

# HARLEM

EP. 107

"Title TBD"

Written by

Britt Matt

Directed by

Stacey Muhammad

**BLUE REVISED (FULLY COLLATED) - 3/15/21**

PGS: 3-4,6

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HARLEM  
CAST LIST

CAMILLE PARKS.....MEAGAN GOOD  
QUINN JOSEPH.....GRACE BYERS  
ANGIE WILSON.....SHONIQUEA SHANDAI  
TYE REYNOLDS.....JERRIE JOHNSON  
DR. ELISE PRUITT.....WHOOPI GOLDBERG  
JAMESON.....SULLIVAN JONES  
NORA.....CHRISTINE JONES  
PATRICIA (fka VANESSA).....JASMINE GUY  
MARK (fka "COLE").....**DAVID ROBERTS**  
KATE.....ERIKA HENNINGSSEN  
ERIC.....JONATHAN BURKE  
REBECCA.....NATASHA YVETTE WILLIAMS  
BRANDON.....**KADEEM ALI HARRIS**  
LESLIE.....TBD  
DOCTOR.....**BRYAN FENKART**  
DOCTOR 2.....**JOE URLA**  
NURSE.....**DESI WATERS**

HARLEM  
Blue Revised

EP. 107 - "TBD"  
3/15/21

**HARLEM**  
SET LIST

**INTERIORS**

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY  
CAMILLE'S OFFICE  
DR. PRUITT'S OFFICE

ST. MICHAEL'S HOSPITAL (ER)

CAMILLE'S APARTMENT  
BEDROOM  
KITCHEN

THEATER  
STAGE AREA  
LOBBY

AIRPORT DROP-OFF

QUINN'S CBOU TIQUE

LUELLE'S

THERAPIST'S OFFICE

CORTLANDT HOSPITAL (HOSPITAL BED)

**EXTERIORS**

HARLEM (HARRIET TUBMAN)

AIRPORT DROP-OFF

HARLEM  
Blue Revised

EP. 107 - "TBD"  
3/15/21

**HARLEM**  
DAY/NIGHT

**DAY/NIGHT**

**SCENE NUMBER**

D-1

1

N-1

2-5

D-2

6-16

N-2

17

HARLEM  
Blue Revised

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**HARLEM**

REVISION LIST

(MAJOR REVISIONS ONLY -- not including dialogue/minor action changes)

**SC. 3:** *Minor Action and Dialogue changes only.*

1 EXT. HARLEM - DAY (D1) 1

CAMILLE walks past the Harriet Tubman statue in Harlem.

CAMILLE (V.O.)

No one knows exactly who coined the term  
"Strong Black Woman."

2 INT. COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY - CAMILLE'S OFFICE - NIGHT (N1) 2

Camille is hard at work, with her laptop, books and paperwork strewn around her.

CAMILLE (V.O.)

Or even exactly when the term originated.

We see FOOTAGE/PHOTOS of high-powered Black women in leadership positions.

CAMILLE (V.O.)

What we do know is that the trope is uniquely American and has been germane from slavery to the present day.

We see examples of white femininity: a Greek statue of Diana, clips of black-and-white films like *Gone with the Wind* and of white women fainting on couches, a painting of the Madonna.

CAMILLE (V.O.)

In comparison to white femininity, which is valued for beauty, vulnerability and maternal softness, Black women have been valued for their labor. Both literally and figuratively.

We see IMAGES/FOOTAGE of Black women throughout the years (chronologically from grainy black-and-white footage to vibrant HD/4K color) as slaves, civil rights leaders, mothers, activists, educators, businesswomen, entertainers, first ladies, etc., throughout the following:

CAMILLE (V.O.)

A "Strong Black Woman" suppresses her emotions, never letting anyone see her sweat. She is ambitious, but still makes time to be supportive, even carrying her mate, her friends, and her family when necessary. Being labeled a "Strong Black Woman" is a rite of passage. She is resilient, independent, and capable. But what if she isn't?

3 INT. ST. MICHAEL'S HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT (N1) 3

TYE lies in a hospital bed with QUINN so close to her side she's practically in the bed with her.

QUINN

(glancing at her watch)  
It's been four fucking hours since the doctor has been in here.

TYE

You know how much I could get done in four hours?

QUINN

We could've binge-watched *Roots* by now.

TYE

You ever seen *Roots*?

Quinn shakes her head.

TYE (CONT'D)

Not even the remake with T.I.?

QUINN

Definitely not.

TYE

Black people kill me not blacking.

QUINN

You saw it?

TYE

Nah. But it's still on my DVR.

Tye and Quinn share a laugh. Tye winces in pain. Quinn puts a hand on her shoulder.

TYE (CONT'D)

Whatever this is, it's gotta be quick. I fly to AfroTech in the morning.

QUINN

You can't get on a plane in your condition.

TYE

Oh, I'm not missing AfroTech. It's the Mecca for Black Techies, there's always mad blerd chicks to holla at, and don't forget--

(CONTINUED)

TYE (CONT'D)  
(cocky)  
Ya girl is the keynote  
speaker.

QUINN  
(tired of hearing it)  
Ya girl is the keynote  
speaker.

QUINN (CONT'D)  
If you don't focus on your health, I'm  
going to be the keynote speaker at your  
funeral.

TYE  
Jeez, Quinn, why you gotta be so  
dramatic? And morbid?

QUINN  
I'm being real.

TYE  
See, this is why I don't tell people when  
I'm sick. It becomes a thing and next  
thing you know, everybody is treating you  
like you have six weeks to live when it's  
just a damn runny nose.

QUINN  
Runny noses don't cause you to pass out  
on the disgusting subway floor. By the  
way, let's have them check you for  
Hepatitis A.

TYE  
Whatever. Point is, I don't like being  
treated like weak sauce.

Tye shakes Quinn's hand off her shoulder.

TYE (CONT'D)  
Or being petted like a damn puppy. And  
Quinn, you better not have told anyone.

QUINN  
Oh my god, for the millionth time, I  
didn't.

TYE  
Well, good. Last thing I need is Camille  
in here tracing the roots of stomach pain  
back to the Middle Passage or some shit.

QUINN  
And you know Angie would be stealing all  
the hospital supplies as "reparations."



They chuckle. Quinn checks her watch. \*

QUINN (CONT'D)

If I go out there and ask them about this doctor again and they tell me he'll be with me shortly one more time, I'm going to fucking lose it.

TYE

See, this is why my family doesn't fuck with doctors. It's not like they treat us anyway. Most they do is experiment like Tuskegee. \*

QUINN

And the Relf Sisters.

TYE

Mississippi Appendectomy.

QUINN

Henrietta Lacks.

A DOCTOR (white, 30s) enters.

DOCTOR

Well, hello, dear.

Quinn and Tye roll their eyes.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

So, you're anemic.

TYE

Oh, so eat more beef? Got it. \*

Tye starts to hop out of bed, pulling on her IV. \*

DOCTOR

Well, let's get you a blood transfusion to get your numbers back up first. \*

(CONTINUED)

Tye lays back down, annoyed.

QUINN

What about her back and pelvic pain?

DOCTOR

Ah, that's just Aunt Flo being a tough houseguest. When your cycle is over in a few days, the pain will subside.

TYE

What if it's more than a few days? I've been on my period eleven days now.

Quinn shoots Tye a look of disbelief.

DOCTOR

Well, every woman is different.

QUINN

Okay, well as a woman, eleven days deserves a more aggressive approach to her diagnosis than "Aunt Flo."

TYE

Yeah, because this Tylenol ain't cutting it for the pain. I hear Norco is good.

The doctor shifts, suddenly becoming very curt.

DOCTOR

Oh, so you're here for drugs?

He makes a note on her chart.

TYE

I'm here because I passed out on the street.

DOCTOR

We have a very strict policy against prescribing opioids in this community.

QUINN

From what I hear, this community isn't the one you should be worried about. My friend is in pain and you haven't even done any scans--

DOCTOR

Well, as a doctor, I have her bloodwork and that tells me all I need to know.

(to Tye)

Have you tried relaxing? Meditation?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

The Methodist Church has free yoga for the poor on Tuesdays.

Tye lifts off the bed, ready to lunge at the doctor. Quinn stops her. The doctor, oblivious, looks at Tye's chart.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

I'll have the nurse start your blood transfusion. Ooh, O negative. Universal donor. You should consider getting on a regular donation schedule. A lot of people could really use your help.

\*  
\*  
\*

Quinn and Tye stare at each other in disbelief.

QUINN

Did you just tell her she needed a blood transfusion, then ask for her shit back in the same breath?

The doctor shrugs and walks away.

4 INT. COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY - CAMILLE'S OFFICE - LATER (N1)

4

Camille, visibly annoyed, sits across from NORA, who is reading a document.

NORA

Good work, Camille.

Camille snatches the document from Nora.

CAMILLE

Of course it is, Nora. And that's Dr. Parks.

NORA

Well, since Dr. Pruitt asked you to assist me, I thought we were more colleagues--

CAMILLE

Ah. And remind me: where did you get your PhD?

(off Nora's silence)

Like I said, Dr. Parks. Thanks.

Camille and Nora pack up their belongings.

NORA

Do you know Dr. Amina Reynolds?

CAMILLE

I know of her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NORA

I met her earlier today after her interview with Dr. Pruitt.

Camille stops short. Nora notices and continues.

NORA (CONT'D)

She seemed nice. Who knows? Next year, I might get to take her class.

CAMILLE

She was interviewing for the Associate Professor position?

NORA

Not sure. But probably. Have a good night, Dr. Parks.

Nora fake smiles and exits. Camille drops into her seat.

CAMILLE

Fuck!

She looks at the time: it's 7:45pm. She ponders for a moment, then pulls her laptop back out of her bag. She grabs her phone and dials Jameson.

JAMESON (O.S.)

Hello, Beautiful. Was just about to text you. Zoma or Pisticci's?

CAMILLE

Sorry, babe, I can't do dinner tonight. I just found out Dr. Pruitt is interviewing outside candidates for the Associate Professor position?

JAMESON (O.S.)

For tenure track? I thought that was all you.

CAMILLE

So did I. But now, I need to update my C.V., gather all my materials, and compose my mission statement so I can present it to Dr. Pruitt, like yesterday. And you know it has to be tight.

JAMESON (O.S.)

Fuck yeah, it does. And it will be. You got this. And if there's time, we can meet later for a nightcap--

Camille starts to laugh.

(CONTINUED)

CAMILLE

Great. You know what's funny? When I was in middle school, I thought a nightcap was slang for condom. 'Cause it goes on your head, get it?

JAMESON

Don't tell anybody else that.

They laugh together. Camille's phone BEEPS. She looks at it and sees "REBECCA" on the screen.

CAMILLE

Shit. Sorry, I need to take this. I'll see you later.

(clicking over)

Rebecca, hello. I'm so sorry I missed our session earlier. I got caught up at work and--

REBECCA (O.S.)

This is the third session you've missed this month. If you don't wish to continue therapy at this time--

CAMILLE

No, no, I do. Do you have anything tomorrow?

(off Rebecca's silence)

Please. I'll work with whatever you have available.

REBECCA (O.S.)

One-thirty.

CAMILLE

I'll be there. I promise.

Camille sighs, as she hangs up the phone. She reopens her laptop and gets back to work.

5 INT. CAMILLE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT (N1) 5

Camille lies in bed, wide awake, staring at the ceiling. She glances over at the clock. A giant 3:07 stares back at her.

Camille grabs her phone and opens her texts. Ian's text: "Are we making a mistake?" looms in front of her. She starts to type back: "I'd like to think that we aren't, but maybe we owe it to ourselves to..." Camille stops texting and deletes her words. She tries again: "Nigga, you got a whole ass fiancé and now you..." She deletes again. She looks over to REVEAL JAMESON sleeping next to her. She sighs and gets out of bed.

6 INT. THEATER - MORNING (D2)

6

Rehearsal for *Get Out: The Musical* is underway as the cast performs "My White Liberal Parents." ANGIE is in full superstar mode, as usual. Several other CAST MEMBERS, including ERIC, perform as well. The lead actress, KATE (20s, white), trips mid-solo.

KATE  
Ugh, seriously?!

MARK (O.S.)  
Cut!

Angie rolls her eyes as the number comes to a halt. Kate bends down to see what caused her stumble.

KATE  
Oh my God, this marking tape is so ghetto. It's barely stuck to the floor.

Angie furrows her brow: "What did she say?" MARK, the Director, motions for a STAGEHAND to replace the tape.

MARK  
Okay, let's take it from "I would've voted for Obama a third term."

The cast resumes the number midway. This time, Kate walks into a black wall. Everyone stops performing, annoyed.

KATE  
Mark, what is up with this ghetto set design?

ANGIE  
(to Eric)  
Is she pronouncing *Get Out* weird or calling everything ghetto?

MARK  
That wasn't your mark, Kate.

KATE  
No shit, but how am I supposed to tell? I'm so over this ghetto-ass production!

ANGIE  
Why do you keep saying "ghetto?"

Kate whirls around to look at Angie.

KATE  
What?

(CONTINUED)

ANGIE  
You keep saying "ghetto." What do you mean by that?

Kate stares at Angie. Angie looks at her like: "I'm waiting."

KATE  
(eyes widening)  
Are you calling me racist?

ANGIE  
Depends on how you answer the question.

Kate immediately bursts into tears and runs out.

ANGIE (CONT'D)  
(to Eric)  
White girls gonna white.

Eric nods in agreement.

ANGIE (CONT'D)  
Mark, can we move on to a number featuring those of us without a "ghetto" work ethic?  
(not waiting)  
Good. Everybody in the "Sunken Place" number, front and center!

7 INT. CAMILLE'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - MORNING (D2)

7

Camille sits at the kitchen table, working. Jameson enters and kisses her cheek. He yawns as he pours a cup of coffee.

JAMESON  
This is the second time I've stayed the night at your place, and the second time you've stayed up all night, working.

CAMILLE  
I'm sorry-- it's hard to find the time to get everything done, but I'll try to make sure we--

JAMESON  
Don't apologize. Most people just talk about going hard, but you actually do it.

CAMILLE  
(weak)  
Y'all sleep, I grind.

JAMESON  
I love that.

(CONTINUED)

Camille smiles at his support. She glances at the clock.

CAMILLE

Even the grind can't outrun time. I need to cancel my class to get everything done for this meeting with Dr. Pruitt.

JAMESON

Cancel your class and you may as well cancel your tenure.

(off Camille's look)

How're you gonna show her you can handle being a tenure-track professor if you cancel class every time you need a few extra minutes?

CAMILLE

Damn, you're right.

JAMESON

I know it's tough, but remember, pressure is what turns coal into diamonds. And you my dear, are a diamond.

Camille and Jameson share a kiss.

CAMILLE

You know, I'm used to the men in my life telling me I take everything too seriously. It's really dope to have someone who pushes me to be my best.

JAMESON

In the words of the great poets Outkast, "you and I got to do for you and I."

CAMILLE

Exactly.

They share another kiss.

8 EXT./INT. AIRPORT DROP-OFF - DAY (D2)

8

Tye gets out of a cab with her luggage, while having a phone conversation with her assistant.

TYE

Yup, just got to the airport. Make sure you build my schedule so that I'm with the top players at all times. I'm talking blue checkmark, ten thousand followers and up. I'll hit you back when I get to the gate.

(CONTINUED)



Tye winces in pain as she hangs up. As she walks through the glass sliding doors, she's hit with another sharp pain. She grabs her stomach and passes out.

9 INT. QUINN'S BOUTIQUE - DAY (D2) 9

PATRICIA (Quinn's mom) enters holding a garment bag. Quinn takes in a sharp breath, pastes on a smile, and braces herself for their interaction.

PATRICIA

I need you to take in this dress. At least two inches.

(showing off her body)  
Three weeks on keto.

QUINN

You look good, Mom.

PATRICIA

I look outstanding.  
(eying Quinn)

Maybe you should give keto a try.

Quinn peeps the shade, but decides to ignore it. Patricia heads into the dressing room.

QUINN

Mom, guess what? I'm designing a wedding dress and after getting the deposit, the store is officially in the black for the first time.

Patricia comes out of the dressing room, in the cocktail dress. Quinn begins pinning it.

PATRICIA

Oooh, I think you're gonna have to come in three inches. Keto, where've you been all my life?

QUINN

Mom, did you hear what I said?

PATRICIA

Yes, but talk to me when you can go more than thirty days without asking me and your father to keep the lights on.

QUINN

All businesses operate at a loss in the beginning.

(CONTINUED)

PATRICIA

But yours all seem to remain there. The juice bar. The spa.

QUINN

Well, this is different. This is what I should have been doing all along. I've been working really hard to turn a profit. The least you can do is acknowledge that.

PATRICIA

And you should acknowledge that one wedding dress does not a successful business make.

A beat while Patricia examines herself in the mirror.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)

Guess what size I am now?

QUINN

(giving up)

About a six.

PATRICIA

Yup, but I'm ten cauliflower pizzas away from a four, just watch.

QUINN

(reaching for a dig)

Then you'll be my size.

PATRICIA

Which is interesting considering I had two children.

Off Quinn disappointed that she can't get any win...

10 INT. THEATER - LATER (D2)

10

Angie and the rest of the cast lounge restlessly, waiting for rehearsal to restart. Mark emerges and addresses the cast.

MARK

Kate is asking for a little more time before she can rehearse.

ANGIE

(to Eric)

See, this is that "fifty-three percent of white women" bullshit right here.

(CONTINUED)

ERIC

We better still get paid for this.

MARK

I want us all to remember that we are family when we are on this stage. When one of us makes an insensitive comment to another, it hurts the production as a whole.

ANGIE

Mmm-hmm, say that.

MARK

We have to be careful with our words...

ANGIE

That's right, watch your mouths up in here.

MARK

...because words can hurt.

ANGIE

I mean, I wasn't really hurt, more like "what the fuck" but I get what you mean. Shit wasn't cool.

Mark crosses over to Angie.

MARK

Can I see you for a moment?

ANGIE

Sure.

Angie hops off the stage and moves off to the side with Mark.

MARK

(quietly)

I need you to apologize to Kate.

ANGIE

(super loud)

Ex-fucking-scuse me?! She should be apologizing to me!

Everyone looks toward Angie. Mark moves her further off to the side, still speaking in hushed tones.

MARK

Look, she's really upset and she won't come back to rehearsal until you apologize.

(CONTINUED)

ANGIE

Guess you need to cast another Rose then. I know some talented white girls who know how to act. Want me to make some calls?

MARK

Angie, come on.

ANGIE

Why am I the one who has to "come on?" She's around here making offensive-ass comments, and somehow she's the victim? Come the fuck on with that shit!

MARK

Angie, you basically called her a racist, and we both know that isn't true.

ANGIE

One, if it looks like a microaggression, and talks like a microaggression, then it's fucking racism. Two, nigga, who the fuck is "we?" You can cape for Kate all you want to, but leave me out of it.

Eric crosses over.

ERIC

Angie, you know I feel you girl, but sometimes you gotta be Michelle Obama and go high when they go low.

ANGIE

Then call Michelle Obama and tell her to apologize to the bitch.

Another cast member, LESLIE (Black, 20s), calls out to Angie.

LESLIE

She's ignorant, Angie. And we have to forgive ignorant people and teach them.

Angie kicks a piece of the scenery, startling everyone.

ANGIE

I'm tired of niggas forgiving racist shit. To what end? These motherfuckers ain't sorry!

Mark picks up the piece of scenery Angie kicked over.

MARK

Okay, obviously tensions are running a bit high.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MARK (CONT'D)

I think we could all use a break to cool off. Let's reconvene after lunch--

ANGIE

(hopping off the stage)  
Wait 'til my girls hear this shit.

MARK

(pointedly to Angie)  
--When, hopefully, cooler heads will prevail.

Angie snatches her bag from a chair and storms out.

11 INT. COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY - DR. PRUITT'S OFFICE - DAY (D2) 11

Camille knocks lightly on the open door. DR. PRUITT, who sits in a chair reading a book, addresses Camille without looking up.

DR. PRUITT

You're early. How refreshing for you.

CAMILLE

I can wait, I just wanted--

DR. PRUITT

You've already disturbed me, may as well come on in.

Camille enters, uneasily.

DR. PRUITT (CONT'D)

What is it you wanted to discuss?

Camille takes a deep breath, then launches in.

CAMILLE

Prior to you taking over as chair of the department, which I think was the absolute best decision--

DR. PRUITT

Less brown-nosing, more getting to the point, Camille.

CAMILLE

Right. So while Dr. Goodman was the chair--

DR. PRUITT

Who?

CAMILLE

Dr. Goodman. Robin Goodman.

(CONTINUED)

Dr. Pruitt stares blankly.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)  
She was your predecessor.

DR. PRUITT  
My brain tends to release unnecessary information, but go on.

CAMILLE  
Well, she was planning to endorse me for the Associate Professor position, and I'd like to request your support, as well.

Camille opens a folder and hands Dr. Pruitt various papers as she speaks.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)  
Here's a copy of my C.V., transcripts from undergraduate through doctorate, all of my published articles, my mission statement, and a presentation highlighting my social media presence.  
(rambling)  
I know we didn't really get off on the right foot, which was one-hundred percent my fault, but I want you to know why I am perfect for this job--

DR. PRUITT  
No.

Camille is stunned.

CAMILLE  
What?

DR. PRUITT  
I'm sorry, but no. I won't endorse you.

Camille, on the verge of tears, quickly gathers her things and turns to leave. She stops, blinks back her tears, steels herself, then turns back to Dr. Pruitt.

CAMILLE  
What is it with me? Why do you hate me?

DR. PRUITT  
Hate requires too much effort. You're simply not ready.

CAMILLE  
Robin thought I was ready. As a matter of fact, she though I was great.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DR. PRUITT

A seven shines in a room full of fives,  
but she's still not a ten.

Camille is taken aback.

DR. PRUITT (CONT'D)

This is an Ivy League and we're Black  
women. We don't get a lot of chances, and  
if you, excuse my colorful language, fuck  
up, it reflects on both of us.

CAMILLE

So, that's just it? It's over?

Camille struggles to hold back the tears and she does. She  
won't let Dr. Pruitt see her cry.

DR. PRUITT

Believe it or not, I want you to succeed,  
Camille. It's great that you're popular  
on social media and your classes always  
have a waitlist, but you're lacking in  
fieldwork, your research hours are barely  
over the minimum required, and while your  
articles are in popular publications, you  
only have two in academic journals. If  
I'm going to throw my substantial weight  
behind you, I need to know you're ready.  
And you're not.

Camille, baffled and hurt, exits.

12 INT. CORTLANDT HOSPITAL - HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER (D2)

12

Tye wakes up in a hospital room confused. She tries to lift  
up but finds that she's hooked up to an IV and various other  
monitors. She turns to see a NURSE checking her vitals.

NURSE

One nineteen over seventy-two. Pretty  
good, dearie.

TYE

(groggy)  
Did I miss AfroTech?

NURSE

I don't know what that is, but probably.  
You had a ruptured ovarian cyst. The  
doctor had to do an emergency surgery,  
but everything went well. He'll be by to  
check on you during his rounds.

(CONTINUED)

Tye settles back, trying to process this information.

TYE

Do you know where my phone is?

The nurse produces a plastic bag with Tye's belongings and hands it to her.

13 INT. LUELLE'S - DAY (D2)

13

Camille, Quinn and Angie are in a booth, eating lunch.

ANGIE

They got me fucked up!

QUINN

Ugh, I hate that white fragility shit.  
Let a Black woman cry at work even once  
and see what happens.

Camille is noticeably quiet.

ANGIE

Cam, how do you do it? You're the only  
one of us who's managed to work for  
somebody else all these years.

CAMILLE

Yeah, well it takes a toll.

ANGIE

Oh, I don't do tolls. So I should "Half  
Baked" this shit and say "fuck you, fuck  
you, fuck you, you're cool, fuck you, I'm  
out," right?

CAMILLE

Look, the fact that you're even asking  
tells me you already know the answer. It  
sucks unwashed ass, but sometimes you have  
to apologize to keep your job. You don't  
have to mean it, but you have to do it.

ANGIE

See, this is why I don't like working for  
people.

QUINN

Bitch, you don't like working period.

ANGIE

She ain't wrong.

(CONTINUED)



CAMILLE

But Angie, try to look at the big picture. Is blowing this up now worth sacrificing whatever reason you took this play to begin with?

Angie ponders this for a moment.

ANGIE

I know it's just a stupid play, and I'd get paid more working fast food, but I really do love getting up everyday to sing. Professionally.

QUINN

I gotta say, Ang, you've been happier these past few weeks than I've seen in awhile. Probably since you had that record deal.

ANGIE

So to get a chance to sing in a dumb-ass play, I have to eat some shit that's not even my fault? Who came up with that brand of bullshit?

QUINN

Welcome to being an adult.

CAMILLE

Exactly. When you have bills to pay and goals to reach, you end up eating a lot of shit. And the shit is not fucking fair, nobody has your fucking back, and it's just fucked all the way up.

QUINN

Ain't that the truth. I so wish I never had to ask my mom for money. She is always throwing it back in my face.

Camille and Angie stare at Quinn.

ANGIE

I wish asking my mom for money was my biggest problem. Hell, I wish my mom even had money to loan me.

QUINN

Well, it's bigger than the money. Like today, I--

(CONTINUED)

CAMILLE  
(interrupting)  
Remember how I was supposed to be getting  
that promotion to Associate Professor?

Quinn and Angie nod.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)  
Not happening.

QUINN  
What?! Why?

CAMILLE  
Apparently, because I'm a Black woman, I  
have to come out the gate as the best.  
Meanwhile, there are white boys without  
half my resume already walking around  
with tenure. Why can't I grow in the role  
like everybody else?

ANGIE  
I been saying this whole Black excellence  
movement is a tool of oppression, but  
y'all don't listen to Angie.

Camille starts to hyperventilate as she rambles.

CAMILLE  
So I had a few missteps. Now that defines  
my career? Defines me? And why does  
someone else get to decide what I'm ready  
for?

QUINN  
It's so fucking unfair! My mom does the  
same shit to me. I can't even--

CAMILLE  
(even more panicked)  
I just don't understand how everything is  
going so wrong, so fast? It was all good  
just a month ago, now I'm playing second  
fiddle to a friggin' undergrad. My ex is  
back in town, flaunting his fiancé in my  
face, and no sooner than I get into a  
relationship, his ass texts me talking  
about "are we making a mistake?" How the  
fuck am I supposed to know?!

QUINN  
Breathe, Camille, breathe. We got you,  
girl. We'll get through this.

(CONTINUED)

Camille takes a few deep breaths and nods, but she's still rattled.

ANGIE

Damn, Cam, I wish I had some answers for you, but this is some *Iyanla: Fix My Life* level shit. You need a professional.

Camille checks her watch.

CAMILLE

Yes-- oh shit! I'm late for therapy.

Camille jumps up.

QUINN

Wait, I didn't get to finish telling you guys about my mom.

Camille takes off.

ANGIE

Girl, we know Mrs. Pat doesn't hold back. I gotta go too. Thanks for lunch.

Angie gets up, leaving Quinn to pay the bill.

14 INT. THERAPIST OFFICE - LATER (D2)

14

Camille bursts into the office. Her therapist, REBECCA, looks up.

CAMILLE

I have ten minutes of my session left and I'd like to use it.

Rebecca gestures for her to sit. She plops down.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)

Sorry for being late. And for missing my last couple of appointments.

REBECCA

It's been more than a couple, but who's counting? Other than your insurance.

CAMILLE

I know. My work schedule has just been... crazy. I had to sacrifice something and--

REBECCA

(genuine)

Have you ever considered sacrificing work for therapy? Or do you only take care of yourself when your work schedule permits?

(CONTINUED)

CAMILLE

I thought I could handle everything.

REBECCA

Tell me about "everything."

CAMILLE

It's just... This isn't how I pictured my life. By thirty, I was supposed to be a renowned, tenured anthropologist who little Black girls would want to dress up as for Halloween. I figured I'd be married to Ian, living in a single-family brownstone, enjoying two more years before having kids. None of that has happened. I mean, yes, there's this new guy, Jameson, and he's smart and kind of nerdy and he pushes me. But then Ian, who I'm finally over-- I'm supposed to help him fix up his restaurant-- sends me a text--

Camille pulls out her phone and reads:

CAMILLE (CONT'D)

"Are we making a mistake?" I mean that-- that was part of no plan. So now all I have is a lot of confusion, my edges, a rent-controlled apartment, and a ton of student loan debt.

REBECCA

When did you come up with your life plan?

CAMILLE

Eighteen. My entire adult life dedicated to a plan that has fallen completely apart.

REBECCA

Would you say you're the same person you were at eighteen?

CAMILLE

Well... no.

REBECCA

So if you've changed, maybe it's okay for your plan to change.

Camille ponders this.

CAMILLE

But to what?

(CONTINUED)

REBECCA

To whatever you want. Or here's an idea-- maybe no plan at all. Just take it as it comes. You can either play the hand you're dealt or mourn the one you've lost. Different doesn't always mean bad.

This lands on Camille.

CAMILLE

You're good. You should be a therapist.

REBECCA

(smiles)

You should show up more.

15 INT. THEATER - DAY (D2)

15

The cast has reconvened and everyone, including Angie and Kate, sit silently on the stage. Mark motions to Angie. She sighs reluctantly and crosses over to Kate.

MARK

Angie, you have something you want to say to Kate?

There is a pause as Angie considers.

ANGIE

Yeah I do. Fuck you, Kate.

Audible gasps. On Kate, stunned. Mark's furious.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

Fuck your microaggressions. Fuck your white tears that you use as a weapon to distract from your racism. Fuck the history of white women like you who got people who look like me harmed or killed because you were too weak to admit your own fucking shortcomings.

(to Mark)

Fuck you for being another Black man complicit in racist bullshit against a Black woman.

(to Eric)

Fuck you for engaging in respectability politics, which we all know has never and will never get us to equality.

(to random Black woman)

You cool, sis.

(to Leslie)

And fuck you for asking me to forgive this shit.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ANGIE (CONT'D)

Does anybody ask Jewish people to forgive Nazis? No! Because the Nazis were fucking wrong-ass, vile-ass pieces of shit. So fuck y'all and fuck this bullshit production. I'm out!

Angie storms out, flipping everybody off the entire way.

We're suddenly BACK TO REALITY with Angie standing in front of Kate, staring. We realize what happened was just Angie's fantasy.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

(barely audible)

Sorry.

Kate grabs Angie in a hug. It takes everything in Angie not to choke her.

KATE

(loud)

I forgive you. It's what Buddha would want.

There's a smattering of applause from the cast.

MARK

See, this is what *Get Out* was all about.

Angie squirms out of Kate's hug.

ANGIE

No. It wasn't. Like at all. Did y'all even see--?

(then, over it)

You know what? I gotta go.

MARK

We still have two hours left.

ANGIE

(making it up)

My friend is in the hospital.

Angie grabs her bag and walks out.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

(sotto mantra)

I want this job, I want this job, I need this job.

16 INT. THEATER LOBBY - CONTINUOUS (D2) 16

Angie exits the theater and kicks the door several times with all her might. Her phone BUZZES. A text from Tye: "In the hospital but it's all good." A picture of Tye in the hospital bed holding up the peace sign comes through.

ANGIE

Oh shit, my friend really is in the hospital? I gotta be careful what I say. Or intentional.

Angie scurries toward the subway. She looks up at the sky.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

I have a million dollars. I have a loyal, rich boyfriend with a big dick. I have a bomb-ass natural hair wig, made with 4-C human hair.

17 INT. CORTLANDT HOSPITAL - HOSPITAL ROOM - THAT NIGHT (N2) 17

Camille races in to find Angie and Quinn surrounding Tye's hospital bed.

CAMILLE

Tye, I'm so sorry. I was in therapy and saw your text late--

TYE

No worries, it's all good.

CAMILLE

Um, you're in the hospital. It is not all good!

QUINN

I can't believe she needed surgery and that asshole doctor wouldn't even give Tye a fucking pain pill yesterday.

CAMILLE

Yesterday?

Tye and Quinn exchange looks. Out of nowhere, Tye bursts into tears. The girls are shocked. They immediately reach out to comfort her.

ANGIE

Damn, you know it's bad when Tye is crying.

CAMILLE

I thought I'd never see the day.

(CONTINUED)

TYE

I'm sorry. I'm trying to be strong, but this shit is scary.

QUINN

Why are you trying to be strong in a hospital bed?

CAMILLE

Being strong is so overrated.

Suddenly, Camille starts to cry.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. It's just a lot going on.

ANGIE

(tearing up)

Everybody stop apologizing! Why do we always have to be the ones to apologize when we're hurting? I'm sick of this shit.

Quinn takes turns embracing and comforting each of them.

CAMILLE

Thanks, Quinn. You're the only one of us who's not a mess.

Now Quinn begins to cry.

QUINN

That's not true. I am a mess, I'm just not allowed to say it. You guys think I'm whining if I mention anything just because I come from money. Fuck that money. That money obviously can't buy me a decent relationship with my mother. I know it's not the same as having a surgery, or losing a job, or putting up with white tears, but it still hurts and I don't want to have to pretend it doesn't just because it doesn't seem like a big deal to y'all. I'll always be here for you guys, but maybe check in on me too sometimes?

CAMILLE

I'm sorry, Quinn. Truly.

Camille puts her arm around her shoulders.

(CONTINUED)



ANGIE  
I wasn't as wrong as her, but still,  
sorry.

TYE  
I'm sorry too. You've been by my side  
during this whole ordeal. You wanna talk  
about it?

The girls hug Quinn.

ANGIE  
See, it's like I always say, "check on  
your strong friend."

CAMILLE  
Um, you didn't make that up. That's what  
ninety-five percent of the Internet says.

ANGIE  
Right, but I always like and retweet it.

The girls can't help but laugh in the midst of their tears.

CAMILLE (V.O.)  
While the "strong Black woman" insignia  
charades as a compliment...

QUINN  
This feels good, right?

The girls all nod through their tears.

CAMILLE (V.O.)  
...it really pardons the rest of the  
world of their responsibility to view the  
Black woman as vulnerable, able to  
experience pain, capable of weakness,  
worthy of support, and unconditionally  
lovable.

The girls wipe each other's tears.

CAMILLE (V.O.)  
Until the Black woman is allowed to  
reject this demand for strength, she'll  
never truly experience her own humanity.

Angie is wiping Tye's tears, but also smoothing her eyebrows  
and plumping her cheeks. Tye slaps her hand away.

TYE  
Stop! What are you doing?

(CONTINUED)

ANGIE

I'm trying to hook you up!

QUINN

Dang, Angie, she's in a hospital bed.

ANGIE

You ain't gotta look like what you've been through. I'm just saying.

The girls can't help but laugh. DOCTOR 2 (White, 50s) enters.

DOCTOR 2

Good to see you awake and in good spirits, Tyesha.

ANGIE

Oooh, not the government name.

TYE

Tye is fine. So now that I've had the surgery, I'm good right? I mean, I know there'll be recovery time but--

DOCTOR 2

Unfortunately, not quite. That cyst was just the tip of the iceberg. You have several medium and large fibroids, and a polyp on your uterine lining. Good news is we can take care of everything at once with a hysterectomy.

CAMILLE

Whoa.

TYE

That's a bit drastic, don't you think?

ANGIE

Of course it is.

DOCTOR 2

(eying Tye)

Well, I get the feeling you're not interested in giving birth, and it really is the easiest, most effective treatment.

CAMILLE

Easiest for who?

TYE

Just because I'm masc doesn't mean I'm not a woman.

(CONTINUED)

ANGIE

And nobody asked you for your feelings.  
Come in here and present some real  
options, and get a fucking bedside  
manner.

Doctor 2 backs away to the computer to check Tye's labs.  
Quinn leans in to Tye, speaking in hushed tones.

QUINN

Yes, he is way out of line... But you're  
always saying how your body won't be  
birthing no babies, so maybe a  
hysterectomy is worth considering?

TYE

There's a difference between not wanting  
to have a baby and not being able to.

CAMILLE

True. And who knows what the future  
holds? Life doesn't always turn out like  
we planned it.

Doctor 2 approaches Tye's bed again.

DOCTOR 2

You don't have to make a decision about  
how you'd like to resolve the rest of the  
issues right away, but sooner is better.  
Your labs look good enough that I'm going  
to release you with some medication and  
post-op instructions. Why don't you go  
home, talk it over with your husband, and  
get back to me in a week or so?

ANGIE

(throwing up her hands)  
This nigga.

QUINN

It's not 1950, a woman doesn't have to  
talk it over with some man before she  
makes a decision about her body.

CAMILLE

Wow, you're oh for two. I'm gonna need to  
speak to an administrator. This is  
ridiculous.

ANGIE

I'm her husband! Now what, asshole?!

(CONTINUED)

QUINN

I'm more her husband.

ANGIE

Bitch, please, you're my wife.

DOCTOR 2

(looking at Tye's chart)

I'm sorry, don't want to mis-pronoun anyone. Who is Brandon Jones?

DOCTOR 2 (CONT'D)

That's the name listed here on her HIPAA form, and who gave us permission to proceed with the surgery while she was unconscious.

TYE

What?

QUINN

Oh, now y'all are getting paperwork mixed up? I'm calling my dad's attorney.

ANGIE

This shit is about to be called Tye Memorial.

CAMILLE

Memorial means she's dead so maybe not.

ANGIE

Don't undermine my point.

Just then, a nerdy, but cute, Black guy, BRANDON, walks in.

BRANDON

Hi, Tye.

TYE

Damn. Hey, Brandon.

(gesturing to the girls)

These are my friends.

(to Brandon)

Friends, this is Brandon. My husband.

Off Camille, Angie, and Quinn's WTF expressions...

**END OF EPISODE**