

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 well-worn townhouse rentals. He enters the last townhouse.

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 on their queen-sized mattress, which sits on the floor. Keisha 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 just fell. They 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 tries to move 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, and has long black hair and a heavily bandaged hand.

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 exits 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 to step onto his neighbor's yard, which is two yards from Larry and Rose's.

DAVE

(voice shaking)

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

When Larry comes 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, voice  
 cracking)  
 Beating a woman's everyone's  
 business.

Enraged, Larry charges Dave and quickly gets him 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 straddles her. 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) punch heel-spike and wrestle Larry to the grass. Larry's phone, wallet and cash fall from his pockets on his way down.

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 looks at the lone Jing holding her spiked heels on the lawn.

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 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 remains 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 walks back to his car.

CARL  
(to Larry)



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

LUPE

He beats his girlfriend, that's  
what he does. 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 comes to the driver's side window.

LUPE

(to Driver, firm)

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. She hands them to Lupe.

ROSE

These are his.

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

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. Then the pickup drives off toward Lupe's.

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 back 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.

*Phew.* DAVE

THE END