

TAKE ME LIFE

Written by

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EXT. CHURCH - DAY (1980'S)

In the distance, EARL ROSE, and ELLEN ROSE, both 30's stand. A MAN in a suit approaches Earl with a handshake.

MAN IN SUIT
(to Earl)
Pastor Earl...

GLADIS ROSE, 9, pink ribbons in her hair, wears a pink petticoat dress, and follows a grasshopper and chomps on a wade of gum. She catches it.

On a brick edge, she hovers over a heavysset woman wearing a large elegant decorative hat and accidentally drops the creature. It becomes tangled in the hat net -- it jumps on the woman's cleavage. She SCREAMS.

Another WOMAN helps remove the grasshopper.

Earl holds a stern face and stares at Gladis. He marches her way. She dashes the opposite direction.

Gladis stops and squints upward at the clock mounted at the top of the building. A loud bell DINGS.

Everyone stops in their tracks and dashes to the entrance.

Earl walks up behind Gladis and grabs her. She JUMPS. He looks down at her and squeezes her jaws. She spits out gum into his napkin. He yanks her along towards the church. She looks back at her mother Ellen who follows close behind.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Gladis stands in a corner.

Her bedroom door knob turns. She looks up wide-eyed. Earl enters with the same stern look.

EARL
You know Gods place is for worship.
What do you have to say for
yourself?

Gladis shrugs.

He strips his belt off like a sword, folds, and snaps it.

She jolts. He raises the belt. Gladis shuts her eyes.

SUPER: 25 YEARS LATER

INT. GLADIS' HOUSE - DAY (PRESENT DAY)

GLADIS, 30's, pretty, matter-of-factly stomps into the front door in distress. She throws her purse down and paces.

She stops at a family portrait on the wall, which displays herself, a man, little girl, and teenage boy. Her eyes angry.

Her reflection shows through the frame. She picks up a vase and throws it at the portrait. The glass shatters, but the frame and photo still hang, barely.

She turns. KELLY, 6, shown in the photo sits on the steps and stares back at her mother.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

Hip-hop music bounces off the wall. Bartenders and waitresses attend patrons. Single's and couples dance.

At a table, sits Gladis and her best friend DEENA, 30's, cute, loud, but a friend for life. They down a shot glasses, while squeezing lemons into their mouth.

DEENA

It's the same tired men here.

GLADIS

You never know. I'm open.

Gladis bobs her head to the beats.

DEENA

So what's up with you and Phillip?

GLADIS

We're more like roommates than anything. He still refuses to get a better job. Sits in front of the TV and drinks the entire weekend, while I work my ass off. How did this happen to me?

A man walks by and smiles at Gladis. She does the same.

DEENA

I'll tell you. You're supposed to find out a man's shoe, neck and penis size within forty-eight hours of meeting them.

GLADIS

Forty-eight hours? Hold on, neck?

DEENA

Girl, a man's neck size tells you so much... If it's at sixteen point three inches or under, he's more likely to please you mentally, sexually and stay faithful to you.

GLADIS

Where do you get this stuff? Anyways, back to me. I cook, clean. I'm like the man and the woman of the house. Phillip's basically my third kid. I might as well be sleeping with my non-existent brother.

Gladis sticks her finger in her mouth and makes a regurgitating noise.

DEENA

Same old shit, huh? Well at least you got a man to go home to. All I got is Vibrating-Tony. He's costing me spend like fifty dollars in batteries every month.

GLADIS

Ewww. Whatever. Don't you know the loneliest people in the world are married?

Gladis stares across the room.

GLADIS (CONT'D)

Look over there.

Deena turns and spots two handsome men sitting at a table staring at them with wide inviting grins.

GLADIS (CONT'D)

Let's go talk to them.

INT. GLADIS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Gladis stumbles through the front door. The TV's on.

PHILLIP, 30's, the man from the family portrait, quickly covers his exposed genitals with a blanket and hides a magazine of male models under a pillow. He grabs his beer.