

CHOCOLATE TIES

Genre: ROMANCE / COMEDY / DRAMA

SCREENPLAY
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FADE IN:

EXT. ALPHARETTA, GA - DEMETRIUS HOUSE -- DAY

We're high above a millionaire community -- now descending through autumn trees into a courtyard where a kid birthday party is in full swing. We see DEMETRIUS (a handsome/buffed Panamanian American) rolling in the grass with his darker skinned 8-year-old son. The bond is a beautiful sight. His White wife Leni and pro athlete friends look on with adoration.

INT. BROOKLYN - HOUSING PROJECT - HALLWAY -- DAY

Smutty. The sound of a dice game echoes as we follow a dark bald Black MAN with a gangster's swag. He stops at a door; his beaten knuckles knocking. A GHETTO FABULOUS CHICK with a bad weave opens -- staring -- chomping on bubble gum.

Reveal the Man's face: It's MOE, an intimidating x con wearing a dirty maintenance uniform.

MOE

You put a ticket in for plumbing?

INT. MANHATTAN - LAW FIRM - CUBICAL -- DAY

Tight on: hands searching through documents -- repeatedly stopping to create symmetry with every item on the desk.

Reveal: It's LAMAR, a charismatic paralegal who's half Black half Asian, suffering from a mild case of neurosis.

ATTORNEY (O.S.)

(to Lamar)

HANSON!

A frustrated ATTORNEY is standing there. Startled, Lamar, grabs the correct document -- now following the attorney -- he suddenly turns back. There's a spot on his desk.

INT. MANHATTAN - CLUB PARADISE -- DAY

Dim. Off hours. NOODLES, supposedly pissed but not convincing, leads the way as DORIAN and THUG #3 follow. Dorian is Black and a little too believable. They're crossing the empty dance floor -- entering an elevator as...

MARCUS watches nervously from the 2nd floor railing. Fearing for his life, he abandons a staff member, bolting to the staircase door where a gun suddenly extends -- THUG #4 presses the barrel against his forehead while forcing him back to the railing -- a shaky trigger finger tightens as Noodles, Dorian and Thug #3 reenter scene from the arriving elevator.

NOODLES

You're late, Marcus.

MARCUS

I'm gonna lose the club if I keep forking its profits over to you.

NOODLES

My only concern is my pockets because they helped build this club. Do we understand each other, or do I have to burn this bitch down and collect on insurance?

THUG #4

I don't think he gets it, man.

Dorian puts another gun to Marcus's head.

DORIAN

I say we blast dat ass!

Noodles is a little taken back and nods for Dorian to lower his gun. Dorian reluctantly obeys while too emotionally invested. Thug #4 also lowers his gun and Noodles begins poking Marcus' forehead with each word...

NOODLES

You - got - one - hour. Just - one.

MARCUS

You know what, Noodles? ...Fuck you!

DORIAN

(ballistic)

FUCK!!? FUCK!!!? FUUCKK!!!!

Dorian slams Marcus, threatening to throw him over the rail. Noodles and Thug #4 look at each other confused and afraid.

DIRECTOR (O.S.)

CUT!!!

Reveal: an angry DIRECTOR and FILM CREW. BRANDY is there (a beautiful tomboy wearing braids, jeans and a utility belt) trying to hide her laugh while feeling bad for Marcus.

Dorian lets Marcus go, and while clearly upset he sneaks a wink and smile to Brandy as crew members whiz by to suck-up to the trembling actor.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

Stick to the script or you're fired.
Do we understand each other?

A bitter nod from Dorian sends the director back to his chair.

Marcus goes to Dorian, square and still shaken...

MARCUS
Keep it comin', man. I Love it!

DIRECTOR
Let's pick it up from "You've got
one hour". And ...ACTION!

The actors are terrified, sensing Dorian will go further
this time around. Their performances suffer as a result.

NOODLES
You - got - one - hour. Just one.

MARCUS
(bracing himself)
You - you - you know what, Noodles?
Fuck you.

Dorian goes wild, lifting Marcus over the railing, dangling
him -- Marcus; screaming like a girl.

DIRECTOR
CUT!

Everyone rushes to pull Marcus to safety. Dorian realizes
he went too far; his eyes begging for mercy. We feel bad
for him.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
GET OFF MY SET, DORIAN!

Marcus: on the floor wiping real tears, muttering...

MARCUS
My God! Now that's acting!

THE DANCE FLOOR MOMENTS LATER: Dorian and Brandy are crossing
toward the exit.

BRANDY
You're completely out of your mind,
you know that?

DORIAN
(feeling down)
Glad you made it.

BRANDY
Of course I made it. My word is
good, birthday boy.

DORIAN
So what you got for me?

BRANDY
Same shit you got for me on my
birthday.

DORIAN

That's foul, Brandy. You could'a got a brother a t-shirt or somethin'. I gotta see my manager. You rollin'?

BRANDY

You had enough of my lunch hour. I gotta do me now.

DORIAN

Do you? You killed that craft service table over there with no shame. How much food do a nigga need?

Brandy bursts out laughing, punching him in his arm.

BRANDY

I gotta handle some business, stupid!

DORIAN

Hit me again and see if I don't kick your ass, Bee! Your Timbs and cowboy belt don't scare me!

She punches him again. He chases her through the exit and the two run through the busy streets play fighting like kids.