

Untitled Project

written by

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WE WON'T ACT

BY HIABU HASSEBU

FADE IN:

INT. BUS - DAY

A bus full of actors and a director is running along the main street of Hollywood. The DIRECTOR 45 is sitting on the first seat together with the stage ANNOUNCER 35.

In the middle the Director stands up and faces towards the actors.

DIRECTOR

Today is a good day though!

All actors remain silent.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

I believe in your acting skills.

All actors clap their hands.

The bus stops at the parking-lot of the theatre Hall.

We see all Actors decending out of the bus each carrying the musical equipments. Through the main door they step up the stage.

The Director and the Announcer follow behind their footsteps.

INT. THEATRE HALL - DAY

We see older, middle aged, young male and female flocking towards the Hall all chatting. The Theatre Hall is full.

A soft classical music dominates the hall. Colored flashing lights are flashing in the darkness.

We see KIDS on their own running around freely.

A Rasta braided MALE 25 is walking along by the ailes carrying a basket of cotton sugar and pop corns.

A KID 10, running by accidentally nocks the basket to the ground. The Male silently bows down to collect his stuff.

The Kid's MOM 30, rushes stepping towards her child.

MOM

Naughty!

The Kid moves his head up and down saying nothing.

She looks side way to the Popcorn seller.

MOM (CONT'D)

Any damage!

MALE

It's okay.

She pulls out some dollars from her purse and hands him.

Grabs her childs hand and lead him towards the seat.

At the corner a middle aged PASTOR is siting on a chair on his own reading his bible. All eyes of the theatre attendants darts on to the Pastor.

A HUSBAND 40 and a WIFE 35 who are sitting on the first pew, they see their Pastor is at the hall.

WIFE

How come a Pastor show up to a mundane show place?

HUSBAND

"This's Hollywood and above all it's America". I don't get exited.

The wife looks fixedly at the Pastor.

WIFE

America! Wrong place.

The Pastor turns his back to the stage and stands facing towards the audience, lowering his head down.

Raises the bible on the air.

PASTOR

Woe to you.

A MALE 40 and FEMALE 35 security guys approach the Pastor. The Male security steps towards the him and leans towards his ear.

MALE

Reverend?

The Pastor lifts his head up and smiles.

FEMALE

You're on the rong place.

PASTOR

A wrong place?

FEMALE

Yes a wrong place.

PASTOR

Why?

MALE

You shouldn't be here mingling with us the lay people.

PASTOR

I'm here for a purpose.

The audience loudly murmur.

MALE

Which purpose?

PASTOR

The Holly things are for the Holly ones.

The audience becomes silent. The Pastor walks our sneaking through the door as all audiences eyes dart on him.

CUT TO:

The audience is set there in a quiet, waiting for the show to start. All get very anxious to see the stage curtain to be opened.

Behind the curtain a loud voices of angered actors is heard. The show director is behind the curtain when all the mess is happening.

The actors are on a strike, raising their voices loudly.

ALL ACTORS

(yelling)

"We are not going to act".

The director implores his actors to act as all actors resist not act.

DIRECTOR

Please don't ruin the day.

ALL ACTORS  
 (yelling)  
 We won't act.

The audience get intruiged by the situation.

The classical music abraply stop playing.

After a brief pause the ANOUNCER 40, of the show sneaks out through the opening of the curtain.

All the audience start to clap their hands.

He stops stooped.

Again the audience shout and whistle making the hall chaotic.

The announcer looks right and left without saying anything.

ALL AUDIENCE  
 "Start the show", "Start the show".

The announcer breaths deeply onto the microphone.

ALL AUDIENCE (CONT'D)  
 What's happening up there?

He pauses as they continue to shout.

He gazes up towards the ceiling blinking his eyes.

An ATHLETIC well built Male steps towards the stage.

The announcer stares at him in fear backing up.

ATHLETIC  
 "You better start the show".

The flashing lights get smaller and smaller near fading off.

ANNOUNCER  
 The devil has farted on the day.

ATHLETIC  
 The Angels are ready to save the day.

ANNOUNCER  
 How?

ATHLETIC  
 If the horses are not available the donkeys are ready.

The Announcer looks back at him.

We see all the Audience walking fast towards the exit door all yelling and shouting loud. All of them turn off and go out of the hall.

CUT TO:

As the Announcer and the Athletic are discussing at the exit door, the Director joins them stepping slowly. He shakes his head up and down.

DIRECTOR

What a day! I feel ashamed.

He looks at Athletic Man.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

Who's he?

ANNOUNCER

An Angel from the audience.

DIRECTOR

Nods.

ANNOUNCER

And do you know what he asked me?

The Director moves his head left and right.

DIRECTOR

No I don't know.

ANNOUNCER

If he could help to fix the situation we're in.

DIRECTOR

Good! We need him.

Gazes and smiles at the Athletic Man.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

You're hired.

EXT. STREET- DAY

The main street of Hollywood is busy, with passing by cars, people walking along a wide paved side walks.

A double decked open tourist bus is on the street moving very slowly.

The Athletic Man is walking down the street, with his breafcase in his hand, looking left and right.

CUT TO:

On the compound of the Starbucks there are dozens of large umbrella stretched and scattered in line. Under each Umbrella we see a round table with six chair around.

He leads his way walking inside the Starbucks. He keeps his line standing behind a blond hair FEMALE 20.

She turns her head around. Smiles.

FEMALE

Good morning! Do you enjoy the aroma?

ATHLETIC

Good morning! Yes indeed. I love Starbucks coffee.

Jeff steps forward keeping his line. A classical music dominates the place. He stares at the ceiling to see the magnific pictures.

A beuatiful Ethiopian LADY 25, is standing behind the counter every now and then smiling at customers. Athletic stands before the counter to be served.

She smiles.

LADY

How may I help you?

He smiles.

ATHLETIC

Coffee please, large with milk without sugar.

LADY

Columbian or Ethiopian coffee?

ATHLETIC

What's the difference the beauty of her mother.

LADY

The flavor is different. The Columbian is strong but the Ethiopian is mild.

ATHLETIC  
Where are you from?

LADY  
From Ethiopia.

ATHLETIC  
I see, from the coffee land.

She writes on a piece of paper, a sentence "Ethiopian coffee is the best". Hands the paper to him. She smiles.

ATHLETIC (CONT'D)  
Coffee with three F's and three  
E's....

LADY  
Yes indeed.

ATHLETIC  
So let me try the coffee from your  
country. May I have your phone  
number please?

She writes her phone number on a piece of paper and hands him.

CUT TO:

The Athletic man sneaks out with his coffee on his hand and sits on a plastic chair out under the umbrella shade.

Across, three yards away under another umbrella a group of MALE and FEMALE on their twenties are chatting loudly.

MALE ONE  
A house with no woman is like a  
barn without a cow.

All males laugh loudly as the female clap their hands. The female glance at each other.

MALE TWO  
Are you advocating feminism?

MALE ONE  
Is a fact.

Female one raises her voice.

FEMALE ONE  
You don't get pregnant.

MALE TWO

Yes we do.

FEMALE ONE

How?

MALE TWO

With our mind.

FEMALE TWO

But we get pregnant with our mind  
and our womb.

Athletic Man joins their conversation by sitting across the table.

ATHLETIC

I like all your conversations.

All smile.

ATHLETIC (CONT'D)

Let me introduce myself. I'm a film director and I am on my way looking for actors.

MALE ONE

We don't posses acting.

ATHLETIC

If you're learners you can do it.  
Who can join to my project?

Male One and Female one raises their hands and he registers them on notes.

ATHLETIC (CONT'D)

Okay I will see you soon.

CUT TO:

The Gym hall is adorned by different photos of body builders hanged along the entire wall. On four corners of the hall tall mirrors. In the middle we see rectangular TV hanging from the ceiling.

A light classical music feels the place. Athletic passes by males and females who are engaged in doing differen exercises.

At the back of the hall we see an office. A FEMALE 25 and a gym TRAINER 30 are sitting side by side.

she senses a smell of a sweat.

FEMALE

Oh my God, I can't resist the  
smell.

Takes out a perfume spray, from the cupboard and sprays it  
all over.

He swipes his sweat with a piece of cloth.

TRAINER

Sorry for that. I guess I was  
wrong.

FEMALE

Don't worry, I already solved the  
problem.

They hear a light knock at the door. The Female steps to open  
the door.

Athletic steps in wearing his black T-shirt, reading in front  
"Looking for actors".

FEMALE (CONT'D)

Welcome! Are you a producer?

ATHLETIC

No. I'm a director.

The trainer invites him to sit down, sliding a chair towards  
him. He sits down and smiles.

TRAINER

School director?

ATHLETIC

No. Film director.

TRAINER

That's what's up.

FEMALE

Very hot.

ATHLETIC

Love and cup of coffee, taste best  
when hot.

Trainer smiles and the Female blinks her eyes.

TRAINER

So, what brings you here?

ATHLETIC  
Just looking for actors.

The Female and the Trainer glance at each other. She smiles.

FEMALE  
What character to play?

TRAINER  
Are you looking for a female or male?

ATHLETIC  
Male with an athletic body.

She stares at the Trainer and smiles.

FEMALE  
Oh, you don't need any reference, he is just in front.

ATHLETIC  
I see, if he takes the offer.

TRAINER  
But for me acting is like a river running up the stream.

ATHLETIC  
What do you mean by that?

TRAINER  
I mean I never acted the Hollywood way.

ATHLETIC  
Don't worry, I will train you.

Jeff walks out from the office.

INT. HAIR SALON - DAY

Across the street several yards distant, there is a mini-shop of a hair Saloon. MARY 35, an African-American female is doing hair of a female customer.

A couple of other female customers are sitting on a sofa watching TV.

Athletic steps inside the saloon mini-shop. Mary get scared of the stranger. He sits on the sofa saying nothing and joins the other customer who are watching TV.

Mary looks at him side way.

MARY  
Are you a customer?

ATHLETIC  
No.

MARY  
Oh, the train not your stop!

He gets confused of her say.

ATHLETIC  
What do you mean?

MARY  
I mean you're in a wrong place.

ATHLETIC  
I know,

MARY  
I only do hair for Africans, only  
for hair to be braided.

ATHLETIC  
I'm here for my own reason, if you  
don't mind.

MARY  
What reason my dear?

ATHLETIC  
I'm a film director and I am  
looking for a hair braider like  
you.

She stares at the TV and smiles.

MARY  
You mean perform?

ATHLETIC  
Exactly.

MARY  
If available training is there I'm  
ready.

ATHLETIC  
Thank you for accepting my offer.

ATHLETIC (CONT'D)

You're hired.

MARY

Oh, I'll sleep with my shose, I  
mean I'm exited.

The Athletic man glances at his watch and sneaks out through the open door.

INT. PARTY HALL - NIGHT

The next day the Athletic man leads his way to the party hall. After driving twenty minutes he parks on the parking-lot outside in the dark.

He walks all the way up to the party Hall. The music is loud and the alcohol scent is all over the Hall. He buys his entrance ticket and steps inside the hall.

At the stage a female singer is singing accompanied by musicians.

He sits at the back seat. After a while a female BARIST 21 approaches him from behind.

BARIST

Welcome! May I help you?

He smiles gazing at her side way. The music is very loud as it makes it difficult to communicate. She leans towards his ear.

BARIST (CONT'D)

Do you need something to drink?

ATHLETIC

Yes mam.

BARIST

What drink?

ATHLETIC

Do you have beer?

BARIST

Of course, we have. Which kind?

ATHLETIC

Henicken.

She swiftly tries to step towards the Bar in seconds to deliver the order.

ATHLETIC (CONT'D)

By the way may I speak with the owner.

BARIST

Sure.

The OWNER 50, steps towards the the Athletic man. He sits across the table.

OWNER

Welcome! Anything I can help?

ATHLETIC

Well, I need a musical band for my show and I find this band more agreeable to my plan.

OWNER

That sounds good.

Both sign the agreement paper.

CUT TO:

By now the Athletic Man had finished his job of hiring new crew actors. He stretches the spread sheet on the desk, peering over making mental assesment.

He's waiting to meet the Director. He takes a successful deep breath and takes a sip of his coffee. He holds his cell-phone tighter and closes his eyes. He dials the numbers.

From the other end the Director's phone sounds lightly never to hear the call. It goes to the answer machine. Again the Athletic man redails.

DIRECTOR (O.S.)

Hello! Hello!

ATHLETIC

Guess what?

DIRECTOR (O.S.)

I'm guessing that things with you are alright. Any progress?

ATHLETIC

Everything is going to change.

DIRECTOR (O.S.)

For good or bad?

ATHLETIC

For good.

DIRECTOR (O.S.)

I couldn't wait to hear about the  
good news.

CUT TO:

The next day the Director and the Athletic man they go out to  
dinner at a restaurant.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

I feel glad you volunteered to save  
my show plan.

ATHLETIC

Just trying to make the best of the  
situation. Are you happy?

DIRECTOR

Of course I'm. I'm ecited.

ATHLETIC

Do you want me to handle the  
project of your show.

DIRECTOR

You actually get it together, I'll  
owe big time.

ATHLETIC

You don't owe me anything. All in  
all it's a fun for me.

FADE OUT:

We see at a stage an African American singing a Hip-hop song  
as the curtain of the stage in a slow motion opening.

We see at the back of the stage in big inscriptions "WE WILL  
ACT".