

STORAGE CITY SPEC SCRIPT

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INT. LOS ANGELES CASTING OFFICE - DAY

MONICA POLITE (40) a plus size African-American woman dressed in a 1970's head madam costume, auditions for CASTING DIRECTOR and PRODUCER seated behind a table. The READER stands next to the camera.

MONICA

"See, that's your problem right there."

READER

"What's my problem?"

MONICA

"The fact that you're asking the question let's me know you lack the understanding of the world you are living in, Jamal."

Monica takes a step closer to the table.

MONICA (CONT'D)

"The library is now open and you deserve the reading you are receiving right here. You come at me like you own me, but see you don't own shit, not even the shoes on your feet. My coins pay for everything you think you have, little brother. You want to walk these streets like you a pimp ass gangster, but your little bitch ass don't know this game. I'm the one who put you on and I will take you out. I don't give a fuck we came out the same hole. Now you marinate on that motherfucker."

The room is electrified by her performance.

READER

Powerful.

MONICA

Thank you.

CASTING DIRECTOR

You breathe life into "Money". Well done. Are you available for the shoot dates?

MONICA

I'm open and ready.

PRODUCER

We just love your work, Monica. I got chills.

MONICA

Wow, I appreciate that. I'm truly humbled.

Monica blows kisses, it's a love fest.

MONICA (CONT'D)

Thank you guys, stay blessed.

Monica grabs her stuff at the door and exits.

INT. CASTING OFFICE LOBBY - DAY

Monica enters the casting lobby to THREE ACTRESSES almost identical to her, reviewing their sides.

MONICA

Break a leg, ladies.

Monica walks up to SARAH (38) a Caucasian woman, with red hair, pushing a stroller back and forth.

MONICA (CONT'D)

Sarah, girl thank you for watching Oberon.

Monica checks on OBERON(3).

MONICA (CONT'D)

Hey OB, mama back baby. Thanks again, Sarah.

SARAH

No problem, it takes a village.

MONICA

That's right girlfriend. What role are you in for?

SARAH

Top Bitch number two.

MONICA

Well that's good, I'm glad the industry has become more diverse with those roles.

Monica takes off her wig and robe.

MONICA (CONT'D)

Sarah girl, the universe was looking out for me today when you walked in. I would have had to take him in the room with me.

Monica continues undressing to reveal a bodysuit.

SARAH

That would have been a nightmare.

Monica pulls a dress out of her bag.

MONICA

Yes. It's been a minute, remember that play we did on Santa Monica and Highland.

Monica puts the dress on and ties the belt.

SARAH

What a shit show.

MONICA

Girl I have PTS every time I drive down Highland.

They laugh.

MONICA (CONT'D)

I have to go meet up with my husband.

SARAH

You have a husband too?

MONICA

You need one to make this happen.

SARAH

I know, but you were always saying, "I don't need a man to complete me."

MONICA

Well, I woke up one day and decided I wanted a partner and I always wanted to be a mom.

SARAH

I'm happy for you, Monica. I'll in box you. We need to get tea and catch up.

Monica walks away.

MONICA
Yeah for sure. Break a leg. Bye
girl.

INT. CAR SANTA MONICA BLVD. - DAY

JAY POLITE Caucasian Male (40), full beard, blue eyes,
handsome, a little country with LA Hipster style, makes a
phone call in traffic.

JAY
Pick up Monica!

Horns beeps, as his phone rings in the car.

JAY (CONT'D)
Fuck off!

Monica answers.

MONICA (O.S.)
What!?

Jay holds the phone in his hand.

JAY
Babe, I'm less than a mile away
from you.

MONICA (O.S.)
Which way are you coming from?

JAY
The south side. I'm in traffic near
Poppy's Bakery.

MONICA (O.S.)
I'll start walking towards you.

JAY
Just stay where you are, traffic is
starting to move.

EXT. SANTA MONICA BLVD - DAY

MOTORCYCLE OFFICER spots Jay with the cell phone in his hand.
He turns on sirens, drives up to Jay, and motions for him to
pull over.

INT. JAY'S CAR SANTA MONICA BLVD - DAY

Jay sees the Motorcycle Officer signaling.

JAY
Are you fucking serious? Fuck!

EXT. SANTA MONICA BLVD - DAY

Jay pulled over to the side of the crowded street. The Motorcycle Officer approaches the car.

MOTORCYCLE OFFICER
Sir, I pulled you over for using
your cell phone while driving.

JAY
I wasn't on the phone Officer. I
just had it in my hand.

MOTORCYCLE OFFICER
Sir, I saw you talking.

JAY
You saw me talking while I was
basically parked in traffic. My car
has the thing where you can just
talk in your car, I just have a
habit of holding my phone when it's
on.

MOTORCYCLE OFFICER
License and registration, sir.

Jay reaches for the his wallet.

EXT. SANTA MONICA BLVD. - SIDEWALK - DAY

Monica pushing the stroller, spots Jay in the distance.

MONICA
Pick up Jay.

EXT. SANTA MONICA BLVD.- JAY'S CAR - DAY

"RING"! The dashboard lights up reading "IN COMING CALL
WIFE".

JAY
Hey, can I answer that? It's my
wife.

Motorcycle Officer takes his documents.

MOTORCYCLE OFFICER
Sure.

Motorcycle Officer walks to his bike.

INT./EXT. JAY'S CAR - DAY

Jay hits the Bluetooth button.

JAY
Hey Plum, I got pulled over by the
cops.

MONICA (O.S.)
I can see that. I'm looking right
at you.

JAY
Well come and get in the car.

MONICA (O.S.)
Call me when you're done.

EXT. SANTA MONICA BLVD. - SIDEWALK - DAY

Monica ends call.

MONICA
(To Oberon)
Mama don't deal with 5.0! That's
daddy's department.

EXT./INT. SANTA MONICA BLVD. - JAY'S CAR - DAY

Motorcycle Officer returns to Jay's Car.

MOTORCYCLE OFFICER
Listen, I'm giving you a warning.
Use your hands free device.

JAY
Thanks Officer.

MOTORCYCLE OFFICER
Cool beard by the way.

JAY
Awe thanks, man.

MOTORCYCLE OFFICER
I'm working on mine. What kind of products do you use?

JAY
My wife is Black, she has all kinds of black lady hair potions.

MOTORCYCLE OFFICER
Nice. My girlfriend is African-American too.

JAY
Just ask her to get you some Cantu leave in conditioner.

MOTORCYCLE OFFICER
Thanks for the tip, brother.

JAY
No problem, have a good day.

Motorcycle Officer returns to his bike.

EXT. SANTA MONICA - SIDEWALK - DAY

Jay pulls up to the sidewalk. He exits the car to help Monica with Oberon.

MONICA
Did you get a ticket or a warning?

Jay breaks down the stroller.

JAY
Guess?

MONICA
A warning.

JAY
Yup.

MONICA
If that was me, even with my baby in the car, I would have gotten a ticket.

Monica puts OB in his car seat. Jay puts the stroller in the trunk.

JAY
That's not true.

Jay closes the trunk and walks around to the driver side.

MONICA
If I was in the car with you, he
would have given you a ticket.

JAY
Why do you think that?

They get in the car.

INT. SANTA MONICA BLVD. - JAY'S CAR - DAY

Monica gestures to her face.

MONICA
Duh, you see what I have going on?

They close the doors.

JAY
He has a Black girlfriend.

MONICA
How do you know that?

JAY
He was digging the beard.

Monica rolls her eyes.

JAY (CONT'D)
He wanted to know my beard grooming
routine.

MONICA
(Shaking her head)
You would meet the cop with a black
girlfriend, in need of some beard
care tips.

JAY
Black lady hair care
products.

MONICA (CONT'D)
Black lady hair care
products.

They laugh.

JAY (CONT'D)
You have to stop making everything
racial.

Jay pulls into traffic. Monica's cell rings, Blackeye Peas "Let's Get it Started".

MONICA
Jay it's Sal, hit the button.

JAY
I fucken hate this thing.

Jay hits the Bluetooth button.

MONICA
Hey Sal!

SAL (V.O.)
Monica, great job today! The producers love your work. From the sound of it, you are the one.

MONICA
Yes, I felt it one hundred percent in my soul.

SAL (V.O.)
You got this, I will be in touch later today or tomorrow.

MONICA
Sounds good. Thanks Sal.

He hangs up.

JAY
Plum, that's exciting. So it went really good?

MONICA
It did. This role will change the game for us. No more talks about moving to Florida.

JAY
Let's just get it confirmed before we take Florida off the map. In Florida we can own our home and the beaches are white sugar sand, the water is emerald.

MONICA
I got the job. You can enjoy the beaches here.

JAY
The rough brown sand filled with
needles, yay.

MONICA
We need to let your mother know, we
aren't moving.

JAY
Let's just wait until you start
work. I don't want to put the cart
before the horse.

MONICA
I'm putting it out to the universe,
it's mine and I claim it to be. To
see is to believe to know it is to
make it happen.

Monica puts on the They Might Be Giants CD Here Come the ABCs
for Oberon.

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - EVENING

Monica, Jay, and Oberon stand on the sidewalk studying the
multiple parking signs.

JAY
Monica, I don't know if we should
park here.

MONICA
The sign says, "No Parking on a
Thursday from 6pm-8pm" It's Friday,
so we're good, it's 5:45pm.

JAY
This sign says, "Parking 8am-6pm
pay meter, post ticket."

MONICA
So let's pay for fifteen minutes or
wait for fifteen minutes.

A HOMELESS MAN approaches the family.

HOMELESS MAN
Hey, I can watch your car.

Monica is caught off guard.

MONICA
No, thank you.

JAY
Look man, we don't want any
trouble, just keep walking.

HOMELESS MAN
Your loss, fucken yuppies.

MONICA
What a scumbag.

JAY
We should be fine. We won't stay
long.

MONICA
Yeah, let's make it short and
sweet. How many artists are in the
show?

They walk towards the Art Gallery.

JAY
I'm not sure. We are here to
support Brad.

INT. MARKET STREET ART GALLERY - EVENING

Monica holds Oberon as the three of them stare at a large
canvas, a color field of mustard yellow with a small, crudely
rendered crinkle cut French fry in the center. Jay holds two
glasses of wine and a plate of snacks.

JAY
I can't believe this shit made it
to a main gallery show.

Monica looks at the red dot on the painting's title card.

MONICA
It didn't just make it to the Main
Gallery, it sold for ten-thousand
dollars. If this sold for that
much, you should be able to sell
your paintings for twice as much.

BRAD (30) the artist, Caucasian man, free spirit vibe, walks
up to Jay, Monica and Oberon.

BRAD
Jay, my guy, my brother, my mentor,
my friend.

Brad gives Jay a huge bear hug.

JAY
Proud of you, buddy.

Brad hugs Monica and Oberon.

MONICA
Congratulations on one sold.

BRAD
Thanks, it's been a whirlwind. I signed a contract for three of my "Consumption Reflection" paintings to appear in a feature film.

MONICA
What?

JAY
That's amazing man...

MONICA
How much does that pay?

Jay nudges Monica to stop.

JAY
Brad, you don't have to tell her.

BRAD
It's all good man. The film is shooting for three months. I'll make twenty-K...

Jay takes a sip of wine.

MONICA
For three months?

Monica puts Oberon down and holds his hand. She takes her wine from Jay.

BRAD
No, twenty-K per month.

Monica takes a sip of wine.

BRAD (CONT'D)
Per painting.

Monica chokes on her wine.

JAY
Fuck off!

Jay quickly puts a cheese cracker in his mouth.

BRAD
Monica are you okay?

Monica clearing her throat.

MONICA
I'm fine, it just went down the
wrong place.

Jay is chewing and drinking.

JAY
That's wonderful, Brad.

Brad pats Monica on her back.

MONICA
Awesome!

BRAD
I love you guys. I'm going to talk
to a few people.

Brad waves at some people across the room.

BRAD (CONT'D)
There's an after party.

Brad walks away.

JAY
Unfucking believable.

Monica continues to clear her throat.

MONICA
What just happened? Did I die?
Sixty grand a month, for fucking
french fry paintings.

Jay, still in shock.

MONICA (CONT'D)
We have to get your work in a film
or I might have to start drawing.

Monica multi tasks consoling Jay and giving Oberon a cookie.

JAY
His work looks like a first year
art student.

From a distance Monica's name is called.

SARAH (O.S.)
Monica!

Sarah approaches them arms opened.

MONICA
Sarah?

Sarah gives Monica a hug.

MONICA (CONT'D)
Girl twice in one day. Who do you
know here?

Points to the painting.

SARAH
I'm dating the artist.

MONICA
Brad?

Sarah extends her hand to Jay.

SARAH
You must be the husband.

JAY
Jay.

SARAH
Sarah. So nice to meet you.

Sarah reaches for Oberon.

SARAH (CONT'D)
And yes my little buddy from
earlier today.

MONICA
How long have you been with Brad?

SARAH
Just a couple of months. I have
some news.

Jay and Monica tune in.

MONICA
You're pregnant?

SARAH
No. I got booked on the show!

MONICA
You better get it..."Top Bitch #2"

SARAH
I got the role of "Money"!

Monica is frozen.

JAY
Plum?

Jay shakes her.

JAY (CONT'D)
Plum?

Sarah doesn't notice Monica's reaction.

MONICA
Are you serious? I'm over this
shit.

Monica can't contain herself, she storms towards the exit.

JAY
Nice meeting you.

Jay rushes after her with Oberon in his arms.

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES SIDEWALK - EVENING

Monica busts out of the gallery doors. Tears roll down her face. Jay is right behind her.

JAY
Plum, there's going to be other
parts.

MONICA
I'm so sick of this happening to
me. I taught her most of what she
knows. This is bullshit.

JAY
Yeah, it's bullshit!

MONICA
Fuck you Hollywood!

JAY
Yeah fuck you.

Jay and Monica walk up to their car to find a ticket. The Homeless Man from earlier walks up to them.

HOMELESS MAN
You should have let me watch your car.

JAY
Fuck off!

Monica starts barking the man away from them.

MONICA
Woof! Woof! Woof!

HOMELESS MAN
You need a leash on that bitch.

Monica turns to face Jay.

MONICA
(She looks him in his eyes)
I'm ready to move to Florida.

TITLE CARD: ONE MONTH LATER, DEEP IN THE PANHANDLE OF FLORIDA.

EXT. STORAGE CITY - FRONT - NIGHT

A police vehicle, is parked in front of the manager's office. Two men are handcuffed in the backseat. The trunk is full of meth it closes. The officer gets in and drives off with lights flashing.

EXT. STORAGE CITY OFFICE - SIDE OF BUILDING - NIGHT

ROGER, a rough looking Caucasian man of undetermined age, steps out from shadow. He watches the deputy drive away. Roger walks towards the A Buildings with his dog.

EXT. STORAGE CITY - A BUILDINGS - NIGHT

Roger notices activity at unit A43 and quickly steps into a dark corner with his dog.

EXT. STORAGE CITY - FRONT OF UNIT A43 - NIGHT

A black SUV pulls up in front of unit A43. The DRIVER exits the vehicle wearing a full body hazmat suit. He taps on unit's door in code.

The storage door rolls up, a bright light shines out of the unit. TWO PEOPLE wearing white hazmat suits emerge and assist an ELDERLY WOMAN wearing a nightgown out of the unit and into the SUV. The SUV exits the lot.

EXT. STORAGE CITY - DARK CORNER - NIGHT

Roger writes down the license plate as the SUV exits.

INT. STORAGE CITY OFFICE - DAY

There are two old metal office desks setup side by side. On one desk the name plate reads "Ella Silva." On the wall hangs a picture of the Elderly Woman, taking away in the SUV. Under the photo the name reads "Ella Silva". Boxes are stacked behind Ms. Ella's desk. The other desk is well organized.

Monica puts a box on the clutter desk and returns to sweeping out the corner.

Sitting at the organized desk, BEA POLITE (68) a well kept Caucasian women who appears younger then her age, searches through shoe boxes of index cards. WANDA (35), a Caucasian woman with bruises on her arms and face stands in front of the desk. Monica sweeps as she glances at Wanda's bruises.

BEA
Wanda what was your last name again?

WANDA
Cosgrove.

Bea grabs another box labeled "C".

BEA
That's right, now I remember. This is my daughter-in-law, Monica.

WANDA
Hi Monica.

Monica puts the broom against the wall. She reaches out her hand.

MONICA
How are you Wanda?

They shake.

WANDA
Very well, Ma'am.

MONICA
If you don't mind me asking, are you in the roller derby?

WANDA
No, Ma'am, I'm not.

MONICA
With all your bruises, I thought you did some type of combat sport.

BEA
Here it is.

Bea reveals Wanda's index card for her storage unit.

WANDA
I got into a fight with my boyfriend.

Monica grabs the broom.

MONICA
I hope you filed a police report and kicked his ass to the curb.

BEA
Seventy dollars will bring you current.

WANDA
Don't you worry, I got him good.

Wanda hands Bea cash.

MONICA
My grandmother use to say; "If somebody messes with you. You cut them to short to shit".

Wanda opens the office door.

WANDA
I like that.

Monica laughs.

MONICA

She wasn't talking about actually cutting somebody. It's just a saying. Meaning put them in their place so they never try you again.

WANDA

Nice to know. Good to meet you.

MONICA

Same here, have a nice day.

BEA

I'll be down to open your unit.

Wanda exits.

BEA (CONT'D)

Monica, don't get too personal with the customers.

MONICA

What's wrong with caring about people's well being?

BEA

She's not your friend.

Bea puts the cash in a lock box.

BEA (CONT'D)

Come with me to take her red lock off.

MONICA

Jay and Oberon should be back soon with lunch.

BEA

He has a key.

EXT. STORAGE CITY - SINKHOLE - DAY

Bea and Monica wearing their Storage City fannypack with red locks. They walk by THE LARGE SINKHOLE.

MONICA

I don't like walking around here.

BEA

You need to get used to it. This is your business.

MONICA
I'm afraid of Samson the sinkhole
will swallow me up.

BEA
You named the sinkhole?

MONICA
It helps me stay occupied, instead
of thinking about all the stuff
that needs to be done around here.

BEA
There are other things you could be
thinking about, like Grace-Ann's
Mini Pearl play audition. Are you
going to go?

MONICA
Yes.

BEA
I told her all about your work in
LA. She was very impressed.

MONICA
That's nice.

BEA
I know it's not Hollywood, but it
will keep you occupied.

They laugh.

MONICA
Good one. Community theater, here I
come.

BEA
That's the spirit.

Bea hands Monica a small notebook and three red locks from
her fanny pack.

BEA (CONT'D)
Why don't you red lock these three
units on Building C.

MONICA
What? I'll just stick with you.

BEA
No, no, you got this.

Disgusted Monica looks around at the dilapidated metal buildings with broken doors hanging off some units. She closes her eyes and takes a deep breath

MONICA

Ok.

BEA

That a girl.

Bea walks towards the gateless second acre of the aged storage buildings on the other side of The Sinkhole near the abandoned managers' cottage.

EXT. STORAGE CITY C BUILDINGS - DAY

Monica looks at the notebook and fumbles with the locks.

MONICA

(mumbling to herself)

C12, 23 and 30. White sugar sand
beaches my ass, what a dump.

She locks the units and heads back to the front of the property.

MONICA (CONT'D)

Done and done.

A work truck hastily rounds the corner, parks in front of C12. C12 RENTER (30s) Caucasian, jeans, dirty t-shirt, sweaty, jumps out of his truck.

C12 RENTER

What the fuck is this?

He notice the red lock and becomes agitated. He sees Monica.

C12 RENTER (CONT'D)

Hey! Are you working here?

MONICA

Yes, how can I help you?

C12 RENTER

I need to get in here now!

MONICA

Ok, you can meet me in the office
to get you current.

C12 RENTER

Get me current?

MONICA

You can pay your bill. You're past due. Thus the red lock.

C12 Renter grows visibly more agitated

C12 RENTER

Thus the? What the fuck is this?! I always pay my bills! Where is Miss Ella? Who the fuck are you?

MONICA

Hi, I'm Monica Polite.

Smiling she reaches out her hand to shake.

MONICA (CONT'D)

I'm part of the ownership group

C12 RENTER

You listen to me, nigger...

Monica's smile disappears, her eyes grow wide and her shoulders broad as she instinctually steps back.

MONICA

Whatever man. If your dirty broke ass would pay your bills, I wouldn't have to talk to you.

C12 RENTER

Fuck you bitch, I pay my bills.

MONICA

I don't know who the fuck you think you're talking to, but let me reintroduce myself, because now you done showed your ass. I'm Monica Moore from Newark, New Jersey, please don't get it twisted.

C12 RENTER

Well...

MONICA

"Well." I ain't the one motherfucker!

Monica pulls out her phone.

MONICA (CONT'D)

Let me just record.

Monica presses the record button. They lock in a silent stare for a moment.

Bea rounding the corner in a hurry.

BEA
Monica?! What is going on?

Monica continues recording.

MONICA
This man thought he was going to threaten me. So as my American right, I started to record him acting a fool.

C12 Renter bust a 180, sweet as pie, starts speaking to Ms. Bea.

C12 RENTER
Ma'am, I need to get in my storage. I'm on a job. Is Ms. Ella here? She knows me.

MONICA
(Shaking her head,
chuckles)
Mmmhum, this mofo is diabolical.

Monica and C12 Renter side eye each other.

BEA
(To C12 Renter)
Ella is not here. You are past due, well past as I recall. You could come to the office and settle up and we'll remove the lock.

C12 Renter speaks to Bea but still gives looks to Monica.

C12 RENTER
Listen dear, I've always paid. I've been here four years. I promise I'll pay by the end of the week. Go on and open it up now, honey. I got a job to finish.

BEA
No payment, no access.

C12 RENTER
Fuck this!

C12 Renter spits on the ground between him and Monica. He gets in his truck, slams the door, quickly reverses.

C12 RENTER (CONT'D)

Cunt!

He peels away.

MONICA

I got your punk ass on video!

BEA

Christ almighty. What the hell was that, Monica? You need to de-escalate these situations.

Monica abruptly turns, starts walking towards the office.

BEA (CONT'D)

Monica?

Bea hurries to catch up with Monica, she grabs Monica by the shoulder.

BEA (CONT'D)

Monica? What is it?

Monica turns with tears in her eyes.

MONICA

He called me a nigger!

BEA

No he didn't...

MONICA

He looked right at me and called me a nigger. That hasn't happened to me... in decades.

BEA

Stupid fucking red neck.

Bea holds Monica as she cries.

BEA (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry, dear.

MONICA

Part of the reason we moved here was to work for ourselves. To own something... a business, a home hopefully. He had no respect for me.

Monica lifts her head up.

MONICA (CONT'D)
(Sobs)
He had no respect for the fanny
pack or the camera.

BEA
What a piece of shit animal.

Monica cries and they both laugh a little.

BEA (CONT'D)
Don't show Jay that video.

MONICA
I didn't record him, I don't have
enough space on my phone for
videos. It's an iPhone 11, I need
to up grade to the 15.

BEA
Good faking, you had me fooled.

They laugh.

EXT. STORAGE CITY UNITS HOURS LATER - DAY

Jay wears a fannypack with red locks on the belt, he carries
a tool bag as he walks with Monica holding a clipboard.

JAY
Plum, how you feeling?

MONICA
Not great.

JAY
Mom told me you're going to
audition for Grace-Ann's Mini Pearl
Play.

MONICA
Yup, I might get a part as a nurse
or a maid.

JAY
Or a country doctor.

Jay laughs. Monica gives him a look.

JAY (CONT'D)
I'm just playing with you.

Monica smiles.

MONICA
I know. I'm just in a bad mood.

JAY
What's wrong?

MONICA
I'll tell you later.

JAY
Did my mom say something to you?

MONICA
No, could we just talk about it later? We need to open unit B60.

JAY
I'm not doing nothing until you tell me what's wrong.

MONICA
Nothing is wrong!

They stop at Unit B60.

MONICA (CONT'D)
I just want to do this and get home. I'll talk to you there.

Jay steps up to the door of unit B60.

JAY
I don't like when you keep stuff from me.

Jay sets his tool bag down.

MONICA
I'm not keeping anything from you, I just want to tell you later.

Monica looks at her clipboard notes.

MONICA (CONT'D)
This one has been delinquent for months.

Jay pulls a hand held grinder out of his tool bag.

JAY
Stand back, Honey Bear.

Jay turns on the grinder, sparks fly, he cuts the lock, and it falls to the ground.

JAY (CONT'D)
Done and done.

MONICA
Open it up.

Jay rolls up the door, revealing a fully furnished living space.

INT. UNIT B60 - DAY

SUPER: MOMENTS EARLIER

There is a television mounted to the ceiling, a makeshift kitchen, a full living room, a queen sized bed with a night stand and a bathroom with a camping shower bag hanging over half a plastic barrel and a bucket style marine toilet.

RICHARD (30) a fit, shirtless, tattooed male takes his coffee out of the microwave in his makeshift kitchen area.

Richard takes a seat on the couch, drinks, his coffee and watching Fox News. This is his daily routine.

Richard hears Monica and Jay's voices getting closer he turns his television down.

MONICA (O.S.)
Nothing is wrong.

MONICA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I just want to do this and get home. I will talk to you there.

Richard now hears them checking the lock on his door. He turns the television off, he gets up and looks around for his cat.

JAY (O.S.)
I don't like when you keep stuff from me.

MONICA (O.S.)
I'm not keeping anything from you,
I just want to tell you later.

Richard stands, coffee in hand, and walks quietly to the bed and gently picks up his cat.

MONICA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
This one has been delinquent for
months.

JAY (O.S.)
Stand back, Honey Bear.

The grinder screams on and Richard, cat and coffee in tow,
silently navigates through the living space to the wall
separating units.

JAY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Done and done.

Richard holds his coffee and cat in one arm, with is other
hand he slides open a barely visible piece of sheet metal,
revealing an opening between the units.

INT. UNIT B59 - DAY

Richard steps through the hole into storage unit B59, sliding
the metal closed behind him. This unit looks like a
mechanic's workshop.

Richard sits on a stool sipping coffee and quietly listening
to Monica and Jay.

EXT./INT. UNIT B60 - DAY

Monica and Jay are in full shock looking at the living space
of Unit B60

MONICA
What the fuck is happening here?

Jay starts to walk into the unit.

MONICA (CONT'D)
Jay don't go in there!

Jay stops at the edge of the doorway.

JAY
Why? This is my property.

MONICA
This is a residence. Look around,
someone is living here. I'm not
sure what kind of tenant laws apply
to a situation like this.

JAY
Are you serious?

MONICA
In California this person would
have all sorts of rights.

JAY
Fuck that, this is Florida.

Jay enters, but Monica steps away from the unit.

MONICA
I think we should tell your mom.
She might know who lives here.

JAY
She doesn't know shit about
somebody living in this unit.

Monica standing outside.

MONICA
Just put the red lock on it!
Whoever's living here, is gonna
have to come see us.

Jay pulls out his phone and takes pictures.

MONICA (CONT'D)
This place creeps me out.

INT. UNIT B59 - DAY

Richard continues to listen to Monica and Jay's conversation.

MONICA (O.S.)
How are people living in storage
units in this heat? I don't even
want to be outside.

Richard blows his hot coffee and takes a sip.

EXT. UNIT B60 - DAY

Roger walks up to Monica.

ROGER
Hey Monica, what's going on?

MONICA
Do you know if somebody is living
here?

ROGER
Oh, that's Richard's place.

Monica looks puzzled. Jay exits the unit closes the door and
snaps on a red lock.

JAY
Richard?

Jay walks over to them.

ROGER
He's not very nice to me...

MONICA
Does Bea know about Richard living
here, Roger?

ROGER
Yes, ma'am.

Roger walks away.

MONICA
I'm so sick of this shit.

Monica walks with angry purpose towards the office.

JAY
Monica, wait.

Jay rushes after Monica.

INT. UNIT B59 -DAY

Richard rolls up the storage door, he steps out with his cat
in hand.

EXT. UNIT B65 - DAY

Richard walks over to Unit B65, he knocks on the door.

INT. UNIT B65 - DAY

THE DUKE a tall well dressed Caucasian man (50s) stands up
from his nice leather chair. Unit B65 is also set up like a
residence.

Guitars hang of one wall, a wardrobe of western shirts hang on another, records and books are neatly displayed on shelves.

The man opens an eight inch makeshift cutout peephole in the door. They convers through the door.

RICHARD

Duke man, that fucking snitch Roger told Bea's son I live here.

THE DUKE

You hold your composure boy. I'll get Roger back in line. Did he see your little escape route?

RICHARD

No, but he took pictures.

THE DUKE

Don't worry, Ella will be back...

RICHARD

Not if she's selling her half to Bea.

THE DUKE

That will never happen. I got a plan for that old Ms. Bea, the tables will definitely turn.

The Duke pulls a pack of unfiltered Camel Cigarettes from his shirt pocket. He lights his cigarette, takes a long drag.

THE DUKE (CONT'D)

You get on back to your place and let me go talk to that boy about running his mouth.

RICHARD

Yes, sir.

EXT. UNIT B65 - DAY

The Duke steps out of his unit and rolls down the door. The Duke walks confidently towards the sinkhole.

EXT. FRONT OF STORAGE CITY OFFICE - DAY

Jay catches up to Monica.

JAY

You need to calm down. What are you going to say to my mother?

MONICA

We left our lives in LA, for this dump and your mother isn't telling us everything.

JAY

Mom did mention Richard to me.

MONICA

So both of you are lying to me.

JAY

No Plum, I didn't lie to you. He runs a small engine repair business out of one of the units.

MONICA

And he lives here!

JAY

Well we didn't know about that.

MONICA

Pretty fucking well I might add. He has a better set up than we do!

JAY

I wouldn't say that, Plum.

MONICA

Stop Pluming me! How many people live in Storage City, Jay?

JAY

I think just Roger, and Richard I guess... and another man called the Duke.

MONICA

The Duke? That's not legal! What kind of business person is Bea?

JAY

Look, this was all Ella's operation. Since Bea took over she's kept them around to lend a hand. But now that we're here...

MONICA

When was somebody gonna tell me?

JAY

Plum!

Monica clocks Jay the evil eye.

JAY (CONT'D)

Monica, you have to consider the potential. Once we get them out and put up the fence and fill in the sink hole...

MONICA

Never thought I would own a storage company with Samson The Sinkhole ready to swallow us up. That's a sign Jay.

Jay puts his hand warmly on her shoulder and smiles

JAY

We are part owners, dear. Ms. Ella is still a partner, but mom is working on it.

Monica unable to hold her tongue.

MONICA

Here we go again the mysterious Ms. Ella the wizard behind the curtain.

Monica shaking her head.

MONICA (CONT'D)

I need to sage this place.

Ms. Bea taps on the office window holding Oberon. She smiles at Jay and Monica. They walk into the office.

EXT. STORAGE CITY - SKY VIEW - DAY

From the sky view we see the full three acres of the Storage City property. The Duke approaches Roger's building, where people in lawn chairs sit and mingle.

THE END