

FADE IN:

EXT. CITY STREET - EARLY MORNING - FEBRUARY 5, 1998

A crisp Monday morning. The streets are still waking up.

LAYLA JAMES, mid-20s, fit and stylish, finishes her five-mile run. She slows down, catches her breath, and strides into a STARBUCKS.

INT. STARBUCKS - CONTINUOUS

Layla orders a cappuccino, extra whipped cream. She takes a sip, savoring her reward.

As she exits, a BLACK BUGATTI glides into the parking lot. The SUICIDE DOORS swing open.

A tall, chocolate-skinned man steps out, radiating confidence. His My Burberry Black cologne lingers in the air as he strides past.

Layla is frozen, inhaling the intoxicating scent.

Her CELL PHONE RINGS, snapping her back to reality. She checks the screen-MIMI.

LAYLA
(answering)
Hey, girl.

MIMI (V.O.)
(excitedly)
Girlfriend! We got an invite to a baller's Valentine's Day party in New York! Shopping time!

LAYLA
(smirks)
Okay, but girl, it's six in the morning. Ain't it a little early to be planning?

MIMI (V.O.)
That's why it's called pre-planning, hunni!

LAYLA
(laughs)

(MORE)

LAYLA (CONT'D)
All right, bet. We need a vacation
anyway.

Mimi hangs up. Layla shakes her head, amused, as she jogs the final stretch home.

EXT. LAYLA'S CONDO - MOMENTS LATER

Layla approaches a sleek, modern CONDO with undeniable curb appeal. She admires it, a reminder of what money can buy.

As she steps inside—

INT. LAYLA'S CONDO - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

The HOUSE PHONE rings—one last ring before the voicemail picks up.

She rushes to the answering machine and HITS PLAY.

TONY (V.O.)
(static buzz, then smooth)
Lay Lay, it's your main man. Got a
major money-making proposition for
you. Call me back.

Layla exhales. She hesitates, then COMMANDS HER PHONE TO CALL TONY as she undresses.

TONY (O.S.)
(picking up fast)
Hello, darling. How are you?

LAYLA
(grinning)
I'm good, playboy. What's up?

TONY (O.S.)
Couldn't be better. Listen, I've got a
round-trip pickup in Canada, drop-off
in Louisiana. Four million. Two each
way.

Layla freezes. That's a lot of money.

LAYLA
(skeptical)
Tony, this sounds too good to be true.
You know I'm looking to retire.

TONY (O.S.)
(interrupting)
I've taken care of you for years. You
owe me this last one.

Beat. Layla clenches her jaw.

LAYLA
(low, hesitant)
I need a few days to think.

TONY (O.S.)
Take your time—but not too long. I'd
hate to give this to an alternate.

The line DIES. Layla slams the phone down, fuming.

INT. LAYLA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Layla lounges in a PLUSH CHAIR, lost in thought. The weight
of Tony's offer sits heavy.

She eyes the lavish room—the SPRAWLING WALK-IN CLOSET, the
SOUND SYSTEM, the LUXURIOUS DECOR—all built on money moves
like this.

She taps a remote. JAZZ MUSIC fills the room.

LAYLA (V.O.)
Four million. That's retirement lol
money. I could invest. Open a salon.
Build a daycare.

She exhales, stepping into her CUSTOM SHOWER, water cascading
like NIAGARA FALLS.

MONTAGE - LAYLA GETTING READY

- Steam clears. Layla steps out, refreshed.
- She strolls into her 2,500 SQ FT WARDROBE ROOM, resembling
a high-end boutique.
- She taps a remote—closet sections rotate like a carousel.
- She selects her outfit—Levi 501 jeans, Mr. Kane cashmere
sweater, Vetements leather boots.
- She unwraps her \$25K Barguzinsky Russian sable mink from
the back of the closet.

She poses in the mirror, inspecting herself.

LAYLA
(to her reflection, smirking)
Yeah, I'm that girl.

She winks, grabs her DESIGNER BAG, and heads out.

INT. HUNTER-GREEN MERCEDES-BENZ - DAY

Layla slides into the driver's seat of her hunter-green Mercedes-Benz CLK320 convertible. She smirks, admiring the rich color.

LAYLA (V.O.)
The green matched the color of money.
And when you look and walk like money,
why not drive like money?

She punches the throttle, heading toward Fifth Avenue. She picks up the car phone and dials.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

MIMI
(answers)
Whaddup, chick?

LAYLA
Girl, I'm about to snatch you up so we
can go shopping. So, be like the
Temptations and get ready 'cause here
I come!

EXT. DADELAND MALL - MIAMI - DAY

Layla and Mimi step out of the Benz, both dressed to turn heads. Inside, they browse high-end stores, running into A-list celebrities.

A woman, MERCEDES, 30s, stunning, with an air of self-importance, struts over.

MERCEDES
You ladies coming to the celebrity
party of the century?

LAYLA

That depends. Who's throwing it?

MERCEDES

None other than Marcus Jones.

Layla and Mimi exchange excited glances.

MIMI

Oh, we're there.

They hit up Bergdorf Goodman. In the faux fur section, Layla's eyes lock on a champagne mink coat. She grabs it before Mimi can.

MIMI (CONT'D)

Damn, girl. That was fast.

LAYLA

You snooze, you lose.

EXT. VAPORETTA - DAY

At an elegant outdoor table, they enjoy a lavish meal.

MIMI

(lifting a fork)

Risotto di Tollo Creole.

LAYLA

Manza Morbido Alla Forchetta.

They clink glasses and dig in.

EXT. MIAMI STREETS - NIGHT

Layla drops the top on the Benz as they speed down the road. The hottest song of the year, "Baby Got Back", blasts from the speakers.

Mimi jumps up in the passenger seat, shaking her ass.

At a red light, a BMW pulls up. Three fine guys lean out.

BMW GUY

Hey! Hop in with us!

Mimi flirts but stays put. Layla laughs as the light changes and speeds off, struggling to keep the car straight.

LAYLA

Mimi, sit your ass down before you
make me crash!

INT. LAYLA'S MERCEDES - CONTINUOUS

MIMI

I can't wait for the party. I need me
a sexy man.

LAYLA

Speaking of sexy... I saw the finest,
smoothest, chocolate-skinned brother
at Starbucks the other day. But guess
who called and ruined my fantasy?

MIMI

(laughs)
My bad, girl.

EXT. MIMI'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Layla pulls up. Mimi hops out.

LAYLA

See you later, girl!

MIMI

Deuces!

She struts to the door without missing a beat.

INT. LAYLA'S MERCEDES - NIGHT

Layla's phone rings. She answers.

TONY (V.O.)

Did you think about my offer?

LAYLA

(sighs)
Yeah, Tony. I'll take the job. But
this is the last one.

INT. LAYLA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Layla stumbles inside, shopping bags in hand. She strips off her clothes while walking toward the bedroom.

She flops onto the bed, exhausted.

LAYLA (V.O.)
Money, independence, freedom. I built
this life on my own terms—no man, no
limits. And I was just getting
started.

She closes her eyes.

INT. LAYLA'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Sunlight peeks through the curtains. Layla stirs, her silk sheets wrapped around her. Her phone buzzes on the nightstand. She groans, reaching for it.

ON SCREEN: INCOMING CALL - TONY

She exhales, answering.

LAYLA
(into phone)
Tony, it's too damn early for this.

TONY (V.O.)
Just making sure my best girl didn't
change her mind.

LAYLA
I said I'd do it, didn't I?

TONY (V.O.)
You did. But I know you, Layla. You
like your freedom.

LAYLA
And I like my money too.

TONY (V.O.)
Good. Be ready to fly out tomorrow.
First-class, as always.

LAYLA
You know I don't do coach.

TONY (V.O.)
(laughs)
See you soon.

Layla hangs up, tossing the phone aside. She stares at the ceiling, the weight of the job settling in.

LAYLA (V.O.)
One last job. Then I'm out.

She swings her legs out of bed and heads to the bathroom.

INT. SPA - DAY

Layla and Mimi lounge in plush robes, sipping mimosas. A masseuse kneads Layla's shoulders.

MIMI
So, what's the job this time?

LAYLA
(smirks)
Something lucrative. That's all you need to know.

MIMI
Uh-huh. Sounds like trouble.

LAYLA
Since when have I ever been afraid of trouble?

Mimi raises a brow. Layla chuckles.

LAYLA (CONT'D)
Fine. It's a job in New York. One night, big payoff. Then I'm out.

MIMI
New York, huh? Perfect timing for the party.

LAYLA
Exactly. Two birds, one stone.

Mimi clinks her mimosa against Layla's.

MIMI

Then let's make sure you look like a million bucks.

INT. BERGDORF GOODMAN - DAY

Layla and Mimi strut through the store, all eyes on them. Layla picks up a sleek black dress and holds it against herself.

MIMI (CONT'D)

That? No, girl. We're going for jaw-dropping.

She grabs a red, body-hugging gown with a high slit.

MIMI (CONT'D)

Now this? This says, "I own the damn room."

Layla smirks, taking the dress.

LAYLA

Let's max out this card.

They laugh, heading to the fitting rooms.

INT. PRIVATE JET - NIGHT

Layla sips champagne, staring out the window as the plane ascends toward New York.

LAYLA (V.O.)

One last job. One last payday. Then I walk away.

She leans back, closing her eyes.

EXT. NORTH MIAMI - THURSDAY MORNING

A bright, beautiful morning. The sun gleams over palm trees. A sleek MERCEDES sits in the driveway, trunk open, bags packed.

INT. BEDROOM - SAME

A stylish bedroom. Designer bags are scattered on the bed. A woman, TIFFANY (late 20s, confident, fashion-forward), paces as she dials her phone.

SPLIT SCREEN - TIFFANY / MIMI'S APARTMENT

MIMI (late 20s, feisty, fun-loving) lounges on her couch, scrolling her phone as she answers.

TIFFANY
(into phone)
Are you ready to party?

MIMI
Hell yeah! I'm ready to get my groove on!

TIFFANY
So, what are you packing?

MIMI
Girl, I'm packing all this shit you just paid for.

They both laugh.

MIMI (CONT'D)
Trick, what you got in your bags?

TIFFANY
Nothing but the best—Gucci, everything.

Mimi rolls her eyes playfully.

MIMI
What time is our flight?

TIFFANY
Look, trick, it's when we get there. They're not gonna leave without their most valuable travelers.

MIMI
Bet.

They hang up.

INT. TIFFANY'S BATHROOM - LATER

Soft jazz plays. Steam rises from a luxurious bubble bath. TIFFANY, wrapped in a silk robe, dips her manicured toe into the water.

She unties her robe and slides into the honeysuckle-scented bath, exhaling as the warm water envelops her.

A SENSUAL FANTASY SEQUENCE BEGINS:

INT. STARBUCKS - FANTASY SEQUENCE

A tall, SEXY MAN in a tailored suit stands at the counter. TIFFANY watches as he turns to her, his cologne lingering in the air.

He steps closer. His hand caresses her cheek... slides down her arm... then—

INT. TIFFANY'S BATHROOM - REALITY

RING! RING! The phone jolts TIFFANY back. She groans, jumps out of the bath, grabs a towel, and snatches her phone.

TIFFANY
(into phone, annoyed)
Girl, are you serious right now?

MIMI (V.O.)
Damn, you captivated over there? Shit,
it's been an hour! You not ready yet?

TIFFANY
Dammit, Mimi! How do you always manage
to call me at awkward times?

MIMI (V.O.)
Did I interrupt you in the middle of
fucking?

TIFFANY
Kinda. Only it wasn't real!

MIMI laughs on the other end.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)
Look, chick, I'm 'bout to jump into
this vintage sweatsuit, throw on my
all-white Js, and I'll be headed your
way!

INT. TIFFANY'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

TIFFANY zips up a sleek vintage sweatsuit. She grabs her designer bags and heads for the door.

EXT. TIFFANY'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - MOMENTS LATER

She tosses her Versace suitcase into the trunk of her MERCEDES, jumps in, and peels off.

EXT. MIMI'S HOUSE - LATER

TIFFANY pulls up, honks. MIMI steps out, dragging her MICHAEL KORS luggage. She huffs, tossing her bags into the trunk.

MIMI

'Bout time, trick.

TIFFANY

Girl, get in before I leave you!

MIMI slides into the passenger seat, and TIFFANY floors it.

EXT. MIAMI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - LATER

The MERCEDES screeches to a stop. TIFFANY and MIMI hop out, grabbing their bags. A DELTA AIRLINES DESK AGENT calls their names over the PA.

INT. AIRPLANE - FIRST CLASS - MOMENTS LATER

TIFFANY and MIMI sink into plush first-class seats. A FLIGHT ATTENDANT approaches.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Champagne or strawberries, ladies?

TIFFANY & MIMI

Both.

They clink glasses as the plane takes off, soaring into the clouds—destination: NEW YORK.

EXT. JFK AIRPORT - NIGHT

A BLACK STRETCH LIMOUSINE idles outside the terminal. TIFFANY and MIMI step in, and the driver shuts the door behind them.

INT. LIMOUSINE - MOVING - NIGHT

TIFFANY and MIMI sip champagne as the bright lights of New York City blur past the windows.

EXT. CROWNE PLAZA HOTEL - TIMES SQUARE - NIGHT

The limo pulls up. A DOORMAN opens the door, helping them out as a BELLHOP retrieves their bags. They strut inside.

INT. CROWNE PLAZA HOTEL - LOBBY - NIGHT

The grand lobby buzzes with energy. TIFFANY and MIMI approach the reception desk. As TIFFANY hands over her ID, her PHONE RINGS.

INTERCUT - PHONE CALL

TIFFANY
(into phone)
What's up, Tony?

TONY (V.O.)
What do you have planned for this weekend?

TIFFANY
I'm in the Big Apple. Why, what's up?

TONY (V.O.)
Oh okay. I wanted you to join me for a dinner rendezvous, but it seems like you have other pressing engagements.

TIFFANY
Sorry for the inconvenience, but Mimi and I were invited to a baller's Valentine's Day party here in New York.

TONY (V.O.)
Well, I guess I'll catch you on the rebound.

TIFFANY
No doubt.

She ends the call, rolling her eyes playfully. MIMI smirks.

MIMI
Tony, huh?

TIFFANY
Don't start.

The RECEPTIONIST hands over their key cards.

INT. HOTEL ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER

They rush inside, giddy with excitement. The doors close.

INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE - NIGHT

The door bursts open. TIFFANY and MIMI run inside like kids, yelling—

TIFFANY & MIMI
Shotgun! Shotgun!

They dive onto the bed nearest the window, then turn to admire the breathtaking city view. A sudden KNOCK at the door startles them.

TIFFANY
Who the hell...?

She cautiously opens it—face-to-face with the BELLHOP, holding out his palm.

MIMI groans as TIFFANY shoots her a look.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)
Girl, you're tipping. This whole damn trip is on me.

MIMI reluctantly pulls cash from her purse and slaps it into the bellhop's hand.

INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE - MOMENTS LATER

TIFFANY takes in the suite: a JACUZZI, a TRANSPARENT WALK-IN SHOWER, and a MARBLE-TOP KITCHEN ISLAND.

A commotion outside catches their attention—LAUGHTER, EXCITEMENT.

MIMI, ever curious, swings the door open.

MIMI
What's all the excitement about?

A NERDY GUY with bifocals turns, adjusting his glasses.

NERDY GUY
Luau in the ballroom. You ladies
should come!

MIMI turns to TIFFANY, grinning.

MIMI
We in?

TIFFANY
Hell yeah, we in.

INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE - CLOSET - MOMENTS LATER

MIMI and TIFFANY dig through their suitcases. Luck
strikes—they find coconut bras and Ehukai bottoms.

MIMI grins.

MIMI
Like Clark Kent to Superman, baby!

They change in record time.

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - NIGHT

The room is decked out in FULL ISLAND VIBES—palm trees,
flaming tiki heads, thatch palapa umbrellas.

A SERVER approaches with a tray of drinks.

SERVER
Complimentary piña coladas, tropical
sangrias, island breezes...

TIFFANY
Say less.

They grab drinks, toasting before downing them.

MONTAGE - GETTING TURNT AT THE LUAU

- TIFFANY and MIMI sip on Sizzurp.
- They hit the dance floor, swaying to the rhythm.
- MIMI stumbles, TIFFANY catches her—then falls too.
- White boy wasted.

INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE - NIGHT

They STUMBLE in, still in Hawaiian attire. TIFFANY flops onto the bed, groaning.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)
My head is a damn merry-go-round.

MIMI faceplants into the pillow, SNORING instantly—LOUD.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)
Oh, hell no.

TIFFANY grips her head as the room spins.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)
Ceiling's rotating, bed's vibrating..
Damn monkey's on my back.

She shuts her eyes, pleading—

TIFFANY (CONT'D)
Calgon, take me away...!

INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE - MORNING

A LOUD KNOCK at the door. TIFFANY and MIMI groan, barely lifting their heads from the pillows. The scent of fresh coffee and syrup fills the air.

ROOM SERVICE enters, rolling in a tray of heart-shaped pancakes, blueberries, strawberries, whipped cream, orange juice, and steaming hot coffee.

ROOM SERVICE ATTENDANT
Compliments of the hotel, ladies.
Happy Valentine's Day.

MIMI peeks from under the covers, groggy.

MIMI
Is love included in this package?

The attendant chuckles before exiting.

TIFFANY
Girl, shut up and eat.

They drag themselves out of bed and devour breakfast, still recovering from last night's party. With food in their stomachs, they collapse back onto the bed and scroll through TV channels.

Onscreen: A Lifetime movie with an INTENSE LOVE SCENE.

MIMI
I hope to find—

TIFFANY
(interrupting)
Right. I feel ya, girl. Love in the
Big Apple?

They LAUGH uncontrollably.

MIMI
Hell nah! I just need one night of
pleasure.

She quickly changes the subject.

MIMI (CONT'D)
So... what are you wearing tonight?

TIFFANY
Say less.

She JUMPS out of bed, rushes to the closet, and starts
pulling out outfits.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)
This right here is my first pick. Let
me know what you think.

MIMI sits up as TIFFANY lays the outfit across the bed: a
cotton candy Barguzinsky Russian mink, an all-white Valentino
dress, and matching cotton candy Vetements stiletto boots.

MIMI
Okaaaayyy!

TIFFANY
And if that doesn't work—

MIMI immediately stands and SHUTS IT DOWN.

MIMI
Girl, don't you dare pull out anything
else. This is IT. Period.

TIFFANY
Aight, bet. Now, what you rockin',
chick?

MIMI smirks, standing up slowly with a mischievous grin.

MIMI
Boom! I'ma rock this white mink coat,
candy apple red Balmain poncho, and
these white Giuseppe Zanotti pumps!

TIFFANY stares, then suddenly grins and HUGS MIMI.

TIFFANY
Girl, we 'bout to kill 'em tonight!

A RING from the hotel phone. TIFFANY rushes over and picks up.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Hello?

LIMO DRIVER (V.O.)
Ladies, your ride arrives in one hour.

TIFFANY's eyes WIDEN. She SLAMS the phone down and SCREAMS—

TIFFANY
Mimi! We got ONE HOUR to get dressed!

MIMI bolts up. Both women FREAK OUT, running around like headless chickens before sprinting into separate bathrooms.

MONTAGE - GETTING READY

- MIMI showers first, yelling, "Let's go! Let's go!"
- TIFFANY dashes in, opting for a quick rinse.
- She applies shimmering body lotion, making her skin glow like a disco ball.
- Clock check: 30 minutes left.
- Perfume spritz! TIFFANY dabs on Haiku, MIMI misting herself with Creed.

They rush to the elevator, doing a final outfit check in the mirrored doors. THEY LOOK LIKE SUPERSTARS.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

The elevator doors open—CAMERA FLASHES explode. PAPARAZZI and hotel guests snap photos, admiring them like celebrities.

A BLACK LIMOUSINE pulls up outside. The DRIVER, RALO, steps out, holding the door open.

RALO
Good evening, ladies.

MIMI hands him an invitation with their destination address. They step in, greeted by a CHILLED BOTTLE OF CRISTAL.

They pour drinks as the limo speeds onto the freeway.

EXT. 779311 HOUSTON STREET - NIGHT

The limo pulls up to a GRAND MANSION, surrounded by high security. The booming bass from inside shakes the pavement.

A SECURITY GUARD waves a metal detector over them.

SECURITY GUARD
Clear.

TIFFANY
(to Mimi, whispering)
This feels like pledging for the
Secret Service.

MIMI
By the time we get inside, the party's
gonna be over!

TIFFANY
Nah, girl. We in there! Wait... ain't
that—

MIMI
Hell yeah! That's Keith Sweat and his
band!

MIMI starts winding her body like a snake.

MIMI (CONT'D)
Keith 'bout to be my baby's daddy
tonight.

TIFFANY
Girl, you are sick.

MIMI

Wait. You hear that? That's bump-and-grind grown-folk music! I'ma get my groove on!

They FLASH their invitations and step into a breathtaking red-and-white ballroom, like something out of a fairy tale.

DJ (V.O.)

All right, ladies and gentlemen! Time to get this party crunk with LL Cool J's "Around the Way Girl"!

MIMI and TIFFANY exchange glances—no dates, no arms to grab.

MIMI spots someone across the room and taps TIFFANY excitedly.

MIMI

Girl, that's E-Bone and his homeboy Stix!

TIFFANY

No way. That's the dude I saw at Starbucks!

E-BONE notices them and makes his way over. MIMI introduces them.

MIMI

E-Bone, this is my girl Tiffany.
Tiffany, this is E-Bone, one of my long-time associates.

Before anyone else speaks, SHAWN TAYLOR—AKA STIX—steps forward, eyes locked on TIFFANY.

SHAWN

Hi, gorgeous. I'm the one and only Mr. Shawn Taylor, but you can call me Stix.

TIFFANY tries to keep her cool, but her smile gives her away.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

Would you like to dance?

TIFFANY

(smirks)

I thought you'd never ask.

MIMI nudges TIFFANY, mouthing, "Go!" TIFFANY takes SHAWN'S hand, and they glide to the dance floor.

SHAWN
So, where you from, beautiful?

TIFFANY
The Windy City. You?

SHAWN
Big Apple, baby.

TIFFANY smirks, quoting a famous movie line—

TIFFANY
New York? What's in New York?

SHAWN
We are, baby.

The DJ slows it down. KEITH SWEAT'S "How Deep Is Your Love" plays. TIFFANY melts into SHAWN'S arms, resting her head on his shoulder.

A fairytale moment. They hold each other like long-lost lovers. The song ends, forcing them apart, but the spark lingers.

ERIC and SHAWN lead TIFFANY and MIMI to a VIP TABLE.

ERIC
Drinks on me.

He signals for bottles of Cristal. MIMI smirks, already pulling ERIC down next to her.

INT. UPSCALE LOUNGE - NIGHT

A lively yet intimate setting. LAYLA, MIMI, SHAWN, and ERIC sit around a sleek table, champagne glasses in hand. A tense silence lingers.

MIMI
Layla, girl, tell Shawn 'bout the morning you saw him at Starbucks in Miami!

LAYLA shoots MIMI a sharp look, forcing a smile.

LAYLA
(under her breath)
Stay out of my business.

SHAWN
Oh yeah! That's where I've seen you before. I told E-Bone when you guys were walking toward us that your face looked familiar. Why didn't you come over and speak?

LAYLA
It's not that easy to walk up to strangers. And what were you doing in Miami anyway?

SHAWN
I had very important business.

The waiter arrives with champagne. ERIC pours for himself and MIMI, while SHAWN pours for LAYLA and himself.

LAYLA
Let's make a toast!

MIMI
What are we toasting to?

LAYLA
To one of the best Valentine's Day celebrations ever!

They clink glasses and drink. SHAWN leans in toward LAYLA.

SHAWN
When are you and Mimi leaving for Miami?

LAYLA
Sunday.

SHAWN
What are your plans for tomorrow? Can I take you to dinner?

LAYLA hesitates, taking her time to answer. SHAWN nudges her.

SHAWN (CONT'D)
Hello, earth to Layla. What time is good for you?

LAYLA
Umm... probably around six o'clock?

SHAWN
Okay, cool.

ERIC
Would you two like another drink?

LAYLA/ SHAWN
Definitely!

They continue with small talk. LAYLA eyes SHAWN curiously.

LAYLA
Do you like to drink and have a good time often?

SHAWN
(smiling)
Sure I do. I mean, I do a lil' somethin' somethin' but not too much.

LAYLA giggles, unsure how to take his response.

SHAWN (CONT'D)
Ain't nothing wrong with that, sweetheart.

MIMI raises her glass.

MIMI
Let's drink up, Layla! Where's your glass?

SHAWN
All that drinking's got me hungry. Who wants wings?

MIMI/ERIC/LAYLA
I'm down.

ERIC
What flavor wings do you ladies prefer?

MIMI/LAYLA
Hot and spicy.

SHAWN
Your wish is my command.

As SHAWN orders, MIMI suddenly looks queasy. She covers her mouth and rushes toward the restroom. ERIC smirks.

ERIC
One down, three more to go.

The wings arrive. LAYLA picks up a wing but hesitates as SHAWN nudges her.

SHAWN
Maybe you should check on Mimi.

LAYLA
(sighs, to herself)
Shit, Mimi is a grown-ass woman.

She reluctantly gets up and heads toward the restroom.

INT. RESTROOM - NIGHT

MIMI rinses her mouth at the sink. LAYLA peeks in.

LAYLA (CONT'D)
You ready to go?

MIMI
Hell yeah. My head is spinning.

They return to the table. MIMI apologizes.

ERIC
It's okay, lil' mama. We all been there.

SHAWN
Yeah, it's cool.

The guys retrieve their coats and help the ladies with theirs. As they exit, SHAWN pulls LAYLA aside.

SHAWN (CONT'D)
How 'bout a good night hug?

LAYLA smiles as he wraps her in a tight embrace, his cologne intoxicating her senses. MIMI, feeling left out, turns to ERIC.

MIMI

I'd ask for a hug too, but I reek of vomit.

ERIC

Maybe tomorrow when you feel refreshed.

MIMI

Are you a comedian? 'Cause you got jokes!

EXT. HOTEL ENTRANCE - NIGHT

The limo awaits. RALO, their driver, keeps it warm.

RALO

How was your Valentine's Day?

LAYLA

Delightful! I think I've found the love of my life.

RALO

And you, Mimi?

MIMI

Hell no! I just want someone to knock me down every now and then. You know, be my mechanic and change my oil from time to time.

RALO

Damn, Mimi!

MIMI

Layla, you already know this!

INT. HOTEL PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

MIMI collapses onto her bed.

MIMI (CONT'D)

Finally.

LAYLA

Night, girl. Sleep tight.

She turns on a romantic movie, reminiscing about the night before drifting into sleep.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

The hotel phone RINGS. LAYLA groans, forcing herself awake.

MIMI

(turning over)

Layla, could you get any louder? My head is killing me!

LAYLA

Girl, that's on you for drinking too much. Time to get up!

MIMI

If you don't let me sleep, I'm 'bout to catch a case.

LAYLA

A'ight, get your beauty sleep. Lord knows you need it!

MIMI

Yeah? Well, you could use some eye cream for those tiny lines under your eyeballs. Put that in your pipe and smoke it!

LAYLA nods, acknowledging the solid comeback.

MIMI (CONT'D)

What time is it?

LAYLA

(stretching the truth)

Oh, it's about ten.

MIMI

Wake me up at noon.

LAYLA gives a thumbs-up, then climbs back into bed. Suddenly, her phone RINGS. She groggily checks the caller ID. Her eyes widen.

LAYLA

Shawn!

She quickly answers.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Layla's phone RINGS. She answers.

SHAWN (V.O.)

Good morning, beautiful.

LAYLA

Good morning, handsome.

SHAWN (V.O.)

Well, thank you.

(nervous)

I know it's a bit early, but I couldn't wait to call and ask if we're still on for our date tonight?

LAYLA

Of course we are. Nothing can come between us and destiny. I can't wait to see you again.

A beat of silence.

LAYLA (CONT'D)

Okay, Shawn sweetie. If our plans are clear, I will see you later.

SHAWN (V.O.)

Bet. Oh, and could you wear something sexy for me?

LAYLA

Gladly, baby. Sexy is what I do!

SHAWN (V.O.)

Damn, baby girl, you turning me on.

Layla chuckles, playing it off.

LAYLA
Boo, you so silly.

She hangs up, checks the clock on her phone, and sets the alarm for 1:00 P.M. She turns to her roommate, MIMI, still asleep. Layla shakes her.

LAYLA (CONT'D)
Mimi, get up.

Mimi groans, voice groggy.

MIMI
Layla, it better be noon.

LAYLA
Oh girl, it is exactly 12:01. Now get that ass out of bed and let's go to the lounge area for snacks and a drink.

MIMI
I'm not eating too much. Shit, I'm getting a free meal tonight!

INT. HOTEL LOUNGE - LATER

Layla and Mimi wait at the snack bar. Mimi sips ginger ale. Layla has a Pepsi.

LAYLA
Guess who called me this morning?

MIMI
Who, girl? Tony?

LAYLA
Nah! My future husband—Shawn!

MIMI
Okay then, I know how gung-ho you are about getting what you want.

LAYLA
And I always do.

MIMI
When I grow up, I wanna be just like

(MORE)

MIMI (CONT'D)
you! Now, let's hurry up and get
dressed.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - EVENING

Layla and Mimi stand before a mirror, checking their outfits.

MIMI (CONT'D)
So, what you wearing tonight, Lay?

LAYLA
A black Unravel boiled distressed knit
dress with my gray Saint Laurent
stretch nappa leather thigh-high pin
boots.

MIMI
Quick question—do you plan on bumping
and grinding tonight?

Layla smirks, feigning innocence.

LAYLA
Who, me? Yes, ma'am, I am. He may want
to marry me after tonight.

MIMI
You so nasty. Don't go back to Miami
with a prego diagnosis.

LAYLA
Don't worry about me, missy. I got
everything under control.

MIMI
You know how I get down. He'll be
satisfied after he gets a taste of me.

They LAUGH hysterically.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Layla and Mimi step out of the elevator. Shawn and ERIC,
Mimi's date, wait. Shawn hands Layla a pink rose.

SHAWN
You look stunning.

They exit through the rotating doors to a STRETCH LIMO. The driver opens the door, revealing pink rose petals, chocolates, and Armand de Brignac Brut Rose Champagne. Shawn guides Layla inside.

INT. LIMO - NIGHT

Shawn moves closer to Layla.

SHAWN (CONT'D)
Why are you so distant from me?

He plants a long, sensual kiss on her lips. Then, he opens the box of chocolates and offers one.

SHAWN (CONT'D)
I have a huge surprise waiting for
you, so try not to ruin your appetite.

EXT. SHAWN'S MANSION - NIGHT

The limo pulls up to an opulent estate. Layla stares in awe.

LAYLA
Wow, this is beyond beautiful!

SHAWN
Thanks. I thought you'd appreciate a
visit to my home.

LAYLA
Hell yeah! I damn near want to move
in.

SHAWN
You're more than welcome to.

They approach the entrance. Shawn smirks.

SHAWN (CONT'D)
Trust me enough to close your eyes?

LAYLA
As long as this isn't an intro to a
ménage à trois.

SHAWN
You are truly a comedian, Ms. Layla.

She closes her eyes. Shawn leads her through the doors.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

Now, open your eyes.

Layla gasps—pink rose petals cover a white cashmere rug, champagne chills in a Baccarat Harcourt cooler.

LAYLA

(mutters)

This ice cooler has gold trimmings—I
know it cost a good piece of change.

Shawn takes her hand, leading her through the mansion. They pass a spa, a home theater, and grand rooms adorned with gold records and signed memorabilia.

SHAWN

Follow me inside these double doors.

He swings them open, revealing a CHEF in a white hat and apron.

CHEF

Good evening. I'm Wolfgang Puck.

Layla's jaw drops. She glances at Shawn, speechless.

LAYLA

Oh. My. God.

INT. SHAWN'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Shawn introduces me as his lady friend, Layla. I extend my hand for a formal handshake, but Mr. Puck turns my hand and kisses the back graciously.

Shawn and I walk back to the living room, where a fireplace crackles and a grand piano stands. He pours two glasses of champagne.

SHAWN

Let's make a toast.

LAYLA

What are we toasting to?

SHAWN

That this will be a night we'll never forget!

He walks over to the piano and sits on the bench, inviting me to join him. He plays a soft melody, the music flowing perfectly.

LAYLA (V.O.)

Shawn was full of surprises. Not to mention his sex appeal, and that little giggle of his after every perfect compliment.

SHAWN

Let's see if we can get better acquainted before our weekend ends.

LAYLA

Okay.

SHAWN

Ladies first.

LAYLA

What's your occupation?

SHAWN

I'm self-employed. My own boss.

LAYLA

That's not a complete answer, Shawn. What do you physically do? And where did you get the nickname "Stix?"

SHAWN

Hold up, boss lady. One question at a time.

LAYLA

Go on then.

SHAWN

Okay, beautiful. I'll keep it straight. Just don't get offended, okay?

(beat)

Before I answer, one question for you. When you first laid eyes on me, what did you think?

LAYLA

I was in a Starbucks in Florida. You came in after my early morning run.

SHAWN

That's where I noticed you. Your face seemed familiar.

LAYLA

Your turn.

SHAWN

I'm a street pharmacist. You feel me?

LAYLA

Oh shit!

SHAWN

Did I frighten you?

LAYLA

No. We both know there's no future in that game, not to mention the danger.

SHAWN

So what does that mean? No chance for us?

LAYLA

I'm also a street pharmacist. Been in the game since I was sixteen. Started with dime drops, then graduated to trafficking. I know the rules.

SHAWN

(eyes wide)

How long have you been in it?

LAYLA

I'm twenty-six, so ten years. Lucky to not have been caught. But it's time to retire. One more job, then I'm done. What about you?

SHAWN

I'm retiring too. Got enough savings to last me forever.

LAYLA

What about you and Mimi? How did you two become friends? You're so different.

SHAWN

We met one night in a club in Atlanta called the Underground. We've been tight ever since. I trust no one but her.

LAYLA

Same here.

SHAWN

What time are you leaving tomorrow?

LAYLA

Mimi and I leave around noon. Our flight's at one.

SHAWN

I hope you have a safe flight, Layla. I'd like to see you again, if that's okay?

LAYLA

Sure.

They kiss passionately. Then the chef interrupts.

CHEF

Excuse me, the dinner is served.

The chef lists the elaborate menu, and we dig into the meal.

LAYLA

This is delicious. Your chef did a great job.

SHAWN

I'm glad you're enjoying yourself. I did all of this for you.

LAYLA

I think you're very sexy. Did I say that out loud?

SHAWN

It's fine, baby girl.

Shawn stands, heads to the sound system, and puts on "Art of Noise."

SHAWN (CONT'D)
May I have this dance?

The champagne makes the room spin. The next song, "Meeting in My Bedroom" by Silk, starts. How does he know my favorite songs?

He pulls her closer, kissing her neck, his hands moving slowly down her body. A heat builds as she melts into his arms.

LAYLA (V.O.)
The warmth of his lips sent sensations through me. It was like a fire that ignited my body.

The scene becomes more intimate as they share a passionate connection.

INT. SHAWN'S BATHROOM - MORNING

LAYLA
Just admiring your beautiful shower.

SHAWN
Oh, thanks.

Layla finishes showering and starts dressing. Shawn, slightly disappointed, asks:

SHAWN (CONT'D)
Can we have another round before you leave?

LAYLA
Look, sweetie. I need to leave before anything gets started. If you light this fire again, I promise I won't be on that one o'clock flight.

SHAWN
(half joking)
Well, if I can't get another sample, I guess I'll give you your coffee now.

LAYLA
(smiling)

Thanks. This is a great way to start my day. Thanks for all your hospitality, and all the love you've shown.

(teasing)

So, Mr. Bojangles, are you taking me back to my hotel?

SHAWN

Sure, let's ride, lil' mama.

(pause)

If you're down, can I make you my lady?

LAYLA

(softly, with a smile)

Let's see what the future holds, and then we can revisit.

They exit the room.

INT. SHAWN'S GARAGE - DAY

Shawn sets his alarm and opens the garage. A variety of luxurious cars sit on display, but he opts for the Lamborghini.

LAYLA (CONT'D)

(holding her phone)

Mimi's calling.

Layla answers the phone.

LAYLA (CONT'D)

What's up, chick?

MIMI

(laughing)

Do I need to come and get you, or are you on your way?

LAYLA

Shawn and I are on our way to the hotel.

MIMI

Oh girl, I thought maybe he was holding you hostage for that good cookie! I was about to come to the rescue!

LAYLA

Nah, everything's straight. Thanks for the lookout, though!

MIMI

I want all the juicy gossip!

LAYLA

Not now, trick. You know Shawn's ear-hustling!

MIMI

Yeah, you're right. So hurry and get here!

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

Shawn pulls up to the hotel in his Lamborghini. Mimi, waiting outside, smiles as wide as a Macy's balloon. She opens the passenger door.

MIMI (CONT'D)

Damn, you got it going on for real, huh?

SHAWN

(smiling)

I guess this is the part where I say I hope to see you again?

LAYLA

(softly)

Is this the way you're going to leave me?

(seductively)

Do I get a goodbye kiss?

They share a passionate kiss.

LAYLA (CONT'D)

(whispers)

I apologize, sexy, but I was definitely going to kiss you before we go our separate ways.

They kiss again before Layla walks back to the car.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

Layla and Mimi walk into the lobby.

MIMI
Snap out of it, Layla. We need to hurry and grab our stuff.

LAYLA
(slurring)
Girl, I know, but I had such a marvelous time with my fine, sexy chocolate man.

MIMI
Honey, you can always arrange another visit to New York. Just make sure you count me in!

LAYLA
(smiling)
You're right, girlfriend. I can't wait to make that happen!

They enter the elevator.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

LAYLA (CONT'D)
(sighing)
Girl, I think I'm in love.

MIMI
Aww, you guys would make a great couple.

The elevator doors open to their penthouse suite.

INT. PENTHOUSE ROOM - DAY

LAYLA
(looking at the clock)
Is it me or are the hours rolling by fast?

MIMI
No, it's not you. Time stands still for no one. Have you eaten yet?

LAYLA
Nah, after that incredible night, who has an appetite?

MIMI
(yelling)
Hell, I do!

LAYLA
(laughing)
Okay, I'm a bit hungry, but we need to
pack and get a cab to the airport. We
can get a meal in first class.

MIMI
That sounds like a winner.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Layla's phone rings. She smiles thinking it's Shawn but is
disappointed when it's Tony.

LAYLA
(answering quickly)
Sure, big guy. The plan is still hot,
and I'm on my way to the airport.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

Layla and Mimi make their way to the lobby, carrying their
bags.

MIMI
Thank goodness our suitcases have
wheels on them. I swear, I don't have
the strength to carry anything but
myself!

LAYLA
I know that's right!

They arrive at the limo, where the driver, Mr. Ed, smiles as
he retrieves their luggage.

MIMI & LAYLA
Yes, we had an amazing time in New
York!

EXT. LIMO - DAY

Layla's phone rings again. It's Shawn.

LAYLA
(on the phone)

Yes, sexy. We're on our way to the airport now.

SHAWN

Make sure you call me when you land in the Sunshine State.

(pause)

I'm really digging you, and I want to see you again soon.

INT. FIRST-CLASS CABIN - AIRPLANE - NIGHT

Mimi and LAYLA sit comfortably in their plush first-class seats. Mimi's stomach growls loudly. She frowns, irritated.

MIMI

Man, I can't go another minute without something to eat.

She stands up abruptly and waves down a flight attendant. JASMINE, a stunning and composed attendant, approaches with a polite smile.

JASMINE

What can I get for you, ladies?

MIMI

(cutting her off)

My girl and I want steak, well-done. Baked potatoes with sour cream, chive butter, salt, and pepper. And a bottle of your best red wine.

She snaps her fingers at Jasmine, then adds with forced politeness:

MIMI (CONT'D)

Oh yeah—thank you.

Layla stifles a laugh.

LAYLA

(teasing)

Girl, you are rude as hell. I can't believe you're that hungry. If you were rich, your attitude would be worse.

MIMI

(grinning)

Since I put in our order, I'm waiting for all the juicy details about you and Mr. Player-Player.

LAYLA

(groaning)

You are way too hyped for me right now. I'll fill you in later. Right now, I just wanna eat, nap, and relax. I'm exhausted.

MIMI

Hell nah, Layla. You made me a promise—you might as well start talking now.

LAYLA

(relenting)

Fine, damn! He spoiled me with roses and chocolates in the limo, then we went to his mansion.

MIMI

(impatient)

Okay, skip to the juicy juice!

LAYLA

(rolling her eyes)

Look, Mimi, this is my story. Let me tell it!

MIMI

(mock bowing)

Do your thang, girlfriend.

LAYLA

So, when we got there, he covered my eyes—wanted to surprise me. Had his personal chef waiting. Gave me a tour of the place.

MIMI

(leaning in)

And then what?

LAYLA

Mimi, hush and let me finish! We walked into his entertainment room—fireplace lit, warm glow dancing
(MORE)

LAYLA (CONT'D)
on the walls. There was this beautiful
wall-to-wall Persian rug. In the
center, a grand piano. We sat there
while he played.

MIMI
(grinning)
Ooooh, sweet melodies. Then what?

LAYLA
Nothing. His chef interrupted us in
the middle of a kiss, then we ate. End
of story!

MIMI
(gasps, dramatic)
Don't play with me, Layla. Finish the
fairy tale!

LAYLA
(laughing)
Alright, alright!

INT. FIRST-CLASS CABIN - AIRPLANE - NIGHT

MIMI and LAYLA sit comfortably in their plush first-class
seats. The low hum of the plane provides a steady background
noise.

Mimi's stomach GROWLS. Annoyed, she shifts in her seat.

MIMI
Man, I can't go another minute without
something to eat.

She stands and flags down a flight attendant, JASMINE, a
stunning woman with a professional demeanor.

JASMINE
What can I get for you, ladies?

MIMI
(interrupting)
My girl and I want steak, well-done,
baked potatoes with sour cream, chive
butter, salt and pepper, and a bottle
of your best red wine.
(beat)

And don't skimp on the fixings. We're not diabetics, no high blood pressure, none of that. So, bring it all.

She SNAPS her fingers at Jasmine.

MIMI (CONT'D)

Oh yeah, thank you!

Layla stares at Mimi, appalled.

LAYLA

Girl, you are rude as hell. I can't believe you're that hungry. If you were rich, I swear your attitude would be worse.

MIMI

Since I put in our order, let's get to the juicy details about you and Mr. Player, Player!

LAYLA

Girl, you are way too hyped for me right now. I'll fill you in later. All I want to do is eat, nap, and relax. Besides, I'm exhausted.

MIMI

Hell nah, Layla. You made a promise, so spill it now. Otherwise, you won't sleep well on this plane.

LAYLA

Okay, okay! Damn. He spoiled me with roses and chocolates in the limo, then took me to his mansion—

MIMI

(interrupting)

Skip to the juicy juice!

LAYLA

(rolling her eyes)

Can I tell my story?!

MIMI

Do your thang, girlfriend.

LAYLA

So, after we got there, he covered my eyes, surprised me with a personal chef and a tour of his mansion.

MIMI

And then what?

LAYLA

Mimi, hush! Let me finish! Anyway, we ended up in his entertainment room—

MIMI

Oh, fancy.

LAYLA

The fire was dancing on the walls, white Persian rug, piano in the center. He played for me.

MIMI

Sweet melodies... then what?

LAYLA

Nothing! The chef interrupted us mid-kiss. We ate. End of story.

MIMI

Don't make me act ugly on this plane. Finish the fairy tale, Layla!

LAYLA

(laughing)

Fine! We danced, drank expensive champagne, got horny, and he put the D on me. That's all, folks!

They both burst into uncontrollable laughter, but stop when Jasmine returns with their meals and drinks. They toast their glasses.

EXT. MIAMI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - NIGHT

The plane LANDS. Passengers stir as the pilot's voice BOOMS over the intercom. Layla and Mimi stretch, gather their things, and exit.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Layla and Mimi hug.

LAYLA (CONT'D)
You really are my ride-or-die. No one
else I'd rather spend my time with.

Mimi wipes away a single tear.

MIMI
Best friends for life!

They walk toward Layla's car.

INT. LAYLA'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Mimi suddenly starts talking fast.

MIMI (CONT'D)
Girl, let me tell you about my weekend
with Eric. Nothing happened 'cause his
dick was too small!

She BURSTS into laughter, tears streaming down her face.
Layla tries to breathe between laughs.

LAYLA
Damn, Mimi! I didn't have that problem
with Shawn!

More laughter.

LAYLA (CONT'D)
You're about to give me a heart attack
with your shenanigans!

They finally pull up to Mimi's place.

EXT. MIMI'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Layla helps Mimi with her luggage.

MIMI
So it's like that?

LAYLA
Yes.

MIMI
I still love ya anyway!

They share one last laugh before Layla gets back in her car and drives off into the night.

LAYLA

We drank expensive champagne, got a little... let's say, "intimate." And he put the D on me. Happy now?

Mimi bursts into laughter as their food and drinks arrive. They clink glasses, toasting their friendship.

INT. AIRPLANE - IN FLIGHT - DAY

A packed flight hums with low chatter and the occasional CRY of a baby.

LAYLA adjusts her EARPLUGS, nodding her head to old-school jams. She closes her eyes, deep in thought.

A FLIGHT ATTENDANT, early 30s, warm smile, leans in.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Would you like anything to eat or drink?

LAYLA

No food. But I'm a little parched. Could you get me a bottle of water, please?

The flight attendant nods and moves on. Layla exhales, resigning herself to the long journey.

Layla sips from the bottled water. A sudden wave of NAUSEA overtakes her.

LAYLA (V.O.)

Oh shit.

Her mouth fills with saliva. She bolts upright, pushing past passengers.

LAYLA

Excuse me, coming through.

She rushes to the restroom, barely making it inside before she VOMITS into the toilet. She grips the sink, breathing heavily.

LAYLA (V.O.)
Great. I better not have caught a
freaking virus. This is not the time
to get sick.

She stares at herself in the mirror.

LAYLA
(to herself)
Okay, Layla. Before you embarrass
yourself, wash your face and get back
to your seat.

INT. AIRPLANE - LATER

The INTERCOM CRACKLES. The PILOT'S VOICE comes through.

PILOT (V.O.)
Ladies and gentlemen, we are beginning
our descent into Canada.

Layla clasps her hands together.

LAYLA
(whispering)
Yay, we made it safely.

INT. AIRPORT - ARRIVAL GATE - DAY

Layla scans the crowd. Her eyes land on HERNANDEZ, mid-30s, sharp-dressed in a loud lime-green button-down. He stands out like a beacon.

She flashes him a casual peace sign as she approaches.

EXT. AIRPORT PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

A CHROME-BLACK RANGE ROVER with CUSTOM DUBS awaits.

LAYLA (V.O.)
Damn. Tony wasn't lying. These guys
are about business.

Hernandez opens the passenger door for her. Layla slides in, noting the unfamiliar setup of the vehicle.

LAYLA
Passenger sides on the driver's side
here. Weird.

Hernandez smirks but says nothing as he starts the engine.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

The SUV approaches a massive, seemingly abandoned BUILDING.

LAYLA (V.O.)
This looks like something straight out
of a movie.

Hernandez pulls out a REMOTE and presses a button. A section of the BRICK WALL silently OPENS, revealing a hidden entrance.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The SUV rolls inside. The entrance SEALS shut behind them.

HERNANDEZ
Before we handle business, I need to
introduce you to the big man.

LAYLA
That's straight. Let's get to it.

He leads her to an ELEVATOR. They ride to the SECOND FLOOR.

INT. BOSS'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

A MASSIVE MAN, CHICO, at least seven feet tall, waits behind a sleek desk. He extends a firm hand.

CHICO
I'm Chico. Welcome to my
establishment.

LAYLA
Layla J. Nice to meet you.

CHICO
Tony trusts you, but I don't know much
about you. Are you competent enough to
carry out this deal?

LAYLA
Sir, I wouldn't be here if I couldn't
be here.

Chico grins, impressed.

CHICO
Extravagant! Let's do the exchange.

Layla places a SUITCASE on the table, hand firm on the handle.

LAYLA

Before I hand over two million big ones... I need to see the cocaine first.

CHICO

Fair enough. Follow me.

INT. STORAGE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Chico leads Layla and Hernandez into a dimly lit storage room. STACKS of neatly wrapped BRICKS of COCAINE line metal shelves.

Chico nods to a BODYGUARD, who slashes one brick open with a KNIFE, revealing the fine white powder inside.

CHICO (CONT'D)

Satisfied?

Layla inspects the product, rubs a pinch between her fingers, and nods.

LAYLA

Yeah. Let's finish this.

INT. BOSS'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Layla slides the SUITCASE across the table. Chico snaps his fingers—another BODYGUARD steps forward, opens the case, and reveals neatly stacked CASH.

Chico grins, satisfied.

CHICO

Pleasure doing business, Ms. J.

Layla gives a knowing smirk.

INT. AIRPLANE - MID-FLIGHT

A FLIGHT ATTENDANT approaches LAYLA, mid-30s, stylish but weary.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
Would you like to order a drink?

LAYLA
Sure, I need something strong.

The flight attendant hands her a menu. Layla waves it off.

LAYLA (CONT'D)
I've been on more flights this year
than I can count.

No need for a menu. Scotch on the rocks, please.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
Coming right up.

As the flight attendant walks away, Layla pulls out her phone and dials.

INTERCUT PHONE CALL - LAYLA & SHAWN

Shawn's phone rings. Just as Layla is about to hang up, he answers.

SHAWN (V.O.)
Hello?

LAYLA
Hi, Shawn. What's been up?

SHAWN (V.O.)
Not much. Just missing you like crazy.

LAYLA
Aww, you are so sweet. Can't wait to
see you again.

SHAWN (V.O.)
When will that be?

LAYLA
Very soon, I hope.

SHAWN (V.O.)
Yes, sir!

Layla lowers her voice, glancing around.

LAYLA

Do you remember the conversation about the drug game? My final job?

SHAWN (V.O.)

Yeah, I remember. What about it?

LAYLA

I'm on my way to Louisiana with the final packages.

SHAWN (V.O.)

Look, shorty, you need to be careful. The Lou is hot. A lot of undercovers are posing as buyers. One of my boys got hit a couple of months ago.

LAYLA

Word? Thanks for the info.

Her drink arrives. The flight attendant places two glasses on her tray.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Sorry for the wait. Thought you might need an extra.

LAYLA

You read my mind.

She takes a sip. Then another. The world starts to spin.

LAYLA (CONT'D)

Oh shit...

She stumbles out of her seat, pushing past passengers.

LAYLA (CONT'D)

Everybody move! Sick woman coming through!

She barely makes it to the restroom before vomiting.

INT. LOUIS ARMSTRONG AIRPORT - ARRIVAL GATE - LATER

Layla waits for passengers to clear before disembarking. A TALL MAN IN BLACK lingers behind her.

She eyes him in the reflection of the window. He wasn't on the flight before... was he?

LAYLA (V.O.)
Chill, girl. He's just another passenger.

She retrieves her suitcase—no clothes, just product—and exits.

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - SNACK SHOP

Layla orders a chocolate-covered donut and a caramel Frappuccino. Her phone rings—TONY.

LAYLA
Hi, Tony. Just about to call you.

TONY (V.O.)
Where are you?

LAYLA
Still at the airport. What's up?

TONY (V.O.)
Time is money. Let's move!

LAYLA
Chill. Just grabbing a snack.

TONY (V.O.)
You have kilos in that suitcase, Layla. This isn't a joke. Get moving.

LAYLA
I know what I'm doing, Tony.

TONY (V.O.)
Plans changed. A limo's waiting out front. Driver will take you to Iceman. Follow instructions.

Layla hangs up, shaking her head.

EXT. AIRPORT - CURBSIDE - NIGHT

A BLACK LIMO waits. The DRIVER, eerily similar to the man in black from the airport, holds the door open.

Layla hesitates.

LAYLA (V.O.)
Where the hell does Tony find these
guys?

She steps in. The door shuts. The limo speeds away into the night.

INT. LIMO - MOVING - NIGHT

Layla examines the map handed to her by the driver. The sketch is crude, almost amateur.

The DRIVER glances at her through the rearview mirror.

His phone rings. He watches Layla's reaction as he answers, then slides the partition closed before speaking in hushed tones.

Layla tenses.

LAYLA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Something's off.

She grips the suitcase handle tighter.

The limo slows, turning onto a deserted industrial street. The glow of flickering streetlights casts eerie shadows against abandoned buildings.

The car stops.

The partition lowers. The DRIVER's cold eyes meet hers.

DRIVER
We're here.

The door unlocks with a heavy CLICK.

LAYLA
Likewise.

INT. LIMO - DAY

MAN
Come, my dear. It's time for us to
finalize this matter.

The woman, LAYLA, places her hand into his as she exits the limo. More unmarked vehicles pull into the parking lot.

LAYLA
(murmuring to herself)
Damn! Apparently, this day was chosen
to close deals.

She hurries into a run-down building, studying a sketch to find her meeting location. She moves through double doors and enters an elevator.

INT. FOURTH FLOOR - DAY

The elevator doors open to a glass, studio-type room filled with visible drugs and money.

LAYLA (CONT'D)
(under her breath)
Something's wrong.

This is not how drug lords operate. They're discreet.

INT. HIDDEN ROOM - DAY

A door hidden behind a wall opens. ICEMAN, a tall, imposing man, steps forward.

ICEMAN
I'm the Iceman. And you must be the
fabulous Ms. Layla James?

LAYLA
(irritated)
Yeah, that would be me. Can we hurry
this up?

ICEMAN
Do you have the suitcase of dope?

LAYLA
(slamming the suitcase on the
table)
Here.

ICEMAN
(coldly)
Now open it up.

Layla opens the suitcase slowly, revealing 100 bags of dope... and a pair of golden handcuffs.

LAYLA
(panicked)
Iceman, who the hell are those for?

Suddenly, the room goes silent. Darkness creeps in, smothering her. Doors swing open, revealing undercover officers, FBI, SLED agents – everyone is there.

The TALL LIMO DRIVER bursts through another door.

TALL LIMO DRIVER
(loudly)
Layla James, you are under arrest for international drug smuggling, cocaine trafficking, intent to distribute, drug possession, and drug manufacturing. We've been watching you for years, and now we have enough evidence to put you away for life. Your so-called friend, Tony Gonzo, gave you up in exchange for reduced time. This is how the business operates from the inside.

ICEMAN
(commanding the female cop)
Arrest her.

INT. HOLDING CELL - DAY

Layla is escorted to a holding cell, her stomach churning. She gets one phone call and dials MIMI.

LAYLA
(on phone)
Mimi, I need you to contact Shawn. I've been arrested. My bond's a million.

MIMI
I'll get right on it. You'll be out today.

INT. HOLDING CELL - LATER
Hours pass. Layla waits nervously. Two female guard's approach.

FEMALE GUARD

Since you've exceeded the release
timeframe, you'll be tested for any
diseases or drugs on your body.

INT. EXAM ROOM - LATER

The procedure is over. The nurse and female guard return.

NURSE

(delivering the news)

I don't know if this is the best time,
but you're three weeks pregnant.

Layla processes the information, confused.

INT. JAIL EXIT - DAY

Layla is escorted to the exit. SHAWN and his lawyer stand
waiting. She signs her release forms and rushes into Shawn's
arms.

SHAWN

I had a bad feeling something went
wrong.

Layla smiles, but it's clear she has more to reveal. For now,
it's not the right time.

INT. SHAWN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The apartment is quiet, save for the soft hum of the
refrigerator. Layla is on the couch, her mind swirling. The
weight of everything—being framed, the arrest, the
pregnancy—seems unbearable.

LAYLA

(to herself)

What the hell am I going to do?

She stands up abruptly, pacing back and forth.

SHAWN

(watching her)

Layla, just sit down. You're freaking
yourself out.

She pauses and looks at him, her expression hardening.

LAYLA

I can't just sit down, Shawn. There's no sitting down when you're about to lose everything.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

ICEMAN stands with a team of officers in a strategy room. Maps of the city, photos of Layla, and evidence are pinned to the wall.

ICEMAN

(pointing to a map)

She's going to try to run. We need to stay one step ahead. I want teams on the ground and eyes on her 24/7.

An officer looks at him, hesitant.

OFFICER

What if she turns herself in? What if she tries to make a deal?

ICEMAN

(smirking)

She won't. She's not stupid. She'll fight until the end. Just like Gonzo did.

INT. SHAWN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Layla stares at the phone, considering calling Mimi or her lawyer, but hesitates. She looks at Shawn, who's still sitting patiently, trying to calm her down.

SHAWN

Layla, whatever you're thinking... we'll figure it out. You've been through worse, right? You've survived worse.

LAYLA

(bitterly)

This is different. I don't have time. They're coming for me, Shawn. And I don't think I can outrun them.

EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A dark, secluded building sits in the distance. ICEMAN and a few officers pull up in a black SUV. They move with purpose, knowing Layla is somewhere nearby.

ICEMAN
(into radio)
She's got nowhere else to go. We've
tracked her here. Set up a perimeter.

INT. SHAWN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Layla finally picks up the phone and dials Mimi. She speaks in a low voice.

LAYLA
Mimi, listen carefully. Get out of
town. Now. I don't care where, just
go.

MIMI (over the phone)
What? Layla, what's going on? What happened?

LAYLA (CONT'D)
(urgently)
I'm in trouble. Serious trouble. I'll
explain later, but for now, you need
to lay low. I'll find a way to make it
right, but you need to stay out of
this.

EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

ICEMAN and his team stand in position outside the warehouse. He scans the area with sharp eyes, sensing something's wrong.

ICEMAN
She's not here.

One of the officer's steps forward, pointing at the ground.

OFFICER
We've got tracks. She's been here...
but not anymore.

INT. SHAWN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Shawn watches Layla as she paces again, but this time there's something different in her eyes. A decision has been made.

LAYLA
(suddenly)
We have to leave. Now.

SHAWN
Wait, what? Where are we going? What's
going on?

LAYLA
We don't have time to talk. Just pack,
Shawn. Please.

EXT. STREETS OF LOUISIANA - NIGHT

Shawn and Layla drive through the streets in silence. The tension is palpable. Layla looks over her shoulder nervously, as if expecting someone to be right behind them.

LAYLA (CONT'D)
(quietly)
I'm not just running from the law,
Shawn. I'm running from everyone. From
people I trusted. And they're not
gonna stop coming for me.

SHAWN
(focusing on the road)
You don't have to do this alone. Not
anymore. I'll help you fight. But you
have to trust me.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The officers search the warehouse, finding nothing. Iceman stands at the center of the room, frustrated.

ICEMAN
(to officer)
She's ahead of us. I want every exit
blocked. No one gets in or out of this
city until we have her.

INT. SHAWN'S CAR - NIGHT

The car speeds through the streets. Layla's eyes are wide, her heart racing. The fear is palpable.

SHAWN
(determined)

(MORE)

SHAWN (CONT'D)

We're getting out of here. Wherever you want to go, we'll go. We'll figure this out, Layla.

EXT. LOUISIANA HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The car heads toward the highway, the lights of the city fading in the rearview mirror.

INT. SHAWN'S CAR - NIGHT

Layla looks out the window, her expression unreadable. She's made a decision, but the consequences of it are heavy. Her thoughts are a storm of what's to come.

EXT. CAR RENTAL LOT - DAY

Shawn and Layla step out of a car, heading towards a rental desk. Shawn looks determined. Layla follows, her steps quick, matching his energy.

INT. CAR RENTAL OFFICE - DAY

Shawn talks to the attendant as Layla waits impatiently, looking around the room. He quickly rents a black ESCALADE with tinted windows.

EXT. CAR RENTAL LOT - DAY

Shawn and Layla climb into the black Escalade, the vehicle's dark tint giving them some anonymity. The engine roars to life, and they speed off, the city quickly disappearing behind them.

INT. ESCALADE - MOVING - DAY

Shawn is focused on the road. Layla leans back in her seat, looking out the window, her thoughts elsewhere. A quiet tension lingers between them.

LAYLA

(quietly, to herself)

This is it... no turning back.

Shawn looks over at her, noticing her distant expression.

SHAWN

(trying to lighten the mood)

We're going to make it, Layla. Just stick with me.

EXT. NEW YORK - DAY

The Escalade pulls into a parking garage. Shawn and Layla exit the vehicle. Shawn heads into a nearby building, while Layla takes a different path.

INT. SHOPPING MALL - DAY

Layla walks through the mall, casually browsing, picking up a few items. Her mind is still racing, but the act of shopping gives her a temporary distraction. She grabs a few outfits, bags, and shoes – practical and stylish.

INT. SHAWN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Shawn is at the apartment, packing up his essentials. He looks serious, making sure everything is in place. He looks up, his phone buzzing.

EXT. NEW YORK - DAY

Layla reappears outside the mall, bags in hand. She spots Shawn, who's already waiting by the Escalade. They exchange a quick nod.

INT. ESCALADE - MOVING - NIGHT

The Escalade races down the highway, the glow of the city fading behind them. Layla is quiet, her nerves starting to get the best of her. Shawn drives steadily, eyes scanning the road.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The Escalade speeds through the night. Suddenly, two helicopters appear in the sky above, one marked SWAT, the other a NEWS CHOPPER. Their whirring grows louder as they close in.

INT. ESCALADE - MOVING - NIGHT

Layla looks up at the sky, panic starting to set in. The helicopters hover ominously above, their searchlights cutting through the darkness.

LAYLA
(panicked)
Shawn, what do we do now?

SHAWN
(with a calm resolve)

(MORE)

SHAWN (CONT'D)

Since they're in the air and we're on the ground, we're about to engage in a high-and-low chase. They're going to put in the work they get paid to do.

LAYLA

(desperate, almost shouting)

No, Shawn! We won't succeed by fleeing! I... I—

She stutters, trying to say something, but the words get tangled. Her breathing is uneven. The tension is unbearable.

SHAWN

(impatient, urging her to speak)

What? What is it, Layla? Come on, spit it out! What do you have to say?

LAYLA

(deep breath, trying to steady herself)

Shawn Taylor... you're going to be a father.

Shawn's eyes widen for a moment. His expression changes, caught between disbelief and something else — realization, fear, responsibility.

SHAWN

(softly, in shock)

A father?

LAYLA

(nodding)

Yeah... I'm pregnant.

The news hangs in the air between them. The tension, the chase, the helicopters — all seem to fade as Layla's confession lands.

INT. ESCALADE - MOVING - NIGHT

Shawn remains quiet for a moment, his hands gripping the wheel tighter. His mind is racing, trying to process the bombshell Layla just dropped on him. The sound of the helicopters grows louder, intensifying the moment.

SHAWN

(trying to stay calm, voice shaky)

(MORE)

SHAWN (CONT'D)

Layla... you can't be serious. You're pregnant?

Layla nods, her eyes locked on the road ahead.

LAYLA

(quietly)

Yeah. And now, everything's different.
I can't keep running from this.

Shawn takes a deep breath, his focus shifting between the road and Layla. The weight of her words hits him harder than he expected.

SHAWN

(almost to himself)

This is insane... We're being hunted
by the law, and now... this.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The Escalade races down the dark highway, headlights slicing through the night. The helicopters above keep pace, their spotlights moving across the ground, searching for any sign of movement.

INT. ESCALADE - MOVING - NIGHT

Layla clenches her fists, anxiety building inside her. She knows time is running out. They're closing in on them.

LAYLA

(frantically, voice cracking)

What are we going to do, Shawn? They're not going to stop. I don't even know if we can escape this.

Shawn's expression hardens. He swerves the car onto a more deserted road, trying to shake the helicopters off their tail. The tires screech against the asphalt.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

(intense, trying to focus)

We can make it. We just need to get to
the border. Once we're across, they
can't touch us.

EXT. DESERTED ROAD - NIGHT

The Escalade speeds down an isolated road, with no lights or signs of civilization for miles. In the distance, the helicopters are still tracking them, but they're losing ground.

INT. ESCALADE - MOVING - NIGHT

Layla is tense, looking out the window, her mind swirling with thoughts of the baby and the future. She glances at Shawn, her voice softer now.

LAYLA

(almost whispering)

I don't know if I can do this, Shawn.

I don't know if I can run forever.

Shawn looks over at her, his eyes softening. He knows what she means.

SHAWN

(firm, determined)

You won't have to run forever. We'll get through this. Together.

EXT. BORDER CROSSING - NIGHT

The Escalade pulls up to a small, less-guarded border crossing. A few cars are in line, but there's no sign of heavy security. Shawn looks at Layla, both of them knowing this is their final shot.

INT. ESCALADE - MOVING - NIGHT

Shawn grips the wheel tighter, the sound of the helicopters still echoing in the background. He glances at Layla, who is staring ahead, eyes distant.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

(confidently)

Layla, no matter what happens next, we're in this together. Nothing will tear us apart.

EXT. BORDER CROSSING - NIGHT

The Escalade approaches the checkpoint. The guard waves at the approaching vehicle, but suddenly, the lights from the

helicopters above shine down on them. The guard's hand freezes mid-wave.

GUARD
(suspicious, voice raised)
What's going on here? Who are you?

Shawn's pulse quickens, but he doesn't show fear. He glances at Layla. This could be their last chance.

SHAWN
(calm, focused)
We're just crossing the border. Keep
it simple.

INT. ESCALADE - NIGHT

Layla holds her breath as they approach the checkpoint. The tension is unbearable. The sound of helicopters grows louder, and for a moment, it feels like the whole world is closing in on them.

EXT. BORDER CROSSING - NIGHT

The guard looks over at the Escalade, eyeing them suspiciously, but with the helicopters overhead, he seems torn. He hesitates, watching the vehicle inch closer.

INT. ESCALADE - NIGHT

Shawn's foot presses harder on the accelerator, the vehicle surging forward.

EXT. BORDER CROSSING - NIGHT

The Escalade rushes past the checkpoint, the guard unable to stop them in time. The vehicles in line behind them start to honk, but it's too late. They've crossed.

INT. ESCALADE - MOVING - NIGHT

Shawn slams the gas pedal, pushing the car faster. They're no longer in the U.S.; they're on foreign soil, free-for now.

LAYLA
(breathing heavily, voice shaking)
We made it... We made it.

Shawn doesn't answer right away. His mind is racing, thinking about the future, the baby, and what they're running from.

EXT. OPEN ROAD - NIGHT

The Escalade speeds down an empty road, a sense of freedom hanging in the air. The distant hum of helicopters fades, leaving nothing but the sound of their tires on the road.

INT. ESCALADE - MOVING - NIGHT

Layla sits back, her hand on her stomach. She looks at Shawn, finally allowing herself to breathe.

LAYLA (V.O.)
(quietly, more to herself than him)
I didn't think we'd make it... But we did.

Shawn finally glances at her, his jaw tight with determination.

SHAWN
(gruff but sincere)
This is just the beginning, Layla.
We'll figure it out, together. You're not alone.

The Escalade continues down the open road, heading into the unknown, with everything on the line.

EXT. OPEN ROAD - NIGHT

The Escalade drives through the dark, deserted landscape, heading further away from their past lives. The vast, empty road stretches on, the night sky above seemingly endless.

INT. ESCALADE - MOVING - NIGHT

Shawn and Layla are both quiet now, the tension between them palpable. Layla stares out the window, lost in thought, while Shawn keeps his eyes on the road. The hum of the engine is the only sound breaking the silence.

LAYLA
(softly, breaking the silence)

I don't know what we're doing anymore.
It feels like we've crossed a point of
no return.

Shawn glances at her, his grip on the wheel tightening.

SHAWN
(gruff, yet calm)
We're surviving. We have to keep
moving forward. And we will. You're
not alone in this, Layla. I'm with
you.

EXT. DESERTED GAS STATION - NIGHT

The Escalade pulls up to an isolated gas station. The lights flicker overhead, casting a dim glow across the otherwise empty lot. Shawn parks the car and turns off the engine, but neither of them moves right away.

INT. ESCALADE - NIGHT

Layla stares out the windshield, a mixture of fear and uncertainty filling her chest.

LAYLA
(almost whispering)
(How long can we keep this up? How
long can we run?)

Shawn doesn't answer immediately. He glances over at her, his face hardening with resolve.

SHAWN
(decisively)
As long as we have to. We make the
rules now. This is about you, the
baby, and me—making sure we survive,
no matter what.

He opens the door, stepping out of the car.

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

Shawn approaches the gas pump, his eyes scanning the surroundings. It's a quiet, empty place—a perfect stop for now. Layla opens her door, hesitating for a moment before following him.

INT. GAS STATION CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

The ding of the door signals their entrance. Shawn grabs some essentials—water, snacks, and a pack of cigarettes.

Layla moves slowly down the aisles, her fingers brushing over the items on the shelves.

She picks up a small bottle of prenatal vitamins, hesitates, and places them in her bag.

INT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

Shawn pays for the items, his face tight with worry. As they exit, Layla glances at him, her eyes searching for answers.

LAYLA
(tentative)

Shawn... I don't know what I'm going to do. I'm scared. And I can't keep pretending like everything's okay.

Shawn looks at her, his expression softening.

SHAWN
(gently, but firm)
You're not pretending, Layla. You're just trying to keep going, and that's enough. We'll take it one day at a time, okay?

She nods, swallowing the lump in her throat, but it doesn't completely erase the fear in her eyes.

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

They return to the Escalade, and Shawn starts the engine. Layla leans back in her seat, staring out at the empty road ahead.

INT. ESCALADE - MOVING - NIGHT

The headlights illuminate the endless stretch of highway. The tension lingers, but there's a quiet sense of resolve between them. Shawn's focus is on the road, while Layla's mind races, her thoughts drifting between her uncertain future and the baby she's carrying.

LAYLA
(muttering to herself)

(MORE)

LAYLA (CONT'D)

What am I doing? What am I supposed to do with a baby... and all this?

Shawn hears her and reaches over, placing a hand gently on hers. It's a quiet comfort amidst the chaos.

SHAWN

(calmly)

We'll figure it out, Layla. No matter how messed up everything is, we've got each other.

Layla looks at him, her eyes softening just a bit.

She doesn't say anything in response, but she squeezes his hand.

EXT. OPEN ROAD - NIGHT

The Escalade drives through the endless night. They're still on the run, but for the first time, there's a sense that they might make it-together. Ahead lies a new chapter, one they'll have to face head-on.

INT. ESCALADE - MOVING - NIGHT

Layla's voice breaks the silence again, though this time there's a mix of resolve and vulnerability in her tone.

LAYLA

(quietly)

I never imagined my life would be like this. I never thought... I'd end up here.

Shawn gives her a glance, then turns his attention back to the road.

SHAWN

(with a dry smile)

No one ever imagines it. But here we are. And we're going to make it through. We don't have a choice now.

EXT. OPEN HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The Escalade continues to drive into the unknown, the headlights cutting through the darkness. The future is uncertain, but for the first time, there's a flicker of hope, however small, for both of them.

EXT. COASTAL HOSPITAL - DAY

Layla lies in a hospital bed, staring out of the window. The sound of waves crashing gently against the shore is calming, but it does little to ease the weight on her shoulders. The baby is safe, but her heart aches with the uncertainty surrounding Shawn. She doesn't know if he's alive, if he's out there, or if she'll ever see him again.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

A nurse enters, checking the IV and doing a quick examination. Layla doesn't acknowledge her at first, her mind elsewhere.

NURSE

(gently)

How are you feeling today?

Layla barely responds, her eyes vacant.

LAYLA

(quietly, almost to herself)

I don't know... What now?

The nurse hesitates for a moment, unsure of how to answer.

NURSE

You're doing okay, considering everything. You've been through a lot, but you'll heal. The baby's fine, and we're monitoring your condition closely. You're in good hands.

Layla nods but remains distant. She doesn't feel fine. She doesn't know how to feel. The trauma is still too fresh, and the uncertainty of the future presses on her chest.

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - DAY

A car pulls up outside, its engine shutting off with a soft hiss. A figure steps out—Mimi, Layla's best friend. She walks toward the hospital, holding a bouquet of flowers in her hands.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Mimi enters the room with a bright smile, trying to lift Layla's spirits.

MIMI
(cheerful, but concerned)
Well, well, well, look who's still
breathing!

Layla smiles weakly, but it's clear that she's far from okay.

LAYLA
(softly)
I don't know what to do, Mimi. I'm so
lost.

Mimi places the flowers on the side table and sits down
beside Layla.

MIMI
(gently)
Hey, you've been through hell. But
you're still here. And that means
there's something left for you to
fight for.

Layla looks down at her hands, a tear escaping from the
corner of her eye.

LAYLA
I don't even know if I'm fighting for
the right things anymore. I messed up.
I've hurt so many people, and now...
now I don't know what's left.

MIMI
(softly, yet firmly)
You can still choose to make things
right. Yeah, you've made mistakes. But
that's not the end of your story. You
have your baby now, and that's your
chance to rewrite everything.

Layla looks at Mimi, her eyes filled with doubt.

LAYLA
I never wanted this life for my child.

MIMI
(holding Layla's hand)
Then do something different. Make sure
they have something better. You don't
have to go back to that life. You
don't have to keep running.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

The room is quiet now. Layla lies in bed, the dim light casting shadows on her face. Her thoughts race, torn between the choices she made and the new life that's growing inside her.

She looks at the ultrasound picture on her bedside table, the small image of her unborn child a reminder of the responsibility she now has.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Layla walks along the shore, the ocean stretching out endlessly before her. The sound of the waves calms her, but the weight of her choices still lingers in her mind. The darkness of the night mirrors the uncertainty she feels about her future.

She pauses and looks out at the horizon, taking in a deep breath.

LAYLA
(to herself, resolute)
I have to do better. For this baby.
For myself.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

The next morning, Layla is awake and looking more determined. She's been thinking about her options and the future she wants to build.

Mimi enters with a small suitcase.

MIMI
(smiling)
I think it's time for a change of scenery, don't you?

Layla looks at her, surprised but relieved.

LAYLA
You've got a plan, don't you?

MIMI
(nodding, determined)

(MORE)

MIMI (CONT'D)

I do. I've been talking to a lawyer,
and we're going to get you out of
here. You're not going back to that
life. We're starting fresh. Together.

Layla smiles for the first time in what feels like forever.
The fear is still there, but the resolve to fight for a
better life for her child—and herself—is stronger.

LAYLA

(softly, to herself)
Starting fresh... I like the sound of
that.

EXT. AIRPORT - DAY

Layla and Mimi stand by the gates, ready to board a flight.
Layla carries only a small bag, but she holds onto the hope
of a new beginning. The baby kicks gently, a reminder that
there's still life to fight for.

As they walk toward the boarding gate, Layla glances back at
the life she's leaving behind. It's hard to say goodbye, but
she knows she has to. This is the only way forward.

INT. PLANE - DAY

The plane lifts off into the sky, and Layla watches the
ground disappear beneath her. She's not sure what's ahead,
but for the first time in a long time, she feels like she has
a chance. A chance to make something right.

She places her hand over her belly, a silent promise to her
unborn child that she'll give them the life they deserve.

EXT. NEW BEGINNINGS - DAY

The plane flies towards a new horizon, and as the sun rises
in the distance, Layla's future begins to take shape. A
future full of choices, hope, and the possibility of
redemption.

EXT. SMALL TOWN - DAY

The plane lands in a small, quiet town. Layla and Mimi step
off the plane, each of them carrying only a few bags. The
place feels peaceful—nothing like the chaos they left behind.
Layla looks around, unsure but hopeful. The sound of birds
chirping in the background seems to echo the calm she's
seeking.

MIMI
(looking around, smiling)
It's small, but it's ours.

Layla glances at her, grateful but overwhelmed.

LAYLA
(quietly)
It's hard to believe this is real.

MIMI
It's real, Layla. We're here now. This
is your fresh start. You and the baby.
No one's going to find us here.

They walk toward a car parked by the terminal. Layla feels a strange sense of relief. She's finally free from the constant fear of being hunted, but the weight of her choices still hangs heavy on her heart.

INT. SMALL HOUSE - DAY

Layla and Mimi move into a modest, but cozy house. The walls are bare, but there's a warmth to the place that makes it feel like a new home. Layla sets down her bags, taking in her surroundings. This is it—the start of something new.

MIMI (CONT'D)
(unpacking)
It's not much, but it's a start. We
can decorate, make it ours.

Layla walks over to the window and looks out at the quiet street, lost in thought.

LAYLA
(to herself)
I have no idea what I'm doing... but I'm
doing it.

Mimi watches her, then takes a deep breath.

MIMI
You're doing exactly what you need to.
You're making it work, one step at a
time. And I'm here every step of the
way.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A few weeks pass. Layla sits in the living room, her hands resting on her growing belly. It's late, and the house is quiet, except for the occasional creak of the floorboards. Mimi is asleep in the other room, but Layla can't sleep.

She's still adjusting to this new life—new town, new identity. The old habits are hard to shake, but the promise she made to herself and her baby keeps her going.

EXT. SMALL TOWN - DAY

Layla walks through the small town with a sense of purpose. She's not just hiding anymore—she's living. She visits the local grocery store, the post office, and even the park, trying to learn the rhythm of this peaceful place.

She's adjusting to a new normal, but with every step, she knows she's one step closer to leaving her past behind. The fear of being recognized lingers, but the quiet of the town feels like a sanctuary.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Layla sits in a small coffee shop, sipping her drink as she reads a book. The place is cozy and quiet, a stark contrast to the life she left behind. As she looks around, she spots a WOMAN at the counter. The woman's smile catches Layla's attention.

The woman approaches Layla with a warm smile.

WOMAN

(softly)

I don't mean to intrude, but you look familiar. Have we met before?

Layla's heart races for a moment, and her instinct is to flee. But she calms herself. It's just a coincidence.

LAYLA

(nervously)

I... I don't think so. I'm new in town.

The woman smiles, oblivious to Layla's inner turmoil.

WOMAN

Oh, well, welcome! I'm Jane. It's
always nice to meet new people around
here. We don't get too many outsiders.

Layla forces a smile.

LAYLA

(softly)

Nice to meet you, Jane.

INT. SMALL HOUSE - NIGHT

Back at the house, Layla reflects on the encounter. Jane's friendly nature was comforting, but the lingering fear of being recognized still haunts her.

Mimi walks into the room, looking concerned.

MIMI

(checking in)

How was the coffee shop?

LAYLA

(shrugging, still thinking)

Fine. A woman came up to me, said I
looked familiar. But I told her I'm
new in town. I think I got away with
it.

Mimi sits down next to Layla, her eyes full of understanding.

MIMI

You'll get used to it. But maybe it's
time to consider... finding something to
do here. A job. Something to keep your
mind busy, something to feel normal
again.

Layla nods slowly. She's right. But the idea of starting a new job, a new life, feels daunting.

LAYLA

(softly)

I just... don't know if I'm ready.

MIMI
(encouragingly)
You're stronger than you think. You've
already taken the hardest step.

EXT. SMALL TOWN - DAY

The next day, Layla decides to take Mimi's advice. She visits the local community center, hoping to find something—anything—to occupy her time. She walks in, a little nervous but determined.

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - DAY

A friendly woman behind the desk greets Layla.

WOMAN
(smiling)
How can I help you today?

LAYLA
(hesitant, but hopeful)
I'm new in town... I was wondering if
you had any volunteer opportunities?

The woman's face brightens.

WOMAN
We always need help around here. How
about you come by tomorrow? We've got
a few things that could use an extra
hand.

INT. SMALL HOUSE - NIGHT

Layla returns home, feeling a small sense of pride. For the first time in a while, she feels like she's making progress—like she's moving toward something better.

LAYLA
(to herself, smiling)
One step at a time.

EXT. COMMUNITY CENTER - DAY

Layla spends the next few weeks volunteering at the community center. She helps with events, teaches children, and even begins to form small connections with people in town. She doesn't know what the future holds, but she's building something new.

Her baby grows, and she feels a renewed sense of purpose. Every day is a small victory, and each day, she feels herself leaving the past further behind.

EXT. SMALL TOWN - DAY

As she walks down the street one afternoon, Layla's gaze shifts toward a FOR SALE sign in front of a small storefront. An idea starts to form in her mind—a seed of possibility. Could she start something here? Could she create a life not just for her child, but for herself, on her terms?

LAYLA (CONT'D)
(to herself)
Maybe... maybe I can build something.
For us.

She looks down at her belly, feeling a gentle kick. She smiles softly.

LAYLA (CONT'D)
(whispering)
We'll make it work.

FADE TO BLACK: