

A CONSERVATIVE TALE

Written by

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INT. APARTMENT, DAY

Open with an article with the title "Woke mind virus is making Gen Z the biggest threat to America." being typed up.

We then see the person typing it. Michael, a young black conservative in an "anti-woke" shirt and a MAGA hat. He finishes the article and looks at it proudly. He closes his computer, picks up his phone, and calls his mom.

On the other end, a woman picks up the phone. We only see the bottom half of her face, but it's clear that she is slightly irritated by the person calling. Regardless, she picks up.

Though we can't hear what he's saying, Michael is excited about the article he wrote and is raving about his article to his mom.

His mom listens with little to no emotion, clearly unimpressed. She sips milk slowly and continues to listen.

Michael finishes talking and then waits for his mom to respond.

She takes a pause, says something short, and hangs up. Michael looks at the phone and for a second he looks hurt. He then perks up and walks towards his closet. He changes into something nicer and walks towards the mirror.

When he steps in front of the mirror and looks into the mirror, he smiles. We then see what he sees. A white man looking right back at him, same clothes and height.

Michael (W.) then leaves his apartment and steps into the hallway where a white woman passes him and gives him a disgusted look. Michael (W.) scoffs at her and continues to walk down the hall.

CUT TO:

INT. NEWSROOM, DAY

Michael and another white anchor are talking about "BLM Terrorist" in a clear Fox News-type show. The two have a back-and-forth where Michael (W.) is being interviewed by the other man.

While talking over the TV broadcast, we see that Michael is a black man discussing this with a white man. However, when we go on the set, we see Michael as he sees it, two white men talking bad about black people.

After the show wraps, the anchor drops his friendly demeanor and becomes condescending, in attitude, towards Michael. This bothers Michael (W) as he stands there, alone.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE THE STUDIO, DAY

Michael (W.) is walking with his bag when a fan spots him. The fan is a white man with a MAGA hat and a far-right shirt. He approaches Michael with a smile and talks optimistically, seemingly about him.

Michael looks happy to get the recognition he's been looking for. The two have a back-and-forth, but Michael unfortunately has to go.

As he says goodbye, he reaches out his hand for the fan to shake, but the fan doesn't take it. In fact, he flinches a little and looks at the hand like it's tainted.

As we spin to the fans' perspective we see Michael as he is, a black man. The fan doesn't shake his head, nods and walks away. Michael (B.) looks at his white hand, hurt and confused.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY, NIGHT

Michael(B.) Walks down the hallway and passes a black man. Their eyes meet as the black looks at Michael more satisfied than angry at Michael. This takes Michael aback as they pass and he reaches his door.

When he looks at the door, he sees what's on it. Taped to the front of the door is a man in blackface, a minstrel coon. Michael looks down the hallway to the black man who stands there smiling, clearly happy with what he did.

Michael turns back to the door and rips down the picture.

INT. APARTMENT

Michael opens the door, crumples up the paper, and tosses it on the floor, he then takes his hat and tosses it on his bed. He takes out his laptop, sits down, and starts working. But he can't focus. He keeps looking back and forth between the hat and the crumpled-up picture.

He gets up and takes a look at himself in the mirror. Over and over again he switches from black to white and black again. It's inconsistent and getting to him. He thinks about all the people he saw today and the things they did. He does the only thing that could make him feel better. He calls his mom.

We now see the mom again. She looks at the phone, ignores the call, and drinks her chocolate milk.

Michael puts down the phone, sits down, and realizes he's all alone. This big room with one man who has no one.