

UNAPOLOGETICALLY BLACK

EPISODE 6

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AGENCY CONFERENCE ROOM - RESUMING - FRIDAY CONTINUOUS

We're back in the room, Anyka's co-workers staring at her. Mike holds up the tub of shea butter.

MIKE

Anyka? Any thoughts?

Inhaling like she's about to lose it,

ANYKA

I don't. Use shea butter.

Exhaling as her peers steal looks at her,

ANYKA (V.O.)

I don't use shea butter.

Mike looks on, clearly disappointed. Then,

MIKE

Alright people, let's regroup.

As co-workers file out, whispering not-so-quietly, Anyka sinks into her chair, buries her face in her hands.

CO-WORKERS (O.S.)

What was that?

CO-WORKERS (O.S.) (CONT'D)

She doesn't use shea butter.

Finally, Anyka gets up to leave. At the door, she hears

HOODIE (O.S.)

Why didn't you?

Anyka turns to find ALL her Alters at the table. Her inner Hood; inner Bougie; her inner QUEEN. Unamused and accusing.

Anyka returns the table. What is she, on trial? Wait. *She is.* And they're Judge and Jury.

They put her on blast.

HOODIE (CONT'D)

You had so many chances. To say some'n. *Do some'n.* Why didn't you?

Everything comes rushing back.

INTERCUT THE WEEK SO FAR

Carly's lobby door slam on Anyka's face.

The team-building party/ karaoke gone wrong.

Marsha's Childish Gambino dig.

BACK TO CONFERENCE ROOM

Anyka pulls herself together. She just needs to explain.

ANYKA

Look, I get it. We been sitting for
a lot lately. But, c'mon, I tried.

They stare at her.

QUEEN

When exactly?

ANYKA

Well, when it mattered.

HOODIE

Yea, like that press conference.

ANYKA

Yes, exact-

HOODIE

BITCH, THAT SHIT ONLY HAPPENED IN
YOUR HEAD!

Anyka's getting pissed, struggles to keep her cool.

ANYKA

Y'know what, yea. I took a few
losses. *Because I'm trying to win a
goddamn war.* I can't just throw
down every time somebody says some
shit.

Hoodie takes that personal, but Queen calmly cuts in.

QUEEN

That's the message you want to send
to all the young girls coming up
behind you?

At that, Anyka deflates. Tries to explain.

ANYKA

No, of course not. But, it's not that easy-

HOODIE

Why do we have these alla these degrees if you just gon' skate, not even try to push a needle forward?

Anyka grits her teeth and she connects with Bougie.

BOUGIE

Our career's way too important,

But Hoodie cuts her off,

HOODIE

You know, this whole act where, you get all worked up, and then, *what the fuck?* You choke? You just stopped giving fucks?

Waving around the room,

HOODIE (CONT'D)

Or wait, you start drinking the sauce too?

Anyka is too done for words. Not Queen. Gloriously over the top and on point, she calls it.

QUEEN

So you're not sure who you want to be. Fine. What's not OK, is you forgetting who you are.

She holds up images from Anyka's vision board.

QUEEN (CONT'D)

No matter what you do, or what they feed you here, you are not the sum of your job. You're so much more. You're supposed to know that.

Anyka hears her, but it's too late. They charge in unison:

ALTERS

For your failure to speak up, to challenge the status quo, and re-define how we show up in the dialogues about us but not WITH us, we find you, Anyka Bryant, GUILTY.

Anyka grows more upset with each charge until...

ALTERS (CONT'D)

When it comes to taking action for your own serenity, if not for the culture, you Anyka Bryant, are GUILTY to the first degree.

She breaks. Each "Guilty" a gavel to her gut.

ALTERS (CONT'D)

On the charge to take a stand, to be more than the resident Black Girl in this place, we, your collective conscience, find you Anyka Bryant, GUILTY.

HOODIE

(gets in Anyka's face)

Yea, Bitch. How about the real you show up for once?

Anyka's shook. More of the week flashes before her:

INTERCUT MORE OF THE WEEK

MEREDITH

My friend brought back dashiki from Cameroon, and I realized how much we appropriate. It's real dashiki, or nothing.

JOHN

Drop it low and get that good glow.

MARSHA

You're soo pretty for a black girl.

And the kicker,

MARSHA (CONT'D)

AWE-nick-uh? Ah-NYE-? Anya?

Anyka sits, hurt, and alone.

EXT. AGENCY ROOF TOP SMOKING AREA/ CITY VIEW - DAY

An inspiring city view. It all looks so manageable from here.

We look down to the "Breathe" icon on an Apple watch. Anyka taps out and sighs, eyes misty. She inhales, and exhales, unaware of Erica approaching until...

ERICA (O.S.)
 "You good, girl?"

Catching herself, Anyka tries a smile, then shakes her head.

ANYKA
 It's just. Been a day.

She searches for words as Erica sidles up.

ANYKA (CONT'D)
 You ever feel like you just can't win? Like, everyone around you could just do, say *whatever*. Whatever they think - just bleh, vomit it out - no filter, no second thoughts. But you. You. You gotta think first, twice, three- four times before you speak.

Erica takes a beat. Anyka looks over at her.

ERICA
 Of course I feel like that.

ANYKA
 How do you deal?

Erica slips out her vape pen. Takes a draw. And exhales.

ERICA
 Some days, I snap. Some days, I take it. Two steps forward, two back. We're still moving, right?

They share a smile. Erica bumps Anyka. Passes the vape.

The air is lighter, brighter. Anyka absent-mindedly touches her hair as they talk. We let them have the moment.

ERICA (CONT'D)
 We got Housewives Sunday. What you doing Saturday?

ANYKA
 Girl, another appointment.

ERICA
 Back to the salon?

ANYKA
 No, girl. Back to therapy.

END