

THE E-2'S

by

Ade` Craig

Pilot Episode  
"Rosita Stone"  
10/13/15

EXT. INCHEON AIRPORT - "RUNWAY" - EVENING - 2008

A 747 PASSENGER PLANE screams through the air as it touches down on a rain soaked tarmac.

AIRPORT MONTAGE:

We cycle through a series of scenes: long queues at Starbucks, crowded DUTY FREE shops, passengers asleep on chairs, loved ones reconnecting.

CUT TO:

Egregiously long lines. The kind of lines we see on Black Friday. Only, we are not in America, we are at...

INT. KOREAN IMMIGRATION - REPUBLIC OF KOREA

Dispassionate IMMIGRATION OFFICERS sit behind booths, scrutinizing travelers and their documents. Among those entering S. Korea are Americans, Europeans, a handful of Africans and the dreaded Chinese, who are by far the thickest.

ANGLE ON A BESPECTACLED IMMIGRATION OFFICER:

Stamping a passport twice and returning it to it's owner: a tall, stylish black man named DARYL. The officer nods his head. Daryl moves along, waits on the other side with CLYDE: a light brown skin, slightly curly haired male with Indian features. To Clyde's disapproval, his friends call him 'Langston' due to his resemblance to Langston Hughes.

The officer rubs his sleepy eyes under his glasses, beckons for the next person waiting in line to come forward. Which happens to be DERRICK HAINES: short, stalky, the blackest of the trio.

IMMIGRATION BOOTH

Derrick steps up to the counter, slides his passport over to the officer. Saying nothing, the officer begins flipping through each page.

DERRICK

So how we doin' today --  
(glances at officer's name  
badge)  
-- Bruce Lee? Seriously? No way!

Officer Lee raises his head. With his small eyes he levels a look as cold as steel.

DERRICK (CONT'D)

Say no more. I'm right there with ya, Lee.

Officer Lee lets out a deep breath, continues examining the passport, only to be interrupted by Derrick's rumbling stomach.

DERRICK (CONT'D)

Whoa. Excuse me. Something in that food they served us during the flight over isn't sitting well with my stomach.

(rubs stomach)

Gonna take some time getting used to the food over here.

(glances at Lee examining passport)

Ever been to America, Lee?

(off Lee's reticence)

Yes? No? Well, whichever it is, you oughta visit. Not now, though.

Sometime later. Much later. Right now the economy's got a case of the *hiv's*.

(leans in close)

And if you ask me, she's gonna have full blown AIDS any day now. I'm talking the sequel, Lee -- AIDS 2.

(off Officer Lee's continued ignorance)

You know it's difficult holding a conversation with you constantly looking down, Lee.

OFFICER LEE

Index pinger.

DERRICK

Huh?

Officer Lee looks up annoyed that he has to deal with a chatter mouth, let alone repeat himself.

OFFICER LEE

Your index pinger.

DERRICK

My what?

OFFICER LEE

Your index pinger! Computer needs scan your index pinger.

DERRICK

Oh! My index FINGER. You said  
Pinger, but it's Finger with an F.  
Say it with me, Lee, F-I-N-G-E-R.  
Go ahead, you try.

(off officer's humorless  
expression)

No? Okay. Some other time then.

Derrick places his index finger on the scanner. He holds it there.

DERRICK (CONT'D)

No arrests here. Nope. I am a  
virgin when it comes to crime. This  
cherry's never been popped. It's a  
misconception, though, ya know,  
that us blacks are all violent. We  
ain't all criminals. We just get a  
lot of bad PR, is all. My friends  
and I, we were raised different. So  
you won't anything have to worry  
about with us in your country.

Officer Lee gives a terse smile, points to a CAMERA.

DERRICK (CONT'D)

Picture time, huh?

Officer Lee nods his head.

DERRICK (CONT'D)

Just a sec. Can't be looking  
uncivilized for the camera.

Arms crossed, Clyde and Daryl look at one another in  
disbelief as Derrick pulls out a BRUSH, takes a few passes  
across his short wavy hair. He poses for the camera, smiles.

DERRICK (CONT'D)

Ready when you're ready, Lee.

Off the FLASH we...

CUT TO:

OPENING TITLES.

THE E-2'S

FADE IN:

INT. LACES SHOE STORE - DAY - 3 WEEKS EARLIER

It's our talkative Negro again, Derrick. In a black and white pinstripe shirt with a solid black collar, and a HEADSET. He is behind the register, receipt in hand, completing an order.

DERRICK

Receipt with you or in the bag?

WHITE MALE CUSTOMER

In the bag is fine.

Derrick stuffs the receipt in the bag, hands the customer their purchase.

DERRICK

Here you go. Stop in and see us again.

WHITE MALE CUSTOMER

Thanks.

DERRICK

No. Thank you for your *patronation*.

The customer nods his head, a bit perplexed, slowly walks off. Derrick once-overs a scarcely occupied store, proudly breathes in the sweet aroma. He grabs a MICROPHONE behind the counter, clears his throat:

DERRICK (CONT'D)

Attention *Gòuwù zhe's!*

(off customers confused expressions)

That's shoppers in Chinese.

Attention *Gòuwù zhe's*, attention shoppers.... Get it? I've been teaching myself a little Chinese.

Anyway, don't forget to take advantage of our buy 2 get one free special event happening for a limited time only. And by limited, I mean this sale will be ending in approximately --

(checks his IPHONE)

-- shit... fifteen minutes. I suggest ya'll expedite your perusing. And just so you know, there is no mixing and matching whatsoever. Like for example --

(wrestles two whistles out from a jar sitting on the counter)

(MORE)

DERRICK (CONT'D)

-- you can't buy two referee whistles and expect to get a pair of hundred dollar Nike kicks for free. Wish I could, but shit don't work like that. Okay? So if anyone has any questions, don't hesitate to ask. And as always, thank you for shopping at Laces, where we keep your shoe game tight. Get it? Tight? Laces, they keep your shoes tight... That one was all me.

Derrick lets out a short chuckle before putting the microphone back under the counter. And as he does, in walks a BEAUTIFUL GIRL of Asian decent. Glowing. Radiant. Perfect.

DERRICK (CONT'D)

(to self)

What do we have here...

As Derrick moves from behind the counter, he straightens out his shirt, saunters about, pretending to tidy up when...

A FEMALE CUSTOMER, a semi-attractive mother with her slightly "soft in the head" young son, attempts to grab Derrick's attention.

FEMALE CUSTOMER

Excuse me, sir!

The mother waves her arm. Derrick spots her by MEN'S SHOES, reluctantly walks over.

DERRICK

Hello, what can I do for you?

The lady points to a SHOE on the wall.

FEMALE CUSTOMER

Could you check and see if you have this shoe in a size 8?

With his left hand under his chin and his right hand cupping his left elbow, Derrick broods over the lady's question.

DERRICK

Hmm, a size 8, you say?

FEMALE CUSTOMER

Yes. A size 8.

DERRICK

You know what, no. Now that I think about it, I don't believe we do. Sorry.

FEMALE CUSTOMER

Really? Would you mind checking in back for me? I'd really appreciate it.

(glances over at her son)

My son here really likes the shoe. Isn't that right, sweetie?

The young pitiful kid nods his head. Derrick sighs, levels a sympathetic look.

DERRICK

Sure, I'll have one of my associates take a look in back.

FEMALE CUSTOMER

Thank you. Thank you so much.

DERRICK

Not a problem.

Derrick reaches for the shoe, hesitates, faces the lady once more, has more to say.

DERRICK (CONT'D)

Ma'am, if you don't mind me asking, do you consider yourself an elephant or a jackass?

FEMALE CUSTOMER

Excuse me?

DERRICK

I realize it's taboo and a bit intrusive --

FEMALE CUSTOMER

Very intrusive, I'd say.

DERRICK

(beat)

You know what, you're right. It was very intrusive. My apologies.

Derrick grabs the shoe, speaks into the MINI MICROPHONE pinned to his shirt.

DERRICK (CONT'D)

Hey RICKEY. I got a lady here wanting the Nike Zoomtastics. Can you see if we have any in a size 8?

(to female customer)

It'll just be a second...

(listening)

(into mic)

Yeah, that's what I figured. I'll let her know. *Xiè xie*.

(to female customer)

Sorry ma'am, unfortunately we're sold out of that size.

FEMALE CUSTOMER

Aw, that's too bad.

DERRICK

Tell that to the sleepy chinks in Malaysia epoxied to their sewing machines. The world we live in...

(shakes head)

Anyway, is there anything else I can help you with?

FEMALE CUSTOMER

Uh, yeah...

(to son)

Jackson, what was the other shoe --

DERRICK

-- Alright. Thanks for shopping at Laces.

Derrick ruffles the young boy's hair, smacks the lady square on the ass. She jumps! The off guard look on her face is hard to decipher.

Derrick casually walks off toward WOMEN'S SHOES where the girl of Asian decent is browsing. Her backside faces us. She is on her tippy-toes reaching with all her might for a shoe up high. Derrick takes a moment to acknowledge her SHAPELY ASS in blue jeans. A long, salivating moment, before --

DERRICK (CONT'D)

Here, let me get that for you.

-- he swoops in. Effortlessly reaching for the SHOE in an attempt to emphasize his height. He does this without taking his eyes off the girl, whose arms are now crossed.

DERRICK (CONT'D)

We used to have one of those hook *thingies*.

(MORE)

DERRICK (CONT'D)

You know, like an extension pole.  
The old manager was an actual  
dwarf. Had no use for it, so I gave  
it to Goodwill for a tax deduction!

The Asian girl is covering her mouth, trying not to laugh at  
the fact that Derrick's arms are even shorter than hers.

DERRICK (CONT'D)

Seriously. He was a pig-fed, Nazi  
dwarf from Germany or some place.  
Living here under the alias of some  
dead Jewish guy. Midgets, dwarfs,  
gnomes, they live about as long as  
goldfish do. You probably didn't  
know that. Anyway, after he  
croaked, the managerial position  
went to *moi*.

Derrick looks up at the shoe which is clearly out of reach.

DERRICK (CONT'D)

Don't remember any shelves being up  
this high.

Derrick begins to jump.

DERRICK (CONT'D)

My associates must have added this  
row in the other day without my  
consent.

He's jumping harder now. With a running start. He's even  
starting to break a sweat if you can believe it.

ASIAN GIRL

It's okay, really. I can find a  
another shoe.

Derrick jumps again --

DERRICK

Absolutely not...

-- This time he knocks the shoe off the shelf, it falls to  
the ground. Derrick picks it up off the floor and turns his  
vision to the Asian girl wholeheartedly.

DERRICK (CONT'D)

Your heart has spoken, has it not?  
The impulses of the heart are no  
accident. And those impulses  
desires this shoe. Which is a great  
choice, I must say.

(MORE)

DERRICK (CONT'D)

95' was a very important year. For starters, it's the year I was born.

(off the girl's surprise)

I'm just messin' with you. I'm an 80's baby with a baby face. But that was the year Nike released this beautiful shoe in my hand. The Air Max 95's, which are my favorite, if you must know. I have two pair at home. One's black. Bet you can't guess the color of the other pair?

ASIAN GIRL

Uh... Blue?

DERRICK

Nope. Y-E-L-L-O-W.

Derrick laughs. The Asian girl does not.

DERRICK (CONT'D)

Now what size did you say you were?

ANGLE ON DARYL AND CLYDE ENTERING THE STORE:

They are dressed in business attire, chatting.

DARYL

Man, she's trippin on some other bullshit.

The guys check out the NEW SHOES arranged on the display rack in the front of the store.

CLYDE

Who, Gene?

DARYL

Yeah.

CLYDE

I thought ya'll broke up?

DARYL

We did.

CLYDE

Then why is she still giving you a hard time?

DARYL

That's what I'm trying to figure out.

(MORE)

DARYL (CONT'D)

She called me in the middle of the night saying she had this dream that I was with another girl. Who just so happened to have slanted eyes.

(picks up a SHOE)  
Oh these are tight!

CLYDE

Dreams are extensions of our reality. And face it, when you and Gene were dating she did catch you copulating with a girl who happened to be Asian, remember?

DARYL

She wasn't Asian. She was East Indian. And she caught me doing what? Copulating?

CLYDE

Having sex. And just so you know, geographically, East Indians are considered Asian, Daryl.

DARYL

Yeah, well, just so you know, she never let me stab. I wanted to, but I guess she was saving herself for marriage or some other worthless endeavor.

(laughs, places the SHOE back on the display rack)  
Did I ever tell you she had this big red ruby right in the middle of her forehead?

CLYDE

Wait a second, you're saying she was married?

DARYL

What? No! Didn't I just say she was saving herself? Listen man. I'm sayin' she had this fuckin' ruby right here --

(points to forehead)  
-- that I could see my reflection in whenever she addressed the president.

CLYDE

Addressed the who?

Daryl adamantly points to his crotch with both index fingers.

DARYL

The President! The nigga who gives the State of the Union address? Three hundred million people? CNN? C'mon C, I thought you were well informed?

CLYDE

Pardon my ignorance. But, did it ever occur to you that this middle eastern *leman* of yours was in fact married?

DARYL

Nope. Uh-uh. Never saw a ring.

CLYDE

Well, I'm almost certain she was. That ruby you said she had on her forehead, it's called a Bindi, Daryl. Usually worn by religious men and married women.

DARYL

You serious?

CLYDE

Have no reason to lie.

DARYL

(shakes his head)  
Fuck. That explains it. This whole time my execution was skewed.

CLYDE

Suppose you could say that... Yeah.

STOCK ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Densely packed, stacked high on shelves are hundreds of SHOE BOXES, APPAREL and other miscellaneous SPORTS EQUIPMENT. While Derrick stands on a STEP STOOL, shuffling around shoe boxes, we key in on countless ZOOMTASTIC boxes, all size 8's.

DARYL (O.S.)

(white boss voice)  
Damn it Haines! Get down from there before you cost me a Goddman *Workers Comp* claim.

Startled, Derrick loses his balance, knocks down several boxes of shoes, nearly has himself an accident. He turns, spots Daryl and Clyde dying of laughter.

DERRICK

Shit! Jesus guys... You scared the hell out of me.

CLYDE

(southern vernacular)

I believe that's precisely the way slaves in the antebellum South reacted when their *massa* caught them trying to escape North.

DERRICK

Ha ha ha. Real funny.

DARYL

Yo, I just realized, standing on that steppy stool, makes you look almost average height, D.

DERRICK

I am average height.

CLYDE

The average height among American men is 5'11".

DERRICK

I know.

Clyde and Daryl exchange skeptical looks.

CLYDE

Uh... perhaps you misheard me, the average height among --

DERRICK

I heard you just fine. Now shut up and catch this.

Derrick tosses a SHOE BOX, which is mishandled by Clyde and caught by Daryl.

DARYL

(to Clyde, eyeing hands)

Big boy hands, baby!

Clyde shakes his head as Daryl opens the box.

DARYL (CONT'D)

Yo-yo, the Airmax 95's! I got like two pair of these at the crib. Could always use a fresh pair. Good lookin' out D.

(upon further inspection)

Wait. Hold up a minute. These are size 5. I'm a size 12, you know that D. What's the deal?

Derrick steps down from the stool. Walks toward Daryl and snatches the box out of his hands.

DERRICK

There is no deal. These ain't for you. They're women's anyway. They're for this Asian girl I am helping on the floor.

(excited)

Did you guys happen to see her out there?

DARYL

You talking about the girl in the blue jeans?

DERRICK

Yeah!

CLYDE

With the long black hair?

DARYL

And the nice round, highly doable ass?

DERRICK

Pretty bizarre for an Asian girl, huh?

DARYL

She left man.

DERRICK

What?!?

CLYDE

Yup. Stormed out as we were coming in.

DERRICK

Really?

DARYL

Really. And she looked Virginia Tech pissed, too.

Clyde looks at Daryl incredulously.

DERRICK

Damn...

CLYDE

Why do you think she left?

DERRICK

I have no idea. All I did was grab a shoe off the wall for her. Then I came back here. Man, I was really hoping I could ask her some questions about Asia.

DARYL

What kind of questions?

DERRICK

General questions. You know, like why Nike chooses to have it's sweatshop in Malaysia, when it could save money on shipping costs and setup shop in Mexico, like the folks at Adidas do.

DARYL

(furrows brow)

That's a general question?

CLYDE

Derrick, how do you know she was Malaysian?

DARYL

Yeah. She could have been Vietnamese. She looked very Vietnamese to me.

DERRICK

Vietnamese, Chinese, Siamese. As long as the country of origin ends in 'ese', we're PC guys. We're good.

CLYDE

That doesn't make any sense.

DARYL  
 (to self)  
 Malayshese? Malayshinese?  
 (to Derrick)  
 You sure?

RICKEY (O.S.)  
 She's Thai.

The guys all turn around and find RICKEY, a white, pimple faced, high school senior, lacking self confidence.

RICKEY (CONT'D)  
 And she's more of a HE than a SHE.

CLYDE  
 Wow! Really?

DARYL  
 (nodding head)  
 Interesting.

DERRICK  
 No way!

RICKEY  
 Trust me, I'm not lying.

DERRICK  
 Why should we believe you?

RICKEY  
 Because she substitute taught at my  
 school this week.

DERRICK  
 And?

RICKEY  
 And, all the bathrooms were full...

CUT TO:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY - **FLASHBACK TO LAST WEEK**

We are in between periods. The halls are packed with segregated cliques. The chinks hang with the chinks. The blacks with the blacks and you get the point. JOCKS control the hall. Big burly dudes in LETTERMEN jackets pin their CHEERLEADER girlfriends against the lockers, damn near having sex. REGULAR STUDENTS weave their way through. But none as fast as Rickey who races down the hall, grabbing his lower stomach on behalf of a serious call from mother nature.

Rickey runs into the...

MEN'S BATHROOM

It's packed, full of TWEEKERS, SMOKERS and LOVERS making out. Every stall is locked. Rickey gives the URINALS consideration but they, too, are all occupied.

Rickey runs back into the...

HALL

Rickey is breathing hard now. Panicked. Turning red. Sweat is beginning to bead up on his nose and forehead. Any minute now and this reject kid is about to have himself a shitty accident. Rickey quickly makes his way toward the front of the school, where the SUPERINTENDENTS OFFICE is located.

From behind we see that Rickey is clenching his ass cheeks together tighter than a pair of vice grips. A MALE TEACHER exits the STAFF BATHROOM, grimacing, barely able to stand the pungent smell of his own shit. He nods his head at Rickey.

MALE TEACHER

Rickey.

Rickey does his best to offer up a smile. Before the door completely shuts and locks, Rickey sneaks into the...

STAFF BATHROOM

He runs into a vacant stall, drops his drawers, sits down on the toilet and releases the hounds.

Rickey's eyes roll to the back of his head as something demonic gurgles out of his body. After a moment, he breathes a sigh of relief, grabs some toilet paper and wipes his ass.

RICKEY (O.S.)

It was one of those good shits. You know the ones where you only have to wipe once or twice. But just as I was about to flush the toilet, I hear someone come into the bathroom. And I start freaking out. Because if a teacher catches a student using their bathroom, it's a mandatory suspension.

DERRICK (O.S.)

So what did you do?

RICKEY (O.S.)

I did what I had to do. I waited.

FROM INSIDE THE STALL

We can only see the TEACHER'S feet. Rickey frowns, puzzled at the sight of WOMEN'S SNEAKERS: soiled AIRMAX 95's, on what must surely be a man. He listens as the teacher locks the bathroom door, then moseys over toward the urinals.

TEACHER IN QUESTION

(women's voice in Thai)

*Damnit! I keep forgetting. We had you snipped.*

Rickey watches as the teacher's feet back away from the urinal. And as she walks pass Rickey's stall, he catches a quick glimpse of her through the crack in the stall. The Thai 'shemale' enters the stall and closes the door. Rickey bends down, peeks under the stall wall. Shortly after, a spray of urine is heard.

BACK TO:

INT. STOCK ROOM - "LACES"

After hearing Rickey's riveting story, we ANGLE ON: Derrick, dousing his eyes with saline solution after having visually salivated over a mans shapely ass. And then Clyde:

CLYDE

For the record, I'd like to rescind my previous statement about the creature in question.

DARYL

(off his friends surprise)

Why are ya'll acting all brand new? Like ya'll never had to force down lima beans as a kid at the dinner table.

CLYDE

How's that relevant to anything we're talking about?

DARYL

Look, did you enjoy having to eat lima beans when you were young?

CLYDE

No.

DARYL

Do you enjoy having to have sex with a man?

CLYDE

What!?! Daryl, I'd never have sex with a man. And besides, I'm a virgin.

DARYL

Exactly. See my point?

Everyone looks confused.

DARYL (CONT'D)

Sometimes in life you have to hold your nose, close your eyes and do things that don't necessarily taste good, but are good for you.

CLYDE

Wow...

DERRICK

Rickey, I thought you had, your, you know... issue under control.

RICKEY

My IBS? You can say it. And it is. My mom forgot to pick up my prescription from Costco.

DARYL

What name is it under? We'll pick it up on the way back from lunch.

RICKEY

I got it now. Thanks, though.

DERRICK

Speaking of lunch. Ya'll ready?

RICKEY

You're leaving?

DERRICK

You know the procedure Rick. You come in, I leave and you hold down the fort while I take a two hour lunch with my niggas.

RICKEY

But there's some lady out there with her son and a police officer asking about you.

DERRICK

Damnit! I thought she'd let bygones be bygones.

CLYDE

Bygones be bygones!?! What happened out there Derrick?

DERRICK

Nothing.

(off everyone's doubtful look)

Okay. Okay. I may have had a Walter Mitty moment and thought I was back on the gridiron.

(still everyone looks suspicious)

And I may have also smacked her on the ass. It's no big deal, really.

CLYDE

What?!

RICKEY

Oh boy...

Daryl leans in toward Derrick.

DARYL

How'd it feel?

DERRICK

Firm. You know like a fisherman's buoy.

CLYDE

You aren't helping Daryl!

(to Derrick)

Derrick this is a very big deal! You sexually harassed her!

DERRICK

Damnit, I know, I know. I mean at the time I didn't, but... Guys I fucked up. Between the Japanese shemale and everything else going on, I don't know what came over me.

RICKEY

Thai, shemale.

(off Clyde's glare)

Just saying.

CLYDE

Derrick if she pursues this, you could face felony charges! And serve prison time. Which means your plans to expatriate would be put on hold indefinitely.

RICKEY

I'm not built for prison.

DERRICK

How long is indefinitely?

DARYL

About as long as black folk keep shit on layaway.

DERRICK

That's forever...

Derrick drops his head, takes a deep breath.

CLYDE

You do realize what this all means, don't you?

(off Derrick feeling sorry  
for himself)

Derrick!

DERRICK

Yeah.

CLYDE

Well, what are you gonna do?

DERRICK

I'm thinking... Oh my God...

(short beat)

Okay I got it. Here's what we'll do. First, Rickey, I'm gonna need you to back up a bit.

Rickey slowly paces backward.

DERRICK (CONT'D)

Keep going. That's it. Keep going... Okay right there, stop.

Rickey stops framed in the OPENING which separates the stock room from the main floor.

DERRICK (CONT'D)

Now, all the disenfranchised,  
QUICK! Out the emergency exit!

Derrick leads the way, sprinting to the emergency exit, causing the ALARM to sound. Clyde and Daryl follow after, leaving Rickey alone to remedy the situation as we...

CUT TO:

INT. COMPACT CAR - "MOVING" - LATER

Daryl is behind the wheel. Clyde's in the passengers seat and Derrick is in the backseat, leaning forward over the center console. The past is the past. All heads are now bouncing up and down to the piano beat of 'I CAN' by Nas or perhaps something better. The chorus begins, the guys take it from there.

DARYL  
*I know I can --*

Daryl points to Clyde.

CLYDE  
*I know I can.*

Clyde points to Derrick.

DERRICK  
*Be what I wanna be --*

The guys repeat this pattern.

DARYL  
*Be what I wanna be.*

CLYDE  
*If I work hard at it --*

DERRICK  
*If I work hard at it.*

ANGLE ON DERRICK:

Still bouncing his head. But his vision is fixed on something outside.

DARYL (O.S.)  
*I'll be where I wanna be. You're starting us off this time D. And you better fucking kill it!*

DERRICK  
*Shit, ya'll ain't ready for these bars!*

But then, like an OLD 8-TRACK VINYL being pulled from the player, the music stops and Derrick:

DERRICK (CONT'D)

Yo, Daryl, what are you doing? You just passed it.

DARYL

Passed what?

DERRICK

Black Staple!

DARYL

Oh yeah, I know.

DERRICK

But it's Friday. We always get chicken on Friday's.

CLYDE

Yeah well, Daryl and I decided to try a different spot today. In preparation for our impending move.

DARYL

And besides, we ate chicken yesterday, D.

CLYDE

And the day before.

DARYL

And the day before that. Now that I think about it, we had chicken everyday this week.

DERRICK

And? What's the big deal? Mexicanos eat tacos todos los dias. Since Rickey started working at Laces, he's packed a grill cheese sandwich, a Capri Sun and a pack of strawberry splash Gushers for lunch every single day. I don't see why us black people can't enjoy our chicken from time to time...

CLYDE

No one said we couldn't. We just felt that it would be good to begin acclimating our palates to Asian cuisine.

DARYL  
Authentic Asian cuisine. Not like  
the *bangin* chicken fried rice we be  
ordering at Hung Lucks.

CLYDE  
Or the tender, juicy ribs.

DARYL  
Or the beefy, flavorful lo mein.

CLYDE  
Or the --

DERRICK  
Jesus! Ya'll can stop now. I get  
it! So where we going anyway?

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - MINUTES LATER

The guys are getting out of the car. Oriental music plays  
from outdoor speakers.

ANGLE ON DERRICK:

Yawning. Just waking up. Looking around at a PACKED parking  
lot. Slowly his eyes begin to widen: Behold, LUXURY ASIAN AND  
GERMAN CARS, colorful FLAGS from various Asian countries,  
scattered SHOPPING CARTS and of course, a plethora of ASIAN  
FOLK.

DERRICK  
Shit! We're here. We're in Asia!  
Where's my bags? Did you guys grab  
my bags from baggage claim? I gotta  
test my linguistic skills, *ni hao,*  
*wo ai ni, xiè xie.*  
(smells his breath)  
(grimaces)  
I need some gum first. Maybe  
they'll have some inside.

Derrick takes off. Daryl and Clyde glance at one another.

DARYL  
What do you think, should we tell  
him?

CLYDE  
(smiles, shakes head)  
Na.

FADE UP TO FIND:

A large antiquated building, with a BANNER at the top that reads, 'LEE LEE'S ASIAN MARKET.'

INT. LEE LEE'S - CONTINUOUS

We enter as Derrick charges in wide eyed. The Ming Dynastic music we heard outside continues. Derrick halts. He once overs this cathedral sized market, where large elaborate columns span from floor to ceiling and large concrete BUSTS adorn the entry way. There are sections for cold food, dry food, fish, handmade furniture, and a number of other items from the deepest corners of Asia.

DERRICK

(to self)

This place is like some kind of mythical Asian Costco or something.

Derrick closes his eyes, inhales the thick aroma of fermenting fish, spices and not to mention, garlic. Derrick reacts enthusiastically, turns to Daryl and Clyde, excited.

DERRICK (CONT'D)

Do ya'll smell that?

Daryl and Clyde are grimacing with their noses plugged.

CLYDE

Yeah.

DARYL

Unfortunately.

DERRICK

You'll grow to appreciate it.

Derrick scurries over toward his left, where a Vietnamese restaurant has a large FISH TANK for windows.

FISH TANK POV: Derrick's awed, skewed face is pressed up against the glass. Frightened, the exotic fish scatter.

DERRICK (CONT'D)

Did ya'll see that? The Asian fish scattered the moment they saw my face.

DARYL

Can you blame em?

CLYDE

Asian fish?

DERRICK

I wonder how'd they react to a  
white persons face?  
(looks around)

CLYDE

Derrick, the fish scattering like  
that is an instinctual reaction.  
Color has nothing to do with it.

And as the clarification rolls off Clyde's tongue, an ASIAN GIRL with long, flowing black hair, in the springtime of life, skips over beside Derrick. They exchange glances. She, too, presses her cream colored face up against the glass. Fish immediately gravitate toward her.

ANGLE ON A PRESUMED DEAD FISH:

Beginning to wither and squirm. Bubbles flow from it's gills.

The OWNER of the restaurant, an aged man with eyes barely open, runs out, taken aback by his fish now alive. The young girl's native Chinese parents enter the scene. Our boys watch as the elated owner bows reverently, escorts the family into the restaurant and sits them at a fine table.

Derrick turns to Clyde for an explanation.

DERRICK

How do you explain that, Langston?

CLYDE

Easily. The young girl was rather cute, and you my friend, well, you are the antithesis of anything pleasing to the eyes.

DARYL

Damn.

CLYDE

And since you haven't yet figured it out, this isn't Asia. And my name is not LANGSTON!

DARYL

C'mon C, chill out.

CLYDE

No. It was quite comical at first, but he needs to know the truth. And the truth is, we're still in LA.

(MORE)

CLYDE (CONT'D)

This is an Asian market, in  
AMERICA! The land where you shoot  
first, then lawyer up.

Derrick looks at Daryl for something, anything.

DARYL

Sorry D. It's true.

DERRICK

No. I don't believe you. You're  
lying. Both of you! This is Asia!  
It has to be. This is exactly how I  
envisioned it in my dreams.

Derrick looks around. Runs into the restaurant.

CLYDE

You can't run from the truth  
Derrick!

INT. VIETNAMESE RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

We enter a serene atmosphere with soft music playing. There are plenty of PATRONS, some on lunch break from work, all enjoying a good meal. Business is good... But then Derrick charges in, alarmed. He once-overs the MAIN FLOOR, spots the family at their TABLE. Derrick weaves through tables, runs into a few, offers terse apologies for causing unrest, continues toward...

THE YOUNG GIRL'S TABLE

An Asian WAITER is taking orders, but is *shooed* away by Derrick, who respectfully bows before the parents.

DERRICK

*Konichiwa.*

The parents turn to one another, bewildered. Derrick then steps before the young girl, drops to one knee. And with Daryl and Clyde taking everything in, Derrick begins speaking in what he believes to be accurate **Chinese**:

DERRICK (CONT'D)

(English subtitled)

*In my deepest dreams, never did I  
envisage meeting you like this. You  
are beautiful Chung Lee. I hope I  
can call you that. You should know  
that E. Honda is not right for you.  
He is a large brute who desperately  
needs to put on some clothes.*

(MORE)

DERRICK (CONT'D)

*Chung Lee, when I rest my eyes on your taut skin, your long silky hair and your small, yet still developing juvenile breasts, I must say that all this causes my penis to become rigid and my pants to tighten.*

(glances back at Daryl and Clyde)

*Those two 'unlit' men you see over there believe that my thinking is flawed. But I believe they are the ones who are flawed. Tell them Chung Lee, tell them that they are wrong and that you yearn to be bitten by my snake as much as I desire to inject you with my venom.*

Derrick isn't just looking into "Chung Lee's" eyes, he is looking into her soul.

ANGLE ON THE YOUNG GIRLS PARENTS:

SHOCK and RAGE coat their faces.

FATHER

(broken English)

You son of bitch!

The young girl turns to her parents.

YOUNG GIRL

(native English)

Mom, dad, I don't understand. What did he say?

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

With their heads down, having severely *effed* up, Daryl, Derrick and Clyde speed walk back to their car.

DERRICK

Maybe we should walk faster.

DARYL

What the fuck, D!

CLYDE

What the hell did you say to the little girl?

DERRICK  
Nothing bad.

DARYL  
It couldn't have been good.

DERRICK  
I just told her how I knew this had to be Asia but that you guys kept insisting it wasn't.

CLYDE  
That's all you said?

DERRICK  
Yeah.

DARYL  
Then why does Mr. Miyagi back there have that, 'I'm gonna kill you and smile while I slowly eat you for dinner look' in his eyes?

In the bg, by the entryway, the OWNER, the WAITER and the WIFE try to restrain the rabid, expletive spewing FATHER.

DERRICK  
Shit if I know!

The guys run up to the car.

CLYDE  
What language program did you say you were using again?

DERRICK  
(Spanish accent)  
Rosita Stone.

Clyde gets in on the passenger side. Derrick hops in the back.

DARYL  
Rosita who?

Daryl is the last to get in, and as he does, we...

CUT TO:

INT. COMPACT CAR - MOVING - MOMENTS LATER

Daryl is behind the wheel with his head against the headrest, catching his breath. The coast is now clear.

CLYDE

What the hell is Rosita Stone,  
Derrick?

DARYL

Yeah, don't you mean Rosetta Stone?

DERRICK

No. Rosita Stone. It's like the generic version of Rosetta Stone. Like sometimes my mom will buy the store version bacon instead of the butcher's cut, well, I picked up six cassette tapes of Rosita stone for only five bucks. That's like an *eighty-eth* of what Rosetta Stone costs. I try to live my life with frugality. Ya'll should really do the same.

DARYL

Wait, hold on a minute.  
(glances into rearview  
mirror)  
Cassette tapes, D? Do you even have a cassette player?

DERRICK

I do now. On account of my ambition to linguistically expand my horizons, Mr. Garcia's wife, Rosita herself, threw in a cassette player at no extra charge.

CLYDE

That's great n' all, but more importantly, who is Mr. Garcia and where did you find this Rosita Stone at anyway?

DERRICK

The flea market. The place where one man's trash is another man's treasure. My pops used to always say that when we went shopping for clothes.

CUT TO:

EXT. FLEA MARKET - DAY - **FLASHBACK TWO WEEKS AGO**

A small walkway for shoppers separates vendor booths erected on either side. Men and woman. The old and young.

The ugly and the not so ugly, sell everything from USED CLOTHES to SHAVED ICE.

DERRICK (O.S.)

Do you have anything like books or CD's or something for learning Asian languages?

VENDOR BOOTH

Sitting behind a table strewn with an array of items, are TWO LATINO vendors, a HUSBAND and WIFE duo. Obviously looking at Derrick and his younger brother, DIMITRIUS(10), who stand on the opposite side.

Spanish dialogue in **bold type**.

HUSBAND

(leans over toward his wife)

**What is the black man asking for?**

WIFE

**I don't know.**

ANGLE ON A KID, A "YOUNG MUCHACHO":

All his attention focused on a HANDHELD GAME.

MUCHACHO

(to parents)

**He wants to know if we have anything to help him learn how to speak Asian?**

The husband and wife think for a minute. The husband then looks to his son.

HUSBAND

**Muchacho, tell the black man that while I was working for Nike in Malaysia that your mother, Rosita, taught herself how to speak Chinese. Tell him that everything she learnt, she recorded on six cassette tapes. Tell the black man that if he would like, we will sell him all six tapes. Go on, tell the black man.**

MUCHACHO

(to Derrick)

My father said that he has some cassette tapes that you can use to study with. He said he can sell them to you, if you want.

Derrick's eyes widen.

DERRICK

Really? Wow that's great. How much?

MUCHACHO

(to father)

**The black man wants to know how much?**

HUSBAND

**Tell him that they are his for only five dollars.**

MUCHACHO

(to Derrick)

He said they are yours for five dollars.

DERRICK

Tell your father that it's a deal!

BACK TO:

INT. COMPACT CAR - MOVING

Derrick gazes out the window, thoughts reminiscent of the flea market.

DERRICK

You know, Mexicans are decent people. I don't understand why they get so much heat...

Daryl and Clyde shake their heads as Derrick's cell begins to ring. Derrick puts the phone up to his ear.

We INTERCUT between Derrick and Rickey at Laces --

DERRICK (CONT'D)

Hello.

(listening)

Yo, what up Rick. How's things at the store?

Rickey is ducking down beneath the register using the company phone to speak to Derrick. His right hand covers part of the phone.

RICKEY  
(whispering)  
How soon can you get back here?

DERRICK  
Should be there in about five minutes. Is everything alright?

RICKEY  
Uh, well that all depends.

Rickey glances up over the counter.

ANGLE ON THE SEMI-ATTRACTIVE MOTHER:

Held lovingly by a large, burly man: A POLICE OFFICER, who also happens to be her husband.

INT. LACES - "MANAGER'S OFFICE" - LATER

A small, converted storage room has POSTERS of: incentive programs, perks for ratting on your thieving co-workers and of course, anti-drug posters. Derrick sits behind his desk. The officer, his teary-eyed, victimized wife and son, sit opposite.

DERRICK  
So first of all, I would just like to say that on behalf of Laces, we apologize for what transpired here earlier. We here at Laces have a zero tolerance policy for sexual harassment of any kind. And I assure you that the perpetrators will be dealt with accordingly.

Derrick glances down where a SCRIPT lies on his lap. He then folds his hands, looks up at the family and smiles.

DERRICK (CONT'D)  
Now that we have that in order, is there anything else I can do for you?

OFFICER/HUSBAND  
Actually, yeah, there is.

DERRICK  
Anything. You name it.

OFFICER/HUSBAND

First, myself, along with my wife feel that after the grotesque disregard for a women's body, my wife's temple, that took place here today, you owe us the shoes my son wanted, at no charge of course. And we know you have em in a size 8. That pimple faced, suicidal kid you got working here ratted you out.

DERRICK

(to self)

Damnit Rickey.

(to officer)

Yes, of course. Consider it done.

Anything else?

The wife leans over and whispers into her husband's ear. The husband nods his head, takes a deep breath, clears his throat.

OFFICER/HUSBAND

You married?

DERRICK

(chuckles)

No sir. I'm what you would call a catch. Still weighing my options.

OFFICER/HUSBAND

Well, let's get one thing straight, I love my wife. You understand?

DERRICK

Yes sir. You love your wife, I understand.

OFFICER/HUSBAND

She's the best thing that's ever happened to me.

The officer leans over to kiss his wife. The wife pulls away.

OFFICER/HUSBAND (CONT'D)

One kiss? No?

(off wife shaking her head)

Alright...

(to Derrick)

So where were we?

DERRICK

You were saying how your wife is the best thing that's ever happened to you.

OFFICER/HUSBAND

Oh yeah. Thanks. And that's why --

The wife puts her hands over her son's ears.

OFFICER/HUSBAND (CONT'D)

-- I'm okay with her wanting to have sex with a nigger.

Derrick nearly swallows his tongue.

DERRICK

Come again?

OFFICER/HUSBAND

If you want what happened here today to blow over like Katrina, I suggest you figure out a way to make this happen. If not, you ain't going to jail. Uh-uh. Jail's too easy. And besides, you strike me as the kind who'd enjoy *zoom zoom's* and *wham wham's* in the morning.

DERRICK

Aren't they those little chocolate cakes they sell at 7-Eleven?

OFFICER/HUSBAND

They're snacks all right. But they ain't bought. They're taken by brute force. But like I said, prison is too easy. I'll do something much worse. I'll get Leviticus on your ass. You ever graced the pages of Leviticus?

DERRICK

I have. Favorite book in the bible.

OFFICER/HUSBAND

As it should be.

DERRICK

As it is.

OFFICER/HUSBAND

Then you know I mean business.

DERRICK  
Yes sir. I do.

OFFICER/HUSBAND  
Good.

DERRICK  
Then I guess the only order of  
business left to discuss is when  
and where your wife and I will, you  
know...

Still covering her son's ears, the wife whispers into her  
husband's ears once more.

OFFICER/HUSBAND  
(to wife)  
Okay. Got it.  
(to Derrick)  
My wife said not you nigger. She  
wants the other nigger. The tall,  
stylish one. Your friend.

Shocked, Derrick emphatically says:

DERRICK  
Daryl?

Off the sound of rattling keys, we...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DARYL'S STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

Darkness peels back as a door opens. Daryl enters his  
apartment, mail in one hand, keys in the other. He turns on  
the light. Outside of a few labeled boxes, a small sofa, a  
coffee table and a lamp, the place is pretty bare. It's neat,  
though.

Daryl drops the mail on the coffee table. It scatters as he  
walks off into the...

KITCHEN

Daryl opens the refrigerator. Inside there is: a half bottle  
of coke, old Chinese take out, some water and a six pack of  
beer. Off Daryl reaching for the beer, we...

CUT TO:

## LIVING ROOM

Daryl takes a load off on the sofa. He looks fatigued. Devoid of enthusiasm, as if his well of life springs only from his friends. Daryl gulps his beer, sets it on the table, then takes the mail in hand. To the side, he begins tossing everything; bills, junk mail, until he comes upon an ENVELOPE addressed from a SYLVESTER HUTCHINS, LOUISIANA STATE PENITENTIARY. Daryl's cellphone starts vibrating, but he continues to eye the envelope with the kind of anger that he's bottled up for years. Daryl then digs into his pocket for his phone, discards the envelope with the rest of the junk and takes the call.

DARYL  
(into phone)  
Hello?

CUT TO:

## INT. DERRICK'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The faint sound of a television, along with adult laughter is audible. But that's somewhere else. We are with Derrick, his back faces us. He is at his desk most likely bought from the flea market, lonesomely basking in the excitement of having just received his PASSPORT.

DERRICK  
(into phone)  
I got it! I'm holding it right now.

We INTERCUT between Derrick and Daryl now reclining back on his sofa --

DARYL  
Your passport?

DERRICK  
Yessir!

DARYL  
Congrats.

DERRICK  
Preciate it. Preciate it  
(glances at the info page)  
Says it doesn't expire til 2018.

DARYL  
Yeah. Mine doesn't expire until  
2017 I think. Or somethin' like  
that. One step closer, my man.

Out of nowhere, Derrick's joy starts to dissipate...

DERRICK

... Yup.

A silent moment passes between the two.

DARYL

He didn't say anything, did he?

DERRICK

Wasn't like I was expecting him to.

DARYL

Sorry, D...

DERRICK

Fuck it. My passport's good for ten years. You still got nine years left on yours. Let's just stay over there. What we got to come back to anyway?

DIMITRIUS (O.S.)

Me...

Derrick glances back over his shoulder. It's Dimitrius. He's been standing by the door, eavesdropping the entire time.

DIMITRIUS (CONT'D)

You're leaving me.

DERRICK

(sighs)

DT. I didn't mean --

Dimitrius runs off.

DERRICK (CONT'D)

Dimitrius! Dimitrius!

(into phone)

Yo, let me call you back.

Derrick ends the call, gets up, goes after his brother.

DIMITRIUS'S ROOM

The door is ajar. Derrick knocks anyway.

DERRICK

Mind if I come in?

Derrick eases his way in to find a woebegone Dimitrius, sitting on the edge of his BED with his head sunken down low. Derrick sits down beside his brother.

DIMITRIUS

You lied.

DERRICK

DT, now you know that's not true.

DIMITRIUS

You did. You said you would never leave me and now you're leaving.

DERRICK

I'm not leaving you Dimitrius. I'm just taking a little vacation for a while. I'll be back.

DIMITRIUS

On the phone you said you wanted to stay there. Is that true?

DERRICK

No. No, it's not true. I was just thinking out loud. You know I'm always saying stuff.... DT, look at me. Look at me.

(off Dimitrius slowly  
looking at Derrick)

I signed a contract. But it's only for one year. And once that's up, that's it. I'll come back.

DIMITRIUS

You promise?

DERRICK

I promise.... Unless I find a girl who's desperate enough --

Dimitrius frowns, pouts, turns away.

DERRICK (CONT'D)

DT, I'm playing. I was just playing.

(off Dimitrius turning  
back around)

I promise. I promise I'll write. I promise I'll call. And most importantly, I promise I'll be back.

Dimitrius sticks out his pinky.

DIMITRIUS  
Pinky swear promise.

DERRICK  
What? C'mon DT. You're too old for  
that shit. How about a fist pound  
promise?

Dimitrius smiles in tacit agreement. Balls his hand into a fist. As the two fists collide, we...

CUT TO:

INT. CLINIC - "WAITING ROOM" - DAYS LATER

ANGLE ON: A set of masculine hands wrapped around a feminine hand clutching a tissue. Sobbing is heard.

WIDEN TO SEE: A YOUNG WHITE COUPLE, red eyed, plagued by worry and some other dreadful malady. They are waiting for their names to be called, just as Derrick, Daryl, Clyde and throngs of OTHERS are. As they wait, Derrick reads a POSTER on the wall that says:

DERRICK  
Everyday in America, 10,000 teens  
catch a sexually transmitted  
disease. Fuck. It's a good thing  
I'm not a teenager anymore.

Daryl laughs.

DARYL  
It's a good thing you're ugly.

CLYDE  
We all know the best method to not  
becoming a statistic is to abstain  
from any sort of sexual relations.

DARYL  
Says who?

CLYDE  
Says --

PHYSICIAN (O.S.)  
-- Elaine Kendall.

The guys turn their attention to...

The young, teary eyed, white couple standing to their feet. They stagger toward a female PHYSICIAN, clip board in hand, standing framed in a DOORWAY which leads to the back.

PHYSICIAN (CONT'D)  
 Elaine Kendall?  
 (off the girls head nod)  
 This way, please.

The physician leads the couple away.

DERRICK  
 Shit. Did you see how hard she was  
 crying? I wonder what happened...

DARYL  
 Bet it wasn't good.

CLYDE  
 Poetic justice.

DERRICK  
 Poetic Justice? You mean the movie  
 with Janet Jackson, Regina King and  
 RIP Pac?

Clyde looks at Daryl as if to say, 'really?'

DARYL  
 Gotta love D.

CLYDE  
 No Derrick. What I mean by poetic  
 justice is, the girl probably  
 engaged in risky behavior and is  
 now paying for it. Haven't you ever  
 heard the saying, 'you reap what  
 you sow'?

DERRICK  
 Uh-uh.

CLYDE  
 "You've made your bed, now lie in  
 it?"

DERRICK  
 Nope.

CLYDE  
 What about --

PHYSICIAN #2 (O.S.)  
 Langston... Hughes?

ANGLE ON FEMALE PHYSICIAN #2:

Standing by the door, reading from her chart with a confused visage.

PHYSICIAN #2 (CONT'D)  
That can't be right.

Derrick and Daryl laugh out loud.

CLYDE  
How the hell...

PHYSICIAN #2  
Is there a Langston Hughes waiting  
to be seen?

Clyde raises his hand.

CLYDE  
Here. But my name is actually Clyde  
Barker, not Langston Hughes. I have  
no idea how that name got on your  
list.

PHYSICIAN #2  
Clyde Barker you say?

CLYDE  
Yes.

PHYSICIAN #2  
(checks list)  
I don't see that name on my list.

CLYDE  
That's cause my idiotic friends  
here somehow changed it.  
(turns to Daryl and  
Derrick)  
Thanks guys.

The physician eyes Clyde skeptically.

PHYSICIAN #2  
I'm going to need to see some  
identification.

CLYDE  
Yeah, sure.

Clyde digs into his pocket, pulls out his wallet and removes his DRIVERS LICENSE. He hands it to the physician.

PHYSICIAN #2

Sit back down and wait while I verify that you are who you say you are.

CLYDE

What? But I swear I am who I say I am. Just look at the picture on my ID. It's me.

PHYSICIAN #2

Or, you can always reschedule. Judging by the looks of things, I'm sure we can fit you in sometime next month.

DARYL

Better sit back down, Langston.

DERRICK

(taps empty chair)  
Yeah. Got a nice warm seat right here for ya, Langston.

Clyde sighs. Turns around, sits back down and folds his arms, very perturbed. Daryl and Derrick can't help but to laugh.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RECRUITERS OFFICE - DAYS LATER

Derrick and Daryl are seated side by side, in the kind of office chairs reserved for clients. They each are flipping through a PACKET OF PAPERS when Clyde enters in through the DOOR behind them, rubbing his stomach.

CLYDE

Sorry about that. Had a little too much milk of magnesia this morning.

Clyde takes a seat beside Derrick. Receives his own PACKET from the outstretched hand of their Recruiter, LEANNE(29): A beautiful, finely crafted white woman with brunette hair.

LEANNE

Here you go Clyde.

CLYDE

Why thank you Leanne.

Leanne smiles professionally, sits back down behind her desk. She crosses her silky legs ladylike in accordance with her tight skirt. She leans back in her chair and opens a thick MANILA FOLDER.

LEANNE

I can't believe how fast time is flying by. Bet you guys are excited. I know I am.

DARYL

Very.

DERRICK

Can't wait.

CLYDE

I believe the more apt word is titillated.

Clyde levels an awkward look with Leanne. Leanne smiles.

LEANNE

Titillated. Alright.  
(looks through folder)  
How about we begin with you Derrick?

DERRICK

(arranges his packet)  
*Haojiu bujian.*

LEANNE

I'm sorry?

DERRICK

*Haojiu bujian...* C'mon, stop playin girl. I know you know what that means.

(off Leanne's non-playful look)

Seriously? Wow. For someone who's lived in Asia as long as you have, I figured you'd realize that I said 'yes' in Chinese. Guess not everyone can be a linguist.

(to the guys, points thumb at Leanne)

Talk about false advertisement, huh?

LEANNE

Perhaps I wasn't clear initially. You're going to South Korea, Derrick. All of you are. Not China.

DERRICK

(to Daryl and Clyde)

See, now she's playin' with us.

(MORE)

DERRICK (CONT'D)  
 South K-O-R-E-A... Never heard of  
 it.

DARYL  
 A lot of the forks in my crib say  
 Korea on the back of em.

CLYDE  
 Let me get this straight, all this  
 time you've been studying Chinese  
 because you thought we were going  
 to China?

DARYL  
 Chinese is the world's second most  
 spoken language. Can't hurt to  
 know.

LEANNE  
 That's correct. I'm impressed  
 Daryl.

DARYL  
 Thank you.

Leanne levels a 'not so' professional look with Daryl.

DERRICK  
 (to Clyde)  
 Wait, she's serious?

CLYDE  
 Yeah Derrick. She's serious. We're  
 going to South Korea.

DERRICK  
 But everything I've learnt...

LEANNE  
 Which apparently isn't much. *Haojiu  
 bujian* means, *long time no see*, not  
 'yes'.

DERRICK  
 Fuckin Rosita.

LEANNE  
 Shall we move along?

CLYDE  
 Please.

LEANNE

Derrick and Clyde, you two have both been placed at schools located in, *Guri*. Derrick you will be teaching at Guri Middle School. Clyde you'll be around the corner at Guri High School.

CLYDE

Can you tell us what the city's like?

LEANNE

It's clean. Quaint. There's only about 200,000 people which is nice compared to how crowded Asia can be. Let me see, I remember there being a few parks. Plenty of places to shop and eat. There's bars and a few clubs downtown. Even though the city has a small expat presence, I think you two will enjoy it very much.

DERRICK

So how do you say it again, *Gory*?

Leanne covers her mouth, holds back her laughter.

LEANNE

Uh-uh. It's pronounced, *Goori*. You have to roll the 'r'. *Goori*.

Derrick's attempts to pronounce the name are futile.

DERRICK

Gorry. *Gory*. *Goory*. *Cory*

LEANNE

Think of the word *cutie*...

CLYDE

(creepish smile at Leanne)  
That's what your name should be.

LEANNE

But instead of a 'c', pronounce it with a 'g'. *Goori*. You try.

CLYDE

*Goori*.

LEANNE

Nice Clyde.

CLYDE

Thank you.

LEANNE

Derrick.

All of a sudden the sound of HEAVY SNORING is audible.

ANGLE ON DERRICK:

Knocked out, his head pointed at the ceiling with drool dangling out of his mouth. Daryl nudges Derrick.

DARYL

Man wake up!

Derrick snaps back to reality, looks around.

DERRICK

She told me to!

Daryl and Clyde shakes their heads in embarrassment.

LEANNE

(short beat)

In any event, all this information can be found inside your packets.

(looks at folder)

Moving on to you, Daryl. I'm not exactly sure how this happened. Inexperienced teachers usually never get positions like the one you got. But you lucked out. It looks like you will be teaching English to student athletes at Ilsan University in Ilsan city.

DARYL

(excited)

Say what? I'm gonna be a professor?

DERRICK

Wait a minute...

CLYDE

How in the hell did he get placed at a university and not me? I graduated summa cum laude! Daryl barely graduated.

DARYL

(to Clyde)

Ey man, I had a lot of mouths to feed.

LEANNE

Mr. Kim who heads the language department at the university is an avid basketball fan. He saw that Daryl had collegiate basketball experience on his resume and was very excited.

CLYDE

Unbelievable.

Daryl laughs, rubs his good fortune in Clyde's face.

DARYL

Believe it, bra.

LEANNE

There's only one drawback with living in Ilsan.

DARYL

What's a little fly in the ointment when you get to teach college students.

LEANNE

The DMZ.

DARYL

The what?

DERRICK

She meant to say DMX.  
(rapper voice)  
*Arrf Arrf, Where my dogs at!*

CLYDE

(to Derrick)  
No she didn't, you idiot. The DMZ.  
It's the demarcation line separating communist North Korea from the South.

LEANNE

Exactly. Heaven forbid, but if a war was to ever break out, you'd be right in the middle of it all Daryl.

Daryl shrugs his shoulders.

DARYL

I've been in the middle of a war  
all my life. What's one more  
battle?

A silence fills the room, until:

LEANNE

Alright then. I believe we covered  
everything. Wait a minute. Before  
you guys head out of here let me  
just double check that I got  
everything I need to process your  
visas.

Leanne opens a large sized envelope on her desk.

LEANNE (CONT'D)

(begins pulling items out)  
Okay so I got passports. Resumes.  
Photos. The clinic sent over your  
health screenings this morning. Oh  
that's right, Clyde...

CLYDE

Yes my dear.

Leanne glances up at Clyde.

LEANNE

There was a small irregularity  
found within your urine.

CLYDE

Irregularity? What kind of  
irregularity?

LEANNE

Nothing major. Just a teeny,  
tiny... venereal irregularity.

CLYDE

What?? Impossible! That can't be  
right.

LEANNE

(reads from file)  
It says so here. Do you think the  
lab technicians could have made a  
mistake?

DARYL

Yeah Clyde, are you saying licensed professionals somehow mixed your results with that of someone else's?

Clyde responds adamantly.

CLYDE

Uh yeah! That's exactly what I'm saying! It most likely happened when you two A-holes changed the name on my file and confused the physician. Leanne, I'm as clean as a white newborn baby.

(to Derrick and Daryl)

Tell her guys. You know I'm still a

--

Daryl and Derrick wait for it...

DERRICK

-- still a what Langston?

Leanne waits as well. Clyde clears his throat, pauses...

CLYDE

Still married. To my high school sweetheart. Miss Long Beach. Who was untouched at the time, I might add. Until ultimately her and I engaged in some carnal activities. All sorts of nasty stuff...

LEANNE

You're married Clyde?

CLYDE

I was. But now I'm divorced. As of yesterday. Kid free, though. So not to worry, I am ready and willing.

Leanne laughs.

LEANNE

I deal with clients all the time in similar situations like yours. Arranging to have one's family expatriate with them is really quite normal.

(glances at folder)

So let's do this. Clyde, how about we schedule another appointment to have your health screened.

(MORE)

LEANNE (CONT'D)

A good friend of mine is one of the primary physicians over at Mercy Clinic. He'll be able to squeeze you in today, no problem. How does that sound?

CLYDE

Sounds good. But perhaps you should accompany me this time. Stand in the room. Hold my hand. Reassure me that a repeat mistake doesn't happen.

Leanne laughs.

LEANNE

That won't be necessary. He's good.

Clyde leans back in his chair, disappointed. Leanne leans over on her desk, interlocks her fingers.

LEANNE (CONT'D)

Well guys, as soon as I receive Clyde's clean bill of health, I'll send away for your visas to be processed and then that's that. The only thing left to do will be to pack your bags, do a little shopping if need be, book your tickets and then say your good-byes. Before you know it, America will just be a distant memory. Any questions?

The guys shake their heads, murmur 'no'. The magnitude of the trip is starting to sink in.

LEANNE (CONT'D)

Alright then. You'll be hearing from me as soon as your visas arrive which should be in about four days. Have a great day gentlemen.

The guys stand to their feet, shuffle out the door. But before Daryl is able to exit...

LEANNE (CONT'D)

Daryl?

... he turns around. Clyde and Derrick are already out of the picture.

DARYL

Yeah?

As Leanne slowly approaches Daryl:

LEANNE

You're not going to just walk out without honoring your side of the agreement, are you?

CUT TO:

MOMENTS LATER

A loud commotion: staplers, pens, pencils, thumbtacks, they all fall to the floor. Blindly knocked off the desk by LEANNE who is positioned on top, moaning. Her legs are open, blouse, too. There is no bra covering her shapely breasts. She is grimacing, sucking in air through clenched teeth while one hand grips the edge of the desk for balance. The other, is atop Daryl's head, which is wedged in between her legs. As Leanne spasm, Daryl comes up for a quick breath of air.

DARYL

You know us black guys don't usually do this.

LEANNE

So I've heard. Nor do they get good jobs teaching at universities. Now less talking and more of what you were just doing.

(checks watch)

My next appointment will be walking in any minute.

(off Daryl hitting the spot)

Jesus, yes! There, right there!

As Leanne cries out to the Lord Almighty, we...

TRANSITION TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

We come into a very quiet bedroom. Peaceful. Far from nice, but with the sort of touch that only a woman can offer. The furniture: the dresser, the night stand, the bed where someone lies asleep in, they are all antiquated, flea market treasures. On the wall, a large CROSS has been mounted. Below it, hangs a WEDDING PHOTO of RANDALL and CLAUDETTE HAINES, 25 years ago in the heyday of their lives.

Suddenly, an ALARM CLOCK sounds.

DROP DOWN TO THE BED:

A body squirms languidly beneath covers. Gradually the covers are rolled back. It's Randall from the photo, in a wife beater and plaid boxers. He leans up, sits on the edge of the bed and sulks in his own daze. He is a man who knows dread all too well. Another graveyard shift is what he must be lamenting. Oddly, he lets the alarm continue to buzz, until Claudette, dressed business casual walks into the room, purse in hand, having just got home from work.

CLAUDETTE

I don't understand how you can just sit there with that thing buzzing in your ear.

Claudette moves over to the night stand, shuts off the alarm.

ANGLE ON THE DIGITAL CLOCK: 6:45

Randall breathes a hard breath while Claudette unwinds.

CLAUDETTE (CONT'D)

Do you want to eat before you go in? I can whip something up for you.

RANDALL

I'll grab something on the way.

CLAUDETTE

Are you sure?

RANDALL

I don't know anymore...

Claudette looks at Randall sympathetically, crawls on the bed, gets behind her husband and begins massaging his neck.

CLAUDETTE

What's bothering my hardworking husband?

Randall lowers his head, moans.

RANDALL

You know you could end wars with those hands.

Claudette chuckles.

CLAUDETTE

Well these hands had a very long day and will tire shortly.

(MORE)

CLAUDETTE (CONT'D)

So you're going to have to come out with it.

RANDALL

Come out with what? You already know.

CLAUDETTE

Does it have anything to do with our son?

RANDALL

Depends on which boy you're talking about.

CLAUDETTE

I'm talking about our young man, Derrick.

RANDALL

I just don't understand where his mind's at. What's there to see in Asia that the boy can't see here? Drive 30 minutes East and you're in downtown Chinatown. Have at it.

CLAUDETTE

You're still on that? Randall sweetie, you need to let it go. He's a man now. Fully capable of making his own decisions about how he wants to live his life.

RANDALL

Well being a man doesn't always mean you know what's best. For Christ's sake Claudette, I'll be 57 this year. I work 80 hours a week at a job I can't stand because I have to. I like to think I've been a man for a long time, but then I still don't know what's right.

CLAUDETTE

I'll tell you what's right... You working as hard as you do for your family. That's right. It hasn't been easy, but we've raised two fine boys, Randall. One's a man whether you truly believe it or not, who isn't strung out on drugs or locked up. Who's college educated. Those are things to be thankful for.

RANDALL

I know. But what --

CLAUDETTE

-- I'm not finished. Then there is Dimitrius, our little genius who thinks the world of his older brother. Wants to follow in his footsteps. What more can you ask for?

RANDALL

For him to keep his ass put.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR - "THE SPOT" - LATER NIGHT

Under low light, darkened by cigarette smoke, we see a JAZZ BAND on stage playing a smooth number. Several people patronage the bar, drinking, laughing, conversing. High tables are position throughout. Derrick, Clyde and Daryl occupy one of these high tables. They are chasing down shots of hard liquor with cheap beer.

DARYL

D, your pops is old school, man. For OG's like him, it's an accomplishment just making it through high school alive.

CLYDE

I agree. The idea of seeing the world probably hasn't once broached his mind. You must understand that for him, it's all about survival than living, if that makes sense.

DERRICK

You guys, it's not like I'm asking for money or for him to buy me a fucking plane ticket. All I want is some Goddamn support! Take care out there son. Let's Skype often. Maybe a little advice with women. I don't think that's too much to ask for, shit. We leave the day after tomorrow and I would be fucking shocked if we said goodbye to each other.

DARYL

At least your pops takes care of little D and your mom.

(MORE)

DARYL (CONT'D)

He may not be what you want, but he does what he knows to be right. Mine on the other hand, well, ya'll already know.

CLYDE

No we don't know. Enlighten us, Daryl. What is it like to still have a father walking this earth? All it takes is for you to forgive. Open one of those letters he's been writing you every week since we were in junior high. Read his words. See what he's thinking. Give him a chance.

DARYL

For what? So he can tell me how sorry he is for destroying my life? Oh that's right, I forgot, he destroyed three lives. Shit, I'd rather pass.

CLYDE

Yeah, you would pass. Must be nice having a choice.

Clyde downs his shot, no chaser. He raises his arm, beckons over a FEMALE WAITRESS. As the waitress approaches:

FEMALE WAITRESS

Another round guys?

CLYDE

Please.

TRANSITION TO:

INT. LACES - NEXT DAY

Derrick enters the shoe store hung-over, reeking of alcohol and confusion. Rickey is already on the floor assisting customers. As Derrick sloppily makes his way to the back we...

ANGLE ON RICKEY:

Excusing himself from a customer. He quickly catches up to Derrick, cuts off his forward progress.

RICKEY

(covers nose)

Smells like someone had a rough night...

DERRICK  
You don't know the half of it.

RICKEY  
You okay?

DERRICK  
I'm fine.

Derrick side steps Rickey and heads back.

RICKEY  
Hey, I wouldn't go back there if I were you.

DERRICK  
Good thing you aren't me.

RICKEY  
You can say that again.

STOCK ROOM

Derrick weaves his way through PALETTES of FREIGHT toward the...

MANAGER'S OFFICE

The door is ajar. Derrick pushes it open to find:

DERRICK  
BOBBY??

The real manager. Who isn't a dwarf, nor a Nazi. But is rather sick with blood shot eyes and a vicious cough.

DERRICK (CONT'D)  
What are you doing here? I didn't expect to see you back so soon.

BOBBY  
Well, despite being on my death bed, it's a manager's duty to take action when he is informed that one of our few customers was sexually accosted a few weeks ago by a Laces employee.

DERRICK  
Yeah, about that...

BOBBY  
You're fired, Derrick.

DERRICK

What? Why?

BOBBY

Why? I'll tell you why. Sales have gone to runny dog shit. We've been in the red for months and as you know, Laces has a zero tolerance policy when it comes to sexual harassment. This is the last thing Laces needs.

DERRICK

She didn't press any charges, though. We worked it out.

BOBBY

I heard. And to be honest, I'm astonished. How in the world did someone with your lack of rudimentary knowledge convince her not to press any charges? I checked the inventory. We're missing a pair of Zoomtastics. Did you bribe her with a fuckin' shoe?

DERRICK

Maybe she really loves her son. You know, like the mother in Forrest Gump.

(southern vernacular)

'Boy, your mama must sure care about your education'.

BOBBY

What the hell does that mean?

DERRICK

Nothing.

BOBBY

Just gimme your keys. It's probably best I didn't know anyway.

(off Derrick's hesitation)

Your keys, Derrick!

Derrick reaches into his pocket, hands over the KEYS as we...

CUT TO:

INT. CUBICLE - OFFICE - SAME DAY

As Daryl gathers loose paper on his desk, he discovers an UNOPENED ENVELOPE.

Just like the last, it's from Sylvester Hutchins, Louisiana State Penitentiary. Daryl stares, grits his teeth at the letter.

MALE COLLEAGUE (O.S.)

Today's your last day, huh?

Daryl tosses the envelope in a BANKERS BOX on his desk, throws the lid on top. He turns, sees JASON, a similar aged, white male colleague leaning over the partitioned wall.

DARYL

Yeah. Last day.

JASON

I see you boxed most of your shit up. Looks like you're all packed and ready to go.

DARYL

Getting there. Still got a few things left to throw in. Not to mention I got a ton of crap in my apartment that needs to come out.

JASON

I gotta be honest man, I'm jealous.

DARYL

Jealous of what?

JASON

You.

DARYL

Me?

JASON

Yeah. Soon you'll be eating exotic foods. Taking weekend excursions to far off places. Entertaining throngs of needy Asian women. I'm talking the kind who find American men, especially dark American men, intriguing.

Daryl laughs.

DARYL

I'm not even that dark.

JASON

Dark enough.

DARYL

I'm pretty sure Asian women are no less petrified of us colored folk than white America is.

JASON

I'm white and you don't scare me one bit.

DARYL

It's good to know we got one on our side. But really, you have nothing to be jealous about. You're one of the highest paid people here. You could get away anytime you wanted.

JASON

All that's about to change very soon my friend.

DARYL

Whaddya you mean?

JASON

Cut backs. Some major downsizing in the forecast. 93' IBM type shit. People just don't read like they used to. This time next month, 80% of the people you see now won't be here, myself included. You're smart, unlike the rest of us. Your exile is self imposed. And it couldn't have come at a better time.

Jason once-overs the office.

JASON (CONT'D)

Shit, here comes the Prince of Darkness himself now. I better get back to looking busy. It's always the high paid, loyalist who get axed first. Look, you be safe over there, alright? No matter how innocent she looks, protect the president. Always.

DARYL

(smiles)  
No doubt.

As Jason walks off:

JASON

Stay in touch. Write a letter or something. Who knows, maybe I'll read it.

He throws up a PEACE SIGN over his shoulder.

DARYL

I will.

INT. GENERAL MOTORS PLANT - DEPARTURE MORNING

Voices scream over the harsh, grating sound of grinding steel. Conveyor belts move parts as an array of beautiful sparks sprinkle in the bg. Among all this is Randall, working hard.

FOREMAN (O.S.)

Haines!

Randal lifts up his welder hat as the FOREMAN approaches.

RANDALL

Sir.

FOREMAN

Garret can't make it in again. It looks like his cancer has metastasized. Stage four. Unfortunate. I'm looking for someone to fill his spot indefinitely. There's more money in it for you, if you're interested.

RANDALL

Yes sir, I'm interested. When do I start?

FOREMAN

Now.

The air is sucked right out from Randall. Dismay blankets his face.

FOREMAN (CONT'D)

Finish up here and head over to loading. Tony will get you set up.

The foreman begins to walk off.

RANDALL

Sir?

He stops, turns around. A still moment is had. Randall decides to just say:

RANDALL (CONT'D)

Thank you.

The foreman nods his head, barks off orders as he walks away. Randall breathes out a deep breath, folds his hat back down and returns to work.

CUT TO:

INT. CLYDE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Clyde neatly folds his clothes and places them into his bags.

LIVING ROOM - AN HOUR LATER

Clyde takes a final glance back at his empty apartment. He takes his luggage in hand and vacates the premises.

CUT TO:

EXT. AIRPORT - LATER

A TAXI pulls up to the curb. From outside we see Derrick in the passengers seat, looking like a confused puppy dog behind a glass window. Daryl and Clyde are already waiting curbside.

TAXI

Derrick exits the cab. The cabby pops the trunk. Derrick grabs his bags and pays the driver.

DRIVER

Thanks. Have a good trip.

All together, with no words exchanged, the guys enter the airport.

CUT TO:

INT. 747 JET AIRLINER - "HANGER" - LATER

An ASIAN FLIGHT ATTENDANT greets passengers in okay English, as they board the plane. She is checking tickets for seating arrangements.

CUT TO:

CABIN

It's cramped. A full flight. Clyde and Derrick take their seats together toward the stern.

CLYDE

You okay?

Derrick nods his head.

DERRICK

Yeah, I'm good. You?

CLYDE

Never been better.

AFT OF PLANE:

We see Daryl slither pass an older gentleman with his Asian wife. Daryl silently acknowledges the couple with a crisp smile and a head nod, takes his seat by the window.

OVERVIEW OF CABIN

We see and hear the claspings of seat belts being buckled, light chatter, babies crying. While the cabin pressurizes, flight attendants secure overhead compartments and answer any final questions.

At the front of the plane, the CHIEF FLIGHT ATTENDANT, a female, speaks elegantly into a microphone.

CHIEF FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Ladies and gentlemen, my name is Elaine and I will be your chief flight attendant this morning. On behalf of Captain Emit Turner, and the entire crew, welcome aboard Asiana Airlines flight 437, with non-stop service from Los Angeles to Seoul.

As the flight attendant continues to speak, we...

ANGLE ON DARYL: Leaning against the head rest, his eyes slowly closing.

CHIEF FLIGHT ATTENDANT (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Our flight time will be exactly thirteen hours, flying at an altitude of 30,000 feet. At this time, we ask that your seat backs and tray tables are in their full upright position.

ANGLE ON CLYDE:

Inserting a marker into his book, folding up his tray table and then returning to his book.

CHIEF FLIGHT ATTENDANT (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Also we ask that you make sure your  
 seat belt is securely fastened. As  
 of this moment, any electronic  
 devices must be turned off.

WE HOLD ON DERRICK:

Blankly looking out the window down at the tarmac where TSA  
 personnel load bags and direct traffic.

CHIEF FLIGHT ATTENDANT (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Flight attendants, cabin crew,  
 please prepare for take off.

Off the perplexity in Derrick's eyes, we...

RESET TO:

INT. IMMIGRATION - "THE FLASH" - INCHEON AIRPORT - EVENING  
 ANGLE ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN:

An IMAGE of Derrick smiling.

DERRICK (O.S.)  
 How does it look, Lee? Any good?

Officer Lee looks at the computer screen, tilts his head to  
 the side, shrugs his shoulders. He's not impressed.

DERRICK (CONT'D)  
 You think we should retake it?

Officer Lee stamps Derrick's passport two times. Returns it  
 to Derrick without saying a word.

DERRICK (CONT'D)  
 Thanks Lee. Your silence says a  
 lot.

As Derrick passes through immigration, the officer leans  
 back, whispers to his female colleague sitting behind in his  
 native **Korean language:**

IMMIGRATION OFFICER  
 Since when is our country giving  
 out E-2 Visa's to black people?

As the female colleague shrugs her shoulders, Derrick  
 reconvenes with Daryl and Clyde. They are eyeing him, arms  
 crossed, like an angry parent would disturbed with their  
 child.

DERRICK  
 (off their looks)  
 What?

Clyde walks off. Daryl follows. As does Derrick. Together they take the ESCALATOR heading down to the...

GROUND LEVEL - "BAGGAGE CLAIM"

As they descend down, Daryl gazes at a banner hanging from the ceiling displaying: a famous Korean actress, Lee Hyori, in skimpy clothes, holding a green bottle.

DARYL  
 Shit. Check out her ya'll. Yo D,  
 any idea what it says?

DERRICK  
 Ha ha. Real funny.

Daryl chuckles.

DERRICK (CONT'D)  
 Anybody got phone service? I need  
 to let my mom know I'm here.

DARYL  
 (eyeing phone)  
 I don't.

CLYDE  
 I read that this airport was voted  
 the best in the world, 5  
 consecutive years.

DARYL  
 Damn I see why. There's free WIFI!  
 Quick as shit, too!

At the ground floor Asian folk are all over. A few are standing before a large SAMSUNG powered MONITOR displaying baggage claim info.

CLYDE  
 (eyeing monitor)  
 Hey guys, what's our flight number?

Derrick pulls his ticket from his pocket.

DERRICK  
 AS437.

CLYDE  
 (eyeing monitor)  
 Okay. It says we need to go to  
 terminal 4.

CUT TO:

BAGGAGE CLAIM - "TERMINAL 4"

As Daryl wrestles his bag off the CONVEYOR BELT, a little ASIAN KID stares at him as if he were King Kong. Daryl waves.

DARYL  
 Hey buddy.

Frightened, the kid runs off, hides behind his MOTHER'S leg.

DARYL (CONT'D)  
 (shaking his head)  
 Here, too...  
 (to the guys)  
 Aight ya'll. Let's get outta here.

ANGLE ON DERRICK AND CLYDE:

Bags already in hand, waiting on Daryl.

As the boys proceed to the security gate:

CLYDE  
 Can I ask a favor of you guys?

DERRICK  
 Yeah, sure.

CLYDE  
 Before we officially step on to  
 Korean soil, can we agree to leave  
 Langston back in America?

DARYL  
 Whatever you say... Langston.

Daryl laughs.

DERRICK  
 (to Clyde)  
 You should know better than to ask  
 Daryl for a favor.

DARYL  
 What does that mean?

DERRICK  
You know what it means.

DARYL  
No I don't.

DERRICK  
Remember the mother and her kid at  
Laces? Her husband was a police  
officer. The shit I got fired over?

DARYL  
Fired? I thought you quit?

DERRICK  
You never gave the officer's wife  
what she wanted. Bobby caught wind  
of what happened and canned me.

DARYL  
So what you're really saying is, I  
did all that for nothing?

DERRICK  
I know you never did it. You don't  
have to lie.

DARYL  
I ain't lying. I gave her what she  
wanted. Believe me.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT - **FLASHBACK ONE WEEK AGO**

We see the police officer, in uniform, sitting on a love seat  
with his hands down his pants, looking straight ahead at:

ANGLE ON DARYL:

Naked, sweat beading on his forehead. He is mounted behind  
the naked, previously accosted MOTHER. She's moaning hard.

MOTHER  
Are you gonna fuck me Barack or  
what?

DARYL  
Yes I am!

DERRICK (PRE-LAP)  
I knew she was a jackass!

BACK TO:

INT. SECURITY GATE - CONTINUOUS

A KOREAN SECURITY OFFICER takes the obligatory QUESTIONNAIRE forms from the guys.

CLYDE

A what?!?

KOREAN SECURITY OFFICER

Thank you.

DERRICK

(glances back at officer)

Wow her intonation was remarkable.

(to guys)

A democrat. Andrew Jackson said a democrat has the ability to carry a heavy load. And she did just that.

DARYL

Whatever man. Just don't ever ask me to do shit like that again.

The guys close in on the SECURITY DOORS. They slide open. And as they do we are met by a SQUADRON of ASIAN GUARDS, dressed in black. Serious dudes armed to the teeth with M-16'S and blood thirsty CANINES.

LEAD GUARD

(in Korean)

Hands in the air!

ANGLE ON THE GUYS:

Scared shitless with their hands in the air.

DARYL

Holy shit.

CLYDE

Derrick?

DERRICK

This time I swear I have no idea what this is about.

Off the terror in Derrick's eyes we...

FADE OUT.

END OF PILOT EPISODE.