

BLESSED BY THE BEST

written by

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TEASER

FADE IN.

INT. CHURCH BASEMENT - AFTERNOON

SISTA ANDERSON'S (70) gray haired, laid back, walks with a cane, widowed and a devout Christian. She boxes some religious tracks, transports them to another table, takes a sip of water from the fountain and returns to repeat the process.

SISTA MARY'S (72), feisty, opinionated, also widowed and a Christian when convenient. She's in the bathroom drinking from her flask. She then takes a swig of Listerine, straightens her wig, (tag showing) and exits the bathroom bumping into Sista Anderson.

SISTA MARY

Can't you see, Sista Anderson?

SISTA ANDERSON

You bumped into *me*.

SISTA MARY

No, I had the right of way.

SISTA ANDERSON

If you wasn't drinking the Devils' Slop you woulda seen me.

SISTA MARY

Why you think I was drinking?

SISTA ANDERSON

Cause that Listerine and alcohol mixed together makes your breathe smell like cheap, men's cologne.

SISTA MARY

Well you would know, wouldn't you?

SISTA ANDERSON

Hush your mouth. That was before the Lord came into my life.

SISTA MARY

Then that must have been last week. I saw that man all over you from across the church.

SISTA ANDERSON

Fool, that was Deacon Love.

SISTA MARY

Yeah, he loved having his hands all over your body.

SISTA ANDERSON

You need prayer, right now.

SISTA MARY

And don't get all holified with me. You drank side by side with for years.

SISTA ANDERSON

Yeah, but I damn sure couldn't keep up with you. You never filled my cup, anyway.

SISTA MARY

Child you're lucky we're in the house of the Lord.

SISTA ANDERSON

That ain't never stop you before. Gone and say what you gotta say.

Sista Anderson steps directly into Sista Mary's face during a 10 second stare off.

SISTA MARY

What did you say?

SISTA ANDERSON

About what?

SISTA MARY

I dunno. Let me help you fill this next box.

SISTA ANDERSON

That's why you my best friend. The Lord's going to award us when we get to heaven.

SISTA MARY

I'm goin'. You might get to Mars or  
Pluto, huh.

SISTA ANDERSON

Pluto ain't even a planet no more.

SISTA MARY

Then you'll be lost in space.

SISTA ANDERSON

That'll still be better than hell.

SISTA MARY

And cooler, too

They both burst into laughter.

EXT. OUTSIDE SISTER ANDERSON'S HOUSE - MORNING

HATHAWAY'S (62) receding hairline, loud, obnoxious, soft touch  
and employed by the City of Brotherly Love as a Sanitation  
Engineer.

He stops the trash truck then waves at Sista Mary and Sista  
Anderson sitting on the steps.

He rolls down the window.

HATHAWAY

Good morning ladies. How you doin'?

SISTA MARY

*We fine Hathaway.*

SISTA ANDERSON

*We fine Hathaway.*

HATHAWAY

Sista Anderson, please put your trash  
lids on tightly. Those raccoons feasted  
on your trash and I had to clean up the  
mess, again.

SISTA MARY

You the trash man, ain't cha? So what's  
the problem?

HATHAWAY

I'm going to start billing you for  
cleaning up your mess.

SISTA ANDERSON

And when you do just put it right on  
in the trash.

HATHAWAY

Gone now. Let me get back to work. I  
see you lady's tomorrow, God willing.

Hathaway winks at Sista Anderson as he pulls off.

SISTA MARY

I'm telling you that man gotta thing  
for you.

SISTA ANDERSON

Hush your mouth. Besides, I'm  
married to the Lord.

SISTA MARY

Okay, but some things you need a man to  
do.

Sista Mary licks her lips and gyrates back and forth while  
rotating her fingers.

SISTA ANDERSON

*Sista Mary.*

INT. SENIOR CITIZEN TRANSIT BUS - CONTINUOUS

CLAUDE's (28) friendly, outgoing, ex-Navy man, currently working  
for the city transit company while taking online college  
courses.

He parks the bus, assists his last customer to the door, and  
returns to depart.

He gets to the corner, does a rolling stop, makes a right hand  
turn and a police car with sirens and flashing lights appear.

He's pulled over by OFFICER BEVERLY, (27), a 2 year police  
officer, voluptuous, sexy, aggressive and tough.

She approaches the car, places her right hand on her revolver  
and taps on the window with her baton.

CLAUDE

What can I do for you officer?

OFFICER BEVERLY  
Roll down the window and give me  
your license and registration.

CLAUDE  
Yes mam.

OFFICER BEVERLY  
I'm not a mam. I'm Officer Beverly.  
Can't you see the badge?

CLAUDE  
I meant no disrespect. I'm nervous and  
curious about why you're stopping me.

OFFICER BEVERLY  
Do you know what stop means?

CLAUDE  
Yes, Officer Beverly.

OFFICER BEVERLY  
Did you come to a complete stop?

CLAUDE  
HMMMMMM...

OFFICER BEVERLY  
It's a yes or no answer, sir.

CLAUDE  
No.

OFFICER BEVERLY  
Then that's why I stopped your  
stupid ass. I'm going to run your  
shit to make sure you're legit.

Claude watches her walk away in the rear-view mirror.

CLAUDE  
Damn, she's fine. Satan, but fine.

Beverly runs his documents and returns to his vehicle.

OFFICER BEVERLY  
I'm going to let you go this time. I  
won't be so nice if it happens again.  
Now get out of here.

CLAUDE

Thank you officer.

Claude pulls off into the night.

Beverly returns to her patrol car and begins bawling.

FADE OUT.

END TEASER