

**INTERVENTION**

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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-size mattress, which sits on the floor. Keisha seems upset.

KEISHA

Hi.

DAVE

What's wrong?

KEISHA

The woman in #8 was sitting on the curb 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's going to try to get them 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 steal furtive glances when, three townhouses down, LARRY, the big burly guy, mid-thirties, steps outside with the submissive 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, but ignores, Dave pretending not to look at 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 obediently unlocks the door, goes inside.

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

LARRY

(shouting into the  
house)

Hurry the fuck up!

Rose exits 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 her head hard.

ROSE

(whiny)

C'mon, Larry...

Dave wants to say something.

But he's too scared.

Finally, he musters the courage to advance a few steps to the edge of his neighbor's lawn, which is between Keisha and his lawn and Larry and Rose's.

DAVE

(voice shaking)

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

When Larry comes to the lawn 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, much bigger up close.

David hesitates a good while. Then:

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 starts 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--his 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.

Dave still has his arm around Larry's neck, but he's not needed as Lupe, Jing, FLO (a white woman as large as Lupe), and AKIRA (a medium-size black woman) punch, heel-spike and wrestle Larry to the grass, his phone, wallet and cash falling from his pockets on the way down.

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

A PACIFIST COUPLE passes.

WOMAN PARTNER  
 Violence is not the answer!

AKIRA

Fuck off!

The Pacifist Couple moves on.

Larry manages to break free. He retreats across the street, where he stands panting, wiping the blood from his face.

LARRY

Fuckin' cunts!

JING

We warned you, motherfucker.  
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

Most of Larry's things sit on the lawn. Alone on the  
 grass, both spiked heels in hand, Jing keeps a close eye  
 on him.

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

George drives off.

Jing keeps watching Larry, as the three women re-enter the townhouse and resume carrying out Larry's things.

LITTLE LATER

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

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

Rose goes inside. A few moments later, she exits.

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 go back into the townhouse. Jing remains on the lawn, monitoring Larry.

Another friend of Larry's, CARL, inadvertently cruises down the block. Incredulous, 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  
(again yelling into house)  
GIRLS!

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

Carl and Larry stop 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 heads to his car.

CARL  
 (to Larry)  
 Sorry, bud. 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, climbs back in  
 his car, and drives off. Larry retreats back 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 Male Driver's side window.

LUPE  
 (to Male 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 Male Driver)  
 I ought to have these cunts  
 arrested.

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

Not wanting trouble, the Male Driver 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 lawn. She hands them to Lupe.

ROSE  
 These are his.

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

LUPE  
 (to Male 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 Male Driver nods. He climbs in the van, starts the engine, and drives Larry and his stuff away.

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 start to their townhouses.

INT. DAVE AND KEISHA'S TOWNHOUSE - VARIOUS - 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 removing anything,  
takes down 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