UNTITLED BASHIR AND DIALLO PROJECT

Written by

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Broadway Video
Paper Planes Entertainment
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INT. ATLANTA CITY JAIL - FOYER - DAY

BASHIR EDWARDS, 30's, big guy with a man beard, is processing out of jail. He's in line with other inmates retrieving personal items. Just like them, he's stoic and tough.

EXT. ATLANTA CITY JAIL - DAY

Bashir exits and walks to an '82 Toyota MasterAce minivan waiting in a parking lot.

INT. TOYOTA MASTERACE - CONTINUOUS

The van is tricked out like a rolling man-cave. Bashir's best friend DIALLO RODGERS, 30's, well-groomed and nattily-attired, plays "Castlevania" on an NES. Bashir enters.

DIALLO
Yo.

Safe in the car, Bashir's tough act instantly disappears.

BASHIR
Oh my God, I was so scared.
(composing himself)
Did you know that you can make Ramen noodles in a jail cell just by adding water from the toilet, adding the spices packet, don't forget that, and then putting it in the toilet and flushing it a bunch of times, which somehow scientifically heats up the bag. Then these dudes cut a corner open and squeezed "cooked" noodles into each other mouths.

DIALLO
Here's a scary thought. What if it's delicious.

BASHIR
I assumed DUI's got our own area. No, they just threw me in there with everybody.

DIALLO
You know, when I have a painful experience I find it helps to not talk about it. Keep it bottled up.

BASHIR
I don't know what's going on in my life. I just got out of jail. The last time I visited mom, I got shot at. We're the only two black guys from Harvard who haven't made it out the hood.

DIALLO
I made it out the hood.

BASHIR
Your dad's in prison.

DIALLO
I think we're on the cusp.

Bashir doesn't respond.

DIALLO (CONT'D)
You're worried, huh?

BASHIR
Naw, all this shit just got me thinking about Jesus.
(then)
What do you think his favorite food was?

DIALLO
That's a good question.
(then)
Ribs.

BASHIR
Maybe Jesus loved ribs.

DIALLO
Him and the Apostles--

BASHIR
("Christlike")
"Brothers: who among you is making the ribs tonight? Speaketh."

DIALLO
"Oh, there he goes eatin' ribs again. Jesus, he loves ribs."

EXT. PARKING LOT OF ATLANTA NOW - CONTINUOUS

Diallo and Bashir pull into the parking lot that serves several businesses including the publication they work for, 'ATLANTA NOW'.

BASHIR
Why does Cicely Morris still have a better parking spot than us?

DIALLO
She worked here for forty years.

BASHIR
She died three months ago. No offense but that bitch did horoscopes. We do real reporting.

DIALLO
Bitch? "Prison changed you. Made you worse."

BASHIR
We need a win.

DIALLO
Let's bring up the James Brown thing today.

BASHIR
You think he'll listen?

DIALLO
I guarantee it.

INT. ATLANTA N.O.W. - BOARDROOM - DAY

An editorial meeting led by Editor-In-Chief BUDDY RICE, 60s, James Earl Jones aura. He sits under a portrait of himself in his 20's. B & D join older journalists around the table.

BUDDY
Alright, what else we got?

A reporter, VIRGIL, 60's, raises his hand. Buddy ignores him.

BUDDY (CONT'D)
Diallo? You've been quiet.

Another reporter, SHARON, 50's raises her hand.

BUDDY (CONT'D)
Sharon?

SHARON
Ludacris is opening a sushi restaurant called Luda-Fish.

BASHIR
No he's not.

Sharon shows Bashir her fact sheet.

SHARON
The head chef is available if we want an exclusive.

BUDDY
(to Diallo)
You guys want that?

DIALLO
I don't give a damn how Luda likes his fish.

BASHIR
I have something.
(then)
James Brown used to tell young entertainers to bury their money in the woods to keep the government from taxing it. I have a source that says James followed his own advice, and that there's a fortune buried in the woods around Augusta.

The room is silent.

DIALLO
Told you.

BUDDY
What about this Jay Favors book event? You brothers went to school with Jay, right?

The guys glare at Buddy.

VIRGIL
I read his book, "I Was Black At Harvard." That young man is articulate.
(to Bashir and Diallo)
Is he nice in person?

SHARON
Some say he might become Mayor one day.

VIRGIL
Mayor, millionaire or both. If you graduate from Harvard, you're gonna make some serious money, honey.

BASHIR
Man, fuck Harvard.

BUDDY
What's up, Bashir? You read his book?

BASHIR
I don't have to read it. I know Jay. And I was black at Harvard too, I didn't have to write a fucking book about it. I lived it.

VIRGIL
Sounds to me like you're hatin'.

DIALLO
We're happy for Jay. If anything we're just waiting for our chance.

Bashir shakes his head no.

BUDDY
You two will get your chance soon enough. You're only in your twenties.

BASHIR
I'm thirty-four.

BUDDY
"Thirty-four?" Damn. Too late for you monkeys, I had my first Pulitzer at thirty-one.

DIALLO
"Monkeys?" That's worst than "niggas."

BASHIR
Please, Buddy, call us niggas.

INT. ATLANTA N.O.W. - BUDDY'S OFFICE - DAY

Bashir's on the desk texting. Diallo, in Buddy's chair, is checking Instagram on his phone.

DIALLO
(re: pictures)
Simone. Simone. Simone.
(suddenly)
What?

BASHIR
I didn't say anything.
(beat)
Buddy's right. We missed the boat.

DIALLO
Nah, we're on the cusp. We're cuspy.

Buddy enters with CHLOE WHITE, 20's, mixed, hipster style with a Canon slung over her shoulder.

BUDDY
Gentlemen, this is my daughter Chloe.

DIALLO
I thought Miles was your only kid.

CHLOE
Daddy had Miles with Gloria. My mother is Laura.

DIALLO
Third marriage, right.

BUDDY
I ain't marry her! But she is still very dear to me. She's a good person. I respect her greatly. I love her very much.
(to Chloe)
At the end of the day, she was too good for me.
(then)
Chloe's your photographer. Take her with you when you talk to Jay.

BASHIR
Buddy, we kind of work better as a two-man team.

CHLOE
I promise not to get in the way.

The closer she gets the prettier she looks.

BASHIR
Yeah...I dunno. Tell you what, we'll do the interview then you can set up a photo shoot later.

Buddy indicates a giant photo of himself from years gone by hanging behind his desk.

BUDDY
Know who that handsome brother is?

DIALLO
Fat Billy Dee Williams.

BUDDY
She goes with you.

EXT. SOUTHERN MANSION - DOWNTOWN - NIGHT

The city's elite arrive in droves.

INT. SOUTHERN MANSION - NIGHT

Atlanta's 1% in black-tie; politicians and performers.

In the middle of the room, soaking it all in is JASON "JAY" FAVORS, 30's, alpha male, not a hair or thread out of place, the guest of honor.

Jay stands next to a large placard celebrating the release of his book: "I Was Black At Harvard". B & D enter.

BASHIR
Fucking Atlanta.

DIALLO
Dexter King, the Mayor, Monica Pearson. Monica the singer. This place is hot.

BASHIR
I just realized all I do is talk shit about bougie events and yet I'm at every single one.

Bashir grabs a passing truffle mac and cheese tray.

DIALLO
You gotta like the girls though.

BASHIR
Food good too.

DARRYL, 30s, nice suit, loud, approaches, hand extended.

DIALLO
Darryl Waters!

DARRYL
What's up, Big D! Big B!

Darryl playfully punches the guys.

BASHIR
You still do that? You still say hello with fisticuffs?

DARRYL
Man, out of all of us, who would have thought Jay would blow up first?

DIALLO
Not me. Definitely not me.

DARRYL
Y'all read his book?

BASHIR
Fuck no.

DIALLO
What you been up to Daryl?

DARRYL
Aw, man, I'm blessed. I'm Head of Maternity over at Piedmont. It's boring compared to what you two do. I mean I don't know what it is, but I know y'all rich. Not everybody can go to Harvard. I mean, I have my victories. Every now and then I gotta save a baby's life by unwrapping the umbilical cord from around it's neck.

BASHIR
That's pretty cool, man.

DIALLO
Very cool. Me and B are on staff at Atlanta NOW.

Darryl laughs.

DARRYL
The free newspaper?

BASHIR
That's funny?

DIALLO
The paper's free, but we have the freedom to report on anything we want.

DARRYL
Aight. I gotta run.

Darryl's gone.

BASHIR
He still has BO?

DIALLO
How's that possible? All this time, nobody's said anything?

BASHIR
Is that Simone?

Across the room Diallo sees SIMONE, 40's, classy and stunning like Vanessa Williams. She's a little tipsy, flirting with a group of guys.

DIALLO
She only acts like that when she drinks. Who are those dudes? I went to high school with that one...
(to Bashir)
What?

BASHIR
What?

DIALLO
What did you say?

BASHIR
Nothing.

Diallo heads her way.

AT THE FRONT OF THE ROOM forks CLANK wine glasses. Mayor Reed grabs a mic.

MAYOR REED
During the 1960's our fine city adopted the motto "Occupatus Civitate Odio: The City Too Busy To Hate." Looking out on your faces tonight, I can feel the love.
(re: Jay)
Especially for this young brother right here!
(to Jay)
We're proud of you, Jason. And to show you just how proud of you we are, tomorrow the Fulton County Board of Commissioners is presenting you with a citation. Ladies and Gentlemen, Jay Favors!

Applause. Jay takes the mic.

JAY
I'm humbled by this. Thank you. No, no, give yourselves a hand. Cuz you made this happen.
(then)
I wanna thank tonight's sponsors, Tyler Perry and Ciroc vodka. And a big thank you to the event co-chair Tony Gonzales from the world-champion-caliber Atlanta Falcons.

TONY GONZALES, 30's, colorfully dressed, racially ambiguous NFL star waves. Jay holds up a copy of the book.

JAY (CONT'D)
You know when I got the first copy back from the press, I noticed inside the jacket it said "bound in Shreveport". And my eyes teared up a little because our people were bound in Shreveport.

The crowd nods, "tell it!", Bashir cringes. Jay notices.

JAY (CONT'D)
"I Was Black At Harvard" isn't just about me. It's about all of us who work to defy expectations. It could just as easily have been...
(to a white guy)
"I was white at Morehouse College."
(to a female soldier)
(MORE)

JAY (CONT'D)
“I was a woman in the Marines.”
(seeing Bashir)
Or in my friend Bashir’s case, “I was caught watching transvestite porn freshman year.”

The crowd eats it up. Bashir heads for Jay.

JAY (CONT’D)
Oh! You had your guard down!
(earnest)
We all feel alone sometimes. You’re not alone. Read the book. These one hundred and forty two pages? They got your back.

Applause. Bashir charges toward Jay. Tony blocks his path.

TONY
Hey, come on, B, it’s Jay’s night.

BASHIR
Why would he tell that to a room full of people?! He knows what happened. I was in the common room. I thought the door was locked. I was looking for lesbian porn. The screengrab had two women. They started making out. One lifted her dress. She had a penis. I was like, “oh, it’s not two women, it’s a man and a woman.” That’s straight porn, that’s not gay.

TONY
You realize lesbian porn is technically gay.

BASHIR
Yeah, technically.

TONY
Don’t worry about Jay. Let’s focus on ending your drought.

BASHIR
Three months isn’t a drought.

TONY
It’s a fucking drought.

BASHIR
Y’all athletes think showering alone is a drought.

TONY
B, look at the women in this room.

BASHIR
I ain't sweatin' these bougie broads.

Bashir spots Chloe across the room. They make eye contact. She heads his way.

BASHIR (CONT'D)
(sotto)
Not now.
(to Tony)
Come with me to the bar "nigga". I mean, "man." I still don't know what race you are.

ACROSS THE ROOM Diallo stabilizes Simone. She wriggles free.

SIMONE
Okay, I think I'm good.

DIALLO
We should probably just head home.

A group of Simone's friends approach.

DIALLO (CONT'D)
Hey, Carmen. Tiffany J.
(icy)
Tiffany P.
(to Simone)
Let's go home.

TIFFANY P
Oh no, we're gonna miss you at the after-party.

SIMONE
There's an after-party? I wanna go.
(to Diallo)
Let's go.

DIALLO
You're a little drunk.

TIFFANY P
She's a little drunk so she can't go to a party? That does not makes any kind of sense, Mr. Harvard.

DIALLO
It makes some sense, Ms...

TIFFANY P
See, you don't even remember.

DIALLO
You told me?

TIFFANY P
Like ten times.

Simone pushes Tiffany P enough to make her drop her drink.

SIMONE
Don't flirt.

AT THE ENTRANCE A haggard looking man enters the room, clearly out of place. He heads towards the windows.

AT THE BAR Bashir and Tony drink.

JAY (O.S.)
Oh! My nigga B!

Jay approaches with his hanger's-on.

BASHIR
You owe me an apology.

JAY
Don't be that way,
(to the gathered)
We used to ride each other all the time.
(to Bashir)
Just hit me back. Come on. Knuckle up, son.

BASHIR
Were too old for that shit, Jay.

JAY
Don't be a bitch. Hit me back.

BASHIR
Fine. Jay, your book sucks. And it's only a 140 pages, no one counts the fucking foreword. Your first day at Harvard, your father dropped you off in a helicopter. Which is something only the stinkiest of assholes would do.

The crowd reacts. Chloe arrives, watches.

JAY
Alright, not bad.
(then)
Bashir teeth so crooked they look like a bunch of niggas doing the electric slide but they all wearing different headphones.

The crowd reacts bigger. Tony puts a hand on Bashir.

TONY
Easy.

BASHIR
I got it. I'm cool.
(then)
Remember Harvard-Yale senior year?

JAY
Yeah?

BASHIR
I fucked your sister.

Dead silence.

BASHIR (CONT'D)
We only did it once, just one time, yet, years later, she still texts me, like once a month, wanting to hang out. If I were to check my phone right now I bet there's a text from your sister wanting to get down and I will not reply to her. I never will.

JAY
Why not?

BASHIR
(thrown)
"Why not?"

JAY
Why haven't you replied to her?

BASHIR
Because I won't.

JAY
She clearly wants to spend time with you. Brooke's a good person, Bashir.

BASHIR
She is a good person.

JAY
She's always spoken very highly of you. Asks how you're doing. If I've seen you--

BASHIR
Please give her my best.

JAY
I'll do that. But you should really call her. She's a good person. Ok?

BASHIR
Ok.

JAY
Good. I need a drink, who needs a drink?

Jay moves with crowd past Bashir to the other end of the bar.

BASHIR
(calling after Jay)
So don't fuck with me.

TONY
Too late.

AT THE FRONT OF THE ROOM

The haggard man, GREGOR, 30's, a street artist, arrives at a large window with the curtain drawn. He produces a megaphone.

GREGOR
Ay, yo, Tyler Perry!

The crowd quiets. Gregor yanks a cord by the window and the curtain falls, revealing: A ten foot black and white painting of Tyler Perry's "Madea" **nude**, with a full-figured woman's body. In the painting's margin, similar to the stenciling on Shepherd Fairey's "Andre The Giant Has A Posse" is:

GREGOR (CONT'D)
Madea Has a Pussy!

The crowd reacts: shock, laughter, obscenities. Diallo and Bashir, opposite sides of the room, move towards Gregor.

Security appears. They grab Gregor, he twists free. Pushes one of them back. They start whooping his ass. The crowd reacts: “God-DAMN”, “World Star!”

Diallo arrives first, Jay bars him with an arm.

JAY
Let them finish.

Diallo shoves Jay aside. Gets into the fray.

DIALLO
That’s enough!

They stop beating him. Then one security guard slaps Gregor.

DIALLO (CONT’D)
Hit him one more time and I’m calling the police!

The entire party looks at Diallo.

DIALLO (CONT’D)
(backpedaling)
Let’s be clear, I’m not gonna call the police. Please. Do I look like a snitch?

Diallo helps Gregor up. Security takes Gregor away.

GREGOR
The rumors are true!

DIALLO
What rumors?

GREGOR (O.S.)
All of ‘em.

Jay picks up a mic.

JAY
Ladies and gentlemen, this is my brother from another mother Diallo Rodgers. We met in an...
(pronouncing in Italian)
...*a-capel-la* group at Harvard. What was the name of that ol’ group again?

DIALLO
“Pitch Please.”

JAY
We need more brothers like this, he's a peacemaker. Give him a hand.

Polite applause.

EXT. CITY HALL - CONTINUOUS

Security tosses Gregor. As he's cleaning up B & D appear.

DIALLO
That was great back there.

BASHIR
What's your name, man?

GREGOR
Why should I tell you?

DIALLO
We just wanna interview you.

BASHIR
We're with Atlanta N.O.W.

GREGOR
The free paper?

DIALLO
The number one periodical among Black Atlantans.

GREGOR
Right. Nigga Weekly.

BASHIR
That was a powerful room full of powerful people and you just blew them away. You realize you're the only thing people are gon' be talking about tomorrow.

GREGOR
Well, that's my goal as an artist.

DIALLO
Give us an exclusive. Atlanta needs to know who you are.

Gregor looks back and forth between the two of them mulling it over.

GREGOR
Tell you what. I'm going papering tomorrow afternoon. If y'all can keep up--

DIALLO
We can keep up.

GREGOR
Ok. I'm on Twitter, DM me. "GregorTheGod".

Gregor saunters away.

BASHIR
Fuck yes.

Party over, revelers stream from the doors. Diallo pulls out his cell phone.

(**NOTE:** we see his texts with Simone ONSCREEN as Diallo talks to Bashir)

DIALLO: Still inside?

A Bugatti Veyron runs onto the sidewalk SCREECHES to a stop in front of the guys, Tony inside.

SIMONE: Cab w/my girls.. c u at aftrprty?

TONY
(to Bashir)
Where am I dropping you?

DIALLO: Better idea. My place. Slow loving + 8 eps of DAMAGES #GLENNCLOSE!!!

BASHIR
Let's go to Magic City.

SIMONE: Fine.

DIALLO
I think I'm calling it a night.

DIALLO: On my way.

Bashir breaks into a made-up, un-melodic song.

BASHIR
(a beautiful falsetto)
DON'T GO HOME, YOUNG MAN AIN'T NOTHING AT YOUR HOUSE BUT ICE CREAM AND NETFLIX ON THE COUCH.

DIALLO
YOU KNOW ME BETTER THAN I KNOW MYSELF. BUT I WANNA GO HOME AND WATCH SOMETHING BY WES ANDERSON.

BASHIR
ISN'T HE THE GUY THAT NEVER USES BLACK PEOPLE?

DIALLO
HE HAD DANNY GLOVER IN TANNENBAUMS.

Bashir adds a gospel clap, Diallo joins in.

BASHIR
THAT'S IT! THAT'S ALL! AIN'T NOTHING ELSE!

DIALLO
HE ALSO HAD A BLACK DUDE IN "BOTTLE ROCKET."

BASHIR
NO WAY THAT DUDE WAS INDIAN.

BASHIR (CONT'D)
(to Tony)
A'ight man. Magic city.

TONY
So my wife can see me on TMZ with stripper titty in my mouth?

BASHIR
Yes.

TONY
No.

BASHIR
WHY AM I FRIENDS WITH THE ONLY FAITHFUL "NIGGA" IN THE NFL.

INT. BASHIR'S APARTMENT - BUCKHEAD - NIGHT

Bashir is at his desk masturbating. He finishes. His cell rings. He looks to see who it is.

BASHIR
Oh now you wanna call.

He thinks about it. Finally answers.

BASHIR (CONT'D)
Hey.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
You still up?

Bashir thinks.

BASHIR
Yeah. I'm super tired. Probably going to bed in like a second.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
I'm not far away.

Bashir mouths the word "fuck."

BASHIR
My place is a mess.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
I'm drunk. I'm coming in.

BASHIR
In?

KNOCKS at his door. He quickly and quietly cleans up the masturbation evidence.

INT. BASHIR'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - LATER

Bashir is naked with ASIA, 30's, down-to-earth like Nia Long. He runs the shower. She smokes a bowl, goes through his iPod.

ASIA
Here's a good one.

She plays "Electric Relaxation" by Tribe Called Quest.

BASHIR
Asia? For real?

ASIA
Change it?

BASHIR
I know black people can't say this shit in public but I just can NOT hear Electric Relaxation one more time.

She plays "Private Life" by Grace Jones.

BASHIR (CONT'D)
Weed shower can begin.

They get in the shower.

ASIA
I love weed shower.

BASHIR
You have such pretty titties.

ASIA
Why thank you. So do you.

He covers them.

BASHIR
How dare you.

They kiss deeply. Asia starts kissing her way down and out of frame.

ASIA (O.C.)
Alphonso asked me to marry him.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - LITTLE FIVE POINTS - DAY

This is where the hipsters dwell. Bashir and Diallo play Pro Wrestling on the NES.

BASHIR
I was like, "you're engaged?" And she said yeah and I was all, "well we ain't fucking". This is bad karma. Right now, her man is somewhere out there feeling like he won the fuckin' lottery. His whole life he dreamed of finding someone like her. And the dream came true. And now I'm going to stick my dick into his dream? I'm just not good with that. Also, the nigga might be crazy and shoot me in the face.

Bashir waits for an answer.

BASHIR (CONT'D)
You think I should have smashed.

DIALLO
Naw, sorry, I was thinking about The Black Keys.
(MORE)

DIALLO (CONT'D)
Is it me or does their name sounds a lot like “blackies”?

BASHIR
I don’t know why I bother talking to you some times.

DIALLO
I agree. Shuttup.

Chloe exits her building, heads toward the car.

BASHIR
After this story, we have got to find a way to get rid of this girl.

EXT. US PENITENTIARY - OPEN AIR LOT - ATLANTA - DAY

The guys play Super Mario Bros. in the MasterACe and blast Meek Mill’s, “Actin’ Up”. Chloe hates.

MEEK MILL
(through radio)
“THESE HOES BE ACTING UP!
THESE HOES BE ACTING UP!
THESE HOES BE ACTING UP!
AND THESE NIGGAS BE LETTIN’ ‘EM!”

CHLOE
Wow, this guy’s really concerned with hoes acting up.

DIALLO
Obsessed.

CHLOE
He’s not concerned with Afghanistan, jobs, taxes, green energy?

DIALLO
No. He’s concerned with hoes, and the fact that they’re acting up. He’s a single issue voter.

BASHIR
How involved was Buddy in your life?

CHLOE
Not very.

BASHIR
Hence this job.

CHLOE
I have talent.

BASHIR
I'm just being honest.

CHLOE
My mother raised me in Maine. I went to school here to be close to Buddy. What about you?

DIALLO
Raised in The Swats, by my father.

CHLOE
Who's in this prison.

DIALLO
Yeah. Sorry. We won't be much longer. Visiting hours start in a minute.

CHLOE
Well, I'm sorry he's stuck in here.

DIALLO
It's cool. He's innocent.

Bashir shoots a look to Chloe, mouths "no, he's not". The song goes off, the DJ's blather.

CHLOE
Seriously, can we listen to something else?
(mimicing the radio)
"Ah-ight," and "you do you, I'mma do me, ya feel me?" And "what's really good, fam?"

DIALLO
You can mock slang but it's a more efficient way to speak.

BASHIR
Word up.

CHLOE
"Yes" is faster.

DIALLO
If I look at Bashir and say “yo.” And he’s like “word?” And I’m like “nigga,” it’s understood that: “the weather’s really hot today, let’s go to the beach.” We accomplished that in three words. Efficient.

BASHIR
She hates slang, she hates hip hop. She hates all things black.

CHLOE
I’m still black.

DIALLO
What’s Eddie Murphy’s best movie?

CHLOE
Coming To America.

DIALLO
She black.

INT. US PENITENTIARY - ATLANTA - DAY

At the visitor window, Diallo sits opposite his dad, OLU FEMI, née “Floyd Rodgers”, 60’s, intense. Diallo is going over papers with his Dad.

DIALLO
(re: paperwork)
Then Sekou gave me the forensics report, but it shows your prints on all three murder weapons. I’m not sure that helps us.

OLU
Just give Sekou some more time. How you and Simone doing?

DIALLO
We’re good, Dad. Look, you gotta fire Sekou.

OLU
Sekou’s gonna free me, son.

DIALLO
Sekou’s clients end up on Death Row. He’s amazing on the Djembe drums, he’s a terrible attorney.

OLU
He be tearin' them Djembe's up!

DIALLO
He took the bar eight times before he passed it. He's the reason they changed the law in Georgia.

Diallo slides the papers away.

DIALLO (CONT'D)
I know what you're gonna say, but Simone knows some amazing lawyers--

OLU
Tell you what, I'll fire Sekou when you fire Simone.

DIALLO
She's changed a lot since you've been in here, Dad.

OLU
She's too damned old for you.

DIALLO
It's a seven year difference.

OLU
Ask her who's the first President she voted for.

DIALLO
Dad.

OLU
I guarantee you the bitch voted for Dukakis.

DIALLO
Ever since I was a kid, I'm talking ten, I knew I wanted two things above all else. Chocolate and fancy women. Simone's very fancy.

OLU
You know who you need to date? Solange Knowles.

EXT. FULTON STREET SW - DOWNTOWN ATLANTA - AFTERNOON

An industrial part of the city. Decaying buildings that can be seen from the highway.

Gregor leads Diallo, Bashir and Chloe for a day of "papering": over fences, roof to roof semi-Parkour, across train tracks and up ancient stairwells they run putting up Gregor's posters. Chloe shoots wherever she can.

Bashir trails the group, winded. Every time Gregor puts up a new picture, Bashir and Diallo look concerned.

GREGOR
--so I dropped out of SCAD after a semester and just thought I would come back home and make some noise--

Gregor puts up a picture: The Three Amigo's in blackface.

BASHIR
Hey, stop.

Chloe takes a picture of Gregor.

GREGOR
Maybe I shouldn't show my face, like Banksy.

CHLOE
But Banksy kinda owns the whole anonymous thing you know?

GREGOR
Maybe you could just shoot me from the waist down? That could be my thing. I just gotta run home and change my pants.

BASHIR
(indicating poster)
What is this? I don't get it.

GREGOR
What do you mean, "What is this?" It's art. It's the 'Three Amigos ' in blackface.

DIALLO
But what's it mean?

GREGOR
It means I like that movie.

Bashir looks at Diallo, concerned.

DIALLO
What else is in your bag?

Gregor opens his satchel. Diallo looks through the work. It's mostly derivative, unclear and trite. Much of it is lewd.

DIALLO (CONT'D)
Aunt Jemima with a penis?

GREGOR
She may have lost weight and dropped the doo-rag but she's still corporate America's blatant attempt to depict black women as subservient house niggas.

BASHIR
Explain the dick.

GREGOR
It's controversial. Gets the people going. I'm thinking about throwing that one up at Coca Cola.

DIALLO
Why?

GREGOR
Corporations.

BASHIR
I knew it. It was too good to be true.

CHLOE
What?

BASHIR
Mother fucker's a poser.

GREGOR
What the fuck you call me?

BASHIR
Please don't punch me because, technically, I'm on probation. But you're a poser. You're a fraud. I'm not jumping over one more fence for you.
(rubbing his leg)
Can't believe I pulled a hamstring for this shit.

GREGOR
(to Diallo)
You like it.

DIALLO
I wouldn't call it accessible.

GREGOR
What would you call it then?

Diallo looks at Bashir and shrugs.

BASHIR
Shit?

DIALLO
That works.
(then)
This is a waste of our time.

GREGOR
You're the ones that wanted to interview me.

BASHIR
You have all the ingredients of a great street artist but one. Talent.

DIALLO
There's no message here. It's just images.

BASHIR
You're just like Jay Favors.

GREGOR
I ain't like that bitch-ass nigga.

BASHIR
You're shockingly similar to that bitch-ass nigga. You're just a deeply unsuccessful version of that shitty dude from last night.

GREGOR
So y'all not gon' write about me?

Chloe snaps a photo.

EXT. DIALLO'S HOUSE - VIRGINIA HIGHLANDS - NIGHT

Diallo's home is one of the nicer fixer-uppers: Old South charm nestled near Emory University.

INT. DIALLO'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Diallo and Bashir play "Drunk Chess": The chess pieces are replaced by mini-bar bottles.

DIALLO
Wait wait. Forrest Gump was in Vietnam. Right? They didn't put it in the movie, but at some point you know he was like, "Lt. Dan! Bubba! I just wasted my first gook!"

Diallo captures Bashir's queen and drinks her.

BASHIR
I don't need her.

DIALLO
(to Chloe)
I'm sorry, I cut you off.

CHLOE
Oh, uh, my worst job was a coat check girl at a strip club.

DIALLO
Which club?

CHLOE
Onyx.

DIALLO
I know it well.

BASHIR
DIALLO HAS A TON OF SECRETS. SOME OF THEM SHOULD GET HIM ARRESTED.

CHLOE
What was yours?

DIALLO
I was a greeter at Banana Republic. When I was 28. One day I saw this trust-fund kid Chris Lang, our year, walking up. I ran into the stock room to avoid him, thought about my life and cried into a pile of sweaters.

CHLOE
What kind of sweaters?

DIALLO
V-neck. Merino wool. Grey. They were very soft. It was comforting.

Bashir's cell phone rings.

BASHIR
Aw fuck, it's Gregor.
(answering)
Yo?

CHLOE
When do y'all wanna set up that Jay Favors thing? We have to give my dad something right? I mean since Gregor didn't work out.

DIALLO
I got a better idea. The Reverend Pastor of the AME church drives a Phantom. We should go down there, break in and check out their books.

CHLOE
"Break in?" What kind of reporters are you?

DIALLO
Black reporters.

Bashir hangs up.

BASHIR
Gregor says come to tomorrow's County Board meeting. Says we won't wanna miss this.

DIALLO
Fuck him, he had his chance.

BASHIR
That's my queen, bishop and both my knights talking. Let's just check it out. It's either this or what kind of fucking rice Ludacris uses in his sushi restaurant.

INT. FULTON COUNTY BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS - DAY

A panel of COUNTY BOARD MEMBERS sit at the front of the hall. Citizens sit on the first level, and in a balcony overlooking the first floor.

Bashir, Diallo and Chloe, holding her camera, watch the painfully boring proceedings. Bashir checks his watch.

BASHIR
Where the fuck is this dude?

DIALLO
(reading his phone)
According to Twitter he's "about to tear shut up."

A deeply southern white woman, MS. CUMMINGS, 70's, is currently addressing the council.

MS. CUMMINGS
We don't want another traffic light on our street. It's too busy as it is, with people coming off the 75 freeway, like blacks out of hell, on their way to Lenox and Phipps. Our little street just wants to be left alone. Thank you.

A black Commissioner, EDMOND STEELE, 40's, leans forward.

STEELE
I believe the expression is "Bats out of hell." Not blacks.

A white County Commissioner, ALEXANDER "AL" FORSYTH, late 60's, chimes up. Also deeply Southern.

FORSYTH
Ms. Cummings, I want to thank you for your time and perspective as a sweet old member of the Greatest Generation. My fellow Commissioners, I agree with Ms. Cummings. Let me be very clear. If you put yet another traffic light along the East Paces Ferry corridor, you will be brutally raping that fine community. Ok? It's rape. And we will not stand for it, Mister Chairman, we will not.

DIALLO
(sotto to Bashir and Chloe)
Apparently a traffic light wouldn't just be raping a community, but brutally raping it.

CHLOE
How would one even go about "raping" a community?

STEELE
Alright, thank you Ms. Cummings. Thankfully nobody is raping anybody today.

DIALLO
We hope.

STEELE
And now for a more celebratory bit of Board business, we the County Commission are honoring a very special young man today. Is Jason Favors here?

Jay stands, makes his way forward from the gallery.

STEELE (CONT'D)
Come on up, Son. Now for those of you who don't know, Jason here has authored a book that currently sits on the New York Times Best-Sellers list.

Jay passes Bashir, Diallo and Chloe without noticing them in the press pool. He arrives at the front of the room.

STEELE (CONT'D)
Mr. Favors, as Chairman of the Fulton County Board of Commissioners, I have a resolution here that I will just read.
(reading)
"In recognition of his fine work as a writer of some import, and in honor of his position as a favorite son of the City of Atlanta and the State of Georgia, henceforth June 19th will be known as Jay Favor's Day in Fulton County."

Applause.

GREGOR (O.S.)
Sic Semper Tyrannis!

Gregor and his bullhorn appear at the back of the room.

FORSYTH
Who is that back there?

STEELE
Order! Order!

Gregor rushes the dais to unveil his latest work.

GREGOR
Citizens of Atlanta! We should not be honoring Jay Favors! Why not Bobby Brown Day? NeNe Leakes week? I say out with the fakers and up with the real. In three words.

It's a head-shot of Jay Favors. Covering his face in big bold letters are the words. "FUCK. JAY. FAVORS."

GREGOR (CONT'D)
Fuck. Jay. Favors.

Everyone is shocked.

DIALLO
He did it.

CHLOE
He is about to get his ass kicked again.

Diallo and Bashir do a small fist bump, giggling as Chloe shoots away. Building security heads over and grabs Gregor.

JAY
(to security)
Whoa, what are y'all doing?

Jay walks up to the mural and stares at it admiringly. After a beat, he walks over and touches it.

JAY (CONT'D)
It's beautiful.

Everyone in the crowd protests.

JAY (CONT'D)
People! Listen to me! The wonderful thing about enduring art is that it's open to many interpretations. And this, well, lets look at it. "Fuck. Jay. Favors." An artist knows as well as anyone, you ain't nobody til somebody hates on you. Am I right? This striking piece of art doesn't condemn me, it <u>validates</u> me.

STEELE
There is something kind of cool about it.

DIALLO
Are you kidding me? It's a diss.

REPORTERS sitting next to the guys start "getting it".

REPORTER #1
Jay's right. I wasn't sure at first. But now I see it.

BASHIR
You know what I see? Fuck Jay Favors. It's fairly clear.

ANOTHER REPORTER chimes in.

REPORTER #2
Naw. You ain't looking at it right.

REPORTER #1
Yeah. Do your research.

ANGLE BACK ON JAY.

JAY
(to Gregor)
How much do you want for it? I don't care how much it costs, I love it. I have never been so flattered. You are truly a genius of our times.

Gregor looks slightly confused.

GREGOR
Thank you.

Jay starts clapping. The people in the audience join in.

JAY
Atlanta's premiere street artist, everyone.

Raucous applause. Except for the guys. Gregor and Jay embrace each other on the floor of the Commission.

GREGOR
I was worried y'all wouldn't get it.

Hands joined and held upright, they wave to the applauding crowd.

INT. LUDAFISH SUSHI RESTAURANT - BUCKHEAD - DAY

A bored-looking Bashir, Diallo and Chloe sit across from the head chef.

HEAD CHEF
Now a lot of brothers don't wanna pay premium for their rice but the rice makes the sushi. I saw "Jiro Dreams Of Sushi" and he said the same thing. And when I told Luda, he said he'd have to get more funding from his investors. But for quality rice, it's worth it. Plus Luda said his investors were the same people who financed his first album--

Diallo perks up.

DIALLO
(hopeful)
With drug money?

HEAD CHEF
No, they're an investment group from College Park.

DIALLO
Oh.

The guys slump back into their seats. Chloe takes a photo.

FADE OUT.