

GYM AND ICE

EPISODE 01
"THE BIG GAME"

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BLACK SCREEN

"This is a work of fiction, but it could be true."

GYM & ICE Logo on Screen.

Episode 1 - The Big Game - A Year After They met

INT. INSIDE A CAR PARKED ON BROOKLYN BLOCK - NIGHT

GYM, 30s a tall, muscular, brown skin man and his accomplice, ICE, 30s, a clean-cut Black man are sitting in a car listening to music.

They both keep checking their rearview mirrors regularly. They are both dressed in all black on a warm summer night. The car radio is playing low in the background.

Ice, in the driver's seat is watching a house midway down the block. There is a SENTRY (20s), dressed in a hoodie and shorts, guarding the front door. He is holding onto something heavy in his hoodie pocket.

Gym, sitting shotgun is watching cars coming down the block in the passenger side rearview.

ICE

So how are things moving at the club?

GYM

Fucking clockwork. Crystal got it sewn. All the bouncers is on my team. They know who my hustlers are. And we break bread. So everybody happy.

ICE

So when you gonna plug me into a security job up in there?

GYM

I ain't really got it like that yet, fam-o.

ICE

Whatchu mean? What was we just talking about? I thought you was the head of security for Black Crystal?

GYM

Yeah. Black Crystal the person, not Black *Crystals* the club. She got some square ass nigga in charge, doing all the paperwork and shit.

ICE

So how you move so much work up in there if the head of security ain't with it?

GYM

The nigga's a pencil pusher. He ain't never out on the floor. Besides Crystal got it all mapped out. She been doing this for years, my son.

In the mirror, Gym sees an SUV coming down the block. The SUV stops in front of the house.

GYM (CONT'D)

Yo, what's this?

LIL SMOKE (20s), wearing jewelry and a designer sweatsuit, gets out by herself. She says something to the driver, he pulls off. She walks into the house. The sentry sitting out front opens the door for her.

ICE

That's 4 players inside and they all got drip.

GYM

Crystal told me to expect 4 players.

Gym watches Ice for a reaction. Ice doesn't move.

GYM (CONT'D)

So let's go.

ICE

Hold up. Let's give everybody a minute to get comfortable.

GYM

Aight, well back to Crystal. She did say that she is about to open a another club and she wants me in charge of security there. Or maybe she might put the lame nigga there and I'll take over at Crystal's.

(MORE)

GYM (CONT'D)

Either way, then, I can get you a legal job, brodie.

ICE

That's whassup. I just need some money on the books to get my P.O. to relax.

A new songs starts on the radio. Ice takes notice and turns it up. They are listening to the new single by Sinn called "Work Wit It."

ICE (CONT'D)

This a new Sinn joint?

Ice is bopping his head, listening. Gym is staring at him in disbelief.

GYM

Yo, you like this bullshit?

ICE

Let me hear it and I'll tell you.

GYM

I just can't believe you ain't heard this corny ass shit already. They play it like 10x a day.

Ice is frustrated at another interruption.

ICE

I don't work in a club like you. Where would I hear it?

GYM

Good point. You right, you right.
(pause)

But I just don't like them niggas, Sinn and that bitch ass nigga Love. It make it hard to like his song.

ICE

You know what..?

Annoyed Ice abruptly turns off the car radio.

ICE (CONT'D)

Now I hate it too. You really know how to ruin some shit!

(pause)

Why you hate them so much? Ain't you from the same hood?

GYM
Man, forget it.

ICE
Oh, now you want to be quiet.

GYM
Fuck them. Let's get this money
inside that apartment.

Ice looks in the rearview checking the sentry, who is
lighting a blunt.

ICE
You said two guards, right?

GYM
Yeah. One inside and one outside.

ICE
And we got two tranquilizers,
right?

GYM
We had two, but I had to
tranquilize a nigga for some shit
last week.

Ice looks at Gym in disbelief.

ICE
You had to tranq-- My nigga, you
amazing, you know that?

GYM
Thanks. That means a lot coming
from you. Cause you like the Black
John Wick to me. You be so smooth
with ya shit. I just love the way
you shoot people, bro.

Gym looks in the rearview and sees another car pull onto the
block. It slows down and stops in front of the house.

GYM (CONT'D)
Hold up.

Out of the back of the UBER, curbside, SKY RIZZY (20s), the
rapper, flamboyantly dressed, hops out full of energy and
charisma. Ice sees him in the driver's side mirror.

ICE
Oh shit. Not this nigga.

Sky Rizzy, walking toward the house, is dressed in designer street wear, with a lot of jewelry and carrying a man purse. Gym turns around to see.

GYM

Oh my gawd. Sky Rizzy in the building. See, that's how I know it's gonna be a good night.

ICE

Some people just don't learn. Can you believe he's carrying a purse?

Sky Rizzy is overly animated as he gives the sentry a pound and laughs with him. The sentry, still smoking, opens the door for the flamboyant rapper. Sky Rizzy enters the house and makes a loud entrance.

GYM

How much you think he's carrying in his little bitch bag?

They both put on gloves while they talk.

ICE

If it's all hundreds, he might have 50 stacks in there. You know the second quarter of publishing checks just went out.

GYM

What's publishing checks?

ICE

You can't be serious? You been a bodyguard for rappers all these years and you don't know what publishing is?

GYM

Nah.

ICE

Every 3 months musicians get paid for all the times that their songs gets played on radio, TV and shit like that.

GYM

Word?

INT. POKER HOUSE - NIGHT

There is not much in the room. A poker table with 5 PLAYERS and the DEALER. Each player has various expensive jewelry on their hands, neck, wrists, ears.

ICE (V.O.)

Yeah. All they pockets gonna be a little extra fat tonight.

The players are having a good time laughing, drinking and playing poker. Sky Rizzy is especially fun and making everyone laugh. A SEXY BARTENDER is mixing and serving drinks.

GYM (V.O.)

How many people you count inside?

ICE (V.O.)

I count 9 people. Five players, bartender, dealer, one guard and the money man.

The BODYGUARD is trying to get the sexy bartender's attention. The MONEY MAN is sitting on a couch away from the poker table. On the coffee table in front of him is a briefcase full of chips and a briefcase of cash.

INT. INSIDE A CAR PARKED ON BROOKLYN BLOCK - NIGHT

Gym pulls out a large handgun, checks the chamber and checks his clip. While talking, Ice does the same and then replaces his gun in its holster.

GYM

Plus Smokey from Friday, outside.

ICE

Let's run through the play one more time. Since we only have one tranquilizer dart...

He gives Gym a look. Gym shrugs in response.

ICE (CONT'D)

...we should save it for the guard inside.

EXT. BROOKLYN BLOCK - NIGHT

Ice walks past the sentry guarding the house, being sure to stare him down and gain his attention.

Still smoking, the sentry stares at Ice's back as he continues walking past the house and down the block.

ICE (V.O.)
So we are gonna have to find
another way to subdue Smokey.

GYM (V.O.)
So you mean I get to knock Smokey
out, right?

Ice stops walking, taps his pockets and turns around like he has forgotten something. He walks directly toward the sentry who is staring him down and reaching for the gun in his hoodie pocket. He doesn't notice Gym sneaking up behind him.

GYM (O.C.)
Don't even think about it, nyuccah.

The sentry turns around just in time to see Gym's fist land on his face.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. INSIDE A CAR PARKED ON BROOKLYN BLOCK - NIGHT

Gym and Ice are inside the car talking through more details of the robbery.

ICE
Make sure you drop him quietly
though. We don't want them to hear
from inside.

GYM
I gotchu. Knock him out quiet-like.

CUT TO:

INT. POKER HOUSE - NIGHT

The poker game and good times continue inside until...

ICE (V.O.)
So you kick in the door and I will
go in first and neutralize the
guard.

Just as he says, the door comes flying in as if it has just been kicked open.

GYM (V.O.)
See what I'm saying. Neutralize.
That's that John Wick shit!

Ice glides in wearing a ski mask with a tranquilizer gun in one hand and a pistol in the other. As the Bodyguard reaches for his gun, he is hit with the tranquilizer dart.

ICE (V.O.)
My nigga, focus. I'll handle the guard inside. So you are crowd control. Round them all up together around the poker table. There are no guns allowed so no one else should be holding except the guards. But stay sharp.

Gym is right behind Ice also masked up. He throws the unconscious body of the sentry, on the floor next to the bodyguard.

GYM (V.O.)
You can bet that.

The sentry's unconscious body drops with a thud next to the bodyguard. Ice's gun is already trained on the players at the poker table. Ice is calm and menacing.

ICE
Y'all know what this is. Don't play with me or my guy and everybody here lives. You understand? Hands up high, all y'all. NOW!

They all get their hands up.

ICE (CONT'D)
Mr. Money Man, come join us over here at the poker table with that briefcase.

The Money Man puts his hands up with the briefcase in one hand. He comes over to the poker table. The sexy bartender is cowering off to the side. Gym waves his gun gesturing her towards the players.

GYM
Get yo fine ass over there. Hurry up! Make them titties bounce!

Flinching away from Gym's gun with her hands raised, she runs past. And sure enough, them titties are bouncing.

GYM (CONT'D)

Everybody put your cell phones on the table. And you better do it slow.

Everyone complies. Gym points his gun to make sure they know he is serious. With one hand, he pulls a plastic bag out of his pocket and hands it to the Sexy Bartender.

GYM (CONT'D)

Bitch! Put the phones in this bag.

She takes the bag and nervously walks around the table putting everyone's phones in it. The room is silent other than the crinkling of the plastic bag.

With full control of the room, Ice walks around the poker table slowly while speaking to everyone. He is no longer pointing his gun at anyone in particular.

While Ice is talking, Gym puts the bag of cell phones in the microwave.

ICE

We want you all to know that we love Hip Hop. And I pray you all make more. More music, more hits, more money...

He uses his gun to lift up one of the rappers' large medallions, pointing his gun up at his chin and looking him in the eye.

ICE (CONT'D)

... more jewels. But I'm afraid that everything you brought in here today is ours now. If you have a problem with that, you gon' get shot. And while getting shot might boost your streams, my young G's, Think. Is it worth a trip to the ICU?

Gym throws an empty garbage bag on the table. Everybody looks at it but nobody moves. Gym points his gun at the closest rapper to him.

GYM

Nigga! Take your shit off and throw it in the bag.

Starting with the first rapper, Gym goes one by one, pointing his gun in the face of each of them while they pull off chains, rings etc and throw them in the bag.

As Gym gets to the 2nd or 3rd rapper...

GYM (CONT'D)

Oh shit. Lil Smoke! I love your
raps, shorty! You got some hard
bars for a chick!

LIL SMOKE, rapper 20s, slowly takes off her chain and puts it
in the bag. Watching Gym's pistol as he waves it too close to
her face.

LIL SMOKE

Yeah okay, I respect the juxx. You
got it. And I appreciate the love,
too.

GYM

I appreciate you, Smoke. Don't
forget those earrings though.

LIL SMOKE

You know it ain't gotta go down
like this.

Lil Smoke reluctantly takes off the diamond earrings and
drops them in the bag.

GYM

How else could it go, Smoke?

ICE

Surely your jewelry's insured?
Please, all of y'all report this
larceny to the police and get paid.
It's what insurance is for.

LIL SMOKE

Sorry. The way I came up won't let
me do it like that.

GYM

Well ain't no other way so, your
loss.

The Money Man standing next to the poker table, still has his
hands up, holding the briefcase, but they are starting to
sag. Ice casually turns his gun on him as a reminder and the
Money Man's hands go all the way up.

ICE

Money Man. Gimme that briefcase
before you collapse.

Ice snatches the briefcase.

ICE (CONT'D)

Now, sit yo ass down and breathe.

The Money Man sits down right where he is standing and realizes he has been holding his breath. He starts to gasp for air.

Finally Gym comes to the last rapper/player at the poker table, Sky Rizzy. Gym imitates one of his songs...

GYM

Skyyyyyy Rizzy-Rizzy-Rizzy!

Gym plants his feet and points his gun right between the young rapper's eyes. Sky Rizzy has already started to take off his jewels as if he has done this before.

GYM (CONT'D)

For real though, No Diddy, but you my favorite lick!

SKY RIZZY

Say what, nigga?

ICE

He said we likes robbing you.
What's this the fourth...?

SKY RIZZY

Third time! This the third time
y'all got me.

LIL SMOKE

Wait, you know these niggas?

GYM

Yeah, Sky Rizzy know us. But we
ain't really friends or nothing.

ICE

We're colleagues in the music
industry.

SKY RIZZY

Colleagues? These niggas rob
rappers for a living!

ICE

It's more like a side hustle
actually.

GYM

We need funding for a new project.
You know studio time can get
expensive.

Lil Smoke slowly starts to reach for her boot. At first no one sees. Sky Rizzy finishes putting his jewelry in the bag.

GYM (CONT'D)

Where's that pretty purse I seen
you walk in here with?

Sky Rizzy frowns and then reaches under the table for his man bag.

When he leans over, Ice sees Lil Smoke reaching and reacts with lightning reflexes, shooting Lil Smoke in the shoulder, knocking her out of her chair.

The Sexy Bartender screams. Ice runs around to get Lil Smoke's gun. And he gives her a kick in the back. He crouches over her, grabs Lil Smoke by the collar and sticks his gun under her chin.

ICE

Stupid motherfucka. You coulda got
somebody killed.

Everyone in the room is frozen in suspense. Ice stares her down with fire and disdain which she returns 100%. They lock in a menacing stare down.

Lil Smoke breaks the stare down and the tension as she winces in pain, turning toward her shot shoulder. Then Ice lets her go.

Gym sees the briefcase of cash that Ice just dropped and puts it in the garbage bag with the jewelry.

Sky Rizzy is still stunned staring at Lil Smoke holding his man purse. Gym snatches it and startles him.

ICE (CONT'D)

Alright, we had about enough of you
rappers. This shit ain't fun no
more.

Ice picks up Lil Smoke's gun and has both guns pointed at the group as he and Gym back out toward the door. Gym is out the door first and then Ice.

As they leave the room, everyone relaxes visibly. They lower their hands and take a breath. Lil Smoke is writhing on the floor moaning in pain.

Gym suddenly comes back in pointing his gun at them and they tense up again, raising their hands immediately. He grabs a bottle from the bar and takes a swig. He points his gun at them on his way out.

GYM

Yo!

(pause)

One of y'all should make a song
about this shit.

CUT TO:

BLACK SCREEN WITH MUSIC PLAYING

GYM & ICE Logo on Screen.

Credits