

Direction

Written by

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EXT. REEL TALK VIDEO STORE - MORNING (ESTABLISHING)

A small, underground, "Mom & Pop" spot.

It's a beautiful morning, calm and quiet.

INT. REEL TALK VIDEO STORE - CONTINUOUS

ANTHONY, an eighteen year-old Black kid stands behind the counter typing at a register.

LISA, a cute, seventeen year-old Black girl, returns movies to the shelves.

She walks over to the register.

ANTHONY

Hey you know what Lisa? It must be
real lonely being God.

Lisa looks puzzled but doesn't respond.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

Real lonely and boring.

LISA

OK? And your reasoning for that
assessment?

ANTHONY

Well think about it.

Anthony stops typing and looks directly at Lisa.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

Our whole lives from beginning to
end, really even before and after
that, has already been written.
God supposedly knows it all
already. So there's no shocking
Him, no surprises.

Lisa listens carefully.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

Doesn't that seem boring? I mean,
to not have a sense of discovery,
to already know everything.

LISA

Uh, this all sounds a little
sacrilegious, Ant. Where's all
this coming from?

ANTHONY

I don't know. My mom's been preaching to me and preaching to me. I've just been thinking a lot about it lately.

LISA

Well, I can tell you, your mom has really missed you in church. I can't even remember the last time I saw you at a Sunday service.

Anthony shrugs his shoulders.

ANTHONY

See that's what I'm talking about Lisa. What is the point of all that? So I don't go to church, big deal. What, does that *disappoint* God?

LISA

Yes.

ANTHONY

(mocking)

There's no disappointing God. If He can't be shocked or surprised because He already knows what I'm going to do, then logically He can't be disappointed either. He already knows all of my faults and shortcomings before I even have them.

LISA

Where are you going with all of this Anthony?

There is a beat.

ANTHONY

It just seems pointless Lisa. Life, the afterlife, and everything in between. If I had to spend an eternity like God, I know I would be bored.

LISA

Those are some really messed up things to say Anthony. And to be honest with you, I don't think you really believe this. I think deep down inside, you know better.

(MORE)

LISA (CONT'D)

And I know if your mom heard you talking like-

ANTHONY

(interjecting)

Whatever man! It's my mom who's made me feel this way. I feel like all that bull she's been feeding me my whole life is just-

There is a beat.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

I'm just done! I'm over it Lisa. I'm not hungry for that nonsense anymore.

LISA

Is this the kind of day we're going to have? I'm just asking so I can get into the right mind set.

ANTHONY

Whether you believe in God or not, or go to church or not, it makes no difference.

LISA

So what are you saying? You don't believe in God now?

ANTHONY

I'm not saying all that.

LISA

Well then what is it Ant? Where is all this coming from all of a sudden?

Anthony chuckles and tries to lighten the mood.

ANTHONY

Settle down ma! I'm not saying I don't believe in God.

LISA

Well, I'm just saying, you're starting to sound real crazy Anthony, and I'm not feeling you right now.

Anthony smiles.

LISA (CONT'D)
(flustered)
Where is all this coming from,
seriously? Because it ain't you!
That much I know.

ANTHONY
I'm just sick of all of the
questions Lisa. Religion is all
about more questions and less
answers. I need answers now.

LISA
And who has these answers Anthony?
Dwayne "Pigeon Head" Glass?
Darnell? Any of them other idiots
you been hanging with lately?

Anthony rolls his eyes and turns away from Lisa.

LISA (CONT'D)
Seriously? I mean, let me know
since they're so philosophical.

ANTHONY
There you go. Just forget it.

Anthony continues to type at his register.

There is another beat.

LISA
Are you saved?

Anthony looks puzzled.

ANTHONY
Huh?

LISA
You heard me boy! Are you saved?

Anthony doesn't respond.

FADE TO BLACK.

TITLE CARD:

DIRECTION

EXT. CORRECTIONAL CENTER - DAY (ESTABLISHING)

A mid level security prison.

The large steel fences are topped with razor sharp barbed wire.

SEVERAL CONVICTS walk the yard like territorial predators.

PRISON GUARDS stand watch with large shotguns.

INT. CORRECTIONAL CENTER - CONTINUOUS

A large, serious looking PRISON GUARD watches as TWO BLACK INMATES dressed in jumpsuits walk past him carrying mops, buckets and brooms.

One of them is JAYRON, a large, thirty-six year old male with several tattoos on his arms.

He is rugged looking but attractive. He seems like he could be very intimidating when he wants to be.

Jayron looks younger than his age and even though he is incarcerated he walks with a pep in his step.

The two inmates begin to clean the floors of the hallway.

INMATE

So what you gon' do now Jay?

JAYRON

Something good I hope, something good.

The inmate chuckles.

INMATE

You serious about all this, huh?

JAYRON

Serious as a heart attack man. And I want you to know that I love you homie, and God loves you! You gotta stay up in here all right? Stay strong.

Jayron hugs his friend.

INMATE

Love you too man, be safe out there.

JAYRON

No doubt homie, and you make sure
you read that bible I gave you too.

The inmate shakes his head and chuckles more.

INMATE

I got it man, I got it.

JAYRON

All right now, I'm trying to tell
you. Can't nothing break you down
in life, not even in here, if you
stay in those scriptures man, and
you stay in God's hands.

INMATE

Alright rev, I hear you! Boy you
gon' preach the walls down before
you leave up outta here ain't ya'?

The two men laugh together.

JAYRON

I know you hear me homie.

EXT. STREET CORNER - DAY

Anthony walks down the street alone.

A very nice car pulls along side of him.

The driver is DWAYNE GLASS.

DWAYNE

Yo! What up nigga?

ANTHONY

A yo! What's goin' on Dwayne!

Anthony leans over to the driver's side window and gives
Dwayne a pound.

DWAYNE

Man you know me homie, chillin',
livin', stayin' gangsta! What the
hell you doin'?

ANTHONY

I'm just headed up to the store
man.

DWAYNE

Get in.

Anthony hops into Dwayne's car and they speed off.

INT. CAR IN MOTION - MOMENTS LATER

DWAYNE

So why you walking man? Where's the bucket?

Anthony chuckles.

ANTHONY

Man, in the shop, again.

DWAYNE

You serious? I was just playing, I ain't think the Ghetto General Lee was still runnin'.

ANTHONY

Well, I wouldn't go so far as to say she's running. I mean she's walking, more like trotting along. I had to get a tune up and some break work done on her, you know?

Dwayne laughs.

DWAYNE

Man you gotta step ya whip game up. Start swag surfin' like ya boy!

ANTHONY

Whatever man. What's been up with you anyway? How you afford a car like this?

DWAYNE

Come on son, you really gotta ask?

Dwayne pulls out a huge roll of cash from his pocket.

Anthony looks stunned.

ANTHONY

I feel ya.

EXT. URBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - CONTINUOUS

Dwayne and Anthony roll through the neighborhood.

INT. CAR IN MOTION - CONTINUOUS

DWAYNE

A man, remember that video you made back in Ms. Copeland's class?

ANTHONY

Yeah.

DWAYNE

Man that joint was hilarious, what ever happened to it?

ANTHONY

What you mean?

DWAYNE

I mean, did you ever do anything with it? You Tube or nothing?

ANTHONY

Not really, but I still got it at the crib.

DWAYNE

Can you send it to me?

ANTHONY

Nah, believe it or not man, I only got a VHS tape of it.

There is a beat.

DWAYNE

What the hell is that?

Anthony chuckles again.

DWAYNE (CONT'D)

What the Hell man, you a time-traveler or something?

ANTHONY

Man go ahead on, that's all I got. I ain't ballin' like you.

DWAYNE

You ain't lying there. Damn.

ANTHONY

Anyway, don't hate, that's that vintage flava.

DWAYNE

Vintage, yeah right. Vintage is just a dressed way of saying old as shit.

The two men laugh.

DWAYNE (CONT'D)

Well look, can you get me a copy of it?

ANTHONY

Oh so you want a copy of my old stuff now, huh? You gotta vintage VCR to watch it on?

DWAYNE

Don't worry about all that. I'll get it transferred if I have to I might be able to hook you up on something man, some real power move shit.

ANTHONY

What you mean?

DWAYNE

My man Dayton is trying to do some big things with videos and movies, and what not. He wants to make a documentary, some real power move shit. You might be able to help us out.

ANTHONY

How?

DWAYNE

Man just get me a copy of the video first.

EXT. IN A HURRY CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

Dwayne pulls up to the small ghetto corner store.

Steel bars line the windows and doors.

SEVERAL PEOPLE chill outside.

INT. PARKED CAR - CONTINUOUS

ANTHONY

I appreciate the ride homie.

DWAYNE

No doubt man. And hey I'm serious,
get me a copy of the video.

ANTHONY

I got you man. As a matter of
fact, if you just wait for me, we
can roll back to the crib and I'll
get it for you now.

DWAYNE

Bet. Hurry up.

Anthony hustles into the store.

EXT. ANTHONY'S HOUSE - LATER (ESTABLISHING)

A quaint three bedroom rancher in a modest suburb.

The neighborhood is peaceful.

INT. ANTHONY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Anthony's mother, TAMARA cleans the kitchen. She is a young,
full-figured mother with a touch of sadness in her face.

Tamara looks like the type of mom who was once beautiful, fun
and full of spirit, but now there is a sense of tragedy in
her aura.

The telephone rings.

TAMARA

(into phone)

Hello?

INT. HOUSE - SAME

ANNE, Anthony's maternal grandmother is on the phone with her
daughter.

INTERCUT TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

ANNE

Hey baby.