

<Kinship>

an original screenplay by

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FADE IN:

EXT. UPTOWN STREETS - NIGHT

MUSIC UP.

Uptown Christmas card skyline. Calm, serene. The well lit low rise buildings illuminate the night.

Outside there's a large luminous three story plaza. Garnished with Christmas wreathes, large artificial snow flakes, and colorful flashing lights. Embellishing a traditional Christmas Town flavor.

CUT TO:

INT. MALL/PLAZA - NIGHT

Inside the plaza, store's display a commercialized Christmas. SIGNS everywhere, *There's Still Time! Get It Now!, Fifty , 60 and 70% off!*

CUT TO:

EXT. MALL/PLAZA - NIGHT

A gigantic Christmas tree seems to touch the heavens. The fluorescent lights shine brightly.

Below the tree, a gospel choir sings.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREETS - NIGHT

Downtown, not as pretty, the people not as happy. Traffic heavy. Winos, vagrants, and prostitutes bring the Christmas cheer.

On the street corner a TEENAGER sells stolen watches.

A luxury edition BMW pulls up to the curb. A PROSTITUTE wearing a skin tight red leather elf's suit, seductively STROLLS over to the BMW.

In front of a liquor store, a shabby DRUNKEN SANTA CLAUS harasses a YOUNG BLACK WOMAN.

CUT TO:

INT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

Two men in their late twenties, NICK CAMENS (27) and MARCUS ROBINSON (29), browse the hard liquor section.

Marcus picking through several bottles of liquor. Nick anxiously looks at his watch.

NICK

Marcus hurry the fuck up, you know they waiting on us to finish dinner!

MARCUS

All right , all right.

NICK

Come on man, you know I'm ready to partake in Christmas dinner.

Marcus turns to Nick, cutting his eyes sharply, the edges of his mouth curl. He CHUCKLES

MARCUS

Don't worry about it, I wanna eat, but I'm gonna get my drink on too

Marcus GRABS two bottles. The two men walk up front.

Marcus sits the bottles on a counter.

The CASHIER, behind bullet proof glass, scans the two bottles

CASHIER

Two bottles of Hennessy, will that be all sir.

Marcus smiles at Nick.

MARCUS

(sarcastically)

Yeah let me get some Crown for my partner. You know he's old school.

NICK

Fuck you!

Marcus burst out LAUGHING. The cashier slide a bag through a thin slot. Marcus bags the bottles. He and Nick exit the store.

CUT TO:

EXT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

Marcus takes two steps out the store.

BAM! He collides with the drunken Santa, knocks him to the ground.

MARCUS

Sorry.

Marcus and Nick help Santa on his feet.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

The Santa slowly nods Yes. He shamefully hides his face, keeps his head down.

Nick knocks the dirt of Santa's clothing, then suggests that Marcus do the same. Marcus, unwilling to comply just continues to watch Marcus.

Nick reaches in his pocket. Puts a folded piece of currency, places in the Santa's hand.

NICK

Merry Christmas.

Santa opens the currency, it's a crisp twenty. Still hiding his face, he hugs Nick and shakes Marcus hand.

SANTA

Bless you.

The Santa walks off.

A young fine, thick black woman, the same one Santa was harassing, exits a drug store.

Marcus peripheral catches her, He gets Nick's attention.

MARCUS

Nick go ahead and warm up the car,
I'll back in a second.

Nick sees the woman, he responds

NICK

Marcus fuck that DT, Lets go!

He blows Nick off. With a Ton of SWAGGER Marcus approaches the woman.

Nick checks his watch again, aggressively enters the car.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Nick mumbles

NICK

Damn, why does he always get me caught
up in his shit!

Spies the review-mirror. Sees Marcus and the young female.

With a players smile, she's very entertain, laughing and
giggling. Moments later Marcus approaches the car. Jumps
in victoriously WAVING a torn sheet of paper.

MARCUS

Pisszow! Got the digits boy.

NICK

Well just keep my name out your shit!
I didn't see nothing, and don't know
nothing.

Marcus RUBS the paper against his head.

MARCUS

Don't worry brother-in-law, I'm not
gonna make the same mistake like
last time and leave this number in
my phone. Anyway did you see the
body on baby. Real Booty and no
BBL!

NICK

So how old in this one?

MARCUS

Nineteen.

NICK

You know what, Krystal's a good woman.
Why?

Marcus THUMPS the sheet of paper.

MARCUS

Variety is the spice of life.

Nick glares at Marcus. Throws the car in drive, speeds
off.

As the car speeds down the street, the drunken Santa emerges
for a dark corner. He pulls out a cell phone. Taps the
screen to scrolls some pics.

As he moves forward, the street light catches a glimpse of
his face.

Average looking white male. One exception.

A four to five cm SCAR under his left eye.

He has stop scrolling. Stares at a picture.

*

It's Nick's wedding picture. DRAWS a BLACK X over Nick's face. He then converts his cell into a satellite phone to make a call.

CUT TO:

INT. RICHARDSON HOME, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Two women are cooking, fraternal twins. KELLI (27) pretty, slim, long black hair. Adds spices to the boiling water.

KRYSTAL, (27) sexy, slammin body, short neat hair cut. OBESELY CHOPPING vegetables.

She stops. WAVES a knife irately.

KRYSTAL

Where the hell are they! They know
we need that stuff to finish cooking!

Kelli backs away from her sister. Calmly removes the knife from Krystal's hand.

KELLI

You're right twin, but maybe we'll
give them a few more minutes before
we break out the pistols.

KRYSTAL

(smiling)

Girl you know how I can get sometimes.
But since this is the first time in
awhile we've been altogether, I just
want to make sure that this holiday
is special.

KELLI

Mmm-humm.

CUT TO:

INT. RICHARDSON HOME, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A doorbell RINGS. ANGELA, (34) older sister to Kelli and Krystal, is wrapping Christmas presents. She stops. Answers the door.

ANGELA

Who is it?

MARCUS (O.S.)
Hey its' backdoor Santa looking to
share some Christmas love!

Angela shakes her head, smiles. Opens the door. She stares intently at her watch.

ANGELA
So two hours to basically go down
the block to the store?

Nick cuts his eyes sharply at Marcus. Angela cuts her eyes at Marcus as well.

Marcus waves them off. He's holding a large brown bag of liquor. Reaches inside, pulls out a pocket size plastic bag. Stuffs it in his back pocket. Hands Angela the large bag of liquor.

MARCUS
Yep as usual, it's all my fault.
Well I'm ready to face the firing
squad tonight.

Marcus and Nick exit the living room. Slowly descend to the kitchen.

The downstairs bathroom door opens, out pops DEBBIE, a very cute 5 yr old girl, wearing pink PJ's, she greets the with a warm smile.

DEBBIE
Hey Uncle Nick, Uncle Mac.

Nick bends down to pick up the little girl. Tickles her earlobes. She giggles.

NICK
What's up Debbie, you ready for Santa?

Marcus takes Debbie from Nick. He kisses her on the cheek.

MARCUS
Hey cutie, you want to protect me
from your mean ole aunties?

Debbie giggling, nods and agrees.

Nick and Marcus enter the kitchen. Marcus still holding Debbi. Kelli disengages her conversation, spies the two men entering, looks at her watch, then acknowledges their presence.

KELLI
Hey looks who's here!

Krystal whirls around.

KRYSTAL

Where the F...

Her obscenity is halted. She sees the two men, along with Debbie. She greets them.

KRYSTAL (CONT'D)

Hey!

Marcus, still holding Debbie, reaches back and pulls a small plastic bag from his back pocket. He boastfully address Krystal.

MARCUS

Hey bae look who's feeling better.

Debbie waves.

DEBBIE

Hey Aunt Krystal, Aunt K.K.

KELLI

Hey honey, I'm glad you're feeling better.

Krystal takes Debbie. Gives her hugs and kisses. Debbie giggles

KRYSTAL

Yeah little momma come on and help us out.

Krystal cuts her eyes at Marcus.

Marcus hands Krystal the bag. She snatches it.

Kelli PINCHES Nick's arm, getting his attention. Nick stunned and in brief moment of pain, rubs the spot where Kelli touched.

KELLI

Nick let's go help Angie wrap the Christmas presents.

Nick, still comforting his arm, agrees.

NICK

Okay baby.

CUT TO:

INT. RICHARDSON HOME, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Kelli and Nick stop in the hallway. She starts questioning him.

KELLI

So where in the hell did the two of you go for two hours?

NICK

You know Marcus, I know Marcus and Krystal knows Marcus.

KELLI

And yeah I have a good idea what his trifling ass doing. The question is what where you doing?

Nick moves closer to Kelli.

NICK

Kelli stop all that fussing, you know I only got eyes for you.

Kelli pushes Nick away.

KELLI

That's what your mouth says. Marcus has bad habits. I trust you, but I just don't want his *habits* to rub off on you.

Nick GRABS Kelli by the waist. She momentarily resists. Nick pulls her closer.

NICK

You're right, but I'm my own man, making my own decisions, so you ain't got to worry about anybody influencing me.

Nick attempt to kiss her. She pushes away, keeping her lips from him. Now face to face, she places a finger on Nick's lips. Smiles seductively.

KELLI

Don't mess up a good thing.

Nick and Kelli kiss passionately.

CUT TO:

INT. RICHARDSON HOME, DINNING ROOM - NIGHT

Food steams from the table. Turkey, ham, corn on the cob, mac & cheese and cornbread are some are among the choices. Seven out of the ten chairs are occupied by family members. Kelli and Krystal set the table. A cell phone rings in the background.

Angela rises out of her seat, rushes out of the room to answer the phone.

CUT TO:

INT. RICHARDSON HOME, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Angela ANSWERS the phone.

ANGELA

Hello.

Seems startled by the voice on the other end.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Hold on, I'll get him.

CUT TO:

INT. RICHARDSON HOME, DOWNSTAIRS BATHROOM - NIGHT

MICHAEL RICHARDSON, (52) tall with a trimmed salt n pepper beard. WASHES his hands in a sink.

MICHAEL

Hey was that my phone? I'll be right out.

Mike Richardson looks for something to dry his hands, Paper towel roll empty, no hand towel in sight. His wet hands GRABS the slippery door knob,

CUT TO:

INT. RICHARDSON HOME, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Michael emerges for the bathroom, WAVING hands to dry them. Takes the phone from Angela. Walks towards a darken office. He is QUARRELING with a person on the other end, Closes the door to the office.

CUT TO:

INT. RICHARDSON HOME, DINNING ROOM - NIGHT

The men are hungry and restless. Two YOUNG BOYS (14) & (9) sneak samples of food.

Angela sees them, she scolds her husband, DAVID LOPEZ (36) Hispanic male, wanting him to stop their sons.

ANGELA

David Don't let those boys eat until everyone is here!

David TAPS the table.

DAVID

Boys you herd your momma, put that food down.

Boys stop immediately, retracting their arms. Marcus take a pinch of cake, tastes it.

MARCUS

Shit you can't be mad at them boys, I wanna eat too.

Nick leans back, rubs his stomach.

NICK

Come on, Big Daddy Mike won't mind if we break bread without him.

CLANG! Kelli drops the carving utensils on the table.

KELLI

Hell no!

KELLI SCOLDS the men.

KELLI (CONT'D)

Whenever you guys decide to spend hours sweating over a hot stove, we will let run this, until then we wait.

Mike Richardson enters the dinning room, agitated, upset , he speak harshly.

MICHAEL

You guys ain't eating yet?

Nick replies sarcastically.

NICK

See what I told you.

Kelli smacks Nick on the neck.

KELLI

No!

Kelli gently hooks her father's arm, calmly leads him to the head of the table.

KELLI (CONT'D)

Since Christmas Eve dinner is a family tradition, and this is your house, we just wanted to you to bless the food daddy.

Mike Richardson bows in head. Everyone holds hands and bow their heads.

MICHAEL

Lord thank you for the wonderful blessing you have given this family; Health, prosperity, happiness. Thank you for the abundance of food on the table and especially thank you for keeping our family healthy, strong and safe... Amen.

MARCUS

Lets' eat!

Mike Richardson carves the meat. The family passes platters of food. Everyone is talking, laughing and eating.

FADE OUT:

INT. RICHARDSON HOME, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The adult members gather by an enormous LIVE PINE CHRISTMAS TREE. The tree lots of lights, lots of presents.

Nick and Marcus stand by the bar making drinks.

David sits on the couch. Angela is between his legs.

Kelli and Krystal sit on the floor under the Christmas tree. They shake the Christmas presents, trying to guess what they are.

Mike Richardson standing over the fireplace mantel, he speaks.

MICHAEL

You know, I look at my girls and I'm so proud. I just wish that your mother was here to see this.

Beat.

Mike Richardson GAZES at the family portrait above the fireplace.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

To bad I can only see it once a year.

KELLI

Well daddy Christmas is the best
time for everybody to get together,
but next year , Nick and I want y'all
to come to Atlanta for Christmas.

Mike Richardson sips his drink. He sits down.

MICHAEL

You know I haven't been down south
in years.

Mike Richardson points to the Christmas tree.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

You see those boxes at the back of
the tree, take one for yourself and
give the other two to your sisters.

Kelli, excited grabs THREE RED AND GOLD BOXES and hands one
to Krystal and one to Angela.

Angela tears the corners of paper on her box.

Krystal rips the paper off hers to open the present.

Kelli carefully takes her time to open hers. She takes one
piece of tape off at a time.

Everyone stops and stares at Kelli and her extra behavior.
The room quite, Kelli notices all eyes are on her. She RIPS
the remaining paper off her present

Angela excited, opens hers first, pulls out the contents.
Kelli and Krystal follow.

ANGELA

Car keys?

MICHAEL

Yes those are keys to three Mercedes
AMG G 63 G Wagons.

All three women ambush Mike Richardson. Gigantic smiles on
their faces, give him a humongous HUG and appreciative KISSES.

ANGELA

Thank you!

Kelli the same as Angela.

KELLI

Love you daddy, but you shouldn't have. Nick was planning on buying me a new car for my birthday.

Michael Richardson smirks at Nick.

MICHAEL

Oh he was? Well Nick you can take that Hyundai money and buy Kelli a purse. And just enjoy the fact that I upgraded your wife and you didn't have to do a damn thing.

Nick glares at Michael Richardson, takes a big gulp of his Crown and Coke.

Krystal holds her father's hand tightly, she speaks.

KRYSTAL

Daddy you always give the best presents.

Michael Richardson smiles.

MICHAEL

Well those no amount of money that I wouldn't spend to make sure that my girls are happy.

He glances at his watch.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

And what's even better, they should be being delivered anytime now.

Krystal SQUEEZES her father's hand a little tighter, Turns to face the other family members, takes a deep breath.

KRYSTAL

I really appreciate the presents, amazing dinner, and seeing my kin, but I do have one more present.

Beat.

KRYSTAL (CONT'D)

I'm pregnant!

Kelli and Angela, excited, rub Krystal's stomach. Marcus Jumps up off the bar stool, gives all the men DAP.

MARCUS

Shit I'm gonna be a daddy!

ANGELA

Well my little sis is gonna be a
mommy

Kelli BEAMING, tears tickle down her cheeks. She speaks.

KELLI

I can't believe it, Twin done got
pregnant before me.

Everyone joins in on the celebration. Nick, Marcus, and David are toasting with champagne. The ladies laugh and giggle.

BEEP BEEP. Michael Richardson dashes to the window. He motions to the women

MICHAEL

Hey girls, come on outside.

Michael Richardson exits the mansion and to the driveway. In the driveway a tractor trailer carrying three Mercedes SUV's. The three women very excited, exit the mansion and they dart towards the tractor trailer.

FADE OUT:

INT. OFFICE - DAY

TITLE: Three months later.

Phones RINGS with great consistency. A multitude of CUBICLES dominate the work space. WORKERS BUSILY perform their jobs.

A set of workers, in well-tailored suits, walk through a double glass door. They wave. Then board an elevator.

Behind a large desk, an ASSISTANT, headset on, WAVES. Her phone RINGS. She answers.

ASSISTANT

Good morning, Vilade Marketing, hold
please.

Another ring. In control she taps a button.

ASSISTANT (CONT'D)

Vilade Marketing. Yes you want to
confirm your appointment on Friday
with Mrs. Camens.

She reaches for an appointment book. Turns two pages. Then back to the phone.

ASSISTANT (CONT'D)
Okay it's confirmed.

Another RING. Calmly she hits another button.

ASSISTANT (CONT'D)
Good morning Vilade Marketing, you
would like to speak to Kelli Camens,
may I ask whose calling. Hold please.

The assistant hits another button. BUZZING her boss.

CUT TO:

INT. KELLI'S OFFICE - DAY

Kelli reviews files on her desk. RING! She touches a button
on the phone. On speaker, a voice BELLOWS out.

ASSISTANT (O.S.)
Mrs. Camens.

KELLI
Yes.

ASSISTANT (O.S.)
You have a call on line two from
Jason Trash.

KELLI
Okay I'll take it.

The assistant transfers the call.

KELLI (CONT'D)
Hello Jason, how's it going?

JASON THRASH (O.S.)
(frantically)
I need your help! Sales were real
low this quarter!

KELLI
Well Jason we have a meeting today,
and the new project should be ready.

JASON THRASH (O.S.)
Perfect cause I really need some of
that Kelli Camens magic. Jobs are
on the line here!

KELLI
Don't worry Jason I got you covered.

Kelli disengages from the call. Walks towards her office window. Admires the downtown scenery.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE BOARDROOM - DAY

THREE MEN AND THREE WOMEN sit at a long conference table. They are tense. Kelli enters adding to the tension. Puts a briefcase on the table. Circle the table.

KELLI

Good morning everybody. I just assured the client that we had something mind blowing for him. So let's see it,

Two workers leave the table. They insert a disk into a audio visual player.

WORKER IN BLUE SUIT

Well here's our presentation.

Another worker turns off the lights.

A series of images are shown on the projection screen.

The show ends, lights come on.

Kelli walks to the front of the table.

KELLI

Good concept, but the product need to stand out more.

MALE WORKER

So you like the idea, but we need to highlight the product more.

KELLI

Exactly!

Kelli sits down, Rolls up her sleeves.

KELLI (CONT'D)

Now people let's get ready for a little overtime, cause it's time to pay the mortgages.

The workers groan and moan. Kelli opens her briefcase. Passes papers and documents to everyone.

FADE OUT:

INT. CAMENS HOME, DINNING ROOM - NIGHT

Nick laptop in front of him, chips on one side, and a cold beverage on the other. His is crunching numbers for the household budget.

RING! RING! RING! Nick answers his cellphone.

NICK

Hello.

No response, just dead air. Nick repeats

NICK (CONT'D)

Hello.

Still no response. Nick hangs up, seems frustrated by the call.

NICK (CONT'D)

Damn I wish whoever this is stop
playing, that's like the fifth call
this week.

The front door opens, it's Kelli, she enters the room, upbeat and jovial

KELLI

Hey sexy, I see you over there making
sure the lights on.

Nick peers from around his PC, he looks confused, addresses Kelli.

NICK

I see you're in a unusually good
mood, seeing that you just got out
of rush hour traffic.

Kelli puts away her coat , walks over to Nick and plants a wet kiss on his forehead. Moves towards the kitchen.

KELLI

Muah! It's not me, it that new car.
I mean that thing does everything
but prepare the in-flight meal. I
have got to thank daddy again, it's
probably one of the best presents
I've ever gotten!

Nick sits back, his confusion has turned to a look of contempt. He reaches for his beverage. Responds to Kelli.

NICK
Your best ever huh..Just like Big
Daddy Mike.

Takes a sip of his beverage. Lets out his frustration.

NICK (CONT'D)
He really knows how to send a message.

Kelli stops. Turns and address Nick.

KELLI
So what is this your talking about a
message?

Nick sits, back. Arms folded, address Kelli.

NICK
The same message your father has
been saying since we started dating.
That I have never been good enough
for you.

Kelli frustrated, throws arms in the air.

KELLI
Nick, don't...

Nick immediately cuts her off.

NICK
Nick nothing! Your father new I was
planning on getting you a new car,
but instead of just telling me I'm a
broke bastard, he showed me.

KELLI
And how was that?

NICK
By buying his girls the most expensive
SUV's on the market, and letting me
know that my pockets can never be
deep enough to match his, basically
to make me feel less than a man!

Kelli not as Jovial, exhales her frustration, takes a WOOSAH
moment.

KELLI
Nick I can't believe you. After
four years of marriage, six years of
dating, and a whole lotta shit in-
between, you still think like this.

NICK

Like what?

Kelli walks over, takes the seat next to him.

KELLI

That money means that much to me.

Nick much calmer, replies.

NICK

Well it does to your father and in his eyes, I'm an over-educated, underachieving, nobody.

Kelli rubs Nick's thigh gently, looks deeply into his eyes, she address Nick.

KELLI

Remember what you told me that night at the state fair.

NICK

I may not have a lot Kelli, but even if I'm down to my last \$20 dollars, then we are down to our last twenty dollars.

Still rubbing his thighs.

KELLI

The translation of that told me, As long as I'm up, you'll never be down.

Kelli giggles.

KELLI (CONT'D)

And I can tell you this now, when you told me that, I want to give you some right there in the middle of the Alameda County fair.

Nick is pleasantly surprised by her comment

NICK

For real?

Kelli squeezes his thigh, looks deeply into his eyes.

KELLI

Yes, when you're seventeen/eighteen years old, something like that is damn near a marriage proposal!

Beat.

She give Nick a seductively devilish smile.

KELLI (CONT'D)

But I couldn't let you know that. I
had to make you work for this virgin
kitty.

Nick laughing.

NICK

Yes you did!

Kelli stand up, moves around to the back of Nick's chair.
Begins to slowly massage the tension out of Nick's shoulders.
Bends over and whispers in his ear.

KELLI

You see that's why it's never been
about money with us. I can buy any
car or anything else I want. Money
can come and go, but to find a person
who truly understands you, who gets
you, it's priceless.

Kelli slowly backs away from Nick's chair. She blurts out

KELLI (CONT'D)

And not only are you the man, your
my man, and ain't nobody like you.

Beat.

KELLI (CONT'D)

Alexia, play KK's theme!

Rufus & Chaka Khan's Ain't No Body resonates the room.

Kelli starts a very playful, very seductive LIP-SYNC routine.

As she CAVORTS for Nick, excited, he grins from ear to ear.

The music, the lyrics have energized her. Now in front of
Nick , she PLOPS down on his lap and GRINDS.

Kelli RISES off Nick. Pulls him out of the chair, leads him
upstairs, continues the lip-sync and sensual dance routine.

FADE:

INT. CAMENS HOME, BEDROOM - NIGHT

MUSIC UP

The Bedroom dim, with only a few strategically lit candles
for illumination. Nick sits on a bed anticipating.

Kelli enters, WEARING A SEE-THROUGH GOWN. She STROLLS towards closer to the bed.

Nick stands, moves to Kelli. She turns her back to Nick. Nick puts his arms on her shoulders. DANGLES his fingers between the two straps, removes it slowly. The gown DROPS quickly to her feet. KISSES her neck seductively.

Kelli in bed, on her stomach. Nick slowly LICKS her back. Kelli ARCHES her back in pleasure.

Nick moves down her inner thigh. Kelli GRAPES her pillow tightly, then buries her face in the pillow. As Nick's motion and movement increases, she MOANS softly. Head pops up, eyes widen, then close in ecstasy. Body and head sway, then limp in satisfaction.

FADE:

INT. CAMENS HOME, KITCHEN - MORNING

Nick's wearing a wife-beater and black cotton boxers. He hears the stirring of pots, sizzling of meat. His nose lets him know breakfast is being prepared. He enters the kitchen.

NICK
Good morning!

Kelli wearing her comfy Snoopy tee shirt and snoopy slippers, stand over the stove stirring a pot of food,

KELLI
Morning.

He walks towards Kelli. Hugs her by the waist. Peeks over her shoulder. Sniffs deeply.

NICK
Shit it smells good in here!

He looks at the stove.

NICK (CONT'D)
I'm impressed, What a Cali girl like you know about shrimp n grits!

Still stirring, Kelli responds.

KELLI
Boy don't play with me, I may be part Latina, but just like most black folks, my dad has southern roots.

Kelli wiggles out of Nick's grip. Moves the pot of grits to the side. Turns to Nick.

KELLI (CONT'D)

And look at you, acting like you're
from Eastside of the Mississippi
River, you're just as much west coast
as me.

Nick laughs, he points to the wall, distracting her for a moment.

NICK

Hey, what's that over there!

Kelli turns her head to investigate. As she is distracted,
Nick quickly swipes a couple shrimp. Pops them in his mouth.

NICK (CONT'D)

Mmmmmm!

Kelli is annoyed by Nick's juvenile attempt. She covers the food.

KELLI

Um, good try, but please wait for
the entire breakfast.

Nick chuckles, smiles in agreement. A cell phone on the counter RINGS. Nick goes to answer it.

NICK

Hello.

INT. ROBINSON HOME, BEDROOM - MORNING

Krystal is pacing in her bedroom, Frantic she answers Nick.

KRYSTAL

Where's Kelli?

INTERCUT- PHONE CONVERSATION

Nick with a bit of sarcasm, responds

NICK

Good morning to you too.

Krystal, a bit more muted.

KRYSTAL

Sorry. Good morning Nick.

NICK

Now that's much better, I'll get
Kelli.

He hurriedly tasting the other piece of shrimp. Brings the phone to Kelli.

NICK (CONT'D)
(muttering)
It's for you.

KELLI
Who is it?

NICK
It's Krystal

Kelli reaches for the phone, engages Krystal

KELLI
Hey twin! What's up?

KRYSTAL
Everything!

KELLI
What's wrong?

Irate, Krystal's tone raises an octave. She sits down on her bed.

KRYSTAL
First of all my sorry ass husband!
You know I caught him in the bed
with some little ho!

KELLI
Un-un!

KRYSTAL
Oh hell yeah, and what's worse of
all, the bitch was only nineteen!

KELLI
So I know you kicked his sorry ass
up and down Frontier Rd!

KRYSTAL
Twin right now I'm more hurt than
mad, but I did throw him and his
shit out!

KELLI
So how are you feeling? You don't
need the extra stress.

KRYSTAL
I know, but at the point I guess it
just me managing things.

KELLI

Fuck that! I got hella vacy, PTO,
with the option to work remotely.
So you ain't in this by yourself,
just say the word and I'm out there.

KRYSTAL

Thanks Twin, I don't know what to
say.

Kelli smiles briefly.

KELLI

Just promise me that you will take
care of yourself.

KRYSTAL

Okay.

Krystal rises off her bed.

KRYSTAL

Hey I almost forgot, have you heard
from daddy.

KELLI

No.

KRYSTAL

Well call him today, he's been acting
real funny lately.

KELLI

Okay, I will.

Krystal walks to a dresser, gathering the daily necessities,
keys and her purse.

KRYSTAL

Well sis gotta go, but thanks for
listening.

KELLI

No problem, bye.

END - INTERCUT

INT. CAMENS HOME, KITCHEN - MORNING

Kelli ends her conversation. Nick, now eating a full plate
of breakfast, approaches her,

NICK

What's up with Krystal.

Kelli frustrated, SHAKES her head at Nick.

KELLI
That cheating ass husband of hers!
She caught him with some 19 yr old
girl!

Approaches Kelli

NICK
Damn! So what's her next step?

KELLI
Well so far she did put his ass out.

Nick sets his plate down, Grabs his wife's hand.

NICK
Good for her.

He pulls her closer, holding her tightly, gives a devilish grin.

NICK (CONT'D)
So are we still on for tonight?

Kelli's baffled.

KELLI
Tonight?

Nick release his hold, imitates some dance moves.

NICK
Yeah, remember the club tonight?

Kelli happily agrees.

KELLI
I don't see why not.

Nick, with an ever larger devilish grin, pops her on the butt. Exits the kitchen.

Kelli admonishes Nick's attention. Responds.

KELLI (CONT'D)
I know you can't resist all this
thickness!

Nick's laughter can be heard in the background.

Kelli shakes her head, she smiles briefly. Proceeds to make a call from her cell phone.

She waits as the phone rings, rings, rings. Someone has just picked up.

KELLI (CONT'D)
Hey daddy! How are you doing?

CUT TO:

INT. RICHARDSON HOME, LIVING ROOM / INT. CAMENS HOME,
KITCHEN - MORNING

Mike Richardson sits on expensive white leather sofa. Legs crossed. Releases a deep breath / Kelli pours a cup of coffee, pulls it to her nose, as she enjoys the freshly brewed aroma.

MICHAEL
I'm doing all right.

KELLI
So I guess you're too busy to call
your girls.

Mike Richardson uncrosses his legs. Leans forward, picks up a pen, TAPS it on the coffee table.

MICHAEL
So I see you talked to Krystal.

KELLI
Yep, she called me ranting and raving
this morning.

She sips some coffee.

Mike Richardson agitated, answers harshly.

MICHAEL
Well I've been busy lately.

Mike Richardson' tone has Kelli shook- up.

KELLI
I see..

Mike Richardson's eyes PEEK upwards.

MICHAEL
Kelli I don't mean to cut our
conversation short, but I got things
to do today.

Kelli worried and troubled, responds.

KELLI

Sure, but daddy if you need someone
to talk to, my ears are always open.

MICHAEL

I know baby.

END-SPLITSCREEN.

INT. RICHARDSON HOME, LIVING ROOM - MORNING

A hand takes the cell phone from Mike Richardson. In front
of him a SMILING MAN CLAPS his hands. TWO GUNMEN, on his
left and his right smile. They grip their guns tighter.

SARCASTIC THUG

Well , well, such family love warms
my heart. But Mr. Arcadia needs to
see you.

Mike Richardson gets out of his chair.

MICHAEL

Well let me get a couple of things
before I go.

The sarcastic man holds his hand out, immediately stopping
Mike Richardson.

SARCASTIC THUG

No! Mr. Arcadia wants to see you
now, no bullshitting!

Mike Richardson's chin drops, he complies, follows the three
men.

CUT TO:

INT. ARCADIA HOME, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Mike Richardson is escorted to a sunken living room.

FRANK ARCADIA, a very dapper early fifties Italian man is
above making cappuccinos. His back is turned, acknowledges
Mike Richardson presence. The sarcastic man motions for
Mike to sit.

Arcadia turns to face Mike Richardson, holds two freshly
made cappuccinos in his hands. Under his left eye a 3 to 4
cm scar. He walks down, sits next to Mike Richardson in a
custom made chair. He speaks.

FRANK

Good morning Michael, have cappuccino
with me.

Offers Mike Richardson a cappuccino. Mike refuses.

MICHAEL

No thanks.

Arcadia moves the cup closer, places it at eye level to Mike Richardson.

FRANK

When will you learn, I don't except
no. Where's your etiquette, your
decorum.

Mike Richardson grabs the cup.

MICHAEL

If that's what you want, then give
me the damn thing!

Frank CHUCKLES briefly. Takes a sip of his cappuccino.

FRANK

No Mike, it's not what I want! But
I do expect is loyalty.

Franks takes another sip, Relines in his chair.

FRANK (CONT'D)

You know since our Christmas Eve
conversation, we have a big problem
that requires a solution.

Mike Richardson sits the cup down, WRENCHES his hands. Sits
attentively in his chair.

MICHAEL

(skittish)

What are you talking about?

FRANK

Well it's common knowledge that you've
been talking to the Feds.

Mike Richardson, voice shaky, answers naively.

MICHAEL

The Feds?

Arcadia is irate.

FRANK

Yes motherfucker, the Feds! I've
had you watched for the past 6 months.
I know the Feds are looking at your
financial records.

MICHAEL

Well yes the Feds have approached me, but they found nothing, and I've said nothing.

FRANK

Well it's only a matter of time before they do.

Mike Richardson pleads with Arcadia.

MICHAEL

Frank you know I won't talk.

FRANK

I know you won't!

Arcadia snaps his finger, A MAN enters. TALL and HUSKY, with a face only his mother could love.

He hands Arcadia a half folded sheet of paper. Arcadia UNFOLDS it, reads it.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Angela and David Lopez, 3 kids, Debbie Lopez your only granddaughter, lives at 144 Domingo Dr. Sacramento, CA; Krystal and Marcus Robinson, she owns The Krystal Palace wellness Spa, pregnant with their first child, lives at 272 Frontier Rd Oakland, CA, and lets not forget about Kelli and Nick Camens, employed by Vilade Marketing, she's up for a promotion in 2 months, lives at 3712 Farrington Heights Marietta, GA.

Arcadia THROWS the paper at Mike Richardson's feet.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Now you see why you won't be talking to the fucking Feds!

Mike Richardson LEAPS out his seat. A henchman RACKS his gun and points it at Mike Richardson. Mike Richardson stands and stares at Arcadia. A henchmen GRABS his arm, FORCING him to sit.

MICHAEL

If you touch those girls!

Arcadia stands, MOVES towards Mike Richardson. Points his finger in his face.

FRANK

Or fucking what! And it's just not the girls; I won't hesitate to waste the men, women, and children too. So I own you! Talk and you'll want to cut your own tongue out!

Frank gestures to the henchmen.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Get his ass outta here!

Two henchmen grab Mike Richardson by the arm. His is escorted out of the house. Arcadia gives them a cold deadly stare; then walks away.

FADE:

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Nick and Kelli are dinning at a restaurant. She and Nick are engaged in conversation. Kelli is attempting to eat her food, but Nick is distracting her, causing much giggling and laughter.

He seems very animated, as his distractions force Kelli to put her utensils down.

KELLI

(giggling)

Stop you're going to make me choke.

Nick replies.

NICK

No for real, it probably crazy ass cousin LeRoy.

KELLI

You mean La`Roy? Umm he's in jail and why would he be calling you?

NICK

Duh.., he's in jail, needs some money on his books. Plus who else would call and hang up?

KELLI

Naw it's probably one of your many work wives you've pissed off

Nick stops his antics. Sits back in his chair. He DRAGS her plate to the side.

NICK

Okay, that's all right if you don't believe me, but let's talk about something that's not so funny.

Kelli puzzled, sits attentively in her chair.

KELLI

What?

NICK

When are we going to start having kids?

Kelli SHAKES her head emphatically. THROWS her napkin on the table. Folds her arms, sighing with frustration.

KELLI

Here we go again.

Nick sincerely.

NICK

No for real, Krystal and Marcus are having a baby, so when are we going to start our family?

KELLI

Nick you know we talked about this already, it's not like I don't want kids, but it's not the right time.

Nick's confused.

NICK

The right time?

KELLI

Yes baby, due to recent event, like layoffs, early retirement, and covid it created some openings in upper management, plus I'm damn good at my what I do. So I'm going all out for one of those positions.

NICK

So what you're saying is that your career comes first.

KELLI

No, but I would have a great opportunity to exceed my career goals at 27.

Kelli stares passionately into Nick's eyes. She holds up two fingers.

KELLI (CONT'D)

And you know I already know I have two strikes against me. I'm black, and I'm a woman, and you know what the 3rd strike would be.

NICK

What?

She holds up a third finger.

KELLI

If I get pregnant I can forget it!

Nick leans back in chair, clasping his hands together.

NICK

So what your saying this is an opportunity that you have to take.

Kelli eyes have soften, she extends her hand out to Nick.

KELLI

Yes, and whether I win, loose, or draw, after this is over, I'll settle down and pop out a shit load of babies for you!

Nick grinning from ear to ear, takes Kelli's hand and caresses it in his.

NICK

You made your case, and I'll call a truce for now, but I did bring you hear for a reason.

Reaching into his pocket, removes a SMALL RECTANGULAR BOX. Placing it in front of Kelli.

Kelli's captivated and curious, opens the box. Pulls out a sparkling DIAMOND NECKLACE.

KELLI

It's beautiful!

Nick looks passionately into her eyes. She places the necklace around her neck.

NICK

I know it's not a luxurious SUV, but I think it compliments your eyes a much better.

Nick smiles brightly, TAPS Kelli on the leg.

NICK (CONT'D)

So you ready to be out tonight?

Kelli awe-struck, stares at her necklace. Raises her head and nods "yes".

Nick signals for the waiter to bring the check. The couple gather their things, preparing to leave.

CUT TO:

INT. CLUB - NIGHT

The DJ is BLASTING a steady Mix of Hip Hop and R&B. A dance floor is pack with party goers. On the floor everyone seems to be in sync with the beat of music, as they dance carefree and loose.

Upstairs Kelli and Nick are sitting at a table, reflecting on the club's vibe and the feverish dance rituals of it's patrons. Kelli is tapping her hands on the table in rhythm as her head and neck sway unconsciously. Nick is trying to order drinks.

NICK

Let me get a Crown and Coke, Kelli
what do you want?

KELLI

I'll have a pomegranate margarita.

Nick leans over the safety rail, peeking at the dance floor. It's still packed. His peripheral catches Kelli, she is now DANCING in her seat. He turns, reaches for her hand.

NICK

Let's dance.

Kelli grabs Nick's hand.

KELLI

Okay.

Nick leads Kelli downstairs, onto the dance floor, where he ekes out a small area for them to dance.

Nick picks up the beat effortlessly, as he seamlessly blends with all around him. Kelli tries to keep up, but she's not a seamless as him. Nick matches his wife's moves, to a point he mimics her off beat dancing, his antics has Kelli giggling uncontrollably.

Nick and Kelli dance a few more songs, Then return to their table.

KELLI (CONT'D)

Whew, that was fun!

Kelli, hot, thirsty, GULPS down her drink left on the table. Sets it next to two more empty glasses.

Nick's surprised by this.

NICK

Whoa, slow down.

KELLI

What for I'm not driving

Kelli leans back, her eyes slightly glazed, she runs her fingers through her hair. *

KELLI (CONT'D)

You know I like the fast stuff, but what I wouldn't do for some slow jams.

The imaginary light bulb goes off in Nick's head.

NICK

Really?

KELLI

Yes, you know I like classic R&B, but unfortunately people don't slow dance anymore, so the clubs don't like to play that music.

Nick attentively listens to Kelli.

NICK

Hmm, yes I do remember how you like your slow jams. Well you never know, they might be inspired to do so.

Nick raises his hand, gets the attention of the DJ.

The DJ abruptly stops playing dance music. The club patrons reactions are just as abrupt, some grip quietly amongst themselves, while others curse loudly. He speaks in his mic, addressing the crowd.

DJ (O.S.)

Hey I don't normally break from my playlist, but after hearing his story and mostly taking his money, I had to indulge the happy couple

Beat.

DJ (CONT'D)

So this song goes out to a very
special couple. Nick and Kelli, the
floor is yours.

The DJ starts playing a familiar slow song. Kelli's is
overwhelmed, face blushing, eyes watery. Attempts to hide
her face.

Nick grabs her hand,

NICK

Be careful what you wish for.

Kelli responds, giving him side-eyed stare.

KELLI

You know you ain't right. That's my
song.

NICK

I know, so let go out here and show
them how real couples does it.

Nick pulls Kelli out of her seat, leading them to the dance
floor. The patrons have cleared the dance floor, allowing
Kelli and Nick to enjoy the spotlight.

On the floor Kelli and Nick dance close and slow, their eyes
are focused solely on each other. Nick has a firm hold on
his wife's waist. As they continue to move to the music,
Nick lowers his hand on her butt.

Kelli moans pleurably at Nick's hand placement. She begins
to rub her necklace. She stares into his eyes, then RUNS
her fingers across his head, lowering her hand, she massages
his neck. Leans in and plants a very soft KISS on his lips.

Moves her mouth closely to his ear, WHISPERS.

KELLI

Nick let's make some babies tonight.

Nick's stunned, pulls back for a moment, locks eyes with
hers.

NICK

Are you sure? No pulling out?

Kelli gives a reassuring nod.

KELLI
No pulling out, I want you, all of
you, deep inside me.

Nick abruptly stops dancing, grabs her by the hand, leaving
the dance floor, briskly escorting her out of the club.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET/CAMENS HOME - NIGHT

A car races down a street, engine ROARING, then suddenly to
a SCREECHING halt in front of a SUBURBAN HOME.

Nick POPS out of the driver's side. Rushes over to open the
passengers door.

Kelli tipsy, STAGGERS out of the car.

Nick is holding Kelli up around the waist. Helps her up the
walkway, up the steps. Kelli is HUMMING and SINGING.

NICK
Okay baby, I got you.

With one arm holding Kelli, Nick is FUMBLING his keys with
the other. After a couple of unsuccessful tries, he manages
to unlock the door and help Kelli and himself get inside.

CUT TO:

INT. CAMENS HOME, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Nick assist Kelli to the sofa. Kelli now officially drunk.
Her singing has become slurred, slower, and softer.

NICK
Okay Kelli, you stay right there, I
gotta go to the bathroom.

KELLI
(slurred)
Okay.

While reliving his bladder, he leaves the door open to
communicate with Kelli.

CUT TO:

INT. CAMENS HOME, BATHROOM - NIGHT

NICK
Whew! Damn this shit feels good,
been holding this since we left the
club.

Nick zips his pants up, washes his hands.

NICK (CONT'D)
Okay Kelli time to make twins.

Checks his face in the mirror.

NICK (CONT'D)
Kelli you in trouble, you know how
that Crown have me!

Nick exits the bathroom.

CUT TO:

INT. CAMENS HOME, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Peeks over the sofa. Kelli is fast asleep. He TAPS her
gently.

NICK (CONT'D)
Kelli, Kelli, Kelli!

Nick pushes a little harder.

NICK (CONT'D)
Aww, don't do this shit to me!

Nick PUSHES even harder, moving her entire body.

NICK (CONT'D)
Get Up!

Kelli is out cold, SNORING like a buzz saw. Nick gives up,
frustrated, disappointed. He KISSES Kelli on the cheek,
walks upstairs.

FADE:

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

TITLE: Two months later.

A large rectangular sign sits in front of a vast construction
site. The bold black letters, trimmed in red, showcase the
name, RICHARDSON'S CONSTRUCTION.

Michael Richardson, blue prints in hand supervises the huge site. He spots a MACHINIST destroying heavy machinery.

The machine gears SQUEAK and MOAN as the man tolls with the machine. Mike Richardson YELLS.

MICHAEL

Hey be careful with that digger, you
know how much that shit cost!

Red faced and embarrassed the man speaks.

MACHINIST

Sorry Mr. Richardson.

Mike Richardson turns and walks away. Enters the main trailer.

INT. CONSTRUCTION SITE, TRAILER - DAY

A FOREMAN sit in a chair waiting on him. Mike Richardson acknowledges him.

MICHAEL

Good you're here on time.

FOREMAN

That's a foreman's job ain't it.

MICHAEL

Well that's why I pay you the big
bucks.

The foreman chuckles.

FOREMAN

Yeah, I'm a freakin millionaire.

Mike Richardson opens his blueprints. Rolls them out on the table. Using his index finger, circles the middle of the blueprints.

MICHAEL

You see this, if we're not careful
we could be in for a 3 to 4 month
delay.

BAM! BAM! BAM! Someone pounds on the trailer's front door. Mike Richardson and his foreman startled, abruptly end their conversation. Mike address the person at the door.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Come in.

PETRY, (44), chubby, cheaply dressed white male, who has the disposition of a rattlesnake ENTERS. He places a stick of gum in his mouth.

PETRY

Well Richardson, I see business is
real nice.

Mike Richardson releases a deep sigh.

MICHAEL

Agent Petry, I knew I'd be seeing
you soon.

Petry folds his arms.

PETRY

Good, no need to bullshit each other.

Mike Richardson rolls the blueprints up, hands them to the foreman. Gives him the okay to leave.

MICHAEL

Go ahead and take these to plans to
site C.

The foreman exits the trailer.

Petry walks to file cabinet. FLINGS it open, looks through his files. Then PULLS some out, TOSSING them on the floor.

PETRY

Richardson you must think you're
bigger than the fucking government.

Mike Richardson rushes towards Petry, places his hand out, coercing him to stop. Picks up some of the files.

MICHAEL

No I don't, but they threatened my
girls, and if anything happens to
them...

Petry interrupts.

PETRY

That's good you're worried, but we
can protect them.

Mike Richardson stops PICKING UP files, disagrees. Somberly speaks.

MICHAEL

Nobody can hide from Arcadia.

Petry angry, SLAMS the file cabinet shut. He's face to face with Mike Richardson, shouting.

PETRY

Fuck Arcadia! Your number one worry should be me and the Federal Government!

Petry backs away, puts a fresh stick of gum in his mouth.

PETRY (CONT'D)

You see we had a deal. You talk you get immunity, you don't, shit gets ugly.

MICHAEL

How ugly.

PETRY

Well let's see. All family assets will be frozen. Any purchases you made will be seized, any business you help sponsor will be shut down, all done under the suspicion of Money Laundering, attempted Fraud, and tax evasion, and that's just to start with.

MICHAEL

It's me you want, why involve my daughters?

PETRY

I want Arcadia, and if I have to disassemble you and your entire family to get him, I will.

Beat. Petry speaks calmly.

PETRY (CONT'D)

Now do you want your daughters to know that all this family fortunes came by you working for a murdering drug dealer?

Mike Richardson motionless, face blank. Looks Petry squarely in the eye.

MICHAEL

No I don't, let's go downtown and talk.

Mike Richardson and Petry exit the trailer.

FADE:

EXT. ARCADIA HOME, POOL/PATIO - DAY

Frank Arcadia with air pods on, he has a golf putter in one hand, a golf ball in the other. Stands by his custom INFINITY POOL.

A LEGGY BLONDE sunbathes poolside. She's wearing dark sunglasses and a teeny yellow bikini. Her well toned, oily body glistens in the sunlight.

Arcadia drops the golf ball on the patio, then lines it up for his putting machine. As he goes back and forth with the putter a soft steady buzzing resonates from his air pods, as he is making a call. As he waits for the recipient to answer, he takes the putt.

FRANK

Let's see if all those hours with
that swing coach paid off.

The ball slowly rolls down the patio, until it stops dead center of the putting machine. Arcadia pumps his fist in excitement.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Yes!

The ringing has stop.

CUT TO:

INT. CASINO CLUB, HECTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

HECTOR REMONE, (47), Cuban, aloof, unemotional, has picked up. Speaks with a Latin accent.

HECTOR

Hello.

INTERCUT-PHONE CONVERSATION

FRANK

Hector how's life?

HECTOR

(frowning)

I see I need my security fired. So
what do you want?

FRANK

The same old uptight Hector, straight
to the point.

Hector adjust his body.

HECTOR

Yes it keeps business simple, Now
what do you want?

FRANK

Hector I need to cash that favor in.

HECTOR

So you finally decided on what you
wanted.

Arcadia has another golf ball in hand, lines up for another
putt.

FRANK

Yes, and I need to take care of some
loose lips.

HECTOR

So I take it you want these lips
sealed.

Arcadia SWINGS the putter. He watches the ball roll down
the patio, the ball misses the center about three inches to
the right. He GRIMACES.

FRANK

Damn it! Yes, sealed permanently.

Arcadia sits the putter down.

Moves to the sunbathing blonde. She POURS him a glass of
lemon-aid, hands it to him. Arcadia takes a sip. Then
speaks.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I'm to hot right now, the Feds are
watching me because of these lips.
I'm going to need your help.

Hector pulls out a pad and pencil. As he is listening to
Arcadia's instructions, he JOTS down the name Nick C.

HECTOR

Oh this well work perfectly, this
will give me a chance to deal with
my own little internal problem.

CUT TO:

INT. HECTOR'S CASINO CLUB - DAY

Hector sits at a roulette table. Calmly FILING his nails.
An apple martini at his side.

Two men enter the room. KELSO, (42), tall, balding white male and DEVONTE, (27), black, cocky, muscular frame. They join Hector at the roulette table.

Hector stops filling his nails. GRABS his apple martini, takes a SIP, he SPEAKS.

HECTOR

Kelso, Devonte, I have mission for you two.

DEVONTE

Yes, I've been waiting for some action.

Hector nods. Takes another sip of his martini.

HECTOR

Good, I've been thinking about expanding business down south. Atlanta to be exact.

Devonte sits attentively. His eyes widen, voice SHRIEKS.

DEVONTE

For real, Atlanta!

Hector sits his drink down. He's very solemn and stern, points at Devonte and Kelso, his BODY LANGUAGE lets the two know the importance of his words.

HECTOR

Now what I need from you to is to check out the market, give me a feel for what the competition is like and what officials can and can't be bought off.

Kelso grabs a cigar from his coat, LIGHTS it, takes a couple of PUFFS. He acknowledges Hector, his words are stoic and to the point.

KELSO

That shouldn't be a problem Hector.

HECTOR

Okay it's settled, you two will fly out there next week.

Devonte SWINGS his arms with excitement. SPINNING the roulette wheel.

DEVONTE

Yes! I'ma call Nick and let him know.

HECTOR

Yeah, your boy Nick does live in
Atlanta?

Devonte leans back, address Hector smugly, cocky.

DEVONTE

Yep, The "A"

Kelso and Devonte are about to leave the room. Hector motions
for Kelso to stay. Gives Devonte the okay to leave.

HECTOR

Kelso stay, I have another project I
need to go over with you, Von you
can leave,

Devonte's stunned and a bit confused, resists Hectors
directions. Hectors motions, his demeanor let Devonte know
it's okay to leave.

As Devonte proceeds to exit, Kelso smirks arrogantly at
Devonte. Devonte eyes are locked tightly on Kelso, he flips
Kelso a bird. Pissed that he is being excluded from the
conversation. As he exits the room, he FLIPS over a small
statue in the hallway.

CUT TO:

INT. CAMENS HOME, MEDIA ROOM - NIGHT

A game is LOUDLY being watched on TV. Nick is stirring back
and forth on the couch. In one hand is a beer, the other
the tv remote.

Switch to the tv, A quick shot of a Lakers game.

Nick ROCKETS out his seat, anticipating a thrilling moment
from the game.

To the tv again, the Lakers are on a fast break. One player
has just passed the ball to teammate for a thunderous dunk.

Nick JUMPS in the air to celebrate.

NICK

Hell yeah, now that's what I'm talking
about, classic Lake Show.

RING! RING! Nick sets his beer down, mutes the tv to answer
his cell phone.

NICK (CONT'D)

Hello.

EXT. DEVONTE'S CONDO, FRONT LAWN - DAY

Devonte is holding a FLOWING hosepipe as he address Nick.

Two BEAUTIFUL WOMEN, barley clothed WASH a very large Land Rover Defender.

He SNICKERS.

DEVONTE
What up Nigga!

INTERCUT- PHONE CONVERSATION

Nick is shock, somewhat elated

NICK
Von, what's up boy!

DEVONTE
Still ballin. What's going on in
tha "A"?

NICK
Same old shit, trying to get paid
and beat the rush hour traffic.

Devonte SPRAYS one side of his SUV.

DEVONTE
Yeah I hear you, but uh, check this
out nigga. I'll be in Atlanta next
week.

Nick's voice raises an octave.

NICK
For real! For what?

DEVONTE
Just say I'm coming to share the
wealth.

NICK
Well do you have a place to stay?

DEVONTE
Hell yeah! Strictly five star.
Anyway you know I can't stay with
you.

Nick laughs.

NICK

Yeah I forgot how much Kelli loves you.

Devonte SQUIRTS one of the girls. She squeals.

DEVONTE

No doubt, but let me get off this line, I'll holla at you when I get to "A".

NICK (O.S.)

Bet.

Devonte throws the phone down. He CHASES and SQUIRTS both girls. The girls playfully SCREAM. RUN from Devonte. Then stop, PICK UP a bucket of soapy water, throwing it at him.

CUT TO:

INT. CAMENS HOME, MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nick's FOOTSTEPS echo throughout the house as he BLAST upstairs. His YELLS of excitement make it all the way to their bedroom.

In the bathroom, Kelli tucks her hair in bonnet. She is wearing a sexy purple silk PJ's

NICK (O.S.)

Hey Kelli! Kelli!

Nick burst in the room, out of breath. Dashes to the bathroom.

NICK (CONT'D)

(panting)

Guess who's coming to Atlanta.

Still tucking her hair.

KELLI

Who Nick?

NICK

(grinning)

Von!

She abruptly stop, turns from the mirror, she's very outraged.

KELLI

Von! He's not staying with us!

Nick, now breathing normally, calmly approaches Kelli.

NICK

He's not.

Kelli turns around, facing the mirror again.

KELLI

Good!

Nick grinds against Kelli's butt. Gently caressing her shoulders.

NICK

Kelli I know that you and Von aren't
the best of friends.

Nick still GRINDING, moves his hands down to the middle of her back, blows in her ear.

Kelli arches her back in pleasure. Her head begins to sway.

NICK (CONT'D)

But as a favor to me just give him a
little respect.

Kelli removes Nick's hands from her body, turns and leers at Nick.

KELLI

You know I won't respect him, but
for you sexy, I will tolerate him.

Inebriated, Nick agrees as he lustfully GAZES at her. Opens her PJ top. Slowly rubs her stomach. She pushes his hand away, closing her top.

KELLI (CONT'D)

No Nick. I know that alcohol has
you feeling some kinda why, but I
have to get up early in the morning.

Nick nods in agreement. Kelli turns, moves to the bed. As she passes, Nick lifts her PJ shirt, exposing her back slightly.

Kelli snatches her shirt tail.

KELLI (CONT'D)

I'm serious Nick!

Kelli moves towards the bed again. Nick walks up, POPS her on the ass. Kelli SMACKS his hand firmly.

KELLI (CONT'D)

Stop!

Kelli dashes for the bed, jumps under the covers.

Nick follows her. Removes his shirt, jumps under the covers too. A few moments of playful SQUEALING and LAUGHTER between the two.

FADE:

INT. CAMENS HOME, BEDROOM - MORNING

A BUZZING cell phone alarm is being ignored.

The sheets on the bed are RUMPLED. In The middle of the bed, a large cluster of bedding slowly reacts. The cluster resembles a sleeping body.

A head pops out from the covers, it's Kelli. Grabbing the cell phone, she stops the alarm. The time is 8:28 a.m.

KELLI

Shit I'm late!

Kelli jumps out of bed. Enters the bathroom.

In the mirror she sees her hair a mess, Going in all directions. She's quite angry.

KELLI (CONT'D)

I knew I shouldn't have let him talk
me into having sex last night!

She rushes to get ready. Prepares for a quick shower, then make over.

CUT TO:

INT. CAMENS HOME, KITCHEN - MORNING

Nick is in the kitchen, eating a bowl of cereal before work.

Kelli's heels CLICK as she RUNS down the steps SHOUTING.

KELLI (O.S.)

(screaming)

Nick! Nick! Nicklaus Raphael Camens,
where are you!

Nick cracks a SMILE, then out right LAUGHTER.

NICK

(grinning)

Yes dear?

Kelli stands at the bottom of the staircase.

KELLI (O.S.)
Get your ass out here!

Nick exits the kitchen still eating his bowl of cereal.

CUT TO:

INT. CAMENS HOME, LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Nick point at Kelli, he speaks.

NICK
Hey love the hair.

Kelli's fuming. Her hair is lacking any style and no directions. Angrily she responds.

KELLI
It's not funny! Because of you I'm late. So umm, you better have enjoyed last night, cause there will be repercussions.

Nick ready to reply, Kelli quickly cuts him off.

KELLI (CONT'D)
Not one word! Not one damn word!

Kelli ties a scarf around her head.irate, walks away from Nick. WHAM, walks out the door. Nick teary eyed from laughter, returns to the kitchen to finish his cereal.

FADE:

INT. CAMENS HOME, DINNING ROOM - NIGHT

Nick, Kelli, and his friend Devonte sit in the dinning room, watching TV and EATING pizza.

Devonte turns to Kelli, he speaks.

DEVONTE
So K.K. how was work today?

Kelli, eyes DISSECT Devonte like laser beams, address him

KELLI
Work is work, and only my niece can call me K.K.

Devonte finishes his slice, grabs another one.

DEVONTE
I didn't know you had a patent on nicknames.

KELLI

No I just don't want my good name
bootlegged!

Nick interrupts. Quickly taps Kelli on the hand.

NICK

Hey baby go get us a couple of beers.

Kelli's eyebrows raise.

KELLI

Some beers?

NICK

Please. Remember what you said.

Biting her bottom lips, she responds.

KELLI

I guess, cause I did promise.

NICK

Thanks baby.

Devonte tries to agitate her.

DEVONTE

Make sure it's import, that domestic
shit gives me gas.

Kelli silent, just give Devonte another dose of laser eyes.
Leaves the dining room. Enters the kitchen.

Nick grabs Devonte's arm. Whispers.

NICK

You must want her to kill you and
me?

He brushes Nick's hand off. Whispering back.

DEVONTE

Look man I'm just fucking with Kelli.
Anyway, she's still mad about what
happened that night? We was
celebrating the birth of my baby
boy.

Nick waves his finger in Devonte's face.

NICK

Well she ain't over it, and if you
keep fucking with her, she'll kick
your ass.

Devonte blows Nick off.

DEVONTE

Whatever.

Kelli has returned. Brining two BOTTLES of BEER.

One bottle is chilled, colds beads of sweat running down the sides. The other bottle looks un-refrigerated, defiantly no beads of condensation.

She gently hands Nick his beer. She MALICIOUSLY ROLLS Devonte's bottle across the table.

He opens it, BEER FOAM SHOOTS OUTS of the bottle and on to his expensive shirt. Kelli smirks and giggles.

Devonte stares fiercely at his beer soaked shirt. Attempts to talk. Nick calms him, handing him a paper towel.

NICK

Thanks baby.

Kelli sits next to Nick.

KELLI

So Von, what brings you to Atlanta,
and how long will you be staying?

Devonte attempting to DRY his shirt with a paper towel.

DEVONTE

(smirking)

I'm here with an associate to
establish a business franchise, and
as far as how long.

He smiles, WINKS at Nick.

DEVONTE (CONT'D)

Depending on tonight, I may never
leave.

Kelli agitated, replies.

KELLI

I don't know how you can call what
you do business, but however long
you stay, Nick will not play a part
in it!

Nick quickly defusing the situation, peeks at his watch,
stand, leaves the table.

NICK

Damn look at the time. Von lets go.

Devonte follows Nick, leaves the table, heading for the front door. Kelli stops Nick.

KELLI

So how late are you going to be out with him?

NICK

No later than 11-11:30.

Nick and Devonte exit the house and get into his car.

CUT TO:

EXT. STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

Nick and Devonte are in line to one of Atlanta's hottest strip clubs.

Nick's engaged in conversation with the TICKET GIRL.

NICK

So what's the flow like tonight?

From a glass booth, a twentyish very pretty black woman, with a dreamy set of brown eyes responds.

TICKET GIRL

Well we have three different types. General admission is twenty, VIP is fifty, and there's the Platinum Package.

NICK

Platinum Package?

Flirting with those eyes, and perfect smile, she answers Nick.

TICKET GIRL

Yeah it's for our ballers.

Nick turns and confers with Devonte.

Devonte intrigued, eager, and excited, nods approval.

NICK

Okay, give us the Platinum Package.

Nick hands the ticket girl a wad of money. She points towards the bar.

TICKET GIRL

Go over to the bar, someone will be
with you shortly.

CUT TO:

INT. STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

Nick and Devonte enter the club.

Devonte at the bar, orders drinks.

Sexy pulsing music and hot dancers engulf the room.

In front, are the STAGE DANCERS. One dancer in particular,
SPINS and TWIST her body seductively around on a pole.

On the floor, male patrons are entertained by LIBIDO JOLTING
LAP DANCES. Devonte samples his drink, he speaks to Nick.

DEVONTE

You sure Kelli's gonna be okay with
you spending that type of cash.

Nick takes a sip from his drink. Turns to Devonte.

NICK

Naw, not really, but fuck it we out
tonight.

Both men burst into laughter. Devonte turns his attention
to the dancers in the room

DEVONTE

Damn it's some DT's in here!

Nick agrees.

NICK

I told you this club was all that,
and best of all the dick teasers
come in all flavors.

As they continue to observe, the music has gotten louder,
the dances have gotten a little wilder. The CLUB BOUNCER,
tall at 6'4" and at least 280lbs, approaches Nick and Devonte.

BOUNCER

Are you the two gentlemen for the
Platinum Package?

NICK

Yeah.

BOUNCER

Follow me.

Nick and Devonte follow the large man past the main stage. They enter a hallway, illuminated by a SINGLE RED LIGHT. They continue until they reach a RED DOOR.

BOUNCER (CONT'D)

Here we are gentlemen.

Nick reaches to open the door, but it there is no doorknob. Nick and Devonte are confused, puzzled.

DEVONTE

Where's here, and how to we get in?

The bouncer reaches into his coat pocket. Hands Nick a plastic green key card.

BOUNCER

Sorry, take this.

Nick scans the area again, he notices a slot on the wall, SWIPES the key card in the slot. CLICK! The door slowly opens.

Nick and Devonte enter a DRY ICE SMOKED filled room. Suddenly BLUE FLUORESCENT LIGHTS illuminate their clothes. The smoke clears and there are four beautiful dancers calling for them. The two men, with sinful grins, face each other.

DEVONTE AND NICK

It's on!

CUT TO:

INT. STRIP CLUB, PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

Music BLAST in super surround sound.

The main stage, two FEMALE DANCERS are making out.

Below them, Nick sits on a leather couch. A gorgeous, well built HISPANIC GODDESS GYRATES in front of him.

Devonte in a leather chair is about ten feet away from Nick. His DANCER STRADDLES his lower torso. He BLOWS on back. Waves a roll of hundreds in the air.

DEVONTE

Yeah sexy, pop that ass for me!

Devonte SMACKS his dancer on the ass. Slips a hundred in her garter belt. She slowly turns and faces Devonte.

DEVONTE (CONT'D)
So what's up, how much for me and my
boy to smash?

She says nothing, she just holds up five fingers.

DEVONTE (CONT'D)
(shocked)
Five hundred?

She slowly straddles her huge breast against Devonte's chest,
nodding yes. Devonte calls out to Nick.

DEVONTE (CONT'D)
Yo Nick, you wanna have some fun!

Nick's dancer is facing him, slowly grinding in his lap.
Nick slips a ten dollar bill in her bra. He responds.

NICK
No I don't think so.

Devonte LAUGHS. Attends to his dancer. He is very excited.

DEVONTE
Good for me. So how much for me
just to wax that ass?

The dancer gently pushes herself away from Devonte. Unbuttons
her top, exposing two large breast. She moves closer to
Devonte, sticks three fingers between her cleavage.

Devonte legs SHAKES, body SQUIRMS, very horny now.

DEVONTE (CONT'D)
Shit! How much for some brains!

The dancer slowly stands, turns her back to Devonte, she
bends over. Looking between her legs, reaches up, holds one
finger between her butt cheeks and thong.

DEVONTE (CONT'D)
A bill, Bet!

Devonte's dancer TAKES his hand, LIFTS him out of the chair.
They leave the area. As he passes Nick, gives a THUMPS UP.
Devonte and his dancer walk up a flight of stairs.

Nick SITS up.

NICK
Where are they going?

The dancer moves closer to Nick. Plants a very soft kiss on
Nick's lips.

LATIN DANCER

They're going to the G-room. Dont'
you wanna come?

The dancer grabs Nick by both arms. Nick resists her
temptations.

NICK

No, not really.

The dancer removes her top. Gestures for the two other
dancers.

LATIN DANCER

We'll see about that.

The dancers surround Nick, move in closer, literally
smothering him.

FADE:

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Nick and Devonte sit in a booth eating burgers and fries.
Seemed to be engaged in friendly banter.

DEVONTE

Wait a minute. You're telling me
they did all that, and nothing happen?

NICK

Nothing happen.

DEVONTE

There ain't no way I could have turned
down all that ass!

NICK

Well Kelli trust me to do the right
thing.

Devonte starts SNICKERING, causes Nick to become enraged,
he SCOWLS at Devonte,

NICK (CONT'D)

Oh you think I'm whipped, or a simp!

Devonte stop snickering, replace it with huge grin.

DEVONTE

Naw, ain't nothing simping about
respecting your wife. I just remember
how smashin ho's wasn't shit to us.

Nick agrees.

NICK
Yeah I remember those days.

DEVONTE
But you've changed.

Nick voice raises an octave.

NICK
Changed!

Devonte calms Nick's outrage.

DEVONTE
I mean that in a good way. I look
at you and Kelli and I envy you.

Nick has gone from slight fury, to amazement.

NICK
You envy me?

DEVONTE
Man whether you want to believe it
or not, you got the life. Kelli
loves you.

Nick smiles reassuringly, Devonte continues.

DEVONTE (CONT'D)
You know I miss you man.

Nick tries to reply, Devonte quickly cuts him off. His eyes
have an agonizing look to them, tone solemn, he speaks.

DEVONTE (CONT'D)
Let me talk. You know we may not be
blood brothers, but we still share a
kinship with one another. You're my
nigga, and I love you man, and I
will always be there for you and
yours.

Devonte sits back to reflect the moment. Nick sticks a fry
in his mouth.

NICK
You know I love you to Von.

Nick peeks at his watch.

NICK (CONT'D)
What time did I tell Kelli I would
get back?

DEVONTE

11:00/11:30

NICK

Damn! I'm late. Now I gotta hear
Kelli's shit!

Nick grabs his coke, sucking the last drop of soda. He rushes out of the booth. Motions for Devonte to follow.

The pair rush out of the restaurant.

CUT TO:

INT. CAMENS HOME, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

At the front door, the top lock slowly turns till it's unlocked, the door opens. Nick cautiously peeks his head inside. Slowly, quietly he enters the room. He takes a quick look to survey the scene. Tips quickly to the staircase.

CLICK! The living room light momentarily blind Nick.

From the top of the stairs, Kelli's arms are folded, foot tapping, glares at Nick.

KELLI

Do you know what time it is?

Nick takes a step up onto the staircase.

NICK

Me and Von lost track of time.

Kelli moves down a couple of steps.

KELLI

Well it ain't 11:30. So where in the fuck did the two of you go!.

NICK

Whoa! When did I start having a curfew, anyway what happen to trusting me.

Kelli moves within arms lengths of Nick. She YANKS his shirt collar.

KELLI

This is where my trust is! So I guess these big old bubblious lips just managed to skip everybody else and plant themselves on your collar. Or should I still trust you!

Nick takes a step back.

NICK
Believe me, it's not what you think,
nothing happened.

Kelli very irate, she lashes out at Nick.

KELLI
So how in the hell did that lipstick
get on you!

NICK
Kelli trust is not a convenience,
either you trust or you don't trust.

Kelli's still upset.

KELLI
I don't trust Von, and simply put
when the two of you get together,
you seem to forget that you're
married!

Nick grabs his shirt collar.

NICK
(distracted)
So you don't give a fuck about this!
You don't like the fact I was out
with Von!

Kelli calmly takes a deep breath. Gestures to Nick that she
is ending this conversation.

KELLI
I don't care anymore, it's late and
I'm tired, and since you said nothing
happened, nothing happen. But until
I know the truth, nothing is happening
in our bedroom.

Kelli turns and walks towards the bedroom. Nick takes a
couple of steps closer to her. In a frenzy, waves his middle
finger in the air.

NICK
Oh no here's the last word. Fuck
you!

Kelli turns quickly towards Nick, responds cattily.

KELLI
Nick you won't for awhile.

She displays an explicit hand gesture.

KELLI (CONT'D)
(hand gesture)
So get acquainted with yourself,
your shit is on the couch, nighty
night.

Kelli turns back toward the bedroom. SLAMS and LOCKS the door shut.

Nick turns and walks down the steps. Angry, frustrated he YELLS out.

NICK
I didn't want to sleep with your ass
anyway!

Nick walks towards the couch. Lying on the couch, a blanket and pillow. Nick takes off his shoes, unfolds the cover, adjust the pillow to his comfort. Hops on the couch. Nick spreads the blanket on top of him. Nick wiggles, squirms, until he is comfortable.

Beat.

WHOOSH! From above Kelli soak Nick with a bucket of cold water. Nick shrills.

FADE:

INT. CAMENS HOME, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Nick is awakening. Tosses a couple of times. THUD! He has rolled off the couch onto the floor. Rubbing his head, gets up and runs upstairs.

Upstairs, he opens his bedroom door. Inside the room, the bed has been made, spotless, and neat. He CALLS out.

NICK
Kelli! Kelli, are you in here?

Nick dashes down the staircase. Takes a quick look in the kitchen. It's empty, sees an empty coffee mug in the sink.

NICK (CONT'D)
Damn, she's already gone to work.

FADE:

EXT. RESTAURANT PATIO - AFTERNOON

Kelli is having lunch along with two CO-WORKERS. Two of the women are engaged in conversation.

Kelli distant, preoccupied, just gazes at the table, stirring her drink.

FIERY CO-WORKER

Don't you hate it when they do that?

One co-worker agrees.

RESERVED CO-WORKER

Hell yeah, like we're stupid and don't know what's up.

One of the co-workers taps Kelli on her shoulder.

FIERY CO-WORKER

I know Kelli feels me.

Kelli stops staring, snaps out of her trance, BELLIGERENTLY SPEAKS.

KELLI

You know what, you think you know a person, you eat with them, sleep with them, and before you know it their lying in your face.

The two co-workers dismayed, they stare at her. One of the co-workers grabs her hand.

FIERY CO-WORKER

Girl we're talking about how these restaurants shrink their portion sizes during their so called lunch specials.

The three women GLANCE at one another, they BURST OUT LAUGHING.

KELLI

I know y'all think I'm crazy, but me and Nick had a fight.

FIERY CO-WORKER

Let me guess, he's showing his ass.

KELLI

Right.

FIERY CO-WORKER

How long have you two been married?

KELLI

Four years?

Her two co-workers amused, shake their heads.

FIERY CO-WORKER
Yep that's about the time my ex-husband started showing his ass.

KELLI
So you're saying it only gets worse?

RESERVED CO-WORKER
Mmm-hmm.

Kelli seems shocked, sits quietly for the moment. One of the co-workers gets their waiters attention. He arrives at the table. The fiery co-workers address him.

FIERY CO-WORKER
We'll have two more of the same.

The fiery co-worker turns to Kelli.

FIERY CO-WORKER (CONT'D)
And make hers a double, she's got issues.

The three women continue to EAT, DRINK, TALK, GIGGLE AND LAUGH.

CUT TO:

INT. COFFEE SHOP - AFTERNOON

Nick is alone in a booth eating lunch. Takes a sip of coke, while surfing his phone. He continues until he finds something of interests. He makes a call.

NICK
Yes I would like to place an order.

Beat. Listens to his choices.

NICK (CONT'D)
Yes I want the variety pack. Half dozen white, half dozen red, and half dozen yellow. And the card should say, *Please excuse my lack of understanding, I'm sorry, Let talk about it, Nick.*

Beat.

NICK (CONT'D)
Deliver them to Kelli Camens, at Vilade Marketing, and please make sure they arrive before 5:00 pm.

Nick waits to get confirmation. Ends the call. He sits back in the booth, smiling briefly, grabs his coke and savors the last drop.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREETS - DAY

A black car THUMPING BASS pulls up, positing itself across the street from a large office building.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - DAY

The dashboard clock reads 4:25 pm

Inside the car is Kelso and Devonte. Kelso put the car in park. He pulls a note from his coat, opens it to read it's contents. Devonte turns the radio down. Confused, he turns to Kelso.

DEVONTE

What the hell are we doing downtown!

Kelso places the note inside his jacket, turns to Devonte.

KELSO

This is where our contact wanted to meet.

Devonte grabs the door handle.

DEVONTE

Good, when we done, let's go to Magic City to get sum wings and a lap dance.

Kelso clutches Devonte's arm, stopping him.

KELSO

Whoa boy! Our contact only needs to see me. They don't like your kind.

Devonte shoves Kelso's hand off him.

DEVONTE

What if I say fuck it and still go.

Kelso opens his jacket. Reveals a 9mm hand gun.

KELSO

I don't think so, these orders come from Hector himself.

Devonte hesitates, sizes up Kelso, his eyes are fuming with anger.

DEVONTE
Hurry the fuck up!

Kelso replies by flipping Devonte a bird. Exits the car and crosses the street. He dashes into the parking deck adjacent to large building.

CUT TO:

INT. KELLI'S OFFICE - DAY

Kelli sits at her desk, she seems bored, as she spins an ink pen in circles. She stops spinning the pen, grabs her cell phone. Scrolls through her text messages. Not getting the results she wanted, stops scrolling, turn her phone face down. Turns to the desk clock, it's 4:42 pm. BUZZES her assistant.

KELLI
Hey, did I get any messages from my husband today.

ASSISTANT (O.S.)
No ma'am.

Kelli peeved, replies to her assistant.

KELLI
Okay, I'm leaving early, I need to get in a little bit of therapy, so I guess shopping it is.

ASSISTANT (O.S.)
Okay Mrs. Camens, I'll take any messages.

KELLI
Thank you.

Kelli grabs her purse. Scoops her phone off the desk, placing it inside her purse. Exits the office. As she passes the assistant, she waves.

KELLI (CONT'D)
(waving)
Bye.

ASSISTANT
(waving)
Catch a sale for me girl.

Kelli smiles briefly. She walks towards the elevator, pushed the down button. The elevator opens, Kelli enters. The doors close. About thirty seconds later, the elevator next to Kelli's opens.

A tall SKINNY DELIVERY BOY exits the elevator. He is carrying a large array of flowers of various colors. He takes them to Kelli's assistant.

Kelli's assistant face is beaming, she glances at the wall clock, the time is 4:48 pm.

ASSISTANT (CONT'D)

Who is the lucky person.

The delivery boy removes the card.

DELIVERY BOY

A Mrs. Kelli Camens.

The assistant stands, pointing at the elevator.

ASSISTANT

You just missed her, maybe if we hurry we can catch her.

CUT TO:

INT. PARKING DECK - DAY

An elevator door opens and Kelli exits to the parking deck. As she walks the rows and rows of cars, she sees her SUV about 30 feet away. As she continues, she notices broken glass on the pavement, looks up and sees a couple of freshly broken lights. The reduce illumination from the overhead lights, has her senses heighten. She continues to her SUV.

About 20 feet away, she sees one of the security cameras broken, with one of it's wires disconnected. Now the combination of broken lights and disabled security camera has her on edge, resulting in her to quicken her pace. She is now clutching her purse tightly.

Ten feet from her SUV, she DISENGAGES her car alarm.

She has made it next to her SUV, She quickly reaches for the door handle. RING! Kelli is startled by her phone.

KELLI

Oh!

Beat. She chuckles, smiles briefly. Opens her purse to answer the phone.

KELLI (CONT'D)

Hello.

ASSISTANT (O.S.)

Mrs. Camens, are you still in the parking deck?

KELLI

Yes.

ASSISTANT (O.S.)

Well you have a package.

KELLI

What is it?

ASSISTANT (O.S.)

He'll be brining it down in a minute.

KELLI

Okay.

Kelli puts her phone back inside her purse. A shadowy figure appears from behind her. The figure speaks, their words are frigid, harsh.

KELSO (O.S.)

Kelli Camens

Kelli whirls around.

KELLI

Whew, that was quick. So where's the package?

She turns to see Kelso. For a moment he's stunned by her words. Yet quickly regains focus, as his cold eyes lock on her, he quickly draws his 9mm-hand gun with silencer.

Kelli eyes widen, petrified with fear, unable to move or even gasp. Kelso responds.

KELSO

Good-bye darling.

He shoots Kelli three times. Kelli's body is PROPELLED into her SUV, then lands on her back onto the cold cement.

Kelso rushes out of the parking deck, into a dark stairwell.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - DAY

Kelso quickly, calmly enters the car. Devonte turns the radio down.

DEVONTE

So did you close the deal?

Kelso smiles at Devonte.

KELSO

Yeah, it was flawless. You see this is why Hector chose me to lead this.

Devonte agitated sizes Kelso up. Grabs his arm, their eyes are intensely locked on one another. Neither dares to blink. Ultimately Devonte lets go.

DEVONTE

Whatever, so we out then, back to Oakland.

Kelso starts the car.

KELSO

Yeah we go home.

Kelso puts the car in gear. They drive off.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Cars are speeding down the interstate.

Nick is off on the shoulder of the road, surveying the area for a new stretch of highway.

Nick is stopped by a co-worker, they talk. Nick's cell RINGS. He answers it.

NICK

Hello.

Nick's face is frozen from extreme shock, jaws drop, it's like a 100lbs of pressure has overcomes his body. His voice trembles.

NICK (CONT'D)

She's been what?

His co-worker watches Nick, his seems horrified, hands shaking, body wobbling. Nick looks as if he's going to pass out, The co-worker rushed to steady him.

HIGHWAY MAN
Are you okay Nick?

Nick still disturbed, turns to the co-worker, his voice CRACKS, as he responds.

NICK
I gotta go!

Nick sprints to a nearby State of Georgia D.O.T. truck, hops in. He cuts off several drives as he merges onto the highway.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL, EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY

Nick hastily enter a hospital emergency room. He feverishly zips between hospital staff and patients, as he makes his way to the admittance desk. Nick flustered and out of breath, confronts the RECEPTIONIST.

NICK
I need to find a patient, Kelli Camens.

The receptionist turns to her computer, scans her patient list. Then turns to address Nick.

RECEPTIONIST
She is in surgery right now.

Nick scans the area, looks bewildered, impatient and frustrated, throws his hands up in the air, his attention is back on the receptionist.

NICK
Where's that?

The receptionist points down the hallway.

RECEPTIONIST
Follow the signs down the hallway.

Following the signs along the wall, Nick rushes down the hallway.

Nick stops as he arrives a set of stainless steel double doors. Attempts to enter. He cannot. He tries pushing harder, still cannot enter. He looks up and sees.

TRAUMA UNIT NO ADMITTANCE.

Beat. Nick paces in front of the trauma unit. Then POUNDS on the door. No one responds.

He rushes around the corner to find the waiting room.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL, WAITING ROOM - DAY

Arriving in the waiting room, Standing in the hallway he sees several doctors, some uniformed policemen and some plain clothed.

Nick moves towards this group of individuals.

An INTERN in blue scrubs exits a bathroom. Nick grabs her by the arm, frantically speaks.

NICK

I'm Kelli Camens husband, how is she doing?

BLONDE INTERN

She's in OR right now, but someone will be with you shortly.

Nick takes a deep calming breath, enters the waiting room and takes a seat. He's visibly drained, sinks his head in his hands.

He takes another calming breath, lifts his head up and sees two plain clothed detectives standing over him. One detective has an open notepad, the other stares vehemently at Nick.

He starts questioning Nick, Nick is cooperative, nodding in agreement or disagreement to his line of questioning. The detective with the notepad remain silent, observing Nick's actions and demeanor, records every reaction. A few more questions, Nick becomes impatient, frustrated he throws his hands in the air.

The detective stops his questions, tap the other one on the arm, He closes his notepad, they both walk away.

Nick even more frustrated, he bounds out of his chair, walks around to clear his head.

A DOCTOR enters the waiting room. His green scrubs are smeared with blood stains. One of the nurses in the waiting area approaches him. She whispers in his ear as she points towards Nick.

The doctor slowly approaches Nick.

DOCTOR IN BLOODY SCRUBS

Mr. Camens.

Nick turns and walks towards the doctor, He motions for Nick to take the nearest seat. Nick sits down, the doctor takes the seat next to him. His eyes are dull, face blank. His tone solemn.

DOCTOR IN BLOODY SCRUBS (CONT'D)
We did everything we could, but...

Nick begins to writhe in agony, he exclaims.

NICK
No! No!

The doctor reaches for Nick's hand in an attempt to comfort him.

DOCTOR IN BLOODY SCRUBS
Her wounds were to severe. She had extensive trauma to the chest and abdomen, which caused massive bleeding.

Nick still writhing, shakes his head empathically. His eyes are red, swollen with tears, that now flow freely down his cheeks.

NICK
Why?

The doctor befuddled, does not answer the question, he just stares blankly, still trying to physically comfort him.

Nick rises up, soulfully speaks.

NICK (CONT'D)
Doc, I've got to see her.

The doctor disagrees. Nick sad, broken, but determined, address the doctor again.

NICK (CONT'D)
No you don't understand, I'm going to see her. I can do that with your permission or without it.

As the doctor looks into his eyes, he realizes the importance of his request and concurs. Guides him to the operating room. A tearful, somber Nick Camens enters.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL, TRAUMA UNIT - NIGHT

Nick sees is wife's body covered on the operating table. She is still connected to a bevy of devices, whose indicators

are all flatline, reinforcing the nightmare that his wife is dead.

He slowly descends to Kelli's body. Nick holding back the tears as best as he can, he is now next to her covered body.

He unfolds the sheet, exposing Kelli's face.

NICK

Kelli I know it's to late, but I
didn't cheat, I would never do that
to you.

Tears flow steadily again from his eyes, he bends over and kisses Kelli's forehead.

NICK (CONT'D)

I love you.

Nick covers her face, exits the operating room.

FADE:

INT. HECTOR'S MANSION, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Hector Ramone sits in his living room in an all-white leather chair. One the side of him, an end table. On top are two empty glasses, along with a bottle of chilled champagne.

Kelso and Devonte enter the living room.

Hector stands, grabs the two glasses with one hand, the bottle of champagne in the other. Warmly greets the two men.

He hands Kelso a glass, fills it with champagne. He walks off, glares at Devonte. Then fills his glass as well.

HECTOR

I take it that you were successful.

Kelso sneers smugly, takes a swig of champagne.

KELSO

She didn't even get a chance to
scream.

Devonte's baffles as he watches the two men speak back and forth is some sort of code.

Hector takes a sip from his glass.

HECTOR

So the debt is paid?

Kelso sipping the last of his champagne, walks towards Hector, stands by his side.

KELSO

Paid in full.

Devonte confused, aggravated, speaks.

DEVONTE

What the fuck are you two talking about, somebody screaming and a debt being paid? I thought we went to Atlanta to establish a franchise?

Hector finishes the last of his champagne. Faces Devonte. Hector's eyes, face, the unique curling of his lips shows Kelso's words have given him great pleasure.

HECTOR

That's what we wanted you to think.

Devonte's confusion, has now been preempted with concern.

DEVONTE

So why did we go to Atlanta?

Hector sets his glass down on the coffee table.

HECTOR

To settle a debt and check your loyalty.

Devonte folds his lips tightly.

DEVONTE

What do you mean check my loyalty?

Hector reaches in his coat. Pulls out a nail file, calmly begins filing his nails.

HECTOR

We had to send you and everyone else in the organization a message. No one is bigger than the family, you seem to forget that.

Devonte furious, hostilely point at Kelso.

DEVONTE

So I'm a bad seed cause I don't take shit from that motherfucker!

Kelso aggressively moves towards Devonte. Hector extends his arm, holds him at bay.

HECTOR
It has nothing to do with Kelso.

DEVONTE
Then what!

HECTOR
I owed a debt to Arcadia because of
you fiasco in Vegas. That's why you
went to Atlanta, that's why she had
to die.

The tension in Devonte's voice has risen.

DEVONTE
Who had to die!.

Hector SNEERS at Devonte.

HECTOR
Kelli Camens.

DEVONTE Infuriated, eyes blazing, his body quivering. His
voice THUNDERS.

DEVONTE
You motherfuckers sold me out! Played
me like a bitch!

Devonte charges towards Hector and Kelso.

Kelso quickly draws a 9mm hand gun from his coat.

Devonte instantly stops. Kelso snickers at Devonte, begins
to torment him.

KELSO
Yeah boy, played like a bleeding
bitch!

Hector with conceit and renewed vigor, speaks arrogantly,
and very pompous.

HECTOR
No one deserts the family, we live
as one, we die as one.

Devonte still furious, very much on edge, fist clinched by
his side, grinding his teeth, answers.

DEVONTE
So all this is cause of what happened
in Vegas? That was at least ten
years ago, plus that motherfucker
got what he deserved.

Hector replies.

HECTOR

Whether it was 10 years, 10 days, or
10 minutes, I run this organization
and unfortunately you forgot your
place. So you needed a reality check,
but even more than that a reminder
of where your loyalty lies.

The group of men eyes are locked tightly on one another,
with neither side blinking or taking even the smallest moment
to dip their heads or look away.

Devonte senses still heightened, eyes locked on the pair in
front of him, slowly walks backwards. He continues his slow
treading until he reaches the front door.

Still facing them, Devonte reaches around until he grabs the
doorknob to the front door. He turns the knob to open the
door, exits the mansion.

FADE:

INT. CHURCH - DAY

There are rows and rows of people dressed in black sitting
in pews. Their faces are sad and solemn. The SOFT sounds
of an organ ECHOES throughout the room.

CUT TO:

In front is a church choir. They are sitting in the choir
stand, waiting to sing.

Below them on the stage are SEVEN MEN sitting. Three on the
left, and three on the right, all are dressed in black.

There is a man in the middle of them, wearing a white robe.
He is a MINISTER. He seems to be in deep thought or
meditation.

CUT TO:

On the front row of pews Nick is dressed in black, has a
hopeless blank expression on his face. His AUNT GERRI and
YOUNGER BROTHER are next to him.

Next to them is Angela and her husband. A steady stream of
tears roll down her cheeks, she stares aimlessly.

Further down on the row is Krystal and her husband. Krystal
is rocking back and forth, weeping openly. Her husband try's
his best to comfort her.

On the church floor is a white marble casket. Kelli Camens is inside. She looks asleep and at rest, reminiscent of sleeping beauty. But as Nick stares aimlessly at the casket, he realizes that she is not sleep, and her death real.

The organ stops. The minister rises out of his seat. He takes a deep breath, and begins.

MINISTER

You know sister and brothers, we shouldn't be grieving for sister Camens. I know she was taken away from us by the evils of society, but she's home.

Beat.

The minister stares emphatically at the people in the pews. Takes another deep breath. He voices now RESOUNDS throughout the church.

MINISTER (CONT'D)

I don't think you heard me, SHE'S HOME AND SHE'S SITTING WITH THE FATHER. NO WORRIES, NO PROBLEMS, NO PAIN.

(softly)
and she's smiling.

Beat.

The minister wipes the sweat from his brow with a handkerchief. He focuses on Nick.

MINISTER (CONT'D)

I know brother Camens no amount of words can comfort your pain or heal your loss, but I'm here to tell you GOD takes care of his children in death as well as in life.

The minister exits the pulpit, moves towards Nick, Grabbing Nick's hand, he continues.

MINISTER (CONT'D)

I know in time brother Camens you'll understand, but for now she has made the journey to a better place.

The minister pulls Nick out of the pew and hugs him.

He releases him. Nick is now steadily wiping the tears from his eyes. He takes a slow stroll towards Kelli's casket. He no longer tries to contain his tears as they now flow freely down his cheeks.

As he has made it to the casket, he looks down at his wife's body, he rubs his hand across her face. He turns and quickly moves on.

Angela follows Nick and moves towards the casket, she is now openly weeping as well. Her husband David by her side, tries to comfort her.

Suddenly THREE MEN in black suits, wearing dark shades and earpieces enter the church.

Two of the men cordon off the back of the church, not allowing non to enter, non to leave.

The third man walks to the front. Stops about 3ft away from the casket. Speaks into the lapel of his coat.

Mike Richardson is whisked into the church, hold a couple of roses in his hand. The small talk from the patrons of mourners has stop, their eyes gawk, mouths gaped.

Mike Richardson proceeds down the isle. Stops in the front of Kelli's casket. Turns as sees Angela, he gives an awkward, but brief smile.

He reaches to put a rose inside Kelli's casket.

Angela rushes him, VIOLENTLY SLAPPING his face.

ANGELA

Don't you fucking touch her! How
dare you disrespect my sister by
showing your face!

Angela reaches way back, attempts to slap him again.

David grabs her arm, stopping her. Angela infuriated struggles with her husband, as she fights to get loose. She manages to break free, charges at her father again, Marcus, gets up and stops her. David and Marcus both restrain her. They pull her out of the church, Still enraged, Angela continues to yell at her father.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

I fucking hate you! I hate you! I
hate you!

Mike Richardson dejected, woefully shakes his head, burring it in his hands.

FADE:

INT. CAMENS HOME, BEDROOM - DAY

TITLE: Two months later.

RUNNING water can be heard from the bathroom shower.

RING! RING! RING! RING!

Nick exits the bathroom, soaking from his head to toe, uses a towel to wipe the soap from his eyes. Then wraps the towel around his waist to cover the lower half of his body. He answers his cell phone.

NICK
Hello, hello.

He listen to dead air for a few second

NICK (CONT'D)
Hello?

Still no response from the other end. He is about to hang up. He then hears a faint, somewhat distressed' voice.

CUT TO:

INT. DEVONTE'S CONDO, BEDROOM - DAY

Devonte is sitting alone in the dark in his bedroom. He rustles around to turn on one light. The light does not bring much more than candlelight illumination to the room. It exposes his face, eyes glum and full of sorrow. He speak softly, mostly incoherent.

DEVONTE
I couldn't stop it!

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

NICK
Von, stop what?

DEVONTE
He said that the debt had to be paid,
but he knew the price was high.

Beat.

DEVONTE (CONT'D)
So he sent him to kill her.

Nick eyes flare, eyebrows arched, shouts at Devonte.

NICK
Kill who Von!

Devonte grimly responds

DEVONTE

Hector sent Kelso to Atlanta to kill Kelli.

He begins to plead, tone remorseful.

DEVONTE (CONT'D)

Nick I promise you I didn't know.
You gotta believe me. I loved Kelli
just as much as you did.

Nick's voice booms across the room, explodes with rage.

NICK

You son of a bitch! You wait to
tell me this shit now! Von you ain't
shit to me! You ain't my boy, you're
nothing. And the next time I see
you, you will die!

Nick slams the phone on the floor. Clinching his fist tightly he releases a bit of pent up hurt and frustration, yelling from the top of his lungs, not stopping until out of breath. He then drops to one knee, pounds his fist on the floor, mumbling.

NICK (CONT'D)

Why me, why me, why me...

FADE:

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Nick sits in front of a large desk, engaged in conversation with a WOMAN, blonde, and seeming to be in her mid forties. She is Nick's manager. She is working on her computer.

BLONDE MANAGER

So what can I do for you today Nick.

Nick takes a deep breath, then exhales,

NICK

I really thought coming back, even
just working in the office would
help, but it hasn't

Nick's manager stops working on the computer responds with warmth and empathy.

BLONDE MANAGER

Well I was really wondering why you
would come back so early, especially
with all the hell you have been
through.

Nick with a distressed smile, sits back in his chair.

NICK

Yes, making the adjustments has been a little bit harder than I can handle. And I recently got a bit of information that just made things a little more complicated.

His manager now solely focuses her attention on Nick.

BLONDE MANAGER

Honey, I can tell it's taken it's toll on you. So what can I do for you Nick.

NICK

I need to take a leave of absence.

BLONDE MANAGER

No problem, and take as long as you need, I believe the Georgia DOT can handle being without one of it's best engineer's for a minute.

His manager stands, moves from around her desk, grabs Nick by the arms, and pulls him out of his seat.

BLONDE MANAGER (CONT'D)

Come on, stand up.

She tightly embraces Nick.

NICK

Thank you.

FADE:

EXT. ABANDON FIELD - NIGHT

A dark colored Land Rover is parked in seclusion in an abandon field. The chrome plating and rims shine brightly in the moonlight. But dark tint on all windows keeps the occupant unseen.

INT. SUV - NIGHT

Devonte is inside. He's dressed in all black, SMOKES WEED and DRINKING HENNESSY. He's is listening to music, very loud, lyrics very violent. He seems to be reminiscing as he quotes the lyrics verbatim.

He takes a long TOKE of weed, then backs it up with a swig of Hennessy. Continues to quote the lyrics, their fury, their passion has him amp.

As he looks up, he catches his glaring red eyes in the rear-view-mirror.

DEVONTE

It's all over!

There is a picture of Nick and Kelli hanging from the rear-view-mirror. Devonte grabs the picture, holds it tightly with one hand, while the other hand touches the surface gently as he RUBS his hands over their faces.

Looking up, he catches his eyes in the rear-view-mirror again. Still red, but more glazed now, he stares at his reflection with intensity, malice and hate.

DEVONTE (CONT'D)

It's dying time!

Devonte pulls a black ski mask over his face. Throws his SUV into gear, SPEEDS OFF.

EXT. HECTOR'S MANSION, FRONT GATE - NIGHT

One lone GUARD of Hector's is patrolling an open front gate. He has an Uzi automatic on a shoulder strap, and walkie-talkie on his side.

He stops, LIGHTING a cigarette. The flickering light exposes his face momentarily.

As he looks outward, he sees to bright lights in the distance.

He notices that the lights are ascending very rapidly.

The guard immediately radios to close the front gate.

As the light ascend close, their illumination becomes blinding, cutting down the guards frontal vision.

The gate has begun to close slowly, as now the speeding light are almost on top of the guard. Vision blurred, and unable to focus clearly, the guard raises his Uzi and nervously pops off a few rounds.

He manages to land a few rounds, which strike the front grill and windshield.

Those rounds seem to have no affect, and with the gate a third of the way close, Devonte accelerates his SUV, and WHAM! Plows through the gate and guard, killing him instantly.

He continues until reaches the front door of Hector's mansion, BOOM! He smashes through, demolishing the front entrance.

CUT TO:

INT. HECTOR'S MANSION, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The SUV has left Hector's once lavish living room in shambles. There are clusters of debris all around the SUV.

Devonte jumps out of the SUV, masked, wearing all black, with two guns. A Teck-9 on a shoulder strap, with a Glock 40 tucked in his waistband.

Two guards enter the area from an adjacent room. Both have automatic weapons, One of them sees Devonte.

BALD GUARD

Motherfucker!

The guards fire the weapons, Devonte pivots to his side to avoid the gunfire, uses his SUV as a shield. Waits for the guards to unload their clips. As they go to reload, Devonte swiftly moves from the protection of the SUV, catching the men off guard, fires his weapon, kills them both where they stand.

Devonte sprints towards the staircase. Just as he begins his trek to the upstairs. There is another guard at the top of the staircase. He sees Devonte, unfortunately his gun is not drawn, but Devonte's is, he MOWS him down in a barrage of gunfire, instantly killing the guard, whose body falls and rolls half-way down the staircase.

Devonte has made it up to the second floor, he sees a long hallway with two closed doors on the left, two on the right. Devonte, moves quickly, yet cautiously, he kicks in the first door on the right. Weapon drawn and ready, sticks his head for a quick visual assessment. Seeing nothing, he moves on.

Devonte approaches the left side of the hallway now, moves closer to the second door.

With his back turned and attention on the second room, Someone emerges from the room he just checked. It's Kelso, as he is moving stealthily, stalks Devonte. He lines up Devonte in his sights. His finger firmly set, ready to pull the trigger.

KELSO

(whispering)

Gotcha motherfucker.

CLICK! Kelso's gun has jammed. Devonte quickly reacts to the sound, whirls around to see what causes it. Sees Kelso, no words, no hesitation, rips him down with his Teck-9.

Devonte turns his attention back to the second door, kicks it in, this time he walks complete in.

The third door slowly cracks open, allowing the occupant to peer out the upstairs hallway. It's Hector, he cautiously surveys the area, seeing the hallway still empty, opens the door a little wider. Still nothing, he exits the room, brandishing a nickel plated 38 pistol. Turns his head to check behind him, nothing, turns his attention back to the second room.

BAM! Devonte smacks Hector in the face with the butt of his gun, Floors Hector on his back, landing on the floor of the room.

CUT TO:

INT. HECTOR'S MANSION, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Hector has dropped his gun. Disoriented, blood tricking from his nose. Manages to regain focus, looks up, sees Devonte hooded, dressed in all black.

HECTOR

I don't know how much they are paying
you, but let me live and I'll double
it, no triple it!

Devonte stands over Hector, silent, he brandishes a Glock 40, with laser sighting, waves the beam across his chest.

Hector continues to beg.

HECTOR (CONT'D)

No you don't understand. I'm worth
millions, just name your price.

Devonte still silent, shakes his head No. Reaches up to remove his mask, revealing his face. Hector horrified, eyes protruding, mouth gaping.

HECTOR (CONT'D)

Oh my god, it's you!

DEVONTE

(sarcastically)
Surprise!

Hector writhing, manages to get to his knees, pleads even more.

HECTOR

Von I know you think I betrayed you,
but it wasn't up to me. I had to
kill her.

Devonte RACKS his Glock 40, points the laser beam directly on his chest.

DEVONTE
Bullshit! You got the juice to make
or break any decision!

Hector drops his head.

HECTOR
True, but please believe me, this
was even beyond my power.

Devonte chuckles, mocks Hector.

DEVONTE
No, not the great Hector Ramone
begging for his life!

Devonte aims his Glock at Hector's chest, the THIN RED BEAM sits squarely over his heart. Devonte outraged, he address Hector passionately.

DEVONTE (CONT'D)
You didn't get Kelli Camens a chance
to beg? Did you!

Hector's eyes well, face blank, shudders his head in compliance.

Devonte eyes blazing, speaks emotionally.

DEVONTE (CONT'D)
You know Hector, you spoke of honor
and loyalty. You're right I am loyal.

Beat.

Devonte steadies his hand, the red beam from the gun in now aimed center mass on Hector's chest.

DEVONTE (CONT'D)
It just ain't to your motherfucking
ass!

BAM! BAM! BAM! Bullets strike Hector's chest, killing him.

Devonte drops the glock to the floor. Tears in his eyes, falls to his knees, looks up and points to the ceiling.

DEVONTE (CONT'D)
That was for you Kelli.

EXT. HECTOR'S MANSION, FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

Devonte exits the mansion via the hole his SUV created. As he looks out into the night, BRIGHT LIGHTS impair his vision. A voice on speaker address him

POLICEMAN (O.S.)
Drop you weapon and get your hands
up!

Devonte using his hand to shield his eye from the bright lights, Vision still somewhat impaired, but does manage to notice several specs of RED and BLUE lights. He momentarily turns his face away from the light. Lowers his mask, quickly turns to face the lights, raises his Teck-9, OPENS FIRE.

PING! PING! PING! Some of his bullets hit metal objects, even a few lights. The voice on speaker, relays commands.

POLICEMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Return fire!

All that is seen is BLURRY RED AND BLUE LIGHTS in the distance, all that is heard is barrage of GUNSHOTS.

FADE:

EXT. AIRPLANE - DAY

An airplane flies in the backdrop of a deep blue sky. Nick and his Aunt Gerri are engaged in conversation.

AUNT GERRI (V.O.)
Hello.

NICK (V.O.)
Hey Aunt Gi Gi, how are you.

AUNT GERRI (V.O.)
Hey Nick, I'm doing good, How are
you?

NICK (V.O.)
I need to come home for a while.

AUNT GERRI (V.O.)
Well you're always welcome.

NICK (V.O.)
Thanks I'll be there tomorrow.

CUT TO:

EXT. OAKLAND NEIGHBORHOOD, STREET - DAY

Car pulls up and stops in front of a two story house. The rear door opens, Nick gets out of the back seat. Trunk pops open, Nick walks to trunk, removes several bags.

Nick stands at the front door of this home, his bags lie at his side on the porch. As he is about to ring the doorbell. The door burst open. Standing the in doorway is his Aunt Gerri (40's) 5'3", hair, nail, clothes sassy. She rushes Nick, gives him a tremendous hug.

AUNT GERRI

Nick!

CUT TO:

INT. AUNT GERRI'S, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Aunt Gerri stand in front of a sink washing and drying the dishes, places them on a rack on the counter. Nick sitting at a table, a plate consisting of chicken bones and half eaten roll is in front of him. He's picking the last remnants of his dinner from his teeth.

NICK

Damn that was good.

Aunt Gerri, pauses from washing, Walks over to the table, takes Nick's plate, scrapes the bones and other food debris in the garbage. Responds to Nick.

AUNT GERRI

Well you know I can throw down when
I have to.

Returns to the sink. Washes and dries his plate, sets it on the rack. Nick takes a deep breath, leans back, looks around the room.

NICK

Damn it feels good to be home.

Aunt Gerri joins Nick at the table, sits across from him, she gently caresses Nick's hand,

AUNT GERRI

Well that's why we cherish home,
because it is special.

Nick stares blankly at Aunt Gerri, eyes watery, begin to well up.

NICK

You know I feel like I'm in some
soft of horrible spin cycle. Mom
dead, dad dead, and now Kelli. My
life is over now, I got nobody now.

Beat.

He struggles to continue. Drops his head.

Aunt Gerri squeezes Nick's hand, lifts his chin up.

AUNT GERRI

Hey you got me, and your younger
brother. We love you no matter what.
Believe me we'll get through this
together.

Nick smiles briefly. Aunt Gerri gets up, she pulls him out
of his chair.

AUNT GERRI (CONT'D)

Come here.

HUGS him tightly.

AUNT GERRI (CONT'D)

I love you!

Nick holds his Aunt tightly, tears steam down his face.

NICK

Love you too.

He lets go, turns his face to wipe his tears.

NICK (CONT'D)

I think I'll go to bed early tonight,
I had a long flight out of Atlanta.

Aunt Gerri smiles, kisses him on the cheek.

AUNT GERRI

Well be careful, I just waxed those
bedroom floors.

Nick exits the room.

FADE:

INT. AUNT GERRI'S, GUESS BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nick is sitting on the edge of a bed. His head hangs low,
very somber. In one hand, he stares at a plastic zip lock
bag filled with small white pills.

In the other, a glass of BOURBON.

NICK

They did say that these little white
jewels would kill the pain.

Sets the bourbon down on a night stand. Opens the bag, place a few pills in the palm of his hand, sets the remainder on the dresser. Looks up to catch his reflection from the mirror on a dresser. Sees much pain in his eyes and face. His eyes begin to well, raises his hand up to his mouth, ready to drop a few pills in.

A creaking noise from some unknown area in the room stops him. Nick turns to assess where it possibly came from. Sees nothing, turns his attention back to the pills. Raises them to his mouth, he's about to pop a pill in, Creaking sound again, this time a little louder and more pronounced.

Nick empties the pills from his hand, placing them on to the nightstand. Puzzled, alarmed, and a bit curious he rises off the bed to investigate. He proceeds to check under the bed, sees nothing. Forges across the room to check the closet. As he moves from the throw rug surrounding the bed, to the freshly wax floors, an awkward misstep, along with the socks on his feet, causes him to momentarily loss his balance. Catches himself, proceeds, but with a little more caution.

At the closet, he opens the doors slowly, turns on the overhead light. Sees nothing but clothes and hangers. Needing to investigate further, he sticks his hands in to separate the hanged clothes, which revels a plain white wall. He chuckles.

NICK (CONT'D)

I ain't took not one pill and I'm
already trippin.

He steps back, turns off the light, closes the closet door, turns and is face to face with Kelli.

KELLI

Hey good looking!

Nick shocked, startled, and confused, frantically jumps back. In his haste, his socks slip on the freshly waxed floor, cause him to lose his footing, and hit his head on the back on the floor.

NICK

(dismayed)
What tha Fuc...

The blow to floor, has rendered him unconscious.

CUT TO:

INT. AUNT GERRI'S, GUESS BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nick's moaning, as he's slowly regaining consciousness, his motions sluggish, his vision blurred, can't quite make out his surroundings, but can make out a distorted image moving towards him.

KELLI

I see you're finally coming to.

The image still out of focus, unsure of the size or shape, but knows it's a female, by the voice. He slides his body up to rest against the headboard. Grimaces as the pain from his fall starts to resinate in his head. His eyes are starting to clear, can see colors, lights, define shapes.

NICK

You won't believe who I thought I saw.

The image sits on the bed next to Nick. Turns to him.

KELLI

Who?

Vision clear, eyes focused on the person sitting on the edge of his bed. It's Kelli. Nick frantically jumps out of the bed, slowly backs away. His heart's pounding, his mouth dry, breath short and rapid. The quick movements seemed to have reignited the pain in his head. Confused and setback.

NICK

Kelli?

She nods reassuringly.

NICK (CONT'D)

It was you! I mean it is you! But how?

She replies with one of the warmest and brightest smiles Nick has ever seen. She motions for Nick to come sit next to her.

KELLI

Relax, it's me.

Nick slowly walks towards the bed. Sits within arms lengths of Kelli. She invites him to come closer. He slowly reaches out and POKES her arm twice. Feeling the warm flesh, he rushes, her, grabs her, giving her a long and loving hug.

Tears begin to seem down his face.

NICK

So it was all a crazy fucked up dream.
You're not dead and you are here
with me.

Kelli grabs his arms, removes them from her waist. Then abruptly pushing him away.

KELLI

No bae, I am as you saw me last.

Bewildered by the statement, he rubs his temple.

NICK

So if you aren't alive, then why am
I able to see and touch you.

Kelli springs off the bed, SNATCHES the bag of pills off the night stand. Shows it to Nick.

KELLI

This is why!

Nick shamelessly looks away.

NICK

It's not what it looks like. It's
just a little fentanyl to take the
pain away.

Kelli returns to the bed, sits next to Nick, gestures disapprovingly.

KELLI

So you turn to drugs? I won't except
that lame shit! The man I married
was a fighter and didn't need drugs
to cope.

Nick turns, looks Kelli in her eyes, somberly replies.

NICK

Trust me, I not proud of myself
either, but taking all the things
and people that contributed to your
death, the pain was overwhelming.

Kelli grabs Nick's hand, squeezes it tightly, takes the other hand and rubs his face ever so gently.

KELLI

Nick life doesn't end with the death
of a loved one. It just adjusts.

Nick silent, eyes very watery, just smiles.

KELLI (CONT'D)

I know you're wondering why I'm back.
Well I need you. I need you to save
my family. Our family.

Nick's baffled, but sit more attentively now.

NICK

Save them from what?

Kelli stops rubbing his face.

KELLI

Save them from themselves.

NICK

What do you need me to do?

KELLI

You gotta get Angela and my father
to talk and end their differences.
You have to forgive Von, because he
had nothing to do with my death.
Finally whatever it takes you have
to get Krystal and Marcus back
together.

Nick abruptly pulls his hand away from Kelli.

NICK

Kelli what you're asking is damn
near impossible.

Kelli upset, irate, grabs Nick by the chin.

KELLI

Un un! You're not quitting on me,
not what I had to give up to save
this family!

NICK

So what did you have to give up?

Kelli releases Nick's chin, her eyes peek upward to the
ceiling.

Nick in response; eyes widen, mouth gapes.

NICK (CONT'D)

Oh.

He pulls Kelli closer to him, placing her head on his
shoulder.

NICK (CONT'D)
Well will you show me the way.

She lifts her head from his shoulder, DRAWS an imaginary "X" over Nick's heart.

KELLI
You know how Nick, just look into
your heart and you'll find a way.

Kelli stands, pulls Nick off the bed. Grabs his arms and pulls him close to her, wraps his arms around her waist.

KELLI (CONT'D)
Come on and dance with me one last
time.

MUSIC UP.

They begin to dance slowly, closely. She rubs her cheek against Nick's face.

Kelli stops and removes the diamond necklace around her neck. Places it in Nick's hand.

Nick and Kelli kiss, the images begin to blur, until they fade out.

FADE:

INT. AUNT GERRI'S, GUESS BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nick is bed in a deep sleep, he abruptly awakens. He's in shock and his breathing is going a mile a minute. Takes minute to gather his composure. He slowly starts a procedure of slow deep calming inhales and exhales. Checks his surroundings, see an empty room. Takes a sigh of relief, then chuckles.

NICK
So it all was a dream.

Nick turns to fluff up his pillow, then turns to other side. Sees his wife's necklace hanging from the lamp on the nightstand.

FADE:

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

In empty middle school classroom, Angela sits at her desk, hair styled in a ponytail, reading glasses rest on her nose. With red pen in hand, she is solely focused on grading papers. A dismissal bell rings, proceeded by yells and screams of excited preteens as it echoes through her open door.

Without missing a beat or lifting her head, she responses.

ANGELA

Okay children, don't mess around and
miss your busses.

Amongst the chaos and excitement of dismissal, a couple of
voices chime out in unison.

STUDENTS (O.S.)

Yes Mrs. Lopez!

Angela shakes her head, as she cracks a brief smile. Then
back to the papers.

Someone KNOCKS on her door.

ANGELA

Come in.

Nick enters her classroom,

NICK

So I guess I gotta get detention
before I can see you.

Angela bolts out of her seat, gives Nick a gigantic hug.

ANGELA

Nick!

CUT TO:

Nick is sitting in a students desk, grading papers. Gets up
to hand Angela a paper full of red marks.

NICK

So these kids don't study anymore?

Angela takes the paper from Nick, then types on her computer.

ANGELA

Only thing they're studying is the
latest challenge on social media.
And they say these kids are our
future.

Angela turn to face Nick, sits back, takes off her glasses.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

So Nick what's up? I know you didn't
come all this way to help me grade
papers.

Nick pulls up a chair, sits next to Angela's desk.

NICK
You're right, I didn't.

Beat.

NICK (CONT'D)
Angie when was the last time you
spoke to your father.

Angela folds her arms tightly against her chest, begins to
grind her teeth.

ANGELA
You mean that man named Michael
Richardson! I haven't and I won't!

NICK
Yeah I hear you, your father is just
going through the worst trial of his
life. He doesn't need family support.

ANGELA
For what that man put this family
through, his ass can rot in hell!
And since when I have you been a
Mike Richardson fan, it not like he
was real fond of you!

NICK
Trust me I feel your anger, but
sometimes you have to squash petty
differences. I know she was your
sister, but she was my wife!

ANGELA
So what you want me to pat him on
the back, and act like a family again?

Nick scoots his chair closer, caresses her hand.

NICK
No I want you to go and talk to him,
hear what he has to say, then decide
whether to forgive or not.

Angela skeptical, but eventually agrees.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Two men with wireless earpieces sit at a table. They are
playing Gin Rummy. One has his jacket off, tie loosen. He
nervously shakes his legs, as he arranges and rearranges his
cards.

The other man across from him, shades on, sits calmly wearing a freshly pressed shirt, tie, and coat. His hand is steady, face stoic, body language confident.

A bit further in the room, Michael Richardson sits at another table. He is writing in a journal. Stops writing, looks up at the two agents.

The jittery agent is about to rearrange his cards again. When he stops and reaches for his earpiece. He stands and dashes towards the door. The door opens and Angela is quickly whisked inside.

She is stopped. The other agent now gets up, moves towards her. One agent frisks her, the other checks her purse. They find nothing of consequence, she is escorted to Mike Richardson.

Mike Richardson smiles awkwardly, An agent pulls a chair out places it across from Mike Richardson. She sits.

MICHAEL

Damn Angie it's good to see you, I
haven't seen you since...

Angela angrily cuts him off.

ANGELA

Since the funeral!

Mike Richardson rubs his face, shamelessly looks down at the table.

MICHAEL

(dejected)
Yeah, since the funeral.

ANGELA

You know I wasn't going to come here,
but it's something I don't understand.
One sister dead, the other is a
nervous wreck, and me, I can't trust
anyone,

Angela BANGS on the table.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

But how could you let this happen to
our family!

Mike Richardson reaches for Angela's hand, placing his on top.

MICHAEL

Let's see. Four years of college to one of the nation's best schools. A wellness salon, A large mansion in the California hills, throw in a couple of wedding, and three luxury vehicles.

Angela yanks her hand away,

ANGELA

Wait a minute, we never ask for those things, and anyway, most of that comes with the responsibility of being a father!

Mike Richardson extends his hand, wants Angela to place her hand in his again,

MICHAEL

No baby I'm not placing any blame. I just wanted you to understand how I got myself into this situation.

Angela complies, takes her father's hand.

ANGELA

Okay talk to me.

MICHAEL

Well since the state and city ended it's diversity contracts, business was tight. Breaking the good old boy network was next to impossible. That's when Arcadia approached me.

Beat.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

You know baby I turned him down at least half a dozen times, but with a slumping business and a greedy nature, I accepted his offer.

Mike Richardson lets go of her hand. Shakes his head in disgust, struggles to continue.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

That was the worst mistake of my life.

Angela sits motionless, eyes watery, attempts to speak. An agent comes over and interrupts.

FBI AGENT

Times up.

Angela is escorted away from the table and back to the door.

Angela stops, turns and RACES towards her father. Tears flowing down her cheeks, she gives him a tremendous hug.

ANGELA

Daddy!

Mike Richardson squeezes Angela tightly.

MICHAEL

I love you too baby.

FADE:

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

Cars packed the gas pumps. Patrons go back and forth from inside the station. Some walking to their cars with cups of coffee in hand, other have bags fill with snacks.

CUT TO:

INT. GAS STATION - DAY

Nick is in line, coffee in one hand, newspaper in the other. Waits patiently. Finally in front, he pays the cashier for his items.

As he exits, he reads the front page: **Arcadia Indited on Murder and Money Laundering: Possible 35 Years.** Looks up into the sky, smiles briefly.

CUT TO:

EXT. PRISON - DAY

Nick enters a large multilevel brick building, which has bars on all windows.

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON - DAY

Nick, paper under his arm, proceeds down a long dim hallway. Stops at a security check point.

At the check point, Nick places the paper in a plastic tray, empties his pockets, and places the contents inside the tray as well.

A guard motions for him to walk through a metal detector. Once through, the guard runs a hand held detector across his body.

Clean of any prohibited objects, the guard slides the plastic tray across, allows Nick to gather his belongings.

He continues until he reaches a door that reads INFIRMARY.

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON INFIRMARY - DAY

Devonte lies on a bed, connected to a life support system. A tube protrudes from his throat, it assist his breathing. A machine on the side monitors his brain function. Nick takes a peek, the monitor registers strong brain activity.

Nick walks over to a window, raises the blind to bring in some natural lighting. He moves into Devonte's line of sight, unfolds the paper, shows him the headline.

NICK
Check that out.

A motionless and incapacitated Devonte doesn't react. Nick sits the paper to side. Moves closer to Devonte.

NICK (CONT'D)
Yeah, they didn't get away this time.

Nick straightens some loose covers on Devonte's bed, adjusts his pillow. Takes a seat near the head of his bed.

NICK (CONT'D)
Damn, I remember the last time we talked, you said we shared a kinship with one another, like brothers.

Nick voice trembles as he struggles to continue.

NICK (CONT'D)
Well Von you were right, and brothers may want to beat the shit outta each other, but in the end they have a love for one another that never fades.

Nick stands up, leans over and whispers in his ear.

NICK (CONT'D)
I forgive you Von, forever my dawg.

Nick lifts up, quickly wipes a tear from his eye, exits the room

Devonte still silent, manages to shed a single tear, which rolls down his cheek.

FADE:

INT. WELLNESS SPA - DAY

Nick enters the lobby of a wellness salon. There are several women sitting in the lobby waiting for their appointments.

One woman in particular stops reading her magazine, as Nick walks by, her eyes light up, she briefly smiles, then goes back to reading her magazine.

Nick walks up to the counter where a TEENAGE FEMALE is working.

TEENAGE WORKER

Good afternoon, welcome to The Krystal Palace, can I help you?

NICK

Yeah is Krystal in?

TEENAGE WORKER

And You are?

NICK

Just tell her a friend.

The teenage girl proceeds to the back.

A very pregnant Krystal emerges, she waddles over to Nick.

KRYSTAL

Hey stranger. I heard you were back in Oakland.

They hug.

NICK

Yeah, I've been here for a couple of weeks.

She lets go, gives him the side-eye.

KRYSTAL

A couple of weeks huh. Anyway how's the family.

NICK

Their good, but umm.

Nick reaches out, rubs her stomach gently.

NICK (CONT'D)

Looks like you're carrying twins.
I'm surprised you're still working.

KRYSTAL

Well, being that it's my business, I
have to make sure things are still
right, but I'm just coming in a couple
a days a week, plus it keeps me busy.

NICK

I feel you, but the reason I came by
was to see if you were free Friday
for dinner.

Krystal's very excited.

KRYSTAL

Dinner? And it's on you? Oh yeah
I'm free.

NICK

Okay, it's done.

They hug. Nick exits the lobby. Krystal waves.

KRYSTAL

Bye.

FADE:

INT. POOL HALL - NIGHT

Nick is at a bar ordering a drink. GRIPING VOICES use
SWEARING and PROFANITY as a second language. Some patrons
are dancing to a JUKE BOX playing R&B classics.

Nick enjoying his drink, see a large crowd gathering around
one of the pool tables. Walks over to investigate.

The crowd is watching two men, Marcus and another well known
POOL PLAYER.

Marcus is drinking and cracking jokes. He focuses on the
table, as he is lining up his next shot.

MARCUS

Man I can make this shot even with
your crossed eyes.

The pool player, not amused takes a swig of beer, clutches
his pool stick tightly.

POOL PLAYER

Just shoot the fucking shot.

Marcus briefly glares at the man. He's getting ready to shoot.

An "intense" silence has come over the crowd, suddenly a VOICE penetrates the calm.

NICK (O.S.)

I got a hundred says you miss.

Marcus stands up, searches for the voice.

MARCUS

What fool wants to lose his damn money.

Nick emerges from the crowd.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

What up brother-in-law!

Marcus attempts to walk over to Nick. The pool player stops Marcus, grabs his arm.

POOL PLAYER

Shoot first, reunions later.

Marcus shrugs the pool players hand off, gives him a very confident smug glare.

Marcus walks back to the table, stretches his body across the table.

CRACK! Marcus shoots, he easily sinks the eight ball. The crowd CHEERS, Marcus collects money from the pool player.

As the crowd disburses, Nick and Marcus dap each other up. Marcus counts his money.

MARCUS

What's up brah?

Nick points at the pool table.

NICK

I see old habits die hard.

Marcus waves his winnings in the air.

MARCUS

I gotta pay for the drinks with something.

Marcus bobs his head in anticipation. Gives a devilish grin. Holds his hand out.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
Speaking of money.

Nick reaches in his pocket, SLAPS five twenties into Marcus's hand.

NICK
Here you go.

Marcus counts the bills. Sets them on the table. He reaches into the pool tables to recover the other balls. He points to the money on the table.

MARCUS
You wanna win this back.

NICK
Yeah, I'll rack.

The two men are trading pool shots, and sips of beer. Nick stops in the middle of a shot, speaks to Marcus.

NICK (CONT'D)
When's the last time you've talked to Krystal?

Marcus stops drinking, face goes blank.

MARCUS
A while.

NICK
I saw her today.

Marcus set his beer down on the pool table.

MARCUS
For real, how's my baby doing?

NICK
Their good, but why don't you see for yourself?

Marcus chuckles loudly.

MARCUS
You must wanna see me in the hospital.

NICK
(chuckles)
Yeah, I guess you're right, but you can change things if you want to.

MARCUS

I do, but I really fucked up this time.

NICK

You know Marcus we all make mistakes.

Marcus shakes his head, disagrees with Nick.

MARCUS

This time I really crossed the line.
Anyway I ain't good at apologies.

Nick sets his pool stick down. He looks Marcus deeply into his eyes.

NICK

Well that's one way of looking at it, but here's another way. Once Krystal has the baby, brothers are going to be getting at her. Now answer this.

Beat.

Nick places jarring emphasis with his next words.

NICK (CONT'D)

Do you want your child calling another man daddy?

Beat.

Marcus's head drops, Looks up.

MARCUS

No.

Nick walks over to Marcus. Takes the pool stick from his hand. Puts his arm around him.

NICK

Good, now let's get your wife back.

They leave the pool table, exiting the bar.

FADE:

INT. STORE/BARBER SHOP - DAY

Nick and Marcus are shopping for new clothes.'

Nick and Marcus are at the barber shop, Marcus is getting a complete make-over.

FADE:

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Krystal is waiting at the hostess stand, inside a crowded restaurant. Nick emerges from the eating area. Waves his hands to get her attention.

NICK

Good, I see you're right on time.

KRYSTAL

(smiling)

Well I am eating for two.

NICK

Well I'm glad you're in a good mood,
cause I need for you to close your
eyes.

Stand offish and reluctant at first she refuses. Nick grabs a menu from an empty table. Opens it, highlights the meals available. Krystal quickly breaks her stance and complies.

Nick leads her across the restaurant, to a table near the back. Someone is sitting at the table. Nick checks her eyes to make sure they are shut.

NICK (CONT'D)

Okay open them.

Krystal opens her eyes. Sees a grinning Marcus sitting at the table.

MARCUS

Hey baby.

Krystal stares at Marcus, her eyes are dazzled,, briefly turned on. Marcus hair and beard are neatly trimmed. He has on a new set of clothes. And a bouquet are flowers are in his hand.

Seconds later her excitement has turned to anguish. Her smile quickly turns into an intense scowl.

KRYSTAL

So this is why you wanted to have
dinner with me.

Outraged, she fiercely points at Marcus.

KRYSTAL (CONT'D)

If he's hear, then I'm outta hear!

She turns, prepares to leave. Nick stick his arm out, blocking her path.

NICK

Krystal sit your ass down!

Krystal startled by his tone, rolls her neck and eyes, MUMBLES to herself, but complies and sits at the table with Marcus.

NICK (CONT'D)

Now I brought you two hear to talk
and I'm not leaving until you both
say something nice.

Nick nudges Marcus.

NICK (CONT'D)

Marcus you go first.

Marcus nervous, takes a deep breath, clears his throat.
Looks deeply into Krystal's eyes.

MARCUS

Krystal, I've never seen you look so
beautiful.

Nick nods his approval. Taps Krystal on the arm.

NICK

Good start. Krystal.

She peeps at him.

KRYSTAL

Well those that is a nice bouquet of
flowers.

Nick taps Krystal on the hand. His eyebrows arched,
disapproving of her comment.

KRYSTAL (CONT'D)

Okay, I really like the fresh cut
and clothes.

Nick smiles warmly at Krystal.

NICK

Now that's much better. So I'm going
to leave you guys to talk, and don't
worry the food is on me.

Nick leaves the table, exits the restaurant.

Marcus enamored, reaches for Krystal's hand, grabs it, holds it very tightly.

MARCUS
So how's my baby doing?

She places her other hand on top of his.

KRYSTAL
We're both doing fine.

Marcus laughs briefly, glances at her.

MARCUS
I didn't mean it like that. I'm
concerned for the both of you.

He points to his wife's swollen stomach.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
The baby should be due in about six
weeks.

Krystal hold up five fingers.

KRYSTAL
Five weeks.

Krystal pinches Marcus's arm.

MARCUS
Ouch! What was that for?

Rubs the spot she pinched.

KRYSTAL
Cause I wanted to. Anyway just
because we have issues doesn't mean
that I won't let you see or spend
time with the baby.

Marcus grabs both of Krystal's hands, pulls them to his lips, kisses them softly.

MARCUS
Damn, now I see why I married you.
Is there any room in your heart to
forgive me?

KRYSTAL
Well Marcus, depending on how sincere
the apology is, who knows.

Marcus perks ups, his eyes beam, face bright.

MARCUS

Let's get the food to go, I only
live a couple of blocks away.

Krystal agrees.

KRYSTAL

All right.

Marcus and Krystal continue to talk, they even manage to
share a laugh or two.

CUT TO:

INT. MARCUS APARTMENT - NIGHT

Marcus opens the door to his apartment. Krystal stands at
the entrance with bags of food in her hands. Marcus takes
the bags from Krystal, as she still waits in the entrance
way. He walks in, puts the food down on a coffee table.

The apartment small, sparsely decorated with very little
furniture, and is very messy.

A TV in the corner has been left on, with the sound up loudly.
Marcus still wants Krystal to wait before entering. Turns
the TV off.

He tries to clean up the apartment. But overwhelmed by the
clutter, he stops. Clears a spot on the sofa for her to
sit.

MARCUS

Okay, here you go.

Krystal slowly walks over, gets assistance from Marcus to
help her sit down.

KRYSTAL

Thank you.

Marcus sitting next to Krystal, looks around the apartment.

MARCUS

How do you like my place?

Krystal surveys his place, she sits back, folding her arms.

KRYSTAL

It's okay, but it could use a woman's
touch.

Marcus puckers his lips, blows her a kiss, Caresses her leg
gently.

MARCUS

Yeah I know.

Krystal scoffs at him, pushes his hand off her leg.

KRYSTAL

Why don't you get you friend to help.

He reclines back on the sofa.

MARCUS

You know I don't even talk to her
anymore.

Krystal inches closer.

KRYSTAL

Really?

Marcus gets off the sofa, kneels down between her legs.

Marcus takes both his hands and gently rubs her thighs, looks
deeply into her eyes, kisses her softly on the nose.

MARCUS

I know it's probably to late, but if
you give me one more chance.

Marcus stops rubbing, take one hand, holds it in the air
like a scout, uses the other hand to cross his heart.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

I'm through with all the cheating
and lying, I'm ready to be a real
man and faithful husband.

Krystal gently grabs him by the chin. Pulls him eye to eye
with her, looks deep into his soul.

KRYSTAL

Answer one question. Is she out of
your life?

MARCUS

Yes!

Krystal caresses his lips.

KRYSTAL

Don't hurt me again, because if you
do, it's over, no more chances.

Marcus nods in compliance.

MARCUS
I promise, I won't.

Marcus and Krystal exchange a very deep and passionate KISS.

FADE:

INT. MARCUS APARTMENT - MORNING

The muffled sound of someone taking a SHOWER is heard behind a closed bedroom door.

The door OPENS, Krystal enters the living room wearing one of Marcus's extra-large work shirts. His apartment is noticeably much cleaner than the night before.

Within a couple of steps, she's in the kitchen, searches for cooking utensils. She hears a RAPID TAPPING at the front door.

Krystal waddles her way to the door, she opens it. Standing in the doorway is a very young attractive young black woman. The young woman is grinning from ear to ear.

Krystal's face is flustered, her nostrils flare, exclaims

KRYSTAL
Oh hell no!

The young woman continues smiling, she waves a pair

Men's boxes in the air.

YOUNG WOMAN
Umm, where's Marky? He left these
over my place.

Krystal momentarily stunned, stares at her loathingly. She turns to walk away, enters the bedroom.

The young woman enters the apartment.

Krystal emerges from the bedroom, wearing a long overcoat and sneakers.

KRYSTAL
Tell Marky that I'm gone and don't
ever come back into my life again.

She slams the door behind her as she walks out.

Marcus fresh from his shower, towel over his face, enters the living room. Shirtless, wearing nothing but the same color boxers the young woman was holding.

MARCUS
Hey Krystal is breakfast ready?

YOUNG WOMAN (O.S.)
Yeah I'm ready.

Marcus removes the towel from his face, sees the young girl standing in the living room.

Angry, confused, he approaches the young woman.

MARCUS
What the fuck are you doing here!

He moves her out of his way, searches for Krystal. He looks in the kitchen.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
Where's Krystal?

The young woman SHRUGS her shoulders, TWIRLS the boxers in the air.

YOUNG WOMAN
I came to return these.

Marcus snatches the boxers away from her. Points at her, holds three fingers in the air.

MARCUS
I told you 3 months ago, it was over.

The young woman looks at Marcus, unbuttons her shirt, exposing her huge firm breast.

YOUNG WOMAN
Yeah I know, but they missed you.

Marcus approaches her, hurriedly closes her shirt. Grabs her arm, escorts her to the front door.

MARCUS
Get out!

The young woman stops, turns to face him.

YOUNG WOMAN
But..

Marcus forces her out, Clutches his fist tightly. Voice SHATTERING.

MARCUS
Get the fuck out!

Marcus SLAMS the door. Moves towards the couch, plops down, throws the boxers across the room.

FADE:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

TITLE: Four 1/2 weeks later.

In a dark room, the beaming light from an alarm clock shows 4:46 am. RING! RING! RING!

From a lump of bed covers, a hand reaches out to answer the phone. The voice responding is SCRATCHY and TIRED.

NICK

Hello.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Angela near an emergency room entrance, speaking FRANTICALLY.

ANGELA

Nick get up, Krystal is having her baby!

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

Nick's head pops out from under the covers, Alert now, Turns a lamp on.

NICK

Say that again?

Angela gains her composure, lowers her tone, speaks slowly, clearly.

ANGELA

Krystal's having her baby and I can't find Marcus!

Nick flings the covers off, Sit attentively on the edge of his bed.

NICK

Don't worry I'll find Marcus. Where are you?

ANGELA

St. Luke's, hurry!

Their conversation ends.

Nick jumps off the bed, scrambles through a pile of clothes on the floor, find a shirt and pants.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Krystal lies on a gurney, flustered by labor pains.

Angela stand next to her, holds her hand, and rubs up and down her arm to comfort her.

Krystal's face is blistering with pain, she YELLS out.

KRYSTAL

Arrh! Where's my husband!

ANGELA

I called Nick and he said he was going to bring Marcus.

Krystal sits up. She takes a deep breath, looks at Angela.

KRYSTAL

Well are you going to be there for me?

Angela squeezes Krystal's hand. Winks at her, then smiles.

ANGELA

I wouldn't miss this for nothing in the world.

Another CONTRACTION, causes Krystal to ROCK the gurney. She squeezes very tightly.

Krystal vice like grip, causes Angela to grimaces from the pain. Angela keeps her composure, enduring the pain, even manages an awkward smile.

KRYSTAL

Arrh! Well let's go cause this baby ain't waiting.

Doctors wheel Krystal into the delivery room, Angela follows them inside.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - DAWN

Nick and Marcus are stuck in the rush hour traffic.

Marcus's very frantic, very upset.

MARCUS

Hurry up, my wife's having a baby
and I'm missing it!

NICK

Okay but don't you see this traffic.

Marcus is fidgeting.

MARCUS

I know, but do something!

Nick points to the front of the car.

NICK

Hang on, I see an opening.

Nick WEAVES through traffic, drives on the far right shoulder
off the highway. Gets off the next exit.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL, DELIVERY ROOM - MORNING

Krystal's in LABOR. Breathing hard, sweating profusely, and
in tremendous pain.

Angela on one side of her, NURSES and DOCTORS are on the
other, they assist with the delivery.

KRYSTAL

Arhh!

Angela grabs Krystal's hand. Instructs Krystal to use her
LAMAS BREATHING technique to control the pain.

The doctor tells Krystal to continue.

DELIVERY ROOM DOCTOR

Okay, push and breath. Keep pushing.

She continues her breathing, sweat beads flow steadily from
her brow. Krystal's eyes flare, face etched with pain. She
pushes again.

KRYSTAL

Ahhh! Get this baby out now!

DELIVERY ROOM DOCTOR

Okay it's coming, push, push!

KRYSTAL

This baby better come out now, or
you better snatch it out, cause I
ain't pushing no more!

Krystal steadies herself against the bed. Takes a deep breath. Krystal's cheeks red with tension, her face and sheets soaked with sweat.

Krystal SCREAMS as she steadies herself for one last mighty push.

KRYSTAL (CONT'D)

Ahhhhh!

A baby CRIES. The doctor and nurses are excited.

Krystal and Angela are exhausted, but so excited they begin to cry.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL - MORNING

Nick and Marcus have made it to the hospital. Nick stops the car.

MARCUS

Okay let me out right here.

Marcus jumps out of the car. Bolts into the hospital.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - MORNING

Marcus stops an ORDERLY in the hallway. He needs directions. The orderly points down the hallway. Marcus scampers in that direction.

Marcus passes David and his kids in the waiting area.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL RECOVERY ROOM - MORNING

Marcus enters the room. Angela is holding a newborn baby. Krystal is her bed, awake, sitting up, she's exhausted, but seems to be glowing.

Marcus sees Krystal, smiles, he slowly moves towards her.

MARCUS

Hi.

KRYSTAL

Hello.

He sits next to Krystal.

MARCUS

I know I'm probably the last person
you want to see.

Krystal pushes him.

KRYSTAL

Shut up Marcus, Angie and me
confronted your *friend* and I know
what's up. So come hold your baby
girl.

Angela places the baby in Marcus arms. She exits the room.

Marcus is overjoyed as watches his sleeping baby girl.

KRYSTAL (CONT'D)

Where's Nick?

Marcus plays with the baby.

MARCUS

He's parking the car.

Nick enters the room.

Marcus is sitting next to Krystal. They are both playing
and talking with their baby.

NICK

So here's the happy family.

KRYSTAL

Hey Nick!

NICK

So that's you guys little rug rat.

Krystal calls Nick to come over.

KRYSTAL

Come over and say hi to your niece.

Nick walks over, he gently takes the baby from Marcus.

Marcus exits the room. Nick sits down next to Krystal.

NICK

She's so pretty.

KRYSTAL

Guess what we named her?

NICK

What?

KRYSTAL
Kelli Katrina Robinson.

Nick beams with delight, he kisses the baby's hand.

NICK
K.K.

Krystal motions for Nick to get closer.

KRYSTAL
Come here.

She lowers Nick's head, kisses him on the forehead.

KRYSTAL (CONT'D)
Thank you for saving our family,
Kelli would have been proud of you.

Nick eyes water. Angela peeks her head into the room.

ANGELA
Krystal you have a visitor.

Mike Richardson enters the room, grinning. Carrying a gigantic teddy bear.

Krystal EXCLAIMS.

KRYSTAL
Daddy!

MICHAEL
Now you know I couldn't let my little
girl have her first child and not be
here.

Nick walks towards Mike Richardson. He hands him the baby, takes the teddy bear from him.

NICK
Here's your granddaughter sir.

The entire family has entered the room, there is much talking and laughter.

Nick places the teddy bear in an empty chair in the room. He exits into the hallway.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL, HALLWAY - MORNING

Nick has found a secluded spot in the hallway. He looks up in the air, he speaks.

NICK

I did it. I don't know how baby,
but I did it. You were right family
is everything. I may have lost you,
but I gained a closer much tighter
family.

He points to his heart.

NICK (CONT'D)

Kelli as long as I keep you here,
you'll never be forgotten. I love
you.

Nick reenters the room and rejoices with his family, Everyone
is laughing and enjoying the moment that just happened.

THE END