

“Eighteen Years Old”

W.C. Blackmon

Music video script

VIDEO	AUDIO
<p>Closeup of a girl’s footsteps on a road. On screen at lower left: W.C. Blackmon “Eighteen Years Old” wblackmon.com Wide shot of W.C. Blackmon on stage. Wide shot of a long, dark road.</p>	<p>Instrumental intro of song</p>
<p>Closeup of young, African-American girl holding her face in her hands. Wide shot of W.C. Blackmon on stage. Wide shot of the girl standing in the road, moving around indecisively. Closeup of the girl’s footsteps on the road. Wide shot of the girl walking down the road, away from the viewer.</p>	<p>W.C. Blackmon speaks: Sometimes it’s hard, tryin’ to find the right direction. You don’t know which way to go. All you know is that you’re walking down a dark road, and can’t really see the end.</p>
<p>Medium shot of W.C. Blackmon on stage, grabbing the microphone from the mic stand as he begins to sing. Closeup of W.C. Blackmon singing. Wide shot of the girl walking down the road, away from the viewer.</p>	<p>CHORUS 1: W.C. Blackmon sings: She’s only eighteen years old. She has no place to go. So she’s walking down a dark road and slowly losing hope!</p>
<p>Medium shot of W.C. Blackmon singing. Wide shot of the girl walking down the road, away from the viewer.</p>	<p>She’s only eighteen years old Has no place to go. So she’s walking down a dark road and slowly losing hope!</p>
<p>Medium shot of W.C. Blackmon performing. Two young college students looking at a laptop computer. Closeup of a microphone.</p>	<p>W.C. Blackmon speaks: Little girl little girl. What will you do in this unbalanced world? Will you go to school? Will you sing a tune?</p>

<p>Closeup of an attractive woman's feet in high heels as she walks up to a car and sits down in the back seat, lifting her feet up and in. Closeup of the sign of a rundown motel.</p>	<p>Will you become a street jewel and lie down with strangers in the back seats of cars and cheap motel rooms?</p>
<p>Closeup of an older African-American woman as she turns to look toward the viewer. Medium shot of W.C. Blackmon sitting on the edge of the stage as he speaks. Wide shot of the girl standing next to a sign that says, "Do not enter." Medium shot of W.C. Blackmon standing on the stage and speaking.</p>	<p>You say your mama doesn't understand and your father was never there, And the only thing you ever wanted out of life was something of your own, Some place, somebody, somewhere that cared.</p>
<p>Closeup of girl as she looks up and flashes a beautiful smile.</p>	<p>You have a disposition and smile of an angel</p>
<p>The girl's smile fades. Closeup of W.C. Blackmon as he speaks.</p>	<p>But with the passing of each day your heart grows cold, And you've gone through so much in your short life that sometimes it's even hard for you to believe that your only eighteen years old.</p>
<p>Medium shot of the girl talking on her cell phone, angrily, as she stands in front of a brick wall in ruins, covered with graffiti. Medium shot of W.C. Blackmon standing on the stage and speaking.</p>	<p>Now your mama's telling you, "Girl now that you're grown, you've got to leave." Cause see, her man says there's only room for one woman in that house, And that woman is she!</p>
<p>Closeup of the girl as she buries her face in her hands. Medium shot of W.C. Blackmon standing on the stage and speaking. Footage shot from the legs down of a man chasing after a woman in a dark parking garage. Medium shot of W.C. Blackmon standing on the stage and speaking.</p>	<p>You, just shake your head and hold back the tear ducts that start to well up, And begin to pack up, your things. And because of not wishing to hurt her, you refuse to tell her, that her so called man tried to force himself on you three different times, Just in the last week. And this is the real reason that he wants you to leave. "The real reason."</p>

<p>Wide shot of the girl walking down the road, along the graffiti wall and toward the viewer, carrying a large shoulder bag. Medium shot of W.C. Blackmon standing on the stage and speaking. Closeup of the girl's hand holding a cell phone displaying a map. Panoramic view of a map of the world.</p>	<p>So now you're outside, and the world has never seemed so wide, nor so lonely, ahhh, if only.... You had some place, some body, somewhere, that cared. Ahhh, if only, You had some place, some body, somewhere, that cared.</p>
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<p>Wide shot of girl walking down the road away from the viewer. On screen: Every 73 seconds an American is sexually assaulted. Rape, Abuse & Incest National Network (RAINN)</p>	<p>CHORUS 2: W.C. Blackmon sings: "she's only eighteen years old She has no place to go. So she's walking down a dark road and slowly losing hope!"</p>
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<p>Closeup of the top of a police cruiser at night, with lights flashing. On screen: More than 50% of criminal human trafficking cases involve sex and children. The Human Trafficking Institute.</p>	<p>She's only eighteen years old Has no place to go. So she's walking down a dark road, and slowly losing hope!"</p>
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<p>Medium shot of W.C. Blackmon sitting on the edge of the stage and speaking. Wide shot of the girl standing on a street corner of a rundown commercial area, puzzled look on her face, not knowing which way to go. Closeup of a sign on a building that says, "Nick's Restaurant, breakfast, lunch." Medium shot of the girl looking up at the sign. Closeup of the girl's hands opening a wallet and pulling out one dollar. Closeup of W.C. Blackmon speaking, with the stage lights behind him. Medium shot of a shady-looking older man beckoning the girl, viewed from over her left shoulder. She waves him off.</p>	<p>W.C. Blackmon speaks: Little girl, little girl, What will you do in this unbalanced world? What will you eat tonight? Where will you sleep tonight? But oh yeah, that's right, old Dude 'cross the way says he'll take care of you if you'll let him and his boys beat tonight.</p>
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<p>Medium shot of W.C. Blackmon standing on the stage and speaking. Closeup of W.C. Blackmon speaking.</p>	<p>If you will get down on your knees tonight, and please him tonight. And got you feeling real sleazy tonight. Before you do that, you'd rather not eat tonight.</p>
<p>Medium shot of the girl laying on a bus stop at night, with a jacket pulled over her, trying to sleep.</p>	<p>Sleep outside on the cold and hard concrete tonight!</p>
<p>Closeup of W.C. Blackmon speaking. Medium shot of W.C. Blackmon speaking. Closeup of the girl as she buries her face in her hands. Closeup of W.C. Blackmon speaking. Medium shot of W.C. Blackmon sitting on the edge of the stage, speaking. Wide shot of the girl walking down the road, along the graffiti wall and toward the viewer, carrying a large shoulder bag. Closeup of W.C. Blackmon, speaking.</p>	<p>So little girl, little girl! What will you do in this unbalanced world? The life that you now live is getting you down. The smile you use to wear has turned into a frown. By the minute your heart's getting colder, by the day you're looking older, and the weight that you're carrying is way too much, for your shoulders. "Shoulders."</p>
<p>Medium shot of the girl sitting at a small table in a bookstore coffee shop, burying her face in her hands. Closeup of W.C. Blackmon speaking, holding his hands in prayer position. Medium shot of W.C. Blackmon speaking. Closeup of the girl reading a book entitled "Mind Vision" by W.C. Blackmon. Medium shot of W.C. Blackmon embracing himself as he speaks. Medium shot of the girl sitting at the small table, burying her face in her hands. Medium shot of W.C. Blackmon drying a tear with one hand as he speaks.</p>	<p>Baby girl hold on and be strong, and don't give up just yet, Because believe me, you've got a whole lot of folks not just praying for you, but pulling for you, and on that you can bet. So I'm asking you to take the words of this here poem, and wrap 'em like a blanket around your heart, And refuse to let this here unbalanced world rip your life apart. And if you feel the need to cry, go ahead and shed a tear or two. It's alright!</p>

<p>Closeup of girl's hands holding the book as she reads. Closeup of W.C. Blackmon speaking. Closeup of the girl as she looks up from her book and smiles.</p>	<p>Just keep in mind, the sun it does shine, after every dark night. And if you ever, ever feel lonely, like there's no one there, Just remember there is somebody, and it's a poet name Bobby, and he truly does care.</p>
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<p>Wide shot of the girl and W.C. Blackmon sitting next to each other at a bus stop. She is reading the book. Medium and closeup shots of W.C. Blackmon holding his hands in prayer position as he speaks.</p>	<p>Even if I don't personally know you or even know your name, You're on my heart every morning, noon, and night when I bow my head and pray. You're on my heart every morning, noon, and night every time I bow my head and pray. Music pauses.</p>
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<p>Medium shot of the girl and W.C. Blackmon sitting next to each other at a bus stop. He shows her something on his cell phone. They high-five each other.</p>	<p>W.C. Blackmon: "Excuse me, would you mind giving me your thoughts on a video?" The girl: "Yeah, sure, I will. (pause) I like that!" W.C. Blackmon: "You like it?" The girl: "Yes." W.C. Blackmon: "Great show!"</p>
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<p>Medium shot of W.C. Blackmon on stage as he sings. Medium shot of W.C. Blackmon and the girl sitting at the bus stop talking and laughing. Closeup and medium shots of W.C. Blackmon on stage, singing. Closeup of the girl's footsteps walking. Medium shot of W.C. Blackmon and the girl sitting at the bus stop talking and laughing. Multiple shots of W.C. Blackmon on stage, holding his arms out wide as he sings.</p>	<p>Music resumes. CHORUS 3: W.C. Blackmon sings: "She's only eighteen years old. She has no place to go, And though she's walking down a dark road, she's found a light of hope. She's only eighteen years old. She has no place to go, And though she's walking down a dark road, she's found a light of hope. She's found a light of hope!!!"</p>
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<p>Credits on screen:</p> <p>"Eighteen Years Old" Composed and performed by W.C. Blackmon</p> <p>Girl - Taranika Thomas Himself - W.C. Blackmon Old dude - Jeff Saulich</p> <p>Screenplay W.C. Blackmon</p> <p>Direction, video & postproduction Jeff Saulich, WebMaestro.us LLC</p> <p>Production Assistant Jasmine Cotton</p> <p>Special thanks to Barnes & Noble, Tallahassee, FL</p> <p>Visit wblackmon.com for information and links concerning sexual assault and human trafficking.</p> <p>©2020 W.C. Blackmon wblackmon.com</p>	<p>Instrumental music fades.</p>
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