

Hueless Huey

By

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Bonfire x Childish Gambino

1 INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

1

It's the second week of fall semester classes of senior year. The classroom has roughly 30 people, with a pretty obvious, and slightly racial divide, to the black kids of course. One side of the room looks more pasty than an entire 10 seasons of "Friends", while the other both looked and felt like somewhat of "A Different World". As the bell rings, a young man hurries through the door with rapid breath, an even more rapid heartbeat, and disappointment across his face.

HUEY, 17 year old transfer student, is a lighter-skinned black male raised in a lower middle class apartment, making the most of what he has. *He doesn't have the freshest sneakers or the latest tape, but the most swanky ties and freshly polished feet.* To most, he seems too well dressed for the drill music heads, yet too inner city for the golf club. However, as he would say, 'too white for the blacks but too black for the whites'.

PROFESSOR, 35, is a white man from Charleston, SC, who means well, how ever doesn't feel comfortable stepping on people's toes. He's rather introverted, but makes efforts to do what he needs to do to get his job done.

HUEY

Sorry sir, I apologize. I know I'm late.

PROFESSOR

Please, just take a seat.

HUEY

Yes sir.

Huey examines the room, nervous, as it's his first day. Because he doesn't know anyone in the room, off the jump, he moves towards the kids whom he feels he'll identify with most, as they look like him. As he puts his bag down by his feet, one of the black students sitting next to the desk looks down at his feet, and he soon realizes they might just be the worst guys.

MARCUS is a 17 year old black kid who desperately believes "College Dropout" trumps anything produced post '04 and Pac is still alive.

MARCUS

Na son.

HUEY

Excuse me?

MARCUS

Bro, it's your first day. That's wavy and shit, and I know you're thinking we're fam right now, but I aint got any Uncle Toms.

In the background you hear slight laughter and mummings echoing around the room. Surprised, Huey turns around and makes his way to the only other open seat, directly in the middle of the room.

PROFESSOR

(Awkwardly standing with one hand over head, confused as to how he will transition into the lecture.)

Let's begin today's US History class where we left off yesterday,the American Slave Trade.

HUEY

(quietly laughing under breath out of the irony)

FADE BLACK

2

INT. HALLWAY - DAY.

2

Bells rings and Huey gets up to walk out to head to the cafe for lunch, sliding in one headphone. To block out some of the noise around him, he turns on "Bonfire" x Childish Gambino.

HUEY

(quietly mummering words to song)

"Yeah, they say they want the realness, rap about my real life, Told me I should just quit: "First of all, you talk white!"Second off, you talk like you haven't given up yet"Rap's stepfather, yeah, you hate me but you will respect.

As he continues singing. A young student hears Huey and gets excited being it's one of his favorite songs. He naturally begins rapping the words with Huey, which excites Huey because he feels as though he finally might have found something in common with someone.

CHRIS, 18 year of lacrosse player, upper class republican who gets back at his parents by listening to drill rap music.

HUEY & CHRIS

"I put in work, ask Ludwig, Put my soul on the track like shoes did, Played this for my cousin, now he can't even think straight, Black and white music? Now, *nigga*, that's a mixtape"

Huey stops in his tracks, and rips the headphone out his ear. Stepping up to Chris, who's still smiling and jamming to the song.

CRHIS

Come on bro, it's just a song!

Huey, looks at Chris with disgust on his face, flabbergasted Chris felt comfortable enough to drop the bomb of all bombs in front of him.

CHRIS

Oh man, don't tell me you're one of those people.

HUEY

And what's that suppose to mean?

CHRIS

Ya know, one of *those* people. Who are always crying about racism. We have a black president, a black mayor,-

HUEY

-yeah and a helluva lot of black faces around halloween time.

CHRIS

You're really gonna trip that I said nigga in a Childish Gambino song? Let me guess. You gonna march around the school now and blame me for slavery next, aren't you?

With a fire in his eyes, Huey grabs Chris by his hoodie and slams him against his locker.

HUEY

Let that shit roll off your tongue again and I'll make sure those are your last words today.

CHRIS

I'm not sure you understood me correctly the first time, so let me spell it out for you. N-I-

As soon as Chris begins spelling the word, Chris raises his fist follows, through with his word, and walks away brushing off his shirt and straightening up his tie.

FADE BLACK

3

INT. ADMINISTRATION OFFICE - DAY

3

Huey and Chris are sitting across the desk of the assistant principle the the administration office. Chris is on the phone with his parents yelling about how he was attacked by a basketball player, while Huey is waiting for the assistant principal to walk in so he can handle the situation and go about his day.

ASSISTANT PRINCIPAL - 53 year old white female less concerned about the students and more worried about her check.

CHRIS

(on phone)

Okay mom, yeah, I gotta go. She's walking in now.

ASSISTANT PRINCIPAL

Good day gentlemen. Let's make this quick. Huey, you're be in detention for the rest of the day, Chris, you can go back to class, but if you don't have anything nice to say, don't be mean, or don't talk, I think that phrase goes something like that.

HUEY

But ma'am, -

ASSISTANT PRINCIPAL

Huey, stop. That aggressive attitude and sense of entitlement is what got you here in the first place. Goodbye boys.

Huey gets up to leave, frustrated the cycle has continued yet once again. No matter how proper he tries to speak, or professional he tries to dress, he continues to find himself on the same side of the conversation, the aggressor. Huey then proceeds to loosen up his tie and toss it in the trash as he walks out the door.

FADE BLACK

4 INT. HALLWAY - DAY. 4

As he walks into the hallway, he attempts to resumes his Apple Music playlist, but his phone dies as he goes to press play.

5 INT. DETENTION - DAY 5

As he walks into detention, he faces the same dilemma as his first class of the day, unsure of where he should take a seat. He proceeds to walk towards the closest seat as another student's phone begins to ring. Coincidentally, his ring tone just so happens to be the same song.

CELL PHONE

"From honor roll to cracking locks
up off them bicycle racks, Too
black for the white kids, and too
white for the blacks,"

Huey stops, next to his desk, takes a seat and greets the student.

HUEY

You too?

They both laugh and proceed to start on their work.