

TO DIE ALONE

Written by

Davin Intsiful

30A Manor Court
New Brunswick, NJ 08901
609-240-1969
Davin.intsiful@gmail.com

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT./EXT. HONDA ACCORD/STREETS/SHOPPES - DAY

ROXANNA DIAZ aka ROXY, female, 30, cruises down the streets in her comfortable Honda Accord, windows down, sun glasses on, and the feel good music on the radio turned up.

ROXY (V.O.)

Oh God. I cannot wait until this week is over. Another day of work and hard decisions.

She observes a McDonalds up ahead.

ROXY (V.O.)

Do I go for an omelette or McDouble sandwich?

She pulls into the drive thru.

ROXY (V.O.)

First come first serve. The McDouble it is. I only work off instincts. Plus on my diet, I feel I would get more nutrients out of it. I'm my own nutritionist.

INT. HONDA ACCORD - MOMENTS LATER

Roxy sits parked in the fast food lot, indulging in the fat and grease of her sandwich. Car still running.

ROXY

This was so worth it.

BEEP. BEEP.

ROXY (CONT'D)

What the hell was that?

Dashboard displays OIL CHANGE and MAINTENANCE needed.

ROXY (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ. Really Honda? I've only leased you for the last 6 months! I've only put, like --

She looks at the mileage and winces.

ROXY (CONT'D)
30,000 miles on. Shit, I don't care
if it's 3 times over the average
limit, you can do better. The
dealership is going to kill me!

She's pissed off. Finishes her sandwich in an aggressive manner.

Stuffed, Roxy reclines her seat back to relax and let's her food digest. She reaches into the McDonalds bag for napkins. There aren't any.

ROXY (CONT'D)
Are you kidding me?

She looks around, then wipes her greasy hands on the passenger seat, leaving smudges of grease.

Through the window, she notices a Wal-Mart across the street. She straightens her seat back up and leaves the McDonalds.

INT. WAL-MART - DAY

Typical mega discount store filled with aimless shoppers. Roxy walks through the cleaning aisle.

ROXY (V.O.)
See people, at Wal-Mart you have to
be strategic. I only came in here
for one item. The secret is don't
look around -- keep your eyes on
the mission ahead.

Roxy sarcastically smiles at passing CUSTOMERS.

She discretely opens a hand sanitizer off the shelf and rubs the product all over hand.

She puts the bottle back on the shelf.

ROXY (V.O.)
I have no problem using the items
on the shelf. It's called sampling.
It's not a crime.

Roxy looks at the shelved items as she continues down the aisle.

ROXY (V.O.)

This is not the type of place you just walk out empty handed. This is one of Satan's domains. Temptation is at it's highest peak, the more you let your feet and eyes wander the more you buy.

She ogles more merchandise, eyes glistening.

ROXY (V.O.)

I'm starting to get weak. I just need...

She stops.

ROXY

NO FREAKIN' WAY! This can't be real.

Several customers in the aisle glance in her direction.

ROXY (CONT'D)

Gain detergent has a new Island Fresh scent?

(sarcastic)

Bumbaclot (Jamaican curse word).

She takes the detergent off the shelf, opens the lid.

Roxy takes a strong whiff of the aroma.

ROXY (CONT'D)

One word, orgasmic.

An OLD WOMAN admiring her enthusiasm leans in.

OLD WOMAN

You mind if I get a quick sniff?

Roxy brings the Gain bottle closer to the Old Woman's nose.

OLD WOMAN (CONT'D)

(yelling)

Rassclaat! (Jamaican curse word).

Roxy raises eyebrow.

ROXY

Hmm mm. Exactly.

She closes the cap and grabs two more bottles off the shelves.

ROXY (V.O.)
 Don't follow me people. I give you
 advice to show you what not to do.

INT. WAL-MART - CHECKOUT - LATER

Roxy rolls a shopping cart full of items (toothbrushes, paper towels, bunch of Gain Island Fresh scent detergents, etc.) towards the register. The lines are outstretched and aggravating by the slow process of disgruntled EMPLOYEES ringing up items.

Roxy looks for an opening at the other registers. It's a no go.

ROXY (V.O.)
 Jesus. Don't people work anymore?
 Thanks for the decreased employment
 rate, America.

She spots the self check out. No line, it's clear.

ROXY (V.O.)
 Ehh not my style. No.

Roxy scans the registers again.

The 12 items or less register just opened up by a YOUNG MALE employee, name tag inscribed NELSON. The real life typical nerd caricature of glasses, braces, multiple hours of watching porn and playing video games.

Roxy looks at her shopping cart. She knows it's more than 12 items, but she's willing to risk losing her spot in line if it doesn't workout. She's on the move.

Roxy starts placing her items on the conveyor belt. Nelson observes her shopping cart, stares in reaction.

NELSON
 I'm sorry ma'am, but you can't be
 in this line.

Roxy continues to place items.

ROXY
 (sincere)
 Please, I have to pee! I can't hold
 it anymore. Just ring me up,
 please.

Nelson stops the conveyor belt.

NELSON

Ma'am. You will have to leave and go to another line.

ROXY (V.O.)

This little shit. He wants to go that route, huh?

Customers in line start to get aggravated.

CUSTOMER 1

Come on, lady. I got kids to feed.

ROXY

(to Nelson)

Listen you little creep. You told me to come to this register and you'd give me a discount if I let you grab one of my tits. All I asked was for assistance. I am not one to pass up a deal.

NELSON

What? Lady are you crazy?

CUSTOMER 2

You are sick. Where's your manager young man?

ROXY

(emotional)

I feel so violated... and used!

NELSON

No. It's okay.

Nelson turns the conveyor belt back on and rings up her items with urgency. Roxy grabs a pack of GUM and tosses it on the counter.

ROXY

(innocently)

Impulse purchase.

She takes a credit card out of her bra to pay and a few crumpled bills fly out.

ROXY (CONT'D)

See Nelson, you could have had the other one --

(grabs boob)

But you play too much.

Nelson hands her the receipt, Roxy exits register.

She pushes her cart casually toward the door, takes out her sunglasses and puts them on.

ROXY (V.O.)
Precision planning, people.

EXT. WAL-MART - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Roxy pushes her cart of items towards her car.

Takes a deep breath of satisfaction through her nose.

Arrives at her car, starts placing items in the trunk.

Old Woman from earlier closes in on her from a distance, her shopping cart full of Gain Island Fresh Scent detergent.

OLD WOMAN
You changed my life. This will help
me get that strong weed smell out
of my clothes!

Roxy looks at her confused.

OLD WOMAN (CONT'D)
(whispers)
Don't look so shocked dear. It
helps me sleep.

ROXY
Not shocked at all. Shit, I was
wondering who is your connect and
when can we meet?

Old woman writes her name and number on a receipt, hands it to Roxy.

Roxy places the paper in her bra. Old Woman walks away.

Cell phone starts ringing. It's her boss, PHILIP SCHWARTZ, 50, Jewish, and usually ill-tempered.

Roxy answers.

ROXY (CONT'D)
Hello?

PHILIP (V.O.)
Hey Roxy, just seeing how your
vacation is going?

ROXY
Vacation?

PHILIP (V.O.)

I figured since you've been on a lunch break for 2 hours you're either on vacation or takin' a shit. Which one is it?

ROXY

Oh my god, it's been 2 hours? After I ate at McDonalds I had to use the bathroom and they ran out of toilet paper, which turned into a whole debacle. I had to use...

PHILIP (V.O.)

Meschugena (Hebrew for crazy woman). Just stop. Get your ass back here.

ROXY

Yes sir.

PHILIP (V.O.)

Hey.

ROXY

Yes?

PHILIP (V.O.)

Wash your hands before you come back.

ROXY

Gotcha.

Roxy gets in her car.

INT. SCHWARTZ AND ASSOCIATES LAW FIRM - DAY

Roxy walks into the office, a little disheveled from being in a rush.

She passes the SECRETARY, gives a sarcastic smile and wave.

SECRETARY

Oh Roxy, I have something for you.

ROXY

Really?

Walks back to the secretary's desk.

SECRETARY

Stick out your hands.

ROXY

Um. Okay.

Roxy sticks out her hands.

Secretary takes out a bottle of hand sanitizer and splatters it on Roxy's hands like syrup.

ROXY (CONT'D)

Are you kidding me?

SECRETARY

(shrugs)

Boss's orders.

Annoyed, Roxy rubs her sanitizer-soaked hands together as she walks over to her desk.

ROXY (V.O.)

Hello world. I'm back. Let's get familiar. My name is Roxanna Diaz, aka Roxy. I am a single, 30 year old, quirky, curvy Afro-Latina, which means no real diet for me.

She shuffles papers around her desk.

ROXY (V.O.)

As you can see, I work for a small, cozy law firm out of Long Branch, New Jersey, owned by two Jewish guys. You've already met Philip from our phone interaction. I can't complain though, this was the first company to give me a chance to use my degree as a Paralegal. Not sure if it was my attitude that got me hired or my boobs.

She proudly plumps her bosoms.

ROXY (V.O.)

Either way it worked out. I've been here for about 6 years now.

The Secretary comes to stack more case loads on her desk. Roxy forces herself to smile, as if happy.

ROXY (V.O.)

Having a window is great. The view of the Jersey shore helps me cope with my bad decisions on a daily basis.

Starts typing on computer.

ROXY (V.O.)

I love to travel, eat, stay active,
and get aroused by the aroma
therapy of detergent. Sorry not
sorry. Call it what you want. It's
my taboo.

PHILIP stops by Roxy's desk. He's short, bald-headed, and
suited up with his tie undone. The top button of his shirt is
open, exposing curly chest hairs.

PHILIP

Who are you talking to?

ROXY

Sorry, I was probably thinking out
loud.

PHILIP

How's our case with Johnson vs. The
State.

ROXY

Did some research and I think the
Manslaughter charges can be reduced
to Heat of Passion.

Philip folds his arms.

PHILIP

How so?

ROXY

Well coming from a woman's
perspective, Johnson caught her
husband cheating, which lead her to
be enraged and lose self control,
to the point where she cut his
penis off. She didn't know he was
going to bleed to death. When
Johnson came to, she even tried to
staple it on, which also put her
husband in a state of shock from
the pain. She never wanted him to
die.

PHILIP

Ouch, staples. I can work with
that. Type up some notes. I gotta
get going. It's Friday and I have a
Jewish wedding to attend to on my
wife's side. I hate her family.

ROXY

You're going to wear your work suit
to the wedding?

PHILIP

So what? Shows how much I don't
care.

Roxy reaches for Philip's tie.

ROXY

At least let me fix your tie.

Philip immediately slaps her hand away.

PHILIP

Don't touch me. I know where you
were earlier. Now I have to
sanitize my hands.

Philip walks away.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

Don't forget you owe me an hour.
Enjoy your weekend.

Philip exits.

Roxy leans back in her chair and sighs. She peers at the
ocean waves through the window.

END ACT ONE