

WILD YOUTH

"PILOT"

Written by

Kerby Marcelin

Kerby L. Marcelin  
142-40 222nd street  
Laurelton, NY 11413  
Phone: (347-484-2478  
Email: [kerbymarcelin@gmail.com](mailto:kerbymarcelin@gmail.com)

FADE IN:

INT. MR. VIDAL'S BEDROOM - DAY

Silky smooth rap music sways a capacious and shipshape room emblazoned with acidic green, colliding with an orange carpet like classical Indian art in its chromatic intensity.

The vibration from the king-size bed rocks the shoddy paintings on the wall as the moaning towers over the music.

LARA "MRS." VIDAL, 43, fit-for-her-age, brown-skinned goddess, rides AXEL "X" OBI, 18, a dark-complexioned bad boy with a jawline to die for.

The stark naked pair is lost in the fleshly act.

INT. MR. VIDAL'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

A Victorian-style living room jumbled with baroque sculptures.

LUIS "MR." VIDAL, 57, a bald-headed bore in business attire, enters with a laptop bag.

Mr. Vidal places his bag on a table. He removes his suit and throws it on the bag.

Mr. Vidal begins to loosen his tie.

Mr. Vidal crosses...

INT. MR. VIDAL'S KITCHEN - DAY

...to the uncluttered and chic kitchen.

Mr. Vidal washes his hands and picks up a green apple from the counter.

He takes a bite, pauses, and pays attention to the noise upstairs.

INT. MR. VIDAL'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

He strolls around the living room.

(CONTINUED)

MR. VIDAL  
Sweetie.

He tosses the apple on the table.

MR. VIDAL  
Sweetie?

INT. MR. VIDAL'S STAIRS - DAY

Mr. Vidal walks up the stairs.

MR. VIDAL  
Are you home?

The noise becomes clearer.

INT. MR. VIDAL'S HALLWAY - DAY

Mr. Vidal reaches upstairs. He drifts past the closet and approaches slower.

Mr. Vidal barges in.

INT. MR. VIDAL'S BEDROOM - DAY

Mr. Vidal catches them in cow girl position.

MR. VIDAL  
What the fuck!?

AXEL  
Shit!

Axel flips Mrs. Vidal to the side.

Mr. Vidal leaves the room.

Axel runs away from the bed and picks his boxers and joggers from the floor. He puts them on in panic.

Mr. Vidal is back with a baseball bat.

Mrs. Vidal SCREAMS.

Mr. Vidal swings the bat at Axel. Axel dodges.

Mr. Vidal lifts the bat for another wag. Mrs. Vidal blocks him.

MRS. VIDAL  
Please baby, calm down.

MR. VIDAL  
Calm down? Get the fuck out of my  
way, whore.

Axel collects his white T and Vans, and bolts toward the window.

MRS. VIDAL  
It's all my fault. I'm sorry, okay?

MR. VIDAL  
(to Axel)  
I'm gonna fucking kill you!

Mr. Vidal battles his wife to pass.

MRS. VIDAL  
Well, you'd have to kill me first.

Axel glides down the window of the Italianate brownstone.

Mr. Vidal pushes Mrs. Vidal and sprints toward the window.

MR. VIDAL  
You're dead! You're fucking dead.

EXT. BAJO, CA - DAY

Axel is down in the stony street of Bajo--a graceful, diverse, but colorless town in Northern California. He puts his shirt on.

AXEL  
Haha, I just fucked your wife!

Axel flashes his middle fingers to Mr. Vidal.

AXEL (CONT)  
So take this, Principal V!

Mr. Vidal throws the bat toward Axel. Axel dips and quickly hops on his bike, holding his Vans.

AXEL (CONT)  
I can't unfuck your wife.

Axel leaves.

INT. BENNIE'S SUPERMARKET HR - DAY

THREE JOB APPLICANTS including a LONG-BEARDED MAN and a CHUBBY TEENAGE GIRL sit in a waiting area, holding job applications and resumés.

JAY FUNK, 16, a lanky ginger, wearing a dress shirt and a Tom & Jerry tie--bubbles his gum loudly.

Jay's phone RINGS. All eyes are fixed on Jay. He ignores the call.

It RINGS again. He picks up.

JAY

Yo!

EXT. BAJO, CA - DAY

On the other end of the call is Axel, biking down a hilly terrain with his cotton-white teeth scintillating in the sun.

AXEL

Bruh, I just fucked the principal's wife.

INTERCUT -- PHONE CONVERSATION

JAY

Fuck outta here!

A TOOTHLESS OFFICE MANAGER, on the counter, directs her attention to Jay.

Jay scratches his head and CLEARS HIS THROAT.

JAY (CONT'D)

(whispers)

So you fucked-?

AXEL

Yes. No, not fucked. Destroyed.

JAY

Bruh!

AXEL

He caught me. Should've seen his fuckin' face.

Jay CHORTLES.

(CONTINUED)

JAY  
So what he did?

AXEL  
He swung a bat at me. I dodged that  
shit like Mayweather.

A HANDICAPPED LADY exits the room adjacent to the counter.  
The office manager checks her list.

JAY  
You're a legend for this.

TOOTHLESS OFFICE MANAGER  
Jay. Jay Fuck. Sorry, Jay Funk.

Jay smiles.

TOOTHLESS OFFICE MANAGER  
Jay Funk!

Jay detaches the phone from his hear.

JAY  
That's me.

Jay presses the phone back to his ear.

JAY  
Yo, I got a stupid ass interview.

AXEL  
Where at?

JAY  
Bennie's.

AXEL  
Shit....

JAY  
Yeah, ma on my ass for that job.  
Was supposed to be workin' on a  
track with Bobby today.

AXEL  
Damn. Aight, come thru later. Hey,  
drop that fire though.

TOOTHLESS OFFICE MANAGER  
Jay Funk.

JAY  
Aight, got you.

Jay hangs up and stands.

The office manager points to the direction of the door.

TOOTHLESS OFFICE MANAGER  
Right in here.

INT. BENNIE'S SUPERMARKET - MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY

A tiny and unkempt space with post-It notes on the walls.

BILL GIBSON, 45, a fluffy manager, shakes Jay's hand.

BILL GIBSON  
Please, have a seat.

Bill looks through his files. He picks a folder and opens it.

BILL GIBSON (CONT'D)  
Jay Funk. Tell me a little bit  
about yourself, Mr. Funk.

JAY  
Jay.

BILL GIBSON  
Jay.

JAY  
Mmmhm. Well... I'm unemployed.  
Ain't got no money. And I need a  
job.

BILL GIBSON  
Okay. Okay. But something more...  
more. Something that defines you as  
a person. Something I don't know.

JAY  
Well, did I mention I'm broke?

BILL GIBSON  
Yes, you-

JAY  
No, I didn't.

Jay picks his nose.

(CONTINUED)

BILL GIBSON  
What are you-?

JAY  
I said I didn't have money. Being  
broke and not having money ain't  
the same damn thing. Like you don't  
have money and I'm broke.

Jay flicks the booger.

BILL GIBSON  
Did you just-?

JAY  
Yes.

BILL GIBSON  
That doesn't make any sense.

JAY  
I know.

Awkward silence.

BILL GIBSON  
Humor. I like-

JAY  
Cool.

Bill fixes his eyes in the folder.

BILL GIBSON  
So you graduated from Stanford with  
a business degree?

JAY  
Something like that.

BILL GIBSON  
But you're only 16.

JAY  
Word.

BILL GIBSON  
I don't get it.

JAY  
I don't know.

Jay gets up and leaves.



Bill nods his head in disbelief.

EXT. WEST BAJO - DAY

A boulevard abuzz with VENDORS and SHOPPERS.

Jay, on the sidewalk, dials "MOM" on his smartphone.

Phone RINGS.

JAY

Hey, ma.

INT. OUTBACK GENTLEMEN'S CLUB - DAY

On the other end of the call is SHARON "SHERRY" LANGE, 35, a half-naked, busty brunette in a dressing room--smoking a cigarette and applying makeup to her face.

SHARON

What you want?

INTERCUT -- PHONE CONVERSATION

JAY

Didn't get the job. The manager's a dick.

SHARON

What the fuck, Jay? Your ass isn't in school. Your ass not staying home either. You better find a-

JAY

Can you pick me up?

SHARON

I'm at work. Take the damn bus.

JULIE "HONEY" BACH , a red-haired cougar in mini hip shorts, SLAPS Sharon's bum.

JULIE

Come on, girl. Big boss doesn't look too happy out there.

SHARON

Bye.

Sharon ends the call.

(CONTINUED)

JAY

Ma?

Jay looks at the screen.

JAY (CONT'D)

Fuck!

INT. SOHONO - DAY

Sohono is a chichi eatery on a bustling rooftop.

TWO SILK-STOCKING WOMEN sit and contemplate ROSA NEGRON, 17, a gorgeous Latina, rocking white shirt, Tiffany blue skirt and apron with her faintly blue-dyed curly hair in a bun.

Rosa holds a tray and collects dirty dishes from a table.

Clipped to her apron is a name tag with "ROSA" in gold.

The women get up and walk past Rosa.

SILK-STOCKING WOMAN #1

Your hair's very pretty.

Rosa, startled, looks back and dimples.

SILK-STOCKING WOMAN #2

It's perfect.

Rosa PATS her hair.

ROSA

Oh, thank you.

They exit.

Eight feet away from Rosa is a table with TWO MEN arguing while they sip tea.

CLINT VELTMAN, 42, a rigid-faced hunk with a peerless ego, rocks a suit and tie, and SPEAKS in a white South African accent.

Clint offers a piece of paper to WAYNE BROOKS, mid-30s, a flamboyant chap with a laughable mustache, but the tone of a psychopath.

Wayne flawlessly sports super skinny pants and a floral blazer.

Wayne refuses.

(CONTINUED)

CLINT  
Take the fucking deal, Wayne.

Wayne shakes his head and SIMPERS.

CLINT (CONT'D)  
The game has changed.

WAYNE  
Why me? hmm? Why not the Armenians?

CLINT  
I don't deal with scums.

Rosa pays attention to the conversation.

WAYNE  
Why not the Mexicans? They run  
everything around here.

CLINT  
I know I can trust you.

Wayne CHUCKLES.

CLINT (CONT'D)  
Listen, if you miss out on this?  
This could be the end of you. It's  
the 70s again. This is the next big  
thing. From colleges to nightclubs  
to big Hollywood parties. This is  
better than co...

Clint looks around.

CLINT (CONT'D)  
This is better than dust.

WAYNE  
I rather stick to dust.

CLINT  
Nostalgia. This is something people  
haven't seen in a while. In its new  
form, eighty bucks in the street.  
Three hundred for the big players.

Rosa collects slower.

CLINT (CONT'D)  
Check please.

Rosa picks up the tray, walks, and hands the check to Clint  
with a smile.

(CONTINUED)

Clint smiles back.

ROSA  
You enjoyed your tea?

CLINT  
Oh yeah, my favorite. Thank you

Clint glances at her name tag.

CLINT (CONT'D)  
Rosa.

WAYNE  
Thank you.

ROSA  
My pleasure.

Rosa begins to walk away.

WAYNE  
What?

CLINT  
Per pill.

Rosa hears and glances at the pair.

She exits.

WAYNE  
This will never work.

CLINT  
You have until midnight. Think  
about it.

Clint places the paper and a Franklin on the table.

Clint leaves. Wayne thinks for a while. He follows.

Rosa comes back and picks up the money. Under the bill, a piece of paper reads "Round Canal, SPG. Midnight" with the number 714 circled.

ROSA  
Fuck...

Rosa looks around and slips the paper in her apron.