NO RIDE FOUND

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EXT. SUNNY DAY

A bright, sunny day. Birds chirping and not a cloud in sight. A truly picturesque and peaceful view. “The Times They Are-A Changin’” by Bob Dylan plays as we pan down and reveal...

EXT. YELLOW CAB LINE AT JFK - DAY

A large line of yellow cabs. Each one sits idly, patiently waiting to pick up their next customer. An equally sized line of people stand in front of the cabs.

We start to pan in more towards a particular cab until we are inside...

INT. MOUSTAFA’S CAB - DAY

We find out Bob Dylan is playing from the radio. MOUSTAFA (40s), a tall but lanky Moroccan man with a defined moustache and long hair is grooving silently to the song.

A HONK disrupts him from his zone, and brings him back to reality. He looks around for a beat, before realizing there’s now an empty space in front of him. He slowly drives his car up before returning it to park.

Moustafa starts to go back to bobbing to Bob Dylan as a pedestrian vehicle passes by. Moustafa looks on confused as it parks in front of him, picks up people from the line and drives off.

This happens around three more times before he is finally fed up. As the next car pulls up, Moustafa finally lowers the radio and sticks his head out of the car. (Moustafa speaks with a Moroccan accent).

MOUSTAFA
My friend! You!

The UBER GUY looks around before pointing at himself.

MOUSTAFA (CONT'D)
Yes! You! What are you doing?!

UBER GUY
I’m picking up passengers!

Moustafa looks around, in a mix of disbelief and confusion.

MOUSTAFA
Do you not see this line? You cannot just skip this line!

UBER GUY
Well sure, I can? See?

The driver taps on a sticker on his car window.

INSERT - STICKER

A bright, shiny Uber sticker. Each tap on the sticker reverberates.

UBER GUY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I’m with Uber.

BACK TO SCENE

Moustafa is at a loss for words. The driver turns away to greet a couple as they enter his car.

MOUSTAFA
T-that doesn’t matter! There is a line, my friend!

UBER GUY
(leaning out of winder)
Hope you have a good day, man! Today’s busy as hell!

The car starts to drive away.

MOUSTAFA
There’s a line!

EXT. STREETS OF MANHATTAN - DAY

Moustafa’s car is speeding down Manhattan, slightly slowing down as it passes by people before speeding up again when he realizes they aren’t interested.

MOUSTAFA (V.O.)
I don’t understand how they do this, Omar. They skip *lines* now. How do they get to skip *lines!?*

INT. MOUSTAFA'S CAB - DAY

Moustafa is on speaker phone as he is driving. He is intently scanning the streets of Manhattan, looking for potential passengers.

OMAR (V.O.)
That’s how it is now, Mo. This is life now.

MOUSTAFA
I was in that line for two hours! Two hours but this son of a bitch can just drive right in and take customers. How is this fair?!

OMAR (V.O.)
They just take what they want.

Moustafa shakes his head.

MOUSTAFA
You know, this used to make sense. When I had a customer stolen by another yellow cab I wasn't angry. He beat me to the passenger, simple as this. When they called a black cab, it's because they trusted the company.

Moustafa starts to angrily wave one hand.

MOUSTAFA (CONT'D)
But this Uber!? Any son of a bitch can drive it! There is no honor! No passion! It's not a job anymore, Omar! It is a hobby!

OMAR (V.O.)
You need to rela--

Moustafa notices flashing police lights in his side mirror. He quickly puts Omar off speaker phone.

MOUSTAFA
(mumbling)
Hold on. Police.

The cops drive past him. He waits for a beat before putting Omar back on speaker.

MOUSTAFA (CONT'D)
Okay. Continue.

OMAR (V.O.)
I'm saying you need to relax, Mo. Take the day off. You are not mentally well.

MOUSTAFA
I am fine.

OMAR (V.O.)
Come meet me at Maple Hills. My treat.

MOUSTAFA
I’m not going to Maple Hills, Omar.

OMAR (V.O.)
I’ll get your favorite!

MOUSTAFA
I’m not going to Maple Hills!

Moustafa stops at a red light and notices a couple waiting on the sidewalk across the street. They clearly look like they need a cab.

MOUSTAFA (CONT'D)
...I think I see a couple.

OMAR (V.O.)
Are they hailing?

MOUSTAFA
I think I’m going to approach them.

OMAR (V.O.)
Mo, you are not well right now, don’t do it.

MOUSTAFA
I need passengers.

OMAR (V.O.)
Approaching is weird and never works out. You are better than this.

MOUSTAFA
I’m--I’m just going to do it.

The light turns green.

OMAR (V.O.)
If they wanted you they would be hailing you, do--

MOUSTAFA
I’m going to call you back, okay!?

Moustafa quickly hangs up as he slowly approaches the couple. He slowly lowers his window.

EXT. MANHATTAN SIDEWALK - DAY

Moustafa sticks his head out of the window to the couple (man and woman).

MOUSTAFA
(awkwardly)
Heh...how are you two doing today?

MAN
Pretty good!

WOMAN
Loving the city!

MOUSTAFA
Ahh...so you're tourists?!

MAN
First time!

MOUSTAFA
Oh! Wonderful, I assume you have plans for the rest of the day?

WOMAN
That we do, we're actually on our way to one now!

MOUSTAFA
Oh! So you're looking for a ride!?

MAN
Absolutely!

MOUSTAFA
Well my friends, why don't you hop in and I give you a real New York Taxi experience!

MAN
Actually, we're waiting for an Uber.

Just then, a car switfly pulls up in front of Moustafa's taxi. The window rolls down.

It's the same Uber Guy from JFK's.

Moustafa stares blankly forward, as if he had all of the hope crushed inside of him. We start to PUSH IN on his face as we

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE MAPLE HILLS - DAY

We are still pushed in on Moustafa's face, it holding the exact same expression that it held earlier.

OMAR(O.S.)
You know, I started listening to Bob Dylan. He is not bad.

We start to PULL OUT to reveal that we are now standing in front of an ice cream shop. Standing next to Moustafa is OMAR (40s), a short, stout and bald Egyptian man. While very Americanized and lacking a real accent, he almost comes off as TOO American.

Omar is happily eating a large cone of ice cream while Moustafa holds his, untouched.

OMAR (CONT'D)
He's no Gypsy Kings though.

MOUSTAFA
(deadpan)
Uber has won.

OMAR
The first record I ever heard in this country? Gypsy Kings. Fantastic.

MOUSTAFA
(deadpan)
We are going to lose our jobs.

OMAR
You know, I tried to get my son to listen to the Gypsy Kings. He called them "boomer music". What does that even mean?!

MOUSTAFA
(snapping)
Can you stop with the Gypsy Kings! I do not care about the Gypsy Kings! I am losing my job here! YOU are losing your job! Do you know what that means, Omar?!

OMAR
That I won't have a job?

MOUSTAFA
That you won't have any MONEY! No more money for bills!
(MORE)

MOUSTAFA (CONT'D)
No more money for family! No more money for your FUCKING GYPSY KINGS!

Omar stares forward, somewhat upset.

OMAR
...No more Gypsy Kings?

MOUSTAFA
Y'allah, I am at a loss. I don't know anymore. I don't know how we can even go on. How many customers have you had this past week?

OMAR
Maybe forty?

Moustafa's eyes light up with a small level of surprise.

MOUSTAFA
Oh, wow, that's not bad. How did you manage?

OMAR
I drive around a retirement home. I don't think they know how to use Uber yet.

MOUSTAFA
Really?

OMAR
Yeah, they love me and my music. I had a man, Ernie, tell me I am the most American Muslim he's ever met.

MOUSTAFA
(half paying attention)
That's crazy...

OMAR
I know! I'm not even Muslim!

MOUSTAFA
You think I could...you know...join in?

Omar starts to give Moustafa a look.

OMAR
No. Fuck you. This is my retirement home. You get your own old people.

EXT. A RETIREMENT HOME - NOON

Moustafa’s taxi is parked in front of the retirement home, with him inside. He’s clearly bored out of his mind, with a newspaper resting on his chest.

He sighs and leans back, before seeing a silhouette of a couple near the entrance to the home. He quickly scrambles and tries to make himself look presentable, before leaning his head out the window.

The couple doesn’t move, however, and just stands at the doorway.

After a few beats, Moustafa awkwardly leans his head out the window and slowly waves at the couple. They wave back.

MOUSTAFA
(mumbling)
Am I supposed to be going to them or...?

He reaches for his phone, and scrolls through his contacts. OMAR rests on the screen.

However, before he can send the call, a car horn HONKS and startles him, catching his attention. Moustafa turns to see a car pulled up right next to him.

UBER GUY
Hey! Dude! I remember you!

It takes a moment before Moustafa’s look of confusion turns into one of pure disbelief.

UBER GUY (CONT'D)
You were the guy at John F’s, right?

MOUSTAFA
John F--you mean JFK?

UBER GUY
Yeah! Man, small world huh? Guess we’re in the same business and all. You just drop somebody off?

MOUSTAFA
(confused, mumbling)
Who...who calls it John F’s?

The couple in the door way look down at something before looking back up at the two cars. They quickly leave the building and start to approach the Uber Guy’s car.

UBER GUY
Oh, dang, my passengers are here already. Well, nice chat man! See you around!

The couple quickly gets into the Uber as it starts to pull off.

MOUSTAFA
W-what is your problem, man!? You skip lines, you take the old people, you call it John F's! Who does this!?

The car starts to drive off.

MOUSTAFA (CONT'D)
What human being does this!?

EXT. A DIFFERENT RETIREMENT HOME - NOON

Omar is sitting in his own yellow cab, parked outside of a much nicer retirement home. His cab is shockingly bare compared to Moustafa's. A picture of him awkwardly holding his son rests on the dashboard while two small American and Egyptian flags hang from the rearview mirror.

A Gypsy King's song faintly plays as Omar keeps trying on a baseball cap in different styles.

An OLD WOMAN leaves the retirement home, promptly causing Omar to hide the hat. He cracks his neck before extending his head out the window.

OMAR
Hello, ma'am, are you perhaps looking for a ride?

MOUSTAFA (O.S.)
Needing a taxi, miss?

Omar, startled, leans his head out of his car and looks behind it.

Moustafa's cab is parked directly behind it. Moustafa gives Omar a little wave.

OMAR (CONT'D)
What? What are you doing?

MOUSTAFA
I'm working, what does it look like?

OMAR
I can see that, why are you working HERE?

MOUSTAFA
Am I not allowed to? This is a free country, Omar. You should know this Mr. *American*.

The old lady looks on, confused.

OLD LADY
I-I just...

OMAR
This is MY retirement home, okay? I told you that!

MOUSTAFA
I don't see your name on it.
(leans head out of window more and pretends to look at the retirement home)
Yeah, I don't see your name anywhere. You know who's retirement home this is, Omar?

Moustafa leans out and aggressively points at the old lady. She flinches.

MOUSTAFA (CONT'D)
This is HER retirement home, yes? We can agree?

OMAR
What are you getting at?

MOUSTAFA
We should let her choose her driver, yes?
(turns to the old lady)
Who will it be, miss?

OLD LADY
(nervous)
I-I just want--

OMAR
Ma'am, I'll have you know I have been this home's dedicated driver for the last week and a half. You can trust me. Ask for Ernie! He knows me!

MOUSTAFA
I don’t know, ma’am. I’ve been in this business for a decade now. I know people who will rip you off when I see them. That man is a scammer.

OMAR
What’s your goal here, Mo? Mad that you can’t get any passengers so you’re ruining me now?

MOUSTAFA
I can get as many as I want, it’s this son of bitch Uber that’s ruining it.

OMAR
Or maybe you’re just washed up.

Moustafa gasps.

MOUSTAFA
Don’t say this. Take this back.

OMAR
No, fuck you. You’re being a jerk.

MOUSTAFA
Well...well...at least my son isn’t embarrassed of me!
(turns to the Old Lady)
His son calls him a...what is it? A boomer! He calls him a boomer!

OMAR
That’s not true!
(turns to the lady)
That’s not true! He says I’m “like” a boomer! Not am a boomer! Two different things.

OLD LADY
(incredibly nervous and stressed out)
I just wanted t--

MOUSTAFA
Oh, we’re lying now, my friend? Becau--

Moustafa is interrupted by the sound of Omar SLAMMING his car door shut. He slowly starts to step towards Moustafa’s car.

OMAR
What are you tryin' to do here, Mo?
You tryna' tussle?

Moustafa gets out of his car as well, and slowly starts to approach Omar. The old lady watches on, clearly stressed.

MOUSTAFA
What...what are you saying? Tussle?

OMAR
Fight! I'm saying do you want to fight!

MOUSTAFA
(walking closer to Omar)
Then why don't you just say this! You want to fight, Omar? Is this what you want?

OMAR
(walking closer to Moustafa)
I want whatever you want, man!

Moustafa stops moving. He looks around before pointing at Omar.

MOUSTAFA
You know what I want, Omar?

OMAR
What?

MOUSTAFA
I want your FUCKING old people!

Moustafa charges at Omar, initiating a childish brawl between the two. It mostly consists of pushing and slapping, with horrible shittalking in their native tongues spliced in.

As this continues, the old lady suddenly SHOUTS at them to stop, her cries being ignored.

The doors to the retirement home open as an AIDE and an older man, ERNIE, rush out.

AIDE
What's happening?!
(noticing the fight)
Hey! Hey! Break it up!

The aide runs in between the two men, stopping the slapping match.

AIDE (CONT'D)
What in the H-E-double hockeysticks is going on here!

OLD LADY
I just--I wanted a ride to see my grandson! These men started to harass me and then they started to fight and they started to yell and--

AIDE
It’s okay Greta, it’s okay. Come with me, alright? It’ll be fine. I’ll go call you an Uber.
(turning to the two drivers)
I never want to see either of you two around here again. Ernie, take their license plates down.

The aide and the old lady start to walk back to the retirement home as Ernie stays back, jotting down Moustafa’s license plate.

He finishes, and then heads to Omar’s car. Omar looks like he’s on the verge of tears.

OMAR
No, Ernie, please. You gotta understand.

Ernie ignores Omar’s pleas and continues to write down the number.

OMAR (CONT'D)
It’s not what it looks like, man.

Ernie just shakes his head and starts to walk back to the home. He stops for a beat.

ERNIE
I trusted you, Omar.

INT. MAPLE HILLS - EVENING

The quintessential 1950’s ice cream parlor with a slightly modern touch. Booths with menus, waiters and waitresses moving around in those generic uniforms. A pleasant affair.

Sitting at a booth, across from each other, are Moustafa and Omar. They’re both drinking from their own ice cream floats.

There’s silence for a beat, before Omar finally puts his head down.

OMAR
I’m sorry for trying to fight you.

Moustafa takes a sip of his float before shaking his head.

MOUSTAFA
No. I’m sorry for showing up, my friend. That wasn’t right.

OMAR
Nah. I should have just split the duty with you. I was being selfish.

MOUSTAFA
No. You were being *intelligent*. In this climate, you know, we have to keep a hold on what we can.

There’s silence for a beat again as the two awkwardly drink their floats.

OMAR
I’m sorry for calling you washed up.

Moustafa raises his finger as if to speak, but is immediately shut down by Omar.

OMAR (CONT'D)
No. Even if you think you initiated it, that was uncalled for by me. I crossed a line I shouldn’t have.

Moustafa pauses a beat before slowly nodding.

MOUSTAFA
Apology accepted, Omar. I too am sorry for bringing up your insecurities with your son.

OMAR
It’s cool because I have no insecurities about my son.
(beat)
But if I did, I would accept that apology.

The two take a synchronized sip of their drinks before Moustafa groans.

MOUSTAFA
You know, I'm happy we're doing this--
(motions between each other)
--but now we're really fucked.

OMAR
Even Ernie doesn't believe in me anymore.

Omar hangs his head down as a WAITRESS approaches the table holding a banana split. She reaches the table, places it down, and starts to head away.

MOUSTAFA
Wait, excuse me. We did not order this.

WAITRESS
(turning around)
What? Oh, yeah. That's on us.

Moustafa and Omar share a look before turning back to the waitress.

OMAR
...On you guys?

WAITRESS
Yeah! You guys are just always here, and a lot of us find it cute so we figured we'd treat you to something today. Enjoy it!

The waitress walks off as Moustafa and Omar turn back to each other. Moustafa shrugs and starts to eat at the split.

MOUSTAFA
(chewing)
This is nice of them.
(swallowing)
But still, we have business to discuss.

OMAR
(looking back at the waitress and her peers)
Did...did she say we're cute?

MOUSTAFA
Yes. So? My wife says this all the time. It is a compliment.

Moustafa takes another bite of the split as Omar nervously alternates between looking at the waitress' group and Moustafa.

OMAR
I mean...yeah, she's your wife though.

MOUSTAFA
(swallowing)
Maybe she likes us? I still think I look good, you know?

OMAR
I don't...I don't think that's it.

Moustafa sighs before pointing the spoon at Omar.

MOUSTAFA
Look, Omar, what is the problem. Spit it out. We do not have time to talk about if we are cute or not!

OMAR
(frantic)
Shh! Shhh! Not that loud man, people are gonna stare!

Omar nervously scans the room. Nobody cares.

OMAR (CONT'D)
I just...I think she thinks...you know...

MOUSTAFA
No. I don't know.

OMAR
(deep breath)
I think she thinks we're like...a thing. Like...

Omar does an awkward pointing motion between the two of them. It takes Moustafa a beat before he understands, but when he does he simply laughs.

MOUSTAFA
Oh! So? Who cares?! We have wives! We know the truth!

OMAR
Yeah but--

MOUSTAFA
Then what is the matter?! We're getting free stuff!

OMAR
Yeah but, my son comes here, man. What if he finds out.

Moustafa throws his hands up in frustration before sighing yet again.

MOUSTAFA
Here we go with the son stuff again.

OMAR
It--it has nothing to do with the son stuff! There is no son stuff! I just don't want to be known as the gay dad!

MOUSTAFA
You are not the gay dad! You know you're not!

OMAR
But my son might not know!

Moustafa places his head in his hands before pointing and looking up at the sky.

MOUSTAFA
Allah, please fix this man's head or I swear I will do it for you.

OMAR
There's nothing to fix! It's a genuine...

Omar starts to trail off as something gets his attention. Moustafa turns to face the same direction.

OMAR (CONT'D)
Shit. It's almost 8. I gotta get back to the garage.

Omar starts to get up and pack his stuff. Moustafa is still eating the sundae.

OMAR (CONT'D)
You coming or doin' a late shift?

MOUSTAFA
(swallowing)
Let me just take this to go.

INT. MIKE'S YELLOW CAB GARAGE - EVENING

A bunch of yellow cabs are parked inside a dingy warehouse of sorts. People are smoking cigarettes, counting money and handing off car keys. It's almost an odd snippet of 1980's New York.

MIKE (O.S.)
Look, I'm gonna be real with you guys.

INT. MIKE'S OFFICE - EVENING

MIKE (50s), the living embodiment of a used car salesman, sits at a desk eating a chicken parmesan. Standing in front of him are both Moustafa and Omar, with Moustafa carrying a cute Maple Hills bag.

MIKE
This shit isn't working out.

MOUSTAFA
(pleadingly)
Mike, please, my friend. Just give me a week and I promise I will get back to how it's been.

MIKE
What? The fuck are you talking about?
(puts food in mouth)
You talking about the money?

Moustafa and Omar share a look.

OMAR
...Isn't that what we've been talking about?

MIKE
(swallowing)
No! No. You guys are fine. Believe it or not, you two are still the best drivers in this damn garage.

Mike starts to motion with his fork and knife as he speaks, causing some sauce to fly around.

MIKE (CONT'D)
But that’s the issue. That’s what I’m getting at. Uber’s killing us. You know how much god damn money I’ve been getting?

Mike takes another bite of the chicken parm.

MIKE (CONT'D)
I mean look at this shit! Look at what I’m eating!

Moustafa and Omar awkwardly look at the meal, then at Mike, and then at each other.

MOUSTAFA
...Chicken parmesan?

MIKE
Exactly! Chicken fuckin’ parm! Who just eats chicken parm? I ain’t got no bread! I ain’t got no pasta! I ain’t even got some dessert!

Mike angrily takes another bite of his food.

MIKE (CONT'D)
(chewing)
Who the fuck has chicken parm with no dessert!

Mike drops his fork and knife before putting his head in his hands. Omar and Moustafa again share yet another confused look.

Omar slowly approaches Mike and awkwardly pats him on the back.

OMAR
You swell, Mike? Do you need anything?

MIKE
(sniffling)
I’d just like some dessert, man.

Omar looks at Moustafa and motions at the bag. Moustafa starts to frantically shake his head.

Omar mouths “are you fucking kidding me” as Moustafa continues to shake his head. Omar motions towards Mike, who is now clearly trying his hardest not to burst into tears.

Moustafa finally relents and slowly pulls the now somewhat melted banana split out of the bag. He slowly places it on the desk.

OMAR
Why don't you look up and see what Mo got you!

Mike slowly lifts his head up, his eyes incredibly red. He scans the table and sees the banana split. He looks up at the two men like a kid who just got a puppy for Christmas.

MIKE
Is that a...banana split?

MOUSTAFA
(really forced and fake)
Haha! It is all yours, my friend.

Mike starts to reach into his desk before pulling out a plastic spoon. He starts to eat the half-liquid dessert.

MIKE
I'm uhh--I'm sorry you had to see that, boys.

MOUSTAFA
It's--it's fine.

OMAR
Not a problem.

MIKE
It's just this shit's really boiled up.

Mike goes back to the chicken parm.

MIKE (CONT'D)
This business is dying. Those dicks imposed regulations. Then they added those damn green cabs.
(takes another bite)
And now Uber is here and getting ready for the fuckin' TKO.

OMAR
That's actually what we wanted to talk to you about, Mike. Mo and I were trying to come up with ways to compete with Uber.

MOUSTAFA
What better man to ask than the taxi man himself, right?

Mike slowly shakes his head before taking another bite of his chicken parm. He downs it with a glass of water.

MIKE
That's what I wanted to tell you two about, actually. I think I'm gonna sell the medallions.

Moustafa and Omar GASP.

OMAR
Let's not get wild here, Mike!

MOUSTAFA
Ha! Funny joke, Mike! You are the uhh...the comedian! Very funny!

MIKE
Does it look like I'm joking boys? Shit, I'm only even telling you two that because I like you. Giving you two a chance to find a new garage before it happens.

OMAR
You're acting like it's already pretty much set up.

MIKE
(taking another bite)
It is. Gonna sell them all to Lenny's garage.

The two GASP again.

OMAR
How did you get him to buy all that?

MIKE
Gave him an offer he couldn't refuse.
(laughing)
Oh man. Great movie. You two see the Godfather?

OMAR
Yes.

MOUSTAFA
Who?

MIKE
Great movie. Al Pacino, a fuckin' classic.
(takes another bite)
Look. You know what you should do?
(MORE)

MIKE (CONT'D)
Go to Lenny’s. Explain the situation. He’ll probably guarantee you guys have a gig with him. Definitely won’t have my rates though.
(swallows)
But if I’m you two? I think I’d start looking at backup jobs. The age of the yellow cab is done.

EXT. LENNY’S TAXI GARAGE - NIGHT

The sidewalk and the street outside are pitch back, with the only source of light coming from the isolated warehouse.

MUFFLED VOICES can be heard coming from the inside, almost like how a club would sound from the outside.

Moustafa and Omar slowly walk along the side of the warehouse until they reach the door. Attached to it is a piece of paper.

INSERT - PAPER

Yellow Cab Meeting Inside -- BRING FRIENDS.

The Terror Of Uber Stops Now!

BACK TO SCENE

The two men give each other a look before opening the door. The VOICES become clearer and they’re blinded by light as they enter...

INT. LENNY'S TAXI GARAGE - NIGHT

...to see the garage filled with chairs and people sitting in them. Standing in front of the giant mass of chairs is LENNY (50s), a lanky man with wild hair and glasses. He’s holding microphone and is pacing around in place.

Moustafa and Omar slowly make their way to the back of the mass and awkwardly take a seat.

LENNY
Alright, wait, wait, let’s all calm down! Please! Order!

The large group of people slowly start to calm down.

LENNY (CONT'D)
While I appreciate the suggestion Marty, and clearly so did the rest of us here, I do not think we can sue Uber.

MARTY
Well why not!? Huh?! People can sue us! Remember when I got sued, Lenny?!

LENNY
Well that's because you broke the law. I don't think Uber has technically broke the law yet.

The audience GROANS.

LENNY (CONT'D)
Anyone else have a suggestion?

A man raises his hand. Lenny points at him. The man stands up from his seat.

RANDOM PERSON 1
Hey everybody. Ricky. Two year green cab driver.

The audience instantly starts to BOO him. Insults are hurled out.

LENNY
Gentlemen! Please! Green cabs are just as much people as the rest of us. Let him speak!

The audience starts to die down.

RANDOM PERSON 1
Thank you, Lenny. I'm just saying, you know, I took an Uber this week--

More BOOS.

RANDOM PERSON 1 (CONT'D)
--and when I was in it, the man had bottled water, snacks, chargers -- you name it, he had it! It was wonderful! All free too.
(a beat)
I guess I'm just saying, maybe we should add some of that to our own taxis? Make the experience better?

The BOOING hits the loudest it’s been.

OMAR
Get him outta here!

Moustafa quickly elbows Omar.

LENNY
Okay. Thank you for that...idea, Ricky. You can have a seat now. Anybody else?

JULIAN (O.S.)
Yeah. I got one.

The whole audience turns to see JULIAN (20s), leaning back in his chair and raising his hand. He stands up, allowing everybody to get a better view of him.

His hair’s slicked in a sort of faux-pompadour style, he’s wearing a leather jacket and looks like he popped right out of the 1950’s. Yet, for some reason, it works on him.

Julian pulls a vape out of his jacket pocket and takes a hit, before slowly blowing a large cloud of smoke out.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
You wanna know what my suggestion is?

Julian pockets the vape and starts to play with his hair, slowly shaping it.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
I suggest we stop fucking around and just face the facts. I mean, have you all been hearing yourselves? Suing them? Creating a yellow cab app? Buying more stuff for those ungrateful passengers?

The audience starts to GRUMBLE in agreement.

LENNY
Sir, may you please refrain from making fun of prior suggestions. I understand your frustrations, but this is a safe space and we all have the same goal.

JULIAN
Do we? Because right now I see a room of people who aren't trying to solve the Uber problem. You're all just delaying it.

OMAR
(whispering)
This guy seems like a real jerk, huh Mo?

Moustafa ignores Omar. He's instead intently focused on Julian, slowly nodding to himself.

LENNY
So what are you suggesting?

JULIAN
Something that should have been said a long time ago.

Julian takes another long hit of his vape, before scanning the audience.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
No competitions. No rivalry. No outperforming. We have to *destroy* Uber.

There is a long beat of silence. Moustafa starts to slowly get up, as if he is about to erupt into applause. However, right before that happens, the audience ERUPTS INTO LAUGHTER.

RANDOM PERSON 2
Destroy Uber?! How the hell are we doing that?!

RANDOM PERSON 3
You sure you ain't a clown Uber Guy?!

The audience continues to LAUGH as Julian angrily looks around the room. Moustafa slowly goes back down into his seat, angry.

JULIAN
This is why it's all gonna crash and burn! Because of people like you all!

RANDOM PERSON 2
Just take your seat, man! Stop wasting the meeting!

Julian finally relents and slowly sits down as the LAUGHTER continues.

LENNY
Alright, everybody please settle down. Sir, I'd like to thank you for the energy you bring to this meeting, but I want that to be a reminder to everybody here as well. We're looking for ideas that help us COEXIST. Taking Uber directly would just spell the end of us.
(a beat)
Any other ideas?

INT. LENNY'S TAXI GARAGE - LATER

The meeting seems to be over, with people leaving or splitting off into groups to talk with one another.

Moustafa is still in his seat, holding the same angry expression he held earlier. Omar is standing beside him.

OMAR
What do you mean you don't want to talk to Lenny?!

MOUSTAFA
I am not working for a man who thinks we must "coexist" with Uber.

OMAR
I mean...wait, Mo, don't tell me you actually agreed with that wacko. Come on.

Moustafa quickly rises from his seat and angrily points at Omar.

MOUSTAFA
Do not call that man a wacko! He is no wacko! He is a seer, Omar! He is a man who sees the future for what it is!
(scans the room)
But these idiotss...they don't get it. They will never understand!

Omar just sighs and points behind Moustafa.

OMAR
Well if you wanna go talk to your prophet, looks like he's signing autographs over there.

Moustafa turns around to see Julian talking to GABRIEL (40s), a tall, muscular Senegalese man dressed in business casual and DAVE (40s), a slightly overweight Irish man dressed in an FDNY hoodie and jeans.

Moustafa quickly grabs Omar's arm before dragging him to Julian.

MOUSTAFA
Excuse me! Excuse me! I am very sorry to interrupt!

JULIAN
Well, you did. I was in the middle of a discussion with these two great people right here. You wanna talk shit just like the rest of the guys at this damn meeting?

Omar rolls his eyes.

MOUSTAFA
(frantically shaking head)
No sir. Not at all. I am here to thank you.

Julian's eyes light up.

JULIAN
Oh? What for?

MOUSTAFA
For being the only man here with the balls to speak! To tell this son of bitch Uber that it is not welcome!
(extends hand)
My name is Moustafa, sir. I am humble to speak with you.

JULIAN
(shakes hand)
Nice to meet you, Moustafa. Name's Julian.
(motions to Omar)
Your buddy got a name too?

MOUSTAFA
Yes, he does have a name.
(staring daggers at Omar)
You have a name, right *buddy*?

Moustafa elbows Omar before Omar reluctantly introduces himself.

OMAR
Omar. It's Omar.

JULIAN
Moustafa and Omar. I like that. You two look like a team.

Julian turns back to Gabriel and Dave.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
Isn't this crazy, guys? I mean, I'm not nuts here, right? This is crazy.

Gabriel and Dave just quickly agree with Julian.

MOUSTAFA
What's crazy, my friends?

DAVE
We just came to talk to Julian about how much we liked what he was saying too, and we wanted to know if he had any ideas and if there was anything we could do to help.

GABRIEL
And while monsieur Julian said he had ideas, he said he needed more than just two people.

JULIAN
(turning back to Moustafa and Omar)
In fact, I said I probably needed at least five.

Julian takes a hit of his vape.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
And unless my brains a little retarded here, I'm pretty sure I'm counting a nice number five here.

EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Omar and Moustafa are walking down the streets of a mostly quiet Queens urban area. Brick houses and apartments pass as they trek on.

OMAR
I can’t believe you gave him our numbers.

MOUSTAFA
I don’t see the problem. Julian is a smart man.

OMAR
Maybe I didn’t want to be part of this...little revolution or whatever this is!

MOUSTAFA
You have free will, Omar. You could have stopped me at any time. And you want to know why you didn’t?

Moustafa and Omar turn and pass by an Uber car parked in front of a house. Moustafa stops and starts to point at it.

MOUSTAFA (CONT'D)
This is why! You know, Omar! You know the threat! You are afraid to admit it, but you know it!

OMAR
I’m not--okay, no. I am afraid. Sure. It’s *our jobs*.
(motions to the car)
But this isn’t going to stop because of five people!

MOUSTAFA
See! This! This right here! This is the sound of a coexister! You’re being a coexister!

OMAR
I’m not being a coexister!

As the two continue to argue, the driver rolls down his window and sticks his head out.

UBER GUY
Either of you Sally?

As Moustafa turns to acknowledge the man, he immediately recognizes him as the JFK driver.

MOUSTAFA
(distressed)
Allah, why is this devil following me.

UBER GUY
(recognizing Moustafa)
...Oh shit! I think I know you!

OMAR
You know each other?

Moustafa stomps off, leaving Omar and the driver alone for a beat, before Omar scurries over and catches up.

OMAR (CONT'D)
Wait, wait, you know an Uber Guy?

MOUSTAFA
Oh please, do not group me with that...that...that creature. I would never.

The two continue to walk in silence, taking in the night. Some cars drive by, but for the most part it’s awfully silent. After a long beat, the two make it to

EXT. OUTSIDE OMAR’S HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

An average brick house. Nothing special. The two stop in front of it in silence until Omar finally speaks again.

OMAR
If you told me that both of us wouldn’t have been working a Friday night I would have laughed in your face.

Moustafa gives Omar a look.

OMAR (CONT'D)
But...here we are. Fridays just aren’t profitable anymore.

MOUSTAFA
When you are drunk after a party it is much easier to use that cursed app, you know?

OMAR
Yeah.
(beat)
Look. I said it earlier. I'm scared, Mo. I'm scared I'm gonna lose the job. I have a family. WE have families. Kids. I don't wanna go bankrupt. I want to stop Uber. But I'm also scared that we're going to waste our time on something that's not going to work. And then when it fails, we're gonna be out of jobs and no options because we spent our time pretending to be the fucking A-Team of taxi drivers.

MOUSTAFA
...I understand. I do not know what team you are talking about, but I understand.

There's silence for a beat again.

OMAR
But I trust you. I trust your judgement buddy. I don't LIKE this, but fuck it. Let's see where it takes us.

Omar takes a look at his phone and realizes the time. He quickly pockets it and starts to embrace Moustafa in a quick and awkward hug.

OMAR (CONT'D)
Sorry for cutting this short, it's late. My uhh...my son doesn't like when I come home late.

MOUSTAFA
...Your son is awake?

Omar looks up at the second floor of the house and catches a silhouette of a person looking down at the two men. The silhouette slowly shakes its head before fading away.

OMAR
(mumbling)
...fuck
(normal but panicked voice)
Uhh, good night, Mo! I'll see you tomorrow!

Omar runs into his house, leaving Moustafa alone on the sidwalk.

EXT. MOUSTAFA’S BUILDING - NIGHT

Moustafa slowly walks in front of a building in an apartment complex. While not a project, it’s not particularly fancy either. A simple brick apartment building. Moustafa silently enters the building.

INT. MOUSTAFA'S BUILDING - NIGHT

Moustafa treks up the stairs until he finally reaches his floor. He fumbles with his keys before approaching a door and silently opens it.

INT. MOUSTAFA’S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Moustafa goes through the motions - taking off shoes, putting keys away and so on as he makes his way through the apartment. As he passes each door in the apartment, he slightly opens it, only to peak inside before closing each one.

He finally makes his way to his bedroom and slowly tries to make his way into his bed, not trying to disturb SOPHIA (40s), Moustafa’s wife and a fellow Moroccan.

SOPHIA
(not moving, half asleep)
You were out late.

MOUSTAFA
(climbing into bed)
Business. It was for business.

SOPHIA
Driving all night to try to make an extra buck?
(turning to get more comfortable)
I told you, it’s fine. Work is hard now, yeah?

For a second, Moustafa looks wounded. But he suddenly turns to a more hopeful look, before smiling.

MOUSTAFA
No. Omar and I met some people at work.

INT. OMAR'S CAB - AFTERNOON

Omar is parked and on his phone, clearly agitated.

OMAR
Why are we doing this in the middle of the day?

INT. MOUSTAFA'S CAB - SAME TIME

Moustafa, who’s now wearing a decent suit, looks incredibly excited. He’s also on his phone.

MOUSTAFA
Here we go again, with the complaining!

INTERCUT - PHONE CALL

OMAR
We’re on the clock! This is just gonna lower the already small amount of money we’re bringing in!

MOUSTAFA
You’re like a, uhh, a sad music album, you know? These noises you make--they make everybody around you feel the depression.

OMAR
Oh, god forbid I’m concerned for once. This is serious now, Mo.

MOUSTAFA
Yes, of course. Now that these Gypsy Kings are in danger you start to care.

OMAR
Alright. I’ll take it. As much as I’d like to keep this going, I don’t want to waste any more time.

MOUSTAFA
I don’t wish to either.

OMAR
I’ll see you in a second.

MOUSTAFA
Same goes for you.

The two hang up their respective cellphones.

Omar groans and reaches for the door handle. He pauses and takes a deep breath before opening his door.

Moustafa starts to slowly pep himself up, lightly slapping his face. He looks at himself in his rearview mirror and nods, before opening his door.

EXT. OUTSIDE JULIAN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

We see both men exit their respective cabs, which are parked right on top of each other. The two immediately stop in their tracks when they notice each other. They stare for a beat.

MOUSTAFA
What is this?

OMAR
What are you wearing?

There's silence for another beat.

MOUSTAFA (CONT'D)
Okay...okay, this is fine. We can fix this. I'm sure Julian would not mind if we were a little late.

OMAR
Fix what? And why are you wearing a suit?

MOUSTAFA
Fix you NOT wearing a suit! See, this is the problem! You never take anything seriously!

OMAR
Are you serious?

MOUSTAFA
Until it is the last minute, it is all a joke to you! How are you wearing this!? Are you not embarrassed!? You look dirty, Omar!

OMAR
...This is my normal clothes.

MOUSTAFA
And this is a meeting! You think the, uhh...
(snapping fingers)
...what's his name? The apple guy, you know? Steven...

OMAR
Steve Jobs?

MOUSTAFA
Yes! You think the Steve Jobs goes to his meetings like...like this?!

OMAR
...He doesn't go to any meetings.

MOUSTAFA
Oh, what, you are his friend now? Why don't you tell him to get us a j--

OMAR
He's dead.

Awkward silence.

MOUSTAFA
...Okay. Obama. What about Obama, huh? You think he went to the congress like this? No. He didn't. Disgusting. We are going to the Men's Warehouse.

OMAR
You're not comparing the fucking presidency to a god-damn Uber meeting! They're two completely different things!

MOUSTAFA
Oh, so you're saying it's not as important.

Omar looks as if he's about to say something before he just silently walks to the front door. Moustafa chases behind him, clearly stressed.

Before Moustafa can make it and stop him, Omar RINGS the door bell. Moustafa angrily adjusts his posture and stands next to Omar.

The door slowly opens, with JULIAN'S MOM (50s), a woman who looks much older than her age, there to greet them.

She silently looks over the men for a beat before finally speaking.

JULIAN'S MOM
(facing Moustafa, pointing at Omar)
You this guy's lawyer?

MOUSTAFA
N--no, we are no lawyers. We--

JULIAN'S MOM
So you sellin' somethin'?

MOUSTAFA
No no no. Is this...Mr. Julian's house? We are here for the meeting.

She groans and rolls her eyes.

JULIAN'S MOM
(yelling into the house)
Julian, more of your fuckin' friends are here! One of 'ems dressed up like some kinda fuckin' funeral director!

A beat.

JULIAN (O.S.)
Then send them upstairs instead of fuckin' yellin' in front of my friends, ma! How about that?!

Julian's mom shakes her head.

JULIAN'S MOM
Brat has an ego now, I swear to god. Go upstairs. Second door on the right. If I found out somethin' was stolen you two better watch your god damn lives.

INT. JULIAN'S ROOM - AFTERNOON

A somewhat messy and cluttered room. The walls are adorned with posters of mafia movies and rappers (particularly 90s-era). "Protect Ya Neck" by Wu-Tang Clan is busy playing.

Gabriel and Dave sit on the bed in the room while Julian sits at the window, taking hits of his vape and blowing it outside.

The door opens and Moustafa and Omar slowly enter and get greeted by the group. They both awkwardly stand by the door.

JULIAN
Well? Come on in, nobody's gonna fucking bite.

OMAR
I don't know if there's enough room for five people in here, Julian...

JULIAN
Sure there is! We got a chair right there and...
(beat)
I mean, I guess the other one's gotta sit on the floor, but that shouldn't be an issue.

Omar and Moustafa both stare at each other for a beat before racing to get to the chair, shoving and pushing each other back.

Moustafa successfully gets to it and takes a seat, as Omar dejectedly sits on the floor next to him.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
Before we start, I gotta ask--
(to Moustafa)
--the fuck are you wearin' a suit for?

MOUSTAFA
...It...it is a meeting, no?

Julian starts to LAUGH, hard. He takes another hit of his vape as he calms down.

JULIAN
God, I love this guy. You see this shit, Dave? This is what I was talkin' about. That's what high-brow humor is. Love that kinda shit. Makes me feel smart.
(pointing at Moustafa)
You're funny, you know that Moose? That's what I'm callin' you from now on, Moose.

DAVE
Didn't Moustafa say he goes by Mo?

JULIAN
Dave? How about you shut the fuck up, okay?
(MORE)

JULIAN (CONT'D)
Tryin' to have a meeting here and you're throwing the conversation in a different direction.
(beat)
Okay. Everybody settled? Everybody good?

The group nods.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
Perfect. Gentlemen, do you know why you're all here?

The room is silent for a beat before Gabriel awkwardly raises his hand.

GABRIEL
...We want to take down the Uber, oui?

JULIAN
No. Everybody in this fucking industry does, Gabe. You're missing the bigger picture. You're all here because you can see the future. Unlike your...companions, you guys aren't stuck in the past. You see the reality for what it is--a ticking time bomb.

Julian takes another hit.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
You. Big O. You know what's gonna happen when that fuckin' bomb goes off?

Silence. Omar looks around confused before pointing at himself.

OMAR
Wait, are you talking ab--

JULIAN
(shouting)
BOOM! You're dead! You took too long!

JULIAN'S MOM (O.S.)
Can you shut the fuck up! Why the fuck are you yellin'!

JULIAN
(shouting back)
I'm makin' a fucking point, mom! Go back to watching General Hospital!

Julian stands up.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
Anyways...we don't wanna end up like Big O, do we? All blown up and dead and nasty and shit?

GROUP (SANS OMAR)
No.

JULIAN
Exactly. That's what's gonna happen if we don't deal with Uber in time.

MOUSTAFA
It's going to blow up?

JULIAN
Oh you bet it's gonna blow the fuck up, Moose. It's gonna be worse than that. But it's all gonna be fine.

Julian takes another hit of his vape.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
Now, I'm not trying to flatter myself. But this kind of like when George Washington wanted to free the Americans from Britain, you know? It took some brave people to rally behind him and make that dream a reality. Those ended up being the founding fathers.
(smiling)
You're my founding fathers, boys.

OMAR
...That's not what I remember learning.

JULIAN
Textbooks grow, old man. New information. You're 0 for 2 today, Big O. Watch yourself. Anybody got any other comments?

The group shakes their heads.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
Good! So, I'm gonna make something clear. I'm not a schemer. I'm a doer. You think Washington sat in his room and discussed with the fathers his plans months in advance? Gave King Henry or whoever the fuck the time to react?

OMAR
(mumbling)
Yes.

Julian stares down at Omar for a beat.

JULIAN
The fucker came up with his plans and executed them the same day. That's what I'm about. That's what we're doing.

Moustafa quickly raises his hand. Julian points at him.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
You may speak, Moose.

MOUSTAFA
I'm--I'm sorry, Mr. Julian, but I am on the clock today! If we do this today I'm going to lose even more money!

GABRIEL
Oui, I am on the clock too! I did not know we would be acting today!

OMAR
This is starting to sound a little ridiculous.

Julian takes another long hit of his vape, before blowing it out, this time towards the group instead of out the window. He tilts his head back slightly.

JULIAN
This is an investment. You're losing money now to secure a stable future. That's all it is.

MOUSTAFA
I--I don't know if I can do that, Julia--

JULIAN
You pussying out?! Any of the rest of you wanna pussy out too?!

The group starts to nervously murmur amongst themselves.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
This is a fuckin' commitment! You all came here because you saw the problem and realized the true solution! If you bastards want to get weak in the legs when it matters the most, be my guest! I don't want no half-in people in my crew anyways!
(beat)
But if any of you realize and would rather trade a few days of poverty for a future without homelessness!? Then I'm ready to welcome you all in!

Silence amongst the group again for a beat.

JULIAN'S MOM (O.S.)
Here you fuckin' go again! Can you shut up?! What are you, inviting deaf people over?!

JULIAN
(yelling back)
They're gonna fuckin' be deaf if you don't shut up! God dammit!
(regaining composure.)
So, what's it gonna be boys?

INT. JULIAN'S CAR - AFTERNOON

The inside of Julian's car is similar to his room. Messy and cluttered. A Jesus piece is hanging from the rearview mirror and Tupac bobblehead rests on the dashboard. His phone is attached to a holder on the dashboard. Again, 90's rap is playing from the radio.

The other four men are seated about the car as slowly comes to a halt, pulling near a sidewalk.

JULIAN
This the place, Dave?

DAVE
Yeah. I used to make a fortune over here. Now it's just a wasteland.

Julian sets the car into park and starts to play with his phone on the dashboard.

JULIAN
Well, gentlemen. This is it. The first mission of the U.D.S. is ready to commence.

MOUSTAFA
U.D.S.? What is this, like the CIA?

JULIAN
The Uber Destruction Squad. That's what we're called now. Thought about holding a vote but, well, you know.

The group (sans Omar) nod in agreement as Julian continues to mess with his phone.

OMAR
...Uhh, Julian. Not to like change the topic, but I thought you were a yellow cab driver.

JULIAN
...I am. What's making you think otherwise, Big O?

EXT. OUTSIDE JULIAN'S CAR - AFTERNOON - CONTINUOUS

A black Lincoln town car.

OMAR (V.O.)
I mean...the car we're in right now...it's not really a yellow cab.

INT. JULIAN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Julian abruptly stops messing with his phone.

JULIAN
Oh...haha. Yeah. This thing. I uhh...I actually bought it exactly for the U.D.S. cause. I told you guys I'd be very committed.

MOUSTAFA
(awstruck)
Wow...I would not expect anything less from Mr. Julian!

OMAR
...Yeah...that's a pretty big commitment.

JULIAN
Well, you know me Big O! I'm a warrior -- anyways, I want all of you guys to take a look right at my phone.

The passengers all huddle over to the dashboard.

INSERT - CELL PHONE SCREEN

The Uber app is running from the driver's side of the app.

GABRIEL (O.S.)
...Monsieur Julian, is that...

MOUSTAFA (O.S.)
Yallah, take that garbage off! Why are you showing us this?!

BACK TO SCENE

JULIAN
Relax. Relax. It's all part of the plan. We're gonna use this as a police scanner.

There's silence for a beat.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
Do you all really not...alright. See the app? It shows us passengers and where they are. You gotta know the enemy to fuck with the enemy, you dig?

Silence again.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
(blunt)
We're going to see who's looking for an Uber and fuck with the drivers before they can pick up the passengers.

A chorus of "OH"s and satisfied sounds erupt from the group.

DAVE
You're gonna risk giving yourself one star, you know!

Dave starts to awkwardly laugh at his own joke.

JULIAN
Nah, it's not me on this shit. They think I'm some schmuck named Jonathan.

OMAR
It's that easy to make a fake account?!

MOUSTAFA
See! I told you Omar. Uber is filled with kidnappers and serial killers. They are just waiting for the right time to make a move!

JULIAN
It's actually really fuckin' hard to make a fake account. You need photos, a driver's license and all of that other stuff. I just stole this guy's shit.

EXT. TIGHT RESIDENTIAL STREET - EVENING

Julian's car is parked by a corner on the street, the men inside silently waiting. They are dozing off, focusing on their phones or doing anything else that showcases just how bored they are.

Suddenly, Moustafa SLAMS the roof of the car and everybody jumps to attention.

MOUSTAFA
Incoming!

The group all immediately look at one of the side-view mirrors.

INSERT - SIDE VIEW MIRROR

A car with a large Uber U sticker on the windshield is approaching the street they're parked at, currently being held off by a red light.

BACK TO SCENE

The group scrambles to get back up into good posture as Julian proceeds to pull the car out and put it into the middle of the street.

JULIAN
Get ready everybody!

The light behind them turns green as the Uber car starts to pull into the street. He gets stuck behind them.

Julian starts giggling to himself as everything becomes silent for a beat. The Uber starts to HONK, causing Julian to erupt into laughter. The group, sans Omar, joins in.

They seem to enjoy this a little too much.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
(pointing at rearview mirror)
Look! Look! He’s on his fucking phone! I bet the bastard’s calling the fucking cops! What a fucking baby!

The group laughs even harder. As their laughter continues, a woman walks down the sidewalk and passes their car.

Omar silently elbows Moustafa and motions to the woman, causing him to stop laughing and start watching her with his friend.

She approaches the Uber, gives a wave, and enters the vehicle. It slowly starts to back up before leaving the street and driving off.

The laughter abruptly stops. Julian SLAMS the dashboard out of frustration.

EXT. SIDEWALK - EVENING

Moustafa and Omar are walking home together again, in yet another conversation.

OMAR
I can’t believe we wasted our whole day for that.

MOUSTAFA
It was not a waste.

OMAR
Thank god Mike likes us, Mo. Anybody else would have had to deal with Monster Mike.
(beat)
Monster Mike is very scary.

MOUSTAFA
We have to make sacrifices, my friend. And I am not Mo. Do not call me this anymore. It’s Moose now.

OMAR
Are you serious? Buddy, you’re starting to worry me. You’re really falling into Julian’s nonsense.

MOUSTAFA
I’m not falling into anything, Big O. He’s...he’s preaching the truth. I just want my job to be like it was, you know?

OMAR
Yeah but I just...I don’t know. It feel like we’re just some teenagers in a gang right now.

MOUSTAFA
And this a bad thing?

Omar stops in his tracks, giving Moustafa a look.

MOUSTAFA (CONT'D)
When things get bad, sometimes a gang needs to come out, you know? Your family was Christian, right?

OMAR
Yeah. One of the few in Egypt. They were very proud.

MOUSTAFA
(mumbling)
For no reason.
(normal voice)
You know how uhh...how Jesus was...was...persecuted! Yes, that’s the word. He was persecuted by the others, the Jewish people?

OMAR
I mean...yeah. That happened.

MOUSTAFA
He had the Apostles, you know? They helped him spread his message and protect him from the others. That was a gang!

OMAR
One of them is also the reason why he died...

MOUSTAFA
This does not matter. We are like the apostles for Julian, you know! We have to spread the word against Uber! That is this kind of gang.

Moustafa slowly approaches Omar and puts his arm over his shoulder, before leaning in towards him.

MOUSTAFA (CONT'D)
Plus, I see the shows and stuff on the television. Gangs are very cool now, you know. Your son might find you to be very interesting if he knew you were in a gang.

Omar’s eyes light up.

EXT. OUTSIDE JULIAN'S HOUSE - MORNING

Moustafa, dressed in normal clothes, is pacing back and forth on the sidewalk in front of Julian’s house, periodically checking the time.

After a few beats, a yellow cab pulls up and parks directly in front of Moustafa’s. Moustafa takes notice, sighs and throws his hands up.

MOUSTAFA
You are six minutes late, Omar!

OMAR (O.S.)
(awkward cool guy accent)
Sorry bro, had to find some clothes, you dig.

Moustafa stares on confused as the door to the cab opens. Omar comes out, now dressed like a horrible caricature of a gang member. Poorly worn bandanna, sagging jeans, beat up sneakers. The whole nine yards.

MOUSTAFA
What the fuck? What the fuck are you wearing?

OMAR
Man, don’t sweat it. We’re in a gang, right? Just doing the part, you dig?

MOUSTAFA
Dig what? What are you saying?

OMAR
Relax, cool cat. It’s all groovy.

Omar approaches the door with a confused Moustafa following behind. They knock on the door and after a beat are greeted by Julian himself.

JULIAN
We were wondering where you guys went! Come on in.

INT. JULIAN’S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The two enter the house and start to head for the stairs.

JULIAN
Nah! Mom’s out right now, so we’re hanging in the living room.

MOUSTAFA
Oh! That’s great, we should have more space then!

OMAR
Yeah, yo! Got more room to cool, you dig?

Julian gives Omar a look for a beat before leading the two to the living room, where the rest of the group is relaxing.

The living room is pretty standard. A medium-sized tv, a couch, a coffee table and a loveseat furnish the space.

Omar and Moustafa approach the available seats and sit down, as Julian instead chooses to stand. He paces left and right for a moment before turning to the group.

JULIAN
Everybody good? Ready for meeting number two to commence?

The group all nods.

OMAR
You know it dog! We’re all ready!

JULIAN
...Right. So anyways. Yesterday was a...it was a mixed bag. Let’s be real. We had some successes--

OMAR
Word! Success!

JULIAN
...But we also didn't deal nearly as much damage as we anticipated. We forgot that they had cell phones and access to calling customers. So I--

OMAR
Word! Forgot!

JULIAN
Big O, what the fuck are you doing? What the fuck is this?!
(turning to Moustafa)
Moose, do you know what's wrong with your boy here? He retarded or something?

MOUSTAFA
I have no clue, Mr. Julian! I was asking this myself earlier!

OMAR
I'm just doing that thing they do in rap...where they repeat what the guy says, you kn--you dig?

MOUSTAFA
He is not digging anything!

OMAR
I know he's not--it's a gang member thing! I'm a gangster!
(turning to the group)
We're gangsters!

DAVE
I...I don't think we're gangsters.

GABRIEL
Aren't gangsters tres illegal?

JULIAN
Nobody is a fucking gangster!

OMAR
(to Moustafa)
You said we were gangsters!

MOUSTAFA
No I didn't! You said this! I just explained that it's not a bad thing!

OMAR
Well that's because we are gangsters! Come on guys!
(scanning the room for a reaction)
Guys! We're like...we're like taxi gangsters! Come on!

JULIAN
You know what?! Fine! You can be whatever you want, okay! Just stop fucking cutting me off, you dig?!

OMAR
I dig it.

Julian takes a deep breath before regaining his composure.

JULIAN
Anyways! What I was trying to say wa--

Julian is again interrupted, although this time by the sound of angry STOMPS heading down the stairs. The whole group turns and stares at the staircase, trying to figure out the source of the increasingly louder and faster STOMPS.

Finally, Julian's Mom arrives at the end of the steps and turns to face the group.

JULIAN'S MOM
What the SHIT are you doing, Julian!?

JULIAN
The hell are you doing here?!

JULIAN'S MOM
It's my FUCKING house, what do you mean?!

JULIAN
I thought you went out! Why are you here -- how did you get here!?

JULIAN'S MOM
I teleported here. What the fuck do you think?! I got the hell back and went to take a nap!
(MORE)

JULIAN'S MOM (CONT'D)
And I was napping pretty nice, until I woke up! You know what woke me up!?

JULIAN
What, you got a nightmare? Saw the future where I'm a fucking winner and you're in a retirement home?

JULIAN'S MOM
Oh, very funny! I heard you and your god damn freak friends SCREAMING! Why are you always screaming!?

JULIAN
We weren't screaming! Dave, you tell her! We weren't screaming, right?

Dave looks at Julian in disbelief before turning to his mom.

DAVE
I...I uhh--

JULIAN'S MOM
If you talk back to me Dave I swear to god I'll give you a fucking vasectomy right on the spot.

JULIAN
Don't pussy out, Dave! She's all threats! Tell her she has sensitive ears!

DAVE
I--I don't wanna be involved, Julian! I'm not trying to fight your mom!

JULIAN
(angry)
You're such a fucking pussy!

JULIAN'S MOM
(satisfied)
You're such a fucking pussy.

Dave slowly nods in agreement before putting his head down.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
What about you, Big O? You wanna be gangster? Tell her off!

OMAR
I don't know, Julian! I'm no--

MOUSTAFA
I...I mean, a gangster would probably say something, Omar.

GABRIEL
They have a point, monsieur.

Omar looks around at the group, who all give him looks.

JULIAN'S MOM
Oh, one of your friends gonna talk shit?! Is that what's happening?!

Omar looks around again, clearly nervous. The group stares silently but intently. They are cheering him on.

Omar slowly stands up from his seat, before shuffling in his spot. He turns to look directly at Julian's Mom and points at her.

OMAR
...Yo. We weren't screaming. You got soft ears...bitch. You dig?

Omar starts to smile. For a moment, he finally feels cool. He feels like somebody his son would be proud of.

Suddenly, a loud SLAP is heard as Julian's Mom backhands Omar.

JULIAN'S MOM
Oh shut the fuck up, Eminem. I wasn't talking to you. Sit your ass down.

Omar's smile immediately fades. His feeling from earlier is clearly gone as well, as he slowly sits back down in his seat, slowly rubbing his cheek.

JULIAN'S MOM (CONT'D)
Your friends wanna talk shit and you wanna scream, huh Julian?! Is that what's going on!? Well guess what!? Nobody's allowed over! Get the FUCK out of my house.

INT. MAPLE HILLS - MORNING

Same old Maple Hills. The booth Moustafa and Omar normally occupy is now crammed by the group.

A WAITER approaches the table, carrying a tray of treats.

WAITER
(placing in front of Gabriel)
Alright...we have rainbow sorbet for you.
(placing in front of Dave and Julian)
Two smoothies.
(placing in front of Moustafa)
A float.
(placing in front of Omar)
And a strawberry milkshake. If you guys need anything, please wave. Always a treat to serve our favorite customers!

As the waiter starts to walk away, he turns back around and makes eye contact with Omar.

WAITER (CONT'D)
And can I say I *love* the outfit. You guys are so fun.

The waiter hurries away, for real this time. Omar nervously sips from the milkshake.

OMAR
What did he mean by that? He said that funny.

JULIAN
Not gonna lie, Moose. When you suggested this place I thought you were crazy.
(takes a sip)
But this is pretty discreet! I like it! Fuck, you guys get your own discounts!

MOUSTAFA
Thank you, Mr. Julian! Omar and I go here all the time! The staff here thinks we are--

Omar starts to cough on the milkshake, interrupting Moustafa.

OMAR
Family! They think we’re family.

MOUSTAFA
I guess that’s one way to put it.

OMAR
That’s the only way to put it! In fact, we’re not going to put it anywhere else! Let’s talk about the plan, huh Julian? How about that!

JULIAN
Don’t kiss my ass, Big O. You’re the reason we got knocked out of my house. Don’t push your luck.
(long, slow sip)
But you’re right. You’re absolutely right.

Julian starts to lean into the table, forcing the group to follow his lead.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
Today I wanted to do something different. I was going to list out our general gameplan over the rest of the week.

DAVE
I thought we weren’t schemers?

JULIAN
We’re not! This isn’t scheming! It’s...it’s being prepared! After yesterday I realized we’re dealing with a real beast here. We need to know our plans and be prepared ahead of time, just in case some stupid shit happens.

Julian quickly slams the table, startling everybody.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
But let me tell you guys this! I promise, by the end of the week, we’re gonna have Uber fucking bleeding out! We’re gonna be unstoppable!

MONTAGE - VARIOUS

Within each scene of the montage, Omar will be wearing a different “gangster” outfit.

A) INT. - JULIAN’S CAR - DAY - The car is mobile, with Julian focused on the cell phone. Moustafa is in the passenger’s seat with an excited look on his face.

JULIAN (V.O.)
Today, is simple. We take Uber requests and drive right up to their locations, only to cancel. No way would somebody want to deal with that shit! They'll probably just give up and find a different way to get a ride.

The passengers in the car all share a look and snicker as Julian taps a "CANCEL" button on the phone.

A person visible through the windshield on the sidewalk seems frustrated, causing the group to burst into laughter. The person looks at their phone, and after a beat, a different car pulls up and picks them up. Everybody abruptly stops laughing.

B) INT. - JULIAN'S CAR - DAY - The car is following an Uber car in front of them. Everybody is in their same positions, with Moustafa clearly not as excited as he was before.

JULIAN (V.O.)
Tomorrow's plan is brilliant if I'm allowed to blow myself real quick. We tail random Ubers and argue with their customers, claiming that we're their actual rides and the other person is lying. Think about the fucking chaos!

The Uber in front of them pulls up outside a house, and the car follows. A person walks out of the house and looks at both cars.

Julian sticks his out of the window, clearly shouting something. The rest of the car snickers.

The person gives the group a look before heading into the Uber. The group all look at each other as Julian starts to point at them, counting. He goes to slam the dashboard out of frustration.

C) EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY - This time, the group is on a sidewalk. Dave is looking at his cellphone, and the rest of the group is hunched over him. Moustafa, however, remains standing straight and staring forward, now with an entirely neutral expression on his face.

JULIAN (V.O.)
After that, I'm thinking we do some field work. We'll have Dave here sign up for Uber and start requesting and cancelling rides.
(MORE)

JULIAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
The aim here is to stall and waste the time of those bastards.

The hunched over group watches as Dave taps on the CANCEL button, and they throw their heads back, laughing.

Dave requests another cab. After a beat, he cancels. The group, sans Moustafa, laughs again.

After a few more repeats of this cycle, a message pops up on Dave's phone.

INSERT - DAVE'S PHONE

A message from Uber stating that Dave's account has been banned for suspicious behavior.

RETURN TO SCENE

Julian aggressively grabs Dave's phone and throws it towards the ground, with Dave frantically panicking. Just before it hits the floor we cut to

D) EXT. - SIDEWALK - DAY

The group is on yet another side walk. Each one is holding something you'd get at a fast food restaurant (soda, burgers, fries etc). Moustafa is silently holding a small burger. His expression is now somewhat jaded, bordering on angry.

JULIAN (V.O.)
We're gonna get rowdy for the next one. Here, we're gonna throw shit at Ubers. We'll find out where customers are through my account and watch as they drive by. Maybe spend some cheap cash on some fucking McDonald's and just pelt every Uber that comes by. Let 'em know they don't belong.

An Uber slowly rolls up to a building right next to them. Julian motions to the group and they start to throw stuff at the car, laughing.

Moustafa doesn't throw, and instead just watches, still holding the burger.

The driver of the Uber lowers his window and yells something at the group. Suddenly, he pulls out a gun and starts to wave it and point it at the group, causing them all (sans Moustafa to quickly flee).

END OF MONTAGE

INT. JULIAN'S CAR - EVENING

Julian is showcasing a pocket knife to the mostly enthralled group. Moustafa sits in the passenger's seat, his face now filled with frustration and rage.

JULIAN
I'm telling you guys, it's gonna be great. A quick one-two. See how sharp this motherfucker is?
(starts motioning it towards Dave)
Come on, Dave. Touch it.

DAVE
Uhh...I don't know.

JULIAN
Come on Dave, don't be a fucking pussy!

OMAR
Yeah, Dave! Touch it, you dig?

Dave nervously looks at the group before reaching to touch the knife. He immediately recoils in pain.

JULIAN
See! See how fucking sharp that is!

DAVE
(checking thumb)
I think I'm bleeding.

OMAR
(looking over at Dave)
Hardcore, yo.

GABRIEL
So we just go in and out?

JULIAN
Yup. As soon as Moose here gives us the signal.
(turning to Moustafa)
Moose, you see anybody?

Moustafa doesn't answer, still in his trance-like state.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
...Yo!? Moose?! You there?!

Just as the words finish leaving Julian's mouth, an Uber pulls out from a parking spot near them and drives off.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
Jesus christ! Moose, that was a target! What the fuck are you doing?!

OMAR
Yeah, Moose! Come on, yo!

JULIAN
How the hell can we slash tires if our lookout guy isn't paying attention!?

Moustafa finally breaks his position, slamming the dashboard. The group abruptly gets quiet.

MOUSTAFA
I'm sick of this! What the fuck is this! Slashing tires?! You said Uber will be bleeding, Julian!

JULIAN
Oh, you frustrated cause we're hitting a rough patch?! Is that it!?

MOUSTAFA
The only one bleeding is DAVE!

Moustafa starts to open the car door.

MOUSTAFA (CONT'D)
I'm done. I'm done. I'll figure this out without any of these games.

JULIAN
So you're giving up now!? Huh?! Is that it?!

MOUSTAFA
Go FUCK yourself, Julian! Time wasting bastard.

Moustafa exits the car.

JULIAN
Yeah?! Well screw you, old man! Who needs you! Dumb motherfucker.
(beat)
Alright. Gabe, looks like you're watchdog today.

Omar looks around for a beat before rushing to get out of the car.

EXT. OUTSIDE JULIAN'S CAR - EVENING

Omar starts to jog after Moustafa.

OMAR
Yo! Moose! Wait up!

Moustafa shakes his head and turns around.

MOUSTAFA
Moose! NOW you want to call me Moose! What, you're feeling this now that you're a gangster

OMAR
It's not like that, yo! You're overreacting!

MOUSTAFA
Overreacting! Omar, wake up! We haven't worked in a week! We have made zero money! I already have Uber fucking me, I don't need that...that Justin Timberlake in there fucking me as well!

OMAR
It's...you said it was a process!

MOUSTAFA
I was wrong! Look at you! Look at how you are dressed! You look like a clown!

OMAR
I'm not a clown, yo. Don't diss me like that!

MOUSTAFA
You speak like one too! What the is this yo? You just make noises now! You think this is cool?!

Silence for a beat.

MOUSTAFA (CONT'D)
You think because you're wasting your time with Julian, dressing like...like a freak, that your son will find you cool, huh? You think he will find living in a box cool?

OMAR
Don't go there, dog.

MOUSTAFA
Did you just call me a dog, Omar? Am I hearing things?

OMAR
No, Moo--Moustafa. No. That's slang. It's slang. I'm not trying to--

MOUSTAFA
If you want to actually save this job of ours, you know where to find me. Otherwise, go be Mr. Cool American with fucking Julian.

Moustafa starts to walk away.

OMAR
Where are you going?!

MOUSTAFA
We have three hours until the cabs must be brought back. Maybe I can make some money for once.

INT. MOUSTAFA'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Moustafa is hunched over his kitchen table, angrily poking away at his phone. The kitchen is dark, with the only light in the room projecting from the very bright phoe. Plastered on the screen in the Uber app.

INSERT - MOUSTAFA'S PHONE

We go from the app to the phone's settings. Moustafa scrolls through for a beat before stopping at Uber's section in the settings. He clicks on it, opening it's specific page. After scrolling through, he finds a "FORCE DELETE" button. He taps it.

A warning pops up reading "WARNING: All data and information will be deleted along with the app. Continue?"

RETURN TO SCENE

Moustafa is sweating profusely as he wipes his brow. He reaches for a glass of water, hand shaking, before taking a long sip. He places it back down and nods to himself.

He taps the screen to confirm his decision to delete the app.

INSERT - MOUSTAFA'S PHONE

Now back at the settings screen, we head to the home page. We linger there for a beat before Moustafa taps on the app store icon.

On the app store, Moustafa slowly types in Uber. It stays there for a beat before he clicks on the search button.

After a moment, we find Uber's page on the app store. The download button is HUGE and bright. The app has five stars.

BACK TO SCENE.

Moustafa throws his hands up in the air and SHOUTS in frustration, before slamming his head back down on the table.

MOUSTAFA
Dammit! Dammit! Dammit!

After a beat, the lights in the kitchen flash on as Moustafa whips his head around.

In the doorway is Sophia, half asleep and annoyed.

SOPHIA
Mo! What are you doing!? It's one in the morning!

Moustafa starts to frantically point at the phone.

MOUSTAFA
I'm--I'm trying to delete this son of bitch Uber! But it keeps showing up!

She stares at him for a beat.

MOUSTAFA (CONT'D)
Th-the Uber won't leave! There is no way to delete it!

She shakes her head before giving him a concerned look.

SOPHIA
Please come to bed. You're letting your work get to your head, you need sleep. Rest is good.

Moustafa stares blankly.

EXT. SIDEWALK - MORNING

Moustafa is walking down the morning streets of Queens, his mind clearly somewhere else.

OMAR (O.S.)
Mo?!

Moustafa turns around to see Omar at the end of the block, waving. Moustafa quickly turns back forward and starts to increase his pace, ignoring his friend.

FOOTSTEPS are heard racing and getting louder, with Moustafa's pace slowly starting to pick up.

OMAR (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I know you heard me, man!

MOUSTAFA
No I didn't! Leave me alone!

Moustafa continues to speed up until he reaches the corner. Just as he is about to cross the street, the light turns RED. He makes a subtle frustrated gesture and silently curses to himself, before waiting at the corner.

After a beat, Omar finally catches up, clearly out of breath.

OMAR
Mo! Come on, buddy! You're not being cool right now!

MOUSTAFA
I am on my way to work! I do not have time to talk to deli--deli--to gang members!

As Moustafa says this, he finally turns around to look at Omar. He holds a surprised expression.

MOUSTAFA (CONT'D)
Huh. You are not dressed like a clown anymore...
(beat)
...did you quit?

OMAR
Well...that’s what I wanted to talk to you about. Julian told me that he’s fine if you--

Moustafa immediately turns to face the street.

MOUSTAFA
No. I have no business with that man!

OMAR
Okay. Good. That’s what I was hoping for.

Moustafa turns back around yet again, this time confused.

OMAR (CONT'D)
I was thinking about everything after you left. And like...I guess you were right about him. Or, well, I guess I was right in the beginning?

MOUSTAFA
You were, but then you became stupid in the head.

OMAR
Yeah...I was kind of distracted by the whole idea of being cool and--

MOUSTAFA
So you are NOT with him?

OMAR
I mean, not anymore. Only if you wanted to go back.
(a beat)
I’m sorry again. I was an asshole.

MOUSTAFA
No, no. I am the asshole for believing that man. He is a snake!
(beat)
I’m sorry for getting mad at you.

There is an awkward silence between the two for a beat.

OMAR
...So have you been working?

MOUSTAFA
No.

OMAR
Figured. Didn’t see you at the garage for the last few days. Taking a mental break?

MOUSTAFA
No, I--hey, Omar, do you still want to take down Uber? Together?

INT. MOUSTAFA'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

The two are in the now brightly lit kitchen, with Omar sitting down.

An excited Moustafa arrives at the table and drops two plates, each holding their own bagel on it. Moustafa quickly runs to his microwave.

Omar takes a bite of his food for a beat and swallows it, before turning to Moustafa. Omar looks skeptical, but interested.

OMAR
Okay, wait, run that by me again?

MOUSTAFA
(working at the microwave)
The phones, Omar. It is the phones.

A PING is heard as Moustafa SLAMS the microwave shut. He turns back to face Omar.

MOUSTAFA (CONT'D)
When we were being the children earlier, you know? I realized this. The issue is not Uber itself. Not the cars or the people.

Moustafa reaches into the fridge and rummages around, before pulling out a carton of orange juice. He fetches two cups from a cabinet.

MOUSTAFA (CONT'D)
(pouring the juice into the glasses)
This is the trick! The game they play! We became distracted!

Moustafa takes the two glasses to the table and hands one to Omar. He takes a seat, takes a bite of his bagel and gulp of his juice.

MOUSTAFA (CONT'D)
The issue is the phone! It lets them be anywhere! With the black cabs, you have you to call! This is work, my friend. But this son of bitch Uber? You tap! Simple! Most cabs, you pay with cash. Uber? You put the card in the phone! It's-- what's the word, my friend, con...con...it's like the store...

Omar takes a sip of his orange juice.

OMAR
Convenient?

Moustafa takes another bite of his bagel before nodding and pointing at Omar.

MOUSTAFA
Yes. Exactly! This is the issue.

Moustafa and Omar both continue their meal, with Omar solemnly nodding.

OMAR
(swallowing)
That's...that's a good point. I actually never looked at it like that.
(another gulp of juice)
But what's your plan then?

Just before Moustafa speaks, the PING of the microwave goes off, forcing him to jump out of his seat. He runs to the microwave.

MOUSTAFA
(fiddling with microwave)
That's easy my friend. It's very simple. Earlier I was trying to delete the app from the store, you know? But it wouldn't let me.

Moustafa turns around, now carrying a tray of turkey bacon. He slowly brings it back to the table.

MOUSTAFA (CONT'D)
So if we can't delete Uber off of phones, why do we not make phones not show Uber?

Moustafa puts the tray on the table and takes his seat again, before going back to his food.

OMAR
Mo, I don't think that's--

MOUSTAFA
Oh, no, don't worry. That's turkey bacon. It's halal.

There's silence for a beat as Moustafa reaches over and grabs a piece, before eating it.

OMAR
I--what? No. No, I meant the phone thing. I don't think you can just like, stop making phones show something.

MOUSTAFA
And why do you say this? Are you a hocker? Do you know this?

OMAR
(sounding out "hocker")
I'm...I'm not a hacker, no. But there's a...a logic, with this stuff. You can't just hack anything.

MOUSTAFA
Sure you can! You are scared too much of the Uber! You give them too much power!

Moustafa finishes his bagel and downs what's left of his juice.

MOUSTAFA (CONT'D)
Remember when the Sony got hocked?

OMAR
Yeah...so?

MOUSTAFA
Are you saying Uber has more power than the Sony?

OMAR
That's different.

MOUSTAFA
Then what about when the Pepsi uhh...how you say it, twitter? When the Pepsi twitter got hocked?

Omar shakes his head as he finishes his own drink.

OMAR
That’s not what I mean, Mo--

MOUSTAFA
Omar! Come on! You really think Uber is bigger than PEPSI!? The PEPSI?! If the Pepsi is hocked, then anybody can be hocked. This is simple.

OMAR
Well then, how the hell are we gonna hack them, huh? We don’t know anything about computers!

MOUSTAFA
Your son loves them, right?

INT. OMAR’S HOUSE - OUTSIDE SON’S ROOM - DAY

Moustafa is standing nervously outside a closed room, adorned with stereotypical signs that say “GET OUT” and the like.

After a beat, the door opens, with Omar exiting. It slams behind him.

MOUSTAFA
Well?

OMAR
He told me to “go fuck your Gypsy Kings”.

Silence for a beat.

OMAR (CONT'D)
...Any other ideas?

INT. MOUSTAFA’S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NOON

The two men are both sitting on separate ends of a couch, each adorned with a laptop.

Moustafa is meticulously at work on his laptop, while Omar seems somewhat distracted.

OMAR
(mumbling)
He didn’t mean it like that, right?

The two continue to work for a beat.

MOUSTAFA
Oh! Oh! I found this -- “Hacking for Dummies”...that is spelt funny. It’s on the Amazon! They have the “e-book”!
(turning to Omar)
We should buy this?

OMAR
Hey...Mo, when my son said “go fuck your Gypsy Kings”, do you think he meant like a “fuck your Gypsy Kings” or a “go fuck your Gypsy Kings”.

A beat.

MOUSTAFA
...I think he meant the one he said. What does this have to do with the e-book.

OMAR
Well...you know, it was just weird. Took me back.

Moustafa turns back to his laptop.

MOUSTAFA
I’m buying it.

INT. MOUSTAFA’S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Same scene. Moustafa is heavily focused on his laptop. Omar is still concerned with other things.

OMAR
Say...you don’t think he found out from Maple Hills, right? Like...you know?

MOUSTAFA
I am trying to read, my friend.

OMAR
Yeah but...you know, you don’t think they told him right? Like how could he know?

MOUSTAFA
(looking up, frustrated)
What are you talking about?

OMAR
The--the couple thing!

MOUSTAFA
Who gives a shit!

OMAR
Well, if he told me to FUCK the Gypsy Kings, I'm worried that's because he thinks I'm gay!

MOUSTAFA
How the FUCK did they tell him, Omar?! Tell me this!

OMAR
That's what I'm saying!

MOUSTAFA
Did they send him a letter!? Did they call up the Ashton fucking Kutcher for another episode of Punk'd!?

OMAR
That's...that's not what they did on that show.

MOUSTAFA
You are missing the point! Nobody but you cares! I am doing work and you are focused on being gay! Do you not see the issue here!?

OMAR
I--
(a beat)
Okay. You have a point. I apologize. This is work time.

The room gets silent again as the two go to work. They steadily work for a long beat, before Omar lifts his head up.

OMAR (CONT'D)
So you don't think there's a chance at all that he found out from Maple Hills?

INT. MOUSTAFA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - EVEN LATER

It is now dark outside, and both men look exhausted. The room is trashed and a half eaten pie of pizza rests on the floor next to them.

Moustafa lets out a loud sigh and throws his head back, before closing his laptop. He slowly stands up and stretches.

MOUSTAFA
Well, I guess this is it.

OMAR
(looking up from his laptop)
...Don’t say it.

MOUSTAFA
It’s over. This is impossible. They said the book is for dummies! It is not for dummies at all!

Moustafa frustratingly sits back down on the couch.

MOUSTAFA (CONT'D)
This has no purpose. I give up.

OMAR
Don’t say it, Mo.

MOUSTAFA
Uber wins! Uber wins! There’s no point anymore!

Moustafa angrily puts his head in his hands and lets out a scream of frustration. Omar awkwardly closes his laptop and heads over, calming him down.

OMAR
Come on, man. Relax. This isn’t it. There has to be a way.

MOUSTAFA
(lifts head up)
What do you mean!? This was it! The phone was it! I figured it out, but, AS ALWAYS, the son of bitch Uber has a way!

Moustafa puts his head back in his hands.

MOUSTAFA (CONT'D)
We are too old for this, Omar! We cannot hock, we are too old!

OMAR
I mean--Mo, come on, there has to be somebody that we know that could probably figure this shit out for us.

After a beat, Moustafa immediately lifts his head up and turns to face Omar. They share the same dumbfounded look.

INT. MAPLE HILLS - EVENING

The ice cream parlor is deserted, except for Omar and Moustafa - who are seated in their usual booth - and the staff. The same waitress from earlier is attending to their table.

WAITRESS
Are you guys sure you don't want anything?

MOUSTAFA
Actually, you kno--

OMAR
No, no thank you.

Omar turns to Moustafa and gives him a look.

OMAR (CONT'D)
No thank you. We just really appreciate you letting us use this space this late.

WAITRESS
Oh, don't worry. Least we could do for our favorite boys! You and your little club friends take as much time as you want.

The waitress heads back to the counter.

OMAR
Seriously, man?

MOUSTAFA
She was offering! This is rude to not accept!

OMAR
They're letting us use the fucking store after closing.

Beat.

MOUSTAFA
...Well they might as well use the equipment, too.

Just before Omar responds, a DING is heard. It's the sound of the front doors opening. The two turn to see Dave and Gabriel, each holding a door open. Julian slowly enters, thanking the two men.

He slowly approaches the booth, waving to the employees and combing his hair with every step. As he finally reaches the booth, after what seems like a dramatic eternity, he takes one LONG hit of his vape. He holds it in and takes a seat across from the two friends.

Shortly following him are Dave Gabriel, who sit next to him.

After a beat, Julian finally exhales, puffing the vape smoke into the face of Moustafa.

JULIAN
Big O! Fraternizing with the traitor, huh? Not a good look buddy.
(turns to Moustafa)
So the lamb comes back to the slaughter. Come to apologize for being a bitch?

OMAR
You're the one who came here.

JULIAN
Or maybe you wanna grovel and get back into the team? Huh? You wanna join the U.D.S again?

Julian takes another hit of the vape, this time blowing the smoke away from Moustafa.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
Because I'll let you know, man...we don't take kindly to traitors. But maybe I'll make an exception.

MOUSTAFA
I want you to know this, Julian -- I will do no such thing. I have a proposal.

JULIAN
(getting up)
No apology, no meeting. We're done here.

As Julian is getting up from his seat, he realizes he's stuck at the wall end of the booth. He awkwardly tries to shuffle out, before motioning to Gabriel and Dave. Gabriel gets up, but Dave doesn't. Julian motions again, finally catching Dave's attention.

DAVE
Are we leaving?

JULIAN
Ye--you know what. Fuck it.

Julian starts to sit back down.

DAVE
No, wait, what was happening?

JULIAN
I was making a point and you fucking ruined it. Now it's just awkw--just, just forget it. Forget it. I'm standing my ground.
(turning to Moustafa)
We're standing our ground. You leave. You know, like you did to the cause. Get out.

OMAR
We invited you here!

JULIAN
You know Big O, I'm not vibing this sass? Who's fucking side are you on?!

OMAR
I'm--I'm literally on the other side of the table from you.

DAVE
Actually, can I--

MOUSTAFA
Julian, this meeting is for business. If you are, how you say, a "doer", then maybe you would like to hear? Or are you the bullshitter?

JULIAN
Maybe I don't want to hear shit from somebody who lacks commitment. You gonna quit this plan too?

DAVE
If I may, I actua--

MOUSTAFA
Maybe you are just afraid of a real plan -- none of these children jokes!

JULIAN
I ain’t afraid of shit! I have no fear!

MOUSTAFA
There is the bullshitter!

DAVE
GUYS!

The group all immediately go silent and turn to Dave, who is now standing up in his seat. The employees all behind the counter are all eagerly watching.

DAVE (CONT'D)
I--I have something I want to say.

JULIAN
Oh, you defending your boss now? Good shit, Dave.

DAVE
Actually--I’m. I’m quitting.

Silence for a beat.

DAVE (CONT'D)
I uhh. I downloaded Uber earlier.

JULIAN
You what?!

MOUSTAFA
Burn this man.

The two men quickly exchange looks with each other before turning back to Dave.

DAVE
Yeah...I just...you know, it wasn’t working out. I kind of wanted to say something earlier but then this meeting showed up and I didn’t really...you know what...I’m just gonna go.

Dave slowly gets up and backs out of the store awkwardly.

Dave BUMPS his back into the door, before awkwardly LAUGHING and opening it, before sliding out.

The group continues to blankly stare forward for a beat, before Moustafa and Julian immediately turn back to each other.

MOUSTAFA
Look at this! Your leadership takes another!

JULIAN
MY leadership!? If you didn't fucking quit and fuck everything up he probably wouldn't have gotten second thoughts!

MOUSTAFA
You put Uber on his phone!

JULIAN
I broke that shit!

SLAM. The two immediately get silent again. Omar looks on, startled, as the other two turn to the corner of the booth.

Gabriel has both of his hands firmly placed on the table, staring intently at the group. He silently lifts them back up and clasps them, before finally speaking.

GABRIEL
Are we silent now? Tres bien.

The rest of the group nervously share glances with each other before turning back to Gabriel.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)
I came to this country years ago. From Senegal, I traveled across the ocean. And when I landed here, I was a professeur, a teacher. But then I quit. Do you monsieurs know which job I took?

OMAR
(hesistant)
...A yellow cab driver?

GABRIEL
Oui! A taxi driver! I chose this job, shortly after I had my beautiful son, Antoine.

Gabriel does the sign of the cross and points at the sky.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)
I love him so much. J'aime mon fils.
(beat)
I changed my job.
(MORE)

GABRIEL (CONT'D)
I picked the yellow cab. The reason I did this? Why do you think?

JULIAN
...Money?

GABRIEL
Besides this. I am not a talkative man. I keep to myself. But I do like to listen, this is true. Listening is part of being a taxi driver.

The group silently nods.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)
Every day, every ride, I hear a story. Long, short, new, old, good, bad. I hear stories, monsieurs. And every night, I go to put Antoine to sleep. And as I do, I tell him stories. The same stories I was told. But one day, I realize, I hear less stories. I start to have less stories to tell my son. He will be tres en colere, very upset. So I tell him older stories. I hear so many I have backups, oui?

Julian gives Moustafa an odd look, mouthing a “what the fuck is he talking about”. Moustafa subtly shrugs and turns back to Gabriel.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)
But then these backups, they start to run out too. And the stories, they get smaller and smaller. Shorter and shorter. One day, I am going to come home to my son, and you know what will happen? I will have no stories to tell him.

Gabriel reaches into his pocket and pulls out his wallet, before holding it up.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)
Uber is not just hurting me here, it is hurting me here.

Gabriel taps his heart.

There’s silence for a beat, everybody else is looking down at the table somberly. Finally, Omar speaks up.

OMAR
I--I don't want my son to think I'm a loser if I lose my job.

MOUSTAFA
My wife, she does a lot. I do not want to have her hold this...this burden.

Julian silently takes a long hit of his vape, before slowly exhaling it.

JULIAN
I kinda...I kinda need the money so I can finally move out. My mom's...you know.

GABRIEL
Then we all have our reasons, do we not, monsieurs? Why can't we put aside our differences to save what is important to us?

CLAPPING. First slow, but then it picks up into a loud, roaring applause. The table looks to see it's the employees of Maple Hills all cheering Gabriel on.

Gabriel gives a small wave and smiles to the serves before turning back to the group, specifically Moustafa and Julian. He gives them a small motion.

After a beat, Moustafa sighs and slowly nods to himself.

MOUSTAFA
Okay Julian. I will not apologize for quitting, I am, how you say, standing my ground...but I do apologize for my attitude. And for...not saying I am upset with how it was going.

JULIAN
I'm sorry for bein' a fucking dick. It's that simple.

The employees all AWWW at the apologies.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
I got something else though.
(beat)
I'm...I'm not a yellow cab driver. I'm a black cab driver. You know, private cab company.

There’s GASPS from the employees.

OMAR
Well yeah, it was fucking obvi--

MOUSTAFA
What?! Then why were you at the meeting?!

JULIAN
Uber’s fucking us too! I just...I wanted support and didn’t think any of you guys would listen if I didn’t have a yellow cab.
(beat)
Guessing the proposal’s off, huh?

Moustafa laughs and smiles at Omar, before turning to Julian.

MOUSTAFA
We all have the same enemy, no? The proposal still is here as long as you want it.

The employees CHEER again, as Julian looks up and smiles at Moustafa.

WAITER
I love these guys!

MOUSTAFA
So, Mr. Julian, do you wish to take part?

JULIAN
(smirking)
What’s the fucking plan, Moose.

INT. JULIAN'S CAR - NIGHT

The group are now huddled in Julian’s car, clearly in the middle of a discussion.

JULIAN
...So the phones are the key, huh. Well shit. Can’t believe I didn’t figure that one out.

MOUSTAFA
I do not blame you, Mr. Julian! This Uber, it is very sneaky!

JULIAN
That it is...but there’s one big problem here. You can’t just like...hack Uber off of phones.

Omar lightly taps Moustafa on the back of the head.

OMAR
I told you!

MOUSTAFA
What do you mean?!

JULIAN
Well, you'd have to hack the Apple app store and Google's play store, which is already a lot of work, let alone the fact that it's fucking Apple and Google.

Moustafa just nods confidently.

MOUSTAFA
Okay, then we do it. This is simple--you know, I think we do Apple first. Omar, he tells me the Steve Jobs is dead, you know this? They must be open.

OMAR
Mo, he's been dead for years.

MOUSTAFA
Really? This is even better!

Julian clears his throat to quickly regain everybody's attention. He takes a hit of his vape and exhales it out of his window, before slowly turning back to the group.

JULIAN
No, there's no way we hack either of those two.

GABRIEL
So...is there no hope, monsieur?

JULIAN
With that plan? Nope. But that's not the smart thing anyways.

The other three men look on, confused.

OMAR
...Oh?

JULIAN
The smart thing here? Hack Uber itself. Leak the credit card info stored in there.
(MORE)

JULIAN (CONT'D)
Show people how vulnerable it actually is. Shake up the foundation, you know?
(vape hit)
We won't be taking the app of the store, but we might as well be with the backlash it'll get.

OMAR
Well, duh! How the hell didn't we come up with that!?

MOUSTAFA
Of course! This is so simple! Hit the Uber!

JULIAN
What can I say, I'm hot shit.
(beat)
Not hot enough shit to know how to hack though.

GROANS echo through the car.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
What'd you guys think everybody under 30 knows how to hack?

Moustafa and Omar share an awkward and uncomfortable glance.

MOUSTAFA
Haha...that is ridiculous.

Julian laughs.

JULIAN
Hell if I know how to do that. But I'll tell you what I do understand using.

A beat of silence as Julian slowly leans towards the rest of the group for tacky dramatic effect.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
The internet.

A chorus of AHHS and OOOHS go through the car, with the other three men nodding in agreement.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
Now, I'm not gonna hack the whole fuckin' world wide web if that's what any of you oldheads were thinking--

Moustafa looks down in disappointment.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
But I’m positive the information on how to do this shit is out there.

Julian takes another long drag of his vape before exhaling out the window. He gazes outside of it.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
Seven days. In a week, come to my place. 3PM sharp. Mom’s working then. We’ll be ready there. All I need from you guys is to bring as much technology you can. We probably need a lot of electricity or some shit.

OMAR
I don’t th--

JULIAN
Alright? We good, team!? We ready!?

Moustafa and Gabriel CHEER in excitement, drowning out Omar’s concerns.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
Then let’s fuck shit up.

INT. MOUSTAFA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Moustafa slips into his room silently and slowly sneaks into his bed, trying not to wake up his wife. She lays silently, facing away from him.

SOPHIA
You’re back late again...did you walk home?

Moustafa is clearly surprised by his wife being awake, but slowly regains composure as he starts to slip back into his bed.

MOUSTAFA
No...no, a friend drove me.

SOPHIA
That’s good...I’m glad you’re with friends.

She readjusts herself to get comfortable and Moustafa lies down on his back, looking up at the ceiling.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
Probably makes the problems at work easier to deal with.

Moustafa slowly starts to smile as he stares up at the ceiling

MOUSTAFA
Yes. It really does help.

INT. OUTSIDE JULIAN'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Moustafa’s cab pulls up to the sidewalk outside of Julian’s house, parked behind another yellow cab.

Moustafa exits the cab carrying a laptop, desktop and a desk fan all on top of each other.

He kicks the door shut behind him and slowly waddles to Julian’s house.

After reaching the front door, he kicks at it to knock.

After a beat, the door swings open, with Gabriel there to greet him.

GABRIEL
I’ll help you with this, monsieur.

Gabriel grabs some of the electronics and helps relieve Moustafa of his burden. The two enter the apartment.

INT. JULIAN'S ROOM - AFTERNOON

The door to the room busts open, with the two taxi drivers entering. What was once the messy room of Julian is now slightly remodeled.

The space is extremely clean and the desk is bare, save for a large desktop computer. Surrounding the desk (and the room itself) are a bunch of plugged in electronics.

Julian sits at the desk, intently clicking away at a keyboard.

JULIAN
(not looking)
Just plug whatever you brought in, can’t be that much shit.

Gabriel and Moustafa awkwardly look at the desktop computer and shuffle around the room, tryig to find an efficient spot.

After a few more beats of typing, Julian finally swings around to look at them.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
What's taking so--
(notices the desktop)
--oh, shit. Uhh. Fuck. Hold on.

Julian grabs the desktop himself and starts to fuss around with it.

After a few beats, he finally finds the most efficient spot -- right under the desk.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
Did not expect this much tech -- not that I'm complaining, it's great, I'm just like...anyways, I think we're pretty much set. Just need Big O to pull up and we're--

Just as Julian is about to finish, the door to his room opens again.

Standing outside of it is an out of breath Omar carrying FIVE DESKTOP COMPUTERS. The other three awkwardly stare at him.

OMAR
(panting, exhausted)
Door was....door was open. Let myself in. Can...can I please get some help?

INT. JULIAN'S ROOM - LATER

The five desktops are all lined up on Julian's bed. The room has transformed into an incredible fire hazard.

Julian sits at his desk, feverishly typing away. The other three awkwardly sit scrunched up on the floor.

While Gabriel and Moustafa pester Julian, Omar just browses his phone.

GABRIEL
And what if they catch us?

JULIAN
I have an IP. It's like a driver's license for computers.
(beat)
Mine says we're in Germany.

MOUSTAFA
(laughing)
Oh! This is brilliant, Mr. Julian! We aren't from Germany at all!

JULIAN
Exactly! I hope they catch us honestly! Waste even more resources investigating Germany!

The group all laugh as Omar continues to be invested in his phone.

MOUSTAFA
Why do we have all of the electronics on though...?

JULIAN
After we hack 'em, we're gonna use all of this electricity to overload their systems. Saw it in a movie once.

GABRIEL
Why do that?

JULIAN
If it's overloaded, they can't fix it! The system'll keep shuttin' down!

As the group continues to laugh and ask questions, Omar finally looks up from his phone.

OMAR
Guys...

The group slowly stops laughing and turns to Omar. Realizing he looks like he's seen a ghost, they all start to get uncomfortable.

MOUSTAFA
...Omar, are you okay?

GABRIEL
Oui...you look like...

JULIAN
...like somebody fuckin' died.
(beat)
Somebody fuckin' die?

Omar just silently shakes his head.

OMAR
I was reading the news...and...well...
(clears throat)
“The Digital Glove Compartment -- Uber’s New Security Update”

The group look on in disbelief for a long beat before Julian SNATCHES the phone from Omar’s hand.

JULIAN
Give me that shit!
(starts to skim it, mumbling to himself)
“You spoke and we listened. Today, we’ve revamped our entire security system to fill the holes we’ve been alerted to”.

Julian tosses the phone in the air, causing Moustafa to scramble to get it.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
FUCK!

MOUSTAFA
(skimming phone before tossing it back to Omar)
This son of bitch Uber! It always! Finds! A! Way!

Moustafa gets up and starts to YELL in frustration, awkwardly pacing around the already cramped room.

Omar offers the phone to Gabriel but he just shakes his head, defeated.

After a beat, Julian starts to calm himself down, before turning back to the computer

Moustafa continues to YELL in the background.

JULIAN
You know what? It’s fine. It’s fine. We can still overload the system. Fuck the credit cards.

Suddenly, the lights GO OUT. The room becomes pitch black. A fuse is blown.

There’s absolute silence for a beat (sans Moustafa’s continuous YELLING). Finally, a voice speaks up.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
...You guys just want to smash Ubers?

EXT. OUTSIDE DAVE'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Three yellow cabs and a Julian's car all slowly pull up and double park on the sidewalk, one after the other.

The four men all get out simultaneously, each holding a baseball bat.

Julian leads the group as they walk towards a house, specifically at the garage.

OMAR
This the right place?

JULIAN
Has to be...look, right there!

Julian rushes to the car parked outside of it and taps the Uber "U" sticker with his bat.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
See! Told you!

MOUSTAFA
...The mark of the devil.

JULIAN
You ready boys!?

The men all lift up their bats.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
FUCK UBER!

The bats swing down on the car, BEATING it. Windows CRACK. Parts DENT.

MOUSTAFA
FUCK THE UBER!

OMAR
FUCK UBER!

GABRIEL
BAISE UBER!

The men continue to bash on the car, causing it to HONK. After a few moments, the front door swings open and DAVE rushes out in a complete panic.

DAVE
No! No, what are you guys doing!?

JULIAN
You sell your soul and you get damned, Dave! We're liberating you!

MOUSTAFA
Freeing you from these chains!

DAVE
You're breaking my car!

Dave runs up to try to stop them, but it's too late. The damage is done. The car is totaled.

Dave slowly slumps down by the car, on the verge of tears.

JULIAN
What? What're you gonna cry now, you fuckin' traitor?

DAVE
(holding it in)
...Yes...

JULIAN
Pathetic.

Julian walks back to his car for a beat. After a moment, he returns with another baseball bat.

Julian drops it at Dave's feet, causing Dave to look up at him.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
I'm giving you two options here, Dave. You either be a man and beat my ass right here and right now. Salvage your pride after everything else was taken from you.

The rest of the group looks around uncomfortably as Dave starts to sniffle, his tears not being effectively held back.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
Or you pick that bat up and join us in smashing every fucking Uber in this city. Fuck your pride, and keep your honor instead.

Dave looks back down at the bat.

EXT. STREETS OF QUEENS - AFTERNOON

Four yellow cabs and Julian's all race down the streets together.

After a beat, one of them finds a car with an Uber sticker. They honk twice and pull over, and the rest join in.

The group all jump out of their cars, do the deed and then drive off.

This happens around two more times.

EXT. OUTSIDE PARKING LOT - LATER

The group is just finishing smashing another parked car while they're in the middle of idle conversation.

OMAR
We need to go to more of these kind of spots.

JULIAN
I know, right?! We got two here, that's like some fucking jackpot!

As the group continues to beat down on the car, Moustafa slowly stops, his attention being caught elsewhere.

Across the street is the Uber Guy from JFK. He's slowly walking to a parked car and entering it.

DAVE
What happens if we get caught?!

JULIAN
You know with that attitude you're just putting it into the world! That's called manifestation, retard! I read a book on that.

OMAR
...You good Mo?

Moustafa silently lifts his bat and points at the car.

MOUSTAFA
Follow this man.

GABRIEL
What?

MOUSTAFA
He is Uber. Follow him.

DAVE
Whoa! Nobody said anything about cars with drivers in them!

Julian slowly approaches Moustafa and takes a look at the car with him.

JULIAN
Nah...we can just smash it when he goes to park it again...I'm down. This is exciting.
(beat)
Why this guy though?

MOUSTAFA
I have seen him before. He is a man of no honor. No morals. He cut a line, my friend. This is no man. This is a devil.

The rest of the group all awkwardly share looks and shrug in agreement.

EXT. STREETS OF QUEENS - LATER

"Hurricane" by Bob Dylan is playing. The fleet of taxis are following the Uber, clearly oblivious to their surroundings.

OMAR (V.O.)
You sure this is a good idea?

JULIAN (V.O.)
Gotta agree with Big O here, we're missing out on valuable smashing time.

MOUSTAFA (V.O.)
Just keep following.

EXT. STREETS OF BROOKLYN - LATER

The same sequence in a slightly different locale. The cars are still in hot pursuit.

OMAR (V.O.)
I'm not sure I understand.

JULIAN (V.O.)
When you really think of something it like--it projects itself into reality. That's manifestation.

OMAR (V.O.)
...So why hasn't Uber been taken down yet?

A long beat.

JULIAN (V.O.)
How much longer we chasing this bum for?

EXT. VERAZZANO BRIDGE - EVEN LATER

The group is now driving down the bridge, the sun starting to set in the distance.

JULIAN (V.O.)
Okay, dude, we're going to fucking Staten Island. Unless you give us a good reason to keep on this, Moose, I'm turning around the second I can.

INT. MOUSTAFA'S CAB

Moustafa is laser-focused on the Uber in front of him, ignoring everything else. His phone is attached to the dashboard. Bob Dylan is BLASTING from the speakers.

JULIAN (V.O.)
Moose!

Julian's voice ERUPTS from the phone, but still doesn't get Moustafa's attention.

MOUSTAFA
(mumbling to self)
Your day of reckoning is near.

JULIAN (V.O.)
MOUSTAFA!

Moustafa jumps and is pulled back into reality. He quickly lowers the audio from his speakers and leans towards the phone.

MOUSTAFA
Y-yes?

OMAR (V.O.)
I don’t think he was listening.

JULIAN (V.O.)
Give us one good reason to keep following this guy!

MOUSTAFA
Just--my friends, just trust me! Please! This man is no good!
(beat)
Omar! He’s the reason you don’t have the old people anymore!

OMAR (V.O.)
Wasn’t that you?

MOUSTAFA
He made me go there! Look, please! Just a bit more!

There’s silence for a long beat.

JULIAN (V.O.)
Thin ice, Moose! You’re on thin fuckin’ ice!

EXT. STATEN ISLAND BOONDOCKS - LATER STILL

The sun is almost done setting, casting an odd twilight over the scene.

The cars are still following -- albeit at a distance, the clearly oblivious Uber Guy down a long, desolate road. The sides of the road are both surrounded by woodland.

The Uber makes a turn and finally pulls to a short stop and parks alongside the road.

A lone yellow cab makes the turn, before noticing he parked. It awkwardly starts flashing its blinkers and backs up, almost crashing into the other yellow cab behind it.

Eventually, the entire posse of cars all park before the turn, to hide from the driver.

The five men get out of their respective cars and all peek from behind the turn, watching the UBER GUY climb out.

JULIAN
The fuck’s he parking here for?

OMAR
Probably has to piss.

MOUSTAFA
Can’t wait for lines, can’t wait for bathrooms...this man...

The driver scans the road, looking for any other cars, before slowly turning back to the trunk of his own car.

DAVE
He’s going to the trunk.

JULIAN
No shit, Dave! Real good observation!

GABRIEL
No reason to go there if he needs to go to the bathroom, non?

OMAR
Maybe he has a portable toilet?

The driver opens up the trunk, his back hiding what it contains.

He bends over and grabs something, before slamming the trunk shut.

Resting over the shoulder of a man is a YOUNG WOMAN, tied up.

The five drivers are all at a loss for words as the man gently lies the woman down and heads back to his car.

OMAR (CONT'D)
...What the fuck.

MOUSTAFA
I told you! I told you all! This man! He is no good!

JULIAN
I-I-I...I mean...that’s...that can’t fucking be what’s happening right?

The man pulls his torso back out from the front door window, now holding a small knife. He slowly approaches the woman.

GABRIEL
Merde! We have to do something!

DAVE
He’s armed!

JULIAN
So are we, you idiot!

Julian pulls out his pocket knife.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
Told you shitheads this would be useful!

OMAR
We’re not gonna kill him are we?!

JULIAN
Oh no, yeah, you’re right. Let’s just sit here and watch the fucking show, huh?

The driver slowly cuts the bonds at the feet, before lifting her up.

UBER GUY
Walk around for me. Let me see how well you can walk.

The woman starts to pace back and forth.

MOUSTAFA
What man does this?

OMAR
I--I don’t know if I can kill him, man!

JULIAN
I mean...I can definitely do it, I just don’t think it’s optimal, you know?

GABRIEL
Monsieurs, I think he is going to leave.

DAVE
Then what are we gonna do?!

JULIAN
I mean...shit. Shit! Just let me think!

The woman finally stops pacing as the Uber Guy nods.

UBER GUY
Perfect. Get in front of me. Listen to me carefully, we're gonna walk together, okay? Nice and slow.

The woman slowly gets in front of the man.

JULIAN
Okay. Okay! Here's the plan, Omar, you make a loud noise and distract him, alright?

The man motions to the woodland in front of them.

UBER GUY
Take five steps towards the woods then stop.

GABRIEL
He is literally getting away.

JULIAN
Then, while he's distracted, right, Dave here goes and stabs him! And then when he's stabbed I go in and help save the woman, wh--

DAVE
Why do I have to stab him!

Gabriel just shakes his head and slowly gets up, before turning the corner.

JULIAN
Because I told you to! Christ, why can't you eve--
(noticing Gabriel
...Gabe, what're doing?

Moustafa, after a beat, also gets up, quickly catching up with Gabriel.

The two men slowly approach the Uber Guy and the woman, the latter two oblivious.

GABRIEL
Bonjour, mon amie!

The Uber Guy turns around, clearly shocked by Gabriel's presence. The woman turns around too, and utilizng the distraction, attempts to make an escape.

Due to her bindings however, she trips.

UBER GUY
Who the fuck are you?!

The Uber Guy slowly starts to back up, still brandishing the knife.

GABRIEL
Un petite passerby, nothing more.

The Uber Guy continues to back up as the two men approach. He eventually bumps into the trunk of his car, giving him nowhere to go.

He is now stuck between his vehicle and the two men.

Moustafa gives a look at Gabriel and motions to the woman. Gabriel nods and, without hesitation, head over, leaving Moustafa to the Uber Guy.

MOUSTAFA
Hello, my friend! Do you remember me?

UBER GUY
Who the--the fuck are you doing here!

MOUSTAFA
Following you! You son of bitch! I knew your soul was black!

The three behind the corner are still intently watching.

JULIAN
Moose is pretty heated, huh.

OMAR
I've never seen him like that. It's like some kind of genuine rage.

Moustafa continues to box the Uber Guy in.

UBER GUY
Look--look, man, I have a knife. I can cut you the fuck up right now.

MOUSTAFA
Oh, you already did that once, my friend! At JFK!

UBER GUY
...The airport?
(beat)
(MORE)

UBER GUY (CONT'D)
...Oh shit, I do remember you from John F's!

MOUSTAFA
Nobody calls it this! It is JFK! Not John F's!

UBER GUY
It's actually be--

Suddenly, the Uber Guy is PUNCHED in the face, quickly making him lose his grasp on the knife.

Moustafa takes the man and puts him in a grip, slowly pulling his arm back. The man is wincing and grunting in pain.

MOUSTAFA
Do not fuck with me! You see this! I took hapkido, three years!

Moustafa FLIPS the man and SLAMS him on the trunk of the car, before punching the guy again.

Gabriel slowly carries the woman back to the rest of the group of guys.

On his way, he stops for a beat and catches a glimpse of Moustafa's onslaught on the driver. He raises an eyebrow before continuing on.

The other three continue to watch, invested.

JULIAN
He's not about to--
(wince)
--well fuck, he did it.

OMAR
Jesus christ, Mo.

Gabriel turns the corner and gently places the woman down, before turning to Julian.

GABRIEL
Knife.

JULIAN
For what?! Oh. OH!

Julian hands Gabriel the knife.

DAVE
Wait--wait, are we gonna kill her too?

JULIAN
Can you shut the fuck u--
(wince)
WHOA! Okay. Shit. Don't fuck with Moose.

Gabriel slowly cuts the bindings on the woman and releases her gag. She immediately goes for a hug on him, which he gently returns.

The other three, however, continue to watch.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
(long beat)
You wanna like...join in?

OMAR
No way, if my son found out I jumped a guy he'd--
(longer beat)
I mean, I guess there's no harm?

JULIAN
Dave, you stay here and call the cops.

Omar and Julian get up and quickly run over.

Moustafa now has the man in a chokehold, before flipping him again, this time on the floor. The man is clutching his arm and screaming.

MOUSTAFA
You see that! Next time, it'll be your neck!

Moustafa walks away, back to the corner, passing Omar and Julian.

They each give each other a glance before quickly kicking the man while he's down.

JULIAN
Yeah, fuck you, asshole!

Julian turns around and walks off.

OMAR
Y-yeah! Word up! Bitch!

Omar throws down some weird, vaguely gang-related hand signs before quickly running to join the others.

The woman, who is now calming down, is in the middle of explaining what happened to Gabriel and Moustafa.

YOUNG WOMAN
The water! He drugged the water!

GABRIEL
Water?

YOUNG WOMAN
The free bottled water! He offered me some and, like, every Uber does it so I thought “oh sure, that’s great!” like and idiot and--

The young woman is interrupted by POLICE SIRENS.

A plethora of police cars come storming in, SCREECHING TO A HALT. A group of policemen pile out of the cars, all holding guns.

JULIAN
Well shit, that was fast, good job Dave.

DAVE
I...I didn’t call.

POLICEMAN 1
FREEZE! HANDS UP!

The policemen slowly approach the group. The SERGEANT of the squad walks up, swinging a chain of handcuffs.

OMAR
Wait, what the fuck is going on?!

SERGEANT
You’re all under arrest for destruction of property and evading arrest.

MOUSTAFA
Destruction of property?!

JULIAN
Evading arrest?! When the fuck did we do that?!

SERGEANT
We’ve been following you shits for the last three hours, you all ignored every plea to pull over.

JULIAN
We have a--oww! Not so rough, not so rough!

Julian is swiftly cut off by the sergeant cuffing him. The sergeant proceeds to move onto the next taxi driver, before noticing the woman.

SERGEANT
Boys, was there a report of a woman in this group?

POLICEMAN 2
Negative sir.

SERGEANT
Ma'am, are you affiliated with these men?

YOUNG WOMAN
They just saved my life! There's a--

SERGEANT
Pardon? Hold on ma'am, they did what?

YOUNG WOMAN
(pointing around the corner)
There's a man over there who tried to kidnap me and they stopped him! I was held up in his fucking trunk for hours!

The sergeant nods to the corner and two officers run around it. Moments later, they come back, bringing the still-moaning-in-pain Uber Guy.

SERGEANT
This man?

The woman frantically nods as the Sergeant goes to cuff the Uber Guy.

SERGEANT (CONT'D)
And how did they save you?

YOUNG WOMAN
They followed him here from Queens!

SERGEANT
...Is that true?

The taxi drivers all quickly nod.

MOUSTAFA
We knew he was a bad man!

JULIAN
Y-yeah! We knew he had her all along! That's why we didn't notice you trying to stop us, officer! We were so focused on not losing him!

The sergeant takes a beat before slowly nodding to himself.

SERGEANT
Admirable work then, men. I can respect that and let it slide.
(beat)
However, you all still committed quit a level of destruction of property. Twelve vehicles? Now why would you all do that.

The group all shares looks before Julian finally speaks up.

JULIAN
Well, your officer, see--it's really tragic, it really is. See, we KNEW this lovely lady here was kidnapped. We heard her scream it, actually! We just didn't know in WHICH Uber. So we--so we broke each one we could find, you know, to see if she was inside.

SERGEANT
Most of the destroyed cars had the trunks destroyed.

JULIAN
Well--we knew she was in there somewhere, so we thought maybe if we hit the trunk we'd be able to...feel her if she was inside?

The sergeant takes a long beat to process the information before turning to the woman again.

SERGEANT
Is this true?

The taxi drivers shoot the woman a collectively desperate look, as she slowly nods. The nodding starts to speed up

YOUNG WOMAN
(dragged out)
Yes.
(MORE)

YOUNG WOMAN (CONT'D)
(normal)
Yes. Yes it is.

EXT. DISGUSTING BEACH - DAY

Moustafa, wearing a community service shirt, is picking up trash on a beach while blasting Bob Dylan.

As he continues to pick up trash, the sound of Gipsy Kings suddenly emerges.

It continues to increase in sound until it is BATTLING Bob Dylan.

Moustafa looks up and sees Omar, wearing a similar shirt, also doing his business.

The two share a look and laugh.

MOUSTAFA
No Gipsy Kings in my spot, my friend.

OMAR
Yeah yeah, this is my spot now.

MOUSTAFA
(laughing)
You are a funny one Omar!
(calming down)
But please, no Gipsy Kings.

OMAR
...You can’t be serious.

MOUSTAFA
This is my spot!

OMAR
It’s a fucking beach!

MOUSTAFA
I have been here, with my music, all day! How come you move around the beach like a spider? Stay in your spot!

As the two proceed to start bickering, Gabriel, also wearing a similar shirt, rushes towards the group.

GABRIEL
Mon amies! It’s almost on!

The two friends immediately stop their quarrel and give each other a look, before running off with Gabriel.

INT. BEACH FOOD HUT - DAY

The three men enter a small food hut/bar hybrid that rests on the beach. Sitting at the bar are Julian and Dave, again wearing similar shirts. They are focused on the TV.

The three men take seats next to them and watch.

JULIAN
Just in fucking time.

NEWSCASTER
Well, I sure know I'd love to have that cat. In other news, it's time we discuss the five taxi drivers that saved a young girl this last month. Over to Sally.

SALLY
Thank you! We're out here in Queens right now, at the original site of the kidnapping. Last week, a young woman ordered an Uber and proceeded to get drugged and tied up, before being placed in a trunk.

YOUNG WOMAN
It was horrible, it's just--you feel safe in Ubers, I guess, because you're so used to them, you know? I was horrified. I thought I was going to die.

Julian groans and throws his head back.

JULIAN
Of course! Of course they show her interview!

OMAR
...Dude, she was fucking kidnapped.

Julian rolls his eyes.

SALLY
However, thanks to the efforts of four brave yellow cab drivers and a private taxi driver, the woman was saved.

JULIAN (ON TV)
Yeah, you know. It’s what we do. Part of the job, serving the people.
(beat)
You know, I just can’t let somebody die. You know that? I’d kill if I have to. Which I almost did.

Julian smiles and nods to himself.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
Glad the people out there know the truth, am I right boys?

The rest of the group looks on, unamused.

OMAR (ON TV)
Well, once we saw her, we just knew it was serious, you know? I’m just glad she’s okay. She’s seriously tough for surviving that long.
(beat, looks right at the camera
When we found him though, we really messed him up. Me especially. He was terrified of me. Son, if you’re watching this, I’m sorry I beat a man so badly he was scared of me. Your father just had to do what he had to do.

The group all nervously look at Omar as he smiles to himself.

OMAR (CONT'D)
You guys think that was subtle enough?

GABRIEL (ON TV)
The mademoiselle? Tres, tres magnifique. Very powerful girl. I am just happy she is safe and this man, he is behind bars.

The group all applaud Gabriel besides Julian, who scoffs.

JULIAN
“I am happy she is safe”, fuckin’ show off.

DAVE (ON TV)
I, I mean, I didn’t really do much, bu--

The interview with Dave immediately cuts back to Sally. The group doesn't even notice.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Why'd they cut me!?

JULIAN
Shut up, Dave, we're listening!

SALLY
--who had the most to say, though, was Moustafa, a middle-aged Moroccan immigrant who has been in the yellow cab industry for over a decade now.

MOUSTAFA (ON TV)
You know, this man, I've seen him before. Terrible man. Breaks rules, takes old people, terrible man. But you know, this does not scare me. This--the Uber, it is scary. I mean, they say "Moustafa, you are the yellow cab, of course you are scared". But I--I don't mean this. No, I am scared of the people. You see this man! So easy for him to do this!
(beat)
I just--I want people to, how you say--take pre...pre...precaution. Yes. Precaution.

The group all look at Moustafa, who's intently staring at the tv. They start to slowly CLAP for him for a beat, before playfully complementing his small speech.

OMAR
Well said, buddy.

GABRIEL
Agreed.

JULIAN
Yeah, fear monger the fuck outta the people. Good shit.

The group gives Julian another look, but he is oblivious to it.

SALLY
As Moustafa stated, it IS scary. Uber is everywhere these days and the possibility of a crime like this is possible, regardless of how likely it is for the person to get caught. So we decided to go around and ask what YOU all thought.

As Sally goes around interviewing random people on the screen, each one starts to voice their concerns and hesitations with Uber.

And as each one says something, Moustafa starts to smile.

Not a smile of victory, but a smile of satisfaction. The smile keeps growing until we

FADE TO BLACK.

POST CREDITS SCENE

Omar is outside of his son's room. He looks like he's mentally preparing himself before he knocks on the door.

OMAR
Hey...uhh...I'm back from community service. Just wanted to know if--

The door slowly opens.

CUT TO BLACK.