

ATLANTA

Created by  
Donald Glover

**"Darius' Day Off"**

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INT. GLENWOOD APARTMENTS - DAY

We close in on **DARIUS (30)** taking a shit. He flips through the pages of a local newspaper and smiles when he comes across a particular article. **ALFRED (35)** walks in.

ALFRED  
Oh, my bad.

Alfred covers his nose and starts to back out.

DARIUS  
Yooo.

Alfred stops.

DARIUS (cont'd)  
I just read that weed might become legalized statewide.

ALFRED  
And? I smoke that shit either way.

DARIUS  
Yea, but--

Darius folds the paper and shows the article to Alfred.

DARIUS (cont'd)  
With weed legalized, crime would decrease and the economy would grow. Plus, there'd be a lot less black folk in prison.

Alfred face is unchanged.

ALFRED  
And we'd be unemployed.

DARIUS  
Not necessarily. We could grow our own stuff. Open up our own business. We'd make a lot of money.

Alfred curls up his nose and turns to leave.

DARIUS (cont'd)  
Aye, Al.

ALFRED  
What nigga?!

DARIUS

Can you get me a roll of tissue?

Alfred steps out. He comes back with a roll of tissue paper and throws it to Darius.

DARIUS (cont'd)

Thank you good sir.

Alfred leaves. Darius wipes and flushes. He washes his hands and brushes his teeth while scrolling through Instagram. Afterwards, he sprays the entire place with air freshener and slams the door.

INT. GLENWOOD APARTMENTS/KITCHEN - DAY

Darius cracks some eggs and bacon into a sizzling pan. He puts two slices of bread into the toaster and dances to smooth jazz which plays in the background. He pours himself a bowl of Coconut Crunch-O's cereal and orange juice.

Minutes later, he places a greasy egg and bacon sandwich on his plate.

ALFRED

Damn nigga, you goin feed the homeless too?

DARIUS

Ha ha, nah. Just tryna start my morning off right. After all, Breakfast is the most important meal of the day. I got my protein, carbs, and vitamin C.

Alfred examine the breakfast sandwich intently.

ALFRED

Aye let me get a piece though.

Darius cuts the sandwich in two with a knife and gives Alfred half. Alfred bites into it and cleans his mouth with a napkin.

ALFRED (cont'd)

Damn.

Alfred licks his hand.

ALFRED (cont'd)

OK Chef Curry.

Darius smiles and bites into his sandwich.

ALFRED (cont'd)  
What you got plan today man?

Darius puts his hand over his mouth.

DARIUS  
(mouthful)  
Nothing much. I just wanna meet up  
with a friend of mine. He's giving me  
this limited edition Rap Vinyl.

ALFRED  
Oh, okay. Sounds cool.

DARIUS  
Yea but before then. I got some other  
shit I gotta take care of.

Darius finishes his sandwich and drinks some OJ.

DARIUS (cont'd)  
How about you?

ALFRED  
Oh, I just gotta cash this check  
before the bank close.

DARIUS  
You should cash at this bank called  
Broadway Bank, its a black-owned  
bank. Good for the community.

Alfred gives it a thought.

ALFRED  
Ight. What's the address?

Darius writes the address on a piece of paper and hands it  
to him. Alfred reads it and puts the piece of paper in his  
pocket.

ALFRED (cont'd)  
Cool.

Alfred gets up.

ALFRED (cont'd)  
Thanks for the sandwich. Peace D!

Darius throws up the peace sign and Alfred opens the door and leaves. Darius grabs his bowl of cereal and the remote on the counter

TITLE: **ATLANTA**

["BED PEACE" BY JHENE AIKO STARTS AS "ATLANTA" COMES UP ON THE SOFA]

INT. GLENWOOD APARTMENTS/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Darius sits on the couch and turns to the news channel. They're doing a report on notorious criminal, Florida Man. Darius shakes his head and takes eats some spoons of cereal.

DARIUS  
Florida Man is back at it again.

Darius changes the channel to cartoons. He checks his phone.

DARIUS (cont'd)  
Still got a little time.

Darius lights a joint. He releases a puff and relaxes his head on the couch.

DARIUS (cont'd)  
Ahhhhhh.

He closes his eyes. BOOM! Darius' whole body flinches and he almost drops his joint.

DARIUS (cont'd)  
What the . . . ?

Darius takes a few more puffs and puts the joint on the table. He grabs his pistol and peeks through the blinders.

DARIUS (cont'd)  
Damn!

Darius puts his pistol down and steps outside.

EXT. STREET - DAY

We find a black sedan crashed into a stop sign post. Darius cautiously walks towards the car.

DARIUS  
Aye! You alright?

The front of the car is smashed and smoking. Several people come out to look. One man snaps a photo, while another takes a video. Darius tries to help a **MOM (25)** out of the driver seat.

MOM

Forget about me. My kids are in the back!

Darius helps her kids, one **Girl (7)** and one **Boy (5)** and unbuckles their seat belts.

DARIUS

Come on out little people.

The kids cough but seem unfazed. The mom stumbles out and hugs her kids tightly.

MOM

See didn't I tell you? God is good!  
He saved us from that car crash!

Darius takes a step back and squints his brows. He looks back and forth between the car and the Mom.

DARIUS

Wait. What?

Just a few blocks away are the sounds of sirens. Darius looks at the kids. He rubs their shoulders sympathetically.

DARIUS (cont'd)

(to the Mom)

I'm not particularly fond of the christian holy book but I'm pretty sure it states not to test God.

Three police cars pull up.

DARIUS (cont'd)

Wow. They usually don't come that quick in this area.

Minutes Pass.

Darius speaks to one of the police officers. Not to far from him, the Mom, whose now in handcuffs, speaks to another officer.

MOM

Just check my Facebook. It'll explain everything that happened.

POLICE OFFICER 1  
Are you serious?

Mom stays quiet. The officer tells another cop to check the Mom's Facebook page. Moments later.

POLICE OFFICER 2  
Nothing.

Police Officer 1 turns towards the Mom like now what?

MOM  
I just wanted to prove to them that God is real and he would protect them!

POLICE OFFICER 1  
OK.

Police Officer 2 pulls the kids aside.

POLICE OFFICER 1 (cont'd)  
(gently)  
Did your Mom really do it on purpose?

GIRL  
Yeah. She told us to buckle our seat belts and then she started going fast. Her eyes was closed and she way saying blah, blah, blah and 'I love God.'

BOY  
She wanted us to know that God is real.

Police Officer 3 sighs and turns toward Darius.

POLICE OFFICER 3  
You're free to go.

DARIUS  
Thank you.

As Darius walks away, the mom is put inside the back of the police car, while the kids are put in an ambulance.

INT. GLENWOOD APARTMENTS/BEDROOM - DAY

Darius puts on some "natural" deodorant and checks his phone.

DARIUS  
Damn, I'm gonna be late.

He walks over to his bed and examines the variety of head wear on it. He rubs his chin, contemplating. Finally, he goes with a that reads: The Color Purple.

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - DAY

Darius drives his car onto the campus and parks. He pays the parking fee and heads to his class. He gets a call from a friend named **J.R (40S)** while he walks.

J.R  
(over phone)  
Aye foo, when are you get here?

DARIUS  
(over phone)  
I got this class I gotta go to real quick--

J.R  
(over phone)  
That's wassup man but you need to come through before 3:00.

DARIUS  
Why 3:00?

J.R  
(over phone)  
Don't worry about it, just come through!

DARIUS  
(over phone)  
Alright, Alright. I'll be there before 3:00.

Darius hangs up.

INT. LECTURE HALL - DAY

Darius enters a small lecture hall and takes a seat. He opens his notebook and writes: Black History 101 at the top. A woman named **JAZMIN (24)** sits next to Darius.

JAZMIN  
Nice hat.



Darius turns surprised to see her.

DARIUS

Thanks.

She takes the hat and tries it on.

JAZMIN

How do I look?

Darius throws up an A OK hand sign. Jazmin smirks and gives him his hat back. She opens up a binder filled with highlighted notes. She writes without looking up.

JAZMIN (cont'd)

Where the hell have you been?

DARIUS

Been out and about, you know. You can't live life stuck in a classroom.

JAZMIN

You mean like me?

DARIUS

Nah it's just--

Jazmin glances at him and smiles.

JAZMIN

I messing with you.

DARIUS

I like this class though, it's chill.

JAZMIN

This is your only class though right?

DARIUS

Yea--

JAZMIN

What's your grade?

DARIUS

Uh, last time I checked, I think an A.

Jazmin smirks again.

JAZMIN

Right.

DARIUS

What?

JAZMIN

Nothing.

Darius checks his phone: its noon.

JAZMIN (cont'd)

Have you seen Black Panther?

DARIUS

I think every black person in America has seen Black Panther.

JAZMIN

What you think about it?

DARIUS

I can sum that up in two words.

Jazmin cracks a smile.

JAZMIN

Oh yea?

Darius nods his head and leans in. He makes an X with his arms against his chest.

DARIUS

Wakanda Forever!

Students stare at them. Jazmin laughs. Darius looks around.

DARIUS (cont'd)

(whispering)

Sorry! My bad!

He notices a blonde-haired white dude sitting in the back staring at him. He also makes an X with his arms against his chest and whispers: Wakanda Forever. Darius turns around a bit creeped out.

JAZMIN

I really enjoyed the representation of *black, female* characters you know?. Nakia, Shuri, Okoye, they're all bad ass black women. I've seen the movie at least five times already.

Darius pushes back his forehead, surprised.

DARIUS  
 Five times? That's a -- that's a  
 whole lot of times.

Jazmin smiles.

JAZMIN  
 Yea.

More black students walk in. Finally, the **Professor (50s)** enters. He's white with thick gray hair and pale eyes. He writes the title of the lecture on the board: American Slavery. Students murmur and sigh.

PROFESSOR  
 I know this is um, a sensitive topic  
 for--

Professor clears his throat

PROFESSOR (cont'd)  
 For all of--

The black students stare at him: their faces looks bored, annoyed, angry.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)  
 Moving on . . . .

Darius doodles an outline of Africa. He draws a picture of white men coming to the continent, kidnapping slaves and making shady deals. In some pictures, the Africans trade their brethren for arms. In another a white man gives an African land in exchange for a brand new bible.

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - DAY

Darius and dozens of other students leave the lecture hall.

JAZMIN  
 Hey!

Darius turns.

DARIUS  
 What's up?

JAZMIN  
 You wanna hang out?

DARIUS  
 Uh,

Darius checks his phone: it's 1:45.

DARIUS (cont'd)  
I don't know, um--

JAZMIN  
Oh come on! Look there's this really nice cafe not too far from here. There's good food, great music. It'll be fun.

Darius checks his phone again.

DARIUS  
OK, alright. But only for a little bit.

Jazmin smiles.

EXT. BROADWAY BANK - DAY

Alfred parks his car in the parking area of Broadway Bank.

INT. BROADWAY BANK - DAY

Alfred enters the bank and is relieved by the cool AC that blows throughout the bank. A **BANK WORKER** stands nearby.

BANK WORKER  
Welcome to Broadway Bank sir.

Alfred nods.

ALFRED  
Thank you.

Alfred looks around and grins.

ALFRED (cont'd)  
I could get use to this.

Customers murmur as they notice who Alfred is. Alfred is called after a short wait.

BANKER  
How can I help you today?

Alfred digs in his pocket.

ALFRED  
Yea I just wanna cash this check.

BANKER  
Oh my god!

ALFRED  
What?

BANKER  
You're Paper Boi?

Alfred cracks a smile.

ALFRED  
Yea, that's me.

BANKER  
My kid is a big fan of yours. You  
mind if I--

The banker grabs a piece of paper and a pen.

BANKER (cont'd)  
Get your autograph?

The banker places the pen and paper under the window. Alfred signs it and gives to the banker. The banker lifts it up, and checks it for authenticity.

BANKER (cont'd)  
Thanks man, I appreciate it.

ALFRED  
Yea man, no problem.

The banker folds the autograph and puts it neatly in his pocket.

BANKER  
Alright, what did you need again?

ALFRED  
My check. I want to cash it.

Alfred hands him the check and the banker inspects it.

BANKER  
Damn, OK! You really are *Paper Boi!* I  
see how you living you up in these  
streets.

The man hands Alfred an envelope filled with cash.

BANKER (cont'd)  
That's \$2,509.

ALFRED

Thanks.

BANKER

You're welcome. Just be careful now.  
You never know--

Suddenly, three masked man barge into the bank. Their dressed in all black with monkey masks on. They each hold an AK-47 in their hands and a duffle bag over their shoulders.

ROBBER #1

Alright everyone, get on the ground!

ALFRED

You gotta be kidding me.

INT. CAFE - DAY

Darius and Jazmin sit at small table. The two sip cups of Green Tea.

JAZMIN

How's the tea?

Darius takes another sip of the Green Tea.

DARIUS

Its good. Very authentic.

JAZMIN

Its sad to say but its kinda like the closest thing I have to my other side.

DARIUS

Your bi--

JAZMIN

Racial? Yea. Half black, half Japanese.

DARIUS

You ever been to Tokyo?

JAZMIN

Yea, like when I was three. But who remembers anything under five years old?

DARIUS  
I wanna go to Tokyo. The vibe, the  
vibe seems wavy.

Jazmin laughs.

JAZMIN  
You high?

DARIUS  
I wish.

JAZMIN  
Come with me.

EXT. RECYCLING DUMPSTER - DAY

Darius and Jazmin sit on two large trash dumpsters filled with old boxes. Darius and Jazmin share a blunt. Darius blows a puff and hands it back to Jazmin.

DARIUS  
That's some good shit, where'd you  
get it from?

JAZMIN  
I have seller on campus.

DARIUS  
Word?

JAZMIN  
Yea.

DARIUS  
White?

The two laugh. Jazmin hands the blunt back to Darius.

DARIUS (cont'd)  
You know you're not the only whose  
disconnected and shit. Half my family  
is Nigerian and I don't know most of  
them.

Darius puts the blunt to his lips.

JAZMIN  
Why is that?

Darius shrugs and blows a puff.

DARIUS  
I don't know. I got daddy issues.

Moments of silence. Jazmin hops of the dumpster.

JAZMIN  
Let's paint.

DARIUS  
Like right now?

JAZMIN  
No, a week from now? Yea, now.

Darius checks his phone: It's 2:15.

DARIUS  
I appreciate the offer but I really should get going.

Jazmin hold onto his forearm.

JAZMIN  
Come on, its just one Canvas.

DARIUS  
Yea, but--

Jazmin tugs at Darius' shirt.

JAZMIN  
Please, I never get to do stuff like this.

DARIUS  
You mean have fun?

Jazmin lets go off his shirt. Silence.

JAZMIN  
You said it yourself "can't live life stuck in a classroom," I just wanna have one day where I'm not studying or preparing for an exam. Come on, please?

DARIUS  
OK. But *one* canvas.

Jazmin bites her bottom lip and laughs. Darius flicks the blunt on the floor on the floor and hops of the dumpster.



DARIUS (cont'd)  
So where is this place anyways? And  
is it expensive?

JAZMIN  
You'll see when we get there.

INT. BROADWAY BANK - DAY

Dozens of civilians (customers) sit on the floor, their hands covering their heads. One civilians cries softly and snot runs down his nose. Another talks to himself quietly.

ROBBER #1  
We don't wanna hurt no one. Everybody  
just stay calm and this will go by  
very quickly.

Robber #2 points his gun at the civilians.

ROBBER #2  
And don't try to be a hero either.

Robber #3 leans against the (exit) door.

ROBBER #3  
Or we'll bust a cap in that ass!

The customers stay silent.

ROBBER #1  
Good.

Robber #1 pulls out a hefty trash bag from his duffle bag and turns toward the banker.

ROBBER #1 (cont'd)  
Alright, fill the bag.

The banker does as told. Alfred checks his watch and sighs.

ALFRED  
Man. I should've just went to Wells  
Fargo.

One of the civilians, a **TEENAGER (17)** starts snickering. Robber #2 walks up to him and kicks his shoe.

ROBBER #2  
What the hell is so funny?

TEENAGER

This dude got on Big Baller Brand shoes. Ahhhhh hahaha. Ha ha.

A couple of civilians snicker. Alfred cracks a smile.

ROBBER #2

Nigga shut up! These cost me \$400.

TEENAGER

Yea and they still ugly. Ahhhhh hahaha. Ha ha.

Robber #2 bites his bottom lip in frustration and squeeze his gun.

ROBBER #2

Nigga, do you see this gun? Do yo ass wanna get shot or something? Say another word nigga!?

The teenager snickers softly.

ROBBER #2 (cont'd)

Man what the fuck--

Robber 2 stomps his foot on the ground and twists.

ROBBER #2 (cont'd)

What the hell did I just tell you little nig--

Robber #2 tries to control himself

ROBBER #2 (cont'd)

Ooooo, make another sound. Make another sound! I double dare you little nigga!

ROBBER #1

Nigga, will you chill the fuck out?

Robber #2 rests his gun and turns toward the teenager.

ROBBER #2

One more sound and I'll pistol whip yo ass.

The teenager gulps.

INT. PAINTING PLACE - DAY

Darius and Jazmin are covered in a array of paint color.

JAZMIN

You tryna be Bob Ross or something?

Darius smirks.

DARIUS

Ha. Nah. I'm just painting the cover of one of my favorite albums.

JAZMIN

Oh, what kind of music do you like?

DARIUS

Uh, everything really. Rap, R&B, jazz, heavy metal, soft rock. My music taste has no boundaries.

Jazmin walks towards Darius' painting.

JAZMIN

So what's this?

DARIUS

Just the cover of The Last Dinosaurs album, In A Million Years.

Jazmin shakes her head.

JAZMIN

Never heard of 'em.

DARIUS

Yea, they're an indie rock band from Australia but most of their members are Japanese.

JAZMIN

Interesting.

DARIUS

Very.

Darius spots the clock hanging across the room. It's 2:45.

DARIUS (cont'd)

I'm not gonna lie, hanging out with you was pretty cool. But I gotta go.

Jazmin frowns.

JAZMIN

Alright.

The two take their paintings off the canvas.

JAZMIN (cont'd)

Can I see you again?

Darius nods.

DARIUS

Yea, I'll be around.

JAZMIN

Let me give you my number.

Jazmin grabs one the paintbrushes and dips it in the black paint. Then she writes her number on Darius' arm. Darius looks at the number.

DARIUS

Sweet. I'll--

Darius throws up the phone sign.

DARIUS (cont'd)

You.

INT. BROADWAY BANK - DAY

Robber #1 fills up his hefty bag with cash and ties it up.

ROBBER #1

Alright everyone. We're almost done here. We just need ya'll cash too.

Robber #1 goes around collecting cash from civilians while Robber #2 and Robber #3 keep watch. Alfred's phone goes off.

ALFRED

(whisper)

Shit.

Robber #1 notices and walks toward him.

ROBBER #1

Well, well, well, if it isn't the one and only Paper Boi.

Alfred frowns.

ALFRED

Sup.

ROBBER #1

You tryna call the cops on us?

ALFRED

Nah man--

ROBBER #1

Don't lie to me! I hate being lied to!

ALFRED

I'm not man. It's probably my manager or something.

ROBBER #3

Aye dawg, we need to hurry up before 12 come.

Robber #1 looks at the exit and sighs disappointed.

ROBBER #1

Ight.

Robber #1 puts his gun down and looks back at Alfred.

ROBBER #1 (cont'd)

Aye, you think I can get a selfie for the gram?

ROBBER #3

I know this nigga did not just ask for a selfie?

ROBBER #1

It'll be real quick!

ROBBER #2

Nigga you got twelve seconds!

Robber #1 takes a selfie with a stoic looking Alfred. Robber #1 types something on his phone.

ROBBER #1

At . . . a . . . Costume Party . . .  
With my . . . Nigga . . . Paper  
Boi--

ROBBER #2

Nigga!

Robber #1 puts his phone away.

ROBBER #1  
Alright, alright. Let's go.

Outside of the bank, sirens blast and the robbers (jump).

ROBBER #2  
Muthafucka! See? You see!? We coulda  
been gone but yo dumb-ass *had* to get  
a selfie with Paper Boi!

EXT. BROADWAY BANK - DAY

The three bank robbers are taken into custody by police officers. Alfred enters his car. He looks at his envelope and let's out a big sigh. He gives his envelope a kiss and starts his car.

INT. J.R'S HOUSE

Darius stands in the middle of the living room, holding his painting. He looks around for a bit. J.R comes out dressed in fine linen, Gucci, and Prada.

DARIUS  
Jesus Ramirez.

The two shakes hands.

J.R  
It's J.R foo.

DARIUS  
Why do you look so spiffy?

J.R lets out an arrogant crackle.

J.R  
Cuz. I got me some guests.

Two women come up to J.R: they feel on him, kiss him and pour some expensive champagne in his plastic, red cup. He smacks the assess of two of the women.

J.R (cont'd)  
Ya'll go ahead and get in my bedroom.  
I'll be in there in a minute.

Another woman gets behind him and gives his shoulders a massage.

WOMAN

I'm gonna call some friends to get us some weed. Is that okay?

J.R nods.

J.R

Yea, that's coo. Now get in that room.

The woman obeys. Darius squints his eyebrows.

DARIUS

Are those . . . hookers?

J.R smiles and pulls him to the side.

J.R

I got into an accident a couple of months ago. Some stupid fucker crashed into, messed my up my whole right hand. But its all good because--

J.R picks up a briefcase with his left hand and taps on it.

J.R (cont'd)

This here is \$96,000 in cash foo.

Darius smirks and shakes his head.

DARIUS

You got my vinyl?

J.R

Yea. Its in the kitchen.

DARIUS

Ight.

Darius walks into the kitchen, looking through the cabinets.

J.R

Aye man you're lucky I didn't give that shit away.

DARIUS

Nigga I was one minute late.

J.R

You know what I could've done in one minute? I could've put my condom on. I could've start caressing--

Darius waves his hands.

DARIUS  
I rather not have this conversation.

Darius finds a black briefcase and sets it on the counter.

DARIUS (cont'd)  
This it?

J.R nods. Darius exhales and rubs his hands. He unlocks the briefcase and a golden light radiates against his face.

J.R  
You happy?

Darius stares at the briefcase, bewildered.

J.R (cont'd)  
Darius?

Darius snaps out of it and looks up.

J.R (cont'd)  
You happy?

Darius nods and smiles.

DARIUS  
Yea, I'm happy.

J.R  
Good. Now we're even.

Darius shuts the briefcase and the light disappears. Darius walks out of the kitchen and stops in front of J.R.

DARIUS  
Yea, I guess we are. Look, uh,

Darius glances at J.R's bedroom.

DARIUS (cont'd)  
Just be careful. That's a lot of money you got.

J.R  
I'm always careful foo.

DARIUS  
Righttttttt.

Darius open the door.



EXT. STREET - DAY

He leaves J.R.'s house and walks towards the sunset, content with his acquisition. As Darius walks out of view, a black minivan swerves in front of J.R.'s house. A pair of masked, gun-toting men bust into his house.

CUT TO BLACK.

**END.**