

INT. JAMES' APARTMENT - DAY

FATIN stands in the middle of James' apartment with his knife bag and luggage. Across from him stands...

...DEVAUGHN, dusty af - like dusty dusty and wears his masculinity like a crown. The two of them stare at each other. Each passing moment get more tense. More unnecessary.

START →

FATIN
So...imma about to just ^{sit} down and
chill until James gets here.

He attempts to put his bag down on the couch.

DEVAUGHN
Nah son. Can't put dat dere. We
fuck dere, feel me.

FATIN
Okaaaaaay.

He attempts to put his bag on the floor next to him.

DEVAUGHN
Nah son. Dere too.

Fatin points to the coffee table for permission. DeVaughn shakes his head no. Fatin isn't so sure this time.

FATIN

I don't know DeVaughn the table looks pretty uncomfortable.

DEVAUGHN

Nah we gud, James be doing yogi son. Feel me.

FATIN

Yogi. Got it.

END →

JAMES bust through the door aware that she's late and DeVaughn just make have acted a fucking fool. He did.

JAMES

I am so sorry! I was arguing with the leasing lady about, whatever. Hey Fatin - looks like you found the place just fine.

DEVAUGHN

Why you ain't tell me...you had a nigga moving up in here wit us.

JAMES

DeVaughn! I told you, my boy the line chef will be crashing here until everything is worked out with Moon and the investors.

DEVAUGHN

You ain't tell me. he was a nigga - wearing skirts n' shit. Say son, why you wearing skirts n' shit?

FATIN

(Sarcastically)

It's all I could afford.

DEVAUGHN

And dis nigga ain't got no bread. Get yo weight up son. Feel me. Get yo weight up. Yo, straight up - I know ya'll fucking.

JAMES

What?

Fatin is stunned. James is not.

INT. THE SOUL SPOT - DAY

Fatin and James have just finished lunch and a hearty laugh.

START →

JAMES
Stop it.

FATIN
(Mocking her Brooklyn
accent)
De-VAUGHN!

JAMES
(Laughing)

FATIN
De-VAAAAAUGHN!!! Wait, this is not -
hold up, is this the same cat you
was complaining about in Naples?

JAMES
Yes.

FATIN
Wait, you been dealing with this
shit since we was in Italy?

James sighs.

FATIN (CONT'D)
Wow.

JAMES
Since I was sixteen.

FATIN
Fuck. Why?

JAMES
Why do any of us do what we do?

FATIN
True. Damn though, that's a long
time to be rocking with a cat that
don't love or respect you. At least
not in the way you should be.

JAMES
That fool ain't shit.

FATIN
Neither are you. Cause you're the
one allowing him to treat you that
way.

END →