, he gives Tray the TINY DOLLAR THRILLS BAG. There's a small glint of uncertainty in his eyes. He tries to cover it up, but Tray notices.

TRAY
You know this ain't my bag, man.

SECURITY GUARD/CASHIER/TAILOR
Wha-what are you talking about?

BOBBY
He's talking about this ain't his
bag. Where's his shit?

SECURITY GUARD/CASHIER/TAILOR
 (defiant)
 That's the bag you gave me.

TRAY
 I get it. You're filming this.

Tray looks around for hidden cameras.

TRAY (CONT'D)
 The hipster life is boring. Thought
 you'd spice it up at work. Have a
 lil' fun with the Black guys, huh.
 Well, playtime is over. Give me my
 fucking bag, man.

SECURITY GUARD/CASHIER/TAILOR
 (unshaken)
 I gave you your bag.

Tray is losing all of his woosah serenity. Bobby is volcanic.

TRAY
 Do you know how long I saved to buy
 that gear and what I had to do?!

BOBBY
 Yeah, do you know what he had to
 do?!
 (to Tray)
 Wait, what did you have to do?

TRAY
 I ate mayonnaise sandwiches for a
 month. I had to wash all of my
 clothes by hand. You ever try
 wringing out jeans? They never dry.

We see that Tray's JEANS are LEAKING water onto the floor.

TRAY (CONT'D)
 Either give me my merchandise or
 give me my money now!

The multi-hyphenated employee stands his ground. He boldly
 points to a sign on the wall that reads **CHECK BAGS AT YOUR
 OWN RISK. NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR LOST ITEMS.**

Tray tries to woosah, but his chakras are all jacked up. In
 his best Italian accent he hisses a line from *The Godfather*.

TRAY (CONT'D)

Just when I thought I was out, they
pull me back in!

Music cue: "The Halls of Fear" by Nina Rota & Carlo Savana

Slow motion.

Tray BLACKS THE EFF OUT. He snatches clothes off the walls,
kicks over mannequins; hats are flying like frisbees. Bobby
gleefully joins in the fray.

INT. BROOKLYN DETENTION COMPLEX - DAY

CELL BARS slam shut with Tray and Bobby inside.

INT. SHAY'S HOUSE - DAY

SHAY, JOSH, AMIRA and SHAZAD are having brunch.

AMIRA

Is it ok if Sheila comes over to
watch movies later?

SHAY

Sure.

JOSH

Shazad, how come you never invite
your friends over?

SHAZAD

Because this family is weird.

SHAY

Oh, so we ain't good enough for
your friends?

SHAZAD

I didn't say that. I said this
family is weird.

SHAY

Chile please. Ty has two mamas and
neither one of them bitches can
cook. Colby's father swear he's the
second coming of Marilyn Manson and
Franklyn's parents put makeup on
dead people for a living. Trust,
we're normal.

JOSH
 Maybe we're too normal.

They all laugh.

AMIRA
 Why don't we invite Tray over for
 Family Time next week?

JOSH
 I'm cool with it as long as I still
 get the big piece of chicken.

SHAZAD
 Dad, that's racist AF.

JOSH
 Hey, no swearing!

SHAZAD
 It's not swearing if you use the
 initials.

Josh and Shay sorta kinda agree.

SHAY
 I guess we could invite Tray over.
 He did look out for us. And he's
 been doing his thing lately.

Shay's phone rings. She looks to see a PRIVATE NUMBER and
 swipes IGNORE. It immediately rings again. She answers.

SHAY (CONT'D)
 I'm on the DO NOT CALL list.
 You're violating my rights!

TRAY
 Shay Shay, I'm in trouble.

ACT 2

INT. BROOKLYN DETENTION COMPLEX - VISITATION ROOM - DAY

Shay, Josh, Amira and Shazad sit amongst the gaggle of people
 in a large room filled with stainless steel tables and
 concrete chairs.

SHAZAD
 I wonder if anybody got shanked at
 this table?

SHAY

Shazad, stop watching *Orange is the New Black*.

SHAZAD

(insulted)

I don't watch that.

AMIRA

He discovered some ancient show online called *Oz*.

Josh shivers.

JOSH

You definitely should not watch *Oz*.
Adebisi still gives me nightmares.

Tray shuffles in sheepishly and plops down on the cold hard chairs. They give him a scornful glare.

TRAY

I know I look like a basic felon.
But whatever you're thinking, this ain't it. I'm innocent.

All of the inmates in the visitation room yelp, *Me, too!*

AMIRA

Did you sell crack again?

SHAY

Amira!
(then)
Well, did you?

TRAY

No, I didn't sell crack. I told you I'm done with that life. I was just trying to level up my chef game and was sidetracked by some avocado toast-eating hipster.

AMIRA

I like avocado toast.

SHAY

It is good AF.
(then)
So why are you here, Tray?!

INT. MULLINS HOUSE - MULLINS' OFFICE - DAY

Mullins is still scrambling to clean his office. He's stuffing papers into every crevice. The closet overfloweth.

INT. MULLINS HOUSE - COMMON ROOM - SAME

The housemates have done an admirable clean-up job. It looks like a prep school room and they look like preppies. They're watching a VINTAGE CURLING GAME on ESPN.

FELONY

Why the hell are we watching a game that was clearly invented by a high ass janitor in Alaska?

BIG COUNTRY

Scotland. And it was the whitest sport I could find on TV.

JAYBIRD

Yeah, cuz ain't no brothas sweeping rocks across ice.

The doorbell rings. Mullins races into the room.

MULLINS

I got it!

No one else was planning to answer the door.

INT. MULLINS HOUSE - VESTIBULE - MOMENTS LATER

Mullins swings the door open to find a PETITE BLACK MAN.

BLACK MAN

Mr. Mullins?

MULLINS

Yes?

BLACK MAN

I'm Pierce Harrington.

Mullins is confused.

MULLINS

But--

PIERCE HARRINGTON

I know. I get that all the time.

Mullins is jolted by a thought.

MULLINS
Excuse me for one second.

He scoots off leaving Pierce standing by the door.

INT. MULLINS HOUSE - COMMON ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The housemates are watching curling with more intrigue.

FELONY
Push it, push it!

GUSTAVO
What I'd give to hear those two
words tonight.

They give Gustavo a "TMI" look. Mullins races in.

MULLINS
Reverse Code switch!!!

Mullins races out.

BIG COUNTRY
Reverse code switch?

FELONY
Yeah, we gotta go back to being
Black.

BIG COUNTRY
But I'm white...

INT. MULLINS HOUSE - VESTIBULE - MOMENTS LATER

Pierce waits patiently by the door. Mullins runs in sweating
like a pimp in church.

PIERCE HARRINGTON
Is everything ok, Mr. Mullins?

Mullins struggles to suck in air.

MULLINS
Yeah, yeah. We cool, brotha. We
cool. Solid. My man!

Mullins slides into 1970s jive talk and goes overboard on the
soul handshake.

INT. BROOKLYN DETENTION COMPLEX - VISITATION ROOM - DAY

Josh is interrogating Tray.

JOSH

Why didn't you just call the police?

TRAY

Things don't turn out so well when brothas call po po, Josh. Somehow we end up in jail or worse. You're parenting our Black son. You should know this. You better raise that boy on fried bologna and cheese sandwiches and not wheat paninis.

SHAY

I tried to tell him, Tray. Gon' have that boy forget who he is.

Josh doesn't know what the hell they're talking about.

SHAZAD

I'm right here!

AMIRA

But are you really?

Shazad just shakes his head and gets the focus off of him.

SHAZAD

Tray, I brought you something.

Shazad slides a BOOK to Tray.

TRAY

A Koran?

SHAZAD

Yeah, you'll need it for your conversion to Islam. Kareem Saïd said becoming a Muslim is the best way to keep the Aryan brotherhood off your back.

Tray looks confused.

SHAY

He's been watching Oz reruns.

They crack up.

TRAY
 Good looks, Shazad.

Tray has a goofy grin; he's proud of his son for caring. A SECURITY GUARD knocks on the table, interrupting the reunion.

SECURITY GUARD
 Time.

Everyone rises.

SHAZAD
 (to Tray)
 I have one more thing for you.

Shazad checks to make sure the guards aren't watching. He slips a TRAVEL-SIZE TOOTHBRUSH out of his pocket.

SHAZAD (CONT'D)
 This may look like a simple toothbrush. But you can shave the sides down to make a weapon. Use it to protect your manhood.

Tray chuckles.

AMIRA
 (to Shay & Josh)
 I told ya'll he needs therapy.

TRAY
 I'll be good, Lil' Man. Hold it for me. I'll get it on the outside.

SHAY
 Come on, Shazad. We have to go.
 (to Tray)
 You take care of yourself.

TRAY
 You, too, Shay Shay.

Everyone hugs Tray like he's going to the guillotine. They slowly saunter off leaving him standing alone before the guard leads him away. Josh yells out.

JOSH
 Tray!

Tray stops and pivots.

TRAY
 Yo?

JOSH

Where are you going? I posted your bail. You're free.

EXT. BROOKLYN DETENTION COMPLEX - DAY

Tray, Shay, Josh, Amira and Shazad exit the jail. Tray inhales like he was incarcerated for another 15 years.

TRAY

(to Josh)

Can't believe you let me sit there knowing I was a liberated man.

JOSH

Not sure I'll get a chance to visit someone else in the Pen. Just wanted to savor the experience.

TRAY

This ain't the Pen, Josh. But good looking out.

Josh and Tray man-hug.

JOSH

You saved my marriage and kept me from falling into a five-day heroine binge. We're even.

Josh backs away to catch up with Shay, Amira and Shazad.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Now I'm going home to make love to my wife.

Shay does an "I'm gon' get it" shimmy.

AMIRA

Gross.

SHAZAD

Like I said: Weird!

TRAY

Why you gotta go there, Josh?

Josh laughs and joins his fam. They wave to Tray and leave. Tray starts in the opposite direction, then halts abruptly.

TRAY (CONT'D)

(to self)

Oh snap. Bobby!

INT. MULLINS HOUSE - MULLINS' OFFICE - DAY

Pierce is finishing the interview. He seems pleased.

PIERCE HARRINGTON

Mr. Mullins, I am quite impressed with your operation here.

MULLINS

I appreciate that.

PIERCE HARRINGTON

You've created a great environment for these men to rehabilitate and become contributing members of society. I don't make the final decision. But I'm confident that as long as your guys stay clean and out of trouble, you're a shoe-in for that grant.

MULLINS

Oh, thank you. Thank you!

PIERCE HARRINGTON

Now let's talk about the dueling Jesus paintings on your wall.

Mullins and Pierce head for the office door.

INT. MULLINS HOUSE - COMMON ROOM - SAME

Tray lumbers into the room, tired.

TRAY

Whaddup ya'll.

The men speak.

GUSTAVO

Damn, Tray, you look like you've been running from a pissed off father all day.

TRAY

And you would know, Gustavo.

(then)

Ya'll ready for this?

They nod. Mullins and Pierce enter in time to hear Tray's news.

TRAY (CONT'D)

I caught a case. I'm out on bail.

Disappointed, Pierce scribbles a note and exits.

ACT 3

INT. MULLINS HOUSE - MULLINS' OFFICE - NIGHT

Mullins is throwing the book at Tray.

MULLINS

What did I say when you moved in?

TRAY

Follow the rules and I can stay.

MULLINS

And what are those rules?

TRAY

Don't fuck with your Klondike Bars.
Don't fuck with your women. And
don't get arrested.

MULLINS

There it is!

TRAY

Two outta three ain't bad.

MULLINS

You've been eating my Klondike
Bars? Never mind that...You broke
the cardinal rule, you got yourself
in trouble. Made me look like a
fool in front of Mr. Harrington and
probably cost me the grant that I
need to help keep this place
running.

TRAY

I'm sorry. But it wasn't my fault.

MULLINS

It's never your fault, Tray. It
wasn't your fault when you got
fired from Grundle's.

TRAY

Wavy is a sucka.

MULLINS

It wasn't your fault when you got fired from the school cafeteria.

TRAY

Chubby kid set me up.

MULLINS

You've been fired more times than a Glock 9 at a gang fight.

TRAY

Listen, I'll make it right.

MULLINS

Ain't no righting this one, Tray. I have a zero arrest and drug policy. If you break it, you have to go.

TRAY

Come on, man. You putting me out?

MULLINS

You put yourself out. You have until morning. And the truck stays.

Tray exits the office dejected. Mullins laments his decision. Maybe he went too hard.

INT. MULLINS HOUSE - COMMON ROOM - DAY

Bags in hand, Tray says his goodbyes.

GUSTAVO

Damn, man what we gon' do without you around here?

TRAY

Ya'll will survive...Gustavo, you're the one who figured out how to rig the cable box so we could get the nasty channels.

GUSTAVO

Yeah, I did do that, didn't I?

TRAY

And Big Country, you wouldn't give up playing Spades even though we kept whooping your ass.

BIG COUNTRY

I guess I am a fighter.

TRAY

And Felony, you have more heart
than anyone I've ever known.

JAYBIRD

Nigga, are you quoting *The Wiz*?!

TRAY

I love that movie.

BIG COUNTRY

More than *The Godfather*.

TRAY

Let's not get carried away.

(then)

Jaybird, you keep making them
suits. Soon you'll have all the
gangstas in Brooklyn looking flyer
than Michael Corleone.

JAYBIRD

I will, man. I promise.

Mullins looks on, fighting back tears. The doorbell rings.

INT. MULLINS HOUSE - VESTIBULE - MOMENTS LATER

An OLDER WHITE LADY is in the doorway clenching the arms of
the SECURITY GUARD/CASHIER/TAILOR from Chefs' Corner Store.

MULLINS

May I help you?

OLDER WHITE LADY

My name is Sylvia Murphy. This is
my son Owen. We're looking for Mr.
Tray Barker.

Tray and the guys appear. Tray is shocked to see his nemesis.

TRAY

(to Owen)

What are you doing here?

MULLINS

Tray don't be rude to our guests.

TRAY

He ain't no guest. He stole my
clothes and got me arrested.

SYLVIA

That's why we're here, Mr. Barker.
I saw the store security footage.
It appears Owen abandoned his
duties and all sense of common
decency. He owes you an apology.

Sylvia pokes Owen.

OWEN

Sorry.

SYLVIA

We've dropped all the charges. Owen
will replace the items you lost and
compensate you for your troubles,
right Owen?

Owen nods.

TRAY

Thank you. My bad about messing up
your store.

SYLVIA

It's ok, Mr. Barker. Owen will
clean it up. Quite honestly, I
would have reacted the same way.

INT. MULLINS HOUSE - VESTIBULE - LATER

Mullins closes the door behind Sylvia and Owen.

JAYBIRD

Does that mean Tray can stay?

MULLINS

Tray can stay.

The men rejoice.

MULLINS (CONT'D)

But the rules still apply.

TRAY

I got you.

TAG

EXT. PROSPECT PARK - DAY

Tray and Bobby are lounging on a park bench.

TRAY

Bobby, I ain't gon' front. I didn't think I was gon' get out. Thought I was going to the big house again.

BOBBY

Over that? It wasn't even no big thing.

TRAY

Yeah but brothas be getting caught up on dumb shit every day. It ain't gotta be fair or right.

BOBBY

Real talk. All I know is I don't wanna see the inside of no prison ever again.

TRAY

Relax, you were in minimum security lock-up. But your pretty ass was about ten days away from getting a husband named Deadeye. It's ok. It's acceptable now.

Bobby shoves Tray, almost knocking him over. They have a good laugh until Tray spots the DISHEVELED CUSTOMER from Chefs' Corner Store wearing his HAT, GLOVES & JACKET.

TRAY (CONT'D)

Look at this...

Bobby spots the bummy guy.

BOBBY

Hell naw. Let's roll his dirty ass.

TRAY

Hey my man!!!

The dude looks up and scurries off. Tray and Bobby give chase. The dude cuts through the wooded area. Tray stops.

TRAY (CONT'D)

Let him go. Maybe the jacket'll give him super cooking powers and he can get some homeless pussy.

They flop down on another bench and have a hearty laugh.

INT. MULLINS HOUSE - VESTIBULE - DAY

Mullins signs for a letter, thanks the delivery man and shuts the door. The letter is from the BERKSHIRE FOUNDATION. He rips it open to find a CHECK for ten grand.

MULLINS
We nigga-rich!

THE END