

DIARY OF AN INNOCENT CONVICT

Written by

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Address
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INT. JACOB'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

JACOB (20), white, sits on the couch with his friend, GEORGE (20), black. They smoke a cigarette. Jacob's thoughts in space. He returns to reality.

JACOB

Let me borrow six dollars.

George sighs. He grabs six dollars from his pocket, hands them to Jacob. They bump fists and hug quickly.

GEORGE

Look. That's my last one. I don't get paid 'til next week. I have to save the rest of my money.

Jacob doesn't respond. His back turns. He returns back to him.

JACOB

I thought you said you had money on your debit card.

GEORGE

I do, but I gotta save it.

JACOB

Come on. Just this one time.

GEORGE

No. I can't. Sorry.

Jacob smokes one last time. The cigarette butt crumbles against the ashtray.

INT. GEORGE'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - DAY

George enters, stares at her sister, KAREN (25) standing. He walks up to the table where the rent bill is. He picks it up and only reads, "\$400.00."

He grabs two one hundred dollar bills from his pocket, hands them to Karen. She takes it. A sudden grin comes from her face. He stares at her, suspicious.

George exits.

INT. APARTMENT OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

George's LANDLORD gets up from her seat, tosses a folder on the desk. George sits across from her, anxious.

LANDLORD

One hundred thirty two dollars.
That's the water bill. So did you
find another place to stay?

George studies her with wonder.

GEORGE

I'm staying here.

She chuckles, now confused.

LANDORD

Excuse me sir? You have until
Friday.

GEORGE

What?

LANDARD

Didn't your sister tell you you're
three months behind on rent?

GEORGE

No.

EXT. JACOB'S PORCH - DAY

George and Jacob stand still. George nods his head and steps back.

JACOB

I need the money, bro. Need a pack
of cigarettes.

GEORGE

I don't have it. I gotta find
somewhere to stay. Been evicted. My
sister kept the eviction notice --

JACOB

Stop lying.

GEORGE

I'm not. I swear.

Jacob licks his lips and grunts. George tries to pass him up, but Jacob blocks his path. Jacob grabs a pistol from his pocket.

George stares in shock. Jacob points the gun at George.

GEORGE

C'mon, man. I thought we were buddies.

JACOB

I'm going to ask you one more time.

George tries to back away but stumbles onto his feet. He grabs dollar ones. A credit card slips from his pocket.

George gives him the ones. Jacob snatches them from his hand and grabs credit card from the ground. He pockets the gun.

EXT. PHONE BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

George runs toward the booth. He dials.

OPPERATOR

911. What's your emergency?

A police car rushes to a corner where George stands. OFFICER CURTIS (30), racist, steps out the car.

Curtis sits on the car, records information on a document. He studies the police report.

OFFICER CURTIS

Sir, this story makes no sense.

GEORGE

What do you mean?

OFFICER CURTIS

You said you been robbed 20 minutes ago. It takes you this long to call us.

George glances at Curtis, dumbfounded. They sign the police report anyway.

EXT. JACOB'S STREET - DAY

George stands posted on a curb. Jacob walks up to him.

JACOB

What are you doing here?

George doesn't flinch.

JACOB

I said what are you doing here?

George knocks him out. Jacob collapses.

Jacob's pistol lies on the ground. George grabs it and points it against Jacob. BANG!

OFFICER CURTIS (V.O.)

You're under arrest for murder. You
have the right to remain silent.
Anything you say or do will be held
against you under the court of law.

INT. METRO DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTIONS - NIGHT

Curtis stands behind George. He removes the cuffs from him. Curtis lead George into at dormitory room. The bar slides shut.

FADE OUT.