

ERIC

"Admission Impossible"

Written by E.J. Rupert

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Jimmy Rupe Productions
Milwaukee, WI
(414) 550-0547
ejrupert@yahoo.com

INT. NELSON HOUSE - DINING ROOM - MORNING

ERIC NELSON, 18, black, wears a shirt and tie. He sits at the table and tries to feed his nephew, WILL, 1.

ERIC
(in a baby voice)
C'mon, Willie-Billie, in comes the choo-
choo train!

Eric floats the spoon of baby food to Will's mouth.

WILL
Really, Unc? I'm almost two! I'm damn
near grown!

ERIC
Right. Sorry.

Eric puts the spoon down. Will grabs it and digs into his bowl of food. Eric's mother, RHONDA NELSON-JAMES, 40's, yells from afar.

RHONDA (O.C.)
Eric!

She and her husband, MATT JAMES, 40's, black, enter.

RHONDA (CONT'D)
For the last time, get your butt up so...

She spots Eric.

RHONDA (CONT'D)
You're up??

MATT
With real nice clothes on?

ERIC
Yessir! All dressed up, ready to go to my
first day of college!

MATT
Honey, I think I'm having a stroke.

ERIC
Come on, guys, I'm 18 now. I need to act
more like a responsible adult. See, I
even made breakfast for us!

RHONDA
But Eric, you don't...

ERIC
Calm down, it's only cereal.

RHONDA
Oh.

ERIC
And after I drop my nephew off at the Jacksons', I'm gonna go straight to the registrar's office so I can pick my classes. Maybe I can even start one today.

RHONDA
Eric, you're serious about all this?

ERIC
Yeah! If I'm lyin', may God strike me!
Eric gets startled and looks behind his shoulder.

MATT
He wouldn't strike you inside the house, son!
Matt gets startled and looks behind his shoulder.

ERIC
Ya'll sit down and eat!

RHONDA
Hey, where's Cynthia?

ERIC
I told her I was making breakfast, so I gave her the morning off.

RHONDA
I wish you hadn't done that, Eric. I'm not really a cereal girl.

The maid, CYNTHIA McNAIR, 30's, Puerto Rican, enters from the kitchen.

CYNTHIA
It's okay, Rhonda. I was about to call in anyway!

MATT
(sighs)
What's wrong with you now, Cynthia?

CYNTHIA

Mr. James, why does there have to be something wrong?

Matt looks puzzled.

MATT

Do you wanna rephrase that?

CYNTHIA

(rapidly)
Yeah, I'll get back to ya, gotta go!

She dashes out of the house.

RHONDA

Where did she come from, anyway?

MATT

Didn't she come with the house?

INT. JACKSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The JACKSON babies: J.J. with twins J.R. and JENNIFER, all biracial, gather on the floor. They all speak telepathically with each other [written in *italics*].

J.R.

Okay, guys, The Jackson Babies Club meeting is now in session. I would read the minutes from the last meeting, but, well, you know.

He points to his eyes.

J.R. (CONT'D)

First order of business: our best friend, William P. Nelson IV, is coming all the way from Madison to see us!

The others *CHEER*.

J.R. (CONT'D)

So we want to make him feel welcome.

JENNIFER

Ooh, I kept Will waiting all this time, and now I'll be his!

J.J.

Hmmph. You're definitely your mother's daughter.

JENNIFER

Well, of course I am!

(pause)

Wait, what's that supposed to mean?

J.R.

Anyway, as leader of the group...

J.J.

(to Jennifer)

Who decided that?

J.R.

...I had to make some changes.

He puts up a sign on a chalkboard. It reads, in messy handwriting, "THE NO GIRLZ KLB". Jennifer reads it "aloud".

JENNIFER

"The No Girls Club"?? Hey!

J.R.

It's only temporary, Jennifer, until Will goes back home. Like I said, it's to make him feel welcome!

JENNIFER

By making me unwelcome!

J.R.

Hey, at home, we'll still be brother and sister!

J.J.

I see what you're getting at, J.R. It's just as well, anyway. Girls are yucky!

J.R.

Exactly!

JENNIFER

Ya'll do know that our mother is a girl! She helped create us!

BOYS

Ewww!

J.R.

Way to get on our side, Jenn!

SFX: Doorbell CHIMES.

The babies' father, JACOB JACKSON, 20, white, walks to the door and opens it. Eric and Will enter.

ERIC

Hey, Jacob, thanks for watching Will at the last minute.

JACOB

Yeah, yeah, "Prince". You're lucky I don't have any class.

Eric fixes his lips to say something. Jacob angrily stares at him.

JACOB (CONT'D)

I heard it too. Beat it!

Eric exits. Jacob walks Will over to his babies.

JACOB (CONT'D)

Alright, Will, say what's up to your friends here.

JENNIFER

(lustfully)

Hey, big sexy!

J.J.

'Sup, Will?

J.R.

Like our sign?

WILL

Mr. Jackson, it's time to watch our stories!

JACOB

Hey, keep it down! No one needs to know that!

Jacob's father-in-law, JOHN DUMBECK, 40's, white, enters the house.

JOHN

Too late!

JACOB

John, what are you doing here?

JOHN

I'm here to watch the grand-babies, of course. My grand-babies. You're on your own with your kid.

He looks at Will.

JOHN (CONT'D)

...and this kid I've never seen before.
Which woman did you knock up this time?

JACOB

You fool, this is the Nelsons' baby! And I'm watching all of them. You wanna do something, fix this loose doorknob here.

He wiggles the closet doorknob.

JOHN

That's easy, man. Take a screwdriver and tighten the screws.

JACOB

But isn't that your job, Mr. Landlord?

JOHN

Really now?

JACOB

It's what we pay rent for!

JOHN

You mean, Shana.

JACOB

Then that should give you more motivation to fix it. Your daughter's coming back from deployment, and she needs to feel comfortable.

JOHN

(sighs)

I'll have the door replaced.

JACOB

And there you go, always calling and paying somebody to do it. Why don't you get your hands dirty once in a while?

JOHN

Uh, I don't really know how to do it.

JACOB

Pull it up on YouTube!

JOHN

Yeah, I don't know how to do that, either.

JACOB
 (sighs)
 Gimme your phone.

JOHN
 It's in the car. I'll be back.

John exits.

JACOB
 By the time I'm done with you, this house
 will look like a castle!

He LAUGHS EVILLY. The babies look at him, tremble, and
 CRY. Jacob STOPS laughing, runs to each of them, picks
 them up, and rocks them.

JACOB (CONT'D)
 Awww, no, stop crying!

They continue CRYING.

JACOB (CONT'D)
 I blame everybody but me for this!

INT. ADMISSIONS OFFICE - LATER

Eric approaches a desk where CLEO, 19, black, sits. She
 wears her hair in an afro, and she BLASTS loud, Afrobeats
 music. She nods her head to it.

ERIC
 Hi, excuse me.

Cleo continues nodding her head.

ERIC (CONT'D)
 (yells)
 Excuse me, miss?!

CLEO
 (yells)
 Oh, hey, my brotha! How can I help you?!

ERIC
 Well, uh, I'd like to...can you turn that
 down for a second?!

CLEO
 Why?! You ain't my boss!

ERIC
 What?!

CLEO

Hold on!

She SHUTS the music off.

ERIC

(yells)

I'd like to...

(regular voice)

I'd like to register for classes.

CLEO

(regular voice)

Oh, you are, huh? Ain't enough to be black in Milwaukee, but they wanna make us go to school, too!

ERIC

Huh? But don't you go here, too?

CLEO

Ahh, that's what they want you to think!

ERIC

So you just work here?

CLEO

Why I gotta work here? 'Cuz I'm black?

ERIC

Uh, have you had your coffee this morning?

CLEO

It was tea. Lemme see your ID.

Eric hands his ID to her.

CLEO (CONT'D)

Wow, you just turned 18, and you're already going to college?

ERIC

Yeah, I don't wanna brag...who am I kidding, yes I do! A brotha messed around and graduated early! These schools should be dying to get me!

CLEO

Oh yeah, as long as you black.

ERIC

Yeah!

(pause)

Wait, what?

CLEO

Open your mind, my brotha! You could come in here with a "D" average, and they'll still take you. Why do you think I'm here?

ERIC

I was about to ask that.

CLEO

Because I'm a pretty, very pretty, black face!

ERIC

Please, I don't believe that.

Cleo stares at him.

ERIC (CONT'D)

You know what I mean.

CLEO

Clearly, you haven't heard of affirmative action.

ERIC

I thought they don't do that anymore.

CLEO

Please! They gotta keep accepting us! Otherwise, they'll be viewed as racists!

ERIC

Really? Hmmm.

CLEO

When all the while here, you'll be looked down by "the man"! Wouldn't you rather go to a school where you're appreciated?

Eric slowly turns around and walks away.

CLEO (CONT'D)

Have a nice day! Next!

She resumes PLAYING her music. Eric walks outside. Jacob and his sister-in-law, ELEANOR DUMBECK, 19, white, approach him.

JACOB

Hey, why so down, clown?

ERIC

You wouldn't understand. And what are you doing here, anyway? Where's Will?

JACOB

My stupid father-in-law's watching him.

ELEANOR

(to Jacob)

You don't have any "tat", do you? [mispronounces "tact"]

ERIC

Well, he don't have to watch him anymore. I'm gonna pick him up now.

ELEANOR

But I thought you were registering for classes.

ERIC

I don't know about that, Eleanor. I'm not interested in meeting anybody's quota.

ELEANOR

What?

ERIC

See, I knew ya'll wouldn't get it!

ELEANOR

Oh, but I do, "bruh"! My sister's black!

JACOB

And I got black kids!

ELEANOR

Our people has been enslaved for far too long.

JACOB

Fight the power.

He raises his fist.

ERIC

Oh, shut up, ya'll!

Eric storms away.

ELEANOR
He was talking to you.

JACOB
I'll kick his ass later. He seems upset.

ELEANOR
So you have feelings now?

JACOB
Knock it off.

They exit.

INT. JACKSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

J.J. and J.R. crawl over to Jennifer, who is by the chalkboard.

JENNIFER
Nice to see ya'll finally finish lunch!

J.J.
I had to pull J.R. away. He had a little too much breast milk!

J.R. wobbles back and forth.

J.R.
(drunkenly)
No, you had too much! You're a doo-doo head!
(belches)
I love you, my dudes! Shut up!

JENNIFER
Anyway, I'd like to present my brand-new club! Check it!

She puts up a sign, written in messy handwriting. It says, "THE NO YUNGR BABEES KLB".

J.R.
(reads "aloud", regular voice)
"The No Younger Babies Club"? What is that?

JENNIFER
Well, bro, we all know that I was born three minutes and 32 seconds before you!

J.R.

Oh brother!

JENNIFER

And J.J., you're welcome to join!

J.J.

Really? But I don't know if I was born before J.R.

J.R.

Yeah!

JENNIFER

His application will be pending.

J.R.

You're just doin' this to get back at me!

JENNIFER

Am not!

J.R.

Am too!

They both continue to *BICKER*.

J.J.

Hey, hey! Stop it! I don't think I wanna be in either of ya'll's club! I'm gonna start my own! It'll be just me!

J.R.

Just you? That's kinda lame.

J.J.

No, you'll see! Folks all around will wanna join! Then I'll be glad to tell them "no"!

JENNIFER

Yeah, uh, good luck with that.

J.R.

(to Jennifer)

I always had my suspicions about that cat.

John walks towards the front door and wipes sweat from his forehead. Jacob approaches him.

JACOB

Hey, John, hold up.

JOHN
Yes, what is it?

JACOB
It looks like the kids are having so much fun. It would be nice if they had their own room to play around in.

JOHN
They have a bedroom.

JACOB
But why not a nursery? Unless you think it's too good for your grandchildren.

JOHN
Hey, I just got done putting in that doorknob!

JACOB
Also, as our landlord, you're supposed to be making us feel comfortable! You don't want your children to feel uncomfortable, do you?

JOHN
No, of course not. But I don't know how to build another room.

JACOB
I wouldn't do that to you. Get your usual building crew to whip them up something. If it's not too much trouble.

JOHN
(sternly)
Not at all.

John exits.

J.J.
That's my dad!

JENNIFER
I wouldn't brag about that!

J.J.
He's better than yours!

J.R.
Shows how much you know! We don't even know our dad!

J.J. rolls his eyes.

J.J.
Well, you showed me!

J.J. exits.

J.R.
Aw, why'd I have to say that?

He starts to BAWL.

JENNIFER
Oh brother!

She sticks a pacifier in J.R.'s mouth, and he sucks on it.

INT. NELSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Matt wears a blue dress with a scarf and a wig. The song, "My Guy", PLAYS on his phone, and he holds a brush like a microphone.

MATT
 (falsetto voice, sings with music)
 "Nothing you can say/Can take me away from my guy..."

Rhonda enters the front door.

RHONDA
 Matt! What are you doing?

MATT
 Uh, uh...

Eric comes down the stairs.

ERIC
 Hey, guys.

RHONDA
 Eric! What are you doing back?

MATT
 (sotto voce)
 Thank God!
 (regular voice)
 Yeah, Eric, I didn't know you were upstairs!

Matt takes off the wig and puts on a robe. Eric walks in and out the kitchen with a bag of chips.

ERIC

Some money would help me forget what I've been hearing, Matt.

RHONDA

Now you know you're asking the wrong person. Are you done registering for class?

ERIC

Oh yeah, Mom, I left. I'm not goin' anymore.

He goes upstairs. Matt and Rhonda look at each other and follow him upstairs.

INT. NELSON HOUSE - ERIC'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Eric sits on his bed, chomps on some chips, and watches TV. Matt and Rhonda enter his room.

MATT

Uh, son, you got a minute?

ERIC

Not really. I'm watching TV.

MATT

It's not a question.

ERIC

But I thought it was.

Matt shuts off the TV.

RHONDA

Why aren't you gonna go to school?

ERIC

Mom, that school's only looking for black people to meet their quota!

RHONDA

What?

ERIC

Yeah, the lady at the registrar told me as much! She basically turned me away!

RHONDA

Oh, no, Eric. You must had misunderstood her.

ERIC

"Must had misunderstood her"? Mom, I heard it with my own ears! I'm surprised that you work there!

RHONDA

Eric, that's my alma mater. If something was wrong, I would know about it!

ERIC

Mom, no offense, but we don't know everything! And I'm just telling you what she told me!

RHONDA

Now that's enough! Does this have anything to do with you just not wanting to go?

ERIC

Mom, I'm telling you the truth! Why aren't you listening to me?

RHONDA

Because you're saying this crap about my school!

ERIC

Oh, so you'd listen to your school before you listen to me?

MATT

Hey, guys, hold on...

RHONDA

No, it's just that you're new to the school, and there must've been a mistake. Now, if you just go back...

ERIC

No! I'm not goin' back! And I can't believe that you're not standing up for me!

RHONDA

Look, Eric, I'll go with you tomorrow.

ERIC

Mom, I just said I ain't goin' back! I'm a grown-up now!

RHONDA

Using our money!

ERIC

Well, you can have it back!

MATT

Guys, wait...

RHONDA

Now, listen, boy...

ERIC

I'm not a boy! And I am gonna go to college, but not at your racist school! I'm moving out and goin' back to Madison!

SILENCE.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Despite my inability to storm in or out, I stand by my decision.

INT. NELSON HOUSE - ERIC'S ROOM - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Matt and Rhonda exit Eric's room and close the door behind them.

RHONDA

This can't be, honey!

MATT

Maybe there's an explanation for this.

RHONDA

No! My alma mater being racist? To my family?

(sighs)

That's the kind of thing that happens to someone else!

MATT

You know who else says that?

RHONDA

Who?

MATT

Someone else.

They exit.

INT. JACKSON HOUSE - NURSERY ROOM - HALLWAY - DAY

John stands outside the nursery room. Jacob approaches him.

JOHN

Here you go, Jacob. A nursery for the babies.

Inside, J.R. and Jennifer sit aside a chalkboard with a sign that says, in messy handwriting, "THE NO JACOB JAKSN'S SONS KLB". J.J. approaches them and reads the sign "aloud".

J.J.

"The No Jacob Jackson's Sons Club"?? Hey! That's not fair!

JENNIFER

The hell it ain't! Ya'll Jacksons are too crazy!

J.R.

(to J.J.)

Yeah! Listen to the way your dad's acting now!

JACOB

Thanks for this, John. You know, our family is growing bigger and bigger. We're gonna need some space for our dog, Dexter. I mean, you did say pets are included, right?

JOHN

Yeah.

JACOB

So Dexter should be included in the remodeling of this house!

JOHN

Oh brother.

J.J.

"The Jacob Jacksons Only Club"! With only me and J.R.!

JENNIFER

You do realize that you would be excluding Will?

J.J.
*We'll make him an honorary member! He's
 dyin' to get in!*

J.J. points to Will, who sits on the floor and plays with a toy truck.

WILL
 Vroom, vroom!

Eric enters the room.

ERIC
 Alright, Will, let's go.

JACOB
 Hey, squirt, since I watched your kid,
 why don't you watch mines for a bit?

ERIC
 (sighs)
 Fine, whatever.

JENNIFER
Great! We'll finish this in the car!

INT. ERIC'S CAR - DAY - LATER

Eric drives. Will and the babies sit in car seats in the back.

J.R.
"The More White Than You Club"!

JENNIFER
That sounds too woke!

J.R.
Then I'll take a nap!

JENNIFER
You already did!

J.J.
You guys are idiots!

JENNIFER
No, you are!

The babies continue to *BICKER*. Eric pulls over. By the curb are Cynthia's children, POLLY and PABLO, 12 and 9, respectively, and their dog, Arlene. They sit on coolers and have bottles of water in their hands.

ERIC

Polly? Pablo? What are ya'll up to?

POLLY

You know, selling water!

ERIC

(frowns)

Really?

POLLY

It's a legit business!

ERIC

And you're still taking part in it?

PABLO

Yeah, people are saps for cute kids selling stuff!

WILL

Cool! Can I try?

ERIC

Hey, good idea. Pablo, remember when I didn't tell your mother after I walked in on you?

PABLO

Hey, hey! And my girl! Say it with me!
"And my girl!"

ERIC

Whatever. Now it's time to return the favor. Take these brats for a while.

POLLY

(sighs)

Fine. Help me get them out, Pablo.

PABLO

(to Eric)

Can you at least buy a water from us?

ERIC

No.

Polly helps Will out of his seat.

WILL

Thanks, doll!

Eric and Pablo grab the babies.

J.R.
 (to the other babies)
I can't believe it! Will's dissin' us!

JENNIFER
And look how he's gushing over that tart!
 (scoffs)
*That's cool, Will, but don't come cryin'
 to me when she starts chasin' after a
 teenager!*

J.J.
Uh, Jenn, he can't hear you!

JENNIFER
Oh. He used to be able to.

INT. NELSON HOUSE - GARAGE - DAY

Matt kneels underneath the grand piano and tries to tune it. Rhonda paces back and forth.

RHONDA
 Honey, it's not that I'm mad at Eric. I just can't believe that my school would do something like this!

MATT
 Your school, or just somebody from your school?

RHONDA
 Doesn't matter. You always want to protect your kids from this, and then it happens. That's part of my frustration. And now Eric don't think I believe him.

Matt crawls out from underneath.

MATT
 Well, dear, it sounds like you not need to tell me all of this. There's somebody else in particular.

EXT. DR. SYD'S OFFICE - LATER

Rhonda walks through a park and reads from a business card.

RHONDA
 "Dr. Syd"?

DR. SYD the mole runs up to her and does a hand salute.
He wears a white lab coat.

RHONDA (CONT'D)

Huh? You're him?

Dr. Syd SQUEAKS and points to a hammock.

RHONDA (CONT'D)

No wonder my family acts so strange.

She tries to get into the hammock, but slips and PLOPS on the ground. Dr. Syd's assistant, OLIVER DUCK, approaches him. He wears reading glasses and speaks telepathically.

OLIVER

Whoa! I hope she knows we ain't insured!

He exits. Dr. Syd sits on a stump. Rhonda gets in the hammock.

RHONDA

So my son says that a school, my school, only wants him because he's black. He then inferred that they only hired me because I'm black.

SFX: Dr. Syd SCRIBBLES.

RHONDA (CONT'D)

I'm not saying that it's an issue that doesn't exist. I just wish that he would've talked to me about it first.

SFX: More SCRIBBLING.

RHONDA (CONT'D)

Eric's a very smart kid. No, adult. And we raised him to be able to make decisions on his own.

SFX: More SCRIBBLING.

RHONDA (CONT'D)

I just don't want him to be mad at me.
And I need to get to the bottom of this.

Dr. Syd puts his pad down.

RHONDA (CONT'D)

Well, this has been helpful. Thanks, Doc.

Rhonda walks past Oliver sitting at his desk, wearing reading glasses and typing on a laptop.

RHONDA (CONT'D)
 (to Oliver)
 You guys have a pretty good setup here.

She exits.

OLIVER
If you like it so much, come fill in for me. Syd won't let me use my vacation time!

Dr. Syd SQUEAKS.

OLIVER (CONT'D)
I ain't gonna be too many more of that, now!

EXT. JACKSON HOUSE - DAY

Jacob's wife, and John's daughter, SHANA JONES, 20, biracial, wears her Army uniform. She approaches the front door with luggage, opens the door, and steps inside. Double-doors CLOSE behind her. She looks around.

SHANA
 What the...?

She looks around and sees that she is in an elevator. It takes her down below.

SHANA (CONT'D)
 Since when did we have an elevator?

She looks outside the window and sees water with fish and other sea mammals swimming. The elevator stops inside the house. She exits and finds John and Jacob in the living room BICKERING.

SHANA (CONT'D)
 Hey, guys! What happened to our house?

JACOB
 Your father made some improvements for you and the kids!

SHANA
 The kids need a house underwater?

JOHN
 Your husband had me running around fixin' this house up!

JACOB

You're supposed to! You're the landlord-slash-grandfather. So you should be doing twice that!

SHANA

That's enough, Jakey! I don't need all this stuff! I married you to get away from all this stuff!

JACOB

I know, Shana. I was just havin' a little fun.

JOHN

What?? I'm gonna get even with you!

SHANA

No! No getting even! Just get my house back to normal, please?

JACOB

But your dad was skimpin' on the skimpy-dressed Swedish maids! They're on their way back!

SHANA

Jacob!

JACOB

Fine.

(to John)

You heard her.

JOHN

Okay, I can easily call my people to get rid of this in...

Jacob frowns at him.

JOHN (CONT'D)

What? You guys want this done quickly, right?

INT. JACKSON HOUSE - BEDROOM - LATER

Jacob approaches Shana.

JACOB

Alright, honey, everything's back to normal.

SHANA

Good.

JACOB

Now gimme some sugar. I missed ya.

Jacob prepares to hug Shana.

SHANA

Hold on. I gotta wash this Army off of me.

(seductively)

Wanna help?

JACOB

You twisted my arm.

SHANA

Okay, the shower's on. Meet me in there.

JACOB

Alright.

Jacob hurries to the bathroom. Shana closes the bathroom door and dashes away. Jacob strips down, then trembles.

JACOB (CONT'D)

Must be a draft in here.

He steps in the shower and sees that the wall is missing. The shower leads to outdoors.

JACOB (CONT'D)

AARRGGHH!

He quickly covers his privates with his hands. Onlookers and drivers in cars point, HONK their horns, and LAUGH. John and Shana stand to the side.

JOHN

Now we're even!

John and Shana SLAP hands and walk away. Jacob pulls the curtain off and attempts to wrap himself with it. He looks down at his waist and sees that the curtain is sheer.

JACOB

Damn vinyl curtain!

Eric walks past him with the babies.

ERIC

Man, Jacob, the hot water ain't on?

JACOB

Yeah, it is!
 (pause)
 Hey, shut up!

Eric CHUCKLES.

INT. ADMISSIONS OFFICE - DAY

Eric's girlfriend, BERNIECE WILLIAMS, 17, black, walks with her friend, CONNIE McDOWELL and her boyfriend, DENNIS "DIMMEY" ROBERTS, both 17, white. They approach Cleo, who TURNS DOWN her loud music.

CLEO

(to Connie)

Hey, I recognize you! You tried to get into our meeting.

CONNIE

Yeah, I know.

CLEO

Nothing personal, but it's supposed to uplift black women. Besides, letting a white girl in would give "The Beat-a-Brotha-Down Group" a whole different meaning.

CONNIE

Understood.

DIMMEY

Ay, Conn, you down for some grub?

CONNIE

Yeah, they got a Popeye's on this campus!

DIMMEY

Aight, cool! I like this school already!

Dimmey and Connie exit.

CLEO

(to Berniece)

Those are some down-ass white folks!

BERNIECE

Girl, they ain't white!

They both CHUCKLE.

BERNIECE (CONT'D)

But don't tell them that, though!

CLEO

Okay?

They continue CHUCKLING.

CLEO (CONT'D)

What are ya'll youngin's doing here, anyway?

BERNIECE

We're on a college tour. I heard about this school, too. My boyfriend's gonna go here.

CLEO

Well, if he's black, he'll have no problem getting in. You either.

Rhonda walks from a distance, stops and looks in Cleo's direction.

BERNIECE

Fine by me. I'm just going because they say that's what you're supposed to do after you graduate. I gotta catch up with my friends; see what Popeye's already ran out of.

Berniece exits. Rhonda approaches Cleo.

RHONDA

Cleo, I overheard you. What was that about?

CLEO

Oh, nothing, Professor Nelson-James. I was just joking.

RHONDA

So you think it's funny that black people only get in because of the color of their skin?

CLEO

No, it's a problem. Especially if this school is doing it!

RHONDA

And how do you know that this school is doing it?

CLEO

I wouldn't be surprised!

RHONDA

Listen, I respect that you have your opinion, but you shouldn't be shooin' potential students away with it.

CLEO

So they should find out for themselves that a school only wants them because they're black.

RHONDA

Yes! I mean, no! I mean...

(sighs)

I don't have an answer for that. But you're not making things easier by saying no to them!

CLEO

Wow. In an attempt to help my fellow sister, I insulted her. I'm so ashamed. I need to take the rest of the day off to think about what I did.

She packs up her papers and boombox.

RHONDA

Uh, Cleo, I'm not your supervis--

CLEO

I'll be at home if you need me.

Cleo exits.

RHONDA

There is something wrong with her.

INT. NELSON HOUSE - ERIC'S ROOM - LATER

Eric sits on his bed and watches TV. Rhonda opens the door.

RHONDA

Eric, can I come in?

ERIC

It's your house.

He turns off the TV. Rhonda enters.

RHONDA

So apparently, there is somebody at my school who's badmouthing it.

ERIC

Mom, I told you that!

RHONDA

But it's just one person!

ERIC

It doesn't matter! And on top of that, you immediately assumed that I heard her wrong!

RHONDA

(sighs)

I know. And for that, I'm sorry.

(shrugs)

I'm not always right.

ERIC

I know. You're not like me.

Eric CHUCKLES. Rhonda mockingly CHUCKLES.

RHONDA

Hey! I'm the one who taught you how to stand up for yourself!

ERIC

I know.

RHONDA

I also taught you how to make your own decisions, and I'm proud of you.

ERIC

Mmm hmm.

RHONDA

So are you still gonna go back to Madison?

ERIC

No! I don't have any money!

RHONDA

Are you gonna go back to my school then?

ERIC

I don't know yet.

RHONDA

Well, look, don't let one person stop you from going there!

ERIC

But Mom, doesn't it bother you that you may or may not have gotten there only because you're black?

RHONDA

I don't know if that's the reason. And I may never know. But I don't care. I know that I was smart enough to attend, graduate, and teach there. Any naysayers that are there, I'm fighting from within and proving them wrong!

ERIC

Wow. That's bold, Mom.

RHONDA

Now before you talked to Cleo, did you wanna go there?

ERIC

Yeah, I guess.

RHONDA

Then continue on with that, and make a name for yourself there!

ERIC

You're right. I'll go back tomorrow. Thanks, Mom.

RHONDA

Now come on downstairs for dinner.

ERIC

Did you make it?

RHONDA

Now, Eric, I already apologized once.

They CHUCKLE.

ERIC

Alright.

They exit.

INT. ADMISSIONS OFFICE - DAY

Cleo BLASTS Afrobeats music on her boombox. She SHUTS it off, grabs a comb, and brushes her hair down. She puts on a hat, grabs her bags, and exits the office.

EXT. ADMISSIONS OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Her BOYFRIEND, white, stands outside his car and opens the passenger's side.

BOYFRIEND

Hey, baby. How was your day?

Cleo KISSES him.

CLEO

(prim and proper voice)

Oh, it was just a fabulous day! I must tell you all about it!

BOYFRIEND

Cool! Let me get your bags.

Cleo hands him her bags.

CLEO

Why thank you, dear!

BOYFRIEND

Anything for you!

Cleo sits in the car.

CLEO

Likewise, snookums, I would do anything for you!

The boyfriend walks to the trunk of the car.

BOYFRIEND

(sotto voce)

Sheesh. Could you loosen up once in a while?

He opens the trunk, puts the bags in, and SHUTS it.

THE END