

AFIA

by
Lacey Duke

Current Revisions by
(Lacey Duke, October 17, 2006)

Fliint Productions
Lacey@fliintproductions.com
416.473.3853

© Lacey Duke

INT. AFIA'S BEDROOM - DAY (1)

AFIA , a private school uniformly dressed 9 year-old black girl, sits stiffly on a stool. Her eyes gaze upwards with intensity and consideration.

MS. THOMPSON (O.C.)

Why Afia why!!!

Unsure Afia motions to talk. Her parents interrupt her and yell at the same time.

MR. THOMPSON (O.C.)

This generation...they just don't care, their mad! Just mad!

MS. THOMPSON (O.C.)

Crazy kids turn into crazy adults, and then they go to jail. You want to go to jail!?

Afia shakes her head in discomfort. Her parents continue to yell at the same time.

MS. THOMPSON (CONT'D)

Well keep this up and see what happens you.

MR. THOMPSON (O.C.)

You got to listen, you got to listen or...

MS. THOMPSON (O.C.)

We will discuss this when I come home, just go to school and try not to embarrass us for once okay.

Afia agrees. Ms. Thompson leaves and slams the door.

MR. THOMPSON (O.C.)

I know school's hard and sometimes you feel angry, you just got to deal with it because, well, honey you're black...but listen to me, if you ever feel uncomfortable, or attacked, if any of those kids get on your nerves... kick their asses okay honey.

Afia contorts her face in confusion.

EXT. PRIVATE FRENCH IMMERSION SCHOOL GROUNDS - DAY (1)

Afia sits against the wall, listening to her MP3 player. She adds touches to the image of Michael Jackson she's drawing. Three girls sashay towards her.

EMILY

Hey Afia want to play with
us...not! Yuck, drawing another
stupid picture, it's so ugly, kind
of like your mother, dégueux!

The girls scatter. Afia gets up and glides towards the laughing Emily. Emily turns around. Afia smashes Emily in the face with her lunch box. On the ground Emily screams in agony. Bent over Emily's body, Afia smiles meekly.

EXT. PRIVATE FRENCH IMMERSION SCHOOL ENTRANCE - DAY (1)

A huge steel door opens. Afia is pushed through the door.

MADAME BIATCHE

Dehors!

The door slams behind her. Afia knocks frantically. Nobody answers. Afia pouts and leaves the school behind.

INT. AFIA'S CLOSET/BEDROOM - DAY (2)

Afia flings open her closet door, grabs her red jacket and dances around her room. Drawings of Michael Jackson hang on her wall. Afia dances in the mirror.

MS. THOMPSON knocks rapidly at the bedroom door.

MS. THOMPSON (O.S.)

You better be ready Afia!

Afia puts on her boots. The door bangs even louder.

MS. THOMPSON (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(Angrily)

Don't make me come in there!

Afia jumps up puts her headphones on, grabs her jacket, leaves the room and slams the door behind her.

INT. PUBLIC SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY (2)

With her hand gripping Afia's shoulders, MS. SMALL introduces Afia to the class. Afia stands stiffly.

MS.SMALL

Everyone I want you to meet Afia.
It's her first day today, I want
everyone to make her feel welcome.

The students whisper in fear, sharing secrets of Afia as if they've heard of her before.

EXT. PUBLIC SCHOOL BASKETBALL COURT - DAY (2)

After playing ball,GEORGE, a small 9 year-old Caucasian boy with bifocal glasses and Tobias a small black boy with a huge Afro take a break.

TOBIAS

I win!

GEORGE

How come you always win even when
I score more.

TOBIAS

Because it's my ball loser.

GEORGE

Whatever...did you see that new
girl. People say she knows
karate, she even busted some girls
nose at her old school.

TOBIAS

I heard, I ain't messing with her!

A basketball violently bounces off the wall just missing Tobias and George. Both boys scream. A shadow hovers over them it's TONY an over-developed 12 year-old Caucasian boy.

TONY

Not messing with who!

George, shaken up, looks in the distance, Afia appears.

GEORGE

Ah...her....and you.

Tony spins around and sees Afia watching on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TONY

(laughs)
Her, if anybody's going to beat
your asses up it's going to be me!

Afia hears Tony and the boys, she walks over to them.
George hides his face.

AFIA

...Hey leave them alone.

All three boys freeze in disbelief. Tony turns around.
George and Tobias run away.

TONY

What!

Afia confidently glares at Tony.

TONY (CONT'D)

Who are you and why are you
wearing that ugly jacket?

Afia spells her name in the sky.

AFIA

My name is A-F-I-A and this is my
"beat it" jacket...so beat it!

TONY

What.

AFIA

Michael Jackson.

Tony pretends to barf. Tony notices Ms. Small in the
distance.

TONY

Oh grrr...okay shut up now.

AFIA

You shut-up!

TONY

Why don't you mind your own
business you little...monkey

AFIA

(yells)
Why don't you.... back up out my
damn face...stupid!!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Ms. Small runs over when she hears Afia yell. Tony smiles. Afia looks at him perplexed. A shadow appears, hands come down on Afia's shoulders. She looks up in fear.

INT. PUBLIC SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY (2)

Afia stands with her nose against the wall by the principals office, she fidgets in distress.

INT. AFIA'S BEDROOM - DAY (2)

Afia's face fills the frame.

MS. THOMPSON
So, how was school?

AFIA
(Smiling)
Great!

Afia's parents stare at one another in suspicion.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY (3)

Afia leaves class with her lunch box in hand. Tony appears from around the corner. He slams his hand on a locker. Tony notices Ms. Small near by.

TONY (O.C.)
Hey you little freak, I forgot to
knock your face in yesterday.

AFIA
Come and get it!!!! Come on, come
on!.....

Afia raises her lunch box over her head motioning to hit Tony. An evil smirk starts to form on his face when he sees Ms. Small approaching. Two hands clamp down on Afia's shoulder. Afia bows her head in dismay.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY (3)

Afia sits slouched over in a huge leather chair; a table extends in front of her. The adjacent door slams shut. MR. MILLER and Afia examine each other. Mr. Miller slams a huge black binder on the table. It reads "Student Record".

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. MILLER

I see you used to be enrolled in french immersion. That must have been fun.

Afia rolls her eyes.

MR. MILLER (CONT'D)

Are you part of a gang, a crew, a posse?

Afia pouts.

MR. MILLER (CONT'D)

Do you want me to call home?

Afia shakes her head furiously.

MR. MILLER (CONT'D)

So why are you here today?

AFIA

I don't know you tell me.

MR. MILLER

So you don't think attacking another human being with a weapon is a problem.

AFIA

I didn't attack him with a weapon, it was my lunch box.

Mr. Miller evaluates Afia for a prolonged moment.

AFIA (CONT'D)

What?

MR. MILLER

I'm here to help you Afia, to be your friend.

AFIA

I don't even know you.

MR. MILLER

Your right, how about we get to know each other better, may I ask you a few questions?

Mr. Millet notices Afia, smiling at a his jar of candy.
Mr. Miller reluctantly gives Afia a lollipop she grins.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MR. MILLER (CONT'D)
What's your favorite color Afia?

AFIA
...Purple and sometimes pink.

MR. MILLER
What do you like to do?

AFIA
Dance, draw pictures,...

MR. MILLER
You like music?, Who do you like?

AFIA
Yeah Michael Jackson.

Mr. Miller stares at Afia with concern.

MR. MILLER
I think what you need is a more
structured environment to release
some of that negative energy from
within.

Confused Afia stares at Mr. Miller.

EXT. SCHOOL YARD - DAY (4)

MR. BUD a middle-aged gym teacher yells at Afia while she runs around the soccer poles. Afia, drenched with sweat runs in pain.

MR. BUD
Lets move, run, use those things.

Afia starts to slow down. Mr Bud runs over and yells right in Afia's face.

MR. BUD
Hey what do you think your doing
lady, you better run, run, run...

Defeated and tired Afia starts running towards the school. Mr. Bud blows his whistle so hard that it breaks. Mr. Bud runs after her.

INT. PUBLIC SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY (4)

Afia runs through the empty hallways screaming. She looks back and sees Mr. Bud gaining on her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She runs up the stairs, stops and smiles at the top thinking she's lost him, the door behind her flies open.

MR. BUD

I got ya you little...

Mr. Bud pounces, Afia ducks.

INT. GYM - DAY (4)

Mr. Bud leads Afia into the gym.

MR.BUD

Okay girls and boys we have a new girl on the team. This is Ikea.

AFIA

Afia!

MR.BUD

Yeah that's what I said kid.

Mr. Bud pushes Afia towards the other kids. The students giggle. Afia looks annoyed.

MR.BUD (CONT'D)

Okay we're going to start with some drills. You're going to hit the ground and dig the balls. Whatever you do, don't let my balls touch the ground. Protect my balls. Save my balls. Ikea how about you first?

Afia rolls her eyes and walks on the court. Mr Bud blows his whistle. Volleyballs start flying towards Afia's body. She misses them all. The students giggle. With out seeing, the last ball knocks Afia out cold.

CUT TO BLACK:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY (4)

MR. MILLER

I want you to visualize what you're feeling right now and draw it on that piece of paper.

With a huge ice-pack held by a tensor bandage on her head, Afia takes her time to draw. Mr. Miller watches. With content Afia reveals an intricate drawing of a hand with the middle finger extended. Mr. Miller removes his glasses and massages his temples.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY (4)

Afia sadly sits on the sidewalk. George and Tobias notice her. They inch towards her with care.

GEORGE

Hey Afia, are you okay?...We Just wanted to say thanks for helping us.

AFIA

It's okay.

TOBIAS

What happened?

AFIA

Tony.. They're going to call my mom next time, so I'll probably be dead by Thursday.

GEORGE

sorry.

Afia looks over at the two boys and smiles.

AFIA

Don't you just want to do something about it?

GEORGE

To Tony, are you crazy, he's going to eat us like a piece of chicken.

TOBIAS

...and then he's going to pooh us out in the toilet like a piece of doo-doo.

AFIA

Well I just have to do it alone, since you guys are chicken.

Afia walks away, George and Tobias glare at each other.

INT. AFIA'S BEDROOM - DAY (4)

Tobias and George sit in Afia's room.

AFIA

Okay, we need a plan guys.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOBIAS

Why don't we zap him so he shrinks
right and then step on him like
cockroach.

AFIA

Okay...so do we have any ideas?

Tobias rummages through a crate of old records, he cuts
the air with them.

TOBIAS

Why don't we just throw these
things at him.

AFIA

Stop their my their my moms okay.

Afia grabs the crate and carries it behind her bed.
Tobias grabs one of Afia's dolls and fondles it.

AFIA (CONT'D)

So guys what?

GEORGE

Don't you get it. We can't do
this...we need guns!

TOBIAS

Let's just kick his butt, I'm
tired of him anyway!

GEORGE

We can't do anything, we suck!

TOBIAS

Afia, I'm ready for him!

Tobias takes of his shirt to reveal his "wife beater". He
starts to punch the air. Afia sits, worried, she squints
her eyes in contemplation, a mangle of voices enter her
thoughts while the two boys bicker at each other.

MS. THOMPSON (V.O.)

Why Afia why...

MS. THOMPSON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

You want to go to jail?...

TONY (V.O.)

You monkey...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MR. THOMPSON

You just got to deal with it.

MR. MILLER (V.O.)

Are you part of a gang, a crew, a posse...

MR. MILLER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Visualize what your feeling...

TOBIAS (V.O.)

Afia I'm ready for him...

GEORGE (V.O.)

We need guns!...

TONY (V.O.)

Oh grrr...okay shut-up.

MS. THOMPSON (V.O.)

You got to listen, you got to listen.

Afia comes back to earth. The word 'listen' echoes in her head. Her face lights up.

AFIA

Okay guys, I think I got it.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY (5)

Afia, Tobias and George roll down the street on their bikes. Tobias balances a huge boom box on his tricycle. Each child is dressed in black and has their hair braided in cornrows. They ride cool and collected.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY (5)

The three enter the school and part ways.

INT. JANITORS OFFICE - DAY (5)

Tobias peeks from behind a desk and grabs a set of keys.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY (5)

George runs over to Tony's locker and shakes his fist at him. Stunned Tony marches after George who runs around the corner.

INT. HALLWAY/STORAGE ROOM - DAY (5)

Tobias opens the storage room door. Afia enters with the boom box and puts it in the room. Tobias and Afia scurry around the corner. George runs down the hallway at full force and into the storage room, Tony follows him in the room.

George runs out of the dark room, and slams the door behind him, Tony is left inside. Tobias and Afia reappear, Tobias locks the door. Afia takes out her remote and turns on the radio inside the storage room, *Can you feel it* by The Jackson 5 plays loudly. The three kids sit and listen to Tony scream in agony and bang on the door. They wait...for a long time.

Finally Afia get up the three children give each other a reassuring look. Tobias and George run away. Afia opens the lock on the storage room door, and runs down the hallway in a frenzy, Tony burst out of the room like an animal and chases them. He gains on Afia and grabs her.

TONY

(Frustrated)

You. It's you!...

Tony throws Afia to the ground and jumps on her. Afia screams in agony. George screams unbelievably loud on purpose. Mr. Bud appears and sees Afia being attacked by Tony. Mr. Bud blows his whistle.

MR. BUD

Whoa, whoa what's going on. That's it Tony, enough is enough!

Mr. Bud grabs Tony by his shirt. Afia exaggerates and holds her head in pain.

MR. BUD (CONT'D)

You sit tight Afia, I'll be right back.

Tony is dragged off screaming by Mr. Bud. George, Tobias and Afia cheer quietly.

INT. GYM - DAY (6)

Afia, George and Tobias wait for Mr. Bud to commence the volleyball practice. In Mr. Buds tight grip Tony bows his head in shame.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. BUD (CONT'D)
Okay boys and girls we have a new
boy on the team, this is Tony.

Afia looks at Tobias and George with glee. Mr. Bud pushes
Tony towards the other students.

MR. BUD (CONT'D)
volley ball my friends is an
intricate sport. It's about focus
not strength, it's about thinking
and reacting accordingly. It's
drill time. Your going dig these
balls up as hard as you
can...Tony!...Why don't you go
first.

In terror Tony looks over towards Mr. Bud. Afia's face
lightens up in amazement. In fright, Tony walks to the
middle of the court.

MR.BUD
(blows whistle)
Okay team, let em rip.

Afia smiles. Tony screams in agony while the sound of a
barrage of balls bounce off his body. Afia keels over
with laughter, she looks up and with out seeing, Tobias
serves a bad ball and knocks Afia is the side of her head
and to the ground.

CUT TO BLACK:

TOBIAS
Sorry Afia!

END