

WHITE FAMOUS

"Pilot"

Written by
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PRODUCTION DRAFT - 9/16/16

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WHITE FAMOUS

"Pilot"

PRODUCTION DRAFT

CAST LIST

FLOYD MOONEY.....JAY PHAROAH
RON BALLS.....JACOB MING-TRENT
MALCOLM.....UTKARSH AMBUDKAR
CHRIS.....CHRIS POWELL
ALISON.....EDI PATTERSON
JASON GOLD.....STEVE ZISSIS
TREVOR.....LONNIE CHAVIS
SADIE.....MEGALYN ECHIKUNWOKE
WAITER.....JOE BURCH
JADE.....LAUREN MCCARROLL
STU BEGGS.....STEPHEN TOBOLOWSKY
JAMIE FOXX.....JAMIE FOXX
DRIVER.....JOHN WITHERSPOON
JESS.....DEVYN FUSARO

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SET LIST

INTERIORS

COMEDY CLUB
BALLS' PLACE
UTK
CRAFT
SADDLE RANCH
FOXX'S TRAILER
SADIE'S PLACE
MAYBACH

EXTERIORS

BALLS' PLACE
CRAFT
UTK
MOVIE THEATER
SADIE'S PLACE
SADDLE RANCH
STU'S PLACE
STUDIO LOT
CRAFT PATIO

FADE IN:

1 INT. COMEDY CLUB - NIGHT 1

A young black comic, FLOYD MOONEY, is onstage, KILLING in front of a predominantly black crowd. He has the whole room in the palm of his hand. The kid can do no wrong. Wave after wave of UPROARIOUS LAUGHTER. And then--

2 INT. BALLS' PLACE - LATE MORNING 2

Crickets. Dead quiet. Floyd's crashed out in bed with a BEAUTIFUL YOUNG BLACK GIRL. Looks like a fair amount of fun was had last night. A phone starts to ring.

RON BALLS, Floyd's significantly overweight best friend and roommate, enters with the phone. Stuffed into an ill-fitting postal uniform, Balls starts poking Floyd with the phone--

BALLS

Hey. Wake up. Wake the fuck up, motherfucker! It's Malcolm...

Floyd wakes slowly and with great indignation. Balls hands him the phone and eyeballs Sleeping Beauty, naked beneath the sheets. He frowns. Scowls at Floyd.

BALLS (CONT'D)

I hate you.

Balls exits. Floyd puts the phone to his ear.

FLOYD

What you want?

3 INT. UNIQUE TALENT KOLLECTIVE (UTK) - LOBBY - SAME 3 *

Floyd's bespoke suited agent MALCOLM hustles to work.

MALCOLM

Yo! You never called me back last night!

FLOYD

Yeah, 'cause I was busy killing! Just like you're busy killing my sleep right now. Fuck you calling so early for?!

MALCOLM

I need you to put your big boy
pants on and get your beautiful
black butt cheeks over to Century
City for a meeting.

*

FLOYD

Who with?

MALCOLM

Jason fucking Gold, motherfucker!

FLOYD

Who dat?

MALCOLM

The director!

FLOYD

Never heard of him.

MALCOLM

What's wrong with you, kid?! He's
only the biggest comedy director on
the planet Earth right now!

FLOYD

Okay, but is this like a real
meeting? Like a meeting-meeting? He
call you or you call him? Truth.

MALCOLM

(lying)
He called me.

FLOYD

And you're sure he's a fan?

MALCOLM

(still lying)
Huge fan. Told me himself.

FLOYD

Hey, why can't you get me a meeting
with Tarantino? Now that's a
director I'd like to break some
fucking bread with. I'd be a cotton-
picker for that visionary
motherfucker any day.

MALCOLM

Yeah, that's gonna happen for sure.
Call me after.

FLOYD
Will do, jigaboo.

Floyd hangs up. Sleeping Beauty stirs. She smiles, yawns, stretches, revealing a jaw-dropping body. Floyd smiles back. Resets his jaw. No way he's getting out of bed just yet.

4 **EXT. BALLS' PLACE - DAY** 4

A charmingly low-rent Hollywood apartment complex centered around a seen-better-decades pool. Floyd finally emerges from Chez Balls and tears ass through the courtyard, pulling on clothes as he goes, headed for his ride--

5 **EXT. CRAFT - DAY** 5

A MURDERED-OUT BMW jerks to stop in front of the restaurant. Floyd hops out in a hurry, grabs a ticket from a young black valet, CHRIS, who recognizes him--

CHRIS
Hey! Hey hey hey! Floyd Mooney,
ain't you?!

FLOYD
That's me, motherfucker, where you
know me from?

CHRIS
I seen you do standup at the J
Spot! You had me and my girl
laughing so hard we almost wet
ourselves! No, seriously, I think a
little bit of pee came out!

FLOYD
That's what I like to hear!
Provoking moisture in all its
glorious forms!

CHRIS
Can I get a picture?

FLOYD
Yes, you can get a picture! Say
cheese, motherfucker!

Floyd poses for a quick picture with the valet, who then drives off in his car. Floyd just stands there for a beat, enjoying the moment. That's when a distracted Westside Mom, ALISON, walks up and tries to hand him her valet ticket.

Floyd looks at the ticket. Looks at the woman. Who quickly realizes her mistake and withdraws her ticket, horrified.

ALISON

Oh my god! I am SO sorry! I am so embarrassed right now!

FLOYD

It's okay, lady-- far as I know, sky's still blue, water's still wet, the earth's still spinning on its axis...

He tries to keep moving, but she grabs him, desperate to absolve herself--

ALISON

You don't understand! I'm on the board at my kids' school and we are all about diversity! All about it! My family talks racial equality around the dinner table and then we all watch Empire and Blackish together! I had not one but three African-American boyfriends in college! They were all so hot!

Floyd stops. He nods gravely. Pulls her into a hug.

FLOYD

My people. We're lucky to have you. Ya know what I'm gonna do? I'm gonna bring your name up at the next board meeting. I think we're gonna have to make you an honorary negress. Peace.

He lets her go and hurries inside.

Floyd rushes in, looks around. JASON GOLD waves. Floyd smiles, makes his way over to the table. A handshake into a hug goes horribly awry. It takes a moment to recover.

JASON GOLD

Jesus. What a disaster. That was like the fucking Hindenburg of handshakes. I'm really sorry about that. Can we skip to the part where we're cool?

*

FLOYD

Hey, we cool, no worries. I kept you waiting... you put me through that shit... I say we're even.

JASON GOLD

Yeah, I've just never been any good at that stuff.

FLOYD

What stuff? Black stuff?

JASON GOLD

Shit, no, I'm sorry-- I didn't mean it like that...

FLOYD

(serious)

How'd you mean it then?

(big smile)

Relax your asshole, man! I'm fucking with you!

JASON GOLD

(laughs, relieved)

You're a funny motherfucker...

FLOYD

Thanks, man! So you seen my shit?

JASON GOLD

Obama's Last Day In Office?!

Fucking brilliant!

*
*

Floyd smiles, pleased. He does his bit about Obama's last day in office. Gold cracks the fuck up.

*
*

JASON GOLD (CONT'D)

Holy shit, that's actually really funny! Way better when you do it!

*
*
*

FLOYD

(confused)

Whatta ya mean? I thought you said you seen it...

*
*
*
*

JASON GOLD

No, well, my assistant AJ did it for me. He acted it out. He's African-American as well. Huge fan of yours. He's always quoting your shit. I don't get out to the clubs as much these days...

*
*
*
*
*
*
*

FLOYD
(disappointed)
Uh-huh. Right on.

JASON GOLD
Yeah, so I'm making this movie
about an African-American attorney--

*

FLOYD
Hey, it's cool, you can say black.

JASON GOLD
Oh, I never say black.

FLOYD

Good for you, man. Good for you.
That was a test. Obviously.

JASON GOLD

Anyway, this bla...frican-American
attorney lands his first client,
and get this-- turns out she's the
first woman Bill Cosby ever drugged
and molested! And this cranky
little firecracker wants her day in
court!

*
*

FLOYD

Oh snap, that sounds fun! My
moms'll be over the moon! She
always wanted me to be an attorney!

*
*
*

JASON GOLD

No! No no no! You play the old
woman!

FLOYD

What the huh...?

*

JASON GOLD

You're gonna crush this!

FLOYD

Yeah, well, here's the thing.
Coupla things, actually. First
things first, this black man can't
be wearing no dress.

JASON GOLD

You do know there's a fine
tradition of Blafrican-American...
(stops himself)
I'm sorry-- I don't know why I keep
saying that.

FLOYD

Don't sweat it. It's just 'cause
you're racist. Not like KKK racist
or nothing. More like well-meaning,
west-of-the-405 racist. It's fine.
Just kidding. Not really. Continue.

JASON GOLD

Right. So there's this longstanding
tradition of black comedians
playing women.

(MORE)

CONTINUED: (4)

JASON GOLD (CONT'D)

Not to mention guys like Jim
Carrey, Robin Williams... Dustin
Hoffman!

(MORE)

JASON GOLD (CONT'D)

Fucking *Tootsie*, man! The reason why I do this! Anyway, I think it could be hilarious.

FLOYD

Yeah, okay, I feel ya, but see when I was a kid, I'd watch Eddie Murphy movies with my Pops and I'd say, "Pops, I wanna be Eddie Murphy when I grow up." Pops would say, "That's cool, my funny little ninja, but no matter what you do, don't let those white Hollywood motherfuckers put you in a dress."

JASON GOLD

This could be a very cool opportunity for you, Floyd. You're not exactly Eddie Murphy...

(off his look)

Yet! You'll get there! Obviously! I'm sure of it!

FLOYD

Here's the other thing. Aren't we about done with the Cosby pile-on? I mean, I wouldn't want the man to be my anesthesiologist, but aren't we just a little sick and tired of all the outrage? Just a lil bit?

JASON GOLD

(quietly outraged)

He raped over fifty women!

FLOYD

Allegedly. We don't know for a fact that he raped anyone. But let's say he did do some of that pervy fucking shit-- maybe he did 'em a favor by drugging 'em. Would you want the memory of ol' Doc Huxtable sticking his meaty Jell-O Pudding fingers all up in your lady gravy?

JASON GOLD

I can't believe you're saying this out loud! I have three daughters!

FLOYD

First of all, you're breeding too much. You gotta put a bag on it, brother.

(MORE)

6

CONTINUED: (6)

6

FLOYD (CONT'D)

Second, as long as you don't send your girls over to Coz's house for Career Day, I think they're safe.

JASON GOLD

No woman is safe from that monster!

FLOYD

Look, man, I've had my fair share of pussy, and some pussy-- no matter how tasty and lip-smacking delicious-- comes attached to some pretty whacked-out bitches. You know what I'm sayin'?

JASON GOLD

No, I don't know what you're saying. At all. In fact, I'm pretty offended.

FLOYD

You're offended? You work in comedy and you're offended?! That's offensive to me, motherfucker! You must chill! It's all in good fun! Stifle your white outrage, man! We haven't even ordered yet!

A beat as they settle into an awkward silence.

FLOYD (CONT'D)

So what other roles ya got for me?

7

EXT. UTK - DAY

7

Floyd is waiting outside. Malcolm comes out to meet him. A moment as Malcolm collects himself.

MALCOLM

Okay. Cool. How do I articulate what I'm feeling right now...?

(then)

What THE FUCK were you thinking?

FLOYD

It wasn't that bad. I was just being me. Putting on a show. Peacocking a little. Dude was a fucking stiff!

MALCOLM

Floyd, there are times when you need to be a little less you. This was one of those times.

FLOYD

I told you long ago that I wasn't gonna put on a dress for no man. You said you understood my words.

MALCOLM

I did understand your words. But that was then. The dark ages. Before there was light. Before the biggest comedy director in town wanted to put you in a dress!

FLOYD

You are not being a very proud black man right now.

MALCOLM

Floyd, how many times do I have to tell you I'm not black-- I'm Indian. You get stopped by cops-- I get stopped by airport security. It's a big difference. And this very proud brown man has been trying very hard to make you a very successful black man. The goal has always been White Famous.

FLOYD

(sighs)

Why I gotta be White Famous?

MALCOLM

Why?! Why the fuck not?! Tell me, what is so wrong about crossing that dirty old industrial bridge from the inner city and finding yourself in the land of milk and honey? White Famous, man! It's Tiger Woods... Obama... Will-- before the Jada shit! Don't you want to be so fucking successful that you transcend color?

FLOYD

What if that's just not in the cards for me, Malcolm? Maybe I'm just a funny motherfucker. A comic's comic.

(MORE)

FLOYD (CONT'D)

A practitioner of the sweet science of standup. Isn't that enough?

MALCOLM

That's not why I signed you, Floyd. You can be so much more than that. You can be Eddie, Jamie, Will...

FLOYD

(heard it before)
Before the Jada shit, I get it.

MALCOLM

Movies, TV, digital-- it's the fucking Wild West out there! You just gotta be willing to wrap your lips around a little white dick along the way.

FLOYD

Well, when you put it that way...you're lucky I'm not firing your light-skinned Harvard ass right now!

MALCOLM

We're the same color, Floyd. We're legitimately the same complexion, you and I. But if you're not willing to do what it takes to get to the next level, you should fire my ass.

FLOYD

The fuck you say that for?

MALCOLM

Fire my ass right now so I don't have to go through the pain and heartbreak of having to drop you.

FLOYD

What? Really? You're seriously thinking about dropping this shit?

MALCOLM

I can't do it anymore. I create opportunities for you, and you shit on them. When you shit on your opportunities, you shit on me.

(MORE)

7

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

You're basically dropping one big steaming log after another right on my chest. Right here. Ground zero.

FLOYD

That's foul. What's wrong with you?

MALCOLM

What's wrong with me?! I'll tell you what's wrong with me. Jason Gold is a very important client of this agency.

FLOYD

You wannabe-white, Heineken-drinking motherfucker. Now we're getting to the real bottom of this shit. Shame on you, Malcolm. Look who's transcending color now. You're just another Hollywood douchebag.

MALCOLM

Say it, Floyd.

FLOYD

You're fucking fired.

MALCOLM

Thank you.
(then)
And just so you know, Heinekens have no creed or color. It's simply a delicious and refreshing beer.

8

EXT. MOVIE THEATER - DAY

8

Floyd walks out with his young son TREVOR.

TREVOR

That movie was funny!

FLOYD

That's not saying much, kid. You laugh at car accidents!

TREVOR

Mama says you're a comedy snob.

FLOYD

Yeah, I guess Mama's right, like always. But funny makes you roll.

(MORE)

FLOYD (CONT'D)

And that shit-- sorry... STUFF--
did not make me roll. Not like the
joints I used to watch with my
Pops. But hey, I'm glad you liked
it.

TREVOR

I like seeing movies with you,
Daddy.

FLOYD

I like seeing movies with you, my
little ninja.

TREVOR

When are you and Mama getting back
together?

FLOYD

(sighs)
What do I always tell you?

TREVOR

Comedy is not kind.

FLOYD

That's right. And it's particularly
unkind to Mommies and Daddies.

TREVOR

But how come you sleep over
sometimes?

FLOYD

Because your Mama is the most
beautiful woman in the world and I
like being in her orbit. Even if
sometimes she wants to blow up my
spaceship. Ya feel me?

TREVOR

Straight up! That woman is
ferocious!

FLOYD

(laughs)
That she is, little man. That she
most certainly is...

9

EXT. SADIE'S PLACE - EVENING

9

Floyd and Trevor walk up to find Floyd's beautiful babymama SADIE waiting at the door. Sadie is smart, funky, bohemian. She's got the soul of an artist, and the voice of an angel. And yes, she's ferocious. She smiles at her son, gives him a big smooch. Trevor heads inside after giving Floyd a big hug. A moment as the two exes eye each other.

FLOYD

(sighs)

Damn, woman, this looks good. But you always look good.

SADIE

I heard you got dropped.

FLOYD

Who told you?

SADIE

Malcolm.

FLOYD

Motherfucker!

SADIE

Right before he asked me out.

FLOYD

Motherfucker!!

(then)

What'd you say?

SADIE

None of your business.

(enjoying his discomfort)

The man is a serious earner.

FLOYD

This is unsettling, woman.

SADIE

Relax. You should be more worried about What Now.

FLOYD

(shrugs)

Guess I'll go back on the road. Hit the circuit.

SADIE

Great. Solid plan. Just when your son was getting used to his father being around all the time.

FLOYD

I know, but what else is there for me?

SADIE

Maybe it's time to figure it out.

FLOYD

Without a doubt. Why don't we open some wine and brainstorm? You can be my smart and sexy sounding board. And if it gets too late and I've had too much to drink... maybe we can have a sleepover...

Sadie smiles, shakes her head.

FLOYD (CONT'D)

Damn, woman. Why sometimes yes, sometimes no? You've got a confusing vagina!

(off her look)

He said with love, respect, and eternal devotion...

SADIE

(smiles)

Good night, Floyd.

As she closes the door, one thing is painfully clear-- Floyd still loves this woman.

Floyd is having lunch with Ron Balls, who is murdering a burger and fries. Floyd eyes him with a combination of envy and disgust.

FLOYD

Good burger?

BALLS

Fantastic fucking burger!

FLOYD

Good fries?

BALLS

They bang. They do bang.

FLOYD

You can't keep eating like that,
Balls.

BALLS

Like what?

FLOYD

Burgers and fries all the damn
time. You can't be fucking with
animals and pork and all that
greasy shit. You're gonna die young
and suffer, motherfucker.

BALLS

Yeah, well, I can't eat like you.

FLOYD

Why?

BALLS

Because I have a seafood allergy. I
could die. You know this about me.

FLOYD

Are you allergic to vegetables?

BALLS

No, they're just foul.

FLOYD

I don't know, Balls, that fry could
be the one. The one that fully
clogs whatever fraction of an
artery you have left.

(off his look)

No, go for it. Let's see what
happens. It's like Russian Roulette
with fucking french fries.

BALLS

Shame on you, bruthafucka. This
meal was crafted with love by
artisans, and I'm ingesting it with
the passion, grace and fire it
deserves. Why would you want to
ruin the experience for me?

FLOYD

Touché, my fat friend. Tou-
motherfucking-ché. You gonna check
my set tonight?

BALLS

Can't. Gotta work.

FLOYD

You gotta drop that civil service
shit and start doing some fucking
standup. You are one of the
funniest motherfuckers I know.

BALLS

Nah, fuck it, too much stress, I
couldn't handle it. It'd be like
having homework every night. I like
helping you with your shit.

FLOYD

Speaking of, I used some of your
Cosby shit with that director.

BALLS

Oh yeah? How'd that go over?

FLOYD

Dude looked at me like I stuck a
dry thumb up his grandmother's ass.
But I fucking loved it!

They laugh. Floyd gets quiet. Drops the bravado.

FLOYD (CONT'D)

You think I did the right thing,
man? That was a pretty big fucking
opportunity and I pissed all over
it. Who knows? Maybe it's the only
one I'll ever have in this life...

BALLS

You know what I think? I think
you's you. And I think every day
you stick to being you is a good
day. So fuck 'em. No regrets. Don't
chase. Just do you.

FLOYD

You're a wise man, Balls.

BALLS

This is true.

FLOYD

You're like a big sexy
motherfucking Buddha, you know
that?

BALLS

I do know that. Without a doubt.
(exposes his belly)
Go ahead. Rub this shit for luck.
Rub it!

A HIPSTER WAITER delivers a drink to Floyd.

FLOYD

Nah, nah-- I didn't order that.

WAITER

I know you didn't. She did...

Waiter nods out a HOT YOUNG WOMAN at the bar. She smiles at
Floyd. Who looks at Balls. Who shakes his head.

BALLS

Aww, man, I hate you.

Floyd approaches the Hot Young Woman, name of JADE.

FLOYD

Hey, thank you for the beverage,
but just so you know-- full
disclosure-- I am not affiliated
with the NBA.

JADE

(laughs)
I know who you are...

FLOYD

Oh yeah, is that right?

JADE

You're a funny man, Floyd Mooney.
You make me laugh.

FLOYD

It's what I do.
(off her smile)
So you want a picture or something?
An autograph?

12 INT. SADDLE RANCH - RESTROOM - DAY 12

Floyd is gripping the walls of a stall-- the very lucky recipient of a very sloppy and very enthusiastic blowjob.

Outside the stall, Balls walks into the bathroom and goes to a urinal. Unzips, unfurls, does his thing. He hears the raucous sounds of sloppy blowjobbing from inside the stall. Sighs. Shakes his head as he shakes his dick. Zips back up.

BALLS
I'll be outside, motherfucker.

FLOYD (O.S.)
(beat)
Okay, Balls. Be right out.

Balls frowns, huffs out.

13 EXT. SADDLE RANCH - DAY 13

Floyd walks out to meet Balls. He can't stop smiling as he hands his ticket to the HISPANIC VALET, who runs off to get the car. Floyd leans up against the valet stand.

FLOYD
Life is good, Balls! Who the fuck needs White Famous when Black Famous gets my rig waxed in a Saddle Ranch restroom?!

Meanwhile, an old school Hollywood type strides out of the restaurant after a mostly liquid lunch. He's on the phone and clearly a bit heated. His name is STU BEGGS.

STU
(on the phone)
The guy was great-- he's obviously a fantastic filmmaker-- but what the fuck am I doing here?! I know I said for him to pick it, but I didn't expect this shit show!
(hushed)
Hey, is it like a black thing or something?! It was like a fucking Red Lobster in there...

Floyd and Balls exchange a look. Balls begins to surreptitiously film Stu with his phone. Floyd is amused. That's when Stu walks up and tries to hand Floyd his valet ticket. Floyd's mood instantly darkens.

FLOYD

Oh hell no...

STU

What's the problem?

FLOYD

Do I look like a fucking valet to you?

STU

Sure, why not?

FLOYD

Because I'm black?

STU

Because you're standing right by the valet stand.

FLOYD

Looking all lazy and shiftless? You want me to step and fetch for you?

STU

Hey, slow down, Spike Lee-- can we take a beat and not blow this up into a whole big racial thing? I just want my fucking car.

FLOYD

Then you can wait for it, motherfucker. Just like I've been waiting for mine.

The valet rolls up with Floyd's BMW.

STU

Oh. Okay. That's yours?

FLOYD

Yeah, that's mine.

STU

(nods, impressed)
Cool. Sweet ride, kid.

FLOYD

I suppose you're shocked that a handsome, well-hung black man such as myself could afford a nice whip.

STU

Are you kidding me? This is LA! I see plenty of you guys driving around like you're the stars of your very own fucking rap video...

Stu trails off, catching himself.

FLOYD

Us guys, huh? Us colored fellas?

STU

Okay, that didn't come out exactly as planned. Look, I've had a few cocktails... but this is so not a thing. Yes, I thought you were the valet, but not because you're black. I mean, that doesn't even make any sense. Valets are usually Mexican--

The Hispanic Valet runs up and hands Floyd his keys. The valet grabs Stu's ticket and runs off to get his car.

STU (CONT'D)

Gracias, hombre!

(to Floyd)

See?! It's a thing! But you gotta be so careful what you say these days. Because they'll take your words and cut them up into little digital knives and then they fuck you up the ass with them.

(little stabbing motions)

And what's crazy is that I am the furthest farthest thing in the world from a racist! I just sat down with a black filmmaker! A very black filmmaker! And I would totally work with him! Anytime! In fact, I'm working with Jamie fucking Foxx right now! I love black people. And black people love me! Especially black women! I have gotten lost in some seriously black booties and big chocolate titties... for days...

(gets lost in a memory)

Good times...

(then)

Look, man, I'm sorry for the misunderstanding. I'm gonna go black inside. Sorry.

(MORE)

13

CONTINUED: (3)

13

STU (CONT'D)

I'm gonna go BACK the fuck inside
and grab another drink before I hit
the road. Peace, okay?

Stu pulls Floyd into a handshake/hug and then quickly douses
himself with hand sanitizer.

STU (CONT'D)

And this... just so we're clear...
this is not a racial thing. I'm
dealing with some serious OCD/germ
stuff. Ever since my last divorce.
It's a burden, but I cope.

Stu smiles and walks back into the restaurant. Floyd and
Balls shake their heads in disbelief, get into Floyd's car.

FLOYD

I got no words...

14

INT. BALLS' PLACE - MORNING

14

Once again, Floyd is crashed out and the phone is ringing.
Balls comes in and taps Floyd on the head with the phone.

BALLS

It's your boy...

A groggy Floyd takes the phone...

FLOYD

Hey, you made me fire you,
motherfucker. You don't get to wake
me up at the crack of your mama's
ass no more. And what's this about
you asking my lady out?!

15

EXT. CRAFT PATIO - SAME

15

Intercut with Malcolm, outside having coffee with a CLIENT
(HUGH JASOHL) who will become progressively more annoyed that
his agent is on the phone with someone else the whole time.

MALCOLM

Not now, Floyd! You're blowing up!

FLOYD

What are you running your mouth
about?

MALCOLM

That video! People are talking about it!

FLOYD

What video?

Floyd looks at Balls, who smiles. He flips his laptop around. A celeb tabloid article on the browser. Headline reads: "HOLLYWOOD PRODUCER'S DRUNKEN RACIST RANT - CAUGHT ON VIDEO"

FLOYD (CONT'D)

(to Balls)

You posted that shit?!

Balls nods and smiles. A giddy child.

MALCOLM

You and Stu Beggs!

FLOYD

Wait-- who the fuck is Stu Beggs?

MALCOLM

Floyd, you gotta pay more attention to this business of show! He's a huge producer! You're breaking the internet, brah!

FLOYD

Do I come off like an asshole?

MALCOLM

No! You're the motherfucker with the cape! Beggs wants to sit down with you and apologize!

FLOYD

I don't need a fucking apology from that fool.

MALCOLM

Who's the fucking fool, Floyd?! Do it! Get your black ass over to his house! We might be able to spin this into something incredible!

Floyd and Stu are out by the pool. Stu's stunning architectural home in the background. Stu is staring out over the city, contemplative. A moment.

STU

(sighs)

We live in a strange time, Lloyd.

FLOYD

Floyd.

STU

Of course. It's a strange time,
Floyd. Ours has become a culture of
outrage.

FLOYD

This don't sound like no apology I
ever heard.

STU

Am I sorry? Yes. I'm very sorry
this happened. It's unfortunate. It
really interferes with the work.
People seem to be very angry with
me out there. The PC Army has
gathered their troops. I'm in the
middle of the town square. My pants
are down and I'm being publicly
shamed. It's no picnic.

FLOYD

Yeah, I'm not feeling this.
(gets up to go)
Peace, racist.

STU

Wait. Sit. Please.
(painful for him)
We need each other right now.

FLOYD

I don't need shit from you.

STU

Well, I need to make amends. And
you obviously need a career boost.

FLOYD

My career is going just fucking
fine. I make rooms of people laugh
so hard they piss their pants.

STU

Yeah. Small rooms in small depressing clubs east of the 10 and south of Crenshaw. What about movie theaters around the world?

FLOYD

What about 'em?

STU

I'm producing a movie with Jamie Foxx right now. Just say the word and I'll put you the fuck in it.

FLOYD

I don't want a fucking handout.

STU

Why the fuck not? Don't be a moron! I need to do something to show the world I'm not some racist fucking creeper, and you need to not pass up the opportunity of a fucking lifetime! You got a girl?

FLOYD

I got a babymama.

STU

(pause)
Big titties?

FLOYD

Meaty, beaty, big and bouncy.

STU

Nice. Bubble butt?

FLOYD

Like she's smuggling a huge upside-down heart in her pants.

STU

Do you have any pictures?

FLOYD

Pictures?

STU

Yeah, on your phone.

FLOYD

Shut the fuck up before I knock
your teeth out!

STU

Relax! I'm just asking questions!
I'm a naturally curious person!

(then)

Hey, so I've never had much of a
head for math, but if you have a
babymama that must mean you have a
baby. So don't do it for me-- do it
for your mama's baby.

FLOYD

(confused)

My mama's baby is me.

STU

(knowing)

Exactly.

(barks)

Or do it for your fucking kid,
goddamnit!

Floyd shakes his head. He's quiet for a moment.

STU (CONT'D)

In the meantime, you should meet
the director. He's a douche little
fuckwad, but he's harmless...

Floyd walks alongside an annoyed and harried Jason Gold...

JASON GOLD

Just for the record-- I still don't
want you in my movie.

FLOYD

And I still don't know if I even
want to be in your fucking movie!

JASON GOLD

Yeah, well, Stu Beggs wants you in
my fucking movie. And Stu Beggs
usually gets what Stu Beggs wants.

FLOYD

Wouldn't that make it his fucking
movie then?

(MORE)

FLOYD (CONT'D)
(off his look)
Where we walking so fast to?

JASON GOLD
I gotta run this by Foxx...

FLOYD
(laughs)
I don't know, man... sure don't
seem like you're running much of
anything around here.

Jason Gold shoots him a look as they arrive at a crazy,
oversized movie trailer. Jason Gold knocks on the door.

JASON GOLD
Foxx! It's Gold!

He hears something from within he can't quite make out. He
opens the door. Walks in. Beckons for Floyd to follow.

They walk in to find a BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN slowly riding an
obscured someone reverse-cowgirl in the middle of the floor.
Jason Gold clears his throat.

JASON GOLD
Foxx...?

Finally, JAMIE FOXX pops out from behind the girl.

FOXX
Gold! What the fuck you doing?!

JASON GOLD
You said to come in!

FOXX
I said to go the fuck away!

JASON GOLD
I'm sorry! It was garbled!

FOXX
Can't you see I'm fucking
meditating! Twenty minutes twice a
day, motherfucker! Is that so much
to ask?!

JASON GOLD

So sorry, Foxx, a thousand
 apologies. Hey, so this is Floyd
 Mooney...

FOXX

Oh, so this is the young buck who
 thinks he can get himself a movie
 career because he posts ambush
 videos on YouTube?! Get the fuck
 out of here, Gold! Go make your day
 and leave us the fuck alone!

(to the girl)

Wait in the master for me, okay
 Baby G...?

Gold goes one way. Baby G goes another. Leaving Floyd and
 Foxx, who climbs to his feet. As he does, we realize
 something odd-- he's wearing a cheerleader's skirt (or maybe
 a kilt) and heels. Floyd is weirded-out, doesn't know where
 to look, but Foxx goes about his business, nonchalant.

FOXX (CONT'D)

Stu fucking Beggs, huh? Cracker's a
 fucking character!

FLOYD

Yeah, that's one way to put it.

FOXX

He's feeling the heat right now!
 Wants you in this film.
 Motherfucker needs to be Lincoln
 and free the slaves!

FLOYD

I told him I didn't need no
 handouts. Especially from that
 fucking racist.

FOXX

Stu's no racist. He's just on the
 spectrum. No fucking filter. But he
 gets shit done. And he gets me the
 fuck paid. Which makes him the don
 in my book. Besides, people are way
 too fucking sensitive these days.

FLOYD

Straight up.

FOXX

Then why'd you put that video out there?

FLOYD

I didn't. My buddy put it up. He just thought it was some stupid funny shit. Neither of us knew who the motherfucker was.

FOXX

If I give you a part in my joint, you're leapfroggin' over a whole bunch of other worthy motherfuckers. You think you deserve that shit?

FLOYD

Hey, I didn't ask for any of this. I'm just here to pay respect to a legit hero of mine.

Foxx nods and smiles.

FOXX

So you think you're ready to roll with your heroes?

FLOYD

Yes I do.

JAMIE FOXX

You think you can swim with the sharks?

FLOYD

I think you're saying the same thing twice, but the answer is still yes.

(then)

I just don't wanna...

Foxx looks at him, nods, smiles knowingly...

FOXX

You just don't wanna what?
(looks down at his skirt)
You don't wanna put on the dress?
(off his look)
What are you worried about, motherfucker? That they're gonna talk shit about you? Who fucking cares?!

(MORE)

FOXX (CONT'D)

Anything they say about you is glorious because that means they're talking about you! Look at me, brother. I sold out and I did it fucking great!

FLOYD

Much respect, Foxx, but I can't...

FOXX

Why?

FLOYD

Because my Pops would roll over in his grave.

Foxx moves to the bedroom. As he goes...

FOXX

Your Pops is not gonna roll over in his grave. Your Pops is busy decomposing right now. Making the soil rich for the next generation. Before you know it, you'll be decomposing too. And wishing you'd taken advantage of a truly golden opportunity of a lifetime. Your Pops would want this for you.

...and he comes out HOLDING A DRESS. He tosses it to Floyd.

FOXX (CONT'D)

Try this bitch on.

Floyd catches the dress and looks at it for a long moment.

A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Floyd emerges from Foxx's bathroom, wearing the dress. He looks ridiculous. He feels even worse. Foxx smiles and slow-claps approvingly.

FOXX (CONT'D)

Floyd fucking Mooney! Looking good enough to take home to Mama!!
(rubs his hands)
Okay, boy, let's see that shit!!!

FLOYD

See what shit?

FOXX
That nut pussy.

 FLOYD
Nut pussy? What are you talking
about, nut pussy?

 FOXX
You don't think you actually got a
dick anymore, do ya?

 FLOYD
Of course I got a dick! I got a
nice dick! My dick is fucking
handsome as shit, motherfucker!

 FOXX
Don't matter now. Dick disappears
the second you put that dress on,
motherfucker! Check it!

Floyd feels around, starts to panic. Horror dawns.

 FLOYD
Where is it?! Where the fuck is
it?! Where'd it go?!

Finally he lifts up the dress, revealing a clean, smooth
Barbie Doll-like MANGINA. He SCREAMS in horror.

 FLOYD (CONT'D)
My cock is gone! My cock is gone!!

And then--

SNAP BACK TO REALITY

Where Floyd is still looking at the dress in his hands.

 FLOYD (CONT'D)
I can't do it, man.

Foxx casually puts his leg up on the chair, giving Floyd an
eyeful of some shit he'd rather not see. He averts his gaze.

 FOXX
You're saying no to Foxx?

 FLOYD
I'm saying no thank you to Foxx,
yeah.

FOXX

So you're okay just being a mid-level club comic the rest of your life? All those fine brothers and sisters slapping their knees at your shit, but White America never knows who the fuck you are?

FLOYD

So be it.

FOXX

(gets up)

Guess you aint got the eye of the tiger, motherfucker.

(done with him)

Get the fuck out here. Drive your black ass back to obscurity.

19 INT. SADIE'S PLACE - NIGHT

19

Floyd and Trevor are watching "Beverly Hills Cop" when Sadie comes home. Floyd quickly remotes-off the TV.

SADIE

(frowns; suspicious)

What were you boys just watching?

FLOYD

Peppa Pig, woman! It was hilarious!

(to Trevor)

Right?! Back me up here, ninja!

TREVOR

Daddy...

FLOYD

What? You love Peppa Pig! You know you do!

TREVOR

I do. But I don't lie to my Mama.

FLOYD

Of course you don't. And that's a good thing. A very good thing. For you. Not so much for me.

*

TREVOR

Daddy showed me a movie called
"Beverly Hills Cops" with Eddie
Murphy!

SADIE

(sighs)

I thought we agreed not to show him
any "R" movies.

FLOYD

(sheepish)

I just wanted to expose him to the
classics. The stuff I watched with
my Pops.

TREVOR

It was really good, Mama! And it
wasn't too bad! Just some shits and
fucks!

A moment. Floyd and Sadie try not to laugh. They fail.

SADIE

Off to bed, little man. Someone's
got school tomorrow. And you keep
those words to yourself!

Trevor hugs and kisses Floyd and moves off, leaving Floyd to
look Sadie over.

FLOYD

Hot date, mama?

SADIE

Hey, quit getting all rapey with
your eyes. It's none of your damn
business.

FLOYD

I know. Just playin'.

SADIE

I had a session.

FLOYD

Oh yeah? How'd it go?

SADIE

Same ol'. Sang backup for some
starving little twig with a
gazillion Twitter followers and a
voice that needs Auto-Tune.

FLOYD

I miss that voice of yours. Sing me something.

SADIE

Sorry, I'm off the clock.

FLOYD

Can I ask you something?

SADIE

I'm tired, Floyd...

FLOYD

I got this opportunity to be in a movie.

SADIE

Seriously? That's incredible!

FLOYD

But I turned it down.

SADIE

Why?!

FLOYD

Because they wanted me in a dress.

SADIE

Is it a big movie?

FLOYD

Jamie Foxx is in it.

SADIE

Okay, that's huge! *

FLOYD

Yeah, but... *

SADIE

Yeah but what?! You should totally put a dress on for Jamie Foxx. Hell, I'd take my dress off for Jamie Foxx! *

FLOYD

(frowns)

I don't know... it just ain't right. Why is it that funny brothers have to be emasculated?

(MORE)

FLOYD (CONT'D)

I know it sounds stupid, but I
don't want to sell out.

SADIE

You're not selling out if you're providing for your son.

FLOYD

But I am providing.

SADIE

Yes, Floyd, you're providing. You're a good father.

FLOYD

But I'm funny, too, right?

SADIE

Funny enough to get my dress off...

FLOYD

It was my Jamie Foxx impression, wasn't it? That's what did it.

Sadies smiles. Floyd attempts to seduce her with his very best Jamie Foxx impression. And it seems to be working...

*
 *
 *

FLOYD (CONT'D)

I miss you, woman...

SADIE

(smiles)

I'm sure you can find plenty of pretty young things to keep you company.

FLOYD

(shakes his head)

Ain't none of them can hang with my girl.

SADIE

You sure talk a good game...

FLOYD

I really want to put hands and lips on you right now.

(she smiles; says nothing)

Hmmm, she's not saying no...

SADIE

(still smiling)

She's not saying yes...

He kisses her. One slowly begets many. There's still something here. Floyd gets a phone call. He ignores it in favor of rolling around on the couch. His phone starts up again. Immediately. Sadie comes up for air.

SADIE (CONT'D)

You wanna get that?

FLOYD

Fuck no! Why would I?! Mackin' on you is way better than yakkin' on the fucking phone!

SADIE

Yeah, but this whole thing...? It's not going much further...

FLOYD

But it's gonna go a little bit further, right? I can hang with that just fine...

SADIE

Answer the phone, fool!

FLOYD

(answers, annoyed)

Fuck you want, cock-blocker?!

Malcolm is leaving the office, headed for the valet.

MALCOLM

Foxy wants you in the movie!

FLOYD

The fuck you talking about? That motherfucker's out of his mind!

MALCOLM

Who cares?! They all are! But it's great PR for Stu and you can get yourself out of the ghetto! Talk about a win-win!

FLOYD

First of all, I don't live in the fucking ghetto, motherfucker! And you're still not hearing my words! Foxx or no Foxx, I'm not putting on no fucking dress!

MALCOLM

You're not hearing my words, fool!
You don't have to wear a dress!
Foxx likes you! He respects you for
saying no! They've got a great part
for you, no dress, no panties, no
tampons required!

Trevor comes out of his bedroom.

TREVOR

Why is there a big fancy car in
front of our house?

Floyd and Sadie look at each other. Floyd goes to the front
door and opens it. Walks outside.

EXT. SADIE'S PLACE - NIGHT

Where A SHINY BLACK MAYBACH is idling in front of the house.

FLOYD

Why the fuck is there a Maybach in
front of my house?

MALCOLM

It's taking you straight to set!
You're going to take some pictures--
you, Foxx and Big Dick Beggs! And
then he's going to apologize to the
world for being racially
insensitive! It's all good under
the clitoral hood!

FLOYD

What if I don't want to?

Sadie elbows him--

SADIE

(hushed)
What are you doing?!

MALCOLM

Beggs likes you, Floyd! And that
wackadoo motherfucker doesn't like
anyone! I don't know, kid-- I think
this could be the beginning of a
very rare and beautiful Ebony and
Ivory relationship. See your black
bootie on the set!

*

21 CONTINUED: 21

Malcolm hangs up, gets into his car and takes off. We stay with Floyd as the DRIVER gets out of the car and holds the rear door open for him. Floyd looks at Sadie and Trevor. They smile and push him toward the car.

22 **EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT** 22

The Maybach glides through the night...

23 **INT. MAYBACH - NIGHT** 23

The driver eyes Floyd in the rearview...

DRIVER

What do you do, son?

FLOYD

I do comedy, sir. Stand-up.

DRIVER

(smiles)

Looks like you're on your way.

FLOYD

Yeah, we'll see about that...

DRIVER

I used to drive Mr. Flip Wilson. *

FLOYD

Oh yeah? Cool.

DRIVER

You're too young, but he was one of the black superstars of the day. *
Know what he told me once?

FLOYD

What's that?

DRIVER

Don't forget your "nigger coat."

FLOYD

What's that all about?

DRIVER

Well, way I took it is that a fella can get pretty damn comfortable living in a world that never really wanted him in the first place...

(MORE)

23 CONTINUED: 23

DRIVER (CONT'D)

but sooner or later, he's gotta go
back home, where he came from, and
he better remember to bring that
nigger coat. Know what I'm sayin'?

24 **EXT. STUDIO LOT - NIGHT** 24

The Maybach pulls up to the front gate of a massive dream
factory and rolls on through...

25 **INT. MAYBACH - NIGHT** 25

...finally pulling up in front of a massive soundstage. The
limo door pops open. A sexy young PA, JESS, leans in...

JESS

Floyd? Hi! Welcome! Wow, you're
even cuter than your pictures! I'll
be taking you to set...

Floyd looks from the beautiful young girl to the wise old
driver, who smiles at him in the rearview.

DRIVER

Good luck, young blood...
(then)
Don't forget your coat.

26 **EXT. SOUNDSTAGE - NIGHT** 26

The beautiful young assistant leads Floyd through the
swirling eddy of a busy, big-budget film crew and over to
Malcolm, Stu Beggs and Jamie Foxx himself...

All smiling and happy to see him.

Jason Gold is there too. Not quite as happy to see him.

Handshakes, hugs, pictures are snapped.

Floyd is caught between worlds, uneasy about what lies ahead.
But undeniably fucking excited.

As the soundstage door starts to close, we...

FADE OUT.

END OF PILOT