

FADE IN:

EXT. DOWNTOWN CLEARWATER - NIGHT

Rock exits from a coffee shop and walks to the curb of the sidewalk under a lamp post. He looks around as though he's waiting for the bus.

He seems bothered. He's holding flowers. He looks at his watch and is unable to hide his annoyance.

ROCK
(to himself)
Quiet.
(pause)
Quiet...
(pause)
Something probably happened. She's probably held up at school or something.

Rock slightly looks to his left. He glares.

ROCK (CONT'D)
(threatens)
I don't want to hear it.

Rock sighs and looks forward. His frustration is building. His phone rings. He smiles with anticipation.

ROCK (CONT'D)
(to himself, relieved)
Ah! Speak of the devil.

He answers the phone.

ROCK (CONT'D)
(on phone)
Hey. What happened? Where are you?

His look of relief begins to fade.

ROCK (CONT'D)
(on phone)
You're with who?
(pause)
Mark, huh...
(pause, sarcastic)
Oh you mean that guy you work with, that's in all your classes and groups projects.
(pause)
It's not sarcasm. It's just that.
(MORE)

ROCK (CONT'D)
 (pause.)
 Alright. Alright. Okay. Seeya.

Rock hangs up the phone and slightly sucks in his lips in frustration.

Suddenly, IMMATURE bursts out in laughter.

IMMATURE ROCK
 (hype)
 What! Are you kidding me! Oh my god!

CONSIDERATE smiles but feels sympathetic for Professional.

CONSIDERATE ROCK
 Come on man. Leave him alone.

IMMATURE ROCK
 Yo man! Please! Please tell me you're not gonna take that!

Immature transitions to Professional

PROFESSSIONAL ROCK
 (depressed but calm)
 Hey shut up man. Alright... Her friend Mark just needed her help on an assignment. She's just. She's just being good friend.

IMMATURE ROCK
 (hyped up)
 What! This is the sixth time! Yo, you've been telling her all week how you've been planning this. It's your one year anniversary. She ditched you for some punk named Mark and your punkass is making excuses for her?

PROFESSSIONAL ROCK
 (shouts)
 Hey you, shut up! I don't need your shit right now!

A pedestrian couple walks the sidewalk in front of Rock and throws him odd glances. Professional Rock quickly tries to gather himself, waving at the couple with a forced smile.

PROFESSSIONAL
 Alright. I just need to think. I just need to think. I just need to come up with something.

Immature Rock slowly transitions in with a smile at Professional Rock. Immature Rock begins pointing and laughing at Professional Rock.

IMMATURE ROCK
(laughs)
Look at you!

Considerate Rock smiles with his arms folded, and nodding with an understanding.

CONSIDERATE ROCK
Dude come on. Leave him alone.

Professional looks to his right.

PROFESSSIONAL ROCK
(cold)
I don't need your help.

IMMATURE ROCK
Yeah nigga. Ain't nobody talking to you, shut up.

Professional looks to his left and gestures as he speaks.

PROFESSSIONAL ROCK
What did I tell you about using that word?

IMMATURE ROCK
Everyone else uses it.

PROFESSSIONAL ROCK
(snaps back)
I don't care what everyone else is doing. We're better than that.

Considerate smiles innocently.

CONSIDERATE ROCK
Didn't we settle this topic back when we were what...15? Remember. Dad and a little movie called "Laundry Mat."

Professional rolled his eyes.

PROFESSSIONAL ROCK
Awe yes. Dad.

IMMATURE ROCK
Punk ass, racist dad.

Rock just stands there for a while pondering his next move and taking in his surroundings.

CONSIDERATE ROCK

So...what are we gonna do?

IMMATURE ROCK

I say we break out the old Rock. I mean, he's been chained up for so long. I say we let him loose for a day or two. He'll get some results.

Professional looks to his left and shakes his head.

PROFESSSIONAL ROCK

(disgusted)

I swear you're so stupid I can't stand it.

IMMATURE ROCK

(nonchalant, sly grin)

You wanna go. Go ahead. Hit me punk, I want you to.

Considerate Rock smiles.

CONSIDERATE ROCK

You guys. Let's just forget about her. I mean. Look around. It's not like women are gonna disappear overnight. Just let her go, and we'll find another girl by next weekend and be done with it.

Immature and Professional consider the option. Professional looks disappointed.

PROFESSSIONAL ROCK

I had my heart set on this one. But... I suppose you're right. I'll have to let her go.

CONSIDERATE ROCK

(smiles)

There you go!

Immature grins as he shakes his head.

IMMATURE ROCK

I still say we go hunt Marky Mark's punk ass down.

Professional finally smiles.

PROFESSSIONAL ROCK
Another time.

CONSIDERATE ROCK
(smiles)
Yeah man. Another time.

IMMATURE
Another time then.

Rock seems more relieved as he comes back to his senses. He exhales deeply and lets out a rejuvenated smile. He finally takes off walking down the sidewalk with a renewed sense of purpose.

Scene.