

SCRIPT TITLE

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EXT. THE BRYANT HOUSE - SUNSET

SUPER: Late 1950s

Alone in a relatively flat yard, an old southern house bathes in the last bits of FAST-FADING SUNLIGHT.

A breeze lightly jostles the AMERICAN FLAG and WIND CHIMES that hang from the porch.

A TIRE SWING hangs by rope from a tree, twisting and turning with its own mind.

Children's voices come from within the house.

JUNIOR (O.S.)
Mama, listen to what we practiced today!

LAMAR (O.S.)
Yeah, we're so good, mama!

JUNIOR (O.S.)
I'm so good. You're just okay.

LAMAR (O.S.)
Hey!

JUNIOR (O.S.)
Hush it! Now, a-one and a-two and--

INT. THE BRYANT DINING AREA - SUNSET

The Bryant family sit around a small dinner table eating.

ROY BRYANT (late 20s, white), a decently dapper man, smokes a cigarette and nurses a glass of whiskey.

CAROLYN (late 20s, white), his distinguished wife, takes minuscule bites of her food and nervously checks in with her husband.

LAMAR (7) and JUNIOR (9), chaotic and cute, sing with abandon.

LAMAR/JUNIOR
(singing)
*--One, two, three'o clock, four o'clock, rock! Buh-dum dum!
Five, six, seven o'clock, eight'o clock rock!*

Roy looks at Carolyn.

CAROLYN

Boys...

EXT. THE BRYANT HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The daylight disappears to give way to the moonlight and house lights.

SHADOWED SILHOUETTES swiftly and silently approach the house.

LAMAR/JUNIOR (O.S.)

--Nine, ten, eleven o'clock, twelve
o'clock rock! We're gonna rock
around--

INT. THE BRYANT DINING AREA - CONTINUOUS

Roy POUNDS the table.

ROY

How many times I gotta tell you!
Take ya ungrateful asses to bed.
Now.

Lamar nervously rushes out of the room. Junior hesitates.

JUNIOR

I'm sorry, Pa. We didn't mean--

ROY

Now, Junior.

Junior scurries away. Carolyn anxiously stares at Roy as he downs the rest of his whiskey.

ROY (CONT'D)

What?

CAROLYN

They're children, Roy...

Roy glares. She continues eating in silence. Roy perks up and listens carefully.

CAROLYN (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

ROY

Junior, that better not be you or I
swear 'fore God...

A shuffle. Roy marches.

ROY (CONT'D)
I thought I told you to take your
ass--

INT. THE BRYANT LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Roy FREEZES.

Wide-eyed, Junior is turned facing his father.

A GLOVED HAND covers his mouth. The other hand floats a
STRAIGHT RAZOR near his face.

A BADASS BLACK WOMAN holds Junior and glares intensely at
Roy. She has masterfully coiffed hair, a black mask around
her eyes, and thick glasses on top of that.

Behind this woman, a badass black man easily restrains Lamar.
He has the same getup as the woman.

ROY
Don't you dare--

Carolyn gives a MUFFLED SCREAM behind Roy. He turns to see
another badass black man holding a rag over her mouth.
Carolyn falls limp into the man's hands.

Roy takes a step--

A GUN WITH A SILENCER comes out of nowhere and halts Roy in
his tracks.

BABY LEE (Late 20s, black), a woman with a fierce, effortless
presence, holds the gun. She's dressed the same as the
others.

BABY LEE
Relax.

ROY
Get out of my house right now and
I'll let you live. I'll forget I
ever saw your faces. I swear to
God.

BABY LEE
You can't tell black folks apart
anyway.

The Badass Black Woman holding Junior aggressively barks her
agreement--

BADASS BLACK WOMAN
Which is messed up!

Baby Lee gives her a look, and the woman relaxes her grip.

ROY
You think you gonna get away with
this? They gonna string--

BABY LEE
We ain't got time for all that
fuss, Roy! We're not like you. We
don't go out our way to shed
innocent blood. We're just here for
the truth.

ROY
The truth is I was acquitted.

BABY LEE
That's part of the truth. I thought
it went "the truth, the whole
truth, and nothing but the truth".

ROY
The whole truth is we gonna sick
dogs on--

Baby Lee smiles warmly at Junior.

BABY LEE
Honey, how old are you?

ROY
Don't answer that, Junior.

Baby Lee holds her gaze on Junior who is SCARED STIFF. The
Badass Black Woman taps his head.

JUNIOR.
Nine.

BABY LEE
Nine. You know how many years 'til
you're fourteen?

ROY
Stop talking to my goddamn son!

Baby Lee COCKS her gun at Roy.

BABY LEE
Mind your manners, Roy.

JUNIOR.

The answer's five. It's five years 'til I'm fourteen. Will you leave us alone now?

ROY

You're not here for him!

BABY LEE

You're right, Roy Bryant. We're not here for your son. We here to talk about you and your brother murdering fourteen-year-old Emmett Till.

TITLE CARD

EXT. BARBERSHOP - EVENING

SUPER: Decades later

The overhead sign proudly reads TENDER LOVING CUTZ with the iconic barber's pole attached.

INT. TENDER LOVING CUTZ - EVENING

This place has the classic feel of a barbershop, but it also feels distinctly futuristic. It's a culture clash. For example:

--There are holographic LIVE POSTERS featuring the different hairstyles.

--There's a tiny FLAT-SCREEN TELEVISION suspended in a corner showing the local news.

--There's a VENDING MACHINE with a holographic interface oscillating through the options.

--There's a mostly full GUMBALL MACHINE from the 1990s.

Several STYLISTS and BARBERS are in the room.

MAURICE (40s, black), a charming know-it-all, articulates with his hands as he holds a mirror.

MAURICE

I didn't write the rule, okay? I'm just saying I agree with the principle.

KEYONNA (30s, black), the regal ball-buster of the group, touches up her face in a mirror.

KEYONNA

That's not a written rule anywhere, Maurice.

MAURICE

It ain't gotta be written down to be a real rule. Just like you gotta wobble at a wedding.

He checks in with BERNARD (20s, biracial), an overly matter-of-fact guy with an alluring stare.

BERNARD

That's true.

MAURICE

You ever saw it written down?

BERNARD

Nope.

MAURICE

That's right!

BERNARD

I am kinda tired of doing the wobble at weddings though.

WHITNEY (20s, black), a whimsical woman, spins around in her chair.

WHITNEY

Wait so they gotta learn spades without teaching it to them?

BERNARD

They gotta read between the unwritten lines.

MAURICE

That's right!

KEYONNA

Y'all's ignorance is killing off generations of spades partners.

MAURICE

They better not renege neither.

BERNARD

Now that's a real written rule.

MAURICE

If you gonna be my partner, you
gotta be librarian level good
'cause I'm about stacking my books!

KEYONNA

Maurice, you can barely read,
period.

Maurice talks trash. Bernard hypes him up.

KEYONNA (CONT'D)

If y'all don't calm all the way
down.

WHITNEY

Oh hey, Bry...

Maurice looks down at a young man named BRYSON (15, biracial)
awkwardly grinning up at him.

Maurice hands him the MIRROR.

MAURICE

My fault, Bryson. Trying to have an
important conversation.

BRYSON

It's all moony, bruh.

MAURICE

(mocking)

"It's all moony"-- I can't wait for
that shit to die.

BRYSON

Don't be mad 'cause you old and
still play spades.

The shop explodes into joyous chaos.

EXT. TENDER LOVING CUTZ - CONTINUOUS

A woman walks toward the salon entrance.

This is JULIARA (30s, black). She has the majesty of a
phoenix that still remembers the horrors of the fire.

She talks into her WATCH which lightly pulsates a yellow
GLOW. This is a HOLLYWATCH, a super-duper smartwatch.

JULIARA

Hey...so I was just calling to say
I passed everything so I'm your new
friendly neighborhood hairstylist.

She imitates a DJ airhorn sound. Kinda.

JULIARA (CONT'D)

Yeah, I'ma get it one day I
promise. Anyway, happy anniversary,
boo. I love you.

INT. TENDER LOVING CUTZ - CONTINUOUS

MAURICE

(to Bryson)

Don't think you grown just 'cause
you paying with your little chore
money.

Their Hollywatches glow as they FIST BUMP twice. Maurice's
watch makes a CHA-CHING sound.

MAURICE (CONT'D)

See yo non-spades-playing ass in
two weeks.

BRYSON

Don't be oily, bruh.

MAURICE

Boy bye.

Everybody says their byes to Bryson. He holds the door open
for Juliara as he leaves.

BRYSON

After you, moony mama.

MAURICE

Boy if you don't take yo--now that
was damn oily!

Bryson just slyly smiles and walks away. Keyonna stares down
Juliara.

KEYONNA

So...?

JULIARA

It went good.

Everybody bursts into celebration.

KEYONNA

You can have the chair next to mine!

Maurice pulls out a mostly-gone bottle of Hennessy and some shot glasses and starts pouring.

MAURICE

I got something special just for this occasion.

BERNARD

You always have Henny though.

MAURICE

You never know when a special occasion gonna hit.

BERNARD

You take at least two shots everyday.

MAURICE

Everyday alive is a special occasion.

KEYONNA

Okay, can we do this?

WHITNEY

To Juliara!

They all cheer and raise their glasses.

EXT. TENDER LOVING CUTZ - NIGHT

Everybody exits the salon chatting with buzzed energy. Juliara and Keyonna walk with one another.

JULIARA

You were a God send, Keyonna. I can't thank you enough for this.

KEYONNA

Well, you put me on when I needed it so I thought it only fair.

JULIARA

Finding anything other than colony jobs is hard right now.

KEYONNA

I can't believe they're still
allowed to call them colonies.

JULIARA

Yeah just 'cause it's on Mars don't
change nothing. They playing in our
face.

KEYONNA

In our face. Hey, you coming out
with us, right?

JULIARA

No, I should go ahead and go home.

KEYONNA

I know you ain't got nothing to do.

JULIARA

I do have plans actually.

KEYONNA

Plans more fun than wings, karaoke,
and--

She gestures over to where Whitney and Bernard are fully
committing to some DANCE that Maurice clearly thinks is
stupid.

KEYONNA (CONT'D)

...us?

JULIARA

Girl, I'll see you on Monday.

KEYONNA

Please don't leave me with them.

JULIARA

I'll see you on Monday.

KEYONNA

Why? You getting some tonight?

Juliara shoots a look.

JULIARA

Y'all have fun.

They hug.

JULIARA (CONT'D)

Thank you.

KEYONNA
We gotta take care of each other.

EXT. A BEACH - SUNSET

Juliara sits at a beachfront table, dressed to impress.

JULIARA
This is a lot of pressure, Trey.

TREY (O.S.)
This is the only anniversary gift I
want from you.

JULIARA
What's my best trait then?

TREY (O.S.)
Your best trait is your
ferociousness.

JULIARA
Ferociousness?

TREY (O.S.)
Yeah, you got some bite to ya. See?
Easy.

JULIARA
That ain't fair. You already had
your answer prepped.

TREY (O.S.)
No I didn't. Just don't overthink
it.

JULIARA
I actually wanna give a good--

TREY (O.S.)
I'ma start crying in three seconds.

JULIARA
Trey! What's wrong with me wanting
to give you a thoughtful--

Trey is heard obnoxiously fake-crying.

JULIARA (CONT'D)
Trey!

TREY (O.S.)

Okay you're right. I'm doing too much.

JULIARA

Your best personality trait is...you're married to a forgiving woman who somehow hasn't murdered you yet.

It becomes apparent that this is a recording as the camera flips around to show TREY (30s, black) laughing. He makes a DJ AIRHORN sound. The camera turns back around.

TREY (O.S.)

You ain't never lied, baby. Happy Anny.

INT. JULIARA'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Juliara sits alone curled up on her couch wearing what looks like a pair of DARK-COLORED SUNGLASSES.

These are HOLLYSHADES. They're lightweight, portable virtual reality glasses that are used much like smartphones.

The footage from the shades can be heard inside the room.

JULIARA

Happy Anny.

The video ends.

Juliara presses a button on the side of the glasses, and they turn TRANSPARENT a.k.a. CLEAR MODE.

HOLLYSHADES

You have three missed Hollycalls from a favorite contact: Good Mamma Jamma. Would you like to Hollycall them back now?

She looks toward an end table where there are several LIVE PHOTOS of her and Trey.

She gulps from the half-empty bottle of WINE.

JULIARA

Cancel reminders for today.

HOLLYSHADES

You got it! Return call reminders cancelled for today.

She presses the side of her glasses again and they turn back to DARK MODE. She FLICKS HER WATCH HAND in various directions in the air front of her.

Her POV: She scrolls through a VIDEO LIBRARY. A popup message is seen and heard.

HOLLYSHADES (CONT'D)

Your battery is at ten percent.
Please charge your Hollyshades or
Hollywatch now.

Juliara swipes the message away and chooses a video.

INT. JULIARA'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

Juliara sleeps with her Hollyshades still on with a completely empty bottle of wine next to her.

A SHADOW falls over her.