

ERIC

"The Man Who Knew Doolittle"

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INT. BEDROOM - DAY

RHONDA NELSON-JAMES, 40's, stands with her hands on her hips.

RHONDA

Now, look, you're a grown man now! I ain't gonna keep doin' this with you! You're gonna have to be more responsible!

SILENCE.

RHONDA (CONT'D)

(sighs)

What am I gonna do with him?

She turns to her son, BILLY NELSON, 20's.

BILLY

I don't know, Mom. I tried to tell him!

RHONDA

(to the unseen person)

Look, you'll understand when you're older in about ten years!

Rhonda turns to the other side and talks to her younger son, ERIC NELSON, 18.

ERIC

I think you failed him, Mom.

The three face the boys' stepfather, MATT JAMES, 40's, black, who lies in bed.

MATT

Say what ya'll want. I'm not going to that damn colonoscopy tomorrow! So I ain't drinkin' that damn prep! Your cooking will flush my system out enough.

RHONDA

Matt...

MATT

No means no, damn it, and I'm putting my foot down!

RHONDA

(to the boys)

Boys?

The three struggle to carry Matt out of bed and GRUNT.

MATT

Hey! Watch it! You're messing up my hair!

RHONDA

We're family. It's what we do!

They push him out of the bedroom and SLAM the door.

MATT

Oh, now we're family, but not when it comes to taking my name!

The door reopens. Matt is handed a large container with prep in it. The door closes.

MATT (CONT'D)

Ugh.

Matt exits.

INT. HOSPITAL - ROOM - DAY

Matt, wearing a gown, lies in bed with his eyes half-open. Rhonda stands in front of him.

RHONDA

See, Matt? Everything went fine. Until they call you back with the results, that is.

MATT

(woozily)

I'm still trippin' off of the meds. I didn't say anything damning, did I?

RHONDA

(smirks)

That's between me and my phone to blackmail you with later!

MATT

Well, I ain't got no money, so there.

The NURSE walks in.

NURSE

Okay, Mr. James, here are your discharge papers and...

(gasps, looks at Rhonda)

Oh my god, it's you!

RHONDA

Huh?

NURSE

Mrs. Nelson, I have all of your music from back in the day! I thought you were dead!

RHONDA

That's funny. I wish Mr. Nelson was dead. Look, I'm no longer his wife.  
(points to Matt)  
I'm his wife.

NURSE

Sorry. I just heard in the news that Willie Jr.'s wife just died. I got her file right here.

RHONDA

What's her maiden name?

MATT

Rhonda, I'm sure that goes against privacy and...

NURSE

Susan Doolittle, A.K.A. "Lil' Suzy Doo".

MATT

Or not.

RHONDA

Oh dear.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Rhonda stands in the hallway and dials on her phone. JUNIOR "WILLIE JR." NELSON, 40's, black, answers on the other end. He is on top of an unseen WOMAN and moves up and down.

INTERCUT - RHONDA/JUNIOR

JUNIOR

(huffs and puffs)

Yeah?

RHONDA

Junior?

JUNIOR

Aw, Rhonda, what do you want? I'm in the middle of someone here!

RHONDA

Thanks for sharing. Are you aware that one of your ex-wives passed away?

JUNIOR

Unless it's you, then I don't care! And even then...

RHONDA

It's Susan Doolittle! You know, "Lil' Suzy Doo"?

Junior stops.

JUNIOR

(regular voice)

Well, that brings the mood down.

WOMAN (O.C.)

Oh, don't blame that on the phone call!

Junior looks down at her.

EXT. NELSON HOUSE - DAY

Eric and Billy exit their house. GINA RICHARDS, 20's, black, approaches them.

GINA

Eric! I've been looking for you!

ERIC

Hey, Gina, how you doin'? How's Marty?

GINA

He's good. Glad that he's playing again. Speaking of that, thanks for helping clean up his image with that benefit game. His fans love him again!

BILLY

(scoffs)

The game was my idea.

GINA

I'm looking around for anyone who cares what this boy is saying. See anybody, Eric?

ERIC

Nope. Carry on.

GINA

Eric, how would you like to be Marty's agent?

ERIC

Agent? Why me, and not you?

GINA

Conflict of interest! Although it don't sound all that interesting!

ERIC

Well, let me think about it. Okay, I'll do it!

BILLY

Wait a minute, Eric! What do you know about being an agent?

ERIC

Well, nothing, really.

BILLY

Being an agent is a serious job. Every job is serious. Take it from a man who has a job.

INT. COLLEGE - OFFICE - DAY

BILLY

What do you mean I no longer have a job??

He stands in front of the desk of his student advisor, PADMA, 20, American Indian.

PADMA

Sorry, Mr. Nelson. I know the prison job was fun, but they no longer need you.

BILLY

Does this have to do with me having sex with the inmates?

(pause)

And the warden?

PADMA

Please, you were a guy working in a women's prison! I would've been shocked if you didn't!

BILLY

Then what's this about?

PADMA

Cutbacks. Last hired, first fired.

BILLY

Great. There goes me graduating on time.

PADMA

You know, Billy, you're an excellent student and an even better teacher. What are you doing here?

BILLY

Padma?

PADMA

Have you ever thought about starting your own school?

BILLY

Start my own school?

PADMA

Yeah! You could oversee other teachers, who will teach the students. How do you think other schools get started?

BILLY

Wait, I don't know anything about running a school!

PADMA

But now, I got the seed planted in your mind. And while you're pondering, let me take you somewhere.

EXT. BUILDING - LATER

Billy and Padma stand in front of a run-down, large building.

PADMA

This here used to be plenty of things. First, it was a church. Then someone brought real wine to a communion. The congregation got angry and broke up. The ones who stayed converted this into a nightclub, where they could bring more wine. Then they operated without a license and was shut down.

BILLY

(scoffs)

Sounds like this place had all the luck!

Padma puts her hand on Billy's shoulder.

PADMA

But you, Mr. Nelson, could steer this place in the right direction! All it takes is a caring, young man like you.

BILLY

Okay, but I still need to graduate!

PADMA

Oh, you still can, eventually, but opportunities like this won't be around forever! As your student advisor, listen to me: Forget about school and go for yours!

BILLY

Hmmm.

PATTY, black, drives her car with her co-worker, PAULETTA, black, in the passenger's seat. They ride past Billy and Padma.

PATTY

Hey, there's Sharon's baby daddy! But that don't look like Sharon to me!

PAULETTA

Eh, don't read too much into it, Patty.

PATTY

Listen, I know when a broad tries to sink her claws into a man! I've done it many times!

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

REPORTERS and WRITERS gather and CHAT among themselves. Cameras FLASH. Eric, wearing a sport jacket over his usual outfit, and sunglasses on the top of his head, sits at a table with a microphone.

ERIC

Okay, everyone, quiet down.

The chatter SUBSIDES.

ERIC (CONT'D)

I know this was a little bit of a last-minute presser, but I wanted to throw out some news.



MALE REPORTER

Oh no! It's Marty O'Dell! He's hurt!

ERIC

No! Marty's fine!

MALE REPORTER

Then where is he?

ERIC

What, ya'll thought ya'll were gonna see him today?

(chuckles)

No, I'm here to tell you that I'm Mr. O'Dell's new agent, Eric T. Nelson. I'll be handling his affairs from here on out.

FEMALE REPORTER

Mr. Nelson, what makes you qualified to be his agent?

ERIC

Because I come from a family of rich tradition. My mother's a college professor, my brother is starting a school, my father is an award-winning singer, and my stepfather is a Navy veteran.

FEMALE REPORTER

Okay, but what makes you qualified?

ERIC

(pause)

I watch football every week, and I know all of "Jerry Maguire" by heart. And best believe that I will make sure Marty gets what he's worth.

MALE WRITER

But Mr. Nelson, Marty was called off-sides, which pushed his team out of field goal range. They went for it on 4th and 7, turned it over on downs, and lost the game.

ERIC

Okay, so Mr. O'Dell's seen better days.

A staff member hands Eric a tablet. Eric looks at it and hands it back to him.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Okay, so maybe he hasn't! But he ain't in the NFL for nothing! And with me in his corner, he won't get sent down to the minors!

MALE WRITER

"The minors"?

ERIC

That's right! There's a new sheriff in town. And his name's Eric T. Nelson! And one other thing I'd like to say. Any other player who wants to be treated like a player, and don't have to worry about their agent being...

(leans closer)

...all in their spotlight, signing autographs...

(steps back)

...come holla at Eric!

He picks up the mic and does a "mic drop".

INT. JUNIOR'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Junior watches Eric's presser on TV. Junior turns to the PARTYGOERS in his house.

JUNIOR

That's my boy on TV there! But enough of him! This day is for one person!

(pause)

Me!

PARTYGOER

Should we pour out some liquor for Susan?

JUNIOR

Don't waste my good Mad Dog on her! We'll toast instead!

Everyone raises their shot glasses full of liquor.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

To Lil' Suzy Doo!

Everyone gulps down their shots. Music PLAYS in the background. Partygoers CHATTER. Enter ERIN DOOLITTLE, black, who looks and acts like a female version of Eric. She approaches Junior.

ERIN

Willie Jr. I thought I'd find you here.

JUNIOR

Yeah, it's my house. Good job.

ERIN

You know, I thought you would've been at my mother's funeral.

JUNIOR

I had something to do. But look, that's what this repast is for!

ERIN

We already had one at the church!

JUNIOR

Hey, you can't tell me how to grieve!  
Plus, you can't throw back Patrón there!  
Right, guys?

The crowd CHEERS.

ERIN

I thought you would've wanted to be there for closure.

JUNIOR

Uh, why?

ERIN

Well, if you don't know, I sure as hell ain't gonna tell you. Goodbye.

Erin heads for the exit. Billy enters and walks past Erin.

BILLY

(to Erin)

Hey, Eric.

ERIN

Huh?

BILLY

Oh, sorry. I thought you were family.

Erin exits the house. Billy approaches Junior.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Dad, don't tell Mom I was here. Actually, don't tell anyone. But she was wondering if you were alright.

JUNIOR

Why wouldn't I be? We drinkin' in Susan's honor! And we shouldn't even be doing that! She did ruin my life!

BILLY

What? How's that?

JUNIOR

After we divorced, she did all that mud-slinging! Then she made those songs about me!

BILLY

But Dad, that's what her fans wanted!

JUNIOR

Well, her fans are stupid!

BILLY

(slyly)

So tell me: why did your career stall again?

JUNIOR

Look, if you're not gonna drink with me, then bounce!

BILLY

(sighs)

Why did I even come here?

He begins to exit.

JUNIOR

I was about to say the same thing! You are your father's son!

BILLY

When it's convenient for you!

JUNIOR

When is it ever convenient, Billy?

Billy CLICKS HIS TEETH and exits.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

Bottoms up, draws down!

The crowd CHEERS, raises their drinks, and sips from them.

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - DAY

Eric and Junior sit at a table. Eric still wears his "agent attire".

JUNIOR

I can't believe that my son is a world-class agent! And he's treating me to a steak dinner!

ERIC

Hey, it's nothin', Dad. Especially after everything that you have--

(pause)

Look, let's just order before I change my mind.

The WAITRESS, 40's, black, approaches their table.

WAITRESS

Hi, my name is Cassie, and I'll be your waitress.

JUNIOR

Okay, but we can't stay long. I don't want people to notice me.

CASSIE

I'm sorry, you are...?

JUNIOR

You don't watch the news or nothin'?

CASSIE

Not really. I try not to get caught up in stars' lives. I'm more concentrated on my own.

JUNIOR

Hmmph. I hear that. But listen, I used to be a big singer back in the day.

CASSIE

Really? I did a little singing myself, but just in nightclubs and stuff.

ERIC

That's very nice, ya'll, but can we order, please?

JUNIOR

Don't be rude, son!

(to Cassie)

Kids.

CASSIE  
I got kids. Believe me, sometimes you  
just wanna ignore them.

JUNIOR  
"Sometimes", huh?

Junior and Cassie CHUCKLE.

ERIC  
(mocking laughter)  
Heh, heh, ignore me paying for your food,  
too.

CASSIE  
Well, I have to get back to work, but  
I'll see you around.

JUNIOR  
Okay, then.

ERIC  
(to Cassie)  
Wait, but I thought that you were...

Cassie exits.

ERIC (CONT'D)  
Dang, Dad, she's something, huh?

JUNIOR  
Yeah. She talks too damn much! We're  
trying to read the menu here!

ERIC  
Are you serious? She was practically  
throwing herself at you!

JUNIOR  
What? Yeah, right.

ERIC  
She's perfect! You both sang, you both  
ignore your kids, she doesn't look at you  
as a celebrity...

JUNIOR  
But that don't mean nothin', Eric. I'm  
not even looking for no woman.  
(gasps)  
"I'm not looking for no woman"?? Oh no!  
I've become everything I've hated!

ERIC

Well, Dad, you've always been everything  
we've hated.

Junior sneers at him.

INT. BILLY AND RON'S APARTMENT - DAY

Billy and his roommate, RON TYSON, 20's, black, sit in the living room and look at some papers on the coffee table. The mother of Billy's son, SHARON ROSS, 20's, black, enters the front door.

SHARON

Billy, I gotta talk to you.

BILLY

Something wrong with Will?

SHARON

Huh?

BILLY

Our son!

SHARON

Oh, no, he's fine. Look, I heard you were with some girl looking at an abandoned building.

BILLY

Yeah, so?

SHARON

So what's goin' on?

BILLY

Well, if you must know, I'm gonna open up a school!

SHARON

What do you know about running a school?

BILLY

Hey, if Eric can be a sports agent, I can run a school!

SHARON

(rolls her eyes)

Yeah, 'cuz those two are exactly the same thing!

RON

Sharon, it could work out well for Billy. I'm actually thinking of taking some extra credit there.

BILLY

Yeah, Ron, you might not wanna do that, if you wanna protect your transcript.

SHARON

And I take it this girl you were with is helping you.

BILLY

"This girl's" name is Padma, and she's my advisor! Why are you so focused on her? We ain't together!

SHARON

That's right. We're not!

Billy and Ron look at her puzzled.

SHARON (CONT'D)

Well, bye, then!

She exits the apartment building and approaches Patty.

PATTY

What did he say?

SHARON

His advisor wants him to open a school. This sounds fishy. I need to go see her.

PATTY

Alright, I'll take you.

SHARON

Okay--wait, what are you even doing here? Why aren't you at the shop?

PATTY

Aw, Mildred's watching it.

MILDRED, an old lady, black, slowly approaches them.

MILDRED

Hey, Patty, there's a big, buff, white girl named Gretch at the shop. She wants to know the combination to the safe.



PATTY

(sighs)

I already yelled it to you from across  
the parking lot, remember?

MILDRED

Oh yeah.

PATTY

(to Sharon)

Boss, we gotta get to the advisor!

SHARON

But who's watching the shop?

PATTY

Uh, Gretch?

SHARON

Okay, let's roll.

The three exit.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Eric sits in class with other students. They silently  
write on their papers.

SFX: Eric's cell phone RINGS!

The others GASP in shock. The PROFESSOR looks at Eric.

ERIC

Sorry, ya'll. Hold on.

Eric answers it.

ERIC (CONT'D)

(whispers)

I told you not to call me here!

(pause)

Yes, I know, "here" means my cell phone.

I just always wanted to say that.

The professor and the class stare at him angrily.

ERIC (CONT'D)

I'll call you back.

He puts his phone up.

PROFESSOR

Time's up. Hand me your exams on the way out.

The class does so and exits.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

Mr. Nelson, a word?

ERIC

(sotto voce)

I hope there's more than one Nelson here.

Eric approaches the professor.

ERIC (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, sir, I know this is the fourth time today that my phone rang.

PROFESSOR

And it's really not helping Sergeant Thompson's PTSD!

ERIC

But I'll put my phone on vibrate from now on!

PROFESSOR

Mr. Nelson, you've only turned in a third of the work! No matter how much make-up work you do, there's no way you're gonna pass this class!

ERIC

But, sir, I was hoping you could give me some leeway! See, I'm Marty O'Dell's agent, and he has me workin' ragged!

PROFESSOR

You mean Marty O'Dell, the guy who didn't even graduate from here, went into the NFL, and then went down to the practice squad?

ERIC

"Practice squad"? That can't be right!

PROFESSOR

(sighs)

My wife's a fan of his. Against my better judgment, here's a link to the online exam.

He hands Eric a slip of paper.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

If it's not submitted by midnight, you will fail the course.

ERIC

Oh yeah, do you have any extra credit available?

EXT. CLASSROOM - SECONDS LATER

Eric is scooted out of the classroom. The door SLAMS behind him.

ERIC

(dejected voice)

As long as you think it over.

He walks away.

INT. NELSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Rhonda walks down the stairs and sees Matt at the dining room table with piles of food. He GOBBLES and SLOBBERS over it.

RHONDA

Oh my god, Matt, I've never seen you eat so much! You're gonna get sick!

MATT

(in between bites)

I couldn't eat before the colonoscopy, so I'm making up for lost time!

RHONDA

But that was five days ago!

MATT

Sorry, can't hear you with my mouth full!

Rhonda walks to the living room. Junior bursts in the house.

JUNIOR

Rhonda, you made me not wanna date women again!

RHONDA

Aw, Junior, the more you say that, the less funny it is.

JUNIOR

What I mean is, why did you have to tell me about Lil' Suzy Doo dying?

RHONDA

Why not? She was your first love, wasn't she?

JUNIOR

What? Who told you that?

RHONDA

You were with her right before we met! You swore that you left her!

JUNIOR

I did! Well, I was going to. She left me first. But hey, we were on-and-off dating since high school. We would've gotten back together. Until I met you.

RHONDA

Uh huh. Just admit it. You have a place for her in your heart.

PAUSE.

JUNIOR

She was the only one who got me. I didn't even feel like cheating when I was with her.

He walks around. He sees Matt GOBBLING his food. He turns back to Rhonda.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

She wasn't supposed to leave yet! We were supposed to hook up at least two more times!

RHONDA

I think I'm discovering the reasons for your infidelity.

JUNIOR

Look, Rhonda, I loved you. I still do for our...

(sighs, rolls his eyes)

...children. But I loved Susan differently. Yes, I admit it. I loved Susan!

(pause)

I love Susan.

RHONDA

I know.

JUNIOR

I'm sorry I let you down.

RHONDA

Junior, if you haven't let me down, I never would've met Matt!

MATT

(to Rhonda)

Hey, babe...

(belches)

...I'm trying to sign up for Klarna to pay for the rest of this food in increments. Does Will have a social security number yet?

Rhonda GROANS.

INT. ERIC'S ROOM - EVENING

Eric, wearing his usual T-shirt and jeans, sits at his desk with a book open. He TYPES on his laptop. ELEANOR DUMBECK, 20, white, and her BOYFRIEND (who is also Eric's roommate), white, exit from his bedroom.

ELEANOR

Hey, Eric, what's new?

ERIC

Still trying to finish this take-home test.

ELEANOR'S BOYFRIEND

Hey, are you still Marty O'Dell's agent?

ERIC

Yeah, and I have to keep that up while I try to pass this class!

ELEANOR

Well, why don't you let the agent thing go?

ERIC

Eleanor, I know you're used to having bank like that, but I'm not! I can't just turn that down! Plus I've been waiting my whole life to make a name for myself!

ELEANOR'S BOYFRIEND

Yeah, me too.

ELEANOR

Well, we're gonna leave you be. We're getting something to eat.

ERIC

'Bout time. These walls are thin, ya'll!

Eleanor looks puzzled. She creeps to a wall and carefully feels it. Her boyfriend pulls her away.

ELEANOR'S BOYFRIEND

Let's go, honey.

They both exit. Eric continues TYPING. His phone RINGS. He answers it.

ERIC

Eric T. Nelson here. Talk to me.

On the other end is MARTY O'DELL, 20's, black.

INTERCUT - ERIC/MARTY

MARTY

Eric, what up! Thanks for talking to my GM! He thought that you pretending to be stupid showed a bit of sarcasm that he never witnessed before!

ERIC

Hey, glad I could help!

MARTY

I'm getting a huge payday now! And I'm even starting next week against the Saints! I'm throwing a big party at my place! You gotta come through!

ERIC

Thanks, Marty, but I gotta finish this exam. Have fun without me.

MARTY

Oh. Well, I understand. Stay in school. Make sure you catch the next one, aight?

ERIC

Bet!

Eric hangs up and SIGHS.

ERIC (CONT'D)

I'm in college now. I gotta do the right thing.

INT. ERIC'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Eric's room is filled with partygoers who CHATTER. Music BLASTS. Eric stands by the door with a coffee can. People enter and drop money in it.

ERIC

Five dollars for Marty's party!

A STUDENT approaches him.

STUDENT

Why you chargin'?

ERIC

It's the right thing to do!

The student drops his money in the can and enters. Eric walks away from the door and approaches Marty.

MARTY

Thanks for having the party in the dorms, Eric!

ERIC

You used to play here! It's only right!

(calls out)

Hey, ya'll, Marty's special punch is in the bathtub!

Gina approaches them.

GINA

You cleaned the tub out first, right?

ERIC

Hey, alcohol cleans and sanitizes all!

GINA

(calls out)

You heard him, guys!

She and others head for the bathroom.

EXT. CEMETARY - DAY

Junior faces a tombstone that reads, "SUSAN DOOLITTLE A.K.A. LIL' SUZY DOO".

JUNIOR

No fair, Susan. You were supposed to outlive me. Well, you're in a better place now. Of course, being where we're from, that ain't saying much.

(sighs)

Can you put in a good word for me up there? You know, just in case God was sleeping or on a break or something.

(pause)

You know I'm gonna continue to see other women, right? But I'll be doin' them in your honor.

(smirks, then pauses)

See ya.

Junior walks away and runs into Cassie.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

Cassie, right? Wow, this must be fate!

CASSIE

No, you told me to meet you here.

JUNIOR

Right. Look, I was wondering. Would you like to grab a drink or something?

CASSIE

I don't think so, man.

JUNIOR

What? Women don't usually say no to me!

CASSIE

I'm my own woman.

JUNIOR

You know that's more of a turn-on, right? Come on, I ain't tryin' to marry ya!

(pause)

I'm not tryin' to marry ya!

CASSIE

Yeah, right. I read up on you. You're probably married right now!

JUNIOR

I'm 99% sure any divorce I'm in is final.

CASSIE

Let me know when you find out!



Cassie exits. Erin rides her bike and approaches Junior from the other direction.

ERIN  
(chuckles)  
What's worse, trying to pick up women at a graveyard site, or getting shot down there, too?

JUNIOR  
At least I'm putting myself out there.

ERIN  
Yeah, I know. Mom would've wanted it that way.

She begins to ride away. Junior stops her.

JUNIOR  
Wait, Erin!

ERIN  
Yeah?

JUNIOR  
This isn't easy, but, uh...are you my daughter?

ERIN  
(rolls her eyes)  
I think you already know the answer to that.

She smirks and rides away. Junior CHUCKLES, then STOPS.

JUNIOR  
(calls out)  
Wait a minute, I don't!

Junior SIGHS.

INT. SUBS 'N SUCH - DAY

Sharon collects dirty trays in the dining room.

SHARON  
Stupid customers. Like we supposed to wait on 'em hand and foot.

Padma enters the store.

PADMA  
Excuse me, are you Sharon Ross?

SHARON

Are you issuing me a check, or do I owe you a check?

PADMA

Neither. You were looking for me at my office the other day?

SHARON

Oh, it's not a big deal. I just heard that you were helping Billy Nelson start a school.

PADMA

Well, I'm not really helping. I just gave him the idea. And I may know some people that can assist him.

SHARON

But is that wise? He doesn't know anything about running a school.

PADMA

It's really not that hard. You can start small and have people believe in you.

SHARON

(scoffs)

Like that'll happen!

PADMA

And you can even ask a church to vouch for you. If the school's religious in any way, you can pretty much bypass accreditation. Until later down the line, of course. Take it from me, I know all the loopholes.

SHARON

Wow, I guess I can't argue with that. If that's what you and Billy want to do, fine.

PADMA

No, it's what Billy wants to do. I'm not swaying him one way or the other.

SHARON

Oh, that's a relief.

PADMA

Oh?

SHARON  
 (chuckles)  
 Yeah, I thought that you were digging him  
 or something. See ya.

Sharon walks away.

PADMA  
 (calls out)  
 And what if I was?

Sharon turns around.

SHARON  
 What?

PADMA  
 You're his baby mama, but you're not  
 seeing him anymore. He's fair game,  
 right?

SHARON  
 I don't wanna see him get hurt, that's  
 all.

Padma steps closer to her.

PADMA  
 Oh, I see. That's your job, right?

SHARON  
 Uh, is there a reason you're all up in my  
 face? And in my restaurant?

Patty approaches Sharon.

PATTY  
 Boss, it's not really your restaurant,  
 you're just the...

SHARON  
 (to Patty)  
 Shut up!

PADMA  
 Women like you chew up nice men like  
 Billy and spit them out.  
 (slightly menacing tone)  
 A real woman like me can come and claim  
 them. And if I choose to, who's gonna  
 stop me?

PATTY  
 Need me to hold you back, boss?

PADMA

No need. I'm leaving. Have a good day.

Padma exits.

PATTY

Aw, man, why didn't you knock her out?

SHARON

Eh, I think our insurance lapsed this morning. I can't believe it! She ain't interested in helping Billy at all! She's just interested in him, if that!

PATTY

What you gonna do, tell Billy?

SHARON

No, he won't believe me.

(sighs)

He's a smart guy. Once he figures out Padma's motives, he'll kick her to the curb.

INT. ERIC'S ROOM - DAY

Eric sits on the couch with his girlfriend, Berniece. They are about to kiss. Billy barges in.

BILLY

Hey, bro! Consider my school open! Padma got me a loan!

ERIC

Good. Can you leave us "alone"?

THE END