

THINGS PEOPLE DO

Written By

Jamal W. Hankins

FADE IN:

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

A cramped hole cluttered with boxes and old furniture.

Needles of a TATTOO-GUN rake across flesh.

An unkempt Tattoo-Artist labors over a women's bare back.

The woman, straddling a chair, topless, is CHRISTINE: Black female, arms covered in tattoos, a foul-mouthed Goth loner.

The Artist wipes her down, shoves a mirror in her face.

She scowls at him, takes the mirror, and uses it to analyze her new BACK PIECE in the reflection of a standing mirror.

Sharp lines of ink etch a giant BLACK PHOENIX to her flesh.

With wings spread, it covers her ENTIRE BACK with a trail of fire and smoke swirling down her spine to her tail bone.

CHRISTINE (V.O.)  
From the ashes...

INT. LEGACY (WOMEN'S RESTROOM STALL)

SHANNA: White female, a well-to-do family jewel, VOMITS her dinner and last couple drinks into a stained toilet.

SHANNA  
Oh...God!

She staggers out to a sink, leans in squinting at her reflection in the mounted mirror, and notices a spatter of

VOMIT IN HER HAIR.

SHANNA (CONT'D)  
Ewww! Shit!

She turns on the faucet, starts to wash it out.

The restroom door opens and her best-friend slithers in.

CANDICE: Latin female, a vivacious two-faced seductress.

She pauses at Shanna hunched over the sink.

CANDICE  
You okay, sweetie?

SHANNA

Yeah...NO! I got vomit in my hair.

Candice busts out laughing.

CANDICE

No way!

SHANNA

It's not funny! Don't You have some breath spray or something?

CANDICE

I'm not laughing at you, sweetie.  
I'm laughing at the situation.

She opens her little black handbag, spotting a small tube of BREATH SPRAY, then she closes the bag with a sharp smile.

CANDICE (CONT'D)

Looks like I forgot it. Sorry.

SHANNA

Shit. Great. Thanks, Dice.

CANDICE

Awww, no more kissy-kissy for you?

INT. LEGACY (V.I.P. SECTION)

Booming music, model-bred women drunk off top-shelf alcohol.

Two Black males occupy a table over-looking the club floor.

ROBERT: a born-again ghetto-escapee, nurses a drink.

The other, street-slick in a sharp suite, devours women with a hungry gaze as they saunter pass in scandalous wear.

STREET-SLICK

Yo, man, where those chicks go?

Robert eyes Street-Slick with simmering disdain.

ROBERT

Shanna's my girl, not a chick.

STREET-SLICK

My bad. No disrespect. So, what about Candice? She a gold-digger? A freak? What she about?

ROBERT  
She's here with you, right? What  
are you asking me for?

Street-Slick glares, nerve-struck.

STREET-SLICK  
What's with the attitude?

Robert measures him evenly.

ROBERT  
Attitude?

STREET-SLICK  
Yeah, like I'm annoying you.  
Remember, we in VIP because of me!

ROBERT  
Duly Noted.

He sips his drink, indifferently.

CANDICE (O.S.)  
Hey, fellas! Sorry we took so long.

Candice and Shanna slide into their seats.

CANDICE (CONT'D)  
Ya'll playing nice?

STREET-SLICK  
Nah, your boy here got problem.

Shanna searches Robert's face.

SHANNA  
What's wrong?

ROBERT  
Apparently, we're in VIP and I'm  
not kissing his ass. All these  
women, and he needs my attention?

Street-Slick jumps from his seat knocking over glasses.

STREET-SLICK  
Look, you and your chick can go!

Robert grins, downs his drink, turns to Shanna.

ROBERT  
Ready?

INT. DORMITORY (HALLWAY)

Christine reaches her room.

Slow Music plays through the door.

She tries the knob--LOCKED.

She searches her messenger bag, finds her key, and--

The door SWINGS open--

Christine's roommate rushes out, slamming the door behind her, with a breathless smile.

LIAN: Asian female, a behind the bleachers sneaky-freak.

LIAN  
Hey, Christine! How are you?

Christine cock's a suspicious eyebrow.

LIAN (CONT'D)  
I..I'm tutoring...

Christine's gaze falls upon Lian's unbuttoned blouse.

LIAN (CONT'D)  
Don't you have to go to work?

CHRISTINE  
Not 'til 10.

Lian takes Christine by the arm and leads her from the door.

LIAN  
Can't you go in early?

CHRISTINE  
Why would I do that?

LIAN  
Please, do me this one favor!

Christine frowns.

LIAN (CONT'D)  
Come on! I'm begging you!

CHRISTINE  
Fucking humans! I swear!

She storms off down the hallway.

LIAN  
Great! I owe you one!

CHRISTINE  
Won't hold my breath.

LIAN  
Cool, see you later. Thank you!

She rushes back into the room, slams the door.

CHRISTINE  
Yeah, whatever. Fuck you!

INT. LEGACY (CLUB FLOOR)

CANDICE  
Look, ya'll don't have to go.

Vexed disappointment wrinkles her brow.

SHANNA  
It's all right. We had fun.

CANDICE  
Yeah, right.

SHANNA  
Besides, his mind's made up.

She eyes Robert patiently waiting a few steps away.

SHANNA (CONT'D)  
I'm not feeling too well anyway.  
Think I over did it a little.

CANDICE  
Yeah? Vomit much?

Street-Slick approaches frustrated.

ANTHONY  
Yo, Candice, come on!

Candice whips around sneering at him.

CANDICE  
You just wait! Don't rush me!

Street-Slick backs off, flustered.

SHANNA  
You going to be okay with him?