

ACT 1:

DRONE FOOTAGE - DAY

We float above the abandoned industrial plant, littered with rusty metal refuse.

TITLE CARD: SUPERFUND SITE

Next to the abandon plant, is a NEIGHBORHOOD. A SHOPPING CENTER with a Winn-Dixie, cars, shoppers. A SCHOOL, yellow school busses, a football field.

A family car whizzes by, packed to the brim and towing a small trailer. The plates say: CALIFORNIA.

INT/EXT. JESSA'S CAR/NORTH FLORIDA, SUMMER 1998 - DAY

Inside are JESSA DAVIDSON (30s), African American, confident, top of her class, Ph.D. by age 27, and she did it all with a child, TIMOTHY DAVIDSON (now 10). He's the love of her life, and the only man she'll ever let treat her this badly. He's in the seat next to her. His arms crossed.

TIMOTHY

Florida sucks. It's all gross and swampy.

JESSA

You know who lives in swamps?
...ALLIGATORS.

Timothy's eyes widen. He WOULD like to see one of those. Jessa shapes her hand into an alligator and chomps on his belly until he smiles.

JESSA (CONT'D)

Chomp. Chomp. Chomp.

They turn into their new neighborhood. Past small single-story homes in various states of upkeep. Past the Winn-Dixie, and a shirtless man pushing a shopping cart down the street.

TIMOTHY

Mom? Are you fucking serious?

Jessa pulls the car into the driveway of one of these homes. A three-bedroom ranch-style house with recent landscaping.

A woman, who seems very much out of place, in a pink floral dress is sitting on the steps.

JESSA
(to Timothy)
Baby, you gotta drop that language.

TIMOTHY
Or what? You'll send me back to
California? FUCK, SHIT, CUNT--

JESSA
HEY.

The woman on the porch, overhearing, looks nervous.

JESSA (CONT'D)
I'm never sending you back. I'm
keeping you.

Jessa affectionately tries to grab him, but he gets out of
the car. Slams the door.

EXT. JESSA HOUSE - DAY

The lady on the porch is SUSAN BAKER (late 20s), Realtor.

SUSAN
Well, hello young man, you must be
Timothy.

Timothy ignores her. Across the street he notices TWO KIDS in
playing their yard. One, a boy his age, looks up at him.

JESSA
Hi Susan, thank you so much for
being here.

Susan holds up a set up keys. Jessa smiles, grabs them. She
unlocks the door to her new house.

INT. JESSA'S HOUSE - DAY

Inside is clean, remodeled. The steam-cleaner's tracks still
fresh on the carpet.

JESSA
(proudly)
Our first real house.

TIMOTHY
It smells like shit.

JESSA
TIMMY.

Jessa wrinkles her nose up too, frowning. Susan heads for the window-mounted AC unit.

SUSAN

That's just Florida, Honey. Get some air in here, it'll be right as rain. Or a hurricane.

Susan giggles and switches on the AC.

CLOSE ON: A sea of tiny airborne particulate flying out.

JESSA

Timmy, get the cots out of the back, please.
(to Susan)
We don't get our furniture until Tuesday.

TIMOTHY

You do it.

Jessa rolls her eyes, and Susan takes her cue.

SUSAN

Well, y'all call me if you need anything.

At the door Susan pauses, noticing some mail stuck in the mail slot. She swoops in and grabs a white and blue envelope. Turns, nervously, back to Jessa.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

For the previous owners.

She hurries out. Jessa watches as the tiny realtor jumps into a giant monster pick-up truck across the street. As the truck pulls away we follow Jessa's gaze to the kids across the street.

JESSA

Timmy, there's a boy across the street. Looks your age.

===== MORE UPON REQUEST =====