

KIMMY REGISTERS TO VOTE!

Written by

Cam Smith

Cameronwrsmith@gmail.com

EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK

We start with establishing shots of Washington Square Park. KIMMY plays chess against an elderly black man, STANLEY. The duo is surrounded by elderly men, all of them mesmerized by Kimmy.

KIMMY

Say goodbye to your bishop Stanley!

ELDERLY MAN 2

This white girl can play, man.

STANLEY

Yeah, yeah well she ain't no Bobby Fischer. I played Bobby back when he was coming up.

Eye rolling from everyone. They've heard this before.

STANLEY

(adamant)

I almost beat him too!

KIMMY

How many times do I have to tell you Stanley? No one knows who that is! Check.

Beat.

STANLEY

(glares)

Where'd you get so good at chess anyhow?

KIMMY

We played a lot in the bunker.

CUT TO FLASHBACK - INT. THE BUNKER

Donna Maria, Cyndee and Gretchen sit at three tables, each one featuring a chess board. Kimmy is playing all three at once like a chess prodigy. Kimmy strokes her chin before walking down the line and checkmating her three opponents. Cyndee crosses her arms and pouts. Donna Maria mumbles "El

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

diablo," while making the sign of the cross. Gretchen screams and flips the board.

FLASHBACK ENDS

KIMMY

We ran out of pawns so we carved
the rest out of teeth.

STANLEY

(Shaking his head)
White People.

END OF OPENING SCENE - Intro Song Plays

EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK

We see Kimmy skipping out of the park. Right as she reaches the arch she's stopped by ARTHUR, an NYU student wearing a University Democrats hat and holding a clipboard.

ARTHUR

Excuse me! Are you registered to
vote?

KIMMY

(confused)
Vote...? Is The Voice back
already?! I'm Team Adam, obv.

ARTHUR

Umm, no. I mean like, political
elections; voting for government
officials.

KIMMY

Oh. Right. Because I'm an adult who
does adult things like take daily
vitamins and wear deodorant!

ARTHUR

Right...so the election for city
council is coming up and our group,
#staywokegovote is helping people
register before the deadline.
There's also a televised debate
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
tonight at 8 you should definitely
check out.

KIMMY
Is it hard to register?

ARTHUR
It only takes a few minutes! Once
you're registered i'll give you
this sticker that --

KIMMY
A flippin' sticker?!?

She grabs the sticker he's holding.

KIMMY (CONT'D)
Is that a MOTHER FUDGING donkey?!

JEN
Arthur!!

A Young woman struts over wearing a University Republicans
shirt.

JEN (CONT'D)
Are you trying to brainwash this
girl into joining uDumbs?

ARTHUR
(Sarcastically)
Very funny Jen.

JEN
(to Kimmy)
Sorry Miss, is Arthur bothering
you?

KIMMY
As if! He just gave me this awesome
donkey sticker. It's BLUE da boo de
dab bo die! Have you guys heard
that new song? So catchy.

Beat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JEN

Wait, you're an undecided voter,
aren't you?

Kimmy shrugs. She's too busy marveling at the sticker.

JEN

Well you have to register as a
republican!

ARTHUR

Back off Jen. she's registering as
a Democrat.

JEN

No she's a Republican. And when
she's done I'll give her this
sticker...

KIMMY

Is that an ELEPHANT!! Today rules.
I'm putting these on my backpack
now.

She sticks both stickers on her backpack, clearly unaware
that the parties are in opposition.

KIMMY

Sign me up!

An overjoyed Kimmy grabs the clipboard from Arthur's hands
and begins filling out the form.

CUT TO:

INT. KIMMY'S PLACE

Kimmy bursts into the apartment. A bunch of dolls and
stuffed animals line the couch. Titus is in the corner
ironing a Build-a-bear tuxedo. The iron is normal-sized, but
the tuxedo is tiny. His fingers are covered in band-aids.

KIMMY

Guess who has two thumbs and is
registered to vote?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TITUS

Most adults?

KIMMY

(Grinning)

This adult! Kimmy Schmidt is registered to vote! Some guy in the park helped me.

TITUS

(Sternly)

Kimberly...what did I say about guys in parks?

KIMMY

(Rolling her eyes)

"If they ask me to rummage through their trousers for coins, turn and run."

TITUS

Pockets are the gateway to the penis.

Beat.

TITUS

Speaking of coin purse, you really should start learning modern-day slang Kimmy. look, try this new website, suburbandictionary.com

Titus grabs Kimmy's phone off the table, opens the internet, and shows her the webpage.

KIMMY

What is it?

TITUS

It's an online dictionary that contains slang from the inner city that's regurgitated by suburban white kids.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TITUS (CONT'D)

Look at this one: "lit." When a party is incredibly fun or memorable.

KIMMY

Use it in a sentence.

TITUS (CONT'D)

"Dude, did you go to Emily's party last night? It was super lit."

KIMMY

(Smiling)

Wowwww Titus! You're straight acting has gotten really good.

Titus grins.

KIMMY

Well...do you know what is also super lit Titus?

TITUS

Don't force it...

KIMMY

I get to vote!

TITUS

And what do you know about the government?

KIMMY

(Thinking)

Ummm nothing. But in the bunker, I beat Cyndee by one vote for Chamber Pot Queen.

CUT TO FLASHBACK - INT. THE BUNKER

Kimmy is standing in front of a makeshift podium holding a plunger. A *Yes We Can In the Can* campaign poster unfurls behind her. The style is the same as Obama's '08 campaign and reads: "Change: The Chamber Pot." Cyndee grabs the podium and yells: RECOUNT! I DEMAND A RECOUNT! Kimmy yells

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

manically and suctions Cyndee's face with the plunger.

FLASHBACK ENDS

TITUS

I prefer not to participate in the democratic process.

(Motioning to dolls)

What do you think?

KIMMY

Are you having another barbie tea party?

TITUS

Don't be ridiculous. This is the watch party for my new favorite talent show: Oh So You Think You Talented?!

KIMMY

Is that bear wearing a monocle?

TITUS

That's Sir Charles Grizzly. He dresses up for all of my watch parties. Tonight he's wearing a tuxedo.

KIMMY

The tuxedo on fire over there?

Titus looks over at the ironing board. The tuxedo is indeed on fire. Titus screams. He grabs a nearby fire extinguisher. It's also miniature to pair with the miniature tablecloth and tuxedo. He puts out the fire.

TITUS

Now the watch party is ruined!

KIMMY

(Smiling)

I dunno Titus, it looks pretty... lit to me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TITUS

(Teary)

I've created a monster.

KIMMY

Wait, are you registered to vote?

TITUS

Voting is another job. You have to research the candidates. You have to watch the debates. You have to not just vote for the black guy -- it's exhausting!

KIMMY

So you just don't vote?

TITUS

I only vote for one thing: the contestants on Oh, So You Think You Talented?! I hope the fat cat that plays the harmonica wins. His name is Woodrow.

KIMMY

Woodrow? Sounds like a rich cat - gosh darnit! I forgot to pick up Buckley from school! If I'm not outside when they get released he hides in the bushes and shoots me with his BB gun.

Kimmy pulls back her hair to show circular red welts down the side of her neck.

KIMMY

His aim is super impressive. He practices on bunnies in the backyard. I've seen the corpses.

Kimmy grabs her purse.

KIMMY

Can't forget my coin purse!

INT. JACQUELINE'S PLACE

KIMMY

Hola Vera! Have you seen Buckley?

VERA

Buckley? Si.

KIMMY

(Looks around)

See? No I don't see him Vera--

Just then Kimmy is shot in the neck with a BB gun. We see Buckley at the top of the banister giggling. His BB gun is bordering on an assault rifle. It's got a scope and a silencer.

KIMMY

PINOCCHIO'S OTHER NOSE!

BUCKLEY

Die scum!

KIMMY

Buckley!!

JACQUELINE

Kimmy!? Is that you? Come to my room immediately.

KIMMY

(Rubbing her neck)

Coming!

KIMMY (CONT'D)

Jacqueline I am so sorry! I was headed to pick up Buckley and then--

JACQUELINE

Irrelevant. Kimmy. I need your help.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KIMMY

Please don't make me wax your chi chi again.

JACQUELINE

Please, I have less body hair than a Make-a-Wish kid. No, I need help with this:

Jacqueline swivels her laptop to show Kimmy the screen.

JACQUELINE

I'm signing up for a dating site. I need you to build my profile. You were young once. Probably. Have done this before?

KIMMY

Never a dating site. I mean we tried speed dating in the bunker once.

FLASHBACK - INT. THE BUNKER

Kimmy, Gretchen, Cyndee, Donna Maria are speed dating. Kimmy is across from a Ghost poster featuring Patrick Swayze. Gretchen is across from a giant cutout of Reverend Richard Wayne Gary Wayne. His head has obviously been pasted on top of a shirtless GQ model. Cyndee is across from a broom with giant googly eyes. Donna Maria is alone and clearly bored. But she's humoring her bunker-mates and holding a stopwatch.

KIMMY

(Swooning)

I love pottery, even though I got trapped in the kiln during 5th grade. That's why my hair is so red...

GRETCHEN

I read your book. It's so deep.

Book title reads, Prophet. Blackbelt. Messiah. The Richard Wayne Gary Wayne Memoir.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CYNDEE
 (To mop with google eyes)
 I love your hair.

DONNA MARIA
 (Rolling her eyes and ringing
 the bell)
 CAMBIA! (subtitle reads: switch!)

KIMMY and CYNDEE prepare to move seats. GRETCHEN reacts like a rabid animal.

GRETCHEN
 (crazed)
 Get your own messiah!

FLASHBACK ENDS

KIMMY
 Ghost was the only movie we had in the bunker so Patrick Swayze was my first celebrity crush. What's he up to now?

JACQUELINE
 (Blase attitude)
 He's dead.

KIMMY
 WHAT?!

JACQUELINE
 Okay back to me. Profile.

KIMMY
 (Quietly internalizing
 Swayze's death)
 Okay. Let's start at the top. First question is...full name?

JACQUELINE
 Jacquelin Abigail Voorhees.

Beat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KIMMY

Voorhees? But I thought...

JACQUELINE

The divorce is final but apparently Julian included a "surname clause" that requires me to use his last name until my net-worth drops below seven figures.

KIMMY

Okay...next it says: blank seeking blank...

JACQUELINE

Millionaire seeking billionaire.

KIMMY

It looks like the only options are man or woman.

JACQUELINE

Ugh fine. Woman seeking man.

KIMMY

(Typing)

How old are you?

JACQUELINE

YOU LITTLE BITCH! How dare you!

KIMMY

No, it's one of the questions! It asks for age.

JACQUELINE

Oh, of course. How old are you?

KIMMY

I'm 30 and three quarters! I'll be 31--

JACQUELINE.

--according to my plastic surgeon I look 25, so put that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KIMMY

Got it. Let's see...what's your profession?

JACQUELINE

Upper East Side socialite. (beat).
This profile sure is thorough.
Hopefully it weeds out the Blacks.

KIMMY

Jacqueline!

JACQUELINE

No no Kimmy, "the Blacks" are New York's most eligible bachelorettes.

Jacqueline shows Kimmy the cover of Fake People Magazine. On the cover are two blond, skinny white girls who look like Paris Hilton in the early 2000s.

JACQUELINE (CONT'D

Whenever they enter a room they soak up all the attention like skinny tampons. They're so young and wealthy and white.

KIMMY

Can I ask you a question
Jacqueline?

JACQUELINE

No.

KIMMY

Do you vote? Like in government elections?

JACQUELINE

Of course! If Republicans aren't in charge how else are we gonna beat back the poor? Okay Kimmy I'll finish this profile later. Besides you're not even supposed to know about Incestry.com.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KIMMY
 (Shocked)
 WHAT.COM?

JACQUELINE
 Incestry.com. It's a new dating site where you must be related to actual royalty in order to sign up. It's perfect! Not only do you find a husband but you might become a duchess.

KIMMY
 Royalty?! (beat) Do you get a tiara?! We had a bunker tiara.

Beat.

KIMMY
 It was a rat tail covered in tin foil.

JACQUELINE
 Get out.

Kimmy nods and walks out of the room, downstairs, and through the kitchen.

KIMMY
 (to Vera)
 Adios puta cono!

Kimmy's speech is bleeped out because it's too graphic. The subtitles are also blurred out apart from the "bye" at the beginning and a smiley face emoji at the end. Vera shakes her head and mumbles in Spanish. On her way out of the kitchen Kimmy is struck yet again with a pellet by Buckley.

KIMMY
 Ow! That broke through the skin!

EXT. NEW YORK CITY SIDEWALK - DAY

KIMMY is walking home with her backpack. All of a sudden her phone goes off. Her ringtone is "Milkshake" by Kelis. The number comes up as private. It's Dong. Dong is on the run

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

from immigration and is using a voice modulator to mask his voice. She answers it. It turns into a split screen between Dong and Kimmy. Dong's face is just a dark figure to hide his identity.

KIMMY

Hello?

DONG

Kimmy! Don't hang up!! It's me.

KIMMY

Dong! What's with your voice?

DONG

I'm using a voice modulator to mask my identity. Just in case our call is being monitored.

KIMMY

That's scary but cool... like Santa Claus! By the way, I picked out my ringtone. It's about milkshakes.

DONG

That's awesome. I love milkshakes.

KIMMY

How are you? I miss you. Are you safe?

DONG

I miss you too. And yes, I'm safe. Safe enough at least.

We hear ruffling in the background. A second voice chimes in. Her voice is also affected by the voice modulation so she sounds just like Dong but at a slightly higher pitch. Another dark head appears in the split screen.

SONJA

Hi Kimmy! It's Sonja! We're in Naples!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DONG

WHAT ARE YOU DOING! Don't say our location! Immigration could be listening to this!

SONJA

They'll never find us with our matching invisibility hats! Look Kimmy, I'm invisible!

DONG

We're on a phone call! Kimmy can't see you but I can!

SONYA

(feeling her head)

Uh oh, where's my hat?

DONG

Kimmy, I can't do this anymore. Sonya's creepy. At night, When I wake up, she's in the corner staring at me! She's always staring! And she pinches my butt! I don't know what to do.

KIMMY

Hey, it's gonna be okay. I promise. we'll figure this out. I gotta go but I'll talk to you soon.

SONJA

Who's ready for butt pinches?!

DONG

Oh god no! Please Sonja no pinches!

Phone call ends.

INT. KIMMY'S APARTMENT

There we find TITUS and LILLIAN sitting on the couch watching TV. KIMMY busts in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LILLIAN

Oh Kimmy, you're just in time. It's about to start!

KIMMY

What's about to --

NICK NICHOLAS

And welcome back to Oh So You think You Talented?! Last week we witnessed the shocking departure of America's new darling, MacArthur, the 7-star Uber driver. Now we're down to the final two. They've won over America's heart and are now one victory away from claiming the title as America's Most Talented. But who will it be: the all-blind, All-American Acapella group, The No C Notes?! Or Sir Woodrow, America's favorite harmonica-playing furry prodigy! Oh, so you think you talented!? Time to find out!

KIMMY

Oh right. Could we also watch the debate later? Arthur from the park said it starts at 8.

LILLIAN

I know Arthur from the park! He's the cute one with gout and an eye patch.

KIMMY

(Frowning)

I think this was a different Arthur.

TITUS

What debate?

KIMMY

The debate for city council. I'm voting and I want to know who to vote for.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TITUS rolls his eyes

LILLIAN

They're both politicians so you shouldn't vote for either. Politicians can't be trusted. Unlike this thick slice of man meat Nick Nicholas.

TITUS

Lillian no! Bad Lillian!

KIMMY

I must admit though, his suit is "on fleek."

TITUS

I see someone's been on suburbandictionary...

KIMMY

It's so interesting! I'm learning so many new things. I learned what a ride or die is... a thot... Have you ever heard of ratchet?

TITUS

Kimmy I've seen ratchet.

LILLIAN

Will you two be quiet? I can't picture Nick's bare chest covered in honey with you two yapping so loud!

TITUS AND KIMMY

Bad Lillian! NO!

INT. LAVISH HOTEL BAR

Jacqueline is finishing a cosmopolitan at the bar. The bartender walks up with another ready to go.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BARTENDER

Mam, the gentlemen at the end of
the bar sends his regards.

He motions to a handsome gentleman dressed exquisitely well,
sitting at the end of the bar. He nods and winks. Jacqueline
blushes. He stands and approaches her.

HANDSOME MAN

What's a beautiful woman doing
sipping cosmos alone at a bar?

JACQUELINE

Waiting for a handsome man to buy
her another.

HANDSOME MAN

And does the beautiful woman have a
name?

MS. VORHEES

(Extending her hand)
Jacqueline.

HANDSOME MAN

Preston. (beat) Sterling.

Jacqueline's eyes light up.

JACQUELINE

You're Preston Sterling! Of the
Sterlings!? You're American
royalty!

PRESTON

The one and only. Pleasure to meet
you. Are you...waiting for someone?

JACQUELINE

God no. I'm single. But not
desperate! You?

PRESTON

Prepping for an event I have a
little later. Nothing loosens you
up like a stiff scotch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACQUELINE

Or a few quaaludes.

Preston chuckles as he takes another sip. Just then a large man wearing all black draped in a black topcoat. He leans in and whispers in Preston's ear.

PRESTON

That's my cue. We should do this again Jacqueline. Here's my card:

He hands her a brushed metal business card. The card reads, *Preston Sterling. American Royalty.* There's no number, no email, no address.

JACQUELINE.

But there's no number...how will I?

PRESTON

You won't. I will. Until next time...

He takes her hand and gently kisses it, before grabbing his coat and strolling to the exit.

JACQUELINE

I'm going to be the next Jackie O.
I've dreamed of this moment since i
was a little girl!

FLASHBACK STARTS

Jacquelin is in her childhood bedroom. She's arranged her bed/pillows to look like a car. Her stuffed bear is the driver. She's practicing climbing towards the back of the car a la Jackie when JFK was assassinated. She starts fake crying and then laughing manically.

FLASHBACK ENDS

Jacquelin smiles and slips the card in her hand purse. On cloud nine she takes one last sip from her cosmo, grabs her coat, and heads towards the exit. Through the bar window we see her slip into a black car and get driven away. Just then a man in full royal dress a la King Louis XIV (fake wig, leopard print cape, white leg stockings, and a sword at his

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

waist) struts into the bar. He signals the bartender in the most pretentious way possible.

PRINCE EDWARD XV OF SOUTH WALES

(In a quasi British accent)

Excuse me bar boy, we are looking for a Ms. Jacqueline Voorhees.

BARTENDER

She just left and did you say "we"?

PRINCE EDWARD XV OF SOUTH WALES

Silence peasant! (seething) We do not enjoy being stood up.

INT. KIMMY'S APARTMENT

Kimmy, Lillian, and Titus are engrossed in So You Think You Talented?!

KIMMY

This cat is *really* talented.

TITUS

Told you. Woodrow is a revelation.

We see the TV and it looks like every single funny cat video you've seen on YouTube. Woodrow is wearing a bowtie and "playing a harmonica." Woodrow finishes and the crowd goes wild. The lights on the stage flash rapidly, the judges give a standing ovation, we see fans in the crowd with signs going hysterical.

KIMMY

Titus! The debate just started! Can we flip?

Titus begrudgingly flips to the debate. Aesthetically, the debate show/intro looks eerily similar to the reality talent competition show; the strobing lights, the moderators look like judges, and the two debaters look like contestants. One of the candidates is THOMAS FRANKLIN. Think Rick Santorum but scummier. The other candidate is PRESTON STERLING from the bar. He looks young, handsome, white. It's two straight white men running for government positions ready to give their opinions on race relations and women's reproductive

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

rights.

JAKE HUDSON

Good evening and welcome to the third and final city council debate. I'm Jake Hudson.

LILLIAN

Ooooh Jake Hudson? He's name is Hudson but I'm the one all wet.

TITUS

Lillian you sound gayer than me. Gay is my thing!

JAKE HUDSON

I'll be moderating tonight's debate. Our candidates are ready to go so let's get started. The first question comes from Martha McDonald.

MARTHA MCDONALD

Good evening. This question is for both of you.

Titus flips back to So You Think You Talented!?

KIMMY

Titus! I was watching that!

TITUS

But this is boring and the No C Notes are coming on!!

Kimmy rips the remote from his hands.

KIMMY

The debate Titus!

TITUS

The No C Notes!

The screen shows the blind a capella group. They start singing Edge of Seventeen by Stevie Nicks. The music swells. Meanwhile, Titus and Kimmy are fighting for control of the

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

remote. The TV flips back and forth between the reality talent competition and the debate, with the Stevie song building to a crescendo. The No C Notes are crushing it, the two candidates are yelling and pointing at each other. Two similar and equally crazy spectacles. Kimmy finally wins control of the remote just as the No C Notes finish the opening chorus. Kimmy flips back to the debate.

KIMMY

(With Titus in a headlock)
We're watching the debate.

TITUS

(Unintelligible speech)

KIMMY

Titus stop gasping I'm trying to hear.

Kimmy turns up the volume on the tv.

PRESTON

Immigrants are taking jobs from hardworking Americans. They're not citizens they're parasites.

KIMMY

Parasites? Dong isn't a parasite...

PRESTON

They're bad people, I assume some of them are good or whatever. But until they can start paying their fair share or become fully fledged American citizens, they have to go.

Roaring ovation from Republicans. Preston is waving. The debate appears over.

KIMMY

Bad people? Dong is the nicest person I know. Who does this guy think he is?

INT. JACQUELINE'S HOUSE

Kimmy enters.

KIMMY
Is Jacqueline here?

VERA
She's outside with a very
attractive man.

She spots Jacqueline in her outdoor gazebo drinking and flirting with none other than Preston Sterling. She gasps in horror and tries to hide behind a bush but Jacqueline sees her.

JACQUELINE
Kimmy! I see you. You know you're
too wide to hide behind that
Italian cypress.
(To Preston)
I flew those in from Rome. They
smell like olive oil and holy
water.

PRESTON
Very impressive. I love religion.

Kimmy stomps over to the pair.

JACQUELINE
Kimberly this is Preston.
(Whispering excitedly)
He's a Sterling!

KIMMY
You're the slimy, politician I saw
on TV ya bish. At first I thought
you might be dope but then you
started talking and I was like oh
hhhhell no.

PRESTON
(Taken aback)
Um...I...don't know what that
means...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACQUELINE

Kimmy!? You sound urban.

KIMMY

Then you started yapping out the side of yo neck on some immigrants are parasites bullshit. And now I'm finna throw hands.

Kimmy switches to a fighting stance.

JACQUELINE

...Kimmy...have you been using subbandictionary?

(To preston)

Buckley went through a subbandictionary phase. It's this slang site that let's white kids sound like their favorite rappers.

PRESON

The Blacks? No thank you. And I'm not talking about the twins.

JACQUELINE

I'll try and translate.

(To Kimmy)

Aye fam be cool. What's good?

KIMMY

No cap, I'm heated. Imma keep it 100.

JACQUELINE

Real talk, this my guy.

KIMMY

Bet. He about to catch these hands on some world-star action.

Preston is so lost.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACQUELINE

What happened?

KIMMY

What had happened was I was at the crib right, watching the news and ya mans was talking mad crazy about my ride or die, Dong. I might be whiter than yayo but my crew bout to come through with the heat, and spray ya whole block ya feel me?

Beat.

JACQUELINE

I'm so lost Kimmy. Can we switch back to white people.

KIMMY

Preston is mean and dishonest!

(Turning to Preston)

That thing you said about women leaving the workplace in the hands "capable men," and how black people are natural entertainers...

PRESTON

What! They are! That's a compliment!

KIMMY

That's racist!

JACQUELINE

Well they are very talented. Kimmy you're being a little overdramatic...

KIMMY

(To Preston)

And you're still using the term Indians?! They're Native Americans even I know that and I lived in an actual bunker!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACQUELINE

What about Native Americans?

PRESTON

Oh nothing. You know these millennials care so much about meaningless social policies but nothing for fiscal matters.

KIMMY

Boy bye! I stay woke.

JACQUELINE

What did you say about Native Americans, Preston?

PRESTON

(Exasperated as though this is a waste of his time)

I simply said that they shouldn't be granted these giant swaths of land just because of what happened hundreds of years ago. They're getting preferential treatment, not equal rights. Why should the majority cater to the needs of a minuscule minority?

Jacqueline looks at Kimmy who's still livid, and then back at Preston. Flashback begins:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM

We see MATO. He's in a science classroom with beakers and a bunsen burner. Jacqueline walks in and joins him.

JACQUELINE

I'm sorry about earlier. That was just trying to be funny.

MATO

Why do you let them mock our culture?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACQUELINE

I don't. I mean, I just...

MATO

I get it. You just want to be popular.

JACQUELINE

No I just, I want to fit in. With everyone else.

MATO

Why? They're all the same. We're unique.

JACQUELINE

Maybe I don't want to be unique.

Beat.

JACQUELINE

What are you working on? Maybe I can help--

MATO

I don't need your help
"Jacqueline."

MATO stands up and stalks out of the classroom. Jacqueline takes out the necklace her parents gave her and strokes it.

FLASHBACK ENDS

JACQUELINE

Preston, I think you should leave.

PRESTON

Excuse me?

JACQUELINE

You're not who I thought you were.

PRESTON

(Incredibly defensive)
I'm a Sterling! I'm American
royalty! It's on my business card!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACQUELINE

(Confidently)

Well I'm a Lakota: the original
American royalty. And I'd rather be
a Lakota than a Sterling.

PRESTON

Fine. And just so you know, my
father will hear about this.

Preston buttons his suit and walks away.

KIMMY

Bye Felicia!

JACQUELINE

White people.

END