

FR

INT. THE YESLER GRAND, ONE MORE ROOM - DAY (DAY 1)

Start
II →

Nancy enters to find Latrice, replacing a pillow.

NANCY

Oh. This is my room.
(holds out schedule)
See, I'm on the schedule for...

Latrice puts cash into her pocket. Nancy peters out.

NANCY (cont'd) (CONT'D)

Really?

Latrice nods.

NANCY (cont'd) (CONT'D)

Can I please have my money?
Please. It's mine and I really
need it. Please. Fuck.

Latrice shrugs, lights a cigarette.

NANCY (cont'd) (CONT'D)

Unbelievable. It's the boomerang.
So this whole thing was to rip me
off? Fucking Joe tell you?

LATRICE

Joe didn't have to say shit.
Changing the schedule last minute.
"Nathalie has to clean this room.
Nathalie has to clean that room."
I'm all, "Bitch must be bad off,
fucking a Chinaman for better
shifts." But then I discovered
your little packages on the pillow.
Baller-ass drug dealer.

NANCY

I'm leaving. You can take over.
Just give me the money.

During the following, Latrice opens the mini bar, pulls out a
beer and opens it. Drinks. Keeps rifling through mini bar.

LATRICE

You know the worst thing? I feel
like an idiot playing by the rules.
Fuck you for making me feel like a
sucker for trying to keep correct.

Latrice pulls a Toblerone from the mini bar.

LATRICE (cont'd) (CONT'D)
I coulda bought one of these my whole life. Any time. They in the store. But it always felt like something someone like me ain't supposed to eat. "Girl, that's for fancy folk. Get your black ass a Kit Kat."

Latrice unwraps it and takes a bite. Not bad. She takes a step towards Nancy.

LATRICE (cont'd) (CONT'D)
I think you about to give me the drugs, too. The drugs you were going to leave in 812. 315. 1221. I think that's what happens now.

NANCY
I'm dry. I couldn't get more.

LATRICE
So, what? You were gonna take the money and leave these fools nothing? That's some dishonest shit.

NANCY
Fuck this place. And fuck you, Latrice. Really. Fuck you.

Nancy opens the door to leave. Latrice eats her Toblerone, laughing.

LATRICE
You just gonna let me take your money like that? You were right. You ain't good at shit.

Nancy stops cold. She turns back into the room and shuts the door, leaving us out in the hall.

End →
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