FADE IN.

INT. FREDERICK DOUGLASS HOUSING - SINGLE MOTHER’S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

A SINGLE MOTHER changes the dirty diaper of her youngest child, with the oldest child there to assist her.

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

KEISHA, keeps a close eye on her baby sister.

    KEISHA
    Okay.

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

INT. FREDERICK DOUGLASS HOUSING - 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. SINGLE MOTHER’S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Single mother has no idea what to do with the dirty diaper in her hand.

SINGLE MOTHER
That’s it. We’re getting the hell out of NYCHA. I had it up to here with NYCHA.

KEISHA
NYCHA? What’s NYCHA?

SINGLE MOTHER
NYCHA. You know what NYCHA stands for.

KEISHA
No, I don’t. What’s NYCHA?

SINGLE MOTHER
NYCHA, New York City Housing Authority. No more questions, not until I figure out what to do with this dirty diaper.

INT. FREDERICK DOUGLASS HOUSING - BELTRAN HOUSEHOLD - KITCHEN - DAY

ROBERTO, a bored nine-year-old who happens to live ten floors below the single mother, 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. THE BELTRAN HOUSEHOLD - BEDROOM - DAY

The sign on the door reads “Roberto’s Room.” Roberto hears chicks chirping from a nest in a tree right outside his second story bedroom window.

ROBERTO
Hey, you guys finally hatched, huh?
It’s about time.

Roberto can’t stick his head out the window to get a better look at the chicks because of the screwed in window guards.

ROBERTO (CONT’D)
How many chicks are in the nest?

Roberto starts counting the number of chicks in the nest.

ROBERTO (CONT’D)
I see one, two, three, three chicks.

A fourth chick pops its head out of the nest.

ROBERTO (CONT’D)
No, four. There are four chicks.

Roberto can’t help but notice a pair of shorts dangling from a tree branch.

ROBERTO (CONT’D)
Oh, look at that. One of my neighbors upstairs tossed a pair of shorts out the window. Who does dumb stuff like that?

Roberto pulls himself away from the window and leaves the room.

INT. THE BELTRAN HOUSEHOLD - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Roberto grabs a broom and goes back to his room.

INT. THE BELTRAN HOUSEHOLD - ROBERTO'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Roberto goes to his window and tries to knock the pair of shorts off the tree branch with the broom stick but can’t reach it.
If it wasn’t for these damn window guards, I’d have a better chance of reaching it.

Roberto gives up trying to get his neighbor’s shorts down from the tree.

Fucking window guards! Window guards are for babies! I don’t know why I have to get permission from NYCHA to take these stupid things down.

Roberto can’t stand looking at his neighbor’s shorts in the tree any longer and decides to try again.

Man, forget NYCHA! These window guards are coming down.

Roberto storms out of his bedroom.

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

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

This should work.

Roberto unscrews one of the window guards and takes it down.

The single mother is tired of holding the dirty diaper, so she goes to the window and throws it out.

Roberto stretches his arm out the window holding the broom stick.

Now, this is more like it.
Roberto succeeds in knocking his neighbor’s shorts out of the tree with the broom stick, only to get hit on the head with the dirty diaper the single mother just tossed out the window.

ROBERTO (CONT’D)
Ah-Ha, so, babies falling to their deaths is not the only reason why NYCHA wants tenants to keep their window guards up at all times. I see that now.

Leaving the turd on his head, Roberto puts the window guard back in place and never speaks of taking them down again.

FADE TO BLACK.