

UMAP 101

Written by

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WHITE PRODUCTION DRAFT - 10/13/21

BLUE DRAFT - 10/15/21

PINK DRAFT - 10/18/21

YELLOW DRAFT - 10/20/21

GREEN DRAFT - 10/31/21

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FADE IN:

ON a hand taking stacks of money from under a mattress.

SUPER: GULF WAR. AHMADI, KUWAIT. 1991.

1.1 INT. MO'S HOUSE - MO'S BEDROOM - KUWAIT - 1991 - DAY 1.1

Reveal **YUSRA NAJJAR**, early 40s, focused and resolute, grabbing as many BUNDLES OF CASH as she can carry. We FOLLOW her as she hurries into --

1.2 INT. MO'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - KUWAIT - 1991 - DAY 1.2

A room that has been turned upside down - there are piles of clothes and half-packed suitcases all over. Yusra dumps the cash onto the couch, adding it to an already sizable pile. She goes back for more, passing --

YOUNG MO NAJJAR, seven, dribbling a soccer ball like a basketball as if he were driving into the paint.

NOTE: All dialogue in the Kuwait/Iraq scenes are in Arabic.

YOUNG MO
(like an announcer)
Olajuwon leaps for the rim --

He jumps up, pretending to slam dunk.

YOUNG MO (CONT'D)
Yes! The crowd goes wild! AAAAAH!

Mo sees his older brother, **YOUNG SAMEER NAJJAR**, 11, obsessively pacing around the room in a zig-zag pattern, as if one wrong step would bring disaster. Mo goes to pass him the ball.

YOUNG MO (CONT'D)
(like an announcer)
The Dream looks to Kenny Smith!
(off Sameer's nonreaction)
Sameer! The Jet!

Sameer cannot be distracted from his pacing. Mo shrugs.

YOUNG MO (CONT'D)
Tricked him! He keeps it and...

Mo THROWS the ball, hitting his sister, **YOUNG NADIA NAJJAR**, 18, who's folding and packing clothes. She turns, annoyed:

YOUNG NADIA

*Mo! We're all rushing and you're
still playing stupid games!*

YOUNG MO

You're stupid.

MUSTAFA (O.S.)

Hamoudi --

Mo's FATHER, **MUSTAFA NAJJAR**, 50s, approaches from the dining table where he's set-up a workstation for his electronics.

MUSTAFA (CONT'D)

*Habibi, your sister's right. We
don't have much time, you need to
focus.*

YOUNG MO

Baba, did you fix my Walkman yet?

MUSTAFA

(not now)

Go help your mother.

Mo runs off to Yusra as Mustafa resumes soldering some Walkman components together.

A SERIES OF SHOTS:

MUSIC UP: "That's Alright Mama" by Elvis Presley.

Yusra opens a PURSE, empties it onto the floor, and cuts the lining with a razor. Mo hands her stacks as she begins stashing cash into the makeshift compartment.

ON Yusra's hands re-sewing the purse's lining. She pulls the last of the thread taut and Mo, scissors ready, cuts the thread.

Yusra, at a sewing machine, finishes sewing a belt. She secures it to Nadia's waist and Mo fills it with money.

Mo finds a few STACKS of CASH in a box of Lion Bar chocolates and brings them to Yusra. Exhausted, she forces the forgotten stacks into a hidden lining of a suitcase. She doesn't notice as Mo grabs some nearby ACTION FIGURES and throws them in with the clothes.

1.3 EXT. MO'S HOUSE - KUWAIT - 1991 - DAY

1.3

Mo, Yusra, Nadia, and Sameer stand outside with Mustafa and their suitcases. Yusra's wearing an oversized coat lined with valuables; Mo in a too-small Pelé jersey.

An early 1980's SCHOOL BUS approaches, stopping at their house. The doors swing open and Yusra lifts her bags, guiding Nadia and Sameer onto the bus.

But Mo hesitates... he can't stop looking back at their home. Mustafa gently nudges him onward. Mo looks to his dad.

YOUNG MO

Why can't we go together?

MUSTAFA

The four of you will be together in Houston, with Hakeem from the basketball. I'll be with you soon inshallah.

Mustafa lovingly crouches down and caresses Mo's face.

MUSTAFA (CONT'D)

Habibi, Allah made you a strong and clever boy. Now you must use those gifts as a man. You are young, but not a child anymore. The family needs you. Can I depend on you?

ON Mo, his seven year old eyes absorbing the gravity of the situation. He nods.

MUSTAFA (CONT'D)

Good. I thought so.

Mustafa smiles then hands Mo a now REPAIRED WALKMAN. Mo smiles wide.

YOUNG MO

Shokran, baba.

MUSTAFA

Yallah, habibi. Take care.

As Mo goes to board the bus, his smile disappears again as he can't help but wonder if they'll ever be together again.

1.4 INT. BUS - KUWAIT - 1991 1.4

Mo sits with his Mom, staring at the other FAMILIES piled in. He's got an empty bag of chips and a mound of orange peels on his lap. He makes eye contact with a SAD YOUNG GIRL. He looks away, then slips on his headphones and nuzzles into Yusra.

1.5 INT./EXT. BAGHDAD, IRAQ CHECKPOINT - 1991 - HOURS LATER 1.5

Mo's woken up by a commotion outside the bus, now stopped. He looks out the window --

IRAQI SOLDIERS yell at people they've kicked off other vehicles, breaking open their luggage and stealing valuables. A **BURLY SOLDIER** enters the bus and makes an announcement:

BURLY SOLDIER
*Everyone, take your bags and get
off of the bus.*

Mo tries not to look scared. Sameer and Nadia are having less success - Sameer moans nervously and Nadia trembles, her fingers feeling the money hidden in her belt. Yusra grips them, trying to calm them down.

YUSRA
(to Nadia)
Go before you blow our cover.
(to Mo)
Watch Sameer.

Yusra hands them their bags and ushers them off. We stay with her as she kneels down, out of sight, listening to the CHAOS outside.

She grabs her suitcase and makes a mess of it, undoing all her work. She grabs another bag and does the same thing. Finally, she scatters orange peels and empty wrappers on top.

ON Mo, outside, stealing glances at what Yusra's doing. He has enough sense to know not to stare. The passengers around him watch helplessly as their possessions are ransacked and valuables stolen. Yusra signals him with a go-ahead, and as the other passengers get herded back onto the bus, the Najjar children join them.

The burly soldier accompanies the last of the passengers back onto the bus. As Mo, Sameer, and Nadia sit back down with Yusra, the soldier's eyes land on her:

BURLY SOLDIER
*I never saw you get off the bus.
You playing me for a fool?*

Mo sees other passengers look on anxiously as Yusra clutches Sameer, quietly starting to recite Quranic *Surat Ya-seen*.

BURLY SOLDIER (CONT'D)
*What are you deaf, bitch? Think you
can hide from me?*

ON Mo, seeing his family in need. Suddenly, he starts fake CRYING.

YOUNG MO
*Please, sir! Don't take my Ninja
Turtles! She didn't know they were
there!*

The soldier looks at him, confused. Mo sells it hard, his tears becoming sobs. He seems genuinely terrified.

YOUNG MO (CONT'D)
*I just wanted to have my toys. It's
not her fault. She didn't know!*

He holds a weathered TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES toy out to the soldier.

YOUNG MO (CONT'D)
*Take Michelangelo, everyone knows
he's the best! Please --*

SUPERIOR OFFICER (O.S.)
What is this filth?

The **SUPERIOR OFFICER** steps on the bus, his uniform crisp and covered with honors. He eyes the Burly Soldier.

SUPERIOR OFFICER (CONT'D)
*You think you're a big man? Making
women and children cry?*

Mo stifles his cries as the Officer gives his subordinate a hard stare. The Officer eyes Yusra's luggage -- the wrappers, the orange peels, and Mo's Ninja Turtles peeking out.

SUPERIOR OFFICER (CONT'D)
*These bags have clearly been
searched. You want to take the
boy's candy and toys too?*

He signals to a couple of his other MEN and has the Soldier removed from the bus. The Officer takes one of the figures from Yusra's suitcase and hands it to Mo, patting him on the face. He looks over to Yusra:

SUPERIOR OFFICER (CONT'D)
God be with you all.

Once in the clear, Yusra turns to Mo, proud and impressed. You can hear the relief in their hushed voices:

YUSRA
*When did you learn to turn on tears
 like that?*

YOUNG MO
When you wouldn't buy me a Walkman.

He holds up his Walkman, smiling. Yusra shakes her head, amused. The bus begins to pull away and Mo puts on his headphones. Hits play.

PRELAP: "25 Lighters on My Dresser" by Fat Pat --

CUT TO:

MAIN TITLE

1.6 INT./EXT. - MO'S CAR - HEADED TOWARD ALIEF - DAY 1.6

"25 Lighters" continues over a MONTAGE:

MO NAJJAR, now in his mid-30s, cruises in his beat up '70 FORD TURINO COUPE, old-school windows rolled down due to the broken AC, the MICHELANGELO TOY he had in Kuwait on the dashboard.

We take in the sights of Houston -- e.g., the "Be Someone" bridge over I-10; the Houston Graffiti Building; the "Twin Syringes" building...

Mo rolls into Alief and lights up a joint as he passes the water tower; Crump Stadium; Pencil Middle School...

He throws on a "Houston Mobile Spot" shirt as he turns onto Bellaire Blvd with its Mexican meat markets, 99 cent stores, Black women's hair product stores...

Finally, he pulls into a strip mall parking lot and kills the engine, the MUSIC CUTS OFF.

Psst, psst -- Mo sprays himself with a can of air freshener.

1.7 INT. HOUSTON MOBILE SPOT - DAY 1.7

Mo moves back and forth between desks, multi-tasking as he puts a new screen on a **TEXAS WOMAN'S** phone.

TEXAS WOMAN

How are you doing it so fast?

MO

These new LCD screens are easy,
just a couple of screws and an
attachment. Now if you brought me a
Nokia 1202, that's a whole
different situation, can't find
those parts.

One of Mo's inept coworkers, **JOSÉ**, late 20s, shouts:

JOSÉ

Yo, Mo! I need those iPhone cases.
(in Spanish)
*Aye, asshole -- this gringa been
waiting.*

Mo doesn't look up as he puts the finishing touches on the
woman's phone. Shouting to José:

MO

Which iPhone cases? The SE, 11 Pro,
12 Pro Max, be specific, José!

JOSÉ

The iPhone 13s!

MO (IN SPANISH)

*Relax, cabrón. They're in the back
by the Selena Samsung cases -- rest
in peace.*

JOSÉ (IN SPANISH)

Rest in peace.

José does the sign of the cross and walks off. Mo's boss,
ABOOD RAHMAN, 50s, whistles, motioning for him. Mo hands the
phone back to his customer.

MO

José will ring you up.

Mo joins Abood in the back of the shop.

MO (CONT'D)

What's happening?

ABOOD RAHMAN (IN ARABIC)

I have to talk to you...

MO

Why are you speaking Arabic? It's never good when you speak Arabic in front of the customers.

Abood hesitates.

ABOOD RAHMAN (IN ARABIC)

ICE raided our other location this morning. We ate a big fine, one more will shut us down. I have to let you go.

MO

You're firing me?

ABOOD RAHMAN

What am I supposed to do? You don't have a work permit. I'm sorry.

MO

What about José? José can't be legal.

ABOOD RAHMAN

No, José's legal.

JOSÉ (O.S.)

I married in, bro!

ABOOD RAHMAN

See?

JOSÉ (O.S.)

You should marry Maria, she's fine as hell! And she's a mechanic too, got those oily hands!

MO

Don't talk about my girl's hands!

(to Abood)

How can you fire me over that guy? God only knows what's in his search history.

ABOOD RAHMAN

Mo, please --

MO

He's from Matamoros! You know what that translates to? Kill Muslims.

(MORE)

MO (CONT'D)

(in Arabic)

Don't do this. I know this store better than anyone. Plus I'll have my asylum soon.

ABOOD RAHMAN

How soon?

MO

Soon. You know. Like, (trailer voice) *coming soon*. That kinda soon. I'm in the system, okay? I'm not undocumented. My court date's coming up. Once they grant me asylum, I'll have a work permit.

ABOOD RAHMAN

And if they don't, they'll deport you. It's not so simple. You've been waiting, what, 20 years?

MO

Twenty-two.

ABOOD RAHMAN

Twenty-two years of courts dates. What makes you think this next one will be different?

MO

I'm just playing the odds. How many times can they push a hearing?

Abood remains unconvinced.

ABOOD RAHMAN

Listen, *inshallah* it all works out
and I take you back. Until then...

He holds out an envelope.

ABOOD RAHMAN (IN ARABIC) (CONT'D)

I wish I could do more...

Mo takes it, counts the cash. Looks up, annoyed.

MO

This is the money you owe me. You
made it sound like you were giving
me a lil extra, which would be nice
considering how much I've done for
you. Good luck running this place
with (*shouting*) JOSE! But
whatever, man. It's not the first
time ICE has run me out of a job.
Salaams to the family.

Mo walks away, goes to dap José goodbye.

JOSÉ

Gonna miss you, *hermano*.

MO

You too brother.

As Mo makes his way out the door, José attempts to curse him
in Arabic along with the appropriate hand gesture.

JOSÉ

(*gesturing*)
Hey Mo -- *Biteezee!*

MO

(*correcting*)
It's *Bi-teezak!* Like this.

1.8 INT. MARIA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

1.8

Mo checks his phone in bed while his girlfriend, **MARIA** (late
20s-30s, Mexican), comes out of the bathroom after having
just finished washing for the night.

MARIA

I'm telling you, if I see Ramón's
ass crack one more time...

MO

Baby, I don't wanna hear you talk
about other men's asses.

MARIA

I don't wanna see their asses! I've
tried belts, lululemons -- the
guy's crack is relentless.

MO

Put him on oil changes, stick him
under the car.

Maria: *That's not a bad idea...* She picks Mo's Houston Mobile
Spot shirt up and folds it, before joining him in bed.

MARIA

You gonna retire that thing? Hang
it on your wall like a jersey?

MO

I'm gonna keep it so my mom thinks
I still work there.

Maria laughs -- then sees he's not kidding.

MARIA (IN SPANISH)

Seriously? Just tell her!

MO

Why worry her? I'll figure out my
next move and then I'll tell her.

Maria stares incredulously. Mo lights a joint.

MO (CONT'D)

Don't give me that look. You don't
know my mom.

MARIA

Because you never let me see her.

MO

You saw her just the other day!

MARIA

We said hello and goodbye, like always. Two years now and we've never had dinner together.

MO

You want my mom to grill you again?

MARIA

Think I can't handle her religious shit?

(as Yusra)

"Maria, why do you Catholics worship three gods?"

MO

She has a point about the Trinity.

MARIA

Here we go again. You want to put me in a hijab.

MO

No! Hijab is not the top priority. We can build to that later. Start with the basic Muslim package.

Maria grabs the joint from Mo, takes a toke.

MARIA

You calling me basic?

MO

(playful)

Ain't nothing basic about you, girl...

MARIA

You don't even go to your mosque. Why don't you come with me to church for once? You could use a confession...

Mo takes a drag, blows out a cloud of smoke.

MO

You know nuns wear hijabs, right? They got OG hijabs.

1.9

INT. NAJJAR CONDO - ENTRANCE/LIVING ROOM - DAY

1.9

Mo, wearing his Houston Mobile Spot shirt, enters the family's small condo. Though it's not dirty, it's CLUTTERED, the space filled with mismatched furniture and random items, with knickknacks and odd collectibles cramming the shelves.

Plus, it's LOUD. Yusra shouts in Arabic as she FaceTimes with her sisters, trying to talk over "*The Price is Right*", which is blasting on the TV.

On his way inside, Mo bumps into an end-table, knocking over one of three mismatched lamps. **YUSRA**, now in her 60s, looks up from her FaceTime --

YUSRA (IN ARABIC)

Watch where you're going, Hamoudi!

MO

Mama, why do we have three lamps on one table? You don't even plug them in.

YUSRA

They're antiques!

Mo picks up the lamp he knocked over, noticing:

MO

This was \$11.99 from Target, you left the price tag on.

YUSRA

Yes, so people will know what a bargain I got. Come, say hello to your aunties.

Mo takes the phone to say hello. His Aunt **LAMEECE** holds her phone low for a chin-up view, while his Aunt **HALIMA** holds hers inches from her face. Both unflattering angles.

MO

Hi, Khalto Halima. Hi, Khalto Lameece.

LAMEECE (FACETIME)

Hamoudi! Look at you!

HALIMA (FACETIME)

Are you okay, habibi? You seem bigger.

MO

*I'm fine, you just need to hold
your phone a little further away --*

HALIMA (FACETIME)

*You need to take care of yourself
if you want to meet a good girl.*

LAMEECE (FACETIME)

*You need me to set you up, Hamoudi?
I can set you up right now --
(to off screen)
Ayisha! Come, meet my nephew!*

MO

*Nope, all good, Ayisha! That's nice
of you Auntie, but I'm okay.*

YUSRA

*He's talking to a Mexican girl. And
on top of that she's Catholic.*

LAMEECE/HALIMA

Habibi!

Mo ignores their protests.

HALIMA (FACETIME)

*Hamoudi, Hadi wants a Samsung
Galaxy. How much can you get them
at work, we'll pay you.*

MO

*Tell Hadi I'll take care of it, the
phone's on me.*

HALIMA (FACETIME)

Are you sure?

MO

Of course, they love me there!

HALIMA (FACETIME)

Oh habibi, thank you!

Mo hands the phone back to Yusra and heads for his room, his face dropping: *Why did I just say that?*

Mo enters and shuts the door. He takes a calming breath and closes his eyes. But the peace and quiet is short lived as he hears his door CREAK open, followed by a PURRING.

He turns to find his older brother, **SAMEER**, now 39, in the doorway, carrying a cat, in his Chick'n Cone uniform. Sameer stares at him.

MO
Why are you looking at me
like that?

SAMEER
I'm working on my eye
contact.

Mo nods, indulging his brother.

SAMEER (CONT'D)
I need you to get some Meow Munch
Premium for Crystal. It's the only
brand she eats now.

MO
There's no way a cat's pallet is
that refined.

SAMEER
Oh no, cat pallets are very
refined. They've done studies.

MO
What about the package of Perfect
Portions I just got you?

SAMEER
I also need you to return that.

Sameer steps in, hands Mo a handwritten list, it has one item on it: *Meow Much Premium*. Mo tries to hand it back to him.

MO
Habibi, I have a lot on my plate --

SAMEER
It's gotta be within the next two hours. Crystal's on a very strict feeding regimen.

MO
Sameer, I'm not Amazon prime. I'm not promising to deliver in two hours. I'll get it when I can, okay?

SAMEER
If you don't get it, I'm gonna tell mom about your tattoo.

MO
Seriously? You're pulling this shit again? Come on...

Beat. Sameer yells through the door:

SAMEER	MO (CONT'D)
<i>Mama, Hamoudi mutilated his body with a tattoo!</i>	Fine, fine! I'll get the stupid cat food!

Sameer, satisfied, puts his hand on Mo's shoulder.

SAMEER (CONT'D)
Four hours. I don't want my little brother stressed, it's bad for the immune system.

1.11 INT. KAAAN YA MAKAAAN HOOKAH LOUNGE & CAFE - DAY 1.11

Mo walks into the café, heading toward the back. Hookah smoke fills the lounge as people chat and share plates.

At a table in the back, two men -- **ABA WEINBERG** (60s, Jewish) and **NAZEER** (60s, Arab) -- play BACKGAMMON, rolling dice and sliding checkers as they bicker.

ABA WEINBERG	NAZEER
You can huff and puff until you're blue, but in 1947, the United Nations --	-- Ah, yes, 1947, the year history began! --

ABA WEINBERG (CONT'D)
-- presented a plan offering both sides their own country --

NAZEER

Devised by the same European
colonialists who seized the land in
the first place. Pass the tahini?

Aba hands Nazeer the tahini. Mo sidles up to the table and
joins them.

MO

Hey, Arafat, Rabin, you guys done
with your podcast?

ABA WEINBERG

Let's table the peace talks.

MO

I've had enough drama, I just got
fired.

NAZEER

You lost your job? What'd you do?

MO

What do you mean, what did I do?
Nothing. ICE raided Rahman's other
store and he got scared, let me go.

NAZEER

(re: Abood)

No balls, that guy.

A WAITER, **HAMEED**, mid 20s, sets down more trays of hummus and
all the fixings. Hameed speaks broken English and thinks
"shit fool" -- which he pronounces "shee foo"-- means "yes."

HAMEED

Hummus. Lemon juice. Chick pea on
side. Sexy.

ABA WEINBERG

Learn English, kid. Hummus ain't
sexy.

MO

He means it tastes good.

HAMEED

Shee foo. Shee.

Hameed walks off. Mo takes out a small bottle of OLIVE OIL and MIXES the hummus with the side ingredients, customizing it to his liking. Nazeer comments as he mixes:

NAZEER

Look at this guy, so particular with his hummus. *Baladi asly*.

MO

Taban. I got high standards, *amoo*.

ABA WEINBERG

You know they make this snack-cup hummus now? It's actually not bad.

MO

That's a war crime.

NAZEER

So what are you gonna do for work?

Mo takes a beat, swallows.

MO

I wanna start selling again. Bootlegs, counterfeits, whatever.

NAZEER

Why go back to selling that crap?

MO

Because I'm good at it. Can you hook me up?

Nazeer doesn't like the idea.

NAZEER

You need a job? Work for ABA in his suit shop.

ABA WEINBERG

I'd love to have him, the kid's a natural salesman. But what am I, a charity?

MO

(to Nazeer)

It's just a side-hustle. I'm still gonna get another job.

NAZEER
Your father, *God rest his*
soul --

MO (CONT'D)
God rest his soul.

NAZEER (CONT'D)
Wouldn't want to see you or Sameer
or Nadia get in trouble.

MO
But he'd want me to support the
family. I don't want to be selling
this shit either, but what am I
supposed to do?

Nazeer's still unconvinced.

MO (CONT'D)
If I have to go around Harwin
asking for a connect, I will. But
yallah, you know everyone in the
wholesale district. Save me the
time, hook me up.

NAZEER
(capitulating)
All right, all right. I'll make a
call. You happy now?

MO
Thank you, *amoo*. I appreciate it.
(needling Aba)
'67 borders and right of return.

ABA WEINBERG
Right of return?? We'll never reach
a deal with your *fakakta* terms.

NAZEER
The *nakba* started the whole thing!

1.12 EXT. STRIP MALL PARKING LOT - ALIEF, TX - LATE AFTERNOON 1.12

Mo leans against his trunk, scoping out possible customers as
people walk by. He spots a 20-something LATINO KID in a
hoodie approaching.

MO
Wassup my man, I --

The kid walks by, gives Mo the finger from behind. Mo shakes
it off, spots a 30-something WHITE GUY wearing New Balances.

MO (CONT'D)

Nice kicks, bro. Check out these --

As soon as Mo opens his mouth, the guy nervously power walks/runs away.

Finally Mo spots **JIM** (early 50s, southern) walking toward him, rubbing his lower back in pain. Mo zeros in on him.

MO (CONT'D)

What are you, a size 12?

JIM

(impressed)

Yes sir.

MO

Corral boots?

JIM

Sonofabitch, you're right again. My old trusties.

MO

They're old, all right. Probably not good for your back either.

JIM

Yeah, I got real bad lower back pain.

MO

Same here. But once I switched over to these Yeezys, my lower back pain disappeared. *Thank you, Yeezus*, that's what I say.

(hands one to him)

See? Designer, yet orthopedic.

JIM

Yeah, I dunno. These don't look like the kinda thing I'd wear.

MO

That's cuz you haven't tried them on yet.

Mo reaches into his trunk like a magician and plops down a stool for Jim.

MO (CONT'D)

C'mon have a seat, what's it gonna take, 30 seconds?

Jim reluctantly takes a seat. Mo fits the Yeezys on him.

MO (CONT'D)

(a slight southern accent)

Listen, Corrals are great, but you
can't walk a country mile in 'em.
Back pain's nothing to play with.
Mess up your lower lumber and you
won't be able to pickup your
grandkids.

(finishes lacing)

Go on, give 'em a try.

Jim takes a few steps and is pleasantly surprised:

JIM

Wow. These are golden.

MO

And they're made of high quality
materials too. You can hang your
hat on that. Look, let's not burn
daylight here. Genuine aftermarket
Yeezys go anywhere from \$350 to
over a \$1,000 a pop. I'm offering
you these for \$200 -- that's below
retail.

Jim thinks about it. He likes the sneakers, but --

JIM

I don't think spending that kinda
money on sneakers is gonna fly with
the wife.

MO

I smell what you're stepping in. So
I'm gonna sweeten the pot.

Mo reaches into his trunk, takes out a hand bag.

MO (CONT'D)

For \$300 -- I know, hear me out --
I'll throw in this Chanel purse
that's just like the real thing
that sells for a \$1,000. She'll
never know the difference.

Mo stares at Jim. Jim stares back. A beat.

CUT TO:

1.13 EXT. STRIP MALL PARKING LOT - ALIEF, TX - MOMENTS LATER 1.13

Mo watches as good ol' Jim walks away in a new pair of Yeezys, with Corral boots in one hand and a Chanel purse in the other.

1.14 INT. THE BREAKFAST KLUB - NIGHT 1.14

Mo, Maria, and Mo's oldest friend, **NICK** (30s, Black), chow down on breakfast food at this local Houston staple.

Maria stares at the Chanel bag on her lap, marveling. She's inspecting the bag, trying to find a flaw.

MARIA

(in awe)

This isn't real?

NICK

You don't wanna be selling this fake shit, man.

MO

It's not "fake". It's a high quality replica.

NICK

That's the problem -- it's too real. Remember Fat Phillip from Hastings? He got busted selling those mock Louis V's -- they hit him with a fuckin' felony.

MO

It's not an actual crime! I'm stealing from Kanye - he doesn't give a fuck. He's busy making moccasins for NASA or some shit.

MARIA

I don't care about Kanye, I care about you. You can get in trouble.

MO

Oh you care about him... you voted for him.

NICK

(incredulous)

You voted for Kanye?

MARIA

(defensive)

He's a free-thinker! He was the only one that wasn't bought out by wall street. A self-made man.

NICK

Wow. You're the blackest person I know. You vaccinated?

MARIA

(ignoring)

Listen, I used to dream about voting before I became a citizen. Then when I did... I realized all the options suck. So yeah -- Kanye.

MO

And once I'm a citizen, I won't sell this shit. But right now this is the only work I can get.

NICK

Stop acting goofy, man. My boy's got room at Frenchy's Chicken 'til your case comes through.

MO

I make way more money with this and I can't get fired.

Nick swallows a bite, then:

NICK

What good is that money if you get locked up?

(beat)

Maria, you know how me and this guy became brothers? His dad died the same year my pops went to jail.

Nick lifts his left arm sleeve up to reveal a tattoo that says "CHETACHI".

NICK (CONT'D)

We got tats with our dads' names.

MARIA

I didn't know you had one like Mo...

NICK

I guess he forgot to tell you. He prolly also forgot that he used to drive with me to visit my pops.

(leaning in to Mo)

He definitely forgot what the inside of that jail was like.

MO

Chill man! I'm not goin' to jail.

NICK

Yeah, they might send you back to Palestine first.

MO

Back? I've never been. I'm not a citizen there, or here -- nowhere. I don't even have a passport. All I got is my asylum claim and a bunch of Gucci bags.

MARIA

(switching gears)

A bunch? You got any leather-minis?

MO

I need to take care of my family today. They're relying on me. I'm gonna do what I have to 'till I can start my own business, buy some land... do things the right way.

NICK

All I'm saying is you're doing the one thing that could kill your whole case.

(beat)

And I'm not tryna get a Mo tattoo.

MARIA

He's right Mo... and you'd do terrible in jail.

MO

What are you talking about? I'd be amazing. I'd form alliances instantly.

MARIA

Aw, baby... no. You're too sensitive.

NICK

(nodding)

You're a big dude but... you're actually a small dude, you feel?

Maria lifts Mo's sleeve, looking at his MUSTAFA tattoo. ON Mo's face, insulted and concerned...

1.15 INT. SUPERMARKET - EVENING

1.15

CLOSE ON hands grabbing a large bag of MEOW MUNCH CAT FOOD off a shelf. The brand's logo is a cartoon cat smiling wide.

REVEAL Mo, carrying the bag on his shoulder. He passes a white **SUPERMARKET EMPLOYEE** at a SAMPLE TABLE.

SUPERMARKET EMPLOYEE

Hi, sir. Care to try some chocolate hummus?

Mo stops dead in his tracks. Eyes the "hummus" and pita bread samples.

MO

What did you just say to me?
Chocolate hummus?

Mo pulls out his small bottle of olive oil and pours some out to dip the pita in. Explaining matter-of-factly as he eats:

MO (CONT'D)

See, this is the problem. First the West goes to war with Arabs, then it steals from them.

SUPERMARKET EMPLOYEE

Sir, what are you doing? --

MO

It's not enough to bomb us, you gotta debase our culture too?

SUPERMARKET EMPLOYEE

Sir, the pita is for the hummus --

MO

This isn't hummus, okay? Hummus doesn't come in candy flavors.

(MORE)

MO (CONT'D)

This is dip in brown face, that's
what this is.

(looks down at his collar)

Is that an oil stain?

Mo's inspecting the stain when suddenly -- POP POP POP --

BLOOD SPLATTERS on his shirt. WTF?? The employee SCREAMS in
horror.

Mo looks at the bag of Meow Munch. The cartoon cat's covered
in blood as food pellets pour from a hole in its eye.

The screen goes BLACK.

END OF EPISODE