

LIBBY & MALCOLM

"Pilot"

by

Kenya Barris & Vijal Patel

Network Draft - 11/28/16

©2016, ABC Studios. All rights reserved. This material is the exclusive property of ABC Studios and is intended solely for the use of its personnel. Distribution to unauthorized persons or reproduction, in whole or in part, without the written consent of ABC Studios is strictly prohibited.

COLD OPEN

OVER BLACK: The smooth, confident–bordering–cocky voice of MALCOLM BLACK (Black, late 40s but you couldn't tell because 'Black don't crack.' No seriously, higher elasticity and melanin in Black skin causes a prolonged appearance of youth, so, you know... less cracks) speaks to us over the slumping bass-line of Dead Prez's anarchist street anthem, "*Hip Hop*."

MALCOLM (V.O.)

So here's the thing. I'm pretty sure the world's about to end.

EXPLOSION OF APOCALYPTIC IMAGES (that happen to be the actual world we're living in): GLACIERS COLLAPSING. ABANDONED DETROIT ROW HOUSES. SYRIA. Basically all the shit from the BOOK OF REVELATIONS.

MALCOLM (V.O.)

It's the End of Days: Race riots. Refugee crises. Terrorist bombings. And don't even get me started on the cop shootings.

BARRAGE OF COP SHOOTINGS FOOTAGE

MALCOLM (V.O.)

Shit's happening on camera. A lot! It's not even breaking news anymore. It's almost like it's a show...

FANTASY POP: TOM BERGERON hosts "*America's Funniest Cop Shootings*" for a CROWD of ALL-AMERICAN FAT, FAMILY TYPES.

TOM BERGERON

Check out this submission from Jasper, Texas!

On the SCREEN behind Tom, we see IPHONE FOOTAGE of a COP SHOOTING TABLEAU. Several police cars, red and blue lights, yellow tape, body bags... you get it. BACK TO TOM, all smiles.

TOM BERGERON (CONT'D)

Ah, hilarious! And no charges filed!

Over the CROWD cracking up in good-natured hysterics, we PRE-LAP the smart, matter-of-fact, unfiltered bordering on 'fuck did you just say?!' voice of LIBBY WRIGHT (White, 40s, looks great for her age but, you know... she's not Black).

LIBBY (V.O.)

As a country, we're more divided than ever. Blacks versus Whites. Left versus Right. It's everybody against everybody.

ANOTHER EXPLOSION OF FOOTAGE: TRUMP RALLY FIGHTS. BLACK PROTESTORS ATTACKING POLICE IN CHARLOTTE. TRUMP RALLY FIGHTS. FIREBOMBED RNC HEADQUARTERS. TRUMP RALLY FIGHTS... Lotta stuff happens at Trump rallies guys.

LIBBY (V.O.)

Yep, we're fucked. Sorry, I mean, screwed. God, 'fucked' sounds so much better.

MALCOLM (V.O.)

My grandmother used to have this saying, 'You can be right or you can be happy.' And I think that's what's going on in the world today. Everyone is more concerned about being right and in turn, it's leaving a lot of people unhappy.

LIBBY (V.O.)

Trust me, we were no different.

MALCOLM (V.O.)

We hated each other...

INT. REAL TIME WITH BILL MAHER - SET - DAY

A SEGMENT OF BILL MAHER. To Bill's RIGHT, we see LIBBY, to his LEFT, MALCOLM. They're going at it. Ferociously.

LIBBY

You know if you're gonna talk about economic equity, for people who always complain about not having money, you sure do spend a lot of it.

BILL MAHER

Wow. We're going there. Okay.

LIBBY

Oh I'm sorry, I'm not allowed to say that? Thought we were just being truthful.

MALCOLM

No, you're right, Black people do spend a lot of money. Just making up for four hundred years of not having any.

(pointedly)

Thank you for that.

LIBBY

'Thank you for that?' I didn't do it.

MALCOLM

Yeah, but you don't exactly strike me as the Abolitionist type.

LIBBY

Why you smug son of a--

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. REAL TIME WITH BILL MAHER - BATHROOM - DAY

Libby and Malcolm in the bathroom making out. Ferociously.

LIBBY (V.O.)

But it's crazy the power love holds over hate.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

CLOSE ON: WEDDING OFFICIANT standing at an alter.

MALCOLM (V.O.)

Here's the thing, whether we'd like to admit it or not, America and it's political system is just an old married couple. Two sides, split down the middle, who barely ever agree... but who always have to be right.

PULL BACK to REVEAL: Libby and Malcolm are the loving couple the Officiant's about to marry. Happiest day of their lives.

LIBBY (V.O.)

Which is why we decided to cross the aisle by walking down the aisle.

REVEAL: 300, confused, shocked, FACES looking on. On the groom's side... the DNC (gay couples, wheelchairs, Birkenstocks, hijabs, vape pens). And on the bride's side... the RNC (blue suits, red ties, cowboy hats, full employment).

We **ANGLE ON** a GAY WEDDING GUEST and his HUSBAND on the DNC side and a BILLIONAIRE and his DEBUTANTE WIFE on the RNC side.

GAY WEDDING GUEST

I give it two days.

DALLAS BILLIONAIRE

Be divorced by the reception.

The Republican Couple looks over to see the gay Democratic Couple FLIPPING THEM OFF. The Republicans return the favor.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE**EXT. LIBBY & MALCOLM'S HOUSE - LOS ANGELES - DAY**

CHYRON: TWO DAYS MY ASS... THREE MONTHS LATER

The red clay tiled roof of a classic Spanish style home nestled in the heart of Los Angeles' Larchmont Village paints the picture of style without excess.

INT. LIBBY & MALCOLM'S HOUSE - GREAT ROOM - DAY

Libby, in Lululemon yoga pants, Uggs, and a Lynard Skynard T-shirt, rifles through boxes while holding a clipboard.

Malcolm, wearing a crisp, white Ralph Lauren polo shirt, relaxed fit but equally crispy Diesel distressed jeans and a pair of clean, classic Adidas Rod Laver sneakers, passes by Libby, kisses her on the cheek, plays a quick butt-bongo on her rump, grabs a beer from the fridge, and plops onto the couch.

LIBBY
(searching boxes)
Fuck, fuck, fuck.

MALCOLM
Libby... the kids.

LIBBY
Sorry.
(still looking)
Shit!

MALCOLM
I married an animal.

LIBBY
(re: clipboard)
My manifest says twenty glasses and there are only eighteen in here.
The movers stole two glasses.

MALCOLM
So what do you want me to do?
Build a wall?

LIBBY
What's that mean? I didn't vote for him. I wrote in Romney.

MALCOLM
Which was basically a vote for Trump and a waste of a stamp.

LIBBY

Hey, it's not my fault your smug, apathetic party couldn't mobilize enough people to stop an orange racist, misogynistic demagogue from becoming President.

MALCOLM

Oh, so this is on me?

LIBBY

Yes. It's exactly why undocumented Russian men came into our house and stole from you. They looked at you and said, 'I can steal from this smug bastard. He's soft.' Then you paid them. You okay with that?

MALCOLM

(bothered)

I mean... I was.

MJ (O.S.)

Found 'em!

ANGLE ON: MALCOLM JR. aka "MJ" (7, wearing glasses, cargo shorts, and a wrinkled T. Sweet-as-pie but neurotic-as-hell. Think a young Woody Allen). MJ hands Libby two glasses.

MALCOLM

(confidence restored)

Damn right you did. Russians know better than to come into my house and steal my juice cups. You don't mess with a Black man's juice cups.

Libby rolls her eyes as she puts away the glasses. MJ stares at the glasses, bothered.

MJ

Do those look right to you?

LIBBY

What do you mean?

MJ

The glasses. They seem a little off. Looking at them makes me feel funny inside. Sad.

LIBBY

Sweetie, I think they're fine.

MALCOLM

Yeah, bud. Remember what the doctor said? Things don't have to be perfect.

MJ

You're right, Dad.

MJ immediately begins rearranging the glasses on the shelf with purpose. Malcolm and Libby shake their heads as...

CASSIUS (11, wearing an oversized Vetements heavy metal hoodie, baggy Fear of God cargo pants, and patent leather Marc Jacobs Vans, this kid's figured it out.) crosses in, holding an iPhone up to his ear.

LIBBY

(off clipboard)

Cassius, what's up with the cable?

CASSIUS

(covering the phone)

I'm on it. Got DirectTV and Dish in a bidding war.

(then, into phone)

I'm sorry Lucy, DirectTV's down to thirty nine bucks... Yeah, they're on the other line... You know what, I'm just gonna conference them in, it'll be quicker...

(clicking over)

Hey Lucy, you're on with Pete from Direct. Now tell me why I'm a Dish guy.

Cass turns back to Libby with a wink and heads out.

LIBBY

(to Malcolm, re: Cassius)

Russian's aren't stealing his cups.

We follow Libby, clipboard in hand, crossing into the...

LIVING ROOM

Where she sees NAYA (14, fucking hates Libby, uber smart, super opinionated, basically a pitbull in a skirt). She's wearing ripped jeans and a loose-fitting flannel long-sleeve, putting a FRAMED WEDDING PHOTO of Malcolm and his deceased wife, JOY, above the mantle... right in front of a framed photo of Malcolm and Libby's wedding.

LIBBY (CONT'D)

Oh, hey Naya. That's a beautiful picture, but maybe we can put it on this pretty table... over here.

NAYA

Oh yeah, I'm sorry. I'm sure my Mom won't have any objections to that. You know, 'cause she's dead.

Libby's face drops.

NAYA (CONT'D)

Didn't mean to take anything away from the shining, wonderful, beautiful life you still have. But you're right, I'll take down the picture of my mom who died of cancer for a picture of my Dad and his new White living wife.

LIBBY

(beat)

You know what? Let's just keep it there for now.

Libby, clearly rattled, turns to Malcolm, entering. The **CAMERA STAYS ON** Malcolm and Libby as they **WALK AND TALK** (this fluid transition will be a style of the show - think 'West Wing' but better... much better).

LIBBY (CONT'D)

We need to get these kids to school so we can get them the hell out of-- I mean get them an education.

MALCOLM

I know I know, it's on my list. Find schools, find them friends,
(then)
I'll be honest, MJ's gonna be a tough sell. I might have to grease some hands on that one.

LIBBY

(wanting to help)

No, we'll have to grease hands. We'll have to buy MJ friends. And as far as the school go, I have some ideas.

MALCOLM

Yeah, I have ideas too. That's why we moved into this neighborhood.

LIBBY

Wait, so moving into this place was just your version of High Opportunity Housing? You said you liked the floor plan.

MALCOLM

It's fine. I don't dislike it. I mean, sure I might wanna do some additions.

(gesturing to wall)

Open this over here up.

LIBBY

You tricked me into a social program. The kids aren't going anywhere until you hear some of my ideas. I told you, after raising seven animals I call my siblings, having a family wasn't exactly high on my list. So if we're doing this, we're doing it together.

MALCOLM

You're right, you're right, you got my back--

LIBBY

And you got mine.

They FIST-BUMP/DOUBLE-SLAP/FIST-BUMP. This is their thing.

LIBBY (CONT'D)

And in that spirit, I'm gonna need you to have my back with Naya. Pretty sure she hates me.

MALCOLM

No she doesn't.

NAYA (O.S.)

(from other room)

Yes I do!

Off Malcolm's "she may hate you" face, the **CAMERA STYLISTICALLY SNAKES BACK THROUGH THE HOUSE** to now...

ANGLE ON the KIDS, continuing to unpack.

NAYA (CONT'D)

Dad's such a sellout. Like a pure grade-A Hermain Cain, Cuba Gooding Jr., OJ Simpson-level sellout.

CASSIUS

Feel like you kinda lumped Cuba in there.

NAYA

Did you see 'Snow Dogs'? Watch it again then talk to me.

MJ

I like Libby.

NAYA

Of course you do. Your opinion is completely uninformed by actual life. All you do is look at that stupid iPad.

We see MJ scrolling through an IPAD.

NAYA (CONT'D)

And you're not even looking at normal stuff like porn or beheadings.

Naya grabs the iPad and looks at it.

NAYA (CONT'D)

You're on WebMD? What's wrong with you? Your birthday's coming up. At least check out some toys.

MJ

Why would I want a toy when I have something that can tell me about any disease from A to Z?
(demonstrating on iPad)
A - Amnesia.

(then, reading, suddenly concerned)

Childhood amnesia?... 'Childhood amnesia is a naturally occurring human phenomenon involving the inability to retrieve memories of specific events, times, places, associated emotions, occurring before the age of... eight.'

(then, panicked)

I'm turning eight next week!

NAYA

Calm down, Rain Man. You can't believe everything you read on the internet. I still have tons of childhood memories.

MJ

You do? Like what?

NAYA

(quickly remembering)

Pony ride. Fourth birthday.
Remember it like it was yesterday.

CASSIUS

Eoww... That was actually your
eighth birthday.

(pointing at picture)

Picture's right there. And I don't
think that's a pony. I think Dad
just put you on a big dog.

This lands on MJ like a Tyson left hook.

MJ

Oh my God. I've only got a week.

MJ crosses off, deeply concerned, spiraling.

INT. UNDISCLOSED LOCATION - DAYMalcolm, in a navy, tailored Tom Ford suit, stands shoulder
to shoulder with Libby, in a yellow, classic Diane Von
Fürstenberg wrap. They stare at something, furrowed brows.

LIBBY

You think this was a good idea?

MALCOLM

I mean, it better be. We quit our
jobs, left all our friends, and
moved our family across the country
for it. But I'm having my doubts.**REVEAL** they're on the SET of their new pundit show. It's
made up of entirely interactive LED panels giving it a
living, digital feel. They stare at the ten foot title
'**BLACK & WRIGHT**' adorned with face-to-face photos of them
squaring off a la Mayweather v. Pacquiao. It's over the top.

RANDAL (O.S.)

There they are!

Malcolm and Libby turn to see their Executive Producer,
RANDAL MARTIN (60s, White, complete narcissist, never wrong.
Although not a total sociopath, he's sociopath adjacent,
like, lives right next door. He borrows sugar from
sociopath, may ask sociopath to get his mail).

RANDAL (CONT'D)

Saw you guys on Bill Maher and I was like, 'Yes! These two would make great television.' And then you got married? Home run! Honestly, I didn't think you'd make it past the reception.

LIBBY

Hello, Randal.

RANDAL

(calling off)

Zev!

With a SNAP, Randal signals ZEVINA "ZEV" ADLER (30s, White, techno journalist, believes in the 24-second news cycle).

RANDAL (CONT'D)

Libby, this is one of our producers Zevina, she likes to be called Zev, which is more of a masculine name. She also has a short haircut. Do with that what you will.

ZEV

(shaking Libby's hand)

Big fan. Read all your books.

LIBBY

I've only written one but... thanks.

RANDAL

Ah, and here's my other guy.

Randal points to the approaching BERNIE WILSON (60s, Black, old-school, grizzled, typewriter journalist, believes in tap water and Bourbon).

RANDAL (CONT'D)

Malcolm, this is Bernie, you'll like him.

MALCOLM

Are you saying that because he's Black?

BERNIE

That's exactly what he's saying.

RANDAL

That's ridiculous. But we do have a fitness center with a basketball court. Do with that what you will.

As Randal crosses off, Zev turns to Libby and Malcolm.

ZEV

He's a lot. But he's great at his job. And he believes in this show. Which is saying something because these types of shows always fail.

MALCOLM

Excuse me?

BERNIE

She's saying they're basically the Italian restaurant of television.

ZEV

Right, but if you guys can have hope, we can have hope. Even though it's the type of show that almost always fails.

As Bernie and Zev start to walk off, Bernie turns to Zev.

BERNIE

Key to a good Italian restaurant is the Bolognese. Keep you open forever.

As Malcolm and Libby watch the shepherds of their career walk off, they share a look.

LIBBY

Fuhhck.

INT. BLACK & WRIGHT - SET - LATER

HIGH-ENERGY OPENING TITLES OF 'BLACK & WRIGHT'

REVEAL the titles are playing on the LED audience monitor. **PAN OVER TO** Malcolm and Libby at the desk, about to go on air. Libby's clearly nervous, shuffling through her notes.

LIBBY

Where's my quantitives? Where are my quants?! Where are my--
(then, finding, relieved)
Okay, here they are.
(then)
This is gonna be a disaster.

MALCOLM

That's the spirit.

LIBBY

I'm serious!

MALCOLM

Lib, calm down, you're going to do great. Just be yourself. Keep your water close. Breathe in through your nose, out through your mouth. You'll be great, kid.

LIBBY

Kid? Please stop talking to me.
(noticing)
Wait. Where are your notes?

MALCOLM

(gesturing to brain)
Up here.

LIBBY

You don't have notes?!

MALCOLM

Not my thing. I have more of a jazz approach.

LIBBY

To politics?! Are you becoming unhinged?!

MALCOLM

Babe, look, you're used to the classroom, this TV thing is more my world. Just follow my lead. And remember...

(demonstrates deep nostril
inhale/mouth exhale)

... water.

Malcolm smiles smugly. Off Libby's worried look,

INT. BLACK & WRIGHT - SET - LATER

WE'RE ON AN LED BOARD OF A LIGHT SQUARE HOPPING AROUND VARIOUS HOT BUTTON ISSUES: LGBT RIGHTS, NATIONAL ANTHEM, RECYCLING, SPORTS TEAM NAMES, ETC.

CLOSE ON a HAND hitting a game show style buzzer. The light stops on a PICTURE of a bushel of ALFALFA SPROUTS.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

And the topic is... Alfalfa?

PULL OUT to **REVEAL** the hand and the voice belong to their guest for the show, JON HAMM, who sits at the desk with them. Malcolm looks spry and enjoying it. Libby looks adrift and rattled. She begins riffling through her notes.

LIBBY
(searching, panicked)
Alfalfa, alfalfa, alfalfa...

MALCOLM
Very important issue. Drought
causer. Sandwich ruiner. Why do
we even have it?

JON
I actually don't mind a little
alfalfa on my sandwich.

MALCOLM
Makes sense. I saw you backstage
drinking this.
(holds up canned drink)
'Go Girl.' Female energy drink.

JON
I'm comfortable with who I am. I
also use Secret deodorant. And I
prefer a ladies frame for my bike. I
think the high crotch bar of a men's
bike design is massively flawed.

MALCOLM
You know, I've always thought that.
(then, tasting a Go Girl)
Dear God! These are delicious.

JON
Right?!

LIBBY
What is happening right now?
Weren't we talking about alfalfa?

Off Libby, Malcolm SIGHS AND ROLLS HIS EYES.

MALCOLM
Oh God, here comes Mom.

LIBBY
What's that? You're gonna sigh-roll
me 'cause I want to stay on topic?

MALCOLM
'Sigh-roll'?

INSERT: ANGELA RYE's sigh-roll at KAYLEIGH MCENANY on CNN.
HILLARY sigh-rolling TRUMP at their first debate. ANDERSON
COOPER at everybody. Legendary AL GORE "fuzzy math" sigh-
roll during Bush/Gore 2000 debate.

LIBBY (V.O.)
It's the dismissive off-handed
liberal smug way of pissing on any
idea that's not theirs.

BACK TO SCENE:

MALCOLM
Fine, I'm just trying to have some
fun. But you wanna end this early?
Let's talk Alfalfa...

As Malcolm talks, the LED screen behind him cycles through
GRAPHICS to illustrate his points.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)
Takes five gallons to grow one
sprig of it. If we stopped growing
alfalfa; California drought over.
That's a fact. But the only reason
we don't is because Republicans are
totally in the pocket of the
Agricultural Lobby. Another fact.

JON
Just like 'Go Girl' is delicious.

Jon Hamm and Malcolm fist bump.

LIBBY
You know, I could say that the Left
always deflects serious topics with
humor because they're shameless
celebrity panderers who don't want
to deal with the real and want
everyone to like them. But I won't.

MALCOLM
No, no, no. You don't get to say
it by 'not saying it'. That's that
thing you guys do.

JON
It's called paralipsis. My
hairdresser does it all the time...

POP TO: Jon Hamm in his DRESSING ROOM with his HAIRDRESSER.

HAIRDRESSER
I'd never say your hair line ages
you.

JON
(nervously checking)
Does it?

HAIRDRESSER

Yes, but I'd never say that.

BACK TO SCENE:

MALCOLM

I think your hair is great.

JON

I mean, it's kind of my thing.

LIBBY

Hey, jazz man. If you'll just give me a second to respond to your political bee-bop.

(re: her notes)

According to my research, what Republicans have *actually* been doing is finally closing our massive trade deficit by exporting all our surplus alfalfa to China.

MALCOLM

So...

LIBBY

So stopping that will not only raise global food prices, but also lead us into a dangerous trade war with probably the only country in the world you do not want to get into a trade war with, because they make everything, and oh yeah, they have nukes. They are also, by the way, building up their military while you Liberals are dismantling ours by cutting funding for our overseas operations by almost \$130 billion. Hope you love our new national anthem.

She hits a button in front of her.

SFX: We hear the unmistakable racist Chinese musical riff everyone knows climaxing in a NUCLEAR EXPLOSION on the LED SCREEN behind them. Malcolm, toasted, takes a deep nostril inhale/mouth exhale as Libby smugly slides him his glass.

LIBBY (CONT'D)

Don't forget the water.

Off Libby's wink, we...

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO**INT. BLACK & WRIGHT - SET - DAY**

As Malcolm and Libby come off set...

LIBBY
Hey! You did good... kid.

MALCOLM
Stop patronizing me.

LIBBY
Oh come on, relax. It's not like
anyone's keeping score or anything.

RANDAL (O.S.)
Boom! One-zip!

Randal, Bernie and Zev, excitedly cross toward them.

RANDAL (CONT'D)
It's official! Dick's Sporting Goods
is sponsoring 'The Score Board.'

ZEV
Guys, that was amazing! Mostly
Libby, though.

BERNIE
(aside, to Malcolm)
You may or may not be off the
basketball team.

MALCOLM
I didn't ask to be on it.

BERNIE
You're off.
(then)
Great job, Libby.

LIBBY
Thanks. It was less me and more my
notes.
(for Malcolm's benefit)
It's kinda like sheet music.

RANDAL
That's my girl! Libby Wright!
Talk about the right stuff.
(light bulb)
Hold on. The 'Wright Stuff'? Now
that's a show title!

ZEV

Wait... let's try something.

Zev types on a portable Bluetooth keyboard, and on the LED SCREEN appears *THE WRIGHT STUFF* w/ *LIBBY WRIGHT*.

ZEV (CONT'D)

Nice! How about: 'The Wright Hour'?

THE WRIGHT HOUR appears on the LED SCREEN.

RANDAL

Hmm not bad. 'The Wright Factor'?

THE WRIGHT FACTOR appears on the LED SCREEN.

RANDAL (CONT'D)

Ooo that's beautiful. Feels like she needs a partner though.

ANGLE ON: Malcolm wearing a WTF?! look.

ZEV

I got one! 'Wright & Wrong'.
Anyone know someone with the last
name 'Wrong'?

LIBBY

What about Wong? I know Ali Wong.

RANDAL

Boom! There it is! America v.
China. Viewers will eat it up!

Bernie turns to the utterly baffled Malcolm.

BERNIE

You're about to get Dunkelman'd.

MALCOLM

Who?

INSERT: Clip of 'American Idol' Season 1 hosted by the now Entertainment Titan RYAN SEACREST and his co-host the then and still unknown (yet at the time equally footed) BRIAN DUNKLEMAN.

CHYRON POPS UP UNDER RYAN SEACREST: "Jet Owner."

CHYRON POPS UP UNDER BRIAN DUNKLEMAN: "Apartment Renter."

BACK ON: Malcolm's terrified expression.

BERNIE

Dunkelman'd.

INT. LIBBY & MALCOLM'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - SAME TIME

Naya enters, noticing a POST-IT NOTE on the fridge.

NAYA
(reading)
'You're allergic to shellfish.'
(then)
What the--

She notices there are POST-IT NOTES placed EVERYWHERE. At that moment, their OLD ENGLISH SHEEP DOG, MAX, runs in, wearing a T-shirt, with handwritten Sharpie all over it.

NAYA (CONT'D)
Max, come here.
(reading T-shirt)
'This dog's name is Max. You love
him. Chocolate will kill him.'

Naya sees MJ putting another Post-It on the stove. It reads, "**This is hot**". Naya snatches the Post-It.

NAYA (CONT'D)
What are you doing?!

MJ
They're for when I forget. They're
my guide map for after I transition.

Naya rolls her eyes and starts taking the other notes down.

NAYA
The only note you need is one that
says 'I'm an idiot.'

As Naya exits, MJ writes another reminder on his forearm.

MJ
(as he writes)
'Naya wronged you. Never forgive,
never forget.'
(then, turns to dog)
Come on...
(has trouble remembering,
then reads shirt)
... Max.
(then, to self)
Oh God, it's starting.

INT. LIBBY & MALCOLM'S HOUSE - GREAT ROOM - DAY

Malcolm and Libby enter.

MALCOLM

(cheery)
Hey, guys!

NAYA

No. Not playing this game with you.

MALCOLM

What are you talking about?

CASSIUS

I got the DirecTV guy to come early.
We saw the whole thing. Ugly.

Libby kisses Malcolm on the cheek and butt-bongos him as she crosses off. Naya turns to Malcolm, deadly serious.

NAYA

Dad, end it. End it now. You keep doing that show, you're going to get fired. You stay married to her, you're going to end up dead. We can just go right now. Black men leave their wives all the time. No one will think less of you. In fact, most of the time those are Black women they're leaving. You leave a White woman, you could be a folk hero. Like John Henry. Think about it.

As Naya crosses, leaving Malcolm to spiral...

INT. LIBBY & MALCOLM'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Libby, still in Newlywed Phase, wears sexy silk pajamas in bed. Malcolm enters in boxers and socks, ice cream carton in hand. As he sees his beautiful new wife, his eyes light up. Until he realizes she's watching their episode of *Black & Wright* from earlier.

MALCOLM

You're watching that *again*?

LIBBY

Actually, I'm not. They're playing it on loop. It's a one episode marathon.

(then, watching)

In high-def you can really see the tears welling up in your eyes.

MALCOLM

Tears? Psht, please. I just happen to be blessed with heavily lubricated eyes.

LIBBY

If you want, I can help you prep for the next show. You know, since it's televised and people see you.

MALCOLM

Go ahead, have your fun. I'm gonna be fine. Trust me, us jazz men find the music. Think Charlie Parker ever helped Miles Davis?

LIBBY

Uh yeah. Actually a lot. Maybe made one of the greatest albums of all time together.

(then)

Hold on, wait. Have you ever even heard jazz? Name three Miles Davis songs.

MALCOLM

(beat, busted)

I'm not gonna get into the nuances of Black music with you. I have more important things to do, like figure out where I'm gonna send my kids to school.

LIBBY

You mean where we're gonna send our kids to school. Don't try to edge me out of this just 'cause you lost.

MALCOLM

And here we go--

LIBBY

I'm serious. You think I don't know a thing or two about getting kids into school? While my mom was figuring out new and inventive ways to make cocktails out of Southern Comfort and codeine, I managed to get four of my siblings into college, two of them into the army, and one an extremely reduced prison sentence.

MALCOLM

Fine, but you should know picking schools is kind of my thing.

LIBBY

You mean like how jazz is kind of
your thing?

MALCOLM

(a la Trump)
Such a nasty woman.

PRE-LAP MUSIC: Miles Davis & Charlie Parker's "A Night In Tunisia"

STYLIZED SEQUENCE: OVER BIRD AND MILES' MELODIC SCORE, we follow Libby and Malcolm as they have a continuous conversation over MULTIPLE LOCATIONS (a la 'When Harry Met Sally') while touring several different TYPES OF SCHOOLS...

INT. PUBLIC SCHOOL - DAY

Malcolm struts through the dingy halls lined with CHIPPED PAINT and BROKEN LOCKERS.

MALCOLM

See, this is what I'm talking
about. Real people. Government
funded. Nationwide curriculum.

He sees a PASSING TEACHER and lovingly clasps both her hands.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

Keep up the good work, sister.

Just like everyone who meets Malcolm, she's immediately charmed. **PAN TO** Libby, annoyed as fuck at Malcolm's endless compulsion to charm everyone, even more annoyed by the school.

LIBBY

We're not sending the kids to
public school. This place is just
juvie with tater tots.

CAMERA ANGLES ON a GUY and a GIRL in a corner having PRE-SEX MAKEOUTS. Then **WHIPS TO** another corner at what seems to be a FIGHT CLUB-ESQUE BRAWL.

LIBBY (CONT'D)

Abysmal teacher-student ratio,
plummeting graduation rates,
crumbling infrastructure. This is
your 'Liberal Big Government' at
work. Soak it in.

MALCOLM

When I was growing up, this was called
being a part of your community. That's
the problem with people now.

(MORE)

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

There's no empathy because everyone goes to school with their own kind. That's how you get the Donald Trumps of the world. You think he knows any Black people, or poor people, or Mexicans? They're all just concepts to him.

Libby holds up a TATTERED ACCORDION BOOK.

LIBBY

(re: book)

Is being dumb a concept?

(then)

They're not going here.

(to Janitor)

Excuse me, where's the hallway out of here where we won't get raped?

The JANITOR starts to point one way but then changes his mind and points at another. **ANGLE ON:** Malcolm's SKEPTICAL FACE as they head off in that direction.

MALCOLM

So the big bad public school scares you but...

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. ST. MARY'S CATHOLIC SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

STILL ON: Malcolm's SKEPTICAL FACE.

MALCOLM

...These guys don't scare you?

REVEAL: They're now walking through a parochial school as Malcolm points to a couple of passing PRIESTS.

LIBBY

How could you be against this?
Your parents were both ministers.

MALCOLM

Look, there's definitely a place for God in life, but it doesn't have to be at school.

They walk by a very GRAPHIC CRUCIFIXION up on the wall.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

(pointing)

What's this, a Wes Craven movie?

LIBBY

Sure, make fun of it. But my dad was a coal miner. We were broke. At least going to Calvary Christian, I knew I was surrounded by people with who I shared faith, morals, a hot lunch, and not having to worry about who had the newest Bugle Boys.

MALCOLM

Bugle Boys?

Libby points to all the WELL-BEHAVED STUDENTS walking around.

LIBBY

Yeah. Works. Uniforms, discipline, a regimented ideology --

MALCOLM

Are you describing a school or Munich, 1938? They're not going here. This is not the real world.

ANGLE ON: Libby's SKEPTICAL FACE as they head for the exit.

LIBBY

Oh...

INT. OAKWOOD PRIVATE SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

STILL ON: Libby's SKEPTICAL FACE.

LIBBY

...And this is? Look at this place. It looks cast. Like a Benetton ad.

REVEAL: They're now walking through the halls of a painfully "diverse" Los Angeles private school. Libby gestures to a group of KIDS representing every single ethnicity, gender, and body type on Earth.

MALCOLM

It's perfect... diversity, gluten-free cafeteria, unisex bathrooms. Plus, having the #1 sports program in the state doesn't hurt.

Libby then sees Jon Hamm with his kids, drinking a Go Girl.

JON

Oh hey guys!

MALCOLM

Sup, Hamm-bone?

They DAP. Libby looks on disgusted.

LIBBY
Our kids are *not* going to school
with 'Hamm-bone'.

MALCOLM
Then what're they gonna do?

LIBBY
They're gonna do what everyone did
for thousands of years.

MALCOLM
Die at twenty?

ANGLE ON: Libby's KNOWING FACE.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. LIBBY & MALCOLM'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

STILL ON: Libby's KNOWING FACE.

LIBBY
... Homeschool.

REVEAL: Libby, in a cute silk sleep-short set, and Malcolm,
in boxers, lying in bed that night.

MALCOLM
Really? Square root of forty-nine?

LIBBY
(beat, thinking)
Uh... okay, homeschooling's out.

MALCOLM
Probably best.

Just then, Malcolm notices a post-it note on his pillow.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)
(reading)
'Daddy sleeps here.'
(shaking his head)
MJ's really losing it. Like,
seriously. It's always something
with this kid.

LIBBY
Huh, it's almost like uniformed
regimented faith-based education
might be exactly what he needs.

MALCOLM

You just can't stop, can you?

INT. BLACK & WRIGHT - SET - DAY

Malcolm and Libby are mid-show with their guest, JANELLE MONAE. The LED stage lets us know they're going at it on the topic of 'THE NANNY STATE'. We see **IMAGES** of cigarette bans, state alcohol laws, speed limit signs, lyric censorship, etc.

MALCOLM

(to Janelle)

I mean, would you be okay with your music not reaching who you want to reach because of 'someone'...

(gesturing to Libby)

...censoring it?

JANELLE

I'd say that's bullshit.

MALCOLM

It totally is.

(awkward aside)

But you cannot swear on this show. Like at all.

LIBBY

Oh, so the Nanny State can't let me protect six-year-olds from hearing about 'bitches and ho's' but it can tell me how much soda I can drink?

MALCOLM

What are you talking about?

Libby slams her hand down on her giant prep binder.

LIBBY

The Great Big Gulp Scare in the precious liberal stronghold you call New York. Nueva Yorko. All you Lefties were totally fine with the government telling me how many ounces of Fanta I could drink, so who are you to lecture us on the role of government in the lives of private citizens?

Libby gives him a look, feeling herself. Malcolm, who's been sweating, suddenly smirks.

MALCOLM

Okay, let's talk about that. If you look at the facts, they clearly show the number one factor in our nation's obesity crisis is a high fructose diet, propagated by your endless subsidization of the Corn Industry, or as I like to call it, the Farm Mafia. But it doesn't stop there. This obesity epidemic is crippling our health care system, which ripples through the entire insurance industry, and ultimately threatens to collapse the entire U.S. economy. Congratulations, lady. You just left our country fat, toothless, and broke. Enjoy your sixty-ounce Fanta!

Malcolm hits a button, **WE SEE** the entire LED stage fill up like it's a giant glass of ORANGE FANTA. Libby looks like she's drowning in bubbles. Janelle looks around at the set.

JANELLE

This is dope. I gotta get this for my next tour.

MALCOLM

(grinning, smug)

Can I get a Score Board check?

Malcolm proudly sits under his 'win' on the Score Board.

INT. LIBBY & MALCOLM'S HOUSE - GREAT ROOM - NIGHT

As Malcolm and Libby enter...

MALCOLM

You guys see that? Pure jazz. Like Miles' comeback, Playboy Jazz Festival, Summer '92.

LIBBY

Miles Davis died in 1991.

MALCOLM

Don't try to bring me down with your White facts. Someone had a comeback concert in '92. And they were awesome. Like me.

(smugly mimes air sax)

Doo-doo doo-doo doo.

LIBBY

Dude, he played trumpet.

MALCOLM

Don't care. Still awesome.
(then)
Kids!

Malcolm turns to the kids, all sitting at the table.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

What are you doing? Come shower me
in praise.

NAYA

We'd love to come worship you, but
we're filling out school enrollment
forms.

MALCOLM

Enrollment forms? I haven't even
picked your school yet.

LIBBY

We haven't picked your school yet.

NAYA

Okay. You guys haven't picked our
school yet. You guys are bad
parents. But we did. 'Cause
school's kinda important.

MALCOLM

What? You picked a school? Where?

NAYA

Larchmont Charter. Great school.
Public. With individualized
curriculums. Uniform tops.

LIBBY

Wow that actually sounds--

NAYA

Perfect? Yeah thanks, Libby. Your
approval is really important to us.

MALCOLM

How'd you even find out about it?

NAYA

It's literally across the street.

MALCOLM

How could you make this decision
without consulting us?

NAYA

Oh it's bothering you that we made major life decisions without checking with you? Like someone saying 'This random White lady is your new step Mom.'

CASSIUS

Or, 'Hey, we're moving to LA.'

MJ

Or, 'We're reintroducing gluten back into your diet.'

(off their looks)

Sorry, I needed something.

NAYA

But why should we be surprised? That's what you guys do. You don't talk to people. You talk 'at' them, 'about' them, 'around' them. You're just political clowns! Entertainers. All you care about is putting up points on the Dick's Score Board. Everyone else gets to turn you off. We have to live with you.

As Naya storms out, she turns to drop one more bomb to Libby:

NAYA (CONT'D)

By the way, 'Jazz Man' prepped all week.

INT. MALCOLM'S HOME OFFICE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Malcolm, surrounded by Red Bulls, hovers over a laptop, flashcards, law books. All illuminated by candle light.

BACK TO SCENE:

Libby looks at Malcolm who's uncomfortably avoiding eye contact.

MALCOLM

Alright, I'm gonna come clean. I don't even really like jazz. I'm more of a '90s R&B guy.

MJ sticks a Post-It note on Malcolm's shoulder reading, "Loves '90s R&B", then sadly walks off. Cast follows. A stunned Malcolm and Libby realize they've blown it.

MALCOLM/LIBBY

Fuuhck.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE**INT. LIBBY & MALCOLM'S HOUSE - NAYA'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Malcolm enters. Naya won't even look at him, wireless Apple earbuds in. He approaches and takes one out.

MALCOLM

Look, you were right and I'm sorry about the school thing.

NAYA

Dad, it's not just the school thing. It's you. And her. And you with her. What is that? I don't get it. Nobody does!

MALCOLM

Honestly, I don't care what anybody thinks, but I care what you think. And I get it, it's not like I saw this coming. After your mom died I never thought I'd love another woman, much less a White Republican woman from Western Pennsylvania--

NAYA

With no booty.

MALCOLM

I mean, she has a little booty.

NAYA

Dad...

MALCOLM

Point is, it caught me off guard too. And you think Libby ever saw herself ending up with a Black Liberal widower with three kids? She never even thought she'd get married. But that's how it is sometimes. You ever have anything you thought wouldn't be for you be exactly what you want?

NAYA

(thinks, then)

Benedict Cumberbatch. I mean he's pasty, kind of weird, not even sure what that accent is. But I'm not gonna lie, I'm into it.

MALCOLM

Really? Cumberbatch?

(beat)

Anyway... I know none of this adds up. But Libby is an amazing, bright, beautiful, sensitive--

NAYA

Opinionated, bossy--

MALCOLM

Okay, you're right, she can be a lot. But I'm kind of into it.

NAYA

Ew.

MALCOLM

Not like that. Well, I mean--

(then)

Anyway, look. It's more than just that. You know how I see the world. My blood runs Blue. And when I sit across from people who don't see it like me, I wanna grab their faces and scream some sense into them. But Libby challenges me in ways I never thought I would be.

He looks around to make sure no one's listening, then...

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

(whispered confession)

She actually put some thoughts in my head about abortion.

NAYA

Oh God, who are you?

MALCOLM

I said *thoughts*. I'm still me. But the fact that she opens me up like that -- that's someone who makes you...

(searching)

...better or grow or I dunno -- it's special, is my point. Really special.

(then)

That morning, when your mom passed, I was sitting next to her in the hospital. Know what her last words to me were? 'Don't get a weak bitch.'

Naya sits up.

NAYA

What?! You told me it was 'I'll always be watching over you.'

MALCOLM

I did some rewriting. She was on a lot of morphine. Like a lot.

(then)

All I'm saying is, can we try and give Libby a chance? I think your mom would like that.

This lands on Naya.

NAYA

This head-over-heels love story doesn't sound like it has a pre-nup attached to it, so yeah... I guess.

Malcolm smiles, gives Naya a hug.

INT. LIBBY & MALCOLM'S HOUSE - MJ'S ROOM - SAME

Libby, CARRYING A BOX, enters to see MJ on his bed writing Post-It notes. She notices his entire room is COVERED IN THEM. Kind of feels like Kevin Spacey's apartment in 'SE7EN'.

LIBBY

Hey, buddy. Whatcha doing?

MJ

Nothing.

LIBBY

Um, okay. Well I heard you been worried about forgetting stuff.

As MJ places another Post-It on his already covered lamp:

MJ

A little.

Libby crosses and sits on the bed next to him.

LIBBY

You know, when I was growing up we didn't have a lot of money, so me and my mom used to make a lot of stuff together. We'd make scrapbooks and put all the special things we loved inside them. It's a great way of remembering all the stuff you don't want to forget.

Libby pulls out a LARGE BOUND, HAND-DECORATED BOOK.

LIBBY (CONT'D)

And I thought maybe I'd make you
one of your own.

MJ opens the book and sees it's filled with PICTURES.

MJ

These are pictures of my mom.

LIBBY

She's who you're really worried
about forgetting, isn't she?

MJ

I was so little. Sometimes it's
hard to remember her, even now.

LIBBY

Well you're never going to forget
her because she's always going to
be with you...

(gesturing to his heart)
right here. But if you ever want
to look at her, just open this up.

(re: pictures)
She was so beautiful. You guys
look just alike.

(then)
I left a couple pages in the back
so you can fill them with anything
else you love.

MJ

Can I put pictures of you in it?

LIBBY

That would make me very happy.

REVEAL Malcolm smiling in the doorway alongside Naya. He
turns to her with a look that says "She's not so bad, right?"

NAYA

Dead mother scrapbook? Pretty
desperate move if you ask me.

Off Naya, crossing away, shaking her head...

INT. LIBBY & MALCOLM'S HOUSE - GREAT ROOM - LATER

Libby enters to find Malcolm on the couch, sipping a beer.
She hugs him from behind. Without missing a beat, Malcolm
leans down and softly kisses her hands. It's been a long day.

MALCOLM

Really nice what you did with MJ.

Malcolm hands an already poured glass of wine over his shoulder to Libby, who takes it, sitting down next to him.

LIBBY

Thanks. How'd it go with Naya?

MALCOLM

Pretty good. Told her we're family, I love her, I value her--

LIBBY

You brought up 'weak bitch' didn't you?

MALCOLM

I did.

LIBBY

Malcolm! You were supposed to have saved that for your drunk rambling toast at her wedding.

MALCOLM

No one's marrying her.

LIBBY

You may be right.

(then)

I feel awful about the school thing. We can't get so wrapped up in our own stuff we drop the ball with the kids. My mom did that with me and it made me never want to have kids of my own. We're not doing that to them.

MALCOLM

You're right. I think we just got wrapped up in the show. We're fierce competitors.

LIBBY

And you're a really bad winner.

MALCOLM

The worst. But we gotta make sure we keep that there. When we come home, we gotta cross the aisle, meet in the middle, and do what's best for our family.

LIBBY

Agreed. You got my back.

MALCOLM

And you got mine.

They FIST-BUMP/DOUBLE-SLAP/FIST-BUMP and KISS sweetly.

MALCOLM (V.O.)

So like we were saying, the world's
crazy. And we're all different.

LIBBY (V.O.)

But just because we're different
doesn't mean we can't make it work.

Libby's CELLPHONE RINGS. Malcolm notices the caller ID.

MALCOLM

Why is Ali Wong calling you?

LIBBY

(covering)

Huh? She is? That's weird. Let
me just take this.

(answering, walking away)

Hey, girl!

MALCOLM (V.O.)

But it doesn't mean it's easy.

MALCOLM

Dunkleman'd.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

TAG**INT. MALCOLM & LIBBY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Libby, in a sexy spaghetti-strapped nightgown, scrolls through her iPad, atop the covers. Malcolm, in his boxers and V-neck, crosses and gets in bed. He turns to her.

MALCOLM

Babe, I love this thing you've been doing every night. You know, the *Red Shoe Diaries* look. But we're married now. I know the sexy woman I got. You don't have to do this for me.

LIBBY

Look, I'm a forty-something-year-old woman with no booty--

MALCOLM

Babe, you got a little--

LIBBY

With no booty, in her first marriage to a man who culturally has a propensity to stray. I think I'm gonna keep this up for a while.

MALCOLM

(beat)

That's probably not a bad idea.

(then, realizing, re: him)

Hold on, do I need to maybe--

LIBBY

No. Black man in silk pajamas. I mean, I'm not gonna say it reads like a malt liquor commercial. But I'm not not gonna say it either.

Malcolm playfully kisses Libby.

LIBBY (CONT'D)

But... if we're taking requests, nothing wrong with a man getting a pedicure. I'm worried those talons are gonna hit an artery and I'm gonna bleed out in my sleep.

MALCOLM

(beat, a little hurt)

I'm gonna go put on socks.

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW