

TYSON AND MELANIE

Written by

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**Scene 1: Ext. Abram's Neighborhood - Early Morning**

MUSIC: (THROUGH HEADPHONES) SOCA MUSIC.

SOUND: TWO MEN JOGGING. MODERATE BREATHING.

TYSON:

It's ten past four.

SOUND: TWO MEN JOGGING. MODERATE BREATHING.

TYSON:

How many bathrooms you think these people got? These houses are mad big. (PAUSE) Omar, hurry and decide the sun is going to rise.

SOUND: JOGGING STOPS. A HAND TAPS TWICE ON A THE CAR HOOD.

OMAR:

Nah. (PAUSE) Fine. We'll take this one.

SOUND: A DOOR LOCK BEING POPPED OPEN.

TYSON:

So, how much we getting for this car?

OMAR:

Well, it's not exactly what Mike asked for so we'll see if he offers the same price.

**Scene 2: Int. Stolen Car - Continuous**

SOUND: CAR DOORS CLOSING. ENGINE STARTING.

TYSON:

This a good one. Check it can play my music through the Bluetooth.

MUSIC: SOCA MUSIC.

SOUND: RUMMAGING THROUGH GLOVE COMPARTMENT.

TYSON:

Gregory Forsythe. What do you think he does?

OMAR:

Does it matter?

TYSON:

Sometimes I wonder, you know, what happens to the people after we take their car.

OMAR:

Not me. These higher-end cars are usually insured. They'll survive.

TYSON:

Probably.

OMAR:

What's the matter with you?

TYSON:

Just one of those days. I just wish we didn't have to do this, you know?

OMAR:

Ty, Everything for a season. Relax yuhself. Today's a good day.

SOUND: CHAIR RECLINING. CAR WINDOW OPENING.  
AFTER A FEW MOMENTS WE HAIR THE CAR  
SWITCH FROM PAVED STREETS TO A ROCKY  
SURFACE.

TYSON:

Why this man don't get a better location? All this jucking going mess up these cars shocks.

OMAR:

Don't concern yourself with the suspension system. Be like Mike and stay focused on not getting caught. Who goin' have a garage filled with stolen rides on a main road.

TYSON:

Whatever, man. I just saying.

SOUND: THE CAR PARKS. A LARGE METAL DOOR ROLLS  
OPEN.

**Scene 3: Int. Mike's Garage - later**

SOUND: CARIBBEAN NEWS RADIO. POWER TOOLS. CAR  
DOORS OPEN AND CLOSE.

TYSON:

What we sayin' this mornin', Nando?

CARL:

So what is I? A Ghost? You and yuh brother Omar like you losing manner. Check he gone straight to Mike and ain't tell we "hi".

TYSON:

Sorry nuh, how you Carl. We in a rush. I late for school.

NANDO

It's good you in school. We ain't got a thing going on. Just here relaxing to *A Moment with the Master*.

SOUND: POURING A CUP OF TEA.

CARL:

Ey, how yuh mother? Saw her some days back. She looking good.

TYSON:

(HUMORED) Don't be checking out my momma. Just keep sipping your tea old man.

CARL:

I hear you. I hear you. Buh for real, everything good?

TYSON:

Yeah, man. Everything good.

NANDO:

(LONG BURP) Boy, I tell you a good hot cuppa bush tea does do the system good.

CARL:

Yes, sir.

ROBERT:

Meh, son. Give me a hour and I going to enjoy my morning constitution.

TYSON:

Okay, too descriptive for me.

ROBERT:

Wait nuh, give you a few years and you going to learn to appreciate a good Caribbean bush and bowel movement.

MIKE:

(CLEARS THROAT) Good seeing you boys. I'll let you know later down what the demands are for next week.

SOUND: A HAND SHAKE.

OMAR:

Mike, you looking out for us. Thanks.

NANDO:

Omar, yuh drink. Yuh had breakfast?

OMAR:

Nah, I good.

NANDO:

Boy, a good hot cup of tea does help you pass gas. I tell you, once I pass in the morning I good for the day.

CARL:

(Grunting in agreement)

MIKE:

Nando, I don't pay you to sit here all day having high tea. Hurry get the thing stripped.

SOUND: CAR DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING. THE ENGINE SOUND OLDER AND LESS FANCY THAN THE FIRST CAR. THE CAR DRIVES OFF.

MIKE:

I know it ain't honest work.

NANDO:

But them boys sure gifted at what they do.

SOUND: METAL GARAGE DOOR CLOSING.

**Scene 4: Int. Omar's Car - Later**

MUSIC: SOCA MUSIC. FLIPPING THROUGH MONEY.

OMAR:

What you doing?

TYSON:

Working. Counting. Mike straight, but we still gots to be smart and double check things.

OMAR:

(SCOFFS)

TYSON:

He short five hundred.

OMAR:

(DELAYED REPLY) You have enough for today?

TYSON:

Yeah. But -

OMAR:

Then don't worry about it.

SOUND: GLOVE BOX CLICKS OPEN.

TYSON:

Something I should know? Five hundred is serious guap, nuh.

OMAR:

Leave it. I made an investment.

SOUND: ATTEMPTING TO CLOSE GLOVE BOX.

TYSON:

Why do you have a gun?

OMAR:

The investment.

TYSON:

Omar, why do-

OMAR

(TOP) Listen, the things I don't tell you are for your protection. Some times it's for the betterment of a situation to not reveal.

SOUND: GRABBING GUN. CLOSING GLOVE BOX. THE CAR STOPS. THE ENGINE IS OFF.



OMAR:

Bro, I got you. We leveling up and need protection.

TYSON:

Looks like you leveling up on our prison sentence. Getting caught is one thing, but that gun is a completely different game.

OMAR:

Dread, I said I got you.

TYSON:

Ouch. Don't pinch me.

OMAR:

Go pay your fees and use those looks and bring your big brother one of those smart college girls you be hanging 'round with.

SOUND: SLAPPING PALMS. CAR DOOR CLOSES.

**INT. School/Math Class - later**

AVERY:

Time's up.

SOUND: SHUFFLING PAPERS. STUDENTS MUMBLING

AVERY:

Ms. Abrams, time is up.

DAYSHAWN:

(UNDER BREATHE) Damn, Stacey is looking good.

SOUND: PAPER PLACED ON DESK. POINTED NAIL TAPPING.

STACY:

Please dress accordingly. Don't come like you raised in the streets.

MELANIE:

(READING UNDER BREATH) Dance Hall all night fete (PAUSE) Girls enter free until twelve AM -

STACY:

(TOP) Not for you, dummy. Pass it back.

SOUND: CRUSHED PAPER.

STACY:

(PURRS)

MELANIE:

(SELF-CONSCIOUS GROAN)

TYSON:

Stacy, you don't have to be so rough with people

STACY:

Just make sure your fine ass there.

DAYSHAWN:

(READING OUT LOUD) This Saturday. Ten PM. Tania's house in Sucker Garden (PAUSE) Y'all man dem betta come ready...

SOUND: HAND CLAPPING

AVERY

Midterms are just around the corner so I really need you guys to commit to doing the work. For those of you considering doing the study abroad program, remember that grades are everything.

SOUND: A BELL RINGS.

AVERY

Alright, you're free to go.

SOUND: STUDENTS EXITING THE ROOM.

DESHAWN

Abrams, you might want to spend more time in them books 'cause you slow on the board.

AVERY

No, Dayshawn, you better come ready the next time I give out a quiz. Instead of sharing books with Mr. Blackman you should try sharing brains.

MELANIE:

(TIMID) Thanks, Mr. Michaels.

TYSON

Ay, Mr. Michaels can I check you for a minute?

AVERY

Sure, Tyson. What's up?

TYSON

We'll I've decided to start applying for jobs in the area and I was hoping you would write me a letter of recommendation.

AVERY

Ah, let me see. I can't get it to you right, right now but I would love to.

TYSON

Yeah, no sweat. I can wait for it. Thanks so much.

AVERY

No, it's a pleasure. You're actually one of my best students. I'm sure you'll do great in the industry.

TYSON

Thanks. Check ya next week.

SOUND: WALKING. DOOR CLOSSES

**EXT. Abrams' NEIGHBORHOOD - later**

SOUND: SPEED WALKING. WOMEN UPTEMPO BREATHING.

YOLANDA:

Melanie, you telling me lies. I can't believe they took Forsythe's car.

MELANIE:

Girl, and of course Richard has gone all parro and now he doesn't want us walking after sunset.

YOLANDA:

Well, your dad has good reasons.

MELANIE:

Whatever, Miss Good Gyal Yolanda. You down to party tonight?

YOLANDA:

I dunno, depends on where you thinking.

MELANIE:

My class is going to one in Sucker Garden.

YOLANDA:

Girl, you sick in yuh head? I wouldn't be caught dead in that area.

MELANIE:

I really want to go. I need a cover and transport.

YOLANDA:

Not for some dude? Come on.

MELANIE:

We'll be super quick. I just want to make an appearance.

YOLANDA:

(DELAYED RESPONSE) Melanie, I love you but I can't co-sign that.

MELANIE:

Please Yolanda, I have a point to prove.

YOLANDA:

Girl, Uncle would skin your little - listen, I have to pass on that.

SOUND: WALKING STOPS.

MELANIE:

Ugh, I just can't wait to graduate from this college.

YOLANDA:

And what, you think a degree will make you grown? How many times did your parents have to ground you for this year?

MELANIE:

I swear, at twenty-two it's just ridiculous.

YOLANDA:

No, what's ridiculous is you still living with them.

SOUND: GATE OPENING

MELANIE:

Let's not have that conversation again. With the way things are going here I might actually want to go France.

YOLANDA:

But first you got to get them grades up. Especially Economics.

MELANIE

I'm working on it. I'm thinking about asking Mr. Michaels for a tutor.

YOLANDA

Tell Auntie and Uncle 'hi' for me.

Melanie grunts.

YOLANDA

And for heaven's sake don't go to that party.

MELANIE

I promise I'll stay home.

Melanie enters the yard.

**EXT. Abrams' NEIGHBORHOOD / Abrams' YARD - Night**

SOUND: NIGHT SOUNDS, A WINDOW OPENS, QUITE FOOT STEPS. A SOFT ENGEN PURS. A CAR DRIVES OFF SLOWLY.

MUSIC: CARIBBEAN CONTEMPORARY.

SOUND: THE CAR COMES TO A STOP. DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES.

MELANIE:

(TO SELF) Well, Sucker Garden sure looks different at night. How these man dem don't have streetlight. Ugh. Let me just hurry find this house.

MUSIC: HOUSE MUSIC GETS LOUDER

**INT. House Party - Moments Later**

SOUND: INDISTINCT PARTY CONVERSATION.

GUY 1:

Hey Ma, you want a drink. I got the specially for you.

MELANIE:

No thanks.

STACY:

DAYSHAWN, why you always trying to guzzle the bottle. You can't be grown like me and Tyson and learn how to sip?

DAYSHAWN:

Sip? I'm trying to get turn.

STACY:

Whatever. (PAUSE) Janice, time how long I wine on Tyson before he can't take me. Yah gyal a baddie.

DAYSHAWN:

Why you don't wine on me? I bet I last longer.

STACY:

How 'bout, no.

SOUND: THE GROUP LAUGHS AND CHEERS.

MELANIE:

Ew, don't grind on me! (PAUSE) Not another -



JULIAN:

Melanie, relax. It's me.

MELANIE:

Thank God it's you, Julian. Dudes have been on me all night. I'm over it.

JULIAN:

So you're saying you're a hot commodity. I heard pops put the locks on your ride.

MELANIE:

Yeah. Well. You know.

JULIAN:

So what, Yolanda here playing chaperon?

MELANIE:

No. Flying solo tonight. Did you eat the snacks?

JULIAN

Good girl gone bad. Nah, I'm good.

MUSIC: MEDIUM TEMPO ZOUK SONG.

JULIAN:

Let's dance. (PAUSE) Aw, new moves.

MUSIC: A MORE RUANCHY SONGS.

JULIAN:

(MOANS)

STACY:

Janice, look at this stiff gyal. Watch me activate my steal-yuh-man skills.

TYSON:

Thought she would never leave. Dayshawn, I got to go. Check you later.

DAYSHAWN:

Aight, man. I ain't know why you ain't feeling up on Stacy.

STACY:

Hey, Julian.

TYSON:

Man, everything ain't for everybody.

JULIAN:

(MOANS) My gyal ready.

STACY:

Ooops, did I just steal your whine, Melanie?

**Ext. Party Neighborhood/Vacant Lot - That Moment**

OMAR:

It took you long enough to get here.

TYSON:

Omar, I really need Stacy to let me breathe.

SOUND WALKING ON DIRT/UNPAVED.

OMAR: (WHISTLING)

TYSON

I got places to be. Pick a damn car.

SOUND: TAPPING ON CAR HOOD.

Goose. Let's go. (PAUSE) Stop mean mugging me and look around.

This is the fanciest car in the lot.

OMAR

Go through.

Omar tosses Tyson the slim jim. Tyson begins working.

SOUND: CAR LOCK POPS OPEN. SOUNDS OF SHUFFLING IN CAR. OUTGOING PHONE RINGING. CAR TRUNK OPENS.

OMAR

Hey girl, you still up? (PAUSE) I was coming earlier, but I had to check a scene.

SOUND: FEMALE FOOTSTEPS ON DIRT GROUND. JINGLING KEYS.

MELANIE:

This is my car, what are you -- (MUFFLED WORDS)

SOUND: SCUFFLE.

TYSON:

Yo, Omar. What are you -

SOUND: THE GUN GOES OFF.

MELANIE:

(PAINED SCREAM)

OMAR

Dammit!

SOUND: MELANIE FALLS. OMAR RUNS OFF.

TYSON

Yo, what the hell?

OMAR

Ty, let we go!

TYSON:

Why did you shoot her?

SOUND: A DOG BARKS.

OMAR

(FAR WAY) Dread, I say let we go.

MELANIE

(PAINED AND DISORIENTED) We know me. Help. Please.

TYSON:

(GRUNTING) I got you. I'll help

MUSIC: DRAMATIC/MYSTERIOUS  
THE END