

LIFE IS NOW

written by
Kenny Mulfort

(404)457-6490
Kenny.Mulfort@gmail.com

EXT. BAKERY STORE - NIGHT

SLOWLY PULL IN on the front of a bakery store. It's closed. After a moment, exits an average looking, but innocent, African-American woman. This is **CHARITY BOOKMAN (33)**. She is accompanied by two other women. A white petite woman, **MEGAN HAYDEN (27)** and a voluptuous creole woman **ZOYA DuROSSEAU (40)**. They all work at this store.

They enter scene in the middle of laughter.

ZOYA

See ya tomorrow, Ms. Bookman.

Charity locks the door.

CHARITY

Isn't tomorrow your day off?

ZOYA

That's right. The fact that you remember makes me nervous.

They share a laughter.

CHARITY

You just be sure to use your day off wisely.

ZOYA

Oh, you know I will. You ain't gotta worry about that.

CHARITY

See y'all later.

MEGAN

Bye.

ZOYA

Bye, girl.

WE FOLLOW Charity to her car. It feels like she is being watched, but we don't know by who or what.

She climbs in, takes a deep breath, and then makes a call.

INT. CAR - DRIVING - MOMENTS LATER

It's raining. Hard! Charity cautiously drives on a two-lane road. She can barely see. Blinding bright lights approaches quickly from behind. We don't see the car. The car honks.

2.

CHARITY
(road rage)
Hey! What the hell are you doing?
Get off my ass!

Charity honks at the car. The car honks. It's becoming a road rage battle. Charity stomps on her brakes to scare the car off. The car nearly hits her.

CHARITY (CONT'D)
Asshole!

After a moment, the car rams into the back of Charity's. She is scared. She tries to pull over. The car hits Charity's car again, shoving her off the road into a terrible accident.

Charity's car is flipped upside down and she is pinned, gasping for air. WE can't tell if she's going to make it.

Int. Stadium locker room - NIGHT

A state-of-the-art locker room. It's empty. We hear the faint sounds of a football game going on. Not to mention, the sound of a man in pain approaching.

Enters **GREG DUPONT (30)**. A dark skin athletically built handsome football player who's fully geared... but clearly injured. Agonizing pain. He's carried in by two medical trainers.

Greg
Slow down. Shit hurt!

The medical staff sit him on a bed and examines his knee.

MEDICAL trainer 1
Can you feel the pain if I do this?

He puts pressure against the bottom of Greg's right foot. Greg's anguished face shows there's pain.

greg
Ay man! I can feel that shit.

Medical trainer 1 tries to touch Greg's knee, but...

Greg (CONT'D)
Just stop!

Medical Trainer 1
We're trying to help you out here.

3.

greg
Well don't! Just give me the shot
or some pills so I can get back out
there.

Medical trainer 2
I'm afraid it's not that easy.

GREG
Well make it that easy!

The medical trainers give each other a look. It doesn't look
good for Greg.

Medical trainer 1
Alright. We'll do that. But before
we do... can we run a X-Ray scan?

Greg is hesitant at first, but then...

GREG
Make it quick.

medical staff 1
You got it. Sit tight.

Int. STADIUM locker room - MOMENTS LATER

ON TELEVISION: Greg remains on the bed staring up at the
ceiling. Yes, the injury is very serious.

We hear the sound of fans cheering. This lets us know the
game is over. Greg is even more frustrated.

In walks an older fair-skin Billy D Williams looking doctor.
This is **DR. VERNON BOWIE**. He's holding onto X-ray results.

GREG
(sits up)
Dr. Bowie--

DR. BOWIE
Mr. Dupont, how are you feeling?

GREG
I don't need you here to tell me
what I already know. Just do what
you have to to get me back on the
field.

Dr. BOWIE
Oh! Is that so?

4.

GREG

Come on, Doc. Just get me back out there.

Dr. Bowie sits down next to Greg.

Dr. BOWIE

You know, I've been doing this for a long time. Almost thirty years. I've worked with a lot of people. Erik Dickerson. "White Shoes" Billy Johnson. Michael Irvin, Dante Culpepper, Jermichael Finley...

GREG

What's your point, Doc?

Dr. Bowie turns to him with a look.

Dr. BOWIE

I'm getting to that.

(stands up)

My point is that they all were great at this game, but the one thing they had in common is that they knew when to call it a quits.

Greg turns away from Dr. Bowie, not wanting to hear this. Dr. Bowie stands up.

DR. BOWIE (CONT'D)

I'm going to assume you do too.

Dr. Bowie puts the X-Ray image against the FILM VIEWER. Looks all bad!

GREG

Look, that's not happening. I don't know what you have to do, but do it.

Dr. Bowie turns to him for a moment, and then turns back to the viewer.

dr. BOWIE

You tore three out of the four ligaments in your knee: ACL, MCL, and PCL. Not to mention this is the second time you tore your ACL on that same knee. You're lucky to have the opportunity to walk again let alone play. So listen to me son... it's time you let this go.

5.

Kevin sits there, sulking in silence. In fact, he looks like he's going to cry.

GREG

Just do your job so I can do mine.

DR. BOWIE

Okay. Well sit tight. I'll get you down to the hospital to get started.

Greg doesn't reply. He soaks. Dr. Bowie is headed, and then...

Dr. BOWIE (CONT'D)

Almost 1000 receptions, over six miles of reception yards, and 70 touchdowns... Ooo wee! Mr. Dupont, you had one hell of a run at this game, but life is now.

Dr. Bowie walks out.

Int. Stadium tunnel - same

A thin, but tall, well-groomed professional Pakistani walks with haste. He's on a mission. This is **JAWAD DEHWAR**. He approaches the gate, but stopped by two security guards.

Security guard 1

Where the heck you think you goin?

SECURITY GUARD 2

No fans back here. If you want an autograph, go to the front.

JawAD

Autograph?! I have on an Armani Herringbone suit... do I look I need a damn autograph?!

Jawad goes to walk in, but he's shoved back. Access denied. Jawad is appalled.

SECURITY GUARD 2

I don't give a damn if that's a Steve Harvey collection suit. You still not getting in.

JAWAD

Steve Harvey?! I just said this was an Armani and you mention Steve Harvey??

(MORE)

6.

JAWAD (CONT'D)

(beat)

Look, I'm Greg DuPont's agent, and
I need to get to him. Now!

SECURITY GUARD 2

Where's your pass?

JAWAD

I left it. Come on, seriously? I
know you've seen me before.

SECURITY GUARD 2

I ain't never seen you.

Jawad spots Dr. Bowie walking by.

JAWAD

Dr. Bowie! Hey!

Dr. Bowie

Mr. Dehwar?

JAWAD

Yes! Please, can you help me? Can
you tell these guys who I am?

DR. BOWIE

(to the guards)

It's okay fellas. He's with us.
He's Greg DuPont agent.

Reluctantly, the guards let Jawad in.

JAWAD

Thanks. Where is he?

DR. BOWIE

The locker room.

JAWAD

How's it looking?

Dr. Bowie's facial expression says it all. He walks off.
Jawad scurries away.

Int. Locker room - A MOMENT LATER

Jawad enters. Greg lies on the table in deep thought.

Jawad

Dude, what happened?

Greg
What you think?

JAWAD
I know you got injured, but how?

GREG
Does that really matter?!

JAWAD
Sorry. You're right. How you
feeling?

Greg doesn't reply. That's enough to tell Jawad everything.

JAWAD (CONT'D)
So what they'd say?

GREG
(sits up)
Torn ACL, MCL, and PCL.

JAWAD
Is there anything left?!

Greg gives him a look. Jawad looks a bit overly concerned.

JAWAD (CONT'D)
Sorry. You're hurt and I'm an
asshole. But don't worry. I'm going
to make sure everything is good.

Greg
Yo Jay... I need you to make sure I
play again.

JAWAD
Come on, man. Don't talk like that.

GREG
I'm serious. You're my agent, and
that's what I need you to do.

Jawad nods uncertainly.

JAWAD
Alright. I'll see what I can do.

The medical trainers enter with a wheel chair. They wheel
Greg out. WE stay on Jawad who walks over and looks at the X-
ray image. He sighs.

8.

Int. Hospital - LATER

The medical trainers push Greg, sitting in a wheelchair, through a long hallway. Typical night. Until... out of nowhere a throng of nurses and doctors CUTS IN FRAME, pushing make hospital bed.

We see Charity laying on the bed, bleeding.

Doctor 1
Hurry up! We don't have much time
she's going in and out of
conscious. Ma'am, stay with me.

Greg watch in disbelief.

Int. Hospital - surgery room - moments later.

Greg rest in bed, ready for his surgery. The television is turned on to Sports cast show. Greg is slightly tuned in.

ON TELEVISION: Two sportcaster sit at a desk. Think "FIRST TAKE" or "UNDISPUTED"

Sportscaster 1
With the way the season has been
going for Greg DuPont, I can't say
that it looks good. This is his
second injury and we're only six
games into the season.

SportSCASTER 2
Listen, getting hurt is part of the
game. Everyone knows that.

SPORTSCASTER 1
What does that even mean?

SPORTSCASTER 2
If you let me finish I'll tell you.
What that means is every team owner
knows the risk they take with
everyone they sign. But what you
can refute is talent. And Greg
DuPont, ten years in, is still a
top tier talent.

SPORTSCASTER 1
Stop that! He's done. It's his
second injury in two years. This
time we're talking ACL, MCL, and
PCL... and at his age I don't see
him making that kind of comeback.

9.

Greg turns away from the television. That's not what he wanted to hear.

Dr. Bowie enters.

Dr. BOWIE
How you feeling Mr. Dupont?

Greg
Let's just get this over with.

DR. BOWIE
In a moment.
(touch Greg's leg)
You feel this?

Greg
No. Nothing.

DR. BOWIE
What about this?

GREG
Nah.

DR. BOWIE
Great. We'll get started soon.

Just as Dr. Bowie is leaving...

GREG
Dr. Bowie...

Dr. Bowie stops in tracks, and turns to Greg.

Greg (CONT'D)
I know what you said earlier was you looking out for me, and I appreciate that... But do you believe there's a possibility that I'll ever play again?

Dr. Bowie freezes. A beat, then...

DR. BOWIE
I just do the work. God makes the decisions. So with that being said, there's always a possibility.

That gives Greg some comfort.

10.

Int. HOSPITAL room - Emergency room - same

Doctors and nurses surrounds Charity, trying everything to save her life. After a moment, we hear the HEART MONITOR flatline.

Nurse 1
She's gone.

No one moves. It's a somber moment. Doctor 1 is stuck in disbelief.

Nurse 1 (CONT'D)
Doctor...

Doctor 1
Yeah. Uh, time of death is...
10:41.

Int. Leslie burns office - morning

WE PUSH in to a modern design chic office. Sitting at the desk is fierce looking attractive woman typing a mile a minute. This is **ATTORNEY LESLIE BURNS (33)**.

She is completely absorbed by what she's doing. Suddenly her phone vibrates, causing her to jolt. Then, there's a knock at her door.

She's instantly agitated. We can literally see her hands shaking uncontrollably. She holds her hands together to stop them from shaking. There's another knock at the door.

Leslie
One second.

She pops a pill of PROZAC like tic-tac, and then takes a deep breath.

Leslie (CONT'D)
Come in.

Enters a frail Caucasian woman with brunette shoulder length hair. This is **ERICA BOLLES**.

Erica
Ms. Burns... I have Monique Mayo
and her family here to see you.

Leslie takes a moment to herself.

LESLIE

Uh, yeah. Okay. Can you put them in the conference room. I'll be right there.

Erica exits. Leslie takes another pill and gets herself composed.

INT. Conference room - MOMENTS LATER

Leslie enters carrying a folder. In the room sits **MONIQUE MAYO (31)** charity's sister, a pretty dark skin woman with deep set eyes and bourgeois aura. **KEITH MAYO (37)** Monique's husband, **DANIEL BOOKMAN (11)** Charity's son, and **LILA BOOKMAN (6)** Charity's daughter.

Leslie

Good morning, everyone. I'm happy you all could make it in this morning. And again, I am deeply sorry for your loss. Charity was one of my favorite clients. In fact, she made the cake for my wedding., she was a great woman.

MonIQUE

She IS... a great woman.

LESLIE

Yes. I'm sorry about that. She is a great woman.

Leslie places the folder on his table and opens it.

Leslie (CONT'D)

(to Keith)

And you must be...

(looks at an envelope)

Mr. Dupont?

Monique

No. This is my husband. Keith Mayo.

Leslie is confused. She closes the folder.

LESLIE

Are we waiting on anyone else?

MONIQUE

Who else would there be?

LESLIE

Ms. Bookman requested for four people be in attendance.

Leslie takes a look at the Will.

MONIQUE

Ms. Burns I'd really like to get this going, so can you please continue on.

LESLIE

Right. I understand, but unfortunately Ms. Bookman has strictly requested that all parties be present before anything can be announced or relinquished.

Monique

This is ridiculous. Well, what now?

Keith

Honey, relax.

(to Leslie)

Who are we missing in order to get this started with?

LesLIE

It says here... Gregory DuPont.

KEITH

Gregory Dupont? The Falcon's wide receiver?

LESLIE

I don't watch football, but if that's him... yes!

MonIQUE

What the hell does he has to do with any of this?

LILA

I gotta go to the bathroom.

Monique turns to Lila with evil soaked in her eyes.

MONIQUE

Hush up. You'll go when we leave. Til then sit'cho ass there and be quiet.

Lila

I can't hold it. Please.

KEITH

Daniel, take your sister to the restroom.

Daniel

Ma'am, where's your bathroom?

Leslie

Down the hall to the left. If you get lost ask anyone and they'll point you to the right spot.

Leslie has a sweet spot for the kids. We can tell in the way she watches them exit.

MONIQUE

Hurry your asses back over here.

Monique gives Lila a look that could kill, and then turns to Leslie.

Monique (CONT'D)

You brought us all the way down for this bullcrap?! I don't know what you gonna do to get this resolved, but you better make sure you do it quick. This is my sister's Will not some damn raffle off.

LESLIE

I understand, ma'am. I'm--

MONIQUE

Don't ma'am me. Just get this shit handled.

Leslie holds her tongue, by offering a dry smile. Monique storms out. Keith slow to stand up.

A long beat.

Keith

So what do you need us to do?

LeSLIE

Nothing. I will get in contact with Mr. DuPont and once I do, I'll have you all in for the sit down.

KEITH

Okay. Then we'll wait. But not too long. Or else we'll find a way to get this situated without you.

14.

Keith is heading out, and then...

 Keith (CONT'D)
Greg Dupont, huh? This should be
interesting.

Keith exits. Leslie starts gathering her stuff. There goes
her shaking hands again.

Daniel enters. She quickly compose herself.

 Daniel
Ma'am... my sister dropped her
doll.

Leslie spots it, pick it up, and hands it to Daniel.

 Leslie
You must be Daniel.

 Daniel
Yes, ma'am.

 Leslie
Your mom told me about you. How are
you?

Daniel shrugs his shoulders.

 Daniel
I better go before she gets mad.

 Leslie
Wait. Here. Hide my card somewhere,
and if you ever need anything...
call me. Okay? That's our secret.

 Daniel
Okay. Thank you.

Daniel puts the sock in his sock and exits. Leslie watch with
a concerned look.

Int. Leslie burns OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Leslie enters and takes a seat. She turns to her computer and
google "Gregory DuPont." We see images of Greg Dupont appears
on her screen. After much research, Leslie is hit with a
sudden realization.

 Leslie
Oh my goodness.

15.

She quickly reaches for the phone.

LesLIE (CONT'D)
Hey Erica. I need you to get me in
contact Greg DuPont. Maybe reach
out to his lawyer or agent...

ERICA
(over the phone)
You mean the football player?

LESLIE
Am I the only one who doesn't who
he is? Yes, the football player.

ERICA
(excited)
Gladly. I'll do that now.

Leslie hangs up. Moments later, there a knock at the door.

LESLIE
Come in.

Erica enters.

LeSLIE (CONT'D)
That was quick.

ERICA
No. I thought I'd share this with
you in person. It's a bit
unconventional, but it can work.

Leslie
(not interested)
What is it?

ERICA
We can contact Greg DuPont thru
instagram. @GDupont509. I know. I
know. But trust me. He's really
engaging with his followers and I'm
sure once he sees you, he'll reply
much quicker.

Erica blushes and then wipes it away.

Erica (CONT'D)
Again, this is just a suggestion.
Meanwhile, I'll be looking to get
that information to you.

Erica exits. Leslie throws the idea away... and then revisits it. She grabs her phone and looks up Greg. We watch as she scans his INSTAGRAM profile. Maybe for a moment too long.

Int. Greg dupont home - Kitchen - same

Greg, on crutches, limps over to the kitchen.

A refrigerator opens. It is filled with nothing.

Greg
Jackie!

A sweet middle age African-American woman enters the scene. She looks like a mother-figure. This is **JACKIE CULYER (47)**.

Jackie
Yes, Mr. Dupont?

He pulls open the refrigerator doors wide open.

Jackie (CONT'D)
Need some stuff in there don't ya?
I'll make a run to the market in a few. Anything you need or should I just stick to the list.

Greg
Please.

JACKIE
Alright. I'll be back.

GREG
Thank you.

Jackie walks off. Greg makes his way out the kitchen when he receives a phone notification. He stops in tracks.

It's an Instagram message from Leslie that reads:

Leslie (V.O.)
Hello Greg. My name is Leslie Burns
and I was hoping we can talk at
your earliest convenience.

Greg replies: "What would you like to talk about?"

Int. LesLIE BURNS OFFICE - same

Leslie sits at her desk when she receives the message. She didn't expect for him to respond.

17.

She types, and then erases it. She does this a couple of times before Erica enters.

Erica
So I was able to locate his
agent's--

LESLIE
(with urgency)
Close the door.

Erica closes the door.

ERICA
What is it?

Leslie holds out her phone. We can't see what's on it, but Erica can. Erica smiles. More than she should be.

ERICA (CONT'D)
Are you freaking kidding me?!?!
Greg Dupont messaged you back?!?!

Leslie notices Erica's excitement. She quickly tones it down.

ERICA (CONT'D)
I mean, that's cool.

Leslie
I don't know what to say. I should
have never done this. This is so
unprofessional and out of line.

ERICA
What?! Here. Give me the phone.

LESLIE
This is a serious matter, Erica.
The last thing I want him to think
is that I'm some sort of groupie.

ERICA
He won't. Trust me. Just give me
the phone.
(then)
And there's nothing wrong with
being a groupie to right person.

Int. GreG DUPONT HOME - living room - SAME

Greg struggles to the couch just as Jawad enters.

Greg
What you doing here?

Jawad
I thought you'd be more excited to
see me.

Greg gives him a look. Jawad gives up. He's right.

JAWAD (CONT'D)
Alright fine. I have some good
news. Maybe. I think I found a
doctor who is willing to do your
medical evaluation.

GREG
Which means what?

JAWAD
Which means... he can give us the
evaluation that we need in order to
have teams give you shot. If
Atlanta doesn't of course.

Greg
Falsifying my medical examination
is what you're talking bout right?

JAWAD
You want to play again, right?

Greg doesn't respond.

JAWAD (CONT'D)
Look, this is the only way, but
only if you to be down with this,
bro. We gotta look ahead. This
doctor also has some sort of new
medical treatment crap that can
make your knee feel like you're
twenty-one all over again.

GREG
Sounds like there's a catch.

JAWAD
Catch?! What?

He's obviously lying, and based off Greg facial expression,
Greg knows it too.

JaWAD (CONT'D)
Don't worry. You've done enough
catching. I'll handle this one.

19.

Greg gets a message that reads: Mr. Dupont, this is in regards to a situation that I requires your attention.

Greg looks at the message confused. Jawad notices.

JAWAD (CONT'D)
New chick in your DMs?

Greg hands Jawad the phone. Jawad reads the messages.

Jawad (CONT'D)
She's either looking to get into
some freaky shit or setting you up.

Then...

JAWAD (CONT'D)
No way! Leslie Burns?!

Greg
You know her?

JAWAD
Yeah. Well sort of. We went to law
school together. She's a tough one.

GREG
A lawyer. What the hell could she
want with me?

JawAD
I'll find out.

GREG
Please.

JAWAD
Say no less.
(off her instagram)
In fact... I'll call her office
now. Instagram. You gotta love it.

Int. LESLIE BURNS OFFICE - same

Leslie phone rings. She answers.

LesLIE
(on the phone)
No Erica. He hasn't replied yet.

Erica
I have a call for you on line two.

LESLIE

Who is it?

ERICA

Jawad Dehwar. Says you two went to law school together and you might know him by the name of Waddy-D.

Leslie thinks for a moment. We can see she doesn't want to take the call, but then.

LESLIE

Alright. Send him through.

JUMPS BETWEEN SHOTS.

Leslie (CONT'D)

Jawad. How's it going? I see you're still giving yourself nicknames.

JAWAD

How else can I stay relevant?

LesLIE

Right. What can I help you with?

JAWAD

It's more like what can I help you with Ms. Burns. It is still Ms. Burns right? Of course it is.

leslie

I'm hanging up in the next second if you don't tell me what this call is about.

JAWAD

Okay. Relax. Sheesh not much has change huh?! Anyway, I'm calling on behalf of my client who you reached out to.

LESLIE

And who's your client?

JAWAD

Greg DuPont.

Two days later...

21.

Ext. Tall building - dAY

Greg, on crutches, walks up to the building accompanied by Jawad. Suddenly a RANDOM GUY walking by stops when he sees Greg.

Random guy
Greg Dupont?! Is that you? I can't believe it's you. Man, that messed up what they did to you. That was a dirty ass cheap shot.

Jawad
Mr. DuPont always appreciate fans, but right now we're kinda busy--

RANDOM GUY
Wait. How about one picture? Just one! It's for my son. He's a huge fan of yours.

JAWAD
Sir, I'm sorr--

Greg
It's fine, Jay. Just one picture.

The random man gives the phone to Jawad. Jawad, unwillingly takes a snapshot of the Random Guy and Greg.

RANDOM GUY
Stay up, bro. We need you back on the field. The city needs you.

Greg is moved by the Random guys words.

JawAD
(scoffs)
Fans.

Int. Conference ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Greg and Jawad is escorted into the conference room by Erica. She can't stop hiding her smile like a little girl.

ERICA
Here you go Mr. DuPont. Ms. Burns will be right with you in a moment.

GreG
Thank you.

ERICA

Would you like anything to drink?
Water? Tea? Coffee?

GREG

No, thank you. I'm good.

She stares at him for a moment too long. Awkward.

JawaD

I'll take a water.

She snaps out of it.

Erica

Oh! Okay, I'll be right back with
that handsome. I mean water.

Erica exits. Jawad and Greg takes a seat. A moment later,
Leslie enters the room. She's a woman on a mission... and
sexy.

JAWAD

Leslie! Wow. You look... good. As
usual.

LesLIE

Thank you. You must be Greg DuPont.

They shake hands. Leslie offers a polite smile.

Greg

Yes I am.

LESLIE

Heard about what happened to your
knee. I don't watch football, but
my colleagues does.

Everyone around the office is caught looking at Greg through
the glass walls. When he notices them, they quickly vanish
like roaches.

LesLIE (CONT'D)

Yes... you have fans.

Greg

I already know that, but what I
don't know is why you wanted me
here.

Leslie slides a PHOTOGRAPH of Charity Bookman to Greg. He
look at the picture, and then...

Greg (CONT'D)
Who's this?

Leslie is shocked by his response.

LeSLIE
You don't know she is?

GREG
Am I supposed to?

Suddenly, Monique, Keith, Daniel, and Lila enters the room.
Greg is confused to see them just as they are to see them.

JAWAD
Alright, can you tell us what this
is all about? Cause every woman
that my client has been with has
signed a consent form.

Awkward. For Jawad. They all give him a look. Definitely not
needed information.

MonIQUE
I thought you sorted everything
out, but I see I was wrong. Who are
they?

LESLIE
If you'll take a seat, I will
gladly proceed with this meeting.

Monique sits with an attitude. Jawad glances at Leslie's ass
ever so briefly, but he's caught.

Jawad
(play it off)
We are not obligated to stay or
speak. So you need to tell us what
this is all about.

Leslie looks at Jawad, perplexed. But then...

LesLIE
Mr. DuPont, I brought you here,
because your name, along with Mrs.
Monique Mayo, Daniel Bookman, and
Lila Bookman is written in Ms.
Charity Bookman's Will.

MONIQUE
What?

Jawad
What?

Greg
I don't understand.

Greg sits up straighter. He's listening now. Leslie distributes an envelope to Monique, Daniel, and one to Greg.

Leslie
It was Charity request that you all receive your letter together.

Jawad
(whispers)
And you're sure you don't know this woman?

GREG
Not that I can remember.

Leslie
(reading aloud)
I, Charity Giselle Bookman, a resident of Atlanta, Georgia, hereby make this Will and revoke all prior Wills and Codicils. In the event I am the sole surviving parent of minor children, then I appoint my step-sister, Monique Mayo to serve as the Guardian to my two children Daniel Bookman and Lila Bookman. However, if I am not the sole surviving parent of my minor children I appoint my child, Daniel Bookman to his father Gregory DuPont and appoint my adopted daughter, Lila Bookman to Gregory DuPont.

Monique
Father?

Greg
I'm a father?

Greg and Jawad throw their attention over to Daniel.

JawAD
Oh yeah, dude. That's your boy.

Greg and Daniel share a look. Both are shocked by what they're hearing. Greg turns away.

MONIQUE
Can you keep this going, please.

LESLIE

Furthermore, I distribute my property and my 52% share of "Lovely Cake" to the following persons... Daniel Bookman, Lila Bookman, and Greg Dupont.

JaWAD

Dude, you have to know this woman.

MonIQUE

What? You gotta be kidding me! That can't be real.

LeSLIE

Those are Ms. Bookman's requests.

MONIQUE

Well it's absurd! And I refuse to believe that it's valid. I will be gettin my lawyers involved.

Monique grabs her envelope and purse, and then storms out.

MonIQUE (CONT'D)

You will not fool around with our business. Daniel, Lila... let's go!

Daniel, Lila, and Keith all exit.

Greg

(to himself)

I have a son?

He's stuck on the thought like a deer in headlights.

Greg (CONT'D)

There has to be some sort of mistake. How can this be?

LESLIE

Mr. DuPont, I don't know how you were in your past, but this is one of those things that might have caught up with you. So I suggest you do what's right.

JawAD

You can't possibly expect my client to just accept a written claim that he's the father of a boy he's never even met. It's going to take more than that, sweetie.

LESLIE

Don't you ever call me, Sweetie.
And you don't need to do a
paternity test to see that boy is
his son. But feel free to do what
you need to, but I will protect
those kids by any means.

Leslie exits. We stay Greg and Jawad.

Jawad

Dude, what the hell, man? This is
some next level wild shit.

Greg opens the letter. It's a letter from Charity.

ChaRITY (V.O.)

Hello, Greg. If you're reading this
then that must be that I am no
longer on this earth. I will cut
straight to the point. I never
wanted you to find out about your
son like this, but we're here now.

Greg stares at the photo. He goes back to a distant memory.

Greg

Oh shit...

He sits back. It's must be a fond memory.

JaWAD

What is it?

Greg freezes. A beat, then...

GREG

I remember.

2007 Jennings Dorm Hall

Int. Jennings dorm 3rd floor hallway - night

Loud music. Students party all throughout the hallway.
Dancing, making out, all of that college life stuff. In walks
a YOUNG CHARITY BOOKMAN (21) with a short and athletic frame
KRISTINA WATERS (19).

Greg (V.O.)

It was the night we played State.
We hadn't beat them in seven years.
But we won that night. 26-24. The
whole campus went crazy.

(MORE)

GREG (V.O.) (CONT'D)
When I got back to my dorm, it was
even more crazy. People were all
over. Just ridiculous. I was
getting ready to head out to
celebrate with a few of teammates.

WE see a young GREG DUPONT (19) exit the Dorm 1041 and
instantly bump into Charity.

Young Greg
Damn, My bad. Imma lil fucked up.

Tina
Your Greg Dupont! Hi, I'm Tina. We
have Comm-1000 together.

Young GREG
Okay... cool.
(turns to Charity)
You in that class too?

Before Young Charity can reply...

TINA
She don't go to school here. She's
just visiting for my birthday.

Young GREG
Oh yeah?! Happy Birthday.

Tina smiles girlishly. As he's leaving...

TINA
Wait! Can I get a kiss for my
birthday?

Greg makes eye contact with Charity. Smiles. Then...

Young Greg
Sure.

He gives her a platonic peck on the cheek. Kristina is on
cloud nine. Charity chuckles to herself.

He turns to Charity.

YOUNG GREG (CONT'D)
You sure you alright?

Young CHARITY
Yeha. I'm fine.

They stare at each other. Fondly.

GREG (V.O.)

I didn't know much about her, but I knew she was different. She wore a smile like make-up that made her naturally beautiful.

YOUNG GREG

Alright then. See ya around.

Ext. Dorm hall - MOMENTS LATER

Young Greg runs up to a CHEVY TAHOE filled with other football players.

Football player

Damn, freshman. Took you long enough. You almost got left. You got your wallet?

Greg check his pocket... no wallet.

YOUNG GREG

Shit.

FOOTBALL PLAYER

Brah, you trippin.

Greg

Hold on. I'll be right back.

Young Greg darts off. Before he can get too far, WE hear the car speeding off.

FOOTBALL PLAYER

Maybe next time, freshman!

Young Greg watches them drive off. When he turns around he spots Young Charity smoking. Alone. She doesn't see him.

YOUNG GREG

You smoke?

She quickly tries to hide it.

YOUNG GREG (CONT'D)

That wasn't obvious.

They share a laughter.

YOUNG CHARITY

I burned my damn finger trying to hide it too.

YOUNG GREG

It's fine. Be you. Do you.

YOUNG CHARITY

Be you. Do you. I like that. I'll have to steal that.

YOUNG GREG

Go for it. It's all yours.

(then)

Why aren't you inside?

YOUNG CHARITY

I don't do well in small crowded spaces.

YOUNG GREG

I know what you mean.

Charity offers him a hit of the weed.

YOUNG greg (CONT'D)

Nah. No thanks. I don't smoke.

YOUNG CHARITY

Really?! But you drink.

YOUNG GREG

Yeah. Who doesn't?

YOUNG CHARITY

I don't. I only smoke. Weed. It helps ease my mind, you know?

YOUNG GREG

I'll take your word for it.

Silence stretches between them for a long beat, then...

YOUNG GREG (CONT'D)

You know what... on second thought... I'll try it. I just had a good ass game so why not.

YOUNG CHARITY

Eight catches, 187 yards, and two touchdowns?!?!?

YOUNG GREG

Oh shit. You watched the game?

YOUNG CHARITY

Nah. Tina told me. She's into that type of stuff.

YOUNG GREG

And what type of stuff are you
into?

Young Greg takes a puff of the weed. It's too much for him to
handle. He coughs.

YOUNG CHARITY

You weren't joking. This really is
your first time, huh?

She laughs. He coughs. After a moment they laugh. They stare
at each other fondly.

Int. Car - driving - DAY

Jawad drives. Greg rides shotgun staring out the window.
Silence.

JawAD

Hey, so what do you think about
doing an Old Spice commercial? A
buddy of mine is the marketing
director and he told me about it. I
told him you'd be interested.

Greg doesn't respond. He's in his own world.

Jawad (CONT'D)

Greg?

He snaps out of it.

Greg

Yeah. What's up?

JAWAD

Hey man, we still have to do a
paternity test and all kind of
stuff.

GREG

I don't know, Jay. I saw that look
in that boy eyes and I just felt
like he was my son. I can't even
wrap my mind around that.

Suddenly, you can hear a pin drop.

JAWAD

Look, I think he's a special kid
too, but we don't know where your
career is headed right now.

(MORE)

31.

JAWAD (CONT'D)

That's what we have to focus on. We can't any distractions.

Greg sits up.

GREG

So what are you suggesting? That I do nothing? Ignore the fact that I have a son?

Jawad

No. I'm not saying that. Just let it play out in court.

GREG

You know what's going to happen once everyone knows I have a kid out there that I'm not supporting?!

JAWAD

Yeah, I guess we can't have you getting Drake'd, huh? But don't worry... I'll figure it out.

Int. Mayo's house - same

Monique, Keith, Daniel, and Lila enters the house. Monique is clearly irate.

Keith

Go to the room until we say it's okay to come down.

Int. MAYO'S HOUSE - kitchen - coNTINUOUS

Monique grabs a bottle of wine and pours herself a glass. Keith comes in calmly. He sits the keys down.

MonIQUE

This is bullshit. Not to mention a slap to my face. How could she do that to me?

Keith

Did you even open up the envelope?

She takes a swig of the wine.

MONIQUE

It's doesn't matter. Whatever is in there is not what I wanted.

(MORE)

MONIQUE (CONT'D)

I deserve the business, but she'd rather leave it to some kids and a damn stranger?!

Keith walks over to her, takes her glass, and puts it down. He's smooth with it.

He pulls her in and holds onto her. His suggest he's up to something. She rest her head on his shoulders.

KEITH

(calmly)

What are you worried about? They're just kids. We can easily get them to sign over their share to you. I'm sure that won't be a problem.

Monique looks up. That provides her with some comfort. She smiles. He smiles as well.

KEITH (CONT'D)

And I'm sure if we talk to Greg about his portion we can work something out. He's a millionaire already. What would be his interest in a cake business?

Her smile widens. She kisses him.

KEITH (CONT'D)

Trust me, it's going to work out.

Int. GREG DUPONT HOME - LIVING ROOM - evening

Greg sits on the couch almost lifeless like. The doorbell rings. He tries to stand up and tweaks his legs, causing him fall down. He's in pain. Frustrated.

Greg

Shit!

Out of frustration, he toss the remote control across the room. After a moment, Jackie comes out, concerned.

Jackie

Mr. DuPont... are you okay?

GREG

I'm fine! Can you answer the door?

JACKIE

Let me help you up.

GREG

No! I'm fine. I said answer the damn door!

Jackie watches Greg struggling to get back on the couch.

JACKIE

You must've lost your mind, because I don't know who you think you talkin to like that! Now, I may work for you, but you gonna show me the same respect I give to you.

She told him. He sighs.

GREG

Sorry.

A long beat.

JACKIE

What the hell is bothering you? I've never seen you like this.

GREG

You've only been working for me for a year.

He finally gets on the couch.

JACKIE

And it doesn't take that long to know someone.

GREG

(calmly)

Your shift is almost so can you just answer the door before you go.

Jackie freezes. A beat, then...

JACKIE

I'm not here to preach to you, but the problem with some of you young folks is that you think time will heal your issues. That's not how it works. So you better deal with whatever it is now, and live your life accordingly tomorrow.

Greg turns away from her.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Well you have a good night.

34.

As Jackie is leaving...

Greg
I have a son.

Jackie stops in her tracks, and turns to him.

GREG (CONT'D)
Yes. I might be a father. I found
that out today.

Jackie comes back.

JACKIE
What's his name?

GREG
Daniel. He's eleven.

JACKIE
And you're positive he's your
child?

GREG
I don't know. But he looks just
like me. What I felt today when I
saw him... was something I never
felt. I don't know what to do.

JACKIE
You be that boy's father that's
what you do!

GREG
It's not that easy.

JACKIE
Nothing in life is, but we do what
we have to.

She's right. Greg knows that.

A long beat. Another ring of the door followed by a knock.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
What did the mother say about this?

Greg
She died a couple weeks ago. Car
accident. I... I... didn't know
much about her.

Jackie sighs.

GREG (CONT'D)

I met her once. Back when I was in college. I was a freshman.

Ext. Dorm courtyard - night

Young Charity and Young Greg lay on the grass right behind the dorms beneath a full moon. Although it's just behind the dorms, it's romantic. They look up at the stars.

Young Greg

Know what... I see what you mean about feeling at ease.

Young chaRITY

Told you. It's like without weed, life is Calculus. With this shit... everything is 1+1.

They laugh. It comes to a stop. Silence. We can only hear faint sound of partying happening.

YOUNG GREG

So where're you from?

YOUNG CHARITY

Georgia. Savannah.

YOUNG GREG

Sounds country.

YOUNG CHARITY

Kinda. What about you?

YOUNG GREG

Miami.

YOUNG CHARITY

And you come all the way up here for school? Why not go to Miami?

He turns to her. That obviously made sense.

YOUNG GREG

I wanted to get away from all the bullshit.

She nods, understanding. A long silence. WE watch as Charity glares at Greg. Greg doesn't notice.

YOUNG GREG (CONT'D)

(sudden realization)

I smoked... so you should drink.

She laughs at him, mockingly.

YOUNG CHARITY
Not happening.

He sits up, determined.

YOUNG GREG
I'm serious!

YOUNG CHARITY
No. You're crazy. Do you know what
alcohol does to you? No thanks.

YOUNG GREG
I thought the same thing about
weed, but I'm fine. Besides, with
you... I feel like it's okay.

Young Charity looks into his eyes. Young Greg don't break.
She's in a trance.

YOUNG GREG (CONT'D)
For me?

She thinks.

YOUNG CHARITY
Alright. I'll take just a shot.

He hops up. Like a gentleman, he pulls her up.

Int. GREG DUPONT HOME - LIVING ROOM - night

CLOSE UP of Jackie's eyes pressed on a letter. After a
moment, she puts it down and turn to Greg.

Greg
She left that for me. Can you
believe that? I was in her Will and
she wasn't even on my mind.

Jackie
That's not your fault. You can't
change the past, but the future...
that's what you have control over.

GREG
I'm not ready to be a father.

JACKIE
Not ready? Or don't want to be?

Greg sighs.

GREG

I didn't have an example what it
meant to be a father. My father--

We can see frustration building in his eyes.

JACKIE

That's an excuse! Being a father
ain't hard. It's making the
decision to be a father that you
men struggle with.

Greg sits there, sulking in silence. His phone rings. He
answers.

Woman's voice

I'm at your door.

GREG

Sorry. I'll be right there.

Jackie

I see you have company so I'll get
going.

(then)

Remember... life ain't only about
who can do for you. It's about what
you can do for others too.

Jackie heads out. Just as she opens the door she's face to
face with a very attractive woman. This is **SHANTI**.

shaNTI

Hi. Is Greg here?

Jackie sizes her up and down like a mother would.

JackIE

Mr. DuPont you have company!

Greg (O.S.)

Let her in.

JACKIE

(to herself)

Of course.

Int. MAYO'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - same - night

The place is dark. Daniel enters, trying to be quiet.

He opens the fridge and grabs a to-go-box of food. He puts it up in the microwave. Again, as quietly as he can.

Suddenly, the lights turn on. Monique stands there. Daniel freezes. He might have shitted on himself.

MonIQUE
What are you doing?

Daniel can't get the words out.

Daniel
Getting something to eat.

Monique approaches him, suspiciously. She looks in the microwave. She's not happy.

MONIQUE
Is that yours?

Daniel responds with silence, dropping his chin to his chest.

MONIQUE (CONT'D)
I asked you a question lil boy. Is that your damn food?

DaNIEL
No ma'am. But I'm hungry.

MONIQUE
I didn't ask you that. I don't know what your mom let you get away with, but over here, you don't just do what you wanna do. You ask first.

DANIEL
Yes ma'am.
(then)
Can I have some food?

MONIQUE
Too late. Now take your ass to sleep.

DANIEL
Please.

The microwave stops.

MONIQUE
If I have to tell you one more time to take your ass to sleep we gonna have a problem. Now go!

Daniel on the brink of crying, runs out. Monique watches him run out. She takes the food out the microwave, grabs herself a drink of wine, and exits the kitchen.

Int. MaYO'S HOUSE - closet - continuous

Daniel cries. Frustrated, he bangs his head against the wall.

Daniel
Please momma, come back. Please! I
need you, momma. Please come back.

We watch him cry. After a moment, he stops and stands up, angry. He puts on clothes and his shoes.

He's on a mission.

Int. MayO'S HOUSE - daniel and lila room - continuous

Daniel is at the window, struggling to get it open. After a few moments, Lila wakes up. She spots him.

Lila
Daniel?

Startled. He quickly turns to her.

DANIEL
Shhh...

LILA
What are you doing?

He approaches her.

DANIEL
I'm gonna get something to eat. You
hungry?

She nods, approving.

Daniel (CONT'D)
What do you want?

Lila
Ice-cream and McDonald.

Daniel tucks her back in bed.

DANIEL
Okay. I'll be right back with that.
Go back to sleep.

LILA

Okay.

Lila goes back to sleep. Daniel waits for a moment, and then return to the window. He finally opens the window, climbs out, and closes the window.

Ext. House backyard - continUOUS

Daniel's outside now. Unsure what his next move is. He's breathing heavy and eyes are pacing back and forth.

After a moment, he runs off.

Ext. Shopping strip - night

WE watch as Daniel walks around looking for somewhere to find something to eat, but everything is closed.

He even peers through windows to make sure they're close. He doesn't look comfortable alone... in the dark.

He finally sees a gas station across the way.

Int. Gas station - CONTINUOUS

Daniel enters. Suspiciously. No one pays attention to him. He goes to the chips and stuffs one in his pocket.

He grabs a WRAPPED SANDWICH and puts it in his jacket.

The clerk notices Daniel. Daniel doesn't notice him. The clerk makes a phone call.

Daniel walks up and down each isle stealing. He gets to the ice cream and puts a STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE into his pocket.

Just as Daniel is about to exit...

Store clerk

Hey! You gonna pay for that?

Daniel freezes. A beat, then... he takes off running.

Ext. Gas station - CONTINUOUS

Daniel runs out. Not too far.

Officer huckle (o.C.)

Stop!

41.

Daniel is stuck like a deer in headlights, immobilized.

Officer huckle (CONT'D)
Don't move.

A mixed raced heavy-bearded tall man approaches Daniel. This
OFFICER HUCKLE (35) approaches him.

Officer huckle (CONT'D)
Put your hands behind your head.

Everyone watches. It's one of those moments.

OFFICER HUCKLE (CONT'D)
I'm going to check your pockets,
okay? You don't have any weapons on
you, do you?

Daniel
No.

The cop searches Daniel. He only finds a two bag of chips and
an ice-cream bar.

OFFICER HUCKLE
Did you pay for this?

Of course not. Daniel doesn't reply. Out of nowhere...

STORE CLERK
No. He didn't. He stole all of--

OFFICER HUCKLE
(to the Clerk)
Hey! I asked him.
(to Daniel)
Now I'm going to ask you again. Did
you pay for any this stuff?

Daniel turns to the clerk, and then turns to a woman standing
at the gas pump, then back at the store clerk, and then...

DANIEL
Yes.

Store CLERK
He's lying.

The cop deflates in disappointment. He puts Daniel in
handcuffs.

OffICER HUCKLE

I'm disappointed in you, kid. I was going to let you go had you told the truth.

DaNIEL

But I am telling the truth.

OffICER HUCKLE

Oh yeah? Then what's all this?

Daniel looks back and sees food on the ground. He feels stupid and embarrassed.

The cop puts Daniel into his car.

Int. Leslie burns condo - bathroom - night

Leslie stands at her mirror, methodically wrapping her hair. This is a really nice designed bathroom. We hear SOFT MUSIC faintly playing in the background.

QUICK CUTS OF:

We watch as she brushes her teeth. We watch as she floss.

We watch as she examines her figure in the mirror. She's amazing, but she's not content. She deflates.

She moves out of frame and after a beat the LIGHTS CUT OFF.

Int. LESLIE BURNS CONDO - BedROOM - moments LATER

WE take in an almost perfect bedroom. Dreamy. Leslie sits on her bed in front of a laptop. Next to her, sits a folder stacked with papers.

She's working again.

After a moment, she finally stops and takes a deep breath. She begins massaging her neck. Something is wrong with her.

CLOSE ON LESLIE' HANDS shaking uncontrollably like before. And like before she holds them together. After a moment, she reaches over and grabs a bottle of PROZAC. She pops two pills. Freezes: and then returns to the computer.

ON HER COMPUTER: GOOGLE SEARCH: Dr. Miriam Douglas

Leslie clicks on the link to Dr. Miriam Douglas website. It's a psychologist. A white woman in her late 40's or early 50's.

43.

Leslie scans the website getting all the information she needs. The mouse hovers the "APPOINTMENT" button. She can't decide if she wants to do it.

Then, she clicks on "Appointment." Leslie reluctantly completes the online form, but she freezes at "SUBMIT".

Her cell phone vibrates. She jumps, startled.

Leslie

Shit!

She's frustrated. Phone continues to ring. She glances at it. She shuts the laptop, checks the time, and then she answers.

Leslie (CONT'D)

Hello?

Officer huckle (O.S.)

(over the phone)

Hi. Is this Leslie Burns?

LESLIE

Yes. This is she?

After a beat she stiffens, suddenly alert.

Officer huckle (O.S.)

(over the phone)

My name is Officer James Huckle,
and I have someone down here who
says they know you.

Slowly, Leslie gets out the bed.

LESLIE

Who is it?

Int. Police precinct. Same

Officer James sits at Daniel. He hands Daniel the phone.

DANIEL

Hello?

CUT BETWEEN SHOTS

Leslie

Who I am speaking to?

DANIEL

Daniel.

LESLIE
(eyes widen)
Daniel? What happened?

Daniel weeps.

DANIEL
I got arrested.

LESLIE
Okay. Just stay calm. I'm on my
way. Pass the phone to the officer?

Daniel hands the phone to Officer Huckle.

Leslie (CONT'D)
(aggressively)
He's just a child. Why in God's
name is here down there by himself?

Leslie quickly puts on black leggings and a sweatshirt.

Officer huckle
Relax. I picked him up for
shoplifting. It's best I did than
someone else. He'll be here waiting
on you.

He hangs up.

Officer HUCKLE (CONT'D)
Ungrateful. I swear.
(to Daniel)
Is that your mother?

Daniel
My mother died eight days ago.

Officer Huckle slowly takes his foot out his mouth.

OFFICER HUCKLE
Sorry to hear that.
(then)
Well... she'll be here soon.

Int. Bar - night - momENTS LATER

Jawad and a group of his friends are having drinks. Three
guys and two women. Looks like a hell of time.

One of the women is **KAMALA SHARMA**

KAMALA

I gotta go. It's getting late.

She pulls her phone out and gets an Uber.

Jawad

What? No. Stay. The night is young.

Kamala

For you all. I'm sorry guys.

Man 1

(turns to Jawad)

Priorities. I'm out as well. Got a big meeting in the morning.

Woman 2

Don't be so boring!

Jawad

Right. Look... next round is on me.

Man 2

You sure you can afford it?

A smattering of chuckles. We realize this is more of a dig to Jawad than a joke. Jawad's whole demeanor changes.

JAWAD

(hurt, plays it off)

Haha... Good one.

Kamala

Alright guys. Goodnight.

A long beat. Jawad is lost in his thoughts. Then...

JAWAD

You know what... I'm going to get goin as well.

WOMAN 2

Oh no. Come on, Jawad. He was just kidding.

JAWAD

What?! Are you serious? I'm not worried about that. I just remember I have this thing in the morning. You guys finish the night out.

(yells to the bartender)

Bartender! Next round of drinks for these folks are on me.

Jawad places cash on the counter and walks off.

Ext. Bar - night - CONTINUOUS

Kamala stands curbside, waiting on a ride.

Kamala
You leaving?

He nods, depressingly. He looks like he lost his puppy.

Kamala (CONT'D)
Did ya realize it's only Wednesday?

Jawad
Actually, I'm on my way to meet up
with some other folks. Downtown.

We can tell he's lying. And so can she.

Kamala
Right.

She smiles. Her UBER driver pulls up.

Kamala (CONT'D)
You shouldn't worry about what they
think. We all have issues, and none
are better than the other. Night.

That brings comfort to Jawad. She climbs into the car and drives off. Jawad stands there for a moment. He smiles faintly. Suddenly, his phone rings. He answers.

Jawad
Hello?

Int. Car - driving - same

Leslie drives.

LESLIE
Hey. I need your help.

JAWAD
Leslie? It's past 11 o'clock...
what can I possibly help you with?
And how'd you even get my number?

LESLIE
Listen! Daniel was arrested
tonight, and I need your help.

JAWAD

Who?

LESLIE

Daniel. Greg's son.

JAWAD

Whoa. Alleged son. And what's he supposed to do about that?

LESLIE

I need him to come down and get him out. This kid needs him right now.

JAWAD

And you expect Greg to be this kid's father? No. No. I can't help you. Greg is in no position to be a father to anyone. So stop this.

He hangs up. He is frustrated. Something is going on.

Jawad (CONT'D)

Shit!

Int. Leslie car - driving

Leslie comes to a RED LIGHT. She thinks. Then she grabs her phone and sends a message.

Int. GreG DUPONT HOME - bedROOM - same

Greg rest in bed, half-naked, between Shanti's legs. She massages his shoulder and his scalp.

Shanti

You're so quiet tonight.

Greg

Am I?

SHANTI

Yes. You are. What's on your mind?

GREG

Is that what we're doing? You're my therapist now?

She playfully hits him on the back of the head.

SHANTI

I am good for more than a piece
ass, you know.

He turns to her. As best as man with a cast leg can.

GREG

I know. I'm just messing with you.
I just have a few to think about.

SHANTI

Like...

GREG

Like something I have to take care
of on my own. But what you can help
me with is something I can't handle
myself.

She kisses him.

SHANTI

(seductively)

Oh is that so?

GREG

Mmm-hmm.

She smiles, rolls on top, kisses him. She takes off her bra.
We hear a phone notification. It's Greg's phone. He ignores
it. We hear the notification again.

SHANTI

What's that?

He's not concerned with that. Shanti spots the phone and
reads the message.

SHANTI (CONT'D)

I need your help?! 911.

She holds out the phone. We can't see what's on it, but Greg
can. He grabs his phone from her and sits up. He's not happy.

SHANTI (CONT'D)

Who's Leslie?

Greg

Don't ever do that again.

SHANTI

Sorry. I was just kidding. I really
don't care who you talk to.

Greg reads the message. He gets out the bed. Not bad for a man in cast leg. He responds: Call me. 404-555-1041.

SHANTI (CONT'D)

Greg... What's wrong?

His phone rings.

Greg

What happened?

Leslie

It's Daniel. He was arrested for shoplifting.

GREG

Shoplifting? Where's the Aunt?

Shanti approaches him. He exits the room and close the door.

LESLIE

Not sure. But he called me.

GREG

Okay. So what do you want me to do?

LESLIE

I need your help to get him out.

Greg

(low voice)

What! Are you crazy? I can't do that.

LESLIE

Yes you can. I have the documents that states you are his legal guardian. It should be able to at least get him out.

GREG

Why don't you just call his Aunt?

LESLIE

Because he called me for a reason.

Greg sighs. He's torn. Shanti comes out. He turns to her.

GREG

I don't know--

LESLIE

You don't have to acknowledge him
as your son, but can you at least
get him out. I made a promise to
keep them safe so help me do that.

A long beat.

GREG

Alright. Fine. I'll have to get a
driver cause I can't drive.

Shanti heads back to the room, annoyed.

LESLIE

I'll pick you up. Where are you?

GREG

Uh... Midtown.

LESLIE

Okay. I'm on the way. Text me your
address.

She hangs up. He thinks... thinks...

Shanti (O.S.)

Are you really leaving me here
alone?

Greg turns to her while still thinking. Then:

Int. Car - driving - later

Leslie drives. Greg rides shotgun. Silence. Then...

Greg

What's happening right now?

Leslie

What do you mean?

GREG

I mean before this morning, I
didn't have a kid. Now, not only do
I have a son, but I have to bail
him out of jail too?

Leslie

Oh, so you think you're the one who
has it bad?

She's right. Greg deflates.

51.

GREG
That's not what I'm saying.

LESLIE
I'm sure you're not.

Silence.

GREG
I really didn't know about him. I
would never abandon my child.

LESLIE
I believe you.

GREG
I didn't tell you that so you can
believe me.

A long beat.

Greg (CONT'D)
I can't believe she wouldn't tell
me this.

Leslie
I'm sure she had her reason. She
wasn't the type to make a decision
without thoroughly thinking it
through.

Greg turns his vision out the window.

2007

Int. Dorm room - night

Young Greg and Young Charity lay in the bed, staring up at
the ceiling. They're tipsy. Not drunk!

YOUNG CHARITY
I can't believe I'm drinking right
now. I'm not supposed to be doing
this.

Greg laughs.

YOUNG GREG
Me either. I'm 19.

YOUNG CHARITY
You're 19?! I knew you were young.

52.

Young Greg sits up.

YOUNG GREG
How old are you?

YOUNG CHARITY
Guess.

YOUNG GREG
26.

YOUNG CHARITY
21.

He plops back down next to her.

YOUNG CHARITY (CONT'D)
26? Do I look that old?

He turns to her. Looks in her eyes...

YOUNG GREG
No. You just look fine as hell.

They share a look. He smiles, leans in and kisses her.. After a long moment... Her phone rings. She stops.

YOUNG CHARITY
(while kissing)
That's probably Tina.

Quickly, she pulls her phone out. It's Tina.

YOUNG CHARITY (CONT'D)
I should get going. She's probably
lookin all over for me.

YOUNG GREG
(disappointed, but)
Okay. I understand.

She hops off of the bed.

YOUNG CHARITY
Wait... what?!

YOUNG GREG
What's wrong?

YOUNG CHARITY
You're not going to even try to
make me stay?

Greg chuckles.

YOUNG GREG

I want you to stay, but I also
don't want you doin anything you
don't wanna do.

He hops off the bed and stands face to face with her.

YOUNG CHARITY

I didn't want to drink, but you got
me to do that.

He smiles and leans in. Their lips are an inch from touching.

YOUNG GREG

Do you regret it?

She smiles.

YOUNG CHARITY

No.

YOUNG GREG

Okay then. I'll forever be
remembered as the guy that took
your drinking virginity.

She laughs. He charmingly smiles. Her phone rings again. This
time she answers. Even though she doesn't want to.

YOUNG CHARITY

(on the phone)

Hey! I went for a walk... I'll meet
you back over at the dorm.... Yes,
I'm coming now.

She hangs up.

YOUNG CHARITY (CONT'D)

She sounds annoyed. She must not
have found anyone tonight.

She puts on her shoes.

YOUNG CHARITY (CONT'D)

This was one of the best nights
I've ever had with someone.

YOUNG GREG

But we didn't do anything.

YOUNG CHARITY

Exactly.

He nods and smile.

He's escorts her out the room. WE can see something is rolling in her mind, but she can't get the words out. Then...

YOUNG CHARITY (CONT'D)

Wait.

She turns to him.

YOUNG CHARITY (CONT'D)

There's one more first I want to share with you.

She glares into his eyes. A look that says I want you. Slightly seductive. Intense.

YOUNG GREG

You want me to be your first?

She nods. But her teasing look says it all. He's flattered.

YOUNG GREG (CONT'D)

Uh... you sure about this? Cause--

She kisses him. They go at it. He presses her against the door. They're going at it heavy. Then he stops her.

YOUNG GREG (CONT'D)

You sure that's not the alcohol talking right now?

YOUNG CHARITY

I'm not drunk.

She returns to his lips. He picks her. She wraps her legs around his waist. He carries her to the bed.

Int. Jail - night

Leslie and Greg enter. They run up to the front clerk. Well Leslie runs. Greg crutches over.

Leslie

Hi, I'm here for Daniel Bookman.

Officer HUCKLE (O.S.)

He's over here.

Leslie and Greg turn to Officer Huckle. Officer Huckle approaches them.

LESLIE

Where is he?

OFFICER HUCKLE

In the back. Eating. He said he was shoplifting because he was hungry so we got him something to eat.

(Sudden realization)

And oh my goodness... You're Greg DuPont! What the hell man! I can't believe I'm meeting Greg DuPont.

Greg is used to this.

LESLIE

Sir... the boy... please.

OFFICER HUCKLE

Oh. Right. Sorry about that. I just need some identification.

She hands Officer Huckle her I.D.

LESLIE

Actually... he's the boy father.

Greg eyes widen, turning to Leslie. He has no other choice but to roll with the punch.

OFFICER HUCKLE

Really? Didn't know you had a son.

LESLIE

It's... a long story.

OFFICER HUCKLE

I see. Well I'm sure Mr. DuPont wouldn't get himself in any sort of trouble so I believe you. I can't believe I met Greg Dupont. You two wait here. I'll go get him.

Officer Huckle walks off.

Greg

What are you doing? You can't do that.

Leslie

Relax.

GREG

Don't tell me to relax. This is serious. If people find out that I have a kid that I haven't been taking care of, my name is going to be mugged out.

LESLIE
It wasn't your fault.

GREG
They don't care about that. They
only care about how that makes me
look. Damn! This was a big mistake.

LESLIE
So why did you come down?

Greg is stuck. He know why he came.

Officer Huckle CUTS IN the scene with Daniel. Daniel is out
of it. He's tired or sad. Or both.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
Daniel. Are you okay?

Daniel
Yes. I'm okay.
(then)
I'm sorry about this.

She gives him a hug.

LESLIE
It's okay. It's okay.

She turns to Officer Huckle.

Leslie (CONT'D)
What are the charges?

OFFICER HUCKLE
It's fine. Typically FDCF would get
involved, but I'll handle this one.

LESLIE
Thank you. I'm a lawyer so If
there's anything you need me to do
about this, give me a call.

Officer Huckle takes the card.

OFFICER HUCKLE
Will do.
(to Daniel)
Next time you're hungry just let
someone know. I'm sure they'll get
you something to eat.

Daniel
Okay.

Leslie
Thanks.

Greg turns to Daniel. Daniel looks up to him.

Greg
You sure you're okay?

DANIEL
Yes, sir.

We can see Greg getting emotional.

GREG
Alright. Come on. Let's get you
home.

Int. Car - driving - moment later

Leslie drives. Greg sits shotgun. Daniel sits in the back
with his face pressed against the window. Silence.

Leslie
Hey Daniel...

Daniel
Yes?

LESLIE
What's your address?

Daniel doesn't respond. He stares out the window. Leslie
looks over to Greg.

Greg
Daniel...

DANIEL
Yes?

GREG
Do you know your address?

DaNIEL
Yes.

GREG
What is it?

Daniel sighs.

DANIEL
1210 Robinson Way.

EXT. BUNGALOW HOME - moments later

Leslie pulls up to a home with no lights on. In fact it looks empty.

Leslie
Daniel, are you sure this is right?

Daniel is pressed against the window, staring out the window. A tear falls from his eyes.

Daniel
I don't want to go back.

Daniel turns to Leslie and Greg with tears heavy in his eyes.

Leslie
Daniel, there's nothing we can do right now. We have to take you back.

Greg turns to Leslie.

Greg
(low voice)
He can stay with me tonight. We'll take him back in the morning.

LESLIE
We can't. Once Monique realizes he's missing, she's going to call the police.

GREG
The boy obviously don't wanna go back over there.

LESLIE
It's not our choice.

GREG
You said you'd protect them by any means. Not me. So what are you going to do.

He's right. Leslie knows it. She takes a deep breath.

LESLIE
Fine. I'll take him back early in the morning.

Int. GREG DUPONT HOME - later

Greg, Daniel, and Leslie enter. Daniel is in awe of the house. So is Leslie.

Leslie
Nice spot.

Greg
Thanks.

We can't tell if they are feeling each other, but something is happening.

Greg (CONT'D)
You can crash here if ya want.
There's a room down the hall that--

Leslie
That's fine. I'm not staying here.

GREG
Why not?

LESLIE
Because I have my own place and my own bed.

Greg offers a resigned smile.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
I'll pick him up in the morning.
(to Daniel)
I'll see you tomorrow. Call me if you need me.

Daniel
Okay. Thank you.

Leslie exits. Daniel sits on the couch. He gets comfortable.

Daniel (CONT'D)
Can I watch T.V?

GrEG
You not sleepy?

DANIEL
No.

A beat...

Greg
The remote is next to the T.V.

60.

Daniel turns the television on. Family Guy is on the screen.
As Greg is leaving...

DANIEL
You going to sleep?

Greg stops and turns to Daniel.

GREG
Yeah. I was going lay down. Why?

DANIEL
No reason.

A long beat.

GREG
You like Family Guy?

DANIEL
Yeah. It's one of my favorite.

GREG
Aren't you too young for this show?

Daniel laughs. Not too much, because Greg's right. After a moment, Greg takes a seat.

GREG (CONT'D)
It's one of my favorites too. I've
seen almost every episodes.

DANIEL
Really?! That's dope.

This makes Greg feel special.

GREG
Did you see the episode where
Stewie went to the future and saw
his future self?

Off on Daniel and Greg having a conversation about Family
Guy. It's a special moment.

FADE TO BLACK.