

EXT. KADUNA RESTAURANT - MORNING

The day has broken as we see the edifice of a new restaurant. The metal gate is down, protecting it, and yet holding in the possibilities. Outside the gate on crates sit...

...JAMES, any age, voluptuous and hard edge - so very Brooklyn and next to her is FATIN, a millennial, gendering bending and cool as a fan, murdering a croissant.

He offers her a bite. She swats it from her face.

START →

FATIN

What?! It's gluten-free.

JAMES

Is it carb free? Shiiiiid.

She sneaks a peek at the flaky piece of heaven; halfway in love and halfway in disgust; at her body not the carbs.

FATIN

Straight up, 'ppreciate you hooking me with this gig...

JAMES

...Potential gig.

He looks as if to say, "what?" She rolls her eyes.

FATIN

...I'm just glad to be rocking wit him. I liked him on The Chef. (Beat) James, the knife skills though!?! And then when he pickled those strawberries - I'm like whaaaa...

JAMES

Right?!? Like, who does that? But brilliance under brown skin is harder to see if it ain't likable - that why he didn't win.

FATIN

Damn he really ain't likebale? (She nods affirming) Who is he?

END →

She sighs.