

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

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EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - DAY

Cars and buses line Olympic Boulevard East

Sounds of vehicle horns and shouts of angry drivers

INT. GOLD 2006 SATURN STATION WAGON - DAY

JAY POLITE Caucasian Male (40), full beard, blue eyes, handsome, he has a little country with LA Hipster style of dress, visible random tattoos on his arms. His strong hands grip the steering wheel. His wife MONICA POLITE African-American (40) plus size woman, confident in her skin, sports her full afro. Her African jewelry displayed on her with pride. Their son, OBERON POLITE Bi-racial (2) dressed cute in GAP baby fashion, his curly long hair a mix of blonde and brown, he's a complete likeness of both his parents.

JAY

Who made the decision to meet for dinner downtown during rush hour?

MONICA

You did.

JAY

I'm sure it was you, but okay this is my fucking life.

Jay beeps the horn in anger

MONICA

Soon as you see an opening turn down one of the side streets.

Monica is holding her cell phone to navigate the frustrated Jay.

JAY

Where is this pizza place again?

MONICA

It's on Hope.

JAY

What a fucking nightmare! Oh here we go.

Jay moves from the left lane to make a right turn.

MONICA

Go to the next block and make a right.

JAY
You don't need to tell me where to
go.

Jay sees an opportunity to move back into the left lane. He makes a quick left.

MONICA
You don't need to get nasty.

JAY
I'm sorry, Plum.

EXT. SKID ROW - DAY

The street is lined with tents and trash. Wall to wall homeless people in various stages of existence. It's as if the sun forgot to shine on this one street. People look lost. Some sleep openly on the side walk while others walk around like zombies in the middle of the street, unaware of cars.

Jay realizes his left turn is on Skid Row.

INT. GOLD 2006 SATURN STATION WAGON - DAY

Jay drives with caution as to avoid hitting anyone.

JAY
What the fuck!?

Jay makes it to the end of the block. He's relieved as he waits for the light to change.

EXT. SKID ROW - DAY

A RANTING LADY wearing a leather jacket, shorts, hair matted, clothes dirty, barefoot, approaches Jay and Monica's car. The Ranting Lady unzips her jacket to expose her bare chest. She pushes her naked breasts up against the front passenger side window.

RANTING LADY
Free looks! Free looks! Two Dollars
to touch!

INT. STATION WAGON - DAY

A disgusted Monica raises her fist up to the closed window to let the Ranting Lady know she will hit her.

MONICA

Get the hell away from my car hoe!

Jay turns to check on Oberon. Oberon is reaching out towards the Ranting Lady's breast.

JAY

No OB that's not momma's chocolate milk.

Monica turns around to Oberon.

MONICA

That's some tainted, spoiled hoe's boobies baby! You don't want that.

Jay finally gets the opportunity to make a left turn off of Skid Row. Monica laughs at her joke.

MONICA (CONT'D)

Two dollars to touch those sour ass grapes. Bye, Hoe-isha.

Monica continues to laugh. Jay is clearly upset.

JAY

What the fuck am I doing raising my son in this city?

MONICA

This is were we live. I told you to stay in the right lane.

JAY

I'm ready to leave Los Angeles.

MONICA

You want to move to North Hollywood or Burbank? I'm all for moving over the hill soon as our lease is up.

JAY

I'm talking about leaving California.

MONICA

That's not happening. Our work is here.

JAY

What work? You drive Lyft on the weekends.

(MORE)

JAY (CONT'D)

I'm working for a non-profit that refuses to promote me or give me a raise. We are drowning!

MONICA

That's not true. We are doing fine. Our bills are paid on time each month. I make sure of that.

JAY (MOCKING)

We have no savings. We are surviving paycheck to paycheck.

MONICA

What's with your tone Jay?

JAY

You're trying to make everything seem as if we are great, but we're not. We need more for our son. When it was just us fine, but now...

MONICA

We are creative people. I always knew I would be broke starting out as an actor.

JAY

See that's the thing, you're not just getting started on your acting career, you've been at it for years now.

MONICA

Now you're being mean. I know my big break is coming. I have faith in myself. You're an Atheist who has no clue how having faith in yourself works.

JAY

That's a bullshit delusion.

MONICA

I'm not delusional. I chanted to one day be a wife and mother and look, it happened. That's faith in action. You will never understand.

Monica continues looking at her cell phone and out the window.

JAY

Where the fuck is this place, I'm ready to eat?

MONICA

It's coming up in one mile, on the left.

Monica goes silent in thought.

MONICA (CONT'D)

You know Jay, I just need to say this. I went from being single woman living alone with my small dog, to meeting you, falling in love, and getting pregnant. Now I'm new mother and wife. My life changed all at once in the course of two and a half years. I finally got a manager who is putting in the work for me to book the jobs I deserve. I need you to be patient with me. Nothing is overnight. I had to take a break from performing to focus on my family. Now I'm back.

JAY

Plum, I love and support you one hundred percent, but we have to be realistic. We have OB to think about.

MONICA

I know, I don't want us to struggle financially, but I know if you sold a few paintings and I get this series regular I'm on hold for we will be fine. We can find a smaller house in North Hollywood.

JAY

No matter where we move, it will be expensive. We would still be paying somebody's mortgage instead of our own. I refuse to be homeless with my baby.

MONICA

You're being dramatic. That will never happen. I've been living in LA for twelve years on my own before I met you and I always landed on my feet.

(MORE)

MONICA (CONT'D)

I have faith that everything will fall into place for our family. My manager wants me to return to stand up comedy...

JAY

When will you have time to go to comedy clubs? That's not a paycheck. You have to pay to get on stage. That's not a solution, we will continue to bleed out money.

MONICA

Please stop talking. I really can't have this discussion right now, it's depressing. Could we just focus on a fun night out with our friends?

JAY

Yes, but let me tell you this...

MONICA

What?

JAY

I had a conversation with my mom...

MONICA

Oh now I get why you're talking about moving out of California all of a sudden. Your mamma!

JAY

Could you please let me finish?

MONICA

Yes, continue.

Jay takes a deep breath. Monica is upset.

JAY

You're my wife and I need to make some decisions for my family. Now I had a conversation with my mom, she is offering us an opportunity to own a business and become home owners.

MONICA

I love Bea, but she doesn't understand the entertainment industry and my drive.

JAY

You're not listening. We will be self employed. You will have the freedom and money to do standup comedy, I will be able to paint fulltime.

MONICA

You want us to move to Florida?

JAY

Yes.

MONICA

You want this Jersey, Cali Girl to move to the fucken South! Hell motherfucken no, no, no!

JAY

You would love it.

Monica is looking at her cell and out the window.

MONICA

I don't think so. The restaurant is coming up on the left. Let's look for parking.

JAY

This is the shit that aggravates me about living in this city. It took us an hour to go fifteen miles.

MONICA

Well it will take us twenty minutes to get home after dinner. Pull over I think this guy is leaving. Come on parking Goddess, I need this today.

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - DAY

A man crosses the street in front of them holding car keys. He hits the alarm for his BMW and gets in.

INT. GOLD 2006 SATURN STATION WAGON - DAY

Monica and Jay watch the man's every move.

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - DAY

The man turns on his car and pulls out of the parking spot.

INT. GOLD 2006 SATURN STATION WAGON - DAY

Jay moves into the parking spot with ease.

MONICA

Thank you parking Goddess!

Jay gets a text message on his phone. Jay turns off the car and checks the phone.

MONICA (CONT'D)

What?

JAY

It's Jeff letting me know he just arrived to the restaurant.

MONICA

Good.

JAY

Plum, let's have a good time tonight with our buddies. We will discuss moving to Florida later. Don't say anything to Jeff or Lois.

MONICA

I'm not, I don't want to manifest moving to Florida into our life.

Monica exits the car.

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - DAY

Monica opens the back passenger side door. Jay comes around to help her.

MONICA

Oberon my sweet little man, time to wake up.

JAY

Let's leave the stroller. I'll carry him.

Monica takes the baby bag out.

MONICA
Pizza time OB.

Jay gives Monica a kiss.

JAY
I love you.

MONICA
I love you too.

INT. DANNY BOY PIZZERIA - DAY

Jay, Monica and Oberon enter Danny Boy Pizzeria. The décor is dim lighting and nude wood, framed black and white photos of generations of Italian Families line the walls.

Their friend JEFF (60) a hippie dad type dressed in cargo shorts, hiking boots and a peace t-shirt sees them and waves them over to the table.

INT. DANNY BOY PIZZERIA - DAY

Jay and Monica give Jeff a hug. The couple takes a seat.

JAY
How did you beat us here?

JEFF
I biked over. Give me that boy.

Jay hands over Oberon to Jeff.

MONICA
You road your bike all the way from Culver City? When I grow up I want to be like Jeff. Where is Lois?

JEFF
She's on her way. She had to make a stop after work.

A WAITRESS (early 20's) facial piercings, bright purple pixie hair cut, comes over to the table with menus in hand.

WAITRESS
Are you ready to order?

MONICA
We are waiting on a few people.

WAITRESS

Would you like to get some drinks started? We have a full bar. This evening's special is "Danny Boy Bourbon Sour", "DB Tart Apple Martini" and we have a "Oh That Boy IPA".

JAY

I would like to see your IPA list and a child's sprite

MONICA

I'll have the DB Tart Apple Martini and water. I'm no longer breast feeding I can drink. I sure need one.

JEFF

Well drink up mama. Who else is joining us tonight?

JAY

Brad and Mavis who you know from the art center...

MONICA

And my buddy Raphael, from Wacko Theater. He was at OB's birthday party, he's from Chicago.

JEFF

Yes, I remember him, he has a very distinctive laugh. I like him.

The Waitress returns with a glass of water, a kids cup of sprite and the beer list. She places the items on the table.

WAITRESS

Your drinks are coming up. Would you like to order any starters?

Monica and Jay look at each other like they are syncing thoughts.

MONICA AND JAY

No thank you.

WAITRESS

I will be back with your Martini.

The waitress walks away.

INT. DANNY BOY PIZZERA - EVENING

RAPHAEL (37) African-American Man his hair in twists, wearing light cotton slacks, a stylish pair of loafers with a nice starched colorful linen short sleeve shirt. Raphael is stylish.

Raphael walks up to the hostess stand. Monica see's him right away.

MONICA

Ralphie!

Raphael laughs at Monica yelling out his name. His laughter fills the space. Raphael walks over to Monica.

RAPHAEL

Girl!

Monica gets up and gives Raphael a big hug.

RAPHAEL (CONT'D)

At first I didn't see you, and I was like who knows me up in here. You know people always trying to get into this world.

Raphael makes circling gesture around his chest. Monica laughs.

MONICA

Boy stop playing.

Monica and Raphael laugh

Jay gets up to shake Raphael's hand. All the exchanges shift the attention in the restaurant to them.

MONICA (CONT'D)

Sit next to me. You remember Jeff, he works with Jay.

RAPHAEL

Hey Jeff, How did your son's swim meet go?

Jeff still holding Oberon, shakes Raphael's hand.

JEFF

He won fist place.

RAPHAEL

Congrats.

MONICA

Look at you two, fast friends.

RAPHAEL

You didn't know Jeff and I go way back.

Jeff, Monica and Raphael laugh.

INT. DANNY BOY PIZZERA - CONTINUOUS

LOIS Caucasian (60) Jeff's wife enters the pizzeria. She doesn't wear her hippie personality in her style of dress. She dresses laid back casual. Light blue ankle pants and a floral pull over shirt, nude wedges on her feet. She is medium built with a nice bob hair cut.

Lois makes her way to the table.

LOIS

I could hear you guys outside...

MONICA

We wanted to make sure you found us.

Monica gets up and gives Lois a hug.

INT. DANNY BOY PIZZERA - CONTINUOUS

Walking up behind Lois is BRAD a tall Caucasian Man (40) with big red curly hair. He's dressed like a Leprechaun Lumber Jack, suspenders, white cotton short sleeves, rolled up navy blue dress pants with high top Converse. His girlfriend MAVIS is a pretty, petite Mexican Woman(39) She's a down to earth Rockabilly Chola. Her face is fully made up, she is wearing her classic fitted blue jeans folded at the bottom with her red heels and a checkered red and white cotton blouse.

Brad and Mavis are holding hands.

MONICA

On snap look who done stepped into the building! Holla! My fly ass Latina Sister. Give me some girl, I missed you.

Monica and Mavis embrace, they hug as if they haven't seen each other in years.

Brad gives Jay a hug, Raphael shakes Brad's hand.

Once Monica lets go of Mavis, Raphael hugs her as well.

The group of friends have changed the quiet of the pizzeria to an up beat reunion. One by one they love on Oberon.

INT. DANNY BOY PIZZERA - EVENING

Monica is seated at one end of the long table, with Raphael on one side of her and Mavis on the other. Lois is sitting between Raphael and Jeff. Oberon's high chair sits between Jay and Brad. Everyone has their drinks and food.

Monica is in a huddle with the ladies and Raphael.

MONICA

I need to get something off my chest.

RAPHAEL

You're pregnant?

MONICA

Absolutely not. My last name ain't Rockefeller! We live in LA, we on that one child China policy.

Monica, Raphael, Mavis and Lois laugh.

MAVIS

Girl, you stupid.

RAPHAEL

I would love for the two of you to have a little girl. Oberon's so cute, your baby girl would be pretty and spoiled.

MONICA

That's a pipe dream. I think we are done.

Monica takes a sip of her drink.

MONICA (CONT'D)

I have to talk about this-

Monica takes a deep breath, she starts to get visually emotional. The friends realize this is serious.

MONICA (CONT'D)

Jay wants us to move to Florida.

MAVIS

Chica no way.

RAPHAEL

Girl, I thought somebody died.

MONICA

We just talked about it on the way here.

RAPHAEL

You're going to get this booking and stay right here in LA, striving and surviving with the rest of us.

LOIS

Look at it this way, if you move to Florida, Oberon will grow up with his only living grandparent.

RAPHAEL

That's true, but she can also catch a flight to see him. Monica's career is here.

MONICA

I'm just sad right now, because I feel lost. I love my baby and my husband, but I don't feel creative the way I was before having a family. Now I understand why professional boxers don't have sex while they're training for a prize fight.

Monica wipes the tears from her face.

MAVIS

That's is true.

RAPHAEL

Facts honey facts.

Mavis and Raphael high five snap with each other.

LOIS

They refrain from having sex to build up tension endorphins to be able to release all that sexual frustration in the ring.

Monica, Mavis and Raphael stare at Lois taking in every word of her wisdom.

LOIS (CONT'D)

I dated a prize fighter. That's a story for another day kids.

MONICA

You're an onion, Lois. So many layers.

RAPHAEL

I want to hear that story over cocktails.

The three ladies and Raphael laugh.

LOIS

Monica, you're a talented woman. People love you and you have a wonderful family. Whatever happens you will make it work.

Mavis and Raphael are in agreement with Lois.

INT. JAY AND MONICA'S HOME LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jay and Monica's Craftsmen style home. The living room walls are decorated with Jay's painting, which lets you know this is a creative household. The room is a world of color, from the bookshelf full of books, to the rainbow baby gate. Toddler puzzles and books are stacked on the burgundy coffee table. Monica, seated on the multi colored sofa, sips a drink.

Jay enters the living room.

JAY

OB is sound asleep.

MONICA

That's good. He must have been really tired not to ask for me.

JAY

I think he's over the breast, Plum.

MONICA

I wanted to breast feed him for two years, but that was ripped away from me.

JAY

I know you're not blaming me and my mom because you stopped breast feeding.

MONICA

I'm not blaming anyone, but Bea had to put her five cents in, "Don't you think at a year and a half the baby is too old to still be on the tit?"

JAY

My mom doesn't even talk like that. You're drunk

MONICA

She didn't say tit. I'm just a little tipsy.

JAY

Why are you bringing up the whole breast feeding thing? It hurt my mom's feelings when you wouldn't shut up about breast feeding. Breast feeding this, breast feeding that. She didn't breast feed, so the fuck what!? Bea loves you.

MONICA

I love your mom...I don't have my parents but I don't want to be parented at forty. I feel guilty every day that I allowed the two of you to pressure me into stopping breast feeding my baby at a year and a half.

Monica breaks down in tears.

MONICA (CONT'D)

I promised myself I would feed him for two years.

JAY

Plum.

Jay sits next to her and holds her.

JAY (CONT'D)

You're a great mother. OB is grateful to you, my mother loves you.

MONICA

I don't want to move to Florida. It's country as hell and I have never lived in the South.

JAY

Listen, I'm nervous about bringing my interracial family to the Panhandle because I know how people in that area can be. That's why my brother and I left, but it's changing. We can be a part of that change. This is not just for us, it's for OB.

MONICA

I wish my parents were here. It's times like these I miss them the most.

JAY

I miss my dad too. He would love teaching OB how to fish- I just want to be able to do more with my son without having to think about every dollar I spend. Plus, he gets to grow up with his only living grandparent.

Monica pulls herself together.

MONICA

I understand.

JAY

How about this, if you book the job we stay and we ask Bea to move here. If you don't get the job we move to the LA of the South.

MONICA

What?

JAY

Lower Alabama! That's what we call the Panhandle of Florida.

Monica shakes her head in disgust.

MONICA

I thought it was the Redneck Riviera.

JAY

It has many names. Now do you agree? If you don't get the job we leave California?

MONICA

Yes, you have a deal. Mark my words, your Mama will have to pack up to move to La La Land, because your wife is booking that regular spot! Holla! We can get Bea a commercial agent. I can see her doing a pharmaceutical ad for arthritis.

Monica imitates Bea.

MONICA (CONT'D)

I eat a table spoon of gin soaked golden raisins to combat my arthritis, it's a family remedy, but now Johnson and Johnson gin on a stick...it's a work in progress.

Monica smiles at Jay. The couple start making out.

INT. JAY AND MONICA'S HOME LIVING ROOM - DAY

Monica's cell phone rings it's on the coffee table. The ring tone is Black Eye Peas "Let's Get It Started" The face of her cell phones shows MANAGER SAL.

Monica enters the living room holding Oberon. She picks up her phone and puts Oberon in his rainbow gate area.

MONICA

Good morning Salvatore. What's the news of the day?

EXT. JOAN'S ON 3RD - DAY

SALVATORE an Italian-Filipino American man (55) (he doesn't look his age) is seated at a table in front of the Joan's on 3rd. His jet black hair is styled to perfection. He wears a light grey Armani Suit with a pink shirt and pink loafers to match. He has his earbud in for the phone call.

SALVATORE

Monica, yes good morning mama. Let's get right to it. This has never happened to any of our clients, but someone and I can't say who. Told the executive producer's assistant you are difficult to work with. They passed on you.

(MORE)

SALVATORE (CONT'D)

I hate to do this, because you know
I'm a big fan, but we have to drop
you.

A Lindsay Lohan look-a-like walks up to Salvatore's table and takes a seat. You can tell she had a rough night of partying.

SALVATORE (CONT'D)

Look hun, I got to go, my 10
o'clock just showed up. Good luck
out there. Bye.

INT. JAY AND MONICA'S HOME LIVING ROOM - DAY

Monica holding her cell phone, Oberon is playing with his blocks in his gated area. Monica breaks down crying.

MONICA

What the fuck universe! Florida!!!?

EXT. JAY AND MONICA'S HOME TWO MONTHS LATER - DAY

Monica, Jay, Oberon and their Pitbull-boxer mix FUDGE stand in the front yard of their Craftsman home. Monica holds Oberon. Jay has Fudge on her leash.

MONICA

Goodbye house. You gave us shelter,
we grew closer as a family, we
saved many a stray cat and dog
thanks to your gates, thank you for
your walls.

JAY

Goodbye street, no more late night
car crashes, no more prison release
days at the park, no more homeless
ladies rubbing their tits on my
car.

Monica gives Jay a look and laughs.

MONICA

On to the next chapter of life.

The family walks though the gate.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF JAY AND MONICA'S HOME - DAY

They upgraded their family car to a Brown 2013 Nissan Cube, it's filled with stuff for the family's move across country.

Monica puts Oberon in his child seat, Jay puts Fudge in the car. Jay gets in the driver seat and Monica in the front passenger. They take one last look at the house. Monica blows a kiss. They get into the car.

INT. BROWN 2013 NISSIAN CUBE - MORNING

JAY

Here we go family. Plum, call Big Bea. I want to let her know we are getting on the road.

Monica face-times her mother-in-law BEA.

Monica holds her cell phone up to share the screen with Jay. BEA, a Caucasian blondish grey haired Southern Woman (67) answers. Her face shows up on the screen.

BEA

Well hello. You're on the road now, Jay?

JAY

Yes mom.

BEA

Monica, I have some good news for you. I told the local film commissioner all about your work in Los Angeles. She is excited to meet you and guest what?

MONICA

What?

BEA

There is an original play opening in a few months at the Martin Theater downtown.

MONICA

Oh really what's the name of the play?

BEA

The Life and Times of Minnie Pearl and they need a Black Woman. A good friend of mine wrote it. I told her all about you. You have the part!

MONICA

That's nice. I can't wait to meet her.

JAY

Okay mom we have to go. Love you.

BEA

Let me see my grandson.

Monica turns the phone for her to see Oberon, he reaches at the phone.

BEA (CONT'D)

Hi baby, your BB is going to see you soon. Love you!

Bea blows kisses, Oberon does the same. Jay starts driving.

MONICA

Ok bye, we will see you in a few days.

BEA

Drive safe.

Monica hangs up the phone.

JAY

Plum, look at you booking shows already.

MONICA

Yeah, it's great. The Life and Times of Minnie Pearl. I must be playing a maid or a nurse.

JAY

You know about Minnie Pearl.

Monica gives him a look, they laugh.

The sound of the navigation.

NAVIGATION (V.O.)

In a quarter mile turn right.

INT. BEA POLITE'S HOME BEDROOM - DAY

Four Days Later in Panama City Beach, Florida.

Monica wakes up with Oberon sound asleep spread out on her and most of the bed.

The sun shines bright into the bedroom, the room is decorated with beach shells, pastel orange wicker bedroom furniture, original beach themed art work lines the walls.

Monica eases her way out of bed as to not wake Oberon. She puts pillows around the toddler. She quietly walks to the bedroom door.

INT. BEA POLITE'S HOME DINING ROOM - MORNING

Bea's dining room is connected to the kitchen. Bea has her art creations of jeweled naked female mannequin torsos hung on the walls. Bea's artwork is a love letter to the Feminist Movement. On a book shelf near the French doors, leading to the backyard is an old school record player and albums on the shelves.

Bea and Jay are sitting at the dining room table drinking coffee and talking. There is a platter of fruit and muffins in the center of the table.

BEA

We can go see Storage City today and do some sight seeing. I want to take Oberon to the beach.

JAY

Sounds good, Mom.

Monica enters the dining room.

BEA

Good morning, Monica. I have coffee, muffins and fruit out if you're hungry.

MONICA

Good morning, Bea. I'll just have some coffee.

JAY

OB still sleeping?

MONICA

Yes, I woke up with him all over me. We have to get him in his own bed.

JAY

He's not ready to be on his own.

OBERON (O.S.)

Mamma!

Jay jumps up.

JAY
I'll get him.

Jay, in a joyous movement, rushes to the bedroom

JAY (CONT'D)
Daddy's coming, my sweet baby boy.

INT. BEA'S DINING ROOM - MORNING

Monica and Bea are very comfortable with each other. Monica admires Bea as a person. She is proud of her mother-in-law's accomplishments.

Monica, with coffee in hand, stands looking closely at the naked mannequin covered with black and white photos.

MONICA
What inspired this piece?

BEA
I made that for my fiftieth birthday. It's pictures of my friends, my sisters and me over the years.

MONICA
You were a hottie back in the day. This some dope art Bea.

BEA
I wasn't the cute kid, but I grew into a swan. People would tell me I look like Meryl Streep.

Monica looks even closer to one of the photos

MONICA
I can see that.

Monica walks to a seat at the dining room table, imitating Little Kim as she quotes her lyrics.

MONICA (CONT'D)
"You got it going on, what what"

Monica sits down.

MONICA (CONT'D)
I love your house.

Monica sips her coffee.

BEA
I'm glad you like it. You get to see your new home today...

MONICA
And our business.

BEA
There are still some things we need to work on at Storage City.

MONICA
Jay told me it has some cosmetic issues. I'm excited to start this new chapter. Will we be able to move into the house when the moving truck arrives?

BEA
Yes, we need to do some cleaning.

MONICA
We can get some cleaning done today. I know in a week you will be ready to get your space back.

BEA
You're my family, I love having you for as long as you need to stay with me.

MONICA
That's nice. So what time should we head over to Storage City?

BEA
Let's leave in an hour or so.

MONICA
Sounds good.

Monica picks up a muffin and places it on a napkin.

MONICA (CONT'D)
Jay bring the baby so he can eat!

Bea's expression is shock at Monica yelling to Jay from the table.

JAY (O.S.)
He's on the pot, Plum!

BEA

You know you can just go talk to him.

MONICA

It's fine, he heard me.

BEA

The condos on the beach heard you.

Monica laughs.

MONICA

Bea got jokes.

INT. BEA'S 2011 SILVER TOYOTA VAN - DAY

Bea, Jay, Monica and Oberon are in Bea's silver family van. Bea is sitting in the backseat next to Oberon. Jay as usual is driving. Monica is in the front passenger seat taking in the sights.

The family drives over the Hathaway Bridge that leads into town. As they drive the views of St. Andrew's Bay open up. The bay is a glimmering blue with white wave caps. Freight ships, sail boats and fisherman are visible on the Bay. The community college sits near the water on the town side of the bridge. On the beach side are tall condos.

BEA

Monica, now we are going into town.

MONICA

Is town like the beach?

BEA

I'll let you see.

JAY

Mom do they still have the Toy Box?

MONICA

Is the Toy Box a vintage toy store?

Jay and Bea laugh.

JAY

It's redneck strip club. When I lived here, I took one of my Gainesville buddies there.

(MORE)

JAY (CONT'D)

I was told they had the best wings
in town, but the strippers are
geriatric.

Monica starts cracking up.

MONICA

What, instead of a pole to swing on
they had walkers they would go up
and down on?

Bea and Jay laughs.

EXT. PANAMA CITY FLORIDA HIGHWAY 98 EAST - DAY

The Toy Box is a small brick building, painted all blue. It looks abandoned. The trees around it are overgrown. As they drive deeper in town the scenery is in stark contrast to the beach. They pass pawn shops, dive bars and run down mechanic shops.

INT. BEA'S VAN - DAY

Monica is looking through the window at the shifting scenery.

The family continues driving through town.

EXT. PANAMA CITY - DAY

They pass an old bus station and what appears to be a homeless shelter as they skirt the coast east towards Storage City. Water is still visible at times but the vessels are now broken down sail boats and grungy houseboats. Above the horizon, smoke stacks appear.

INT. BEA'S VAN - DAY

Monica is taking in the sights as they journey through Panama City.

MONICA

Wow the city is really run down.

Monica makes a face as if she smells something sour.

MONICA (CONT'D)

What is that smell?

BEA
The paper mill.

MONICA
Is that the regular smell of the city?

BEA
We are in Calloway now.

MONICA
Oh.

BEA
Jay, at the next light you turn left on Highway 22, and Storage City is to the right.

EXT. CALLOWAY FLORIDA HIGHWAY 22 - DAY

Jay pulls into the left lane, when the left arrow turns green he takes the turn.

When the family arrives to a gateless Storage City they see a swarm of police cars parked on the property. Jay parks in the driveway of the Storage City office.

INT. BEA'S VAN - DAY

Jay, Monica, Bea and Oberon are parked in the Storage City driveway. Storage City sits on two acres of land on Highway 22 in Calloway, Florida. The metal storage buildings are out dated, but conveniently located.

MONICA
What is going on?

BEA
I have no clue. Sheriff Richmond usually calls me when something is happening.

JAY
Mom, why don't you and I go talk to the sheriff.

Bea pulls out her cell phone.

BEA
Let me call him.

MONICA

You have the sheriff's direct number?

BEA

He's my eyes and ears around here.

Bea looks at her phone, she missed a call and a few text messages.

BEA (CONT'D)

Shit! I got a call from Richmond. My phone didn't even ring.

MONICA

Do you have your ringer off?

BEA

This phone is a damn nightmare. He left a voice message and he texted me. My phone is a piece of shit.

JAY

Mom, what did he say?

Bea reads the message.

BEA

There's a drug bust at Storage City.

MONICA

Are you serious!?

Bea calls Sheriff Richmond, she puts her phone on speaker. Sheriff Richmond picks up.

SHERIFF RICHMOND (O.S.)

Bea...

BEA

Richmond, I'm here with my son. I'll meet you in the office.

SHERIFF RICHMOND

I'll meet you out front.

Bea hangs up the phone.

BEA

Come on Jay.

JAY

Plum, wait here.

MONICA

I'm moving to the driver seat just in case we have to dash up out of here.

Jay exits the car.

JAY

Yeah, good idea.

Bea and Monica exit the car. Oberon stays put in his car seat on his tablet. Monica comes around the car and jumps into the driver's seat.

EXT. CALLOWAY, FL FRONT STORAGE CITY OFFICE - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

SHERIFF RICHMOND Caucasian male (60) tall with a little weight on him, is a small town good ole boy sheriff, who has lived in Calloway all his life.

Sheriff Richmond is waiting at the door of the office.

Bea and Jay walk through the group of cop cars to the front office.

The front door to the Storage City office is glass and metal similar to a bank door.

Bea reaches Sheriff Richmond as Jay comes up behind Bea. Sheriff Richmond has his clipboard in his hand.

SHERIFF RICHMOND

Bea, I called you.

Bea unlocks the door.

BEA

I'm sorry my phone hates me. Sheriff Richmond this is my youngest son Jay.

Sheriff Richmond shakes Jay's hand

SHERIFF RICHMOND

Nice to meet you.

JAY

Same here.

Bea pulls the door open.

INT. CALLOWAY, FL STORAGE CITY OFFICE - DAY

Bea, Jay and Sheriff Richmond enter the Storage City office.

Bea turns on the lights. The office is lost in time. One desk has shoe boxes filled with index cards. The front of the shoe boxes are labeled Units A, B and C.

SHERIFF RICHMOND

Bea, we need to have a serious conversation about the state of this place. It's out of control since Ms. Ella left to convalesce. I know you've always had a resident or two, but now there's a bad element moving in. Heck, they were cooking meth in Ella's house!

BEA AND JAY

What?!

JAY

In the house where we're moving?
What's he talking about? Residents?

BEA

Yes, yes. Relax. There are two or three tenants who may be staying full time. They are known and harmless. Ella tolerated them, even used them for labor or security of sorts.

JAY

Security? Well that's obviously not working...

SHERIFF RICHMOND

Well actually it was a tip from the Duke that led to this bust. And damn lucky he did. It was the Dassy Brothers, Bea! Not a brain cell between 'em. Setting up to cook in Ella's kitchen. Almost certainly would have ended in explosive calamity.

BEA

Idiots

JAY

Who is the Duke?

BEA
James "The Duke" Crawford. Unit B-
19

JAY
He lives here?

BEA
More or less...

Jay takes a seat and listens.

SHERIFF RICHMOND
And we appreciate his help on this,
most likely saved us all from a
much larger mess.

BEA
Sorry, Sheriff.

SHERIFF RICHMOND
The truth is things have got to
change at Storage City.

BEA
I've been coming out here as often
as I can since Ella left.

Sheriff Richmond centers himself, takes a deep breath and
exhales loudly

SHERIFF RICHMOND
There was a reporter here earlier,
Bea! A god damn yellow journalist
from that County Coastal rag. I'm
an elected official by god!

BEA
I appreciate all you have done for
me and Ella.

Sheriff Richmond takes a seat next to Jay and puts his big
hand softly on his shoulder

SHERIFF RICHMOND
It's ok, Bea. It's ok...

Jay looks up at the Sheriff who smiles broadly and then over
at his mother who stares at him while dabbing away tears

SHERIFF RICHMOND (CONT'D)
From what I understand,
reinforcements have arrived.

INT. BEA'S VAN - DAY

Monica in the drivers' seat, facetimes Raphael. He is still in his pajamas.

RAPHAEL

What up sis? What time is it?

MONICA

Ten o'clock my time.

RAPHAEL

Girl I thought you moved back to the east coast? You only two hours ahead of me.

MONICA

I'm in the Panhandle, I'm on central time.

RAPHAEL

Damn girl Chicago time without the culture around you. What's going on with you? Where's Jay and OB?

MONICA

OB is in the car with me.

Monica shows Raphael OB in his car seat.

MONICA (CONT'D)

We at a drug bust!

RAPHAEL

Girl what in the hell is going on in Lower Alabama?

MONICA

It's our first day coming to see our new business... and home, we show up to find cop cars surrounding the place.

RAPHAEL

Stop! Where's Jay?

MONICA

He's with Bea in the office talking to the sheriff. You should see this place, it's run the fuck down.

EXT. STORAGE CITY DRIVEWAY - DAY

Cop cars begin to leave Storage City as Bea, Sheriff Richmond and Jay emerge from the office. Jay walks over to the family van.

INT. VAN - DAY

Monica on facetime with Raphael.

MONICA

We moved away from L.A. to supposedly get away from crime and filth, and look at this shit. I got my baby outside some kinda fucking meth lab. We drove past some damn factory that has the whole city smelling like a skunk's ass. They got strip clubs and biker bars everywhere...

Jay appears, tapping at the window.

RAPHAEL

That's Redneck Ghetto.

They laugh.

MONICA

Let me get off this phone. Jay's here. I'll call you later with an update or for you to pick me up at LAX.

They laugh.

RAPHAEL

Girl you silly, love you.

MONICA

Love you too, bye.

Monica gathers OB and exits the van

EXT. OUTSIDE STORAGE CITY OFFICE - DAY

Jay and Monica, holding OB, approach Bea and Sheriff Richmond, who is the last officer on the scene.

JAY

Sheriff, this my wife Monica and our boy Oberon.

SHERIFF RICHMOND
Oberon? I love it. Pleased to meet
you, Miss Monica.

The Sheriff extends a hand and a smile to Monica

MONICA
Oberon was the king of the fairies
and a main character in...

SHERIFF RICHMOND
In a Midsummer's Nights Dream! I
know. I studied a little theatre
and some Billy Shakespeare at the
college, ma'am. Miss Bea tells me
that you are a very accomplished
thespian. I'm excited to make your
acquaintance.

MONICA
Likewise.

JAY
Sheriff, I'll go ahead and fill my
wife in on all the details but
don't you worry, we'll get the
place up to speed in no time.

BEA
Yes, Sheriff, thanks for all you've
done and I think with the family on
board we'll get this place ship
shape pronto.

SHERIFF RICHMOND
Well ok, Polite Family, I'll leave
you to it. So long.

Sheriff Richmond makes his way to his cruiser while the
Polite's stand close to one another, smiling and waving
farewell.

MONICA
What the fuck was that all about?

BEA
The good Sheriff has some concerns
about the state of things around
here. Basically we've got some work
to do, Monica.

MONICA
Well, we knew that.

JAY

What Mom failed to mention is that this place is over run with freeloaders! People are livin' here at the Storage City.

BEA

There are a few people staying here in their units!

MONICA

Living here? It's 97 degrees! These are metal buildings! What kind of mother fucker is LIVING in these beat up, hot ass storage sheds!!

ROGER (mid 20s), a thin dirty man tethered by rope to a large good natured dog with remarkably large testicles, suddenly appears behind Monica, having silently approached over her shoulder

ROGER

Hello, friends.

Monica screams.

MONICA

What the hell!

Monica clutches OB closely and backs up to Jay and Bea.

BEA

This is Roger, he lives here.

ROGER

Hello.

JAY AND MONICA

Hi.

BEA

Roger, why didn't you tell me those Dassy boys were setting up shop at Ella's place. Why the hell do I tolerate your presence here if you're not gonna at least keep me up to speed about what's going on!

Monica and Jay look at each other puzzled while Roger looks at the ground, ashamed.

BEA (CONT'D)
 And that damn Duke calls the
 Sheriff instead of me!? What an
 asshole.

JAY
 Mom...

BEA
 Shut up, Jay. What do you have to
 say for yourself, Roger?

Roger looks up slightly from the ground as his dog groans
 sadly

ROGER
 I'm sorry Miss Bea. If I had known
 anything I would have surely told
 you. But I got my check two days
 ago and I've been holed up in my
 unit eatin' and sleepin' with
 Sacks.

MONICA
 Sacks?

The dog barks.

BEA
 Well you listen to me good. The
 Sheriff is threatening to shut this
 place down if we don't reign it in.

ROGER
 Yes, Maam.

BEA
 So I need YOU to tell ME about
 anything that goes on here. And by
 me I mean me, my son and my
 daughter-in-law. You got that?!

ROGER
 Yes, maam.

BEA
 Now go pull those weeds behind
 Building B, I told you about.

ROGER
 Yes, Maam

Roger and Sacks, heads down, scurry away behind building B

JAY
So you've got this guy working for
you?

BEA
Listen, both of you. I haven't been
exactly honest with you about the
state of Storage City.

MONICA
That's becoming very clear.

BEA
That damn Ella has left me with a
mess here. She lived here full time
and was well respected and heavily
armed.

JAY
Heavily armed?

BEA
She kept it under control! I'll
give her that. But now she's gone
with some kind of medical ailment,
no one seems to know exactly what,
but it really doesn't matter.

MONICA
Sort of matters...

BEA
What matters is that we are in
charge now! You guys are here,
there's no undoing that!

Monica gives a look that says she doesn't quite agree

BEA (CONT'D)
And what is undoubtedly true is
that this place is a cash cow! Its
totally paid for. It's totally
full. There's a college and a
military base near by that keep it
that way. Ella and I are 50/50
partners and 40 of my 50 can be
yours if we roll up our sleeves and
get to work cleaning this place up
and taking control.

Monica and Jay look at each other and then start to look
around. Storage units as far as the eye can see, a field
where more units could be added, a small home that from the
outside looks charming enough. They look back at each other.

JAY

What do you say, Plum? We wanted a chance to make our own money and own our own place.

Monica looks skeptical, but her look softens when she sees the hope on Jay's face.

MONICA

Ok, honey. Let's do it. Storage fucking City.

BEA

We'll do it together, family. It may be more work than we planned but in the meantime we'll all live together at my house.

Monica and Jay look at each other

BEA (CONT'D)

And until you guys can move in we'll have Roger on premises looking out for us.

JAY

Roger.

BEA

Roger and the Duke.

MONICA

The Duke?

BEA

And Richard too. But there's time for all that later. Who's hungry? There are some wonderful Thai restaurants around here on account of the Air Force Base.

Bea locks up the office and they all get into the family van, which reverses and starts to leave the property.

INT. BEA'S VAN- DAY

JAY

I love Thai food...

Monica stares out the window at Storage city as the van drives away.

She spots an older black man on a tractor style riding lawn mower driving onto the property, he has an Asian female passenger on the back holding an elegant parasol against the late morning sun

MONICA
(under her breath)
What the fuck?

EXT STORAGE CITY, BETWEEN BUILDING C AND B

Roger and Sacks sit against Building B, sun in their faces, in a tuft of weeds he isn't pulling. You can hear a lawnmower as the couple on the John Dear come into view. Suddenly a roll up door in Building C slings open and a lean, bald, tattooed man in his early thirties strolls out, sipping a cup of coffee. The opening door reveals the interior of his storage unit, decked out like an apartment with a visible kitchen and bed. In the background loud music begins to play and a bottle breaks.

