

OUT OF THE BOX

EXT. URBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

The block is filled with beat-up houses, apartment buildings, liquor stores, and other local businesses.

Hustlers handle their corners while ladies of the night walk the streets.

INT. APARTMENT BEDROOM - NIGHT

MONI, a black woman in her early thirties is wrapped in a towel. Her facial features are harder than they should be for a woman her age. She walks over to a decrepit bed and sits down.

The room is sparsely decorated with homely furniture. She grabs a bottle of lotion and rubs down her body. After she's finished, she grabs a tube top and mini skirt from the dresser drawer and gets dressed. Her outfit is accented with a pair of knee high boots. She leaves her bedroom and heads to the

KITCHENETTE

Police SIRENS are heard in the background. The sound doesn't phase Moni, it's a normal occurrence. She opens her fridge to look for food: bottled water and some restaurant take-out. She grabs a bottle of water and closes the door.

Her eyes lock on an obituary on the fridge door: a picture of a black woman in her early forties with the name LIVONIA RACHELLE WALKER under it. The obituary's information is highlighted.

It reads, "LIVONIA RACHELLE WALKER departed this life on October 25, 2008. Born in New Haven, Connecticut, August 5, 1966. She leaves behind her parents, Angela and Earl Walker, a brother, David Walker, a nephew and niece, other relatives and friends. A celebration of her life will take place on October 30, 2008 at 11:00 am at Hilltop Funeral Home. Arrangements in care of Hilltop Funeral Home."

Monie walks over to the cabinet and opens it.

CUT TO:

INT. CABINET - SAME

A few canned foods, vitamins, and bottles of HIV medication.

BACK TO:

INT. KITCHENETTE - NIGHT

She grabs the bottles of medication and lays them out on the counter. One by one she opens each bottle and takes a swig of water and swallows a pill. When she finishes the last pill she puts the caps on the bottles and places them back in the cabinet. She opens a drawer and grabs a few condoms.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Moni leaves her apartment building and proceeds down the street. Drug dealers work their game, send TAUNTS at her. She makes her way to a desolate street corner to work. Moni stakes her claim and looks for customers. An OLD MAN with a bottle of booze approaches her.

MONIE

Hey pops. Ain't it past your bed time.

OLD MAN

(slurs)

I thoughts you'd finished with the streets. You shouldn't be out here.

MONIE

Pops so did I, but my Medicaid was cut and I gots to pay for my scripts some how.

The old man gives Monie a disappointed look. She pretends not to notice.

MONIE (CONT'D)

Don't worry I'm going to be safe.

Monie shows him the condoms from her bag.

OLD MAN

Is that the only reason yous out here. Ain't back on the white horse I hope.

MONIE

Pops I'm clean. Damn you for thinking that shit. You better go. Standing here talking to you is costing me business.

The old man takes a swig from his bottle and walks on. A car pulls up to Monie. She talks to the MAN briefly and gets in.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Picturesque homes that have nicely landscaped yards and two door garages. KIDS play in their yards and the friendly NEIGHBOR walks their dog.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

DARCELES, a healthy looking middle-class black woman in her early forties, steps outside to get the newspaper. She's dressed in workout apparel and sweat drips down from her forehead. She picks up the paper and then closes the front door.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

The kitchen is neatly organized with a sterile quality. Everything from the salt and pepper shakers to the magnets on the refrigerator have been meticulously placed. Darceles is dressed in a nice blouse and slacks reading the obituary section of the newspaper.

CUT TO:

NEWSPAPER ARTICLE

The same obituary that was on Monie's refrigerator.

BACK TO:

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Somber, Darceles places the obituary on the table. The phone RINGS. She gets up to answer it.

DARCELES

Hello?

(smiles)

(MORE)

DARCELES (CONT'D)

It's good to hear from you Michael. How are Vivian and my grandson Robert? Stop worrying about me I feel fine. Actually I just finished working out...The medication is working well, side effects are minimal. I have my good and bad days.

The doorbell RINGS.

DARCELES (CONT'D)

Sugar someone is at the door. Let me call you back. Love you too. Bye.

Darceles goes to answer it.

EXT. FRONT DOOR - DAY

Darceles opens the door. A DELIVERY MAN with a package. He shows her where to sign on the clip board and then hands her the box. Darceles closes the door.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Darceles removes three prescription bottles from the package and walks over to the table. She sits back down and begins to cry. The phone RINGS. Darceles doesn't get up to answer, the answering machine picks up.

TIFFANY (V.O.)

Mom, it's Tiffany. I haven't heard from you in a while...I'm just checking...

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Gospel music plays in the background while GLORIA a mature black woman in her late fifties and two friends in the same age range are in the middle of a conversation at the kitchen table.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

LAILA a sexy, voluptuous, and professionally dressed Jamaican woman in her early thirties walks through the front door. She reads Livonia's obituary. Laila is about to proceed into the kitchen when she hears her mother Gloria's conversation. She goes next to the wall by the kitchen doorway to ease drop.

In front of her is a framed picture of a white Jesus surrounded by family photo's on a shelf.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Gloria calmly sips her tea as her two friends, WOMAN 1 and 2 talk.

WOMAN 1

It's a shame about the Roberts' son.

WOMAN 2

Yeah. I hear he died of AIDS.

GLORIA

Can we change the subject?

The women give Gloria a questionable look.

WOMAN 1

Why?

WOMAN 2

I can't imagine losing a son.

GLORIA

He was a faggot, he had it coming.

WOMAN 1

Come on Gloria.

WOMAN 2

Have a heart.

GLORIA

No one ever questions God for killing sinners at Sodom and Gomorrah. Justice needs no explanation.

A crashing sound is heard from the living room.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

Laila is that you?

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Laila recovers from her fumble into the shelf and picks up the pictures frames she knocked over. She takes a moment to recover then enters the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Woman 1 and 2 greet Laila with hellos. She walks over and gives each one of them a hug.

The women also expect a kiss on the cheek, but Laila hesitates. She shakes off her uneasiness and kisses each woman.

Laila puts on a half smile and excuses herself from the room. She heads to the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

FINA, a biracial woman in her mid-thirties is hunched over the toilet bowl. She can barely hold her frail body up. She wipes the vomit from her mouth. A knock at the door.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Are you okay? Sweetie unlock the door.
Let me in.

Fina crawls to the door and unlocks it. She musters the energy to sit up. Her GIRLFRIEND, early thirties comes in.

GIRLFRIEND

I think you're going to have to go back to the doctor. The medication is making you worse not better.

The girlfriend cleans up the vomit from Fina's mouth. She gets up and gets Fina a cup of water.

GIRLFRIEND (CONT'D)

Drink this! You'll feel better.

FINA

I doubt that.

GIRLFRIEND

(frustrated)
Just drink it!

Fina takes a sip. She slowly stands up.

FINA

Help me to the bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Fina lies in bed covered up with blankets. Her girlfriend is right next to her on top of the COVERS.

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For the complete script (for production or representation consideration only)
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