

Black-ish

"SNITCHES GET STITCHES"

Written by

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April 30th, 2021

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COLD OPEN

B-roll montage of American liquor stores.

DRE (V.O.)

The liquor store... Or as they call them in white neighborhoods; convenience stores... and that they are! Whether you call them corner stores, liquor stores or bodegas, they are an integral pillar of American society. Where else can you buy a pack of Newports a bottle of Jack and ten-piece chicken wings all for under ten bucks.

A man runs into a gas station restroom stall, wincing and holding his stomach, and slams the stall door. Moments later another man walks into the restroom and is visibly disgusted by the smell and noises coming from the stall, exiting the restroom immediately after.

DRE (V.O.)

Although the last ones may be the biggest gamble on your life as soon you as hit the bathroom. Nevertheless, the magic of it is exactly that - convenience! Now, you may regret it later, but one thing's for sure, you'll never leave the liquor store without getting exactly what you came for...

INT. COMPTON LIQUOR STORE - MORNING

CU of DRE reaching for a bag of candy on the bottom shelf of a Compton liquor store.

DRE

Ah! There you are.

Another trendy AFRICAN AMERICAN MAN is browsing farther down the aisle. He is around his age and looks over at Dre.

MAN

Dang, Mama Dees Coconut Drops? What you know about those?

Dre looks over at him impressed.

DRE  
Mama Dees?! C'mon man I grew up on  
these...

As they chat the store attendant starts to walk over to their aisle and watches them.

DRE (CONT'D)  
AND, I know they ain't good unless  
you can-

DRE (CONT'D)	MAN
FEEL THE COCONUT STICKING TO THE BOTTOM OF THE BAG!	FEEL THE COCONUT STICKING TO THE BOTTOM OF THE BAG!

Dre and the man laugh.

DRE (CONT'D)  
Man! And they definitely don't sell  
these joints up where I live in the  
burbs.

MAN  
The burbs? Ohh so that was you  
rolling up here in the blacked-out  
Benz? I see you!

DRE  
Me? Don't think I didn't see you  
gliding in her in them Jordan 11's!  
Very nice, my brother, very nice!

MAN  
I'm just trynna get like you my  
man.

The man and Dre laugh as he passes him and turns the corner into another aisle. Dre shakes his head, still laughing to himself, when he looks up to see the attendant in the same aisle, still looking in their direction. Dre SIGHS heavily.

DRE  
(exhausted)  
What the- Sir what are you doing?

The attendee continues to stare forward, then distractedly glares at Dre.

SHOP ATTENDANT  
Huh, what?

DRE

You see two black men congregating and enjoying themselves and you automatically assume that we're stealing?

The attendee just looks at Dre, both confused and annoyed.

DRE (CONT'D)

No you see, cause this is the problem in America-

Dre impatiently takes out his phone and starts recording the attendee.

DRE (CONT'D)

...CAUSE I'LL HAVE YOU KNOW THAT I AM A SENIOR ADVERTISING EXECUTIVE AT ONE OF ONE THE BIGGEST AGENCIES IN THE COUNTRY AND MY BROTHER OVER HERE IS CLEARLY JUST TRYING TO-

The security alarm at the front of the store starts to RING. When Dre and the store attendant look, they see that it is the same black man with one foot out the door and arms full of stolen merchandise. He guiltily stares at them for a moment before sprinting out the door, clumsily dropping merchandise as he goes.

SHOP ATTENDANT

HEY, STOP... I'm calling the cops!

The shop attendant takes out his phone and starts dialing, looking furiously at Dre. Dre slowly puts the bag of candy back on the shelf.

SHOP ATTENDANT (CONT'D)

Dammit! That's the third time this week!

DRE

(humbled)

I'm just gonna leave these here cause that man knows where my car's parked at-

The attendant puts the phone to his ear and Dre tries to pass him but he moves to block him, stretching an arm out.

DRE (CONT'D)

Or maybe I should just wait here?

Dre tries to look over the attendant, out the store window concerned.

CREDITS (:5)

**ACT ONE**

INT. PRIVATE SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

JACK and DIANE sit next to each other in the back of the room before class starts. Jack's stomach GROWLS obnoxiously and the entire class turns to look at them. Diane fake laughs as though she's trying to keep up appearances.

DIANE

(under her breathe)

Jack what is going with your stomach? You've been eating them scented erasers again haven't you? How many times do I have to tell you, just because they look like cupcakes doesn't mean they're gonna taste like them?

JACK

Hey, well now we know that! But no, I'm starving. I didn't bring lunch today.

DIANE

Here's a thought, why not just buy something from the cafeteria, instead of making us look like the needy kids. They'll be whispers about our family because of you.

Diane stands up at her desk.

DIANE (CONT'D)

HELLO EVERYONE, SO APRIL FOOLS!  
JACK AND I AREN'T ACTUALLY  
RELATED.... I know right, we really  
got you guys good!

Diane fake laughs.

STUDENT 1

(whispers)

Wait, aren't they twins?

STUDENT 2

You literally have the same last name.

STUDENT 3  
Isn't it September?

Jack pulls Diane back down to her desk.

JACK  
Will you cut it out! The truth is,  
I spent all of my lunch money.

DIANE  
You mean the lunch money that mom  
literally gave us yesterday?

JACK  
Come on Diane, \$20? That's chump  
change. And those scented erasures  
aren't cheap!

The classroom erupts with cheering and applause when HUNTER walks in with a cigarette behind his ear and huge box of donuts in-hand.

HUNTER  
Please, please, no need for the  
applause. Come on you guys.

Hunter drops the donuts on the teacher's desk. All the students including Jack and Diane rush up to get some.

HUNTER (CONT'D)  
Wow slow down, everyone. Just take  
one each... oh who am I kidding,  
grab as many as you want!

JACK  
Wow Hunter, Krispy Kreme's? How  
much is your allowance, like a  
million dollars?

Hunter chuckles and Diane looks at Jack dumbfounded.

DIANE  
Jack, don't be ridiculous, his mom  
probably bought these.

HUNTER  
Nope! My old lady was being too  
stingy with the ducketts so I went  
into business for myself.

Hunter grabs the cigarette from behind his ear and wiggles it in front of the twins before throwing it out the open window.

DIANE

Is that a cigarette? You smoke?

HUNTER

No way, I'm an entrepreneur! My dad buys like 10 packs a day, he doesn't even notice they're missing.

Another student walks up to them from the crowd, itching like a drug addict.

STUDENT 1

Hey Hunter, you think I can nab like 2 cigs off of you by the end of the day?

HUNTER

No problem buddy, that'll be 5 bucks each.

The student goes to look in his pocket, Hunter grabs his hand.

HUNTER (CONT'D)

Whoa, whoa, whoa, not here. Meet me buy the swing set after fifth period.

The student nods and walks off. Jack stares at Hunter in amazement.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

DRE sits inside of a holding cell by himself pouting with his arms crossed. Rainbow worriedly bolts inside the station up to the registration desk where a large half-asleep GUARD sits reading a magazine with his feet up.

RAINBOW

(panicked)

Hi, my name is Rainbow Johnson, I'm looking for my husband Andre?

The guard at the desk doesn't even look up from his magazine but waves Bow to the holding cell behind him where Dre is being held. She rushes over to him.

RAINBOW (CONT'D)

Oh my god, Dre baby are you alright? I ran over from the hospital as soon as you called! Did you tell them what happened?

(MORE)

RAINBOW (CONT'D)

Do they know you had nothing to do with this?

DRE

Of course I did Bow.

RAINBOW

Then why on earth are they still holding you here? Do we need to get a lawyer-

DRE

No.

RAINBOW

What do you mean no? Dre, there is clearly some kind of racial profiling going on for these RACIST COPS -

Dre panics leaping toward the cell bars, looking over to the distracted guard steps away from them, who doesn't even flinch.

DRE

Shhh!

RAINBOW

-to arrest and charge you for something another black man did. What are they trying to say, that we all look alike or something-

DRE

-Bow!

RAINBOW

-We're gonna need to call the kids, and your parents!  
(gasps)  
Forget that we need to alert the media-

DRE

-Bow!

RAINBOW

-Right? I mean like we need to get Al Sharpton on the phone! You think I'm just going to sit by and let my husband become another statistic? Oh no-



DRE

-Bow! I'm not a suspect! I mean they're not keeping me here because they think I did it, alright.

Bow calms down and looks at Dre confused.

DRE (CONT'D)

They're keeping me here because I won't identify the guy who did it.

Bow SIGHS aggressively.

RAINBOW

Dre, you've got to be kidding me!

DRE

What? I'm not going to snitch okay! Where I'm from you just don't tell on another brother like that, whether he did it or not! So no, I'm not telling my side of the story and hell no I'm not giving the police his description okay?! "Black male" is the only description that they need to hear anyways right?

RAINBOW

Andre, you need to tell the police what you saw-

Dre SIGHS heavily and stands up, pacing around in frustration.

RAINBOW (CONT'D)

Think about the owner of that place, doesn't he deserve some kind of justice too? Didn't you say on the phone that this guy's robbed that place like three times already-

DRE

It doesn't matter Bow, snitching is snitching! Especially in Compton!

RAINBOW

Ohhhh... So that's what this is all about? That's why you were down there in the first place?

DRE

It's about my upbringing, Bow! And you know... the street code!

RAINBOW  
The street code?

DRE  
Yes!

RAINBOW  
You're not from the streets Dre, we live in the SUBURBS. Did you even call your boss to tell him why you haven't come in yet?

DRE  
Yes, of course I did.

RAINBOW  
Well... how did he take it?

INT. STEVENS AND LIDO - DAY

Dre's boss LESLIE darts into the conference room with CHARLIE, JOSH, and CONNER all sitting around the conference table.

LESLIE  
Alright everyone, so bad news... It seems we have a criminal within our midst!

Charlie immediately looks as if he's been caught somehow and starts to fidget and sweat in his seat.

LESLIE (CONT'D)  
This may not come as a surprise to all of you but for some time now we have been turning a blind eye to a THEIF who we have graciously taken under our wing here at Stevens & Lido despite their arguably questionable background-

Charlie starts to roll out from behind the table. He awkwardly laughs.

CHARLIE  
(panicked)  
It looks like it's time for me to take my leave, it's been a pleasure working with y'all-

LESLIE

Yes, It looks like despite our best efforts, this agency could not reform Andre Johnson the senior vice president of our "Urban" division-

Charlie SIGHS and wipes the sweat from his brow.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

I just received a call from Andre himself that he is currently in police custody for a robbery that occurred at a convenience store in Compton this morning. Of course he affirms that he had nothing to do with it, but obviously that's just hearsay at this point. And in all honesty, I'd be lying to you if I said this was a complete shock to me, I mean...

Leslie chuckles as if he'd known all along.

CHARLIE

Yea, I could tell Dre was a bad apple ever since I first met him. It never made sense to me how me managed to bag the bodacious bombshell that is Rainbow Johnson..

Everyone looks at Charlie confused.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Of course lunatic does seem to run in his family with his pyromaniac mama Ruby, and that devil seed of his...

Charlie's eyes widen as he stares psychotically into thin air.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

DIANE... they got the same crazy eyes that'll keep even the most fearless man up at night in a cold sweat.

Josh stares at Charlie concerned for a second before completely disregarding him.

JOSH

What are you guys talking about?  
Dre's a stand-up guy, he's a family  
man, he's stylish, he even let's me  
sit with him at lunch as long as a  
promise not to talk about my  
excessive bleeding while he eats!

CONNER

That's right guys you can't let a  
non-threatening face like Dre's  
fool you... I mean look at OJ  
Simpson, we can't have any more  
inner city guys like that cheating  
the system.

LESLIE

Yes exactly. That's why we will be  
looking to fill the role of senior  
vice president of that division  
effective immediately. We can't let  
incidences like this draw out for  
too long or people will talk.

CONNER

Right dad, like that whole asset  
investigation that "BLEW OVER"...

Conner winks and creates quotation marks with his fingers.

CONNER (CONT'D)

..a couple years ago, when they  
tried to-

Leslie nervously COUGHS loudly.

LESLIE

(coughing) Conner!

Everyone in the room sits in silence for a beat as they  
process the information that they've just learned.

CHARLIE

So, would this be too early to  
submit my application or...

INT. POLICE STATION - AFTERNOON

Andre sits snoring in the holding cell passed out with his  
head in his palms. He wakes up and jumps to his feet when he  
hears RUBY and POPS YELLING at the lazy guard at the  
registration desk.

RUBY

You better take me to my son now,  
I'm not playing with you officer!

POPS

Yea, free my son! No justice no  
peace!

Dre runs over to the bars in distress.

DRE

Mama! I'm over here Mama!

Ruby and Pops rush over to Dre's cell.

RUBY

There's my baby! Let me get a good  
look at you. Did they scuff you?

Ruby strokes Dre's face through the bars, while Dre lets  
himself be babied.

POPS

Can you believe they holding you  
here over a little stealing?! If  
that's the case then half of wall  
street and Christopher Columbus  
himself should be rotting in that  
cell with you!

Pops leans over to Dre.

POPS (CONT'D)

(under his breathe)

Lord knows I got a few minor  
charges and 30 year old overdue  
child support payments under my  
belt, but you don't see nobody out  
here looking for me.

DRE

Pops, I didn't steal anything...  
Wait a second what charges?

Pops and Ruby look confused and less concerned.

RUBY

Ohhh...

POPS

Ohhh...

RUBY (CONT'D)

(annoyed)

So why the hell they have you in  
here Dre?

DRE  
Cause they want me to...

Dre looks around guiltily.

DRE (CONT'D)  
(whispers)  
Snitch!

Both Ruby and Pops GASP.

DRE (CONT'D)  
And I talked to the guy that did  
it, I actually spoke to him. He was  
a black dude probably in his early  
forties, stylish, funny, fresh  
kicks, he looked just like me!

Dre looks as though he's seriously reflecting.

DRE (CONT'D)  
In fact, that could of been me...

RUBY  
Baby that's why I worked to hard to  
keep you out of that mess when you  
were young! Because I knew you had  
a future outside of this place. I  
never wanted to have to talk to my  
son through bars Dre, or worse.

DRE  
So you guys think I should tell on  
the guy huh?

RUBY  
Oh hell no! Mama didn't raise no  
snitch neitherahaha!

Dre looks taken aback.

POPS  
Right! We didn't go to all them sit-  
ins and marches, getting sprayed by  
fire hoses, only for our own blood  
to become a sellout to The Man,  
nothing but 50 years later!

RUBY  
Ha! You got that right!

DRE  
Pops you drank your way through  
70's, gambling and cheating on mama-

Pops GASPS, flinching and trying not to make eye-contact with an agitated Ruby.

DRE (CONT'D)

You never went to no sit-ins!

POPS

Well I sure as hell SAT-IN and watched all of them marches and speeches on TV!

Ruby rolls her eyes at him.

POPS (CONT'D)

What? They were getting stomped on, chewed up and chased around by hounds out there...

Pops pats his imaginary hair.

POPS (CONT'D)

But my Afro Sheen and I were there in spirit alright, that's all that matters! And you ain't no better! You was too busy writing love letters to Don Cornelius, trynna get on Soul Train to demonstrate!

RUBY

WELL THAT'S BECAUSE YOU WERE OUT PHILANDERING WITH EVERY HUSSY THAT YOU CAME ACROSS-

POPS

AND WAHT ABOUT YOU HUH?

Pops and Ruby start to ARGUE loudly and Dre sighs defeated. Ruby continues to yell at Pops while he tries to escort her out of the building...

POPS (CONT'D)

We gotta go talk some things out son.

DRE

(exhausted)

Yea.

POPS

(whispers)

Thanks a lot for opening up that can of worms... but you just remember to keep on fighting the power... or you ain't my son!

Pops throws up the black power fist while pushing Ruby out the exit as she continues to holler at him.

**ACT TWO**

INT. PRIVATE SCHOOL HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Jack tries to look cool leaning against a wall outside of the girl's washroom. Diane, suspicious, walks up next to him while he looks mysteriously in the other direction.

DIANE

What are you doing?-

Jack jumps off the wall terrified.

JACK

Ah! Oh Diane its you...  
(nervously)  
Whatcha doing?

Jack laughs nervously.

DIANE

I asked you first.

JACK

Oh me? I'm just chillin', waiting  
for the washrooms.

DIANE

You're waiting to use the girls  
washroom?

Diane points to the washroom door with the girl's sign on it. Jack turns to look at the door in surprise.

JACK

(scoffs)  
Oh come on Diane... we don't abide  
by gender norms anymore do we?

DIANE

Hmm. You sure it has nothing to do  
with this?!

Diane pulls out a pack of cigarettes from Jack's back pocket, he flinches.

JACK

Those aren't mine! I was just  
holding them for a friend!



DIANE

Oh drop it, we both know you don't have any friends!

JACK

Okay, okay you got me! Hunter -

Diane SIGHS loudly.

DIANE

Hunter!

JACK

Hunter let me hold onto a pack and said if I could sell it by the end of the day we could go 50/50! Like business partners, isn't that awesome? It's my first job and I'd already be in a bigger position than dad!

DIANE

No you idiot, that's not awesome! If either of you get caught, who do you think they're going to blame? The kid of Tech developer tycoon who donates to our school programs year-round... or you? Jack, one of the only 3 black boys in this entire school, Johnson.

Jack looks like he's thinking deeply and then snaps out it.

JACK

That's IF we get caught though! Hunter's a pro at this and I'm a born hustler so.

DIANE

Please you couldn't even sell lemonade-

Diane and Jack's phones DING simultaneously and they both check their messages in shock.

DIANE (CONT'D)

Have you checked the family group chat lately?

JACK

Whoah dad's in jail!

DIANE

What!... No wait, mom says they're just holding him cause he witnessed a robbery but he can't leave cause he does't want to snitch.

JACK

No way, alright Dad!

DIANE

No wonder I'm not getting through to you. I forget you were raised by that Neanderthal... I wonder if mom knows how many years it takes your lungs to shrivel up from smoking?

Diane shrugs her shoulders and skips away texting. Jack stand their confused.

JACK

Neandra, Neand, nerandra... Hey no fair, so were you!

Jack runs down the hallway after her.

INT. STEVENS AND LIDO KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

JUNIOR rushes into the office kitchen sweating where Josh and others are eating, with a tray of coffees in his hand.

JUNIOR

Hey everyone, sorry I'm late. I ran over as soon as woke up! It's so weird, I must have forgotten to set my alarm, it was kind of late night for me, you know after my annual Game of Thrones binge-watching party... Me nem nesa!

Junior laughs as everyone looks at him puzzled.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

(embarrassed)

That's Dothraki for, it is known... and i guess that's why no one else showed up to the party.

JOS

Yea... anyway, what're you doing here kid? Oh are you here to pick up your dad's stuff? Dre's trying to avoid the embarrassing walk of shame huh?

JUNIOR

No, I was scheduled to come in today, you asked me to help you brainstorm that baby formula commercial that just came in. Wait why would I be picking up my dad's stuff-

Josh obliviously laughs as he starts to remember. Junior's phone DINGS and he zones out to check it.

JOSH

Oh yea, I completely forgot about that!

(rambling)

I guess I just thought with everything going on that you might also be in pretty precarious position with your job as it comes to your relation to, you know the man that shall not be named...

JUNIOR

Whoah, the family group-chat is blowing up right now-

Josh panics as he realizes.

JOSH

-And you didn't know...

JUNIOR

Oh my God my dad's been arrested!

Leslie passes the kitchen escorting a LATINO MAN in a suit to the door and handing him back his resume. He shakes his hand.

LESLIE

Thank you so much again for your time, mister-

Leslie pulls the resume back and reads it over.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

..Gutierrez! We have a couple more people to interview but I believe you would make for a fine urban senior vice president- I mean, of our urban division of course!

The man smiles, taking his resume and walking out the door. Junior stares at Leslie in disbelief as Josh looks around awkwardly.

LESLIE (CONT'D)  
 (yelling out the door)  
 Oh yea! You'll be sure to send me  
 that copy of your certificate of  
 citizenship right?  
 (beat)  
 Great, great, great...

Leslie turns around to see Junior glaring at him, he's taken  
 aback.

LESLIE (CONT'D)  
 OH JUNIOR! Hey buddy, I didn't see  
 you there.

Leslie nervously laughs and fiddles with the fake plant next  
 to him, stalling.

LESLIE (CONT'D)  
 Yeahhhh we have to talk.

INT. JOHNSON HOUSE - EVENING

Diane's is laying on her bed in her room texting when Jack  
 comes to the door.

JACK  
 Hey.

DIANE  
 Hello there juvenile delinquent.

Jack enters the room and flops onto a chair next to Diane.

JACK  
 You're right okay? I have no  
 business selling cigarettes at  
 school with Hunter. Mom and dad  
 worked their butts off so that we  
 wouldn't have to do that stuff and  
 odds are I'm going to be the one to  
 face the consequences if we get  
 caught, possibly for the rest of my  
 life.

DIANE  
 Am I hallucinating or did you  
 actually just admit you were wrong,  
 agree with me, and formulate an  
 educated conclusion all in one  
 sentence?!

JACK  
(sarcastically)  
HA HA HA.  
(beat)  
Wait that is what I just did right?

Diane laughs.

DIANE  
Yes dummy!

JACK  
Okay! What's happening with dad really just opened my eyes to what can happen being in the wrong place at the wrong time as a black man in this country...

Diane nods her head in agreement.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Soooo, you're not gonna snitch though are you?

DIANE  
What?

JACK  
On Hunter I mean. Or me, wait you haven't snitched already have you?

DIANE  
No! But why shouldn't I? What Hunter is doing is wrong. Getting a bunch of pre-teens addicted to stolen cigarettes! And for almost triple the price, no way I'm letting a white boy get away with that perfect scam.

JACK  
You can't! If people find out that you ratted him out, you're going to ruin my chancing of being popular and my street cred by association!

DIANE  
First of all, if your not already popular just for being related to me than it'll never happen. And exactly what street credentials are you referring to?

(MORE)

DIANE (CONT'D)

You literally couldn't even sell a box of cigarettes! At this rate Devante has more street cred than you!

Jack sulks and pulls out the box of cigarettes.

JACK

How did you know I couldn't sell them?

Diane SIGHS loudly.

JACK (CONT'D)

Look at dad, he's standing up to The Man. Have you ever watched a single movie; New Jack City, Menace II to Society, God Father 2... Black people don't snitch Diane!

DIANE

They weren't even- Anyway I'll think about it okay? And if you know what's good for you, you will too. Seriously consider the type of friends you want to keep Jack.

Jack gets up to leave.

JACK

Whatever man. Just try to see where I'm coming from here.

Jack leaves Diane in her room contemplating. As he walks down the hallway he doesn't see that Bow has been leaning against the wall listening to their conversation. She SIGHS heavily in dismay.

### ACT THREE

INT. POLICE STATION - EVENING

Andre sits on the holding cell floor sleeping with his back to the wall. Rainbow walks up to his cell with a container of food looking letdown. She bangs against the bars which wakes him up. Dre makes a groggy smile at Rainbow who remains straight faced.

DRE

Oh hey baby-

RAINBOW

Dre how long are you gonna keep this up? Until you're missing basketball games or helping the kids with their homework.

Dre laughs at the idea.

DRE

Bow don't be ridiculous I'm not gonna be in here that long, they can't make me talk.

RAINBOW

And they shouldn't have to! Look at where your priorities are right now. You're putting the wellbeing of a man you spoke to for less than ten seconds over your family and your freedom.

Dre looks disheartened.

RAINBOW (CONT'D)

And for what? For some street code from decades ago, that never applied to you in the first place?

DRE

Hold on, never applied to me? Listen, I grew up in Compton. I've seen countless family and friends have their lives thrown away by this system created to keep us chains. Whether it was a little shop lifting here, or hustling out on the street corners just to get by! So yea I think it applies to me Bow.

RAINBOW

And I agree with you sweetheart. I know that this system is broken or maybe is was never fair to begin with, but Dre look at yourself. You've been sitting in this cell for over 10 hours over something you didn't even do. In fact you saw it for yourself, that guy wasn't stealing from "The Man" or any big corporations, he was steeling from his own community in a pair of fancy shoes.

(MORE)

RAINBOW (CONT'D)

What about that store owner's family? Huh Dre, where's there justice in all of this?

Dre sits down on the bench somberly contemplating the situation.

RAINBOW (CONT'D)

Oh yea, and Jack was trying to sell cigarettes at school today for one of his white classmates.

Dre looks up at Bow mortified.

RAINBOW (CONT'D)

He even managed to convince Diane not to tell anyone because of what you're doing here. Whatever it is you're doing here...

DRE

Bow I-

RAINBOW

Here's you're dinner Dre.

Rainbow slides the container of food under the cell bars and walks away while Dre sits there upset.

INT. PRIVATE SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

Jack and a group of other kids chat in a circle at the front of the classroom. Hunter walks into the room interrupting their conversation.

HUNTER

Hey! Just the man I wanted to see, how did we do yesterday?

Hunter nudges Jack enthusiastically. Jack looks at him with no interest.

JACK

Terrible. I didn't sell any.

Jack takes the same box of cigarettes out his pocket and hands them back to Hunter. Hunter pushes his hand away smiling.

HUNTER

That's okay dude, the first deal's always the hardest!



JACK

Except I'm not selling. I don't want to want to do it anymore.

HUNTER

Oh come on man you're quitting on me after one bad day. This school is a gold mine bro, they can't get enough of this stuff..

Hunter takes the cigarette from behind his ear and waves it at Jack.

HUNTER (CONT'D)

If we keep this up the next four years you and I are gonna be rich.

JACK

We're already rich Hunter, we go to private school!

Hunter puts the cigarette back behind his ear discouraged.

HUNTER

Okay... then do for the hustle, the adrenaline rush of the game. You know like running from law, like robin hood...

(gasps)

Or NWA!

Hunter taps Jack on the chest contently, Jack pretends to think about it and then pushes his hand away.

JACK

Hmm... Nah.

Jack drops the box of cigarettes into Hunter's outstretched hand. Diane walks into class and looks disappointed seeing Jack and Hunter talking.

HUNTER

Come on, who else am I gonna get to sling with me besides you...

HUNTER (CONT'D)

This should be like second nature to you-

TEACHER

WHAT IS THIS?

Suddenly a hand reaches around Hunters head to grab the cigarette behind his ear, startling them both. It is revealed to be their mean-looking teacher.

JACK

Nah bro, I don't care if their 5  
for five! I don't want any Marlboro  
Loosies! Whatever that is...

The teacher CLEARS HER THROAT. Hunter glares at Jack's amused face in rage, then slowly turns around to face the her.

TEACHER

MR. BARRA! It seems you have an  
appointment in the office this  
period. Then after that, I'll be  
searching your locker, and better  
not find any boxes of Marlboros in  
there! MOVE IT!

Hunter jumps and then glares at Jack betrayed one more time before exiting the classroom followed by the teacher. Diane walks toward Jack impressed while clapping slowly and dramatically. They both turn to watch Hunter's exit and Diane leans on Jacks shoulder.

DIANE

Wow! I'm actually impressed  
brother... Not bad for a  
Neanderthal.

Diane snickers to herself then walks to her desk. Jack thinks for a while before following her to his desk angrily.

JACK

A NeandraWHAT?

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

**MONTAGE** - Andre admits what he saw.

Lazy holding cell guard looks annoyed as he unlocks Andre's cell. Dre walks past, smiling at him smugly.

DRE (V.O.)

So I finally caved in and told the  
police my description of what  
happened.

Dre sits down at a desk with two police officers talking as one of them writes down what he says and the other sketches a drawing of the suspect.

DRE (V.O.)

It turns out Bow was right, what I was doing wasn't snitching, I was prioritizing my family and my community.

The lazy guard reluctantly hands Dre his belongings and Dre takes them walking out of the police station cheerfully.

DRE (V.O.)

But most importantly I was doing the right thing.

INT. JOHNSON HOUSE - DAY

Dre walks into his house and Rainbow, Junior, Jack and Diane all embrace him. Ruby and Pops scoff and shake their heads at him before leaving the room, but Dre waves them off unbothered.

DRE (V.O.)

I decided to forget the naysayers and get back to what's really important. Being a positive role-model for my kids while sticking it to The Man! As long as that man isn't my boss-

INT. STEVENS AND LIDO - DAY

Dre walks into the office and everyone starts walking the other way or avoiding eye contact with him. He looks around confused and walks into the conference room where Leslie, Charlie, Josh, Conner, and the new Latino man sit discussing.

DRE (V.O.)

As I think it's going to take a little more than doing the right thing and a lot more kissing up to smooth things over at work...

Everyone in the conference room freeze with guilty looks on their faces.

DRE

Hey guys so I know you all must be really confused as to where I was yesterday, but I can assure you everything's been cleared up-

Dre notices the new employee and pauses.

DRE (CONT'D)  
 Wait, who the hell is this?!

Everyone awkwardly tries to avoid eye contact with Dre except his new replacement HECTOR who tries to shake Dre's hand.

HECTOR  
 Hi I'm Hector, senior vice  
 president of the urban division!  
 And you must be the thief-

Leslie COUGHS nervously as Hector lowers his hand.

LESLIE  
 AH yes well. I did hear word this  
 morning from my contact in the  
 force about your whole WITNESS of a  
 crime misunderstanding while I was  
 trying to get your name officially  
 removed from our records-

DRE  
 Wha-

LESLIE  
 But of course that's not necessary  
 now, although I did think that  
 you'd be taking the day off so that  
 I could break it to poor Hector  
 over here but...

Hector looks around at everyone offended and they awkwardly turn away in shame, avoiding eye contact.

JOSH  
 Yea this is awkward...

CHARLIE  
 So you're telling me Bow is no  
 longer up for grabs AND I didn't  
 get the job?!

DRE  
 (angry)  
 Charlie!

Charlie flinches and smiles nervously at Dre.

CHARLIE  
 Sorry my brother. I knew you were  
 innocent. You know how they love to  
 tear us down and all...

Everyone glares at Charlie irritated.

**THE END**