

Working It Out

Video Transcript

[Title screen. Text appears and music plays in the background.]

Center for Alternative Dispute Resolution Hawaii
and Searider Productions
present
Working It Out
with Ito Fualaau

[Inside a living room. A teenage male, Randal, is leaving for school.]

Randal

Hey, Dad, I'm gonna go to school.

[Randal's father, sitting on the living room couch, starts to yell at Randal while jabbing his pointed finger toward Randal.]

Dad

Hey, Randal, what is that on my hood out there, huh? I let you use my brand new pick-up one time, and you bring'em back bus-up!

Randal

What are you talking about?! When I came home last night with the truck, I wen check for any scratches and never have nothing on the car.

Dad

Well you didn't check good enough. There's a big dent right in the middle of my hood!

Randal

You sure wasn't Mom, when she backed out this morning?

Dad

Don't you even blame Mom. You take responsibility for your own actions.

Randal

Whatever, I gotta go to school.

Dad

Randal, don't you turn your back on me, Randal! RANDAL!

[Frame freezes and a teenage male drops in to view from the top of the screen. He is our narrator. The narrator looks and speaks directly to viewers through-out the video.]

Narrator

Okay, okay, okay, wait. You see what just happened there? Was one mean kine confrontation over such a small thing. They could have handled that way better than that.

[Rewind to the dad yelling at Randal.]

Narrator *[Voice over]*

You see this guy, he already approaching the problem all wrong. First thing he do is blame, blame, blame. He no even try for be fair about what is going on. And, you see right here, the Dad all out yell at his son, without giving him the chance to explain himself.

[Freeze frame close-up of the father's face.]

And you see this look right here. *[While the narrator speaks, a large arrow pointed at the father and text appear on screen.]* **This look says, I don't care if you right or not cause I say you wrong and nothing you can say that'll change that.** Now that look is not the kind of look you like use when you solve problems.

[Narrator.]

Narrator

Now, if the dad when approach his son like this.

[Narrator speaking in a nice, calm voice to a miniature of himself.]

Narrator

Son, do you know where the dent on my hood came from?

[Miniature narrator looking up to the Narrator.]

Miniature Narrator

No.

Narrator

Instead of ...

[The camera quickly zooms in to a close-up of the narrator making an angry face.]

EH! YOU WEN SCRATCH UP MY CAR, AH! I SO ANGRY!

[Randal and his girlfriend, Lei, walking at school.]

Randal

Man, I'm so hungry. I didn't even get to eat breakfast this morning.

Lei

How come?

Randal

Because my dad was getting nuts cause he had one dent in his car. He just pisses me off sometimes.

Lei

Relax, we can go buy some musubi's. You can eat then.

Randal

Okay, let's go. You have my wallet, right?

Lei

No, you had it.

[Randal gets angry and gestures at Lei.]

Randal

No, I gave it to you. Because the last time I seen it, it was in your pocket.

[Lei gets angry and points at Randal.]

Lei

Yeah, but I gave it back to you. You probably left it in the truck!

Randal

No, I put it in your pocket.

Lei

You know what? Get out of here with that attitude, okay. You better stop it with that pointing fingah. And, stop getting mad at me, okay. Just cuz your dad mad at you, you no gotta take'em out on me. You had your wallet last. I gave'em back to you. And, if you too st...stupid for remembah where the stuff stay, that's your fault!

[Randal yells at Lei as she walks away.]

Randal

Yeah, that's right, walk away. I know I right!

[Frame freezes and the narrator walks in to view while he pushes the freeze frame off-screen.]

Narrator

You see this, could have been handled way much better.

[Rewind to Lei and Randal arguing.]

Narrator *[Voice over]*

See, she was nice at first, but once the voices started getting loud she got just as mad as him.

[Frame freezes and a big arrow appears on screen that points to Lei's finger pointing at Randal.]

Narrator *[Voice over]*

Now look at this finger pointing action. It's making everything worse. The body language is getting angry and no one is stopping to calm down.

[Rewind of Lei and Randal arguing continues.]

Narrator *[Voice over]*

And if you listen to the kind words she says to her boyfriend, calling him stupid and all that kind. He no need these things, it only make him more mad. She should have stayed calm and been more careful about the kind of words she use. Because even though she mad right now, she going regret it later.

Randal the one making this situation ugly in the first place. Instead of asking nice kind if she get the wallet, he go straight into blaming.

[Narrator.]

Narrator

Now if this was me, and I was asking my pretty girlfriend for the wallet, this how would be.

[Narrator facing the camera and someone wearing a long, bright orange wig with their back to the camera.]

Narrator

Babe, you get my wallet?

[Side shot shows it is the narrator wearing the long, bright, orange wig. Narrator wearing the orange wig, twirls the orange hair around his finger and speaks in a sweet, sing-song voice.]

Narrator wearing orange wig

No. Babe, I gave'em back to you. I remember.

Narrator

You can help me look for'em?

[Narrator hugs person, with their back to the camera, wearing the orange wig.]

Narrator

Now you see, that's how you get the kissing and hugging, and not the pointing and yelling. Let's see if they can handle this all better.

[Randal walking at school. Randal's friend, John, runs to catch up with him.]

John

Hey, Randal, Randal! Wait up, man. What's wrong? You look pissed.

Randal

Man, this morning, first my dad gets mad at me because he got one dent on his truck, and then Lei, she like lose my wallet and cannot admit it and she mad at me now because I told her off.

John

Man that sucks, losing your wallet.

Randal

Yeah, and she the one that lost my wallet. And now she blaming me.

John

Brah, you must be pissed. Man, it must suck having people blaming you for their things. You and Lei, you guys are so tight and you guys fighting over something that is sooo small. And I know if you guys work together, you guys probably could find your wallet.

Randal

I no even like talk to her about anything. She the one that lost my wallet and now she blame me.

John

Yeah, but isn't it better ...

[Randal cuts off John and walks away.]

Randal

Yeah, whatever!

[Narrator. Rewind to John and Randal talking at school.]

Narrator

Now you see this guy, John, he's one smart guy.

Narrator *[Voice over]*

He knows how to get to the root of the problem and comes up with some good kine solutions too. But this guy, Randal, he no like listen. If he was for listen to John, then he'd be able to solve all his problems real fast. No, he like play deaf ear. Let's see if John can talk some sense into them.

[John and Lei at school.]

Lei

Hey, John.

John

Are you and Randal still fighting?

Lei

Yep. He the one, he always blaming me. He blame me for losing his wallet. He probably left'em in his stupid truck.

John

An you mad because he blame you, and now you can't even go in the truck and try to look for it?

Lei

Why should I waste my time? He lost'em, he should find'em.

John

Man, so small this problem. How can you let this problem get between you two?

Lei

Cause he the one he always think he right. But he not, he wrong. And besides, why you worrying for? This not your problem. *[Lei walks away from John.]*

[Narrator. Screen caps of Lei, John and Randal appear in the background.]

Narrator

You see, just like her boyfriend, Lei no like listen to common sense kind of guys like John. A mediator kind of guy. No, she just like tell him, “eh, none of your business.” All he trying for do is make his friends happy by bringing them back together. I no think that’s going stop John though. Let’s see if he can work it out.

[John and his brother at home, relaxing and talking outside on the porch.]

John

Eh, you know that Randal and Lei still fighting?

Brother

Serious? Randal and Lei stay fighting?

John

Cause Randal saying that Lei lost his wallet, and Lei saying he lost his own wallet.

Brother

Gee, that’s one pretty stupid reason for them for fight, ah.

John

Yeah, I know.

[The door behind John and his brother opens. Standing by the door, John’s mother yells at John.]

Mother

John! What is this?

John

What is what?

Mother

You got a D on your math! I thought you were doing good?

John

I thought I was doing good too. But I guess my test showed that I wasn’t.

Mother

Were you even studying?!

John

Uh, yeah, kind of.

Mother

Kind of?! The car is more important to you? I think I should take the car away, you know.

John

Cuz, math not even important.

Mother

Math, not important?! Get in here right now!

[John sitting alone on the porch steps. A miniature “bad” John materializes on John’s right shoulder.]

Bad John

Eh, brah, you know what, no even worry about her. Math not even important in real life.

[A miniature “good” John materializes on John’s left shoulder.]

Good John

Man, John, you know you could have passed those tests if you really tried and studied real hard.

Bad John

Phh! Brah, no even listen to this guy. Besides, you should just run away already and get even with your mom.

John

Maybe I should.

Bad John

Ho, you should! What has she ever done for you?

Good John

Hey wait, you know that’s not true. You know she does a lot for you. She loves you and cares for you a lot.

John

You think so?

Good John

Of course! She knows that you can learn math easy because you need it later on in life.

Bad John

Brah, wait, no even listen to this guy!

John

Yeah, she does a lot for me. I could have done better. You know what, I’m going to go apologize to her right now.

[John flicks Bad John off his shoulder.]

Bad John

Ho, ho, ho, wait ...

[Narrator.]

Narrator

You see that, I knew that guy was smart! Even though he was mad, and a part of him wanted to get back at his mom, really badly, he stopped, reasoned it out, and look what happened. Everything, solved. Vamoosh.

[John and his mother in the kitchen.]

John

Mom.

Mother

Yes.

John

I'm sorry for the way I acted. And, I know I did bad on my test but I'll, but I'll try harder.

Mother

John, you know, I'm sorry too. I'm sorry for the way I treated you earlier. You're such a smart kid, I know you can be better. So let's try, okay? Let's try to work it together.

John

Thanks, Mom, and thank you for understanding.

[Rewind to John and his mother apologizing to each other. Narrator points out their positive actions.]

Narrator

You see that? That's what I call solving a problem by yourself. You see how perfectly he walks in, all nice and smooth, and relaxed. Not all angry and tense. That's how to do it. And right here, that's what I call perfect. Both people realized that they could have handled the situation better, apologized, and worked out the problem. Let's see if this experience can help out Lei and Randal. They may need the help of someone else, a mediator kind of guy.

[John, Lei and Randal at school.]

John

Hey Randal, wait up, Randal. You know you two, I almost ran away last night.

Lei

What?! How come?

John

Well, I was getting a D in math. My Mom found out, and she said she was going to take away my car.

Randal

What? That sucks.

Lei

Yeah, what did you do?

John

Well, after she yelled at me, I was really mad. So I went home, and I thought about it. And, all she was trying to do was care for me. So I apologized to her and I said I was sorry.

Randal

That's all you had to do was say you're sorry and listen to her?

John

Yep, that's it, wasn't that hard.

Lei

That's not. In fact, that's easy.

John

So, why can't you guys do the same?

Randal

Lei, I'm sorry for yelling at you and blaming stuffs on you. Ah, I guess I was really mad from getting yelled at earlier.

Lei

I'm sorry too. I mean, I shouldn't have called you stupid. I should have known you were mad, and I should have helped you.

Randal

Well, I shouldn't have let something so small get in between us.

Lei

You're right. I'm sorry.

John

See, I knew you guys could work it out.

Randal

Well, we couldn't have done it without you, John.

Lei

Yeah, thanks, John.

[Narrator.]

Narrator

Look, not all of life's problems can be handled that easily. But for most, all you gotta do is stop, think about it, brainstorm some solutions. Eh, you can solve it. Also, it helps to talk to people you trust, a mediator kind of guy. It helps avoid making the problem bigger.

[Closing credits. Text appears and music plays in the background.]

Executive Producers:

Elizabeth Kent

Becky Sugawa

Candy Suiso

Executive Director:

John Allen III

Director:

Ito Fualaau

Writers:

Katie Hoppe

Cherell Keamo

Photographers:

Kainoa Aila

James Kapu

Editor:

Ito Fualaau

Featuring:

Kainoa Aila

Ito Fualaau

Jasmine Jeremiah

Kapena Worden

Mahalo:

Worden Ohana

Priscilla Mathewson

Working It Out

Center for Alternative Dispute Resolution

The Judiciary – State of Hawaii

417 South King St., Room 207

Honolulu, HI, 96813

Phone: 808.539.4237

© 2005 Searider Productions

[Music fades out and screen goes black.]

[Empty room with a light fixture hanging from the ceiling. The light fizzles, flickers, and burns out. Three teenage boys enter the room. Two boys are pushing a swivel chair, while the other boy directs them to position the chair under the light fixture.]

Boy in charge

Okay, bring it out here, boys. Bring it, okay hold it. Okay, bring it up.

[The two boys raise the height of the chair seat. The boy in charge kneels on the chair seat, holds on to the chair back with one hand, and grabs with a cloth the burnt out light bulb with the other hand. Then, the two boys spin the chair by holding on to the chair seat and circling the chair with their bodies.]

Boys

Okay, we going fix this light bulb. Okay, lefty loosy. Whew, it's hot in here.

[Screen goes black and text appears on the screen.]

Searider Productions

Brighter than you think.

[The boys reverse their circling to spin the chair the other way around and stop. They lower the chair seat, and the boy kneeling on it gets off. The boys push the chair out of the room.]

Boys

Okay, okay, hold on, hold on. Okay, okay, yeah, I know, I know. Drop it down. Bring it down, bring it down. Okay, we should roll on out.

[The light fizzles and flickers back on, and text appears on the screen.]

This is SP

Dass gud bah!

[Screen fades to black.]