

Headshot

written by

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BLACK

WE READ IT:

Head•shot
noun

1. a shot to the head;
2. a term used by FPS players like FPS doug;
3. to give someone a head from very far away

INT./EXT. HIGH SCHOOL PREMISES - MORNING

A song like GEORGE HARRISON'S "MY SWEET LORD" STARTS as...

SHOTS OF:

A GROUP OF FOUR BOYS (15-16s) HOLD a girl (16) to the ground while one of them tries to KISS HER on the mouth;

TWO BOYS (17s) intimidate a third by PRESSING HIM against a wall;

PRAY TELL (16), a boy, nails painted in different colors, goes to open his LOCKER with the words FUCKING FAGGOT painted in red. Two others pass behind him giggling, he stares back at them with HIS MIDDLE FINGER;

THREE GIRLS (15s) SCRIBBLE something on a wall in a room. They laugh a lot;

A GIRL (17) dances on top of a desk inside A CLASSROOM. Everyone watches her LAUGHING, some are confused;

At a second CLASSROOM, a GIRL (15) in the front row, trying to pay attention to her reading, is SHOT with SEVERAL PAPER BALLS from other students;

At REFECTORY, a GROUP (15-18s) DISCUSS in a circle. In the center we see other students DANCING;

At a BATHROOM'S CABIN, a GIRL (16) hides. She takes out her smartphone, takes off the T-shirt she's wearing, and prepares to take a SELFIE;

SHOT OF:

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL STREET - MORNING

BEVERLY SANTOS (16), black, short curly hair, round dark eyes, appears, HANDS DIVINELY JOINED, each nail painted a color, head covered like the Virgin Mary, EYES UPWARD, sanctified, pure, illuminated.

BEVERLY (V.O.)

I wish I was a boy, a white, muscular, hot, athletic boy. I would wear tight t-shirts and post gym stories exposing my achievements, girls would look at me wanting me, they would comment at my photos with double meaning jokes about my dick. I would categorize girls as "to fuck" and "to fuck later". I would surround myself with girls to call them as friends to hit on and have sex when they're hot and to call them just a friend when I label them as fat and ugly even when they're nice and talk about things I like.

OVER HER HEAD, a light, yellow, WARM and comfortable, very SACRED, appears contrasting with her figure. TEARS spring to her eyes, a SMILE RISES on her black lips.

BEVERLY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

When the time comes, I would have a beautiful daughter, a token to gain more instagram likes thanking God for all his grace and glory towards me giving me a beautiful wife and a beautiful offspring. Thank you God, thank you for one more day, thank you for this beautiful human being, thank you for this life.

BACK TO:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL, BATHROOM CABIN - MORNING

Beverly, crouched, PEES on a SMARTPHONE on the floor beside the toilet.

She finishes, waits for the last drops to fall and lifts her panties and pants.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL, REFECTORY - CONTINUOUS

The place is crowded with students eating, drinking, laughing, talking.

MICHELLE HOTAH (17), brown skin, long black hair with white shiny money pieces at front, serious face, hard eyes, lots of MAKEUP, exaggerated and colorful shoulder pads, on her face A RED AND BLUE LIGHTNING like David Bowie's Aladdin Sane.

Michelle approaches a MICROPHONE, tests the sound, and starts off slow and smooth with high melancholy notes:

MICHELLE

(singing into microphone)

All you ladies pop yo' pussy like this, shake your body, don't stop, don't miss, all you ladies pop yo' pussy like this, shake your body, don't stop, don't miss, just do it do it do it, lick it good, suck this pussy just like you should, right now, lick it good, suck this pussy just like you should, my neck, my back, yeah lick my pussy and my crack. My neck, my back, lick my pussy and my crack, my neck, my back, lick my pussy and my crack.

Michelle's eyes are closed at this moment.

Alone AT A TABLE, Pray Tell watches with a smile as Beverly sympathetically approaches, two tables away from his table, HELEN (17), light brown hair, likeable, smiley, and HANDS HER a smartphone.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

(singing into microphone)

First you gotta put yo' neck into it, ah don't stop just do it do it, then you roll your tongue, from the crack back to the front.

BEVERLY

I found it in the bathroom.

HELEN

Oh, God, thank you so much. Thanks.

BEVERLY

You're welcome.

Beverly smiles at her and approaches Pray Tell, laughing, taking a seat at the table in front of him.

PRAY TELL
What a wicked little bitch.

A hiss from the microphone being abruptly turned off ECHOES by the refectory.

We see a grumpy ADULT (50s) takes the microphone off the pedal, rigidly pulling Michelle away from her musical moment.

MICHELLE
(screaming)
Fascist pigs!

Michelle reluctantly steps away from the microphone.

Beverly smiles to Pray Tell.

BEVERLY
I'm a humble human doing things out of good will. Hate me.

PRAY TELL
Gee, golden shower is a bitch. How long this time?

BEVERLY
My bladder's like clockwork. Nine seconds, nine long pretty seconds.

Pray Tell laughs. Michelle approaches.

PRAY TELL
My God, you're a wonderful creature.

Michelle tosses a paper bag onto the table and sits down next to Beverly.

MICHELLE
Wassup my beautiful hoes?

PRAY TELL
Lovely song, I almost cried.

Beverly picks up a piece of the sandwich Michelle takes from the bag. Michelle slaps her quickly.

MICHELLE
Bitch wash your hands.

Pray Tell, delighted, still watches Helen with her smartphone that Beverly just returned, using it and chatting indistinctly with other girls at her table.

PRAY TELL

Her face gonna stink like piss
forever.

Beverly laughs.

BEVERLY

You'll ruin my scheme. Stop
staring, perv!

ANOTHER BOY (17), white, long hair, basketball t-shirt, rushes into their table, a cynical smile on face. His name is Joji.

JOJI

Ah, Bev, there you are. I thought I saw your hairy face through the window seconds ago and mistake you for Big Foot. My bad. You should stay away from windows, Bev, this is serious. Someday people will shoot you or hit you with an arrow, I dunno.

PRAY TELL

Next time you wanna suck my dick again you just go on and tell me, Joji. I know your feelings and your premature ejac problems must be depressing-

MICHELLE

-so fucking depressing. You should take some Lexapro, Prozac and shit.

PRAY TELL

-but you just gotta spit it all at once, right? Just go on and tell me. You loved last time, remember that.

Joji backs away a bit as TWO more BOYS (17s) approach.

MICHELLE

Oh, here come the boyfriends.

JOJI

Stay away from me, fucking faggot.

They walk away, Pray Tell smiles and shakes his fingers in a sarcastic farewell.

PRAY TELL
(shouting)
The velvety mouth of the crew!

Joji turns around, the MIDDLE FINGER raised.

Pray Tell blows a kiss as Michelle and Beverly laughs.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL STREET - MOMENTS LATER

CAROLINA "CARRIE" BURROUGHS (17s), blonde braided long hair, smiley, straightens her smartphone to start RECORDING.

SMARTPHONE CAMERA FOOTAGE:

Carrie pulls away, takes a deep breath and stretches her shoulders as Helen appears beside her. Both stand side by side, A MUSIC BEGINS and the two begin a rhythmic choreography.

Carrie and Helen remain synchronized for a few steps, until Carrie stumbles and misses.

CARRIE
Shit. Stop!

BACK TO:

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Music stops, recording stops.

Students disperse normally. Between them, Michelle walks away, her eyes glazed over at the cell phone in her hand, right in front of Beverly and Pray Tell.

HELEN
Are you okay?

Carrie, tired, sits on the floor as several students pass her, greeting her.

Michelle and Pray Tell cross the street and can't help but watch as A GROUP OF BOYS, including Joji, huddle around her and carry her in their arms. Carrie screams, laughs and asks them to put her down.

PRAY TELL
Oh the humanity.

Michelle laughs, eyes glued on the phone.

MICHELLE

It's so fucking delightful how
humans develop tactics to shame
themselves.

Pray Tell keeps watching them.

Michelle then shows her PHONE SCREEN to Pray Tell and WE SEE
a short video of A SCREEN of pictures of Helen and Joji,
kissing, hugging and making faces.

Beverly is about to join them when Helen approaches her. The
two exchange a few words we can't hear, and soon Helen turns
away and Beverly is back on her way.

PRAY TELL

Yo, she's been using you again to
do her homework?

MICHELLE

I told you already, when this
happens, you should charge. Always
charge them bitches.

BEVERLY

(laughing)

You don't know what you're talking
about. She just asked me out.

Michelle immediately laughs when they start walking down the
street.

INT. PRAY TELL'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

The walls are COVERED WITH POSTERS of cult horror and sci-fi
movies, music bands, cartoons and famous people, plunged into
a darkness only lit by PURPLE AND PINK LANTERNS scattered
across the walls and the bed in the center.

On the floor, on a shag rug, Michelle is still glazed over by
her cell phone, Beverly at her side plays with her hair, and
Pray Tell looks at himself in the mirror on the dressing
table.

Through the half-open door sounds of HIS BROTHER screaming
angrily along with angry pounding on the table, applause,
jeers and muffled screams come in.

Nervous, Pray Tell goes to the door:

PRAY TELL

(screaming)

Hey, dickhead, we don't wanna
fucking hear the sounds during the
process of you trying to become
more and more a middle-aged virgin!
Shut the fuck up!

THE DOOR BANGS CLOSED.

MICHELLE

(laughing)

Oh my God!

(to Beverly)

Hey, what's your next move?

BEVERLY

Well, Talent Show is coming up so I
count on pass invisible through
those fuckers as usual. Plus, my
mom won't let me do anything
anyway.

MICHELLE

Oh no.

Pray Tell laughs while doing makeup.

PRAY TELL

We hope more for you than "the
usual". Don't do this to yourself.
You're an artist. Look at Miss
Bowie over here, she's pleasing us
with some vision just now.
Disruptive, ahead of her time,
transcendent.

Michelle gets up, shrugs her shoulders and on her knees
starts performing.

PRAY TELL (CONT'D)

She's awesome.

MICHELLE

They deserve better from these
ho's.

Beverly chuckles, we hear knocks on the door. KENNETH (30s),
Pray Tell's older brother, bearded, tall, a HEADPHONE at his
shoulders, appears through a crack in the door.

KENNETH

I'm gonna have some friends crash
in just now. So don't show up.

Kenneth leaves as quickly as he came.

PRAY TELL
They have some weed?

KENNETH (O.S.)
(shouting)
Fuck you!

Muffled music starts pounding through the walls.

MICHELLE
He's like this all the time?

PRAY TELL
You know, no one really cares
anymore.

MICHELLE
Man, I wish I could be like that.
Having you guys at my mama's all
the time. She'll never let me.

BEVERLY
(chuckling)
Yeah, she thinks me and Pray are
devil worshipers, right?

Pray Tell laughs, Beverly's PHONE VIBRATES, she PICKS IT UP,
CHECKS IT.

A MESSAGE POP UP as WE READ IT:

Unknown: I want you to suck my titties so hard right now.

Beverly gets up unobtrusively so as not to draw attention
while Michelle and Pray Tell laugh.

PRAY TELL
Yeah yeah, she must think I have
Baphomet tattooed on my back.

MICHELLE
No, actually, she really thinks.

PRAY TELL
What?

MICHELLE
I showed her a picture, a random
picture I found googling, of a guy
tattooing himself in the back of a
SUV.

(MORE)

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
 He was trying to make a skull, a
 goat skull, but at the end it
 looked like a 5-years-old kid's
 drawing of Baphomet-

PRAY TELL
 (laughing)
 I can't believe you did that.

MICHELLE
 I showed her like- I showed like
 "Mom, look the new tattoo Pray got
 yesterday" and she was like-

Michelle mimics a reaction, transfixed, her eyes strangely wide.

ANOTHER MESSAGE POPS UP at Beverly's phone and WE READ IT:

Im sending pics.

INT. PRAY TELL'S HOUSE, HALLWAY / BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Beverly leaves the room as we hear the muffled voices of Pray Tell and Michelle accompanied by laughter.

PRAY TELL (O.S.)
 Oh my fucking God!

MICHELLE (O.S.)
 (imitating her Mother)
 You're gonna stop walking around
 with these people now! I can accept
 all sorts of things, all sorts of
 things, I do, I accept you either
 way but these people have no God,
 no respect, no God! If you walk
 this house with this- this- this
 thing in your face, your face full
 of- No!

Beverly walks down the dark hallway ONLY THE COLORED LED LIGHTS of the living room bouncing off and the music alongside the DISTINCT VOICES of people as she passes straight through the house's empty rooms.

She LOCKS herself in the BATHROOM, but the music and voices remain muffled, checking the phone.

THE PHONE LIGHT ILLUMINATES HER FACE as she unlocks it and wanders through SEVERAL PICTURES OF Carrie, we don't see her face, just IN PANTIES, in various positions.

BEVERLY (V.O.)
 I like girls, I like their smell,
 unlike boys, girls are cleaner,
 prettier, wiser. I like their
 curves, their breasts.

Beverly quickly sits on the toilet, unzip her pants, her fingers down the panties.

FLASH ON:

INT. BEAUTY SALON - NIGHT

An 8-year-old Beverly, nervous, stressed, surrounded by OTHER BLACK WOMEN (30s-40s), sits in an ordinary chair, HER HAIR HUGE, ARMED, unkempt, and one of these women's hands gripping her roots and combing and breaking her hair into sections.

BEVERLY (V.O.)
 I don't know when it hit me for the first time, I just remember liking it, an itch between my thighs. I can't attach exactly to one moment specifically, that's unfair, but I discovered it very easily.

Beverly moans in pain, to no avail, as the women LAUGH AND TALK loudly to each other.

Then, ANOTHER WOMAN (30s), black, hair all braided, wearing a SKIRT AND TOP, belly exposed, rushes in. She greets everyone else quickly and soon young Beverly watches her.

BEVERLY'S POV

The woman's abdomen, her belly button, as she interacts with others. HER SKIRT, KNEES, NECK, exposed.

Without anyone noticing, Beverly CROSSES HER LEGS, watching intently as the Woman straightens her TOP and lowers the skirt a little more.

INT. CHURCH'S ROOM - AFTERNOON

In a CIRCLE, TEENAGERS (15s-18s) gather, eyes closed, hand in hand, singing. In the center Beverly shrinks, arms held, nearly frightened.

As we watch them in an almost harmony, very choral, emotional...

BEVERLY (V.O.)

I met Carrie Burroughs for the first time at the only place a girl like me could ever stumble a girl like her beside school and, I don't know, a drug store.

Carrie appears among them, uncomfortable but attentive, missing the song's lyrics. She exchanges glances quickly and succinctly with Beverly.

BEVERLY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I could tell right away she knew me like no one else. She knows my secret, my deepest wet dirty secrets and thoughts of how bullshit and meaningless these let's-take-away-their-pussy-dick-hunger attempts was and still is.

INT. CHURCH'S STORAGE ROOM / HALLWAY - NIGHT

Quickly, Carrie pushes a BOY (18s) into the darkness. Flustered, they kiss while HE TAKES OFF HIS CLOTHING.

BEVERLY (V.O.)

Carrie's the daughter of a missionary and the principal of our school. Since she was a baby she attends that church. She's been a part of every Youth Charity program, she's top of the contact list of every Anita Bryant lookalike in this place and she hates them as much as I do.

In that second Beverly walks into the hallway and HEARS THEM BOTH. The door opens ABRUPTLY preventing her from passing through. They stare at each other for a few seconds, WORRIED.

Carrie appears at the door.

CARRIE

What's your name?

BOY

I think it's Beverly.

The Boy gets up, brushing the dirt off his clothes, pulling up his pants and moving back to Carrie.

CARRIE

No. Too late now.

BOY
(confused)
What?

CARRIE
We'll meet later.

Saddened, the Boy leaves, adjusting his pants around his waist.

CARRIE (CONT'D)
(to Beverly)
I like your hair.

Beverly prepares to move on, but Carrie grabs her by the arm.

SECONDS LATER, the two sit alone inside the storage room. Carrie kisses her gently at first, then Beverly feels more comfortable accepting her.

CARRIE (CONT'D)
I love your hair.

BEVERLY (V.O.)
That was my first time- ever.

Carrie advances taking Beverly's breasts, who, shy, just keeps kissing her. Carrie takes off Beverly's clothes, THEY LAY ON THE FLOOR.

BEVERLY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
At a first glance it may look we are seeking the same, but trust me, we are not. In the matter of hating and everything else there's the big difference between girls like me and the purest and hottest girl in school: I show the hating, especially the hating, she doesn't.

INT. PRAY TELL'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

We hear people talking indistinctly in the room.

Beverly walks past the counter towards A CUPBOARD over the sink. She raises her arm to reach something, but fails.

A BOY (19s), friendly, athletic, appears at her back, very close, their arms touch and she, frightened, backs away after a few seconds.

BEVERLY (V.O.)
But I like boys too, sometimes-
Just sometimes and not at the same
level.

Beverly, a little embarrassed, watches the Boy walk back into the room, shot CUPS in his hand.

BEVERLY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Most times It works fine. Carrie's
got her thing, I got my things.
It's been like this since.

BACK TO:

INT. PRAY TELL'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A GROUP OF FIVE (20s-30s) people smoke, dance, drink and eat scattered around the room. A COUPLE DANCES near the TV, TWO GIRLS listen to music on the sofa, Kenneth PREPARES DRINKS ON THE counter while Pray Tell, curious, approaches carefully observing the small mess that forms on the coffee table with THROWN CUPS, CIGARETTE BUTTS, CELL PHONES, HEADPHONES AND WASTE FOOD.

PRAY TELL
(points to table)
Hey, what are those?

A Girl, all tattooed, headphones on her head, turns to him and smiles:

GIRL
Oh, you're so cute. You're
Kenneth's baby bro, right?

Pray Tell just smiles as Kenneth approaches, a bottle of VODKA IN ONE HAND and a stack of glasses in the other.

KENNETH
I made it very clear for him not to
show up. Little fucker can't hear a
thing.

Kenneth sits in an armchair and another Man, smoking, offers Pray Tell a cigarette.

GIRL
Sit with us. Sit!

Pray Tell accepts the cigarette as he sits next to the Girl.

GIRL (CONT'D)
 So what? You dating a lot girls and stuff?

KENNETH
 (chuckling)
 You look like my grandma.

PRAY TELL
 I'm what millenials and guys at Grindr name as versatile.

MAN
 You into what?

Pray Tell laughs with embarrassment. In that second he reaches for a green BONG in the center of the table and studies it curiously.

PRAY TELL
 I like people. I'm bisexual, yes, no- no, I'm pansexual. I like people.

Kenneth laughs in derision. THE MUSIC CHANGES to something a little more upbeat.

The Man, still smoking, takes the BONG, lights it, brings it and passes it to Pray Tell in a "Your turn" style.

Half nervous and shy, Pray Tell imitates him, smoke fills his lungs, he CLOSES HIS EYES, more smoke leaks from his mouth and nostrils. LAUGHTER, everyone laughs.

PRAY TELL (CONT'D)
 (high)
 This is awesome.

The Girl beside him, super happy, a constant laugh on her face, looks at him with more happiness.

MAN
 (laughing to Kenneth)
 Check him now, man.

Pray Tell is AMAZED, eyes still closed, he lies back on the sofa, MOUTH HALF OPEN, the music vibrating inside him. The Girl, laughing, approaches and kisses him. Pray Tell holds her face as they continue to kiss more.

Kenneth gets out of his chair and goes to the bookcase where he INTERACTS WITH A bluetooth speaker changing the music again.