MISADVENTURES

Pilot Episode
"The Shambles"

Written By
Colm Dillane and Rob Weiss

Close up on a paintbrush swirling paint on a palette. Music from a distant stereo.

EXT. BROOKLYN - MORNING

Bodegas. Hasidic men hurrying to synagogue. Old men slapping down dominoes. An EVICTION NOTICE is taped to the front door. We pass it without stopping. We drift into a clothing store, lights off, sun cutting through the window.

INT. KIDSUPER STORE - CONTINUOUS

Racks built from plumbing pipe. Bike wheels for hangers. Concrete blocks displaying hats. We pass through a secret door that looks like a vending machine door, into --

INT. KIDSUPER STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Behind the store: Part studio, part hostel. Fabric scraps everywhere, the aftermath of the best art party ever. Music thumps from a homemade recording booth.

SAFA (late 20s, effortlessly cool) and WILSON (late 20s, Midwestern, a human golden retriever) sleep tangled on a couch.

BACK ROOM

Quiet. Just the brush again.

COLM (28, boyish mad scientist), shirtless, covered in paint, works on a dress on a mannequin. He's been here all night.

PENELOPE (late 20s, scrubs under a men's overcoat) stands in the doorway. Keys in one hand. In the other, an opened envelope. She waits for him to turn. He doesn't. Not spite. He genuinely doesn't know she's there.

PENELOPE
I have to go. But I need to talk to you about something.

COLM
(not turning)
One sec.

He adds a detail. Another.

COLM (CONT'D)
Okay, sorry, one --

The doorway's empty. Distantly, the front door shuts. Colm stares at where she was. Then back at the dress. He keeps painting.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. TETERBORO AIRPORT - TARMAC - DAY

MICHAEL BURKE (50s, a wolf in a cashmere sweater) steps off a private jet into a blacked-out Maybach. Every bag carries the same monogram: FENDI.

INT. MAYBACH - MOVING - DAY

Burke swipes through a tablet: a grid of young designers' collections. A few wear a small red dot. He drags one of the dotted logos into a folder marked FUTURE FENDI PORTFOLIO. He's on the phone.

BURKE
(into phone)
Have you ever seen a wild crocodile? They are covered in scars. Ours are pristine because they are pampered. Fed, warm, treated like royalty.
(beat)
Right up until the day they are ready.

He swipes. A pastel, hand-drawn logo: KIDSUPER. No dot. He lingers on it. Swipes on.

EXT. KIDSUPER BUILDING - MORNING

A pastel-painted Brooklyn warehouse. DANNY (28, chubby, rumpled suit, two giant coffees) climbs out of an Uber, turns back, kisses a girl clearly out of his league, and heads in.

INT. KIDSUPER STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Danny steps over the wreckage. FODA (29, unaware of his attractiveness because he's in love with his computer) is typing away. Danny hands him a coffee.

DANNY
Sup, Fo.

FODA
He's in the back. Hasn't slept.

DANNY
(into the void)
Colm! It's eight-thirty!

Safa and Wilson roll over like kids refusing to go to school.

BACK ROOM

Colm, still working on the dress. Danny enters.

DANNY
Fashion council meeting's at nine.

Colm cuts the hem in one fast, perfect stroke.

COLM
What do you think?

DANNY
Great. Let's go.

COLM
What do you really think?

DANNY
I resell Taylor Swift tickets. What do I know? Looks like shit.

Their signature high five. They head out.

INT. KIDSUPER STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Colm pulls a suit off the store rack and tucks the tags in; it's going back on the rack tomorrow. Danny ties the tie. He's the only one in the building who knows how.

LUCY (mid-20s, head seamstress, ballbuster, pins in her mouth) kneels at Colm's feet, hemming the pants on him.

LUCY
Stand still. Two years at Central Saint Martins and now I’m just a glorified baby sitter.

COLM
Fo, we going live with the collection?

FODA
Adding the lookbook now. But we don't have as much product as you think.

COLM
Meaning?

FODA
It's stuck in customs. I've been on with DHL for three days. Thought I could fix it before I told you. I even sent Tunnels to the docks yesterday.

LUCY
You sent Tunnels?

FODA
He's the intern, seemed like a good test, but now he's not answering.

LUCY
He's the only one who can run the chainstitch.

FODA
I told you not to lie about the value to save on duties.

Colm doesn't answer that.

COLM
Where is it now?

FODA
Jamaica. Hasn't moved.

WILSON
(waking up, half asleep)
Jamaica. I'll get my passport.

FODA
Queens. Jamaica, Queens.
(to Colm)
Should I push the drop?

COLM
Put it all up as preorder.

FODA
Customers hate preorders. And if something happens to those boxes, we owe thousands. That's a scam.

COLM
It's not a scam if the boxes show up.

FODA
And if they don't?

Colm stops. The room goes quiet. Half of them don't know this part.

COLM
Look the venue needs forty grand by Wednesday noon or they give our date away. It's fashion week. Every other room's been booked for a year. No venue, no show. No show, and the last six months were for what?
(beat)
So put the clothes for sale.

Foda starts typing. ON SCREEN, IN RED: -$40,000

LUCY
Big L wants payment for the finale. Plus fabric. Another six.

ON SCREEN: -$46,000

FODA
Lighting guy wants his nine up front.

ON SCREEN: -$55,000

SAFA
(from the couch, eyes closed)
Rent's due too, right?

FODA
Rent was due in August. Twelve grand.

COLM
Takes six months to evict someone. Besides Moishe believes in us.

INSERT: Hasidic guy putting up an eviction notice in a colorful KidSuper jacket.

SAFA
...I'm going back to sleep.

ON SCREEN: -$67,000

FODA
And in the account right now we've got --

COLM
Fo.

Foda stops. The screen finishes the sentence anyway:

ON SCREEN: ACCOUNT: -$1,400. TOTAL: -$68,400.

DANNY
We're good, right?

COLM
(too fast)
We're good. How do I look?

Lucy, eyes on the hem, stops pinning for half a second.

FODA
Like a groom who hasn't paid for the wedding.

WILSON
A nice same-sex wedding.

Colm rips off the tie.

COLM
Fo, get it live, find the boxes. Safa, Wilson, go see L.

SAFA
With money?

COLM
Tell him we got him later this week. Bring him some food.

Colm and Danny head out. Foda throws a shirt at Safa.

SAFA
(yawning)
I'm up. Y'all know I'm the heart and soul of this operation.

They go. Foda alone. A Post-it on his monitor: VENUE $40K - WED 12PM. Under it: EVERYTHING ELSE $28,400. Under that, smaller: BEST DAY EVER: $52,330 in gross sales. He peels it off, slides it under his keyboard, and launches the website.

EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE - BIKE LANE - MOVING - MORNING

Colm and Danny on an old moped, no helmets. Cyclists pass them.

DANNY
One day we're gonna die on this thing, and it's not even ours.

COLM
Not today. If one of these people sits front row, we're not a little Brooklyn thing anymore. It’s a different company the next morning.

DANNY
Different for who?

COLM
All of us.

Danny looks out at the water.

DANNY
They offered me the promotion.

COLM
Seriously?

DANNY
Director. One-forty. Six years in that basement, Colm, and I get a window.
(beat)
I told my mother. She cried. Then she asked if there's dental.
(beat)
I see my future: white picket fence. Westchester. Wife, kids. I just probably won't be around as much.

Colm opens his mouth. Closes it. Danny waits a beat too long for the next line.

DANNY (CONT’D)
What do you think?

COLM
Sounds great. It's what you wanted, right?
(beat)
Knowing you, you'll be running the place in two years.

DANNY
Ha, sure.

Silence. They go over a bump.

DANNY (CONT'D)
I'm already hard.

COLM
We haven't even hit the cobblestone.

They laugh. Both staring off into the distance.

INT. KEBE'S AFRICAN FASHIONS - HARLEM - DAY

Wedged between a salon and a laundromat. Five languages at once. In the back, buried in fabric, BIG L (65, Senegalese master tailor, a tape measure worn like a necklace) sews without looking up. Safa and Wilson enter with a foil tray.

BIG L
New white boy. Where is White Boy Number One?

WILSON
Big meeting. Downtown.
(holding up the tray)
Jerk chicken. Fulton Street.

Big L looks up for the first time.

BIG L
Chicken, guess I'm not getting paid today. His first show, he came with this. We ate on the floor before the models arrived.

He takes the tray. Goes through the fabrics.

BIG L (CONT'D)
You need them when?

SAFA
Thursday.

BIG L
(laughs)
Two days. Tell boss I need more money. I read the newspapers. You are rich boys now.

He nods at a framed clipping on the wall: Big L on the runway at the first KidSuper show. The headline reads THE BULL IN THE CHINA SHOP.

INT. HOSPITAL - STAIRWELL - DAY

PENELOPE takes the stairs, phone pinned between shoulder and ear, digging through her bag.

PENELOPE
(into phone)
Yea but Ma, I'm not waiting for someone to change. I just-
(beat)
Yea. yea. I know.
(beat)
I've gotten too comfortable being uncomfortable.

She finds her badge. It has a paint smudge on it. She tries to rub it off. Stops on the stairs. Looks at the envelope.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)
I will figure it out. But what about you? How you gonna live without me
(Beat)
Ha. Oh nowwww you are the independent one
(beat)
I'll be at Sunday dinner. You know I'd never miss it.

She hangs up. Stands there a second longer than she should. Then goes through the doors.

INT. FASHION COUNCIL - ONE WORLD TRADE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Colm faces MARCUS KELL (50s, president of the Fashion Council) and ANNA WINTOUR (70s, most powerful editor in fashion).

KELL
Fashion Fund finalist. LVMH Karl Lagerfeld prize in Paris. And now your first official calendar show.

COLM
I never thought I'd get noticed by the people in this room.

Anna smiles. She has a bust-your-balls sense of humor.

ANNA
Us either.
(beat)
How's business? This industry is known to eat its young.

COLM
Business is great. Third-quarter sales are up.

ON SCREEN: -$68,400

COLM (CONT'D)
A small sales team handles wholesale.

INSERT: Foda, alone, eating M&Ms.

COLM (CONT'D)
And the office behind our shop has become a creative incubator.

INSERT: Safa and Wilson wrestling on a cutting table.

ANNA
Venue secured?

COLM
Yep.

KELL
Remember fashion shows don't make money. Don't spend everything on this.

An ASSISTANT (20s) leans in.

ASSISTANT
Anna. Mr. Burke is here.

ANNA
(standing, to Colm)
Good luck. We need new voices. We're all watching you now.

Through the glass, Anna greets Burke, the man from the jet. He looks in at Colm. Not dismissive. Not impressed. Filing him away.

COLM
Was that Michael Burke?

KELL
You do your homework.

COLM
I'd love for you, Anna and Mr. Burke to come to the show.

KELL
(laughs)
Maybe in a couple of years. Come to the event tonight. He'll be there. I'll put your name on the list.

COLM
Could I get a plus... 5?

KELL
(laughs)
You're pushing it.

INT. WALK-UP APARTMENT - HARLEM - DAY

Safa and Wilson climb into a homey apartment. To Wilsons surprise, Safa has keys. He pulls a shoebox of his own cash from under the bed and adds it stack of cash in his hoodie. MAGGIE (late 50s, in a robe) steps out of the bathroom.

MAGGIE
Baby! You didn't say you were coming.

She kisses him on the lips. Wilson is shocked and confused. Safa nudges her off like a kid dodging his mom.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
Ohh, honey, you didn't say there was company. I would've put out snacks.

SAFA
This is Wilson. One of my friends. We have to leave now.

MAGGIE
Nice to meet you, Wilson. I'm Margaret Brown, but everyone calls me Maggie B. You sure you have to leave are you hungry?

Safa checks his fake Rolex and pushes Wilson out.

SAFA
We late already. I'll see you later though, baby.

MAGGIE (O.S.)
Love you!

EXT. HARLEM STREET - CONTINUOUS

WILSON
So--

SAFA
Nah

WILSON
Really? You're not gonna tell me about Meryl Streep?

SAFA
We all got different stories.

WILSON
And I’m wondering where a 60 year old white woman comes in to yours?

SAFA
Fine. My brother kicked me out when I was nineteen. I was couch surfing and I carried Maggie's groceries up one day. She let me crash. Fed me. And I... helped around the house.

WILSON
You're a gigolo.
(beat)
Your dick saved your life. That's beautiful.

SAFA
I still check on her. She was there for me when no one was.

WILSON
Yeah, well... I can never let you meet my mom now.

Safa gives a big smile.

SAFA
One more stop.

INT. MURDA'S APARTMENT - HARLEM - DAY

Boxes stacked to the ceiling. MURDA (real name Mactar Diallo, 30s, Senegalese, eccentric, wise and scary) sits like a king. Safa tosses the cash. Murda catches it, weighs it, grins.

SAFA
Took longer than I thought.
Market’s saturated.

MURDA
I was worried. I don't want to hurt you. Two weeks means two weeks. Time is our most precious commodity.
(re: the garment bags on Wilson’s lap)
What's all that?

WILSON
Clothes for the runway show. KidSuper. You gotta come.

Safa's head snaps toward Wilson. Murda laughs.

MURDA
Word?? Only way I come is if I walk. I'm a supermodel. Watch.

Murda gets up and struts between the boxes.

MURDA (CONT’D)
Don't mind the mess. I'm in electronics now. Wholesale. Anything with a plug.

He walks the room like a runway. Everyone cheers him on.

WILSON
They must call you Murda because you murder the runway.

Everyone turns to look at Wilson. A pause. Then they all crack up.

INT. HOLDING CELL - QUEENS CENTRAL BOOKING - DAY

WINHAM CHIN (18, Asian, unnervingly composed), known to everyone at KidSuper as TUNNELS because he explores the NYC subway system, sits wedged between TWO GIANT MEN. Two YOUNG GUYS lean in toward the giants.

YOUNG GUY #1
Say hypothetically we got pulled over with two sleeves. He's on parole. I got a clean record. What do we do?

Before the giants can answer --

TUNNELS
(to the parolee)
You say both are yours. You're going upstate either way.
(to the other)
You say you had nothing to do with it. When you get out, you get him the best lawyer money can buy.

The parolee goes white.

GIANT MAN #1
How the fuck you know that?

TUNNELS
I... watch a lot of Law & Order.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY

Penelope, an OR nurse, in scrubs, draws up syringes and labels each one mechanically. Colm appears, still in the suit, still lit up.

COLM
Hey.

PENELOPE
How'd you get in here?

COLM
You know the receptionist can't resist me. And I brought you a drink.

PENELOPE
I'm working.

COLM
Hey. I'm sorry about this morning.

PENELOPE
Don't be sorry. It's boring.

COLM
The meeting went well. They said, "We're all watching you now." That's the next level, P.

She caps a syringe. Turns to face him properly for the first time.

PENELOPE
You look happy.

COLM
I am.

PENELOPE
Good. I mean that.
(beat)
I got into the doctorate program at UCLA. Nurse anesthesia.

COLM
U.C .....*Los Angeles.*

PENELOPE
They need an answer by Saturday.

COLM
Saturday's the day after the show.

PENELOPE
I know when Saturday is.

Beat. This is where he'd say it. He doesn't.

COLM
P, that's huge. What are you thinking?

PENELOPE
Let's talk Saturday. There's a version of you that exists for about two days after a show, where you can actually hear people. I'd like to decide with that guy.

He has no joke for this.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)
And I'm coming to the show. I moved a shift three weeks ago. In case you were gonna ask.

COLM
I --

His phone rings. FODA.

COLM (CONT'D)
One sec --

PENELOPE
I don't have one.

COLM
P --

PENELOPE
Take it. It's not a test. I've got a job.

RESIDENT (O.S.)
Penelope, room four.

The OR doors swing shut. Through the window, he watches her go somewhere he can't follow. He answers.

COLM
Tell me it's good news.
(listens)
What you mean the boxes hasn't moved?

INT. WINDOWLESS OFFICE - SAME

Danny under flickering fluorescents, drowning in spreadsheets. His phone lights up: a photo of him and Colm.

DANNY
(as his own assistant)
Danny Weisbaum's office.

COLM (V.O.)
You busy?

DANNY
Always.

COLM (V.O.)
Too busy to pull off a heist like the old days?

EXT. CUSTOMS WAREHOUSE - JAMAICA, QUEENS - DAY

Colm and Danny in hard hats and reflective vests. Colm knocks on the guard booth. REGGIE (50s, security guard, has seen everything twice) slides open the window.

COLM
Morning. Here to pick up a few packages.

REGGIE
We don't do pickups.

DANNY
How much to look the other way today?

REGGIE
I don’t do that. Kid tried this yesterday. Jumped the fence. Got arrested.

The window slams. Colm and Danny look at each other. Tunnels.

COLM
Fuck.

Danny isn't listening. He's staring through the glass. On a hook behind Reggie: a fresh uniform in dry-cleaning plastic. Stapled to the bag, a pink tag.

DANNY
Who irons a security guard's shirt?

He leans closer. The tag reads: ARSENIY'S CLEANERS - BENSONHURST.

COLM
Arseniy? From high school?

DANNY
I got him Rangers seats in March. He paid me in quarters.

Danny's already dialing.

SPLIT SCREEN - ARSENIY / COLM AND DANNY

ARSENIY (30, enormous, runs a dry cleaner in Bensonhurst, the most Brooklyn accent alive) answers over a steam press.

ARSENIY
Is this who I fuckin' think it is?

COLM
It's Colm. On Danny's phone.

ARSENIY
C! You two still boys? That's good.
I love that chubby motherfucker.

Danny beams.

DANNY
Ars, you do the uniforms at the
customs warehouse in Jamaica?

ARSENIY
Who wants to know?

COLM
We got boxes stuck on their dock.

Arseniy looks down at the shirt on his press. The shoulder patch: U.S. CUSTOMS AND BORDER PROTECTION.

ARSENIY
Delivery's at five. I'm forty
shirts behind.

COLM
What if we help?

INT. ARSENIY'S DRY CLEANING - BENSONHURST - DAY

Steam everywhere. Colm at a press, turning out federal uniforms with obscene precision. At the next press, Danny lifts his iron: a perfect scorch on a federal sleeve.

DANNY
Is this a crime?

COLM
Everything today's a crime.

Arseniy holds up one of Colm's shirts. Impressed.

ARSENIY
Look at this. You're wasted on
design.

COLM
I hear that a lot.

ARSENIY
(to Danny)
One more thing. My daughter.
(MORE)

ARSENIY (CONT'D)
Taylor Swift. The Garden. You still do the tickets?

Danny's face. He's going to have to go behind his company's back to get a pair.

DANNY
...Floor or lower bowl?

ARSENIY
For my daughter? What do you think?

DANNY
(dying inside)
Floor.

Colm looks at Danny. Danny doesn't look back.

INT. CUSTOMS WAREHOUSE - LOADING DOCK - DUSK

Pallets to the ceiling. Arseniy's van backs in. Colm and Danny climb out from among plastic-wrapped uniforms. LEROY (70s, dock foreman, retired in spirit) takes his dry cleaning.

ARSENIY
Leroy. These are the kids.

LEROY
Been sitting on my dock since Friday because the value was all wrong.

Danny looks at Colm. Leroy nods at dozens of identical brown boxes.

LEROY (CONT'D)
These ones?

Colm's phone buzzes. Lucy. He glances at the nearest label, sees KIDSUPER, and points at the whole row.

COLM
Those. Yeah. All of 'em.

INT. ARSENIY'S VAN - MOVING - NIGHT

Arseniy drives, singing along to Russian pop. Colm and Danny wedged in the back of the van between boxes and uniforms.

COLM
Remember when we dressed as construction workers to paint the court on Broadway?

INSERT: Young Colm and Danny in hard hats, painting a basketball court.

COLM (CONT'D)
Today felt like that.

DANNY
We didn't need the hard hats.

COLM
They completed the look.
(beat)
The tickets. I owe --

DANNY
Don't.

COLM
Thanks for today.

DANNY
Wouldn't have missed it.
(beat)
I don't want to miss things.

COLM
Things are moving. But it's all over the place. We need somebody to rein it in.
(beat)
Somebody like you.

DANNY
You serious?

COLM
Think about it. No pressure.

Danny lets that sit and tries to change the subject.

DANNY
How's P?

COLM
Good. She got into UCLA. Doctorate.

DANNY
And you said?

COLM
Congrats.

DANNY
(beat)
That's what you said to me this morning.

Colm doesn't have a comeback.

INT. KIDSUPER STUDIO - DESIGN WALL - NIGHT

Boxes stacked by the door, unopened. Colm joins Lucy at a wall of sketches and Polaroids. He pulls one from the middle.

COLM
Okay. One problem solved. Now the finale... it has to unravel.

LUCY
That's never worked. Clothes are built not to fall apart.

COLM
If it doesn't work, only we'll know.

LUCY
If it doesn't work, it'll look like someone got caught in a fence.

He knows she's right. Safa enters, dressed to kill, with Big L's bags.

SAFA
L's finishing the rest by Thursday. You said we had to be there by ten. --And here's another ten.

Wilson steps out in a runway look. Gives us a spin. He looks incredible.

COLM
Wisco boy no more.

WILSON
Also, Safa knows a guy named Murda.

SAFA
I will kill you.

WILSON
That's what Murda said.

INT. CLUB - NIGHT

Socialites, broke avant-garde kids, conglomerate money. Colm arrives with Foda, Safa, Wilson, and Danny. Safa high-fives the bouncer. Of course he knows the bouncer.

SAFA
This is some Illuminati shit.

COLM
I'm gonna go schmooze. Go make out with Zendaya.

WILSON
Zendaya's here?!

INT. CLUB - BAR - CONTINUOUS

Safa and Wilson lean on the bar next to TWO OLDER WOMEN (40s, way too cool for this).

WOMAN #1
So what do you guys do?

SAFA
I'm head stylist at KidSuper.
(nodding at Wilson)
He's internal affairs.

Wilson nods with total confidence. Then leans into Safa.

WILSON
(whispering)
I don't know what internal affairs is.

SAFA
(not whispering)
If they're tryna have an affair...you wanna be internal.

WILSON
(to the women, deadly serious)
I'm very internal.

Woman #1 walks away. Woman #2 laughs despite herself and stays. Secret high five under the bar.

INT. CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Colm spots Kell, standing beside Burke.

KELL
Colm, meet Michael Burke.

BURKE
I know your work. The final look with the mask. Hand-set, couture technique. Beautiful. Who does them?

INSERT: The hodgepodge team. Lucy, Big L, Safa, Tunnels.

COLM
The KidSuper Atelier of trained craftsmen.

Burke smiles. He knows there is no atelier. He likes that Colm is willing to lie.

BURKE
Friday. First official show. Everything where it needs to be?

COLM
Everything's locked. We're just polishing.

BURKE
A show is a good lesson in the business of fashion. If you can pull it off you are resourceful and if you can’t well let’s not worry about that. I'm always looking for hidden talent.

COLM
I’d love for you to come see it. Front row of course.

Burke smiles. Nods. Checks his watch

BURKE
Excuse me. China has been awake for two hours. Here’s my card. Email me the details of the show.

He looks past Colm, we see Danny sweating through his shirt at the bar and smiling at them.

BURKE (CONT’D)
He with you?

COLM
Since we were kids.

BURKE
Just know you can't take everyone with you.

He's gone.

INT. CLUB - DANCE FLOOR - LATER

Danny, shirt half unbuttoned, spins ANNA WINTOUR across the floor. She's laughing. He waves Colm over.

ANNA
Your friend is keeping me young.

COLM
He's like a rollercoaster. You just have to hold on.

DANNY
He tells the truth.

Danny pulls Anna deeper into the crowd. Yells one last thing, half swallowed by the music.

DANNY (CONT'D)
I'm a natural! I belong here.

Colm goes still. He watches Danny for a long moment. Then walks to the exit.

EXT. CLUB - NIGHT

Across the street, PENELOPE holds court with a couple smoking cigarettes.

COLM
You came.

PENELOPE
Heard there's free drinks.
(reading him)
Wanna go for a walk instead?

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET - NIGHT

They walk.

PENELOPE
Danny told me I had to be here.

COLM
Dannys dancing with Anna Wintour.

PENELOPE
So what’s wrong?

COLM
Nothing. He’s happy. Everyone’s happy.

PENELOPE
You know you only say "we're good" right before we're not? That's how I know. Every time.

He's never heard that before.

PENELOPE (CONT’D)
Let Danny help you. At least you get to go down with the same idiots.

COLM
Are you included in the idiots?

PENELOPE
You haven't asked me what I'm going to do.

COLM
Because I think you should go.

PENELOPE
Is that what you want?

COLM
It's what you *should* do.

PENELOPE
That's not what I asked.
(beat)
And not the answer I wanted.

She stops at the corner. Raises a hand. A cab pulls over.

PENELOPE (CONT’D)
I'm not coming home with you tonight. Not because I'm mad. Because if I do, I'll decide tonight. And I told you Saturday.

She kisses his cheek. Gets in. He watches the cab all the way to the light. He starts walking towards Brooklyn.

EXT. KIDSUPER STUDIO - NIGHT

Danny on the stoop, speaker, beer. His phone buzzes: MOM. "Told Aunt Ruth about the job. She wants to know about the dental too. So proud of you!!!" He looks at it for a long time. Opens an email to his boss, already typed. Presses send.

Colm approaches after a long walk over the bridge to brooklyn.

DANNY
Did you tell Penelope stay?

COLM
No I didn’t. To go. It's the right thing.

DANNY
Like telling me to take the promotion.

COLM
Take the promotion.

DANNY
What?

COLM
This thing, there's stuff I haven't--

DANNY
Two weeks' notice.

Danny turns his phone around. SENT. Colm stares at it. Danny's grinning like a kid.

DANNY (CONT’D)
(standing, arms out)
You need me! This place needs me! The fashion world needs me!

He grabs the speaker and heads inside.

COLM
Dan. One sec --

The doorway's empty. Music fading down the hall. Colm stands there, looking at where he was.

INT. KIDSUPER STUDIO - LATER

Boxes opened. Safa and Wilson still in their party clothes. Colm and Danny come in.

WILSON
Good news, bad news. Good news: half the stuff is there. Bad news: the other half is lightbulbs.

COLM
What?

Wilson holds one up.

WILSON
Ten cases of bulbs. All screw-in.

INSERT: The loading dock. Colm pointing, not looking. The camera drifts to the label on the second pallet, in Portuguese: LAMPADAS - FERREIRA IMPORTADORA.

FODA
These belong to somebody. And the other half of ours is still on that dock. We need to get those back.

SAFA
Didn't we kinda steal them? We can't really legally return them.

WILSON
Or we flip 'em to Murda.

Colm picks up a bulb. Turns it in a socket. Something clicks.

COLM
Or they're the set.

Everyone looks at him.

COLM (CONT'D)
Runway's black. No lights. Every model carries a bulb and screws it into a socket on the way down. By the finale the whole room is lit, and every bulb got there in somebody's hand.

FODA
And the sockets?

WILSON
Murda. Anything with a plug.

COLM
And we send whoever these belong to a front-row ticket. We give the lights back after the show and hopefully get the rest of the clothes back.

Foda writes: SEND FERREIRA TICKETS.

FODA
Lighting quote was nine grand.

COLM
Was.

ON SCREEN: LIGHTING: $0. EVERYTHING ELSE: $19,400.

DANNY
Fo. What's due at noon?

FODA
Venue. Forty. We sold thirty-one thousand four hundred today, but eleven of that is for clothes that turned out to be lightbulbs. We'll owe refunds. It's a loan from our customers. And we started in the red.

ON SCREEN: ACCOUNT: -$1,400. SALES: +$31,400. VENUE, WED 12PM: -$40,000. SHORT: $10,000.

DANNY
(to Colm)
I know when you say we are good, we aren’t that good. But I didn’t think we were this bad.

COLM
I didn't expect the holdups. I'm betting the house on this show.

DANNY
WE are betting the house on this show.

Everyone freezes. Some of them literally sleep in it.

WILSON
Damn. I was not acting broke at the party.

Danny walks to the other room. Colm follows.

INT. KIDSUPER STUDIO - SIDE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bare brick. Danny pulls out his credit card.

DANNY
I don't care that we're broke. We've been broke. But you didn't tell me. You knew in the van.

COLM
I thought it'd work out before it became a problem.

DANNY
(sleeves up)
Okay. I need to know everything. Numbers. All of 'em. From now on.

COLM
Done. But it's not always pretty.

DANNY
Fuck pretty.
(pulls out his credit card)
Swipe it. Ten K.

COLM
No.

DANNY
It's a card, not a kidney.

COLM
Twenty years, we never owed each other.

DANNY
Twenty years you've owed me a million things. You owe me $500 in dollar slices alone.

COLM
This will be different. This is real money and I don't want to be your problem. I wanna be your friend.

DANNY
You're my problem either way.
(beat)
We got till noon. I'll follow your lead. But if I'm in this, I'm really in this now. Not halfway

COLM
I will figure it out. Putting you in debt is the last resort.

Danny holds out his hand. Their handshake. It's Colm who hesitates. Ashamed.

DANNY
Come on. Don't leave me hanging.

Colm takes it. A flash of every time they've done the handshake: kids on a stoop. Teenagers selling tees on the sidewalk. A college party, Danny with a bloody nose. Colm holding up the keys to this building. Back to now.

INT. KIDSUPER STUDIO - BACK ROOM - NIGHT

Late. The building asleep. Colm alone with the dress from the first morning. He finds a single loose thread at the side seam. Pulls it and it begins to unravel. A chainstitch coming undone. Beneath it: a lining in a different color. A different dress.

Behind him, Lucy in the doorway with a coffee.

LUCY
...Do that again.

He does. The top layer sheds. The dress underneath is better.

LUCY (CONT'D)
That's it. I think I can recreate that so it is intentional. The unfinished chainstitch unravels in one pull.

They both look at the chainstitch machine in the corner. A Post-it on it: TUNNELS ONLY.

LUCY (CONT'D)
Fuck we need to find Tunnels.

INT. KIDSUPER STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Danny asleep at the table. Colm reaches for his shoulder. His hand stops an inch away. Danny grips the note pad tighter. Colm pulls his hand back. Safa and Wilson asleep, tangled, same as the first morning. Colm crouches beside Safa.

COLM
(whispering)
Saf.

SAFA
(eyes closed)
No.

COLM
You don't know what I'm gonna ask.

SAFA
You're whispering at four in the morning. The answer's no.

COLM
I just need Murda’s contact. I don’t want anyone else involved.

Safa opens his eyes.

SAFA
I am already involved. And if it's late, he doesn't come looking for you. He comes for me.

COLM
I’m the line. My name. My debt.

COLM (CONT’D)
After Friday we're a different company.

SAFA
You keep saying that.

A long look. Then Safa sits up and pulls on his hoodie.

WILSON
(half asleep)
Where we going?

SAFA
Nowhere. Go back to sleep.

Wilson's already feeling around for his shoes.

WILSON
Then I'm coming nowhere.

SAFA
Wilson. It's better if you aren't involved.

WILSON
If something bad happens, I need to be there for Maggie. I think she liked me too.

Wilson winks, Safa smiles.

INT. MURDA'S APARTMENT - HARLEM - DAWN

Grey light through the weed haze. Murda in a silk robe, counting. He slides a thick envelope across the table. Safa and Wilson stand behind Colm.

MURDA
(to Safa)
Twice in one week. I won't give you the same courtesy as last time.

COLM
Friday. After the show. You'll be paid.

MURDA
Friday, I get paid before I walk out on that catwalk.

COLM
You’re walking?!

MURDA
Of course. There’s gotta be some perks to this business.

Colm takes the envelope. Doesn't look back.

MURDA (CONT’D)
And remember all three of you are on the bill.

Wilson looks terrified.

INT. KIDSUPER STUDIO - MORNING

Foda on the phone with the venue, giving a thumbs up to nobody.

FODA
(into phone)
Forty thousand. Wire's going out now. Yes. Friday.

ON SCREEN: ACCOUNT: $40,000. VENUE: PAID. BALANCE: $0.

Danny wakes. Peels the legal pad off his cheek. Looks at -$10,000. Looks at Colm, across the room, pinning a hem like nothing happened.

DANNY
Where'd the ten come from?

Colm opens his mouth. Across the room, Safa, on the couch, eyes open, staring at the ceiling.

SAFA
We're good.

Danny holds Colm's look. He doesn't ask again. He picks up a pin and starts trying to help hem. Badly.

COLM
Looks like shit.

They laugh. They keep pinning. Side by side.

ON SCREEN: ACCOUNT: $40,000. VENUE: PAID. BALANCE: $0. Under it, a new line, in red: MURDA: -$13,000. FRIDAY. RENT: -12k BIG L:-$6K. REFUNDS: -$11K.

INT. KIDSUPER STUDIO - SIDE ROOM CLOSET - MOMENTS LATER

Colm is organizing a closet to look like an office. There is a small window in the room. Danny comes in with his bag. Stops. On the tiny desk there is a paper sign in Colm's handwriting: DANNY WEISBAUM'S OFFICE.

Colm in the doorway, paint on his hands.

Danny’s phone buzzes. His BOSS is calling. He mutes it. Slides down the wall and sits under the window. Colm sits next to him.

COLM
Did you tell your mother?

DANNY
I told her I got a new corner window office.
(looks up at it)
Technically.

They laugh. It runs out.

COLM
Why'd you do it? You had the whole life planned out.

DANNY
You remember the time in my basement.
(MORE)

DANNY (CONT'D)
You had figured out how to screen print with just a heat lamp and we printed the first shirts and went to Soho to sell them on a ironing board. And that guy came by and was haggling with us and ended up buying 10 shirts. And in that moment it had worked and you were right. We had made something from nothing. Magic. Only time I have that feeling is when I'm here.

Colm looks at the floor.

COLM
But what if I'm wrong now?

DANNY
Then we're wrong. I've been wrong with you since we were kids. It's been the best times I've ever had.

COLM
Dan. Last night --

Danny turns his phone around. The text from his boss.

DANNY
They're holding my job till Friday.

Colm reads it.

DANNY (CONT'D)
Just don't lie to me any more. Or else this wont work. And hey, so far: I got the window office I've been dreaming of.

He looks up at the small window. Colm looks at him.

COLM
I love you, man.

DANNY
I'm already hard.

They smile. Danny gets up. Pulls Colm to his feet.

DANNY (CONT'D)
Come on. Make me a nicer name tag.

He goes. Colm picks up a brush. He takes out his phone. Types to Penelope: "We're good for Friday." Sends it.

INT. HOSPITAL - STAIRWELL - MORNING

Penelope on the stairs where she stopped before. The text from Colm: "We're good for Friday." She reads "We're good" twice. Types a reply. Deletes it. Takes the UCLA envelope out of her bag. Dials the number.

PENELOPE
(into phone)
Hi. This is Penelope Solarte. I was admitted to the doctoral program in nurse anesthesia, fall's cohort.
(beat)
You gave me until Saturday.
(beat)
I don't need it. I accept.

This time she doesn't stop on the stairs.

INT. QUEENS CRIMINAL COURT - MORNING

A packed courtroom. An old JUDGE peers down.

JUDGE
Mr. Chin. One count of trespassing, one count of resisting arrest. Are you employed?

Tunnels rises.

TUNNELS
Your Honor, I'm an apprentice at KidSuper Studios. I run the chainstitch machine. And frankly, without me for two days, they must be in shambles.

JUDGE
Can anyone confirm that?

TUNNELS
No, Your Honor. It's fashion we--

COLM (O.S.)
We can.

Tunnels turns. Back row. Colm, standing, in the suit, tags tucked in. Beside him, Danny, Lucy, Foda, Safa and Wilson, all dressed in their version of court attire. In shambles.

JUDGE
And they are?

COLM
The shambles.

END OF PILOT