ATLANTA
Created by
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"Darius' Day Off"
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INT. GLENWOOD APARTMENTS - DAY

We close in on DARIUS (30) taking a shit. He flips through the pages of a local newspaper and smiles when he comes across a particular article. ALFRED (35) walks in.

ALFRED
Oh, my bad.

Alfred covers his nose and starts to back out.

DARIUS
Yooo.

Alfred stops.

DARIUS (cont'd)
I just read that weed might become legalized statewide.

ALFRED
And? I smoke that shit either way.

DARIUS
Yea, but--

Darius folds the paper and shows the article to Alfred.

DARIUS (cont'd)
With weed legalized, crime would decrease and the economy would grow. Plus, there'd be a lot less black folk in prison.

Alfred face is unchanged.

ALFRED
And we'd be unemployed.

DARIUS
Not necessarily. We could grow our own stuff. Open up our own business. We'd make a lot of money.

Alfred curls up his nose and turns to leave.

DARIUS (cont'd)
Aye, Al.

ALFRED
What nigga?!
DARIUS
Can you get me a roll of tissue?

Alfred steps out. He comes back with a roll of tissue paper and throws it to Darius.

DARIUS (cont'd)
Thank you good sir.

Alfred leaves. Darius wipes and flushes. He washes his hands and brushes his teeth while scrolling through Instagram. Afterwards, he sprays the entire place with air freshener and slams the door.

INT. GLENWOOD APARTMENTS/KITCHEN - DAY

Darius cracks some eggs and bacon into a sizzling pan. He puts two slices of bread into the toaster and dances to smooth jazz which plays in the background. He pours himself a bowl of Coconut Crunch-O's cereal and orange juice.

Minutes later, he places a greasy egg and bacon sandwich on his plate.

ALFRED
Damn nigga, you goin feed the homeless too?

DARIUS
Ha ha, nah. Just tryna start my morning off right. After all, Breakfast is the most important meal of the day. I got my protein, carbs, and vitamin C.

Alfred examine the breakfast sandwich intently.

ALFRED
Aye let me get a piece though.

Darius cuts the sandwich in two with a knife and gives Alfred half. Alfred bites into it and cleans his mouth with a napkin.

ALFRED (cont'd)
Damn.

Alfred licks his hand.

ALFRED (cont'd)
OK Chef Curry.
Darius smiles and bites into his sandwich.

    ALFRED (cont'd)
    What you got plan today man?

Darius puts his hand over his mouth.

    DARIUS
    (mouthful)
    Nothing much. I just wanna meet up with a friend of mine. He's giving me this limited edition Rap Vinyl.

    ALFRED
    Oh, okay. Sounds cool.

    DARIUS
    Yea but before then. I got some other shit I gotta take care of.

Darius finishes his sandwich and drinks some OJ.

    DARIUS (cont'd)
    How about you?

    ALFRED
    Oh, I just gotta cash this check before the bank close.

    DARIUS
    You should cash at this bank called Broadway Bank, its a black-owned bank. Good for the community.

Alfred gives it a thought.

    ALFRED
    Ight. What's the address?

Darius writes the address on a piece of paper and hands it to him. Alfred reads it and puts the piece of paper in his pocket.

    ALFRED (cont'd)
    Cool.

Alfred gets up.

    ALFRED (cont'd)
    Thanks for the sandwich. Peace D!
Darius throws up the peace sign and Alfred opens the door and leaves. Darius grabs his bowl of cereal and the remote on the counter.

TITLE: **ATLANTA**

["BED PEACE" BY JHENE AIKO STARTS AS "ATLANTA" COMES UP ON THE SOFA]

INT. GLENWOOD APARTMENTS/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Darius sits on the couch and turns to the news channel. They're doing a report on notorious criminal, Florida Man. Darius shakes his head and takes eats some spoons of cereal.

    DARIUS
    Florida Man is back at it again.

Darius changes the channel to cartoons. He checks his phone.

    DARIUS (cont'd)
    Still got a little time.

Darius lights a joint. He releases a puff and relaxes his head on the couch.

    DARIUS (cont'd)
    Ahhhhhh.

He closes his eyes. BOOM! Darius' whole body flinches and he almost drops his joint.

    DARIUS (cont'd)
    What the . . . ?

Darius takes a few more puffs and puts the joint on the table. He grabs his pistol and peeks through the blinders.

    DARIUS (cont'd)
    Damn!

Darius puts his pistol down and steps outside.

EXT. STREET - DAY

We find a black sedan crashed into a stop sign post. Darius cautiously walks towards the car.

    DARIUS
    Aye! You alright?
The front of the car is smashed and smoking. Several people come out to look. One man snaps a photo, while another takes a video. Darius tries to help a **MOM (25)** out of the driver seat.

**MOM**

Forget about me. My kids are in the back!

Darius helps her kids, one **Girl (7)** and one **Boy (5)** and unbuckles their seat belts.

**DARIUS**

Come on out little people.

The kids cough but seem unfazed. The mom stumbles out and hugs her kids tightly.

**MOM**

See didn't I tell you? God is good! He saved us from that car crash!

Darius takes a step back and squints his brows. He looks back and forth between the car and the Mom.

**DARIUS**

Wait. What?

Just a few blocks away are the sounds of sirens. Darius looks at the kids. He rubs there shoulders sympathetically.

**DARIUS (cont'd)**

(to the Mom)

I'm not particularly fond of the christian holy book but I'm pretty sure it states not to test God.

Three police cars pull up.

**DARIUS (cont'd)**

Wow. They usually don't come that quick in this area.

Minutes Pass.

Darius speaks to one of the police officers. Not to far from him, the Mom, whose now in handcuffs, speaks to another officer.

**MOM**

Just check my Facebook. It'll explain everything that happened.
POLICE OFFICER 1
Are you serious?

Mom stays quiet. The officer tells another cop to check the Mom's Facebook page. Moments later.

POLICE OFFICER 2
Nothing.

Police Officer 1 turns towards the Mom like now what?

MOM
I just wanted to prove to them that God is real and he would protect them!

POLICE OFFICER 1
OK.

Police Officer 2 pulls the kids aside.

POLICE OFFICER 1 (cont'd)
(gently)
Did your Mom really do it on purpose?

GIRL
Yeah. She told us to buckle our seat belts and then she started going fast. Her eyes was closed and she was saying 'I love God.'

BOY
She wanted us to know that God is real.

Police Officer 3 sighs and turns toward Darius.

POLICE OFFICER 3
You're free to go.

DARIUS
Thank you.

As Darius walks away, the mom is put inside the back of the police car, while the kids are put in an ambulance.

INT. GLENWOOD APARTMENTS/BEDROOM - DAY

Darius puts on some "natural" deodorant and checks his phone.
DARIUS
Damn, I'm gonna be late.

He walks over to his bed and examines the variety of head wear on it. He rubs his chin, contemplating. Finally, he goes with a that reads: The Color Purple.

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - DAY

Darius drives his car onto the campus and parks. He pays the parking fee and heads to his class. He gets a call from a friend named J.R (40S) while he walks.

J.R
(over phone)
Aye foo, when are you get here?

DARIUS
(over phone)
I got this class I gotta go to real quick--

J.R
(over phone)
That's wassup man but you need to come through before 3:00.

DARIUS
Why 3:00?

J.R
(over phone)
Don't worry about it, just come through!

DARIUS
(over phone)
Alright, Alright. I'll be there before 3:00.

Darius hangs up.

INT. LECTURE HALL - DAY

Darius enters a small lecture hall and takes a seat. He opens his notebook and writes: Black History 101 at the top. A woman named JAZMIN (24) sits next to Darius.

JAZMIN
Nice hat.
Darius turns surprised to see her.

**DARIUS**

Thanks.

She takes the hat and tries it on.

**JAZMIN**

How do I look?

Darius throws up an A OK hand sign. Jazmin smirks and gives him his hat back. She opens up a binder filled with highlighted notes. She writes without looking up.

**JAZMIN** (cont'd)

Where the hell have you been?

**DARIUS**

Been out and about, you know. You can't live life stuck in a classroom.

**JAZMIN**

You mean like me?

**DARIUS**

Nah it's just--

Jazmin glances at him and smiles.

**JAZMIN**

I messing with you.

**DARIUS**

I like this class though, it's chill.

**JAZMIN**

This is your only class though right?

**DARIUS**

Yea--

**JAZMIN**

What's your grade?

**DARIUS**

Uh, last time I checked, I think an A.

Jazmin smirks again.

**JAZMIN**

Right.
DARIUS
What?

JAZMIN
Nothing.

Darius checks his phone: its noon.

JAZMIN (cont'd)
Have you seen Black Panther?

DARIUS
I think every black person in America has seen Black Panther.

JAZMIN
What you think about it?

DARIUS
I can sum that up in two words.

Jazmin cracks a smile.

JAZMIN
Oh yea?

Darius nods his head and leans in. He makes and X with his arms against his chest.

DARIUS
Wakanda Forever!

Students stare at them. Jazmin laughs. Darius looks around.

DARIUS (cont'd)
(whispering)
Sorry! My bad!

He notices a blonde-haired white dude sitting in the back staring at him. He also makes and X with his arms against his chest and whispers: Wakanda Forever. Darius turns around a bit creeped out.

JAZMIN
I really enjoyed the representation of black, female characters you know?. Nakia, Shuri, Okoye, they're all bad ass black women. I've seen the movie at least five times already.

Darius pushes back his forehead, surprised.
DARIUS
Five times? That's a -- that's a whole lot of times.

Jazmin smiles.

JAZMIN
Yea.

More black students walk in. Finally, the Professor (50s) enters. He's white with thick gray hair and pale eyes. He writes the title of the lecture on the board: American Slavery. Students murmur and sigh.

PROFESSOR
I know this is um, a sensitive topic for--

Professor clears his throat

PROFESSOR (cont'd)
For all of--

The black students stare at him: their faces looks bored, annoyed, angry.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)
Moving on . . . .

Darius doodles an outline of Africa. He draws a picture of white men coming to the continent, kidnapping slaves and making shady deals. In some pictures, the Africans trade their brethren for arms. In another a white man gives an African land in exchange for a brand new bible.

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - DAY
Darius and dozens of other students leave the lecture hall.

JAZMIN
Hey!

Darius turns.

DARIUS
What's up?

JAZMIN
You wanna hang out?

DARIUS
Uh,
Darius checks his phone: it's 1:45.

DARIUS (cont'd)
I don't know, um--

JAZMIN
Oh come on! Look there's this really nice cafe not too far from here. There's good food, great music. It'll be fun.

Darius checks his phone again.

DARIUS
OK, alright. But only for a little bit.

Jazmin smiles.

EXT. BROADWAY BANK - DAY
Alfred parks his car in the parking area of Broadway Bank.

INT. BROADWAY BANK - DAY
Alfred enters the bank and is relieved by the cool AC that blows throughout the bank. A BANK WORKER stands nearby.

BANK WORKER
Welcome to Broadway Bank sir.

Alfred nods.

ALFRED
Thank you.

Alfred looks around and grins.

ALFRED (cont'd)
I could get use to this.

Customers murmur has they notice who Alfred is. Alfred is called after a short wait.

BANKER
How can I help you today?

Alfred digs in his pocket.

ALFRED
Yea I just wanna cash this check.
BANKER
Oh my god!

ALFRED
What?

BANKER
You're Paper Boi?

Alfred cracks a smile.

ALFRED
Yea, that's me.

BANKER
My kid is a big fan of yours. You mind if I--

The banker grabs a piece of paper and a pen.

BANKER (cont'd)
Get your autograph?

The banker places the pen and paper under the window. Alfred signs it and gives it to the banker. The banker lifts it up, and checks it for authenticity.

BANKER (cont'd)
Thanks man, I appreciate it.

ALFRED
Yea man, no problem.

The banker folds the autograph and puts it neatly in his pocket.

BANKER
Alright, what did you need again?

ALFRED
My check. I want to cash it.

Alfred hands him the check and the banker inspects it.

BANKER
Damn, OK! You really are Paper Boi! I see how you living you up in these streets.

The man hands Alfred an envelope filled with cash.

BANKER (cont'd)
That's $2,509.
ALFRED
Thanks.

BANKER
You're welcome. Just be careful now.
You never know--

Suddenly, three masked man barge into the bank. Their dressed in all black with monkey masks on. They each hold an AK-47 in their hands and a duffle bag over their shoulders.

ROBBER #1
Alright everyone, get on the ground!

ALFRED
You gotta be kidding me.

INT. CAFE - DAY
Darius and Jazmin sit at small table. The two sip cups of Green Tea.

JAZMIN
How's the tea?

Darius takes another sip of the Green Tea.

DARIUS
It's good. Very authentic.

JAZMIN
It's sad to say but it's kinda like the closest thing I have to my other side.

DARIUS
Your bi--

JAZMIN

DARIUS
You ever been to Tokyo?

JAZMIN
Yea, like when I was three. But who remembers anything under five years old?
DARIUS
I wanna go to Tokyo. The vibe, the vibe seems wavy.

Jazmin laughs.

JAZMIN
You high?

DARIUS
I wish.

JAZMIN
Come with me.

EXT. RECYCLING DUMPSTER - DAY

Darius and Jazmin sit on two large trash dumpsters filled with old boxes. Darius and Jazmin share a blunt. Darius blows a puff and hands it back to Jazmin.

DARIUS
That's some good shit, where'd you get it from?

JAZMIN
I have seller on campus.

DARIUS
Word?

JAZMIN
Yea.

DARIUS
White?

The two laugh. Jazmin hands the blunt back to Darius.

DARIUS (cont'd)
You know you're not the only whose disconnected and shit. Half my family is Nigerian and I don't know most of them.

Darius puts the blunt to his lips.

JAZMIN
Why is that?

Darius shrugs and blows a puff.
DARIUS
I don't know. I got daddy issues.

Moments of silence. Jazmin hops of the dumpster.

JAZMIN
Let's paint.

DARIUS
Like right now?

JAZMIN
No, a week from now? Yea, now.

Darius checks his phone: It's 2:15.

DARIUS
I appreciate the offer but I really should get going.

Jazmin hold onto his forearm.

JAZMIN
Come on, its just one Canvas.

DARIUS
Yea, but--

Jazmin tugs at Darius' shirt.

JAZMIN
Please, I never get to do stuff like this.

DARIUS
You mean have fun?

Jazmin lets go off his shirt. Silence.

JAZMIN
You said it yourself "can't live life stuck in a classroom," I just wanna have one day where I'm not studying or preparing for an exam. Come on, please?

DARIUS
OK. But one canvas.

Jazmin bites her bottom lip and laughs. Darius flicks the blunt on the floor on the floor and hops of the dumpster.
DARIUS (cont'd)
So where is this place anyways? And is it expensive?

JAZMIN
You'll see when we get there.

INT. BROADWAY BANK - DAY

Dozens of civilians (customers) sit on the floor, their hands covering their heads. One civilians cries softly and snot runs down his nose. Another talks to himself quietly.

ROBBER #1
We don't wanna hurt no one. Everybody just stay calm and this will go by very quickly.

Robber #2 points his gun at the civilians.

ROBBER #2
And don't try to be a hero either.

Robber #3 leans against the (exit) door.

ROBBER #3
Or we'll bust a cap in that ass!

The customers stay silent.

ROBBER #1
Good.

Robber #1 pulls out a hefty trash bag from his duffle bag and turns toward the banker.

ROBBER #1 (cont'd)
Alright, fill the bag.

The banker does as told. Alfred checks his watch and sighs.

ALFRED
Man. I should've just went to Wells Fargo.

One of the civilians, a TEENAGER (17) starts snickering. Robber #2 walks up to him and kicks his shoe.

ROBBER #2
What the hell is so funny?
TEENAGER
This dude got on Big Baller Brand shoes. Ahhhhh hahaha. Ha ha.

A couple of civilians snicker. Alfred cracks a smile.

ROBBER #2
Nigga shut up! These cost me $400.

TEENAGER
Yea and they still ugly. Ahhhhh hahaha. Ha ha.

Robber #2 bites his bottom lip in frustration and squeeze his gun.

ROBBER #2
Nigga, do you see this gun? Do yo ass wanna get shot or something? Say another word nigga!?

The teenager snickers softly.

ROBBER #2 (cont'd)
Man what the fuck--

Robber 2 stomps his foot on the ground and twists.

ROBBER #2 (cont'd)
What the hell did I just tell you little nig--

Robber #2 tries to control himself

ROBBER #2 (cont'd)
Ooooo, make another sound. Make another sound! I double dare you little nigga!

ROBBER #1
Nigga, will you chill the fuck out?

Robber #2 rests his gun and turns toward the teenager.

ROBBER #2
One more sound and I'll pistol whip yo ass.

The teenager gulps.
INT. PAINTING PLACE - DAY

Darius and Jazmin are covered in an array of paint color.

JAZMIN
You tryna be Bob Ross or something?

Darius smirks.

DARIUS
Ha. Nah. I'm just painting the cover of one of my favorite albums.

JAZMIN
Oh, what kind of music do you like?

DARIUS
Uh, everything really. Rap, R&B, jazz, heavy metal, soft rock. My music taste has no boundaries.

Jazmin walks towards Darius' painting.

JAZMIN
So what's this?

DARIUS
Just the cover of The Last Dinosaurs album, In A Million Years.

Jazmin shakes her head.

JAZMIN
Never heard of 'em.

DARIUS
Yea, they're an indie rock band from Australia but most of their members are Japanese.

JAZMIN
Interesting.

DARIUS
Very.

Darius spots the clock hanging across the room. It's 2:45.

DARIUS (cont'd)
I'm not gonna lie, hanging out with you was pretty cool. But I gotta go.

Jazmin frowns.
JAZMIN
Alright.
The two take their paintings off the canvas.

JAZMIN (cont'd)
Can I see you again?

Darius nods.

DARIUS
Yea, I'll be around.

JAZMIN
Let me give you my number.

Jazmin grabs one the paintbrushes and dips it in the black paint. Then she writes her number on Darius' arm. Darius looks at the number.

DARIUS
Sweet. I'll--

Darius throws up the phone sign.

DARIUS (cont'd)
You.

INT. BROADWAY BANK - DAY
Robber #1 fills up his hefty bag with cash and ties it up.

ROBBER #1
Alright everyone. We're almost done here. We just need ya'll cash too.

Robber #1 goes around collecting cash from civilians while Robber #2 and Robber #3 keep watch. Alfred's phone goes off.

ALFRED
(whisper)
Shit.

Robber #1 notices and walks toward him.

ROBBER #1
Well, well, well, if it isn't the one and only Paper Boi.

Alfred frowns.
ALFRED
Sup.

ROBBER #1
You tryna call the cops on us?

ALFRED
Nah man--

ROBBER #1
Don't lie to me! I hate being lied to!

ALFRED
I'm not man. It's probably my manager or something.

ROBBER #3
Aye dawg, we need to hurry up before 12 come.

Robber #1 looks at the exit and sighs disappointed.

ROBBER #1
Ight.

Robber #1 puts his gun down and looks back at Alfred.

ROBBER #1 (cont'd)
Aye, you think I can get a selfie for the gram?

ROBBER #3
I know this nigga did not just ask for a selfie?

ROBBER #1
It'll be real quick!

ROBBER #2
Nigga you got twelve seconds!

Robber #1 takes a selfie with a stoic looking Alfred. Robber #1 types something on his phone.

ROBBER #1
At . . . a . . . Costume Party . . .
With my . . . Nigga . . . . Paper Boi--

ROBBER #2
Nigga!
Robber #1 puts his phone away.

    ROBBER #1
    Alright, alright. Let's go.

Outside of the bank, sirens blast and the robbers (jump).

    ROBBER #2
    Muthafucka! See? You see!? We coulda been gone but yo dumb-ass had to get a selfie with Paper Boi!

EXT. BROADWAY BANK - DAY

The three bank robbers are taken into custody by police officers. Alfred enters his car. He looks at his envelope and let's out a big sigh. He gives his envelope a kiss and starts his car.

INT. J.R'S HOUSE

Darius stands in the middle of the living room, holding his painting. He looks around for a bit. J.R comes out dressed in fine linen, Gucci, and Prada.

    DARIUS
    Jesus Ramirez.

The two shakes hands.

    J.R
    It's J.R foo.

    DARIUS
    Why do you look so spiffy?

J.R lets out an arrogant crackle.

    J.R
    Cuz. I got me some guests.

Two women come up to J.R: they feel on him, kiss him and pour some expensive champagne in his plastic, red cup. He smacks the assess of two of the women.

    J.R (cont'd)
    Ya'll go ahead and get in my bedroom. I'll be in there in a minute.

Another woman gets behind him and gives his shoulders a massage.
WOMAN
I'm gonna call some friends to get us some weed. Is that okay?

J.R nods.

J.R
Yea, that's coo. Now get in that room.

The woman obeys. Darius squints his eyebrows.

DARIUS
Are those . . . hookers?

J.R smiles and pulls him to the side.

J.R
I got into an accident a couple of months ago. Some stupid fucker crashed into, messed my up my whole right hand. But its all good because--

J.R picks up a briefcase with his left hand and taps on it.

J.R (cont'd)
This here is $96,000 in cash foo.

Darius smirks and shakes his head.

DARIUS
You got my vinyl?

J.R
Yea. Its in the kitchen.

DARIUS
Ight.

Darius walks into the kitchen, looking through the cabinets.

J.R
Aye man you're lucky I didn't give that shit away.

DARIUS
Nigga I was one minute late.

J.R
You know what I could've done in one minute? I could've put my condom on. I could've start caressing--
Darius waves his hands.

DARIUS
I rather not have this conversation.

Darius finds a black briefcase and sets it on the counter.

DARIUS (cont'd)
This it?

J.R nods. Darius exhales and rubs his hands. He unlocks the briefcase and a golden light radiates against his face.

J.R
You happy?

Darius stares at the briefcase, bewildered.

J.R (cont'd)
Darius?

Darius snaps out of it and looks up.

J.R (cont'd)
You happy?

Darius nods and smiles.

DARIUS
Yea, I'm happy.

J.R
Good. Now we're even.

Darius shuts the briefcase and the light disappears. Darius walks out of the kitchen and stops in front of J.R.

DARIUS
Yea, I guess we are. Look, uh,

Darius glances at J.R's bedroom.

DARIUS (cont'd)
Just be careful. That's a lot of money you got.

J.R
I'm always careful foo.

DARIUS
Rightttttt.

Darius open the door.
EXT. STREET - DAY

He leaves J.R's house and walks towards the sunset, content with his acquisition. As Darius walks out of view, a black minivan swerves in front of J.R's house. A pair of masked, gun-toting men bust into his house.

CUT TO BLACK.

END.