

**DEAD IN THE EYES**

"PILOT"

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INT. THERAPIST OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

We open on JORDAN WILLIAMS, early 20s, African American. He sits on a plush sofa in a bougie ass apartment. Right off the bat, we can tell Jordan feels out of place in this joint.

He looks nervous and uncomfortable. Dark circles form underneath his eyes. He is tired. We get the feeling a heavy load is weighing down on him.

Jordan leans forward, staring intensely into the camera. Suddenly, he begins talking in a low voice.

JORDAN

(to the camera)

Dealing with grief is hard. We try to pretend like it's an easy thing to deal with... but the truth is... the shit is tough.

THERAPIST LADY (O.S.)

So, how are you doing?

His voice grows louder.

JORDAN

(to the camera)

If I'ma be honest, the shit is more than tough. It is fuckin' hell. It's like tryin' to move a boulder up a hill... BUTT NAKED. IN YOUR DRAWLS. IN THE BLISTERING COLD. Just when you think you got the damn thing to the top, it comes rollin' back down and knocks your ass over. ON THE CHILLING PAVEMENT.

(brief pause)

Yeah, I stay gettin' my Black ass back up. And fightin' the good fight. I mean what other choice is there but death?

THERAPIST LADY (O.S.)

Jordan... are you with me today?  
How are we doing?

Jordan snaps out of it. He avoids making eye contact with the THERAPIST LADY. He fidgets in his seat. His leg shakes anxiously.

JORDAN

I'm doin' alright.

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The therapist lady smiles, awkwardly. She is a hippy dippy white woman in her early 40s. You know, the kind that shops at Natural Groceries, eats nothing but salads, and hangs a BLM sticker on the back window of her van. Yeah, that kind of white woman.

THERAPIST LADY

Good. Good. I'm glad to hear that. To recap, the last time we spoke you said that you were having a hard time dealing with the passing of your father --

Jordan looks about ready to fight. He adjusts his posture.

JORDAN

(irritated)  
M-my brother.

THERAPIST LADY

My apologies. Right! Your brother. But, you mentioned the other day that he was more like a father figure to you. Is that correct? Or maybe, am I remembering our conversation wrong.

JORDAN

You not wrong. But to be clear, he was my brother.

THERAPIST LADY

Okay, he was your brother. Would you rather me refer to him as your brother or as your --

JORDAN

Please, just refer to him by his first name.

THERAPIST LADY

Remind me again what his first name was?

JORDAN

Michael.

THERAPIST LADY

Alright, I'll refer to him as Michael, if that's okay with you.

Jordan nods his head in agreement.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

THERAPIST LADY

Let me make a quick note here in my documents, to be sure I don't mess that up next time.

The therapist lady quickly writes down a note in her pad. She raises her head and smiles, slightly even more awkward.

Jordan seems detached from the conversation (like he would rather be somewhere else.) But he is here instead, talking with this white woman.

THERAPIST LADY

Like I was saying, the last time we spoke you mentioned you were struggling with the recent passing of Michael. Have things changed or do you still feel the same way?

JORDAN

The same.

THERAPIST LADY

Can you expand some more. What have you been feeling?

JORDAN

(to the camera)

You know, it's hard tryin' to find the right person to talk about these kind of things. I honestly don't know why I keep comin' back to see this white woman. If my family knew that I was talkin' to a random lady 'bout this kind of stuff, they would have a full-blown melt down and drag my ass down to see the pastor. Like, what you mean you goin' to therapy? What you mean you need help? You better turn it over to God and figure your shit out in private.

The therapist lady waves.

THERAPIST LADY

Jordan, come back to me. I feel like I keep losing you. Are we focused on doing the work today? Or would you rather be somewhere else?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Jordan would rather be somewhere else. He stares out the window. He is distracted by the beautiful Chicago city landscape. The therapist lady sighs in frustration.

THERAPIST LADY

(snaps finger)

H-hello? Am I talking to myself?  
You know this is your time. Not mine.

JORDAN

I'm sorry. I'm here. What did you ask again?

THERAPIST LADY

(visibly frustrated)

I-I asked for you to share what you have been feeling since we last spoke. Please, do share.

JORDAN

I've been feelin' all sorts of things. All kinds of emotions.

Jordan looks back out at the window. Then back towards the room, unsure of himself.

THERAPIST LADY

Like what?

JORDAN

Sad. Anxious. Tired. Overwhelmed. How else are you 'spose to feel when someone you love passes? I feel it all and nothing at the same time. If you know what I mean.

THERAPIST LADY

I understand. Thank you for sharing. Everyone handles grief a little bit different. Contrary to popular belief, there is no pre-described way of handling loss in your life. It is natural to feel the things you're feeling right now. Grief... is not an easy thing to cope with, especially by yourself. Have you shared any of these emotions with someone you love outside this circle? You know it's alright opening up to family and people you care about.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

THERAPIST LADY (CONT'D)

It's really important for you to surround yourself with people who can reaffirm your emotions and support you in times of need. Do you have someone like that?

JORDAN

Have what?

THERAPIST LADY

Do you have a person in your life - like a friend, partner or a family member - who can support you? Someone other than me?

Jordan pauses for a moment to think. He is unsure how to answer. Suddenly, he jumps up from his seat.

JORDAN

(grabs backpack)

Look... I appreciate your time, but I gotta go.

THERAPIST LADY

(stammering)

J-Jordan... what just happened? Please wait, let's sit back down and talk. I feel like we're starting to make -

Jordan turns around, sharply.

JORDAN

I'm not sure if you're a good fit for me -- I'm not really feelin' you as my therapist. I think I'ma look for another professional somewhere here in the city who can, you know, relate to what I'm going through.

Jordan rushes out the door. The therapist lady sits in the room alone. She shakes her head in disbelief.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN CHICAGO - LATE AFTERNOON

Jordan stands in the busy crowd looking lost. Pedestrians pass him by without noticing him. He pulls out his phone.

We see a TEXT MESSAGE on screen:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HU: "U tryin to grab some food?"

JORDAN: "Where at?"

We see a TEXT MESSAGE typing onscreen:

"..."

HU: There's this pho place in Uptown. U down?

WE see a TEXT MESSAGE typing onscreen:

Jordan: Bet. I'll meet you there!

Jordan puts his headphones in and disappears into the crowd.

We HEAR the sound of a train pass by quickly.

SMASH CUT to train speeding down the tracks with an image of passengers sitting against the window.

FADE TO BLACK:

TITLE: SIX WEEKS EARLIER

INT. JORDAN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jordan sits at his desk in his apartment. We watch closely as he works on an architectural model. The model is impressive. His fingers move quickly, fidgeting with small bits and pieces of material.

We HEAR rap music BLASTING in the background.

Maybe it's Drake? Maybe the City Girls? The volume is so loud we can't make out the song or the lyrics. The only thing we're focused on right now is the impressive model.

With precession, Jordan carefully cuts through thin strips of wood using an X-acto knife. He is incredibly focused and determined. We close in on the model, revealing different angles, admiring the work.

Suddenly, the phone rings. Jordan turns down the music and answers it.

JORDAN

Hello?

INT. WILLIAMS RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

RHONDA WILLIAMS, 60, stands in the kitchen, leaning against the counter.

RHONDA  
Hey, babe. How are you?

JORDAN  
Hey mom. I'm doin' good.

RHONDA (O.S.)  
What are you doing?

INTER CUIT - PHONE CONVERSATION

Jordan is still working on his model. He multi-tasks as he talks on the phone.

JORDAN  
I'm working on my final project for school.

RHONDA  
Oh, how's it going?

JORDAN  
It's going alright. I'm ready to be done and come home for break.

RHONDA  
I know baby! I can't wait for you to be here. It feels so long since I last saw you.

JORDAN  
I just saw you on Thanksgiving.

RHONDA  
Like I said, it feels so long since I last seen you. Your mama misses you.

JORDAN  
Well, I can't wait to see you and everyone.

RHONDA  
I know... I'm so excited. It's going to be a great holiday with you here. Have you talked to your brother?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Jordan stops what he is doing. His full attention is on the conversation now. We feel a shift in the mood.

JORDAN

No, I haven't talked to him since I left.

RHONDA

Oh, really... Are you still upset about the argument ya'll had?

JORDAN

Nah, I'm good. I haven't really thought much about what happened. I have been busy focusing on school and getting stuff done. I kind of moved on and forget about it.

RHONDA

You should really think about givin' him a call. You know he is always out there on the road by himself. He would love to hear from you.

JORDAN

He can always call me if he wants to talk.

RHONDA

Don't do that.

JORDAN

Do what?

RHONDA

Don't be stubborn. There is no sense in holdin' on to all that negative energy.

Jordan leans back in his chair. He stares out the window in-front of his desk (admiring a beautiful view of the Chicago landscape.)

JORDAN

I'm not holdin' on to anything... The only thing I'm holding on to is stress and failing grades. I haven't been thinkin' bout it. It's whatever. We had our words and now I'm over it. Really. I'm good.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RHONDA

It doesn't sound like whatever. I can tell that you're still bothered by it. You know your brother was talkin' from a place of love - but you know how he gets when he starts drinking - the words don't come out right. And I'm not trying to make excuses for him, but you should really think about giving him a call. And talking to him - brother to brother.

All of a sudden the tone in Jordan's voice changes.

JAYDREN

(shaking)

You know, mom... I hear what you're sayin', and I appreciate it, but why do I always gotta be the bigger person every time we get into an argument? I appreciate your tryin' to be the peacemaker and what not, but I'm tired of being the bigger person. When is he goin' to step up and do his part, huh? 'Cause the phone works both ways, and I don't mean no disrespect.

A beat. Jordan holds the phone. Rhonda doesn't say anything for a moment.

RHONDA (O.S.)

I hear you, son. And I know it's hard 'cause your brother practically raised you. But please, just give him a call. Don't be stubborn.

JORDAN

I guess I'ma be stubborn and petty then. 'Cause nothin' is changing over here. It is what it is. I don't feel like tryin' to explain myself or get through to him anymore.

RHONDA

Alright... Well, if that's what you wanna do. I can't push you.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

RHONDA (CONT'D)

Ya'll are both two grown men who pay grown ass bills, who can make up your own minds. That's all I got to say.

JORDAN

Alright, I love you. I'll see you soon.

RHONDA

I love you too. Take it easy, baby.

END INTERCUT

Jordan hangs up the phone. He sighs in frustration.

BRANDON LEWOOD, early 20s, African American, walks towards the doorway. He is happy and energetic.

BRANDON

Knock! Knock!

Jordan turns around in his chair. He still has an attitude.

JORDAN

The door is open nigga!!

Brandon enters, enthusiastically. He has an infectious energy that warms the room.

BRANDON

What you doin' tonight?

JORDAN

What does it look like I'm doing?

BRANDON

Shit.

JORDAN

I'm workin' on a school project.

BRANDON

Yup, I figured as much ... fuckin' shit. Do you wanna go out with me and Dez and grab some drinks?

JORDAN

Nah man! I got to finish workin' on my final project. I'm hella behind on it. And my professor has been on my ass about it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

BRANDON

Fuck yo professor! Get yo ass up!  
You been stuck in the house all  
weekend lookin' stank.

Jordan smells his sweatshirt. He makes a face (like damn,  
I do smell.)

JORDAN

Damn... do I really look stank?

BRANDON

Stank! You need get up and take a  
shower, and come outside and have  
some drinks! Come on!

JORDAN

Yo! I really want to but foreal, I  
can't tonight. I need to get this  
project done.

Brandon looks disappointed.

BRANDON

Don't you wanna celebrate?

JORDAN

Celebrate what?

BRANDON

Life man! What other reason is  
there to celebrate fo? Let's pop  
some tags and shake some ass!

Brandon hypes up Jordan. He starts twerking and dancing.  
Jordan laughs and tries to decide what he is going to do.  
He throws his hands up in the air and jumps out of his  
seat with excitement.

JORDAN

FUCK IT!

BRANDON

Let's go!!

Jordan and Brandon are both hype.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

I was born by the rivvvverrrr!

JORDAN

(laughs)  
The river!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

BRANDON

Rit-rit-rit!

JORDAN

Rit! Rit!

BRANDON

I was born by the river! I was  
shakin' my ass! I was poppin' my  
pussy!!

JORDAN

Gettin' my cash!

Brandon dances as Jordan hurries to grab some fresh clothes out his dresser.

BRANDON

Alright, hurry up and get dressed!  
I'ma tell the group you coming!

JORDAN

Alright bet!

Brandon leaves the room.

Jordan shuts the door and hurries to get dressed for the night. He is ready to turn some corners and have a good time, quickly forgetting about the conversation he just had with his mother.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

QUICK CUTS:

-- JORDAN and Brandon leave their apartment and walk towards the train station

-- They dance on the train station, suddenly a train comes SMASHING into the frame

-- JORDAN and Brandon meet a group of friends

-- The group of friends take shots at a bar

-- They dance and then order more drinks

-- JORDAN and his friends walk to another club, then dance and dance until the late night hours

-- The group of friends shout and dance in the middle of the street

-- People are moving and leaving, coming and going

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-- At the end, JORDAN is shit-faced and Brandon helps him home drunk. He crashes on the couch.

END MONTAGE.

INT. JORDAN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Jordan is knocked out on the couch. He has one shoe off and the other missing. His clothes are wrinkled and stained. He looks like fucking hell.

We HEAR his alarm go off. It RINGS and RINGS.

Suddenly, Jordan wakes up. He is frantic and disoriented.

JORDAN

Fuck! Goddamitt! Shit!

He looks around to find his other shoe. He quickly slips it on, then searches to find his phone and keys. He grabs it then rushes to his bedroom.

INT. JORDAN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

A tornado looks like it just blew a hole in his bedroom. There are pieces of cardboard and wood everywhere. Jordan quickly grabs his backpack and unfinished model.

He rushes out the front door. Descending down the stairs in a hurry, he races out the door of his apartment complex and into the streets.

CUT TO:

INT. UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - HALL WAY - MORNING

Jordan frantically walks to class carrying his model. He is the only Black student we see among the mixed crowd of white, Asian and international students.

He looks stressed and tired. All of the regrets of he night before, follow him.

INT. UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Entering late, Jordan sees his classmates dressed up nice in suits and ties as professors stand over their models, reviewing their work.

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Jordan sticks out like a sore thumb in his going out clothes. Trying to not make a scene, he finds an empty spot and sits his model down. He quickly takes off his coat and backpack and hurries to adjust his model.

An old professor walks by his desk and looks at the model with disappointment. Another, and then another. It's an endless cycle of disappointment as faculty review his work with little care and attention.

A few moments later, DERICK ALLEN, 40, walks in front of Jordan's model. He appears pretentious and full-of-himself.

DERICK

Well, look who it is. I'm happy you finally decided to show up for class, Mr. Williams. For a moment, I didn't know if you were going to make a final appearance as a we close out the semester.

JORDAN

(awkward laugh)  
You know I move with the spirit.

DERICK

Maybe you should consider moving with an alarm clock?

Jordan is silent for a beat. He is taken off guard by the rude comment.

DERICK

Let me see what you have.

Derick examines the model. He doesn't seem satisfied with the work.

DERICK

No, no, non... the proportions are all wrong... Nope, this not it. The front-facing facade is supposed to be on the West corner... And what ratio were you using for the building scale?

JORDAN

(stuttering)  
Um... t-he ratio? I'm not sure. I think, maybe the 1:300

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CONTINUED: (2)

DERICK

What do you mean you're not sure?  
You don't know what you used to  
make the model?

JORDAN

I'm pretty sure the 1:300.

DERICK

It doesn't look like 1:300.

HU NGUYEN, 22, stands next to JORDAN. He smiles and gives a gesture of support as he notices the tension between the two.

JORDAN

Well, it's the 300.

JAMES

So, now you're for sure?

JORDAN

Yes.

Derrick is displeased with the answer. He continues reviewing the work with intense scrutiny.

DERICK

Alright then. Tell me about your  
decision to use foam core with the  
wood textures?

JORDAN

(stuttering)  
I decided to use foam core  
because...

DERRICK

Because what?

Jordan and Derrick glare at each other.

BEGIN MONOLOGUE.

JORDAN

(to camera)  
Yo! What the fuck is your problem?  
You've been nothing but a fuckin'  
prick this entire semester!?  
You've been up my ass ever since I  
stepped foot in your class. Like  
damn? Get off my back!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (3)

JORDAN (CONT'D)

You just mad 'cause your wife is  
gettin' her back blown by a  
college athlete!

The room grows quiet.

DERRICK

Excuse me?

JORDAN

(to camera)  
You heard what the fuck I said!  
DERRICK! Fuck you! And fuck this  
dumb ass class.

Jordan picks up the model and throws it across the room.  
It SMASHES into a thousand pieces.

END MONOLOGUE.

DERRICK

H-hello? Mr. Williams.

JORDAN

I'm sorry what?

DERRICK

I asked what was the reason?

JORDAN

Oh, uh... it was an aesthetic  
design choice. I wanted to give  
contrast to the building.

DERRICK

(scoffs)  
The requirements for the project  
were to use all the same building  
materials for the facade.  
If you were going to work outside  
the parameters, then I would've  
appreciated if you did the bare  
minimum and consulted me first  
instead of working this way--

JORDAN

I'm sorry if that's not what you  
wanted but--

DERRICK

You know, with all due respect,  
I'm not quite sure why you are  
here?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

DERRICK (CONT'D)

Why do you even want to do this?  
Maybe you would be better suited  
doing something else like being a  
handyman or carpenter. I am not  
convinced this program fits you.

Jordan looks devastated.

DERRICK

I'd do some serious thinking about  
your future when you return to  
classes in the spring.

Derrick moves on to another student.

A few moments later, Hu approaches Jordan. He pats his  
friend on the shoulder to encourage him.

HU

Bro. You good?

JORDAN

Yeah, I'm alright. You know, how  
this shit goes.

HU

I already know. I'm sorry man.  
(whispers)  
He's such a fuckin' dick.

JORDAN

Yeah. It's all good. I'm use to it  
by now.

We HEAR a text messages ping.

HU

Well, at least we can relax now  
and enjoy the break. Do you have  
any plans for the holiday?

JORDAN

Yeah, I'ma head back home to see  
my family for Christmas.

The text message keeps going. PING. PING. PING...

HU

Man, is that your phone goin' off?  
It sounds like somebody is blowing  
you up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

JORDAN

Damn. It must be my roommate trippin 'bout somethin'. He is always going off in our group chat about something that happened at his job.

Suddenly the phone rings. JORDAN reaches to grab it.

JORDAN

Aw shit. It's my mom.

Jordan picks up the phone and talks.

JORDAN

Hello?

A beat.

JORDAN

Wait... wait... hold on. What happened? Slow down. Slow down. What's going on?

Another beat.

HU

Is everything alright, man?

Jordan hangs up the phone. He is deflated. It looks like the air in his lungs has evaporated. He has no words.

JORDAN

I-I gotta go.

HU

Alright. Take care.

Hu watches as Jordan hurries out the door. He is confused and worried as his friend leaves in a panic.

CUT TO:

INT. BAPTIST CHURCH - DAY

A packed house full of church goers fill the memorial service. Jordan sits in the audience with his family mourning the loss of his brother, Michael Williams.

A CHOIR harmonizes as UNCLE TOMMY, 65, approaches the podium.

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Unfolding a piece of paper from the inside pocket of his jacket, he begins to give a passionate eulogy about his nephew.

UNCLE TOMMY

(clears throat)

We gather here today to mourn the loss of Michael Jamal Williams. It is with a heavy heart that I stand here today to remember his life.

Rhonda sits in the audience, bawling her eyes out. Slumped over in the seat, she holds onto Jordan as the eulogy begins.

UNCLE TOMMY (CONT'D)

He was a loving brother... son, partner... and community member. A hardworking man who did everything to support those around him, he leaves behind a legacy that is built on kindness, integrity and love.

(holding back tears)

Stepping up to care for his single mother and youngest brother, Michael worked full-time as a truck driver to provide for his family. Earning enough to send his brother to college and pay off his mother's home, he made sure to support those he loved by sharing the blessings he worked hard to achieve.

Even though his death is sudden and tragic, we know that his memory will live on within us all. He touched so many lives around him and worked hard to be a positive force of change. Please, join me as we honor and celebrate his life.

The choir begins harmonizing again.

Applause follows as the melodies fill the room.

We see a portrait of Michael in the background.

CUT TO:

INT. WILLIAMS RESIDENCE - JORDAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Jordan takes off his suit jacket and throws it across the room. He takes a seat on the bed. We notice this is his childhood bedroom. We see pictures of his family on the walls with images of his big brother and mother.

Exhausted. He kicks off his church shoes and falls into the bed. Sobbing. He holds onto a pillow.

Suddenly, we HEAR a knock on the door.

RHONDA (O.S.)  
Are you alright in there?

JORDAN  
(choking)  
Uh, yeah. I'm fine.

RHONDA (O.S.)  
Did you want anything to eat?

JORDAN  
No, I'm not hungry.

RHONDA (O.S.)  
Alright. Well, let me know if you change your mind. I'm going to lay down.

JORDAN  
OK.

Jordan wipes his tears. He closes his eyes and falls asleep.

FADE TO BLACK:

TITLE: PRESENT DAY

INT. PHO RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Jordan sits at a table with Hu, eating. Their bowls are about empty. The WAITER walks over with the check.

WAITER  
Are we going to be separate or on the same check.

HU  
Together.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JORDAN

No, separate.

HU

Man, I got you. Don't worry about it.

JORDAN

Foreal man?

HU

Yeah, I got you.

Hu pulls out his card and hands it to the waiter. The waiter takes it and walks towards the back to pay for the meal.

JORDAN

I really appreciate you.

HU

Don't even mention it. I-I know-- things have been--kind of, uh, difficult. You know, with school and your family. I'm really sorry about your--

JORDAN

Don't even mention it.

The waiter returns with the card and receipt.

HU

Thank you.

JORDAN

How's school going?

HU

It's going alright. Are you still thinkin' bout comin' back?

JORDAN

Nah. I'm going to take a break for a while and decide what I wanna do. I don't really know if I wanna even do architecture anymore.

HU

Bro, you're mad talented. Don't let that shit what Derrick said get you down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JORDAN

It's not him. I just got a lot on my mind.

HU

I understand.

Hu signs the receipt.

JORDAN

You ready?

HU

Yeah, let's go.

Jordan and Hu leave the restaurant. They stand outside, talking on the sidewalk for a moment.

JORDAN

Thanks for inviting me to grab somethin' to eat.

HU

Of course, anytime!

JORDAN

I-I guess, I'll see you.

HU

Yeah man, take it easy. I really mean that.

Jordan and Hu hug and go their separate ways.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

Jordan enters to the train station. He swipes his metro card, and then hurries up the stairs.

He waits on the platform for a train to come. Standing close to the edge, he flips through his phone. Suddenly, he drops his cell phone onto the tracks. Not thinking clearly, he dives after it and falls into the tracks.

JORDAN

Aww shit! Fuck!

For a moment he is knocked unconscious. He slowly comes through, shaking his head.

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Above the tracks is GHOSTFACE, early 70s, African American. He has an awful scar on his face. He looks down at the tracks watching Jordan shake off the fall.

GHOSTFACE (O.S.)

Gah damn! What the hell you doin'!

Jordan is still out of it. We HEAR the train coming in the distance.

GHOSTFACE

You better get yo stupid ass up!  
Don't you see the train comin  
foooolll!? Get up!

Jordan begins to panic. He hurries to rise to his feet, searching for his cell phone.

JORDAN

Where did my phone go?

GHOSTFACE

Forget your phone man! You better  
hurry your ass up and get off the  
tracks!

JORDAN

Help me!

GHOSTFACE

Now what the hell am I 'spose to  
do? I ain't got no skin. You the  
one stuck down there ain't you?  
You should've been watchin' yo  
step!

JORDAN

What the hell man!?

We start to experience a visceral feeling of panic as the train heads towards Jordan.

JORDAN

Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!

Jordan finds his phone on the track and then hurries to climb up.

GHOSTFACE

Ya'll hear this nigga? Somebody  
help him!? He done slip and fell.

The train BLARES. We close in on Jordan staring straight ahead with fear in his eyes.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

A WOMAN on the platform notices Jordan. She waves for help.

WOMAN

Oh my god! Somebody help him!

GHOSTFACE

See... why every time a nigga in danger a white woman wanna scream? Ain't none of that screamin' and hollering is goin' to do a damn thing to help him. My god! What is wrong with these people? Just don't make no sense.

WOMAN

Here! Grab on to my hand. Hurry! Hurry!

Jordan reaches for the woman.

Pulling with all her might and strength, she lifts him off the tracks.

Jordan stumbles to his feet. He is out of breathe.

SMACH CUT the train plows through the platform.

WOMAN

Are you alright?

JORDAN

Yeah, I'm alright --

GHOSTFACE

You sure the hell don't look alright!

JORDAN

Fuck you old man! How you goin' to talk with that nasty scar on your face. You really ain't shit!

The woman is confused as Jordan talks to the air. She doesn't see the man.

WOMAN

Excuse me?

JORDAN

That old man talkin' shit!

WOMAN

What old man?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JORDAN

(points)

The one -- right there!

WOMAN

Sweet heart? There is no old man.  
Do you want me to call for medical  
assistance? I don't think you  
should go home alone like this.

JORDAN

I'm fine.... I'm good.

GHOSTFACE

Fuck you!

JORDAN

Kiss my ass!

The woman looks puzzled as Jordan yells. A crowd of  
people stare in disbelief.

JORDAN

What the hell ya'll all lookin'  
at!?

Angry. Jordan hurries into the train that just about  
killed him.

INT. L TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

Jordan boards the crowded train and finds a seat next to  
the window. He is frightened by what just happened. He  
stares off into the distance as the train starts to move.

He watches as the train leaves behind the woman and  
Ghostface. Next to him, two train passengers have a  
heated discussion about something.

PASSENGER 1

And that's like --  
(inaudible)  
I just don't understand it.

PASSENGER 2

Yeah, they doin' too much.

PASSENGER 1

Right! Doin' absolutely too much!  
And I'ma go the fuck off. I'm  
tellin' you. Believe that! The  
fuck is you talkin' about?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PASSENGER 1 (CONT'D)

I'm not 'bout kissin' nobodies  
ass. That's why I do shit myself.

PASSENGER 2

Don't she got an ole mean nasty  
attitude every time you show up to  
work?

PASSENGER 1

Yeah, girl! Just real mean and  
ugly for no damn reason. She been  
there for years and she act like  
she the one in charge, but it  
really be Miss Jackie who runs  
shit up there! Like what is you  
even talkin' 'bout? Dre can't  
stand her either.

Jordan stares at them like he has just seen a ghost.

PASSENGER 2

Bald headed Dre?

PASSENGER 1

No, the other Dre. The one named  
Andre with dreads.

PASSENGER 2

Oh! That Dre.

PASSENGER 1

Yeah, girl. That Dre. And I told  
you, I'm not 'bout kissin' no  
grown person's ass. Her ass is too  
damn big to be doin' all that. She  
mad cause I wanna take time off.  
I'm not goin' to argue with you  
about when I get to have days off  
when I put my time in... I'm sorry  
you like workin' all the damn  
time, but that's not me. I didn't  
sign up for this bullshit! I got a  
whole ass life with other  
responsibilities.

PASSENGER 2

You know that's nothin' but  
fuckin' control. They just tryin'  
to keep you there 'cause you the  
only one who works.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PASSENGER 1

Exactly! That's nothin but  
control! And I'm not goin' for  
that. Peroid. Point blank.

PASSENGER 2

Fuck dem! Fuck dem foreal!

PASSENGER 1

Yes, I'm bout to go home and have  
a tall glass of whine. 'Cause I  
can't deal with it. I'm 'bout  
ready to find a new job or find me  
a trade or something, 'cause I  
can't keep livin' my life like  
this.

PASSENGER 2

I heard that.

The passenger turns her head towards Jordan.

PASSENGER 1

Can I help you with somethin'?

JORDAN

Nah, I'm good.

PASSENGER 1

Then why the FUCK is you staring!?

JORDAN

I'm sorry.

PASSENGER 1

Yeah, look the other way. I ain't  
got nothing over here for you.  
Move around baby.

PASSENGER 2

What's wrong with these dudes?

PASSENGER 1

Girl... I don't even know! Just  
lookin' mad stupid. Weird ass  
dudes.

We HEAR the train intercom.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

INTERCOM

PLEASE BE CONSIDERATE WHEN YOU'RE  
TALKING ON THE PHONE OR LISTENING  
TO ELECTRONIC DEVICES, SO YOU  
WON'T DISTURB OTHER CUSTOMERS  
RIDING...

INTERCOM

THIS IS ADDISON. SHERIDAN IS NEXT.

The train comes to a stop. Jordan gets up and leaves.

INT. TRAIN STATION - CONTINUOUS

Whipping his head around, Jordan tries to make sense of what just happened. Confused. He finds himself alone on the platform.

The train speeds away.

Disturbed. He hurries home, pacing fast.

FADE OUT.