

TAN

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FADE IN:

EXT. CONNECTICUT - DAVENPORT COUNTRY CLUB - DAY

Three WHITE MEN are waiting in front of the Pro Shack, looking at their phones and glancing at their very expensive watches. They are STEPHEN LANGSTON, 29, short brown hair, mustache, average height; TODD BENLEY, 30, black hair, thin the shortest of the group; and ROBERT CHADWICK JR., 30, brown hair, glasses, overweight.

INT. PRO SHACK - DAY

WILLIAM JOHNSON III, age 30, blonde hair, blue eyes, tall, and very handsome is getting last minute instructions from the GOLF PRO. Like his friends, he is dressed in very expensive designer golf clothes. We hear the SOUND of HIS FRIENDS CALLING. He looks out the window.

GOLF PRO

Now William, just do what I told
you and you'll be fine.

WILLIAM

Let's hope I don't get trapped.

EXT. GOLF COURSE SAND TRAP - DAY

William is in a sand trap and can't get out. Stephen, Todd and Robert are laughing at him.

He swings again, and the ball rolls back into the sand. Robert takes a look around, and seeing they're alone, pulls a marijuana joint out of his pocket, lights it up, takes a hit and hands it to William.

ROBERT

Here Billy, take a private lesson
from Mary Jane.

WILLIAM

Hope it works better than the
Pro's.

William takes a hit.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Mmmm. This is the good shit Bobby
Boy. Where'd you get this?

William passes it to Steve. He Takes a hit. Steve passes it to Todd. He takes a hit.

ROBERT

You know the black guys that hang around outside Grand Central? Got this from the one that looks like Tupac, during lunch on Friday.

WILLIAM

The tough looking black guy with the tattoos?

ROBERT

I call him Tupac 2.

STEPHEN

And when he's in jail, you don't call, right?

All four start laughing. Robert holds up a little pink plastic bag of marijuana. Todd takes the bag from Robert's hand and smells it.

TODD

You got this at Grand Central? In a pink bag? How cute! Pink skunk.

They all start laughing again. As they watch, William casually lines up his sand shot with one hand on the club, closes his eyes, swings flawlessly and hits the middle of the green. The ball rolls into the cup.

ROBERT

William Johnson the Third! You are the man!

WILLIAM?

We should get some more of that from double Tu.

TODD

If he's not in jail, right Stevo?

Just then the Golf Pro yells over from the adjoining fairway.

GOLF PRO

Told ya you wouldn't have any trouble William!

William and his friends laugh hysterically.

EXT. DAVENPORT COUNTRY CLUB POOL - DAY

The pool and deck are filled with sunbathers. They're all upper class white men, women and children. Everyone is healthy, tan and laughing. The towel boys are working hard.

The older adult men are exchanging golf stories over drinks at the bar. William, Stephen, Todd and Robert and a few of their male friends are seated bare chested in bathing suits at a table drinking beers and watching the beautiful girls in hot bathing suits strut by. William is applying sunscreen to his face.

WE HEAR the SOUND of the SNACK BAR CALLING SYSTEM in the background.

WILLIAM
(holding out the sunscreen
tube)
Anybody want some?

STEPHEN
I wanna tan.

WILLIAM
Too tan isn't good for your health.

ROBERT
I'll take some.

William throws the sunscreen to Robert. A beautiful girl walks into the pool area.

WILLIAM
Look at the ass on Bridget Robbins.
Could you imagine?

ROBERT
She's got the best ass I ever saw.
On a white chick.

TODD
In that case she's got the best ass
you ever saw, Bobby Boy.

ROBERT
That's not true. I fucked a black
chick once.

Everyone at the table stops and turns to Robert.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

It was at Harvard. We were at a party. We were drunk. We did it on the roof of the fraternity.

WILLIAM

On the roof? What was it like?

ROBERT

I remember it was pretty precarious. Trying not to fall was half the excitement. But I really don't remember much. She had a beautiful ass, though. I remember that. She was twerkin' it for me on the roof. What a trip. Beautiful. Mmmm.

STEPHEN

Did she give you head?

TODD

Did you use a rubber?

WILLIAM

Did she give you AIDS?

ROBERT

You bet your ass I used one. And I tested negative. For everything.

STEPHEN

I can't believe you actually banged some black strange, Bobby.

ROBERT

You're just jealous.

STEPHEN

I'm not jealous, believe me. Look at all the shit you had to go through to make sure you didn't get sick.

TODD

Well, no worries Bobby Boy. Dere ain't gonna be no ho's twerkin at da parte tonight, ma n-word.

Everyone laughs.

INT. LARGE ESTATE MANSION - NIGHT

It's a large party, perhaps 150, being served hors d' oeuvres and drinks. The bar is open, and packed. The crowd is black tie, blue-blood, rich, 25 to 35, beautiful, successful and white.

LOUD DANCE MUSIC plays. William and his friends enter through the front door.

TODD

Holy shit my man... Brittany what's-her-name is here! See you later.

STEPHEN

He's always got some babe goin'.

ROBERT

Relax, Stevo. There's plenty here for everyone.

(to the group)

Who wants a drink?

STEPHEN

Margarita. Rocks. No salt.

WILLIAM

Martini. Like a desert.

Robert leaves to get the drinks.

STEPHEN

Lots of trim in here Billy boy. Too bad tomorrow's Monday.

WILLIAM

Maybe too bad for you Stevo. You've got too much of a work ethic. I don't plan on going home right after this and write a couple of reports. I just plan on showing up at the agency on time tomorrow. Closing another deal in the morning.

STEPHEN

Nothing wrong with working hard to achieve your goals. Besides, I find hard work therapeutic.

Robert arrives with the drinks.

ROBERT

I agree. Work is rewarding.

WILLIAM

You have to agree. You're his lawyer.

ROBERT

I may be his lawyer, but I don't have to agree that everyone else should work hard... or be penalized for not working hard, or not working at all, for that matter. Just leaves more money for me to make.

STEPHEN

You liberals kill me. It also means more money for us to pay. For the "not working", as in welfare. For having babies before you're ready. Or can afford them, as in welfare. I mean each baby a black or Spanish kid has earns her more money each month. And then, when one of their irresponsible daddies ends up in jail, we have to pay for him too. And his drug treatment! Puh-leeze! I'd rather lock 'em all up. It's a lot cheaper. And really, it would be the best welfare of all. Then at least you'd know where they were and what they were doing. Sure as hell cut down on the crime, too.

ROBERT

Come on Stevo. Most of that "crime" is out-of-pocket weed on a stop 'n frisk.

STEPHEN

I have noooo problem with that.

Todd arrives back with the drinks, and 28 year-old heiress MORGAN THOMPKINS, a brown-haired beauty fresh from the cover of Town and Country.

TODD

Gentlemen, may I introduce Morgan...

MORGAN

Thompkins. And I already know you Robbie, you silly goose.

She grabs Robert's left love handle and tweaks it.

STEPHEN

I have one of those too, but it's
more over in the middle... and
lower.

They all laugh.

MORGAN

And smaller.

They all laugh.

ROBERT

Congratulations on your Town and
Country cover, Jeannie. You looked
so, so...

WILLIAM

(aside to TODD))
So rich.

ROBERT

...so well-bred.

MORGAN

Why thank you Robbie.
(to the group)
Jean Luc shot it. He's very, how
can I say, artistically complex. It
was his vision. He saw the real me.

WILLIAM

(aside to Todd)
And her daddy's real estate
portfolio.

A girl rushes up, whispers something in Morgan's ear, and
pulls her away to meet another guy.

ROBERT

(cocking his ear))
Gentlemen, I believe I hear a
blizzard in the kitchen. Bring your
shovels.

INT. ESTATE MANSION KITCHEN - NIGHT

Waiters are rushing around, carrying trays of food out
swinging doors. The FRENCH CHEF is barking orders. William,
Todd, Stephen and Robert are huddled in an alcove off to one
side.

Robert takes out a small bottle of cocaine, puts some on the back of his hand, snorts it, and winces.

ROBERT
(catching his breath)
Now that's a fuckin' avalanche!

He hands the bottle to William, who takes a snort, winces and hands it to Stephen.

Suddenly a FAT BLACK WAITER walking by with a huge tray of food slips and flies backward, smashing into a gigantic pink frosted birthday cake with a TREMENDOUS CRASH. The cake smashes onto the floor, pink frosting covering him.

Everyone freezes. The French Chef comes running over. There is dead silence.

FRENCH CHEF
What the fuck did you do! You fucking asshole! You fucked up the cake. Three days of work. I'm fucked. Get the fuck out of here. You're fired. I knew you'd be trouble. You people are always trouble. Get the fuck out of here!

BLACK WAITER
Holy shit. Holy shit. I'm sorry man. Oh my God!

FRENCH CHEF
Get the fuck outta here you stupid motherfucker!

BLACK WAITER
Yo. I said I was sorry. I slipped. It's slippery.

FRENCH CHEF
You slipped? With all that rhythm you niggers got? I bet if it was a basketball you would have caught it. Get the fuck outta here you motherfucker!

BLACK WAITER
(angrily)
Who you callin' a nigger? And I ain't leavin' without my money! My family needs it.

FRENCH CHEF
Money? Money! I'll kill you!

The French Chef starts to move toward the waiter. The waiter takes a step back and looks over at a large knife resting on the corner of the counter next to him. He hesitates.

A white waiter who is standing behind the black waiter reaches past the knife to a saute pan, grabs it and hits him over the head with it.

The black waiter slumps to the ground in a daze. The chef takes a step forward and kicks the waiter in the gut. The waiter moans. The Chef tries to kick him again, but the SOUS-CHEF restrains him. The Chef gains his composure.

FRENCH CHEF (CONT'D)

Henri, Handel, throw him out! Out the delivery door then clean up this mess.

(to the other waiters)

Get that food moving. Move!

Suddenly everyone springs into action. The French Chef shakes off the Sous-Chef. Two white waiters drag the black waiter out the back door.

FRENCH CHEF (CONT'D)

(to the Sous-Chef)

Go back to our kitchen and get a twenty-four inch base and three eighteen-inch layers and one twelve-inch topper. And the flowers, the pre-bakes and a gallon of pink. Use my car. And hurry up!

He hands the Sous-Chef the keys, and goes back to the stove. He swears in French under his breath.

WILLIAM

Jesus.

STEPHEN

I told you. You can't trust those people. You saw what happened. He was gonna go for the knife. Could have killed him. You saw it. They turn vicious.

ROBERT

Well, it was an accident. And he wanted to get paid. And he was the one that was attacked. Hell, I'm not even sure if he was going for the knife. What do you think William?

WILLIAM

Maybe we should call an ambulance.
He looked like he was really hurt.

STEPHEN

And say what? There was an assault?
Forget it.

TODD

(looking at the coke vial
in Robert's hand)
Besides, Bobby Boy's holding. No
cops please. And like Stevo says,
it's none of our business anyway.

STEPHEN

It'll be our business if he comes
back and sprays this place with an
assault rifle. Or torches it. You
read about that all the time. They
come back.

WILLIAM

I'm going back inside.

TODD

Me too. Near a door.

They all laugh nervously. Robert puts the coke away and they
move quickly back through the kitchen doors and out onto the
main floor.

EXT. SOUTHPORT CT STREET - DAY (DAWN)

It's dawn, and William is running on the side of the road in
his neighborhood. The houses are huge, each with acres of
beautifully landscaped lawns around them. There are horses in
some of the fenced pastures.

William is listening to the latest rap song.

INT. METRO NORTH TRAIN TO NEW YORK - DAY

William, Todd, Steve and Robert are talking about the sports
news in the papers they are reading. William looks up from
his.

WILLIAM

Looks like I'm in pretty good
company. Tiger also hit the hole
from the sand yesterday.

TODD

Yeah. But he didn't have his eyes closed.

ROBERT

He's so good. I bet he'd be a great basketball player. The way he drives, three-pointers would not be a problem.

STEPHEN

I wonder if Lebron plays golf?

WILLIAM

I wonder if Tiger is richer than Lebron?

ROBERT

I wonder who the richest athlete in the world is?

STEPHEN

Black or white?

TODD

White.

WILLIAM

I say he's black.

ROBERT

Does anybody really know? And what if it's a girl? Like one of those tennis players?

TODD

Black or white?

As they laugh, the train pulls into the 125th Street station. The doors open, and among the new riders are three black men in their early 20s.

They are wearing oversized jeans that are hanging below their waist, big T-shirts, and tattoos. They are tough-looking, with dark glasses and lots of gold jewelry. One has a scar on his cheek, another a gold grill.

They are eyeing everyone in the train carefully.

WILLIAM

(under his breath to Robert)

(MORE)

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Now these guys are not professional athletes.

The three black guys sit down by the door of the train directly across from William and his friends. They look closely at them then begin to talk amongst themselves.

William strains to hear what they are saying, but can't understand it, and quietly goes back to reading the sports page. The train pulls into Grand Central.

INT. GRAND CENTRAL TRAIN PLATFORM - DAY

The doors of the train open, and out step the three black guys, followed by William and his friends.

William watches as they get to the middle of Grand Central and meet up with two cute black girls who are waiting for them. William and his friends ascend the escalator to the main lobby.

WILLIAM

I'm out at six tonight. Anybody else?

TODD

Not tonight. I'm taking a CEO to dinner. Le Cirque.

ROBERT

Nice work if you can get it. I'm in court today. Last minute, as usual. Pain in the ass. All I need is one big case and I can open my own firm.

WILLIAM

Plan your life, life your plan.

STEPHEN

(to group)

Same tee time next weekend?

ALL

Hell yeah!

William peels off and continues alone north through Grand Central to his ad agency on Park Avenue.

INT. CROWLEY DUNSFORTH & STANTON ADVERTISING CORPORATE
OFFICES - DAY

William is hanging his jacket behind the door and sitting down at a desk drinking a cup of coffee and talking into his phone.

WILLIAM

Why do you want to run just ten day
parts a week, when for an extra
mill you can have the entire night
flight, lower the cost of your
reach by 20% and double your
demographic. Your individual
impressions will be through the
roof, not to mention your ROI.

(pauses)

That's the right move. You'll thank
me for this.

(pauses)

I'll be over in an hour and we'll
put it to bed.

William clicks off, stands up, takes his now empty coffee cup in hand, and walks down the hall to the corporate coffee room. Smart looking men dressed in the latest Italian suits, and attractive women in smart, sexy skirts and blouses are congratulating him on his latest account win. He slides into the coffee area. There is a very pretty 26 year-old, blonde ACCOUNT EXECUTIVE bending over getting something from the refrigerator. Her butt is looking lovely in her tight skirt. William makes sure they are alone, then reaches over and gently caresses her ass. She jumps up and turns around.

ACCOUNT EXECUTIVE

Mr. Johnson! You know that's sexual
harassment. I could sue you.

WILLIAM

As long as I'm guilty.

ACCOUNT EXECUTIVE

(smiling at him in mock
shock)

Oh William, you know you are.

WILLIAM

How about over drinks at Melon's
after work.

ACCOUNT EXECUTIVE

Six?

William finishes getting his coffee.

WILLIAM

Perfect. I'm going over to close a bigger spend with the pharma client. Could take all day.

ACCOUNT EXECUTIVE

I'll hit you up later. And see if you can get me some more of those yummy free samples.

She winks at William. William smiles at her, then looks at his watch.

WILLIAM

Ooops. Gotta leave right now.
(peeks behind her and
looks at her ass)
Nice lookin' ass.

ACCOUNT EXECUTIVE

It's gonna look even nicer tonight.

She mouths a little kiss for him.

EXT. 46TH STREET - DAY

William is striding rapidly south on Park Avenue towards 47th street on his way to the meeting. He has his ear buds in and his jacket is flaring as he walks. We HEAR the rap song he is listening to. Suddenly the bright sunny sky darkens. It begins to rain. William takes his ear buds out and runs under a bank awning on the corner of Park and 47th. It's pouring. We hear THUNDER, and see LIGHTENING flash up near the Waldorf Astoria Hotel at 49th street. He is alone.

Suddenly a BLACK GUY also runs under the awning.

He is William's height, tattooed, unshaven with a mustache, and a big chunk of gold where a front tooth used to be. He has on basketball sneakers, untied; dirty fat jeans with huge pockets; a large grey sweat shirt with a sleeve pocket; and a red baseball cap pulled over cornrow hair. He looks late twenties, early thirties.

They are the only two under the awning. William looks at him a little too long, then looks away.

BLACK GUY

(to William)

Want sumptin' guy?

William turns back to the black guy.

BLACK GUY (CONT'D)
Got it good. Get it early.

The black guy looks down at his own right hand. William follows his gaze to see it is holding five pink bags, just like the one Todd had.

THUNDER rumbles close by. William looks back at the black guy's face.

BLACK GUY (CONT'D)
Dimes.

William looks around to make sure they are alone, reaches into his pocket, takes out a roll of bills, peels off \$10 and puts the wad back in his pocket. He hands the black guy the bill, and puts his fingers on one of the bags.

As he touches the bag lightning hits the awning post. There's a TREMENDOUS EXPLOSION and a huge flash!

The explosion blows William through the glass door of the bank. He lands on the bank floor, raises his bleeding head, then falls back, unconscious.

EXT. AMBULANCE - MOVING - DAY

SIREN blaring, an ambulance rockets through the streets.

INT. AMBULANCE - MOVING - DAY

A MEDIC is leaning over a stretcher. She is Spanish, about 30, overweight, with a person's name tattooed on her arm, and a silver hoop through the right side of her bottom lip. In the front seat of the ambulance is the DRIVER, black, about 35 years old.

William is lying on the stretcher with his burned face covered with bloody bandages.

DRIVER
(to the female medic)
Da vic still out? Wha's he got in
his pants?

The medic reaches inside a pants pocket. She pulls out some pink bags.

MEDIC
Whoa. Looky here! Dis nigger
infected wid da kush!

William is slowly beginning to gain consciousness.

WILLIAM

Oooohhhh.

DRIVER

Wha da vic's name?

The medic reaches into the other pocket and starts to pull out a bunch of address cards and ID that's held together with a rubber band.

As he holds the cards, William opens his eyes, and awkwardly tries to grab the ID packet with his right hand. His bandaged arm looks like it has been badly burned in the explosion.

WILLIAM

Hey! Exactly what do you think
you're doing ma'am? Those belong to
me.

The medic looks at William strangely, then pushes William's hand aside and reads from the top card.

MEDIC

His Welfare ID says dis assho'
Willie Johnson. Sup Willie Johnson?
You got any cash?

WILLIAM

My name is not Willie. My name is
William Johnson the Third, and I'm
going to file a complaint on this
ambulance when I get to the
hospital, you can believe me.

DRIVER

(shouting back and
laughing)
Yeah, but nobody else gonna,
nigger!

MEDIC

And you say anything, we snitch da
chronic. Den you cuffed to dis
gurney in the hospital. An if you
ain't Willie Johnson, who dis
nigger on your welfare card?

The medic holds up the card in front of William and he sees the name "Willie Johnson", and next to it a picture of the black guy from the explosion.

William reaches over and unbuckles the restraint cords, sits up, grabs the welfare card from the medic and looks at the picture intently.

As he stares at the picture, he looks over at his blackened, half bandaged hand. He touches the black part lightly. A look of astonishment crosses his face.

Suddenly, William grabs the end of the bandage wrapping his head and unravels it. As it drops around his neck William looks in the back window of the ambulance. He sees the face of the black guy who sold him the weed reflecting back.

His right cheek is swollen and there are some deep bloody cuts on his forehead and around his mouth, but the bleeding is beginning to stop. William looks back at the card, then back at the reflection. His mouth drops open -- the gold tooth glints in the reflection.

WILLIAM

What the fuck?

MEDIC

Lay the fuck down!

As the ambulance slows so traffic can clear a path for it, William jumps up from the stretcher, grabs the rest of the cards from the medic's hand, kicks open the back door, and hits the ground running.

EXT. EAST 58TH STREET AND SECOND AVENUE - DAY

William is running as fast as he can. People are staring at him. He takes a look at himself as he runs past a long retail window. He sees the black guy from the lightning explosion in the reflection, with his pants hanging down, and bloody cuts on his forehead and face.

As he rounds the corner he almost knocks over a policeman. William panics and runs out into the street. The policeman starts to follow William into the street with his hand on his gun.

William makes it to the other side, and runs into a subway stairwell. The policeman enters after William.

William exits calmly across the street. His shirt is tucked in his pants, which are now waist high. He drops his red baseball cap in a mailbox, and slowly rounds the corner.

EXT. CORNER OF 46TH AND PARK - DAY

William is staring across the street to the scene of the lightning explosion. The door to the bank is caved in and there is yellow police tape cordoning off the area.

Two MORGUE ATTENDANTS come out of the bank with a body bag. They load it into the back of a morgue panel truck.

Behind William, also watching, is a white homeless woman, and off to one side, a young heavier black guy with dreadlocks and a purple bandana, about 30, TYRONE WASHINGTON, a.k.a. BLINKY.

BLINKY (O.S.)
Willie. Psst. Yo. Willie.

William turns around and looks at the homeless lady.

Blinky steps a little bit more into view.

BLINKY (CONT'D)
Willie. Whas up wich you, nigger?
You fucked up Willie. And where'd
you go? We was supposed to kick off
today right here.

WILLIAM
Are you talking to me?

BLINKY
Yeah, I'm talkin' wich you
Willie. You don' know me? It's me,
Blinky.

WILLIAM
I never saw you before this second,
buddy.

BLINKY
Willie, dat lightening thang fuck
y'all up. We gots to git you outta
here, nigger. Dat white boy be dead
Willie. Gots to git back uptown.
You don' know me? It's Blinky.

WILLIAM
Uptown? Uptown?

BLINKY
Shit Willie, you dun forgot
everythang? Harlem, nigger. The
reservation. Where we all live yo.
Shi', les go.

WILLIAM
Where I live? Hold it, I live in
Connecticut.

Blinky shakes his head and grabs William by the arm. William starts to pull back.

At that moment a police officer starts to cross the street towards them, listening to his radio.

William lets Blinky pull him around the side of the building and through a small black door.

INT. SUBWAY STAIRCASE - DAY

Blinky locks the door from the inside with a slide bar, and leads William down a set of darkened stairs, They quietly step onto the end of a subway platform. The train is just pulling in. Blinky leads William onto the train. The doors close, and the train pulls out.

INT. SUBWAY CAR - DAY

William and Blinky sit down next to each other. The other passengers are mostly white, clean-cut and well-dressed, and are looking at William's cut face.

William is dazed and confused. He rests his head against the window, staring blankly. Blinky takes his bandana off his head and puts it around William's, covering the cuts. He licks his hand and wipes some dried blood from William mouth. There is still one cut on his cheek that is clearly visible.

The other riders lose interest and go back to what they were doing.

INT. HARLEM SUBWAY PLATFORM - DAY

The train is pulling into the station. Everyone in the car is now black. Nobody is looking at them. The train comes to a stop, the doors open, and Blinky leads William out and up the stairs to the street.