

DESCRIPTION:

Sean has just returned from making final preparations to drop 70K of cocaine with his younger brother.

Diamond, the baby of the family, was supposed to prepare the cocaine for transport but, in protest, has spent his time cooking.

Neither of them are aware that Noah is stowed away under their kitchen island.

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A DOOR SLAMS.

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KEYS CLATTER onto the counter.

The kitten flinches.

Sean's boots step into frame.

SEAN (O.S.)

We don't got time for this!

Noah clutches the kitten, holding his breath.

At the stove, DIAMOND (late teens), wild hair, unfocused, tends a pot of boiling rice -

DIAMOND

You can't rush the concoction.

SEAN

I sealed the deal. All you had to do was the pack the bag.

Diamond continues stirring.

DIAMOND

Pops didn't want this.

SEAN

He's gone! Move on, Di.

Diamond turns to reveal a FRESH TATTOO burned across his forearm: POPS, wrapped in angel wings.

Sean clocks it.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Wings?

DIAMOND

You didn't know him like I did.

SEAN  
He wasn't no angel.

Diamond glances at the counter – baggies of white powder.

DIAMOND  
He wanted this to die with him.

SEAN  
This isn't gone until it's gone,  
Di.

Diamond shakes his head and turns back to the stove.

Sean steps closer.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
You tryin' to get messed up?

Noah shrinks under the island.

DIAMOND  
I don't gotta listen to you. You  
ain't Pops.

SEAN  
Pops is dead! I'm what you got!

DIAMOND  
Pop had deep, piercing love.

SEAN  
He'd be givin' you a deep, piercing  
ass whoopin' right now.

Noah squeezes his eyes shut.

DIAMOND  
(under his breath)  
Gas lighter.

SEAN  
What?

DIAMOND  
(softly)  
That's what my therapist calls you.

SEAN  
You talk to your therapist about  
me?

Sean grabs the back of Diamond's head – pressing his face to  
the counter.

DIAMOND  
Just 'cause you're my biggest  
problem-

SEAN  
I pay that whiny therapist and she  
ain't helpin' you!

DIAMOND  
She's helping me.

SEAN  
With what?

DIAMOND  
My trauma.

Sean releases Diamond and grabs the DUFFLE BAG from the  
counter, shoving it into Diamond.

Diamond lets it drop to the floor -

A beat

SEAN  
Pick up the goddam-

Sean's gaze follows the bag.

Under the counter -

NOAH is clutching the kitten.

Silence.

Sean instinctively YANKS THE KITTEN from Noah, cradles it.

NOAH  
(soft)  
That's a bad word.

Sean stares.

SEAN  
Who the hell are you?

Diamond crouches.

DIAMOND  
Where'd you come from, little man?

NOAH  
My grandpa says swearing is  
in-tic-are-late.

Diamond looks at Sean.

DIAMOND  
What's that mean?

Sean strokes the kitten.

SEAN  
Hell if I know.

NOAH  
It means you're not supposed to say  
bad words.

DIAMOND  
Watch your language. He's a  
What are you doing in my house,  
little kid.

SEAN  
Shut up.

NOAH  
I'm not a kid.

Sean studies him.

SEAN  
Who are you?

Noah stiffens defensively -

NOAH  
I'm a grown boy!

DIAMOND  
He's mad cute.

SEAN  
Why are you here?

NOAH  
My mom is tracking me.

Sean stiffens -

SEAN  
Tracking?

NOAH  
That's why I'm hiding.

Sean takes a step back.

SEAN  
Check him, Di.

Diamond pulls Noah to his feet and pats him down.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
Look in his backpack!

DIAMOND  
You mind, little man?

Noah turns around.

Diamond unzips Noah's backpack.

NOAH  
I'm not little.

Diamond opens it.

He finds the donuts.

DIAMOND  
Sharing is caring.

SEAN  
DIAMOND!

Diamond shoves a donut into his mouth while searching the backpack.

Sean nervously strokes the kitten. It purrs.

Diamond pulls Noah's phone out and examines it.

DIAMOND  
(to Sean)  
Your mom's blowing up his phone.  
(to Noah)  
Wanna call her back?

Noah grabs his phone and shoves it back into his pack.

Sean ~~grabs~~ turn to the duffle bag, shoving baggies into it.

SEAN  
Get the kid in the car, kid.

NOAH  
I'm a grown boy!

SEAN  
You're a minor!

DIAMOND

Why you got to be such a dick? He's sensitive about his age.

SEAN

Damn it, Diamond, get him in the car!

NOAH

Swearing is stupid! That's what my Grandpa says.

Noah steps up beside Sean and starts packing baggies into the duffle bag.

SEAN

(to Diamond)

What's he doing?

NOAH

I'm helping.

SEAN

Don't let him help!

DIAMOND

That's how brothers do, man.

Noah gleams.

NOAH

That's how brothers do!

DIAMOND

Aww. I love this guy.