

ENGINEUITY

Written by
Lawrence Whitener

The mind can be a terrible thing...and to waste.

WGA-East Reg#I-305783
2116 Portland Street
Los Angeles, CA 90007
(c) 571-337-8866
(e) L_WH@aol.com
U.S. Copyright in 2023
by Lawrence Whitener

FADE-IN:

CAPTION: *How far would you go ...*

FADE CAPTION: *to come back?*

INT. L.A. APARTMENT FRONT DOOR'S BOTTOM EDGE - TODAY

Sandaed African-American feet slap-walk to door's bottom. The toenails are painted with Jamaican-flag colors.

CAPTION: *Trade Wind*

INT. L.A. BASEMENT EFFICIENCY APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

One-room with full bath. A vintage rotary phone is on a telephone table next to the bathroom. A used sofa-bed with torn quilts is open next to it against a back wall.

A Jamaican flag and *Bob Marley* poster are on two walls. The third wall has a bench with dorm-room cooking accessories. A card-table has a vintage manual typewriter, a lighthouse lamp, and a bulletin-board with newspaper clippings above it.

KEVIN KEEP, 40s, tousled hair, beard-stubble, in worn grey dress-shirt and pants, is head-down asleep on his typewriter.

Knock on front door. Kevin's head jerks up with a line across his forehead. Dazed, he turns on the lighthouse lamp to reveal he's in a wheelchair. Kevin pulls a single-sheet of paper out of the typewriter, reads, then crumples up angry.

KEVIN

Screenwriter? *R-i-g-h-t*.

Kevin balls his paper and tosses it behind him in a high arc. It scores with others in a trashcan Basketball-backboard with a hand-written sign reading, *Shattered Dreams*.

Kevin rolls his wheelchair to the front door and opens it, no one is there. He goes to re-close when an arm with Jamaican-bracelets jingling thrusts through. He re-opens the door.

CHANDICE (shan-deez) CACHÉ, Jamaican, 30s, long black hair, wears a rasta-colored over-top dress, knitted beanie, black necklace with matching bracelet, and earlier sandals. She stands hands-on-hips asking in a thick Jamaican accent.

CHANDICE

What be your Log Line?

KEVIN

"What be" my what?!

Chandice walks forward forceful making Kevin roll back.

KEVIN

What be my premise --why?

CHANDICE

That why me here, to finish all,
once and fah all.

(looks down arms folded)
Dey work?

KEVIN

Does what work?

Chandice kicks one of Kevin's shins.

KEVIN

OW! Why did you ...?

Chandice kicks his other shin.

CHANDICE

Chigger toes afraid a' gravel?

Kevin rubs both shins as he translates her Jamaican-saying.

KEVIN

Someone hurt --knows what to avoid?

Chandice goes to stand by his card-table *tapping* a sandal.

Kevin has an epiphany understanding her words and stands. He shakes circulation back into both legs, then follows her as his wheelchair rolls back to forever rest against the wall.

CHANDICE

Read my letter?

KEVIN

What --letter?

CHANDICE

Well dat explain all the "duh-uh."

KEVIN

Well what the fuh-uh --?

Chandice cuts Kevin off by picking up a folded newspaper on the card-table and *taps* Kevin on the forehead with its edge.

CHANDICE

Writer --to be your ghost.

Kevin grabs same paper and points to its ad circled in red.

KEVIN

I just ran that.

Chandice grabs the paper back and *swats* Kevin's rear with it, then drops it back on card-table.

CHANDICE

I --just answer that. How much?

KEVIN

"How much?" Oh, only a first scene.

CHANDICE

Such a dunce-bat, nooooo --
 (wonderful Caribbean laugh)
 how much, to save your no-where
 career?

KEVIN

Oh, guess that depends on your ...?

CHANDICE

Did not see a queue?
 (looks at open door)
 More comin'?

KEVIN

You're the first, but --hey, how
 did you get my address?

CHANDICE

How ya' think, bumboclaat?
 (shakes head disgusted)
 Go, splash water on your fine
 freckles, wake some up.

Kevin mouths an empty-question, then does as told and goes in the bathroom leaving its door open.

KEVIN (O.S.)

References?

No response. Kevin exits bathroom to scan room, Chandice is gone. He sees something and walks to the typewriter to pull out a new typed piece of paper. He reads it, then nods in agreement. He reacts to the toilet *flushing* and spins to bathroom door which is now closed.

Chandice exits bathroom shaking her hands dry.

Kevin waves the newly typed page at her.

KEVIN

Using an aerial shot to show how they live --very revealing.

CHANDICE

Not revealin' nuthin', yet.

KEVIN

Huh? Uh, okay, let's start over.

Kevin offers his hand. Chandice doesn't take it.

KEVIN

I'm Kevin, Kevin Keep.

CHANDICE

Well now, already be knowin' dat.

Kevin feigns stabbing her with an imaginary sword.

KEVIN

Touché.

CHANDICE

Caché.

KEVIN

That your last name?
(sheaths his "sword")
What's your first name?

CHANDICE

(sarcastic excitement)
Why, you givin' me Screen Credit?!

Kevin stands with his usual dumbfounded look.

CHANDICE

Uh-huh, that's what me thoughtee.
See you early, when you brighteeeee!

Chandice exits with boisterous Jamaican *laughter* closing the front door.

Kevin stares after her in open-mouthed disbelief.

KEVIN

Jesus Christ, what a character.

Kevin gives a huge yawn, takes one step, then closes his eyes.

INT. KEVIN'S APARTMENT - NEXT MORNING

CAPTION: *Shakespeare*

Kevin is asleep half-on half-off the bed-couch, dressed same, but with shoes off. *Knock* on front door. Kevin sits straight up, then shuffles wobbly past the table and glimpses his ad.

NEWSPAPER INSERT: *Ghost Writer wanted, fast typing a must, must remain silent.*

Kevin shoulders withdraw, then he skulks tiptoeing holding a finger to his lips, *Shhhh*, and opens the front door.

Chandice enters angry in a green cotton summer-dress, Jamaican-socks, Jamaican scarf, sarong, and open-toe shoes.

CHANDICE
Tryin' wake you ten, wasteman!

Kevin hippopotamus-yawns something unintelligible.

KEVIN
???

Chandice stomps on his socked-foot.

Kevin lifts his injured foot to grab it.

KEVIN
Muther Fu ...!

CHANDICE
FYI, guy --you, stink.

Kevin drops his foot to reply sarcastic.

KEVIN
And I love you, too.

CHANDICE
Maybe, but your characters no have love. All be mowly, so I start overly.
(sniffs, then waves hand)
You mowly too wuu-wuu! Go fresh your manly-man, *p-l-e-a-s-e*.

Kevin smells an armpit, shudders, then goes inside bathroom closing its door, then sound of the shower-water *running*.

Moments later, Chandice yanks the bathroom door open angry.

CHANDICE

Gonna' make me white-wash your
whole ting, mon?

KEVIN (O.S.)

Jesus Christ Lady!

CHANDICE

Least you not be back-fistin'.

KEVIN (O.S.)

Yeah? Give me a minute!

CHANDICE

(Jamaican laugh)

Hurry up, buster-bwoy, rollin' I
am.

Chandice walks back to the card-table leaving door open.

Kevin exits bathroom wrapping a Jamaican-flag towel around his waist, but his hair is still dry and he's wearing the same shirt with socks on. He looks for Chandice, but she's gone. He double-takes at the now two piles of typed pages on the card-table, then goes to pick one up.

KEVIN

How did --?

Chandice exits the bathroom *slamming* its door.

Kevin spins to her surprised-scared.

KEVIN

Jesus Christ lady, at least flush!

CHANDICE

Look mon, soon as you wake up, you
need a wake-up. You good writer
once --till wife leave you bye-bye.

KEVIN

What makes you think, she left me?!

CHANDICE

(points to his crotch)

One, tiny, reason.

KEVIN

(points to front door)

Oh, out lady, I don't need your
nasty bull-shit.

CHANDICE

Read me whites first.

The coffee-machine *dings* in agreement. Chandice goes to it.

Kevin shrugs, then reads her "pages" and is impressed.

KEVIN

The way you made them enemies, then
lovers --

Chandice hands him the coffee-machine's metal-cup.

and their sex is ...

He puts down the pages to grab her cup around its sides.

KEVIN

HOT!

Kevin drops his scalding metal cup to bounce on the floor.
Its boiling brew emits steam plumes from the cheap carpet.

Both stare at the cup on floor, then look up to each other.

Chandice gets a wicked smile, then yanks off Kevin's towel
making him spin like a top to fall on his back and reveal
he's wearing Jamaican-green boxers.

Chandice straddle-stands over Kevin chastising down at him.

CHANDICE

If not already be a lady's lady,
that --

Chandice moves Kevin's bulge with the tip of her sandal.

CHANDICE

would not be doin' it.

Kevin protects his family-jewels with both hands *whimpering*.

CHANDICE

Be no cry-baby, bitchy-baby. Clean
up, wash up, then circle up --

Chandice circle-points her finger to the phone.

CHANDICE

your wagon train's about to be de-
rail-ed.

Rotary-phone *rings* as Chandice steps off Kevin.

Kevin doesn't care anymore and crawls on all-fours to answer.
Chandice covers her eyes with one hand holding the other out.
Kevin's boxers have the Jamaican flag on the back.

CHANDICE
Kiss mi back side.

Kevin answers phone in earlier high-pitched *whimper*. Other person is not heard.

KEVIN
Kev-in --
(clears throat to normal)
Kevin Keep? ...Oh hi, I ...What,
why? ...But I'm writing something
really good now?

Chandice leans back against the wall with arms folded.

KEVIN
But, but?

Other person disconnects. Kevin hangs up *sighing*.

CHANDICE
Publisher fire you she did. Tell
me, you not see that comin'?

KEVIN
I knew she was frustrated, but --?

Kevin looks under an armpit back up at Chandice.

KEVIN
How did you know?

KEVIN POV: Chandice is upside-down like she's out of focus.

CHANDICE
That why me here doncha' know? You
give up so, ta-da, I show up.
(pulls up skirt slightly)
You're welcome --

Chandice front snap-kicks Kevin's crotch from behind.

CHANDICE
for swift kick to arse!

Kevin falls onto side with both hands cupping his "jewels."

KEVIN

Missed.

CHANDICE

Stop your stakki-whine. I no Mother
Theresa, you no Saint, so what?!

Chandice stomps to exit the front door *slamming* it.

Kevin, lies on his side exasperated, then sees something.

KEVIN

What the, how did --?

The card-table now has three piles of typed pages on it.

Kevin crawls to it and reaches up to pull the newest pile off
and reads it on the floor. He's shocked.

KEVIN

Oh my god, now she's a "he?"

Tapping on front door. Kevin breaks the Fourth Wall to his
always-present imaginary Life-camera. (*Come on, we've all
done it.*) He *sighs*, reaches up to put the pages back on the
table, then pulls on his pants to open the front door.

PAPA BEAR, Indian Male, 40s, tall, handsome, in casual dress,
wears a pizza-delivery hat and holds a huge pizza-delivery
bag. He recognizes Kevin, then looks away disgusted.

PAPA BEAR

Ahhh, shit.

KEVIN

(*snaps* fingers recognizing)
Papa Bear! Great District Attorney
scene with De Niro.
(*snaps* fingers thinking)
What's it called?
(*snaps* fingers remembering)
"The Comedienne!"
(stab-points)
You were f'n funny!

PAPA BEAR

(presents pizza bag)
Fifty Dollars.

KEVIN

Now you're frickin' hilarious.

Papa Bear steps nose-to-now with Kevin.

PAPA BEAR
Your best acting --
(he is not acting)
is when you're not Acting!

Kevin stumbles back afraid reaching into his back pocket for a non-existent wallet.

KEVIN
I didn't, I don't --?

Kevin recovers with the usual Hollywood could-care-less rhetorical phrase. (*Come on, we've all said it.*)

KEVIN
So --what are you working on now?

Papa Bear slow-waves a hand across his bag "presenting" it as a stage prop.

KEVIN
Ahhh, how the once mighty, have
truly fallen.

Papa Bear glares, then looks over Kevin's shoulder to read Kevin's *Me-Wall* bulletin-board of review-clippings.

BULLETIN BOARD INSERT: *New York Times* headline - "Kevin Keep Bankrupt, Morally Too;" *Entertainment Review* - "Kevin Keep, Author of Wha' Tha' Fuck, should add 'Happened' to its end;" and *Hollywood Reporter* cover - "The Beauty and The Ugly" with by-line "Kevin Keep Stays Out of Sight, and Out of His Mind."

PAPA BEAR
Look behind you --yesterday's news.

Kevin throws a punch at Papa Bear who catches it in one huge hand smiling to become *Elvis Presley* with same accent.

PAPA BEAR
"Thank you, thank you very much."

Papa Bear squeezes Kevin's fist forcing Kevin down on both knees. Papa Bear becomes a great Shakespearean actor once again with a necessary over-the-top theater British accent.

PAPA BEAR
To pay, or not to pay?

Papa Bear *hisses* like *Count Dracula*. Kevin *whimpers* again. Papa Bear feels sorry for Kevin in a Brooklyn accent.

PAPA BEAR
Fogetaboutit.

Papa Bear takes off his hat to a deep bow, then exits most-theatrical throwing a straight-back carrying his pizza-bag.

Kevin shuffles on his knees to close the door replying.

KEVIN

Trying.

Kevin, still on knees, *bangs* his forehead on the door three times, then sighs. Same three *knocks* on other side of door now mirror his. Kevin stands yanking the door open furious.

KEVIN

Kiss My ...!

Chandice, dressed same, steps-in squeezing his cheeks together which puckers his lips. She plants a big wet one.

CHANDICE

(smack)

Missin' me?

Chandice sits at the card-table and types one-fingered.

Kevin stands "stupified" then goes to read over her shoulder.

KEVIN

Whoa, whoa, whoa --now it's a black comedy?!

CHANDICE

Bend da' tree while young, 'cause when old, it go broke.

KEVIN

What? Look, you're talented, no question there. But once here, you've been one big, f'n, headache.

CHANDICE

No take brain surgeon, to see you brain-dead. Only matter a' time, till outside --she, catch up.

KEVIN

(drops his head)

It's that obvious?

CHANDICE

I be your conshens, mon, let me -- carry, you?

KEVIN

I ain't heavy.

CHANDICE

And you sure not me brotha'! And
read me letter yet, pickney?

KEVIN

I haven't gotten any G. D ...!

CHANDICE

When last you really look-look?

Kevin tilts head thinking, nods dejected, then exits.

Chandice sits pondering most intense, then has an idea and
her typing finger stands straight up in the air.

The coffee machine *dings* in agreement.

Chandice uses same finger to type one letter with flourish.

Moments later, Kevin enters carrying a pile of mail and scans
the room. Chandice is gone. He sniffs the air, then goes to
the coffee-machine leaving the door open and sips the
machine's now-dented blue cup. He approves.

KEVIN

Damn that's good.

He sips, then gulps seeing a fourth typed pile of papers. He
puts down his cup to wipe chin, drops mail on the card-table,
and sits to read fourth pile's top page. He approves.

KEVIN

Damn that's good.

The toilet *flushes*. Kevin keeps reading to self-quip.

KEVIN

Least she flushes now.

Chandice exits the bathroom. Kevin keeps reading.

CHANDICE

Dat enough, for one day.

Kevin continues reading without looking up at her.

KEVIN

One day with you, is more than
enough.

Kevin now looks up to thank her waving his page.

KEVIN

And thanks for ...

The front door is now closed. Chandice is gone.

Kevin clicks his open-teeth shut in a bad Jamaican accent.

KEVIN

Expect nuttin' from a' pig, but a'
grunt.

Kevin puts down pages, stands, gives a huge rhinoceros yawn, then stumbles forward toward the door.

INT. KEVIN'S APARTMENT - LATER

CAPTION: *Paradise Explored*

Kevin is sprawled-out dressed same face-down on the floor by the closed front door. *Knocking*. Kevin wakes, then stands disoriented, barely turns the door-handle and it's pushed open. Chandice, in Jamaican yoga-leggings, a flag tank-top, finger-less gloves, and green colored tennis shoes, fast-enters past him with a gleaming white-teeth smile.

CHANDICE

Skin dem teeth.

Kevin forces a painful fake smile, then closes front door.

CHANDICE

Go drown your not-funny facade.

Chandice sits at the table and types one letter.

Kevin sloppy-salutes and military step-turns to enter the bathroom. Sound of *splashing* water. He exits and freezes.

Chandice is gone with now a fifth pile of typed papers on the card-table. He reads its top page and is beyond shocked.

KEVIN

Now it's a Christian film?!
(reads more)
Well, that does save it.

Sound of toilet *flushing*. Kevin fans the air disgusted.

KEVIN

Jamaican alright.

Kevin looks at the bathroom door, then the front door, then the fifth pile of papers, and tilts his head.

KEVIN

How did she --?

The coffee-machine *dings* in agreement. Kevin looks at it.
Kevin goes to sip its cup, and is again impressed.

KEVIN
Babe, that's great!

Chandice pushes Kevin from behind knocking him forward.

CHANDICE
Never call me no "Babe"!

KEVIN
(spins to her angry)
Look you crazy coco, I don't care
how talented you are, nobody ...!

This is the first time we see Chandice vulnerable.

CHANDICE
Me do this every time.

KEVIN
"Do" what?

CHANDICE
Push feeling down, folk a-way.

KEVIN
Really? Well --I've got some
experience doing that me-self.

CHANDICE
Do you now?

KEVIN
My wife left me screaming "You're
empty inside!" So I tried writing
again, but she was right --again.
That's why I advertised. I need
help.

CHANDICE
Professional, yes.

KEVIN
Yes, and from what I've been
reading, I need --your help.

CHANDICE
Heartical?

KEVIN

Look you took my exposition and
expanded it in ways I never would.

Chandice looks starry-eyed at Kevin.

KEVIN

A female perspective is what it
needed, and you delivered --
(yawns hippo big)
big time.

Kevin yawns again. Chandice puts his coffee cup down.

CHANDICE

Cockroach --got no business onna'
dance floor.

Chandice leads Kevin to the couch-bed and pushes on his back.
He falls face-first onto it passing out.

Chandice sits at the typewriter, slides in a blank piece of
paper, thinks, EPIPHANY, then one-finger types one letter.

The coffee-machine *dings* in agreement.

INT. KEVIN'S APARTMENT - GUESS?

CAPTION: *Bhut Jolokia*

Kevin wakes still face-down, turns onto a side, sees his now
finished huge pile of manuscript papers on the card-table and
rolls off onto the floor in amazement. He climbs to standing,
goes to sit at the card-table, and reads script's top page.

KEVIN

She made our hero --Jamaican?

He reads the second page, then nods with bad Jamaican accent.

KEVIN

(*I-ree* means "cool")
Irie, mon --irie.

Three *knocks* on front door. Kevin grumbles shaking his head,
puts down his pages, goes to do a drum-roll on a floor-bongo
near the front door finishing with a dramatic single *thump*,
then opens the door, and is surprised he's surprised.

KEVIN

Where are you go --ing?

WOK-N-WOLL (O.S.)
Feels like nowhere, man.

Kevin steps back so WOK-N-WOLL, Asian male, 20s, casually dressed, with perfect English, step-enters to hold up a huge paper bag with the printed-label, *WOK-N-WOLL*.

KEVIN
Wok n' woll?

Kevin *snaps* his fingers in time to sing same 1960's lyrics.

KEVIN
"Is here to stay, think what you be
missin'!"
(*snap* finger-points)
Wait, let me guess?
(cheap Asian accent)
Fit-tee dolla'.

WOK-N-WOLL
Cut the cheap accent, it's rude and
racist, and you should know that
it's fifty dollars, plus tip!

Kevin again reaches for his non-existent wallet.

KEVIN
I didn't, I don't --?

Wok-N-Woll hands a receipt and pen to Kevin dismissive.

WOK-N-WOLL
Already charged by some Islander
babe.

Kevin puts a finger over lips frantic, *Shhhhh*, looking around.

Wok-N-Woll looks around the room too, concerned, still holding out his receipt and pen.

Kevin takes both, then reads the receipt, and is surprised.

KEVIN
I didn't know I had credit?!
(thinks, then nods)
Come to think of it, don't remember
the last time I ate?
(starts to sign receipt)
Five percent?

Kevin looks up. Wok-N-Woll glares. Kevin smiles apologetic.

KEVIN

Ten percent?

Kevin signs, and hands back both. Wok-N-Woll releases bag, then *snaps* his fingers modify-singing same song as he exits.

WOK-N-WOLL

"Wok 'n woll will always be,
your ticket to the end.
Today'll go down in history,
just you taste --my friend."

Wok-N-Woll warn-points at bag as he exits laughing until just his fingertips hang in the doorframe wiggling, *Bye-bye*.

Kevin looks out the door repeating their song's title.

KEVIN

"Wok and woll?"

Kevin closes the door and sits at the table sniffing the bag.

KEVIN

Mmmm, smells good.

Kevin opens bag on card-table, takes out a container having chopsticks, drops sticks and pulls out a plastic fork, then sits eating from paper container while reading new top page.

He stops reading to tilt his head puzzled, *WTF?* Kevin drops everything sprinting into the bathroom.

Sounds of Kevin *gulping* from its sink, then he exits panicky.

KEVIN

Mutha' Feedin' --?
(survival epiphany)
MILK!

Kevin runs to refrigerator and opens its door. It's a pig-sty inside of moldy containers. He grabs an open paper milk-carton and chugs, *gags* choking, then studies the carton.

KEVIN

I don't drink --*Buttermilk?*

Kevin shakes the carton listening to its lumpy-liquid *splashing*. He stares at it, then decides out of necessity.

KEVIN

Do now.

Kevin finishes the carton and drops it on the floor *sighing*.

KEVIN

No sane person would eat that?

CHANDICE (O.S.)

Kinda' bland.

Kevin spins to see Chandice now sits at the card-table devouring his same container, but now with the chopsticks.

KEVIN

Where'd you come from?

CHANDICE

(points sticks to bathroom)

Only two places to hide in here.

Telephone *rings*. Kevin answers it looking back at Chandice.

KEVIN

Yeah --where's the first?

No response. He picks up receiver. Other person is not heard.

KEVIN

Kevin Keep ... "I'm back?" What does that? ...What Rough Draft? ...I did, when?

(looks at Chandice)

I appreciate that ...Yeah, I know I said it was good ...So you liked it? ...Loved It?! ...When? Uh, when What? ...Oh, uh, should beeee --?

Chandice waves wild indicating, *Tomorrow*.

KEVIN

"Tomorrow?" ...Yeah, fine ...No, call me in the morning ...You're welcome --

(in a Brooklyn accent)

fogetaboutit.

Kevin hangs-up receiver staring at it.

KEVIN

I sure did.

(turns to Chandice)

Did you --?

CHANDICE

Bicycled over --

(gulp-swallows)

what I had.

KEVIN

Thank you for saving my ass.

Chandice noisy-slurps a long stem into her mouth.

Kevin is grossed-out.

KEVIN

How can you eat that stuff? My
throat feels like molten lava.

CHANDICE

Ghost Pepper excitin' life. Just
like me, Ghost Writer, excitin'
yours. Bet you wakey-wakey now-ow?

KEVIN

Have to be, that --
(points to her food)
would wake the dead.

CHANDICE

Don't tease a momma cow, her son,
might be a bull.

KEVIN

Look, I've been to Jamaica, and
I've never heard any of your --?

Chandice eats *slurping* as Kevin tilts his head thinking.

KEVIN

Have I?

Chandice *slurps* again. Kevin reaches for the new pages.

KEVIN

Ugh, you eat, I'll read.

TIME LAPSE:

Kevin stands reading. Both speed finish. She eats her last
bite as Kevin lays last page on top of the re-stacked others.

All the bag's containers now lie empty askew on card-table.

END TIME LAPSE.

CHANDICE

(belches manly)
Well?

KEVIN

Well done. Can we finish tomorrow?

CHANDICE

"We" --Kemosabe? Been ridin' solo
so far, paleface.

KEVIN

Which is why I need to saddle-up or
this all --
(waves hand over pages)
will be yours.

CHANDICE

"All" ready tis.

KEVIN

"Tis" what?

CHANDICE

What sent over, my name, she be on.

KEVIN

What, that wasn't part of our deal!

CHANDICE

Dealer Change --
("clearing of hands")
when you go Rip Van Winkly.

KEVIN

Divorced, depressed, dejected, and
destitute --all the D's for sure,
but that does not give you the
right to ...!

CHANDICE

"To" What?! Write somethin' you
wouldn't? Deliver on a promise, you
couldn't?

Chandice wags her finger back and forth in warning.

CHANDICE

Put clothes on your argument.

KEVIN

(translates angry)
Show you respect?!
(puzzled query)
Was this your plan all along --to
take over?

CHANDICE

For years, mon.

KEVIN

Oh, so like any predator, you wait
for signs of distress then ...

CHANDICE

Duppy know who to frighten.

KEVIN

(translates confused)
A ghost --knows who to scare?
Bitch!

CHANDICE

Bastard! So?

KEVIN

So I won't let you steal it!

CHANDICE

Half a' somethin', better than all
a' nuttin'.

KEVIN

If --we had agreed.

CHANDICE

We did.

KEVIN

What? When?!

CHANDICE

All in my letter.

KEVIN

I never got any G, D, letter!

CHANDICE

Put in snail-mail me-self.

KEVIN

What! When?

CHANDICE

Fortnight.

KEVIN

Two weeks! You've only been here a
couple of --nothing you say, makes
any sense?

CHANDICE

'Cept on rollin' paper.

KEVIN

No question, you're good there.

CHANDICE

Then question, why a letter?

KEVIN

What F'n Letter?!

CHANDICE

(shakes head disgusted)
We grine now, fight later.
(stabs a finger warning)
No try me patience, bad juju fo'
you if ya' do.

Kevin is frozen with his mouth open in awe.

CHANDICE

Fish-mouth shaped that way --to get
caught.

Chandice stands to lift his jaw with two fingers and close it, then moves her hand up in front of his face and back down closing his eyelids. She pushes on his chest with same hand until Kevin falls backwards onto the couch-mattress. Chandice nods once, then turns back smiling to Break the Fourth Wall.

CHANDICE

Yu shake a man han, you no shake
his heart.

Kevin sleep-mumbles translating.

KEVIN

Appearances --can be deceiving?

INT. KEVIN'S APARTMENT - WHO CARES? THE COFFEE MACHINE DO.

CAPTION: *The Quadrille*

Kevin is still flat on his back dressed same with knees bent and feet on floor.

The coffee-machine's bell *dings* like an alarm-clock.

Kevin sits straight up, then stumbles to and opens the refrigerator.

FRIDGE INSERT: Inside of refrigerator is now sparkling-clean with only a single new paper milk-carton centered in it. Carton almost has an angel's aurora around it.

Kevin closes the refrigerator puzzled.

KEVIN

She cleaned, and went shopping?
What are we --married?

He makes a horrible expression, then *farts* a Chinese dragon.

Chandice spell-yells from inside the bathroom.

CHANDICE (O.S.)

You're a P, I, G --Pig!

KEVIN

Might as well be.

Kevin picks up full coffee cup going to the card-table, reads something on it upside-down, then drops his coffee cup again.

UPSIDE-DOWN POV ROTATES 180° TO REVEAL: Script's title page only has one author's name on it, "Chandice Caché."

Kevin looks around in anger, then sees a steak-knife's handle under the mail-pile on card-table. He pulls the knife out, examines it evil-smiling, then furrows his brow now seeing something else in the pile. A small pink envelope peeks out.

Kevin pulls out pink envelope to read its front "Kevin Keep Once Famous Author" written in female-cursive with a canceled Jamaican-stamp, but with no street address. He uses his knife to open the envelope and pulls out a *Get Yourself Well Mon* greeting-card. He reads its inside inscription out loud.

KEVIN

"Just when a caterpillar thought
its world would be ending, she
become a beautiful butterfly."

Kevin stares at his knife with a crazed-look, then stalks to the open bathroom door with a *Jack Nicholson* announcement.

KEVIN

Herrrrrrrrre's --Kevin!

Kevin enters the bathroom, then asks inside confused.

KEVIN (O.S.)

Why do you keep pointing at the G,
D, mirror?
(incredulous beat)
NOOOOOOOOOOO --?!

The telephone *rings*. Kevin's scream continues over it.

INT. OUTSIDE KEVIN'S BATHROOM - TWILIGHT ZONE TIME

CAPTION: *Two's Company*

Kevin exits bathroom trance-like now with same steak-knife stabbed into his own bleeding shoulder. He shuffles past the *ringing* phone, turns in a daze, picks up its receiver, clears throat, and answers in Chandice's exact voice.

KEVIN (AS CHANDICE)
Ev'ry dawg have his day, ev'ry
puss, her tomorrow.

Chandice exits bathroom, turns off its light, closes door, and leans against its wall folding her arms nodding happy.

Kevin smiles at her finally at peace. Chandice smiles back.

Sound of toilet *flushing* again.

Both look at each other confused, then slowly at the door.

The bathroom light *clicks* on showing under its bottom edge.

Both snap their heads down looking at the door's bottom.

Under the door's bottom can be seen bare feet *splashing* through overflowing toilet water walking towards it.

Door's handle turns and door begins to open.

CUT TO BLACK.

Sound of door's hinges haunted-mansion *creaking* open.

FADE OUT.