

THE BURG

Episode #101

"Pilot"

Written by

Jack Cherry

A black screen.

We hear crickets and cicadas. A car pulls into a gravelly driveway just as we...

FADE IN:

EXT. HOUSE - WILLIAMSBURG, VA - DUSK

We push in on an enormous, white house. A car door shuts. Footsteps make their way towards the house.

As we push closer, we hear a voice:

JACK (O.S.)
(on the phone)
Yeah. -- Yeah, it's a... nice one --
Mon, I know you don't like me doing
-- I... I needed to clear my head.
Just leave it, okay? Tell me what
you were saying about Malik's...

We see a figure enter frame: JACK (21), wearing a baggy flannel over a "Back to the Future" t-shirt. He holds a Tupperware box in one hand and his phone in the other.

JACK (CONT'D)
(on the phone)
...what?! Jesus... Okay, look,
this'll take no longer than 5? Meet
me at the parkway in 20? -- Bye.

He hangs up, approaches the front door, and knocks.

A moment passes with no response. He knocks again.

JACK (CONT'D)
Hello? Hey, I'm here with your...

He shakes the Tupperware in his hand. Nothing. Jack sighs.

JACK (CONT'D)
Welp... it's delivered. I'll just
leave it on your--

Jack bends down to drop it on the porch, when...

CLICK, CLICK

It's a rifle, poked through the door and placed right to Jack's head. Jack shoots up, as do his hands.

JACK (CONT'D)
 Woah-! What the fuck?! Hey-!

Jack looks down the barrel, finding a kid no older than 17 (HUGH). He has a bald head and a pencil-stache.

JACK (CONT'D)	HUGH
(panicked)	(overlapping)
The fuck is wrong with you--!	Drop the fuckin product and-!

They both pause to let the other speak.

JACK (CONT'D)	HUGH (CONT'D)
Put the fuckin gun--!	Give the box over and--!

They try again...

JACK (CONT'D)	HUGH (CONT'D)
Put it--!	Give me--!

Slight pause.

JACK (CONT'D)
 Go ahead.

HUGH
 Got the product?

JACK
 Well done- put the fuckin gun down!

Hugh butts Jack in the stomach with the rifle. Jack goes to his knees.

JACK (CONT'D)
 (winded)
 Right...

HUGH
 I said: do you have the product?

JACK
 "The prod-" what're you on, "The Wire?" It's just weed, you crazy fuck!

Hugh nods to someone in the house.

Suddenly, a small kid (SAM) runs onto the porch and looks at the Tupperware container.

JACK (CONT'D)
 Who the-?! How old is he?!

HUGH
Shut up.

SAM
(smiling)
I'm 13.

HUGH
(childish)
Sam! WOW, shut... UP!

JACK
(to Hugh)
How old are you for that matter?

HUGH
That's none of your--

SAM
He's 16.

HUGH
Sam, oh- OH my god! STOP!

The kid looks up at Jack.

SAM
Cool shirt, bro.

JACK
Fuck you.

HUGH
Sam, check the box...
(dramatic)
...we happy?

SAM
What?

HUGH
Are- are we happy? With the...

SAM
I don't know... I'm pretty good.

HUGH
Is the product okay?!

SAM
What is it, like, little ferns?

HUGH
 Sam- OH MY GOD! Can you
 please just tell me-? Stop
 screaming you ass--!

SAM (CONT'D)
 Don't yell at me! You just
 told me I was getting pizza,
 I don't know what you want--!

Jack's had it. He stands.

JACK
 Okay, fuckin- shut up!
 (to Hugh)
 What do you think you're doing?

HUGH
 Leave it and move along.

JACK
 "Move along-" Think you're ripping
 me off? Bud, you already paid for
 it. You venmo-ed two hours ago.

Jack shows his phone: a pic of a receipt from his supplier.

JACK (CONT'D)
 Word to the wise, "alopeesh."
 "Deliver." I just deliver the shit.

Sam and Hugh look at each other.

JACK (CONT'D)
 Let me guess, stealing from your
 parents? Bitch Cassidy and the
 Skinhead kid?

Jack flicks Hugh's bald forehead.

JACK (CONT'D)
 Okay, you wanna make money like
 real bandits? You're better off
 holding cock-fights, or me for
 ransom, or some other dumb, fuckin
 bull...

Hugh and Sam share a glance. Jack sees:

JACK (CONT'D)
 (realizing)
 Ah, shit...

Hugh butts Jack in the head with the rifle. He knocks out.

CUT TO BLACK.

TITLE: THE BURG

TITLE: 8 hours earlier.

Suddenly, we hear a shitty, synth orchestral score over the black.

TITLE: A Malik Domingo Film

FADE IN:

I/E. MONTAGE

We come up on an pixelated American flag flapping over a field, followed by multiple JPEG photographs and taped moments from US History (Ex: the moon landing, President Obama's inauguration, the flag raised in WW2, etc.)

MALIK (V.O.)

"We the people..." A people of
passion... A people of freedom... A
people of... history.

SMASH TO:

EXT. COLONIAL WILLIAMSBURG - DAY

A plop of horse shit smacks onto the pavement of Duke of Gloucester street.

TITLE: Williamsburg, VA

A horse carriage rolls over the shit and proudly tracks it through CW's downtown.

EXT. COLONIAL WILLIAMSBURG - MONTAGE

The narration continues over a montage of shots following typical, tourist oddities in Colonial Williamsburg:

- People coming and going from traditional shops/restaurants.
- A young guitarist playing Billy Joel on a brick, street corner for change.
- A homeless, open-air preacher 7 feet away from the musician, telling folks we're all gay and going to hell with a megaphone.
- A couple of colonial actors, in costume, walking out of a Lululemon holding Starbucks and Subway sandwiches.

And, again...

- Horseshit... horse shit and carriages everywhere.

MALIK (V.O.)

Off the shallow coast of the Chesapeake, what can you find? A makeshift Disneyland for the most discerning tourist? Or... the dawning heart of what is historically and metaphorically... America. But, what draws this energy, I wondered? Locality? Being of the mighty 15,000 populous here? Interest in generational history? Or, the one I think draws, above all, this spirt, such American spirit: heritage. Proud, proud heritage.

EXT. STREET - COLONIAL WILLIAMSBURG - DAY

We cut to camera footage, live on the CW streets. We're in an interview with a tourist: a middle-aged white man in a polo and sunglasses. It's fucking awkward...

MALIK (O.S.)

Are you having a fun time here?

TOURIST GUY

Yeah. Great time.

MALIK (O.S.)

What made you come out?

TOURIST GUY

We're not too far. Fredericksburg, but we got folks here-

MALIK (O.S.)

Family? Is family heritage important to you?

TOURIST GUY

...sure.

MALIK (O.S.)

It's what made you visit?

TOURIST GUY

I mean, I guess--

MALIK (O.S.)
Did y'all used to own slaves?

Long, uncomfortable silence. We sit in it for a while as the tourist just stares at the camera. Until...

EXT. STREET - COLONIAL WILLIAMSBURG - MOMENTS LATER

We cut to a different interview, this time with a younger white lady with a baby in her arms. Very sure of herself:

TOURIST LADY
No. I'm sure, no. It- it's just not like... a thing that my family has done. And I'm sure I know that. I'd definitely know if they did.

Malik takes a long pause as the camera holds on her.

MALIK (O.S.)
Would you bet on it?

TOURIST LADY
I'm sorry?

MALIK (O.S.)
30 percent of southern white people had slaves. It's the 1860 census. 1 of every 3. So, would you... would you still bet on it?

She tries to keep her confidence.

TOURIST LADY
Um, yes, actually. I would. All in!

She lets out a recovering laugh.

MALIK (O.S.)
Would you... would you bet your baby on it?

She's speechless at Malik. Even the baby gives him a look.

MALIK (CONT'D)
So... so not like... like "all in?"

EXT. STREET - COLONIAL WILLIAMSBURG - MOMENTS LATER

We cut to the final interview, this time with a younger actress in full colonial garb. She's picking flowers with others behind her doing the same.

MALIK (O.S.)
 So you've been settled here long,
 you said?

She's in character, with a historically-inaccurate southern accent.

COLONIAL ACTRESS
 Oh, yes. The Buckneer plantation
 has gone on centuries prior-

MALIK (O.S.)
 He has you pick flowers?

COLONIAL ACTRESS
 Yes, father loves daffodils for the
 spring. Me and the ladies take
 these from the garden and-

MALIK (O.S.)
 Who's she?

Malik's points to a black actress, working in the garden behind. They get her attention. This is MONIKA (22).

COLONIAL ACTRESS
 Oh. Oh, her? That's- that's-

MONIKA
 (helping her)
 "Ellie."

COLONIAL ACTRESS
 That's "Ellie," she's been with us
 for-

MALIK (O.S.)
 She does a good job on your land?

Monika, noticing Malik's rhetoric, gets up from the garden. She skeptically stares the interview down, out of character.

COLONIAL ACTRESS
 Well, yes, of course! She's one of
 the family, so-

MALIK (O.S.)
 She lives on the quarters?

The young actress starts to slightly panic.

COLONIAL ACTRESS
 Well, I- I don't know. I'm just-

MALIK (O.S.)
In terms of "punishment" does she-?

Monika interrupts.

MONIKA
Brian? Who the fuck is that?

Pause. The interview stops and the shot shakes a little.

MONIKA (CONT'D)
Brian... I can see your face behind
the camera. Brian!

EXT. STREET - COLONIAL WILLIAMSBURG - OFF-CAMERA

We're out of the interview.

MALIK (21), earnestly standing to the side with a mic. To his left, BRIAN (17), holding the camera.

BRIAN
Hi, Monika...

The other actress flees.

MONIKA
Yeah. Hi-
(re: Malik)
Who is that?

Malik extends his hand.

MALIK
How ya doing, I'm-!

She slaps his hand away.

BRIAN
He's Jack's friend. I think from..

MALIK
From- from film school, yeah.

MONIKA
Jack doesn't go to school anymore.

MALIK
We were roommates before he
dropped. Malik: documentarian. I'm
taking an off semester so he could
produce my film. The thesis is--

MONIKA
Jack's producing?

MALIK
"Executive Producer." You know each other?

She ignores him.

MONIKA
Brian, where is he?

Brian shrugs.

MONIKA (CONT'D)
Is he "delivering" again?

No.	BRIAN	Yes.	MALIK
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Mon sighs and sinks her head.

MALIK (CONT'D)
Well... not- not "right now."

MONIKA
Right... call him to set, I need to talk to him.

MALIK
He said he had a date later or...?

BRIAN
2:35.

MALIK
(to Brian)
How do you know the exact-?

MONIKA
Well, Brian, he's your fuckin producer. Where is he "right now?"

INT. CHECK-UP ROOM - PEDIATRIC OFFICE - DAY

Jack's foot violently taps on the foot-rest of an examination table. We see his phone, mid-text. It's to "Tay!":

Hey! I might be a little late. We still good for coff??

She quickly responds: *"Yeppers. Culture Cafe! :)"*

A clock ticks... ticks... ticks... Jack's ear twitches.

The door opens as an oddly short man enters. Jack's old pediatrician: DR. NORRIS.

DR. NORRIS
Hey, stranger. Long time no see,
huh?

He closes the door behind him.

JACK
Yeah...

He approaches Jack with a stethoscope. He awkwardly puts it to his chest.

DR. NORRIS
That okay? Breathe normally.

JACK (CONT'D)
That's, um... yep.

Jack breathes.

DR. NORRIS (CONT'D)
How's your asthma?

JACK (CONT'D)
Yep... uh, fine.

DR. NORRIS (CONT'D)
Yeah? How's school?

Jack hesitates.

JACK
(lying)
Uh... y'know...

Norris gives a friendly chuckle, moving the stethoscope closer to Jack's heart.

DR. NORRIS
Yeah, well. You're still young.
You've got the time to kill. Best
years of your life. Parents doing
well?

JACK
They're um... yeah, good--

DR. NORRIS
Woah... a little fast at the pulse
there. Getting a shot today?

Jack gives him a confused look. Norris smiles, beginning other tests: temperature, ear-check, all that shit...

DR. NORRIS (CONT'D)
Just kidding. So, what's the
problem, bud? What brings you in?

Jack's leg taps faster on the foot-rest.

JACK

Well... Um... Okay, I guess I'll just... I'm having a thing with my-my peeing.

Beat. Norris stops.

DR. NORRIS

Okay. "Weird" as in pain, or-?

JACK

No. Not any pain.

DR. NORRIS

Like any bleeding...?

JACK

No. No, no, no-
(slight pause)
I'm... I'm peeing... a lot.

Pause. Dr. Norris looks him up and down.

DR. NORRIS

Could you maybe elaborate...?

JACK

(terribly neurotic)

Well, it- it kinda started when I left school- I left school by the way, sorry. I didn't mean to lie before - but, anyway, I just always need to, y'know, let go. To the point where I can't even let myself sleep because I have this little urge down there that I gotta let something out or it may come out mid-sleep, y'know? And then I let it out and it's, like, maybe two droplets? Like a vanilla extract drop thing, right? But, like, that's it! But, then my body keeps telling me to pee, pee, pee, pee, pee, pee- this happens, like, all day, maybe ten times? Sometimes I even dribble more after- after like a good pee. Maybe I'm, like, urging more out, but I'm just really scared that it's my body trying to tell me something, y'know? Like- like that there might be a problem..

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)
 (slight pause)
 Does that make sense?

Beat. The doctor continues to stare. He's silent. Then...

DR. NORRIS
 Right... so, what do you assume
 your body is "telling you?"

JACK
 Well, a lot of peeing is a symptom
 for a lot of things- I looked it up
 on google. But I think the one that
 I'm, like, "glued to" is... I mean
 it matches a lot. Prostate cancer?

DR. NORRIS
 Prostate cancer.

JACK
 Yeah.

DR. NORRIS
 How old are you now, Jack?

Ignoring the bright, kiddie colored walls with "hang in there" Hello Kitty signs, and "stay strong" Spider-Man posters, he still answers:

JACK
 Twenty-one.
 (awkward pause)
 I took a pee test when I came in--

DR. NORRIS
 Right, I saw. Jack...?

He sits, arms crossed, in a nearby chair.

DR. NORRIS (CONT'D)
 ...can I ask you a weird question?

JACK
 Was the test good?

DR. NORRIS
 Yeah, it was fine. Let me ask...
 What made you leave school,
 exactly?

Beat. Jack is quiet. He doesn't notice himself pull his sleeves down to his hands.

JACK
That important?

Norris quickly stands, a friendly smile on his face.

DR. NORRIS
Nope. Perfectly fine. Listen, I'm
gonna go check on something for
you, but in the meantime...

He hands Jack a pen and paper from a nearby table.

DR. NORRIS (CONT'D)
...could you fill this out for me?

Norris is already halfway out the door.

DR. NORRIS (CONT'D)
Thanks, buddy. See you in a bit.

He leaves. Jack reads the paper.

It's a questionnaire. Jack lists through, noticing a pattern:

Do you have difficulty sleeping? Never - Sometimes - Often

...tendency to worry about health? Never - Sometimes - Often

Difficulty to focus..? Never - Sometimes - Often

*Have you had experience with suicidal thoughts? Never -
Sometimes - Often*

Jack crumples the questionnaire in his hand and leaps off the table. He throws open the door and exits.

INT. HALL - CONTINUOUS

Jack looks about the halls, searching for Norris.

He hears the sound of Dr. Norris' voice, at the end of the hall, talking to another nurse:

DR. NORRIS
Let me know when his parents call
back. I'm gonna see this one.

He enters another check-up room.

With the paper still crumpled in his hand, Jack storms in the same direction.

INT. CHECK-UP ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Just as Dr. Norris greets his patient, a young girl in softball gear with her mom, we see Jack storm in.

JACK
What is this?

Norris snaps his head back, startled.

DR. NORRIS
Jack?

JACK
What is this?!

DR. NORRIS
Jack, let's step outside-

JACK
(frantic)
No, what is this-? You think there's something wrong with me? Like- like **crazy**. No, Doc, my sister was the crazy. She dropped dead with it, and YOU KNOW THAT! So- so- so, why would- why did you think it'd be okay to give me...?

DR. NORRIS (CONT'D)
Jack... Jack! Jack, please, can you-?
(to the patient)
One moment please...

Norris pulls Jack into the hall, away from his other patients, but...

INT. HALL - CONTINUOUS

...the door to the check-up room stays open.

JACK
Like- like- I didn't even come in for this. Why would you give me this stupid fuckin paper, and for- for- what? I don't understand-!

DR. NORRIS
Jack... Jack... calm down. Can you please calm down?
(He snaps)
JACK! PLEASE CALM DOWN-!

JACK (CONT'D)
-NO, I'M NOT LOSING IT! SO TELL ME WHAT THIS IS AND THAT I DON'T HAVE FUCKIN PROSTATE CANCER! Okay...?

Beat. Jack looks on the verge of tears.

DR. NORRIS

I wanted to survey you to prescribe
you some Xanax. So, no, Jack... you
don't have prostate cancer.

Jack looks around, seeing that everyone is staring at him,
even the little girl through the door. Her jaw is dropped.

EXT. DOCTORS OFFICE - PARKING LOT - DAY

Dr. Norris hustles, chasing Jack as he storms to his car.

DR. NORRIS

Jack, come back inside.

Jack doesn't respond.

DR. NORRIS (CONT'D)

Your parents called. They told me
what happened at school.

Jack makes it to his car. He opens the door.

DR. NORRIS (CONT'D)

Jack, I'm calling in the
prescription. There's no shame.
Anxiety is very common with people
your age. Right now, you just
shouldn't be-!

Jack gets into the car and drives off.

DR. NORRIS (CONT'D)

...alone. Shit.

JACK(PRE-LAP)

If he wouldn't get you fired, I
don't see the issue. I mean...

I/E. CAR - COLONIAL PARKWAY - LATER

Jack drives along the James River and through the dense woods
of the colonial parkway. He's on the phone:

JACK

...don't they let that homeless guy
still preach at people there?

EXT. STREET - COLONIAL WILLIAMSBURG - INTERCUT

Monika is still in her colonial costume while on the phone.

Malik and Brian try to find other tourists to interview in the background.

MONIKA

Yeah, in one spot. Your boy's like if gollum fucked a douchebag vlogger. He's everywhere. I do not have time for him. Also, since when were you dealing pot to retirees again?

JACK

Delivering isn't dealing, Mon.

MONIKA

And no one's ever won a court hearing with "potato potato," you fuckin moron.

JACK

Busy schedule clears my head..

MONIKA

So would a normal job, Jack. Y'know, that thing called "work?" What young people do when they've run out of mental health days.

JACK

The producer's chair is hard work.

Monika glances behind her, just as a couple storms away from Malik and Brian. One of them giving Malik the finger.

MONIKA

And you're giving a MasterClass effort at it. Look-

Jack bullshits, putting his phone out the window and yelling at it from inside:

JACK

(faking)
Ope, I can't hear- Mon? I think- I- Hello-? Mon- I- Beep- boop-

Monika catches on. Jack returns the phone to his ear.

MONIKA

Fuck you. Enjoy your date.

JACK

Love yooooouuu.

He hangs up.

Monika turns to see Malik already starting bullshit with another tourist.

MONIKA
(to herself)
Fuck.

Monika storms over to them. She approaches Malik, mid-take.

MONIKA (CONT'D)
(to Malik)
Can I talk to you, please?

Before he can say "yes," Monika pulls him to the side.

MALIK
Uh- hi. I was just-

MONIKA
What are you doing?

MALIK
I-I told you. I'm Malik. I'm making-

MONIKA
No. See that guy?

Mon points out the homeless preacher, hoking a loogie into a nearby sheep pen.

MONIKA (CONT'D)
I see him kick puppies that get too close. Guests have one talk with you and they run to him like he's Fred fuckin Rogers. What's your point to all this?

MALIK
(rambling)
Oh! Okay. Um... the "thesis" of the documentary is to identify and- and subjectively analyze how heritage and historical pride root to the largest systemic errors in America. Then like... talk about them... like critique them, y'know? Talk about segregation, xenophobia, or, like, colonialism, classism, sexism racism-

Malik passionately counts them off with his fingers in Monika's face. She swats it away.

MONIKA

I know the "-isms."

MALIK

Where better to call that out! The heart of colonial, White-America: boring-ass Williamsburg, VA! I can do some real good! Speak for the truth of... of man, y'know?! Like the common American. For women... for black people! Like a Michael Moore film, but like... in a much less interesting place!

Malik gives a strong "TA-DA!" finish... with no effect on Mon.

MALIK (CONT'D)

You don't like it. I see you don't. Do you know Michael Moore?

MONIKA

I know you shot out some buzz words and waved your hands like a muppet.

Malik is at a loss of words with her. He sighs.

MALIK

Look, if I'm gonna call things out here, I gotta be flashier- bigger than the lessers, you know?

MONIKA

"Call things out here?" By punking white people to admit their great, great, great, great, great fuck-head owned slaves? They probably did and they'd rather jump in a well than admit it! The fuck you think people buy ancestry.com for?!

Brian suddenly appears, he's been listening the whole time.

BRIAN

Figured out I'm 2/7s Czech with a splash of Jamaican. Pretty cool.

Malik sneaks him a look of "the fuck?"

MONIKA

(to Malik)

Or do you not even know what you're talking about, Mr.--

BUZZ

Monika's phone. She pulls it out of her costume's corset and wipes the sweat off the screen. A notification.

MONIKA (CONT'D)

Shit.

MALIK

What?

MONIKA

Nothing- look, there's nothing wrong with "wanting good." But... wake up and smell the horse shit, okay? Think bigger- no, y'know what? Not bigger. Bolder... but simpler. Bolder, but simpler. Okay? I gotta go.

She begins to leave.

MALIK

Bolder, but simpler?

MONIKA

Bolder, but simpler!

BRIAN

See you, Mon.

MONIKA

Go to school. You don't know him.

BRIAN

Gym 2.

She rolls her eyes and leaves.

Malik doesn't notice. What she's said is stuck with him.

A large plop of horse shit smacks next to a nearby tour group. A girl jumps and screams from it, catching Malik's attention. The tour-guide's megaphone rings in his ears:

TOUR-GUIDE

(deathly monotone)

This way we will enter the "Jefferson House." Please, follow me...

Malik begins to make a plan, when...

BRIAN

Wanna talk to the homeless god guy? He tried to pee on me once.

MALIK

Do you have, like, a last name
or...?

TAYLOR (PRE-LAP)

Oh, I so knew you had a crush!

INT. CULTURE CAFE - DAY

Jack and TAYLOR (23-years old), or "TAY," sit across a booth.
The two, with their history, are very playful.

JACK

What?!

TAYLOR

I mean, like, you were discreet at
first- and fine at it -but...

Jack gives her a look: "what?"

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Dance class?

A waitress sets down their coffees.

JACK

What about it? That's not
normal?

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

(to the server)
Thank you!

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

What do you mean-?! Jack, you're a
film guy! Tap class?

JACK

I like Fred Astaire.

TAYLOR

Fuck you.

JACK

He had nice calves. I thought maybe
I could--

TAYLOR

Who was the only one from our high
school that was taking it?

Taylor points at herself as Jack sips his coffee, smirking.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

You weren't that bad. You keep up with it? The tap, not the... being obsessed with me.

JACK

Okay, what about you?

TAYLOR

What about me?

She sips her coffee. Jack gives her another look: "really?"

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

What-?

JACK

Yes.

TAYLOR

What? What, you're saying I had a crush on you, too? You're that confident?

JACK (CONT'D)

Yeah- I mean, I wondered...

Slight pause. They share a look for a moment until Taylor guiltily sips her coffee with a bigger smirk.

JACK (CONT'D)

Shut the fuck up. Oh my god.

TAYLOR

Okay, but you're lucky it was before tap. It was a creepy-fuck move, dude.

JACK

Why'd you never-?

TAYLOR

I- Look, we were friends and... god this is so embarrassing!

JACK

Tell me. When?

TAYLOR

Okay... you were making one of your short "things" and I was one of your extras. And I was really just being nice, cuz it was 40 degrees, in your backyard, and RAINING--

JACK

Right.

TAYLOR
 ...and I ended up watching you. It
 was like...

JACK
 Like what?

TAYLOR
 Give me second me to find a word
 classier than "hot?"

Jack laughs.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
 What? It's just- I liked that guy.
 Had it all figured out, y'know?
 Knew what he liked. What he wanted.
 He was a sweet guy. A good one...

Jack fakes a smile, knowing how he's changed.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
 I'm glad to see him again.

They clink their mugs and drink.

INT. OFFICE - LATER

Mon sits across a large oak desk. Behind it sits MARVIN,
 manager with the Colonial Williamsburg Foundation. He's
 accompanied by two associates, LISA and KEN. All in very nice
 work attire.

MARVIN
 Do you like anticipation? I think
 we should make you sit in
 anticipation.

MONIKA
 I- uh-

We see Golf champion trophies and family photos on the walls
 behind them. The abundance is a bit much...

MARVIN
 You got it.

MONIKA
 Really?

LISA
 Yes.

MONIKA

Oh... oh my god!

KEN

50 grand scholarship, taxes already deducted. Full-ride, any state university of your choice.

MONIKA

Wow.... Shit- sorry! This is just really, really big. Jesus.

MARVIN

Congratulations, Monika.

Monika gathers herself. Back to business:

MONIKA

So- so when I start applying this season...?

MARVIN

Full amount, all yours.

Monika sighs in relief.

MONIKA

Okay, well... um... I already have an app going for UVA so that's- wow -cool. Is- is that all, or...?

LISA

Well...

MARVIN

Uh, I- I got this.

(to Monika)

Um... with how long and everything you've contributed to us, Monika, it really is just as simple that.

MONIKA

Right, but what was she..?

Monika points to Lisa, hushed in the corner.

MARVIN

Yes, the CW Foundation would just like a little statement from you. Maybe get published in the paper? Optics-sake, y'know? That's all.

MONIKA

...sure. What kind of statement?

MARVIN

Just a story. Your story. The rise,
the ambition, the fight with
struggle. Y'know?

Beat. Mon hopes this isn't going where she thinks. Her guard
goes up.

MONIKA

...maybe. What do you mean by that?

MARVIN

Home life? I know it's not easy,
Monika. Grove area is a little...
"out there," y'know. But...

MONIKA

It's 3 miles that way. My home life
is fine, I don't really understand.

MARVIN

Well, 2 jobs on you, Monika. That's
uncommon and rough for someone your
age. So young, y'know?

MONIKA

It's over the average of people my
age, actually.

MARVIN

Mom not home enough, working
overtime, too.

MONIKA

What? Scared of a parent with a
job?

MARVIN

Dad, out and gone.

MONIKA

Military. I've heard that's the
gig.

MARVIN

Rough neighborhood.

MONIKA

We had a graduation BBQ the other
day. It was actually quite nice.

MARVIN

Your mom goes to AA, right? I know
you've had to leave afternoons
early to give her rides.

Beat. That stings, Mon. She covers her anger, but...

MONIKA

I heard going to those was a good
thing. Means your progressing
towards something. Not...
regressing on a golf course,
calling it "me time."

Ken chuckles at that in the back. Marvin shoots him a nasty
look.

MONIKA (CONT'D)

Okay, let me just clear this up. I
think I get it. Are you trying to
tell me that if I take this money,
CWF wants me to talk to the
Gazette, and tell them I
essentially come from the movie
"Precious?"

MARVIN

I... I haven't really seen that
movie- I- I don't really know--

MONIKA

Right. Thank you for your time.
I'll get back to work.

Monika stands, storms out of the office and slams the door.

KEN

I liked "Precious."

MARVIN

Fuck you, Ken.

INT. HALL - CONTINUOUS

Monika stops herself just outside, still fuming in anger. She
tries to calm herself, leaning her head on a nearby wall. She
even tries not to cry. All she can get out is a:

MONIKA

(whispered)
Fuck. Fuck. Fuck!

TOUR-GUIDE (PRE-LAP)
To your right people... your right.

INT. HOUSE - COLONIAL WILLIAMSBURG - DAY

A group of tourists and families round the halls of a colonial home. Malik and Brian lurk around the back.

The group rounds into a small bed chamber. We hear a voice:

JEFFERSON (O.S.)
Come round... come round... little ones especially. Be not afraid of dust-mites by the curtains. Martha had the place specially pampered.

Malik enters, finding himself in what was the old study of Thomas Jefferson, featuring:

JEFFERSON (CONT'D)
Is that all? Yes? Welcome...

An actor playing him in the corner. The crowd applauds.

JEFFERSON (CONT'D)
I suppose this is a show then, of some sort... I know not what I did to deserve such exuberant applause, but I humbly thank the masses for it. Ladies & Gentlemen, the name is Thomas Jefferson. How are you fairing today, friends?

CROWD
(half-assed)
Good.

JEFFERSON
Oh... we must enter this land with more committed exuberance, yes?

CROWD
Yes.

Brian fiddles with the camera, wiping the lens down. Malik's hand slowly rises the lens up.

In his other hand he's holding a paper bag with hidden contents. Whatever it is, it's drooping.

JEFFERSON

Surely we enter this conversation,
this confab, this testimony with
the same exhilaration as we do this
new "American" experiment, yes?

Malik presses record. Brian looks to him and his bag.

JEFFERSON (CONT'D)

So again, I will say... good day.

CROWD

(with effort)

Good day!

MALIK

(to himself)

Movie-fuckin-magic...

JEFFERSON

That's it... Wonderful weather. A
Virginian summer's end, I'm sure
you have no complaints at all...

The sweating group giggles.

JEFFERSON (CONT'D)

No complaints? Well then--

Malik's hand shoots up at the back of the crowd.

MALIK

I have a complaint.

BRIAN

(to himself)

Ah, shit.

TAYLOR (PRE-LAP)

Okay. Turning the tables.

INT. CULTURE CAFE - DAY

Jack finishes writing out the bill as Taylor finishes her
last sip of coffee.

JACK

How's that?

TAYLOR

On you, you ass! How is it? Film
school! How's it going?

(MORE)

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

I mean we haven't-- look, my degree only took 3 years. I get a whole other of living vicariously!

Beat.

JACK

It's uh... it's good...

TAYLOR

(joking)

Yeeess! Stars are align,
Sagittarius seasonnnn.
Congratulations! I knew you'd be--

JACK

(suddenly)

Actually, I um... I left. Yeah, I left- yep. I'm sorry, I don't know why I lied. But, I'm not... yep.

TAYLOR

What? Why?

JACK

Long story.

TAYLOR

Jack. This is a date, but we've still been friends for how long?

Jack hesitates again. Then...

JACK

Okay. Well... it started great. Classes started and we discussed golden-age history for a while and I uh... I shot on B8, which was fantastic, but...

(he realizes)

You know what, it's not really interesting-

TAYLOR

Come on. What happened?

JACK

A lot of the courses, um... really, really wanted us to go "deeper." Deeper than a couple of camera tricks and a obsession with Star Wars.

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

I had this professor say: "anything I see on that screen I want no less than a reconciliation between the 'you of now' and the 'you of before.' Like Bergman did it. Like Ozu did it—" which I don't think was actually accurate. So, I worked really, really fucking hard. And then I started thinking about my sister, again. Thought that was it. Making films about her, but... I guess it wasn't enough of a "reconciliation." They were sure vocal about it. I guess that just pushed me a little, uh...

He pushes his sleeves to his hands again. Taylor notices.

JACK (CONT'D)

(beat)

--and, look, things happened, but I made myself some promises to keep, and my parents brought me home.

He looks up at Taylor. She's stunned.

TAYLOR

Jack, I'm so sorry. So, what now?

JACK

Well, I'm here. I'm working sort-of. Delivering. Oh! A friend of mine is staying with me, so I can help him with his doc--

TAYLOR

You're dealing weed again?

JACK

"Delivering." I'm not slinging on a street corner, Tay. I drop off Tupperware to golf resorts.

TAYLOR

But you did that in high school.

JACK

I went on coffee dates in high school. I like things full circle.

TAYLOR

Yeah, but there's a difference between coffee dates and, like...

(MORE)

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

bumming around for the rest of your twenties.

Beat.

JACK

Okay... wow. Right, "bumming."
Okay, you're right, I'm wrong.
Sorry.

TAYLOR

Jack... Dude. Come on... don't-

JACK

Don't what? No, you're right. I'm a bum. On my ass. Unstable- maybe should work on that. Or- or maybe my stars aren't align or whatever the fuck you said. Maybe god needs come down on his holy escalator and spank me or- or stick a needle in my arm for a good lesson. He's done that to a lot of bums before, why not me? Maybe I need somebody to point a gun at my head and scare me back into film school.

TAYLOR

Not just film school. Maybe on your feet first. You have time, Jack!
You're young, we're both young!

JACK

Right...

(beat)

Actually, no. Sorry- I'm really tired of hearing that. It feels like every Gen-Xers nice way of telling young people to "fuck off-" that our life problems mean shit, for now. What, y'think a 20-year-old's never resonated with a Woody Allen movie before? Please...

TAYLOR

Jack, look, it's just kind of sad to see you not...

JACK

Not what?

TAYLOR

Not you... And I get that you had a minor set-back, but--

JACK
 (offended)
 A minor set-back?

TAYLOR
 Yeah...

Jack is speechless. He pulls his sleeves down again.

JACK
 Well... that's a shit thing to say!
 Thanks for that.

TAYLOR
 Well, I'm... I'm sorry, I thought-

JACK
 --they evaluated stories about my
 mom having panic attacks after her
 daughter killed herself. Like a
 fucking AP exam they did. I'm
 supposed to go back to that, act
 like it's okay? They just pushed
 and pushed. Pushed people to their
 worst, and for what?! And with no
 value or love for... and you
 think... you...

Jack begins to breathe heavily. Sweat runs down his forehead
 and his heart pounds.

TAYLOR
 Jack?

He realizes.

JACK
 (to himself)
 Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck. No, no, no,
 no!
 (to Taylor)
 I should go. I'm sorry. I'm--

Jack stands and rushes out of the cafe.

TAYLOR
 Jack, wait-!

EXT. CULTURE CAFE - CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Jack dashes for his car. He leaps in and shuts the door. He
 lets it out: a full panic attack. We hold on this.

He hits himself to make it stop. It only makes things worse.
We continue to hold on this.

As he simmers down, we pull out enough to show that Taylor
had been there a bit to see. Unknowing of her, he drives off.

EXT. STREET - COLONIAL WILLIAMSBURG - DAY

Monika waves good-bye to a nice family, handing a flower to a
little girl.

BUZZ

She pulls out her phone again. A text, from her mom:

*"Let me know how it went as soon as you can! I'll buy a cake
for tonight! Get in late. I love you!"*

Mon sighs at the text. She texts back:

Went great! I love you, too.

She sends the lie, when, in the distance...

JEFFERSON
RAT FUCKIN BASTARD!!!

The friendly Thomas Jefferson actor we'd seen before, now
with an odd, brown splotch on his face, has Malik wrapped by
the waist. He tackles him out of the "Jefferson House."

Members from the tour group race outside with their phones
out. The tour-guide struggles to pull them apart in the dirt.
Brian finally exits with his camera.

JEFFERSON (CONT'D)	MALIK
I'LL FUCKIN KILL YOU-!!	GET OFF-! BRIAN! BRIAN! KEEP ROLLING! KEEP ROLLING

Monika races to them, pushing through the crowd. She manages
to break through and help the tour-guide finally tear them
apart. They both stumble to their feet.

MONIKA
What the hell is going on?!

JEFFERSON
I'm gonna kill that little prick!

MONIKA
Okay... we can use a few more words
than that-

MALIK
He attacked me!

JEFFERSON
He called me a rapist, and- and a
racist, and then my- my wife-!

MALIK
Oh, calm the fuck down Daniel Day
Lewis! I was calling Jefferson--

JEFFERSON
Do I look like Jefferson, you
stupid fuck?!

MALIK
Oh, breaking character now?! Guess,
what?! Strasberg gave me a ring the
other day to tell you you're a
FUCKIN HACK!

JEFFERSON
HE THREW HORSE SHIT IN MY FACE!

Pause. Everyone looks at Malik. He's quiet.

MALIK
Well... see... like, visually, I
thought the symbolism would be
powerful. Young black man fighting
with... Brian, right-?

Malik turns for Brian's approval. Brian's gone, running off
in the distance with the camera. Malik watches him flee.

He turns around.

MALIK (CONT'D)
Did you know... when Errol Morris
made "The Thin Blue Line," he--

BAM!

Jefferson, now free, socks Malik in the face. Malik falls to
the ground unconscious. The crowd goes wild.

EXT. SENTARA E.R. - AFTERNOON

Monika, now in her street clothes and smoking a cigarette,
sits on a bench just outside the exit. A nurse passes by:

NURSE 1
Hi, Monika.

She smiles. She looks to her phone, drafting out a new email:

"Dear CWF,

I'd like to apologize for my behavior today, and if still available, I'd would be more than happy to write--"

She can't believe she's actually typing this down. She deletes the draft and, instead, rewrites:

"Dear CWF,

I like where I come from. Come up with a better word than "struggle" or fuck off."

She smirks at her words. She considers sending it, when...

BUZZ BUZZ

A phone call from her mother. She lets it ring.

Malik walks out, a bandage on his forehead and a swollen eye. He sits next to Monika. He's silent.

MALIK

Where's Brian?

MONIKA

Took a shift at Chick-fil-a.

Pause. Another nurse passes:

NURSE 2

Hey, Monika.

MALIK

Did the other guy...? Is he hurt-?

MONIKA

No.

(slight pause)

He was fired.

Malik guiltily hangs his head.

MONIKA (CONT'D)

Where are you from? I never asked.

Malik perks up. Another nurse:

NURSE 3

Hey, Mon.

MALIK

L.A.- do you work here too, or-?

MONIKA

Where..? And if you say some shit like Santa Monica or Malibu, I'm gonna flick my cigarette at-

MALIK

Malibu.

MONIKA

(sighing)
Motherfucker.

Beat. Monika hangs her head into her hands.

MONIKA (CONT'D)

Can I ask you something?

MALIK

Sure.

MONIKA

(pause)
How can you possibly tell me what's wrong with my home- on video too - when you know nothing about it?

MALIK

It's not just about this place.
It's about... It...
(he admits)
...I don't know what it's about. I'm sorry. I just wanted to... speak to something. "Art," y'know? I'm not really good at that: speaking. Not even socially. I hoped if I were to finally do it, it'd be for something good. Something strong, something with a purpose. A cause or... I'm sorry, I didn't mean to--

Suddenly, Monika stands. She throws her cigarette.

MONIKA

Come with me.

EXT. ROUTE 60 - AFTERNOON

Malik sits shotgun of Monika's rusted Jeep. Monika guns it down route 60. We watch nice neighborhoods, golf-courses, and even the Bush Gardens amusement park fly by.

We then notice as the trees start to get dense and the neighborhoods begin to look less "flashy."

EXT. SUBSIDIZED NEIGHBORHOOD - AFTERNOON

Monika pulls into the parking lot of a subsidized housing complex, a group of condos from the 80s that never renovated.

Small groups of kids run by, just getting out of the elementary school down the street. Their families sit on the porches, playing cards or finishing packs of cigarettes.

MALIK

Where are we?

MONIKA

The rest of your boring, colonial,
White-America.

Monika turns off the Jeep and hops out. Malik follows.

MONIKA (CONT'D)

You can also call it my
neighborhood. C'mon.

Monika walks up to one of the center homes and knocks on the front door.

It swings open. A tall, middle-aged man walks out with a little boy holding tightly to his leg. It's the Thomas Jefferson actor from before. His actual name: ROBBIE.

He and Malik make eye contact. Malik leaps behind Monika.

ROBBIE

Woah... woah... okay, no-!

MONIKA

Hey, Robbie.

ROBBIE

The hell'd you bring him here
for, Mon?

(to Malik)

You hearing me, pal? You won.
Just leave me with my kid-

MONIKA (CONT'D)

No, no, no, no. Robbie,
listen up--

MONIKA (CONT'D)

He's here to apologize.

This is news to Malik. Monika pushes him in front.

MONIKA (CONT'D)

He also wanted to make it up to you with some news.

Malik looks at her, still out of the loop.

MONIKA (CONT'D)

Malik here is from L.A. He's making a big documentary about life in "The Burg." Jack and I are his co-producers. Malik's gonna dig into all the bullshit that goes on around here. Show some of the great stuff too... "Like a Micheal Moore movie."

She and Malik lock eyes. He smiles.

ROBBIE

Who's Michael Moore-?

MONIKA

Doesn't matter- if any good, maybe it could do better on the Burg's behalf.

Malik finally steps up.

MALIK

And I- I thought maybe you, your neighbors, and uh...

(re: Robbie's kid)

...your family, would be great focus points. Talk about your life here and, y'know, film it?

Beat. Robbie takes a moment to consider.

MALIK (CONT'D)

Look... I'm really sorry that I got you fired. I wish I could make it-

ROBBIE

Save it.

Pause.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)

Our strike collapsed last month, so... it's not like the pay was gonna get better anyway...

(pause)

...truce?

Robbie extends his hand. He and Malik shake.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)
Talk it over a drink?

Malik smiles and enters Robbie's home.

MONIKA
I'll be right in. Gonna make a
call...

I/E. CAR - PHARMACY - AFTERNOON

Jack stares down a bright CVS pharmacy sign. He looks to his phone. 2 missed calls from Taylor. A separate text:

"Your prescription is ready," from a bot number.

Another message appears. From an unknown number:

"Evening Delivery???"

He sighs.

JACK
(to himself)
I just need to clear my--

INT. BASEMENT - PRESENT TIME

Jack, now conscious, covers his head from the gun's impact.

JACK
Motherfucker...

Hugh and Sam sit on both sides of a lit fireplace.

Jack sits on a leather couch, opposite them. He's backed by a wall painted in a confederate flag. Two other rifles hang to the side. The Tupperware sits on a coffee table between them.

SAM
So... like... what do we do now?

JACK
He didn't think that far ahead--

Hugh cocks the gun. Jack shuts up.

SAM
Do we kill him now, or...

HUGH
SHUT UP, Sam!

JACK
You know what, just go for it--

Suddenly, the door to the basement opens. Footsteps follow.

COACH BROWN
Hughie? Samster, where are you--?

A middle-aged man, wearing a nice pair of board shorts and a polo enters. He notices Jack as he makes his way down.

COACH BROWN (CONT'D)
Jack?

Jack's old gym teacher...

JACK
Coach Brown?

COACH BROWN
Yeah, what're you doing--?

He sees the gun in Hugh's hand. He slaps him HARD across the face and takes the gun.

COACH BROWN (CONT'D)
Get your fat ass up there you dumb fuckin sack of shit! Both of you!

They take off. Brown returns to Jack, more polite than ever.

COACH BROWN (CONT'D)
How are you, buddy? That is so funny. Just saw your Ma at the Teeter. Said you were a little in the dumps about school?

JACK
Yeah, I had to... it's complicated.

COACH BROWN
Y'know, I was just the same. Way back. JMU. Dropped out the second I landed. Came right back here to Daddy. But hey, I turned out fine, huh? Nice house. Two great boys...

JACK
Still teaching gym?

COACH BROWN
Yes sir, but...

He flaunts a wad of cash from his pocket and sets it by the Tupperware.

COACH BROWN (CONT'D)
Can't be all too sour about it.
Folks still look out for the--

He notices the weed. He realizes:

COACH BROWN (CONT'D)
OHHH! You! You're the... Much
obliged. Here, let me walk you out.

INT. HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Coach Brown walks Jack to the front door, his arm around Jack's shoulders with a freshly rolled joint in his hand.

COACH BROWN
Listen son, I'll tell you what many
here would agree on: no matter how
early it may seem, ain't a thing
wrong with settling down, like me--

The doorbell rings. They pause.

COACH BROWN (CONT'D)
Bring a friend?

Brown cracks to door open, finding a police officer waiting outside. Jack quickly hides behind the door.

POLICE OFFICER
Evening sir, we've gotten noise
complaints. Making sure all's well.

COACH BROWN
Oh, nothing here, officer. Thanks
for--

The cop notices the joint in Brown's hands.

POLICE OFFICER
You been smoking tonight?

Jack makes for the basement, unseen.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Jack darts for a back door. Just as he moves, he notices the cash Brown left on the coffee table. He grabs it and runs.

A moment passes.

Jack quickly returns and rips the confederate flag off the wall. He finally flees.

I/E. CAR - STREET LIGHT - DUSK

Jack catches his breath in the car. Thinking he's clear at a far off intersection, suddenly a cop car pulls up. It's the same officer from Brown's front door, only... smoking a rolled joint behind the wheel.

The cop's light turns green. Jack watches him drive off. He scoffs, sitting in a moment of peace, when...

He notices a bright red light in the distance. He looks over to find, once again, the CVS Pharmacy he'd visited before.

EXT. BEACH - COLONIAL PARKWAY - DUSK

The sun is just about to set over the James River. Jack sits on a damp log. He looks at a new CVS bottle in his hand: the Xanax. His sleeves are finally rolled down, revealing the scars now healed on his wrists. A fire crackles in front of him, making final use of Coach Brown's confederate flag.

Just as Monika and Malik approach him, he shoves the bottle in his pocket.

MALIK

Now... before you ask--

JACK

Why would I?

Jack pulls something up on his phone: viral tiktoks of Malik getting decked by Thomas Jefferson.

JACK (CONT'D)

I got your highlights to watch all night.

MALIK

Shhhiiiiit. I need to call my mom.

Malik runs off. Monika smiles and sits next to Jack. They look to the river, pink and purple from the sky's reflection.

JACK
What's this I hear about "co-
producing?"

MONIKA
What's this I hear about a panic
attack at culture cafe?

JACK
...right.

MONIKA
Used a movie reference to tell a
guy to fuck off today. Y'know what
that means?

JACK
Been hanging out with me too much?

MONIKA
Could've let me have the dramatic
build up, but... yes.

JACK
(giggling)
What movie?

MONIKA
"Precious."

JACK
Oof... you wanna talk about it?

MONIKA
Do you?

Beat. They smile to each other, both too tired to explain
anymore about their shitty day.

JACK
Hey, Mon, when you didn't leave for
college with all the other
bandwagons... were you afraid?

MONIKA
Afraid of what?

JACK
Of being stuck. That first step
into that big, exciting, fruitful
life everyone loves to hype up so
goddamn much... Came and went. Now
you're here. Just stuck.

Mon doesn't answer.

JACK (CONT'D)

My sister always said she'd never
be caught dead here again when the
time came. Jokes on her I guess.
"It's where youth came to
hopelessly drown in monotony,"
she'd say.

He looks to the sunset.

JACK (CONT'D)

I don't think it's all so bad.

MONIKA

Good. But, what about you?

JACK

Me? Well... I am drowning. Really,
really fuckin bad, I am. And it is
all my fault.

(beat)

I did realize one thing from all of
this. I think... I think there's
just one thing I don't want to be
before I die.

MONIKA

What's that?

JACK

Hopeless... but I guess for that
not to happen is only up to me.

Mon smiles and rests her head on Jack's shoulder.

JACK (CONT'D)

That and not die bored as shit.

MONIKA

Okay, well maybe you are in the
wrong place.

They giggle and watch the sun finally fall for the day.

END OF SHOW