

SORRY TO BOTHER YOU

Written by

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WorryFree LLC
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A young man, Cassius Green, is being interviewed for a job at a telemarketing firm. The interviewer looks over a lengthy résumé. In his lap, Cassius proudly holds a large plaque with the words "Employee Of The Month- Cassius Green" engraved on it.

ANDERSON

Wow. You've really gone the extra mile by lugging that in here.

CASSIUS

Yes, sir. That's my style.

ANDERSON

Admirable. Your resume is startlingly impressive as well. Most people just fill out the application. You were actually the manager of the Rusty Scupper restaurant for 5 years.

CASSIUS

Yes.

ANDERSON

Then, you worked as a teller for Bank Of America for 2 years, from '04 to '06, with a 6 month overlap with the restaurant.

CASSIUS

Mmmhmm.

ANDERSON

Oh! And it says here... you were employee of the month.

Cassius makes a Vanna White-style hand motion toward his plaque.

ANDERSON (CONT'D)

What's that trophy in the bag there?

Cassius pulls out a tall trophy and places it on the desk.

CASSIUS

Oakland High Moot Court Champion.
I'm a salesman at heart.

ANDERSON

Intriguing... Mainly because I was bank manager at that particular B of A from 2003 to 2005. And you, Mr. Green, never worked there. I also called the number you gave for The Rusty Scupper. Was that your friend Salvador's number?

Cassius nods.

ANDERSON (CONT'D)

The same Salvador that also applied here?

Cassius sees Salvador through the window, giving a "thumbs up".

CASSIUS

I didn't know he applied here too.

ANDERSON

It would of been smart if his outgoing message didn't say "I'm Sal, bitches." So that plaque and the trophy? Did you steal them?

CASSIUS

I made them. Well, had them made. I just- I just really need a job.

ANDERSON

Alright, Cassius Green. Listen. This is telemarketing. We ain't fuckin' mappin' the human genome or finding fucking alternative fuel sources. I don't care whether you have work experience. I'll hire damn near anybody. That bootleg plaque proves two things I need to know- you have initiative and you can read. You will call as many contacts as you can during your shift, and you will read the script that we give you. And you will show up to work tomorrow. Happy.

CASSIUS

Thank you, Mr. Anderson.

Cassius stands and tries to shake Anderson's hand, but is instead handed a training script, a small pamphlet of papers.

ANDERSON

Cassius, one more thing. Stuss.

CASSIUS

(confused)

Stuss?

Without looking at it, Anderson points to a big butcher paper sign on the wall that reads "S.T.T.S.= Stick To The Script!", written in marker.

ANDERSON

Stuss. S.T.T.S., Stick to the script.

2

INT. CASSIUS'S STUDIO APARTMENT- MORNING

2

Cassius and his girlfriend, Detroit, lay in bed in a very small studio apartment. On the nightstand there is a faded sepia tone 1980s photograph of a sharply dressed man posing in front of a Lincoln Continental. The man has a very proud expression on his face. Cassius stares at the ceiling while Detroit lays her head in his chest.

CASSIUS

Hey, Detroit. You ever think about dying?

DETROIT

Yeah, sometimes.

CASSIUS

I'm not talking about dying right now, like in an accident or something. I mean like when we're old. Like 90. I think about it all the time. What will I have done that's important, that matters?

DETROIT

I just want to make sure that when I die I'll be surrounded by people who love me and who I love back.

CASSIUS

What about when those people die?

DETROIT

What do you mean?

CASSIUS

At some point we're gonna die, our kids and grand kids are gonna die.

(MORE)

CASSIUS (CONT'D)

At some point, no one will even know you existed. All life will end on this planet and in billions of years the sun will explode. Nothing I'm doing will have mattered.

DETROIT

Baby, it'll always matter. Because it matters now. This moment, all of these moments. When I kiss you, it's not for posterity's sake.

CASSIUS

I mean, you found your calling though. Your art means something. But I'm just surviving. Spinning my-

DETROIT

Ay. Stop. You missed your cue. I said... When I kiss you, it's not for posterity's sake.

Detroit kisses Cassius and the couple begins to make out. Soon they are both naked. All of a sudden, the wall abruptly swings upward- we see, for the first time, that this studio apartment is really a semi-converted garage, bordering the sidewalk- leaving the romantic couple exposed to the street and passersby. Cassius jumps up to close it while pulling his sweatpants up.

DETROIT (CONT'D)

Fuck, Cassius! I thought you fixed that!

CASSIUS

My landlord was supposed to.

STREET VOICE (O.S.)

Get a room!

CASSIUS

Muthafucka, I GOT a room!

As Cassius pulls the garage door closed and secures it, his sweatpants start to fall. Detroit smiles lovingly at this. Cassius pulls the sweats up and sits back down on the bed. Detroit gets up and walks toward the bathroom.

DETROIT

I gotta get to work anyway... Don't you start work today?

CASSIUS

Yeah.

Detroit walks off-screen into the bathroom.

CASSIUS (CONT'D)

If you want a second job, they said
they hire anybody. You could try
part-time.

Cassius turns on the TV and sits back down. A commercial
starts up.

MAN ON TV (V.O.)

Everyone is talking about the
Worryfree solution! Worryfree is
the revolutionary new business and
lifestyle model taking the world by
storm!

DETROIT (O.S.)

What are they paying you?

Cassius is transfixed on the TV.

MAN ON TV (V.O.)

When you sign a Worryfree contract,
you're guaranteed employment AND
housing for life! Stop worrying,
get Worryfree! The Worryfree living
quarters are state of the art,

TV shows a chic looking room with 6 bunk beds, like a prison
done up by a hip interior decorator.

MAN ON TV (V.O.)

The Worryfree food is to die for,

TV shows a gigantic dining room with thousands of people in
uniforms at long tables with chandeliers hanging overhead.

MAN ON TV (V.O.) (CONT'D)

and Worryfree careers are
fulfilling and satisfying!

DETROIT (O.S.)

Cash baby, what are they paying
you?

CASSIUS

(Still staring at TV)

Uh, I think it's just commission.
You ever thought about that
Worryfree shit?

DETROIT

Are you crazy?

CASSIUS
(staring at TV)
What, for working on commission?
(looking up at Detroit)
Nice earrings.

We see now that DETROIT'S oversize earrings are big, two-dimensional, gold metallic block letters. Her right earring reads MURDER, MURDER, MURDER. Her left one: KILL, KILL, KILL.

3

EXT. CASSIUS'S STUDIO APARTMENT- MORNING

3

CASSIUS exits his apartment through the side door and locks it. He is spotted by his landlord, SERGIO, who is wearing a necklace with an oversized gold cross, which has a Jesus with a frightfully pained face. This particular Jesus seems to be screaming and writhing in agony.

SERGIO
Ay, Cash! I got overdue house-
notes, dude. How much longer do I
have to wait for my money?

CASSIUS
Hey, Serge. I got a job now. I
start today, so I'll have your
money soon.

SERGIO
Damn, man. It's 4 months late now.
It's like "soon" is the only
fuckin' word I hear from you.

CASSIUS
OK. I'm 4 months late. But you
should be ashamed. This land was
created- by God- for us all, but
greedy asses like you horde it for
yourself and your family and charge
the people for the right to live.

SERGIO
Me and my family? Cassius, I'm your
fucking uncle. Bank might take my
fucking house. Four fucking months.
I gave you the car you're driving.

CASSIUS
It's a damn bucket!

SERGIO
Oh yeah? Give it back then! No?
That's what I thought.

(MORE)

SERGIO (CONT'D)

That car is better than your shoes.
I need my money in two weeks,
asshole.

4 EXT. GAS STATION- DAY

4

CASSIUS drives his car to the gas station. It's a red 1982 Honda Civic with a gray primered hood and doors. The car is very loud—maybe missing a muffler—and has steam coming from the radiator. CASSIUS walks to the cashier's window

CASSIUS

(through window)

Gimme forty on two!

Cashier looks down at the forty cents Cassius has left and looks back at Cassius and the car disapprovingly.

5 EXT. STREET- DAY

5

CASSIUS drives through the city. He passes a group of adult men playing football. They are wearing Oakland High School jerseys, but they're obviously not in high school—some of them have beards, others have beer guts. CASSIUS honks his horn rapidly and repeatedly as he passes. They all look. Many wave.

VARIOUS FOOTBALL PLAYERS

Ay, Cash! What up?!

CASSIUS

(yelling, sing-song)

O-High Play-ers!

CASSIUS gives the clenched-fist-pull acknowledgment and keeps driving.

He passes a mural-size street-level billboard that shows a side view of a five-bed bunk beds with people in each bed. They all look very comfortable. Two of them are sleeping. One of them is reading a book. Another is laughing while watching television in his bunk. The one in the middle smiles widely, looking straight into camera, giving a thumbs-up. Caption: "WORRYFREE. IF YOU LIVED THERE, YOU'D BE AT WORK ALREADY!"

6 INT. OFFICE BUILDING LOBBY- DAY

6

CASSIUS enters the office building. As he walks toward the telemarketing offices, he sees a MAN IN A FANCY SUIT use a key to summon an elevator. The elevator doors are gold, with hieroglyphics on them—1920s-era faux-Egyptian style.

When the elevator opens we see velvet-upholstered walls and a chandelier. This is a ridiculously luxurious and gaudy elevator. There seems to be a purple glow emanating from inside. The MAN IN A FANCY SUIT smiles at CASSIUS while entering the elevator. Cassius seems puzzled, but continues on his way to work.

7 INT. TELEMARKETING CUBICLES- DAY

7

CASSIUS is led into a room where a racially mixed group of about one hundred people sit at cubicles: Black, East Asian, South Asian, Latino, and White. Many of the White callers look "punk." Leading him: JOHNNY, wearing shirt and tie. His face is tattooed and he has a Mohawk. They pass two technicians who are trying to fix a copy machine that sputters out a few sheets of paper to the floor as they pass. They pass SALVADOR, who's on a call but gives CASSIUS a thumbs up. The walls are covered with multi-colored electrical wires in a criss-cross fashion.

JOHNNY

This is where the magic happens.
Millions of dollars went into these
walls to make sure that thousands
of calls can go out and in at the
same time without jamming the
lines. Clock in here. Grab a seat.
You studied the script?

CASSIUS

Yeah.

Cassius sits at a cubicle. He sees a wall with several framed old photos of the same man: one on a phone, another receiving a phone-shaped trophy, one meeting Ronald Reagan, and one with him receiving a lap dance. Above the photos: "Hal Jameson Wall Of Glory".

Cassius takes out and unfolds a photocopy of the picture from his nightstand and tacks it to the wall of the cubicle.

JOHNNY

Look. Clock in, don't be lazy, hit
your contacts, bring in some money
and I won't have to be an asshole.
Do real good, eventually you might
be able to be a Power Caller.

CASSIUS

What's a Power Caller?

Johnny points at the ceiling.

JOHNNY

Where the callers are ballers.
Where they make the real money.
They have their own elevator.

CASSIUS

Oh yeah, I saw that.

JOHNNY

(walking away)
And stick to the script.

Cassius puts the headset on and clicks the computer keyboard.
A name pops up and we hear it ring.

8 INT. DINING ROOM- DAY 8

We see a man sitting at the dinner table with his family. We hear the phone ring.

9 INT. TELEMARKETING CUBICLES- DAY 9

Cassius with headset at the desk. The phone is still ringing. As the phone picks up, Cassius and his desk shake and fall straight down out of frame. Cassius and his desk land in the dining room with the man and his family. The man is annoyed.

10 INT. DINING ROOM- DAY 10

MAN EATING DINNER

Yello.

CASSIUS

(Reading script in a very
stiff manner)

Um, Mr. Davidson. Sorry to bother
you, my name is Cassius Gr-

Phone hangs up. Cassius and desk raise up, leaving Cassius back in the Telemarketing Cubicles.

11 INT. TELEMARKETING CUBICLES- DAY 11

Another name flashes on the screen and we hear it ring. As it picks up, Cassius and his desk crash into a living room. On the couch, there is a woman and man, naked, having sex.

12 INT. LIVING ROOM- DAY 12

WOMAN ON COUCH

Hello?

CASSIUS

Hi, Mrs. Slater! I'm Cassius Green.
Sorry to bother-

Phone hangs up Cassius and desk raise up, again leaving Cassius back in the Telemarketing Cubicles.

13 INT. TELEMARKETING CUBICLES- DAY 13

Cassius stares at the screen, waiting for the next name to appear. As he waits, behind Cassius- where the technicians and now Johnny are fixing the copy machine- the copy machine starts wildly shooting paper everywhere as Johnny and the technicians frantically try to get a handle on the situation.

Name flashes on screen, it rings. As it picks up, Cassius crashes down into a darkened kitchen. There is a woman sitting at the table. She looks very sad.

14 INT. KITCHEN- DAY 14

WOMAN AT TABLE

Hello?

CASSIUS

Hey! Mrs. Costello!

WOMAN AT TABLE

Yes?

15 INT. TELEMARKETING CUBICLES- DAY 15

Cassius looks up at a banner that says "Stick To The Script!" He then looks at the script which says "1. Introduce yourself. Be their friend."

16 INT. KITCHEN- DAY 16

CASSIUS

This is Cassius Green. I'm with
Insight Encyclopedias and I know
you've enjoyed our Insight
Birdwatching books, so I just
wanted to help you out-

WOMAN ON PHONE

I'm sorry young man, we don't have any money. My husband is in the hospital... he's 83 with stage 4 cancer and we-

Mrs. Costello continues, starting to sob and then wailing.

17 INT. TELEMARKETING CUBICLES- DAY 17

Cassius looks at the banner-

18 INT. KITCHEN- DAY 18

-then down at his script. He flips pages frantically through the pamphlet. "5. Make any problem a selling point. 'Well, Mr. Smith, it's interesting that you say that because..."

CASSIUS

Well, Mrs. Costello. It's- It's interesting that you say that because book number five in the Insight series is all about wellness and how to stay healthy on your own without even going to the Doctor.

Phone hangs up, leaving Cassius back in the Telemarketing Cubicles.

19 INT. TELEMARKETING CUBICLES- DAY 19

Cassius is exasperated. Behind him, the papers are still shooting into the air from the copy machine- filling the frame until there is a wall of flying papers behind him.

20 INT. BAR- EVENING 20

Evening. After work. Cassius and Salvador are sitting in a booth, drinking at a small, ratty bar. They've got their scripts on the table. Cassius is dispirited.

CASSIUS

I feel incompetent and like an asshole doing this job.

SALVADOR

I don't feel different than usual.

They see a man in a leather jacket talking to a bouncer who is sitting in front of a door at the back of the bar.

SALVADOR (CONT'D)

Ay! Ain't that dude from that show?

CASSIUS

Oh, hell yeah! That's him! That's hella cool. I hate that show.

The bouncer opens the door and the man in the leather jacket goes through it.

CASSIUS (CONT'D)

What's that room? I never noticed it before.

SALVADOR

That's the VIP room.

A young couple wearing formal attire talk to the bouncer and go through the door.

CASSIUS

What the hell is this place doing with a VIP room?

SALVADOR

Don't knock it. I used to be in there all the time. But I'd rather hang with the common folk.

CASSIUS

What qualifies you to be VIP?

SALVADOR

You need the password. This week it's "upscale elegance"... Well, it's always "upscale elegance".

CASSIUS

I'm goin'.

Cassius walks over to the bouncer with his drink, talks to him, and goes through the door.

This is a tiny, ten-by-ten room with leather bench seats around the perimeter, and a very small tiled dance floor in the center. At most, four people can fit on the dance floor.

The back wall has a little service chute- like a small dumbwaiter- above the seat. The chute door is closed.

There are neon lights on all the walls and flashing disco lights on the ceiling.

The music is very loud in the VIP room.

The man in the leather jacket, the couple we saw earlier, a guy in a track suit, and two other women holding drinks are seated, bobbing their heads to the music.

Cassius, still holding his drink, squeezes into the empty seat between the track suit guy and the two women, bobbing his head as well. It is very crowded.

The service chute opens and a very colorful cocktail with an umbrella is there with some change.

The man in the leather jacket grabs the drink, dancing and leaning over Cassius- forcing him to quickly turn to the side to avoid the man's inadvertent crotch in his face.

Turning his head makes Cassius look directly at one of the two women on his side. She subtly laughs at him, and he reacts by making an overly "cool" and flirty face.

Just then, the track suit guy stretches out by laying his arm over the top of the bench seat as he talks to the couple. Cassius is uncomfortable with this, but- instead of saying anything- leans toward the two women to make some space.

Four more people come in, one sitting and making Cassius visibly physically uncomfortable. Three of the others dance. It is crazy crowded in there.

Cassius sips on his drink while still looking at the woman next to him and trying to look cool, but the ass of an unidentified dancer bumps his drink- spilling it all over his face and shirt.

Cassius politely gets up and leaves.

22

INT. BAR- EVENING

22

Cassius walks back to the booth, where Salvador is still drinking, and sits down, his shirt still wet from the spill.

CASSIUS

That was some player shit.

23

INT. TELEMARKETING CUBICLES- DAY

23

CASSIUS comes in to start a new workday, script in hand. He sits at a cubicle next to an older black man.

LANGSTON
Hey, youngblood.

CASSIUS
Ay, w'sup.

LANGSTON
Lemme give you a tip. Use your
White voice.

CASSIUS
My White voice?

LANGSTON
Yeah.

CASSIUS
But, I don't have a White voice.

LANGSTON
Come on, youngblood. You know what
I mean. You have a White voice in
there that you can use. Like when
you get pulled over by the police.

CASSIUS
I use my same voice. For real. Like
"Back the fuck up off the car and
nobody gets hurt!"

LANGSTON
Aight. I'm tryna give you some
game. You wanna make money here?
Read the script with a White voice.

CASSIUS
Ok. People say I talk White anyway
though, so why isn't it working?

LANGSTON
Well, you don't talk White enough.
I'm not talkin' bout Will Smith
White- that's not even White,
that's just proper. I'm talkin the
real deal.

CASSIUS
(sounding very nasally while
pinching nose) Hello, Mr. Kramer.
(MORE)

CASSIUS (CONT'D)

I'm Cassius Green. Sorry to bother you-

LANGSTON

No. You got it wrong. It's not about sounding all nasal. It's about sounding like you don't have a care. Like your bills are paid and you're happy about your future and you're about to jump in your Ferrari when you get off this call. Put some extra breath in there. Breezy, like you don't need this money, like you never been fired, only laid off. It's not what all White people sound like- there ain't no real White voice, but it's what they wish they sounded like. It's what they think they're supposed to sound like. Like this, youngblood.

(overdub by a White actor)

Hey! Mr. Kramer! This is Langston from Regalview. I didn't catch you a bad time did I?

24

INT. MEETING ROOM- DAY

24

We see a crowded meeting room with dry-erase boards on the walls. All the callers are sitting in folding chairs. Three managers stand in front of the room. They are Anderson, Johnny, and a woman named Diana.

JOHNNY

Sales are low. Let's look at why. This graph shows the disgusting lack of contacts reached. You're talking too long to these assholes! If you're ever gonna be a Power Caller, you gotta know when to bag 'em and when to tag 'em.

Salvador raises his hand.

SALVADOR

Uh, what's bagging and what's tagging?

JOHNNY

Good question. Bagging is when you drop the call. Like a dead body into a bag, you know? You drop that shit cause it crossed the line.

(MORE)

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Tagging is when you claim that money. It's a sale. Ch-ching! You tag it. You claim it, like when they put the tag on the body at the morgue to identify it. Or- you might bag a dead body and be about to walk away from it and get out of town to lay low and then, instead, just drag that heavy fucker on into the alley and THEN tag it. That's when you're really good.

All of the callers and managers are silent and look confused.

ANDERSON

Johnny- those aren't authorized metaphors for this pep rally. Ok! Diana?

DIANA

Hi, Everyone! I'm new here, so forgive me if I don't know all of your names.

Diana writes her name on the dry-erase board. It reads "Diana DeBauchery".

DIANA (CONT'D)

My name is Diana Dee-bo-sher-ree.

SALVADOR

Looks like debauchery to me.

DIANA

It's not.

(Extremely cheerful)

Anywho! I'm one of your new Team Leaders! You're like, "Team Leader!? I thought she was a manager! I could've sworn they thought of me as a collection of motorized appendages!"

Blank stares.

DIANA (CONT'D)

No! You're not employees anymore, you're Team Members! Almost family.

CASSIUS

Do we get paid more?

Diana smiles while shaking head "no".

ANDERSON

All right, Team Members, that's all for today. Let's get back to work.

JOHNNY

Remember! Hit your contacts! Up the ante! Work the grid! And?!

Johnny points to an S.T.T.S sign.

EVERYONE AT MEETING

Stick to the script.

JOHNNY

That's right. Any one of you can turn Power Caller and be rollin' in dough!

25

INT. TELEMARKETING CUBICLES- DAY

25

SQUEEZE- a handsome guy, a few years older than Cassius, confidently approaches Cassius as he walks to his desk.

SQUEEZE

Ay, man. Seen you around for a couple weeks. I'm Squeeze. Good question in there.

CASSIUS

I'm Cassius. Call me Cash.

SQUEEZE

Good question in there.

CASSIUS

Oh. About getting paid? I was just wondering why we're supposed to be hyped about this bullshit.

SQUEEZE

Yeah, right? Well, you cut to the chase man.

(very quietly, secretive)

A player needs to mob up with us for some scrill and bennies.

Cassius doesn't get it.

SQUEEZE (CONT'D)

A bunch of us are organizing to make them pay us more and get some benefits. We could use some energy like yours to jump this off-

CASSIUS

Well, I'm real busy with my-

Squeeze sees Johnny looking at him suspiciously.

SQUEEZE

We can't talk now. Let's have a drink later. On me.

26

EXT. STREET CORNER- EVENING

26

Detroit twirls a big, arrow shaped sign that says "Off!" She drops the sign as it twirls, hitting pedestrians and cars with the sign. Cassius's car, loud and backfiring, pulls up and honks. She gets in, sticking her hand out the window to hold the sign outside the car. It's too big to fit. Also in the car are Salvador and Squeeze. Cassius and Detroit greet each other with a kiss.

CASSIUS

Off?

DETROIT

As in "20% Off".

(smiles)

As in "My man didn't get me off this morning".

CASSIUS

Stupid.

DETROIT

W'sup, Sal.

(nodding toward Squeeze)

Who's this?

CASSIUS

Detroit, meet Squeeze. We all work at Regalview together.

SQUEEZE

Detroit?

DETROIT

My parents wanted me to have an American name.

SQUEEZE

Nice!

CASSIUS

Detroit is a brilliant visual and performance artist-

DETROIT

And no, my art is not twirling signs-

CASSIUS

-who's about to open her first gallery show.

SQUEEZE

Yeah?

DETROIT

Ok, Mr. Embarrassing Intro. Cassius is my brilliant man-

CASSIUS

Not brilliant. I don't really do anything.

DETROIT

That's silly. Squeeze- in high school Cash was-

Car and passengers jerk forward repeatedly, then normalize.

CASSIUS

Stuck brake... You always mention what I did in high school, but look at our high school football team. No, literally. Look at them.

Cassius points out the window. We see the football team from earlier, scrimmaging in a park.

CASSIUS (CONT'D)

They were stars in high school, now all they do is work at home depot and play football everyday. Just stuck.

SALVADOR

What's wrong with that? They enjoy it. They're friends.

DETROIT

Baby, can we please not talk about the sun exploding tonight?

Detroit turns up the car radio. They pass the WorryFree billboard from earlier, the one with the bunk bed and the guy giving a thumbs-up. It's been altered with spray paint, stencil, and wheat-pasted paper. The people in beds are now wrapped in chains. There's a yellow caution sign. The caption now reads: "WORRY. SLAVERY AT WORK." It's signed "LEFT EYE".

CASSIUS

That's not me. I'mma do *something*.

SALVADOR

Man, you're a telemarketer now,
like me. That's something.

It starts to rain as they drive.

CASSIUS

D, wiper duty, please.

DETROIT picks up two strings- tied separately to each wiper-
and starts to pull rhythmically left and right, manually
making the wipers work.

SALVADOR

I never get wiper duty!

DETROIT

You can wipe my ass, Sal.

SALVADOR

With my tongue?

CASSIUS

Might make your breath smell
better.

Cassius and Detroit laugh while singing "Shitty Breath Sal".

Car putters, backfires, and goes dead. White smoke wafts out
from under the hood.

SALVADOR

This is a damn bucket!

27 EXT. BAR- NIGHT

27

Whole gang is pushing the car while Detroit steers. It's
still smoking. The car stops in front of a bar. Next to the
bar, on the street, are three RVs and a van with laundry
hanging lines between the vehicles. People live in these.

28 INT. BAR- NIGHT

28

The TV in the bar shows a newscast reporting a violent
protest with tear gas, protesters scaling fences, police
crouching in the street for cover. Many protesters wear a
single black grease paint stripe under their left eye.

REPORTER (V.O.)

...the fourth day of violent protests at Worryfree headquarters. Protesters say Worryfree's method of lifetime labor contracts is a new form of slavery. Worryfree CEO Steve Lift was interviewed on Oprah today.

Newscast cuts to Steve Lift and Oprah, sitting in Steve Lift's living room.

STEVE LIFT

Our workforce doesn't sign contracts under threat of physical violence. The comparison to slavery is offensive. We're transforming life itself for the better. We're saving the economy. Saving lives.

Newscast cuts back to protest scene.

PROTESTER

(to reporter)

There is no employment for many people. Even sweatshops have been replaced by Worryfree LiveWork centers. These are prisons. People are packed in like sardines, fed cheap slop, and worked to the bone fourteen hours a day.

REPORTER (V.O.)

Many of the violent protesters are part of the "Left Eye Faction" and are identifiable by the black mark under their left eye.

The bartender changes the channel.

On the TV screen, we see a game show with large chyron that reads "I Got The S#@ Kicked Outta Me!", with the game show audience screaming the words out loud.

GAME SHOW AUDIENCE

I got the [beep] kicked outta me!

We see a montage of contestants getting beaten with paddles, swimming in a trough of greenish-brown sludge, being pelted with baseballs via a pitching machine- all with laugh tracks playing. Contestants seem to be afraid or in a lot of pain.

BARTENDER

Alright, folks! It's Tuesday
Boozeday! Half off all drinks!

Whoops and whistles throughout the bar. Cassius, Detroit, Squeeze, Salvador are in a booth. Detroit's friend Samiyah has joined them.

SALVADOR

I'm just sayin', if you don't cook
the spaghetti in the sauce with the
cheese in it first- that's some
White shit.

CASSIUS

That's some bullshit. How you gon'
say what's Black and what's White?

SALVADOR

Well, that's how Black folks do it.

CASSIUS

You're wrong. I'm Black-

SALVADOR

You're kind of Black-

CASSIUS

I'm BLACK. I cook my spaghetti, I
add the sauce, then I sprinkle some
Parmesan cheese. Fuck it. Spaghetti
is White anyway. It's from Italy.

SALVADOR

Hell no! Italians ain't White!

CASSIUS AND DETROIT

Yes they are!

SALVADOR

Since when!?

SQUEEZE

Since about the last 60 years.

DETROIT

Spaghetti is Chinese.

CASSIUS

Speaking of White, I'd like to make
a toast.

Everyone raises their glasses. Cassius clears his throat.

CASSIUS- OVERDUB BY WHITE ACTOR

To my esteemed Regalview associates
whom I revere with great fervor,
and to my alluring and phenomenally
talented fiancée, I'd like to
dedicate this imbibing of
intoxicating elixirs. Here's to
becoming a Power Caller!

SALVADOR

What the fuck? That's crazy!

SAMIYAH

Oh, shit!

SQUEEZE

Damn!

DETROIT

How the hell did you do that?

CASSIUS

Older dude at the jobby-job showed
me. It's the White voice. I guess
I'm a natural at it.

SALVADOR

That's some freaky supernatural
shit man. Voodoo. Sounds like
you're overdubbed.

CASSIUS shrugs.

SQUEEZE

A magic White voice. That's fucking
scary. Never seen that before. But
I have seen that Power Caller shit.
It's a scam.

CASSIUS

Oh yeah?

SQUEEZE

"If you work hard enough as the fry
cook, one day you could be the
manager! If you twirl that little
sign well enough, one day you could
twirl a bigger sign at a more
glamorous corner!"

DETROIT

I already have the best corner. And
the biggest sign. And the best
word. Off. It's the anchor to the
slogan.

CASSIUS

So you don't like ambition. You want me to settle for a life where all I do is work, fuck, and sleep.

SQUEEZE

Naw. That's what they want.

SALVADOR

I heard Power Callers get to sit on silk couches and get blowjobs while they make their calls.

DETROIT

What about the female Power Callers?

SQUEEZE

Look. Even if you become a Power Caller- you ain't gettin much anyway. And all the rest of us get is shat on.

Squeeze pulls out flyers and passes them to the table.

SQUEEZE (CONT'D)

We need a union at Regalview. We gotta look out for each other. Fuck them. That way, we all get paid.

CASSIUS- OVERDUB BY WHITE ACTOR

Ok. Ok. Well said, brougham. I'm down.

(in his own voice)

Now we all need another half-priced drink!

29

EXT. CASSIUS'S STUDIO APARTMENT- DAY

29

Detroit and Cassius are rushing out the door. Sergio is there. He looks sullen.

SERGIO

Hey, Cassius-

CASSIUS

I get paid Friday. I'll have half the money for you then.

SERGIO

Even if you have all the money, that little four months rent ain't gonna help me. I owe too much.

(MORE)

SERGIO (CONT'D)

I got word- if I don't have a boatload of money by next month- which I won't, the bank is taking this shit. You should look for a new place.

CASSIUS

Damn.

SERGIO

Making my diabetes act up.

Sergio pulls at the feet of the Jesus figure on his gold cross, which is on his necklace. A pill pops out of the bottom of the cross into Sergio's hand. We realize that the cross is also a pez-like pill dispenser.

CASSIUS

What are you gonna do?

Sergio pops the pill into his mouth and swallows it.

SERGIO

I've been talkin' to them WorryFree people. They sent me the brochure. It don't sound that bad. Three hots and a cot, like we used to say.

CASSIUS

Naw, Serge. Don't do that. We can figure somethin' out.

30 INT. TELEMARKETING CUBICLES- DAY 30

Cassius sits in front of the computer with his headset on. Langston is seated in the cubicle across from him. Salvador is at a cubicle next to him. Johnny is watching from a few cubicles over and listening in to Cassius's call.

31 INT. TACKY BACHELOR PAD- DAY 31

Cassius's desk is in the bachelor pad. He talks to caller.

CASSIUS- OVERDUB BY WHITE ACTOR

... look, you bring a chick to your apartment. It's clean. It's stylish. She's seen that before from the asshole she went home with last week.

(MORE)

CASSIUS- OVERDUB BY WHITE ACTOR

She glances over and sees those
brown leather bad boys from the
Insight Encyclopedias Intellectual
Edition- and she drops panties.

32 INT. TELEMARKETING CUBICLES- DAY

32

Johnny is hyped. Mimics pulling a choo-choo horn. Humps air.

CASSIUS- OVERDUB BY WHITE ACTOR

You know what I mean? It's fuck-
time. Oh, yeah? Ha. Spin Doctors.
Classic! Tim- I want to chop it up
more, but I gotta get to my squash
game... was that Visa or
Mastercard?

Cassius types as he glances over at the photocopied picture.

CASSIUS- OVERDUB BY WHITE ACTOR

(CONT'D)

Thanks, dude! I'm out. Again, don't
do anything I wouldn't do better!

(to Langston- in own
voice)

Ay, man! This voice thing is
workin'!

Johnny walks over to Cassius. Cassius stands up gives him a
high five!

33 INT. TELEMARKETING CUBICLES- DAY

33

Montage of Cassius making sales and Johnny congratulating him
with various high fives, over multiple days, as other
callers look on.

34 INT. TELEMARKETING CUBICLES- DAY

34

JOHNNY

Yeah! You're stoked, man! You are
doing so fucking good right now
with the voice thing, but hit more
contacts per hour. You make less
per call, but more by end of day.

CASSIUS

Ok.

JOHNNY

Oh, and they've been talkin' about
you bro. You are on your way.

Johnny points up toward the ceiling.

CASSIUS

(very quietly)
To heaven?

JOHNNY

Almost. PC, baby. Power Caller.

Cassius smiles and turns back toward the computer to call.

SALVADOR

Told me the same thing 3 months ago-
Nice earrings!

Cassius moves to reveal that the earrings are on Detroit- now
working at Regalview- behind Cassius. They are bejeweled
erect penises with bejeweled testicles.

DETROIT

Thank you. I made them myself.

35

INT. BAR- NIGHT

35

A party's going on at the bar. A lot of telemarketers are
there. A DJ's playing music and people dancing. The TV is
silently playing "I Got The S#*@ Kicked Outta Me!". Cassius
sits at the bar with Langston as Squeeze walks up.

CASSIUS

(to bartender)
Long Island Ice Tea, neat.

SQUEEZE

(motioning toward screen)
What kind of world is it when this
show is the most popular show in
America? They say 150 million
people watch this every night.

LANGSTON

I, personally, love to see a
muthafucka get beat down and
humiliated. Makes me feel all warm
inside. I got the T-shirt.

Langston points to his "I Got The S#*@ Kicked Outta Me!" T-
shirt.

SQUEEZE

I'm gonna go dance, man.

CASSIUS

Fa sho.

Cassius looks down at what Squeeze has set down on the stool. A jacket and a newspaper. The newspaper headline reads "Senate Committee Clears Worryfree Of 'Slavery' Charges".

Langston signals the bartender for another drink. The bartender reaches for one of two identical oversized bottles of Jack Daniels Whiskey.

LANGSTON

Nuh uh, man. I want the good shit.

The bartender reaches for the other of the two identical Jack Daniels bottles. Leaving it on the shelf, he opens the facade of the bottle- as if it were a door. It's actually a bottle-shaped compartment holding a much smaller bottle. The inner walls of the compartment are wood-grained. There's a light illuminating the smaller bottle. Bartender grabs smaller bottle. pours a neat glass for Langston. Cassius watches.

CASSIUS

You ain't dancin', man?

LANGSTON

Hell naw. I'm too old for that shit. Whatever happened to just doin' The Dog? What happened to Freakin'? Now you gotta dislocate your muthafuckin' shoulder and do gymnastics just to get down. Fuck I look like?

CASSIUS

You off, dude. Ay. Power Callers- they make shitloads of money. Benz and big-ass house payment money. How the fuck is that possible?

LANGSTON

If you sellin' the bullshit we're sellin', it's impossible. But they're not sellin' the bullshit we're sellin'.

CASSIUS

Yeah, I guess comparing our job to theirs is like apples and oranges.

LANGSTON

More like apples and the holocaust.

36 EXT. BAR- NIGHT

36

SALVADOR, SQUEEZE, and the football players from earlier are outside standing in a circle smoking weed and talking excitedly. Cassius approaches the group. We hear whoops and hollers as people watch cars doing doughnuts in the street.

SALVADOR

Cash! I was telling everybody how you been puttin the smack down at work.

CASSIUS

Yeah, man. I never been good at anything before. I'm feeling myself. I'm a monster at this shit.

DETROIT walks up to CASSIUS by surprise and hugs him.

CASSIUS (CONT'D)

Hey, Baby!

DETROIT

Hey, Lovely. I was hoping to see you earlier. Thought you'd pop up.

CASSIUS

At the gallery? You said don't come- all your friends were helping.

DETROIT

Yeah, baby. I said that. But don't listen to what I say, listen to what I want.

SQUEEZE

Hey, Detroit. Nice earrings.

Detroit has changed earrings. They are now gold metallic figurines of a hooded man strapped to an electric chair.

CASSIUS

You changed earrings?

The camera focus changes away from one of Detroit's earrings to reveal a large billboard across the street behind her, just above a wall of white smoke from the cars burning rubber on the street. The billboard shows a picture of a Black man sitting on a couch with a remote control.

He is in exactly the same position as the figurine of the hooded man in the electric chair. Caption under the picture, big block letters: "Show the world that you are a RESPONSIBLE Babydaddy. Sign your family up for WorryFree- NOW!" The white burnt rubber smoke rises, fills the frame, covers the billboard.

37 EXT. STREET- MORNING

37

The smoke clears. It is morning and the billboard from the night before has been altered by street artists. The man on the couch is now a Huey-Newton-like figure, holding guns and wearing a black beret. The caption has been altered using spray paint and flat white paint. It reads: "Show the world your RESPONSE, baby. Freedom NOW!" It's signed, "Left Eye".

Camera pans down the street to see Cassius's car puttering toward us. Detroit, in the passenger seat, looks up at the billboard and smiles.

As they drive, many people are living in their cars, vans and RVs. A man in an inexpensive suit brushes his teeth in a car, which he is obviously living in. Some houses have WorryFree moving containers in front, reading "THIS FAMILY CHOSE WORRYFREE". A book store window: filled with Steve Lift's book "I'm On Top". The cover: Steve Lift sitting on a horse.

38 EXT. SIDE OF OFFICE BUILDING- MORNING

38

30 people are gathered outside around the corner from the Regalview entrance, listening to Squeeze who is in the center of the crowd speaking loudly. It's a mini-rally. Cassius and Detroit walk up and work their way into the center. Against the building, there are 4 makeshift three-foot tall shelters.

SQUEEZE

...today is gonna be the warning shot- telling them we stand united. A 20 minute work stoppage during prime calling time. I'll give the call. Sal, what's the call?

SALVADOR

Phones down!

SQUEEZE

Phones down. Then we all hang up, put down our headsets, turn off the computers. They're gonna single some of us out. Threaten our jobs.

LANGSTON

Fuck that.

SQUEEZE

Yes. Fuck that. We ride for anybody they try to fire. We fight because we create the profits and *they* don't share.

Detroit watches Squeeze, intrigued. Cassius watches Detroit.

SQUEEZE (CONT'D)

If we're gonna give them our day, they need to give us enough to cover necessities. Human decency. Is anybody not down? Speak now.

DETROIT

Fuck all that, Squeeze! We ready to roll on these muthafuckas!

SALVADOR

Hell yeah.

Sal and Detroit look at Cassius, who's hesitating.

CASSIUS

Let's do this. One for all, all for one.

SALVADOR

Like the 300 Musketeers.

SQUEEZE

Alright, folks. Be ready at 3pm.

The crowd walks toward the entrance, with Cassius trailing near the back and Detroit lost in the crowd talking to Squeeze and Salvador.

39

INT. OFFICE BUILDING LOBBY- DAY

39

As he walks in the building, he sees a couple men in fancy suits going into the same luxurious elevator from earlier. They are accompanied by a couple of stereotypical white female fashion model types. They are all happily chatting to one another. One of the men turns toward Cassius and cheerfully winks.

FANCY SUIT GUY

Don't hurt yourself now.

Cassius stares for a second as the elevator doors close, then keeps walking.

40 INT. TELEMARKETING CUBICLES- DAY

40

CASSIUS- OVERDUB BY WHITE ACTOR
Thanks, Mr. Goldberg. As always,
we'll be getting that out to you
right away. By the-

Squeeze stands up and all of the callers go silent.

SQUEEZE
Regalview management, you are
hereby warned! We will not be
overlooked!

MR. GOLDBERG (O.S.)
Hello... Hello?

Squeeze takes off his headset as Johnny, and Diana watch.
Anderson looks up from his book, "Steve Lift: I'm On Top".

SQUEEZE
Phones down!

All of the callers take off their headsets.

During the commotion, Cassius looks at Detroit and they smile
at each other. Then he looks at the photocopied picture. The
man in the picture has a raised fist. Cassius smiles. He
looks back and the photo is back to normal.

Johnny, Anderson, and Diana are pissed.

41 INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE- DAY

41

Anderson, Diana, and Johnny are sitting in the office while
Cassius stands.

CASSIUS
I know you're gonna threaten to
fire me. Whatever. If you do, we-

Johnny, Diana and Anderson laugh.

JOHNNY
Pack your shit up and get out.

CASSIUS
Fuck you, Johnny. Fuck you, too.
Once everybody finds out-

Johnny, Diana and Anderson laugh.

ANDERSON

(Laughing)

What? No, No, No, Mr. Green! You sound a little paranoid! We are the bearers of good news. Great news-

JOHNNY

Great motherfucking news.

ANDERSON

Yes. Great motherfucking news, Power Caller.

CASSIUS

Wait-

ANDERSON

Got the call just now. They think you're Class A material. You're going upstairs, my compadre. You've been promoted. 9am. Tomorrow morning. You have a suit?

DIANA

Of course he does. Strong, powerful, young Power Caller like him.

CASSIUS

Yeah, but they-

Cassius looks toward the cubicles. Squeeze and Sal are doing secretive clenched fist salutes, as if to comfort him.

ANDERSON

They're doing what they're gonna do. You wont be going against their actions. Their issue's down here, not up there. Two very different kinds of telemarketing jobs.

Cassius looks toward cubicles again. Johnny draws the blinds. Anderson is flanked by the football team running in place.

ANDERSON (CONT'D)

It's your moment. Don't waste it.

Cassius blinks. The football team is gone.

CASSIUS

You're right, I guess. Yeah. Ok.

JOHNNY

The big money. The top fucking tier of telemarketing. Making history with legends like Hal Jameson. Bad ass.

We hear a POP and see that Diana has popped a bottle of Champagne.

42 INT. OFFICE BUILDING LOBBY- MORNING

42

Cassius walks through the Regalview doors wearing a very, very fancy bright green suit with a pink tie and briefcase. He walks toward the closed elevator doors, in front of which Diana Debauchery is waiting.

DIANA

Oh. My. You are ready, aren't you?

CASSIUS

Hey, Ms. D. Yeah, I-

DIANA

(gesturing towards suit)
Mr. Green, I presume?

CASSIUS

I didn't think about that.

DIANA

Well, let's do this, muthafuckah.

Diana inserts the key and turns it to summon the elevator.

DIANA (CONT'D)

I always wanted to say that. Let's do this, my little gigolo. Do gigolos really get lonely too?

CASSIUS

I don't get it, Ms. D.

DIANA

Oh, you can get it.

The Elevator door opens and they both walk in. The elevator has velvet and leather covered walls with a chandelier hanging. Macabre harp music is playing. The doors close and Diana starts to enter a long code into a keypad.

43 INT. FANCY ELEVATOR- DAY

43

Elevator goes up and we hear a woman's voice spoken in a calm, breathy tone on the elevator's loudspeaker while the music continues.

ELEVATOR VOICE

Welcome, Power Caller. Today is your day to dominate the world. You are Regalview's elite brigade. Take your place alongside legends like Hal Jameson. You call the shots.

CASSIUS

(to Diana)

Strange-

ELEVATOR VOICE

You are in your sexual prime. The top of the reproductive pile.

CASSIUS

What is this crazy shit? Does it really say this everytime-

The elevator door has opened. There are two men standing on the other side of the door. One of them is FANCY SUIT GUY. They have been waiting for Cassius.

FANCY SUIT GUY- OVERDUB BY WHITE ACTOR

Welcome to the Power Calling Suite, Mr. Green. Please use your White Voice at all times here.

CASSIUS- OVERDUB BY WHITE ACTOR

Oh. I'm sorry. I totally didn't realize.

44 INT. POWER CALLING SUITE- DAY

44

FANCY SUIT GUY's assistant motions and they follow him through a decadent, plush space. There are silk couches, velvet-covered walls, color-coordinated computers, and large flat-screen TVs showing breaking-news clips. A Power Caller is getting a manicure as he conducts a sales pitch. Everything seems brighter here than in the rest of the world—similar to Dorothy's entry into Oz. FANCY SUIT GUY talks as they walk.

FANCY SUIT GUY- OVERDUB BY WHITE ACTOR
 Mr. Green, you've been selected
 because you have the potential to
 be a great telemarketer. Do you
 know what we sell up here?

CASSIUS- OVERDUB BY WHITE ACTOR
 Well, I heard-

FANCY SUIT GUY- OVERDUB BY WHITE ACTOR
 We sell power. Fire power. Man
 power. When U.S. weapons
 manufacturers sell arms to other
 countries, who do you think makes
 that call at the precisely perfect
 time which is during dinner? We do.
 Before a drone drops a bomb on an
 apartment building in Pakistan, who
 drops the bomb-ass sales pitch over
 the phone? We do.

CASSIUS- OVERDUB BY WHITE ACTOR
 Firepower. And Manpower?

FANCY SUIT GUY- OVERDUB BY WHITE ACTOR
 WorryFree- they're our biggest
 client. We help thousands of
 companies utilize WorryFree workers
 to improve their efficiency.

CASSIUS- OVERDUB BY WHITE ACTOR
 You sell their slave labor. To
 other companies? Over the phone?

FANCY SUIT GUY- OVERDUB BY WHITE ACTOR
 We've got a sharp one here.

45 INT. BUS DEPOT- DAY

45

A man with a thick mustache, large sunglasses, and a hat has
 mechanic's coveralls on walking through a bus depot. He is
 carrying a messenger bag. He walks along side a bus, checking
 that the coast is clear. He stops on the side of the bus,
 pulls out a cardboard stencil reading "SLAVES" and sprays red
 paint over it onto the bus's WorryFree ad. On another bus he
 sprays a monacle, top hat, and goatee on a Steve Lift book
 ad. Another man in mechanic's coveralls walks up behind him.

SECOND MECHANIC
 What the fuck are you doing?

The spray painting man bolts off, running for the door.

SECOND MECHANIC (CONT'D)

Dave, stop him!

Dave, the security guard, is not near the door but runs after the spray painter and tries to get a hold on him, but doesn't make contact as the agile spray painter is too quick for him.

He runs away- winded security guard no longer chasing. His sunglasses come off, revealing a black grease-paint stripe under his left eye. He pulls off the mustache. It's Detroit.

DETROIT

Left Eye, bitches!

46 INT. POWER CALLING SUITE- DAY

46

Cassius, Fancy Suit Guy, and Fancy Suit Guy's Assistant are now standing in front of a flat screen showing a Worryfree documentary which illustrates what Fancy Suit Guy describes.

FANCY SUIT GUY- OVERDUB BY WHITE ACTOR
Worryfree is has resuscitated
America. Workers live in space
efficient dwellings in the same
facilities where production occurs.
They make anything and everything.
Lifetime contracts. No wages
needed. They make cars for what it
used to cost to make bicycles.

CASSIUS

I don't know if I can-

FANCY SUIT GUY- OVERDUB BY WHITE ACTOR
White voice.

CASSIUS

I don't know if I can-

FANCY SUIT GUY- OVERDUB BY WHITE ACTOR
Here's the starting salary.

Fancy Suit Guy's Assistant points to his notepad and shows Cassius. Cassius thinks for a moment.

CASSIUS- OVERDUB BY WHITE ACTOR
It looks like I'm gonna have to buy
some more suits. Is there a script?

FANCY SUIT GUY- OVERDUB BY WHITE ACTOR
More sophisticated. You'll be
studying here until late.

(MORE)

FANCY SUIT GUY- OVERDUB BY WHITE

We need you in the mix, pronto.
We've got a lot to teach you,
Cassius Green.

47 EXT. STREET CORNER- DAY

47

Detroit stands alone at dusk on a street corner, twirling a sign in the shape of an arrow that reads "Signs". She stops twirling the sign intermittently to point it towards the store she is standing next to which has a big lit up sign on it that also reads "Signs". Apparently, they're selling signs. Detroit is looking down the street hoping that Cassius will show soon. She is wearing gold mettalic block letter earrings that, on her right side, read "Bury The Rag" and on her left side read "Deep In Your Face".

A car pulls up. It's Squeeze. He rolls down the window and yells out.

SQUEEZE

Ay, baby! What's your sign!?

DETROIT

(looks and laughs)

Pffft!

Squeeze gets out and walks toward Detroit, who's smiling and continues to twirl the sign.

DETROIT (CONT'D)

That was fucking crazy yesterday!
Like a scene out of Norma Rae.

SQUEEZE

Regalview's scared shitless. We'll
win.

(referring to the sign)

Can I check that out?

Detroit shrugs and hands him the sign. Squeeze starts twirling the sign in the air, around his back, doing some amazing dance moves while he is doing it. Detroit slyly checks him out. The display of talent makes her smile from ear to ear. A car honks.

DETROIT

Bravo! Where'd you learn that?

SQUEEZE

Down in L.A. We organized the first
sign twirlers union there.

DETROIT

That's what you do? Go from place
to place, stirring up trouble?

As they talk, the sign is continually spun between them.

SQUEEZE

The trouble's already there. I help
folks fix it.

DETROIT

Shit-fixer Local 123. I try to do
the same with my art. Expose the
bullshit.

SQUEEZE

Not really the same-

DETROIT

It's pretty much the same.

SQUEEZE

I haven't seen your stuff-

DETROIT

I'm not gonna show you my stuff.

SQUEEZE

But art's just a complaint. People
have complained for centuries.

DETROIT

We're travelling to freedom and
travellers need maps. That's my
art. Really good, aesthetically
pleasing, hopefully expensive,
maps. But, I do other things, too.

Squeeze does a behind-the back move with the sign. He throws
it in the air, spins around, claps three times, catches it.

SQUEEZE

So, how does this work with you and
Cassius? You sound like a radical
and he's- I don't know-

DETROIT

He's real. He's not that fake-ass
bourgie gallery world. He's been
through so much hard shit in life
that he grounds me- and my art.

SQUEEZE

Well you're rubbing him off right.

Detroit looks confused.

SQUEEZE (CONT'D)

You know what I mean- he helped with the work stoppage. Your fire is rubbing off. I like it. Your fire, I mean. I'm going. You look done here. Need a ride?

DETROIT

Nope. Cash is on his way. Thanks, though.

Squeeze reaches and wipes something from under Detroit's eye. It's faint residue of black grease paint. Squeeze and Detroit look at the grease paint which is now on Squeeze's thumb. Detroit realizes that her cover is blown.

SQUEEZE

Nice work.

Squeeze drives off. Detroit looks down the street for Cassius's car. later, the sign store's sign turns off. Detroit sits against the wall, looking and checking her phone.

48 EXT. STREET CORNER- DUSK 48

She sees a bus and runs to get on with her sign. Bus has an ad on it: "Why Sleep On The Street? We Got You. WorryFree."

49 INT. POWER CALLING SUITE- DUSK INTO NIGHT 49

Montage of Cassius reading textbooks, watching video presentations on large flat-screen TVs, taking a seminar with while taking notes. Cassius looks at the time and rushes out.

50 EXT. GALLERY- NIGHT 50

Cassius's car pulls up to the gallery where Detroit is working on her art.

51 INT. GALLERY- NIGHT 51

Cassius runs into the gallery.

DETROIT

Baby! Are you okay?

CASSIUS

Sorry, I-

DETROIT

Did you get in an accident?

CASSIUS

No-

DETROIT

How about robbed? Or something else extra crazy- so I don't think you faked and left me on the corner for an hour.

CASSIUS

I didn't tell you before cause I wasn't sure about it, but, as of today- I'm a Power Caller. I had to stay late. We'll be selling crazy-

DETROIT

So, you can pay me back my \$80?

CASSIUS- OVERDUB BY WHITE ACTOR

Hell yes, baby. No problem!

DETROIT

Stop that. It's freaky. What do they sell-

CASSIUS

Do I finally get to see your show?

We see that this is a gallery with 30-foot ceilings. There are 20 colorful 20-foot sculptures of Africa made with wood, metal, and found objects. Some are mounted, some are unfinished on the floor. There are slogans and items with references to music, literature, and political movements intertwined in the sculpture. There are also life-sized statues of people standing on the floor, looking at the Africas as if they were art connoisseurs. Cassius and Detroit walk and look at the pieces. Detroit lights up a joint.

CASSIUS (CONT'D)

Wow. They're beautiful. And big.

DETROIT

Africa.

CASSIUS

Oh. Really? Is that what that is?

DETROIT

I mean they're big because they're Africa. Then I just added my statues from last year.

CASSIUS

Well, if nobody comes, it'll look full. Can I ask a question?

DETROIT

You just did-

CASSIUS

Why did you choose Africa for this?

As Detroit answers, she accents her statements with grand hand gestures between tokes on the joint. Cassius mistakes these gestures as Detroit passing the joint to him. He tries to grab it, each time missing until he finally gives up.

DETROIT

That's where humanity started. I wanted to talk about life shaped by exploitation and fighting for a say in our own lives...

Cassius zones out and is focusing on the joint in Detroit's hand. He nods. He can see her lips moving but isn't hearing her. Her audio fades in and out as Cassius's attention does.

DETROIT (CONT'D)

...how beauty, love and laughter is able to thrive and flourish under almost any circumstances...

Cassius is still looking at the joint and not hearing her.

DETROIT (CONT'D)

...how Capitalism started by stealing labor from Africans and how you're nodding as if you're listening, but you're not.

Cassius nods, pretending to listen.

CASSIUS

Mmmhmm. Oh. Oh! No. No, I was taking it all in. I'm just tired. It's hard to focus. Bear with me.

DETROIT

Ok.

Cassius takes a hit of the joint.

CASSIUS

I'm listening now. Tell me about it. So, um, capitalism?

DETROIT

I'm done talking right now. I want to marinate in this. It's major for me. What I want now is for us to sit down, hit the weed, and just be here.

Cassius and Detroit sit down on a futon in the middle of the gallery. Detroit lays her head on Cassius's chest. With one hand around Detroit, Cassius puffs the joint.

CASSIUS

Baby, the statues are fuckin' with me. Statues freak me out. Like they might come to life.

DETROIT

Mmmhmm. Shhhh.

52

EXT. SIDE OF OFFICE BUILDING- MORNING

52

A colorful sign on a wall reads: "Regalview Team Members! Remember that the team comes first! Don't let outsiders interfere with the team!"

The sign is snatched down by an unknown hand as we pull out to reveal about 15 callers gathered in a circle with Squeeze and Salvador addressing them. Cassius is walking toward the circle in a silver zoot suit, carrying a briefcase. He notices them and starts to cross the street to go around, but is spotted by Salvador.

SALVADOR

Ay! Where you been, man? What's with the suit?

CASSIUS

I got promoted-

SQUEEZE

What? What does that mean? Are you a manager now?

CASSIUS

Naw, man. I'm a Power Caller now. About to be paid.

SQUEEZE

Oh. That's interesting. We're all trying to get fucking paid. But we had a plan to do it as a team. You on the team?

CASSIUS

Yeah, I guess. But I'm on the bench. The bench where you sit and get your bills paid. You know my uncle is about to lose his house.

SALVADOR

The definition of a sell-out. You're a walking cliché.

CASSIUS

I'm not selling y'all out. My success is not affecting y'all. Keep doing what you doing and I'll root from the sidelines- and try not to laugh at that stupid ass smirk on your face.

Salvador puffs his chest up and his face comes in very close to Cassius's face. Cassius already has his chest puffed up. They both have scowls on their faces. The crowd quickly gathers around them.

LANGSTON

Ay, we don't need this-

Cassius and Salvador stay in their stances, tempers flaring.

CASSIUS

You doin' alright?

SALVADOR

Oh- I'm doing great. How are YOU doin'?

CASSIUS

I'm havin' a lovely time. You have a good day.

SALVADOR

You have a better week!

CASSIUS

I will! And may you find this month fulfilling and gratifying!

SALVADOR

I hope your whole year is spectacular. And that's the muthafuckin truth! As a matter of fact, I see success in your future!

SQUEEZE

This has taken a turn that none of us could have foreseen.

LANGSTON

Both o' y'all- just walk!

Cassius backs up, turns around and walks away into the office building.

53

INT. FANCY ELEVATOR- MORNING

53

Cassius walks into the elevator and takes a piece of paper out of his pocket. There is a long passcode scribbled on it. He reads from it and punches in a 30-digit code.

ELEVATOR VOICE

Greetings, Cassius Green. I hope you did not masturbate today. We need you sharp and ready to go. I detect the pheromones percolating out of your pores. They say to others around you: "I have shown up to work to kick some ass. Hold my penis while I piss on your underestimated expectations." Mr. Green, I am a computer but I wish I had hands to caress your muscular brain. Today is your day.

The elevator door starts to open but malfunctions and closes and opens. Cassius pushes the "open door" button, trying to open the door.

ELEVATOR VOICE (CONT'D)

You have the power to shape the world to your liking. You can make the world bend over at your whim. You-

Elevator door opens.

CASSIUS

What is the-

54 INT. POWER CALLING SUITE- MORNING

54

CASSIUS- OVERDUB BY WHITE ACTOR
-deal with that elevator voice
thing?

FANCY SUIT GUY- OVERDUB BY WHITE ACTOR
Did you study the materials?

CASSIUS- OVERDUB BY WHITE ACTOR
Sure did.

FANCY SUIT GUY'S ASSISTANT
Great. But no one speaks to our
valuable contacts without the test.
Jill, get the Iso-booth ready.

55 INT. ISO-BOOTH- DAY

55

Cassius enters an almost pitch-black booth, which is a little
bigger than a phone booth, and stands. He has no clothes on.

FANCY SUIT GUY'S ASSISTANT
(O.S.- via loudspeaker)
We'll start easy. Use your normal
voice. What does JASSM stand for?

CASSIUS
JASSM is the Joint Air to Surface
Standoff Missile.

FANCY SUIT GUY'S ASSISTANT
What kind of warhead does it carry?

CASSIUS
JASSM's 1000-pound warhead can be
fitted as nuclear, chemical,
conventional, or biological.

FANCY SUIT GUY'S ASSISTANT
Good. How much does it cost?

CASSIUS
The JASSM costs 1.5 mi-

A piercingly loud buzzer sounds, a red light flashes, and
Cassius is doused by a flood of dozens of gallons of water.

CASSIUS (CONT'D)
Shit! Fuck! Cold!

FANCY SUIT GUY'S ASSISTANT
Wrong. Well, almost right. Say it
like a salesman.

CASSIUS
Uh, the JASSM costs \$300,000 less
than the Tomohawk?

FANCY SUIT GUY'S ASSISTANT
Good. What percentage is the
average annual rise in profit for
first-year clients of Worryfree as
compared to the prior year?

Silence.

CASSIUS
Please repeat.

FANCY SUIT GUY'S ASSISTANT
What percentage is the average
annual rise in profit for first-
year clients of Worryfree as
compared to the prior year?

CASSIUS
Can you please re-phrase the qu-

Loud buzzer, red light flashes, Cassius is doused with water.

56 INT. POWER CALLING SUITE- DAY 56

Cassius walks through the halls of the Power Calling suite
wearing a towel- clothes in one arm, briefcase in the other.

57 INT. CASSIUS'S OFFICE- DAY 57

FANCY SUIT GUY- OVERDUB BY WHITE ACTOR
You've been assigned a Worryfree
campaign. Brush up on that 6th
chapter stuff, and start calling in
the next half hour. It's 2pm.
Almost breakfast time in Japan.

CASSIUS
Ok.

Cassius, still in his towel, sits at his desk and unfolds the
photocopied picture from the cubicle. The man in the
photocopied picture has a skeptical look on his face. As he
dresses, Cassius starts leafing through a manual.

He closes it without reading much and picks up the phone. While dialing he looks at a portfolio of his prospective client.

WOMAN ON PHONE
Softbank, Konichiwa!

CASSIUS- OVERDUB BY WHITE ACTOR
Konichiwa! Mr. Masayoshi Son,
please. This is Cassius Green from
Worryfree. Yes, I'll hold.

Cassius listens to hold music while finishing dressing.

WOMAN ON PHONE
I'm very sorry, Mr. Son does not
come in at this time.

CASSIUS- OVERDUB BY WHITE ACTOR
No problem. I'll call his cell.

Cassius looks at the portfolio for the number and dials. He crashes down into a bathroom. A man is on the toilet.

58

INT. FANCY JAPANESE RESIDENTIAL BATHROOM- DAY

58

PERSON ON PHONE
Mushi mushi.

CASSIUS- OVERDUB BY WHITE ACTOR
Good evening, Mr. Son. Cassius
Green for WorryFree here. I'm sorry
to bother you, but I wanted talk to
you about who's assembling your
cell phones. No, I KNOW they're
getting put together in China. I'm
a fan of your work. I've followed
you since you were with Mitsubishi.
I literally cheered when I read
that you acquired SanRio. Which is
why I'm calling you- not Motorola.

Cassius pushes the bidet button, which has an illustrated picture of water spraying on a butt, on Mr. Son's toilet.

CASSIUS- OVERDUB BY WHITE ACTOR
(CONT'D)
With our focused work force, we'll
get your phones assembled twice as
fast at half the cost. You can
double market share over those
bastards.

59 INT. POWER CALLING SUITE- DAY 59

A bunch of sharply dressed Power Callers, including Cassius, are gathered in the Power Calling Suite's lobby.

FANCY SUIT GUY- OVERDUB BY WHITE ACTOR
Let's toast to Cassius Green! He miraculously just made our client, Worryfree, upwards of \$10 million in one call! On the first day, no less! One for the history books.

The Power Callers raise their glasses and toast. Cassius walks over to Fancy Suit Guy.

CASSIUS- OVERDUB BY WHITE ACTOR
Hey, excuse me-

FANCY SUIT GUY- OVERDUB BY WHITE ACTOR
How can I do you for, amigo?

CASSIUS- OVERDUB BY WHITE ACTOR
I know that this is my first day here. However, I have just put through the miracle sale and I'm in a terrible financial bind. I...
(normal voice) I need a cash advance.

60 INT. OFFICE BUILDING LOBBY- DAY 60

Cassius struts triumphantly out of the elevator, past the windowed work area of regular callers who are doing another "Phone's down!" action. He pushes the door open and magically struts straight into his uncle Sergio's dining room.

61 INT. SERGIO'S DINING ROOM- DUSK 61

Sergio is sitting at the dinner table with his wife and children. He looks up at Cassius who proudly shoves a check in his face. Sergio reads the check and is visibly moved to joy. Sergio gets up and hugs Cassius while handing the check to his wife who is also moved to joy. Cassius breaks from Sergio's hug as he and his wife still celebrate and struts out the door.

62 EXT. CASSIUS'S STUDIO APARTMENT- NIGHT 62

Cassius struts over to his car, which is a damn bucket. He opens the driver side door, climbs in and slams the door.

63 INT. CASSIUS'S CAR- NIGHT 63

Cassius's "bucket" is now a brand new Black Mercedes-Benz sports car. He smirks and drives.

64 EXT. STREET CORNER- NIGHT 64

DETROIT is spinning an arrow shaped sign that says "Sale". Cassius pulls up in the Benz. She looks confused and surprised. She hops in, hanging the "Sale" sign out the open passenger window. They drive to Cassius's house.

65 INT. CASSIUS'S STUDIO APARTMENT- NIGHT 65

CASSIUS and DETROIT fall onto the bed, making out passionately. The furniture around them changes, one item at a time, to more visibly more expensive versions of each item. First the TV, then chairs, then end tables then the bed on which they continue to make out- which gets too big for the room.

66 INT. CASSIUS'S CHIC APARTMENT- MORNING 66

Finally, it is clear that they are actually in a large, chic apartment in a different building altogether.

It's morning. CASSIUS and DETROIT are sleeping in bed in a position similar to the scene before when they were making out. Cassius wakes, sits up in bed and stares out the window at a beautiful view of the city. He grabs the remote, sits up, and turns on the television. As he does this, he inadvertently pulls most of the covers off sleeping Detroit.

On the screen is the WorryFree aesthetically luxurious prison cell that we saw earlier. There is an oversized, gaudy chandelier hanging in the middle. The decor is Victorian era, with the six bunks seemingly made up with velvet and silk blankets and built with brass. There is fancy wallpaper. It's so gaudy that it almost looks like The Old Spaghetti Factory.

Words flash on the screen: "MTV Cribs: WorryFree Edition!"

MTV ANNOUNCER

Up next on MTV Cribs, WorryFree
Edition: Hole Puncher, Ben Ellman.

The show does a typical MTV-style cut to a shot of Benjamin-45 year-old White guy- pointing to his bunk, with his wife under the covers. There are other couples in the other bunks. His wife is giving the camera a fake smile.

BEN ELLMAN- OVERDUB BY BLACK ACTOR

This is where the magic happens,
baby!

Cassius changes channels. A man gets beaten with a fish by a man in lederhosen. It's "I Got The S#*@ Kicked Outta Me!".

GAME SHOW AUDIENCE

I got the [beep] kicked outta me!

Cassius changes the channel. It's the local news. The news cameras show a militant strike, with chanting, picket signs, tussles with the police, and scabs being hit on the head-walking away holding their bleeding heads. The strike is in front of Regalview. There are hundreds, maybe thousands that seem to be part of the strike. The action is narrated.

TV NEWS REPORTER (V.O.)

Chuck, this was the scene yesterday
at the Regalview telemarketers
strike.

Chyron on the TV screen reads "Telemarketers Strike. Day 40." We see about 30 cops with riot gear and shields crouched down, shielding themselves, in the middle of an intersection. They are being pelted by a hailstorm of soda cans and rocks from the crowd of thousands around them. The scene looks very much like footage from student protests in Korea.

TV NEWS REPORTER (V.O.)

The striking Regalview workers are
joined by other telemarketers,
phone operators, and university
students from all over the area.

We see SQUEEZE making a speech to the crowd. He is holding and talking into a bullhorn while talking into a microphone that a reporter is holding.

SQUEEZE

We are Telemarketers! We are used
to being hung up on! Blocked! And
ignored! But we won't let Regalview
block, ignore, or hang up on us!

Cassius changes the channel back to MTV Cribs: WorryFree Edition. They are in an expansive dining hall of the WorryFree complex. There are tables that seem to stretch as long as three city blocks. Benjamin Ellman walks into frame.

BEN ELLMAN- OVERDUB BY BLACK ACTOR

After a long day of hearty-ass
work, you feel me, we ready to eat.
This is where we get our grub on-

Cassius changes the channel back to "I Got The S#@ Kicked Outta Me!" A contestant is soaking wet, with bloodshot eyes, excitedly talking to the host.

GAME SHOW CONTESTANT
Swimming through the vat of hyena
urine is not as bad as it sounds!
I'm just happy to be on here!

Cassius changes the channel back to the news.

SQUEEZE
What do we want!? We want enough
money to pay the rent!

CROWD
Yeah!

SQUEEZE
We want enough money to eat
something besides Cup 'O Noodles
every night!

CROWD
Yeah!

SQUEEZE
We want to be able to go to the
doctor if we get drunk one night!

CROWD
Yeah!

SQUEEZE
And hook up with somebody without
protection!

CROWD
Yeah!

SQUEEZE
And we think we might have
contracted gonorrhoea! Or chlamydia!
Or any one of those crazy STDs you
never heard of that they have on
Self-Diagnosis.com!

Crowd stares silently.

TV NEWS REPORTER (V.O.)

Although strikers have kept most replacement workers from breaking the strike- every morning, Blackwater security agents successfully escort Regalview's elite Power Callers into the building.

A group of ten uniformed men in full riot-gear, masks, and shields rush, full-speed, from the sidewalk across the street toward the strikers. They're the size of NFL linebackers.

They make a protective perimeter around people who are much smaller in size and very fashionably dressed- who are also rushing full-speed, moving as one unit with the Blackwater agents. In that group: CASSIUS, FANCY SUIT GUY, FANCY SUIT GUY'S ASSISTANT, and others. We recognize CASSIUS due to his very bright colored suit. In one fluid, violent motion, we see the Blackwater agents rush, punch, push, and smash their way through the strike line toward the front door. They get the Power Callers into the building, leaving a mass of bloody, enraged strikers.

TV NEWS REPORTER (V.O.)

For more on the Regalview str-

CASSIUS turns the TV off. He's contemplative. He notices that Detroit is awake and has been watching the news with him.

CASSIUS- OVERDUB BY WHITE ACTOR

Hey, baby. Good morning.

DETROIT

No. Please no. Stop that stupid voice, Cassius.

Detroit pulls some of the covers back towards herself.

CASSIUS- OVERDUB BY WHITE ACTOR

I didn't- (normal voice) I didn't even realize-

DETROIT

That's a problem.

CASSIUS

Sorry... How long you been awake?

DETROIT

I'm not awake yet. But I saw your TV debut-

The man in the framed picture bows his head in shame.

Detroit pulls the covers more as she turns over- facing away from Cassius, who has to hold on to remain covered.

DETROIT (CONT'D)

Cash, baby. I c-

Cassius turns over in bed, away from Detroit.

CASSIUS

C'mon, can we not-

DETROIT

Look. I quit when the strike jumped off because being with you made it awkward. But you abandoned your friends-

CASSIUS

I thought they'd do a few work stoppages and Regalview would cave.

DETROIT

It's one thing to take the promotion, but now you're a full out scab-

CASSIUS

Power Callers ain't on strike!

Detroit pulls the covers more toward herself.

DETROIT

They should be! I'm tired of talkin about this. You're crossing the picket line. I can't ride with you.

CASSIUS

Oh, but you was riding fine when-

DETROIT

No more.

CASSIUS

What are you sayin'? You're askin' me to quit the fattest job I've ever had-

DETROIT

It's not fat. It's morally emaciated. You sell fucking slave labor.

CASSIUS

What the fuck ISN'T slave labor?

DETROIT

Side-stepping. You side-step more than the fucking Temptations.

Cassius pulls the covers toward him, off of Detroit.

CASSIUS

Fuck you. I'm finally good at something. Really good. I fucking make shit happen. I'm important. You can't see it because you've always had it. You're worried about slave labor? You think Squeeze and them are changing that? They ain't gon' do shit. And sellin' art to rich people ain't gon do shit either!

DETROIT

Gimme the damn covers!

Detroit stands up to leave, attempting to take the covers with her. Cassius grabs and pulls the covers. Detroit lets go. Cassius falls back onto the floor.

CASSIUS

D. One of the reasons I took this job in the first place was to make myself interesting enough to keep you.

DETROIT

The old you was way more interesting. If you go to work today at Regalview- crossing the picket line- we're done.

67

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING- MORNING

67

Extreme close-up on CASSIUS. He is pissed and tearing up. We pull out to see he's in the middle of the other Power Callers, encircled by the Blackwater agents. They are across the street from the Regalview building and strikers.

BLACKWATER AGENT #1

Elbows and assholes, people! Let's go!

OTHER BLACKWATER AGENTS

Hut! Hut! Move!

They run quickly together. Although we only see CASSIUS's face during this we hear the thuds and curses of strikers and Blackwater agents. The corners of the frame behind Cassius's face are filled with yellow and violet smoke from the smoke grenades that the Blackwater agents have set off.

68 INT. POWER CALLING SUITE- MORNING 68

CASSIUS and other Power Callers file out of the elevator. CASSIUS slowly walks to his office and sits down.

He looks around. Business as usual. He opens a portfolio and begins to make a call. He sees FANCY SUIT GUY.

FANCY SUIT GUY- OVERDUB BY WHITE ACTOR
Well, we made it.

CASSIUS- OVERDUB BY WHITE ACTOR
I'm gonna just follow up on this
thing I've been working on.

Cassius stops, as if having second thoughts. He looks over at the photocopied picture. The man seems to be staring disapprovingly.

He looks again and the man in the picture is back to his normal pose. He shakes it off and dials confidently.

69 INT. POWER CALLING SUITE- DAY 69

The Power Callers are all gathered in the Power Calling suite lobby.

FANCY SUIT GUY- OVERDUB BY WHITE ACTOR
This. Mother. Fucker. Is. On. Fire!
Let's toast to boy wonder!

The Power Callers raise their glasses and toast to Cassius, who looks very proud and accomplished.

70 EXT. STREET- NIGHT 70

CASSIUS drives down the street in his new car. He parks in front of the gallery where DETROIT is hanging up her Africas with help from a half dozen others. A giant poster announces the opening as being "Tomorrow!" CASSIUS watches Detroit through the big windows for a few seconds then speeds off.

71 INT. CASSIUS'S CHIC APARTMENT- NIGHT 71

Cassius sleeps alone in his big bed.

72 EXT. OFFICE BUILDING- MORNING 72

Cassius, again, is surrounded by other Power Callers who are surrounded by Blackwater agents. Once again, they all run across the street together- straight toward the strikers. We see the hand of one of the strikers shaking up a soda can and throwing it. It sails beautifully through the air and lands perfectly on CASSIUS'S forehead, which then gushes with blood.

CASSIUS

Fuck!!!

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Have a Coke and a smile, bitch!

The group does not stop their blitz into the building. Thud, smash, push, in the building.

73 INT. POWER CALLING SUITE- DAY 73

FANCY SUIT GUY is standing outside of Cassius's office, watching as Cassius finishes up a call. Cassius notices FANCY SUIT GUY while hanging up. Cassius has a bandage on his head.

FANCY SUIT GUY- OVERDUB BY WHITE ACTOR

You, my friend, are the best decision I've made in quite a long time. I have to pat myself on the ass for that.

CASSIUS- OVERDUB BY WHITE ACTOR

Thank you, Mr. _____. It's good to be appreciated.

Whenever FANCY SUIT GUY's name is said, it is bleeped out and the mouth of the person speaking is pixelated to hide the name.

FANCY SUIT GUY- OVERDUB BY WHITE ACTOR

Don't call me Mr. _____. Call me _____. Cassius, do you like to party?

CASSIUS- OVERDUB BY WHITE ACTOR

I like parties.

FANCY SUIT GUY- OVERDUB BY WHITE ACTOR
What are you doing tonight?

CASSIUS- OVERDUB BY WHITE ACTOR
I've got a couple things to follow
up on here and my girl- I mean my
ex-girl has a-

Blood drips from Cassius's bandage onto his face. Fancy Suit Guy reaches and wipes Cassius's face with a handkerchief.

FANCY SUIT GUY- OVERDUB BY WHITE ACTOR
Fuck all that. Check it: Steve Lift
is throwing his yearly party and
wants to see our new star there. He
wants to talk to you.

Fancy Suit Guy holds a copy of GQ. Steve Lift's on the cover. Steve Lift's book is also on Cassius's desk.

FANCY SUIT GUY- OVERDUB BY WHITE ACTOR
(CONT'D)
I've been waiting years to get an
invite. Jay and Bey can't even get
an invite.

CASSIUS- OVERDUB BY WHITE ACTOR
Hell yeah! But I have to-

FANCY SUIT GUY- OVERDUB BY WHITE ACTOR
Go to your other thing and I'll
pick you up after. This kind of
party could change your life-

74 INT. GALLERY- EVENING

74

The Gallery is filled with people who are dressed to the nines. This is the opening of Detroit's show.

Cassius walks in and makes his way through the crowd towards Detroit. She's at the other end of the room, talking to a circle of art enthusiasts. She's wearing metallic earrings with big, easy to read letters. Her right earring: "You're Gonna Have To Fight" and her left one: "Your Own Damn War".

DETROIT- OVERDUB BY BRITISH ACTOR
I wanted to talk about how beauty,
love and laughter is still able to
thrive and flourish under almost
any circumstances. I realized that-

Detroit sees Cassius coming toward her.

DETROIT- OVERDUB BY BRITISH ACTOR
(CONT'D)

Please excuse me for a moment?

Detroit walks over to Cassius.

CASSIUS

I wouldn't miss this for the world.
This is beautiful. You're
beautiful. I love you. I want us-

DETROIT

I love you, too. But I can't hang
with the coldness I see in you now.

Cassius is dejected.

DETROIT (CONT'D)

What happened to your head?

CASSIUS

Nothing. Cut myself shaving.

DETROIT

I have to go get ready for the
performance. You really should stay
to see it.

CASSIUS

I can stay for a little, but I have
to meet an important person at a
party.

DETROIT

Slave auctioneers party?

Cassius walks and grabs an already poured glass of champagne
from the bar which is next to them. He looks up and Sal and
Squeeze are walking toward him.

DETROIT (CONT'D)

Hey, Squeeze. Thank you so much for
coming.

SQUEEZE

I wouldn't miss this for the world.

DETROIT

You always know the right thing to
say.

CASSIUS

I said that a second ago.

Detroit walks away.

SALVADOR

Long time, no hear. Do you not call me anymore because you're a sellout, or because you're a star?

CASSIUS

A star? What-

Salvador shoves a smartphone in front of Cassius's face. It is a YouTube clip that is paused on a blurry Coca-Cola can which is in flight over the heads of a crowd. Salvador presses play and it shows the can hitting Cassius's head. It is the scene from that morning. When the can hits, a cartoon like "Boing!" sound effect happens. Salvador laughs loudly and puts the smartphone back in his pocket.

SALVADOR

11 million views already, man! You're the Justin Bieber of backstabbers.

SQUEEZE

Look, we could use your help right now. We have them by the balls, but they're holding out. We're at an important point. We have info on how much this is costing them. If we make them lose a little more, they'll have to meet our demands. You jumping sides now could turn the tide.

CASSIUS

I-

SQUEEZE

I saw something in you before that must still be in there. Don't be that leaf that floats down the river- be the stone that shifts the stream.

SALVADOR

Shit, man. Piss your own stream.

CASSIUS

I hear you, but let's talk about it this weekend. I gotta think about it.

SQUEEZE

Okay. I'll definitely call you.

A gong sounds and everyone in the gallery turns toward it. Detroit is standing at the gong, wearing a black trenchcoat and aviator sunglasses.

DETROIT- OVERDUB BY BRITISH ACTOR

Welcome, friends! Gather around. Form a semi-circle. Tonight, we will have a transformative experience. In those containers there are broken cell phones, used bullet casings, and water balloons filled with sheep's blood. Cellphones can only work with the mineral Coltan, which is only found in Africa's Congo. The profit involved in this has created hardship and wars. I will stand here. If you feel so moved, you may throw the items in the containers at me. While I stand here, I will be reciting an excerpt from the timeless Motown-produced movie entitled "The Last Dragon". I will recite the lines that Angela says to Eddie Arcadian as she leaves him.

Detroit takes the trenchcoat off and is naked, save for the sunglasses.

DETROIT- OVERDUB BY BRITISH ACTOR
(CONT'D)

Let's begin.

Detroit bangs the gong.

DETROIT- OVERDUB BY BRITISH ACTOR
(CONT'D)

(Almost whispering)

And in the end, Eddie, you know what? You're nothing but a misguided midget asshole with dreams of ruling the world. Yeah, also from Kew Gardens. And also getting by on *my* tits.

Silence.

DETROIT- OVERDUB BY BRITISH ACTOR
(CONT'D)

(Softly)

And in the end, Eddie, you know what?

(MORE)

DETROIT- OVERDUB BY BRITISH ACTOR
 You're nothing but a misguided
 midget asshole with dreams of
 ruling the world. Yeah, also from
 Kew Gardens. And also getting by on
my tits.

One cellphone is thrown. Then a bullet casing.

DETROIT- OVERDUB BY BRITISH ACTOR
 (CONT'D)
 (A little louder)
 And in the end, Eddie, you know
 what? You're nothing but a
 misguided midget asshole with
 dreams of ruling the world. Yeah,
 also from Kew Gardens. And also
 getting by on *my tits*.

Water balloons of blood are busted on her. Cellphones and
 bullets are being thrown. It looks painful.

DETROIT- OVERDUB BY BRITISH ACTOR
 (CONT'D)
 (yelling)
 And in the end! Eddie! You know
 what!? You're! Nothing! But a
 misguided midget! Asshole! With
 dreams! of ruling the world! Yeah!
 also from Kew Gardens! And also!
 getting by on *my tits*!

She is really getting pelted. Cassius angrily rushes in to
 the middle of the chaos, dodging as he goes.

CASSIUS
 Ay! Aay!! Stop! Wait a fucking
 minute!

The pelting stops.

CASSIUS (CONT'D)
 Stop! What the hell is going on
 here?!
 (to Detroit)
 Why would you subject yourself to
 this?

DETROIT
 It's part of the show. You, of all
 people, should know that. Stick to
 the script.

Detroit reaches down, grabs a black football helmet and puts
 it on.

DETROIT (CONT'D)

Don't you have a party to go to?
 (to the audience, overdub
 by a British actor)
 Begin again! And in the end! Eddie!
 You know what!? You're! Nothing...

Cassius gets out of harm's way, walks through the crowd,
 walks out of the gallery.

75 EXT. GALLERY- NIGHT 75

Cassius gets in his car while soliloquy and pelting continue.

76 INT. STEVE LIFT'S MANSION- NIGHT 76

We see a close up of a nose snorting an extra long line of
 cocaine that takes about 10 seconds to finish. The nose
 belongs to Steve Lift. He lifts his head quickly, to stand.

STEVE LIFT

I guess you're all wondering why
 I've called this meeting.

Laughter.

A DJ spins a record and loud music starts. About 200 people
 are partying in an extremely decadent mansion. Some are
 talking on couches and chairs. Some are standing. Some are
 dancing. Most of them are drinking and smoking weed. 99
 percent of them are white. On one wall is Detroit's defaced
 "Responsible babbydaddy"/"Response, baby" billboard. It has
 been mounted, framed, and lit like a museum piece.

FANCY SUIT GUY- OVERDUB BY WHITE ACTOR

Hey! Steve!

STEVE LIFT

You sweet sexy motherfucker. Are
 you loving the new digs or what?

Subtitle reads: "My dick is bigger than yours, FYI."

FANCY SUIT GUY- OVERDUB BY WHITE ACTOR

Love it.

Subtitle reads "Yes, boss. Your dick is bigger than mine."

STEVE LIFT

Stick around, because most of these
 bitches are probably gonna get
 naked later.

Subtitle reads "Again, my dick is bigger than yours and most of these lovely women are actually going to get naked later. For reals."

FANCY SUIT GUY- OVERDUB BY WHITE ACTOR
Of course. Your parties are the
stuff of folklore. Steve, meet the
man of the hour-

CASSIUS- OVERDUB BY WHITE ACTOR
Cassius Green, it's a pleasure to
meet you. An honor.

STEVE LIFT
Hola, compadre. Necesitan algun...
Aw, fuck. Who am I kiddin'? No
hablos español. You're not one of
those Spanish people that just look
Black are you?

CASSIUS- OVERDUB BY WHITE ACTOR
No, Mr. Lift. I'm just Black.

STEVE LIFT
Please, don't call me Mister.

CASSIUS- OVERDUB BY WHITE ACTOR
Okay. Steve. For sure-

STEVE LIFT
Nope. That doesn't feel right. Just
call me sir.

CASSIUS- OVERDUB BY WHITE ACTOR
Yes, sir-

STEVE LIFT
I'm just kidding. Call me whatever
the fuck you want- just keep makin'
that fuckin money. You must be a
fucking genius. I'd love to pick
your brain because we need people
like you over at WorryFree. People
who can comprehend the bigger
picture. It's people like you who
are gonna save this nation, Green.
I mean, don't get me wrong- we need
the workers to do the actual work,
per se. But we need people like
you, too, that can be trusted. But
that can analyze the challenges and
adapt... Like a snake. Or a
cockroach.

(MORE)

STEVE LIFT (CONT'D)
Or a little fiendish raccoon
scavenging through a garbage can.

CASSIUS- OVERDUB BY WHITE ACTOR
Thanks.

77 INT. GALLERY- NIGHT

77

The gallery is almost empty. There is a gigantic mess on the floor- bullet casings, broken cell phones and water. Detroit is holding the door as a group of folks leave.

DETROIT
Thank you guys so much for helping
me clean. I'm gonna do the rest
tomorrow. I'm fucking tired. Thank
you, Samiyah! I love you!

SAMIYAH (O.S.)
I love you, too!

DETROIT
(to Squeeze)
So, what did you think?

SQUEEZE
It was... fiery.

Detroit smiles knowingly and locks the door.

Squeeze and Detroit make out aggressively against the wall
and slide down, continuing on the wet floor, bullet casings,
and broken cell phones.

78 INT. STEVE LIFT'S MANSION- NIGHT

78

The party is still happening. STEVE LIFT, CASSIUS, FANCY SUIT
GUY, and a bunch of others are sitting on the couch and
around it. Some people are still dancing. Those on the couch
and around it are listening intently to STEVE LIFT.

STEVE LIFT
...I had to climb up on the side of
the overturned jeep and pry the AK
from under the crushed seat where
my dead, and bloody guide was. When
the rhino charged again, he got a
head full of lead. Brrr-rat-ta-ta-
ta-ta! Brains all over the place. I
made that motherfucker into a
trophy.

Steve gestures toward a wall where a disgusting, gory, tattered head of a rhinoceros is mounted.

STEVE LIFT (CONT'D)

Hey, Cassius. You ever had to put a cap in anybody's ass?

Laughter.

FANCY SUIT GUY- OVERDUB BY WHITE ACTOR

Green? No-

STEVE LIFT

Shut up, _____. I'm talking to the man of the hour here. I wanna hear about some of that Oakland gangsta shit. Oaktown!

CASSIUS- OVERDUB BY WHITE ACTOR

No, sir. Luckily, I haven't had to cap anybody yet. Sorry. No gangster stories for ya.

STEVE LIFT

Hmmm. Ok. Give us *something* man. We work hard, we party hard. These type of motherfuckers are at my party every year. You're different. Leave an impression. At least take off the White Voice. I know you can at least bust a rap for us or somethin'.

CASSIUS

Actually, I can't rap worth shit. It's embarrassing.

STEVE LIFT

Bullshit!

CASSIUS

For real, I don't rap. I don't know how to rap. I'm hella good at LISTENIN' to some rap, though.

STEVE LIFT

Fuck that, man! You're lying! Rap! Rap! Rap! Rap!

First FANCY SUIT GUY, then the whole party catches on and starts chanting "Rap! Rap! Rap! Rap!" Cassius slowly and reluctantly heads toward the DJ booth after being handed a microphone.

The crowd is hyped- whooping, hollering, and dancing hard to the instrumental that the DJ is playing for Cassius to rap to. Cassius bobs to the beat to stall a little. Finally-

CASSIUS

W'sup... My name is Cash/I love
to...

He can't finish.

PERSON AT PARTY

Smash!

CASSIUS

One, two... I come from the city of
dope/Couldn't be saved by John The
Pope/I like to...

He can't finish. He goes back to bobbing his head and slightly dancing. The music does a drum fill which will obviously lead it into the chorus. He gets an idea and comes in on the beat, looking unsure as he says it.

CASSIUS (CONT'D)

Nigga shit! Nigga, Nigga, Nigga
shit!/Nigga shit! Nigga, Nigga,
Nigga shit!/Nigga shit! Nigga,
Nigga, Nigga shit!

The crowd reacts wildly and chants along with him loudly, including STEVE LIFT and FANCY SUIT GUY. The crowd dances with each other, with some freaking and doing booty dances. Some are on couches, chairs and tables. This seems to go on for a while. We see from Cassius's facial expression that he is troubled with what he is doing.

79

INT. STEVE LIFT'S MANSION- NIGHT

79

CASSIUS sits on a chair alone, drinking bourbon, distraught by his performance. The party happening through the door on his left is in slow-motion while Cassius is normal speed. We only hear the sound of Cassius's breathing and drinking. His formerly white bandage is partly brownish-red with blood. He's still bleeding. He wipes his forehead with a handkerchief as he looks to his right. The exit door.

We pull back to see that he is at the end of a long hallway. We pull back past party-goers- some having sex on couches that line the hallway, some passed out, sitting against the walls.

We see the back of FANCY SUIT GUY walking down the hallway toward CASSIUS. We follow him back to CASSIUS.

As we follow, we hear only: CASSIUS breathing and drinking, FANCY SUIT GUY's footsteps, and the sound of a couch banging the wall from someone having sex.

FANCY SUIT GUY kneels down beside CASSIUS. FANCY SUIT GUY's nose has white powder all over it.

FANCY SUIT GUY

Yo. Steve wants you back there.

FANCY SUIT GUY is not speaking with his White Voice. He motions toward a closed door at the back of the party room.

We now hear the music, but the surroundings- other than Cassius and FANCY SUIT GUY- are still in slow motion.

FANCY SUIT GUY (CONT'D)

Go through that door, all the way down the hall. Make a right, then a left... then go through the third door on your left, make a right and you'll see it. It's the magenta door...

Cassius gets up. As he does, the surroundings go back to normal speed and the music is at full blast.

FANCY SUIT GUY (CONT'D)

Ay. We don't cry about what should be, we thrive on what is. This could be big. Don't fuck it up.

As Cassius walks away, we see that a small group of people are watching a YouTube video of Cassius being hit by the Coke can on a gigantic flatscreen. They are laughing hysterically.

80 INT. MANSION HALLWAY- NIGHT

80

CASSIUS opens the first door and goes through it. He goes down the dark yet lavishly decorated hallway. After he turns the first time, he is in a different kind of hallway. It's white. It almost looks like a hospital. When he turns the second time, there are windows that reveal small laboratories with the lights turned off for the night. One of the rooms that he sees through its window is full of levers, ropes, pulleys, and metal wheels. He finally gets to the door which is painted magenta and goes through it.

81 INT. LIFT'S PRIVATE OFFICE/LOUNGE- NIGHT

81

CASSIUS enters a spacious and luxurious room that has a desk as the centerpiece and a giant video screen behind it.

The room is decorated with an equine motif. There are paintings- some small, some oversized- with horses and centaurs. One of the pieces is quite sexual, involving a woman and a horse. The desk itself is a ridiculously gaudy thing that involves two sculptured horses, side-by-side, holding up a table. There is a small dish with apples on the desk, over to one side. STEVE LIFT is behind the desk, leaning back in his chair. He seems coked out and has a small mirror in front of him with cocaine residue and a straw laying on it. He throws an apple to CASSIUS, who catches it.

STEVE LIFT

Heads up!

CASSIUS

This room is nuts.

STEVE LIFT

Thank you. I'll accept that back-handed compliment. Pull up a chair, Cassius Green.

Cassius sits.

STEVE LIFT (CONT'D)

Is your head okay?

CASSIUS

Perfect.

STEVE LIFT

Well, here in Lift's lair, we'll do no line before it's time. And it's time, my friend. You're rollin' with the big dogs.

STEVE LIFT pushes a commemorative plate from "The Mr. Ed Show" across the table toward CASSIUS. It has a line of cocaine which circles around into a spiral shape. CASSIUS pauses for a second, then snorts the spiral line.

CASSIUS

Shit!

STEVE LIFT

I wanna propose something, Cash.

CASSIUS

And I wanna listen to your proposal, Stevie.

STEVE LIFT

We need you at WorryFree. I see something in you.

(MORE)

STEVE LIFT (CONT'D)

You're more than just the best telemarketer the world has seen since Hal Jameson.

CASSIUS

That's interesting. Yet boring. Tell me something I don't know. Something with zeros and commas.

STEVE LIFT

Cocky. I like that. You'll understand the proposal if you watch this video we put together.

CASSIUS

Can I take a piss first?

STEVE LIFT

No.

STEVE LIFT picks up a remote control and starts the video. It's a commercial video showing still pictures of pastoral green settings. Corny electronic music plays as these still pictures flash on screen. Cassius is uncomfortable and obviously has to pee. A WorryFree logo appears.

CASSIUS

I actually hella have to piss.

The video pauses.

STEVE LIFT

Fine. Right out the door. It's the jade colored door. Hurry back.

82 INT. MANSION HALLWAY- NIGHT 82

Cassius rushes out the door into the hallway. He goes to the right and finds the jade door and rushes in.

83 INT. WASHROOM- NIGHT 83

The room is a darkly-lit, yet sanitary looking room with bathroom tiles on the wall, a sink, a mirror some curtains for what seems like showers, and one metallic stall. We can see that there's a guy in the stall because we see his head.

CASSIUS

Fuck! Only one stall? Are you on your way out or in?

GUY IN STALL

Can you help me?

Cassius walks toward the stall. The man's breathing is audibly heavy.

CASSIUS

Naw, man. Is this some- I'm not-

GUY IN STALL

Please, help me. I'm fucked up. I'm hurting.

GUY IN STALL leans suddenly against the door and bumps it, as if ready to fall.

CASSIUS

Aight. Hold on, m-

Cassius opens the stall door, and GUY IN STALL falls out onto the floor, revealing that he's a naked part-man, part-horse.

There is no hair on his entire man-horse body, save for the normal patches of hair that a hairy man might have. Unlike a mythical centaur, there are no extra limbs. His hind legs have human feet, his front legs have human hands. He is very sweaty and has humongous horse-like nostrils.

His human eyes show that he is terrified.

He is chained and collared to the stall.

He let's out a chilling whinny.

Cassius is suddenly terrified and screams out while backing up.

CASSIUS (CONT'D)

Fuck! Shit! Fuck fuck fuck fuck
fuck! What the fuck! What the fuck!

GUY IN STALL

Please, help me. I'm hurting.

He let's out a whinny.

CASSIUS turns to run out, but the floor is slippery and he runs into the shower curtain, bumping something behind it. This is not actually a shower, but another stall. Another man-horse sticks his head out from behind the curtain. He whinnies.

SECOND GUY IN STALL

Please help me. I'm hurting.

Other heads of men and women stick their heads out of curtains, whinnying, neighing, and saying "Please help us."

84 INT. MANSION HALLWAY- NIGHT

84

Cassius bolts out of the door, straight into STEVE LIFT, who blocks his exit.

CASSIUS

The fuck!?

STEVE LIFT

Asshole! I said the jade door!

CASSIUS

That *is* the jade door!

STEVE LIFT

That door is obviously olive! Not jade! It is very clearly an olive colored door!

CASSIUS

Get me the fuck outta here!

STEVE LIFT forcefully puts both hands on CASSIUS's shoulders.

STEVE LIFT

Ok. Big, big misunderstanding. Let's both calm, Breathe. Let's go back to my office. I'll explain. Do you still have to go pee?

CASSIUS

I pissed in my fucking pants, man. So, no, I don't have to pee anymore. I am so fucking outta here!

CASSIUS shakes his shoulder free of STEVE LIFT and tries to run away. STEVE LIFT pulls a silver 9mm pistol from the small of his back.

STEVE LIFT

Ok. Breathe. Calm. Big misunderstanding. Let me explain.

85 INT. LIFT'S PRIVATE LOUNGE- NIGHT

85

CASSIUS sits in his chair while STEVE LIFT leans back on the desk, facing CASSIUS.

We see that the pistol is on the desk next to STEVE LIFT, who's hand is on it. Cassius is sweating, nervous, and scared.

STEVE LIFT

Dude. I can't let you go without explaining. If you had seen the video before you saw that in there, you wouldn't have gotten scared.

CASSIUS

And just what in the fuck was "that in there"?

STEVE LIFT

The video will explain.

STEVE LIFT clicks the remote.

The video plays from where it was paused.

The screen shows the WorryFree logo, which quickly fades out. The screen then reads, "The New Miracle". Underneath, "Directed by Michel Gondry" fades in.

STEVE LIFT (CONT'D)

(O.S.)

We paid a pretty penny for this shit.

All the words fade out.

The stills are now moving and we realize that we are watching stop-motion animation: a lush green countryside with hills and streams.

A group of six Neanderthal-like apes are trying to break open a coconut. They are banging it on the dirt and pounding it with their hands. One of the Neanderthals, a female, turns and walks toward the camera, naked and very hairy- with hairy breasts and nipples visible. She speaks with a British accent.

NEANDERTHAL WOMAN

Since the dawn of time- or at least since before anyone cares to remember- we have used our wits to survive.

A smaller Neanderthal snatches the coconut from a bigger Neanderthal and smashes it against a rock, cracking it open and exposing its beautiful treasure. The Neanderthals cheer with ape-like sounds of excitement.

NEANDERTHAL WOMAN (CONT'D)

But what allowed us to *thrive* was our use of tools. A natural development.

The bigger Neanderthal lets out a shrill, furious scream and smashes the back of the smaller Neanderthal's head with a big, pointed rock. The smaller Neanderthal falls over dead. The others look on in horror. The animation rewinds and freeze frames on the arm of bigger Neanderthal's arm smashing the rock into the smaller one's head. Blood and pieces of skull are spurting out, frozen in mid-air.

NEANDERTHAL WOMAN (CONT'D)

But what are tools-

A red dotted line is superimposed over the bigger Neanderthal's arm, from the shoulder to the tip of his fingers. A caption reads "Arm".

NEANDERTHAL WOMAN (CONT'D)

-if not extensions of the appendages with which we were born?

A yellow dotted line is superimposed over the rock, from the tip of the bigger Neanderthal's fingers to the end of the rock, which is partly in the smaller one's head. A caption reads "Rock". The yellow dotted line turns red and the caption reading "Rock" disappears. The "Arm" caption moves center screen.

The arm turns into a Homo sapiens arm and the rock turns into a hammer. The arm and hammer hammers a nail.

The hammer turns into a TV remote control. The hand clicks the remote.

NEANDERTHAL WOMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Humans sometime need modification to perform better in a specified situation. We have done so throughout history.

We see boxers sparring in a boxing ring as Neanderthal Woman walks through the frame.

NEANDERTHAL WOMAN (CONT'D)

We train ourselves to fight.

Neanderthal Woman walks into a weight room.

NEANDERTHAL WOMAN (CONT'D)

We work out.

Neanderthal Woman walks into a dorm room where someone is studying at a desk.

NEANDERTHAL WOMAN (CONT'D)

We study. These changes to the body and mind are actually chemical changes.

The dorm room fades away and the WorryFree logo appears behind Neanderthal Woman.

NEANDERTHAL WOMAN (CONT'D)

WorryFree is continuing that natural development that started in pre-historic times. We are proud to announce to our share holders a new day in human productivity.

A scientific laboratory appears behind Neanderthal Woman, with scientists working.

NEANDERTHAL WOMAN (CONT'D)

Our scientists have discovered a way- a chemical change- to make humans stronger, more obedient, more durable and therefore, more efficient and profitable.

A factory assembly line appears behind Neanderthal Woman, with a workers pulling levers on machines, lifting widgets from a conveyor belt, etc.

NEANDERTHAL WOMAN (CONT'D)

At WorryFree, we realize that human labor is more efficient than robot labor when it comes to adaptability of movement for various duties. But, human labor has its limitations.

The workers transform into big, hulking, horse-people. They are lifting more widgets, pulling bigger levers on bigger machines, producing more widgets. They are all happy.

NEANDERTHAL WOMAN (CONT'D)

We are breaking the limitations. Our workforce of Equisapiens will make WorryFree the most profitable company in human history. And, you, our shareholders will take that place in history with us.

Steve Lift stops the video.

STEVE LIFT

See what I'm talkin about? Big misunderstanding.

CASSIUS

Uhn-uhn. No! What do you mean? There is no fucking misunderstanding. Are those half-horse, half-people that you have created in a lab to make more money?

STEVE LIFT

Well, yeah. I just didn't want you to think I was crazy or something. Because I'm doing this for a reason. So, I'm not irrational.

CASSIUS

Aight. Cool. I understand and I would like to leave now. Please.

STEVE LIFT

But, I didn't even get to make my proposal to you.

Cassius starts to get up.

CASSIUS

Can you call me tomorrow about that? I need to leave now, but I'm very interested.

Steve Lift puts his hand on the gun. Cassius sits.

STEVE LIFT

You have to see the rest of the video. There's a lot of production value. Then my proposal.

Steve Lift clicks the remote and plays the video.

The animated video shows workers of a factory lining up in several lines to go through doors.

NEANDERTHAL WOMAN

Our worker modification process is simple and rather quick. It works for 70 percent of humans who take the fusing catalyst.

The workers walk through the doors and are handed silver straws by men and women in labcoats.

Nurses approach the workers with plates full of powder, which the workers snort through the silver straw. The workers go to waiting rooms, much like the "washroom" that Cassius entered. They transform almost magically into horse-people.

STEVE LIFT

This is how we-

Steve Lift's voice is drowned out as Cassius flashes back to his snorting the spiral line of powder on the Mr. Ed plate, then flashing to the horse-man who fell over in the washroom, then looking at the animated workers snorting powder and turning into horse-people. The images flash over and over, faster and faster. Cassius hyperventilates. His eyes tear up.

CASSIUS

Wait. Hold up. Wait. Wait! What the fuck did you have me snort!?

Cassius jumps up. Steve Lift grabs the gun.

CASSIUS (CONT'D)

Answer me, man! I'm not even high!

STEVE LIFT

You're not? What-

Cassius is in tears.

CASSIUS

(pointing to the gun) Muthafucka-that shit don't scare me! If you gave me some mutation shit, I want you to shoot me!

STEVE LIFT

Cash. What you snorted was 100% Peruvian.

CASSIUS

Cocaine? It was coke?

STEVE LIFT

You heard what I said.

CASSIUS

You said "100% Peruvian". Be precise. They got horses in Peru, probably.

STEVE LIFT

Dude. You're gettin' all semantic on me.

CASSIUS

No. I'm just trying to be clear. If you were actually meaning horses when you said "100% Peruvian", it would be you who's being semantic because- Fuck this shit! Was it coke or not?

STEVE LIFT

It was cocaine, man. I'm not evil. This ain't a movie. This is real life. I wouldn't just slip you the fusing catalyst. You don't feel high because your adrenaline is pumpin' so hard. You're harshin' your buzz.

Steve Lift calms Cassius by motioning him to breathe deeply with him, pseudo-yoga style. Cassius sits back down.

STEVE LIFT (CONT'D)

Ok?

CASSIUS

Ok.

STEVE LIFT

The proposal I was going to make was this: This new caliber of worker. They are bigger, stronger, and hopefully they don't gripe as much. Soon, there will be millions of them.

CASSIUS

This is crazy.

STEVE LIFT

They'll develop they're own identity and customs. They may wish to rebel, organize. We need someone to represent WorryFree's interests. Someone they can relate to.

CASSIUS

A manager- that's a man-horse.

STEVE LIFT

No. An Equisapiens Martin Luther King. One that we control. One that we create.

CASSIUS

You want to create a false leader of the horse-people- who actually works for you?

STEVE LIFT

Basically. Keeps shit simple.

CASSIUS

But, me? Why would you single me out?

STEVE LIFT

Cassius, you're amazing. You rose so quickly at Regalview. I need a man like you. Hungry. Not afraid to shank your friends if they get in the way. You're freaked out. Ready to say no. Go home. Think about it. After looking at what I'm offering you.

Steve hands Cassius a piece of paper that reads "I'm offering you \$100,000,000."

CASSIUS

No amount is gonna make me wanna do that. Are you crazy?

STEVE LIFT

2 things: One. It would be only a 5 year contract. After 5 years, we give you the Diffuser Antidote Special Sauce Serum and you're back to normal. Two. Don't forget: you'd have a horse-dick.

CASSIUS

Special Sauce Serum? You're making that up. It's not real.

STEVE LIFT

Oh, it's real. So's the offer. 5 years as our man among horses. 100 Million Dollars. Go home. Think about it. Holla at me later.

86

INT. CASSIUS'S CAR- NIGHT

86

Cassius sinks into the passenger seat of his own car as FANCY SUIT GUY drives. He is in shock. He looks out of the window while wiping his still-bleeding forehead.

87

INT. CASSIUS'S CHIC APARTMENT- MORNING

87

Morning. Cassius is sleeping in his clothes from the night before. He tosses and turns, putting the pillow over his head to block the light. There is blood on the pillows.

He has a flashback of Lift's Private Office. We see the mirror on the desk in front of Steve Lift with the cocaine residue and straw. Then we see the Mr. Ed plate being pushed toward Cassius. A revelation that Cassius may have snorted something different than what Steve Lift was snorting.

Cassius sits up. He picks up the newspaper that's sitting on his night stand. A column on the front page reads: People Should Worry About WorryFree. It's an article about the unethical conduct of WorryFree. The byline: Eric Arnold.

Cassius picks up the phone and dials.

VOICE ON PHONE

San Francisco Chronicle. Good Morning.

CASSIUS

Eric Arnold, please.

While hold music is on, Cassius turns on TV.

ERIC (O.S.)

Hello?

CASSIUS- OVERDUB BY WHITE ACTOR

Mr. Arnold. My name is Cassius Green. I've got some information about WorryFree that you will be very interested in.

ERIC (O.S.)

Shoot.

CASSIUS- OVERDUB BY WHITE ACTOR

Ok. They're making horse-people. Half horse, half human workers- you snort this coke but it's not coke and you get big horse nostrils and a horse dick and I might have unknowingly snorted-

ERIC (O.S.)

(disbelieving)

Jake?

CASSIUS- OVERDUB BY WHITE ACTOR
No. Cassius. Cassius Green. This is
bigger than-

ERIC (O.S.)
Ok. WorryFree is making horse-
people. Mr. Green, I really wanna
hear about this, but-

Click. Eric has hung up on Cassius.

Cassius is dejected. He looks at the TV. A morning talk show
is on, similar to The View.

MORNING SHOW HOST
...just can't get enough of these
damn YouTubes!

Laughter.

MORNING SHOW HOST (CONT'D)
This next one got 21 million views
in one day! These big gorilla goons
are helping these fancy suited guys
scab on a strike and- well, just
watch!

The YouTube video shows an attractive woman striker holding a
Coca-Cola can up to the camera and shaking it vigorously
while smiling sweetly. She then throws it with perfect form
past the Blackwater guards, hitting Cassius on the forehead.
When the can hits, a "Boing!" sound effect happens.

CASSIUS
Fuck!!!

CAN THROWER
Have a Coke and a smile, bitch!

The video shows the woman smiling and taking a theatrical bow
while fellow strikers clap.

Roaring laughter from the studio audience. The host is
laughing uncontrollably.

Cassius turns off the TV and realizes that he has been
sketching a horse on the newspaper while watching.

He jumps up, pats his pockets and rifles through them.

CASSIUS
Fuck! Fuck is my cellphone!?

Pats his pockets again. Stops. He left it at Steve Lift's.

88 EXT. CITY STREET- DAY

88

Cassius walking out of a mobile phone store and dialing on a new cellphone while carrying the box it came in. It's different than his old one. He walks briskly as he talks.

VOICE ON PHONE
San Francisco Chronicle.

CASSIUS- OVERDUB BY WHITE ACTOR
Eric Arnold, please.

ERIC (O.S.)
Eric Arnold.

CASSIUS- OVERDUB BY WHITE ACTOR
Mr. Arnold. Cassius Green again-

Click. Eric has hung up on Cassius.

89 INT. MEDICAL WAITING ROOM- DAY

89

Cassius sits in a waiting room, reading a National Enquirer. The cover has a crudely photo-shopped picture of a person with a head that has been cut and pasted from a photo of a horse. It does not look real at all. The headline reads: Horse-People Stealing Jobs From Slaves!

The TV is blaring an episode from Entertainment Tonight. Cassius looks up at it.

ENTERTAINMENT TONIGHT HOST
In the strangest thing to happen in advertising history, Coca-Cola has announced working with Cynthia Rose- the foul-mouthed heroine with perfect aim from the "Coke-And-A-Smile-Bitch" YouTube clip. Rose reportedly signed for an amount of money that could buy four White babies.

The show cuts to a press conference. An advertising executive, Dale Schillit, is behind a podium with cameras flashing.

DALE SCHILLIT
54 Million views in 27 hours. Cynthia's the new breed of pop-star. If everybody's getting their 15 minutes of fame, we wanna hold the stopwatch.

Back to the Entertainment Tonight studio.

ENTERTAINMENT TONIGHT HOST
The strike breaker who got
hilariously pegged in that clip has
been revealed to be named-

DOCTOR
Cassius Green!

ENTERTAINMENT TONIGHT HOST
(CONT'D)
Cassius Green.

90 INT. DOCTOR'S EXAMINATION ROOM- DAY 90

Cassius is standing in front of the doctor, facing him. He drops his pants. The DOCTOR stares at Cassius's crotch.

CASSIUS
I was worried that it might be
different. It- It seems bigger.

The doctor shakes his head, "No". Cassius pulls his pants up.

CASSIUS (CONT'D)
So, not like a horse?

91 EXT. CITY STREET- DAY 91

Cassius rushes down the street, dialing on his phone. He puts it to his ear.

CASSIUS
Detroit. It's me. I lost my phone
last night and got a new one. I
need to see you immediately.
Please. It's important.

92 INT. CASSIUS'S CHIC APARTMENT- NIGHT 92

Cassius is standing in front of Detroit, facing her. He starts unbuttoning his pants.

DETROIT
No, Cassius.

CASSIUS
Not like that. Really. Tell me if
it looks different.

Cassius pulls his pants down. Detroit looks.

DETROIT

Looks the same to me. What am I looking for? Herpes or crabs or something? Did you go fuck some girl raw?

CASSIUS

No. It doesn't look bigger? 'Cause it feels bigger.

DETROIT

Glad you're feelin' yourself! Is that why you kept trying to booty call me last night?

CASSIUS

I didn't booty call you. I told you I lost my phone. I lost it at the party. I just got a new one today.

Detroit looks at her phone.

DETROIT

I got a call from you at... 3:23am. And a video message that I didn't check yet.

CASSIUS

Can I see that?

Detroit hands the phone to Cassius.

He presses a button to play the video as they both watch.

It's a video message from one of the horse-people, who is apparently operating the phone while it's on the floor. There are other horse people who are shoving they're head in and out of frame.

GUY IN STALL

Help me! Please! I'm hurting!

The horse-people start whinnying and getting very excited.

OTHER HORSE-PEOPLE

I'm hurting! Help me! I'm hurting!
Please!

The horse-people get so excited that they kick the phone around- it shows the various body parts and there is a WorryFree logo on the wall. Then we see workers in WorryFree uniforms come in and inject the equisapiens with some kind of sedative.

A WorryFree manager punches a code into a wall-mounted dial pad, which loosens the chains of the now sedated Equisapiens. The chains slack, and workers herd the Equisapiens back into the stalls. The manager punches in another code, and the chains tighten once more. STEVE LIFT walks in wearing a ridiculously colored bathrobe.

STEVE LIFT

Quiet down, you motherfucking
freaks-of-nature. This is me time
and you're-

The video cuts off.

CASSIUS

I guess I found my phone.

93

EXT. STREET

93

Cassius and Detroit are walking fast. Detroit's freaking out.

DETROIT

What the fuck!?

CASSIUS

That's what *I* said.

DETROIT

Oh my god. Oh shit. This doesn't
seem real. We can't let them do
this. People have to know. You have
to tell them.

(points at his crotch)

But, why did-

CASSIUS

I thought I was turning into an
Equisapien. I thought I snorted the
activator, but I guess it was just
coke after all.

DETROIT

But why focus on your dick? They
have huge nostrils. You could've
asked me to check your nostrils.

CASSIUS

Ok. Are my nostrils bigger?

Detroit checks. Cassius is unconsciously flaring his nostrils.

DETROIT

Yes. Because you keep flaring them.

Cassius is actually flaring his nostrils because he is breaking down from the stress and starting to cry. As he cries, Detroit moves closer to console him.

94

INT. CASSIUS'S CHIC APARTMENT- NIGHT

94

Cassius and Detroit are laying on the floor after having sex.

DETROIT

I just want you to know- I need to be clear- this can't happen again. We're not back together, Ok?

CASSIUS

Ok. I need you to know- I'm not going back. I can't be a Power Caller anymore. I can't work for WorryFree... And I need you, D.

DETROIT

I think that's a great decision. But I still have problems with all this.

CASSIUS

But, now I'm-

DETROIT

You happily sold slaves and scabbed against the strike. Only something happening to you turned you against them.

CASSIUS

Isn't that how we all make decisions? And I didn't-

DETROIT

No. It doesn't have to be.

CASSIUS

Look- I see myself in their eyes. WorryFree and Regalview. They see a pawn, a creature to manipulate. I'm not that dude anymore.

DETROIT

Good. But that doesn't change what I said about us. Also, I kind of messed with somebody last night.

CASSIUS

What does "kind of messed with"
mean? Did you-

DETROIT

Everything but.

CASSIUS

"Everything but"!? That can be way
nastier than- What exactly- did you-

Detroit nods.

CASSIUS (CONT'D)

Did he-

Detroit smiles and nods.

CASSIUS (CONT'D)

(strange hand gyration)

Did you both-

DETROIT

Cassius, we're broken up. Over.
It's you and me that shouldn't have
messed around tonight. Don't you
want to know who it was?

CASSIUS

Are you planning on fucking or
everything-but-ing him again?

DETROIT

No.

CASSIUS

Then I don't want to know. I mean,
I think I know. Was it- no. I don't
wanna know.

Cassius reaches over and turns out the light.

Cassius is dreaming. We see a rapid-fire montage of Cassius's high REM eyelids and macabre VHS-like youtube clips: Cassius with the bottoms of multiple coke cans covering his face, horses running, having sex, eating, pulling carriages. At the pulling carriage part, all of a sudden he is harnessed in the elevator and Diana Debauchery is holding the reins.

DIANA

This is where the magic happens,
Gigolo!

96 INT. CASSIUS'S CHIC APARTMENT- NIGHT 96

Cassius wakes, breathing heavily. He looks, Detroit is gone.

97 EXT. STREET- NIGHT 97

It's nighttime in a business district. Detroit and 8 other people, mainly women, are running full-bore down the street- laughing and whooping. They are all wearing black and they each have one black grease-paint stripe under their left eye. Many are carrying bags. They run to a parked van whose driver is waiting for them. The van doors fly open and the group starts filing in. Detroit pauses before she jumps in, looking back proudly at what they've accomplished.

Detroit jumps into the van, which pulls away.

98 EXT. STREET- MORNING 98

Morning. Detroit is walking the opposite direction in the area she was running the night before. She has a huge smile on her face. A crowd is gathering and looking at something. Some people are taking pictures. Many look bewildered.

They're looking at a 20-ft high by 50-ft long painted papier mâché sculpture of Steve Lift in a suit with his pants down, mating with a horse from behind. There are 3-ft high three-dimensional letters in front of the sculpture, reading: "WorryFree Is Turning Workers Into Horses And Fucking Them".

Detroit listens to onlookers.

MAN IN CROWD

(to wife)

I have absolutely no idea what this
is about.

The wife laughs.

OTHER MAN IN CROWD

Maybe it's saying that capitalism
dehumanizes and that-

DETROIT

Maybe the artist is being literal.
Maybe WorryFree is turning workers
into horses. Literally.

OTHER MAN IN CROWD
And literally fucking them?

Detroit doesn't answer, but gazes at her work, satisfied. Her right earring reads "Tell Homeland Security" and her left earring reads "We Are The Bomb" in big block letters.

99 EXT. TACO TRUCK- DAY

99

Cassius looks over the taco truck menu.

A Car Aficionado is showing off a customized car to a friend. Car Aficionado pops his trunk. There are woofers and a giant flatscreen that pop up.

CAR AFICIONADO'S FRIEND
You gon' be killin' em at the
sideshow!

CASSIUS
(to Taco Truck Worker)
Three carne asada, two al pastor.

They're playing the clip of Cassius getting pegged by the Coke can. View counter: 110 Million views.

CAR AFICIONADO'S FRIEND
I seen this. He's a mark! Ay, click
on that one.

They click on a clip titled "Look Like The Coke-And-A-Smile-Bitch Guy For Halloween" The clip shows a White, Mid-Western mother-type woman cutting a diagonal corner out of a Coke can, stapling it to an afro wig, and putting it on.

WOMAN ON CLIP
Voila! Just add some fake blood
with face paint or lipstick and
you're good!

Cassius sneaks away without his tacos.

100 EXT. STREET- DAY TIL DUSK

100

Cassius walks down the street, sulking, looking at the ground, kicking rocks and other things as he walks. He gets to the corner and waits for the light to change, still sulking. Beside him is a billboard that shows a happy family in a WorryFree housing unit.

A passenger, in a car that is also waiting for the light, stares at him.

CAR AFICIONADO'S FRIEND
Hey, ain't you that dude from the
YouTube clip?

CASSIUS
Naw, man. Damn. Everybody thinks
I'm him but I-

Cassius is hit in the chest with a large plastic cup of water
that explodes all over him upon impact.

CAR AFICIONADO'S FRIEND
Sorry, all I have is water-

Car peels off with an angry Cassius chasing it.

CAR AFICIONADO'S FRIEND (CONT'D)
-it's healthier!

Although Cassius miraculously keeps up for a few seconds, the
car gets away and Cassius falls while trying to hit the car
with his fist. He gets up, snorts out while catching his
breath and shaking the dust off, then walks to a nearby park.
He looks terrible: He's still bleeding from the bandage and
his clothes are dusty from the fall.

101 EXT. PARK BENCH- DUSK 101
Cassius sits, staring out at nothing until the sun goes down.

102 INT. CASSIUS'S CHIC APARTMENT- NIGHT 102
Cassius walks in his front door and starts dialing.

CASSIUS
Detroit. Can you send me that video
message from your phone? I have a
plan. I'll call you back.

Cassius hangs up. Dials again.

CASSIUS (CONT'D)
Hello. This is Cassius Green of
Have-A-Coke-And-A-Smile-Bitch fame.
I want to be on your show.
Tomorrow.

103 EXT. AIRPORT- NIGHT 103
Automatic airport doors swiftly close behind Cassius.

104 INT. AIRPLANE- NIGHT 104
Flight Attendant's hands close and seal airplane door.

105 INT. NYC AIRPORT- DAY 105
A scrimmage line of limo drivers- shoulder-to-shoulder- hold signs with names. Cassius briskly pushes through the line.

106 EXT. NYC AIRPORT- DAY 106
100 Yellow Cab door slams closed with Cassius in it. 100

107 EXT. TV STUDIO- DAY 107
Cab screeches to a stop in front of a building with a door. Above it a sign reads "Studio A".

108 INT. TV STUDIO- DAY 108
Close-up on a video monitor. The monitor is playing a commercial with high production value.
A jingle plays as we see a beautifully made up Cynthia Rose in very fashionable faux-anarchist attire.
She is smiling into the camera with her hair blowing wildly, in slow motion, while a very fake demonstration is happening in the background.
Cynthia reaches into her backpack and pulls out a Coca-Cola can which seems to glow.
Still smiling into the camera, she winks and throws the can at the head of an actor that looks very similar to Cassius.
When it hits his head- demonstrators, fellow suits, Cynthia Rose, and Blackwater security start singing "Have a Coke and a smile, bitch" in a Broadway musical style, while dancing.
The wounded Fake Cassius- who has been knocked on the ground- gets up, sips the Coke enthusiastically and makes out wildly with Cynthia Rose.
As the commercial ends, we pull back and see the commercial on a producer's monitor behind a camera on a soundstage.
A PRODUCER uses hand signals that say "3, 2, 1- Go!"

109 INT. TV STUDIO SOUNDSTAGE- DAY

109

We are on the set of "I Got The S#*@ Kicked Outta Me!"

GAME SHOW AUDIENCE

I got the s#*@ kicked outta me

MARY RICH

I'm Mary Rich, and have we got a treat for you! Today, YouTube sensation Cassius Green is here. Cassius, 500 million views-

CASSIUS

Yeah, it's been crazy-

MARY RICH

500 million people have watched you get pegged in the noggin and be utterly humiliated. It's effin hilarious. Cassius, what say you?

CASSIUS

Well, Mary, it is humiliating-

MARY RICH

Yet hilarious. Your hand goes up really fast like that after the can bounces off your head- "Fuck!"- The world's laughing til they piss.

CASSIUS

I've got a new clip that I'm in. I only agreed to come on your show in exchange for playing the clip to your 150 million viewers.

MARY RICH

If you want some ass, you gotta bring some ass! Get out there, then we'll play your clip!

We see a montage of Cassius running through a gauntlet, being hit by paddles, having baseballs hurled at him, being restrained by two big huys while a "70s Mafia Tough Guy" punches him, and having sludge-like cow shit dumped on him.

Cassius is now standing next to Mary Rich. He is totally covered in cow shit, except for his eyes.

CASSIUS

I'd like to play the clip now.

MARY RICH

Ok! Is it as crazy as the Coke-and-a-smile-bitch clip? Not possible.

CASSIUS

It's crazier, Mary.

MARY RICH

Woo hoo! Let's roll the clip!

The clip plays. It's the video message that the Equisapiens sent to Detroit.

MARY RICH (CONT'D)

Well, that wasn't funny. It was just weird and scary.

CASSIUS

Mary, as a Power Caller for Regalview, one of my clients was WorryFree. This is incontrovertible proof of WorryFree's evil programs!

110 INT. SECOND TV STUDIO- NIGHT 110

Cassius is on a CNN Crossfire-type show.

CASSIUS

They are changing humans into these grotesque horse-people.

111 INT. THIRD TV STUDIO- MORNING 111

Cassius is on a morning talk show.

CASSIUS

I want the world to know that they are manipulating humanity for the sake of profit.

Channel changes.

112 EXT. ELECTRONIC STORE WINDOW- DAY 112

We are now watching Cassius on a TV. He is on a late-night talk show, but a CNN logo is in the TV screen corner.

CASSIUS

Tell everyone. Call your congressmen.

(MORE)

CASSIUS (CONT'D)

Call your local politicians. We have to let them know we won't stand for this.

Cassius passionately addresses the crowd. We can't hear him.

CNN REPORTER (V.O.)

It's been one day since a viral celebrity leaked to the world new scientific achievements made by WorryFree and their genius CEO Steve Lift.

News segment cuts to Steve Lift at the NY Stock Exchange, smiling, ringing the bell, and doing the "Watch Me Whip, Watch Me Nay Nay" dance.

CNN REPORTER (V.O.)

Which caused WorryFree stocks to skyrocket at a rate faster than any other company in history.

Steve lift, still at NYSE, is shown popping champagne and pouring it into the mouths and all over the bodies of men and women in suits who are jumping up and down and slapping him five.

CNN REPORTER (V.O.)(CONT'D)

House and Senate leaders joined Lift in ringing the bell to celebrate the record stock market rally WorryFree's success has created.

We see Cassius watching the TV through an electronics store window. He turns, his eyes watering, and starts to angrily walk down the street.

A few steps later he passes a street preacher and his followers, dressed in white, flanking a huge sign that reads:

"REVELATION 19:14! AND THE ARMIES WHICH ARE IN HEAVEN, CLOTHED IN FINE LINEN, WHITE AND CLEAN, WERE FOLLOWING HIM ON WHITE HORSES."

There is a picture of an Equisapien and a picture of Steve Lift in a white suit. Underneath those pictures: "STEVE LIFT IS JESUS". Cassius is indignant. He punches the sign down and walks off.

STREET PREACHER

Lord Lift will save him!

113

INT. DINER- DAY

113

Cassius walks in through the door. A mounted TV plays a video from a FAMOUS MALE POP STAR. FAMOUS MALE POP STAR's face has a single black grease paint stripe under his left eye, like the Left Eye Faction. He sings his song.

FAMOUS MALE POP STAR

I miiiight be a rebel!/ but giiirl-
you can fuck me, fuck me, fuck me,
fuck me, fuck me, fuck me, fuck me,
fuck me, fuck me, fuck me...

We see that Squeeze and Salvador are sitting at a booth, waiting for Cassius. He walks over and sits down.

SQUEEZE

Thanks for calling-

CASSIUS

Look, I betrayed you. Sorry doesn't handle it. But I am sorry. I was stupid, selfish, and blind.

SALVADOR

Man. All you can do is do it right from now on.

CASSIUS

I tried to fix it. I mean it's right there. They're turning human beings into efficient monsters and nobody gives a fuck.

SQUEEZE

Nah. We all give a fuck, but don't know how to give it. Most people watching you on that screen knew calling their congressman wasn't gonna do shit. They feel powerless. If you get shown a problem, but don't see a way you can have control over it- you just decide to get used to the problem.

CASSIUS

That's why my plan- OUR plan for tomorrow is important.

SQUEEZE

It's a good plan.

SALVADOR

Tomorrow we show em how to give
fucks.

A group of school children- led by their teachers- walk by the diner window. It's Halloween day and the kids are parading in their costumes. 80% of them have Cassius costumes: afro wigs with Coke cans and fake blood attached. Cassius, Squeeze, and Salvador are taken aback.

CASSIUS

What the hell!?

As Cassius looks out the window, he is slapped hard in the side of his face by a waitress with a fountain soda in a styrofoam cup, which explodes in his face.

114 EXT. STREET- DAY 114

Cassius drives his car to the park where the football players are playing. He gets out and runs toward them.

115 EXT. STEVE LIFT'S MANSION- DAY 115

CASSIUS is dressed in a custodial uniform. He approaches a security-box dial pad outside a side gate at the mansion. He looks at his phone and plays the equisapiens' video message: the part where the manager is dialing a code. CASSIUS dials the same code and the gate opens. He walks in.

116 EXT. GALLERY- DUSK 116

Cassius has just loaded the last of 8 statues via hand-truck onto a flatbed rental truck. Detroit is helping. They hug each other. Cassius tries to kiss her. She pulls away. The street is filled with kids with trick-or-treat bags and Coke-And-A-Smile-Bitch Halloween costumes on. One group of kids spot Cassius and start throwing their Halloween candy at him.

117 EXT. OFFICE BUILDING- DAY 117

The strike. The strikers are violently and successfully keeping out the scabs. All of the strikers are wearing Coke-And-A-Smile-Bitch wigs. A TV news crew is on the scene.

TV NEWS REPORTER

None of the strikers here at the
Regalview strike will tell us why
they are all wearing their Coke-And-
A-Smile-Bitch wigs.

We see the Blackwater security guards forming their perimeter around the Power Callers. All of the Power Callers are there, except for Cassius.

TV NEWS REPORTER (CONT'D)

Although strikers have been extremely militant over the past weeks, they've not been able to stop the Blackwater juggernaut from breaking through the line.

BLACKWATER AGENT

Hut! Hut! Go!

The Blackwater security are pushing through a massive sea of strikers dressed in Coke-And-A-Smile-Bitch wigs.

They're meeting some resistance, but pushing strikers to the left and right with relative ease, and trampling over many as they build up speed getting to the door. A smoke bomb goes off.

There's no stopping them as they go faster and faster.

We hear a whistle blow loudly.

One group of strikers jumps quickly to either side, revealing a stoic group of strikers who aren't moving and- BLAM! The Blackwaters bang their heads on something and they and the Power Callers fall backward onto the ground.

We see that this last group weren't strikers, but Detroit's statues, dressed in clothes and Coke-And-A-Smile-Bitch wigs.

The crowd cheers wildly!

The Blackwaters and Power Callers get up, disheveled, with some more confused than others.

BLACKWATER AGENT (CONT'D)

Go around soldiers! Clockwise! No retreat!

Cassius, in a Coke-And-A-Smile-Bitch wig, stands on the shoulders of the statues and loudly blows a whistle.

On both sides of the Blackwater guards, the strikers jump out of the way and we see two groups of very large people wearing Coke-And-A-Smile-Bitch wigs. They are running very fast towards the Blackwaters. It is the football team. They have custom wigs over their helmets and jackets over their pads. They smash into the group- KABLAM! SMASH! THUD!

TV NEWS REPORTER

Eew.

The crowd cheers more wildly! Doubly and Triply wild cheers!

The Blackwaters are on the ground at various states of consciousness and mobility. Many Power Callers crawl away, some lie there in pain. The strikers have won this bout.

Cassius snatches his own wig off and whoops and hollers, hugging Sal and Squeeze.

TV NEWS REPORTER (CONT'D)

The infamous Cassius Green, former Power Caller and strike-line crosser, has switched sides and is-

Three large UPS/SWAT-looking trucks pull up very quickly, and dozens of Blackwater security guards pile out of each truck.

BLACKWATER GUARDS

Hut! Hut! Hut! Hut!

TV NEWS REPORTER

Looks like the cavalry has arrived, folks!

Blackwater guards force their way through the crowd, bashing people in the head with batons, screaming as if going to war. Wigs flying everywhere. People are bloody. DETROIT motions for CASSIUS, SAL, and SQUEEZE to come to where she is behind a dumpster. They are stunned, frightened, and look defeated by this show of force. CASSIUS pulls out his phone and dials.

CASSIUS

(To Sal and Squeeze)

This is where the magic happens.

CASSIUS blows the whistle loudly into the phone. The whistle goes on for many seconds. We see from CASSIUS's POV as he stares down the street, past the commotion of protesters in wigs being beaten bloody and senseless.

UNSEEN VOICE

Hey, Cassius!

Cassius's POV. Cassius turns toward the voice. It's a Blackwater guard with a baton in mid-swing at Cassius's face.

Cassius gets knocked in the face and blacks out.

118 INT.PADDY WAGON- NIGHT

118

Cassius wakes in a small dark metal room, with a long horizontal rectangular slot for a window. He's in a paddywagon. Cassius rattles the doors frantically.

CASSIUS

Lemme the fuck outta here!

There's commotion outside. He looks out the slot/window, but his sight is limited by the size of the slot. He can see parts of bodies that are fighting. Suddenly- a blackwater guard's body crashes against the outside of the slot.

BLACKWATER AGENT

Fuck!

Cassius hears a whinny. It's the Equisapiens!

The guard falls. Looking through the slot, we watch pieces of the fight happening outside. A baton here. An Equisapien fist being swung there. A piece of the torso of an Equisapien running past. We hear a car crash. We see an aluminum baseball bat being swung by an Equisapien arm. We hear windows breaking. See Blackwater agents being thrown. Sirens. The top of an Equisapien's head. The fight is happening up against the paddywagon, which is shaking as it gets bumped.

The paddywagon starts to shake violently. Cassius is nervous. We hear metal bending. Then- the back door to the paddywagon gets ripped open. It's an Equisapien. Cassius gets out. We can see that this is the same Equisapien whom CASSIUS first met in the stall, GUY IN STALL. He lets out a loud whinny. He's about 8 foot tall, holding an aluminum bat. He's breathing hard. We now see that there are 3 other Equisapiens behind him. On the ground are unconscious Blackwater guards. Cassius steps out of the paddywagon.

CASSIUS

(loudly and slowly)

THANK YOU. WE ARE HONORED BY YOUR PRESENCE.

GUY IN STALL

Dude. I'm from East Oakland. Talk regular. My name is DeMarius. Thanks for breakin us out.

CASSIUS

No problem. Cassius. Cassius Green.

CASSIUS and DEMARIUS give each other a fist bump. DEMARIUS surveys the rest of the scene. Many Blackwater agents are running away, and so are the Power Callers.

Dumpsters are turned over, debris on the ground, a car turned over, and residue from smoke bombs in the air. A real victory for the strikers this time. DEMARIUS hears a helicopter approaching.

DEMARIUS
(to a nearby Equisapien)
WorryFree is here.

DEMARIUS turns back toward CASSIUS. SQUEEZE is now standing next to him.

SQUEEZE
(To DEMARIUS)
Same struggle. Same fight.

SQUEEZE and DEMARIUS do a clenched-fist salute, with CASSIUS joining in at the last second.

GUY IN STALL
(In a booming voice,
louder than a bullhorn)
Equisapiens! Let's be out!

The Equisapiens run down the street and around the corner as the strikers cheer. Applause and cheers for the Equisapiens turns into a victory celebration for the strikers. Someone in a Coke-and-a-smile-bitch wig comes up and taps CASSIUS on the back. He turns and we see that it's DETROIT.

DETROIT
I need to talk to the brilliant
mastermind-slash-hero of the day.
Slash-kiss-me.

Cassius blows the whistle and grabs Detroit. They kiss and embrace as the strike/celebration goes on behind them.

119 EXT. STREET- DAY 119

Cassius's black Mercedes-Benz cruises down the street and pulls up to the garage-door entrance to CASSIUS's old place.

120 EXT. CASSIUS'S STUDIO APARTMENT- DAY 120

Cassius walks up to the Benz and we realize that it wasn't him driving. The driver gets out with the car still running. It's Salvador. He's smiling.

SALVADOR
Man, are you serious?

CASSIUS

Serious as cake in a can.

SALVADOR

Hell yeah! That's serious! You're givin-

CASSIUS

It's yours. I have a car that'll do me just fine to get to work at Regalview.

Cassius gestures toward a small, late-model car.

CASSIUS (CONT'D)

Plus, I wanted to say sorry.

SALVADOR

Just sayin' "sorry" woulda been fine. But I don't wanna insult you.

Salvador and Cassius exchange a one-handed man-hug and Sal walks back to get in the car.

SALVADOR (CONT'D)

Now that the strike's won, you're ok with coming back to work with us as a lowly *regular* telemarketer?

CASSIUS

If the new and glorious Telemarketers Union will have me. We gotta start fighting somewhere.

Sal smiles and gets into the car.

Detroit walks up as Cassius walks toward the garage door. She is wearing earrings that say "Bella Ciao" in big block letters on both sides.

DETROIT

So- what about being part of something important? What about the sun exploding?

CASSIUS

We are part of something important- that changes the world. Part of the sun exploding.

Cassius reaches down and pulls the garage door open. It's his same old studio apartment, but it's now all decked out like a stylish luxurious apartment with recessed lights and expensive furniture. It's fly.

The man in the framed picture looks prouder than ever.

Cassius looks at Detroit.

CASSIUS (CONT'D)
I couldn't come back to the exact
same place after living like that.
Could I?

Detroit smiles. She is not judging.

They walk in.

121 INT. CASSIUS'S STUDIO APARTMENT- DAY 121

Cassius struggles to pull the door down and shut.

CASSIUS
Thought I fixed-

The door slams down hard, smashing Cassius in the nose. He covers his face and screams while still covering it. Detroit runs to him.

CASSIUS (CONT'D)
Fuck! Why the-

Cassius's cussing turns into a loud whinny. Detroit is startled.

DETROIT
What the-

Cassius's hands come off of his face.

He has gigantic nostrils and large eyes. He's snorting and confused. He is turning into an Equisapiens.

Detroit screams. Cut to black.

Credits roll over eerie music for 8 seconds.

122 INT. STEVE LIFT'S MANSION- DAY 122

Steve Lift is in bed. The video intercom next to his bed is ringing off the hook. He sleepily presses the button to answer. The security video monitor turns on. It's a close-up of the Cassius's fully metamorphized Equisapien face. We see and hear that other Equisapiens are behind him.

CASSIUS

I'm Cassius Green calling on behalf
of stomp-a-mudhole-in-yo-ass.com.
Sorry to bother you-

The video monitor shows Cassius grabbing the camera with one
hand. Then- video snow. Cassius has ripped the camera off.

Cut to black. Credits roll. Triumphant music.