

Eeny Meeny  
By  
Alice Walker

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[a.walker@colorpurple.com](mailto:a.walker@colorpurple.com)

EXT. SCHOOLYARD - DAY

A 15-year-old BLACK GIRL with a 1950s hair style and dress, skips while five similarly aged and dressed WHITE GIRLS work the ropes.

The vision freezes and becomes a framed newspaper clipping.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - IMANI'S ROOM - DAY

IMANI (89), black, frail, stares at the clipping that sits in a frame on a dated table. A skipping rope hangs over a hook on the wall next to a year 2017 calendar.

MICHAELA (15), pale face, dressed for a funeral, waves a hand in front of Imani's eyes but her gaze doesn't falter from the clipping.

MICHAELA  
Remember the rhyme?

EXT. SCHOOLYARD - DAY

As the White Girls thrash the rope faster and faster, the Black Girl's face registers distress. Sweat beads her skin.

WHITE GIRLS  
(singing)  
Eeny, meeny, miny, mo.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - IMANI'S ROOM - DAY

Solemn, Michaela sits in a visitor's chair opposite.

Imani visibly shakes.

MICHAELA  
(whispers)  
Eeny, meeny, miny, mo.

EXT. SCHOOLYARD - DAY

Black Girl struggles to keep up as the rope thrashes the ground beneath her skipping feet.

WHITE GIRLS  
Eeny, meeny, miny, mo.

One of the white girls, Michaela, sings loudest.

MICHAELA

Faster and faster that nigra bitch  
go. On and on, till she --

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - IMANI'S ROOM - DAY

Michaela whispers loudly in Imani's ear, startling her.

MICHAELA

Foh.

A tear escapes and cascades towards Imani's jaw.

MICHAELA

How could you live with yourself?

EXT. SCHOOLYARD - DAY

The rope whips too fast for any normal jumper, but the Black Girl manages to keep pace.

MICHAELA

Eeny, meeny, miny, mo. Faster and  
faster that nigra bitch go. On and  
on till she --

The rope slaps off the ground impossibly fast.

MICHAELA

Foh!

Black Girl trips, bangs her head on the ground.

White Girls surround her, Michaela takes the lead as they beat her.

As the other White Girls walk away, Michaela hangs back to appraise the beaten Black Girl before following after them.

Black Girl gets her breath back, then, as she rises to her feet, a rage fills her. Her jaw tightens and her hands clench into fists.

She storms after Michaela, grabs her hair and smashes her head repeatedly off the hard concrete ground till her own reflection in the spreading pool of blood and brain makes her stop.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - IMANI'S ROOM - DAY

Michaela stands beside her as Imani tearfully grabs the skipping rope. She throws one end over a beam, ties it and then loops the other end around her own neck.

MICHAELA

None of them need or love you,  
you're a burden. Look at her, they  
say, seeking attention again.

Michaela fades away as GEORGE (57), bursts in, takes the rope from around Imani's neck and eases her into her chair.

GEORGE

Jesus, Mom, we were about to leave,  
you've got to stop this. You're  
just torturing yourself. It's no  
good, no good.

He looks accusingly at the clipping, grabs it, but Imani sobs and wails so much that he lets it go and hugs her.

GEORGE

OK. OK. We love you, we all do.

He looks apologetically to the doorway where his WIFE (58), sighs and impatiently taps her watch.

END.