

**SUPER OVER BLACK:**

"The most dangerous creation of any society is a man with nothing to lose." - James Baldwin

"There you go, giving a fuck when it ain't your turn to give a fuck." - William "Bunk" Moreland

As the words fade, we HEAR an ALARM CLOCK.

**WOKE**

**ACT ONE**

**INT. SAN FRANCISCO MUNI BUS/MOVING - NIGHT**

The sound of the alarm morphs into PUNK ROCK MUSIC. The Dead Kennedys' "Holiday in Cambodia" to be exact!! MUSIC PLAYING OVER:

CLOSE ON A COMPOSITION BOOK: A skilled hand quickly sketching a cartoon of an anthropomorphic PIECE OF TOAST giving a high-five to an anthropomorphic SLAB OF BUTTER.

KEEF KNIGHT (black-nerd, 30s, the only black dude invited to the white wedding and used to it) inspects his work. Bobbing his head to the music in his HEADPHONES, trying to ignore the WHITE DUDE straining to get a look at what he's drawing.

At the back of the bus, CLOVIS (no filter, 30s, the black dude who crashes the white wedding and everyone's afraid to ask him to leave) types a BEAUTIFUL WOMAN's number into his cell. The bus stops. Clovis whispers something in her ear. She giggles sheepishly before exiting.

Moments later, Clovis slides into the row behind Keef. Calls out, then lifts one side of Keef's headphones.

CLOVIS

Earth to Keef.  
(re: music)  
Who dis?

KEEF

Dead Kennedys.  
(off Clovis' blank look)  
Jello Biafra? Classic SF punk?

CLOVIS

Damn. You really are a Huxtable.

KEEF

I didn't grow up in a brownstone in Brooklyn Heights.

CLOVIS

Nah, you grew up in a *white-stone* in fucking *Pleasantville!*

(off Keef's look)

When you used to Farmers Markets and rocking to white boy angst, you a bit of a cloistered brotha. You like that pig thinking he's a dog.

KEEF

The movie *Babe*?

Clovis gestures like Keef just made his point.

CLOVIS

I get the appeal. You know I love me some Pellegrino and almond butter. The only thing my "Ghetto Pass" ever got me was two bootleg *Madea* DVDs and hypertension.

Keef and Clovis share a laugh.

CLOVIS (CONT'D)

Real talk though, not a bad night. You sold some prints, I got some numbers.

KEEF

Was that the barista from the coffee shop? How do you do that?

CLOVIS

Simple. I make them feel like there's nothing I can't fix.

(then)

Plus, she thinks I'm Austin Jackson. The *Giants* outfielder.

KEEF

Pretty sure Austin Jackson doesn't ride the Muni. Also, you look nothing like him.

CLOVIS

He's black. I'm black. If white people can't tell the difference, who am I to rain on my parade?