

A MCBERRY BAD SUMMER: AN ANIMATED SERIES
PILOT (FRUITDOOR) - EPISODE 1

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1 FADE IN: EXT. HOUSE - DAY 1

A WHITE-BRICKED, TWO-STORY HOME IS SEEN WITH A BEAT UP, SLIGHTLY SMOKING CAR IN THE DRIVEWAY. VIDEO GAME NOISES CAN BE HEARD OFF SCREEN.

2 INT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 2

MALCOLM AND CHRISTIAN ARE SEEN PLAYING A BOOTLEG DRAGON BALL Z BUDOKAI TENKAICHI ON A BOOTLEG PS2.

MALCOLM
(heavily focused on the tv
screen as he semi-aggressively
handles the joystick)
I gotcho ass! Why you running? What
you running for? Bring that ass
here, nigga!

CHRISTIAN
Why you all up on me? you trash!
trash! tra-

The screen suddenly goes black and the brothers aw in unison.

MRS.MCBERRY
(twirling the end of the tv
cord)
I'm confused. Let me make sure I'm
getting this right. I got a BMW on
the brink of combustion in the
driveway, a pocket \$3,000 dollars
short for repairs, and the two
motherfuckers that crashed it,
sitting here playing a
fucking video game?

MALCOLM
(to Christian)
I thought you said she wasn't home?

CHRISTIAN
(him and Malcolm back away in
a defensive manner as
Mrs.McBerry grows in size as
she gets more upset)
I didn't hear her come in I don't
know- we're looking for a job!

MRS.MCBERRY
Nope! I don't know wanna hear this
shit no more, that's why I found
one for yall.

(CONTINUED)

Christian and Malcolm look at her in a confused manner.

CHRISTIAN

Where?

MRS.MCBERRY

Not where, honey. but with who?

THE BROTHERS STAND BESIDE EACH OTHER AND A WINDOW BEHIND THEM CAN BE SEEN WITHIN THE GAP BETWEEN THEM. A CAR PULLS INTO THE DRIVEWAY AND HONKS TWICE.

MALCOLM

(looks out of the window and
turns back in disappointment)
kisses teeth Is that uncle Ron?

MRS.MCBERRY

(leading them out the house)
Yeah, he making a lot of money
selling them damn bananas, you
might learn how to fold a
handkerchief today if you lucky.

CHRISTIAN

(under his breath)
sounds intriguing.

3 EXT. HOUSE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

3

MALCOLM

(to Christian)
you think she's still gonna let us
go to South By South-west?

CHRISTIAN

now is not the time for tha-

MRS.MCBERRY

All I know is that if I don't get
them 3 stacks by the end of the
summer, I'm beating yall's south by
south ass!

(turns attention to Ron)

Heeeeeyyy Ron!

(turns attention back to the
boys)

Mrs.McBerry slams the door.

THE CAMERA PANS FROM THE BROTHER'S CONCERNED FACES TO THE
HEADASS GRIN OF UNCLE RON.

(CONTINUED)

UNCLE RON
hop in boys! We got a lot to cover!

4

INT. RON'S CAR - MOVING

4

RON, DRIVING, MALCOLM, FRONT SEAT. CHRISTIAN, BACK MIDDLE SEAT. THE RADIO PLAYS SOFTLY IN THE BACKGROUND.

MALCOLM
(looking at Ron)
So you sell fruits and shit right?

UNCLE RON
Laughs like a rich white man well
not exactly. I'm now the Senior
Vice President of FruitDoor, My
exact position within the company
has shift-

MALCOLM
(laughing and slightly looking
back at Christian)
This nigga sells fruits. What the
fuck are we actually gonna be doing
anyway?

UNCLE RON
I would appreciate it if you toned
down on the foul language, thank
you. But you two will work as
Basket delivers today after..

Uncle Ron's dialogue becomes muffled as the camera focuses in on Christian who is digging around in the back seat and finds a gun in a fruit basket.

UNCLE RON
(noticing Christian looking
down)
You alright back there?

THE CAMERA GOES TO REARVIEW MIRROR WITH RON'S EYES LOOKING BACK AT CHRISTIAN.

CHRISTIAN
(nervous and slightly
sweating)
Yeah.

UNCLE RON
(talking back to Malcolm)
So, as I was saying...

5 EXT. FRUITDOOR FACTORIES - CONTINUOUS 5

RON'S SEDAN CAN BE SEEN PULLING INTO THE PARKING LOT OF FRUIT DOOR FACTORIES.

Slightly cheerful but strikingly foreshadowing music plays.

6 INT. FRUITDOOR FACTORIES - DAY 6

UNCLE RON

Your jobs are simple, deliver the fruit baskets to these addresses, and take a picture of each happy customer after they receive their basket, any questions?

UNCLE RON(CONTD.)

(handing Christian a paper and keys to company van)

I know you two got a bad history with driving, but please don't crash this one. The baskets are already in the back of the van and the addresses are already in the GPS. I have other matters to tend to so report back here after you complete all the deliveries!

The brothers stand together, looking down at their USPS styled uniforms.

MALCOLM

I look like a log of shit.

7 INT. COMPANY VAN - DAY - MOVING 7

Christian drives as Malcolm kicks his feet up on the dashboard, eating one of the fruit baskets.

MALCOLM

(talking with his mouth full of grapes)

Hmm! You know what Ron needs to add to these fruit baskets? Some tajin! BAM! I'm talking millions. easy.

CHRISTIAN

I don't feel good about this Malcolm. Something feels off about Uncle Ron that I just can't seem to put my finger on.

(CONTINUED)

MALCOLM

(looking in the basket for
anything else)

The nigga wears ties with bananas
on them voluntarily, of course
something's wrong about him.

(beat)

He probably just a little gay.
Niggas be gay all the time you
know.

CHRISTIAN

Malcolm, I found a freaking gun in
the backseat of his car.

MALCOLM

So? Shit, I need one too, can't be
having niggas thinking I'm a lick
or something.

CHRISTIAN

Malcolm we literally live in a
neighborhood called Sweet Grove.
Your biggest threat is our
neighbor's dog.

MALCOLM

(rolls down the window to
throw out the Finished
FruitDoor Basket)

Yeah, well shit ain't that sweet in
the grove i'll tell you that.

CHRISTIAN

Why'd you do that?

MALCOLM

Do what?

CHRISTIAN

Throw the basket out the window.

MALCOLM

Here you go again with this
bullshit.

CHRISTIAN

When your kid's kids are living in
a plastic wasteland, I'll be more
than happy to let them know about
your contributions to their living
conditions.

(CONTINUED)

MALCOLM

You sound like you tryna impress
Mother Nature. And if she was
really a chick, she would not fuck
you bro.

CHRISTIAN

whatever.

MALCOLM

Like if Mother Nature had to fuck
anybody on earth, you would be the
last nigga she would let hit.

CHRISTIAN

(reciting the address back to
himself as he looks around over the
steering wheel)

MALCOLM

Like, she would fuck on that Monkey
from planet of the apes before you.
(snapping fingers trying to
remember)
Uh, what's that main monkey nigga's
name? Chester?

CHRISTIAN

Ceasar?

MALCOLM

Ceeeeeeasaar! That nigga got a
better chance at getting pussy
before you.

GPS

You have arrived at your
destination.

8

EXT. STREET - DAY

8

The van parks in front of a modern apartment duplex.
Christian hops out with the basket and hand and Malcolm
follows.

CHRISTIAN

I just don't see why a guy like him
would need a gun.

MALCOLM(CONTD.)

And I just don't see why you
judging a man by his burner.

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN
(looking at a paper stapled to
the basket)
Is this the right place?

MALCOLM
I guess we'll see.

CHRISTIAN
(looks at apartment directory
then types in code to buzz in)
Hello? Is this Mr.-
(squints at receipt on the
basket)
Mr. Golubinski?

MR. GOLUBINSKI
Huh! I thought I told you shitheads
I'm not buying anything, screw off!

CHRISTIAN
(laughs shortly)
We're not here to sell you anything
sir, you actually have a delivery,
courtesy of FruitDoor!

Door Immediately opens and Mr. Golubinski appears. he's wearing black shorts, gray fuzzy slippers, a wife beater, and a washed green Hawaiian t-shirt. He's balding and looks like he just woke up but his eyes glimmer with an ounce of joy.

MR. GOLUBINSKI
O! Who is it from?

MALCOLM
Look man, providing that info is
not apart of our job, hurry up and
take the picture Christian.

Christian holds up a camera and
points it at Golubinski.

CHRISTIAN
Alright, now bite into the apple or
something, make sure we can see the
FruitDoor Logo!

MR. GOLUBINSKI
(adjusting the basket in his hand
with an apple positioned under his
teeth in the other)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MR.GOLUBINSKI (cont'd)
Like this?

CHRISTIAN
perfect. On 3. 1...2...

The sound of an apple crunching, an explosion, and a camera snap got off in that order. Christian puts down the camera and looks down at it. All of his upper body is covered in blood except the outline of where the camera was on his face. Christian is covered in blood too. Mr. Golubinski's headless body lays in the doorway.

CHRISTIAN
(still looking down at camera)
well.. that didn't come out right
let's try that ag-
(looks up)
What the fuck?

MALCOLM
(backing away from the dead
body)
Christian, what the fuck did you
do?

CHRISTIAN
(panic-y)
don't blame me, what the hell! All
I did was take the picture! We can
tell that to the police right?

MALCOLM
(getting in the driver's seat
of the van)
You think 12 gonna believe that two
niggas dressed like us blew this
pasty old white man's brains out on
accident? Nigga get in the van!

9

INT. COMPANY VAN - DAY

9

CHRISTIAN
(sobbing while wiping the
blood off of himself)
Oh my god. Oh my god, We are dead.
fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck.

MALCOLM
If it makes you feel any better, I
got a connect that can get us fake
passports, a one-way ticket to
Cuba, and a farm out there to live
our days out on.

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN
(looks over at Malcolm)

10 INT. FRUITDOOR FACTORIES - DAY

10

Malcolm and Christian bust through the doors of front doors of FruitDoor Factory.

RECEPTIONIST
(in the midst of taking a bite
out of banana)

Malcolm slaps the banana out of her hand before she gets the chance to put it in her mouth.

CHRISTIAN
(pointing at banana on the
ground)
Do Not! Eat! That! Shit!

MALCOLM
(jumps up on the desk in
cubicle room)
Attention you fruit bowls! Whatever
you do, do not eat the fruits! I
just seen a man get his brains
blown out from an apple! I repeat,
do not eat this shit!

The FruitDoor staff all look at Malcolm in silence for a good 6 seconds. They then turn their attention back to their computers. Ron soon emerges from his office.

RON
what's with all the commotion?

Christian and Malcolm run up to Ron, panicking. They are both rambling and making explosion noises and talking over each other, but Ron manages to hear one of them say "called the police."

RON
(attitude shifting from
confused to concerned)
You called the who?

CHRISTIAN
the police!

Ron stares at the boys for a few seconds before bolting back into his office and returning with a packed bag, fake mustache, and passport in hand.

(CONTINUED)

RON
Well, it was nice knowing you boys
but I gotta-

A short montage of S.W.A.T members busting in through all entrances play.

MALCOLM
(pointing at Christian)
I ain't do nothing it was that
nigga!

S.W.A.T 1
Ronald Ordell Jr! You are under
arrest! We will give you till the
count of 3 to surrender! 3... 2...

RON
I ain't going back!

Ron pulls out an Ak-47 from his duffel bag and starts spraying on the swat members. He pushes the brothers into cover then takes cover himself.

The cubicle workers pull out guns from all sorts of unorthodox places such as a water cooler or a filing cabinet and start shooting as well.

CHRISTIAN
Malcolm, lets get out of here!

MALCOLM
(sucking on his thumb in fetal
position as a single
tear rolls down his face)

Christian drags Malcolm through the midst of the corporate warfare till they are in the parking lot of the Factory.

11 EXT. FRUITDOOR FACTORIES - EVENING 11

They hop in the back of a random pick up truck leaving the factory. Gunshots, shouting, and screams can be heard in the distance. The factory explodes in the background as they leave.

12 INT. HOUSE - EVENING 12

MRS.MCBERRY
How was y'all's first day on the job
with Ron?

(CONTINUED)

MALCOLM

Ma, how did you not know that your own brother was second on America's most wanted list.

MRS.MCBERRY

Boy, that's just my play brother, ain't nobody tell yall we was really related.

Mrs.McBerry picks up a banana.

MRS.MCBERRY(CONT.D)

I see why he's on America's most wanted list though. The things I would do to that man.

Malcolm sees his mother opening the banana seductively and sprints towards her.

MALCOLM

(slaps banana out of her hand)
don't eat that!

MRS.MCBERRY

(slapping Malcolm)
Boy, what is wrong with you! You think I picked this shit up off the street, all you know how to do is waste my damn money!

13

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

13

MALCOLM(O.S)

ouch! stop! I thought you got it from Ron!

FADE OUT.

CREDITS ROLL.