

Roy's N the Hood
by
Baldassaro Candella

EXT. 100-STORY GLASS TOWER

SUPER: LOWER MANHATTAN -- NEW YORK

INT. LARGE EXECUTIVE OFFICE

MARTIN ASTOR, 55, resembles Martin Sheen in "The West Wing".

He stands and pours a glass of Louis XIII Cognac. The speakerphone on his Parnian desk has a conference call going on.

Martin sips the Cognac and surveys the expansive views of the city from his floor-to-ceiling windows.

SPEAKERPHONE

Martin, what do you want to do about China?

MARTIN

China? We do what we always do with China. Be nice and show them respect. While we take their money.

He smiles smugly.

SPEAKERPHONE

And if they question the trades?

Martin sets his drink down and walks over to the speakerphone.

MARTIN

You tell them, if they don't trust us, take your money back to Beijing and make 3 percent.

The doors to Martin's office BURST open.

SUIT 1

Martin Astor?

MARTIN

Who are you? The hell is this?

SPEAKERPHONE

Martin? You ok?

Martin's assistant VICTORIA trails the two suits into the room.

VICTORIA

Mr. Astor, I tried to stop them.

SUIT 1

Mr. Astor, my name is T.J. Grace,
I'm from the SEC, This is J.K. Allen
from the IRS.

Martin stares at them for a minute, trying to think two steps ahead.

SPEAKERPHONE

Martin?

MARTIN

It's fine. It's fine. Guy's, we'll
have to pick this up later.

He clicks off the phone.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Victoria, I'm fine, please close the
doors.

She obliges.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Quite an entrance gentleman. Sit
down.

They sit in the two available chairs but pull them strangely close together.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

So, how are you?

J.K.

T.G.I.F. right? But we're good. I
think we work good together.

T.J. nods.

J.K. (CONT'D)

He has ADD, and I have OCD, so it's
really about...

T.J.

Patience.

They stare at each other.

J.K.

Patience, that's right.

T.J. puts his hand on J.K.'s knee. They stare at each other for a few more seconds.

MARTIN

So, he's IRS and you're SEC.

T.J.

I'm SEC, he's IRS. You are the CFO of ML Enterprises correct?

MARTIN

Tell me you could have found that out without coming all the way down here.

Martin smiles. He coyly steals a glance at his mammoth computer screens filled with data, stealthily shutting them off.

J.K.

I don't know know if you caught MSNBC this morning--

MARTIN

I'm more of a CNN man.

T.J.

Here's the deal Martin. You're done. Everyone...is done here.

MARTIN

Come again?

T.J.

FYI, your CEO, AKA Jimmy Lovine is AWOL. Possibly R.I.P.

MARTIN

AWOL?

T.J.

That's right.

Martin's mind races.

T.J. (CONT'D)

I can see your synapses firing. What do we know? Where's Jimmy? How much money is left?

J.K.

All good questions.

T.J.

Mind your P's and Q's ASAP, and maybe you'll get the answers.

Martin stands up and paces.

MARTIN
The ML Enterprises IPO?

J.K.
It's D.O.A, there is no IPO.

T.J.
Your CEO knew that and that's why
he's MIA.

MARTIN
B.S.

J.K.
B.S.? The V.I.P. treatment from
investors is over. Look, I can tell
your P.O'd.

Martin throws his glass against the wall. He gets close to
them, red-faced.

MARTIN
F.U.!

T.J. looks furious, J.K. touches him and motions for him to
breathe.

J.K.
Do your exercises.

T.J. breathes in and out.

T.J. (calmly)
No, F.U. You can't steal your clients
401K's and IRA's. Might want to get
that fancy lawyer of yours on standby.

They both get up and brush their suitpants off, getting the
creases out. J.K. picks a piece of lint off T.J's suit.

They start to head to the door while Martin puts on his best
fake smile.

On their way out both suits notice the 80-inch flat screen
on the wall.

T.J. (CONT'D)
HD?

MARTIN
Out!

EXT. LARGE ESTATE

SUPER: FAIRFIELD COUNTY - CONNECTICUT

ROY ASTOR, 17, looks like a young Brandon Walsh, circa 1992 Beverly Hills 90210.

He sifts through his closet which is larger than most houses.

The clothes hanging up are classy, preppy and upscale. But he opens up a chest of special clothes.

He presses a button and the closet opens up to reveal an ipod player hooked to six large speakers. He presses play and DMX begins to growl the "Ruff Ryders Anthem".

FROM SPEAKERS: Stop, drop, shut em down, open up shop//That's how Ruff Ryders roll.

He strips off his blazer and khakis revealing a toned, lean body.

The chest of clothes has vintage sports jerseys, hats, sneakers, and ridiculously large bling.

He looks into the 12-foot mirror and lip syncs to DMX while he tries on his new gear, and begins to dance.

ROY (singing)

Is yall niggas crazy?//I'll buss you
and be swazy//stop actin like a
baby//mind your business lady//nosy
people get it too//when you see me
spit at you.

A figure appears in the mirror while Roy gets down. Roy is so into it he doesn't notice.

The figure is Colin Fowler, 17. If Roy is a young Brandon Walsh, Colin is his Dylan McKay.

Colin is decked out in a powder blue track suit and LL Cool J Kangol hat.

Roy sees him and kills the music.

COLIN (singing)

I'm going back to cali, cali, cali.

Roy smiles and jumps in.

ROY/COLIN (yelling)

I'm goin' back to cali, yeah y'all,
I don't think so.

They laugh and slap five.

COLIN

What do you think, pretty pimp?

ROY

I like, I like. You need more chain?

Colin sifts through the trunk and pulls one out. He notices something else.

COLIN

Dude, why not the Kareem throwback?

Colin pulls out jersey reading "Abdul Jabaar" on it. It's enormous.

ROY

It's not a throwback, that's actually the jersey he wore from the 1980 NBA Finals.

Colin smells it, recoils in horror.

COLIN

What's Megan wearing tonight?

ROY

I don't know. I told her I want her to look like Jada Pinkett Smith.

COLIN

Jada Pinkett? A little classy for this party don't you think.

ROY

You didn't let me finish. Then I changed it to Vivica A. Fox.

COLIN

Hmmm, still kind of upscale.

ROY

Jesus, I'll call her. I'll tell her to go as a beaten-up Rhianna.

COLIN

Domestic abuse is not funny.

Roy laughs. He pushes him out of the closet.

INT. WINDING STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS

The pimped out boys walk down the multi-level staircase to the opulent foyer.

ROY

I need to say goodbye to dad.

COLIN

I'll get the car. I borrowed my dad's '61 Impala to put us in the mood.

Roy walks down three hallways to the study. He opens the door unbeknownst to Martin.

Martin looks frantic. He pulls drawers out from the desk overturning them. He's got computer discs in stacks that he launches into his fireplace.

Roy watches for awhile trying to process what he sees. He tries to back up and exit but his large necklace catches on the door.

MARTIN

Roy?

ROY

Yeah, hey dad.

MARTIN

Come in here.

Martin surveys his clothes with a puzzled look.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

You're not going to rob me are you?

Roy rolls his eyes.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Didn't I see you get busted on 'Forensic Files' last night?

ROY

It's our graduation party tonight. Last year's theme was Greece. This year we picked Compton.

MARTIN

Princeton should love that.

Roy looks around the disheveled room.

ROY

What are you doing?

MARTIN

Housekeeping.

Roy starts to leave.

ROY
I'll be home late.

MARTIN
Roy.

Roy winces and turns around.

MARTIN (CONT'D)
Remember, G's up, Ho's down.

Roy shakes his head and quickly exits, Martin gets a laugh out of himself.

EXT. PARTY CENTRAL

The house vibrates as the 'Compton' party is in full swing.

INT. COMPTON PARTY - CONTINUOUS

The bass is ridiculous. And so are the kids who like Abercrombie and Fitch models, all decked out in urban wear.

Every person at the party has a 40 oz. in their hand, and nothing but sweatsuits and throwbacks.

Some drink from Lil' Jon pimp cups.

COLIN (yelling across party)
Nelson, you got the Swisher Sweets?

NELSON (smiling through fake gold teeth)
I gave 'em to your boy.

Colin walks over to Roy passing a group wearing red bandannas.

GROUP (singing Ice-T)
Colors...colors....I am a nightmare
walking//psychopath talking//king of
my jungle//just a gangster stalking.

Colin reaches Roy and reaches into his pants and pulls out the Swishers.

ROY
What are we eating? Megs!

MEGAN MALLORY, 17 looks like Katie Holmes when she was on 'Dawson's Creek'. She's got a bare midriff and her hair in braids. She is smoking hot.

MEGAN
Breathe, it's coming.

She pulls out a hot pan from the oven. Similarly dressed up girls chop food.

ROY
Cornbread and Watermelon? Isn't
that a little racist?

MEGAN
Absolutely.

ROY
You're so hot when you're honest.

Roy picks up his video camera and turns it on himself and Megan. He starts kissing her.

VIEW THROUGH THE CAMERA:

Roy has his arm around Megan. He lays a kiss on her.

ROY (CONT'D)
How do you like living in Compton
Shenequa?

MEGAN (in a black voice)
All these shootins' is killin' my
property value. First O.J. and now
this.

ROY
Are there any opportunities for career
advancement in Compton?

MEGAN
No, but I've been saving my food
stamps for the last 12 years.

ROY
What are you going to do with it
all, mutual funds, bonds?

MEGAN
Nah, rims boo.

ROY
You don't even own a car.

MEGAN
It's for my hearse. When I leave
this world, I'm rolling on 22's.

The crowd erupts in laughter.

Roy turns the camera on the crowd.

COLIN
Maplewood Junior Class, you feel me?

They hoot and holler.

ROY
Who's about to run this school now?

The crowd cheers! Roy hold up his 40 oz., the crowd does the same.

ROY (doing Tupac's 'California Love') (CONT'D)
In the citaaay, the city of
Compton!//We keep it rockin, we keep
it rockin'.

The music turns up, they guzzle their 40s, Roy puts the camera down and kisses Megan.

EXT. MAPLEWOOD ACADEMY

It's as large as a college campus with cathedral style buildings. Harry Potter is used to this type of campus.

Megan, Colin and Roy lay in the courtyard, students mill around.

They wear their school uniforms with large crests on the jackets. Roy lays on Megan's stomach soaking up the sun.

ROY
Maybe we should get summer jobs.

Megan and Colin exchange looks.

COLIN
Huh?

ROY
Isn't that what people do when school gets out?

MEGAN
People also weigh 130 pounds, but you don't see me going to Country Buffet tonight.

ROY (laughing)
Country Buffet?

MEGAN
I saw it on T.V. last night.

COLIN (singing)
 What did you get?//What did you get
 at Country Buffet?

Megan high-fives him.

MEGAN (to Roy)
 See!

Roy shakes his head.

ROY
 I'm serious. I'm good with my hands,
 maybe I could do construction. Or
 maybe I could work at one of the
 country clubs. Mix drinks, bullshit
 with people.

COLIN
 Not for a few months, you have to be
 18. I could cook.

MEGAN
 Cook what?

COLIN
 I could cook you breakfast in the
 morning?

MEGAN (to Roy)
 You're going to let him talk like
 that to me?

ROY
 What? He likes you. I guess
 abstinence makes the heart grow
 fonder.

INT. CLASSROOM

Students sit amongst large mahogany bookcases in little
 cliques.

The young teacher, MR. PETRIE, looks at the groups, trying
 to find a way in. No work is getting done at this point in
 the calendar.

TEACHER (to a group of girls)
 You going to be around this summer?

They look at him like he's a creep.

TEACHER (CONT'D)

You should tweet me. Tweet the deets.

CUT TO:

TEACHER (to different group of girls) (CONT'D)

It's weird, even though I don't work
in the summer, they still pay me all
this money, I don't know what do do
with it.

CUT TO:

TEACHER (to different group of girls) (CONT'D)

Do you think I look 35?

The girls look at each other confused.

CUT TO:

TEACHER (to group of guys) (CONT'D)

I curled 50's yesterday. Trying to
take it to the next lev to be the
best ev.

They look at him.

Beat.

TEACHER (CONT'D)

With each arm, not total.

CUT TO:

TEACHER (to Colin, Roy, and friends) (CONT'D)

I just got a Prius.

ROY

A Prius Mr. Petrie. Very responsible.
You're tall, but you leave a very
small carbon footprint.

All the groups in the room reach for their pockets.
Everyone's cell phone's are blowing up. Roy looks around,
confused.

VIBRATE!

Roy pulls his phone out like everyone else. The class is
staring at him. What the hell is going on?

Roy looks at his phone. The room is silent. Roy's eyes
widen. He jumps up and runs to the front of the room and
turns on the large TV.

ON THE TELEVISION:

"The raid took place at 8:30 this morning, not only the home of its CFO Martin Astor, but the office and homes of CEO Jimmy Lovine.

Roy puts his hands on his head, the room spins, everything goes silent.

ON THE TELEVISION:

Images of Martin Astor being led from his home in handcuffs amidst camera crews and FBI agents.

MARTIN (O.S.)

Dad.

"It's been a stunning rise and fall for ML Enterprises. A Wall Street darling during the housing boom, and now seemingly in ruin just weeks before it was expected to raise billions in its IPO."

SLOW MOTION : Martin being put into the back of a police cruiser on the T.V., then Roy stepping back and sinking into a desk chair, his face white as a ghost.

INT. LONG HALLWAY OF QUIET COURTHOUSE

Roy sits alone on bench, his head in his hands, tapping his feet.

The doors to the courtroom swing open, it's mayhem. Roy jumps up as the crowd and media exits, Roy tries to push through them.

A slick looking lawyer who looks like William Shatner in 'Boston Legal', TERRY BERSHOF, tries to stop Roy.

TERRY

No Roy.

ROY (struggling)

I want to see him.

TERRY

They took him away Roy.

Terry picks him up and sits him down on the bench. The media swarms around Terry.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Give me two minutes! I'll be outside in two minutes!

The media looks a bit frightened and moves its pack outside.

Terry sits next to Roy.

ROY
Aren't you supposed to get him out?

TERRY
It's not that easy.

ROY
For what he's paying you, it should be.

Terry laughs.

TERRY
Roy, do you understand what's going on here? You're dad's not paying me anything. He doesn't have anything. Everything's been seized.

Terry grabs Roy's face and makes Roy look at him.

TERRY (CONT'D)
Roy, you need to prepare yourself for what might happen here.

ROY
I'm not a kid Terry. I know my Dad isn't a perfect person.

He starts to get choked up.

ROY (CONT'D)
But the stuff they're accusing him of...do you think he did it?

Terry stares at him for what seems an eternity.

TERRY
The house is part of what's been seized. You can't go back there Roy? And legally you can't be on you're own, so...

Roy looks at him confused.

TERRY (CONT'D)
You're going to have to live with Debbie until you turn 18.

Roy searches Terry's face for a sign that it's a joke.

ROY (yelling)
F.U.!

INT. BRADLEY INT'L AIRPORT

Roy walks through the terminal with an assistant carrying a ridiculous amount of luggage.

They pass a gate of beautiful, tanned people. Roy looks up at the display.

BARBADOS

They continue walking, he looks at his boarding pass.

They pass another waiting area full of sun-drenched hotties. Roy looks up.

SPAIN

The walk continues only to find Silicon-filled milfs waiting at the next gate. Roy looks up.

PALM SPRINGS

He looks at his boarding pass and trudges on. The next waiting area is filled with babies, unhappy obese moms and gangsters. Roy looks up.

DETROIT

Roy drops his head. He motions for his assistant to unload his baggage at this gate.

Roy slumps into his seat. He looks to his right. A thick-necked brother looks at the crest on Roy's jacket. He smiles a toothless smile.

INT. TAXI

Roy is glued to the window taking in the new surroundings. Dilapidated warehouses, a gloomy skyline, abandoned buildings, and the homeless. He flips open his phone.

SUPER: MEGAN

He types the word "Help" and hits send.

He looks at the phone for awhile waiting for a response that never comes.

EXT. RUN DOWN PATIO HOME -- FRONT PORCH

Four black guys sit at an old folded table playing cards.

COOPER, 22, deals seven cards to each player. He always deals because he likes to be in control. He's handsome and fit, like a young Denzel.

After dealing Cooper puts the leftover cards in the middle of the table, flipping the top one over.

VIEW OF CARDS:

The card flipped over is Blue 7.

The guys are playing the game UNO.

COOPER (looking at his cards)
Blue. Not good. Not good for you
all.

LASER
Then let's switch to red.

Laser, 15, lays down a red 7 on top of the blue 7.

LASER (CONT'D)
Today is my day boys. You up Slick
Rick.

The group laughs.

KING
That's funny. Youngblood is funny.

King has an eye patch on his right eye and is noticeably older than the others.

COOPER
Weren't you supposed to get that
thing off already?

KING
No, it hasn't healed.

COOPER
I think you like it.

Pookie and Laser nod in agreement.

KING
Yeah, I like having a scratched
cornea.

He turns to Laser and smiles as he shuffles through his cards.

KING (CONT'D)
Draw four, we're switching to yellow.

He slams it on the top of the pile.

LASER
No, challenge.

King flashes his cards revealing no red ones.

KING

Draw bitch.

Laser looks like a kid who dropped his ice cream cone. He draws six cards.

The guys look to the next player. He looks like his mind is somewhere else. He's the biggest of the boys, doughy and sweet.

COOPER

Pookie!

Pookie snaps back to the moment spilling his orange soda on the table.

POOKIE

Sorry.

They scramble to pick up the cards before the soda gets to them. Pookie looks at his sticky hands.

POOKIE (CONT'D)

I need some Clorox wipes.

Pookie exits.

KING (shaking his head)

Clorox wipes, the guy can't afford a telephone, but he has clorox wipes.

Cooper looks at King's eye patch and tries to touch it.

King recoils, Cooper laughs.

COOPER

How's your depth perception?

KING (nervously)

Why?

Cooper smiles.

KING (CONT'D)

C'mon dude.

Cooper looks away as if uninterested, then swings around and gives him a slap to his face. King didn't see it coming.

KING (CONT'D)

Coop!

Pookie returns to the porch and comes up behind King, reaching for his eyepatch.

POOKIE
Let me clean that thing.

King's had enough.

KING
You some young acting people, for
real.

The taxi pulls up across the street from them at pink house.

LASER
I'm only 15.

KING
Am I talking to you Laser?

INT. TAXI

ROY
Is this a good neighborhood?

The taxi driver laughs.

Roy imitates his laugh, annoyed.

ROY (CONT'D)
Are you going to help me with my
bags?

The taxi driver looks around at the characters in the neighborhood. He laughs again.

ROY (CONT'D)
I'm glad you're having fun. I wish
all people that made ten dollars an
hour had your happy disposition.

He exits the car and starts pulling multiple trunks out of the car.

He looks around and sees the attention he's drawing from the rest of the neighborhood.

Curtains at the pink house pull back revealing a rough, middle-aged woman looking through the front window.

Roy and her make eye contact. The curtains close.

TAXI DRIVER (O.S.)
Yo Gossip Girl, we done?

Roy pulls the final bag out, and pounds on the taxi. He speeds off.

Roy stands in the middle of the street with his fancy 8-piece luggage set.

Roy has drawn the interest of a Pit Bull standing on the curb across the street. Roy is frozen.

BACK ON THE PORCH:

The guys notice the developing scene.

KING

Check out the hot boy. You ever seen Debbie have a visitor?

COOPER

Nah.

The pit bull growls.

POOKIE

Looks like the welcome wagon is out. You wanna do something?

COOPER

I ain't no lifeguard.

BACK TO THE STREET:

The pit bull growls and takes a step off the curb.

ROY

No, no. Stay. Good boy.

He looks around frantically for anything to aid in fending off the dog.

He slowly bends down and unlatches his luggage.

The pit bull is now a few feet into the street. Roy freezes. The moment of the truth.

He wildly flips open the trunk, scouring through his things.

The pit bull TAKES OFF, running straight for Roy!

Roy looks up, Pit bull, trunk, pit bull trunk. Where is it?

BACK ON PORCH:

KING

Oh shit, we cant have a dead white boy in our neighborhood.

BACK TO THE STREET:

Roy is out of control as he throws out shoes and clothes, digging into the trunk.

The pit bull is 15 feet away.

ROY

C'mon!

10 feet!

Books fly all over the street.

5 Feet!

Roy's eyes light up. He's found it. He wraps both hands around his new Prince Speedport tennis racquet.

3 Feet!

Roy turns but the Pit Bull is on him!

BACK ON PORCH:

KING

We all gonna get blamed for this
shit.

BACK TO THE STREET:

The pit bull leaps, Roy cocks the racquet back too late, the pit bull's fangs have saliva dripping off them as they close in on his face.

PIT BULL

Arr!

The pit bull flies back and twists as he falls to the pavement, the beer bottle foams and spins on the ground next to the dog as it scampers off.

BACK ON PORCH:

THE GROUP

Oh!!

POOKIE

Debbie don't fuck around!

BACK TO THE STREET:

Roy's adrenaline subsides. He's still confused as to what stopped the dogs charge.

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