

INT.DUNKIN DONUTS

RICKY, 25, Hispanic, stands in line at a Dunkin Donuts. He is wearing windbreaker pants, a tight bicycle shirt and is carrying a messenger bag. There is one person in front of him. He looks up at the menu. Right before he steps up to order, SIMONE, 23, African American, walks up to him and angrily pats him on the back.

RICKY

Ow!

He turns around, but Simone has moved. He looks around and she stands in front of him. Surely she is upset.

RICKY

What the hell!

SIMONE

I hate you!

RICKY

Likewise.

SIMONE

You're an Asshole!

RICKY

Yeah, heard that one, what else is new?

He tries to move around her to order but she stands in front of him.

RICKY

You mind?

SIMONE

How come you didn't come out the other night.

RICKY

What night? What are you talking about?

He makes his way to the counter.

SIMONE

Don't play dumb, you know what
night I'm talking about. Buy me a
hot chocolate.

RICKY

(to cashier)

Hi, can I have a large iced coffee
with half and half.

SIMONE

And a hot chocolate.

CASHIER

Sugar in the coffee?

RICKY

Splenda, please.

SIMONE

Hot chocolate.

CASHIER

Anything else?

RICKY

Um, yeah, can I have a...jelly
donut?

SIMONE

And my hot chocolate.

RICKY

What do you want Simone?

SIMONE

I want to no why You didn't come
out side when I went to your
house.p

He turns to Simone.

RICKY

You mean that day that you came to
my apartment at eleven o'clock at
night and caused a scene in front
of the entire god damn
neighborhood?

Simone nods.

RICKY

I already told you, I was sick.

He turns back to the counter.

CASHIER

Would you like anything else?

He turns to Simone.

RICKY

No.

Simone rolls her eyes.

CASHIER

Five seventy five.

He hands the cashier six dollars.

RICKY

Thank you, keep the change.

He takes his coffee and walks away from the counter as
Simone follows him.

RICKY

Look I'm very busy, if you have
nothing else to say to me, can I be
on my way?

SIMONE

We both know you were not sick.

RICKY

Simone, I didn't even know you were
outside until the next day.

SIMONE

Don't play yourself. You didn't know I was there? You mean you didn't hear me screaming from downstairs?

RICKY

Really, Simone? I live on the 18th floor. Really?

SIMONE

All your neighbors heard me. How convenient you couldn't hear me.

He claps slowly and sarcastically.

RICKY

I'm really happy for you. I'm really happy that you think it's okay to come all the way across town late at night, and get pleasure in waking up the neighbors. Bravo! Congratulations, now everyone in Riverdale thinks you're a psycho bitch.

SIMONE

I don't care what people think about me. They don't know me.

RICKY

Yeah, wish I was them.

They stare at each other for a moment. Ricky shrugs.

RICKY

What? What exactly is your problem? What do you want from me?

SIMONE

I hate being ignored!

RICKY

I had a 104 degree fever!! Did you know that? Huh?! I was bed ridden for 3 fuckin days, Simone! 3 fuckin days! The last thing on my mind was you! I don't need this!

SIMONE

Why didn't you go to the doctor?

RICKY

I did go to the doctor. The day after.

SIMONE

Oh. What did he say? What was wrong with you?

RICKY

He said I had a 104 degree fever. I was sick, Simone.

SIMONE

So did he give you any medication?

RICKY

Yeah, he gave me medication. He also told me to take it easy and to stay inside.

SIMONE

What meds did he give you?

RICKY

I don't know, I don't remember. What do you take for a high fever?

Simone puts on a face.

RICKY

You don't believe me, do you?

SIMONE

You said you went to the doctor after I had come over, right?

RICKY

Yeah, so?

SIMONE

So how come you didn't come downstairs?

Ricky puts on a face, clearly annoyed.

RICKY

I don't believe this. This is bullshit!

SIMONE

No! You didn't know you were that sick yet, you didn't go to the doctor yet, you could've come downstairs and talk to me! You were avoiding me.

RICKY

You know what? I wish I did hear you. I wish I did know you were down there. I would've went down. Yeah, I would've dragged my limp ass body downstairs and spit in your god damn face.

SIMONE

That's very mature. Just admit it, you didn't want to deal with this.

Simone heads to the door.

RICKY

Oh, you're right, I don't want to deal with this. I don't want you coming to my house causing a fuckin scene Simone!

He gets the attention of the customers as they turn and watch.

RICKY

Who the hell would want that? I'm not scared of you, never have been. You think your so god damn superior, why? Because your black, because you live in the ghetto, because your on welfare and abuse the system, or because you know crazy people, people in the hood? You got boys, people who can kick my ass. I'm sorry, I ain't scared of Harlem, I ain't scared of you people.

Simone gives him a shocking look.

SIMONE

You people, really?

RICKY

Don't make me out to be the only racist one here, you had your moments, okay. Not only you, but you entire god damn family. I dealt with your crazy ass mother, your dike sister, your other crackhead sister. I dealt with all of it. Even dudes calling me in the middle of the night. But, I stuck around, I should've bailed, but I stuck around. And yet, You still harass me, yet, you still want to be with me. When are you gonna get the fuckin point?!

Ricky stops and looks up, there is an audience, all the customers.

RICKY

You see this, you see what's happening here? This is exactly what I don't want. I don't want to go through this shit every single time I see you. I don't want to go through this with you for the next

(MORE)

RICKY (CONT'D)

17 years. This is all your doing,
and I'm not dealing with it! No
more...I'm done! In fact!

Ricky reaches for his inside pocket and pulls out a .44
Magnum. He cocks it back as Simone looks on in terror. He
pulls the trigger...

BLAST! Simone is shot in the chest.

The patrons scatter in fear. Simone falls to the ground,
severely wounded, though alive. She tries to crawl for
cover, there is no where to go as Ricky is hovering over
limp body when...

BLAST! Another shot is fired, this one hits her in the
back. He kicks her to her side. She is in agony!

CAMERA POV

Ricky raises the gun to the camera as he pulls the trigger
we hear...

SIMONE(O.S)

Ricky! Rick!

Ricky is suddenly awoken from his daze. Simone is sitting
across from him, with her hot chocolate. She still looks
sassy and annoyed.

He looks around, everything is fine.

SIMONE

What's wrong with you?

Ricky looks puzzled.

RICKY

What?

SIMONE

Have you been listening to a word
I've been saying? I'm working late
tomorrow. You need to pick up our
daughter from day care. Hear me?

RICKY

Yeah, I got you. No prob.

Simone rolls her eyes in disgust and storms out.

FADE OUT