

Ivar Tunnel: Shook Ones
Final 6/5/21

written by

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A giant hovers over a city in the dark. A billboard.

It silently screams: **HOMELESSNESS KILLS**

EXT. US 101, IVAR TUNNEL, HOLLYWOOD NIGHT

Cars rush by on top of the HOLLYWOOD 101 Freeway Bridge.

Below,

Reveal the Ivar Tunnel.

Inside,

A TIMEWORN WOMAN (60's, white, a relic of a woman with dyed bright red hair) walks a tiny dog up the street.

She is holding a green glass bottle and sucks from a paper straw periodically, making long empty sucking sounds.

They stop at a lone tent that sits silently on the lip of the sidewalk. It is lit up from the inside.

TIMEWORN WOMAN sets a full, neat brown paper bag down next to the tent and walks out of the tunnel and up the hill disappearing into the night.

A shadow figure maneuvers inside the tent. The tent unzips. A head, shoulders, and an arm with a dainty white hand emerges to grab the bag. Recoils back into the tent. Lights out.

Complete darkness save the light from a single cell phone that is casting tiny dancing shadows around **LEIGH JONES** (black, early 30's) who is wide awake scrolling.

LEIGH is scrolling through the NEIGHBORLIE APP, *a platform that connects neighbors to each other.*

We see the following headlines as LEIGH peruses the app:
CAR FIRE ON BRONSON

HOBO ON STROLL, LOOKING IN WINDOWS ON HOLLY-RIDGE...
NICHOLAS CANYON FLOODED WITH TRASH
TRANSGENDER WOMAN STABBED ON GOWER AND FRANKLIN

LEIGH puts the phone down for a moment.

LEIGH

Fuck.

LEIGH exits the *Neighborlie* App and the room goes black.

A moment of silence. THEN,

Her phone chimes and the room is illuminated again.

a new notification from NEIGHBORLIE:

LEIGH READS ALOUD:

TRENDING POST: PLEASE BE KIND TO THE NEWLY UNHOUSED WOMAN IN IVAR TUNNEL WITH DOG.

Leigh clicks on the post.

A PHOTO: a careworn WOMAN (white, 20's) in the Ivar Tunnel stands next to a giant dog on a leash. Behind them, is a single tent. The WOMAN is eerily expressionless.

LEIGH (CONT'D)

How about please be kind to *me*.

LEIGH's phone chimes again. It's a voice text from NICOLE. She plays it

NICOLE

Leigh, what's your ETA? Don't make me start drinking without you. Too late! But hurry up please, I'm the only negress in here!

Off the message, LEIGH hops out of bed and heads out.

3

EXT. STAIRCASE- LEIGH'S APT. NIGHT. CONTINUOUS

3

LEIGH continues to scroll the post as she walks down the steps of her building. She is reading the comments under the UNHOUSED WOMAN post in the Neighborlie app.

*"Gina Gold, Hollywood Dell,
I gave some blessing bags of toiletry items to CORINNE. She is taking up a very small amount of space. It's a day-to-day situation."*

LEIGH scrolls.

PHOTO: Aged, white hands hold open a brown paper bag, filled with travel-sized toiletry items.

LEIGH
 (to herself)
 ...Seriously? "unhoused". How PC of
 you, Gina Gold.

As LEIGH dismounts the steps of the building, TIMEWORN WOMAN and her tiny dog approach. TIMEWORN WOMAN'S gaze is low.

Head down, LEIGH reaches the final step as

TIMEWORN WOMAN damn near jumps out of her skin at the sight of LEIGH and lets out a *petrified shriek*. It's bone chilling.

The two women, polar opposites, both freeze for a moment.

LEIGH (CONT'D)
 Sorry, I...I'm Leigh, I live in
 207. Moved in about 3 months ago...

TIMEWORN WOMAN gives LEIGH the coldest once-over and disappears up the steps.

TRANSITION:

A door shuts. Locks. A blue eye in a peep-hole.

LEIGH silently screams.

4 EXT. IVAR TUNNEL NIGHT

4

Headlights from LEIGH'S Jeep beam at us head-on as her car pulls towards the IVAR TUNNEL.

There sits a single tent, glowing from the inside.

5 INT. LEIGH'S CAR IVAR TUNNEL - NIGHT

5

LEIGH drives through the tunnel slowly, peering curiously at the apparent "unhoused" woman's tent.

LEIGH spots a familiar logo on the tent's side. It's the *North Face* logo.

LEIGH
 (sucks teeth)
 ...I should've just taken out a
 mortgage in Leimert.

With an eye-roll, LEIGH, phone in hand, is doing her best to rubber-neck while keeping her car on the road.

There's no use. The tent is opaque and its innards ain't coming out for the night.

LEIGH snaps a pic of the tent and turns her attention back to the road.

LEIGH squints at the road. Gasps.

LEIGH presses down hard. Brakes screech. *What the?*

It's the "UNHOUSED WOMAN" from the photo in the app standing in the middle of the road, eyes piercing at LEIGH through her windshield.

A beat.

The UNHOUSED WOMAN and her dog retreat towards their tent.

LEIGH exhales and drives off. Safely.

6

INT. BAR, HOLLYWOOD - NIGHT

6

A sexy bar restaurant, crawling with all the usual suspects.

LEIGH sits at the bar with NICOLE (black, 30's, hilarious) her best friend. They sip fancy cocktails--Negronis.

NICOLE

...You better than me, I woulda ran that heffa over.

LEIGH

So privileged.--you live on the street, you don't own them. Now, look at this mess.

LEIGH hands NICOLE her phone. It's cued up to the post from the NEIGHBORLIE app.

NICOLE peruses...

LEIGH (CONT'D)

Now you *know* if that was a black woman camped out in that tunnel...there wouldn't be no "be kind" or "unhoused" bullshit..

LEIGH sighs and takes a sip of her Negroni.

NICOLE

Right, Neighbor Nancy would be on the phone like call the cops, "Jimothy"...I don't feel SAFE!

LEIGH

Maybe I should call the cops.

NICOLE

...Go ahead and see what happens.

NICOLE takes a long sip from her Negroni.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

Snitch.

LEIGH

But, what if I *don't* feel safe with her on the corner? Don't I have a right to keep *my neighborhood* safe?

NICOLE

No, you don't. You...have a very tight curl pattern. That's it.

LEIGH sighs at this. Frustrated.

LEIGH

People are seriously bringing this girl "blessing bags"...are you seeing that?

NICOLE takes a closer look at the postings on *Neighborlie App*

NICOLE

Oh, BITCH...

LEIGH

See.

NICOLE scrolls and skims the comments under the posting.

NICOLE

(reading)

Ok...so her name is Corinne?...
Cute.

NICOLE stops scrolling, sees something interesting.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

Wait, wait, WAIT! I can't. Ok...so apparently Corinne has a dog with her...somebody on here posted that they tried to bring her kibble for the dog and she said it only eats a... "science diet"? What is that?

LEIGH

It's like a plant based--

NICOLE begins to die laughing.

NICOLE

Oh nah, Corinne said, "kibble? dry food?...what's that?" I hear you, unhoused woman.

NICOLE cracks herself up.

LEIGH checks out of the conversation for a moment. NICOLE scrolls and retorts to herself.

LEIGH looks around the bar, noticing a group of WHITE WOMEN (late 20's) at a table all drinking White Russians.

LEIGH watches one WHITE RUSSIAN WOMAN inhale her cocktail through a fancy metal straw.

WHITE RUSSIAN WOMAN continues to suck through the straw...making an empty sucking sound.

Above all the chatter in the bar, LEIGH hears the sucking sound.

WHITE RUSSIAN WOMAN suddenly begins to gag. She spits something onto the table.

A dead fly.

LEIGH

What the hell?

The WHITE RUSSIAN LADIES buzz about the fly.

LEIGH whips around. snaps out of it. Checks back into her conversation with,

NICOLE

(sarcastic)

Oh, you homeless, but your dog got dietary restrictions? Yeah, Ok, got it.

LEIGH shakes her head...

LEIGH
Crazy...

NICOLE continues scrolling.

LEIGH carefully peers back around.

WHITE RUSSIAN LADIES sip on refreshed looking cocktails.
Lighthearted chatter and laughter. All is well.

WHITE RUSSIAN WOMAN locks eyes with LEIGH. Smiles. With
teeth. It's weird.

LEIGH blocks it. Re-enters the chat with,

NICOLE
Here, take this foolishness...

NICOLE hands the phone back to LEIGH.

LEIGH
So homegirl, I mean, *unhoused* girl
is out here getting the blessing
bag treatment.
...Meanwhile, I can't turn a corner
in my building without my neighbors
jumping out their skin. Like I'm
the boogeyman.

NICOLE
You are the boogeyman.

LEIGH
Really, bitch?

NICOLE shrugs. Then,

NICOLE
What I tell you?

LEIGH
...umm.

NICOLE
WHAT. I. TELL. YOU?

LEIGH looks at NICOLE in pure confusion. This girl is nuts.

LEIGH
...I don't know?

NICOLE

SHOOK!

LEIGH realizes

LEIGH

OHHH...Shook Ones?

NICOLE

Yep...

NICOLE nods then sounds out the beginning chords of the song then goes into the chorus, she bugs her eyes out and sways to the music she is making. It's eerie somehow.

Clearly tipsy, she grabs LEIGH's shoulders and stares intently into her eyes for the last refrain...

LEIGH begrudgingly goes along with it.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

They scared to death, scared to look...they shook!

A moment. Then, the two women laugh.

LEIGH

Ever since you started calling white people 'shook ones' I literally cannot get that song out of my head.

NICOLE

Cause it's the truth. And the song just slaps. Still.

LEIGH Agrees.

NICOLE raises her glass. LEIGH follows suit.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

To keeping white folks SHOOK!
May they ever be shaking in their "Trailhead" boots!

Leigh Laughs. Cups one hand around her mouth as if to yell:

LEIGH

What are thoooooose?

The women toast.

In the space between the toast, we see The WHITE WOMEN glaring menacingly at the celebrating friends. Or are they?

7

EXT. CAHUENGA BLVD. NIGHT -CONTINUOUS

7

LEIGH, next level tipsy, walks down the sidewalk.

An ATTRACTIVE MAN (30's, black) approaches.

The man politely acknowledges LEIGH as he passes her

ATTRACTIVE MAN
Where you headed, beautiful?

LEIGH whips around to answer.

But sees MAN was not talking to her, but the UNHOUSED WOMAN. In this light, she looks like a typical hipster, but extreme--carrying a huge backpack and an even bigger dog on a leash.

The UNHOUSED WOMAN completely ignores the ATTRACTIVE MAN and smiles at LEIGH, with teeth. still weird.

LEIGH shakes it off and realizes she actually sees the WHITE RUSSIAN WOMAN from the bar smiling smugly, just before brushing past her.

LEIGH and ATTRACTIVE MAN lock eyes.

ATTRACTIVE MAN shrugs.

MAN
You look good too, sista.

LEIGH reacts. Clearly frustrated.

8

EXT. IVAR TUNNEL NIGHT

8

Two glowing headlights from LEIGH'S car recklessly turn onto Ivar Ave and come barreling towards the tunnel...the car stops just before entering the structure.

CUT TO:

INT. LEIGH'S CAR, IVAR TUNNEL - NIGHT -continuous

LEIGH'S POV: *The tent is still there.*

LEIGH checks her rearview to see if cars are approaching.

Nothing.

LEIGH puts the car in motion again, creeping through the tunnel, inching towards the tent.

LEIGH stops the car just short of passing it.

She checks the rearview mirror again. Still nothing.

LEIGH takes a long look at the tent. The night's Negronis bubbling up inside her.

she closes her eyes for a moment, THEN--

It erupts.

LEIGH forcefully smashes her car horn, blaring it loudly in an attempt to get a rise out of whoever or *whatever* is in the unflinching tent.

LEIGH
MOOOOOVVVVVEEEEE!!

Nothing. The tent remains motionless.

LEIGH blares the horn again.

Silence. Then,

LEIGH checks her mirror. *A car approaching behind.*

LEIGH (CONT'D)
Shit...

LEIGH, terrified, flails the top half of her body into the passenger seat to hide.

We hear the car pass. The coast is clear. LEIGH sits up.

The tent is unmoved. All is still.

LEIGH slowly opens her car door and gets out, one foot at a time.

She starts toward the tent, gripping her keys with a pointy one jutting out between her fingers like a shank.

She stops a few feet from the tent.

LEIGH (CONT'D)
(shouting)
Hey!

Silence.

LEIGH (CONT'D)
(calling out)
I uh...I brought you some blessing
packs. Hello?

Leigh's voice echoes through the tent.

Silence.

LEIGH searches the ground for something. She spots a discarded soda can.

LEIGH grabs the can and launches it at the tent. It bounces off.

Silence.

LEIGH checks her surroundings.

She cautiously approaches the tent and sees an opening.

She unzips the tent. It's empty. A few discarded brown grocery bags, a comforter, dog bed and a lantern in the center of it all, illuminating the emptiness.

LEIGH takes in the empty space. For a split second, she sees herself inhabiting the tent. A *chilling possibility*.

LEIGH shakes off the vision and backs out of the tent.

A dog barks.

LEIGH whips around to see--

The UNHOUSED WOMAN from outside the bar. She grips a glass bottle.

LEIGH stands. Takes in the WOMAN before her.

An idea.

LEIGH (CONT'D)

BOO!

UNHOUSED WOMAN doesn't flinch.

Seemingly out of nowhere, TIMEWORN WOMAN appears.

TIMEWORN WOMAN

Everything alright here?

UNHOUSED WOMAN nods.

LEIGH

(at timeworn woman)

I'm all good, neighbor.

Suddenly, a glass bottle crashes over LEIGH's head.

LEIGH collapses to the ground. A trickle of blood flows.

CUT TO:

9 EXT. IVAR TUNNEL NIGHT

9

LEIGH'S body lays on the sidewalk. Eyes slightly open.

TIMEWORN WOMAN

Shut her eyes.

UNHOUSED WOMAN uses her pointer finger and her middle finger to gently shut LEIGH'S eyelids.

The two women consider LEIGH for a moment,

Two sets of WHITE HANDS: one young, but careworn, the other, pristine, yet timeworn clutch onto LEIGH by her forearms.

The two white women, bonded through a sinister sisterhood of whiteness, together, drag LEIGH's limp body through the mouth of Ivar Tunnel.

THEN:

LEIGH's eyes pop open. She inhales--

CUT TO:

10 INT. LEIGH'S CAR IVAR TUNNEL--CONTINUOUS

10

--the biggest breath. Notices her surroundings.

Silence. The red tent sits still with an inner beam.

Was it a fever dream?

LEIGH places her hands on the wheel and carefully moves her car though and out of the tunnel.

A light inside of the tiny red tent is extinguished.

The Ivar Tunnel glows green.

END (OR IS IT?)