

Parental Controls: Series 1

"HELP CONTROL"

Episode 101

Written By Will A. Jones, Jr.

Jones2K
P R O D U C T I O N S

Dallas, TX
contact@jones2kmedia.com

FADE IN:

"Children, obey your parents in the Lord: for this is right."

Ephesians 6:1

INT. STACEY'S BEDROOM - DAY (1)

STACEY HALL (13), Black, female, pretty, wearing a HAIR WRAP, lies flat on her back in the BED under the covers with her eyes closed. Wearing bright cartoon PAJAMAS.

Suddenly, the ALARM CLOCK annoyingly goes off... 7:00 am.

[BEEP, BEEP, BEEP]

Stacey quickly opens her eyes with a strong frown. A sharp deep breath. She leans over to the CLOCK and smashes the top. It goes silent. She turns over. Eyes the ceiling.

STACEY (V.O.)

Oh my God! I am not ready to get out the bed yet. I know she's going to come in here and wake me up too. I just know it. Urgh!

Stacey hides under her PILLOW.

Her room door quickly opens. SHARON HALL (38), Black, pretty, above average height, slightly angered face, enters the room. Eyes Stacey like a hawk.

SHARON

Hey, girl. It's time to get up. I heard your alarm going off already.

Come on now, girl. Get up!

Stacey throws the PILLOW on the floor. She responds sarcastically with a dose of attitude.

STACEY

Okay! As you can see... I'm up.

SHARON

Don't get smart with me, girl.

STACEY

The alarm went off like ten seconds ago. I literally just woke up before you came in. Can I get like fifteen more minutes of sleep, please?

SHARON

No, you cannot.

STACEY

Why not?!

SHARON

Because... if you snooze, you lose.

STACEY

Momma, what does that even mean?

SHARON

It means if you push that snooze button, you might miss out on opportunities for the good life that awaits.

STACEY

Momma, I'm thirteen. I'm not interested in any life opportunities. I want the opportunity to sleep and enjoy my weekend. I mean momma... it's Saturday!

SHARON

Girl, please.

Every day of your life counts. What you do today affects what you CAN do tomorrow.

STACEY

Whatever.

SHARON

You know what time it is. Get up, make up your bed, shower and then meet me for breakfast by seven-thirty. Got it?

STACEY

Yeah, whatever.

Sharon eyes widen. Stacey slowly rolls hers then utters...

STACEY (CONT'D)

(sarcastically)

Yes, ma'am.

Sharon turns around slowly. Exits the room. Stacey makes a silly face. She falls to her back.

STACEY (V.O.)

I can't believe she treats me like this. I feel like a prisoner who can never...

Sharon bursts back into the room and yells...

SHARON

Get up!

Stacy jumps out of the bed.

TITLE CARD:

"Parental Control"

INT. SHARON'S HOME - BATHROOM - DAY (2)

Stacey approaches the MIRROR. She stares profusely with a strong frown on her face. She shares her thoughts as she starts her routine...

STACEY (V.O.)

This is my life. It's Saturday and I'm up at seven o'clock in the morning. My momma has really lost her mind. I think she just might hate me. I mean, why else would she do this to me? Can I get a break? Can I enjoy my life? Have a little fun? It's always work, work, work, work, work... I'm sick and tired of living like this. I need to find a way out...

Stacey exits the bathroom.

INT. SHARON'S HOME - KITCHEN - DAY (3)

Sharon stands at the counter fixing TWO PLATES with SCRAMBLED EGGS, TWO TURKEY SAUSAGES and a handful of GRITS. Stacey walks in, fully dressed, hair done, face cleaned. Frowning.

STACEY

I'm all done momma.

SHARON

It's seven thirty-eight. --You're late.

STACEY

This isn't school momma. I can be late.

SHARON

I say you cannot.

Since you failed to listen, you get only fifty percent of free time today.

STACEY

Fifty percent?! That's like only thirty minutes. That's not right!

SHARON

Now, it just went down to twenty-five minutes.

STACEY

This is stupid. Why do you hate me so much?!

SHARON

Twenty. --Keep talking...

STACEY

Oh my God! Something is seriously wrong with you.

SHARON

Fifteen. --Say one more thing and it's going to zero.

Stacey frowns. Pouts silently. Sharon stares for a beat.

SHARON (CONT'D)

Okay. Now, would you please set the table so we can eat breakfast?

STACEY

Yes, ma'am. --Same old breakfast..

Stacey reluctantly walks over to the counter and grabs the TWO PLATES and sets them on the table.

A beat.

Stacey and Sharon sit across from each other. Eating.

SHARON

So, Stacey... What do you want to be when you become an adult?

STACEY

Nothing.

SHARON

I'm being serious, girl. This is a very important question that you will have to answer one day. It's better if you know now.

STACEY

But I'm not an adult yet. I don't even want to think about that right now.

SHARON

Well, I need you think about it. Your life must have direction. Or you'll end up lost. Try to have an answer soon.

STACEY

I just want to be free, momma. I'm tired of waking up early working all day every day. I want to go out and have some fun. I'm sure my friends are having the time of their life.

SHARON

That means you will be more successful in life than your friends who apparently waste their time.

Sharon looks down at her watch.

SUPER: 8:12 am

SHARON (CONT'D)

We have a few more minutes left to eat. Then it's time for you to work. You have a lot of chores to get done.

I'm going to also include some research on your career choice. I think you would be a great doctor.

STACEY

What if I don't want to be a doctor? Can't I decide what I want to do?

SHARON

A doctor is a respectable profession. They make a very good salary.

STACEY

I don't want to make money doing something I don't want to.

SHARON

Well, Stacey that's life. Sometimes you must wake up and do things that you don't want to do. That's how you become successful.

STACEY

I don't want to live like that. I want to be happy.

SHARON

Don't worry, when you're successful. Then you'll be happy.

STACEY

How will I be happy if I'm doing work I don't want to do? Look at my life now momma. I'm not happy.

SHARON

No, you're just ungrateful.

STACEY

What?!

Stacey frowns. Sharon looks down at her WATCH and then pulls out a clipboard..

SUPER: 8:15 am

SHARON

Okay, it looks like it's time to get to work. So, clear the table, finish cleaning the kitchen and the living room. Then I want you to finish your room and then you can take a break. Fifteen minutes only. --Okay, I'll see you later.

STACEY

Wait a minute. You're not going to help me?

Sharon gets up from the table. Stretches her arms. Yawns. Then she walks towards her room.

SHARON

I'm kind of tired from working all those hours this week. I'll check in on you later.

STACEY

That's not fair, momma. Do I have to do everything by myself? This is some bull-

Sharon turns back and stares quickly. Stacey straightens up...

STACEY (CONT'D)

...sheets and blankets.

Stacey pauses.

SHARON

That's what I thought. You run your mouth a little too much. That's why you get what you get.

I'll see you later.

Sharon walks to her room and closes the door.

STACEY

Oh my God! I can't stand her. The moment I get my break. I'm looking for a way out. I can't be under her control anymore.

Stacey puts on TWO LONG YELLOW GLOVES then takes the PLATES off the table into the kitchen. Cleans them in the sink.

A beat.

Stacey WIPES OFF the DINNING TABLE and the KITCHEN COUNTER.

SUPER: 8:49 am

Stacey SWEEPS the KITCHEN FLOOR.

A beat.

SUPER: 9:21 am

Stacey moves into the living room area, leans the BROOM against the COUCH. She fixes the cushions and pillows. Straightens up everywhere she can within the area.

A beat.

She SWEEPS all around the floor. She looks around to double check. She walks towards her momma's room.

INT. SHARON'S BEDROOM - DAY (4)

Sharon lies in the BED on her side facing the room door. Stacey slowly opens the door. Peeks inside with wide eyes. Sharon's eyes remain closed. Snoring.

Stacey stares angrily with a harsh frown. She makes a few possessed faces towards Sharon.

Sharon catches her breath a moment and turns to her back. Snoring halts. Stacey quickly hides behind the DOOR for a beat. She peeks. After a few seconds, snoring resumes.

Stacey leans in with a whisper.

STACEY

Momma? Momma, I finished the kitchen and the living room.

Hello? Can you hear me?

Sharon continues to snore. Stacey closes the door, turns around with a smile. She walks to her room.

STACEY (V.O.)

The Evil Beast is asleep. I better make use of this time and find a way to escape. I need some help. There must be something out there to help me.

INT. STACEY'S BEDROOM - DAY (5)

Stacey enters her room. She pulls out a MOBILE TABLET from under her pillow. She turns it on and opens the app store. She exits.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY (6)

Stacey enters with her eyes staring down at the TABLET. She slowly approaches the couch and takes a comfortable seat. Puts her legs under her. Holds the tablet close.

Stacey searches: "Escape from evil parent"

Stacey scrolls a little after a quick search. She eyes the screen and takes a deep breath for a beat.

Then... she squints her eyes and slowly reads.

STACEY

"Parental Control"

Take control of your life today by taking control of your parents.

Hmmm. I think this could work.

Stacey clicks on the link. A VIDEO ADVERTISEMENT pops up and begins to play..

Video: A very highly energetic female appears on screen. Wearing very LOUD COLORFUL CLOTHING moving around from left to right doing short annoying dances. Approaches the screen.

PEEZY

Hey there kiddo! Welcome to Parental Control! Have you been living a life that you're not proud of because of your parent? Do you want to make a change that can instantly make everything better?

Well, you've come to the right place. This is the first step in making all your wishes come true, today!

My name is Peezy Weezy and I'm your person. I will be the one to help you get control of your life by taking full control of your parent. I can be there instantly to help you.

All we need from you is to sign the agreement below and I'll be there in seconds to save you from [your horrible parent...]-

Sharon enters the living room.

SHARON

Stacey! -What are you doing sitting on the couch with your tablet?!

Stacey tosses the TABLET to the side. Worry covers her face.

STACEY

Oh, mom. I'm sorry, I thought you were asleep.

SHARON

It doesn't matter if I was asleep. You're obviously not doing what you're supposed to be doing!

STACEY

I finished cleaning up the kitchen and the living room. I mean... Oh my God! Just leave me alone! I needed a break!

SHARON

Is that what we're doing. I'm going to break something alright. Wait right there...

Sharon goes back into her room. Stacey quickly picks up the TABLET... continues.

STACEY (V.O.)

Come on, come on. Where do I sign? I need help fast! --There is it...

Stacey signs the tablet screen; eyes widen towards the distance. Sharon appears and approaches Stacey holding a LARGE BLACK BELT in her hand.

SHARON

That's the last time you're going to be disrespectful!

STACEY

Oh my God! Somebody help me,
please!

Stacey tucks into a ball on the couch. Sharon holds up the BELT ready to strike.

Suddenly, the doorbell rings...

[DING-DONG]

Everything FREEZES... except for Stacey. After a beat, Stacey cracks open one eye. Sees SHARON hovering with a BELT in her hand like a statue. Stacey slowly gets up from the couch.

Stacey opens the FRONT DOOR.

Peezy quickly enters and walks right past Stacey. Eyes the living room area with a bright SMILE. Stacey's mouth drops.

STACEY

Whoa! How did you get here?

PEEZY

Well, hello! I'm Peezy Weezy from Parental Control! It looks like you were saved by the bell. Literally.

Let's get started.

FADE OUT

THE END