

CHARM CITY DAYS

Written by

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Season 1, Episode 1
Pilot "Meet the Millers"

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ACT ONE

1 EXT. DRYON HOTEL COFFEE SHOP - ESTABLISHING SHOT - DAY 1

A shot of the outside of the Dryon Hotel Coffee Shop. The door and maybe even the sign.

2 INT. DRYON HOTEL COFFEE SHOP - DAY 2

BRITTANY, 33 and very beautiful, and SAMANTHA, 14 also beautiful, enter the Dryon Coffee Shop. EMMANUEL, 32 and handsome, sits at a table in the corner.

They embrace each other on their way to seats at the table.

BRITTANY

Hey little cousin! How have you been?

EMMANUEL

You know how I been. Sitting here waiting to hear what happened in court. So, you gonna tell me or do I have to ask the little one?

Samantha shakes her head. Brittany sighs and sits.

BRITTANY

Well, you know it was a bail review... and, the judge in her case ruled that she can come home on her on recon until the trial.

Emmanuel's mouth drops into an O. His eyes widen and he throws his hands up into the air.

EMMANUEL

OH HELL NO!

SAMANTHA

It was really weird too because at the last trial, the judge said she wasn't gonna get a bail and that she would have to sit until her trial but now, she's out.

Emmanuel rolls his eyes.

EMMANUEL

You have to be kidding me!!! Well, she NOT coming here!!!

SAMANTHA

Come on now Unc. She's not that bad.

EMMANUEL

Chile, this is before your time and above your pay grade, okay. Rebecca Miller is the devil! She ain't comin' this way. I WILL NOT allow it.

Brittany laughs.

BRITTANY

First off, she's not the Devil, she's my aunt. And secondly, she is. The judge asked me if I had a problem with her coming to stay here and I said no.

Emmanuel sighs.

EMMANUEL

Well, if she's coming to the house, then I'm leaving!

BRITTANY

You ain't going nowhere. So chill out!

(to Samantha)

Bring me something to drink please.

Emmanuel stands and walks to the door. Samantha walks to the counter and motions for the attendant. She gets two cups of coffee and brings them over to the table and sits.

Brittany sips her coffee and stares out the window. Emmanuel walks over and sits down.

EMMANUEL

Why would you do that? You know everything she has put me through. The things she has put us through. Now, you want her under our roof? What the hell is wrong with you, Britt?

Brittany sips her coffee and rolls her eyes.

BRITTANY

What exactly did you want me to do? Let my aunt rot in jail on drug charges?

Emmanuel throws his hands up.

EMMANUEL

SHE'S A DRUG DEALER!!! She should rot in jail.

BRITTANY

Well, she's coming this afternoon. Try and be civil.

EMMANUEL

No. You tell her to be civil with me. I live here, she's the prisoner.

Brittany looks up from her cup. Her eyes lock dead on with Emmanuel.

BRITTANY

E, I am telling you that I want peace in my home. You know, the home I let you stay in when you made mistake after mistake after mistake. The home that's open to all of our family when they are in a time of need because that's the way Grandma Elena wanted it. I want peace around here, you hear me?

His focused eyes now more intense than hers.

EMMANUEL

Well, if you want peace, stop her from coming here right now. Nothing good can come of this!

A CELLPHONE RINGS. He jumps, then reaches in his pocket and grabs it. Brittany waves him off and walks away.

EMMANUEL (CONT'D)

Hello. Oh, hey there. Stop it, you know I miss you too. I'm dealing with some stuff right now, so I can't come over right now. Didn't I tell you that there is no one else? YOU are the one for me. Alright, I will talk to you later, bye. Yea, yea, love you too baby. Okay, bye.

Emmanuel hangs up the phone and searches for her. He rubs his forehead and slams his fist down on the table.

3 EXT. DRYON MANOR - ESTABLISHING SHOT 3

A shot of the outside of the Dryon Manor Hotel.

4 INT. DRYON MANOR GREAT ROOM - DAY 4

Brittany sits and reads the newspaper. Samantha plays on her cellphone.

Emmanuel enters. He rolls his eyes at Brittany and kisses Samantha on the forehead.

SAMANTHA

Unc, c'mon now. You can't stay mad forever, can you?

EMMANUEL

I will no longer be mad when your mother sees things from my perspective.

Brittany smirks behind her magazine.

BRITTANY

It's a broken record by now, E. I'm changing the station.

Emmanuel crosses the room and falls to one knee.

EMMANUEL

Brittany, think about this, please. You know she's crazy and having her here will bring nothing but destruction to us.

(pause)

Think about your daughter. What about Sammie, huh? She don't need this in her life! Stupid people do stupid stuff!! And she's the stupidest of all the stupid people.

Brittany smiles and shakes her head. There's a KNOCK at the door, then the doorbell RINGS.

EMMANUEL (CONT'D)

See... see what I mean. She so slow she can't 'eem make her mind up how to get your attention.

Emmanuel walks to the door, pauses, and then into the kitchen.

BRITTANY
That's real messed up that you
won't even open the door.

Brittany gets up and opens the door and REBECCA, 49, stands there. She carries two cardboard boxes filled with her stuff in it. A HORN BLOWS. Rebecca turns and blows a kiss over her shoulder with a smile.

REBECCA
Bye, baby!!

BRITTANY
Baby? Who was that?

REBECCA
My escort. That's my little sweet
thang!

BRITTANY
Yeah, okay. Hi Aunt Rebecca. Wait,
what sweet thang?

Rebecca SNORTS and switches into the house.

REBECCA
(to Samantha)
Hey Pumpkin! Give your Auntie some
love!

Samantha smiles and drops her phone on the chair. She glides over hugs Rebecca.

SAMANTHA
Aunt Becca, you know I missed you!

Rebecca looks around the room and sighs.

REBECCA
Well, looks like you and your Momma
the only ones.

BRITTANY
I still wanna know about this sweet
thang you mentioned.

Rebecca smacks her lips.

REBECCA
Chile, you know I had to get a hack
over here from the Bookings. On the
way over here I had a nice little
conversation with the driver, so he
let me keep my couple of coins.

Brittany's mouth drops into the shape of an O.

BRITTANY

Hack? Aunt Rebecca don't nobody even take Hack's no more, we catch an Uber or Lyft or something! And Hacks don't let you keep your money unless... what kinda conversation did you have with him?

Rebecca smiles and whips her head back and forth.

REBECCA

This house is really nice! Girl, when did you redo it?

BRITTANY

We had to make upgrades and changes to the main house and some of the land when we opened the hotel last summer. Grandma Elena would have wanted me to modernize it so we can make as much money as possible; but, I tried to keep as much as I could from my childhood.

REBECCA

Well, it looks completely different than when I was a child but I love it all the same.

She looks around and stares at a corner.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

You know, I think me and yo Mama used to sit in that corner and play with dolls all the time.

Brittany smiles.

BRITTANY

Really? Sammie used to play there when she was little too.

REBECCA

I miss your Momma everyday. But, when I look at you, and see what she died for... I know that God has a plan in everything.

BRITTANY

Wow. That's really sweet Aunt Rebecca. Thank you for saying that.
(MORE)

BRITTANY (CONT'D)
I knew having you here would be
some good.

Rebecca smiles and walks past Brittany into the kitchen.

REBECCA
(off screen)
What's for dinner?

Emmanuel walks back into the room.

EMMANUEL
Thank God she's gone. Brittany,
sending her away was the best thing
you could have done.

Brittany waves her hands to stop him.

EMMANUEL (CONT'D)
There is no reason under the sun
that she should be here with us!
Glad you finally saw things my way!
What, you finally decided to come
to your senses and take my side?

Rebecca enters the room.

REBECCA
Glad to know how you really feel
about me.

Emmanuel rolls his eyes. He turns to her and stares her down.

EMMANUEL
I wasn't hiding it. Not for a long
time now!

REBECCA
Now, is that anyway to treat your
Momma, little boy?

Emmanuel snaps his head around.

EMMANUEL
What the hell is wrong with you?

Brittany shakes her head and flops on the chair.

BRITTANY
Glutton for punishment, I guess.

EMMANUEL
Either she goes or I go Brit! I
mean it! And I pay bills here!

BRITTANY

Not enough, E. So cut it out.

REBECCA

Nah, that's okay. Let him have his little moment. We all know he's a drama queen!

Emmanuel places his hand on his chest, super dramatic.

EMMANUEL

DRAMA QUEEN!!!! How dare you?

SAMANTHA

Life just got so much more interesting around here.

BRITTANY

Not today Samantha!

Samantha's lips sink. She hangs her head. Emmanuel's phone RINGS. He looks at the phone and then answers.

EMMANUEL

Look, I can't deal with this right now. I have to take this.

(beat)

It's better to be a DRAMA QUEEN than a THOT.

He storms off.

REBECCA

What did you say to me?

BRITTANY

Don't start with him. Leave him alone.

REBECCA

I should have left him alone on the side of the road. He still running around here playing with these girls when what he really wants is...

BRITTANY

That's enough, Rebecca.

REBECCA

And I'm the THOT! Really? You know what, I'ma just mind my business.

BRITTANY

Lawd, what have I gotten myself
into?

REBECCA

He betta watch himself because I
WILL smack him in the mouth if he
tries me!

She makes the smacking motion in the air. Samantha snickers.

BRITTANY

You the Mama, Rebecca. Remember
that!! You the Mama.

REBECCA

I know that! I spent 16 hours
pushing out that little water head
Negro... and I'm the THOT! Yea,
okay!

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

5 INT. DRYON HOTEL GREAT ROOM - LATER

5

Brittany walks into the Great Room and takes off her coat. She hangs it up, grabs a glass and pours herself a cup of coffee and sits.

Emmanuel walks in behind her. He cuts his eyes at her and she smiles.

BRITTANY
E, you gotta let it go.

EMMANUEL
You let it go.

BRITTANY
She's here now, so you might as well make the best of it.

EMMANUEL
The best is yet to come because the best is when she leaves.

BRITTANY
Sammy wants us to have dinner. All of us and I think it's a great idea. Since I have a couple of meeting today with investors for the business, I won't have time to cook a full meal for 6 people. So, Desdemona will be here at 615 with the dinner.

She walks into the back kitchen area. He shakes his head in strong disagreement.

EMMANUEL
I ain't coming.

BRITTANY
You WILL come and you will be nice, or you will have Hell to pay.

Emmanuel turns to walk away.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)
It's important to Sammy. You remember her don't you? Grandma Elena's favorite person in the entire world.

(MORE)

BRITTANY (CONT'D)

The main reason you are even still here after all the crap you have pulled and your goddaughter?

He pauses and she smiles. Rebecca walks in and he SNORTS.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)

Well, look who's coming to dinner.

Emmanuel turns and lowers his eyes.

REBECCA

Well, that sounds perfect. At dinner, we can all talk about our lives and what we've done since we last had dinner together and what we are gonna do to stay united over the next three years?

Emmanuel throws his head back.

EMMANUEL

Three years? What, do you think you will be living here for the next three years?

BRITTANY

She means if she gets house arrest or some sort of probation. But, she's welcome anytime after that.

Rebecca smiles. Emmanuel shakes his head and swings his arms.

EMMANUEL

I thought she was only gonna be here waiting for trial. Now, you on some other stuff.

Brittany shakes her head and walks away.

BRITTANY

Let it go, E. I told you we are a family and everyone is welcome to stay here, just like when Mama was alive.

Emmanuel turns to Rebecca.

EMMANUEL

You really are a gutter box.

Rebecca snaps towards him as he walks away.

REBECCA

You know what? I have had enough of
your smart ass mouth.

Her phone RINGS a special ring tone. She jumps to the phone.

Emmanuel ducks back into the room.

EMMANUEL

Yea, you better get that. Pimps
want their money ON TIME.

She turns to him, he is gone. She fumbles with the phone.

REBECCA

Little bastard. Oh, I'm gonna get
him good. Uh... Hello--

A DEEP, HEAVY VOICE speaks to her.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Oh, hey there. I know I owe and I
been tryna get it. Some of my
ventures haven't paid out but--

The Voice speaks.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

I know. I know. I heard about
Ieshia.

(beat)

That was you... but, she was burned
ALIVE!!!

She swallows hard and rubs her neck. Her eyes get wide and
she wipes the sweat from her forehead.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Yes. I understand. I will get the
money.

A moment later, she hangs up the phone. Her hands shakes and
she grabs her stomach and runs to the trash can in the
corner. She leans over the can and VOMIT SOUNDS erupt from
the can.

Emmanuel stands in the corner. He smiles; he's heard
everything.

Emmanuel walks into the kitchen. His eyes search back and
forth around the room. He SLAMS his fists down on the table.

Rebecca comes in behind him and pauses. She walks over to him and puts her hand on his back. He flinches and moves away.

EMMANUEL

Isn't that what got me here anyway?

Rebecca hangs her head.

REBECCA

Look E, I--

Emmanuel gasps.

EMMANUEL

My name is Emmanuel. Only people who know me call me E. And, you, don't know me.

Rebecca sighs.

REBECCA

Look, I know I wasn't all you needed growing up, but I did the best I could by you.

EMMANUEL

How? By ignoring me or by beating the crap out of me when I got in your way? Which one was it?

REBECCA

I apologized for that years ago. Now, I want us to move on. To develop a Mother/Son relationship.

Emmanuel shakes his head.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Look, I want us to live here in peace. For the sake of Brittany and Samantha. And, for us.

Rebecca turns to leave; then, she stops and faces him.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Truth be told, this is my mother's house, so I can come here whenever I want! So, get with the program, or get out!

EMMANUEL

Let's get one thing straight. You can't put anyone out of anything anywhere anytime or anyplace except that cardboard box your carried your crap in when you walked through the door. Mama put you out of this house YEARS ago. Remember, back when you were tricking and getting high and beating my ass, she told you that she never wanted to see you again. Ever!

Emmanuel straighten his self and walks past her. Then he stops.

EMMANUEL (CONT'D)

You're only here because Brittany is a softy when it comes to family. But rest assured, YOU are NOTHING! You OWN nothing. You HAVE nothing and pretty soon, especially if I have anything to do with it, you will be back in jail with the rest of the nothings. Where you belong. Now, clean this mess up because Brit hates it when there's disorder.

His phone RINGS. He removes it from his pocket and walks out the door. Rebecca frowns her face up as she watches him leave. She looks down at the table. She takes a deep breath and shakes her head.

REBECCA

Alright little boy. If that's how you wanna play, let's play. Game on!

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

7 INT. DRYON HOTEL DINING ROOM - EARLY EVENING

7

The table is set and DESDEMONA, 32, fills the water glasses.
The clock on the wall says 5:55 p.m.

DESDEMONA

Just a little more water and then
dinner will be perfect.

Brittany enters.

BRITTANY

Desi, everything looks perfect.

Desdemona smiles.

DESDEMONA

Thank you Ma'am.

Brittany smiles.

BRITTANY

Desi, how many times do I have to
tell you not to call me ma'am? We
practically grew up together for
goodness sake.

Desdemona smiles and shakes her head.

DESDEMONA

Force of habit, I guess. I was so
used to calling the head of the
family I work for Ma'am and Sir
that I can't help it sometimes.

BRITTANY

Well, it smells like you did your
thing with this food, which is a
God send. With all the work I have,
there is no way I could have cooked
a dinner for 5.

DESDEMONA

I meant to ask you who else you
have coming over for dinner
tonight?

BRITTANY

You, silly. I told you that you are
family.

(MORE)

BRITTANY (CONT'D)
More family than most of these
people running around here, anyway.
I want you here with us.

Brittany walks around the table.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)
Everything looks perfect, as usual.
What's on tonight's menu.

Desdemona stops and stands still as Brittany inspects the table.

DESDEMONA
Since this is a homecoming dinner,
I thought I would honor of your
Grandmother. So, tonight's dinner
is her favorite meal--

Brittany stops and smiles.

BRITTANY
Yes. Chicken Cordon Bleu with
rosemary rice and steamed
asparagus.

Desdemona nods and finishes the last glass and returns to the kitchen. The ALARM on the clock sounds.

Rebecca enters the room within seconds and stares at the table.

REBECCA
WOW! Look at this table. It looks
so pretty, but I thought tonight,
we could eat using Mama's good
china and silverware.

Brittany nods in agreement.

BRITTANY
Desdemona...

Desdemona rushes into the room.

DESDEMONA
Yes ma'am. How can I help you?

BRITTANY
How many times do I have to tell
you about the ma'am?
(laughs)
(MORE)

BRITTANY (CONT'D)

I know dinner is almost served, but would you be a dear and get Grandma Elena's good silver out. I think we should eat with it tonight.

Desdemona nods.

DESDEMONA

Right away Brittany.

Rebecca steps in front of her. She shepherds Desdemona back to the kitchen.

REBECCA

No! I will get the silver and put in on the table. There's no need to stop Desdemona from putting the finishing touches on the food.

Brittany smiles.

BRITTANY

Well, Rebecca. I think that's a lovely idea. I am glad your helping. Alright. I will get Sour Boots and we will get started.

Brittany disappears through the doorway. Desdemona gets the silver from the bottom shelf and sits it on the table; then, goes back to the kitchen.

Rebecca just stares at the silver. She re-sets the table. EMMANUEL walks in with SAMANTHA. She smiles at Rebecca.

SAMANTHA

Hey Auntie. What are you doing setting the table?

Rebecca nods her head.

REBECCA

I thought we could eat using Mama's good silver tonight. Just like old times on a Sunday afternoon.

Emmanuel scoffs.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

You know, I am getting tired of you and your attitude, little boy.

Emmanuel rolls his head all the way around.

EMMANUEL

You know what I'm getting tired of,
your--

Samantha throws her heads up.

SAMANTHA

Wait a minute. Wait a minute--

Brittany walks in stops. She stares at them.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Hey, Mom! Hey there. How about we
eat dinner now?

Brittany cuts her eyes at Samantha. Samantha's eyes widen.

BRITTANY

Yea. Let's do that.

Everyone moves to a chair and sits. Desdemona nods. Rebecca
picks up the fork.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)

You know. Grandma Elena would truly
love the idea of us all eating
together like old days. Like little
kids.

They smile.

SAMANTHA

Right, we should make this a weekly
event in her memory.

Emmanuel smirks.

EMMANUEL

Especially since she raised us all
like we were her children.

Rebecca SLAMS the fork and her fist down on the table. The
glasses shake. Water spills from one of them.

REBECCA

That's it! I can't take no more
from you, you little bastard.

Emmanuel covers his mouth with his hand, real dramatic. He
looks back and forth. Samantha shakes her head.

EMMANUEL

The whore speaks. Well, what does
she have to say?

SAMANTHA

Calm down everyone. Please.

Brittany sips her water.

REBECCA

You just won't let me live, will you? No matter what I try and do to make up for the past, you just won't let it go.

Emmanuel moves his hand over his chest.

EMMANUEL

And what have you done to make up for the past? Nothing. You parade yourself in here, thinking because you got Brit fooled that everyone will buy your little act.

He draws circles with his index finger.

EMMANUEL (CONT'D)

But I see right through you.

Samantha raises her hands.

SAMANTHA

Let's just calm down. Eat our salads and finish dinner.

REBECCA

No. Let's not. We can't do anything until the elephant in the room has been addressed.

(to Emmanuel)

Your problem is not with me. Your problem is that you are a closeted faggot who is just hoping and praying that one day no one really notices the mass of marriages you have destroyed with your sexual exploits. So you try and hide behind the mistakes of my past.

She circles with her index finger.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

But I see right through you.

She laughs while everyone else is silent. Emmanuel looks back and forth from Brittany to Samantha to Desdemona. His eyes turn red and a tear slides down his cheek.

He pushes back from the table and stands. He looks down at his salad plate and then to Brittany. Samantha places her hands over her head.

EMMANUEL

Three more years of this? Yeah, right.

Brittany sips her water and places her glass on the table. Emmanuel walks away.

SAMANTHA

Wow Auntie. That was harsh, even for me. And I'm a kid.

Rebecca slumps back into her chair. Desdemona looks down at her plate.

8

INT. DRYON HOTEL GREAT ROOM - EVENING

8

Brittany sits in the great room with a drink in her hand. She rocks her head back and forth. Rebecca walks in and sits in the other chair.

BRITTANY

You came down here, for what exactly?

Rebecca sits back.

REBECCA

I came down because I wanted to talk.

BRITTANY

About what, exactly. What you did at dinner?

Rebecca's mouth drops into a O.

REBECCA

Me?? Listen, he attacks me every time he looks at me. Am I never supposed to live it down?

Brittany swirls the drink around in the cup.

BRITTANY

You know, he was wrong for how he's been treating you since you been back, but you the Mama. YOU THE MAMA!

(MORE)

BRITTANY (CONT'D)

I told you to remember that and today at dinner, you did everything but remember. And, we both know what you did to him back in the day.

Brittany sips the drink.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)

You owe it to him and Grandma Elena to keep your cool and remain in control when dealing with him.

Brittany stands and puts the glass down.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)

Otherwise, I WILL tell the judge that you can't stay here anymore. And you and I both know you are not here because you got out on bail because of the goodness of your heart, so don't miss court! I mean it!

Brittany looks down at her watch. Rebecca's eyes lower and she stares at the floor for a moment. Brittany walks away. Rebecca looks over her shoulder at Brittany then gets up.

She walks over to the credenza and pulls the box of silver. She checks over both shoulders and carries the box out of the house.

9 EXT. DRYON STABLES - EVENING - ESTABLISHING SHOT 9

An evening shot of the stables, still and quiet.

10 INT. DRYON STABLES - EVENING 10

Rebecca enters with the box of silver and hides it under a bale of hay. She leaves.

11 INT. DRYON STABLES - EARLY MORNING 11

Rebecca creeps into the stables and retrieves the box of silver from the bale of hay. She walks the box to the other end of the stable where a black car waits.

She taps on the window of the car and it opens.

REBECCA

This is all I could get my hands on
right now. I know it won't cover
all that I owe, but it will buy me
some time, right?

A MAN whose face is hidden in the shadows of the car sticks
his hand out and takes the box from her. The DEEP, HEAVY
VOICE speaks.

VOICE

If I have to ask you for this money
again bitch, you gonna remember it.

He rolls the window up and the car drives off.

Emmanuel watches the exchange from a window in the Hotel. He
crosses his arms across his chest and nods his head.

12 EXT. DRYON HOTEL - DAY

12

Brittany stands in the yard at the hotel. She sweeps the down
the walkway.

A town car pulls up the driveway. The door opens and AMANDA
LITTLEJOHN, 35, classically beautiful, steps from the car.

She turns, grabs her briefcase and walks to the hotel door.
Brittany walks to the door.

BRITTANY

Can I help you?

Amanda turns and a bright smile creeps on her face.

AMANDA

Brittany? Brittany Miller, is that
you?

Brittany squints her eyes. She looks Amanda up and down
several times.

BRITTANY

Amanda? Wow, look at you? You look
completely different.

Amanda smiles and looks down.

AMANDA

Well, I'm an attorney now. I was
actually looking for someone but I
think I have the wrong address.
Does Rebecca Miller live here?

Brittany smiles.

BRITTANY

She's my Aunt. What did she do now?

AMANDA

Well, I am here because she is scheduled to give a deposition in a few days due to her mistrial. She's facing some serious time in prison if she doesn't cooperate.

Brittany shakes her head.

BRITTANY

Well, what does she have to do?

Amanda puts her briefcase down and pulls out a stack of papers. She rifles through them, then

AMANDA

Frankly, she needs to testify against Ali Carpetto to avoid a retrial. If she doesn't, she could face up to 78 years in prison.

BRITTANY

Well, I will speak with her about taking you up on your offer. I doubt it though, strongly.

Amanda puts the papers back into her brief case.

AMANDA

My boss is like a dog with a bone on this one. She will press for her to be charged if she doesn't cooperate.

Brittany's voice flattens out.

BRITTANY

I said I will talk to her.

They nod and Amanda walks away. She gets into her car and her cell phone RINGS.

AMANDA

Hello. Oh, hey there. What are you talking about right now? You mean, she bribed the judge?

13

INT. DRYON HOTEL DINNING ROOM - DAY

13

Brittany eats from a bowl of grapes and reads the newspaper. Her feet relax on the edge of another chair. The phone RINGS. Brittany snaps to attention.

BRITTANY

Hello... WHAT!! What is it???
Tell me what happened?

Brittany eyes widen. Rebecca walks into the room. Brittany looks up at Rebecca who pauses for a moment.

REBECCA

What's wrong?

Brittany takes a deep breath. She hangs the phone off to her side.

BRITTANY

A man walked up to her and ruined
her outfit.

Rebecca's eyes widen.

REBECCA

What did he say? What exactly did
he say?

Brittany's breath quickens. She puts the phone back to her ear.

BRITTANY

Tell me what he said.

(beat)

He said to tell her mother he was
this close.

Brittany's eyebrows furrow. Rebecca's eyes widen.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)

Okay. I'm on my way to get you.
Stay with Michelle, bye.

Brittany hangs up the phone and grabs her bag. She walks to the door.

REBECCA

Britt, just let me explain.

BRITTANY

Not now, Rebecca. Not now.

She exits. Rebecca's eyes widen.

SMASH CUT TO:

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END OF ACT THREE