

SNAFU

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INT. UNDERGROUND/SOLAR GREENHOUSE - NIGHT

...WE SEE a pair of shoes walking on a hardwood floor.

...WE SEE a pair of filthy hands work on some sort of contraption.

...WE HEAR weird construction noises of a machine/chamber working. It's quite loud.

...WE SEE a sign on this chamber that reads - THE HIBERNATION CHAMBER 3000.

...WE HEAR a MAN's voice --

ARTHUR (O.S.)

This is gonna wake up the entire neighborhood.

...WE SEE this chamber door open, and inside there is a huge tank filled with icy green liquid moving around. Date, time, month, and year is listed next to a keyboard where you type info into the chamber. This chamber looks ahead of its time.

ARTHUR (O.S.) (CONT'D)

This might actually work.

...WE HEAR the liquid move around, then an alarm RINGS. The liquid retreats like toilet water. BUDDY, a black labrador steps out.

ARTHUR (O.S.) (CONT'D)

How you doing? Everything intact?

...WE SEE Buddy shake off the green liquid. He looks normal.

ARTHUR (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Let me check you out here. You might have made daddy a trillionair.

...WE HEAR Buddy BARK.

ARTHUR (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Shhhh. We have to be very quiet, Buddy.

...WE SEE the same pair of hands feel Buddy all around to make sure he's in one piece.

ARTHUR (O.S.) (CONT'D)

You look good. Let's go inside and get you some food.

EXT. SKILLING TOWERS - DAY (ESTABLISHING)

INT. SKILLING TOWERS/ARTHUR'S OFFICE - DAY

ARTHUR SKILLING, white, thirties, comfortable with himself, but still tries to impress others, sits at his desk while working on the computer.

WALLACE DAVIS, white, forties, enters. He holds some documents in his hands.

WALLACE

Did you finish filling out the donations to charity as I asked?

ARTHUR

You make it sound like I work for you.

Arthur is the same man we heard in the first scene.

WALLACE

It's a good charity and a good cause. When's the last time you gave money to a charity out of your own pocket?

ARTHUR

Year of the rat. Or maybe a little after.

WALLACE

Fine. Should we do what we always do then? I'll give the company's money and sign your name?

ARTHUR

I have a motto, Wallace. When something works, I don't stop doing it.

Wallace jots that down in his notebook, then checks his earpiece --

WALLACE

(talks into a mini-mic on his shirt)

I need my assistant in here immediately.

Arthur continues to type on his computer.

ARTHUR

How's the wife and kids?

WALLACE

Still giving me hell. You would think after all these years, I'd be into the whole father/husband thing, but I'm not. I wish it were just a hobby that I could choose to do when I felt like it.

ARTHUR

Some like it, some don't. I love my wife.

WALLACE

You don't have kids. Makes it a lot easier. Besides, my wife isn't a playboy bunny. I wouldn't exactly call that love.

ARTHUR

There's more to her than big breasts and a pretty face.

WALLACE

Hey, I'm not saying she's not worth it, but do you think you're gonna ever have kids of your own?

ARTHUR

With that slut? No. God no. I don't know where her lips have been.

WALLACE

Which ones?

ARTHUR

All of them. Do you know how many photo shoots she has a day at the mansion? C'mon, she's screwing at least one guy a day.

WALLACE

Probably more than one. Pending if the first guy did a good job or not.

ARTHUR

Well, that's why I can't have kids with her.

A SECURITY GUARD knocks on the door and enters with Wallace's assistant, JERRALD (black).

SECURITY GUARD
Here's your assistant.

WALLACE
Thank you.

Security Guard exits.

JERRALD
What did you need?

WALLACE
What took so long?

JERRALD
Sorry. Coming from the first floor to the ninety second takes a while. Any chance of getting a desk closer to you?

Wallace sighs. He hates excuses.

WALLACE
(to Arthur)
Amazing. Has an answer and question for everything.
(a beat)
What I needed you to do ten minutes ago was to do that charity donation thing that we do every month.

JERRALD
On it.

Jerrald exits.

WALLACE
Incompetent jack-ass. If I still owned my brass knuckles, he'd be in for a rude awakening, boy.

INT. BEVERLY HILLS - ARTHUR'S MANSION/KITCHEN - NIGHT

Luxurious home. Probably worth twenty million dollars.

Arthur gets served dinner from TONIA(a playboy bunny).

TONIA
Tell me how the food tastes.
Honestly.

ARTHUR
Can't we just eat out?

TONIA
Taste it or you won't be tasting me
tonight.

Arthur digs into his plate, takes a bite of a meatball.

ARTHUR
Not bad.

Tonia smiles, turns her back to wash some dishes. Arthur spits the meatball out of his mouth right into Buddy's mouth, who swallows it hole.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
Boy, that's delicious. Sure you
cooked this?

TONIA
Of course. I warmed it up and
everything.

Tonia takes off her fake fingernails over the salad that she mixes.

ARTHUR
I have another invention in the
works that's gonna be huge.

TONIA
Is that what you've been sneaking
out of bed in the middle of the
night to work on?

ARTHUR
Yes.

TONIA
I haven't seen it around. Where
you keeping it?

ARTHUR
Can't tell you that, sweetie. It's
top secret. Even to you.

Tonia brings over the salad and sits down.

TONIA
You won't even tell your own
wife... That's mean.

ARTHUR

When it's complete and sold, I'll gladly tell you all about it. For now, I have to keep it to myself.

TONIA

You know what I was thinking. I was wondering if I could maybe start to work for you full time.

ARTHUR

And quit that life fulfilling job as a playboy bunny? You can't.

TONIA

I'm serious.

ARTHUR

I'm serious, too. I love not having to come home to see you naked, but to ask one of the mail room interns to show me their newest Playboy issue.

TONIA

You just love telling everyone you meet that your wife is a playboy bunny.

ARTHUR

That is a perk, I'll admit.

TONIA

Will you at least think about it?

ARTHUR

Of course I will.

TONIA

Cuz' I think a pole would look great in your office.

Arthur looks at her funny -- that's what Tonia meant by working for him?

INT. SKILLING TOWERS/ARTHUR'S OFFICE - DAY

Arthur and Wallace do some paperwork...

WALLACE

Hey, you told me to remind you about something before we head to lunch today.

ARTHUR

That's right. I'm working on a product for a new upstart company that I was telling you about and --

WALLACE

You're not leaving me behind, are you? I'd like to be apart of this upstart company, too.

ARTHUR

I'm not leaving you behind. I just can't reveal any of the details at this moment. What I need you to do is find me a test dummy.

WALLACE

A real person who'll be tested in something I don't even know about?

ARTHUR

Yes. Just send him to my home address later this week. He'll get paid a thousand dollars.

WALLACE

That's not gonna be easy.

ARTHUR

You know where to go.

WALLACE

Where?

ARTHUR

Wallace... You know where to go.

WALLACE

Oh. But can I use the company car to go to East LA and pick up the crack-head?

ARTHUR

Of course. Think I'd expect you drive your own vehicle?

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS RESTAURANT - DAY

Arthur, Wallace, and two other business associates, CARL LAY(white, Irish, forties, serious marine type) and JIM FASTOW (white, fifties, placid) have lunch.

CARL

I think it's about time we all step down from the company.

ARTHUR

Are you crazy? Why?

CARL

It's about that time. Quit while we're ahead. Cash out.

ARTHUR

Jim, you feel like this as well?

JIM

Do you want me to be honest?

ARTHUR

Please.

JIM

I agree with Carl one hundred percent. We're doing so well and we have so much money, I think it's that time.

ARTHUR

I don't think any of us should step down. I need you guys. Everyone at this table is vital to how my corporation operates.

CARL

And we appreciate you saying that but that doesn't change our minds, mate.

ARTHUR

So that's it? You're out? Just like that?

CARL

No, not just like that. Jim and I are still thinking it over. We'll see the month out.

ARTHUR

Oh, thanks for the advanced notice.

WALLACE

The company is getting even bigger. Everyone's gonna get even richer. This would be the wrong time to walk away.

JIM

We don't have enough money to live on, guys? C'mon.

WALLACE

We do. But let me ask you this. Wouldn't you like to buy a Bently for everyone in your family and think nothing of it? For it to be like getting them all fruit baskets for their birthdays?

Jim and Carl find this question strange. Do they really want or need that? Of course not.

JIM

No.

CARL

That's what you wanna do for your family? That's the big dream? Buy them all Bently's?

JIM

I don't even like my whole family. I'm barely close to my parents.

WALLACE

Don't get caught up on the hypothetical questions. I just want to see you fellas earn that type of money.

CARL

I'm forty two, married with three great kids... Fact is, I'm ready to retire and play golf everyday.

WALLACE

You do play golf everyday?

CARL

Yeah, but I mean play golf when I'm not suppose to be working.

WALLACE

(to Jim)

What's your excuse? You want more time to play in the over forty basketball league?

ARTHUR

What if I started letting you charge the hookers to your company credit card? Huh?

JIM

Tempting, but I'm trying to become more faithful to my wife now. Besides, we already dip our hands into too much shady shit. That's why I cheat on my wife. It's a way to relieve stress.

ARTHUR

That's ridiculous. Making love to your wife will have the same effect.

JIM

Listen, my wife is not as hot at yours, okay? My wife masturbates to your wife she's so damn hot. So don't tell me who to screw!

Arthur looks surprised by this outburst.

ARTHUR

Jesus. Relax.

JIM

Now I'm gonna have to pay a hooker to relieve all this stress that this lunch has caused today.

CARL

I think we all have to calm down. Jim and I aren't leaving you guys out to dry. You'll have adequate time to find new people to fill our positions.

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS RESTAURANT - VALET - DAY

Jim, Carl, Arthur, and Wallace wait for their cars to be pulled around.

Carl and Wallace talk while Jim and Arthur are in the middle of a conversation --

ARTHUR

Do you know how much everything is going up?

(MORE)

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Electricity, natural gas, oil,
everything that we're controlling.
And we don't pay nearly enough to
our low level employees as we
should. That's why we make that
much more. How many other
corporations do that?

JIM

That's another thing I'm not so
comfortable with. We're all
millionaires --

ARTHUR

I'm a billionaire.

Jim stares at Arthur for a moment.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

What? Just wanted to make that
clear. Fortune five hundred hasn't
come out yet for this year. I want
people to know.

Jim moves on, picks up where he was cut off --

JIM

All I'm saying is, maybe we should
make some adjustments. Because if
this shit happens to fall apart at
the wrong time, a lot of people's
jobs and pensions will go right
down --

ARTHUR

Okay! Enough with that crock of
garbage. Wallace and I are
extremely careful in all those
sensitive areas. We've made sure
of everything before we let
innocent people invest in our
company.

JIM

Just remember that it's not only
our workers, but people older than
us that have invested their entire
pensions in our company.

ARTHUR

I've got it. Stop talking to me
like I just took over the company
yesterday. I'm glad to see you
have such morals in this area.

Valet comes around with some cars.

JIM
I have to go.

Jim leaves Arthur standing there wanting to finish this conversation.

INT. SKILLING TOWERS/MEN'S BATHROOM - NEXT DAY

Arthur is taking a piss in the urinal --

ARTHUR
(takes a deep breath)
R. Kelly style.

Carl enters.

CARL
Arthur...

Carl begins to take a piss at the same urinal as Arthur.

ARTHUR
Would you mind using another one?

CARL
Oh. Not into that sort of thing
still. I understand.

Carl takes a piss at the urinal next to Arthur.

CARL (CONT'D)
Ah, Chocolate Factory style... So
what's happening?

ARTHUR
Nothing much. Just losing my two
best employees.

Carl takes off his pants, and sits on the urinal to take a number two. Arthur doesn't find THIS to be odd.

CARL
Please don't be angry with me,
Arthur. It's not like I'm
abandoning our friendship. We can
still go for a beer every now and
then.

ARTHUR
This isn't about beer. This is
about trust.
(MORE)

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

I now have to hire someone who doesn't know how we do things here and trust them.

CARL

It'll be fine, just hire someone trustworthy.

Arthur ignores Carl stupidity --

ARTHUR

I understand why you're leaving. You think things are gonna go bad, and they might. But that's why I'm trying to get out of the way we usually do business by creating this new upstart company.

CARL

You haven't told anyone about what you're doing.

ARTHUR

It has to be kept a secret for now. It's not copyrighted yet.

CARL

Now you don't even trust me anymore? Maybe it's a good thing I'm leaving.

(a beat)

I think you better prepare to bring in some good applicants for those job interviews this week.

Carl finishes going to the bathroom, pats Arthur on the back, and exits.

INT. ARTHUR'S HOME/KITCHEN - DAY

Tonia and Arthur are in the middle of a conversation.

TONIA

They kept badgering me to pose with a fishnet today, but I told them straight up, no. They're not gonna make me out to be some slut.

ARTHUR

That a girl. Way to stand up for yourself.

There's a KNOCK on the door.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
I'll get it.

TONIA
I'm about to cook. Tell whoever
that is to go away.

Arthur exits to --

FRONT DOOR

ARTHUR
Alright, honey.

Arthur looks through the peak hole. He looks alarmed, then comes to a realization...remembers something -- he opens the door to find a CRACKHEAD, black, thirties, standing with his back to Arthur. The Crackhead turns around scratching himself all over.

CRACKHEAD
What's up, man? You B-Arthur?

ARTHUR
I don't know. Who are you?

CRACKHEAD
I'm here for the thousand dollars.

ARTHUR
Oh, oh. Thanks for coming. Name's
just Arthur by the way.

CRACKHEAD
Whatever. I'm just here to get my
money.

Arthur looks to see if Tonia is behind him, then exits the house and closes the door.

EXT. ARTHUR'S MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Arthur tries to be discreet even though nobody is there but him and the Crackhead.

ARTHUR
I forgot all about the testing.
Thanks again for coming. We have
to go underground to my greenhouse
for the experiment.

CRACKHEAD

That's cool. I just need some of my money up front.

ARTHUR

Of course. I'll give you a dollar now and the rest when you finish being tested.

The Crackhead thinks for a moment, takes a beat.

CRACKHEAD

That sounds hella' good, man. Let's go underground and get this shit poppin'. I'm do for another fix in like a hour.

Arthur leads the Crackhead to the back yard.

CRACKHEAD (CONT'D)

This is a nice ass place you got here. Shit ain't up for sale is it?

ARTHUR

Why? Could you afford it?

CRACKHEAD

I'd have to check my funds but usually they read insufficient.

ARTHUR

(to himself)
There's a shocker.

INT. SKILLING TOWERS/ARTHUR'S OFFICE - DAY

Arthur sits at his desk with his eyes closed. He's tired. Wallace enters.

WALLACE

Wake up! Job interviews! First batch is here. I'm feeling positive!

ARTHUR

Why do you like this job interviewing so much? And is that an erection?

Wallace indeed has a massive erection.

WALLACE

I do and I'm not afraid to admit it. So which office are we gonna use to bring in these highly anticipated and highly referred applicants? Yours or mine?

Wallace feels himself. Arthur looks disgusted.

ARTHUR

Yours.

INT. OUTSIDE CARL LAY'S OFFICE - DAY

We see a sign on Carl's office door that reads...

CARL LAY - CHIEF FINANCIAL OFFICER

Carl opens his door, looks for someone --

CARL

Jim, you coming out? They already started.

Carl walks out of his office completely to look for Jim.

INT. OUTSIDE OF JIM FASTOW'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

We see a sign on Jim's door that reads...

JIM FASTOW - VICE CHAIRMAN & CEO

Jim enters out of his office, chewing on something, sees Carl coming his way. He walks toward him.

JIM

They already started?

Jim and Carl head to Wallace's office. They walk and talk.

CARL

Half hour ago. I didn't realize the time. Why didn't you come get me?

JIM

I was eating this crab cake sandwich from the Alcove. It was bodacious. You been there?

CARL
 Can't say that I have. Jim, I think we need to take this matter more seriously. If we're gonna leave our business partners and friends behind --

JIM
 Friends? Really?

CARL
 I know we're not. I just thought it sounded good in my speech.

Jim understands, goes with it.

CARL (CONT'D)
 If we're going to leave the company, we gotta make sure we leave it in good hands, mate.

JIM
 Absolutely.

Carl and Jim approach Wallace's office. The door opens. A somewhat YOUNG APPLICANT steps out.

WALLACE
 (to Young Applicant)
 Thank you and we'll be in touch.

Arthur holds a resume in his hands.

ARTHUR
 Very promising stuff in here. I'm impressed and I don't say that everyday.

YOUNG APPLICANT
 Thank you. You have my card?

WALLACE
 Only a dozen of them.

YOUNG APPLICANT
 Sorry. I give out my card more than once when I'm nervous.

WALLACE
 It's understandable.

Jim and Carl enter Wallace's office. Wallace closes the door while still waving at the Young Applicant.

WALLACE'S OFFICE

WALLACE (CONT'D)

Alright, thanks again... Thanks again for nothing. Jesus Christ. I hope the door doesn't hit him on the way out.

ARTHUR

He'll never get a job anywhere.

WALLACE

Just pitiful. Reminds me of when I saw a rat having sex with a cockroach in the basement of my first apartment building.

CARL

That bad?

ARTHUR

The last four applicants didn't even come close. All either too young or too stupid or too over qualified for the job. I don't wanna have to worry about some smart ass trying to steal my job out from under me.

Carl and Jim share a look. Are they under qualified? They sit down on the couch.

WALLACE

We have a few more weeks of this, so they're bound to improve.

ARTHUR

Do I really have to be here for this?

WALLACE

We're not picking two dopes for Carl and Jim's jobs.

ARTHUR

Fine. When's the next applicant coming in?

WALLACE

Five minutes.

ARTHUR

Turn on the news. I need to catch up on my current events.

Wallace turns on the television. They see Al Sharpton being interviewed about some racial world issue.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

This guy makes me sick. Always comes around when something racially against black people hits the surface.

CARL

That's his job.

ARTHUR

I know but give it up already. He's like a toilet. Full of shit. Can't anybody see that?

KNOCK on the door. Arthur sighs. Five minutes are up.

Wallace answers the door, lets in another APPLICANT, 40's, white, good looking.

WALLACE

How you doing?

APPLICANT

I'm doing fine. How bout' yourself?

WALLACE

Good. This is CEO, Arthur Skillings.

APPLICANT

I know who he is and I'm a huge fan. Love your work and the way you work.

The Applicant shakes Arthur's hand --

APPLICANT (CONT'D)

Please do not get up.

ARTHUR

I wasn't. Sit down.

Applicant sits down nervously, nods to Carl and Jim who don't return a nod or smile.

APPLICANT

Didn't know so many people would be in the room all at once like this.

WALLACE
Is that a problem?

ARTHUR
Care for a vomit bag? We have
them. Same ones they give on
planes in coach. I swear. Exact
replicas.

APPLICANT
I'm fine. Happy to be here.

Wallace and Arthur share a look: "If he's nervous now, how's
he going to be as CFO or Vice Chairman?" He's done -- not
hired already.

INT. WALLACE'S OFFICE - LATER

Another WHITE APPLICANT is being interviewed. He's doing
well.

Jim eats a crab cake sandwich in the background.

ARTHUR
Finished at the top of your class
at Yale and got your doctrine at
Harvard. I'm a Harvard man myself.

WHITE APPLICANT
I loved the school. Great
experience.

ARTHUR
Of course it was a great
experience. It's Harvard.

WALLACE
Yale is a fine school as well.

Arthur gives Wallace the signal to shut up.

ARTHUR
You've had a lot of experience at
these other companies. What makes
you think you can handle being a
CFO for a major corporation like
us?

WHITE APPLICANT
 I've been through it all.
 Pressure, borrowed time, crunch
 time, out of time, whatever the
 case may have been, I've always
 stepped up to the plate and made
 things happen.

Arthur and Wallace look at each other. Arthur glances at
 Carl and Jim who reveal nothing.

WHITE APPLICANT (CONT'D)
 I know I can do this job, sir.
 I've been waiting my whole life for
 this opportunity.

The White Applicant is really into it, he wants this job
 badly.

JIM
 (to Carl)
 I don't like him. Too cocky.

INT. WALLACE'S OFFICE - LATER

Another APPLICANT has just left.

WALLACE
 (to Applicant)
 Thank you for coming in. We'll put
 in a good word for you upstairs.

ARTHUR
 We are upstairs.

WALLACE
 Just trying to make the kid feel
 good.

ARTHUR
 Who's next?

Wallace looks down at his sheet. He giggles to himself.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
 What's so funny?

WALLACE
 The next applicant's name is
 Orlando Megaford.

ARTHUR
 Is that a football player?

CARL

I think it's an actor or a cousin
of a famous actor.

WALLACE

This should be an experience.

Wallace talks into his mic and listens to his earpiece.

WALLACE (CONT'D)

Bring Orlando Megaford in.

ORLANDO MEGAFORD, black, athletic, handsome, well educated,
wears glasses, enters.

Arthur locks eyes with everyone in the room except for
Orlando.

Jim hides what's left of his crab cake sandwich in between
the couch cushions.

ORLANDO

Am I in the right place?

Arthur is in a deep stare at his desk.

ORLANDO (CONT'D)

Excuse me. I'm in the correct
office, right? Arthur Skilling?

ARTHUR

Oh, yes. You are. Sorry about
that. The damn lighting in this
room is very fluorescent and my
eyes just can't focus.

Arthur looks through his paperwork --

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Orlando Megaford... That's your
real name?

Orlando looks confused.

ORLANDO

Yes. My mother gave it to me.

JIM

(whispers to Carl)
Crack whore probably.

ARTHUR

Have a seat. Let's get acquainted.

Orlando sits down. Wallace hands Arthur all the papers he needs.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
(looks through resume)
Oh. Wow. Two degrees from Harvard. My old alma mater Impressive. I don't say that to everyone.

ORLANDO
Thank you.

ARTHUR
Harvard was tough wasn't? Not the easiest school to graduate from.

ORLANDO
Not at all. Very difficult. A lot of long nights of studying.

Orlando laughs nervously. Arthur doesn't look like he's buying it.

ARTHUR
Where's Harvard located again?

ORLANDO
(coughs)
Um... Cambridge, Massachusetts. Last time I checked, sir.

ARTHUR
Yeah. Cambridge. That's where it is last time I checked, too. Guess you do know your stuff. You sort of hesitated for a second though.

ORLANDO
I'm sorry. It's my pedigree to hesitate when I answer questions.

ARTHUR
Pedigree huh? Big word. You learned that from Harvard or you carry a thesaurus in your back pocket all day to impress wealthy educated men like myself?

Orlando wipes the sweat from his forehead.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
I'm kidding. Seeing if you got a sense of humor.

Wallace who stands behind Orlando, slaps him in the back, and laughs. Orlando laughs along with them, tries to show he gets the joke.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
 This is good stuff. Really. You
 have certainly paid your dews.
 (holds up Orlando's
 resume)
 We'll toss this around with some of
 my colleagues and see if it can
 score some points.

INT. WALLACE'S OFFICE - LATER

Jim, Carl, Arthur, and Wallace all TOSS around Orlando's RESUME that has been crumpled into a little ball. The ball lands in Wallace's hands.

WALLACE
 Comin' at ya, Arthur.

Wallace throws it to Arthur.

ARTHUR
 Hey, look at me. I'm the first
 white Globetrotter.

Arthur does little tricks with the crumpled resume ball. Jim holds a trash can up from the other side of the office.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
 How many points? How many?

JIM
 That's a ten pointer.

ARTHUR
 It's more than that. You kidding
 me? You practically dunked the
 ball and got five points.

JIM
 Just shoot it.

Arthur shoots the ball. Good.

ARTHUR
 Ah, just like a lay-up. Haven't
 lost my touch.

Jim takes the ball, throws it to Carl.

CARL
Eight pointer.

Carl shoots the ball. Misses. Everyone sighs.

JIM
Oh! You suck, Carl. That was a
free throw. You gotta make those!

Wallace calls for the ball.

WALLACE
Let me get another shot. Over
here.

Everyone is laughing and having a great time just tossing
around Orlando's resume like a basketball.

INT. SKILLING TOWERS/PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Arthur walks to his car.

WALLACE (O.S.)
Arthur! Arthur! Hold up!

Wallace enters. Arthur looks like he's in a rush to get
home.

ARTHUR
What is it? It's Kama Sutra night
at the house and I already took my
Viagra and you know how much I hate
getting hard while I drive.

WALLACE
We have bigger problems than too
much blow flow to your johnson. I
just received a head's up call.

ARTHUR
A head's up call? From who?

WALLACE
My friend over at the FBI.

ARTHUR
FBI? Great Lady Of Victory. What
about?

WALLACE
Something must have leaked. We're
being investigated for accounting
fraud.

ARTHUR

You're sure this was a reliable person who gave you this information?

WALLACE

He's our friend over at the FBI. We were roommates in college and got drunk together all the time.

ARTHUR

Oh, now I know he's reliable.

WALLACE

Trust me. He's a reliable source and there's nothing he can do to stop the investigation from proceeding. I think it's been in motion for quite sometime now.

Arthur goes pale. Puts his hands over his mouth in shock. Wallace and Arthur look at each other -- They're in deep shit.

INT. SKILLING TOWERS - BULLPEN - DAY

Arthur and Wallace walk fast through the room, discuss their preparation for this investigation that's being brought against them --

ARTHUR

We have a lot of cleaning up to do before they get here.

WALLACE

It's not enough time. They've been investigating the company for at least a year.

ARTHUR

Jesus Christ. And your great friend is just letting us know now?

WALLACE

He turns on the lights. We're lucky he over heard this much.

ARTHUR

No wonder he couldn't do anything to stop the investigation.

INT. ARTHUR'S OFFICE - DAY

Wallace and Arthur enter.

WALLACE

You think Carl and Jim had something to do with this?

ARTHUR

Why would you say that?

WALLACE

They're the ones who wanted to quit. Saying they didn't like the direction the company was going.

ARTHUR

They would never.

Wallace hands Arthur the fire extinguisher that's in the corner of the room.

Arthur SLAMS it against the computer. Wallace's assistant Jerrald is loading boxes of documents into the shredder in the background.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Did you delete all our files from the home base processing center computer?

WALLACE

Yes. All gone. But they still know that we overexaggerated about our budgets and how much money things were worth.

ARTHUR

Exaggerated? We lied about all of that.

WALLACE

I say we leave before they get here.

ARTHUR

And become fugitives?

(a beat)

Count me out. We can beat this.

WALLACE

They're gonna show no mercy on us. Do you realize what happens when this company goes under?

(MORE)

WALLACE (CONT'D)

Politician will take the people's sides who lost their jobs and go against us along with the police.

ARTHUR

You're making it sound much worse than it is.

(rubs his stomach)

Do you have any Mylanta?

Wallace grabs a bottle of MYLANTA out of his pocket, tosses it to him. Arthur takes a five second sip, finishes it.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Remind me to stop at the drugstore for a refill on the way to jail today.

WALLACE

You think they're gonna put us in jail?!

ARTHUR

You thought they were coming here to talk us over a nice hot lunch?

WALLACE

But we're rich white business men that have helped this country in more ways than one. So what if some old man loses his pension? Tell him to get another job and work like a real American?

ARTHUR

I agree with you, but I doubt the FBI and government will see it that way.

WALLACE

But we're uh... We're -- uh, white! We're not some drug dealer who finally got caught.

ARTHUR

Relax. They don't have any evidence on us. We'll be at the Beverly Hills hotel laughing about this over lunch tomorrow. This is just a little snafu.

Ten FBI AGENTS bust down the door with guns.

FBI AGENT

Don't move! Put your hands where I
can see them!

WALLACE

(to Arthur)
A little snafu?

Wallace and Arthur put their hands on their heads.

ARTHUR

(to the FBI Agents)
Don't you think this a bit
eccentric, fellas?

FBI Agent #1 HITS Arthur in the face with his gun. Arthur is
knocked out cold.

FBI AGENT

Maybe that was.

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Arthur and Wallace walk out, looking like homeless people.

Carl and Jim walk toward them.

ARTHUR

Hey, guys. Thanks for picking us
up.

WALLACE

When did you guys make bail?

JIM

Two hours before you. We got
arrested in front of our families.

CARL

Forget about the sob story, Jim.
What the hell are we going to do?
All of us.

ARTHUR

Let me sleep on it.

JIM

Yeah, that should solve our
problems.

JIM (CONT'D)

You know, some of those questions they were asking us, I had no idea what they were talking about.

ARTHUR

Good. Better for you. Just give us a ride home.

WALLACE

This feels far from some little snafu, Arthur.

CARL

Snafu?

JIM

Please don't tell me that's what you're referring this whole ordeal to? A snafu.

CARL

What the hell does that mean?

ARTHUR

That's exactly what it is. I probably just made a computer error and the FBI interpreted that as some type of crime called accounting fraud.

Wallace shakes his head in disgust. They all walk closer to Carl's car.

JIM

Tell me you're joking.

ARTHUR

It's called having a positive outlook on things when they don't go your way.

WALLACE

Not when you know what you've done.

CARL

I'm not driving anyone anywhere if someone doesn't kindly tell me what snafu stands for?

WALLACE

Situation normally all fucked up. Now drive us the hell home.

INT. ARTHUR'S HOME/DINING ROOM - DAY

Arthur and his lawyer, LARRY THE LAWYER (white, Jewish) discuss the state that Arthur is currently in with the law.

LARRY THE LAWYER

Outside of dying, I don't see you getting out of this, Arthur. That's the God's honest truth.

ARTHUR

I don't write you out a check for hundred grand a month for the God's honest truth. I write you that check to get me out of shit like this. And shit like this doesn't come up that often, so do your freaken job, Larry!

LARRY THE LAWYER

I'm telling you this as your lawyer and as your friend.

ARTHUR

I have what I like to call a news flash for you. We're not friends. You're my lawyer who's suppose to work on getting me off! If I need someone to talk to, I'll ask my air headed wife to sit down with us.

LARRY THE LAWYER

I thought after all this time, you would think of me more than --

ARTHUR

I don't even know your first name. What is it?

(off Lawyer's shock)

Seriously? What the hell is it? I only sign the checks.

LARRY THE LAWYER

Fine. As your lawyer and legal advisor only, I recommend you make a deal.

ARTHUR

That involves jail time?

LARRY THE LAWYER

Yes.

ARTHUR

Jesus freaken Christ. Isn't there someone we can pay off? I got the money to do so in case you haven't noticed.

LARRY THE LAWYER

The ladder goes too high up on this one. You've hurt the wrong people this time, Arthur.

ARTHUR

Stop talking down to me like I'm one of those drug dealers you defend.

(a beat)

Can't I buy time?

LARRY THE LAWYER

This isn't the 1800's. The system doesn't do that anymore.

ARTHUR

Can't a man get out of facing criminal charges anymore? Is that too much to ask? I have the money! Kobe, R.Kelly, and O.J can get off, but I can't?

Larry the Lawyer doesn't know what to say other than the truth.

LARRY THE LAWYER

There's no other way out for you. I'm sorr --

ARTHUR

Big law firm and Larry The Lawyer can't do anything for me. I might just take an ad out in the paper before I go to jail letting this town know how bad Jew lawyers are nowadays.

LARRY THE LAWYER

If I wasn't Jewish, would you still call me a Jew? Because I take offense to that comment.

ARTHUR

Why would I call you a Jew if you weren't Jewish? That's like me calling you a towel head and you're not a Muslim.

Larry the Lawyer is getting tired of this.

LARRY THE LAWYER

You're looking at hard time. No way else to put it. They have endless amounts of evidence on you. For smart multi-billionair CEO's and CFO's, you guys sure don't now how to cover your tracks well.

ARTHUR

I'll do better next time.

LARRY THE LAWYER

That's not amusing, Arthur. Because the sad thing is, there won't be a next time. Take the deal and give up all your friends before they implicate you.

ARTHUR

You think Wallace, Carl, and Jim would do that?

LARRY THE LAWYER

That's what their lawyers are telling them to do. You can count on that. Once they say you were behind all of the companies dirty moves, the DA won't offer or accept any settlement deals. If I were you, I'd make the first move.

ARTHUR

I can't just give my partners and real friends up.

LARRY THE LAWYER

Suit yourself. It's just my hard earned law degree legal advice from Harvard talking. I'm just telling you "the truth" and a fellow Harvard crimson colored graduate like yourself should appreciate that. Veritas, which last time I checked still means --

ARTHUR

Oh, don't throw that in my face. I don't need to be reminded that's why I hired you over those other Jew lawyers.

LARRY THE LAWYER
I'll see what I can do. But for
the record, in my opinion --

ARTHUR
Who else's opinion would it be in
if you're the one talking?

LARRY THE LAWYER
(shrugs it off)
Me personally, I believe that
there's no way to get you off for
this without some jail time.

ARTHUR
How much jail time are we talking
about here?

LARRY THE LAWYER
Twenty five years. At least.

Arthur tries to put his whole fist in his mouth.

ARTHUR
I need to relieve myself.

LARRY THE LAWYER
Want me to go?

ARTHUR
Not in that way.

A beat.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
Let me think, just let me think for
a second.

LARRY THE LAWYER
Take a minute. We got nothing but
time.

INT. ARTHUR'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tonia is asleep. She wears an all pink furry outfit with a
matching hat and something to cover her eyes.

Arthur is wide awake, stares at the ceiling.

LARRY THE LAWYER (V.O.)
Outside of dying, there's no way
you're getting out of this.

ARTHUR (V.O.)
How much jail time are we talking
about?

LARRY THE LAWYER (V.O.)
Twenty five years. At least.

ARTHUR
(gets out of bed)
Godamnit! This is not happening to
me. I've worked too hard to end up
like common people.

Tonia groggily wakes up.

TONIA
Honey, what's wrong? Where are you
going? Denny's?

ARTHUR
I'm going for a walk.

Tonia's still asleep and hears what she wants to hear.

TONIA
Okay. Pick me up some chocolate
chip waffles and bacon. I need to
put more junk in my trunk for my
next photo shoot.

Arthur exits.

INT. ARTHUR'S HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

Arthur is on the computer. He looks up information on statue
of limitations in regards to his crime.

ARTHUR
Thirty years go by and they can't
touch me. Perfect.

INT. ARTHUR'S HOME/BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tonia is asleep. Arthur enters. He stares at her for a few
moments.

ARTHUR
She'll find someone else in a week.
Tops. I love you, honey.

Arthur looks down at his genital region, feels himself.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

(to his penis)

Say goodbye. You'll miss her the most. She gave you a lot of great nights. Wow, you're not gonna even get up to say goodbye one last time. I must be stressed out.

Arthur kisses Tonia on the head, then exits.

EXT. BACK YARD - NIGHT

Arthur is in the process of digging a deep hole in the middle of his backyard.

INT. ARTHUR'S HOME/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Arthur takes down a picture frame where his SAFE is hidden. He opens it up, takes all the cash out and dumps it into a cardboard box. He tapes it shut, then exits with the box.

EXT. BACK YARD - NIGHT

Arthur places the box in the hole, then begins to cover the hole back up with dirt.

LATER

Arthur finishes covering the hole.

ARTHUR

That should do it.

He walks behind a tree, moves some table and chairs, then opens a secret passageway door that goes underground.

INT. UNDERGROUND/SOLAR GREENHOUSE - NIGHT

Arthur turns on the light. He looks at the chamber for a few moments, then turns it on. The icy green liquid starts to move rapidly around inside the tank. He looks nervous, but ready to jump in.

ARTHUR

(to Buddy)

What do you think, Buddy? If it worked on you and the crack head, it should work on me. Hopefully.

Arthur presses some buttons on the chamber, then sets today's date and time, then sets a later date for THIRTY YEARS LATER.

He stands on the stepping stool to get into the chamber.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
C'mon, Buddy. Get in here. C'mon,
boy. Jump in.

Buddy jumps up to Arthur. Arthur picks him up and holds onto him tightly.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
Father, the son, and the holy
spirit, Amen... Okay, bombs away.
I'll see you in thirty years,
Buddy.

Buddy BARKS.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
I hope that was a good bark and not
a warning bark that we're about to
disintegrate... Oh boy. Please
work.

Arthur shuts the door behind them. The chamber begins to work its magic, liquid moves around -- it freezes them and puts them asleep for a very long time.

FADE TO BLACK.

BLACK SCREEN:

SUPER IN/OUT - "THIRTY YEARS LATER"

FADE IN:

INT. UNDERGROUND/SOLAR GREENHOUSE - DAY

The alarm on the chamber RINGS. The liquid moves around and unfreezes Arthur and Buddy. They step out of the chamber. They look exactly the same.

ARTHUR
That was quick.

Arthur looks skeptical if the chamber worked or not. He pets Buddy.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
You alright, Buddy?

Arthur walks upstairs with Buddy right behind him up to --

EXT. ARTHUR'S BACK YARD - DAY

Arthur comes from around the same tree as he did to get down to his greenhouse and hears people in his backyard. He also hears RAP music BLASTING. It sounds like a party.

ARTHUR

What in the hell? Well, I'll be...

ARTHUR'S P.O.V

... Sees a bunch of BLACK PEOPLE having a barbecue. They are all enjoying themselves: Cooking hamburgers and hots dogs on the grill, dancing, eating, talking, drinking, smoking, a few guys are battling over hip hop instrumentals, and a few guys sell fake diamond watches, knock off clothes, CDS, and DVDS.

BACK TO SCENE

DERRICK, black, thirties, sells CDS.

DERRICK

(selling CDS)

This is my shit right here. You'll wanna cop that for sure. I'm the next Petey Pablo. No doubt, son.

Other side of the party --

ANOTHER BLACK GUY

(cooking on grill)

Two well done hamburgers comin' up. Who ordered this hot dog right here?

Arthur looks appalled. He doesn't know what to do. As he approaches, the Black People at the party look at him strangely. At the same time Arthur notices the Black People playing in a new pool that's been built RIGHT over his buried CASH. He knows he's screwed and can't get the money out.

A BLACK WOMAN approaches Arthur --

BLACK WOMAN

Who the hell are you?

Derrick stops selling his CDS and approaches Arthur too.

DERRICK

You lost? I think you in the wrong part of town.

(MORE)

DERRICK (CONT'D)

You better go back to the other side of Beverly Hills and go play with the rest of em'.

ARTHUR

So this is still Beverly Hills?

DERRICK

Of course it is. You on the pipe?

ARTHUR

What pipe would that be?

DERRICK

(laughs)

Dumb ass white boy. Ya'll all the same with yo' dumb ass questions. You need to get back on that Viking ship you came on.

Arthur looks confused.

DERRICK (CONT'D)

I'll tell you what, white boy: I'll give you five seconds for you and your ugly ass dog to get the hell off my lawn.

The party is dead silent. Everyone stares at Arthur.

ARTHUR

I don't mean any harm, sir. However, I think you're a little confused on who owns this property.

DERRICK

Is that right?

ARTHUR

I paid for this estate. It belongs to me. No disrespect, but I'm gonna give you five seconds to get off my property... Lad.

Several Black guys come closer and stand right next to Derrick.

DERRICK

I don't know what time period you came out of, but you sayin' some things that are real fogazy' right now.

ARTHUR

This is my house, hombre, nephew, G-Money or whatever it is you like to call yourself... I'm sure it changes sporadically. I am the owner of that house, this back yard, and those two cars out front.

DERRICK

The only cars out front are my eight cars.

ARTHUR

This is almost comical. Look, I was taking a nap around the other side of that tree and I don't think that gives you the right to storm in here like a mad general and take over my beautiful palace that I rightfully paid for.

Arthur doesn't believe his invention worked. Feels like yesterday to him.

DERRICK

This bum is a trip.

ARTHUR

I mean, where do you think I came from? The sky? Don't make me do you like Rodney King, G-man.

Derrick can't believe Arthur just has the nerve to say that.

EXT. THE STREET OUTSIDE ARTHUR'S HOME - DAY

Arthur gets PUNCHED in the face -- he goes flying into some garbage cans.

DERRICK

I don't know where the hell you came from, but you ain't from this part of town, whitey. This Beverly Hills, nigga. Home of the rich. Better yet, home of the blacks. What year you think this is? 2008, nigga? Chump.

Derrick laughs, then closes the gates, and goes back to the barbecue.

Arthur slowly gets up. Buddy licks the blood that drips from his nose.

ARTHUR

(to Buddy)

Good boy... Don't worry. We'll buy another house. Tonia must have sold it to some entertainers.

(walks down the street)

Good news is, my invention worked, Buddy!

EXT. SUNSET BLVD - DAY

Arthur walks along the sidewalk with Buddy. He's glowing in glory knowing that his invention worked. He looks at his new surroundings. He doesn't notice anything different at first. He passes a billboard with Orlando MegaFord's face on it. It reads, THE BLACK DONALD TRUMP OF HIS TIME... GOT A GREAT IDEA, TELL ME ABOUT IT, AND I'LL MAKE YOU MILLIONS OR MAYBE I'LL STEAL THE IDEA AND MAKE MILLIONS.

ARTHUR

Didn't I reject that guy?

He is quite friendly to people he sees... He's vulnerable given his situation. It's like the first day of school all over again. He waves to several BLACK MEN, thinks nothing of it. He feels good knowing his chamber worked.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

(to Buddy)

Not too much has changed. I thought in thirty years we'd have at least flying cars or an extinction of all blacks.

BIRD'S EYE VIEW - Arthur walks amongst all BLACK PEOPLE. He is the only white guy for miles and completely oblivious.

ARTHUR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

My plan worked after all.

BACK TO SCENE

Arthur strolls up some stairs towards, FIRST BLACK TRUSTED CITIBANK. The motto on the front of the building reads, "We love yo' money."

INT. FIRST BLACK TRUSTED CITIBANK - DAY

Nothing but regular BLACK PEOPLE in the bank. Arthur walks in, some of them look at him strange. He waits on line patiently... A black, female, BANK CLERK is ready to help him.

BANK CLERK

Um, hi.

ARTHUR

Hi, how you doing? I have --

BANK CLERK

Yeah, are you sure you're in the right place?

Arthur looks up, looks around.

ARTHUR

This is a bank if I'm not mistaken.

BANK CLERK

We don't offer food stamps or anything of that nature here.

ARTHUR

That's fine with me. I don't want or need food stamps.

BANK CLERK

We don't have any of those welfare programs either. I could direct you to where they do sell those --

ARTHUR

Did you say welfare programs?

BANK CLERK

Yes. Is that what you need? Welfare checks?

ARTHUR

No. I don't even know what those look like. I actually thought those checks stopped circulating in the eighties. The government still offers that?

BANK CLERK

Yes, they do. Uncle Sam is still very generous and unselfish.

ARTHUR

I can see that.

BANK CLERK

Sir, I'm not trying to be rude, but I don't get why you're standing in front of me right now. You're holding up the line.

ARTHUR

Well... I've been trying to get what I need out of my mouth, but you seem to keep interrupting --

BANK CLERK

There's no government cheese served here neither. Those Hershey bars were only given out as free samples because it was Halloween.

ARTHUR

I'm not looking for a free handout. Certainly not free food. I'll be eating at the Four Seasons when I'm finished here if this ever ends.

BANK CLERK

I doubt you'll be dining there, but what may I help you with anyway?

ARTHUR

My name is Arthur Skilling. This used to be just a regular Citibank and I was wondering if you still kept --

BANK CLERK

That was like twenty freaken years ago. You on the pipe?

ARTHUR

What?

BANK CLERK

Do I need to have someone pat you down?

(off Arthur's shock)

We do cavity searches in banks now, sir. And I have no problem giving the green light to have your cheeks spread wide open like a person holding the elevator door from closing.

ARTHUR

Lord have mercy, what's going on around here? I'll find a different bank to go to.

BANK CLERK

That's the smartest thing you've said since your high ass got in here, sir.

ARTHUR

But for your information, I'm not high, or tweaking or cranking or whatever it is you think I'm on.

BANK CLERK

Then how do you know the terminology? Plus, your eyes are dilated. That's a dead giveaway.

Arthur moves his eyes around in circles as if you could check if your eyes were dilated by doing that. He feels weird, even though he knows his eyes aren't dilated. He begins to walk out of the bank.

EXT. MEGAFORD TOWERS - DAY (SAME BUILDING AS ARTHUR'S)

INT. MEGAFORD TOWERS - ORLANDO MEGAFORD'S OFFICE - DAY

Orlando, now in his early fifties, dressed in an expensive suit, is in the middle of discussing his newest plans for a business venture with some of his business partners, TYRONE KENNETH (black, forties), and TYMAINE WALKER (black, forties, talks extremely white).

ORLANDO

For this jet taxi service to work, it has to appeal to the middle class.

TYRONE

What about people below middle class?

ORLANDO

What about them?

They all laugh. Orlando now is clearly a "big shot."

ORLANDO (CONT'D)

The jets will run on every hour like a bus service going from New York to Long Island. It should be comfortable and an enjoyable experience. But it has to be different from flying commercially or the concept fails miserably.

TYMAINE

So all we have to do is serve a meal?

ORLANDO

Exactly. Just serve them a meal that is no better than eating at your local Burger King.

TYRONE

How many stops will the jet make?

ORLANDO

Each jet will have five locations that it's designated to stop at to pick up passengers.

TYRONE

In my mind, that defeats the purpose. Why fly our jet if it makes five stops. I know technology has gotten better but it still has to take off and land five times.

ORLANDO

Are you talking about the odds going up for the chance of the plane crashing?

TYRONE

No -- I mean yeah, that too. But I was talking about the inconvenience of not having a direct flight.

ORLANDO

People will forget about all that once they chow down on our pre cooked meal. Didn't I just say that five seconds ago?

Tyrone and Tymaine share a look -- Orlando's plan is terrible.

INT. MEGAFORD TOWERS - BULLPEN - DAY

Tyrone and Tymaine have just left Orlando's office.

TYRONE

He's losing it. He has no idea what he's talking about anymore.

TYMAINE

This taxi jet service concept sucks.

TYRONE

Orlando is actually sad to talk to now. He used to have great ideas, things that made you stop and think about. Now all his ideas do is make you wanna eat at Burger King and take a long shit.

TYMAINE

Every time we try to inject our opinions, he shoots us down.

TYRONE

Not for long. I checked the company's records last night. We're losing money.

TYMAINE

How much?

Tyrone gives Tymaine a knowing look.

TYMAINE (CONT'D)

What are we gonna go?

TYRONE

Not sure yet. I think we need some new blood around here to give us some fresh ideas.

TYMAINE

Can't we just rip off someone's ideas like we usually do instead of going through all the trouble of hiring them?

TYRONE

I wanna do it legit this time. No cutting corners.

TYMAINE

Why don't we have any fresh new ideas by the way?

TYRONE

I'm burnt out truthfully. What about you?

TYMAINE

I haven't had an idea of my own in so long, I don't know how to think of one all by myself.

(a beat)

(MORE)

TYMAINE (CONT'D)

Who are we gonna find to fill that creative position?

INT. WATERMELON FLAVOR COFFEE BEAN - DAY

Arthur has a cup of coffee. He reads the newspaper, still oblivious to the fact that everywhere he goes, everyone is BLACK.

He flips to the stock market section.

ARTHUR

Let's see how some of my investments are doing. Should've skyrocketed.

INSERT - NEWSPAPER

ARTHUR (O.S.) (CONT'D)

You can invest in barbershops now?

Most of the new stocks read... Mookie's Chicken & Waffles, Sharif's Barbershop, Drumstick Search Engine, Iced Out Gear, Jojo Watches, Too Short's Old Ass Porn Shop, Barcadi, and other stereotypical black companies.

BACK TO SCENE

Arthur's face goes pale.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

In the name of everything that's holy, you gotta be kidding me. All the money I invested in Google, Microsoft, Apple, is gone. They don't even exist!

Arthur knocks his coffee off the table by accident.

INT. MEGAFORD TOWERS - TYMAINE'S OFFICE - DAY

Tymaine and Tyrone brainstorm new ideas while tossing a bucket of chicken back and forth like it's a baseball.

TYRONE

Maybe we should branch off and do our own thing. I certainly don't wanna be here when shit hits the fan.

TYMAINE

We're not leaving the company. If we do that, we'll end up like some poor white boy working for minimum wage.

TYRONE

But the things Orlando is getting into is gonna pull us under.

TYMAINE

Relax. Don't make any impetuous decisions, but I'll be on the lookout for new people with new ideas that we can take credit for.

Tyrone pulls out a drumstick from the bucket of chicken.

TYRONE

This chicken is fuckin' incredible by the way. I wish I could take a bath in the grease that's dripping from this shit.

INT. PRISON HALL - DAY

We see a pair of feet walking in shackles. He passes a few jail cells... MEL GIBSON (look alike) is in the first jail cell. MICHAEL RICHARDS (look alike) is the second one, DAVID DUKE (look alike) is in the third one, and a few KU KLUX KLAN MEMBERS are in the fourth cell.

INT. PRISON - VISITATION ROOM - DAY

Arthur waits for someone... All the CRIMINALS in this room are white. We see no black people the entire scene.

The GUARD brings in Wallace, now in his seventies, into the room.

Wallace looks at Arthur in amazement as he sits down. He's speechless. Arthur looks amazed as well. He can't believe how old Wallace looks.

ARTHUR

Oh my god. Wallace Davis, as I live and breath. You look... Awful.

WALLACE

I would love to say the same, but you haven't aged a day.

(MORE)

WALLACE (CONT'D)

Where the hell have you been?
Where did you go?

ARTHUR

Left the country. I knew I
couldn't beat those charges.

WALLACE

Thanks for taking me with you.
Thought we were partners.

ARTHUR

It all happened so fast. One
minute we're on top of the world,
the next minute we're being
investigated by the FBI.

WALLACE

You look great. How did you do it?

ARTHUR

Oh, stop it. I don't look that
good.

WALLACE

Well, even though you ran away like
a coward and left me in here to rot
like the piece of shit I am, it's
still good to see you.

ARTHUR

Don't call yourself a piece of
shit. It's not good for your self
esteem in here.

WALLACE

Don't flatter yourself. You're a
piece of shit, too. Do you know
how many people lost their jobs and
pensions because of us? Millions.
We ruined lives.

ARTHUR

Oh, stop it. Things just went a
little off course. Like the
Titanic.

WALLACE

The Titanic didn't go off course.

ARTHUR

But it sunk to the bottom of the
ocean. Like our company.

WALLACE

I don't want to even talk about it anymore. I'm over it. I don't have much longer to live to harp on the past.

ARTHUR

How's Carl and Jim?

WALLACE

Dead. Carl died in prison ten years ago and Jim actually died out of prison. He made a deal for himself by implicating all of us.

ARTHUR

How did he die?

WALLACE

Lynched.

ARTHUR

Oh my. By who? Did he flee to Africa where those Kenyans live?

Wallace laughs.

WALLACE

You haven't been back in the states that long have you?

ARTHUR

Not really. Why?

WALLACE

You haven't noticed that LA is darker than usual?

ARTHUR

I'm not sure I catch your drift.

WALLACE

Most of the population is black now. Whites are the under class citizens. We're the minorities.

Arthur laughs.

WALLACE (CONT'D)

I wouldn't laugh. Beverly Hills, you're favorite place is filled with blacks. I'm sure some black family took over your home, right?

Arthur looks worried.

ARTHUR

They were spear chuckers alright.

WALLACE

It's a new world we're living in now and it's filled with more nappy headed hoes than you can imagine.

IMUS (O.S.)

Did somebody say nappy headed hoes?

Wallace and Arthur look over at the near table and see IMUS, (a look alike, in his late nineties).

WALLACE

No they didn't. Go back to playing Go Fish with yourself.

ARTHUR

Holy shit, you're Imus. I can't believe you're still alive.

IMUS

Me neither. Although, I don't know how happy I am to be alive to witness these nappy headed hoes taking over the world.

ARTHUR

What happened that landed you in here?

WALLACE

(to Arthur)

Please don't get him started.

IMUS

Shut up, Wallace! You old crank. And just for the record, I know it was you that said nappy headed hoes five seconds ago.

WALLACE

Good for you, dead man walking.

IMUS

Any hoo, I was pinched for storming a black radio station. One of the announcers referred to the white players on the Lakers as straight headed hoes with small dicks.

ARTHUR

I'm sorry to hear that. I was big fan. I'd listen to you all the time when I went to New York.

IMUS

Thank you. I'll send you a fruit basket filled with toilet paper, soap, and a few cigarette cartons. That's all I can get my hands on being locked in here and all.

ARTHUR

Well, great meeting you.

IMUS

I have to go play Crazy Eights in my cell. Someone's waiting on me.

WALLACE

No they're not.

IMUS

Shut up, ya old grouch! You keep screwing with me, I'll shank you when you're not looking,.

Imus exits.

WALLACE

He says the same thing every day... But back to what I was saying. The blacks own Beverly Hills like it's Harlem.

ARTHUR

But you can't put houses in Beverly Hills on lay-away.

WALLACE

They have money now.

ARTHUR

Drug money? Rap mogul money?

Wallace shakes his head "no".

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Legit money?

WALLACE

Someone from the outside even told me they have good credit.

ARTHUR

You got to be shitting me.

WALLACE

I wish I was. Only good thing being in here is I'm with my own kind. Most blacks were found innocent because they were represented by Jewish lawyers. Even ones on death row are mostly gone. Sick world this place has turned into.

ARTHUR

(feels his chest)

I think I'm having a heart attack.

WALLACE

You'll have at least three by the end of the day. Guarantee that. They've taken over everything. Especially in the business world. Ever since we got investigated, the FBI started to turn over companies left and right to look into every major white owned corporation. Found out they were committing the same crimes we were. Most white owned companies went out of business, millions of whites lost their jobs, and blacks made their move.

ARTHUR

I'll have to see this for myself. Maybe you've been rotting in this shit-hole for too long and you don't know what's what anymore.

WALLACE

Maybe. But all I know is that this ain't a white man's world no more. Time's are changing. You better pick up a pound of weed and get with the program, Arthur.

(a beat)

Hope you got some cash stored somewhere.

ARTHUR

I got some, but it's impossible to get to. All the other cash I had was invested into the stock market under a fake name.

(MORE)

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

I thought that was the smart thing to do since all my assets were frozen.

WALLACE

It would've been a smart move if Microsoft, Google, and all other major companies didn't go bankrupt.

ARTHUR

I'm freaken screwed. I might as well throw myself in here and get raped with you.

WALLACE

They don't like threesome's in here. If you get raped, it'll be one on one.

ARTHUR

Why did you just respond to that dark joke seriously?

WALLACE

You learn to cope with prison life.

ARTHUR

Any chance of you getting out this decade?

WALLACE

C'mon, Arthur. There's no chance of me getting out before I die. Black man's got his godamn boot on my neck. I'm here to stay. Just be thankful you aren't in here with me.

Arthur looks down, avoids eye contact. He feels sorry for Wallace.

WALLACE (CONT'D)

I have to go now. It was great seeing you. You look fantastic.

The same Guard who brought him in, comes up behind Wallace.

GUARD

You ready for the ride of your life?

WALLACE

Don't you think I'm getting too old for this?

GUARD

As long as the equipment works, I don't mind wrinkles in those sensitive areas.

WALLACE

My balls are practically hanging to the floor.

GUARD

Yummy.

Wallace looks embarrassed. Arthur looks embarrassed for him as well.

ARTHUR

(awkward)

Bye.

Arthur exits.

EXT. PRISON - DAY

Arthur looks for Buddy. He finds a leash on the ground where he tied him up.

ARTHUR

Buddy! Buddy!... Oh, hell. Just what I needed.

Another PRISON GUARD (black) standing on top of the opposite building with a sniper gun YELLS to Arthur --

PRISON GUARD

You looking for your dog?

ARTHUR

Yes. Yes I am. Did you see which way he took off?

PRISON GUARD

He didn't take off on his own. Some white boys snatched the mutt and broke out.

ARTHUR

Why didn't you stop them?

PRISON GUARD

I don't like dogs. And besides, I ain't crazy. These was some gang bangin' white boys from Compton.

(MORE)

PRISON GUARD (CONT'D)

I uphold the law, but I ain't suicidal. Got a family to think about. So if they want the dog, they get the dog. Sorry, bro.

ARTHUR

You serious? You're standing on a roof holding a goddamn sniper gun. I think you could've managed to do something.

PRISON GUARD

They had pieces, too.

ARTHUR

Okay. I'll be back to report you, sir. You'll be hearing from my lawyer.

PRISON GUARD

(laughs)

I don't think so, white bread.

Arthur can't believe the way he's being treated. Times have changed.

EXT. SUNSET BLVD - DAY

Arthur walks in a huff. He bumps into BLACK GUY #1 who wears huge headphones.

ARTHUR

Excuse me.

BLACK GUY #1

Excuse you, white shadow. Watch where the hell you going.

ARTHUR

I saw where I was going. You're the one with DJ headphones on, not paying attention to anything.

BLACK GUY #1

You better watch your mouth. Go back to where you came from. This is Sunset Boulevard, bitch.

ARTHUR

You kidding me? I am Sunset Boulevard.

BLACK GUY #1

Yeah, okay.

Arthur drifts away from the altercation, and finally notices his surroundings. He sees what Wallace was talking about. Everyone is black. All the people on the streets are black.

Arthur begins to run down the street... His head on a swivel.

ARTHUR

Come on, come on!

He runs across the street against oncoming traffic, looks at people in their cars. They're all black. Not a white person in sight. He feels totally uncomfortable.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

There has to be one. Just one.

He runs down the street some more, looks up at buildings windows, inside stores, all around the streets, and only sees BLACK PEOPLE. No whites. No Spanish, no Mexicans, no Asians. Just blacks.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

This can't be possible. What the hell happened? They gotta be aliens.

Arthur continues to run down the street, freaking out. Every Black person looks at him strange as he runs past them. Some BLACKS look scared, others nervous, and some irritated.

BLACK WOMAN

(to Husband)

Thought they cleaned these streets up.

Arthur continues to run, then stops in front of an Irish theater. The sign reads, "River Dance - 6 p.m. Showing."

ARTHUR

(looks at watch)

Five forty five. Perfect. There's gotta be some in here.

Arthur approaches the ticket booth.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

One ticket for the six o' clock show please.

INT. IRISH THEATER - DAY

Arthur walks in. A few Black people pass him, look him up and down like they want to fight. Arthur is now a bit nervous, but still hopeful they're white people in the theatre.

He walks up to the TICKET COLLECTOR, light skinned, could pass for white like a Jason Kidd.

ARTHUR

Ah, how you doing? Boy, am I glad to see you.

TICKET COLLECTOR

Do I know you?

ARTHUR

No, you don't. I'm just glad to finally see somebody of my kind, if you know what I mean?

TICKET COLLECTOR

Your kind? Nah, I don't know what you mean.

The Ticket Collector talks with a tougher accent now. He's offended.

ARTHUR

I just meant that it was nice to run into another human being who reassembles the color of my --

Arthur sees that the Ticket Collector is angry.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Lemme' ask you something. You're white, right?

TICKET COLLECTOR

Hell no. I'm light skinned. Don't ever disrespect me like that again. Got that?

ARTHUR

Wouldn't think of it. Sorry. You're the Ice-T of your time.

TICKET COLLECTOR

Yeah, that's right. I'll blow your fuckin' head off if I have to, honkey. Enjoy the godamn show.

Arthur nods nervously, enters the main seating area.

INT. IRISH THEATER - SEATS - CONTINUOUS

Arthur takes his seat. He looks relieved to be out of that situation. The lights are dim, but the people that he can see sitting down are all black.

ARTHUR
 (slouches in his seat)
 You gotta be kidding me. Okay,
 just relax. Everything is gonna be
 fine.

Arthur sits up. The lights go black. The show begins. He smiles.

The stage lights turn on: We see ten Irish/black MEN come onto the stage wearing green and white tights and kilts. Some of the Black Men are six-five, six-seven, over two hundred pounds. A few are built like football players. They begin the famous River Dance with huge smiles -- they do it perfectly. The crowd CHEERS and enjoys the show.

Arthur slouches down in his seat. He's in complete awe.

The ten Irish/Black Men all start to sing an Irish song to go along with the River Dance. Some bring out mugs of beer, and drink while they perform. Arthur now looks petrified.

EXT. IRISH THEATER - NIGHT

Arthur runs out of the theater.

ARTHUR
 Jesus Christ. All those years of
 making fun of the black man and
 this is what I get.

Arthur walks down the street -- a BLACK MAN hands out a flyer to Arthur.

BLACK MAN
 Would you be interested in coming
 to our clog dance show tonight?
 Eight PM showing. Tickets are only
 twenty dollars.

ARTHUR
 I'm fine, but thank you for the
 invite.

Arthur sprints down the street, crosses the street, and gets HIT by a car. He stands up, takes a moment to compose himself. BLACK GUY #2 gets out of the car to see if he's alright.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
I'm alright. I'd be better if you
turned out to be white.

EXT. BUS STOP - NIGHT

Arthur looks like a bum. He's in the same outfit since he came out of the chamber.

A bus pulls up. Arthur steps on and sees that the Bus Driver, DAVE HOGAN, is WHITE.

ARTHUR
Oh my god! You're white.

DAVE
Yeah. So are you. I know it sucks
but you don't have to rub it in
both our faces.

ARTHUR
No. It's fantastic. How's your
day going so far? Screw that!
How's your life going so far?

DAVE
(frustrated)
It's fine. Now, do you wanna get
on this bus?

ARTHUR
You bet your bottom dollar I wanna
get on this fine piece of public
transportation they call a bus.
And they still do call it a bus,
right?

Arthur gets on.

DAVE
Last time I checked.

ARTHUR
Good to see that some things have
stayed the same.

The bus drives off.

INT. BUS - NIGHT (MOVING)

The bus stops. A BLACK PERSON gets off. Arthur is the only one left. He is asleep.

Dave finishes drinking his beer. He throws the glass bottle of beer at Arthur's head.

DAVE
Hey, crazy man! This is the last stop. Hit the road.

ARTHUR
(disoriented)
What? Where are we?

DAVE
The last stop in the Valley. Van Nuys.

ARTHUR
The valley?

DAVE
Yeah. Ever heard of it, retard?

ARTHUR
Excuse me, but would you lay off the name calling for a second?

DAVE
Uh, no. Any other questions or concerns, asshole? Now just get off my bus so I can clean this piece of shit up that's one minute from breaking down on the 405.

ARTHUR
Mind if I sleep here? I got no where else to go.

DAVE
Wooo. That's a tough one. Actually, no it's not. The answer is no! Get off my bus, ya freaken derelict.

Arthur gets up, begins to exit.

ARTHUR
Sorry for asking. Dumb question. You have a nice night, sir.

DAVE

You too, hobo. Just don't take a leak on the side of the bus in spite of me and your shitty ass life.

ARTHUR

Tempting, but I won't. Thanks again for the free ride.

Dave cleans up the bus, then sees Arthur outside walking towards the woods. He feels bad.

DAVE

Oh shit. Do you believe this? I am such a pussy. My wife is right. I commend her for leaving my broke ass.

Dave walks out of the bus, YELLS to Arthur --

DAVE (CONT'D)

Hey, homeless man! Come back here for a second, will ya?

Arthur turns around, walks back towards the bus.

INT. BUS - LATER THAT NIGHT (NOT MOVING)

Dave has just finished telling Arthur how black people took over most of the world.

DAVE

... And that's how the whites became outnumbered and were pushed to the bottom of the barrel.

ARTHUR

So it's really true?

DAVE

Of course it's true. You think I'd be driving a damn bus around town if it weren't? I went to college so I wouldn't be stuck working at some car wash or doing this crap my whole life. Look at me now. I'm a dirty bus driving shmuck.

ARTHUR

What was your job before this?

DAVE

Worked at a major corporation around the time the FBI was investigating every rich white millionaire on how they were conducting business. I ended up getting laid off, lost my pension, family left me and my life went down the drain faster than Bill Maher's talk show once the blacks took over.

ARTHUR

Somebody took over his show?

DAVE

Boy, you really were out of the country for a long time. You don't know nothing. DL Hughley hosts Real Time now.

ARTHUR

Holy shit. Talk about horrible.

DAVE

You think that's bad? I'll tell you some horrible shit. Check this out. Take professional basketball for example. Stephen A. Smith is now the commissioner of the NBA.

We will CUT to different things that Dave is talking about --

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

We see an NBA BILLBOARD with Stephen A. Smith's face on it. He's the NBA logo on it dribbling the ball, too. Not Jerry West. A quote reads, "Blacks are now finally owners of something we perfected... There's no doubt about it. We are the best race."

DAVE (V.O.)

All the owners are black now, too. Only good thing about it is, the Lakers dancers strip at halftime. Now lemme' tell you something real scary.

EXT. THE VALLEY - WOODS - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Dave parks the bus, and gets out for some fresh air. He sees a fire burning in the woods with some people wearing white clothing surrounding the fire.

DAVE (V.O.)

Not that I'm a full throttle racist, but being a bigot ain't even what it used to be. The freakiest thing happened to me after I parked the bus one night.

Dave walks towards the woods, gets closer to what appears to be a Ku Klux Klan meeting.

DAVE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I've never seen a Ku Klux Klan gathering before and I didn't even know they still existed since the decrease in white people, so I was curious in meeting a few of them, you know? Just for laughs.

ARTHUR (V.O.)

Understandable.

Dave sees the back of their white hoods. He comes closer and taps one of the Ku Klux Klan member's on their backs. The white hooded man turns around.

Dave covers his mouth in shock.

DAVE

What in god's name? Please don't lynch me! I'm sorry for invading your territory. Can you just urinate on me like a dog and get it over with?

REVEAL that the Ku Klux KLAN MEMBER is BLACK. They all are.

BLACK KLAN MEMBER

I ain't gonna hurt you.

DAVE

You're not?

BLACK KLAN MEMBER

Why would I? I like white people.

DAVE

Why are you guys dressed like Ku Klux Klan members?

BLACK KLAN MEMBER

Because somebody's gotta do it now that the whites who ran the clan died and faded out. I'm not a big fan of those big lipped, chicken eating, watermelon sucking, basketball team owning, barbershop cutting, free-styling barbarians any fuckin' way.

DAVE

Wow. Impressive. All off the top of your head?

BLACK KLAN MEMBER

Most of it.

BLACK KLAN MEMBER (CONT'D)

There's gotta be some self racist shit in the world. Especially in LA. We're trying to bring back the whites. At least on an equal basis.

THE WHOLE KLAN

White power!!! Respect us or go home!!!

Dave is taken back by this.

DAVE

Well good luck.

BLACK KLAN MEMBER

We have meetings here every night, so if you can make it, you should. Maybe even join. Shoot, we could use some credibility.

DAVE

Okay.

INT. BUS - NIGHT (NOT MOVING)

Arthur listens closely.

ARTHUR

So where are most white people through out all this? I've hardly seen any.

DAVE

There's not many in the city. Most whites are now high school janitors, bus drivers, gas station attendants, bathroom mats for black people to step on, and so on with the shitty below minimum wage jobs.

ARTHUR

Whites have stooped as low as driving taxi cabs, too?

DAVE

No. Arabs still got that shit on lock. That'll never change. They got a monopoly on that trade.

ARTHUR

I never saw this coming.

DAVE

Nobody did. But most whites have either migrated to Florida, or other countries. But since finding a job in LA for a white male is so hard these days, you wanna know where most of them go?

ARTHUR

Do I really wanna know?

EXT. MEXICAN BORDER - DAY

We see WHITE PEOPLE running in complete anarchy to cross the border to Mexico. COPS and ARMY SOLDIERS chase and catch some of them.

DAVE (V.O.)

They're running across the Mexican border looking for jobs.

ARTHUR (V.O.)

Wait a second. They're crossing the border looking for jobs in Mexico?

DAVE (V.O.)

That's where white people find their best work. Shit, I was even thinking about going over there before I got lucky and landed this gig.

ARTHUR (V.O.)

That's unheard of. You go to Mexico either to hide from the law or to get your johnson pulled. Nothing else.

We see some of the white men helping others under the fence in order to get across the border. Some get GUNNED down. Others who get past the cops and soldiers CHEER and DANCE with joy on the other side of the border.

WHITE MAN #1

Vive Las Mexico! We've made it!

WHITE MAN #2

That's what I'm talkin' about.

Groups of white men slap five and dance in a circle with each other. They sing little songs as a black van pulls up and takes them in the back of it.

WHITE MAN #3

Thank you, Mexican Jesus! Life isn't gonna be so bad for my children.

MEXICAN DRIVER

Take this toilet paper. You'll need it, bro.

WHITE MAN #3

Okay.

MEXICAN DRIVER

And take this, too.

Mexican Driver hands White Man #3 a condom.

WHITE MAN #3

What the hell do I need a condom for?

MEXICAN DRIVER

Unless you like to be on the receiving end, you might need one of these, bro.

WHITE MAN #3

Alright. Give it to me.

MEXICAN DRIVER

Quick run down. Mexico is similar to Africa.

(MORE)

MEXICAN DRIVER (CONT'D)

There's diseases over here we can't even spell, let alone cure.

All the White Men in the van look disappointed. This is going to be more horrible than they thought. Their excitement has been drained from them.

WHITE MAN #4

Maybe we should go back.

MEXICAN DRIVER

Too late now.

INT. BUS - NIGHT (NOT MOVING)

Arthur's world has been rocked.

ARTHUR

Oh my goodness. This is like the kind of nightmare where you wake up in urine.

DAVE

I've lost count the number of times I've peed on myself while driving this bus. I cringe every time I see the black man, but what can I do?

ARTHUR

And where are the spic -- I mean Mexicans through out all this?

DAVE

In Mexico. They're not stupid. They stay in the state where they get jobs. You think the black man is gonna hire some wetback to handle an important job? I don't think so.

ARTHUR

These jungle bunnies have to be stopped.

DAVE

Shhhh. You can't just say that out loud anymore. They might hear you.
(a beat)

I prefer calling them porch monkeys. But that's on my own private time when I sleep under the bus.

Arthur tries to take all this in.

DAVE (CONT'D)

You know, I used to go to the beach all the time to unwind, now I can't even do that.

ARTHUR

Only blacks are allowed?

DAVE

Hell no. All beaches are closed because of the blacks. Government caters to the majority and the majority can't swim, which means no one is allowed on the beach or you get heavily fined, and I can't afford that expensive of a citation.

A long beat.

ARTHUR

You should be able to get a better job. I still find it hard to believe that they only hire they're own. That sounds illegal.

DAVE

Affirmative action died with asbestos. The coons might hire a few Asians, but that's for hand job and nail polish purposes only.

ARTHUR

Asian women?

DAVE

I've heard some black business look the other way and just improvise if they're horny enough.

ARTHUR

That's uncalled for. That's border line animalistic. That's worse than when I caught my black roommate in college screwing a girl with a Heineken bottle while all his black panther friends stood there watching and chanting.

DAVE

That's the way these moon crickets act nowadays.

ARTHUR

Okay, just a minute ago, you were telling me to tone it down with the racial slurs, so I think you need to relax with it now. I'm not that much of a racist.

Dave looks embarrassed. He takes a second to regroup himself, then --

DAVE

You wanted me tell you how the blacks took over, so I'm telling you. If you don't like how I speak, you can leave.

A beat. Arthur avoids Dave's hostility.

ARTHUR

Is it too late for some sort of white rebellion or revolution?

DAVE

Not enough whites for that. Haven't you listened to a word I've been saying?

ARTHUR

Sorry.

(a beat)

I'm also sorry about you losing your job and family.

DAVE

I lost my pension too. That shit wasn't right. After EGOC went down, it was a domino effect.

ARTHUR

(feeling responsible)

What a shame.

DAVE

All these business men were so rich and so powerful. Why couldn't they do business the right way? Instead, they cost millions of hard American worker's their jobs. Money was just pissed away like a family spending money to go to Disney Land. Can't even be reimbursed because the government couldn't afford to pay millions of workers back.

ARTHUR
Can we stop talking about this?
It's making me depressed.

DAVE
You shouldn't feel depressed. It's
not like you had anything to do
with it.

Arthur feels ashamed and nervous -- what if Dave suddenly
recognizes him?

ARTHUR
I gotta take a piss.

INT. BUS - NIGHT (NOT MOVING)

Arthur gets back on the bus.

ARTHUR
So you sleep here every night?

DAVE
Yeah. It's home.

ARTHUR
Well, thanks for letting me stay.

DAVE
Stop thanking me. If you want, I
could probably talk to my black
boss and see if I could get you a
job?

ARTHUR
Doing what?

DAVE
Driving a bus.

ARTHUR
I don't think so. That's not
really my thing.

DAVE
What? You think it's mine? You
too good for the bus? Now you
think you're better than me?
Please don't go black on me.

ARTHUR

No no. Not at all. It's just that I'm gonna try to go a different route. That's all.

DAVE

Good luck finding a job that's not shitty. Ain't no black man hiring some white man for a well paying job. I told you, affirmative action died with white doctors.

ARTHUR

We'll see. I'm not giving up on me or my race just yet.

DAVE

Well, you're welcome to stay on my bus until you get your life back on track. Just watch out for the man. The black man. He's always trying to hold you back. It's how the system is. It's what I like to call the pale man's struggle.

Dave turns the bus lights off.

DAVE (CONT'D)

I'm going to sleep. Good night.

ARTHUR

Good night, Dave. Thanks again.

Silence...

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Hey Dave, by the way, who's president?

DAVE

You don't wanna know.

ARTHUR

I can handle it.

DAVE

(beat)
Al Sharpton.

ARTHUR

Fuck me.

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS - NEXT DAY

Arthur gets dropped off by Dave at a bus stop.

DAVE

I'll see you later on tonight
maybe.

ARTHUR

Okay. Thanks again.

Arthur walks around, looks at the different stores. He window shops and day dreams as he watches all the black people walking around with happy faces on. Some of the blacks look at Arthur funny... He then sees a white homeless man looking down at the ground, not revealing his face, pushing a cart full of empty soda cans heading toward him. Arthur looks at the man realizing this is where he could go. The man looks up -- it's former Dallas Mavericks owner, MARK CUBAN. He continues walking past Arthur depressed.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

(stunned)

Oh my god.

EXT. THE GRILL - DAY

Arthur waits outside, watches countless black people walk in. He's hoping to see one white guy go in. Finally, he enters the restaurant... Five seconds later, BOUNCERS toss him out.

BOUNCER

If you don't have a reservation,
don't bother coming in. Although I
doubt yo' ass would ever have a
reason to step foot in here. Bitch
ass nigga!

Bouncer goes back into The Grill. Arthur walks down the street depressed.

EXT. DOWNTOWN LA - NIGHT

Arthur wanders around when suddenly, JIMMY (black) approaches Arthur.

JIMMY

What's up, my dude. How you
feeling tonight? Looks like you
could be doin' a whole lot better.

ARTHUR
You could say that.

JIMMY
I got tickets to the Lakers verses
Bulls game if you wanna have a good
laugh.

Arthur looks confused. Laugh at what?

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Unless you can't stand to watch
your own people get made a mockery
of. I mean, it's all in good fun.

ARTHUR
I barely have any money and don't
even know what you're talking
about.

JIMMY
Check this out. Today's your lucky
day. I been out here all godamn
day trying to sell these tickets.
This my last one. Take it. Enjoy
yourself.

ARTHUR
Thanks, I think. This isn't a set
up, is it?

JIMMY
Hell nah. You white and in
downtown LA, my dude. I ain't that
stupid to mess with a white boy
dressed like you around these here
parts.

Arthur looks at himself. He's in the same dirty clothes that
he wore since he came out of the hibernation chamber.

Arthur looks at the ticket.

INSERT - TICKET

It reads...

NCA presents the Lakers verses Bulls. Tonight at 8 P.M.
Don't miss a chance to laugh your ass off...

BACK TO SCENE

ARTHUR
 (reading ticket)
 Don't miss a chance to laugh your
 ass off. Soda will be coming
 through your nose.
 (a beat)
 I don't drink soda.

JIMMY
 You'll still enjoy the show.

Arthur looks -- sees the Staples Center from where he stands.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
 That's a good match up, too. Funny
 as shit. I doubt either team
 reaches the fifty point mark.

Arthur looks deeply perplexed. Laugh at what?!

INT. STAPLES CENTER - NIGHT

Arthur is right about to walk into the basketball arena. He
 hears people LAUGHING loudly before he makes his way in.

ARTHUR
 Must be a hell of a halftime show.

INT. STAPLES CENTER/BASKETBALL ARENA - NIGHT

A team of all WHITE GUYS are dressed in short shorts (70's
 style, Lakers colors) play against the Bulls, another team of
 all WHITE GUYS wearing short shorts (70's style, Bulls
 colors).

The game has already begun. Both teams are horrible. They
 suck! They play like stereotypical white boys who can't
 jump, can't dribble, and have no flavor or soul while playing
 the game of basketball.

All the BLACK OWNERS watch the game from Sky Box. They are
 dressed like high rollers, and all smoke cigars.

Arthur enters the arena seating, walks to his seat. He's not
 sure what's taking place.

The CROWD is a hundred percent black and they're laughing
 their asses off from watching how bad the white guys play.

LAKERS PLAYER #1 goes up for a dunk -- spazes at the front of
 the rim and falls down. The crowd laughs hysterically.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Ladies and gentlemen, I'd like to thank you once again for joining us tonight to watch the Lakers take on the Bulls. Who will win? I don't know, but who cares because both teams suck beyond belief. Enjoy the show and make sure to come by later this week when the Lakers take on the Pistons who have averaged a steady forty points a game. Thank you again from all of us at the National Comedy Association.

Arthur watches the game as he walks to his seat.

SERIES OF SHOTS - BASKETBALL GAME & CROWD REACTIONS

- A) LAKERS PLAYER #1 dribbles up court with his head down with his right hand and does a crossover from his right hand to right hand since he can't use his left at all. He almost crosses himself over and falls... Crowd laughs hysterically. CROWD #1 stands up laughing and cheering -- reveals he's urinated in his pants.
- B) BULLS PLAYER #1 backs down a LAKERS PLAYER #2, turns around, shoots a hook-shot which hits the side of the backboard -- horrible miss... Most of the people in the crowd laugh like they are watching Def Comedy Jam. They fall out of their seats, lean back and forth in their seats rapidly, and put their hands over their mouths stereotypical of black people, and spit out their drinks on other people from uncontrollable laughter.
- C) LAKERS PLAYER #3 bounce passes the ball to Lakers player #1 who air-balls a finger-roll lay-up... Some people in the crowd are rolling in the isle down the steps. Even SECURITY GUARDS laugh.
- D) BULLS PLAYER #2 dribbles off his foot... Lakers Player #2 tries to dribble past his defender. Can't do it since he can barely dribble without falling over. He passes it to LAKERS PLAYER #3 who shoots the UGLIEST jump shot form in the history of basketball and misses the whole backboard and rim. The ball goes into the crowd... Crowd continues to laugh.
- E) BULLS PLAYER #3 is on a fast break, he tries to throw himself an alley hoop off the backboard, he jumps, slips, and falls -- missing the ball and rim completely... Some of the crowd runs onto the court, all over the place, jumping up and down like they won a championship.

Some fans have video cameras in their hands and are running around like someone pulled off a "crazy nice" move at an And 1 Mix tape or Harlem Globetrotter's game.

BACK TO SCENE

Arthur sits in his seat scared for his life. He watches how all the blacks around him get up erratically and laugh at the stupid stuff the white players are doing. The black fans don't pay Arthur any mind.

THE GAME

LAKERS PLAYER #4 throws the ball to Lakers Player #2, it hits him in the head. Bulls steal the ball, and go on a fast break and throw the ball out of bounds by accident... Some of the players argue with each other. Both teams take this game very seriously.

ARTHUR'S SEAT

A GUY next to Arthur has soda coming out of his nose.

ARTHUR

At least the flyer wasn't fabricating anything.

The Guy turns to Arthur, pats him on the back.

GUY

This shit is priceless, ain't it?
(laughs)
You should get out there. Real talk, man.

ARTHUR

I'll pass.

The Guy sips his soda some more.

THE GAME

Lakers Player #1 goes up for a lay-up, but in the process loses his sneaker, the ball hits the bottom of the rim. Lakers Player #2 gets the rebound, puts the shot up, but he's too far under the backboard. Horrendous miss.

ARTHUR'S SEAT

Arthur looks bored and not amused. Some people in the crowd who sit in the nose bleed section plunge to the lower seating level and court side from laughing so hard. They still laugh as they get up in critical pain.

Arthur looks up, sees some of these crazy people fall a hundred feet to the lower seating.

LOWER SEATING

CROWD #1
I think my back is broken.
(a beat)
It was worth it.

CROWD #2
(cracks his back; laughs)
If I'm laughing this hard now,
imagine how's it's gonna be once
the doctor injects the morphine.

ARTHUR'S SEAT

CROWD #3
(to Arthur)
Godamn, I love this game. Gets
whiter and better.

Crowd #3 offers a chicken leg to Arthur.

ARTHUR
No thanks. Trying to cut down.

Most of the crowd eats chicken, watermelon, bananas, or Now & Later's sugar candy.

THE GAME

Lakers Player #4 dives for a loose ball and collides into his own teammate... Bulls Player #1 tries to throw an alley hoop to his teammate -- ball hits the front of the rim and comes back to him. He decides to shoot -- airball.

More Crowd falls from the nose bleed section. People next to Arthur spit out their chicken and candy. A bunch of watermelon pits land on Arthur's face. He doesn't move or take them off.

CROWD #4 who sits in the row in front of Arthur, turns to Arthur.

CROWD #4
Hey, honkey.

Arthur does not respond.

CROWD #4 (CONT'D)
Honkey, I'm talkin' to you.

ARTHUR

That's not my name, sir.

CROWD #4

Well, it's the name I's givin' you.
Why don't you get out there and act
a fool for me. Start dancing or
something, cracker.

ARTHUR

Why don't you just enjoy the show
and leave me alone.

CROWD #4

I don't like your tone.

ARTHUR

I don't like yours to be quite
honest. Just enjoy the
exploitative of whites show and
shut your Tina Thompson mouth,
darker!

Crowd goes silent. They stare at Arthur, ready to kill him.

WE HEAR the basketball drop. Even the basketball game has
come to a halt. The White players look up at the stands,
towards Arthur, concerned.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

I apologize for that outburst.
Meant nothing by it. It's not
really how I feel.

Arthur looks around at the crowd. He smiles at the same
Black Woman who was at his house earlier in the script and
who looks ready to kill him again. Crowd #3 eats his chicken
leg violently and loudly as he stares down Arthur.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Looks good. Now I think I wanna a
bite. How bout' some?

Crowd #3 takes another large bite, shakes his head "no."

ON THE COURT

LAKERS PLAYER #1

(to teammate)

This crazy white guy is gonna start
a riot. We better call the game.
This could be worse than the Rodney
King trial aftermath.

ARTHUR'S SEAT

Arthur looks worried.

INT. STAPLES CENTER/BASKETBALL COURT - LATER THAT NIGHT

The gym is shut down. Pitch dark. Nobody in sight.

ARTHUR (O.S.)
Hello. Hello. Is anybody else
still here?

A light is turned on near the basketball court. A WHITE JANITOR enters. He looks up, and sees Arthur hanging from the rim backwards. He's tied to the rim, almost like a lynching however he's only beat up in the face, not dead.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
How you doing?

White Janitor looks around, makes sure nobody else is in the arena.

WHITE JANITOR
Alright, pal. Just hold on. I'll
lower the rim and get you down.

ARTHUR
Thank you so much.

WHITE JANITOR
No problem. Let's just do this
quickly.

We hear a NOISE. The White Janitor grabs his mop and stops cold.

WHITE JANITOR (CONT'D)
Shit. Lemme' hurry up and do this.
They might be coming.

White Janitor lowers the rim for Arthur and unties him from the rim.

ARTHUR
You know this is just plain wrong.
We're being oppressed by the black
man. We need to stand up to them.

WHITE JANITOR
We've had our time, they're having
theirs. That's life.

ARTHUR

It's not the life I'm used to.

WHITE JANITOR

There's nothing you can do but to deal with it. So when are you headed to Mexico?

ARTHUR

Mexico? What for?

WHITE JANITOR

To make a living.

ARTHUR

I'm not going to Mexico to look for a job. I'm staying right here.

WHITE JANITOR

Good luck, pal. You got a better chance of starting your own porno web site. And off first impression, not too many people would log on to that shit.

ARTHUR

How did you get your job, hot shot? You're working in the black man's world.

WHITE JANITOR

As a godamn janitor.

ARTHUR

I heard it's tough to get any type of job. Even as a custodian.

WHITE JANITOR

Don't get me wrong, I'm grateful, but I got this gig by pure luck. My brother is half black. He hooked it all up.

ARTHUR

Oh.

WHITE JANITOR

Listen, I gotta get back to work before someone comes and finds out that I helped you. You know how it goes. Black man always got they boot on your neck. Good luck to you.

ARTHUR

I won't need it. I'm staying right here and getting a job.

WHITE JANITOR (O.S.)

Okay, pal. Whatever you say.

White Janitor exits.

ARTHUR

Two degrees from Harvard. We'll see what the black man with boots has to say about that. Can't turn down a genius that's had the kind of experience I've had.

Arthur struts out. He's off to find a job.

INT. BLACK WALL STREET/CEO'S OFFICE - DAY

A leather chair is faced the view, it turns around to reveal the CEO -- THE GAME (Famous rapper, in his fifties but still looks young).

THE GAME

I appreciate you coming down here and all, but I don't think you the right "person" for the job. Or color for lack of a better word.

REVEAL that Arthur sits across from him with The Game's ENTOURAGE behind him all wearing black suits.

ARTHUR

Well, I'm a genius for lack of a better word. Being white is no reason not to hire someone of my class and aptitude.

The Game laughs, glances at his Entourage.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Resume not impressive enough? I looked over it again on the way over here, and still looked outstanding to me.

THE GAME

Listen, I'm not one of those black guys who shit on the white man. That's why I let you come in today and interview for this position.

ARTHUR

And I --

THE GAME

And you nothing. Let the guy who's with the superior race talk. With that being said, at the same time, I don't really need some white dude working for me. Ain't nothing you can do that a brother can't.

ARTHUR

I can swim.

THE GAME

You see any pools up in here, dew? This is a place of business. Me and my crew are here to make money. Not to sniff blow.

ARTHUR

I think that's a bit of a generalization.

THE GAME

If it is, so be it. But I know how you white boys used to get down back in the day at Wall Street in NY.

(takes out a rolled blunt)

All your money went right up the nose. That ain't happening here.

Entourage #1 approaches The Game.

ENTOURAGE #1

Need a light, my nigga?

THE GAME

Thanks, homey.

He lights The Game's blunt. The Game begins to smoke weed like it's nothing.

THE GAME (CONT'D)

Think we're done here, dew. Ain't nothing you can offer Black Wall Street. Thanks for comin' in though. Heard there's some openings in Mexico if you interested.

The Game laughs.

ARTHUR

I don't care about dirty, old, hooker, infested Mexico. I don't want a job or need a hand job, so there's no reason to travel to the land of shame and failure. At least for this lifetime.

ENTOURAGE #2

(to himself)

Always could use a hand job.

ARTHUR

I could make millions for this company. It's that simple. My resume speaks for itself and if you don't hire me, it'll be the biggest mistake of your career. With your mediocre skills, and my Harvard skills, we could make a pretty damn good team. Now what do you say to that?

A beat. The Game studies Arthur for a moment, then --

THE GAME

Standing up to me and raising your voice. Now that's impressive. You know what? A position just opened up. Welcome to Black Wall Street, big homey.

ARTHUR

Thank you. I appreciate it. Good to be here.

Arthur shakes The Game's hand, and some of his Entourage's hands.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

I look forward to working with you guys.

THE GAME

Working with?

ARTHUR

Working for of course. Can't move up to the top in one day I suppose. So where's my office? Does it have a window? Nice view?

THE GAME

Sort of. Lemme' bring you down to it.

INT. JANITOR'S CLOSET - DAY

CLOSE ON the water in a toilet.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL that Arthur and The Game looking at the toilet in a tiny janitor's closet.

THE GAME

It's not exactly a view, but if the water is right, you can see your reflection like a window.

ARTHUR

I'm not sure that makes sense.

THE GAME

Maybe not. Anyway, this is your office, big cracker.

ARTHUR

Excuse me, would you mind not calling me a cracker. I'm not sure if you people get the fact that I'm offended by those racial slurs.

THE GAME

Whites used to call us names for years, so just take the name calling like a man and shut up.

Arthur looks around at his setting.

ARTHUR

You seriously think I'm taking this job?

THE GAME

You got a choice?

ARTHUR

Yeah. It's called the door. I'm leaving.

THE GAME

Well, take yo' ass on, you ungrateful white bitch. This is why I don't lend a hand out, cuz' you white boys always the first to slap it away.

ARTHUR

I'm not a janitor. I went to Harvard so I wouldn't have to pick up a mop and clean vomit. Find some other self respecting white man to fill the slot.

Arthur exits.

THE GAME

I should've knocked his ass out.

EXT. DOWNTOWN LA - STREETS - DAY

Arthur mutters to himself as he walks in a huff.

ARTHUR

If these people think Arthur Skilling is gonna take a job as a custodian, they've got another thing coming. I'm gonna be back on top. Legitimately this time.

Arthur walks into an office building.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - JOHN CHAMBER'S OFFICE - DAY

JOHN CHAMBERS, black, twenties, reads Arthur's resume out loud in front of Arthur.

JOHN CHAMBERS

(reading from resume)

Two degrees from Harvard. Wow. Somebody knows what hard work is like... Volunteer fireman and police man on your spare time. Huh...

(looks up)

Didn't know you could volunteer as a police man on your spare time. Especially due to the fact that hundred percent of the LAPD is African American.

Arthur has obviously lied on his resume to make things look better for the time period he's in.

ARTHUR

I might not be registered in the LAPD's database as an actual volunteer but I always help my fellow man when in peril.

JOHN CHAMBERS

Right. Well, we'll call you.
Thanks for coming in.

ARTHUR

What's the chances of me getting
this job?

JOHN CHAMBERS

If you have to ask, then you
already know.

ARTHUR

Well, isn't that a nice thing to
say to somebody trying to make it.

EXT. DIFFERENT OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Four SECURITY GUARDS throws Arthur out on his ass. EARL RICHARDS, black, twenties, CEO of his own company, comes out to yell at Arthur.

EARL RICHARDS

Cross the border or start dealing
drugs. If you sell good weed,
you're already looking at your
first customer.

(to Security)

Ain't that right, fellas? Don't
ever come in here asking for a job
again!

They nod.

EARL RICHARDS (CONT'D)

(yells)

Think about that. I'm twenty four
years old, hung like a horse on
steroids, I smoke weed, and I'm
practically running this place.
That's what type of guy I am. I
once met the president of the
United States. The reverend
himself. And you know what I said
to him?

A beat.

JOHN CHAMBERS

Light up, nigga, light up. And he
did. We got high as shit in the
back of his stretch limo. Al sure
is one crazy dude.

(MORE)

JOHN CHAMBERS (CONT'D)

I still can't believe his old ass admitted that he paid Imus to say nappy headed hoes on radio just so he can have a busier schedule.

Earl Richards goes back inside. The Security Guards begin to kick the crap out of Arthur.

INT. MEGAFORD TOWERS - BULLPEN - DAY

Tymaine and Tyrone discuss strategies for bringing in new people.

TYRONE

If we don't bring in new blood now with new sharp-witted ideas, we're gonna be going down hill sooner than you think.

TYMAINE

Those applicants just didn't cut it. They were good but not good enough. Maybe we should pay them to be interns and have them do the real work. That way we can't lose that much if they suck.

TYRONE

No. I think we should still look at that one Yale graduate that we dismissed like a poorly directed Jon Favreau movie.

TYMAINE

We're not bringing in that Asian. Not on my watch.

TYRONE

Jesus, would you hear me out. It's not like I'm asking to bring in a white man.

Tymaine isn't sure.

TYRONE (CONT'D)

Let's at least run it by the big dog. He just might call the idea insanely brilliant.

INT. ORLANDO'S OFFICE - DAY

Orlando has just been told the idea from Tyrone and Tymaine --

ORLANDO

Are you out of your fuckin' mind,
Tyrone?

TYMAINE

I told him he was.

ORLANDO

You must have not told him enough
cuz' he's approaching me with this
bullshit right now.

TYRONE

Holy watermelons, you guys are
acting like I just asked you to
bring someone white to take your
jobs.

ORLANDO

Don't even speak like that or use
any analogy that frightening in
this office ever again, Tyrone.
You're better than that.

TYRONE

Sorry. But look: He's as smart as
a black man cooking some ribs on a
summer day and he'll come up with
ideas that will ravish you and me
both.

ORLANDO

He's gonna rape us?!

TYMAINE

Freaken Asians.

TYRONE

That's not what I meant. He's a
great guy. Honestly. He'll bring
us to the next level. You've
dipped your hands into too many
things and now we need someone else
that's not as close to help us.

Orlando processes all this information.

TYRONE (CONT'D)

How about this: You, me and
Tymaine if he can tolerate an Asian
for one night, go out to dinner and
feel him out. Guarantee you'll
like him.

Orlando looks like he'll agree.

TYMAINE

I swear, if he brings any math text books and starts solving them at the table, I'm leaving right then and there.

TYRONE

Christ, Tymaine. They don't all do that. Or least not at a business functions.

TYMAINE

He better not. What time?

TYRONE

Tonight at eight. At the Grill in Beverly Hills.

ORLANDO

You sure an Asian is allowed in there?

TYRONE

For heaven sakes, would you two stop acting like this guy's white and can't drink out of the same water fountain as us.

Tymaine and Orlando share a look.

TYMAINE

I better go beat my monkey to loosen up for this dinner.

Tymaine turns to leave, then --

TYMAINE (CONT'D)

I'm gonna have to cum' at least three times to get ready for this dinner. Hope you know that, Tyrone.

TYRONE

I understand. Everyone has their own rituals and methods when it comes to preparing for important business dinners.

TYMAINE

(dramatic)

Three times. My little soldier will be worn out for weeks.

Tymaine exits like he just finished giving a Grammy award winning speech.

TYRONE

It'll workout. He's a great guy
with super great ideas.

Orlando waves Tyrone to leave. Tyrone exits.

Orlando picks up the dictionary on his desk, looks something up just to make sure he was right.

ORLANDO

Ravish... To violate sexually or to
rape or force.

(a beat)

Might have to fire Tyrone. He's an
imbecile.

INT. OUTSIDE DEAN WHITE'S OFFICE - DAY

Arthur waits with fifteen other BLACK APPLICANTS. Some stare, others laugh because they know he doesn't have a chance, and others focus on preparing for what they will say in the job interview.

ARTHUR

(to himself)

This bites.

Dean White's ASSISTANT enters --

ASSISTANT

(giggles)

Arthur Skilling? Dean White is
ready to see you.

Arthur stands up, nervous, starts to walk in.

BLACK APPLICANT #1

Go home now and save yourself the
embarrassment.

BLACK APPLICANT #2

Get rejected or die tryin'. That's
the creed you live by, son?

BLACK APPLICANT #3

You're wack, son! Straight up and
down. Leave your skin color at the
door.

Arthur gets more nervous as he enters the office.

BLACK APPLICANT #4
 Go play dice or smoke some crack,
 honkey!
 (to himself)
 I love this era, I swear I do.

SERIES OF SHOTS - ARTHUR IN JOB INTERVIEWS

- A) Rejected from a job interview for a bank.
- B) Escorted out of the LA Times building.
- C) Beat up inside an office by four black guys.
- D) Rejected from three other different jobs.
- E) Thrown out of a car wash by some black guys.

INT. THE GRILL - NIGHT

Orlando, Tymaine, Tyrone, and KEVIN SQUIRT, Asian, goofy looking, weird foreign accent, are in the middle of dinner.

KEVIN
 You know, I've always been able to
 come up with ways to get around
 things like that.

ORLANDO
 But you haven't yet. I've found
 flaws in everyone of your
 inventions and proposals.

KEVIN
 I don't know what to say other than
 I think my system will work. If
 you have the jet taxi pick you up
 at your house, then it will be more
 convenient.

TYRONE
 Can we discuss something other than
 the critically acclaimed jet taxi
 service? Our company does other
 things.

Orlando and Tymaine share a look.

KEVIN
 Sure.

Kevin spots a sexy, WHITE WOMAN, walking in the restaurant.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Holy shit, man. I'd like a piece
of that.

Orlando, Tymaine, and Tyrone all stare and lick their lips.
They want the white woman so bad.

ORLANDO
I'm married.

KEVIN
You guys have sex a lot?

TYMAINE
Yeah.

TYRONE
When I have time.

Kevin looks at Orlando for his response.

ORLANDO
I'm still married.

KEVIN
I'll tell ya, I get so much vagina
from just hanging out at in front
of the Wal-Mart. So many trailer
trash girls want to get thumped.

ORLANDO
Thumped?

KEVIN
I have a video.

ORLANDO
Excuse me?

TYMAINE
I've seen enough porn for the day.
My credit card is at its limit for
the year.

Kevin pulls out a portable PS 2, shows Tyrone and Tymaine the
video underneath the table.

ORLANDO
We're eating here, guys. Save this
for after.

TYRONE

It's more fun to eat while you watch.

Orlando rolls his eyes. He's ready to leave.

KEVIN

That's me.

TYMAINE

Who's that then?

KEVIN

That's the white girl from the trailer park where I live.

ORLANDO

You live in a trailer park?

KEVIN

(proud)

Born and raised. Generations of Asians replaced the trailer trash whites like there was no tomorrow. There's still a few white girls that lurk at night though. I usually find em' in the woods, then take em' back to my trailer to nail em'.

TYMAINE

No. I understand who the girl is. But who is that other guy jacking off in the background?

KEVIN

He's waiting to go next.

Orlando spits out his wine.

TYRONE

A gang bang?

KEVIN

It's called a threesome. I usually have sex with her first, then my friend. You guys should come with me and pick up some chicks one night. It's totally easy. You guys would totally get laid.

ORLANDO

I'm sure.

TYMAINE

(sarcastic)

Standards are set real high. You sure we could compete?

KEVIN

Trust me, you could. You guys have bigger penises than me. No question... Okay, now I'm the one jerking off.

TYMAINE

I can't watch anymore of this.

ORLANDO

You're friend likes doing this with you?

KEVIN

Oh yeah. He's a team player.

Tyrone nervously smiles at Orlando. Tyrone is embarrassed.

EXT. STREET CORNER - NIGHT

Arthur is on the pay phone.

ARTHUR

(into payphone)

Maybe I'll catch up with you tomorrow, Dave. I guess it was a little harder than I thought. I'll find a spot to crash. Thanks again. Take care.

He hangs up, begins to walk further down the street. He looks depressed.

He passes a sign that reads, WELCOME TO COMPTON. SERIOUSLY, WHY WOULD YOU COME HERE?

He has now entered one of the roughest neighborhoods in the world -- COMPTON.

EXT. COMPTON - "THE HOOD" - NIGHT

Arthur walks around, sees old project houses dilapidated. He sees mostly WHITE PEOPLE on the streets, on their stoops, and on the corners selling drugs. He's in shock, but at the same time not really reacting to it.

A WHITE DRUG DEALER approaches him.

WHITE DRUG DEALER
Dime bags are thirty... How you
paying? Cash or check?

ARTHUR
I'm not buying. But do you really
take a check?

WHITE DRUG DEALER
Nah. Just some white humor.
Later, gator.

Arthur looks confused. He expects these white people to act ghetto. Instead, they are just normal white people who are poor. They don't talk, act, or dress black except for some WHITE CRIPS dancing on their porches...

Arthur passes some white DUDES playing dice in an alley... Keeps walking, searching for a spot to sleep... He passes four white DUDES on their porch smoking weed -- Puff puff, pass.

WHITE DUDE #1
Why don't they write ingredients on
these dime bags?

WHITE DUDE #2
Cuz' they just don't, Tommy. It's
weed, not a peppermint patty.

White Dude #2 takes a hit, passes the blunt.

WHITE DUDE #3
Can I wipe this off cuz' your lips
were just on it?

WHITE DUDE #2
Jesus Christ, you guys don't know
how to smoke!

Arthur looks at them as he walks by...

WHITE DUDE #2 (CONT'D)
Hell you lookin' at? I'll pop you
in the chest if you don't stick
them eyes back in your weird shaped
head.

Arthur looks away, continues to walk, look for a place to stay. Where's he going to go?

DENISE, white, overweight, forties, decent looking, yells from her porch to Arthur --

DENISE
Mister! You need a place to stay?

ARTHUR
Yes, I do actually. How much?

DENISE
It won't cost you anything.

ARTHUR
What's the catch?

DENISE
(holds up leopard
underwear)
Me.

Arthur's eyebrows go up. Not exactly what he's used to but he has no choice.

INT. THE GRILL - NIGHT

Kevin hasn't stopped talking and killing his chances for the job.

KEVIN
When my friend almost came on my face during this one time, that's when I drew the line. I let him know that he was being an asshole. That would've been gross, man. That ever happened to any of you?

ORLANDO
(to Server)
Check please.

TYMAINE
Can't say it has.

ORLANDO
I'll probably regret asking this, but do you have any children?

KEVIN
Almost. In my old country.

ORLANDO
Korea?

KEVIN
No.

TYMAINE

Japan.

KEVIN

No.

ORLANDO

Must be China then.

KEVIN

I'm from Trinidad.

ORLANDO

You're an Asian from Trinidad? How does that work?

KEVIN

Long story. Anyway, I got three girls pregnant, but all the babies were aborted.

ORLANDO

That's horrible.

KEVIN

Wasn't that bad. Least not for me. Maybe the babies if they felt something at four years old.

ORLANDO

You aborted them when they were four years old? What kind of sick bastard are you?

KEVIN

Gotcha. They were aborted in my girlfriend's womb. I ran to my neighbor's backyard and got the traditional coconuts and mixed it with salt and made it happen. Yadda yadda...

ORLANDO

You fed your girlfriend coconuts and salt? That's how you do abortions in Trinidad?

KEVIN

Is there another way?

ORLANDO

I've never heard of your witch doctor method.

KEVIN

Well, it worked. I stand before
you today -- not a father.

Orlando doesn't know how to respond anymore.

EXT. THE GRILL - NIGHT

Orlando, Tyrone, and Tymaine wait for Valet.

ORLANDO

Be in my office first thing Monday
morning.

TYRONE

He was out of line, but --

ORLANDO

Out of line? The guy is a babbling
moron who gang bangs white women,
which is repulsing even if he did
it by himself.

TYRONE

It's a different culture. Trinidad
can be --

ORLANDO

No. He is his own culture.

TYRONE

I admit, he might need mental help,
but I still think he could help the
company in many ways --

ORLANDO

I'll see you first thing on Monday
morning. Don't be late.

Orlando gets in his car, speeds off.

Tymaine gives Tyrone a knowing look like he told him this
would blow up in his face.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - WAITING ROOM - DAY

MONTAGE

Busta Rhymes's song "Get Out" plays during it.

Fifteen black applicants wait to be called for their job
interview. Arthur enters. They look up at him and laugh.

Even the BLACK SECRETARY giggles. There's no shot in hell Arthur is getting this job and he knows it. He exits.

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS - ARTHUR'S OLD MANSION - DAY

He knocks on the door. He's dressed as a pool cleaner. Derrick opens the door, let's him in. He knows he recognizes him from somewhere, but let's him in anyway.

EXT. BACK YARD - POOL - DAY

Arthur looks at the pool, tries to see if there is anyway to retrieve his buried cash. It's hopeless.

He gets a shovel from the shed, dives into the pool, goes underwater, and tries to dig. Not possible. He SCREAMS under water, then leaves the shovel down there.

INT. FIVE STAR MOOKIE'S CHICKEN & WAFFLES RESTAURANT - DAY

Arthur enters. Black people look at him strange. He sits down, waits for his server.

LATER

Arthur looks at the chicken and waffles on his plate. He doesn't know how to tackle this. It's clear that he has not ate chicken and waffles before in the same meal. He pours some syrup on the chicken and waffles, and uncomfortably eats it. He feels weird and out of place.

INT. UNDERGROUND/SOLAR GREENHOUSE - DAY

Arthur tries to get back into his machine so he can escape this time period once again. He pushes some buttons, but it's not working. The chamber is malfunctioning. He BANGS on it with his hammer, then starts punching the chamber in frustration. The chamber blows smoke and catches on fire. Arthur quickly throws a bucket of water on it.

EXT. MEXICAN BORDER - DAY

Arthur and hundreds of other WHITE PEOPLE try to cross the border. Some get SHOT, others get caught. Arthur looks like he might make it. SUDDENLY, two POLICE MEN tackle him.

INT. JAIL CELL - NIGHT

Denise bails Arthur out. She smiles at him, and he smiles back. He's genuinely grateful. The Police men open the cell, let Arthur out.

INT. COMPTON - DENISE'S HOME/GUEST ROOM - DAY

Arthur tries to come up with new inventions. He writes ideas on a chalk board. He crumples paper up every other minute. He works on contraptions that clearly aren't working the way he wants them to.

LATER

Arthur continues to work... No luck.

INT. DENISE'S HOME/GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

Arthur sits in the dark, tries get hit with that lightening bolt of greatness to come up with the million dollar invention or idea that will put him back on top.

EXT. COMPTON - STREETS - NIGHT

Arthur walks through the streets depressed. He wants out. He sees his people, white people, in slow motion: Selling drugs, smoking weed, drinking Forties, playing dice, clowning around, doing drive-by's, coming out of houses with large stereo systems on their backs, a few white crack heads wander around, and others lift weights outside their homes... What the fuck has happened to the world Arthur once knew?

END MONTAGE

INT. MEGAFORD TOWERS/ORLANDO'S OFFICE - DAY

Orlando sits across from Tyrone. Tymaine sits on the couch playing a video game.

ORLANDO

I'm gonna have to let you go,
Tyrone.

TYRONE

Why? I've brought millions to this
company. I'm just on a cold
streak.

ORLANDO

Last night might have been the biggest waste of time in the history of wasting time. You need to vacant the premises. You're fired.

TYRONE

So this is what you said don't be late for? That was suppose to be funny?

ORLANDO

No. I just didn't want you strolling in here at a quarter after ten, and then I'd have to stop what I'm doing to fire you. I got it out of the way early. Now have a nice day.

TYRONE

"Have a nice day?" Fifteen years I gave this company and "have a nice day?" I hope you have a shitty day. A real shitty ass, water in your socks, hit by a cab, molested by a white trailer trash Catholic priest, shitty day.

Orlando looks confused at some of those comments.

TYRONE (CONT'D)

And you had to do this with my partner in the room?

ORLANDO

He deserved to know.

TYRONE

I could've called him on his cell later on tonight. Or you could've briefly mentioned it at the next staff meeting!

ANGLE ON Orlando: He's now playing a video game on his computer.

ORLANDO

Never thought about that. My bad.

Tymaine looks up for a moment, then back to his video game.

ORLANDO (CONT'D)

(no emotion)

I'm sorry I have to do this. It's tearing me up inside, but it's what's best for the company.

TYRONE

Fine. I'm out. But I might be back to shoot this motherfucka up.

Tyrone exits.

INT. DENISE'S HOME/BEDROOM - NIGHT

Denise and Arthur lay in the bed naked under the covers.

ARTHUR

That was truly amazing. That was even better than our first night together.

DENISE

No shit, honey. I bring it. Shit, all white women bring it when it comes to the bedroom.

ARTHUR

When you're right, you're right.

DENISE

That's why all these black men want us.

ARTHUR

Of course those Neanderthals do. They would probably want to be in control the whole time, too.

DENISE

I don't know about that. The black men I've been with, sit back and enjoy the ride. I get on top, move my butt, and they're in white heaven. And they still hate every minute of it.

ARTHUR

What do you mean?

DENISE

They love to have sex with us, but they hate it at the same time.

(MORE)

DENISE (CONT'D)

They don't like being attracted to us because it's so degrading to be inside someone that's white. White is the lowest race there is, but most black men can't help themselves. They cheat on their wives with us.

(rubs lotion on her thighs)

And I don't blame them.

Arthur still looks frustrated and depressed, even after amazing sex.

DENISE (CONT'D)

What's wrong, sugar? You've been moping around since you got here. The sex not curing your problems?

ARTHUR

Guess not.

DENISE

Talk to me, honey.

ARTHUR

I just don't get this world. Asians live in trailer parks, white people live in urban areas where the trees don't grow, and blacks rule the world like slavery never existed.

DENISE

Well, this is how it is. Things have changed since those corporations were taken down. Blacks are on top, unless they're having sex with me.

ARTHUR

I used to be on top. I was the Donald Trump of this town. Now, I'm lower than dog shit.

Arthur thinks of something --

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

By the way, you haven't seen any stray dogs roaming around here?

DENISE

I just picked up one today. Some white vato's just sold him to me. He's tied up in the closet.

ARTHUR

Jesus Christ, do you want animal control storming through here? Why would you tie him up? Where is he?

DENISE

In my closet.

ARTHUR

Does he have water?

DENISE

What for?

Arthur won't even answer that question, he gets up, opens the closet. It's his dog, Buddy!!!

ARTHUR

Buddy! It's you!

He unties him and hugs him.

DENISE

Buddy? You know that mutt?

ARTHUR

He's mine. I've owned him since he was a puppy. How you doing, pal? I thought I'd never see you again. I love you so much. I'm sorry I didn't look for you. I just got real busy.

DENISE

I paid three hundred, but I'll sell him to you for four.

ARTHUR

You'll sell me my own dog?

DENISE

Unless you have a birth certificate, I don't know if you really owned that dog.

ARTHUR

Can't you see the way he's responding to me and his name?

DENISE

Alright, have the piece of shit.
But you better pay me back when you
make it big.

ARTHUR

What did you say?

DENISE

I said you better pay me back when
you make it big.

ARTHUR

You think I can get back on top?

DENISE

There's something about you that I
can't describe, but I think you're
the one cracker who can make it
past all these blacks.

ARTHUR

Really? You think so?

DENISE

I know so. Now come to bed so we
can go another round. I took those
birth control pills for a reason.
I feel like some more raw dick.
Extra hard please.

ARTHUR

Oh, I love it when you talk like a
white slut. Brings me back to my
childhood when my mother used to
pose for her money shots in
Playboy.

Arthur takes off his shirt, and jumps into bed with Denise.
Buddy BARKS and jumps on bed with them.

DENISE

Oooohh. A threesome. Animal sex
farm dot com, here we come.

ARTHUR

You're into that stuff?

DENISE

Why wouldn't I be? I'm white,
sexy, slutty, and up for anything,
honey.

ARTHUR

Hey, you only live once. I'm up for trying new things. Go ahead, Buddy. Lick my ass like I got dog treats in my rectum!

OMITTED

INT. MEGAFORD'S TOWERS/ORLANDO'S OFFICE - DAY

Tymaine sits on the couch. Orlando looks worried.

ORLANDO

...I don't know what's best for the company now. Firing Tyrone puts all the pressure on you and me.

(a beat)

And those stats were horrible. My goals for this company are not being reached.

TYMAINE

We have quite a large staff of people, Orlando.

ORLANDO

If they were any good, we'd know already.

TYMAINE

I'll get on it.

ORLANDO

Good idea.

Tymaine exits. Orlando knocks his computer off his desk.

ORLANDO (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Come on, Orlando. Think white, not black. You need something fresh and new. C'mon! Think for Christ Sakes about something other than big white titties.

INT. DENISE'S HOME/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Denise is trying to figure out which vibrator she wants to use on herself -- Arthur enters.

ARTHUR I've got it! DENISE I've got it!

They smile at each other.

ARTHUR
Got what?

DENISE
Mine's not important. At least not for now. So what did you get?

ARTHUR
My new invention and how it'll work. I just need to see if I can sneak in a few science labs and see if it actually works.

DENISE
It's not that easy to sneak into science labs. Especially black owned ones.

ARTHUR
I'll figure it out. Nothing is gonna stop me now. Great sex, finding my dog, and your boost of confidence helped me come up with this. That was just what I needed!

Arthur hugs Denise.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
I think I love you.

DENISE
I think I loved our threesome.

ARTHUR
That's a good enough response for me.

DENISE
Are you sure it was finding your dog that added to the light bulb over your head? Or was it him licking your ass that helped?

ARTHUR
I love my dog and finding him was the major contribution, but the licking was a nice bonus.

Denise kisses Arthur.

DENISE

You wanna go to the bedroom for another threesome? I got toys this time.

ARTHUR

I'll go, even though I probably have no liquids in me, but does it make me gay that I liked Buddy being in there with us?

DENISE

And licking your ass like he's looking for a piece of steak up there?

ARTHUR

Yeah.

DENISE

No, of course not. But you know for a fact that Buddy is a male?

ARTHUR

I actually never checked all these years.

Arthur goes over to Buddy, checks to see what gender he/she is.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

It's a girl. No testicles. Who would've guessed? Her having no balls just made my day again. Or he maybe he was spaded.

DENISE

Who cares? Now let's go. I'll grab my toys.

Denise grabs the vibrators, then runs into the bedroom.

ARTHUR

Don't you at least wanna hear what my invention is?

DENISE (O.S.)

Tell me about it when you know for sure it works.

ARTHUR

Okay... C'mon, Buddy. Let's go
have some more fun.

Buddy is now across the room. She perks up, locks eyes with Arthur. The song "Freak Me" by the group Silk plays in the background.

Arthur and Buddy share a long, sexy look.

SLOW MOTION: Arthur smiles. Buddy gives a teeth opening grin back at him. Arthur takes off his belt, then shirt. Buddy wiggles out of her collar. Arthur licks his lips, as does Buddy. They are both ready for another wild ride -- song interrupted.

DENISE (O.S.)

I'm waiting! Let's not forget that
I'm not charging you rent!

EXT. DENISE'S HOME/STOOP - NIGHT

Denise and Arthur sit on the porch.

DENISE

So everything works? It's ready to
be pitched as a real invention?

ARTHUR

Yes. I just don't know how to go
about it. This is the hardest
part.

DENISE

If you want to be on top, you have
to go to the top. Orlando
Megaford.

ARTHUR

The guy from all the billboards?

DENISE

Yup.

ARTHUR

I don't know if I can stoop that
low.

DENISE

Haven't you learned anything from
all this? You have to work with
people.

ARTHUR

Okay. I'll give it a try. At this point, I'll do anything to make it.

DENISE

That's the spirit. I'm gonna pop some birth control pills for dinner.

Denise gets up, goes inside. Arthur looks at her strangely. She gives a new meaning to the term "horndog."

INT. MEGAFORD TOWERS - LOBBY - DAY

Arthur is being escorted out by security.

ARTHUR

If you would just give me five minutes to talk to him, there would be no problem. Jesus Christ, you people really suck ass!

Security doesn't respond. They just keep moving Arthur out when --

Orlando enters out of the elevator. He's headed to lunch.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Mr. Megaford! Mr. Megaford! A moment of your time.

Orlando shakes his head, laughs to himself. He would never waste his time talking to some crazy white man.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Please, sir. I have the best invention that'll make you billions more. Just give me five minutes of your time.

Orlando stops in his tracks. How can he turn down an idea? It could be the next big thing. He needs it badly.

ORLANDO

(about to exit; to himself)
I must be getting desperate. God, please forgive me for what I do, for I know not what I do.

Orlando turns around.

ORLANDO (CONT'D)

Put him down.

Security let's go of Arthur.

ARTHUR

Thank you, sir. Really appreciate it.

ORLANDO

You got two minutes.

Arthur hands Orlando a document.

ARTHUR

Just read my proposal and get back to me. It has all the details. I won't take up anymore of your time.

Arthur exits. Orlando looks surprised -- that was different.

INT. JOHN'S FIVE STAR CHICKEN BARBECUE RESTAURANT - DAY

Empty space with a bunch of Black people cooking burgers, steaks, chicken, and hot dogs on portable grills. Orlando reads Arthur's proposal while he eats.

ORLANDO

This is magnificent. This proposal is as good as money. This is printed money! If this works...

Orlando almost chokes on his chicken in excitement.

INT. MEGAFORD TOWERS/ORLANDO'S OFFICE - NEXT DAY

Tymaine has just read the proposal.

TYMAINE

Oh...my...god. I'm flabbergasted.

ORLANDO

I'll look that word up later, but in the meantime, what do you think of bringing in this white guy?

TYMAINE

I don't know. Asian gone wild the other day was pretty eye opening. This could be another disaster.

ORLANDO

Or the next best thing.

Phone RINGS.

ORLANDO (CONT'D)
 (into phone)
 Okay. Send him in, Shanice.

Tymaine and Arthur share a look.

TYMAINE
 Might as well.

ORLANDO
 Well, just in case he does suck,
 I'll fire you just so I can let off
 some steam, so you better hope he
 hits a home run.

TYMAINE
 Sounds like he's my white hope.

Arthur enters.

ORLANDO
 Arthur Skilling. Sit down, my boy.
 Take a load off.

Arthur sits down, smiles graciously.

INT. ORLANDO'S OFFICE - LATER

The meetings is going well.

ORLANDO
 It's great. Pure genius. And I
 love the fact that you are shitting
 on your own people in the process.
 So tell me in your own words, if
 you were trying to sell me on this,
 what would you say?

A beat.

ARTHUR
 I'd say... Have you ever heard of
 Niccorette? Well, unlike that
 product, this new placebo works.
 And it's called Niggarette. A
 patch of gum that black men can
 take to cure their craving for
 white women. Especially ones with
 big enough breasts to feed a whole
 village of Indian babies.
 Niggarette will stop black men from
 wanting white women and make them
 stay with their own kind.
 (MORE)

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

And that's the way it should be.
Niggarette, give it to your black
husband or boyfriend.

Orlando claps.

ORLANDO

I love it.

TYMAINE

Are you sure this will appeal to
our black people, Orlando? There's
not that many white women left.

ORLANDO

There's enough, Tymaine. Believe
me, there's enough. White women
have been black men's demons for
centuries. I mean, I'm thinking
about screwing one right as we
speak. I want that to stop.

Orlando shakes hands with Arthur.

ORLANDO (CONT'D)

You've sold me on it. Tymaine, go
draw up the contracts.

Tymaine exits.

ORLANDO (CONT'D)

Congratulations, Arthur. You've
made it to the big leagues. Now
let me ask you something. What
other ideas or inventions do you
have?

ARTHUR

Plenty. But let's draw up those
contracts first.

Orlando evaluates Arthur for a moment.

ORLANDO

Smart man.

MONTAGE - ARTHUR'S SUCCESS

Music plays over montage.

A) On the cover of Forbes Magazine.

B) On the cover of the adult magazine, Black Men, between
two thick black women holding up cash.

- C) Speaking at a press conference with Orlando.
- D) Picture in the LA Times, New York Times, and other major newspapers.
- E) On the cover of Ebony Magazine. Headline reads, "The Eminem Of The Business World... Whitey has made it."

Montage continues...

INT. MEGAFORD TOWERS - BULLPEN - DAY

Orlando and Arthur get a standing ovation from all the EMPLOYEES.

EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY

Arthur, Orlando, and Tymaine play golf. They have a good time.

INT. MEGAFORD TOWERS - MEETING ROOM - DAY

Arthur, Orlando, and Tymaine meet with important associates and business executives. It appears to be going well.

INT. STAPLES CENTER - DAY

Orlando and Arthur sit court side and watch the Lakers play the Knicks. They both laugh hysterically at how bad the white players are.

INT. PRESS CONFERENCE - DAY

A sign in the background reads, MEGAFORD & SKILLING INC.

Arthur and Orlando shake hands while hundreds of pictures are taken and they smile for the cameras.

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS - ARTHUR'S NEW MANSION - DAY

Arthur and Denise walk up to the house. He opens the door and carries her in.

EXT. MEGAFORD & SKILLING TOWERS - DAY (REESTABLISHING)

END MONTAGE

INT. MEGAFORD & SKILLING TOWERS/CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Orlando and Arthur talk about how much of a success Niggarette has been --

ORLANDO

This product has been in such high demand overseas as well as over here. And you can't even sell Niggarette legally yet.

ARTHUR

I never thought it would be this huge. Heard Al Sharpton secretly supports it.

ORLANDO

It saves him from ever looking bad in the news. And it saves my marriage.

ARTHUR

How effective you really think the gum is?

ORLANDO

Let me tell you a quick story. A white girl with big breasts, sweet ass, basically a replica of Carmen Electra walked by and my brown soldier didn't march one bit.

ARTHUR

Didn't even salute a tiny inch?

ORLANDO

He stood in his place like I was in a cold shower while staring at my mother naked. And that's an awful sight.

ARTHUR

Glad to hear it. So what time is our FDA meeting today?

ORLANDO

In a few hours. And it's the most important meeting we'll have all year so do what you gotta do to get yourself in the right frame of mind. If we get FDA approved, we'll be good to go.

ARTHUR
 Okay, I gotta run home real quick
 and hammer the wife.

ORLANDO
 Sounds good. Give her a poke for
 me.

Arthur looks offended.

ORLANDO (CONT'D)
 Kidding, Arthur. Don't be alarmed.
 I took my Niggarette this morning.

ARTHUR
 Good. Keep taking it.

ORLANDO
 Just answer me this one question.

ARTHUR
 What is it, partner?

ORLANDO
 (drools)
 Does she still climb on top and not
 stop?

ARTHUR
 Double your dosage.

EXT. FDA BUILDING - DAY

BLACK FDA EXECUTIVES from the FDA walk out of the meeting
 with employees from Megaford & Skilling INC. Tymaine walks
 out with other black FDA Executives.

Arthur enters out of the building talking to some people.
 Everyone is laughing and talking. The meeting obviously went
 accordingly.

Arthur's assistant, Dave, walks up to him.

ARTHUR
 Did you take notes the entire time?

DAVE
 Yes. I'll read it back to you
 later on tonight.

ARTHUR
 Okay. Go get my car started.

DAVE

Which one?

ARTHUR

Surprise me.

DAVE

What should I do with the one that I leave in the lot?

ARTHUR

Donate it to Mexico. They could use the car parts.

DAVE

(writes that down)

Got it.

Dave runs along. Arthur walks up to an FDA EXECUTIVE(black).

ARTHUR

Thanks again for approving Niggarette.

FDA EXECUTIVE

No problem. When I see something I like, I approve it. Regardless of the side effects.

ARTHUR

Thank you. Did you mean what you said in there about our product?

FDA EXECUTIVE

Of course. I got enough problems jerking off to Asian porn. Now at least there's a cure for my craving for white women. Especially ones with a rack large enough to give milk to a third world country.

ARTHUR

I'm glad you approve. Means a lot to me.

FDA EXECUTIVE

You're one crazy white boy, I tell ya' that much. Congrats on your success. You're a pioneer. I just hope whites don't take over everything again.

ARTHUR

They probably won't. Most of them are lazy, food stamp collecting, assholes anyway.

FDA EXECUTIVE

I like you even more, Mr. Skilling. By the way, if you invent any cure for Asian porn, lemme' know.

ARTHUR

Will do.

FDA EXECUTIVE

There's just something repulsive about spanking your monkey to those chinks. Makes a man feel dirty inside like performing sexual acts with your dog or some other type of farm animal.

ARTHUR

(secretly embarrassed)

Yeah. I know what you mean.

FDA EXECUTIVE

But there's just something about their asses and eyes that gets me in this horny mood --

Orlando's assistant, SHANICE, approaches Arthur.

SHANICE

Orlando needs to speak with immediately. It's urgent.

ARTHUR

I'm sorry. I have to --

FDA EXECUTIVE

Handle your business. I have to go home anyhow. Asian Sensation is on Cable. Good meeting you.

ARTHUR

Great meeting you.

Arthur follows Shanice.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

What's this about?

SHANICE

I don't know, but he sounded nervous. He's in his limo.

ARTHUR

I did notice him run out of that meeting in a hurry after that phone call he took.

Shanice opens the stretch limo for Arthur --

INT. ORLANDO'S STRETCH LIMO - CONTINUOUS

-- Arthur gets in. Door closes behind him. Orlando sips on a glass of red wine. He stares out the window for a few moments.

ARTHUR

(puzzled)

Is anything wrong?

ORLANDO

I'll say there's something wrong.

(a beat)

We're partners, right?

ARTHUR

Of course.

ORLANDO

We'll stick together? You won't turn your back on me?

ARTHUR

Of course not. Never. You saved me. You're my Dr. Dre, remember?

ORLANDO

I remember that shit. Just making sure you still do.

Arthur looks confused. Orlando is beating around the bush.

ORLANDO (CONT'D)

Alright then. As long as I know that. Well, I got some bad news.

ARTHUR

What kind of bad news?

ORLANDO

There's only one kind of bad news.

ARTHUR
Does it have to do with Niggarette?

ORLANDO
(ghetto accent)
Nigga please.

Arthur is shocked by Orlando's response. Orlando has never said anything ghetto before.

ARTHUR
Then what's the problem?

ORLANDO
It's really just a snafu. That's all it is.

ARTHUR
(nervous)
A snafu?

This sounds familiar.

ORLANDO
Yeah. A minor snafu. More major than it sounds. It can be solved with a certain kind of delicacy and if we pay off the right people.

ARTHUR
Would you please just tell me what's going on?

A beat. Arthur becomes more impatient. Tell me already!

ORLANDO
We are being investigated for accounting fraud along with other various black collar crimes.

WE? Oh, that's right -- Orlando and Arthur are now equal partners.

Arthur's face goes pale. He turns away from Orlando, and has that classic expression on his face of being in deep trouble again.

He's back to square one.

FREEZE FRAME: Arthur's facial expression.

FADE OUT:

