

Miami P.I.

PILOT

"Cocks Fight, Chickens Don't"

Russell Mckee

EXT. OCEAN DRIVE - DAY

A Regular 4 door SEDAN with a Pink Lyft sticker sits in a parking spot on Ocean Drive, South Beach. A hub cap is missing. It is a gorgeous beach day.

INT. CAR - DAY

TOBY is sitting in his car looking at his phone. Mid-30s, normal looking white dude. Rap music is playing lowly. He bobs his head lightly to the music, looking back and forth at the hot girls in bikinis and exotic cars. He checks his email. He gets an email-

-Congratulations Toby McDoogle, You have passed your Online Private Investigation Course-

He nods in approval.

His phone makes a noise indicating he has got a ride share call. He presses some buttons on the phone and the GPS pops up. He drives towards his destination.

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

Toby pulls up in front of a hotel. TWO FRAT BOYS get in the back seat.

INT. CAR - DAY

FRAT BOY #1

Toby, yeah?

TOBY

Yes sir, how are you?

FRAT BOY #1

Good, hold on we have a couple more people.

A moment later 3 MORE FRAT BOYS enter the car. 2 more guys push themselves into the backseat, and 1 in the front seat(5 total). Frat Boy #3 is sitting on the others laps in the backseat and is hunched over between the two front seats.

TOBY

I think you guys need a SUV.

FRAT BOY #2

Don't worry, man. We're just going down the street to a pool party, its ok.

Toby isn't happy. He drives along while the Frat boys talk excitedly.

FRAT BOY #3
Ugh! My stomach's killing me I
just did 2 beer funnels for
breakfast.

He BURPS loudly.

FRAT BOY #4
Look at that chick, Damn Doggie!

They all look at the girl and say in unison...

FRAT BOYS TOGETHER
(It's their annoying saying)
Damn Doggie!

Toby gives a strange look.

FRAT BOY #1
Yo I hope they some hot bitches
at this party yo, Damn Doggie!

FRAT BOY FRONT SEAT
Damn Doggie!

FRAT BOY #3
(Shouts)
Damn Doggie!

Toby winces from the shouting close to his ear.

FRAT BOY #3
(laughing)
Sorry, dude. Are we almost
there? My stomach is killing me
sitting all hunched over. I feel
like I'm going to barf.

TOBY
Please don't.

EXT. OCEAN DRIVE - DAY

The car is crawling through beach traffic.

INT. CAR - DAY

FRAT BOY #4
How much longer?, we should have
been there by now.

TOBY
Yeah, 4 more minutes, we're in
some traffic.

FRAT BOY #2
I though we'd be there by now.
Damn Doggie!

FRAT BOYS #1
Damn Doggie.

FRAT BOY FRONT SEAT
Yo check out that fine bitch.
Damn Doggie!

FRAT BOYS IN TOGETHER
Damn Doggie!

FRAT BOY #4
Yo I wanna get some shit while
we're here.

FRAT BOY #3
Ugh. My stomach dude! He starts
gagging.

FRAT BOY #1
Yeah I want some shit too.

Frat Boy #3 projectile VOMITS on Frat Boy in front seat.

TOBY
Are you fucking serious!

Toby hits the gas and screeches around traffic. The Frat
boys get thrown around the seats.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The car races around traffic, turns a corner, and races
down an alley. Then skids to a stop.

INT. CAR - DAY

Toby reaches under his seat and pulls out a cosmetic bag.
He grabs his GUN and COCKS it.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

He gets out the car, and paces with the gun.

TOBY
(to Frat Boy #3)
I can't believe this!, I'm gonna
fucking kill you dude and claim
self defense.

FRAT BOY #3
(pleading)
Sorry dude, it was an accident!

TOBY
That's fucked up, you did that
shit on purpose, you better clean
that up!

Frat Boy Front seat gets out and takes his shirt off full
of vomit. Frat Boy #3 takes his shirt off and starts wiping
the front seat from the back. Frat Boy #1 takes his phone
out to start filming. Frat Boy #4 gets out and starts to
non-nonchalantly walk away.

FRAT BOY #3
(pleading)
Yes, no problem!

Toby gets the cosmetic bag and holds it in his left hand,
and holds the gun in his right hand concealing the gun in
the cosmetic bag.

TOBY
(to Frat Boy #1)
Put the fucking phone down!

(to Frat Boy #4)
You, get the fuck back here!

FRAT BOY #4
Sorry.

Frat Boy #4 walks back.

TOBY
Everybody in the fucking car,
your gonna pay me \$500 to clean
this or we got a fucking
problem!

FRAT BOY #3
Yeah I got it. I brought \$300
for the bottle, you can have
that.
(to his buddies)
Can you guys chip in \$200?

He retrieves his wallet and gives Toby 3 100 bills. The other Frat
boys GRUMBLE

FRONT SEAT
I ain't paying shit, you threw
up all over me.

FRAT BOY #4
Here's 100, I still want to get
some shit while we are here.

FRAT BOY #1
Me too, okay here 100.

Toby takes the money and counts it.

TOBY
If you need shit I got coke and
molly.

The frat boys look at each other.

FRAT BOY #4
How much is coke?

TOBY
\$80 a G. 240 a ball.

FRAT BOY #4
Let me get a gram yo.

FRAT BOY #1
How's the Molly is it any good?

TOBY
Yeah its pure, the capsules are
\$20 each, 6 for \$100.

FRAT BOY #1
Let me get 2 molly pills.

He hands Toby \$40. Toby reaches into a secret compartment
in his door panel and pulls out a bag with coke bags and
molly pills.

He hands 2 pills to FRAT BOY #1 and a gram to FRAT BOY #4.
He holds his hand out for the \$80. FRAT BOY #4 gives him
the \$80

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

The car pulls up to the hotel with all the windows open.
The Frat boys exit the car.

INT. CAR - DAY

TOBY
All right gentlemen, if you need
anything you got my digits.

FRAT BOY #3
Hey again man, real sorry dude.
It was a total accident.

TOBY
No problem man, it just really
fucking sucks. It stinks like
vomit and now I got to go clean
the shit.

The Frat boys exit the car, and walk inside the hotel. A
LADY walks to him looking at her phone and back at him.

TOBY
I'm not your Uber.

LADY
Oh ok.

A brand new LAMBORGHINI drives by.

INT. CAR - DAY

Toby counts his money. He looks up admiringly at a
Lamborghini.

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

Toby drives away past the Lamborghini with some girls with
bikinis walking by admiring it.

INT. CAR - DAY

TOBY
(rapping Vanilla Ice)
Girls were hot less than bikinis, rock
men love them, driving Lamborghinis...

INT. CARWASH - DAY

The car is being shampooed by several diligent workers.
Toby is on the Lyft App. The screen has a checkbox for
VOMIT CHARGE - \$250. Toby clicks it, then sends some
pictures of the vomit in the car.

EXT. SOUTH BEACH - DAY

The Corolla cruises through the beach.

INT. CAR - DAY

Toby is driving. Some rap music is playing, he is trying
some freestyle to the beats. He isn't good.

TOBY
Yo, Yo, I heard you bad, I heard
you got fans...I killed an
alligator with my bare hands...

His phone rings. He looks at the caller ID. Nods.

TOBY
Hey Roger, whats up?

INT. ROGER'S OFFICE - DAY

ROGER is sitting behind his desk in an expensive office. He is a successful injury lawyer who makes a lot of money and dresses well. He empties out what is left of a bag of cocaine onto his desk. He rolls up a 100 dollar bill and snorts it the line.

ROGER
Hey Toby, its Roger. Hey, can I get an eight ball delivered to my office ASAP?

INT. CAR -DAY

TOBY
You sure can, I'll be there in about 15 minutes.

INT. ROGER'S OFFICE - DAY

ROGER
OK, I got to head out to court so I will meet you in front of my office.

INT. CAR - DAY

TOBY
Roger, Roger.

Toby exits out the Uber app and heads off South Beach over the Causeway.

EXT. CAUSEWAY - DAY

Beautiful driving.

EXT. DOWNTOWN - DAY

Toby drives down the street. The streets are grimy. Cardboard boxes and tents. There are homeless addicts walking back and forth crazily. A woman lays passed out on the sidewalk with food hanging out her mouth. The Rats are eating the food.

EXT. DOWNTOWN - DAY

Toby drives through a better section of the city.

EXT. ROGER'S OFFICE - DAY

Toby pulls up to an expensive office building

A VALET DRIVER approaches him.

TOBY

Pick up.

The valet driver nods to him and moves on.

INT. CAR - DAY

Toby take out his drug bag and opens it up. It has molly pills and a bunch of cocaine - half grams, grams and a few eight balls in baggies.

Toby takes an eight ball out. Then he opens the glove compartment. Their is a stack of professional envelopes. He grabs one and puts the eight ball into the envelope and seals it shut.

EXT. ROGER'S OFFICE - DAY

Roger approaches the car. He is a little antsy (jonesing).

Toby opens the passenger side window to hand Roger the envelope. Roger opens the passenger side door and gets in the car.

INT. CAR - DAY

Roger gets in. Toby closes the window.

ROGER

Hey Toby I really appreciate you coming by.

TOBY

No problem boss.

Toby hands him the envelope.

ROGER

Did you grind it?

Roger rips open the envelope, takes the package out, and hands Toby the envelope. He looks at the package. It is very rocky.

TOBY

No, if I grind it up people think its cut.

ROGER

This is 3.5 right?

TOBY

Yes sir.

Roger flicks the bag with his finger.

ROGER

It looks a little light, you sure.

TOBY

Yup, weighed out to 3.6.

ROGER

Great, I trust you, you mind if I do a bump before I head over to court?

TOBY

Sure, but the shit is rocky.

Roger lays the bag on the console and starts to bang his keychain on the bag in order to crush it.

TOBY

Be careful or your gonna put a whole In the bag.

Roger stops and looks at the bag.

ROGER

It's Ok, I just want one bump.

Roger puts his key in the bag. The coke is still very rocky. He does a bump, half the stuff falls out his nose.

TOBY

(laughing)

Yo, half the shit fell out your nose.

Roger does another bump, half again falls out his nose. He lowers the visor and looks at his nose and cleans it out with his fingers and sniffs deeply.

ROGER

Ok, I'm Ok now. Listen Toby I really appreciate you coming by. I can Cash App you the \$250?

TOBY

You sure can.

ROGER

Okay thanks.

Roger checks his nose again and exits the car. Toby honks and rolls down the window.

TOBY

I forgot to tell you I just passed my online Private Investigator course, I'm going to start doing PI work soon. Let me know if you have any cases that need investigating?

ROGER

You got your license?

TOBY

Not yet, I got to intern my license under another Private Investigator.

ROGER

Oh yeah? Our security guard is a PI on the side. We give him a few cases a year, surveillance stuff. He's been doing it for years. Next time you come by I'll introduce you. You'll like him, he loves blow too, you guys will get along great. Hey listen, I got to get going, we'll chat soon.

He waves and walks off.

EXT. APARTMENT - DAY

Toby's mid-range condo. He parks his car. And walks to his door. Pulls out keys, opens it and enters.

INT. TOBY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Toby walks in with a backpack. TANISHA is his girlfriend. Black Aspiring house music DJ. She is smoking a joint while DJ'ing with headphones on. She sees him and smiles and takes off her headphones. A TV is playing news in the background. A rescue dog TIGER runs to Toby.

TOBY

Hey Tiger!

He pets the dog.

TANISHA

Hey, love!

She walks over and gives him a big hug and a kiss.

TOBY

Hey boo.

TANISHA

How was work today?

TOBY

It was good, did some good rides,
sold some drugs to tourists.

TANISHA

Oh thats great honey, I made you
some food. Also, they put a
notice on the door, they're
raising the rent 100 bucks a
month

He puts his stuff away, and looks at the notice.

TOBY

That's fucking insane, how do
people survive here that work
regular jobs without doing any
side shit.

(pause)

How's is the DJ'ing?

TANISHA

Oh it's great, I am working on a
new mix, you want to hear it?

TOBY

Hell yeah.

She hands him the joint. Toby takes the joint and takes a
puff. She begins to spin a HOUSE MUSIC TRACK.

INT. TOBY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

They are watching TV and on their laptops. Toby is working
on his website. He completes a task, and loads up the
website. It is a simple beginner website with some pink
neon colors. Different colored fonts. miamipi.org. It is
titled in a weird font with a picture of Ocean Drive with
some Lamborghini's and Ferraris.

Miami P.I.

"Miami's Best Private Investigators"

TOBY

Check it out.

Tanisha looks over.

TANISHA

Ooh nice looking website baby!

TOBY

Yes I am becoming a world class programmer. I was thinking about putting a Paypal button. so people can pay me and shit.

TANISHA

For what?

TOBY

I don't know , maybe people can pay me a retainer, Or maybe I can start having people pay me coke and shit through the website.

They both start laughing.

TANISHA

You stupid. Can you make me a website for my house mixes?

TOBY

Hell fuckin yeah, we can put the mixes as mp3's. We can even put a Paypal button on your web site. Than people can buy you mixes, and we can email them the mp3 files of the mixes. That way no other motherfuckers can steal your shit with royalties and shit.

TANISHA

Yeah, That sounds real good, I'm already uploading them to Soundcloud. I hope I get can booked for a gig

(she frowns)

I mean I'm just so much better than so many of these dooshe bag DJ's, Its like they see me and it's like what you don't want a sista spinning house music? What, should I only be spinning hip-hop? They don't want to see me up there?

She frowns, as she is a quality DJ who has a hard time getting work in nightclubs because they are run by assholes.

Toby puts his arm around her and kisses her on the cheek.

TOBY

Don't worry boo, you gonna get yours. You gonna be up in that Fountain Blow Hotel blowing up Club Jive instead of those other wack ass pretty boy DJ's. I can't stand when they have their stupid fucking pictures like they're looking off into the galaxy. Like this...

Toby turns to his head to the left and looks up towards the ceiling. Tanisha burst out laughing. Toby looks at her.

TOBY
Ok now you do it.

Tanisha smiles and turns her head to the left and looks upward. He grabs his phone.

TOBY
Perfect, let me take a photo. We will put it on your cover.

INT. TOBY'S CONDO - NIGHT - LATER

They are puffing a joint watching TV. He is on his computer watching a video on how to use credit card skimmers on gas pumps.

TOBY
Check this out, you get people's credit card numbers from the gas pumps. One guy made 10 grand in one weekend.

TANISHA
Oh nice, can you get me some new DJ equipment? The shit I got sucks.

TOBY
Hell yeah.

She gets a text, and reads it.

TANISHA
Hey Toby, my cousin Tyrone texted me, he moving back here from Tampa.

TOBY
Oh yeah.

TANISHA
Yeah, he moved up there a while ago to play running back for an

Arena Ball team, and then he was coaching for a little bit, but then he got arrested and they fired him.

TOBY

What did he get arrested for?

TANISHA

Some dumb shit, he beat up 3 guys in a strip club and he had weed on him. The thing is, they dropped the charges, but they fired him anyway. Ain't that some bullshit?

TOBY

That's fucked up. What's he gonna do down here?

TANISHA

He says he going to try to get some security work or something. He staying with my Aunt. Maybe you can hire him for your PI firm? He's real strong and real fast runner.

TOBY

Oh yeah that's good because sometimes I need to chase down motherfuckers.

TANISHA

(joking)

Who you gotta chase down?

TOBY

Gonna chase you down.

Toby runs over to her and grabs her and starts kissing her. She playfully tries to escape.

TANISHA

Help! Help!

They begin to romance.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Toby is driving down the street in a bad part of town. People are hanging out in cardboard boxes surrounded by rats. The Pink Lyft sticker is up.

INT. CAR - DAY

Toby is driving and rapping.

TOBY

Cause I got the cash... I grabbed
the stash...then made the dash...
real fast...click click...I'll
take your life real fast.

The Lyft app goes off. Toby slows and starts looking
around.

TOBY

Who the fuck is calling me here?

The back door pops open and a Spanish guy RAUL gets in. He
is a sketchy drug addict/street dealer.

TOBY

Hello sir, how are you today?

RAUL

Yo dawg, I just need you to take me
to my crib 5 minutes away.

TOBY

OK boss.

Raul starts emptying his pockets. A syringe, a couple
baggies, some pills, a cheap smart phone, and a wad of
singles and 5 dollar bills from all pockets. He begins to
count the money.

Toby looks back.

TOBY

Looks like you making yourself
some money.

RAUL

Yeah dawg, just take me a few
blocks over to my house.

He grabs his stomach in pain. He GROANS.

RAUL

Ugh, Fuck, Im sick!

TOBY

You okay man? Please don't throw
up, how you make all that?

RAUL

Sellin' fentanyl man, fuckin'
zombies going nuts out here for
that shit 24-7 dawg.

TOBY
No shit huh?

RAUL
You want some man? I got nickel
and dime sacks.

TOBY
Im good man, hey you need some
coke to sell?

RAUL
Coke? Fuck no dawg, aint no one
doin that shit no more. Yo, you
get me some that fentanyl, I can
sell that shit for you all day
dawg! You can make a fortune,
fuck that coke shit.

TOBY
How much you make selling that
shit?

RAUL
Dawg, you can make \$500-\$1000 a
day out here dawg. Everyone's
doing the shit. Cops only come
down here to wash away the shit
and the dead bodies.

TOBY
Do you got like runners and shit
when you selling it?

RAUL
Fuck that shit dawg, you got it
you sell it real fucking fast.
I can sell like \$1000 of good
shit in an hour.

TOBY
Do they put names on the bags?

RAUL
Nah, it mostly goes by whatever
color bags they in.

TOBY
Gotcha.

RAUL
Yo dawg, My name's Raul, take
my digits, hit me up, or find me
in these streets 24-7. If you get
some good shit, hit me up I'll
sell it for you.

dealers with lab coats, started giving these opiate pills to people for tooth aches just to get them hooked into life long addicts, like cigarette companies, but worse.

JEAN
(nodding)
Uh huh.

TOBY
(CONTINUED)
And then after they got the people hooked on the pills, guess what they did? They took the fucking pills away!(laughing), can you believe that shit? Now we got these fuckin zombies roaming the streets for fentanyl. It used to be all crack heads. Now it's these opiate addicts.

JEAN
Yes, I used to sell a lot more rock. This new stuff is killing people.

Jean hands him the ounce of coke.

TOBY
Great thanks.

Toby hands him twelve hundred dollars.

TOBY
Here's twelve.

JEAN
Ok.

Jean counts the money. Roger opens the bag and takes a big whiff.

TOBY
Whoa! This shit smells nice!

EXT. APARTMENT - DAY

Toby walks back to his car.

TOBY
Alright thanks, I see you in about a week.

JEAN

OK bye.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Toby drives through the streets of Miami.

EXT. ROGER'S OFFICE - DAY

Toby pulls up to the valet and gets out. The valet opens door.

TOBY

Hey boss, fuckin' hot today huh?.

VALET

My balls are soaked in a pool of sweat.

INT. ROGER'S OFFICE - DAY

Toby is sitting looking at his phone while Roger is carving out lines of cocaine on his desk with a credit card.

TOBY

Hey you know that stuff fentanyl?

ROGER

Yeah it's stronger than heroin and cheaper. Drive around, that's what all the addicts on the streets are doing.

Roger snorts a line of cocaine.

TOBY

Where do you get it a doctor?

ROGER

No, it's illegal, but I was reading that dealers were ordering it online from China. But I wouldn't do any web searches for that you never know whose watching that shit.

Roger snorts another line. There's a KNOCK on the door. Roger checks his nose in a mirror.

ROGER

Come in.

In walks JOSE wearing a security uniform. Miami Cuban. Head security guard for the building. Mostly fat and sweaty, little menacing.

ROGER

Hey!

JOSE

Hey!

Roger and Toby stand up. Roger gives him a hug. Roger points to Toby.

ROGER

Jose, this is my friend Toby.

TOBY

Nice to meet you.

JOSE

Nice to meet you.

They shake hands and sit down.

Roger starts to carve another line.

ROGER

Jose, you up for a toot?

JOSE

(smiles)

Is there ever a bad time?

He jumps up and walks behind Rogers desk. Roger snorts a line and hands a straw to Jose. Jose snorts two lines.

Jose motions Toby to come snort.

TOBY

No I only snort when I drink. I get weird if I do it sober.

JOSE

I can snort 24 hours a day. I can eat on it, I can even sleep on the shit.

ROGER

I can't eat shit on it. I went 3 days once and all I ate was a tic tac.

They all laugh. Jose passes the straw back to Roger. He starts moving the coke around on his desk with a credit card.

JOSE

(to TOBY)

So Roger tells me you want to be a Private Investigator.

Toby stands up.

TOBY

Yes, I want to start a Private Investigator business because I think it could be profitable. I have my PI intern license and took an online PI course so Im ready to go. I just need someone to put my license under, and Roger said you have your license.

JOSE

Yeah I got one years ago, but I don't use it that much. Few times a year to follow some asshole for Roger. You got a car?

TOBY

Yeah.

JOSE

Good, because PI work is mostly following some asshole. I got a managers license so you can work under me. You can even open an office with the license. That shit cost more money though, thats why I never bothered.

TOBY

I got a new website too.
miamipi.org

JOSE

Why not .com?

TOBY

O-R-G is better, it's like an organization.

JOSE

Sounds good. Call it whatever the fuck you want. Call it Pussy PI if you want.

They all laugh.

JOSE

(turning to ROGER)
Thats some good shit, where d you get that?

Roger nods to Toby and smiles.

ROGER
I got it from Toby.

JOSE
(to TOBY)
Thats some good shit.
(pause)
Ok heres the deal, how
much you charge for a ball?

TOBY
\$250

Jose laughs.

JOSE
My man, Im Cuban. I don't pay
that much. I used to pay \$60
dollars an eight ball.

ROGER
When in the 1980's. This stuff
isn't like the sneezing powder
you came by here with last time.

They laugh.

JOSE
(to ROGER)
Oh yeah, that shit was awful,
had me nose bleeding for a week.
(to TOBY)
Ok, let's do this, pay me 2
eight balls a month, and I'll
let you do whatever cases you
want under my license. Sound
good?

TOBY
Yes, but I can't pay you until I
get my first case.

JOSE
Sounds good.

INT. OFFICE HALLWAY - DAY

Toby walks to the elevator and gets in.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

The door begins to close. A hand stops the door from
closing. Jose gets in, his eyes are bulging and he is
sweating from the coke. He is breathing heavy and smiling.

JOSE

So your gonna give me 2 eight balls a month?

TOBY

Yea for sure. Once I get a case.

Jose looks at him.

JOSE

Let me get another bump.

Toby reaches in his pocket and gives Jose an eighball bag, Jose pours out a big bump on his hand and snorts it. Residue is in his face. He takes the bag and puts it in his pocket.

JOSE

I think I may have your first case. Are you ready?

TOBY

Sure thing boss.

JOSE

Good, I want you to find out who stole my cock!

Toby looks at his Jose's crotch

TOBY

Your cock?

JOSE

My chicken, his name is El Cuco, The Nightmare, King of the Cocks. He is a champion cock-fighter, someone has stolen him from my chicken coop!

Jose pulls out his phone and shows Toby a bunch of weird glamour shots of his BIG WHITE CHICKEN in different outfits and poses. It is a big white chicken. Some pictures it is in an elaborate chicken coop. Jose starts to tear up.

TOBY

So Cuco the chicken was stolen?

JOSE

Cuco the cock!

TOBY

Why a cock and not a chicken?

JOSE

(crying)
Cocks fight, chickens don't.

TOBY

I see.

(thinking)

Was there a ransom note?

JOSE

No ransom note.

The elevator door opens. PEOPLE walk in. Jose wipes the tears from his eyes and the residue off his nose.

TOBY

I promise you I'm going to find
your cock.

They get strange looks.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Toby drives up to an internet cafe on south beach. He gets out and walks inside. He is wearing a hat, sunglasses and a fake mustache.

INT. CAFE - DAY

He walks to a corner computer and logs on. He goes onto DuckDuckGo search engine and looks up "fentanyl from china". It opens pages full of suppliers. Toby begins to scroll through with a notebook taking notes.

INT. TOBY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tanisha and Toby are hanging out smoking a joint. She is mixing music. He is designing a logo on Photoshop. The logo says "Miami Sugar" She gets a text.

TANISHA

Oh, my cousin's here.

TOBY

Nice.

They get up and walk to the door. Tanisha opens it. TYRONE. Grilled up, Tatted up. Physique of a pro football player. He hugs Tanisha.

TANISHA

Hey cuz!

TYRONE

Hey love.

He shakes Toby's hand.

TOBY
Nice to meet you!

TYRONE
You must be Toby. I've heard
wonderful things about you.

INT. TOBY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - LATER

They are sitting down laughing, and smoking a blunt. Toby
and Tyrone are drinking multiple beers. They are buzzing'

TOBY
...and that's why I call it the
"Land of the thief, home of the
slave."

Toby finishes his beer and walks to the refrigerator. He
grabs a beer.

TYRONE
You ain't wrong Toby, you ain't
wrong.

TOBY
(to Tyrone)
You want another beer?

TYRONE
Yeah I'll take another beer.
(pause)
So Toby, Tanisha tells me you
startin' an investigator service.
How's that going?

TOBY
Fucking great man, I got a
website, I got a license, I just
got my first case. I got to find
out whose stole this guys cock.

TANISHA
His cock?

TOBY
His chicken. He cock-fights it
for money. He says his cock was
a was a champion cock-fighter,
made him some good money.

TYRONE
Yeah I knew some Spanish dude
in Hialeah trained them cocks
to fight.

TOBY

Yeah that's where I will start,
at the cock fights. Since their
was no ransom note, I suspect
the perpetrator is someone who
stole the cock to make money
cock-fighting. If you want I'll
take you with me to a cockfight
in Hialeah to do surveillance. I'll
pay you fifty bucks for a few
hours of surveillance to see if
we can find the cock.

TYRONE

Hell yeah, I need to get me some
money dawg.

TANISHA

Can you call it a chicken and
not a cock?

TOBY

Cocks fight, chickens don't.

TYRONE

Yeah, cocks fight, chickens
don't.

TANISHA

Tyrone, why don't you come with
me to Club Jive at the Fountain
Blow Hotel tomorrow? I'm going
to see if they will listen to my
CD and give me an opportunity to
DJ. Maybe you can get a job
working security or the door?

TYRONE

That sound good also.

TANISHA

Hey you guys want to head out for
a little bit?

TOBY

I can't. I have to go driving
early tomorrow.

TANISHA

Oh come on honey, please. Tyrone
just got into town.

TYRONE

C'mon Toby. I just got into town.

TOBY

Ok guys, but just for a little

bit.

EXT. STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

They walk up to a rundown strip club called "Club 13". There is a BIG BLACK DOOR GUY standing behind a velvet rope.

TYRONE

My man, ya'll ever lookin to hire security?

DOOR GUY

Always my man.

TYRONE

Alright, I'm gonna come holler at you.

INT. STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

Toby, Tyrone, and Tanisha are at some couches. A WAITRESS passes by.

TYRONE

(to WAITRESS)

Yo! Let me get an Incredible Hulk, Toby, you want an Incredible Hulk?

TOBY

You mean like the superhero?

TYRONE

Fuck yeah! Hennessy and Hypnotic my man. Shit get you straight!

TOBY

Let's do it!

TANISHA

I want one.

INT. STRIP CLUB - NIGHT - LATER

They are drunk, a stripper is giving Tanisha a lap dance. Toby pulls a bag out his pocket. He dips his key into it and does a bump. He dips the key in again and gives Tanisha a bump. He dips the key in again and gives the stripper a bump. He passes the bag to Tyrone. Tyrone pours some out on the back of his hand and snorts it off. He passes it back.

TOBY

(to TYRONE)

Yeah man, me and my boys, we used

to go around the neighborhood and rob all the cars. See who left their doors open. Steal change, CD's, radar detectors. Than we started taking the car radios and shit.

TYRONE

Yeah dawg, I ran with this crew, we used to rob people. We just drive around and roll up on motherfuckers and pull out on people,

(pretends to draw gun)
take everything from a motherfucker, chains, wallets, phones, man we took everything. Damn, I'm lucky I ain't dead or in prison for that shit.

TOBY

Yo dawg, the devil plays in an empty pocket.

(slowly)
The Devil plays in an empty pocket.

TYRONE

No doubt dawg, no doubt.

They clink glasses.

INT. STRIP CLUB - NIGHT - LATER

Drunker. On the couch. More Incredible Hulks. Toby finishes getting a lap dance

TOBY

Yo, Tyrone, you come by here during the day, they got a real good prime rib buffet for cheap.

TYRONE

You eat that shit off a stripper's ass?

They all laugh.

TANISHA

Toby, show Tyrone your freestyle.

TOBY

Me?, no I suck.

TANISHA

No, your wonderful, show him.

TYRONE
Yo let me hear them lyrics dawg.

TOBY
Ok Ok.

TOBY
(over the beats)
Yo, yo, I heard you got respect,
I heard you got fans...I killed
a lion and a bear with my bare
hands...

TANISHA
It should be, I killed a lion, a
tiger and a bear with my bare
hands.

Tanisha and Tyrone bust out laughing.

TYRONE
Oh my!

They all laugh.

TOBY
Ha ha funny, what is this fucking
the Wizard of Oz?

TANISHA
Can you freestyle Tyrone?

TYRONE
Me, nah, maybe a little bit, it's
been a minute.

TANISHA
Oh come on please?

TOBY
Yo, lets here it my man!

TYRONE
Alright, alright.

Tyrone gathers himself, then proceeds to spit a powerful
political RAP.

TYRONE
(Raps)

Toby and Tanisha listen to him in wide eyed astonishment.
He is really good. He finishes.

TOBY

Wow dude! That was really good.

TYRONE

Oh, you know, jus a lil'
somethin'.

TANISHA

Your really good Tyrone, can you
rap over one of my music tracks?

Tyrone smiles shyly.

TYRONE

Oh I don't know 'bout all dat,
but okay we can try sometime.

TOBY

(to TANISHA)

Wait, you never ask me to rhyme
over your tracks.

TANISHA

(changing the subject)

I love you boo!

She then gets on Toby's lap and begins to give him a lap
dance. She pulls out the bag and feeds him a bump of coke.

TANISHA

I can't wait to get you home.

TOBY

Me too, let's get out of here.
I want to snort a line off your
ass.

She giggles and rubs her tits in his face.

TANISHA(smiling)

Sounds good.

A stripper walks over and starts to give Tyrone a lap
dance.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Toby is driving down the street. Beautiful, breezy day.

INT. CAR - DAY

He checks his emails on his phone and sees his package has
arrived from China and it's at the post office.

EXT. CAUSEWAY - DAY

Toby drives over the causeway towards downtown.

EXT. OVERTOWN - UNDER A BRIDGE - DAY

Steaming hot. Toby drives slowly through the streets of homelessness, addiction and despair. His bright pink Lyft sticker allows him to drive slow. He pulls up under a bridge. A homeless camp, open air sex/drug market.

INT. CAR - DAY

Toby is looking around like he is looking for something.

TOBY

Aha!

He pulls up to a white homeless gut who looks kind of like him. Toby opens the window.

TOBY

My man!

The guy, TIMOTHY gets up off his cardboard box and walks up to the car.

TIMOTHY

Can you help me out with a couple dollars?

TOBY

Even better, Hi what's your name?

TIMOTHY

Timothy.

Toby speaks his rehearsed script.

TOBY

Hi Timothy, my name is Thomas.
I need a favor and I will pay you for it. I have a package at the post office. Its CBD oil. It's legal here in Florida, but illegal in some other states.

TIMOTHY

Uh huh.

TOBY

So last time I got a CBD package, they held it for a week, and I went in there and I flipped out. I called the lady a fat bitch and now I'm banned from the post office. So um, what I want to do is give you my ID and have you get the package, and if they ask say

your my brother and you lost your
ID and I wanted you to pick up the
CBD package.

TIMOTHY

How much?

TOBY

10 bucks.

TIMOTHY

Na man this sounds sketchy, you
got to give me 20 bucks. I need
to get better first I'm sick

Toby considers.

TOBY

Um, ok sir get in.

INT. CAR - DAY

Timothy gets in. Toby opens his window.

TOBY

Damn dude, you fucking reek!

TIMOTHY

Alright let me get that money,
I need to get a bag, Im fucking
sick.

Toby hands him the money. They drive through the homeless
encampment/ open air drug market. Timothy yells out the
window to someone he knows.

TIM

Steve!

Raul, comes walking up to the car.

RAUL

Yo, what you want need man?

TIMOTHY

Fuck off dude, you ripped me off
last time. Yo, Steve, Steve!

A big black dealer named STEVE walks up to the car.

STEVE

Step aside Raul.

Raul runs off to another car.

TIMOTHY

Steve, let me get 2 dimes.

EXT. POST OFFICE - DAY

Toby and Timothy sit in front of the post office.

Timothy finishes heating the fentanyl in a spoon. He sucks up the dope in a syringe and shoots it in his arm.

TIMOTHY
(smiling)
Damn that feels so fucking good!

TOBY
Thats fuckin gross dude. How'd you start that shit?

TIMOTHY
I got hooked on pills, my doctor gave me 100 oxycontin for a toothache.

TOBY
That easy to lose your life huh?

Toby gives him his driver's license. Timothy looks at it.

TIMOTHY
I thought you said your name is Thomas. This says Toby McDoogle?

TOBY
(caught in lie)
Um no, Thomas is my middle name. That's what everyone calls me. No big deal, their shouldn't be any issue.

Timothy looks at license again, and back at Toby.

TIMOTHY
(laughing)
It says here you middle name is Scooter. Toby Scooter McDoogle.
(laughing harder)
What kind of fucking name is that?

TOBY
This is why I use Thomas, people always messin with me.

TIMOTHY
Ok, Oh man sorry, that shit is funny. Alright let me go get this package. So what was your Mom's maiden name?

TOBY
Shneiderbanger.

Timothy howls in laughter and gets out the car. Toby shakes his head.

TIMOTHY
(laughing)
Oh man, you just made my day.

EXT. FOUNTAIN BLOW HOTEL - DAY

Tanisha and Tyrone walk up to the Fountain Blow Hotel excited and well dressed. Tanisha is holding some CD's with her cover photo from Toby's earlier picture.

TANISHA
So the got Club Jive which is the hot spot, and they also got pool parties on the weekend. Maybe I can spin there.

TYRONE
Yeah, I don't mind meeting me some fine ass ladies.

EXT. FOUNTAIN BLOW HOTEL - DAY - LATER

Tanisha and Tyrone walk out pissed as fuck. She throws the CD'S.

TANISHA
Fuck them! They wouldn't even listen to my CD.

TYRONE
Yo fuck those people, I'll shoot that motherfucker. You don't treat people like that. You try that shit on me somewhere else I fuckin kill you and throw you in a motherfuckin dumpster.

TANISHA
I think I'm done with this fucking industry.

TYRONE
No girl, don't give up on your dream. I'm going back to that strip club, maybe they can hire me as security. I'll see if I can get you in as part time DJ so you can stay busy at your craft.

INT. TOBY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Toby walks in with his package.

INT. SPARE ROOM - DAY

Toby is wearing goggles and mask. He is cutting the fentanyl with a cutting agent.

INT. SPARE ROOM - DAY - LATER

He is bagging up the fentanyl into baggies. The baggies have printed names on them that he has designed, they have his Logo "Miami Sugar"

INT. TOBY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Toby is chilling with Tanisha on their computers. She is looking at LSAT courses. He is watching a cock-fighting video.

TANISHA

...and I just asked the fucking manager to take the CD and listen to it...and he's like, No thanks...No thanks. I was like What the fuck?

TOBY

Fuck those people. Your way better than half those fucking DJ's. I can't stand that fucking Marshmellow Head asshole, why don't you put a pillow over your head and be Pillow Face?

They laugh.

TANISHA

I should put a white hood on for these people.

TOBY

Yes, we can call you DJ Black Clans-woman.

TANISHA

DJ Black Clans-bitch!

They laugh harder. She shows him her computer.

TANISHA

I'm thinking about taking the LSAT.

TOBY

Lawyer? That's what I'm talking about. I know this lawyer, he flies his plane everyday from Naples to Opa Locka airport, can you believe that shit? Flying over the fucking Everglades every day?

TANISHA

That man gonna be alligator food. I just want to get paid a lot of money.

TOBY

Go for it. You definitely smart enough.

TANISHA

Aww, thanks. In the mean time Tyrone gonna see if he can get me a DJ gig over at Club 13. If I work days I can probably study while I just play hip-hop tracks.

TOBY

You see I like that idea better than the lawyer idea, because then I can hang out all day at the strip club and eat for free and get free lap dances.

They laugh.

TANISHA

You stupid. If I become a lawyer we'll have way more money to spend on that shit plus more.

TOBY

I know these things. I'm just playing. Can you do the
(shouting like strip club DJ)
Coming to the main stage, Tanisha Jackson!

TANISHA

(not as good)
Coming to the main stage, Toby McDoogle!

TOBY

(louder)
No like this. Coming to the main stage, Tanisha Jackson!

TANISHA

(better)

Coming to the main stage, Toby
McDoogle!

TOBY
Much better, much much better.
You're hired.

EXT. OVERTOWN - UNDER A BRIDGE - NIGHT

Timothy is sitting on his cardboard box. Toby pulls up in his car, and rolls down his window.

TOBY
Yo, yo!

TIMOTHY
Hey man, can you spare me a
few dollars?

TOBY
Even better, you want to do some
fentanyl?

Timothy's eyes lite up.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Toby gives him a bag, Timothy preps his shooting utensils.

TOBY
This is a ten dollar baggie.

He hands him the bag of Miami Sugar. Timothy looks at the bag.

TIMOTHY
What's "Miami Sugar"?

TOBY
It's what its called.

TIMOTHY
Whatever.

Timothy empties the bag and throws it out. He puts the fentanyl in the spoon, and pulls out a grimy needle.

TOBY
They don't give you clean
needles?

TIMOTHY
Na, I found this one this
morning. I usually just clean
them out with rainwater from a
puddle.

TOBY
Can you sell 20 or 50 bags out
here?

Timothy laughs.

TIMOTHY
Na man, as soon as someone gets
5-10 dollars they get their fix.
I try to get dimes because the
nicks don't get me hi, just keeps
me from getting sick. But
sometimes I'm so sick I will get
whatever I can.

Timothy proceeds to shoot the dope. He relaxes his head
back and closes his eyes

TIMOTHY
Oh good, thats real good.

He relaxes more and stays quiet. Toby watches him nodding
in approval of making a good product.

TOBY
How's that feel?

TIMOTHY
(mumbles incoherently)

TOBY
Nice huh?

Timothy doesn't respond and his breathing gets shallow. He
is beginning to overdose.

TOBY
Uh oh, your not OD'ing are you?

Timothy's head swings over. His lips are blue. VOMIT
pours out of his mouth.

TOBY
Oh shit! Fuck, fuck! I just
cleaned.

He looks around. There is no one around.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

He gets out and runs around to the other side of the car.
He is thinking about dumping Timothy right there in the
gutter. He changes heart and seat-belts Timothy and peels
out.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Toby calls 911.

TOBY
911, Uber driver here. I just
picked I guy up, he's OD'ing on
crack or heroin or some shit. His
lips are blue. I'm bringing him
to the ER.

Toby slaps him in the face to wake up. He turns the radio
really loud.

TOBY
Wake up dude, listen to some music.

EXT. CAR - NIGHT

The car speeds down the street with music blasting.

EXT. EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

Toby is talking to a BLACK FEMALE POLICE OFFICER. She
hands him back his Drivers license. She looks at him like
he is full of shit.

OFFICER
Ok, Mr. Toby McDoogle. So
your telling me this guy ran up
to your car waving his hands
going "I'm OD'ing, I'm OD'ing",
and you let him in your car and
drove him to the emergency room?

TOBY
Yes Sir, Ma'am.

OFFICER
Were you driving Lyft at the
time?

TOBY
Yeah, um no, I didn't technically
have the App on. I sometimes do
rides on the side for extra money.

OFFICER
Uh huh, okay we are going to
interview him when he wakes up
to see what happened.

TOBY
Okay sounds good, call me if
anything.

EXT. CLUB 13 - NIGHT

Tyrone walks up to the door guy and shakes his hand. They begin to talk.

EXT. CARWASH - NIGHT

Toby finishes getting his car washed. He texts Jose.

Toby - where can I find cock fights?

Jose - goto hialeah flea market. can you drop the other eightball you owe me off at my house?

Toby - I ran out, I'll pass by tomorrow. I want to see the chicken coop.

Jose - You don't have anything right now???

Toby - Completely out. I re-up tomorrow.

Jose - Not even a 20??????

Toby gets another text.

Frat boy#4 - Hey my friend threw up in your car, and I bought some white, can I get another eightball?

Toby - Sure thing boss, where you at?

Frat boy#4 - Fountain Blow Hotel

Toby - Ok, be there in 20 minutes.

EXT. SOUTH BEACH - NIGHT

Toby cruising the beach listening to some rap music.

TOBY

I know you got clout, I know you
got plans, I killed an alligator
and a crocodile with my bare hands...

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Timothy wakes up, rips out his IV needle, and sneaks out the hospital.

CUT TO BLACK

