FADE IN.

EXT. FREDERICK DOUGLASS HOUSING TENEMENTS - DAY

It’s a hot Summer day. Pigeons pace back and forth on a windowsill and peek inside of a single woman’s fifth floor apartment.

INT. SINGLE MOTHER’S LIVING ROOM - DAY

A young woman changes the dirty diaper of a her youngest child, with the oldest child there to assist her.

SINGLE MOTHER
Okay, Keisha, watch your sister. I’m gonna throw this in the incinerator. I’ll be right back.

The single mother balls up the dirty diaper and leaves her daughters to step out of the apartment.

INT. FREDERICK DOUGLASS HOUSING TENEMENTS - HALLWAY - DAY

The single mother comes to the incinerator and throws a fit when she finds it jammed with one of her neighbor’s trash.

SINGLE MOTHER
God damn it! My neighbors are so ghetto. Look at this mess. This shit makes no sense.

Single mother stands in the middle of the hallway and addresses all of her neighbors from the top of her lungs.

SINGLE MOTHER (CONT’D)
I wish people would stop jamming the garbage chute with their trash! There are other people living on this floor besides you, whoever you are!

The single mother attempts to push her neighbor’s trash down the garbage chute then comes to her senses.

SINGLE MOTHER (CONT’D)
Man, to hell with this shit! Let somebody else deal with this shit. Why should I be the one?

The single mother walks back to her apartment still holding on to her daughter’s dirty diaper.
INT. FREDERICK DOUGLASS HOUSING TENEMENTS - BELTRAN HOUSEHOLD - KITCHEN

ROBERTO, a bored nine-year-old, finds his mother putting her spices away in the pantry.

ROBERTO
Ma, can I go outside with my skateboard?

ROBERTO’S MOTHER
With all those knuckleheads hanging around outside? I don’t think so.

ROBERTO
Come on. We live on the second floor. Can’t you just watch me from the window?

ROBERTO’S MOTHER
No, I can’t just watch you from the window, Roberto. Don’t you see that I’m busy in here? Hang out in your room.

Roberto rolls his eyes and turns his back on his mother.

INT. FREDERICK DOUGLASS HOUSING TENEMENTS - THE BELTRAN HOUSEHOLD - BEDROOM - DAY

The sign on the door reads “Roberto’s Room.” Roberto hears street toughs fighting outside when he enters, but he can’t stick his head out the window to see it because of the screwed in window guards.

ROBERTO
Fucking window guards! Window guards are for babies! I don’t know why NYCHA won’t let me take these stupid things down.

Frustrated, Roberto tries to shake the window guard loose.

ROBERTO (CONT’D)
Man, forget NYCHA! These window guards are coming down. I always miss out whenever there’s action going on outside because of these stupid window guards.

Roberto storms out of his bedroom.
INT. THE BELTRAN HOUSEHOLD - HALLWAY - DAY

Roberto gets his father’s toolbox out of the closet.

INT. THE BELTRAN HOUSEHOLD - ROBERTO’S BEDROOM - DAY

Roberto rummages through the toolbox and finds the right screw driver to unscrew the window guards.

ROBERTO
This should work.

Roberto unscrews one of the window guards.

INT. SINGLE MOTHER’S LIVING ROOM - DAY

The single mother goes to the window and throws out the dirty diaper.

SINGLE MOTHER’S OLDEST
Ma, did you just throw the diaper out the window?

SINGLE MOTHER
I know it’s not the best example to be setting for you, but that’s what having ghetto folks for neighbors does to me sometimes. I don’t know why people feel they have to be ghetto just because they live in the projects.

Single mother keeps facing the window and goes into a meditative state.

INT. ROBERTO’S BEDROOM - DAY

Roberto takes down the window guard and sticks his head out of the window to get some fresh air.

ROBERTO
Now, this is more like it.

The dirty diaper hits Roberto on the head and explodes all over him.

ROBERTO (CONT’D)
Okay, NYCHA, I get it now.
(sighs)
It’s a damn shame, though.
(MORE)
A guy can’t even get some fresh air around here without getting hit on the head with a shitty diaper.

Roberto puts the window guard back in place while covered in poop.

INT. FREDERICK DOUGLASS HOUSING TENEMENTS – BELTRAN HOUSEHOLD – KITCHEN

Still covered in poop, Roberto presents himself to his mother.

ROBERTO
Ma, look!

Roberto’s mother turns and looks at him.

ROBERTO’S MOTHER
You took the window guards down again, didn’t you?

ROBERTO
Yeah, but don’t worry. The window guards are back in place.

ROBERTO’S MOTHER
Good. Now, don’t take them down again. You know the rules, Roberto. Do you want NYCHA to slap me with a hundred dollar fine?

ROBERTO
Hey, I wouldn’t have moved my family to a place where you could get shit on just for looking out the window, so why did you?

ROBERTO’S MOTHER
Cuidado, Roberto! Don’t get smart! Go take a shower, and put your dirty shirt in the hamper for me to wash later.

ROBERTO
(mumbles)
I don’t know. I thought it was a fair question.

A frustrated Roberto walks away from his mother and disrobes.

FADE TO BLACK.