

OUR FUTURE

written by

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"OUR FUTURE" PILOT EPISODE

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SLAM TO WHITE.

A newborn baby cries. FLASH of WHITE. TITLE "OUR FUTURE" The two flashes of white form stars in a dark night sky.

New stars rapidly appear accompanied by credits and cries until the sounds overlap, crescendo, then abruptly stop.

EXT. TRAP HOUSE - NIGHT

The night sky bobs side to side, a fidgety child's POV.

KING (O.S.)
(firmly)
Girl!

POV motion suddenly stops and fully focuses on KING, a mid 30s White/Hispanic American. He's handsome and dressed partly preppy, partly sporty with a polo-sweater and track pants.

Impatiently, King walks directly towards the significantly shorter POV.

KING (CONT'D)
What the hell are you doing? I said
I want to show you something.

He grabs FUTURE's arm.

Future is 11, she looks eleven, but is very developed. She's of mixed-race, her hair is in several braids pulled back into a pony tail. She's dressed normally with a girly t-shirt and jeans.

FUTURE
I probably shouldn't leave without
my-

KING
We ain't going far. Just around
back.

FUTURE
Maybe I should find him and tell
him where-

KING
No. We'll be right back in. Now
let's go.

Future looks at the TRAP HOUSE with worry. She is hesitant to leave.

The blinds are closed and different colored lighting bursts from each room. The bass of the music is heard from outside.

King drags the reluctant Future from the faded-paint chipped front porch around the side of the TRAP HOUSE. A party-goer vomits into a dying bush.

King and Future stop at a 8' tall chain-link fence. It is opened by GUNMAN. A tall large man, stocky and intimidating, any race or age. The handle of a gun sticks out of the front of his jeans.

King shoves Future through the now open gate.

She folds her arms, uncomfortable and unfamiliar with this mostly bare and patchy backyard.

At the back of the yard is a set of large chain-link dog kennels.

KING (CONT'D)

You stay right here. And you pay attention. Understood?

FUTURE

Yes.

King and Gunman walk over to one of the kennels and Future watches. A rattling and stirring is heard as the Gunman begins to unchain the gate.

TRASHMAN (O.S.)

No, please.

This voice sounds soft and far away.

Future steps forward curiously and realizes TRASHMAN's voice is coming from inside the kennel.

Gunman drags the sniveling begging man out.

King kicks a small pile of rubbish and recovers a white PVC pipe. He grips it firmly.

The Trashman is kneeling at King's merciless feet.

TRASHMAN (CONT'D)

No, no, please.

King swings the PVC pipe like a baseball bat and knocks the Trashman directly in the face.

Future is shocked but tries to control her terror. King begins beating the Trashman who is now in the fetal position. The pipe hits and the man groans.

Future focuses her eyes slightly above the action focusing on a star. POV as she counts under her breath, slightly out of sync with each pipe sound.

FUTURE

1...2...3...4...5...6....

King pauses for a moment smiling over at Future. She catches his eye contact and forces a nervous smile.

King takes two more swings on the man who is now mostly still. He drops the pipe and Gunman lifts the Trashman dragging him back into the kennel.

King walks over to Future, breathing heavy from the physicality of the beating. He grins proudly.

KING

Did you see that?

Future nods.

KING (CONT'D)

That's what happens to people who don't settle their debts with me.

Future nods.

KING (CONT'D)

That's what would happen to your Dad if you weren't such a good girl.

Future looks horrified at the kennel.

KING (CONT'D)

He's lucky to have you. We both are.

King gently takes her chin to focus her gaze on him. He brushes his thumb over her bottom lip and looks at her with a greedy hunger.

KING (CONT'D)

Let's go back in. Get you a drink.

King puts his arm around her like a boyfriend. Still afraid of the violence she just witnessed, she ironically clings to King, the perpetrator of it.

INT. TRAP HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The music, dance/hiphop, plays loudly. The party lights change colors. Everyone inside is almost zombie-like, slumped over, moving slowly, intoxicated from drink or drugs.

Future, with her eyes, scans the "dying" party guests searching for someone. She shuffles quietly behind King toward a closed door.

King uses a key to unlock a second living room. "The Business Room". This room is clean, furnished with rich leathers and wood. It's free of people. The room contains a large television with the most modern video game system, a PlayStation 1.

King walks over to a mirrored bar cart and pours from a bottle of cranberry juice and mixes in a double shot of vodka.

KING (CONT'D)

Here you go, my girl.

FUTURE

Thank you.

Her hands are shaky as she sips the drink. She is obviously used to this combination.

A pillow drops onto the floor in front of King's feet as he sits on the sofa.

Her small childish hand holds the adult beverage and she nervously picks at her chipped nail polish.

CUT TO:

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL - DAY

Future colors in the missing patches of polish with her pencil.

She sits at a group of four desks all facing each other. The entire class is set up this way. Directly across and beside her are two boys, and diagonal to her is LILY, 11, Asian-American, and Future's best friend.

Future notices Lily has her hand raised and zones back into the class.

GIRL 1

Last year, I broke my leg in a trampoline accident and then because I was in a cast I couldn't go to my cousin's pool party.

Future looks at the chalkboard which reads: "A Challenging Time In Your Life..." MS. MILLER, 24, African-American, hip, young teacher, writes this on the board.

MS. MILLER

Good one. Alright. Next? Lily.

LILY

Can it be any time of your life?

MS. MILLER

Yes. As long as it was challenging and you overcame it.

LILY

So, it can't be last week?

There are giggles from other classmates.

MS. MILLER

If last week was challenging Lily, you can write about it.

LILY

Okay. I will.

MS. MILLER

You don't want to share?

Lily shakes her head no.

MS. MILLER (CONT'D)

Alrighty. Yes, Matthew?

MATT, 11, cute brunette boy, he's just on the outskirts of cool. Lily nudges Future, who blushes looking at Matt.

MATT

Last year my dog died. My Mom and Dad had him since before I was born and it really messed us all up.

Lily drags an index finger down her cheek indicating 'tears'.

Ms. Miller writes on the board.

Future pinches Lily.

LILY

OW!

Ms. Miller looks over to their group and Future is raising her hand.

MS. MILLER

Yes, Future.

FUTURE

In 1st grade, my mom overdosed.

MS. MILLER

Oh.

(beat)

I'm sorry to hear that. That is a challenging time.

Ms. Miller writes on the board. "Mom Died."

The room gets uncomfortably silent. Future slinks down in her chair when she feels a few stares from other groups.

MS. MILLER (CONT'D)

Right, well, I'm going to give you all until the end of class to start on this essay. Remember to mention, What the challenge was, Why you found it challenging, and How you overcame it. If you were able to.

Ms. Miller gives Future a sympathetic glance and then smiles back at the classroom.

LOCKER ROOM - END OF SCHOOL DAY

The locker room is buzzing with activity. Kids slamming doors and chatting, laughing, packing books in bags.

Future is kneeling by her open locker, packing her backpack. Lily leans against the locker beside her.

LILY

Do you want to go to the library later and work on our essays together?

FUTURE

We can't really work on them together. We have different lives.

LILY

Yeah, but, we can work across from each other.

FUTURE

I can ask.

LILY

Plus, I overheard Matt and Roman are going to the library later.

FUTURE

Oh.

Lily giggles and nudges Future.

LILY

You know you want to see him. And hug him. And kiss him. And-

Lily begins faking a make out with the air.

Future slaps Lily's leg to get her to stop before standing up and slinging her bag on one shoulder.

FUTURE

And what are you going to write about? How challenging it is to focus while two hot boys are around you?

LILY

Mayyyyyybe.

FUTURE

Then 'no'. I'm definitely not going to the library.

LILY

Fine. Then just come to my house.

FUTURE

If I can. You know I have to ask. And if no-one is there to watch my brothers-

LILY

Ok. Well ask-

FUTURE

I will. What are you writing about?

LILY

Remember last week when my Moms' found out my bio-mom is pregnant again? And I could have another sibling?

FUTURE

Oh yeah.

LILY

"Oh yeah"? This could ruin my life.
I like being an only child! I don't
want to end up like you.

Future laughs.

FUTURE

Thanks a lot!

Matt passes behind them with a group of boys.

MATT

Hey Future, a bunch of us are going
to the library later. Maybe I'll
see you there?

Future is shocked his speaking directly to her and Lily can't
stop giggling.

LILY

(unnaturally)

What a coincidence, we were just
talking about going to the library.
Weren't we Bestie?

Future nods.

LILY (CONT'D)

She just has to ask her Dad.

MATT

Cool.

Lily nudges Future.

FUTURE

Honestly, I probably won't go. The
library is for research and I
haven't got to research anything
about my own life. Unless someone
wrote a book about me without me
knowing.

LILY

(mumbles)

Yeah they did. It's called
"Clueless."

MATT

Bummer.

One boy from the group pats Matt on the back, consolingly, as he slinks into the crowd feeling rejected.

BOY 1
(to Future)
You're not that hot anyway.

MATT
What the hell man?

The boys all push and shove each other into another direction mumbling over each other, leaving Future and Lily behind.

LILY
Are you the most oblivious girl
alive?

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - LATER

Future and JENN, 15, blonde beautiful and popular, walk together, both wearing backpacks. The girls pass several homes with manicured lawns and seasonal flowers.

An older woman sits on her front steps pruning some plants and waves to the girls from behind her ornate iron gate. They politely return this gesture.

Jenn grabs the hand Future was just waving with.

JENN
Looks like you need a fresh paint
job.

FUTURE
It has been, like, a million years
since we hung out. You're basically
always with your boyfriend these
days.

JENN
Yeah, well, when you're in High
School, you'll understand why I
don't always want to hang around
middle-schoolers.
(beat)
I mean, you're alright. It's just,
you'll see. It's different.

Future doesn't know what this means but doesn't want to seem childish or desperate by asking.

JENN (CONT'D)

Anyway, I learned a cool new design from this magazine. I can paint sunflowers now.

FUTURE

Really?

JENN

Totally. Like salon quality.

FUTURE

Can you do them for me?

JENN

I got a lot of homework tonight. If I finish before 7. I'll call your house.

FUTURE

Thanks, Jenn.

JENN

I haven't done anything yet.

Jenn veers off, up the driveway to her home, directly across the street from Future's similarly picturesque house.

As Future nears her backdoor, a commotion is heard from inside. A booming muffled voice. Future enters cautiously.

INT. FAMILY HOME - CONTINUOUS

Future enters a modest suburban kitchen.

The fridge displays a few children's drawings, vegetable magnets, a school calendar and an all A report card with Future's name on it. A decorative dish towel that reads "Kiss the Cook" is folded carefully over the stove.

Future drops her bag by the kitchen table, and begins pulling out her homework supplies.

Muffled arguing is still heard.

Future realizes her pen doesn't work and goes to a junk drawer. She pushes around several envelopes that in red print say "Final Notice," and "PAST DUE". With a new found pen, the kind with different color ink cartridges, she scribbles on her hand to test the ink. She returns to the table and writes in green at the top of her page: *"A Challenging Time in My Life" by Whitney Future Wilson.*