

NONE OF THE ABOVE

written by
Kenny Smith

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INTRO

CHYRON: "INTRO"

Music Cue: Folk Singer Glen Hansard's "High Hope"

GLEN HANSARD/CANNON (O.S.)
*I'm gonna make it across this tight
rope / And I'm comin' for my
prize...*

INT. CANNON'S MERCEDES - DAY

With his Uber decal prominent, the assured, but stubborn **CANNON CLARKE** (Black, 24) pulls up to an office building, singing along to the music.

CANNON/GLEN HANSARD
*No more I'll be waitin' 'round /
While life just passes by...*

Too cool executive **JEREMY PENNIE** (White, 30s) hops in.

CANNON
You're Jeremy Pennie and you're
headed to Bread & Tea for breakfast.

JEREMY PENNIE
Yes, sir.

CANNON
Then let's do it. Music's okay?

JEREMY PENNIE
Sure. But if you want to put on
something else, go ahead.

CANNON
Naw, I'm good.

JEREMY PENNIE
Hey, you're the one who has to deal
with this traffic. You don't need
to try and make me comfortable.

CANNON
Uh, if you honestly don't like this
song, I can turn it for you.

JEREMY PENNIE
Oh no, I love Glen Hansard. This is
Glen Hansard. He did the musical
Once. Got an Oscar for best
original song.

CANNON
(covering; hurt)
Yeah, why would I know that?...
Hey, mind if I put on some hip-hop?

JEREMY PENNIE
I knew it's what you wanted. I love
all kinds of music. Do your thing.

CANNON
Hey Siri, play my playlist Turnt.

SIRI (V.O.)
Playlist Turnt now playing.

JEREMY PENNIE
Let's get turnt in here!

Music Cue: Rap Group N.W.A.'s "Real Niggaz"

Cannon turns up the radio full blast and raps along. Jeremy
is very uncomfortable. They now have to yell over the music.

N.W.A./CANNON
*Die nigga! / We are born to die
nigga / You've been dyin for 400
years / Niggas know how to die...*

JEREMY PENNIE
These guys say the n-word - a lot!

CANNON
It's N.W.A.! They got an Oscar for
Straight Outta Compton! Hey, maybe
they know that Glen guy?!

JEREMY PENNIE
The restaurant's coming up! Should
we maybe turn down the music?!

CANNON
Naw, we're good!

EXT. BREAD & TEA RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

With N.W.A. still blasting, an embarrassed Jeremy steps out
to the glares and horror of the PATRONS dining al fresco.
Once he's in the restaurant, Cannon changes the radio back.

Music Cue: Folk Singer Glen Hansard's "High Hope"

Cannon pulls off.

MAIN TITLES

ACT ONE

CHYRON: "VERSE ONE"

INT. CANNON'S MERCEDES - DAY

Cannon's still driving when he dials his cell. Someone answers and before they can say 'hello'...

CANNON

Dude jumps in my car and is like,
"You're Black, you should be
listening to hip-hop." Am I not
shit or are they not?

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - PLAYGROUND - DAY

Sorta righteous, sorta cool, **VALENCIA FLOYD** (Black, 24) is on the other end of the call.

VALENCIA

Oh, that's definitely a person who
ain't shit.

CANNON

Most racist stuff I'm like, "Ahh,
get out of here with that," but the
"I know who you must be" racism
always feels like a gut punch.

VALENCIA

That's because you absolutely know
who you are.

CANNON

Yeah, exactly! I'm good with me and
people need to be good with that.

VALENCIA

And if they aren't, they can go to
hells bells.

CANNON

See, this is why I called you!

Two co-workers, upbeat **LASHAUN JOHNSON** (Black, 27) and stoic **ERIC COLEMAN** (White, 31) cross over to Valencia.

ERIC

You've got to be beyond proud.

LASHAUN

Valencia, I am in awe of you.

VALENCIA

Stop it, we're all blessed. Go enjoy those donut holes.

They cross off.

CANNON

Lence, we had a little run going. What's up with the interruptions?

VALENCIA

Oh, just people recognizing I'm a hundred percent that bitch.

We reveal that Valencia's among dozens of ecstatic SCHOOL FACULTY and FAMILIES post-ceremony. Workers are unloading washer/dryers for the school. She waves to a passing family.

VALENCIA (CONT'D)

I convinced Best Buy to donate to my washer/dryer program. Now kids that don't have clean clothes for school can bring them in the mornings and volunteers will take care of them.

CANNON

You weren't gonna say you're doing something more important than listening to me griping?

VALENCIA

We're almost done and I know you're not loving the whole Uber driving thing. You don't need to hear me singing about how I'm winning life. Do you? Do you want to hear that?

CANNON

(feigning upbeat)

What? Of course I'm good. You're on the board of education impacting lives and I've got a gang of editors looking at my photographs. I'll be at another magazine or website winning life again... at some point... soon.

Apologetic, **NORA MYERS** (ASIAN, 34) crosses over to Valencia.

NORA

Congrats on all of this. But before you leave, can we talk?

VALENCIA

Of course, Nora. I need one minute.

CANNON

No, you go ahead. I need to pick up someone else to tell me how I shouldn't love Mumford and Sons.

VALENCIA

You go love Mumford and his sons, daughters, you can even rub up on his grandma if you want.

(disconnects call, then)

That was my friend, so it's okay. What's up?

NORA

Someone came by my office yesterday and filed a complaint about you.

VALENCIA

...No they did not.

EXT. RYAN'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - LATER

Cannon walks in. He looks out of place as the lone Black guest amongst dozens of WHITE GUESTS and the fact that he's the only one dressed in a hoodie and Tims doesn't help. The boisterous host, **RYAN GOLDSTEIN** (White, 25), works the grill.

RYAN

Cannon! I didn't think you'd come.

CANNON

Naw I'm here. I'm just not staying.

RYAN

Oh, it's clear in your refusal to wear proper barbecue attire.

CANNON

I can't dress like that. Or that... I don't even know what that is.

He indicates men dressed in either preppy or hipster wear.

RYAN

It's fine... it's just your Black guy uniform seems really hot.

CANNON

Are you attacking me because Cydney's got you grilling veggie patties or is it because she's got you grilling veggie patties?

RYAN

I'm not angry. Cyd and I are going to live forever now. It's beautiful.

CANNON

Is it? Yo, let's leave an hour early Monday so we can hit the sushi spot before the movie.

RYAN

I can't see *How Long Will I Love U*.

CANNON

Wait, what?

RYAN

You know I've been dying to see it. But Cyd saw this post about a guy who tried to save a drowning dog. The dog made it, but he didn't, so I'm going to surprise her and take her to the candlelight vigil.

CANNON

A vigil? You're a vigil person now? You've only been married two months and she's brought out the best and worst in you.

RYAN

Aw, don't say that.

CANNON

Then don't say you're not going. Monday's the only night! It's a Chinese film! They're taking it back to China, man!

RYAN

I know, I know.

CANNON

I can't go to the movies by myself. It's weird. It's weird as fuck!

RYAN

We've got a plan B. Cyd invited some new friend for you to meet.

(MORE)

RYAN (CONT'D)

You two hit it off, there's your date. She said they'd be in the kitchen. Huh?

CANNON

An ambush set-up? Nooooo, no.

RYAN

Hey, you're going to at least meet her for Cyd! She's super excited and she made sure we bought at least one beef burger for you!

Cannon is pissed, but knows he's got no choice.

INT. RYAN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

He steps into the kitchen, but there's no Cydney. Nibbling on a dessert is the only **BLACK WOMAN** (Black, 20s, gregarious) at the party. Cannon takes a breath, then meanders his way over.

CANNON

Hey. What's up?

BLACK WOMAN

(Jamaican accent)

Not a ting. Wah gwaan?

EXT. RYAN'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - LATER

Ryan's serving a guest at the grill. Cannon crosses over.

CANNON

Man, gimme that beef burger to go.

RYAN

(whispering)

I ate it. Shhh.

(then)

What happened? You didn't like her?

CANNON

We talked for a minute. I understood most of it. But we weren't really connecting.

RYAN

Why not?

CANNON

It's hard to -- let me explain it like this.

(MORE)

CANNON (CONT'D)

I like *Friday*, but she likes *Friday After Next*. They're both *Friday* movies, but they're very different.

RYAN

I don't get it. I only saw the first *Barbershop*. Cyd, was so positive you two would hit it off.

CANNON

I'm sure, but between you and me, her hooking me up with her only Black friend... not cool. It's borderline.

RYAN

Are you calling my wife a racist?

CANNON

(definitely yes)
...Naw.

Strong-willed **CYDNEY WALKER** (White, 25) crosses over with a spunky **JESSICA BEAM** (White, 20s).

CYDNEY

What are you two going on about?

CANNON

The Washington establishment. Ugh.

CYDNEY

Don't get me started. Jessica, this is my Ryan, and this is Cannon.

As they ad-lib awkward introductions, Cydney mouths, "she's great" behind Jessica. Ryan and Cannon are confused.

RYAN

This is the friend from work? Are you - he said you were Black. So you're like a quarter-Black? Are we counting that now?

CYDNEY

Ryan!

JESSICA

It's okay, I get the Black question all the time.

CANNON

(awkwardly laughing)
It's funny 'cause you're not Black.

CYDNEY

O-kay. Well, Jessica and I were just talking about that Austrian film *Goodnight Mommy*. The end was so depressing.

CANNON

What? The kid Krazy Glued his mother to the floor and burned her up. It was hilarious.

JESSICA

Or-or, it was a beautiful moment of unconditional love. I'm willing to kill to know where my true mother is.

CANNON

Mmmm-maybe. Can we agree on hilariously beautiful?

JESSICA

Sure, hilariously beautiful. Get on board, Cyd. The people have spoken.

CYDNEY

I guess they have. Ryan, isn't that Chinese movie *How Long Will I Love U* playing Monday? Maybe --

CANNON

Aw hell! Just got a work text. Cydney, love you. Great meeting you, Jessica. I'm out.

He exits, leaving everyone a little confused.

EXT. RYAN'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Ryan catches up with Cannon who's getting in his car.

RYAN

What are you doing? She was great.

CANNON

Ryan, you've gotta give the heads up if the hook-up is White. I don't go out with White girls.

RYAN

So it's racist if we introduce you to a Black woman, and it's wrong if we introduce you to a White woman?

CANNON

...Okay it doesn't make sense. But if I'm telling you this is me, I need you to accept that.

RYAN

Well, I accepted I'm the one who always has to sit with my back to the door, so I guess this is fine too.

CANNON

(driving off)
There you go.

INT. MAMA SOUL BUFFET RESTAURANT - THE NEXT DAY

The Black after-church crowd, dressed in their finery, fills the place. Valencia and laid-back, unapologetically Black **MORRIS FLOYD** (Black, 22) are at the front of a long line of CUSTOMERS waiting to be served. Cannon walks in, again out of place, dressed overly casual in jeans and Jordans. PATRONS shoot him dirty looks as he cuts to the front of the line.

CANNON

(for Patrons' benefit)
Thanks for holding my spot while I was in the bathroom, Mo and Valencia!
(to Server #1)
Can I get some mac and cheese? Not the corners. Too crunchy. Mo, what up? How was church?

MO

Refreshing. You should come to service with us sometime.

CANNON

Mmm, when is it again?

MO

(annoyed)
Sundays, man.

CANNON

Got it. Lence, what's wrong with your face?

Valencia's face is twisted up in annoyance.

VALENCIA

I don't want to talk about it.

MO

Human Resources had words with her.

CANNON

Did -- did you diddle somebody?!

VALENCIA

No! They said I had to "cease and desist" posting my daily inspirational quotes.

CANNON

Oooooo! Someone complained! Walk. Me. Through.

VALENCIA

I hate you. Apparently, a co-worker said they were too religious to be posting with my official handle, "which is for governmental issues." That's crazy. Those posts inspire my constituency, inspire me...

MO

You know I put in some real hours putting up dry wall, so most mornings I'm run down and nothing will get me out of bed. Not *The Breakfast Club*. Not weed. Not even a morning tickle and cup. But your posts always do it.

CANNON

Hold on. Your last post was "When they throw shade, it's Jesus's light that keeps you bright." Okay, besides being a clear violation of church and state, you had to know these were gonna get flagged for just being awful.

VALENCIA

Count my likes! Count my likes!

INT. MAMA SOUL BUFFET RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

Cannon, Valencia, and Mo are seated at a table.

VALENCIA

She said as long as I stop it's not going into my file.

CANNON

Can you stop? Your posts, emails, voicemail all have some iteration of "stay blessed." Mo, senior year she used some of her Pell Grant money to get a personalized license plate. What did it say again?

VALENCIA

(beat)

"WHO BLESD." So you're bringing up things from when I was a college kid?

CANNON

It was two years ago!

VALENCIA

Well, I've matured. And I'm not going to have some red flag in my file blocking my future successes. They ask me to stop, I am stopped.

MO

Valencia, I believe in you.

CANNON

Aah, she's your cousin, and you live together. You have to say that.

Mo thinks for a beat, then silently acquiesces.

CANNON (CONT'D)

Regardless Lence, you had a big win this weekend and I want to take you out to celebrate. Me and you are seeing a hilarious romantic comedy tomorrow. *How Long Will I Love U.*

VALENCIA

Who's in it? Kevin Hart? It's gotta be Kevin. I love little Kev.

CANNON

(feigning confidence)

It's Liya Tong!

VALENCIA

(suspicious)

Who and who else?

CANNON

Liya Tong and, um, Jiayin Lei.

VALENCIA

Foreign names! Oh hell no, I was clear, you are never dragging me to another subtitle movie.

CANNON

Why not?! You're on the board of education. I'm positive reading is involved in that.

VALENCIA

As hard as I work, when I'm off I'm entitled to some escapism and reading my movie is not it.

CANNON

Forget you. It's me and Mo, then.

MO

Not the kid. Subtitles are movies for deaf people. I'm not taking a seat away from a deaf person. Not going to do it. Roll solo, man.

CANNON

By yourself is weird as fuck. You're sitting alone in a public place for two hours. It's like, "You couldn't find anyone to be with you?" Naw, that's not the kid.

MO

So your boy White Ryan can't go?

CANNON

Canceled, then he tried to throw a White girl named Jessica at me.

MO

Then go with White Jessica.

CANNON

You know if you're using the person's name, you don't have to add their race.

MO

It's less confusing.

CANNON

Look, she has okay thoughts and stuff about movies, but dating a White girl... mmm, naw.

VALENCIA

You think you have a point about me, but I know I've got a point about you. It's crazy that you don't already date White girls. You love foreign films, NPR, that show *Fleabag* cracks you the hell up.

CANNON

Because I like some "White" stuff doesn't mean I'm super comfortable in that world. I'm not that dude, so... There you go.

VALENCIA

Uh, no. I need a why. And if you're just holding on to Black women for nostalgia sake, we'll be alright. No sacrifices necessary.

CANNON

Cute. It's not nostalgia. I love Black women. I have a ton in common with Black women - my moms is a Black woman. And maybe it's the way I was brought up, but I just don't see the upside of complicating my life, no matter how cool she is.

VALENCIA

You went from "she's okay," to "she's cool." Stop fighting it. I never make race an issue when it's about dating. As long as he knows he's gotta be on his knees more than just on Sundays with me... I'm good.

CANNON

Yeah, that's helpful right now.

MO

(suddenly interjecting)

I've dated outside the race. But only other minorities. And they had to be one hundred percent into Black culture. I'm talking complete abandonment of their race. I went out with this one Korean girl who'd only eat at Cheesecake Factory and listened to nothing but Rick Ross. It got to a point where I was sad for her.

CANNON

I'm confused. Are you saying I should or should not be okay with taking Jessica to the movies?

MO

Who?

CANNON

...White Jessica.

MO

Yeah, her. Go ahead.

VALENCIA

You gotta see this movie, right? If you know who you are, then it's just going to be one movie. And one movie can't get that complicated... And you said she's cool. Your words.

Cannon takes this in, then picks up his cell and texts Cydney "Can I get Jessica's number?" He immediately gets a series of UPBEAT EMOJIS from Cydney.

CANNON

This is gonna be a mistake.

On this, we:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

CHRYON: "VERSE TWO"

INT. LOUNGE/BAR - DAY

Cannon's by the door making a call. Someone answers and...

CANNON
How's "no-post-Monday" going?

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. CITY HALL - PARKING LOT - DAY

Valencia's walking, engrossed in her iPad.

VALENCIA
(distracted)
It's been fine.

CANNON
You working?

VALENCIA
No. I'm just going down this list of my co-workers to figure out who reported me, so I can apologize.

CANNON
Mmm, yeah, I don't think you're supposed to be doing that.

We see the list of names on her iPad, most are scratched out with hand scribbled notes next to them.

VALENCIA
Yes, they're supposed to have anonymity, but if they don't like my posts then they obviously have an issue with me as a person. It makes sense that I should know who it is, so we can work through it.

CANNON
Basically, convince them to be okay with your posts, so they can go back and get your ban lifted.

VALENCIA

I can't stop what people do after they see how ignorantly wrong they are. That's on them.

CANNON

Aww Lence.

VALENCIA

Now, Noah in accounting only liked every other post, so I thought that might be a cover. But I just went through his Instagram. It's not him. He's a youth pastor... but of those weird-type Christian kids not the cool ones.

She pulls up the photo of Noah mentoring weird KIDS.

VALENCIA (CONT'D)

I should still like it though.

She taps the heart icon, then stops behind a car.

VALENCIA (CONT'D)

Damn it! It's not Kelsey either. She's got a fish on her BMW.

CANNON

You know she's good with Christian posts if she did that to a BMW.

VALENCIA

I know, right?

Cannon notices Jessica walking in the lounge/bar.

CANNON

I gotta go. Text me after this blows up in your face.

He disconnects.

JESSICA

Hey, you.

CANNON

Hey... you.

INT. LOUNGE/BAR - MOMENTS LATER

The HOSTESS escorts them through the lounge. He scans the room. A table of Black women give him the stink eye.

Cannon recoils. He spots a Black woman with a White guy. Looking for camaraderie, he shoots her a smile that says, "Hey, we're both doing the interracial thing!" She rolls her eyes. The Hostess seats Cannon and Jessica. Awkward silence.

JESSICA

I know you wanted to go straight to the movies, but I'm glad you were up for eating first. I thought if we didn't we'd just be two strangers in a dark theater keeping each other company.

CANNON

Whaaaaaat? I didn't even think about it like that. So you work with Cydney, huh?

JESSICA

Yeah, I started at the Getty a few months ago, special events office. When I saw her picking bottles out of the paper recycle bin, I was like I have to know her.

CANNON

Trash diggers are great.

They share a small laugh.

CANNON (CONT'D)

Ryan and I used to work together, too. A weekend fun website. He wrote. I did photography. The people there were wearing on me. Micromanaging, so I rolled. I'm Ubering while I figure out if photography is still it for me. I don't think so though. But I do have a job. I'm not jobless. I'm saying I can afford the movies.

JESSICA

You don't date often, do you?

CANNON

I'm out there a little. You?

JESSICA

I like to meet people, so yeah.

CANNON

Was the last guy a trash digger? You seem into them.

JESSICA

I wish. DeShawn was a dental hygienist. Breath was - rowr! I don't think he brushed. I'd check. Toothbrush always dry.

CANNON

I get it. He's like a masseuse who doesn't like to give massages after work. It's nasty, but I get it.

JESSICA

Oh God, I dated a masseuse. Jermaine. Gave me a massage on our third date... and charged me.

CANNON

DeShawn and Jermaine? Huh. Black guys, right? The names seem pretty Black. Is that your thing? Like a fetish? Do you hate your dad?

JESSICA

I have dated Black men. And I've dated White, Asian, Persian and a Latinx woman. Anything else?

CANNON

Look, this is weird for me. I'm used to getting "dirty racist" looks from White people, but the "dirty" looks I got coming in here with you from Black people, they threw me. If it goes down tonight, I feel like I'm getting no backup from my people. You don't get it.

JESSICA

I know some people have an issue with this. I'm not blind to the looks. But if I let that dictate who I was with, then I'd feel like I'm part of the problem.

CANNON

Oh, so you're an activist?

JESSICA

I'm a person.

CANNON

Well, person, if it was just about looks then maybe. But I'm not White.

(MORE)

CANNON (CONT'D)

I can be in the crosshairs of real danger just being me. That's why I never felt the need to raise the odds of catching that bullet.

JESSICA

Then why are you here?

CANNON

I just wanted to see this movie with anybody... but then after we talked, I couldn't deny seeing it with you... would be better.

JESSICA

...Parts of that were nice to hear.

CANNON

Well... parts felt nice to say. God, I haven't exhaled since we walked in.

JESSICA

Getting why this date is so stressful to you makes your text slightly less jarring.

(reading cell)

"Hey Jess, Cannon. Want to see *How Long Will I Love U?* Up front. Never been out with a White Girl."

CANNON

Okay, that was teasing.

JESSICA

So I shouldn't have taken it as, we White women aren't attractive to you? Or that your penis is racist?

CANNON

No! Not my penis. I've found plenty of White women attractive. I lost my masturbation virginity to a White porn star. That count?

JESSICA

(laughing)

No, it does not!

They continue to banter...

INT. CITY HALL - ERIC'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Eric's working at his desk. Valencia steps into the doorway and looks for him on her list. Next to his name, ERIC COLEMAN, is a handwritten note that reads "A bitch - so possibly."

VALENCIA

Hey Eric, are we still meeting with that teacher's union rep tomorrow?

ERIC

Yep, after lunch. Meeting room B.

VALENCIA

Got it, got it. I'm thinking about starting a brunch group on Sundays. Maybe we go to church, hear some *inspirational words* then eat. How's something like that sound to you?

ERIC

I don't go to church.

VALENCIA

That's fine... But the inspirational words we get from church, or posts, help motivate us. Like the washer/dryer program. Every company I went to said it wasn't splashy enough for a donation. I wanted to quit, but then I'd come across inspirational words and they'd push me on until I got that yes. Finding strength in words rather than in... cocaine, is beyond better. And I know we're supposed to pretend that your "emergency family vacation" last year wasn't for nose candy rehab... All I'm telling you is a weak person can find strength in the words of the church... or my posts.

ERIC

Weak?... I don't go to church because I'm Jewish, Valencia.

VALENCIA

Really? But your last name's Coleman. That's not a Jewish name.

ERIC

What are you saying right now?

VALENCIA

I'm not saying anything, but Jewish names are like --

INT. CITY HALL - HUMAN RESOURCES OFFICE - LATER

A nervous Valencia pops her head in.

VALENCIA

Hey Nora, you wanted to see me?

NORA

Have a seat.

INT. CANNON'S MERCEDES - LATER THAT NIGHT

Cannon and Jessica are enjoying each other's company.

CANNON

The Secret in Their Eyes movie?

JESSICA

The version from Spain. I cried when he was on the verge of telling her he loved her then didn't.

CANNON

Anything Spanish, got me speaking Spanglish / Money is universal, that's the only language...

JESSICA

I don't get it.

CANNON

Pusha T. It's from a Pusha T song. The rapper... it's all good.

He makes a mental note of all the conversations they can't share. The silence is broken by police lights and siren.

CANNON (CONT'D)

Fuuuuuuck.

JESSICA

You weren't speeding.

CANNON

Naw. It's probably a cargo issue.

He places two cards on the dash, then pulls over.

CANNON (CONT'D)

Hands at ten and two. License and registration pre-positioned on the dash. "Yes, sir/No, sir. Yes, sir/No, sir." Cool.

A **LAPD OFFICER** (White, 28) walks up on the driver's side.

LAPD OFFICER

License and registration.

JESSICA

Why did you pull us over?

CANNON

It's okay. He'll ask the questions.

LAPD OFFICER

You signaled a lane change after the lane change was in progress.

JESSICA

That's why? I'm calling bullshit.

LAPD OFFICER

Settle down, miss. Sir, could you please step out of the car?

CANNON

Yes, sir... So, no bodycam, huh?

He starts to open his door. She lunges across, slams it shut, then sticks her head out of the window, over a frozen Cannon.

CANNON (CONT'D)

Oh, hell!

JESSICA

This is harassment! He's not a murderer, or drug dealer or whatever you assume! He's a man taking a woman on a date to see a foreign film! He has every --

LAPD OFFICER

Miss, I'm just doing my job!

JESSICA

Your job is to make people feel safe. And if this nitpicking law enforcement isn't because of racism, then it's because you're being a jerk! And none of it makes you a decent human being!

LAPD OFFICER

Look! Just... be sure you indicate appropriately next time... please.

Frustrated, he walks back to his patrol car.

JESSICA

(calling after)

Bernie Sanders 2024!

CANNON

Okay, he gets it!... I can't believe what just happened. What the hell just happened?

JESSICA

He was being an asshole. My little brother's the same way when he's home from college. Walking around like we should all be intimidated. "I'm a big man because I get my knob polished on the regular now."

CANNON

But that's how you talk to a cop, like he's your little brother? The fact that he can shoot you and get away with it never crosses your mind?

JESSICA

Forget him.

CANNON

Why would he shoot you? He took it like you were his big sister... Damn! Let's go see a movie! Damn!

After a beat, Cannon and Jessica ravish each other, then...

JESSICA

(winded)

Let's go to my place first.

CANNON

(winded)

Yeah, of course, yeah, there's another show in two hours... we'll have some sex then do that one.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

CHYRON: "VERSE THREE"

INT. JESSICA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Jessica's place is decorated hipster cool. Cannon's perusing it, while chatting with a distraught Valencia on his cell.

VALENCIA (V.O.)

...So now I have to go to religious sensitivity classes. You're going to say I told you so, aren't you?

CANNON

Yeah, but I'mma wait for a better moment.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CITY HALL - VALENCIA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

From behind her desk, Valencia stares out the window.

VALENCIA

This is going to be in my file forever. Every office I run for, I'm going to have to explain it.

CANNON

Probably. But you are who you are. And you're gonna keep helping people like you do with washer/dryer type programs, until your record buries this one mistake. I promise.

VALENCIA

...You promised, so it has to be true. Let's go get Cinnabons.

CANNON

Can't. I'm at Jessica's. You and Mo had my number. I'm a Black dude who dates White girls.

(then)

See, I knew all the negatives of interracial dating, but this upside -- I didn't expect to be privy to this world of freedoms she lives in.

VALENCIA

Freedoms?

CANNON

Freedom to date whoever she wants without letting down an entire race. Freedom to express herself to authority without fear of a citation or being murdered. It's nice.

VALENCIA

Uh, her liberties don't magically transfer to you, Black man.

CANNON

I'm not delusional. And freedoms aside, I feel like if she comes off great, and if we smack genitals and that's great, then it's my duty to see where this goes.

VALENCIA

Wow, that sounds like it was ripped straight from a Hallmark movie. So where is the future Mrs. Clarke?

CANNON

Downstairs borrowing weed from a neighbor. Another way White people get down. Freedom to borrow drugs. You gotta love it.

LaShaun, Valencia's co-worker from the school parking lot, knocks and pokes her head in.

VALENCIA

Somebody just stepped in my office.

CANNON.

We'll get Cinnabons later. And Lence... I told you so. Click.

STAY WITH Valencia as she puts down her cell.

VALENCIA

So what are people saying?

LASHAUN

They're *not* -- mostly laughing. I was not expecting this... when I went to HR about your posts.

VALENCIA

You? No! I scratched you off my
"who did it" list first. You're a
Black woman! We're Black women!

By LaShaun's name on iPad is "Black Woman - so all good."

LASHAUN

It just irked me that you get to be
so free with your posts and I
don't... because I'm Muslim.

VALENCIA

Noooo. You are? But your last name
is -- no, last names don't matter.

LASHAUN

No one around here "says" it's an
issue being Muslim, but you know
for some people it would be.

VALENCIA

So you feel like you have to hide
who you are... Aw, LaShaun, I wish
I could say I know what that's
like... but I don't. I live out
loud.

LASHAUN

...Okay. Well, it's easier as a
Christian.

VALENCIA

I'm still a Black woman. People
come for us all the time, but I
don't hide because when they try to
knock me down for being me, I know
I've got my people and my faith to
help me up. For me... it's like
knowing I'm never in a fight alone.

LASHAUN

Must be nice.

VALENCIA

You got your faith, right?

LASHAUN

Yeah.

VALENCIA

Well, you've got people around here,
too.

(MORE)

VALENCIA (CONT'D)

So, if you decide to come out and anyone tries to make it rough for you, I'm going to kick some ass with you. We've got one life, we're not gonna spend it hiding our shine.

LASHAUN

...Thank you.

VALENCIA

Yeah... but you know, I am still tripping off the last name thing. So Johnson can be Muslim, too?

INT. JESSICA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

Cannon peruses Jessica's vinyl collection. He gets a text. It's a photo of exaggerated, sad-faced Ryan and Cydney, heads together, holding candles at the vigil, with the caption "Wish u were here." Cannon smirks then returns to perusing.

CANNON

No Pusha, no Jeezy, but we got *La La Land* and Billie Eilish.

He puts on an album.

Music Cue: Billie Eilish's "bad guy"

He gets into it. Moments later, Jessica walks in the front door smoking weed and without missing a beat, jams along.

CANNON/JESSICA

So you're a tough guy / Like it really rough guy...

They dance right into the bedroom.

INT. JESSICA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The couple dance, smoke, and undress through the following:

CANNON

You know what you haven't brought up?

JESSICA

Yes, I expect you to wear a condom.

CANNON

...You know what else you haven't brought up?

(MORE)

CANNON (CONT'D)

That you've never done this before -
slept with a guy you just met.

JESSICA

Why would I do that? We're just two
people having fun. It's nothing to
be ashamed of.

The music and dancing abruptly stops.

CANNON

All my life I thought it was a
myth, but this is it. This is the
legendary White people sexual
freedom. To sexual freedom!

JESSICA

To sexual freedom!

INT. JESSICA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - LATER

The couple are on a comfy bedroom couch post-coital.

JESSICA

So, how was it? Exceptional? That's
as low as I'm willing to accept.

CANNON

Beyond exceptional.

JESSICA

Perfect. I say for round two, we
go... naughty.

She pulls a bottle out of her nightstand and hands it to him.

CANNON

Lube? What do we need --
(realizing, then feigning ease)
Oh! Naughty. Oh, okay, yeah. Well,
let's see what we got here. "For
that silky smooth feel... ultra
lasting... and uh, water based." I
guess that's all the things you'd
want in a good lube. So... who's
going to be the, uh, naughty one?
Or is it a quid pro quo thing?

JESSICA

Who knows? We'll just see what
feels good. To sexual freedom!

CANNON

Hey, hey! We don't need to yell that anymore. It's late. You've got neighbors.

JESSICA

If you're not ready for the pro quo, I'm fine with just the quid.

CANNON

Wait, what's the pro quo and what's the quid? I think this is a time when everybody needs to be crystal clear about what's going on and what's going where.

JESSICA

You seem like you're having a little problem with this.

CANNON

It's not that I -- let me explain it like this. Your vagina is like *Friday* and your butt is like *Friday After Next*. They're both sex, but they're very different.

JESSICA

My butt's like *Friday After Next*? The one without Chris Tucker?

CANNON

...Okay, let me explain it like this. There are things that you're probably not privy to in the Black world. One example, Pusha T.

JESSICA

The rapper from earlier?

CANNON

Yes. Another example would be our lagging behind the White world when it comes to sexual comfortableness. Like oral sex. It took a long time before that became acceptable for us to perform or even discuss openly, while your ancestors have been going oral crazy for at least a millennium.

JESSICA

There's some broad stroking going on, but I'm following you.

CANNON

Now, it may be because this kind of naughty...

(dangling lube)

...was believed to be a mostly gay thing, or something to be ashamed of. But we're coming around...

(slowly returning lube to nightstand)

slowly... slow-ly... slooow-ly...

JESSICA

You're coming off a little homophobic right now.

CANNON

I'm not trying to be. We're still a little behind on the gay thing, too. I'm not saying it's right. It's not, but I can tell you as an open-minded person I've come a long way since the barbecue on Saturday. But right now, this is too far out of my comfort zone.

JESSICA

Well, Cannon, I've got to be comfortable, too. And I'm not. I think it'll be easier if you worked out all your issues on your own.

CANNON

Maybe you're right... so we'll just call it a night after the movie.

(faux breezy; getting dressed)

In the theater, where do you like to sit, front, back, middle? Probably in the back, huh? I'm playing.

You're not getting dressed?

EXT. HOUSE - LATER

A dejected Cannon leans on his car, takes out his cell and dials. Before he can say 'hello'...

VALENCIA (V.O.)

I don't need that Cinnabon tonight.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. VALENCIA'S JAGUAR SUV - NIGHT

VALENCIA

Your girl's gonna have a little cannabis celebration. They can stop me from posting, but not empowering folks.

(sensing something)

...Cannon, what happened?

A car pulls up behind Cannon's parked car.

CANNON

No movies for us. What the hell was I doing, anyway? I knew better.

It's Valencia and we realize he's been parked outside her house. With her work bag, she steps out of her car and crosses to him.

VALENCIA

When we talked it sounded like you were having a ball hanging out.

CANNON

(defiant)

A ball? It was alright.

VALENCIA

Did you smash genitals?

CANNON

(obviously lying)

That was... just alright, too.

(then)

Look, it didn't work out.

VALENCIA

With her. Cannon, you're the guy who prides himself on being open to things, and is like 'fuck anyone who tries to put a limit on me.'

CANNON

Because it's not up to other people to say who I am. To try and make me ordinary... or less than. I'm not.

VALENCIA

No. So unless you had the worst time ever, then why are you doing their job for them?

Valencia's question hangs in the air, until...

CANNON

Okay, I did have a good time... and she was kinda cool... I hear you. I'll keep my dating options open.

VALENCIA

Aww. You've matured a lot and that deserves a treat. If you want me to see that awful movie with you, I'll go... but after I smoke.

CANNON

...Thanks. But naw, I think I might try being open about some other things, too. Like going to the movies by myself.

VALENCIA

What?!

CANNON

Maybe I'm missing out on something there, too. Tell Mo I said what's up. And me and you are still getting some Cinnabons tomorrow.

VALENCIA

Done.

They hug. She heads inside her house. He climbs into his car.

CANNON

Hey Siri, how about some Pusha?

SIRI (V.O.)

Playing Pusha T "40 Acres."

Music Cue: Rap Artist Pusha T's "40 Acres"

PUSHA T/CANNON

*You thought Tony in that cell
would've made us timid / We found
his old cell, bitch, we searchin'
through the digits / Anything
Spanish, got me speaking Spanglish
/ Money is universal, that's the
only language...*

EXT. HOUSE (VALENCIA & MO'S) - CONTINUOUS

As the music pumps, Cannon drives off, and we:

END OF ACT THREE

CODA

CHYRON: "CODA"

BETWEEN SHOTS OF THE CREDITS (AMBIENT SOUNDS ONLY):

EXT. MOVIE THEATER - LATER

Cannon walks into the theater.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

The Ticket Taker scans Cannon's cell.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

He waits in the concession line.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

He puts butter on his popcorn.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - AUDITORIUM - MOMENTS LATER

It's pre-previews when Cannon takes a seat. There are two dozen people scattered around the theater. He looks at a couple on a date, then another couple, then a group of friends sitting together, then two guys together. He then settles his gaze on a middle-aged man with a thick beard sitting alone, who can't stop coughing. Cannon turns around to look at a woman sitting alone reading a book. After taking her in, a disgusted Cannon puts his popcorn in the seat next to him and walks out.

CHYRON: "Weird. Weird as..."

END OF SHOW