

WHITNEY Sc.1

61.

1/5

START

WHITNEY

This storm pickin' up outside. I'm wondering if your dad is gonna get his work done today.

WOODSIDE

Do we have cake?

WHITNEY

Maybe.

WOODSIDE

Can we maybe eat it for breakfast?

MARVIN

Ain you just had cupcakes by Gabby day before yesterday?

WHITNEY

Right.

WOODSIDE

Muddasick, it's my birthday!

WHITNEY

(mockingly)

Marvin, what you think?

MARVIN

Cake in the morning? Hmmm...

Woodside gets out of the bed and starts walking out the room.

WOODSIDE

Ine gat time for y'all.

Whitney and Marvin giggle, following him.

60

INT. HOME - KITCHEN - DAY (A FEW MOMENTS LATER)

60

The rain has picked up now, blowing up the curtains. The kitchen seems intentionally cluttered, with something occupying every space. Floral and fruit decorations line the walls and counters. On the table is a white box.

Woodside immediately opens it, looking at the beautiful german chocolate cake inside. It says "Happy Birthday DJ!"

WHITNEY

I need to start singing again?

MARVIN

One. Two. Tree.

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WHITNEY
Happy Birthda--

MARVIN (CONT'D)
Happy Birthda--

WOODSIDE
Okay, okay. Stop.

They're all laughing as Dennis's truck pulls up in the rainy driveway. The laughing fades. The room grows just a bit more tense. Like a cloud came over the room.

MARVIN
So... we gonna eat it?

WHITNEY
Of course. Just make sure you give your daddy the first piece, ok?

Woodside nods as Dennis runs up to the house, using his jacket as a covering from the rain. Whitney grabs plates and Marvin grabs a few cups from the cabinet.

Woodside grabs the knife and cuts into the cake, then places a piece on one of the plates. Woodside's face sinks, but he keeps cutting more pieces of cake.

WHITNEY (CONT'D)
Baby, we in the kitchen.

Dennis walks in the kitchen, everyone looking at him. He scans the room, confused.

DENNIS
What y'all get cake for?

WHITNEY
It's DJ birthday.

Dennis is completely stunned.

DENNIS
Well... why you ain' tell me that?

WHITNEY
Baby, I told you from like three days ago. Remember you asked me about it when we was at PoopDeck.

MARVIN
First piece of ca--

DENNIS
Get that out my face.

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Dennis smacks the plate out of a shocked Marvin's hand. The plate SMASHES on the floor. He's immediately explosive.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

So y'all was just doing this without me?

WHITNEY

DJ wanted cake for breakfast, so we just--

Dennis rushes Woodside, grabs him by the throat and pushes his throat against the wall.

DENNIS

What you making decisions in my house for?

Woodside is up against the wall, feet dangling from the floor. Dennis trembles with rage.

WHITNEY

(frantically)

Dennis, please. Stop! What is happening?

END

Woodside glances to the knife that's still in his hand. Dennis notices it for the first time.

DENNIS

You think you could run my house? Huh?

Woodside's mouth tightens as he strains against Dennis. But Dennis is too strong.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

You'll never be a man in my house.

Woodside considers it, and his face hardens as he looks Dennis directly in the eyes. An act of defiance. The knife is trembling in his hand.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Drop it.

Woodside is struggling to breathe now. His eyes grow wider.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Drop. It.

MARVIN

Bey, just drop it.

WHITNEY Sc. 2

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4/5

WHITNEY (CONT'D)

I know, I know. Just get home,
please. And be safe out there.

She hangs up the phone.

WHITNEY (CONT'D)

DJ, where you was? I been worried
si--

She finally notices his face. Woodside is furious, his
shoulders heaving with anger.

WOODSIDE

You don't care.

Whitney is stunned.

WHITNEY

Excuse me?

WOODSIDE

I'm leaving.

Whitney's genuinely confused now.

WHITNEY

W-What? Leaving where? DJ, what is--

She reads the rage in his eyes. The distance growing.

WHITNEY (CONT'D)

W-where is this coming from?

WOODSIDE

(quickly)

I don't know.

There's an awkward silence. Woodside is trembling with
anxiety. He's forcing himself not to cry.

WHITNEY

(calmly)

W-what happen to you? Somebody did
you something?

WOODSIDE

You.

WHITNEY

Me? W-well, hold on. What--

She sighs in exasperation. This was not the confrontation she
expected. Tears are in her eyes now, too.

WHITNEY S. 2

115.

S/S

WHITNEY (CONT'D)

And where would you even go?

Woodside waits, considering his words. He speaks, but nothing comes out. Then, he starts toward the door.

WHITNEY (CONT'D)

DJ, I understand that you are upset, but if you leave this house--

The door slams shut. Woodside's gone.

END

~~114 EXT. HOME - DAY 114~~

~~Woodside runs from the house, wind whipping around him. He's determined; focused.~~

~~115 INT. HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY 115~~

~~Whitney stares at the open door, tears falling down her face. She takes a seat on the sofa, weighed down.~~

~~116 EXT. STREET - DAY 116~~

~~Woodside runs down the street. A bus passes him and he tries to flag it down. It's Mr. Mackey.~~

~~MR. MACKEY~~

~~Go home! Hurricane coming!~~

~~Woodside shakes his head, and almost laughs.~~

~~WOODSIDE~~

~~Muddafuck.~~

~~He keeps running down the street, the clouds above swirling as the storm closes in. Winds are picking up.~~

~~117 INT. DENNIS'S TRUCK - DAY 117~~

~~Dennis and Marvin are on their way home. They're stopped at the light, waiting.~~

~~DENNIS~~

~~And I gettin tired of all this dramatic foolishness. I gin tell him one last...~~