

EXT. DOWNTOWN ATLANTA, BLACK LIVES MATTER PROTEST, AFTERNOON

Protestors in all-black with face masks march, sing, cry, and chant. This is a peaceful demonstration - people have gathered to mourn and heal together. Alfred, in all black, marches with Darius, in a Kenyan Dashiki with a matching mask. Alfred's eyes well with tears as both men march with their fists in the air. The protest soon crosses paths with a BLUE LIVES MATTER counter-protest, creating a tense front line between the two groups.

EXT. FRONT LINES B/W PROTEST AND COUNTER-PROTEST, CONTINUED

Protestors on both sides curse and scream in the face of their opposition. Darius and Alfred watch the action from a safe distance and chant with the crowd. On the "Black Lives Matter" side of the picket fence, a white guy with a BLM shirt and a selfie-stick, MAX (27), the personification of a Russian bot, films himself clowning a "Blue Lives Matter" COUNTER-PROTESTOR. Max's voice is unmistakably robotic.

MAX

*Blue Lives Matter? By the looks of
this guy, more like Blue Balls
Matter!*

Everyone laughs. Max throws up hand for high-five, but nobody wants that in the middle of a pandemic. So, it just hangs there. Alfred watches this scene unfold.

COUNTER-PROTESTOR

*How does he know about my dry
spell?!*

ALFRED

(to Darius)

Yo, that dude over there is like,
Instagram famous.

DARIUS

Which dude?

ALFRED

The one with the selfie stick. Hold
up.

Alfred pulls up Instagram to 'DeuceExMaxSchina' page, which has over a million followers.

ALFRED (CONT'D)

Yeah, this dude: Max. All he does
is shit on people and post videos
of it online.

DARIUS
Hell of a way to make a living.

ALFRED
It's a niche.

Max, moving on a joint-by-joint basis, snatches a "*Blue Lives Matter*" sign and proceeds to spank himself with it. Darius is confused.

DARIUS
I don't get it. Is he a robot?

ALFRED
(side-eyed)
What you mean?

DARIUS
Look at him-

MAX
-Error! Error! Error!-

DARIUS
-he would not pass any type of Turing test.

Max appears to have frozen... but snaps out of it, continues to spank himself.

ALFRED
I don't know what you just said, but just cause he Russian don't make him a bot. Don't be racist.

DARIUS
Shit ain't racist.
(considers it for a moment)
Specist, maybe... but are robots even a species?

ALFRED
Man, whatever.

Max, apparently having made his point, walks away from the front line and past Alfred before doing a double take.

MAX
Woah, woah- you are the Paper Boi, yes?

ALFRED
 What up, man? Name's Alfred,
 actually.

MAX
 Affirmative! Quick, a photograph:
 my followers will love this!

ALFRED
 Okay-

Before Alfred can respond, Max turns and snaps selfie.

ALFRED (CONT'D)
 - cool... -

Max posts photo. Alfred gets a notification: he's been friend requested, tagged, and the photo has over 60,000 likes. Darius is highly suspicious.

ALFRED (CONT'D)
 - cool.

MAX
 It is so nice to meet you! My name
 is Max Schinavich. And you are
 Mister the Paper Boi, yes?

ALFRED
 Nice to meet you too, Max. Call me
 Al.

MAX
 I am glad you are here, Mister the
 Paper Boi Al. We will need someone
 like you up ahead.

DARIUS
 Someone like Al?

MAX
 Yes, the Paper Boi Al has the
 reputation for shooting people and
 then walking away. This skill will
 be helpful when we cross paths with
 Them Prideful Boys.

DARIUS
 Them Prideful Boys? We are just
 here to protest, man. We don't want
 any trouble with those goons.

ALFRED

Besides, man... that was years ago,
and it wasn't even like that.

MAX

Of course! *It's just...*

Max starts ticking like a broken record, prompting an "I told ya so" look from Darius. Max snaps out of it.

MAX

Them Prideful Boys are heavily
armed and have sworn to prevent all
protesting, rioting and looting.
Look:

Max shows Darius and Alfred the "*Them_PridefulBoys*"
Instagram page. It's filled with short videos of white
PRIDEFUL BOYS acting a fool with guns.

PRIDEFUL BOY

*I am a Prideful Boy and I will DIE
defending this J.C. Penny...*

Swipe to another video, posted today. Features YOUNG
PRIDEFUL BOY with an ASSAULT RIFLE.

YOUNG PRIDEFUL BOY

*I'll shoot any protestor who comes
too close!*

ADULT PRIDEFUL BOY (O.C.)

*Good job, young prideful boy!
Today, you become a Prideful MAN!*

YOUNG PRIDEFUL BOY

Hoorah!

DARIUS

(to Alfred)

We don't have to talk to these
clowns. We definitely don't have to
confront them.

ALFRED

(To Darius)

True.

(to Max)

We're here to peacefully protest,
man, that's it. I know you got your
thing, but it's about justice for
us.

MAX
 Protest, riot, loot... they don't
 care what you do. They hate *all of*
you, no matter what.

Something about the way Max said "*all of you*" hangs in the
 air for a moment. Max twitches again for a moment before
 rebooting.

MAX
 It was nice to meet you, Mister
 Comrade the Paper Boi Al. I hope to
 see you again soon.

Max strikes a military-esque salute.

ALFRED
 Uhh, take it easy, man.

MAX
Nyet!

Max turns and marches off with selfie-stick in tow. Darius
 and Alfred are confused.

DARIUS
 I don't know how they did it, but
 that Russian dude is a robot.

ALFRED
 Man, I told you: *he ain't no*
fucking ro-

INTRODUCTION

Set to *EarthGang "No Peace"*, pan over crowd to reveal
 protest sign reading **ATLANTA**. Spin back around to:

EXT. DOWNTOWN ATLANTA, BLM PROTEST, SOON AFTER

Shortly after meeting Max, Darius and Alfred are still
 marching.

DARIUS
 You heard from Earn yet?

ALFRED
 Yeah - he ain't coming. Van's all
 fucked up on the rona. She don't
 want him here catching shit and
 taking it back to Loddie.

DARIUS
 Yeah, man...-

Darius surveys people chanting, yelling with their masks below their chins, if they have one on at all. One guy sneezes on another guy, apologizes, and then proceeds to make-out with him.

DARIUS (CONT'D)

-I think I can understand that.

ALFRED

Shit! Look tight, D. In-breds on the horizon.

DARIUS

Word?

Pan out to reveal THEM PRIDEFUL BOYS in slow motion set to cheesy 70's-style guitar. All sorts of white men are with the militia: bald ones, bearded ones, ripped ones, fat ones, skinny ones, young ones, old ones, etc... all are armed with HEAVY artillery. Their mood matches their costume - Redneck arrogance mixed with military violence.

ALFRED

Amazing - not a female in sight.

DARIUS

Sister-wives belong in the kitchen.

ALFRED

While the men of the house play army.

DARIUS

An army? Looks more like Illiterate Isis to me.

Suddenly, a POLICE OFFICER (47) pulls up to the militia with a megaphone.

POLICE OFFICER

Hey Them Prideful Boys just wanted to say Good Job! Keep it up! Thanks for your help! You're doing great! No notes! And as for you people-
(turns to BLM side)
Keep it down.

Exit officer to applause from militia, boos from protestors.

EXT. FRONT LINES, THEM PRIDEFUL BOYS AND PROTEST, SAME TIME

These front lines are even more vicious than the ones earlier.

People are screaming, guns are being pointed, and it is generally ready to pop off. As before, Alfred and Darius watch from safe distance.

ALFRED
Do you really think they fuck their own sisters?

DARIUS
(shocked)
I never said that.
(pause)
But yes. Yes I do.

ALFRED
I've never seen so many of them in the city at the same time. You'd think they lived here or something.

DARIUS
There must be a gun expo this weekend.

Again, a nearby commotion catches Alfred's eye. Some white guy in a MAGA hat and a selfie-stick from the militia has crossed the line, grabbed a "*Black Lives Matter*" sign and... is spanking himself with it. Max?

ALFRED (CONT'D)
Yo, hold up - you see that?

DARIUS
See what?

Max, now wearing a cheap suit and MAGA hat, spansk himself with sign exactly like he did before.

MAX
(to protestor)
Black lives matter?
(to camera)
More like Black Signs Splatter! On my butt!

Less laughter for this one.

BLM PROTESTOR
Can anyone explain to me what is happening right now?

DARIUS
Oh, shit... your robot friend is a young conservative. That's nuts.

ALFRED
 Man, I ain't friends with no
 robots... and I *definitely* ain't
 friends with no young
 conservatives.

Alfred starts pushing towards the front lines.

DARIUS
 Dude, don't get-

Too late. Sigh.

DARIUS (CONT'D)
*-us involved in this stupid ass
 shit.*

Darius starts off after Alfred before being stopped by OTIS (29), white guy, total bro, and BLM supporter. Otis is totally caught up in the heat of the moment.

OTIS
 (screaming)
 WHITE SILENCE IS VIOLENCE! WHOO!

Otis throws his gloved hand up for a high five and waits for a response.

DARIUS
 I ain't giving you a high five
 dude.

OTIS
 Why not? I got a glove on, baby.
 This thing's cleaner than my dick
 in two Trojans. High five!

DARIUS
 That doesn't sound clean at all.
 Excuse me,
 (can't get through)
 I need to catch my friend.

OTIS
 What you going up there for,
brother? Ain't nothing but tobacco
 spit and gun powder up front.

DARIUS
 Don't forget congenital diabetes.

OTIS
 Good one, brother! High five!

DARIUS
I ain't giving you no damn...

OTIS
The name's Otis, my friends call me
Otie. I hate Them Prideful Boys
too. As soon as I get the chance,
I'll murder every single one of
them dead.

Darius shakes head in disbelief. Otis opens some beef jerky.

DARIUS
Uhh- good to know, man, but I want
to catch up with my friend.

OTIS
(through smacks)
Oh, I ain't stopping ya. I'm just
letting ya know, if shit pops off,
old Otie's got your back. What's
your name, friend?

DARIUS
It's Darius, nice to meet you.
Listen, Otie - shit's not going to
pop off.

OTIS
It could.

DARIUS
It won't.

OTIS
Hard to say.

DARIUS
I'm going to leave now.

OTIS
(big bite)
I will kill if given the
opportunity.

DARIUS
I'll be sure to warn everyone.

Perceiving this to be a joke, Otis guffaws, throws up his
fist, and fades into the crowd behind him.

OTIS
WHITE SILENCE IS VIOLENCE! WHOO!

Exit Otis. Darius, freshly weirded out, pushes forward.

EXT. VANESSA'S APARTMENT, MORNING

INT. VANESSA'S BEDROOM, SAME TIME

Earn, with out grown hair and beard, wakes up and feels around for an absent Van. Surprised not to find her there, he makes his way to the bathroom to clean up.

INT. VANESSA'S BATHROOM, CONTINUOUS

The calendar in the bathroom has all the days marked off and reads in big red letters *TIME HAS CEASED TO EXIST*. Earn brushes his teeth.

INT. VANESSA'S BEDROOM, CONTINUOUS

Earn gets dressed, gathers some papers plus a book "*The Myth of the Rational Voter*". After tying up his shoes, he sits and sighs. We can hear the television downstairs.

INT. VANESSA'S LIVING ROOM, SAME TIME

Focus on television screen displaying an interview with the president.

PRESIDENT

*And what's the deal with voting
anyways? Who says it even works?
I'm not saying it doesn't work, I'm
just asking the question...*

Pull out to Vanessa on phone with Loddie on her hip.

VANESSA

(into phone)

*Yes! For the one-hundredth time
yes, that is the correct address. I
have been on hold for hours can you
please just-*

Vanessa is put back on hold and screams. Enter Earn, wary of her frustrations.

EARN

*Good morning my little sweetie
pie...*

VANESSA

Cut the shit, Earn!

EARN

I was talking to *her*, actually.

(to Loddie)
Mommy said the bad word!

Earn takes Loddie from Vanessa, gives her a hug.

LODDIE
 Good morning, daddy!

EARN
 There's my cutie.

VANESSA
 Right... sorry.

EARN
 It's all good. Still no luck with unemployment?

VANESSA
 I've been on hold since they opened. I'm getting so tired of this. Listen:

Vanessa puts phone on speaker.

AUTOMATED RESPONSE
 (sweet voice)
You're current wait time is...
 (demon voice)
Four hours and three-hundred minutes.

Vanessa clicks phone off speaker.

VANESSA
 Why would they even say it like that?
 (looks Earn up and down)
 Where do you think you're going?

EARN
 I got to go out.

VANESSA
 Like hell you do. You ain't going to be going all over town spreading this and that. In or out, Earn. You need to choose.

EARN
 I'm in, Van, it's just... I didn't register to vote in time to get a mail-in ballot, okay?

Earn puts Loddie down, who pre-occupies herself with a book.

VANESSA

You're gonna have to run that back for me.

EARN

Listen, I haven't voted since 2008 because voting is stupid, okay? But now, because 2020 is so stupid, I have to do something stupid and vote in order to combat the stupidity of this year.

VANESSA

Just to be clear, you are *not* the stupid person in this totally avoidable situation that you've placed yourself in?

EARN

The important thing is I am voting now, okay? But I am black and have lived in other states since I last voted so the state of Georgia is making it very difficult for me to vote this year. Therefore, I have to go vote in person. In the middle of pandemic.

Vanessa is not entertained.

VANESSA

And you're not the stupid one here?

EARN

I'm going to go now.

Exit Earn to door slam. Beat. Earn returns.

EARN

I need a mask.

Vanessa rolls her eyes. The only mask Earn can find looks like a clown face, which makes him look... stupid.

EARN

Why do we even have this?

Exit Earn with the mask. Van thinks she hears something on the line, and snaps to it.

VANESSA

Hello?!

EXT. FRONT LINES, THEM PRIDEFUL BOYS AND PROTEST, CONTINUED

Alfred, now sure that it is Max ahead of him, makes his way through the crowd towards an increasingly volatile front line.

ALFRED
Yo Max! You switch hitting, homie?
What's up?

Max looks up, eyes widen.

MAX
Retreat!

Max turns and disappears into the militia crowd. Alfred makes chase.

ALFRED
Not so proud now, huh?!

Alfred pushes all the way to the front, unaware of the danger. Before he can cross the line, a masked YOUNG WHITE MALE, the same one from the video earlier, named SCOTTY, (15) steps in front of Alfred with an assault rifle. Scotty speaks loudly but cannot hide his trembling voice.

SCOTTY
Wh-where do you think you're
going?!

Alfred is taken back by the caliber of the weapon.

ALFRED
Yo, young Mussolini, it's cool,
this ain't about you-

Max pops up in the crowd only to disappear again.

ALFRED (CONT'D)
(seeing Max)
- it's about *that* Russian mother -

SCOTTY
We do not collude with Russians
here, so back off, criminal!

Alfred is again taken aback, this time by the threatening tone. Scotty cocks his weapon.

ALFRED
Criminal? Who you with, Hillbilly
P.D.?

SCOTTY
I-I said... Back the fuck up!

Darius finally gets through and calls out to Al.

DARIUS
Al, don't get involved man! Just walk away!

ALFRED
(to Darius)
Nah, man. I got a Ruskie to catch.
(to Scotty)
And I ain't gonna be stopped by no Daisy Duke-looking ass neither!

SCOTTY
(voice cracking)
I said back the fuck up! I said back the fuck up!

Scotty loses his cool, fires several shots in the air and sends the protest into madness.

ALFRED
Holy shit!

Alfred runs, takes cover.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL GYMNASIUM, POLLING STATION, MORNING

Earn, who is wearing the clown mask inside out, waits in an extensive, socially-distanced line outside of the high school polling station. He surveys his surroundings... this is kind of crazy. The line stretches on way before him and way behind. A woman nearby has on a face mask and face shield; another is surrounded by a very large bubble. Earn sighs and opens up his book, accidentally dropping his bookmark. Zoom in on the bookmark as he goes to pick it up: "Vote Libertarian". Unbeknownst to Earnest, TINA (22), a liberal, African-American, college grad standing behind Earn, notices the bookmark too and frowns.

EXT. FRONT LINES, THEM PRIDEFUL BOYS AND PROTEST, CONTINUED

Alfred pushes through the panicking crowd to find Darius.

DARIUS
Shit, bro! You hit?!

ALFRED
I'm good! I'm good, it's just...
did that meth baby *really* just
shoot at me?! We was just talking!

They look to the militia side of the picket fence. Scotty is frozen in fear. Several protestors go to grab him, but the militia pull him back into their crowd, making him disappear.

ALFRED

Darius, I'm going to say something crazy.

DARIUS

We are not going to fight that militia.

ALFRED

First of all, they are terrorist. Second of all, that don't even make sense.

DARIUS

Out with it, man.

ALFRED

Let's catch that kid.

Alfred starts to get up only to be stopped by Darius.

DARIUS

Al, stop. We are here to protest the wrongful deaths of innocent black people at the hands of the police. We are here to shine a light on systemic racism and incite change. This shit is not at all what we signed up for.

ALFRED

Man, we are black! We never get what we signed up for.

Out of no where, Otis re-appears next to Alfred.

OTIS

He's right! Black people are constantly getting shit on by white people! You've got to use your voice to silence their fists while I use my fists to silence their voices! Whoo!-

ALFRED

-Man, who the fuck are you?

DARIUS

I actually meant to warn you about him.

OTIS

No time for names, brothers. The time to act is now. Look!

Otis points towards the back of the militia: Scotty is running off alone. Now is the time if they want to catch him. Otis looks back to Darius and Alfred, seemingly assessing their physical condition.

OTIS (CONT'D)

Hmm... not ideal, but we'll make a fine pack. Follow me! The hunt... has begun!

Otis takes off. Darius and Alfred are both a little stunned.

DARIUS

So we can both agree that we should not follow him, right?

(beat)

Right?

Darius looks to Alfred, who has already taken off after Otis.

DARIUS (CONT'D)

Wrong.

Reluctantly, Darius follows.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL GYMNASIUM, POLLING STATION, AFTERNOON

Earn, annoyed that the line hasn't moved, glances down from his book to his phone, shakes his head in frustration. Tina, in line behind Earnest, gets a good look at the book title and frowns again. She decides to confront him.

TINA

Excuse me? Sir?

Earn is a little shocked that someone wants to talk in these circumstances, but responds anyway.

EARN

Me? Are you talking to me?

TINA

Yes, you. Can I ask you what you're reading?

EARN

Oh, this?

(checks book)

Myth of the Rational Voter - it's basically about how average voter doesn't understand the complex economic implications of our political systems well enough to make an informed decision.

TINA

(suspicious)

Uh-huh.

EARN

Just the average voter, that is. I'm sure we're both good.

TINA

Sounds like a pretty privileged point of view.

EARN

Oh, well... I ain't stunting or nothing.

TINA

(beat)

Ha.

EARN

Okay, then...

Earn turns back around. That was weird. He returns to reading for a moment.

TINA

Can I ask you something else?

This exasperates Earn, but he doesn't want to show it. He turns around, and we can see a white man dressed in camouflage in front of Earn, DALE (42), eavesdropping.

EARN

Sure, but I really don't think we should breath too much towards one another-

TINA

-are you voting for Trump?

The question shocks both Earn and Dale.

EARN

Really? I'm pretty sure you can't ask me that.

TINA

Why not?

EARN

You can't just canvass people at a polling station.

TINA

I ain't canvassing - I'm asking you. That's free speech.

EARN

This isn't exactly covered under free speech...-

TINA

-Yeah it is. Besides, exit pollers ask people who they voted for all the time. I'm just asking you now: are you voting for Trump?

EARN

I don't have to-

Dale has heard enough and steps in.

DALE

-This is outrageous behavior, ma'am.-

EARN

-Really? More people want to share this breathing space right now?! During this year?! Really?!

DALE

(to Earn)

-I'm sorry, but she absolutely cannot ask people who they are going to vote for outside of the polling station!-

EARN

-thank you-

DALE

(to Tina)

- I'm a presidentially appointed poll watcher, and it is this man's right to vote for whomever he so chooses. If he wants to vote for our Brave Leader over Sleepy Joe Biden, that's his choice-

EARN

-Hold up-

DALE

-if he wants to cast a ballot for law and order over communist rule, that's his choice!-

EARN

-I never said-

DALE

- if he wants to vote to keep ICE doing the Lord's work instead of letting all these shit-hole families go free, that's his-

Earn has finally had enough.

EARN

-Hell no, man! I'm not about that shit! *You guys* shouldn't be about that shit! We are all Americans here: what are we doing attacking one another at the polls? Why does it matter who I am voting for?

TINA

-because Trump is a dictator!-

DALE

-because snowflakes like *her* are ruining America!-

EARN

No! Wrong! Stop answering me, it was rhetorical. What I'm saying is that it does not matter who we are voting for because the important thing is that we are all voting, right?

Dale and Tina look at one another and share a look of disgust. Who the hell is this guy?

EARN (CONT'D)

Right? The point of democracy is that we all participate in it? The fact that we're all here means that we're all ultimately on the same team? Team Democracy? Am I right?

(beat)

Wait, don't answ-!

TINA
Hell no!

DALE
Hell no!

TINA
-The point of voting is to eliminate fascist Nazi-lovers!-

DALE
-It's to support the one true leader in his quest to end pedophilia!-

EARN
I'm not voting for either one of them!

This abruptly ends the argument.

DALE
What?

TINA
Yeah, what?

EARN
I'm not voting for Biden and I'm not voting for Trump.

DALE
Who the hell you voting for then?

EARN
(sighs)
The Libertarian candidate, okay? I don't support either one of your stupid candidates, so I'm voting libertarian.

More silence. Dale begins to laugh. Tina is pissed.

TINA
You are basically giving him the election by throwing away your vote!

DALE

*That is the stupidest fucking shit
I have ever heard...*

Tina continues to berate Earn and while Dale laughs. Earn shrinks behind his book.

EXT. ALLEY-WAY, DOWNTOWN ATLANTA, LATE AFTERNOON

Sirens, shouts can be heard as protestors flee the scene on the main road. A pair of cops try to help direct traffic but are run over in the chaos. Slowly pull out to reveal the sound of heavy breathing. Pull further out to reveal Scotty, scared and unarmed, hiding behind a dumpster, holding back tears.

SCOTTY

(to himself)

*Shit, shit, shit! Why the fuck did
I do that?!*

Scotty musters the courage to check both ends of the alley - he's clear, so he takes off. He trips, falls, and bloodies his elbow. He looks around again - still in the clear. He takes off, turning the corner down another alley... gone. Sirens continue to wail. After a few moments, Otis turns the corner on the alley-way, followed by Alfred and Darius, both out of breath.

OTIS

He's this way.

DARIUS

How the hell would you know?

Otis sniffs the air like a bloodhound.

OTIS

Call it instinct.

(turns to Darius)

Listen, I've been a white man for my entire life. That's why I understand their violence. I know how they think. I know how they feel. I know... how they smell.

Alfred and Darius have the same look on their faces.

ALFRED

You know how "they" smell.

DARIUS

And you can smell "them" from here.

OTIS

Yes and yes. They stink as loud as they talk. Follow me.

Otis starts down the alley. Before Alfred can follow, Darius stops him.

DARIUS

Al, seriously? Out of all the whites I've met, these self-hating ones are the worst. Let's cut our losses.

ALFRED

He may be insane but at least he's willing to do something. This is retribution.

DARIUS

That's what the cops are for, man! Let them handle this!

ALFRED

We out here to defund the police, not call they ass as soon as shit pops off! Nah, man, we ain't going out like that. That future wife beater shot at me. You saw how the cops treated them earlier. We got to take care of this ourselves.

In the background, Otis has apparently found the blood in the alley and is sniffing at it/borderline barking at it.

DARIUS

What do you mean, "*take care of this?*" Are we planning an execution or something?

Alfred hadn't really considered all that yet.

ALFRED

Nah, man, we...-

DARIUS

We what? We gonna take him to the town square? We gonna guillotine him?

ALFRED

I mean, we *might*-

OTIS (O.S.)
 (interrupting)
Hey guys! Come look!

Darius holds Alfred's eye contact for a moment, prompting Alfred to roll his eyes.

ALFRED
 I don't know, man! We'll figure it out when we catch him. Come on.

Alfred drags reluctant Darius along to Otis, who is busy strategizing. Otis speaks without looking at his pack, too focused on the hunt.

OTIS
 Blood on the ground.

Darius and Alfred both look. There is blood on the ground.

ALFRED
 There is blood on the ground.

DARIUS
 That could be anybody's blood.

OTIS
 It's *his*.

DARIUS
 How you know?

OTIS
 Trust me. I know white blood when I smell it.

Darius looks at Alfred and mouths "*White blood?*". Otis now gives the pair his full attention as he leads the pack towards the alley-way that Scotty went down.

OTIS
 He's down here. I'm sure of it. We can catch him if we split up.
 Darius:-

DARIUS
 -No.-

OTIS
 (ignores dissent)
 Flank him from the left. Paper Boi?

ALFRED
 -You know who I am?-

OTIS
Flank him from the right. I'll
follow down the middle.

ALFRED
Whatever.

DARIUS
You cannot be serious.

OTIS
I most certainly am.

DARIUS
Not you, man. I ain't even known
you that long, but this type of
shit makes sense for you.
(turning to Alfred)
You cannot be serious, Al.

ALFRED
I'm serious as fuck, Darius. We
doing this.

Alfred takes off down the alley-way and turns right. Otis
charges straight ahead. Darius just watches.

DARIUS
(to himself)
This is the last time.

Darius takes off down the alley-way and flanks left.

EXT. DIRTY ALLEY-WAY 1, CHASE SCENE, CONTINUED

Alfred moves cautiously around overflowing trash bins. He
can't tell, but Scotty is just around the corner, hiding
behind the wall. A rat scares Al.

ALFRED
I'll kill you, little rat!

Scotty jumps and takes off in a new direction.

EXT. DIRTY ALLEY-WAY 2, CHASE SCENE, CONTINUED

Otis is sniffing out every corner as he makes his way past a
restaurant's back door. An employee on a smoke break watches
in wonder. Apparently on a scent, Otis becomes excited to
the point of howling. Pan out to Scotty just around the
corner: what the fuck just howled? He takes off in a new
direction. Otis is on his trail.

EXT. FENCED IN ALLEY-WAY, CHASE SCENE, CONTINUED

Darius ambles down his alley-way watching the sun set. It's a lovely scene, so he pauses to take it in and doesn't notice Scotty turn the corner ahead in quiet desperation. Seeing Darius, Scotty quickly turns back around. *Shit!* Otis is behind him now, so he turns to run opposite of Darius. *Fuck!* Here comes Alfred, the first to see him.

ALFRED
Hey! *Prideful Boy!*

Otis sees him as well.

OTIS
You're dead now!

Darius snaps back to reality and sees Scotty at a dead end.

DARIUS	SCOTTY
<i>Shit.</i>	<i>Shit!</i>

They close in and Scotty is backed into the fence. Alfred speaks first.

ALFRED
Cracker Barrel ass bitch...

Alfred moves to grab Scotty but Darius steps in.

DARIUS
Hold up, hold up, *hold up-*
(just to Alfred)
Look at this dude, Al. He's like
fourteen.

One look from Alfred confirms.

ALFRED
Yeah... so what? He old enough to
shoot. Why you defending him now?

DARIUS
I'm not defending what he *did*, man,
I'm saying he's just a kid... fuck,
he's like a child soldier. We can't
become worse than them.

Otis howls. He is thrilled to have made the capture and moves in for the kill.

OTIS
 (howls)
*No condom for this one, baby! I'm
 raw dogging it!*

Otis proceeds to take off his gloves, confusing Alfred and Darius..

ALFRED
 Is he... is he going to rape him?

DARIUS
 He thinks condoms are gloves, or
 something like that...
 (another howl)
 I think.

Darius looks to Alfred, who knows what he must do.

OTIS
 (to Scotty)
*I'm going to make an example out of
 you.*
 (whips out knife)
*I'm going to gut you like your fat
 pig president...*

Alfred jumps in.

ALFRED
 Woah, woah, woah... Dude, what are
 you doing? This is way too much.

Otis, who thought he was doing the right thing, is confused.

OTIS
 What do you mean, Paper Boi?
 (motions to Scotty with
 knife)
 I'm going to stab the racist who
 shot at you.

ALFRED
 I'm not even sure that racist shot
 at me, man... it was more like *in
 my area*, you know? And you're going
 to stab him? He is an unarmed
 child! That's stupid.

As they argue, Darius makes eye contact with Scotty, who has
 pissed himself.

OTIS
 If the knife is the problem, I
 can... I can shoot him instead-
 (pulls out gun)
 -I mean I brought it so I might as
 well use it.

ALFRED
 Why the fuck you got so many
 weapons, bro?

OTIS
 To silent their white violence!

Darius mouths "Run!" to Scotty and motions down the alley
 with his eyes. Scotty is paralyzed with fear.

ALFRED
 Do you hear yourself right now? I
 ain't letting you near that kid.

OTIS
 Ugh- I'm not *really* going to kill
 him, okay? Are ya happy now? I just
 want to rough him up a bit...

ALFRED
 I'm not letting you near that kid.

OTIS
Don't you silence me!!!

Darius mouths "Now!". Scotty finally breaks through his fear
 induced paralysis and escapes toward the main road.

ALFRED
 (pulling out phone)
 That's it. I can't believe I'm
 doing this shit, but I'm calling
 the cops: to put his ass in jail
 and to keep your psycho ass from
 murdering him-

OTIS
You're calling the fucking pigs?!

In motioning to Scotty, Otis realizes that he has escaped.

OTIS (CONT'D)
Shit!

Otis looks down the alley, sees Scotty turn the corner, and
 takes off after him.

OTIS
 (calling to Scotty)
I'll stab the hate out of you!

Otis howls as he turns the corner and exits. Beat.

DARIUS
 The fuck was that?

Alfred is busy on the phone.

ALFRED
*Uh...- yeah. I've seen the shooter
 from the protest. Yeah, he's
 running down 6th Street. Somebody's
 chasing him, too...-*

Fade out.

EXT. DOWNTOWN ATLANTA, SITE OF PROTESTS, SOON AFTER

Fade in. Darius and Alfred walk through the empty and recently looted streets of Atlanta. Several buildings are on fire, storefront windows are smashed in, and trash is strewn about. A news helicopter flies by overhead. Darius kicks a discarded "PEACE" sign out of the way.

ALFRED
 Look at this shit, man. These protests brought out the worst people.

DARIUS
 I don't buy that, man. Do you remember this morning? When we were all just marching together? Singing, chanting, healing... it was beautiful.

ALFRED
 Yeah... It really was.

DARIUS
 That was cool. That what we came here to do. Some of the best people I've ever met were there, but nobody is going to be talking about them-

Darius pulls out his phone, pulls up Snapchat: it's a video of the shots being fired and the chaos that ensued.

DARIUS (CONT'D)
This shit...

(indicates to
surroundings)
This shit is all people are going
to see.

ALFRED
And it wasn't even like this...
Shit.
(looks around)
And where's everyone now? Moved on.
Swiped right. Next.

Darius shakes his head. Not far ahead, they see Max shaking
a spray can and preparing to tag a dumpster.

DARIUS
Well, not *everyone* has moved on.

Alfred sees him too. They both stop.

ALFRED
Not this dude again.

Alfred and Darius, resigned to their fate, share a sigh and
keep walking.

EXT. DUMPSTER BY A LOOTED STORE, MOMENTS LATER

They roll up on Max, who doesn't notice them at first, as he
is tagging a dumpster "*Like and Subscribe*". Alfred is more
tired of him than intrigued at this point. Max now wears the
BLM shirt with the MAGA hat.

ALFRED
Yo. Max.

Max pulls a mechanical triple take on Alfred. Stiffer than
ever, he stands up and tosses the spray can into the
dumpster behind him.

MAX
Mister Comrade the Paper Boi Al! So
good to see you still alive!

DARIUS
Cut the shit, robot.

ALFRED
Darius, please.
(to Max)
What were you doing with Them
Prideful Boys earlier?

Beat.

MAX
Please repeat command.

DARIUS
(to Alfred)
That wasn't even a command.

ALFRED
Max, I don't know what this weird android shit with you is, but you have got to cut it. I saw you with Them Prideful Boys after we met today, doing the same shit to us that you was doing earlier. What's going on, man?

Max freezes. Is he considering what Alfred said or just frozen again? He snaps back to it.

MAX
I do not know what you mean, Mister Comrade the Paper Boi Al. I can assure you that I do not play both sides equally in order to sew seeds of dissent amongst your countrymen.

DARIUS
That's real specific, man.

MAX
Now, if you will excuse me-
(to selfie-stick)
Be sure to like and subscribe!

Max slowly lights a match and tosses it over his shoulder, causing the dumpster that it lands in to explode. Alfred and Darius are blown back.

DARIUS
Was that dumpster full of gunpowder and kerosene?

ALFRED
What the fuck?!

The explosion has caught Max on fire, though he has not moved. As the fire spreads, Max apparently cannot feel it, as he just smiles, melts, and talks to his selfie-stick.

MAX
Down with America. Down with America. Down with-

DARIUS
 (to Alfred)
 Try and tell me again that this
 dude ain't a Russian bot.

The fire is getting to Max's circuitry and affecting his
 voice, which is now all wonky. His face is over half-melted.

MAX
 Down- with! Down WITH Amer-Amer-
 Amer-

ALFRED
 Fuck. I ain't trying to get
 Terminated today, homie.

DARIUS
 Let's get out of here.

ALFRED
 YES.

Alfred and Darius get up and run from Max who continues to
 wave, smile, and burn.

MAX
 Down WITH- d-DOWN with -... Merica!

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL GYMNASIUM, POLLING STATION, EVENING

Earn exits the polling station after waiting all day to
 vote. Despite this, Earn beams with pride. He walks with his
 chest out, proudly putting his "Georgia Voter" sticker on
 display. He passes by LOUISE (78), African-American, kind
 and gracious exit poller, who reaches out to him.

LOUISE
 Excuse me, young man? Do you have a
 moment for the exit poll?

Earn checks his voter sticker and nods.

EARN
 Of course!

LOUISE
 Thank you, young man. How kind.
 (prepares pen and pad)
 Who did you vote for in the general
 election today?

EARN
 I voted for Jo Jorgensen.

LOUISE

And who-

Louise stops. She's not sure what to do with that response.

LOUISE (CONT'D)

-I'm sorry, did you say Joe Biden?

EARN

No. I voted for the Libertarian
candidate, Jo Jorgensen.

Louise stares, and even though she has a mask on, you can tell that her jaw is on the floor. Slowly but surely, she breaks into uncontrollable laughter.

EXIT POLLER

(between breaths)

*He said... That man said... Oh, my
God... What a dumbass!*

Earn glares at Louise, who is now doubled over and pointing at Earn. Earn exits in a huff.

EXIT POLLER (CONT'D)

Jo... Jorgensen!

FADE TO BLACK.