

FESTIVAL OF SLAPS

Written by

ABDOU CISSE

23/06/2021

(Pink revisions)

*

1 **INT. CHELSEA 5 STAR RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

1

We open on a black open palm in mid air reflecting on a white woman's EYE. We turn to reveal it belongs to an enraged/bewildered **Nigerian Mum, EMMA ADEYEMI** slapping the soul out of her adolescent son(**ADE**), in the middle of a glossy Michelin star restaurant.

Struggling to escape, he's caught with the slap to the back of the head. Its impact echoing throughout the room.

She continues. Each slap causing objects around them to shake, as people within the restaurant look on in horror.

Boom! Bam! BOOOOOOM!

It's a festival of slaps.

2 **TITLE: A FESTIVAL OF SLAPS**

2

Ade continues his attempts to move, which unfortunately puts him within each slaps flight path.

A few waiters eagerly swoop in to surround her to intervene.

FEEBLE WAITER

Mrs Adeyemi please sto...

She effortlessly shrugs them off.

Ade's Dad on the other hand, looks oddly calm, as he quietly tucks into his steak. Still crouched over, we see Ades face for the first time. His expression filled with agony.

We punch in. His tightly shut eyes slowly open, as we witness his life flashing before his eyes.

SLAPPPP!

CUT TO:

3 **EXT. SOUTH EAST LONDON - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

3

We're following a younger Ade (14) attempting to smoke a spliff with **Jess**, a well put together mixed race girl with excessive amounts of makeup and hair gel.

They cough & laugh, as they lie about how they've done this before but its obvious to us they are complete amateurs.

*

Ade reaches for his phone to take a selfie, but an endless amount of missed calls from his Mum on screen cause him to panic. Luckily Jess is interrupted by a call. With a deep sigh of frustration she turns away from Ade to take the call.

*
*
*

JESS:

Wot do you want?...NO! Wot do you want? I'm out...Doreen I told you to not call...Dont start! Well tell Jane to fucking do it...stop calling when I'm out..

*
*
*

She abruptly hangs up. Ade somewhat sober and shocked by it all interjects.

*

ADE

Is that...is that your mum?

Jess, puzzled and embarrassed by the concern, retreats.

JESS:

Yeh but me and Doreen are all good... she's just proper inna like inna inna

She takes toke to avoid talking and blows a flume into Ade's face.

ADE:

I feel you... I feel you but...shes your Mum doe, its kinda mad.

*
*

JESS:

(sigh)Ade chill its minor trust

Seeing the shift in her energy Ade tries to play it cool

*

ADE:

I know I know well boy it was me please believe I'll get sent to Lagos. No luggage.

*
*
*

They laugh for a brief moment. The tension dispelled. It's quiet. In an attempt to play it cool he goes to smoke the neglected spliff, but Jess playfully yanks it from his mouth. It feels awkwardly romantic.

*

He slowly goes in for the kiss.. when a group of silhouettes enter the frame. By some divine intervention it's his Mum with her friends. Ade, still in mid action. Edges closer, but something feels off. Call it instinct but something tells him to look up. He lock eyes with his Mum. Mouth wide open.

Eyes red. Spliff burning in hand. The horror of the situation starts to sink in. Mrs Adeyemi steps forward when we hear...

OVER BLACK SFX: "SLAPPPP!!!"

CUT TO:

4 **EXT. SOUTH LONDON / ADES HOUSE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)** 4

We see a younger Ade (16) looking inconspicuous sneaking around the front of the house. Dodging car lights. He looks at his phone where we see 7 missed calls from his Mum and a few texts from his mum

MUM: HELLO WHERE ARE YOU - 8:37pm

MUM: ARE YOU OK? DON'T MAKE ME STRESS - 10:11pm

MUM: I WILL LOCK THESE DOORS AND THE BIN WILL BE YOUR HOME - 11:07pm

Ade proceeds towards a door where he sneaks in without a sound.

5 **INT. ADES HOUSE - CONTINUOUS** 5

He tiptoes through the dark house, through a family hall of fame and into the kitchen, but the lights suddenly flicker on. Revealing his Mums sitting at the table, waiting for him.

We jump between his weary expression and her cold stare.

MRS ADEYEMI

Looking for this?

Her hand resting on a fresh plate of food. Steaming hot. She lifts the lid revealing a well prepped dish of jollof dressed like 5 star meal.

MRS ADEYEMI (CONT'D)

Where have you been and...Why have you not ansad my calls?

ADE

Argggggggggghhh! COME ON MAN! Low it...I was just chil-

*

She raises her finger interrupting him. Aggravated. Lights flickering. She leans in towards him.

MRS ADEYEMI

Come...On...Who?!

Her gaze intensifies. Ades eyes widen with realisation of his mistake. The lights flicker once again. This time she is standing. She goes to step forward when...

OVER BLACK SFX: "SLAPPP!"

CUT TO:

6

INT. KITCHEN ADES HOUSE - EARLY MORNING (FLASHBACK)

6

We now see a slightly older Ade (17), he places two cups out. Coffee in the filter. Kettle on. He gleefully gathers breakfast from the fridge but as he turns away he is faced with a school letter, stating his drop in attendance at college next to it is a shoe box filled with money. The letter falls to reveal his Mum yet again staring him in his eyes. It's a standoff. They linger as pressure from his Mum intensifies until...

ADE

Mum I...

MRS ADEYEMI

What is all this?

Eager to clear her suspicion and change the subject Ade quickly interjects.

ADE:

Mum its not what it looks like, its not that big de... *

MRS ADEYEMI

Do you know how hard we work. To have you do what? Play party games? Running around? For who?

ADE:

Its not a thing I'm just reselling creps

MRS ADEYEMI:

Creps?! What kind of narcotics is that?

ADE

No trainers. Everyones doing it. All legal. Trust me its not a big deal.

He tries to keep busy and he throws the bread in the toaster.

MRS ADEYEMI

No big deal? First smoking! Now skipping school to galavant.

(MORE)

*

*

MRS ADEYEMI (CONT'D)
 To what sell trainers. To make
 quick money.

ADE
 Arggh! Smoking that was one time.
 Mum you don't get. [SIGH] You don't
 get.

Ade tries to escape but his Mum blocks his way.

MRS ADEYEMI
 You will never be anything...
 Anything. Like. This. You all this
 [gestures to paper and money]

ADE
 [SIGH] yeh I know I know

She continues to lecture Ade as he tries to leave the room.
 her voice fades to a white noise as Ade tries to move past
 the subject. The white noise fades into a drumming raging.
 Its the sound of Ade's own heart beating. Ade trying
 desperately to not rise to it all.

MRS ADEYEMI
 Why can't you be more like your
 cousins Tosin or Yinka? You need to
 step up if you want to make
 something of yourself.

She hits a nerve. His expression now riddled with rage.
 Trying desperately to hold in. Kettle boiling. Toast burning.
 He explodes.

ADE
 Make something! but you're... a
 cleaner... [steps closer] a cleaner

She's livid. Twitching with what appears to be anger.
 She turns away to hide her tears.

ADE (CONT'D)
 Like what do you? Dad? Any of you
 know about School? Education?
 Money? Success? Anything?

Mrs Adeyemi visibly taken back turns to hide her expression
 and takes out his burning toast and replaces it.

MRS ADEYEMI
 Have you lost your mind (in Yoruba)
 Tinkin yew can talk to me like dat.
 Me?! Me?!

(MORE)

MRS ADEYEMI (CONT'D)

Sometimes I think did I drop this
boy on his head. I dunno who or
where you get all this from.

*
*

She some how holds it all in. The tears. The rage. The
embarrassment. Ade breaths heavy still ready for a fight.

*
*

MRS ADEYEMI (CONT'D)

But I will not go jail for your
foolishness today!

*
*

Ade notices the new toast and softens his stance briefly but
his pride wont let the guilt settle in. There's a brief
moment before his mum slowly turns round. The remnants of her
tears lingering.

*

MRS ADEYEMI (CONT'D)

But... I will go for my pride.

She goes towards Ade as he makes for the door. But before we
can see the conclusion we suddenly hear.

OVER BLACK SFX: SLAPPPP!!!

CUT TO:

7

INT. CHELSEA 5 STAR RESTAURANT NIGHT - PRESENT DAY

7

We glide through the restaurant, to find his Mum's hand
raised high in the air. The waiters have brought back up and
are running towards her, as an elderly woman rings 999.

We see parents shielding their kids' eyes. Romantic dinners
abandoned.

Meanwhile in the kitchen, stoves are left unmanned as a
troupe of chefs watch from a small kitchen window. Even
bystanders look on nervously from outside.

Ades Dad is still gracefully tucking into his steak.

We follow Mrs Adeyemi's hand gradually build up in
speed...until... We fall with her hand...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMMMMMMMMM!!!! The slap of all slaps
crashes down.

Glasses shake. Candles flames are extinguished. Footing is
lost. Lights flicker and people are blown away. Both inside
and outside of the restaurant.

But none of them quite feel it as much as Ade, which the slap
has now for the first time caused to sit up right.

Mouth open. Face scrunched up. He lingers for a second...Is he dead?...Is he alive? It's hard to tell until...out from his mouth erupts a fish bone.

It flies up and lands on his Dad's plate, who snaps out of eating. Ade was choking the entire time.

He gasps for air and with pure relief breaths. Tasting the air, breathing in as if for the first time. Rejoicing for this second chance at life and somewhat embarrassed, he is swiftly interrupted as Mrs Adeyemi starts attending to his messy appearance. She attends to him with the utmost care

Ade, as if a child again, watches her tirelessly put him together. He's hit with the realisation that no matter what, she's always been there for him when we briefly revisit the conclusions his last flashback.

CUE FLASHBACK:
BACK TO THE
HOUSE

1. Right after Ade shouts at his Mum: He stands outside the kitchen expecting his mum to come after him but to his surprise all he can hear is her she breaking down in tears.

BACK
TO:RESTURANT

We jump back to the present. Where Mrs Adeyemi carefully puts him back. Ade somewhat seeing his Mum with fresh eyes.

ADE:

"Mum...[holds her arms] Mum...[Shakes a bit] Mum I was...I'm...I'm sorry. For everything I've said...everything I've done...erm...thank...thank you for always..."

Now calm. Taken back at his growth, she intently holds his arms.

MRS ADEYEMI
Its okay...Its Fine... you okay?

She quickly ushers him into his chair. Hands him a drink and straightens his plate. Giving another once over so see if he's ok. Suddenly the entire restaurant starts clapping, celebrating Mrs Adeyemi. Mrs Adeyemi - Shy in posture, humbly thanks the people around her. Ade again embarrassed by the ordeal tries to keep a low profile. But just when the audience settle down out of nowhere... **SLAP!!** Mrs Adeyemi taps him on the back of the head and quietly lectures him.

MRS ADEYEMI (CONT'D)

Don't you eva make me worri like
 dat heagain! Hembarrassi me!... If
 If you want to die go die outside,
 cha!Heaye! You want to disrupt my
 peace... [leans in] you think because
 we're in fancy fancy restaurant
 celebrating your graduation that I
 won't slaaaap you... heyyy you don't
 know me yet...

*

His Dad nods in agreement.

MR ADEYEMI

It's good he's paying
 tonight(chuckles)

*

MRS ADEYEMI

[Holds menu] Oooo that reminds me
 wat is the most expensive thing on
 this menu?

*

*

Mr & Mrs Adeyemi exchange a mischievous grin. Its the time
 they've been waiting for. Pay back.

*

*

ADE

I've only graduated at least let me
 get a full time job first.

*

*

MRS ADEYEMI

Ha! I thought you was a full time
 pain in my...

FEEBLE WAITER

Talk about crazy right! is
 everything good?

*

*

The family unwilling to let their guard down in the company
 of a stranger switch to a more formal tone

*

*

ADEYEMI FAMILY

Yes.

*

*

FEEBLE WAITER

Is there anything I can interest
 you in maybe?

*

*

*

Mrs Adeyemi see her opportunity.

*

MRS ADEYEMI

Actually whats your most expensive
 wine.

Ade tries to look at the menu to get ahead of the approaching tsunami of stress.

FEEBLE WAITER

Well you'll be delighted to know
we've got a rich 50 year old
SAUVIGNON BLANC ...hmmm [Tastes the
air] there is simply nothing like
it?

MRS ADEYEMI

Perfect!

MR ADEYEMI

Divine!

FEEBLE WAITER

Sublime

ADE

Err how much??

FEEBLE WAITER

£250

ADE

A bottle??

FEEBLE WAITER

A glass

ADE

HMMMMMM! (As if slapped by his
words whispers) Shoulda let me
choke...

MRS ADEYEMI

Sorry did you say something?

Ade shakes his head but when she turns her head he to gesture to the waiter to cut.

MR ADEYEMI

It all goes. It's all on him. Bring
a bottle.

FEEBLE WAITER

Nice nice nice anything to eat.
I see you rather enjoyed the steak.

They continue to order food. With every order we can see Ade stress but they are having fun. For a brief moment Mrs Adeyemi squeezes his hand when...

OVER BLACK SFX: SLAM!

CUT TO:

8

INT. ADES HOUSE KITCHEN - NIGHT

8

We match cut to a much older Ade and his Dad siting in the kitchen. Drinking tea. Ades hand out as if waiting for something. He looks over to empty chair with a sad look. Mrs Adeyemi is nowhere to be seen when Boom! A young rambunctious teen, **EMMA** comes stumbles in whilst excessively chewing gum.

EMMA

Yoooooooooooo!

MR ADEYEMI

Emmaaaaaa

*

ADE

Ermeeeeeee Emma! What time do you call this and what happen to your phone?

*

EMMA

Sheesh!!! It Died. I told you I need a new one. Also it's only 8 why you stressing.

*

ADE

A new one?! Wooooooooow! You hear her? You think I am made of money and work so you can play party games with your friends. Mum what do you think...

*

*

*

*

He gestures as if talking to his Mum in the empty chair. But when he hears no response he turns to look at the chair, caught off guard by her absence. His Dad exchanges a brief look of reassurance as they lock eyes.

ADE (CONT'D)

Hmmm I should send you to Lagos?

*

*

*

*

EMMA

[Whispers to herself]
That would be kinda lit

*

*

*

ADE

Huh? You saying something?

*

*

*

EMMA

Ahhhh Granddad tell him.

MR ADEYEMI

Me? I am not here.

Ade turns to his Dad.

ADE

[Sigh]With these demands you'd think she was top of her the class. This girl. Sometimes I think, did I drop her on her head. Like I dunno where she gets all this nonsense from kids these days. I was never like this.

*

MR ADEYEMI

Well..

*

*

Mr Adeyemi raised his eyebrows, caught by the audacity of Ades statement. Emma goes to fire back with lighting speed, but she suddenly starts to choke on her gum.

MR ADEYEMI (CONT'D)

The apple doesn't fall far from the tree.

Ade and his Dad look at each other then empty chair briefly before laughing. Ade stands up. Raises his hand and just as it's about to drop...

OVER BLACK SFX: SLAPPPP!!!

CUT TO BLACK:

TITLE: A FESTIVAL OF SLAPS

THE END: