

BECAUSE THE INTERNET

by

Donald Glover

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Contact via Agency

EXT. CHURCH PARKING LOT DAY

A white bus opens its door and a flood of children run off laughing and screaming. After the initial burst, three girls get off laughing. After them, A LITTLE BOY steps off. He's walking slow and somber

All the parents in the parking lot are hugging and kissing their kids. Lots of kids are laughing. The Boy keeps walking until he reaches a black limousine parked at the far end.

A chauffeur (old heavysset white guy) stands holding the door open waiting for The Boy.

CHAFFEUR

Ey! Look who it is.

He holds out his hand for a high-five. The kid jumps, hi-fives him, and slides into the limo.

The Boy's FATHER (Rick Ross) is sitting by the far door. The limo starts off.

The Boy and his father sit in silence for what feels like 8 hours.

FATHER

How was camp?

The boy "shrugs".

FATHER (CONT'D)

You make any friends?

THE BOY

No.

The father laughs under his breath...but the laugh turns into a smh.

FATHER

Elise made you something special tonight.

THE BOY

Frito pie.

FATHER

I don't know. She didn't say.

FATHER

(cutting him off)

It's Frito pie.

Silence. Father stares at him, then looks out the window.

EXT. MANSION DAY

The Chauffer helps father out the car. The Boy jumps out and walks toward the front of his home. The Mansion is dope. Very big, and not gaudy. It looks classic.

INT. MANSION DAY

An infinity pool lines the horizon in the backyard. A spiral staircase fades up the wall and into the master bedroom upstairs. You can see all of this from the foyer, whcih has a large Buddha statue in the center of it. The place is very clean. Someone seems to care or is paid to care.

The Father's phone rings:

FATHER

Hello.

PHONE VOICE

Hello, this is the Califax collection.

Father hangs up. His cell phone goes off.

The Boy walks into the kitchen. It's a big kitchen. There's a chef making food. He waves to The Boy. The Boy throws up a deuce. He gets a s'more Pop tart, then walks back out.

INT. BOY'S ROOM DAY

The Boy walks in and drops his backpack and jacket in the doorway. He kicks off his shoes. They fly across the room, hit the wall, and fall in a pile of shoes on the ground. We see there's a big black/brown stain on the wall where The Boy's been kicking shoes for years. Doesn't look like he ever wears the same shoe twice.

The Boy rips the bag of pop tarts open with his mouth as he sits at his desk and opens his laptop. There's a picture of a woman holding a child. She's wearing one of those fly tracksuits from 1995. The ones people wore a lot during the centennial Olympics.

He starts checking his mail. His friend "FAM" sent him something that says "this is you" with a link. The Boy clicks the link and a video of a woman blowing a horse comes up. The Boy watches the video for longer than you should watch a horse blowing video. He closes the video.

He goes onto HOTNEWHIPHOP.COM. There's a new Rich Homie Quan song out. It's listed as "VERY HOTTTTTTT". The Boy looks in the comment section, reading what people are saying.

"This nigga sound like a broke-ass Future! [CRYING EMOJI]" is the top comment.

The Boy stares. Then types "fuck u niggers" in the comments.

He waits. He takes a bite out of his pop tart.

He refreshes the page. People immediately respond with "Fuck U", "You wouldn't say that to my face faggot", and "LMFAO crackers b crazy"

The Boy smiles.

15 YEARS LATER

INT. THE BOY'S ROOM EARLY MORNING

The room is an elegant mess. There's shit everywhere, but everything has its place. Classic furniture; someone with old money would invest in, is used for the bed, desk, desk chair. You can see where most of the trash accumulates that the occupant spends most of his time on the computer.

There is a pile of stacked and flattened gummy bear wrappers by the desk. There's a picture of The Boy and his father on the boy's desk, along with a flash drive that has "hackz" written on it. A small vaporizer charges and glows green on the edge. There's a half ounce of weed in a plastic bag to the left of the laptop on the desk.

There's a black and white Bill Withers poster, a Gorillaz "Demon Days" poster, and a "Black Dynamite" poster. All framed. Stacks of records are placed on the shelf. Norman Connors "You Are My Starship" is the album on top of the others.

Little hills of dirty clothes grow up the walls from the floor. Same pile of shoes is there. Wall with same dirty spot. The closet is filled with white shirts and flower shorts. There's one very old and tattered Shearling coat that hangs to the right.

The Boy (more a man now) is sprawled out on his bed, no shirt and flower shorts. He opens one eye as very faint, dark orange sunlight from the blinds cut his face. He gets up.

INT. LIVING ROOM DAY

The Buddha statue again. There's empty old beer and Pellegrino bottles on the bar. The entire back of the living room wall is glass. The boy walks briskly to the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN DAY

The kitchen is a slight mess. Things left out. S'mores makings left out. The marshmallows are hard as stones. The boy goes into the cabinet and pulls out a pop tart. He takes out a pop tart and throws it in the microwave, wrapper still on (you're not supposed to do that). He starts the microwave and begins texting someone. The microwave is okay for about 5 seconds, then blue sparks start to pop inside. He turns off the microwave, opens it, grabs the pop tart and tosses it on a plate.

EXT. BACKYARD EARLY MORNING

The Boy walks onto the little island in the middle of the infinity pool lining the oceans and mountains in the background. The mountains are surrounded by clouds. They're literally above the clouds. It's probably raining down there. There's an orchard with lemon and plums to the west of the wall outside, and a green statue of a golfer further in. Bunnies jump on the lawn in the background.

The boy sits under a sun umbrella, opens the pop tart and starts to eat it. He looks off with his face flat. He gets a text message --

FAM: when u wanna paddle out? [PURPLE DEVIL FACE EMOJI]

THE BOY: pick me up

An old, red (a gross read. a weak red) Mazda rolls up to the front of the mansion and sputters to a stop. FAM, steps out of the car. Daps up.

FAM
Let's take one of yours.

THE BOY
Nah.

FAM
Really, mane? You want us to drive around in my car? I don't think it'll make it, honestly. It broke down at my Mom's. Plus...it looks like my car.

THE BOY
Right. It's inconspicuous.

FAM
My nigga, who are you hiding from? It's not stuttin. It's your car. Why do you even care?

THE BOY
Aight.

INT. GARAGE MORNING

The garage door rises to reveal Fam and The Boy's silhouette. Five cars are in the garage. There's a Tesla Model S, Silver 911, some car no one's ever seen, a Tahoe and some car under a tarp. Looks like it could be an Aston Martin. Fam smiles.

FAM
(pointing to the car no one's ever seen)
That one-

THE BOY

No.

THE BOY

The beamer.

We didn't even see this one. It's in the far corner of the garage. It's a nice car. Older, but nice and sleek. Understand, to some. Its black paint is chipping in front. Fam shakes his head.

FAM

Nah...nah.

They get in the 911.

EXT. SANTA MONICA CONDOS DAY

The 911 pulls up to a nice condo complex. Fam honks the horn for a while. Like a jerk.

SOMEONE FROM A WINDOW

I work nights, dickhead!

FAM

I know. Fuck me, right?

Fam honks more.

The Boy checks his Twitter feed. Twitter name "You Are Unimportant - @thegoldmolar". You can see from his feed he just trolls all the time. Politicians, athletes, entertainers, etc. His favourite was simply re-tweeting something someone says. When it was dumb enough to just re-tweet, that was his favourite. He'd gotten a lot of followers that way. Written an article once for a blog. Got more followers. He started posting videos of homeless people and fights.

He was looking for something to retweet on his timeline. People say dumb shit all the time...

... someone tweeted "roscoe's wetsuit"

The Boy drops "roscoe's wetsuit" into Google. A Yahoo answer comes up for it. The answer to "what is roscoe's wetsuit?" is..."roscoe's wetsuit". Hilarious.

SWANK, STEVE, MARCUS (Chance the Rapper), and AJ (STEFAN) walk out of the condo. They have longboards with them and they're eating candy. They stop in their tracks when they see the 911.

SWANK

(re: boards)

How we supposed to get these in there?

FAM
You guys take your car.

STEVE
What about your boards? Where
are they?

FAM
Can we borrow some?

They all make a face.

SWANK
We need a bigger car then. I'ma
drive to your house and get the
Tahoe.

THE BOY
Come on, guys. This is taking
forever.

AJ
Where we going?

FAM
Dockweiler.

MARCUS
I swam into a diaper last time.

FAM
I'M GRIMY. I ONLY SWIM IN DIRTY
WATERS! YOU KNOW THIS!

SOMEONE AGAIN
Shut the fuck up!

Fam honks the horn.

SWANK
I'm drivin that Porsche the way
back. I know that shit.

Swank and Steve walk toward thier car parked on the street.

THE BOY
What's "roscoe's wetsuit" mean?

FAM
I don't know.

They drive off.

EXT. DOCKWEILER BEACH DAY

The guys carry the boards through the sand to ocean, making a
strange pattern behind them.

They setup camp and start changing on the beach.

MARCUS

I thought someone was bringing girls.

THE BOY

No one wants to get up this early

MARCUS

Did you ask white girls?

THE BOY

I asked every girl.

FAM

You a lie. You didn't ask anybody. You don't leave the house.

STEVE

Why white girls?

MARCUS

Cause no one is getting up at 6AM to go into the freezing, dirty ass ocean, fuck up their hair-

At that moment, they all notice a girl sitting on her board in the ocean. Waiting for a wave she looks behind her. She is black.

MARCUS CONT'D

(to AJ)

See? This is what I mean about Donnie Darko happening to me.

A plane flies low overhead (Dockweiler is right next to LAX).

MARCUS CONT'D

(staring at the plane)

It's gonna crush me.

SWANK

(re: girl)

It's like seeing a mermaid.

STEVE

Maybe it's a manatee.

MARCUS

(R.Kelly)

I'ma flirt.

Marcus runs to the water with his board. They all follow.

EXT. OCEAN MORNING

Marcus swims up to the girl on his board.

MARCUS
Sup.

GIRL
Hi.

MARCUS
I'm Marcus.

SASHA
Sasha.

MARCUS
It's lookin alright today.

SASHA
(Australian
accent)
Yeah. It's the only reason I'm
out here.

MARCUS
Oh, you're Australian.
(pause)
You ever seen "Kangaroo Jack"?

SASHA
(not looking at
him)
Yeah.

MARCUS
Classic.

SASHA
...wha?

MARCUS
(not mean...just
serious)
It's a fucking classic.

Silence. Sasha is weirded out. All the guys, except The
Boy, swim up.

STEVE
(to Sasha. Out
of breath)
Hi. Did Marcus ruin it already?

SASHA
Yes.

Steve splashes Marcus.

Swank takes a plastic bag with four blunts in it. He takes one out. He lights up a blunt. Talks with it hanging in his mouth.

SWANK

How long you been surfing?

SASHA

Ten years. You?

SWANK

Bouta month.

AJ

Cops don't come out here. It's a good place to smoke. You want some?

He passes it. She takes a hit.

SWANK

What you doin tonight?

SASHA

My friend's birthday in Santa Monica.

MARCUS

Yo, we're right around close. We're having a party tonight in a mansion. You should come. And if your friend's a girl or a guy who has weed, they should come too.

AJ

I'm DJing. I start off with Jodeci, then the switch over to 90's rap using "Dream Lover" to transition, play ACTUAL ATLANTA TRAP for an hour, hour and a half. Then motown, soul, and house. Girls. Go. Crazy.

SASHA

What's your DJ name?

AJ

Twercules. no "DJ". Just Twercules. I got a tumblr where I post my mixes. It's getting pretty popular. I don't know. You sing? Model? Act?

SASHA

I'ma go in.

Sasha starts paddling and catches a wave to the beach.

AJ
I shouldn't have said "bitches".

MARCUS
(thinks)
...you didn't.

AJ thinks on this. This is probably saying more about him than he realizes.

EXT. BEACH MORNING

Sasha carries her board onto the beach. The Boy is sitting there.

SASHA
You goin in?

THE BOY
Don'y know yet.

SASHA
Then why'd you put on your wetsuit?

THE BOY
Everyone else was.

SASHA
That's an awful reason.

She starts walking.

THE BOY
You should come to the party.
It'll be fun.
(then)
They invited you, right?

SASHA
Where is it?

THE BOY
[EDIT]. Text me [EDIT].

SASHA
I'll remember. I'll bring some friends.

She walks off.

Later that day:

EXT. I-10 EVENING

The guys drive down the highway eating In-N-Out. Head nods all around. Swank is now driving the Porsche. Crazy. Fam is with The Boy and the rest of the guys in the other car. Marcus drops his animal style fries on the floor.

MARCUS

Fuck.

FAM

You see you fuckin up this car?

THE BOY

It's fine.

FAM

He's driving crazy.

(iPhone goes off)

And he's textin me.

The text says: "R E C K L E S S"

FAM (CONT'D)

This nigga's so lame.

The Boy sees a tweet of the lead singer of a boy band tweet "follow your heart and [HEART EMOJI] all who cross your path!". The Boy retweets it with a [LAUGHING/CRYING EMOJI].

FAM (CONT'D)

I gotta stop somewhere first.

EXT. CLUB NIGHT

Fam pulls outside of a club. Lots of people are trying to get in. He and The Boy get out and walk to the bouncer, their friend CHEESE. Fam and Cheese dap. The Boy stands on the side next to a line of people trying to get in VIP. They look at each other. He is not dressed appropriately to get in.

Fam and Cheese do that handshake thing they do. Fam walks in.

Some guys in a black SUV rolls by and yell at the dude next to The Boy.

MAN IN CAR

Don't let me catch you out here

Jay! Don't let me catch you!

The Boy watches this for a second. He looks down for a moment...

Someone has spray painted "roscoe's wetsuit" on the sidewalk. He stares at it.

MAN IN CAR (CONT'D)

I got yours, muthafucka!

The Boy snaps out of it. Then takes out his phone and starts recording the fight. Fam walks out and sees the fight in action.

JAY (I GUESS?)
 You scared, bitch! That's why
 you scared!

MAN IN CAR
 I got something for yo hoe-ass
 my nigga!

POP. POP.

Jay is bleeding from his stomach. The Boy is seeing this
 through his phone. It takes a moment for him to realize-

POP. POP.

Fam is already running. Everyone in the line is screaming
 and running. The Boy runs.

COP
 Drop your weapon!

(these are cleaner and succinct) POP.POP.POP.

Runs to the side of the building. The SUV that was firing
 slows down. The driver is dead. Car horn blares as the car
 slows to a stop, mixing with girls crying and "oh shit!" and
 "fuck". Jay is very close to dead. The blood on the
 sidewalk is almost black. A street sign (No parking between
 7-9am and 4-7pm) is reflected in the dark blood. He turns to
 The Boy, looks around. He knows what's happening. He's
 leaving.

SOME NIGGA
 Damnnnn.....!

HIS FRIEND
 WORLDSTAR!

The Boy's phone rings:

THE BOY
 Yeah.

FAM
 Get in the car.

The Boy turns and sees the car rolling up to alley he's
 hiding in. The Boy runs up and jumps in. They speed off.

INT. CAR NIGHT

FAM
 That shit was NUTS!

STEVE
 I knew something was about to
 happen. I knew it.

MARCUS

Donnie Darko. I'm tellin you.

The Boy is looking at the footage on his phone. He's got a death on video. It's looped. Over and over.

The Boy touches his shearling coat...there's a hole in it. Bullet hole? He puts his finger through it...

He looks at Fam and Steve. They're talking.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Bitches high heels everywhere!
They ran out they shoes, cuh.

FAM

BAP! BAP! BAP! Oooow. That
nigga lit up.

The Boy just keeps watching the video.

FAM

Yo. You got it on video?

THE BOY

Yeah.

FAM

Wow...you caught the end of his
journey on video. That's dope.
(then)
We gotta pic up Doc from the
jazz club.

INT. JAZZ CLUB NIGHT

Fam and The Boy stand in the back. Doc is on stage playing saxophone with a band. He's doing a solo.

THE BOY

Does it weird you out that you
almost died today?

FAM

Not really. I'm not trippin on
death.

THE BOY

I'm not trippin. I'm just
sayin, if you think about it,
there's no reason for us to be
here.

FAM

Doc be hanging with the weirdest
people. Look at these niggas.
They all look like James Blake.
Is that who likes jazz now?

THE BOY

I was thinkning about it and I
can't offer anyone anything.
Like, my job is tweeting at
people. That's my job.

FAM

That's not your job. You do it
cause it's funny. You're rich.
We don't have to do anything.

THE BOY

Yeah. Isn't that sad?

FAM

Sad? We are making moves. What
about that line me and Swank are
gonna start selling?

THE BOY

All we did was print shirts for
ourselves. Who else is buying
that shit? And the whole reason
we wanted to make shirts is
cause Tre made some and they
were dope.

FAM

I don't know what to tell you.
We are doing dope shit. We are
making moves. We can do
whatever we want-

THE BOY

But none of it matters cause
we're doing it for ourselves!
We're just jerking off for each
other. No one in the future's
gonna give a shit I made a shirt
once.

FAM

Then don't make a shirt, my
nigga.

JAMES BLAKEY LOOKING DUDE

Shhh!

The Boy fiddles with the hole in his jacket.

INT. MANSION NIGHT

All the guys walk in with plastic bags from the grocery
store. They have blue cups, alcohol, s'more fixings, and
gummy bears.

If I was the director, I'd have everyone walk in in slow
motion into the house with "Nosetalgia" by Pusha T playing.

Walking into bedrooms. Opening drawers. Pulling out bags of weed.

AJ walks into his large closet. Pulls out a bowl. There are some prescription bottles there too.

A naked Marcus steps out of the shower and goes in his closet and pulls out some condoms.

Fam is meditating in the center of his bed. He's floating off the bed by about 4 inches.

The Boy lies, arms to his side, on his bed, looking at the ceiling.

Spiders slowly drop from single strands of web from all the posts on the bed. It looks pretty. All of them dropping simultaneously swaying together. They whisper:

.....where are you?

.....who is this?

...don't slide.

It's almost a song.

INT. MANSION NIGHT

More people are at the house. People drinking and smoking. Shoes off. It's a Temple. Respect it.

The back wall of the living room has been pushed into the wall, so there's a seamless transition from living room to backyard patio.

People sit on the swings underneath space heaters.

EMILY is in the middle of the pool table. Swank plays pool around her. RUBEN is filming Marcus and Steve throwing things in the fire pit.

AJ is djing in the middle of the living room.

Some guy is running through the living room in just a towel. He is dripping water. He almost slips.

The projector room (theatre) is playing Fight/Vine compilations. Two dudes are in there not watching. Just smoking.

The Boy walks through the backyard. There's a dude and a girl making out on the bar outside. They're sitting on the bar.

THE BOY
Don't sit on that.

They look at him. He stares back. They get down. He walks away. They stare as he leaves. The Boy walks to the edge of the pool and looks at the ocean go into the sky.

THIS KID IN A HAT
(laughing/whisper)

Hurry!

This kid in a hat and his friend are running out the front door with an iPad and a midi controller. The Boy walks inside. Marcus stops him. He's out of breath and looks wet.

THE BOY
Some guys just stole some stuff.

MARCUS
Please tell me you saw that
Argentinan...Argentinian?
Argentina-girl. I can't say it-

THE BOY
Stop inviting random niggas in
here. If you don't know their
names they can't come.

MARCUS
I don't hear you right now. I
just fucked in a steam shower
and I feel CRAZY. It's like I
came in a Prince video. I like,
blacked out. Couldn't breath in
there, mane. I-
(wait)
Fuck! Is she still in there?
You think she's okay?

He thinks.

THE BOY
You're the Florida of my
friends.

The Boy walks away.

INT. FATHER'S ROOM NIGHT

The Boy walks up to the door. Before he can open it, Sasha opens in from the inside. She's with another girl. It feels like they just did a drug or were stealing something themselves.

Sasha sees The Boy. Startled. Then she smirks.

SASHA
Come in! Quick!

She pulls him in. The other girl flops on the bed.

OTHER GIRL
 UUUUUGGGGHHHHHHH. SOOOOO
 SOOOOFFFFTTT.

SASHA
 Hurry, hurry, hurry. Scoot,
 scoot.

The Boy lays against the wall. Sasha sits on the bed.

SASHA (CONT'D)
 Show us your dick.

THE BOY
 Wha?

SASHA
 Do it. Show it.

OTHER GIRL
 Ew.

THE BOY
 Ha.

THE BOY (CONT'D)
 Why?

SASHA
 Cause it's probably gross and I
 wanna laugh at it.

OTHER GIRL
 I've never seen a black dick.
 Is it purple?

SASHA
 Grape dick.

OTHER GIRL
 (agreeing)
 Grape dick.

Sasha gets up and start to punch The Boy playfully. The
 other girl is laughing crazy.

SASHA
 Do it. Don't be weird!

OTHER GIRL
 Let's be weird a little!

The punches slowly stop. Then Sasha starts kissing The Boy.
 You can't see below their waist, but stuff is going on. Then
 stuff stops.

SASHA
 What's wrong? This is weird?

THE BOY

No.

SASHA

You don't want to? This is weird?

THE BOY

No. I want to.

SASHA

Then...what's going on, chum?

THE BOY

Hold on.

The Boy plays with his dick. Nothing. It's like gum.

Silence. Fidgeting. Sasha's got a [ASHAMED EMOJI] look on her face.

THE BOY (CONT'D)

Hold on.

He walks into the bathroom and closes the door. Locked. Silence. Sasha sits on the floor.

OTHER GIRL

What's up?

INT. BATHROOM NIGHT

The Boy sits on the floor. Head in hands.

The Boy's ex-girlfriend steps out of the linen closet

VANESSA

What are you doing?

THE BOY

(head in hands)

Chillin.

VANESSA

In the bathroom?

THE BOY

Mmm-hmm.

VANESSA

Well, I want to go out.

THE BOY

("no")

Mmm-mmm.

Vanessa playfully throws things from the counter at him (toothbrush, cup, floss, soap). He throws some of it back. She starts laughing. He pulls her to the ground with him.

VANESSA
Why are you so moody?

THE BOY
I'm not. Let me enjoy this for
a second.

VANESSA
We can do this outside, [EDIT]

THE BOY
We could live the rest of our
lives here. There's a TV in the
mirror. There's fresh water
every time we flush. I heard
they're building a sandwich
place in the shower.

Vanessa smh and smiles.

VANESSA
Get up. We're going.

THE BOY
Come 'on-

VANESSA
I mean it!

She pulls him up. She opens up the linen closet and pulls
The Boy in.

Coachella is inside the closet.

There are people saying things, giving opinions, feeling
interesting. Everyone has a purpose today. It's a great
time.

The Boy chases after Vanessa and catches her. He carries her
for like three steps, then they walk together, holding hands.

VANESSA (CONT'D)
We have to see everything
together. I don't wanna split
up this time. We each get to
choose one band the other can't
make you see-
(then)
What's wrong?

THE BOY
(smh)
...

VANESSA
(disappointed)
Really? ...You're really doing
this to me? Right now?

THE BOY

You don't think this is a waste
of our time?

VANESSA

No, I don't think me and you
together is a waste of time.
That's what you think. And I'm
tired of trying to convince you
otherwise. At least be a man
and break up with me instead of
telling me I don't like you.

THE BOY

But you don't! You don't really
like me. I just look good when
you scroll past me with the rest
of your "I'm almost Vashtie"
bullshit.

[NO MOUTH EMOJI]

VANESSA

(teary whisper)

You're so mean.

THE BOY

I'm trying to be honest.

VANESSA

Mean doesn't mean honest!
Honest can mean mean. But only
if you mean it.

THE BOY

(so many "means")

Wait...the-

VANESSA

I'm trying so hard with you.
But I'm not gonna carry us. I
won't waste your time anymore.

She starts walking away. Then she looks to the sky and
shoots up like a rocket. She looks like a shooting star in
the sky. Not a sound is heard while this happens. They
never see each other again.

Then the coyotes come out.

They're glowing blue. They're circling and they're talking
about music.

WOLF 1

What'd you think of 2 Chainz'
set?

WOLF 2

It was really fun. His live shows have gotten way better. I saw him last spring in Chicago.

WOLF WITH GLASSES

Have you heard that Roc Marciano album on vinyl? It's so good, man.

MESSY, BUT COOL WOLF

You guys, this is my fiancée, another wolf. He or she works in a small music or graphic design for niche clothing or this app I'm building.

They rip The Boy to shreds while they talk. Blood everywhere. The Boy doesn't make a sound. Lets it happen.

INT. BATHROOM NIGHT

The Boy realizes he is pacing in the shower. He's been there for a minute, cause the water is cold.

He opens the door. The girls are gone. The small clock on the desk says "5:23 AM". There's also a note written in lipstick on the mirror that says "YOUR FUCKED" (smh at the "your"). Probably Sasha. She's probably right.

INT. LIVING ROOM NIGHT

The house isn't totalled, just dirty. Empty cups, bottles, cigarette butts, etc. The Boy sees Steve and Swank passed out on the couch.

THE BOY

Let's go guys.

STEVE

(waking up)

Where we going?

THE BOY

Oakland.

SWANK

When's the flight leave?

THE BOY

We're driving.

SWANK

Wha?

(then)

How'd we get poor?

INT. FAM'S ROOM NIGHT

Fam's sleeping. There's a naked girl sleeping with him. The Boy comes in.

THE BOY
We're going.

The Boy leaves. Fam opens his eyes.

EXT. MANSION NIGHT

Swank, Steve and Fam are asleep in the car. The Boy sits down in the driver's seat. He pulls out his phone and texts someone named NYLA.

THE BOY: "im driving up now"

... (that moment you know exactly what they're typing and how they look doing it)

NYLA: "DONT"

The Boy looks at this. Then starts up the car and turns on the radio and speeds out of the driveway.

A moment passes...

Then we see the girl that was in bed with Fam walk out in the Mansion doorway.

THAT GIRL FAM KNOWS FROM THAT ONE PLACE
Fam?

EXT. I-5 NIGHT/EARLY MORNING

Everyone's asleep in the car except The Boy who's driving (AJ is there too. They picked him up.). Lloyd's "Oakland" is playing on the radio. The Boy turns it up so he feels like he's in a video. He pushes his seat back so he can lean.

SWANK
Ow, ow!

He slammed Swanks knees. Sorry.

The Boy speeds through the empty highway. It's really pretty. I'm not sure what those factories are in the middle of nowhere with all the lights on them. They're probably horrible for the earth, but they look really magical at night. He passes one of those factories.

There's a lot of rolling hills. Lotta farms. There's a slaughterhouse. Smells and looks grey and awful. All the cows look really sad. Maybe I'm just making them sad. Maybe they're fine.

Looking at the rows of crops criss-cross on farms as they

pass.

There's a billboard. It says: "ROSCOE'S WETSUIT"

The Boy stares at it. Just a white billboard with "roscoe's wetsuit" on it.

EXT. MIDDLE OF NOWHERE IN-N-OUT DAY

The guys are sitting on their car, eating burgers at the far end of the parking lot.

As The Boy bites into his double-double he thinks about the slaughterhouse. Then he looks at his burger. He laughs.

Two women walk out. They look like they're in their late 30's. Swank spots em. One of the women is wearing a Northwestern hoodie.

SWANK
(re: hoodie)
Long way from Chicago.

WOMAN 1
Alumni.

SWANK
There's no way. You can't be
over twenty-three.

The women just smirk and close their doors. They drive off.

SWANK (CONT'D)
See that? Johnny Appleseed of
confidence, man. Just leaving
little seeds with everyone.

A car crazily pulls up next to the In-N-Out. Two dudes jump out with masks and guns.

FAM
Daaammnnnn.

They run inside. We see people running in their cars, and driving off. All of our guys stay seated on their car. Just eating.

A minute goes by. No gun shots. Just yelling.

The two dudes run out. Just as they do, you can hear the police coming.

ROBBERY DUDE 1
MOVE, RYAN!

AJ
This nigga's using his real
name. Treated.

STEVE
Could be a code name.

AJ
That's definitely his real name.
No one's robbery name is "Ryan".
It's something
like..."Snake-Man".

They all make a face.

AJ (CONT'D)
Fuck ya'll. I wouldn't rob a
place with ya'll pussy ass
anyway.

The police roll up. Ryan tries to get away, but they pin
him. The other dude shoots at the cop.

FAM
We should leave. They're
shooting at the cops. Which
means the other cops coming give
a fuck 'bout bystanders now.

MARCUS
(in anchorman
voice)
Two men were arrested in an
attempted robbery at an In-N-Out
burger today.
(mumbling)
Also some niggers ended up dead,
we don't know. This is news,
people!

STEVE
After being frisked, the dead
suspects somehow got guns and
shot themselves in the head even
though they were handcuffed and
in the back of a tiny-ass squad
car.

THE BOY
Police chief states: "no
investigation needed".

THE BOY
"White people still safe!"

They laugh. As they start to drive off.

Suddenly two cop cars screech in front of them.

COP 1
HANDS IN THE AIR!

STEVE

Fuck.

All the guys put their hands up.

EXT. OAKLAND STREET DAY

Everyone looks a little bummed. Silence. More silence

THE BOY

We're here.

They pull over to a row of brownstones.

MARCUS

Great. Why are we where this is?

The Boy gets out of the car and walks up to the door. As he's about to knock, the door opens. Nyla is standing there. Her face is a mix of anger and strange sympathy. Like she refused to cry like...an hour ago?

THE BOY

Hey-

NYLA

There's a point you reach when you're no longer able to feel like you did. Not about a person, not with a certain place, you just can't feel like you did because that muscle or whatever is just...dead. Or gone.

THE BOY

Hi, Nyla.

NYLA

When you're alone, you might be able to remember it. You might even hear a song that makes you question it. It doesn't exist anymore. It's dead. Do you understand?

THE BOY

Yeah. Absolutely. But Nyla-

NYLA

I AM AT THAT POINT, [EDIT]

Tears. She's not crying. She's just that mad.

A dude pokes his head out from the hallway in the brownstone. The Boy and him make eye contact.

THE BOY

This isn't what you think it is.
I didn't come here to...look, I
saw this dude die and-

NYLA

And you're scared. So you came
here.

THE BOY

I'm not scared. I just wanna be
with someone who knows me for a
little.

NYLA

I don't know you. We're not
together. I have company. Go
home.

THE BOY

Okay, you're being mean now.

NYLA

"Mean?" Who Cares? You're an
adult. Also, you embarrassed
me.

THE BOY

(to the dude in
the hallway)

We were planning on having a kid
together. She offered and we
had a whole plan. Like adults
or something. Then I backed
out. So...

(then)

You're the second at best is
what I'm saying.

The guy goes ---- [SIDE EYE EMOJI].

NYLA

What is wrong with you?

THE BOY

I don't know.

NYLA

Me neither.

This is really sad for both of em. They really wanna know.
Nyla closes the door.

NYLA (CONT'D)

(through the
door)

Please grow up.

The Boy stands there...then Swank walks up to him on the

stoop of the brownstone.

SWANK
Can I use her bathroom? That
double-double's makin moves.

The Boy walks away and gets in the car. Swank stands there for a moment. Then tries to cut off a fart with his hand as he walks to the car.

INT. OAKLAND CLUB NIGHT

The guys sit at a table in the corner. The Boy is sitting in the corner. Fam is texting. Swank and Steve are talking to two girls. A promoter walks over.

PROMOTER
Ey. You gonna just sit here.

THE BOY
Yeah.

PROMOTER
Well, you gotta order something.

THE BOY
A bottle?

PROMOTER
Yeah. A bottle?

They stare.

THE BOY
I'll take 12 bottles.

Promoter gives him a [NO MOUTH EMOJI]. The Boy just stares at him...he's serious. The promoter walks off.

Twelve girls with bottles and sparklers emerge around the club, from the back. It's a parade. They curve around the club making a big to do. People are staring, like "is Diddy here? OMG Diddy's here!".

The parade gets to the top of the stairs where the booth is. But when they turn the corner, the guys are already gone. There's a stack of cash sitting in the middle of the table.

The promoter stands there.

INT. LATE NIGHT DINER

The guys are eating.

SWANK
But animals eat animals, man.
Animals!

STEVE

The argument is that we've been given the freewill and understanding of life. So we shouldn't because the option is there for us.

SWANK

Man, in Nigeria they made me AND my little brother slaughter a goat. We raised that goat, man. I loved that fucking goat. And one day we came home from school and they just handed us the knife. I've seen the blood man. I've heard the screams. I still ate the shit though.

THE BOY

We were here before.

FAM

What?

THE BOY

We've done this before.

FAM

Nah man. This is our first time together in Oakland.

THE BOY

This is every night. This is all the nights, man.

FAM

(weirded out)

Nahhhh. We switch it up, man.

The boy stops listening. Across the way there's a group of kids eating in a booth. They're laughing and talking behind the back of a friend they don't seem to like very much. One of the girls is going in. But behind her, there's a guy in a colourful faux 90's hat. He's writing something on the wall in sharpie.

He's writing "roscoe's wetsuit".

The Boy gets up and walks over.

THE BOY

Excuse me. What does that mean?

HAT KID

What?

THE BOY

Roscoe's wetsuit

HAT KID
Oh. I don't know.

THE BOY
Yes you do.

HAT KID
Wha?

THE BOY
You know what it means. Tell me.

HAT KID
I don't know. I saw it online.

THE BOY
So you just write shit you see?

HAT KID
Fuck's your problem?

Fam walks up. Grabs The Boy.

FAM
Ey. Let's just eat.

The Boy and Fam sit.

HAT KID
It means I sat on yuor Mom's face.

The Boy slams his fist on the table. It's loud. Everyone in the diner looks at him. The Boy doesn't look up.

THE BOY
(quiet)
Tell me what it is or I'll cut you open and take the answer.

EXT. HOTEL NIGHT

The guys roll up to the front of the hotel.

SWANK
That kid was scared as fuck! He was like [OPEN MOUTH EMOJI].

FAM
(to The Boy)
You good?

The Boy doesn't say anything.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY NIGHT

The guys walk in the lobby. There's an Indian wedding happening. They're probably not called Indian weddings.

It's probably just a wedding, but all the people participating happen to be Indian. There's a bunch of guys talking and quietly laughing in the hall. The door to the banquet room is open as they pass. The Boy stops. The bride and groom are slow dancing. The Bride is quite pretty. Green eyes and dark skin. She's got the aura of a business woman. Probably met him at Stanford and was like "this is reliable". The groom looks like a caricature of a good ol' fashion white dude.

STEVE

Good for him.

SWANK

Nah. He don't get any interracial points. He's just doing exactly what white guys been doing since forever. Exactly what he wants.

AJ

Really? Like that?

SWANK

Man, I used to get so pissed when girls would watch Boy Meets World and be like "Ryder Strong's so dope for having a black girlfriend". Man, fuck that nigga.

AJ

Come on, man. My dad's white and his parents didn't like my mom. They just started talking again.

SWANK

(over the top)

Oh your poor white dad!

(then)

Nigga, shut up. Take that team light skin shit outside.

THE BOY

I've never seen one of these.

FAM

A first dance?

THE BOY

A wedding.

FAM

Yeah.

(then)

Marriage is so wack. I mean, I get it. But come on, yo. Forever?

("Ms.Jackson")

Forever, ever? Forever, ever?

THE BOY

You think either of them don't wanna do it?

FAM

Mane, I bet both of em are like that.

THE BOY

They look happy as fuck though.

FAM

Cause they reached their goal. In a year they'll be like "oh fuck...goals are dumb."

MARCUS

Goals are dumb?

FAM

Making your life a goal is dumb. I think. This shit is supposed to be just fun.

(then)

I took an ediable at the diner. It's kicken in. Hard. I'ma go upstairs.

THE BOY

Okay.

They both stand there for a moment.

FAM

I'm gonna need some help.

AJ takes Fam by the arm.

FAM (CONT'D)

There we go.

They head to the elevators.

MARCUS

I'ma look for some bridesmaids.

He walks off.

STEVE
(yelling to
Marcus)
Gee-van-chi!

MARCUS
(calling back)
Nigga, god bless you.

STEVE
(to The Boy)
What you doin?

THE BOY
I'ma stay down here.

SWANK
You good?

THE BOY
I'm great.

They Kanye shrug, then walk off to the bar. The Boy walks into the banquet.