

NEIGHBORHOOD WOMEN

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EXT. DIVERSE, WORKING-POOR NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

DAVE, white, mid-twenties, medium height and weight, walks down a block of attached townhouse rentals. He enters the last one.

INT. DAVE AND KEISHA'S TOWNHOUSE - VARIOUS - DAY

Dave makes his way through the half-unpacked boxes in the sparsely furnished living room. He climbs the stairs to the second floor.

His wife, KEISHA, black, also mid-twenties, lies awake in bed. She seems upset.

KEISHA

Hi.

DAVE

What's wrong?

KEISHA

The woman in #8 was sitting on the lawn bleeding. I called an ambulance. I think the guy she lives with beat her. Her hand was all cut up. She must have fallen on glass or something when he was hitting her.

Dave winces at the thought of a woman being beaten.

DAVE

The guy was out there with her?

KEISHA

No, probably inside.

DAVE

The ambulance took her away?

KEISHA

(shakes head)

She told them she fell. They just bandaged her and left.

Dave stares at her, still cringing.

DAVE

Who's the guy she lives with?

KEISHA
The big burly guy.

DAVE
Big burly guy?
(pause)
Young?

KEISHA
No, not young.

DAVE
An old guy?

KEISHA
Not that old. Around thirty-
three, thirty-four.

Dave stands there, shaking his head, still processing
this awful news.

Finally, he lets out a long SIGH. He's going to try
moving on with their day.

DAVE
I'm going down to throw out the
junk they left.

KEISHA
Need help?

DAVE
No. You worked late. Rest.

Dave goes downstairs, opens a closet full of stuff the
previous tenants didn't take with them.

EXT. DAVE AND KEISHA'S TOWNHOUSE - DAY

Dave carries an old vacuum cleaner and portable heater
to the curb.

He can't help but stare when, three townhouses down,
LARRY, the big burly guy, mid-thirties, steps outside
with the meek woman he lives with, ROSE. Rose is short,
slender, also in her mid-thirties, with long black hair.
Her hand is heavily bandaged.

Larry sees Dave staring, but ignores him. Larry's about
Dave's height, but at least forty pounds heavier. He's
got a bit of a belly, but his shoulders and arms are
thick, like a cement worker, garbage man or wrestler.

Rose locks the door, puts her keys in her bag. Larry searches his pockets, can't find what he's looking for.

LARRY

Get my wallet. Or you'll be
buying your own groceries,
stupid.

Rose unlocks the door, goes inside.

Dave fiddles with the vacuum and heater cords, rolling and unrolling them while sneaking looks at Larry.

LARRY

(shouting into the
house)

Hurry the fuck up!

Rose comes out with his wallet and locks the door. Larry grabs the wallet from her, looks inside.

LARRY

The money, moron. You didn't
bring my money. Check the
dresser. What the fuck do I have
to do to get you to use your
brain?

Larry slaps the side of Rose's head hard.

ROSE

C'mon, Larry...

Dave wants to say something, but is too scared.

Finally, he musters the courage, steps onto his neighbor's yard.

DAVE

(voice shaking)

Why don't you leave her alone,
you bully.

When Larry walks to the yard next to the one Dave's on, Dave stands firm, but he swallows hard.

LARRY

(menacing)

Was I talking to you, asshole?
Mind your fuckin' business.

Larry's trunk and arms are much bigger up close.

DAVE
 (trembling)
 Beating a woman's everyone's
 business.

Enraged, Larry charges Dave. Larry quickly gets Dave in a headlock. Rose grabs Larry's arm, trying to free Dave. Incensed, Larry wheels around and starts slapping Rose.

She falls to the ground, and Larry pins her down. Knees in her armpits, he keeps slapping her.

Dave jumps on Larry's back, gets his arm around Larry's neck. He tries with all his might to pull Larry off her. But Larry's a bull--Dave can't budge him. Larry keeps slapping Rose. Her nose is bleeding.

Dave hears behind them heavy footsteps and the SHRILL SHRIEKING of women.

LUPE, a large Latina woman in jeans and yellow kerchief, arms as thick as Larry's, runs up and punches Larry in the eye. His head snaps back from the impact.

JING, Asian, wearing a red dress and matching spiked heels, appears. She hammers Larry in the forehead with one of her heel spikes, drawing blood.

Dave still has his arm around Larry's neck, but he's not needed as Lupe, Jing, FLO (a white woman as big as Lupe), and AKIRA (a short skinny black woman) spike, punch and wrestle Larry to the grass. On the way down, Larry's phone falls from his pocket.

Dave kneels on the grass, catching his breath, watching the four women hold Larry down.

A STRAIGHT COUPLE passes.

WOMAN
 Violence is not the answer!

AKIRA
 Fuck off!

The Couple moves on.

Larry manages to break free, and runs across the street. He stands there, panting, wiping the blood from his face.

LARRY
 Fuckin' cunts!

JING

We warned you, motherfucker. Now
you're out of here!

LARRY

Fuck you!

LUPE

We're packing your shit, Larry.
Get your cab money ready.

LARRY

I ain't going nowhere. It's my
house.

LUPE

Not any more. Rose, open the
door.

ROSE

It's okay. Forget about it. I'll
be all right.

LUPE

The hell you will. Give me the
keys, Rose. I'm not asking. This
is for your own good.

Rose reluctantly hands her keys to Lupe, who opens the
door.

LUPE

(to Flo and Akira)
Let's get his stuff out.
(eyes Larry across the
street)
Jing, watch him. And call
Unlimited. Tell them we need a
van and a driver ASAP. A *woman*
driver.

Lupe, Flo and Akira go inside with Rose. Watching Larry,
Jing calls Unlimited.

LITTLE LATER

Some of Larry's stuff sits on the lawn. Both spiked
heels now in hand, Jing keeps a close eye on Larry.

Larry's friend, GEORGE, happens to drive down the block.
Shocked to see Larry on the sidewalk with a bloody face,
George stops, rolls down his window.

GEORGE

What the hell happened to you?

LARRY

These cunts think they can throw me out of my place.

GEORGE

(incredulous)

What!?

Jing sprints to the door.

JING

(yelling into house)

GIRLS!

Lupe, Akira and Flo run out, looking angry and ready to fight. They join Jing on the lawn.

From his driver's seat, George looks at the four angry women glaring at him.

GEORGE

(to Larry)

Ah, hell no. I don't need this.

Sorry.

George drives off.

Jing continues watching Larry, as the three other women go back inside and resume carrying out Larry's things.

LITTLE LATER

Akira and Rose set the last of Larry's things on the lawn.

LUPE

(to Rose)

Anything else of his in there?

Rose goes inside. A few moments later, she comes back out.

ROSE

The TV's his.

Akira helps Rose carry out Larry's TV.

LUPE

Let's check the whole place one more time.

Lupe, Rose and the others re-enter the townhouse. Jing stays on the lawn, monitoring Larry.

Another friend of Larry's, CARL, inadvertently cruises down the block. He stops his car beside Larry.

LARRY

I'm being thrown out of my place.

Carl looks with disbelief at Jing on the lawn holding her spiked heels.

CARL

(re Larry's bloody face)

That little woman did this to you?

Embarrassed, Larry says nothing. Carl exits his car. He and Larry start across the street.

JING

GIRLS!

Lupe, Akira and Flo rush out, join Jing on the lawn.

Carl stops Larry in the middle of the street.

CARL

(to Women)

Hey, that ain't fair. Two against four.

LUPE

You fight your way, we'll fight our way.

Carl considers the situation. Then he heads back to his car.

CARL

(to Larry)

Sorry, man. Apologize for whatever you did. Maybe they'll forgive you.

LUPE

He beats his girlfriend. We warned him, now he's out.

Carl throws up his hands, climbs back in his car, and drives off. Larry returns to the opposite sidewalk.

LITTLE LATER

The Unlimited van arrives with a *male* DRIVER.

LUPE
(to Jing)
Didn't you ask for a woman?

JING
I did.

Lupe walks to the driver's side window.

LUPE
(to Driver)
Be a good guy and there'll be no
trouble.
(to Larry)
Get in.

Larry sulkily climbs into the van's passenger seat.

LARRY
(to Driver)
I ought to have these cunts
arrested.

LUPE
(to Akira, Flo and Jing)
Load his things.

The Driver doesn't want trouble, so he gets out and
opens the side and rear doors.

As Lupe watches Larry, the other women load Larry's
stuff in the van. Rose retrieves Larry's phone, cash and
wallet from the grass.

ROSE
(handing them to Lupe)
These are his.

The women have finished loading Larry's stuff. Lupe
hands Larry's phone, cash and wallet to the driver.

LUPE
(to Driver)
Take him wherever he wants to go,
the farther the better.
(a warning)
But don't bring him back here.
You hear me?

The Driver nods, climbs in the van. He starts the engine, and drives off with Larry and his stuff.

Lupe takes out her keys.

LUPE

Akira, hon, get my truck. We're moving Rose to my place.

Rose meekly says nothing. Keys in hand, Akira heads to Lupe's townhouse.

LUPE

(to Flo and Jing)

Let's help Rose get her things out.

Lupe looks at Dave, then at MAN 1 and 2, who've come out of their townhouses to watch the action.

LUPE

You're welcome to help, gentlemen.

Dave and MAN 1 and 2 follow Akira and Rose inside. They help carry out Rose's things.

Akira drives up in Lupe's beat-up pickup. Everyone loads Rose's possessions into the truck bed. Lupe, Rose and Flo climb into the cab. Jing and Akira find spots in the truck bed among Rose's things. The pickup starts off toward Lupe's place.

MAN 1

(to Man 2)

Well, that was interesting.

MAN 2

(to Man 1, teasing)

Better treat Maria right, Albert, or you're next.

Dave smiles at the comic relief.

MAN 1

Well, it'll be boring, compared to what just went down. But I'm going to watch wrestling.

Man 1 and 2 head to their townhouses.

INT. DAVE AND KEISHA'S TOWNHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Dave walks to the bottom of the stairs.

DAVE
(calling upstairs)
Hon, you want some lunch?

KEISHA (O.S.)
Okay. What was all that commotion
outside?

DAVE
I'll tell you when you come down.

KEISHA (O.S.)
You want help?

DAVE
No. I got it.

KEISHA (O.S.)
You sure?

DAVE
Rest. I'll call you when it's
ready.

Dave enters the kitchen. He opens the refrigerator,
stares at the food inside.

He closes the refrigerator without taking anything out,
removes their bottle of cheap whiskey from a cabinet.

After pouring himself a healthy dose, he takes a sip.

He watches his hands shake.

Another sip of whiskey.

He thinks about what he witnessed outside.

DAVE
Phew.

THE END