

MUSCULAR MAN/FLAMBOYANT MAN

6.

1/2

INT. FRANK'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Frank awakens to the cat PURRING on his chest. Reality hits him. He looks toward the bedroom door, listens...but nothing.

He holds back tears through a whiskey headache. He'd give anything to see her again.

INT. FRANK'S KITCHEN

Frank empties the TUNA into a dish and sits it on the ground. He puts toast in the toaster.

A CAR DOOR SLAMS somewhere outside.

Frank pauses. Wonders if he's hearing things.

MUFFLED VOICES are heard chatting and laughing. He crosses into

THE LIVING ROOM

And looks through the curtains of the nearest window ---

EXT. THE SHOTGUN HOUSE NEXT DOOR

A MEDIUM SIZED U-HAUL truck is parked in the driveway. A MUSCULAR MAN and a STATUESQUE BLACK WOMAN, NAIA SANDS, (both in their late 30s) LAUGH as they move a wicker chair onto the porch. Maybe they're a couple? Frank watches with rapt attention but also disbelief. The house has been vacant for over a year.

START

FRANK

You gotta be shitting me...

He moves to another window for a closer view. Another MAN comes out of the back of the U-Haul, flamboyantly dressed in a pink cutoff halter top.

The boisterous group cut up as they unload the U-Haul. Frank unlatches the window and quietly raises it to better hear their conversation:

FLAMBOYANT MAN

Girl, you're out here on God's backside! We need to pack this up and take you right back to Atlanta!

NAIA

I'll be just fine.

MUSCULAR MAN/FLAMBOYANT⁷ MAN 2/2

MUSCULAR GUY

She said she wanted a change...

FLAMBOYANT MAN

Nope. I don't think this is what Sam Cooke was singing about.

NAIA

That's your problem, you don't have a vision. I got plans for this place...

FLAMBOYANT MAN

Hmph. If you like it, I love it, I guess...

NAIA

So you gonna help me paint it?

FLAMBOYANT MAN

No ma'am!

The group moves inside the house. Frank opens the curtains a little more. This definitely wasn't on his bingo card today.

Something about NAIA gives him pause... A strange familiarity?

END

~~EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE - LATER THAT MORNING~~

~~Frank exits and quietly makes his way to his truck, doing his best to avoid seeing the new neighbors. As he is about to get in his pickup ---~~

~~NAIA (O.S.)~~

~~(from a distance)~~

~~Hi there.~~

~~Frank turns to see Naia by the moving truck.~~

~~FRANK~~

~~(barely audible)~~

~~Uh, hello.~~

~~She approaches the edge of her yard, nearer to him.~~

~~NAIA~~

~~I'm Naia. I'm moving in...~~

~~Frank, like a nervous cat, remains ready to jump in his truck.~~