

386 SAMPLE SCENES

INT. 386 BASEMENT - DAY

A broken down boiler clunks up a cry for help--totally on its last leg.

The boiler shuts down.

INT. LEWIS BEDROOM - NIGHT

A phone rings... LOUD.

REGINALD LEWIS aka "REGGIE", late 50s, a true Aquarius-detached and unaffected, ignores the intrusion. He simply turns his body, faces his partner.

His girlfriend, MARSHA, a few years younger, wakes up annoyed. She stares down the phone, an enemy to her dreams.

MARSHA

Reggie... answer the damn phone.  
We already know he won't stop.

Reggie can no longer "fake sleep". His sigh signals his defeat. Reggie, grabs the receiver, drops it on purpose... waits a for beat, totally spiteful.

REGGIE

What...

MACE (V.O.)

(thick Caribbean accent)  
Hey boss, the boiler bust.

REGGIE

Okay, you know the drill... patch up. Goodnight, wait... good morning--

MACE (V.O.)

Eh... not this time. It bust.

REGGIE

Alright, I'll call Lamont. Any complaints?

MACE (V.O.)

4A. You know she, man.

REGGIE

Screw that old bat.

MACE (V.O.)  
Maybe that what she need.

Mace laughs to himself. Bad timing really.

REGGIE  
I'll be down in the morning--bye.

Reggie slams the phone down.

REGGIE (CONT'D)  
I'm selling.

MARSHA  
Yeah right.

Marsha inches away from Reggie, curls up with her sheets.  
Reggie stares at nothing. Worry creeps up and stays there.

INT. 386 BASEMENT - DAY

MACE, 386's nonchalant superintendent, shabby looks, but great build, 50s, nice guy.

He peers down at the busted boiler, makes an obvious prognosis.

MACE  
Yep. It's time for a new one.

REGGIE  
Wanna tell me something else?

MACE  
Trisha pregnant.

REGGIE  
Ooh... it's yours?

Mace shoots him a "duh". Reggie returns back to business.

REGGIE (CONT'D)  
Sure we can't patch this up?

MACE  
Might last two, three weeks.

REGGIE  
Tinker a bit, I'll call Lamont.  
See what he says.

That stings Mace.

MACE  
Lamont. I don't know boss...

REGGIE  
I'm calling Lamont.

MACE  
You're the boss.

Mace "tinkers" with no regrets. Reggie smiles at his only friend. He bounds up the raggedy steps.

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INT. 386 FIRST FLOOR LOBBY - DAY

Reggie steps out with Mace. They both look up and wait as a tenant descends the creaky old wooden staircase.

OLD LADY VOICE (O.S.)  
Mister Lewis...

Both Reggie and Mace give collective sighs. Creeping down the staircase is MRS. VICTOR, 70s, bitch to the core. She is assisted by her enabling husband, MR. VICTOR, 70s.

REGGIE  
Good morning--

MRS VICTOR  
Hot water yet?

REGGIE  
We're working on it.

MRS VICTOR  
That's not acceptable. You have elderly tenants here. HPD will not be happy about this.

MACE  
Thank God it's June.

REGGIE  
I'm getting a new boiler.

MRS VICTOR  
Hmp... We'll see. Stan.

Mr. Victor follows his wife out the door. Reggie's fake smile turns into damn near a growl.

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INT. OFFICE - DAY

Reggie finds his cousin slumped over a large plate of some Spanish cuisine. This is LAMONT SMITH, late 40s, a jack of all trades, master of none.

LAMONT

What's up Reg? Want any?

REGGIE

Appetite is a little off these days.

LAMONT

Sure? This food is hella good.

REGGIE

I got bigger problems than food, alright. The boiler is busted.

LAMONT

You just realize that.

REGGIE

The point is, I can't afford a new one. As my CPA, can you help me locate some money at least. And as my business advisor... what's it going to cost me to sell?

Lamont nearly chokes on a piece of chicken. Reggie shoots up, pats him on the back.

LAMONT

(a few coughs)

Are you serious?

REGGIE

That much, huh?

LAMONT

My ears must have deceived me. Did you just say, sell... as in give up the baby?

REGGIE

She's not a baby anymore. More like a royal pain in the ass.

LAMONT

Yes! I mean, wow. Reg, my brother, it's about damn time.

REGGIE

I need you to call the realtor who's been bugging us.

LAMONT

Forget that chick. There's this guy I met from Clark & Co.

REGGIE

Never heard of them.

LAMONT

They're Al legit. The real deal. They specialize in small unit apartment buildings.

Lamont wipes his greasy hands and searches on a photo board filled with business cards.

LAMONT (CONT'D)

Damn, I know it's here. Getting old, Reg.

REGGIE

You haven't hit fifty yet. Talk to me then.

Finds the card, holds like gold.

LAMONT

Yeah, buddy. Preston Weiss.

REGGIE

I want to meet him first.

LAMONT

No problem. I'll set a meet and greet, see if he's a fit. I think he is.

REGGIE

Don't get too excited. I still have to think this over with Rory.

LAMONT

Who's the parent here?

REGGIE

When Callie passed, Rory got a third ownership. You know this.

LAMONT  
Well Rory's like 300 plus miles  
away, so...

REGGIE  
She's moving back--Jesus, do you  
even listen when I talk.

Lamont returns to stuffing his face.

LAMONT  
Call me when you have a definite  
idea. I'll check the books for the  
new boiler.

REGGIE  
Good.

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EXT. LEWIS RESIDENT - DAY

A JEEP WRANGLER with a Uhaul trailer attached to the back,  
slowly pulls up.

RORY LEWIS, 28, hip chic, steps out refreshed.

INT. LEWIS KITCHEN - DAY

Rory enters through the kitchen door.

MARSHA  
Hey, Rory.

Marsha greets Rory with a fake hug.

RORY  
Hey.

MARSHA  
How was the ride down?

RORY  
Okay. My dad in the dungeon?

MARSHA  
Where else.

INT. LEWIS BASEMENT - DAY

The basement is a hoarder's wet dream: mess everywhere. Somewhere in this coordinated clutter sits Reggie at his desk... hard at something.

Rory sneaks up behind him.

RORY  
Hey Pop.

REGGIE  
Hey...

Reggie nearly breaks his leg to hug Rory.

REGGIE (CONT'D)  
That was quick.

RORY  
Maryland's not that far. I also  
had help driving.

REGGIE  
Help?

RORY  
My good friend, Taylor.

REGGIE  
How's what's his face?

As they head upstairs...

RORY  
You mean, Denison?

REGGIE  
Yeah, him.

RORY  
We left on good terms. A mutual  
understanding.

REGGIE  
You moved down there for him.

RORY  
I was stupid.

REGGIE  
I won't argue with that.

RORY  
Thanks Pop...