

THE STINK OF IT ALL

Written by

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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 looking on.

SINGLE MOTHER

Okay, Keisha, watch your sister.  
I'm gonna throw this in the  
incinerator. Don't take your eyes  
off her for a second.

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! Why do they do this?!  
Fucking animals! 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 struggles to push her neighbors trash down the garbage chute herself.

SINGLE MOTHER (CONT'D)

I can't believe the shit I gotta go  
through. Look at this mess.

The single mother can't push the trash down the chute, so she tries to remove the trash from the chute.

SINGLE MOTHER (CONT'D)  
 Ghetto motherfuckers. Why people  
 gotta be so ghetto?!

Single mother comes to her senses and gives up.

SINGLE MOTHER (CONT'D)  
 Man, the 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.

EXT. FREDERICK DOUGLASS HOUSING TENEMENTS - DAY

Two neighborhood kids jaw at each other and draw a crowd.

STREET KID # 1  
 I already told you, motherfucker!  
 I don't want my brother getting  
 jumped into any gang!

STREET KID # 2  
 I know. I heard you loud and clear  
 the other day!

STREET KID # 1  
 You're lying, motherfucker!

STREET KID # 2  
 Yo, I don't know what else to tell  
 you, son. I don't know who you've  
 been talking to, but I'm not trying  
 to make your brother a blood.

STREET KID # 1  
 Well, this is the last time I'm  
 going to say this. If I ever  
 catch you around my brother again,  
 I'll kill you.

STREET KID # 2  
 Alright, I heard enough. It's time  
 for you to go now, son, for real.  
 You're taking this shit way too  
 far, with the threatening of my  
 life and everything.

Street kid #1 attacks street kid #2.

STREET KID # 2 (CONT'D)  
 What the fuck you doing, son?! You  
 stupid?!

STREET KID # 1  
 You think I'm playing with you?!  
 I'm not playing you!

STREET KID # 2  
 You wanna fight, motherfucker?!  
 Let's do this, then! Let's go, God  
 damn it!

STREET KID #1  
 Am I supposed to be scared of you  
 because you're black or something?!  
 You don't scare me, motherfucker!  
 Let's go.

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

ROBERTO, 9, can hear the fight going on outside from his  
 bedroom window but he can't stick his head out to see it  
 because of the screwed in window guards.

ROBERTO  
 Stupid things! What are these  
 window guards still doing here  
 anyway? I'm not a damn baby  
 anymore. It's not like I'm gonna  
 be falling to my death.

Roberto shakes the window guard.

ROBERTO (CONT'D)  
 You know what?! The hell with  
 this! These window guards are  
 coming down. This is ridiculous.

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 for the right screw  
 driver to unscrew the window guards.

ROBERTO  
This should work.

Roberto starts to unscrew one of the window guards. Roberto takes down the window guard and sticks his head out of the window.

ROBERTO (CONT'D)  
Now, this is more like it.

Not long after sticking his head out of the window to get some fresh air, does Roberto get hit on the head with a balled up shitty diaper.

ROBERTO (CONT'D)  
I guess a baby falling to his or her death is not the only reason to keep these damn window guards in place.

Roberto brushes himself off a bit.

ROBERTO (CONT'D)  
It's a damn shame, though. A boy can't even get some fresh air around here without getting hit on the head with a shitty diaper.

Roberto pulls his head back inside and screws the window guards back in while covered in poop.

FADE TO BLACK.