

THE FOSTER HOUSE PART 1 (GPS)

Written by

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INT. BLUE NISSAN - NIGHT

A Neon blue Nissan tears through the back roads of the Pocono mountains guided by the new regional navigation App 'BLAZE'.

On the passenger seat is what remains of a 12 pack of Pabst Blue Ribbon beer.

Driving with reckless abandon is MR. KENNY (40's), a ragging hillbilly in every way, down to the barb wire tattoo around his fat sweaty arms.

Mr. Kenny is clearly enraged, he stares nervously at the radio desperately trying to impose his will.

He anxiously waits for the commercial break to end and the last 45 seconds of the game to resume.

MR. KENNY

(to the radio)

How the fuck do you blow a 28 point lead. It was fucking over goddamn it...oh please you miserable fucks, oh lord please don't do this to me!

Mr. Kenny reaches for another beer, expertly cracking it open with one hand as he pulls it out of the case.

The GPS navigator interrupts the broadcast.

GPS

Rerouting, mud slide reported ahead turn right.

MR. KENNY

Oh shut the fuck up bitch, not now!

Mr. Kenny squeezes the can between his legs and turns hard right, narrowly evading jagged rocks.

RADIO BROADCASTER

And we're back, 45 seconds remain on the clock in what could be one of college's greatest comeback upsets. Penn State ready to inbound...

GPS

(Interrupting)

Rerouting, road closure ahead, make a left turn on chew street. Alternative route found 3 minutes faster arrival time.

MR. KENNY

Jesus! Shut the fuck up already
women!

RADIO BROADCASTER

*Unbelievable, Penn State turned the
ball over, this game is as good as
over.*

Mr. Kenny slams on the breaks, the car fishtails to a stop.
Fueled by petulant tantrum he trashes his car.

Cut TO:

INT. FOSTER HOUSE (GROUP BEDROOM) - SAME NIGHT

A dingy, moldy, tiny room furnished with nothing but a few
small cots, a crib and a TV with a VHS player built in.

On the floor next to the TV is a VHS tape labeled, "The hunt:
Natures deadliest killers".

CLOSE UP ON TV SCREEN

A water buffalo exhausts his last effort to thwart off a
swarming pack of hyenas.

TV COMMENTATOR

*After an exhaustive half an hour
hunt, the buffalo can fight no
more. The Hyenas hunting in a pack
have successful taunted and
exhausted the physically superior
prey and are coming in for the
kill. A kill this large can feed
the entire pack for a week.*

ZOOM OUT TO REVEAL

A group of foster kids huddled around a teenager watch in
eager anticipation.

Though they have seen it a thousand times, there is still a
glimmer of anticipation when the pack finally gets the kill.

TV COMMENTATOR (CONT'D)

*Back in the Serengeti, the dominate
Lion, frustrated by the lack of
game takes out his anger on the
pestering new cubs. Not satisfied,
he mounts the widowed lioness who
has just joined the pride.*

(MORE)

TV COMMENTATOR (CONT'D)

The lioness is clearly unhappy with this arrangement.

The foster kids jump in unison at the familiar sound of a roaring engine closing in fast from outside.

They hear the screech of brakes followed by the loud crash of trash cans flying.

The children freeze with terror.

TOBY(17) the oldest of his foster siblings, has the brain of genius, but the accent and vocabulary of hillbilly.

Toby leaps up and kills the TV. He presses his index finger to his mouth with purpose.

EXT. FOSTER HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Mr. Kenny is still fuming, he is staggering and cursing as he cracks open his last beer.

His dog knowing no better comes running towards him bearing love. He gets a swift kick to the jaw for his efforts, a series of yelps echo through the house as he whimpers off.

INT. FOSTER HOUSE (GROUP BEDROOM) - CONTINUOUS

TOBY

(thick hillbilly accent)

Now ya'll git those traps shut. God damn he in some foul sort of mood tonight and Y'all know what that can bring down on us. Be still as antelopes now you here?

Toby heads for the door. LUCY RIDGEWAY (11), tugs at his pants, she looks at Toby and looks down indicating.

Toby follows her eyes down to her legs, she has soiled herself.

LUCY

Please don't leave us!

TOBY

Now what'd I just done said, traps shut little Lucy. You know I can't be in here. Be still and pray some, just don't give 'em no reason now!