

BOB
♥
ABISHOLA

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August 23, 2018

Writers 1st Draft

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COLD OPEN / A

FADE IN:

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

ESTABLISHING. AN AMBULANCE, LIGHTS FLASHING, SIREN WAILING, PULLS UP TO THE EMERGENCY ROOM ENTRANCE FOLLOWED BY A CADILLAC WITH A VANITY PLATE THAT READS "COMPSOX."

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - MOMENTS LATER

(Bob, Douglas, Dottie, Christina, Paramedic 1, Nurse, Extras)

DOORS BURST OPEN. TWO PARAMEDICS HURRIEDLY PUSHING A GURNEY WITH FIFTY-YEAR-OLD BOB WHEELER ON IT. FOLLOWING THEM ARE HIS SEVENTY-YEAR-OLD MOTHER, DOTTIE; HIS FIFTY-SOMETHING SISTER, CHRISTINA; AND HIS FORTY-SOMETHING BROTHER, DOUGLAS.

PARAMEDIC 1

(CALLING OFF) We have a fifty-year-old
male, chest pains, labored breathing!

EMERGENCY ROOM PERSONNEL CONVERGE ON BOB, DURING:

DOUGLAS

(TO BOB) Hang in there, brother,
you're gonna be okay!

DOTTIE

Of course he's gonna be okay, it's
just gas!

BOB

(PUSHING ASIDE THE OXYGEN MASK) It's
not gas, Mom! I'm having a heart
attack!

CHRISTINA

(TO BOB) Don't worry about the
business, I'll take care of
everything!

BOB

I'm not dying!

CHRISTINA

Of course not, you're the picture of
health!

NURSE

(TO FAMILY) We'll take it from here.

SHE AND OTHER EMERGENCY ROOM PERSONNEL WHEEL BOB OUT.

DOTTIE

(CALLING AFTER) I love you, Bobby!

SFX: A LARGE FART FROM BOB

EVERYONE, INCLUDING THE EMERGENCY ROOM PERSONNEL, PAUSE
EXPECTANTLY. BOB CONSIDERS HIS SITUATION, THEN:

BOB

(IN PAIN) No, it's my heart!

THEY KEEP WHEELING HIM OUT.

DOTTIE

Oh God, please don't take my son!

DOUGLAS

Don't worry, Mom, he's gonna be fine.

Come on, sit down.

HE USHERS HER OVER TO SOME CHAIRS.

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)

(TO CHRISTINA) Get her something to
drink.

CHRISTINA REACHES INTO HER BAG AND TAKES OUT AN AIRPLANE
BOTTLE OF VODKA.

CHRISTINA

Here, Mom.

DOTTIE

What happened to the "I'm not drinking
anymore"?

CHRISTINA

The bottle's full, isn't it?

DOTTIE UNSCREWS THE BOTTLE AND TAKES A SLUG, AND WE:

CUT TO:

COLD OPEN / B

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER
(Bob, Abishola)

BOB IS STILL UNDER ANESTHESIA AS ABISHOLA, A FORTY-SOMETHING NIGERIAN NURSE, CHECKS HIS IV DRIPS. BOB'S EYES OPEN SLOWLY. HE SEES HER STANDING OVER HIM. FROM HIS PERSPECTIVE, THERE'S A HALO-TYPE GLOW AROUND HER.

BOB

Pretty.

ABISHOLA

What?

BOB

You look like an angel.

ABISHOLA

Mm-hmm. How are you feeling?

BOB

Okay, I guess. So... what happened?

ABISHOLA

You had three stents put in.

BOB

Really? Well, that's my lucky number.

So listen, I gotta pee. Do I just do
it or do I go somewhere?

ABISHOLA

No, don't do it. Here, let me help
you.

SHE HELPS HIM OUT OF THE BED, MOVING THE IV STAND WITH HIM TO
THE BATHROOM.

ABISHOLA (CONT'D)

Easy, slow, slow.

BOB

It's okay, I got it.

ABISHOLA

You have nothing. Lean on me.

BOB

(HOLDING HIS GOWN CLOSED BEHIND HIM)

Sorry about my butt hanging out.

ABISHOLA

Me too.

BOB'S ON HIS FEET, LOOKS DOWN AT HER FEET.

BOB

Oh, look, Narvanis RD-75s. I can't
believe they're still making those.

ABISHOLA

What are you talking about?

SHE USHERS HIM TO THE BATHROOM.

BOB

Your compression socks. They're made
in Vietnam, just outside of Hanoi.
You're not doing your calves any
favors with those.

ABISHOLA

How do you know so much about socks?

BOB

Not just "socks," "compression socks."
And it's my business.

ABISHOLA

That's a business?

BOB

It's a big business. Ever hear of
MaxDot C-Socks?

ABISHOLA

No.

BOB

Really? We're in Wal-Mart, Target,
all the big box stores.

ABISHOLA

Okay.

BOB

You see, the thing about your Narvanis
socks is that after a couple washings,
they get all droopy in the top band.

ABISHOLA

They do.

BOB

That's 'cause they use a synthetic blend, whereas MaxDot uses a heat-resistant latex thread. Always have, always will.

ABISHOLA

That's better?

BOB

Only if you care about maximizing blood flow. (THEN) I'll get you a couple of pairs, you'll see.

ABISHOLA

Thank you.

THEY ARRIVE AT THE BATHROOM.

BOB

Alright, so this is my stop.

ABISHOLA

Leave the door open, I'll wait out here.

BOB

Yeah, I don't think that's gonna work. I'm a little pee shy.

ABISHOLA

Well, I can't leave you alone. If you
fall down, who's going to pick you up?
Not me.

BOB

Okay, okay.

HE STEPS INSIDE THE BATHROOM OPPOSITE THE TOILET. ABISHOLA
HOLDS THE IV TREE JUST OUTSIDE THE DOOR. SHE LOOKS AWAY FROM
THE BATHROOM, WAITS, HEARS NOTHING.

ABISHOLA

You know, I have other patients.

BOB (O.C.)

That's not helping.

ABISHOLA

Would you like me to insert a catheter
in your penis?

BOB (O.C.)

No, I can do this!

SHE WAITS. NOTHING.

ABISHOLA

(SOFTLY SINGING AFRICAN FOLK SONG)

*Onye huru Ugo jaa ya mma / na anaghi
ahu ugo daa...*

BOB (O.C.)

What are you doing?

ABISHOLA

I used to sing this for my son before
I put him to bed. Always worked.

SHE CONTINUES SINGING.

SFX: HIS URINE STREAM HITS THE WATER

BOB (O.C.)

Hey, would you look at that.

ABISHOLA

No, thank you.

BOB (O.C.)

So, you come here often?

ABISHOLA

Monday through Friday. Sometimes I'll
split a weekend.

BOB (O.C.)

No, I was making a joke.

ABISHOLA

Oh. It was not funny.

BOB (O.C.)

Yeah, I got that. So, what's your
name?

ABISHOLA

Abishola.

BOB (O.C.)

What a coincidence, that's my mother's
name.

ABISHOLA

Another joke?

BOB (O.C.)

(DISAPPOINTED) Yeah.

SFX: TOILET FLUSH

BOB COMES OUT.

BOB (CONT'D)

People call you Abi?

ABISHOLA

No. Go back in there and wash your
hands.

BOB

Yes, ma'am.

HE CROSSES BACK INTO THE BATHROOM.

SFX: SINK RUNNING

BOB (O.C.) (CONT'D)

It's a pretty name, Abishola, what's
it mean?

ABISHOLA

She who does not touch filthy hands.

BOB (O.C.)

Really?

ABISHOLA

That was a joke.

BOB CROSSES BACK OUT, DRYING HIS HANDS ON A PAPER TOWEL. SHE
USHERS HIM BACK TO BED, DURING:

ABISHOLA (CONT'D)

It means "born to wealth."

BOB

Really? How's that working out for
you?

ABISHOLA

What do you think? I just had to
listen to a stranger urinate.

BOB

Sorry.

ABISHOLA

Slowly, like a leaky faucet.

BOB

I said sorry. My family still around?

ABISHOLA

Yes. Do you want me to get them?

BOB

Oh, god no. Actually, tell them I
died.

SHE LAUGHS.

BOB (CONT'D)

Oh, that one you liked.

ABISHOLA

I understand having a difficult
family.

BOB

Oh, yeah? What's the deal with yours?

ABISHOLA

That is not your business. Your
business is socks.

BOB

Compression socks.

ABISHOLA

(SOFTENING) If you want, I can tell
your family that you're sleeping and
to come back in the morning.

BOB

Oh, that'd be great. Thanks, Abi.

ABISHOLA

Abishola.

BOB

Abishola, sorry. You can call me Bob.

ABISHOLA

Goodnight, Bob.

BOB

Wow.

ABISHOLA

What?

BOB

I never really liked the sound of my
name, but when you say it, it sounds
nice. (IMITATING HER ACCENT) Bob.

ABISHOLA

Okay.

BOB

Say it again.

ABISHOLA

(LAUGHS, THEN) Goodnight, Bob.

BOB HEARTS ABISHOLA "Pilot" Writers 1st Draft
August 23, 2018

13.
(CO/B)

BOB

It's like music.

SHE LAUGHS AND EXITS, AND WE:

CUT TO:

MAIN TITLES

ACT ONE

SCENE A

FADE IN:

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - A DAY LATER
(Bob, Douglas, Dottie, Christina, Extras)

AN ORDERLY PUSHES BOB, DRESSED IN HIS STREET CLOTHES, OUT OF THE ROOM IN A WHEELCHAIR THAT IS FOLLOWED BY DOUGLAS, DOTTIE AND CHRISTINA.

BOB

You know, I didn't see a single nurse in this hospital wearing our socks.

DOUGLAS

Right there, that's why I love my brother. Has a massive heart attack and all he's thinking about is the business.

BOB

Wasn't massive. Just a few stents.

DOUGLAS

Are you listening to this guy? He's unstoppable. He's like if the Terminator sold health-related undergarments.

CHRISTINA

Take your head out of his ass, Douglas.

DOUGLAS

Maybe I like it there.

DOTTIE

(TO BOB) The doctor says you need to
start taking it easy, lose some
weight, no more cigars, ease up on the
drinking, maybe stay away from the
Indian casinos for a while.

BOB

You know what I think I need to do? I
need to find another doctor.

DOTTIE

(LOOKING HEAVENWARD) You hear that
Max? Your son's coming to join you
soon.

CHRISTINA

You're looking the wrong way, Mom.

THEY PASS A NURSES' STATION. BOB TRIES TO SEE WHO'S WORKING
AT THE DESK.

DOUGLAS

Need something?

BOB

There was a nurse last night who was
really nice to me. I wanted to thank
her.

DOUGLAS

Ooh, sexy nurse, late at night, I saw
that movie.

CHRISTINA

(TO DOUGLAS) You're disgusting.

DOUGLAS

I'm a man, Christina. Deal with it.

BOB PULLS A TWENTY OUT OF HIS POCKET, HANDS IT TO THE ORDERLY
PUSHING HIS CHAIR.

BOB

I'm sorry you had to hear all this.

AND WE:

CUT TO:

SCENE B

EXT. GARMENT FACTORY - MALAYSIA - EARLY EVENING
(Wati [O.S.])

WE HEAR:

WATI (O.S.)

(IN MANDARIN WITH SUBTITLES) I'm
sorry, Bob, but there's nothing I can
do.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. GARMENT FACTORY - CONTINUOUS
(Wati, Extras)

WATI, A MIDDLE-AGED ASIAN MAN, SHORT-SLEEVED WHITE SHIRT AND TIE, IS YELLING ON THE PHONE. BEHIND HIM, WE SEE MEN AND WOMEN SEWING SOCKS.

WATI

(IN MANDARIN WITH SUBTITLES) We are
working as fast as we can, but we
can't control the weather. Monsoon
season is very bad this year. Workers
can't get here, supplies can't get
here.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. MAXDOT OFFICE - SAME TIME

(Bob, Douglas, Dottie, Christina, Lorraine, Receptionist [V.O.]

BOB IS ON THE PHONE. DOUGLAS, DOTTIE AND CHRISTINA WATCH
FROM NEARBY.

BOB

(SPEAKING IN MANDARIN WITH SUBTITLES)

Don't feed me that bull! Monsoon
season was three months ago! I get
the Weather Channel! Now where are my
damn socks?!

WATI (V.O.)

(MANDARIN WITH SUBTITLES) So sorry,
Mister Bob, no can do.

BOB

(MANDARIN WITH SUBTITLES) Who'd you
push us out for? Nike? Was it Nike?

WATI

(IN MANDARIN WITH SUBTITLES) No, no, I
would never do that.

WATI INSPECTS A PAIR OF SOCKS WITH THE NIKE SWOOSH ON THEM.

BOB

(IN MANDARIN WITH SUBTITLES) You're
killing me, you're just killing me.

WATI

(IN MANDARIN WITH SUBTITLES) Okay, say
hello to your brother for me.

DOUGLAS

Ni hao!

WATI HANGS UP. STAY ON BOB.

END INTERCUT:

BOB

(TO DOUGLAS) Really? Ni hao?

DOUGLAS

I like Wati. He took me to a strip club in Singapore. It's called Four Floors of Whores. Really lived up to its name.

DOTTIE

(TO DOUGLAS) What happened to you? You were such a sweet little boy.

DOUGLAS SHRUGS.

BOB

Can we please focus?! First Nike pushed us out of Korea, and now they're pushing us out of Malaysia!

DOTTIE

Calm down, Bob, your heart.

BOB

How can I calm down?! We're running out of Asian people to make our socks!

CHRISTINA

What about India? They seem to have a lot of people with nothing to do.

BOB

We're not moving production to India!

CHRISTINA

Why not?

BOB

'Cause I just learned how to speak
friggin' Mandarin!

RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)

(OVER INTERCOM) Bob, your ex-wife is--

LORRAINE, A WELL-PUT-TOGETHER WOMAN IN HER 50S, CHARGES IN.
SHE'S WAVING AN INSURANCE FORM IN THE AIR.

LORRAINE

What the hell is this?!

BOB

(TO RECEPTIONIST) Thank you, send her
in.

LORRAINE

You said the divorce wouldn't affect
my medical coverage!

BOB

It doesn't.

LORRAINE

Then explain this.

SHE HANDS HIM THE INSURANCE FORM. HE STUDIES IT, DURING:

LORRAINE (CONT'D)

Dottie, Douglas, Christina.

THEY AD-LIB HELLOS.

BOB

(TO LORRAINE) What is vaginoplasty?

LORRAINE

It's a lady thing, not important.

CHRISTINA

It's a nose job for the vagina.

LORRAINE

Thank you, Christina. (TO BOB) The point is, I now have to go out of pocket for this.

DOUGLAS

So you're out of pocket for your pocket?

BOB

That's good.

DOUGLAS

Thanks, it just came to me.

DOTTIE

(TO LORRAINE) Do you even care that my Bobby recently had a heart attack?

LORRAINE

What? No one told me, why didn't anyone tell me?

BOB

Don't worry about it.

LORRAINE

Of course I worry. You're the father of our son. Is there anything I can do?

DOTTIE

Yeah, pay for your own hoo-ha.

BOB

It's okay, Mom. (TO LORRAINE, RE:
BILL) I'll take care of this.

DOUGLAS

How does it work? Is it like
retreading a tire?

LORRAINE

I'd rather not talk about it, Douglas.

DOTTIE

But you have no qualms about asking
Bob to pay for something that will
benefit another man. Or should I say
men?

LORRAINE

What are you insinuating?

DOTTIE

I'm not insinuating, I'm saying it
right out loud.

THEY CONTINUE TO ARGUE AS WE PUSH IN ON BOB SITTING UNHAPPILY
AT HIS DESK. THEIR VOICES FADE OUT AS WE FADE UP ON WHAT
HE'S HEARING.

ABISHOLA (V.O.)

*(SINGING SOFTLY) Onye huru Ugo jaa ya
mma / na anaghi ahu ugo daa...*

HE SMILES, AND WE:

CUT TO:

SCENE C

INT. HOSPITAL - ANOTHER DAY
(Bob, Gloria, Extras)

WE OPEN ON BOB WALKING DOWN THE HALLWAY CARRYING A PLASTIC BAG WITH A HALF DOZEN PAIR OF COMPRESSION SOCKS. HE STOPS AT THE NURSE'S STATION WHERE A NURSE, GLORIA, WORKS AT A COMPUTER TERMINAL.

BOB

Hi, I was hoping you could help me.
I'm looking for a nurse, her name's
Abishola.

GLORIA

She's not on right now. Can I give
her a message?

BOB

Uh well, I wanted to give her some
socks.

GLORIA

Socks?

BOB

Yeah, they're compression socks. Very
therapeutic, especially if you're on
your feet a lot.

HE SHOWS HER A PAIR.

GLORIA

Nice.

BOB

Got an activated charcoal thread in
the toes, real odor eater.

GLORIA

Would you like me to give them to her?

BOB

Actually, I'd like to give them to her
myself. Do you have her address?

GLORIA

Oh, I can't give that out.

BOB

I understand. (A BEAT, THEN) I have a
lot more socks in the car, would you
like some?

OFF HER LOOK, WE:

CUT TO:

SCENE D

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY/INT. APARTMENT - LATER
(Bob, Abishola, Uncle Tunde, Auntie Olu, Dele)

BOB WALKING DOWN THE HALLWAY CARRYING THE BAG OF SOCKS. HE
ARRIVES AT A DOOR, CHECKS A PIECE OF PAPER THAT HAS AN
ADDRESS ON IT AND KNOCKS. AFTER A BEAT, UNCLE TUNDE, A
SLENDER NIGERIAN MAN IN HIS 60S, OPENS THE DOOR.

UNCLE TUNDE

May I help you?

BOB

Yeah, I'm looking for Abishola.

UNCLE TUNDE

I'm sorry, Abishola is sleeping, she
works very late.

AUNTIE OLU, AN AGGRESSIVE SIXTY-SOMETHING NIGERIAN WOMAN,
STEPS IN.

AUNTIE OLU

What do you want with Abishola? Is
she in trouble at work?

BOB

No, nothing like that.

AUNTIE OLU

Excuse me. (TO UNCLE TUNDE) Close the
door.

HE DOES. WE STAY INSIDE THE APARTMENT WITH UNCLE TUNDE AND AUNTIE OLU FOR:

AUNTIE OLU (CONT'D)

There's something wrong.

UNCLE TUNDE

Why does there have to be something wrong?

AUNTIE OLU

There's a white man at the door, tell me when that's ever been good.

WE HEAR A KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

UNCLE TUNDE

What do we do?

AUNTIE OLU

(CONSIDERS, THEN) Get the boy.

WE GO BACK TO BOB'S SIDE AS THE DOOR OPENS A CRACK AND AUNTIE OLU PEEKS OUT WITH A BIG SMILE.

AUNTIE OLU (CONT'D)

One moment please.

SHE CLOSES THE DOOR. AFTER A BEAT, IT OPENS AGAIN, THIS TIME REVEALING ABISHOLA'S TWELVE-YEAR-OLD SON, DELE. HE HAS VERY LITTLE TRACE OF NIGERIAN ACCENT.

DELE

Hi. Can I help you?

BOB

Yes, I'm looking for Abishola. I wanted to bring her socks.

DELE

Uh-huh. One moment.

HE CLOSES THE DOOR AGAIN, AND WE STAY INSIDE THE APARTMENT
WITH DELE, UNCLE TUNDE AND AUNTIE OLU.

DELE (CONT'D)

He has socks.

AUNTIE OLU

What?!

DELE

Socks.

UNCLE TUNDE

He's selling them?

DELE

No, I believe they are a gift.

AUNTIE OLU

Oh no, never trust a white man bearing
socks.

UNCLE TUNDE

What do we do?

AUNTIE OLU

Tell him to go away. No wait, tell
him to leave the socks by the door and
then go.

ABISHOLA, IN BATHROBE AND SLEEP CLOTHES, CROSSES IN.

ABISHOLA

What is going on?

DELE

There's a big white guy out there with
a bag of socks.

AUNTIE OLU

(TO ABISHOLA) For you. (SUSPICIOUS)

What did you do for these socks?

ABISHOLA

I didn't do anything. Excuse me,
Auntie.

SHE CLEARS THEM AWAY FROM THE DOOR AND OPENS IT.

ABISHOLA (CONT'D)

Hello?

BOB

Hi. Remember me?

ABISHOLA

Yes, Pee-Shy Bob.

BOB

That's me!

ABISHOLA

Okay, what do you want?

BOB

Well, I promised you compression socks
and here they are.

HE HANDS HER THE BAG, SHE LOOKS INSIDE.

ABISHOLA

Thank you.

BOB

You're welcome. So... is today like a
day off for you?

ABISHOLA

Yes. Goodbye.

SHE CLOSSES THE DOOR. WE STAY INSIDE THE APARTMENT AS
ABISHOLA CROSSES OFF WITH THE BAG OF SOCKS. UNCLE TUNDE,
AUNTIE OLU AND DELE FOLLOW.

AUNTIE OLU

Where are you going?

ABISHOLA

Back to sleep.

UNCLE TUNDE

Who was that man?

ABISHOLA

A patient at the hospital.

DELE

Why does he bring you socks?

ABISHOLA

He didn't like the ones I was wearing.

Goodnight.

ABISHOLA GOES INTO HER BEDROOM AND CLOSSES THE DOOR.

AUNTIE OLU

Dele, go pack your things.

DELE

Why?

AUNTIE OLU

Unbelievable. (TO UNCLE) Tell him.

UNCLE TUNDE

We must be ready to leave at a
moment's notice.

DELE

Why?

AUNTIE OLU

Don't be a stupid goat! There was a
white man at the door!

AUNTIE OLU AND UNCLE TUNDE CROSS AWAY, AND WE:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

SCENE E

FADE IN:

INT. APARTMENT KITCHEN - THE NEXT MORNING
(Abishola, Uncle Tunde, Auntie Olu, Dele)

ABISHOLA IS IN HER NURSE'S OUTFIT AT THE KITCHEN TABLE
EXAMINING HER MAXDOT COMPRESSION SOCKS ON HER FEET.

ABISHOLA

He was not wrong. These are wonderful
socks.

DELE BRINGS HER A PLATE OF EGGS AND TOAST.

DELE

Here's your breakfast, Mum.

ABISHOLA

Thank you, Dele.

DELE

Can I ask you something?

ABISHOLA

Make it fast, I have to catch the bus.

HE SITS DOWN WITH HER.

DELE

I was asked to join the track team at
school.

ABISHOLA

Oh, that's nice.

DELE

Yes, the coach told me I am an
exceptionally fast runner.

ABISHOLA

I see. And would running fast help
you become a doctor?

DELE

No, but it would be fun.

ABISHOLA

Fun? We didn't come to this country
for you to have fun.

DELE

But Mum --

ABISHOLA

No! You study, get good grades, become
a doctor and then you can run to the
bank with all the money you make.

DELE

I knew you'd say no.

ABISHOLA

Then why did you waste my time asking?

UNCLE TUNDE AND AUNTIE OLU CROSS IN WEARING BEIGE COMPRESSION
SOCKS.

AUNTIE OLU/UNCLE TUNDE

Good morning. / Morning.

DELE

Good morning, Auntie. Good morning,
Uncle.

ABISHOLA

Good morning, Auntie and Uncle. (THEN)
Are those my socks?

UNCLE TUNDE

Yes, they are very comfortable.

ABISHOLA

But the man gave them to me.

AUNTIE OLU

And I give you this roof above your
head.

ABISHOLA

And by "give" you mean I pay you rent.

AUNTIE OLU

(CHEERFUL) Yes.

UNCLE TUNDE

(RE: HIS SOCKS) I don't know why they
call this flesh tone.

AND WE:

CUT TO:

SCENE H

INT. BUS - LATER THAT DAY
(Abishola, Kemi, Man, Extras)

ABISHOLA CROSSES ONTO THE BUS AND SITS WITH HER NIGERIAN FRIEND, KEMI.

ABISHOLA

(IN YORUBA WITH SUBTITLES) Good morning.

KEMI

(IN YORUBA WITH SUBTITLES) Good morning.

ABISHOLA

(IN ENGLISH) You won't believe it, my son wants to be on the track team.

KEMI

(IN ENGLISH) I hope you told him no.

ABISHOLA

Of course I did. I brought you a gift.

SHE TAKES A PAIR OF COMPRESSION SOCKS OUT OF HER PURSE AND HANDS THEM TO HER.

KEMI

Oh, thank you.

ABISHOLA

They have latex at the top so they
don't droop.

KEMI

Fancy. Where did you get these?

ABISHOLA

One of my cardiac patients. He
brought them to my home.

KEMI

Ooh! Good, you are ready for another
husband. And one with a weak heart,
even better.

ABISHOLA

I'm not looking for a husband.

KEMI

Let me be the judge of that. What
does he do?

ABISHOLA

He makes socks.

KEMI

Like in a sweating shop?

ABISHOLA

No, it's his business.

KEMI

(SHARP INHALE) So a businessman has
come to your house to court you?

ABISHOLA

No, he just brought me socks.

KEMI

From his business. I like this man.

ABISHOLA

He is a white man.

KEMI

No one is perfect.

ABISHOLA ROLLS HER EYES. WE HEAR THE SOUND OF A SANDWICH BEING UNWRAPPED. ABISHOLA AND KEMI BOTH LOOK AND SEE A MAN UNWRAPPING A SLOPPY SANDWICH AND EATING IT. THEY BOTH "KISS THEIR TEETH."

ABISHOLA

(IN YORUBA WITH SUBTITLES) What type of person eats smelly food on a bus?

KEMI

(NODS, THEN TO THE MAN) Excuse me, are you a homeless?

MAN

No.

KEMI

Then go eat your stinky sandwich at home!

ABISHOLA SUPPRESSES A LAUGH AS HE SHEEPISHLY PUTS THE SANDWICH AWAY, AND WE:

CUT TO:

SCENE J

INT. HOSPITAL - LATER
(Abishola, Gloria, Extras)

GLORIA STANDS AT A CART CHECKING SUPPLIES. ABISHOLA WALKS UP
BEHIND HER.

ABISHOLA

Hello, Gloria.

GLORIA TURNS.

GLORIA

Hey.

ABISHOLA

I like your socks.

THEY BOTH LOOK DOWN TO SEE THEY HAVE MATCHING SOCKS.

GLORIA

I'm so sorry. He seemed nice.

ABISHOLA

Is that what you would have told the
police when they found my head in his
freezer?

GLORIA

What can I do to make it up to you?

ABISHOLA

(CONSIDERS A BEAT, THEN) Mr. Liebman
in twenty-four needs a sponge bath.

GLORIA

Oh no, not Mr. Liebman.

ABISHOLA

(POINTING OFF) Go.

GLORIA CROSSES OFF.

ABISHOLA (CONT'D)

Make sure you shampoo his back.

SFX: ABISHOLA'S CELL PHONE RINGS

SHE LOOKS AT THE CALLER ID, DOESN'T RECOGNIZE THE NUMBER THEN
PICKS UP.

ABISHOLA (CONT'D)

Hello... Yes, this is she... He did
what?... No, that can't be right. My
son is a good boy, he doesn't get in
fights... Are you sure there's not
another Dele Babatunde Olusegun?...
Okay, I'll be right there.

SHE HANGS UP.

CUT TO:

SCENE K

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER
(Abishola, Gloria, Mr. Liebman)

WE SEE GLORIA UNHAPPILY WASHING THE HUGE, HAIRY BACK OF MR. LIEBMAN, AN ELDERLY MAN. ABISHOLA POKES HER HEAD IN THE DOOR, SHE HAS HER COAT ON AND IS CARRYING HER PURSE.

ABISHOLA

Gloria, I need you to cover for me.

ABISHOLA EXITS AND OFF GLORIA'S REACTION, WE:

CUT TO:

SCENE 1

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - SHORT TIME LATER
(Abishola, Principal Herman, Mrs. Lester)

PRINCIPAL REGINA HERMAN, A MOUSY FORTY-YEAR-OLD, IS BEHIND
HER DESK TALKING WITH ABISHOLA AND A THIRTY-FIVE-YEAR-OLD
AFRICAN-AMERICAN WOMAN, MRS. LESTER.

ABISHOLA

I don't understand. My son doesn't
make fights.

PRINCIPAL HERMAN

Well, apparently some unfortunate
words were said to him and he lost his
temper.

MRS. LESTER

(ANGRILY) I don't care who said what.
Your son assaulted my son.

ABISHOLA

Yes, I got that part. Now what were
the unfortunate words your son said to
my son?

MRS. LESTER

That's not important, it's just trash
talk.

ABISHOLA

Okay, I'll ask again. What trash did
your child say?

MRS. LESTER LOOKS TO PRINCIPAL HERMAN FOR HELP. PRINCIPAL
HERMAN IS VISIBLY UNCOMFORTABLE.

PRINCIPAL HERMAN

(SIGHS, THEN) I'm just gonna write it
down.

SHE DOES SO AND SLIDES IT ACROSS THE DESK TO ABISHOLA. HER
EYES GO WIDE AS SHE READS IT.

ABISHOLA

Spear chucker? You mean like in the
Tarzan movies?

PRINCIPAL HERMAN NODS, EMBARRASSED.

ABISHOLA (CONT'D)

(TO MRS. LESTER) So, your son, who I
assume is the same color as you, uses
a racist word for my son? How is this
possible?

MRS. LESTER

Still no excuse for him throwing a
chair at my Calvin.

ABISHOLA

You call me a spear chucker and see
how fast I throw a chair at you.

PRINCIPAL HERMAN

Okay, let's all take a deep breath,
and figure out how we can resolve
this.

ABISHOLA

I am breathing fine. (TO MRS. LESTER)
How about this? You teach your son to
speak with respect towards my son,
(FORCEFULLY TO PRINCIPAL HERMAN) who
is a straight A student, (BACK TO MRS.
LESTER) and there will be no more
fighting.

MRS. LESTER

That's not good enough. Your kid
should get suspended.

ABISHOLA

Tell me, what grades does your Calvin
get?

MRS. LESTER

I don't see how that's important.

ABISHOLA

(TO PRINCIPAL HERMAN) One of these two
boys is going to be a doctor. I'll
give you a clue, it's not Calvin.

OFF PRINCIPAL HERMAN'S REACTION, WE:

CUT TO:

SCENE M

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL HALLWAY - SHORT TIME LATER
(Abishola, Dele, Extras)

ABISHOLA AND DELE WALKING DOWN THE HALLWAY.

DELE

I'm sorry, Mum.

ABISHOLA

You have three days suspension during which you will do all your homework and clean the apartment from top to bottom. And when you're done, we'll find more homework for you to do.

DELE

Yes, Mum.

ABISHOLA

You're a smart boy. Next time someone calls you a name like that, you wait until they're off school grounds, then you throw the chair at them.

DELE

Yes, Mum.

SHE LOOKS AT HIS HANG DOG FACE, CONSIDERS, THEN:

ABISHOLA

And I think you should join the track
team.

DELE

(BRIGHTENING UP) Really?

ABISHOLA

Yes, someday you'll throw a chair at
the wrong person and you'll need to
run for your life.

AS THEY CROSS OUT, WE:

CUT TO:

SCENE P

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - ANOTHER DAY

(Bob, Abishola, Gloria, Mr. Liebman, Nina, Doctor, Extras)

SFX: FLATLINING HEART MONITOR

MR. LIEBMAN IS IN HIS BED. ABISHOLA IS VIGOROUSLY GIVING HIM CHEST COMPRESSIONS, ANOTHER NURSE, NINA, IS DOING VENTILATION, A DOCTOR READIES TO REAPPLY THE DEFIBRILLATOR PADDLES, GLORIA TEARS OPENS A PRELOADED EPI SYRINGE.

GLORIA

(TO OTHER NURSE) This is the last Epi!

NINA RUSHES OUT TO GET ANOTHER EPI SYRINGE.

ABISHOLA

Come on, Mr. Liebman, come back to us.

DOCTOR

Is everyone clear?

GLORIA

Clear!

ABISHOLA

Clear!

THE DOCTOR APPLIES DEFIBRILLATOR PADDLES TO LIEBMAN'S CHEST TO TRY TO RESTART HIS HEART. AFTER THE PADDLES HAVE BEEN REMOVED, ABISHOLA GOES BACK TO DOING CHEST COMPRESSIONS. THE DOCTOR CHECKS THE CARDIAC MONITOR WHICH CONTINUES TO FLATLINE.

DOCTOR

(TO ABISHOLA) That's enough. I'm
calling it. Time of death: (LOOKING
AT WATCH) five forty-seven.

ABISHOLA STOPS THE CHEST COMPRESSIONS, GLORIA TURNS OFF THE
VENTILATOR, THE DOCTOR TAKES OFF HIS LATEX GLOVES, THROWS
THEM ON THE FLOOR AND LEAVES THE ROOM.

ABISHOLA

(TO GLORIA, RE: DOCTOR) Look at him,
he is heartbroken. (THEN) Okay, you
stay with Mr. Liebman, I will call his
wife.

ABISHOLA PICKS UP THE DOCTOR'S GLOVES AND CROSSES OUT.

RESET TO:

INT. NURSE'S STATION - CONTINUOUS

ABISHOLA CROSSES TO A COMPUTER TERMINAL, TAPS IN SOME
INFORMATION, PICKS UP THE PHONE AND DIALS. AFTER A BEAT:

ABISHOLA

Hello, is this Mrs. Liebman?... Mrs.
Liebman, this is Abishola from St.
John's. I'm very sorry to inform you --

BOB CROSSES IN, HOLDING UP A BAG OF COMPRESSION SOCKS.

BOB

Hey, hey! Whose legs need a hug?

ABISHOLA

(TO BOB) What?

BOB

I was next door getting a checkup for the ol' ticker and I thought I'd swing by, bring ya some more socks.

ABISHOLA

Please wait. (THEN, INTO PHONE) Mrs. Liebman, are you still there?

BOB

(RE: SOCKS, SOTTO) These are the new fall colors. Nobody else has these.

ABISHOLA

(FORCEFULLY TO BOB) Shh, shh!

HE REACTS.

ABISHOLA (CONT'D)

(INTO PHONE) Yes. Your husband passed away at five forty-seven this evening.

BOB REACTS AGAIN.

BOB

Aw geez, I thought you were ordering a pizza.

ABISHOLA

(GLARES AT BOB, THEN INTO PHONE) Yes, please come when you are able. My condolences to you and your family.

SHE HANGS UP.

ABISHOLA (CONT'D)

(TO BOB) What is wrong with you?

BOB

Oh gosh, any number of things.

ABISHOLA

Excuse me, I have work to do.

BOB

A guy died, huh?

ABISHOLA

Yes, a guy died.

BOB

Okay well, why don't we pick this up
another time?

ABISHOLA

Good plan.

HE NODS AND STARTS TO CROSS AWAY.

ABISHOLA (CONT'D)

Wait.

BOB TURNS AROUND HOPEFULLY.

BOB

Yeah?

ABISHOLA

Leave the socks.

BOB PUTS THE BAG ON THE COUNTER, SMILES AND CROSSES OUT. AND
WE:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

TAG / A

FADE IN:

EXT. BUS STOP - LATER
(Bob, Abishola, Extras)

WE FOLLOW ABISHOLA, IN HER COAT AND HOLDING HER BAG, AS SHE WALKS DOWN THE SIDEWALK TOWARDS THE BUS STOP. SHE STOPS SHORT WHEN SHE SEES BOB STANDING AT THE BUS STOP.

BOB

Hi.

ABISHOLA

(TO HERSELF) Oh god.

BOB

Oh come on, you can't tell me that something special didn't happen between us when I was trying to pee and you were singing that African ditty.

ABISHOLA

You are a crazy man.

THE BUS PULLS UP, THE DOOR OPENS, ABISHOLA GETS ON, BOB FOLLOWS.

BOB

Fengzi. That's Chinese for "crazy man."

CUT TO:

TAG / B

INT. BUS - CONTINUOUS
(Bob, Abishola, Kemi, Bus Driver, Extras)

ABISHOLA CROSSES IN, PAYS WITH A CARD AND FINDS A SEAT.

BOB

(TO BUS DRIVER) Haven't taken the bus
in a while, do you accept credit
cards?

BUS DRIVER

No.

BOB

Okay, well, here's a twenty. Pay it
forward.

BOB HANDS HIM A TWENTY DOLLAR BILL AND CROSSES DOWN THE
AISLE. MORE PEOPLE FOLLOW.

BOB ARRIVES AT ABISHOLA'S SEAT, SHE HAS PURPOSELY PUT HER
PURSE IN THE EMPTY SEAT NEXT TO HER. BOB STANDS THERE FOR A
BEAT, SMILING EXPECTANTLY. SHE SIGHS AND PICKS UP HER PURSE
SO HE CAN SIT DOWN.

BOB (CONT'D)

Thank you.

SHE NODS, LOOKS OUT THE WINDOW.

BOB (CONT'D)

(LOOKING AROUND AT BUS) This is nice,
roomy. I thought there'd be more
weirdos.

ABISHOLA

You are the weirdo.

BOB

Guaiwu. (THEN) Weirdo, Chinese. So
where you from?

ABISHOLA

Nigeria.

BOB

Wow. That's a heckuva drive, huh?

AGAINST HER WILL, SHE SMILES. KEMI CROSSES DOWN THE AISLE
AND SEES ABISHOLA AND BOB.

KEMI

Hello, Abishola.

ABISHOLA LOOKS UP TO SEE KEMI.

ABISHOLA

Hello, Kemi.

KEMI

And who is this?

IN ANSWER TO THE QUESTION, ABISHOLA TAKES A PAIR OF SOCKS OUT
OF THE BAG.

KEMI (CONT'D)

Eh-heh.

KEMI SITS NEARBY WITH A BIG SMILE ON HER FACE.

BOB

(TO ABISHOLA) So you're telling your
friends about me, huh?

ABISHOLA SIGHS. BOB GLANCES OVER AT KEMI.

BOB (CONT'D)

(TO ABISHOLA) Hey, she's wearing my
socks.

ABISHOLA NODS, AND WE:

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW