

New Year's Nightmare

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EXT. STREET - DAY

A big sign that says New Mexico. Snowfall. People enter and exit stores.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

A tiny one bedroom first floor apartment. Although small, this apartment is well-looked after. Ash parquet flooring all over, a very neat and tidy apartment.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

The sofa/sofa bed is a modern fold-in and fold-out of the wall. A nice modern-looking rectangle coffee table sits in the middle between the sofa and big flat-screen TV on the wall. The TV on the wall is at eye level.

A man sits on the sofa watching business-news while eating a bowl of cereal. This is QUINTRELL MALONE. 40, African-American, smooth and wavy fade hairstyle, thin patchy beard, medium height, he's not overweight and not skinny, he's in good shape.

Quintrell puts his now empty cereal bowl down on the coffee table, he gets up and walks into his bedroom.

INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM

The bedroom has the basics. A bed, a laptop sits on a desk with a chair. An exercise bike is in a corner of the room. Quintrell opens his wardrobe, he grabs a parka coat and puts it on.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Quintrell and an older man are in an intense conversation. Their body language suggests hostility. The older man is SAMUEL LLOYD, 60, skinny, tall.

People watch the two men as they argue.

SAMUEL

Look, Quintrell, you cannot start yelling back at the customers.

QUINTRELL

I've been working here for five years, Samuel. And I'm tired of being disrespected for doing my job.

CONTINUOUS:

QUINTRELL (CONT'D)

I'm tired of these ugly ass customers yelling at me over nothing...over the bathrooms...political correctness...them not returning books and blue rays on time...how the hell is that my fault?! I'm tired of these customers ugly attitudes, man.

QUINTRELL
I'm done!

SAMUEL
Well, I'm afraid I'm gonna have to ask you to leave.

QUINTRELL
Fine! Like I said, I'm done.

Quintrell grabs his coat from the back of the chair and starts to walk out of the library.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Quintrell walks down the fairly busy cold winter street. He dials a number on his cellphone. He puts his cellphone to his ear.

QUINTRELL
(On Cellphone)

Hi, Mom. Are you busy?

INT. CAFE - DAY

A hip modern looking cafe. Quintrell sits opposite an older lady, in a quiet corner of the cafe. This lady age 65, looks younger than her age, African-American, short natural hair, this is Quintrell's MOM / DESHONDA MALONE.

Two hot drinks on the table. A half eaten muffin on side of the table.

QUINTRELL
I don't regret quitting my job, Mom.

MOM/DESHONDA
It's your choice, honey.

She sips some of her drink.

CONTINUOUS:

MOM/DESHONDA

You know I'm always here for you. And if you need money for rent--

QUINTRELL

--Mom, I'll be fine.

MOM/DESHONDA

I know, Son. But don't allow pride to get in. You know I'll help you with whatever you need.

Quintrell gives her a warm smile.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STORE - DAY

Quintrell walks out of a store, he has a lottery ticket in his hand, he scratches the ticket with a dime. He looks at the ticket as he walks. He huffs and puts the ticket in a bin. He continues to walk.

INT. QUINTRELL'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Quintrell is asleep on the sofa. An old 1940s movie plays on the TV.

His cellphone on the coffee table rings and wakes him up.

He answers his phone.

INTERCUT - INT. QUINTRELL'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT /
INT. DESHONDA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

QUINTRELL

Mom? What's going on?

Deshonda/Mom is in tears.

MOM/DESHONDA

Quintrell, your uncle Mike...he's dead.

QUINTRELL

What do you mean, dead?...

Tears fall from Quintrell's eyes.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

People walk to their cars. Everyone is dressed in black. Quintrell and Deshonda/Mom walk together to her car. Quintrell's arm around her.

ONE MONTH LATER

INT. QUINTRELL'S APARTMENT / LIVING ROOM - DAY

Quintrell and Deshonda/Mom sit on the sofas. A glass of soda, and a cup of coffee are on the coffee table.

MOM/DESHONDA

I told you. My brother, your uncle always wanted to make sure his family were taken care of.

MOM/DESHONDA CONT'D

He left us both seven million dollars.

QUINTRELL

Yeah, uncle Mike was generous. It's just...

Quintrell sighs. He looks on the ground.

MOM/DESHONDA

It's just what, honey?

Quintrell looks at her.

QUINTRELL

It's not that I'm not grateful for all of the money. But i'm doing fine and I love my life.

MOM/DESHONDA

Q, no one is telling you to change your life.

QUINTRELL

I would give this money back in a second if I could have Uncle Mike back.

MOM/DESHONDA

I know. Me too.

MOM/DESHONDA

He wasn't interested in looking after

himself...his weight...the junk
food...he was only sixty-five years
old.

She starts to weep. Quintrell walks over to her where she sits on the other sofa. He leans down and hugs her, she embraces him with her hands around his waist as she continues to weep.

DISSOLVE TO:

NEW YEARS EVE

INT. CHURCH HALL - DAY

A few people set up tables, and party decorations around the hall. Quintrell enters, he looks around, he sees Mom/Deshonda laying out plates on the tables. He walks over to her.

QUINTRELL

Hi, Mom.

She turns to Quintrell. She smiles.

DESHONDA

Hi, son.

They give each other a quick hug.

QUINTRELL

You need me to do anything?

DESHONDA

Yes. You can lay out more plates on
the tables over there.

She points to some more long tables behind them.

QUINTRELL

Sure thing.

Quintrell walks over to the other tables. A pile of plates are on one side. He starts to put them all out on the table. An older black man, early 60s, puts drink glasses on the same table. This is REGINAL MURRAY. He looks at Quintrell.

REGINAL

How you doing today, Quintrell?

Quintrell briefly looks at Reginal to answer him.

CONTINUOUS:

QUINTRELL

I'm good.

Quintrell and Reginal continue to lay out the plates and glasses on the table.

QUINTRELL

How about you? You asked my mom out yet?

Reginal laughs.

REGINAL

Quintrell, you know me and your mom are just friends.

They finish the table lay of the plates, glasses, and cutlery.

QUINTRELL

It was nice seeing you, Reginal. But I'm gonna get outta here.

REGINAL

You just got here.

QUINTRELL

Yeah, but I don't do so well around social situations.

QUINTRELL

I'll see ya.

REGINAL

Alright. You take care now.

Quintrell walks towards his mom on the other side of the room. Mom finishes her conversation with her friend MAVIS.

MAVIS

(To Deshonda)

Just gonna use the bathroom.

DESHONDA

(To Mavis)

Okay.

CONTINUOUS:

QUINTRELL

Mom, I'm gonna take off.

MOM/DESHONDA

What? Honey, you just got here.

QUINTRELL

I know, Mom. But you know I'm not keen on social stuff. I came here just to stop by and see you. And I'm moving in two days, so I need to pack some more of my stuff.

MOM/DESHONDA

Two days? I thought you weren't moving until next month.

QUINTRELL

Yeah, but I have the keys. I don't want to change my mind, so why wait.

MOM/DESHONDA

Okay, but moving the day after New Years Day--

QUINTRELL

--I know. It's unusual. But I want to just do this now. You know?

MOM/DESHONDA

It's your life.

Quintrell kisses his mom on the cheek.

QUINTRELL

I'll call you tomorrow.

Quintrell leaves.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MANSION - DAY

Movers move furniture into the mansion. Quintrell is on his cellphone as he walks into the mansion.

QUINTRELL

(On Cellphone)

Hi, Mom. Yeah the movers are here.
Come by tonight, okay?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MANSION - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Mom/Deshonda and Quintrell drink wine. The house has the basics. Two new sofas, flatscreen TV, eye-level. Dark brown expensive floors, a few minimalist abstract paintings on the walls. Light brown walls.

QUINTRELL

I'm glad you took me up on my
offer...deciding to stay here tonight.

Mom smiles at Quintrell.

QUINTRELL (CONT'D)

This house has five bedrooms. You can
take your pick.

Quintrell takes a sip of his wine.

QUINTRELL

I really am grateful uncle mike left
me money, but...

Quintrell sighs.

MOM

But, what?

QUINTRELL

You know I told you before that I
liked my life the way it was.

MOM

Yeah.

QUINTRELL

Well...

QUINTRELL (CONT'D)

Mom, I think...I think I made a
mistake...with this mansion...I mean,
why do I need this place? It's just
me. I'm single. No wife, no kids. I
don't need to live in a big ass house
like this.

CONTINUOUS:

QUINTRELL (CONT'D)

I loved my one bedroom apartment. I loved how things were. Why did I do this?

MOM

Honey, It's been a long day. You're very tired. You need a good night sleep and think about things fresh in the morning.

QUINTRELL

Maybe you're right, but I don't think I'll change my mind.

Quintrell gets up, he walks up to his mum, he leans down and kisses her on the cheek.

QUINTRELL

Night, Mom.

MOM

Night, honey.

She watches him leave the room. Slight worry in her face. She takes a sip of her wine.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MANSION / KITCHEN - DAY

Quintrell and Mom eat breakfast at the table. Quintrell has a bowl of cereal. Mom has pancakes. Two mugs of coffee on the table.

MOM

I'm happy to make you pancakes--

QUINTRELL

--Nah, thanks ma, I don't feel like it. cereal's fine.

Quintrell eats a spoonful of his cereal.

Mom/Deshonda takes a sip of her coffee.

MOM

So, I need to get back home after breakfast.

CONTINUOUS:

QUINTRELL

Really? You have a week off work.

MOM

Yes, but I can't stay here all the time. I have to water my plants. And I made plans with Caroline.

Mom takes another sip of her coffee.

QUINTRELL

That's cool.

A few seconds of silence go by.

QUINTRELL

The vibe of this place...it just feels so empty, not like my apartment which was small and cosy.

MOM

I see you haven't really changed your mind.

QUINTRELL

I'll think about it for a few more days.

MOM

That's a good idea. You might grow to love this place.

Mom gets up off her seat.

MOM

I'm gonna go, honey. I'll call you, okay?

QUINTRELL

Okay, Mom.

EXT. MANSION - DAY

Quintrell and Mom hug. She gets into her car. He waves at her as she drives away. She honks her car horn as she leaves.

Quintrell walks back into the mansion.

INT. MANSION - LIVING ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Quintrell stands there in this massive room. The big space and Quintrell's lack of enthusiasm about his new home brings a lonely and empty vibe to this mansion.

He sits down and looks at his laptop on the coffee table. He picks up the laptop and opens it. He looks at the front page of a website that says *'Make new friends today. Bond through topics. We have it all, from sports, to movies, to art paintings. Sign up and join for free today.'*

Quintrell sighs and stares at the website for a moment.

QUINTRELL (TO HIMSELF)

Why not. Let's give it a try.

He starts to type on his computer. He smiles as he looks at his laptop screen. The website reads *'You've now signed up. Choose the topic you're interested in'.*

The website has a long line of all different types of topics. Quintrell clicks on the Action Movies topic. He reads some information. He chuckles to himself.

QUINTRELL (TO HIMSELF)

Let me add my two cents.

Quintrell starts to type. He reads to himself aloud as he types.

QUINTRELL

This is a good action movie, but the female lead is all wrong for this, they should have chosen someone else.

Quintrell reads whatever is on the site. He scowls.

QUINTRELL (TO HIMSELF)

What the hell? Why am I getting all this hate? I'm only expressing my views just like everyone else.

Quintrell continues to read whatever else is on the site.

QUINTRELL (TO HIMSELF)

I'm not even gonna respond to all of this abuse. Forget this.

Quintrell starts typing. The website reads *'You have now deleted your account.'*

QUINTRELL (TO HIMSELF)

Thank you.

QUINTRELL (TO HIMSELF)

I don't need that shit.

Quintrell slams his laptop lid down. And sits back on the sofa. He sighs.

QUINTRELL (TO HIMSELF)

I need some air.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Quintrell rides a folding bike through the busy streets on the bike lane. An obnoxious car driver honks their horn as they drive past him.

QUINTRELL (TO HIMSELF)

What the?!...I'm in my own lane. The hell is that guy's issue?!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PARK - DAY

Quintrell sits on a bench, his bike parked with the stand. Quintrell looks through photos on his phone of him, his mum, and his uncle Mike, christmas and birthday photos. A tear falls down Quintrell's face as he looks through the photos.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MANSION - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Quintrell sits on the sofa, channel surfing. A black Cadillac CT5-V Blackwing pulls up outside. Quintrell sees the car pull up. He switches off the TV and puts the remote on the coffee table. He walks to the window.

A man exits the car. This is DMITRY HODGES, African-American, 45, buzz cut haircut, beard, tall height, slim build, glasses, casual clothing.

Dmitry walks towards the front door. Quintrell walks to the front door and opens it.

QUINTRELL

Hello. Can I help you?

Dmitry looks at Quintrell. He smiles at Quintrell.

CONTINUOUS:

DMITRY

Yes. Good Afternoon. My name is Dmitry Hodges.

He stops as soon as he gets in front of Quintrell. Dmitry puts out his hand for a handshake.

Quintrell hesitates, he shakes Dmitry's hand.

DMITRY

I knew your uncle Mike.

QUINTRELL

Okay?

DMITRY

Would it be okay if I came in?

QUINTRELL

Um. First of all so what if you knew my uncle, and I don't know you from adam. You could be lying to me for all I know.

Dmitry takes his cellphone out of his trouser pocket. He shuffles through it for a moment. He hands Quintrell his phone.

QUINTRELL - POV

A photo of a young African-American boy, an African-american lady and uncle mike at what looks like a birthday celebration.

DMITRY

Your uncle knew my mom and I when I was a kid.

Quintrell hands the phone back to Dmitry. Quintrell hesitates.

QUINTRELL

Um...

DMITRY

You know what? I shouldn't have shown up here. I'm gonna leave. I'm sorry about this.

CONTINUOUS:

Dmitry turns to leave.

QUINTRELL

Hold up.

Dmitry turns around.

QUINTRELL

Why don't you come in.

DMITRY

Are you sure?

QUINTRELL

Yeah. Come on in.

DMITRY

Thank you.

Dmitry walks into the mansion. Quintrell shuts the door.

INT. MANSION / HALLWAY - DAY - CONTINUOUS

QUINTRELL

You want a drink?

DMITRY

Yes, please.

QUINTRELL

Kitchen's this way.

Quintrell walks straight down the long hallway towards the kitchen. Dmitry follows him.

INT. MANSION / KITCHEN - DAY - CONTINUOUS

QUINTRELL

Hot or cold drink?

DMITRY

Cold please. Water is just fine.

QUINTRELL

You sure? I got flavored--

DMITRY

--Yeah, water's fine.

CONTINUOUS:

Quintrell grabs a glass from the shelf.

QUINTRELL

So how did you get my address?

Quintrell puts some ice cubes into the glass via the fridge dispenser.

DMITRY

Your mom gave me your address.

Quintrell fills the glass with water from the tap. He hands the ice water to Dmitry.

DMITRY

Thank you.

Dmitry takes a sip of his water.

QUINTRELL

You wanna go in the living room?

DMITRY

Sure.

Dmitry follows Quintrell into the living room.

INT. MANSION / LIVING ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Quintrell sits on one of the sofas. Dmitry puts his glass of water on the coffee table. Dmitry sits on the other sofa.

DMITRY

You have a beautiful house.

QUINTRELL

Thank you.

QUINTRELL

So I'm not sure if I can help you with anything--

DMITRY

--Yeah, I know...I don't really know why I came here. I just really miss Mike. I guess I wanted to meet some of his family. Keep that connection alive or somethin'.

CONTINUOUS:

QUINTRELL

I can understand that.

Dmitry grabs his water and takes another sip.

QUINTRELL

So, how did you know my uncle?

DMITRY

My mom met him through a family friend at her house one day. The family friend knew Mike through chess club. He became a friend to my mom and to me.

Silence for a few seconds.

DMITRY

I don't know why I came here. I'm sorry, I'm gonna go.

Dmitry stands up, he starts to cry.

Quintrell stands up, he walks over to Dmitry and puts his hand on his shoulder.

QUINTRELL

It's gonna be okay, man.

QUINTRELL (CONT'D)

Drink some more of your water.

Quintrell hands Dmitry his glass of water. Dmitry drinks some of his water. Quintrell sits back down. Dmitry sits down. Dmitry snuffles. He wipes his eyes.

QUINTRELL

Let me get you a tissue.

He says as he stands up.

DMITRY

No, it's okay. I'm good.

QUINTRELL

You sure. It's no bother.

DMITRY

I'll be alright.

CONTINUOUS:

Dmitry wipes the tears from his eyes. Quintrell sits back down.

DMITRY

I wish Mike wasn't gone.

QUINTRELL

Me too.

A cellphone rings.

QUINTRELL

It's mine. I'm gonna ignore that.

DMITRY

Nah, you go ahead and get that. It's fine.

QUINTRELL

They can wait.

DMITRY

Honestly, I don't mind.

QUINTRELL

Okay. Excuse me a moment.

Quintrell grabs his cellphone that is next to him on the sofa. He puts the cellphone to his ear.

QUINTRELL

(On Cellphone)

Hi, mom.

(BEAT)

QUINTRELL

(On Cellphone)

Yeah, I'm good. Listen, I have someone here who knew uncle mike.

Dmitry stands up. He looks at Quintrell and signals to the front door.

DMITRY

I'm gonna go.

CONTINUOUS:

Quintrell looks at Dmitry.

QUINTRELL
You don't have to leave.

QUINTRELL
(On Cellphone)

Hold on a minute, mom.

QUINTRELL
It's just my mom, she--

DMITRY
--I need to go and do some stuff,
anyway, so thank you for letting me in
your beautiful house. I'll see myself
out.

Dmitry hastily leaves.

QUINTRELL
Okay. I'll see you.

The front door shuts. The car engine starts, the car drives
away. Quintrell is still on the phone.

QUINTRELL
(On Cellphone)

Yeah, mom, are you there?

(BEAT)

QUINTRELL
(On Cellphone)

(MORE)
Yeah, there was a close friend of
uncle mike's who was just here.

(BEAT)

QUINTRELL
(On Cellphone)

Yeah, he showed me an old photo of
uncle mike with him and his mom.

(BEAT)

QUINTRELL
(On Cellphone)

Yeah, he broke down in tears. Uncle Mike had quite a few people in his life who cared about him.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DMITRY'S APARTMENT / LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A small two bedroom apartment. Mustard walls, black carpet, black sofa. Dmitry sits on the sofa, he looks through his cellphone. He looks at Quintrell's social media posts that has photos of architecture and buildings. One of Quintrell's posts says *This brutalist building looks harsh, but I like it.* With an abstract building under the caption.

Dmitry puts his phone down next to him on the sofa. He stands up and leaves the room.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MANSION / KITCHEN - NIGHT

Quintrell and Mom/Deshonda eat pizza at the table.

QUINTRELL
I'm glad you're staying here again tonight, ma.

MOM
I guess I can't stay away from my baby.

They both chuckle.

QUINTRELL
So, the guy who was here earlier. A friend of uncle mike's. Dimitry. He said he spoke to you.

MOM
I never spoke to any Dmitry.

QUINTRELL
He told me you're the one who gave him my address.

CONTINUOUS:

MOM

I wouldn't do something like that
without asking you.

QUINTRELL

That's strange. So how did this dude
get my address? And he lied.

MOM

Did you give your address to anyone
else besides me?

QUINTRELL

No.

A cellphone rings.

MOM

They can wait.

QUINTRELL

It's okay, Mom. Go ahead and answer
it.

MOM

It's rude, though.

QUINTRELL

It's fine.

Mom grabs her bag on the table, she removes her cellphone.
She answers it.

DESHONDA

(On Cellphone)

Hello?

Quintrell grabs another slice of pizza and begins to eat.

DESHONDA

(On Cellphone)

Sally. Girl how are you?

(BEAT)

DESHONDA

Yeah, I'm still gonna decline on that.

(BEAT)

DESHONDA
(On Cellphone)

Yeah, I mean, my money's not going
anywhere. I like my apartment.

(BEAT)

DESHONDA
(On Cellphone)

Okay, girl. That's fine. Don't hold
that property for me. Someone else
will want it.

(BEAT)

DESHONDA
(On Cellphone)

Yeah. Okay. Thanks, girl.

(BEAT)

DESHONDA
(On Cellphone)

Okay, bye.

She hangs up the phone and puts it back in her bag. She takes
a sip of her soda in a glass.

MOM

That was Sally. She was sure I was
gonna change my mind on a property she
wants to sell to me.

QUINTRELL

Persistent Sally.

Quintrell takes a sip of his drink. He wipes his hands with
some paper napkins.

QUINTRELL

I'm full.

QUINTRELL

You should try vegetarian pizza
sometime.

CONTINUOUS:

MOM

Maybe.

QUINTRELL

You'll definitely find something you like.

QUINTRELL (CONT'D)

Believe it or not, vegetarian food is diverse. And I'm not just talking about pizza.

MOM

Yeah, I mean, I'll try it maybe next time, but you know I'm not an animal activist like you.

QUINTRELL

I know.

Quintrell stands up, he grabs some plates.

MOM

I'll help you with this.

They wash and dry the plates at the sink.

QUINTRELL

I was thinking, you don't want to move and get a bigger place, yet, you encouraged me to move and get this place.

MOM

Well, I support you in your choices, I encouraged you to buy this place because you showed a lot of interest.

QUINTRELL

Yeah, I guess, but we talked about my doubts about this place, and that I miss my apartment.

MOM

I know, but you can't put that on me, Q.

QUINTRELL

I know, mom. I just...

CONTINUOUS:

The doorbell rings.

QUINTRELL
Who the hell is that?

QUINTRELL
Sorry--

MOM
--It's okay. Go ahead.

Quintrell walks down the long hallway from the kitchen to the front door. He opens the front door. It's Dmitry.

DMITRY
Hi, Quintrell.

Quintrell is speechless for a couple of seconds.

QUINTRELL
Dmitry! Hey! Um...

DMITRY
--I know I was here earlier. I'm sorry to show up again like this. I need to talk to you.

QUINTRELL
Yeah sure. Come on in.

Dmitry walks in.

QUINTRELL
My mom's here. I was actually just telling her about you.

DMITRY
Oh okay.

Dmitry follows Quintrell down the hall to the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN / NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Quintrell walks into the kitchen. Dmitry behind him. Mom/Deshonda turns around from the sink, as she dries her hands on a tea towel, she looks shocked as soon as she sees Dmitry.

CONTINUOUS:

QUINTRELL
Mom, this is Dmitry. The guy I was
telling you about earlier.

Mom/Deshonda stares at Dmitry for a couple more seconds.

DESHONDA
Oh yes, of course.

QUINTRELL
(To Deshonda)

You said you never met Dmitry, so
hopefully we can clear this up--

MOM
--Yes, I completely forgot. We have
met. Um...I just remembered I need to
get in touch with an old friend I
reconnected with online. I said I
would call her.

QUINTRELL
(To Deshonda)

Well, you can call her here. It's no
big deal.

DESHONDA
(To Quintrell)

No, honey I need to go.

She walks out of the kitchen. Quintrell follows.

INT. MANSION - HALLWAY / NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Deshonda grabs her coat from the rack.

QUINTRELL
Mom, are you okay?

DESHONDA
I'm fine, Q. I'll call you.

She leaves.

EXT. MANSION / NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Deshonda walks to the car.

DESHONDA (TO HERSELF)
Oh my God.

She gets into her car and drives away.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Quintrell pours himself and Dmitry a beer in glasses.

QUINTRELL
You wanna chill in the living room?

DMITRY
Yeah, sure.

QUINTRELL
I'm sorry about my mom. She was kinda rude. Didn't even say bye to you.

DMITRY
It's okay.

INT. MANSION - HALLWAY / NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Dmitry follows Quintrell down the long hallway.

INT. MANSION - LIVING ROOM / NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Quintrell puts his glass of beer on the coffee table. Dmitry holds his glass in his hand. They sit on the sofas. Quintrell on one sofa. Dmitry on the other.

Dmitry takes a sip of his beer.

DMITRY
The reason I'm here again is...I need to just tell you. I can't wait any longer...

QUINTRELL
Okay?

Dmitry hesitates for a few seconds.

DMITRY
Mike is my father.

QUINTRELL
Your what?...The hell you talking about, man?!

CONTINUOUS:

DMITRY

It's true. I'm his son.

Quintrell is speechless for a moment.

QUINTRELL

Is this some type of sick joke?

DMITRY

No, it isn't a joke.

Quintrell stands up.

QUINTRELL

Get the hell outta my house.

Dmitry still seated, is unusually calm.

DMITRY

You're gonna wanna sit down,
Quintrell. I don't respond to macho
bullshit.

QUINTRELL

I said get out.

DMITRY

You're gonna want to hear what I have
to say.

QUINTRELL

I don't want to hear anything you have
to say. Now get the hell out.

DMITRY

Your mom knows who I am.

QUINTRELL

What are you talking about?

DMITRY

You heard me.

DMITRY

Deshonda--

QUINTRELL

--Don't say my mom's name.

CONTINUOUS:

DMITRY

She knows who I am. Why do you think she practically ran out the front door when I got here?!

Dmitry stands up.

DMITRY

Mike didn't leave me anything in his will. But as his biological son, I deserve an inheritance.

DMITRY

You want me to leave your house. Fine, but this ain't over.

QUINTRELL

Whatever, man. Get out.

Dmitry leaves.

Quintrell grabs his glass of beer and takes a long sip. He puts the glass back down on the table. He chews his thumbnail. He rubs his head with his hand, back and forth for a moment. He grabs his cellphone on the coffee table and dials a number. He puts the phone to his ear. A few seconds pass in the dead silence.

QUINTRELL

(On Cellphone)

Mom, it's me. Look, that guy who was here, Dmitry. He told me something...he...I don't want to say all of this to your answer machine. Look, he says he knows you. I need to talk to you, Mom. Please call me as soon as you get this.

Quintrell hangs up the cellphone and puts the phone back on the coffee table. He grabs his glass of beer and takes another sip. He stares in deep thought.

INT. CAFE - MORNING

Quintrell and Mom/Deshonda are sitting opposite each other at a table by a window. Two coffees, a muffin on mom's side of the table. Quintrell digs into his plate of waffles.

CONTINUOUS:

QUINTRELL

He said he knew you. So what's going on?

Mom takes a sip of her coffee. She sighs.

MOM

Okay. Yes, I know him. But it's not what you think. I know who he is, but I don't know him.

QUINTRELL

So he is Mike's son?

MOM

Yes, he's your cousin.

Quintrell shakes his head. He takes a sip of his coffee.

QUINTRELL

No, he's not my cousin, okay?! Cousins are in each others lives, cousins are more than just blood relations.

MOM

Okay, you're right. Yes, he's Mike's son.

QUINTRELL

So obviously he didn't grow up with uncle Mike, so what happened?

Mom sighs.

MOM

Your uncle had a short volatile relationship. The lady got pregnant. Mike just wanted a fling. He thought they were on the same page. She started to become controlling. Mike ended things. She eventually told him she was pregnant, they did the DNA test. Mike was in his child's life briefly. But not all throughout the child's life.

QUINTRELL

Why? I mean, that's his son.

CONTINUOUS:

MOM

Your uncle...you could call him an asshole for turning his back on his kid. The mother Jelinda...she was impossible. Always wanting to get back together with Mike. She was manipulative. The constant mind games she played.

MOM (CONT'D)

I guess your uncle thought overall it wasn't worth it and bailed. Yes, he bailed on his flesh and blood.

MOM (CONT'D)

A few years ago, Dmitry found Mike and they tried to rebuild a father son relationship, but it didn't work, it was too late...all that time had passed...they're total strangers.

Quintrell sighs.

QUINTRELL

Okay. But this was Mike's business, and now this fool Dmitry is harassing me. He told me this isn't over...whatever that means.

MOM

He's obviously bitter and probably jealous that you got money from his father and he didn't.

QUINTRELL

That's not my fault though, Mom.

MOM

I know, son.

Mom eats a bit of her breakfast snack.

MOM

Listen, how about you stay at my house tonight?

QUINTRELL

I'm not gonna let that guy chase me out of my own house.

CONTINUOUS:

MOM

He could be dangerous, Q. And you've been saying how you're having second thoughts about the mansion.

QUINTRELL

I know, but if I'm gonna leave the mansion I want to do it on my own terms, not chased out.

Quintrell takes another sip of his coffee.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DMITRY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Dmitry sits on the sofa, he stares at a physical photo that's in his hand. The photo is of a 30 something year old African-American woman and a young African-American boy at a beach what looks like a holiday or a day trip. They both look happy as they smile at the camera.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MANSION - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Quintrell is on the sofa watching a sitcom. He chuckles at the meaningless lighthearted show. His cellphone on the coffee table rings. He grabs the remote and turns down the TV. He puts the remote down and picks up his cellphone.

QUINTRELL

Hi, Mom.

INTERCUT - INT. MANSION - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT / INT. MOM/DESHONDA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

MOM

Hi, Q. Look, I know you're a grown ass man, but I'm worried about you--

QUINTRELL

--I'm okay, Mom. About Dmitry. I'm thinking about trying to find anyone who knows him. See if I can get more info on him.

Mom sighs.

MOM

I'm not gonna tell you what to do as you're an adult. Just be careful if you do this, okay?

QUINTRELL

I will.

MOM

I'm gonna have a nice soak in the bath.

QUINTRELL

Okay. I love you.

MOM

I love you too, honey.

QUINTRELL

Bye.

MOM/DESHONDA

Bye.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Deshonda gets into her car. DMITRY is PARKED a few cars away. Deshonda leaves. Dmitry starts his car and follows her, quite far behind.

EXT. CAFE - DAY

Deshonda walks into a cafe. Dmitry still in his car, watches her.

INT. CAFE - DAY

Deshonda walks up to the counter. The BARISTA cleans the counter, he adds some doughnuts into a big jar.

DESHONDA

Hi. What's the breakfast meal of the morning?

BARISTA

That would be the pancakes.

DESHONDA

Just pancakes?

CONTINUOUS:

BARISTA

With anything you want on them, ma'am.

DESHONDA

That sounds good. Um, I'll have the pancakes with bananas and strawberries.

BARISTA

You got it.

BARISTA

What can I get you to drink?

DESHONDA

Coffee please.

BARISTA

Take a seat anywhere, ma'am, and I'll bring you your meal.

DESHONDA

Thank you.

She walks to a table, she takes off her coat and puts it over the chair, she sits down, the cafe only has three other people in it, so far.

She gets out her cellphone from her bag and starts to look through her phone.

Someone sits down opposite her table. She looks up from her phone. She gasps, her mouth slightly open, her eyes wide. DMITRY stares at her.

DESHONDA

Dmitry! You scared me.

DMITRY

This is a nice cafe. Do you mind if I join you.

DESHONDA

Um. Yeah, sure.

Dmitry sits opposite Deshonda. He stares at her. The tension is clear.

DESHONDA

So, how are you?

CONTINUOUS:

The barista comes to the table, he puts the food and coffee in front of Deshonda.

DESHONDA
(To Barista)

Thank you.

BARISTA
(To Deshonda)

You're welcome.

BARISTA
(To Dmitry)

Your food will be with you shortly,
sir.

The Barista walks away.

Dmitry's eyes still fixed on Deshonda's eyes. Deshonda clearly intimidated tries to cut the tension.

DESHONDA
If I was rude the other night at
Quintrell's house--

DMITRY
--Don't worry about that. I understand
why. But let's cut any small talk. Did
you tell him?

DESHONDA
Excuse me? I don't know what you--

DMITRY
--You know damn well what I'm talking
about, Deshonda.

Deshonda squirms in her seat.

DESHONDA
Look, you can't invade my space like
this--

DMITRY
--Invade your space? You said I could
join you.

DESHONDA

You're being very confrontational is what I meant.

DMITRY

Listen. You need to tell your son about me.

DMITRY (CONT'D)

If you don't tell him then I will.

Dmitry stands up, his eyes still intensely fixed on Deshonda's eyes, she stares back at him but with worry. He turns and walks up to the counter. He takes his wallet out of his jacket pocket and takes out some cash. The barista returns to the counter from serving other customers. Dmitry hands the Barista some cash.

DMITRY

(To Barista)

Cancel my order. Sorry.

BARISTA

(To Dmitry)

No problem.

Deshonda watches Dmitry leave the cafe. She picks up her cup of coffee, her hands shake as she takes a sip.

INT. DESHONDA'S APARTMENT / LIVING ROOM - DAY

Quintrell and Mom/Deshonda are in the living room.

QUINTRELL

I wanna whoop that bastard's ass.

MOM

Honey, don't do anything stupid. It's okay.

QUINTRELL

No, mom. It's not okay!

QUINTRELL

Scaring my mom. That son of a bitch.

QUINTRELL

How about you come stay with me at the mansion for a few days.

CONTINUOUS:

MOM

I'll be alright, Q.

QUINTRELL

You said he possibly followed you to the cafe.

MOM

I don't know that for a fact, but it was just strange that he was there soon after I got there like that.

QUINTRELL

Is it okay if I stay here with you tonight, ma? I'm not trying to be patronizing, but--

MOM

--I know, you're worried about me. It's not patronizing. You care about me and I love you for that, but I can take care of myself, sweetheart.

QUINTRELL

Okay.

QUINTRELL

I'm gonna be here first thing tomorrow morning though.

Mom chuckles.

MOM

That's fine.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DESHONDA'S APARTMENT / KITCHEN - MORNING

A half eaten slice of toast on a plate on a table. Deshonda pours her coffee into a mug. The doorbell rings. She walks to the front door.

DESHONDA (TO HERSELF)

Q, why don't you just use your key?!

She opens the door. Her smiles fades from her face.

CONTINUOUS:

DESHONDA'S POV:

Dmitry stands with his back on his car as he stares at Deshonda. She stands there in shock for a moment. He's taking things to another level. The chill and the tension is in the air. Deshonda shuts her front door. She walks into the living room.

INT. DESHONDA'S APARTMENT / LIVING ROOM - MORNING /
CONTINUOUS

She looks through the curtains. Dmitry casually gets into his car and drives away.

Deshonda grabs her cell phone from the sofa. She breathes heavily as she dials a number, her hands shake as she dials. She puts the cellphone to her ear. A few seconds go by.

DESHONDA
(On Cellphone)

Quintrell, hi. Um, Dmitry was just here.

There's urgency in her shaky voice.

INT. DESHONDA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Deshonda/Mom sits on the sofa. Quintrell paces around the room, he walks to the window and looks out.

MOM
Q. Why don't you sit down? I doubt he's coming back.

Quintrell sits down.

QUINTRELL
This guy is a straight up creep!

QUINTRELL (CONT'D)
We can't keep letting him harass us. Let's just call the police.

MOM
And say what, Quintrell?

MOM (CONT'D)
Our word against his. And the cafe is

(MORE)
a public place.

QUINTRELL
We could talk to some of your
neighbours. Ask them if they saw
Quintrell hanging around.

MOM
No, I don't want anything to do with
the neighbours.

QUINTRELL
He's stalking you, mom. He's stalking
us.

QUINTRELL (CONT'D)
I'm not gonna let this man hurt you.

MOM
He won't. We have God on our side.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MOM'S/DESHONDA'S APARTMENT / KITCHEN - MORNING

Quintrell and Mom eat breakfast.

QUINTRELL
So you wanna go for that drive?

MOM
Yep.

INT. MOM'S/DESHONDA'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - MORNING -
CONTINUOUS

Deshonda walks towards the front door, Quintrell follows.

DESHONDA
You should really learn how to drive.
You have the money now for lessons.

QUINTRELL
Nah. I like my bike. Eco warrior and
all that.

QUINTRELL (CONT'D)
Well, probably not a one hundred
percent eco warrior, I still roll with
you in your car.

CONTINUOUS:

Deshonda opens the front door. DMITRY is right THERE.
Deshonda gasps.

QUINTRELL
What the...?

QUINTRELL
(To Dmitry)

Yo, what the hell are you doing here,
man?!

DMITRY
(To Quintrell)

Ask your mom. She knows what happened
to my mom.

QUINTRELL
(To Deshonda)

Mom, let me handle this.

Deshonda turns around as Quintrell steps up at the front door. Deshonda now stands behind Quintrell. There's that vibe that Quintrell means what he says about wanting to protect his mom.

QUINTRELL
(To Dmitry)

The hell you talking about?

DMITRY
(To Deshonda)

Maybe I can't prove it. But I know
what you did. Tell him or I will.

He says as he addresses Deshonda while he stares coldly at Quintrell.

Dmitry turns around and walks back to his car, he gets into his car and drives off. Quintrell closes the door. Quintrell and Deshonda walk into the living room.

INT. MOM'S/DESHONDA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING -
CONTINUOUS

Mom bursts into tears. Quintrell hugs her. She continues to cry while in his arms.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MOM'S/DESHONDA'S APARTMENT / KITCHEN - MORNING -
CONTINUOUS

Mom and Quintrell drink tea and coffee at the table.

QUINTRELL

What did he mean about his mom?

MOM

I don't know, Q.

QUINTRELL

Mom, please don't lie to me.

Mom doesn't look at Quintrell. She stares down at her coffee.

QUINTRELL

Mom, I need to know what's going on.
And you're not a crier. But you broke
down in tears just now. What is going
on?

Mom looks at Quintrell.

MOM

Okay.

MOM (CONT'D)

Okay.

MOM

Jelinda, Dmitry's mom, would not leave
your uncle alone. She stalked mike,
harassed him.

MOM (CONT'D)

Jelinda ended up in a mental hospital
for a short time. When she returned,
she was no better.

MOM (CONT'D)

Dmitry was living with his grandma,
Jelinda's mom, half the time.

CONTINUOUS:

QUINTRELL

How do you know all this?

MOM

I kept in touch. I wanted to know my nephew was okay. Saw him and his grandma on a regular basis for a while. His grandma told me what was going on. His grandma was a nice lady.

A few seconds pass by.

QUINTRELL

That's not it though is it?! There's more isn't there?!

MOM

Jelinda took her own life.

QUINTRELL

Oh my God.

MOM

She was a troubled woman. It's sad, but she made her choice.

MOM (CONT'D)

Mike enjoyed the short time he spent with Dmitry and Jelinda when Jelinda was okay, but when Jelinda would flip...your uncle bailed.

MOM (CONT'D)

But Mike and Dmitry eventually reconnected.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. MIKE'S HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - DAY

An average house. The living room has striped brown wallpaper. Mike sits on his recliner as he watches swimming sports on the TV.

MIKE

(Yelling at the TV)

Come on! You can do better than that!
Swim!

CONTINUOUS:

The doorbell rings. Mike gets up and answers the door. DMITRY stands there.

MIKE

Hello. How can I help you?

DMITRY

Mike?

MIKE

Yes. Do I know you?

DMITRY

No, you don't know me. But I'm your son.

Mike stares at Dmitry.

MIKE

I think you have the wrong house.

Dmitry takes his cellphone out of his jacket pocket. He looks through it for a moment and hands Mike the phone.

MIKE'S POV

A photo of Mike, Jelinda and a young pre-teen Dmitry at a birthday celebration.

Mike stares at Dmitry. Shock overcomes Mike's face.

MIKE

Dmitry.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Um. Come in.

Dmitry walks into the house.

END FLASHBACK

INT. MOM'S/DESHONDA'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - MORNING /
CONTINUOUS

MOM

Your uncle and Dmitry tried to rebuild a relationship, but there was never any father/son chemistry. Your uncle is not the father type. I saw him

(MORE)
 a couple of times at your uncle's. I recognized Dmitry the moment I saw him at your house.

QUINTRELL
 Okay. But uncle mike...you said he's not the father type, but he was great with me growing up.

MOM
 That's different. You're his nephew. It isn't the same thing.

INT. GYM - DAY

An industrial-style mens gym. Two people are training / fighting in a ring. A person skips rope. Dmitry is using a punching bag. His eyes are focused on the bag, he pants and sweats, determination and anger in his face, his punches become more and more intense.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MOM'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Quintrell and Mom have their jackets on. Mom grabs her bag from the sofa.

QUINTRELL
 It's about time I take my mother to dinner.

MOM
 Looking forward to it.

QUINTRELL
 You ready?

MOM
 Yep.

QUINTRELL
 Let's go.

INT. MOM/DESHONDA'S APARTMENT / HALLWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

QUINTRELL
 My keys.

Quintrell walks back into the living room. Deshonda walks to

the front door. She opens it. Dmitry is right there. He has a GUN. He lifts his arm and points the gun at her. She freezes, her eyes wide as she stares at the gun.

DMITRY

You guys ain't going nowhere. Get in the house.

Deshonda speechless, walks backwards into the apartment as Dmitry walks towards her as he still points his gun at her.

DMITRY

Get in the living room.

INT. MOM'S/DESHONDA'S APARTMENT / LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

As Dmitry and Deshonda enter the living room. Quintrell LUNGES at Dmitry. They both hit the floor. The gun FIRES, the BULLET hits the WALL. Deshonda screams. Dmitry still has the gun. Quintrell PUNCHES Dmitry in the face, once, twice, three times.

Deshonda panics as she looks through her bag, struggling to get what she's looking for. She grabs her cellphone from her bag and dials a number while the two men fight.

DESHONDA

(On Cellphone)

I need the police to come to 1210 Maple Drive. A man is trying to kill my son...Yes...hurry.

Panic in her shaky voice.

Quintrell reaches for the gun in Dmitry's hand. Quintrell yanks the gun a few times and manages to grab the gun. Quintrell drops the gun in the struggle. Dmitry puts his arm under Quintrell's neck in a CHOKE HOLD. Quintrell grabs Dmitry's arms to try and loosen the tight grip. Dmitry's strong grip continues to choke Quintrell. Quintrell struggles to breathe. A loud GUNSHOT is heard. Dmitry lets go of Quintrell. Deshonda holds the gun upwards towards the ceiling. She then points the gun at Dmitry. Dmitry stands up, he stares at her, his eyes wide, now he's the one who's afraid.

DMITRY

(To Deshonda)

(MORE)

I'm...I'm leaving, okay?

Dmitry turns around, he begins to walk out of the living room. A GUNSHOT. Dmitry falls to the ground. He is SHOT in the back.

Deshonda stares at Dmitry, the gun still in her hand.

QUINTRELL

Oh my God.

QUINTRELL

(To Deshonda)

Mom, what have you done?!

She doesn't answer as she stares at Dmitry. Her hand trembles with the gun still in her hand. Quintrell takes the gun from mom's hand. He takes out the bullets and puts the bullets in his trouser pockets, he lets the empty gun fall to the floor. He runs up to Dmitry. Dmitry lies on his stomach. Blood gushes out of his back seen through his shirt. Quintrell turns Dmitry around. Dmitry isn't moving. Quintrell feels his pulse on his neck. Dmitry is DEAD.

QUINTRELL

He's dead.

Deshonda stands there frozen.

Quintrell stands up. Tears fall from his eyes as he stares at Dmitry's now-dead body. Quintrell wipes the tears from his face. He turns to Deshonda. She can't take her eyes off of Dmitry's lifeless body.

DESHONDA

What have I done?! I killed him!

She starts to weep.

QUINTRELL

Mom, look at me.

She continues to cry. She's not hearing anything as her guilt is the loudest thing in her mind right now.

QUINTRELL

Mom!

She looks at Quintrell.

CONTINUOUS:

QUINTRELL

I'm not gonna let you go to prison.

DESHONDA

I did this. I killed him.

QUINTRELL

When the cops get here...you didn't do this...it was an intruder.

MOM

We can't lie.

QUINTRELL

Yes we can!

QUINTRELL (CONT'D)

Dmitry came to see you to talk about Mike. A man forced his way in. Dmitry and I fought the guy, the guy shot Dmitry and took off. That's the story.

DESHONDA

We can't--

QUINTRELL

--You're not going to prison.

DESHONDA

I'll tell them what happened. It was self-defence.

QUINTRELL

No it wasn't! He let go of me. He was leaving. You shot him in the back, Mom.

QUINTRELL (CONT'D)

That's not gonna look like self-defence to the cops.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MOM'S/DESHONDA'S APARTMENT / LIVING ROOM - SAME NIGHT

Police are all over the apartment. Paramedics remove Dmitry's dead body from the apartment. A POLICE OFFICER talks to Quintrell and Deshonda.

CONTINUOUS:

QUINTRELL
(To Police Officer)

The intruder was a white man, 30s,
clean shaven, short regular haircut.

POLICE OFFICER
(To Quintrell)

Was there anything about this man that
stood out? Tattoos? Scars?

QUINTRELL
(To Police Officer)

No. He just looked kinda rough. Maybe
a drug addict.

POLICE OFFICER
If you're up to it. I need one of you
to come on a ride along, see if we can
find this guy.

QUINTRELL
I'll go.

QUINTRELL
(To Deshonda)

Mom, will you be okay?

DESHONDA
(To Quintrell)

I'll be fine. You go. I'll call one of
my friends.

QUINTRELL
(To Deshonda)

Okay.

Quintrell and the police officer leave.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MOM'S/DESHONDA'S APARTMENT / LIVING ROOM - SAME NIGHT
Deshonda and her friend JANE sit on the sofa as they drink

coffee.

JANE

I'm glad your okay.

A car pulls up outside. Deshonda walks to the window.

DESHONDA

It's Quintrell with the police officer.

DESHONDA

Sorry, Jane. I just need to go to the door.

JANE

Of course. No problem.

Deshonda walks to the front door. She opens it. The police officer drives away. Quintrell walks up to the door.

DESHONDA

Did you find the guy? Jane's here.

Deshonda and Quintrell give each other a look. The secret has to stay between them.

QUINTRELL

No, we didn't find him yet.

Quintrell walks into the hallway.

INT. MOM'S/DESHONDA'S APARTMENT / LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Quintrell walks into the living room. Deshonda follows and sits down.

QUINTRELL

Hi Jane.

Quintrell sits down on the other sofa.

JANE

Hey, Quintrell.

JANE

I'm sorry about what happened.

QUINTRELL

Some junkies will do anything to try

(MORE)
and get easy money.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MANSION - DAY

Quintrell exits the mansion, he holds his bicycle as he walks down the steps. He puts his bike down. A car appears. Quintrell pauses as he sees the car, a 40 year old african-american lady gets out of the car. This is BRANDISHA KELLY, dark-skinned, slim, not tall, not short.

QUINTRELL
Hello. Can I help you?

BRANDISHA
Yes. I'm looking for my boyfriend
Dmitry Hodges.

Quintrell freezes as his hands still grip the handlebars. He breathes quick and shallow.

BRANDISHA
Are you okay?

QUINTRELL
Yeah. I'm...I'm fine...um...your
boyfriend?

BRANDISHA
Yes, Dmitry Hodges. He gave me this
address. Said he knew the guy who
lives here.

QUINTRELL
Dmitry...yes...um--

BRANDISHA
--Are you sure you're okay?

QUINTRELL
Yeah. I'm...I'm fine.

BRANDISHA
Dmitry said this is his mansion.

QUINTRELL
His what? His mansion? No this is my
place.

CONTINUOUS:

BRANDISHA

He told me he was renting it out.

QUINTRELL

No renting here. I bought this mansion. And I don't know where he is. I can't help you. Sorry.

BRANDISHA

Okay. Well, if you see him, please tell him Brandisha is looking for him.

QUINTRELL

I will.

BRANDISHA

Thank you.

Brandisha gets into her car. Quintrell watches her drive away. He starts to breathe heavily.

FLASHBACK

INT. DESHONDA'S APARTMENT / LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Deshonda shoots Dmitry in the back. He falls to the ground.

END FLASHBACK.

EXT. MANSION - DAY

Quintrell snaps out of his memory of the murder.

Quintrell gets on his bike and rides away from the mansion.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MANSION - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Quintrell watches a sitcom on TV. He chuckles. The doorbell rings. He grabs the remote from the coffee table and switches off the TV. He puts the remote back on the coffee table as he leaves the room.

INT. MANSION - HALLWAY / NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Quintrell opens the door. It's Mom/Deshonda.

QUINTRELL

Hi, Mom.

MOM

Hi, Sweetheart.

She walks into the mansion.

INT. MANSION / KITCHEN / NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Quintrell drinks a glass of light beer, while Mom drinks some hot chocolate.

MOM

This is good hot chocolate.

QUINTRELL

Glad you like it.

MOM

I drink too much coffee. It's good to try something different.

Mom takes a sip of her hot drink.

MOM

So, this woman that you told me about. You really think she was Dmitry's girlfriend?

QUINTRELL

Yeah, I mean...I don't know.

MOM

Well whoever she is. If she's his girlfriend or not. As long as we don't say anything, we'll be fine. So just keep telling her that you haven't seen him, if she comes back.

Quintrell takes a sip of his beer.

QUINTRELL

We haven't talked properly about that night. You shot him in the back. He was leaving...and you still shot him. Did you panic?

MOM

Yes, I panicked.

CONTINUOUS:

QUINTRELL

There's not another reason?

MOM

No. Why are you questioning me like this? I'm your mother.

QUINTRELL

I don't know. I'm sorry, mom.

Quintrell's phone beeps.

MOM

I need to use the bathroom.

Mom leaves the kitchen. Quintrell picks up his phone on the table. He has a new text message. He opens the message.

UNKNOWN (TEXT)

I know your secret!

QUINTRELL (TO HIMSELF)

What the?...

Mom walks down the stairs back into the kitchen.

QUINTRELL

I just got a disturbing text. Here.

Quintrell hands mom his phone. She reads the text. Her mouth slightly open, slight confusion in her face.

MOM

What the hell is this?!

Quintrell takes his phone out of mom's hand and examines the text again.

QUINTRELL

This must be about Dmitry.

He puts the phone on the table.

MOM

They said they know your secret.

QUINTRELL

That's the only secret I have.
Dmitry...I don't know how anyone else

(MORE)
would know what happened.

MOM
Have you responded?

QUINTRELL
No.

MOM
Good. Keep it that way.

QUINTRELL
But shouldn't we find out who they are
and what they want?

Quintrell's cellphone beeps. He picks it up, they both look
at the new text message.

UNKNOWN (TEXT)
I know Dmitry is DEAD! If you don't
want me to go to the cops, pay me!

Mom gasps. Quintrell looks at his mom.

QUINTRELL
Mom, what do we do?

Shakiness in his voice. Mom looks at him.

MOM
It's okay. It's gonna be okay.

MOM (CONT'D)
Don't respond. Call their bluff.

QUINTRELL
Are you serious?

MOM
They have no proof.

QUINTRELL
How do you know?

MOM
We covered our tracks.

Quintrell is silent for a few seconds. He thinks about this.

CONTINUOUS:

QUINTRELL

No. I want to pay. They won't leave me alone if I don't.

QUINTRELL (TEXT)

How much do you want?

MOM

Quintrell, don't--

QUINTRELL

--I'm doing this, mom.

Quintrell's phone beeps.

UNKNOWN (TEXT)

4 Million.

QUINTRELL

They want four million. Fine. I don't care about the damn money.

INT. DMITRY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Someone is holding a cellphone with an outgoing text. The outgoing text says *4 million*.

We finally see who sent this text to Quintrell. It's BRANDISHA. She stares at the message she has just sent on her phone. Her face serious and focused.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MANSION - HALLWAY - DAY

Quintrell walks his bicycle towards the front door. He exits the mansion.

EXT. MANSION - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Quintrell's phone rings. in his jacket pocket. He puts his bike on the kickstand for a moment as he takes his phone out of his pocket.

QUINTRELL

(On Cellphone)

Hi, Mom.

(BEAT)

Yeah, I'm going to meet this person

now.

(BEAT)

I'll be fine, ma. I'll call you
straight after.

(BEAT)

Okay.

(BEAT)

Bye.

Quintrell puts his phone back in his zipped up jacket pocket. He lifts his bike as he walks down the outdoor steps. He rides off.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Quintrell arrives. He stops. He looks around. No people. A creepy unsettling vibe outside this warehouse. His phone beeps. He takes the phone out of his pocket. He opens a new text message.

UNKNOWN (TEXT)

Head towards the red door and turn
left.

Quintrell looks around. He sees a red door. He puts the phone back in his jacket pocket. He walks his bike towards the red door. He turns left. More buildings, but even more isolated. The uneasy vibe of this area is heightened.

Footsteps are heard. Quintrell looks around. Is this the right choice?

The footsteps are louder now. He looks to his left. His facial expression suggests he's seen this person before.

QUINTRELL

You?

Brandisha stands there as she stares coldly at him.

Quintrell is speechless. Brandisha's stare, her demeanor, different from when he first met her.

BRANDISHA

That's right, it's me.

BRANDISHA

I know Dmitry is dead. I want my

(MORE)

money. That's the least you can do.
Took my boyfriend from me.

QUINTRELL

How do you know that he's dead?

BRANDISHA

So if I go to the cops and tell them I
think Quintrell Malone or his mom,
killed my boyfriend--

QUINTRELL

--No, look, don't...don't do anything
stupid okay--

BRANDISHA

--I didn't tell you everything when I
first met you. I know about Mike. I
know Dmitry was Mike's son.

BRANDISHA (CONT'D)

The obsession Dmitry had with wanting
that money...There's no one else who
would want to kill Dmitry. He was
obsessed with wanting to get to you.

BRANDISHA (CONT'D)

I tell the cops all of that...that's
more than enough motive for you to
want Dmitry gone.

QUINTRELL

Look, I didn't want anyone gone--

BRANDISHA

--Save it. They have no one in
custody. You'll be on the cops number
one suspect list. Even with no proof.
I'll go with my hunch that you or your
mom killed my boyfriend. And see what
the cops do with that.

BRANDISHA (CONT'D)

Or you can just pay me and I keep my
mouth shut.

QUINTRELL

How do I know that you still won't go
to the cops?

CONTINUOUS:

BRANDISHA

I guess you don't.

QUINTRELL

I'm not gonna carry that type of cash on me.

BRANDISHA

I know that! You think I'm expecting the money like this? No. We needed to meet first.

QUINTRELL

This is...this is insane, I--

BRANDISHA

--You have two choices. You pay me or you don't. If it's the latter...then I'm going to the cops. So what's it gonna be?

QUINTRELL

This is how you honor your boyfriend's memory? By blackmail?

BRANDISHA

Listen, asshole. I didn't text you to judge me, I texted you for the money you owe me.

QUINTRELL

Okay. Okay. I'll give you the 4 million.

BRANDISHA

Your judgmental remark has cost you an extra million.

QUINTRELL

Five million. Fine. I'll do it.

BRANDISHA

I'll be in touch.

Quintrell watches Brandisha walk away. His heart beating fast. Fear and worry in his eyes.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MANSION - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Mom is at the mansion with Quintrell.

QUINTRELL

She's calling all the shots. She's the one in control and all I can do is do what she says. I don't wanna go to prison.

MOM

Let's think about this properly for a minute. She has no proof.

QUINTRELL

No, but, her going to the cops can still bring heat and suspicion on us, if there isn't any suspicion already.

MOM

Quintrell, that is your money. Your uncle who loved you, left you that money.

QUINTRELL

Mom, we got no choice--

MOM

--I'll get you out of this. You don't deserve to go through all of this. This is my fault.

QUINTRELL

What? No, don't say that, mom.

MOM

I killed Dmitry, I put us through this.

Mom moves nearer to Quintrell. She puts both of her hands on his cheeks as she looks straight into his eyes.

MOM

I'm gonna get you out of this.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Brandisha exits a club. She stands outside and looks through her phone. She looks around, she starts to walk down the street. The street becomes less lively the further she walks. All of a sudden FOOTSTEPS behind her. She's aware, but doesn't look behind her, don't show any fear.

Brandisha speeds up her steps. The person's footsteps behind begin to speed up also. The night air's cold and chilly vibe is heightened. The unidentified person HITS Brandisha over the HEAD with an OBJECT, Brandisha falls to the ground. The footsteps are now heard running away.

Brandisha lies motionless on the ground. Her eyes open, she doesn't blink, blood streams from her head. Brandisha is DEAD.

Rain starts to fall on Brandisha's dead body. Footsteps and lively talk is heard, friends chatting. The footsteps and chatter are more louder now, until it all stops. A woman screams.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MANSION - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Quintrell walks into the living room with a cup of coffee. The sound of a car pulls up outside. Quintrell walks to the window.

QUINTRELL - POV

Two people, a male and a female exit the car. The male is DETECTIVE ERNESTO SANDOVAL, Hispanic, 50. The female is DETECTIVE PALOMA NARANJO, Native American, 45. They walk up the stairs towards the front door.

The cup of coffee in Quintrell's hand shakes.

INT. MANSION - HALLWAY - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Quintrell walks towards the front door and opens it.

DETECTIVE NARANJO
(To Quintrell)

Quintrell Malone?

QUINTRELL
(To Detective Naranjo)

(MORE)

Yes.

DETECTIVE NARANJO

I'm Detective Naranjo, this is my colleague Detective Sandoval. May we please come in?

Quintrell doesn't respond immediately. What do they want? Do they know about Brandisha? the blackmail?

QUINTRELL

Um, yes, of course.

The two Detectives step inside.

QUINTRELL

So what is this about, Detectives?

He says as he walks into the living room, the Detectives follow.

INT. MANSION / LIVING ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

DETECTIVE NARANJO

(To Quintrell)

A lady named Brandisha Kelly was found murdered nearby the other night. Your number and address are in her cellphone. There was shown to be some text message exchanges between your phone and Miss Kelly's recently, however, they've been wiped from her phone and we can't recover the messages. So we just need to ask you a few questions.

Quintrell is speechless for a moment. Shock overcomes Quintrell's face.

QUINTRELL

(To Detective Naranjo)

Oh my God. She was murdered? What happened?

DETECTIVE NARANJO

(To Quintrell)

We don't fully know yet. But can you

(MORE)
confirm that you knew her.

QUINTRELL
(To Detective Naranjo)

Yes, I knew her, but not very well, I mean, not that well at all. Um, she wanted to talk to me about her boyfriend. I knew him--

DETECTIVE SANDOVAL
(To Quintrell)

--knew him?

QUINTRELL
(To Detective Sandoval)

Yes. He was...he was murdered

recently, Dmitry Hodges...he was at my mom's apartment...Dmitry knew my mom and I...Dmitry was my cousin, my uncle's son...I was there at my mom's apartment, someone broke in, Dmitry fought the guy and got shot in the struggle. There were these other cops who spoke to me and my mom.

Sandoval and Naranjo glance at each other for a moment. Two murders. Quintrell Malone knew both of the victims. This raises alarm bells for these two Detectives.

DETECTIVE NARANJO
(To Quintrell)

Okay. we'll check that out. So where were you between 10pm and 11pm last Friday night?

QUINTRELL
(To Detective Naranjo)

I was here. Why are you asking me this?

DETECTIVE NARANJO
(To Quintrell)

We need to talk to the people who knew

(MORE)

Miss Kelly, and who had recent contact with her before she was killed. It's standard police procedure.

DETECTIVE NARANJO

(To Quintrell)

Was there anyone else here with you last friday night?

QUINTRELL

(To Detective Naranjo)

No, I was here by myself.

DETECTIVE SANDOVAL

(To Quintrell)

Can we see your phone please?

QUINTRELL

(To Detective Sandoval)

Yeah, sure.

Quintrell takes his cellphone out of his trouser pocket and hands it to Sandoval. Sandoval looks through it. The cellphone reads *no text messages*.

Sandoval looks at Quintrell. A serious look on Sandoval's face. He's determined to get to the bottom of this.

DETECTIVE SANDOVAL

(To Quintrell)

No text messages?

QUINTRELL (SLIGHTLY SARCASTIC)

(To Detective Sandoval)

Is that a crime?

Suspicion on Detective Sandoval's face as he hands Quintrell back his cellphone.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MOM'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Mom paces the living room while on her cellphone.

INTERCUT - INT. MOM'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY / INT.
MANSION - LIVING ROOM - DAY

MOM

It's gonna be fine, Q. They would have at least arrested you if they have anything. They're just fishing.

QUINTRELL

Mom, you know I didn't kill her, right? You know I wouldn't do something like that.

MOM

I know you didn't kill her.

MOM (CONT'D)

If the cops keep pressing you on this then lawyer up.

QUINTRELL

Okay.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A rainy night in a hood neighborhood. Detective Sandoval and Detective Naranjo talk to a drug dealer CODY, 30, tall, slim white.

CODY

Look, I don't know nothin, aight?!

DETECTIVE NARANJO

(To Cody)

We don't care about your dealing right now. We want to catch the person who murdered Miss Kelly. Now, we know that you knew her, so tell us what you know. Or do we need to take you to the station?!

Cody looks around for a moment.

CODY

Alright. Look. I saw her the other night. She got friendly with this dealer on the next block. Gator, alright? He's always around.

CONTINUOUS:

The detectives start to walk away.

DETECTIVE NARANJO (SARCASTIC)
(To Cody)

That wasn't so difficult now was it?!

DETECTIVE SANDOVAL (SARCASTIC)
(To Cody)

Keep up the good work.

An *I don't care what you think about me* look is on Cody's face as he watches the Detectives leave.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DERELICT BUILDING / STREET - DAY

Detective Sandoval and Detective Naranjo talk to a man outside a derelict building, this is GATOR, 31, medium height, muscly, heavy beard, bald, african-american.

DETECTIVE NARANJO
(To Gator)

Word on the street says you were a new friend of Miss Kelly.

GATOR
(To Detective Naranjo)

Well, they lyin', I didn't know her.

DETECTIVE NARANJO
(To Gator)

Gator, she was murdered. Don't play with us.

GATOR
(To Detective Naranjo)

I ain't playing wich y'all. I didn't know this bitch!

DETECTIVE SANDOVAL
(To Gator)

(MORE)

Be careful. Don't be yelling at
Detectives.

GATOR

(To Detective Sandoval)

Well, I ain't named Gator for
nothin'...coz I snap.

GATOR

I ain't sayin' nothin more without a
lawyer.

DETECTIVE SANDOVAL

(To Gator)

Calm down. Just asking if you knew
her.

The Detectives start to walk away.

DETECTIVE SANDOVAL

(To Gator)

Don't leave town.

Gator stares wide eyed at Naranjo and Sandoval as they walk
away. No fear in this drug dealer.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MANSION - DAY - KITCHEN

Quintrell drinks a soda, while mom has some coffee.

QUINTRELL

Mom, I have to ask you this. Is there
anything you're not telling me, that
you're leaving out about Dmitry?

MOM

No, hun. What do you mean?

QUINTRELL

You shot Dmitry in the back. You
wanted him dead, mom.

MOM

I panicked. You already know that.

CONTINUOUS:

QUINTRELL

But I don't think you panicked, Mom.

MOM

Quintrell, leave it alone. Please!

QUINTRELL

I can't. You're not telling me everything.

QUINTRELL (CONT'D)

I want to know.

Mom sighs frustratingly. She looks at Quintrell.

MOM

That day when Dmitry was yelling that I knew about his Mom.

QUINTRELL

Yeah.

FLASHBACK - INAUDIBLE

EXT. MANSION - DAY

Dmitry yells at Deshonda.

END FLASHBACK

MOM

If I tell you everything. Our relationship...I don't know if we could come back from this.

QUINTRELL

Mom, please...I need to know.

Silence for a few seconds. Mom doesn't want to tell all. But it's time.

MOM

Dmitry's mom, Jelinda was a mess. She was dangerous. She was harassing your uncle...stalking him.

MOM (CONT'D)

Your uncle mildly started to fall apart.

(MORE)

He was going to end up having a nervous breakdown because of her. I'm sure of it.

MOM (CONT'D)

I went to see Jelinda one day, to try and talk to her woman to woman...you know...hoping that I may be able to get through to her, to leave Mike alone.

FLASHBACK - INT. JELINDA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Deshonda follows Jelinda into the apartment.

INT. JELINDA'S APARTMENT / LIVING ROOM - DAY

Inaudible conversation between Deshonda and Jelinda. Jelinda gets aggressive. She pushes Deshonda. Deshonda falls back a little way, but does not fall down. A little African-American boy (young Dmitry) with a basketball tucked under his arm, opens the front door, fear in his eyes as he sees the hostility between his mom and Deshonda. He doesn't enter the apartment as he quickly closes the door. The two women didn't see him.

JELINDA

(To Deshonda)

You can see yourself out.

Deshonda watches Jelinda leave the living room. Jelinda slams her bedroom door behind her.

Deshonda looks around the room. She stares at a half glass of alcohol with a half bottle of alcohol next to the glass.

Deshonda takes something out of her purse. It's a small bottle with liquid. Deshonda empties the liquid into the alcohol bottle. She picks up the bottle and shakes the bottle from side to side, then puts the bottle back on the table. Deshonda leaves Jelinda's apartment.

EXT. STREET - JELINDA'S APARTMENT - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Deshonda walks to her car. Young Dmitry nearby bounces his basketball as he walks, Deshonda doesn't see him, he stops bouncing the basketball for a moment as he sees Deshonda walk to her car, he watches Deshonda get into her car and drive away.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JELINDA'S APARTMENT / LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jelinda enters the living room. She rubs her eyes, she looks tired and sleepy. She grabs the half bottle of alcohol and pours some of it into her half glass of alcohol. She takes a few big sips.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JELINDA'S APARTMENT / LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - INAUDIBLE

Jelinda's mom/RENIECE HODGES cries as she hugs a tearful young Dmitry. Jelinda is DEAD. A paramedic zips up the cover over Jelinda's dead body on the stretcher and the two paramedics leave with Jelinda's dead body on the stretcher as a female police officer walks up to Reniece and Dmitry, the officer puts her hand on Reniece's shoulder as a sign of comfort.

END FLASHBACK

Quintrell stares at Deshonda. He is speechless.

DESHONDA

Don't look at me like that. She was going to ruin my brother. Possibly could have pushed him to suicide.

QUINTRELL

But, mom, you...you--

DESHONDA

--I did what I had to do.

DESHONDA (CONT'D)

Sometimes family is all a person has.

QUINTRELL

But, mom, you took a mother away from her child!

DESHONDA

She wasn't a good mother. You already know this.

QUINTRELL

But she could have changed.

CONTINUOUS:

QUINTRELL (CONT'D)

You took away her chance to change.

DESHONDA

Some people never change, Quintrell.
Jelinda was one of those people.

DESHONDA

You're disappointed in me. Your Mom's
a murderer. However you want to view
me now. I'm still your mother.

QUINTRELL

This doesn't change our relationship,
okay?! I just need...I just need to
process this.

DESHONDA

I understand. I'm gonna go. Give you
some space.

She walks up to Quintrell and kisses him on his forehead. She
leaves. Quintrell shakes his head. How could his mother kill
that woman?!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CAR / DRIVING - DAY

Detective Naranjo is at the wheel, Detective Sandoval is in
the front passenger seat.

DETECTIVE NARANJO

Iv'e been thinking...we should look
more into Quintrell Malone.

DETECTIVE SANDOVAL

I agree with you. But there's no proof
he did anything to Brandisha. All we
know is that they contacted each
other...doesn't mean he killed her.

DETECTIVE NARANJO

I'm just gonna say it. I think he had
something to do with her being killed.
No one can give him an alibi--

DETECTIVE SANDOVAL

--But we can't place him at the
murder, we've got nothing on this guy.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MANSION - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Deshonda/Mom walks into the living room. Quintrell follows.

MOM

Have the police contacted you?

She sits down.

QUINTRELL

No. You?

Quintrell sits down on the other sofa.

MOM

No. And as long as we don't say what really happened. We'll be fine.

QUINTRELL

Yeah, but--

MOM

--Brandisha was just as bad as Dmitry. She wouldn't have left us alone.

QUINTRELL

Mom, I was talking about Dmitry.

MOM

Oh. Well, no I think they buy our story about the thief.

QUINTRELL

Mom, do you know something about Brandisha's death?

MOM

No. Why would you ask me that?

QUINTRELL

I don't know. I mean you just mentioned her. I mean, I'm the one who she was contacting. Why would you think the police would contact you about her?

Mom looks at Quintrell. Her face is serious. She doesn't blink as she stares hard at Quintrell, making strong eye contact.

CONTINUOUS:

QUINTRELL

Mom, did you--

MOM

--Brandisha was going to take all of
your money, Q--

QUINTRELL

--Mom, how could you do
this?!

You can't kill people, just
because...

Well, maybe you shouldn't be
protecting me, mom!

MOM

She wasn't going to stop!
Again, I did what I had to
do.

I'm not gonna let anyone
harm you. I'm a mother
protecting her son.

MOM

Don't say that.

MOM (CONT'D)

I'm gonna protect you. I want to
protect you.

Quintrell shakes his head.

MOM

You're my child. Being a grown man
doesn't matter. You'll always be my
child.

QUINTRELL

But Jelinda...she was nothing to you.

MOM

I protect the ones that I love. My
brother, your uncle...he would have
lost his mind because of her. He would
have killed himself if I didn't get
rid of her. I'm telling you.

MOM (CONT'D)

All the mind games she played with
him. She was dangerous.

QUINTRELL

But, mom, you can't break the law. You
can't kill people.

CONTINUOUS:

Quintrell bursts into tears. Mom walks over to him. She hugs him.

MOM

I'm not a psychopath. I'm not a bad person. I killed bad people to protect the ones that I love.

FLASHBACK:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Brandisha walks down the street. Someone walks behind her. A person in a black hoodie and black jogging pants. The hood is up we don't see the face.

Brandisha can tell someone is following her. Brandisha speeds up her pace. So does the person behind her. We finally see who the person in the hoodie is. It's DESHONDA. Finally confirmed.

Deshonda has a determined look on her face. The determined look turns into a frown, tense jaw and lips. Deshonda raises her arm. She hits Brandisha over the head with a HAMMER.

Brandisha falls to the ground. Deshonda runs away.

END FLASHBACK:

INT. MANSION - KITCHEN - MORNING

A cereal box and finished coffee on the table. Quintrell washes a bowl up in the sink. He turns around. Mom walks into the room.

MOM

Morning.

QUINTRELL

Morning.

MOM

Is there fresh coffee.

QUINTRELL

Yep. It's where it always is.

Mom walks over to the coffee maker and sorts out her coffee. She turns and looks at Quintrell.

CONTINUOUS:

MOM

So, are you gonna turn me in to the cops?

QUINTRELL

No, mom, I'm not.

QUINTRELL (CONT'D)

I understand why you did the things that you did, even though I don't agree with...that you went through with...you're still my mom and I still love you. And you're all that I have.

QUINTRELL (CONT'D)

We're in this together. There's no doubt. But I'm worried about the cops. There could be things that you missed--

MOM

--I covered my tracks.

QUINTRELL

I probably look like more of a suspect. I'm the one who had contact with Brandisha--

MOM

--I'll never let anything bad happen to you. You're not going to prison and neither am I.

MOM (CONT'D)

I don't think we should stay here though.

MOM (CONT'D)

I think we should get out of New Mexico.

MOM (CONT'D)

Even though I've covered my tracks, let's not risk anything. We have money. It's not like we need jobs. We need to leave New Mexico.

QUINTRELL

Okay, but I don't think we should

(MORE)
 leave right away. It'll look too
 suspicious.

MOM
 You're right. We'll give it a few
 days.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MANSION - HALLWAY - DAY

Deshonda and Quintrell have their suitcases. Quintrell opens the front door. Detectives Naranjo and Sandoval stand there. Quintrell jumps slightly. These Detectives are the last people this son and mother want to see.

DETECTIVE NARANJO
 (To Quintrell)

Hi, Mr. Malone. We seem to have caught
 you at an inconvenient time.

QUINTRELL
 (To Detective Naranjo)

Yes, um...

Quintrell turns to look at his mother. Deshonda is keeping her demeanor calm and cool.

Quintrell turns back to the Detectives.

QUINTRELL
 My mom and I are going to take a
 family break.

DETECTIVE NARANJO
 I can understand that. After what
 you've been through.

QUINTRELL
 So, can we talk to you guys when we
 get back?

DETECTIVE NARANJO
 When will you both be back?

QUINTRELL
 (To Detective Naranjo)

(MORE)
Couple of weeks.

DETECTIVE NARANJO
(To Quintrell)

Well, we came by to ask if there may be some things you might have missed that could help us find Miss Kelly's killers or killer.

QUINTRELL
(To Detective Naranjo)

Detective, I don't know anything. I gave you all the information that I know.

Detective Naranjo looks at Quintrell. She knows something isn't right.

QUINTRELL
If you don't mind, Detectives. We have to go.

DETECTIVE NARANJO
Sure.

The Detectives walk down the steps. Quintrell and Deshonda are at the top of the steps. Quintrell locks the door.

As the two Detectives open the car door. Naranjo looks up at the mother and son. Deshonda catches Detective Naranjo look at her. Deshonda looks away. Naranjo stares at Deshonda for a moment before getting into the car.

INT. CAR - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Naranjo is in the passenger seat. Sandoval starts the car.

DETECTIVE NARANJO
It was her. She did it.

Naranjo keeps her eyes focused on the mother and son as they walk down the steps and walk towards Deshonda's car. Naranjo continues to watch them as they open the car boot and put their suitcases in.

DETECTIVE SANDOVAL
What are you talking about?

CONTINUOUS:

DETECTIVE NARANJO
 Deshonda Malone. She killed Brandisha
 Kelly.

Sandoval starts to drive off of the property.

INT. CAR / DRIVING - DAY - CONTINUOUS

DETECTIVE SANDOVAL
 We don't have proof of that. There's
 not even proof of contact between
 them.

DETECTIVE NARANJO
 The way she looked away from me just
 now...she did it.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CAR / DRIVING - NIGHT

Deshonda/Mom is at the wheel. Quintrell sits in the front
 passenger seat.

DESHONDA
 As soon as we get out of the country
 we'll be safe.

QUINTRELL
 You know that for sure?

DESHONDA
 If they do find anything...they won't
 be able to touch us in another
 country.

Deshonda stops the car as they approach the airport, they
 exit the car. They get their suitcases out of the boot of the
 car.

INT. PLANE - FLYING - NIGHT

Quintrell has his headphones plugged in as he watches a
 movie. Deshonda returns from the bathroom. She sits next to
 him. They look at each other and smile at each other. Mother
 and Son have each other's backs forever.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - MORNING

Detective Naranjo and Detective Sandoval walk towards the front door.

DETECTIVE NARANJO

We need to stop at a cafe. I didn't have breakfast.

EXT. POLICE PRECINCT - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

Naranjo and Sandoval walk towards the car.

DETECTIVE NARANJO

I really wanted to get the Malone's for Brandisha Kelly's murder. They're not coming back.

DETECTIVE NARANJO (CONT'D)

They may have even possibly killed Dmitry Hodges as well.

DETECTIVE SANDOVAL

Sometimes criminals slip away.

DETECTIVE NARANJO

I doubt Deshonda Malone sees herself as a criminal. More like a mother protecting her son.

Naranjo and Sandoval get into the car and drive away.

FADE TO BLACK

