

BLACK VIOLIN MUSIC VIDEO - "ONE STEP"

Written by

Joshua Miller & Connor Wilkins

Based on, If Any

C&I Studios
541 NW 1st Avenue, Fort Lauderdale 33301
954.357.3934

EXT. - US/MEXICO BORDER - NIGHT

[00:01 - 00:15] *Beat*

Fading moonlight shines upon the surface of a flowing body of water. The water is rippling. Desert plants billow in the wind. A small boat filled with people enters from the corner of the screen. Only their silhouettes can be seen. Daylight approaches. Amongst the passengers, a parent can be seen holding their child against their breast. The sun peaks over the desert horizon just as the boat makes landfall on the other side of the river.

[00:16 - 00:20] *"Standing on a land mine and we're singing Hallelujah..."*

A mother and father (the family holding their child) are crouching. They are eye level with their child, wiping the dirt from her face. It is clear they had a long journey. There is hope in the child's eye as she looks to America. The Latin American child's face blurs out of focus.

CUT TO:

EXT. - LOW INCOME URBAN SETTING - DAY

[00:21-00:24] *"...Thrown in to the end times and we're singing Hallelujah."*

The camera transitions. A young black kid's face fades in and the setting changes. He is 16 years old. He walks up to his car and sits behind the wheel, then starts driving through his neighborhood. His expression is prideful and stout as if he is trying to appear older than he is. He is wearing a beanie and a black hoodie.

[00:25 - 00:32] *"Gonna take my, take my, take mine for the future. Baby, take my, take my, take mine for the future."*

The camera looks into the driver's side of the vehicle from a side-view perspective for a wider angle of the neighborhood. Apartment complexes pass in the background. Passersby are walking on the sidewalk. The car pulls to the side of the curb. A second young black kid is walking in the same direction. He is wearing jeans and a colored sweater. He has a school backpack slung over his shoulder. The driver leans over and calls to him, inviting him to take a seat. The passenger door swings open. The second kid enters the vehicle. Car door shuts.

CUT TO:

INT. - SUBURBAN BEDROOM - NIGHT

[00:33 - 00:35] *Beat*

A bedroom door shuts. The camera slowly pans out to reveal more of the setting. It becomes clear that the setting is a teenager's bedroom. Dirty socks and other clothing lie scattered on the floor. The camera turns, revealing posters on a wall and sports trophies on a mantel. The camera tilts, looking down on a cluttered desktop. A dimly lit desk lamp is turned on. Papers are strewn across. They look like plans - blueprints and weapon schematics. Random junk - hardware, screws, springs, batteries - are among the mess. An arm slides in from outside the screen and swipes the mess to the floor in one motion.

[00:36 - 00:38] *"...One step to the future."*

The desk lies barren. A black AR-15 is placed on top.

CUT TO:

INT. - TWO BEDROOM HOME - DAY

[00:39 - 00:46] *"Been down, but I've been strong... Turn right when you turn wrong..."*

The Latin American family are in a relative's home. They are still wearing their travel worn clothes. Their packs are lying on the kitchen floor. The house is small. Musky light bleeds past drawn curtains. There is another couple in the home. Their clothes are clean. They are showered. They hug. The female owner of the home bends down to greet the child, who hides behind her mother's leg.

CUT TO:

EXT. - LOW INCOME URBAN SETTING - DAY

[00:47 - 00:53] *"Thought I lost, but I saw one. One step to the future, yeah, step to the future, yeah."*

The two black teenagers are driving through the city slowly. They cruise past an intersection and a parked patrol car. The black kid in the passenger seat points to a side-street while holding his phone. The two police officers in the patrol car study them -- profile them. Mistaking his phone for a gun, the patrol car pulls onto the road behind them.

[00:54 - 01:09] *"Been down but I've been strong. This time it's a new song. Thought I lost but I saw one. One step to the future, yeah, step to the future yeah... "*

Looking into the rear-view mirror, the teenage driver watches the police car pull up behind them. The patrol car turns on their lights. The friend in the passenger seat looks to the driver with alarm on his face. He gestures for him to pull over, waving his hand to a side-street while holding his phone. They pull over. The two police officers exit their vehicle. Standing outside their patrol car, one officer radios for backup. They both have their hands rested upon their holsters.

CUT TO:

INT. - SUBURBAN BEDROOM - NIGHT

[01:10 - 01:16] *"Future, yeah... Future, yeah."* Beat

A scrawny, white teenager is sitting at the desk with his back to the camera. The desk is resting against a wall. A window is in view. The curtains are closed. The camera slowly approaches from behind, gently rising above his head for a better perspective. Looking over his shoulder, there is a stack of large-capacity magazines piled on the wooden desk beside the AR-15. Cases of ammunition - some half empty, some completely empty - litter the desk. His head is bent. He is focused on loading the next magazine. He inserts the last bullet, places the loaded cartridge beside the others, picks up an empty one and resumes.

CUT TO:

EXT. - NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

[01:17 - 01:20] Beat

An ICE van drives down a neighborhood street.

CUT TO:

EXT. - URBAN CITY CENTER - DAY

[01:21 - 01:24] Beat

The two white police officers approach the vehicle and the two black teenagers with their guns drawn.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBURBAN BEDROOM - DAY

[01:25 - 01:28] *Beat "Take my, take my, take mine to the future..."*

The white teenager packs the AR-15 in a duffle bag. He exits his home and climbs aboard a school bus.

CUT TO:

EXT. - NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

[01:29 - 01:33] *Beat*

The Latin American child is sitting on the living room floor, playing with toys. The camera pans up and away then cascades out of an open window, facing the street. The ICE van pulls up to the front of the house. A squad of ICE agents equipped with military-grade gear step from the vehicle and rush to the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. - LOW INCOME URBAN SETTING - DAY

[01:34 - 01:37] *Beat*

The two black teenagers have both of their hands outside the car window. Both officers are pointing their firearms at them. They're screaming. The two kids are terrified.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN CITY CENTER - ROOFTOP - DAY

[01:38 - 01:53] *"Been down but I've been strong. Never knew it'd take this long, but this time it's a new song, new song. Gonna sing one for the future, yeah."*

Will is on a rooftop in downtown L.A., playing a grand piano and singing.

[01:54 - 02:08] *"I stood up when you stood your ground, I got up when you got me down. I keep on walking, one step to the future, step to the future, yeah."*

Camera angle opens up. Kev is on the rooftop beside Will playing the violin while Will sings and plays piano.

CUT TO:

EXT. - LOW INCOME URBAN SETTING - DAY

[02:09 - 02:14] CHORUS: *"One step."* WILL: *"Can't hold me like you used to."* CHORUS: *"One step."*

The two black teenagers are standing outside their car with their hands in the air. The kid in the passenger seat still has his phone clenched in his hand. They are both terrified. The police officers are shouting and jabbing their guns in the direction, yelling for him to drop the weapon (referencing the phone). Panicked, the black teenager holding the phone moves his hands to his sides to show that what he is holding is a phone and not a weapon.

CUT TO:

INT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

[02:15 - 02:22] WILL: *"Control me like you used to."* CHORUS: *"One step."* WILL: *"Cause I know what you're used to."* CHORUS: *"One step."*

The door to the home is kicked-in. The Latin American child, panicked and terrified begins screaming. The parents run into the living room. The ICE agents subdue the parents aggressively. They handcuff the parents. They're panicked, screaming and crying. An ICE agents takes away their child and exits the house. The camera looks past the open front door, filming from the lawn, to see the mother crying hysterically while being pinned to the floor.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

[02:23 - 02:25] *"No this ain't what you're used to!"*

Will playing piano. Kev playing violin. Will cries into the air.

CUT TO:

INT. HIGHSCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

[02:26 - 02:31] *Beat with Chorus*

White teenager walks down the highschool hallway with his AR-15 drawn and ready.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOW INCOME NEIGHBORHOOD SIDE STREET - DAY

[02:32 - 02:40] *Beat with Chorus*

The black teenager (the passenger) is lying in a pool of his own blood. His broken and cracked phone at his side. An onlooker is screaming. His friend (the driver) is being violently pinned to the concrete by a police officer. The other police officer is standing over the wounded boy, speaking into his radio. Close-up shot of the boy's bloodied face. The look in his eyes is confused and terrified. His breathing is erratic. From his perspective, we see more onlookers gathering at the scene.

CUT TO:

INT. HIGHSCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

[02:41 - 02:47] *Beat with Chorus*

The white teenager with the AR-15 is standing motionless in the center of the hallway. The school is on lockdown. The hallway is vacant. A door behind him to his right is open, signalling he just exited. The camera is looking at his back. He walks to the next classroom and opens the door. All the students in the room are huddled in the corner.

CUT TO:

EXT. MIAMI DETENTION CENTER - DAY

[02:48 - 02:56] *Beat with Chorus*

The Latin American child is alone in a detention center, separated from her parents. She walks past other children. They're all sad, huddled, minding their own business. She walks to the nearest fence. Clenching the fence with her hands and pressing her face to the notches, she peers out.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

[02:57 - 03:13] *"Step to the future. Step to the future. Step to the future... One more step. One more step. One more step..."*

Will and Kev stand on the rooftop facing the city as if they're preaching for change.

The camera slowly zooms out and up. More of the city is shown. Out and out and out, further back until we are looking at the city on a television screen.

CUT TO:

INT. MIDDLE CLASS LIVING ROOM - NIGHT.

[03:14 - 03:32] *Beat with fading chorus*

All of the events shown in the video were on the TV. A child (possibly a Latin American female) is sitting cross-legged on the floor in front of the TV. She's horrified by what she just saw. A tear puddles in her eye. Suddenly the channel changes to something frivolous. The camera pans out. Her parents are behind her, holding the TV remote. They are uninterested and unmoved, desensitized to the turmoil. The music video ends with a shot of her horror and confusion.