

THE LOST ON SOUTH GREEN STREET

Written by

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OVER BLACK:
Super: Fanta(n)[2 syll. fan-ta, fa-nta] Beautiful day

UP FROM BLACK.

EXT. ENGLEWOOD CHICAGO - DAY

Complex apartments, corner stores, groups of MEN walk down the street, grocery carts in the alleys, CHILDREN play on the corner, PROSTITUTES walk around.

Cars BLAST HIP HOP MUSIC.

All is interrupted by police SIRENS and cars, everyone scatters and runs.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

FANTA (15), enters the kitchen, ponytail askew, sleep still in her eyes, clutches her locket. She opens it to see a picture of her and her mom, she smiles.

She looks on top of the refrigerator. Grabs the box of Lucky Charms. She sets the cereal on the counter.

She opens the refrigerator. There is a near empty milk jug, grape jelly, vodka, and a bottle of orange juice.

Fanta opens the cabinet, grabs a bowl. She opens the silverware drawer. She finds a dirty spoon, walks to the sink and cleans it off.

She grabs the cereal, pours it into the bowl. There are only crumbs. She opens the milk, smells it, gags, tosses it.

FANTA
Mom?! Chris?!

CHRIS (O.S.)
What?!

FANTA
Call mom and tell her I'm hungry.

CHRIS (O.S.)
Her phone is off again. Eat the rest of that cereal.

FANTA
Cereal? Ain't no cereal. You ate it all. And that milk is spoiled.

CHRIS (O.S.)
 Girl, ain't nothing wrong with that
 milk.

Her brother, CHRIS (17), enters in a t-shirt and Nike shorts.

FANTA
 That milk expired two weeks ago!

CHRIS
 How you just now noticing that?

FANTA
 Mom was supposed to go grocery
 shopping.

CHRIS
 Momma ain't been back.

She grasps her locket tightly.

FANTA
 I-is she dead?

CHRIS
 Naw, you know how she is when Rick
 comes around. Get her drugs and she
 bounces for a while.

FANTA
 Don't say that. Maybe she's just at
 his house again.

CHRIS
 Stop lying to yourself. You know
 what she doing.

FANTA
 Don't always assume the worst.

CHRIS
 Can't be assuming what's already
 the truth.

Chris grabs the keys off of the counter.

FANTA
 You don't know what the truth is
 because you're not even with her.

CHRIS
 Aight, Fanta, you want food or not?

FANTA
Yes, I'm starving!

CHRIS
Let's go to Mrs. Jessica's.

Fanta angrily snatches her jacket off the couch.

Chris opens the door, they both exit, he locks the door behind them.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Fanta and Chris walk down the hall. They stop at the only door with a doormat that reads: "WELCOME".

Chris knocks on the door.

MRS. JESSICA opens the door with the latch still on. Only one eye and her gray hair is visible.

MRS. JESSICA
Tiddie B, I ain't got no drugs so
get off my door.

CHRIS
It's us, Mrs. Jessica.

The DOOR SLAMS. There is a sound of the lock UNLOCKING.

The door opens and it is Mrs. Jessica, (63). Her hair is purely gray and in an afro. She wears a long colorful floral dress.

MRS. JESSICA
Hey babies. What do y'all need?

Fanta's stomach GROWLS.

MRS. JESSICA (CONT'D)
Oh, you don't have to say anything
at all. Come on in I got leftovers
from yesterday.

INT. MRS. JESSICA'S DINING ROOM - EVENING

Chris and Fanta viciously eat. Across from them, SYLVIA (16), Mrs. Jessica's granddaughter. She stares at them in disgust.

SYLVIA
Y'all two are gross. Who even eats
like that?

CHRIS

Man, I'm hungry so Imma eat how I wanna eat.

SYLVIA

Why y'all always comin' over here eating my grandma food? Must not be no food at y'all house.

Fanta stares around, embarrassed.

FANTA

Don't worry about my house.

MRS. JESSICA (O.S.)

Sylvia, leave them children alone!

FANTA

While you're so worried about us, where is your mom at?

SYLVIA

In the grave, dead from breast cancer. Trust and believe if that wasn't the case, I wouldn't be living here with y'all broke asses.

Chris stops eating, he stares at Sylvia.

SYLVIA (CONT'D)

(sotto)

At least I know where my momma at.

CHRIS

Aight, chill Sylvia.

SYLVIA

Nah, let her hear this, yo momma is most likely high on drugs, in the streets, tryna beg for money through sex.

Fanta angrily stands, she grasps her locket.

FANTA

Okay, you can stop talking now.

SYLVIA

Because you know it's true. I mean think about it. Who names their kid after a soda? I'll tell you who-

MRS. JESSICA (O.S.)

I don' told you once.

SYLVIA
Crackheads.

Fanta scoffs, she turns to walk away. Sylvia grins. Fanta spins around, charges towards Sylvia.

Sylvia erupts from her seat. Chris jumps between them. Fanta moves in to make the first hit.

CHRIS
Aye! Aye! Stop!

Fanta and Sylvia attempt to push Chris out of the middle.

FANTA
Imma kick your ass!

CHRIS
Now it ain't gon' be none of dat!

Mrs. Jessica enters.

MRS. JESSICA
You damn right it ain't! I don't need nobody calling the police. Sylvia take your ass in the room.

Sylvia steels. She looks as if she is about to say something, then exits.

MRS. JESSICA (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, Fanta it might be best if y'all just leave.

CHRIS
Thanks for the food. I'm sorry about the problem.

Mrs. Jessica walks them to the door. She opens it and lets them out into...

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

MRS. JESSICA
Call and let me know when your mom comes home.

Fanta walks away. Chris smiles at Mrs. Jessica to ease the tension.

Chris runs to catch up with Fanta.

CHRIS
She just mad she's living in this
shitty place.

Fanta stops, looks Chris in his eyes. He pauses.

FANTA
Is she ever going to come back?

CHRIS
C'mon Fanta you know how momma is.
Damn, you always putting your faith
in her like she the best mom ever.

Fanta walks away, Chris follows.

FANTA
I only got one momma.

CHRIS
We only got one dad too, but you
don't never see him around do you?

FANTA
He doesn't matter.

CHRIS
And momma do? Cut the shit. She
barely do anything for us. You only
still holding on because of that
stupid locket.

FANTA
Momma gon' be back. I'm going to
look for her. You can go do
whatever you want.

CHRIS
Look, I'm the oldest, so I'm in
charge. I say let's bounce.

FANTA
No, I'm going outside.

Fanta shoves him, she walks down the stairs.

Chris stands there, debating, he paces.

A loud BOOM of a FIREWORK, a car alarm goes off.

CHRIS
Man!

Chris sprints down the stairs after Fanta.

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

It's late, the streets are awake. All the stores are open, PEOPLE walk around, talk, laugh, and shout "loose squares!", CRACKHEADS and WOMEN stand on corners with racy clothing on.

Fanta searches the streets. Fanta sees a group of prostitutes, one of them is JUICY (29), her mom's friend.

FANTA

Juicy?

Juicy's clothes, transparent, slip off her skinny frame.

Another PROSTITUTE helps Juicy light her cigarette. Juicy doesn't see Fanta behind her.

JUICY

This is a boys only convention. If you tryna find somebody to "taste the rainbow", you better gon' on with your da-

She turns around to see Fanta.

JUICY (CONT'D)

Awww, little miss Fanta! Why you out here? Where your brother at?

FANTA

I don't know somewhere, look I just had a quest-

JUICY

You tryna get some money? I think you a lil too young. Try again in two more years and come back thicker, okay?

FANTA

I'm not on that type of stuff. I'm looking for my momma.

JUICY

Cherie? I been waiting on her to call me. Io'n know where she at. Last time I checked she was at Larry's on South Green Street.

Fanta sprints up the street.

EXT. LARRY'S - MOMENTS LATER

The infamous corner store, small, yellow, and on the brink of collapsing.

A group of MEN (20s), stands posted in front of Larry's.

A car full of MEN speed up to Larry's and SCREECHES to a halt.

Fanta talks to confused crackheads in front of Larry's.

Chris, winded, grabs her shoulder and turns her around.

CHRIS

The hell is wrong with you?

FANTA

I'm not gonna wait until she turns up dead.

CHRIS

Maybe we should look tomorrow. She probably on her way home.

FANTA

You know she's always over here c'mon. Then we can stop looking.

CHRIS

Nah, Fanta. It's dangerous over here and it's late as hell.

FANTA

No! What the heck are you so afraid of? You know those boys? Are you in a gang too?

ARGUING between the gang members grows louder. Tension rises.

CHRIS

Naw Io'n know them, but we don't know what they finto do so let's g-

FANTA

I'm going over there to look for mom and I don't care if you're coming or no...

A PROSTITUTE exits Larry's, Fanta's eyes light up.

FANTA (CONT'D)

Mom!

GANG MEMBER #1 (INSIDE CAR)
Aye, get 'em!

The group of men standing on the corner start to run, the car chases after them and opens fire.

The prostitute runs for cover. Fanta freezes in shock.

The runners open fire in return.

Chris snatches Fanta and pulls her into the...

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

They run and crouch behind a garbage can.

Chris puts a hand over Fanta's mouth.

CHRIS
(sotto)
Don't make a sound.

Gunfire continues then ceases, Fanta stands.

FANTA
That was mom.

Fanta slowly steps out from behind the garbage can.

CHRIS
That wasn't momma, shut up!

A GANG MEMBER runs through the alley.

Suddenly, blue lights are seen. Police SIRENS are heard. A shadow of a POLICEMAN becomes visible.

POLICE OFFICER
Freeze!

The police officer opens fire.

Chris jumps to his feet, grabs Fanta. The bullet grazes Chris' left arm.

The gang member is hit.

Unseen by the police, Chris and Fanta run into...

EXT. STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Fanta stops, out of breath.

FANTA

Why are we running, they can help
us find mom!

Chris pulls her forward. She tries to go back.

CHRIS

Police ain't helping nobody but the
graveyard. You wanna be another kid
on a Black Lives Matter banner?

FANTA

Well, w-what about mom?! We gotta
find her first!

CHRIS

No! Look at my damn arm, I'm
leaking! Let's go Fanta. We not
dying out here.

Chris starts to walk off.

FANTA

O- okay... Wait!

Fanta takes her jacket off, places it around Chris's wound.
Her eyes' light up as she gets an idea.

FANTA (CONT'D)

The hospital! Let's take you to the
hospital, maybe mom got sick and
went there!

CHRIS

And snitch? Nah, I can patch this
up at home. Now c'mon let's go.

Fanta begins to hyperventilate.

Chris picks her up, puts her over his right shoulder, and
takes off.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Chris and Fanta enter the house. The lights on, clothes and
shoes strewn about, the closet door cracked.

Fanta looks around the room, her eyes light up, she smiles,
grabs her locket.

FANTA

Mom?!

Fanta runs down the hall.

Chris scans the living room, he goes to open the closet, it's empty.

FANTA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Mom, where are you?! We been
looking for....

Beat. The sound of GLASS SHATTERING.

Chris walks down the hall.

INT. CHERIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The bed is stripped. Drawers are wide open and empty.

Fanta rushes to the closet. Empty, except her clothes.

Chris enters.

FANTA
She left! She took everything.
Everybody was right!

She pushes past Chris and exits.

Chris walks over the broken glass, sees an old photo of him, Fanta, and their mother. They look happy and healthy.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

He runs to the bathroom door. He jiggles the locked doorknob.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Fanta cries. She takes a long stare in the mirror. She looks at her locket.

Chris BANGS on the door.

Fanta snatches off the locket and throws it into the toilet, slams the seat shut, and flushes the locket.

Fanta flings opens the door.

CHRIS
Are you okay?

She nudges by him.

Chris enters the bathroom, opens the cabinet, gets gauze and wipes. He wipes the wound, applies the gauze.

He grabs the dirty wipes, opens the toilet seat, he sees the locket, reaches in to grab it.

He cleans it off, puts it into his pocket.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

He frantically checks the house. He runs to...

INT. CHRIS'S ROOM - NIGHT

He grabs his phone, dials "9-1-1". He hears sniffing. He moves the phone away from his ear.

911 OPERATOR (OVER PHONE)
"Nine, one, one", what is your
emergency?

He turns around, sees Fanta huddled in a corner, crying.

911 OPERATOR (CONT'D)
Hello? Hello?

He hangs up the phone, throws it onto his bed. He walks over to Fanta, kneels down. He holds her as she cries.

The lock screen is the photo from earlier. The PHONE
VIBRATES, an unknown number.

Chris takes the locket out of his pocket, places it around her neck. They take a long stare at each other.

Tears roll down Fanta's face. Chris starts to hold her again as they sit in silence of the room, combined with the sniffles of Fanta and the constant vibrations of the phone.

FADE TO BLACK.