

THE BOY IN UNION

by

Jody Shenn

25 Duncan Drive
Morganville, NJ 07751
computerjody@yahoo.com
347-229-4595

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FADE IN:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD CEMETERY - MORNING

"The Boy in Union Theme" by DJ 1999 (or similar spooky instrumental music) begins.

A small suburban cemetery sits empty on a crisp day, save for a few crows and fallen leaves tumbling slowly by the headstones. A cheap white wood sign on the edge of the cemetery notes its name: Hollywood Cemetery, Union, NJ. (There's other writing, inspirational words, but too small and out of focus to make out.)

There's a small slanted structure with a large mostly empty glass room in its middle, filled with sunlight falling on bunches of freshly cut flowers.

As the images play,

IN THE FONT OF FRANKLIN GOTHIC (1902) WHITE WORDS APPEAR

"This is very loosely inspired by true events."

ADDITION OF NEXT WORDS IN YELLOW IN SAME FONT

"This is very loosely inspired by true events. RIP Kiana Workman."

ADDITION OF FINAL SENTENCE IN YELLOW IN SAME FONT

"This is very loosely based on a true story. RIP Kiana Workman. And bless all the sons and daughters everywhere."

A florist's van is pulled up in the back. There is a mound of dirt in the grass, next to a rectangular hole in the ground.

CUT TO

INT. NAH-NA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The Boy in Union theme continues.

A shirtless thin black boy, JODY Workman, stands in front of a queen-size bed with floral covers in small room in a modest apartment. He's younger than a kindergartener but taller than a toddler. His eyes are sunken and bloodshot, but he's standing straight, his expression fixed blank.

(Through-out this script, specific direction and dialogue for Jody is given, but it can be adjusted by actor based on artistic or other reasons, or by those looking out for his interests.)

His mother, KIMBERLY Workman, a short black woman in her late 20s or early 30s with a round face and short hair, lies in it on her back, dead. Her skin glistens in places. Flies land on her and rub their feet and lift off again. There's a wrongness to her flesh.

Her eyes are closed and her limbs are stiff. All is still.

On the other side of her face a thin foamy goo has run down her cheek and dried, further darkening the bed in that spot.

The glow of a television flickers across the room, reflected off a window, indiscernible images and sounds. The sky outside is black. The window is lifted about a quarter, and there's a hole in the screen.

An unsettling sound comes from off-screen, THE VOICE, a deep, growling, raspy, intoning sound from behind us.

THE VOICE (V.O.)

You know it. She's not waking up.
 You know it. She's not waking. You
 know it. Nooot waking up. You do
 it. She's not waking up. You do
 it. You know it. You do it. You do
 it up. You know it. You do it up.
 Do it up. Do it. Do it. Do it do
 it do it. Do it do it, do it do it
 do it....

CUT TO

Loud banging on the front door to the apartment. Then more loud banging.

The door opens ever so slightly, letting in a blinding sliver of light, but the chain snaps it back rudely.

In front of the door on the inside stands the same black boy (Jody) wearing only a single sneaker, looking especially thin in his nudity (only show tastefully). He just stares at it. A dented can of beans has rolled against the wall on the hallway floor.

In the kitchen, a bag of sugar is tilled over and open, spilling out on the floor.

There are ants, the tiny kind.

The banging at the door continues as it snaps open and shut, casting a strobe light effect.

CUT TO

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

Jody eyes are wide open, clean and white.

"Blurred Lines" by Smooth Jazz All-Stars (or similar retail-friendly pop somehow made even more retail-friendly) begins.

Jody is in a shopping cart. Ambient noise from a typical supermarket grows louder as well. Individual male and female and children VOICES stand out, though their specific words can't be made out.

Jody's tiny body is jostled as the cart rolls slightly unsteadily. The store is bright and colorful. His hands grip the handle, his feet dangling, level with where his eyes would normally be. He can tell that as he passes as a gray bearded father with a baby in a bjorn and a little girl about Jody's age gripping his big finger.

Kimberly is pushing him, but ignoring him to talk on her phone and shop.

KIMBERLY

(On phone)

We *were* just there yesterday
mom. And you're not even going to
be there two weeks more. Right?

Holding the phone to her ear, Kimberly lets go of the cart to let it stop rolling a little past the yogurts. She grabs a number of them, studying a few, and putting them in the cart or returning them to a bright cold shelf.

Jody looks at a large BLOW UP BUNNY holding a sale sign. It's eyes are blank.

KIMBERLY

(On phone, putting
an apricot yogurt
in the cart)

No of course when you put it like
that I understand. And do I ever
forget something like that? I
don't even know why you would say
that. I'm sorry he was an asshole,
but you know mom.

Kimberly continues on and it feels like almost an endless row of things as she pushes and chatters on on the phone, distracted.

KIMBERLY

(On phone)

We both think it's deplorable mom.

Jody notices a birthday cake frosting and tries to get Kimberly's attention.

KIMBERLY

(On phone)

And I ah

(To Jody)

What is it baby, I'm on the phone with Nah-na here. Say hi to Na-na, hi Nah-na.

(On phone)

No, we're at the supermarket because I have been shopping now until you come back.

(Pausing)

I can do, after I just don't want to hear you not liking my coffee again. Need to get to work, mommy.

She stops for a hacking cough. Other shoppers generally ignore her. A few HISPANIC MEN look at them and she stares them down.

KIMBERLY

(On phone)

Well not everyone has Medicare as an option.

Kimberly stops the cart again, and adds a small box of mallomars from a shelf to her cart. She pauses, and also grabs a blue box of Chips Ahoy chocolate chip cookies (or similar with delicious nostalgia.)

Jody is looking to the other side of the aisle where he sees circus peanuts. Before he can vocalize, he looks up, and he's been in the check-out line, looking at the candy there. It's colorful and happy.

The young female Indian CASHIER handling their small number of items smiles at Jody. He briefly smiles back, with what feels like a rare smile for him.

FADE TO BLACK

EXT. BLACK SCREEN - CONTINUOUS

A black screen.

IN THE FONT OF FRANKLIN GOTHIC (1902) A WHITE WORD APPEARS

"Day"

ADDITION OF NEXT WORD IN YELLOW IN SAME FONT

"Day One"

"The Bridge Is Over" by Boogie Down Productions (or similar funky old school rap) begins

INT. BACKSEAT OF CAR - MOMENTS LATER

FADE IN

"The Bridge Is Over" continues.

The back door of the car is still open as Kimberly finishes collecting her things from the cart. She slams the trunk and then the door, shaking the camera each time.

The car pulls out from the parking lot, which is filled with vehicles with generally a good amount of wear and tear.

Kimberly is talking on the phone as she drives in the front seat.

KIMBERLY

(On phone)

But I know, but Chris Brown does
have moves, and I never been a
Frank Ocean girl, who's that even?
He that one who did Hustle Hard?

They see another car at a traffic stop with its windows down that's playing "Shimmy Shimmy Ya" by Ol' Dirty Bastard (or similar).

The two songs continue playing, together at the same time, like the DJ 1999 remix. The credits begin...

IN THE FONT OF FRANKLIN GOTHIC (1902) WHITE WORDS APPEAR

{Various short-form credits, producers, director, actors,
writer, music}

The view from what can be seen from a child's POV in a backseat, looking out at what can be seen from there, for as long as credits take.

CUT TO

EXT. 1880 MANOR DR - DAY

Exterior shot of a short multifamily structure, snaking around parking spaces with a few right angles. The complex sits next to nothing much; somewhat nicer multifamily structures are found down the tree-lined street, further away from the interstate where the fast trucks and people in speeding cars head to the city.

The music ends, and the sounds of the highway, and local traffic and some stubborn birds, are loud enough to be part of the movie.

Kimberly parks the car in one of the parking spots running parallel to the buildings.

Walking up next to part of the complex from the road is a chubby black guy wearing a tan hat with a New York Giants logo and a black tank top with the word Nike's and the swoosh in white on it, called GOOGLE MAP MAN. He looks harmless. (This is from Google Maps on 4/9/2022). He's carrying a water bottle and wearing a watch.

Kimberly is struggling with the shopping bags as she walks. Jody follows on his own behind her. He notices a cop car drive by out on the street.

Jody see that Google Map Man is greeting an OLD UKRAINIAN NEIGHBOR and their DOG. Everyone is getting along until the dog notices Jody and growls and then barks at him.

KIMBERLY
(Grabbing his hand
with one of her
be-bagged hands)
Little bitch, keep up already. Get
your head out of the clouds.

As they turn the corner, she has dropped his hand again. She approaches one of the entrances to the attached structures, a cheap-looking door, and puts down the shopping bags. She turns to hack with a cough, then fumbles with some keys to get the front door open.

KIMBERLY
 (Turning back and
 picking Jody up
 with her arms
 full as they
 cross the
 threshold)

Cmon, Jody, get up here baby.

She climbs a flight of stairs with all of that in her arms.

CUT TO

INT. NAH-NA'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

The apartment is small, just a few rooms, including a kitchen looking out a pass-through at a living room with a puffy loveseat and single recliner. Nothing fancy, but nothing too run down either.

Kimberly unpacks the items from her shopping bag, such as the mallomars, cookies, yogurt coffee and some milk. She unzips her pocketbook's pockets and takes out various things, like a cellphone and wallet and keys; the pocketbook is a knock-off of some big chunky bag drifting out of fashion in 2013.

The TV in the living room is on, just put on by Kimberly absent-mindedly. Private Practice s3e14 rerun with "Crazy He Calls Me" by Billie Holliday (or similar slow soulful jazz) is playing; the song is louder than during the actual show and becomes its own separate thing.

At some point, Kimberly breaks from unpacking to move to the hall, walking past a disability scooter taking up a fair amount of space in the corner.

KIMBERLY
 (To herself, while
 heading to turn
 up thermostat)
 I tell you, it is too cold, this
 March lion, I need to get the
 boy's spring coat already.

Jody is playing with his toys on the couch and coffee table while he sits on the floor. In particular, he plays with: two of the 2010 Marvel Heroes McDonald's set (likely The Thing and Captain America), a Bratz Sasha Strut It! Wave 1 doll with a black boss girl bohemian vibe, and a Pedro Martinez NY Mets MLB Series 13 McFarlane Sportspicks figure.

There is a closet in this apartment.

And a living room area and hallways in fairly decent shape.
And two other doors.

There's also a wall of pictures. Many of a younger Kimberly with older people, including her mother (Nah-na), and other men and women who are likely to include her father and aunts and uncles and probably grandparents. A number of more recent photos include Nah-na and groups of older mostly black women, posing together in front of activities like Broadway shows. There is a cross amid the frames, and next to it, a picture of Kimberly in her confirmation dress, with Nah-na and her dead father's hands on her upper arms.

There's at least two photos of Jody, in one, he's building with blocks in front of Nah-na, smiling. In another, he's an infant or just past, and wearing a sailor suit, sitting on the lap of Kimberly, looking fairly similar to recently, and a male figure that the camera moves too quickly to make out.

Kimberly hovers over Jody playing on the ground.

KIMBERLY

(With a pleasant
voice)

Honey, listen, I'm so tired, I'm
gonna go lie down in Nah-na's room
and watch TV and maybe nap for a
bit.

(Noticing bit of
sourness on his
face)

And I don't want no complaints
about doing a game of Candyland. I
know I promised we'd do that after
the store, but we'll do it later,
I promise. You think anybody doing
anything for me when I want ever?

Turning, she walks into the other room, coughing.

The television has become blurry in images and sounds.

"The Boy in Union Theme Quiet Reprise" by DJ 1999 (or similar) begins.

Jody continues playing on floor, his little fingers lifting the figures to his eye-level at times.

A random commercial plays on the television, very faint touch on the moment, just light images of running children and soft sounds.

Jody keeps playing as time passes, and the moving shadows demonstrate the sun setting. He gets somewhat realistically violent with two of the toys, getting carried away. But then he essentially forgets and moves on to some other storyline in his head.

CUT TO

EXT. 1880 MANOR DR - MOMENTS LATER

It's started to get a bit dark outside; the sun hasn't set but its low in the sky and behind trees and buildings.

A POOR WHITE GUY is walking on the side of the road, seemingly homeless or crazy, but keeping to himself.

A car drives by, and a brief moment of "Murphy's Law" by YC the CYNIC (or similar smooth hip hop with grit) plays.

A NATIVE AMERICAN WOMAN wearing a trucker hat drives by in a tow-truck drives by the other way.

A group of HISPANIC AND WHITE TEEN GIRLS drive by in a jeep going the other way, and turns left.

There are some birds in the sky.

CUT TO

INT. NAH-NA'S APARTMENT - LATER

Jody is on the couch watching television.

The television has switched to Once Upon a Time s2e18, "Selfless, Brave and True" (or similar melodramatically fantastic. Could be part at beginning, where Pinocchio dude thinks he's turning into wood and doctor calls in for psych help, and part where Tamara, briefly known as Her, who has no equivalent in fairy tale world, looks at a big book that says Once Upon a Time, or part where Blue Fairy shows up and turns into little Pinocchio-looking boy.)

We're not watching the show so much as watching him as it. We just see images.

Jody's stomach growls, a tiny little boy growl.

A commercial for a horror movie comes on, "Oculus Commercial - 'Hello Again'" (or similar scary images). Jody watches with the same blank expression.

After it ends, his stomach growls again. Everything else is quiet. He climbs off the couch.

Once off couch, he seems pained by the pressure on his bladder that must have been building, and grabs himself there.

JODY
 (To no one in
 particular)
 Uh oh

SHARP CUT TO

Jody is in the bathroom room, standing on a booster, his pants around his ankles.

There seems to be strange shadows behind the shower curtains. Big, scary ones, ready to pounce. And as he looks up to the bathroom mirror, there seems to be a whole other room within it.

The toilet has a potty top on it. He pisses all over it, the little stream slashing little droplets.

As he comes out of the bathroom, there is a damp spot on the front of his pants.

CUT TO

Jody has been pushing and shaking Kimberly but she is not moving.

JODY
 (Continuing)
 Mommy. Wake up. Wake Mommy. Mommy
 wake. Mommy wake up. Wake up.
 Mommy you say you say you say
 Candala. Mommy wake up.
 (Talking to
 himself higher
 confused pitched)
 Why she not sleeping, why, not not
 sleeping? Later? Wake? Ah, she
 said later. Later now, sleeping.
 Not like not like not why she
 seeping?

From Jody's POV, we hold a stare at her for a good 15 seconds. Nothing is moving, though some light from the television shifts. The television has been playing "The Game," s5e19 Let Them Eat (Cup)cake! (or similar middlebrow

black television) right before a commercial. Then the commercials begin.

THE TELEVISION

Do you have bad credit?

(Pause)

Don't leave your family with one more thing that they need to think about while you're grieving...

(Pause)

After 12 to 18 months of technical school, you can make more money and feel better about yourself...

Jody stands there, his eyes glittering with the reflections.

JODY

(Deciding to act like none of the last few minutes has happened)

Mommy tired, mommy sleeping. Night mommy, sleeping mommy.

CUT TO

We revisit the living room but wholly committed to the POV of a three-year-old's height. We explore as he might with no aim. The television in the living room is playing some rich, mostly white people acting frightened and/or rotten, or at least slightly sinister, on the TV show "666 Park Avenue," pick an episode, maybe the "Jane Finds a Hidden Room" clip or something from sle13, (or something similarly haughty and quiet and at least a little off-putting, with jump-scare sounds that Jody does not react to.)

Wandering into the kitchen, still from the low POV, and looking up, with we see that the counters and appliances are so tall from here.

SHARP CUT TO

Jody is pulling hard on the fridge door but weighs nowhere near enough to budge it.

CUT TO

The open cabinet door showing nothing but cleaning supplies and tin cans on the bottom level. Jody is fishing through the trash and pulls out juice boxes and an empty milk carton. He squeezes the juice boxes with a harsh dry slurping sound, and drops it on the floor. He turns over the carton and shakes and nothing comes out.

CUT TO

Jody wanders back into the bedroom and climbs up into the bed and over his mother, who is dead and still.

After a beat, he hops back over her and grabs a Vaseline brand lotion off of the nightstand and pumps in, messily. He grabs his mother's hand and rubs the lotion in. He pumps out another glob into his hand and climbs back over the body. He rubs that lotion in his mother's face and neck.

The soft sounds from the television are from a law firm seeking plaintiffs, but the words can't be made out. He climbs back in the bed and over her. He's still wearing his little sneakers, whose dirty laces are double-knotted tightly.

Jody nuzzles into his mother as if nothing is wrong. His eyes close. The television casts dancing shadows on his face and the wall, where they grow long and spooky.

FADE TO BLACK

EXT. BLACK SCREEN - CONTINUOUS

A black screen.

IN THE FONT OF FRANKLIN GOTHIC (1902) A WHITE WORD APPEARS

"Day"

ADDITION OF NEXT WORD IN YELLOW IN SAME FONT

"Day Two"

"Freedom (Live)" by Richie Havens (or similar all-out soulful folk jam) begins

THE TELEVISION (V.O.)
(Enthusiastically
male)

And for a limited time only, if you get the full limited edition DVD set for the original legendary Woodstock festival, we'll also toss in great performances from not just Woodstock 94, but 99 too. With repeat performers like The Band, Santana, Joe Crocker and even Country Joe McDonald. But also new favorites including: Aerosmith, Creed, Limp Bizkit, Hole, Ice Cube and more. And don't

(MORE)

THE TELEVISION (cont'd)
forget Sheryl Crow.

INT. NAH-NA'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Jody is still in the beside his mother. A single fly circles. He opens his eyes.

Somewhere in the distance, a dog barks. And a car horn beeps and doors/trunks slam.

Jody sits up, drawing his shoulders in, physically not yet awake in his brain yet. After a moment, he climbs over his mother and out of the bed, tumbling a bit onto the floor with soft tired legs. He turns and pushes Kimberly's body a few times.

JODY
Mommy mommy. Wake up?

When she doesn't respond, he heads out of the bedroom. He stops in the bathroom.

CUT TO

He's seems to aim better with his peeing. He's already standing on the step, the shower curtain is pulled back, revealing just empty tile.

CUT TO

He wanders back out to the living room. The television is playing the morning news.

THE TELEVISION
(Female traffic
reporter-y)
... and that's right, Al, we don't have weather problems, but we do have a stalled vehicle on the entrance ramp to the George Washington Bridge, which is preventing a lot of people's dreams of having a smooth commute to work this morning from coming true. But I've heard they're working to address the situation and it should be fixed up before long. Meanwhile, the traffic we had earlier on the Garden State is looking like it's clearing up, at least near exit 123 through 120.

Jody stares blankly at the screen as the woman talks. He blinks a few times.

CUT TO

Airs billows out of a vent, pushing a tuft of dust across the floor.

CUT TO

Jody is on the floor playing with his toys. He has also taken out a game of Monopoly that was on the side table and has the cover off, and some of the pieces and money withdrawn.

The television blares blurry morning show sights and sounds, an upbeat hum and visual beat.

After a bit, Jody wanders back down the hall to see his mother. She is still where he left her and there are now two flies. They dissipate after Jody enters.

JODY

Hungry. Mommy. Mommy Jody hungry
food please thank you?

Kimberly's body lays in the bed unmoving. Jody picks up the lotion and begins rubs into her hands again, with a more concerned look on his face.

JODY

Jody hungry. Jody know. Jody
hungry. Wake up now mommy. Where
Nah-na? Jody hungry. Wake up mommy
momma.

The television in the bedroom is still on, and becomes more noticeable. It's playing a documentary about civil rights or something like that. "I Know It Was the Blood" by Rev. James Cleveland (or similarly uplifting gospel.) It becomes louder.

Jody expands the amount of lotion he uses and area he covers and mess he makes.

THE VOICE (V.O.)

(Quietly, angrily)

Aren't you hungry?

Jody stops rubbing the lotion into her. He leaves her again.

CUT TO

The television in the living room is still morning show sounds, but now it becomes a bit more noticeable.

THE TELEVISION

(Female/male
morning show host
voice)

And now, a special performance by someone who's really burst on the scene here, and I'm sure we're going to be hearing his name for a long time, Milo. And I'm seeing here it may soon be aka Scallops Hotel, whatever that means. Any way, he's performing a song from his upcoming album Things That Happen, say hello to Milo everyone...

Pick someone and something else, maybe made-up, if needed, or "Folk-Metaphysics" by Milo (or similarly thoughtful hip-hop.)

Jody goes to open the front door. It doesn't work. He tries again. And then he tries again. Finally, he fumbles with the lock above the knob and it makes a clunky-clinky sound. He tries again, and the knob turns and the door moves slightly but pulls back, pulling his little body with it. He looks up and the chain-lock is so high.

He turns and pulls a few more times, better bracing himself for the chain's hard stop to his effort, but always hitting it. He looks up at the chain one last time.

Standing back from the door, Jody hears a dog and then voices in the hallway but they've moved on before he can process.

Air billows out of another vent and Jody begins to look a bit moist.

THE VOICE (V.O.)

(In hushed tones
in cadence with
the air)

Hotter and hotter

Jody heads back to the kitchen and tries squeezing some more juice out of the crushed juice boxes on the kitchen floor.

He finds a banana peel and tries to eat it. A disgusting look fills his face as he chews it out of his mouth and drops the peel. He digs further through the garbage to no

avail. He grabs cans, looks at them and drops them on the floor.

He sits on the floor.

CUT TO

INT. REHAB WING OF OVERLOOK MEDICAL CENTER - DAY

The big sign says Pathways Rehabilitation at the Overlook Medical Center, Union Campus. The hallways seem a bit cleaner than they should be in this part of the hospital. Folk-Metaphysics fades out within the first few seconds of the scene.

NAH-NA, a stubborn older black woman, who is Kimberly's mother and Jody's grandmother, is laying in a gurney behind a curtain in a sizable room, with enough room for eight beds, though only set up for six, only three of which are in use.

Kimberly is standing beside her, with Jody sitting by her feet. He's picking at the white sheets, fluffing them up and then smooshing the little tents down.

The ambient sounds of the rehab center are specific: individual beeps, and machine chuffs, and different voices, the clattering and dings of metal crashing into other metal and hard things crashing into metal. The Boy in Union Theme noises also percolate softly underneath.

NAH-NA

(Mid-conversation)

Not that I mind doing it. I know I need to do it to get better. They just don't need to be so mean about it. Well, I'll just be mean right back, that's what I tell them.

KIMBERLY

It's their jobs, mom, you know that, why do you

(To Jody)

Stay away from Nah-na's legs, Jody, we don't want her in here any longer than she needs to be.

NAH-NA

I just don't know why he wouldn't know what to do with himself. Ain't got to worry about picking the wrong water fountain, we fixed

(MORE)

NAH-NA (cont'd)
 that. Imagine knowing the color of
 your own skin before you could
 read about it.

KIMBERLY
 He's a smart boy, mommy, like dad.
 I'll start him doing school early,
 too, like a white kid, it's not so
 hard. But you need to get strong
 again so you can watch him now so
 I can make the money to afford it.

Jody, who is trying to keep his hands to himself, sees a
 cross on the wall behind his Nah-na. Jesus looks terrified.

NAH-NA
 I would just leave you alone at
 that age.

KIMBERLY
 He's three mom.

NAH-NA
 Maybe not yet. Soon though.
 (Pointing)
 Hand me that now.

Kimberly takes a cup of white pudding and a spoon from the
 well picked-over dinner tray and hands them to her mother.

By the nurses station, a MALE NURSE is standing with a
 guitar, playing it, effortlessly, so comfortably and
 pleasant. He starts to sign too, and it's a cover of
 "Rambling Round" by Woody Guthrie (or similar folk
 singalong-type cadence.) He can start over if needed to fill
 time, but the sound will be quiet in the next room.

KIMBERLY
 You are walking, though?

NAH-NA
 (Scraping the bits
 of last pudding
 from the side of
 the cup with her
 spoon)
 Oh, Nah-na's walking just fine,
 the new hip and knee are fitting
 fine. They just say I can't do it
 too much at first, and it will
 take a lot longer if I don't
 follow their schedule.
 (To Jody)
 (MORE)

NAH-NA (cont'd)

Remember when you had to learn to walk, Jody? Better at that than the talking, right?

KIMBERLY

He's a talking if he has something to say.

(To Jody)

Say hi, Jody.

Jody smiles bashfully. He's too shy to speak with them both staring at him expectantly.

Nah-na smiles at him and waves with flittering fingers.

JODY

(Quietly)

Hi Nah-na. Hi mommy.

NAH-NA

(To Kimberly)

Very nice. He's still a dumb lazy little baby, though. I can tell.

KIMBERLY

You used to say that about, ma'am.

NAH-NA

(Nastily)

I'm don't want to talk about that.

KIMBERLY

Not saying you're wrong, mommy, not saying you're wrong. He'll be less dumb here than Brooklyn, though.

NAH-NA

That's fo' sho' . He doesn't have any little friends he misses?

KIMBERLY

Just the one really, this Stephen boy, he been talking about him a bit but the kid's mom was telling me in an email Stephen ain't even mentioning Jody. I was trying get some toys back from them that Jody left there.

JODY
 (No longer really
 paying attention,
 to no one in
 particular)

Fo' sho'

The other two laugh.

JODY
 What mommy? What Nah-na?

NAH-NA
 Dumb enough to be from both of
 you, I tell you that.

(Pausing)

You talk to your cousin Libby? I
 know you're not doing anything as
 illustrious as street cleaning out
 here but I'd hate for you to lose
 your job so soon because you can't
 show up.

KIMBERLY
 You know she's a bitch.

NAH-NA
 Kimberly Ana Maria Workman

KIMBERLY
 Well, she is, wouldn't text me
 back until I mentioned her mom.
 Like she didn't have your potato
 salad, and get the recipe; it
 doesn't matter, though, I don't
 care if she can be bother, I found
 a daycare that Sara Gottlieb at
 work recommend because she works
 there sometimes when doesn't have
 a shift and they have someone call
 out.

NAH-NA
 Who? Kimberly, I better not being
 hearing from my sister.

KIMBERLY
 (Standing and
 scooping up Jody)

You won't.

(Leaving down to
 kiss her on the
 forehead)

You worry too much.

(MORE)

KIMBERLY (cont'd)

(After a beat)

The heating bill is overdue,
should I send a check?

NAH-NA

From my book? Sure, go ahead dear.
I'll see you soon. Promise we'll
play XXX next time? We can teach
the boy.

KIMBERLY

Sure mom. Of course mom. Next
time.

Jody sees another family, an ASIAN FAMILY, around another
gurney, talking. They seem happy and normal.

FADE TO WHITE

INT. NAH-NA'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

FADE IN

The white of the bathroom tile pans up to show little black
legs hovering above the potty step, which has been pulled
over to the sink. Jody's head is under the faucet, glugging
water. It's running all his face as well.

The toothpaste tube seems to be squeezed out, and it's hard
to notice, but a bit of it are smeared on his shirt.

On the counter, Kimberly's phone vibrates. "Not Tonight
(feat. Da Brat, Left Eye, Missy Eliot, and Angie Martinez
(Remix)" by Lil' Kim (or similar funky girl party music)
acts as Kimberly's ringtone.

It comes on several times.

One of the times, Jody appears, and tries to answer the
phone. It doesn't work, but he starts babbling anyway.

JODY

(In a higher
pitched tone)

Hi hi hi hi hi hi. Hi? Nah-na?
Jody? Hi?

He gives up.

The general silence returns. The vent blows some more air
out. A commercial for Kingdom Hearts HD 1.5 Remix game for

PlayStation 3 (or similar light fighting evil-themed) comes on the television outside of our focus. After a minute, the phone dings. The song "Not Tonight" restarts.

Jody returns to kitchen, tries to open everything. The fridge, the cabinets, things he finds in cabinets. He carries out a bag of sugar and sits on the floor with it. Eventually he gets it open and scoops in some handfuls. He chews it with his whole mouth and jaw.

He returns to pulling on the fridge. Eventually, he needs to give up again. He's hot and not getting anywhere. He eats some more sugar.

CUT TO

EXT. HOLLYWOOD CEMETERY - AFTERNOON

Kimberly is pushing a stroller through the cemetery.

It's empty except for a few GRAVE DIGGERS, next to a mound of dirt and a small yellow machine digging.

KIMBERLY

I *think* it's a short-cut, Jody.
But I don't know

An OLD MAN IN A HAT is walking at short distance away, in a different direction.

Kimberly keeps pushing, the wheels of the stroller rolling round and round against the paved path. The sounds of the highway becomes more noticeable.

CUT TO

On the other side of the cemetery, there's a florist, Heavenly Deli, a modern-looking church, and Angels Hair Braiding. Also, the Ambassador Fish and Chicken.

OFFICER PINK

Ma'am, you can't just be walking there unless you have business.

KIMBERLY

I'm sorry officer. I'm just new here.

OFFICER PINK

Where you say you're staying?

KIMBERLY

Oh, just with my mom, she's been here a while.

INT. 1880 MANOR DR - EVENING

The stairs of the building are mostly empty.

The inside of the unit is smaller than it feels in the apartment.

There are also other units in attached buildings. Each of those buildings is small. There is some foot traffic in some of them, but no one specific.

WIPE TO

EXT. 1880 MANOR DR - CONTINUOUS

Exiting the doors of one of the other units, the camera travels the outside of the complex, noticing a OLD MAN IN A GOLF CART traveling nearby, before reaching Nah-na's window and entering it.

INT. NAH-NA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Jody is watching a bug. He makes it change direction a few times before picking it up. He squeezes too tightly and it stops moving. He puts his finger to his lips. He makes a slight face but barely ready.

He notices a clump of dirt and tries to eat that. He needs to spit it and wipe it off his tongue with the back of his hand.

THE VOICE (V.O.)

Mmmmmmmmm

He watches the tiny ants starting to form a busy line on the kitchen ground leading in the direction of the banana peel.

EXT. 1880 MANOR DR - NIGHT

Outside is quiet, but there are racoons nosing around the garbage cans.

FADE TO BLACK

INT. NAH-NA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jody is lying on the couch, hugging Kimberly's coat pulled up over him.

The television flickers through an assortment of spooky televisions shows from 2013: Naked and Afraid, Your Pretty Face Is Going to Hell, Twisted, Sleepy Hollow, How to Live with Your Parents (for the Rest of Your Life), Hostages, Freakshow, Murder In... (French), the Haunted Hathaways, Ghost Mine, Deadtime Stories, The Crazy Ones (with Robin Williams), Bates Motel, Alien Dawn, Spookesville...

THE VOICE (V.O.)
 (Quietly, angrily)
 Yooooouuuuuuuu yooooouuuuuu youuuuuu

Jody pulls the coat over his head and curls his knees to his chest.

Some particularly spook scene continues on the television.

EXT. BLACK SCREEN - CONTINUOUS

FADE IN

IN THE FONT OF FRANKLIN GOTHIC (1902) A WHITE WORD APPEARS

Day

ADDITION OF NEXT WORD IN YELLOW IN SAME FONT

Day Three

FADE OUT

INT. NAH-NA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Jody is lying on his back on the ground, watching the television.

The newswoman is going over the lotto results.

He eyes the closet. It seems to glow from underneath.

There is a chair pushed up next to the front door, where there is actual light coming from under the door.

CUT TO

Jody is standing in front of the fridge again. He stares at it, then starts yanking again.

He has no luck. Then it starts to hum louder.

He goes over to the cans again and tries to pry them with his fingernails.

He has climbed up on the counter and is looking through drawers.

He finds a can opener, reaching for it, he tumbles to the ground with a hard thud.

His eyes open, he is alive. He takes the tool and tries to open the can. He has no further luck, but spends quite some time on it.

He ends up crying uncontrollably.

FADE TO WHITE

INT. BACKSEAT OF CAR - DAY

"Here in Your Car" by Hellogoodbye (or similar uplifting bittersweet pop) starts to play on the car radio.

DAD, the shadowy figure, is still incredibly fuzzy in the front seat. Kimberly is the passenger's seat. They're speaking in low bassy Charlie Brown teacher voice, but in a real-person cadence.

Jody is in a car seat, listening. He has been crying - his cheeks have dark tracks of tears - but that was before. Now he is just listening.

DAD

(Discernibly)

...we go fast... We go fast. We go home.

They go on mumbling.

The music continues playing.

Jody looks out the window. He can see better than when he's older and without a car seat anymore, though he should still use one.

He sees some horses, in a field.

There are birds in the sky.

CUT TO

INT. UNION NJ RESIDENTIAL STREET - MORNING

Jody is sitting in the grass. The sun is shining on him. He's just kind of crawling around and playing. Standing up and falling over, etc.

A bird is pecking at the dirt. A female dog being walked squats to pee.

It is a little strip of grass, not really belonging to any property, next to neat but modest little houses.

Jody can't really hear but from a distance, a WHITE WOMAN is talking at Kimberly. Kimberly, who is talking on her cellphone with one hand loosely holding the stroller, shrugs. The White Woman makes shooing signals with her hands.

KIMBERLY

(Returning)

Ok ok, but you try making him do what he's supposed to do.

(To Jody)

Cmhere, Jody

He walks toward her but struggles against her when she tries to put him in the stroller. She grabs him roughly.

KIMBERLY

Aint no use complaining. I don't know how many times I got to say that, no use at all.

CUT TO

INT. NAH-NA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jody is guzzling more water from the sink.

He lies on the floor holding his stomach.

CUT TO

Jody is standing on the chair by the door, reaching, not coming close to the chain. He tries jumping and kicks the chair out from under him.

He is on the floor, crying.

CUT TO

Jody stands in front of the bed.

Jody notices the terrified Jesus on the cross on the wall above the bed. A fly flies by it.

THE VOICE (V.O.)

You know it. She's not waking up.
 You know it. She's not waking. You
 know it. Nooot waking up. You do
 it. She's not waking up. You do
 it. You know it. You do it. You do
 it up. You do it up. Do it up. Do
 it. Do it. Do it do it do it. Do
 it do it, do it do it do it....

The Voice speaks again.

THE VOICE (V.O.)

Wake wake wake wake wake wake wake
 wake wake wake up up up up up up
 up wake wake wake wake up up up

THE VOICE (V.O.)

no no no no no no no no no no

The television light is super bright, almost blindly.

THE TELEVISION

(Male voice)

It's true that we can't live
 forever. But we can live FUN-ever.

(Group of children
 cheering)

Yay!

THE VOICE (V.O.)

Yum yum yum tum yum yum yum yum
 yum yum yum tum yum yum yum yum

Jody collapses on the floor.

Something moves.

Jody doesn't care. He is in a ball, covering his head, at the foot of the bed.

A basketball game of some sort is playing on the television.

FADE TO BLACK

EXT. BLACK SCREEN - CONTINUOUS

FADE IN

Variation on The Boy in Union Theme (or similar eerie sounds.)

IN THE FONT OF FRANKLIN GOTHIC (1902) A WHITE WORD APPEARS

Day

ADDITION OF NEXT WORD IN YELLOW IN SAME FONT

Day Four

CUT TO

INT. NAH-NA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Loud banging on the front door to the apartment. Then more loud banging.

The door opens ever so slightly, letting in a blinding sliver of light, but the chain snaps it back rudely.

Jody stands in front of the door, wearing only a single sneaker. He just stares at it. The can of beans is on the hallway floor.

He is only wearing a single sneaker.

Jody looks at her, almost feral.

OFFICER PINK

Ah, cmon here, baby. What's going?
Is everything ok? Where are your
clothes?

COP

(From the other
room, shouting)
Fuck, there's a dead body in here.
A woman. Could be his mom. Good
lord, the smell, uh, I think we
need to just clear out of here
with him.

THE VOICE (V.O.)

(Shouting)
Baaaaaaddddddd

No one hears the Voice. The Cop returns to the room with a handkerchief to his nose.

COP

She's been dead for a while. It stinks like when a cat died in my boat. They don't pay us for this.

OFFICER PINK

Ah yeah? It smells bad? You don't say?

(To Jody)

Do you have some clothes? What's your name, son?

TIME PASSES

Other COPS mill about in the hallway, entering and exiting the apartment.

One remarks in confusion on Jody's gender (because he is so thinly).

He faces looks blankly at the vent.

FADE OUT.