

THE BIG EASY TWIST

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. NEW ORLEANS WATERFRONT - DAY

From the Mississippi River, the New Orleans skyline is the back drop for a Riverboat ferry, it moves past Harrah's Casino, the Aquarium and under the Crescent City Bridge.

INSERT SUBTITLE:

"The Big Easy"

INT./EXT. RUN DOWN HOUSE - MORNING

In full riot gear, a dozen FBI AGENTS hurl a battering ram at the front door, KNOCKING it clean off its hinges. They flood in.

TALL AGENT  
Get down! Get down on the floor!

SKELETON MEN with shaggy hair and beards in their underwear fall to the floor. A TALL AGENT appears with a crate full of weapons, and a huge smile.

TALL AGENT (cont'd)  
Ollie, boo-yow!

MOMENTS LATER

The Skeleton Men are paraded out in handcuffs.

Special Agents OLIVER MASON (38), and CHRIS EASTER (32), lean against a car watching the parade. BIG E (45), their boss, is a big guy, a former professional football player walks up.

BIG E  
PD is sending over a car. Get your stories straight. Tell-em what they wanna hear. But you had better make sure the beef over this doesn't find my desk.

OLIVER  
How'd she do?

BIG E  
She did. But I'm not in the mood for your shit today.

OLIVER  
Okay, maybe another time.  
Let...me...think?

A beat.

BIG E  
You're the biggest pain in my ass.

OLIVER  
I'll even play some music.

Oliver leans into the car, turns up the radio, HIP-HOP booms. Big E spikes a pretend footfall, and does the ugliest version of the twist, anyone has ever seen.

Chris can barely contain his laughter. BUSTY ROOKIE (late 20's) approaches.

BUSTY  
What's this about? Or do I want to know.

CHRIS  
Lady luck.

Big E, cocky and pissed, glares at Oliver. Then walks away.

OLIVER  
Hey, Big Easy!

Big E doesn't turn around.

BIG E  
By a nose. Just like you said.

OLIVER  
Buy me a drink!?

BIG E  
Hell no! Finish this shit up,  
before I really lose my temper.

Chris turns up the music louder. He and Chris squint out the sun, as they glance up at a hovering news HELICOPTER.

INT. PALM READING STORE FRONT - FRENCH QUARTER - SAME

BEN JEFFERSON, a forty-seven year old Louisiana bred Senator sips tea from a tiny cup in the back room.

The Senator offers RON MARCEAUX a chair, when a BIG CAJUN man steps from behind a curtain and pats Ron down.

A HELICOPTER flies over the building.

BIG CAJUN

No wire.

The Senator's lisp is coated in a southern drawl.

SENATOR

Fo true, where is the trust? And things in the construction business are?

RON

It's like eating ants off a stick.

SENATOR

How colorful.

Ron hands the Senator a six inch thick wad of bills. The Senator motions for him to place it on the table.

RON

I...ah been meanin' to ax you--

The Senator stands, does a fashion model spin and holds his pose.

SENATOR

I've been slaving with a new tailor. What-do-you think? Honestly?

A beat.

SENATOR(cont'd)

I am not asking you to date me, boy. Tell me what you think?

RON

I wouldn't know Senator. But I needed to ax you what I should--

SENATOR

Now really Ron. Just handle it. Bonjour!

The Big Cajun grabs the loot, parts a curtain and he and the Senator leave.

EXT. BOSTON SKYLINE - SUNSET

Boston's jagged skyline from the Cambridge side of the Charles River. A lone wind surfer glides past the Hatch Shell, the Museum of Science, and under the Salt and Pepper Bridge.

INSERT SUBTITLE:

"The Bean Town"

INT. UNIVERSITY OF DORCHESTER GYM - BASKETBALL GAME - NIGHT

Packed with spectators and sweltering hot. U Dot fans taunt the visiting team's PLAYER, bringing the ball down court.

DEANDRE "DRE" FREEMAN, Black (23), steals the ball, but is double teamed. He does a look away pass to PINCH, Puerto Rican (23) and runs down court.

Pinch under the basket tosses the ball up, Dre catches it in mid-air then power dunks it at the BUZZER.

INT./EXT. U DOT GYM - LATER

Dre and Pinch toting gym bags, are swarmed by a small group of attractive COLLEGE WOMEN jockeying to get Dre's autograph on a body part.

Dre eagerly signs the small of a back, across a navel and over the heart of his smoldering hot female fans. He never takes his eyes off LISA, Black (20) and very bootylicious.

UNIVERSITY OF DORCHESTER GIRLS DORM - MORNING

A CHUBBY RA's banging is about to free the door from its hinges.

CHUBBY

Lisa answer the door! I been  
getting complaints. I know you  
don't got no man in there!

DORM ROOM

If the deep throated moaning and motion under the covers is any indication-- they should be climaxing soon.

The head of the twin bed THUMPS the wall. Then loud BANGING again. Lisa's hand searches for the television remote, finds it, turns the TV on and blasts the volume.

## NEWS WOMAN (ON TV)

...the governor is headed to New Orleans to present on Boston's successful thirty million dollar re-development of the waterfront district. The Big Easy is the next city to compete for federal dollars...

## CHUBBY (O.S.)

Gurrrrl! If you don't open this door right now!

Dre's concentration is blown, he tries to get his groove back but-- it's gone. He flops down frustrated that he can't finish.

Annoyed Dre shuts off the TV and gathers up his clothes as Lisa wrapped in a sheet glares at him.

## HALLWAY

Awakened by the commotion, YOUNG WOMEN spill out from their rooms groggy and yawning. Chubby pushes the women aside as she storms down the hallway.

## DORM ROOM

Dre, basketball under his arm, black Kangol flipped to the back, pecks Lisa on the lips before he leaves. Lisa flings a pillow at Dre.

## LISA

You better call me Dre!!

The pillow ricochets off his back, hitting the dresser mirror causing it to crash to the floor.

## EXT. MASSACHUSETTS AVE, BOSTON - MOMENTS LATER

Dre grubs on an energy bar, dribbling the basketball as he walks. A BLACK CAT perched on the door steps of a brownstone, leaps down to paw at Dre's bouncing ball. Then prances away.

The BALL bounces on a tails SIDE-UP QUARTER making a CHING sound, Dre picks up the coin, as his foot rests on a crack.

He dribbles the BALL around a LADDER, then under it as if he is charging for the basket and fakes taking a shot.

Then dribbles past a Boston Globe newspaper vendor, the headline reads:

INSERT

"Governor O'Murphy's Waterfront Initiative Goes to New Orleans."

INT. COACH'S OFFICE - UNIVERSITY OF DORCHESTER - LATER

COACH BILL BILLING, White (55), looks over the rim of his glasses, he is ordering Viagra on the Internet. There is a KNOCK on the glass door.

DRE

You wanted to see me Coach?

Dre goes to sit down.

COACH

Did I tell you to sit?

Dre freezes, flashes his trademark Billy Dee smile. The Coach's blood starts to percolate, he fumbles around his desk for his giant jar of Tums.

INT. U DOT GYM - SAME

The glass office allows a full view of the room from the gym floor. Several players watch apprehensively as Coach screams at Dre.

INT. COACH'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

COACH (cont'd)

...there is no player coach position on my team!! If a player on my team has a problem send him to me!

DRE

Are you done?

Coach leans in close to Dre, his face just under Dre's chin.

COACH

I don't care how hard of a boner the stat guys upstairs have for you... I will bench you again Freeman! Just try me.

The Coach's phone RINGS, receiver to his chest.

COACH (cont'd)  
Now I'm done.

Coach savors a Tums, as Dre turns to leave.

COACH (cont'd)  
(into phone)  
Yeah--

Coach's mood lightens. Yelling at Dre's back.

COACH (cont'd)  
Wait right there Freeman!! Must be  
my lucky day. That was campus  
security. Need I say more?

Dre turns to face the Coach.

COACH (cont'd)  
You've just been benched.

DRE  
You can't be serious!?

COACH  
I take my life, my work very  
serious, unlike you. You'd rather  
piss it away flirting with the  
bunnies or whatever the hell you  
call them.

DRE  
Its tha-honeyz and that's my  
personal business Coach! It ain't  
got nothing to do with me playin'  
your precious game of basketball.

COACH  
This time it did.

DRE  
Fah-real Coach, if this team makes  
the cut, I gotta play in the  
championships.

COACH  
Do you know the difference between  
never changing your mind and never  
being wrong?

DRE  
I am the reason this team has even  
made it this far!

COACH  
 You just don't get it do you  
 Freeman?

A beat.

COACH (cont'd)  
 It's my team. You're benched.

INT./EXT. PINCH'S PIMPED-OUT SUV - AFTERNOON

Pinch's enforcer GAMEBOI (18), built like a tank, plays a basketball video game on the back of the SUV's head rest.

PINCH  
 ...yo he seriously benched you,  
 again. That's like what, four times  
 this season?

DRE  
 Five.

PINCH  
 That's really f'd up D. I told you,  
 go pro next year. Me and you  
 another year viviendo la vida loca  
 con las mujeres muy calientes.

They pull up to the barbershop.

DRE  
 I'm already on the hook, for way to  
 much.

PINCH  
 Damn, Dre you signed something?

DRE  
 I had to. And you still can't say  
 shit, ever.

EXT. OUTSIDE BARBERSHOP - MOMENTS LATER

A ROUGH NECK (19), walks up to Gameboi, who plays a handheld video game. Rough Neck hands Gameboi some cash, Gameboi drops a tiny packet on the ground.

Dre and Pinch head into the barbershop.

INT. URBAN BARBERSHOP - LATER

HIP-HOP blasts, there's a head being trimmed in every chair.

DRE

What I tell you about doin' that  
shit with me around?

PINCH

Coach really got you evil today  
dawg!

Gameboi's eyes never leave the game.

GAMEBOI

D, you want my boyz to rough em'  
up?

INT. COACH'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Coach sits on the edge of his bed, in a T-shirt and boxers his face grimaces in pain. ALICE (30), his wife, rushes in with a glass of water and some pills.

ALICE

Here, take these.

Alice rubs his stomach like he's about to give birth.

ALICE (cont'd)

Good boy, now all the water.

COACH

I'm trying but, I don't know if...

ALICE

I don't like it when you bring your  
work home Teddy-weddy. It makes you  
all fussy. I need some snugly.

Coach holds Alice back.

COACH

Alice, did you even hear me? I may  
not have a job when I get back.  
That means no shopping trips to New  
York, expensive pedicures.

ALICE

Oh, Coach you worry too much.  
Loosen up a little. Is your tummy  
better, Teddy-weddy?

COACH

Yes Alice.

ALICE

Good. Is the tin man ready, now?

Alice stands, lets her bathrobe drop to the floor.

INT. U DOT GYM - AFTERNOON

The U Dot basketball team is practicing under the watchful eye of Coach, the whistle hardly ever leaves his lips.

COACH

Hustle up! Get your man, who's defending Freeman!

Dre has a "pretty" street ball style and an eerie sixth sense for where the ball is and where it will end up.

Dre takes flight with perfect body form to make the DUNK, just as... HAROLD PETERS, head of athletics strolls into the gym with the morning's sports page under his arm.

Coach blows his whistle.

COACH (cont'd)

Freeman is that really necessary!?

HAROLD

It came down from the top...the university doesn't want to look cheap while the Governor is there too. Top shelf accommodations.

COACH

Great more pampering.

Harold marvels at Dre playing ball.

HAROLD

Damn Bill don't you wish you could come back with talent like that!?

COACH

It's wasted on him. I know a hundred kids that deserve it better than he does.

HAROLD

Everyone is looking forward to seeing him play...he is the best marketing campaign this school--this department could ever buy.

Harold unfolds the sports page.

HAROLD (cont'd)

The pencil heads are calling him  
the best fuckin' player in the  
history of the U Dot basketball  
team...

COACH

Fifteen years before this phenom  
was dropped from the sky-- this was  
my team and it is still my team  
Harry.

HAROLD

This kid is the real McCoy-- dammit  
Bill things change people change  
you should try it.