

FADE IN:

The SUN looms OVERHEAD on this warm day. A small beautiful garden appears. A row of tomatoes next to the collared greens. We hear RAKING noise and grunting....

EXT. MISS DOUGLASS HOUSE - BACKYARD- DAY

An old black WOMAN in her early 80's, wearing a straw gardening hat, worn gloves raking the ground like a sharecropper. She picks up a sweet potato and throws it in her basket. She picks a few red hearty tomatoes. She waters the pansies now in full bloom.

She enters her kitchen. Puts the shovel up against the wall behind the kitchen door, sets her basket of tomatoes and sweet potatoes on the counter. She opens a cabinet and reaches pass a few bottles of prescribed medication grabbing a ceramic bowl.

Water running from the kitchen faucet she brushes the dirt off the sweet potatoes. She slices up the potatoes, then layers the potatoes on the pie crust, sprinkles it with brown sugar and places the pie in the oven.

She walks into her dark foyer and puts the fresh cut pansies in a vase on a console next to picture of a very handsome black male college graduate.

BANG! BANG! on the front door. OFF CAMERA a young WOMAN call's her name.

YOUNG WOMAN (O. C.)
Miss Douglass!!

Miss Douglass looks out her front door window. She sees a young WOMAN, early twenties all ready a veteran crack whore and her fellow MALE crack head.

She grabs her broom and opens her door.

MISS DOUGLASS
Rhonda, you don't have to bang on
my door like you aint got no sense.

EXT. MISS DOUGLASS HOUSE - DAY

Rhonda unfazed and FRIEND look right at Miss Douglass.

We can see how bad she looks, bad skin, stringy hair, short skirt bruised knees and chipped finger nail paint.

Rhonda, steps closer and hands her the grocery bag along with the change.

RHONDA

Here, you go Miss Douglass got those things from the store for you.

MISS DOUGLASS

Thank you kindly. Here you go for your trouble.

Miss Douglass hands her a couple of bucks.

RHONDA

Thank you.

Rhonda and her cohort walks away. Rhonda turns on her heels and walks back up to Miss Douglass who is sweeping yesterdays debris into the street.

RHONDA (CONT' D)

Miss Douglass, you think I could borrow five dollars?

MISS DOUGLASS

I just gave you a couple of dollars. Now, you know I don't loan no money but if you need it I'll give it to you. Come on in.

INT. MISS DOUGLASS FOYER - DAY

Rhonda tentatively comes into the foyer. Miss Douglass goes back to the kitchen with the grocery bag.

Rhonda feels the worn felt burgundy stripe patterned wallpaper.

RHONDA

Nice wallpaper.

Miss Douglass comes out the kitchen with her open pocket book. Rhonda looks at the tattered white leather gold clasped clutch purse then looks at the flowers in the vase.

RHONDA (CONT' D)

Pansies, those are my favorite flowers cause that's my Mama's name. Is that your grandson?

Miss Douglass comes over. She lifts up the picture and smiles.

MISS DOUGLASS
 Yeah, that's my Johnny. Graduated
 from one of them fancy medical
 schools. He's a doctor. Saves
 peoples lives.

RHONDA
 And he's fine too.

Miss Douglass takes the picture out of Rhonda's hands and
 puts it back on the table.

MISS DOUGLASS
 What you gonna make of yourself?

Rhonda pauses for a moment pondering the question. She
 ignores it instead as Miss Douglass hands her the money.

MISS DOUGLASS (CONT' D)
 Here you go. Now you ain't usin'
 that stuff, no more?

EXT. MISS DOUGLASS HOUSE - DAY

Miss Douglass and Rhonda step outside. Rhonda walks back over
 to the Guy. They walk down the block.

GUY
 You got it?

RHONDA
 Will you shut the fuck up. I told
 you I would get it.

The next door neighbor, an older ASIAN WIDOW stops short of
 her stoop puffing on a cigarette.

MISS DOUGLASS
 How you Miss Phang?

MISS PHANG
 I feel like shit, as all ways.

She spots Rhonda and Guy rounding the corner.

MISS PHANG (CONT' D)
 You too nice Miss Douglass, you
 know they both crack heads.

MISS DOUGLASS
 No, they both somebodies babies.
 Did you get my tomatoes?

MISS PHANG
Yes, very good. Very good.

Miss Douglass looks across the street as they see a BROKER going into newly renovated brownstone with a FOR SALE sign.

This is no longer the fabled Harlem, that for the past few decades has seen it's share of urban blight, drugs and decay. Like most great neighborhoods, a new Harlem is emerging, now in the throes of a major gentrification.

MISS PHANG (CONT' D)
We the only two of us left around here. I remember when nobody come to Harlem.

MISS DOUGLASS
See, I remember when everything that was happenin', happened here first.

MISS PHANG
I buy this house for no money. Now they want to give me lots of money. I could use more money.

MISS DOUGLASS
Money aint everything.

MISS PHANG
See that?

They both look across the street and see two other For Sale signs on brownstones. Mexican construction WORKERS laying cement and talking to each other in Spanish.

MISS PHANG (CONT' D)
They don't speak no English. I don't know nobody no more. Everybody take the money and go.

MISS DOUGLASS
Not us.

A handsome forty something ebony skinned MAILMAN comes over.

MAILMAN
Sorry, Miss Phang no mail.

MISS PHANG
Nobody loves me. Nobody but Miss Douglass.

Miss Phang flicks her cigarette butt to the curb and goes back inside.

MAILMAN

Here you go Miss Douglass.

He gives her mail. She dumps the mail in the garbage can.

MAILMAN (CONT' D)

Sure nothing in there was important?

MISS DOUGLASS

Nothin' but people wanting something that don't belong to them.

MAILMAN

My wife loved the sweet potato pie you made. Best in Harlem. Best in the city.

MISS DOUGLASS

I got one in the oven.

MAILMAN

I'll definitely take a rain check on that. Got more stops to make.

She notices the Bodega on the corner is boarded up.

MISS DOUGLASS

When they close the store? Daddy's friend owned that store.

Mailman looks at her strangely.

MAILMAN

It's been closed about a month. You've asked me that everyday. You okay Miss Douglass?

MISS DOUGLASS

Yeah, I'm okay. You okay?

MAILMAN

You have a nice day.

Mailman walks away as Miss Douglass goes inside.

EXT. ABANDONED BROWNSTONE - DAY

Under a for sale sign Rhonda is taking a hit off the pipe. Her Guy is watching her impatiently.

GUY

Bitch don't hit it all!

Guy grabs the pipe from her and takes a hit. Rhonda looks up and sees a MOTHER and her young DAUGHTER walking by.

The Daughter and Rhonda make eye contact before they move along. Rhonda leans up against the wall.

INT. MISS DOUGLASS KITCHEN - DAY

Miss Douglass takes the sweet potato pie out of the oven. She sets it down on the counter. She puts a napkin over the pie. She hears a knock on the door. She opens the door.

JEROME, a toothless, homeless happy black man smiles upon seeing her.

JEROME

Miss Douglass, it's me Jerome you got anything I can do for you today? Sweep the front?

MISS DOUGLASS

No, I all ready did that. I made some sweet potato pie. Let me get you a slice.

EXT. MISS DOUGLASS HOUSE - DAY

A moment later Jerome is holding a slice of pie in his hand.

JEROME

Thank you.

MISS DOUGLASS

Tell me how you like it.

He immediately takes a bite. Jerome nods approvingly as he devours the rest of it.

STEPHEN GOODS, a handsome slick flamboyant real estate broker steps up and introduces himself.

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For the complete script please contact Jennifer Brooks at
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