

EXT. LITTLE LEAGUE BASEBALL FIELD - GAME DAY

SAM (13,) Asian, pitches, using a Monkey Style. Wearing matching uniforms, JOY (19) & VIOLET (18,) both Asian, coach on the sidelines.

We hear a woman's voice in a faint Chinese accent.

JOY (V.O.)

This is the story of how I became the coach of the State Champion Little League Team from Torrance California.

SAM strikes out batter after batter, confusing them with his herky jerky wind-up, they swing wildly at impossible pitches.

JOY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

That's Sam. I didn't teach him how to pitch, he learned something else from me. You could say, he's my "disciple."

Frustrated, an IRATE BATTER strikes out and charges the mound with his bat raised high. He gets in SAM'S FACE, screaming.

SAM refuses to fight. Instead he dispatches the Irate Batter, and his bat, with a tricky MONKEY MOVE that embarrasses the Irate Batter. JOY and VIOLET calmly watch.

JOY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Don't worry. It's not another *baseball* story. That's just how we ended up.

The side retires. VIOLET runs out to coach 3rd base. Sam picks up a bat and takes practice swings as he approaches the plate for his "at bat."

The SMALL CROWD OF ASIAN WOMEN in the bleachers CHEER LOUDLY.

JOY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

If you would have told me that *this* was my story one year ago, I wouldn't believe you. I'd never paid attention to baseball. The only *sport* I did, with my sister, Violet, was taught to us by our father.

Sam smacks the first pitch high and far into center field. VIOLET gives him the "round the bases" sign and smiles.

JOY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Before Violet and I came to America, we thought it would be glamorous like KARATE KID or FLASHDANCE or something. Luckily, our parents prepared us for our journey.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
'Cause they'd never have let us come had
they known...

The baseball sails overhead in the sky, it's path intersected by an airplane far in the distance.

INT. SWEATSHOP - DAY

A dark converted garage packed with sewing machines.

INT. SWEATSHOP - DAY

MING, a middle age operator of this small sweatshop inspects a pink blouse. She's casually well dressed, with two keys dangling from a gold chain around her neck.

Ming hangs the pink blouse on a rack of more pink blouses. Around her 12 sewing machines. 10 are operated by silent ASIAN WOMEN. Their machines buzz, two machines sit idle.

We hear the sound of a HORN HONKING, and the SHOUTS of a young boy. Ming exits the sweatshop.

EXT. SWEATSHOP PARKING LOT - DAY - CONTINUOUS

A concrete parking lot surrounded by a concrete fence topped with a cyclone fence barbed wire. Ming exits the garage and locks the door behind her: she wears the key around her neck.

SAM (12) is throwing a baseball against the wall and catching it. He moves and throw with a lively Monkey Style. His game is interrupted as the gate to the parking lot opens, and a WHITE CARGO VAN enters.

A scraggy Asian man, YUEN, gets out of the Van. He wears sandals, t-shirt, and puts the van keys in his shorts pocket. Yuen opens the Van door and beckons to the figures inside.

EXT. VAN - DAY - CONTINUOUS

A small face appears from within the shadows of the van. JOY, (18) hopefully surveys the scene and steps out of the van. Another face emerges, it's VIOLET, her 17 year-old sister. VIOLET tentatively climbs out of the Van.

EXT. SWEATSHOP PARKING LOT - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Joy and Violet look around the compound. Their enthusiasm dissolves. Anxiety and near panic spread across their faces.

Ming approaches Joy, and holds out her hand. Joy mistakes it for a friendly greeting, and sticks out her hand to shake, but is rebuffed as Ming snatches her handbag instead. Ming takes Violet's too, with no resistance from either newcomer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Yuen pulls TWO SUITCASES from the back of the Van.

YUEN

Sam!

Sam stops throwing his ball against the wall and takes aim at Violet, he winds up to deliver a hard pitch.

Joy sees Sam's wind-up, and swiftly intercepts the thrown ball, just inches from Violets head. Joy examines the ball and throws it back hard at Sam, he dodges, it lodges in the wall behind him.

Sam stares with subdued wonder at the ball stuck in the wall.

Ming and Yuen approach Joy & Violet. Yuen points at the wall.

YUEN (CONT'D)

(to Joy)

You're going to pay for that.

Sam digs his baseball out of the concrete brick wall, skips over to the luggage, and drags it toward the garage door.

MING

(to Joy & Violet)

C'mon. Let's go.

Yuen takes the keys from his front pocket and shakes them loudly. He slurs his words as he gets face to face with Joy.

YUEN

That's Ming. She's your boss. You do what she says. Got it? Now go!

Sam drags the SUITCASES in, and Joy and Violet follow them.

Yuen starts up the Van and drives out the gate. Joy looks over her shoulder as she enters the sweatshop. She sees the automatic gate close. She has no chance of escape.

INT. SWEATSHOP - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Sam, Ming, Joy and Violet enter the dim noisy sweatshop. Ming opens another door and Sam rolls the SUITCASES into a small closet-size room, Ming's office which is stocked with goods from a mini-mart. Ming locks the Storeroom/Office door as Sam runs off.

Ming leads Joy and Violet past the other working women who barely look up as they pass. Ming nudges Violet to a chair.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MING

You, you work here.

Violet sits down and stares at the sewing machine.

MING (CONT'D)

You know how to sew, right?

Violet looks to Joy, Joy nods in encouragement. Violet takes some of the pink fabric and starts to sew them together.

Ming points to the last sewing machine next to Violet.

MING (CONT'D)

(to Joy)

You, over here. And no talking.

Joy sits and readies herself for work, as Ming walks away, Joy reaches for her purse which dangles from Ming's shoulder. Ming swats her hand away and returns to the Storeroom. Sam follows behind Ming and mocks Ming's swat and walk.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Joy & Violet are stuffed in a small bedroom with 6 other Women Workers. The door is locked, the windows barred. Thin futon mattresses line the floor and there's no room to move.

Violet starts to cry uncontrollably. The others try to quiet her. The door bursts open. It's Yuen, and he's drunk.

Yuen grabs Violet and drags her out of the room. Joy goes nuts, pounding on the door to get out. The others try to subdue her. She quickly fights them all off using her superior martial arts skills. They are left laying defeated, beaten. Joy collapses from exhaustion & despair.

INT. SWEATSHOP - MORNING

The six women Workers are bruised and at their sewing machines. Joy is the only one not damaged. Violet is like a zombie at her machine.

Ming observes the work slow down and battered Workers. Sam shadows her in an imitative way. Joy smiles as she watches him, then returns to her work quickly as Ming approaches her.

MING

Follow me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sam stands at the front door with his bat and ball. Ming takes the bat from his hands, replaces it with a broom, and unlocks the door with the key from around her neck. Sam runs outside, Ming locks the door behind him.

Joy sees all of this, and follows Ming into the Storeroom.

INT. STOREROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ming goes behind a makeshift counter. Behind her are the TWO SUITCASES, and various drug store products. Ming places Joy's purse on the counter and rummages through it. Ming pulls out Joy's wallet and passport. Joy is agitated but restrained.

MING

Joy. If you want to buy anything. Soap, toothpaste, toilet paper, it's all here.

Joy reaches for her purse. Ming blocks her hand.

MING (CONT'D)

I'll hold this for you, it's safe with me. It will be returned when you leave.

Ming places Joy's purse in a lock box marked "Joy."

CU LEDGER - CONTINUOUS

Ming writes in a large ledger.

MING

First, I must deduct for the repair of the wall, five hundred dollars.

INT. STOREROOM - CONTINUOUS

Joy looks on, she turns to look at the Workers behind her.

MING

Transportation from airport, one hundred fifty dollars. One month's rent in advance thirteen hundred dollars. Now. There is a work slow down today, caused by you, that will be very expensive, I'm guessing twelve, fifteen hundred dollars.

Ming gestures to the shelves of goods. Joy stares at her.

MING (CONT'D)

So, what would you like to buy today? Toothpaste and toothbrush, just twenty dollars.

(CONTINUED)

Copyright 2004 Laura Behary -- All Rights Reserved

For the complete script please contact Jennifer Brooks at
info@filmmakers.com