

AMIR'S LOVE

Written by

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INT. BEDROOM - DAY

AMIR, 19, looks out the window to a birds eye view of his block. His room is simple like his style. A girl bikes down the dusty city street. Her bike is stylized and her helmet is bedazzled. She knocks on doors and talks for a moment before going to the next house.

AMIR

Amaya.

INT. FRONT DOOR - DAY

Amir waits two seconds after a knock before opening the door. There, stands AMAYA, 19. Her light hair shines in the sun.

AMAYA

Morning, have you heard about St. Mary's new donation driven school program?

AMIR

Ah, no.

AMAYA

Right y'all just moved...

Amaya speaks but her voice drowns out. Amir stares at her eyes, her hands, and her hair. He interrupts her.

AMIR

That's a cool helmet.

Amaya stops talking, confused.

AMAYA

Uh, thanks?

AMIR

Can I see?

She's hesitant, but hands him the helmet. Amir just looks at it, and hands it back.

AMAYA

Uh... Yeah. Well ok, goodbye.

She hastily leaves, Amir closes the door and immediately sighs. His eyes longingly watch her leave through the window. Amir scrambles upstairs to...

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

He pulls up his blinds and watches her bike away. He yanks the blanket off his telescope. Amir spectates her until she turns the corner. He pulls his hand out of his pocket and is holding a light strand of curly hair.

Amir puts the hair in a plastic bag. He looks through his telescope and focuses on the street corner. He zips up his coat.

INT. THE CORNER - AFTERNOON

Three old-heads sit in lawn chairs, arguing. Amir walks up to them. He looks at the wall behind them, confused.

AMIR

Do you know where I can find Ms.
Jodey?

They continue arguing.

AMIR (CONT'D)

(louder)
Hi, do you know where I can find
Ms. Jodey?

They fall silent. ELIAS, 64, clears his throat.

ELIAS

Whatchu sayin that name around here
for? Huh?

CHARLES

Boy you ain't got NO business
looking for that eh fairytale.

Amir shifts his feet.

AMIR

No, you misunderstand.

ELIAS

Oh I misunderstand?

They burst out laughing.

CHARLES

Who's making you talk like that?
Suburbs boy!

MARCUS
Soundin like my grandpa!

They laugh harder.

AMIR
No, it's for a school project.

Laughter dies down.

ELIAS
Go home boy.

Amir walks away. Turning the corner, there's an dark orange door. Skeptical, he walks closer and feels the old door. He goes in.

INT. BASEMENT - DAWN

Amir walks down cement stairs in the dark. Finally, he steps into an odd room. Shards of glass hang from strings on the ceiling, reflecting the only light in the room from the small leaking window. There, MS. JODEY, and old woman, sits on a throne of cloths behind an orange cauldron.

MS. JODEY
How may we be of service?

AMIR
Your door wasn't where it was before.

MS. JODEY
We present ourselves when we want,
not when we are wanted.

Amir steps forward and holds up the strand of hair.

AMIR
I have what you asked for. Now,
give me what I asked for.

Ms. Jody stares at him behind her dreadlocks. Her dark robes crunch as she throws a match into the cauldron. She gestures her orange fingertips to the large pot.

Amir drops the hair in the rising liquid. The glass shards begin to reflect multiple colors of light.

MS. JODEY
Tell us what you see.

Her voices is echoed by a deeper whisper. A force pushes Amir to his knees.

AMIR

I... I see ribbons tied to crooked bows on bouquets. I see dying flowers by a grave. I see orange.

MS. JODEY

Cut the shit boy.

AMIR

It's what I see! What am I supposed to say?

MS. JODEY

Ignore the illusion, say what you desire.

AMIR

I want her, Amaya.

MS. JODEY

That is not what it must hear.

AMIR

I- I *need* her.

MS. JODEY

It does not believe you.

AMIR

I'll give *anything*!

MS. JODEY

(voice getting deeper)
Naive boy, you sit here in all my chaos of POWER and LIE?!

AMIR

I mean it!

MS. JODEY

(scary voice)
YOU MEAN WHAT?

AMIR

I mean... I MEAN... I'LL GIVE EVERYTHING!

Voices scream. It's poisonous aurora is visible through the hanging shards of glass. They reflect a flash of orange light to his neck; it snaps.

Amir remains standing, head drooping low. Blood spills from his nose. Ms. Jodey swiftly catches the blood in a small tin cup...

MS. JODEY
(harsh whisper)
It's ours... She's ours!

She drinks it. Her stomach bubbles, then she gasps for air! She SUFFOCATES for a minute too long before vomiting clouds of black sulfur. The clouds fill the room, and an orange light flashes.

INT. BEDROOM - THE NEXT DAY

Amir suddenly wakes up in bed, sweating. He rubs his eyes and his neck. He looks around fearfully. His room is still, his room is safe. He doesn't notice his orange finger tips.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

He walks downstairs, his hand leaves a dark orange mark on the railing; like paint, or a stain. His watch suddenly beeps, startling him. He quickly runs to the window.

Amaya is biking down the street. She finishes talking with Amir's neighbor, but bikes past his house. Amir runs outside.

EXT. FRONT LAWN - DAY

Amir stops before the end of his lawn.

AMIR
Amaya!

She stops, caught, and nervously looks back.

AMAYA
Sorry, I didn't think you'd be- uh, interested.

AMIR
No you have to come by, you have to convince me. You have to convince me.

She sighs and turns around.

AMAYA
Amir...

The moment their eyes lock, Amaya smiles. She drops the bike, and walks closer, giggling.

AMAYA (CONT'D)
 (whisper)
 Come with me.

Amaya walks past Amir and to his house. He runs after her.

INT. FRONT DOOR - DAY

AMIR
 Amaya wait!

Amir shuts the door behind him, staining the handle orange. Amaya runs up the stairs, giggling.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Amir runs into his room, Amaya slams the door behind him.

AMIR
 Amaya wait-

AMAYA
 I want you.

Amaya walks toward him.

AMAYA (CONT'D)
 I need you.

AMIR
 Amaya wait-

She holds his cheek.

AMAYA
 I'll give *anything*.

She kisses him, and shoves him on the bed...

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Ms. Jodey sits behind her cauldron, head down...

MS. JODEY
 (muttering)
 She's ours... She's ours...

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Under the blankets, Amaya takes control as they make love...

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Ms. Jodey's head sways, her body shakes. She whispers...

MS. JODEY

Carry the vessel... Pass it on...

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Amir runs his hands through Amaya's hair. His orange fingertips fade away and Amaya's hair fades to dark orange. Amir suddenly begins to SUFFOCATE.

INT. BASEMENT - DAWN

Ms. Jodey's head shoots up, her face strained and her body shaking. Tears stream down her face.

MS. JODEY

Carry the vessel! Pass it on! We...

Her bones CRACK. She screams.

MS. JODEY (CONT'D)

We live on!

INT. BEDROOM - DAWN

Amaya does not stop, and her finger-tips turn ORANGE.

Amir finally stops breathing and Amaya stops moving. She's frozen atop Amir's still body. She stares straight ahead, her eyes glazed over.

INT. BASEMENT - DAWN

Empty robes lay empty on the pile of cloths. No, not cloths, OLD ROBES. The cauldron fades to black.

INT. BEDROOM - DAWN

A VOICE whispers to Amaya. She wraps herself in the blanket and follows the voice.

EXT. STREET - DAWN

Amaya walks like a zombie, barefoot in the middle of the street. The voice gets louder as she turns the corner.

In an alleyway, is a lone door. At the touch of the handle, the door turns dark orange. She goes in...

INT. BASEMENT - DAWN

Amaya walks down dark stairs to an empty room. In the middle is a black cauldron, glass shards hang above her. She touches it, her orange finger tips fades into the cauldron. Amaya sits behind it, on top of the pile of robes.

PERSON (O.S.)

Hello?

FADE TO BLACK.

OVER BLACK:

AMAYA

How may we be of service?