

FADE IN:

1

MONTAGE: Dreamy sequence. Various shots.

Mysterious extreme close-ups of a woman. Eyes, ears, hair, hands, smile ... A deep, male voice speaks:

SAELAH (V.O.)

You are my forever; my beautiful  
one, ever remaining; never waxing  
cold, never fading away, never  
varnishing; my ever increasing joy.

His eyes. Her eyes. His smile. Her smile.

SAELAH (V.O., CONT'D)

Can you feel my eyes massage your  
soul as I see into you?

They hold hands. He raises one of hers to kiss it. He smiles.  
She smiles.

SAELAH (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Love made anew -- there's no longer  
anyone before you. As far as I'm  
concerned, there's only been you  
since the beginning.

2

INT. SAELAH'S BEDROOM - DAY [PRESENT]

Scanning the inside of room -- Pictures, books, trinkets and  
other memorabilia ...

SAELAH (V.O.)

You, my forever who has been,  
and my eternal ... who will always  
be; my beautiful one ...

... A painting of a sunset, signed by her.

SAELAH (V.O.)

More beautiful than 1,000 summer  
sunsets, set ablaze to the horizon.  
(pause)

You are everything to me... the only  
thing you are not, is mine...

His alarm rings. His hand reaches over to turn it off. [The  
painting is also the screen saver on his phone.]

He lays back. He's in bed .. alone.

CUT TO BLACK.

TITLE CARD/ANIMATION: #SITUATIONSHIPS

3

INT. SAELAH'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

SAELAH opens the door to let in SHÉ (The girl in the photos. A natural beauty with a strong presence). Shé is holding takeout and beaming.

SHÉ  
Lunch delivery!

SAELAH  
That's what's up ... Chinese?

SHÉ  
Jamaican.

SAELAH  
Wagwan!

They laugh and he grabs the food from her.

Shé enters and sets her bag down, then goes to the kitchen to grab some drinks. SaeLah clears his stuff off the table for the food. Shé sits the drinks down and takes a seat. They start digging in.

SAELAH (CONT'D)  
So, how's the gig?

SHÉ  
Working my last nerve. This new ad campaign has me putting in all kinds of overtime.  
(beat)  
Only reason I'm not complaining is because it's making my bank account VERY happy!

They laugh.

SHÉ (CONT'D)  
Soooo ... how are things with you?

SAELAH  
Things are good. This self-employed, freelancing thing might be alright ...

SHÉ  
And the book?

SAELAH  
What book?

SHÉ  
(sighs)  
The one you should be writing.

SAELAH  
C'mon She' we talked about that.  
I'm not a writer.

SHÉ  
You're a poet. Of course you're a  
writer. Just put a bunch of poems  
together and voila -- a book!

SAELAH  
Why are you so insistent on this  
book thing?

SHÉ  
You've been doing open mics for how  
long?

SAELAH  
A while ...

SHÉ  
Years.

SAELAH  
Ok. Years.

SHÉ  
And you get paid how much?

SAELAH  
Well ... I don't ... but --

SHÉ  
Exactly ... you don't. It's time to  
stop giving the goodies away for  
free ya know ... Make em pay for  
it!

SAELAH  
So you want me to ... pimp my  
poetry?

Shé pauses.

SHÉ  
 (nodding)  
 Well yeah ... Kinda! ...

They both laugh.

SHÉ (CONT'D)  
 Look ... I just want you to live  
 out your full potential. You have a  
 gift. Share it with the world so  
 they can see the amazing artist I  
 see!

He pauses, zoning out a bit. Almost gazing at her.

Shé turns her attention to her phone, checking a text. His  
 snaps out of his gaze.

SAELAH  
 Let me guess ... my time's up?

SHÉ  
 (sighs)  
 Don't say it like that.

SAELAH  
 Well? ...

SHÉ  
 Well yeah, I gotta go.

Shé starts tidying up the table. He stops her.

SAELAH  
 I got it. Just go.

Shé pauses. Her look is a silent apology. She grabs her  
 things and heads out. He follows her to the door.

SHÉ  
 See you tomorrow?

SAELAH  
 (faking a grin)  
 Sure.

Shé puts her hand on his chest. He puts his hand on hers. A  
 tender moment, then she leaves.

4

INT. SAELAH'S HOUSE - THE NEXT DAY

SAELAH is sitting on the couch, relaxed, watching TV. He's  
 occasionally looking down at his phone, and at the door.

He finally gets up to look out the window. His phone chimes.

It's a text from Shé that reads: *"Have to work late again, but I'll try to come by after"*.

Disappointed, he types back *"Cool. Don't work too hard"*. Shé sends back a hug emoji.

SaeLah leans back, sighing heavily. On TV is a romantic movie. He turns it off.

5

INT. SAELAH'S HOUSE - EVENING

SAELAH is at his table, typing a poem on his laptop. There's a frantically hard knock at the door. He looks perplexed, but goes to answer it. It's SHE'. She looks distraught.

SHÉ

Why didn't you answer your phone?!

Shé bursts in and looks around as if she expected to find something awry. Nothing.

SaeLah picks his phone up off the coffee table.

SAELAH

My phone was on silent, my bad. I was trying to write.

(beat)

What's wrong?

Shé finally calms down a little.

SHÉ

Nothing! You just didn't answer and I started thinking the worst. You've never NOT answered me!

SaeLah smirks, almost amused at her distress ... which irritates Shé.

SHÉ (CONT'D)

It's not funny! I was worried!

SAELAH

(grinning a bit)

It's funny to me ...

(beat)

You expect me to be available all the time but you --

SHÉ

No. That's not fair. That's ...  
different.

SAELAH

No ... It's not ... And what's not  
fair is you expecting me to be  
available all the time.

(beat)

I'm not your man She' ... I'm just  
your friend -- and you can't expect  
me to be on-call 24-7. I have a  
life too.

Shé softens as she takes in what he said. Walks up to him. A  
romantic gaze between them.

SHÉ

I know. I just got scared. I don't  
now what I'd do if anything  
happened to you. You're my ... best  
friend.

Shé puts her hand on his chest, then caresses his face. He  
closes his eyes. Her phone rings, and they both snap back to  
reality. It rings again.

SAELAH

Duty calls.

Shé answers the phone.

FADE OUT.

6

EXT. POETRY VENUE - NIGHT

SAELAH is outside a venue, looking around as if he's waiting  
on someone. His phone rings. It's Shé. He answers.

SAELAH

(into phone)  
Hey! You parking?

*[May or may not make her end of the convo audible]*

SAELAH (CONT'D)

Why? ...

(pause)

Well can you just come for my set,  
and then go?

(pause)

C'mon Shé, you're the one who  
wanted me to do this!

He deflates, realizing she's not coming.

SAELAH (CONT'D)  
 Alright. Yeah ... later.

He hangs up and puts his phone back in his pocket. Then he pulls out a printed out poem and unfolds it. At the top is "For Shé". He crumbles it.

7

INT. SAELAH'S HOUSE - DAY

SAELAH is on his couch, talking on the phone. An excited male voice on the other end:

MARVIN (O.C.)  
 Man, you have the whole city  
 buzzing! Can't say it enough ...  
 you KILLED it.

SAELAH  
 'Preciate it. My friends have been  
 pushing me to take it more  
 seriously ... break out of Open Mic  
 mode, ya know. I was nervous, but  
 I'm glad I did it.

MARVIN (O.C.)  
 Hell, I'm glad you did too. And  
 look ... I wanna talk some  
 business! Get you booked for some  
 dates. Can you come by my office  
 Monday ... Around 1?

SAELAH  
 Definitely. I'm there.

MARVIN  
 Bet. Talk to you then!

The call ends.

8

INT. SAELAH'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

SAELAH sits down to his laptop to write, when there's a frantic knock at the door.

He checks his phone. No missed calls or texts. He cautiously heads to the door, as there's another knock.

He opens the door. SHÉ is there, hysterical and crying.

SAELAH

What's wrong? What happened?

Shé collapses in tears, hugging him. He helps her inside. She mumbles incoherently [adlibs] as he helps her to the couch.

SAELAH (CONT'D)

I can't understand you. Sit down.  
Take a deep breath. I'll get you  
some water.

Shé takes a deep breath. Then another. He hands her a bottle of water. She takes a sip, then:

SHÉ

It's. Over.

SAELAH

What's over?

SHÉ

Me and AJay.

SAELAH

Oh.

SaeLah sits back. Shé sits back too, then puts her head on his shoulder.

SHÉ

I know you don't want to hear about  
this ...

SAELAH

Nah. I mean if you need to talk  
about it, I'm here to listen.

Shé takes another deep breath.

SHÉ

You ever love somebody so much it  
hurts. But you've gotten so used to  
the pain you feel numb without it.

SAELAH

Yeah ... I have.

Shé hugs him tighter.

9

INT. SAELAH'S BEDROOM - LATER

SAELAH and SHE' are laying in his bed. He is on his back, propped up by a pillow. Shé is next to him, lying on her stomach. She's calm. They're chatting and listening to music.

SHÉ

I'm sorry I missed your big night.

SAELAH

It's cool.

SHÉ

No, it's not. I pushed you to showcase your art and then I wasn't there for you ... I'm sorry.

SAELAH

I accept your apology.

They sit quietly for a moment.

SHÉ

Can I hear the piece?

SAELAH

Huh?

SHÉ

I want to hear it.

Shé sits up in the bed, attentive, waiting for him to start.

SAELAH

Um ... okay.

He stands, changing the music on his phone, then begins ...

The beginning is inaudible. Her giddy interest slowly turns into emotional admiration ...

SAELAH (CONT'D)

*... It was just a matter of time before I'd bitten what's forbidden, uncovering what was hidden. There's no hiding my affection for you. But the intentions of your heart were concealed; contoured too much to recognized the real you, and this was our foundation. Still, I'm hoping I can make up for both our short comings in an attempt to enhance the beauty I believe is under there somewhere, so ...*

(MORE)

SAELAH (CONT'D)

*don't tell me I'm not what you want  
... and don't lie to yourself and  
tell me I'm not who you need ...  
Because I am.*

Silence. SaeLah is nervously looking away from Shé. She is smiling and looking at him. He finally looks at her.

SAELAH (CONT'D)

So, you like it?

SHÉ

I love it.

Shé stands up and puts her hand in his.

SHÉ (CONT'D)

And you're right.

(beat)

You are what I need ...

SAELAH

Oh it wasn't about you ... I --

Shé puts her finger to his mouth to hush him. Then kisses him.

FADE OUT.