

PUDGY

written by

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EXT. BROWNSTONE - DAY

We LOOK DOWN on PUDGE, 10, perched on the top step of a brownstone stoop. Chubby. Buzz cut. Clothing from a department store. NOT the ideal of cool.

He peeps the action across the street --

PUDGE'S POV

TWO OLD LADIES, 80s, on a park bench planted in a tiny courtyard. The ABUELAS. Gabbing away in Spanish.

Focus SHIFTS to a SUIT, male, 50s, walking past. Designer threads, leather bag, salt-and-pepper hair trimmed like Macklemore. Turns to scale the steps of his brownstone as --

Focus SHIFTS to the next brownstone over. A RUNNER, female, early 30s, stretching before a workout. FRESH Nike running outfit.

BACK TO PUDGE

In his hands, a PORTABLE CD PLAYER. Beat to hell, but clearly loved. Flips open the disc cover, revealing --

A disc with DIAMOND BLOCK LETTERS that spell out

## **PHAT BOY**

### **MONEY HUNGRY**

SHUTS the cover. Adjusts a pair of worn headphones over his ears. HITS PLAY.

A hard-hitting beat BUMPS, drowning out natural sound. Gritty with soul, like East Coast hip-hop at the time CDs were relevant. Pudge nods his head along quietly.

LYRICS kick in. Pudge looks to his left --

A SLOW REVEAL starting with Timberland boots. Baggy jeans two sizes too big. Oversized white tee. Heavy gold chain. Thick beard. Vintage Versace shades. A meticulous fade haircut.

A LARGE MAN, late 20s, when all is told. He raps the lyrics as if they're his own -- because they are. This is PHAT BOY.

RAPPING about things beyond this neighborhood. Fancy cars. Lavish houses. Beautiful women. Extravagant food. Likely over the head of a ten-year-old, but still -- it's an ESCAPE.

This odd couple sits side by side on the stoop, nodding in unison to the music. They look over the street like they own it. No one on the block seems to notice.

The song is CONTINUOUS as we bounce around to DIFFERENT DAYS.

CUT TO:

FREEZING COLD. Pudge, in a heavy coat and winter hat, SHIVERS. Phat Boy, still rapping, in the same white tee and jeans, unaffected by the temperature. He lights a blunt.

CUT TO:

POURING RAIN. Pudge, in a raincoat and boots, stands under a small awning above the door to stay dry. Phat Boy, still rapping, SPLASHES from puddle to puddle at the stoop's base.

CUT TO:

HOT AS HELL. Pudge, in a beater and shorts, sweating right through them. GULPS from a gallon water jug. Phat Boy, still rapping, lies flat on the top step. A white towel covers his forehead, blocking the sun.

CUT BACK TO:

PRESENT DAY. Picking up where we left off.

DONALD, 40s, exits the brownstone next door looking like he came out of a thrift shop. Groomed beard, tweed flat cap, sport coat over graphic tee. Carries an OLD LEATHER CASE. Looks in Pudge's direction --

DONALD'S POV

NATURAL SOUND. Pudge ALONE on the stoop. Headphones on. Nodding his head to his music. ZONED OUT.

BACK TO PUDGE

Track back in FULL BLAST. PHAT BOY at Pudge's side. Stops rapping, but the beat plays on. Nudges Pudge. Nods toward the front door. The boys stand up.

INT. PUDGE'S KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

BEAT is CONTINUOUS. A GUEST CHECK hangs on the fridge door, a note reading --

*Fresh cold cuts in the drawer.  
No music after 8pm! xoxo Ma*

Door SWINGS open. Phat Boy goes in.

PHAT BOY  
My stomach's rumblin', bruh.

Pudge pays him no mind as he preps his station. Kneeling on a chair at a modest dining table. Sweeps bills and junk mail to the side. Grabs a loaf of Wonder bread, undoing the twist tie.

PUDGE  
Ready.

Phat Boy tosses him a head of lettuce. A tomato. An onion.

PHAT BOY  
Son, you need to step your aioli game up.

Bag of cold cuts. A second bag.

PUDGE  
We don't got aioli.

PHAT BOY  
I know. That's what I'm sayin'.

Jar of mayonnaise.

PHAT BOY (CONT'D)  
Yellow or spicy brown?

*Really?*

PHAT BOY (CONT'D)  
Dumb question. My bad.

Spicy brown mustard. Shuts the fridge door. Pudge spreads mayo on a few bread slices with a plastic knife. Phat Boy takes a seat across from him.

PHAT BOY (CONT'D)  
Really though, dude, you should broaden your horizons. A sprig of basil. Lemon. Truffle oil, if you're feeling adventurous. Improve your palate. No mayo on mine, yo.

Next task. Pudge butchers a tomato with the same knife.

PUDGE  
I like ham and cheese.