

# Two In The Bush

May not be used by anyone for any reason

FADE IN:

INT. MANSION - MASTER BEDROOM - MORNING

Looks more like a lavish suite than a bedroom. A floor to glass wall looks out over breaking ocean waves.

DB, 45, African American, turns over on his back, under covers, in a huge bed. As he turns, the covers tent up near his midsection.

INT. MASTER BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

JIZELL, 25, African American, very attractive from behind, and very naked, disappears into a cave shower, as steam wafts out.

MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

DB opens his eyes, stretches his big arms.

He looks down at his tent, smiles, shakes his head.

DB  
Down, Dog! You kiddin' me?

MASTER BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

DB steps quietly into the huge walk-in closet. He's a big man, not extremely attractive from behind, and very naked.

DB (O.S.)  
Good mornin', my beautiful Princess.  
How come you in the shower so early?

He steps out, wearing a designer silk robe.

DB (CONT'D)  
Babydoll? Sup?

DB pokes his head into the cave.

DB (CONT'D)  
Hon-

JIZELL (O.S.)  
Don't you be "Babydolling" me, you charlatan! And don't you even think for one single second about bringin' your big black ass in here. Do you understand, "Chocolate Thunder"?

Db steps back, perplexed, shaking his head.

DB  
 What you talkin' about? And,  
 Babydoll, c'mon, man. Chocolate  
 Thunder? What?

SHOWER

It's steamy as steamy gets, but Jizell's outline is there,  
 and right now, her hand is in the air, shaking back and forth.

JIZELL  
 What am I talkin' 'bout? Oh sweet  
 Jesus, please help this troubled  
 soul. And you, Sinner, you better  
 know that He's always watchin'.

MASTER BEDROOM

DB takes another step back, hands out in front, in a  
 questioning way.

DB  
 Baby-

SHOWER

The hand's still waving and now it's side to side.

JIZELL  
 You actually wonderin' why I'm in  
 this shower right now, so early on  
 this Saturday morning, that I had  
 planned LOOOOOONG in advance on  
 sleepin' peacefully until this  
 beautiful body decided it wanted to  
 get up? That what you sayin' "what"  
 to?

DB (O.S.)  
 Lover, you know I was gonna make you  
 up some of my special sausage gravy  
 over biscuits-

JIZELL  
 Well, "Mr. Chocolate Thunder", you  
 done already gave me you special  
 "gravy", you two-timin' Devil!

DB (O.S.)  
 What? Baby-

Both hands are going wild above the steam now.

JIZELL

What? What? You had another wet dream, an unholy big old wet dream and you got your junk all over me...all over my freshly cleaned body, you two-timer! And all over my sheets, which Lupina is supposed to be cleaning this morning!

MASTER BATHROOM

DB looks down at himself.

DB

(quietly)

Damn, Dog...what I tell, you fool?

JIZELL (O.S.)

Excuse me? You say somethin'? You have anything to say for what you did? God saw that. He did. He knew what you was dreamin' 'bout, and as He is my witness, I do, too.

(beat)

You think your Momma up in Heaven ain't lookin' down, too?

DB paces back and forth, still looking down at himself.

DB

(quietly)

Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me. Dog?  
You real?

He straitens up, walks towards the shower.

DB (CONT'D)

Babydoll, you my baby bird, my one,  
my only.

DB sticks his upper body into the shower.

DB (CONT'D)

If I-

JIZELL (O.S.)

Your baby bird? First, I ain't no man's baby bird, you old philanderer. Second, me and God don't even want to know what you was seein' in your sick, twisted, probably unholy dream. And, lastly, you cheat, you done gave up your dreamgirl's name.

DB backs up, shaking his head.

JIZELL (CONT'D)

You shouting out about your Chocolate  
Thunder and some hoe named Sammy Jo.  
And that sounds like some cornfed  
white girl with big titties.

DB

Bab-

JIZELL (O.S.)

Don't you say a word. You get those  
sheets in the washer and when I'm  
all done here, you gonna need to get  
a shower, cuz you taking me to that  
seafood feast for brunch. The one I  
been axkin' you to take me to for  
the last six months.

MASTER BEDROOM

DB lifts up the covers and top sheet, looks down.

DB

Holy Hell, Dog! Fo' real? Fuuuuck.

EXT. LORENZO'S BEACHFRONT BISTRO - LATER

DB and Jizell sit across from each other at a table  
overlooking the ocean.

DB looks good in a Tommy Bahama shirt and pressed slacks.

Jizell is dressed to impress in Prada, sporting a slender  
athletic body.

A platter of a dozen raw oysters sits between them.

JIZELL

You have anything to say for yourself?

DB eats an oyster, wipes his mouth.

DB

Bab-

JIZELL

Nope! Stop with the babydoll and  
baby bird, you. You gonna come clean?  
He's watching you. Your Momma is  
too. Stop your lying, lecherous  
ways.

DB wipes sweat from his brow.

DB  
It's hot out here.

Jizell raises her hand and points her finger staring at DB.

JIZELL  
Hot? Hell is hot, you sinner! You  
gonna burn in Hell. You got nothin'  
to say? You being real, now?

DB slurps another oyster down, clears his throat.

DB  
Jizzy, you know-

JIZELL  
Jizzy? For reals? You just jizzed  
all over me and you callin' me Jizzy?  
That disrespectful. He Knows. You  
do, too, Cheater.

DB mops his sweating brow again.

DB  
Listen. You know you don't let me-

Jizell quickly stands, as her chair falls over backwards.

JIZELL  
I don't let you what? As God is my  
witness, you know damned well I let  
you do all sorts of things that God  
has told me were acceptable, but  
that thing between your legs...it's  
a dangerous weapon. You should have  
to register it when you cross state  
lines. I just too small for that  
and you seemed to understand that  
when you signed my Daddy's prenuptial  
agreement. You remember that?

DB stands, reaches for Jizell's hands.

She slaps them away.

DB  
Bab-

JIZELL  
And the no philandering clause?

DB  
Jizell, I love you, girl. You my  
bird in my hand, I don't want no  
others.

From behind DB, SAMMY JO, 23, voluptuous body, flaming red hair, martini in hand, approaches.

Jizell eyes her, then quickly centers her gaze back at DB.

JIZELL

You being real, or you lyin' again?  
Things gonna change if you lyin'.

Sammy Jo hugs DB from behind with her free hand, kisses his neck.

DB spins, almost knocking her over.

DB

What the-

JIZELL

What the what, Sinner? What you got  
to say now?

Sammy Jo tosses her martini into DB's face, then slaps him hard.

SAMMY JO

Thought you were a single man, DB?  
You told me all about all your money,  
but you didn' tell me you were  
engaged, and broke? And you know  
what, I laughed inside when you  
started in on how endowed you were.  
Really?

DB wipes his face off, looks on timidly,

JIZELL

Yeah, Chocolate Thunder. You been  
doing the Devil's deeds, but you too  
dumbass to realize I set this whole  
thing up to see if you were truly  
one of God's Children, and you sure  
as sin ain't.

Sammy Jo watches, a smug grin on her face.

SAMMY JO

We all done here? You got my cash?

Jizell looks to DB, an angry scowl on her face.

JIZELL

Well? Pay the young lady.

DB

What?

JIZELL

Give her everything you got in your wallet, you sorry ass lyin' cheat! And get your big black ass in an Uber. I'm going to enjoy this feast with Sammy. And don't even think about getting into our bed. You're in the doghouse tonight.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - MORNING

Two shapes lie under the covers.

DB enters, in his robe, looks at the bed and scowls.

DB

What the?

Jizell's head appears from under the covers, followed by LUPINA's. The covers are pulled back, exposing an exquisite 20 year old Mexican beauty, arms wrapped around Jizell.

LUPINA

Hola, Senor DB. You too grande for me, but Jizzy just perfect.

DB looks shocked.

DB

What? She call you Jizzy and it good?

Jizell kisses Lupina hard on the lips.

JIZELL

Oh yeah, Cheater, she call me Jizzy, Jizz, it all good. God understands that we all what we are and as long as we be real, it all good.

DB watches, pure shock on his face.

DB

I can't believe this. Jizzel? For reals?

JIZELL

It for real, you charlatan, and you just remember, you keep on with this baby bird all you want, but you could have had us two...two in the bush, but when you be lyin', and cheatin', and philanderin' around, you don't get no bird in your hand or these two fine bushes.



8.

DB's robe begins to rise around his mis section. He reaches down, adjusts himself.

DB  
For reals?

JIZELL AND LUPINA  
FOR REALS!

FADE OUT