

INTERVIEW WITH A BANGER

PSYCHOLOGICAL THRILLER / CRIME / DRAMA / FANTASY

ORIGINAL SCREENPLAY
by
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IME
ImaginNation Media Entertainment

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FADE IN:

EXT. BRONX GHETTO - SKYLINE -- DAY

Autumn season. We are high above the Bronx, watching as a brilliant sunrise colors the ghetto gold.

Screen reading: THURSDAY 6:23 AM.

We're DESCENDING -- passing rooftops -- linen hanging from windows -- as we hear BAM BAM, leader of the infamous Hillside 1-13 gang, giving instructions on a hit.

BAM BAM (V.O.)
I need you to put in some work. Hit
Dub's spot. ...He food now.

OUR DESCENT STOPS. We're at DUB'S WEED HOUSE. We're on the porch, square behind an African American TEEN'S head. He's nervous. Trying to muster up the courage to ring the doorbell.

BAM BAM (V.O.) (CONT'D)
He knows my sect. He don't know you.
("CLICK CLACK" a gun
cocked and loaded)
You know how to use this?

BUZZ-BUZZ -- BUZZ-BUZZ.

INSERT -- The TEEN'S phone. Reads 'mom'.

He ignores the call -- looks left -- trash on the wind and his getaway car, the Uber with the fluttering tailpipe. He looks right -- it's BAM BAM watching from his car. His face, hidden in the shadows. Not another soul in sight.

BAM BAM (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Kill whoever answers the door. Shoot
'em. Shoot Dub. Kill 'em all.
There's two hundred stacks in a broken
freezer. Bring that back to me.

CAMERA WRAPS AROUND TO REVEAL OUR TEEN'S FACE just as he rings the bell. Meet our lead. Demo. He's 17, with a little street edge, but mostly wet behind the ears and ready to piss his pants. Not built for this shit.

No answer. He goes to ring again but -- the door goes ajar. It's an old ugly HISPANIC WOMAN with severe cataracts -- so ugly Demo draws back in horror. She stares -- not-a-word. Awkward. Someone opens the door. It's BANGER #1 --

BANGER #1
You kinda early, man.

DEMO
I got school later, so...

INT. DUB'S WEED HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Banger #1 lets Demo in, locking the door behind him.

BANGER #1
You from up the hill, right?

DEMO
Yeah.

BANGER #1
So what's good?

DEMO
2 bags, that'all.

Banger #1 leaves Demo to get the weed. Demo looks around --

The old woman is now down the hall sweeping -- opening a bedroom door. Inside a TODDLER plays atop of her sleeping MOTHER. Demo is slow to realize two more BANGERS are watching him from the living room -- glare from the super-sized TV hides their faces. There! Demo sees the broken freezer. The cabinets above it are ajar. Guns are inside. His fear heightens -- again, he's not built for this shit.

Banger #1 returns -- about to hand him the weed when -- Demo is suddenly startled by his phone BUZZING again. His fear alarms the Bangers. GUNS COCKED AND READY TO BLAST!

BANGER #1
Aye, what you so fuckin' jumpy for?!

Demo, GASPING in fear -- backing away while trying to stop the BUZZING in his pocket, causing his concealed gun to fall. BOOM! It goes off when it hits the floor and --

It all happens so fast. Banger #1, CHARGING, gun cocked -- Bangers #2 and #3 -- COMING from both sides.

DEMO
No -- no! Please! God, no!--

BOOM! Dealer #2 pulled the trigger. But DUB got there just in time, moving the gun away from Demo's face.

BANGER #1
This mothafucka tryin' to hit us,
Dub!

The screams and crying of women and children are coming from behind the bedroom doors. But Dub is calm, standing there in his pajamas -- seeing through Demo -- knowing that kid ain't about this life -- knowing someone sent him to die.

DUB
Let 'em go.

WINDOW. They watch Demo run from the porch -- jumping in the back of the Uber -- the car SCREECHING away.

DUB (CONT'D)

I ain't killing no civilians. Put the word out that we got hit. He goin' home empty-handed. Whoever sent him will kill 'em for us.

INT. UBER CAR -- DAY

Through empty streets -- Demo, barely keeping it together. The Uber driver tosses a phone to him. It's Bam Bam. --

BAM BAM/PHONE

We good?

DEMO

Nah, Bam. It was--

BAM BAM/PHONE

I heard the music. Had to be a party.

DEMO

I can go back another day.

BAM BAM/PHONE

(silence. And then--)

Tell the driver to drop you off. Go home, kid.

INT. DEMO'S HOUSE - FOYER -- DAY

Harlem NY. A very impressive brownstone. Tasteful decor. Demo enters with his head hung, trying to mask his distress. But he can only look at the floor but for so long. His mother, CLAUDENE, is standing there pissed off. She's an African American white collar professional in her forties -- strong and attractive with an eye for expensive fashion.

CLAUDENE

Where have you been all night, and why did you ignore my calls?!

(Demo looks down again)

Boy, I asked you a question! You know what, I can't do this with you right now! I have a 9:00 AM session and -- I just can't!

(opens the front door)

Get your things and let's go. Tarobi! C'mon, baby! Time to go to school!

TAROBI, 11, comes running from upstairs, with a PINK CELLPHONE in her hand -- she dashes through the door -- and down the brownstone's exterior stairs.

INT. DEMO'S BEDROOM -- DAY

Demo grabs his backpack -- heading out. He stops. Gazes at a FRAMED PHOTO facing away from us. Military DOG TAGS hanging from it. Anger flares -- he SHATTERS it against the floor.

INT/EXT. CLAUDENE'S CAR, ADJACENT TO SUBWAY -- DAY

20 Minutes later. Upscale neighborhood. Harlem culture.

Claudene is double parked across from a subway entrance, going on and on about her concerns as Demo drowns her out with music blaring from his ear-buds. This all happening as a group of thuggish African American students horse around on the subway stairs -- most wearing gold wristbands.

CLAUDENE

Did you check your email this morning?

(Demo hears but ignores)

This behavior is because of last night, isn't it?

(yanking his ear-buds)

Running off in the middle of the night doesn't fix anything. That's not how life works. As you can see, your issues will be there waiting when you come back home -- no matter--

(Demo gets out --

heading for subway)

Get back in this car! I said get in here, now!

TAROBI

(from the back seat)

Get in here now!

CLAUDENE

Quiet, Tarobi!

Demo gets back in -- slams the door -- glaring forward.

CLAUDENE (CONT'D)

(a loving tone)

Don't you think all this is a little over the top?

(caressing his face)

You look so stressed out. It's not--

He recoils -- disgusted. Now hurt, Claudene grabs a \$20.

CLAUDENE (CONT'D)

I've tried and tried. Tried everything.

DEMO

Maybe you just need to back off!

TAROBI

Don't yell at mommy!

DEMO

Shut up, Tarobi! Mom, you're like 4 years too late. Let it go.

(rejecting the \$20)

I don't need your money.

CLAUDENE

Oh, I forgot. The ignorant homies over there got you covered, right?--

Demo looks over --

THE HORSE PLAYING STUDENTS. Unbeknownst to Claudene, those teens are Hillside 1-13 gang members. Demo realizes SCRAP is there with LAZER. He's 17. Part Native American. Looks more like a copper colored skinhead. And although frail and sickly, he's most feared and unpredictably wild. Demo feels better now. Eager to go. That's his friend.

CLAUDENE (CONT'D)

I didn't mean that.

(a beat - still trying--)

You're only hurting yourself with all that anger and hatred. Eventually it'll turn you, honey. ...Rot your insides and make you into a monster. Don't get sucked in, baby. God don't like ugly.

DEMO

I gotta go, Ma.

Demo leaves -- headed for Scrap -- mid-cross he realizes he's being watched by the Uber driver doubled parked a few cars back -- dialing a number on his phone.

The moment throws Demo -- he bumps into a focused schoolmate. This is NYLA. 17, Hispanic. Pretty. Smart. There's history here -- TENSION between them -- AWKWARDNESS. Demo continues to Scrap -- everyone going down into the subway.

DEMO (CONT'D)

You back?

SCRAP

(wearing a cold grin)

What'you think? Fuck Cancer, my nigga.