

NO MORE

Written by

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EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

Children laugh and play on one side of the complex. Out of their view on the other side is where the action is.

GIGI (O.S.)
Bombs away!

The children stop playing and dash over to peek around the corner. Clothing, accessories, shoes, and electronics rain from above.

Their target: A rugged young man, RUSSEL (RUSS) 30s. Toothbrush in hand, he runs in circles trying to catch small things while dodging the big stuff hurtling at him.

On the railing above, attractive and shapely GENEVA WHITCOMB (Gigi), 20s, excitedly pitches his stuff down like she's on the mound. Her friend NAOMI WASHINGTON (NaeNae), 20s, reloads her with more of stuff.

GIGI (CONT'D)
Walk your cheating ass home with these!

NaeNae grimaces and cringes when shoes fly down and whack Russ on the head, He dashes towards the stairs.

GIGI (CONT'D)
You better grab your stuff and run.

He runs up the stairs.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY (DELUSION)

On his knees in front her, Russ begs forgiveness.

RUSS
Aww baby, forgive me.

He scuttles up to her and wraps his arms around her legs, his face resting on her thigh. She reaches down and rubs his head.

GIGI
You won't do it? Never again?

Like a puppy, big-eyed, he looks up at her.

RUSS
Never, I swear. Never again.

She reaches down and pulls him up to hug her. They embrace, just a suddenly, she thrusts him back.

GIGI
Fool! This ain't no episode of
cheaters!

BACK TO SCENE

Russ is at the top of the stairs. Gigi holds up some papers, stopping him in his tracks.

GIGI
I got orders. They say call 911 if
you are within one-hundred yards.
You are a lot closer than that.

She flaunts a phone and dials. He dashes back down the stairs. Looking over his shoulder, almost trips.

RUSS
This ain't finished!

He grabs what when can throw it into his bucket of a car.

GIGI
Oh, I bet it is.

Russ gives Gigi the finger. Gigi draws her arm back to throw her cell, NaeNae grabs her and whisks her inside. The door slams.

INT. GIGI'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

NaeNae's blocks the door. Gigi tries to wiggle past her.

NAENAE
Girl! Quit. Enough is enough!

Gigi turns and points at the wall.

GIGI
There is no enough. Look what he
did. Look at it!

Bitch, slut, and whore are scribbled on the wall with a felt marker.

Gigi glares at the wall. The words come alive and bump, bounce, and slide into each other in an attempt to evade Gigi's gaze.

GIGI (CONT'D)

Look at them, they're mocking me.

The words stop moving

NAENAE

Ignorant words from an ignorant man. We can wash it off, paint it over. We'll make it go away.

GIGI

How? They keep moving and they are in here.

Gigi pouts and points at her heart.

NAENAE

There you go, getting dramatic.

GIGI

This is never going to happen again. Never! I am through.

NaeNae shakes her head and drags Gigi out the room.

NAENAE (O.S.)

I've heard that way too many times.

LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

They return with soap and water. The words scramble and run into each other failing to evade the women's bubbly attack.

EXT. BAR AND POOL HALL - DAY

On a street of vacated warehouses and dilapidated buildings the "Lucky Loser" bar fits right in with the homes and vagrants.

The flashing bright neon light is the only thing fancy about this 60's era bright and mortar building.

Russ's bucket careens up the curb and falls back onto the street to stop behind a shiny black SUV.

EXT. HIGHLANDS HILL PARK - DAY

A large wooded park has a hiking trail curving up toward a hill. Gigi and NaeNae drive in and park. Tree branches and leaves move with the wind. The TREE whispers in movement.

TREE (V.O.)
She's back.

GIGI
Yeah, I know. Get over it.

NaeNae frowns up; she looks around to see who Gigi is talking to.

GIGI (CONT'D)
We were here when I broke up with--
They walk towards a trail leading up the hill.

NAENAE
--Levi, Tonto, Nick, Bronze--

GIGI
--Okay, I get it.

They stop at the trail. HIKERS pass by. Gigi hears whispered thoughts.

HIKERS (V.O.)
She still doesn't get it.

NAENAE
No you don't. You're still in the valley.

NaeNae starts up the winding trail. Gigi dashes to catch up. Behind them and out of view Russ parks and dashes up another trail.

TRAIL - LATER

Gigi and Naenae huff and puff their way up the trail. More hikers pass. A breeze gusts. The TREES and BUSHES whisper in the wind.

TREES AND BUSHES
She still hasn't got it.

GIGI (V.O.)
They don't know.

Puzzled, NaeNae looks over at Gigi.

NAENAE

You need to get that checked.

GIGI

What?

NaeNae shakes her her.

Hundreds of feet below, the parking lot appears tiny.

TRAIL - LATER

Gigi pants and breath deeply. NaeNae takes strides while Gigi hangs onto her, sweating it to the top. They stop and stand, supporting each other up.

There is a breathtaking view of the city below.

NAENAE

Look at me! This is the top--

With tears in her eyes, Gigi reluctantly faces NaeNae. Gigi reenacts what they have done before. Pointing up, she finishes NaeNae's words,

GIGI

This where I want to be.

then points down.

GIGI (CONT'D)

I have been slumming in the valley.
Taking the easy way out. I do get
it.

They briefly hug. NaeNae breaks away firmly grasping Gigi.

NAENAE

It's like the climb Gigi, we're not
getting older. It's not getting
easier. Something different is
gotta happen.

There is a gust of wind. The trees and bushes move, whisper,
and echo.

TREES AND BUSHES

I hope she gets it, or something
different.

Gigi looks around her.

GIGI
Yeah, something different

RUSS (O.S.)
Yeah, you at the top.

Russ thrashes out the bushes behind them. Gigi and NaeNae turn in surprise.

GIGI
What the fuck!

He advances upon them. Gigi backs up. NaeNae stands firm.

RUSS
I know you Gi! I know all about you. Oh! Don't be scared now! You don't have anything to throw?

Gigi pulls out her phone. He strides up and slaps it out of her hand. NaeNae jumps between them. He backs up pointing.

RUSS (CONT'D)
I'm not going to do anything, now. Just know, I know all about you. I know where you live.

He points at his head.

RUSS (CONT'D)
I know what's in here.

He turns and dashes back into the shrubbery..

RUSS (CONT'D)
Fucking bitch!

Shaking and crying, Gigi breaks from NaeNae, and picks up her phone brushing it off. She looks toward the shrubbery.

Gigi holds her head high. NaeNae motion to hold her, Gigi puts her arm out, looks around, the motions with her arms around her. She tries to convince herself.

GIGI
I'm at the top, I'm not afraid of him-wish he would come back.

NAENAE
Ok Gi, I need to make a call.

Dialing, NaeNae walks a distance away. Gigi walks in circles talking to herself.

GIGI (O.S.)

I don't need a man. Not one pushing
and hitting on me. No way I deserve
that!

INT. SUV - DAY

"Mr. Big Stuff" ringtone plays. Parked in front of the pool
hall and smoking a cigarette, sits a suit wearing
professional, SOCRATES, 30, on his cell.

INTERCUT - SOCRATES'S SUV - NAENAE ON HILLTOP

NaeNae whispers.

SOCRATES

Hey babe. What's up?

NAENAE

Your plan is up. You have to show
her that she can't keep trusting
all these guys.

SOCRATES

So you're ready to try it my way? I
told you, your talking wasn't going
to change anything.

NAENAE

I only want her to see that she
keeps doing the same thing and it
is not working. Don't hurt her.

SOCRATES

Nothing like that. She needs to
learn she can't trust everybody.
Men are dogs. You can trust me.

NAENAE

Okay, we'll be at the mall.

INT. NAENAE'S CAR - DAY

Gigi and NaeNae are in the car at a stoplight. Gigi looks
over at a guy in another car looking at her. Her car windows
zooms up. Gigi's head spins to look at NaeNae.

GIGI

Really?

NAENAE

Haven't you seen enough of that?

GIGI

I was only looking. You my momma now?

NAENAE

No. Hell no! Just tired of seeing you hurt, Gi. You deserve better.

GIGI

I'm sorry. I want something better. I've gotta learn to be happy with me. I just don't know how.

NAENAE

I'll help you.

Gigi grabs and hugs her.

NAENAE (CONT'D)

You'll see.

GIGI

Now, when am going to meet this imaginary man of yours? This "Prince Charming."

NAENAE

Sooner than you think. You have to pass the test... but first.

The light turns green in front of them.

NAENAE (CONT'D)

Let's go cruise the mall! Get your mind somewhere else.

INT. MALL - DAY

Gigi and NaeNae stroll the mall. All around them, chiseled mannequins in stylish clothes are on display. Gigi turns to see a man observing her. It is Socrates.

NAENAE

Do you see that!

GIGI

What? See what?

Gigi whips her head around to see NaeNae pointing at a stylishly dressed mannequin behind a shop window. Gigi SIGHS in relief.

GIGI (CONT'D)

Oh, no. That is a nice outfit.

Gigi looks around. Socrates is gone.

INT. MALL - LATER

Socrates reappears. Gigi covertly smiles.

INT. MALL - CLOTHING STORE

Gigi and NaeNae drop clothes to cashier's counter. Gigi looks over.

GIGI'S P.O.V. - SOCRATES

He strides past, sporting a big wide grin.

BACK TO SCENE

Gigi maneuvers herself to keep him out of NaeNae's sight.

NAENAE

What are you looking at?

GIGI

Nothing. Accessories.

NaeNae slyly smiles. She watches Gigi's strange actions.

NAENAE

Oh, you're up to something.

INT. MALL - LATER

Keeping the man in her sights and out of NaeNae's view, Gigi plays cat-and-mouse. Hiding behind pillars or in a doorway, she looks around, then prances to the next hiding spot.

NAENAE

Gi! What are you doing?

GIGI

I'm just having fun. Isn't that what we're supposed to be doing?

NaeNae grunts.

NAENAE

Unh Hunh. So why does it seem like
you are having all the fun?

EXT. MALL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Walking away from the mall Gigi looks around. He is gone.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Their car begins backing up then screeches to a halt.

NAENAE

What the helluva driver is this?

The big black SUV looms behind them. NaeNae blasts her horn.
Socrates dismounts his truck like a cowboy and saunters to
Gigi's side of the sedan.

INT./EXT. CAR - NIGHT

SOCRATES

No need for that foxy ladies. I can
toot my own horn.

Naenae leans over whispering to Gigi.

NAENAE

(to Gigi)

Do you remember what I said?
Sometimes you are tested.

Gigi ignores her. Socrates looms over Gigi. She has a
Cheshire cat smile.

In the drivers seat peering around Gigi, NaeNae sits with
head cocked, gives him the evil eye.

Gigi stares at him, eyes glazed over.

He snaps her out of her daze.

SOCRATES

I'm Socrates. You know, like the
famous philosopher.

Gigi giggles.

GIGI
 Gigi, like Gigi.

She delicately puts her hand out to shake his. He gently takes her hand and bestows a kiss on it.

NAENAE
 Oh no you didn't. You think we're in France or Italy or something? We're not.

GIGI
 That's NaeNae. She is grumpy. She only has an imaginary friend.

Raising his eyebrows, Socrates smiles.

NAENAE
 Oh hell-uva no, you didn't dis me like that!

NaeNae huffs and sits back. Socrates turns back to Gigi.

SOCRATES
 I could not resist kissing the hand of such a beautiful woman.

GIGI
 You are such a gentlemen!

NaeNae turns the radio and cranks the volume up. Gigi glares at NaeNae. NaeNae glares back.

NAENAE
 What?

GIGI
 You know what.

NaeNae turns the radio down as a romantic song plays. She huffs again, sits back, and stares straight ahead.

NAENAE
 You can talk to your, gentleman now. Better?

GIGI
 Much better.

Gigi leans over with a spark of innocence in her eyes and whispers to NaeNae.

GIGI (CONT'D)
 This could be the one!

NaeNae grunts.

Socrates kneels down to look in Gigi's window.

SOCRATES

Look, I didn't want to cause any
fire between friends, even
invisible one's.

NaeNae lets a loud grunt fly.

GIGI

I'ms sorry--

SOCRATES

Look, could I call you, get to know
you? We can text, chat, face-time,
go-out, whatever.

Gigi beams.

GIGI

Of course. I mean, sure.

Gigi fumbles for her cell phone. Socrates grabs it, dialing.

SOCRATES

I'm calling my cell. I'll have your
number and you'll have mine. Cool?

Socrates ring tone plays an oldie, "Mr. Big Stuff."

GIGI

I was thinking the exact same
thing. I think we are in-sync.

Socrates grasps Gigi's hand while returning the phone. He
does not let go. Naenaen leans forward staring over at him.

NAENAE

Are we through here? Are you so in-
sync that you can't break the
connection. Maybe I could help?

Gigi smiles as he slowly releases her hand. When their hands
part, a POP of static jumps between their fingers.

GIGI

Wow!

SOCRATES

Electrifying.

MALL PARKING LOT - LATER

Socrate's SUV is backed into an isolated part of the mall.

INT. SOCRATES' SUV - NIGHT

The glow of a cell phone screen illuminates his face.

SOCRATES (V.O.)

Gotcha!

SOCRATES P.O.V. - CELL PHONE SCREEN

His finger slides across the display revealing Gigi's Facebook, Linked-In, and Google+ sites. He sits back and cracks his knuckles.

MONTAGE - GIGI AND SOCRATES

-- Socrates at the car door with a hand to assist.

-- They eat, drink, and laugh at a nice restaurant.

-- They rock climb at an amusement park. Gigi furiously climbs

EXT. PIER AT BEACH - SUNSET

Gigi and Socrates are silhouetted by the setting sun.

GIGI

Wow. You take me all the places I
love. It's like you are another me.
You know me so well. How do you...

Socrates gently shushes her with his fingertips to her lips.

SOCRATES

Our time is now.

Gigi leans forward softly kisses his fingers. He cups her face in his hands, tilts her face up to his and gentle kisses her lips. When their lips part, she leans in to continue.

"Friends" ringtone plays. Gigi stops and sighs.

GIGI

Dammit.

She take our her phone. NaeNae's face flashes as she lifts it to answer. He grasps her hand and taps decline.

SOCRATES

I'm sorry baby. Your friend is stealing our moment.

His "Mr. Big Stuff" ringtone plays. Gigi scrutinizes him.

GIGI

Aren't you going to answer that?

He avoids Gigi's glance.

SOCRATES

No baby, this is our time.

He moves forward to hold her.

GIGI

I've been here before. You don't want to talk because you don't want to be heard. Who is it?

He takes the phone and with a triumphant tosses it disappears in the distance. The sound of "Mr. Big Stuff" plays until there is a splash.

INSERT - CELL PHONE SINKING

NaeNae's picture flashes on the screen as it submerges.

BACK TO SCENE

SOCRATES

There is no one but you baby.

Gigi falls into his arms. The sun sets behind them.

INT. BAR AND POOL HALL - NIGHT

Socrates is playing pool with "the boys" at one of his dives. Showing boredom, Gigi floats at a table strumming her fingers. The thumps gets louder resounding like a drum roll.

SOCRATES

I cannot concentrate.

Socrates glares over at Gigi. He stops the strumming by firmly pushing the pool cue over her fingers.

NaeNae's face flashes on her phone. The "Friend" ringtone plays. Socrates continues to glare at Gigi. She snatches her hand from under the cue declining the call.

About to break out in tears, Gigi stomps to the bathrooms.

At the other end of the Bar, Russ casually saunters in. Surprised, Socrates frantically motions for him to, "Go!"

EXT. GIGI'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Socrates does not open the car door for her.

AT HER DOOR - MINUTES LATER

Gigi puts up her hand to stop him from entering. When her door closes, he hits the wall HARD with his fist.

INT. GIGI'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Gigi listens to her voice mail.

NAENAE (V.O.)

Gigi, what's happening with you? We need to talk. Call me. Socrates is not the man you think he is.

Gigi calls NaeNae.

GIGI

Hey Nae, I'm so sorry I haven't called. I've been so busy. You know, Socrates and I.

NAENAE (V.O.)

I know. Gigi, I need to tell you something. You cannot tell him.

GIGI

What Nae?

NAENAE (V.O.)

The imaginary man I was dating.

NaeNae takes a deep breath.

NAENAE (V.O.)

That imaginary man. It was Socrates.

GIGI
No. What the fuck!

Gigi's facial expression morphs through surprise, sadness, fear, then anger.

NAENAE
I can explain.

She pushes "end call", then, "straight to voice mail" for NaeNae's contact, then powers the phone down.

She lies down on the couch, closing her eyes.

INT. GIGI'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

In a darkened bathroom, illuminated by flickering candles, Gigi soaks in a bubble bath.

Eyes closed, she breaths deeply.

GIGI (V.O.)
NaeNae is just imagining stuff.
She's jealous. He treats you nicer
then the others.

INT. BAR AND POOL HALL - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

SOCRATES (V.O.)
I cannot concentrate.

Socrates glares over at Gigi. He stops the strumming by firmly pushing the pool cue over her fingers.

GIGI
Well, sort of.

BATHROOM

The bathroom door opens without a sound. Russ peeks inside, the kneels and creeps toward the tub.

Sensing something, Gigi's eyes fly open to see a black-glove in front of her face. Russ thrusts her head underwater.

Gigi squirms in the bubbles.

Gigi's doorbell repeatedly sounds.

Gigi jumps up from the couch. She struggles with the covers. Her eyes dash to look in different directions.

EXT. GIGI'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Socrates repeatedly pushes Gigi's doorbell, backpack on his shoulder. The door flies open and she slams into his arms.

INT. GIGI'S APARTMENT - LATER

Gigi and Socrates are cuddled on the couch so close you can not tell where one of them ends and the other begins. Steam rises from two cups of cocoa.

SOCRATES

I'll be sure you're safe.

She snuggles her head on his chest.

GIGI

I hope so.

SOCRATES

Hey, have you talked to NaeNae?

Gigi's body stiffens. She nervously kisses Socrates on the cheek.

SOCRATES (CONT'D)

No baby.

He firmly cups her face in his hand forcing her to look into his eyes.

FLASHBACK - GIGI'S P.O.V. - SOCRATES EYES

NAENAE (V.O.)

That imaginary man. It was Socrates.

BACK TO SCENE

He gently takes her hand and plants a kiss on it.

BACK TO SCENE - APARTMENT

Socrates takes Gigi's face in his hands forcing her lips to his. He violently kisses Gigi.

She tenses up. Her hands clench in fists, she then relaxes, wraps her arms around him and violently, voluntarily, returns his kiss and climbs on top of him.

INT. APARTMENT BEDROOM - MORNING

Gigi and Socrates lay naked spooning. Her back is to him, his arms are around her. A wry smile on his lips, he softly snores. She is pale like a corpse. Her eyes open and empty, red, and moist with tears, show no sign of life.

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - MORNING

The words "bitch", "slut", and "whore", appear on the wall, come alive, and inch their way along the wall towards the bedroom.

INT. APARTMENT BEDROOM - MORNING

The words inch along the floor towards Gigi. Cuddling up next to her, they begin to wiggle, stretch, and morph into a huge boa constrictor squeezing the very life out of her. She convulses. Her eyes slowly close. The boa releases her, morphing to animated words which slither out of the room.

BEDROOM - BED

Gigi lay snoring. Smoke whirls near her. A foot pushes her.

SOCRATES (O.S.)

Gigi! Get up!

Gigi's eyes open wide.

GIGI

Fire!

She looks around.

GIGI (CONT'D)

There's a fire

She bolts straight up in the bed. Socrates smokes a cigarette. He drops the ashes in the palm of his hand.

GIGI (CONT'D)

You smoke? I didn't know you smoked.

She attempts to fix her hair with her fingers.

SOCRATES

Yeah, there's a lotta things you don't know about me. But that's for later, you need to get to work.

Gigi looks at him like he is crazy.

GIGI

First, you can't smoke in here.

Getting up, she snatches the cigarette from his hands and disappears. He is surprised. His eyes follows her.

The toilet flushes. She returns.

GIGI (CONT'D)

I let you into my life and into my house. You need to find you another job.

Socrates stands up. He looms above her with a look of defiance.

GIGI (CONT'D)

What you gonna do? Hit me? Push me around. I've been through this before and it won't end well, for you. Don't try me.

He reaches out to hold her. She backs up.

SOCRATES

No baby. Nothing like that. I appreciate what your doing. We got something good. Okay?

She submits and allow him to hold her. He tries to kiss.

GIGI

Unh hunh. None of that. I do have to get to work and you have to look for another job, and a place.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

A high rise office building downtown.

INT. GIGI'S OFFICE - DAY

Behind a desk covered with notes, papers, and post-its sits Gigi typing. She balances a handset between her shoulder and ear.

She looks up to see her co-worker, an innocuous man, DANNY, 30s. He stands prim and proper at her door with more papers.

GIGI

I gotta go.

She hangs up the phone and looks up at Danny.

DANNY

Permission to enter your domain.

Gigi laughs and nods her head. She rolls her chair back a foot or two as Danny heads toward her desk and to shuffle and organize them. Gigi smiles with amusement.

GIGI

You do this everytime you come here and every time you return, it's the same.

DANNY

I know. I'm hoping one day you might surprise me.

He steps back with pride, surveying his work. She rolls forward. She looks up at him with pity.

GIGI

Danny, I know you mean well--

DANNY

Give me a chance. We can do it together, you know I used to be--

GIGI

--a personal assistant to the president of the firm. Danny, we've been here before.

Danny puts his hands together in a plea.

DANNY

I know. I know. I could change your life, it wouldn't take long?

GIGI

You don't quit do you?

DANNY

Quitters never win and winners never quit.

She laughs and shakes her head.

GIGI

Okay, consider it. As you can see.

She motions with her hands towards the papers.

GIGI (CONT'D)
I have a lot to do.

DANNY
It would be less if I helped you.

She looks at him with an expression of "enough."

GIGI
You have permission to exit.

He nods, turns about face, and marches away. She smiles at his back and shakes her head, her eyes continue to look towards the door.

INT. GIGI'S APARTMENT - DAY

Socrates is exploring Gigi's apartment. He looks through her drawers, cabinets, and then gets on her computer.

EXT. DEARBORN TALENT AGENCY - DAY

This company has a bright facade with tactless posters of the clients adorning the exterior walls.

INT. NAENAE'S CUBICLE - DAY

NaeNae sits in a cubicles sorting through photos of models on her computer screen.

NaeNaes phone rings, the caller ID shows it is Gigi. She takes a deep breath and answers.

NAENAE
Gi, you know I can't talk here.
Please meet me at the park at
lunchtime. Twelve. Okay?

GIGI (V.O.)
Sure. In the valley.

EXT. HIGHLAND HILL PARK - DAY

NaeNae has parked and paces back and forth in fast motion. She looks like the target at a carnivals booth that goes to the end, spins around, goes back, then repeats.

NAENAE

What do I say? What do I say? What
do I say?

Gigi's car zooms into the lot like a dart headed for a target. She stops just short of NaeNae and jumps out. Her eyes squint and her brow furls as she confronts NaeNae.

GIGI

Talk!

NAENAE

It wasn't my idea, Gi, it wasn't.
All I talked about with him after
we met was you. I was concerned.

GIGI

This is how you show concern?
Hooking me up with your psychopath
boyfriend?

NAENAE

It wasn't supposed to go this way.
I wanted you to see meeting these
same guys gets the same results.

GIGI

So you introduce me to another guy
like them?

NAENAE

NO. Well yes. But I didn't know at
the time. I thought he cared about
me and about you, my friend.

FLASHBACK - NAENAE AT THE PIER WITH SOCRATES

They walk hand in hand.

NAENAE

My friend, she is so sweet. I just
want her to learn her lesson. I
know. All I talk about is her, she
keeps making the same mistakes.

Socrates stops and turns to NaeNae.

SOCRATES

Look. I have an idea.

BACK TO SCENE

Gigi collapses. She sits crying on her work clothes.

NAENAE

I didn't think he would keep going.
When he left me for you I saw what
he was up to. I tried to call.

Gigi wipes her face and looks up.

GIGI

You were trying to teach me a
lesson? About how men could be?
Don't you think I've learned that?

NAENAE

No, Gi. I didn't. We can fix this.

NaeNae offers her hand to Gigi as she gets up. Gigi slaps it away.

GIGI

What makes you think I want this
fixed? I've fell for him. He is
staying with me now. Fuck you!

NaeNae jaw drops, her mouth open at Gigi's words. Gigi struts to her car.

NAENAE

Gi?

Tires burn rubber leaving the parking lot.

INT. GIGI'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Socrates sits smoking. He drops the ashes into a cup. There are sounds of keys in the door. He dashes for the kitchen; water runs and the garbage disposal grinds.

He returns to spray room freshener as Gigi enters.

SOCRATES

I know baby, I'm sorry.

Gigi seems is unconcerned. He tries to hug her. She brushes him off.

GIGI

My phone went dead today after
lunch. Someone changed my phone. I
think I'm a victim of ID theft.

She heads for her house phone. He stops her and pulls a gift wrapped box.

SOCRATES

Hey baby. that was me. I know I was wrong, I wanted to do something nice for you.

She squints and her brow furrows.

GIGI

YOU went into my account?

She opens it to see a new cell phone.

SOCRATES

For a good cause.

GIGI

Wow, look at the size of that screen.

She gets closer to him. He holds her by the shoulders.

GIGI (CONT'D)

Baby, you need to save your money.

SOCRATES

I've got some savings. You can toss that cheap raggedy-ass phone. You deserve the best. It's all setup.

Gigi cuddles up with him.

GIGI

Maybe you are back in good graces. But stay out of my stuff!

He squeezes her but. She pulls his hand away.

GIGI (CONT'D)

No in that good graces.

He grabs her hands tight and squeezes. She grimaces.

SOCRATES

Don't play with me.

She breaks away to the bedroom and slams he door.

INT. GIGI'S OFFICE - DAY

Gigi's is busy on the computer. She is looking at the results of a search of a Google search for "Socrates".

INSERT - COMPUTER SCREEN

Most of the results are the Greek Philosopher. Gigi's screen scrolls down. Their are suggestions for "Socratease" on Facebook. She clicks. There is a photo of her Socrates along with personal quotes about him being the original "O.G." and the "Master Player." His has created a fictional history which including "University of Players" and as Masters Degree in the Psychology of Women. He promotes himself as a mentor who will teach young men how to be "That Prince in Shining Armor" that all women are looking for. Another heading says Fear, Intimidation, and seduction tactics. There are scores of girls photos under "Conquests" including NaeNae at the pier. In the corner are photos with guys at a pool hall. One of the photo shows Socrates with Russ.

GIGI

Son-of-a-bitch as dog bone!

There is an knock.

BACK TO SCENE

Danny stands at the door. Gigi hits some keys and her screen goes to the desktop.

GIGI

Danny, just place them down.

He starts to arrange her papers.

GIGI (CONT'D)

Not now! Not the time for this.

Danny backs away and out, his hands up like he's committed a crime.

Gigi picks up the office phone and dials. INTERCUT Gigi and NaeNae Talking.

NAENAE (V.O.)

You know you can't call me here.

INT. NAENAE'S CUBICLE - DAY

Photos and portfolios spread over her desk.

GIGI (V.O.)
I know. I know. But we gotta talk!

NAENAE
I gotta work. You already blew me
off.

GIGI (V.O.)
Bring your work. Did Socrates give
you your phone?

NaeNae looks over a her phone.

INSERT - CELL PHONE SINKING

It is the same phone he gave Gigi.

BACK TO SCENE

NAENAE
What does that have to do...

GIGI (V.O.)
Gigi. Leave it and never call me on
it again. The park at lunch.

A supervisor stares at NaeNae.

NAENAE
I gotta go.

INT. GIGI'S APARTMENT - LIVINGROOM - DAY

Socrates intently looks on the computer. A burning cigarette
sits on the edge of the desk. His cell phones flashes Gigi's
photo.

INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

SOCRATES
Hey babe. What's up?

GIGI
Hey, I know you like to know what's
happening with me. We're having a
lunch meeting at work. You won't be
able to reach me.

SOCRATES
You don't have to check in with me.

GIGI

I know. I am just trying to
communicate better.

SOCRATES

That's sweet girl. Thanks, gotta
go. Doing some job searches.

Socrates disconnects the call. He immediately begins typing
on the keyboard. Two windows pop up. He re-sizes them.

INSERT - COMPUTER SCREEN

A program called "Child-Watch" runs. The two re-sized windows
show Gigi's and NaeNae's names and phone numbers. There is
map below pinpointing exactly where their phones are located.

NaeNae's location changes. Socrates picks up his cell phone.

BACK TO SCENE

Socrates takes a puff off his forgotten cigarette and
scratches his head.

INT. RUSS' CAR - DAY

Weaving through traffic, Russ' car looks like a bucket on
wheels. It's a mixed color of primer red and black with an
air dam hanging loosely from the front.

RUSS

I'm on it.

Russ has his cell phone to his ear, behind him in the back
seat is the same stuff Gigi was throwing at him.

EXT. HIGHLAND HILL PARK - DAY

Gigi is in her car nervously looking around. She lowers her
head and prays; her eyes nervously looking from side to side.

GIGI

Oh God. Lord Jesus. I know I
haven't called on you in while.

Gigi lifts her head up, looks all around her, then continues.

GIGI (CONT'D)

And when I did, it was to pray for
a mate, a man, a husband.

A HOMELESS MAN, 50s, hobbles toward her in the cars blind spot.

GIGI (CONT'D)

I'm in over my head. Way over my head. I need your help. I don't need a man. I need to find me.

She snaps her head up to see him and gasps.

HOMELESS MAN

The Lord helps those who help themselves. Do something different.

He hobbles on away. Gigi is shaking and almost in tears. NaeNae's car zooms up and skids to a stop. Gigi is shaking. She gets out starting for NaeNae's front seat.

GIGI

Oh, I'm sorry.

There is a long legged, long haired, stunningly attractive woman in the front seat. TREND, 20, she gives Gigi a friendly smile. Looking around, Gigi hops into the back.

INT. NAENAE'S CAR - DAY

NAENAE

Girl, your look discombobulated.

GIGI

That's not funny. Did you bring your cell phone.

NAENAE

I'm on call. If the office...

GIGI

Now you don't get it. It's the same phone Socrates got me. He and Russ are playing some game. They're dogs and we're the meat.

Trend's eyebrows raise. She from Gigi to NaeNae.

NAENAE

Are you serious?

GIGI

Would I joke?

Trend looks to NaeNae. She speaks with a New York accent.

TREND

This happened to me in the Bronx.
This is teenager stuff. Grown men
acting like boys.

Then she looks to Gigi and hands her a card then clasps her
hands in hers for support.

TREND (CONT'D)

Call me, we'll come up with
something.

NAENAE

You're a professional, you're under
contract with us. If anything
happens...

TREND

No, I'm a woman first.

She looks to Gigi.

TREND (CONT'D)

You need to go.

Gigi looks hopefully into Trend's eyes.

TREND (CONT'D)

Now!

Gigi jumps out, dashes to her car, starts the motor, zips
off.

EXT. HIGHLAND HILL PARK - PARKING LOT - DAY

Gigi's car exits from one side.

Russ' bucket enters from another.

INT. NAENAE'S CAR - DAY

NaeNae questions Trend.

NAENAE

What the hell are you doing?

TREND

You don't know where I came from.
You see the me now. I've
experienced some things.

Trend looks past NaeNae. Russ' bucket cruises. He looks like a like a human bobble head as he looks up, down, and around.

TREND (CONT'D)
I know that's him. Let's go.

NaeNae starts to drive in the other direction.

TREND (CONT'D)
No. Drive right past him. I want him to see me.

NaeNae turns and they pass, Trend stares him down.

EXT. HIGHLAND HILL PARK - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Socrates SUV is parked next to Russ' bucket.

INT. SOCRATES' SUV - NIGHT

Socrates and Russ take turns smoking a joint.

RUSS
Yeah, they saw me and all that. I think they wanted me to see them.

SOCRATES
Yeah, right. Give me that!

He snatches the joint out of Russ' hand, takes one hard hit, then tosses it out the window.

RUSS
No, but that's not it.

SOCRATES
As long as Gigi wasn't there. You did my right on this on bro'. I owe you.

RUSS
No, but let me tell you about who was with NaeNae.

SOCRATES
Whas is Gigi?

RUSS
No. But--

SOCRATES

--Then get you scheming conniving
ass out of here. I got a woman to
go home to. Thanks to you.

Socrates pats him on the back while nearly pushing him out. A
generic cell phone ring tone plays.

RUSS

Do her wrong.

INSERT - CELL PHONE

Gigi's photo flashes on the phone.

BACK TO SCENE

Socrates ignores it and tosses the phone on the passenger
seat.

INT. GIGI'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Gigi sets her cell phone down. She continues a three way
conversation with Trend and NaeNae. INTERCUT Gigi, Trend, and
NaeNae.

GIGI

Now it's back at him time. Cooked a
nice meal, tried calling. No
answer. All part of the plan.

TREND

You have got some brain on your
shoulders girl.

GIGI

I'd like to take credit but it just
came to me after praying at the
park and meeting you, Trend.

NAENAE

Don't be putting this plan on God.
Girl, this is downright dangerous.
Specially for you Trend.

TREND

The Good Book says, "The Lord works
in mysterious ways."

NAENAE

I only want both of you safe. Oh,
and I would like to keep my job.

They all AD LIB laugh. THE SOUND OF HEAVY FOOTSTEPS INCREASE.

GIGI
 (slight laugh)
 Dead man walking. Gotta go

Gigi hangs up the phone and deletes the call history.

She gets up and goes to the dining are where she has dinner spread out. Gigi displays a pouty face toward the door. She speaks as enters.

GIGI (CONT'D)
 So. I get home. Cook you a nice dinner. Call you. No Answer. What do you have to say?

SOCRATES
 What?

Gigi stands up and confronts him.

GIGI
 What? That's all you have got to say? I gave up my best friend for you. All I get is what?

He tries to embrace her. She puts her hands to stop him. He backs up and puts up his hands like a suspect surrendering.

SOCRATES
 Okay, I was wrong. I was down at the pool hall playing some games. I didn't hear the phone.

Gigi turns to walk away. Then points at the couch.

GIGI
 That is going to be your permanent place of residence if you keep this up.

He moves toward her aggressively to grab her.

GIGI (CONT'D)
 I have told you about that. If you ever physically hurt, bruise, or mishandle me, it's not going end well.

SOCRATES
 Hey, well you better get used to me 'cause your friends got a new girlfriend.

Gigi looks puzzled. She feigns fears. He smirks. Gigi tries to mask her concern.

GIGI
Who? Nae? What friend?

He turns teasing her.

SOCRATES
I don't know. All I know is that
she isn't you. Some idiot at the
pool hall told me.

She retreats to the bedroom slamming the door. She then yells
LOUD.

GIGI
Me too!

She lay down on the bed with a self-satisfied smile.

INT. GIGI'S OFFICE - DAY

Her office is empty with stacks of papers on her desk.

INT. GIGI'S APARTMENT - LIVINGROOM

Socrates neurotically smokes. He tracks Gigi on his cell.

EXT. GIGI'S CAR - DAY

She speeds down the street rolling past stop signs.

INT. GIGI'S CAR - DAY

She talks in spurts on her cell. INTERCUT Gigi and Trend.

GIGI
Trend. It's gotta be today. He
knows of you but he doesn't know
who you are... yet.

TREND
I've got a shoot today. I'm sorry,
I should not have been so audacious
the other day. I screwed this all
up. I didn't know you would need
me.

GIGI

I do. This is my best shot.

TREND

Aw hell, what's money? I got plenty of it. Come get me. You can tell me your plan on the way.

EXT. GIGI'S APARTMENT - DAY

Gigi and Trend pull up in Gigi's car.

INT. GIGI'S APARTMENT - LIVINGROOM - DAY

Keys turn to unlock the door. Socrates looks up. Confused, he shuts down the computer, tries to straighten up, cigarette in hand. Gigi enters first.

SOCRATES

Gigi. What are you doing home? What about work?

Trend follows closely behind. She is dressed to the nines.

GIGI

This is about work, this is a business associate, and friend, Trend. This is my...

SOCRATES

Other friend, Socrates. You know, like the Philosopher.

Socrates reaches to kiss her hand. Gigi grasps it and whisks him into the bedroom. Looking around, Trend coyly smiles while overhearing their conversation.

SOCRATES (V.O.)

Oh, now I can come in the bedroom?

GIGI (V.O.)

If you treated me with some respect you'd be in the bedroom every night. Trying to kiss my associates...

SOCRATES (V.O.)

I was just being cordial. That's how I am.

Trend picks up the cigarettes.

TREND
May I have a cigarette?

GIGI (V.O.)
Sure.

SOCRATES (V.O.)
Oh, she can smoke in here.

GIGI (V.O.)
She needs someone to run her on
some errands and by the Beverly
Hilton. Can I trust you? Are you
going to behave?

SOCRATES (V.O.)
Sure, baby. Like a boy scout.

Trend is shaking her head. Gigi pulls Socrates back to the
living room.

GIGI
Trend, I've heard some things about
you.

TREND
Believe half of what you see and
none of what you hear.

GIGI
I'm trusting you two.

Gigi heads out the door.

SOCRATES
You have a lot of class.

Trend looks down at his crouch.

TREND
You have a lot of... something.

Socrates swaggers over to offer her his arm. She takes it.

SOCRATES
Shall we.

TREND
We shall.

MONTAGE - SOCRATES AND GIGI

-- They stop at the Beverly Hilton. She dashes in He waits in
the car.

-- They AD LIB laugh and talk while he drives.

-- They eat Al fresco at table with a cute umbrella. She touches him to emphasize what she says. He loves it.

EXT. SOCRATES' SUV - DAY

They are down the street from the pool hall.

INT. SOCRATES' SUV - DAY

Trend looks down the street and sees Russ' bucketmobile.

SOCRATES

I want to make a quick stop, okay.

TREND

I really have got to get back to the hotel. I could shower. We could have some drinks?

Russ pops out the door as they pass by. Socrates proudly waves. Russ recognizes Trend and begins to frantically wave.

SOCRATES

I wonder what's up with him?

Socrates phone ringtones. He reaches for the phone.

SOCRATES (CONT'D)

Should I answer?

Trend runs his shoulder.

TREND

And spoil our moment?

Socrates declines the call and shuts the phone off.

SOCRATES

I'm all yours.

He reaches over to rub her thigh. She politely taps his hand.

TREND

Just the way I like it. Not in public.

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - DAY

Trend leans into the open door of Socrates SUV.

SOCRATES

I'm going to park and be right in.

TREND

Look Socrates, I don't share. I am going to break my business tie. You're going to cut Gigi loose.

SOCRATES

Oh, we were on the outs anyway. I'll pick up my stuff and I'll be back before you finish your shower.

TREND

Just call me.

She offers her hand. He kisses it. She slams the door and speeds off. She takes out hand sanitizer and sprays her hand. Moments later, Gigi's car pulls us and Trend gets in.

INT. GIGI'S APARTMENT - LIVINGROOM - DAY

Socrates frantically grabs things stuffing them into his backpack and plastic shopping bags. He stops momentarily and looks back at the computer.

SOCRATES

Screw her, I don't give a fuck where she is. Bigger fish to catch.

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL

Socrates hangs out the window of his car looking up at the hotel as he keeps frantically calling on his phone. The speakerphone is on.

RECORDING

The voice mail for this phone has not been set up. Please call back later.

He pushes another button. His voice message plays.

RUSS

Man. I was trying to call you. What are doing with NaeNae's friend. She stared me down the other day. What are you up to? Give me a call.

Socrates throws the phone on his dash and burns rubber.

EXT. GIGI'S APARTMENT - DAY

Gigi, Trend, and NaeNae stand outside as a locksmith finishes changing the locks, handing Gigi the new keys. The woman "high-five" each other.

Socrates turns the corner.

EXT. GIGI'S APARTMENT - LATER

Socrates unsuccessfully tries his key in the lock. He pounds on the wall.

SOCRATES

Son-of-a-bitch.

The door opens. Surprised and caught off guard, Gigi defiantly gets in his face. He backs up to the railing. Nowhere to go, he looks over his shoulder at the drop. He puts his hand up.

SOCRATES (CONT'D)

Girl, you better back up.

NaeNae and Trend stop peeking from the door to step outside. Gigi gives a swift nod and glance over her shoulder. They stop.

GIGI

I got this girls.

They stand and glare at Socrates. Crisp CLICK, Trend loads one into the chamber of her 9mm.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

Gigi gives Socrates a shove with both hands. His eyes get huge as he flies over the railing. He catches it with one hand. Frantic, he tries to reach his other hand.

GIGI

I'm going to steal this moment.

She brings her fisted hand high in the air. His eyes get bigger and his mouth agape. She slams her fist onto his hand. He lets go with SCREAM and falls. There is a sound of a THUD and a GRUNT as his body hits.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

Gigi punches Socrates in the chest with both hands.

GIGI
Who the hell do you think you are
coming into our lives?

Starting to speak,

SOCRATES
Baby,

He reaches to pull out his cigarette and lighter.

GIGI
That question was rhetorical. You
don't get to speak. Your actions
have spoke for you.

He tries to light a cigarette. Surprised, she slaps the
lighter and cigarette out of his hand. They fly over the
railing. He draws back his hand to slap her.

SOCRATES
What the --.

GIGI
Try it. TRY IT. You'll be laying on
pavement three stories down. This
is my moment.

He puts his hands up and begins retreating backwards.

GIGI (CONT'D)
Ain't nobody going to steal my
moment. Not you. Nobody. Never
again. No more.

Socrates turns, shakes his head, and walks away. Watching his
retreat, Gigi stands defiant.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

Gigi runs at Socrates back. He takes one step on the stairs
then turns to see her. He has a naive smile. She ploughs into
him. Gigi grunts as she kicks, hits, and slaps him.

SOCRATES
Get off me woman.

He falls back and she is continuing to hit at him.

BLACK

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

Gigi stands defiant.

She watches him disappear down the stairs,
tears are in her eyes. NaeNae and Trend stand with her.

EXT. HIGHLAND HILL PARK - DAY

Gigi, NaeNae, and Trend trudge up the hill. The wind blows
and the trees and bushes whisper.

TREES AND BUSHES
Something's changed.

GIGI
That's right. I changed.

NaeNae and Trend look at Gigi,

GIGI (CONT'D)
What?

Then look at each other, smile, and shake their heads.

TOP UP THE HILL

Gigi, NaeNae, and Trend stand on the top of the hill speaking
in unison.

GIGI
This where I want to be. On the
mountaintop. I have been slumming
in the valley. Taking the easy way
out.

TREND
We've all been there.

NAENAE
No more!

They hold hands together toward the sky and shout in unison,
"No More".

CAPTION: "LEARNING TO LOVE YOURSELF IS THE GREATEST LOVE OF ALL".

FADE OUT.

APRIL:

THIS IS THE ORIGINAL ENDING - I HAD SOME OTHER IDEAS AND KEPT GOING - I WILL EXPLAIN ONCE YOU HAVE FINISHED READING. PLEASE NOTE THIS AS THE END AND HOW YOU FELT WITH IT ENDING HERE.

THEN YOU MAY CONTINUE :-)

ACT FOUR

EXT. HIGHLAND HILL PARK - PARKING LOT - DAY

Socrates SUV pulls into the lot next to the women's car.

EXT. HIKING TRAIL - DUSK

Gigi, NaeNae, and Trend amble down the trail. Around a bend in the trail they see Socrates SUV. Trend's hand darts into her purse. They stop for a moment, then march forward.

EXT. HIGHLAND HILL PARK - PARKING LOT - DAY

They reach his car.

GIGI

What are you doing here?

Looking up as if drunk, Socrates speaks.

SOCRATES

Get in the car Gigi.

TREND

You don't give orders here.

He ignores Trend and continues talking to Gigi.

SOCRATES

I want to talk to you. You got me.
I'm out. I played a game. You won.

Gigi points to NaeNae. Her voice breaks.

GIGI

You fucked over my friend. My best friend. You didn't say a fucking word to her. Nothing. Now you want to fucking talk to me. This isn't a game.

SOCRATES

I'm not saying it like that. See what I got.

Socrates raises his hand slightly to reveal a gun it.

NAENAE

Oh helluva no you did not. He's going to shoot us.

Trend lifts her hand up to reveal the tight grasp on a gun.

TREND

That is not how this is going to go down. Gi, we outta here.

NaeNae and Trend grab Gigi. She does not budge. She stares at Socrates. He sits mute, his head hung down. Somber eyes look over a her.

SOCRATES

It's not like that. It's for me.

Gigi allows them to pull her away. Gigi continues looking over her shoulders at him. Their eyes are locked on each other until the women force Gigi into the car.

INT./EXT. NAENAE'S CAR - DUSK

She peers out the window at Socrates. He sits mute. NaeNae starts the motor. The vehicle begins to move.

GIGI

Stop!

Car stops with a jerk. Gigi jumps out and runs to the SUV.

NAENAE

Girl!

TREND

Pull up close to him. I want him to show him something.

NaeNae follows her instructions. Trend tilts her purse revealing the small pistol in her hands. She takes her hand and points it like a gun at his head.

TREND (CONT'D)

You are not going to hurt my girl.

SOCRATES

It's not like that.

TREND

Better not be!

NaeNae looks over a Trend shocked. Trend looks at her.

TREND (CONT'D)

I told you I been through some things. Never again. I lost a friend once over some bullshit.

INT./EXT. SOCRATES' SUV - DUSK

Gigi stands on the opposite side of the car at the window.

GIGI

First, you gotta put that away. What the hell are you thinking?

Gun in hand, he reaches over to her side of the car. She backs away. He place the gun into glove box. He closes and locks it.

SOCRATES

You cool now?

She walks up and opens the car door. She stands inside the door but does not get in.

NAENAE

I'm not cool with any of this, but that's better. You don't look okay man, what's going? You played me. You lost me.

SOCRATES

It started as a game.

GIGI

I told you from the beginning, I was not going to let it happen again... You aren't right.

He pats the passenger seat.

SOCRATES

Sit down a minute.

GIGI

No.

SOCRATES

The gun was for me.

GIGI

Why do you think I'm talking to you?
I never seen you look like that before. I want you gone, not dead.

Socrates looks pitiful.

SOCRATES

I wouldn't hurt you.

Gigi steps back and slams the door. She glares at him through the window, tears in her eyes.

GIGI

What the fuck. Something is wrong with you. Do you hear yourself?

She starts to walk way.

SOCRATES

Come on baby, you know--

Gigi stops and turns.

GIGI

--Hunh? You just don't get it. You already did. Sometimes when you dance, you have to pay. Blow your brains out and do the world a favor!

SOCRATES

I'm sorry baby.

Gigi marches back to NaeNae's car.

INT. NAENAE'S CAR - NIGHT

Gigi sits in the back seat.

NAENAE

Gi, you know Trend her is packin'

Gigi squints, a look of confusion on her face. Trend looks smugly ahead.

GIGI

Packing what? What are you talking about?

NAENAE

A heater, a piece, a roscoe, ya know.

GIGI

Are you serious?

Gigi leans forward. Trend whirls around to look at her.

TREND

Yes, I had your back. I've been hurt. Seen friends hurt. I'm going to be doing the hurting next time.

GIGI

Okay.

Gigi slumps back in her seat.

TREND

Besides, he just playing on your emotions. He wants to make you feel sorry for himself. "Oh, I'm going to blow my brains out if you don't come back."

Trend mimics her taking a gun to her head and firing.

TREND (CONT'D)

Boom! Good for you.

She whips her head to the side, and falls into Gigi's lap. NaeNae looks over her shoulder.

NAENAE

What's going on back there?

As Gigi tries to lift her up, Trend rolls onto her back, puts her hands up on each side, plops her tongue out her mouth, and lets her eyes roll back into her head. NaeNae laughs.

GIGI

Girl, quit it!

NaeNae pops up.

TREND

One less no good man to deal with.
He getting off easy.

Trend straightens her hair.

NAENAE

Unlike the women he hurt. Men wash
shit off like getting in the
shower. We women, we can soak in
the tub for hours and the hurting a
man puts on just gets absorbed
deeper.

Gigi is sad. She rides the conversation like a tire horse.

GIGI

Yeah, we don't get clean, we feel
even dirtier. When we open the
drain, out we go, still left with
the pain.

Trend sits back and looks out the window.

Buildings, people, and cars pass by.