

EXT. HARRIET'S BACKYARD - NIGHT.

HARRIET, PRUDENCE, and CHEYENNE are sitting in Harriet's backyard in yellow camping chairs as Cheyenne dutifully rolls a blunt. Near her chair is a backpack that she has removed her infamous "smoke kit". She pulls out a medium rolling tray, wraps, a small sharp knife, and (of course) a sack of marijuana.

Harriet is a dark skinned woman from South Georgia wearing a Brooks County High School t-shirt. Attractive, smart, curvy, and has a very down-to-earth approach to how she handles things. Her hair is big, natural, and GAWGEOUS.

Prudence is a plus-sized (she calls herself full-bodied) brown girl of Caribbean and Black American descent. She grew up in South Cobb County with her mother and twin siblings. Although she is originally from Queens, Atlanta has her heart. She is wearing her business casual work clothes and taken off her shoes to put her feet in the grass. She loves Jesus, weed, Beres Hammond, and trap music.

Cheyenne is your quintessential teacher's teacher. She is positive and chipper but doesn't play any games about the work she does. She is curvy and very well put-together. Her family is of Gullah descent in South Carolina but she grew up on the Westside in Bankhead where her father is a preacher and mother is a teacher.

Harriet moves her chair so she is sitting evenly between Prudence and Cheyenne. Prudence and Cheyenne exchange knowing glances at one another in the midst of Cheyenne dutifully rolling a blunt on a small rolling tray she has pulled out of her self-named "Smoke Kit" from her backpack.

Hattie cuts her eyes knowing what was to come.

HARRIET

Shut up.

The two other women immediately start roasting.

PRUDENCE

You're a serial killer. FOR SURE!

CHEYENNE

FOR SURE!

Hattie rolls her eyes.

HARRIET

I'm not doing this with ya'll
hoes today.

CHEYENNE

Oh we hoes now. I'm sure Ted
Bundy had some hoe ass friends
too.

Prudence places her hand on Harriet's knee with fake
concern and kindness

PRUDENCE

It's ok Dexter. Really. This is
a safe space.

Harriet kisses her teeth and pushes
Prudence 's hand away. Cheyenne continues
her task and Prudence pretends to be
offended.

PRUDENCE

(gasps)
Ugh! Bitch, I was going to help
you bury the bodies.

CHEYENNE

(without looking up still
busy with rolling)
But closed mouths don't get fed.

Cheyenne completed finishing touches for her perfectly
pearled blunt. Harriet puts her hand to her chest
touched by her two best friends.

HARRIET

Y'all would do that for me?

The two nod with a "duh" expression.

CHEYENNE & PRUDENCE

(at the same time)

Of course!

Bitch, duh!

PRUDENCE

I mean as long as you're using your proclivity to get niggas out the paint to help people. I don't see the problem. Like, what's one less pedophile in the world? A favor! Ok?

CHEYENNE

Right! Just make sure you keep a bonnet in the car because my wigs are human hair and I don't need them smelling like flesh. K? Thanks.

Harriet punches her fist into her hand emphatically to punctuate her sincerity and faux tears in her voice.

HARRIET

My bitches are so LOYAL!

Prudence and Cheyenne look at each other exchanging an instantaneous joke telepathically.

CHEYENNE

So you are, in fact, a serial killer.

PRUDENCE

Yep.

Harriet puts up two forceful middle fingers for her friends on each side of her. Prudence moves her finger out the way leaning forward to see Cheyenne's status.

PRUDENCE

Gah damn Shy! You ain't done rolling yet?

Cheyenne looks over in slow motion at Prudence peering over her cat-eye glasses. Harriet is patting down her body looking for something.

CHEYENNE

First of all, BEEN done. Second, I know your slow rolling ass ain't talkin Pru.

HARRIET

Can't talk and roll for shit.

PRUDENCE

Oh ok. This what we doin. A nigga gives you pleasant engaging conversation and now she the "slow roller" out the crew.

Perfection takes TIME and MINDFULNESS.

Prudence notices Harriet checking her body and surroundings.

PRUDENCE

(looking around herself)

Hattie. What are you lookin' for?

Harriet excitedly looks in her shirt and unveils her treasure from her bra.

HARRIET

Ah ha! Found it.

She hands the lighter over to Cheyenne.

CHEYENNE

Oooo! It's all warmed up for me and shit.

HARRIET

Cuz I know how you like your lighter warm bae.

Harriet and Cheyenne share a small moment where they tickle/spirit fingers the others' hands with chipmunk noises.

PRUDENCE

Y'all so romantic. We got intimacy and shit.

Cheyenne sparks up with the blunt between her fingers. She ceremoniously takes a deep inhale, closes her eyes allowing the smoke to fill her lungs, holds it briefly and releases a series of coughs that makes the others smile. Harriet and Prudence each look at her amused.

HARRIET

Oh yuh?

PRUDENCE
Hittin' like dat?

Cheyenne starts shaking her head back and forth taken aback by her masterpiece.

CHEYENNE
Oh. That. Shit. Hittin'.

She hits the blunt again in the same way. This time ending with a lighter cough. She passes to Harriet.

Harriet sits back with her eyes closed. One arm is rested across her ribcage while the elbow of her other rests on its hand; the hand she is holding the blunt with. She takes a long drag, breathes it in deeply, holds, and releases her smoke. She takes another hit. A smile creeps on her face.

Cheyenne smiles while nodding at her knowingly. Harriet smiles back nodding in return.

CHEYENNE
Mm hmm?

HARRIET
Mm hmm.

Prudence leans forward speculatively.

PRUDENCE
Mm hmmmmmm?

Harriet looks at Prudence

HARRIET
Mmm. Hmm.

Harriet takes her next puff and passes the blunt to Prudence. Prudence takes her turn inspects the blunt impressed.

PRUDENCE
(blows out the smoke)
Okay!

Cheyenne makes a gesture to suggest she is talented with a pop of her mouth.

CHEYENNE
But do you see me or you just lookin?

PRUDENCE

Sis, I see you. You are seen.
Like you shined so bright on
this blizzy I might just have to
take another puff.

Cheyenne does hands to suggest she insists Prudence take another pull - despite the second pull being inevitable anyway. Prudence takes another pull slowly, leaning her head back with eyes closed. She releases the smoke slowly while opening her eyes and bringing her head down.

HARRIET

Whew. So you obviously had a
day. Let me get mine out the
way. Clients were great. Waxed
pussy and assholes per usual. I
mothered a lot. Wifed a little.
Overall, two thumbs up.

Harriet grins big with two thumbs up in the air.

Prudence passes the blunt to Harriet to pass back to Cheyenne. They have a rhythm.

Cheyenne readjusts in her seat.

CHEYENNE

So...same.

I feel like this is gonna be
REALLY good.

Umm...yall know my school hood
as fuck so I love it. The
district is wil'in and I'm proud
to say that my most elderly
teacher is finally calling her
computer mouse a "mouse" and not
a "hamster because she thought
the roller on it was, and I
quote, "like a cute little
hamster wheel". Life of a tech
coach.

PRUDENCE

And what was her name again? I
mean her first name.

CHEYENNE
Agatha. Agatha Mitchells.

Prudence immediately starts shaking her head - saying no using various cadences of "mm mm".

HARRIET
Oh no. Not Agatha.

Cheyenne nods her head violently with her hands in the air like "see?"

Prudence can no longer hold in her concern.

PRUDENCE
Nope! Absolutely thee entire fuck not. WHAT? Agatha sounds like she ain't hearin' none of that shit.

You think Agatha Christie was going to let you tell her she need to use her computer instead of her typewriter?

Lightbulb high moment.

When was Agatha Christie born?

Prudence starts patting herself for her phone. Cheyenne and Harriet hold their phones up ready.

HARRIET
Need a fact check?

CHEYENNE
Already on it. Hey Google. When was Agatha...Christie?

HARRIET
Yup.

Prudence just nods.

CHEYENNE
...born

Google reports the results.

GOOGLE

Agatha Christie was born
September 15, 1890...

PRUDENCE

Ah. A virgo. Serial killer.
Figures.

HARRIET

Slander.

PRUDENCE

You'll be fine. We said we'd
help if you need it and it's a
good cause, remember?

Harriet swivels/nods her head as though to say "true".

Back to Ms. Agatha...and I'm sure
you address her as Ms., right?
Because anything else would feel
like disrespecting your granny,
am I right?

CHEYENNE

We already call one another by
our professional names but if we
worked in any other setting,
most DEFINITELY a good and
naaaasty Ms. Agatha. We don't
even shorten Mrs. to Ms. with
her. She is MISSES MITCHELLS.

PRUDENCE

A bad bitch.

HARRIET

A!
BAD!
BITCH!

CHEYENNE

THE BADDEST BITCH. Like...the
power! You got the whole staff
in check and you didn't even
demand it.

PRUDENCE

That's powerful.

I bet she eat high vibrational
foods n'shit.

CHEYENNE

Oooo! I think Mrs. Mitchells IS
vegetarian.

PRUDENCE

Boop! I knew it.

HARRIET

Yaaasssss Mrs. Mitchells! You
better!

PRUDENCE

In that school with all that
wisdom.

HARRIET

Ancient wisdom.

They all start to stifle erupting chuckles.

CHEYENNE

Ancient.

She gives in.

She old as fuuuuuccck. Great
teacher.
But as fucccccck.

PRUDENCE

And you supposed to teach a bad
bitch named Mrs. Mitchells with
a 1890 first name the basics of
computer hardware?

I hate to have to turn on a
fellow baddie but where was she
during Windows 95? Like...she
was clearly here.

HARRIET

(nonchalantly)
A long ass time.

CHEYENNE

A long ass muhfuckin time.

But, like I said, she IS a dope
ass educator. She may not know
computers but she knows these
damn kids.

Harriet scrolls through her phone looking for music.

HARRIET

Lemme find a Mrs. Mitchells
joint real quick.

PRUDENCE

Oooo! What would a Mrs.
Mitchells like?

We going back or back back?

HARRIET

Back back only feels right.

Ray?

CHEYENNE

Charles? She ain't that old.

Cheyenne has a lightbulb moment.

GLADYS!

HARRIET & PRUDENCE

GLAAAAAADDDDDYS!

CHEYENNE

(snaps her fingers)

Aretha! You know she love some
Aretha.

HARRIET & PRUDENCE

Areeeethhha!

HARRIET

Sho' do. They old name twins.

PRUDENCE
AND Mrs. Mitchells most
certainly calls her 'Retha.

Prudence changes her voice to sound like an older woman
making the ugly good music face.

Ooo shit. Yall hear my girl
'Retha on the radio.

Prudence jumps back to herself.

Oooooo yall. We used to listen
to the radio. Dammmmmnnn.

CHEYENNE
(sings loudly)
CHRIS LUVA LUVA AND POOOON
DADDDDDYYYYY

Prudence executes a vicious body roll. She then looks at
Harriet confused why she hasn't participated.

HARRIET
Y'all forget all the time that
I'm not from Atlanta. I just
live here.

CHEYENNE
Facts.

Prudence nods.

HARRIET
You forgot our names are Harriet
and Prudence?

And Pru is cute. Girl, I get as
cute as Hattie.

PRUDENCE
(sweetly)
Awww but we love your name
Hattie Mayonnaise.

"Bourgie...Bourgie" by Gladys Knight & The Pips begins to
play.

The girls jig.

PRUDENCE
That ain't 'Retha.

CHEYENNE
Isn't. Bourgie Bourgie felt
like the right choice for Mrs.
Mitchell.

The crew begin to crescendo into a full jig as they
listen to Gladys & The Pips jam.

HARRIET
Excellent choice Shy. That shit
hard.

CHEYENNE
Hard as fuck.

PRUDENCE nods in agreement.

CHEYENNE
(adjusts to look at Prudence)

So about your day?

HARRIET
(also readjusts to look at
Prudence)

Yes, your day.

PRUDENCE
(takes a deep breath)

My day... My. Day.

Prudence takes a series of breaths while trying to find
the words to begin.

Aight so boom. Remember the big
proposal I was working on for
the last three months for that
huge system upgrade bid?

(they nod)
Well, we got it.

Harriet and Cheyenne squeal in congratulations.

Not so motherfucking fast
sistrens.

They look at her wondering what could be the problem.

Prudence takes a deep breath very clearly annoyed.

We landed the contract for the project but guess who won't be leading it?

HARRIET

Ain't no way.

CHEYENNE

What the fuck? WHY?!

PRUDENCE

Our CFO's son finally graduated with his degree. Ask me what his degree is in...

(she repeats herself tightly)

ASK ME WHAT HIS DEGREE IS IN?

CHEYENNE

(nervously)

What's his degree in?

She braces for the explosion.

PRUDENCE

(angrily)

DISRUPTION. His degree is in FUCKING DISRUPTION.

HARRIET

Bitch, what?

PRUDENCE

Oh, you heard me correctly. He went college for 8 and a half years to study DISRUPTION my nigga.

Catch this. His capstone paper was on the impact of using the hashtag hashtag.

HARRIET

What was the hashtag?

PRUDENCE
(whispers)

Hashtag.

CHEYENNE
Shut up.

PRUDENCE
Disruption.

(takes another deep
cleansing breath)

I am really trying to gather
myself so I can present this to
ya'll logically but
...DISRUPTION.

I'm not an education snob. AT
ALL. My degree is in Psychology
for crying out but this Masters
in Information Systems
Management, various
certifications, and the many
project proposals I helped land
say - Guess what bitch?

I AM FIT TO LEAD.

HARRIET
Hell yeah.

PRUDENCE
And this man-boy whose only
professional experience outside
of the basic certification his
father clearly coaxed him into
getting is as secretary and food
& beverage coordinator of his
frat.

Oh and by food and bev, I mean
he did liquor runs.

(in a mocking surfer voice)

CHI PHI CHI...TILL I DIE. DUDE.

CHEYENNE

You did say something, right?
We always talk about how Black
women need to advocate for
ourselves even when it's
uncomfortable.

PRUDENCE

I tried. I really did. I took
Bill aside right after he
announced it...

Harriet interrupts.

HARRIET

Fucking. Bill.

CHEYENNE

On God I can't stand that nigga.

PRUDENCE

Ugh! It wouldn't be so bad if he
would actually advocate for his
team. Top floor says jump...he
has us build the diving board to
jump into an empty pool.

He has this way of acknowledging
the unfairness so it takes your
power before you can call it
out.

And of course...

CHEYENNE

You get stuck being the bitch
about it.

PRUDENCE

A Black one.

CHEYENNE

Damn.

PRUDENCE

It's frustrating to have to constantly be the one to point out how ridiculous their decisions are.

Enter. Me. The troublemaker. Quietly accused of being too direct or INFLEXIBLE of all things to be called with PROJECT FUCKING DEADLINES but anything less doesn't get shit done.

HARRIET

So you're off the project completely?

PRUDENCE

Worse. He goes on and on about me being such an invaluable asset and cornerstone to landing the bid to ask me to be Chi Phi Kyle's second.

HARRIET

No.

PRUDENCE

Yes.

HARRIET

Oh, that's some bullshit. So what does being his "second" mean exactly?

PRUDENCE

It means that truthfully, I'm leading the team but my yes isn't a yes without his yes.

CHEYENNE

Fuck.

PRUDENCE

Fuck indeed my niggalishas.

I keep my sanity knowing these bids we land are going into my portfolio but, bruh, even when I finally go elsewhere, shit like this is EVERY FUCKING WHERE.

Cheyenne relights the blunt and hands it to Prudence.

CHEYENNE

Here. You deserve.

Prudence accepts and takes a long gold medal worthy puff.

There she go!

Prudence takes another hit and passes the blunt to Cheyenne.

PRUDENCE

I just... ugh!

A Bachelors, a Masters, hours
away from my PM cert, and system
certifications but Dude Where's
My Car is MY project lead.

Wild.

HARRIET

(takes puff)

I expect this type of shit in
Quitman not Atlanta.

PRUDENCE

Still Georgia.

CHEYENNE

And still nigga.

(jams)

This is America.

HARRIET

Facts.

PRUDENCE

It's so easy to be fooled by the
perimeter. Everything inside
285 will have you thinking
you're NOT on the southside of
the Confederacy.

The girls laugh.

The gag is my company is
progressive af but that damn
leadership has our one Black VP
lookin' like a bowl of chili.

CHEYENNE

Even Black ass Atlanta has a
ways to go.

So what you gon' do?

PRUDENCE

What you mean?

CHEYENNE

Work?

PRUDENCE contemplates very briefly.

PRUDENCE

Work.

CHEYENNE

AH. Staying on brand.

PRUDENCE

Staying paid my nigga. Fuck you
talmbout?

HARRIET

Word.

CHEYENNE

Felt that.

PRUDENCE

To be honest though? We getting
more and more Black faces in
tech. Credential heavy YOUNG
Black faces. If I let shit like
this define how I move - what
about them?

HARRIET

Heavy is the head...

I get it.

PRUDENCE

The relationships I build
position me to bring alotta
people along...our people.
Especially on big projects like
this.

CHEYENNE

I'm trying to explain to these
teachers how important it is for
these kids to start getting
these tech skills early. It
ain't clickin tho.

HARRIET

I know. I'm trying to do my
best with everything ya'll talk
about. I got the kids those
Raspberry Pis to work on while
watching coding and programming
tutorials...ended up getting
myself one because they were
enjoying it so much.

PRUDENCE

I didn't know you got yourself
one! I would but...work is
enough for now.

Plus, I love data analytics.
Even though I work in migrations
and upgrades, data is my BABY.

(fantasizes
inappropriately)

I'm sorry what?

You want to know how a tsunami
in Idaho affected swimming pool
sales and use that to forecast
the next 10 years?

You're so naughty.

The girls all laugh commenting on how weird Prudence is
while passing the blunt to the next person.

CHEYENNE

Man I wish we had funding to add
those devices to the curriculum.
It would be a game changer for

our kids!

HARRIET

And they weren't that expensive.

CHEYENNE

Oh I know but you can't tell the district offices that shit.

HARRIET

And the parents?

CHEYENNE

The three schools I cover are about 99% free lunch.

PRUDENCE

About 99%?

CHEYENNE

I would say 100% but that wouldn't be true...some are reduced lunch and a very tiny percent make over the poverty threshold so those kids pay full price.

HARRIET

(knowingly)

So if they can't afford \$2 for lunch, who spending money on a blank mini computer?

CHEYENNE

Right.

But let's also be clear. A lot of those kids are fresh as fuck coming to school. I would give a bunch of excuses but you got on Hurachi's and no school supplies first day of school my nigga.

Like...oo my baby gonna be fresh as fuck the first day of school. Fuck a pencil. Notebook paper for what? Aight.

PRUDENCE

Yikes.

CHEYENNE

Yep.

PRUDENCE

This is why I want to get into those executive meetings. We need to be in those rooms so bad. Imagine being able to get these multi-billion dollar tech companies to sponsor entire school districts!

Cultivate the talent you seek. You want more diversity in your product sales, get more diversity in your product development team.

It starts with these kids.

HARRIET

You said something with that. Riri showed me a video where some teen influencers were boycotting because even though they set the trends, the white kids are getting endorsement checks for it.

If we can be so influential on these apps, imagine knowing how to create them.

PRUDENCE

A joog!

Oh we high high. We always start talking big shit.

Like...bitch we smart. Informed or whatever.

CHEYENNE

I believe the children are the future faceass.

HARRIET looks at her smartwatch and makes a sound effect that let's you know she is irritated.

HARRIET

(into the smart watch)

You have a father...period.

She looks at the girls.

My children live in a two-parent home and yet, they're asking me, the parent outside, during "me time"..

(air quotes)

...where is the remote? Make it make sense Jesus.

She checks her smartwatch and speaks loudly into it.

Your father...period. You have one...period. He lives inside the same house as you...period. Ask him...exclamation point.

The girls shake their head chuckling knowingly at their friend while passing the blunt in rotation.

HARRIET throws up both hands and looks to the sky.

But I love them Lord.

PRUDENCE

And wouldn't have it any other way.

HARRIET

Wouldn't.

HARRIET looks at her smartwatch again.

Ugh! Really?

She speaks into the watch.

Tell your children to look for it...period. I'm off-duty...period.

She looks at her friends.

Anyways.

She looks at the watch again.

I know you can hear me in the basement...period. Ask me if I care ...period.

CHEYENNE

A mom. A wife. A business
owner!

Look at my favorite bitch
wearing all these hats.

Fedora...snapback...kangols..

HARRIET

Speaking of Kangols. Guess who
tried to wear one on date night.

CHEYENNE

NO!

Harriet looks at her smartwatch and her
face erupts in a sinister smile.

HARRIET

My husband is very upset.

I am pleased.

CHEYENNE

But a Kangol, my G? For why?

PRUDENCE

To be fair, we were wearing them
joints fashionably in our late
teens, early twenties then it
flipped to old nigga fashions.
Full circle?

HARRIET & CHEYENNE

No.

HARRIET

We are getting older but we're
going to leave Kangols with
monochromatic Dickey suits, hair
bubble looking jewelry, sneaker
pumps, and gauchos.

CHEYENNE

(shocked)

I LOVED MY SNEAKER PUMPS.

PRUDENCE

I LOVED MY GAUCHOS!

HARRIET

I did too but how much do you hate the photos you took now?

CHEYENNE

Fair.

PRUDENCE

Fuck that. I'd still buy some gauchos. TO THIS DAY!

HARRIET

In public?

PRUDENCE

The ones we used to wear?

No. In the house. I had a furious wedgie but they were so comfy.

Used to look like my booty cheeks was trying to keep a secret.

The other two girls snicker as they remember Prudence in her gauchos.

CHEYENNE

Man, I wore my sneaker pumps with everything I could.

I only retired them because Good and Mookie were roastin' and dared me to eastside stomp in them and I fell into the foam pit at the Kappa party.

Now, Harriet and Prudence erupt in laughter as Cheyenne recalls in shame.

Hurt my lil heart to let them go. They were some bangers.

Harriet gets another notification, shows it to Prudence and the two laugh again.

What?

Prudence catches her breath.

Good said and your ass almost drowned. They had to find you

in the foam and the only way
they found you was because your
Air Force Nones was pokin' out.

CHEYENNE

Kappas knew they were wrong for
using thick ass palmolive in the
foam machine.

The women laugh - even Cheyenne. Shit was
funny dammit.

HARRIET

They were. I remember when we
got home and as soon as the
water hit my body? Suds.
Everywhere.

PRUDENCE

I'm surprised Good ain't say
nothing just now.

HARRIET

Oh he did. I'm just not looking
at whatever filth is in there.
I'll see him later.

CHEYENNE

Bad bitch.

Harriet does a small bow and looks at her phone again.

HARRIET

(in a hushed voice and slight smile)

You can prove it later.

Prudence and Cheyenne look disgusted.

PRUDENCE

Ew.

HARRIET

How long we been friends? Y'all
are friends with me AND Good.
You KNOW us. And y'all encourage
most of it!

CHEYENNE

Makes it no less disgusting.

HARRIET

Ya'll used to walk me across the

yard to Good and Mookie's dorm room and it wasn't for me to study.

PRUDENCE

Still yuck.

And we are only friends with Good on Tuesdays and alternating Thursdays.

It's our duty to make sure you have "you" time.

CHEYENNE

(loudly towards the house)

Yeah, F*ck that n*gga!

PRUDENCE

(same energy)

F*ck em!

Two elderlineals with elderly names. Harriet and Thurgood. A match made in heaven.

Very promptly, Harriet receives another message on her smartwatch.

HARRIET

Good said "F*ck you both and your stankin ass girl time. Don't nobody care even though...

(flicks the message up to continue reading)

We all supposed to be best friends equally and I'm stuck in the house looking for a remote that either the couch or our children ate.

CHEYENNE

Tough shit Thurgood.

Love you!

Harriet checks her watch.

HARRIET
(reads)

Love your ugly ass too .

Prudence has a high moment and looks at Cheyenne.

PRUDENCE

I was going to ask why you know so much about hats but I forgot you went through a serious hat phase.

HARRIET

Very serious. I still have my Von Dutch hat she got me when I crossed.

CHEYENNE

You do? Omg! I have mine too.

PRUDENCE

I have mine too.

CHEYENNE

Wait, you still have your hat I got you when you crossed?

PRUDENCE

Uh, yeah? Why are you so surprised?

HARRIET

Because you never wore 'nalia.

PRUDENCE

So? I still treasured it. It's in my Cabinet of Many Treasures.

CHEYENNE

That's so sweet Pru! I never noticed it in there!

PRUDENCE

It is. It meant a lot to me even though I'm not much of a nalia person.

Prudence checks her phone and replies to a text. Harriet notices Prudence smiling at her phone while texting.

HARRIET

Um. Who got you smiling like
that in your phone?

PRUDENCE

Hm?

CHEYENNE

Don't act. You heard her.

She looks around confused.

PRUDENCE

How y'all know I'm not talking
to my mama?

CHEYENNE

Because you get real Jamaican
when you talk to you mama..even
with text.

You either tell us what she said
in her voice or fuss about what
she said...in her voice.

PRUDENCE

Boooooooo.

HARRIET

Boo hell.

Must be one of your hoes.

CHEYENNE crosses her arms across her chest with a pout
like a brat.

CHEYENNE

You never tell us about your
hoes.

PRUDENCE

Because your hoes are way more
interesting.

HARRIET

Shy, your hoe-tales are epic.

CHEYENNE

I mean. I be living.

HARRIET

LIVING FRIEND!

CHEYENNE

What can I say? I love all my
hoes and my hoes love me back.

PRUDENCE

That they do.

HARRIET

You always do that!

PRUDENCE

(innocently)

Do what?

HARRIET

Move the conversation away from
your love life!

CHEYENNE

Dammit! You're right. She did
it again.

PRUDENCE

That's because nothing has
changed.

When someone is worth talking
about, I'll talk about them.
Until then?

(she shrugs)

CHEYENNE

That's boring but at least
you're consistent.

HARRIET

Fair.

The women start rummaging through their things to pack
up.

Well, my phone has gone off
SEVERAL more times.

CHEYENNE

Yeah, I'm going to finish up
this presentation for our

in-service tomorrow.

PRUDENCE

And I'm going to mind my
business on a bearded face.

HARRIET

Gasp.

Yasss.

The ladies have folded their chairs. They give one
another hugs.

PRUDENCE

Aight. Love y'all

HARRIET & CHEYENNE

Love you too.

Love you my n*gga.

HARRIET checks her watch.

HARRIET

The kids say they love you and
to bring snacks next time.

PRUDENCE

I'm not bringing no damn Taki's.

CHEYENNE

Yes, we are.

PRUDENCE

You right.

I'll see y'all later.

FADE OUT:

