"ABOVEYU"

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. STREET - DAY

A PANHANDLER stands at the corner of a traffic signal holding a sign that reads: "Anything helps. God Bless." An unlatched beat-up guitar case lies at his feet. Coins and dollar bills meagerly occupy its cavity.

Cars whiz by on a green light. The light turns yellow, then red. A slick convertible rolls up. Inside, a well-dressed SUIT sips coffee while yapping into a smart phone.

SUIT
(into phone)
Yeah, babe. Six-four-two Sperling Court. See ya' in a few.

The suit hangs up, smirks, then:

SUIT (CONT'D)
(under breath)
Whoever said money can't buy happiness?

The suit turns, notices the panhandler whose weary eyes plead for assistance.

SUIT (CONT'D)
Can I help you?!

The panhandler just stands there -- blinking, breathing.

SUIT (CONT'D)
Get a job! Fucking moocher.

The light turns green. The suit hurls his coffee at the panhandler, then speeds off. The panhandler zeros in on the license plate, which reads: "ABOVEYU". He wrings out his soaked and tattered garments, then resumes business.

INT. HOUSE - LATER

Lavishly decorated. The suit nails a HOT CHICK. The doorbell RINGS. He pauses - "what the fuck?" She digs her claws into his back.

INT/EXT. HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The suit opens the door. Nobody there. He looks down, sees a guitar case and a note. He furrows his brows, picks up the note, reads it: "I hope this buys you some happiness." The suit ponders for moment. His eyes widen at the revelation.

FADE OUT.