

ALL-BLACK CAST

Written by

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BLANK SCREEN

SUPER: WARNING: THE FOLLOWING PRESENTATION CONTAINS HIGHLY OFFENSIVE AND CONTROVERSIAL MATERIAL. PARENTAL GUIDANCE IS ADVISED.

FADE IN:

INT. COPY ROOM - DAY

CLOSE UP - TUB OF COSMETIC CREAM

The chunky tub's label reads 'ALL-BLACK CAST Skin Lightening Cream'. The label also has a very light skinned black girl posing provocatively in a bikini.

Zooming out from the tub, it is perched on top of two identical tubs.

The three tubs are actually the top levels of a four level pyramid stack of All-Black Cast tubs on top of a photocopier machine.

A projectile hits the middle of the stack and the whole thing comes tumbling down.

ADRIAN (O.S.)  
Bull's eye!

ADRIAN, black (late 20s) and MARK, mixed race (early 20s) sit at a long desk with many stacks of All-Black Cast cream tubs and thick roles of sticky labels.

Adrian jumps up in triumph, holding a catapult made of two pens and an elastic band. Mark ignores him and sticks one of the new labels over the old label on a tub.

CLOSE UP - NEW LABEL

It reads 'ALL-LIGHT CASTE Skin Beautifying Cream'. The light skinned girl has been replaced by the bland company logo, 'MOHAMUDMETICS INC.'

Adrian drops back to his seat, looking bored and contemplative.

ADRIAN  
Why am I working in this poxy  
pigsty?

Mark takes a closer look at the tub.

MARK  
Does this stuff actually work?

ADRIAN  
Why don't you try it? You're  
halfway there Marky!

Mark shakes his head and mimes 'arsehole.'

ADRIAN  
I'm sure it would make a good  
toilet unblocker though.

A beep comes from an iPad on the desk. Mark picks it up and swipes the screen.

MARK  
Mister Mohamud wants this quality  
control finished by three.

ADRIAN  
(kissing his teeth)  
So he can start his Al-Qaeda  
training by four.

Mark picks up the iPad, looking at the screen with concern.

MARK  
Oh no! Unfamous Grouse has taken  
some of the non-relabelled stock.

A sinister smile appears on the Adrian's face as he takes a label off the roll.

Mark moves the iPad nearer to his face, now even more worried.

MARK  
Oh, for fu-- Some fool has sent him  
to a Nation of Islam Saviour's Day  
at New Cross--

He stops and slowly turns his head to smirking Adrian as he fastens the label to a tub.

ADRIAN  
Just a little social experiment.

MARK  
He's got learning difficulties!

ADRIAN

No he hasn't! He's just an idiot. A  
pug pimp who's not going to last a  
month.

Adrian turns the tub and looks at the back label.

MARK

You cruel bastard.

ADRIAN

I've got to have some laughs in  
this shit job.

CLOSE UP - BACK LABEL

INGREDIENTS: Aminophenol, Benzyl alcohol, Butylated  
hydroxyanisole, Coal tar, Corticosteroids, Dead Sea Salts,  
Decyl glucoside, Diaminobenzene, Formaldehyde, Honey,  
Hydronium ion, Hydroquinone, Petroleum distillates, Shea  
butter, Sodium benzoate, Toluene, Yam flour.

WARNING: If acute skin-peeling continuously occurs, please  
consult your doctor.

ADRIAN (O.S.)

If only I could film it.

BLACK SCREEN

The voice of a BLACK HALL SPEAKER, addressing an enthralled  
audience who shout 'Amen' and 'right on brother' to his every  
sentence.

HALL SPEAKER (V.O.)

She was Eve. Eve! The mother of  
civilisation.

FADE IN:

INT. FOYER - COMMUNITY HALL - DAY

The hall speaker's voice lowers as we fade in.

There are four exhibition panels against the wall in an arch,  
displaying BLACK HISTORY MONTH. The panels feature black  
luminaries such as Marcus Garvey, Mandela, Martin Luther  
King, Jack Johnson, Eddie Murphy, Richard Pryor and RUN DMC.

One panel features African pre-colonial history; it has  
attached an old metal Nigerian mask, scary looking.

HALL SPEAKER (V.O.)

Now she is content on covering  
herself with paint and fake weave.

TWO BURLY BLACK MEN (30s), dressed in full FOI (Fruit of Islam) garb, stand either side of the two doors that lead to the hall. They are stony faced and intimidating.

HALL SPEAKER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

All in her efforts to keep her role  
as the white man's slave whore!

The hall speaker's voice lowers to an inaudible muffle.

On the other side of the foyer, EZRA, black (late 30s) and CHANTELL, black (late 20s), put the finishing touches to their stall table of Afro-Caribbean cosmetic products.

Ezra is stunningly beautiful with magnificently braided hair. Chantell, wearing big Jamaican flag earrings, is plain by comparison.

Next to the girls, an Ital food stall, with both a microwave and a hotplate, owned by KIMBEE (60s), sitting on a pallet of boxes arranged like a throne, with a hand carved cane.

His Jack Daniels T-shirt and short dreadlocks indicate that he is a former (or not very devout) Rastafarian.

The hall doors swing open. A BLACK MAN (early 40s), smartly dressed with a posh umbrella, angrily storms out of the hall.

Following close behind him, MARVIN 13X, black (late 30s). He has a little 'Hitler' moustache and wears a high ranking Nation of Islam uniform. A very angry man.

MARVIN

(to man)

You can't take the truth can you  
bro-ther!

Marvin's voice becomes more 'fake American' the louder it gets.

Kimbee jabs his cane into Ezra's shoulder hard, she winces in pain, turning to him angrily.

Before Ezra can respond, Kimbee points his cane. She looks in the cane's direction to see the man reaching the elevator.

The man jabs at the elevator button with the tip of his umbrella. Marvin, standing by the exhibition panels, points an angry finger at him.

MARVIN

You're lost! You're a boy. A Tom. A  
field hand!

The man again angrily hits the lift button with the umbrella.

BEHIND EXHIBITION PANELS

A broken electric fuse box on the wall, it's broken door barely hangs on, live wires protrude out of the unit. A fallen HAZARD DANGER sign lies on the floor.

INT. ELEVATOR

CLOSE UP - MAN'S TIE

WHITE HANDS nervously straighten up the tie, which has adorable pug dog faces design.

ANGLE ON FLOOR

The man's foot taps to a rhythm as if to calm his nerves.

A squashed banana slice falls on the floor.

INT. FOYER - COMMUNITY HALL - DAY

Kimbee, Ezra and Chantell watch Marvin and the man like a compelling soap opera.

The man uses his finger to bang on the lift button with great impatience as Marvin lowers his finger.

MARVIN

(to man)

Go then, we don't need you! Go back  
to your white sugar, your white  
bread and your white woman!

The man turns to Marvin aggressively, about to say something, but he thinks better of it.

MARVIN

(to man)

What you say?

The man dashes to the staircase.

Marvin storms to the stairs and stands. The man's steps are heard rushing down.

MARVIN  
(shouting down staircase)  
You'll need that umbrella bro-ther,  
it's raining fools!

As Marvin walks back, the elevator 'dings'.

The FOI guards spring to attention as Marvin comes, FOI 1 holds the door for him. They are really intimidated by this smaller man.

The elevator doors slowly start to open.

Marvin hears sniggering, he turns to the stall holders to see it is Chantell. Ezra holds her mouth, hiding her amused smile.

MARVIN  
(to stall holders)  
Shut up!

Marvin marches back into the hall.

KIMBEE  
If I knew it was going to be Black  
Muslims, I would have stayed at  
home and listened to some nice  
homophobic reggae.

The irritating sound of squeaking, screeching wheels. Kimbee, Ezra and Chantell look up.

The FOI guards look up. Their faces simultaneously change to expressions of contempt.

GRAHAM GROUSE (mid 20s), white, circle glasses, checkered suit, pug tie, and an extremely small rucksack that has a plastic box protruding out of the broken zipper.

Graham stumbles to the floor as he just manages to pull his trolley from the closing elevator doors. The trolley is covered by a sleeve.

The plastic box, a Scooby Doo children's lunch box falls out of the rucksack. Two slices of banana fall out of the lunch box unto the floor.

Chantell shakes her head at the pathetic sight.

Graham quickly closes his lunch box properly and squeezes it back in the small rucksack. He then scrambles to his feet and tucks his shirt in.

Chantell, Ezra and Graham are still gawping at Graham.

CHANTELL  
Jehovah's Witness?

EZRA  
No. They come in pairs.

Graham is about to push his trolley forward when he catches sight and is intrigued by the Black History Month panels.

CHANTELL  
Gay?

KIMBEE  
Of course he's gay, look at those trousers!

Graham looks closer at the African mask, quite taken by it.

A pendant Graham is wearing flies out and magnetically attaches to the mask with a loud clank.

Anxious Graham grabs the necklace, and tries to pull it off with all his might, but it does not budge.

Graham turns to see both FOI guards looking at him suspiciously, he gives them a diplomatic nod.

Graham pulls so hard that the panel now comes down on him. He lifts up both his arms to hold it up.

Ezra looks slightly concerned for Graham; Kimbee looks bemused.

KIMBEE  
I thought Inspector Closeau was dead?

Graham gives a grunt pushes the panel upward with all his strength, but it is too much and the panel falls backward to, but releases his pendant.

The metal edge of the panel gets caught in the fuse box, smashing off the door. The buzz of electricity can be heard.

Graham is about to pick up the panel by the metal edge, when...

KIMBEE  
(shouting to Graham)  
Don't worry about it man. The council will sort it!

Graham nods approvingly, relieved.



Graham starts to wheel his trolley forward, the stall holders again react badly to the cacophony from those wheels. Kimbee puts his hands on his ears.

GRAHAM

My names Graham. Graham Grouse.  
I'm...

Graham stops, seeing their reaction.

Graham has a thought, from the rucksack's side pocket, he pulls out a can of WD40 and sprays it on the wheels.

He pulls the trolley. The screeching is still bad but tolerable.

Graham puts his trolley right next to the girls stall, to Ezra's visible chagrin.

GRAHAM

It's a great day to be an  
entrepreneur isn't it?

Graham takes his jacket off and is about to put it on the hanger rail behind them, but there is only one unbroken hook and a shawl hangs on it.

Graham hangs his jacket over the shawl. Ezra gasps at his audacity.

Graham crouches down to his trolley to unzip the sleeve.

Chantell angrily takes Graham's jacket off the hanger and throws it on the floor next to him.

Graham picks up the jacket and slowly gets up to face Chantell.

GRAHAM

I'm sorry.

Graham puts the jacket on top of the radiator behind the girls stall.

The inside of the jacket exposed, Ezra sees that G. GROUSE is sowed just under the jacket label. Graham spots her looking bemused.

GRAHAM

That's my mum. She sows my name on  
everything.

CHANTELL  
 (looking at the trolley)  
 It's M L M isn't it?

EZRA  
 M L what?

CHANTELL  
 Multi level marketing. Ponzi  
 pyramid scheme.  
 (kissing her teeth)  
 I dunno why black people always  
 falling for that bomboclat.

Graham turns and gazes at Ezra as if suddenly taken in by her beauty. His eyeballs scan her hair. Chantell frowns, looking jealous.

CHANTELL  
 (to Graham)  
 Oi! This ain't no meat market! Them  
 slavery days are long gone.

GRAHAM  
 Sorry-- I was just admiring her  
 hair design. I'm an experienced  
 seller of Afro-American Caribbean  
 products myself.

Graham quickly crouches down again, attempting to open the trolley zipper again.

CHANTELL  
 Afro what?

Graham finally gets the zipper open and unzips the trolley, revealing a funky stand with the many All-Black Cast tubs, the light skinned bikini girl features on the side of the stand.

Ezra and Chantell turn to look at the stand, astonished. Kimbee gets up with his cane, dumbfounded.

GRAHAM  
 The latest development in cosmetic  
 technology. All Black Cast!

CHANTELL  
 Fuck!

KIMBEE  
 Bloodclat!

Graham holds out his hands out to calm them.

GRAHAM

I know, I know exactly what you're thinking, is this product ethical?

EZRA

No it's not!

Kimbee falls back into his seat.

GRAHAM

We at Mohamudmetics feel that skin lightning is not a racial issue. It's an individual choice that makes individuals individual.

Chantell shakes her head and looks like she is going to hit Graham but she bangs the radiator instead.

GRAHAM

Soon, it will be acceptable as blondes turning to brunettes, Caucasians getting a tan.

Graham grabs one of the tubs and starts to unscrew the cap.

EZRA

I think you have been set up mate. In that hall--

CHANTELL

Shut up Ezra!

Graham holds out the open tub to them. The contents is a light greyish jelly with black bits like raisins.

GRAHAM

Ten years in development. Just smear the lovely gel on your skin and see the effects in ten minutes.

Graham moves the tub closer to Chantell's nose.

CHANTELL

It stinks man!

Graham's pendent suddenly comes flying out from behind his tie and attaches magnetically to Chantell's earring.

Chantell screams in panic.

Graham drops the tub on the girl's table and takes hold of the pendant chain gently.

GRAHAM

Sorry, sorry!

CHANTELL

Ezra! Ezra!

Ezra holds Chantell's shoulder as she takes something out of her pocket.

EZRA

Calm down Chantell!

Ezra puts a copper coin between the pendant and the earring. The pendant releases. Graham pulling, ends up back on the floor.

Chantell angrily hits the tub and it lands beside Graham on the floor. Not one drop of cream spills out of the open tub.

Kimbee laughs. Graham tucks the necklace back behind his tie, and tucks his shirt in.

KIMBEE

What the hell is that thing man?

GRAHAM

It was my great-grandmother  
Sheila's Saint Christopher Pendant.  
It was in a box of nails for  
decades, that's why it is so  
magnetic.

CHANTELL

It's rubbish!

GRAHAM

No it's not! Mum said it was  
blessed by Pope Pius and it would  
always bring me good luck.

EZRA

Well it's malfunctioning mate,  
because you've had nothing but bad  
luck since you stepped in here.

The lift doors open, out comes SAYUB (40s), wearing a colourful African outfit with robes, and a monocle. He has a wheeled trolley stand similar to Graham's, full of Pan-African books, self help manuals, DVDS.

About to get up, Graham stops and stares at Kimbee's draped stall tablecloth which has a depiction of Leonardo da Vinci's Last Supper, but with all black characters.

GRAHAM  
 (to himself)  
 Swear I've seen that picture  
 before, but there's something  
 different--

Kimbee laughs heartily on seeing Sayub coming. Sayub lightly grimaces on seeing him.

KIMBEE  
 Ah. The professor of Afrocentric  
 studies has had a makeover!

Reaching them, Sayub looks at Graham still on the floor.

KIMBEE  
 (to Sayub)  
 Did they get stuck in Tel Aviv  
 customs, Sayub?

SAYUB  
 What old man?

KIMBEE  
 The other two wise men.

Graham picks up the open tub of cream and gets up.

Sayub snatches the cream and holds it closer to his monocle.

GRAHAM  
 (to Sayub)  
 It's a revolutionary new product,  
 with a special forty two pounds  
 introductory price just for this  
 week.

EZRA  
 (surprised)  
 How much!

SAYUB  
 Sadly, there's enough Negroes out  
 there that would buy this anti-  
 Negro product to make it a runaway  
 success.  
 (to Graham)  
 I should take this tub and shove it  
 up your rectum. But I'm not a  
 violent man.

Sayub drops the tub on the girls stall.

SAYUB

Sounds like a Jewish conspiracy to me.

Chantell flicks the cream off the table again.

KIMBEE

You think everything is a Jewish conspiracy. You think Cornflakes is a Jewish conspiracy.

Sayub grabs the lunch box sticking out of Graham's rucksack.

GRAHAM

Hey! That's my lunch!

SAYUB

An innocent child's lunchbox, the perfect place to hide a spy recording device.

GRAHAM

Give it back!

SAYUB

Is it the BBC you're working for?  
No, it must be the Jewish Chronicle.

Sayub opens the box. Two sandwiches fall out, the contents going all over the floor, bread rolls, sauce, banana and two big slices of BACON.

Chantell screams on seeing the bacon. Sayub backs away from the pork, hyperventilating.

Kimbee jumps up from his seat, gazing at the bacon fearfully.

KIMBEE

Swine! He brought swine in here!

Ezra shakes her head at the ridiculous scene. She then turns to look at Graham, staring at the food on the floor, dismayed.

Kimbee uses his cane to hit the bacon away.

Ezra stands by Graham as he continues to stare at what was his lunch.

Sayub, pressing against the wall, recovers. He looks at the food on the floor and slowly turns to look at the food on Kimbee's stall. A thought comes to his head.

GRAHAM  
My nan made them.

Sayub rushes to Kimbee's stall as Kimbee gets back to his seat.

Sayub takes a cloth and grabs a bowl of ackee and sauce on the hotplate as Kimbee eyes him up.

EZRA  
(to Graham)  
What were they?

GRAHAM  
My favourite. Banana and bacon  
butties, with Worcestershire sauce.

Sayub quickly puts a generous squirt of each of the hot sauces on the table into the bowl of food. Kimbee grins.

CHANTELL  
Bacon and banana sandwiches? That's  
dread!

Sayub puts a comforting hand on Graham's shoulder.

SAYUB  
(to Graham)  
Sorry about that. You look like a  
Zionist. Let me make it up to you.

Sayub waves the hot food under Graham's nose. Graham's eyes close in ecstasy breathing in the food's odour.

EZRA  
I don't think his English stomach  
could take--

SAYUB  
Nonsense! What a racist statement.  
I ruined lunch made by his nanny I  
would never forgive myself if he  
left with an empty stomach.

GRAHAM  
(opening his eyes)  
Actually I am bit peckish.

Sayub hands Graham the spoon which he takes.

Still holding the plate, Sayub looks in anticipation as Graham digs the spoon into the food.

Graham lifts the spoon, about to take a bite.

CHANTELL

Why have you got those stupid dogs  
on your tie?

Graham drops the spoon in the bowl and turns to Chantell to Sayub's dismay.

GRAHAM

That's my life ambition! I'm going  
to start a pug breeding farm. I've  
already got Mrs. Pug. Now I'm  
saving up for Mister Pug.

SAYUB

Let the man eat!

Graham picks up the spoon again.

GRAHAM

Then they'd stop calling me  
Unfamous Grouse.

EZRA

What?

Graham drops the spoon again to address Ezra. Sayub sighs.

GRAHAM

A bad joke. My Aunt Doreen started  
it. When I'm a successful business  
man and hosting The apprentice,  
then they'll call me Famous Grouse.  
She's an alcoholic you know.

Impatient Sayub shoves the bowl (without the cloth) in  
Graham's left hand.

SAYUB

Eat up, it's getting cold!

Graham stirs the bowl with his right hand.

GRAHAM

Thanks a lot for this.

Sayub and Kimbee watch attentively as Graham puts the food in  
his mouth.

EZRA

(to Graham)

And after this, you leave, alright  
mate? No telling what those Nation  
of Islam geezers will do.



Graham stops chewing. Sayub stares at him with evil eyes and a devilish smile as if waiting for him to explode.

Graham holds the bowl to his mouth and pours the soup down his gullet, Some of the sauce ends up on his shirt. Chantell grimaces at this.

Sayub bows and shakes his head in crushing disappointment. Kimbee kisses his teeth.

Graham holds the bowl out to Sayub.

GRAHAM

That was super delicious! Tasted like my Step-Aunt Gloria's spicy Irish Stew. Can I have some more?

Graham suddenly comes to a terrible realisation.

Graham drops the bowl, groans and grabs his right hand in pain, stomping around in a crazy circle. Everybody gets out of his way.

GRAHAM

It's burning, it's burning!

Ezra goes for her bag behind the stall.

Graham tries to grab the big jug of water on Kimbee's table, but Kimbee blocks him with his cane and grabs the jug.

Graham looks at the big open tub All-Black Cast on the floor. He grabs it.

As Ezra is about to hand Graham a bottle of water, Graham shoves his hand into the tub of cream. He has an almost orgasmic look of relief.

GRAHAM

That's so good-- Sorry.

Graham slowly takes out his hand out of the tub.

Graham looks at his right hand, troubled. He gets out his pug design handkerchief from his pocket and quickly starts cleaning the sludge of his hand.

EZRA

So yeah mate. Now it's time to get moving before.

CHANTELL

Let him stay. Let them lick him!

Graham looks down at in horror. He then raises his left hand, the hand is TOTALLY BROWN.

Sayub, Kimbee and Chantell burst out in loud uncontrollable laughter. Ezra looks concerned.

The FOI guards look over at the stall holders, expressionless.

Graham frantically starts rubbing his handkerchief violently on his blackened hand, it does not seem to be making any difference.

KIMBEE

(laughter)

It'll never come off friend! Once  
you're black you'll never go back.

Graham stops rubbing, as he sees his blood staining the handkerchief.

Graham puts the handkerchief back in his pocket. He is perspiring heavily. He rushes to his jacket on the radiator, and puts it on.

GRAHAM

A couple of squirts of Mister  
Muscle and a brillo pad will sort  
it.

Graham takes out a mitten and puts it on his left hand. G. GROUSE is sowed into the mitten.

A loud growling comes from Graham's stomach. He freezes in embarrassment.

The hall doors swing open.

A BLACK WOMAN (20s) in Hijab, with a crying BABY in her arms comes out of the hall and runs to the elevator doors.

Marvin storms out not far behind the woman.

The woman and baby get into the lift before the doors fully open.

MARVIN

(to woman)

You want that brat to grow up to be  
a gold chain gangster? These are  
God's words lady. You--

Marvin's eye catches Graham getting his stuff together.

Marvin's eyes narrow on Graham with burning hatred. He stalks towards him.

Sayub gets out of Marvin's way as he reaches Graham.

Graham is sweating a lot more. His stomach makes a louder, more prolonged growling. He clutches his belly with his mitten hand as he turns to face Marvin.

GRAHAM

(to Marvin)

Hello mate! Do you know where the toilet is?

Marvin moves menacingly closer to Graham, never taking his eyes off him, not blinking.

Ezra gets up between Graham and Marvin to calm things down.

EZRA

Now let's just take it easy.

Ezra points and looks at Marvin's name badge.

EZRA (CONT'D)

Mister Marvin-- One-- three.

MARVIN

Marvin thirteen X!

Graham suddenly looks downcast and fearful.

GRAHAM

Thi-- Thirteen?

Graham grabs the chain of his pendant.

KIMBEE

(Marvin)

You think that's a real name?

MARVIN

It's not a name, it's mathematics, Rastaman. Until I trace my genealogy in the Mali Empire.

Graham backs up, really spooked and flustered. His eyeballs dart all over the place. He holds unto his pendent even tighter.

KIMBEE

Well I'm going to call you Marvin the paranoid negroid!

Marvin angrily turns to face Kimbee.

MARVIN  
(to Kimbee)  
You old, stinking, disheveled--

KIMBEE  
Never mind me.  
(points cane to Graham's  
stand)  
What do you think of our Anglo-  
Saxon friend's range of racially  
offensive products?

Marvin turns to the All-Black Cast trolley stand.

Marvin moves towards the trolley, incensed, not believing what he is seeing.

KIMBEE  
It's called all black for some  
reason, but it makes you all white.

Marvin picks up the tub and looks at the label. His breathing becomes faster.

Marvin turns to face the terrified Graham, who is absolutely soaking now, the sweat visible on his clothes.

Marvin makes a crazed loud cry and throws the tub.

FOI guard 1 ducks as the tub of cream comes his way.

GRAHAM  
I really do need to use the--

Marvin grabs Graham by his jacket lapels. Graham gets hysterical and tries to push him off using his mitten hand.

GRAHAM  
Get off!

Ezra is about to intervene but thinks better of it as she watches the intense struggle.

With one almighty push, Graham gets Marvin off him.

GRAHAM  
My Aunt Hilary said I should stay  
away from anybody named thirteen or  
it would be certain death!

Graham's growling stomach is now accompanied with heavy flatulence.

Chantell covers her nose and shakes her head. Kimbee waves some incense from his table.

GRAHAM

I'm just trying to make an honest crust. I shouldn't have come here. I'm sorry. I'm really, really, really, really sorry.

MARVIN

Sorry?  
(to everyone)  
You hear that? The white man is sorry!

Marvin notices Graham's hand letting go of the pendant.

EZRA

He said he was sorry.

In one quick motion, Marvin grabs the pendant and rips it off Graham's neck, breaking the chain.

Graham is seething; his face is beetroot red. He tries to get the pendant back, but Marvin buries it in his closed arms.

GRAHAM

Noooo! That's my protection!

FOI 1 guard is about to intervene, but FOI 2 holds him back.

Marvin pushes Graham back and he throws the pendant.

BEHIND EXHIBITION PANELS

The pendant lands and attaches to the metal on the side of the fallen exhibition panel. The hum of electricity is heard.

Graham runs towards the panels. Marvin runs after him.

MARVIN

(to Graham)  
No you don't!

Marvin overtakes Graham.

As Marvin gets to the panels, he slips on the banana slice and falls unto the African history panel. The force of his fall causes the pendent to drop from the panel to the floor.

As Graham gets there, Marvin grabs the side of the panel to get up, but instead his body shakes from the voltage entering his body.

Seeing their superior has fallen, The two FOI guards rush over.

FOI 2 guard pushes Graham out of the way.

Both guards bend down and each take hold of Marvin's legs. They in turn freeze and shake as they become part of the electric circuit.

Graham slowly bends and picks up his pendent and puts it in his pocket.

Sayub, Kimbee, Chantell and Ezra look as Graham slowly walks towards them. They can only see the guards holding Marvin's legs.

CHANTELL

What are they doing?

KIMBEE

Looks like they're making love.

A loud blast of flatulence and stomach rumbling exits from Graham, forcing him to his knees. His glasses drop from his face to the floor.

Graham gets up and runs towards the others.

GRAHAM

Sorry, I need to use the toilet right now!

EZRA

(pointing to the hall doors)

Only one open is the one behind the auditorium.

Holding his stomach, Graham runs towards the doors.

EZRA

But they never have toilet roll!

Graham stops. He takes his blood soaked handkerchief from his pocket and holds unto it tight.

Graham runs through the hall doors.

Gasps and jeering is immediately heard from the hall.

HALL SPEAKER (O.S.)

Look! There he is! The white devil!

KIMBEE  
What a beautiful ending!

THE END