

WARRIORS

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Originally published as  
"Fresh Breeze" in *Catalyst*

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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 passes three cheap beach chairs sitting in #12's small grass yard. Then he unlocks the door to #16.

INT. DAVE AND KEISHA'S TOWNHOUSE (#16) - 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, enters his and his wife's bedroom.

KEISHA, black, also mid-twenties, lies awake on a queen-size mattress on the floor. She seems upset.

KEISHA

Hi.

DAVE

What's wrong?

KEISHA

The woman in #8 was sitting on the curb with a bloody hand. I called an ambulance. I think the guy she lives with beat her. She must have fallen on broken glass or something while 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? Young?

KEISHA  
No, not young.

DAVE  
An old guy?

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

Dave stands there, still processing this awful news.

Then he tries moving their day forward.

DAVE  
I'm going to clean out that  
closet.

KEISHA  
Need help?

DAVE  
No. You worked late. Rest.

Dave descends the stairs, opens the closet full of junk  
the previous tenants left.

EXT. DAVE AND KEISHA'S TOWNHOUSE (#16) - DAY

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

He can't help but stare when LARRY, the big burly guy,  
mid-thirties, steps out of #8 with the submissive woman  
he lives with, ROSE. Rose carries a folding cart, which  
she leans against the wall. She's short, slender, also  
in her mid-thirties, and has long black hair and a  
heavily bandaged hand.

Larry ignores Dave pretending not to look at them.  
Larry's about Dave's height, but at least sixty 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 the 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 meekly unlocks the door, goes into their townhouse.

Dave nervously fiddles with the vacuum and heater cords,  
rolling and unrolling them to sneak peeks at Larry.

LARRY

(shouting into house)  
Hurry the fuck up!

Rose steps out with his wallet and locks the door. Larry  
grabs the wallet from her, opens it.

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 her head hard. Rose moves  
slightly away from him.

ROSE

(whiny)  
C'mon, Larry...

Dave wants to say something, but is too scared.

Finally, he gathers the courage, advances a few steps to  
the near edge of #12's lawn.

DAVE

(voice shaking)  
Why don't you leave her alone,  
you bully.

When Larry comes to the lawn's far edge, 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.

David hesitates a good while.

At last:

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

Enraged, Larry charges Dave and quickly puts 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 grass, 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 continues slapping Rose, whose nose has begun to bleed.

Dave hears behind him 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--Larry's head snaps back from the impact.

Jing's a short, skinny Asian woman wearing a red dress and matching spiked heels. She hammers Larry in the forehead with one of her heel spikes, drawing blood.

No longer needed, Dave watches Lupe, Jing, FLO (white, as large as Lupe), and AKIRA (medium-size, black) punch, heel-spike and wrestle Larry to the grass.

Dave kneels on the ground, catching his breath, as the four Women hold Larry down.

A passing straight COUPLE holding hands stops.

WOMAN  
(outraged)  
Violence is not the answer!

AKIRA  
(threatening)  
Fuck off!

Taken aback, the Couple silently moves on.

Larry breaks free and runs across the street. He stands on the opposite sidewalk, panting, wiping the blood from his face.

LARRY  
Fuckin' cunts!

JING  
We warned you, motherfucker!  
You're out of here!

LARRY  
Fuck you!

MAN 1 and 2 have left their townhouses to take in the action. They drop into two of the beach chairs in #12's yard. Dave joins them in the third chair.

Lupe picks up Larry's phone, wallet and cash, which fell from his pockets during the struggle. She sets them under the folding cart, away from foot traffic.

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 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 take his shit out.  
(to Jing, re Larry)  
Watch him. And call Unlimited.  
Tell them we need a van and a driver ASAP. A *woman* driver.

Rose obediently follows Lupe, Flo and Akira inside. Keeping a close eye on Larry, Jing calls Unlimited.

MAN 2  
 (to Man 1, teasing)  
 Better treat Maria right, Albert,  
 or you're next.

Man 1 chuckles. Dave can't help but grin.

LATER

Most of Larry's belongings sit in front of Townhouse #8.  
 Spiked heels in hand, Jing stands alone on the grass,  
 monitoring Larry.

Larry's friend, GEORGE, happens to walk down the block.  
 He's surprised to see his huge friend with a bloody  
 face.

GEORGE  
 What the hell happened to you?

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

George clocks short, skinny Jing--spiked heels in hands--  
 standing alone in #8's yard.

GEORGE  
 (incredulous)  
 What!?

Jing sprints to #8's door, jerks it open.

JING  
 (yelling into house)  
*GIRLS!*

From their beach chairs, Dave and Man 1 and 2 look on,  
 as Lupe, Akira and Flo quickly emerge from #8. The three  
 women join Jing on the grass, ready to fight.

The four angry Women glare at George.

GEORGE  
 Ah, hell no--I don't need this.  
 (to Larry)  
 Sorry, bud.

George walks on.

Lupe, Akira and Flo resume removing Larry's things. Jing  
 keeps watching Larry.

LATER

Akira and Rose set down Larry's last item.

LUPE  
(to Rose)  
Anything else of his in there?

Rose walks inside. Moments later, she comes out.

ROSE  
The TV's his.

Akira helps Rose carry out Larry's TV.

LUPE  
Let's check the whole place  
again.

Lupe, Flo, Akira and Rose go back in the townhouse.

Another friend of Larry's, CARL, inadvertently strolls  
down the street. Larry's bloody state shocks him.

LARRY  
I'm being thrown out of my place.

Carl looks in disbelief at tiny Jing on #8's lawn.

CARL  
(re Larry's bloody face)  
That little woman did this to  
you?

Embarrassed, Larry says nothing.

Carl and Larry start slowly across the street toward  
Jing.

MAN 1  
(to Man 2 and Dave)  
Uh-oh.

JING  
(into house)  
GIRLS!

MAN 1  
Time to call 911?

MAN 2  
Maybe.



When Lupe, Akira and Flo rush out, combining forces with Jing, Carl and Larry stop at the near curb, fifteen feet from the fierce women.

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. Finally, he continues in the direction he was headed.

CARL  
(calling back)  
Sorry, dude. 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 in surrender, turns left at the corner.

Larry has retreated back to the sidewalk across the street.

MAN 1  
(to Man 2 and Dave)  
I guess we don't need 911.

DAVE  
No.

MAN 2  
Not yet, anyway.

LATER

With Larry's possessions waiting outside #8, the Unlimited van arrives with a *MALE DRIVER*.

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

JING

I did.

Lupe marches to Male Driver's side window.

LUPE

(firm)

Be a good guy and there'll be no trouble.

Lupe turns her attention to Larry, points to the van's passenger seat.

LUPE

(an order)

In.

Larry sulkily climbs in the van.

LARRY

(to Male Driver)

I ought to have these cunts arrested.

Not sure what to say, Male Driver says nothing.

LUPE

(to Akira, Flo and Jing)

Let's put his shit in the van.

Male Driver doesn't want trouble, so he opens the van's side and rear doors.

While Lupe watches Larry, the other women load Larry's things.

LATER

All that Larry owns is in the van. Lupe hands Male Driver Larry's phone, cash and wallet.

LUPE

Take him wherever he wants to go,  
the farther the better.

(a warning)

But don't bring him back. You  
hear me?

Male Driver nods. He cranks the engine, drives away with Larry.

LUPE  
(handing Akira keys)  
Akira, hon, get my truck. We're  
moving Rose to my place.

Rose doesn't protest.

LUPE  
(to Flo and Jing)  
Let's help Rose with her stuff.

Lupe looks at Dave and Man 1 and 2.

LUPE  
(not unpleasantly)  
You're welcome to help,  
gentlemen.

Dave and Man 1 and 2 follow Lupe, Akira and Rose inside.

LATER

Everything of Rose's sits on the lawn.

Akira pulls up in Lupe's old pickup. She and Lupe,  
Akira, Flo, Rose and the three Men load Rose's things  
into the truck bed.

Lupe, Rose and Flo climb in the cab. Jing and Akira find  
spots among Rose's stuff.

Then the pickup drives off toward Lupe's.

MAN 1  
(to Man 2 and Dave)  
Well, that was interesting.

MAN 2  
It'll be boring, compared to what  
just went on. But I'm going to  
watch wrestling.

Man 1 and 2 make their way home.

INT. DAVE AND KEISHA'S TOWNHOUSE (#16) - VARIOUS - DAY

Dave stops at the bottom of the stairs.

DAVE  
(calling up to bedroom)  
Hon, you want some lunch?

Keisha sounds like she's just woken from a deep nap.

KEISHA (O.S.)

Okay. What was that commotion  
outside?

DAVE

I'll tell you when you come down.

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

He closes the refrigerator without removing anything,  
grabs their bottle of cheap whiskey from a cabinet.

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

He studies his shaking hands, drinks the rest.

He thinks about what he witnessed outside.

DAVE

*Phew.*

THE END