

CHARACTERS:

Malus (Malachi Hart Jr.)

Age: 24 - Black

Malus, a 24-year-old African-American man, exudes street-smart confidence with a lean build and impeccable, fashion-forward style. He's known for always dressing appropriately for every occasion, showcasing his well-polished looks. Malus is expressive and engaging, with a quick wit and a sense of humor that make him a charismatic presence in social settings. Beneath his confident exterior, he grapples with complex emotions surrounding his Christian faith and his homosexuality, which he prefers to keep private.

Despite these internal conflicts, Malus shares an open and close relationship with his father, who is aware of his sexuality and provides unwavering support and love.

Webber (Webster Bernard)

Age: 22 - Black

Webber, a 22-year-old African-American man, carries an aura of vulnerability and complexity in his demeanor. His casual and somewhat disheveled attire contrasts with his hidden handsomeness, which is concealed beneath his rugged appearance. With a muscular build and a background as a country boy, Webber possesses an air of rugged charm.

Emotionally, Webber wears his heart on his sleeve, nursing deep heartbreak from his last relationship. Despite often projecting an innocent facade, he's acutely aware of the attention he receives from the same sex, leading to internal conflict. Notably, Webber is fully aware that he is not homosexual, which adds an extra layer of complexity to his emotional state. His relationship with Malus is marked by a complicated mix of guilt, attraction, and a longing for redemption. Webber's emotional turmoil drives him to seek a chance at personal and relational healing.

EXT. G.W. CARVER - NIGHT

On his escape across the George Washington Carver Bridge, Malus spots a security guard sitting on a pillar facing the water.

Malus pulls up behind the guard.

MALUS
(out the car window)
Hey, you good?! Playa you good?

The security guard nods but doesn't turn to address him.

Seeing that the young man is in distress, Malus exits the safety of his car to help him.

MALUS (CONT'D)
You good, G?

As Malus approaches, WEBBER'S(22) body language confirms that he is in trouble.

MALUS (CONT'D)
Shit shitty nigga, but this ain't the end.

WEBBER
What?

MALUS
Shit shitty nigga, but this ain't the end. You win when you win.

Webber becomes slightly intrigued by Malus.

MALUS (CONT'D)
What got you fucked up?

WEBBER
I'm good.

MALUS
Please don't tell me your ass was about to jump over a bitch?

WEBBER
I wasn't trying to kill myself.

MALUS
Lie to yourself nigga, but don't play me for no fucking fool.

WEBBER
Shit shitty nigga.

MALUS
But this ain't the end. You win when you win.

Malus extends his fist for Webber to pound up.

WEBBER

Webber.

MALUS

Malus.

Webber pounds up Malus's hand.

MALUS (CONT'D)

Man, fuck that bitch.

WEBBER

What?

MALUS

Fuck that bitch, you up here crying over a bitch, ain't you?

WEBBER

You don't understand. She's my heart.

MALUS

That bitch ain't shit.

WEBBER

You know Crystal?

MALUS

Hell no, but I know that bitch was way outta your league.

WEBBER

Out my league?

MALUS

You a cornball ass nigga.

WEBBER

What?!

MALUS

Calm down nigga! I didn't say "you don't got potential." I'm just saying you're a cornball.

WEBBER

Nigga this my uniform.

Malus looks down at Webber's kicks.

WEBBER (CONT'D)

Them my work shoes.

MALUS

You don't care how you look at work?

WEBBER

Why would I?

Malus shakes his head in disappointment.

MALUS
She was outta your fucking league nigga.

WEBBER
Naw, we are a perfect match.

MALUS
Was.

WEBBER
What?

MALUS
She just needed a corny ass nigga to temporarily make her feel better.

WEBBER
Damn.

MALUS
I just want a corny ass nigga, cause I'm smooth enough for the both of us.

WEBBER
Shit. Whoa.

Malus waits for his play to fully catch up with Webber.

WEBBER (CONT'D)
You funny nigga?

Malus gives an ambiguous look.

WEBBER (CONT'D)
You gay?

MALUS
Naw.

Webber sits in his confusion for a brief second.

WEBBER
I thought you just came at me.

MALUS
Let's grab something to eat.

WEBBER
Naw, naw, I'm definitely good.

MALUS
If you don't get your corny ass in this mother-fucking-car, imma throw your ass in the river and tell everybody you jumped over some bitch.

Webber doesn't budge.

MALUS (CONT'D)
She wasn't afraid to chase that bag.

WEBBER
And neither am I.

Malus shoots a very judgmental "oh really" look at Webber.

WEBBER (CONT'D)
This my uniform.

Character Report for "MALUS"

MALUS: Hey, you good?! Playa you good?

MALUS: You good, G?

MALUS: Shit shitty nigga, but this ain't the end.

MALUS: Shit shitty nigga, but this ain't the end. You win when you win.

MALUS: What got you fucked up?

MALUS: Please don't tell me your ass was about to jump over a bitch?

MALUS: Lie to yourself nigga, but don't play me for no fucking fool.

MALUS: But this ain't the end. You win when you win.

MALUS: Malus.

MALUS: Man, fuck that bitch.

MALUS: Fuck that bitch, you up here crying over a bitch, ain't you?

MALUS: That bitch ain't shit.

MALUS: Hell no, but I know that bitch was way outta your league.

MALUS: You a cornball ass nigga.

MALUS: Calm down nigga! I didn't say "you don't got potential." I'm just saying you're a cornball.

MALUS: You don't care how you look at work?

MALUS: She was outta your fucking league nigga.

MALUS: Was.

MALUS: She just needed a corny ass nigga to temporarily make her feel better.

MALUS: I just want a corny ass nigga, cause I'm smooth enough for the both of us.

MALUS: Naw.

MALUS: Let's grab something to eat.

MALUS: If you don't get your corny ass in this mother-fucking-car, imma throw your ass in the river and tell everybody you jumped over some bitch.

MALUS: She wasn't afraid to chase that bag.

Character Report for "WEBBER"

WEBBER: What?

WEBBER: I'm good.

WEBBER: I wasn't trying to kill myself.

WEBBER: Shit shitty nigga.

WEBBER: Webber.

WEBBER: What?

WEBBER: You don't understand. She's my heart.

WEBBER: You know Crystal?

WEBBER: Out my league?

WEBBER: What?!

WEBBER: Nigga this my uniform.

WEBBER: Them my work shoes.

WEBBER: Why would I?

WEBBER: Naw, we are a perfect match.

WEBBER: What?

WEBBER: Damn.

WEBBER: Shit. Whoa.

WEBBER: You funny nigga?

WEBBER: You gay?

WEBBER: I thought you just came at me.

WEBBER: Naw, naw, I'm definitely good.

WEBBER: And neither am I.

WEBBER: This my uniform.