

Makin' Moves "Pilot"

By

Dartel McRae

mcræe.dartel@gmail.com

WE OPEN ON A BLACK SCREEN:

Then we start to hear people conversing, glasses clicking, the sound of car horns, laughter, and drinks being shaken....

V.O.

Yuuuuupp! Same shit, different day. Today already started off shitty, I got one of my stand-up's canceled because the venue is getting fumigated. Second time a show got canceled on me this week. There are roaches everywhere in New York, and they've been "fumigating" for years. What they need to do is drop an atomic sized bomb on this bitch directly targeted towards the roaches, and that might be a good start. Anyway, I had to pick up a shift at "stay-alive" job, which I kind of hate, with a passion. It's like I just can't seem to get a head, I always have some shit that happens that fucks my life up for whatever reason...and that shit tends to be kinda random, but happens to me on the daily.

We slowly start to see an image, it's fuzzy at first, and then we get into focus and reveal that we are in a busy New York City restaurant...

V.O. (CONT'D)

But fingers crossed to the rest of the day being a good day.

As we hear that, "Today was a good day" by Ice Cube starts to play, encouraging the idea of a good day...

INT. RESTAURANT (LATE AFTERNOON)

We are on a tray of glasses full of water from it's POV walking through a busy restaurant. All of a sudden we see a kid run past & we see the tray fumble, and we see a hand come into frame trying to stabilize it. CRASH! The glasses and tray fall to the floor.

The music abruptly comes to a stops!

(CONTINUED)

We spin to see Malachi (30's, black, charming, athletic), wearing all black, with a look of shame on his face. **When we see "Malachi V.O." it is his inner voice. The one that really speaks the truth, the unadulterated shit you would never really say because it might get you a back-hand pimp slap to the mouth.**

MALACHI

Sorry. Sorry.

MALACHI V.O.

Nope. Nope. Fuck my life moment!
And whose fucking kid was that.
Shit! Got me lookin' dumb in these streets.

We see a man, SYLVESTER (late 40's, open ethnicity, effeminate, thin) in a turtleneck and slacks flamboyantly rush over to the scene.

SYLVESTER

Malachi, please clean this up at once.

MALACHI V.O.

Bitch, are we in the Middle Ages.
At once!

MALACHI

Yup. I'm on it. Just making sure everyone is okay.

SYLVESTER

That's great. Be more careful next time. Thanks.

Sylvester sashays over to tables comforting them and apologizing for the disturbance.

Meanwhile, Malachi makes his way to the kitchen to get the broom. We follow him as he walks through two swinging doors into the kitchen.

INT. RESTAURANT (KITCHEN)

When we make it inside we hear the sounds of loud yelling, talking, food sizzling, pot and pans clanking.

Malachi walks past the dishwasher and gives him a pound. He continues into the kitchen and he is walking past the expediting station and towards the back where there is a closet.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN (COOK STATION)

As he is walking, we do a quick cut to a steak being meticulously cooked in a pan with a sprig of rosemary & drenched with melted butter.

CUT TO:

Malachi opens the closet and sees the broom and dustpan. He grabs it and shuts the door. On his way back out onto the main floor he is sidetracked by one of the cooks, Pablo (30's, Mexican, funny, solid)

PABLO

Look at this pendejo. Papa, what did you do now?

MALACHI

Ay, callate. Chupa me huevos grande negro.

The kitchen breaks into laughter including Malachi.

PABLO

Ay dios mio. Why so mean, solo pregunto?

MALACHI

No mames wey. But I love you.

The food expeditor, JOHN (30's, Mexican, loud, chubby) joins in.

JOHN

Yes, we know Malachi. Tu eres me corazon.

MALACHI

I just dropped some glasses because this fucking kid is running around out there like a wild animal.

JOHN

Damn. Sylvester see?

MALACHI

Of course he did. Queen'd out and everything.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN
That's nothing new. (then)
Oh, how was your show the other
night.

Malachi stands for a second, with a weird look on his face.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

We just see the spotlight on Malachi on stage, doing an impression of a girl he was on a date with, "Baby, I'm so dead, so dead!"; There is silence in the crowd (beat) then all of a sudden

VOICE FROM AUDIENCE
mah nigga, that was trash..BOOOOO!

We start to hear a barrage of Boo's and schadenfreude laughter, you know that laugh. We also see a tomato being thrown on stage.

Quick cut back to Malachi's face...as we slowly blend from the flashback into the present, same face.

END FLASHBACK.

MALACHI
(*illusively*)

Killed it, had em' in tears.

JOHN
My guy! That's what I like to
hear.

Sylvester hurriedly walks in.

PABLO
Mira, Mira. Tranquilo. Diabla
aqui.

The other cooks start giggling under their breaths, while continuing to work.

SYLVESTER
Malachi, what are you doing? This
is not one of your shows. I asked
you to clean up that mess out
there.

MALACHI
I was just getting the broom.

(CONTINUED)

Pablo and Malachi exchange a look. Malachi walks out of the kitchen past Sylvester, who has his hands on his hips.

SYLVESTER

And when you're done, you just got
sat at table 12.

Malachi exits the kitchen. Sylvester stands looking at Pablo, with doe eyes.

PABLO

Hola Mami. Can I help you?

SYLVESTER

You're looking trim today. Have
you been working out?

PABLO

Yes, I worked out my girlfriend
this morning. Mucho leche. Mucho.

Sylvester looks stunned, but not really. He places his hand on his chest, turns and proceeds to walk out, with the laughter of the kitchen behind him.

INT. RESTAURANT (LATE AFTERNOON)

Malachi is over at the trash can by the server station dumping the last of the shattered glass from his accident. He goes to put the broom and dust pan down.

He goes to wash his hands, and dries them off. We look out from the server station to table 12, which was just seated.

As Malachi is walking over to the table, another server, RICHARD (30's, white, goofy, tall) walks towards Malachi.

RICHARD

Table 12...yikes. Good luck mah
brotha.

Malachi shakes his head with laughter.

There are two white women sitting at the table (Lucinda & Willie Mae, mid 50's, very well dressed, wearing two large top hats) definitely Southern Debutants. Malachi approaches as the two women are conversing and looking at their menus.

INT. RESTAURANT- TABLE 12

MALACHI

Good afternoon ladies. My name is Malachi. I'll be your server today. Can I start you off with still or sparkling water.

A long and drawn out silence accompanies his intro. Both of the ladies give Malachi a "side-eye", then look at each other and then back at their menus.

WILLIE MAE

Uhm, well excuse me. We have just arrived and have only started looking at our menus, Ser (sir).

MALACHI V.O.

It was just an intro. Relax Cruella.

MALACHI

Of course. Let me give you a few minutes to look everything over.

LUCINDA

Great idea. Mah mah mah, Willie Mae, New York. A cultural melting pot, if I do say so myself.

Malachi gives a super fake laugh and walks away.

MALACHI

What the hell, the Klan is in the building. Shit.

Meanwhile, Richard has been watching and senses the tension from the table.

Malachi walks back into the server area and Richard engages him.

INT. RESTAURANT- SERVER AREA

RICHARD

Bro. What is wrong with that table?

MALACHI

I'm pretty sure they're the wives of some Klansman and they are in town for some sort of convention, or lynching.

(CONTINUED)

RICHARD

I could tell by their hats, those alone are really offensive. I'm offended.

MALACHI

They pretty much called me a boy, blackie, jigaboo, and...a Negro, while I was over there.

RICHARD

All that? Damn.

MALACHI

Yeah, but subliminally. You gotta be black to understand though.

RICHARD

Ahhh, but I thought I was black.

He pulls a white piece of paper out of his check presenter that is in his apron. It reads, "Black Card" written in a Sharpie.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

See. I'm White Chocolate!

They share a laugh.

MALACHI

Yeah, you're White Chocolate, but only in these walls. I hope you don't go around showing that to people. I gave you that in confidence.

Richard looks at him like he's caught, but he doesn't want to show it, but he can't really help it.

RICHARD

Nah man. Duh.

As he quickly puts the card away, looking a bit defeated. Malachi notices and has to hype his boy up.

MALACHI

Bruh. Dark Chocolate!

He puts his hand out to Richard, who gets super hyped and smacks Malachi's hand.

(CONTINUED)

RICHARD
White Chocolate. Let's go. We out
here!

MALACHI
Calm down, damn.

Just as they are talking, Sylvester makes his way to the server area.

Richard sees him first and starts awkwardly doing stuff to make it seem like he's busy.

RICHARD
Diabla, Diabla.

Malachi gets it, but not quick enough. Sylvester storms into the server area about to speak...

just as he enters, Malachi dips out of the server area, headed back towards his table.

Richard speed walks into the kitchen, but in a Richard Simmons kind of way.

Sylvester stands there for a second, then flips imaginary hair that he doesn't have, and walks away in a bit of a tizzy.

INT. RESTAURANT- TABLE 12

Malachi is back at the table and we see the two Southern Women, Lucinda & Willie Mae; their hands crossed, sitting on top of their closed menus.

LUCINDA
Well, well, well. Would you look
at who it is?

MALACHI
Hi. Just wanted to give you some
time to check out the menu.

LUCINDA
(blustered)

Well ah nevah..

WILLIE MAE
We did not need that much
tahm. The tahm we lost waiting for
you is tahm we can not get
back. It is tahm forever gone.

(CONTINUED)

MALACHI V.O.

Damn, that speech was a waste of my
tahn. *Shut up.*

MALACHI

My apologies. Any questions about
the menu?

The two women share an indicative glance.

WILLIE MAE

We are quite familiar with the
South. We know our Southern
culture and food. Don't we
Lucinda?

Malachi just stares at them for a half beat.

MALACHI

(*derisively*)

Ok.

Malachi takes out his check presenter from his apron, which
he opens to reveal a notebook. It has doodlings on it, in
particular in block letters, "FML".

MALACHI (CONT'D)

So who would like to start?

They both open their menus back up and start looking again.

MALACHI V.O.

Oh, what about, *tahn Tahm TAHM.*
Damn Grannies.

Malachi makes a choice.

MALACHI

I'll start with you, ma'am.

Pointing to Lucinda...

LUCINDA

Well, I'm not ready yet.

MALACHI V.O.

Die a thousand deaths.

MALACHI

Okay. No problem, how about you?

Pointing to Willie Mae...

WILLIE MAE
I will take the Southern Fried
Catfish, as is. And a Sweet Tea.

Willie Mae closes her menu. Malachi tries to break up the tension.

MALACHI
Great choice. The catfish is one
of our best sellers.

No response. An awkward silence. Now back to Lucinda.

MALACHI (CONT'D)
And for you?

LUCINDA
I will take the Southern Fried
Chicken. A Sweet Tea as well.

MALACHI
Okay, great. Anything else...

MALACHI V.O.
Vile demons from below.

Lucinda is still perusing the menu.

WILLIE MAE
Let's get a side of something.

LUCINDA
What would you like?

WILLIE MAE
I don't know. You choose.

LUCINDA
Is there anything you do not like?

Willie Mae gives a side-eye to Malachi.

WILLIE MAE
Well ah can think of one thang in
pah-ticular.

The ladies share a laugh. Malachi catches on.

MALACHI V.O.
Lord, Smite thee. Smite thee, now.

Lucinda takes another second. Closes the menu and orders.

(CONTINUED)

LUCINDA

I'll take a side of the
plantations.

Willie Mae's jaw drops. Lucinda is dumbfounded. She can't believe what she just said. Malachi is just staring at the two.

Malachi puts his book back in his apron. He's had enough of these two scaliwags. In his best impression of a slave, he let's them have it.

Just as Sylvester is approaching to check in on the guests.

MALACHI

Well, uh, massa. We don't gaht no
moh plantations. Wesah, stopped
sellin' dem 'bout 200 years 'go or
so. But ah, wes do have
plantains. So uh,ma, ma, mah, mah,
massa; would ya like somah
dose. Would ya!?

The two women place their hands over their chests in disbelief, and Malachi turns around and Sylvester is standing behind him, also with his hand over his chest.

MALACHI V.O.

Fuck my life.

INT. RESTAURANT (SYLVESTER'S OFFICE)

Sylvester and Malachi are sitting at Sylvester's desk, pretty much having a stare off. Sylvester is infuriated, while Malachi has a smirk on his face. The stare continues til finally..

SYLVESTER

What were you thinking?

MALACHI V.O.

I guess you missed the part where
they ordered plantations?

MALACHI

They were rude, Sylvester. I tried
to be accommodating, but..

SYLVESTER

You're in the service industry. We
are in the business of being
hospitable. I don't care if they

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SYLVESTER (cont'd)
were rude. The customer is always
right.

MALACHI
Even if they order a side of
plantations?

Sylvester starts to laugh, but catches himself.

SYLVESTER
Yes. Even if they order a side of
plantations.

Malachi looks a little beside himself, and Sylvester kind of
empathizes.

SYLVESTER (CONT'D)
I mean, I don't know if you knew or
not, but I'm...gay.

MALACHI V.O.
(laughing)

MALACHI
Oh my gosh, I had no idea. Really?

SYLVESTER
If I let every little insult bother
me that I hear on a daily basis, I
would have scratched someone to
death by now.

MALACHI
Yeah, I guess you're right. Sticks
and stones...right.

SYLVESTER
Sticks and stones.

Sylvester opens his drawer and pulls out a slip of yellow
paper. Malachi knows what it is.

SYLVESTER
So I should probably fire you for
this. But you were dealing with a
pretty interesting table. So it'll
just be a write-up. But be
careful, Malachi.

Malachi gets up and he puts his hand out to shake
Sylvester's hand.

MALACHI

Thanks man. I appreciate it.

Sylvester reaches his hand out, as if he were a woman waiting to have his hand kissed. Malachi awkwardly grabs it and moves it up and down like he's shaking hands.

Malachi goes to leave the office..

SYLVESTER

So I can have someone else take the table for you.

MALACHI

Actually, do you think I could be cut, I'm just not feeling it after what just happened.

Sylvester goes to check his computer on his desk.

SYLVESTER

We had a few no shows and it's pretty slow, so that'll be fine.

MALACHI

Okay, thanks.

Malachi leaves the office.

CUT TO:

STREETS OF NYC- MIDDAY

Malachi is in his street clothes. He is walking and all of a sudden his phone vibrates. It's a text.

[Note: Text messages are in italics]

RICHARD (TEXT)

Mal, did you get (fire emoji)'d

MALACHI (TEXT)

Nah, man. Sylvester just let me go for the day. Surprisingly.

RICHARD (TEXT)

Damn, that's weird. If that was me I would have fired that ass in a heartbeat (smiley face kissing heart emoji)

(CONTINUED)

MALACHI (TEXT)
 (laughing emoji) Welp, glad it
 wasn't your rude ass. Give me back
 the card.

RICHARD (TEXT)
 Haha. Chill. I got stuck with
 your hell table. (two grannies and
 knife emoji)

MALACHI (TEXT)
 Good luck with that. Tell them to
 eat several dicks.

RICHARD (TEXT)
 Will do. Will do. (skull emoji x
 2) This is also some really good
 material for your next show.

MALACHI (TEXT)
 (light bulb emoji)
 Duh. Already on it.

RICHARD (TEXT)
 (Heart emoji x 5)

Malachi puts his phone away. He continues walking and it's pretty scenic. He's on the famous Restaurant Row in New York, so there are restaurants, theaters, and bars every where you look. There are tons of interesting looking people. It's definitely refreshing to Malachi after what he just dealt with.

He continues walking and as he is doing so, he catches eyes with this MAN & WOMAN, a couple. They seem to know Malachi and start waving at him, frantically.

Malachi has no idea who they are.

MALACHI
 Oh damn, here we go again.

Malachi pulls out his phone and tries to pretend he is having a conversation on it as he gets closer to the super ecstatic couple.

WOMAN
 Yoo-hoo.

MALACHI
 (on his phone)
 Yeah. Yeah. Uh-ha. Okay, that's
 exactly what I was
 thinking. Yup. Yup. Right.

(CONTINUED)

MAN

I think it's him. I really do.

MALACHI V.O.

I'm not who you think I am.

MALACHI

(on his phone)

Well you know what...yes. Let's make that shit happen.

The couple realizes that Malachi isn't paying attention to them, so the WOMAN taps him on his shoulder as he passes and the MAN sort of steps in front of him, but kind of politely.

MALACHI V.O.

Fuuuuccckkkk.

Malachi puts his phone down.

MALACHI

Yes?

WOMAN

Oh my God. We don't mean to be intrusive.

MALACHI V.O.

Yikes. Too late.

MALACHI

No, no problem. Do you need something.

MAN

We just want you to know that we're huge fans.

WOMAN

Yasss. We love you. Honey, I am so dead right now. I can't believe it's him.

Malachi looks super confused. But he's also really liking the attention.

MALACHI

Oh, I think you have me confused with someone el..

MAN

(mocking)

Oh, oh. Got me confused with someone else. You're so modest.

(CONTINUED)

WOMAN

And humble. He's so humble
honey. You really are.

MAN

We saw your play a few months
ago. Bro, it was pure genius. You
were hilarious.

WOMAN

I told all my girlfriend's about
it.

Malachi is really surprised.

MALACHI

You guys saw that show. It was a
really small off-off...off Broadway
production. I didn't think anyone
really saw it.

The Man and Woman look at each other for a beat. Then back
at Malachi and they just burst into laughter.

WOMAN

You're so adorable. Like I can't
even right now.

MAN

Psst. We get it, you're
incognito. Completely understand.

MALACHI V.O.

I'm actually incognegro.

WOMAN

You must be headed to rehearsals or
something. Oh the life.

MAN

Do you think we could get a selfie
with you.

WOMAN

God yes. That would make my
day! My whole life. Everything.

Malachi is smiles from ear to ear.

MALACHI

I mean yeah, of course. Let's do
it.

(CONTINUED)

So the Woman goes to take her phone out and tries to take the selfie, but her arms are too short. Malachi notices and takes charge.

MALACHI

Here, let me do it.

He takes the phone from the Woman, and she can barely contain herself.

WOMAN

He's holding my phone, he's holding my phone. My phone.

Malachi is adjusting the angle of the phone and having some light banter with the couple.

MALACHI

It's so crazy you two saw, "The Secret Lives of Losers".

Just as he says that, he snaps the shot. We see the picture on the phone and the only person smiling is Malachi.

MAN

No, we saw the other one.

MALACHI

Which other one?

WOMAN

Oh, stop it.

MALACHI

Seriously, that's the only show I've been in recently.

MAN

Chris, you can stop it now. We saw you in "The Mutherfucker With the Hat"

MALACHI V.O.

Oh, these muthafuckers!

MALACHI

(assertively)

My name is not Chris. My name *is* Malachi.

The Man and Woman look at each other, kinda stunned.

WOMAN

So, you're not Chris Rock?

Malachi shakes his head.

MAN

Are you sure?

Malachi just looks at him.

MALACHI V.O.

What is up with the white folks today? Damn.

MAN

Our mistake. Our mistake.

They go to leave and the lady reaches for her phone.

WOMAN

I'll take that. Thanks.

They start to walk and they both turn back again...

MAN

Are you sure?

With that, Malachi flips them off and walks away.

MALACHI (TO HIMSELF)

I look way better than Chris Rock. Are you kidding me.

Malachi continues walking and he gets to an intersection, the RED STOP hand is up for pedestrians. He decides to put his headphones in. So he takes his headphones and plugs them into his phone.

He starts nodding to the music and then it bleeds out so we can all hear it. It sounds dope, he's listening to "That's What I Like" by Bruno Mars.

He starts to get into the music and forgets that he's in an intersection and goes to walk out.

A large Mac truck beeps its horn, super loud. Knocking Malachi out of his trance, causing him to jump back onto the curb. Leaving him looking like a huge idiot.

He does that infamous look around to see if anyone saw what happened. He makes eye contact with an elderly man who just shakes his head and turns away.

(CONTINUED)

MALACHI V.O.
Shut up, bitch.

When the walk signal pops up, Malachi is the first one to dart out.

CUT TO:

We are looking at Malachi as he is approaching his apartment building. He is walking towards the camera and just before he gets close enough he turns, and walks down a pathway to the front of his complex.

INT. MALACHI'S APARTMENT BUILDING (FRONT FOYER)

He opens the door, goes in. To his left are mailboxes. He goes to his, APT. 3E, JONES (his last name). He opens his mailbox and a few letters fall out from what looks to be Sallie Mae.

MALACHI V.O.
Oh my good God. I can't stand this chick Sallie Mae. Gold diggin' ass.

Malachi laughs at his thought. Picks up the mail that fell on the floor. While he's bent over picking up the mail, a body slips in behind him.

Fuck! It's his landlord, BONITA (late 50's, open ethnicity, intimidating, plus-size)

BONITA
Well hello, Mr. Malachi.

MALACHI V.O.
Fuck, Fuck.

Rising and turning towards her.

MALACHI
(nervously)
Hey, Bonita!!

BONITA
Glad to see you're doing well these days.

(CONTINUED)

MALACHI

Had a long day. Thank y-

BONITA

You know who isn't doing so well these days.

Malachi knows what's coming.

MALACHI

No, Bonita. Who?

BONITA

You ever been to jail?

MALACHI V.O.

What the fuck?

MALACHI

Not that I can recall.

BONITA

Well I have.

MALACHI V.O.

Not surprised...

MALACHI

Oh really. That's crazy.

BONITA

Do you want to know why I was in jail?

MALACHI V.O.

For eating someone.

MALACHI

No. That's none of my business.

BONITA

I'll tell you why. Back in the day, I use to be a whore. I sold myself for money.

MALACHI

I know what that is.

BONITA

When motherfuckers owed me money, I would find them, and I would either fuck them in the ass, or I'd rip their dicks off.

(CONTINUED)

MALACHI V.O.

Oh my god!

MALACHI

Wow.

Bonita stares Malachi down for a hot second, and she sees he's getting nervous.

BONITA

Okay. I never ripped a dick off. But I sure as hell fucked mad guys in the ass for fucking with my money.

MALACHI

Jesus.

BONITA

Do you know what the moral of this story is?

MALACHI

You have morals?

BONITA

The moral is, pay me my fucking rent money, or I will be going back to jail very soon and your ass will be very very open.

Malachi is flabbergasted. He doesn't know what to say or do.

BONITA (CONT'D)

Taking a shit will be a breeze. No squeezing needed. You got me.

MALACHI

I will have it for you tomorrow. For the love of god, not my ass!

Just as Malachi says that, a male tenant opens the door. He looks at Malachi and then at Bonita. Once he sees Bonita, he quickly skedaddles by with his head down.

MALACHI V.O.

Noooo, she fucked him!

BONITA

It's okay baby. If you're having problems paying monetarily, there

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BONITA (cont'd)
are other arrangements that can be
made.

Bonita steps forward and puts her thick hand on Malachi's shoulder.

MALACHI V.O.
Oh hell nah.

Malachi does a turn, which makes Bonita's hand fall off his shoulder, and he sprints for the stairs up to his apartment.

When he creates some distance and is at the bottom of the stairs, he looks back to see if Bonita followed.

She is still standing in the foyer, but makes a hand gesture with both hands. One hand is rolled up in a fist, then she takes her other hand and sticks her index finger into the balled up fist, and moves it back and forth. Then she takes it out and points to Malachi.

MALACHI
NOOOOO.

He darts up the stairs to the 3rd floor. Gets to his door, fumbles with his keys, finally gets inside, and locks the door.

He stands there for a second, then he just starts laughing. Saying he has had a long day wouldn't even be the half of it.

He takes his jacket off, and throws it on the couch and takes his shoes off and kicks them randomly on the floor. He makes his way into the bathroom, and shuts the door. We can hear him pissing, then it stops.

MALACHI
Shit!

Then it continues and we hear it taper off. We hear the sink running and then we hear it turn off. A beat, then Malachi emerges from the bathroom shirtless.

He heads into his kitchen and we see him grab a rocks glass out of the cabinet and he places it on the counter. He then goes for some sugar in another cupboard. He then grabs some bitters and a bottle of Bulleit Bourbon. Long day deserves an Old-Fashioned to wash it away.

While Malachi is making the Old-Fashioned he's starts singing "Bad and Boujee"...but his version.

(CONTINUED)

MALACHI

"Raindrops, Droptops, Drinkin on
whiskey in the hotbox. Sippin on yo
ass, this shit is a thot thot
thot. Whippin up dranks in the
crockpot (pot)!

He goes over to his laptop that is on a coffee table, and then he turns on the TV.

Malachi turns on the laptop and then checks his email. He scrolls down, and sees he has an email from his manager. It's labeled, "Stand-Up Showcase".

MALACHI

Yes, finally a fuckin' break.

He doesn't open it yet. He focuses on the TV and goes to Netflix. He scrolls through the comedy section and lands on Eddie Murphy's "Delirious". He takes another sip of this drink and kicks his feet up.

We see Eddie Murphy running around on stage doing his thing and Malachi starts laughing and we pull away as Malachi is hilariously mimicking Eddie Murphy.

SLOWLY FADE OUT.

As we fade, a quote pops up...

(Each episode will end with a quote from a Comedian)

If you're involved in with something that's original, you know, you'll always go back and try to rehash it.

~Eddie Murphy

FADE OUT.

End of pilot.