

SCRIPT TITLE

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FADE IN:

INT. FOYER IN UPPER CLASS HOUSE - DUSK

A black Chanel luggage bag rests by the front door which is halfway ajar revealing the grey hue of the night settling in.

Clicking high-heels announce the emergence of MONICA and GARY RUNWAY, early 40s, go-getters, walking arm-in-arm from within.

MONICA

... and don't forget to bring in the mail. The last time I came home it felt like a was sorting letters for a week.

GARY

I'm on it.

MONICA

You always say that.

GARY

This time will be different.

MONICA

Just don't forget, please.

GARY

You have my word. As both a gentleman and a scholar.

MONICA

Uhm, which one I get when I get back?

GARY

Both.

MONICA

I like the sound of that.

The front door opens to reveal a CHAUFFEUR entering the house, headed straight for the Chanel bag.

CHAUFFEUR

Is this the last of the luggage Mrs. Runway?

MONICA

Yes. I'll be out in a minute.

GARY

Just one? What can I possibly do in
one minute?

Monica looks up into his eyes, smiles,

MONICA

I'm sure you'll think of something.

EXT. RUNWAY'S HOUSE / CIRCULAR DRIVE - MINUTES LATER

On the outskirts of San Francisco as evident by the city's
skyline standing proud in the distance.

The Chauffeur waits next to a Town Car, the back door held
open as Monica and Gary finally exits the house.

MONICA

I'll call you as soon as I check
into the hotel.

GARY

Don't bother. I got like a
gazillion numbers to crunch before
the morning and I can't have any
distractions.

MONICA

I keep telling you hire you an
assistant. You should be able to
have adequate time off like any
other human being.

GARY

There'll be plenty of opportunities
for time off once we retire to the
islands.

MONICA

Deal.
(pecks him of lips)
See you in a few days.

Shoos the Chauffeur away. Climbs into the back of the Town
Car and closes the door herself.

Gary waves goodbye as the car pulls out of the drive.

INT. RUNWAYS' HOUSE / FOYER - DUSK

Gary re-enters the house, locks the door, then turns to reveal a big ole smile on his face before scampering past the stairs and down the center hallway.

INT. RUNWAY'S HOUSE / GAME ROOM

On one side of the room is a custom home bar with decorative hand-carved medallions and columns, integrated lighting, refrigerated pull out drawers and wine chiller cabinets.

A mahogany billiards table and two ping pong tables on the other side. Framed posters and jerseys of both the San Francisco Giants and the Forty-niners adorn the walls.

Gary rushes in from the hallway. Clicks on the sound system which thumps a Jay-Z rap song from the speakers recessed in the ceiling.

JAY Z (STEREO)

... 6 AM I be diggin her out. 6:15
I be kickin her out. 7 AM I'ma call
my friends. 12 AM we gonna do it
again, we gon, we gon, we gonna do
it again.

Gary hardens his face and gestures like a rapper...

GARY

(singing along)

Yo, how the fuck you gonna talk
about the MC's on our hill. When we
just cop them homey the chrome
wheels. Both arms are chunky the
sleeves on chill. Any given time
100 g's in your grill,

Struts, in a thuggish kind of way, behind the bar and uncorks a bottle of Tequila "Reposado".

GARY (CONT'D)

Don't talk to me about MC's got
skills. He's alright but he's not
real. Jay-Z's that deal with seeds
in the field.

Reaches into the mini-fridge for ice cubes and plops them into a tumbler. Pours four-fingers of the Tequila.

GARY (CONT'D)

Never fear for war, hug, squeeze
that steel.

(MORE)

GARY (CONT'D)

(sips)

Fuck, you gotta a flow that's cool with me. You gotta lil' dough that cool with me.

Sits atop one of the leather bar stools. Takes out his wallet and extracts a business card from deep within its folds.

GARY (CONT'D)

You gotta little cars little jewelries. but none of yall ...

The business card is an advertisement for EXOTIC ESCORTS. As he whips out his I-Phone and places the call.

GARY (CONT'D)

Mutherfuckers can fool with me. You know the wrist frost bit like 2 degrees. The way I maneuver the --

FEMALE (O.C.)

Thank you for calling Exotic Escorts. How may I help you?

GARY

I, uh, came across one of your business cards.

FEMALE (O.C.)

So you would like an escort for this evening?

GARY

Yeah. Uh, what kind of exotic girls do you have?

FEMALE (O.C.)

What do you like?

GARY

I don't know. What do you recommend?

FEMALE (O.C.)

I have available Passion. She's twenty two. Chinese. And eager to please.

GARY

I little Asian Persuasion huh. I'm down. How much is this gonna cost?

FEMALE (O.C.)

How long you gonna need her for?

GARY

Uhm... fuck it, the entire night.

FEMALE (O.C.)

Then that'll be three hundred for dinner. Five hundred for dessert. And an extra two hundred if you want seconds.

GARY

How about fifteen hundred for the full course meal and coffee in the morning?

FEMALE (O.C.)

Cash only.

GARY

I wouldn't have it any other way.

INT. HALLWAY / STUDY

As Gary swaggers out of the game room...

GARY

...12 AM on the way to the club. 1 AM DJ made it erupt. 2 AM now I'm getting with her. 3 AM now I'm splitting with her.

And crosses the hallway into a home office where he does an awkward white boy dance over to a set of wall cabinets and snatches open the door of a microwave sitting on the shelf.

Inside the microwave

Printer. Leather sitting chairs. Circular desk upon which sits three lap tops.

Gary struts into, crosses to wall cabinets, to the microwave on the middle shelf. Opens the door to reveal multiple stacks of cash inside.

As Gary counts out \$1500...

GARY (CONT'D)

One am on the way to the club. Two am bout to rip shit up. Three am now I'm ripping it up -

Swaggers out the office as he takes a player's swig of the Tequila.

INT. RUNWAY'S HOUSE / STAIRS / MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Gary downs the rest of his drink as he comes through the door. Places the tumbler on the dresser bureau and takes off his clothes. Admires his well-toned physique in the mirror.

Flexing like a hip hop artist - looking every bit the middle age upper class white man that he is.

GARY (CONT'D)

Nine am at the waffle house. 10 am
now I'm digging it out. 11 am I'm
tell my friends...

As he sashays through the adjourning door leading into the master bath,

GARY (CONT'D)

12 AM we gon do it again. We gon,
we gon do it again.

And turns on the SHOWER.

EXT. FRONT ENTRY WAY / RUNWAYS' HOUSE - NIGHT

The Door bell rings and rings then Gary appears now dressed in a white terry-cloth robe, red high-top Nikes, and a red San Francisco Forty-Niner's ball cap.

He swags to the front door... opens it to find a -

YOUNG PRETTY BIG-BREASTED CHINESE GIRL

Standing on the steps; Black Limo in the drive behind her; the distant lights of the city in the far back ground.

GARY

Well, hello. I'm Gary.

PASSION

Hi Gary, I'm Passion.

Gary gives her petite figure on display through a right red dress, three-inch high heels,

GARY

Nice to meet you Passion.

Passion smiles.

INT. CENTER HALLWAY

Gary leads the way past the stairs, open living room, and kitchen, Passion following looking about.

PASSION

Nice pad.
 (indicates the fresh
 flowers)
 A woman's touch I see.

GARY

Guilty as charge. But we don't have
 to worry about her.

PASSION

How many times have I heard that?

GARY

A million and one I suppose.

PASSION

Close.
 (eyes the fine art on the
 walls)
 So the full course meal... this
 should be interesting.

Gary half-turn and throws her a look,

GARY

That it should.

Passion smiles.

INT. GAME ROOM - RUNWAYS HOUSE - NIGHT

The door opens to Gary escorting Passion into the game room,
 quickly indicates the house-bar.

GARY

What can I get you to drink?

PASSION

Rum. The best if you have it.

GARY

On the way.

Moves behind the bar -as Passion takes a seat atop one of the
 letter bar stools - pulls down bottle of ANAGOSTA RUM.

PASSION

Nice choice.

GARY

A client turned me on to it. Said it was the smoothest rum money can buy.

PASSION

I was talking about the music.

GARY

Oh. You're a Jay Z fan?

Yanks cork out the bottle. Grabs empty glass and ducks beneath the bar and opens the mini-fridge.

PASSION

Since I was like 11.

Quickly reaches into bra. Pulls out a vial of something and dumps it in the drink belonging to Gary, who is bent over dumping ice cubes in the glass.

GARY

How old are you?

PASSION

That's personal. This is strictly business.

Gary rises.

GARY

Of course.

Slides the rum across the counter then moves around and takes the empty stool beside her. As he sips from the spiked drink,

GARY (CONT'D)

So, can you tell me anything about yourself other than you're a Jay Z fan?

PASSION

No, but you can tell my about yourself. What is it that you do for a living? This place is bitching.

GARY

Investment advisor. Well, was. Now I just basically book keep for a few clients.

PASSION

Must be nice. I bet you even work from home.

GARY

Fifty percent of the time. The other half is at swanky restaurants, sports bars, and strip joints.

PASSION

Well at least we have that in common.

GARY

That we do. That, we do.

Offers up a toast to which Passion complies.

PASSION

To a wonderful evening.

GARY

Oh I have no doubt about that.

INT. BUSINESS CLASS SECTION OF AIRPLANE - NIGHT

Wheels roll down the aisle as a refreshment cart is pushed by a fresh faced FEMALE FLIGHT ATTENDANT stops next to Monica,

FEMALE FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Round three?

MONICA

No thank you. Two's more than enough.

PAUL (O.S.)

Come-on, we got time to slip one more in before we land...

PAUL, blond hair, blue eyes, a businessman in between cities, eggs on from the window seat beside her.

PAUL (CONT'D)

... I'll even pay. How bout that?

MONICA

In that case.

FEMALE FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Good choice.

(beat)

In both.

MONICA

Uh, oh... I'm married.

FEMALE FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Well, a little drink never hurt anyone.

PAUL

That's what I always say.

MONICA

Oh Paul, you're just too much. No I understand why you're single.

PAUL

You, me, and my two ex-wives.

Monica laughs, accepts the refill from the attendant.

MONICA

Like I said, way too much.

A coy grin sweeps across Paul's face. The flight attendant smile at both he and Monica's interaction.

INT. GAME ROOM - RUNWAYS' HOUSE - NIGHT

SPLASH - Gary's rouses awake to water thrown in his face...

Opens his eyes to discover DADDY, 53, black, hair-perm that hands to his shoulders on his tailor made two piece suit, decorated with a diamond hanging from a platinum necklace...

Gold and diamond finger rings, green alligator shoes.

DADDY

Good evening Mr. Runway. Nice of you to join us. I'm Daddy... And this...

Indicates a LIGHT-SKIN BLACK WOMAN, 49, gold braids tied back into a pony tail and a rear end that protrudes beneath her white adiddas warm up.

And this, is the lovely BB. Big Booty, as we use to call her back'n the day.

BB mimics holding a phone,

BB
Thank you for calling Exotic
Escorts. Would you like to book an
escort for this evening?

GARY

As his eyes drop down to see for the first time that he is
ducked taped around the ankles and wrists, wearing only his
silk boxers. Daddy continues his monologue.

DADDY
And you've already met the most
lovely stallion in my stable...
Passion.

Points a diamond ringed finger across the floor to the

BILLIARDS TABLE

Where Passion, lined up for a shot, looks seductively over
her shoulder and blows a kiss at

GARY

Whose brow narrows in anger.

Daddy paces, the hard sole of his alligator shoes clicking
across the polished hardwood floor.

DADDY (CONT'D)
Now this is how this is gonna go.
You're gonna be a good little boy
while Daddy and his girls give this
place a spring cleaning. Then we
gonna leave. Somebody is gonna find
you. And we all live happily ever
after.

GARY
Fine... Just leave before my wife
gets home... She'll be here any
minute.

DADDY
I don't think so Gary. You ordered
May Link for the whole night.
Surely the Misses is outta town.
This isn't our first rodeo Mr.
Runway. Which brings us to lesson
one...

Steps forward to where Gary back-first on the hardwood floor and kicks him in the ribs, punctuating each stomp with,

DADDY (CONT'D)
Never, ever, lie to, Daddy. Got that?

Gary, catching his breath, nods yes. Pimp kicks him again.

DADDY (CONT'D)
I said, do you, got that?

GARY
Yeah. Yes, I got it.

DADDY
YES, WHAT?

GARY
Daddy. Yes, Daddy.

DADDY
Now that's what I'm talking bout.

DOORWAY

SNOW, 24, 36 ADD's, dyed blond hair, high heels, and BUNNY, her 34 year old equivalent, enters the room, looking pornoravish.

SNOW
House is secure. The only thing hanging around his money.

BUNNY
There's three bedrooms upstairs. A wine cellar. And a office across the hall.

DADDY
Any open curtains?

PASSION
I took care of that before you got here. No pets, no sign of anyone expected to be home.

DADDY
R-right bitches then lets hit it. Me and hubby here is going on a little trip.

BB
 Snow, you and Bunny handle the
 upstairs, me and Passion will
 handle the down and garage.

SNOW, BUNNY, PASSION
 Gotcha. True. On it.

Daddy then goes over and helps Gary to his feet.

DADDY
 Let's go playboy.

As Gary rises unsteadily, wobbles/balancing himself upon his
 two ankles ducked taped together.

DADDY (CONT'D)
 Now I'm guessing by your well toned
 yoga physique that you exercise
 regularly.

GARY
 Yeah, I mean - yes Daddy.

DADDY
 Then exercise yo ass out of this
 room and take me to the office.

Gary hesitates.

DADDY (CONT'D)
 Cracker don't have me put these
 size 12 gators up your ass.

Gary hops to it, literay, hops hops hops until he's out the
 door.

EXT./INT. HALLWAY/HOME OFFICE

Daddy struts behind as Gary hops across the hall and into his
 Home office

Where he hops across the threshold as Daddy takes a seat
 behind the bow-shape glass desk; lap tops and papers on top.

DADDY
 Now, we're gonna either do this the
 easy way or the hard way. Now if I
 was you, and thank God I'm not, I
 would --

GARY
 (gasping for air)
 The safe is over there... The
 microwave... There's at least,
 sixty thousand cash inside.

Daddy's glances over at the wall cabinets where the microwave
 sits on the middle shelf.

DADDY
 In there? You got to be kidding me.
 (stands)
 The microwave?
 (goes over)
 This a safe?

GARY
 No, it's just a microwave.

Daddy opens it to find multiple stacks of cash.

DADDY
 Genius.
 (turns to Gary)
 Who'n the fuck would have thought
 to look in the microwave?
 (beat)
 I'm gonna beat them bitches ass.
 Imagine if I would've have killed
 you like I wanted to do... We would
 have never found this!

GARY
 That's all the cash in the house. I
 swear. There's a Porsche in the
 garage. Please, just don't kill me.

DADDY
 Stop crying like a bitch
 mutherfucker. If I was gonna kill
 ya I would have had Passion kill do
 it before I got here.
 (steps aside)
 Now get you lily white ass over
 here and get my money.

Gary pauses, his wrists and ankles bound in the duck-tape.

DADDY (CONT'D)
 If you don't make a move I swear
 I'm gonna stick these size 12
 gators so far up yo --

Gary hops to it, literally. Hopping over to the microwave where he sticks his head inside, grabs with his mouth a band of twenty-dollar bills...

DADDY (CONT'D)
Daddy's waiting.

Hops back over to the Pimp and drops it at the tip of the Pimp's alligator shoes.

DADDY (CONT'D)
That's a good lil white boy. But
you gotta move just a little
quicker, Daddy ain't got all day.

As Gary hops back over and repeats the process, BB appears in the doorway, stunned at what she's witnessing.

BB
What the fuck?
(enters)
Come'on now Daddy we ain't got time
fo this shit. We gotta get outta
here.

Daddy stomps on the floor.

DADDY
Bitch, if I gotta tell ya bout
questioning me, just one mo time --

BB
And what's this...

Notices the file portfolios scattered across the desk. Picks one up and sees that it's a investment report/bank statement; complete with routing numbers and access codes.

BB (CONT'D)
Did you see this?

DADDY
Bitch, now how I'm gonna see it
when u holding it way over there?

BB
We might have hit.

As she walks the sheaf over her rear-end jiggling beneath the white addidas warm up.

GARY
Please, not my clients. I'll be
ruined.

(MORE)

GARY (CONT'D)

You got about forty thousand here,
I got over two-hundred thousand in
a personal account. I'll transfer
it to whatever account you want.

BB

Mutherfucker will you shut the fuck
up!

Hands the financial to Daddy brushes his nose thumb across
his nose.

DADDY

Decipher this shit while I go over
it.

BB points out the particulars,

BB

Right here is the name of the
client... These are where their
money's at... This is how much...
And right here... I'll bet my pussy
those are Pin Numbers.

Pimp takes this all in, then,

DADDY

Silky, silky baby. The eagle has
mutherfucking landed.

EXT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - NIGHT

Passengers hauling their luggage out the automatic double-
doors, embrace their family and loved ones waiting curbside
next to their cars, Monica and Paul within the throng.

MONICA

Well I'd like the thank you for a
wonderful flight.

PAUL

Even though I'm not the pilot.

Both chuckle.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Just kidding. I had a wonderful
time as well. If you're ever in
Chicago --

MONICA

Me and my husband would love that.

PAUL

Oh, yeah, right. See you around.

Heads off in separate directions each headed for the...

PASSENGER PICKUP/DROP OFF AREA

Placard with their name on it, held by a waiting chauffeur.
Monica and Gary climbs into back limos.

INT. GAME ROOM - RUNWAYS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Daddy smiles, showing his gold tooth, as he looks over the expensive paintings, jewelry, and household goods and electronics stacked on the hardwood floor.

DADDY

This what I'm talkin bout. This is what I'm talkin bout baby.

Passion and Bunny come to and fro adding more wares to the pile.

DADDY (CONT'D)

Don't forget the alcohol, bitches.
I want every bottle cleaned out...

HOME BAR

Gary sits atop a bar stool, still bound in duck tape but manages to work his fingers inputing data into his lap top, BB standing over his shoulder, Snow seated one bar stool over, inputing data into a lap top of her own.

BB (O.S.)

Snow, you got those accounts set up yet?

SNOW

One second. Getting the e-mail confirmation codes now.

BB holds a portfolio in her hand to confirm that nothing goes on shady.

BB

You ready lover boy? All I want to see is Account Transfers and balance statements.

GARY

Okay I got it. I'll do every thang you ask but could me please leave just one account along. It belongs to Mrs. Laurel Jacobs. She's 90 years old. Trusted me with her entire savings. Please, Just leave her.

Daddy as he admires a chic jewelry box of pendants, earrings, and necklaces. .

DADDY

Let me ask you something? Where does this Mrs. Jacobs live?

GARY

Blackbird mountain.

DADDY

And how long has she lived up there in Blackbird Mountain, looking down on us peasants in the city?

GARY

(swallows)

All her life.

DADDY

90 years. Well, don't you think she's had a pretty good run?

SNOW

Okay, the first account is set up, ready to receive transfers.

Gary slumps over his lap,

GARY

Give me the routing number.

On his lap top monitor: the mouse pointer depress the send button of a particular account transfer.

Behind him, in the middle of the hardwood floor, sits a pile of black canvas bags stuffed with the Runway's valuables. Passion and Bunny stuffing more inside.

Large Black Canvas Bags of the Runways' belongings sit in a pile. Passion and Bunny eyes the valuables as they package them inside, wrapping the glasses vases in bath towels and newspapers.

SNOW

Transfer complete. Setting up the next account now.

Daddy shoots Billiards alone, looks over at Bunny and Snow behind the house bar stuffing the last of the alcohol bottles away.

DADDY

Bunny, start loading that shit in the car. Passion, wipe this clean of our prints. BB, take a final walk through and see if these low class bitches miss something.

BB

It would be better if you did it. You have a better eyes than all of us.

DADDY

Bitch what did i tell you bout questioning me. Run yo fat ass up them stairs and re-check them rooms thoroughly.

SNOW

It's all gravy Queen B, I'm on post.

BB touches her on the shoulder, hands over the financial statement and go off to carry out the order; her rear-end jiggling behind her.

EXT. CURBSIDE OF THE STANDARD HOTEL - NIGHT

A yellow cab pulls away from the double door entrance and moves off along the drive as a black town car pulls up replace. The valet opens the back door and Monica step out into the carport.

The chafueer pops the trunk seconds before a second Town Car comes to a stop a few feet behind. The rear door opens and Paul steps out from the car, already haven spotted Monica.

PAUL

Well imagine that.

Monica follows the voice to where Paul stands... smiles.

MONICA

Are you following me?

Both laugh.

PAUL

How come you didn't tell me you were staying at The Standard?

MONICA

You didn't ask.

PAUL

Really? I guess I'm slipping in my old age.

MONICA

Oh Paul do you ever stop?

PAUL

Last time I checked, no. Two ex-wives remember. Anyway, after you.

INT. LOBBY/RECEPTION DESK - STANDARD HOTEL - NIGHT

Monica and Paul pass through the lobby doors. Valets following behind, pushing luggage of the two's belongings.

MONICA

I can't believe a year has passed since I last been here.

PAUL

Time flies when you're having fun.

MONICA

Fun, is that last thing I've been having.

PAUL

Why is that?

MONICA

My insatiable appetite to succeed. It's a gift and a curse.

PAUL

Tell me about it.

They arrived at the Reception Desk, I'D's at the ready for the clerk.

MONICA

Reservation for Runway, Monica.

The clerk takes the two I'D's, looks over at Paul.

CLERK
Are u two, huh, together?

PAUL
Not yet.

Monica playfully slaps him on the shoulder.

MONICA
Paul.

PAUL
(laughs)
Just kidding. Lyons. Paul Lyons. I
booked a master suite for three
days.

The clerk picks up on their synergy, sneaking peeks at their
playful demeanor as he inputs the data into the computer.

CLERK
If you guys want... Last call in
the bar isn't for about twenty
minutes... I can have the valet
deliver your bags to your rooms.

PAUL
Sold me.

Monica at first give pause.

MONICA
Paul... Oh, what the hell. It'll
give me a chance to square up on
the drinks you bout on the flight.

PAUL
My thinking exactly.

They laugh/steps off and the clerk and Valets go to work.

INT. BAR LOUNGE- THE STANDARD HOTEL - NIGHT

Loud and crowded with corporate employees. Music blasts,
drunk individuals dance...

Monica and Gary push through the swing doors.

MONICA
The Standard, how can I forget.

PAUL
I never do.

Touches Monica on the elbow and guides her as they press through the throng...

Bumps into a couple dancing, drinks in hand, on the edge of the dance floor. The female turns and her mouth drops.

TESA

Monica, my god!
 (reaches out and hugs)
 I can't believe they keep sending
 you to these things.

Speaks to be head over the music, dancing around her.

MONICA

Me, what about you Mrs., Junior
 executive of the year?
 (gives her tight squeeze
 then pulls back)
 Shouldn't you be back at
 headquarters making some important
 decisions?

TESA

Nominated junior executive of the
 year. I haven't won yet.

MONICA

Well, I'll keep my fingers crossed.
 We'll catch up in the morning over
 coffee.

TES

Looking forward to it...
 (low)
 So who, uh, is that?

MONICA

(low)
 Someone I sat next to on the plane.
 We just happened to be checking
 into the same hotel.

TESA

Well, two thumps up.

MONICA

Oh, Tesa. It's nothing like that.

TESA

Two thumbs up just the same. If you
 chicken out send him my way.

Pulls back and goes back to dancing, moving her partner to the side allowing Monica and Gary to shoulder on through.

TWO EMPTY STOOLS AT THE BAR.

MONICA

See anyone you know?

PAUL

Not until tomorrow. I have this obsessive, compulsive, disorder to dot all my eyes and cross my Tees.

MONICA

I know what you mean. I spent the last three days packing for this weekend of long boring seminars.

PAUL

It must be serious.

MONICA

The seminars or the obsession.

Both laugh as the Bartender arrives.

PAUL

Pick your poison.

MONICA

No, no, I'm buying remember. What's your poison.

PAUL

Monogamy.
(to tender)
I'll have a vodka straight.

MONICA

And I'll have whatever the bartender recommends.

The Bartender smiles. Nods head to say thank you for the compliment and moves off to the liquor shelf.

INT. KITCHEN - RUNWAYS' HOUSE - NIGHT

STEAKS sizzle on stove, cooked by BB who at the same time prepares a salad on the counter top where Daddy sits sipping on a glass of Red Wine.

DADDY

... then I gotta pay off that cock
sucker Mac G fore I have to put a
bullet in his ass. Then I take care
of the car note on the Lexus.

BB

I, I, I, what bout me an the girls?
Are we anywhere in those plans?

DADDY

Baby you know you and me is the
same person. When I'm talking me
I'm talking bout you.

BB

I can't tell. Not one thing you
said benefits me.

DADDY

What you talking bout baby?
Everythang that Daddy benefits you.

BB

I'm not trying to hear that shit...
I'm not as young as I use to be. I
can't keep doing this shit. More
time in prison, fuck no. If the
eagle has landed on this job the
eagle got have landed for all of
us.

DADDY

Now BB, don't let delusions of
grander start to flash before yo
eyes. If the DA ask you bitches to
turn state evidence I'd be locked
up till my dick falls off.

BB

And who would be there if it does?
Who have had yo back all these
years. When you get locked up
everything that you gave me has to
sold so I can pay lawyers and put
money on yo books. I need you to be
straight with me on this shit.
Learned it. And I know deep down,
you got to feel me. It wouldn't be
silks if it wasn't.

DADDY

Baby, I swear. The next job, it's
all about you.

(MORE)

DADDY (CONT'D)

Hell, the next two jobs. Three. But you gotta give me this one. You gotta trust daddy.

DADDY (CONT'D)

Now, do you trust daddy?

BB

Yes daddy.

DADDY

Then come over here and let me give that big booty a squeeze.

BB walks into her pimp's embrace and allows him to grab two handfuls over her rear.

DADDY (CONT'D)

That's daddy's baby...

(beat)

Now excuse, I gotta go make a phone call.

Pulls out his cell phone and steps out into the hall.

BB shifts to the doorway, peeks out at Daddy a way's off speaking into his cell.

BB whips out her phone, keeps one eye on Daddy as she makes a call....

BUNNY (O.C.)

What up Queen B? Everythang's gravy?

BB

Whose around that can hear ya?

INT./EXT. GAME ROOM - KITCHEN ENTRYWAY

Snow, on her lap top setting up dummy bank accounts, glances back over her shoulder at Passion wiping the place for prints. Gary, still at lap-top beside her, is irrelevant.

SNOW

No one. Holla at me.

BB

You know that one big score we was talking bout, to get us out of the game?

SNOW

I was just thinking the exact same thing.

BB

How are the account transfers going?

SNOW

Silky.

BB

Bunny still got that John in the DMV office that can hook us up with some fake id's?

SNOW

Hooked and tethered. All you have to do is say when.

BB

When. Now I'm gonna need yall all cleared outta there by the time Daddy and I done eating.

SNOW

Much respect queen B but I can't leave you in here along.

BB

You questioning me?

SNOW

No queen b. I'll inform the ponies.

BB

And Snow, I want u behind the wheel with the engine running gearshift in first foot about to release the brakes when I come out this house.

SNOW

That's why I love you Queen B.

BB

Well you know what they say - When the cat's away...

BUNNY

The mice will play.

BB stuffs away her cellphone, returns to the sizzling steaks.

INT. ROOM HALLWAY OF HOTEL - NIGHT

Paul and Monica kiss hungrily/passionately; Monica digging in her purse for her key card. Slides it into slot.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The two lip-locks their way inside. Monica pushes the door closed then Paul drives her back into

THE KITCHENETTE

Against the sink, her hands tearing off his jacket, shirt & tie.

Paul tears back at her, unbuttoning her blouse while sucking on her neck. Monica throws back her head, works her hands up and down Paul's back, until suddenly -

PAUL PULLS BACK.

MONICA

What's wrong.

PAUL

(smiles)

Nothing. Everything's just wonderful.

Monica responds with a smile. Then Paul PUNCHES her in the FACE.

INT. GAME ROOM - RUNWAYS HOUSE - NIGHT

Gary continues to reroute account transfers on his computer as Daddy and BB returns arm-in-arm, giggling, however their presence gives Snow a start.

BB discreetly shoots her a look. Snow presses send, transfer in progress meter clicks on another account as Snow flicks off the screen.

SNOW

Just a few more minutes I gotta go to the little girls room before the ride.

DADDY

Snow baby, you stopped being a little girl when you turned your first trick years ago.

Laughs along with BB who must play along. Snow gets up to go.

DADDY (CONT'D)

Don't take all fucking day. I wanna
be outta here in five.

Breaks off. Struts to the bar and looks over Gary's shoulder.

DADDY (CONT'D)

Lover boy, my man. You finished
getting me my money yet.

GARY

Almost, daddy.

DADDY

Don't take this personal. Just
business.

(slaps Gary on shoulder)

A person of your status and color
should land back on your feet in no
time.

(turns away)

Where'n the hell is Passion and
Bunny?

BB has made her way to the Billards's table, grabs a pool
stick off the wall,

BB

Doing what you told them.

DADDY

Since when they started doing that?

Laughs. Pulls out cellphone and speed dials Passion.

DADDY (CONT'D)

Voice mail. What the --

BB's rear-end protrudes as she bends over the table and lines
up expertly for a shot.

BB

Must be a disruption with the
service.

DADDY

Just hope they handling their
business. I don't want to have to
pimp slap a bitch tonight.

Grabs a beer mug and heads for the tap, passing Gary who is still bound in duck tape, hunched over his lap top.

DADDY (CONT'D)

What bout you lover boy? You ever have to pimp slap, a bitch?

GARY

I don't think so.

DADDY

You don't think so. What'n the hell kind of answer is that? Cracker don't make me come over there and put these size 11s in yo ass.

GARY

Only when I paid for it, alright. Otherwise, no. I never had to pimp slap a bitch.

DADDY

Now there's two types of bitches. One, is the classical bitch with a vagina bitch. And the second is man that thinks he's a man but really is deep inside a bitch.

(beat)

I slap so many of them mutherfuckers behind bars I can't even count. The point is, you don't have to be a vagina bitch to be a bitch. Like you, you're my bitch now. Other places around the world, some one is some one else bitch. It's the cycle of life.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Black eye, of Monica, as Paul lies on top of her, hands choking her neck, pumping faster and faster, until he... ejaculates. Monica, eyes closed, face a mask of disgust.

MONICA

I swear, if I ever see you again, I'll kill you.

Paul jumps off the bed.

PAUL

That's what I like...
(pumps fist)
I little fire!

Excitedly goes into the kitchenette, pulls open utensil drawer and takes out what years of experience staying at hotels has taught him to be there...

A sharp cutting knife.

Gary tosses the knife onto the bed.

PAUL (CONT'D)

You want to hurt me, there you go.
Come get me.

Monica takes in the ecstasy in his eyes.

MONICA

I'm not playing your sick little game. But I'm sure they will when you're locked up in prison.

PAUL

Ah, dear. Sugar Plum. Snookims. I'm not going to prison. This was consensual sex. We've been drinking together for what like four, five hours? The hotel cameras that will obviously show us nearly tearing each other apart as we rode up the elevator, down the hallway? A corporate go-getter like yourself wouldn't risk your reputation trying to sell that to a jury.

Monica, battered/worn and abused, as she takes this in.

MONICA

Go to hell.

PAUL

There it is, that Fire!

Hops on to the bed. Grabs Monica ankles and doubles her over on her back, legs spread apart...

PAUL (CONT'D)

Thank you darling. I couldn't get it up other wise.

Rams inside her.

INT. BAR/GAME ROOM - RUNWAYS HOUSE - SAME TIME

Daddy stares at the screen of his cellphone.

DADDY
Ain't this bout a bitch? Ain't none
of them bitches call me back yet.

Turns up the bottle of Jim Bean and take a deep gulp, then
slams the bottle down hard on the counter... Stands.

DADDY (CONT'D)
Now I'm gonna ask you this just one
time...

MAHOGANY POOL TABLE

BB, who have just expertly made a shot, rises to face her
pimp; already knowing what the conversation will be about.

BB
What is it Daddy?

DADDY
... What'n the hell is going on
with my money?

Serious look in his eyes, but BB continues to cover. F

BB
I know you jus didn't. After all
we've been through. You have the
audacity to --

SLAP - Pimp strikes her so hard that the blond wig twists
sideways.

THREE BEATS... BB moves the hair from over her eyes -looking
fierce - BACKHANDS the Pimp across the face.

DADDY
Oh, Hell naw, bitch! That's yo
black ass now!

BB, the pool stick still in her hand, heaves back to swing.

DADDY (CONT'D)
Bitch, if you even think about --

THWACK THWACK THWACK as she commences to beating the pimp.

He cowers from the blows, running around the pool table as BB
gives chase.

BB
Get back her mutherfucker!

DADDY
Bitch, I kill ya.

Dodges around corner of the table as BB swings/misses and shatters the pool stick across a corner pocket.

Without skipping a beat, she snatches another stick from the pool-rack mounted on the wall... gives chase again, swinging at her pimp,

BB
Kill who mutherfucker?! Who?! Who
you'll kill?

DADDY
I'm sorry baby, I'm sorry. You know
daddy loves you.

Circles the table putting enough distance between the two and quickly slips out of a shoe and throws it back at his attacker.

The blue alligator shoe flies through the air and connects with the bridge of BB's nose. She drops the pool stick and staggers backwards as Daddy regains his composure.

DADDY (CONT'D)
That's yo ass now bitch.

Knuckles up... advancing...

Play with my mutherfucking money.

Face snarls as he cocks his fist all the way bar, while approaching, and throws a mean right cross while planting his now shoe less right foot which -

Slips on the polished hardwood floor, tumbling his forward to his hands and knees.

DADDY (CONT'D)
What the--

BB lurches forward and grabs him by the head.

DADDY (CONT'D)
Oh Bitch, not my hair.

Head jerks left and right as BB swings her arms with all her might, her white sneakers gripping the floor, her thick lower frame and big rear-end giving leverage.

BB
AAAAGGRRHHH. AAARRGGG.

Slams his head against the side of the pool table...

DADDY

Oh baby please just let go of my hair.

... again and again. As the hard-sole shoe on Daddy's left foot and the silk sock on the shoe-less other slips and slips as he tries to get a footing.

DADDY (CONT'D)

Please baby. Stop. Please baby.

BB face is a mask of determination.

BB

GGRRRRREEE, GGGAAARRRR.

She pulls out a clump of hair...

DADDY

OH LORD JESUS NO!!!

... Balls the free hand into a fist and punches and upper-cups him repeatedly in the face.

BB

This yo ass mutherfucker! The game is over!! You no good...

DADDY

Bitch... when I... get hold of you -

BB

Get a hold of who? Get a hold of who mutherfucker? AAAHHHHHHH....

As she exuberates every ounce of her strength... leaving a slight opening to which Daddy strikes quick/shooting a straight jab into her gut - doubling her over.

DADDY

Didn't I always tell ya I'll kill ya?

Rise to one knee, then his feet.

DADDY (CONT'D)

But evidently you thought it was a game?

Grabs the back of BB's blond wig, stands her up and bends her backwards over the surface of the pool table.

Snatched out my mutherfucking hair!

Places a hand over her mouth and nose.

DADDY (CONT'D)
You dead bitch.

BB struggles for air, her arms flail out and brush a pool ball... She palms it... knocks pimp on side of his head.

DADDY (CONT'D)
AUG -

Slowly drops to one knee, disoriented. BB grabs another ball.

BB
And this's fo making me abort my
fucking child.

Wallops him again across the head; the ball bursting to dust and crumbs.

Daddy goes down grotesquely, his body involuntary convulsing.

BB stands over him, panting. Finally kneels and slips first of the gold and diamond rings from her his hand.

AT THE BAR

Gary is both speech less and terrified. He watches eyes-wide, mouth open as ...

BB rises to stand, but stops halfway resting her elbows on her thighs, catching her breath. Just, then -

Snow, Bunny, and Passion rushes inside. Sees Daddy on the floor and lowers their weapons.

BUNNY
Yo okay momma?

BB
I'm fine.
(stands)
Wipe this room down for prints so
we can get the fuck outta here.

INT. HOTEL ROOM

The camera on a cell-phone FLASHES, again and again, snapping of pics of -

Monica lying spread-eagle on the bed, breathing rapidly, her face used and abused.

As Paul shifts into different angles...

PAUL

Thank you for a wonderful evening.
I'm quite sure your husband will
understand. However you explain
that.

(slides phone in jacket)

And when you speak of this, to the
psychiatrist, do speak fondly of
me.

Grabs briefcase off the floor and calmly walks out the door.

ON THE BED

Monica watches him go through a swollen eyes... Calms
slightly... rises then slides off the side of the mattress...

Waits three full beats then runs to the hallway door and
locks it.

Turns, zeros in on her purse and scoops it off the floor.

Dials 911 then thinks - holding a finger over the call
button... Thinks more until her breathing slows and her body
goes slack dropping her to her knees...

Erases the 911 and scrolls down the screen of the cell phone
to contact listed as HUBBY... Presses the call button.

INT. GAME ROOM - SAME TIME

A phone rings. Gary slides off stool and hops to where his
clothes were tossed aside on the floor. Drops to knees,
manages to slide the ringing cell phone out of his pants.

GARY

Monica, thank God, you called.

MONICA (O.C.)

Don't say anything just listen.

(sobs)

I, screwed up.

THE END