

ATLANTA - SPEC
"SPIDER CHICKEN"

Written by

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Remixed 2022
LOS ANGELES Bedroom

BELLEVUE
Zack Zucker

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

VAN lies in EARN's arms. A cell RINGS. Van playfully punches him in the chest. Earn tries to kiss her, she turns her head.

VAN
(eyes closed)
Get yo phone Negro.

Earn grabs his cell, noticing four missed calls from a Los Angeles number. Van notices too and isn't amused. She yanks the covers off Earn and rolls into a fetal position.

Earn gets up and heads into...

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Earn steps on a baby toy.

EARN
(whispers)
Fuck.

VAN (O.S.)
(from the bedroom)
Please don't wake Lottie.

Earn turns on the light. He is wearing a T-shirt that reads "Make the hood HOOD again". He gently lifts the toilet seat.

INSERT - CELL

Earn taps the voice message button on his cell.

CELL (V.O.)
This is Mark from Atlantic Records,
we are looking for Paper Boi. We
heard his song, we love it and are
excited to meet about his future.
Please call me as soon as possible,
so I can send flight information.

EARN
(stunned, quietly)
No way.

Earn replays the message.

CELL (V.O.)
This is Mark from Atlantic Records,
we are looking for Paper Boi. We
heard his song--

He stops the message.

EARN
Yes!

VAN (O.S.)
(annoyed)
Earn.

EARN
My bad babe.

Earn quietly celebrates. Mid-dance he drops his cell into the toilet.

EARN (CONT'D)
(whispers)
Shit.

Earn looks down at the cell. He hesitates for a minute, then reaches in.

EARN (CONT'D)
(whispers)
Fuck it.

Earn quickly grabs the cell, the toilet seat SLAMS DOWN.
LOTTIE starts CRYING.

VAN (O.S.)
Earn!

TITLE: ATLANTA

[LIL BABY "CALIFORNIA BREEZE" PLAYS AS "ATLANTA" COMES UP.]

INT. CHICKEN SHACK - DAY

ALFRED and DARIUS sit at a booth. Darius sips a Kombucha Tea. Earn walks over. Alfred grabs a piece of fried chicken and bites into it.

EARN
(taking a seat)
You know that ain't real chicken.

Alfred stares at Earn.

EARN (CONT'D)
Serious bro.

ALFRED

Man, I'm not trying to hear none of that pro black new vegan shit. It taste like chicken to me.

DARIUS

What you're REALLY tasting is a combination of grease, flour and salt. Not chicken.

EARN

(to Alfred)

I'm not vegan.

Alfred lifts the Chicken Shack bag exposing the logo; a chicken in a shack.

ALFRED

(pointing to logo)

See? Chicken.

EARN

I guess YOU can call it that.

DARIUS

(to Alfred)

The keyword is "it" because what you think is chicken, is not. It's genetically modified.

ALFRED

(skeptical)

Genetically what?

EARN

Modified, changed.

DARIUS

Spider chicken. Modified in a lab, some chickens have eight legs and six wings.

Alfred investigates the chicken.

ALFRED

Nigga, you eat cow tail.

DARIUS

It's cow--

ALFRED

Fuck all that.

(to Earn)

(MORE)

ALFRED (CONT'D)
What's up Earn, what's so
important? You hit a nigga with the
"911" text hella early in the
mawnin'.

EARN
(beat)
Atlantic Records called. They wanna
sign you!

ALFRED
Nigga quit playin'.

EARN
No joke. They wanna meet tomorrow.

ALFRED
God-damn! Nigga! That's what I'm
talkin' bout.

Alfred gives Earn dap.

ALFRED (CONT'D)
Bout time they recognized.

DARIUS
Law of attraction.

ALFRED
No cap. One thing tho... I ain't
flyin'.

EARN
What? Since when?

ALFRED
Last night.

EARN
I'm confused.

DARIUS
(to Earn)
I'll explain. Last night we watched
Flight.

EARN
Flight?

DARIUS
The Denzel plane crash movie.
(off his look)
The one where he flies the plane--

ALFRED

Drunk, nigga, he flew the plane
drunk--

DARIUS

Correction, he flew the plane
drunk. It's directed by Robert
Zemeckis. He did *Back to The Future*
too.

EARN

Never watch plane crash movies if
you plan on flying.

ALFRED

We can drive--

EARN

Forty-four hours!

DARIUS

Time is a flat circle.

Earn shakes his head -- no.

ALFRED

I ain't flyin'.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Alfred nervously sits next to the emergency exit. Earn sits in the same row, an empty seat is between them.

EARN

(leaning over)

You okay?

ALFRED

(lying)

I'm good.

EARN

You sure? We could switch seats if
you want?

ALFRED

Nigga, I said I'm good.

EARN

Want me to check if Denzel is in
the cockpit?

Alfred stares at Earn.

ALFRED
That shit ain't funny.

Earn picks up a magazine. Darius, seated behind Alfred, stands up.

DARIUS
(looking at cell)
Google states that you're more
likely to crash driving a car than
a plane.

EARN
Nigga.

DARIUS
What? As long as we don't crash,
we're perfectly safe.

ALFRED
Come on man, what the fuck!

DARIUS
Ten to one odds, I'll take that.

EARN
Keep it down. I ain't trying to get
pulled off this plane like that one
nigga on United Airlines.

ALFRED
(to Darius)
Let me get a couple Zanies.

DARIUS
I'm all out.

ALFRED
(furious)
What?

DARIUS
I sold them, made us a nice profit
too.

Alfred tries to stand up but the seat belt pulls him back down.

ALFRED
(to Earn)
I 'mma kill him, man.

EARN
(to Darius)
Why would you do that?

DARIUS
This guy in line, carrying two screaming kids, asked me if I knew where to get some Xanax. I said "Yes, I do. I happen to have some on me now."

EARN
Why would you say that? What if he was undercover?

DARIUS
Undercover cops don't have children with them.

EARN
That's not true at all.

DARIUS
We made one hundred dollars profit. Y'all should be happy.

ALFRED
(angry)
The pills is the only reason you on this plane.

Suddenly a FEMALE FLIGHT ATTENDANT walks up.

FEMALE FLIGHT ATTENDANT
(to Darius)
Please be seated, the plane is preparing for takeoff.
(to Alfred)
Are you familiar with the emergency exit?

ALFRED
(fake smile)
Yea, I sit here all the time.

Female Flight Attendant notices Alfred's leg shaking.

FEMALE FLIGHT ATTENDANT
(pointing to manual)
If you have any questions please refer to the manual. I'll come around with drinks and snacks once we depart.

EARN

Drinks and snacks, great, I feel
like I'm back in Kindergarten.

The Female Flight Attendant smiles.

ALFRED

(raising hand)

I have a question.

FEMALE FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Yes?

ALFRED

(whispers)

You wouldn't happen to have any
zanies?

FEMALE FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Excuse me?

ALFRED

Zanies, Xanax aka knock-me-the-
fuck-out pills.

FEMALE FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Oh, those. No, we don't.

EARN

He's joking. That's a good joke,
Alfred.

ALFRED

Nigga, I ain't jokin'. I'm serious.

The Female Flight Attendant walks toward the back of the plane. She starts talking to a FLIGHT ATTENDANT.

EARN

What the fuck? You gonna get us
kicked off.

The Second Flight Attendant points to their section. The Female Flight Attendant nods her head.

EARN (CONT'D)

We fitn'a go viral--

ALFRED

If I don't get sumthin' to knock me
out, we gonna get kicked off
anyway.

The Female Flight Attendant returns.

FEMALE FLIGHT ATTENDANT
(to Alfred)
How many would you like, one or
two?

ALFRED
(excited)
Two.

The Female Flight Attendant reaches into her pocket and discreetly slides Alfred two pills. He grabs the pills and slams both in his mouth.

FEMALE FLIGHT ATTENDANT
That will be fifty dollars each.

Alfred spits out one of the pills.

ALFRED
Damn!

EARN
You take credit card?

FEMALE FLIGHT ATTENDANT
Yes we do.

Earn hands two credit cards to the Female Flight Attendant.

EARN
Charge fifty on one and fifty on
the other.
(off her look)
I don't get paid 'till Friday.

The Female Flight Attendant whips out her cell and attaches a portable credit card reader to it. She swipes both cards then hands them back to Earn.

FEMALE FLIGHT ATTENDANT
Thank you gentlemen. I will be
right back with your snacks. Enjoy
your Wi-Fi.

She walks off.

Darius slides Earn a hundred-dollar bill.

INT. HERTZ - LATER

Alfred leans against the counter flirting with LETICIA (20's), when her eyes aren't glued to her cell. She works for Hertz. Earn walks up.

EARN
Where's Darius?

Alfred points to a bright-red Lamborghini. Darius is inside acting like he's a Formula 1 driver.

EARN (CONT'D)
(re: Lamborghini)
What is that?

LETICIA
That's the car he just rented.

EARN
Wait, no--

LETICIA
Yes. It goes from zero to sixty in
two point eight seconds.

ALFRED
That nigga think he Lewis Hamilton.
(to Leticia)
You sho are beautiful, damn.

LETICIA
Thank you.

ALFRED
I'm from Atlanta.

Earn pulls Alfred to the side, away from the counter and Leticia.

ALFRED (CONT'D)
Damn! Don't you see I'm holla'n at
shawty?

EARN
Since when can we afford to rent a
Lamborghini?

ALFRED
Since we signed to Atlantic
Records.

EARN
Al, we ain't signed yet!

ALFRED
Relax man, it's in the bag. Plus
you gotta look like money to make
money.

EARN

That's the stupidest shit I ever heard.

Alfred waves to Leticia. She smiles.

ALFRED

I ain't fitnah be ridin' round Los Angeles in no god-damn soccer mom vehicle.

EARN

Why not? We broke.

ALFRED

No, nigga we on. We made it now. Chill.

LETICIA

By the way, it only has two seats.

Darius gives Earn two thumbs up.

EARN

Great.

INT. CLUB - LATER

The club is packed with people. Alfred and Earn stand at the bar. Darius, dressed in all white, walks up behind them.

ALFRED

Look who's back--

EARN

It's the ghost of Atlanta past.

Darius gives them the middle finger.

EARN (CONT'D)

Naw, seriously tho. How'd you get here?

DARIUS

Jenny.

ALFRED

Jenny?

Darius waves to JENNY (20's, Asian), a short hipster, dancing energetically next to the DJ booth. She waves back and smiles.

DARIUS
We shared an Uber Black.

Alfred high-fives Darius.

ALFRED
I see you boy.

DARIUS
Our destination led us to the same place.

EARN
That's a crazy coincidence.

DARIUS
I don't believe in coincidence.
(then)
I saw the Lambo parked down the block--

ALFRED
Valet high as shit bruh. Fuck that.

DARIUS
(re: Lamborghini)
How was it?

ALFRED
It was dope! Shit be flyin'. EARN
Felt like two balls jammed in a shiny red speedo.

ALFRED (CONT'D)
Don't hate man. Don't hate.

EARN
Took us two hours to figure out where the trunk is.

A beat.

DARIUS
The front.

In walks DNA (30's), a famous rap producer.

DARIUS (CONT'D)
Yo, ain't that DNA?

ALFRED
Hell yeah. He fire.

EARN
Five top-ten singles this year on
Billboard.

DNA gets escorted to the VIP section. People point and stare. A few FANS knock each other over trying to snap photos of him.

ALFRED
Go say sumthin'.

EARN
Man, he look like he don't want to
be bothered.
(off his look)
What you want me to say?

ALFRED
Figure it out. You the manager,
aren't you?

DARIUS
He got a point.

ALFRED
Do yo job.

He slams a Tequila shot.

EARN
If I get kicked out, meet me by the
Lambo.

INT. VIP BOOTH - LATER

DNA sits behind the velvet rope. He scopes the room while BABY (20's), his tall Russian model girlfriend, dripping from head to toe in Balenciaga, takes selfies. Earn walks up...

EARN
(nervous)
Yo... DNA.

Earn offers dap. DNA ignores the dap, but then...

DNA
I'll take two muthafuckin bottles
of Ciroc. Oh and uh two muthafuckin
pineapple juices.

EARN
I'm... not--

DNA
Who the fuck are you?

SECURITY steps up.

SECURITY
(to DNA)
He with you?

DNA
Hell naw!

Security snatches Earn up in one quick motion.

EARN
Wait--

SECURITY
(to Earn)
You got to go man.

DNA
You some sick male groupie or
sumthin'? Every time I go out some
muthafucka tryin' to fuck me.

EARN
I ain't trying to fuck you man, I
promise--

SECURITY
He said no.

EARN
I'm a big fan of your work. The
early stuff you made in Oakland.
That shit was legendary.

DNA
(impressed)
Okay. Okay.

EARN
You was ahead of the time. The bass
line drops and drums, your style
can be heard in all the new
producers out now.

DNA opens the velvet rope.

DNA
(to Security)
Let'em in.

Security releases Earn.

DNA (CONT'D)
Finally someone who knows what he's
talkin' bout. My nigga.
(then)
Have a muthafuckin' seat.

Earn sits.

DNA (CONT'D)
What's your name cuz?

EARN
Earn..

They dap.

DNA
Most muthafuckas think I started
making beats yesterday. Wrong. Like
I'm sum Milli Vanilli, one-hit-
wonder muthafucka. I put years of
sweat, blood and sacrifice into
this shit.

EARN
I feel you. Gotta study the greats
to be great--

DNA
Facts, people don't study no more.
It's all about the NEW. History
repeats itself tho, they'll see. If
they don't, fuck 'em. What you do
Earn?

EARN
Manage. I manage an artist, Paper
Boi. We from Atlanta--

DNA
Hold up, I think I heard of the
nigga.

DNA taps Baby on the shoulder, interrupting her twenty-fifth
selfie attempt.

DNA (CONT'D)
(to Baby)
Paper Boi, you played me that nigga
right?

BABY

(Russian accent)

Yes. You love that song.

(rapping song)

*"Paper Boi, Paper Boi, all about
that Paper Boi."*

DNA

My girl be tuned in, she put me up
on all the new shit.

EARN

That's wassup.

DNA

How long y'all out here?

EARN

Meeting with a few labels tomorrow
then flyin' back.

DNA

I bounce out tonight. NY.

EARN

Can I get your email, send you a
couple of Paper Boi's new joints--

DNA

Hell yeah. It's DNA at gmail.com

Earn whips out his cell and emails DNA.

EARN

Sent.

DNA

If his new shit slap, I'll tap in
when I get back. If not... well you
know.

(beat)

Words of advice. Don't sign shit
without letting a lawyer see it.
And whatever you do cuz, don't let
them fuck you or him.

Earn nods.

DNA (CONT'D)

Do me a favor, when you go back to
the bar could you tell that Drake
look-a-like muthafucka that DNA
been lookin' for the bottles they
promised.

EARN
Fa sho. Don't worry, I'll get those
drinks for you.

DNA
My nigga.

Earn lifts the velvet rope and heads to the bar.

DRAKE LOOK-A-LIKE darts off.

EXT. CLUB - LATER

Alfred, Darius and Earn stand outside.

ALFRED
Got damn it! Earn, you did that
shit boy.

EARN
Blame it on Casamigos.

DARIUS
Studies show that alcohol acts as
an anti-fear agent.

ALFRED
Drunk Earn is the best Earn.

EARN
Shit, I'm starvin'.

A WOMAN taps Earn on the shoulder.

WOMAN (O.C.)
Hey stranger.

Earn turns around.

EARN
Camella?

They awkwardly hug.

DARIUS
(to Alfred)
Who's Camella?

ALFRED
His ex.

INT. MEL'S DINER - LATER

The place is packed. Loud conversation at every table.

Earn and CAMELLA (20's) share a booth.

CAMELLA

I could pick the back of yo head
out a lineup.

Earn laughs.

CAMELLA (CONT'D)

What? You got a cute lil' peanut
head.

EARN

Here you go again with the peanut
head jokes. What are we, sixteen?

CAMELLA

(smile)

It's cute.

EARN

Cute? You had the whole class
calling me peanut head.

CAMELLA

You loved it.

Camella snaps a quick selfie with Earn.

EARN

Whoa. Where's your selfie manners?

CAMELLA

What?

EARN

Next time say, "Hey would you like
to be in my selfie?" Damn, can I
get ready?

CAMELLA

You look good, boy quit trippin'.
Plus, who knows when I'll see yo
ass again.

A WAITER brings their food: two burgers and two large fries.

CAMELLA (CONT'D)

(to Waiter)

Thanks.

EARN

Good to see you haven't changed.

CAMELLA

You too. Still hanging out with
Alfred, I see.

Camella squirts ketchup all over her fries, some gets on
Earn's shirt.

EARN

Still drowning your fries in
ketchup.

CAMELLA

Sorry.

Camella dips her napkin in a glass of water and gently pats
Earn's shirt.

CAMELLA (CONT'D)

(touching his chest)

I see you still in shape.

They share a smile, just like old times.

CAMELLA (CONT'D)

Would you like to be in my selfie?

EARN

Yes, I would.

Earns poses. Camella snaps another selfie.

CAMELLA

Why you in my city?

EARN

Alfred got a meeting with Atlantic
Records. I manage him now.

CAMELLA

Look at you, that's dope.

EARN

Thanks.

CAMELLA

Music has always been your love.

EARN

Wait, Los Angeles is your city now?

CAMELLA

After Grandma passed, I needed a change. Had to get away. Los Angeles seemed far enough. I got a good job here, so it's home now.

EARN

Damn, time flies.

CAMELLA

Don't get it twisted tho. A-T-L still in my blood.

(beat)

Remember when Grandma caught us making out in the basement?

EARN

It took me three days to get that splinter out.

CAMELLA

I was on punishment for the rest of the summer thanks to you.

EARN

Me? If I remember you were the one who kissed me.

CAMELLA

I can hear Grandma now: "Stay away from that lil' peanut head boy, he's nothing but trouble."

EARN

Damn, she called me peanut head too?

Earn's cell rings. They both check it: "Van."

EARN (CONT'D)

(to Camella)

I gotta get this.

Camella sips her water as Earn picks up his cell.

EARN (CONT'D)

(into cell)

Hey... Yep, eatin'... I'll put the money in tomorrow morning... yes...

I won't forget... I know. What?

Right here? Now?

(beat)

Of course... I love you.

Earn pockets his cell.

CAMELLA
So, Van won.

EARN
What you mean?

CAMELLA
Back in the day... I knew you had a
crush on Vanessa.

EARN
A crush?

CAMELLA
You want me to spell it out--

EARN
Wait, you cheated--

CAMELLA
And I apologized.

EARN
Through text.

CAMELLA
Let's not go there.

EARN
Let's not.

CAMELLA
Good.

EARN
Great.

Earn calmly bites into his burger.

CUT TO:

INT. UBER - LATER

Camella and Earn sit in silence.

She unbuckles her seat belt as the Uber pulls to the curb.

CAMELLA
(to Earn)
You wanna come up for a drink?

EARN

I can't. Early meeting.

Camella awkwardly leans in to kiss Earn. He pulls away, her kiss misses.

CAMELLA

(embarrassed)

Okay.

EARN

I got a kid now.

CAMELLA

You got a kid now?

EARN

Lottie.

CAMELLA

Like "Lodi Dodi"?

EARN

Yea.

CAMELLA

Beautiful.

EARN

She is.

A long beat.

CAMELLA

(getting out of car)

See you 'round Earn.

EARN

See you.

Camella exits the Uber.

INT. BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - DAY

Earn, Alfred and Darius sit in the lobby. Pink walls and matching pink chairs everywhere. PEOPLE stare. They're the only black faces we see anywhere.

DARIUS

It cost nine hundred a night here.
Can you believe that shit?

EARN
Pink paint is expensive.

A LABEL REP (20's, hip) walks up.

LABEL REP
Paper Boi.

ALFRED
He is I and I am him.

Alfred stands up. They shake hands.

LABEL REP
I'm a big fan. That "Postal" mix-
tape is pure fire.

ALFRED
Thanks bruh.

Earn stands up.

EARN
I'm his manager, Earn--

LABEL REP
I'll be taking you guys up.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

They walk down a long, pink hallway with matching pink carpet.

DARIUS
(to Label Rep)
They filmed *Beverly Hills Cop* here.

LABEL REP
And *Entourage*.

ALFRED
Entourage was my shit.

DARIUS
(imitating the show)
Medellin.

ALFRED
Ari Gold is gangsta.

EARN
And canceled.

EXT. ROOM 25 - CONTINUOUS

You can hear Paper Boi's music blasting from outside the door.

LABEL REP
This is where we part. Good luck, homies.

The Label Rep knocks on the bright-pink door three times. The door magically opens.

INT. ROOM - DAY

MARK (mid-50's, White), Chief Executive Officer of Atlantic Records, stands in a chair rapping along to Alfred's song "Paper Boi". Earn and Alfred look on in disbelief.

Darius pulls out his cell and starts recording.

MARK
Siri, stop the music!

The music suddenly stops. Mark leaps off the chair.

MARK (CONT'D)
Paper Boi. Amazing, I love the beat, the energy, the swag. Contagious.

Four pink chairs surround a luxury table.

MARK (CONT'D)
Have a seat, guys.

They sit.

Earn notices a Basquiat art book on the table.

EARN
Basquiat--

MARK
Legend, right?

EARN
I studied him in college.

MARK
What school?

ALFRED
Princeton.

Earn eyes Alfred.

MARK
Get the fuck outta here! My
daughter went there.

EARN
I didn't finish.

MARK
Neither did she. Fuck school, it's
overrated. Basquiat, amazing
artist. I own a couple of his
pieces.

Alfred notices an ostrich egg on the table.

ALFRED
(to Mark)
That's a big fuckin' egg man.

DARIUS
(filming close on egg)
Ostrich egg. My second time seeing
one up close.

ALFRED
What?

DARIUS
Takes two hours to boil, bro.

EARN
Why do you know that?

DARIUS
Long story--

MARK
Would you guys like to try some?

Alfred, Darius and Earn shake their heads. No way.

MARK (CONT'D)
(rapping song)
*"Paper Boi. Paper Boi all about
that Paper Boi."*
(to Alfred)
Great song, man. So catchy.

ALFRED
Thanks.

MARK

The A-T-L, Atlanta. It's the new Motown, so many hits coming out of that place. It's like it's something in the water. I really want to set up a studio down there.

EARN

He recorded "Paper Boi" in the back of a barbershop.

MARK

(interested)

Tell me more.

ALFRED

One take. I freestyled that whole shit.

MARK

True talent. I love it.

ALFRED

I got a hundred songs.

EARN

He makes songs like that all day.

MARK

I'm so glad you said that. We love the song. You guys have done a great job so far. We think with the right push it could be big, fucking HUGE.

Alfred leans in with excitement. Darius continues filming.

ALFRED

I agree man, I fucking agree. I couldn't have said it better myself.

MARK

The best way to get this song to reach its maximum potential - now hear me out, is to give the song to one of our artists.

EARN

No way.

ALFRED

Come again?

MARK

We want to purchase the song from you.

(MORE)

MARK (CONT'D)
(off his look)
For a nice up-front fee, of course.
We got a new artist named Waco--

EARN
Like Waco, Texas?

MARK
He'd be a perfect fit for the song.
With your coaching and street co-
sign, it could be huge for
everyone. I'm talking millions.

EARN
(laughs)
You gotta be kidding me.

MARK
Amazing, right? Waco is the future,
he's young, he can dance. He's
white. America's going to love him.
He grew up in the tough streets of
Bellaire.

DARIUS
Texas or California--

EARN
Is that even possible?

Alfred stands up, pissed.

ALFRED
Fuck this shit man! I'm out!

MARK
Wait!

Mark places a Versace bag on the table and opens it. It's filled with cash.

MARK (CONT'D)
100 thousand dollars in cash, all yours. Right now.

ALFRED
(feeling disrespected)
You had me fly all the way out here
for this? Muthafucka! I can make
100 bands slangin' dope.

MARK
You know what? You're right.

Mark slams a black briefcase on the table.

MARK (CONT'D)
Everything has a price.

He opens it, slightly. A religious GLOW radiates from inside the case.

DARIUS
(recording)
Weird, man. Weird.

MARK
All your dreams and wishes are in this briefcase. Let me make them come true.

EARN
(amazed)
Fuck.

MARK
(pointing to door)
Take one look out there fellas, it's a million other rappers just like you, that would kill for this chance.

ALFRED
(as he turns to go)
Fuck you and that *Pulp Fiction* briefcase. Next time add one more zero to that muthafuckin' number.
My soul ain't for sale!

CUT TO:

EXT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Earn, Alfred and Darius notice a line of RAPPERS waiting outside. Several of the Rappers resemble Alfred.

ALFRED
(re: Rappers)
Are we in the Matrix?

DARIUS
You know Matrix was written by a black woman?

EARN
Sophia Stewart, yeah everyone knows that.

ALFRED

Let's go man. Fuck this *Twilight Zone* shit.

INT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

They sit defeated, waiting to board the plane.

EARN

(imitating Alfred)

Add one mo' zero to that muthafucka next time.

They laugh.

DARIUS

I recorded the whole thing.

ALFRED

Let me see.

EARN

That briefcase couldn't be real, right?

Darius pulls out his cell and plays the video.

ALFRED

(watching the video)

Oh shit!

EARN

(staring at video)

It's real.

ALFRED

Send me that. I'mma post that on my Instagram right now.

Alfred daps Darius.

EARN

You sure?

ALFRED

Never been more fuckin' sure in my life. Fuck Atlantic!

DARIUS

You fit'nah go viral.

Earn's cell VIBRATES. He notices one email and three unread texts. Earn reads the email. It's from DNA.

EARN

(to Alfred)

Yo, DNA just hit me... He loved the new songs, he wanna work.

ALFRED

No shit?

EARN

He in Atlanta next week--

ALFRED

Don't fuck wit' me. I ain't in the mood.

EARN

Look.

Earn hands Alfred his cell.

ALFRED

(reading email)

I'll be god damn. Yes, muthafucka, yes!

DARIUS

Silver lining.

EARN

Not gonna lie, I thought about grabbin' that briefcase and making a run for it.

ALFRED

(hands cell to Earn)

Shit, me too.

DARIUS

I could'a got hella money for it on the dark web.

Alfred notices a PRETTY GIRL (20's) eating a Chicken Shack sandwich.

ALFRED

I'll be back. I think I see my future wife.

Alfred slides in the seat next to her. She smiles at him.

ALFRED (CONT'D)

(to Pretty Girl)

Hey beautiful. Where you from?

Earn stares at his cell. Sure enough, ten missed calls and three text messages -- from Van. Earn reacts, oh shit.

INSERT: TEXT MESSAGES

Message 1: Screenshot of Camella's Instagram. Picture of Earn and Camella smiling and hugging at dinner. The ketchup stain on Earn's shirt looks like lipstick.

Message 2: Picture of Earn's clothes stuffed in a trash bag, sitting outside Van's apartment.

Message 3: "I fuckin neva shoulda gave u anotha chance. Fuck you Earn. I hope yo plane crash."

Earn pockets his cell...

EARN
(to Alfred)
Yo, Al. Is it cool if I stay wit
you tonight?

Alfred nods his head.

ALFRED
(to Pretty Girl)
You know that ain't real chicken,
right?

Pretty Girl stares at her chicken sandwich.

[BALANCE "SPIDER CHICKEN" PLAYS AS WE...]

CUT TO BLACK.

END