

COLD OPENING

FADE IN:

INT. BAR - TONIGHT

WE'RE IN A LOCAL WATERING HOLE. WHEN WE'RE IN THIS LOCATION, FRANCES AND ANGELA CAN SPEAK DIRECTLY TO THE AUDIENCE. AS WE FADE IN, ANGELA SITS ON A BAR STOOL AT A HIGH TABLE. FRANCES ENTERS, WEARING HER MEDICAL ASSISTANT UNIFORM UNDER HER COAT.

FRANCES

Hey, y'all.

A BARBACK COMES OVER AND BOOSTS FRANCES UP ONTO HER HIGH STOOL. SHE TIPS HIM A BUCK. THIS IS TOTALLY ROUTINE.

FRANCES (CONT'D)

(TO BARBACK) Thanks, baby. (TO CAMERA)

I'm Frances, this is my best friend
Angela.

ANGELA

We're together so much people just
call us Frangela.

FRANCES

Sorry I'm late.

ANGELA

I got your message. (TO CAMERA) There
was a virus on her office computers.

FRANCES

Damn hacker. Some twelve year-old
douchebag in Korea got nothing better
to do than muck up my payroll.

ANGELA NOTICES A NEARBY YOUNG WHITE COUPLE ARGUING.

ANGELA

Look, something's about to jump off.

FRANCES

Please don't let Jenny start crying.

ANGELA

All white girls aren't named Jenny.

FRANCES

Whatever, I'm just saying let Heather-Megan-Kristie-Kirstie-Kristen keep it together.

THE WHITE GIRL STARTS TO CRY.

ANGELA

(LIKE WATCHING A PUPPY) Ohhhh...

FRANCES

Here we go again. (TO CAMERA) Let me tell you something about Angela. She's got this addiction. She gets high on helping white girls.

ANGELA

So what? It makes me feel good.

FRANCES

Yeah, 'cause white girls got problems she can solve. Like, "My best friend stole my boyfriend. My hair's frizzy. I can't find my panties." Those type of problems. But black people --

ANGELA

Yeah, they got problems like general hopelessness, unfair housing practices, inability to vote or get representation. I can't put a little lip gloss on that.

THE WHITE GIRL RUNS TO THE BATHROOM, CRYING.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

(TO FRANCES) C'mon, I need a hit, just a quick little hit of white girl problems and then I'll be straight.

FRANCES

(SIGHS) Go on. Mama needs her fix.

ANGELA HURRIES TOWARD THE LADIES ROOM.

FRANCES (CONT'D)

(SHAKES HER HEAD) Junkie.

SHE GESTURES FOR THE BARTENDER TO COME OVER. HE HELPS HER DOWN FROM HER STOOL, SHE TIPS HIM AGAIN, THEN HEADS FOR THE BATHROOM.

CUT TO:

INT. LADIES ROOM - MOMENTS LATER (TONIGHT)

ANGELA AND FRANCES ENTER. ANGELA APPROACHES THE GIRL, SARA.

ANGELA

What's wrong, white girl?

SARA

Thanks, but I'm okay.

FRANCES

(TO ANGELA) Hear that? She's okay.

ANGELA CONFIDENTLY INDICATES FOR FRANCES TO "WAIT FOR IT."

SARA

It's my boyfriend.

ANGELA GIVES FRANCES A SMUG, "TOLD YA SO" LOOK.

ANGELA

(TO SARA) Baby, what's your name?

SARA

Sara.

FRANCES

Look, Jenny, we ain't got a lot of time. Get to the problem.

SARA

He says I need a boob job.

FRANCES

(TURNING) Okay, you know what...

ANGELA/FRANCES

Oh, no no no no no.

ANGELA

Your breasts are just fine.

FRANCES

Yeah, bring them tatties over here.

SHE TAKES SARA'S ARMS AND WIGGLES HER BACK AND FORTH.

FRANCES (CONT'D)

Girls, those are nice. Perky and bouncy, got some torque.

ANGELA

You're a beautiful little snowflake.

SARA

No, I'm not...

ANGELA

Hey, hey, no more of that. You know what I do when somebody puts me down? I look 'em in the eye and say, "I am a Nubian queen and I don't have to put up with that crap." Try it.

SARA

(WEAKLY) I am a Nubian queen and I don't have to put up with that crap.

ANGELA

Adorable. Now, I want you to say it from down here. (INDICATES BELOW THE BELT)

FRANCES

Yeah, from the dark continent. From Mama Africa.

ANGELA

C'mon now, visualize. That's you building the pyramids. Then you gonna pick some cotton --

FRANCES

Pick that cotton, girl! Pick it!

ANGELA

Then you gonna invent some jazz--

FRANCES

-- only to have it stolen by Elvis.

ANGELA

And you go through all that just to
have some hot dude wearing an ironic
trucker hat say you ain't good enough?

FRANCES

Hell, no!

ANGELA

Now say it with us!

ANGELA/FRANCES

I am a Nubian queen and I don't have
to put up with that crap!

SARA

(PROUDLY) I am a Nubian queen and I
don't have to put up with that crap!

ANGELA/FRANCES

Right on, girl! / Alright now!

CUT TO:

MAIN TITLES

ACT ONE

SCENE A

FADE IN:

INT. BAR - TONIGHT

ANGELA AND FRANCES REJOIN US AT OUR TABLE.

ANGELA

(TO CAMERA) I taught that white girl
not to worry about what other people
think of her. I'm good.

FRANCES

(LAUGHS) I guess those that can't do,
teach. (TO CAMERA) Last week, Angela
lost her mind, y'all. She had a full-
on identity crisis.

ANGELA

She's overstating the case...

FRANCES

My husband asked her a simple little
question --

CUT AWAY TO:

INT. FRANCES AND ADAM'S APARTMENT - DAY (FLASHBACK)

(NOTE: THIS IS A CLIP FROM A SCENE WE WILL SEE LATER.) ADAM
IS TALKING WITH ANGELA AND FRANCES.

ADAM

(TO ANGELA) Tell me something, sis --
how many black friends do you have?

CUT BACK TO:

INT. BAR - TONIGHT

ANGELA LOOKS EMBARRASSED AS FRANCES CONTINUES HER STORY.

FRANCES

Girl, that sent you out the box.

ANGELA

(TO CAMERA) Okay, I admit it, I lost it a little, but I was pushed. It started the night Frances and I went to her office party...

CUT TO:

INT. FRANCES AND ADAM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

THE SPACE IS NEAT AND WELL-FURNISHED, REFLECTING AN UPWARDLY MOBILE YOUNG COUPLE TO WHOM MATERIAL THINGS MATTER. ANGELA AND FRANCES ARE DRESSED UP AS ADAM COMES HOME FROM WORK. FRANCES GREET'S HIM WITH A KISS.

FRANCES

Hey, I thought you were working late.

ADAM

I'm traveling tomorrow so I thought the two of us would have some quality time tonight.

FRANCES

Oooh, did you clear that with Angela?

ANGELA

Frances isn't available this evening. You really should have phoned ahead.

ADAM

So what, I have to talk to my sister to make plans with my wife?

FRANCES

Baby, be nice, she lost her job today.

ADAM

(TO ANGELA) Again? You're a temp worker. Who gets fired from temp jobs?

ANGELA

I object to the word "fired". Was Nelson Mandela fired? Was Jesus Christ fired?

ADAM

No, but Jesus didn't make a lot of personal calls.

ANGELA

Okay, we're done here. (TO FRANCES) So there's gonna be single men at this party, right?

FRANCES

Yeah, you might want to bring your velvet hat, just in case.

ANGELA

You think I'm gonna need my velvet hat?

ADAM

Oh for god's sake, I'm on to your little code, just go up to your apartment and get your diaphragm.

EMBARRASSED, ANGELA EXITS. FRANCES RUBS ADAM'S SHOULDERS.

ADAM (CONT'D)

C'mon, stay home with me. You don't even like office parties.

FRANCES

I know, but Angela had a really bad day. She needs me.

ADAM

So do I. Tell me something. If Angela and I were both drowning at the same time, who would you save?

FRANCES

Don't be silly, Baby. I'd never let you two go swimming at the same time.

ADAM

Fine. Guess I'll just enjoy this fine bottle of Merlot and the brand new Williams-Sonoma catalog all by myself.

FRANCES

I promise, I'll be back before you get to kitchenware.

ADAM

(EXCITED) They have an espresso maker with a rapid-steam function. You can switch from frothing milk to brewing with guess how much waiting.

FRANCES

Don't say with no waiting.

ADAM

I won't, 'cause I don't want to blow your mind.

FRANCES

You mark that page, and when I get back, somebody's gonna get a little mocha.

THE DOORBELL RINGS. FRANCES CROSSES TO THE DOOR.

FRANCES (CONT'D)

Oh, that's Dave about the disposal.

ADAM

(GRIMACING) Slavey Dave is coming over tonight?

FRANCES

Don't call him that. He's just a sweet old man from the Old South.

ADAM

The very Old South.

FRANCES OPENS THE DOOR, REVEALING DAVE, THE BUILDING SUPER.

DAVE

Well, hello there, Missy Frances!
How're you this fine evening?

FRANCES

I'm good. Come on in, Dave.

DAVE

Oh, my goodness, it's Mister Adam!
What a rare treat! A rare treat!

ADAM

(STIFFLY) Hello.

DAVE

I was powerful upset to hear you was having troubles with your disposal.

(MORE)

DAVE (CONT'D)

I said to myself, I said, "Dave, get on up to 2-B and find out why those nice folks can't get they trash grinded up."

ADAM WINCES. ANGELA ENTERS FROM THE FRONT DOOR.

ANGELA

Okay, let's go --

DAVE

Missy Angela! Well, don't you look good enough to sop up with a biscuit! 'Course it's the inside that counts, and you even prettier in there.

ANGELA SMILES AS DAVE EXITS INTO THE KITCHEN.

FRANCES

Someone has a crush on you.

ANGELA

If only he was thirty years younger. And emancipated.

ADAM

He makes me so uncomfortable. Why does he have to be so...pre-bellum?

FRANCES

Oh, c'mon, he's not that bad.

DAVE (O.S.)

(A SPIRITUAL) "FIXIN' DA DISPOSAL, LAWD. MMM, FIXIN' DA DISPOSAL, LAWD!"

ADAM TURNS TO FRANCES, WHO JUST SMILES AND SHRUGS.

CUT TO:

SCENE B

INT. FRANCES' OFFICE - LATER THAT NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

THE RECEPTION AREA OF A MEDICAL PRACTICE. FRANCES' COMMAND POST IS A CIRCULAR COUNTER ENCLOSING HER WORKSPACE (LIKE THE OFFICE ON THE OLD BOB NEWHART SHOW). A SUBDUED OFFICE PARTY IS IN PROGRESS.

A MAN PUTS HIS EMPTY PLATE ON THE COUNTER. FRANCES POPS UP FROM BEHIND THE COUNTER AND GLARES.

FRANCES

Oh, no you don't.

COWED, THE MAN TAKES HIS PLATE AND EXITS. ANGELA CROSSES OVER.

ANGELA

You know, you missed your calling.
You really oughta be scaring billy
goats off a bridge.

FRANCES

Hey, this ain't a damn buffet. I work
here. (OFF ANGELA'S LOOK, DEFENSIVE) I
pretend to work here.

DR. JUDY GREEN APPROACHES, WEARING AN ETHNIC LOOKING OUTFIT.

FRANCES (CONT'D)

Hey, Dr. Green.

JUDY

Frances. (THEN:) Angela, lovely to see
you. You look beautiful this evening.

ANGELA

Thanks, Judy.

JUDY SMILES, WAITING FOR ANGELA TO RETURN THE COMPLIMENT.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

And so do you. (RE: HER DRESS) What a
colorful... uh...

JUDY

Serape. It's a gift from a family I sponsored in Oaxaca. They're dead now.

FRANCES

Well, you really gotta keep up on those payments.

JUDY

Lesson learned. (THEN) Listen, I know this must be awkward for you. I think it's just awful you two are the only persons of color here.

ANGELA

(GENUINELY SURPRISED) We are?

FRANCES

(TEASING) What's the matter, we ain't enough for you?

JUDY

No, no, I wouldn't trade you for anything!

FRANCES

Not even rum or spices?

JUDY

(REACTS, THEN:) You. (THEN) This practice has to do better. We will do better. (BOWS) Assalaam alaikum.

FRANCES

And hakuna matada to you, too.

JUDY CROSSES AWAY. ANGELA DOWNS HER DRINK.

FRANCES (CONT'D)

Hey, how many have you had?

ANGELA

Not enough. This party sucks. Where are all the single men you promised me? I'm gonna take out my velvet hat.

FRANCES

(HELPFULLY) In the bathroom.

ANGELA

Duh. (THEN) Nice save.

FRANCES

You better not be drunk. You gotta drive us home.

ANGELA

(WAVES HER OFF) I'm fine.

FRANCES

I mean it. You know I don't drive at night.

ANGELA

I'm fine.

SMASH CUT TO:

SCENE C

INT. ANGELA'S CAR - LATER THAT NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

FRANCES IS DRIVING. SHE CLUTCHES THE WHEEL, A MIX OF FEAR AND FRUSTRATION ON HER FACE. ANGELA'S IN THE PASSENGER SEAT.

FRANCES

I knew this was gonna happen. This is all your fault, you drunk whore.

ANGELA

You know what I just heard? I heard, "Thank you, Angela. Thank you for forcing me to confront my irrational fear of driving at night."

FRANCES

That's funny, 'cuz what I heard is (IN HER FACE) drunk whore!

ANGELA SHOOTS HER A LOOK, THEN, AFTER A BEAT:

ANGELA

You know, we were the only black people at that party.

FRANCES

So?

ANGELA

So, I don't know. I used to notice stuff like that.

FRANCES

Hey, did I miss the turn?

ANGELA

I wasn't watching. You're driving.

FRANCES

Girl, I can't drive and watch at the same time. This ain't NASCAR up in this bitch. (THEN) I don't recognize anything... (REALIZING) Oh my god. Oh my god! It's an Insta-Ghetto!

ANGELA

What?

FRANCES

It just popped up. Out of nowhere.
(POP SOUND) Ghetto!

ANGELA

Looks all right to me.

FRANCES

Are you blind? There ain't nothing but liquor stores, pawn shops and murals of multi-ethnic children smiling. We're at the corner of Martin Luther King Boulevard and Rosa Parks Drive. It's a damn Insta-Ghetto!

ANGELA

Look for a Starbucks.

THEY LOOK AROUND FOR A BEAT, HOPEFUL. THEN:

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Okay, don't panic. (THEN) Red light!

FRANCES HITS THE BRAKES AND THEY STOP AT A LIGHT.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

We're fine. Lock the doors.

FRANCES

No! They might hear us.

ANGELA

Frances, you were raised in this part
of town.

FRANCES

Why the hell do you think I'm freakin'
out?!

ANGELA SIGHS AND CLICKS THE LOCK. SUDDENLY SOMETHING SMACKS
THE WINDSHIELD. **THE GIRLS SCREAM.** A ROUGH-LOOKING SQUEEGIE
GUY IS CLEANING THE WINDSHIELD.

ANGELA

Okay. Okay. Just start jammin'.
Like you're listening to your favorite
song and the music's so loud you can't
hear anything outside the car.

THEY BOP THEIR HEADS, AS IF GROOVING TO SILENT MUSIC.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

What are you grooving to?

FRANCES

50 cent.

ANGELA

But you hate rap.

FRANCES

I know, I just want them to think my
head respects their culture.

THEY BOP FOR ANOTHER BEAT, THEN THE GUY KNOCKS ON THE WINDOW.

ANGELA

Give him a dollar.

FRANCES

But there's a streak.

ANGELA

Just give it to him.

FRANCES

So I'm supposed to reward him for
shoddy workmanship?

ANGELA

We're not having this debate right
now.

FRANCES

This is why all our jobs are going to
India.

ANGELA

Why don't you tell him that? I'll
just roll down the window and you can
explain outsourcing to MC Rape-A-
Bitch.

THE GUY STARTS POUNDING ON THE WINDOW. FRANCES REACHES FOR A
PURSE AND NERVOUSLY LOOKS THROUGH IT.

FRANCES

Okay, okay! (THEN) I can't find my
wallet. I can't find it. Where's my
wallet?

THE GUY STARTS YELLING AT THEM THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD,
CAUSING THE GIRLS TO BECOME INCREASINGLY FRANTIC.

FRANCES (CONT'D)

ANGELA

I can't catch my breath. I	Just give him the money. The	*
can't breathe. I can't feel	light is green, Frances. The	*
my fingers! Where's my	man did a fine job, give him	*
fingers! Oh, Lord, they took	his money! Frances! Just	*
my fingers!	give it to him!	

FRANCES ROLLS DOWN THE WINDOW AND HURLS THE PURSE AT THE MAN,
THEN FLOORS IT AND SPEEDS AWAY.

ANGELA

Why did you do that?

FRANCES

You said give it to him!

ANGELA

I didn't say give him your purse!

FRANCES

I didn't, I gave him your purse!

ANGELA SHAKES HER HEAD, EXASPERATED.

DISSOLVE TO:

SCENE D

INT. FRANCES AND ADAM'S APARTMENT - THE NEXT MORNING
(FLASHBACK)

ANGELA (IN HER PJ'S), FRANCES AND ADAM (DRESSED FOR WORK) ARE HAVING BREAKFAST. ADAM'S TRAVEL BAGS ARE BY THE DOOR.

FRANCES

I'm telling you, Adam, that neighborhood was rough. Like we saw this woman standing there, she had on like a dirty wife beater, blue terry cloth shorts, baby hanging off her hip, smoking a Kools menthol--

ANGELA

-- the baby was smoking it, too, passing it --

ANGELA (CONT'D)

-- back and forth, back and forth.

FRANCES

-- back and forth, back and forth. It was terrifying.

ADAM

You had a perfectly normal reaction. That's not exactly our milieu.

ANGELA

What do you mean by "our"?

FRANCES

What do you mean by "milieu"? (THEN)
Seriously, what does that mean?

ADAM

Look at the circles we travel in. We don't encounter many of those people.

FRANCES

(REALIZING) You mean black people.

ADAM

We're disconnected from that
community.

ANGELA

Maybe that's the true for you, a sell-
out Uncle Tom, but I'm a woman of the
people.

ADAM

You went to Princeton.

ANGELA

(HARD) On a partial scholarship.

FRANCES

Quit it, Adam. It's not her fault.
Both y'all are from Grosse Point,
bougie from the day you were born.
Y'all ain't never been black like me.

ANGELA

Please. Today you're all down, but
last night you were all, "The niggas
are comin', the niggas are comin'!"

FRANCES

(DEFENSIVE) That's 'cause I don't like
driving at night!

ADAM

Nice try. You may have been born on
the west side, but you're one of us
now. Welcome. Have a croissant.

FRANCES

What, I can't enjoy a French pastry
and keep it real at the same time?

ADAM

I'm just saying you've lost touch with
your roots. (TO ANGELA) And we never
had roots. See, class is the new
race. I mean, yeah, we're black, but
we're not blackity-black black.

ANGELA

That's just dumb. Dumbity-dumb dumb.

ADAM

Angela, I love you, but the reason I'm
so successful and you're so...you is
because I listen to me. I'm a smart
guy. I'm the one who told you there
wasn't a big job market for Haitian
History majors. I'm the one who told
you not to date that Arab guy who was
taking flight lessons.

ANGELA

Hey, Achmed told me he was Samoan!

ADAM

The point is, I was right about all
that, and I'm right about this. (RE:
THE THREE OF THEM) We're all the same.
So if I'm a sell-out Uncle Tom, what
does that make you?

THE DOORBELL RINGS.

ANGELA

Dude, I don't see us that way, and
neither does anyone else.

FRANCES

Yeah, you don't know what you're
talking about.

FRANCES ANSWERS THE DOOR. IT'S DAVE.

DAVE

'Morning! I got y'all a new disposal!
It was supposed to be for 4-C, but
them's just black folks, they can
wait.

DAVE EXITS TO THE KITCHEN. ANGELA AND FRANCES LOOK STUNNED.

ADAM

(AS DAVE) Why Missy Angela and Missy
Frances, y'all look white as ghosts!
(THEN) Told you so.

ANGELA

That means nothing. I'm as connected
to the community as anyone.

ADAM

Oh, really? Tell me something, sis --
how many black friends do you have?

ANGELA

(BEAT, THEN DEFIANTLY) Plenty.

ADAM

Well, I'd love to meet them.

ANGELA

Well, maybe I'll just invite 'em over
for a little party and introduce you.

ADAM

Sounds great. I'm back in town Friday
night.

ANGELA

Friday's perfect. Bring your
appetite. I'll be serving crow.

ADAM

Crow's gonna be the only black thing
at that party.

HE KISSES FRANCES GOODBYE AND EXITS WITH HIS BAGS.

ANGELA

God, I'm so sick of his "I told you
so's" and his self-righteous,
patronizing arrogance.

FRANCES

Really? See, I think it's kinda sexy.

ANGELA

You know what, Frances? This is it.
This time, I'm gonna be right. We're
having that party.

FRANCES

Yeah, that'll show him. Just one
small problem -- all our friends are
white.

ANGELA

That's not true. What about...

(RECONSIDERS) Well, he's more of a dry cleaner than a friend...

FRANCES

Face it, girl. We don't have no black friends.

ANGELA

Then we'll make some. Enough to fill this whole room.

FRANCES

Friday's only two days away. What're we gonna do, run down to "Poke Full O' Niggas" and pick up a party-pack?

ANGELA

(DETERMINED) Whatever it takes. Starting tomorrow, black is the new black.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

SCENE E

FADE IN:

INT. FRANCES AND ADAM'S APARTMENT - LATER THAT DAY
(FLASHBACK)

FRANCES IS ON THE PHONE, HER ADDRESS BOOK ON THE TABLE.
ANGELA (NOW DRESSED FOR THE DAY) BRINGS HER SOME COFFEE.

FRANCES

(INTO PHONE) Yeah, your mother and I
were real close friends in ninth
grade... Yep, right up until you came
along.... Well, I just wanted to
invite her to a party... Oh, she's in
jail?

FRANCES AND ANGELA EXCHANGE A LOOK.

FRANCES (CONT'D)

(INTO PHONE) Well, tell her Frances
says "hey"... No, baby, no, I can't
watch your kids today.

FRANCES HANGS UP AND CLOSSES HER BOOK. SHE'S VISIBLY UPSET.

FRANCES (CONT'D)

I don't believe this. Everyone I grew
up with is either moved away, passed
away, or put away.

ANGELA

Wow. I don't know what to say. See,
this is why I like white girl
problems.

THE DOORBELL RINGS.

BUCK (O.S.)

It's me, Buck!

ANGELA

God, haven't I endured enough
ignorance this morning?

FRANCES

He's the landlord. If we don't let
him in, he's just gonna use his key.

FRANCES OPENS THE DOOR, REVEALING THEIR WHITE LANDLORD, BUCK.

BUCK

Hi, ladies. (THEN) Is Dave here?

FRANCES

He's in the kitchen.

BUCK

I can't open my pudding snack.

ANGELA

Dave really takes care of you, huh.

BUCK

Yeah, he's one of the good ones.

ANGELA

(IRKED) Y'know, Buck, that's really
inappropriate --

BUCK

What? (REALIZING) Oh, I didn't mean --

(LAUGHS) No, I mean one of the good
handymen. (THEN) Yeah, it's hard to
find a black guy you can trust.

ANGELA STARTS TO TELL HIM OFF, BUT FRANCES STOPS HER. DAVE
ENTERS FROM THE KITCHEN.

DAVE

Hey Buck. Disposal's all fixed.

FRANCES

Thanks, Dave. I gotta get going.

BUCK

Boy, look at you. So articulate in your fancy work clothes.

FRANCES GLANCES DOWN AT HER NURSING UNIFORM.

ANGELA

Yeah, I better get moving, too. I gotta find me some black people.

BUCK

You want to borrow my police scanner?

DAVE

Say, Buck, ain't it about time for your morning lie down?

DAVE LEADS BUCK TOWARD THE DOOR.

BUCK

Yeah, I guess you're right. (TO FRANCES) Y'know, I like black folks. They're not all criminals. And they're very clean. Like cats. Now the Mexicans...

DAVE SMILES APOLOGETICALLY AT THE GIRLS AND HUSTLES BUCK OUT.

DISSOLVE TO:

SCENE F

INT. FRANCES' OFFICE - LATER THAT DAY (FLASHBACK)

FRANCES IS WORKING AT HER DESK. JUDY APPROACHES.

JUDY

Frances, can you pull Mr. Saunder's
file when you get a chance?

FRANCES

(NOT LOOKING UP) Sure thing. (THEN)
Saunders. I wonder if he's related to
the Saunders who owned my great-
grandfather.

JUDY

Y'know, maybe I'll just get it myself.

FRANCES

You're the boss. (HANDS HER A STACK OF
FILES) While you're in there, can you
put these away?

JUDY

Actually, I have a patient waiting.

FRANCES

Ooh, then I'll stop wasting your time
by talking to you.

JUDY

Thank you.

JUDY CROSSES AWAY, CONFUSED, AS ANGELA ENTERS.

ANGELA

Hey. I just spent my whole morning
over at the University cruising for
blackademics.

FRANCES

Ooh, good idea. How many black friends you find for our party?

ANGELA

Not one. But a couple of guys on the lacrosse team invited us to their party.

FRANCES

Well, I got one for us. (HOLDS UP MEDICAL FILE) He's in with Dr. Evans right now. His name is DeShawn Washington --

ANGELA

(IMPRESSED) DeShawn Washington? That's solid black.

FRANCES

I invited him and his wife, Shanice, to our party.

ANGELA

DeShawn and Shanice? Score!

ANGELA AND FRANCES BUMP FISTS. DESHAWN WASHINGTON, A BLACK MAN IN HIS 40'S, ENTERS FROM THE HALLWAY. HE LOOKS UPSET.

FRANCES

Hey, DeShawn, this is my sister-in-law, Angela.

ANGELA

Hey, friend!

DESHAWN

Hi. (TO FRANCES) Um, doctor says I need to schedule a biopsy for Friday.

ANGELA

Friday? I don't think that's gonna work. You have a party to go to.

DESHAWN

Dr. Evans said it can't wait.

ANGELA

He's an oncologist, they always say that.

DESHAWN

It's kind of a bad time.

ANGELA

Look, DeShawn, I'm tired of playing games. You coming to the party or not?

DESHAWN

(BEAT) Who are you again?

FRANCES

(GIVING UP) Angela --

ANGELA

You know what? I don't even want him to come to our party. (TO DESHAWN) Just go.

DESHAWN

But...

ANGELA

Is that tumor in your ear? I said hit the road!

FRANCES HANDS HIM AN APPOINTMENT SLIP.

FRANCES

Here's your appointment, baby.

DESHAWN EXITS. ANGELA FUMES. FRANCES JUST WAITS... THEN:

ANGELA

(SHEEPISH) I went over the line, huh.

FRANCES

(PROUD) Yeah, but you saw the line!

That's real progress!

SHE GIVES ANGELA A TOOTSIE ROLL FROM A JAR ON HER DESK.

CUT TO:

SCENE G

INT. BAR - TONIGHT

FRANCES AND ANGELA ARE THERE.

ANGELA

We only had one more day to populate our party and prove Adam wrong. We just didn't know where to look.

FRANCES

Yeah, it ain't fair. If you need some Mexicans, you just go on down to the Home Depot, wave a paint brush, and load 'em up.

ANGELA

But black folks are elusive.

FRANCES

Yeah, and it was night time, when they're at their elusivist.

CUT TO:

INT. HIP-HOP CLUB - THAT NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

ANGELA AND FRANCES CHECK OUT THE UPSCALE, MOSTLY BLACK CROWD.

FRANCES

It feels wrong being in a meat market like this. I'm a married woman.

A HOT DUDE CROSSES BY. SHE GRABS HIS ASS.

FRANCES (CONT'D)

Sugar Butt, Mama likes! (TO ANGELA) I was thinking of Adam the whole time.

ANGELA

Eyes on the prize, Frances. This crowd's a little downtown for us, but it looks friendly enough. C'mon.

ANGELA AND FRANCES APPROACH A GROUP OF GUYS.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Hi, I'm Angela, this is Frances.
We're having a party tomorrow, and--

THREE GIRLS (MARIKA, LAURA, AND AN EXTRA) APPROACH.

MARIKA

Hey, back it up, that's our men.

LAURA

Move on, bitch.

INTIMIDATED, FRANCES MOVES NEXT TO THE GIRLS.

FRANCES

You heard her, bitch. Move on.

ANGELA GLARES; FRANCES RELUCTANTLY RETURNS TO ANGELA'S SIDE.

ANGELA

Ladies, my intentions are purely platonic. But see, this is what August Bebel railed against in his definitive tome, "Women Under Socialism." We don't need to compete over men. Let us strive to be "the undamaged woman."

LAURA

(TO MARIKA) Listen to trick baby.

MARIKA

No lie. (TO ANGELA) First of all, this ain't no competition, 'cause you ain't nothing. And second, that is a gross oversimplification of Bebel's thesis.

LAURA

Yeah, we ain't livin' up in no pre-industrial social model, so don't be coming into our house and misrepresenting no post-nineteenth century scientific materialist.

FRANCES

(TO ANGELA) How many times you gotta learn that lesson.

CUT TO:

SCENE H

EXT. CHICAGO STREET - THE NEXT DAY (FLASHBACK)

ANGELA, BOUND AND DETERMINED, STRIDES DOWN THE SIDEWALK AS FRANCES TRIES TO KEEP UP WITH HER.

FRANCES

I don't know, Angela. This feels kind of desperate.

ANGELA

We are desperate. Adam's coming back tonight and we have no one. Failure is not an option, Frances. This time, I'm the one who's gonna say, "I told you so."

FRANCES

Yeah, but girl, I think maybe you're losing perspective here.

ANGELA

Lighten up, there's nothing wrong with what we're doing.

WIDEN TO REVEAL ANGELA AND FRANCES ARE OUTSIDE "BIG MAMA'S CHICKEN SHACK." FRANCES STOPS HER.

FRANCES

Angela, we're trolling chicken shacks for dark meat. That's offensive. And not just what I said. The whole concept.

ANGELA

Fine, you wanna pretend black folks don't like fried chicken, go ahead.

(MORE)

ANGELA (CONT'D)

But you and I both know we think about
chicken every damn day. There, I said
it. So you wanna fish for black folks
with brisket, that's your little red
wagon and you can push it or pull it.
But I'm baiting my hook with hot
wings. Excuse me.

ANGELA ENTERS THE RESTAURANT. FRANCES RELUCTANTLY FOLLOWS.

INT. RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

ANGELA AND FRANCES STOP IN THEIR TRACKS.

ANGELA

What the...?

WIDEN TO REVEAL ALL THE PATRONS ARE WHITE. ANGELA APPROACHES
A WHITE KID WORKING BEHIND THE COUNTER.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Hello -- (OFF HIS NAMETAG) Tyler. I'm
just gonna say it. What are all these
white people doing in a chicken shack?

TYLER

Atkins Diet. Wanna join our Frequent
Eater's Weight Loss Club?

ANGELA

(PISSSED) All right, no more screwing
around.

SMASH CUT TO:

SCENE I

EXT. COMMUNITY CENTER - LATER THAT DAY (FLASHBACK)

A SIGN READS "SICKLE CELL ANEMIA SUPPORT GROUP." FRANCES PHYSICALLY TRIES TO RESTRAIN ANGELA FROM REACHING THE DOOR.

FRANCES

No. No!

ANGELA

There's gotta be someone in there who can still walk on their own. We just prop 'em up against the wall, tape a glass of pinot to his hand and bam, party guest!

FRANCES SLAPS ANGELA.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Ow!

FRANCES SLAPS HER AGAIN.

FRANCES

That was for the chicken shack. It's over, Angela.

SFX: THE PSHHHH! OF A BUS'S AIR BRAKES

ANGELA AND FRANCES'S POV

A BUS IS PARKED AT A GAS STATION. A SIGN ON THE SIDE OF THE BUS READS, "MOUNT MARIAH GOSPEL CHOIR ON TOUR!" THE DRIVER STEPS OUT AND STRETCHES, THEN HEADS FOR THE RESTROOMS.

ANGELA'S EYES LIGHT UP.

ANGELA

(GASPS) A busload of black. (WHISPERS HEAVENWARD) Thank you.

ANGELA HEADS FOR THE BUS. FRANCES FOLLOWS, WORRIED.

INT./EXT. BUS - CONTINUOUS

FRANCES WAITS AT THE DOOR AS ANGELA ENTERS THE BUS. SHE SMILES, FACING A BUSLOAD OF OLDER BLACK FOLKS IN CHOIR ROBES.

ANGELA

Hallelujah! Can I get an "amen"?!

THE FOLKS ON THE BUS JUST STARE AT HER BLANKLY.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Okay! My name is Angela and I'm here
to invite you all to a party!

AS ANGELA CONTINUES TALKING WE ANGLE ON TWO OLD LADIES,
ELEANOR AND VIRGINIA (PLAYED BY FRANCES AND ANGELA IN OLD
LADY MAKE-UP).

ELEANOR

I don't remember there being no
parties on the itinerary.

VIRGINIA

I thought we was singing for dead
children.

ELEANOR

Not dead. They deaf.

VIRGINIA

Deaf? Why would we sing for deaf
children? That don't make no sense.

ELEANOR

Well, why would we sing for dead
children?

VIRGINIA

Well then I just don't know.

ANGLE ON ANGELA AND FRANCES

ANGELA

We'll have a pony keg, but if you want
the hard stuff it's BYO...

FRANCES SEES THE DRIVER EXIT THE BATHROOM AND HEAD FOR THE
BUS. FRANCES STEPS ONTO THE BUS AND STARTS PULLING AT
ANGELA.

FRANCES

Angela! The driver's coming!

ANGELA PUSHES A BUTTON AND THE BUS DOORS CLOSE. THE DRIVER
RUNS FORWARD AND BANGS ON THE DOOR.

FRANCES (CONT'D)

Angela, open that door! You can't
hold these people hostage!

ANGELA

Relax, I'm just taking them to a
party. (THEN) Now get their cell
phones. I've seen enough 24's to know
somebody's gonna try to be a hero.

SMASH CUT TO:

SCENE J

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT HOLDING CELL - LATER THAT DAY
(FLASHBACK)

ANGELA AND FRANCES ARE IN A HOLDING CELL FULL OF MULTI-RACIAL WOMEN, MOSTLY HOOKERS. FRANCES, ARMS CROSSED AND FURIOUS, STANDS IN A CORNER. ANGELA APPROACHES HER, TENTATIVELY.

ANGELA

So I did some research, and in fact,
that is the only potty we can use.

FRANCES TURNS AWAY.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Okay, you're mad. That's healthy. I
want to validate your feelings, and --

FRANCES

(CALLING TO OTHER WOMEN) Anybody got a
shiv?

ANGELA

Okay. Mea culpa. I got a little
overzealous and we're in a jam --

FRANCES

A jam? They searched my hoopa-ju! We
are charged with kidnapping!

ANGELA

Attempted kidnapping. (SING-SONGY)
Wiggle room!

FRANCES

(CALLING TO OTHER WOMEN) Seriously,
anybody got a pointy toothbrush?
Maybe some kind of bobby pin you snuck
in up your ass?

COCO, A VERY TALL, HARD-LOOKING WHITE WOMAN, APPROACHES ANGELA AND PUSHES HER AWAY FROM FRANCES.

COCO

Hey, sounds like L'il Nugget wants you to back off.

ANGELA

(TERRIFIED) Please don't make me lick your butter.

FRANCES SPRINGS TO ANGELA'S DEFENSE, GETTING IN COCO'S FACE.

FRANCES

Yo, she-beast, you mess with her, I guarantee everything you got below here (HOLDS HER HAND UP TO COCO'S CHEST) gonna be ripped up. If I can reach it, I'm gonna kill it!

COCO BACKS OFF. ANGELA SMILES AT FRANCES, GRATEFUL.

FRANCES (CONT'D)

Hey, I'm mad at you, but you're still my bitch.

ANGELA

(TOUCHED) Really?

ANGELA GOES TO HUG HER.

FRANCES

Girl, get offa me, we're in prison!

ANGELA SLUMPS DOWN ON A BENCH.

ANGELA

God, am I crazy? I mean, all this just to prove I'm black? (THEN) I envy you, Frances. You never have a moment's doubt about who you are.

FRANCES

Sure, I do. (THEN) No, I don't. (THEN)
Angela, you know who we are? We're
social pioneers, boldly going where no
Negro has gone before. We defy
existing labels. We're... we're Afro-
Saxons!

ANGELA

Afro-Saxons?

FRANCES

We got Afros, but we have Saxony
tendencies. Like I got a brand new
Jetta, but it ain't got no insurance.

ANGELA SMILES. FRANCES ENJOYS CHEERING HER UP.

FRANCES (CONT'D)

Yeah, and like, you went to private
school --

ANGELA

-- but I can't hold a job!

THEY BOTH LAUGH. NOW IT'S A GAME, AND THEY'RE ON A ROLL.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

So like, if Condi Rice and... who's
the blackest black man?

FRANCES

Allen Iverson.

ANGELA

Even blacker.

FRANCES

Bobby Brown?

ANGELA

Perfect, if he and Condi Rice had a baby, if they just pushed one out, that baby would be Afro-Saxon.

FRANCES

Exactly!

THEY LAUGH.

ANGELA

Okay, so I'm a proud Afro-Saxon. Adam can suck it.

FRANCES

Well, he was right about one thing: Who your friends are says a lot about who you are. (TO ANGELA) And girl, you rock, 'cause you got me.

ANGELA

I'm totally awesome, dude!

FRANCES

But seriously, an hour of BET every week wouldn't kill you.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR - TONIGHT

ANGELA AND FRANCES TALK TO THE CAMERA.

FRANCES

Fortunately, the church group agreed not to press charges.

ANGELA

And we did have that party.

CUT TO:

SCENE K

INT. FRANCES AND ADAM'S APARTMENT - THAT NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

ADAM ENTERS WITH HIS BAGS, SURPRISED TO FIND ANGELA AND FRANCES MINGLING WITH A DOZEN BLACK WOMEN AT A SMALL PARTY.

FRANCES

Hey, baby! Welcome home.

ADAM

What's going on?

ANGELA

You wanted to meet some of *notre amis*.

ADAM

(SKEPTICAL) These are your friends?

How come I've never seen them before?

ANGELA

I thought you'd feel out of place among black people. (THEN) Looks like someone was wrongity-wrong wrong.

ADAM

Well. I guess I owe you an apology.

ANGELA

(DEEPLY SATISFIED) I told you so.

BEHIND HIS BACK, ANGELA AND FRANCES SHARE A TRIUMPHANT HIGH-FIVE. JUST THEN ONE OF THE WOMEN APPROACHES ANGELA.

WOMAN #1

Time's up, honey. Either buy us for another hour or I'm gonna take my teeth out and get back on the street.

ADAM LOOKS ASKANCE AT ANGELA. FRANCES TURNS TO ADAM.

FRANCES

Baby, how much cash you holding?

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW