

FADE IN:

SUPER: **CHICAGO 1997**

INT. OUR LADY OF LOURDES SCHOOL - 4TH GRADE CLASSROOM - DAY

TEACHERLESS ROOM of a predominantly white Catholic school that still believes in spanking naughty students. One of only three Black kids, BERNADETTE COOK, 10, is in front telling dirty jokes. A CHERUB WHITE KID guards the door.

BERNADETTE

How do you get a nun pregnant?

With great anticipation the class yells out, "How?!"

BERNADETTE (CONT'D)

Dress her up like an altar boy.

The class "oohs" & "ahhs" over her boldness. They egg her on.

BERNADETTE (CONT'D)

What do you call a man who has sex with a pregnant woman?

The class yells out, "What?!"

BERNADETTE (CONT'D)

A motherfucker!

Laughter erupts. She should end there, but she wants more.

BERNADETTE (CONT'D)

What do you call a three-legged ho?

JESSE, the only Black boy, butts in.

JESSE

Yo' mama!

Laughter. Embarrassed, Bernadette lunges at Jesse. They tussle. Cherub White Kid whistles. The class settles. SISTER ELIZABETH, white, 40s, marches in; she scans the room.

SISTER ELIZABETH

Bernadette, come with me.

"Oohs" from the class as Bernadette takes the walk of shame.

INT. OUR LADY OF LOURDES SCHOOL - PARKING LOT - SAME

MR. COOK, African-American, 40s, an imposing figure with the mug of a hungry pit bull STOMPS toward the school doors. MRS. COOK, African-American, 30s, docile, struggles to keep up.

MR. COOK

They better tell us she's a goddamn serial killer or a goddamn genius cuz I'm missing a whole goddamn day of work for this here shit!

MRS. COOK

Calm down, Obadiah.

MR. COOK

I am calm goddammit!!!

Nope. Not calm.

INT. OUR LADY OF LOURDES SCHOOL - PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - LATER

SISTER MARY CATHERINE, white, 60s, prudish, sits at her TIDY DESK. She's STARING tensely at Mr. & Mrs. Cook and a guilty Bernadette. The nun's hands cover a SHEET OF PAPER, facedown.

SISTER MARY CATHERINE

Mr. & Mrs. Cook, Our Lady of Lourdes is a holy institution. We do not condone deviant behavior.

Mrs. Cook looks on anxiously. Mr. Cook stares a hole through Bernadette who stares a hole through the paper.

SISTER MARY CATHERINE (CONT'D)

While we appreciate art...

She peeks under the paper and quickly lowers it in disgust.

SISTER MARY CATHERINE (CONT'D)

...this revolting pornography belongs in the pages of Hustler Magazine, not in this sacred edifice founded two centuries ago.

She peeks under the paper again, gags. Mr. Cook is volcanic.

SISTER MARY CATHERINE (CONT'D)

I have never seen anything so perverse! To think it came from the mind of a 10-year-old girl.

(to Bernadette)

God cannot be happy with you, young lady.

Sister Mary Catherine peers at Bernadette, then makes a third attempt to peek at the paper. She's dragging this shit out.

Mr. Cook slams his fist on the desk and blurts out...

MR. COOK  
Spit that shit out, sister!

Everyone jumps. The nun, hands shaking like a recovering alcoholic, flips the paper over to reveal a drawing of a **LARGE BLACK PENIS** crammed between two **GIGANTIC BROWN TITTIES**.

The penis is topped with **RELISH**, **KETCHUP** & **EXTRA MUSTARD**. The drawing is titled, **THE SUPER HOT TITTY DOG**.

Sister Mary Catherine slides the raunchy drawing closer to The Cooks as she turns beet red from embarrassment.

Stunned, Mrs. Cook glances at her husband praying he doesn't murder her only child. Bernadette wills the paper to change. It doesn't. She feels her father's heavy breathing followed by a sudden movement. As she prepares for her death...

Mr. Cook erupts in laughter.

SISTER MARY CATHERINE  
Mr. Cook I assure you this is no laughing matter!

Mr. Cook is cracking the hell up.

SISTER MARY CATHERINE (CONT'D)  
Mr. Cook, this is serious!!!

Her protest is drowned out by Mr. Cook's obnoxious cackling.

SISTER MARY CATHERINE (CONT'D)  
Mr. Cook! Mr. Cook! Mr. Cook!!! I *command* you in the name of the Lord Almighty to stop laughing now!

Dude is busting a gut. He abruptly grabs his chest, heaves and crashes to the floor. Mrs. Cook rushes to his side.

MRS. COOK  
Obadiah! Obadiah, get up, baby!

Mrs. Cook is shaking Mr. Cook, tears streaming down her face. Sister Mary Catherine lifts the phone receiver to call for help. Too late. Mr. Cook takes one final breath.

**Dead.** Mrs. Cook **wails**. A faint **grin** paints Bernadette's face.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CHICAGO - NIGHT

SUPER: **CHICAGO 2019**

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)

Kids rarely know what they want to be when they grow up. They change dream jobs every day. Not me. When my mean father, who *never* cracked a smile, died laughing because of my childish antics, I knew I was gonna be a famous stand-up comedian.

INT. LONNIE'S LAFF PIT COMEDY CLUB - STAGE - NIGHT

Many comedy greats have passed thru Lonnie's Laff Pit; their headshots paper the walls. LESLIE JONES is on stage killing.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)

Nope, that ain't me.

INT. LONNIE'S LAFF PIT COMEDY CLUB - CONTINUOUS

BERN COOK, 32, ambitious but has the stage confidence of a H.S. freshman - 22 years after the laughing death of her dad - scrutinizes Leslie's set. She should be serving food.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)

That's me.

Unfocused, Bern attempts to place a drink on the table of a MALE AND FEMALE COUPLE. She spills the drink on the MAN.

BERN

Oh, shoot. Sorry!

Bern awkwardly dries him off accidentally grazing his peen.

BERN (CONT'D)

(re: his package)

Congratulations!

MAN

Hey, hey now.

The WOMAN ain't having Bern fondling her man's junk.

WOMAN

I got it!

They tussle causing a basket of hot wings to fall into the woman's lap SOILING her WHITE JEANS. The woman is horrified!

BERN  
I'm so so so sorry.

WOMAN  
You just ruined my big booty jeans!

An OLDER WOMAN sitting at the next table offers advice.

OLDER WOMAN  
A little jizz and club soda will  
get that right out, honey.

OLDER WOMAN'S HUSBAND  
Betty, stay away from your ratchet  
grandmother.

Bern continues damage control. CHAUNCEY SANDERS, 30s, a sex-crazed, wise-cracking Emcee, lurches up.

CHAUNCEY  
Rizee not coming. You up next.

BERN  
Oh. Oh...Ok.

CHAUNCEY  
Don't fuck this up...again.

INT. LONNIE'S LAFF PIT - STAGE - LATER

Leslie continues her blackout performance.

INT. LONNIE'S LAFF PIT - BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Bern nervously paces and pores over notes. Chauncey creeps up behind her and slides his finger across her notepad.

CHAUNCEY  
Nope. Scratch that one.

BERN  
Go away.

CHAUNCEY  
That's what they said.

BERN  
Shut up!

CHAUNCEY  
That's what they said.

BERN  
LEAVE ME ALONE, CHAUNCEY!

INT. LONNIE'S LAFF PIT - STAGE - LATER

Leslie has the audience captivated and goes in for the kill.

LESLIE JONES  
I'm Leslie Jones. Peace!

The audience gives Leslie a rousing standing ovation.

INT. LONNIE'S LAFF PIT - BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

CHAUNCEY  
Mmmph, she OJ'd that shit.

Chauncey pats Bern on the shoulder and leaves her petrified.

INT. LONNIE'S LAFF PIT - STAGE - MOMENTS LATER

CHAUNCEY  
Give it up again for Leslie Jones!

The crowd claps enthusiastically.

CHAUNCEY (CONT'D)  
Ya'll ready for the next comedian?

Still reeling from Leslie's set, the crowd screams, "YEAH!"

CHAUNCEY (CONT'D)  
You've seen her at tables all  
around this comedy club.

The audience laughs.

INT. LONNIE'S LAFF PIT - BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

LONNIE, 50s, hard-nose club owner and failed comic, steps up.

LONNIE  
You plan on serving buffalo wings  
from the stage?

Bern realizes she's wearing her APRON and rips it off.

INT. LONNIE'S LAFF PIT - STAGE - MOMENTS LATER

CHAUNCEY

Give it up for my girl, Bern Cook!

A gigantic HECKLER in the front row blurts out.

HECKLER

She better be funny this time!

The audience snickers as Bern timidly takes center stage.

BERN

Whaddup, Chicago.

The audience sits expectantly. They give her a warm greeting.

BERN (CONT'D)

Don't you hate it when people tell  
you stuff you already know? Like  
"Ooh, it's cold in Chicago."

A few "uh huhs" and polite nods of agreement.

BERN (CONT'D)

Tell me something useful. Like give  
me the Powerball numbers, right?

More "uh huhs." The room gets quieter. Bern pushes through.

BERN (CONT'D)

Yeah, like tell me where my man was  
last night, right ladies?

The same HECKLER from earlier cuts in.

HECKLER

He was smashing a funnier bitch.

The audience cackles. Bern is shaken; she sweats profusely.

BERN

She wasn't *that* funny...

Self-deprecation falls flat. **Dead silence.** Another tactic.

BERN (CONT'D)

(to Heckler)

Old bootleg Dwayne Johnson. They  
call you The Pebble.

Crickets.

HECKLER

Don't do it to yourself.

INT. LONNIE'S LAFF PIT - BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Chauncey cringes. Lonnie frantically gives Bern the light.

INT. LONNIE'S LAFF PIT - STAGE - SAME

Bern is relieved to see the red light; mumbles her sign-off.

BERN

That's my time.

Bern bolts off stage. We can hear Chauncey in the background getting a few laughs at her expense.

INT. LONNIE'S LAFF PIT - BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

When Bern appears, a fuming Lonnie tears into her ass.

LONNIE

What the fuck was that?!

Bern keeps walking, not in the mood for admonishment.

BERN

Bye, Lonnie.

Lonnie keeps talking. Bern keeps walking.

LONNIE

Keep it up and you'll be telling  
jokes from the parking lot of Chuck  
E. Cheese where a kid can be a  
muthafucking kid!...Wait, you ain't  
done cleaning your tables!

Bern is ghost. He downs a handful of TUMS.

LONNIE (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Gotta stop eating the shit I sell.

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

Bern SQUEEZES every bit of \$3.00 of gas into her fuel tank.

INT. BERN'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Bern cranks her hoopty. It sputters. Cranks it again. **Dead.**

BERN

Come on. Please...I just gave you  
my last three dollars.

Bern tries again. The car coughs and revs up. She rejoices.

BERN (CONT'D)

Ride or die, bitch. Ride or die!

Bern sputters off. The car quickly dies; smoke billows out of  
the hood. Heckler and his friends roll through the fog.

HECKLER

Shorty gotta better car, too!

Heckler & crew laugh. He speeds off. Chauncey screeches up.

CHAUNCEY

Need a ride?

INT. CHAUNCEY'S CAR BACKSEAT - LAKE MICHIGAN - LATER

Bern and Chauncey are having sloppy unsexy sex.

BERN

Wrong hole!

CHAUNCEY

You sure?

BERN

I should know.

Chauncey adjusts his aim. Feeling successful, he starts  
pumping like it's his first and last piece of ass.

CHAUNCEY

Feel that?

BERN

Yes.

Nope.

CHAUNCEY

Yeah baby, take all of this.

Chauncey pumps like a rabbit on speed when suddenly the door  
flies open.

A cracked out dirty CAR JACKER jumps in on the driver's side.  
Chauncey pops up. Bern screams, tries to cover herself.

CHAUNCEY (CONT'D)  
What the fu-

Car Jacker whips around.

CAR JACKER  
Ooh wee! Ya'll back there doing it?

He makes the sex gesture with his hands.

CHAUNCEY  
Naw, crusty. We cleaning chit'lins.  
What the fuck you think we doing?

Car Jacker's grimy hands CLAW at Bern's PEEK-A-BOOBS.

CAR JACKER  
Gimme summa dem dirty chit'lins!

BERN  
Ewww. Get away!

Bern and Chauncey start punching the Car Jacker. Relenting, he yanks the KEYS out of the IGNITION and scurries off.

CAR JACKER  
Have fun walking home, suckas.

Car Jacker hurls the keys into Lake Michigan.

CHAUNCEY  
(yelling out of the car)  
Need to throw yourself in! Dirty  
ass hands look like leather gloves.

As if nothing happened Chauncey tries to kiss Bern.

CHAUNCEY (CONT'D)  
Press play.

She shoves him away.

BERN  
Go jump in the Lake!

INT. UBER BACKSEAT - LATER

Chauncey and Bern are in an UBER POOL with a 20-SOMETHING WHITE GUY. They pull in front of Bern's house; she jumps out and slams the door. Chauncey yelps...

CHAUNCEY  
You can just PayPal me your half.

Bern gives him the finger. The Uber speeds off.

INT. UBER BACKSEAT - CONTINUOUS

WHITE GUY

Dude, no one uses Paypal.

CHAUNCEY

Stay outta Black folks' business.

EXT. BERN'S HOUSE - FRONT - CONTINUOUS

Bern drags up the path, looking around nervously. She reaches the door, still edgy. Crams her key into the lock; it doesn't fit. She tries again. **Nothing**. Tries harder. **NADA**. She's putting her body into it, jiggling the lock like a mad woman.

FEMALE VOICE (O.C.)

Having trouble?

Bern turns to find her caustic landlord MS. FOWLER, late 50s.

BERN

Hey!! I was just about to call you.

MS. FOWLER

Stop lying.

BERN

You look so pretty.

MS. FOWLER

Your rent is four months late.

BERN

I need a little more time.

MS. FOWLER

You need a real job. I'll be back in one week and if you don't have all my money you getting the hell outta here!

Ms. Fowler flips a key to Bern, pivots to exit. She spots a MAN trying to sneak by. He takes off running.

MS. FOWLER (CONT'D)

I know that's you, Pookey. Where's my rent money?!

Pookey picks up speed. Ms. Fowler gives chase in HEELS.

MS. FOWLER (CONT'D)

I was All-State in junior college!

Ms. Fowler Usain Bolts his ass. Bern drags into the house.