

EXT. WINSTON HOME & HAIR SALON - MORNING

SUPER: 6:36AM, AUGUST 15 -- TORONTO, ONTARIO.

Establishing shot of a working class three-story apartment building. The ground floor is designed for shops while the upper floors are residential apartments.

TWO LARGE NOTICE SIGNS STAND TALL in front of the building.

THE FIRST SIGN OUTSIDE THE TWO-STORY BUILDING READS:

*NOTICE OF DEMOLITION --- PREMISES TO BE EVACUATED BY 4:55PM
AUGUST 15.*

THE SECOND SIGN READS:

*COMING SOON: NEW LOFT APARTMENTS FOR SALE
for inquiries, please contact GOLDENLAND DEVELOPMENT CORP.
416-336-2819*

CUT TO:

INT. FIRST FLOOR HAIR SALON (WINSTON HOME) - MORNING

CLOSE ON - BLACK HANDS SHAVING HAIR WITH AN ELECTRIC HAIR CLIPPER

A pair of FEMALE HANDS tightly holding the hair clippers are seen shaving another person's head. Strands of hair, once long and curly fall to the ground and over the petite shoulders of an unseen young girl. The young girl is EVELYN WINSTON. She is fifteen.

CAMERA PULLS UP to reveal EVELYN, a black fifteen 15-year-old tomboyish girl, wearing jeans and shirt, getting her head shaved. The woman holding the hair clippers against EVELYN'S head is SELMA NGUMANHU, an African descended black woman in her early-30's.

CLOSE ON - ELECTRIC HAIR CLIPPERS AGAINST A HEAD

Line by line, the sweeps strands of hair, revealing the hard skull underneath the thick, lush, black curly hair.

Underneath the buzz of the hair clippers, EVELYN'S VOICE is heard:

EVELYN (V.O.)

Everyone said turning fifteen was
gonna change my life.

(a beat)

My mama always told me that there
were three things that happen to
every girl at fifteen.

(MORE)

EVELYN (V. O.) (cont'd)
 But she never said nothing about
 that voice, deep down, that keeps
 telling me who I'm really suppose
 to be.

(a beat)

Then again, my mamma didn't say
 nothing about waking up one morning
 and watching the city take your
 home, either.

SELMA firmly jerks EVELYN'S head to the left, proceeding to
 shave the rest of her head.

As EVELYN turns her head over, her eyes gradually PAN towards
 the HAIR SALON store front window where the DEMOLITION NOTICE
 SIGNS HANG TALL.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THIRD FLOOR BEDROOM (WINSTON HOME)- SAME MORNING

TIM, an older black man in his mid-60's sits on the bedside,
 silently lost in thought. TIM glances over to a bedside table
 where a lamp stands along with a small CLOCK.

The CLOCK READS: 6:36AM

The bedroom is empty with the exception of moving boxes. The
 bedroom door opens. CAROL, an older black woman in her late-
 50's appears at the door.

Noticing TIM and the CLOCK, CAROL refrains from speaking for
 a few seconds.

Within moments TIM looks up:

CAROL
 (forcing a smile)
 You're not planning on wasting a
 perfectly good day lamenting are
 you?

TIM
 Thirty four years...And for what?
 We just pack our bags and what?
 Move to another neighbourhood?
 What's the point? Soon as they see
 five black families they gonna
 wanna clean up the neighbourhood
 and relocate us all again.

Lovingly, CAROL takes a seat next to him on the bed, her hand
 gently into his:

CAROL
 Don't think like that.

TIM looks at him, teary eyed:

TIM

And how do you expect me to think?

Their eyes hold for a few seconds. CAROL smiles reassuringly and kisses TIM on the forehead.

CAROL

Timothy Winston Adams... You know this has nothing to do with something we did or didn't do. Just business to them.

(a beat)

You and I built this place not just for ourselves or family but for the community and there is no one that is going to take that away from us.

TIM is not convinced. His eyes fall to the floor desperate:

CAROL

Hey... look at me.

(gently lifting his chin
up to look at her)

This isn't over. Not just yet.

Hopeless, TIM just stares at CAROL with a blank expression. CAROL, still smiling reassuringly kisses him on the face before getting up to leave.

INT. SECOND FLOOR KITCHEN (WINSTON HOME) - SAME MORNING

ANGLE ON - KITCHEN WALL CLOCK

CLOCK READS 6:38 AM

It is early in the morning and daylight emerges through the humble curtain windows. The kitchen is relatively dark with the dawn sunlight permeating through the loose drapes.

A CEILING FAN hangs from the room cooling the small humid apartment.

The kitchen is small and barren with large brown moving boxes on the floor. The cabinets are open wide and empty. Appliances have been packed. Drawers emptied. And the walls are empty, void of any decor or family photos except for the traces of nail marks left behind by missing portraits.

As the CAMERA PANS around the room, starting with the window to the empty cabinet drawers, then to the barren walls and kitchen counter, and stops at a kitchen table, where a newspaper and mail rest, amongst them a letter with the red stamp: *NOTICE OF DEMOLITION*, with the last line in bold stating "*We advise that you move all of your belongings outside the premises by 4:55pm*".

The SOUND of boxes being teared open and pushed shut with appliances are heard in the backdrop.

ANGLE ON - NINA ON THE FLOOR PACKING BOXES

With her body slouched over a box, EVELYN'S mother, NINA, a thin black woman in her mid-30's, with shoulder length hair dressed in a short skirt and a red tank top uses all of her might to tape yet another moving box of kitchen appliances. Dripping in sweat in the heat in her blue tank top and jean skirt, she is willful, uses the might left in her petite figure to close the boxes of family possessions.

CAROL ENTERS.

Quickly bypassing NINA who is packing, CAROL grabs a small box and begins to unpack all the cutleries putting it back in their drawers.

NINA'S eyes widen with confusion and irritation. Ignoring NINA, CAROL continues unpacking.

NINA rises and pours a glass of tap water and takes a sip.

NINA
(takes a deep breath)
What are you doing?

CAROL
What does it look like I'm doing?

NINA
In case you haven't noticed the large signs outside our door, those people want us gone by five.

CAROL
(sarcastic)
Thank you Nina for that lovely reminder.

NINA places the glass of water on the counter. CAROL proceeds to open another sealed box filled with house ware and unpacks more cutleries. NINA takes a deep breath and pauses before switching topics to what's really on her mind:

NINA
You seen your son lately?

CAROL
(busy unpacking)
Haven't seen him since yesterday afternoon.

NINA rolls with frustration:

NINA

(bitter)

Third time this week, he hasn't slept here. Running around behind my back is one thing, but not being here for his own daughter with all this going on...that I am not going to accept.

CAROL has not heard a word NINA said. She is still preoccupied with the previous subject and continues mumbling under her throat.

Frozen in her spot, NINA, hoping for an explanation, watches CAROL unpack boxes and place kitchen appliances back into drawers in a moment of desperate normality. NINA watches the determined CAROL open more boxes.

NINA

Mamma, what on earth is going on?

CAROL

(to Nina)

Come with me.

NINA

Where you going?

CAROL rushes out of the kitchen, bypassing the confused NINA at the door. NINA is quick to follow CAROL out of the kitchen, down the narrow hallway and down the stairs.

BACK TO:

INT. FIRST FLOOR HAIR SALON (WINSTON HOME) - MORNING

ANGLE ON - EVELYN RUBS HER HANDS THROUGH HER SHAVED HEAD

SELMA, amused, watches EVELYN looking at her reflection, touching her head, mesmerized by the new person before her. SELMA smiles to herself while cleaning the clippers.

SELMA leans forward with her hands on EVELYN'S shoulders:

SELMA

(In Swahili)

Now you look like the person you are meant to be.

EVELYN doesn't understand SELMA'S language but watches the woman with the mysterious smile and 'foreign' language, smile secretly to herself through the window.

SELMA

(in broken English)

You remind me of my brother back home.

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For the complete script please contact Jennifer Brooks at
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