

MNEMONIC DEVICES

Written by

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BLACK SCREEN

VO (MALE)

It's times like these I wish I was
Superman.

FADE IN:

A gun barrel fills the screen.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - DAY

THUG LEADER holds a handgun at arms length, leveled at
DEACON GRAVES...

WILLIAM "REPO" PERCY
has his eyes locked on the gun, and he is terrified.

All three are young, rough, and on edge.

Smoke drifts by from off screen...

DEACON
17, stares at the Thug Leader, ignoring the gun.

His eyes are intensely angry.

A beat, then his eyes lose focus, just for a moment, and
refocus as his face relaxes.

He smiles.

VO

I wonder if I could dodge a bullet?

CUT TO:

BLACK SCREEN

CRACK!

CUT TO:

INT. DEACON'S ROOM - DAY (PREVIOUSLY)

Deacon sits bolt upright in bed, disoriented, alarmed.

DEACON

Dad?

INT. HALLWAY

CHARLEY GRAVES, 40's, is sprawled on his face atop his cane. A door behind him opens as Deacon enters at a run. Deacon rushes to help up his father.

DEACON

Dad!

CHARLEY
(DRUNK)

Pick me up. Come on, come on. Pick me
up, damn it, and get me to my chair.

INT. DEN

Deacon and Charley enter, son supporting father, and make their way past stacks of newspapers and cluttered end tables to a ratty Lazy-Boy, perfectly positioned in front of a circa 1970's television. An aluminum TV tray is nearby, covered with dirty dishes and a remote for the TV.

CHARLEY

Go get me my scotch and my smokes.

DEACON

Dad, it's nine am...

CHARLEY
(beat)

You tryin' to tell me my business?

DEACON

No, Dad, I just...

CHARLEY

Just WHAT? Just thought you knew
better than your old crippled Father?
Just because my leg is broke don't
mean I'm STUPID! Now GET me my DAMN
SCOTCH.

DEACON

Yes, sir.

Deacon starts to walk by...

Charley SMASHES him over the head with his fist.

CHARLEY

MOVE IT!

CUT TO:

EXT.FRONT YARD

Early 1990's. Williamsburg, VA. Summer vacation.

The brilliant sunlight highlights peeling paint and
missing shutters on the quasi-colonial style home.

Repo and JOHNNY, both 17, hang out front.

REPO

Overweight, bad haircut. Sitting on the curb, reading a
comic book: Justice League.

JOHNNY

Has a guitar slung over one shoulder and the will to use it. He watches the house.

Shouting. The door opens and Deacon exits, shouldering a backpack. He shuffles over to his pals, stoop shouldered.

REPO

Hey Deke!

JOHNNY

'Sup, man.

DEACON

Hey guys. Let's get outta here.

The trio begin walking down the street.

A low to middle class neighborhood, safe but simple.

REPO

Your Dad still bitchin' at you?

JOHNNY

No, dumbass, that was the radio we heard.

DEACON

Yeah, he's getting worse, actually...
He was drunk when I woke up this morning, instead of waiting till noon.

JOHNNY

Dude, you should give him some magic grass.

DEACON

(laughs)

Could you imagine? No, my stuff is just for us. Would be wasted on him, anyway.

REPO

Hey, Deke, that reminds me. (beat)
Remember those guys I was telling you about? They were asking me where I got the stuff again. I think they want to buy some.

JOHNNY

Damn it, Repo, we told you no!

DEACON

Repo, you should never have passed that to them- you're going to get us busted.

REPO

All right! Geeze. I just thought we could make some money, you know? Forget it.

Johnny pushes Repo on the shoulder.

Repo pushes back.

Johnny GRABS Repo in a bear hug and takes him down, pinning him.

REPO

(kicking)

Stop! Johnny! Let me go!

Johnny pushes off of him and stands up, laughing.

JOHNNY

Puss.

REPO

(jumps up)

You know I don't like having my arms
pinned, man! It feels like dying.

EXT. CARLY'S HOUSE

Nice, two story home with moving van out front.

NEW HOMEOWNERS

...direct moving men with furniture into and out of the
front door.

The boys stop to watch.

JOHNNY

Hey, check it out.

EXT. SECOND FLOOR WINDOW

In the window is CARLY, 17 and a natural beauty. She is
looking around what is apparently her new room.

SIDEWALK

Boys are intrigued. Repo looks especially awestruck.

REPO

Wow.

DEACON

Nice.

JOHNNY

Yeah.

WINDOW

Carly glances out window and spots the boys. She leans on the windowsill, staring back.

SIDEWALK

Caught! The boys push and shove each other along, laughing embarrassedly. Repo has to be goaded, as he can't seem to take his eyes off of her.

CUT TO:

EXT. ENTRANCE TO THE WOODS - LATER

The boys high-step through tall grass and weave around trees as they enter familiar ground.

REPO

She was...awesome! I can't believe she's living on our street! We'll see her all the time!

JOHNNY

Yeah, and I'm sure she'll fall all over you, fat boy!

DEACON

Johnny, leave him alone.

EXT. THE ROCKS

They step out from the trees to a clearing. A number of large rocks make a place to sit.

DEACON

...passes out a handful of Twinkies from his pack.

REPO

...takes a seat on the ground.

JOHNNY

...hops up on the rocks and swings his guitar to his lap.

REPO

All right, Deke, lets fire it up!

DEACON

Patience, my son.

Deacon pulls out a sizeable bag of marijuana as Johnny starts to strum a few cords.

Repo pulls out a ceramic bowl for the pot and a Zippo.

Deacon passes him the bag, and he stuffs the bowl.

He has been waiting for this moment ALL DAY.

He lights it and begins to inhale...

FEMALE (OS)

Whatcha doin'?

Johnny stops playing.

Deacon stands.

Repo is freaked.

He FLINGS aside the bowl, which SMASHES on the rock, simultaneously hacking as the smoke goes down the wrong way.

CARLY

...enters the clearing, a shit-eating grin on her face.

JOHNNY

Well, Repo seems to be dying, I'm playing guitar, and Deke is standing

JOHNNY (cont.)

there looking cool. What are YOU doing?

CARLY

Oh, not much. Watching you boys break the law, that sort of thing. I'm Carly. (beat) Is he going to be okay?

REPO

(between gasps)

Damn it... my mom gave me that bowl.

LATER

Everyone is seated and a joint is being passed around. Johnny plays a few cords.

CARLY

So, 'Repo'...where did you get that name?

DEACON

His real name is William...

REPO

Cause that's what I'm gonna do after school- be a repo-man and stuff.

JOHNNY

Nothing like high aspirations.

REPO

And am I high-eye-EYE!

He takes a hit, passes it to Deacon.

REPO (cont.)

(without exhaling)

A repo man is the coolest, ballsiest dude there is. (exhales) It's like, sneak into this dude's yard and jack his truck cause he didn't pay the bank, and nothing he can do about it because it's LEGAL! HA!

Johnny sets down the guitar and picks up Deacon's pack, rummaging inside.

Deacon picks up the instrument and tries to play a few chords- he is very stiff.

JOHNNY

No, man, loosen up. You're killing it. (finds something) Hello, what's this?

Johnny holds up a notebook with a picture of a pot leaf drawn on the cover and flips through it.

JOHNNY

Repo, check this out! No wonder his grass is magic - he's got a fricken instruction manual on how to grow pot!

CARLY

You GREW this?

DEACON

Yeah.

REPO

Yeah, Deke is a fricken genius, a...a...a brainiac! He's always reading something.